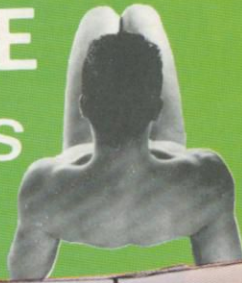


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For Gay Guys



Sex
Orient



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GAY PORTLAND QQ CRUISES THE CITY OF ROSES

BY DAVID BARTEL

GAY 'sexopolitans' of the West Coast who entertain the quirky notion that supersex on a grand scale is available to them in the larger California cities and who hie themselves each weekend to San Diego, Los Angeles or San Francisco, might just for once make a detour through the Northwest Passage and discover Portland which has a spellbinding sexual sorcery uniquely its own.

Here in this beautiful City of Roses—itsself reason enough for going—gay guys have a lot more going for them (or going for them in delightfully different ways) than their presumptively more sophisticated brothers in the larger metropolitan areas.

For one thing, Oregon is one of the few states in which consensual homophile sex is legal . . . it's practically fuzz-free and you'll have a hard time getting into trouble unless you overact or overreact so publicly they have no choice but to put you in the pokey overnight for your own protection.

In a way it's rather like Tallulah on the opening night of a new play. Just before going on stage to gobble up the rest of the actors she'd drop to her knees and pray "Dear God, just don't let me 'too much it' tonight!" The gay visitor in Portland must feel rather like that when making the sex scene. Because there's so much of it, so freely available, and centered in such a concentrated cruising area, you

a) can't possibly miss a trick (they're all there) and

b) can't resist them (they're so attractive and eager)

and so the temptation to overextend yourself and let the hairpins fall where they may is a hazard to be reckoned with. For just once you may agree with Shakespeare that 'one can have too much of a good thing', however freaked-out heretical that must seem to most gay guys!

THE CITY OF HEAVENLY HUSTLERS

Your initial impression of Portland may well be that the city fathers have worked in concert to make gay life accessible and pleasant. You will first be attracted to Portland's gay area. Sexually the city is Janus-faced. Looking toward the Southeast you see a nice residential area where the homes look freshly painted and the lawns are manicured every day. With the exception of Mount Tabor Park where cruising is usually good there is nothing openly gay in this sector.

But face the Southwest (central/business) and you'll see all the gay action . . . it thrives zestfully in a relatively few blocks which makes it easy to cruise 'n score more. In this area you will find

- 1) A great outdoor cruising area (it's also the principal stalking ground of Portland's 'heavenly hustlers') (more about these in a moment) . . . it's equally great for car cruising, and not excelled in volume

of 'trade' or intensity of action by any other outdoor cruising range in the United States.

2) A theater with a really swinging john.

3) A wild bus-station john.

4) Two great baths.

5) About seven gay taverns where only beer/wines are sold, as well as about five cocktail lounges where liquor is also sold (in Portland taverns close at 1 a.m. while cocktail lounges/liquor bars may stay open until 2:30 a.m.).

Now if at first glance this doesn't seem to add up to a lot remember that everything gay in Portland is just 'fingertips away'—almost literally—and that contacts are made so fast and furiously you'll be sorely tried to figure how to take care of them all! With respect to where to take them you'll have no 'housing problem' since, with the exception of the Sheraton (Southeast side), all hotels are in the immediate vicinity.

Having set the stage *QQ Magazine's* travel editors happily hope that we have transported you vicariously to this clean and fresh and vitally-alive city with its acres of beautiful parks (some very cruisy) and well-lighted streets (the city planners wanted everything safe, open and free here—even sex—so they wisely omitted from the blueprints all dark mugging alleys . . . no small comfort). And so, having put you generally in the picture, here are some little splashettes of color from Portland's gay palette which may point up some interesting individual places and provide an additional incentive for you to turn what is now an armchair visit into the real thing . . . and soon. You'll like!

OUTDOOR CRUISING

'Camp Street', or just 'on Camp' is the unofficial gay appellation for an exciting outdoor cruising area stretching along Yamhill Street from Second to Sixth Avenues, Southwest (since, as mentioned earlier, all the 'carrying on' is centered in the Southwest district, we shall omit this designation from all addresses following, indicating another district only where it applies).

This is where you'll meet those 'heavenly hustlers'. In Portland hustlers are a breed apart . . . they're like none you've encountered anywhere in the world. Why? Because they're all 'working their way through college' . . . literally!

This alone tells you much about them: that they're young (17 to 21), intelligent, mannerly (Western style, and that's real mannerly, pardner!), usually goodlooking or fresh looking (and that's a switch) . . . that generally they are athletic (college sports) or possibly bodybuilders who get their 'lumps' in Sam Loprinzi's fine gym at 2414 Southwest 41st Avenue . . . and that working one's way through college being almost impossible

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QQ

Rex Reed) who gets a sex change operation becoming the buxom Myra (Raquel Welch) and setting out to revenge himself on the entire male sex. This he does by anally raping a gorgeous young stud (Roger Herren) and then seducing the stud's dewy-eyed girl friend away.

The film's firm basis in fantasy allowed Reed and Miss Welch to appear interchangeably, and sometimes even together, to suggest symbolically the identity conflict in the character. It was a fascinating touch, and one wishes that the directors of THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY or I WANT WHAT I WANT had had sufficient subtlety to find some similar device within the stylistic confines of their stories.

Pretension, or rather lack thereof, was also responsible for the success of the low-budgeted but thoughtfully produced DINAH EAST. This picture could never quite seem to make up its mind whether it wanted to be a serious drama or an exploitation picture, and it is one of the few that has managed with a fair amount of success to tread the thin line between the two. The cast has several highly attractive young men, all of whom had nude scenes, yet they all had a perfectly acceptable level of acting talent, as well, and the nudity was so well integrated into the film as a whole that one never felt that the skin was there for any other reason than that it was fun to look at—which, of course, it certainly was. Jeremy Stockwell, a veteran of the New York stage, played the title role, a young man who, disguised as a woman, rises to fame as one of the great sex goddesses of the screen. The story deals in soap opera fashion with his/her attempts to find love and happiness while keeping the secret safe. As a woman, Stockwell is generally successful, although full-screen close-ups do tend to give away the secret from time to time—as a drag queen, Stockwell has a beard problem. Aside from Stockwell, the film's standout performers are Matt Bennett, a burly John Huston look-alike who plays the casual but enduring love interest, and Reid Smith, a beautiful and talented actor who plays Dinah's adopted son, and does the film's most revealing and enjoyable nude scenes.

Like MYRA BRECKENRIDGE and DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE, DINAH EAST does not make the mistake of taking itself too seriously, and thus can get away with the little inconsistencies and suspensions of disbelief that trip up the more self-consciously "important" films.

The idea of actors or actresses routinely taking on roles written for the opposite sex was quickly abandoned in the movies' earliest days, and except for the recent flurry of off-beat films, shows no signs of ever reviving. Likewise, the device of the sex-change operation was, of course, a cinematic gimmick from the start, and such stories have probably already seen their day, unless someone finds a really novel new approach to take. However, the character in drag, usually for comic reasons, is going as strongly as ever, and the huge popularity of Flip Wilson's Geraldine character and George Kirby's impersonations of Ella Fitzgerald on television bear the promise of a new spate of drag comics and, almost inevitably, another remake of CHARLEY'S AUNT. The drag comedian is, after all, a theatrical tradition dating back nearly four centuries,

and he will probably be with us for that many years to come.

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GAY PORTLAND

(Continued from page 20)

these days—and a chore/bore at any time—hustling is a lot easier and pays better than schlepping the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from door to door, not to mention waiting on tables in college dining rooms (Portland State University, the University of Portland and Reed College are here).

But 'Camp' is for 'everybody' cruising so don't miss it. Also cruise the surrounding area, for many of these beauties who are inherently shy and 'born to blush unseen' in brighter lights really 'light up this forest of the night'. (Sudden irrelevant thought: a 'shy' hustler? In Portland y'd better believe it!) However, just don't kick up so blatantly that the otherwise liberal fuzz will have to take you in hand. Remember, it's downtown where you're on top of everything (and hopefully vice versa) so take it easy so that you can cruise other places like

Washington Park . . . and

Rooster Rock State Park (the east end, about 30 miles east of Portland on the Columbia River. Fine if you're Avis/Hertzizing it).

GAY MOVIE HOUSE

Blue Mouse Theater. Now isn't that a squeak? Makes you want to pick up your kilt and go skittering off to the john. So skitter . . . and meet 'upset' others who skittered in long before you. No Mickey Mice here!

GAY BATHS

The Workout Baths, 531 Twelfth. Young, lively crowd. They should call this the 'Everything Baths' because that's what it has: good gym . . . muscle guys . . . beautiful bods . . . 'heavenly hustlers' . . . posing exhibitions . . . 'adult' gay movies . . . light shows . . . waterbeds . . . all the TV-type amenities (if you simply must) . . . open 24 hours daily and if you want to bring a friend you can get two admissions for the price of one on Tuesday from 6 a.m.

Majestic Baths, 303 Twelfth. New and popular. Dig its luxurious carpeted glory-hole booth!

Olympic Sauna and Baths, 359 Morrison. Open all day. From 11 a.m. until 2 p.m. each day the admission fee is only \$1.50. Take a friend on Wednesday nights and you can both sauna 'n steam 'n swing for the price of one. Some complain management's Big-Brotherly . . . others say there's a tad too much prying/probing (but that's what baths are all about, isn't it?). So if this doesn't bother you, forget it and enjoy!

BUS STOP

Another reason for Portland's gay uniqueness (in an oblique way) is its Greyhound Bus Station john—sadly once 'twas, now 'tisn't. Call it instead the Greyhound 'Bust' Station. Reason: too many complaints from traveling squares/straights, and since Portland prides itself on its civic good manners when too many complaints arise about anything that may be considered 'so-

cially offensive' you may be sure the fuzz will bust it. Under constant surveillance. Instead, cruise the

Trailways Bus Depot, 1010 Sixth Ave. Wild and wonderful with interesting gay guys from everywhere. Easy contacts . . . no fuzz-buzz at this writing. Heavy military patronage, and because of this a note of caution: in any West Coast port of entry or point of transfer you'll be tempted by the mass influx of servicemen. Some have infections even they don't know about. So be wise: have your doctor do the *gamma globulin* bit for you before trekking West, particularly if you're a devotee of the Numbers Game in fast bus-station john-cruising. Why risk?

GAY BARS/TAVERNS

The Riptide, 933 Stark. A very pretty place where everyone comes after the gay taverns (remember taverns close at 1 a.m.) for a nightcap. Very lively crowd, mostly young . . . excellent mixed drinks and go-go boys having a go-go at it. Close dancing permitted on its spacious hardwood floor. Cocktail lounge . . . stage for occasional drag shows. Probably the most popular gay bar in Portland.

Roman's Tavern, 728 Ninth. Under the same management as *The Riptide* . . . the owner seemingly has a propensity for employing only goodlooking young bartenders for both his establishments. Would you believe a roller-skating bartender? That's handsome Kim! *Roman's* is quite popular with the thirtyish/moneyish crowd. While to the newcomer this place may seem a bit cliquey at first this is just a facade . . . a few pleasant words spoken casually to a likely lover will break the ice. In Portland's gay bars if you will translate seeming 'reserve' as 'quietly exuberant elegance' you won't have the slightest trouble getting your message across and making wonderful friends.

Zorba the Greek, 626 Park. An absolutely delightful tavern run by two absolutely delightful Greeks, Angelo and Leonora Markantonatos. Warm-hearted, understanding people, they make a point of getting acquainted with newcomers and often introduce them to Zorba regulars. One of their more convivial attractions is their Sunday-afternoon buffet where really excellent food can be had for under a dollar (spaghetti and meatballs . . . also just about the best barbecue you've ever tasted!). The accent is on 'posh' here. White Greek columns, a blue-blue Athenian ceiling . . . flocked walls . . . marble tables . . . upholstered chairs . . . plus the best sandwiches and the greatest beer in Portland. Lots of laughs. Don't miss!

The Tavern, 122 Yamhill. A great place for the somewhat older crowd. Much raw brick, mirrored bar and red/gray decor . . . a very comfortable place made more so by a cozy corner with a fireplace, some comfortable chairs and a coffee table where you can relax with a new friend. There's even a billiard table where you can 'rack' up the balls with an interesting number, getting a 'bead' on him, so to speak . . . or, to continue in this ruttish vernacular, getting 'cued' before getting 'fucked'.

The Other Inn, 242 Alder, is a tavern with billiard overtones. This is the 'butchest' bar in Portland . . . it attracts the leather and levi set and is the hangout of the new Black Rose Chapter of the Knights of Malta.

Its most noticeable asset is Mama Bernice.

Club Northwest, 217 Fourth, Northwest (note this change of gay venue). Lesbians lurk . . . dancing permitted . . . shows at 10 and midnight on Sunday.

Dinty Moore's, 924 Third, is the place to go if you like things a little earthy. This place is in a rather seedy area, surprising for gay Portland. Beer/wine only . . . hustlers (who are *not* working their way through college) . . . moochers . . . more poolplayers (as you may have gathered balling is taken very seriously in Portland—no matter *what* kind. A real down-to-earth place and a decided change from other gay bars here.

Some observations about other gay bars/taverns: *The Family Zoo*, 820 Oak . . . gay, young, funky, freakie, loud . . . may be your thing. *Dahl and Penne's*, 604 Second . . . gay, hustlers, dark back room; go late for best action (between 1 and 2:30 a.m.). Sexy bartenders. Also *Dema's Tavern*, 208 Third. Drag shows at 9:30 and 11 on Fridays and Saturdays.

Lastly a kind of 'mixed bag' of gay puzzles. The *Park Haviland Hotel*, 731 Salmon (also a good place to make your headquarters while in Portland). There's a lot going on here, much of which simply doesn't meet the casual eye. You have to look for it or 'smoke it out'. So many interesting people live here . . . it's a haven for TV professionals, brawny railroad workers, bodybuilders, college guys, professional athletes, entertainers, hustlers . . . straight and gay, couth and not—you name it and it's probably here.

At least once during your visit to Portland cruise the two downstairs bars/cocktail lounges. Most think the *Casbah* (the larger one, having the ubiquitous pool table) is the more active. More *intime*—perhaps a trifle more elegant—is the 'soft-sell' makeout place . . . the *Interlude*. There's also the *Top of the Park*, which is usually dull/straight, but on occasion more gayly worthwhile, so give a looksee. And then after the bars/taverns close there's the coffee shop. Any gay type you've missed so far will likely be here. In short here's where you'll find a cross-section of Portland's gay life . . . a good reason for coming here.

As you see, there's something for everyone in Portland . . . so come up and give it a whirl! You'll be glad you did.

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TANGIER TEASERS

(Continued from page 26)

TANGIER AT FIRST LOVE

Now that you have arrived in Tangier so *Q*Quickly and easily, what meets the eye?

First, the beautiful city itself with its rolling hills that sensuously encircle a lovely bay . . . its Yacht Club, alongside which are moored the colorful boats of Tangier's wealthy visitors—like something out of the Arabian Nights . . . and its spacious sandy beach (*Plage de sable*) dotted with exotic tents belonging to members of individual sexual enclaves, each with its own diversions that rival anything along the French Riviera.

Of late certain gay travel guidebooks have said that Tangier is to Morocco what Tijuana is to Mexico . . . the inference being that it's on the honky-tonk side. But for that matter what city is without its raffish