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THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL

Feb.'73

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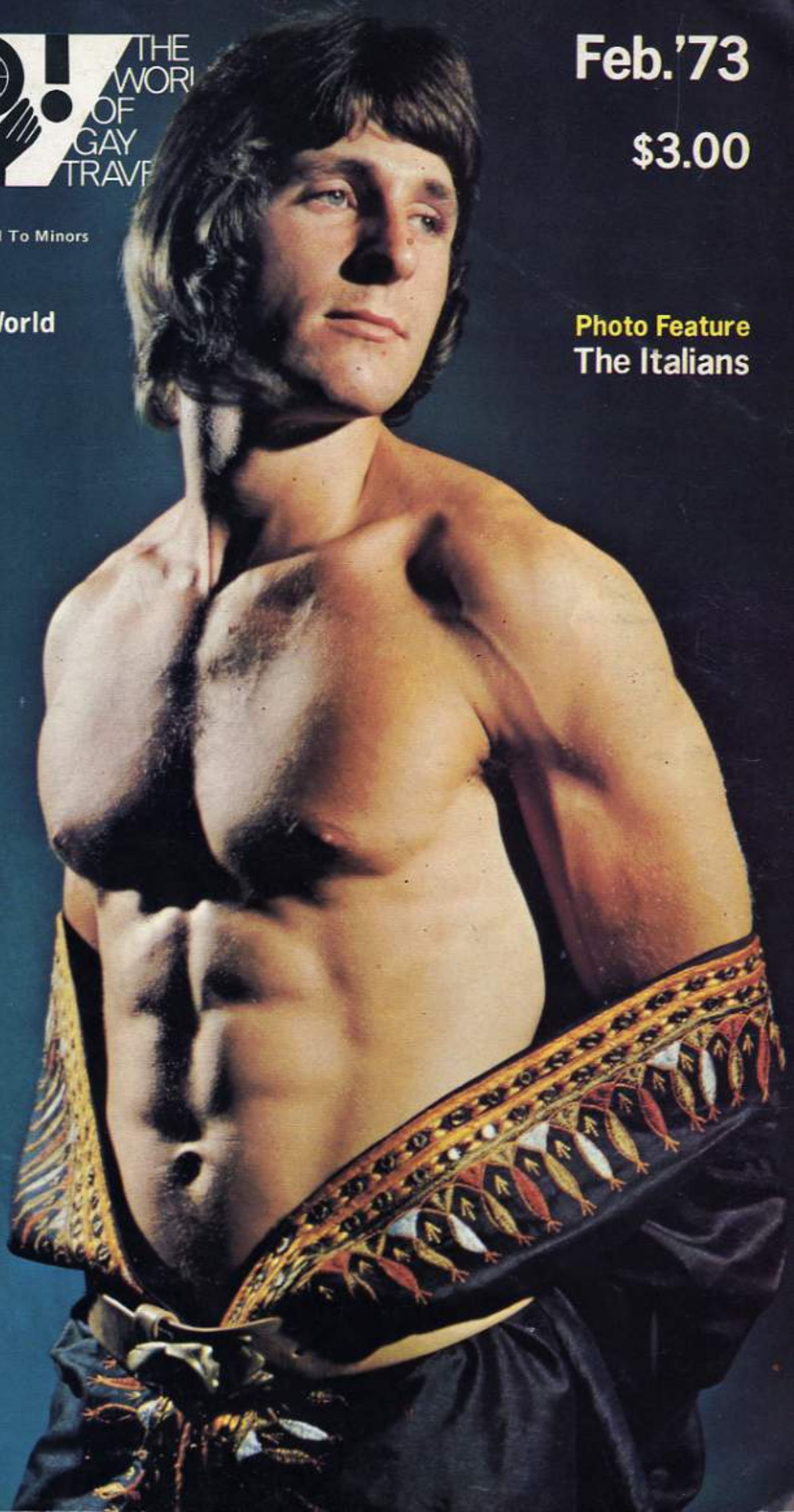

Great Gay Islands of the World
- Manhattan & Restaurants
- Fire Island
- Mykonos
- Puerto Rico
- Capri
- Île du Levant
- Sylt Island

Photo Feature
The Italians

Turkish Wrestlers

Japanese Sex Shrine

Munich

San Francisco

Travel Tips
Book Review
World News
Picture Gallery

ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1973 VOLUME 1/NUMBER 1

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Super studs of the world.

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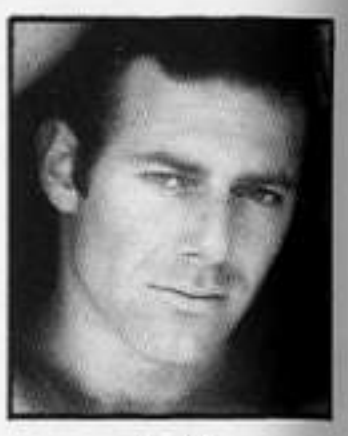

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Editorial

Straight Talk About Gay Travel

By Jon Lorrimer

Any editorial—certainly a first editorial—should never generalize but express a definite point of view. That is why this—our first **Ciao!** editorial—takes a precise stand on gay travel and how we expect to relate to it to make it more convenient, pleasant and rewarding for you.

It is our belief that most gay travel books have been too long imitative (so often one seems to be largely copied from another) . . . have been too frequently inaccurate (many listings being purely whimsical, having been surmised or rationalized without enough facts to support such reasoning) . . . and sadly obsolescent (listings often being continued year after year, long after the demise of a formerly gay place). They are also too indulgent about quoting 'handouts' from readers . . . such handouts often being obtained through sheer happenstance.

For instance, someone who has or who accidentally interrupts a sexual dalliance in some bar or restaurant john—something that came about as just a lucky break or on the spur of the moment—excitedly writes to his favorite guide book editor to say he's made a real 'find'. That the incident never happened there before, and likely never will again, does not occur to him. So the item is duly printed and listed as authentic, and gay guys by the dozens will beat a path to the place to be disappointed about sex and disillusioned about all gay travel guide books.

With this in mind, a principal aim of **Ciao!** is to prevent your being misled. But we have some things of even greater value to offer our readers that, by reason of **Ciao!'s** monthly flexibility, cannot be duplicated by static 'annuals'. These are on-the-spot coverage of gay events and happenings, and many things that—while not intrinsically gay—relate to homophile life. And assuredly we want to introduce you to interesting others.

Thus in our first issue we'd like to take you on a tour of the great 'sex islands' of the world, such as our own **Fire Island**, and **Sylt**—the 'Fire Island of Europe', a fascinating place you just may not have heard about! And we want you to meet those rugged **Fetish Wrestlers of Turkey** . . . and discover for the first time the really sexy Japanese in their annual **Festival of the Phallus**, a truly unique event you'll certainly want to attend.

Each month we expect to tell you about some particular city and its interesting people, its lifestyles, its gay ambience, its restaurants/bars, its movies, baths and cruising areas and, in general, about what makes it tick, so that when you visit there you can start at 100 on the sexual-activity scale instead of zero.

We think we have a lot going for you and for us and we hope you like our first issue. In any case we'd appreciate your comments and we offer it to you as gay and free, gay and proud, and with universal gay affection.

Ciao!

Gay World News & Notes

By The Editors

Here's where it's happening around the world:

Los Angeles . . . Brutal murder of Ralph Schaffer, while working in the Gaywill Funky Store, a fund-raising source of the Gay Community Services Center, causing alarm in Southern California. This murder, along with recent arson in gay centers in San Francisco, evidence a "backlash" by reactionary elements against newfound gay upfrontness.

Rome . . . Still another message from Pope Paul on morality bringing new pressures in Spanish Steps area—but up north in Turin a new gay newspaper called **Fuori!** is doing well.

New York . . . Gay revolution networker recently held a "lemonade party" at world-famous trucks (local meat rack) to protest police harassment. They went through 20 gallons of the stuff—and probably "spilled" as much behind and between the trucks later that night.

The world-famous trucks in New York City (Washington St. between W. 10th and Charles). Nightly orgies take place behind and between the vans. A gay libber recently held a lemonade party here to protest police harassment.

San Francisco . . . Gay Prisoners Union recently founded to assist gay people in prisons. Contact c/o Gay Sunshine, Box 40397, San Francisco, Calif.

Teachers . . . Gay teachers are really getting it together. Joseph Acanfora, who was fired from a teaching post in Pennsylvania for being gay, has now been certified to teach in the state as a result of his fight (his parents assisted him). Also a gay caucus recently formed within the national organization of unionized teachers.

Athens . . . Greek English-language daily, **Athens News**, recently featured a story on the possibility of a homosexual president in the U.S.A. in the future. Newspapers in Greece, however, are carefully censored to eliminate any coverage of gay news, which was demonstrated when the leading Greek magazine, **Eikones**, was seized by the government for trying to print an article suggesting that ancient Greek philosophers and poets were homosexuals.

Colleges . . . The National Gay Student Center in Washington (2115 'S' St., N.W. 20008) coordinating communication between the expanding gay student groups

around the U.S. Also, they publish a gay students' newsletter, **Interchange.** Gay students lounge at Columbia now an accepted part of the campus.

Buffalo . . . Increased reports of police entrapment on Delaware Avenue. If you're a victim call 24-hour gay-help answering service at (716) 684-5315.

Police are at it again in Buffalo, N. Y. Delaware Avenue in the vicinity of the Stage Pigalle (a gay bar) is a favorite spot for harassment.

Copenhagen . . . Most live sex shows closed after police raids resulting from public pressure. The shutdown is a direct result of the international publicity the shows have received, most recently in the report on pornography compiled by a British Labor Peer, the Earl of Longford. The Danish people are generally for the action because they are disturbed by the world image their capital city has acquired. A few gay shows are still open, operating as private clubs, where members may actually join the performers on stage.

Houston . . . New gay center opens—the Montrose Gaze Community Center, 504 Fairview. This is the first one in Texas.

Chicago . . . Good news: Gay tenants at 540 Surf St. apartment building organizing to protest discrimination against single gay people. Bad news: **Playboy** just turned down an ad from a gay organization.

New York . . . Local biggies in recent presidential campaign included for the Republicans a gay bachelor who can be seen occasionally at local watering spots; and for the Democrats, a public relations whiz who has been active in gay organizations.

Huelva . . . Under Franco's "Social Dangers Act," homosexuals are being picked up throughout Spain and then confined at Huelva for periods of up to 3 years. American tourists are subject to Spanish law, so be careful—or better yet, skip it altogether. Moreover, gay tourists would be safer staying away from any of the totalitarian countries—Spain, South Africa, Indonesia, Cuba, Russia, China, Brazil, etc.

Philadelphia . . . New bar raids with some police violence being used and customers made to line up against walls. Law-and-order mayor Rizzo being accused of harassment of gay community.

Houston . . . Police still fuming and pressing for fraud against those responsible for issuing a marriage license to female impersonator William (Billie) Ert and former football-player Antonio Molina. Texas law bars marriage between members of same sex.

Greenland . . . Increasing tension between openly-gay Danish soldiers stationed in Greenland and locals.

Copenhagen . . . Per Kleis, head of Denmark's highly successful **Forbundet Af 1948,** becoming a national figure and being acclaimed as a national leader of the Danish gay community. American gays recently back from Copenhagen report Per to be highly articulate, friendly, and an effective spokesman. And most importantly, the Danish government listens when he speaks.

Per Kleis is becoming a national figure in Denmark and being acclaimed as a leader of the gay community.

Television . . . In the not-too-distant future look for a weekly gay program on network TV, similar to "Sanford & Son." Recent TV show, "That Certain Summer," a real breakthrough in its positive treatment of gay lifestyle.

Honolulu . . . Latest swimsuit craze among the bronzed gods at Waikiki is low-cut trunks which reveal the tops of the cheeks and crack. They and the studs who have what it takes to make them score are called "butt chickens."

New York . . . Barry Farber, local radio and TV bigwig who readily lends his name to boards of local gay organizations, accused of treason by the gay community—for supporting a political candidate whose ads read: "A decadent America where . . . homosexuality and treason are accepted, even glorified . . . " Goodbye, Mr. Farber!

San Francisco . . . Recent rape victim suffering no serious aftereffects of being tortured by S&M cult. He was picked up by a single guy on Polk Street and invited "home"—where seven "masters" were waiting with whips, hot wax, and so on.

More hot flashes next month—see you!

Gay World Travel Tips

By The Editors

Here are some special tips for the gay traveler:

• Take along a supply of Vibramycin (antibiotic capsules; secure a prescription from your doctor) wherever you go. In case you come down with gonorrhea in the hinterlands two capsules taken initially, followed by one every four hours will probably clear it up. Treating oneself is never advisable but when medical attention isn't possible it is sometimes necessary to safeguard your personal health and salvage whatever sexual delights you might encounter in the days remaining before you return home. Vibramycin is widely used to cure clap. Syphilis often accompanies clap so even if you manage to stop the

obvious symptoms of gonorrhea (a burning sensation when urinating, and oozing yellow pus) and even cure it—please remember that the symptoms of syphilis are sometimes subtle and it is a serious disease which cannot be cured with pills. See your doctor as soon as you get back.

• If you require a lubricant for anal sex take a small supply of whatever you use along with you. KY is popular in the U.S.A. and sold in some countries, and Vaseline is available in many places—but drugstores are sometimes difficult to locate and substitutes you are not familiar with irritate the skin. If absolutely nothing is available use a lot of spit and be gentle. Do not use soap; it may be too harsh for you or your partner.

• Refer to the various articles in this magazine, and also our restaurant section each month, for tips on gay restaurants. To supplement our European listings we suggest that you secure a copy of "Great European Restaurants" from Pan-Am (it's available at most ticket offices). About 210 eating places are given. Always bear in mind that most gay restaurants permit casual dress (a mark of our particular lifestyle), and that jacket and tie are required at about half those restaurants given in ordinary directories.

• Don't step barefoot in freshwater streams in the country or near the seashore in warm climates. The presence of parasites is probable—and they can cause serious diseases by entering the body through the pores of your skin. If you must cross a stream to get at a hot trick then look for a fallen branch and make a bridge or tippy-toe across the rocks.

• Want to drive your own car across Europe? Check with the Automobile Association of America (refer to the telephone directory) for information concerning an international driver's certificate, shipping your car, traveling between points by train with your car riding piggy-back on a flatcar, etc. Often a car is quite convenient and can open up new vistas for the traveler ordinarily confined to the city. It's a great way to cruise the countryside, especially in resort areas which are heavy with friendly hitchhikers.

• When cruising meat racks and outdoors in general do not wander off with a trick in quest of a bush if you do not know the terrain. Check things out in the daytime, lest you chance falling off a cliff, wandering in poison ivy, or sinking in quicksand. For example, a section of Sylt Island in the North Sea is a bog, and there lie several sets of lovers who went 'glug-glug-glug' while going 'suck-suck-suck'.

• If you want to take your gay poodle along send 50 cents to the ASPCA Public Relations Division, 441 East 92nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028, for a copy of "Traveling With Your Pet." The 40-page guide contains all the information you need to know, from inoculation and health certificate requirements to shipping regulations, for the entire U.S.A. and 125 foreign countries. Another publication which is a must for pet lovers is available from the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Send 25 cents for a copy of "Touring With Towser," a directory of ordinary hotels and motels across the country which permit pets. Write gay establishments directly for permission to bring Butch the Bulldog along. Think of your pet's comfort too. Keeping him locked up in a hotel room is cruel. Moreover, we urge you not to take your pet along if you have intentions of abandoning it—an act of extreme cruelty. This is a widespread problem at Fire Island, where some silly queens take puppies along for laughs and then leave them when they're hardly grown at the end of summer, only to freeze or go wild and eventually be shot by police sent over for that purpose every winter.

• A case of the runs can really spoil things if you like getting fucked—which is so often the case for older johns who fly down to Mexico to get pumped by chicken. To ease the situation take along a bottle of Kaopectate (follow label directions) and drink hot tea throughout the day to help bind you. It's also a good idea to pack a small enema bag which will not only help cleanse the rectum but also soothe its irritated lining. In this condition especially it's a lot easier to get screwed by a guy who is uncircumcised, because once in his foreskin will usually 'lock' itself against the lining of the rectum while his cock moves within its sheath—causing less in-and-out friction than a circumcised phallus.

• When in Rome do as the Romans do. That means—don't be squeamish if you find tricks in foreign ports not as spanking clean as those at home. Bathing is simply not big outside the U.S.A., and while your tricks may be generally clean you should try and develop a taste for mild cheese before going. You'll be a lot happier. If you insist on purity (and you have every right to when paying a hustler) then take along some towelette packets or throw him in the shower.

• If you use poppers don't carry them in a single package—which is easy for a customs inspector to spot an unusual quantity. Pack most of them with your other medicines, making them less conspicuous, and conceal a few here and there in your luggage and on your person.

• If you have heart trouble or diabetes or any potentially dangerous disease be sure and carry your medical history with you—in case you collapse and cannot inform doctors of your condition. EKG Services, Inc., 925 Clifton Ave., Clifton, N.J. 08113, will send you a free "Mini-Med for the Traveler"—a form which your doctor fills out after examining you. Then you send this form back to EKG and they will "miniaturize" the information and send you a wallet-size plastic-covered packet for a nominal fee (price will be given when you write).

• Tricks everywhere (except in the U.S.A., generally speaking) treasure receiving a small gift from a new friend. It's nice to take along a supply of new Kennedy half-dollars; American-made records (45 RPM are okay); gay magazines (provided you can get them past customs); cock rings (the metal kind are cheap—about $1—are not sold everywhere; it is an especially thoughtful gesture to put one on him before sex and give it as a gift by leaving it on him afterwards); and other inex-

pensive items he will like. If you forget to take anything along then give him something personal which he has admired—such as underwear you have on (sometimes even more appreciated if it bears your scent). And if you discover he would appreciate something special which can be sent after you return home—by all means, do so . . . it will brighten his day. (One guy we know who is into shit sends his lover in Bermuda a couple of his turds in a Baggy every month!)

And on that final note . . . we leave you until next month.

Gay Dining

This Month: Manhattan

By Craig Rodwell & Frank Keating

If you arrive in New York all primed for unusual food you can dine in every language from the **Azteca** to **Zum-Zum**. However, if the only language you're dining in this season is Gay and you're not particularly interested in either exotic food or the elegance of **haute cuisine** you'll want to know about restaurants where the food is good . . . inexpensive . . . where the atmosphere is congenial and possibly where there's a hint of action after dessert. In short, a place where you can be yourself and feel at home without dressing up to the nines. So here are **Ciao!'s** best recommendations. Among them you'll find just what you're looking for. Each has its own special cachet (perhaps the tap-dancing waiters at **Marie's Crisis**) or **raison d'être** (the owners may have started the business with an old family recipe for swordfish). The least expensive (hamburger-oriented) will usually be priced at not more than $2.00 for the meal. Moderately higher would be in the $3.50 to $5.50 range, while the most expensive—being **à la carte**—will run about $7. You may be sure that you'll not only enjoy your meal but very likely meet a very special someone who shares your enthusiasm, among other things. **Bon appétit!**

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Belly Button, 68 Greenwich Ave. (near 7th Ave.). Hamburger counter atmosphere. Good food which is reasonably priced. Especially popular at lunchtime and early evening. Apple Brown Betty is a house specialty, featured on TV. Mixed but predominantly Gay.

Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (corner of Perry St.). Texan-Mexican food that's good. Moderate-to-high prices. Try the chili stack or one of the combination dinners. Not many straights here.

Casa Laredo

Fedora, 239 W. 4th St. (between 10th & Charles Sts.). An old standby. Average food. Congenial atmosphere (Fedora pampers her guests; she and her waiters are especially fond of their Gay customers). Small bar. Some leather. Moderate prices. Reservations accepted: 242-9691.

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (between 7th Ave. & Bedford St.). Another old standby. Average food. Heteros seem to be in the majority these days but still popular with Gay people. Comfortable atmosphere but crowded and sometimes a long wait between courses. Try the Shrimp Victoria. Moderate prices. Reservations: 243-7538.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (off Sheridan Square). Long menu. Perhaps the prices are too high but the food is good—especially fish dishes. Marie at the piano nightly except Monday.

Four Eleven, 411 Bleecker St. (between 11th & Bank Sts.). Good food at moderate prices. Small and dimly lit. Linger with a lover or play kneesies with the humpy guy at the next table. No liquor; bring your own wine.

Four Eleven

Frisby's. 530 Hudson St. (between 10th & Charles Sts.). This place keeps closing and reopening under different names. Food is average but atmosphere is great (brick walls, etc.). Breakfast is served until 6 a.m. so it's especially popular weekends after the bars close.

Frisby's

Gallery, 77 Christopher St. (between 7th Ave. & Bleecker St.). Deli atmosphere for a good lunch or early dinner. Very reasonable prices. Try a hot brisket sandwich on onion roll or the London broil.

Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (between 10th & Charles Sts.). Excellent food at moderate-to-high prices. Fresh cornbread at every table. Soul food and regular menu. Try a fantastic dessert from their home-baked assortment. Simple yet elegant atmosphere. Reservations suggested: 242-0636.

Le Jules Verne, 189 W. 10th St. (between W. 4th & Bleecker Sts.). Very good French cuisine at moderate prices. Varied menu. Subdued, cozy atmosphere. So small that reservations are suggested: 929-9400.

Le Jules Verne

Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (off Sheridan Square). Food is reasonably priced and tasty—but the real draw is Terry Hammond at the piano nightly (except Monday). Terry arrives at 10 p.m. so plan on a late dinner—and stay to enjoy the tap-dancing waiters.

Mother Courage, 343 W. 11th St. (near Washington St.). Superb cooked-to-order meals at very reasonable prices. Try the spinach-and-feta pie, shrimp-and-vegetable **tempura,** and the apple-walnut cake in particular. No liquor: bring your own wine. Highly recommended.

Mother Courage

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (corner of W. 10th St.). Good food at reasonable prices. Great hamburgers and fries—and the daily special. Country atmosphere except for a blasting jukebox which makes whispering sweet nothings to your lover all but impossible. Friendly Gay crowd and open until 2 a.m.

One Potato

Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (between W. 4th & Bleecker Sts.). One of the oldest gay restaurants in the city. Its new chef, John of England, knows how to prepare dishes. Everything is cooked to order and well worth waiting for. Higher priced than most but dining here is a treat. Try the homemade **paté** and the beef Stroganoff. Reservations suggested: 242-9557.

Silver Dollar, 163 Christopher St. (near the docks). If you dig sitting in tacky coffee joints for hours—try it, you'll like it. A curious mixture—including gay guys and truckers.

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. (corner of W. 10th St.). Good sandwiches at moderate prices. Wine and beer served. Sidewalk cafe in warm weather (just reach out and grab a passing trick!).

EAST SIDE

Beau Geste, 239 Third Ave. (at 20th St.). Good food at decent prices but there seems to be more cruising than eating. Pleasant atmosphere. Reservations suggested: 475-9724.

Beau Geste

Country Cousin, 1313 Third Ave. (at 75th St.). Uptown's most popular gay restaurant—and the food is good at reasonable prices. Very large dining room and long bar done in rustic/country style. Gas lanterns add intimacy. Reservations suggested: 879-6614.

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Ave. (near 89th St.). Good food and moderately priced. Entertainment nightly. Reservations suggested: 860-4509.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (between 1st & 2nd Aves.). Small restaurant for intimate dining. Moderate-to-high prices for good food. Reservations suggested: 734-9303.

Third Avenue El, 895 Third Ave. (near 60th St.). Elegant place—coffe-shop atmosphere—counter and tables. A little on the expensive side, but good for lunch and an early dinner after shopping at Bloomingdale's.

We have mentioned the most popular of the **acceptedly** Gay restaurants in certain Manhattan districts, yet by no means are they all. Almost any restaurant 'turns' Gay—at least from noon until 2 and from the cocktail hour until 9—if the area it serves is predominantly Gay (workers, residents, artists, artisans). And so Gay dining is more representative of the 'complexion' of a neighborhood than a determining gauge of sex. Thus in Greenwich Village any restaurant which may seem hardline straight at all other times would, by reason of the tremendous Gay population of this beloved area, have a pervasive Gay ambience. And so it is with other parts of Manhattan. In Lincoln Center, by reason of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York City Ballet and the New York Philharmonic as well as the Vivian Beaumont Theater, a straight restaurant such as the famous **Ginger Man** will be swingingly gay during the season from noon to 2 and pre- and post-dinner time with balletomanes, dancers, actors and musicians, as well as opera personnel. Likewise the **Russian Tea Room** on 57th Street. Being next door to Carnegie Hall it seems to catch the overflow of all the artists who appear therein, as well as visiting ballet companies like The Royal Ballet with Rudolf Nureyev, and the 57th Street art crowd. So it is with **The Sign Of The Dove** on Manhattan's East Side. When 5 o'clock comes you have a wholly Gay crowd you'll not see at any other time. Also Sunday brunches at every East Side restaurant draw the Gayest of the Bloody Mary 'n eggs crowd. So when you visit New York, stranger, look around. Explore and **enthuse.** Stranger no more!

Note: Many of these establishments have bars but they are primarily restaurants. See page 21 for NYC gay bars.

Book Review

A Basic Travel Library

By The Editors

A hoary maxim has it that 'the most fun about going somewhere is planning for it'. With respect to gay travel this has not always been so—quite often it has been a nightmare in a hair shirt! However, with the advent of **QQ Magazine** and now **Ciao!**, gussying-up for the takeoff is no longer the hassle it once was.

But there is a large area in travel that gay literature does not cover, nor indeed should it attempt to because it concerns the how-to-get there, where-to-stay, how-to-say-it-in-the-native tongue (or reasonable facsimile thereof), how-much-to-tip (even when the service is so lousy you want to stiff the waiter) . . . or, in short, the basics of travel that the standard guide books deal with so effectively and which cannot be improved on lest the attempt to do so makes it hairier and 'nightmarier'.

If you don't mind a bit of spleen, a tad too much bias, and some purely personal piffle, you can't do better than rely on **Fielding's Travel Guide To Europe** (if, of course, that's where you're headed). No more complete travel book exists for the middle-class and upward, and his listings of hotels and restaurants and advice on just getting around conveniently and more-or-less economically (and he can save you quite a few dollars) is not equalled. The **Fielding Guide** never gets down to the nitty-gritty of the slimy-grimy places. Much too aloof for that. But that's probably not your bag either.

For the economy-minded (and if while touring the provinces you don't mind the eternal raw apple for dessert and not even a just-once-in-a-while **mousse au chocolat**) you'll find Arthur Frommer's **Europe On $5 A Day** your best bet. In general he starts price-wise where Fielding leaves off, and his book has been a godsend to travelers who are curious about this world we live in but who don't have a lot of loot to pry. (In truth some of the 'where-we-stayed' asides from Frommer's fans, that are appended to each chapter, have delighted gay guys who have an affinity for sharing . . . like a room . . . or a bathroom . . . especially a john. So you see what is **travail for some** is really **travel for others!**)

If you like lots of color—in words and pictures—and much detail about **la vie contemporaine** in the places you expect to visit, the individual **Fodor's** (country by country/book by individual book) is peerless. You're steeped in the magic of the host country before you get there, and absolutely hooked before you leave.

Frankly, the book that combines much of Fielding, some of Frommer and some of Fodor, and is quickly and immensely practical, is Pan-American's **New Horizons World Guide** . . . facts and figures about 119 countries—especially valuable if your 'horizons' extend somewhat further than **London Bridge.** Small in size, compact, easy to refer to and sectionalized by practical topics, it's the one guide you'll likely refer to again and again. While the other three are bookstore items, you must get Pan-Am's from Pan-Am. Less than $5 (less expensive than others) it is, to us, the best.

Festival of The Phallus

Japan's Age-Old Fertility Celebration

By Walter Norris
Photos by Al Edwards

If you've often planned to spend your vacation in Japan yet have often deferred it because you were in doubt about the right time to go for the fastest gay action, you might set as your target date the general period around March 15, the beginning of Spring in Japan, making the famous Festival of the Phallus the focal point of your visit. It's like nothing you've ever seen: in fact this may be the first time you've even heard about it.

The Festival, which has been celebrated for more than 1500 years, is held on the fifteenth at the Tagata Shrine in Moritsubo, Kuboishike, not far from the United States Air Force Base at Komaki. The Tagata Shrine is easily accessible by taxi (500 yen) or by bus (40 yen) from Nagoya. An excursion not to be missed by even the most jaded.

The grounds and buildings of the Tagata Shinto Sanctuary. It is situated at Oaza Kuboishiki Komaki city Aichi Prefecture.

The purpose of the Festival is threefold: (1) to honor the Goddess of the Fields, Taminimi-no-mikoto . . . (2) to please her so much by making her laugh so heartily at a series of sexual grotesqueries on a phallic theme that she will cause the water sluices of the rice fields to operate precisely on schedule and thus assure a bountiful harvest, as well as (3) providing various groups—gay and straight—with both an opportunity and an excuse to let off pent-up sexual steam by indulging in riotous open-air orgies . . . all with love, tolerance, unselfconsciousness or embarrassment, and with total freedom.

Central to the celebration is the phallus as caricatured in sculptures, paintings, amulets, charms and trinkets of every kind. The **pièce de resistance** is a gigantic phallus carved of cypress and painted either an ochreous orange or henna (the natural color of the Japanese **glans penis**) or a brilliant

Chinese red to make it look even more eyecatching, grotesque and hilarious (presumably in the hope that the Goddess will laugh all the harder).

The Big Phallus, displayed between two smaller models, is always on view at the Sanctuary.

This is done for three reasons. First, to the Japanese the phallus is a **sacred symbol** representing creation and life. However, as the Festival wears on and prayers have been dutifully recited, the emotional tension begins to peak, and so once the oldsters leave, the **profane** aspect gets the upper hand and as nightfall approaches everyone heads for the bushes for much **al fresco** gangbuggery and mutual masturbation (very common in Japan). Finally there is a deep **psychological** reason for caricaturing the genitalia. The Japanese male—because of his familiarity with other nationals in his country during the occupation—is quite conscious of the fact that his phallus is much smaller (the Chinese, he laments, is at least an inch longer as a norm). In his gentle rue or bitterness over being shortchanged by nature he 'gets even', at least for a little while, by poking fun at the huge phallic monster.

Six inches is considered huge phallic size in Japan. Most men have less than five . . . usually stubby, 'mushroomy' or thick (or all three). This forces the male to adopt an entirely different sexual technique, for instead of being able to maneuver in depth with long strokes and a varied technique he attacks the vagina or anus from a Woody Woodpecker stand-off position using short, choppy vibrations, thudding rapidly against the vaginal/anal wall with his phallus as if it were some kind of Oriental jackhammer. He employs this same vibratory technique in group, dual or solitary masturbation which is all the more understandable because of

THE JAPANESE PEEKABOO PREPUCE

It is interesting to see that in both the great 'centerpiece' phallus (the one intended for the Goddess) as well as in all other carved or painted symbols, it always appears circumcised—another Japanese genital characteristic. Actually surgically circumcised men are a rarity in Japan. Mother Nature does it for them—for free!

The male is born with a very short foreskin. Prepubertally it covers the **glans penis** only half way, merely encircling the corona. By the time the boy grows to manhood the foreskin freely retracts and the head is uncovered. Because of this early/natural circumsion, plus the relative shortness and stubbiness of the phallus which is in a state of semi-erection all the time, a great deal of sensitization of the **glans** is lost, thus his fast 'n furious vibratory technique is used both to resensitize as well as to produce a greater stimulation. All this is relevant to the pictures which you will see in this article.

Minoru Wakaki, Ciao!'s correspondent in Japan, shows how easy it is to 'take' an enormous stone phallus, on the grounds of the Tagata Shinto Sanctuary. His lover, Takemara Kobuta, accommodates him. This picture (as well as most of the others shown here) was taken by our sales manager, Al Edwards, who toured Japan with Minoru and Takemara in September.

THE PHALLIC PROCESSION

On the morning of the Festival a lottery is held. The prizes include rice-measures (symbolic of a bountiful harvest), abacuses (symbolic of totaling profits), amulets and sketches of the phallus on rice paper. Happy winners will plant these in their own rice fields for good luck.

Takeindané-no-mikoto, who originated the Fertility Festival.

But the Festival centers around the procession. A cart or wagon is pressed into service to transport the gigantic wooden phallus to a spot 400 yards from the Shrine. The procession begins at this point.

Heading the procession is a herald whose duty it is to keep the path ritually clean and free from anything that might otherwise profane the Goddess and cause her laughter to turn into frowns. Then comes a standard-bearer carrying a huge banner on which is painted in riotous henna/red a giant phallus. This banner is as sacred to the Japanese as the Torah is to the Jews and the one used today is more than 400 years old!

Next come the leading citizens of the village, each carrying a green bamboo cane (phallically carved, of course) . . . then musicians in white ceremonial costumes playing well-loved tunes—also centuries old—as they march. These are followed by several priests carrying food and wine.

After them come two local villagers who carry a long Chinese chest covered with a sacred white

cloth. Inside is a natural stone phallus believed carved by the Goddess herself which is about six inches long and two inches thick, placed on a cushion of Chinese red. Originally safeguarded in the nearby Shimmel Shrine it is regarded as divinely inspired and until recently had never been photographed.

Next several men escort Sakaki trees about fifteen feet in height. In the branches of each tree are secretly-hidden amulets of the shrine, a sliding window in each amulet conceals a phallus. Each man escorting a tree wears around his waist many other phalluses in assorted sizes. As the men approach the Shrine crowds literally jump at them trying to take the phallic symbols and amulets . . . tearing at the leaves and branches to find as many as they can. This is done to each tree in succession until both trees and men are stripped of amulets and charms (and with much merry groping!).

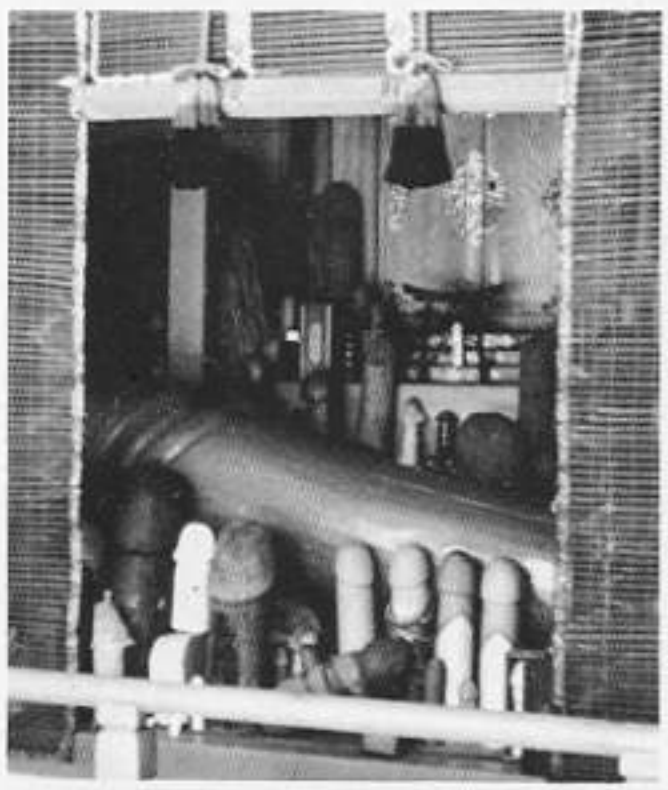
Then with a fanfare of trumpets twelve handsome young men in white kimonos remove the huge sexual symbol from the palanquin where it had lain under white drapes. Hoisting it overhead they begin the approach to the Shrine (symbolic of Goddess/woman), using the same forward-plunging, rat-a-tat motions of the Japanese male sex style. Finally with a flourish it is carried into the Shrine (symbolizing union), and after prayers for a bountiful harvest have been chanted the priests distribute rice cakes and wine and the religious part of the Festival is ended.

Part of the procession of the Fertility Festival. At the center is the Big Phallus, followed by a palanquin carrying a statue of Takeinadané-no-mikoto.

For many years the great wooden phallus carved each year was simply discarded after it had served its ceremonial purpose. Today Japanese restaurant owners and department-store officials bid for it . . . the winner placing it in a prominent and honored place in his establishment. It is a target for all eyes—particularly the visitor to Japan—and is a lively conversation piece. The Japanese touch or kiss it for good luck as they pass by it.

Should you miss out on seeing the Fertility Festival in mid-March all is not lost. The Tagata Shrine, or Shrines (there are two on the grounds) remain open all year and the Festival phalluses are on display.

Just to the left and back of the main shrine is a smaller shrine where the smaller phalluses (18 inches and larger) are on view. You'll find it fun sitting astride or bending over a large natural stone phallus while posing for pictures.



Smaller phalluses are always on display at the Sanctuary. Many of them are carried in the procession. Replicas and dildoes of assorted sizes are sold in the gift shop on the grounds.

One of the trees in the garden resembles a vagina, and the consummation of a marriage beneath it is supposed to guarantee fertility. The tree is surrounded by small phalluses . . . also a fun place to take pictures.

Don't forget to visit the museum and souvenir shop. You can buy carved wooden trinkets that have 'secret' compartments containing phalluses. The big wooden phalluses, however, are not for sale. Japanese law prohibits. It seems that too many Japanese boys were getting splinters up their 'playgrounds'.

Bavarian Cream

Cruising Munich

By Louis Jekyll
Notes & Photos by A. Jay

Editor's note: Mr. Jekyll—as faithful readers of QQ Magazine all know—is into leather. Consequently, whenever he travels he spends most of his time in the company of guys who also dig S&M—and sometimes overlooks those places which are popular with average gay guys. When we learned he was going to Munich for the Olympics we asked him to check things out for an article in Ciao! You are about to read it—an article which has so much color that we did not want to change a word. But many of us here at Ciao!—like many of our readers—prefer denim to leather and felt some editing was necessary. Coincidentally, just as Mr. Jekyll completed his article, our own A. Jay, the brilliant cartoonist whose "Adventures of Harry Chess" appear in QQ Magazine, was planning his European vacation. He managed to include a week in Munich—and now, just a few days before Ciao! goes to press, we are able to insert his notes on gay life in Munich—making this article complete. A. Jay is still on vacation, gathering information on other places for our next issue—so we are pleased that his letter and pictures arrived by air express. The notes appear at the end of Mr. Jekyll's article.

My first glimpse of Munich came some eight years ago when, en route from London to Berlin, and airline schedules being what they were in those days, I found myself facing a four-hour layover at the Munich airport. Being a naturally intrepid sort, and an admittedly hung-up tourist, I decided to taxi into the city and see what I could of it in about two hours time before rushing back to the airport and continuing on to Berlin. My somewhat hazy memories of that mini-visit conjure up a quiet, sleepy little city, with more than its share of Bavarian old-world charm, a captivating glockenspiel that really worked, and a leather shop known as Erdmann's, where I managed to buy a flimsy but showy studded leather belt.

Over the last few years, vague rumors filtered back to me concerning Munich and how it was "growing up" fast and beginning to show signs that it might some

day become a swinging city. That day, citizens, has come. Munich has arrived, and the sleepy little city is no more. But the real miracle is that, in the process of modernization, the city has managed to evolve into an attractive and workable combination of the old and new, retaining its former flavor with the added spice of the "now" scene.

My visit this year was timed to fall in with the first week of the Olympics and, wisely it turned out, I had, with the help of local friends, secured a room at the **Hotel Deutsche Eiche**, a gay, friendly little place which, to my knowledge, is the only inexpensive hotel of its kind in the city where you are given a key and allowed to come and go as you please.

Hotel Deutsche Eiche

The hotel is located at 13 Reichenbachstrasse, which is just a five-minute walk from the Marienplatz, the "Times Square" of Munich, and a host of various and assorted gay bars in the immediate area. It is small, clean, comfortable and private, and split up into two buildings with a courtyard between. The main building facing on the street, consists of a ground-floor bar and restaurant (the back table is the "office"). Here you are served the usual German breakfast of coffee, rolls, cold cuts and cheese. (Eggs are available but cost extra.) At night the dining room is usually packed with a happy blend of clientele both gay and straight, and an elderly zither player eventually inspires many of the guests to break out into song, beer-hall style. Upstairs are some of the guest rooms, and the community shower and john. Across a small courtyard to the rear is the "Villa Flora" (with apologies to Truman Capote and Harold Rome), a small, two-story structure consisting of four guest rooms and again the community shower. The courtyard gives onto an alleyway leading both to the street and to the stairs in the main building, assuring complete privacy. The management is friendly and courteous, and extremely helpful to the stranger who doesn't know his way around. Toni, the owner, is a matronly and still-attractive woman who is given to sort of "mothering" her staff and guests. Mickey, who more or less runs the dining room, was a ballet dancer at one time and speaks fluent English, which is a great help if your German is as inadequate as mine. The tab for my room was 23 marks a night (about $6.60), which is one of the best bargains in town.

For the adventuresome traveler Munich can be a ball by day as well as by night. Leaving the Hotel Deutsche Eiche you may proceed on foot through the **Viktualienmarkt** . . . the open-air market where only the freshest fruits, vegetables and flowers are sold, past St. Peter's, the town's oldest cathedral, and find yourself on Marienplatz, the heart of the city. In this huge open square you will find the old municipal building with its famed glockenspiel, the work of mad King Ludwig (it performs once a day only, promptly at 11 a.m.), many sidewalk cafes which are cruisy at all hours, and the stations for the U-bahn and S-bahn, Munich's really superb contribution to the world of transportation. If it's your bag check out the tearooms, which can be interesting, but exercise a good deal of caution. There is a pretty steady flow of traffic in and out and these places should be used for pick-ups only. Leading off the Marienplatz is the Karlstrasse, a new, wide thoroughfare limited to pedestrian traffic, and lined with shops and restaurants and open-air cafes, which culminates in the Karlsplatz, a huge, circular plaza dominated by a beautiful fountain in the center around which people sit, stand and cruise, often with excellent results.

Viktualienmarkt

There are several streets leading into and out of the Marienplatz and one of them, the Rindermarkt, will take you to an interesting little fountain which I shall call the **"Watering Hole,"** since it is dominated by statues of several cows who have presumably come to slake their thirst at the terraced fountain. This is a favorite gathering place for hippies, both gay and straight, who can often be seen sitting around the edges of the fountain, wading or just cooling off their feet in the sparkling waters. It's especially easy to strike up a conversation here because these guys I found naturally friendly and in some cases very available, or, if not, at least not at all up-tight about being approached.

The "Watering Hole"

To my taste, the swingingest gay bar in Munich is **Gusti's Ochsengarten**, located at 47 Mullerstrasse, also a short walk from the Hotel Deutsche Eiche. Gusti's is small and dimly lit, and reeking with the type of atmosphere usually associated with an American leather bar. Dominating the long, narrow room is Gusti herself, a perky, middle-aged woman with a penchant for traveling Americans, especially the leather crowd. Whether she is gay or straight nobody seems to know for sure, or care. But that she is exceedingly friendly, as far as her limited

English allows, is a well-known and much-appreciated fact.

Gusti's Ochsengarten

On first entrance, the bar seems to be smaller than it actually is, owing to the subdued lights and the crowd of people. On weekends, starting at around 11 p.m. it is usually shoulder-to-shoulder and something of a struggle to get to the bar. The bar is equally popular with both the leather crowd and the regular gays, as is evidenced by the bartenders, one dressed in boots, leather jeans and t-shirt, and the other in the latest "mod" fashions. Over the heads of the crowds the walls are lined with various leather paraphernalia and spotted with the customary array of posters: Brando in "The Wild Ones," Jimmy Dean, Presley, Bonnie & Clyde, et al. The atmosphere in the bar is decidedly masculine but is not necessarily S&M. Truth to tell, the leather boys are outnumbered by at least three to one, and it may well be that Gusti's has followed the pattern of American leather bars which start out all-leather and wind up eventually attracting a larger fringe crowd. In any case, whatever your dress or taste, you will feel welcome here, where just about anything goes. While there is no "line of demarcation" per se, the "mod" suit-and-tie crowd generally occupies the front of the bar and the smaller leather crowd will be found clustered in the back. Manfred, one of the leather regulars, a tall, slim, attractive guy who is highly intelligent and very well travelled, confided to me with a sly wink that the reason for this "territorial imperative" was that the johns are located well to the back of the bar and from their vantage point, the leather boys are able to keep an eye on the comings and goings of the crowd. "If I see something that looks good, I quietly follow him in. Sometimes we have a little scene right in there, or we at least make a contract to meet later and leave the bar together."

The wisdom of this procedure made itself patently obvious to me after I'd been there for about an hour or so, and enjoyed two "quickies" in the john and finally met a groovy number with whom I wound up spending the night.

During that first week of the Olympics, Gusti's was crowded every night, so much so that Gusti decided to extend the normal closing from 2 a.m. to "whenever." My first visit to the bar was on the evening before the opening ceremony of the Olympics, and the bar was expectedly mobbed. But with all this, I had no sooner entered the room, dressed in my customary leather jacket, cap and so on, when Gusti herself, perched upon her stool at the far end of the bar, spotted me over that noisy throng and at once shrieked "American!" With surprising alacrity she leaped off the stool, pushed her way toward me and, grabbing my arm and welcoming me profusely, pulled me to the bar and bought me my first drink of the evening. A hospitable welcome indeed! The little shot glass of clear, harmless-looking liquid which I tossed off in one gulp proved to be a throat-warming version of the local schnapps, delicious but lethal in large quantities. Without further ado, Gusti armed me with a beer and escorted me to the rear of the room where my leather confreres were gathered, made a few quick introductions and left me in good hands.

I might inject here my unqualified praise of the nature of the gay German crowd—or at least that part of it with which I came in contact. I found them friendly, attractive and completely natural, and kindly disposed to go out of their way to making you feel welcome. In my one week in Munich I saw the inside of many homes, where I was invited for sex and/or socializing of one kind or another. Having just come from a week in London, which is my favorite stomping grounds outside the States, I was really unprepared for the warmth and friendliness of this delightful Bavarian metropolis.

If leather is your bag, then a visit to **Erdmann's** at 6 Rosenheimerstrasse is more or less **de rigueur**. Whether you meet Mr. Erdmann himself, or his capable right arm, Mr. Koenig, you will find that the German leather product differs just enough in basic design from its American counterpart to make a few purchases worthwhile. While Erdmann's forte is clothes, he can be persuaded, time permitting, to make those special little items that have become so integral a part of the leather kit. But this is a purely personal factor that will be determined by you and the shop.

To my knowledge at least, there is no other place in the world that duplicates or even comes close to the unique and special characteristics of Fire Island, but if the beach is your bag, and assuming your visit to Munich is in warmer weather, you will almost certainly want to make the expedition to **Wolfratshausen**—about an hour's drive from Munich. The drive itself is scenic and beautiful, once you are free of the boundaries of the city and into the countryside, where you sail through farmlands and little villages where the Bavarian costume of **lederhosen** is standard dress (it's a complete turn-on what those things can do to a nice pair of buns and good legs!). Eventually you will park your car in an isolated wooded area and proceed on foot for about a mile through the trees, coming at last to the Loise River. The beach itself is in two parts, one straight and one gay, and nude bathing is the order of the day. In the gay area, which consists of everything from sand to pebbled to rocky beach line, many young men from the city will be found sunning themselves or swimming in the icy waters of the river. Further into the dense shrubbery and trees is the local version of the meat rack, where you will find guys lounging invi-

tingly on beach towels and blankets and others prowling around in search of a groovy scene. Do your thing, but confine it to the woods, because often you will see a police car parked across the river keeping a watchful eye on the beach itself.

This beach is active enough during the week, but if your scene is volume hold off until the weekend, when there will be upwards of two hundred guys there, all looking for the same thing you are. And on the way back to Munich you should stop off at Klostershäftlarn, a charming little village with a picturesque little church and, directly across the road, a brewery and outdoor restaurant occupying a large roadside area with tables spread out under giant trees. Most of the boys stop here on their way home from the beach for a beer and a snack, and if anything escaped your eye at the beach you can usually catch up with it here.

A few hip friends had advised me not to miss the night-time cruising in the **English Garden**, so I dutifully made the trek on the U-bahn to Universitaat and walked from there along the Ludwigstrasse to Von-der-Tannstrasse where I was told to enter the Garden. One of my local friends accompanied me on my sojourn and, upon entering the park, led me a short way into it and across a little bridge to a semi-clearing where I noticed the boys lounging around and obviously cruising. We played around this area for a while and then my friend led me around in back of a little one-story structure where I was surprised to see several guys in leather, two of them even in full leather headmasks which, at about two in the morning, was a little startling to say the least. The action was happening all around us, and we lost little time getting involved. Barely had we arrived on the scene when one of the masked young men, whose tight black t-shirt and leather jeans defined a muscular physique, approached me and reached for my crotch. The whole bizarre scene so captured my fancy that I became immediately turned-on and permitted his anxious fingers to unzip my fly and pull out my cock, balls and all. Noting my complete willingness, my masked marauder lost no time in sinking to his knees and swallowing me whole. Within a few seconds two other guys joined our little group, cocks swinging. My "mystery man" turned out to be something of a masochist, eager to please, and took on all comers with a great deal of enthusiasm. Eventually, we had him stripped down completely, except for the mask, and both his openings, front and back, fully occupied.

English Garden

There are, of course, many other gay bars in Munich, and I did visit a few of them, but always wound up back at Gusti's for the serious cruising. The clientele in the other bars was perhaps a touch nelly for my taste, though one of them, the **Teddy Bar**, which caters mostly to chicken who dig older men, and which is just around the corner from Gusti's place, does attract a mixed crowd that can often prove rewarding.

All in all, I left Munich one week later, a happier and wiser man, sexually sated and mentally warmed by the local citizenry. Rome was my next stop and, while I have always loved that city and its groovy Italians, I found myself reluctant to leave Munich. But my time was up at the Deutsche Eiche and there was another tenant due to replace me in No. 3 in the Villa Flora, as well as friends expecting me in Rome, so I consoled myself with the promise that I would return soon. And I will.

A. JAY'S MUNICH NOTES

Please refer to the special note at the beginning of this article for an explanation of the following data—sent direct from Munich by air express for late insertion in Ciao!

A. Jay in Munich

Best Time To Visit

Munich is best "in-season" when the weather is warm, the exceptions being the Oktoberfest, and Fasching (Carnival Time) just before Lent when festivities are in full swing. Outdoor cruising is best in summer.

Getting Around

The new subway system is excellent and inexpensive and runs until 1 a.m. After that rely on streetcars and taxis, which are plentiful. The subway ticketing system seems complicated until you get someone to explain it to you—and then it becomes easy. There are no guards so it all works on the honor system, but if you get caught sneaking in you pay a 10-mark fine. (Ed: Refer to article for information on tearoom action.)

Special Section

The section called **Schwabing** is something like Greenwich Village with many fun shops, sidewalk cafes, coffee houses and restaurants. Good for window shopping and light cruising. A short distance from the English Garden (see below). Leopoldstrasse leads into Schwabing, and the U-bahn subway runs this route; exit at Giselastrasse.

Leopoldstrasse

Where To Stay

Hotel Deutsche Eiche, 13 Reichenbachstrasse. This is "Number 1" in Munich. Approximately 25 rooms. Reservations a must in season. Other gay hotels not worth mentioning. (Ed: See article for complete description.)

Bars

Ali Baba, 21 Augsburgerstrasse (near Sendlinger Tor Platz). Something like a N.Y.C. 3rd Avenue bar in the 50's. One of the oldest. Dancing. Popular with Americans.

Bei Cosy, Elisabeth Platz (in Schwabing). Young crowd, with occasional straights.

Bel Ami, 22 Reichenbachstrasse. Small, pleasant, some hustler types.

Bel Ami

Casanova, 43 Klenzestrasse. Young crowd, occasional straights, dancing. Jammed on weekends.

Change, 1 Corneliusstrasse (near Mrs. Henderson's—see below). Popular place with dancing. This bar changes names often.

Fred's Pub, 30 Buttermelcherstrasse, corner of Baader Platz. Currently "in" and very popular. No sign; ring bell to enter.

Gusti's Ochsengarten, 47 Mullerstrasse. Fantastic! (Ed: See article for complete description.)

Mandy's, corner of Baader Platz, on Buttermelcherstrasse. Currently 'in' and very popular. No sign; ring bell to enter.

Mrs. Henderson's, 9 Mullerstrasse. Popular. Dancing. Americans feel comfortable here.

Mrs. Henderson's

Reichenbachhof, 37 Reichenbachstrasse. Dykes!

Rex Bar, 15 Reisingerstrasse. Not "Number 1" but should be included on your rounds.

Teddy Bar. 1 Hans Sachs Strasse. Pleasant crowd. (Ed: See article for comment.)

Thea's Weinstuben, Nordendstrasse (in Schwabing). Mostly gay but some straights. Food served here.

Baths

There are no "100% gay" baths/saunas in Munich. Most are mixed—which can be super fun too. The best one I found was the **Hotel Wetterstein Sauna,** 16 Grunwalderstrasse. It's popular with gay guys. Open until 9 p.m. Mud baths! It's out of the center of the city so take a streetcar or taxi.

Another is the **Sport Sauna,** Amalienstrasse. Can be very gay and active. And the **Olympia Sauna,** 54 Prinzregenten Strasse. This one is good Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings only.

Sex Shops

Erdmann's, 6 Rosenheimerstrasse. (Ed: See article for complete description.)

Sex Intim Boutique, 55 Reichenbachstrasse. This place carries a big selection of S&M goodies—everything from whips, dildoes, shackles, leather/rubber kink of all types of guys and gals, harnesses, clamps to the really way-out. Leatherwear also. Some items made to order.

Sex Intim Boutique

Restaurants

Grüne Gänse, 4 Am Einlass. Small, elegant, somewhat expensive. Mixed crowd, very popular with gay tourists. Good food.

Hotel Deutsche Eiche, 13 Reichenbachstrasse. (Ed: See article for complete description.)

Outdoor Action

Agnesstrasse, off Elisabeth Platz across from Bei Cosy Bar. There is a john here which is open 24 hours. Small building with a sign. Used to be very funky but recently remodeled. Still popular, however.

The John on Agnesstrasse

English Garden. (Ed: See article for complete description.)

Isar River, right bank. Much cruising (especially after the bars close) in the vicinity of the Maximilian statue. Best in warmer weather.

Viktualienmarkt. (Ed: See article for details.)

"Watering Hole." (Ed: See article for details.)

Wolfratschausen. (Ed: See article for details.)

Other Things

I went to one of the wrestling matches, which the Germans call "catch." It was an international eliminations tournament. Groovy crowd! The wrestlers are much humpier than the American brand. And the matches are rougher. They're held at the Circus Krone-Bau (take a taxi!). There was one wrestler, a British guy of 19, who lost his trunks at one point (sigh!) when the action got rough! A fun night out—tickets for ringside seats, about $2.50.

The Fetish Wrestlers Of Turkey

Hassle by Day, Hustle by Night

By David Bartel

Turkey is not all poppies 'n pot as the 'opium operas' would have us believe. Nor is Istanbul just a Dullsville of Topkapi and the Blue Mosque that travel guidebooks

would make it seem. Better still, the persistently feudal image of the Turkey of the Sultans is now insistently mod. Or as a gay guy who has just returned from a summer there puts it: "Ali Baba may have been the turn-on of his time, but it's 'Oily Baby' **now!**"

What he's enthusing about are the fetish wrestlers of Turkey, or the 'olive oil wrestlers' as they are known . . . a league of handsome young athletes, none more than twenty-five (and each so magnificently muscled he could win the **Mr. Universe** title with just a flirty flick of his gorgeous **gluteus!**) who are so hooked on leather and oil and S/M they use their fetishes as gimmicks of a national sport and are endowed with such charisma (as are bullfighters in Spain) that they can hustle as illegitimately by night as they hassle legitimately by day. (After all, the Turkish fuzz really **would** have flipped its fez if it tried to take on one of **these** babies . . . **rufftuffstuff!**).

SHAME IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

Gay guys who groove to S/M or D/B should like this kind of action: since there are no Marquis of Queensberry (only Marquis de Sade) rules to the sport of oiled wrestling, the contestants have no governing penalties such as the 'foul' of other rough games.

Arranged in equal twosomes in eight categories—according to height and heft, as are boxers or intercollegiate wrestlers—each initially bows to the other . . . touching his hand to his forehead and then to his heart. Then he kneels and touches the ground with his forehead while repeating the age-old Islamic salutation "I am as the dust before thee!" (which, at first blush, would seem to make the match more M/S than S/M).

Then they square off, look warily at each other as they contemplate an opening move . . . and all hell breaks loose. Anything goes! The match may last five minutes or five hours. However, if neither seems to have an edge after an hour or so they part by agreed signal, and each politely recoats the other's body with oil and offers him a drink of water.

Then they return to the fray with each resuming his identical stance and/or hold. The only winning determinant is one of these:

1) One picks up the other and holding him more-or-less horizontally aloft walks three steps forward. However, to do this with an eely-oily body is almost impossible since the victor must either—

a) **snap a lightning-like grip under his opponent's neck with one hand while simultaneously grasping him under the knees, calves or ankles with the other, or else**

b) **flip him over face-down on the ground and grasp him under the open sheath of his opponent's leather pants (since no belt is worn) grasping him firmly about his phallus or under his testicles, thus readying for the blastoff (the body, that is . . . and isn't this a simply heavenly way to be airborne?). Or**

2) One rips off his opponent's pants, either while he is standing or trapped in a recumbent position, exposing him in the complete nude before the spectators. Since nothing is worn under the pants—and no stockings or shoes—this can be mortifying to the wrestler with less than an eight-inch phallus (a kind of norm for these athletes), a fact his opponent will have already discovered by giving him **el-quebdz** ('a clasp in the pants') at some time during the match, or by taking a sneaky peek during the re-oiling (or by having loverly prior knowledge), and thus he may choose to surrender at this point so that his 'shame' will not be exposed (and gossiped about in Turkish coffee shops for weeks as they laugh about **el-mekhshum** . . . 'the snub-nosed one') and so strip him of the last vestige of his charisma. Or . . .

3) One grasps the other by the ankles, up-ends him and drags him around the circle of spectators as roughly as any Roman gladiator with his vanquished foe. Or, to show contempt for one with less than a noble phallus (particularly if it is skinny rather than thick—which, to him, might be excusable)—he is permitted to do both . . . denude him and then drag him around until he is shamed to the depths of personal degradation.

Of course to lose such a match today does not have the dire consequences it occasionally did in the days of the Ottoman Empire, when lives were often forfeited.

At the end of each of the eight matches the Sultan would send out his jeweled ceremonial scimitar and the winner had the honor (?) of first kissing the blade, then slicing off the phallus of the luckless loser, and then—if the Sultan so indicated—his head! These phalluses were then reserved until the end of the matches when they were roasted on a spit in front of the Sultan to make some tasty **hors d'oeuvres** for his guests. **Shish-ka-cock,** maybe? Evil closet queen!

LEATHER MEN

Today it is a high honor to be one of the oiled wrestlers of Turkey—win or lose—and these men take great pride not only in their skill, their powerfully-muscled bodies seemingly constructed of toughest rawhide, and their striking good looks, but in the unusual costume they wear.

Their breeches are made from 45 pieces of leather embroidered with 200 yards of cotton. Each pair usually lasts for two years and costs upwards of 315 Turkish lira (roughly $35 in United States currency) which is a lot of money for them. If the wrestler is poor his breeches will usually be made of buffalo hide, while those more affluent choose calfskin.

The breeches are soaked in water to soften the leather, then just before the match each wrestler applies a generous impasto of olive oil to the body of his opponent. He is then permitted to make a thorough interior search of the other's pants for hidden weapons (!) or flaws in construction that could injure his hands.

These breeches are usually ornamented with silver studs—often spelling out the name of the owner to aid identification and prevent or detect theft by other wrestlers, by souvenir hunters, or by fetishists who groove on the throat-clutching lickiness of sweaty leather . . . the kissiness and heady smell/taste of a crotch that so recently embraced a prestigious phallus and still redolent of a drop or two of wayward urine or dislodged smegma . . . or some unexpected goodies trapped in the rough, stiff seam that rode phallic-like in the grinding and crunching **crevasse** of an agitated anus.

WHEN TO GO

Although this league of oiled wrestlers operates throughout Turkey during several months of the year . . . 'touring the provinces', as it were . . . the best time to see them is at the annual festival at Edirne (formerly Adrianople) in early June. The festival lasts a week and is—in its quite special way—a kind of exotic Oriental county fair with the atmosphere of carnival pervading all.

The wrestling scene is an arena in a 40 square-yard meadow enclosed on three sides by wooden bleachers in which gather 15,000 men (very few women attend), and since Turkey is a highly homosexual country you know what **that** means! "With all those men getting their jollies, either vicariously (from watching the wrestlers) or for real (from all the groping) what the stadium needs is more 'cuminals' than urinals," our friend reports.

Based on his experiences we believe it is better to make Istanbul your headquarters. It is 130 miles—or about a three-hour drive —from Edirne, which has only one good hotel . . . a small one that's booked solid for months ahead.

Moreover, the wrestlers make the Istanbul scene every night, hustling the approaches to the Hilton. You can't miss 'em . . . they're the biggest attraction in town! As national heroes always in the spotlight they have developed some expensive tastes which their small income from wrestling cannot support. Thus they hustle by moonlight or 'moonlight' by hustling.

About 200 Turkish **lira** (about $18 American) is their current rate. However, being the quite gentle men (until aroused) that all such powerful athletes invariably are, this will pay for a more-or-less passive lay. If you want it rougher, ply him with about $5 more. Still rougher . . . like maybe a fractured fibula, a blackened eye, a complete dental job or just a molar **here** . . . a bicuspid **there?** For 35 bucks he'll beat the livin' shit out of you!

No fear . . . there's a wonderful hospital in Istanbul staffed with English-speaking physicians—the Admiral Bristol Hospital (more familiarly known as the American Hospital). Or if your wounds are not so spectacular or so serious but do require attention, your hotel will recommend a good English-speaking physician.

There are so many other exciting things going on in Turkey around this time you'll certainly want to do the whole bit. First, as a gay guy, you should read **Istanbul** by Azo Alp which appeared in the June 1972 issue of **QQ Magazine** (Volume 4, Number 3) which you can still get from The QQ Publishing Company. This will give you a complete listing of all the gay places . . . baths . . . movies . . . johns . . . clubs . . . parks.

And for information about next year's projected festival as well as other local and national attractions, write to the Ministry of Press, Radio and Tourism in Ankara, Turkey, or to the Turkish Information Offices at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

This year the 611th annual Turkish greased wrestling tournament was held from June seventh through the thirteenth. As you'll note it has been going on for a very long time. So since you've missed it this time you can have a go at it next year . . . or even the next.

But in any case, go . . . sometime . . . it's simply SMashing!

San Francisco Holiday

By Ralph W. Davis

Few American cities are as beautiful to look at as San Francisco. As many times as I've been there, the sight of it (from any angle) still dazzles me. I can sail into the bay, cross the Oakland Bay Bridge, stand on Twin Peaks or Vista Point or drive downtown

on Geary Street from Sears Roebuck and Company, especially at night, and suddenly weaken to the core when the city emerges before me, glittering gaily in the night sky.

Penetrating this glitter is as awe-inspiring as looking at it from afar. A few blocks from the elegant downtown shops, through the Pagoda Gate at Bush Street and Grant Avenue is Chinatown, a fabulous, colorful world of markets, shops and restaurants as exciting as a street market in Kowloon. Not too far from here, and close to San Francisco's North Beach (a noisy and diverse entertainment area) is Jackson Square, once the Barbary Coast, where the restaurant and shop buildings have been redone in their original Gold-Rush-days charm. For a complete change in mood, still within walking distance, is the Wharf. Here the air is heavy with a wonderful smell of freshly steamed shrimps and crabs. The sour dough bread sold here is as famous as the restaurants and shops which line the streets. West of Van Ness is Union Street, where the original Victorian homes, carefully restored and amusingly decorated, have been converted into restaurants, galleries and shops.

The selection of sights seem endless, a kaleidoscope of variety, with brilliant shifts in mood at every turn. There is the Cannery, Japan Center, Ghirardelli Square, all unique, all suitable for good dining, serious shopping or just looking. A twenty-five-cent cable ride on any of the three routes is still the most popular transportation. These historic, bell-clanging mobile monuments are as fun to ride as they are to photograph, and at 9 miles an hour they move you up and down those steep hills easily.

Because the sights of San Francisco are compressed into a small area, most everything the first-time tourist wants to see is within easy reach by foot or public transportation. A car is unnecessary, except for those delightful side trips to Napa Valley, Muir Woods or the national parks and mountains.

Gay-wise, the city is wide open. Like New York and Amsterdam, there are more bars to visit than the average tourist can possibly get to in one vacation. The list of services and sights is considerable, and always expanding.

Folsom Street, often called the 'Magnificent' or 'Miracle Mile', is the latest major attraction for gay guys. The variety of distractions on and around Folsom are staggering. But I would like to suggest caution here; this area—in my opinion—isn't the safest, and it can't hurt to be careful. Nevertheless, I think, those who like the western and leather scene can't beat it for selection. Most of the bars are open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Monday-Friday) and 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. (weekends and holidays). Some of the places to visit here are:

Fe-Be's Bar, 1501 Folsom St. This is a real fun, western-type bar with Nick providing most of the laughs. His A Taste of Leather Shop is upstairs over the bar.

Casey's Frontier Saloon, under the Folsom Street Barracks at 1145 Folsom St., between 7th and 8th Sts. This bar, like Fe-Be's has a shop—Leather 'N Things. The main store is at 4709 18th St.

The Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant St., is the third popular bar with a shop. This one is called The Pit's Stop. The Pit's main new store is at 1702 Washington St., (near Polk St.) and is called Frickett and Frickett's Leather Forever. Featured are leather apparel, novelties, statuary and objets d'art.

Folsom Street Barracks, entrance next to Casey's, is a sauna hotel, which was still being hammered into shape when I visited the manager there. Twenty-four hour rates are $10; eight-hour dormitory rates are $3; and eight-hour room rates are $5.

Harrison House, 995 Harrison St., for accommodations starting at $80 per month. It has recently opened and promises to be the place for the young.

Ritch Street Health Club, 330 Ritch St. This is probably the most popular baths in the city. Monday-Thursday from noon to 5 p.m. they have two dollar specials (two can enter for $6). The top floor has all sorts of psychedelic entrapments, and is probably the grooviest place to wander stoned. On the roof, there is sunbathing.

Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom St., was once an all-night restaurant; now it's open from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. You can buy the greatest Mary Burger here, and soon beer and wine to go with it.

Club Gaslight, 645 Valencia. This is a nude Go-Go bar with dancing Monday through Friday from 5 p.m. Weekends and holidays from 2 p.m. If you aspire to turn pro, they have tryouts anytime. On Sundays, chicken is on the menu for fifty cents.

Hans Off, 199 Valencia St., features Go-Go dancers nightly also. On Mondays and Tuesdays it's amateur night. Cash prizes are offered. Very popular.

Dancer R.E. Hedges entertains at Hans Off nightly. Amateur night on Mondays and Tuesdays—in case you want to join R.E. on stage.

527 Club, 527 Bryant St. (between 3rd and 4th Sts.). Parking. Dining. ("Steak and date night" every Monday. Two for $5.75.) Lunch every day. Brunch on weekends and holidays.

Country Club, 2742 17th St. (at Florida). Food. Entertainment. Dinner specials (Monday and Tuesday for $1, and Wednesday and Thursday for $1.50). Brunch specials (Sundays for fifty cents). Best food buy in town.

Orpheum Circus, 1188 Market St. Dinner. Every Monday and Thursday nights movies, and on Sunday operas with Jose. Jose is billed as the Empress of San Francisco.

Round Up, 298 Sixth St. The famous Dude City of Los Angeles, so the rumors go, is planning a 2-story complex across the street

from this popular bar.

Ramrod, 1225 Folsom St. Classical type films are shown at this popular bar.

No-Name Bar, 1347 Folsom St.

Page One, 4312 Natoma Alley (at Mary Lane). Dinner. Entertainment.

Wilde Oscar Bar, 59 Second St.

Living End Bar, 3349 18th St.

Corner Longhorn Saloon, 1898 Folsom St.

Gold Eagle Saloon, 12th and Market Sts.

Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia St.

Polk Street, referred to as 'Polkstrasse', is the other main area for gay amusements. This street is probably the cruisiest and nicest gay street in San Francisco. There is a variety of shops, restaurants, bars, galleries, antique shops and clothing stores here that will instantly satisfy anyone's taste. The **Laurel Movie Theater,** 2111 Polk St., is probably the most popular gay movie theater in town (buddy night specials on Wednesdays).

The other popular spots on or near Polk St. are:

P.S., 1121 Polk St. Restaurant. Entertainment. Piano Bar. Dinner. Sunday brunch. Very nice.

Bojangle's, 709 Larkin at Ellis. Taped sound and psychedelic lights for dancing. Drinks 50 cents until 7 p.m.

Cloud 7 Bar, 2360 Polk St. Dancing.

Gangway, 841 Larkin St. Open from 6 a.m. to 2 a.m. If you need a little boost early in the morning, try this popular early-morning bar.

Early Bird, 1723 Polk St. Bar with game room.

New Bell Saloon, 1203 Polk St. Piano bar. Very nice.

Polk Gulch Saloon, 1090 Post St.

Le Salon Book Store, 1118 Polk St. Gadgets, books, magazines and things.

Bob's Broiler, 1601 Polk St. Nice, popular with gay guys but **not** gay hamburger-type restaurant. Same is true of **Miz Brown's,** 1356 Polk St.

Frickett and Frickett's Leather Forever, mentioned under Folsom Street spots under Casey's.

In the **Barbary Coast** area there are three very popular spots. These are:

Gold Street, 56 Gold St. Entertainment. Dancing. Gary Schneider at the organ. Cover charge for shows at 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.

The interior of Gold Street is "plush saloon" in the style of the early 1900s.

The Brighton Express, 580 Pacific Ave. Excellent food. Open Tuesday through Thursday from 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., and from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Friday and Saturday. Good food at moderate prices in a high-priced-looking atmosphere.

Babylon Ballroom, 1031 Kearny St. After-hours dancing. Food. Hours: Wednesday through Saturday from 10 p.m. Sunday from 8 p.m.

Places here and there of interest:

Club Rendezvous, 567 Sutter St. Entertainment every Friday and Saturday nights in the Cabaret Room. Dancing. Sunday afternoons old-time movies and cartoons. A free buffet on Sundays from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. A very nice downtown-area bar.

181 Club, 181 Eddie St. This is the only downtown show bar—showtime 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Bar is available for special occasions.

Peke Palace, 180 Golden Gate Avenue (across from the Golden Gate Y).

Harry Ho's Landmark, 45 Turk St. Chinese and continental dinners Monday through Saturday. Sunday brunch special Chinese delicacies. Piano bar.

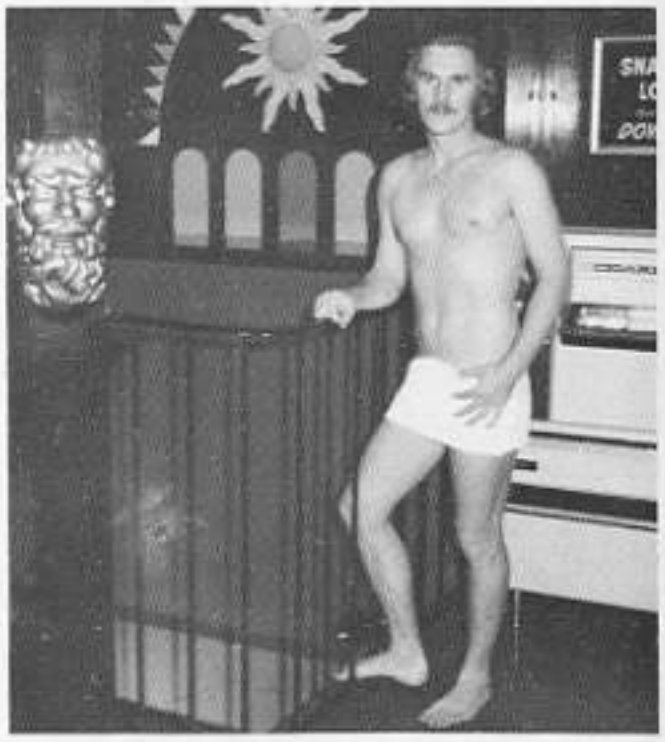
The Shed, 3520 16th St. One of the more impressive bars in San Francisco. Two floors of fun. Entertainment. Dancing.

Purple Pickle, 2223 Market St. Entertainment. Weekends and holidays open at 6 a.m. Monday through Friday open at 10 a.m. Cocktail hours from 5 to 7 p.m.

Like bars and restaurants, there are many baths in the city. I shall list only the most popular. The admission price is usually $5. Some, like the **Ritch Street Health Club,** offer specials. So call up before going to be sure of the current price or specials.

Ritch Street Health Club, mentioned under Folsom St. spots, is very popular with the wham-bang-thank-you-mam type.

Club Turkish Baths, 132 Turk St., is a popular place for those who like to get more involved with a trick than is often possible at the Ritch Street Health Club. There are four floors of fun, with luxurious facilities.



Club Turkish Baths house manager Fred Sipfle will assist Ciao! readers with information on San Francisco when they visit. This is the ORIGINAL Club—whose stylish decor and name have been copied by others. That famous line about the Club Baths in the play/movie "Boys in the Band" refers to this famous establishment which completely changed the face of gay tubs in America.

Dave's Baths, 100 Broadway. This is particularly popular with the white-collar set from Montgomery St., the financial area of San Francisco.

Jack's Turkish Baths, 1143 Post St., is the spot for those who like their men a **little** older.

Folsom Street Barracks, mentioned under Folsom Street Spots, is much too new to make generalities about now.

The three main book stores for the usual gadgets, novels, magazines and the like are:

Le Salon, mentioned under Polk Street spots.

Adonis Book Store, 384 Ellis St.

Jaguar Book Store, 4077 18th St.

For rooms there are:

YMCA, 166 The Embarcadero. This Y probably has the best 'gay' reputation of all the Y's. It's worth a visit if you want inexpensive accommodations and if you want to **make** new friends.

Folsom Street Barracks, mentioned earlier.

Harrison House which was also mentioned earlier.

For outside cruising there is **Union Square**, which is set right in the heart of San Francisco, surrounded by elegant stores, shops, office buildings and airline offices. This park area, though, can attract the rough at night, and I recommend caution when cruising here. **Market Street** has about the same variety of people at night that one can find along 42nd St., near Broadway, in New York. From Powell to 7th St. (bus station), there is always activity, usually of the hustler variety. If this appeals to you, try the book stores and movie theaters along this strip of the street. Remember, though, this **is a tough area.** Just recently, for example, a man slashed three people here all in an hour and a half! So do be careful. **Polk St.**, as mentioned earlier, is probably the nicest and safest cruising street, and there is enough variety for everyone, too, at any time of day.

If you like parks, there is the **Golden Gate Park.** Years ago, when I was much younger and much hornier, I loved to climb the hills to the left of Arguello Blvd. at the Fulton St. entrance. It was the busiest area in the city, and I was always able to count on **good** action. Things have changed considerably lately, because the police have been cleaning it up. This also applies to **Land's End**, the wooded area near Cliff House. I, therefore, don't recommend either at this writing.

There are two johns which have been consistently good over the years. The one in the **Transbay Transit Terminal**, at Mission and Fremont (don't overlook the men sitting around in the waiting room area by the john!), and the one in front of **Ghirardelli Square on Jefferson St.** The latter, a little white house on the sandy beach, is a favorite of mine.

These aren't **all** the places. New ones are opening every day. So do go West soon, where the **real** action is—in San Francisco, that dazzling, glittering, **gay** city on the bay!

Great Gay Islands Of The World

Manhattan

By Hal Warner

It's a hysterical fact that the only instance of white man scalping Indian occurred in the seventeenth century when Hendrik Hudson and his gaggle of gay guys cruised the Island of Manhattan and took it from the Redmen in a $24 ripoff. Now how do we know they were gay? History clues us in rather obliquely.

It seems that $24 was a lot of loot in those days, and when the crew couldn't raise that much money among themselves they did just what any group of practical gay guys would. They tossed in their jewels (suffer!)—this one an old cameo brooch . . . that one a lover's ring . . . a pair of rhinestone shoes from a nostalgic coming-out drag ball . . . perhaps a popper necklace or two . . . an old summer purse . . . here a bauble, there a bangle. Anyway it was a wild, wacky, turnabout way to take over an island without a show of force, and New York gay life has been just as wild and wacky and turnabout (especially that!) ever since.

While other cities have one or more gay districts, in New York gay life spills over into every nook and cranny, and in every bailiwick from the elegant bistros of the Upper East Side to snug-as-a-butt-in-a-rug sex behind the trucks along New York's waterfront.

In New York one has so many opportunities to express/indulge one's personal sexstyle it's rather puzzling to know just where to begin. Perhaps getting settled is most important—establishing a 'beachhead' from which you can launch your ecstasy attacks. So, lets's start with

A PLACE TO STAY

There are no gay hotels in New York but you might enjoy staying at a baths (see below), where you can take 'catnaps' between 'catnips'. For serious sleeping with 'controlled cruising' we suggest the **William Sloane House YMCA**, 356 West 34th Street, or the **West Side Branch**, 5 West 63rd Street, off cruisy Central Park West (see below). Low rates. Clean rooms. Cautious sex. For commercial hotels consult your travel agent.

DINING

A restaurant section appears in every issue of **Ciao!** This month the gayest dineries in New York are featured—thus they are not included in this article. Please turn to our special listing for this information.

CRUISING

There's more cruising and more places to 'cruise it in' here than anywhere else in the world. Depending on just what **kind** of cruising you groove to, let's begin with

The Subway Circuit. If you like a hint of danger lurking outside (but not inside) you'll find the 7th Avenue IRT subway the best of the underground cruising areas. In some stations (particularly the downtown side of the Christopher Street stop) the john is so jammed you may have to wait your turn! However it's a very friendly, 'high tea(room)' type of arrangement. Someone volunteers to watch the door while others are happily humping, rapturously rimming or serenely sucking. (If the lookout suddenly thumps on the door or cries "Fuzzbuzz" or "chickee . . . chickee!" you'll know the transit cops are approaching and it's time to stand at attention and look languorously pious until they have passed.) As a matter of sound economics this is the best buy in town . . . only 5 cents for the john entrance fee! Rush hours are the best time. Then it's frantic and swings like mad until about 8 p.m. when the johns are locked for the night.

Sex Goes To College. You don't need an A.B. degree to

cruise a college john, but if the custodian should stop and challenge you it's a good idea to have a textbook in your hand, or a ready answer ("Sorry . . . but I'll be late for Sanskrit 104!"). Sex is great at any New York college, but possibly the greatest are the johns in the Main and Waverly buildings on the campus of New York University on Washington Square. Running close are the johns in Columbia University's Haddon Hall . . . and at Hunter College (now integrated in more ways than one!), and the New School, again in the Village, on West 12th Street. All are hallowed humparump humparounds.

Cruisy Movies. Cruising in gay movie houses is inevitable, for once you get steamed up by what you see on the screen you'll want to duplicate in the john. If you like sex in more-or-less seedy surroungings try the **Variety Theater** (a grind movie house that shows standard films) on Third Avenue between 13th and 14th Streets. Nearby, also on Third Avenue at 13th Street, is the **Jewel Theater** which shows male skinflix and where the cruising is wilder than anything you see on the screen. Movie houses along 42nd Street, where admission is half that of better theaters a few blocks away, are cruisy. Most of the patrons are straight, however, and there is some harassment from the house dicks (if you'll forgive the expression) due to the 'Times Square Ho-Hum Cleanup' which will soon have run its course. You'll also like these gay movie houses: **Park-Miller Theater** on 43rd Street between 6th Avenue and Broadway; the **David**, 236 West 55th Street; and the **55th Street Playhouse** between 6th and 7th Avenues, as well as the **Tomcat Theater**, 424 West 42nd Street. At this writing a new gay movie house is scheduled to open—**The Kings**, 236 West 50th Street (formerly the **50th Street Cinema**, which was straight). Now being remodeled. Hard-core is to be shown.

Except for the 55th Street Playhouse, which alternates gay flicks with ordinary movies, you can count on seeing porno with no holds barred for $5. Heavy john cruising, too. Artsy films—not porno—are shown at the following movie houses which have very cruisy balconies and johns: **Elgin Theater**, 8th Avenue at 19th Street; **New Yorker**, Broadway at 89th Street; **Thalia**, 95th Street west of Broadway; and the **Riverside**, Broadway near 96th Street.

Park-Miller Theater

The Night Shift. Remember the Frank Sinatra film **The Detective** and that frenzied scene in which gay guys by the beautiful dozens piled out of trucks along New York's waterfront during a police raid? No fiction this, but a true-to-life piece of the gay action in our town. The scene then was the area known as the Christopher Street Docks. Since then, however, it has gone through such a modernizing, prettifying, flower-planting drive that any sex you might engage in would find you up to your ass in aspidistras. The great action has moved a few blocks up where nightly orgies like you wouldn't believe take place between and behind parked vans and trailers on the east side of Washington Street between West 10th and Christopher. Absolutely freaked-out. If this is your bag don't miss it!

The Trucks at West 12th Street

Byways And 'My-ways'. Sadly we say "let caution be your watchword" in cruising New York streets at any time, particularly at night. Muggers/killers everywhere. However, if you're buying it this season you'll find plenty of hustlers in the area whose hub is Third Avenue and 59th Street. Here's where the elegant East Side begins. (It's also where the hustlers—also more elegant, but who need a lot more bread to pay higher East Side apartment rents—'think greener', and whose asking-price is a bit stiffer than the usual $20 you'd pay elsewhere in our town.) You might start your cruising day in Bloomingdale's, the East Side's famous department store where some of the handsomest gay guys you'll ever see are lurking or clerking behind the counters.

The hustlers begin arriving just after 11—earlier on Saturday (the busiest hustling day)—and by the time you've gone through 'lotions and potions' on the main floor, and have pursued your quarry (or vice versa) up to the fifth floor furniture department, you'll be all set to talk price and place.

Some other very cruisy areas are (1) all of Christopher Street (the hard core area is between Bleecker and Hudson Streets) . . . (2) that part of Greenwich Avenue roughly from Christopher to St. Vincent's Hospital (and a handy place this may be!) . . . and (3) Bleecker Street between Christopher and 8th Avenue.

Christopher Street

Of course you'll have heard much about Washington Square Park in the heart of the Village. It has been updated, and while it's still possible to meet someone new, the meat rack—once the Park's gay cachet—no longer operates.

Up in the United Nations area is one of the most rewarding cruising spots. It's a little park fronting the East River just back (north) of the swank United Nations Plaza apartment house. You walk along

49th Street from First Avenue on the **left** (but **don't** walk **up** the ramp—Mitchell Place—which leads to Beekman Place, a two-block street where the **haute monde** is so **haute** they rearrange the Picassos in the kitchen each morning so the cook won't become bored by the dreary sameness of it all and leave in a snit before coddling the eggs). From First Avenue walk straight back toward the river until you come to an open iron gate. That's it. Stroll through into lovely Beekman Place Park which stretches for some distance. Here, hiding behind all that mess of shrubbery, is the meat rack. It is worth mentioning that the police, by request, have beefed up this area for the 'protection' of foreign diplomats accredited to the United Nations, yet no harassment has occurred. After all, since even the police realize that sex is international and that everybody (but **everybody!**) sucks, can you imagine what would happen if the gay guy they picked up turned out to be the Ambassador from Outer Oblivia? Well, my dears, back at the capital in Orangutang the shit would **really** hit the fan!

It is also worth mentioning that the Park, being somewhat attenuated, has comfortable benches just in case some trick simply overwhelms you and you must simply stop and catch your breath before pressing on (or in).

West Side Storiette. Central Park West at **The Ramble** (just off 72nd Street into the Park) is a favorite for afternoon cruising, especially when the weather is fine. But beware of this spot at night (and never go on foot **through** the Park at **any** time!). You take your life in your hands if you do. Better cruise along Central Park West on the Park side, beginning roughly at 63rd Street, where the gay West Side Y is, and on up as far as the transverse at 79th Street.

Ever cruise a ferry? Take the ferry-ride from South Ferry in Lower Manhattan to Staten Island. It's only a nickel each way, but what big lollipops you can still get for a nickel! The ferry john is sometimes so suckably wild the boat begins to rock.

GAY BATHS

Beacon Baths, 227 East 45th Street. Groovy 11th floor love 'n lave place. Best time (also busiest) is afternoon. Crowd is mainly from the area (United Nations). And it's only four blocks from Beekman Place Park, mentioned earlier, so you can bring in your trick and warm him up or thaw him out, as the case may be.

Club Baths, 24 First Avenue (between 1st and 2nd Streets). A branch of the 20 more Club Baths throughout the United States. Elegant, modern, caters to young people especially. They're offered special student rates. Beautiful bods. Membership is not required at this branch.

Continental Baths, 230 West 74th Street. This popular place, just off Broadway, is as much a gay club as a baths . . . they have everything here to make the most jaded gay guy happy. On the expensive side, but then, what isn't? Young crowd mostly, and here also students with ID cards are given special rates. It's an experience! However, some say there's far too much talking in the hallways (the 'Stitch 'n Chatter' Club) . . . and the 'mood' is too often destroyed. Draws the biggest crowds.

Continental Sauna, 111 West 56th Street. An offshoot of the bigger Continental on 74th. Not so grand, nor so expensive. Best in afternoon because this just-off-Broadway area is unsafe at night, what with muggers, prosties and pimps.

Everard Baths. The oldest baths—long a favorite—is on West 28th Street just off Broadway. Recently remodeled, it is big and steamy. Rooms tiny but adequate. Pool. Much traipsing around. Different ambience than other baths. No one ever seems in a hurry to get with it. Also much 'maso' . . . slaves looking for masters.

Sauna Baths, 300 West 58th Street. Used to be great when located at 5th Avenue and 58th Street. Now less popular. Generally older crowd. Group sex only—one main room. Low lighting, however, makes everyone look more twinkly 'n less wrinkly. Open until 3 a.m.

St. Marks Baths, 6 St. Marks Place. Old establishment, quite old-fashioned, but just the type of place for those who enjoy raunchy sex in a raunchy atmosphere. It's a short walk from Greenwich Village, or an even shorter bus ride (Number 13 Crosstown) from Eighth Street (St. Marks Place is an extension of Eighth).

Mt. Morris Baths, 1900 Madison Avenue, near Harlem. Very unusual. An essentially black baths, but whites, too. Just the place to go if you groove on the really big stuff. All that **me-e-eat!** (This is really what they mean by 'soul food'!)

BAR HOPPING

Gay bars mean so many things to so many people that in this article we shall list, along with the most popular ones, some pertinent characteristic which gives it its special charisma or at least makes it relative to the entire gay scene.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Carr's, 204 West 10th Street. Neighborhood bar, and definitely not for chicken.

Carr's

Cave, Bank and Washington Streets. Young leather studs, with some denim, and within easy groping distance of the orgy trucks.

Cave

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. It has been around a few years but is still running strong. All types.

Danny's

Danny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Avenue South. Small and friendly. Dancing. Young heads.

Gas Station, 80 Grove Street. Disco type place. Growing in popularity all the time.

Julius's, 159 West 10th Street. The granddaddy of Village bars. But for all the beautiful people who flock here, and all the good drinks served by Hap and Joey, and all the obviously gay atmosphere, you may look but you mustn't touch! No hanky-panky in Julius's. This, by the way, is where Gay Lib got its impetus—Craig Rodwell and friends made a court case out of a refusal to serve **admitted** homosexuals. You'll like Julius's.

Julius's

Keller's, 284 West Street. The oldest of the leather bars.

Limelight, 91 Seventh Avenue South. Disco. Nice decor, nice Emily, nice Joey . . . nice, nice!

Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove Street. A very old place (the 'Crisis' refers to the Civil War!). Artists have been flocking here for centuries. Fredric March used to call it 'my second home'. Gay now, and made lovingly so by Bobby Splain who has been tending gay bars since the days of the **Main Street** and **Mary's.** Bobby knows every gay guy in the Village and is friend to all of them. Say hello. You'll like this place and Terry Hammond who makes that piano sing!

The Ninth Circle, 139 West 10th Street. The second most popular bar in the Village. Twentyish crowd. Some dancing.

Ninth Circle

Peter Rabbit, 305 West 10th. All types mix well here. Easy to cruise.

Roadhouse, 11th and Hudson Streets. The first most popular bar in the Village. Formerly it was Pierre's Dorgene (the sign still hangs). Turnaway crowds, especially on weekends. **Tres** 'in' just now. Thirtyish crowd.

Roadhouse

EAST VILLAGE

In the East Village at 82 East Fourth Street is the **Club 82** which has put on New York's maddest, funniest, most beautifully costumed drag shows for more than 25 years. If you have a vested interest in transvestism, you'll find yourself going again and again. It's just that kind of a wonderful place.

GRAMERCY PARK
MURRAY HILL

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Avenue. Your host is David and It's all very 'getting-to-know-you'.

Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Avenue (38th Street). **Elegantissimo** is the word for this place with its tasteful decor. Three rooms try to accommodate the huge crowds that pack this spot almost every night. Free buffet on Sunday from 4 to 7 p.m.

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Avenue at 21st Street. Strictly leather. Unless you are wearing motorcycle or western gear you won't get in. Considered by many to be America's Number 1 leather bar.

Spike, 120 11th Avenue. In the shadow of its predecessor, the Eagle's Nest. Less hectic and not as strict about what you are wearing—for better or worse.

MIDTOWN (WEST)

Once known as Hell's Kitchen, this area is now fondly called 'the dance belt' because of the many ballet dancers who have small apartments here. Being less expensive, rent-wise, it's ideal for those leaner times when the New York City Ballet, the City Center Joffrey Ballet, and the American Ballet Theatre companies are not in residence or on tour. Their favorite bar is

Big Spender, 315 West 48th Street, just west of the very popular French restaurants **Au Tunnel** and **Du Midi.** Harris Hawkins, who will be remembered as Will Parker in **Oklahoma!** started this place when he hung up his dancing shoes. Always a delightful man, he is known by, and is a friend to, every acting/singing/dancing gypsy in showbiz. They keep his cash register hopping all the time. Pay a visit. Late, late afternoon to absolutely **when!**

Tijuana Cat, 350 West 46th Street, if you groove to the Latin beat. Entertainment.

Joe Allen's, on 46th Street, midway between 8th and 9th Avenues. An odd mixture. Gay bar . . . mixed tables. Very popular!

MIDTOWN (TO THE EAST)

So many are singing the praises of the **Candy Store,** 44 West 56th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Continuous entertainment on two levels. A cocktail lounge, and a piano bar upstairs. Opens for cocktails at 4 p.m. Hot **hors d'oeuvres.**

UPPER WEST SIDE

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam near Verdi Square. A friendly, 'neighborhoody' place . . . a favorite with all those busy guys who

begin groping in the IRT subway every morning and like to continue the action at night.

Westsiders, 2160 Broadway at 76th Street. Much the same can be said of the place. Popular. Fun. Drag acts.

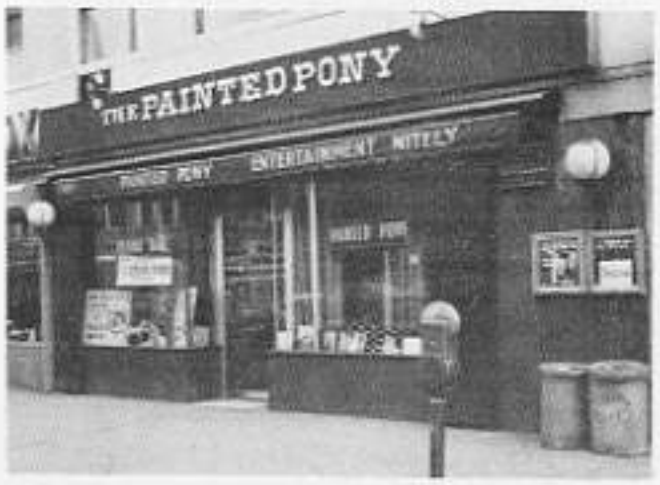
EAST SIDE

Seemingly every time you take a second look at almost any East Side street from Lexington Avenue east, a new gay bar has been opened. Well, amen to that, you may say! But it's also sad to note that many of these bars soon close (or assume a different name to hypo business) and we think the reason is that everyone from management down to dishwasher is so impressed by the glacial elegance of their customers they tend to imitate them. And it's disastrous! So our recommendations for those bars we think you will find friendlier and like more are:

Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Avenue near 81st Street. A very busy and active bar—mixed, but predominantly groovy male—and definitely a fun place. Better in the very late afternoon and, of course, all through the night.

Harry's Back East

Painted Pony, 1485 Third Avenue. Piano bar—used to be called A Bag Of Nails (the establishment, not the pianist) . . . good in the afternoon and through the entire evening.



Painted Pony

Roundtable, 151 East 50th Street. A big disco that's always crowded.

Roundtable

Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Avenue (near 75th Street). A good place to make out.

Uncle Charlie's North

By no means are these all the gay bars in New York. They are, however, the ones we particularly recommend to the vacationer.

OTHER DIVERSIONS

If you enjoy thumbing through porno, try the magazine shops along 42nd Street, notably those between 6th and 7th Avenues on the north side. We especially recommend the **Midtown Bookstore** at 318 West 42nd Street. The management is friendly and helpful and a full line of magazines and films is stocked.

42nd Street Book Stores

In the Village, visit the **Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop** at 291 Mercer Street. Serious reading matter as well as the expected magazines and newspapers. Ask for Craig Rodwell, who happens to be an authority on gay lib.

At 152 Seventh Avenue South you will find the **Legend Gallery.** This unique store sells magazines PLUS an assortment of fun toys.

Also at 152 (next door), but not connected with the Legend, is **The Pleasure Chest,** a store which specializes in unusual 'toys' that will suit every imagination and need. There is an uptown branch at 248 East 50th Street. Everything from cock rings to water beds. Also for unusual toys and custom-made leather wear, visit **The Marquis de Suede,** 20 West 22nd Street. (The shop moves to Cherry Grove, on Fire Island, for the summer.) A new line of sportswear and masculine jewelry has been added to the wide selection of black leather goods.

At 500 Hudson Street, corner of Christopher Street, you will find the **Studio Bookshop.** Huge selection of porno mags and films. Toys, too. There is an uptown branch at 166 West 72nd Street, near Broadway.

If you're into gay lib you might enjoy the dances at the **Fire House,** 99 Wooster Street. It's owned and operated by the **Gay Activist Alliance** and the dances are held every Saturday at 8 p.m. Admission is $2 and includes all the beer/coffee/soda/snacks you want. The hip crowd swings until 2 a.m.

On Wednesdays at 8 p.m. group discussions and social meetings are held at the **Community Center of the West Side Discussion Group** at 37 Ninth Avenue. Free V.D. tests for those who want/need them.

The Mattachine Society Inc., of New York has offices at 59 Christopher Street which are open nightly. Occasional social functions—but this is the place to go if you need the name of a lawyer or gay doctor.

If you'd like a 'massage' (with your choice of stud to do the job) try: **Cherry Grove East,** 200 East 14th Street, or **Trojan's Den,** 162 West 34th Street. Rates average $18 plus tip. Private rooms for a comfortable session.

We hope this information will make your visit to the Big Apple even more exciting—and if you're a native, that we have at least provided you with a few new places to check out. Have fun!

Note: See page 8 for gay restaurants in New York City. Food is served at a few of the bars listed above, but these establishments are not restaurants as such; most serve snacks only, and some, Sunday brunch.

Fire Island

By Frank Keating

Last summer home owners at Fire Island blew up a storm over Albert Goldman's lengthy article in **New York Magazine** in which he stressed the overemphasis on sex at the Island. "Not so!" busybody hausfraus in the straight communities screeched. "We are too busy clamming and picking berries to think about sex, let alone have it." While in the predominantly gay communities of Cherry Grove and The Pines (they are about a half-mile apart) old aunties and assorted closets complained that Mr. Goldman overlooked all the "positive" aspects of life on the Island—meaning such things as piddling in the garden or having tea with writers from the **Fire Island News**, a weekly which attempts to tell the goody-goody people on the Island what they've done all week.

Well, friends, the simple truth is Mr. Goldman was right—sex is overemphasized on the Island—and in a very positive way, I think. It's where the Beautiful People go to unwind after a hectic work week in La Big City, and where hundreds—nay, thousands of people from all over the world come to relax American style.

Let's forget about the straight communities which line Fire Island's 32 miles; they don't concern us. Cherry Grove and The Pines are the communities gay people in the know visit. Just two hours away by road or rail, or 25 minutes by private seaplane from Manhattan is Mecca for us gay folk.

There are no roads and no automobiles (excepting beach taxis) in the Grove and The Pines. That means it's relatively quiet and peaceful. Also, the air is clean. The villages (a word which does not apply in the usual sense) are laced with miles of boardwalk which is only 5 feet wide. Vegetation is madly wild—pine trees, reeds, wild cherries, all kinds of berries, wild flowers, and oodles and oodles of bushes to have wild sex in. The houses range in size from simple beach cottages to magnificent **House Beautiful** villas—and there is plenty of hotel space.

What does one do on the Island?

DAYTIME

• Spend the day on the beach. It receives shadowless sun from dawn to dusk because the Island lies east to west.

The Beach

• Cruise the fabulous daytime meatracks just east of the Grove (in the dunes) and east of The Pines (along an old path known as Burma Road, which has branches leading downhill to the bay). Lots of sex in every form (including guys strung up on trees rarin' to be whipped!).

• Sit around the pool at the Beach Hotel & Club in the Grove. Have a drink or three.

• Sunbathe on your house deck, if you have one, or poolside, if you have one, or on the porch of the Cherry Grove Inn, if that's where you're staying.

• Cruise the beach end to end as far as you can walk and invite someone home to bed.

• Walk along the beach eastward beyond The Pines to the community called Talisman and sunbathe nude. Traffic is light thataway.

• Cruise the equally fabulous nighttime meatrack on the east end of the Grove. Not as crowded as the daytime racks but sometimes fantastic fucking.

• Go clamming in the bay. Get yourself a rake or wade out and dig 'em up with your toes. The Great South Bay (the Atlantic Ocean is on the other side of the Island—which is less than a city block wide in spots) is where most of the world gets its clams.

• Walk westward from the Grove and visit the Sunken Forest. It looks just like your favorite meatrack but is unique because (1) it is below sea level, and (2) it is not cruised (and that is unusual for the Island!).

• Dance and cruise (or cruise and don't dance) at High Tea held each afternoon around 5:00 at the Ice Palace (part of the Beach Hotel & Club complex) in the Grove (free buffet is served), or the Yacht Club in The Pines. Perfect if you haven't already shot your load in the rack and want to take someone home for an early evening hump.

• Cruise the bar at the Sea Shack in the Grove—if you prefer to avoid the swingers at the Ice Palace.

• Pick blueberries if they're in season. Or wild cherries if you feel like making jam.

• Sit in a comfortable chair on your porch and read.

• Go shopping. There are big general stores, as well as liquor stores, fashion shops, and boutiques in the Grove and The Pines.

NIGHTTIME

• Have dinner at home or at one of the restaurants. In the Grove it's the Sea Shack (a big restaurant on the ocean which is Early American in decor, and where steak is a specialty); the Monster (a small, quaint restaurant which is very intimate, and where French-Gay food is served); or the Dock (an informal restaurant on the dock that serves light breakfasts, sandwiches, and limited dinners; it's open all day except between midnight and 2 a.m.). In The Pines it's the Sandpiper (a restaurant overlooking the harbor, where there is always a touch of elegance). Dinners with drinks for two average $20, except Dock dinners without drinks, which average $5 for one.

Dress is informal (meaning dungarees and mod shirts are okay).

• Take a nap after dinner. You'll need plenty of energy later on.

• Cruise the walks in the Grove and The Pines for action on the spot (until dawn if you wish), or make a pickup and go home.

• Dance and cruise (or drink and cruise) at the Ice Palace in the Grove, or the Sandpiper in The Pines. If you like a quiet place try the bar at the Monster, or the one at the Sea Shack. (All bars get going around 10 p.m., but don't pick up until around midnight, and run until 2 a.m. weekends and 3 a.m. weekdays.)

• See a show if there are any. On Tuesdays and Thursdays old movies are shown at the Ice Palace (the comments in the audience are mad whenever Marlene or Bette appear). Musicals are held at the Community House in the Grove. Guys in drag and lots of laughs. Other events are held all season long.

• Cruise your favorite meatrack. The wildest one is at the east end of the Grove—just off Bayview Avenue, the walk that runs end to end. There, in a clearing and on many side paths sex is bountifully mad—hundreds throughout the night weekends and dozens weekdays. Best when the moon is full so you can see what (who!) you're doing. Stay until dawn if you like, when the first rays of sunshine scatter those who are left a la Dracula getting back to his coffin. A secondary rack in the Grove is at the west end, right on Bayview Avenue. The most fantastic orgies right on the boardwalk. However, cruising is light weekdays and best on weekends only, starting around 1 a.m. In The Pines, the west end of Fire Island Boulevard is still good—and this year the last walk on the east end, between the Boulevard and the bay was tops. Locales seem to change in The Pines year to year. At night there is light cruising along Burma Road. The racks start up around 10 p.m. but don't reach a peak until around 3 a.m.

• Cruise the balconies at the Beach Hotel. Doors open a la YMCA starting around 3 a.m.

• Walk nude along the beach. Small pot parties huddled here and there. Puff as you go. Cruise along the way. Stop and sip with loners on the way to the racks.

THE NITTY GRITTY

So you want to go. Where do you stay? You rent a cottage for a week (they start at $200). Contact Fire Island Realty in the Grove (516 597-6200) or Ted Taussig (516 597-6900) or Arden Catlin (516 597-6666) in The Pines. For seasonal rentals expect to pay at least $3,000 for a house.

Or stay at a hotel. In the Grove you have a choice of three: (1) Beach Hotel (YMCA-type rooms, shared bath), phone 516 597-6600; (2) the Cherry Grove Inn (homey, with very comfortable rooms), phone 516 597-6162; (3) Belvedere Hotel (elegant, and somewhat restrictive). Write for details. In The Pines contact the Botel, 516 597-6500. Excepting the Belvedere, rates average $15 a day for a single (no meals).

Beach Hotel & Club

Cherry Grove Inn

And how do you get there? If you drive head for Sayville, a town on Long Island which is 53 miles from Manhattan (it will take you about two hours). There you board a ferry off River Road for $1.50 (one-way), which gets you to the Grove or The Pines in 20 minutes. By train, take the Long Island Railroad to Sayville; about an hour and a half from Manhattan. A taxi ($1) will take you to the dock, where you board the ferry. Going by train/taxi/ferry costs about $10 round-trip. There are also buses that operate on weekends. Free alcoholic drinks are served along the way. For information phone 212 675-3116 in summer only. If you prefer to fly (25 minutes by private seaplane) the fare is $25. Contact Pelham Airways for reservations, 212 828-0420. (For a ferry schedule write to Island Ferry, Inc., River Road, Sayville, N.Y. 11782. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.)

Dock at Cherry Grove

Dungarees and tee shirts are best—or slacks and mod shirts and jackets if you prefer. No one wears suits, etc. Don't forget your bathing suit, and those way-out things you've always wanted to wear at home but never had the nerve to. (Kaftans are always 'in' at the Island.)

It can get quite cool in June and September, so a warm jacket or a sweater is in order. Sometimes evenings are cool in July and August too. As for shoes, take whatever you normally wear, provided they are rough enough to use in the meatracks (sand is very abrasive on leather). Also sandals.

The difference between Cherry Grove and The Pines is mainly academic but everyone agrees that the guys who stay in The Pines are somewhat pretentious (until they get to the meatrack, where all hell lets loose), whereas those who frequent the Grove are earthy—and do pretty much what they want, no matter who they are.

There are doctors in both communities should you require one. The major casualties are poison ivy on the balls and broken legs

from falling off the boardwalk in a drunken stupor whilst engaged in copulation.

Walkway in Cherry Grove

The Island is now part of our National Seashore—which is a blessing in more than one way for gay guys. This means the local fuzz cannot raid the meatracks (as they used to a few years back)—which is now FBI territory. There's been absolutely no restraint (except common sense exercised by most guys who don't want to overdo a good thing) and it's doubtful that the feds will bother coming over for a midnight attack. Hoo-ray!

Look, whatever you do—if it's only once in your lifetime—get thee to Fire Island. It's so great being with gay people—where we are in the majority and where straight folk don't belong. Apart from sex—and it's the greatest, to be sure—the Island is almost spiritual. It's beautiful. And it will rub off on you. Come!

Sylt Island

By Jon Lorrimer

What supreme irony that Hitler whose fear of his own submerged homosexuality drove him to frequent purges of his officers whose homosexuality he suspected (remember **The Damned**?), could have posthumously 'fathered' the most enchanting gay spot in Europe! It's **Die Kupferkanne** (The Copper Tankard) in Kampen on the Island of Sylt, the 'Fire Island of Europe', and thereby hangs a tale.

Sylt, one of the Frisian Islands in the North Sea, is the most northerly point of German territory. During World War II Hitler installed underground bunkers all across Sylt from which point he launched his rocket attacks on England that nearly succeeded in decimating London. After the war all except one of these bunkers were blown up as Germany tried to expunge from memory that ghastly period. The last bunker—a series of rooms honeycombed underground and masked with an innocent-looking gazebo-type entrance—has become the favorite haunt of the international gay jet set who have followed the trend away from St. Tropez begun by Brigitte Bardot and her swinging German husband, Gunther Sacks, who bought an estate here.

The interior of Die Kupferkanne—an old World War II bunker which has been converted into a fabulous 'tavern' where special drinks are served in unique special rooms named for them.

Now everyone in the gay **know** in Europe vacations in Syit from May until October . . . or comes here for the year-end holidays when Sylt lights up like a Christmas tree. So if you've never even heard the name and would like to know what it's like and what it's all about . . . here's the dissa 'n data about the fascinating pleasure Island of Sylt.

Topography. From the air as you approach Westerland, the island's capital, Sylt looks like an arrowhead with a short, stubby shaft (likely the only short, stubby shaft you'll encounter during your visit). Running north/south for 40 kilometers (25 miles), at certain points it's less than 500 yards across, so from gay **here** to gay **there** you can cruise up a storm by just going winky/blinky like a semaphore . . . or look up occasionally to check on what your lover is up to—or down on. Sylt is twelfth-century quaint, its thatched-roof cottages giving it a Scandinavian look, which indeed it should have since Sylt was once a Danish possession.

Sylt Island is only about 10 miles long—but packed with fun end-to-end. Westerland, its capital, lies at its center on the North Sea (left side of photo). The gay beach, Oase, where you may bathe/sun/cruise nude is about a half mile away.

There are sandy beaches . . . a gay one—**Oase**—near Tinnum, is in easy half-mile walking distance from Westerland where you'll probably stay. Also 'naturalist' (nudist) beaches distinctively indicated FKK (now, now!) which means Free Body Expression. However, nudism is the serious (mixed) kind. Sylt has been home to true nudists for nearly a century. And there are dunes and still more sexy dunes where meatracks flourish and mingle like morning-glories, and so wild that straight summer residents once complained and there was a helicopter raid, with many gay guys being flown off to the **Kerker** (pokey). This, however, was an isolated incident. Then there are endless beach chairs . . . big wicker chairs with hoods that look like giant baskets with hi-rise sides to protect you from the wind (which also makes it easy to have a go with your own blow inside where it's cozier and warmer). Sylt is often very windy and cold even in summer, so take along warm clothing and a blanket which can make cozy sex even more so.

Whether you are a nudist or prefer wearing trunks you'll appreciate the big wicker chairs which offer protection against the cold wind. Not to mention privacy.

CIAO!

How to get there. By **air:** international flight from Hamburg or Düsseldorf, thence by domestic flight to Westerland. By **rail:** train service from Hamburg (140 kilometers or 150 miles south) or points along the way. Driving? Take along your car. Put it aboard a flat railroad gondola. The last train stop is Niebüll (there's no bridge to Sylt) from whence you and/or your car are ferried across to Sylt. The ferry carfare is 25 Deutsche marks (DM), about $6.50, plus 3 marks (about 80 cents) individual passage. Or if you've been making the scene in wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen you can drive your car to Havneby on the Danish island of Römo and ferry across, arriving at List on the north side of Sylt. Drive off, and in a few minutes you're in Westerland. During the season there are from 3 to 13 ferries daily from Niebüll, and up to 10 daily from Havneby.

Where to stay. There are good hotels and charming pensions. Or rent a house if you like. A friend of **Ciao!** rents a large and very commodious, hanky-panky-type house for $3000 for the entire season (about what one would pay for one of similar size, or smaller, in Fire Island's Cherry Grove). The very best hotel is the **Stadt-Hamburg** upward of $7 per day single. In addition to being the best hotel it has the best chef. However, once familiar with the island/town you'll very likely decide to stay in a pension. Average charge about $4 per day including a big cheesy German breakfast. The reason: most Sylt hotels lock their gates at 10 p.m. Thus if you decide to stay in a pension you have your own key, can come and go as you please, and take anyone home with you. Of course you won't have the deft, thoughtful, continental service a hotel would provide, but you will have a clean and pleasant room that will make your visit one to remember. For more information about hotels/pensions you may send for the book **Alles über Sylt** (All About Sylt). This book, although written in German, contains understandable listings, the rates for each being indicated in Deutsche marks. By multiplying marks by 26 cents you will have an accurate picture of what you'll be expected to pay and may thus write for your accommodations directly to the hotel/pension of your choice. Please **do** send International Postal Coupons for a reply. Get them at your local postoffice. Two coupons are enough. The price of the book **Alles über Sylt** is $2. Send an International Money Order for this amount to:

Archive-Verlag Hoppenstedt
Dr. Merten, KG
Moltkestrasse 48
43 Essen, Western Germany

The book contains all kinds of valuable information plus lots of interesting tips, especially if you read German.

Sylt Island is a place of idyllic beauty. The houses, whose style is typical of those throughout the island, are in Kampen.

On the beach. Oase, the gay beach, may be entered via the dunes. Many people enter here because the attendant who collects the beach tax is always at at his kiosk at the formal entrance and thus you save $1.50 by playing it sneaky-pete. Once on the beach you may then walk into any other beach without having to pay the tax.

Outdoor cruising. The **Kurpromenade** (boardwalk), a mile long. Cruising is all the more exciting with the wild sea waves lapping at your feet. Enter at the bandstand where various rock groups perform.

The promenade at Westerland is a good place to cruise late at night after the bars close—or earlier in case you prefer this style of making out to socializing over a drink.

Gay pensions. Pension Haus Merry, Gaadt 13, Westerland. A favorite. More elegant, in a more elegant section, is the **Karysen.**

Gay bars. There are five. In order of their popularity:

Kalesche (Carriage House), Keitumer Chaussee, near the railroad station. Atmospheric, thatch-roofed (typical of the island), run by Elisabeth Wenning. Her entourage of dykes all of whom dress in black and wear cloche hats (earlier Dietrich), hold forth at their special table which is a kind of 'centerpiece' or 'showpiece' and sets the tone of the place. Gay guys like it. Actually an old carriage house, the **Kalesche** still retains its hayloft and bridle gear! Admission 50 pfennigs in summer (50 cents) in lieu of coatroom fee . . . the only way winter employees can make some money in summer when no one wears a coat.

Kleist-Casino, Elisabethstrasse 7-A. **The** bar is upstairs. Admission 50 pfennigs (same reason). Boy comes down to open locked door. Also near railroad station.

Tusculum, Brandenburgerstrasse at the corner of Nordstrasse. The third most popular bar has no entrance fee.

Ringelspiel, on Neues Kurzentrum. Much favored by older gay guys, it has both velvet decor and velvet ambience. It is not as popular with the younger crowd.

Zwei-Drei Bar, Strandstrasse 23.

It is the gay custom in Westerland (and all these bars are in Westerland) to hop from bar to bar until you make them all. However, one usually makes the **Kleist-Casino** the last stop because it stays open later—until dawn. There is no language problem because English is widely spoken or understood, and a few hand signals and a discreet wink can take take care of the rest.

The architecture throughout the island is reminiscent of that of Denmark—which once owned Sylt Island.

Please be sure to visit **Die Kupferkanne** in Kampen, mentioned earlier. The rooms here take their names from the various drinks served in each . . . thus one drinks in the 'Daiquiri' room . . . the 'Martini' room . . . and so on. Much care has gone into preserving the rude military concrete 'decor' (three-legged rough-hewn stools covered with boarskin . . . splitwood tables, and the like) but much has been added in the way of color and other more sophisticated amenities such as bearskin rugs and sensual lighting . . . and all with the idea of making **Die Kupferkanne** a delight for the senses (especially sexual). Each room is very **intime** and as you and your lover, or lover-to-be, sip your drinks you may reflect on the quirky irony that—considering what the bunker was originally intended for—how much nicer it is to 'make love, not war'.

Puerto Rico

By George Desantis
Notes by Jerry Roberts

When winter arrives gay guys who become weary of the confinement of cruising indoors look southward for occasional relief. A week or two, or even a weekend in Florida or Mexico can make the waiting for summer more bearable.

Easterners in the U.S.A. and Canada look towards Puerto Rico, a beautiful place which has everything expected of a Caribbean island PLUS an abundance of diversions for gay guys. In San Juan, its capital, there are gay bars, a baths, gay hotels, a gay beach, and lots of street cruising. Out on the island there are sections of beaches which are cruised, and even a male brothel. What's more, every Puerto Rican is a potential lover by virtue of his hot blood and loose attitude towards sex.

Latin types are very appealing, but if your preference runs to blonds—don't despair; in winter gay stateside and Canadian tourists actually outnumber the available natives so there is a wide choice and something for everybody. In fact, if you go down and don't particularly like dark types you can still make out at the rate of one trick every ten minutes by cruising tourists like yourself.

In all probability you will stay somewhere in Greater San Juan, particularly in the fashionable Condado section on the ocean, or in Old San Juan, about 15 minutes away. The gay beach is in Condado. There is also one gay restaurant, a gay bar and four gay guest houses in this area, while Old San Juan is where you will find several gay guest houses, many gay bars, a gay baths, and a cruisy movie house. The main drag in Condado, Ashford Avenue, and many streets in Old San Juan are also cruised at all times. No matter where you stay, a $1 taxi ride will get you to and fro. There are also buses, which stop running about 11 p.m. Or rent a car. But don't walk late at night because it is very dangerous; the drug problem is serious in San Juan, and wherever there are addicts there is crime—including muggings. Provided you take the usual precautions necessary in any city these days you will never be bothered.

Your days will be filled with sunshine; it's always in the 80's. It's breezy, and just perfect for spending hours on the beach. Apart from the nightclubs and gambling casinos at the big hotels, entertainment more in keeping with the gay scene includes a variety of bars catering to all tastes—from those that are quiet and conversational to discos to places featuring go-go-boys and porno movies as well as 'back rooms' for letting off steam.

CONDADO

Ashford Avenue. The luxury hotels are on this strip, which runs parallel to the ocean. It is moderately cruised from 4 p.m. until 6 p.m. after the guys leave the beach, and again starting about 11 p.m. until around 4 a.m. Cruising is between the Sheraton Hotel and the bridge, but the traffic is heaviest near the Hotel La Concha. Especially noticeable are the hustlers who cater to older and wealthier gay guys staying at the big hotels. They include stateside hippies and price is what the market will bear, usually $15.

Gay beach. The gay section is in a small area between the Sheraton Hotel and the Sands Hotel. The beach is so congested that action right there is impossible, but meeting new friends and making dates is easy. Strolling/cruising the entire length of the beach, end to end.

The gay section of the beach in Condado is in the foreground, this side of the Sands Hotel.

Gay hotels. The **Madrid Guest House** is at 112 Calle San Jorge. It is at least a 10-minute walk from the gay beach, but it is comfortable and has a friendly rooftop bar. Management will secure boys for guests who request them. Air-conditioned. About $15 a night.

Closer to the gay section of the beach, right in the heart of Condado, is the **El Mar Guest House**, 1 Calle Clemenceau. The place is heavily cruised inside and out. Rooms have fans. It is near two gay bars. Rates average $15 for a single.

Arcos Blancos at 10 Carrion Court boasts a swimming pool. Expensive, about $35 a day for a double. Mixed, about 50% gay.

La Caleta Guest House, 3 Calle Elena, is on the beach. Friendly. Not all gay. Nice patio. About $25 for a double.

Gay bar. The **Ten Twenty Club** is at 1020 Ashford Ave., so it attracts gay guys who happen to be staying in Condado and prefer its convenience to the busier gay bars in Old San Juan. An assortment of types.

Gay restaurant. The **Little Penthouse Club**, 1019 Ashford Ave., above the Ten Twenty, formerly a bar, is being converted to a restaurant. Opening this season.

ESCAMBRON

The section lying across the

inlet from the Condado strip is a point known as Escambron. Two hotels are located here, the luxurious Caribe Hilton, whose tropical bar is sometimes frequented by gay guys in late afternoons, and the old Normandie Hotel, popular with some gay guys because it is inexpensive. Escambron Beach is small and quiet. U.S. sailors sometimes swim here, and it's popular with Puerto Rican teens who hustle after school. Their going rate is about $3. The park outside the Normandie is extremely dangerous; in all probability you will be mugged if you enter at night.

OLD SAN JUAN

Street cruising. Old San Juan is very small and every street is cruised. The streets can be dangerous, however, so stay on the main drags and out of dark doorways. Plaza Colón, the main square, as well as the other squares are also cruised, mainly by hustlers. The pinball-machine arcade at 264 Calle San Francisco is frequented by teenagers. Many are on drugs and sell themselves to the highest bidder. They usually get $3 a throw.

Hustlers regularly cruise the streets where gay bars are—to accommodate those who may have had bad luck inside. Prices start at $3 but average $15.

Gay hotels. The **Metropolitan San Juan YMCA**, Avenida Ponce de León, Pda. 1, just off Plaza Colón is a good standby. Advance reservations are advised (send a $10 deposit). Usual floor action. About $6.50 for a single.

The remodeled **San Francisco Inn**, 263 Calle San Francisco, is popular with U.S.A. gays. Rooftop deck for sunning. Refrigerator use for ice and soft drinks. Key unlocks the downstairs gate. Rates: $10 a day for a single; $12 for a double. Breakfast included.

Casa Mario, 255 Calle San José, has a lovely rooftop bar where breakfast and light lunches are served. Rates: $18 to $24 a day. Air-conditioned rooms. Boys available if requested.

La Caleta Guest House, 11 Calle Las Monjas, is new. It's in a quiet section of Old San Juan, near the luxurious El Convento Hotel. Rates: $10 to $12 a day for a double.

La Gallega is considered by many to be the finest restaurant in all of Puerto Rico. It's frequented by gay guys who enjoy good food.

Where to eat. **La Gallega**, 309 Calle Fortaleza, is considered by many to be the finest native restaurant in all of Puerto Rico. Moderately priced and casual. Provincial decor and superb food. Not gay but a favorite of everyone who likes good food. Try their homemade sangria.

Plaza Patio, 409 Calle San Francisco, faces the Plaza Colón (which is no longer good for strolling because of the presence of heroin addicts; a treatment center is nearby). Good for afternoon drinking and late dining. Food is good and inexpensive.

El Patio de Sam, 102 Calle San Sebastian. Mixed but very gay. The 'beautiful people' eat here. Good food but slow service.

La Chaumiere, 367 Calle de Donnell. Mixed. Good French cuisine. Lunch is inexpensive; dinner about $6.

El Hamburger, 151 Calle Tetuan. Crowded late at night (1 a.m. until closing at 4 a.m.)

The baths. There is only one, the **Lion of St. Mark's Baths**, 152 Calle Tanca. Never "jammed" but it can get crowded Friday and Saturday nights. Small, but usually enough action to satisfy everyone.

Movie house. The **Rialto Theatre** is below the St. Mark's and while hetero skin flicks are shown there is some action in the rear of the balcony. Sometimes can be rewarding.

The bars. The **Lion's Den**, 205 Calle Luna, began its new season on Nov. 17th. Entertainment includes nearly-nude go-go boys, porno films, and a "back room."

The Lion's Den began its new season on Nov. 17th, after a lengthy vacation. It promises to remain the hottest action bar in town—where the bonus you get with a drink includes nearly-nude go-go dancers, continuous porno slides and movies, and a wild "back room."

Tomi's, on Calle Luna near the corner of Calle Tanca. Porno films and slides shown. Dancing.

Ray's Bar, on Calle San José at the corner of Calle San Francisco, atop the Malamute. New bar.

The **Lucky Seven**, 275 Calle Luna, is not gay but patronized by American sailors—and cruised by occasional gays who dig seafood. A rough place.

El Retablo (formerly Olé del Duende), 206 Calle Luna, is the place to go if you want Puerto Rican hustlers. The price is negotiable, starting at $3.

Small World Bar, on Calle San José at the corner of Calle Fortaleza, is good for daytime cruising (11 a.m. onward). Recommended for those who spend their vacations in bars.

The Down Town Bar, 255 Calle San José, is an old standby. Very small.

Next door is the **Main Street**, a place which is good for daytime drinking (opens at noon). A piano bar for tourists who like meeting other tourists. The oldest gay bar in town.

The **Annex Club**, 151 Calle Tetuan, is still very popular—and is considered to be one of the three most popular bars in town. The crowd is young, collegiate, and it can be frustrating for guys

who like meeting and leaving because this is a very social scene. Dancing. Always filled. Recently remodeled, new strobe lighting.

The Annex continues to draw the biggest crowds—but it's a frustrating place for those who like to make a fast killing. The social scene is heavy and the middle-to-upper class Puerto Ricans who frequent the place prefer dancing and "getting to know you first" to being thrown in the sack for a quickie.

The **Abbey**, 251 Calle Tetuan, is the second of the Big Three. This one is a discotheque. Dance floor has "give" and bounces a little. Very young and very loud.

The **Aquarium**, on Calle San Justo between Calle Fortaleza and Calle Tetuan, is another discotheque and the third of the three most popular bars. Whereas there is a good percentage of tourists at the Abbey, here you will find mostly Puerto Ricans.

Another place that is popular with middle class Puerto Ricans is the **Page Two**, a bar on Calle Fortaleza near Calle Tanca.

The gay bars are practically side-by-side at the end of Calle San Jose, at Calle Tetuan. Much street cruising here.

OTHER SECTIONS

Santurce is the business section of San Juan. Of interest to gay guys is the **Paramount Theatre**, where there is a cruisy john. Glory-hole between stalls. Feature films are shown—in case you are interested. Light cruising in most of the other big movie houses.

If you drive out to the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras, take Fernandez Juncos Avenue. About half-way there you'll spot a shopping center on the right (look for Woolworth's). The john in the center of the complex is cruised, especially after 3 p.m. by high-school students.

Once at the University, check the Main Library johns, and the 2nd and 3rd floor johns in the Pedagogy Building.

If you visit beautiful Luquillo Beach, you will find the extreme ends are cruised. Mostly hustlers trying to make a buck—and they can get rough if, after you've done them for trade, they find out you're not carrying any bread in your trunks.

Marchiquita is a small beach with natural rock formations, about 25 miles from San Juan, west, on the ocean. Cruising is subtle but is sometimes heavy. Mostly local kids looking for a quickie and sometimes a fast dollar.

The **Ki Kippo Club** in Mayaguez, on the south side of the island, is crowded on weekends. That's also where **Arturo's** is, at 105 Limon Road. He calls his place a "house of boys"—and $20 gets you a room and a boy for the night. Tipping is optional. Consensus is it's great if you dig being fucked—period.

A bar called **Banbooga** is in the sugarcane fields near Cabo Rojo. The cane workers dig drag queens only. If this doesn't appeal to you and you find yourself in this town try the **New Star Bar.**

When you arrive in San Juan pick up a copy of **Que Pasa**, a guidebook filled with all kinds of suggestions to fill your playtime. It's given free at major hotels. Exploring Old San Juan on foot will take at least two days of your time (there are forts, old churches and shrines, interesting shops, etc.). There are free tours of the Bacardi Rum factory across the bay—another possible excursion. There are day trips to Luquillo Beach and El Yunque, the rain forest. And of course just loafing on the beach. However you spend your time in Puerto Rico you'll enjoy your stay. And you'll probably meet a lot of great guys too.

Capri

By Tullio Squillace

Photos by Al Edwards

Few places in Italy possess the sophistication of Capri—a beautiful little island in the Tyrrhenian Sea about a half-hour by hydrofoil from Naples. The joy that is Italy can be found here in its people and its sunshine and its flowers. Caesar Augustus was so struck by its beauty when he visited Capri in 29 B.C. that he swapped its larger and richer neighbor, the island of Ischia, after much wheeling and dealing with the City Fathers of Naples. His successor, Tiberius, needed no coaxing about ruling the Roman Empire from here for ten years, from 27 to 37 A.D. While he ruled he built twelve villas, but particularly loved the largest, **Villa Jovis** (you may visit the excavations) and lived here most of the time. He was a great lover, but fickle—discarding his tricks by flinging them off the cliffs at the rate of one a week!

His blasé attitude towards life—here today, gone tomorrow—took root and although no one gets thrown off cliffs these days, no one takes life too seriously at Capri. Here is where you come to play, to bask in the sunshine by day and cruise the meat rack by night. The idle hours in between are spent taking leisurely walks, sunning and swimming, or just sitting in the main square—**La Piazza**—nursing lemonade.

Most people take the hydrofoil to the island, from Naples. You can go via Sorrento too, and take a slow (2 hours) ferry. The passenger compartment of the hydrofoil is so constructed that you cannot see out easily, but the ferry ride affords panoramic views of the Amalfi Coast and Mt. Vesuvius and the sweep of Capri as you approach. For those interested in getting there in a hurry there is helicopter service from Naples but you will land at the Anacapri section of the island about 20 minutes by taxi from the main village.

If you arrive by boat you will dock in the **Marina Grande.** Those

holding hotel reservations will be met by porters. If you need help in finding a suitable hotel or pension then stop at the tourist office on the dock before you take the funicular up the mountainside to the **piazza.** Stay in the vicinity of the main square. Nightlife radiates from the **piazza,** and the meat rack—a winding road called **Via Krupp** which leads down to the sea—is walking minutes away.

Capri is a summertime place. Every day is a joy, from the time you awaken and hear the maids singing, until you climb into bed again (hopefully with a lover) after a day of play. Mornings and late afternoons can be spent exploring the narrow walkways or visiting the various grottoes (there are five worth seeing, the most famous, of course, is the Blue Grotto). Have lunch at poolside at Gracie Fields' **La Canzone del Mare** in the shadow of the magnificent Faraglioni Rocks. Cruise the **Bagno Americo,** a public bath house where the hustlers sun themselves before their nightly vigils. Or lie on a beach in the **Marina Piccola.** Everyone sits in the **piazza** later in the day, watching people watching people.

La Canzone del Mare

After dinner (there are many colorful restaurants) cruise the **piazza** or check out the public john (open all night) near the funicular station that faces the square. There are no exclusively gay bars at Capri but the island has always been popular with the gay set—so no matter where you are headed you are bound to meet someone nice. However, most gay guys cruise **Via Krupp** all night, shopping for hustlers. Many Neapolitan boys spend the summer at Capri, and still others come over for the weekend, primarily to sell their bodies. Since most hotel managers frown on guests bringing in street boys you will in all probability make it in the bushes—and that still costs about $7 a throw. That's the price of a juicy load. If you want more, the price goes up.

Via Krupp

Capri is expensive—and is worth visiting if only once in a lifetime. Its beauty will overwhelm you.

Île du Levant

By David Parker

If you summer in St. Tropez there'll come a time when you'll welcome a respite from its noisy beat and all that wild sex. That's the time to visit the **Île du Levant,** that mysterious island where nudism is the only way of life. Here is how you get there: from St. Tropez bus it/bike it to Le Levandou on the coast. You'll find a morning boat at the landing waiting to take you to the **Île,** just a short distance away. The boat is very considerate. It will wait until late afternoon to bring you back to the mainland. From the landing a red Land Rover **camionette** whisks you up to the village of **Héliopolis,** which has shops and restaurants, hotels, and a post-office (so that you can send home a picture postcard just to prove you were really **there!).** Stroll through the beautiful estates and mingle with the **naturistes.** You'll find them hospitable and charming, and among them are some of the most beautiful bodies in the world. Just **don't take your camera** . . . it's a definite turn-off. The **Île** is not commercial—they don't want it publicized, which is why one knows so little about it. But it is for everyone . . . gay/straight, young/old and everything in between. Don't miss this opportunity to unravel the mystery of the **Île du Levant.**

Mykonos

By Brian Tully

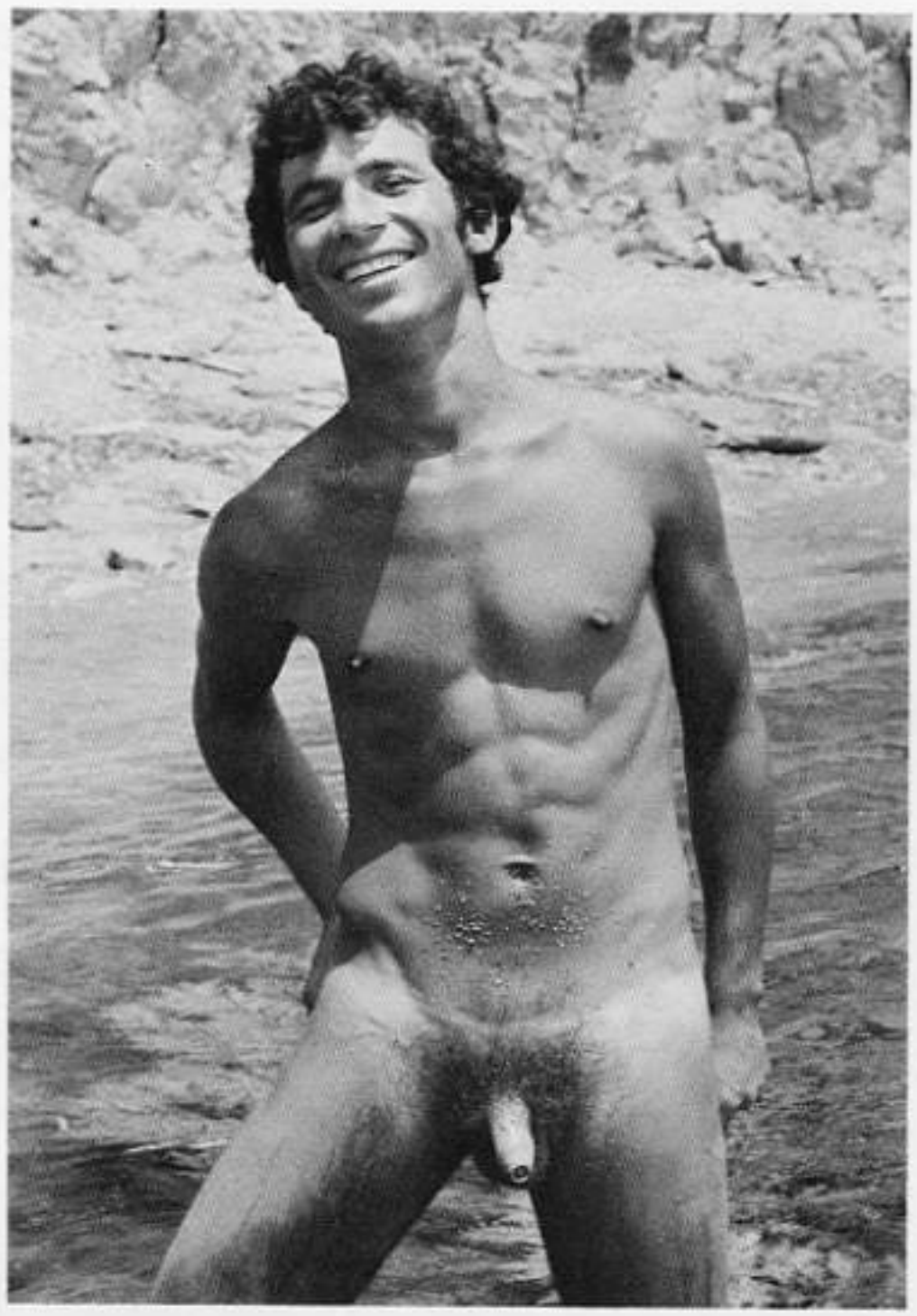
Wherever art colonies flourish so does gay life, and Mykonos is no exception. It's called many things: the 'island of churches—one for every day in the year' (it has 360!) . . . the 'white city' because its houses and cobblestoned alleyways are regularly whitewashed . . . and 'the city of windmills' which, for gay guys, is what Mykonos is all about. Cruising is great in and around the windmills, so if you're having your 'Greek period' this year (and everyone should have a Greek . . . **period!**) don't miss Mykonos. Once there, head for the gay beach. Take a bus to Platis Gialos, then walk to the left (facing the water) and continue to a bay. End of line—beginning of fun. Then, after tilting with one teasy trick after another under the windmills, back to town and another windmill—**The Windmill**—a disco which, although not specifically gay, is where all your friends wind up to boast about their tricking tally for the day.

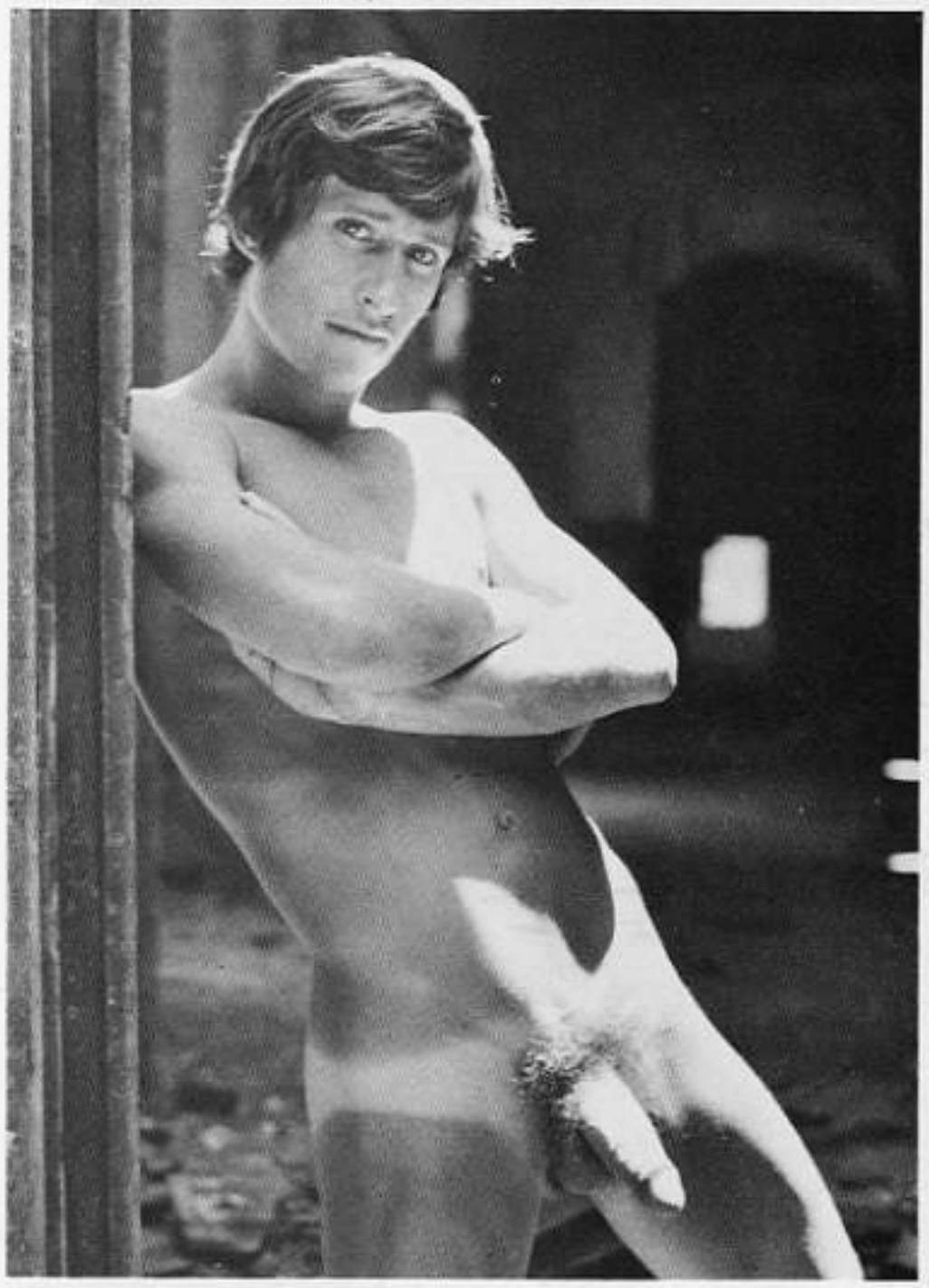
Mykonos, the 'white city' where cruising is great in and around the windmills.

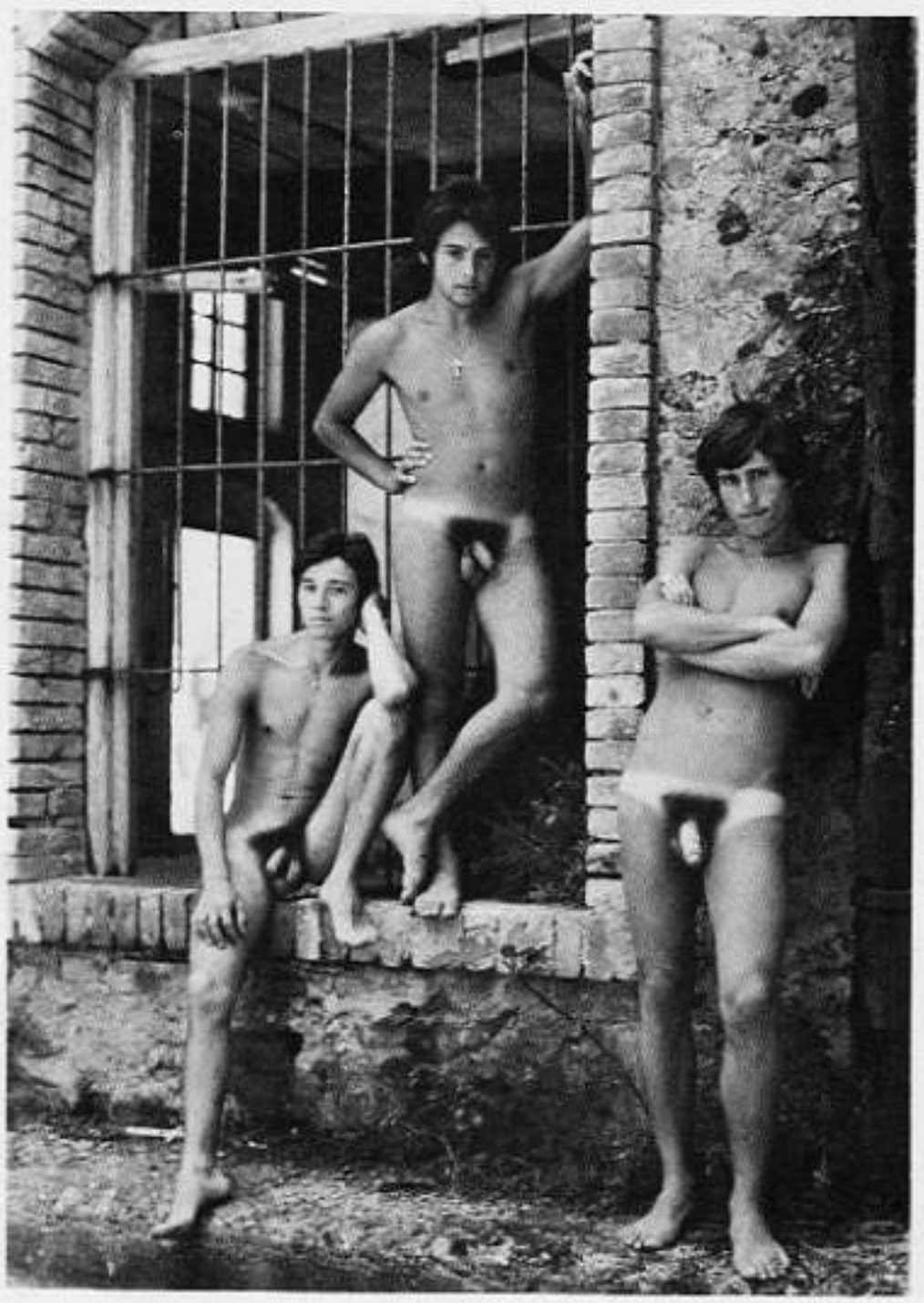
Photo Feature
Of The Month

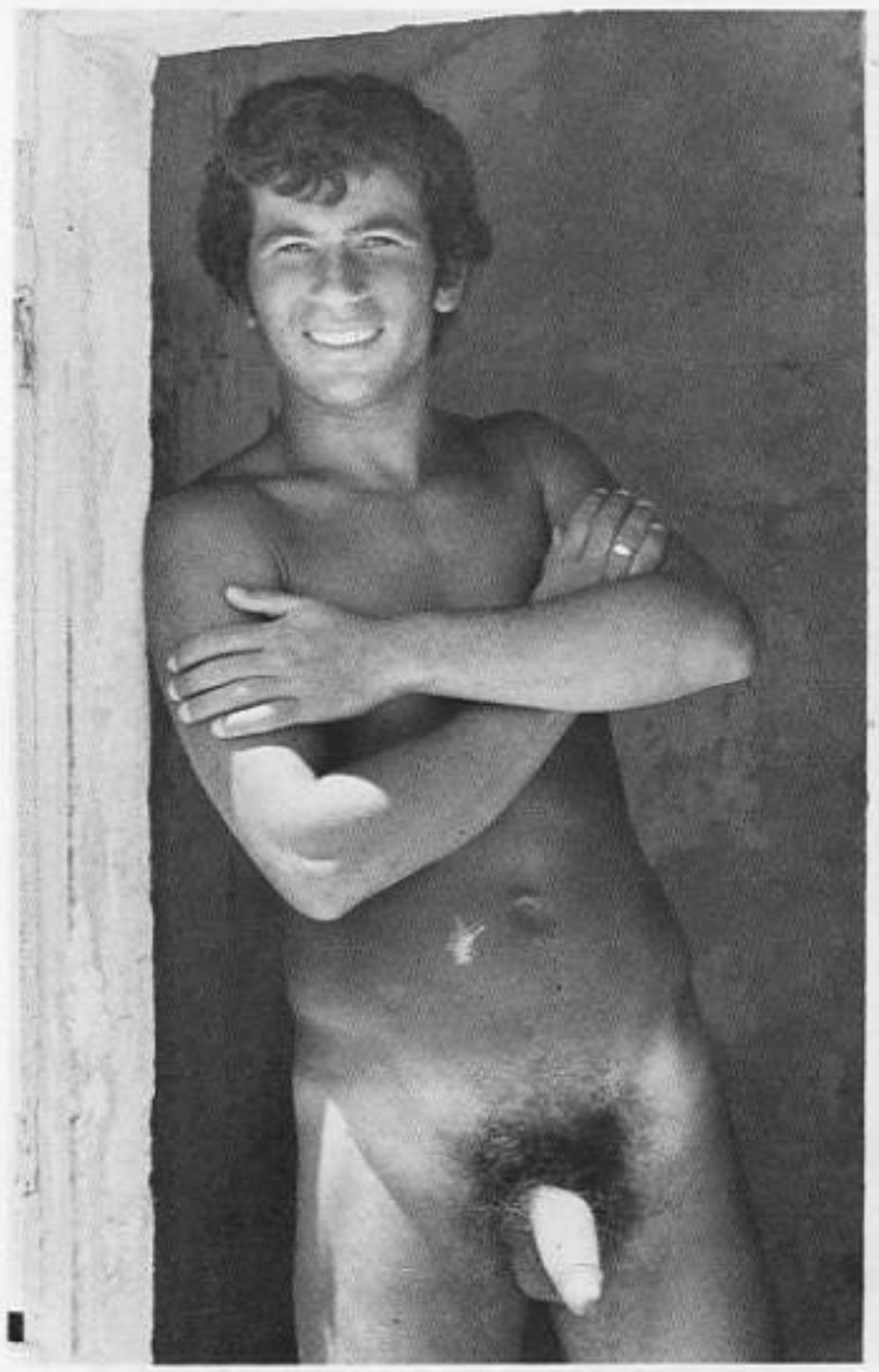
The Italians

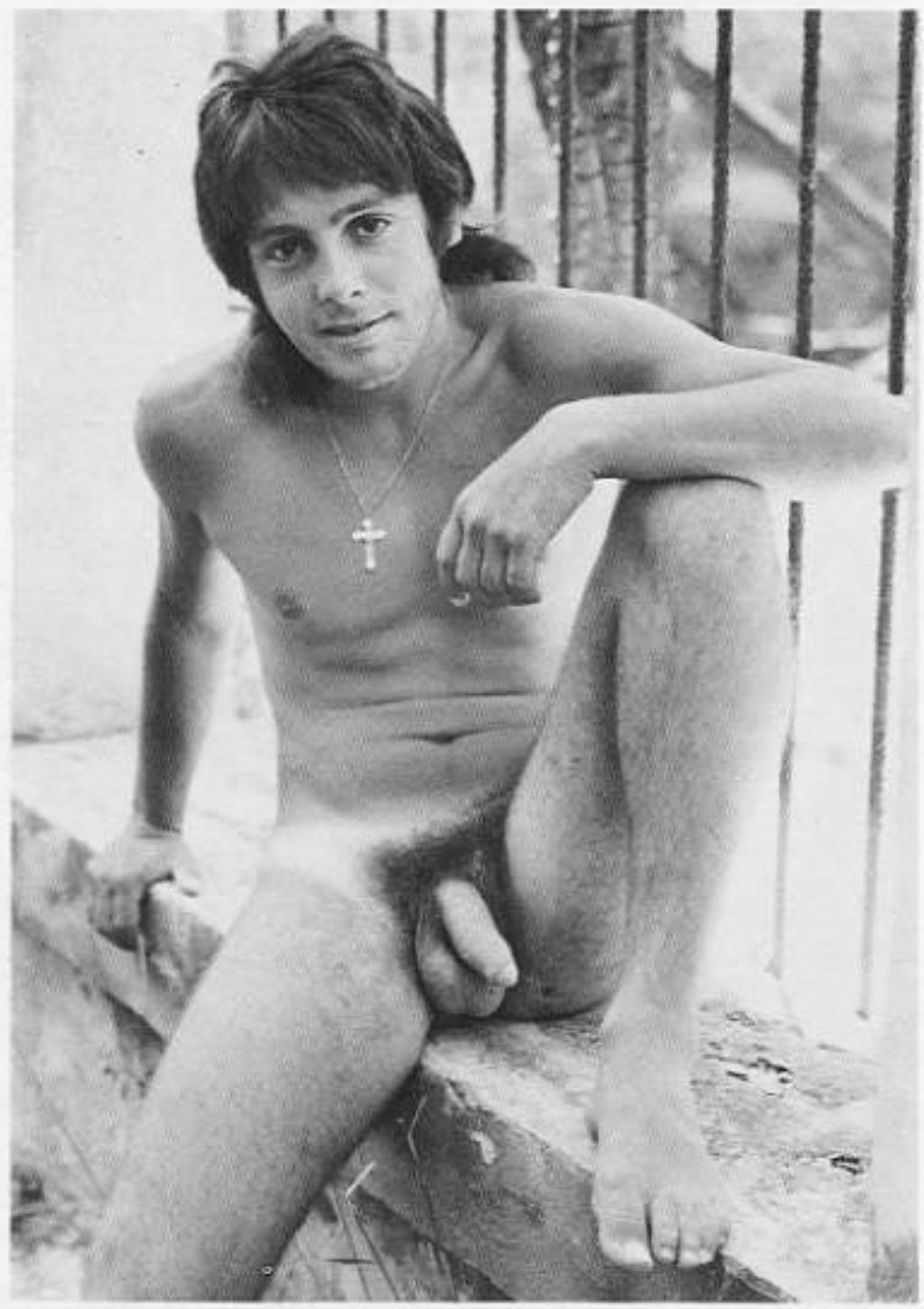
Selected by The Editors

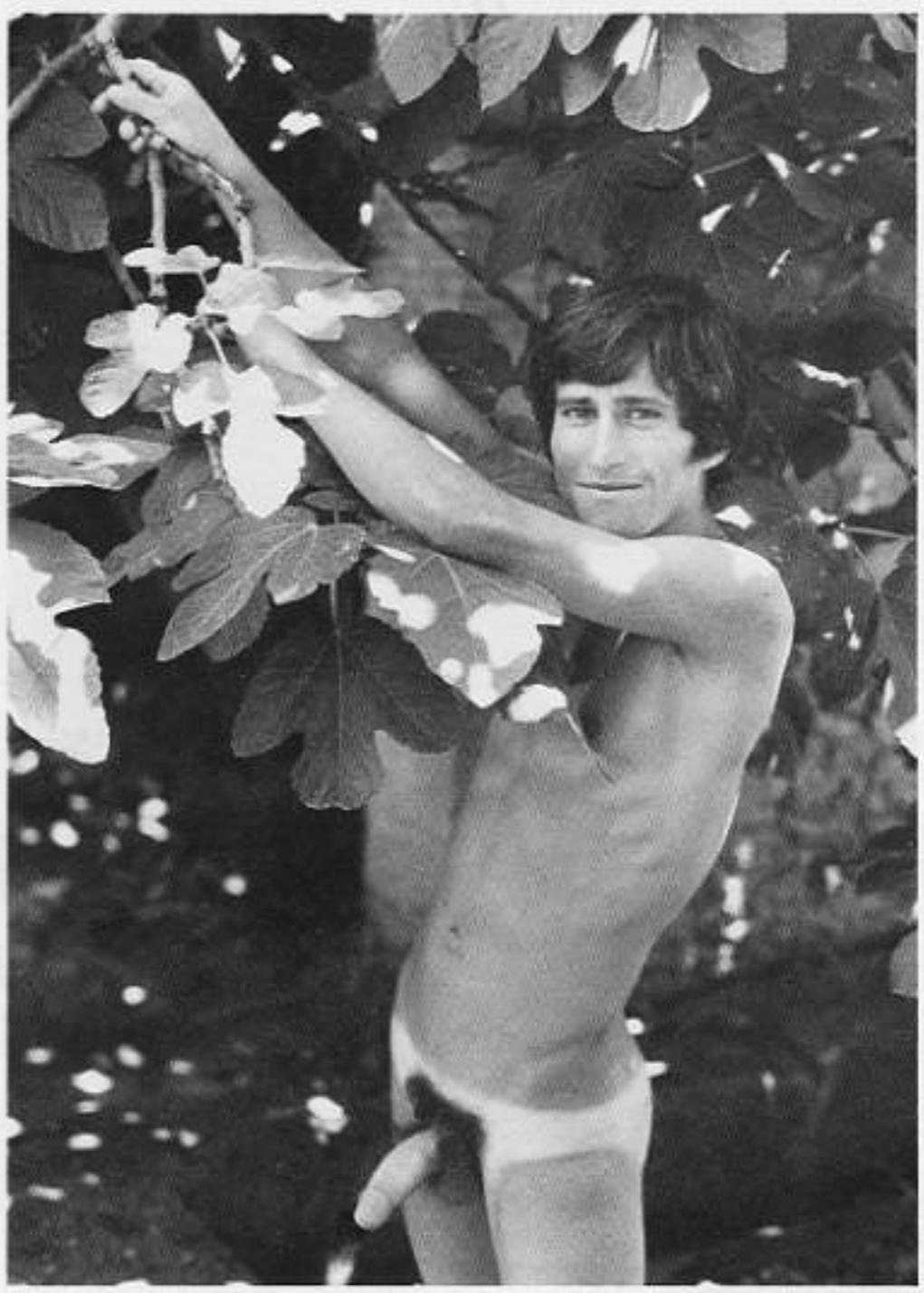


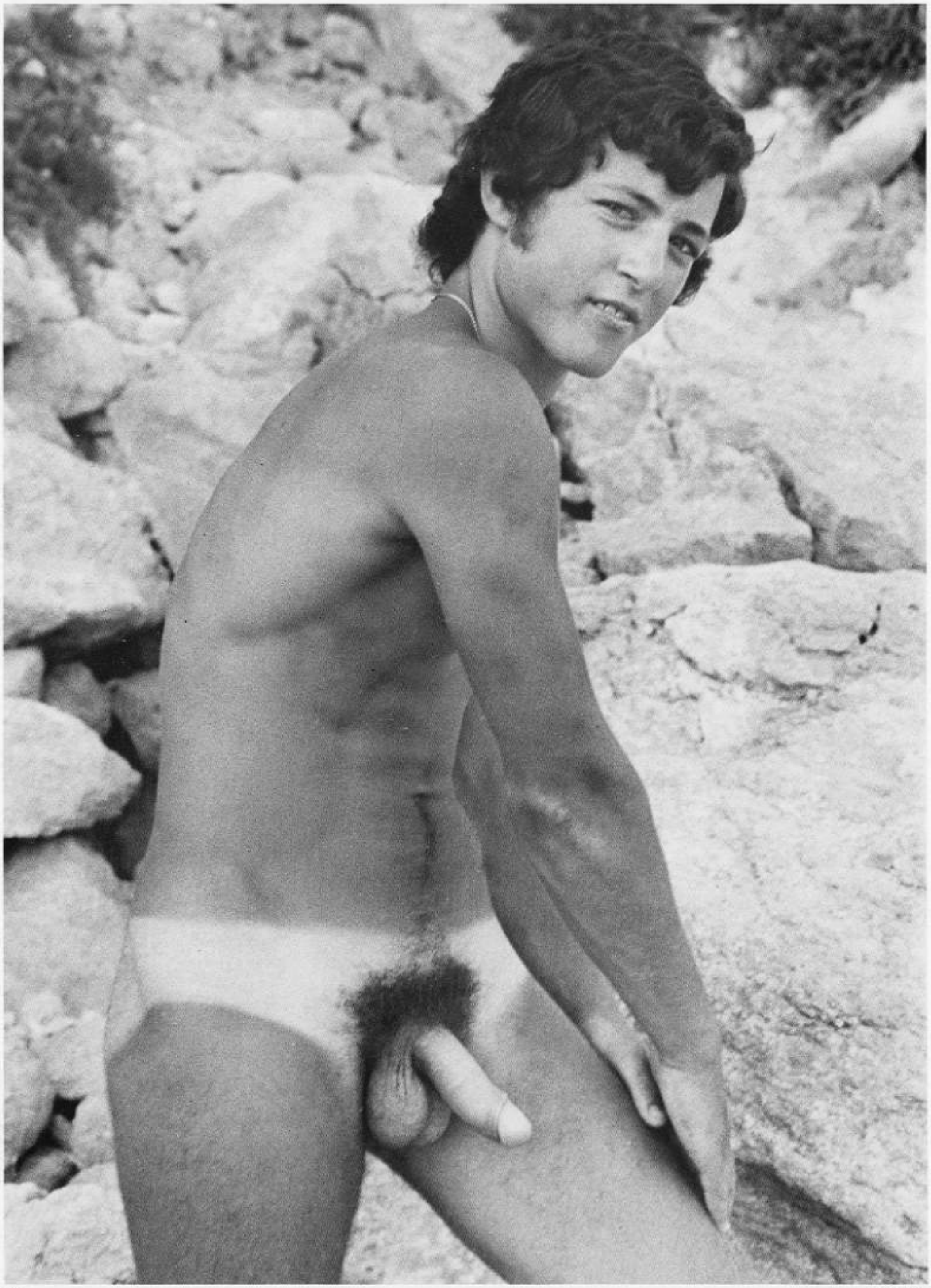


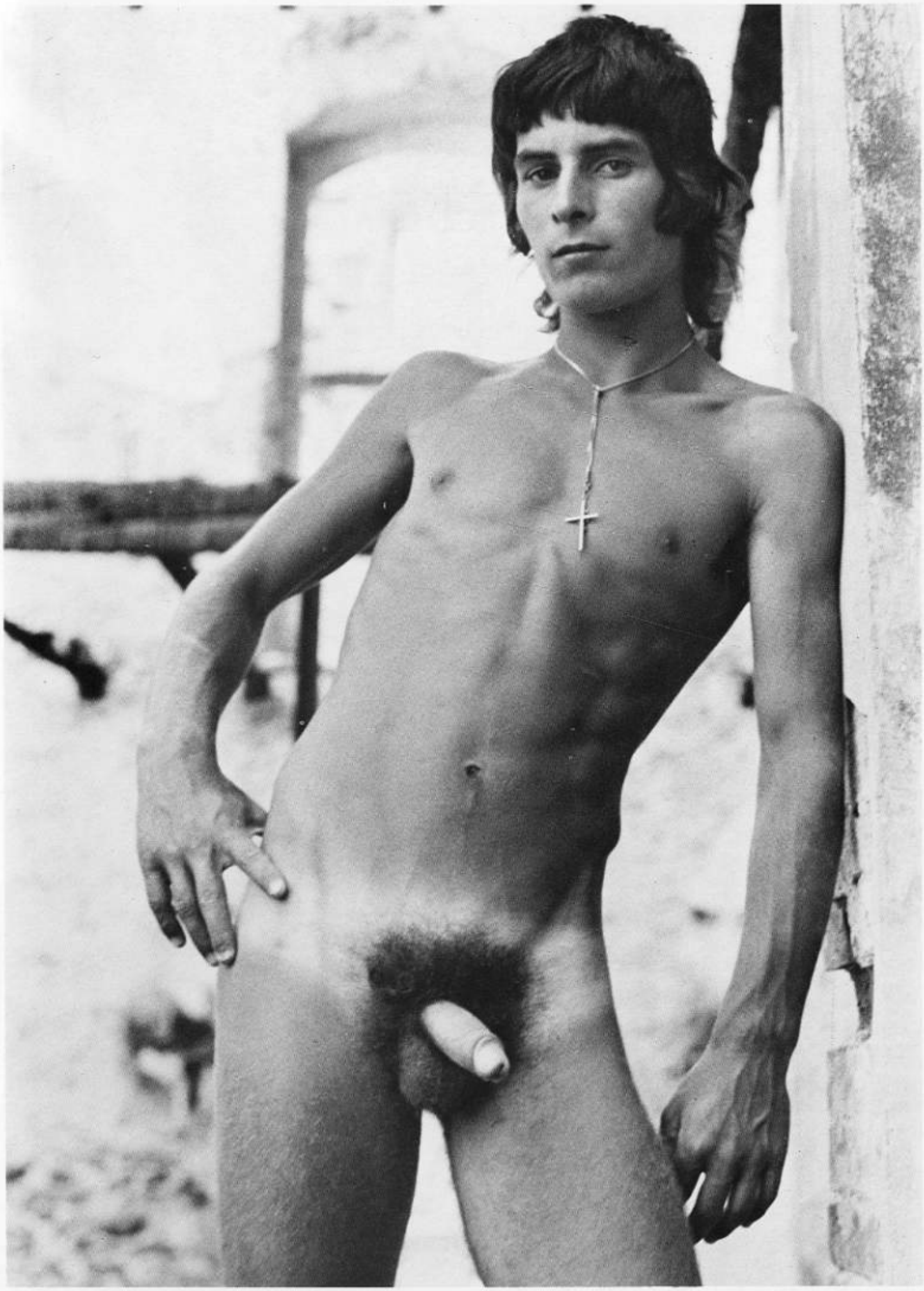


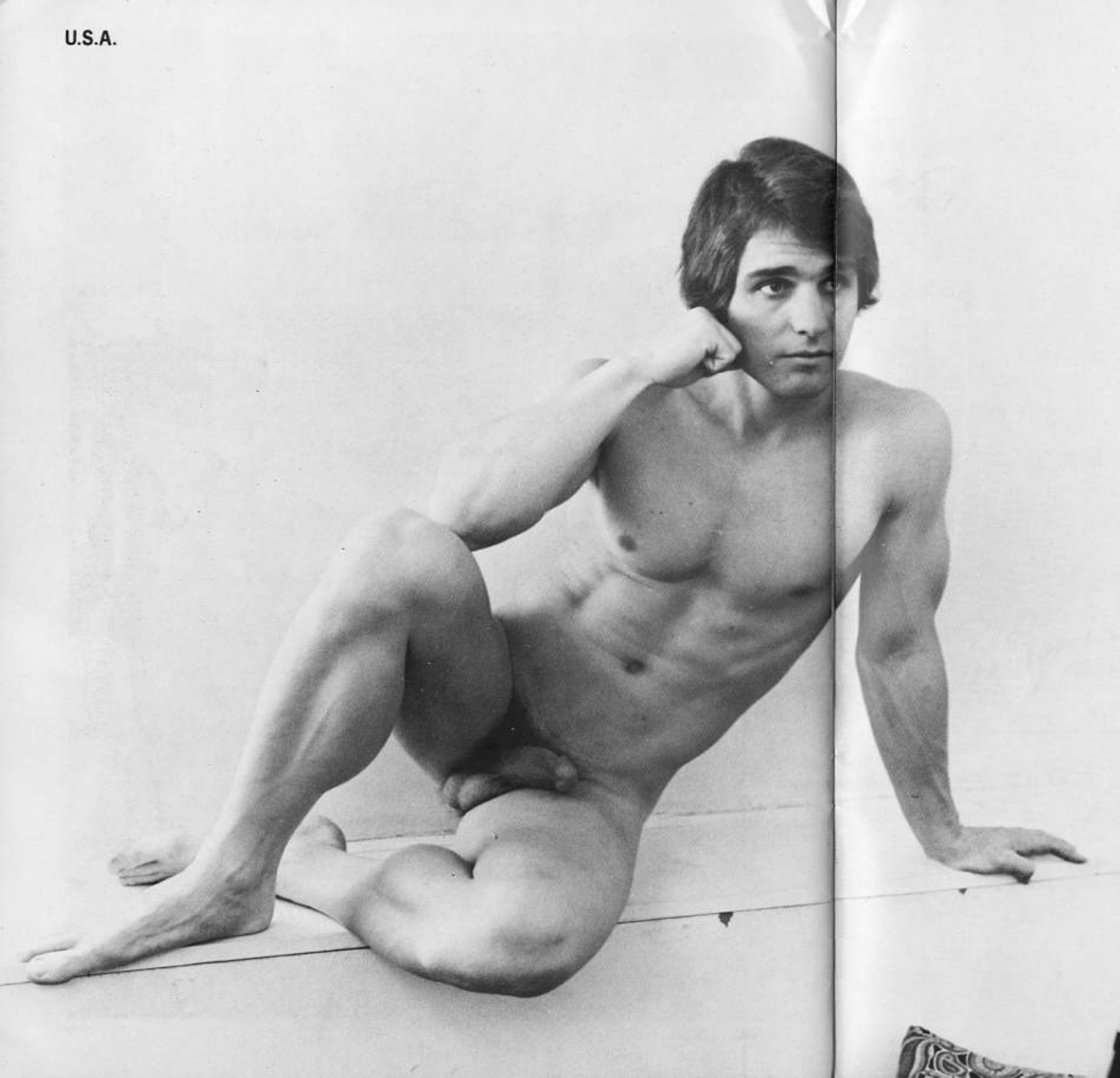










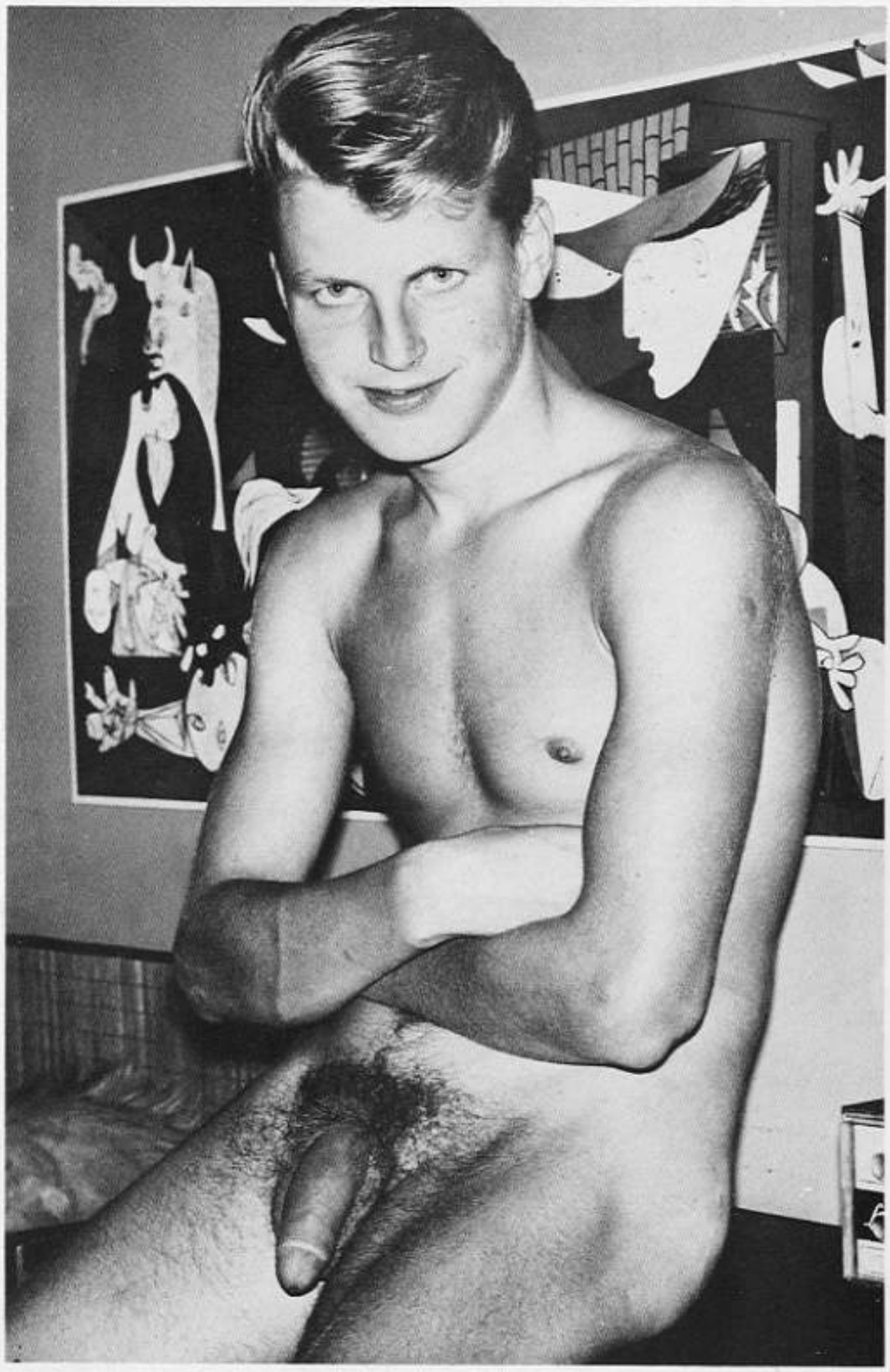


Ciao! Gallery

Super Studs Of The World

Compiled by The Editors

Denmark



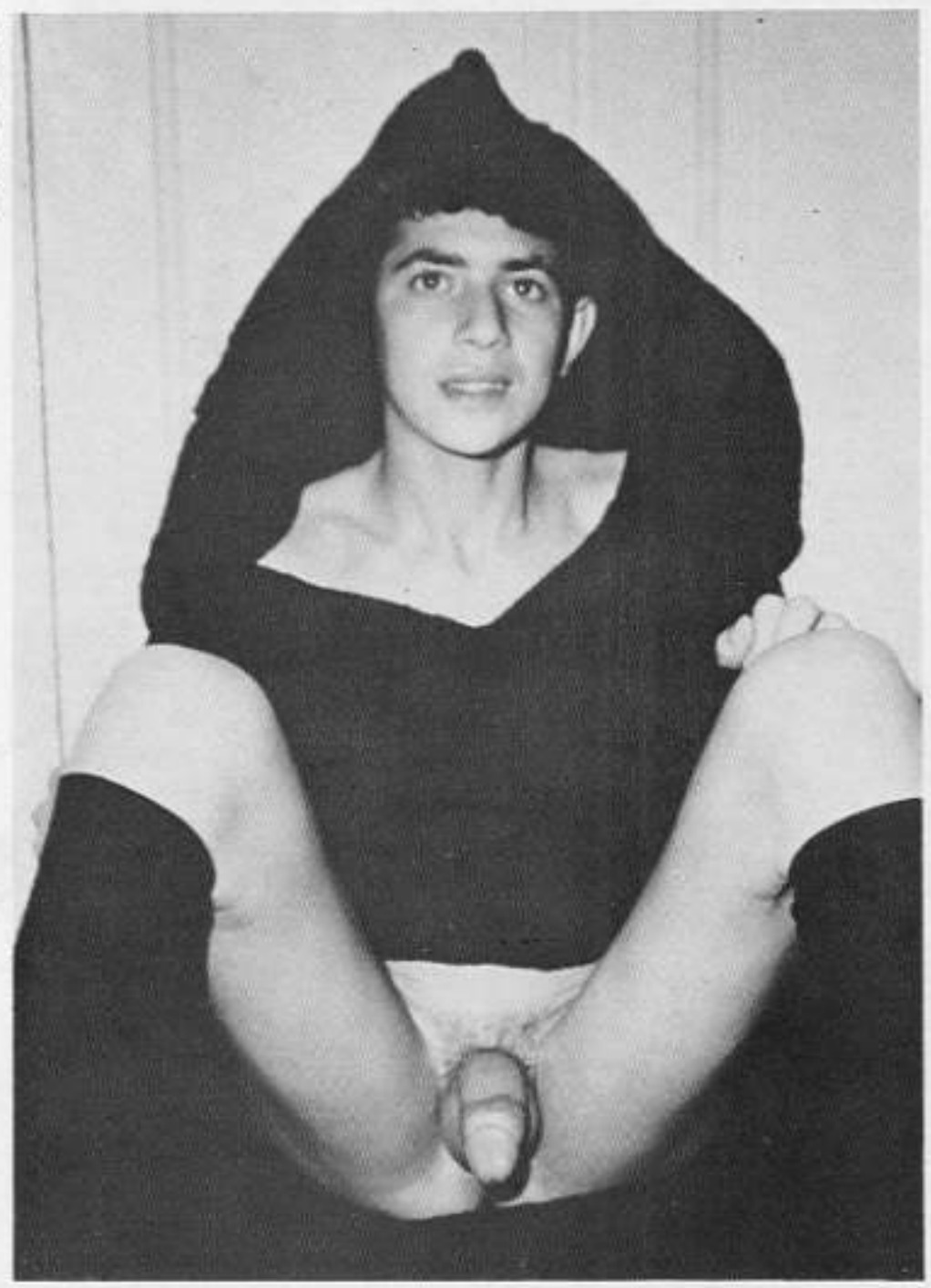
East Africa

Sweden
ÖRLOGSSKOLOR

Malaysia

Haiti

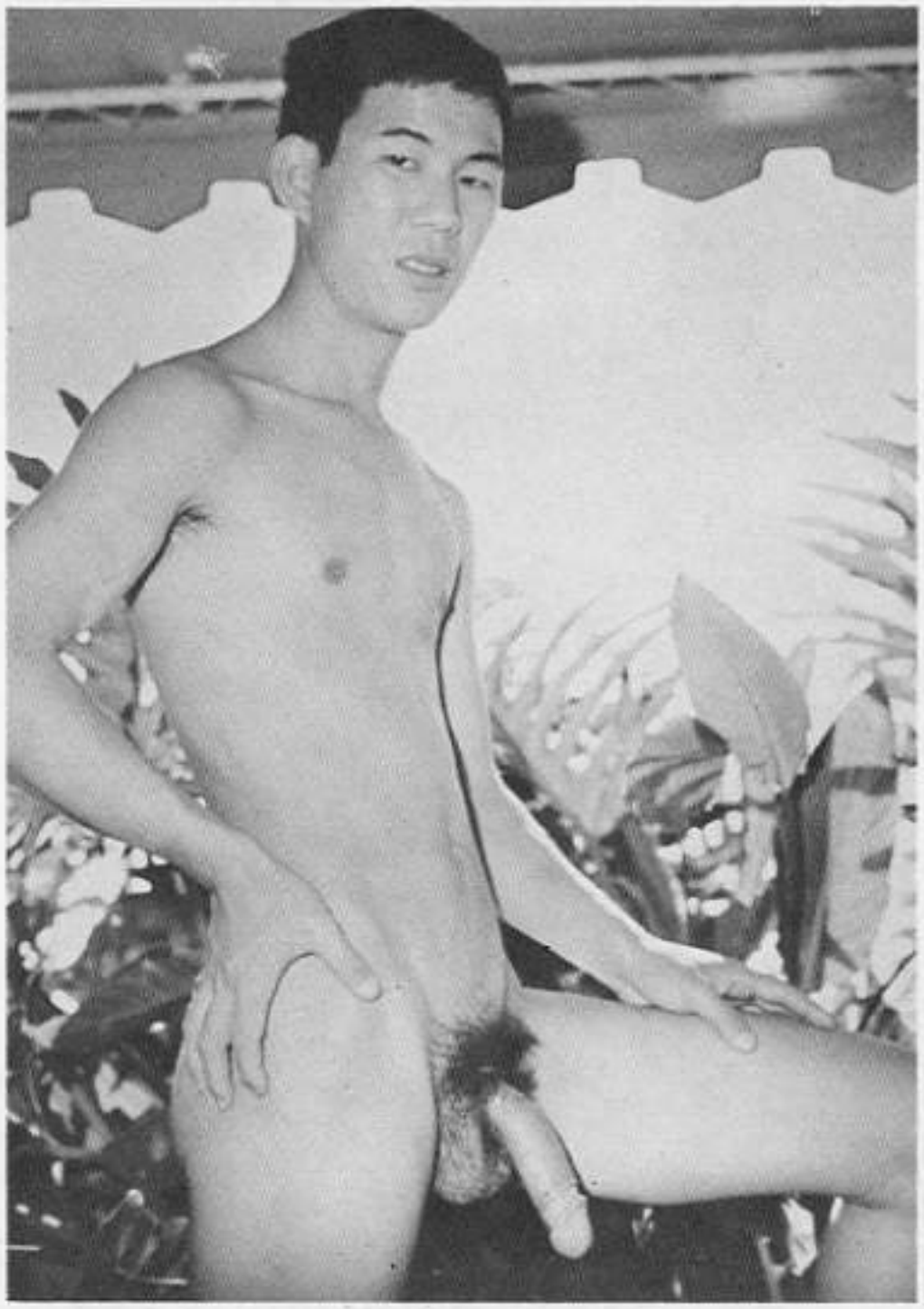
Morocco



South Africa

France

Japan



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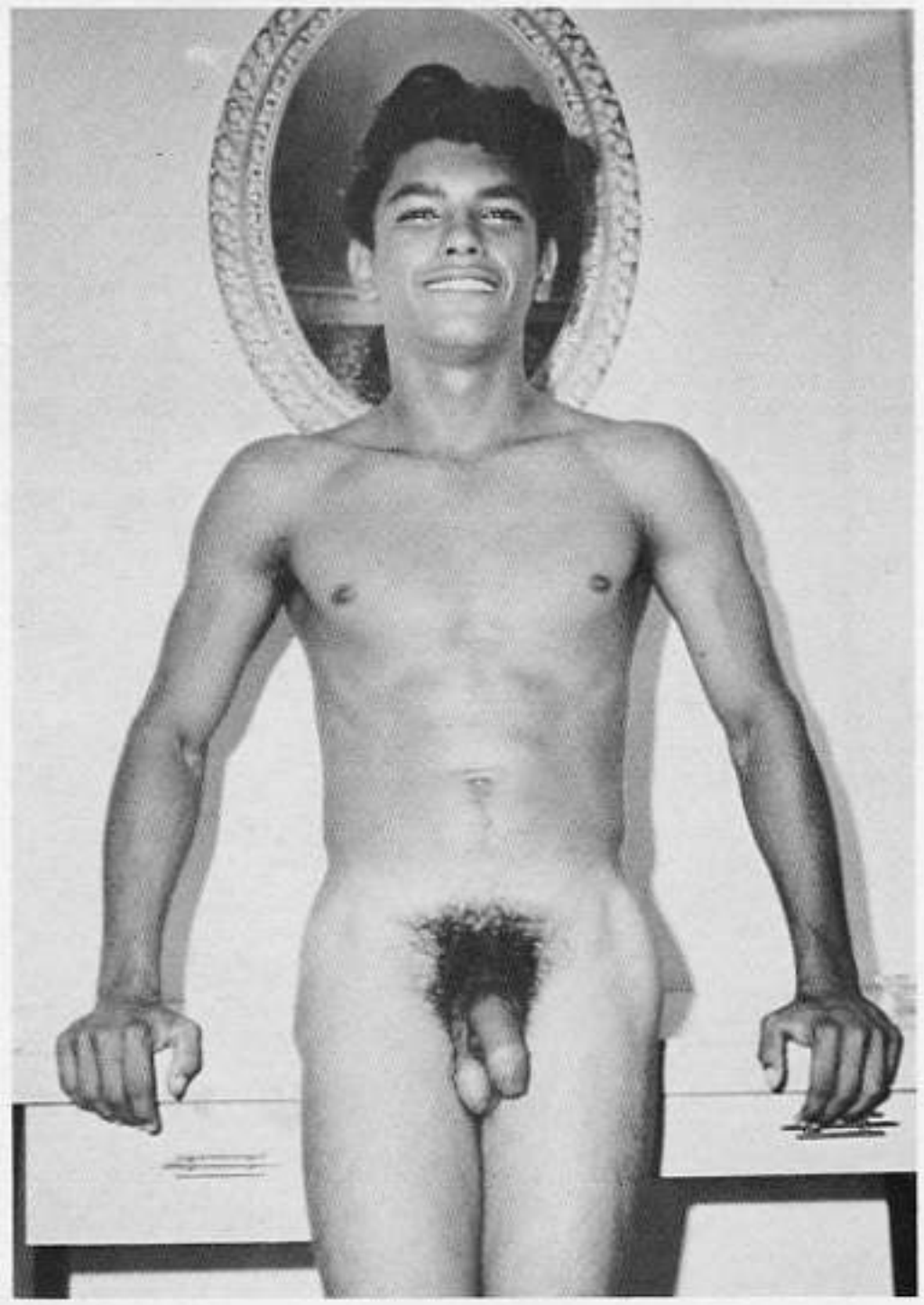
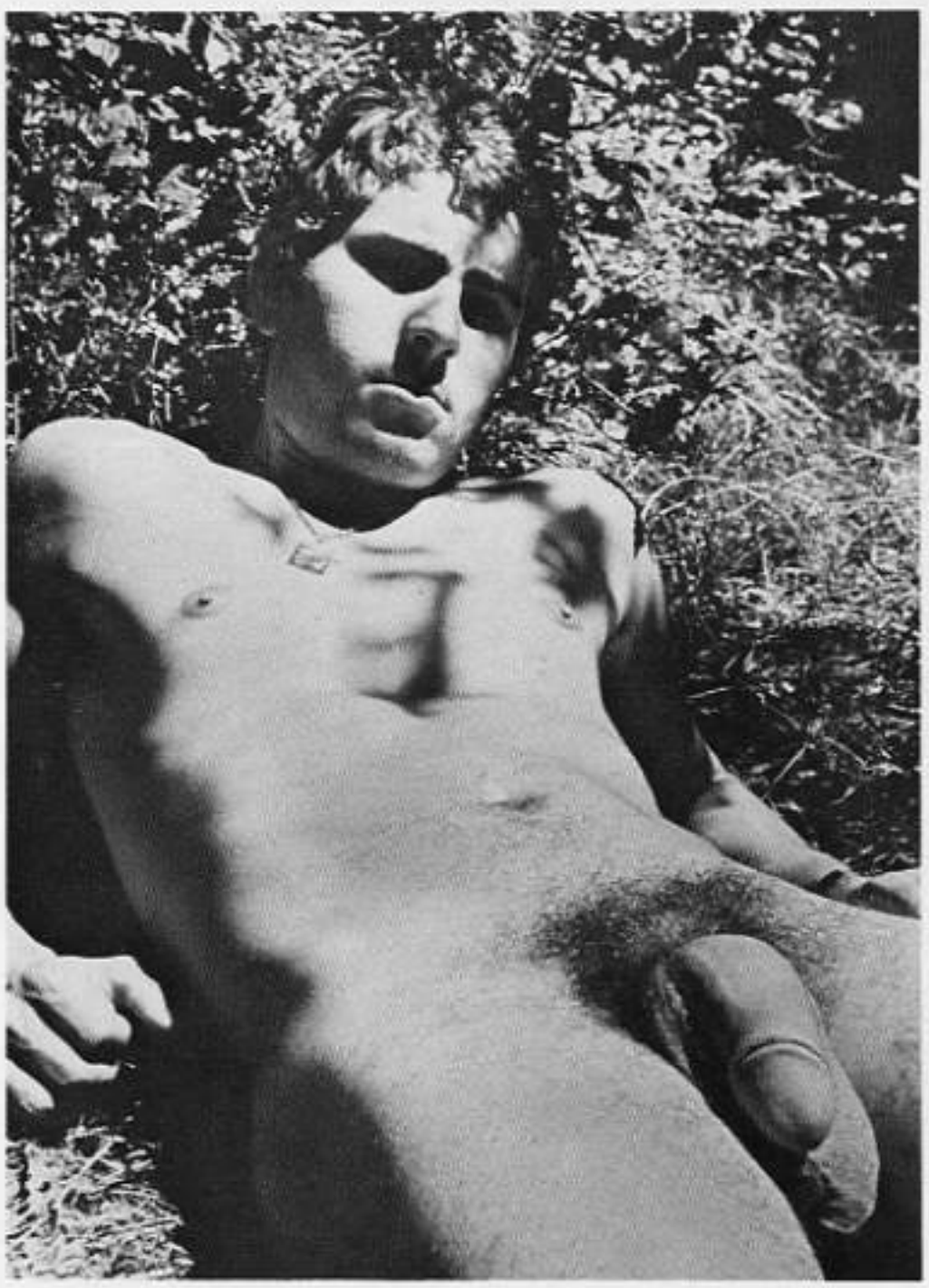
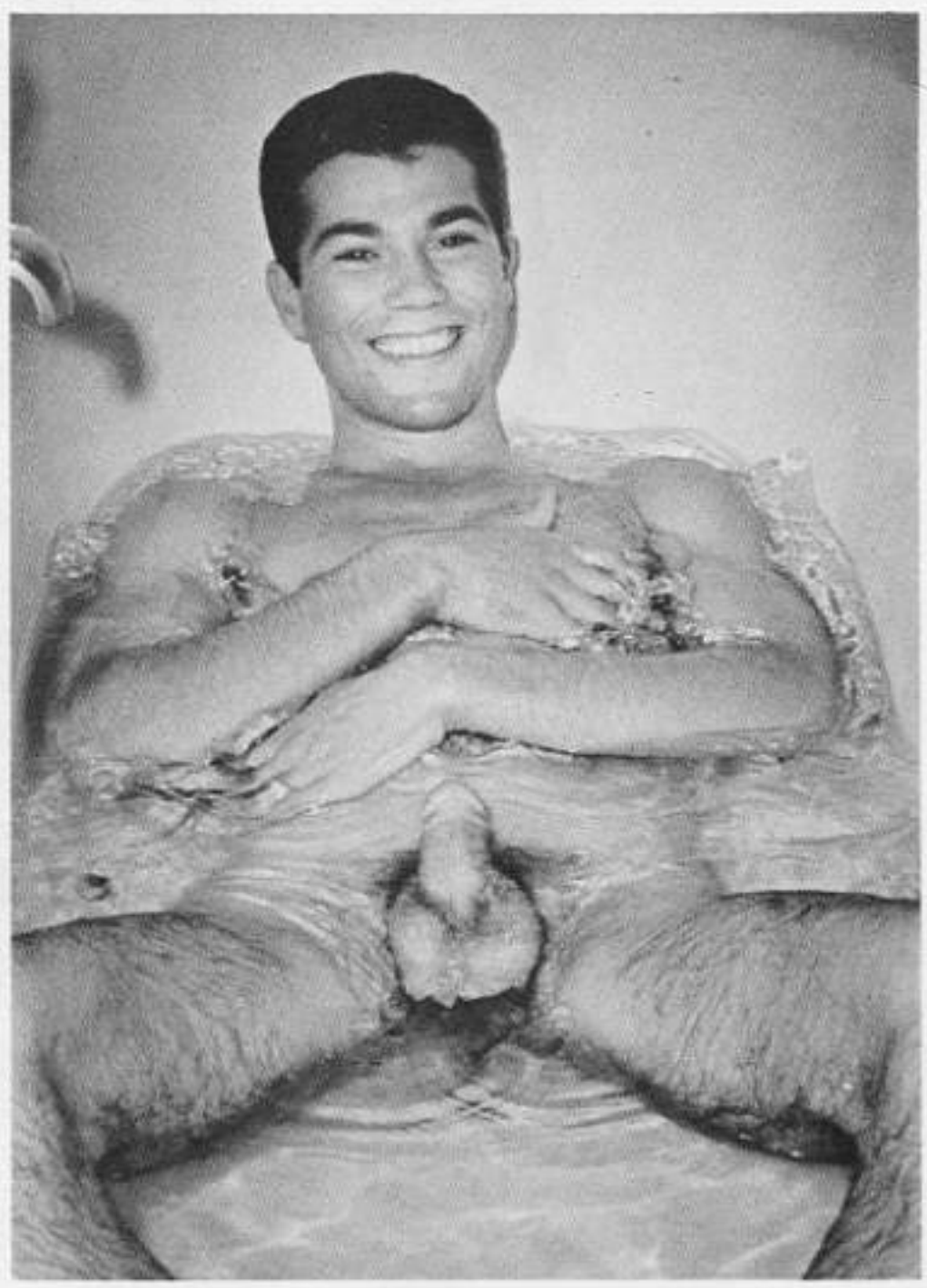


U.S.S.R.



Israel



Saudi Arabia

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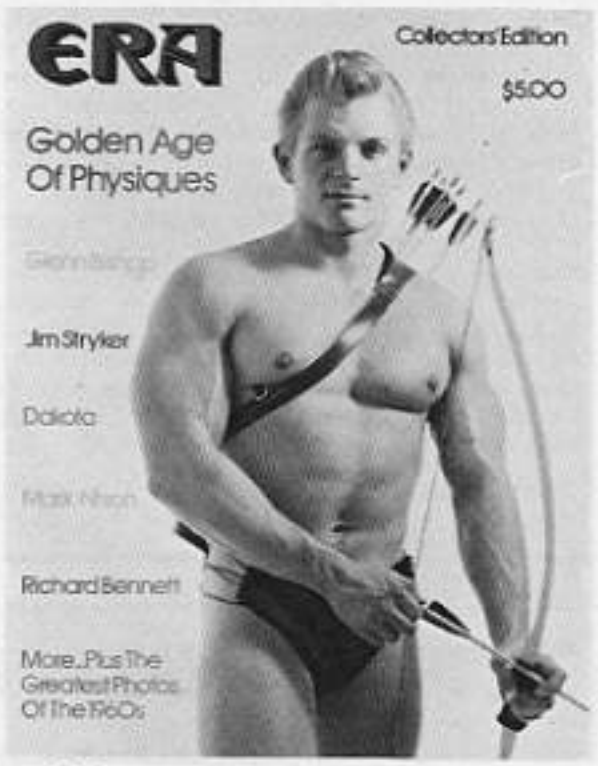

COLLECTORS' EDITION

Hal Warner, the celebrated editor of **The Young Physique,** now presents in a single issue a nostalgia-filled photo essay magazine featuring the greatest bodies the world has ever known . . . **ERA—The Golden Age of Great Physiques!**

Models include Stryker, Bishop, Nixon, Wengryn, Bennett, Wayne, many others—PLUS a few frontal nudes. **ERA** is a big 8½X11—printed on heavy glossy stock. It features 8 pages of color. Magazines are sent in plainly marked, extra-heavy "glazed" manila envelopes which are individually sealed. Limited edition—**only $5 a copy!**

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The Gemini 18

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

THE GEMINI 18 . . . . . $19.95

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THE BIG SQUIRT is more faithful than Old Faithful because you say W-H-E-N! Flesh-like, flesh-colored and 7" long. Bulb fills with your favorite hand lotion, etc. Solid rubber, completely washable. (May we suggest that you order an extra as a novel salad dressing dispenser? It will shock and amuse your guests.) 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 SQUIRT $12.95

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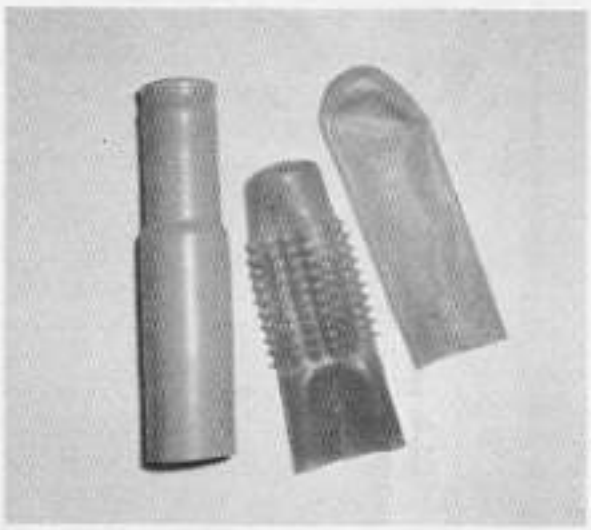

THE JUICE TUBE is a soft, hollow rubber tube which comes with two completely washable condom-like insert liners—one smooth, one lined with dozens of little "nipples." The main section is 4½" deep by 1¾" diameter. Because it is a tight fit its action is caused by squeezing which produces warm suction and friction. Must be used with lubricant. The top insert is a 1½" depression which can be used to accommodate a "finger vibrator" (sold at most drugstores) which is not necessary for use. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE JUICE TUBE $12.95

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GREAT GIFT IDEA!

Give a subscription to **CIAO!** Simply send the name(s) and address(es) of the recipient(s) on a slip of paper, along with whatever message you would like sent with the first issue. We will typeset your message and signature in beautiful italics. Our special gift card features a colorful map of Greenwich Village—something visitors will use many times. Enclose $12.00 for each gift subscription in the U.S. ($15.00 in Canada & Mexico; $17.00 all other countries). The card announcing the gift will be sent with the first issue via 1st class—in a heavy manila envelope, of course. You must state that the recipient is 21 years or older.

Order from: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Rm. 602, 450 - 7th Ave., N.Y.C. 10001

MAGAZINE BINDERS

Collectors of **CIAO!** have asked for hard-cover binders—to protect their magazines and keep them together in handy book form on the library shelf.

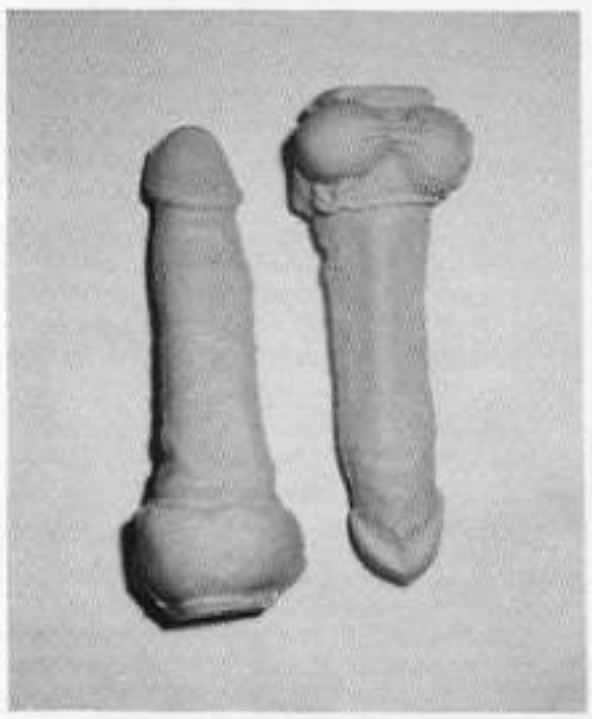
The binders are sturdy and attractive—covered with imitation black leather (grained). Each binder comes with 12 "spines" which are inserted in the center of each magazine and then snapped into place. Capacity is 12 magazines, but it is possible to accommodate as many as 14 or 15 magazines in each binder . . . for this reason we are making available extra spines at 75 cents a set of 6.

Our binders bear no markings—to insure privacy on your library shelf. You may therefore use them for **BODY** or **QQ Magazine** or any other magazines you collect which are the same size as ours. Order extras.

ONLY $6.00 EACH!

Order yours today from: QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

The Titanic



THE TITANIC is so big 'n heavy it almost sinks itself! A full 2 lbs. of solid flesh-like, flesh-colored rubber which has an internal wire so that it can hold any angle. Overall length is 11" (shaft measures 9"); over 2" in diameter. Actually molded from life—and perfectly shaped. Completely washable. Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE TITANIC $14.95

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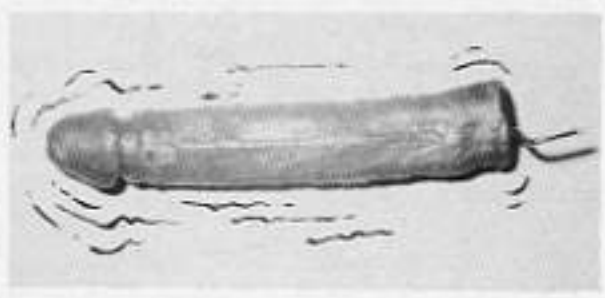
The BIG Tornado



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 10½" 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

Send check or money-order to: **QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Room 602, 450 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.**

THE HOMOSEXUAL HEALTH GUIDEBOOK

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

Your health is your most sacred possession, your body your most treasured shrine. We homosexuals put our health in jeopardy every time we have sex with a stranger. It is our way, and it is beautiful—but realistically facing up to the problem and having the Homosexual Guidebook on hand to help solve problems is the only sensible approach to a rewarding gay life.

The Homosexual Health Guidebook measures 5½" X 8½" and is printed on heavy glossy stock. It is sent via 1st class in a heavy, carefully sealed plain manila envelope.

ONLY $3.95
AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

— — — — — — — — — — — —

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

Guys:
You bet I want The Homosexual Health Guidebook. Rush me_____ copy(ies) at $3.95 each via 1st class in a heavy, plain envelope. Enclosed is my money-order or check for $_____. I am over 21 years of age.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____
(please print clearly)

The World's 3 Greatest Gay Magazines!

QQ MAGAZINE

QQ MAGAZINE IS THE FLAGSHIP OF OUR COMPANY. NOW IN ITS FOURTH YEAR IT HAS NEVER MISSED A PUBLICATION DATE—AND IS READ BY MORE THAN 95,000 GAY GUYS THE WORLD OVER. IT IS A QUALITY PUBLICATION THAT DOESN'T CUT CORNERS. EVERY ISSUE IS PACKED WITH MORE THAN 20 COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLES ON ALL SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO GAY GUYS—SEX TECHNIQUE, GAY LIB, HEALTH, TRAVEL, ETC., PLUS THE GREATEST PHOTOS FOUND ANYWHERE OF RUGGED MEN IN SINGLE AND DUAL POSES (UNDRAPED, OF COURSE), PLUS THE ONLY GAY COMIC STRIP IN THE WORLD—"THE SUPER ADVENTURES OF HARRY CHESS." FULL MAGAZINE SIZE PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK WITH COLOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS AND B-I-G CENTERSPREAD. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES ARE SENT IN PLAINLY-MARKED, HEAVY GLAZED MANILA ENVELOPES (SO COSTLY ONLY WALL STREET FIRMS USE THEM) THAT ARE CAREFULLY SEALED TO INSURE PRIVACY. SORRY, CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $12.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $15.00 IN MEXICO AND CANADA; $17.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

BODY

BODY IS A HANDSOME PICTORIAL DEDICATED TO MALE BEAUTY. ONLY IN BODY WILL YOU FIND THE IDEAL MALE—MORE THAN 50 BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN EVERY ISSUE RANGING IN TYPE FROM HEAVILY MUSCLED TO RUGGED TO LITHE SWIMMER TO SENSITIVE YOUNG MEN. WHAT EVERY MODEL HAS IN COMMON IS A BIG PHALLUS, FIRM BUTTOCKS, AND BEAUTIFUL FACE. OVER 75 PHOTOS IN EVERY MAGAZINE—MOSTLY FULL-PAGE, SINGLE, DUAL, AND GROUP POSES. NOW IN ITS SECOND YEAR IT HAS NEVER MISSED A PUBLICATION DATE—AND IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND THAT COMES OUT ON A REGULAR BASIS. FULL MAGAZINE SIZE PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK WITH COLOR FRONT AND BACK COVERS AND B-I-G CENTERSPREAD. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. MAGAZINES ARE SENT IN PLAINLY-MARKED, HEAVY GLAZED MANILA ENVELOPES (SO COSTLY ONLY WALL STREET FIRMS USE THEM) WHICH ARE CAREFULLY SEALED TO INSURE PRIVACY. SORRY, CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $12.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $15.00 IN MEXICO AND CANADA; $17.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

CIAO!

CIAO! IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD—DEDICATED TO GAY TRAVEL. IN EVERY ISSUE YOU WILL FIND ABOUT 20 DETAILED ARTICLES ON ALL THE PLACES YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO VISIT. WE SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE AND WHERE TO DO IT. COMPLETE LISTINGS TOO—NAMES, ADDRESSES, AND DESCRIPTIVE COMMENTS. GUARANTEED ACCURATE (WE CHECK LISTINGS AS LATE AS 2 WEEKS PRIOR TO PUBLICATION). PHOTOS OF BARS, BATHS, STREETS, BEACHES, AND EVEN MAPS TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING—AND WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN YOU GET THERE. AS EXCITING FOR ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS AS GUYS PLANING THEIR TRIPS. PLUS A MONTHLY PHOTO FEATURE AND PICTURE GALLERY OF INTERNATIONAL STUDS—TO FOREVER END THE ARGUMENT OF WHERE THE B-I-G ONES ARE. WORLD NEWS AND DINING TIPS TOO. FULL MAGAZINE SIZE PRINTED ON HEAVY ENAMELED STOCK. MAILED TO SUBSCRIBERS IN PLAINLY-MARKED, HEAVY GLAZED MANILA ENVELOPES WHICH ARE CAREFULLY SEALED. CANNOT BE SOLD TO MINORS. ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 BI-MONTHLY ISSUES): $12.00 IN THE U.S.A.; $15.00 IN CANADA AND MEXICO; $17.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

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

Here's my check or money-order for $_____ for the following (please check):

- ☐ SUBSCRIPTION to QQ MAGAZINE — $12.00 a year ($15.00 in Canada & Mexico; $17.00 elsewhere)
- ☐ SUBSCRIPTION to BODY — $12.00 a year ($15.00 in Canada & Mexico; $17.00 elsewhere)
- ☐ SUBSCRIPTION to CIAO! — $12.00 a year ($15.00 in Canada & Mexico; $17.00 elsewhere)
- ☐ SAMPLE OF (check) ___QQ ___BODY ___CIAO! — $3.00 each ($3.50 in Canada & Mexico; $4.50 elsewhere)

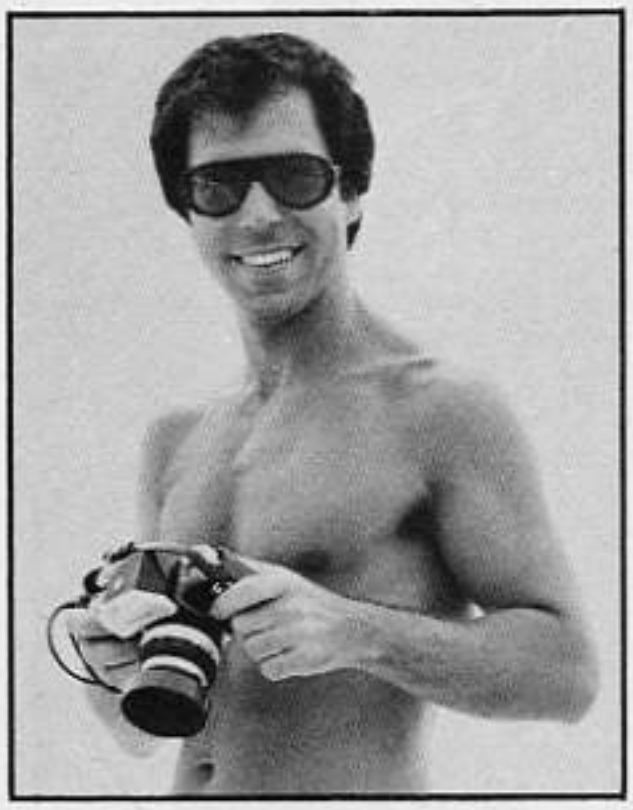
NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

"Let me welcome YOU to Fire Island!"

Says George Desantis Publisher of QQ Magazine, BODY, and CIAO!



George Desantis at Fire Island

Just think of it! This summer you can be on Fire Island—Mecca for thousands of gay guys the world over. Just 2 hours from New York City lies the prettiest little island you have ever seen—where there is so much sex it has actually driven some guys right out of their minds . . . too much! But if you are a powerful love machine and think your body can stand marathon sex—you'll get the bonus of being on the ocean in a country setting and the most fabulous gay nightlife found anywhere. (Please refer to the article on Fire Island in the Jan.-Feb. '73 **Ciao!** magazine, available from the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., for $3.)

DECIDE NOW!

As soon as we receive your reservation I will send you confirmation of your dates as well as detailed information concerning your vacation. You will receive additional literature prior to your departure, to help you plan your stay. Arrangements will be worked out by mail so that you may time your arrival, thus enabling me to personally meet you.

DAY 1

I will personally meet you anywhere in New York City if you arrive by bus or train. If you arrive by plane I will pick you up at the airport. Then I will personally drive you to Sayville, where we will board the ferry for Cherry Grove—the wildest gay community on Fire Island. If you drive you will receive information enabling you to reach the ferry, where I will meet you and escort you the rest of the way. (Free parking for the duration of your stay, at the Sayville dock, in lieu of transportation furnished for those who require it.) On the Island there are no worries about your accommodations, no check-in hassle . . . all of the details are handled by us. I will see that you're settled and then give you a walking tour of Cherry Grove. The tour will terminate in the Daytime Meat Rack, where you may linger until dusk if you're in an especially horny mood. Cocktails and dinner at 8, and you will be the guest of honor at the Summer Headquarters of the QQ Publishing Co., Inc., in Cherry Grove. Afterwards, your first drink at the Ice Palace—a mad discotheque—is on us. Stay and dance, or cruise—but if you decide not to go home with anyone I will meet you at 2 a.m. and escort you to the Nighttime Meat Rack—and deliver you to the dozens of tongues awaiting your bod in the bushes.

DAY 2 'TIL END

Brunch is at our place the next morning, and then a walking tour of the beach and the second gayest community on the Island, The Pines, about a half-mile away. Afterwards you are absolutely free to do as you wish the duration of your stay—but we will not desert you at this point. If you need assistance with a problem, or advice, we will be there to help.

TOUR COST

The tour price includes all the services outlined in this ad—including accommodations. It does not include drinks and meals (allow $10 per person per day if you do your own cooking, if you rent the cottage; or $15 per person per day if you stay at the hotel). Nor does it include personal needs such as laundry, sundries, etc.

HOTEL OR COTTAGE

Hotel. We have reserved space at the Cherry Grove Inn, in the heart of the Grove. The rooms are simply furnished but are modern and comfortable. They are also clean. Bathrooms are shared (doors may be locked when occupied, for privacy). Linens changed weekly, towels available as needed. Free continental breakfast served in the office (coffee and sweet rolls).

Single room per person, weekly . . $200.00
Double room for two, weekly. . . $350.00
(Note: These rates include the tour as advertised; they are not the actual hotel rates. Available June 1 thru September 28, **Friday-to-Friday rental only.** No exceptions. Weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7 not available. No pets.)

The Cottage

Cottage. A small but fully furnished two-room cottage in Cherry Grove. Large day room with full kitchen/dining area at one end. Couch converts to sleep 2. Working fireplace. Electric heaters, radio, clock, etc. Linens and towels. Large bedroom with two twin beds. Complete bathroom with stall shower. Front and rear sun decks.

Single occupancy, weekly $300.00
Double occupancy, weekly $350.00
Three persons, weekly $400.00
Four persons, weekly $450.00
(Note: **Friday-to-Friday rental only.** No exceptions. Available June 1 thru September 28. Add $50.00 for weeks of June 29-July 6, and August 31-September 7. Four persons maximum. Pets permitted if arranged for in advance.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

A deposit of one-half the total tour cost must accompany the reservation. Deposits are non-refundable regardless of circumstances. Balance must be paid by check or money-order 2 weeks prior to arrival. No exceptions. Non-refundable. The QQ Publishing Co., Inc. assumes no responsibility whatsoever for inclement weather. Nor does it assume any responsibility whatsoever for personal injuries and sicknesses incurred. All services and accommodations outlined in this advertisement and paid for are unconditionally guaranteed. **Please do not write for additional details. Only persons making reservations will receive further information.**

The Cherry Grove Inn

BOOKING ACCEPTABILITY

Please book early. There is limited space at the Inn and only one cottage. List alternate dates if possible. If alternates are not possible please state so when sending your deposit, and your check or money-order will be returned promptly if we cannot accommodate you. All arrangements are to be made through us only (not the hotel). Those wishing to book hotel space privately should not contact us. No reservations accepted after May 31, 1973.

WEATHER

June and September are pleasant months at Fire Island. Cool days but usually warm enough for sunbathing; evenings are chilly and require light jackets or sweaters. Rain is unpredictable in this area. July and August are very pleasant, sometimes hot. The evenings are usually warm enough for t-shirts. A list of suggested clothing will be sent to those making reservations.

RESERVE NOW!

Reserve now—but only if you are **sure.** Send to: **George Desantis, QQ Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 602, 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.** (Make checks payable to "QQ Publishing Co., Inc.")

"Downtown" Cherry Grove