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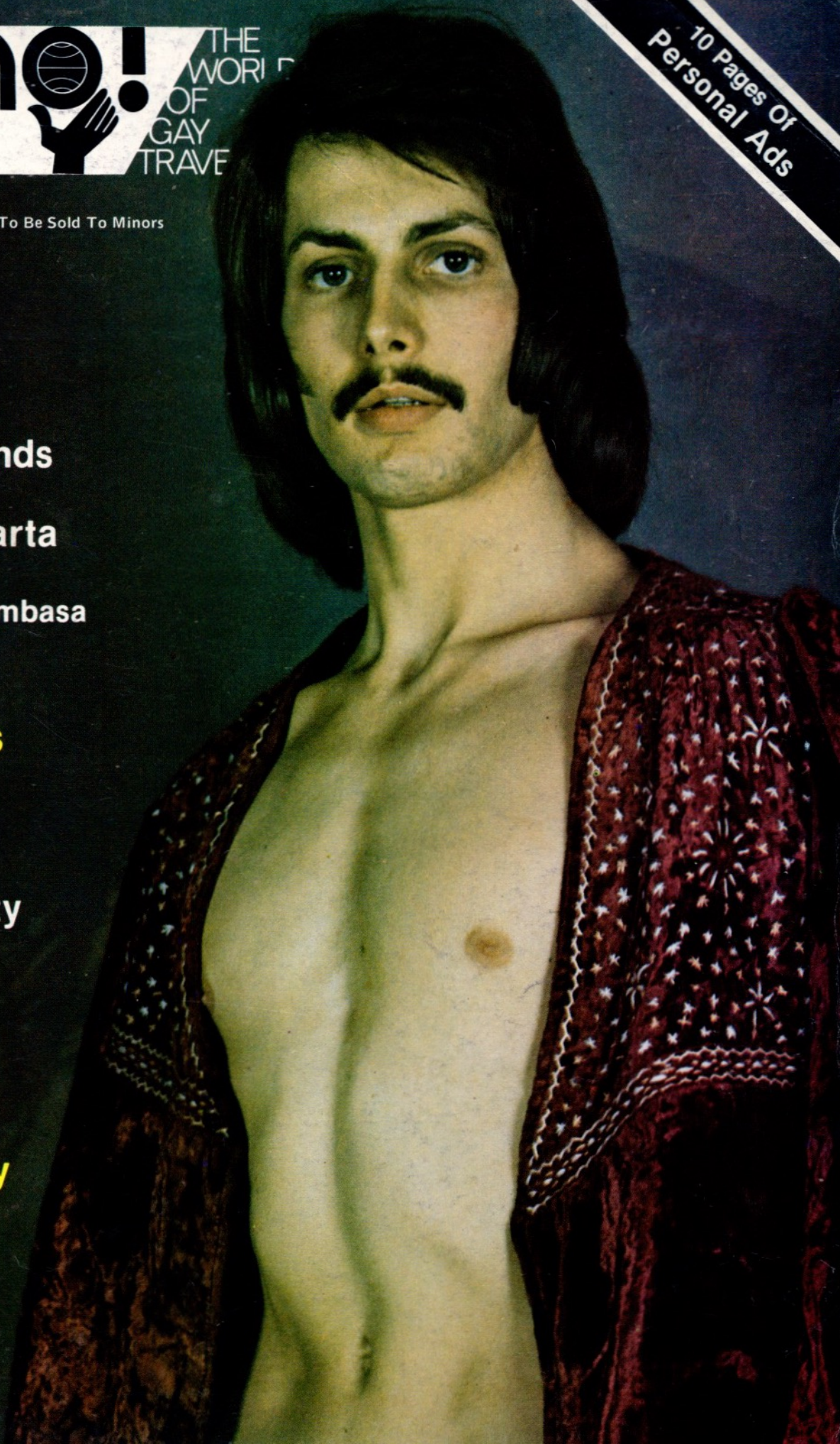
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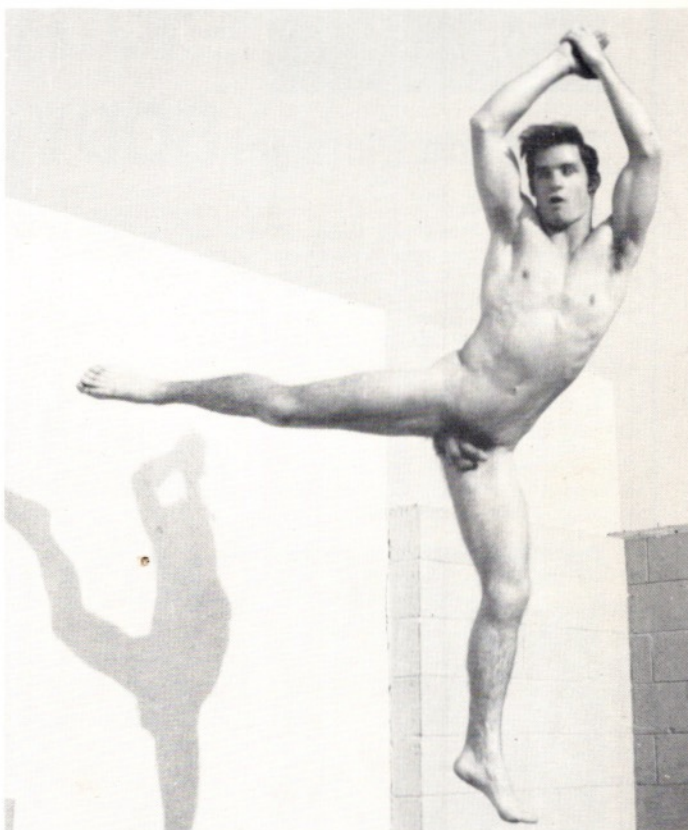
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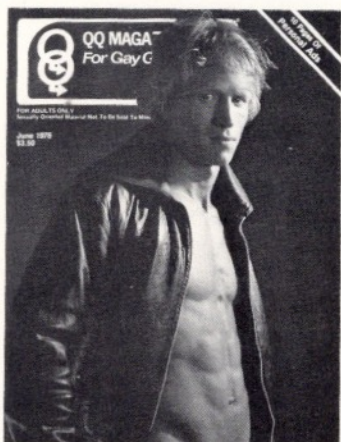
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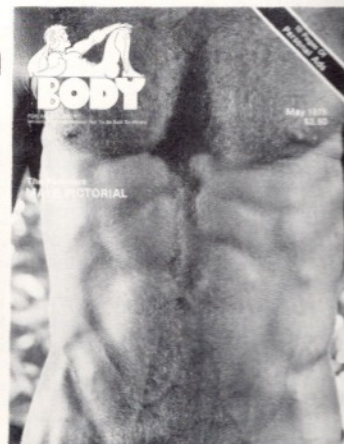


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Dublin's Pubs

The 'Ould Green' Is Getting Gayer!

By David Bartel

In commenting on the "paradox Irishman" Brendan Behan once said, "You'll find that he's either rake-hell handsome, or as plain as a cobbled fence . . . there's rarely an in-between." Also, that "While at any one moment he may be slogged in sorrow, just give him a song and a pint o' plain and see him come alive with roarin' gay spirits!"

Although Behan didn't mean gay gay (he was a shillelagh-type straight, and possibly Ireland's booziest, raunchiest womanizer), he may have inadvertently given us a clue to that ongoing Irish phenomenon—the emergence of gay life, particularly in Dublin and specifically in Dublin's many colorful pubs. This is all the more remarkable because (1) for centuries Ireland has been a feudal fiefdom of the Church in Rome, whose tenets have little but thin gruel for gay people, and (2) whose heavy-handed influence on the nation is still so great that homosexuality is not just a "you're going straight to hell" sin, but is written into law as a harshly-punishable crime.

Dublin's pubs are, therefore, never overtly gay. In principle, they cannot be even covertly gay, yet some—having found a key to the shackles—are operating somewhat 'subterfugitively' and succeeding wildly, because gay life in Dublin is increasingly abundant and—like water—seeks its own level. Later in this article we shall list these bars and some other gay possibilities that can make your visit to, or through, Dublin more rewarding.

THE PUB 'FEIS'

In almost every pub, however straight, there will come a time when you'll see gay life pop up in many delightful ways . . . maybe lots, maybe little, and always as just a gay brushfire (enough to singe you a bit

around the edges). This not only invariably, but inevitably, happens whenever an impromptu 'feis' takes place—which is quite often.

Feis is the Gaelic word for festival, or—more accurately—a contest-festival since a competition is involved, with prizes being awarded for the best harpers, singers, music groups, dancers and—most important—poets. The **feis** is as old as Brian Boru, the first of the Irish kings, who founded it (also winning first prize for his harp-playing), and although usually it is a huge outdoor affair, with contestants coming from all across the land, a spinoff or mini-version of the **feis**, such as a small get-together for an outpouring of songs, instrumental playing and poetry reading, is what makes Dublin's pubs so uniquely interesting, and contributes so much to gay recognition in a quite different and very cruisy way. There is a bit of the minstrel in every Irishman—more in gay Irishmen. So if you should be strolling the colorful streets of Dublin and note some humpy guy with a guitar slung over his shoulder, or a dreamy-eyed, long-haired number with a sheaf of probable poems under his arm, follow them into the pub. Tarry awhile . . . you may be in for a wonderful afternoon/evening, plus the gay experience of your life. After two 'pints o' plain' they'll be primed for the 'mini-feis'.



It should be mentioned that whatever gay sparks may be struck in such a pub do not occur in the principal dartboard/racing-forms area of the main bar. Usually—because Dublin's pubs were (and some still are) part of

a pub/lodgings—there may be two or more floors whose corridors open on to special do-it-yourself entertainment rooms, and it will be in one of these that you'll find your quarry. He will know from previous visits just where he's likely to meet others who share his interests/lifestyle—music, poetry or gay otherwise. It's all so informal and—as it grows wilder—so uninhibited that you'll find yourself joining in the songs and having a whale of a good time while waiting to make definite eye contact with your prospective trick.

DUBLIN'S 'BALLAD PUBS'

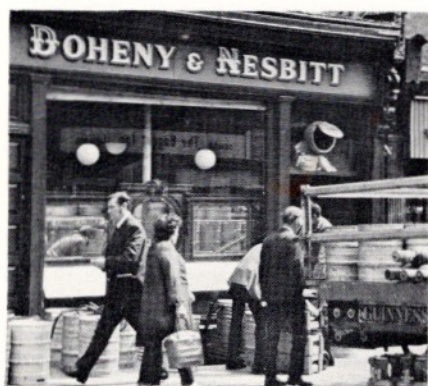
The popularity of minstrelsy and impromptu entertainment in Dublin's regular pubs has led some Irish entrepreneurs to latch onto it as a commercial venture, hence many so-called 'Ballad' or 'Singing Pubs' have sprung up. In such pubs a cover charge of about 75 cents to \$1 is usually made. Unfortunately, the 'impromptuity' is lacking since the entertainment becomes more of a floor show, and what results is a kind of tourist attraction where one hears endless choruses of **My Wild Irish Rose**, **When Irish Eyes Are Smiling**, and **McNamara's Band**, in which you're expected to join in. It's not very gay, although some opportunities arise, inasmuch as most of the audience are visitors from the United States and there will be some gay guys among them.

Among these representative 'Ballad Pubs' are **The Limelight** on Thomas Street; the **Castle Inn** on Christchurch Street; and **Lawlor's** on Wexford Street—all in the center of the city. You might give them a try. You'll be very little out of pocket and you might find someone quite interesting.

In general, Dublin's regular pubs take on the character of the neighborhood they serve. For example, **Mulligan's** of Poolbeg Street is one of Dublin's most popular pubs; its clientele is made up largely of humpy Trinity College students and journalists. Both Trinity and **The Irish Times** are just around the corner. This is a busybusy place,

especially on weekends—and so crowded that its western-style swinging doors are closed to outsiders long before the 11:30 curfew. This is one of those 'several-rooms' pubs—a big one with huge refectory tables in the back, plus two smaller rooms up front. Generally it is so packed that at closing time the customers have to be shouted out.

Two other regular pubs are across the street from one another. One is **Doheny and Nesbitt's**, Merrion Row—perhaps the most charming of Dublin's smaller pubs. Much polished wood and gleaming glass—people who like their pubs on the quiet side come here and nowhere else. But just across the street **O'Donoghue's** is quite a different matter. If you can carry a tune, play an instrument, or if you're a poet with a letter to the world, this is where you'll be welcome. The atmosphere is informal. The entertainment is wholly spontaneous, and no one can be budged until closing time. If you go on a weekend, get there before 8 p.m. because you can't find a seat after that. By 10 p.m. it's impossible to even get inside the door.



Dublin's trend setters . . . designers, theatre people, television performers and hip professionals in other fields are to be found in numbers at **Neary's** on Chatham Street. This is a most elegant pub of Edwardian design. Two bars, one upstairs, one down, are a sea of maroon velvet. Lighting is by courtesy of beautiful old gas lamps. You also might like to come here for the best lunch in Dublin. A fantastic range of fresh salads and sandwiches, and their in-

season specialties—Dublin Bay prawns and salmon.



Several Dublin pubs are the hangouts of those with literary connections. **McDaid's** and **Davy Byrnes** are very popular. Davy Byrnes on Duke Street was Behan's favorite hangout. McDaid's gets the 'earnest' ones . . . it's a very soulful talk-talk pub with a lot of gay guys and gals making it moreso. The Dublin pubs are so varied in design, ambience and clientele that one could write extensively on this alone. If you're there, and would like to explore them yourself—coming up serendipitously with a real treasure trove—pop in at such pubs with their traditional colors still flying . . . their character unchanged . . . as the **Pembroke** on Pembroke Street; **Toner's** on Merrion Row; **Sinnott's** on South King Street; **Keogh's** on South Anne Street; and the **Palace Bar** on Fleet Street.

GAY PLACES

If you are contemplating a visit to or through Dublin and would like to have up-to-the-minute word on the gay picture, you might get in touch with the Irish Gay Rights Movement, P.O. Box 739, Dublin. It is the one organization so far that comes right out and says right loudly "Gay!"

Yet there are the 'pub probables' you'll want to investigate yourself. One is **Bartley Dunne's Pub** adjoining Wendels Hospital on Lower Stephen's Street. This

place really jumps with a mixture of gay/straight, although at times it is heavily gay. Also with a large gay clientele are the **Bailey Pub**, 2 Duke Street, just off Grafton Street; **Rice's**, 141 St. Stephen's Green at Grafton Street; **Tobin's** on Duke Street, just off Grafton (a sprinkle to a splurge of gay people—depending on the time of day, and the occasion). Also **Jonathan's Café** on Grafton Street, where gay guys often go to have delicious Irish food. And earlier we mentioned **Davy Byrne's**. This pub is unusual. Although it is very elegant in design and atmosphere, and attracts the famous and nearly-so among Irish writers and journalists, and would never admit to being the least bit gay, it *is*—often. Gay people in the profession love it and come here frequently. Stop in. You'll like it.

A 'mixed bag' is **The Ranelagh Health Institute**, 47 Ranelagh Road. It's a baths, and a good one. Its clientele is mixed, though the gay guys do not feel the least inhibited. Much groping. The best days are usually Monday, Tuesday and Friday. By common consent gay guys reserve those days for **The Ranelagh**. Still, a word of caution. The Dublin police keep a close watch on this place, so you, as a foreigner, should take care. The Irish know how to cope with the situation best. Follow their lead, and you may wind up with some surprising goodies.

It would be a pleasure to present a completely focused picture of Dublin's gay life. It is becoming more cohesive, and with a few more papal bulls like Pope Paul's diatribe against "incurable homosexuals" . . . consigning the unrepentant to Outer Perdition . . . it will surely come, as night follows day, that gay people in this heavily Catholic country and—until now—devout practitioners of the faith, will begin to take matters into their own hands. Oppression is oppression in whatever form, and wherever one finds it. Dealing with it firmly has been our greatest strength and pride in recent years. Ireland's gay will have their day!

Puerto Vallarta

Sex For A Lazy Afternoon

By Scott Young

In 1964, when Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner were here during the on-location filming of **Night of the Iguana**, Puerto Vallarta was just another quaint little Mexican fishing village whose only excitement was generated by the meteor-like blast-in of each morning's sunrise . . . blood red, as though gored, and fleeing some celestial bull . . . and the late-afternoon blastoff of an equally spectacular passion-purple sunset as it headed over the horizon down Acapulco way.

During the intervening twelve years, those of this little coterie who actually put Puerto Vallarta on the international vacation map have grown a little tatty around the edges. Taylor is broader of beam; Burton is craggier of face; Kerr is relegated to late-late-night television, while Gardner . . . well, whatever happened to the Barefoot Contessa? Still shoeless, probably. Puerto Vallarta, however, while still no boom-boom St. Tropez, has seen its fortunes rise. If the **Iguana** foursome returned today they'd find it all much changed. Only the breath-taking rising and setting of the sun, and the heavenly star-filled nights are the same.



Liz Taylor and Richard Burton lived here while filming "Night of The Iguana" in Puerto Vallarta.

When **QQ Magazine** visited Puerto Vallarta and reported on it in our August 1971 issue, we
May/June 1976

remarked that even then it had become highly colonized, with beautiful hotels and sumptuous villas that seem to be floating in the mountains, looking indulgently down on the sleepy adobe village with its stretch of magnificent beach, and dreamlike Bay of Banderas. In commenting on the gay scene, we found it operating principally along the beach itself, involving mostly vacationing visitors, with only a sprinkling of those heartbreakingly-beautiful beach boys. Then such a term as 'hustler' was infrequently understood; those gorgeous guys with the generous genitals were still **muy rustica**, and had not yet found their worth in the dollar market.

That's all changed, too . . . has it **ever!** Today, those liquid-eyed humpyhornies with the hot buttered buns are all **mayates** (hustlers). And in addition to knowing just how stiff to make the bargaining price (once \$5 . . . now, think about \$15), and although not knowing much English, can instantly translate dollars into **pesos** and **vice** into **versa!**

They've developed quite an expertise, too. Their aim is to please, and with what **few** English words they know, plus pointing broadly and Spanish-speaking the rest of the come-on, you should have no difficulty in entering a 'workable' relationship. It may be of some help if you will commit this brief glossary to memory:

Uno carrereado. Fast sex . . . a quickie. (For which, think no higher than \$10!)

Chingar. Fuck.

Mamar. Suck.

Ocho. (Although this word means 'eight', it actually describes a sex configuration of bodies . . . it really means '69'.)

Chaqueta (also **manuela**). A hand job.

Verga. Cock. **Verga dura.** Hard-on.

Te gusta mamar? Wanna suck (do you like to suck)?

Te gusta cojer? (Wanna fuck (do you like to fuck)?

Chichifo. A hustler who only fucks. Also a rough hustler.

Donde podemos ir? Where can we go?

Veniste? Did you come (are you coming)?

Spanish grammarians will, of course, shoot holes in some of these translations. But they are economically feasible when bartering for sex, when greater formality is out of the question because of time's a'wastin' and the language difficulty. Suffice it to say that you'll be correctly understood. And, as noted, if words fail you . . . 'gesticulate'!

Today, for all of Puerto Vallarta's new sophistication, any sex-accommodation will, generally speaking, be arranged for at the beach during the daylight hours from late morning until sunset. Why not at a gay bar, one might wonder, particularly one who is enthusiastic about beach life? Four good reasons:

1. The two bars where gay guys show up in some force are almost deserted until after sundown. In Puerto Vallarta, as in other Mexican coastal areas, sex is for a lazy afternoon, and the sunnier and warmer the day, the sexier the sex. Also, those terrific beach boys who make the scene during the day are usually at home with their families at night. Sex after nightfall, you may find, is usually with other gay visitors.

2) The trick you rent for \$10 to \$15 will probably need the money to buy food for his many brothers and sisters, or possibly for his wife and growing brood. Hence he will not willingly fork over one **centavo** for even a bottle of beer in any bar—gay or straight—to case the joint for a possible trick. Bar cruising, in the main, will yield minimal results except for visitors like oneself.

3) Mexico is an all-Catholic country. Unlike big cities such as Guadalajara and Mexico City, where gay bars flourish, in the smaller towns like Puerto Vallarta the local clergy rules the roost with iron hand and declares such bars to be off-limits to the faithful. Moreover, Pope Paul's latest blast at "the unbridled exaltation of sex," and particular at "those incurable homosexuals," will definitely have been translated into Spanish and read as a pastoral letter

from every Puerto Vallartan pulpit. Thus the gay bar—by ecclesiastical edict or clerical displeasure—is a no-no. However hot 'n horny the Puerto Vallartan gay guy or hustler may be, he is unlikely to risk the censure of his parish priest, or the disapproval of his neighbors by frequenting a gay bar.

4) Then, too, there are really no all gay bars. All bars are cruised and some are semi-gay. Contacts are made in any bar by those with eyes to see and hands to explore in the johns. The two most favored by gay guys—mentioned earlier—are the **Oceano Bar**, located in the center of the beach opposite the lighthouse, and the **Piano Bar Continental**, diagonally across from the Hotel Oceano. You might divide your cruising time between them—after sundown. You will undoubtedly connect, but you'll connect faster and more often along the beach—the **Playa del Sol**. It's all there, and ready!

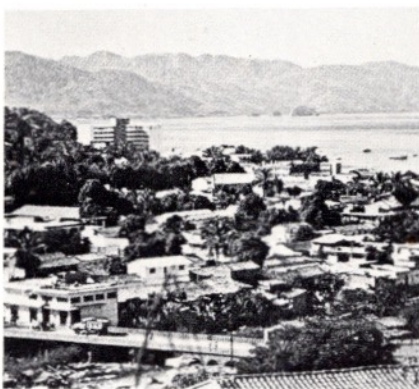
WHERE TO STAY

If you would like to stay in a good hotel that also draws quite a contingent of gay visitors, book the **Hotel Eldorado** on the very gay El Dorado Beach. Unlike similar hotels in Acapulco where the management can spot a sharky hustler at fifty paces and stop him cold at the elevator, the 'Acapulcan Ripoff' has not as yet reached epidemic proportions in Puerto Vallarta, and so—at this reporting—you should have no difficulty taking someone to your room . . . particularly during daylight hours.

Then, too, you may prefer to rent a condominium apartment during your stay. This gives you even greater freedom. At the final tally you may find that you've saved money above what the cost for a single room in a luxury hotel would be; in addition, you'll have the services of a maid who cleans, sews, launders and will even cook and serve for you. No questions asked. Your travel agent will have a list of such accommodations at his fingertips.

Or you may choose to have two pads . . . a luxury hotel room plus a tricking hotel. For

the latter try the delightful **Posada del Roger** which lies less than a stone's throw from the principal beach—the Playa del Sol. This is a charming gay establishment not listed by any travel agency. For accommodations you must write the Posada del Roger directly. Senor Roger is a charming gay man and his 'beds' are rented at rates beginning around \$2.60 per bedroom single and \$3.90 for a double. His 'special' rooms go for about \$8, and all open onto a delightful patio and lovely garden. A very clean and well-kept place—quite unlike any other place in Puerto Vallarta. The clientele is not solely gay—mixed, is a more accurate term . . . usually 70% gay to 30% straight. If you connect, this will easily be the least expensive place in town, and the one with the greatest value.



In the downtown area you'll find the **Hotel Rio**, at about \$7 per single, a good value. This is an American-owned hotel, and is well run and desirable in every way

DINING OUT IN PUERTO VALLARTA

Puerto Vallarta should get four stars for each of its many fine restaurants. Cooking is a fine art in this small town, and, as you can imagine, fish dishes are excellent. Dine at least once in **La Fonda del Sol**, surely one of the most beautiful restaurants anywhere. And drive just a few miles toward Acapulco along the Gold Coast to **El Set** . . . fantastic! If you know Capri, El Set will remind you in many ways of Gracie Fields' **La Canzone del Mare**, with its 'swim

between courses' outdoor pool and thatched-roof dining terraces. A series of steps down the cliffside leads to a private beach and bar. Try to arrive at El Set late in the afternoon. The sunset—as that great ball of fire heads for Acapulco—is soul-filling. This, plus the incomparable food, will make your visit unforgettable.



Unlike most other resorts, gay life—for all the proscriptions of Mother Church—has become so intricately woven into the fabric of the town that just when one hits upon this secret, and begins to enjoy it all the more, it's time to pack up and return home. So our suggestion is that you either plan an extended vacation there, or else divide it into two parts. In that way you'll learn to know it and love it, as more and more gay guys are doing every year.

Gay Boston

By Daryl Touhy

Boston is about as American as you can get—and this Bicentennial summer the city will play host to visitors from all over the world who want to celebrate our history. Our past lives here. You can see it in the buildings and—more importantly—sense it in the people whose forefathers helped forge the spirit that is America.

Here is a beautiful city. Treasured neighborhoods such as Beacon Hill where you can walk cobblestoned streets under gas lamps. Clean. Orderly. Free of crime by comparison with other cities across the country—in

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spite of what the school-busing situation has done to turn whites and blacks against each other. It is a city that is filled with pride; where landmarks are preserved and not destroyed. Perhaps it is this element of civic responsibility, pride, that makes Boston a nice place to visit and a still nicer place to live in.

Thanks to their Yankee heritage and the blending of many nationalities, particularly the Italians, and Dark Irish, the people are beautiful. And thanks to its more than 50 colleges the town looks young and has a youthful bounce. Friendly too. Not uptight either—in spite of whatever notions outsiders have about Bostonians being “proper.”

Gay life is great. Lots to do. Whatever your cruising bag you'll fill it easily. Here's how:

HOTELS & BATHS

Boston has many fine hotels and motels, so finding a good place to stay is no problem. You may opt for the **YMCA**, 316 Huntington Ave. It's very popular so make reservations well in advance. All floors are cruised but the best section is the newer wing—and particularly the upper floors which are residential. Very heavy action.



YMCA

If you prefer to use a gay baths as your hotel, make arrangements at the Club when you arrive for come-and-go privileges. If that thought is too much for you—at least stop by for some fun. There are three pleasure tubs in town:

Club, 4 LaGrange St. Part of the chain, with the usual amenities. Four floors, private rooms and lockers—for group action or private encounters. Don't forget

to bring your membership card. If you don't have one, stop by during the day and see the manager about joining.

Liberty Tree Health Spa, 39 Boylston St. (downstairs). It's under the Carnival (see below) and as such attracts those who frequent the bar. Membership required, so take identification when you go.

Regency, 11 Otis St. There are cubicles that can be locked here. Only one floor but the action is the best in town—especially on Monday nights when the rates are lowered. Also membership so take identification.

RESTAURANTS

There are no gay restaurants in town. Though several are owned and operated by gays, they cater to heterosexuals, and suit and tie are required. We prefer a more casual place—like **Ken's**, 549 Boylston St. Relaxed dining in this Super Deli which resembles Wolfie's in Miami Beach, and Junior's in Brooklyn. It's not gay as such, but you'll be in good company—especially after the bars close.



Ken's

But if you prefer a more formal dining atmosphere try **Saint Botolph Street Restaurant**, 99 St. Botolph St. Actually, the atmosphere is quite cozy in this 100-year-old renovated town house. The food is excellent, the menu varied, and there are no dress restrictions; come in jeans or wear a suit and tie. The place attracts a conservative element as well as gays, rock stars and pro athletes. Open from noon to 1 A.M. Feast on hamburgers or such specialties as lemon steak.

BARS

Boston is an easy city to

travel. Before you get accustomed to getting around by foot or public transportation, rely on taxis. They'll save a lot of time and distances are not great, so your budget will be kept intact. Once you do become familiar with the city you might prefer to group your activities by neighborhood, thus we indicate areas/sections in parentheses following each listing.

Carnival, 39 Boylston Street. (Combat Zone). This is where it's at if you like watching go-go boys. The crowd tends to be older and there are some hustlers. If the grinding on stage gets you hot, cool it downstairs in the Liberty Tree Health Spa (see above).

Champagne, 227 Tremont St. (Combat Zone). Somewhat like the Carnival—with go-go-boys. Dancing here. Snacks too.

Citadel, 22 Avery St. (Downtown; upstairs for men, downstairs for women). Dancing, and that means the crowd is young. Popular.

Fifteen Lansdowne, 15 Lansdowne St. (Back Bay). Management claims that every night sees over 3,000 patrons on the largest dance floor on the East Coast. We believe it. The club (referred to by many as the “15 LSD”) features white leather bars and waiters who bounce about in basketball outfits. Sexy. The sound system is elaborate. Younger crowd—but **everybody** does this place. Go.

Herbie's Ramrod Room, 12 Carver St. (Park Square; upstairs). One of the best bars in town—and popular with leather/western guys. It's above Twelve Carver (see below). Pool table.



Twelve Carver/Ramrod

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont St. (Park Square). There are two

piano lounges. Dancing on the weekends. The Sunday afternoon sing-alongs are very popular and somewhat unique. They make for very friendly gatherings. Go and have fun. (I first encountered this type of gay bar in Provincetown, at the Town House—which also has group singing around a piano. The activity is very popular throughout Massachusetts and is, in a way, typical of the area and its friendliness. If you're from New York City, as I am, where bars tend to be on the cool side—the experience will warm the cockles of your lecherous heart.)

Playland, 21 Essex St. (Combat Zone). This is the oldest gay bar in Boston. You may encounter varied types here—including those usually found in bus-station areas. But it's a friendly place. Have a look.

Shed, 272 Huntington Ave. (near the YMCA). If you're into leather and/or S&M this place is for you. Just up the block from the YMCA and very handy if that's where you're staying.



The Shed

Sporters, 228 Cambridge St. (Government Center/Beacon Hill). Always crowded, lots of standing and good cruising. No dancing to distract eye contact. Go if you're ready for action.



Sporter's

Styx, 20 Blagden St. (Copley Square). Dancing and popular

with the younger crowd.

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver St. (Park Square). The pool table helps make this a very friendly spot where conversation with masculine guys comes easy. Go. You'll like it. Under Herbie's Ramrod Room (see above) so you can always go upstairs if you feel like a bit more leather.

Twelve-Seventy, 1270 Boylston St. (Back Bay). The same crowd that gathers at Sporters—but here they come mainly to dance or socialize rather than for serious cruising. Young college types that enjoy the three floors of disco/piano/game room activity. Sunday brunch.

Two other places worth mentioning are discos that attract young people in general—mainly straights but they're usually available. They are the **Wonderful Land of Oz** and the **Mirage** on the perimeter of the Boston University campus.

OUTDOOR CRUISING



The Fenway

Right smack in the heart of town is one of the wildest meat racks in the country—a vast vacant lot known as **The Fenway**. It's swampy, which probably accounts for the fact that nothing has been built there; nearby residents use it as a garden and vegetable patch. Cruising starts around 11 in the morning and keeps going until dawn the next day. Lunchtime is good, and then it quiets down until 3 or 4 in the afternoon and gradually keeps picking up until it's in full swing in the wee hours of the morning. Summer is best, but it's cruised all the time. Although it serves as a meeting place for some, most guys do use the bushes and tall reeds that line the creek, which runs

through it, for heavy action on the spot. There are occasional muggings and the cops patrol every now and then, but troublemakers can usually be spotted before they get too close. Really unbelievable.

The **Public Gardens** afford another outdoor cruising and makeout area. Pickups near the benches that line Beacon St., and bush sex in the Gardens. Arlington Street, which adjoins the Gardens, is also cruised by foot and car.

The Esplanade takes in a vast area next to the Charles River. Best cruising is behind the Hatch Memorial Shell and in the bushes adjacent to the kiddie playground near the Shell. All along The Esplanade you'll find thickets which are frequently in use.

The area bounded by Arlington St., and Marlborough St. is collectively referred to as "**The Block**." It's near the Public Gardens. Typical street cruising and some hustlers from early evening until early morning.



"The Block"

Park Square in the vicinity of the bus stations is where you'll find hustlers.

A lot of gay guys live in the **Beacon Hill** section—and for this reason street cruising is usually productive. Likewise for the **Back Bay** section.

In summer try the **L Street Beach** if you like sunning in the buff. It's a strip of beach right in town that has been in existence for years. Straight but great for viewing and making contacts.

INDOOR ACTION SPOTS

If you're into john cruising/action you'll like Boston because there are plenty of good spots. Here's a list of hot johns:

Boston Public Library (basement); **Boston University** (Main

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Bldg., 1st, 2nd and 3rd floors; Fine Arts Bldg., 3rd floor; Myles Standish Hall); **Boston Commons** (near the tennis courts); **Emerson College** (Main Bldg., basement and 3rd floor); also M.B.T.A. (subway stops, especially Broadway; Charles St.; Dudley St.; Forest Hills; Huntington Ave.; Leechmore Sq.; Eagleston St.; and Columbia Pt.); **Northeastern University** (Main Building, basement; Science Bldg., 1st floor; Mugar Hall); **University of Massachusetts** (Armory Bldg.). Also try the straight porno theatres on Washington St. (we particularly recommend the **Pilgrim Theatre**) in the Combat Zone. And everywhere, exercise caution.

GAY MOVIES

There are four movie houses that show gay flicks—and the usual cruising/john opportunities exist. They are:

Art Cinema, 204 Tremont St.

North Station Cinema, 276 Friend St.

South Station Cinema, 23 South St.

Symphony Theater, on Huntington Ave. next to the Shed (see above). This one naturally attracts a leather crowd and some good macho flicks.



South Station Cinema

GAY BOOKS/MAGAZINES

Naturally, Washington Street in the vicinity of the porno theatres, is where you'll find typical magazine stores. If you want something better—a really great variety of gay newspapers, magazines and books as well as a selection of general reading material—go to **Esplanade Paperback**, 107 Charles St. The store is unusually attractive and browsing is a pleasure because the management is very friend-

ly. Mention **Ciao!** and get some helpful tips for your visit. Charles Street is in a lovely section of town and the street itself, with its paving stones and gas lanterns, is charming.



Esplanade Paperback

ON THE ROAD

If you visit nearby **Cambridge**, try **Jack's**, a bar that gets a young college crowd where anything is possible. It's at 952 Massachusetts Ave. For a great selection of gay magazines and books, as well as newspapers and general reading material, go directly to **Nini's Corner** at 1394 Massachusetts Ave. (Cambridge Square). And if you like outdoor cruising try the **woods across the street from the Brown & Nichols campus**.

For a change of pace a lot of Bostonians drive over 30 miles on weekends to **Tyngsboro**. In the woods, off Route 3A (Front Rd.) is **DiRocco's Cabaret**. The gay club has everything, and it's all plush—restaurant, bar, dancing, etc. It's unusually friendly too—perhaps because of its isolation and the camaraderie this encourages.

Finally, if you do Boston in the summer, reserve at least two days for a visit to **Provincetown** at the end of Cape Cod. This seaside paradise was featured in the June 1973 **Ciao!**—copies of which are still available (see back issue ad in this magazine). Still better, all the current gay spots are listed in our gay travel

directory, "Private Stock"—advertised elsewhere in this magazine. But even if you do not have a gay guide in hand all you need do is walk along Commercial Street—and it's all there. For starters, two of the most popular gay bars on/off Commercial St. are the **Back Room** (Crown & Anchor Motel) and the **Town House**. The gay beach is a short distance away; **Herring Cove Beach** (go left facing the water). After the beach (3 P.M.) go to **The Moors**. It's near the beach and where it all happens this time of day; everybody comes for drinks, snacks and the gayest sing-alongs in the world.

So help celebrate our Bicentennial where so much of our history took roots—in beautiful Boston. You'll love the city and its handsome people. For sure.

The Elegant Hucksters New York's 'Parke Bernet'

By David Parker

Many antiques shops appear to be stocked to the ceiling with prize period pieces, yet the fact is, that on closer inspection most of them—while indeed 'antique' by legal definition (having been produced prior to 1830)—are rather characterless oddments on which the years sit with an unbecoming lack of grace. 'Old' can be, and often is, beautiful, yet it can just as often be as ugly as homemade sin. Thus many antiques dealers will stock such items as a kind of hedge against the time when some huge estate, famous for its priceless antiques, will go on the auction block to satisfy its many and far-flung legatees. When this happens you may be sure that every antiques dealer in the country will know about it, and converge on New York City's

Sotheby Parke Bernet galleries where such goodies will, most likely, be auctioned.

It is expected that this year will see an unusually large number of fine antiques put on the market. Because of the publicity attendant on our Bicentennial Celebration, many people have been withholding their choicest antiques, knowing that interest in them will be heightened with the lighting of the two-hundredth candle on our birthday cake.

We are alerting our readers to this possibility because most gay people are innately artistic, and so many who treasure antiques, and who would love to have a few good pieces, may find just what they're looking for in one or more of these Sotheby Parke Bernet auctions (and at 200% to 400% less than one would pay to an antiques dealer). So come and bid and take home a treasure! Even if you're out-bid you'll enjoy a most unusual experience that will make your trip to New York more rewarding. Keep in touch through the Arts & Leisure Section of each Sunday's **New York Times** and you'll know what items of interest are going on the block, from whence they came, and when they are to go under the hammer, so that you can plan your visit and strategy accordingly.

Actually, no one ever calls Sotheby Parke Bernet by its full name. It has always been, and probably will continue to be just 'the Parke Bernet', although the business was sold to Sotheby of London some years ago. The firm was founded in 1937 by Hiram H. Parke and Otto Bernet (and it's not 'Bernay', as in French, but just plain Bernet, as in ruddy English), who gained luster for their enterprise by auctioning off the almost endless estates of such men as J.P. Morgan and William Randolph Hearst . . . as the saying goes, "palazzo by marble palazzo, sconce by sconce, and brocaded gout-stool along with mother-of-pearl pee-potty."

THE HEART OF THE ARTS

The Parke Bernet occupies the upper floors of its handsome

building on Madison Avenue between 76th and 77th Streets. It is in the exact center of all the sprawling Madison Avenue art galleries; one block north of the Whitney Museum of American Art, and directly across the street from the Art Deco elegance of the Carlyle Hotel.

With its relation to the latter, here is a little story you may find interesting. During President Kennedy's term of office the twenty-seventh floor of the hotel served as the Presidential Suite, and was, in the main, furnished with loans of period pieces from across the street. Such was the charisma of the President and Mrs. Kennedy, that some of the most unsalable pieces which had languished through many an auction, with no takers (always a bridesmaid, never a bride), became instantly 'sanctified' when used as 'stage props' for the President.

Word got around about these pieces, and one remembers a particularly hideous dining table and twelve gilded chairs of the heavily-encrusted Louis XIV period that no one would have, but which, once having served the presidential needs in his 'state dining room', went for a whopping \$23,000 afterward. If ever there were a case of antiques being 'old and ugly' rather than beautiful, this was it. Anyone trying to maneuver into place among the clusters of golden grapes around the curlicued edge of this (truly) 'groaning board', or trying to sit erect on one of its klutzy chairs (with, mind you, the **original seventeenth-century springs** ready to 'bite' through the thin, ass-worn brocade!) would have had acute indigestion before the fish course, or a case of descending piles before dessert, or both.

AN AUCTION SCENARIO

In the course of a year, millions of dollars change hands at the Parke Bernet as the quiet-voiced auctioneer, John Marion (who is also president of the company), asks the assembled buyers, "What am I bid for this superlative collection of Tiffany glass?" Or, "Will someone please start the bidding for this

priceless Rembrandt at two million dollars?" A first-time visitor to the Parke Bernet, unaccustomed to the peculiar bidding techniques of such monumental auctions, would be surprised to hear no one speak; only the voice of the auctioneer responding to certain signals from buyers (who prefer to remain anonymous), or spotters, who relay bids with a movement of the hand . . . perhaps a muffled sneeze . . . a certain change in body position. Then, before one actually realizes it, the bidding can have increased by thousands of dollars without a word being spoken except in acknowledgment of the silent bid. It's all played very 'close to the vest' and no one gets uptight. There is a personal limit to which a dealer will go—beyond that, there is no point to his owning the specific item(s) he has sought, because such a dealer will want to make sure that his 'prize' can have a 200% mark-up . . . if the bidding is so astronomically higher than his own personal 'traffic' will bear, he is simply wasting his time, and would be better off back home minding the store.

But not everyone comes in to bid on entire collections, or on a 70-carat diamond, as Richard Burton's agent did; nor do many seek such paintings as Rembrandt's **Aristotle Contemplating The Bust Of Homer**, for which the Metropolitan Museum of Art bid \$2.3 million. Most Parke Bernet sales are of individual items . . . someone comes in for a Sheraton chair, or a Pilgrim spinning-wheel, or perhaps Marie Antoinette's harp (although it must be said that she had so many harps, and so many other galleries have sold them, that by now there must be enough to supply the entire heavenly choir, with enough left over for a celestial garage sale).

YOUR AUCTION STRATEGY

And that's where you come in. Once you've set your mind on owning a particular item, here's what you should do:

1. Keep a lookout in the **Times** for notices of when such items are to be auctioned.
2. Send for a catalog which is

especially produced for the auction of a specific collection. These catalogs vary in price (some are 400-or-more pages and cost \$8 or more). This is understandable and quite practical from the buyer's point of view inasmuch as each catalog (a) lists every item of that collection—which may be vast—plus (b) a detailed description of each item, plus (c) one or more photographs of each piece. Often the passage of time of such an item may be chronologically traced, and this, of course, adds to its authenticity. The entire procedure is designed to acquaint the prospective buyer with not only the virtues of each particular piece, but its flaws as well. This, in view of the fact that once you have purchased the piece it is not returnable . . . you can't cry "Foul!" If it needs repairing you'll know it in advance, via catalog, and you will have to bear the expense of having it done.

3. Write to Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, and ask to be placed on its mailing list for important notices of future auctions. And/or subscribe to various publications of SPB.

4. Once an auction in which you are interested is announced, arrange to arrive in New York a week (or at least a few days) prior to the sale. That is when the collection will be arranged tastefully and spatially in a particular area so that it may be viewed from every angle, and with each piece in relation to the others. Go again and again. There's no charge. It will help crystallize in your mind the value, desirability and, possibly, the relation of the piece you contemplate purchasing, to others already in your possession. So often what may 'read well' or 'sound good' about a historical **objet d'art** is not sustained when it is viewed close up.

5. Your catalog, or list, will suggest what **probably** will be the lowest opening bid, and it may also suggest an **approximate** limit to which the bidding may ascend. This is fair since the appraisal staff of Parke Bernet has been trained to

assess pretty accurately the intrinsic and market value of whatever is to be sold. But this does **not** mean that **you** can't start the bidding at a much lower figure—and **vocally**—nor does it mean that others will stop bidding at the suggested possible limit. Temptation is the motivating factor in any auction. If you want something, you **want** it . . . and even though you may have planned to pay no more than a certain amount, pride of ultimate possession often tempts one to go well beyond this . . . usually to one's eternal regret! So take a 'watchdog' friend along with you who can argue you out of your folly!

6. Be sure to read the "Conditions of Sale" and the "Terms of Guarantee," and, particularly, "Sole Remedy." While, as we have mentioned, the authenticity of every item is evaluated, so that you won't buy 'a pig in a poke', there can be errors of human judgment. If the company has erred, under the terms of "Sole Remedy" you can get back only what you actually paid for the item, and not a red cent more!

7. If possible, try to arrange your arrival in New York far enough in advance so that you can witness an auction or two before 'your day' arrives. You'll get a clearer idea of how to go about it. You'll see how you can speak up, and/or how the Parke Bernet 'spotters' work, and how you can attract their attention with some mutually agreed-upon semaphoric twitch. That's when you'll get 'auction fever' in your blood and have a wonderful time.

Rots of ruck!

Canary Islands 'Cheeping' Sounds Of Gay Life

By Jon Lorrimer

On his annual forage for vacation sex the gay-island de-

votee will usually stalk the Caribbean, if in winter . . . gobbling up the 'brownies' until his boss blows the work-whistle. But in summer, after allowing for several precious mustn't-miss weekends at Fire Island and/or Provincetown, so many do their island-hopping in Europe . . . Sylt Island (also gay Gotland for at least a couple of days if one makes it northward to Sylt), Ibiza, Capri, Mykonos and perhaps the islands/inlets along the Dalmatian Coast of Yugoslavia with their unbelievable nude beaches.

Rarely, however, while whirling aloft from island to island, has any gay guy pulled the ripcord and floated down to the Canary Islands and, until now, perhaps with good reason. By no means can these islands be considered wildly gay . . . not even just a little daffily so. Certainly not to the degree that one might purposely earmark the Canaries as here's-where-it's-at. Yet there is an excited twittering of gay life on Gran Canaria and Tenerife, and gay guys, ever alert to new promise, have begun to hear the 'cheeps'.

Because the Canaries have been so little publicized (as **any** kind of resort lure), it is understandable that, if and when they are mentioned, one tends to identify them vaguely as the "Oh, Yes, Where Are They, Now?" or the 'Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Mo' Islands, lying still more vaguely somewhere off the Costa Brava or the Costa del Sol, or existing as first-cousin islands to the Balearics—Mallorca and Ibiza. When a glance at the map does not show them anywhere in this area it comes as a surprise in walking down the map with one's fingers to find them far, far away . . . lying 650 miles south of the tip-end of Spain, or about equidistantly comparable to St. Louis from Minneapolis, or, gayly, farther than P'town is from Fire Island.

Except for language and religion the Canary Islands are actually more related to North Africa than to Spain. In fact, they are only 67 miles from Morocco, so if you have in mind doing the Tangier/Casablanca/

Marrakesh gay orbit you might extend your coverage to include Gran Canaria and/or Tenerife, currently the two islands of the Canaries that are interesting from a gay point of view.

THE ATLANTIS LEGEND

Legend has it that the Canary Islands are really the peaks of the highest mountains of the lost continent of Atlantis. So if you expect them to be just some verdant little pea-patches of pachouly and pomegranates within easy diving distance of the sea, you're in for a big surprise.

They absolutely **tower** . . . rising steeply from the Mediterranean to the 12,500-foot summit of the volcanic mountain peak El Teide, and they are so varied in geographic character that on Gran Canaria and Tenerife, for example, one can pass, within Cineramatic minutes—and within just a few miles—from tropical rain forests, to the volcanic "petrified forest," to lush plantations of bananas, through New England pines, to eternally snow-clad Alpine-like peaks where Edelweiss blooms! It's an unbelievably kaleidoscopic panorama, and such is the overall power of its visual effect that the higher one looks toward El Teide the more one has the sensation of soaring!

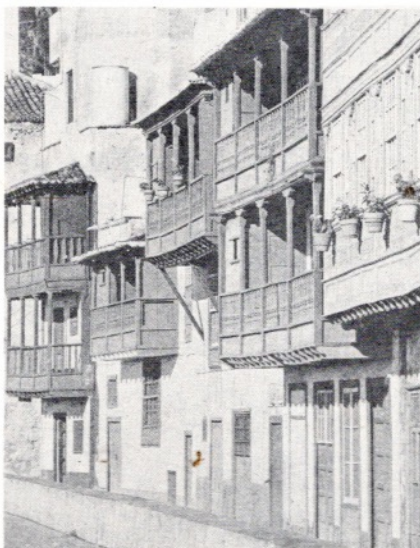
Seven islands form this archipelago, and all are of volcanic origin. Although, as noted, the best-known are Gran Canaria and Tenerife, coming up are La Palma and Lanzarote, while the islands of Hierro, Fuerteventura and Gomera are relatively unknown to visitors. The Romans and Phoenicians called them the "Fortunate Isles" because extreme heat or cold are unknown here. In winter the temperature never drops below 65—in summer it rarely climbs above 80.

The islands remained in a primitive state—simply as vestiges of the continent Atlantis, which had presumably fallen to the bottom of the sea—and lay forgotten until the end of the fifteenth century when Spain claimed them. They are related to our own history, and to that of Mexico and Great Britain, be-

cause it was from here that Cortez and Columbus sailed off for the New World; and it was at Santa Cruz de Tenerife that Lord Nelson suffered his only defeat, also losing his right arm in the sea battle off the coast.

GRAN CANARIA

Las Palmas (not to be confused with the island of La Palma, nor Palma de Mallorca) is the capital of Gran Canaria. Do not think of Las Palmas as some little island government headquarters, however. It has a year-round native population of nearly 200,000, so think of it as being as large, say, as Atlantic City. Gay people should think of it as a 'two-part' island—the gayer part, Maspalomas, being 35 miles from the general, or 'straight' area. We'll describe Maspalomas in more detail, but a few comments on the principal convocation area of **everyone** on the island may be of interest.



Legendary Canary Balconies

The main 'everybody' area is the Calle Triana, full of beautiful shops, excellent restaurants and humpy 'Canaries' who are far handsomer than their counterparts in Madrid because of the exotic admixture of North African/Moorish blood. The city of Las Palmas spreads along 6 miles of coastline, and has two beaches with white sand—**Las Canteras**, which is protected from the breakers by a natural reef 200 yards out; and **Las Alcaravaneras**, on the opposite side, facing the harbor. Both are

excellent swimming beaches and differ from other Canary Island beaches which are greyish-black sand, due to their volcanic origin.

Las Palmas has excellent hotels: the **Reina Isabel**, super deluxe, on the beach, with restaurant, bar (often cruisy), and rooftop pool. Rates—about \$18 single/\$32 double. Rated superior is the **Hotel Santa Catalina**, also with pool and sports (tennis) facilities. Somewhat less expensive at about \$16 single/\$28 double. Rated medium in price is the popular **Las Palmas Palace**. Pool/bowling. Figure \$14 single/\$24 double. There are some new **paradores** (country-style inns or tourist hotels) being built by the Spanish government. One of 750 rooms is on Tenerife. Much less expensive than even the medium-priced hotels.

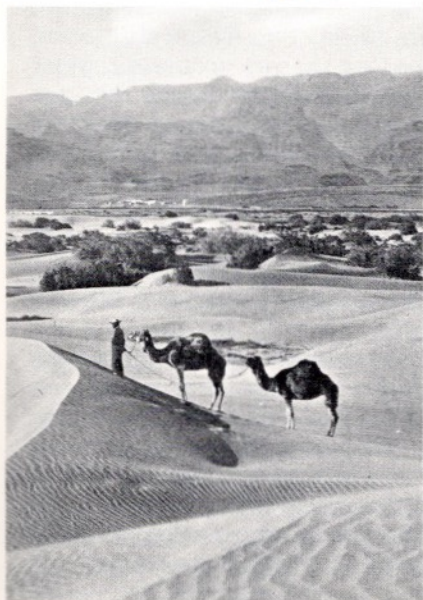
Las Palmas has its share of outside activities—bullfights, movies, sports events. Also it's a Free Port, and so you might delay buying that new Swiss watch until you get here—you'll pay about half what it would cost in Zurich or Madrid! And from the center of town there are many excursions to other areas of Las Palmas and Gran Canaria. You'll want to see what is perhaps the most interesting part of Las Palmas, artistically speaking . . . the native quarter. This includes the sixteenth-century Cathedral, the Saint Anthony Chapel, the Columbus House and the Canary Village.

From midtown Las Palmas, excursions take you to neighboring towns, all with their own interesting history. Boat excursions to the lesser-known islands—particularly the volcanic island of Lanzarote—are popular. And an especially rewarding excursion is to **La Montana del Fuego** (The Mountain of Fire) where camera buffs will be breathtakingly delighted with the view of more than 300 volcanic cones which will give you an idea of how the Canaries originated a million years ago—perhaps as the continent of Atlantis. Because there is such scenic variety in these islands you'll find that this alone makes it worth a

visit—and a stay.

THE GAYER PICTURE OF GRAN CANARIA

Maspalomas. This is the gay 'where it's at' of Las Palmas. Maspalomas is a beach on the other side of Gran Canaria—35 miles from Las Palmas, or about a 1¼-hour ride via the Pirata minibus, which you pick up at various times of the morning from the middle of Las Palmas (Calle Triana). Here's how you reach the nude beach area where, of course, the action is: When you arrive at the sea, at the lighthouse, leave the bus, turn left and walk along the stretch of beach until you come to a tributary stream flowing into the sea. At this point, turn inward at an angle (of about 45 degrees, say) and walk straight to the dunes. This will take you about thirty minutes. This dune area is dense in spots with vegetation, and everywhere along here there is nude sunbathing (illegal, of course, but all the more delicious because of it . . . and don't be surprised if, in the middle of heavy action, you look up and see policemen on camel patrol in the sandy distance!). Camels? Yes; think Sahara, rather than Spain . . . Spanish Sahara is a hop-skip-and-jump away. Also keep your eye peeled for a peeking helicopter. The police check up that way, too. A blend of ancient and modern.



Maspalomas Meat Rack

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There is an alternate way of reaching the Maspalomas Meat Rack, as it's called. And that is by taxi or car. Drive to the Sahara Beach Club and then alight and just 'descend' into the dunes. A far shorter way. Oddly, this is the only place we know of where one can simply hail a cab, pay the driver, and get right on down to sucking. (Thanks, Keith, for checking this out!)

By the way, if you'd like to stay in a hotel near the Maspalomas Meat Rack, the **Oasis Hotel** is in the same area as the lighthouse. **Très** swank.

Back in Las Palmas in the evening you can usually find action in the back rows and john of the **Cinema Pabellon Recreativo**. This is in the central area of town, on the Calle Perdomo, off the busy Calle Triana.

For outside cruising, especially at night (but to some extent during the day), you'll find the **Parque de Santa Catalina** to be interestingly alive; also the **Playa Las Canteras** (Las Canteras Beach) in the approximate area **between the Hotel Cristina and the Clock**.

There is a new disco that has gay possibilities you might care to investigate. It's the **Disco Bar Tasca** in the shopping center (Centro Comercial Aguila Roja). The management claims it has the best music on the beach. Open at 5 p.m. and swings until 2 a.m.

The **50-50 Club** is gay-ish. Go late. It's at Calle Emilio Zoa 20.

TENERIFE

An excursion to this fabled island should be a definite must on your itinerary of the Canaries. Not so much because it is gay (it's not . . . certainly not to the extent Las Palmas is). But Santa Cruz, the capital of Tenerife, is so theatrically beautiful and has so much of artistic merit to offer, it should certainly be worth a one-day visit. In **Puerto de la Cruz** there are two mixed bars—**Chez Dominique**, and the **Tabasco**. And the only outside cruising area of interest is the wall around the churchyard.

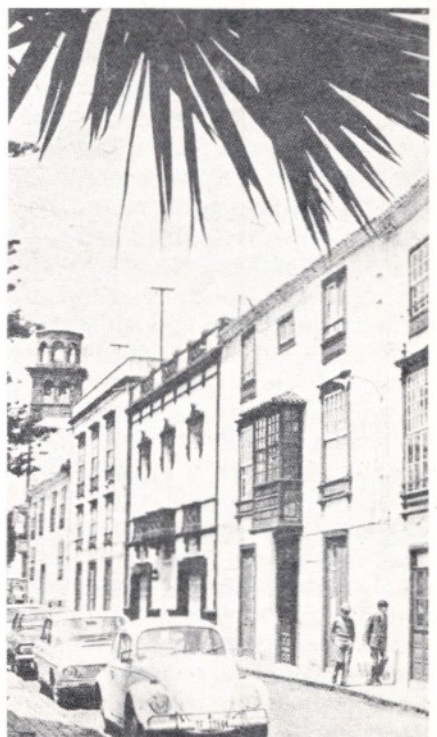
But Tenerife is impressive as an island of desolate splendor—an archeologist's paradise, with

its countryside scarred by the black rivers of calcined lava rock, remaining from El Teide's last eruption. The favorite excursion on Tenerife is from Santa Cruz, through La Laguna, the island's oldest city, to Orotava, and finally to that mountain masterpiece, Teide herself. She soars more than 12,500 feet into the infinite, and is snowcapped the year around. The Spanish government has wisely built a **parador** here, and you'll find it a marvelous place to stay for a day and relax in the midst of the majesty of this great mountain. Life seems suspended in time, and you'll find Teide, and Tenerife, a calm oasis in the midst of your hectic European vacation.

It will make you so glad you came.



Grapevines In Volcanic Ash



La Laguna, Tenerife

Gay East Africa Nairobi & Mombasa

By Ronnie Corbell

What occurred between 1952 and 1958 in Kenya—the bloody Mau Mau uprising that resulted in mass murder and acts of plunder—is now happening in Rhodesia. Back then it all boiled down to racial conflict; the terrorists forced African rule. The name of the game in Rhodesia these days is doing away with white minority rule—and though much blood will be spilled, there can be little doubt that in time the Africans will win control of their government. It will happen in South Africa too.

But the average tourist is not really interested in color power—as long as he can make a peaceful journey across the great African veldt and view the magnificent scenery and wild animals—many of which are almost extinct. What he must realize, however, is that existing politics and violence do affect him—because one cannot travel in safety where terrorists are likely to pop out of the bushes with machine guns—and that the very existence of the terrorists is changing the face of the land.

“How so?” you ask.

Renegades need food—and they are taking it from the land by thoughtlessly slaughtering wild animals. This occurred in Kenya too—but how fortunate it was that the emerging leaders, after the Mau Mau situation was put to rest, understood the importance of ecology, and took immediate action to preserve the land and its living treasure. Game parks and reserves covering hundreds of miles were established, and the primitive tribesmen living on this land were made to understand that it was criminal to slaughter any wild animal within established boundaries. Even today many tribesmen—sometimes on the very brink of starvation after droughts—cannot really understand why they cannot take what is theirs on their own land—but

they do abide by the rules set down by their leaders and do obey the law. Poaching—killing animals for their meat or hides—is strictly forbidden in Kenya. Game wardens keep a careful watch—and their vigilance is evident in the herds of wild animals roaming the land only years after they were destined for extinction. We can only hope that the same understanding of—and respect for—ecology comes about after the bullets stop flying in Rhodesia, and that this holds true for South Africa after its bloody assault—something that is inevitable.



Beautiful Scenery

Only a few years ago one could safari in Uganda in safety and enjoy its magnificent pristine forests and plains. Now a lunatic is in control of the government and the future of wildlife in that country is in question. Thus, Kenya remains the gem of East Africa, where one can still travel in safety and experience the splendor of a kind of world that is fast disappearing. Game parks and reserves are numerous, and any travel agent can plan weeks of splendor in the grass by utilizing the luxurious facilities that exist across the country. Arrangements can also be made for those who want to utilize campers or tents; available itineraries are as varied as people. Except to say that you should rely on ground transportation between points, and not on short hops by air, in order to see as much as possible, I won't detail this aspect of your vacation in Kenya because it can best be done by a travel agent. The various lodges are not gay, and gay life on a safari is largely a matter of luck; it all depends on who happens to be staying at the

same lodge you are at the same night—and how good you are at making the most of innocent encounters at the bar. I do urge you to see Kenya now, if wildlife interests you, because it's anybody's guess how long the present situation will hold; the country has had its problems and the entire continent is a hotbed of hungry rebels who are likely to do anything. That change will occur in Kenya for many years is doubtful, but I say again, go now for the thrill of your life if nature is your bag.



Typical Roadside Obstacle

NAIROBI GAY LIFE

No doubt your plane will touch down in Nairobi for it is here that you will kick off your safari. There are a lot of good hotels in town—a modern and clean little city that is very continental. In the old days everybody stayed at the Stanley Hotel—and then the New Stanley after it was renovated to keep up with the times. But its improvements were made years ago and its walls were not constructed with the thought of bustling traffic—and sleeping is a problem. Most tourists who can afford \$25 per person per night opt for the new Inter-Continental and still newer Hilton—both (like the New Stanley) right in the heart of town. Other good hotels (average \$15 per person per night) are the Ambassador; Mayfair; and the Panafric.

The town is always filled with Americans and Europeans on safari—for it is here that everyone begins or ends his journey. If you're lucky, many gay others will be passing through the same time you're there. You're likely to meet them either at lunchtime or at tea (between 3 and 6 p.m.) at the outdoor cafe, called **The**

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Thorn Tree, which is part of the New Stanley on Kimathi Street and Kenyatta Avenue. Sit and look and sooner or later everybody who's anybody will show up. If you meet a local it will probably be an East Indian (there are quite a few gay ones around) and not an African (there are very few gay ones; if you do meet someone he's likely to be an airlines employee who has broken all ties with tribal life).



New Stanley/Thorn Tree Café

At night, from around 7 to 10, or even later **the best street cruising is in the vicinity of the New Stanley**, on the Kenyatta Avenue side. But don't expect much. You'll make out better if you keep a watchful eye—not only at night, but all day long—on **the john on the main floor of the New Stanley** at the back; there is an excellent chance of meeting a humpy local or tourist—for action here, or at his place, or your room.

If you like john cruising—and it is perhaps the **surest method** in this town—try **the upstairs john at the Radio City Cinema** on the Queensway. It's also a good idea to check **the main floor johns at the Inter-Continental and Hilton** from time to time.

MOMBASA GAY LIFE

Mombasa is on the Indian Ocean, and as such makes for an ideal beachside holiday at the end of a dusty safari. Most of the better hotels are directly on the ocean, quite a distance from town—and you will have to rely on taxis to get back and forth (average ride is 20 minutes). At such hotels you can usually make contacts with the staff—but expect to pay. The **Nyali Beach Hotel** is among the better places, very near town, and its May/June 1976

daytime and nighttime bars afford opportunities. Ditto for the **beach**, with tourists and locals alike—but locals charge.

In town **La Frontanella**—a completely relaxed courtyard restaurant off the main intersection of Kilindini Road—is very popular with young travelers and all availables. Sit and look afternoon or evening. No doubt you will have good luck here. And right outside, at night after 7 o'clock, **Kilindini Road is cruised**. But if you meet a young local—expect to pay him at least \$5 (he will probably ask for \$20). And if you do cruise the streets be sure you are not wearing expensive clothes or jewelry. If you do not want to take him back to your place he will take you to a modest hotel or brothel; the room will cost you between \$2 and \$10.

If you prefer to go directly to a brothel that has men as well as women, the name of the place is **Khamisi's** in the Old Town. This part of town—the old Arab quarter—is a maze of huts and modest structures alive with commerce during the day. At night it's dark and mysterious—and scary, if you wander in alone. Most places do not have electricity, and at night if you enter a brothel by the light of oil lanterns all the veiled women standing around watching you enter with a boy, or negotiate for one, will make you ill at ease and cause you to wonder if you'll ever see morning. So—I strongly recommend that you go to Khamisi's in the daytime. Have a taxi driver escort you in (arrange payment for his services before you start—and don't let him think you are interested in boys; Khamisi's has more women than men, so you needn't feel awkward or hesitant about asking strangers for directions if you go on your own). If you plan to stay in Mombasa for awhile you may find Khamisi's a blessing as a source of adventure—but I again advise you to go by day, at least until you are entirely familiar with the establishment and its surroundings. And may I repeat—never wear expensive clothing or jewelry, nor in any

other way show off wealth. Arabs and Africans are available; if what you want isn't there, Khamisi himself—a flaming queen—will be glad to take your order for whatever color and endowment you want, and whip it up for you within an hour while your relax over a gin at a nearby bar.

The boys here—typical of all of Africa—prefer to do the fucking and will do little else. If this is not your thing, or if you can accommodate small size only, then discuss particulars with Khamisi before sealing the bargain with cash. And don't expect stateside cleanliness; it's the wise man who refrains from rimming, and uses condoms at both ends—and specifies to Khamisi in advance that he will reject any guy whose cock is less than healthy looking. For good measure it might be beneficial to take a couple of Tetracycline capsules immediately after your encounter, and stay on it at a prescribed dosage for at least 10 days (discuss the matter with your physician before you leave; you can be general enough if your doctor is straight—but don't expect any useful information if he is very moral and uptight). When you arrive home have your blood checked for V.D. If you experience achiness or stomach cramps, discuss the possibility of amoebas and/or worms with your doctor so as to help him in an accurate diagnosis.

If you like nature at its best, it exists as nowhere else in East Africa. Go. Go now.

'Baklava Alley'

Brooklyn's Colorful Mid-Eastern Bazaar

By Dan Woodmere

A great many visitors to New York (indeed, many New Yorkers) have yet to discover the charms of the 'Greenwich Vil-

lage Other', as it is sometimes referred to by its happy residents, who wouldn't budge from the place if you fired a cannon in their midst. This is the area known geographically as Brooklyn Heights, so called because it sits atop the highest promontory above sea level of the entire Borough of Brooklyn.

Strolling (if straight), or cruising (if gay) the Promenade, one can look directly down and over the Hudson River, and across and up to the towering Manhattan skyscrapers pointing their gilded fingers into rosy dawn or star-filled night. So high is the Promenade, and so distantly across the Hudson, that the huge ferryboats entering and departing their slips at South Ferry look like oversized canoes . . . and Miss Liberty, seen clearly from here with her torch raised high, looks more like a Barbie doll seeking permission to go to the bathroom. It is a view endlessly fascinating to those who live here, or who often come over from Manhattan to get away from it all for a few hours.

Brooklyn Heights is saturated with old-world charm. For example, many homes on some of its streets—notably beautiful Clinton Street—still have (or have had restored) in their front yards the quaint nineteenth-century gas lamps which at night give the area an ongoing 'all dressed up for Halloween' look.

Here, also, many noted artists have their studios, having gotten away from cramped quarters in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. While there are many similarities between Greenwich Village and Brooklyn Heights, the differences are in the latter's greater spaciousness; the fewer large buildings and the more brownstone individual homes; the feeling of timelessness of another era; and the lesser incidence of crime. Except for an occasional subway ripoff/mugging, Brooklyn Heights is actually bucolic by comparison.

It is also delightfully gay, and becoming more so as gay guys seek homes or establish businesses here. Already there are lots of gay antiques/arts shops,

bars, and restaurants. Although it is not as freaked-out as its sister art colony across the river, it does have uniquely colorful attributes that give it a very special flavor. In future issues of **Ciao!** we should like to take you on several tours of this 'in' area, pointing out in detail the many things that make Brooklyn Heights so different and inviting to gay people, and in this issue we should to have you join us on a tour of 'Baklava Alley'.

STREET OF SWEETS

Actually, 'Baklava Alley' is Brooklynesque for a two-block length of Atlantic Avenue that stretches from Court Street—due west of the Borough Hall station of the BMT subway—to Henry Street, in the heart of Brooklyn Heights, near the river and not far from the Promenade.

Once out of the subway you can't possibly miss this street of bazaars because your nose will lead you in the right direction. Instantly you'll detect the heavenly aroma of honey and nuts baking beautiful music together in freshly-prepared **baklava** . . . the national confection of every Middle-Eastern country, from Greece and Turkey, through Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon. Although it goes by different national names, baklava is principally a mixture of freshly-chopped nuts (walnuts, almonds or pistachio) and honey from high on Mount Hymettus. Depending on the style of the cuisine of the countries mentioned, baklava may or may not have a thin strudel-like topping, and may or may not be further lily-gilded with whipped cream. Lo-cal it ain't. Still, what-the-hell, once is not going to do your waistline much damage. And besides, this is an **occasion!** Any restaurant in this area will serve you a slice of baklava, so after you've had a taste of it and would like to take home a batch of this delicious goo, stop in at **Malko & Cassatly**, 197 Atlantic Avenue. They sell it only in bulk, and two pounds of the walnut baklava will relieve you of \$5.50, while two pounds of the pistachio will cost you a dollar more. Why **two** pounds? Because bak-

lava is such a dense, heavy-textured confection it weighs heavier than it looks. So two pounds will be needed if one expects to serve it in individual portions.

PITA—BREAD OF ANGELS

In addition to this 'infectious/confectionary' side of our street of bazaars, you'll be enslaved by the soul-filling smell of bread being freshly baked. But what bread! It's **pita**, and Middle-Easterners call it 'the bread of angels'. Pita is baked in small, round, flat, pocket-like loaves, and while there are three excellent pita bakeries on the street, perhaps the most interesting is the **Near East**, where not only pita, but other Middle-Eastern pastries are baked in an 80 year-old brick oven, built into the wall of the shop, under the sidewalk! Stop in for some loaves of pita; while there, try one of the Near East's meat-and-spinach pies. They'll heat it up for you in that same brick oven. What a different delight! The pita bread baked by the Near East (6 loaves to a package) at 50 cents a package, will cost you \$1.00 at Bloomingdale's. Glob up the pocket with butter . . . and trip with the angels! Pita is great for those on a reducing diet because it is baked without sugar, shortening or preservatives. As a matter of fact, it was recently reported in the **Enquirer** that Jackie Coogan had lost 70 pounds in 15 weeks by eating three pitas a day stuffed with a variety of low-calorie fillings.

MIDDLE-EASTERN ICES

Just across the street from Malko & Cassatly is still another Malko . . . the **George Malko Importing Company**. Here you'll find Syrian-Lebanese-style ices, and since they're available by the cupful, as well as in bulk, a cup of the plain, or pistachio, or their divine apricot ice will make a delicious walking companion while strolling this street of bazaars. George Malko has many other kinds of Middle-Eastern confections, such as chunks of pressed dates from Iraq, and that Damascus speci-

CIAO!

alty, **armdeen**—which is a conically-rolled slice of apricot paste . . . very tough and chewy. Also all kinds of unusual Middle-Eastern cookies.

SOME GREAT RESTAURANTS

There are eight excellent restaurants in this two-block stretch of Baghdad on the Hudson. Three are between Court and Clinton Street . . . three others are between Clinton and Henry . . . and just around the corner on Court are two more. The **Adnan**, 129 Atlantic Avenue, is probably the favorite of the arts crowd who live in Brooklyn Heights. Very pleasant atmosphere, considerate service, low-hanging lamps over the tables. A meal here, consisting of **hummus** (ground chick-peas and sesame paste) for an appetizer; an entree of grape leaves stuffed with lamb; plus baklava, of course, or a non-sweetened apricot pudding for dessert, will not cost you more than \$4.50! Even if you have a steak, Middle-Eastern style, the total cost of the meal should not exceed \$7.00! Lots of gay guys, and especially gay couples come here.

The **Eastern Star** at #205 is noted for its Syrian food. The owner is a former belly dancer, Niaima Hambouz, who acts as hostess, and who has, on occasion, been known to reveal her art to her customers. This restaurant is somewhat more expensive than the Adnan . . . the cuisine is totally different.

At #160 is the **Tripoli**—much arched doorways and the interior done to look like a Bedouin tent. **Son of the Sheik**, directly across the street is also excellent. Both these restaurants have strictly Lebanese cuisine. If you're a ham-and-egger, don't go!

Rarely has anyone tasted the spicy cooking of Yemen. Yet there are three Yemenite restaurants in the group of eight we've mentioned, in addition to the Adnan. These are **Atlantic House**, the **Near East**, and **Almontaser's**. The Yemenite menus are quite voluminous . . . a very great variety of this most delicious cooking. If there is one particular specialty

common to Yemenite cuisine it is the staple appetizers of eggplant (done in myriad ways), and a main dish built around some variation of lamb. Plenty, and mouth-watering.

MIDDLE-EAST POTPOURRI

Not everything on this fascinating street of bazaars has to do with tempting the palate. There are such places as the **Beit Hanina Trading Company** at #174, which sells the most beautiful rugs, bedspreads and wall decorations . . . something unusual for the gay menage.

Also the **Rashid Sales Company** which stocks wild records of wilder Egyptian, Lebanese, Syrian, Yemenite and North African music. This bazaar also has the latest Egyptian and Lebanese magazines (very colorful) and newspapers, if you've brushed up on your Arabic. Also, if you're interested in taking up belly dancing (many gay guys are; also a growing number of straights who are into it for its wonderful waistline exercise value), Rashid has albums and tapes of belly-dancing instructions and music. You're invited to come in and listen, and if you are instantly off on a trip you can take these home with you for about \$5 to \$6 each.

Next door, in the gift section of **Sahadi**, you can buy finger cymbals (and you just can't belly dance without finger cymbals), as well as belly-dancing costumes (one size fits all!). Be the life of your next orgy!

The best time to visit 'Baklava Alley' is on Sunday. We say 'best' in a gay sense, because Sunday is when gay guys are out in droves! During weekdays the area is just normally busy, with Brooklyn Heights housewives being the mainstay of traffic. But Sunday gets 'em all out . . . gay and straight alike . . . and the cruising can be pretty terrific. Come after lunch . . . that's when they begin to get it all together. Stroll the beautiful old-world streets of the Heights earlier in the day, cruise the Promenade, and then join in the later buzz of 'Baklava Alley'. It makes a delightful and different way to spend Sunday in New

York.

Gay Mobile The Swinging Southland

By Phil Tandler

Thanks to a vicious crackdown on gay establishments and action spots in Pensacola, Florida last year, nearby Mobile, Alabama is enjoying a sort of gay second coming—with everyone making the drive on weekends to this fun city. Mobile itself is growing fast these days—thanks to the discovery of oil and gas that exist under the city, and the importance of these resources to the nation at this particular time; it means new industries and an influx of people to run things. And when the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway—a channel that will be four times longer than the Panama Canal—opens, it will make Mobile a second Gulf port for the Mississippi-Ohio River Valley. That means more business and more people. And the gay community is expected to increase along with everything else.

Mobile is only four car-hours away from New Orleans—and it boasts the oldest Mardi Gras in the country (dating back to 1704). Every year the Apostles of Apollo hold a gay ball the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday—so if you are planning to be in town or in nearby New Orleans for Mardi Gras 1977, make a mental note of this and see the bartender at the Princess Lounge (address below) for tickets.

Any time of year the town is interesting. There are plenty of ante-bellum houses which are a delight to see—like Chandler House, presently occupied by the Junior League, and Richards House, a masterpiece of delicate iron lacework on the outside and a showcase of white marble mantels, silver doorknobs and

bronze chandeliers on the inside. And there is Phoenix Fire House, which was erected in 1859; fire equipment dating back to 1819 is on exhibit. Captain Myers' House, next door, was Mobile's first telegraph station. The USS Alabama, the famous W.W. II battleship, is in Mobile too.



Richards House

A few miles south of Mobile you may visit the Bellingrath Gardens and Home—particularly if you enjoy seeing flowers on beautifully landscaped grounds. Priceless art objects are on display in the house.

HOTELS

The **Admiral Semmes Hotel**, 251 Government St., and the **Admiral Semmes Motor Inn**, across the street at 250, are recommended; the rates average \$12 for a single and \$16 for a double. The most elegant hotel in town is the **Malaga Inn**, 359 Church St. Two lavishly restored ante-bellum townhouses have been connected to form an inn. Singles are about \$16 and doubles go for \$20. If you prefer the **YMCA** and the usual opportunities it's at 61 S. Conception St.



Malaga Inn

BARS

Mobile is Bible Belt, so nothing is really as far out as it can get in New Orleans—and everything is closed on Sundays.

Fireside Lounge, 54 S. Conception St. The place is conveniently located across the street from the YMCA and is generally regarded as the best bar in town. During the week the crowds are light (elsewhere they are practically nonexistent!) but on the weekends the dance floor jumps.

Golden Rod Social Club, 155 Government St. The crowd is great—but it's an after-hours place that doesn't pick up until the bars close at 2 a.m. You can have a great hour of fun here until 3 a.m. The place is also known as Bessie's (she runs it).



Golden Rod Social Club

La Fontaine, 504 Dauphin St. Gay only at night and especially on weekends. Snacks are available (during the day it's a straight lunch spot) and there are two bars and a pool table. Occasional drag shows on weekends.

Princess House, 254 Government St. Right near the Admiral Semmes and handy if you happen to be staying in the Hotel or Inn. Southern hospitality lives here and strangers are made to feel right at home. Stay until 2 a.m. Monday thru Friday, but only until midnight on Saturday. There's a 24-hour grill next door if you get hungry on your way home.



Princess House

Society Lounge, 51 S. Conception St. There are drag shows on weekends—but this place is

mainly for gay women.

MEETING PLACES

Government St. is cruised at night; walk the stretch between the Golden Rod and Princess House. Also try the **Government and Conception Sts. intersection** near Washington Sq. Also **Bienville Sq.** during the day and early evening.

ACTION SPOTS

The beaches on **Dauphin Island** are sugar-white and beautiful. Go even if you don't feel like cruising. But if you do . . . the spot is near the bird sanctuary. Heavy action—but keep a watchful eye open for Johnny Cop. Daytime only.

If you dig rest rooms, you might luck out at the **Greyhound** bus station. Also try the john at the **Midtown Cinema**, 270 Dauphin St. Outside of town, on I-10 near the Mississippi state line, you'll find a **Rest Area** that sees a lot of action at night. But be very careful.

Do visit Mobile next time you do New Orleans. It's a quiet change—but a welcome one.

Gay Baths Of Mexico City Plus Cruising Tips

By Ralph W. Davis

Gay life in Mexico City is an on-and-off kind of thing—depending on police pressure. For general cruising information I suggest you rely on your copy of "Private Stock" and the February 1975 **Ciao!**

The most reliable outlet for sex in town has always been, and will continue to be, the baths. And they are all over the place. These baths, though, aren't anything like those in the States or the "fun" cities of Europe. The same caution and reserve of the streets are seen here. The Mexicans have to

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warm up to you and go through a series of body-language conversations before they expose their raw desires. If you see gays behaving boldly, you can be certain that they aren't Mexicans, but foreigners.

The baths aren't expensive. Indeed not! They are quite cheap. The average price is about \$1.50 for general admission. Therefore, a guy can hop from one to another without spending much money. I personally like the baths after a long day of shopping or sightseeing. They relax and refresh you . . . if you take the vapor, and get you in shape for a night on the town. If you are seriously interested in making contact, I then recommend that you time your visit wisely (ideally, after dinner hours, or any time . . . but especially in the afternoons on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays). Otherwise, you may not find enough people there to make your visit exciting.

When you enter the baths (all are clearly indicated with a big sign marked **baños**), you should select the general admission . . . **vapor y turcos general**. If you want privacy, at the desk where you pay there is a price list, and you can easily decide which service seems right for you. But if you want to circulate and meet the locals, I again suggest general admission. After you enter, you will see a stag line of men. The attendant who will be among them will lead you to your room. If the attendant is not your type, request another. And if he interests you, you can make yourself available to his services. It won't be difficult to understand what services he will offer. They have a way of making everything quite clear—including price.

Your room will usually have a bed. Your attendant will supply you with towels (bring your own soap, etc.) and soda or mineral water. Tip him 3 pesos for such service (plus the cost of the soda and water) when you are ready to leave. This seems to be a generous tip, and gets a big smile and thanks. After you've stripped, head for the steam room. But before you leave, lock

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your door. Your attendant is the only person who can open it for you. In the steam room the action is quiet and it often only takes place in the private rooms. As far as cruising, it is best to use your sixth sense. You'll know when you've awakened interest. Don't become too aggressive unless you set the signal.

Because there are so many baths in Mexico City, it isn't necessary to go to any particular one. Most are exceptionally clean and comfortable. The four which seem to get the most activity are: **Baños Mina**, Mina 100 (near the Thieves Market off Reforma, about six blocks from Juarez and Reforma); **Baños Finisterre**, M. Ma Contreras 11 (this street is a continuation of Neza); **Baños La Torre**, Dr. Duran 11 (off Nino Perdido in the hospital area); and finally **Baños Ecuador**, Ecuador 10 (close to Baños Mina near the Thieves Market).

As I've already said, there are many baths in Mexico. Since the prices are low, you can inexpensively chance visiting any of them and decide for yourself which one suits your needs. Of the four mentioned above, the two I have found to be the best were Baños Mina and Baños Ecuador. But that could merely be because I was there at the right time.

Although Mexico City isn't New York, Paris or Cairo for action, it can be fun. The Mexicans, because they are so repressed sexually, are usually hot and willing, and put a lot of spirit into their fucks. So join the international set, head South of the Border and throw your legs merrily into the air, and let one of those spirited Latins drill away!

GENERAL CRUISING INFORMATION

The gay bars in Mexico City come and go, depending on pressure from the Catholic Church and/or the police. Presently, the best ones are **Mio Mondo**, 6 Calle Abraham Gonzalez; and **Sir Chaplain**, Mariano Escobedo Ave. (Opp. the Liverpool Dept. Store). There is dancing at the former; both places are gay but do get straights. Straight but very popular gay meeting places are **Denny's** and **Sanborn's**. The johns at all the Sanborn's throughout Mexico are usually cruised.



Baños Mina



Baños Finisterre



Baños Ecuador



Baños Duran

Gay Dining

Rome's Little Coffee-Breaks

By The Editors

It may be stretching the truth a bit to say that Roman coffee is divinely inspired. Yet as it is consumed in the five-cups-a-day pattern that's so much a part of contemporary Roman life, it has an ecclesiastical origin. This dates to the time of Pope Leo XIII (1878-1903) who installed a coffee bar just inside the entrance to St. Peter's Basilica. His canny reasoning for doing this was to jolly-up his clergy who had grown a little muggy in the morning.

Having spent far too many sleepless nights of hairshirt-ing-it on the cold stone floors of their cells, the priests and monks had become a grumpy lot . . . made grumpier by the fact that a new, and often onerous, religious chore awaited them at the ringing of bells for certain canonical hours (**prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers** and **compline** . . . or, as reckoned by Greenwich Mean Time, 6:00 and 9:00 a.m., noon, 3:00 and 6:00 p.m.).

The good Leo found that he could goose 'em up each time with a cup of coffee so that there would be less lallygagging and more 'laying on of hands' in the vineyards of the Lord. The coffee bar became so very popular that it has remained to this day, and is open not only to the clergy, but to anyone who cares to stop in for an **espresso** or a **cappuccino**. Incidentally, gay people may be glad to learn that for all its original clerical purpose this coffee bar is one of the cruiser (quietly so) places in Rome . . . cassocked clientele, canonical hours, hairshirt and straw-matress on cold stone floor notwithstanding. Still more unusual is the fact that the coffee bar here is practically hustler-free. Generally it is busiest around 11:00 a.m. Today, however, you'll find it tucked away behind the richly-paneled walls of the sacristy. If you can't locate it,

don't pass it by. Ask a guide to direct you.

That the Pope's coffee-break was an idea whose time had come can be noted in the profusion of coffee bars throughout the city. Many have flourished for fifty and sixty years . . . others seem to spring up almost overnight. So deeply ingrained is the coffee-break idea that labor unions now stipulate either the four-cup or five-cup plan in contracts with employers.

The coffee-break is an absolute necessity in busy Rome—as in no other Italian city. The Roman is, first of all, Italian and therefore passionate, and then passionately involved with everything Roman. In the few minutes he splits for coffee he has a chance to let off steam, air his views, and temporarily re-enter the mainstream of Roman life. You'll see him bolt from his office with hyperthyroid urgency . . . then, fifteen minutes later, drag his feet back to work.

During that time his place in the coffee bar gives him a window on the world of glamor. For those few minutes he is caught up with others in the ceaseless commotion that is Rome . . . models; pretty girls; humpy youngbuns; handsome hustlers; soldiers and sailors on leave; would-be celebrities trying to attract attention by hiding behind huge Jackie-glasses; also **paparazzi** with their omnipresent cameras snapping **real** celebrities; autograph seekers who spy a famous cinema star or a top soccer player; the famous dashing into/out of little cars, or springing onto/off of tiny motor scooters. The whole scene is a panorama of wild color and excitement, and for him to miss just one coffee-break leaves him desolate.

To put one aspect of this into a kind of 'numbers' perspective, consider the fact that (a) Dino de Laurentiis has built in Rome the most modern film studios in the world, from which (b) more than 8,000 to 10,000 actors and workers seem to be constantly streaming for their own coffee-breaks. Thus one sees why the fulfilling urgency of this brief

encounter with the outside world is so important to the workaday Roman. It's his thing.

Outside of St. Peter's, the oldest coffee bar in Rome is the **Caffè Greco** on Via Condotti, Rome's fashion street. Most gay guidebooks list this establishment as **all-gay**. Not so. It's mixed, but **verrr-r-ry** gay most times, and one would have to be blind not to make contact with someone interesting. The address: 86 Via Condotti. It's a great place to stop in for a coffee, especially their **caffè granita** (coffee poured over a cup of shaved ice), or their famous chocolate . . . plus a checkup on what's cruisily available. Romans in the know call the Caffè Greco a 'gossip shop'. Here, where the famous of Rome's world of high fashion meet for **their** coffee-break, you'll find a fountain of makeout information. Whatever spicy scandal may break in tomorrow's newspapers will be ancient history by nightfall today in the Greco.

In the Piazza Navona—in Old Rome—you'll like the **Bar Tre Scalini**, a favorite for coffee of Rome's film stars and studio personnel. Cruisy like you simply wouldn't believe! While the Tre Scalini's coffee is certainly beyond quibble, more go for its **tartufo**—a bittersweet chocolate and ice-cream confection that is unique. Also nearby is the **Bar Sant'Eustachio**. Some connoisseurs say the coffee here is the best in the city. Add to that the breathtaking surroundings, particularly the magnificent Bernini fountains in the Piazza, and you'll find that your coffee-break here is an unforgettable experience. Or have an **aperitivo**, if you prefer.

If you breakfast late, and generally have just a **croissant** and coffee, the best of such pastries (in Italian called a **cornetto**) will be found at the oldest pastry shop in Rome, **Latour's**. The original Latour was pastry chef to Napoleon. To get there, cross over the Tiber on the Ponte Margherita, walk halfway down the boulevard, Cola di Rienzo, that leads to the Vatican Museums, and on the corner of this boulevard and the

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Via Attilio Regolo you'll find Latour's. It's well worth the trouble of getting there.

Everyone somehow gravitates to **Rosati's** on that elegant square, the Piazza del Popolo. Have coffee at least once here, particularly between the hours of 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. All Rome seems to pass by this place. There is also a mostly-gay bar in this area—the Caffè Canova. The Piazza del Popolo has supplanted the Via Veneto as a glamor area. The Via Veneto of Doney's Café heyday (where Steve Reeves used to stop by and pick up his mail and have a coffee; he was filming those Hercules epics) has fallen into disfavor. It's not safe to be on this street at night, and during the day it is prowled by sharky hustlers. Cruising, therefore, is a game not worth the candle.

If Rome is on your vacation itinerary, please allow yourself time for a coffee-break in one or more of these coffee bars. It's a slice of rich Roman life you'd otherwise miss . . . and be the poorer for it.

Benvenuto a Roma!

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered by The Editors

The gay host who entertains a lot often wishes he might vary the kinds of drinks he serves and, for just once, tempt his guests away from the familiar Manhattan and Martini, Margarita and Menstrual Mary merry-go-round without permanently altering their drinking style.

Because the element of piquancy enlivens any cocktail hour, suggesting more derring-do than derring don't in the encounter to follow, the host may find it quite piquant and very easy to create drinks around a single motif. To show

just how easy this is, we have chosen as our central theme a fruit, the orange, and the varieties one can make with it are almost limitless. Here are some we think your guests will enjoy.

First, just before your guests begin arriving, squeeze a pitcherfull of orange juice. Please don't use frozen-concentrate or reconstituted or 'cartonized' orange juice. The recipes we offer will suffer considerably if you do. Besides, the aroma of oranges being freshly squeezed is tantalizingly piquant and your guests will rightly expect something quite special is in store for them.

The first of these drinks is authentically Russian in origin, and if you have thought that the Russians drink only vodka neat, here's how it has been done in Russia since the time of the czars.

COGNAC COSSACK

Into a Whiskey Sour glass pour ½ Cognac and ½ orange juice to near the brim. This drink may be shaken with shaved or cubed ice also, or simply drunk—in the Russian way—without stirring. If your orange juice is already quite cold there is no need for stirring the drink.

SCREWDRIVER

Everyone likes this familiar drink. It is made by simply mixing 2 ounces of vodka with orange juice in a 6-ounce glass. Easy to do, and many of your guests will prefer this to any other drink.

A specialty of New York's **Le Vert-galant** (The Gay Blade) Restaurant is what is called

THE FOG CUTTER

Into a shaker of shaved ice, pour 1 ounce orange juice, ¾ ounce lemon juice, 1½ ounces gin, 1½ ounces Cognac, 1½ ounces dark rum (such as Meyers), and 1 ounce Cherry Heering. Shake well and serve over ice. This recipe will serve three.

In New York's theatrical district—right on Shubert Alley—is the new and popular Ma Bell's. A favorite drink of this establishment is the

TEQUILA SUNRISE

Into a shaker of shaved ice, pour 1 ounce tequila, 1½ ounces orange juice, 1½ ounces lemon juice, 1 ounce Cointreau and a very tiny dash of grenadine. Shake well, and strain into cocktail glasses. Serves two.

Here is a drink you must prepare in advance; especially practical since it gives you more time with your guests. It's as Mexican as the jumping-bean and will do for you what the Bloody Mary should, but never quite does. It's the

TEQUILA MARY

Mix the following ingredients and chill in the refrigerator: 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lime juice, 2 cups thick tomato juice, 1½ teaspoons **each** of Worcestershire sauce and hot pepper sauce, 1½ teaspoons bitters and two generous pinches of salt (about a teaspoon). Just before serving, pour 2 ounces tequila over ice in each glass, then add the mixture to fill and garnish with a lime wedge. This will serve four. Double or triple according to your guests.

ORANGE C & C

This is a very elegant drink and the most expensive of any given in this list because it requires a good Champagne and a good Cognac (not just any old brandy, but a Cognac such as Courvoisier, Remy-Martin, or Martell). The most practical way of preparing this drink is to buy Champagne in splits—small bottles that average about 1½ to 2 glasses—so that you won't have any of this delicious but expensive wine going to waste or losing its taste, as might be the case if you bought it by the fifth or magnum.

Pour 1 split of the Champagne and 1½ ounces of the Cognac, plus the juice of a medium orange over ice in a 12-ounce glass. Stir, but do not shake (if you shake, the carbonation in the Champagne will cause a mess, if not a near-explosion!). This serves just 1 person. And it's heavenly!

Orange juice goes beautifully with whiskey, of course. And so

some of your guests may like an

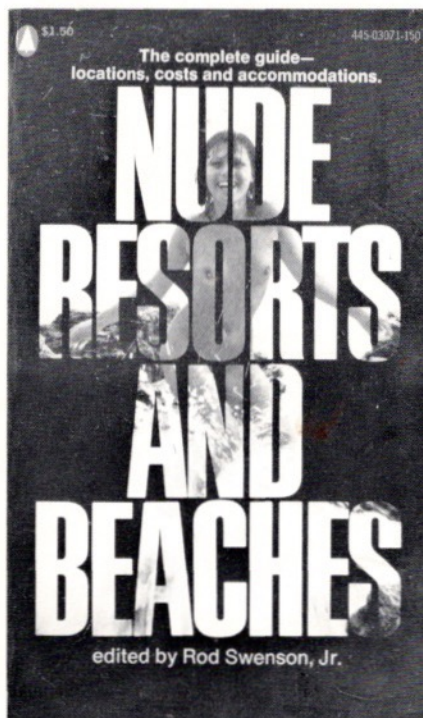
EASY RIDER

Just pour 2 ounces of blended whiskey over ice in a tall glass. Add orange juice to fill, and a dash of grenadine. It's for one person.

As you see, any/all of these drinks are easy to prepare, take little time, and each has something going for it in a quite special way. Best of all, these drinks are not just seasonal . . . they're delicious at any time of the year.

Book Review

By The Editors



If you're a nudist, or if you want to know where the bareass scene is, get yourself a copy of a new paperback called **Nude Resorts and Beaches** (Popular Library; 144 pages; \$1.50). The copyright is held by Clothes Free Media, Inc., 84 Thomas St., New York, N.Y. 10013, and it's suggested that you write them if you can't locate a copy at your

local bookstore, or if you have any questions after reading the book.

First, we want to make it clear that this is not a gay book; nor is it a directory of gay nudist havens. In fact, gay references aren't made even when they're expected—as when, for example, the gay beach resorts of Cherry Grove and The Pines on Fire Island are discussed. Nevertheless, the gay reader can eke out the essentials and then consult a gay travel directory such as "Private Stock" and put two and two together easily enough.

Nude Resorts and Beaches is a comprehensive directory of public beaches across the country and throughout Canada where sunning/swimming in the buff is legal, or at least practiced openly. In addition, resorts for nudists are detailed . . . not only name and address, but all the particulars along with helpful hints and, in many cases, maps pinpointing their location.

There is legal advice—for those brave nudists who want to fling off their clothes just anywhere. Travel agencies specializing in vacations for nudists are listed. So are organizations you can join. And there are so many helpful hints throughout—such as driving directions and attitudes concerning singles you can expect at the various resorts.

It's no big secret that where there is nudity there is gay life—and as you thumb through **Nude Resorts and Beaches** many familiar beaches will get your attention. Places like Black's Beach, Brooks Beach, Devil's Slide, Pirate's Cove Beach, and San Gregorio in California; Riis (misspelled Reese!) Park, Cherry Grove, and The Pines in New York—and all points north, south, east, and west—with as many or more places inland as on the coasts (there's even a place in the middle of Utah!).

Here's a book that belongs on your shelf if you travel—to help you find beaches where public nudity is practiced and perhaps introduce you to a different kind of vacation somewhere not far away where you can let it all hang out.

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

New York . . . The National Coalition of Gay Activists is planning protests at the Democratic and Republican National Conventions this summer to demand the passage of legislation to prohibit discrimination in employment and housing against homosexuals. More than 20,000 gay men and women are expected to participate in the demonstrations in New York City during the Democratic Convention, and in Kansas City, Mo. during the Republican National Convention. In view of the recent Supreme Court refusal to legalize homosexuality on a nationwide basis, thus leaving it up to each state (homosexual acts are still illegal in 39), the protesters are expected to be quite vocal.

Great Falls . . . The lid is about to pop off the gay pot at the Malstrom Air Force Base—where nearly 40 military men are under investigation for homosexual activities. The purge began some months ago when a gay serviceman tried to commit suicide by overdosing on drugs and volunteered the names of all his sex contacts while he was undergoing treatment.

Copenhagen . . . Denmark is recoiling from its tolerance of pornography, and Copenhagen book shops and massage parlors are suffering. Brothels are being raided along with the live sex shows. Thus far the long arm of the law hasn't touched the gay baths. They claim they have a live-and-let-live attitude—provided an establishment doesn't "flaunt it."

New York . . . Recently, Pier 48 on New York's west side, went up in flames—as we reported in the June **QQ Magazine**. The old 730-foot pier on the Hudson River has long been abandoned, and for several years now has been a 24-hour meat rack for gay guys. Though the place is a shambles, with the back half completely gone, there

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is still activity in the front section. There has always been danger from muggings here but now the weakened beams pose still another threat to all those who enter—suckers, fuckers, coppers, and muggers.



Washington . . . It was revealed several weeks ago that Whittaker Chambers, the one-time Communist agent whose testimony sent Alger Hiss to jail in 1950, voluntarily admitted to the FBI in 1949 that he was a homosexual. That information has been kept under wraps for 27 years. Chambers died in 1961. The FBI saw to it that the Big Secret never got out—for fear that it would serve Hiss, who, to this day, claims he was innocent.

Des Moines . . . Iowans who have their sex changed will be entitled to new birth certificates under legislation recently signed into law by Gov. Robert Ray.

New York . . . A Greenwich Village cafe owner from Teaneck, N.J. (Louis Walker, 38) was recently found guilty of seeking to extort \$500 a week in protection payoffs from the operators of Man's Country Baths in New York City. Walker faces a prison term of up to 20 years and a \$10,000 fine.

Trenton . . . The New Jersey Supreme Court has ruled that a sex act between consenting adults (in this case two gay men) at a highway rest area is not indecent exposure or lewdness. In this quite logical ruling the Court said that "The only way to tell whether a private sex act involves indecent exposure is whether someone else is likely to see it." The N.J. Supreme Court noted that in a 1974 case it had concluded that "the crime of private lewdness existed only when a defendant engaged in indecent exposure, or actions

that would harm the morals of a minor." The high court noted that the dissenting Appellate judge had ruled unwisely that **any** sex act committed in a public area would be offensive to the majority of the public if it was observed. The Supreme Court said it "found the argument wholly unreasonable, and that in this case those men involved could have assumed reasonably that they were in a relatively secluded spot and that their actions would not be seen by the public.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- Want to know where truck drivers stop on the road? Get a copy of "Auto Truck Stops," a listing of over 500 places across the country that offer round-the-clock services on or near the interstate highway system. It's \$2.50 postpaid, from Raymont Assoc., 29 Reymont Ave., Rye, N.Y. 10580. There's nothing gay about the book, but . . . use your imagination!

- If you're tired of visiting the same old museums in Europe there's a new guide called "132 Unusual Museums in Europe" that you can buy for \$2.50 from Passport Publications, 20 North Wacker Dr., Chicago Ill. 60606.

- Amtrak recently changed its ruling concerning pets—previously allowed to travel in private compartments. No more. Exceptions, of course, are seeing-eye dogs. Others have to be boxed in the freight car.

- Pure drinking water is becoming scarce—and taps that yield muddy liquid are not uncommon. Provided the water is safe to drink in the first place—you can take with you wherever you go a handy (no bigger than a tennis ball) water purifier that attaches to any faucet. It filters out all impurities—but not microscopic organ-

isms, etc., that are found where tap water is risky. The clever device sells for \$5.95 and is available from Good Life Products, Inc., Suite 1500, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001. Or send for their free brochure; multiple purchases are money-saving. The filter lasts about four months in the average home.

- We regret that Arturo's in Mayaguez, P.R. has changed hands, with half the property having been sold off to a farmer. There are still guest accommodations, but do not expect the same services as before. If you are familiar with Arturo's, or if our Caribbean issue sparked your curiosity, we suggest that you do not make reservations in advance, but first spend time in San Juan, where you can inquire locally about conditions there.

- If you need a passport picture in a hurry, look for a photographer who uses the new Polaroid Miniportrait camera. Its film, Type 58, produces a finished print in 60 seconds and has been approved for application purposes by the U.S. Passport Office.

- If you find yourself in a lot of small towns across the country this Bicentennial Summer and don't know where to go to find gay life—here are some general hints: If there's a university, check the johns, particularly the one in or near the library. You might make a friend or get some information from the grafitti. If there's a bus depot or train station in town check the area out. Ditto for the johns. Almost always there's a straight X-rated movie house or art theatre in town. Don't underestimate the potential of making out here (usually, the seedier the theatre the better its yield). And always remember to carry your copy of "Private Stock"—in case there is action in town and you need to look it up.

- If you frequent johns and meat racks in questionable areas you'd be wise to put your dollar bills in your sock before indulging. Gays ripping off gays is commonplace these days—and how easy it is for him to reach down in your pocket while he's

going down on you! If you value your money, don't take chances. Sock it!

- You may actually cut down on your chances of meeting a guy when you're walking his town if you tote your duffle bag or hiking sack. It's a sign that you are a transient—even if you aren't . . . and a lot of stable guys who would otherwise go for you often have second thoughts about approaching a guy who might in fact be a freeloader looking for a place to stay. So before you do the town, stash your bag in your room or in a locker.

- If you're a big city dude used to the ways of the gay world—don't assume everybody else is, no matter where he lives. Pulling the poppers out too soon, say, at a baths in a smallish town, might turn a prospective partner off pronto. Get back to nature first. After you get into it you can start pulling surprises.

- It's a good idea to carry proof of citizenship in addition to your passport when you travel abroad. Also some extra passport photos. This in case your passport is lost or stolen. If it happens, report immediately to the nearest American consulate. Having some proof that you're an American citizen and photos will expedite securing a replacement passport. (Did you know that a stolen passport can bring a thief as much as \$2,500 on the black market—and that if it's used by a criminal and you fail to report it you stand to be involved in serious trouble?)

- It's best to carry "specialty" metal objects such as popper cases and cock rings in your luggage. Bags are generally inspected by X-ray and small metal objects will be passed through. If the same objects are carried on your person and the X-ray alarm is triggered as you pass through the airport inspection counter you may be forced to empty your pockets—which can be embarrassing . . . especially if you're wearing a cock ring.

- Remember when poppers used to be packed in little tin boxes which prevented them from breaking in your pocket? Several years ago that kind of packaging was discontinued and now they

come in ordinary paper boxes. A beautiful way to carry poppers is in a used **Bisodol Antacid Tablets** tin which you can buy at any drugstore. (The mints are good for your tummy after you've swallowed too much!) Or use a **Bayer Aspirin** tin box. They each hold about 8 poppers and because the tin snap-cases are slim they can be easily concealed in any pocket.

- It's a good idea to carry a few plastic food baggies with you on a trip—particularly if you will be driving to remote beaches. You can always lock your clothes in the trunk but baggies are an ideal way to carry cigarettes and a couple of dollars (for a hustler you might happen to meet in the bushes). Baggies can be knotted in order to keep the contents dry when swimming; it's a good idea to take your valuables with you and not leave them on the beach while you're in the water.

- When you shop Mexico on your travels don't overlook checking out the pawn shops. Average tourists seldom do. You will find many unusual buys—ranging from used appliances, to discarded antiques.

- Take advantage of airport banks when you arrive in foreign cities so that you will have enough local currency to get settled. Not all banks close at 3 p.m. and finding locked doors when you arrive at noon can be upsetting—especially your hotel is too small to cash even a \$20 traveler's check.

- Be very careful if you're thinking about buying land or a condominium apartment or the like in a foreign country. The fine print doesn't always tell you that as a foreigner you cannot own the property you are paying for. As in Mexico—where condominiums are selling like hot cakes, but which cannot be owned by Americans; Mexican banks are used in a trust arrangement—which means that if the government ever wants what you "own" it's theirs with no strings. The latest gimmick is selling Americans hotel rooms—which are used by the hotel in your absence . . . part of the money helps you pay the cost and eventually you have full ownership of a particular room.

- People abroad think we Americans are extremists when it comes to cleanliness . . . they refer to us as being "antiseptic." By our standards even those who are clean in many countries leave much to be desired. If you like screwing where soap and water are not available (outdoor action in parks, for example) then be sure and take a supply of **Wash 'n Dri** packets along. You'll be thankful you did.

- 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.

- If you usually stay at big hotels when you travel and suspect that the management might be uptight about visitors their guests are likely to bring in at all hours of the night—then make certain you arrive and check in during the day. In this way you are likely to encounter desk personnel whose workday ends at 6 p.m. or thereabouts. The night staff will not be that aware of you and probably won't have any way of knowing that your companion is not checked in with you. Never leave your key at the front desk when you go out for the evening. When you come back, simply let it hang from your hand, noticeably; it will keep the doorman or clerk from asking you and your friend to identify yourselves.

And with these tips . . . we leave you until next month.

CIAO!

XAVIER[®] THE GAY CUCARACHA!

TACKY!

BY SPREADEAGLE 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 13

MARTI GRASS

PART UNO

FANNY FOO...PANT!

XAVIER HONEY..PLEEZ KEEP IT DOWN! FANNY FOO DONE HAD A VERY ROUGH NITE 'N IZ DO NEED ALL DA BEAUTY REST IZ CAN GET... SO COOL IT!

BUT... BUT...

AMIGO...YOU IZ MISSIN' A FUCKIN' CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! DEWITT DE COLLARDS IZ IN DA NEXT ROOM!

WHAT!

YEAH...MR. AMERICA...MR. WEST COAST... 'N MR. EVERYTHING! HE'S WORKIN' WIT PISSPOT AS A WAITER AT ELEPHANT WALK! YOU SHOULD SEE HIM... HE'Z JUST YOUR TYPE!

BE STILL MIZ POUNDIN' TRANSVESTITE HEART!

HEY MAN...LIKE I'LL BE BRUSHIN' UP AGAINST YOU AT THE BIG MARDI GRAS BASH TONITE! THANKS FOR LAYIN' SOME GRASS ON ME! SEE YA LATER!

OH...I LEFT AN EXTRA INVITATION... JUST IN CASE YOU WANT TA DRAG ANOTHER BOD ALONG, MAN!

THANKS

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

GASP... HE'Z BEAU-TI-FUL!

COME TO THE FABULOUS 1976 MARDI GRAS BALL

ADMIT ONE

COSTUMES-PRIZES
DEWITT DE COLLARDS WILL HEAD THE GRAND PROCESSION

HEY... OYE... LOOK!

SOB... OH XAVIER... I'Z SURE LUV TA GO... BUT WHAT CHANGE DOZ A LI'L, PLAIN WATER-BUG LIKE ME HAVE MAKIN' IT WIT A BIG, JUICY HUNK LIKE DEE-WITT ?!?

YOU HAVE NICE EYES...

OH...I'Z WISH I COULD GO TO DAT MARTY GRASS BALL... JUST FOR A LI'L WHILE...LIKE DAT GAL-CINDER-WHATS'-ER-NAME?

HUMM...

BIG MOMENT OF DECISION...

HOLY HIDALGO...I HATE TA SEE A BIG WATER-BUG CRY... SHOULD I TELL FANNY FOO ABOUT PISSPOT'S HI-POTENCY GRASS... 'N VERA CRUZ...DA BLUE COCKROACH FAIRY OF DA SOUTH...?

SIGH...ME FUCKIN' ACAPULCO CON-SCIENCE WON'T REST UNLESS I DO...HEY FANNY FOO...ESPERA!

MINUTES LATER...

...AND DATS ALL YOU GOTTA DO, F.F.-CHEW ON DA FUCKIN' GRASS 'N LET DA MAGIC HAPPEN!

DAT'S DA STORY OF MY LIFE, CHILD! OK. WHAT DOES I HAVE TA LOOSE? HERE GOES NOTHIN'! CHOMP...

WOW...YOU IZ RIGHT...XAVIER-I FEEL IT...I FEEL DA MAGIC HAPPENIN'!

SUDDENLY...

ZAP!

WHO...WHO DA FUCK ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT, VERA CRUZ!

I'Z JOSEPHINE BAKERFIELD! I'Z SUB-ING FOR VERA. SHE IZ LAID LOW WITH DA FLU!

I'Z HATE TA RUSH YA... HON, BUT I DO GOT A HAIR DRESSIN' APPOINTMENT UPSTAIRS...SO WHAT WILL IT BE...HUMM?

ME AMIGO, FANNY FOO HAS A HEAVY CRUSH ON DIS BIG HUNK... 'N WANTS TA MAKE DA FUCKIN' MARDI GRAS FIESTA ESTA NOCHE... SO CAN YA SWING IT 'N HUMANIZE HIM..POR FAVOR?

SURE...NO SWEAT! FANNY FOO...CLICK YOUR HEELS THREE TIMES 'N FACE DA EMERALD CITY!

DIS IZ SURE EXCITIN'!

ALL WE NEED NOW IZ MARGARET HAMILTON 'N DOS FUCKIN' FLYIN' MONKEYS!

PUFF...BYE...HAVE FUN!

POW!

WELL DIP ME IN DONKEY DUNG! FANNY FOO...YOU IZ MUY GUAPO!

TO BE CONTINUED...







Photo Feature Of The Month Musclemen

By The Editors

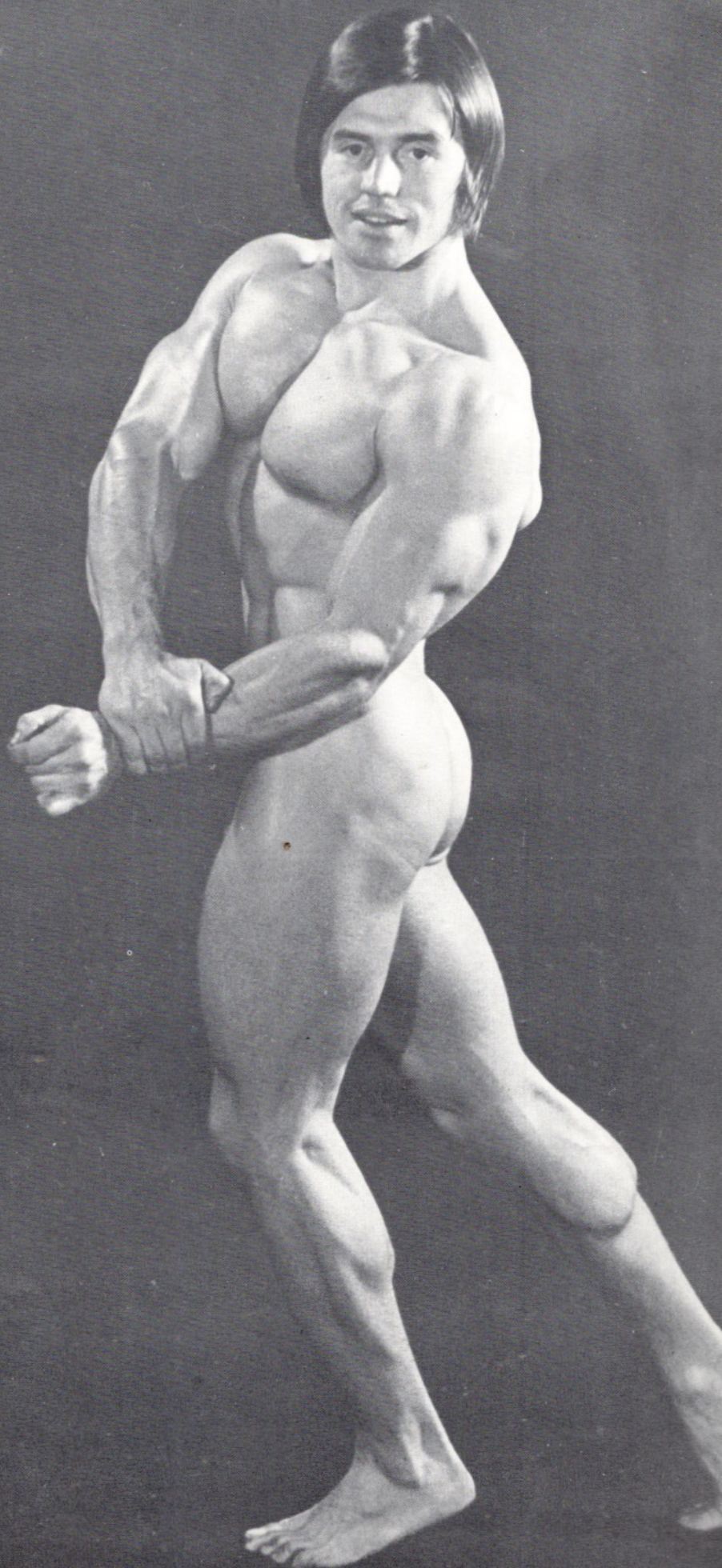
This month **Ciao!** honors the mighty musclemen—dedicated bodybuilders, whose achievements are admirable. And admired they are—at shows where they pose for huge audiences who hang on their every move. If you've never been to a muscle show, your first will be a special treat. Check for schedules at your local YMCA or pick up a copy of **Muscle Training Illustrated** magazine for dates and places. Like the Pro Mr. America and Pro Mr. World contests at the Beacon Theatre in New York City on Sept. 12th—and a testimonial dinner you can attend the day before . . . where you can dine with the same champs posing the next day.

Our lineup includes: Fabulous Rick Alexander, on the opposite page. He's won several contests. The photo is by Western Photography Guild. So has "Paul," on the right; he's Mr. Czechoslovakia. Oscar Navarre, on page 32, was a **BODY** coverman last January; he comes to us from Western Photography Guild. And opposite, Kensington Road brings us a fantastically powerful back view.

On page 34 you see popular Bart Horne, from Kensington Road. Opposite is Mark Arno, from Western Photography Guild. He's won many contests. John Skaggs (Kensington Road) occupies page 36. And on page 37 another Kensington Road photo of a symmetrical rear.

David Carter occupies page 38. He offers a bodybuilding course for \$15. (Stallion Ent., 4676 Admiralty Way, Suite 401, Marina Del Rey, Calif. 90291.) The photo is by Ramon. Opposite is popular Drew Burton, from Kensington Road. And, finally, on page 40, powerful Carl Zaire, from Athletic Model Guild.

May/June 1976

















CIAO!





U.S.A.

Kensington Road



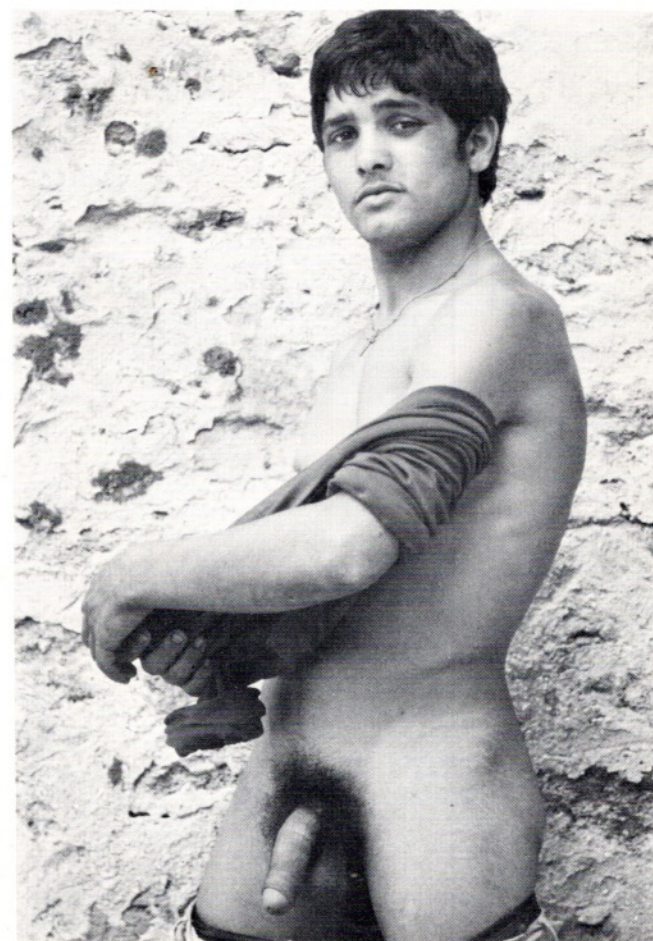
England
Studio Ceb

Ciao! Gallery

Super Studs of the World

Compiled by The Editors

Puerto Rico

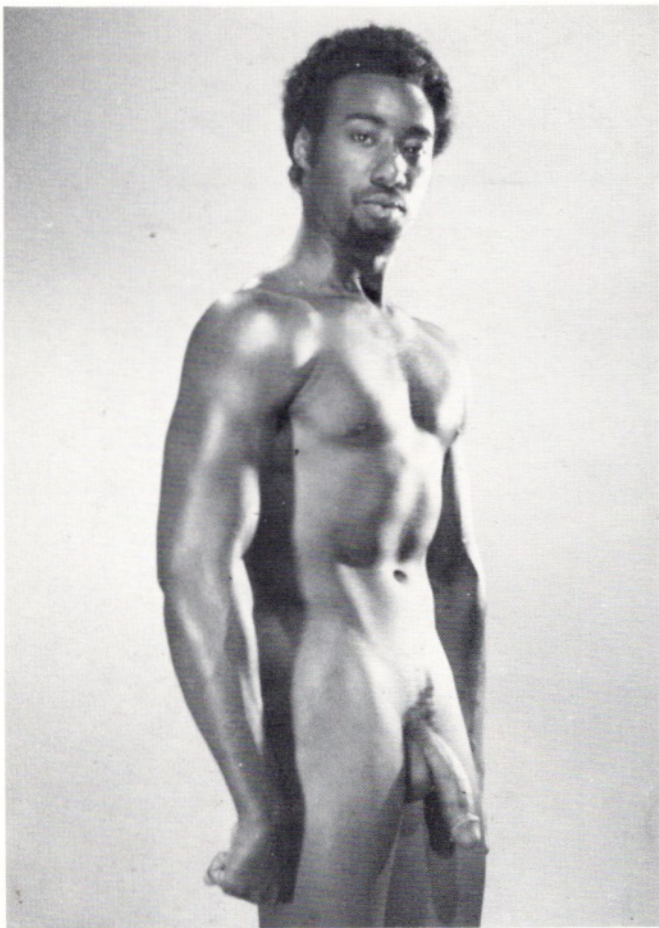


Jurgen

Italy

U.S.A.

Athletic Model Guild



Athletic Model Guild



Mexico



U.S.A.

Jurgen



Italy

CIAO!

U.S.A.



Athletic Model Guild Third World Studio



U.S.A.



May/June 1976

1976 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

From The Editors Of Ciao!—The Most Celebrated Gay Travel Magazine In The World—A 1976 International Travel Directory Containing Nearly 4,000 Up-To-Date And Accurate Keyed Names And Addresses Of Gay Hotels, Bars, Baths, Movie Houses, Book/Sex Shops, Meeting Places And Action Spots Throughout The U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Central America, The Caribbean, South America, Europe, Africa, The Middle East, Asia, And The Pacific . . . Your Passport To Gay Adventure In A Compact Booklet Small Enough To Fit In Your Pocket!



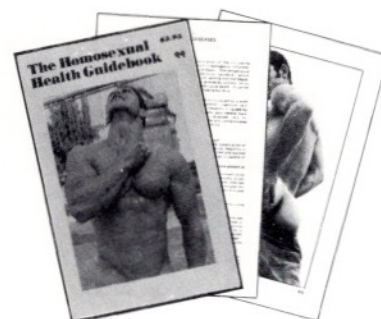
THE MOST ACCURATE GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY IN THE WORLD

Nearly all existing gay travel directories are "rip-offs" of guides published years ago—providing information which is no longer valid. The editors of our gay travel magazine span the world—constantly gathering information for Ciao! They have prepared our 1976 gay travel directory—which we call "Private Stock." It contains nearly 4,000 accurate and up-to-date names and addresses of gay establishments and meeting places everywhere in the world—conveniently arranged by country and city in alphabetical order. By utilizing a concise system of "keys" we are able to present detailed information about each listing; the keys are so arranged that you can instantly interpret them and learn everything you need to know—whether a place is entirely gay, what you will encounter—young guys, old guys, sex, no booze, entertainment, food, lesbians, hustlers, muggers, cops, even dangerous animals (in jungle meat-racks!). And we dare to bare it all—including johns on college campuses, in subways and department stores that swing. By using small type which is easy to read we are able to cram all this valuable information in a compact booklet which is securely stapled together in magazine form and small enough (3x5) to fit in your shirt pocket. Its cover is durable and leather-grained with absolutely no "tell-tale" printing so that discreet travelers can use it anywhere. Plus other features such as where to look for sex in college towns, and how much hustlers are paid—and how to handle them. Published annually—"Private Stock" is the only gay travel directory you need . . . the only one you will ever want. It is your personal address book for hot times! Sent via certified 1st class.

ONLY \$5 A COPY!

Order from: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. Order forms on page 54.

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK



Another FIRST from QQ Magazine—the most valuable guidebook ever published. HUNDREDS OF QUESTIONS ANSWERED covering every aspect of gay health. FULLY ILLUSTRATED to help you spot ailments and cure them or aid your physician in his diagnosis. Typical subjects covered are syphilis, gonorrhea, crabs, hepatitis, circumcision, aphrodisiacs, drugs, exercise, diet, hygiene—all covered from the gay point of view.

The Homosexual Health Guidebook measures 5 1/2" X 8 1/2" and is printed on heavy glossy stock. It is sent via 1st class in a heavy, carefully sealed plain manila envelope.

Available By Mail Only—\$3.95

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GAY SEX TECHNIQUES



Now—a book on EVERYTHING you've wanted to know about gay sex techniques. And if you already know it all—you're still bound to learn a few tricks to make your sex life even more exciting. Everything's covered—increasing phallus size, masturbation, anal and oral sex, sex variations, etc. "Gay Sex Techniques" is the most comprehensive, scientific, humorous, and downright horny book on gay sex ever written. Fully illustrated so we cannot sell it to minors. Sorry. Only \$3.95. Sent in carefully sealed heavy manila envelopes, via 1st class.

Available By Mail Only—\$3.95

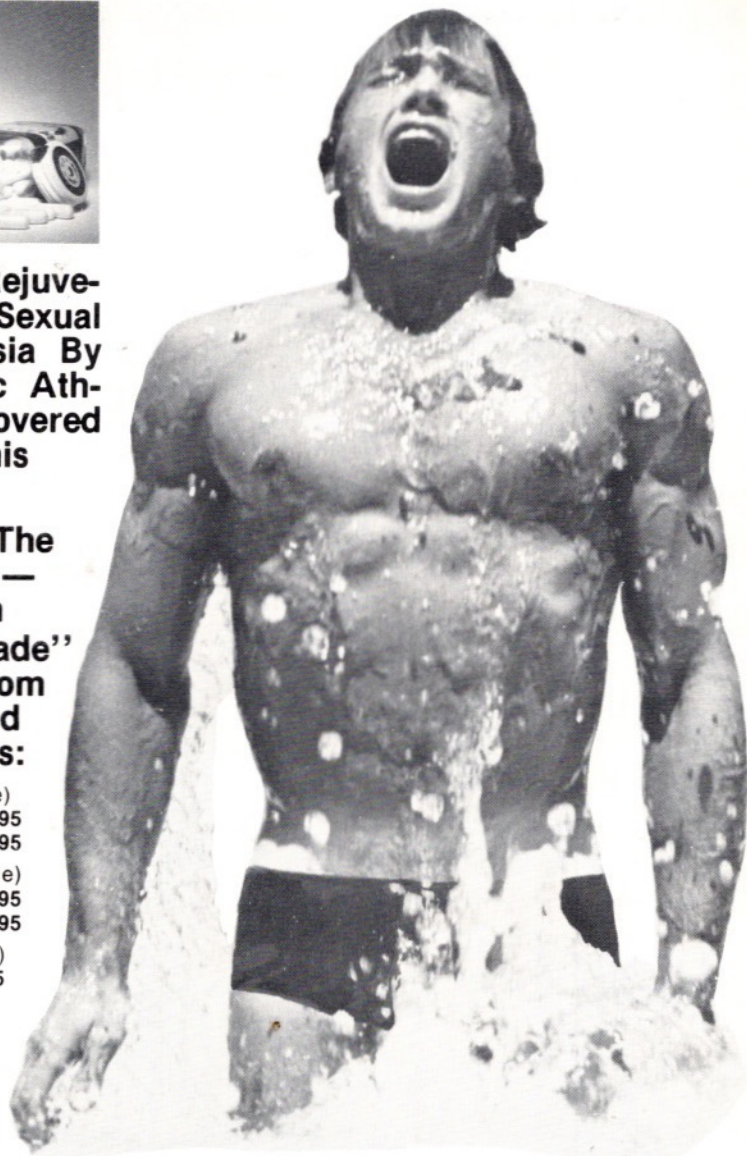
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Treasured In The Orient As A Rejuvenator And Reactivator Of The Sexual Organs . . . Consumed In Russia By The Cosmonauts And Olympic Athletes . . . And Yet Still Undiscovered By Millions Of Americans In This Most Abundant Land Of All!

Now . . . Good Life Products — The Quality-Vitamin Clearing-House — Brings You The Purest "Heaven Grade" Korean And "Earth Grade" Siberian Ginsengs Processed From Wild Roots That Are 6 Years Old . . . In 6 Pure And Potent Forms:

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The 6000 Year-Old Natural Food That Makes You Come Alive!

Please send the following (check):

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- ☐ Siberian Capsules (250) . . . \$14.95
- ☐ Korean Red Extract \$21.95
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- ☐ Korean Natural Root \$14.95

TOTAL \$ _____

Good Life pays taxes and all shipping costs, etc.

Good Life Products, Inc., Suite 1500, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001

Please check and complete:

- ☐ Check or money-order enclosed.
- ☐ Master Charge # _____ 4-digit Interbank # _____
- Exp. date _____ Signature _____

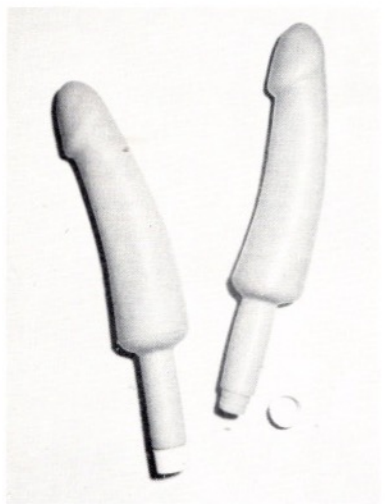
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please Print Clearly)

HOT ROD



Fill 'er up and shove 'er in! No fuel shortage with HOT ROD... a little warm water goes a long way to tingle your dingle. Realistically shaped. Ideal size (7½" long by 1½" diameter, not including spout and screw cap). Made of smooth, soft plastic that has absolutely no rough edges or seams. Flesh-colored. Completely washable.

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RED HOT Book Sets



You've asked for them... here they are—**RED HOT Gay Paperback Book Sets!** We sell 'em in 5's only so please do not order odd numbers. We'll select groups of the newest books out when your order arrives. Do not request specific titles but please list any books you now have that you do not want included. Books are sent in plainly marked, carefully wrapped packages via insured parcel post to guarantee privacy and delivery. Please state you are 21 or older when ordering.

5 BOOKS \$11.00
10 BOOKS \$21.00
15 BOOKS \$30.00

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BACK ISSUES QQ Magazine



More and more guys are collecting back issues of **QQ Magazine**—the world leader in gay literature. A full set of magazines affords a handy library of information on every subject of interest to gay guys—and every issue contains an index of past articles to help you locate the subjects you are interested in easily and quickly. Be sure and see a current issue of **QQ Magazine** for a complete list of back issues which are still available. Or send today for a free catalog of merchandise offerings, which also lists back issues. You must be 21 or older. Send to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., 450 Seventh Ave. (Suite 602), New York, N. Y. 10001.**

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Robert Butler



George Rugg



Terry Frost

Our 32-page 1976 CATALOGUE TWO is available at \$2.00 shipped via first-class taped mail. Please state that you are over 21 and add \$2.00 for airmail outside the U.S.A.

NEW CUSTOMER SPECIAL: CATALOGUE ONE & CATALOGUE TWO (a total of 51 models) at \$3.00 via first-class mail. Add \$3.00 for airmail outside the U.S.A.

Kensington Road, P.O. Box 347, Dept Q, Long Beach, Calif. 90801

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Ring it with nickel. Practical and inexpensive. We have 'em in 4 diameters: 1 1/4"; 1 1/2"; 1 3/4"; 2". Minimum of 2 per order (same size or different). Or buy 4 (same size or different) and save money and accommodate all your guests. Please state sizes when ordering. Sent prepaid insured.

2 COCK RINGS \$5.00
4 COCK RINGS \$9.00

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Ringmaster



Put tingle in your dingle with RINGMASTER—a snap-on ring with lightweight vibrating capsule. Rheostat control is separated from unit by a thin 24" cord and permits the mildest to the wildest vibrations by simply turning a knob. Ring is 1-3/8" diameter but spreads to fit all. Takes penlight batteries (included). May also be attached to many toys (shown here on the El Perfecto I, which is not included in your purchase). Sold only as a novelty to adults over 21.

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fire island, new york

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for reservations call 516/597-6162

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Oscar Navarre*



Prone Models



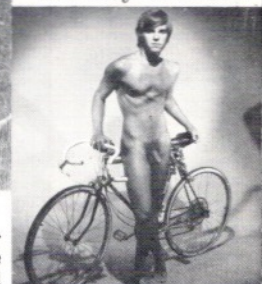
Low Key Studies



Steve Anthony*



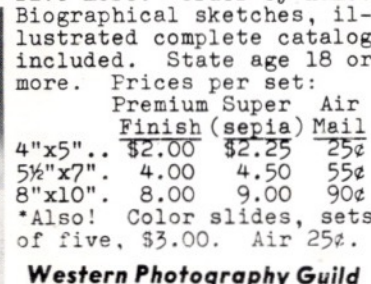
Rory McLeod*



Tim Love*



Darren De Long*



Western Photography Guild
Box 2801 Denver, Colo. 80201



Eddie Williams*

Superb sets of six original photos of any of these models, the pose shown and five more. Order by name. Biographical sketches, illustrated complete catalog included. State age 18 or more. Prices per set:

	Premium	Super	Air
4"x5"...	\$2.00	\$2.25	25¢
5 1/2"x7"	4.00	4.50	55¢
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*Also! Color slides, sets of five, \$3.00. Air 25¢.

REDUCED: 50% OFF!



Buckle Up!



BUCKLE UP! and get your message across . . . like f-a-s-t! These unusual belt buckles are designed for us by Marigold. Each and every one is individually cast from a bronze mold . . . made from white metal and plated with gleaming 22-karat gold. They fit any 3"-wide belt that has snaps to accommodate a separate buckle. Both models are very butch . . . they have a rough texture and look heavy but feel light when worn. Approximately 7" long by 3" wide. Great for you and your mate and a terrific gift idea!

MASTER Buckle \$17.45
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Pendants of Destiny

KNOW YOUR BIRTH SIGNS

Dec. 23-Jan. 21: Capricorn; Jan. 22-Feb. 20: Aquarius; Feb. 21-Mar. 20: Pisces; Mar. 21-Apr. 20: Aries; Apr. 21-May 20: Taurus; May 21-June 21: Gemini; June 22-July 23: Cancer (the '69" sign may be worn by anyone); July 24-Aug. 22: Leo; Aug. 23-Sept. 23: Virgo; Sept. 24-Oct. 23: Libra; Oct. 24-Nov. 22: Scorpio; Nov. 23-Dec. 22: Sagittarius.



Our PENDANTS OF DESTINY come to us from Marigold—jewelry specialists in astrological designs. Each and every one is individually cast from a bronze mold. They are made of rough-textured white metal which has been plated with gleaming 22-karat gold. Average size is 3" high by 2 1/2" wide. Braided gold chain included. Very unusual and very masculine. Makes a beautiful gift too.

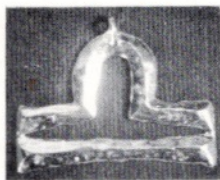
PENDANTS OF DESTINY each \$4.95



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SAGITTARIUS



TAURUS



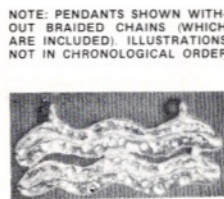
GEMINI



CANCER



PISCES

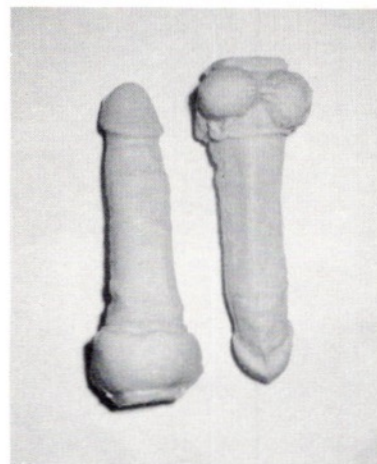


AQUARIUS

NOTE: PENDANTS SHOWN WITHOUT BRAIDED CHAINS (WHICH ARE INCLUDED). ILLUSTRATIONS NOT IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

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The Titanic



THE TITANIC is so big 'n heavy it almost sinks itself! A full 2 lbs. of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber which has an internal wire so that it can hold any angle. Overall length is 11" (shaft measures 9"); over 2" in diameter. Actually molded from life—and perfectly shaped. 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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El Perfecto



Some like 'em long 'n lean; some like 'em short 'n scout (see our other ads . . . we have 'em all!)—but most guys prefer a "workable" size. EL PERFECTO I is where preferred size begins; it's 5 1/2" long and 1 1/2" in diameter. EL PERFECTO II is at an acceptable limit; it's 7" long and 1 3/4" in diameter. Flange base helps prevent "accidental loss." Both models are molded from life and are made of flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

EL PERFECTO I \$8.95
EL PERFECTO II \$10.95

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THE BLIMP



Look! Under the sheets! It's a baseball bat . . . it's a salami . . . it's a watermelon . . . no! It's THE BLIMP! The biggest-ever is for pros only. It measures 15" from stem to stern and has a 3" diameter at its widest spot. Fully 4½ lbs. of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber modeled from life. Sold as a decorative novelty to adults only.

THE BLIMP \$38.95

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THE BIG ARM



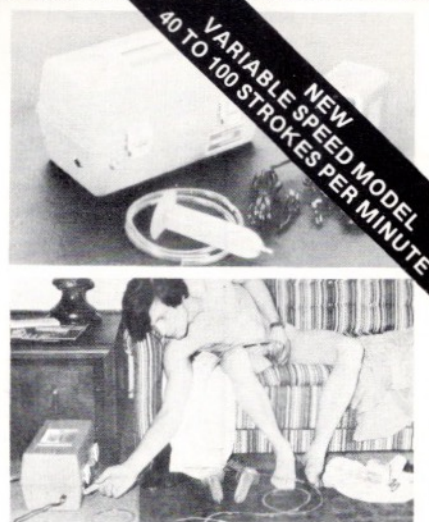
This one is for pro collectors only. The BIG ARM is as big as life with a realistic clenched fist. Excellent detail. Measures 1 foot long. Diameters are: 3" fist; 2" wrist; 3½" forearm. Made from flesh-like, flesh-colored washable rubber. Sold as a decorative novelty to adults only.

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The Greatest Invention Since The Human Mouth ACCU-JAC

New Variable Speed Model



If you are into masturbation then ACCU-JAC is for you. It is a professionally engineered massaging device that took four years of research and development.

ACCU-JAC uses alternating air pressure to move a smooth massaging membrane on the erect penis. The stroking motion is total and incorporates pressurized air flow which produces suction and compression to drive the massaging sleeve back and forth, thus approximating actual fellatio. This total massage combined with gentle suction results in violent climax.

No electrical parts ever touch you. ACCU-JAC is completely safe and entirely harmless. It is gentler than the hand or actual fellatio. A warranty is included to protect all electrical and mechanical parts.

The basic unit includes everything you need to use ACCU-JAC . . . there are no extras to buy. Additional sleeves for a variety of unusual sensations are available for later purchase. They are detailed in literature which accompanies ACCU-JAC and also in our 1975 Catalog advertised elsewhere in this magazine.

It is crucial that you furnish exact measurements of your erect penis to ensure perfect fit of the sleeve sent with your unit. If you are purchasing ACCU-JAC with a friend order an additional sleeve for the second person if his size is different from yours and/or you intend to use ACCU-JAC simultaneously with a T-connection accessory (see coupon).

If you wish to learn more about ACCU-JAC before purchasing see our detailed report in the February 1975 QQ Magazine. Send \$3.50 (\$4.50 in Canada & Mexico; \$5.00 all other countries) for a copy; \$1 for a Xerox copy of the report. Address on coupon.

Our prices include all shipping charges and taxes where applicable. We ship via insured parcel post. Cartons are sturdy and carefully packed and bear no revealing markings. U.S. residents desiring air service please add \$10 to your order. A money-order or charge expedites shipment. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Price reflects manufacturer's 1974 increase. You must be over 21 to order.

QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

Please check:

- ☐ Complete ACCU-JAC with 1 massaging sleeve \$199.50
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- ☐ T-connection permitting two men to use ACCU-JAC simultaneously . . \$5.95

YOUR MEASUREMENTS (IF TWO SLEEVES ARE BEING ORDERED SEND MEASUREMENTS FOR BOTH MEN)

(A) Circumference near base inches (B) Topside length inches

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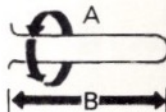
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WORLD'S LARGEST PHYSIQUE COLLECTION FROM ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



8mm Color Film of Buddy Houston (left), \$10.00

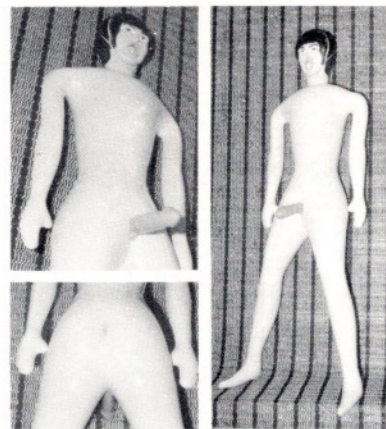


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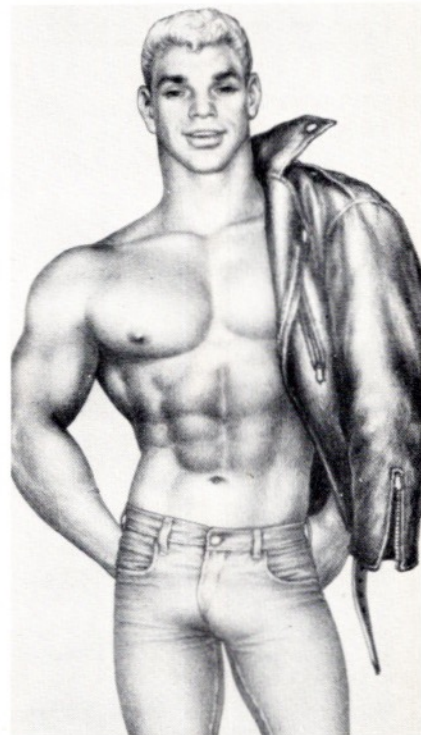
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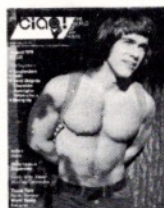
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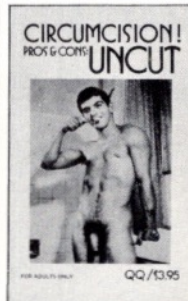
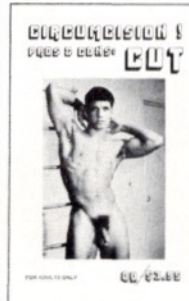
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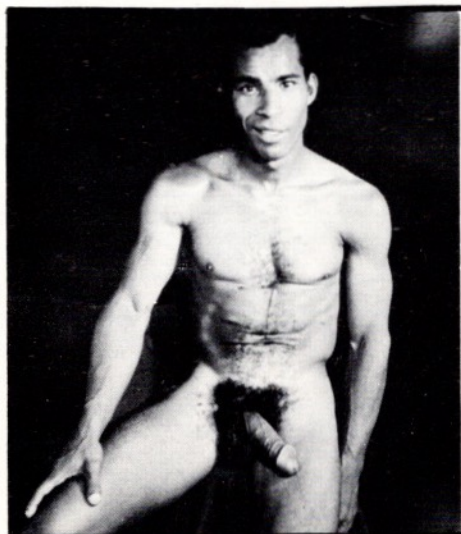
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CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers. This issue is virtually an **Official Guide to the Gay Caribbean** and because places change slowly on the Islands the information will remain valid for years. If you are a wintertime vacationer—send for a copy now. Supply is limited. Specify issue by date when ordering. **Only \$3.50 a copy in the U.S.A., \$4.50 in Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 elsewhere.**

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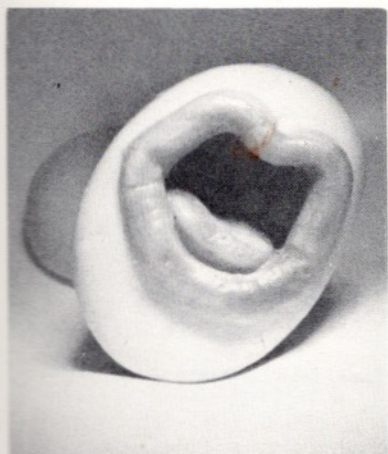


Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere (legs, etc.). Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG HOLE \$10.95

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Pucker up for some deep throat action. These lips and deep mouth complete with realistic tongue are made of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored (lips and tongue are tinted pink/red) rubber (washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" diameter, 6" deep, also stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere. (Similar to the toy we used to carry called "Hot Lips" but much improved.)

HOT MOUTH \$10.95

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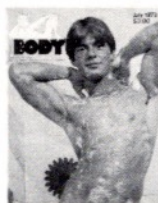
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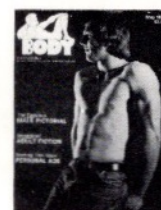


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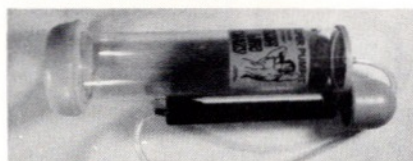
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SUPER PUMPIT \$16.95

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"Look, Ma! No hands!" Let our door-knob attachment do a job on you! Just use your imagination—like inviting KNOB JOB to a threesome when a third guy isn't available. Approximately 8" long by 1 3/4" in diameter and made of soft flesh-like, flesh-colored rubberized plastic that's completely washable. Snaps right on any door-knob as illustrated (knob not included). Also attaches to any standard pipe, such as sink drain, etc.

KNOB JOB \$14.95

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Order from: Athletic Model Guild,
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Please Print Clearly

The B1G Tornado



54

JERSEY SHORE (MON-OCEAN) W/M, 30, 6', 172 lbs., enjoys sex. Interested in everything, enjoys black or white studs. Send name & phone & will call you. **T-10**

VISITING BERMUDA? W/M, professional, slim, masculine. Correspond before visiting—any age or race—preferably older if mature, sincere, and masculine. **S-53-F**

FLORIDA EAST COAST, w/m, forties, 6'3", 180. Desire exchanging ideas and experiences in field of leather, B/D, controlled S/M in the gay world. Travel some, meeting possible. Will answer all. **M-22**

CHICAGO W/M, 30, 5'10", 140 lbs., sincere, honest, wishes to meet same. Interests include theatre, films, conversation with good friends. Prefer well-built guys but like to hear from all. **C-26**

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

MATURE, WELL-EDUCATED W/M, 61, 5'7", 128, interested in friendly correspondence from other white males in Illinois-Western Indiana. No S&M, fats or dopers. Honest, gentle, discreet, seek same. **H-27**

ENGLAND: 45, bearded, 175 lbs., seeks cinema, theatre, BODY, AMG, WPG, Colt, S/M fans. Also glad to hear from trainers and trainees. Slides and photographs to exchange. **C-37-F**

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

MIDWEST MACHO. Together dude with good build and looks. 6'1", 160, white, trim beard & mustache, brown/blue, intelligent, educated, sincere, sense of humor, easy-going, masculine, hip. Many interests. Briefly, that's me... how about you? Any resemblance to the above, if you're 21-40, dig good friendship, great sex, and/or possible serious relationship... write. Your photo gets mine... pronto! **J-9**

PHILADELPHIA: 42, 6'1½", 170, blond/blue. Interests run full gamut: theatre, music, cooking, garden, beach, tennis. Need younger brother to share these and more intimate ones for more than one night. **B-36**

OHIO, white, middle-aged, trim, 6'1", 175, handsome, athletic, educated, wide interests, music, books, outdoors, some travel in state, occ. discreet meeting for sex and friendship. Send photo, info, interests. **V-2**

NEW YORK CITY. Dale, 6', 165, athletic, into ass play, enemas, high colonics, heavy nipple action, mutual French/Greek, seek to share experiences with others who have similar interests. Photo essential. **B-35**

JOE & JIM (31; 27) enjoy hairy chests, nice builds, sharp minds. Versatile and into Reno tours, Bay area visits, letter or cassette tape friendships. Box 7354, Reno, Nv. 89502.

ABILENE OR BROWNWOOD AREA. Weekend water-skier, white male, seeks others with same sports interest. Lake Brownwood location. **O-3**

CHICAGO BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, 31, 6'1", butch, travels, enjoys good J/O session in person or phone, wants to get into W/S. Write and give phone, will answer all. P.O. Box 7859, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

SAN FRANCISCO GWM COUPLE, 33 & 43 want 3-way or group sex 21-50. No dope, S/M, fats, beards, Any race. Prefer cut. Write with picture. **A-22**

BODYBUILDERS, athletes, clean-cut types: Mature successful So. Cal. professional (30's) with know-how and inside info on training, diet, etc. Photo with letter. Travel, etc. A new beginning for right people. **M-31**

AKRON-CLEVELAND. Two well-adjusted lovers, b/m and w/m, both 34, new to area, enjoy meeting other intelligent and happy people. Interests: good food, nature and congenial company. Tel. (216) 929-8958.

TORONTO airline employee, mature, masculine, 5'8", 175, husky, desires contact similar airline guys interested meeting, sharing travels. Also younger muscular studs. Admire uniforms, levis, bodybuilders. Travel weekends, holidays, willing accommodate visitors, share house with suitable person. Write P.O. Box 385, Maple, Ontario, Canada L0J 1E0.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA. Good-looking w/m, age 40, 5'11", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, wishes to meet discreet males, 25-45, for friendship and sex. Am Greek passive, French active/passive. Photo would be appreciated. **E-9**

TEXAS PANDHANDLE: 2 GWM's, youthful 50's. Professional, educated, trim, attractive, discreet, sincere, dependable, varied interests. Non-drinkers, dopers. Seek same/singles. Mellow, gentle, sexy times, friendship. Photo nice. Foreign correspondence in ENGLISH invited. **J-10**

W/M COLLEGE STUDENT, slim build, early 20's, wants to hear from others in central Texas area. Enjoy the quiet life, good times, new friends, and sincere relationships. **N-1**

LONELY 54, seeks wife 18-25 sincere, discreet friend or penpal for mutual interests. Live alone. Can't travel. No feds, fats, S/M or drugs. Nude photo a must. Occupant, Box 7584, Steelton, Pa. 17113.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA, late 30's, 6'4" seeking mature relationship. Likes crafts, performing arts, travel. French-oriented, dislikes bar scene. **W-15**

MARYLAND GWM professional in late 40's but youthful, enjoys classical music, theatre, good food and wine, etc.; seeks friendship with young man in greater D.C. area with life interests. **P-13**

PHILADELPHIA FARM BOYS tired of the gay scene? GWM, masc., has clean, comfortable central apartment for mutual admiration if you're in town for the weekend. Am 6'4", 198 lbs., BI/B hair, good-looking, nice body, Christian. Photo a must. **S-49**

OTTAWA AREA BODYBUILDER: French Canadian, college educated, 28, 5'9", 160, would like to correspond with bodybuilders 20-35 anywhere. Very serious. Will answer all. **C-27**

HORNY, HANDSOME, WELL-HUNG: NYC, white, 45, 6', 150 lbs. Versatile with groovy black or white 16-50. Dig poppers, cock rings, erotica. Fully descriptive letters with revealing returnable photos answered promptly. **T-8**

32 YEARS OLD: 6'11" w/m pharmacist seeks intelligent, broadminded, carefree, husky bodybuilder-type, 20-30, for strong, permanent mental/physical relationship. Can help relocate. D.C. Grant, Jr., 4525 Sylvester #119, Dallas, Tx. 75219.

NORFOLK, VA. Exceptionally discreet older gent seeks well hung, straight or straight acting studs who enjoy French pleasures without reciprocating desires, and to introduce to same known locally. Satisfaction assured. **L-17**

MASC. W/M WELL-ENDOWED, uncut, low-hanging balls, 6', 165 lbs., 45, good body, hairy chest and abdomen. Versatile, digs being sucked by the hour by masculine men. Digs amyl, grass, porno, Colt slides, good clean fun, making friends. Travel. Would like to hear from dudes along routes 40-10 & 20 in L.A. Phone (213) 652-9798 or write **T-12**.

NEW JERSEY (Bergen City) w/m, 37, 6', 168 lbs., wishes to corresp. with w/m or b/m to 35. Looking for cuddly friends and poss. rel. Photo/phone appreciated. **K-24**

ARIZONA: Interested in water polo, wrestling, swimming, bicycling. Athletic guy, late 20's, 5'7", 155 lbs. Light S/M and going for the nuts o.k. Box 1789, Glendale, Az. 85301.

AMERICAN TOURING ENGLAND by car July 1-14. Interested in meeting new friends along the way, perhaps a companion to share expenses. Age and race unimportant. **B-50**

SLENDER YOUNG MAN interested in modeling and sex, would like to hear from and meet other young men in the South Texas (Brownsville) area. Please send picture. **F-14**

CHICAGO BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, w/m, 6', 165 lbs., 40, seeks young, good-looking w/m 18-20's for fun times, plus, if you are slim, honest, intelligent and horny. **J-3**

WHITE MALE, South Central Kansas, desires correspondence and possible meetings with young males. Must be discrete. Just write with photo. All letters answered. **T-13**

NEW YORK: Blond European, 41, 6', 175, outdoor type, house at Cherry Grove, into levis, leather, bondage, S&M (S). Lover of classical music, opera, would like to make some new friends as well as possibly meet one special M with whom to build up mutually enjoyable relationship. No heavy beards/drugs, bi's or marrieds. Travel frequently USA/abroad. Bob, (212) 249-2571 or E-11.

ROME, ITALY: Rooms, tricks, treats. Send \$1 for info to Anderson, Via Paolina 25. Phone 479597.

NEW JERSEY COUPLE would like to hear from others interested in friendship, arts & crafts, gardening, movies. We love to have people over for friendly get-togethers. **P-8**

LOUISIANA, w/m, 5'10", 165 lbs., 42, masc., uncut, hung. Have Honda 750. Live in woods 50 miles from N.O. Dig levis, c/w music, simple life. Want to meet together gays, bi's, or straights. Will consider permanent life with right guy. Attn. truckers; am only 10 miles from Slidell truck stop. Some help for right guy to relocate. Absolutely no feds or fats. Call (504) 882-5832.

SAN FRANCISCO and North for 150 miles. Would like to meet other gays in area. All ages welcomed. Loving and affectionate. **S-22**

PASSIVE GREEK/ACTIVE FRENCH guy with hairless body and rear, any race, 18 to ?, needed by husky, aggressive white stud, 36, 6'4", in Los Angeles area. **T-3**

VISITING LAS VEGAS SOON? Call Rich and Jack at (702) 878-8808. Let us help you with hotel and show reservations. We'll show you the bars and a good time also.

A-1 HUNKY BUDDY, athletic, young masculine, good looking, muscular bodybuilder seeks similar jocks with the clean-cut look. No answer w/o photo. Terry, Box 31241, San Francisco, Calif. 94131.

WEST MICHIGAN: W/M, 6'2", 190, 40's, sincere, discreet, professional, likes classical, theatre, travel; interested in hearing from same over 30. No S/M, fats, drugs. **H-16**

MUSCULAR, MASCULINE GUY interested in meeting same. Good-looking, mid-30's, 5'9", 158 lbs., short dark hair, brown eyes, well-endowed. Bodybuilding, bicycling, hiking, USA travel. Write (photo please!). Box holder, Box 1190, Burbank, Calif. 91507.

CALIFORNIA executive with luxury apartment, fast car, busy life, working in England, seeks smooth, muscular, slender teenager for stimulating, sincere, sensual, stable relationship. Come on, write and be happy. Peter, 341 Lauderdale Tower, Barbican, London EC2Y, England.

LEATHER & S/M in Minnesota. Age 30, flexible. **J-1**

SLAVES (M) wanted for live-in. Master bodybuilder will give you what you want and a little more, to your limit. Send photo to Steve, Rt. 1, Box 284C, Harpers Ferry, W. Va. 25425.

SF HEAD SEEKS J/O BUDDIES into the mystical ecstasy of the solo male experience via films, slides, photos, amyl and heavy sex talk. T.J., P.O. Box 3427, San Francisco, Calif. 94119.

NEW HAMPSHIRE w/m, young 40, digs jockstraps, levis, enemas, J/O, no S&M. Wants to meet/correspond with slim, short, butch guys to 35 in area. Send photo. Duer Thompson, 203 Loudon Rd., B2/A24, Concord, N.H. 03301.

FLORIDA: Want to hear from W/M 25-50 for mutual fun and games. If we click, it could be permanent. Let's enjoy it! Photo appreciated. **R-2**

LOS ANGELES LEATHER M, into most any scene, light bodybuilder, sensitive but supereager, not dumb, seeks to meet interesting-looking, intelligent, dedicated S. Mark: (213) 874-3393.

SO. CALIF. COAST, Santa Barbara to Oxnard, traveled by horny salesman, 6'1", 180 lbs., 40's. Like music, art, nude beaches, studs between 30 and 60. Am into whatever turns YOU on. **B-29**

MICHIGAN FUN-LOVING country boy at heart, white, 40, 6'1", 170 lbs., well-educated, well-traveled and well-endowed. Wishes contacts with sensitive, sincere males, no race barrier. **N-4**

PACIFIC NORTHWEST GUY, 6'1", 155 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, 29, would like to try possibilities with someone like me. Definitely butch, definitely for real. Photo especially appreciated, all answered. **K-14**

S/W OHIO, early 40's, 6', slender 150 lbs. Average looks and endow., digs dom. dude in heavy boots, levis/leather. **D-16**

NEW YORK CITY professional European, 49, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoys dancing and classical music. Rises early weekends to play racket games. Seeks friendship and sex with slim guy. **D-17**

OKLAHOMA. Good-looking, pleasant, slim, good build, 5'7", 125 lbs., 39, brown eyes, Capricorn. Prefer tall, 21 to 35, must be honest with good disposition. Photograph necessary. **L-29**

PROFESSIONAL MAN wants to correspond with and meet men personally mature. Chronological age or race not important. Interests include human relationships, music, handicrafts, reading, writing. Discretion essential. **H-13**

STUDS, all races welcomed. Friendship, fun and games. One time o.k., more possible, not looking for lover. Whatever's right. Answer all. San Francisco, East Bay area. **A-17**

