

Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL

October 1973
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Ciao! THE WORLD OF GAY TRAVEL®

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1973 VOLUME 1/NUMBER 5

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Athletic Model Guild



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history and that young with-it King Bhumibol—a Harvard graduate and a real jazz buff—has worked hard to update his country's image and bring it more contemporaneously into the near twenty-first century.

One of his notable achievements has wisely been to leave the Oriental Hotel in all its glorious original splendor—stone by untouched stone—inviting it to serve as a gracious facade for a magnificent new glass-and-steel building of wholly different, though wholly compatible, architecture. None of the color, the elegance or the period style of the Oriental has been changed. The great lobby is still serenely calm—a Sargasso Sea of white rattan in which a **pukka sahib** of Kipling's time would feel instantly at home, expecting—and getting—a gracious service of high tea at five in the afternoon, as indeed the great Kipling himself often did.

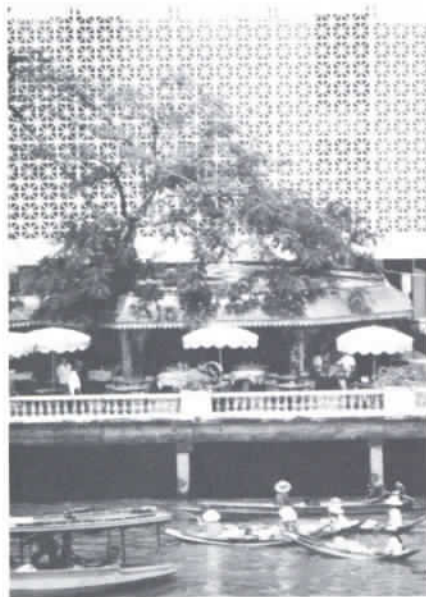
Since 1887 the Oriental has played host to great captains of industry . . . 'gentleman pirates' (it was, in fact, built with the piratical fortunes of two such men who—having achieved the respectability of great wealth—sought to build 'comfortable quarters for gentlemen of the sea') . . . smugglers of opium, and—even today—sellers, bidders and buyers of precious stones, particularly rubies. As a visitor to the Oriental you will likely be cajoled into buying "a genuine Burmese ruby, cheap." It will look truly genuine but make this test: dip it in alcohol and let it stay for a few moments. If the alcohol blushes an embarrassed pink you'll know how nearly you were had!

Great names in the world of art, literature and music stayed at the Oriental. Joseph Conrad wrote some of his greatest books here . . . Somerset Maugham brought his young lover here, and it was in his suite and at his table in the garden that he wrote the four stories to be later filmed as **Quartet**, that perennial screen classic that gave handsome Dirk Bogarde, championed by the great Maugham, his big chance in the films.

Here, too, Cyril Scott lived and composed some of his popular piano pieces. What gay pianist has

not reveled in Scott's **Lotus Land** . . . especially the 'rippy' section! The showy part of this piece comes when the pianist removes a silk handkerchief from his breast pocket, lays it fancifully across the black keys, and makes the **glissandi** with the backs of his hands so that there is no scuffing of skin or spilling of blood. It was Scott's young Siamese friend who gave him the idea. At an appropriate time in his frequent recitals in the Oriental Hotel (he was forever being asked to play **Lotus Land**) this beautiful boy would rise and drape a scarf of lavender silk across the keys to much 'ooh-ing and ah-h-ing' of his audience . . . sheer homodecadence. High camp—present at the creation!

Today, as throughout the entire Vietnamese war, the Oriental Hotel has been a dreamworld haven for gay soldiers who delight in coming to this peaceful oasis on 'R and R' periods to share their temporary freedom with an exciting young Thai. ("Thai for two" as the gaywaggag goes. Or, as another has it, "There's plenty of Bang and a lot of Kok in sexy old Bangkok.") There is . . . but there's a trick in finding out just where.



Oriental Hotel

Of course one really need not leave the Oriental to find someone interesting. The garden, lobby, grounds and riverfront on which the Oriental faces are all alive with handsome hustlers of

great elegance and sophistication. But if you like to work a little harder for your tricks—if there's a bit of the Klondike in you—you'll opt for the narrow lanes—mews, as they are Britannically called—back some distance from the hotel. What at first appears as only a maze of tiny passageways is misleading. Venture inside and firecrackers of excitement are going off in all directions!

Everything! Little girls and beautiful nearly-nude boys practicing the traditional Thai dances (they'll come to New York and you'll pay upwards of \$10 to see them at a Broadway theater) . . . craftsmen making amazing things in bronze and copper . . . "expert massage boys," as they advertise themselves . . . porno-film actors (anything not pornoed in New York, Los Angeles or Sweden is filmed here!) . . . transvestites . . . monks in yellow robes . . . temple after temple burning fragrant incense . . . cruisers . . . and hustlers—rough/elegant, everywhere. **Ciao!** is giving fuller reportage on Thai sex-availability, but this may do for a starter.

Don't pass up this exciting place if you are doing the Asian thing this year. Book early at the Oriental. You'll be everlastingly sorry if you miss this one!

Philadelphia

By Ralph W. Davis

In an age of decaying tastes, Philadelphia remains a citadel of culture. This is not only made apparent by the city's numerous cultural activities, but also by an eagerness to preserve its historic landmarks with dignity. The "greene countrie towne" as it was called in William Penn's day may be gone, but the "towne" still lives in the area east of Broad Street and north and south of Market Street near the Delaware River. Here the traveler can visit the city's famous history-book shrines, as well as the old mansions and streets.

The shabby viaduct that was

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once referred to as the "Chinese Wall" by most Philadelphians no longer carries trains into center city; in its place soars the imaginatively modern Penn Center complex of glass and steel. Nearby Rittenhouse Square, with its new apartment buildings and elegant old brownstones, may have the look of slightly fading gentility, but it still endures as the home of society and one of the places to dine or shop.

Gay guys will find this City of Brotherly Love not only interesting to tour, but also wide open to cruise. In a small area, all within walking distance, are enough bars and restaurants to satisfy most tastes.

West of Broad Street in the Rittenhouse Square area the bars and restaurants are:

Allegro, 1412 Spruce Street. This is one of the more popular bars with three floors and three bars. There is a game room, discotheque and a d.j. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m. a feature film is shown free. The music is continuous, and the light show good. Open Monday through Friday from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.; Saturday from 12 noon to 2 a.m.; Closed Sunday. Sandwiches are served every Saturday for \$1 from about noon to 4 p.m. Good crowd.



Allegro

Miss P's, 418 S. 18th Street. Popular with transvestites who like to visit with their men. Dancing. Shows. Open from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. I was told that if no one answers the door (usually locked), to turn the combination lock on the door from Roman Numeral IV to III, then to the left all the

way. This will either open the door or set off an alarm. Try it if the uncertainty excites you.



Miss P's

Westbury Bar, 271 S. 15th Street. The entrance is under the Bar sign and not through the hotel. Lunches are served from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Ask for Chuck. He serves great sandwiches. Open Monday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Young crowd. Also some leather. Closed on Sunday.

Steps, 1526 Delancey Street. This is very popular with the young. There are three floors of jam-packed action. Discotheque with d.j. Sound and electric lights timed together. Continental cuisine. Hours every day from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday from 1 to 10 p.m. Shows.



Steps

247 Bar, 247 S. 17th Street. This is a western bar with ranch-type decor. I find this bar just a little too butch looking, and the true leather seems to prefer the Westbury. Leather crowd usually shows up after 11:30 p.m. Hot sandwiches are served from 11

a.m. to 9 p.m. Prices are from 35¢ to 70¢. Weekdays the hours are from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. and Saturdays from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sunday.

Penrose Club, 1415 Locust Street (second floor). This is a private after-hours bar. You can always make contact with a member outside the bar or at another bar and get him to "sponsor" you. Yearly membership is \$2. Minimum on weekends is \$2. Back room is leather, front room is for dancing. Open from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Dewey's, corner of S. 17th and Chancellor. Very popular late at night with the gays. This is just a typical hamburger and coffeetype place. The branch at S. 13th and Chancellor is also popular.

East of Broad Street the bars and restaurants are more abundant. They are:

Forrest Theatrical Lounge, 206 S. Quince Street. Here the attraction is the female impersonators. There is a \$3 minimum which goes toward two drinks on show nights. Shows are every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 10:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sunday.

Foster House, 211 S. Quince Street. This bar-restaurant is popular with transvestites, hippies and way-out types. Five different rooms. Three bars. Pictures on the bar wall are of lovely looking nudes. Food starts at \$3.95 and is served from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Open daily except Sunday from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.



P.B.L.

P.B.L., 204 S. Quince Street. This is another after-hours bar,

and like the Penrose, contact for entry can be made outside the bar or at another bar. Packed on weekends. Two floors. Private; same prices as Penrose.

Drury Lane, 1304 Drury Street (off 13th Street between Chestnut and Sansom). Very expensive. Open weekdays from 4 p.m. to 12 a.m. Sunday from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Dining room is dressy. Bar is informal.



Drury Lane



Comeback

Comeback Bar and Restaurant, 1308 Drury Street. Very nice, conservative bar-restaurant. People can come here without having to brag about their latest trip or Bill Blass suit. The dining room is upstairs, and the brick walls and bar area are very nice, but I don't particularly like the poor copies of famous paintings. Reasonably priced and the food is good. Lunches (from about \$1.95 to \$3.50) are served from 11:45 a.m. to 2 p.m. There is usually a mixed crowd for lunch. A nice place to take a straight friend for lunch. Brunch on Saturday costs about \$2.95 and is served from 1

to 3 p.m. The downstairs bar is open from 11:45 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Piano.

Maxine's Restaurant and Bar, 243 S. Camac Street (near Locust Street between 12th and 13th Streets). This is no longer a coat-and-tie bar-restaurant, but it does tend to be elegant. Good food. Prices \$3.95-\$7.95 for dinner; 5 to 11 p.m. daily. Piano. Sunday brunch \$1.75-\$2.75 from 1 to 4 p.m. Sunday dinners from 5 to 9 p.m. from \$2.50 to \$3.75. Open daily from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday from 1 to 10 p.m.



Maxine's

Pirate Ship, 255 S. Camac Street. The name outside is **Venture Inn**, but it goes by the name of Pirate Ship. A very uninteresting crowd. Older, sordid type. Open from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sunday.



Pirate Ship

Midway, 256 S. 12th Street. Food is average. Prices \$3.25-\$5.95. Casual dress. Mixed gay crowd. Hours are from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Sunday from 1 to 10 p.m. Meals Sunday from 4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Other days from

5:30 to 11 p.m. No dancing.



Midway

Parker Hotel Bar, 13th and Spruce Streets. The bar is popular on Sunday afternoon only. Mixed crowd (gay and straight).

Club 13 (sometimes called the **Hideaway Club**), 13th and Locust Streets. Mixed crowd—all types from straights to transvestites to hustlers. Dancing. A fairly heavy black crowd. The same crowd goes to the **R.D.**, also at 13th and Locust Streets. The **Ritz Bar**, on the corner of N. 13th and Commerce Streets (half a block from Market Street) seems to be mainly black. Crowds are sometimes rough.



Club 13

Two bars, away from town, are:

Attic Bar, 5708 Germantown Avenue. This isn't the best area, consequently the bar isn't very popular. It is, though, a nice bar. It is done up like an attic with brick and plaster walls and shutters. Open from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Second floor.

C/R Bar, 6405 Market Street. Local bar in a nice area. Open

from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily except Sunday. Dancing.

BATHS

The only baths in the Philadelphia area is the **Club Baths**, 1498 Broadway, Camden, N.J. It is private and has the usual \$5 per year, \$3 per month membership fee. Identification with name plus address and signature is necessary for obtaining membership card, which is good at all Club Baths in the country. Rooms are \$6; lockers \$4. Free beer and pizza every Tuesday. The usual facilities.

MOVIES

Movie admission \$5. The two theaters are the **Art Cinema**, 1903 Market Street, and **Arch Street Cinema**, 1308 Arch Street. The usual gay-type movies. Very little groping. Strictly movies.

BOOK STORE

The **Adult Book Store**, 942 Market Street (second floor). A good selection of gay books, magazines, etc. Watch those steps!

OUTDOOR CRUISING

League Island Park at night, near the Philadelphia Navy Yard is the place for Navy men. But it is rough. So be careful.

S. Broad and Spruce Streets is the corner for hustlers.

Rittenhouse Square, inside the park during the summer.

The **'Merry-Go-Round'** is also popular during the summer. This is the area from 20th and Spruce to 21st and Spruce to Delancey and 21st to 20th and Delancey and then to 20th and Spruce Streets.



'Merry-Go-Round'

On **Spruce from 12th Street to the 'Merry-Go-Round'** is also good for car cruising and walking.

Penn Center (at the skating rink) is cruisy during the day and sometimes at night.

GAY SWITCHBOARD

If problems arise that need special attention, call the **Gay Switchboard** from 6 p.m. to 12 a.m. daily. The telephone number is 978-5700. A variety of services are offered, from personal advice to medical referrals.

Philadelphia may be growing and modernizing . . . stepping away even further from that once "greene countrie towne" look of William Penn's day, but it still manages to retain a quaintness and charm which makes this City of Brotherly Love something special for gay guys to visit.

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

Vancouver/ Victoria

By **Jerry Roberts
& David Bartel**

If you are foregoing high-priced Europe this year in favor of doing Canada from coast to coast, you'll probably want to begin your tour at the Atlantic maritime provinces and then go on to Quebec, Montreal and Toronto. Once you've played the happy hedonist in these Elysian fields to your heart's content—sampling the special flavors of each, as were detailed in previous issues of **Ciao!**—you may decide to press your luck still more . . . going farther toward the Pacific in the belief that everything 'west' will be coming up sexual roses. Unhappily you will find the pickin's so few and far between, that by the time you

reach Vancouver your tongue will be hanging out from nearly 3000 miles of sexual drought.

Don't let this dismay you, however. You, and hundreds of your gay brothers who have done the very same thing, are in for a delightful surprise. While at first you may think that—like the lemmings—you have come to beat your collective heads on the rocks of still another sexless western town, you'll bask instead in the warmth of a welcome so cordially gay, in a city so clean and beautiful and sexually palpitating, you'll wonder why on earth you saved Vancouver for last!



Vancouver

This gleaming, colorful city of the North has so many super-plus things going for it, one is hard put to choose a starting point in enumerating them all. With a population now nearing the one-million mark—she is the third largest in Canada—Vancouver is surely the cleanest city in North America. Air pollution, for example, is a term her citizens know about only from seeing televised pictures of New York City and Los Angeles engulfed in impenetrable smog.

Vancouver's climate is mild to temperate the year around, making a visit here anytime a total pleasure. While there is a rainy season during the months of November through January—with sometimes a bridal veil of light snow—temperatures rarely drop below 40 in winter, and even in February spring flowers begin to poke their pretty heads out with insatiable curiosity about summer.

The city is set off like a jewel on mountain-fringed Burrard Inlet, and if gay visitors with a sporting instinct will—in addition to phallus, poppers and pot—bring along rod 'n reel, bow and arrow and/or yachting cap, you'll find