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THE  
WORLD  
OF  
GAY  
TRAVEL

June 1973  
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# Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

MAY/JUNE 1973

VOLUME 1/NUMBER 3

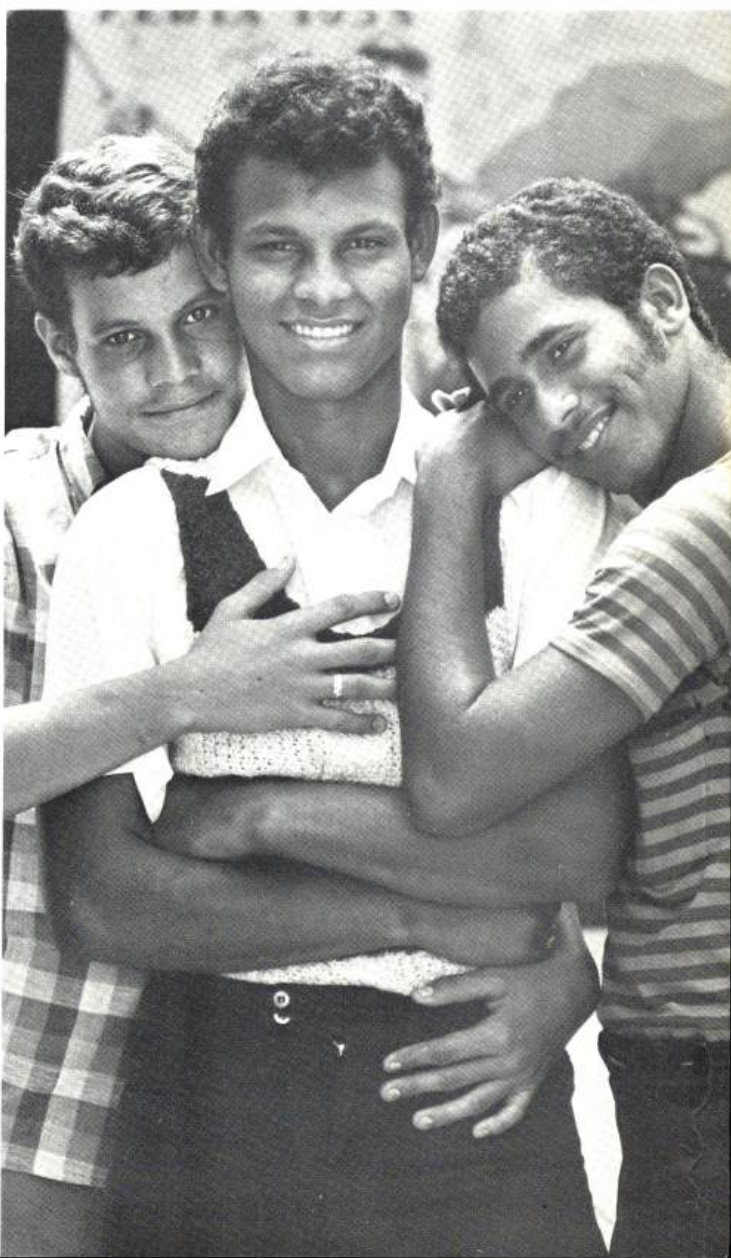
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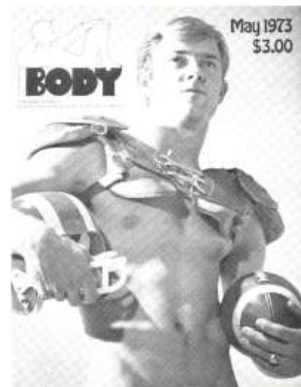
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## Editorial

### 'Hustler's Plus'

By Jon Lorrimer

Gay guys limping home from abroad with bandaged wallets and wounded pride bemoan not only the higher cost to Americans of almost everything European, but the 'hustler's plus', or increase in 'fun fees', particularly in Germany and specifically in Munich.

With a weather-eye on the dollar's distemper abroad—further exacerbated by the President's recent 10% devaluation—they had taken along a supply of extra dollars 'just in case'. But no one, however, was prepared for what happened, for what had been an on-paper decrease of 10% by fiat was not only instantly translated into a 20% increase for goods/services/accommodations abroad . . . but a believe-it-or-not 50% increase in sexual 'rent'.

Hustlers' fees, which had been more or less 'stabilized' at \$10, doubled before the next trick flew in. But what hurt more than pocketbook or phallus was a patriotic pain . . . most hustlers refused to set foot in the bedroom if offered payment in American dollars, insisting on 'coin of the realm', to wit: German marks or French francs. Those who were willing to accept American dollars insisted on an additional three German marks (\$1.05) as a kind of 'pledge of good faith'.

In this they followed the bellwether of the German *strassenmädchen* (street walker) who—being uncertain how much the dollar will fluctuate (she *knows* it's going down, but not how much or how fast!)—protects her pocketbook *today* before getting to the bank on time *tomorrow*.

The gay American is usually generous to a fault, being not only amenable to paying a stiff rental (if you'll excuse the expression), but offering some thoughtful gift to someone who has enchanted him, who might not be able to acquire it otherwise. However, having come face-to-face with the fact that greed without true sexual joy is the motive, and 'all the

traffic will bear' is the only motivator of rental sex, we should face this fact and try to 'balance our foreign payments' in ways that are thriftily our own.

Several things come readily to mind. Before taking off for Europe go to your bank or a foreign-currency exchange in a large city (which usually gives a bit more for your dollar) and buy enough German marks, British pounds, Swiss or French francs, or whatever, to tide you over all large out-of-pocket expenses, and buy Tip Packs (\$10 to \$25) of coins in various denominations to pay taxi and bus fares, tips, and for small personal items. Take along American Express Traveler's Cheques. When you run low on the foreign money you brought along, and still have the Gucci/Pucci bit to do, exchange them at the American Express Office *there* for their currency, and at the same exchange rate you got back home.

Never cash a Traveler's Cheque at a foreign bank . . . you can wind up dollars poorer! Take along your American Express, Diner's Club or Carte Blanche credit card(s) and charge purchases abroad in the currency of the country you're visiting . . . especially big bills (hotel, fine restaurants) or if you buy up a storm in some participating local boutique. Insist that they record the charge in their own currency and do not sign the charge record unless this is done. This is the non-devalued currency—their currency—at which value the item is price-tagged, and it is in this currency your credit-card company will pay.

Don't spend a single American dollar you don't have to. Shopkeepers have eyed the dollar with disdain for a couple of years, so in addition to its devaluation by a sort of erosion of popularity—plus the President's dropping of the other shoe—they make their own instant devaluation on the spot—up to 50%. Pay for, and take your change in, *their* currency. Bring what's left home and resell it to your bank or foreign-currency exchange for the good ol' Yankee dollah! You won't lose a single dime. You may not be any

richer, but you'll be dollars less poor. And you'll have treated your trick (or tricked your treat) with the coin of his realm.

## A Sexual Smörgåsbord

### The Anomaly of Gay Life in Stockholm

By Frank Samuels

When an American gay guy at the moment of truth tells his family over the Sunday roast beef that he is irrevocably committed to the homophile way of life, there is an 'absorbability' factor that rushes protectively on the scene like phagocytes (if you'll forgive the expression) to a wound.

At first there's shock . . . such a blockbuster opens the yawning chasm of an incredibility gap . . . and as the mashed potatoes congeal in the Bordelaise sauce Mother—as mothers always do—reproaches herself. ("What on earth did I do wrong?") Absent-mindedly she serves the ice cream which meekly melts untouched as Brother and Sister, who are more contemporaneously with it, quickly understand. ("So it's finally out . . . so he sucks . . . so he's 'family', and God, if he could only know how much we love him at this difficult time . . . sowhatandsowhatandsowhat?")

By the time coffee is poured, even Father—who may be rabidly anti-homosexual—will have rallied the family forces. Squaring his shoulders, jutting his jaw, and trying to put a good countenance on it all, he'll run up the flag showing his true colors. "You know, son, it took real courage to tell us this." And then with grudging admiration for this singular youngman who until this moment has been so alone, and is now so loved . . . this son who just may be the incarnation of his father's own primal desires, the fires of which have been slaked since an episode of two decades ago . . . "You're really quite a gutsy



guy!"

While he may not be hoist to the heights of 'supervescence' by his son's frank admission, nor so wildly self-congratulatory about his own paternal acceptance/understanding/generosity as to break out a magnum of his best **Dom Perignon** to celebrate the emancipation, he may very well equate the revelation with that of Lance Rentzel, that handsome, magnificently-built football player who, in his fine autobiography **When All The Laughter Died In Sorrow**, tells how his family reacted with a greater outpouring of love than they'd ever shown when he told them of being a sexual exhibitionist who, on occasion, had flared his fly to disclose all that manly meat to teenagers . . . shocking them and, who knows, perhaps delighting them!

#### GAY CATHARSIS

Although confession is good for the soul, we are told, such a gay catharsis is still something of a rarity in the United States; it is now quite common in Sweden, particularly in Stockholm where sooner/later a gayguy or gaybi is sure to wind up either at Dunk's **Mia Discotheque** or his **City Club** with a gaggle of parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts and assorted in-laws, even Grandmother, to celebrate his gay decision. Without meaning to appear irreligious it is rather a kind of adult gay bar mitzvah.

With this single act the parents place their seal of approval on their son's decision and his commitment to a lover whom they'll likely be meeting for the first time at this big family bash. By bringing together all near relatives and friends they say in effect "This is the way it turned out . . . it's our son's decision and his way of life. We accept it, and expect you to also, so let's have no nonsense about it . . . no backbiting, infighting, bickering/snicker. So now let's raise a glass to their happiness . . . dive into this delicious (and expensive) **smörgåsbord** . . . dance up a storm . . . then get the hell out and leave them to love."

The emergence of a freer gay life in Stockholm and a diminution of police 'hasslement' of gay

guys are due in great part to the extravagantly handsome Dutchman, Peter Dunk. Seeing him for the first time he will simply take your breath away because he looks so much like Dirk Bogarde. Since Bogarde is also of Dutch descent (his real name is Dirk van Bogardus) this may seem less strange.

His two unique establishments are a 'simply must' for anyone visiting Stockholm. Actually either is a takeoff point for all other gay rendezvous. Here you may learn of the opening of some mad new gay place . . . or about an orgy in the works . . . or a marathon that's been going on for days and is now petering out for lack of 'peter' (so why not be altruistic and go . . . taking along the biggest phallus on the other side of the Atlantic to see how you measure up to Swedish size . . . and most are so big, and particularly so long, you may have the feeling that you are lifting it with a potholder!).



Friday and Saturday nights are the best action times for the **Mia Discotheque**. Everything swings right through until 6 a.m. Anyone gay, or who simply grooves to gay people, should make the scene at both places. Truly, there's 'something for everyone'.

At the **City Club**, Dobelnsagatan 4, close-contact dancing is not only permitted but encouraged, and is so commonly the norm that no one gives it a second thought, not even straights who also love this place. Parents, too, drop by just to see how their sons are getting along in the gay world, as well as to enjoy the spectacular shows produced by Peter Dunk and Bertil Saffbom. Even if drag shows are not your bag you will certainly be enchanted by those presented here . . . especially when six gorgeous guys in tutus and on *pointe* camp it up in the **Dance of the Little Swans** from **Swan Lake** (what else?) . . . toss-

ing off its pyrotechnical difficulties with all the aplomb of six young Maya Plisetskayas of the Bolshoi.

Then there are the floating light shows . . . beauty contests male and female . . . areas where transvestite groups hold forth . . . convocations of Lesbians, and hunky humpy young Swedish hustlers who are out in force at the **City Club**—and lots and lots of teasyteenstoo. Were you a reader of **The Young Physique and Muscle Teens** just a few years ago? Then undoubtedly you will recall those wildly sexy photographs of wilder Swedish teens by Holger Sennels. Remember Ulf and Janne and Alain and others? Well, beautiful teens like those have grown up into handsome hustlers and a whole new brigade of beautiful builties have come along to take their place. Teens like these make gay life all the gayer in Stockholm.

As the title of this article is meant to suggest, there is in this city a **smörgåsbord** of homosexual life in all its many live-and-let-live variations. The hub of it is the **City Club**, and from here it beams in all directions to such places as these

#### GAY BARS/CAFES/DISCOS

For all its enormous size it is doubtful if Stockholm will ever have many all-gaymale bars, cafes and discotheques. There is so much 'bi' and so many lesbians to accommodate that almost any listing given will have a generous sampling of each. But just go on your merry way, picking up a likely lay whenever you wish, and you'll find your visit to this beautiful city totally rewarding.

Wherever the word 'Club' is mentioned—even the **City Club**, already described—be sure to take along your passport. It is almost a cinch to get into any club if you have it . . . and in many cases you won't be admitted if you don't have it with you. It can smooth over many otherwise would-be-rough places.

**Club Étoile**, 14 Scheelegatan, in the Kungsholmen district. A kind of membership disco but almost anyone you meet at **Mia** or the **City Club** can get you

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'activated' as an instant member. Have your passport, as noted, and you should have no trouble. Very popular . . . always swings except on Sunday/Monday when it is closed. A big, pleasantly decorated establishment. Opens at 10 p.m.

**Silver Bar**, Stureplan 6, in the heart of the city. One of the most colorful of all. Gay guys from the Stockholm theatre make this a special attraction . . . great guys all. There's also a mixture of hustlers, prosties, gay executives, TV scenarists/designers as well as a springling of lesbians. Good food, noisy bar and well worth an again-and-again visit.

**Shanghai**, Folkungagatan 146—in the Södermalm district. Cruise this place on an in-and-out-if-you-don't-like-what-you-see basis. At times, wonderful . . . at others, nothing. Self-service beer cafe, and for all its Chinese ambience it is monstrously dull in decor.

**Timmy's Restaurant**, Timmermansgatan 24. Go for the food, and the tricks that materialize will drive you wild. Probably you'll never get as far as dessert!

**Berns Restaurant** (just the bar), Nackströmsgatan 8. This is a big Copacabana type of place with shows (Georges Reich dancers, and the like). Everyone elegant, and connected with the Stockholm theater, as well as writers on homosexual philosophy and life/technique/porno make the bar their lively headquarters. Most, like most Swedes, like to get into longwinded discussion of 'the inner meaning of it all'. (If you're trapped you may have the feeling that you're still in a Bergman film fighting your way through the tortuous involutions of his thinking). Telegraph your sexual intentions right away. Above all, don't be trapped in a discussion of the now-ended Vietnamese war, nor in the fairness/unfairness of war objectors, of which a whole colony of American expatriates have taken up residence/asylum in Sweden, many being supported by Swedish grants of up to \$260 a month . . . a sore point with most Swedes, and to dwell on the issue can simply ruin any might-be wonderful sexual seance.

Try also **Salzer's Restaurant**,

John Ericssongatan 6 . . . **Club Fjarden**, Skvadronstigen 3 . . . the **Regenten Restaurant**, 50 Regeringsgatan . . . and the **Klosterbrau** at 32 Vasagatan, near the post-office. All good at times . . . often super-active.

## GAY BATHS

Swedish massage being a household word, even in the United States, be sure to expect the 'laying on of hands' in any bathhouse you may select. Among the good ones are

**Sturebadet**, Sturegatan 4, in the heart of the city's main square district. Really excellent and all through the night till 6 a.m. Possibly what is even more interesting is that the wildest contacts are made here and sex consummated elsewhere. You'll love this place. Just don't let the women attendants throw you for a loss (and they really can, literally—strong, like Lezzie Bull!).

**Atletik Sauna**, 5 Skeppargatan, near the waterfront. Finnish sauna, nude solarium with pleasant lounge, color TV, beautiful decor . . . everything is split-level with lots of arches/alcoves/peekaboo trysting places. Because it is a kind of 'club' be sure to take along your passport. You just don't want to miss a single one of those blond, blue-eyed, long-cocked, beautiful-bod sailors with all that jizz-z-z-zum pent up from 'the long voyage home'. The management is quite understanding. Lots of Swedish college students come here to do their 'homework', and it's open daily from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Don't miss it!

If you should be in Stockholm during the warmer months (although it is never warm here) you will find considerable activity at the **Langholmbadet**, on an easy-to-get-to island . . . a combination swimming area/beach/park.

## OUTDOOR CRUISING

Around **Vanadisbadet**, Frejgatan 41, in the Johanneshov district. A public bath house with outdoor pool and baths. Also **Skinneviksparken** on the north side of Södermalm (the South Island). The Zinkensdamm sub-

way station is the stop for this park. Nude sun bathing. Also **Humlegerden Park** on the Karlovagen side and the **Engelbrekts-garten** on the West side. Also **Stureplan Torg** in the central or Normalm district. It reminds you in many ways of New York's Times Square.



## MOVIE CRUISING

There is but one movie theater where the cruising is fluid and constant—and not so much by the Swedes who, oddly, are not real devotees of this kind of cruising—as much as by visitors to Stockholm. It's the **London Bio Cinema**, Bryggargatan 4, and the dark area in the rear of the theater is where it's at, rather than the john. However, here's a trick you might remember: because there is an ever-increasing flow of porno-movies into Stockholm (most of them made just outside the city), make a point of checking the entertainment pages of the newspaper **Expressen** which list all the new sex movies. You may be sure that these ads will have caught the eye of all gayguys in town and so you can take it from there. It's rather like shooting fish in a barrel!

## WHERE TO STAY

Any hotel in Stockholm is sky-high price-wise. By comparison with other cities there is no such thing as an 'inexpensive' hotel. If the price is lower at this one or that, you may be sure that it is all the more spartan. It'll be clean and functional, but the room will also be so small you'll have difficulty getting your trousers on (and off). If you have an unlimited budget there is, of course, the **Sheraton-Stockholm**, Tegelbacken 6. Figure \$25-30 single.



A few dollars less is the category of hotels in the 'first-class superior' rating: **Grand**, S. Blasieholms-hamnen 8, overlooking the sea . . . the **Diplomat**, Strandvagen 7C, a beautiful place with a fine view of the harbor . . . the **Foresta**, Herse-rud, Lidingo; rooms with kitchen-ettes (you can save money this way), plus well-populated swim-ming pool, restaurant, grill . . . and there's a yacht basin just in case you're poshing-it in via sea.

In the \$20-per-day single cate-gory are the **Carlton**, Kungsgatan 57, right in the heart of things, as is the **Continental**, Klara Vattu-grand 4, which has an elegant res-taurant and is situated near the central railroad station, and is easy to get to and from while cruising.

About as inexpensive as you'll find are the **Savoy**, Bryggargatan, 12B, and the **Triangeln**, Vidangs-vagen 9, which is open as a hotel from June 1 to September 15, after which it reverts to a dormi-tory for college students.

But there is one hotel you might like more than any of the others . . . it's a 'shipboard hotel' . . . the **Af Chapman** . . . a fully-rigged sailing ship permanently moored just a few minutes walk from downtown Stockholm off Skeppsholmen. It has the craziest rules, however. They sound reveil-le at precisely 8 a.m. and you must be out of the place by 9 . . . you can't get back in until 5 p.m. and they roll up the carpet by 11 p.m. But within the intervals there are some wild things going on . . . and after 11 you'll be shackled up with one or more for the night so what does it matter?

The nominal charge for this kookykruisy place is 13 kronor nightly which, translated into cold American cash, is \$2.60 . . . a real bargain price-wise/sex-wise.

Here are some addresses/tele-phone numbers which may come in handy, especially helpful if you can't speak or write Swedish:

If you need an English-speaking doctor or dentist, dial 900000.

If you lose your passport or otherwise need consular assist-ance, the United States Embassy is at Strandvagen 101, and the telephone number is 630520.

You can get your mail at Am-

erican Express; Svea resebrya (Bir-ger Jarlsgatan 32, telephone 118-705).

If you need the police, their Headquarters are at Kungsholms-gatan 37, and the telephone is 540000. On the other hand, if you've been hassled by the police, or if you're the victim of any kind of violent sexual depredation, or if you need help in any matter of homosexual import, get in touch with RFSL (National Federation for Sexual Equality). The phone number is 843118. Or Box 850 S-101-31, Stockholm 1. With respect to the latter, there have been many incidents of roughing up from mild to murderous may-hem . . . beatings, muggings, 'teeth extractions', mutilations . . . from the sharkiest hustlers in the world—those bilingual/bisex-ual bastards who prowl Humle-garden and the Slussen pier at Sodra Malarstrand. Unless you are an avowed masochist who has suffered everything except death upon the cross and are so jaded you'd like to try that on for size, avoid this trap.

It's the only sinister note we have on Stockholm, this beautiful, sexy city in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Skal!

## Baltimore The City of Contrasts By Ralph W. Davis

Baltimore used to be called drab and uninteresting. No long-er, though, will Baltimoreans have to apologize for their city. So much change is taking place . . . so much revitalization that the central city is taking on a very exciting look, one of charming contrasts of the very old with the very new.

During the nineteenth century Baltimore had a rush of immigra-tion from Europe; this new blood brought a cosmopolitan character which is best reflected in its varied architecture and cuisine. Histori-cally, Baltimore is one of the origi-nal middle border towns which for centuries thrived on com-

merce. Its busy docks handle goods from all over the world, making it the third largest U.S. seaport for foreign tonnage re-ceived. Besides this it has the world's largest steel mills and produces a variety of goods, such as soap, copper, ships, beer and missiles. In addition to industry there are such famous institutions as Johns Hopkins Medical Center and the Peabody Conservatory of Music; also such famous historical landmarks as Fort McHenry (the inspiration for "The Star-Spangled Banner"), the U.S.F. Constella-tion, the Flag House and Mt. Clare Mansion, as well as interesting old streets restored to their original charm which contrast strikingly with an ultra-modern business dis-trict.

Baltimore is broken up into many strong neighborhoods. The most popular with gay guys is historic Mt. Vernon where con-siderable restoration of the old homes has been done. Read Street, incidentally, is the street in the area for antiques and charming shops. Gay-wise the city doesn't swing, but for the sophisticated there is enough va-riety and fun to satisfy most tastes. The nicer bars are within easy walking distance of the Wash-ington Monument (Mt. Vernon area). These bars are:

**Leon's**, 870 Park Ave. This is a very nice, cruisy neighborhood bar with a restaurant. Serves lunches from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Friday. Most age groups visit it, with a slight emphasis on the thirty, forty range. An ideal place to make contact with nice people. Open 7 days a week 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Buffet on holidays. Lunches are \$1.50 to \$2.45.



Leon's

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**Hippopotamus**, Charles & Eager Sts. Popular with bisexual hippies, girls and straights. The Hippopotamus is a theater/restaurant/bar with popular and satisfactory productions. Dinner is about \$3.95. Two standing bars. Open at 6 p.m. for dinner. Shows start at 7:45. No dancing. After 10 p.m. open for drinks. Attractive and popular. Since the shows change regularly, it is best to call for information. Telephone 547-0069.



Hippopotamus

**Body Shop**, 1 W. Eager St. This is connected to the Hippopotamus and is popular with the young. Table tops and walls have pictures of nudes. Large dance floor. Mirrored wall to enlarge the bar illusively. Open from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Food is served from 6 to 1 (mostly sandwiches under \$2.00).



Body Shop

**Mary's**, 1101 Cathedral St., on the corner of Cathedral and Chase Sts. For a long time it depended on the overflow from the Body Shop and Hippopotamus, but now this nice basement bar is attracting and holding a loyal young crowd. Dancing. One big bar. 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Next to the Club East Baths.

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Mary's

**Drinkery**, 203 W. Read St. Nice quiet bar, like Leon's, that caters to an older crowd (thirty, forty age group). No food. No dancing. Open from 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Once a month they have a birthday party for anyone whose birthday falls under that month's zodiacal sign.



Drinkery

**Club East Baths**, 1105 Cathedral St. Usual facilities. The baths in the city. Very popular, constant flow of tricks. Prices are \$4 for a locker plus \$1 key deposit (refundable on departure); \$6 for room plus key deposit; specials on Tuesday (8 a.m. to 8 a.m.). Very busy then. The prices for the specials are \$1 for locker, \$3 for room plus key deposit. Membership, but anyone can buy one with adequate identification (driver's license).

Another baths, but not in the Mt. Vernon area is the **Sanitary European Turkish Bath**, 1425 E. Baltimore St. Weekends are best. It is an older baths with not-so-clean facilities. Popular with the older crowd. Locker cost is \$4.25.

The **Greyhound Bus Station** has the usual activity, with usual cruising and types in the john. In the Bus Station area and within easy walking distance of Mt. Ver-

non are:

**Little Cinema**, 526 N. Howard St. A good place to stop to get in a little groping and a movie.



Little Cinema

**Club Bar**, 221 Franklin St. A wide range of types go here from the rough hustler/trade (as well as the sort that likes the rough hustler/trade) to the more sedate. Happy hour every Saturday from 12 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sunday. Other days it opens at 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. This is an afternoon bar.



Club Bar

**White Coffee Pot**, Howard and Franklin Sts. (very close to the Club Bar). It once was very cruisy and open 24 hours, but now it closes at 12 a.m. and has lost some of its popularity. On St. Paul and Light and Baltimore Sts., near Eddie's (see below), there is another White Coffee Pot which is open 24 hours and is popular. Hamburger-type coffee house.



White Coffee Pot



**Senator Bar**, corner of Monument and Howard Sts., just a block from the Greyhound Bus Station. Older butch types. Can be seedy, but nevertheless it does a good business. This seems to be the closest thing to the leather bar in Baltimore. Back bar is where the action is. Enter from Monument St. side or go through front bar to the back. It is open 8 a.m. to 2 a.m. The front bar has shorter hours, so if this entrance is closed go to the side entrance.



Senator Bar

The three bars for blacks are: **Turf Bar and Lounge**, 226 W. Fayette St. Mixed crowd. Next to Trailways Station. Rough! A good place to get killed.



Turf Bar & Lounge

**Paca House**, Paca near Saratoga St., near the famous and historic Lexington Market. Just a bar, nothing special. Weekends best.



Paca House

**Paradise Inn**, Laurens and Calhoun Sts. Best especially late in the evening (about 7 p.m. to 2 a.m.) on weekends. Mixed crowd. Tough area. Be careful.

In the downtown area there is: **Eddie's**, 102 Water St. This is across the street from the Playboy Club. Weekends are best. Has a Members Only sign on the door, but this is done to keep out the straights. It once issued membership cards, but doesn't any longer. Any gay is welcome; if questioned, the usual identification (driver's license) is sufficient. A heavy flow of people drift in and out of this small, but popular bar. The owner is very kind to his regulars and has been known to play Dolly for the wallflowers. Dancing. Open 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.



Eddie's

In East Baltimore there is: **The Cage Bar**, 2020 E. Monument St. This is in a black area, and is a very nice, clean bar. Nothing special. Closed Mondays. Open daily from 12 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday dinners are served. Prices are from \$2 to \$3.



Cage Bar

For the outdoor cruiser there are **Museum Drive** and **Wyman Park** (near Charles and 29th Sts. and Johns Hopkins University). College and hustler types; mostly hustlers, though. Not a very good

place because of recent muggings. The vice squad visits the area regularly, especially at night.

Another popular outdoor spot, referred to as 'meat rack', is in Mt. Vernon, bounded by Park Ave., Madison St., Monument St., and Cathedral St. At the corner of Park and Monument, the hustlers gather. Lots of pickups here. Police watch it, though.



The 'meat rack' on Park Ave., looking towards Madison St.



The 'meat rack' on Monument St., looking towards the monument.

A book store popular with gays is the **Discount Book Store**, 3218 E. Greenmount Ave. Full range of activities go on in the peep-show area. Books of all kinds.

If you're going to be in Baltimore for a few days and need lodging, the best place to stay is the **YMCA**, 24 W. Franklin St. It is nicely located and within easy reach of most of the bars. The Y isn't as cruisy as once; now it's quiet, with some occasional good moments with the military . . . or those who are looking for the military, but it is clean and very inexpensive.

And that's the latest on Baltimore!

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# The 'Other' Riviera

## Gay Life Along the Coast of Flowers

By Walter Norris

If you 'did' the French Riviera last year and—though loving every sensual moment of it—just can't face the thought of coping again with the big beat of a resort like St. Tropez (the din and 'sin' or the rock and 'frock' of it), and if your ears simply cave in at a certain decibel pitch—why not try the 'other' Riviera this summer; the Riviera dei Fiori . . . the 'Coast of Flowers' . . . or, as it is more commonly called, the Italian Riviera.

Unless you are an unregenerate numbers guy for whom fast cruising and multiple scoring is the only way of life, you may find that you prefer the Italian Riviera, along with other gay connoisseurs who come back year after year to this paradise of flowers and beautiful sex.



Scenically the Italian Riviera is incomparable. Figuratively and precisely, it begins where the French Riviera leaves off, stretching 110 miles east and gently north to Genoa—the heartbeat of the Riviera—then 25 miles southward to the end of the viable coastline where the elegant knee of the Italian boot breaks into the Mediterranean.

Along this coastline, sheltered all around by the maritime Alps stretching from the west to the Ligurian Appenines on the east—which meet at the Colle di Cadibona behind the Riviera town of Savona—are 23 resort areas strung out like jewels in a necklace.

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Most of them are small, with the native population of any—excepting a few principal/metropolitan centers—being less than 10,000 . . . most less than 5,000.

However, each has its own special place in the hearts of returning gay guys. Perhaps one, jaded by the pace of the winter chase, seeks the blessed peace and quietude of an ancient village, with just enough local sex to keep his batteries charged and his libidinal antenna sharply attuned. Another may prefer to mix considerably more *al fresco* sex with the more strenuous sport of deep-sea fishing/diving off the coast of a more remote and more rugged village.

Another will return to a town with a *simpatico* lover he's deeply involved with, wants to know better, and doesn't want to share. Then, of course, someone else may prefer a larger, more sophisticated Riviera city with handsome villas whose garden walls are covered with purple bougainvillea and climbing roses, so reminiscent of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, that nostalgic and unforgettable cinematic masterpiece which was filmed here.

Or for an American who grew up and discovered his gay self in a small town and felt that special rapport of easy sex with non-gay guys, there may be a transposed rapture in having first sex with boy after beautiful Italian boy amid fields of jasmine and mimosa, with the heavenly scent of wild strawberries drifting down the mountainside.

But for most gay guys sex is almost necessarily a metropolitan affair, and so four Riviera cities should be just the thing. They are Genoa—the largest (population nearly a million), and almost dead-center of the Riviera, give or take a few miles . . . San Remo on the west, and Portofino and Rapallo on the eastern side.

### GOLDEN GENOA

If you have cruised your way across the Atlantic via one of those swingships of the Italian Line . . . the *Cristoforo Colombo*, *Raffaello*, *Michelangelo* or the *Leonardo da Vinci* . . . you will probably have had enough ship-

board sex to last you at least until you get 'hotelized'. If not, you will find sex aplenty hanging around with its groovy basket hanging out at whatever maritime station you pull into . . . either the Ponte Andrea Doria or the Ponte dei Mille. They are only a few minutes by taxi from the principal hotels.



Genoa: Piazza Corvetto

If you arrive by rail from Rome the main railroad station (Stazione Principe) is on the Piazza Acquaverde, just across from the two very best hotels in Genoa. Since the Stazione is very cruisy, if you decide to stay in Genoa for several days you will find yourself going back frequently to this place. So you will find it to your distinct advantage to stay at the *Colombia-Excelsior*, just across from the Stazione, or the *Savoia-Majestic* so that you can bring your tricks to bed without a loss of time or distance to cover. Walk them in and walk them out with a minimum of fuss. The money you save in taxi fares will more than make up for the greater expensiveness of these luxury hotels. Rates about \$18-20 single—\$6 more double. Genoese hotels—even of the luxury class—are far less expensive than comparable hotels in other European cities.

In a less-expensive category is the *Europa* at about \$10 single and \$15 double. It lacks the luxury of the deluxe hotels (also many of the baths), but it is sexually functional and comfortable and 'budgety'.

It should be remembered that Genoa, while not actually a resort city like the others, is where it all begins. It is gratuitous to point out its historicity as a port since



long before Columbus and Magellan were born.

As a Mediterranean port Genoa is second only to Marseilles. Its 16 miles of wharves can 'give berth' to 200 ships, and considering the vast number of sailors ashore it often seems as if all 200 had been 'in labor' at the same time. One has the strangest feeling that they have taken over this big, lively, friendly city whose high towers glisten like gold in the brilliant Mediterranean sun, or that it exists solely for their pleasure.

Italian sailors are quite sexually demanding, or let's say, 'expectant'. Having had sex in every conceivable form throughout the maritime world, they expect a sexual wildness, vigor, and expertise that may throw a less experienced gay guy for a loss. Of course some—sailors to the bone—almost never leave portside, once anchored, and may be found in force around the **Via Grimaschi** with its inexpensive hotels and typical sailor's digs. If that's your bag you'll find everything you want right here . . . possibly more than you'd expected or bargained for. You just may never get on to other Riviera resorts like San Remo or Savona, Portofino or Rapallo or somewhere in between! Your best bet will be the **Belgian Bar** on the **Via Grimaschi** on the waterfront near the Royal Gallery. Very cruisy, but for that matter so is any area along the waterfront.

Other sailors who are not so nautically brassbound, and who are, therefore, more sexually curious and daring, are regularly found in such highly-cruised outdoor areas as the **Piazza Principe**, the park just in front of the **Stazione Principe**, as well as the **Piazza Giuseppe Verdi**, just to the right of another railway station (for as you see, they dearly love to play 'train' in Genoa!)—the **Stazione Brignole**—as well as the **Via Canevari** just behind the station near the bridge. Also, in a rather larger way, the **Parco Municipale**.

More than any other seaman the young Italian sailor has a consuming passion for the movies. Not only does he simply go to be entertained by the film, but to empathize with his hero on the

screen, and the sexier the movie (and hero) the more he empathizes. He is *there*.

From the moment of screening he is in a sexual ferment and there is a lot of agonizing and soff-f-ering and loving and probing and feeling and rubbing and fantasexing and groping and receiving and giving and whatever else can be done in, on, around, over and under a movie seat. In any theater with 800 paid sailor admissions only 400 heads will be showing when the action gets hot and heavy on (and off) the screen. Guess where the other 400 are! If you'd like to empathize with the empathizer, helping him out by giving him a 'hand' so to speak, you'll find glorious opportunities at his favorite movie houses: **Cinema Garibaldi** on the **Via Garibaldi** . . . the **Cinema Roma** and **Cinema Centrale**, both on the **Via San Vincenzo**, and the **Cinema Lux** on the **Via 20 de Settembre**.

#### SAN REMO

Having made Genoa your *piéd à terre* you might like to explore other resort areas before deciding on one that most appeals to you. You will find that a most agreeable way to do this is to choose a particular place, make a hotel reservation by phone—apprising the management of your time of arrival—and then either rent a car and drive it yourself, or live it up a little and rent both a Cadillac and chauffeur for about 35¢ per kilometer from **Garage Internazionale**, 9 **Via G. Avezzana**.

Since San Remo to the west, or Portofino to the south are each only about an hour-and-a-half's drive from Genoa you will see the merit of this plan at once. Moreover, if along the way you should see some village/town that seems particularly attractive and you'd like to know more about it, either your so-knowledgeable chauffeur can brief you or you can drive around until you get the overall picture.

If San Remo is your project for the day—or if you have earmarked it for a longer visit—you'll find it the largest and probably the most sophisticated resort on the Italian Riviera, although many feel that Portofino is gaining in this respect.

Lying on a spaciouly wide, curving bay set off by a background of green hills, San Remo is like a rare jewel . . . a place so beautiful the heart marvels.

It has a very elegant and cruised promenade . . . the large, beautiful **Veneto Gardens** . . . a municipal gambling casino which also sees much cruising . . . and there are smart boutiques and fascinating antique shops. If you are here in early spring (or late winter, depending on how you look at it) you'll enjoy the **San Remo Song Festival** held this year in the **Casino Auditorium** from March 8-10. This Festival draws all the leading TV, recording and music-hall performers in Italy, as well as those who are shooting for fame, in a contest to determine the best songs and best performances. The event is televised all over Italy.

In mid- to late summer San Remo is crowded with visitors and so you may have some difficulty snaring a hotel room unless you make your reservation well in advance or—as mentioned—phone down ahead of time from Genoa. Among the more deluxe establishments are the **Royal**, a very old hotel with beautiful terraces and flower beds, a pool, even a private yacht harbor . . . the **Savoia**—not so elegant as the **Royal** . . . the **Astoria West End** and the **Grand Hotel Londra**. As in all small resort areas sex is largely impromptu or 'play it by ear'. Where the beautiful people are there's lots of sex. In any Italian Riviera spot the two best bets are the beach and the town's public garden . . . then, if the resort is large enough for an active casino—there is your next best opportunity.

So stroll around; reconnoiter the beach and beach boys several times a day. 'Do the promenade' or check the bar of any hotel after 6 . . . win dollars and tricks at the Casino's gambling tables; also, while you're at the Casino, case the dining room overlooking the Gulf. A roguish eye will bring you luck. Or cruise one of the colorful restaurants such as the **Caravella** (everyone comes here as much for the view—and to be viewed—as for the famous food. It's quite a show place, being mostly on/in the water). Also **La Lanterna** and the **Royal**. You

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should have no difficulty connecting in San Remo.



## PORTOFINO

Once a fishing village of only 1000 native souls, Portofino has become a darling of the jet set and is building up, up and away. The town is a cluster of tall houses, colorfully painted, and centered around a long, narrow inlet of sparkling blue water, the whole picture made all the more colorful by the harbor filled with fishing boats and majestic yachts.

Of all the Riviera resorts of some size Portofino is the friendliest, possibly because the crowd is younger . . . young/straight, young/gay, young/bi . . . plus hippie types. If you want to live it up in grand—but somewhat remote—style, you may opt for the **Splendido** (and 'splendido' it really is!). Perched on a mountainside, the view is breathtaking. It is one of the most gracious of all resort hotels. Rates vary with the time of season, but on an average a single room is \$28-30, plus \$8-10 more for a double.

The **Nazionale**, down in the village of Portofino, is smaller, but excellent in every way. About \$20 single to \$28 double at the height of the season. Less expensive are the **San Giorgio**, a new hotel, and the **Piccolo**, which as the name indicates, is small.



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While the gay crowd in and out of Portofino is rather fluid (some come for the entire season, some for just weekends, while others are on brief holidays from jobs in Rome, Milan, Florence or Turin, the gravitational axis is the beach about a mile away on the road to Santa Margherita, and **La Gritta**, a mod bar with hoked-up Turkish/Byzantine decor. While all types gather here, there are times when gay people predominate and get right down to the 'nitta Gritta' of cruising openly. Don't forget to bring your Levis, for this seems to be the standard mode of dress during most of the day/evening. There is a good deal of gay 'yacht activity', too. If you are reasonably personable and charming and look like fun, you'll certainly not lack for invitations aboard.

## RAPALLO

Larger than Portofino, with a population of around 30,000, Rapallo is both a winter and summer resort lying at the heart of the beautiful Gulf of Tigullio. A town of narrow streets and tiny squares, it surrounds a lovely harbor. Water-skiing is the big sports item here.

You may drive to Rapallo, just a few miles from Portofino, bus it, bike it or even 'yacht it'. The place to stay is the **Excelsior Palace** which overlooks the Mediterranean and the hotel's beautiful gardens. It will remind you of Monte Carlo. It's expensive, of course, at about \$35 per day single and \$45 double. The **Moderna & Reale** (not very modern nor very royal) is also good, but less expensive. Still less expensive are the **Marsala** and the **Miramare**. If you decide to remain in Rapallo very likely you will prefer to stay in a pension, and three of the best are the **Bandoni**, the **Mignon-Posta** and the **Claridge**. Far less expensive and charming in every way.

The cruised area in Rapallo is the **Piazza Nuova Posta**. On the Piazza is the famed elegant restaurant **Da Fausto**, a great favorite of the Italian movie stars who dine here often during the season. Just as chic, but more casual with respect to 'make-out' is the popular **Sibelius**, on the sea—a cozy

'tea and crumpety' type of place . . . snacks, **gelati**, **cappuccino**, and the like. The younger crowd prefers this one. Then, of course, there are many pizzerias—many cruised, and all fun.



Rapallo

In closing we should like again to stress the fact that outside of Genoa gay life on the Italian Riviera is largely what **you personally** make it. Gay people, as we have said, are here in considerable numbers, but gay life cannot be pigeonholed into a tabulation of gay bars, baths and movie houses. The towns are too small for extensive overt cruising, so if you'll center your activities around the places suggested you'll come across everyone rewarding, every day, on the beautiful Coast of Flowers . . . and your visit will be one you'll always remember with special affection.

Salute!

## Montreal

### The Gay Grabbag

By Jerry Roberts  
& David Bartel

Two years ago when QQ Magazine initially alerted its readers to the abundance, variety, and easy availability of sex in Montreal it had the decidedly tonic effect on gay guys jaded by the usual weekend sex junket to New York or San Francisco. Many seemingly altered their flight plan in midair and headed for this swingingly 'gay everything' city north of the



border, where the lilt of love lies lingeringly in the air, and where lighthearted cruising is the style of the time . . . big, beautiful Montreal—our town—a city so sexminded that even our spanking new subway gets into the spirit of things!

Why 'gay everything'? you ask. Because Montreal has everything to gladden the heart of even the most blase gay guy. We like to call it 'The Paris of North America', but—truth to tell—in many ways it is even more Parisian than Paris. It's a city that dances to an insistent gay beat seven days and nights a week; where there's something for everyone; where men's fashion boutiques rival or outrival any in New York, Paris, or even Rome (and that's a tall order!), and where one may dine expensively or inexpensively on the gourmet cuisine of sixteen nationalities. Perhaps more simply said, Montreal is a city of exciting contrasts—a big package of wit, elegance, charm, glamor, sophistication and real cosmopolitan 'cool'. —wrapped in genuine warmth and friendliness—like a Christmas gift that gives pleasure all year long. Here's

#### WHAT MAKES MONTREAL GAY

Montreal has the largest and most active gay population of any city in Canada, with the initial thrust being youth-oriented, by reason of the many gay and bisexual students of McGill University, Sir George Williams University, the University of Montreal, **Université de Québec**, the **Université Polytechnique**, and Loyola College, all located in or near the heart of Montreal; plus the many 'incestuously' gay males of Montreal's huge families. While the youth factor is dominant, there are so many boys who—in the European tradition—seek the companionship of older gay guys, that there is something for everyone. Hustlers are also here in great numbers, as in any city of size, and with such an otherwise gay and bisexual population visitors have no trouble making out. Gay Montrealers of all ages are easy to meet; they love to talk; and are everywhere in the city. They'll like you and you'll like them.

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With one exception Montreal is generally safe and pleasant for cruising. We would suggest that you use extreme caution when cruising an area just east of St. Laurent Boulevard, or—to pinpoint this—on St. Catherine Street East. Be very careful if you go into clubs or taverns, or cruise outdoors in this area. Since this is an all-French neighborhood where little English is spoken, the difficulty is increased if you misunderstand what is being said, or misinterpret what is going on, and—especially—if this leads to even more trouble. It is better to stick to those places west of St. Laurent Boulevard. This area, as well as that farther out around the Lincoln Cafe and the Apollo Club, are very safe, night and day.

#### SUMMERTIME IS THE BEST TIME

Although we have said that gay life is great in Montreal all year long, the best time for the visitor is during the summer months of April through October, since part of the fun of being here is walking the well-cruised streets until the wee hours of the morning, or exploring by day the fascinating linguistic districts. Winter months are fun, too, but expect temperatures between 35 degrees and zero in December through February—as well as that odd snowstorm.

You will get all the more from your visit if you buy a copy of the monthly magazine "Current Events" for 50 cents as soon as you arrive. It tells what's going on in ballet, opera, concerts and plays at the three magnificent theaters in the new **Place des Arts** on St. Catherine Street West, near the gay district. It also lists excellent restaurants, as well as places of interest for the visitor, such as museums, churches, and buildings of historic interest. If you are a hockey or baseball fan, check the newspapers for news and times of games. As you know, Montreal is noted for its crack teams.

#### WHERE TO STAY

Stay at **The Inn**, the **YMCA**, or at one of the many good hotels. All are downtown within easy walking distance of the gay clubs, taverns, bars, restaurants and fine

stores. Because the summer season is quite busy you'll be wise to have confirmed reservations well in advance of your visit.

**The Inn**, 1070 Mackay Street, offers warm congeniality in a quiet atmosphere on a very quiet street. TV, radio, phone in all rooms. Parking is free. Daily rates: \$7 single, \$10 double, plus \$4 for each additional person. If you expect to be in Montreal for a month or longer, there are special rates—except during the high summer season.



The Inn

The **YMCA**, 1441 Drummond Street. Right next door to Sir George Williams University. The rates: singles \$6.50 (with no wash basin); \$8.50 (with wash basin); \$11 deluxe. Doubles with TV, wash basin and carpet are \$13.50 and \$15, and match most hotels for comfort and cleanliness. Also weekly rates available. Usual YMCA friendliness makes this place extremely popular with gay travelers. The john on the main floor is heavily cruised by locals and guests.

There are many excellent hotels in the gay area which charge from \$15 to \$25 for a single . . .

The **Sheraton-Mt. Royal Hotel** on Peel Street, just a stone's throw from St. Catherine Street, and across the street from P.J.'s Club, is in the spacious grand style. Its large lobby and bars generally have a few gay guys—often students—looking for a friend. A metro (subway) station is located just under the hotel. It's very easy to bring in friends unnoticed. The elevators are self-service. Rate: \$25 daily, single.

The **Windsor Hotel** and **Laurentian Hotel**, both on Peel Street, CIAO!



just south of St. Catherine Street, are less expensive than the Sheraton-Mt. Royal, but most comfortable in every way in a more condensed modern style.

The **Queen Elizabeth Hotel** on Dorchester Street West, facing Dominion Square Park, is one of Montreal's largest and most modern. Really good cruising in the **Place Ville Marie** shopping center, as well as the **Canadian National Railway station**, both just below the hotel.



Queen Elizabeth Hotel

The **Bonaventure Hotel** is another new one—ultra-modern, and with a beautiful heated outdoor swimming pool! The self-service elevators take you right down to a metro station and to **Place Bonaventure** shopping center; the cruising is always good here, and a tunnel takes you next door to the **Place Ville Marie** shopping center.

The **Château Champlain**, one block from the Bonaventure, is Montreal's most modern and luxurious hotel (also the most expensive).

The **Ritz Carlton Hotel** on fashionable, elegant Sherbrooke Street West, will appeal to those who like true luxury and grandeur.

Less expensive are the **Hotel LaSalle** on Drummond Street, and the **Queen's Hotel** on Windsor Street (a continuation of Peel Street).

#### OUTDOOR CRUISING

Outdoor cruising, especially in the summer months, and in the places listed here, is excellent. Often you can find congenial friends more quickly this way  
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than from a night in the bars. French-Canadians love to go out for a walk and have a coffee.

The best cruising area is along **St. Catherine Street West**, from **Peel Street** six blocks west to **Guy Street**. Many gay couples stroll the area in the evening, or on weekend afternoons, always eager to meet others. A smile is all that's necessary! Gay guys often stop to look at the paintings hanging on the outdoor wall on **McGill College Street**, done by Canada's young artists.



St. Catherine Street West

The corner of **Peel Street** and **St. Catherine**, especially under the **Players** cigarette sign, is a favorite place for young gays and hustlers who peer into passing cars for possible contacts. When they get hungry they usually go for a snack in the nearby **A & W Root Beer Restaurant**, 1116 St. Catherine Street West.



Corner of Peel & St. Catherine

**Dominion Square Park** (Peel Street just below St. Catherine) is an excellent place for summer chicken and hustlers, especially in

the early evening, both in the park, on the benches, and near the statue. Wandering musicians—singular or plural—often stop to give a free concert on the grass, on warm days. A lovely little park to spend an interesting afternoon.



Dominion Square Park

The college set overflows onto **Crescent Street** between **St. Catherine West** and **Sherbrooke Street** in the summer. They are there to see each other or to try one of the many little clubs on the street. The **Sir Winston Churchill** and the **Boiler Room** are extremely popular with friendly, talkative tricks.

**Mount Royal Park**, the big hill in the center of Montreal, is another great favorite for summer cruising. Lots of handy bushes around.

**Phillips Square** on St. Catherine West, opposite the **Baie Company** at the corner of Union Street, is another place for summer meetings in the busy center of town. Religious groups often gather in this area. The huge statue of **King Edward VII** in the center of the square is a good meeting place.



Phillips Square

**Lafontaine Park**, a bit away from the center of the city—near the street—is heavily cruised by cars.

**Place Jacques Cartier**, adjoining



the City Hall and the lovely **Château de Ramezay**, is also cruised.

**La Ronde Amusement Park**, part of Montreal's Expo, is a fun place to pass a summer evening, and is heavily cruised, making it better than many clubs and bars at this time of year.

Earlier we cautioned you about a sometimes dangerous area on St. Catherine Street East, a few blocks from St. Laurent Boulevard. This is the neighborhood headquarters of a very rough, tough French-Canadian element. But by contrast is the area around the **Café Lincoln**, 4479 St. Denis Street (the Mount Royal métro station is the stop for this area). This is quiet, safe and solidly French-Canadian . . . an area to which gays of all ages are attracted on hot days, and in the evenings.

The waterfront area on de la **Commune Street**, near the **Nep-tune Tavern**, 121 de la Commune Street, is a good place during the summer to meet sailors from the many ships that dock here.

### INDOOR CRUISING

In addition to Place Ville Marie and Place Bonaventure shopping centers there is another—the **Place Alexis Nihon** (Atwater metro station stop). Here is where you'll find the **Carabiniers Tavern**, so popular with young gays. The Plaza is only a five-minute métro ride from Place Ville Marie and Place Bonaventure.

You'll note the several references to various métro stations. You'll find our splendid new subway the most modern in the world (it **cruises** from station to station on rubber tires!), and is very cruisy itself. Since every subway system in the world has its favorite station for active gay cruising, you'll find our métro's **Longueuil Station** the very best. Give it a special whirl when you're here!

### GAY MOVIE CRUISING

Just a few years ago it would have been illegal to show even the softest-core porno movie in Montreal. But times are changing! Check out the movie theaters on St. Laurent Boulevard near St.

Catherine Street. The **Eros Theater**, 59 St. Catherine East, is cruised (it shows mildly-porno and straight films). The **Vogue Theater** on Charlevoix Street near Wellington has 'sex festivals' . . . the film being shown as this is written is **Oh! Calcutta!** . . . while **Le Beaver**, 5117 Park Avenue, specializes in 'over 18 years' films such as **Sexual Freedom in Denmark**. All quite cruisy.

### GAY BATHS

Montreal gay guys are 'club oriented' and since baths are just coming into popularity here gays like to go late at night or on Sunday afternoon when there is more there is more 'club action'. There are four baths of gay interest:

**Aquarius Sauna Bath**, 1183 Crescent Street. This is by far the most popular amongst gay guys. Opened only a few years ago, it serves our gay brothers 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and has 130 private rooms on 4 floors. It's especially gay on Sundays from 2 to 6 p.m. This is the best place to go for a Sunday chicken dinner. Dry steam sauna and TV rooms. Modern and clean, the rates in the evenings are \$5 for a private room for 8 hours, and \$3 for 4 hours on Sunday afternoons. By coming into the Aquarius in the late evening you can save the price of a hotel room. Lockers are available, and this bath is very close to all the gay clubs. Ideal place for making new friends. Excellent cruising, and **highly recommended**.



Aquarius Sauna Bath

The **Sonastek**, 1837 Dorchester Street West, can be reached on foot from the Guy or Atwater métro stations. Opened in January 1973 it has 35 private rooms

and features a sauna, TV room and snack bar. Open all week, 24 hours a day. Rooms are \$5 for 8 hours on weekends, with 50 cents per additional hour. The rate for 4 hours before 6 p.m. is \$3.50. Lockers available.



Sonastek

**Colonial Baths**, 3963 Colonial Street, is now only partly gay, but was the most popular gay baths before the Aquarius opened. Located a short taxi ride from Montreal's gay center it attracts men of all ages as it is the best equipped of all Montreal's baths, featuring wet and dry steam baths and a hot-water pool. Weekday hours are 1 p.m. to 5 a.m. On weekends the closing hour is 7 a.m. Lockers \$3 until 6 p.m., and \$3.50 after 6. Private rooms available after 9 p.m. for \$8. The Colonial is recommended for those who like the full physical facilities of a baths.

**Crystal Baths**, 4107 St. Denis Street, is also a short taxi ride from the center of gay activity, and attracts mostly older gay Montrealers. It is just a few blocks south of the gay Lincoln Tavern and Café Lincoln. Dry steam sauna is featured. No private rooms, so action takes place near the lockers. Hours are noon to 8 a.m. and rates for lockers are \$3 until 6 p.m., and \$3.50 after 6.

### GAY TAVERNS

Taverns open by mid-morning and close at midnight. Closed all day Sunday. They are for men only and serve only beer and soft drinks. Many also serve good inexpensive lunches and dinners. They are the best places to go for afternoon or early-evening en-

CIAO!



counters since none of the dance clubs, or piano bars, get going until 9 p.m. Cruising is easy and generally good. Some young Montreal hustlers are generally around; the more expensive hustlers—some from the States and other parts of Canada—usually go to the clubs. While the accent in many taverns is on youth, all ages are present and mix and enjoy the conversation. Many local gay guys who cannot afford the higher prices of the clubs, or who want a quieter place, prefer the taverns, so there are some really great guys you'll see only in the taverns.

The taverns east of St. Laurent Boulevard, mostly on St. Catherine Street East, are not recommended for all visitors as—note previously—the crowd is in large part quite rough.

**Peel Pub**, 1107 St. Catherine Street West, corner of Peel Street, is the most popular gay tavern and a central meeting place for gays. Huge downstairs stone-walled room with TV in every corner. Very clean . . . excellent lunch or dinner for about \$1 . . . somewhat mixed during the afternoon it is usually solidly gay by early evening. All ages, all types meet here for a few hours of beer and casual-to-serious talk, and to meet others. It's usually packed by 8 p.m. but a visitor—especially from the States—is welcome to sit at any occupied table. Cruising good . . . washroom large. Have a beer here, especially in the afternoon.



Peel Pub

**Carabiniers Tavern**, mentioned elsewhere, in Plaza Alexis Nihon, is gaining popularity with the gay crowd and may soon rival the Peel Pub as the Number One gay tavern

in Montreal. Its big advantage is that it is in this big shopping center. Good cruising at any time. Métro station is Atwater. The back of the tavern is most popular with gay guys.



Plaza Alexis Nihon

**Dominion Square Tavern**, 1243 Metcalfe Street (faces on Dominion Square Park) is not exclusively gay. It attracts an older crowd. Some S&M and hustlers. Johns are active. Not recommended for everyone.



Dominion Square Tavern

**Neptune Tavern**, 121 de la Commune Street West, near the corner of Place Royale Street, is located by the waterfront, just a short taxi ride from the center of Montreal. Very popular with the leather crowd and S&M set. Lots of sailors and merchant seamen plus a smattering of all gay types. Good cruising anytime, but especially on summer afternoons. Cruise the docks, too, while you are in the neighborhood. The Neptune is packed after 10 p.m. Crowd goes to Bud's Bar later. A model sailing ship hangs above the tavern door, and inside the decor is that of an old sailing ship with heavy old wooden tables and chairs. Somewhat risky at night, but a very pleasant place for an

inexpensive home-cooked afternoon meal.



Neptune Tavern

**Montreal Tavern**, 1415 St. Laurent Boulevard, near the corner of St. Catherine Street East, is popular with French-speaking Montrealers. Pool table. Hustlers. Tough, and not recommended for everyone.



Montreal Tavern

**Plateau Tavern**, 73 St. Catherine Street East. Popular with older gays, younger hustlers and a fairly tough crowd. Pool table.



Plateau Tavern



**Bellevue Tavern**, 151 St. Catherine Street East. Popular with transvestites, yet all types of East End French-speaking Montrealers gather here. Pool table. Hustlers. Tough. Not for everyone.



Bellevue Tavern

**Taverne de la Paix**, 330 St. Catherine East. This attracts about the same type of crowd as the Montreal Tavern. It's a bit less rough. You might meet a nice East End Montrealer here. Brush up on your French because very little English is spoken.



Taverne de la Paix

## BRASSERIES

The Canadian **brasserie** is a variation of the tavern. The difference is that females are allowed. Beer only—midnight closing—and closed on Sunday, just like the taverns. The brasserie is very popular with the younger crowd and gays who like the more lively informal atmosphere. Rock music in some. The first opened here in 1972...

**Brasserie des Nations**, 1244 Peel Street, near the corner of St. Catherine West. Partly gay—many

girls—yet, oddly, it is a popular meeting place for members of GAY, the Montreal club for homosexuals. Only a few hundred feet from the Peel Pub.

## DANCING CLUBS

Dancing clubs are popular 7 nights a week. Most open at 9 p.m. and close at 3 a.m. Some are open on Sunday afternoon. They are especially popular with gay guys under 30, but those of all ages come. Some of the most popular are

**Au Taureau d'Or**, 1419 Drummond Street. With its glass-topped dance floor illuminated from beneath by flashing colored lights, this club is very popular with the university/young executive set. Some are bisexual. A small place with just a few tables, so most stand and cruise. Single guys mostly. Popular Sunday afternoons. Waiting-line after 11:30 p.m. weekends.



Au Taureau d'Or

**The Apollo Club**, 5116 Park Avenue (a \$1.25 taxi ride from central Montreal). **Go, if you like the dancing scene!** The place is run like a private club so you are not bugged to buy drinks. Membership cards—free on request—are given to all friendly gay guys by even friendlier Maurice who screens everyone and greets you at the door. Hustlers not allowed; nor troublemakers. Visitors are especially welcome, and Maurice asks that you tell him if you are from out of town so that he can make your visit to the Club a happy one. The clientele: everyone from salesmen and students to technical and office workers. The many nice guys (average age

18 to 35) congregate near the back wall—if they're not there with lovers—and thus one knows their availability. They're easy to talk to and eager to meet others, and are not present in such numbers as in other dancing clubs, thus a more relaxed and casual atmosphere prevails. An outstanding characteristic of the Club is the great mix-up of standard dances (cha-cha-cha, samba, etc.) with go-go dancing. Gay guys from all over Montreal and surrounding towns come here week after week and simply wouldn't go anywhere else. There's a lineup at the door waiting to get in after 11:30 p.m. on weekends. **Not to be missed.** Start here, and then go on to the downtown clubs if you wish.



Apollo Club

**Le Rocambole**, 1426 Stanley Street, features soul music for dancing on the elevated floor. A long, narrow club that attracts the mod set and those who want to be seen. All types though, really. Only fair cruising as not that many people arrive alone to meet or be met by others. Le Rocambole and P.J.'s and Au Taureau d'Or are within a block of each other and draw the same type of clientele. All are nice... no one is better than the other. It's just a matter of individual preference.



Le Rocambole

CIAO!



P.J.'s, 1422 Peel Street, is popular with young working gay guys and the more informal sweater set. Hard rock music . . . good dancing on elevated floor. Lots of room to move around and meet others. Conversation is a bit easier here than at Le Rocambole, especially at the big bar. Drag shows are starting here.



P. J.'s

Le Bistro, 2071 St. Catherine West (2 blocks east of the Atwater métro station) is mostly for gay couples of all ages who want a dimly-lit atmosphere for casual conversation and dancing. A friendly neighborhood crowd and mostly couples. Nice and cozy.



Le Bistro

Le Choc, 1473 Dorchester Street West (at the corner of Mackay Street) is popular with the very young (teens-to-twenties) set. Mostly French-Canadian students who come here to dance to very loud rock music and cruise. Great if you groove to those in this age bracket. If you're shy about introducing yourself, call May/June 1973

on one of the waiters or Roger, the very friendly, fatherly owner who makes the rounds to see if all the guests are having a good time. The waiters are young and attractive and you are not pressed to buy drinks. The decor is wild . . . consisting of hundreds of automobile parts hung all around. The tables are steering wheels and the body of an Austin hangs on top of the bar. It's really easy to meet these great kids as the tables are close together and there is a long couch along the wall. Average age is less than 25, but older gay guys are especially welcome as (previously mentioned) there are many boys who go for maturer gays.



Le Choc

Disco Love (3rd floor of La Bohème), 1418 Guy Street, is the place for the freaked out who dress in jeans and dance to the blaring rock of the Stones and other good "head" groups. Not particularly good for cruising unless you fit in well, but everyone is welcome and the dancing is spirited. Conversation impossible against the loud music. While the crowd is not all gay, all enjoy themselves and don't care what others are or do. For those mostly under 30 . . . some girls . . . not glamorous.



La Bohème (Disco Love)

## GAY BARS/NO DANCING

Café Lincoln, 4479 St. Denis Street (mentioned earlier) is a neighborhood place for French-Canadian working-class gays. Although it is a very friendly place it surprisingly attracts few visitors. About a \$1.25 taxi ride from the gay center (or one block from the Mount Royal métro station). If you speak French this is a good place to get to know French-Canadians better. Open daily from 2 p.m., and from noon on Sunday. Crowd is 25-60, but a few younger gays come here (most go to the dancing clubs). Informal atmosphere, jeans okay, although most dress in ties and jackets. The Tavern downstairs on the street level, as well as the Restaurant Laval next door are equally popular and well worth a visit.



Café Lincoln

Monarch Café, 162 St. Catherine Street East, has a similar set-up as the Café Lincoln except that many guys are tough and so the place is not recommended for everyone. Solid working-class, tough French-Canadians. Very popular Sunday afternoons and safer at this time for all who want to go and converse at tables. Very few tourists come here.



Monarch Café



**Bud's Bar and Lounge**, 1250 Stanley Street, is the gay bar for the leather set . . . much trade, too. However, all types come here for the informality of the place and the good conversation. Opens well before noon . . . quite popular in the afternoons, especially so on Sunday. Some action (but dangerous) in the johns. Bud's is one of the oldest gay bars in Montreal, and perhaps the best known to visitors. Crowd of all ages . . . accent, though, on maturity . . . and you'll meet really great guys here. A drink at Bud's is a must for most visiting gay guys.



Bud's Bar

#### PIANO BARS

Two Montreal piano bars are very popular. Good cruising in each. Very intimate and comfortable and patronized more by the dress-up crowd—all ages.

**Chez Fernand**, 1232 Peel Street (near St. Catherine West) where the crowd—English and French-Canadian—gathers around a large piano for a singalong 'à la Cape Cod'. Lawyers, doctors, business executives, large groups from the entertainment world and others between 25 and 50 don sweater and slax and come here at least once a week. No drag queens, no hustlers; it's essentially for mature guys who enjoy club life and who wouldn't go to an openly gay club where there's dancing. You'll think you're at a college reunion. The decor is simple and classical, with several chandeliers dimly lighting the place. Tables are spaced widely apart so there's lots of room to walk around. Week-day evenings are more intimate, and often more fun as groups of friends get together to sing. It's the only place of its kind in Canada. Highly recommended. It's upstairs above the Peel Place

Steak House and the Romanian Village. The location is not marked.



Chez Fernand

**La Rose Rouge**, 2042 Mackay Street, attracts well-dressed university students, young business executives and those in the higher income brackets. A lively piano player and a singer are featured, and there is some singalong of more popular French songs. New, small, long, comfortable, clean, dimly lit and cozy, it's extremely crowded on weekends. Small dance floor is used more on weekdays. Lots of single gays come here . . . easy to meet. Opens Sunday 3 p.m., and there's an excellent buffet from 5 to 8 p.m. on Sunday for only \$1.00.



La Rose Rouge  
MIXING IT UP

Some brief notes on several places that—while not essentially gay—attract gay guys in some strength because there are just so many of them in Montreal. **Le Chât Noir**, 181 Sherbrooke Street East . . . **L'Étoile de l'Est**, 4490 Ontario East (downstairs) is really far-out with 'Clockwork Orange' type fantasy decor. Alternating nearly nude boy-and-girl go-go dancers. More for those who like the scene rather than for cruising. **Kon Tiki** bar in the Sheraton-Mt. Royal Hotel is an essentially

straight bar but is very popular with gay guys who come here for the exotic Polynesian drinks. Also the **Au Ballon Bar** in the Laurentian Hotel and the **Berkeley Hotel Bar**, 1188 Sherbrooke Street West are frequented by gay guys.

#### AFTER-HOURS CLUBS

After-hours clubs do not serve liquor and stay open until 6 a.m. or later. There is a cover charge of \$1 and soft drinks are about \$1. The minimum age limit is 18 after midnight. They are popular with gay guys after 3 a.m., when the bars and clubs serving liquor close.



Le Tarot

**Le Tarot**, 1459 St. Alexandre Street (a half block north of St. Catherine West). It is open only Thursday through Sunday evenings until 6 a.m., and features terrific rock music in a huge room with many large wooden tables. Go-go boy and girl dancers with psychedelic lighting/colored slides behind them and on the side walls set the pace for the dancing going on on the large dance floor. Mixed, like so, until 3 a.m., after which young gays from the dancing clubs come in to liven up the scene. The crowd is from 18 to 25, dressed in the most elegant boutique fashions or just down-to-earth jeans. Very friendly. Hamburgers, etc. We recommend it to all who like the discotheque scene. A somewhat higher-class crowd than that which patronizes . . .

**La Grande**, 77 St. Catherine Street East. A rough place where all types—straight and gay, male and female—meet and dance and cruise till 8 a.m. Mostly 18-25,

CIAO!



mostly French-Canadian working class, many are tough and the place is not recommended for cruising unless you can take care of yourself. It begins to come alive when the surrounding gay taverns close. Hard, loud rock. Lots of young East End Montreal hustlers. **At your own risk.** A short taxi ride from the gay center of things.



La Grande

#### LATE-NIGHT SNACKS

Gay Montrealers usually finish off a long evening with something to eat at one of these inexpensive restaurants which are open 24 hours (or very nearly so) daily.



A & W Coffee Shop

**A & W Coffee Shop**, 1116 St. Catherine Street West. Very popular with hustlers and young gay guys day and night, being just a stone's throw from Peel Street. On St. Catherine West at 1606 is **Briton's . . . Dunn's**, 892 St. Catherine West . . . and **Stratos**, 1122 St. Catherine West; all very popular with gay guys near club-closing time. **Réauration Laval**, 4493 St. Denis Street (next to the Café Lincoln, mentioned earlier) gets the young neighborhood French-Canadian gays. Safe. **Ben's Smoked Meat**, on Maisonneuve Boulevard West, at the corner of

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Metcalfe Street, is an enormous place famous for its smoked meat dishes, among others. It has been popular with Montrealers of all classes for generations, but gays go more to the other restaurants previously listed.

#### GAY ORGANIZATION

**GAY**—a homophile service-oriented organization made up of male and female McGill and non-McGill gay people is currently based at McGill University. It began in the Fall of 1972. Dances are held every month, with a large turnout. Coffee hours and business meetings are held weekly. Roller skating, talent nights, and other social activities are planned for the near future. A newsletter is printed weekly and available free of charge on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope from **GAY**, McGill University, 3480 McTavish B 41, Montreal 112, P.Q., Canada. A radio program is broadcast on alternate weeks. Counseling and other services are available. The **GAY** office telephone number is (514) 392-8921.

The **GAY LINE** is in service Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings from 7 until 1 a.m. Call (514) 843-8841 for information, conversation and referrals.

## Acapulco

### By George Desantis

That most gay guides are misleading may be borne out by taking a trip to Acapulco; the average directory lists about a dozen "gay" action spots while, in fact, there are only two. That is to say, only two according to what most guys consider gay—places where the majority of people are homosexuals, and where making out, or at least meeting someone gay, is probable.

Acapulco is beautiful. I was disappointed with the gay scene on this, my first trip, a few weeks ago—but I do not regret having spent two weeks there. In winter the weather is perfect. The tem-

perature range is between 85 and 90 and there is always a breeze (surprisingly cool but seldom brisk enough to blow your hair out of place). There are only occasional puffs of clouds in the sky and it never rains. Every day is guaranteed sunshine, all day long. The landscape is magnificent and the people are honest and friendly.



Aerial view of Acapulco Bay

#### HOTELS

The lay of the land is simple because there is only one main drag—**Costera Miguel Aleman**—the road that runs along the coastline the length of Acapulco Bay. Everything of interest is on this avenue or on offshoots within walking distance of it (walking is sometimes difficult, however, because steep hills must be climbed; it is therefore advisable to take taxis when going uphill for even a short distance). Coming in from the airport (a \$3 taxi ride) you enter the Costera about a half-hour later from its east end, passing the magnificent **Hotel Las Brisas** on the way in. (Las Brisas is a cluster of 250 individual bungalows nestled side by side, above and below one another—most with a small swimming pool, which occupy a vast site high on a hill overlooking the bay; it is favored by honeymooners and most gay people find the atmosphere oppressive.)



Costera Miguel Aleman

As you descend to bay level the



water is on your left, and so are the big hotels. First, the **Plaza International Regency Hyatt Acapulco** (next to the naval base on the eastern end of the bay; it is not possible to cruise the area for sailors with any degree of success); then **Holiday Inn**; **El Presidente**; **Condesa del Mar**; and, finally, the **Acapulco Hilton**. In-between and about six blocks past the Costera, on both sides of the street are smaller hotels, motels, and luxury condominiums, as well as restaurants of all kinds and shops that sell everything from souvenirs to fine jewelry. The luxury hotels in this area (the only other hotel in this category—the **Acapulco Princess**—is near the airport, on the Pacific Ocean) have a range of \$30 to \$40 per room per day. The smaller hotels and motels here go for about \$20. An apartment in a condominium on the beach, rented for short periods, is about as high as you can go—averaging \$50 to \$75 a day. This will get you a suite of rooms usually consisting of a large living room with a balcony overlooking the bay, two big bedrooms, two or three full bathrooms, a kitchen, and a maid's day room—beautifully furnished and fully air-conditioned, plus one or more swimming pools on the communal terrace at beach level.



**Holiday Inn (left) and Condominium Galeón; the terrace overlooks the bay.**

There are some advantages to staying in a condominium. Hotels have rooms which usually accommodate two people; apartments are vast and comfortably house up to six people. Having a kitchen will enable you to at least prepare breakfast (there are small supermarkets in the neighborhood)—and throw parties. A day maid comes with such apartments and she is yours to command—and that includes doing your laundry. It is difficult and usually impossible to

get a trick up to your room in a hotel (desk clerks have come to know who the local hustlers are and make a point of stopping male guests who enter with young Mexicans); as a "tenant" in a condominium you may come and go as you please, and with whomever you please. (Occasionally, an uptight desk clerk—the only employee you're likely to encounter on the ground floor of most condominiums—will take it upon himself to urge you not to bring in "lowlife." This objection is easily surmounted with some stern but very polite words concerning your "business being your own," and then thanking *el señor* for looking out for your safety as you slip him a 50-peso note.)



**A typical apartment in a condominium on the beach. This is a living room in the Galeón. The terrace overlooks the bay.**



**The pools of the Condominium Galeón and Icacos Beach. The building in the distance is the Plaza International Regency Hyatt Acapulco. To the right of it is the naval base.**

The easiest way to book a hotel room is through your local travel agent. Or, if you are a cardholder, phone American Express at 800-AE8-5000 (free) and have them secure space. Such places as the Holiday Inn may be booked by calling the branch nearest you for confirmed reservations. You may also write directly to hotels in Acapulco. But no matter how you

reserve space, chances are you will not find your room when you arrive if you take your vacation in January or February (the peak season). Most hotels overbook, deliberately—to insure capacity—and desk clerks often suit strangers who show up without reservations and a handful of pesos—giving your room away. The Hilton is especially notorious for this—and no amount of pleading will help. Your deposit (most hotels require a night paid for in advance) will be transferred, along with you, to a less desirable hotel some place in town. If this happens grin and bear it—and next morning stroll down the Costera and check the hotels and motels on both sides of the street. You just may find a comfortable room or apartment at half the price and more to your liking (no noisy straights in the lobby, etc.). Or, buy a copy of the local English-language newspaper, **The News**, and check the real estate ads. Many apartments are advertised. Or secure an apartment (even a house on the bay!) from one of the realtors (like Ron Lavender, whose office is on the Costera, phone 4-02-41).



**Downtown Acapulco and the bay beyond.**

Needless to say, all the good hotels in Acapulco are not all in one place; there are many smaller places nestled in the hills overlooking the bay, and at the extreme west end of the Costera, at **Caleta Beach**. As you go westward on the Costera, once past the big hotels, you pass through an area of little interest to tourists. Of course the beach on your left is continuous, but there are ordinary apartment houses and stores on the other side of the street which have no appeal to the average traveler. In less than 10 minutes,

**CIAO!**



starting out from "hotel row," your cab will deposit you in the center of the downtown shopping district. This is an old section of town. Skip the hotels here. You can actually get a room for less than \$2 but they are seedy and far below standards set by most tourists. Risk them if you are really roughing it because you'll feel uncomfortable and insecure.

Continue westward along the Costera and you'll come to an intersection running uphill called **Cerro de la Pinzona**, about four blocks from downtown center. About two blocks up a dirt road you'll come to the rear wall of the garden surrounding the vast **Casablanca Tropical**, an old hotel that was once the toast of Acapulco. Most of the rooms are air-conditioned and its attractive pool affords a panorama of the town and bay below. Its bars (which close early) are sometimes cruised, mostly by gay guests who are in the market for the handful of hustlers who work this area. A double here with terrace is \$31 a day. There are some "Dolce Vita Suites" which go for \$50 a day—perhaps too much considering the location (some distance from the beach) and age of the place.



**Casablanca Tropical**

Now, when you reach the rear wall of this hotel, instead of going right (which leads you to the entrance of the Casablanca), go left and continue walking uphill for about three more blocks. The name of this route is **La Inalambica**, which runs through a middle-income residential section. At number 88 you'll find the **Sans Souci Hotel**, Acapulco's only truly gay establishment (hotel and bar). It's a quaint building built into the side of a hill. The various rooms, suites and bungalows that make up this structure start at

around \$7.50 and go up to \$20 a day—no matter how many people occupy it. It's owned by a Frenchwoman and there are always a few lesbians around, but the majority of guests are gay guys—from all over the world. Taxis are sometimes difficult to get but you can easily walk downhill to the Costera in about 10 minutes and get one there. The beaches are about 10 minutes away by cab and the hotel is all but deserted during the day. More about its bar later.



**Sans Souci Hotel.** Note the bar below road level on the extreme left (thatched roof). A photograph of it appears in the section on bars below.

Not too far from the Sans Souci is the **El Mirador Hotel**—on the ocean. It's built high atop the huge Quebrada rocks and some rooms are so situated that they have their own funicular. Rates average \$30 a day. They go higher and lower. This place is famous for the divers who plunge off the rocks into a narrow crevice for 130 feet to the water below. There are four shows nightly, once an hour starting at 9:30. The divers can be viewed from below for a few pesos, or from the hotel restaurant, **La Perla**, which is built into the rocks high above the water.

Back down on the Costera, continue westward and you'll reach Caleta Beach—where it all started in Acapulco. The jet setters stay in the east—and at Caleta you'll find more European tourists than Americans, guys from the States who are on a budget, and, of course, a lot of Mexicans. The big hotel here is the **Caleta**, on a hill overlooking the beach and the channel which runs between the mainland and **Roqueta Island**. It's old but colorful and comfortable and rooms go for around \$25 a day. In this same price category

but at the other end of this beach (actually, two beaches, Caleta and **Caletilla**, which lie side by side) is the **Boca Chica**. It's very quaint and has a European flavor. It also has its own beach. Near the entrance to Caleta Beach is the **Linda Vista**, a small, modest establishment which gets its share of gay tourists who want to be practically on the beach but who do not want to pay more than \$10 or \$15 a day. Getting tricks in is not difficult here.



**Hotel Caleta**



**Boca Chica**



**Hotel Linda Vista**

For a complete list of hotels, as well as a comprehensive guide to Acapulco, I suggest you send \$2.00 (money-order, not a check) for a copy of "The Easy Guide to Acapulco," to Ammex Asociados, S.A., Lago Silverio No. 224, Mexico 17, D.F.

## GETTING AROUND

Once settled in your room or



apartment you will want to familiarize yourself with Acapulco proper. There are four principal areas/spots—the east end of the Costera, which is where the big hotels, better restaurants, and gay beach (such as it is) are; the “middle” of the Costera, downtown, where there are a couple of interesting restaurants, limited cruising, and a fabulous outdoor market where you’ll spend hours bargaining for silver and souvenirs; the Sans Souci; and Caleta Beach. For starters, take a taxi. Once you know your way around you may want to walk between points. Buses also run along the Costera, but take them only after you know where you’re going—unless you speak Spanish fluently. The average taxi ride between the east end of the Costera and downtown is 10 pesos (80 cents); between the east end and Sans Souci, 20 to 30 pesos—depending on the hour and how much your driver thinks he can get from *un joto*—a faggot—which your destination tells him; about 30 pesos from the east end to Caleta Beach, or 20 from the Sans Souci to Caleta Beach. There are no meters so establish the fare when you get in or you’ll have an argument on your hands when you arrive. I will say I did find most of the drivers courteous and honest.

#### DAYTIME FUN

In all probability you’ll spend most of the day on the beach. The beach, which makes up the entire horseshoe shape encompassing the bay, is continuous—but here and there rocks jut out and there are small curves. At these “interruptions” the beach simply changes its name. The longest stretch starts near the naval base and ends at the Holiday Inn. This is **Icacos Beach**. It’s very wide and is relatively uncrowded. The better condominiums line its length. You can lie in the sun all day and bargain with vendors for souvenirs—everything from shell jewelry to stuffed armadillos. (Generally speaking, you can get whatever is being sold for about a third the starting price—but you’ll do better and get better merchandise at the market in town.) Or, you can take an unusual parachute ride

over and around the bay. A chute is hooked up to you and a long rope attaches you to the rear of a speed boat. The air currents are such that as soon as the boat takes off you are quickly whisked upwards to a height of about seven stories—and you gracefully float in mid-air behind the boat, high above the bay. Great for aerial photographs. You’re let down in the same spot just as easily.



Icacos Beach as seen from the Condominium Galeón, looking past the Holiday Inn (near right), at the El Presidente (big hotel in foreground), and the Condesa del Mar (white building).



Coming in for a landing at Icacos Beach.

When you reach the Holiday Inn your path will be blocked by rocks, so go up to the Costera, walk past the Holiday, El Presidente, and Condesa del Mar. A short distance past the Condesa you’ll be able to enter **Condesa Beach** via **Beto’s Restaurant**, an open-air restaurant built into the side of a steep hill. It’s down stone steps—and there—right in front of Beto’s and to the left is the only other really gay spot in town. It’s where gay guys from all over the world gather, sitting in slat chairs under a *palapa* (thatched-roof, open-sided hut), enjoying the combo in the background, camping, groping some of young hustlers and gorging themselves on shrimp, lobster, chicken, and exotic drinks all day long. Once you latch on to a hustler,

or vice versa, he’s yours for the day or your entire stay—for about \$16 a day in season, plus gifts (though a little bargaining can get him for \$8—especially if you are attractive; hustlers tend to think in terms of \$8 or \$16 because 100 pesos equals \$8, etc.). Condesa Beach lies between the Condesa del Mar and the Hilton, about two or three blocks away, and a little beyond it. There is some cruising along the beach, but not much—and the only good thing I can say about the Hilton is that Beto’s can be reached via the beach without having to walk along the Costera. By the way, most of the huts in front of Beto’s belong to **Hector** and rent for 10 pesos per person per day. Waiters will serve you as you wish—and a full meal with drinks will probably cost you about \$10. Practically next to Beto’s is **Paraiso**—the straight equivalent.



The steps leading down to Beto’s Restaurant, and the thatched huts in front of it.



The gay section of Condesa Beach, in front of Beto’s.

Just beyond the Hilton there is a stretch of coastline which is not used, but past it and extending westward to within a short distance of the old town is **Hornos Beach**. Tourists swim here, of course, but it is mainly used by Mexicans, and unless you speak the language you’ll feel a little out

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of place. Moreover, the hustlers here aren't as "elite" as those at Condesa and, in contrast, speak very little English. However, you have a better chance of meeting gay locals who aren't commercial at Hornos—but meeting and making out is difficult if you are unable to communicate verbally. Hornos is often called the "evening beach"—meaning that the tides and sunshine are favorable in late afternoon. (The same is true of Caleta Beach in the morning, and of Condesa and Icacos all day long.) Personally, I think the whole idea is ridiculous (the sun shines best **everywhere** in Acapulco). It was probably started by beach vendors who wanted their share of the crowd, which, in the "old days" when Acapulco was not the vacation capital it is today and when people tended to be a bit too romantic, moved from beach to beach because it was the chic thing to do. Vacationers pretty much stay put these days—though a lot of gay guys do cruise Caleta in the morning and move on to Condesa in the afternoon but only because no one wants to miss seeing a single trick. Sunday is family day in Acapulco, and throughout Mexico for that matter, and it is only on this day that the beaches—particularly Hornos and Caleta—are still crowded after the sun goes down.

If you stay at one of the hotels near Caleta Beach you will probably spend a lot of time there. Even if you stay closer to Condesa you will want to spend a couple of mornings at Caleta and its neighbor, Caletilla ("little Caleta"—really one beach divided by a stone walkway which leads out to a pier). I have already mentioned that you are likely to find more Europeans and fewer Americans here—and that should tell you that whatever little cruising goes on is very subtle (that whole social bit about getting to know a guy first before having sex). The hustlers at Caleta are not as "organized" as those at Condesa and you'll find them among the beach boys who rent small sailboats, etc. Their price is also around \$16 in season but because this is not a jet setter's beach it is often possible to get a beauty for \$8. Gay tourists sit in the slat chairs which

are under **palapas** directly behind the small lifeguard's chair in the center of Caleta. Chairs rent for 10 pesos and your waiter will attend to your needs all day long.



Caleta Beach



Caletilla Beach

While at Caleta you might want to take a glass-bottomed boat across the channel to Roqueta Island and spend a few hours on the beach there. It's similar in many ways to Caleta but the hills behind it are wooded and afford a place for a quickie should you make it with a beach boy. The price remains the same—\$8 to \$16. Tourists enjoy buying bottles of beer for the wild donkeys that come down to the beach and greedily guzzle the stuff as fast as you give it to them. The boat ride to and from Roqueta is only a few pesos (don't make the mistake of taking the 10-peso trip, which gets you a boring tour on the way over).



Roqueta Island

Pie de la Cuesta Beach is eight miles out of town and can be reached by taxi for a couple of dollars—but make certain you tell your driver to pick you up for the return trip because cabs don't cruise the area. It's a family beach and heavily Mexican—so don't go unless you speak the lingo. The undertows at this beach are dangerous and no one swims here. It's good for sunbathing in a relatively peaceful spot . . . and for watching sunsets.

Another interesting beach is **Puerto Marques**. Very commercial; food stalls and open-air restaurants line it—and it's strictly Mexican. If you're used to orderliness and don't want to come down with a case of loose bowels—stay away.



Puerto Marques

Apart from beaches and the sports activities they afford (sailing, water skiing, parachute sailing, etc.), you'll want to spend one afternoon exploring the old town. But don't go between 1 and 4—because many stores close for siesta during these hours. Price-shop for souvenirs; merchants expect you to bargain—and it's possible to get things you want for less than half the starting price. Also check the fixed prices in Woolworth's and Sanborn's.



The Zocalo

The **Zocalo** (main square) is



sometimes cruised—but there is much harassment from the police because the area is popular with hippies and drug pushers. Ditto for the **Malecon**—the waterfront. Here is where you'll find a vast outdoor flea market where silver is an especially good buy. So is the pottery—which is made on the spot.



The Malecon



The Market

There are no gay steam baths in Acapulco—but if you're there at the right time you just may meet another tourist looking for action, or a masseur who will give you more than a rubdown for a price. However, you might also have to settle for an ordinary steambath and even share the room with a woman. Anyway, give it a try—**Club de Esquies**, 100 Aleman, just a block west of downtown center—or **Club International**, on the water a few blocks west of downtown.



Club International

There are also bullfights during the season. Inquire at your hotel. I happen to think the sport is barbaric and I'd much prefer to see the animal come out the winner—but perhaps you feel differently. There are also bloody cockfights.

### THE GAY TEMPO

My comments thus far have told you that in Acapulco gay sex is pretty much monopolized by hustlers. Let me clarify.

The majority of gay guys who vacation in Acapulco do so to take advantage of the young studs (they're practically boys!) who make up a band of what must be the best organized group of independent hustlers around. They cruise together but separately. In other words, it's one big happy family and everyone wants to score—but one never senses a feeling of rivalry among the boys; there appears to be no resentment and no letdown if a john happens to pick José instead of Jorge. The kids prance together at the beach and dance together at the bars. They are all in the market to be plucked.

Moreover, they are not "typical" hustlers—the kind of person that comes to mind for most gay guys: the stereotype bad boy who at best lies there while you suck and at worst knifes you on the way out. The hustlers in Acapulco (and in Mexico) are "professionals" making a living. It's simply a way of life and sex is the only thing they can sell that will clothe them and put food on the table. It is also an escape from reality; while their straight counterparts are out digging ditches for pennies they are leading a life of leisure, spending most of their time at the beach, being wined and dined in expensive restaurants, and receiving elaborate gifts from appreciative johns. Sexually they are almost subservient; they do anything and everything—willingly. It is especially surprising of boys whose thinking is very much **macho**—that typically Latin notion that a genital male must be passive during gay sex lest he lose his masculinity. Not so in Acapulco. They nuzzle you in public and shower you with kisses. They are versatile in bed.

There are many attractive hust-

lers but perhaps too many who are disappointingly skinny and feminine. Unbelievably so. The average rented boy is about 18 and looks 14. His body lacks muscularity (this is true of most Mexicans) and his features are soft. He speaks little English but is very personable and manages to hold a simple conversation. He fantasizes—desperately hoping his prince will whisk him off to someplace romantic, where it snows (something he has never seen). He wants to be chosen and needs to be loved—and it is important that his "sisters" know of his conquests. He must be in demand and envied by his peers.

He likes pretty clothes and spends most of his money buying them. Almost never will he invite you to his place because he is ashamed of how modest it is and much prefers to imagine he is Cinderella at a ball—in your plush hotel room. He does not want to be reminded by returning home that it's all some kind of play because the show is always too short. He likes to laugh and be campy. When he dances he clicks his heels and looks like Carmen Miranda without tits. He is like a little girl—and most johns love it.

If this is your bag you will love Acapulco. If it is not you will probably find it disappointing once you have seen the sights. Humpy tourists are not available because most of them are in town to buy boys. It's why some guys travel thousands of miles to eat Mexichicken.

The more masculine hustlers are found among the beach boys who rent sailboats and provide other services at the beach. Their approach is smooth because they have a legitimate offer to open the conversation, making the rest easy for you. There are a few very attractive studs at Condesa (old guys of 22!). Note the freckled kid who rents sailboats and who is head and muscular shoulders over the teenyboppers who work the palapas.

I really think most hustlers in Mexico think themselves little girls. It's that **macho** thing working in reverse: they have been taught that men fuck women and since they do not they therefore

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associate themselves with females and, unfortunately, behave like women. I find this quality particularly undesirable—and it was a big turnoff for me.

It is possible to meet an occasional tourist who craves "down home" sex. It is unlikely, however. You might also meet a gay Mexican in one of the neighborhood bars downtown and be surprised that he is not commercial. Every Acapulco stud is a potential trick—but when you do not deal with the pros you had better be prepared to get a friendly conversation going in Spanish because less than subtle actions by you could scare him away or get you a broken jaw.

### NIGHTTIME FUN

Most tourists take a siesta after loafing on the beach all day (the heat really wears you out). Long about 8 p.m. you get washed and dressed for the evening . . . but before going any further let me comment on clothing:

It is strictly casual, meaning open sports shirts and slacks (even dungarees) and whatever you wear on your feet (even open sandals). You dress this way for street cruising as well as dining at the finest restaurants in town. In Acapulco one dons a "costume" depending on one's mood—so take those worn dungarees along or whatever outlandish gear you have (just make certain it's lightweight).

### Dining

The dinner hour starts at 9 p.m. and goes past midnight. Most of the better restaurants are near the big hotels. Sit outdoors under the trees in the Zocalo opposite the Hilton "in" El Patio. Varied menu and show for about \$15 for two. Or dine at **Barbas Negras** (next to Beto's) in open enclosures overlooking the beach. A steak dinner for two, with drinks, about \$20. The **Rivoli**, 400 Costera M. Aleman, is elegant and very good. At least \$25 for two. At 7 Av. del Prado you'll find **Villa Demos**, a new Italian restaurant. It's walking distance from the Holiday Inn. Big garden and always crowded because the food is good. About \$20 for two. **Carlos n' Charlie's** is at 999 Cos-

tera M. Aleman. Pawn shop atmosphere and always packed (the lines start at 8:30 so be prepared to wait). Or, if you're on a budget, try **Denny's** on the Costera opposite El Presidente. Open 24 hours and popular. It's like Howard Johnson. There are two other branches in town; one is on the Zocalo downtown.



Zocalo and El Patio

If you are downtown you might want to have dinner at **Sanborn's**, a department store right on the Costera opposite the outdoor market. The restaurant is open until 1 a.m. and the john upstairs is mildly cruised. Organ music (in the restaurant, not the john) and a Howard Johnson menu. Or try **Tirol**, an open walled cafe on the Zocalo downtown. Ordinary continental and Mexican food but reasonable—and it's favored by gay guys on a budget. For something better—try **Armando's**, 7 Quebrada, a couple of blocks from the mainsquare. Very continental and very expensive (about \$30 for two). The food is good (not excellent) and the service great.



Zocalo

If you want to watch a show while you dine, then go to **La Perla** at El Mirador Hotel. The restaurant is built on various levels on the side of a cliff to enable you to watch the divers jump off the rocks. Shows every hour starting

at 9:30. Only one dive a show so be sure your head isn't buried in a soup bowl when he leaps. About \$20 for two.



La Perla

### Street Cruising

The best time to cruise the Costera or the Zocalo downtown is between 9 and 11 p.m. After that everybody (including the hustlers) has already arrived at wherever he's going. That means the discos near the big hotels, the seedy bars downtown, or, best of all, the bar at the Sans Souci Hotel.

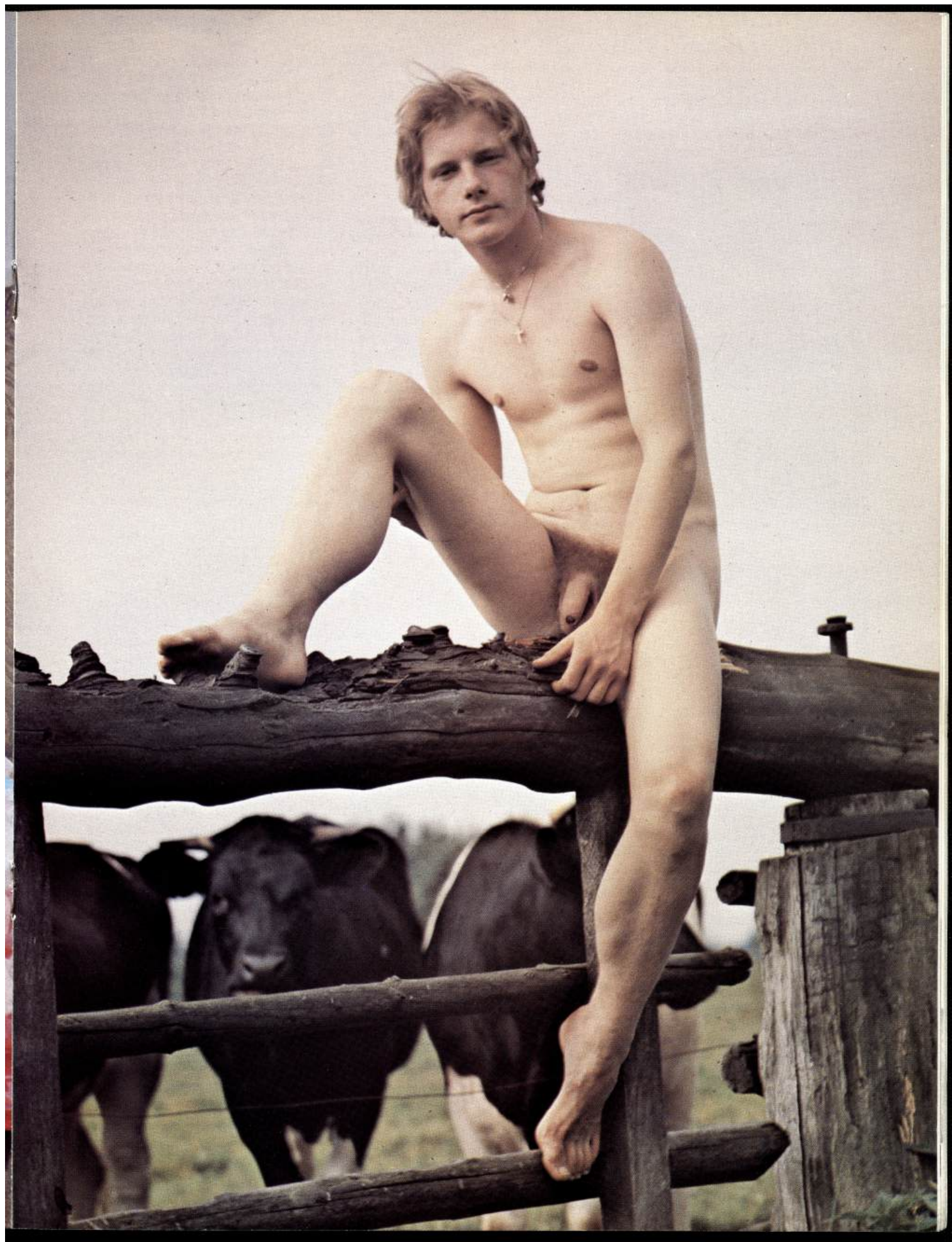
As far as mildly gay places are concerned—your best bets near the hotels include: **Nina's**, on the Costera near the naval base, is run by an Auntie Mame type (her pictures adorn the walls) who draws the gay crowd—but it's never crowded and is always mixed; the **Sunset Bar** at the Hilton, which is a swinging disco that gets a hip set (including bisexuals)—which means a few guys are available if you have the patience to wait until they're through flirting with chicks and wearing their feet off; and **Le Dome**, another disco on the Costera which is very much like the Sunset but bigger.

Some distance (about 25 pesos by cab) is the "red zone" where the seediest bars are. The streets are lined with prosties selling cunt—so if you're bisexual and want some fishy action, head there. Of interest is a nightclub called **La Huerta** (no street address; all cab drivers know it). Happily, it's enclosed in a courtyard—so you're safe once you get in. Make certain you make arrangements with the driver to pick you up later on as the streets (dirt roads) are not safe to walk at night. It's not that the locals are bad people . . . they are just very











poor and might do anything for a dollar. The scene at La Huerta is mainly for horny straights who want to buy a girl for 15 minutes or so. There are tiny motel-like units surrounding the club and the traffic is heavy. The cost is \$12 ("... che-e-ep, senior ... \$10 for me-e-e and \$2 for de-e ro-o-om!") ... about \$1 a minute. Anyway, you can buy a boy here. Same deal but don't expect to find too many. Lots of tourists come to gawk so you just might land a humpy guy from Cleveland for some homey fucking.



La Huerta



Red Zone

Just for the record—if you are bisexual ... tell the cab driver to take you to Casa Rebecca or Casa Alicia's, the top two brothels in town, which are located in a better part of town. The price is higher; \$17 a throw (and, I'm told, there's even one chick at Rebecca's who gets \$75—for what I do not know!).

Up until a few months ago there was a bar called Los Hippies. It was gay, located in the red zone, and not too popular because of its location. The place was run by the mayor's nephew, who instigated raids at the Sans Souci. But it's gone (now called El Gato Negro; it caters to straights—although there are occasional drag shows)—and that means all the gay action is concentrated at Sans

Souci.

If you will refer to the hotel section above you will know how this tiny establishment is situated. The bar itself starts getting crowded at 11 p.m. and begins to die at 2 a.m.—though it's open until 4. Drinks are about 14 pesos (count your change!). Perhaps it sees well over a hundred guys at its best moments (and the turnover is fair) but if they aren't hustlers they are johns (all ages but mostly over 50) looking for hustlers—and if you aren't doing the same thing chances are you'll go home alone. You might be lucky (if you don't want anybody commercial) and meet someone like yourself—but don't count on it. If, by 2 a.m., you become discouraged and leave—in desperation to hold on to a catch a number will follow you up the steps to the road and sweet-talk you into taking him to your place or renting a room there for a few hours. Make the most of it because you're unlikely to find someone else on the way home at this late hour. This is it—the Sans Souci—the only gay bar in town.



Bar at Sans Souci

Acapulco was so beautiful it more than made up for what I considered a poor sex scene. Hustlers are turnoffs for me—but if you like renting this is your marketplace. Go, no matter how you feel—if only one time ... if only to feast your eyes.

## Portobello Road

By Jon Lorrimer

Take the Underground to Notting Hill Gate station, step out,

walk a few hundred paces and—almost to a flourish of trumpets and a ruffle of drums—you arrive at the Portobello Road, London's fabulous 'street of bazaars', at once more colorful and exotic than anything Sindbad might have envisioned.

On weekends—Saturday is the busiest and best day—'gay' is spoken by happy homophiles from many countries who are drawn to this mod mecca by a common love of beautiful things, especially antiques. Since gay guys suffer recurring attacks of 'antique fever' during most of their creative lives, the Portobello Road is just the place to find a cure, for here one may feast one's eyes on treasures, kingly and kinky, from every period of history, or buy them for far less than what they would cost in Knightsbridge, a short distance away.

The charm—the fun thing—about all this is that while you are eyeball-to-eyeball with dealers, bargaining to the very teeth, you can meet interesting others, make out like mad, and have a merry old time doing it! The Portobello Road, however, is so much more than just a mart for antiquities. If you will begin your walking tour of it from the top—that is, from the Notting Hill Road/Holland Park Avenue end—you will run into an interesting pub called, celestially, *The Sun in Splendour*, and almost anyone gay who makes the weekend scene along the Portobello will tell you that the Saturday lunch served across the counter in this pub is far and away the best food for the price in all of London. So stop in and refresh yourself with a pint of bitter or stout before continuing on your walking tour.



From here the Portobello now  
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curves into a row of small houses; once the homes of workers, they have been spruced up, painted in bright colors, and called 'mews cottages' in the elegant tradition of the Royal Borough of Kensington, of which the Portobello is a part. Gay lovers and straight couples of affluence have been buying these houses in recent years, and where once the hard sale price was \$25,000, today just the initial negotiating price starts at no less than \$75,000. So while you are in a shop rummaging for treasures, if you are cruised by someone whose Rolls, Jag or Alfa Romeo awaits pantingly without, accept his invitation. A guided tour of his Portobello pad may be as delightful as the sex which precedes or follows.



Georgian House

Continuing down the Portobello to where it is bisected by a street called Cheapstow Villas you will find your first treasure trove in **Georgian House**, Ann Barnard's wild antique/curiosity shop. You can't miss it, or Ann either. Dressed in her red coachman's coat buttoned up to the neck, and a gray Ascot top hat, Ann is a patriotic camp. Her shop is painted red, white and blue . . . the awning over the entrance is similarly patriotic . . . and surmounting it are colorful variations of the Union Jack. If this doesn't grab your attention, an antique phonograph with a huge horn sends forth the tunes of the twenties on scratchy records. Her shop

is so intriguing you may find yourself buying something, if only as a souvenir.

Further down the Portobello becomes an area of more conventional antique shops/art galleries. Lots of great bargains here if you will take the time to fish 'em out. Still further along, at Westbourne Grove and beyond, the scene grows wilder. TV crews on location . . . clowns, barrel-organ players, mendicants with parrots or monkeys on their shoulders . . . tourists photographing and being photographed. Many stall-holders are here more to join in the color and fun. They have 'proper' stores in Knightsbridge and elsewhere, and Saturday is a kind of busman's holiday for them. Then still further along the antique shops and silver stalls give way to those whose merchandise is of more fundamental value . . . for here are the best cheeses, fruits, vegetables and meats in London. Stop by for a treat . . . how about a jellied eel, a veal-and-ham pie, a Cornish pastie . . . even a whelk? In every stall a new delight.

Next you arrive at Colville Terrace and the **Duke of Wellington** pub, packed inside/overflowing outside with gay guys, bisexuals, straights and hippies. Here is where the 'barefoot boys' in jeans make their Saturday headquarters. If the weather is fine they take their beer outside, and in such lounging numbers it's difficult to pick one's way through and onward to the 'gents' at the corner of Talbot Road where the johns are packed, with a groovy cruising line—sometimes three abreast—waiting to get in. There's no hassling from the police who get into the Saturday spirit of things, smile and move along.

For a street so busy and alive during the day, the vortex of Portobello excitement is drained come nightfall. The stalls are bare . . . their wares carted off for safekeeping. The picture is now one of empty orange crates, trash cans piled high . . . the concourse dotted with boutonnieres of Brussels sprouts and necklaces of stray cabbage leaves . . . and in every shop doorway an empty wine bottle. On Sunday morning anyone still on the Portobello is prob-

ably half stoned. He'll be in a deserted pub sipping 'a hair of the dog' and musing on what fun yesterday was, and whether it will be moreso next Saturday.



If London is on your itinerary this summer, why not save at least one Saturday for the Portobello? It may prove the funkiest freakout of your entire vacation!

## Provincetown

By Frank Keating

This summer something very interesting is going to happen to one of the world's gayest resorts; Massachusetts has just lowered its drinking age from 21 to 18 and that means lots of young stuff will cram the already packed bars in Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod.

If you've never been to P'town it's something you should experience. This gay vacation spot has evolved, so to speak; its quaint look and breathtaking seascape gave rise to an art colony which flourished early in the century. The influx of bohemians naturally included gay people who were at once charmed—and have come in increasing numbers ever since.

P'town is small. Life centers around one main thoroughfare—**Commercial Street**—and it is only that portion which lies ten blocks or so in either direction of the



town wharf that most tourists see. The street is narrow and runs parallel to the bay. It was once a back alley for the houses directly on the bay which faced a road that ran in front. In time erosion ate away the land and caused the homeowners to do a turnabout and use their back entrances as fronts and the narrow strip of beach remaining on the bay as backyard. And so Commercial Street came into being—and today many of the tiny old houses serve as colorful art galleries, souvenir shops, guest houses, restaurants, and bars.



Commercial Street. The Royal Sportsman is our company vehicle—which serves as a touring car for our writers. The photographs accompanying this article were taken a few weeks ago; P'town was still in its abandoned winter period.

P'town attracts straight tourists too, but not many by comparison. A few years ago some uptight homeowners and assorted straights protested that the town was becoming too gay every summer and that something should be done about it. In order to discourage the gay flow the police harassed homosexuals the following summer, picking them up for loitering, making arrests in the meatrack at the gay beach, and generally giving everybody a bad time. Gay people got the message and word got around. By the end of the season many guest houses were screaming for business. All other businesses in town suffered too—restaurants, bars, boutiques, etc. Another meeting was called and it was unanimously agreed that gay was good . . . for business—and ever since then the red carpet has been out for the gay dollar.

In P'town it isn't so much that a place is gay in the usual sense; that is to say, in most other cities

gay establishments are planned as such, but in P'town everything is gay because everybody is gay. However, there are some places that specifically cater to gay people and actually shun straight tourists—and these are the places you should know about.

#### HOTELS

The most popular gay hotel in town is **Pilgrim House**. It's very old and its walls have probably seen more sex than all steam baths combined—not only by guests but also by outsiders who cruise its hallways constantly. In recent years it's gotten so wild that the front doors are sometimes locked at 1 a.m. (when the bars close) to discourage those not staying there from coming in for nightly bangs and numbers sex in the hallways and johns.



Pilgrim House

Another popular place is **Atlantic House**. Considerably smaller and somewhat homier than Pilgrim House it also sees its share of action—but mostly among guests and the tricks they bring in.



Atlantic House



Crown and Anchor

The **Crown and Anchor Motor Inn** is a good standby and there's plenty of room.

The aforementioned are right in the heart of town. A considerable walking distance away (about a half hour) but only five minutes by car is the **Provincetown Inn**. It isn't gay but does get a hefty share of our business. Likewise for the **Moors Motel**, next door. Both are practically on the very tip of the Cape and a short distance from the gay beach.



Provincetown Inn



Moors Motel

At the other end of town you'll find the **Holiday Inn**. It gets more straight tourists, however. And on your way out of town (or in), all along Route 6A (the old road which runs parallel to the new highway, Route 6—about a block apart at this point) there are dozens of motels.



Motels on Route 6A

It isn't difficult finding a place to stay in P'town—but you are advised to make reservations well in advance if you intend to go between Memorial Day and Labor Day. If possible, secure a room at Pilgrim House or any other place in town (\$15 average) by first telephoning and then sending a deposit. Once in town you can change hotels or stay at a small

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guest house or even rent an apartment for the season.

I further suggest you write to the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce for a list of guest houses, etc., and also to the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce in Hyannis for general information.

### BEACHES

P'town is on the bay so most of the guest houses lining Commercial Street on the water side have private beaches—but if you want a solidly packed gay beach then go to **Herring Cove Beach** (also called Provincetown Beach and New Beach), less than a mile away from town center. Walk to the left of the parking lot (facing the water) for blanket-to-blanket beauties. As the day wears on the cruising gets heavy in the dunes behind the beach proper—where there are fantastic orgies. Nude sunbathing too. The police still patrol on horseback—but it's not a regular thing and you can easily spot them coming.

### BARS

Long about 3 p.m. the guys start rolling up their beach towels and head for the **Old Shed** at the Moors, a short walking distance away. Many avoid going back to the parking lot and instead cut right over the road through the dunes and the woods behind them. Needless to say, there is much action on the way.



Moors: Old Shed

By 4 the Old Shed is jammed with gay people—mostly guys but also a noticeable percentage of lesbians. Portuguese soup and beer are popular—and there's a big sing-a-long that goes on for well over an hour. It's more fun when you're with friends but if you're alone you'll soon become part of a happy group—and even if you don't, just being there makes a

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great opening line if you see someone you like at a bar later on ("Hi . . . didn't I see you at the Moors?"). Anyway, it's a lot of old fashioned fun and you'll never see more gay guys locked arm-in-arm for a sing-a-long anywhere.

At around 5 the crowd rushes out and heads back to town to the **Back Room** at the Crown and Anchor complex. Live shows which include singers, comedians, female impersonators, and lots of camp. Straights here too, but not many. The Back Room opens as a bar later in the evening. Occasional shows but just a pleasant place to spend some time.

The evening bars include the **Madeira Club** which is in the basement of Pilgrim House. The drawing card is a show, usually a revue or a female impressionist. Very small and crowded but its tiny stage has seen dozens of entertainers who have since made it big—such as Dom DeLuise, Ruth Buzzi, and Lily Tomlin.

There are two bars in Atlantic House—the **Old Bar**, which is a long, narrow bar dimly lit and decorated with ancient ship gear. Wall-to-wall cruising and you actually grope your way to the men's room in the rear. A couple of years ago the **Big Room** was added; it's right next door and swings as a kind of disco with great rock and soul. Young crowd and some straights (unlike the Old Bar, which is strictly gay).

The most popular bar in town is the **Town House Lounge**. It's actually a complex of three bars. The one in front is a quiet piano bar that is popular in late afternoons. In the rear, behind a restaurant, is the main bar, which is big and packed every night. It has an outdoor patio on the bay. Last year a new section was added downstairs and it also fills up. There's a swinging piano player and sing-a-longs for those not cruising—though that is why one generally goes to the Town House. Good make-out bar. It's open all year, too, but like other places in town (which close after the summer season), it is really best in summer. If you go in winter try Halloween or New Year's Eve (big parties) or weekends; weekdays are death.



Town House Lounge

The **Fo'c'sle** is a straight bar but what makes it interesting is that it gets a bisexual hippie crowd—if that's your bag.



The Fo'c'sle

A few blocks away from town center, walking on Shank Painter Road away from the water, is **Piggy's**—a mixed-bag disco that gets everything. Lots of gay guys but you can't always tell who's into what kind of sex or who's high and who's low. Bette Midler-type women. It's opposite a place called **Wuthering Heights**, which used to be very popular with the gay crowd at one time.



Piggy's

### OTHER DIVERSIONS

Apart from the beach, try renting a bicycle for the day and explore P'town's old and very colorful streets. There's also a movie house in town. And an aquarium. Or shop for curios or homemade jams and jellies.



Instead of doing the bars, cruise the streets. The park area behind the **Mayflower Compact Monument** used to be the scene of nightly orgies. It's been fenced off but there is still some action in the dark corners. The local meatrack—especially after the bars close—is in front of **Town Hall**, and alongside, on Ryder Street. (By the way, you might check out the john in Town Hall during the day; glory holes are occasionally cut, then patched up, then cut again, all season long.) In short, you can cruise all of P'town—and you'll get exactly what you want.



**Mayflower Compact Monument**



**Metrack: Town Hall**

Or, on Saturday nights, go for a **gay boat ride**. Departure from MacMillan's Wharf at 2 a.m. (Sunday morning); return at 5. Food, drink, music—plus an orgy room (pitch black!) . . . and all for \$5! Tickets sold at the Crown and Anchor complex.

#### IN CLOSING

There are some wonderful restaurants in P'town—so good, in fact, that they deserve special

coverage . . . which is why they are featured separately in our dining section this month. Be sure and read about them.

Though they are not in P'town, one of our thoughtful readers has reminded us by letter of two places you should know about. They are **two rest areas** which most drivers will pass. The first is the one you pass soon after crossing the Sagamore Bridge, headed out towards P'town on Route 6, on your right. Start looking about a half mile after you've crossed. Paths and clearings in the woods. Very active. The second is in North Truro, also on Route 6 just before the P'town line. This rest area dips down into a little hollow. A winding path up the steep hill in back leads to many small clearings in the woods, where there's action.

In recent years oldtimers have complained that P'town is changing. They lament that there are now too many families, too many hippies, that prices are too high, that P'town is no longer a unique vacation spot for gay people. Not so. Yes, families do come and go, but we still outnumber them. Yes, there are more hippies—but then again so many gay guys these days have that same look; perhaps too many general labels are being bandied about. Besides, hippies are pretty liberal—sexually—and in my opinion that just means new prospects. Yes, the prices are high—but no more so than in any other resort town; after all, the businesses have a short season and must make what they earn last through the lean months. Yes, P'town is no longer unique in that there are many gay resorts these days and it is no longer extraordinary to be gay—but it is still unique in that it is quaint and beautiful and totally in accord with our lifestyle and we gay people shall always be unique even if there seems to be more of us around these days. P'town is our town. Visit soon.

The photographs accompanying this article were taken by Ciao! publisher George Desantis just weeks before this issue went to press. It was still cold and most places were closed. Please keep in mind when you study the pictures—as sunshine brings life to P'town . . . which perhaps looks grim in our pictures. A

special trip was made this time of year specifically to check out and photograph those places that are now open for the season.

## Gay Dining

### This Month: Provincetown

#### By The Editors

So strongly do we feel about Provincetown's restaurants that they were not mentioned in our article on the resort town but instead reserved for special coverage.

Food is excellent in P'town—thanks to a "marriage" of New England know-how in preparing native fruits and vegetables, its Portuguese citizens who have inherited—and shared—recipes that have been passed down through the years, and a flair which gay people have introduced in cooking local dishes and creating new variations of old standbys in their restaurants.

Commercial Street is lined with all kinds of restaurants, ranging from snack bars to fine dining establishments of candle-lit elegance. We want to call your attention to five:

One of the finest restaurants in all of Massachusetts is **Ciro and Sal's**, on Commercial Street. Situated in a charming old house you dine by candlelight in any one of several rooms. Italian specialties excellently prepared. Attractive waiters. Expensive—but a dining experience you'll long remember. Reservations necessary during the peak season.



**Ciro and Sal's**

The Cottage is on the west end

CIAO!



of Commercial Street. It isn't fancy but the food is good—and moderately priced. Though food and liquor are served all day long this restaurant is popular after the bars close since they specialize in breakfasts. Crowded.

**Downstairs (Plain and Fancy).** The food in the upstairs restaurant is just as good as that served downstairs—but gay guys favor the latter. Informal dining room. Full meals; varied menu. Reasonably priced for what you get. Very popular and always crowded (be prepared to wait). On Commercial Street next to Pilgrim House.



Downstairs (Plain and Fancy)

**Old Shed (Moors).** Though the Old Shed "goes gay" in late afternoons (see P'town article) it is mixed evenings. "Shipwreck decor" but elegant in its way. Candlelight, piano player. Excellent Portuguese dishes (try the soup!). Expensive and worth every penny. Reservations advised during peak season.



Town House Restaurant

**Town House Restaurant.** Although you're likely to find families dining here, the restaurant (which is in front of the big bar—see P'town article) gets gayer and gayer as the hour gets later. A good place to dine if you want to eat at 9 or 10 and go to the bar in the back right after dinner. Varied menu, good food. Moderately priced.

**Bon appétit!**

May/June 1973

## Recipes From Around The World

### Gathered By The Editors

A great chef devotes his life to his art just as truly as a painter or sculptor or composer or performing virtuoso. Because of this his whisk and spoon are never idle, but busily engaged in whipping up new variations on themes of his native cookery to surprise and delight us.

**Ciao!** believes, however, that the gay host is often more adept at planning a menu for the pleasure of his guests by blending the recipes of various chefs with an improvisational hand, rather than hewing to the traditional custom of an all-French, all-Italian or all-anything menu.

You seemed to like our gay menu of the previous issue, and so with your compliments ringing in our ears we offer another this month, again with a suggestion of a particular wine that will knit the fabrics of the various courses into a happy gourmet union.

Our appetizer is really a large **quiche** that can be served with cocktails, thus relieving the host of those extra last-minute kitchen chores so that he can join in the pre-dinner hospitality without losing his cool. Since this recipe makes 20 portions, any remainder can be frozen, reheated and eaten as part of a later solitary meal. The recipe is exactly that used by New York's famous **Brasserie . . .** **Onion Tart**, with a French provençal accent.

The entree is deliciously Italian—**Veal Cutlets alla Bolognese: Pappagallo**, from the palatial (and it's really in a **palazzo**) **Ristorante Pappagallo** in Bologna, and there's not the slightest hint of anything French in it. It is served with just a simple salad (a gay host, respecting the slender waistlines of his guests, will not serve a salad that's 'oodling' with calories) . . . **Green Bean Salad**, as done with Scottish 'spartaneity' by **The George Hotel** in Haddington, Scotland. Crusty French bread hot from the oven

is a perfect accompaniment to this course. The dessert flies in from even further away . . . **Chocolate Mousse**, as dreamed up (and that's the only way it can be described!) by **The Top of the Town**, in the **Hotel Inter-Continental**, in Auckland, New Zealand. Although a perusal of the recipe may suggest calories astronomical, remember that the stiffly-beaten egg whites make up much of the volume and lift it airily onto your tongue, leaving you entranced rather than engorged. Or, as Tallulah would say, "There's less here than meets the eye."

The wine chosen to accompany the meal should be one with a touch of 'gold' to blend the hearty robustness of the **Veal Pappagallo** with the bite of the **Green Bean Salad**. You'll find that a **white Burgundy** is ideal for this. The cocktails will have put a 'cutting edge' on the oniony goodness of the Tart, and so the blendability of the **white Burgundy**—being less heavy and so less dominant than red—will make a perfect transition and continuation . . . not overpowering the **Veal/Salad**, but conspiring with them to put you into a state of **Lucullan euphoria** before the **Chocolate Mousse** arrives.

Since cognac is already present in the Mousse, any dessert wine would be superfluous. A happier idea is simply to serve a touch more of same . . . a scant pony of a light mellow cognac, like **Remy Martin** or **Courvoisier**. Or if there has been too much dilly-dallying around the cocktail mixer, just **demi-tasse** in the living room, saving your expensive cognac for another time.

#### ONION TART

##### Pie dough:

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups shortening
- 4 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cold water

##### Filling:

- 12 eggs
- 6 cups milk
- Salt
- Pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- 4 large onions, coarsely chopped
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter
- 4 cups diced Swiss cheese



#### Preparation of pie dough:

Cut shortening (lard is best) into flour and salt which have been sifted together. Add the water, just a little at a time, to make the pastry hold together. Chill. Roll out thin enough to line 2 pie pans; the largest your oven will hold.

#### Preparation of filling:

Beat eggs/milk just to mix. Add salt/pepper to taste, plus nutmeg. Saute onions in butter until soft but not browned. Drain very thoroughly. Arrange onions, then cheese, on the crusts. Fill pans with the tart mixture. Bake 45 minutes (until the filling is set) in a 325-degree oven. Serve hot.

#### VEAL CUTLETS ALLA BOLOGNESE: PAPPAGALLO

- 6 veal cutlets
- 6 slices boiled ham
- 1 egg beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup canned tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 1/2 cup lard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Beat egg with 2 tablespoons of water. Dip cutlets first into the egg mixture, and then into the bread crumbs which have been combined with 2 tablespoons of cheese, and the salt and pepper. Saute in boiling lard for 10 minutes. Top the cutlets with ham and sprinkle over with the remaining cheese. Combine milk and tomato sauce and add to cutlets in skillet. Cover and simmer 25 minutes. Six portions.



Pappagallo

#### GREEN BEAN SALAD

- 1 package frozen French-cut green beans
- 1 hard-cooked egg yolk
- French dressing

Cook beans in boiling water according to directions on package. Drain and allow to cool completely. Toss in dressing and sprinkle with sieved hard-cooked egg yolk. Serve very cold.

#### CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

- 1/2 pound chocolate
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 tablespoons cognac
- 1 1/2 ounces sugar
- 2 tablespoons ground almonds
- 4 eggs, separated

Melt chocolate with milk and cognac; add sugar and freshly-ground almonds. Cool slightly and briskly stir in egg yolks. Let stand for a few minutes, then fold in gently the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into individual dishes and chill well before serving.



Hotel Inter-Continental

## Book Review

By The Editors



In our continuing search for books we believe will help make a gay vacation all the gayer for our

Ciao! readers, we have come across two recently published books that are chock-full of surprising, interesting and helpful information. The first is **Marketplaces of the World** by two young Japanese writers/photographers, Hiroshi Isogai and S. Matushima. If you can't get it at your bookstore you may write Kodansha International/USA, Ltd., 599 College Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94306. The price is \$2.75.

**Marketplaces** takes you on a vivid picture tour of forty-one countries, and in dozens of the most beautiful color plates brings you into the vitality and excitement, the confusion and fellowship of the world's marketplaces. This is of special interest for gay guys who are touring the world, for gay life—being everywhere—it is understandable that it makes the marketplace if—overtly—nowhere else.

Here, where goods are bartered and gossip exchanged, one not only has a chance to meet our gay brothers of other lands, but to learn so much about the native culture and the colorful and enriching arts and crafts that give such culture pulse and thrust. In this interesting book—as much pictures as text—one sees the world's marketplaces as a riot of color and activity. Such diverse spectacles as the floating fruit market of Curacao . . . the artificial flower market of Georgetown, Guyana . . . the small town of Cartagena on the Caribbean coast of Colombia where the open-air market restaurant serves various kinds of roasted animals, including rats . . . the Flea Market in Paris . . . the Soho markets in London—the Nepalese, Afghanisthanian and other Asian marketplaces. For such a small price this book is a living treasure that should be in every library.

The other book is **The Real Restaurant Guide to Europe** (and you'll note that the word 'Real' has real meaning . . . it's printed in red. It debunks so much of what other, more costly, fustier guide books opt for (and usually with the reader being left in utter confusion). The book is published by Pan-American Airways under the banner of Bantam Books. The price is a small \$1.95.

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In it you will find accurate names, addresses, telephone numbers and reservation information. There is a listing of opening hours and credit-card information . . . a description of the decor, the ambience, service, basic menu and specialties of more than 200 restaurants in Europe, along with some trenchant comments by the editors. You'll know exactly what your meal will cost in each, before you go. And there's a menu translator so that you can dine in seven languages and never lose your cool. You'll also discover snazzy snack bars . . . hidden haunts . . . after-hours pubs . . . and even economical gourmet restaurants in the most elegant Parisian neighborhoods.

It's a book that is really a must for the gay traveler. Better get a copy before your brothers make off with them all!

## Gay World News & Notes

### By The Editors

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

**Athens . . .** Law enforcers are so uptight about homosexuals that the police will now arrest anyone "obviously" gay if for no other reason than because he is "ill-mannered or poorly dressed," which gives them plenty of play. American tourists are reminded that when in Greece they are subject to their blind justice.

**New York . . .** That movie producers know the general public will flock to see anything that's "freaky" is being proved again; Martin Elfand has secured clearances from John Wojtowicz, the alleged bank robber who is awaiting trial. Clearances have also been gotten from Ernest Aron, Wojtowicz's lover, who recently underwent a sex change. The twosome was married in a gay ceremony held in a bar some weeks before the robbery, and when the press learned of this at the time of the crime they played it to the hilt, showing Aron crying, ad nauseam. Just what we

gay guys "need"—still another "statement" that we all fit the accepted stereotype. Anyway, it sells movies . . . at our expense.

**Ottawa . . .** The Canadian National Health Department is conducting tests to determine whether a vaccine can be developed to immunize people against gonorrhea and—eventually—syphilis.

**Minneapolis . . .** According to Sgt. Jon Prentice, "Our main hangup in dealing with commercial sex and pornography in Minneapolis is that so many people these days just don't think it's a serious problem." Prentice is head of the morals squad. While he and his men are bent on making arrests it is heartening to learn that public sentiment is "adult"—and that such attitudes may eventually lead to liberal laws pertaining to pornography and sex in general. Similar circumstances exist in such cities as Indianapolis, Chicago, Des Moines, Nashville, and St. Paul. There are more hangups in New York—where the general public stands on hypocrisy; people buy porno privately and criticize it publicly—which is in part responsible for the continuing harassment of the porno shops in the Times Square area (one place selling mostly "mild" gay magazines was hit 15 times in 15 days).

**Rockville . . .** A Montgomery County citizens group in this Maryland city is pushing to get sex education out of the schools. They are blaming all reported sex crimes—including homosexuality in general—on the public school system for what has become the "wholesale corruption of moral standards." They further add that the sex-education courses "sort of dwell on sexuality." Another step backwards.

**Munich . . .** Spokesmen for the German weekly magazine, *Stern*, report that the famous Mark Spitz poster showing him with his gold medals has sold in the millions. They openly attribute the greatest number of sales to men—specifically to homosexuals which, they claim, has been determined by polling shopkeepers in Europe and the U.S.A.

**New York . . .** A committee of the American Psychiatric Associa-

tion has begun deliberating whether homosexuality should be considered a form of mental illness (as it now is) and whether it ought to be stricken from the Association's official catalog of mental disorders. Dr. Judd Marmor, vice-president of the A.P.A. and professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California has said, "Homosexuality in itself merely represents a variant sexual preference which our society disapproves of but which does not constitute a mental illness." Dr. Henry Brill, director of Pilgrim State Hospital and chairman of the Nomenclature Committee, recently added, "There's no doubt that the label 'homosexuality' has been used in a discriminatory way. The term has been misused by the public at large. The public assumes that all homosexuals are dangerous or sex fiends or untrustworthy or some other part of a stereotype. This, of course, isn't so. We know of many successful, well-adjusted people in various professions who are homosexual." The A.P.A. will publish its new manual in 1978. If such a ruling is made, thus striking homosexuality from the catalog of mental disorders, the action will have a positive effect on general attitudes concerning our lifestyle.

**Hollywood . . .** Police entrapment continues. It is not unusual to be propositioned by a young stud at a bar only to find out that he is a cop—and that you are under arrest as soon as your intentions have been positively established.

**Kuala Lumpur . . .** The five men who were fined \$25 each for cruising in drag earlier this year have been subject to police harassment on an "unofficial level" since then. One man has informed our correspondent in Malaysia that on two occasions three local policemen showed up on the pretense of being on official business and instead raped him. Two others have been raped by townsmen in their village of Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman and have been unable to get police protection.

**Tampa . . .** Solicitation arrests continue in this Florida city—in



spite of the fact that the police have publicly stated they would refrain from such action after a municipal judge ruled it illegal. Nonetheless, the police are still working the gay johns and bars on the basis that a ruling in a municipal court is not legally binding.

More hot flashes next month ... see you!

## Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

Here are some special tips for the gay traveler.

- As we go to press it is too late to alter our Montreal listings but we've managed to announce a new entry in bars here. The **Club 1160** at 1160 Sherbrooke East, is open and becoming popular. Dancing plus singer and piano player.

- Sad news for guys who spend their vacations in San Juan. The **Annex** has closed its doors after holding fast as the second most popular gay bar in Puerto Rico for years. During Christmas season they were taking in something like \$12 a night—in unbelievable contrast to past years when you had to squeeze your way in. Top spots now are the **Abbey** and the **Lion's Den**.

- If you would like a different kind of vacation this year, then why not rent a castle or a villa or a beach cottage someplace far away? Contact At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Visit in person or send them a \$20 registration fee (applicable towards any rental) for detailed information. It's a great way to relax in Mexico or the Caribbean, or in a remote mountain village in Europe. The prices range from \$900 a month (which can be shared by the members in your party) to as much as \$300 a night.

- If you visit Hawaii be sure to go to famous Makena Beach. Up to about a year and a half ago a hundred or more longhairs lived here, in shelters in the grove behind the sandy beach which is

two miles long. Local pressure caused an exodus but now you can still find about a dozen guys living here. Many are gay and the rest are bisexuals—and they're all friendly. Most of them go naked all day—and so do visitors.



Makena Beach

- If nudity is your bag be sure to visit the town of Morolo, Italy this summer. The hideaway is in the Appenine Mountains, and serves as home for many nudists of Europe. However, in order to compromise the uptight police, clothing is shed only on Sundays and holidays.

- How'd you like to exchange apartments with someone in another country for the summer? The Vacation Exchange Club (affiliated with Pan American World Airways) publishes a directory listing its members and their offerings. Members work out their own arrangements. To join send \$9.50 annual dues to Vacation Exchange Club, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. Be sure and tell them what you have to exchange. Or get a copy of *Travelers Directory*, which lists hundreds of people here and abroad who will put you up free. Send to 51-02-39th Ave., Woodside, N.Y. 11377. You must offer your hospitality to others to get the directory and pay \$3 for the publication.

- That gay listings become dated so quickly was recently pointed up by an example in Buf-

falo. The same week our last issue came out **Satan's Corner**—then Buffalo's hottest gay bar—took an immediate turnabout, and began catering to hets. Seems local residents objected to the gay crowd so, rather than close, the management simply ejected us and started to serve straights. Readers are urged to keep us informed of listings, particularly if we have featured an article on a particular city, which will enable us to update our information.

- When you cruise in john stalls in places you are not familiar with, be certain the guy next to you is gay before you get down on your knees and put it under. We continually get reports from readers everywhere of unfortunate experiences caused by suppositions that just because the guy next door looks hip it's safe to get started without first passing notes. You can get your balls crushed by a hostile fist, or even have them cut.

- And on that cheerful note ... we leave you until next month.

## Letters From Our Malebag

### TANGIER REVISITED

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed reading about Tangier in the February 1973 **QQ Magazine**; it is a city I am quite familiar with. Your coverage was excellent but I would like to add some information for your **Ciao!** readers.

Let me elaborate on the gay beaches which you covered. Really there is only one beach in Tangier, about a mile long, but artificially divided into "club" areas. The two gay ones are Windmill, and Coco Beach, a short distance apart. You can hire a small cubicle at the latter for changing and and it is even possible to "entertain" a guest in one of these. Local hustlers frequent these areas in hopes of picking up a dirham or two for their services. These beaches are open only from April

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1 to September, as it gets cold and windy during the winter.

One great drawback I find in Tangier is that if you glance at anybody twice, you're followed. It is very annoying to see somebody on your trail that you cannot get rid of. They don't say anything, but will chase you for hours, it seems.

The boat from Algeciras, Spain, is a real fun trip. The passengers which number a couple of thousand, are a mixture of foreign tourists and Moroccans returning home. The bar is great and you can meet some interesting people. They all seem to want to know where you intend to stay in Tangier . . . and a word of advice: Don't tell them! There are some good johns on the boat and you can get a preview of the Moroccan dongs.

And let me tell you about an amusing incident: Outside my hotel window across an alley was a field of high grass. One morning I was looking out, and lo and behold there were four boys sleeping in the grass. Before long they awoke and got up and stretched and yawned, then (you guessed it!) they each whipped out the biggest gut-wrenches you ever saw and started pissing. Thank heavens I had my zoom lens with me and captured this intriguing action. The boys got a big kick out of the movie camera and really waved and stroked their gigantic hogs.

That about wraps it up.

Best wishes,  
G.H.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

#### SAN FRANCISCO COMMENT

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the great article on San Francisco in your February *Ciao!* It really helped me out when I visited there.

But you left one place out, and it's a favorite of mine—*On The Q.T.* It's on the corner of Polk and Clay Streets. It's more for us guys over 30 who could do with less disco noise and prefer a quiet piano bar and nice restaurant.

Well, now that I've told you my favorite place will be more crowd-

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ed than ever.

Sincerely,  
L.D.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

#### SAN JUAN 18

Dear Editor:

I'm pleased to tell you the Lion of St. Mark's Baths are doing well, and have had a great season—which we are thankful for after our recovery from the 1972 Easter Raids. The 18 who were arrested (referred to as the "San Juan 18" were not only exonerated, but the very warrants were ruled invalid, which means the arrests were false and that there will eventually be a nice bundle of cash for damages suffered by those involved.

The political climate is great for gay guys here, thanks to the recent elections.

With best wishes,  
E.T.  
Lion of St. Mark's Baths  
San Juan, P.R.

#### RED MEAT

Dear Editor:

Just bought the first two issues of *Ciao!* and was captured by their excellence and quality. Although I will probably never get the chance to travel to so many countries, I enjoy reading about them. Your "Super Studs of the World" is fantastic, and I hope you never discontinue it. Do you realize I never saw people from other countries nude?

But most captivating of all was the photo in the February issue of the man from the USSR. Wow, my heart turned to butter! Could you have a Photo Feature on Russian men equal to "The Italians," also in that issue? Don't forget, there're two sides to every man; let's see the USSR man's backside, too.

A fan forever,  
S.B.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

#### TRAVELERS BEWARE!

Dear Editor:

I was just clipped by a gay travel agent—and now that so many are springing up all over you should warn your readers to be careful. While it is to our advan-

tage to deal with a gay agent who can tell you about bars, et al, as well as provide general information, one should realize that many exploiters are now entering the field.

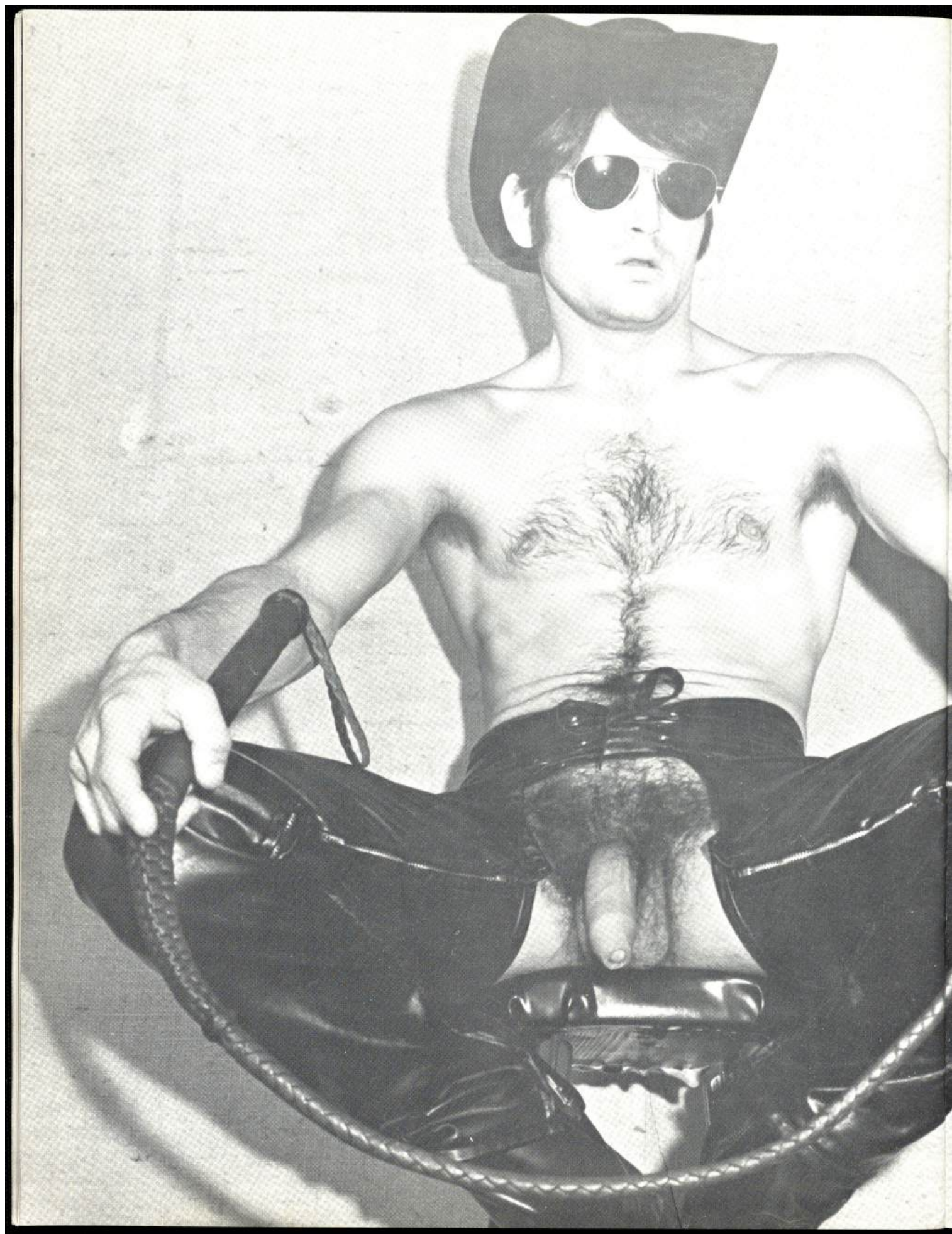
As you surely know, bonds must be posted by legitimate agents, according to the law; this is to guarantee the customer his money back should the agent decide to "go out of business" overnight. While this does afford some safety for the customer it does not prevent an unscrupulous agent from taking advantage of our "specialized" needs, by providing certain services and information for a fee that we're all too willing to pay. For example, I recently paid 10 times more for a private car with driver to take me from Mexico City to a health spa about 100 miles away—because I didn't know any better when I booked the trip and took the word of my "understanding" gay agent that I'd get a permissive driver (should I happen to encounter a trick on the way). The driver was available himself—for a fee—just as any other Mexican would have been. Anyway, I paid \$350 for the ride, which I could have arranged locally for \$34.

Another way that you can get clipped is by going to a gay agent who is not bonded himself, but who is an exploiter who uses bonded agents as a front. What happens (and it is happening frequently these days) is that after he's stashed accumulated thousands away he runs out, leaving his agents with no funds. They must then forfeit the monies they have posted (at least you're safe so far) and sometimes cancel all reservations because things always seem to fall apart at this point—leaving you with empty time to fill.

Be careful. Go to a legitimate agent, one who is established; and proved. If the agent happens to be gay, all to the good—but don't go to just anyone only because he's gay. You're buying a service, and getting what you pay for should be foremost in your mind—not just information you can secure from a gay directory.

Yours truly,  
R.S.  
New York, N.Y.







Western Photography Guild





Bruce of Los Angeles



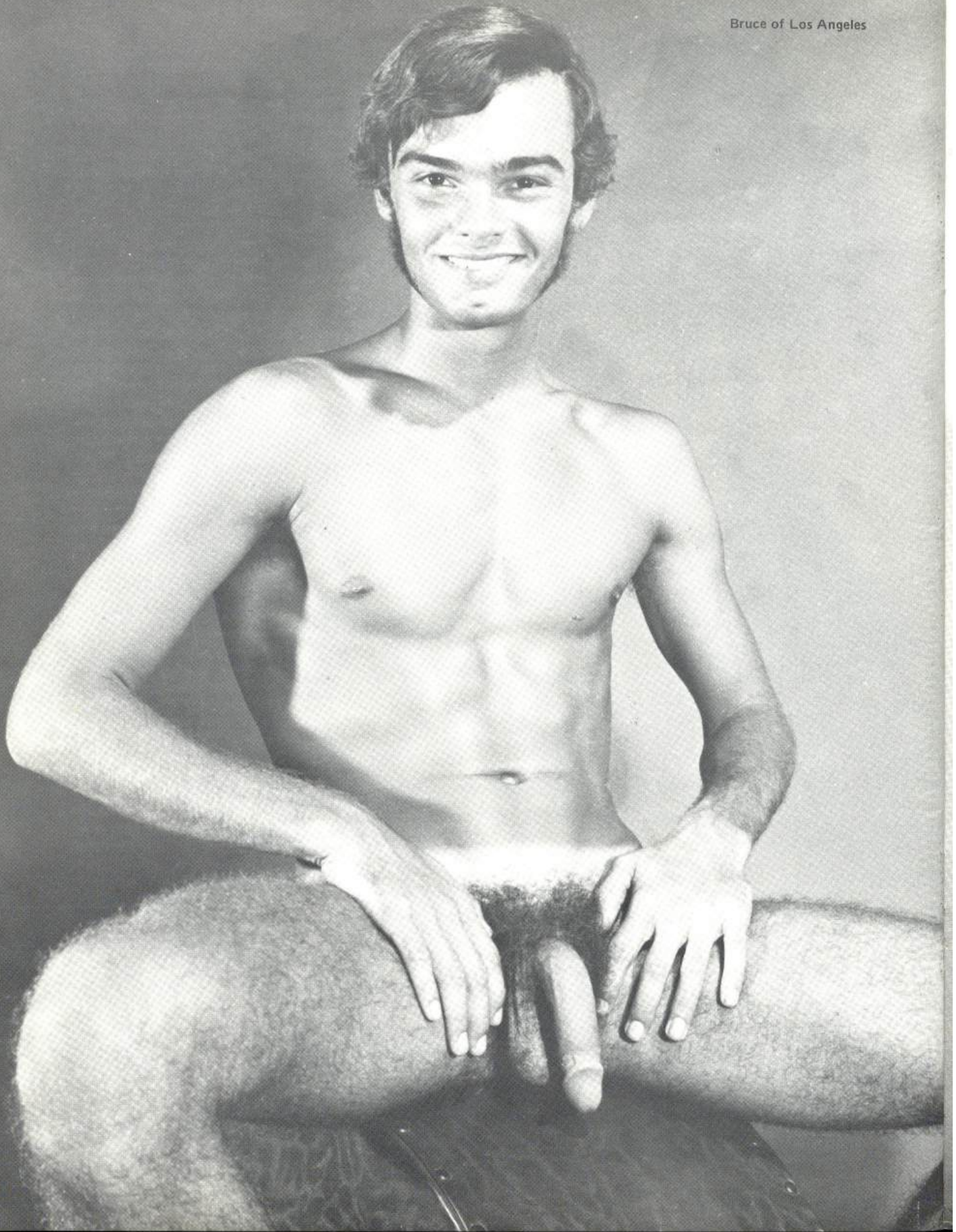


Sunshine Beach Club





Bruce of Los Angeles





Bruce of Los Angeles





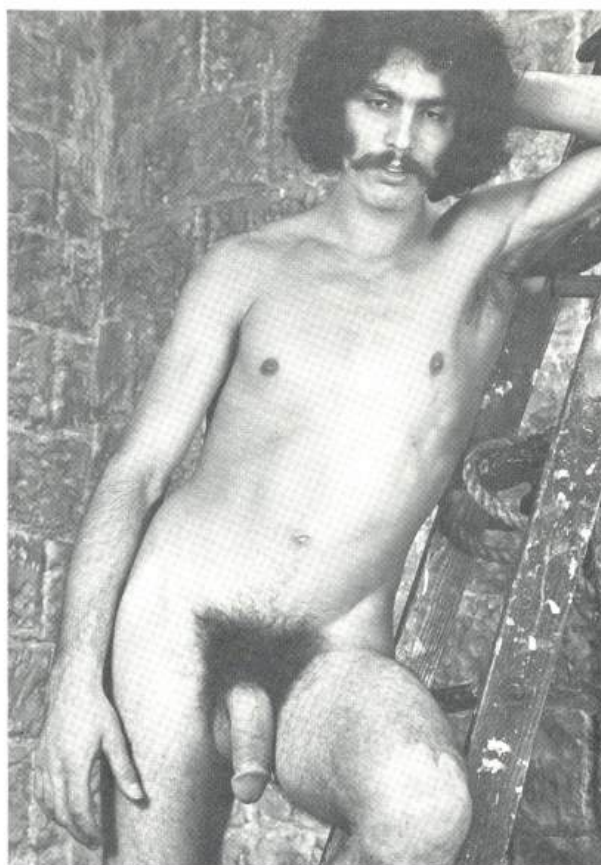
Greece



## Ciao! Gallery

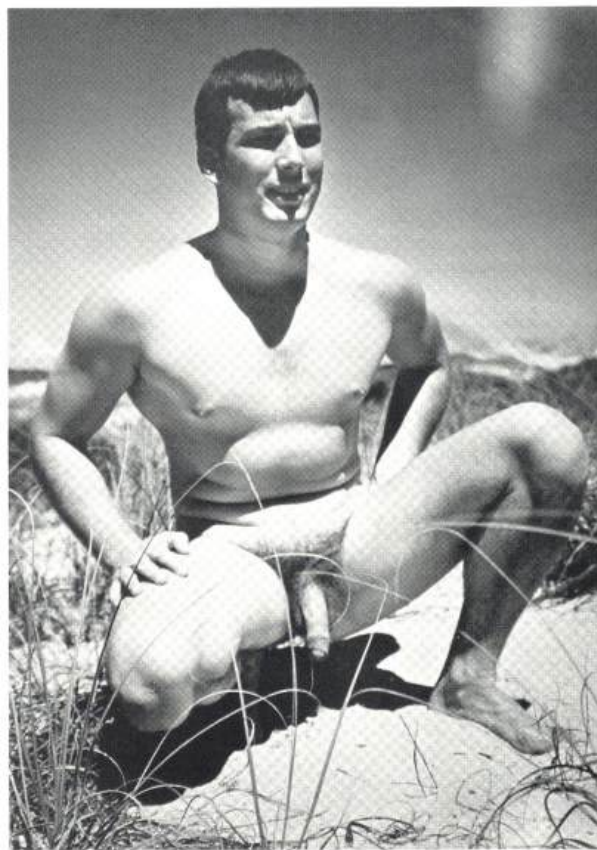
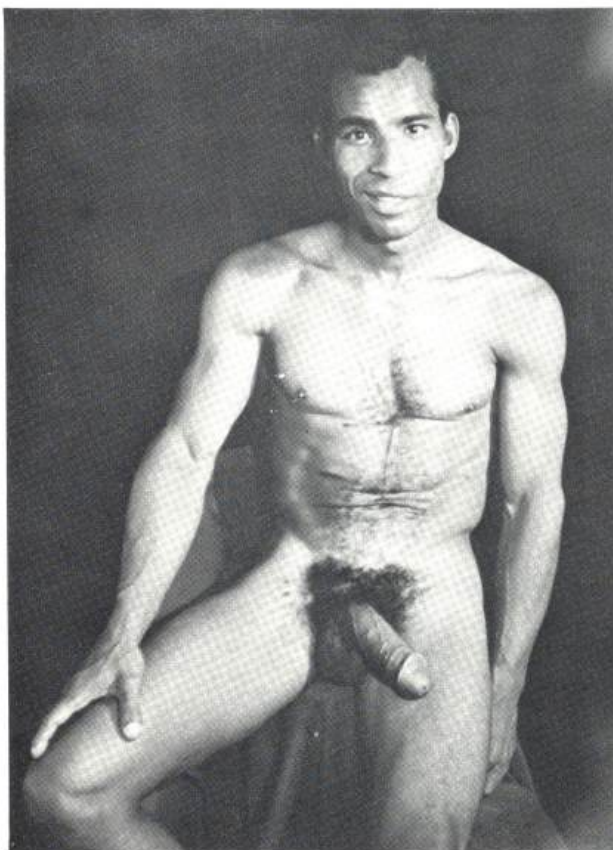
Super Studs Of The World

Compiled by The Editors



Puerto Rico

Mozambique



Holland

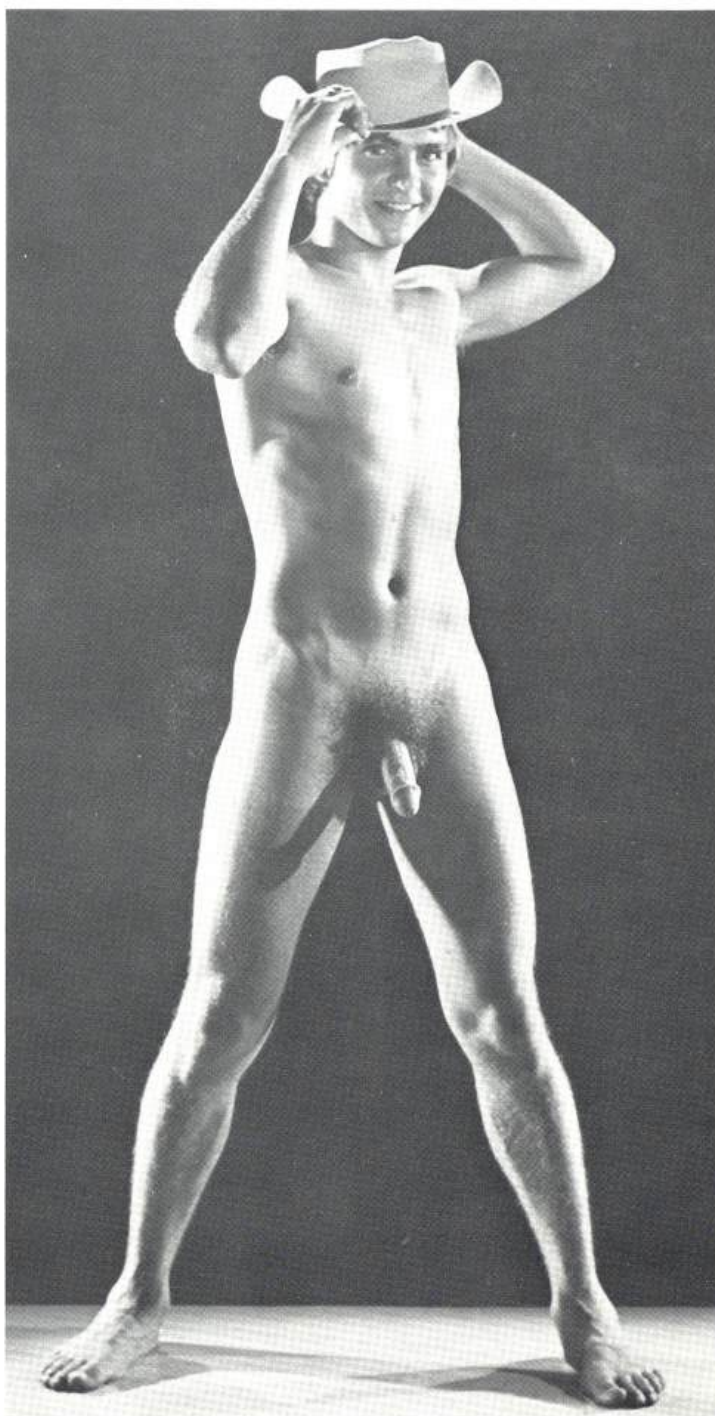


Pisces

Photo Feature  
Of The Month

## The Americans

Selected by The Editors



Bruce of Los Angeles



Zeus Studio





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QQ MAGAZINE, BODY, and CIAO! are sold almost exclusively by subscription. The following is a list of select outlets where these magazines may be purchased in person (\*indicates back issues also sold at these locations).

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Uptown Bookstore\*  
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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.  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Washington Avenue News  
707 Washington Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.

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New York, N. Y.  
Village Variety  
3 Horatio St.  
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Nashville, Tenn.  
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Swinger's World  
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226 Fourth Ave. No.  
Nashville, Tenn.

## TEXAS

Commerce Street News  
1513 Commerce  
Dallas, Texas



Jason's, Hollywood



Fountainhead, Jacksonville



Esplanade, Boston



Midtown, NYC



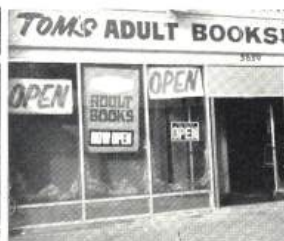
Oscar Wilde, NYC



Studio (Downtown), NYC



Legend, NYC



Tom's, Hollywood



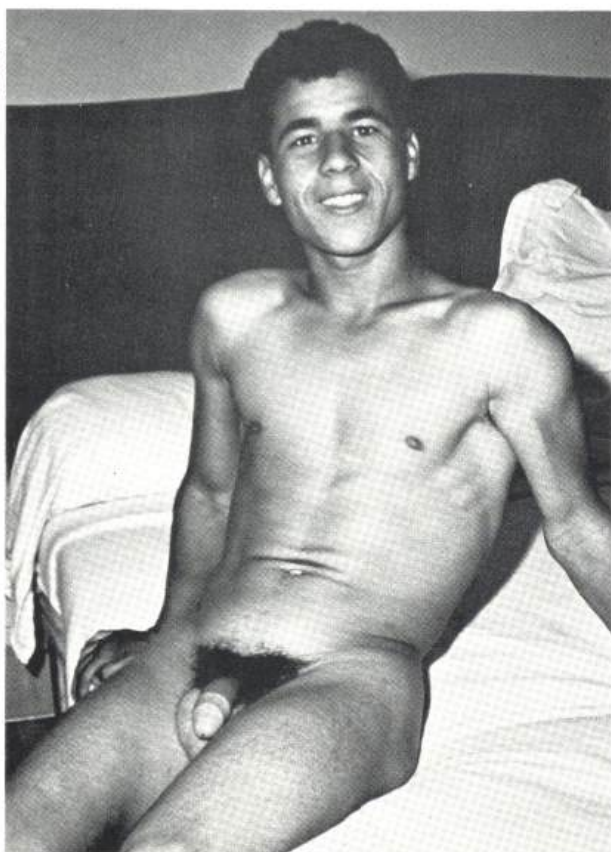
Colombia



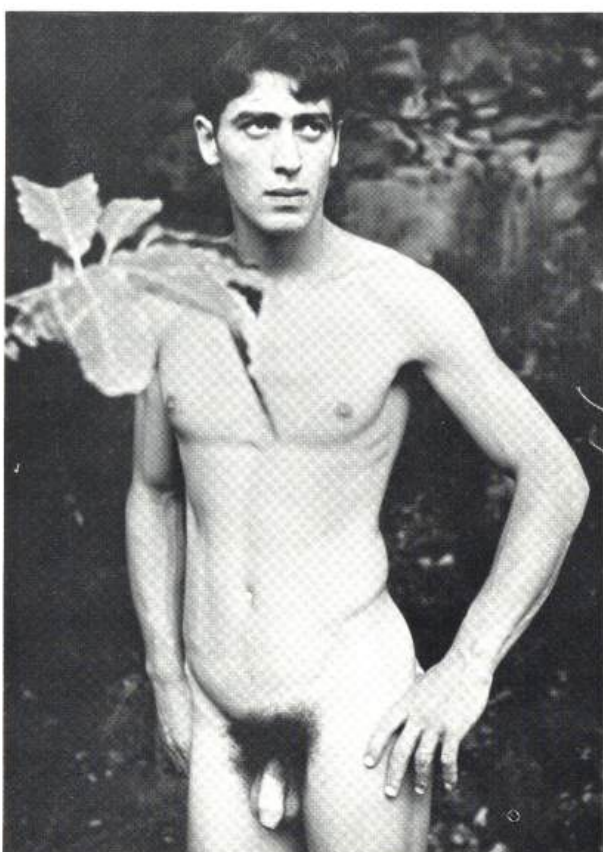
Costa Rica



Egypt



Portugal





Norway



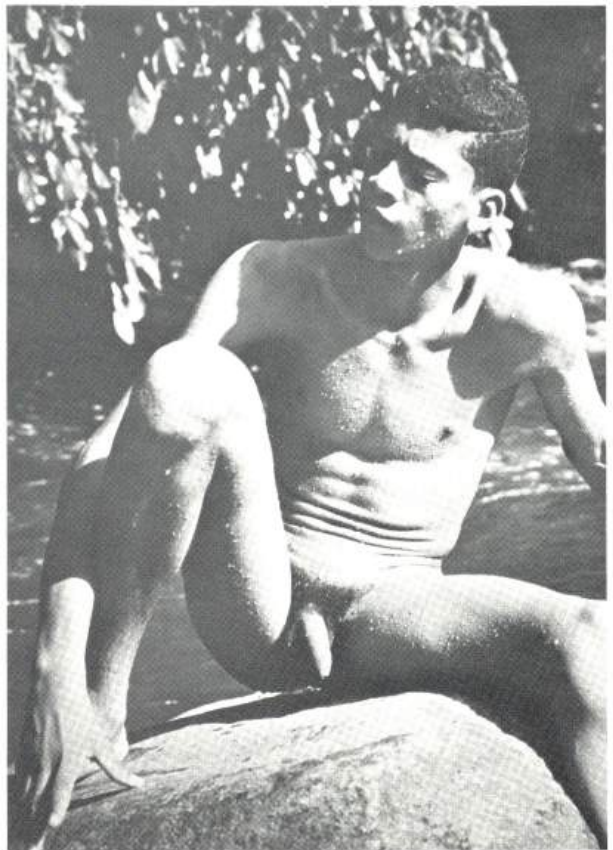
Mexico



Lebanon



East Africa





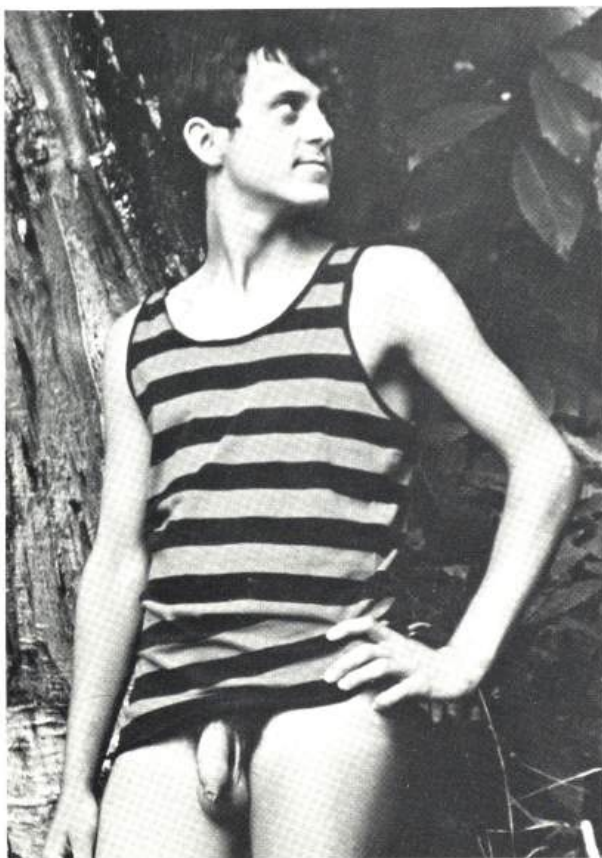
Poland



Italy



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Hungary





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NO. 2

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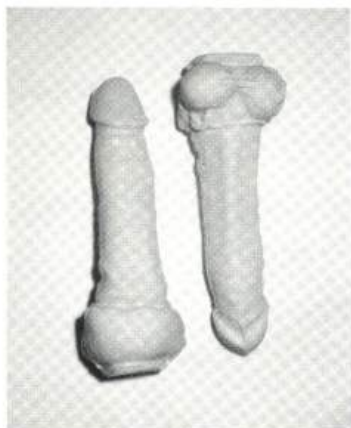
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