

The bare facts: my naked vacation

Fort Lauderdale resident show off south of his border

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Where did you go?

I went to Blue Tulum Resort and Spa in Tulum, Mexico, on the Yucatan Peninsula on the Caribbean Sea. The trip was hosted by Source Events, which rented out the entire property for a weeklong retreat, sponsored by Gay Naturalist International.

Why did you decide to go there?

I could say I went because I like to be pampered at luxurious resorts, to "get away" and relax. That would be true. But the thought of more than a hundred nude men got me packing. Although you don't have to pack much on a nude vacation.

Describe your hotel. Were you pleased with the property?

The property that Source Events rented, called Blue Tulum, is charmingly compact and beautifully maintained grounds lush with colorful bougainvillea. Six two-story pavilions house sixteen rooms, for a total of just 96 units. The cavernous rooms have canopy beds, spacious marble bathrooms, and whirlpool tubs big enough for two.

The food was generally excellent, as were the drinks from the (top-shelf) open bar; room service is available 24 hours. We ordered dessert repeatedly.

There is one significant flaw at this resort: no beach. Blue Tulum is built atop massive rocks eroded by the sea. Guests cannot wade in the Caribbean, run along the shore or have a romantic moonlit stroll on the beach. Although there were quite a few men wandering the paths at night, near the bushes.

What was the town like?

The area is a collection of mega-resorts, built side by side along the rocky shores. It was only after I returned home that I Googled "Tulum" to see if I had missed something. I hadn't. There's the ocean, Mayan ruins, and "cenotes," caverns naturally formed by underground rivers, which are a cave explorer's paradise. But what more do you need when you are at a tropical resort?

Taxis are inexpensive, should you wish to go somewhere but since there are no meters the fare must be negotiated before setting off. FYI: Downtown of Tulum is essentially one wide boulevard lined with tourist shops and restaurants. Don't bother.

What were the highlights of the places you visited?

One of the reasons to tour Mexico is to see the ruins. There were several lying round the pool.

The Tulum Mayan ruins, just five miles from the hotel, are impressive, with the largest structures positioned high on a cliff overlooking the sea. Admission is about \$4. The views are breathtaking. If you don't hire a tour guide, eavesdrop on other groups wherever you can, you learn a lot that way.

Chichen Itza is the most famous and grand of the Mexican pyramids; that site was two hours away by bus. But I've already seen it, so I skipped that day trip and relaxed in the sun.

There was also a snorkeling trip to a local cenote, but I didn't do that one either. I spent the day in my whirlpool tub drinking champagne. Everyone who went said it was a magnificent experience, very "Indiana Jones." And of course they snorkeled naked.

How was the gay nightlife?

The closest gay bars are in Cancun, an hour and a half north.

Were the locals gay-friendly?

We did not encounter many locals; but the staff at the resort was cordial, especially the gay workers who had beaming smiles. They even invited us out with their friends. On one trip to town for a run to the bank, our taxi driver offered to find us male hustlers. No, gracias.

Did you meet anyone interesting?

Armistead Maupin (author of *Tales of the City*) and his oh-so-sexy spouse Chris Turner (founder of daddyhunt.com) checked in to the resort for the week. One night in the middle of the week, Armistead held an informal reading from one of his books, and answered questions from the audience. He was very gracious, and friendly.

We also saw singer Matt Alber perform. If you've never seen Matt's video of his song "[End of the World](#)," stop reading and watch it at once. I predict wet eyes.

What's it like being at a gay nudist event?

Remember the locker room at your high school gym? There are the strutters, who can't wait to strip and show it off. The timid, who won't undress even to plunge into the pool. And there are cliques—from an Atlanta group, bitchy beneath their Southern charm, to California boys in gauzy sarongs. And just like in high school, I'm rotten at sports.

With that said, I was impressed by the sense of camaraderie at the resort. People were far more approachable than if you'd see them at the local bar; persons sitting alone at meals would receive friendly invites to join other tables.

Did you find romance while you were there?

I did not find romance, but I did find sex. I've been told there is a difference.