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The Gay Life In

- Hong Kong
- Chicago
- Savannah
- Istanbul
- Pittsburgh
- Birmingham
- Gulf Coast
 - Mobile
 - Biloxi/Gulfport
 - Pensacola
- Milwaukee

Stone Castle

Photo Feature
California Sunshine

Travel Tips
Book Review
World News
Recipes
Picture Gallery





Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

MARCH/APRIL 1974 VOLUME 2/NUMBER 2

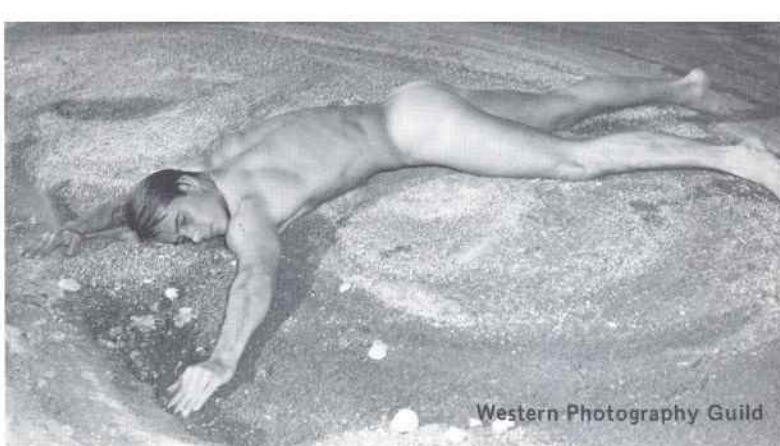
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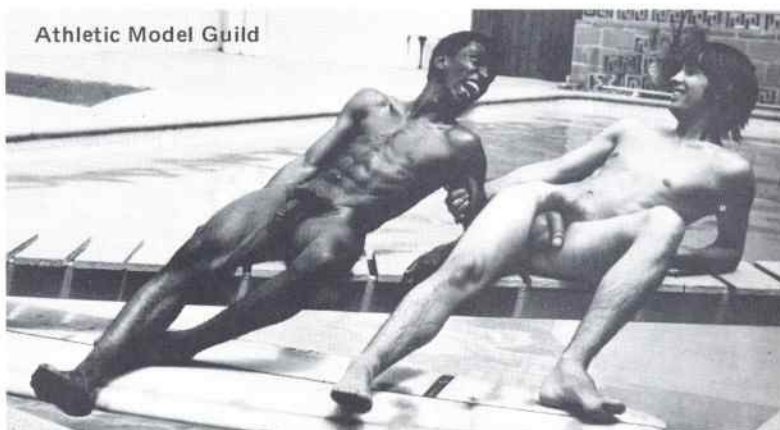
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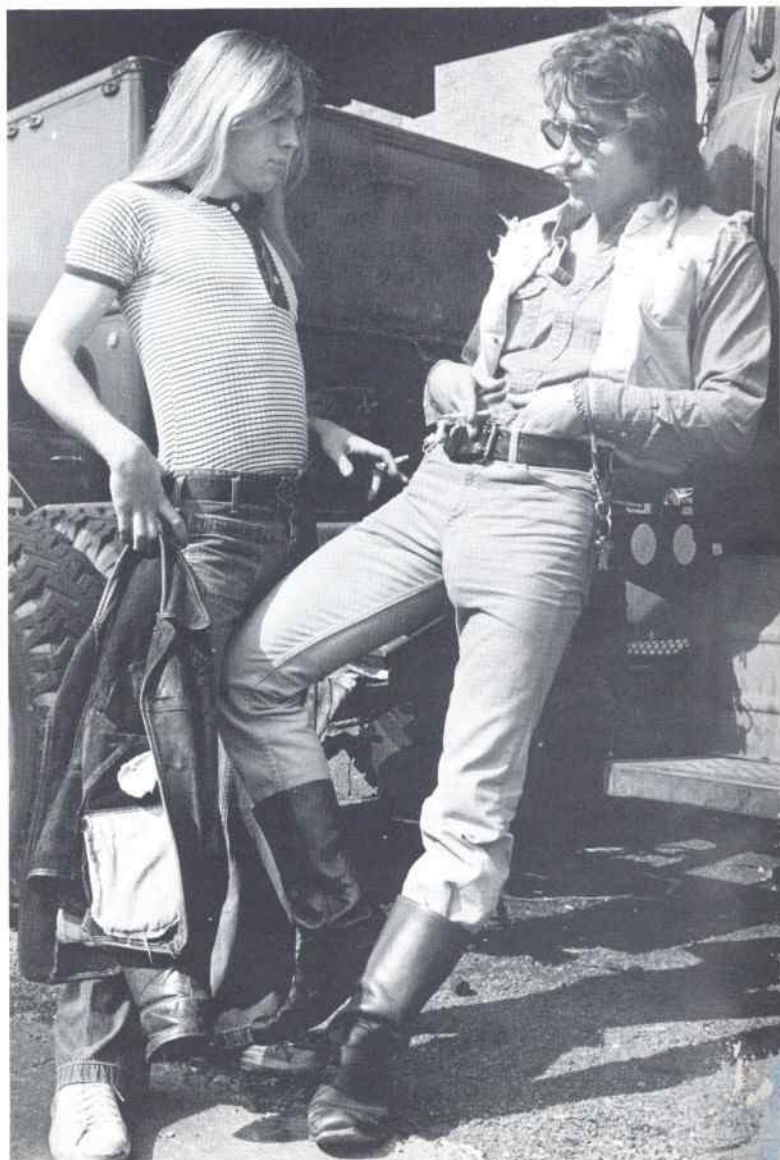
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Editorial

Point of Order

By Jon Lorrimer

As other countries grow richer and our dollar sags abroad, those whom we've helped win history's two greatest wars—and later to achieve a national standard of living heretofore unknown—are as steadily losing the feeling that they are 'beholden' to us in everything . . . a feeling that all Americans of good manners are glad to see waning. If the word 'ingratitude' has a grating sound, 'gratitude', as an expected act of homage too long expected, however inferentially, has unlovelier overtones. It has always been our custom to return favors whenever we can, and if we cannot, then a warmly-spoken "thank you" is *quid pro quo* for any favor, great or small. We can't expect more from others.

Some Americans still boorishly regard Europe as little more than a backyard playground where they can just 'let it all hang out' . . . do as they please . . . disregard local customs and ordinances with impunity . . . and, in general, make a spectacle of themselves with, until now, little more than a gentle admonition from the local police, who, remembering our help in times of crisis, looked the other way, or smiled indulgently (even though it killed them) . . . much as a good hostess does when a careless guest soils her priceless damask tablecloth.

The tables, however, have now been turned, hence this word of caution to gay travelers abroad, prompted by the factuality that the American visitor will now have to hew a straighter line. For if he does not—still banking on native courtesy, good will and/or 'gratitude', or on a remembered leniency, he may well find himself in the pokey for a minimum of several months, or **servng a life sentence with no hope of parole.**

No longer can the American tourist play *Till Eulenspiegel*. If he breaks the law he will not be considered just a boyish prankster but a criminal, and will be treated

as such, and often more harshly than nationals of the particular country in which the crime is committed. Two cases come freshly to mind. The first concerns the annual tourist pilferage in London . . . the second, dope-smuggling out of Turkey.

Too many American tourists have thought it great fun to descend in groups on, say, a chemist's shop, and while a lone attendant is serving one of them, everyone else mills around filching small 'souvenir' items as 'fun mementoes' of London. In past years this has added up to a tidy loss by the chemist, yet he endured it, however dismayed. Or if the bobbies were about they simply asked the souvenir hunters to return the small articles, or pay for them on the spot. No more. Now it's off to Old Bailey and a stretch of cold porridge for breakfast and mulligan stew (*boeuf bourguignonne* it ain't) for about three months.

Then there is the case of the young American who grew first careless about purchasing hashish in Turkey (a serious crime now), and then, after spending several months in jail for mere possession, was released, only to be rearrested when he tried to smuggle dope out of the country! This resulted in his being brought back to the same judge and sentenced to life imprisonment. Appeals to the American Ambassador to Turkey have availed nothing. His parents have spent their lifetime savings on lawyers, intermediaries, foreign representatives, as well as on trips abroad to see him. The Turkish Supreme Court has turned down petitions for leniency, and the handsome young blond boy is now trying to resign himself to spending the rest of his life apart from his own country and those who love him.

No matter what country you visit this summer, have a care for local and national laws and ordinances. Good manners will gain you good will; common sense will keep you out of trouble. Have fun cruising, but use caution, especially when cruising public places such as subway johns. Be just as vigilant as you are back home. Also, if you visit some country that is deeply religious,

remember that laws against homosexuality are often much more stringent than they are in more swinging countries like England, Germany, Sweden and Denmark. Spain, as it has always facistically been, is still hard on blatant cruising. If you go behind the Iron Curtain, bear in mind that Russia considers homosexuality a heinous offense, and punishes accordingly.

Also, follow the various travel articles in *Ciao!* because, whenever possible, we note any unusual laws or restrictions that apply to gay people. We do not want to dampen your gay spirits before you go abroad. We want you to have a wonderful vacation . . . and the time of your life, not the 'life of your time'. But more than anything we want you back home . . . safe, and in one piece!

Sermons In Stones Sexual Fantasies In Sculpture By Walter Norris

*Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public
haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.*

Shakespeare: *As You Like It*
Act II, Scene 1

This is a short story about a postman—not the one who always rings twice, but about a hidden homophile postman who never rang the sexual bell even once. Like so many of our QQ readers, he lived in a town so small that to call it a hamlet would have given it instant cosmopolitis. And like so many of our brothers who are the solitary gay standard-bearers of our lifestyle in such small towns, Ferdinand Cheval, bogged in an odious family life, had no responsive gay sexual outlet—except fantasexing—for his sexual drive.

His townsmen called him *le*

Facteur Cheval ("The postman, Horse."), which, by reversing the syntax of the greeting, made a slightly derisive play on his name. He was born in 1879 in Hauterives in south-central France, in the Drôme region, where he delivered the mail for nearly twenty-nine cheerlessly gayless years of his adult life . . . a sleepy village, still small, yet pleasant, with three bistros; a monument to a famous native general; the tallest, most widely-spreading cedar tree in all France (it seems to hover, as if protecting what is now the town's great tourist attraction—"Cheval's Folly," as the townspeople call it, just as they did during the twenty-nine years Cheval worked on it) . . . a maze of sculptural/architectural **assemblage** of stones so vast, so wild, and so surrealistically ahead of its time that André Breton, who headed the Surrealist movement, considered it a true architectural masterpiece. It was also the wonder and joy of the Surrealist poets.

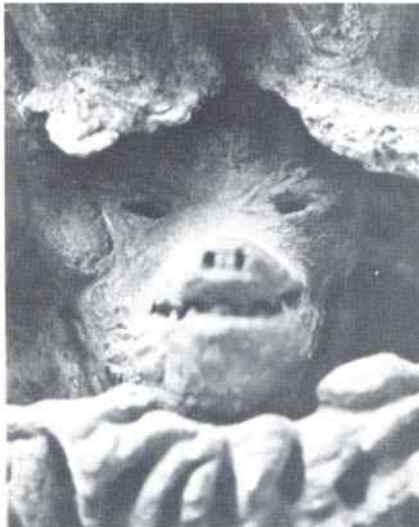


This sculptural fantasy cannot possibly be described. It must be seen: not once, but many times, before Cheval's 'sermons in stones' make their points, and only then—as we are less overwhelmed by its overall impact—can we study it sector by sector, and come to realize more fully what this simple, good man of the tortured sexual mind was trying to say.



What words can tell you of a

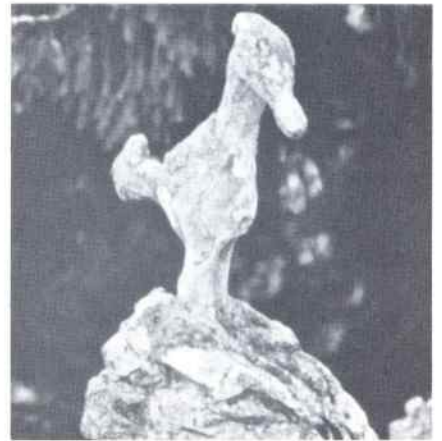
stone-by-stone architectural complex that has everything from Eve with apple and snake, to Egyptian mosques, Roman towers, and, as one approaches the work, four Cambodian columns surmounted by the *tourelle* of a Cambodian temple, in the center of whose facade one sees a giant crucifix? The sculptural complex is both sacred and profane/pagan and penitent. It is more erotic than Kama Sutra, yet Cheval—deep in the mystique of his church—has assembled the entire fourteen Stations of the Cross. Moreover, he loved nature so deeply that one finds in this work an aviary of mating birds, and a bestiary—both of which he created in honor of Francis of Assisi, patron saint of birds and animals.



As a hidden homophile Cheval's amazing work is replete with phallic eroticism . . . teardrops assume phallic shapes . . . phallic are the fingers of a praying saint . . . hands meet and clasp lovingly in the phallic gestures so natural to gay people. Even a sculptured plant seems to be phallically groping. But as any psychoanalyst worth the ink on his diploma could point out, the of-necessity hidden homosexuality of Cheval is revealed in the many labyrinths that never quite end, but turn gracefully into other labyrinths; and in stairs that never quite reach their destination. It is in these convolutions and involutions of his sculptured **assemblage** that Cheval expressed his desires, and the heartbreak that he would never be able to realize them physiologically. He wrote at some

length about his work:

"As a country postman," he said, "I walked every day from Hauterives to Tersanne . . . every day the same chores, the same dulling work. What could I do while walking through the snow and ice of winter, and the often scalding heat of summer except dream? I tried to see only beauty, and in my mind I built a kind of 'pleasure dome' . . . something beyond a man's wildest dreams everything a humble, simple man like myself could imagine. And in my dream I tried to recreate all the architectures of primitive times. Having no formal training in architecture; indeed, in never having worked with trowel or chisel, at first this seemed an impossible dream. But just as my plans would fade away, something would occur to revive them.



"One day I stumbled over a stone. As I stooped to examine it I marveled at its unusual shape. That's how it all began. From that time I looked every day for beauty and the unusual. Soon I

had piles of stones, and when arranged in masses with a mortar of my own composition, they took on exciting shapes and exotic moods. After twenty-nine years I felt I had completed my task and I expressed to my parish priest my hope that this would be my mausoleum."

But the civic authorities as well as the church would not permit such 'profanity'. Cheval was told that at his death he must be buried in blessed ground, not something so pagan as this architectural pile! So once again he took up his tools and built a tomb in the village cemetery. Soon afterward he died. Although his body lies there, surely such an exciting spirit must be dreaming up other treasures elsewhere, and—one hopes—in a happier world where he can realize the sexual desires he has expressed so vividly in stone.

Hong Kong

By Crichton Stenhouse

I had never given Hong Kong much thought, to be honest. Now I can barely find words to describe to you my love for this locale. And, by the way, it is two cities, for the fabled and terraced town on Hong Kong island is as different from the other one, Kowloon, on the mainland, as Los Angeles is from San Francisco.

I first approached Hong Kong from the sea and hope you'll have the chance to do likewise for two reasons. Entering its splendid harbour is akin to the sea approach to New York and, sadly, its airport is not a good first introduction. But if you do come by air, pray don't accept the lift into town by a little man near the cab rank. He'll tell you it is his duty to welcome visitors to the city and convey them townwards. Truly it is. So long as the visitors drop some cash in his tailoring establishment en route. That's the sleazier side of Hong Kong life and it is plentifully abundant because there are a lot of folk who must struggle with a capital S to make out in this cut-throat town;

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but you don't have to encounter it in the first half-hour after arrival or even, hopefully, at all. Still, do spare a coin in the box of beggars you'll see about; you can't imagine how poor they are. A dozen refugees still come each week from mainland China and not infrequently as many are eaten by sharks as they make their perilous swim across.



Maybe like yourselves I used to visualise Hong Kong in the role of "shopwindow of the world." It's that too. But it doesn't boast the friendliest service in that capacity or, in fact, any service at all. Truly, Hong Kong's formidable army of little sales clerks are aggressive in the real meaning of that word. Once I was a sincere, hopeful customer for a camera. But after the third shop I visited gave me that (by now) famed treatment of "the goods on the counter and you takes your pick without demonstration or explanation" I gave up—but not without a word, no sir! And so, on to Singapore Thus, if you fellows have come to Hong Kong to buy you have my pity. I know it's what the place seems to exist for, but

However, my good friends, there are so many redeeming features (in a town which doesn't give a damn whether there are or not) that I hardly know where to start in convincing you. Let's momentarily return to my own first encounter. I came in from Japan on a freighter of the superb Glen Line (which no longer plies the route). A fellow passenger (a doctor as Scottish as the Line itself) told me what a 'fabulous' town we were about to land in. He eulogized with such great enthusiasm that I began to look forward to the experience. It was one of those rare occasions when

I must admit that extreme overstatement was justified. Hong Kong, after Paris, is probably the city which has most quickly overwhelmed me in twenty years of constant travel. It is chic and glamorous as nowhere else in Asia; it is a gem of brilliance in daytime as well as at night; it is the home of the most consistently attractive young men on earth; it is dangerous, sinister, unbelievably crowded, hectic in the extreme. Yet interlacing all the frenetic activity of a society where there were millionaires made by the minute in recent stock-market tradings, is a grace and repose which makes you realise this town can adjust to the life of the determined individual. But you **must be determined**. And with the many distractions of fabulous Hong Kong that's difficult. What a town this really is.

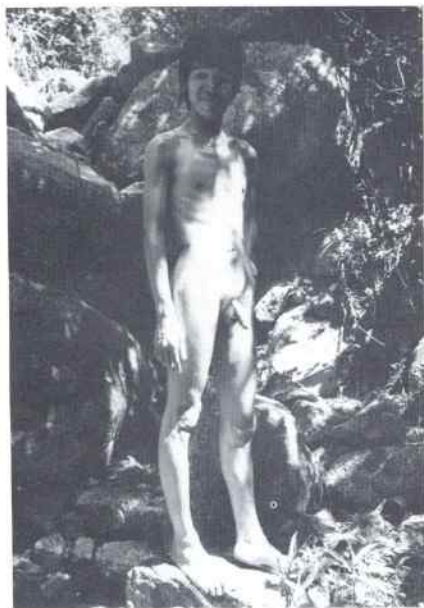
Now I sternly warn you not to believe those poor sods one does encounter who say Hong Kong is not for gay folk. Rubbish and balderdash. The civic administration of Hong Kong is mindful of Chinese puritanism. Public gay activity is not encouraged, for sure, but that is because, largely, the gay gents who've tried to set things up in the past have not behaved themselves, the naughty rascals Licenses for gay bars—as such—would not be issued and those for ones which become screamingly obvious might very well be withdrawn. But there has never been anything as vicious, heaven forbid, as the forms of entrapment which are known to exist in the great U.S. of A. It would be uncharacteristic. Here everyone has to exist and no one in Hong Kong would deny that. So take it easy, fellows. There is someone for everyone in Hong Kong and I'll try to help you find where they might be

There are as many beautiful gay souls in Hong Kong as there are in Amsterdam or San Francisco. But owing to the already referred to puritanism of Chinese society, and the widespread Asian practise of self-masturbation by young men it's a fact that many of these glorious people don't know their true inclination—in fact, couldn't imagine anything so simple, so delightful, so easy as

gay sex. They must be shown, my lads. And you're here to encourage the gentling process. Naïveté is a prominent element in the makeup of young Chinese which is one reason many don't (a terribly sad fact) ever get around to considering what there might be in life which would be an improvement on masturbating in a lavatory. It is this same naïveté which allows them to so wholeheartedly embrace with a charm that truly astounds me each time I witness the gay sex experience.

But—one thing—don't ever use those two dreaded words, 'homosexual' or 'gay'—for they are understood in a tragic and fearful way—all helped along, of course, by those delightful forces which aim to keep the society puritanistic. Never fear; truth wins in the end—no pun intended.

When a young lad finally does realise through the experience of knowing that his centre-leg-weapon raises its shining head in eagerness of the anticipated glories inside another lad's rear end that just happens to be swinging along the street in front of him, it is a difficult process to convince him that those joys are not good joys but bad joys . . . All hail the advancement of understanding twixt men.

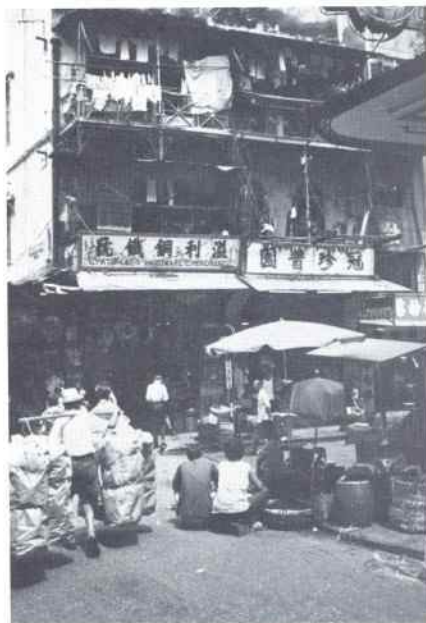


Local Talent

People can sense when you are relaxed, or uptight. Those who have a need for sex bordering on the desperate will show the fact by their facial expression. It is

not conducive to good meetings, or even any meetings at all. Asia is the one part of this earth, may God continue to keep it thus and bless it for being so, where a smile and open relaxed approach is immediately responded to in like manner. When I recall all those deadpan faces and brushoffs in gay places in Europe and America I thank God I live in Asia and urge you to discover the wondrous warmth of the peoples who inhabit this continent. The secret is to love them. I find it impossible not to instinctively do just that.

Now, because Hong Kong is Hong Kong, there is an absence of the sort of meeting places for gay people which are so prolific in Tokyo. In this situation, the entire city is one vast meeting ground—meaning you can and will and must meet the most attractive male human beings on buses, tramcars, ferry boats, the elegant pavements of Central, or the jostling street markets of any local Chinese section above which will be a suspended festoonery of family washing hanging into the skies.



You have got to smile at a fellow the minute you catch his eye—wherever that is. The lad you like may be selling grapes in the market (they're delicious in in July) and wearing nothing 'cept jeans next to his skin and fitting just as well—so you joke with him about just how delicious those

grapes, indeed, are . . . And tell him that you'd like to sketch his magnificent body (hope you can follow through). He most likely will. Or imagine yourself negotiating Pedder Street with the clatter of trams and swoosh of traffic filling your ears when suddenly you see him coming towards you in the swift, moving melee. Nod as you smile, rather sidling over to the edge of the pavement and indicating you want to talk to him. Ask for directions if you must, but it's better to tell him you'd like to know such a great, good looking guy and eat Chinese food with him that evening . . . There's no end to possibilities.



If the one you smiled at has had to walk on past you for reasons of crowding or uncertainty or other, make sure you stop right then, turning round to look smilingly at him, and if he's interested he will stop a few yards along the street to satisfy his interest in the latest line on electronic cigarette lighters in a window display. Don't lose your obvious chance. And it's always good while on holiday to do some of the daring things you wouldn't do in Milwaukee. These chances to meet come all the time, everywhere in Hong Kong. When I took the cable tram to the peak, who was there, just dying to be met, but a smooth-skinned stripling riding the car to the mid-levels. The naïveté I spoke of was hand-

CIAO!

somely expressed by a lad answering to that description when he acknowledged my greeting to him while repairing roads with a street gang (some gang, that was!) and walked over to agree that he would spend that evening in my deliriously happy company. I told you—it can happen anywhere. And always bear in mind that the 'gay' syndrome doesn't operate here and that the lad who swings your way does it because he likes you, not because he's done it before.



Cellar Bar



Dateline

For those who simply must make the bar scene it won't take long for you to confirm the grim truth that Hong Kong's offerings aren't worthy of much prolonged indulgence. Under the Ambassador Hotel on Nathan Road is the **Cellar Bar**—mostly a hangout for the swishy queens of this city but I've seen attractive lads there too. It's best if you can squeeze into a place at the bar. Go after 10 p.m. On the Hong Kong side is a sad

attempt at a gay bar where no one will look at or speak to you but it's not an unattractive place, it's central, easy to find and it's low-cost too. That's the **Dateline**, a flight of steps down at the intersection of two streets—Wellington and D'Aguilar. Third, and for me, the only one justifying visits is the **Waltzing Matilda Bar** near Nathan Road (very near the Cellar Bar) on Cornwall Avenue and Mody Road in a street jammed with bars but it has the biggest, loudest, most easily recognised sign. It's a soldier-frequented place (Scottish laddies, Aussies, etc.) and much good, rough, honest trade can be met there but there could be nights when it's dead—you takes your chance

There are many things to do in Hong Kong but, for me, just to watch the comings and goings of its citizens satisfies me for the first few days. The ferries which went their multi-directional ways across the harbour are especially intriguing. The shortest run is operated by the famed Star Ferry—long and justifiably beloved to Hong Kong residents and world travellers alike—which takes about eight minutes from Central to Kowloon and at both ferry stages are areas where people conspicuously wait to meet dates—interlaced with many young luvlies who are waiting for you in particular, rather than anyone in general.



Star Ferry

The ferry boats themselves are what might be referred to as 'a popular meeting place'. Some of the longer-range ferries go out to distant islands (and there are dozens of which Lantau, without hotels but very much with glorious beaches, is bigger than Hong Kong island) and you can choose from amongst the 50 or so beaches during the hot summer

and should you go weekdays you will find the lack of crowds amazing when you consider the population density of the colony. Your first port of call should surely be the Tourist Information Office (there is one at the Kowloon Ferry Stage) which will provide you with the easiest to follow, most concisely detailed and completely worded series of 'getting around on your own' pamphlets I've seen anywhere in Asia (much like those issued by the London Transport for that city).



Star Ferry at Ocean Terminal

You will see people of every cosmopolitan identity smoothly interweave their ways around each other (even if the pace is on the slow side) with a grace and an ambience so totally missing in the rather aggressive clumsiness of the Japanese street crowd. And in the heat of summer, everywhere are those fine young office gents strolling with jackets over an arm thus drawing your immediate, delighted and appreciative attention to the tightly clad area that would be hidden had they been wearing them I'll venture to say you are going to adore this town, once you've shrugged off the irritations of an outmoded, inefficient airport. But if you come by ship your experience couldn't be smoother and in over 20 landings this writer hasn't once known a customs check, either arriving or leaving. But grass-carriers had better still take precautions all the same.

Regarding sexual trends there are always exceptions to every rule, but after five years of Asian travelling this writer feels justified in making some hints. The Chinese are less inclined than the Japanese (who will suck you dry) towards American sexual habits. But whereas most Japanese have a

terror of being taken anally (but will gleefully penetrate you if so desired), the great majority of Chinese lads embrace fucking in their sex expression, usually on the receptive side of the duo. And if you do not know the Asian youth, friends—and have been listening to stories, then you are in for the pleasantest of surprises.

To start with, leave your measuring tape at home unless you want to take notes to convince your friends. These hairless, smooth-skinned, round-bottomed laddies are in no way smaller than we westerners and should some of them be so, perhaps circumference will make up for some absence in length. Chinese can, indeed, tend to be stumpy but not little-stumpy unless you're just with one of the few who . . . And if so, be human and don't make him feel badly about it. Amongst the Asian crowd there is an outstanding presence of youthfulness. God knows where the old ones go—I've still not found out. Of course, the postwar baby explosion had something to do with creating this entirely delightful phenomena, from which you can only benefit. Be thankful for it. If you like maturer people, don't come to Asia.

Chicago

By Ralph W. Davis

Few cities satisfy like Chicago. This big, friendly city has it, and in all the right places. It's as tall as its 110-story Sears Tower, and its shoulders spread broadly over miles of beautiful lakefront drives and parks.

As a boy growing up here, I had always found Chicago wide open. But each time I return home (for it will always be my home!) I find it wilder and gayer than I had last remembered it. Like New York and San Francisco, sex can be had anywhere; and an imaginative gay can succeed with just a little determination on the rush-hour "EI" or at the Saturday-afternoon ball games. There is so much happening in Chicago that it is

10

impossible to know all the gay meeting spots . . . even if you have lived in the city most of your life, as I had.

Because the city is so large, I have broken it into six areas and listed noteworthy places in each area.

NORTHSIDE

I include in this area the places from Irving Park to Howard Street, and west from the park to the city limits. Most of the places, especially east of Clark Street, are pretty rough from Irving Park to Foster Avenue. Once a nice, middle-class area, it has slipped in recent years, and the poorer whites, Chicanos and blacks mingle here. Although the area just beyond Foster Avenue isn't much better, the toughs aren't so heavily concentrated here, and it grows safer the farther north you go, especially along Sheridan Road.

Bars

Mike's Terrace, 1137 West Granville Street. This bar is far enough north to be in a neighborhood that's safe, and most of its crowd is nice. A conservative, neighborhood bar, quiet and very pleasant. There is a younger crowd at Mike's than at Pepper's, its competitor. The hours are 4 to 4 daily, and until 5 a.m. on Saturday. Cocktail hour 4 to 8 p.m. daily when drinks are just 60¢. This is not a cruise bar, incidentally.

Pepper's, 1502 W. Jarvis Street. Like Mike's it is also too far north to be in a problem area. It is popular with a conservative, neighborhood crowd. Hours are 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Friday; Saturday from 6 p.m. to 3 a.m., and on Sunday from 6 to 2. Both Mike's and Pepper's are small and intimate.

Up North, 6244 N. Western Avenue. Nice area. Popular. On Sundays there is a champagne brunch from noon to 5 for \$2.50. Bar opens at noon and closes at 2 a.m. Full menu from 6 to 10:30 p.m. Free salad bar.

David's Place, 5232 N. Sheridan Rd. This is a big, splashy show bar in a comfortable-to-walk area of Sheridan Road (at least north of Foster Ave.). Showtime is

10 p.m. and midnight every night, except on Tuesday, when there's just a video tape. There's an extra show at 2 a.m. on Friday and Saturday. Live band. Hours: 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday through Thursday. Friday until 4, and Saturday until 5. A \$2 cover charge goes toward drinks daily except Tuesday.



David's Place

Alameda Club, 5210 North Sheridan Rd. A few doors from David's. This is another nice bar. Mixed types. It isn't known particularly as a great cruise bar, but it is comfortable, and it is a pleasant place to stop for a few drinks. No entrance fee. Small. Opens late from about 6 p.m. to about 4 a.m. on weekdays, and to 5 on Saturday. No shows here.



Alameda Club



Broadway Sam's

Broadway Sam's, 5246 N. Broadway. This is a block west of Sheridan Rd., and is the same bar which was once located on Clark and Division Sts. before Sandburg Village was erected. Huge crowds of young, mixed

CIAO!

types. Very popular. No entrance charge. Dancing. Deejay. Hours: 3 p.m. to 4 a.m., and on Saturday until 5 a.m.

Jesse's Cocktail Lounge, 1012 W. Lawrence Ave. This is off Sheridan Rd., and is a black-owned bar. Primarily blacks, and rough.



Jesse's Cocktail Lounge

Mike's Aragon, 1113 West Lawrence Ave. This is a rough bar. Popular with hustlers, girls. Also toughs, and so it can be dangerous, but this is true of the entire area, as mentioned earlier.



Mike's Aragon



Office Lounge

Office Lounge, 4636 N. Broadway. This bar is a Chicago institution. It has been sitting under the "EI" tracks as long as I can remember. It hasn't aged gracefully, and has only gotten worse over the years. I can't imagine a worse place than this in Chicago. The area around Wilson and Broadway, and Broadway and Lawrence used to be great for cruising years ago for those who like rough trade. It still is; the March/April 1974

only difference now is that the trade is rougher.

Blue Pub, 3059 W. Irving Park. This is a neighborhood bar in a working-class area of the city.

Lost and Found, 2959 W. Irving Park.

Twenty-One Club, 3042 W. Irving Park. Dinner Wednesday through Sunday from 6 p.m. to midnight. Ranch breakfast on Saturday and Sunday from noon to 4 p.m. Special cocktails with breakfast for 50¢. Dancing.

Club Yo-Yo, 3909 N. Ashland Ave. This isn't a very good area; while not as bad as the Broadway-Wilson or the Broadway-Lawrence area, it is pretty tough.

Movies

Bryn Mawr Theatre, 1125 W. Bryn Mawr Ave. The usual full-length movies. There's a busy john here.

Festival Theatre, 3912 North Sheridan Rd. The audience is mostly poor Chicano and white. The usual hetero porno films. It's often cruisy.

Outside Cruising

The area around the **Howard Street "EI"** has always been good at night for cruising. This is where the Northshore and Chicago gays meet for quickies. Some college types. Incidentally, if you step into Evanston, the suburb north of Howard, and head for **Northwestern University**, you'll find the action here worth your time. The spots are Fisk Hall and the library johns; the park in front of Medill is busy, particularly on summer nights. So is the john in the park.

The park area from **Montrose Avenue to a short distance north of Lawrence** (east of the Outer Drive) is very good. North of Lawrence there is a **small wooded area** which is frequently used by gays for quick get-togethers. The cars which park along the lake at this point are usually there to cruise whomever is around. In the summer there is sunbathing in the clearing. All types from roughs to straight-looking gays visit the area, especially at lunch time when the parking lot appears to be loaded with salesman types. At night it is very unsafe. During the day the police cruise the area, so watch yourself. In general, the

parks in Chicago are unsafe. I have often thought that this is because the Police Department likes for the roughs to rob and beat gays; which makes it all the easier for the cops... they don't have to spend so much time driving away the gays. The roughs, by their vicious acts, do it for them.



Park north of Lawrence

Finally, there is the **john between Montrose and Wilson**; the nearby clearing is sometimes used for sunbathing in summer. If you want to cruise the area well, start at Montrose and walk slowly to Foster Avenue. It can be very exciting during daylight hours!

Book Stores

B & E Bookstore, 7639 N. Paulina Ave. A very nice bookstore with the usual selection of gay material. **QQ, Ciao!** and **Body** are on sale here.

NEW TOWN

This is probably the "in" area in Chicago. Not only is New Town popular with gays, it is also popular with swinging singles and "heads." Clark and Diversey is the pivotal point with Belmont on the northside and Fullerton on the south separating it from other sections of the city. It extends from Sheridan Road (and the park below Diversey) to about Halsted on the west. This area is generally safe. Most gays will feel comfortable here. There are many eating places, shops, bars in the area, and some good cruising streets.

Bars

House of Landers, 936 West Diversey Ave. This is a big show bar serving good food and very popular with all types of gays. On show nights some straights come here. The restaurant is on the first floor. On both first and

second floors there are bars. For the show (on the second floor) there is a \$1 charge on Friday and Saturday. Showtime: 10 p.m., 12:30 and 2:30 a.m.—Tuesday through Sunday. Food from \$1.75 to \$6.95. Hours: 4 to 4, and on Saturday until 5.

Checkmate Lounge, 2546 N. Clark St. This was once popular with the older crowd; now there is a mixture of older and younger conservative types. Hours: 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily except Saturday; then from 3 p.m. to 3 a.m. The cocktail hour is from 3 to 8 p.m. each day, with reduced liquor prices.



Checkmate Lounge

Shari's, corner of Surf and Clark Sts. Very popular with the young crowd. On weekends it is jammed with all types. Many college men visit on weekends. Hours: 12 noon until 2 a.m. daily except Saturday—until 3. There's dancing. Strictly a bar.



Shari's



Annex

Annex, 2865 N. Clark St. This is very close to Shari's, and it also

gets a nice crowd. Not as popular, though, but nice! From 3 p.m. to 4 a.m. daily and to 5 on Saturdays. Dancing. Strictly a bar. Both Shari's and the Annex have been in this area for years.

Knight Out, 2936 N. Clark St. Another nice neighborhood bar. It's rather new, and I wasn't able to obtain much information about it. It opens in the early evening and closes at about 2 on weekdays and 3 on Saturday.



Knight Out

Wooden Barrel Pub, 2326 N. Clark St.

Riviera Club, 3216 N. Sheffield St.

Carol's Coming Out, 2519 Halsted Ave.

Snake Pit, 2628 N. Halsted St. I understand that because business has not been too good here it may not be open long.

Carol's and the Wooden Barrel are both nice, intimate neighborhood bars with dancing. Carol's opens in the early afternoon and the Wooden Barrel in the early evening. Both close at 4 a.m. on weekdays and at 5 on Saturday.

Restaurants

Besides the House of Landers, there is **Vittles Restaurant** at 2942 N. Clark St. Vittles is about 75% gay, but conservatively gay. Moderately-priced food, which is good. This is the place to stop for dinner before going to the Ivanhoe Theatre for a show. Some show people eat here.



Vittles Restaurant

Movies

Parkway Cinema, 2736 N. Clark St. The john is very busy here, as it has been for years. The back rows can be very cruisy. Sometimes the manager can be quite a nuisance.



Parkway Cinema

Lake Shore Theatre, Broadway and Belmont Sts. Most people go here for the movies. The john is cruisy as well as the foyer and the theater itself. It isn't obvious here, but cruising does exist often enough to be worth your time.

Outside Cruising

The corner of Clark St. and Diversey Blvd. is very popular. It is at this corner that Broadway crosses and becomes a part of Clark St. All types meet here. On **Pine Grove** between Surf and Wellington there is some night cruising. This also applies to the area on **Broadway from Diversey to Belmont**. This entire area has a large gay population, and cruising can be good almost anywhere.



Broadway at Diversey



Park area at Deming Place

The park area from Deming
CIAO!

Place, near the lagoon, to Fullerton, is very cruisy. This includes the john by the lagoon and the bushes on each side of the lagoon. At night, facing Lakeview Avenue, the area is heavily cruised. Be very careful here, though. Muggings, murders, beatings, vice. Parks are dangerous everywhere.

The Belmont Rocks, from Belmont Avenue to Diversey along the lake is very popular for swimming and sunbathing during the summer. This area has been popular for years!

The john near Fullerton Parkway and Stockton Drive in the zoo greenhouse is cruisy, but watched by the vice. Good only during zoo hours. Closes at 5 daily.

OLD TOWN

This area from about Armitage Ave. to Division St., from Clark to about Ashland was once very "in." Now it has slipped into middle age. Wells Street is the heart of Old Town, and some very nice shops and restaurants are still in and around Wells. I personally prefer this area to New Town because it has more style and charm. But that is only my opinion; I lived there once and can't quite forget those pleasant memories. This area isn't so popular as once it was with gays, but nonetheless there are some gay places to visit in the area.

Bars



Glory Hole

Glory Hole, 1343 N. Wells St. This is a pleasant bar with a beer garden in the rear. Dancing. Live March/April 1974

band every Friday and Saturday from 11 p.m. Movies on Monday and Thursday free (major flicks!). Mixed gay types. Pleasant. Hours are noon to 4 a.m. daily, and on Saturday until 5.

Finocchio's, 1440 N. Wells St. This is a show bar, and it gets the same crowd as the Glory Hole. I wasn't able to reach anyone here to verify hours or show time. But I understand it is still doing fairly well.



Finocchio's

Movies

Bijou Theatre, 1349 N. Wells St. Strictly gay films here. A nice crowd of gays, and some very heavy cruising and action in the theater. The peep show next door is popular for the quick, stand-up jobs in the booth.



Bijou Theatre

Town Theatre, 322 W. Armitage Ave. This is a pornography theater. Some cruising and quick action here.

Outside Cruising

Wells Street once was good. Now the Lincoln Park is the only busily-cruised spot in the area. There are two johns in the park; one is in the fieldhouse (basement, not the first floor) by the ball diamond near LaSalle Drive and Clark Street. The other john is at Armitage and Clark behind the museum, and near the lagoon. During the winter, the lagoon is used for skating; in the summer for boating. Both johns see heavy action. The stretch from Armitage

to LaSalle Drive is fun to walk; many types pass through this area . . . from the grey flannel to the roughs.

NEAR NORTH

This is the elegant area of Chicago, and it stretches from North Avenue to Superior St. In this area I include a few of the bars further south. If you really want to live in splendor, this is "the" area, especially along the lake. There are fabulous apartment houses, homes, restaurants and shops. Rush Street is considered the nightclub center, and some very elegant people live and cruise here. The bars in the area, though, can be anything from raunchy to elegant.

The Trip, 27 E. Ohio St. This is a large, popular bar-restaurant with three floors of cruising. Restaurant is on the first floor. Hours: 6 to 11 p.m. for dining; Saturday from 7 until midnight. Closed Monday. Food prices range from \$2.75 to \$7.50. The second-floor bar is open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily, and until 3 on Saturday. Entertainment from 9:30. Nostalgic music and singing. No cover. No minimum. Dancing. Bar, deejay, and game room on the third floor. This is a big, brassy bar with a very large following. All types. Incidentally the Pizzeria Uno next door is a great place for a snack.



The Trip

Baton, 436 N. Clark St., is a nice show bar. From noon to 4 a.m., and on Saturday until 5. Shows Wednesday through Sunday at 10:30 p.m., at midnight, and 2:30 a.m. There is a \$2,

2-drink minimum during show time. Dancing. Nice group of gays visit here.



The Baton

Ramrod, 430 N. Clark St. Mixture of leather, drags and hustlers. Hours are from noon to 2 a.m. and on Saturday until 3.



Ramrod

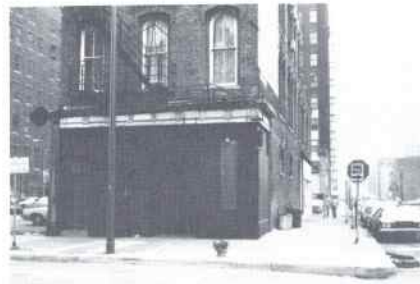
Dugan's Bistro, 420 N. Dearborn St. This is a New York hip bar . . . large and brassy with a humpy young crowd. From 3 p.m. to 4 a.m. (until 5 Saturday). No shows. Three bars. Four huge rooms that accommodate 600 people comfortably. Strictly a cruise bar. Dancing. DeeJay. Cover charge of \$1 on Friday and Saturday goes toward a drink.



Dugan's Bistro

Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark St. This is probably the only real leather bar in Chicago. Tuesday is usually leather night, and there

is a special on drinks for those in leather. The Leather Cell downstairs is a leather toy store which is open Tuesday, Friday and Saturday at 10, and on Sunday at 6. The bar upstairs opens at 4 p.m. daily; Sunday at 2. The Leather Pit is a bar downstairs behind the Leather Cell. The hours are until 2 a.m. weekdays and 4 on Saturday. The Gold Coast has been around for years and is very popular.



Gold Coast

Kitty Sheon's, 745 Rush St. An elegant bar, popular with older gay people, as well as with younger gays looking for someone older and richer. Coat and tie on Friday and Saturday. Casual clothes are permitted from Sunday through Thursday, but **never** shorts! From 4 to 4 daily, and on Saturday until 5. Strictly a bar.



Kitty Sheon's



Ritz

New Jamie's, 1110 N. Clark St. All types here from leather to drag. Hustlers and rough trade frequent this place. From 7 a.m. to 4 a.m. and until 5 on Saturday.

Sunday from noon until 4 a.m.

Ritz Bar, 937 N. State St. Hustlers, blacks, rough trade. The hours are from noon to 4 a.m. daily and 5 on Saturday. Strictly a bar. Dancing.

Nite Life, 935 N. State St. The same crowd as the Ritz has. I find it just a little rough. Shows from about 9:30 p.m. daily. The hours are identical with the Ritz.



Nite Life

King's Ransom, 20 E. Chicago Ave. A nice bar with a fireplace to roast hotdogs and marshmallows. Open from noon to 2 a.m. and until 3 on Saturday.



King's Ransom

Haig, 800 N. Dearborn Pkwy. This bar has been around for years. A loyal crowd comes here regularly. Across the street from the Lawson YMCA and a block from Bug House Square. Therefore, all types drift in and out. Open at noon daily, to 2 a.m. and on Saturday to 3.



The Haig

Devil's Den, 163 Burton Place. This is a new bar. Go-go boys

CIAO!

and food. Seven days—noon to 4 a.m.

Baths

Club Baths, 609 N. LaSalle St. This is open 24 hours and has the usual facilities. Rooms and lockers are \$6. No specials. Very popular. Membership required.

Movies

Newberry Theater, 856 N. Clark St. Good gay films. Hustlers can get rough in the john. The theater can be wild!



Newberry Theater

Outdoor Cruising

Oak Street Beach is popular during the summer for sunbathing and swimming. This is the area from Oak Street to North Avenue. Best, though, is at Oak Street. Some night cruising here. But watch yourself.

Washington Square in front of the Newberry Library between Clark and Dearborn (the 900 block) is often called Bug House Square, and was once popular with the soap-box orators. Now it is filled with the worst types . . . drunks, hustlers, drags, heads and other sordid gays. The john is sometimes active. Vice watches the area, because it is known to be a "trouble" spot.



Washington Square

Northwestern University downtown campus, has a cruisy second-floor john. If you are around here, check it out.

Restaurant

Oak Tree Restaurant on the March/April 1974

corner of Oak and Rush Sts. is a nice, 24-hour restaurant with a mixed crowd. It's possible to see celebrities dining here. Prices are \$1.50 to \$6. A nice, casual place to dine if you want something quick in pleasant surroundings.



Oak Tree Restaurant

Hotels

Lawson YMCA, at the corner of Dearborn and Chicago. The favorite of gays. The johns on the seventh, eighth and thirteenth floors are great, and the pool is also busy. Much traffic on the back staircase, between the pool and the rooms.

Crystal Hotel, 1110 N. Clark St. This is in the same building as New Jamie's, and it is very new. Showers are located on each floor. Prices: \$10 to \$12 for doubles. There are only 30 rooms. Nice.



Crystal Hotel

DOWNTOWN

The center of activity has, over the years, shifted from the Loop to Near North, Old Town and New Town, but for those who are in the Loop there are still some

popular places to visit.

Bars

Town and Country Bar in the basement of the Palmer House. This is a coat-and-tie bar, and best during cocktail time when all the businessmen come in for a drink-and-flirt good time.

Outdoor Cruising

Grant Park between Randolph and Monroe Sts. is probably the main area for outside cruising. I don't recommend it because it is rough. Those who need such excitement should come here at night. After work some nice types saunter along the walkway by the Illinois Central railroad tracks.



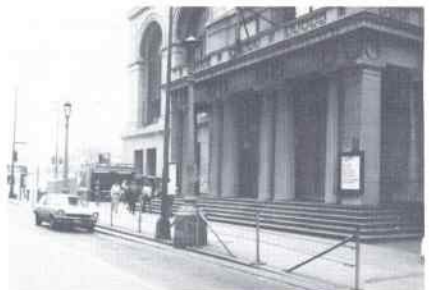
Grant Park

Johns

Greyhound Bus Station, Clark and Randolph Sts. The usual activities outside, inside, and in the john. Dangerous, of course.

The department store johns can be fun, especially **Marshall Field's** (any john here, it seems) and **Carson's basement john**. Sears was once very gay, but nothing has been said about it in recent years.

The **Public Library** at the corner of Randolph and Michigan has two johns which can be active. suggest caution, though.



I.C. Station

The john in the **I.C. Station** at Randolph and Michigan is busy. During rush hours and at night it seems to be most interesting. The waiting room is cruised during

rush hours.

The **Art Institute** is cruised in the basement, lobby and cafe and while there is some activity here it is not enough to go out of your way for.

Movies

Monroe Theater, 5 W. Monroe St. Straight porn films . . . some basement activity. Mostly black. The Greek owner will yell down at you in the john about every hour: "No smoking!" But pay no attention to him. He usually says no more than that. Watch, though. Vice!

Baths

The **Chicago Health Club** at Marina City is sometimes good.

SOUTHSIDE

I don't recommend the southside since it is **rough!** Mostly slum, except for a few nice things here and there. There are two bars: **Chain Liquor and Lounge**, 7860 S. Cottage Grove, and the **High Chaparral Night Club** at 7740 S. Stony Island. Largely black.

There is more, I'm sure, to gay Chicago. But as I have mentioned, there is too much happening to know all the places. What I have listed should be enough for most gay people. So plan your next trip to Chicago. Some of the **niciest** people live in the Windy City!

Savannah

By Bill Josephs

Ever since Oglethorpe and his band of ex-convicts landed in Savannah and established an English colony in 1733, Savannah has been **the** belle of the South. Well, that is, until her deflowering in 1864 by **that** Yankee, General Sherman!

The gentle beauty of Savannah before **that** March to the Sea is apparent everywhere here today because of expert face-lifting. Two of the many houses which flaunt her beauty best are the Owens-Thomas and the Davenport Houses. Built in 1816-19 and located on the once very fashion-

able Oglethorpe Square, the Owens-Thomas House is a superb example of Georgian architecture. Both houses are open to visitors and are filled with priceless antiques. The Davenport House, incidentally, is located on Columbia Square, which was the eastern limits of the once walled Savannah (1757-1790). Bethesda Gate then one of the six to the city was on this square.

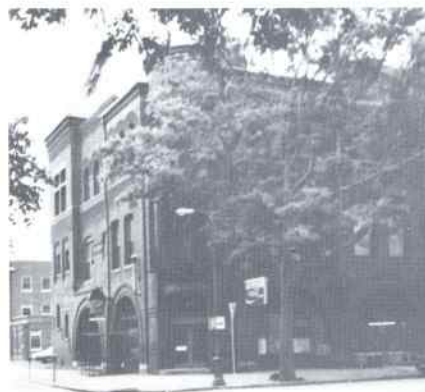


Owens-Thomas House

Savannah, though, wasn't just beauty. She was also a sharp business woman, and through heavy trade with Europe became a very rich lady. Her mercantile past is obvious along the waterfront, where there is a congestion of old brick and stucco buildings which were once the offices and warehouses of the great cotton brokers. Perhaps the most interesting building here is the Factor's Walk Military Museum which was once filled with cotton and now, in memory of **that** "War Between The States," is filled with Confederate war souvenirs.

Gay Yankees, who prefer to tamper rather than to look at this touched-up beauty, will have sufficient opportunity. Here are some of the places to go to get a little piece of her gay action.

BARS AND RESTAURANTS



Basement/Madison Sq. Restaurant

Basement, 340 Bull St. This bar faces Madison Square and is the only **real** gay bar. It is across the Square from the DeSoto Hilton. Black and white visit. Dancing. Drag shows. George, the bartender, is very friendly and nice. Mostly fems. Hours: Monday through Friday from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., and to midnight on Saturday.

The Pink House Restaurant and Tavern, 23 Abercorn St. A very charming old house with a very nice restaurant. **The Planter's Tavern** is especially popular with gays. There are rustic, exposed beams, two lighted fireplaces and a good air-conditioning system to cool off the rooms from the heat of the fireplaces. Lunch is served, from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. five days a week. Dinner from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. six days a week. Friday and Saturday are especially elegant. Food ranges in price from \$5 to \$10. Closed Sundays. The restaurant is mixed, while the tavern is primarily gay.



The Pink House

DeSoto Hilton Hotel Bar is mixed and elegant. Best during the cocktail hour.

Johnnie Ganem's Steak Ranch, 501 Habersham St. (at Gaston St.). This is a mixed restaurant late at night. After the bars close at about 2 a.m. (weekdays) and midnight (Saturdays), the gays head here. Liquor is served until 4 a.m. Friday night is especially good, though there is some traffic every night. Bar and restaurant facilities here.

Madison Square Restaurant is at 340 Bull Street, above the Basement. Once it was very popular; now it isn't. Open only for breakfast and lunch. Nothing special.

Harborside, 401 E. River St. This is a charming, mixed (**very** mixed) bar in the waterfront

CIAO!

area. Early evening for cocktails. Nice!



Harborside

Office Lounge, 102 E. Liberty. Located in the Drayton Towers, across from the DeSoto Hilton. Mixed. Early evening for cocktails (about 4 to 7 p.m.).

Downtowner Motor Inn Bar, 201 W. Oglethorpe Ave. Many businessmen stay at motels and visit the bar for a drink. Best on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays from 6 to 8 p.m.

Sneaky Pete's Lounge, 43 Price St. (at Price and Broughton Sts.). This is the place to go for some of those straight navy men. It can be rough, and it is very mixed. Best when the ships come in.

JOHNS

The johns in the **Downtowner Motor Inn** and the **Drayton Towers** are cruised. The best, though, is the Downtowner. Drayton Towers lost some of its loyal following when management removed the partition.



John/Drayton Towers

March/April 1974

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Bull Street is the cruise street. Start at Forsyth Park (at Gaston) and walk slowly to City Hall at Bay Street. The little squares along the way are particularly interesting. Madison Square, by the DeSoto Hilton, has had some serious problems (knifings and the like) so be careful here. Police watch activities at this square. Car cruising and walkers. The evenings are best, although there is some activity here all the time.

BATHS

The **Bayshore Steam Bath and Health Club** at 403 E. Bay Street is open 24 hours every day. Steam room. Sunlamp. Whirlpool bath. Lockers and rooms and dormitory facilities. TV room. Lounge (hard liquor is served daily except Sunday). Military and students get a special locker rate of \$3. For others lockers are \$4 and rooms are \$5. There is also a by-the-month rate. For lockers it is \$15 and \$2 extra per visit for a room, if desired. You can come and go as you like. Operates like a hotel. If you like, management will allow you to use it as a hotel. If you buy the by-the-month rate, you can come and go as you like, as many times as you wish, within that monthly period. No extra charge. The rates for one day are for a 24-hour period, and customers can come and go as many times as they like within that 24-hour period. Large towels are furnished free, as well as body lotion, shampoos and hair-dryers. It is located in a nice, historic area. Very gay, although a straight or two might wander in from time to time.



Bayshore Steam Bath

Although Savannah is a small city she is a beautiful city . . . pleasant in an unhurried, gentle way with enough friendly people

to make a visit here memorable. So plan your next trip South . . . to Savannah. You'll like it!

Bosphorus Bedlam

Turkish Delights Of Istanbul

By David Bartel

Largely because of JackieO and DaddyO and SkorpiO it is now the fashion to 'do' Greece as part or all of one's European vacation project, rather than continue to give the familiar Paris-London-Rome axis an annual whirl. Yet one wonders why so many who do the 'dancing in the aisles' bit to a **bazouki** beat on Olympic Airways don't—just for a wild once—add fascinating Istanbul to their itinerary and really sex it up along the Bosphorus.

To those 'trepid' gay guys who think any place further East than Athens is a dangerous Never-Never Land, there is an easy and quite interesting way of discovering the delights of Turkey (and they are plentiful!) if you don't mind a little bedlam while you're discovering them. The idea is to fly to Greece for whatever number of days you've allotted for this part of your vacation, then save seven more and cruise from Greece to Turkey via the Greek Line. It's unique in that this is the only such tour plan extant.

Every Friday from April 5 all through November the TSS **Olympia** sails from Piraeus, and you can have not only Istanbul, but Izmir, Cyprus and Rhodes as part of your tour plan. A pleasant aspect of these weekly cruises is that so many gay people have now heard about them that the trip across and back often seems like Old Home Week at the local meat-rack. Add the luxury and the elegance of the **Olympia** to its three cruisy swimming pools, its swinging taverna, its gay body-builders pumping their pecs in the gym, steaming their sex in the sauna, or browning their buns

(with genuine Greek olive oil) under the Aegean sun—and you just may wish the dream would never end.

But end it does when the cabin boy comes to wake you and your shipboard lover from a sexy snooze to tell you that Turkey awaits without. These cruises have certain stopover privileges (write the Greek Line, 32 Pearl Street, New York, N.Y. 10004, for a brochure). As this was written the fall cruises were to go as far as Haifa and you could stop over in Israel for an entire week, catching the next **Olympia** back to Piraeus. The cost: \$345 to \$450 (in now dollars) depending on your accommodations.

ISTANBUL THE BEAUTIFUL

They call this exotically beautiful city 'Bedlam on the Bosphorous' and you'll quickly know why. It's boom-boom all the time—like St. Tropez. But when you grow used to it you begin to 'sort out' the sounds that make Istanbul so characteristic and so colorful. First you'll hear a greeting "**Güle, güle, Mashallah Hanim effendi!**" (Good luck, and God bless you, sir!). This is often shortened to just "**Güle, güle!**" in which case it means "Go cheerfully!" It is spoken as you leave a store; when you make a purchase in a bazaar; by the waiter who serves you in a restaurant; by the hotel clerk and bellboy; and (you won't believe!) by the hustler you rent for an hour (he, by the way, gives you the full treatment . . . the long form on greeting/groping you, and the short form when leaving you); as well as by almost everyone you meet on the street in Istanbul. Learn it—use it. It will open many doors and smooth over many little awkwardnesses.

Other sounds you'll come to identify are the honking of the **dolmus**, or taxi-cum-bus, if you'll excuse the expression, Raggedy Ann girls selling plastic toys and Raggedy Andy boys selling newspapers, contraceptives, sexy postcards, as well as that unique native sweet, syrups of various flavors (orange, berry, passion-fruit, lime, lemon) which is poured over shaved ice in cups from an ingenious canteen slung around

the shoulder. While one may offer to sell you pot or hashish, be **doubly warned**: harsh penalties, unknown in Turkey until 1972, are being meted to one who buys as well as to one who sells pot, hash (and certainly the harder drugs). Please read our editorial this month for a more detailed explanation.



Everything's for Sale

You'll be continually aware of the cries of the muezzins in the mosques, whose amplified voices float on the tropic air of this ancient city and override all other sounds. Then there are the chattering crowds talking at the top of their voices in a concerted effort to be **singly heard**.



Typical Street Scene

You'll be jostled in the streets in the early morning and late afternoon by these crowds, but no harm will befall you except possibly (or likely) losing your wallet to some light-fingered pick-pocket who can extract it without your even feeling the slightest breeze from his flying, educated fingers. Never carry your wallet in your hip pocket. Neither in your inside jacket pocket (for with a toothy Turkish smile, a truly heartfelt "**Güle, güle!**" and a gesture of homage, it's gone). Carry it in the side pocket of your trousers, and even here don't congratulate yourself too soon. If he gropes your goody-goodies along with his "**Güle, güle!**" (long form, this time, he'll

have you by the balls in more ways than one, and you can kiss it goodbye, even from this usually safe haven!

THE TURKISH 'JACK BENNY' TRICK

Tip: Just before slipping your wallet into the side pocket of your trousers, place three or four thin, or one or two wide elastic bands around the length and breadth of it. Then when you cruise, say, the very cruisy Istiklal Caddesi—the fashionable narrow street that snakes through the steep hills of the Beyoglu section, and someone jostles you—trying to 'get into you', as it were, in his own deft way—if you note a look of utter astonishment on his face you'll know how wise you were. It's difficult enough for **you** to remove it, heaven knows . . . but impossible for him. This, by the way, is a sound practice to follow wherever you go, especially in South American countries, and particularly in Colombia where—in Bogota—there are actually schools for 'pickpocketing'. In Istanbul, however, they even offer post-graduate degrees.

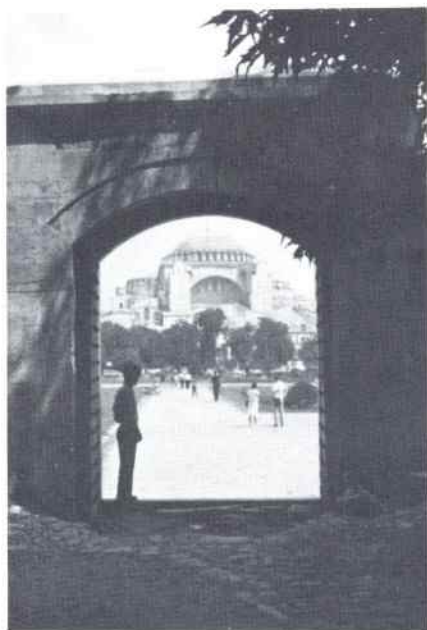
It should be remembered that for all its vast architectural riches: the Blue Mosque . . . Cathedral of St. Sophia (now Hagia Sophia) and its unbelievable wealth of national treasures in Topkapi—as well as its many other breathtaking attractions—the people of Istanbul are poor—many bitterly so—as indeed they are in all other Turkish cities. Thievery (now that poppy-growing for foreign heroin extraction is forbidden) is a way of life. And the man who robs you will invariably stop at the nearest mosque to (a) offer thanks for your 'generosity' and (b) pray for your forgiveness and your long life. While it's disconcerting enough to be robbed, however much you are inconvenienced it's nice to know that someone is remembering you in his prayers!

ISTANBUL—CITY OF IMPACT

More than any other, Istanbul is a city of impact. One just doesn't approach Istanbul . . . it comes at you like something conjured from the Arabian Nights

CIAO!

(come to think of it, it was). To fly over the city or sail into her harbor in early morning, Istanbul floats in mist. As the first rays of the sun pierce her veil of gossamer, theseventeenth-century Blue Mosque, to the left, contrasts contrapuntally, like music, with St. Sophia, to the right. The tall slender minarets seem to point dramatically toward the heavens of two great religions. Once the archbishopric of the Greek Orthodox Church, St. Sophia's became—centuries later—a mosque, and is now a museum . . . the Blue Mosque (so called because of its construction of beautiful azure tiles) is the seat of Islamic faith in Asia Minor.

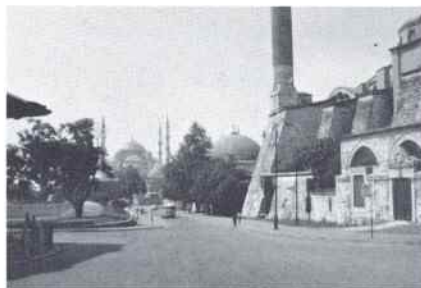


St. Sophia, seen from within the gates of the Blue Mosque.

Istanbul has been casting its spell on both first-time and many-time visitors since 658 B.C. when it was named Byzas (from whence, of course, both 'Byzantium' and 'Byzantine'). Three hundred years later the Romans under Constantine conquered it and called it, ego-trippingly, Constantinople . . . and so the name remained until 1453 when the Turks captured it and called it **Istanbul**—a slight corruption of the word 'Islambol', meaning 'many Islams'. But it remained Constantinople to the Christians and Istanbul to the Moslems until Turkey became a republic in 1923, when the name was officially made Istanbul.

While our readers may feel March/April 1974

poorly-served by our rehearsing the historicity of Istanbul—and rightfully expecting us to get on to gayer matters—this ancient city of now two million people in heat will seem to grasp you by the throat the moment you get a glimpse of it, and so we would urge you to stay as long as you can and absorb as much of the color and teeming life of Istanbul as a whole—so entirely different from that of any other city—and view the many famous cultural landmarks other than those we have already mentioned. Reflect on the uniqueness that Istanbul is the only city in the world lying on two continents. The part that is in Europe and that which lies in Asia are connected by ferry shuttle across the Bosphorus.



Fountain of Sultan Ahmed on the left; St. Sophia, right; Blue Mosque, ahead.



Courtyard of the Blue Mosque

In the Old City, while you are visiting the Blue Mosque, also walk nearby and study the unique Fountain of Sultan Ahmed, built in 1712, and the most beautiful example of Turkish rococo architecture. Right beside the Fountain is an archway leading into the grounds adjacent to Topkapi. And only a short distance from the Fountain is the Hippodrome, designed by Emperor Severus—and which, under Constantine the Great and Theodosius the Second, was the scene of more chariot racing than Charlton Heston ever dreamed of. Guides, of course, are everywhere . . . get yours to

show you the brilliant mosaics of the **stables!**

Also in the Old City are the original Serpentine Column that was brought from Delphi, and the famed Obelisk, also brought from Egypt. Possibly the most unusual sight in this area is the 'sunken palace' near St. Sophia . . . a cistern built 1400 years ago, and with 336 columns still standing. Even today boats are still rowed through it! After you have visited these architectural wonders, make one more pilgrimage before lunch. Topkapi. This museum is situated in a lovely park that covers one end of Istanbul and juts out into the water. The name is **Gulhane Parki**. The view from here of the Bosphorus, Leander's Tower and the Golden Horn—as well as the very fashionable shopping center called Beyoglu (the site of some very fancy cruising)—is simply magnificent. You'll never forget it. We shall return to Gulhane Parki at twilight, but now it's time to stop and lunch in one of the many restaurants of



Entering the Old City

THE GRAND BAZAAR

More familiarly known as 'The Covered Bazaar' this fabulous enclosed area contains 4000 to 5000 shops, and takes in 92 streets! It's the biggest in the world. And there is absolutely nothing under the sun (or moon, either) that you can't buy in this fantastic place. The trick, before buying anything, is to look around for half-an-hour and learn how to bargain (rather than paying a fixed price), and to get the feel of the place and its bustling life.

You'll also make the discovery that every man you see is either Omar Sharif or Mark Spitz. Sharif—through his movies, and now Spitz—through his televised Olympic triumphs, are familiar to all

young Turks. They cultivate the image of their heroes by affecting identical hairstyles and moustaches. And so many of them succeed that you'll never be sure whether the real Sharif/Spitz is among them. In a very real sense the 'image' has become their **macho**.

Unfortunately there are many who can't measure up to the Sharif/Spitz image. You know the expression "When she was good she was very, very good . . . and when she was bad she was horrid." That's just the way it is in Istanbul (all of Turkey, for that matter). When a Turk is handsome he is unrivaled in good looks . . . but for another, the moment he's past teen-hood his nose begins to go bulbous, his behind ballooney, and he is not just 'horrid' but absolutely **horrible**. Be warned that there are some real turkeys in Turkey.

So having had lunch in one of the Grand Bazaar restaurants, why not check the possibilities of the many johns. The signs that indicate the johns are in both Turkish and English. Since the English is just 'W.C.' look carefully or you'll miss it. You'll be dazed by what seems to be a congregation of Spitz-Sharif look-alikes around the urinals. Most are hustlers, but then who in Turkey isn't? Later you may try your luck in one of these.



The Grand Bazaar. Note the men's room sign overhead.



Taksim Square



Vicinity of Taksim Square



Hustlers near Taksim Square

CRUISEY PARKS

Taksim Square, although not itself a park, is a Turkish Times Square milling with gay guys and hustlers. In **Taksim Park**, which is adjacent to the Square, the hustlers are of a more carnivorous breed, so handle them with care.

A somewhat more elegant type—more 'Sharify and Spitzly' inhabit **Yildiz Parki**, which is the name for the garden of Yildiz Palace. Also **Macka Parki**, in front of Technical University is alive with gay students and military gay guys. But as we mentioned earlier, retrace your steps to Gulhane Parki as twilight turns Istanbul into a lovely violet mood. Then, with sounds muted, and the brisker, more aggressive 'day' cruisers gone, cruising is more leisurely . . . far more 'Sharifily/Spitzily' elegant gay guys are out to rejoice in the brotherhood of being gay—no matter what nationality—at the hour of Istanbul's greatest beauty. Don't miss this heavenly place. You'll say it has more treasures than Topkapi!

OTHER CRUISEY AREAS

As we have said, street cruising is much in evidence at all times, and certainly one of the most cruised area is Beyoglu, whose main street, Istiklal Caddesi, sees

the heaviest gay traffic. All the modern shops and principal hotels are in the Beyoglu area. The street around the Istanbul Hilton is sometimes packed with elegant gay hustlers and, as we noted in **The Fetish Wrestlers of Turkey** (see **Ciao!** for February 1973), the tournament of oiled wrestlers held each year at Edirne—a few miles from Istanbul—brings together some of the handsomest and most muscular men in Turkey, who, after 'hassling' by day, 'hustle' by night in front of the Hilton. If you decide to make the Istanbul scene in June, that's when you'll find more of them. But they're there all year round, in some force. Wrestling doesn't pay very much, but it does serve to make the wrestlers national heroes, and selling their bodies is one of the perquisites of the 'trade'. The going rate for the best hustlers—the wrestlers—is about 2000 Turkish lira (approximately \$20 in devalued American money). For lesser demi-gods, figure \$15. And from \$12 to \$5 for those who don't even faintly resemble Mark or Omar to the Raggedy Andy boys who are obviously quite poor.



The Hilton

GAY BATHS

These are called 'hamam' in Turkish. The **Sengul Hamami**, on the street facing Gulhane Parki is a quite unique baths. Not only are the customers gay, but—with every Turk being on the take—the bath attendants get in the act. So, stake this one out after you've enjoyed the twilight in Gulhane Parki and have had your fill(?) of outdoor cruising. Then you will find **Cukurcuma Hamami**, just beyond the Beyoglu district at the top of Tophane very cruisy. The interesting thing about this baths, in addition to the torrid action, is its name which, when

given phonetic translation sounds like 'suck-or-come' (hopefully both, of course). Also in the Tophane district above Beyoglu is the **Kilic Ali Pasha Hamami**, a long-favorite baths for gay people. It's all gay . . . plus gay attendants. Finally, although there are baths galore all over Istanbul (baths are a way of life in Turkey), most are for straights; many are historical; all are noisy—much shouting and laughing, and other mad carrying-ons—where the clients tend to group more than grope. Such a bath is the **Parki Hamami** in the famed Blue Mosque (Sultan Ahmet). The directors don't really like gay people, but they mind their own business and you'll have no hassling from them. Like all Turks, they know the value of money, and if they cracked down they'd lose half of their supposedly 'straight' business.



Taking the Vapors

GAY CLUBS

The **Gondola** is a leading one. In the Beyoglu section. There's also the **Fuaye**, but you'll need your passport as identification to get in. (By the way, it is wise to carry your passport in some concealed area of your person since it will often open more gay doors than would be possible to you without it. You're always sure to meet many gay tourists who will tell you of such places. There's always some new club or bar

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opening in Istanbul, and as far as clubs go, the passport is the password.) Try also **Club 27** in Mis Sukak, and the **Club Fa Tabu** on Istiklal Caddesi in Taksim Square . . . and the **Melodi** in the same area. It's near the Hotel International.

GAY MOVIE HOUSES

Called **sehcadebasi**, they're in Beyazit, between Belediye Sarayl and the University and they're all heavily cruised.

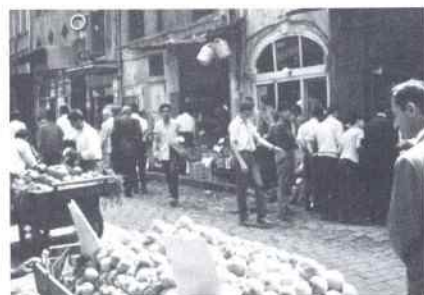
GAY BARS

The **Hilton**, of course. You can meet all your gay tourist friends here and compare notes. Also check the swimming pool in the Hilton. Both the downstairs bar and the lobby of the Hilton are usually swarming with goodies. Here you have the best of all possible worlds . . . the magnificent wrestlers on the promenade outside the Hilton, plus the elegant Turkish gay guys in the bar, plus a mixed-bag in the pool. The **Park Hotel Bar** on Ayaz Pasha Street, which overlooks the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmara is a favorite meeting place for gay people. Give it a whirl.

There are now more tourists than ever coming to Istanbul, and among these are entertainers—especially from England and France—and special 'sight' acts and shows like the Ice-Capades. A 'What's Going On In Istanbul' type of bulletin can be obtained at the Hilton which will tell you who's playing where. And you can either stay at the Hilton (if you're not making the Olympia your hotel for your stay in town), or the **Divan**, on Cumhuriyet ("come . . . hurry, yet!") which is very elegant though small (98 rooms). Expensive.

Also the **Park**, on Gumussuyu Caddesi (208 rooms) . . . the **Pera Palas** on Mesrutiyet Caddesi (113 rooms) . . . and, quite centrally located in Taksim Square, near the Hilton, is the **Dilson**. It is a small hotel, and from this point all others are smaller and less expensive and you should beware of them. They can be rough. Splurge on your hotel, even if you must economize a bit more elsewhere. You'll not regret it, and

your visit to Istanbul will be all the safer and more enjoyable.



The Old City

There is so much to explore in both the Old and New Istanbul that you'll be wise to apportion the days of your vacation so that more can be spent here. A fine travel guidebook such as Fodor's **Europe** (updated annually) will be of great help in making your stay all the more rewarding. Istanbul is not just another big European city of rich and poor and middle class. It's a total experience, and for the gay guy it can truly be Mohammed's Paradise.

Güle, güle!

Pittsburgh

By Ralph W. Davis

At the "Point," where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers meet to form the Ohio, downtown Pittsburgh rises proudly, all gleaming glass and steel. The grime-stained look which was once so Pittsburgh is no longer there. Because of civic pride and determination, the city has had a renaissance. Strong smog control measures were enforced in the fifties, and now the city is finally breathing fresh and clean air. More than 31 major buildings have been erected since the renaissance. The most interesting are the 30-story Alcoa Building, all sheathed in aluminum, the 64-story U.S. Steel Building which is dramatically shaped in a triangle, and the Civic Arena-Exhibit Hall, with the world's largest retractable dome. On rolling and broken hills for the most part, this bustling steel, glass, coal and aluminum center is fast becoming the city.

For the gay the area is Liberty

and Penn in the heart of downtown Pittsburgh. These two parallel streets (from about 10th to 5th) have most of the action. Although the grim shadow of "Old" Pittsburgh still darkens these two streets, they are nevertheless an improvement over the past.

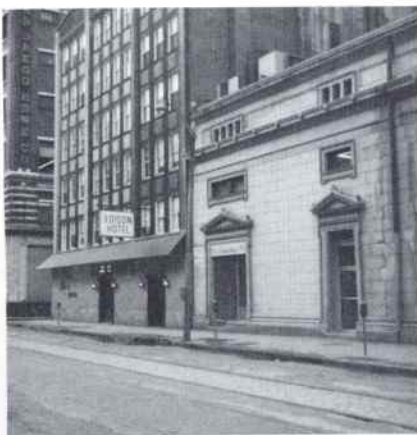
BARS AND RESTAURANTS

David's, 632 Penn Avenue. One of the nicer bars. There's no entertainment except what each patron provides. No dancing. Hours: 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. From 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. sandwiches are available at about \$1.25 each.



David's

Edison Hotel Bar, 135 9th Street (off Penn Avenue). Sundays are best from 1 to 10 p.m. This is a very interesting mixed bar with some attractive hustlers, trade and working-class types. It can be rough, though, so be careful.



Edison Hotel Bar

Club 630, 630 Penn Avenue. This is a private after-hours bar. Membership is difficult to obtain; management must know you. A theatrical club card, though, will

get you in without any difficulty. Sometimes sponsorship by another member or a talk with the boss will be enough to qualify you as a member. Once you're in, anything goes, so the members say.



Club 630

The Brass Rail, 972 Liberty, has a basement john which sometimes sees action. Some activity upstairs. Blacks. Best around lunch time. Personally, I found it dull.



The Brass Rail

Madeline's, 506 Liberty. This bar is good in the evenings and on weekends. Mixed, but it seems to be more gay than straight at night. Hours: 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Sports Haven, 974 Liberty. A mixed bar. It's next to the Brass Rail and seems to get the same black crowd. Rough. It's more for straights than gays. Nothing special. Hours: 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.

House O' Hi Boy, 907 Liberty. This is a 24-hour hamburger-type place. Terrible food and crowd. Everything can be found here—whores, dykes, fems, drags, hustlers and the like.

Across from Mellon Square in the basement of the Oliver Building is the **Cork and Bottle** (corner of Oliver and Smithfield Streets).

This is a suit-and-tie bar. Mixed. Nice crowd. Discretion suggested here.

Another nice bar is the **House of Tilden**, 6308 Penn Avenue. This bar, though, is quite a distance from the downtown area. Private, but easy to get membership; at least, in comparison with the Club 630. The crowd can be a little too elegant, a little too feminine, and sometimes a little too difficult to mix with easily.

1209, 1209 Fifth Avenue. This is a mixed black bar with some rough-trade types visiting here regularly.

Holiday Bar, 4620 Forbes. It is close to the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie-Mellon University, and so many collegians go here. Mixed, though. But the blend of gays/straights is smooth (i.e. no inhibitions; this seems to be true of the Hide-a-way too). Most types can be found here, from the clean-cut-looking college guys to the purse set, with a few serious long-hair types thrown in. Dancing. One big bar. Sandwiches from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. at \$1 to \$1.50.



Holiday Bar



Schume Turkish Baths

BATHS

Arena Russian-Turkish Baths, 2035 Forbes. The baths in Pittsburgh tend to be a little dirty and lack the best facilities. Nonetheless, this baths can be fun. The large steam room closes at 1 a.m. For a locker, the price is \$3.95. For a room \$1.50 more.

Schume Turkish Baths, 937 Liberty. This downtown baths opens in the afternoon and closes in the evening about 10. Mixed crowd at both places.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Mellon Square is the most popular place for the young, long-hair types. Usual hustlers and police problems here. You must use common sense.



Mellon Square

Penn Avenue is very cruisy from 10th (where the new Trailways Station is) to 6th Street, but especially between 9th and 10th. Here there's the usual car cruising, walking, loitering. But the area isn't as popular now as it was because the street has been made brighter at night.



Trailways Station on Penn Avenue
March/April 1974

Dithridge Street, starting at Forbes Avenue by Carnegie Museum, to Fifth Avenue by the Mellon Institute, is probably the busiest street in Pittsburgh at night. This area is very close to the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie-Mellon University, and like the nearby Holiday Bar, gets some of the college crowd. Dithridge is especially popular with the very young (16-22 age group). Can be rough. The straights are the biggest problem.

Schenley Park by the Upper Oval Arc. There is the usual car and john cruising here. Best during the day and early evening. Lower Oval Arc has some activity but nothing special.

The johns and the shopping malls in general are good. They are the South Hills Village in Bethel Park, the mall in Monroeville, and the Allegheny Center Mall (just a short distance from downtown Pittsburgh). Bethel Park shopping mall is best after 9 p.m. Nice crowd.

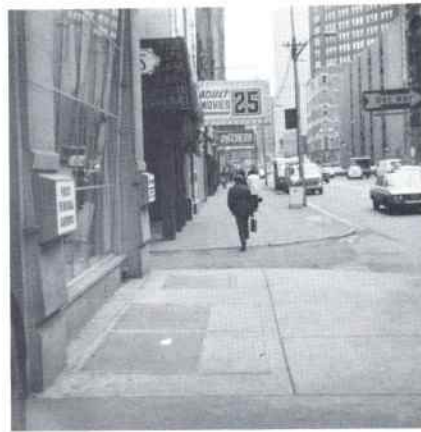
The business district on **Walnut Street in Shadyside** is quietly gay. College, hippie and professional types. Best at night, of course.

JOHNS

Besides the johns already mentioned, the one in **Gimbel's Department Store** on the second floor is generally good.

PEEP SHOWS AND MOVIES

All the 25-cent peep shows on Liberty between 10th and 6th have some action. In order to get in the back room, you must put a quarter in the turnstile. The back room, of course, is where the movies are. Some of the main peep-show and movie houses are:



Liberty St. Arcades

Arcade, on the corner of 7th and Penn. This one can be very cruisy in the back. There are private rooms to enter to watch the film.



Arcade

Penthouse Adult Theater, 617 Liberty. Theater on the second floor shows all-gay films exclusively. The john here is busy, of course. Hours: 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Bizarre Art Theater, 637 Liberty. This theater attracts a mixed crowd, like most of the theaters and peep shows. The films are of a straight-stag-film variety. About \$3.50 for admission. Peep shows at 25 cents.

Art Cinema, 809 Liberty. Continuous movies daily from 10:30 a.m. and on Sunday from 2 p.m. The usual caterpillar-hands types go here.

HOTEL

The **Golden Triangle YMCA** is recommended because it is clean, inexpensive and located in a nice area downtown which is safe to walk at night. It has some activity like all Ys, but it can't be considered the place for action.

Although Pittsburgh isn't as wide open as Philadelphia, it can be fun to visit with enough variety of types to meet most tastes. So plan your next trip to Pittsburgh. You just might like that butch, industrial setting!

Birmingham

By Bill Josephs

If you've ever wondered what it's like to be an astronaut, then visit Huntsville. Imaginative and interesting, with enough action

and sensations, sights and sounds of space life to fascinate the most sophisticated, the space and rocket center at Huntsville is perhaps Alabama's number one attraction. Built at great cost, it was conceived to educate Americans in the futuristic world of space travel. Everything from pre-packaged space foods to a walk in space is featured here in an effort to give you a total, simulated experience of space life.

Like any great space odyssey, though, there must be a splash-down. The place for this is Birmingham, a few hours away by bus.

A thriving, restless steel center, Birmingham has all the characteristics of a muscular, tough city. Culturally, the city has tried to keep pace with its economic growth, but the best it could do was come up with the annual Festival of Arts. Still in its infancy culturally, Birmingham nevertheless is an interesting city, for it is a city of men—healthy-looking, hardworking steel men. This in itself is enough for most gays. If you happen to be one who agrees, here are the places to visit:

Gold Torch, 1915 N. 5th Ave. Across the street from the First National Office Tower. All types here—girls, hustlers, straights, gays, black and white. After 3 a.m. all the bars empty here. Open 24 hours daily except Sunday. On Sunday the bar opens at 10 p.m. Tasty food and good drinks. Gays can dance together here, but only fast dances. A very interesting mixed bar. Band and entertainment. Private club, but everyone is welcome.



Gold Torch

Gizmo, 909 S. 22nd St. Owned by the same management as Gold Torch, this is really a fun, gay cruise bar. No show. Food. Dancing to records. Open 3 p.m.

to 3 a.m. A short distance from downtown, but worth the trip. Nice area.



Gizmo

Outer Focus, 117½ N. 21st St. Next to the U.S. Coast Guard Recruitment Center. Open on Friday and Saturday during summer from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Other times usually from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Hours are erratic. Call to be sure. Telephone is 254-9488. Dancing. Drag shows Friday and Saturday at 10:30 p.m. and at 12:15 a.m.



Outer Focus

The Matador, 208 N. 22nd St. Open from 5 p.m. until crowd thins. Saturday closes at 2 a.m. and closed Sunday. All the bars mentioned in this article are closed Sundays except Gold Torch which opens late in the evening. Go-Go boys nightly until closing. There's dancing here, too. Mixed gay boys and girls, black and white.



The Matador

Chances-R Lounge at 208 N. 23rd Street is rough and seedy. Mixed gays and straights. Mostly gay, though. Drag shows three

nights a week. One show on Wednesday at 10 p.m. Two on Friday and Saturday at 10 p.m. and midnight. Cover on weekends for show. Open daily, except Sunday, from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Go-Go girls on other nights of the week when there isn't a drag show.



Chances-R Lounge

Todd's Restaurant (formerly Mammy's Pancake House), 2151 S. Highland Ave. Under the Gulf sign, and a few blocks from the Gizmo. This is a popular 24-hour restaurant, but after hours, however, for breakfast.

The YMCA at 526 N. 20th St. is a very nice place to stay, but not to cruise. Very little activity here. It is close to the downtown bars. The only bar which is some distance away is Gizmo (Todd's Restaurant, as well), about nine blocks from downtown.

Woodrow Wilson Park is practically next to the Y, and if the vice squad weren't making life so difficult for gays in Birmingham, this would be a great place to cruise. Not recommended at this writing.

The **Continental Bus Station** at North Fifth Avenue and 24th Street is another cruising area. But like Woodrow Wilson Park, the vice squad frequents the area. The john at the station can be cruised, but the bus station security checks it regularly. So be careful. **Very careful!**

These are the places . . . not many, but then you don't need many in Birmingham to find a man. They're everywhere!

The recent Supreme Court ruling re: obscenity/pornography is forcing some porno bookshops and movie theatres to close. All the listings in CIAO! are updated as we go to press—but since police raids are a daily occurrence it is likely that several places discussed in this issue have been closed since publication.

The Gulf Area

By Jerry Daniels

MOBILE, ALABAMA

The oldest Mardi Gras in the United States is Mobile's, and not the one in New Orleans! Dating back to 1704, Mobile's festivities lack the great fame that the New Orleans celebration has, but they are still glittering and gay enough with parties, parades and balls to please anyone. (Ed: See the October 1973 Ciao! for details on New Orleans and Mardi Gras.)

The Apostles of Apollo is the name of the gay Mardi Gras organization which will hold the annual Grand Ball the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday. This year the theme will be "The Fabulous Flicks," and unlike the gay Krewes of New Orleans, the Apostles of Apollo will have tickets available to visitors from out of town. (Anyone interested can write to Cotton, the bartender at the Princess Lounge, 254 Government St.) Since Mobile and New Orleans are only about four hours apart by bus or car, gays can move easily between these cities without wasting much time, and enjoy the best of both cities during the Mardi Gras.

There are so many interesting things to do in Mobile that visiting the city for Mardi Gras is just a pleasant extra. Mobile is sprinkled with some fascinating ante-bellum homes which are a delight to see. There is the Chandler House, now occupied by the Junior League and the Richards House, to mention only two. The latter, incidentally, is a masterpiece of delicate iron lacework. Its interior with white marble mantels, silver-plated doorknobs and its bronze chandeliers remind the visitor of the exquisite grandeur of the Old South.



Richards House

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Besides this, there is the Phoenix Fire House, erected in 1859, which now exhibits fire-fighting equipment dating back to 1819, and Captain Myers' House, next to it, which was Mobile's first telegraph station. There is also the USS Alabama, the famous fighting battleship of World War II, the beaches of Dauphin Island, with their sugar-white sand, and the Azalea Trail Festival, held annually in early spring.

What may be the most splendid experience for the out-of-towner is a visit to Bellingrath Gardens and Home, a few miles south of Mobile. Some of the most beautiful flowers, shrubs and trees of the South and other parts of the world grow on this vast estate.

The Bessie Morse Bellingrath Collection of china and rare porcelain is handsomely displayed in the huge home, along with other priceless art objects, furniture and old English silver.

Bars and Restaurants

Known as the Bible Belt area, gay life in Mobile is limited and conservative (no pot, freaks, hippies and the like). The nucleus of gay activity is the **Princess Lounge** at 254 Government St., where Southern hospitality flourishes. Nick Coumanis is owner and manager of this friendly bar. His bartender, Cotton, will gladly introduce strangers to regulars to melt the ice. Hours: 8:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Monday through Friday) and to midnight on Saturday. It's closed on Sunday. In fact everything is closed on Sunday. Therefore Sundays are perfect for the beaches or touring the beautiful old homes.



Princess Lounge

On Saturdays from 8:30 p.m. and on Mondays and Wednesdays from 10 p.m., a show is presented at the Princess. Neil Aldridge is

the director of a cast of six (Pauline Dietrich, René de Carlo, Criss Cross, Terri Thomas, Dior Christian and Holly). The show may not be Broadway material, but it is good, and done with more imagination than most of the shows I've seen. Admission is \$1 on show nights.

Dancing. Mostly gay boys, but occasionally a few straights wander in, especially on show nights when all types visit.

The restaurant next to the Princess, which is open 24 hours daily except Sunday, adjoins the bar. Most of the gays move easily between the bar and restaurant (primarily the dining room). It isn't essentially a gay restaurant, but gay people are welcome and comfortable here. There is a mixture of all types, from all parts of the world. It isn't unusual to hear other languages. The menu is complete . . . from hamburger to filet.

The **Golden Rod Social Club**, 155 Government St., is the other gay spot. Although a "dive" by most standards, when the Princess closes on Saturdays, the crowd races here and remains here until 3:00 a.m. This is the only time when the Golden Rod has a gay crowd.



The Golden Rod Social Club

The **Club Royal**, corner of Royal and Government Streets, is primarily a straight bar where gays who like their men rough and just off the boats go for action. It is, of course, rough!



Club Royal

Johns/Outside Cruising

The john at Greyhound is quietly interesting, and Trailways is sometimes interesting. The cruise street at night is Government from the Golden Rod to the Princess Lounge.

A few blocks away from Government is Bienville Square which is on the corners of Conception, St. Francis, St. Joseph and Dauphin Streets. During the day and early evening there is some cruising here.

Hotels

YMCA, 61 S. Conception St., has about 70 beds—an inexpensive place to spend a night.

The Admiral Semmes Hotel, 251 Government, and the Admiral Semmes Motor Inn, across the street at 250 Government, are recommended for first-class accommodations at reasonable rates (about \$12 single; \$16 double).

The most elegant hotel is the Malaga Inn, at 359 Church St. Two lavishly restored, ante-bellum townhouses have been joined to make this charming inn. Singles are about \$15.50; doubles \$19.50. Highly recommended.



Malaga Inn

BILOXI/GULFPORT, MISS.

The two small resort towns of Biloxi and Gulfport are about 60 miles west of Mobile, and many gays head here when they want a change. The bars are:

The Mirror Room, in the White House Hotel on West Beach and the Rose Bud, outside gate No. 2 of Keesler Air Force Base (one block from the lighthouse on Howard Ave.). All types at the latter including air-force personnel. Quiet.

In Gulfport, there is the Side Door, at 4312 Hewes Street (near the airport). Lots of "fluff," but according to Wally Sherwood,

member of the Celtics, the local motorcycle club, the bar is being "butched up." Incidentally, anyone interested in learning more about the Celtics can check the newsletter pinned on the wall at the Princess. Wally and his friends are very friendly, and are always interested in meeting new gays.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

Pensacola, about 60 miles east of Mobile, is another popular area for local gays from Mobile. The places here are:

Robbie's Yum-Yum Tree West, at 3006 E. Cervantes. Young crowd. Weekends about 20% straight. Hours: 4 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Saturday and Sunday from 1 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Drag show (much better at the Princess) nightly except Monday from 9:30. The bar is billed as the largest in Florida.

Yum-Yum Tree Annex, Via de Luna (on the beach). Open 24 hours Saturday and Sunday. Band nightly from 9:30 to 2:30; on Saturday/Sunday from 5 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Serves food (hamburgers to steaks).

San Carlos Hotel Bar, 1 N. Palafox, is popular with a mixed, older crowd. The bar is called the Fiesta Lounge. The john in the hotel is usually busy, and the hotel is popular with out-of-town gays. The Ema Jones Society has its big Fourth-of-July convention here, and from all reports, the hotel is perfectly wild then. Even the police ignore the activity.



San Carlos

Wayside Park at the foot of the Bay Bridge. Busy, especially at night. The john is smelly and dirty, though.

Greyhound Bus Station has an active john. Car cruising and loitering in front of the station. Not the usual Greyhound type, however. Some nice cruisers, in fact.

Although the Gulf area will never be the "in" place for gays, it certainly isn't dull. What it lacks in quantity, it makes up for in quality.

Milwaukee

By Ralph W. Davis

Milwaukee is often called the beer capital of the world, but most gays visiting it for the first time will find it a big city with a small-town spirit. Clean and friendly, this pleasant yet physically nondescript city of nearly 1.5 million hasn't any of the serious crime which afflicts most major cities. Instead, the heavy German-Polish element lives and works industriously together with none of those barbaric ethnic feuds that have turned other cities into jungles.

Close to the wilderness, without worries of encroachment, Milwaukee is only an hour's drive from some of the most exciting parks and lakes where skiing, hunting, camping and other outdoor sports and activities flourish. Lake Geneva, a short distance south, is probably the favorite spot for Chicagoans as well as Milwaukeeans who like more expensive fun. During the summer, college students and "swinging" singles flock here in packs and over the Fourth, Memorial Day and Labor Day weekends send shock waves through the area.

Gay visitors like Milwaukee. There is a pleasant conviviality here, not only among the gays, but the straights, who seem to understand what "live and let live" really means. Because of the many colleges and universities in the area, college students overflow the city on weekends and become easy picking. This also applies to sailors on weekend leave from the Great Lakes Naval Base in North Chicago. Since the drinking age is 18, you don't need to cruise streets to find something young and humpy . . . just head for the nearest gay bar.

BARS

Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie.

CIAO!

This is probably the closest that Milwaukee comes to leather. It's nothing wild (leather-wise); just a nice bunch of guys who like to dress "manly." Friendly bartenders. No drag queens. All types of interesting gays. Hours: 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Friday; Saturday until 3:30; and Sunday from 2 'til 2. At 4 p.m. and 10 p.m. on Sunday, movies are shown. Cocktail hour—5 to 7 p.m. Bar drinks then are 50¢. Game room. Dancing. Very interestingly decorated. The back room is under a hayloft; in another bar there is the front of a Thunderbird against one wall with the lights turned on, and a grand piano is filled with peanuts.



Wreck Room

Factory, 158 N. Broadway. This is the largest bar in Milwaukee and the most popular. Out-of-towners love this place because of the meatrack. Everyone just seems to be there to be picked up by anyone bold enough to apply simple pressure. There are plans to expand and put in a show bar. Best hours are from 11 p.m. to closing. Hours are usually from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. and from 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. on Sundays.



The Factory

River Queen, 402 N. Water St. This was once very popular, but it has lost some of its following. There was talk that it was because of police problems, but I don't know how true this is. Like the Factory, the young gravitate here; March/April 1974

some are straight. Beer Bust on Wednesdays. Opens at 8 p.m. daily; Sundays and holidays at 2 p.m. Free parking next door.



River Queen

Your Place, 813 South First St. This is a very nice bar which attracts a good crowd. It has been at this location for years. All types, young and old. The art work on display is for sale. No cover or minimum. Piano. Open Sunday through Friday from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m., and Saturday until 3:30 a.m.



Your Place

Flame, 181 South Second St. This is a popular girls' bar, but many guys head here. Ordinary, some rough types; although nice numbers come here too. Dancing. Live band. Game room. Liquor is cheaper here than in most bars, which makes it more attractive, I suppose, to some. Hours: noon to 2 a.m. daily; Saturday to 3:30; Sunday to 2.

Riviera Show Lounge, 183 S. Second St. Next door to the Flame. Same type of bar as the Flame, and like the Flame it is a mixture of guys and gals. Variety show entertainment (with reviews of Broadway shows on occasion). Dancing. "Sudsation" every Tuesday and Thursday at

8 p.m. until closing. Beer is then 20¢ and mixed drinks 50¢. Shows every Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 10:30 p.m.; on Friday a late show at midnight; and on Sunday at 1 a.m. Bar opens at 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Closed on Monday. Sunday: 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.

New Jamie's, 196 S. Second St. Very close to the Flame and the Riviera, this bar is perhaps the least attractive of all bars in the city. Drags. "Heads." Pimps. Hustlers. Hours: 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily, and on Saturday until 3:30. There are some blacks who like this place, incidentally.

Beer Garden, 3743 W. Viet St. It attracts mostly girls (some boys, of course). Dancing. Strictly a bar. Food: sandwiches, fish fries, from 65¢ to \$1.25. Pool table. Hours: 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Angelo's Mint Bar, 422 West State St. This is a pretty rough bar that's been around for years. Some very interesting types show up here—for those who like trade and hustlers. Older crowd. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Monday through Friday; Sunday 2 to 2; Saturday: 2 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.

Ten Hundred East, 1000 E. North Ave. This bar attracts all types . . . college crowd included. Very nice. Entertainment. Piano. Dancing. Hours: 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily, and on Saturday until 3:30 a.m.

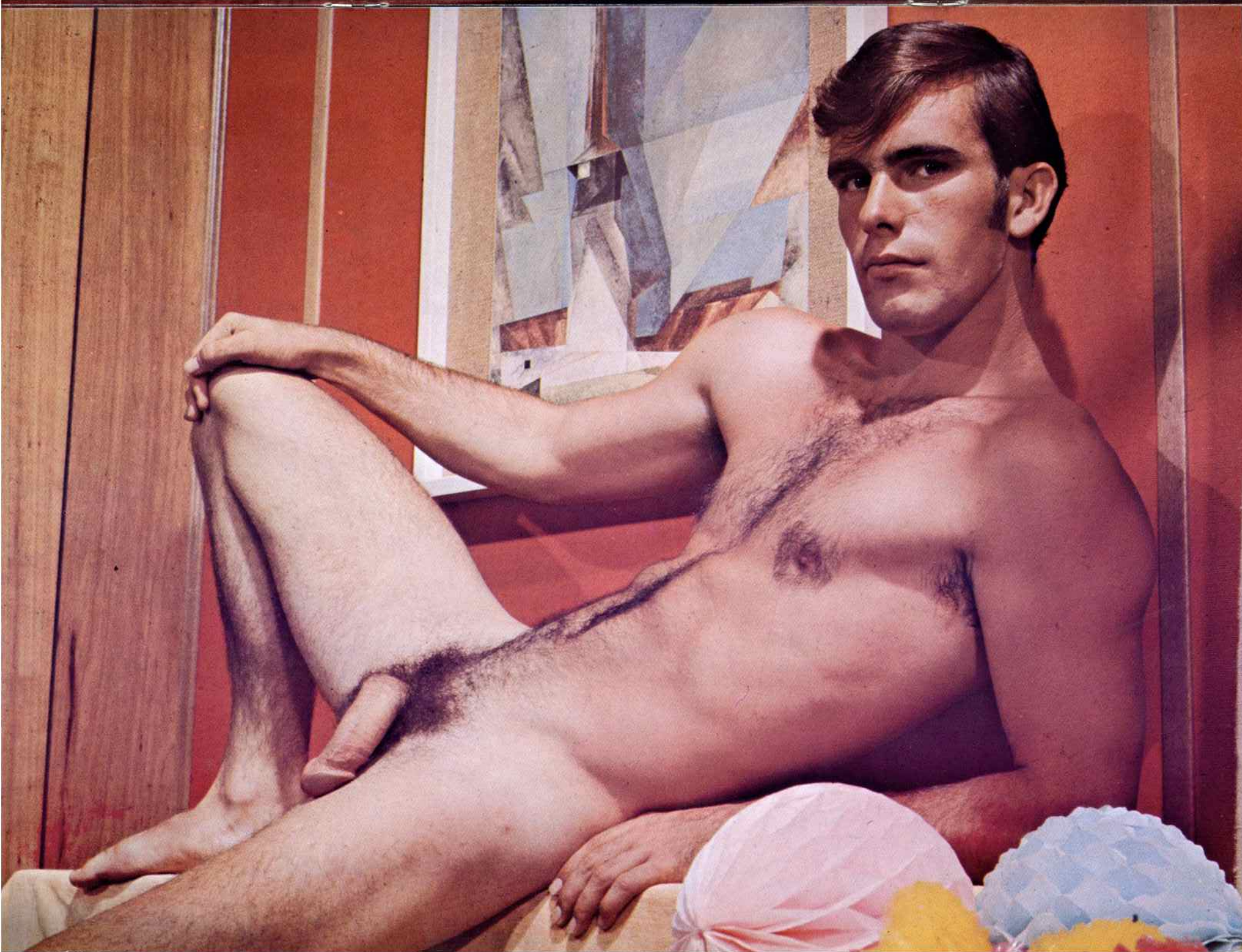
This Is It, 418 E. Wells St. A mixture of types here. Great drinks! Strictly a bar. Hours: 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily; Saturday until 3:30. After 6 p.m. there's free parking.

Jimmy's Hi Fi Lounge, 68th and State in Wauwatosa. The downstairs bar is straight, but the upstairs bar is gay—but only on weekends. Popular. White-collar types.

RESTAURANTS

Seaway Inn, 173 South Second St. This restaurant is, I understand, under the same ownership as New Jamie's. Many gays head here after the bars close. There is a special brunch on Sundays at \$1.25—noon until 5 p.m. Food served Monday through Thursday from 11 a.m. to 3 a.m. Saturday from noon to 5 a.m. Holidays from noon to 4 a.m. Price range:





\$1.50 to \$4.25. During the day it is very popular with workers from the area.



Seaway Inn

BATHS

Finlandia Health Spa, 707 E. Knapp St. This is a private and mostly gay baths, but out-of-towners with proper identification are welcomed. It is small, very clean, with a limited number of rooms. Prices for room or locker just \$6. Open 24 hours Friday and Saturday, but closes Sunday at 8 p.m.

BOOK STORES

Kamie's Adult Book Store, 730 N. Second St. This is the place with a variety of gay material; 50¢ charge to enter, but it goes toward your purchase.

The Lib Adult Book Store, Fifth and Michigan. Much serious cruising in the 25¢ peep-show area. Loaded with all types; some very interesting.

HOTELS

YMCA, 915 W. Wisconsin Ave. This Y is very nice and reasonably new. It is located near the downtown area and has very good rooms. The usual opportunities.

JOHNS

Library, Eighth and Wisconsin, is an old, interesting building with a fabulous foyer. The john can be very interesting. Worth a look.



Library

There is a john at **North Point** (which is along the lake) beyond Junea Park. Years ago it was very cruisy and fun. Now it's quieter. Check it if you happen to be driving in that direction.

Junea Park has a very cruisy john. The area around can be very kinky, but watch yourself. Although there is still lots of day and night activity it is watched by vice. Very hot now, and of course dangerous. Roughts can get ugly here. The area on **Cass Street between State and Junea** is good cruising also, as well as **Waverly**. But like the park across the street, it isn't very safe.



John in Junea Park

Gimbel's, Twelfth and Mitchell Sts., has a basement john with some activity.

OUTSIDE CRUISING

Besides Junea Park (already mentioned under johns), there is **Bradford Beach**. This is where the gays come for sunbathing and cruising. The area beyond the beach on the grass is where it's all at.

Greyhound Bus Station has the usual. Watch out, of course.

You'll enjoy Milwaukee. Visit for a few days the next time you're in the Midwest!

Gay Dining

This Month: 'The Gawky Woman' & 'Feet In The Water'

By The Editors

Members of the Vatel Club—a social fraternity of gourmet chefs who preside over the kitchens of

New York's glamorous French restaurants—were discussing a visit here by the director of Maxim's in Paris. They were still shaking their heads in disbelief that this man heads the most prestigious restaurant in the world yet (a) rarely dines in his establishment and (b) prefers to lunch at a drug store fountain in New York, rather than at some expensive French restaurant such as **Lutèce** or **La Caravelle** where, of course, he would have been an honored guest.

But as he explained, "I must have a care for the **alimentation**, you know. The food at Maxim's is very rich and if I dined there for a month I'd pay for it with my liver. Also, I like to have a sandwich at drug store counters when I come here. The food is of high order and well prepared . . . and besides such places are friendly and fun. They're just what the jaded diner needs for a change. And restaurants **should** be fun. There should be some lighthearted motif in each that makes it seem less austere . . . less a 'temple' of gourmet dining. Food is more enjoyed when the heart is light. That's why I'm glad that so many amusing restaurants are springing up in and around Paris."

Two of these are lightheartedly recommended by **Ciao!** in this issue to all who plan to visit Paris this year. One is **La Cavale** (freely translated as 'The Gawky Woman') and the other is **Les Pieds dans l'Eau** (and its 'feet' are literally 'in the water'). Not only are their names intriguing and their interior design enchanting, but the cuisine is in every respect excellent. So while you are in Paris you may find it a delightful change of pace to dine **à Paris** one night, then **à la campagne** (or near it) the next.

La Cavale is just a few minutes from Versailles by car, or by taxi from the railroad station. The address is **Avenue de la Division-Leclerc, 78, Les Loges-en-Josas**. The telephone is 956 44-76. The trains leave from Gare St. Lazare or Gare des Invalides. The train idea is good, especially in view of the energy crisis when you may wish to save your precious (and expensive) gasoline for a more

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extended trip. However, be sure to check the calendar because **La Cavale** is closed on Monday and the first three weeks of August (when everybody goes to the beach) and the first three weeks of February (when everybody goes to the South of France for a little bone-warming sunshine).



La Cavale

There is a merry mixup in names and translations that makes this place interesting. While **La Cavale** can also be a balky horse . . . 'mare' . . . and, colloquially, 'the gawky woman', add to this the fact that **la patronne** is Mme Bovyn and you may be startled into the conclusion that you will be breaking bread with our four-footed friends. Don't be fooled!

Mme Bovyn is anything but bovine. A small, dark, vivacious woman, she will very likely rush out across the broad lawn at the approach of your car or taxi to greet you, along with her two russet pedigree cocker spaniels, and—about a lazy ten seconds later—her basset hound. She will be delighted to show you around. If it's a fine day you may want to come and lunch outdoors under the huge yellow umbrellas. When all tables are filled one has the oddest feeling of having stepped into a Renoir painting.

Inside is the classic country inn. Beamed ceilings . . . walls covered in a gay fabric. Giant posters of turn-of-the-century theatrical personages and billboards are tastefully arranged around the large dining room. A scalloped steel bar is your first stop for one of the 'house' cocktails . . . this one a creation of vodka, Cointreau and Campari. It's surprising and delicious, and you may ask Mme Bovyn for the recipe and stun your friends back home. The piano is Art Nouveau
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. . . it came from a bordello (with which Mme Bovyn had no connection, she'll quickly tell you!) in Paris of the Gay Nineties. The tables are large and comfortably spaced with snowy napery and unusual lamps . . . huge 'competition' beer glasses from Germany—vintage World War I—which must easily have held three quarts of beer. However, Mme Bovyn has tastefully converted them to more utilitarian use. Inside each glass is a large fat red candle that gives a heartwarming lighthearted glow.

For an appetizer after your cocktail, please don't fail to try the **terrine de becasse au foie gras**, chef Roger Marin's smooth-as-velvet **paté**, made with goose liver, woodcock meat, cognac, spices and other black magic. Afterward you have many entree choices: something simple, perhaps, like a stew or pot dinner, such as **blanquette de veau** or **pot au feu** . . . or something higher in the gourmet scale, like freshwater crayfish on artichoke hearts with a delicate Nantua sauce . . . venison in cream sauce . . . oysters in champagne sauce. The menu is changed every day. And for dessert, the wildest ever—peaches in vodka with lemon sherbet! Can you top that one? Dinner prices range from \$8 to \$15 American money.

Les Pieds dans l'Eau is on an island in the Seine—Ile de la Jatte—and it gets its rather odd name from the fact that it is tucked away on a small corner of the Island, at water's edge. The cooking here is that of Southern France, and the ambience is also 'Midi' since the proprietors, Jean and Jeannine Baron, are from the South of France.

The restaurant is an old farmhouse that was crumbling into ruins when the Barons came across it and saw true beauty in the weatherbeaten old lady. They bought it and began to fix it up, but no sooner could they get one wall 'stabilized' than it would promptly fall. But finally they did get it all together and opened for business. It seems that where, for months, nothing had been their luck but bad luck, good luck brought them a guest in a rainstorm on their opening

night who has been fairly god-mother to **Les Pieds dans l'Eau** since . . . Bobo Rockefeller.



Les Pieds dans l'Eau

She and her escort were lost in the driving rain, and seeing the lighted house, they drove up. When they explained their dilemma, the owner offered them the free use of his telephone to notify their worried friends. They were so impressed by this courtesy that they stayed to dine . . . fell in love with the Barons . . . and since then Mrs. Rockefeller has told all her friends in Paris about the restaurant.

The interior design is cheerful and quite personal. Antiques of great value seem to alternate with amusing signs like "If you don't want to eat to live, eat so that we can live!" Jean speaks pretty good English and loves to tell pretty funny stories and sing pretty funny songs. He accompanies himself at a pretty funny piano which is covered with plates of hors d'oeuvres, so that the guests can lean over and eat/chat/sing along with him. The greatest names in Parisian entertainment come here, and Jean is not the least abashed to entertain them.

Specialties of the house are the hot sausage in a puff pastry . . . lamb stew . . . and the **boeuf en daube** (beef stew in wine). Simple dishes . . . hearty . . . nothing elegantly gourmet. Wonderful-tasting foods served with charm and a light heart, for as Jean says, "Why stay in this business if you can't have some fun while you're at it?" A complete dinner will usually be less than \$12. The address: **Les Pieds dans l'Eau, 39 Blvd. du Parc, Neuilly**. The telephone is 747 64-07. And the restaurant is closed on Sunday, on Monday for lunch, and all of September.

While neither of these restaurants is gay *per se*, they are filled with the gay international set. You'll treasure your visit to **La**

Cavale or **Les Pieds dans l'Eau**. And you'll understand why the director of Maxim's comes here too.

Recipes From Around The World

Gathered By The Editors

In the past few issues of **Ciao!** we have served you a banquet of frothier foods for gay warm-weather entertaining. But now that ice and snow are our mete and portion—plus the insult-to-injury of Richard Chickenheart and his fuel cutback, here is a hearty, easy-to-prepare 'guesty' dinner of real gourmet excellence that should make Washington proud of you for using such little fuel, and warm up your guests with hearty anticipation.

Gay guys who know Copenhagen well, and particularly the Royal Hotel, will be glad to know that we're offering its prize recipe for Tenderloin of Porc Deluxe. Very likely you've had it on visits there and wished you knew how it's prepared. Well, wish no more . . . the unveiling takes place in a moment. Because there are two vegetables used in the preparation of the pork (mushrooms and asparagus, both very filling) you need no other vegetable . . . or, at most, a simple salad of fresh chilled romaine leaves with a light vinegar-and-oil dressing.

Now there are many who do not care for wine with pork. It has such a distinctive taste (and certainly in this preparation) that one must choose a wine that is not so 'magnetic' as to divert the taste from the richness of the meat. A simple solution is ale . . . not beer. However, not just any ale, but one with British character. **Whitbread's**, especially, is good and you really can't do better. Strangely, although it is popular throughout the world it is not, unfortunately, well-known in the United States. It has a much higher alcoholic content than our

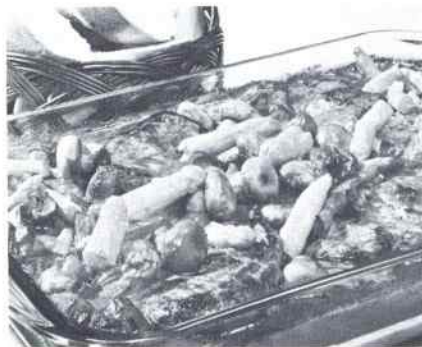
domestic beers or ales (which may be the reason it is not well-known . . . local licensing being what it is). If, however, a wine is preferred, a good Beaujolais (with its fresher taste) will be a more appropriate choice than the heavier Burgundy.

A little sweetening should go with such a richness of meat/vegetable preparation and for this purpose we are including a real Jamaican Banana Bread . . . another prize recipe from the Fort Charles Grill of the Barbados Hilton, St. Michael, Barbados. If you don't care to be so involved in whipping up this delectable 'dessert bread' you might shop your supermarket for **Sara Lee's Banana Nut Loaf**, a delicious substitute . . . a kind of first cousin, once removed. And surely nothing will put a tiara on the meal like **Coffee Diabolius**, that much sought-after coffee served in The Forum of the XII Caesars in New York. It is like no coffee you've ever had, and should be prepared exactly as the recipe indicates.

While your guests are arriving you might serve with cocktails something also easy to prepare like crisply-fried chicken livers. Simply insert toothpicks and pass around . . . or for those who can't stand liver in any form, small cubes of cheese (the cheddary the better) and black olives or some other juicier appetizer.

Also, with the fuel cutback in mind, if you have a good deal of your pork left, seal it in a Seal-A-Meal and some other day just immerse the plastic bag in boiling water for a few moments and the glory of the day will return in full measure.

TENDERLOIN OF PORC DELUXE



2 pounds pork tenderloins
Clarified butter for frying
½ pound fresh asparagus
½ pound fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup tomato puree
½ cup very heavy cream
Salt
Pepper

Clean the tenderloin and cut it into small steaks. Brown in butter in a frying pan, then transfer to an ovenware dish. Break off the tough ends of the asparagus stalks and wash the heads well. Cook in boiling water until half done (5 minutes, approximately). Then drain well and reserve the liquid. Clean and slice the mushrooms. Saute them lightly in the butter in which the steaks were fried. Spread them, with the asparagus, in the baking dish. Melt butter in the frying pan; add ½ cup of the asparagus water, the tomato puree and the cream. Season to taste with salt/pepper. Pour the sauce over the meat/vegetables. Heat approximately 15 minutes in a 425-degree oven. If you wish to serve potatoes, boil them in the asparagus water.

BANANA BREAD

1 cup sugar
1 pound ripe bananas
4 eggs
½ cup corn oil
4 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Beat sugar and peeled bananas together, then add the eggs and mix well. Stir in the corn oil. Sift flour, baking soda and ginger together. Add to the banana/egg mixture alternating with buttermilk. Stir in vanilla. Pour the batter into 2 greased loaf pans and bake at 300 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes, or until a cake tester comes out clean. Cool on a rack, then wrap in airtight Saran wrap or foil. If you'll allow the bread to age a day or two the flavor will be enhanced.

COFFEE DIABOLIUS

Spiral-peel 1 large orange and remove it in one piece.
Whole cloves
1 cinnamon stick

2 heaping teaspoons sugar
6 tablespoons dark rum
6 tablespoons cognac
2 cups hot strong coffee

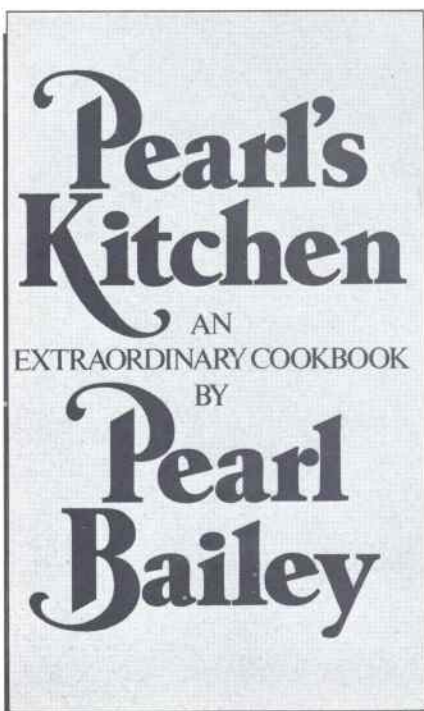
Stud orange peel with cloves at 2-inch intervals. Place cinnamon stick and sugar over heat in a chafing dish (or brûlot bowl) and melt sugar, but don't burn it. Add rum and continue heating the mixture.

Impale one end of the peel on a long fork and dip in the mixture for a few seconds, mashing the peel slightly against the dish with the fork. Raise the peel so that one end slowly touches the liquid and, very slowly, dribble the cognac down the peel. It will ignite along the entire peel and may continue to burn for 30 seconds or longer. The cloves will turn bright amber. When flame has died out, return orange peel to dish or bowl. Add coffee and stir. Remove cinnamon. Ladle steaming coffee into demitasse cups.

This serves two persons. You may double or triple it according to the number of your guests.

Book Review

By The Editors



Anyone who has seen Pearl Bailey on stage or television (and can there be anyone who hasn't?) will instantly empathize with her in the funniest and 'foodiest' book of the year. **Pearl's Kitchen** (211 pages, \$6.95, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is by no means just a collection of a star's favorite recipes (although it has them by the tastebuddy dozens), nor an ego trip of past triumphs. It is a book with heart about love and cooking. As Pearl says, "Giving from the stage and giving from the kitchen are all part of the same impulse for me."

She begins with an anecdote—a kiss blown to her mother. It seems that having prepared breakfast for the Bailey brood Mama had developed the habit of eating alone at a small table away from the others. Not only did this puzzle Pearl, but the fact that while Mama took only a very little food on a small saucer, she was growing bigger by the day. They noticed that as soon as she bolted her food she grabbed her 75¢ policy slip (Mama played the numbers) and headed for the door. One day, however, she forgot her slip. After dressing, Pearl took out after Mama . . . looking for her up and down the street. Finally, with the persistence of Sherlock Holmes she spied her in a cafeteria. "There was my wonderful Mama, with pancakes stacked as high as her head, sausage on a plate next to them, and there were home-fried potatoes and coffee. Mama had her head buried down eating away. So naturally I tapped on the window and smiled. I thought she could read my lips, so I mouthed, "'Mama, you left one of your number slips.'" and I held it up. Mama looked up, but she didn't smile. Those big beautiful dimples were not showing. She waved me inside. I handed her the slip and started to sit down. She said "'Now go on back home.'" So I did. Later on, when Mama got home, she said, "'It's a terrible thing when a Mother has to have her own children come spying on her.'" She was really burned up and embarrassed, because now I knew why she was tearing out so early in the morning, and why Mama was swelling up that way."

Pearl never caught her mother cadging food again. "Frankly, I'm sure she just changed restaurants."

In her comfortable, very human book Pearl Bailey seems not so much to be writing, but having fun dishing with you through the pages. She simply makes you want to tear into the kitchen and mix up a batch of her favorite foods. Not only are there recipes of her own, but those of other famous stars who have played host to Pearl, and whom she has cajoled (or conned) into revealing their culinary secrets. One of the recipes is Burt's Beef Stew, a specialty of Burt Reynolds who, in addition to being the sexiest guy on the screen, has made male nudity so acceptable to the general public through his unforgettable picture in *Cosmopolitan* that it is now as unassailable as apple pie and mother love. This is a beef stew like no one has ever prepared, and alone it is worth the price of the book.

Gay guys playing host will want to prepare not only the Reynolds Beef Stew recipe, but the Cold Yogurt Soup which is a specialty of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The cold soup, followed by the hot stew, makes a delightful meal. Top it off (or lay it low) with Pearl's own boozy Body-Beautiful Granite dessert and it won't take much urging to get your group into action.

Among the soul-food recipes you'll want to try are Braised Short Ribs with Tacos and Noodles (a little Spanish Harlem creeps in here and makes it scrumptious) . . . Squash and Cheese Casserole . . . Tony Bennett's Lasagna . . . Bing Crosby's Smoked Trout, and, characteristically Pearl: Italian Sauce As Louis Likes It (Louis being Lou Bellson, the noted drummer and Pearl's husband) . . . Lamb Chops Sumpin Else . . . Veal Chops Ad Lib . . . Turkey Dressing A Go Go . . . Hamburger All The Way . . . and Corn on the Cob, Mama-Style.

Of special interest to the gay host who must not only prepare a meal but referee the ping-pong of gay conversation in the living room are the one-pot dinners Pearl's mother used to make. She

has served them with great success to noted actors on her many tours—actors who have gourmandized on great food all over the world, and who staunchly say that Pearl's dinners can't be topped. Also, her dissertation on a fantastic yet quite simple way of making good coffee may find you throwing away your expensive European-import coffee-makers.

Pearl's Kitchen is a book for anyone who likes good food, especially the preparation of it. And so it will come as both a gastronomical surprise and treat.

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Montreal . . . Cable television subscribers in a Montreal suburb were recently surprised while viewing their sets. A camera automatically focuses on a clock, a barometer and a thermometer when the station ends each day's programs. Someone placed a gay sex photo on the face of each instrument, causing three very hot scenes to be televised. It wasn't until the next morning when viewers in the town of Beloeil phoned in complaints that the pictures were discovered by the officials.

San Francisco . . . Gay guys everywhere are expressing nothing less than sheepish amusement over Lavender University—a new school which has opened in San Francisco and which admits homosexuals only. The school offers no degrees and has no campus. Most of the classes are held in the teachers' homes (the instructors are graduate students and professors from universities in the San Francisco Bay area).

New York . . . Bronx detectives aren't going out of their way to bring their investigation of a recent gay murder in the Bronx to a conclusion. The victim was William Battles, 31 years old. He had just left his home, in drag—reportedly heading for a party—when a neighborhood gang of boys ranging in age from 14 to

20 beat and sexually mutilated him. When he tried to get away he was struck with a trash can and slashed and stabbed with knives. Had such a thing been done to a heterosexual of either sex the police would have the case wrapped up by now.

Santa Barbara . . . That all good things must come to an end certainly applies to nude sunbathing on the beaches in the Summerland-Montecito area just south of Santa Barbara and the University of California at Santa Barbara-Isla Vista area north of the city. The homeowners complained that their beaches were "attracting sex deviates from a wide area." Gay guys who want to strip down for sun and fun will have to drive to remote beaches along the coast to avoid a pinch by a pistol-packin' sheriff. (A good spot is about 20 miles north of the city.)

Sydney . . . Very strenuous exercise promotes the secretion of hormones—including testosterone . . . the sex stimulant. Doctors at St. Vincent's Hospital collected blood samples and "personal testimony" from 25 athletes. The findings dispel the old notion that rugged exercise serves to divert the minds of adolescents from sex. Mild exercise, it should be noted, does not release any significant amount of hormones.

Los Angeles . . . Dr. George Griffith, head of cardiology at the University of Southern California, claims that as many men die making love as pass away in their sleep. His conclusions are based on the findings of a nationwide survey. Dr. Griffith concedes that vigorous sex is one of the best ways to avoid heart trouble—but only if begun at an early age and indulged in regularly throughout life. Older men who have refrained from promiscuity should not change their sexstyle during middle age—particularly if they are physically unfit. The identical common sense that applies to exercise in relation to health should apply to sex—for it too is a form of exercise (cardiologists tell us heated sex is as strenuous on the body as playing a game of rough football).

Des Moines . . . For the time

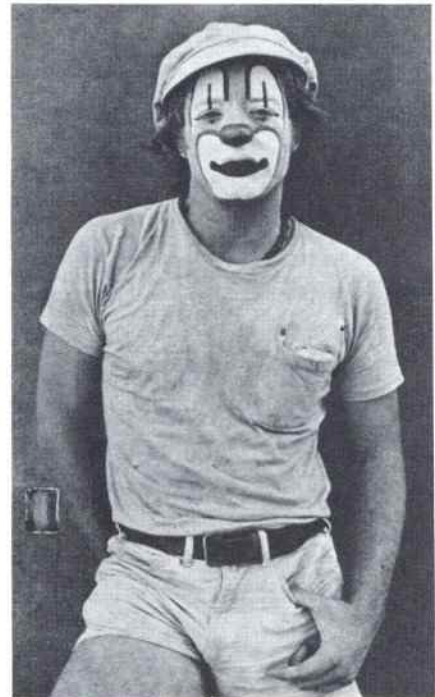
being at least, existing obscenity laws in Iowa are invalid because of their vagueness. Polk County District Judge Gibson C. Holliday ruled on the issue recently—thus permitting adult bookstores and XXX movie houses to operate freely.

More hot flashes next month.

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

- Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus has its winter quarters at Venice, Fla. There's a clown school there—and many of the male students are young and beautiful. They live at a motel called Venice Villas—where there is always enough free time to enjoy the swimming pool and private sandy beach. What a fantastic opportunity for lucky YOU if you happen to be planning a trip down Florida-way next winter—to relax and get to know some really nice guys who would welcome some friendly conversation and perhaps dinner . . . a welcome change from room cooking which is necessitated by usually low funds.



- Why take chances with those

CIAO!

exposed rolls of film when you are returning from a vacation by plane? Those pictures you've taken of humpy friends abroad will never see the light of day if exposed to X-ray bomb-scanning devices now in use at most airports. A new product called **FilmShield** is a pouch which is made of lead foil and polyester film. It will hold up to 22 rolls of film and protect them from X-ray and heat. Send \$4.50 for each pouch to SIMA Products, Inc., 7380 Lincoln Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646.

- 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.

- If you're planning a trip to Puerto Rico, either now or next winter, you may enjoy renting a condominium apartment (private!) instead of staying at a hotel. Arro Adventure, 2624 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn. 06606 rents apartments in San Juan and Luquillo Beach—as well as the Virgin Islands (travel not advised right now because of recent racial killings), and the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados and Curacao.

- Many beautiful castles—and quaint farmhouses too—can be

March/April 1974

rented by vacationers in Sweden. It can be a wonderful way to really get to know the people—including local country boys who are less uptight about homosexual experiences than their American counterparts. For more information (about renting, not the boys—of course) write Scandinavian National Tourist Offices at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

- 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.

- Travelers to Copenhagen are urged to use the scooters at the airport. They are free of charge.

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

Letters From Our Malebag

AMATEUR PHOTOS

Dear Friends:

Without knowing what expansion of your publications you might be considering, I herewith submit a suggestion: either a section of one of your existing publications, or, quite possibly, a separate publication oriented toward the gay amateur photographer. Certainly the quality of photography in your magazines recommends you for such an undertaking. And there are many of us who have taken to photography because of our special appreciation of the body, and a sense of urgency for making an appropriate record of its beauty.

I subscribe to three photo-

graphy magazines at present, but I would really like to get one that deals with the area of photography that most interests me.

Sincerely,
L.L.
Hilo, Hi.

Ed: We would welcome pictures from our readers—of friends they have made and photographed at home and away. But there are certain problems. If we publish such pictures, particularly nudes, we must have a signed model release (or a photostat of the original) which permits us to publish the picture without the worry of being sued. Most cuties who pose in the buff do so happily if you intend to keep the souvenir as a memento—but really do object to being exposed in a magazine which can be bought by anyone and possibly cause problems at home. If you have a photo of a special friend you have made we'd be happy to publish it in this column—and if we receive enough of them perhaps devote an entire section of our magazine to them. But we cannot accept legal responsibility—and we must have a signed release for each picture submitted.

HAITI REVISITED

Dear Editor:

I was thrilled to secure a copy of your October 1973 **QQ Magazine** which contained a brilliant article about Haiti—and I want to tell you it was of great help when I visited recently. I did hear of a "secret gay bar" in Port-au-Prince but was unable to find it. Do you know where it is?

Yours truly,
B.C.
Boston, Mass.

Ed. There are two "secret gay bars" in Port-au-Prince—which have been established since the publication of the article in **QQ Magazine**. Ciao! publisher George Desantis recently traveled to Haiti to get the lowdown. An expanded report of his fantastic discoveries of gay life in Haiti will appear in our next issue—in time for you to visit in July when the streets are crowded with people celebrating an annual flower festival, or next winter for some warmup sunshine.

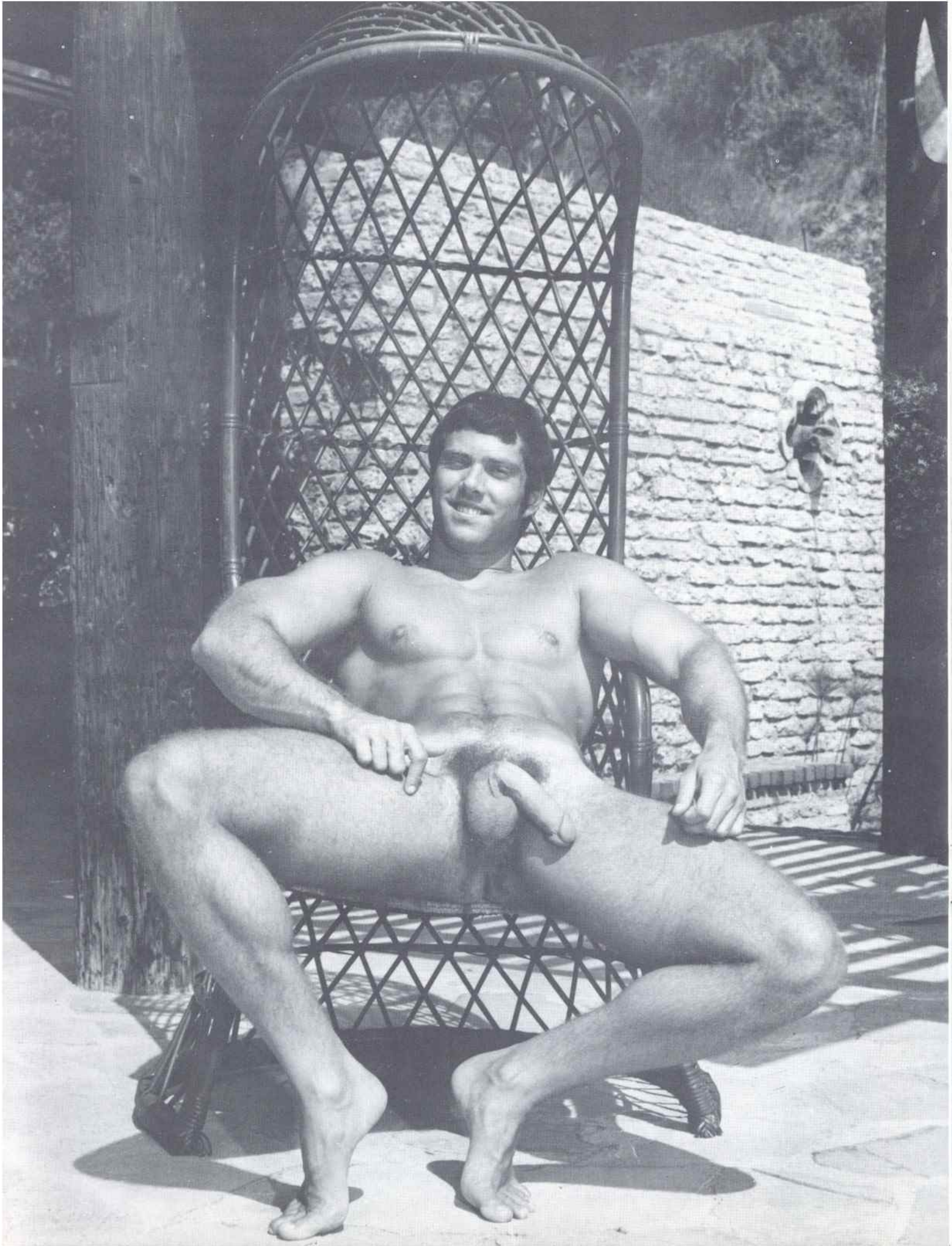
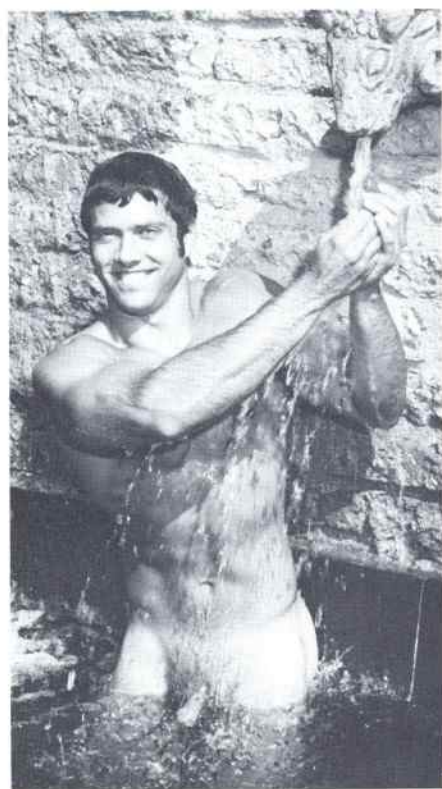




Photo Feature
Of The Month
**California
Sunshine**

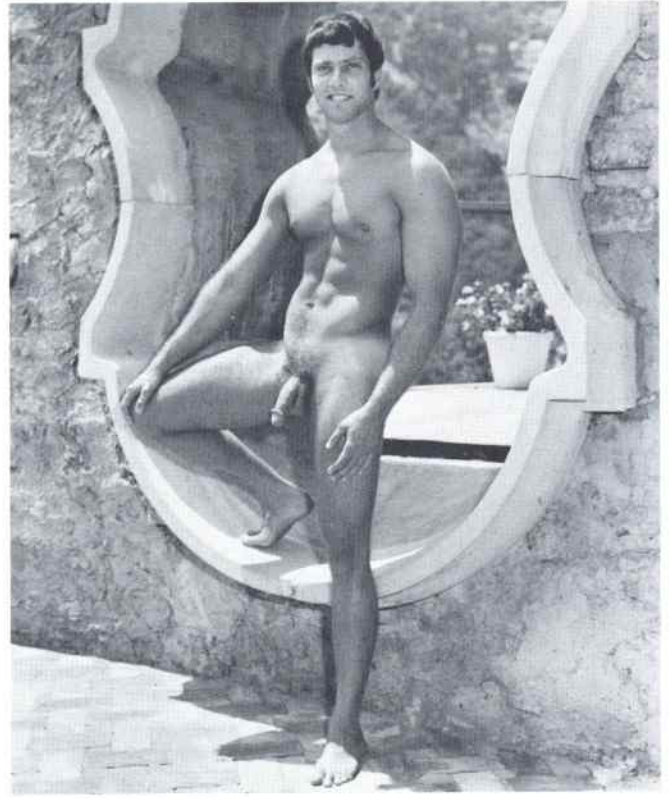
By Bruce of Los Angeles

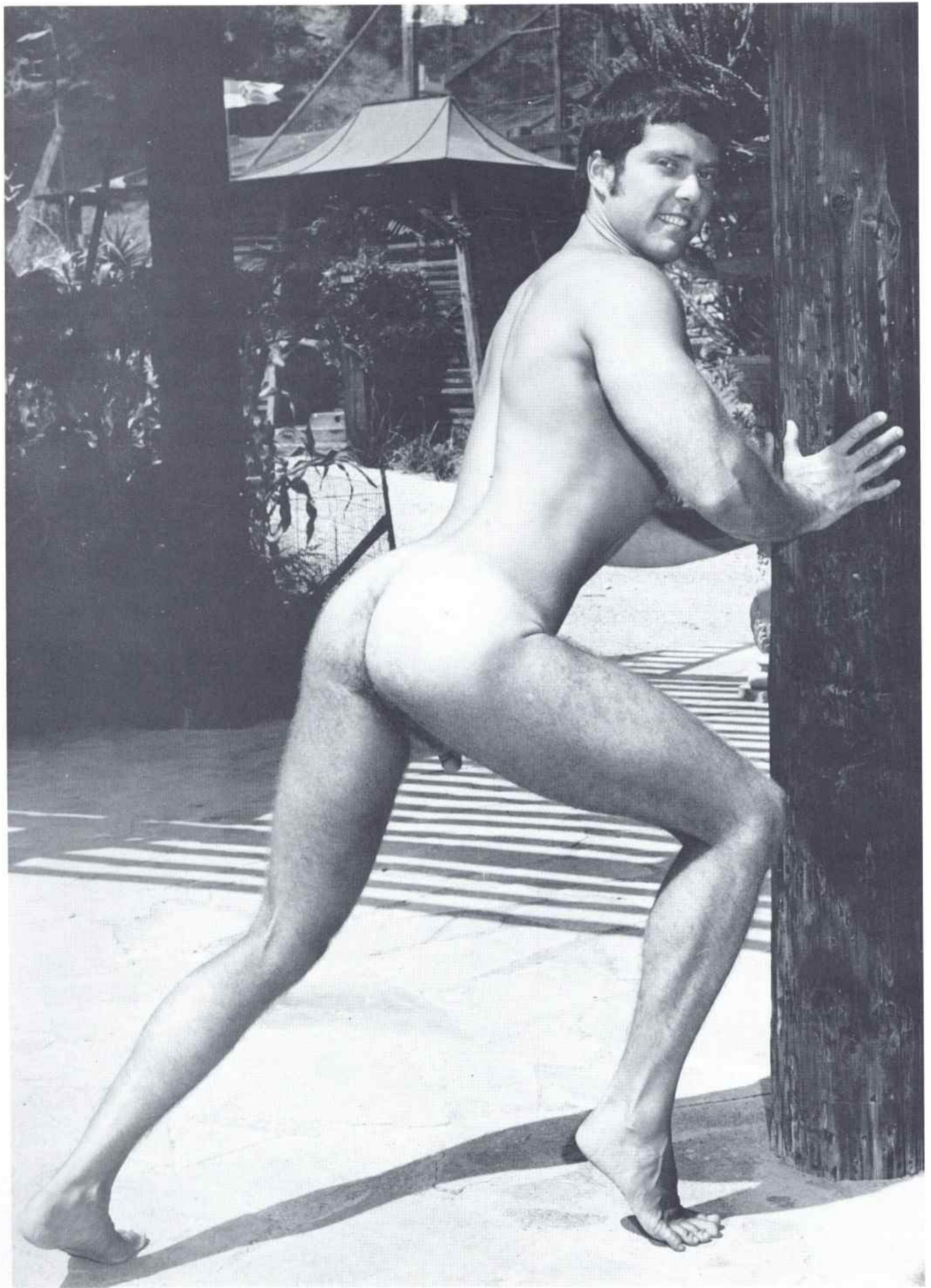


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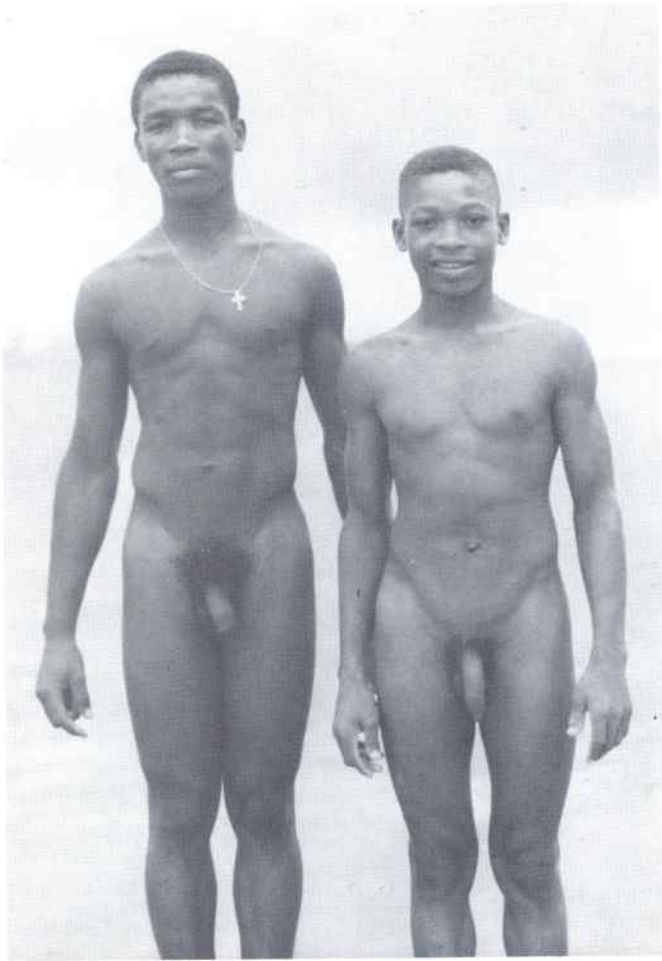






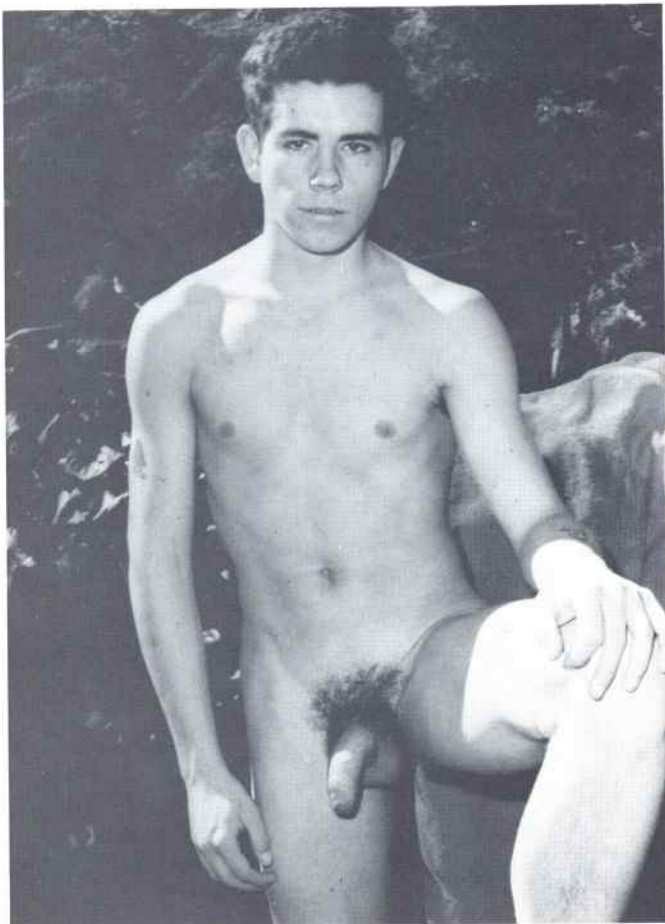
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Ivory Coast



England

Ciao! Gallery
Super Studs Of The World
Compiled by The Editors



Mexico



Ireland

Costa Rica



Philippines

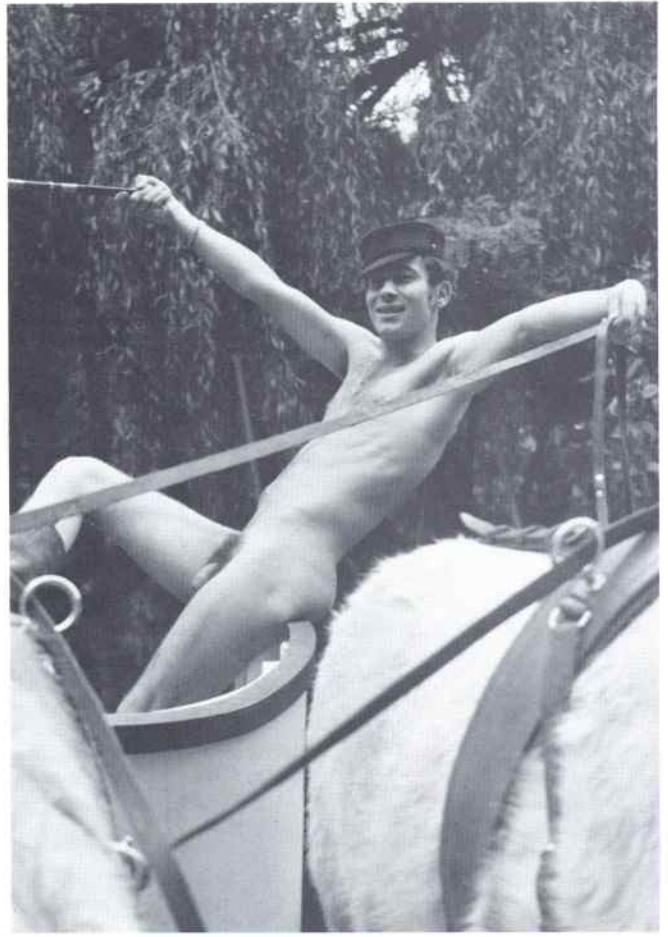
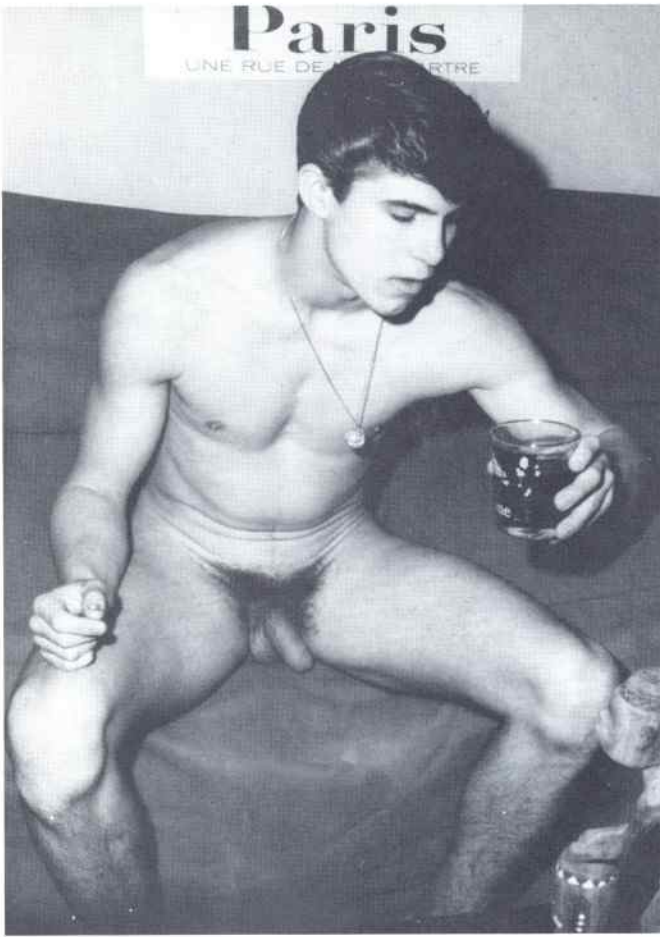


Morocco



Sweden

France

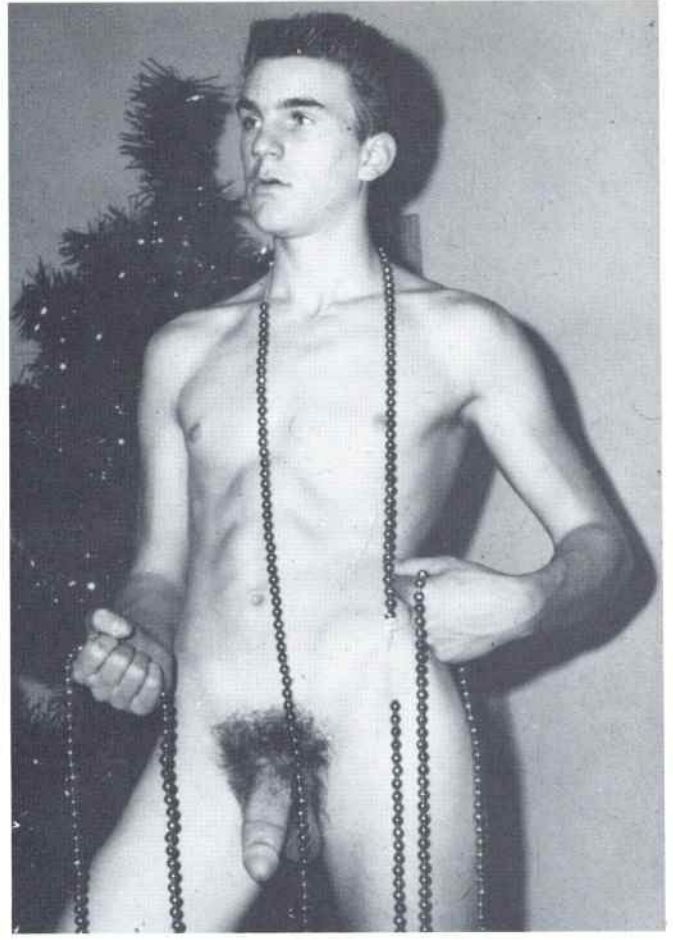


Germany



Canada

Scotland



Holland

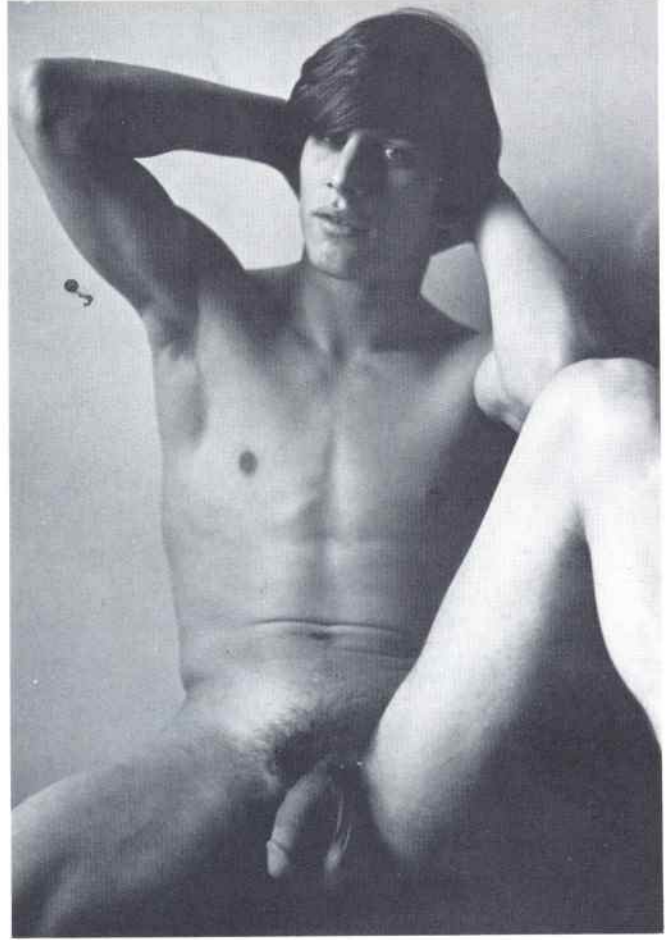


U.S.A.



Yugoslavia

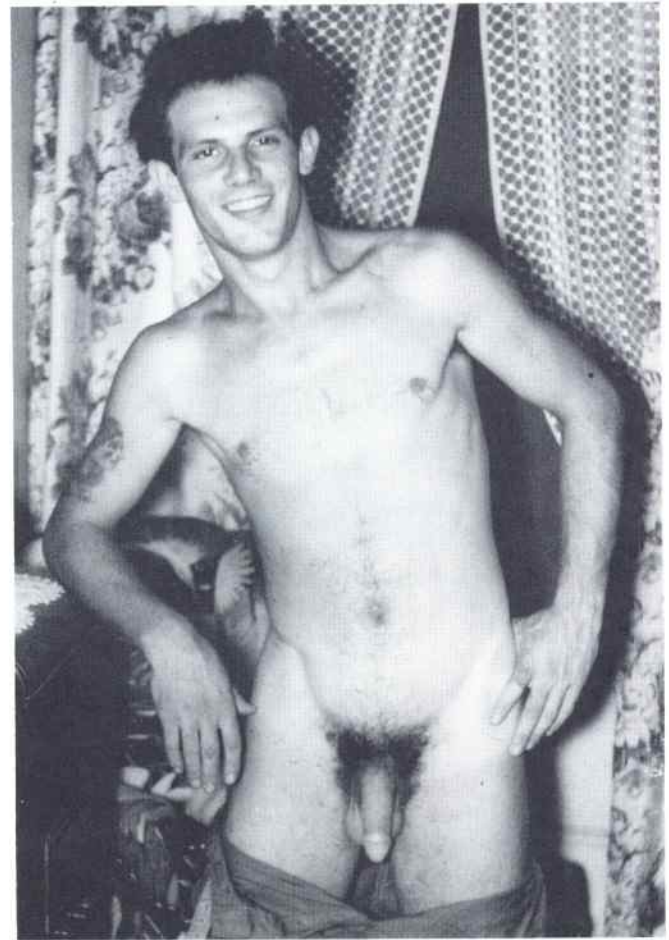
Italy



U.S.A.



Colombia



Finland

Tom of Finland presents "RINGO & The RENEGADES"

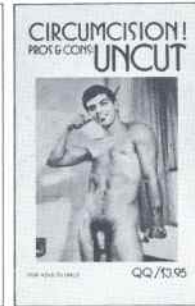
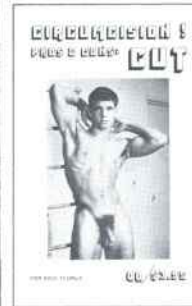


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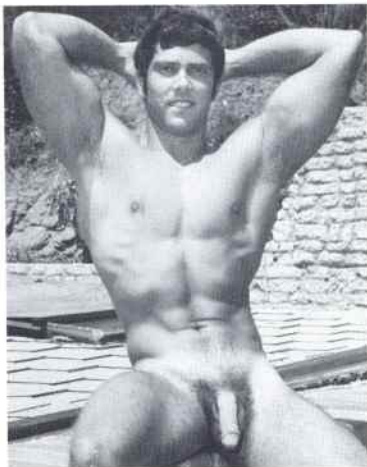
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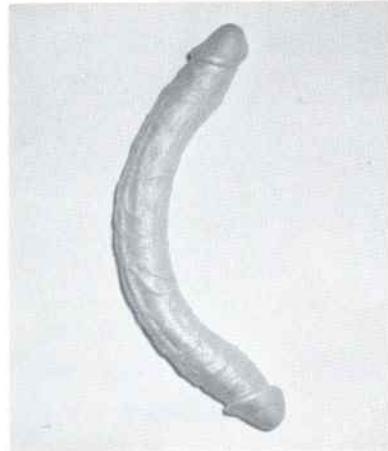


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The Gemini 18

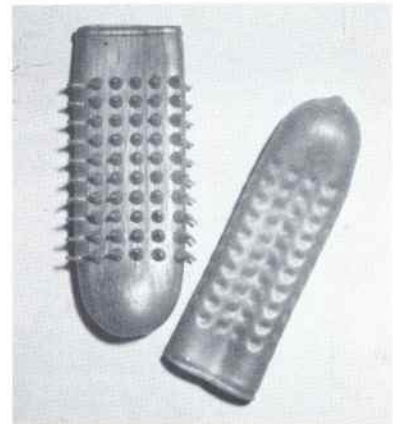


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Second Skin

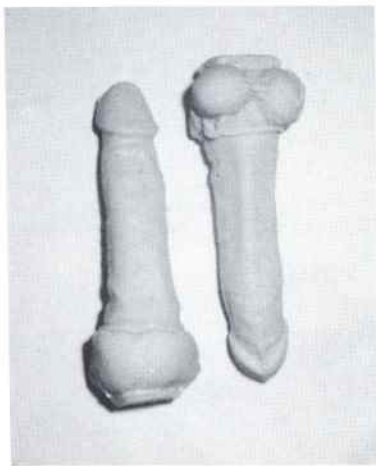


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The Titanic

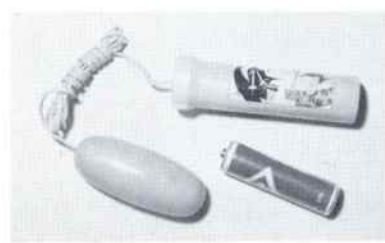


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The Big Hole



Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys . . . but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 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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HOT LIPS



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

HOT LIPS \$10.95

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Godzilla



GODZILLA is really u-g-l-y (lumps and bumps and prickly balls) . . . but in the dark—who cares!? This little monster is short (5 1/2") but fat (2" in diameter)! If you love 'em stubby 'n thick—then you'll love GODZILLA! Solid 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.

GODZILLA \$8.95

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Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! Hur-r-r-y! The BIG TORNADO is here! It twists . . . it squirms . . . it throbs . . . you control the action by turning the crank. A full 10 1/2" long (2" in diameter) of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber. Completely washable. A great toy for you and an appreciated gift. Sold 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 TORNADO \$12.95

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BLACK BEAUTY has a lot in common with its namesake . . . both are real studs! Ours is 8" long by 1 3/4" in diameter. Modeled from life it is made of soft flesh-like rubber in natural brown/black. Completely washable. Comes in its own gift box. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a plain wrapping to insure privacy.

BLACK BEAUTY \$9.95

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Some like 'em long 'n lean; some like 'em short 'n stout (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 1/4" 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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are featured in all our magazines. In QQ Magazine you'll find some very humpy muscle guys . . . in BODY we emphasize the All-American look . . . in CIAO! the specialty is ethnic models. Plus lots more in all three magazines. See our sample/subscription ad in this issue for details.

OUR MAN IN AUSTRALIA

Our Australian agent and photographer offers the superb Australian Golden Boys Nude Calendar in FULL COLOR. 12 pages 22"x14" on heavy, glossy paper. U.S. \$16 by air mail. Paper currency or check to Robert, P.O. Box 177, Cowandilla, South Australia 5033.

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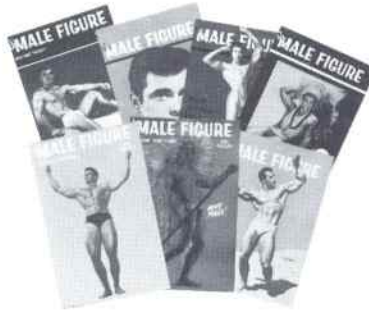
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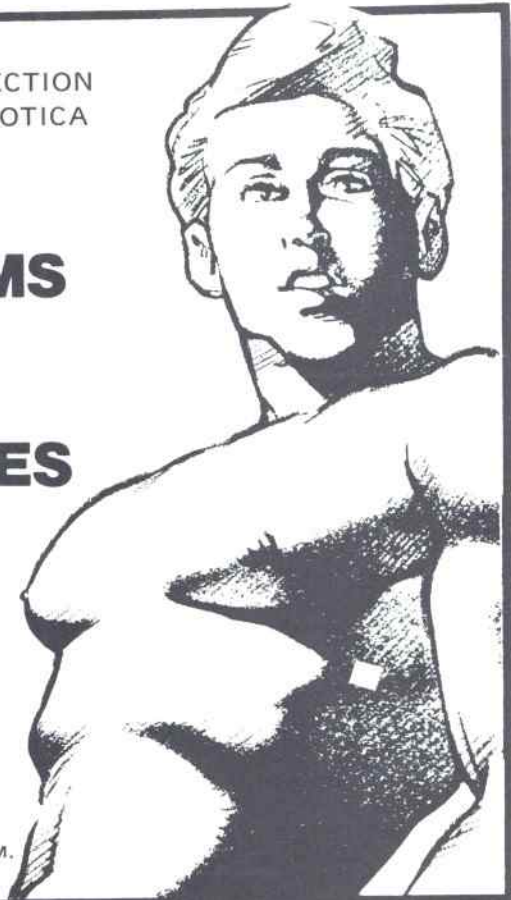
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CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: BOOK CIRCUS, 8230 Santa Monica Blvd.; JASON'S, 1702 N. Western Ave.; PARIS THEATRE, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd.
Sunnyvale: PETE'S SMOKE SHOP, 178 S. Murphy St.

COLORADO

Denver: BACHELOR'S LIBRARY, 826 15th St.; LA PARISIAN, 1620 E. Colfax

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington: EARTH WORKS, 1724 - 20th St., N.W.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville: *FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS CENTRE, 8 E. Bay St.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: B&E BOOKSTORE, 7639 N. Paulina

KENTUCKY

Lexington: BOOK BIN, 239 N. Limestone St.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: *SIDNEY'S NEWS STAND, 917 Decatur St.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: ESPLANADE PAPERBACK, 107 Charles St.
Cambridge: NINI'S CORNER, Harvard Square

MICHIGAN

Detroit: *UPTOWN BOOKSTORE, 16401 W. 8 Mile Rd.

Highland Park: *UPTOWN BOOK STORE, 16541 Woodward

MISSOURI

Kansas City: TIME-TO-READ NEWS CO., 7 W. 12th St.

St. Louis: *BROADWAY NEWS, 712 N. Broadway; *8TH STREET NEWS, 119 N. 8th St.; *MAGAZINE & BOOK EXCHANGE, 1900 N. Union; *OLIVE STREET NEWS, 3608 Olive St.; *6TH STREET NEWS, 208 N. 6th St.; *WASHINGTON AVENUE NEWS, 707 Washington Ave.

NEW YORK

Fire Island: PICK-A-DILLY, Cherry Grove
New York City: BLACK JACK (MALE BOX), 210 W. 42nd St.; LEGEND GALLERY, 152 Seventh Ave. S.; MIDTOWN BOOKSTORE, 138 W. 42nd St.; NEWS STAND, 42nd St. & 7th Ave.; *OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL BOOKSHOP, 291 Mercer St. & 15 Christopher St.; *PRIAPUS, 111 E. 12th St.; *STUDIO BOOK SHOP, 500 Hudson St. & Ansonia Hotel; VILLAGE VARIETY, 3 Horatio St.

NORTH CAROLINA

High Point: PARKER'S NEWSSTAND, 117 E. Green St.

OHIO

Toledo: FANTASY BOOKSTORE, 113 N. Erie St.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia: ADULT BOOK SHOPPE, 942 Market St. (2nd Floor)

TEXAS

Dallas: COMMERCE STREET NEWS, 1513 Commerce St.

AUSTRALIA

Cowandilla, S. Australia: *ROBERT, P.O. Box 177

Sydney, N.S.W.: *CUPID'S DART, 580 Oxford St., Bondi Junction; *VENUS SHOP, 26 Bayswater Rd., King's Cross

India...

is featured in the current April '74 QQ Magazine—sold wherever you buy this magazine or by mail or by sending \$3 to QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001. For a complete travel library we urge you to read QQ Magazine and CIAO! regularly.

BACK ISSUES BODY Magazine



No. 7



No. 8



No. 9



No. 10



No. 11



No. 12



No. 13

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No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 5



No. 6



No. 7

Below you will find a list of articles in each issue. Regular features in every issue include: News, Travel Tips, Recipes, Book Review, Dining, Letters, Photo Feature, Gallery of International Studs

No. 2 (March-April 1973): Germany's Mad Castles; Washington, D. C.; Rome's Piazza Navona; New York Leather Scene; Prague; Florida (all major cities); Seattle; Buffalo

No. 3 (May-June 1973): Stockholm; Baltimore; Italian Riviera; Provincetown; Portobello Road; Montreal; Acapulco

No. 4 (July-August 1973): Pompeii; Albany, N.Y.; Toronto; Atlantic City; Providence, R.I.; Bucks County; Boston

No. 5 (September-October 1973): Los Angeles; Philadelphia; Virginia (Norfolk/Richmond/Virginia Beach); Vancouver/Victoria; Bangkok Hotel; Ordering Wines

No. 6 (November-December 1973): Las Vegas; New Orleans/Mardi Gras; Rio de Janeiro/Carnaval; Quebec City/Carnaval; 4 S.A. Cities; Detroit; Rome's Hotels

No. 7 (January-February 1974): Hawaii; Ohio (Cleveland/Toledo/Columbus/Cincinnati); Phoenix; Rochester; Atlanta; Baton Rouge; Sicilian Palace

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S-E-X! IN A BOTTLE?

For 5,000 years millions of Orientals have steadfastly maintained that Ginseng has great merit as a rejuvenator and aphrodisiac. The Chinese administer Ginseng to their sick to restore health. Healthy people use it to resist disease and make themselves stronger. Men past 40 use Ginseng to avoid climacteric (symptoms of menopause) so common among Westerners at this age—and attribute their ability to procreate children at the age of 60 or 70 and over—a happenstance which is not rare in China. So treasured is this herb that wars have been fought over it in China... that it has been valued in the past at \$3,200 a pound... that Ginseng roots are given by the family elders to the bridegroom on his wedding day!

The Russians have spent an enormous amount of time and money researching Ginseng—and it is presently being taken by their athletes. But here in America practically nothing is known about the ancient herb. Claims made in the Orient are dismissed as "imaginary" and U.S. government agencies strictly forbid an advertiser from proclaiming that Ginseng has any value at all.

In personal experiments made by the publisher and editors of QQ Magazine, Body and Ciao! it was found that sexual potency was increased—but we are unable to substantiate this. We make absolutely no claims as to its value. Countless articles have been published in Establishment magazines—and we personally believe that 50 generations in the Orient simply cannot be entirely wrong. You make up your own mind.



We now make available potent 0.5g capsules (1 or 2 a day suggested) of highest quality Korean Ginseng. It has been processed and packaged in Korea under the Quality Control Procedures prescribed by the Office of Monopoly of the Republic of Korea from roots which are 6 years old. Each bottle bears a distinctive gold label and official inspection stamp and cap seal. We ship it to you carefully packaged via insured parcel post. Sold to adults only (please state you are over 21) and we do not accept returns. Indicate quantity desired.

50 CAPSULES \$10.95
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EXER-GYM



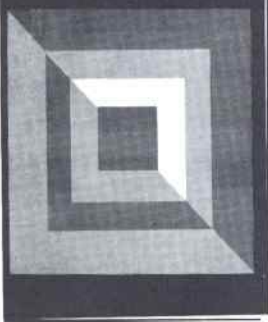
Here's the big-name exerciser so fantastically compact that Apollo astronauts use it on moon voyages, as well as in the NASA gym. Fun to use, completely portable and stores anywhere. Especially great if you know you should exercise but don't want to get into rugged stuff. Simple workouts with your EXER-GYM will help shape up that bod and give you lots of sex appeal. Comes with an extra nylon rope plus carrying bag and instruction manual.

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Executive Dumbbells



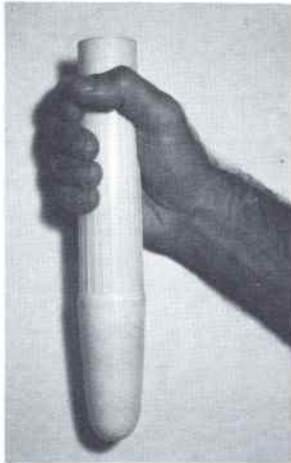
Just 15 minutes each day with your EXECUTIVE DUMB BELLS will help you get—and keep—a trim physique. If you think your body is less than tops now and cruising the beach and baths are situations you avoid—here's a great opportunity to change your lifestyle. These vinyl-covered, bronze-colored solid dumbbells are a joy to use. They come in pairs only—5 pounders and 10-pounders. Some guys like using the heavier set at home and taking the lighter pair on trips. Beautifully boxed. Instruction booklet included.

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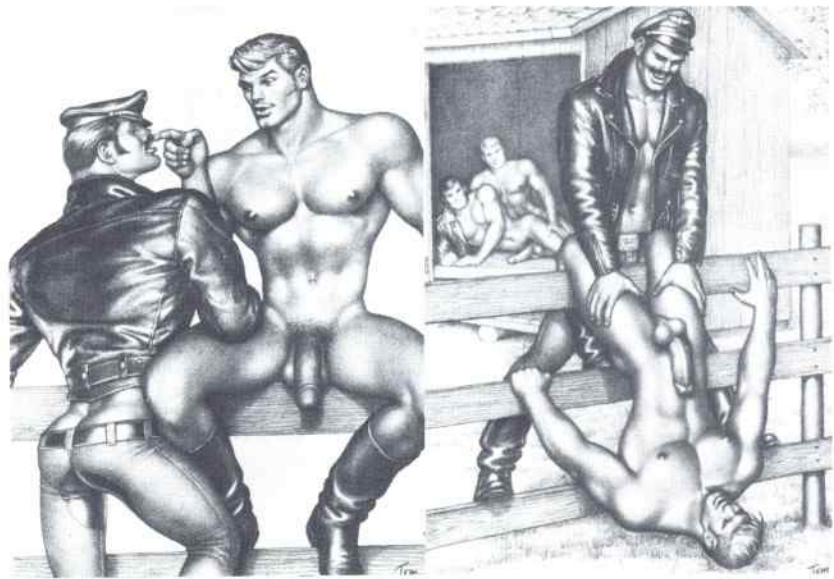
King Kong



Even Fay Wray would say NO! to this one . . . it's Gorilla Size! Our KING KONG vibrator/massager is 10" long and 1 3/4" in diameter at its thickest point. One speed only. Durable white plastic. Washable. Comes complete with batteries. Sold as a novelty/health aid to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked package.

King Kong \$9.95

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THE WONDERFUL, RAUCOUS WORLD OF TOM OF FINLAND. These are two drawings from Tom's Set M: Farmer Boy and the Cyclist . . . 8 8x10 drawings, \$9. Tom's Set N: Buddies . . . just released, also \$9 for 6 prints.

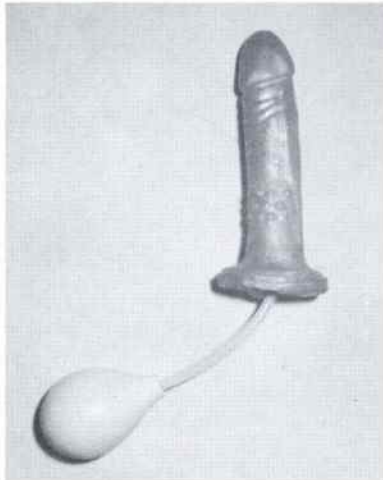
Book: Best of Tom, \$7.50. Contains 47 drawings not in either of the above groups. We also have a few vintage-new copies of Guild Press No. 9 Tom Book at \$5 each.

Tom's drawings appear on the cover of Vol. 23 Physique Pictorial, \$1. This volume also illustrates many of our other current models. Tom and hundreds of great models are found in the various back issues of Physique Pictorial. Set of 46 issues, \$40.

Please include statement that you are over 18 years and not offended by the male nude.

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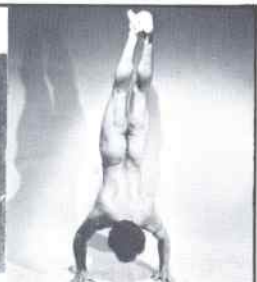
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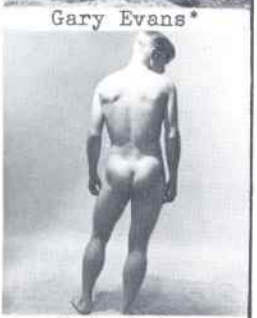
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