

Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL

October 1974
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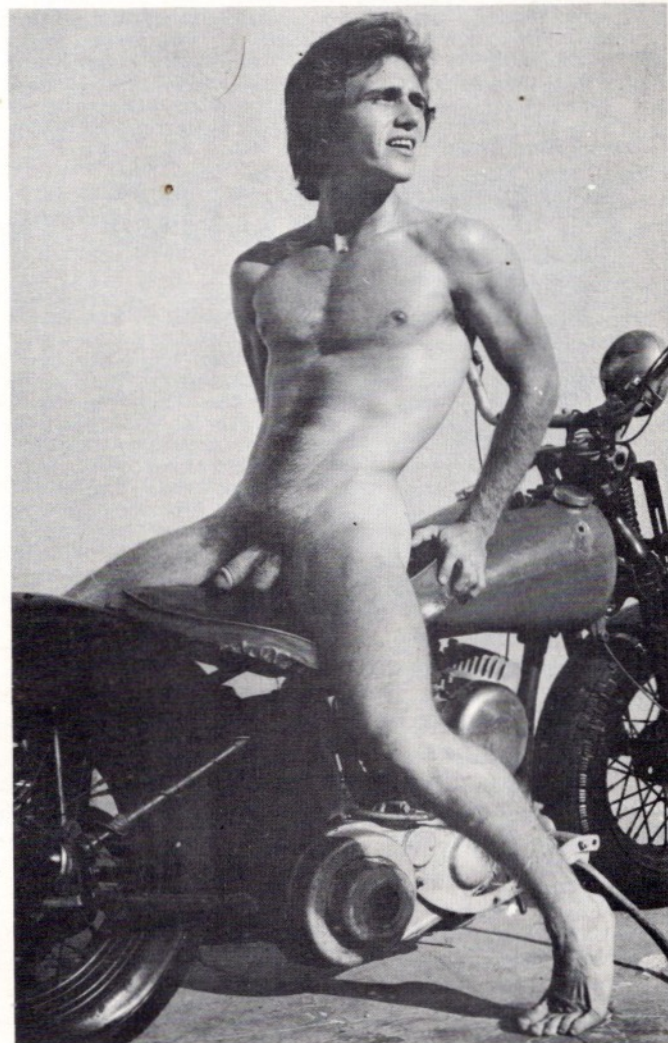
Comic Strip: Xavier... The Gay Cucaracha

- Travel Tips
- Book Review
- World News
- Recipes
- Picture Gallery



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Athletic Model Guild

Athletic Model Guild

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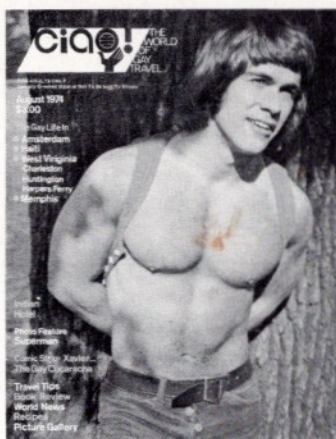
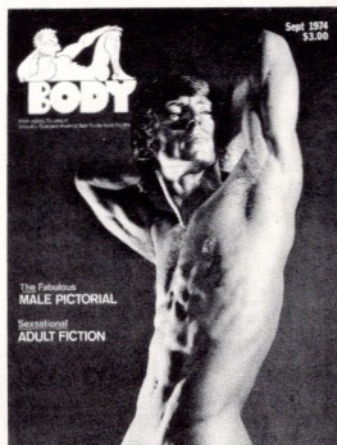


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Editorial

Periscopics

By Jon Lorrimer

Scouting the 'erogenous zones' of the world geographically and rating them erotically is the purpose of **Ciao!** Since our first issue of this unique travel magazine we have focused on the **where** and **now** of gay action, never larding our pages with recycled information from gay guidebooks that too often parrot each other. Our concern with gay **fact** has often meant revisiting areas previously covered, so that we can bring you up to the split-second of gay life there. We also include articles that, although in a different vein, relate to the gay scene of a particular area, helping to make your visit there not only sexually fruitful, but enriching in many other ways. We like to think of all our articles as 'periscopics' because they give one a clearer view of what lies ahead. Thus

Stiff Blow is a report on the European atmospheric phenomenon known as **der föhn** in Austria before it blasts down the Alps into France, where it's called **le mistral**, thence on to Italy where it gets mixed up with blowing Arabian sand and becomes the dreaded **scirocco** . . . foiling any attempt at outdoor cruising. By knowing when this cyclonic freak is due to arrive can help you plan your trip to avoid it.

Sveti Stefan. We have extended our Yugoslavian coverage in the September issue of **QQ Magazine** (**FKK Your Way Through Yugoslavia**), to tell you about a small island that is a hotel (or a hotel that is an island). One of the most charming spots in the Adriatic, gay people doing the Dalmatian nude beach scene will delight in winding up a gay vacation with a few days' stay in this heavenly place that once was a medieval fishing village.

Stockholm is one of our revisited cities; its gay life has been viewed in another perspective in an earlier issue. David Parker explored Stockholm during his recent all-Scandinavian tour, and September/October 1974

after reading his report it is clear why the visitor—even with only a day or so to spend there—can traverse the entire spectrum of Stockholm's gay life, hitting not only the high spots, but some exciting **secret** places never before revealed!

Paris In New York. Why not combine a New York vacation with a gay shopping spree that's not only fun itself, but which will net you that Pierre Cardin suit or those Gucci loafers for about half what you'd pay in swank Fifth Avenue shops? Sunday on Orchard Street has become a tradition—because it really is Paris in New York on that one day each week. So come along and meet dozens of interesting gay guys you might miss otherwise!

Singapore. Crichton Stenhouse loves Asia and the gay people he knows so well there. This month he brings to vivid life in **Ciao!** one of the gayest cities of the Orient. And he does it with love and understanding.

Charleston. On the home front Ralph W. Davis knows his South as Stenhouse knows his Asia. If you've never visited the beautiful ante-bellum city of Charleston, South Carolina because you think it's all moonlight and magnolias, delay no longer. The Davis report will show you that there's an awful lot of mistletoe there as well.

Presto Italiano. The best way to get to know Italians better is to learn their language while you're getting to know them. You can do this easily by combining a one-month 'cold turkey' course in Italian with a cruises vacation in the beautiful medieval city of Perugia. Our short piece on the Italian University for Foreigners will fill you in on the details.

Of course we have our regular departments this month—Gay Dining . . . Recipes from Around the World . . . and our Book Review. And we also offer some 'sobering' thoughts about drinking abroad . . . **Tips About Tippling.** You may find this quite handy when you're tempted by unfamiliar potables of various countries.

And that's **Ciao!** for this month . . . and we hope you enjoy it.

Stiff Blow

Europe's 'Wind of Misery'

By David Bartel

In France its icy breath comes blasting down the high Cevennes along the sunny, unsuspecting Rhone valley, chilling the wine grapes as it chills the bones of the Provencals. "The curse of God is on us again," old women will say, fearfully covering their heads with their huge aprons. "**Le mistral**," the men nod wisely. "Truly we must have sinned."

As the mistral howls along at speeds of more than fifty miles an hour it soon reaches Italy where it is just as fearfully greeted with more aprons, more crossings . . . the **vento magistrale** has arrived. And then the rains—the never-ending rains. And if the vento should happen to collide with the balmy breezes of the Mediterranean just returning from a gay holiday in the Sahara? Well, then you have the **scirocco** with sand and mud, sand and mud over everything. It was on just such a day nearly twenty centuries ago that Pompeii was deluged simultaneously by the scirocco and the mightiest of all eruptions of Vesuvius, with the resulting blanket of chokedamp that buried alive this proud city of gay voluptuaries . . . almost more quickly than it takes to tell about it.

Austria too has its 'wind of misery'. It's called **der föhn**, and it sweeps down the Alps in early spring, just in time to ruin the early tourist business, squeezing such picturesque vacation cities as Innsbruck and Salzburg in its warm, clammy embrace. For days it seems impossible to draw a full breath. "It's like having asthma," American tourists will say. "More like **The Exorcist**," say others.

Mercifully these winds of misery are short-lived—a few days at most—yet the mistral of France seems to exert a sinister lingering influence on the people long after it has blown on into Italy. Strange things happen, the natives say:

Hot coffee, freshly poured into

one's cup, somehow turns cold in a matter of just minutes. Cream, freshly separated, turns slightly sour. Milk curdles. A glowing fire in the grate dims and diminishes . . . smoke fills the room.

At a café a fine wine one has selected and has just tasted and found superb will, in a matter of moments, seem as bitter as vinegar. A mouth-watering **cassoulet** just seconds from the oven will have lost its taste by the time it is served . . . the beans will be tough, the meat will taste slightly rancid. The sauce will be imperfect with lumps and curdles. Bread, freshly attacked by the knife, seems to dry out at once.

But of more phenomenal interest is the way the mistral seems to affect human behavior. The French say that it brings out the mean streak in a man. Although at other times he may be the mildest, kindest, most courteous person alive, a day under the baleful influence of the mistral can drive him to near murder. One who would at other times never utter even the mildest curse, suddenly becomes a fountain of four-letter words.

The mistral season is a time of rape (like the season of the full moon each month). Young girls are often seen running terrified up the steps of the local church or cathedral, followed by attackers whose bulging trousers telegraph their intentions. The police rarely intervene. "It's just the mistral," they shrug . . . "they won't be harmed."

But equally often the mistral has a quite opposite effect on sex. A gay guy, for example, having had the happiest sex relations with his lover during the rest of the year, now finds that sex is charily given, and wearily executed. Erection often refuses to hold. It's try, try, and try again. Even one who, at first meeting, seemed a paragon of everything desirable will, in bed, turn out to be a total disaster. Cruising becomes more an exercise in 'keeping in shape, sexually' than the intriguing joy it is at other times.

In civic life, even in metropolitan Paris, the effect of the mistral can be noted. Taxi drivers—foul-

tempered by nature, of course—become positively bloodthirsty. Overcharging is the order of the day. Sales clerks frown instead of smile, and what was "May I help you?" becomes "There it is, take it or leave it!" (much as is the custom in Hong Kong).

Anger is everywhere. Bus drivers are ruder than ever. **Métro** attendants are surly, often refusing to make change, thereby compelling you to go out into the street and buy some small articles you don't need to get correct change for whatever ticket you need.

Hotel attendants are oppressively insulting at this time. Don't count on any but the simplest services. Hot water is icy cold. If the toilet doesn't function, be sure the repairman will not arrive until the mistral has passed. But don't let any of this keep you from looking forward to a happy vacation abroad. Once you know the source of this travail it is easy to understand and forgive. To wait it out, like the French. Then the sun smiles again and everything is magically changed . . . and 'lover come back to me'!

Sveti Stefan

An Island Shangri-La

By Jon Lorrimer

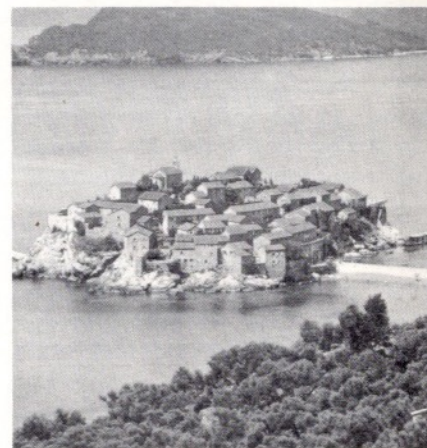
In **QQ Magazine** (October 1974) we suggested that our readers might like to have a different kind of European vacation and urged the more gayly adventurous to **FKK Your Way Through Yugoslavia**, exploring its picturesque charm and, as yet, unspoiled delights, while testing your cruising skills on four of the most popular of its twenty-eight nude **FKK** (**Frei-Körper Kraft** or 'Free Body Expression') beaches strung along the Dalmatian Coast from Vrsar, at the northernmost point, southward to the very beautiful, exciting and quite gay Bojana Beach at the town of Ulcinj where Yugoslavia meets Albania.

Our already-heavy reader response is filled with inquiries

from those who want to know still more about Bojana, and while we have given all 'printable' information about the beach itself (you'll have to learn the rest by going there!) and the quaint town of Ulcinj, we should like to tell you about a unique island nearby that should make you want to go all the more, and all the sooner. It is called Sveti Stefan (**sveti** in Slavic means 'saint' . . . a **sveta** is a lady saint), and it is unique in that it is the only island in the world that is a complete hotel in itself.



How Sveti Stefan was transformed from a simple island fishing village into a glamor hotel is really a romance, and it came about this way. Some years ago when Tito noted the greater prosperity that tourist dollars were bringing to Yugoslavia (Dubrovnik was then emerging as an alternate 'in' place to the Italian Riviera) he asked his Vice Premier Edward Kardelj to scout the country for interesting locations that could be made into unusual tourist attractions. (Little did Tito suspect that the increasing number of nude **FKK** beaches would lure tourists—gay as well as straight—in ever-growing numbers!)



As Kardelj was driving down the Montenegrin mountains one summer day he spied the small

island of Sveti Stefan lazing in the noonday sun. Although Sveti Stefan had been a fishing village since the fifteenth century, most of its inhabitants had long since gone, and so when Kardelj came to inspect it he found it almost completely deserted.

"What a shame that such a charming little place should lie here in decay," he said. And so began the renaissance of Sveti Stefan. The few remaining dwellers were provided with comfortable housing elsewhere, and the island was given over to the architects and engineers who wisely chose to leave unchanged its outer structure and medieval appearance, but to gut the interior and bring it into the near twenty-first century. And so the island today, seen from the outside, looks just as it must have in the Middle Ages when its high-walled houses formed a fortress guarding that point of entry into the country from the Turks and other piratical vandals . . . particularly the city of Milocer on the mainland to which Sveti Stefan is connected by a narrow causeway. Actually Sveti Stefan is a 'holiday village', occupying the entire island, with accommodations for 250, and is fast becoming a 'must' vacation place on the Adriatic, especially for the more demanding.



For example, gay people who
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like great elegance as well as great sex, will drive the few miles between Ulcinj and Sveti Stefan each day, spending the daylight hours cruising Bojana, and the night amid the more sophisticated surroundings of Sveti Stefan. It has not only individual suites (each suite is a former fisherman's home that he could not recognize today, with all its new interior design), but a casino (all kinds of gambling . . . Monte Carlo is gnashing its teeth!), a cinema, bars, club rooms, and especially a beautiful outdoor verandah dining area that seems to be floating out to sea! There are also pools, as well as two beaches of the pinkest sand, and the clearest azure water.

Of special interest is that this quiet place attracts gay people who do not care for the FKK beaches, or who prefer quiet cruising. Gay lovers who want to know each other better stroll along the pleasant streets of Sveti Stefan, visiting the small church of Sveti Stefan for whom, of course, the town is named . . . the Praskvica monastery built in 1050 with its priceless frescoes and icons. It is interesting to note that two faiths—Roman Catholic and Serbian Orthodox—worship in the same church, not only in Sveti Stefan, but in many other towns in this Montenegrin district of Yugoslavia. On Sunday the altar will be adorned for the Latin Mass, and then two hours later it will be moved centrally in the church for the Divine Liturgy in Old Slavonic. Truly ecumenical!



Also, if you have chosen Du-

brovnik as the locus of your Adriatic holiday, why not allow yourself an extra day or two and drive the barely 80 miles to Milocer/Sveti Stefan. The hotel is open from May through October, and a double room with two meals will cost only about \$32 per person per day. So many of the world's famous and glamorous come here each summer. Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon have often come here . . . Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti are regular summer visitors . . . and there are stars of the amusement world who come to this peaceful place just to get away from it all, relax, and have some fun.

It should be mentioned that the water surrounding Sveti Stefan is so buoyant that swimming is virtually effortless, if not automatic! And you can get a really rich and quite different kind of tan lying on the pink sands. Some astralaction of sun on coral sand makes the tan more deeply glowing. The food, of course, is superb and is reason enough for a vacation here.

It is no longer necessary to make all travel arrangements through the Yugoslavian Tourist Bureau. The new rule is that any recognized travel agent anywhere can take care of all details for you . . . making it so much more a delight not having to worry about bureaucratic details. With everything easier . . . expensive yet glamorous . . . and especially with Sveti Stefan being an easily negotiable distance from Bojana Beach, the gay possibilities are doubled and tripled. This Adriatic Shangri-La is unforgettable . . . go, and discover why.

Stockholm

By David Parker

Let me tell you about a place where blonds really do have more fun . . . playing with brunets and even guys with no hair at all. It is in the bowels of an old underground parking garage which has been converted to a plush and entirely gay baths in Stockholm, Sweden.

The **Athletic Sauna**, Skeppargatan 5, is in an older apartment building a short distance from the central business district. There are no neon signs; just a small name-plate on the door. Not a very imposing entranceway, and in no way an indication of the steamy action underfoot.



Athletic Sauna

The main room on the ground floor is lined with modern lockers; there are more alongside the staircase you descend to reach the baths itself. Down below your first sight is apt to be spectacular. The lighting changes from bright white to red as you go downstairs. At the bottom is a deep tunnel at the end of which is a group shower. Seeing the glistening bodies under red light throws your senses for a loop; distance is hard to perceive and the hot scene has a dream-like quality.

The floor is uneven because it is actually a series of ramps that have been covered with deep pile. The concrete walls bristle with red flock. To the right of the shower is a huge sauna with benches on several levels; plenty of action—if you can stand the heat. To the left is a big room lined with divans and bodies. The room sweeps around to the left where there is a large bar for snacks and soft drinks, and a TV. Curtained doorways around the room lead to action areas; one is very dark and cave-like—making it ideal for gang sex. Another has small open rooms—one being reserved for group action. Still another is a narrow corridor lined with cubicles which have sliding doors and beds for those who like it private. The beds are covered with vinyl for sanitary purposes; they can be very uncomfortable in winter because the game rooms are not as well heated as the

lounge—and vinyl retains cold.

The Athletic Sauna is a **must** if you are doing Scandinavia this year—and it is the best gay buy in Stockholm; admission is only \$3.25 the first time, and \$3, thereafter. Hours are 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily, and weekends are great. It's the place to be in town when you need it. For sure. But—there is a lot more to Stockholm and its gay scene. Let's begin with

THE PEOPLE

Lots of blonds and very pretty. The men are tall and have very little body hair. They are not particularly muscular. Perhaps in general appearance they resemble the Tab Hunter ideal we knew in this country ten or fifteen years ago. Which is just great.

Swedes are warm after they get to know you. They are shy, and making friends is sometimes difficult because they are unable to take the initiative in a conversation or when cruising. And they are frightened by those who come on too strong. Simply say the first hello, or grope—being firm but gentle. Their cool facade will quickly give way to warmth.



Even Swedes will admit they aren't The Greatest when it comes to sex. They can get into things—but their specialty seems to be mutual masturbation. They love it and much prefer to relieve themselves this way more often than not. It can be very frustrating for sucky Americans and cheeky Europeans—to say the

least.

WHEN TO GO/WHAT TO SEE



Shopping in Gamla Stan



The Wasa, a Viking warship which is undergoing restoration, is now on view in temporary housing. It is sprayed with steam at regular intervals to prevent its disintegration.

Stockholm can be fun any time of year but warm weather is preferred because there are so many outdoor activities. The city is built on islands and one of the best ways to see it is by boat. Such a ride can be very unpleasant when it's cold. A must is walking around in **Gamla Stan** (Old Town) where the city began. The narrow streets and old shops are enchanting but so much more pleasant to experience when the weather is good. Another attraction is **Skansen**—a permanent exhibition of centuries-old farmsteads, manors and craftsmen's shops actually transported to a hilltop park in Stockholm from their original sites around the country. Many of the buildings are closed in winter and it can be unpleasant

CIAO!

walking through the park in drizzle or snow. No matter when you go, the **Wasa Museum** should not be missed. Here you will see an old Viking warship which was raised from its watery grave a few years ago. It is being restored and must be sprayed with steam to prevent its disintegration.

The gay scene remains unchanged throughout the year—except that in summer it is more international; in winter you are likely to encounter Swedes only—which makes you a standout. Summer is warm and pleasant but it can be rainy; winters are moderately cold and sometimes very foggy. No matter what time of year you visit, your stay will be so much more enjoyable when skies are clear—and there's a better chance they will be in summer.



Skansen in Winter

GETTING AROUND

Free city maps are distributed by the hotels. Secure one when you arrive, and walk around. In no time at all you will come to know the central city and its environs. Should distances be too great to walk I suggest you rely on taxis. They are moderately expensive but Stockholm isn't all that big—so you are unlikely to spend much on transportation, and taxis can save a lot of time and effort.



HOTELS

There are no gay hotels in September/October 1974

Stockholm. The best hotel in town is the **Sheraton-Stockholm**. It is very modern and fully serviced. While other hotels in town were taking advantage of the energy crisis and saving their fuel by keeping their rooms cold last winter, the Sheraton kept a comfortable temperature level for their guests—and does likewise in all possible considerations. Its coffee shop serves the best breakfast selections in town—including better Danish than you can get in Copenhagen. We recommend it highly. Very centrally located. Rates average \$30 for a double.



Sheraton-Stockholm

The other hotels in town in the same category (superior) are old and somewhat stuffy. Guests can be taken in and out of the Sheraton—and its mezzanine gambling casino can be quite cruisy—but it is very difficult to get a stranger up to your room in one of the old establishments. We particularly urge you to skip the **Anglais**; it is poorly serviced and hot in summer and very cold in winter.

If you are on a budget and prefer a small hotel—an outfit called **Hotellcentralen**, with branches in Central Railway Station (in town), Bromma Airport and Arlanda Airport, will find you exactly what you want for a \$2 service charge. You may write in advance of your arrival for assistance.

GAY CLUBS

The gay bars are operated as private clubs to conform with the law. Tourists are usually admitted without question—though a small membership fee is sometimes imposed.

The best one is **Club Etoile**, Scheelgatan 14. Take a taxi to the **Piperska Muren Restaurant** at this same address; the club takes over the building—which is a

rambling house set back off the street behind a tiny park—at 10 p.m. (closes at 3 a.m. but no one admitted after 2 a.m.). Three floors of fun—restaurant/bars/disco. All types. Cruising in summer in the woodsy surroundings used as a parking lot. Closed on Sunday and Monday.



Club Etoile

On Sunday evenings only, the best place is the **City Club**, Döbelnsgatan 3. It too operates out of a restaurant; the awning reads **Fattighuset**. Things get started at 9 p.m. and go until 3 a.m. Usually packed with young guys. Lots of fashion freaks here. Dancing.



City Club



Gay Club

The **Gay Club** is greater than walking distance from the central city. It is at Brannkyrkogatan 47. Opens at 10 p.m. and goes until 6 a.m. (no one admitted after 2:30 a.m.). A lot of groping and generally greater masculine ambience than at the other clubs.

Club Timmy, Timmormansgatan 24, is the least popular of the four clubs. Nonetheless—it only takes one right guy to make a perfect evening and you may find him here. Opens 8 p.m. and closes at 1 a.m. Dancing.

The **Silver Bar**, Stureplan 6, is right in the heart of town. It has somehow become headquarters for young Arab hustlers (mainly from Morocco) but it is not a gay bar as such. It also serves as a meeting place for gay friends after shopping sprees on Saturday; food is served. A very mixed (mostly straight) and sometimes very hip crowd. Gambling in the rear.



Stureplan, in the heart of the business district. The Hotel Anglais is in the center. Across the street, on the right, is Sturebadet, a baths referred to in the article. Nearby is the Silver Bar.

BATHS

The only gay baths in town is the Athletic Sauna. But there are three popular straight establishments where it is possible to make out. These places are frequented by humpy straights who know the score—and who can be made if you manage to get them off in a corner. They are also popular with gay guys who live a closet existence and can't afford to be seen at the Athletic. Best time to go is weekdays after working hours, from about 4 or 5 p.m. until closing at 7 or 7:30 p.m. Ask for a first-class ticket.

The best of the three is **Sturebadet**, Sturegatan 4 (practically next to the Silver Bar). The sleeping rooms have cotton curtains and women attendants—so be discreet and very quiet.

Second best is **Centralbadet**, Drottninggatan 88. And third, **Vanadisbadet** (outdoor swimming pool with baths), Vanadislunden, in summer only (this one is best weekends, mid-afternoon).

OTHER DIVERSIONS

There is a sleazy movie house called the **London Non-Stop Bio Cinema**, Bryggargatan 4. Straight porno shorts are shown, alternated with old U.S. comedy flicks such as Laurel & Hardy and Betty Boop. The last four or five rows are gay and—depending on the crowd—there's sucking in the seats. A lot of seat hopping. But it is not a non-stop show; usual movie hours—and best times are Saturday and Sunday late afternoons. It's right downtown a short distance from a main thoroughfare called **Kungsgatan**. Walk this main street and you'll soon come to a bridge. The john under the bridge is cruised. Action at the urinals but very dangerous because the doors swing open with no warning. You can't use the stalls in the adjoining room because they are attended. Mixed types.



There's a gay john under the bridge that crosses Kungsgatan, a main street.

The usual contacts can be made at the urinal in the **Central Railway Station**. Meet and leave. Closed-circuit TV used.

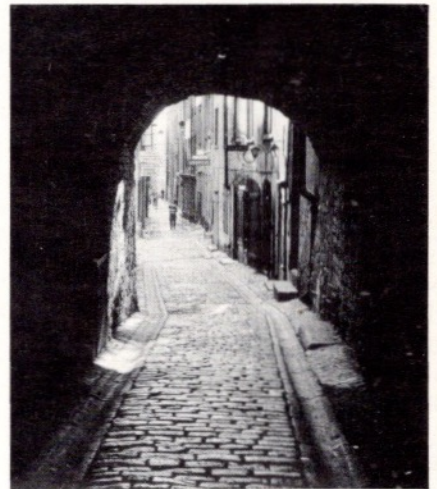
For outside cruising try **Humlegården Park**, especially on the north side (Karlavägen) and west side (Engelbrektsgatan). Also **Kungsträdgården** in the heart of town; it's frequented by students. **Kronobergsparken** on Kungs-

holmsgatan is cruised late at night. Also check outside the **Cinema Hollywood** on Klara Norra Kyrkogatan.

There is nude sunbathing (and cruising) in summer only at **Eckbackens Sol-Och Duschbad** at Brunnsviken, north of Stockholm. After you make friends, get someone to take you as it is difficult to find on your own. Likewise for the gay section of beach at **Svärdsö** (if you want to chance it on your own, inquire about trains at the Central Railway Station).

DINING

You won't have any trouble finding good restaurants—in all categories—in Stockholm. At least once you should experience one of the deep cellar restaurants in the Old Town. Try **Fem Små Hus**, Nygrand 10. This restaurant occupies nine cellar vaults (all on different levels) under five houses. They have a long and very colorful history—and the food is excellent though quite expensive (\$40 average for two, with drinks). Another place is **Den Glydene Freden**, Österlanggatan 51, a short distance away. It's the most famous of the cellar restaurants in the Old Town.



A typical scene in Gamla Stan. The old town boasts many fine cellar restaurants and quaint shops.

Stockholm is not that formal, but you will feel more comfortable in a suit when dining at one of the better restaurants. If you want to go casual, then plan on taking your main meals in early afternoon—when casual dress is

CIAO!

perfectly acceptable at most restaurants.

A SPECIAL SOUVENIR

Your best remembrance of Stockholm will be the good times you have and the friends you make. As far as small souvenirs are concerned—don't leave Stockholm without a Dalecarlian horse. These are small wooden horses carved by villagers and painted in bright colors. They come in all sizes and make wonderful and quite inexpensive keepsakes.



Stockholm in Winter

We wish you a happy stay in Stockholm—and hope that our tips will help make it a perfect vacation. And if you aren't ready to fly off just yet, then we can only say that we've been pleased to share our visit with you and hope you have enjoyed going along.

Paris in New York

By Walter Norris

As everyone knows, New York's East Side is a conglomerate merger that never quite merged. There's the Upper East Side—supposedly all wealth, elegance, all chic; and that other one . . . the Lower East Side—supposedly all poverty, all immigrants, and just too 'bagels and loxy' for anyone living above East Fiftieth Street.

But if you, as a sometime visitor to Our Town . . . or a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker . . . who still avoids the Lower East Side as if it were Ellis Island . . . come down on some Sunday afternoon and marvel at what a change has taken place. If you'll head for Orchard Street you'll

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make the surprising discovery that Paris is not nine flying hours away, but just east of the Bowery!



Here, in what was (and still is) the most congested street in the world, chauffeur-driven Lincolns, Rolls-Royces, and Caddies are piggy-pathing it with some of the same old pushcarts that have always given such rich color to this part of town. You see, on Sunday afternoon Orchard Street combines all the best and worst features of mercantile Paris—from junkiness of the Flea Market to 'stall stores' (oddly reminding one of London's Portobello and Kings Road, too!) selling fresh-from-Paris fashions by St. Laurent, Givenchy, and the Pierres—Cardin and Balmain. Suddenly Orchard Street has become the 'in' place for the wealthy and the nose-to-the-grindstone alike. It's the place to shop for bargains you simply wouldn't have believed possible in good ol' Nixonland.



Waggish gay guys who 'pilgrimage' to Orchard Street every Sunday call it the Faubourg St-Honoré of lower Manhattan . . . and with good reason.

Gay people—straights, as well—who, for whatever reason, must maintain the 'good address' and who therefore spend most of their income just paying the stiff rentals for Upper East Side apart-

ments, come down to Orchard Street to shop luxuriously, for little . . . finding they can get a Cardin 'status' suit that would cost upwards of \$200 on Fifth Avenue for \$120 (or less) down here; and that if they've been looking longingly at some good-looking Daks in a Madison Avenue shop window and passing them by sadly because they are tagged at \$50 or more per pair, the same can be had for less than \$30 in 'Paris Off The Bowery'. Gucci loafers? Why go to Gucci and pay \$60 when you can slip on a pair in an Orchard Street shop for \$35?



Just about everything trendy by the best of America's men's fashion designers can be found in these Portobello-style stall- or open-front shops. The owners—their business throbbing like voodoo drums at an orgy—are now making seasonal trips to Paris, London and Rome for all those goodies you've been drooling over in Gentleman's Quarterly and L'Uomo. Funny thing . . . they usually get them before they go on display at the Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue stores!



The important thing is to buy only name brands. Whether it is sportswear, luggage, shoes, suits, shirts (even Gatsby-style caps and hats which are all the rage just now), check the label. It is even

more important if you are buying washable things for the home such as linens, towels and the like. Unless you aim for Fieldcrest or Vera you may be suckered into buying a 'house special' that, on washing, is reduced to half its original size. It may be an exaggeration to say that a 'house special' sheet can easily turn into a napkin with one washing, but that's not too far off.



Why Sunday, you ask? Well, traditionally, stores on the Lower East Side are Jewish-owned, and with the owners observing their Sabbath on Saturday, Sunday is the busiest day . . . the day when the best things are on display because their owners know the 'carriage trade' will be along to snap up every elegant/expensive thing in sight . . . something that just doesn't happen during the weekdays. And there's hardly much point in making the Orchard Street scene until after lunch . . . it just doesn't come to boom-boom life until then.



Orchard Street has overgrown and overflowed with all the influx of the Upper East Siders. And so, if you'll make your way farther down across Delancey Street to Grand Street, you'll find not only more of same, but leather places, as well as fine furniture at discount prices. Many gay couples, having decided to furnish their

nest, come down for tastefully-designed pieces (antiques too) that cost at least 30% less than in uptown department stores. Also drapery materials—the most richly textured—are far less expensive here. Moreover, Grand Street has more slip-cover establishments, drapery designers, cutters and fitters per square yard than any other area in New York.



Orchard Street has become very cruisy on Sunday afternoons. This is facilitated no end by the sheer proximity of people to people. There's hardly enough room to move and you can well imagine what *that* leads to! Also it makes an interesting diversion to continue down Houston Street. Orchard Street ends at Houston (pronounced Hows-ton in New York, not like Houston as in Texas), to SoHo (South of Houston), New York's most interesting artists colony. There are wonderful little restaurants, coffee shops, and *espresso* places along here, and by making the 'grand tour' on an Orchard Street Sunday you'll spend one of the most delightful and memorable days of your life.

The easiest way to reach Orchard Street is by the Second Avenue bus, which turns left on Houston Street and lets you off at Allen Street, just a short block-and-a-half from Orchard. Also the IND Sixth Avenue subway stop (Second Avenue) is at Houston and you can hoof it over to Orchard in just a few minutes. Also the BMT subway stops at Essex Street which is near Orchard Street.

One thing is sure. If you are looking for something special and you find it here (and you will), buy it instantly . . . tomorrow it will be gone. It'll be Monday, and the pushcarts will be back to

take over. In any case, come on down to an Orchard Street Sunday . . . buy something pretty and meet someone interesting (or vice versa). It's a very special and a very gay day.

Singapore

By Crichton Stenhouse

There's a certain type of city which most people don't give a special thought to in their lives; yet, not infrequently they find themselves winding up right in that very place and are then occasioned to wonder why they'd up until then been so completely unaware of its attractions. Why go there, then? To such seemingly unimportant locales? Because airlines and shipping lines make certain spots their interchange ports of call. And Singapore is just that type of city. Few people think of Singapore as one of the world's memorable cities. Till they have been there, that is . . .

One of my more frenetic friends (the type to whom Bangkok is heaven on earth and, in a way it is, but details on that in my forthcoming article) once said to me that Singapore was surely the dullest city in Asia. Not the dullest, my good friend; the cleanest! In a way that no other Asian city can hope to compare with. After all, there's something healthy about cleanliness . . . especially when it applies to food prepared in street stalls where you eat under the stars at night—all examined on a rigorous schedule to maintain health laws by constantly circulating, snooping inspectors who will heavily penalize and rescind licenses of stalls whose standards have slipped.

Another outstanding facet of Singapore's image which you couldn't avoid noticing within minutes of arrival is that it is virtually a garden city. In a climate where merely dropping a seed produces a tree, the city/state government's official policy is to enshroud the entire town in greenery (not without considering

CIAO!

the tourist advantages of the resultant lush verdure). So prolific is nature's procreation that people dwelling in suburbia can think they're in a jungle! Some of the hotels, notably **Shangri-La** and the older **Adelphi**, stand in acres of landscaped beauty or are constructed around a central courtyard in which are the massed palms and exotica of the area; so refreshing to sip a gin sling in these settings.



I came down to Singapore with the kind of thoughts the average may harbour; just not knowing what to expect. As I've said, it just isn't the best known town on earth. A newspaper art critic in Japan had told me how sad it was that the whole areas of intensely individualistically styled housing were slated for razing in a city improvement scheme and that it was dreadful that domestic architecture not seen elsewhere on earth might disappear forever. Being a sort of architectural illustrator I must admit this was like a

red rag to a bull. I could not resist. I've been back eight times since!

It was February when I made the first trip. The weather in Japan was dank, dreary and raw. In Hong Kong it was a little better but the trip from there to Singapore was like a metamorphosis in meteorological terms. The ship's hourly progression into tropical waters was a joy to experience and I've never lost my sense of wonder and delight at sailing from deepest winter into constant summer on this route in as many days as the winter has months. Singapore is 90 miles from the equator, so . . . Yet, miraculously, it has none of the discomfort of Tokyo or Hong Kong in their high summer—which are, I'm sorry to say, not recommendable. From every so many square feet of ceiling in Singapore are suspended the huge and slowly revolving fans redolent of the atmosphere of one of Somerset Maugham's stories. And they cool. Few people in this town need air-conditioning; it is the town of ever-open windows and constantly circulating air; cool at night and refreshing even during the hot afternoons. Of all the cities I've been in, I must say that Singapore is the very essence of exotica. Looking down from a high point it resembles a jungle with only a number of phallic towers poking above the greenery—yet under all these trees is the intertracery of a city's myriad thoroughfares.

Have I set the tone appropriately? Then let me recount my first, very first experiences in an initial stroll through Chinatown, which is the section of the town you are sure to spend most of your (night) time in. This first foray into the lanes and streets of Chinatown was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. Based on the art critic's woeful prognostications, I had fearful anticipations that I might find myself in an Asian "Miami Beach" colossus of modern anonymity but instead found myself walking streets of outstanding vibrancy heightened by colour that was intensely local to this city.



Although vast areas of what we would consider "very atmospheric" feeling will doubtless be levelled by the city authorities (and I fear for the worst in the long run) I hope that the tourist industry may be so important by then to this city, that the fathers of administration will think a little about renovation rather than outright destruction. I am writing at length on this theme because you and I, as gay people, are in the forefront of the forces in civic life that can see and aim to maintain that which is different, indigenuous and attractive. And, quite frankly, I have not been in any other Asian city which has so much that is different as Singapore. That has so much worth keeping. In Vienna you would expect it.

Wandering here and there, every sense is invaded by perceptions and a pattern of life of a high aesthetic individuality. Your nostrils twitch at the scents of food from many lands just as the faces from all of Asia surround you. You see, Singapore was only created a hundred or so years ago by Sir Stamford Raffles and into it flocked the masses of Asia so that it is a melting pot in extremis. All signs throughout the city are quadrilingual (English-Chinese-Malay and Tamil Indian), so all the people may participate. And the city fathers have made English the official language so

you know how nice a condition that is for you and me when we visit.



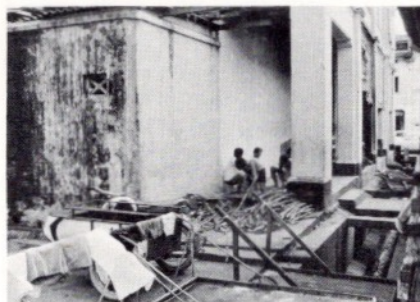
In Singapore a smile is responded to in like manner) which is true generally of all Asian cities). Aspects of unusually great charm to me were the little Singaporeans aged from months up as they played in the quiet contentment which is characteristic of Asian tots. With their silent, self-absorbed contentment they seem un-needful of artificial distraction or entertainment and can be seen everywhere, playing for hours with toys of the simplest nature. These little souls are truly the dolls of our erstwhile childhood but strangely imbued with the ability to move and act on their own volition and, to talk. And laugh. And smile. Which they do all the time.

Recollections of that first stroll renew with freshness the clarity of such outstanding local colour.

There was the watchmaker executing his repairs on a tiny sidewalk bench, peering into the minute works with his magnifying glass inserted like an aristocratic pince-nez; the pavement shoe-maker working away quite heedless of the honking traffic rushing past but inches from his elbow; artisans engaged in every form of constructive activity to people selling bricks of charcoal and others making some simpler utili-

zation of the shavings from the bamboo discarded by a craftsman.

We caught sight of a child observing us, his leg half-cocked around a partially closed half-door; the upper half perpetually open to allow air circulation. When he saw our camera his face registered amused alarm and he was gone like a shot into the dark recesses of the house. At an upper floor window there was a row of gaily coloured cushions and bolsters in striped designs propped to air through the glassless window frame bars; accidental yet quite exquisite harmony of line and colour. Then, rounding a corner, we saw the characteristic food delivery bicycle tottering on its stand before a house from which its rider surely launched himself and rushed inside to deliver the tasty goods—for he was nowhere in sight—yet the free-wheel of the discarded bike was still racing on its stand. Turning into the next alleyway, whom did we see but a tiny chap concentratedly concerned with the serious business of relieving his bladder into the gutter drain, lips pouted and his small rear-end thrust forward for better effect, utterly free in every way.



On we wandered along the edge of the Inner Harbour, quietly mindful of the lithe grace of the smoothly paced unloading activities of stripped young dockers who glided about their strenuous business with cheerful efficiency, many of them physically qualified to grace the pages of budding-manhood glossies, their heaving, mountainous torsoes sensually dusted at prominent points and rounded extremities with shades of white against dark skin from the rubber they were manhandling. The great lumps of the stuff looked for all the world like massive chunks of candied Tur-

kish Delight! Cheek by jowl, with this activity, where a bridge carries the North Bridge Road across the Singapore River, a touring bus had drawn up. Descending a flight of steps to the wharf was a group of huffing and puffing, very buxom Australians. They advanced with cameras in hand like soldiers of plunder. But a brave Singapore citizen sensed the danger to this orderly scene and—adopting an impassable stance on his four little legs—he howled his indignation with such an air of urgency that the apparent unconcern of the offenders was to be wondered at.



Singapore is a virtual paradise for gay folk. A police officer discreetly commented to a friend of mine on the official attitude towards gay visitors as being a promotion of tourism. Get the picture? And when a gang of toughies roughed up a gay chap cruising a park one night and left him completely nude because he had no money in his pockets this same friend of mine advised the police, in an anonymous letter, that such activities—if allowed to become standard—would hurt that same tourism. The gang that was becoming regularly responsible for such outrages was rounded up a few nights later (two years ago) and hasn't appeared since. And such sexily clad policemen can only be responded to with an attitude of love. You'll see . . .

CIAO!

Most of the darlings seem to be in their early twenties and if you like to admire posterior areas, theirs are amongst the most admirable.

In a town whose major tourist attraction is a Bugis Street, the police aren't in the entrapment business but that doesn't mean you can misconduct yourself any old way, my dears. Oh no. But there's no need to. Toilets which go gay because the lights don't function at night are regularly visited by the electricity department. But that's really such a small inconvenience, don't you think? Besides, the newly replenished lamps simply don't last. But back to Bugis Street. It's a regular street of artisan and assorted premises up till around eleven at night, at which time it is closed to traffic and out come hundreds of tables to fill the street area of several blocks serviced by immediate-neighbourhood eateries offering the usual assembly of Chinese foods. Delicious, by the way. And midst these massed tables to which flock the crowds stroll an army of female impersonators delightedly following the rates being decided upon and not infrequently a fight will break out, especially if the Aussies are in town for they seem to be the world's most determined bargain-ers. In truth, these hard-boiled downunders spoil the fun for everyone for they are the world's most pennypinching freeloaders.

One night a bunch of them occupied a table next to us, all the essence of sartorial magnificence; as usual (!), and bargained for their meal, which doesn't go down with the Chinese one little bit. But they stuck out and wasted the waiter's time for fifteen minutes till the police urged them along. So don't be surprised if some of Bugis Street's less worthy patrons are tending to spoil it. And don't bargain for the price of a restaurant meal; the Chinese can see you coming.

Just as the leading performers of the street are gay and it certainly must be seen (to be believed—especially if one of the 'girls' decides you are the one for her/him and won't take no for an answer—all in front of a most interested audience) it isn't for

gay folk at all. Few of the onlookers are of our calling—most of the habitués being sailors and the rougher inclined charmers from you know where. But to make up for this misfortune there is a bar in which I've never, ever, **not** met a very pleasant companion and that is **Le Bistro** in the Tropicana entertainment complex opposite the Hyatt Hotel whose coffee shop is not lacking in attractions; all hotel coffee shops in Singapore are open 24 hours.



Le Bistro is in the Tropicana entertainment complex (entrance on the left).

Another 'gettable' location is the waiting area of seating in the **Hilton Hotel** lobby, a stone's throw away and young charmers await the chance to meet your eyes there. Next door is the **Singapura** in whose lobby is a piano bar which looks out on the swimming pool. It's a kind-of swishy place but you might well meet your type therein.

Singapore has one of the world's most glorious **Botanic Gardens** and in walking its wide paths or exploring the virtual jungle section there you are almost certain to be smiled at by some young stripling strolling there too. You simply must respond in the same way—no grabbing, no presumption that he's gay (for, as such, he isn't but will surely play with you in the way you want if you just handle him as a charming young friend, take him to your hotel and to bed in the most natural way). But the Botanic Gardens is not a "gay" place—just a place to make a sweet new encounter and definitely **not** a place to try any exhibitionist hanky panky for that way you'll be in the clink before it.

Supervision is thorough and severe and whilst Singapore does

not care what you do indoors there are the strongest civic reservations about doing the same where innocents might see you and I frankly don't think that is necessarily any restriction to your pleasure and enjoyment.



If you like outdoor cruising, this town is loaded with opportunities. Taxis are so very cheap there that you can forget studying busline routings unless you really want that type of very enjoyable exploration. There is a beach called **Labrador** where gay young bloods go; sometimes they will want a little cash and if your back goes up in such a circumstance stay away from all of South East Asia. Just understand that lots of young laddies are prepared to sell you their ass (literally) for \$5 and that your monthly salary is well beyond their capabilities of imagining being able to make in five years. So take it easy. Let your heart go out to these kids just in the way your cock will. Take a taxi to the BP Oil refinery on Pasir Panjang Road, locate the beach and settle yourself down to be approached (which you will be even if the place is deserted on your arrival). Take a book and get the sun while you wait. Behind the beach is heavy jungle which used to be infested with young thieves, and I myself lost U.S. \$500 worth of slides and camera equipment by leaving these under a shade tree and falling asleep a mere dozen yards distant. So be warned. Be kind but don't be stupid. As I was that time. Anyway, the good old Singapore police had so many complaints about thieving along this beach that the jungle is now penetrated by pathways through the trees and this in no way spoils the beauty of the place (a typical example of this city's wise attitude towards landscaping and

afforestation).

Another area of splendid beach is at **Changi**, a place made infamous by Japanese barbarities to the locally incarcerated foreign population during the last war. Changi is a long stretch of beach with jungle behind where you might very well play a game or two safely out of sight and it is now being joined onto an entirely new and magnificent beach fronting onto reclaimed land which stretches right down to the city proper at **Queen Elizabeth Park**, an outrageous cruising area several years ago for the young make-outs (mostly Malay, who are not trustworthy at all, but you're a visitor so go with them if you can simultaneously look after the contents of your hotel room).

The nice thing about this place is that the entire population strolls there every evening through the twelve-month-summer climate, and you can meet very personable and likeable young companions. In every way Singapore is a young city and 49% of the population is under 20! The only older 'members' seem to be the foreign queens who inhabit the bars at night; a faded bunch of precious old squirts with whom you will be little concerned.

As a quite typical example of what might well happen at Q E Walk, even today when it is less a gay venue, I was reclining there one evening minding everyone's business within sight—when, lo and behold, a most refreshing young Indian lad approached me with a "Good evening Sir, may I sit beside you?" Ignoring my most strenuous objections, he placed his little bottom within a foot of my own and proceeded to entertain me with much local wit and perspicacious observations about the passers by; who were many thousands in number. He told me he was fifteen and as usual, in answer to his predictable question, (all Asians ask your age) I quoted mine as 58 which I always get a little amusement out of because of the resultant incredulity. Asians can never tell a westerner's age as we are often unable to guess theirs. Anyway, being a mere 30 I was appreciative of his disbelief. The awful

moments are when one's assertion is accepted without question!

After this great and good young man's repartee had been enjoyed for some time he then asked a most welcome question: "Can I follow you tonight, Sir?" You'd never expect the verb to follow to have such delightful connotation, would you? Leading to a somewhat more intimate association, it did nevertheless and I hope such is going to be your own experience in this good, pure upstanding city.



The gay area in Hong Lim Park, near the toilet in Upper Pickering Street.



John in Upper Pickering St.

Slip over to the section of Chinatown near the Chinese YMCA (which is very friendly and cheap, yet in a city which is so overbuilt with hotels and in the very best of which you can name the rate you'll pay—but smile when you do it—there's no need to stay at the CYMCA for sex reasons unless it's your style) and walk up to the nearby Upper Pickering Street to the **Hong Lim Park** which is a venue location after dark and the john at its corner is alive with the youngest activity in town—a fabulous make-out place. Then along to North Canal Road in the same district to the two neighbouring johns which both jump if the lights have failed—or been made to do so. Street types in these areas, often walking the route twist these

johns, offer interesting opportunities for a little meaningful communication.



The john in North Canal Road. There is another the other side of the trees. The area inbetween is cruised.

One word of advice. There is a certain individual in the city who roams areas where gays are known to hunt out partners; usually he is with one or two silent companions for support. He will approach you and tell you he's a copper, momentarily flashing a card of some sort in your face (possibly his driving licence; it's that fast). He'll then get around to agreeing to accept some cash after long harassment of you, instead of turning you in, while his 'friends' stand and look on. I had a real giggle with this guy for several gays had told me about their costly encounters with this creepy gent who looks Indian and may in fact be half Malay. Either can be treacherous but a combination of the two... well kids, just take care. As you'll know if you read my article on bondage in the July-August 1974 **QQ Magazine**, this is my specialty and when this lovely lad showed up with his tongue-tied friends I had a well-endowed young Malay firmly trussed into a treebound position. He was naked as the day his mother had him and since it was our second encounter (at Labrador) he knew he could trust me and was enjoying every moment. At first I was somewhat at a loss and just smiled at the three while the Malay lad wriggled like all Hell. The swarthy gang chief berated the Malay in that language while I just very quietly proceeded to unbind him. I wondered in a strangely disattached way what was going to happen. Fear is not a natural part of my make-up. Then this swine flashed his 'police card' at me and that did it.

CIAO!

I often wonder how long it took that nut to get up the guts to resume his entrapping activities if ever, after the Hellfire, thunder and screaming lighting tongue-lashing that poured over my lips. Maybe he hadn't encountered a Celtic temper before and I can vouch that he never wants to again. His 'friends' were so taken aback they almost backed right over the cliff against which they stood silhouetted with the entrance to the Malacca Straits as the background. I pushed him around with my hand roughing his shoulder—and he backed away all the time screaming what he'd do to me and what all the fucking homos in the world should get one day and I said you're a fucking one yourself you screaming, stupid nut with a phoney police card, etc., etc., and for the record told him that a group of my friends were looking for him, etc., etc., and that if he was a copper then let's go right then to the station, etc., etc., and I guess that chappie that very moment lost the respect of his two companions for they all trudged off like the tail-twixt-legs bitches they were. So if you meet them, guys—you know what to do. And if they'd offered violence in that quiet place I would have been finished for my tongue is my weapon and if this experience serves to advise that the offensive, fearless approach will always gain the day, then I so advise it. It's amazing that gays are so fearful, you know. So very vulnerable. The Singapore police do not express any interest whatsoever in run-of-the-mill gay activities that are not a threat to the order of society.

The all-powerful city government of Singapore is allegedly a police state force. However, as a long-time resident and one of my good friends said, "Certainly this is a police state—but it's also the world's model of what a police state should be, and long may it remain so."

Long may it remain indeed, with its efficient, Chinese-administered, no-nonsense government permitting ambience in all forms of life within the ordered structure of a peaceful and prosperous

nation state.

Charleston

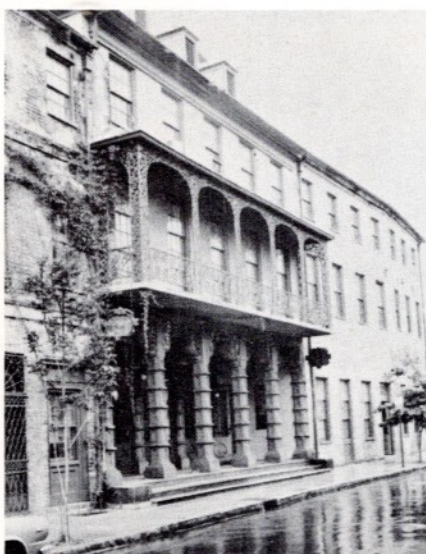
By Ralph W. Davis

Gay life in Charleston is very limited. There are three bars and two cruise areas. This is certainly not sufficient to motivate any gay to hop a train and head for South Carolina and scream upon arrival: "I'm here, everyone. Look-it, I'm here!" Yet this 300 year-old city is worth a stop enroute South.

Gracefully aging Charleston is unbelievably beautiful without any of the extravagant adornments of modernization. Quietly decaying stately mansions steeped in tradition and history and surrounded by moss-covered trees, bring to mind images of other times, of a South that once was and will never be again. It is this illusion of the past that gives Charleston its charm.

Although the historic area has been slightly altered to meet the needs of twentieth-century living, the city is remarkably unspoiled. Some of the tourist sights are:

The Dock Street Theatre and Old Planter's Hotel. This hotel and theatre was the setting for romance and tragedy. Many pistol duels were often held around the the corner over romances which budded in the hotel and theatre.



The colorful old Dock Street Theatre and Old Planter's Hotel.

Built in 1809, the simple, dignified, elegant Heyward-Washington House has the most delightful garden in the rear. It is one of the many houses in which George Washington slept.

The house on the corner of East Battery and South Battery is perhaps Charleston's most characteristic representation of the post-Revolutionary War houses. Its white, two-story portico and its long slender columns are what make this house so characteristic of the period.

The Nathaniel Russell House, built about 1811. Its graceful circular staircase which hangs unsupported from floor to floor is its most exciting sight. (With a little imagination, a drag queen could really make an entrance on that staircase!)

Catfish Row was the setting of DuBose Heyward's **Porgy and Bess**. The arched brick tunnel entrance no longer passes into a tenement district (called Cabbage Row), but instead into a charming garden and cottage apartment complex. Cabbage Row (or Catfish Row, whichever you want to call it) still resembles the images of it which Heyward created so vividly in his book.



Catfish Row

The Old Slave Market, built in 1838. Slaves were housed here before public auctioning to the planters. (I wonder how many of those able-bodied blacks were purchased here by anxious gays

who escorted their slaves to bedrooms instead of fields.)

Boone Hall Plantation and Gardens, in Mt. Pleasant. This is a marvelous old plantation home, magnificently reconstructed with nine original slave houses, and many beautiful gardens. The plantation was used in "Gone With the Wind" and also a Walt Disney film.

Before I mention the bars, I would like to warn tourists of the ABC liquor laws here. The mini bottle is the only legal way to buy liquor in bars. This is a 1.6 ounce bottle and it is sold usually for a couple of dollars (more in some of the elegant bars). The tax on hard liquor is fierce; to make a profit, bar operators must hike the price. Wine and beer are cheaper, of course. If you are on a budget, order beer. Brown-bagging (bringing in your own) is no longer legal, and violators are punished.

The bars are quite a distance from each other and a car, taxi or bus is necessary to get to them.

Midnight Sun, 253 Meeting St. This bar is very close to downtown Charleston. Hours are from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Saturday. The only gay bar open during the day. Small, pleasant place with a black and white crowd (about 50/50). Dancing. Food served (sandwiches under \$1). Wine and beer.



Midnight Sun

Zebra Supper Club, 598 Meeting St. This is the largest bar in the city. Dancing. Hours: 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily, including Sunday. Drinking age is 18 for beer and 21 for hard liquor (mini bottles here from \$1.75). ID is required to enter. This is to discourage the straights. Once a month out-of-town entertainers visit. Two or three shows monthly. Call for information if you're interested

in shows. Few blacks. Mixed, casual. Gay guys and gals. All types. Food is served. Complete dinners from \$5 are served until midnight. At 2 a.m. on Friday and Saturday breakfast is served. Popular.



Zebra Supper Club

Virgo Social Club, 2052 Hampton Ave. This bar is actually on Meeting Street at Hampton Avenue. It is near the city limits and very close to the G.E.X. You can't miss this red building which has "Try it, you'll like it!" over its face. Hours: 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily except Tuesday. Full bar. There is talk of tearing down the old building and rebuilding anew on the same site, because of possible new zoning regulations. Everything will remain the same, though; address, name and gay clientele.

The major cruise area, day or night, is the **Battery** (or White Point Gardens). It is located in the historic area and across the street from some very exciting-looking houses. At night, because it is very dimly lighted, it can get rough. So watch yourself. Cars and walkers here.



The Battery

The Strip (on Reynolds Ave.) is the place for picking up seamen. This two-block stretch in front of the main gate to the Naval Yard can be dangerous, though.

Folly Beach is where everyone

goes (gays and straights) to bathe and sun. The gay activity, though, isn't concentrated anywhere here so just keep your eyes open everywhere!

There are many fine hotels and motels in Charleston. The most economical is the Sheraton-Fort Sumter Hotel. It is across the street from the Battery. There is a swimming pool here also. Rates are about \$10 for a single. A more elegant hotel is the Mills Hyatt House. Of course, there is a YMCA for the budget-minded.

What Charleston lacks in gay activity it makes up for in charm. So slip into the past, into a lifestyle which still quietly echoes in history books. Visit Charleston!

Presto Italiano!

Speak Like a Paisano In 30 Days!

By Terry McWaters

Just ten miles west of Assisi where good Saint Francis sermonized to the birds—because in loving them so much he learned to speak their language—is the beautiful medieval city of Perugia where another linguistic miracle occurs every thirty days.

People—the young, youngish, and those who think young—come here from all over the world to take the short, intensive Italian language courses at Perugia's Italian University for Foreigners. And while they may arrive with a scanty knowledge of Italian, limited to such words as *si . . . bella . . . vino* and *Ciao!* (especially that!), by month's end they can speak the language with a flawless accent and considerable fluency.

While these courses have some relation to the 'cold turkey' treatment of the Berlitz method, there are cultural/social perquisites besides that do not exist scholastically anywhere else in the world. Essentially the Perugian method of teaching the Italian language is the 'point-to and speak the word, then repeat/repeat/repeat' principle one fol-

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lows until Italian phonetics and phrases come trippingly and naturally to one's lips . . . unlike the archaic methods still taught in some American schools, where one must **think first in English** and **then** translate into another language.



Perugia lies in the province of Umbria, the central-most section of Italy and it has lived through several social upheavals. Although it began as an Umbrian town, the Etruscans conquered it and enlarged it. Then came the Romans to wrest it from them, and the Emperor Augustus restored and renamed it. Today Perugia and the entire province look just as medieval as they did in his reign.

The hilltop of Perugia dominates all other towns in Umbria . . . one looks down at the Tiber rushing to keep a date in Rome. Its beauty surpasses all the rest, even that of Spoleto—just 25 miles away—where each year Gian-Carlo Menotti's **Festival of Two Worlds** draws the culture-minded. And so with Perugia's concentration on language, and Spoleto's on art, dance, theatre and music, the visitor has the best of the two 'Festival Worlds'. There's never a dull moment in an Umbrian vacation.

The nucleus of the city is the **Piazza del Duomo** with its **Fonte Maggiore** sculpted with bas-reliefs by the Pisanos. The Duomo, the **Bishop's Palace** and the fine Dantesque **Palazzo del Priori** beautifully flank the square. The Palazzo del Priori houses the **National Gallery of Umbria** (come here to see the Umbrian primitives, and the great religious

paintings of Piero della Francesca, Fra Angelico, Perugino and many others).



Fonte Maggiore

Also in Umbria—a few miles from Perugia—is the lovely town of Buggio. In summer, fine traveling companies playing the works of Shakespeare and the Greek and Roman tragedies make this a theatre mecca. And it was in this area around Perugia and Buggio that Franco Zeffirelli filmed **Romeo and Juliet** with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey. If you recall the vivid color, the great sweep, the life and surge of that film against the background of indescribable Umbrian beauty, then you already have an introduction to Perugia.



Strolling down Perugia's main street—the Corso Vannucci—you

may feel as if you'd wandered into another United Nations. Native costumes and the spoken languages of 140 countries permeate the dozens of coffee bars and small shops along the way. You'll hear every subject under the sun discussed, and there is a most exciting rapport among the visitors and the Italians. And with all that youth and interest in art, it should not come as a surprise that gay people find Perugia very cruisy in spring and summer.

If you're jaded from too many trips to Europe . . . always coming home with little more than the usual bag of souvenirs and remembrances of sexual encounters that too often proved less rewarding than the home-grown variety, come to Perugia for a month. You'll find it a delight in every way. You can 'bone up' in the bushes by night and bone up on your Italian by day at Perugia U. and you'll have a lot more to rah-rah-rah about than just the same old European bag. To be able to speak a foreign language in one month—and speak it beautifully—is the most valuable souvenir of all. As the saying goes "Being in a situation where you **have** to speak the language 24 hours a day makes a week in Perugia the equivalent of a college year in the United States."



What makes the study of the language even more rewarding is the fact that you may—as do most students—live with Italian families. A beautiful room plus continental breakfast and a full dinner will cost no more than \$125 a month. This gives you the added advantage of speaking Italian with Italians through the hours when you are not 'immured' in the University 'cold turkeying' the language. And so you not

only learn faster but make wonderful friends as well.

Fortunately there are no special requirements for the University. Tuition is \$15 a month, and your language courses (as well as others you may elect to take) are accepted for full credit by all American colleges.

If you would like to know more about the 30-day language courses given by the Italian University for Foreigners, you may write the Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

If you prefer to stay in a hotel or inn—at least until you arrange for a **pensione** with a private family—try the **Excelsior Lilli** which is large and good (first-class in every way) . . . **La Rosetta** (a good second-class hotel) . . . the **Grifone** (also second-class, with shower). The **Del Priori** is the least expensive (none are really expensive, though). A kind of 'faded rose' hotel that was once elegant—and still popular—is the **Brufani Palace**.

The food is excellent everywhere in Perugia, and far less in price than in other Italian cities. Some of the specialties of the Umbrian area are **porchetta** (a piglet roasted on a spit) . . . **tagliatelle** (light, home cooked noodles) . . . **torta Pasqualina** (a salty raised cake made with Parmesan cheese) . . . **torta sul testo** (a country-style flat bread baked on hot stones over an open fire and stuffed with country ham!). Also **mongana** (milk-fed veal done in many ways according to many local handed-down recipes . . . and **pecorino** (fresh local sheep's-milk cheese). Perugia, it should not be necessary to note, is the home of those expensive chocolates one pays through the nose for in the United States. Here, however, they're not much more expensive than jelly beans!

This entire province is a perfect place to come for a vacation, whether you stay in Assisi, the home-town of beloved Saint Francis . . . or Buggio or Spoleto . . . or Orvieto from whose vineyards comes the famous and delicious Orvieto wine . . . or in Perugia itself.

Ciao!

Tips About Tippling

'Sobering' Thoughts About Drinking Abroad

By Roger Watson

No matter how often he visits London, an American accustomed to having a couple of bracingly-cold Martinis before dining will usually find them disappointing in some indefinable way. With rare exceptions they are weaker, too 'vermouthy', not cold enough and do not evoke that lovely topaz cloud that veils the cares of the day.

The principal reason is that domestic English liquors—vodka, gin, and Scotch whiskey—being only 46-proof (23% alcohol), are only half as strong as the same brands they export to us, which are 86- to 100-proof (43% to 50% alcohol). And so one might reasonably assume that to get the same glow (buzz, toot, gas) as back home, one should drink twice as much. Unfortunately, while the **cost** can be figured mathematically (it costs twice as much), the metabolic effect cannot be so precisely calculated, and thus because of differences in again, water, climate and different aromatics the unhappy result is that one has a queasy stomach and a blistering headache about an hour later.

The tippling traveler will find that he can keep a clearer head by drinking wine or beer during his stay in England. Because Great Britain does not manufacture wine (the climate being so variable—with more cloudy than sunny days—wine grapes cannot be satisfactorily grown), whatever wines you do drink will be the identical imports you serve back home, and from the same countries, under the same labels.

Moreover, in any British restaurant where a carafe of wine is placed on your table as part of the **prix fixe** or **table d'hôte** meal, you may be sure it's purest Californian and that possibly one of the Christian Brothers may be

hovering by to serve it! So at least as far as wines go you know where you stand.

Before we leave England for the continent there is one more tippling tip we'd like to share with you.

SCOTCH 'N SPLASH

If you drink whiskey and would like to work up a little buzz, ask that it be served with soda or charged water . . . Scotch 'n splash is the usual designation. There's a very good reason for this. First, because the domestic Scotch is of that lesser potency just mentioned, when it is mixed with just plain water it takes an interminable time to make itself felt. You just drink and drink, and your stomach gets fuller while your wallet grows emptier, and it seems to take hours before even a gentle buzz is felt. But when the same whiskey is mixed with soda or charged water the carbonation almost 'mainlines' the alcohol into the system! One might compare this with the difference between just plain and buffered aspirin. Buffered aspirin—which is formulated with a buffer of bicarbonate of soda—enters the bloodstream more quickly than plain aspirin, which usually takes half-an-hour longer to kill pain. An Englishman or Scotsman who drinks his whiskey with plain water is rare indeed. Also, this tippling tip applies to vodka or gin (even to cordials and liqueurs) if usually taken with water. And now some tips about

CONTINENTAL WINING

For our readers who will be dining in various European restaurants this summer, the first—and undoubtedly the most common-sense—tippling tip we can offer is this:

When dining in other than some very elegant restaurant (roadside **auberges**, cafés in cities other than Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna and so on), or any restaurant where there is a feeling of convivial casualness, **study the other diners carefully, noting what or what kind of wine they are having.** Before you invest in a 'premium' wine the waiter may try to sell you, see if the others are having the **vin du pays**—the light, exhilarating

CIAO!

rating wine freshly-pressed from the nearby countryside. You can tell this at once because such wine will be served generously, usually from huge flagons or carafes—often from giant glass pitchers on the table—and if this is the case you have the best wine the house affords . . . right there, without further puzzlement, and it will be no more expensive than a quart of diet cola!

You'll enjoy this wine in so many ways because drinking it **au pays** will be a first-time treat you won't forget, and one that cannot be repeated back home, because such a wine—intended for immediate consumption—simply refuses to 'take to the bottle', and even if its freshness and goodness could be bottled it will not 'travel well', as the saying goes.



Country wines are usually the first pressing of the grapes, often by beautiful barefooted boys who have stomped them into submission! Such fresh wines are part of all wine-pressing ceremonies. In Germany such a wine-pressing festival may go on for days, and 'May wine' is sent all over the country overnight in huge casks so that everyone, everywhere can enjoy it. It is also done in the middle-European countries . . . Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, as well as in Switzerland, France, Spain and Italy.

MORE ELEGANT WINING

It has become an inherited-
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from-abroad custom for Americans dining in a foreign restaurant in the United States to order a recommended bottle of wine, and then—ceremoniously attended by a waiter who deposits a wine-tasting glass on the table before the host, decants a swallow or two and waits grandly nearby—to give a dutiful penguin-child bow of approval. It is by now such a never-varying ritual that one can almost hear the waiter saying "Another sucker!" He would really be taken aback if just for once he got a slight frown of disapproval.

Don't hurry with your wine-tasting. Let a little of it lie on the tongue for a few seconds. Try to think of it orgasmically, letting it (hopefully) delight your taste-buds. Then if you will give it just a few seconds longer in your mouth its true character will be revealed—either miracle-worker or mischief-maker. This will give you status in the eyes of your friends, and alert your waiter to the fact that he's dealing with a true, no-nonsense connoisseur. So our next tip—whether wining it elegantly abroad or at home, is this:

If you do not experience genuine pleasure in a brief wine-tasting ritual, say so . . . and have the waiter remove the offending bottle and bring another. Don't worry. What you send back today will be part of tomorrow's **boeuf bourguignonne**, **coq au vin**, or some other casserole/cassoulet. It won't be wasted!

Moreover, the wine the waiter brought you may have been something the house had been trying to get rid of for ages, and you—probably looking innocently gullible—were set up as a patsy. You may be sure the next bottle he brings will be **choice**. No management will risk having all its bottles of wine ripped off one by one, however inexpensive (even the 'dogs'), as though on they were on a kind of reject assembly line. Gay guys, always men of good taste, can do much to prevent all Americans abroad and at home from getting this ritualistic runaround . . . and get good wine every time. Speak your piece . . . accept nothing

that doesn't please you in every way.

OTHER WINE FLAWS

Also when your waiter has poured a little wine for your approval, before sipping, lift the glass and hold it under your nose. Inhale slowly. Do you detect such distracting variables as vinegar . . . musty cork . . . the smell of damp wool . . . mildew? Perhaps a whiff of almonds or pears? Pass it up . . . don't even bother to taste it. The vintner has been 'piecing out' his last few gallons of wine with additives, or the wine has been carelessly left in the open and has attracted odors from the air around it. In short, wine should smell like **wine** and it takes no wine connoisseur to detect fraud. It should smell warm and hearty and secretive if it's a good red wine, and zing-g-gy and light if it's white.

Our last tippling tip concerns cognac. Stick to the name brands, for while any vintner who distills cognac grapes is permitted by French law to call his product cognac (or Armagnac, if he's in this wine-producing district) they are by no means equal. These brands are invariably excellent: Rémy Martin, Bisquit, Martell, Courvoisier and Exshaw (a strange Irish name for a fine French cognac!). All are expensive and the best. All others are iffy—sometimes good, more often just so-so. A fine German brandy (the equivalent of fine French cognac in quality) is **Asbach-Uralt**. Have it straight, or with soda (if you'd like a quicker European buzz).

Fruit brandies such as the Polish/Czech **slivovitz** (from the plum) and **calvados** (Frenchmen near the Basque border often prefer this Spanish brandy to cognac) are an instant delight to some. To others they are an acquired taste.

Likewise the 'national' drink of whatever country you may be visiting. **Akvavit** in Scandinavian countries . . . the liqueur **Ouzo** in Greece . . . Lisbon gin in Portugal . . . the popular anisette in Italy. If you are unfamiliar with their taste, sip only a little at first and wait to see how it settles on the stomach. Likewise cordials and

sugary liqueurs such as **Strega**, **Galliano**, or **Fiori d'Alpi** (the Italian cordial with a real, live tree branch from the Alps growing inside each bottle!). All look pretty in the bottle, but they can bring on a helluva headache for the first-timer.

Which reminds us that there are many excellent concoctions to help the hapless 'overachiever' regain a measure of sanity and freedom from pain (alias hangover). Every country has its favorite, and we shall give you some of the recipes. Inasmuch as we are being international, here are some

INTERNATIONAL HANGOVER HINTS

If you were inspired to make the trek to Hawaii after reading our article on nude gay beaches in the Islands (**Ciao!** February 1974) you may have discovered more than beautiful bods . . . like some of the exotic alcoholic drinks the Hawaiian bartender is master of, and so you may have some real buzzers to remember. To help alleviate your distress he may also have prepared for you—

The Gay Kahlua. This is made in two ways, so we offer both recipes. The first requires:

- 2 jiggers cognac
- 1 teaspoon bitters
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 1½ jiggers of Kahlua
- 1½ jiggers of half-and-half
- 2 raw eggs

Put in blender with shaved ice, Smoo-oo-th! Just be sure you have only one or else you'll get stoned again!

The alternate way of preparing a Gay Kahlua is to use

- ½ ounce Kahlua
- 3 ounces heavy cream
- 1 ounce white rum
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Shake and strain into a tall iced glass and sprinkle with freshly-ground nutmeg.

You get a lot of protein from the eggs in these drinks, and this, plus the heavy cream, quickly eases the growly gut and brings considerable overall comfort. The liquor in the mixture, being very smooth, acts as an anodyne for

the bursting head. But just one, remember!

Bermuda Bullshot. This is no 'bullshot' . . . that is, it's not like anything called a bullshot you may have had Stateside. While the elegant clubs of Bermuda have varying recipes, we think this one from the Elbow Beach Surf Club is really good.

- 1 jigger vodka
- ½ cup cool consommé
- Dash Worcestershire Sauce
- Dash Tabasco
- Salt/pepper

Shake well and strain into an Old Fashioned glass and add a slice of lemon.

Menstrual Mary. This is the 'gut-issue' Bloody Mary (much more effective in blunting a hangover). The recipe came originally from the elegant bar of the Hotel George V in Paris, and today is a favorite of the gay bar crowd on Manhattan's Upper East Side. The Sunday brunchers who are trying to get some food down after an upchucky night find that it works very quickly. A nice buttery/eggy breakfast helps matters along still more.

- ¾ cup thick tomato juice
- 3 ounces beer
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 1 raw egg

Shake well, strain, and sprinkle with freshly-ground nutmeg.

If you prefer simpler hangover remedies, here are some very easy ones:

1. **Just drink heavy cream** (half pint of it) slowly. Of course if you have a weight problem this can wreak havoc with your bod. So . . .

2. **Sip a small glass of brandy with peppermint . . . or**

3. **A small glass of blackberry brandy.**

Still simpler are:

4. **A double dash of bitters in plain club soda . . . or**

5. **Ice-cold sauerkraut juice** (a natural systemic flusher . . . leaves you all nice and pink and glowing inside) . . . or

6. **Salted cucumber juice** (a special favorite of Russian vodka drinkers).

Finally, a 'pre-hangover' preventative. Make a point of taking a very high-potency multi-vitamin

capsule every day. Not just those 'pass the bottle' vitamins for the whole family (they're not potent enough). In addition, take an extra tablet of high-potency Vitamin B12—the 'nerve-calming' vitamin. **Natural Harvest** multiple vitamins/minerals are the most potent brand made . . . and their Vitamin B12 tablets are the very highest potency: 250 micrograms per tablet.

These hangover helps really work. Try them all and whichever you find most effective, stick with it. With preventative vitamin therapy it's your ace in the hole.

Gay Dining

This Month: Deli-Heavens

By The Editors

Walter Winchell once had a running pun in his gossip column urging the visitor to New York to eat at the Stage Delicatessen . . . "where the wurst is the best." It still is, but the same can be said for many other Jewish 'deli-heavens' in New York and other big cities.

The word 'delicatessen' is German and means **delicious dainties**, but as applied to delicatessens like the Stage, delicious it is but dainty it ain't. Old-style delicatessens are essentially small take-out food shops that specialize in imported delicacies while having a prepared-foods counter with freshly-made coleslaw, potato/macaroni salad, various kinds of pickled fish, and the eternal batch of rice pudding. But the New York-created 'deli' will have at least a few tables and chairs for dining, while maximally it may be as elaborate as the Empire Room of the Waldorf. Such delis run the gamut from the near-primitive, through the middle-class and **gemütlich**, or 'family deli', to the glamoured-up-to-the-eyeballs, expense-account type where, as Molly Picon used to say, "They don't speak Jewish, but 'Zewish'."

No matter. All have what the customer wants: real honest-to-Moses hot Roumanian pastrami or corned beef; lox or sturgeon; and a wide variety of wursts. You were maybe expecting *coq au vin* or *boeuf a la mode*? So forget it yet! Deli-heavens don't deal with such dishes, so don't think of a deli as being either more or less 'gourmet', but always 'gourmand', for certainly it will bring out the glutton in anyone, and it's a personal punishment of God to go into such a place and not be able to wolf down everything you see or smell.

NEW YORK

Of the delis of less than sophisticated design, **Katz's** at Houston and Ludlow Streets on the Lower East Side is famous for its super whopper sandwiches . . . multiple layers (they almost **never** stop slicing!) of pastrami, corned beef, roast turkey (with gobs of Russian dressing), and Frankensteinian franks. Sluice this down with a flagon of beer or (to go really native) Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic or Black Cherry Soda.

The **Stage Delicatessen** is the granddaddy of the deli-heaven concept. The Stage has always attracted showbiz people and all who labor on the concert/dance scene at Carnegie Hall and City Center, being nearby at 54th and Seventh Avenue. The Stage is not large, and there are always so many famous people milling about while waiting for a table you may have the oddest feeling that it's really you who's on stage! There is now a branch on the East Side near the busy and gay Bloomingdale's area—the **Stage Delicatessen East** at 593 Lexington Avenue.



Stage Delicatessen

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Pastrami devotees claim that the **Gaiety** has the greatest. It is located just west of Broadway on 47th Street in the heart of the theater/TV district and filled all day with actors, directors, producers and those on their way up in show business. Many of today's stars were discovered here while munching a sandwich. It has also expanded its operation to the East Side—the **Gaiety East** at 684 Lexington Avenue. Same great pastrami, but higher prices . . . and gayer customers.

Wolf's Sixth Avenue Delicatessen and Restaurant (to give it the full treatment) is relatively new . . . much hobnailed glass lamps and plastic 'coloniality' and the most extensive menu of the deli-heavens . . . it's this-s-s long-g! The pastrami is peerless, but then, all the food is.

BOSTON

Try **Deli Haus** in Kenmore Square. Their 'Sloppy Joe' is the house specialty and has nothing to do with the Jamaican swizzle drink of the same name. When you tackle a Sloppy Joe, have a bottle of cream soda alongside for company. Sloppy Joe and cream soda are synonymous, and are as much a Boston tradition as baked beans.

The **Bulky** is on Boylston Street across from the Prudential Center, and it's even busier by night than by day. Tops. While it is not as famous as Deli Haus, corned-beef connoisseurs are finding it a great place for great food.

MIAMI BEACH

Wolfie's is (are—there are more than one) the deli-heaven you can really live with. The main Wolfie's is at Collins Avenue and Lincoln Road—long famous for fine Jewish/American food. Gay people prefer Wolfie's at 21st Street and Collins Avenue—visiting and local gay guys, plus 'female impostors' from the drag shows, plus humpy guys from burlesque. Wolfie's helps you keep your waistline in trim (no small triumph for a place where one wants to gobble up everything in sight). For example, they have low-calorie meals, and even at breakfast they serve tiny bagels (tiny bagels?) the size of

a watch—just so your tummy won't get outasight.



Wolfie's at 21st Street

KANSAS CITY

Paul's, near the Country Club Plaza. While dining on Paul's fine food you'll be amused by the rhymed posters summarizing each year this establishment has been in business. But stick with such deli staples as brisket and wursts—a pox on their lox.

HOUSTON

Near the Astrodome is **Alfred's** . . . absolute witchery in noshery! Great sandwiches . . . the best of Boston plus New York, plus a bit of Texas know-how thrown in to boot. Like y'all come . . . heah?

LOS ANGELES

A few blocks from the Farmer's Market is **Cantor's**. And in the area of UCLA is the **Westwood Deli**. The food at both can be best described as hearty (also 'heartburn-y' if you don't eat slowly . . . if you're an 'eat 'n runner' bring along your Pepto-Bismol or a roll of Tums).

SAN FRANCISCO

Within a couple of blocks of each other on Geary Street in the theater district (just a bagel's throw away, one might truly say) are two of San Francisco's finest delicatessens, one—**David's**; the other—**Samuels Brothers**. Great deli specialties in both. Here, gay guys turn out in force for absolutely 'mustn't miss' Sunday brunches, served until midafternoon. Their claim is 'the best bagels in the West' (also North and East, but not South . . . for they'd have some stiff competition with Wolfie's).

Deli-heavenly!

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered By
The Editors

Whoever first thought of mixing cut fresh fruits in a pitcher of wine and calling it Sant'Gria (or just Sangria for short, custom having quickly eliminated the t and the apostrophe, making it as easy on the glottis as on the palate) was not only extemporaneously inspired, but contemporaneously the creator of a light new lifestyle—a lifestyle in tune with today's light living . . . a gay lifestyle.

For years the slavishly followed two-Martini, pre-dinner ritual had spoiled many a proud host's goodies, because it is impossible to appreciate good food and good wine when the tastebuds have been pickled in 100-proof gin or vodka, and if sex followed, the affair had invariably proved less than memorable because the libido—like the tastebuds—was also on a toot.

So today, following the trend-setting Sangria—which is both a socializing and a brunchy/lunchy libation—wine cocktails have superseded the bomber's load of heavy alcohol. In the process some light and delicious *apéritifs* have been created that more beautifully set the mood for the meal to come, and which, in fact, 'concertize' with the dinner wine(s) in happy harmony . . . the wine for the meal being an extension of the wine cocktails that teased the appetite so mischievously.



A wine cocktail is just that—

wine, unmixed with spirits. It should be stressed, however, that you need not use your cherished premium wines in cocktails. Each wine has its own distinctive individuality, and mixing it with another in a cocktail will cause it to lose its assertive identity. So while your premium wines, of a certainty, **would** create heavenly cocktails, why waste them for this purpose when less-expensive brands will do as well? Just as, for example, one would not use an aged VSOP Rémy-Martin cognac to make a Brandy Alexander, since the heavy cream would mask its noble individuality.

Wine cocktails are something you can 'stay with' throughout a social occasion. Here a sip . . . there a sip . . . and you still have control of your senses. If anything, they lighten the mood and **lengthen** the libido—a pretty hard combination to beat! Or, to put it gayly . . . you get **glow** and **go**.

It's a good idea to buy your wines for cocktail use in gallon jugs. First, because it will save you a great deal of money. Moreover, when your friends hear about your 'new hospitality' they'll beat a path to your door, and so you'll have enough on hand to supply them all without having to run out to the liquor store for more.

In this brief article we are listing many interesting cocktails. You will note that if you were to purchase all the ingredients for the entire list of cocktails you'd very likely not have sufficient space in your kitchen for them. So may we suggest that you study the recipes for all . . . noting those that seem to have a particular 'tonsillizing' appeal, and then buy only the wines and mixing-ingredients the recipes call for. Then from time to time you may choose other wines for a change. If you've always hated such cliché drinks as, for example, the Bloody Mary, why not try the gayly popular

BUDDY MARY

2 oz. tomato juice
2 oz. dry (white) vermouth
A pinch of sugar
A dash of Worcestershire
Salt/pepper to taste

A strip of fresh lemon peel for each Buddy Mary.

Pour the tomato juice and the vermouth over shaved ice in an Old Fashioned glass. Sugar it, Worcestershire it, salt-and-pepper it. Stir. Then rub the glass first with the lemon peel and drop it in.

CHAMPAGNE FRANGIPANI

2 oz. champagne, well-chilled
2 oz. orange juice, well-chilled

Pour the two liquids into a fluted (tulip) champagne or wine glass (not a flat-bottomed glass) and stir quickly and serve. The reason for the fluted glass is that the bubbles from the champagne keep rising and the drink stays prettier and livelier longer. A flat-bottomed glass allows too much air to enter, and the drink quickly becomes flat.

SHERRY ALEXANDER

2 oz. medium dry sherry (not sweet; not 'nuttily' dry)
1 oz. light cream
1 envelope Alexander cocktail mix (from your supermarket)
1 oz. crushed ice

'Blenderize' ingredients until smooth. Pour into a large, well-chilled cocktail glass.

STUD BULL

2 oz. red Burgundy (California is fine)
½ oz. port wine (also California)
2 oz. strong beef bouillon, well chilled
A dash of freshly-ground pepper, and a lemon wedge

Pour all ingredients except the lemon wedge into an Old Fashioned glass half filled with shaved ice. Squeeze the lemon wedge into the glass, then drop it in, and stir.

SANGRIA FOR ONE

A slice of unpeeled apple
A half-slice of unpeeled orange
A thin slice of lemon
½ oz. orange juice (use only freshly-squeezed juice)
1 teaspoon grenadine
3 oz. dry red wine (Burgundy is fine)
Club soda

Put the fruit, orange juice and grenadine in a well-iced tall glass. Stir. Add ice, wine, and a splash

CIAO!

or two of club soda. Stir quickly and add a maraschino cherry.

(You may increase this recipe—as needed—for whatever number of guests you have.)

SHERRY MARGUERITA

2 oz. medium dry sherry (same as used for the Sherry Alexander)

1 oz. orange juice

½ oz. freshly squeezed lime juice

¼ teaspoon sugar

'Rim' (you should excuse the expression) the glass with orange juice, then twirl the rim in salt to frost it. Shake all ingredients with shaved ice (à la 007) and carefully strain into the prepared glass.

WINE MANHATTAN

2 oz. tawny port wine (be sure to ask your dealer for 'tawny')

½ oz. dry (white) vermouth

A dash of bitters

A strip of fresh lemon peel

A maraschino cherry

Put the vermouth, wine and bitters into an iced cocktail shaker. Stir well, strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Twist your lemon peel over it and drop in. Insert the inevitable cherry. (If you have quite large cocktail glasses you should increase all the measurements for all the cocktails listed here—proportionately—to 'take up the slack'. Nothing looks quite so dreary as an offering of a half-filled cocktail glass.)

ROSÉ DAIQUIRI

5 oz. Rosé wine

An envelope of Daiquiri cocktail mix from your supermarket

2 slices of fresh lime

Place the wine and the Daiquiri mix into a cocktail shaker with shaved ice. Shake until you're sure all the mix has been dissolved. Strain into cocktail glasses and garnish with a slice of lime.

SAUTERNE SURPRISE

3 oz. of a good dry sauterne (Graves Superieur is excellent)

1 oz. freshly-squeezed lime juice (never bottled or canned)

1 teaspoon sugar

1 oz. cranberry juice cocktail

A strip of fresh orange peel

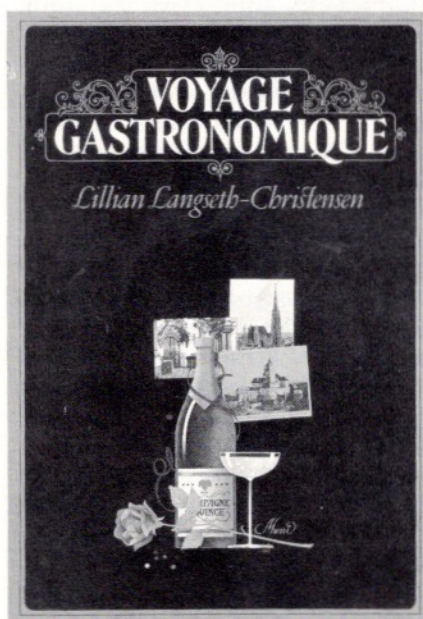
Put everything into an Old Fashioned glass half filled with shaved ice. Stir.

It's 'refresh-minty'!

September/October 1974

Book Review

By The Editors



If *Ciao!* has seemed remiss by reviewing only books of interest to the gay here-and-now of it, neglecting to comment on others which take a nostalgic look at the then-and-was of it, the truth is that no book other than *The Dream King*—the engrossing story of Ludwig II of Bavaria and his magnificent castles—has come to our attention. Now we have an opportunity to rectify this by bringing you word of a most rewarding book that is beautifully written and laden with nostalgia, *Voyage Gastronomique* by Lillian Langseth-Christensen (Hawthorn Books, Inc., 356 pages, \$13.95).

Although this book is neither gay nor gay-orientated, it will be of much interest to the whole spectrum of gay life because it will

inspire any gay host who entertains with elegance, since—to quickly pinpoint—more than a third of the book is devoted to fabulous recipes by fabulous chefs of fabulous hotels, restaurants—even palaces!—all over the world. If you'd like to 'grand it up' for your guests by tempting them with something as regal as, say, *Saumon Rothschild* (which translates in your oven to Hot Salmon with Oyster Mushroom Sauce), or delight them with the peasant

heartiness of *Himmel und Erde* (a truly 'heavenly and earthy' dish of apples, potatoes, pork sausage, hot milk and lemon rind) . . . then these are but two of a mouth-watering collection of recipes that make *Voyage Gastronomique* smooth sailing all the way, and a culinary treasure for everyone. Also . . .

It will be a special joy for gay opera buffs who not only pack the Metropolitan each Saturday afternoon, and whose record shelves bulge with opera albums, but who collect opera anecdotes with an equal enthusiasm. For our gay opera lovers, the author, who grew up wealthily in the Golden Age of opera, and under whose talented fingers all the great stars of that era come again to vivid life, this book is a trove.

You'll find enough anecdotes to keep you smiling broadly all the way through at least a dozen performances of *Parsifal* (even a couple of *Meistersingers!*). Mrs. Langseth-Christensen knew personally, or moved around in operatic circles with, all the great names from Emma Calvé (*Apples Calvé* were named for this diva), and Ernestine Schumann-Heink (who invariably sang *The Star Spangled Banner*, as the author recalls, with a specially-designed American flag draped around her ample figure (and for whom the dessert *Bombe Schumann-Heink* was aptly named!), through Margarete Matzenauer, to Lauritz Melchior and his *Norsk Fiskfars* dinners.

With a kind of gentle camp Mrs. Langseth-Christensen prefaces one of her most amusing anecdotes about opera greats with an observation about the big bosoms of the singers. "I have never felt that voices were more beautiful in my day, or that opera singers were greater, but they certainly were larger."

And she tells about a particular performance of the Wagner Ring Cycle in which Matzenauer sang *Brünnhilde*. For a long time rumor had it that the great diva had the biggest breasts in operaland but no one really knew this to be true. And so on this day rumor was to become legend when Siegfried leaped back after tearing away Brünnhilde's armor

plate and exposing her to himself and the audience while singing "Das is ja kein Mann" ("This is no man." The audience gasped in disbelief as off came everything and Matzenauer stood there topless. Indeed, she was "no man." Madame M had tits for the poor!

Mrs. Langseth-Christensen calls her book 'a culinary autobiography' and it is all that, but much more. It is the story of a rich period in elegant history and some of the chapter titles will clue you in better than an extended review could do . . . **Food Memories Around the World . . . Der Rosenkavalier Chez Nous . . . Ziegfeld, the Spas and Bads . . . The Near East, the Far East, and All Around the World . . . Vienna, Vienna, I Love You More Than Ever . . . Son et Lumière**, and dozens more that will enchant you every turn of the page.

Also, **Voyage Gastronomique** is the best (if not only) book with recipes of Viennese cookery of the days of Empire. This in itself makes it of great value. It needs a loving home in your library.

An interesting literary device employed by the author is that when a special dish is discussed within the context of the narrative, or if it is related to some noted personality, the name of the dish is printed in bold-faced type to indicate that the recipe is given in precise detail in the back of the book. Then a check of the convenient index will give you the exact page.

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

New York . . . In ruling on a case involving a woman charged with indecent exposure by peeling to the core while sunning on a Long Island beach in 1971, the Appellate Term of Nassau Supreme Court recently threw open the beaches of New York to nude sunbathing. Justices Mario Pittoni and David Glickman ruled that

"lewdness cannot be presumed from the mere fact of nudity." Many communities on Long Island and elsewhere in the state have posted new signs prohibiting nudity and warning that violators will be prosecuted. More and more guys are stripping down on gay beaches throughout the state, notably at Riis Park and on Fire Island. Arrests have been few.

Madison . . . Paul Ginsberg, dean of students at the University of Wisconsin's campus at Madison, recently said, "The coming out of gay groups is one of the most positive things that has happened on this campus." He was referring to what he considers a healthy openness among gay people on college campuses across the country; there are now about 250 homosexual student groups at colleges and universities in almost every state.

Malibu . . . Rudolf Nureyev's recent date at a swank Malibu Beach supper party was female impersonator Charles Pierce in drag.

New York . . . Two guys from San Francisco staying at the Plaza Hotel invited a local pickup to their room—and the hustler went into a Karate stance just before he left, threatening violence unless they surrendered all their cash and traveler's checks, which they did. He also put on a \$400 suit and \$90 shoes and made an easy getaway. The cops couldn't do a thing—except chuckle while being interviewed for TV news.

Chicago . . . The "dirty talk" shows in Chicago are going great guns. The customer views porno films while the attendant whispers sexual fantasies in his ear; there are both straight and gay establishments.

Tokyo . . . Kissing in public is considered indecent, but porno shops are everywhere and nude shows and lesbian performances are allowed to flourish in the provinces. There's even a TV show that features strippers. The government is very strict regarding the import of erotic magazines and even censors Playboy—but porno mags published and sold within the country are not subject to censorship. The availability of such material has met

with mixed feelings because it breaks with the tradition that sex should be private. Loose attitudes are making Tokyo all the more inviting for the tourist who wants a little nookie with his sake.

Los Angeles . . . On responding to questions on bisexuality put to her by a Newsweek reporter, Sharon, a pre-sex junior at a Los Angeles high school, confided, "All my friends are into it . . . there have been times when I've been afraid to go into the girls' room." The statement pretty much sums up the attitude concerning bisexuality by young people everywhere. Seems that if a guy likes you he won't object to having sex, and, in most cases, it's mutual. Fortunately—or unfortunately—gay writers are communicating in articles everywhere that being bi is chic and young people—anxious to experiment—are picking up the hint.

New York . . . The recent "paddling" of students by two deans at the Jordan L. Mott Junior High School in the Bronx not only resulted in legalities concerning the right to use corporal punishment—but also raised a lot of eyebrows among parents who had suspicions of sexual overtones.

Harlen . . . Small communities which are not totally unknown for biases, et al, are giving second thoughts to the Supreme Court rulings on obscenity, which, in effect, places decisions to ban or not to ban in the laps of "local communities." Such communities applauded the decision last year but are beginning to change. In the small Iowa town of Harlen the local movie theatre owner was happy about the Supreme Court action when it was announced and ran one G- or GP-rated film after another. Audiences comprised no more than 25 and usually included the local clergy. In order to save his business he started running X-rated films and sold out every time, thus proving that the local community was mature enough to keep up with the times. Now it remains to be seen whether the handful of religious leaders in town exert enough pressure to revert to the "dark ages." Harlen

CIAO!

is but one example of what's happening all across the nation—and it's about time.

New York . . . Transvestite revues are experiencing a wave of popularity at the moment. TV shows featuring transvestites, and widely publicized transsexual operations in recent months have touched off a fascination in the subject on the part of the general public. Some female impersonators who don't even consider themselves transvestites, and who are certainly not transsexuals, are cashing in by playing to packed houses. It is very unfortunate that transvestites and transsexuals are believed to be homosexuals by average straights; they give rise to stereotypes which are then assigned to the homosexual community. True homosexuals have no desire to impersonate the opposite sex in any form or manner. Most homosexuals actually consider transvestism and transsexualism sexual aberrations whose freaky and unwarranted associations with homosexuality is unfortunate.

More hot flashes next month.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- Three cheers for the Boston Redevelopment Authority, innovators of an "adult entertainment district" for their city. A section of Washington Street in the Combat Zone, which is already packed with porno shops and movie houses, will be "off limits" as far as cops are concerned. The official attitude, expressed by Ralph Memlo, a spokesman for the BRA, is that "... sex is here to stay, and the city is better off to put it in one place rather than try to stamp it out; it is part of the urban fabric." The agency plans to build two parks in the area, start shuttle bus service for tourists desiring to visit, and help owners fix up their storefronts. The move will help "legitimize" the sex business and discourage

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criminals and sleazy cops from getting a dishonest piece of the action.

- When traveling by train in foreign countries do not discard your ticket until you have exited at your destination. Tickets are sometimes required at the far end and if you have thrown yours away you may be required to pay again.

- Holland-America Cruises are now offering one-way fares between New York and Bermuda for those who want the combined experience of sailing and flying in either direction. Ships depart New York at 6 p.m. each Saturday and arrive in Bermuda the following Monday morning. From Bermuda, sailings Thursday afternoons for arrival in New York at 9 a.m. on Saturday. The 25,000-ton Statendam is used and sails in all seasons except winter. Dutch seamen are friendly and welcome advances made by gay passengers. Bermuda is relatively quiet but there are three bars where making friends is probable; they are the **Horse and Buggy**, the **Hog Penny Pub**, and **Gun Powder Caverns**. The hotels are staffed with young Europeans—and many are gay.

- Sections of California beaches are going nude all the time. One of the hottest is in Venice where there are always hundreds of nude bods soaking up the sun. Some are "legal" (such as Black's Beach in La Jolla) and others are not; the mood is relaxed as long as no one behaves in a generally offensive manner, thereby provoking locals to yodel for the cops. The gay beaches in and near New York City are getting a fair share of nudists this year—thanks to a recent ruling more or less legalizing nude sunbathing throughout the state. It is particularly noticeable at Riis Park and in Cherry Grove and The Pines on Fire Island. See "Gay World News and Notes" above for more information.

- If you are allergic to certain drugs, or if you are diabetic or have a rare blood type, you should carry written instructions on your person in case of accident, to enable the attendant to treat you properly. A fashionable way to

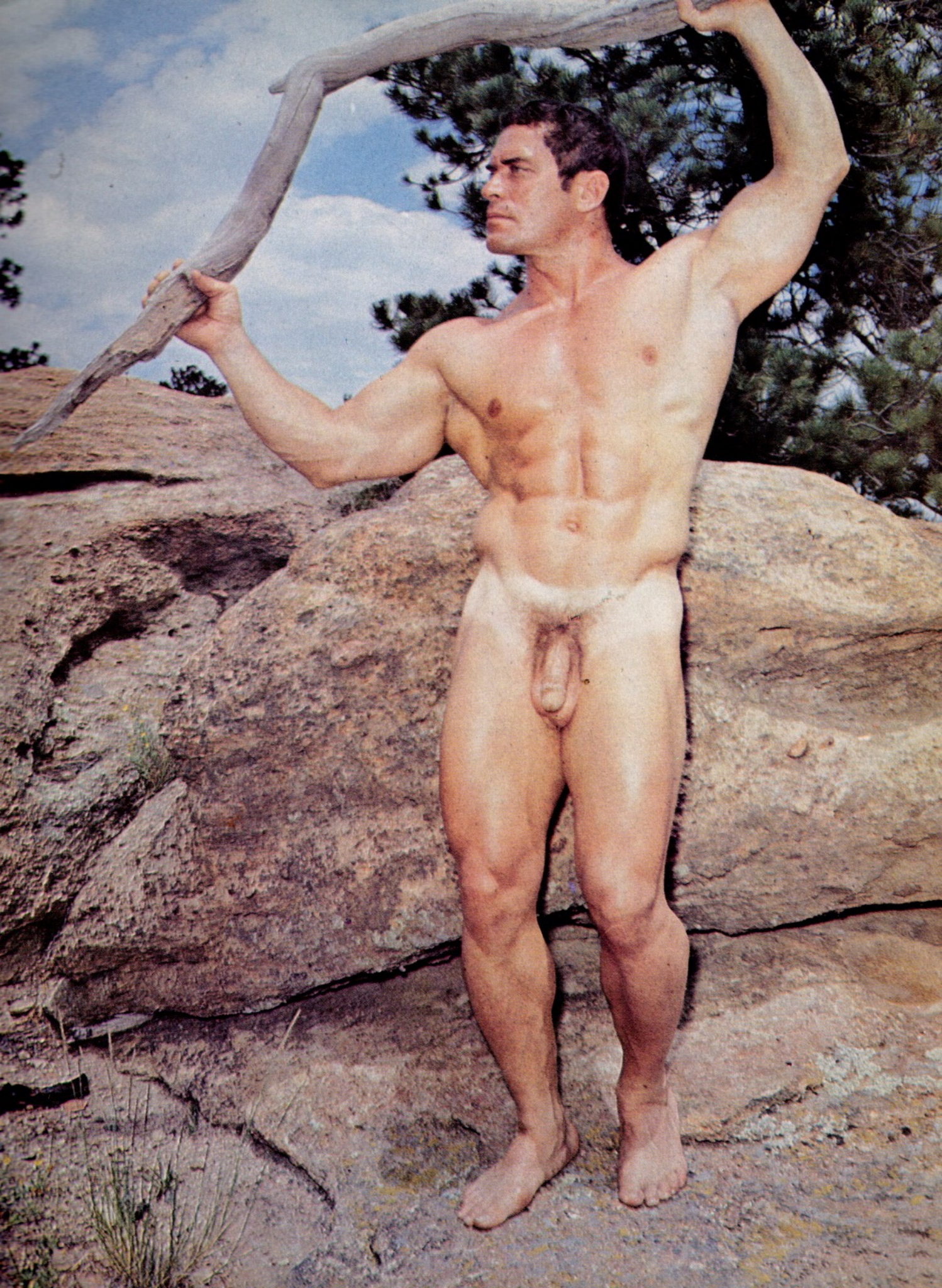
do this is to secure a Medic Alert bracelet—which is recognized throughout the world. They come in stainless steel (\$7), sterling silver (\$12), or gold-filled (\$28). Engraving is 75¢ a line. Write for information to Medic Alert Foundation, P.O. Box 1009, Turlock, Calif. 95380.

- If you're looking for the Fountain of Youth you may find it in Romania—at the Bucharest Institute of Geriatrics, whose director is Dr. Ana Aslan, famed for her work in making oldies look young. Scandinavian Airlines offers a tour of Denmark or Norway plus Romania, including a medical analysis, lab tests, consultations and treatments at the BIG. The all-inclusive price for a 21-day jaunt is \$1,499. See your travel agent or visit your local SAS office for further details.

- ONE Inc. also has a tour leaving for Scandinavia on Sept. 1. It's gay, of course, and 23 days of travel to Norway, Sweden and Denmark, plus Hamburg and Amsterdam, has a price tag of approximately \$1,300. The group will be met and entertained by gay friends in each city visited. For further details write to ONE Tours, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006.

- Keep off the grass—and all illicit drugs when traveling. Getting busted in many countries could cost you your life. Recent figures show that about 900 Americans—most under 30—are being held in jails around the world on various drug charges. Many foreign governments do not differentiate between the so-called "soft" drugs like marijuana and "hard" stuff like heroin; possession of grass in Spain, for example, can get you a jail sentence and up to a \$100,000 fine. Penalties for smuggling are more severe, ranging from life imprisonment in Canada and the Philippines, to death in Turkey and Iran. And don't trust local pushers because many of them are also informers who tip the police for payment. Gay guys are very easy marks because of our trusting nature with strangers. Remember that you are subject to the laws of the country you are in—and U.S. intervention is im-





possible when it comes to cases involving drugs.

- If you're doing the towns along the Costa del Sol be sure to visit Fuengirola. It attracts a lot of artists and writers, and the gay scene is heavier than in such resort cities as Torremolinos. Its "paseo"—a miles-long promenade along the seacoast—passes stretches of wide beach; the pathway and various points along the way are cruised.

- Three new books we recommend are: **Eurail Guide**, published by The Saltzman Companies, 27540 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, Calif. 90265, which sells for \$4.95 and contains detailed information on European train travel; **Enjoy Europe by Car**, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and sold at most bookstores for \$4.95, which contains everything you need to know about driving abroad; and **Bicycle Touring in Europe**, published by Pantheon, and available at most bookstores for \$2.95, which is an invaluable reference guide for pedaling through Europe.

- Educational Expeditions International is a non-profit organization that sponsors research projects which are open to laymen as well as professionals. They specialize in gathering groups to participate in such things as excavating an old farm site; descending into a dormant volcano for research purposes; or studying a coral reef. It's sort of a "work vacation" that you pay for, but it can be lots of fun and the groups are often comprised of rugged guys as young as 16. These are not gay tours so don't be explicit when you write for information: Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard St., Belmont, Mass. 02178.

- The American Youth Hostel operates more than 135 hostels in the U.S. and some 4,500 around the world where travelers of any age can stay. The annual membership is \$10 for travelers over 18, and \$5 for those under 18. Overnight charges range from \$1 to \$3. Accommodations are nothing to write home about, but fellow guests sometimes more than make up for the lack of plumbing. You can obtain free

information on hostel trips and accommodations by writing American Youth Hostels, Inc., National Campus, Delaplane, Va. 22025.

- When making the baths scene in different cities in the U.S. (where electric outlets and current are standardized) take along a small 7½-watt red bulb (they're about the size of a ping-pong ball and have a standard socket screw base). If the room you end up getting is too bright or too dark, remove whatever bulb is there and screw in yours. Its red glow will give your room a sexier look and make your bod look even greater as you lie seductively on your bed for passing strangers to see. If you want a red cast but prefer something brighter, then try a 25-watt bulb. Or pick up a "black light" (bulb-type with screw base) at your local electrical supplies store or mod boutique. Its purplish cast makes white glow and really livens up your sheets, teeth, etc. When you check out simply switch bulbs again.

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

Letters From Our Malebag

GARLIC BREATH & FARTS

Dear Editor:

Greetings from sunny Florida, and congratulations on a fabulous magazine!

Living here on a beach attracts a great many of my friends from up north and my house is always filled with visitors. I welcome them, of course, but so many linger on too long.

Well, my dear, I have discovered a way to shush them out without revealing what I am doing. When I get tired of them I simply start cooking all my lovely bean dishes (I have more than 67 bean recipes in my personal cook book) and spice them heavily with garlic. They are delicious, I assure you,

but the result is garlic breath and farts. Needless to say, after a few meals my friends have difficulty making friends in the bars and having sex at the baths. Apart from the highly unsociable odors, gas makes one very uncomfortable when getting screwed. And it's so, so embarrassing, poor dears.

Anyway, I just thought I'd share my little secret with you and your readers, in case you all are pestered by friends who overstay their welcome.

Bye now,
B.R.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

1974 MR. AMERICA

Dear Editor:

I had planned on going to York, Pa. in June for the 1974 AAU Mr. America contest, but took sick. It's the first contest I've missed in years.

The muscle magazines will be months in getting out pictures. I was wondering if you could publish a photograph of the new winner, Ron Thompson.

In a way, I'm glad I didn't go; the contestants were quite ordinary, by comparison with past contenders, from what friends tell me.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
W.J.

Los Angeles, Calif.



CIAO!

XAVIER... THE GAY CUCARACHA!

TACKY!

BY SPREAD EAGLE STUDIO

THE QUESTION THIS GAY STORY ASKS: CAN AN ACAPULCO CUCARACHA FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE DONKEY TRACKS FIND LUV 'N HAPPINESS WITH PISSPOT PINCUS... ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S HOTTEST HUSTLERS?

CHAPTER 3: A FRIEND AND THE ENEMY!

IN THE LAST BIT.. OUR BUGGY HERO WAS JUST SETTLING IN WITH PISSPOT PINCUS... WHEN SUDDENLY HE DISCOVERED THE CORNFLAKES WAS INHABITED..

EEK! COME OUT YOU SON OF A BEECH!

HOLD ON... SWEETCHIPS!

IT'S ONLY ME... FANNY FOO... THE BARBARY COAST'S HOTTEST WATERBUG! AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

OYECHIHUAHUA... A SPADE, DRAGQUEEN WATERBUG!

GLAD TA MEET CHA! ME NAME'S XAVIER!

UGH... A SPICK ROACH! THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

CORN FLAKES

CORN

YEAH... I JUST BLEW IN FROM MEXICO WIT PISSPOT 'N DECIDED TA CRASH HIZ PAD!

WOW... PISSPOT'S BACK! SEE YA LATER, HONEY!

HEY... COME OUT 'N FILL ME IN!

LATER LUV... I'Z NEED ALL THE BEAUTY SLEEP I'Z CUN GET! BESIDES P.P. AND ME DON'T EXACTLY HIT IT OFF!

¡MALDITA SEA! JUST WHEN I FOUND A FRIENDLY FACE! I THINK I'LL SPY ON PISSPOT AND JERK OFF!

BELOW...

OYE VEY... UN GOTO!

XAVIER... HONEY YOU'Z GOT A LOT TO LEARN! IT'S DA SURVIVAL OF DA FITTEST AROUND HERE!

DAT MOTHERFUCKIN' TOM BELONGS TO DA LANDLADY! HE SNEAKS UP HERE TO GRUB CHOW AND HASSLE US BUGS!

OK... WHAT'S THE FUCKIN' RACKET?

YOW!

GRUNCH...

CRASH!

...AND STAY OUT!

WHAT LEG WORK! HE'S MY KIND OF GUY... SIGH...

THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

RING

HI BRUCIE... I JUST GOT BACK! COME ON OVER... I'M HORNYY!

CHILD... WEEZ IN HEAVY TROUBLE! THAT'S BRUCIE... P.P.'S FAVORITE TRICK...! HE'S AN EXTERMINATOR!

GULP

MORE TO COME...!



Photo Feature of the Month

Travels With My Pet

"Mad Dog" Mains by Athletic Model Guild









Mexico



Athletic Model Guild



Canada

Ciao! Gallery

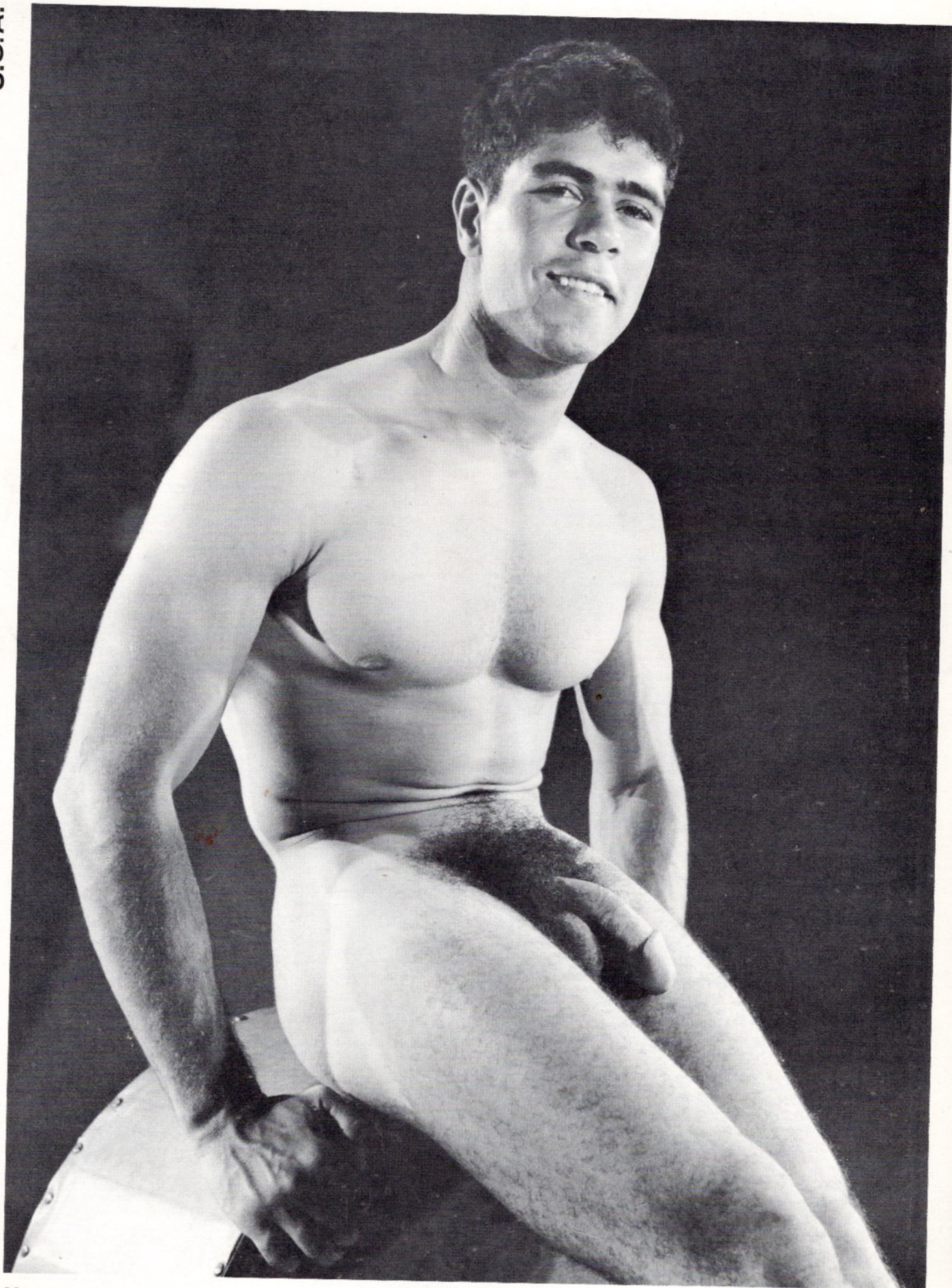
Super Studs Of The World
Compiled by The Editors



Sweden



Austria

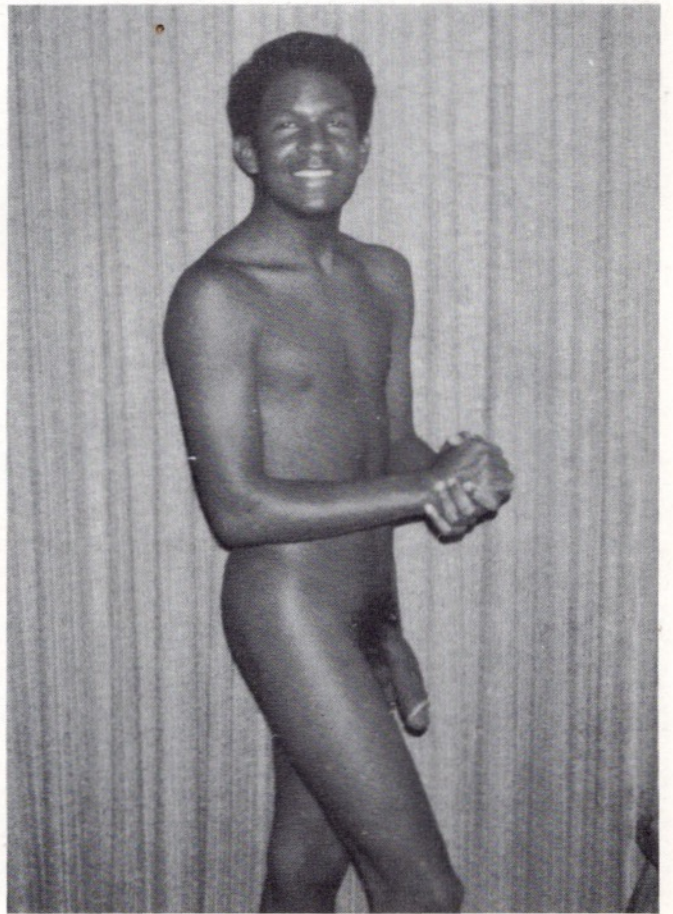


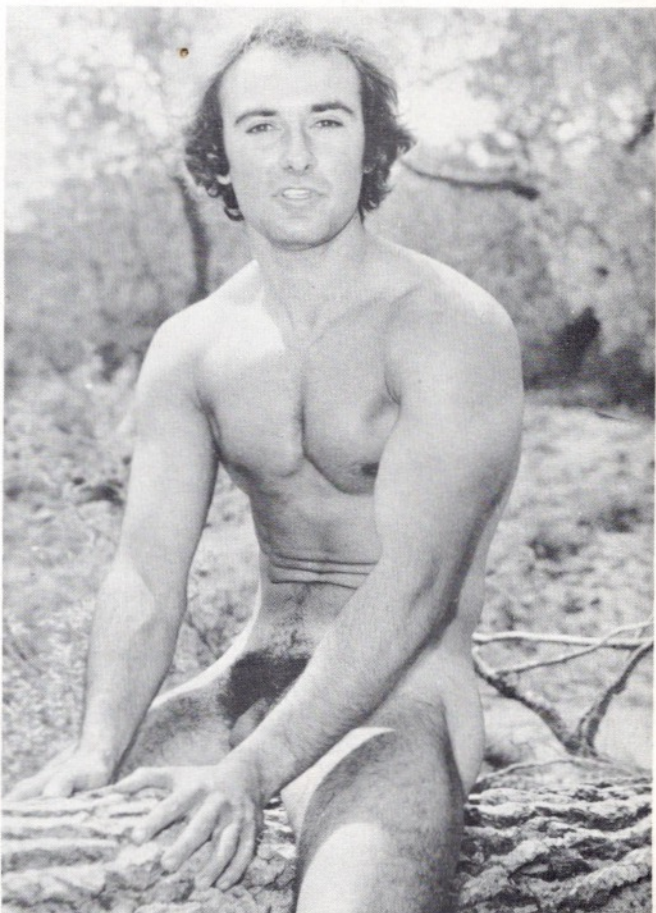














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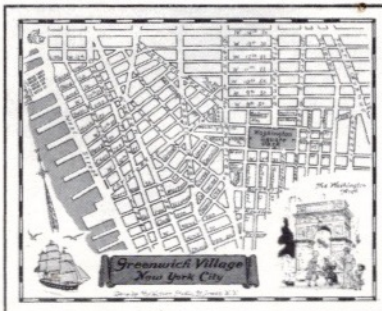
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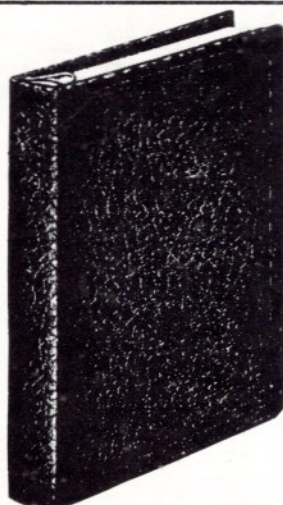
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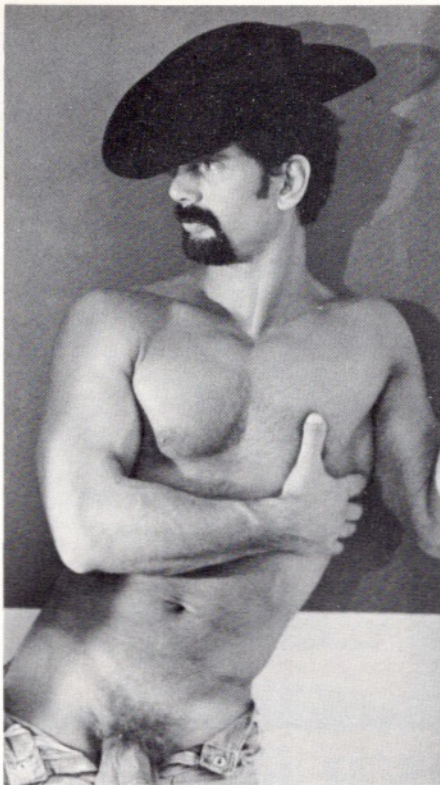
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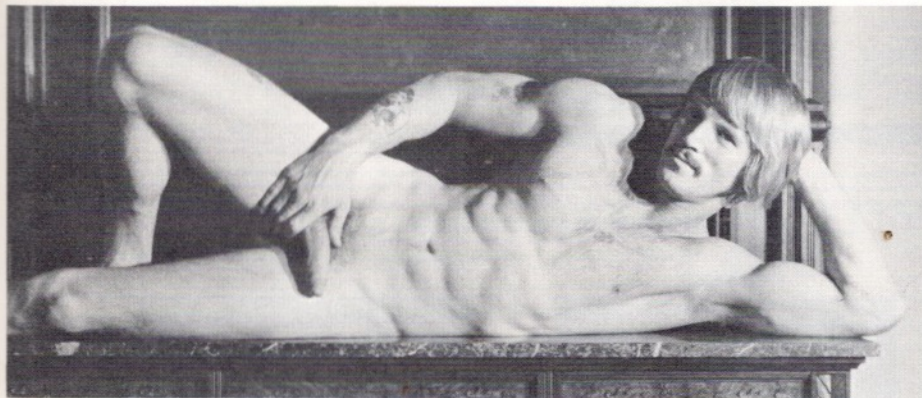
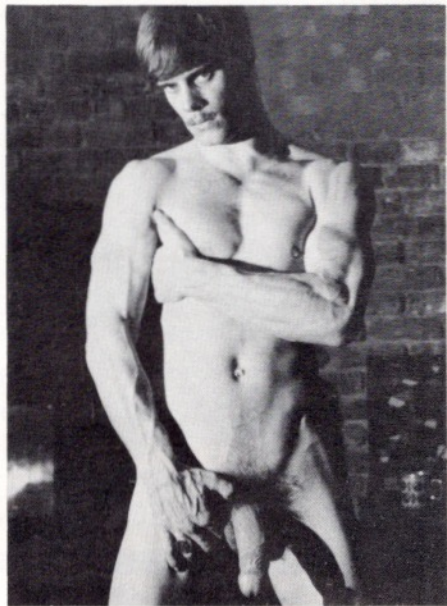
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▼ **DAK** You'll be seeing him soon on TV and in the movies (*Kojack*, *"The Stepford Wives"*, etc.) but *our* cameras got there first. A real winner! **A TARGET EXCLUSIVE.**



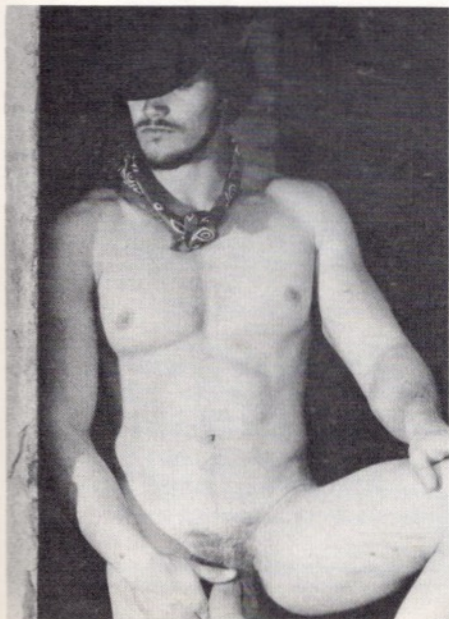
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▼ **JIMMY** When he invited us to his rumpus room, we brought our cameras along and found Jimmy at play with his buddy Steve. Table tennis it ain't!

▲ **BARRY** This tattooed titan really came alive the minute his clothes came off. There's just *no* keeping him down!

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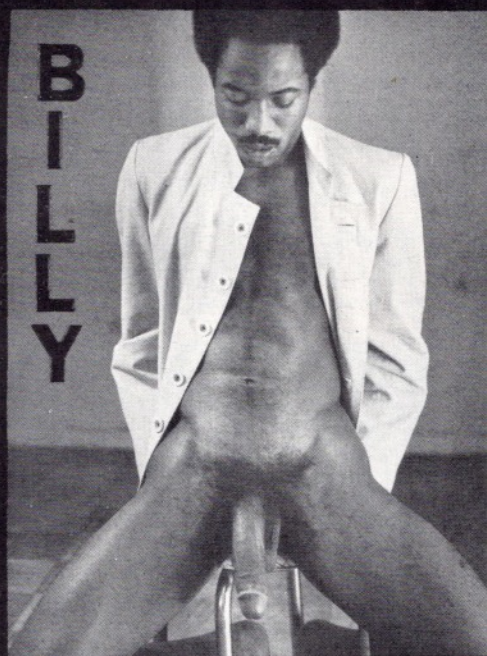
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are featured in the September-October '74 QQ MAGAZINE out in mid-July. QQ features travel articles completely different from places covered in CIAO!

SEX STORIES

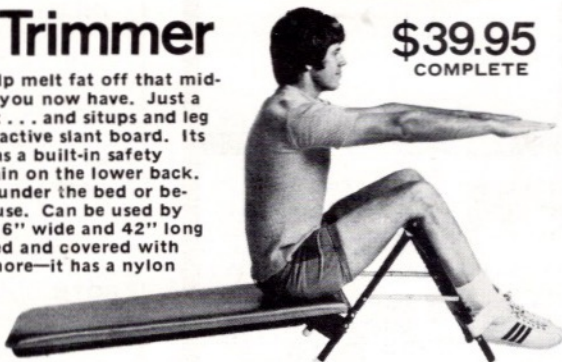
Something new has been added to BODY, our beautiful picture magazine ... original hot 'n horny fiction in every issue. See our ad on page 4 and get your copy today!

Hamburg

swings ... and you can find out all about its action spots in the November-December QQ out in mid-September. In that same issue ... the gay life in MONTE CARLO. And in the current September-October QQ read all about MALAYSIA. On sale wherever you buy this magazine ... or see ad on p. 4.

The Waist Trimmer

Here's what you need to help melt fat off that mid-section or keep what shape you now have. Just a few minutes a day will do it ... and situps and leg raises are a snap on this attractive slant board. Its unusual bent-knee design has a built-in safety feature which places no strain on the lower back. And it stores so compactly under the bed or behind the door when not in use. Can be used by guys of any height ... it's 16" wide and 42" long and completely foam padded and covered with "wet look" vinyl. What's more—it has a nylon carrying strap; 1/2" foam knee-protector; and safety folding lock hinge. Comes with instructions.



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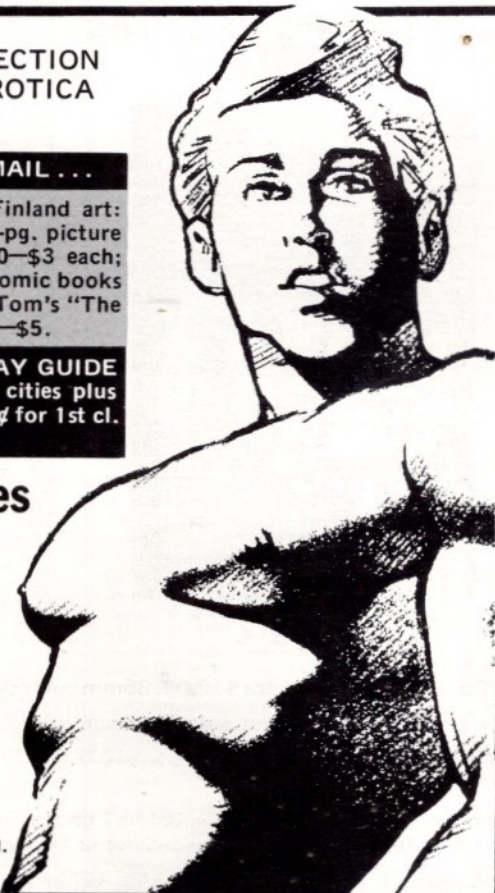
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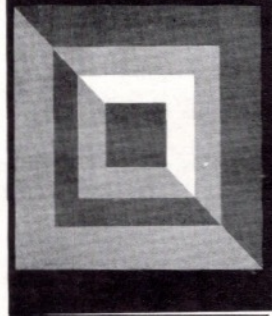
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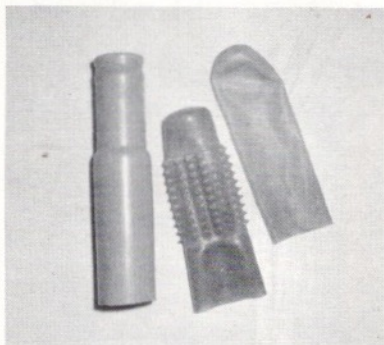
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The Juice Tube

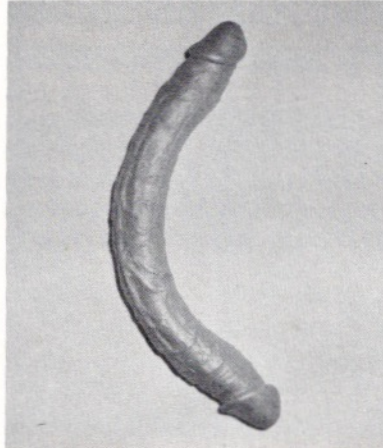


THE JUICE TUBE is a soft, hollow rubber tube which comes with two completely washable condom-like insert liners—one smooth, one lined with dozens of little "nipples." The main section is 4½" deep by 1¼" diameter. Because it is a tight fit its action is caused by squeezing which produces warm suction and friction. Must be used with lubricant. The top insert is a 1½" depression which can be used to accommodate a "finger vibrator" (sold at most drugstores) which is not necessary for use. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

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The Gemini 18

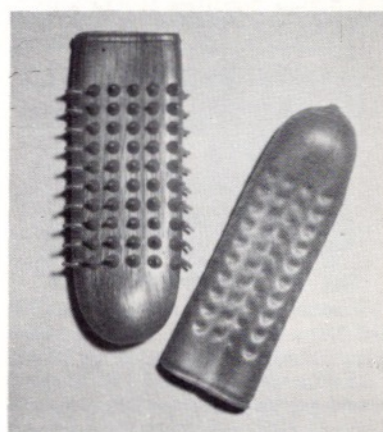


THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

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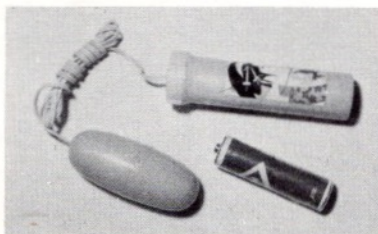


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THE SINKER \$19.95

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THE BIG HOLE \$10.95

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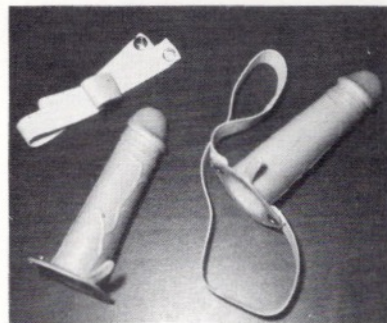


Pucker up for some deep throat action. These lips are made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere. Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a plainly-marked packet.

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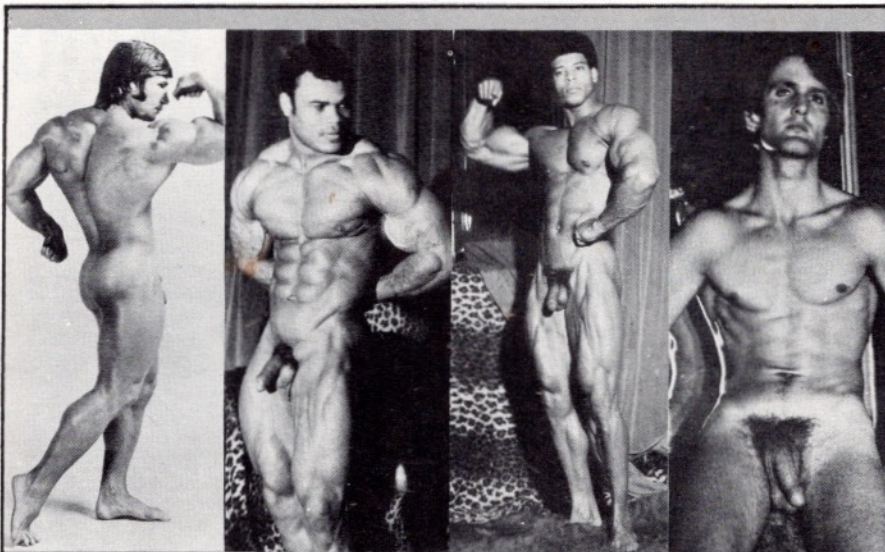
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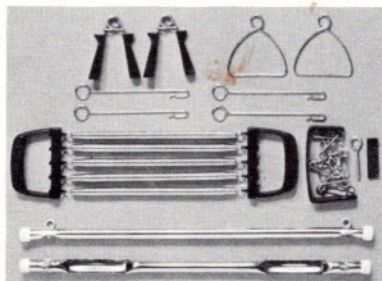


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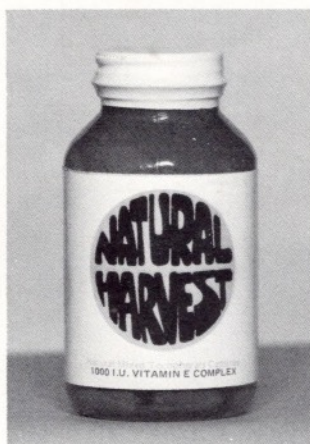
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