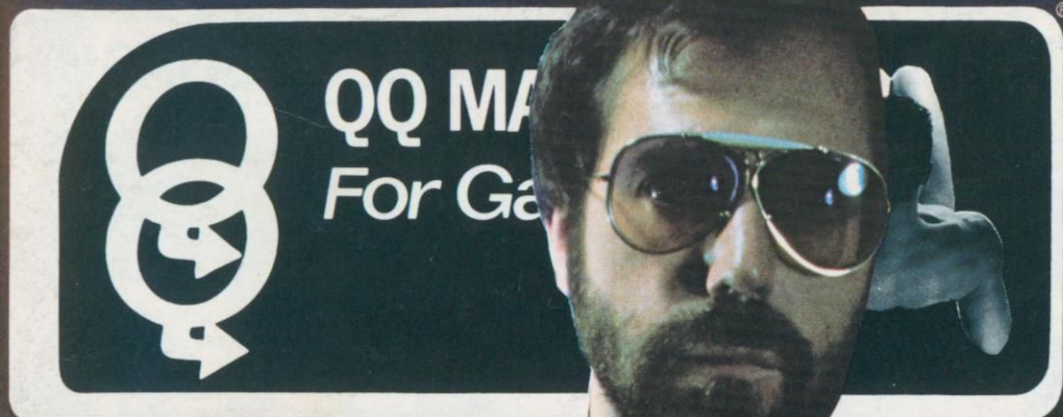




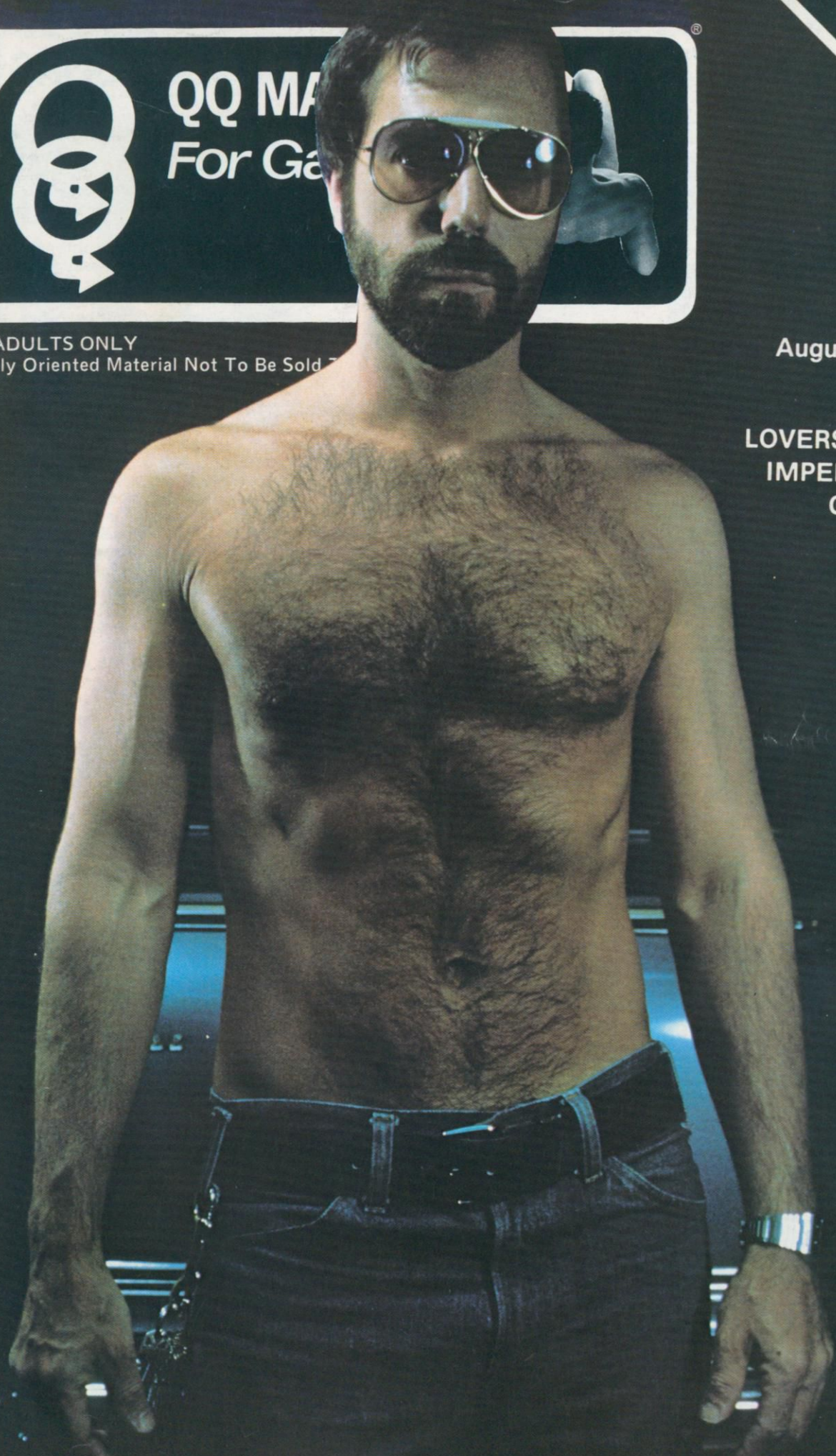
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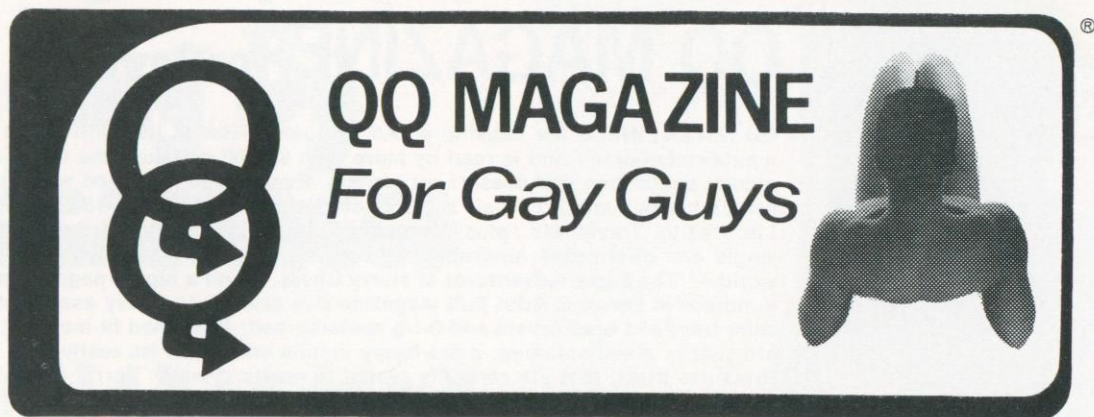
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GAY HAWAII





JULY/AUGUST 1977

VOLUME 9/NUMBER 4

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Get all that funk outa my face!		
Impersonal Sex . . . Is it Pathological?	by Alan Tanner	13
Your shrink says yes . . . your head says no!		
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The greatest tropical resort in all the world.		
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The rites and rights of gay inheritance.		
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Gay Hawaii

The World's No. 1 Tropical Paradise

By George Desantis

MOVE on over Florida . . . Mexico . . . The Caribbean—Gay Hawaii has arrived! It's the prettiest tropical paradise in all the world! It has a lot of gay action! And best of all

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii
Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence
Here And On Next Four Pages

1. Looking towards downtown Honolulu and Waikiki (note Diamond Head) farther on. Honolulu International Airport is to the right of the tall buildings in the foreground. 2. Downtown Honolulu; the Aloha Tower is in the foreground, left. Also note the Oceania Floating Restaurant on the right. 3. Another view of the Oceania and Aloha Tower. The ship in the foreground is the "Falls of Clyde" Museum Clipper Ship. 4. A closeup of the Oceania. 5. The broad, flat area in the foreground is the Ala Moana Shopping Center; beyond is Waikiki. 6. Another view of the Ala Moana Shopping Center. 7. One of the shopping arcades in the Center. 8. Now past the Center and approaching Waikiki—bounded by the ocean, canals, and Diamond Head in the background. The Hilton Hawaiian Village is in the foreground with its own lagoon. 9. A closeup of the Hilton. Ft. DeRussy Beach (a section of Waikiki Beach) separates the Hilton from the other hotels on the ocean. 10. Ft. DeRussy Beach and the hotels beyond; the first is the Cinerama Reef; the tall structure farther on is the Sheraton-Waikiki. 11. A view of the Cinerama Reef Hotel; to the photographer's rear is Diamond Head, and to his right (next to the Reef) is the Halekulani Hotel. 12. From a balcony in the Cinerama Reef—looking past the Halekulani at the Sheraton and Diamond Head in the distance. 13. The pretty Halekulani complex. 14. Entering the driveway of the Sheraton-Waikiki from Kalakaua Ave. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is on the left. 15. Poolside at the Sheraton-Waikiki. 16. The Royal Hawaiian and Royal Towers hotels. 17. Once past the main section of oceanfront hotels you come to a clearing on the beach just across the street from the new Hyatt Regency Hotel; this is where the "A-frame" is. 18. The infamous "A-frame" change-room and john. 19. Farther along the beach in the direction of Diamond Head is the section called Queens Surf. This is the change-room next to the Aquarium—and it's here that the gay crowd gathers to cruise day and night. (Photo story continued on next pages.)

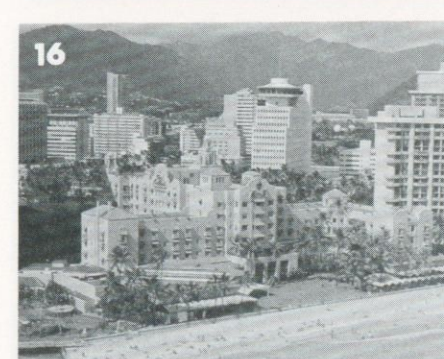
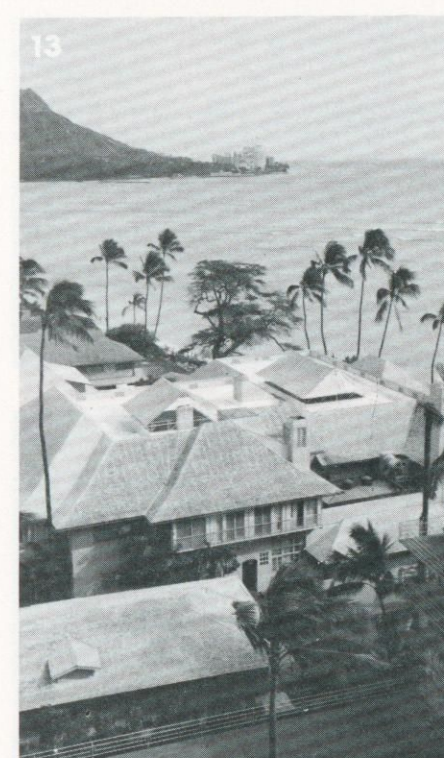
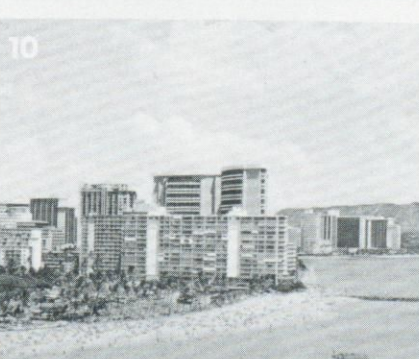
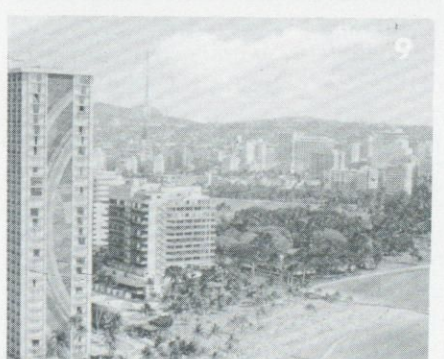
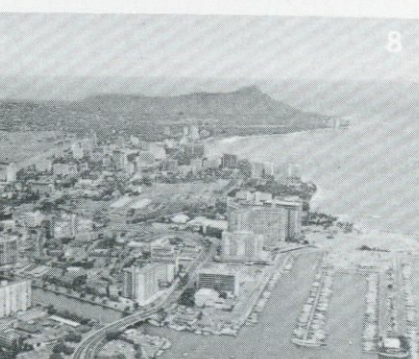
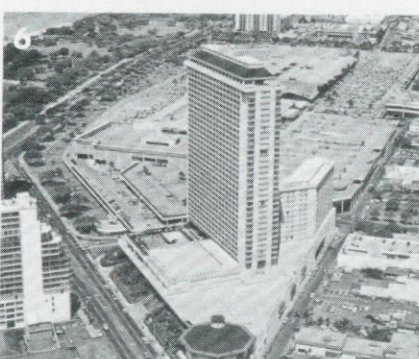
. . . it's American!

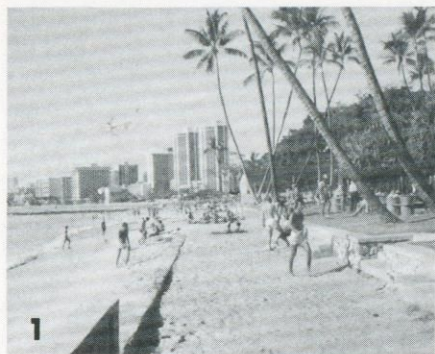
Florida has a lot going for it in spite of Anita Bryant. But the weather can be a disappointment; winter days are sometimes cold and summers are muggy. The gay scene in Ft. Lauderdale is good—but unless you're into discos and young enough to fit in you'll miss half the fun. Things are spread out in Miami and a car is needed to get the most out of a vacation.

The Caribbean has great weather but bad politics—and so many islands are unsafe for Americans. There are local racial problems that do affect white tourists—American and otherwise. The Frenchies in Martinique and Guadeloupe really don't like us. Tobago school children spit at tourists. I'm still not convinced that it is now safe for white tourists to walk the streets of St. Thomas and St. Croix. Even if you don't pay attention to the *Yankee Go Home!* signs in Puerto Rico you really have to avoid certain areas in Old San Juan if you want to escape a mugging. Homosexuality is against the law throughout the Caribbean and the police can be ruthless. And almost everywhere the gay tourist must pay for sex—even if he is younger and handsomer than his purchase. It can get tiring after awhile—even if the gay scene is good . . . and it is *not* almost everywhere.

As far as Mexico is concerned—the weather is great but the gay scene is not. There are a handful of gay bars and a lot of meeting places as well as open cruising—but much of it is commercial. Even if you are careful about what you eat and drink, chances are you won't escape the *turistas* or amebas or even worms if you are intimate with the natives. The police are powerful and oftentimes dishonest—taking advantage of compromising situations. Bandits plague the countryside and it's risky to travel about unless you're part of a group.

Say goodbye to all these *maybe if's*—and go to Hawaii! It's beautiful. The weather is great. The gay life is super. The guys are attractive—mostly blond, humpy California types. It's safe to eat and drink as you would at home. Everything is clean. And unless you push too hard with a drunk





sailor—places and people are safe. As a fellow American you won't be treated with resentment in our 50th state; everybody is so friendly. You won't be abused and used—and if you are you have the protection of U.S. police and laws to back you up. And everybody makes out—regardless of age (there are many Japanese in Hawaii—and Orientals are turned on by gray hair); color (Hawaii is a melting pot and it is impossible for people who have about a dozen different blood lines flowing through their veins to experience prejudice); or shape (*thin is in* here on the mainland, but in Hawaii—where everybody loves

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii
Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence
Here And On Next Two Pages

1. Queens Surf, looking towards the big hotels. As you can see, it isn't exclusively gay—but mostly so. 2. Gay guys at Queens Surf. 3. Kalakaua Ave. in the vicinity of the Sheraton-Waikiki. 4 & 5. Pedicabs are popular with tourists . . . and so are their drivers. 6. International Market Place—a bazaar on Kalakaua Ave. 7. Another market place, Kings Alley, behind the Hyatt Regency Hotel. 8. Hotels and apartment buildings are going up everywhere. These are on Lewers St., oceanside of Kalakaua Ave. 9. One of the three porno arcades on Kalakaua Ave. They're all cruised . . . and used. 10. The Lavender Fox, a gay movie house with live shows and a back room for customers. It's in Waikiki. 11. Nearby is the Tomato, a popular gay bar (it's the one-story structure in the foreground). 12. Hula's, the best gay disco in Hawaii, is about two blocks from the Tomato—under a huge banyan tree. 13. The Steam Works, a gay baths, is on Lewers St. in Waikiki. It's in the Watumull Bldg., on the 2nd floor. 14. In downtown Honolulu visit the pretty Iolani Palace, the only royal palace on American soil. 15. Practically across the street is the Armed Services YMCA; the john on the main floor is cruised. 16. Downtown Honolulu's porno street is No. Hotel St. Here you'll find the Risque, a gay porno movie house in the rear of a bookstore that has peep flicks. There's a back room too. 17. Up the block is the Glade Show Bar, where drag queens perform. 18. Finally, in the downtown area is The Question Mark, a gay bar popular with hustlers and their buyers. 19. In the Manoa section, towards the mountains about 10 minutes from Waikiki, is the University of Hawaii. This is George Hall; there are glory holes in the johns on the main and 3rd floors. 20. About 20 minutes from Waikiki is Pearl Harbor. The U.S. Navy operates a free launch that takes tourists out to the Arizona Memorial; the line to board moves quickly. (Photo story continued on next pages.)

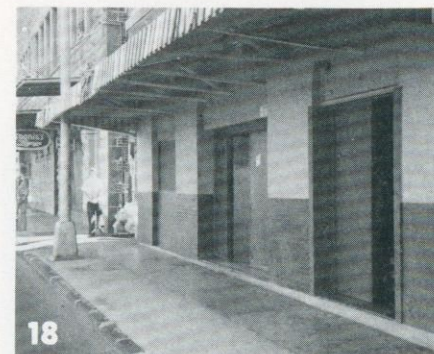
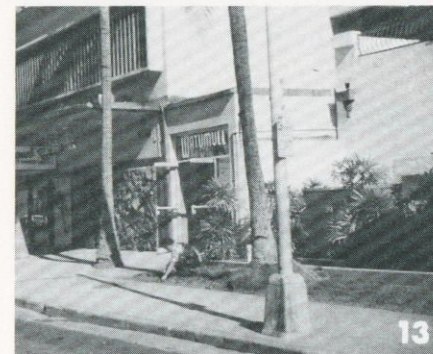
to eat—a belly seldom gets in the way of a hot affair).

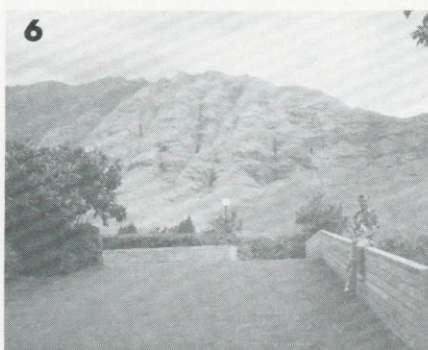
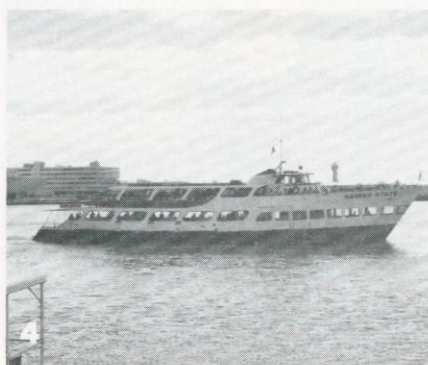
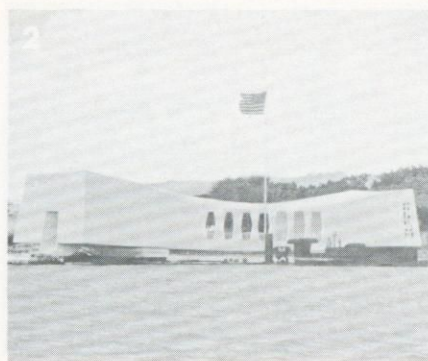
If you hear one constant complaint from prospective tourists it's that things are so expensive . . . so they've heard. Plane fare is a lot more for an easterner—compared with flights to the Caribbean. But for an easterner, flying off to Hawaii is not much more than going off to Mexico; and for a westerner the flight there costs about as much as a Caribbean trip. As far as hotels are concerned, you'll find that comparable accommodations are actually higher priced in the Caribbean and Florida—and even Mexico. Food costs the same as in any resort town—but there are a lot of places to choose from in Hawaii . . . even MacDonald's and other fast-food chains. So what it boils down to is that while getting there might cost you more, you will spend as much or as little as anyplace else you vacation—and probably save a lot because unless you're into *that* scene . . . you won't encounter a lot of commercial sex. And because most tourists spend most of their time in Waikiki, where there's a lot of gay action—all walking distance apart—you'll save by not renting a car or relying on public transportation to get from here to there.

If you've read this far but prefer to skip the details because you don't have an interest in Hawaii at this time—then please see the illustrations and captions in the order in which they appear and you'll get a quickie tour of Gay Hawaii. But if you are interested in the Islands—and especially if you're a wintertime vacationer who has never been there—please read on . . . because what I have to tell you will encourage you to go—and once there you will probably return year after year for a long time to come. It's just that sweet.

THE ISLANDS

The Hawaiian archipelago is made up of more than 20 islands and atolls but nobody ever visits more than the same four islands—Oahu (Honolulu/Waikiki); Hawaii (Hawaii Volcanoes National Park); Maui (Lahaina/Kaanapali Beach/Haleakala); and Kauai (Waimea





Canyon). Most tourists spend all of their time on Oahu; specifically, in the Waikiki area—preferably on the beach. The other islands are beautiful and worth visiting for their natural wonders and pretty beaches, but afford little excitement for the gay visitor; you will probably do them on your first trip and stay put in Waikiki on succeeding vacations.

WHEN TO GO

Anytime is good. The rainy season lasts from December thru to February but this only means intermittent showers with plenty of sunshine in-between; the 1976-77 season was unusually dry. The mean temperature all year long is 75-degrees and there are constant yet mild trade winds all the time. In winter the crowds tend to be older (but don't worry . . . there are thousands of young people too!)—people who are established enough in business or in their jobs

For A Quick Mini-Tour Of Gay Hawaii
Follow The Photos/Captions In Sequence
Starting With Preceding Pages

1. The Navy launch at Pearl Harbor, headed towards the Arizona Memorial. 2. The Memorial, built over the sunken battleship—the final resting place of 2,000 men killed when the ship was bombed and descended into its watery grave. 3. The interior of the Memorial. 4. Commercial yachts also tour Pearl Harbor but cannot land at the Memorial. 5. The beautiful Makaha Inn and Country Club in the mountains on Oahu, about an hour from Honolulu. 6. QQ's Paul Franklin at Makaha. 7. QQ publisher George Desantis at the Inn. 8. Not far from Waikiki is another beautiful beach—Hanuama Bay. 9. Akaka Falls on the island of Hawaii. 10. On Hawaii—tourists in Volcanoes National Park . . . picking up lava stones to take home as souvenirs. 11. A view from the lookout at Volcano House, a hotel on the rim of the crater. 12. Still on Hawaii, famous Black Sand Beach. 13. Haleakala Crater, a valley of extinct volcanoes on the island of Maui. 14. Front St. in Lahaina, an old whaling town on Maui. 15. Whalers Market Place in Lahaina; the shopping complex has a john that's cruised. 16. A narrow-gauge railroad carries passengers between Lahaina and the nearby resort of Kaanapali. The gay johns in Lahaina and Kaanapali and vicinity are discussed in text. 17. Kaanapali Beach . . . the Sheraton complex. 18. On the island of Kauai you'll find Waimea Canyon—"The Grand Canyon of the Pacific." 19. And this is the Spouting Horn—a hollow lava tube that is pumped with water as waves rush in . . . forcing a fine spray to emerge. Gay prospects in Kauai are discussed in text.

QQ

to take long vacations; those whose jobs permit winter vacations—as opposed to, say, teachers and students, all whose free time comes in summer. Thus, in summer, the crowds are younger—a lot of vacationing college guys. Hotel rates are down in summer—and that's an asset . . . but Hawaii is a beautiful place any time of year—and there's never a shortage of manpower.

WHERE TO STAY

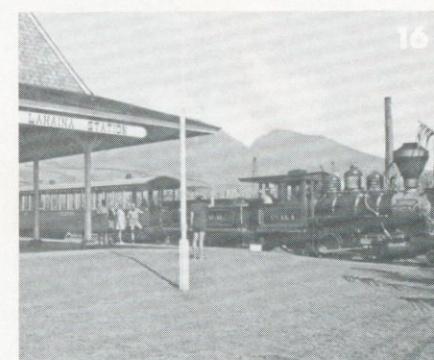
As far as the Waikiki area is concerned—your best bet is to plan your trip well in advance starting with a copy of *Fodor's Hawaii* guidebook (sold at all bookstores). Here you will find a complete list of hotels and apartment hotels, along with descriptions, rates, etc. This area is small so no matter where you stay you will be in the heart of things and near the beach. In fact, any good guidebook will do—provided it contains complete listings.

Rates vary depending on location; a good view will bring the rate up while an inside room will bring it down. There are some very pretty places right on the beach for under \$20. Choose according to your lifestyle and the length of time you intend to stay. Some gay guys who go down for the winter stay in apartment hotels—and these charge less than the luxury hotels on the beach. There are no gay hotels as such; gay people are everywhere.

The entire length of Waikiki Beach is public so you can use the same strand those guests staying in the hotel facing it use; it's free passage and plopping wherever you wish. But let me give you a sampling of places to stay: The *Hilton Hawaiian Village* is what all Hiltons are; this one is a big complex of buildings right on the beach with its own lagoon. Its beach is dotted with palm trees. Doubles start at \$27.

Getting more into the center of Waikiki is the *Cinerama Reef*—right on the beach. It's a big hotel that appeals to a lot of average income people, gay and straight alike. Very relaxed and you're free to come and go with whom-ever you like as you please. Doubles start at \$16. Nearby is the *Cinerama* (Continued on page 44)

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STA-HARD

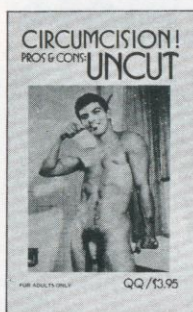


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ly necessary.

What would a non-love-seeking, or "unloving" person be like? Cold? Well, a cold person is one who does not give us the warmth we need. Calling someone "cold" says more about the person doing the calling! Absence of warmth is responded to negatively only by those insecure persons who interpret it as a rejection. Similarly, a gay satyr (the equivalent of a female nymphomaniac) can be defined as a person whose sex drive is stronger than the one calling him a satyr!

Would the "non-loving" or "love-free" person be egotistical? Perhaps, but only if we relieve that word of its ugly implications. To be self-centered does not mean to disdain the worth of others. We're all basically self-centered, self-preservation and all that! Do not confuse self-ness with selfishness.

Would the "non-loving" person be amoral—that is, would he be neither moral nor immoral, but outside the pale of moral judgments? I hardly think so. More likely, if he handled the situation well, he would avoid the falsely structured goals of love and marriage, the sheer dependency on which can be pathological, as strenuously as he would attempt to find the peace of mind that comes from the security of satisfaction with his own self-identity. Above all, he would know who and what he is . . . and accept it.

Let's examine briefly the sex life of the non-loving person. What would it ideally be like? Would it result in happiness? First, I'm sure he could have sex purely for the physical pleasure derived. He would not choose a partner for the purpose of making himself feel wanted, or a lot of partners just so he would appear to be popular. He could cruise a bar and not feel worthless or defeated if someone failed to pick him up. He could enter into a purely sexual relationship with another person, based on a desire to enjoy sex—without getting all hung up in trying to make the other person love him, and without going through the games of trying to buy their love. He could totally escape the feeling that he *must* love the other person because psychiatrists tell him that's what he must do to be normal. He can take sex—when it's available; on the other hand, he can be perfectly content with other interests and pursuits when no sex is available. He would not feel driven to go out and find a sexual partner just to prove something to himself or anybody else.

Most important, he could fuck, suck, rim, eat, lick in the wildest orgies, or luxuriate in the warmest

intimacies in a one-to-one encounter, all with no guilt feelings. He will be totally free to avoid the pathology of being forced into trying to be someone he's not. That comes pretty close to a definition of happiness, I'd say.

Researchers at the Institute for Sexual Research, Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams, reach a summary of impersonal sex quite different from the old-like Freudian psychotherapists: "Sociology traditionally conceptualizes impersonal relationships as superficial, tawdry, depressing, or pathological. This conception ignores the fact that such relationships may be defined as positive by the people involved. It ignores the fact that participants may interpret the impersonal experiences as fun, enjoyable or satisfactory."

Of course, these two men are on the payroll of Indiana University. They're not after your dollars. The psychotherapists in private practice who continue to preach that there's something pathological about impersonal sex *per se* are after your money. Their greed is probably more pathological than your impersonal sex affairs.

You don't need them if you've got your head screwed on straight. Neither do I.

• • •

GAY HAWAII

(Continued from page 23)

Reef Towers, about a block from the beach. Doubles here start at \$12. It's a good hotel; famous Don Ho entertains here.

Right next to the Cinerama Reef is the *Halekulani*—a very pretty complex of low (two-story) ranch-type structures in a tropical setting right on the beach. Rates in these cottages start at \$24 for a double. The family bungalows, some with kitchenette, start at \$34. The *Halekulani* falls in the shadow of the *Sheraton-Waikiki*, a 1900-room giant next door. It, too, is on the beach and is a beautiful full-service hotel. Relaxed too, and the favorite of all luxury liners on the beach. The lobby is lively and young and the hotel is right in the center of the surrounding action.

Up the road a piece is the new *Hyatt Regency*. It's not on the beach but just across the street. The structure is magnificent and the multi-leveled lobby is beautiful. If you don't mind crossing the street in your bathing suit and like posh—this one is for you. rates here are about the same as elsewhere.

The *Holiday Inn* across from Kuhio

Beach (a section of Waikiki Beach) is the last big hotel before you come to a clearing—the park that encompasses Queens Surf, the gay section of Waikiki Beach. So if you're up with the sun and want to hop out of bed and walk the shortest distance to the gay stretch of sand—this may be your place. It's typically Holiday Inn and doubles start at \$25.

These are just a handful of the many hotels you have to choose from. Again, I suggest you consult a good guidebook before going. If you use a travel agent and he suggests a place in Waikiki—listen to him; the area is small and everything is right there . . . it's only a few steps more or less to wherever you're going.

WHAT TO WEAR

The Islands are strictly casual. Slacks and sport shirt are all you need for the finest restaurants. Most of the time you'll be in a bathing suit by day and your dungarees and t-shirt at night. Don't even bother packing a suit. It's warm—so don't take a jacket (unless it's for effect). If you intend to do the other islands and visit the volcanoes then take a sweater or a sweatshirt to wear on the sightseeing trip as it can be cool at great heights.

WHERE TO EAT

There are plenty of restaurants for every taste and budget—starting with *MacDonald's* (the prettiest one you'll ever see) right in the heart of Waikiki on Kalakaua Ave. (the main drag). And there are a lot of Jolly Roger-type places—one of the most popular being *The Rigger*, in the Outrigger Hotel (still another popular place with average-income tourists who want to be on the beach) on Kalakaua Ave. opposite International Market Place. Good food—and even a big dinner will cost you under \$5.

Free newspapers and magazines listing all the restaurants by type and price are distributed in all the hotels and also in vending boxes along Kalakaua Ave. Generally speaking, the food is American—exactly what you're used to eating at home.

GAY OAHU

The airport is less than 20 minutes away from Waikiki—and you can see Diamond Head (please refer to the illustrations) in the distance. Going in the direction of Waikiki you'll pass by or through downtown Honolulu—which has its own places of gay interest. Farther on, getting closer to Waikiki, you'll pass by the Ala Moana Shopping Center, which also has some gay offerings. But let's cross the Ala Wai Canal that separates the Waikiki area from Honolulu proper, and begin here.

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As you enter this area the hotels and condos loom up (a new gay bar called *Under Construction* is supposed to open in this section soon) you'll come to Ena Rd. Turn right off Kalakaua Ave. and right there is number 478. This is the *Lavender Fox*, a gay movie house that has hot flicks, live sex acts, and a lounge with several curtained stalls with glory holes for patron participation. Admission is \$5 at all times. The movies are typical. The live show leaves much to be desired—mainly because silly adolescents make up the stable of performers. They have difficulty getting hard and are likely to burst into giggles—which is a big downer for everybody concerned. Jack Wrangler tells me he's trying to wrangle performance time there next season—and if he does it will certainly do a lot for the L.F. Go any day after 3 P.M. It's best after 8, though, and Friday and Saturday nights get the biggest crowds. There's a small porno bookshop out front and poppers, etc. are for sale.

Go back to Kalakaua, cross and go right and you'll be on McCully St. Walk left less than two blocks, past open space, and you'll come to a big parking lot that's used by buses. Here you'll find *The Tomato*, a low one-story building; it's the second most popular gay watering place in town. There's dancing, but the cruising is good because of the layout. There's also entertainment, and snacks (bars that serve food are permitted to stay open 'til 4 A.M., as compared with bars that don't and must close at 2 A.M.). The guys go back and forth between *The Tomato* and *Hula's*.

Hula's is the most popular gay spot in Waikiki (and in all of Hawaii for that matter); it's a short walk farther towards the center of Waikiki, at 2103 Kuhio Ave. (corner of Kalaimoku St.). Built mostly outdoors under a huge banyan tree, it is first and foremost a disco. Because it's a good disco—it does get some hip straights too. But you come here to dance, not to cruise—because as in most discos cruising is not the thing. If you do make out it will probably be in the late afternoon when guys stop by to make a pickup after the beach.

Go to the corner and you'll be back on Kalakaua Ave. Between Kalaimoku St. and Lewers St. are *three porno peep arcades*—all of which are cruised. The best is the one next to the National Car Rental garage. It attracts a gay crowd that comes to play and also make the straight studs who come in to see the 25-cent flicks. The boxes that feature the gay films are in a cul-de-sac sort of passageway and it is here that a lot of action comes

to pass. The arcades are busy in the late afternoon, when guys are on their way home from the beach, and after midnight when those who failed to make out at the bars stop by for a quickie. Of course, there are the ever-present regulars.

Continue on to the corner (Kalakaua Ave. and Lewers St.) and turn left and you'll be at number 307. This is the *Steam Works*, a gay baths that's on the 2nd floor and open 24 hours. It has everything one expects at a modern baths—carpeting; music (too loud, but it does have a good beat for sex); orgy room (this one is in maze form and the action is hot and heavy . . . it's dark so everybody makes out); porno movie room; TV lounge; sauna; private rooms; showers; etc. Lockers are \$3 and rooms \$5; take a locker and order a room—which will become available in about three hours on a busy night. It's the best place in town for a lot of sex and, overall, the crowd is goodlooking. A lot of military men from nearby Hickam Air Force Base (including black guys—who don't seem to use the beach in the daytime) make the scene. As you read this a new baths, called the *Roxy*, is supposed to be opening—and it promises four floors of fun. What happens remains to be seen (a new baths opened and closed last year). The *Steam Works* is good, and it's packed every night—but, frankly, I don't think the gay crowd is big enough to warrant another baths. We'll see.

Farther along, opposite the International Market Place, is the arcade entrance to the Outrigger Hotel (next to the Rigger Restaurant). The john here is cruised all day but mostly after midnight when it does see action.

Continue walking and you'll come to the old Moana Hotel (its terrace is the one that always turned up in World War II-vintage movies filmed in Waikiki). This is the last big hotel on the stretch of beach in central Waikiki and right next to the hotel is a public john and change-room known as the "*A-frame*." It's cruised all day long and the daring will even do things during the busy hours. But it is best cruised at night when the crowds are gone. There's plenty of action here but caution is advised—because it's a favorite with hustlers . . . and they're the same the world over.

Continue on and just before you come to an expanse of green you'll be at the Holiday Inn across from the beach. Go around the corner; the *Blow Hole*, 124 Kapahula St. gets an older crowd and is best afternoons because it's near the gay beach and is a favorite with new friends who want to stop and chat over a drink before going home.

Keep walking towards Diamond Head through Kapiolani Park. The Zoo is here, and tourists come to the band-shell to see the free Kodak hula show every morning. Just this side of the Aquarium, on the beach, is a section of Waikiki Beach called *Queens Surf*; the change-room and john next to the Aquarium (it's the one that houses a food concession; the other change-room is not good) is where gay life is—and it is cruised and used day and night. This is the gay strand—where everybody gay in town who does the beach scene sooner or later comes to sun on the beach or the palm-shaded lawn behind it. It isn't exclusively gay but mostly so and a very pretty spot—much less crowded than the sections near the hotels.

Cruising is everywhere in Waikiki. The guys are from the mainland, for the most part, and there are plenty of California surfer types. There are some hustlers, but not many—but they're here if you want them, and the hip straights are all available. Pay particular attention to the boys who drive the pedicabs (a rickshaw-type bicycle that can accommodate two passengers) along Kalakaua Ave. They wear shorts and sneakers and nothing else—and know their buns are watched by their passengers. So if you don't want to walk a few blocks and do want an easy commercial contact—pick out a good one . . . and you'll get a good ride!

Walking around in International Market Place is fun. Lots of shops and pretty things to buy (see shopping comments below)—but, mostly, Waikiki is for suning and surfing and sexing—and it's all so great!

Now let's go back across the canal towards downtown Honolulu. Just over the canal you'll come to Atkinson Dr. You can walk it but it is a little far for a stroll. The *Cocktail Center* is at 435 Atkinson Dr. It's not that popular with tourists because it's away from the mainstream. Guys on one side, lesbians on the other.

As we continue towards the old downtown section we come to the *Ala Moana Shopping Center*, a huge complex of stores, restaurants, galleries, etc. This is where people from all over Hawaii come to shop for clothing, furniture, etc., and it's a place most tourists in a shopping mood visit many times. The john near the *Byron II* restaurant is cruised during business hours, especially at noon time. Beautiful numbers—but meet and leave; the layout is bad and the place is watched by security police.

Walk to the other end of the Center and you'll be at *Piikoi St.* At 404 is a low frame structure that has stores
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(Records Hawaii being one) on the ground floor and various shops and offices on the second floor. Use the stairway on the ocean end and you'll find a john upstairs that's cruised all day and well into the evening. It doesn't have a great turnover but it's busy enough to keep anybody happy. There's a glory hole between the end stall and the urinals—and it sees action. Few tourists here; mostly locals—mainly Japanese and Portuguese (there's a big population of both nationalities throughout Hawaii). You might connect with some very great-looking guys if you're lucky—for action on the spot or later on.

Let's move on to the downtown area (too far to walk; take a taxi or bus—the bus fare being only 25 cents even if you ride to the far side of the island). There's the *Armed Services YMCA*; its main floor john is lightly cruised until 11 P.M. when it is off limits to civilians. Nearby is the *Question Mark*, a gay bar at 43 So. Beretania St. It gets a crowd of paying johns and selling hustlers. Nearby is Honolulu's porno street, *No. Hotel St.*, which runs through Chinatown (small and not worth visiting). Mostly straight porno movie houses, peep shows, sex acts, bookstores, etc., but at number 32 is the *Risque*, a theatre in the rear of a gay bookstore. The movies are poor and, on the whole, so is the crowd—in terms of quantity and quality. But you might luck out with a closet sailor who has managed to drop his buddies; the back room is dark and has curtains for privacy and sees a lot of action. In the front store are 25-cent peep shows and it is possible to make out in the small booths. The peep show booths in the straight stores are also cruised by gays looking for rough trade—in case that's your bag.

Up the street is the *Glade Show Bar*, 152 No. Hotel St. Drag queens perform here for gay and straight tourists and sailors in the area who come in out of curiosity or because they're turned on. If you're good in such cruising situations and like seamen—give it a try. Go at night when the crowds are heavy . . . and don't wander down a dark alley with a tipsy Marine!

Not far away is the *Aloha Tower*. It's from here that all cruise ships leave—and have for many years. Pier 10 is used by the Pacific Far East Line and at its entrance is a john that is cruised daily by locals. It is especially busy when a ship is in port. There's action here but if it gets too crowded and you meet somebody nice, walk on over to Pier 9; as you enter the building there's a john on the right and it's very private.

Now, starting out in Waikiki, take a bus or a cab (about 10 minutes) towards the mountains to the section called Manoa. Here is where the *University of Hawaii* is located. On the campus go to *George Hall*; the john on the main floor (use the main entrance, turn right) is cruised and used . . . it has a good glory hole.

On leaving this john, turn right and then left and walk to the rear of the building and go up to the third floor. There's another john here and it has a busy glory hole. The action is heavy and security police are never around.

Walk a short distance away on campus and you'll be at *Sinclair Library*. Anybody can enter (you're only checked on the way out, for books—never for ID . . . the University invites tourists to come by and sightsee). Go down the stairs (walk right as you enter) and you'll find a big john. In spite of the fact that the outer door is usually left open, the end stalls (urinals side) have a connecting glory hole—and it's used constantly.

As far as sightseeing is concerned, if you want to get away for a few hours then I suggest you drive over to *Hanauma Bay* (there used to be a good john here but it has been torn down); the beach is very pretty. If you want mountain scenery drive an hour to *Makaha*, where you might want to lunch at the Makaha Inn and Country Club—haven of golfers. The grounds are beautiful, and the accommodations are too, but it's dull, dull, dull. Near Honolulu (less than a half-hour by bus or cab) is *Pearl Harbor*, a pilgrimage every American should make. Regular cruise vessels make the trip from Waikiki but that takes four hours and you aren't allowed to visit the Arizona Memorial—constructed over the sunken U.S.S. Arizona, the battleship that was bombed and went down with over 2,000 men—whose remains are still there. Instead, go out to the main gate and take the free Navy launch to the Memorial. You get a free (and accurate, I might add) account of the bombing and can get off and stay on the Memorial for as long as you like. It's a must for every first-time visitor.

And finally, there's a straight nightclub not far from the airport that might appeal to you. The *Dunes* features naked waiters. Jack Cione's studs also put on a show for the audience of panting women—who come mainly to get a closeup look at their tables . . . and whose tips are sometimes tucked under the balls and other pouchy spots. Cab drivers know the way. The fun is nightly at 8:30.

And now, let's move on to the outer islands of Hawaii, Maui, and Kauai for a change of pace.

OUTER ISLANDS

You can island-hop by plane; it's the fastest way of getting around (flights average 20 minutes) and the cheapest—allowing you to spend a day or two in each place. For a little over \$100 you can hire a small plane to do the main islands in a single day and see most of the sights as you fly over them. If you refuse to fly there's hydrofoil service (the Seaflite terminal is 923-2071). The ride can get bumpy and if the engine conks out (it can and has happened) you'll get sick to your stomach bouncing on the waves until service arrives. Or, if money is no object and you're a good sailor (I promise you'll get seasick if you aren't), visit the islands by cruise ship, starting out in Honolulu and returning there after a seven-day cruise. The advantage is that your ship is your hotel. If you'd like to know more, then write Pacific Far East Line, Pier 35, San Francisco, Calif. 94133.

HAWAII

This is the "Big Island"—and you come to see live volcanoes (if you're lucky you'll see an eruption). Refer to a good guidebook for a hotel. If you want something different stay at *Volcano House*—which is perched high on the rim of a crater in *Hawaii Volcanoes National Park*. You can do the sights in a rented car or by bus (Gray Line can be booked before you leave through any travel agent in Honolulu). If you go by ship your ground tour will commence in Hilo; you'll undoubtedly stop at *Akaka Falls* first (surprisingly much prettier in the pictures you take and see when you return home than they appeared in person). If you take a bus tour you'll probably stop at an orchid nursery on the way up to the volcanoes. On the way back you might want to stop at *Kaimu Black Sand Beach*; it's pretty, and so are the surfers there.

If you run into gay life here it will be through luck. Do the sights and save the action for Waikiki. You'll be more relaxed if you go with that in mind.

MAUI

Most tourists like Maui best of all the Outer Islands. It has a quaint village called *Lahaina*, once a whaling town and now a mecca for surfer types—mainly from California; the clubs swing at night—but they aren't gay. Nevertheless, a lot of humpy guys are available for a price—perhaps a smoke. You'll see the same humps out at *Makena Beach* (check it out on a map when you get there), which is legally free (nudism permitted by law). Action in the bushes is

possible.

In Lahaina visit the stores in a complex called the *Lahaina Market Place* on Front St. Its john is cruised; sometimes things happen there (especially at night) but it's mainly for meeting. Farther up the street is *Whaler's Market Place*, another complex of boutiques, restaurants, etc., not unlike those in Provincetown, Mass. The john here is lightly cruised . . . and sometimes used.

About five minutes away by road (there's also a narrow-gauge train that carries tourists back and forth) is *Kaanapali Beach*. It's here that you'll find the best hotels—situated on a very pretty strand. *Whaler's Village* (similar to Whaler's Market Place) is here; the john is cruised. Farther up the road, past the landing strip, is *Honokowai Beach Park*; the john is great . . . surfer types fill its glory hole. Look for the Honokowai Superette; the john is in the park across the way.

The major attraction on Maui is the *Haleakala Crater*—the interior of an extinct volcano big enough to accommodate the island of Manhattan! The sun plays tricks as it rises and sets, casting a rainbow of colors on the valley. I'm told that if you get up there before sunrise the sight is reward enough for the pain suffered in getting yourself out of bed. I tried to see it two days in a row but low clouds that spat rain prevented vehicles from getting to the top. It's cold too, so dress warm. There are other natural wonders on Maui, such as *Iao Valley*; the *Seven Pools*; and the *Waianapanapa Caves*. Read about them in the travel books before you go; they are especially romantic spots if you go with someone special.

KAUAI

The main attraction is *Waimea Canyon*, the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific." Go up to Kalalau Lookout and on the way back view the *Spouting Horn*—a lava tube that's under water and gushes spray as waves rush in. *Fern Grotto* is another beautiful sight; you go by river boat (there's no other way) to a cave. The trip is very hokey—lots of tourists being entertained by a singing boat captain. The Bali Hai scene in the movie "South Pacific" was filmed at Lumahai Beach.

If you stay overnight or longer I suggest the *Kauai Surf Hotel* on Kalapaki Beach, near Lihue. It's a huge complex and the beach is very pretty. If any gay guys are around you're bound to meet them here; just sit around on the beach and let it happen. One guy I know, a mainland-er who now lives there, cruises the hotel and seldom fails to reap a

harvest of fresh tourists as soon as they arrive. This same guy tells me he sometimes goes to Coco Palms, a resort at *Wailua Beach*—where the public john has an active glory hole.

WHAT TO BUY

In addition to typical souvenirs, you will probably buy some coral jewelry. You'll undoubtedly buy a few colorful *aloha shirts*—but don't overdo it because you'll feel silly wearing them when you return home. Don't even bother looking for good art; there isn't much. The art galleries stock "mass art" and it's overpriced. If you want something local, the artists hang their paintings on the fence surrounding the Zoo in Kapiolani Park every Sunday after 10 A.M. Don't spend much. Note the pretty compositions depicting fish in flight, fashioned from unusual molds made of the same material used in missiles and driftwood imported from California. They all bear a brass tag hammered in place by the artist—John Perry. And, of course, pineapples (Dole are best, but Delmonte is all right—the only brand available at the airport . . . in case you buy at the last minute). They're sold by the box for easy transport home and average 85 cents per fruit. Also, macadamia nuts. Visit the Hawaiian Holiday Macadamia Nut Co. showroom on Kalakaua Ave. in the Hyatt Regency in Waikiki.

USEFUL WORDS

You'll hear—and use—two words constantly. The first is *aloha*. It means hello, goodbye, I love you—in fact, any expression of love, affection, pity, mercy, compassion, greeting (depending on the situation and intonation). The second is *mahalo*; it means thank you. You really don't need to know any other words . . . this is America and everybody speaks English. These words, however, are used with affection—and Hawaiians appreciate your using them.

As far as the written word is concerned, remember *kane*; it means male—and you're likely to see it on the door of a men's room. On the walls of the johns you might see the word *haole*—used by a guy describing himself. It means Caucasian person. On the same walls you will often see *Port*. That, of course, means Portuguese—not that difficult to figure out but helpful if you know in advance.

And that, my friends, is Gay Hawaii. Go and enjoy . . . just as soon as you can. *Aloha!*

The Hawaii Visitor's Bureau is helpful. Offices at: 2270 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu; 609 Fifth Ave., New York; 3440 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles; 209 Post St., San Francisco; 400 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.