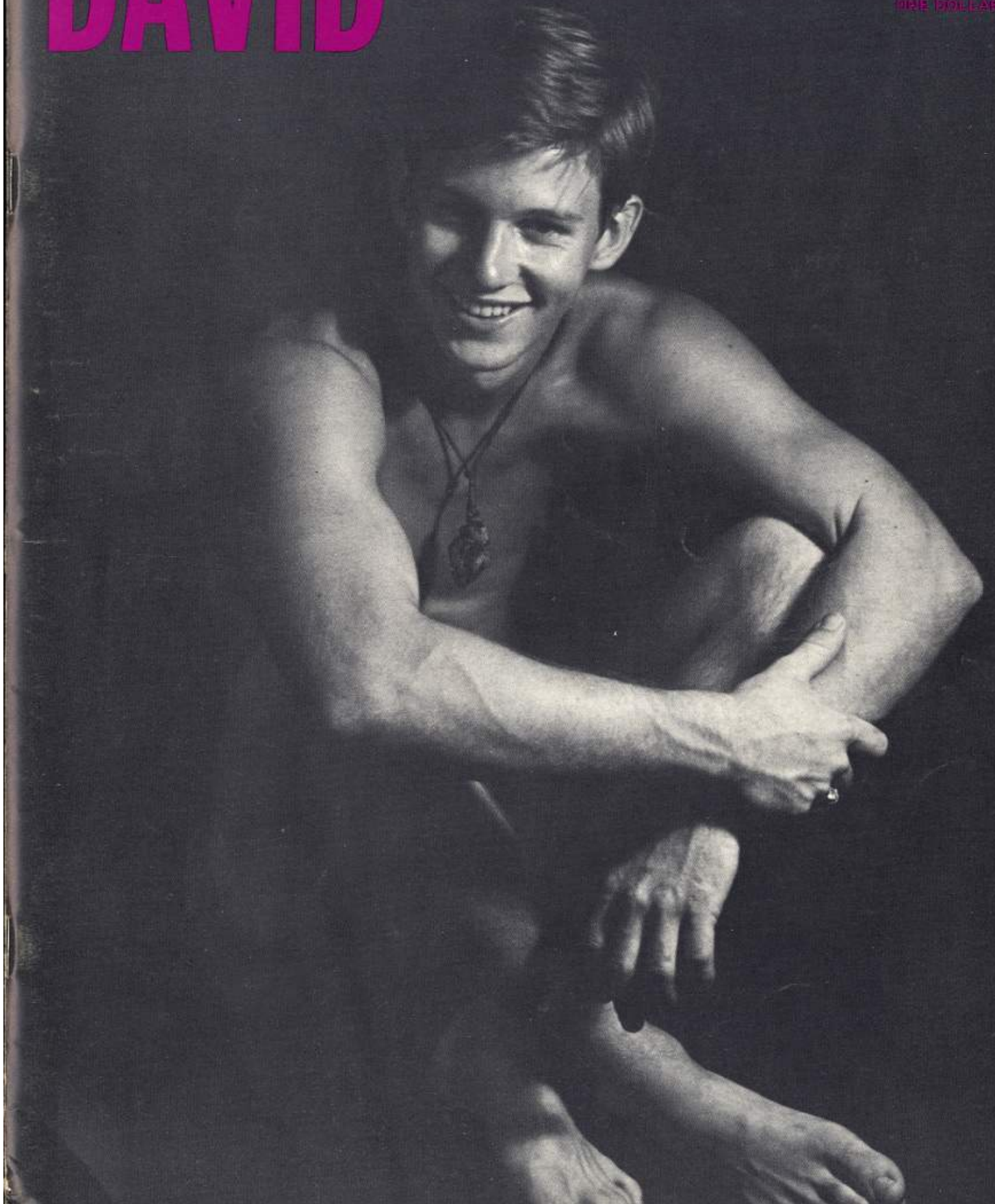


DAVID

ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS VOLUME THREE, NUMBER TWO

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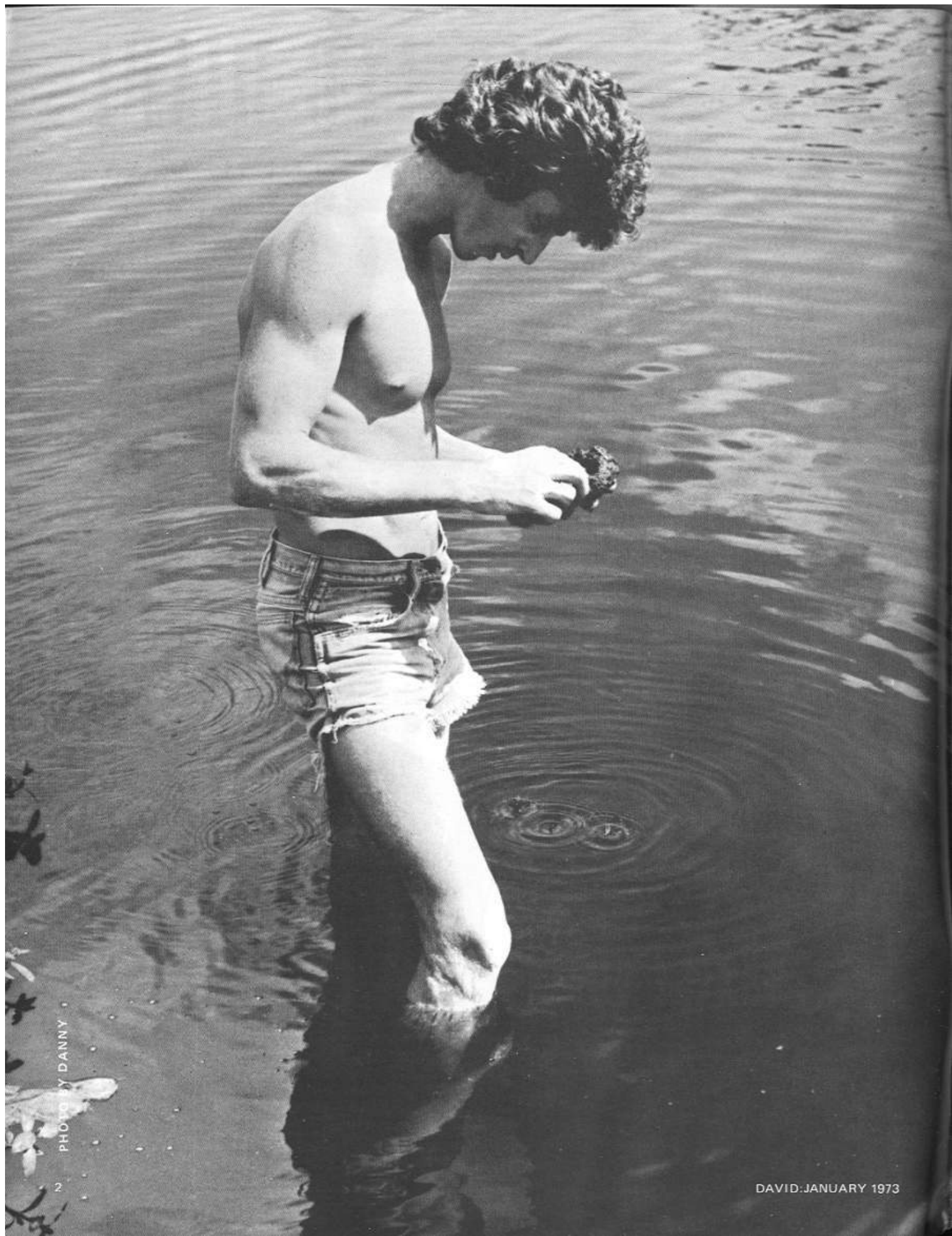


PHOTO BY DANNY

DAVID: JANUARY 1973



inside david

CONTENTS FOR THE NATION'S FINEST GAY MAGAZINE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	7
LOOKING AROUND	5
AT PEOPLE	
Ms MARLENE DIETRICH.....	23
ROBERTA FLACK.....	22
MARCOS PAREDES.....	31
JOEY CORD.....	19
FRED ALEXSON.....	34
AT THE THEATRE.....art carney.....a prisoner of second avenue.....	24
AT THE OPERA.....associate artist opera company.....	28
AT NEW YORK.....je.....	33
AT CHICAGO.....	35
MISS DAVID, 1973 PAGEANT.....entries.....	10
THE WINNERS !	15
SATYR.....fiction.....l. charles hines.....	9
SEX SYMBOL.....fiction.....r.c. vallarian	37
TOP TEN MOVIES.....joel chapman.....	27
STAR GAYS.....fred alexson.....	21
LEATHER.....lou stammer.....	17
BOY OF THE MONTH.....jack.....	38
JOKTH.....worth repeating.....	43
VERSE.....from our readers.....	45
IT'S GAY IN DARKEST AFRICA ?part two.....	36
CLASSIFIED ADS.....	75
DAVID SUPPORTERS.....the nation's most accurate guide.....	76

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A black and white photograph of a muscular man with long, dark hair, looking directly at the camera. He is shirtless and wearing striped swim trunks. His hands are resting on his hips. The background is a solid, dark gray.

PHOTO BY ROY BLAKEY

DAVID JANUARY 1973

LOOKING AROUND



Sometimes, by looking at the problems of others and how they are handling them we are able to get a broader perspective with which to handle our own problems. It is with this thought in mind we present: (the following is from the Swedish Union for Sexual Equality, RFSL)

Protest Against Persecution in Spain !

We all know about the medieval, discriminating laws against homosexuality in Spain. We have heard about the persecutions, which these laws have meant for brothers and sisters there. We have heard about the camps for "readjustment of homosexuals" in Huelva and Badajoz.

We must react ! We must show our solidarity !

At the Sex Seminar in Arhus, Denmark, 10-11th September, several of the gay groups were present and accepted the proposition made by the RFSL, that we should make a joint protest against the Spanish government as well as inform the press in our countries about the frightening cruelty against men and women of homosexual inclination, which today is in use in Spain. We hope that many more groups will join in this protest. If your group is big or small, revolutionary or reformist is of little importance. All we who fight against sexual oppression must be prepared to show love and solidarity ourselves. In this case love and solidarity for suffering friends in Spain.

Every participating group should collect as much evidence as possible, as many concrete informations as possible about the persecution in Spain today. These informations can be sent to us - in any language.

The Material will be put together in a letter of Protest. This will be sent to various authorities in Spain as well as handed over at the same time to the Spanish Embassies in our countries. It will be written

in Spanish, but you will also receive a translation in your language which we beg you to hand over to the news agencies and the press in your country.

This is an action of friendship and solidarity. Let us show the world that these things exist within the homophile community and within people fighting sexual oppression.

Do your best to collect material and participate. We are awaiting your informations.

Michael Holm, Box 15 360 70 Aseda, Sweden.

MARRIAGE FOR HOMOSEXUALS?

A committee, appointed by the government, has been working for three years with a revision of the matrimonial laws. Their first results have recently been published. By the government the committee was advised to present propositions for new bills, which should be equally advantageous for legally married couples and for others who live together by choice and without any legal bonds. But so far the committee has only presented ideas for a reform of the traditional male/female marriage. This has evoked a protest from the RFSL, which had stressed that already from the start of the committee's work the special situation of homosexual couples should be considered.

The ideas for a reform of the matrimonial laws are - apart from the negligence of homosexual relations - radical and encouraging to a greater individual freedom.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A REFORM

It is stated by the committee: "A change of laws of this kind must broaden the possibilities for the individual to form his life in accordance with his wishes and it must be the aim of society to grant a wider personal liberty as well as equality for all.

The role of the family is changing. We

still have laws from a time when people lived in family units, where children were raised to take part in a family enterprise - for instance the farm. It was a natural community, producing its own necessities and giving protection to the weak as well as care for the old and sick.

With industrialization and urbanization this has radically changed and today the most important issue is the demand for complete independence and equality of the woman. This has led to a new outlook on marriage, which now far less is seen as a way of support, but as a way of life to express togetherness and common responsibility.

The togetherness has become less formal but more real, less determined by conditions from the outside. Traditional ideas about division of domestic work has also changed radically.

Modern man has discovered that more time devoted to the family and to active domestic work and care for children has given him possibilities to a wider development of his own personality. On the other hand the modern woman has become conscious of the fact that only good education and a social position of her own can be the basis for her social security.

As married should be considered any couple that in writing informs the local authorities that they want to live together. Marriage is dissolved when any of the parts wants this and no reasons need to be stated. If the couple has the care of children under 16 they shall, however, during a period of six months, have to confer with the local welfare group in order to find the best solution for all involved parts after the divorce. The marriage will then not be considered dissolved until these six months have elapsed.

No ceremony will be necessary, neither

(Continued on Page 47)

the SWEET GUM HEAD

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear David:

I think that it is not too early for the Gay people of America to choose a Presidential Candidate to support in 1976. I believe that Senator Ted Kennedy is our best bet. He does not now nor has he ever supported laws against any sexual acts between consenting adults. I personally believe that he is our only hope to ever gain the rights that are supposedly guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States. We need someone in the White House that will support us.

I just wonder exactly what it is going to take before the Gay Community rises in rebellion and demand that we be given the rights that we should by all rights have in the first place. There are enough of us to create havoc if we would only band together; men, women, old and young and raise hell until we are heard. It was well proven by the black movement that you have to hit them hard before they acknowledge your existence. It is high time that we let them know that we are a powerful group of people and that we can force them to listen to our demands. We can show our power by electing Ted Kennedy in '76. We should start now to collect the money that he will need for his campaign and by beginning to talk to our Gay brothers and sisters about him. Furthermore, we should begin to write every Congressman and Senator that we have ever heard of and let them know that we will not give up until the harassment and persecution that we have had to endure is made unlawful. If we have to turn Washington upside down, we should do that too. Let's get together and fight to the bitter end. If we make enough noise they cannot ignore us, but we have to make sense. For example, it doesn't seem logical that a communist can work in our defense plants, but a Gay cannot

serve his country because he is a security risk. Show me if you can, America, the logic in that.

What we need so badly is organization. We need a leader that has a good head and has the guts to stand up for our movement under all kinds of fire. I would like to hear from some of the Gay organization around the country and to find out what constructive things they are doing. If I can help in any way, I would be happy to devote all my spare time to the cause.
HM

Dear David:

All this talk about liberation - what do we want anyway. I can remember a "man-on-the-street" type interview between a news reporter that was covering a black riot and a black man who was participating in that riot with much vigor. The news reporter asked him just what they were trying to accomplish. The black man said that he did not know. The reporter asked him what he wanted to accomplish personally. The black man replied that he did not know that either - that all he knew was that he was there to cause trouble for the whites and to force them to listen to their demands. What were their demands? No one seemed to know.

I sincerely hope that when we finally do start something that will gain the national attention that we need, we won't have some dummy out there that doesn't know what the Hell he's doing or worse yet, what the group is trying to accomplish. Therefore, I would like to suggest that someone publish as a sort of creed to live by: A complete list of our objectives as a movement. Further, I would like to suggest that we start with Senator McGovern's plan. He may have lost the race for the Presidency in a big way, but that does not mean that all his ideas were bad. What we need are common objectives so that

we can work toward them together instead of everyone pulling in a different direction and no one getting anywhere.

I would like to see a complete list of objectives published in the near future.

Sincerely,

Ronnie

Dear David

I guess I am over the hill in age with the younger set because I am 40. I live in a small town and married with kids. I am straight in most ways. I love to be around Gay Guys, and hear them talk about their fun. I would like some of this fun, but they won't have anything to do with me.

I go to the bar and buy beer, and that is as far as they go. I ask them to dance, but they refuse. I am not bald, my hair is black, and am 6'3" tall and weigh about 190. If I must say, not too bad looking.

I like to go to bed with Gay Guys, and play but I have no luck talking to them.

What do I have to do when I go in a bar and maybe someone will have something to do with me.

By the way are there any baths in Jacksonville, and if so where? I like reading the classifieds of David. Keep up the good work. Thanks. B.M. Folkston Ga.

ed:

Thank you for turning to DAVID for assistance. Although we are not generally qualified to be handing out advice, a thought has occurred that may be of some use to you.

Quite often, without intending to, we can appear "overanxious" in our approach to other people. Even when we consciously try not to give that impression, people somehow always "sense" this urgency and quite frankly, it inevitably "scares them off" no matter how attractive you are or what you have to offer.

We might suggest that the next time you go out, DON'T go out with "finding a

(Continued on Page 56)

the

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"Heee haaaw!"

Before Elder Dee Barkley realized exactly what was happening he was thrown upon a rack of suits. Dumbfounded and confused, he attempted to get to his feet but instead decided first to look about himself to see what had caused his fall. Abrupt, it had been, as a flash of lightning -- no, to be exact, it had been more like an attack by a raging animal. There had been that funny noise he had heard just before his descent, sounding like the squeaky chant of a goat.

"A goat!" Elder Barkley said under his breath. Discard any such thought. After all he was inside a plush haberdashery. It was unthinkable that an animal, especially a goat, could have entered

here. Nevertheless something, or someone, had knocked him off his feet. He was most certain of that.

He looked around the dressing room cautiously, hoping that he had merely imagined the whole thing. Yes, it probably was only his imagination, he told himself.

At times, particularly after the sixties, he could never be quite certain what was fact and what was fiction. Men had been to the moon and the likes of Lee Harvey Oswald, James Earl Ray, Sirhan Sirhan, and Charles Manson had achieved notoriety at the expense of the public at large.

Certainly sweet, lovely Sharon Tate did not expect to give her grand performance to such a

small audience. However, the Kennedys and King had seen the writing on time's bleak wall and made ready for the journey. Each of them, Sharon included, had played their final scene and made their exit.

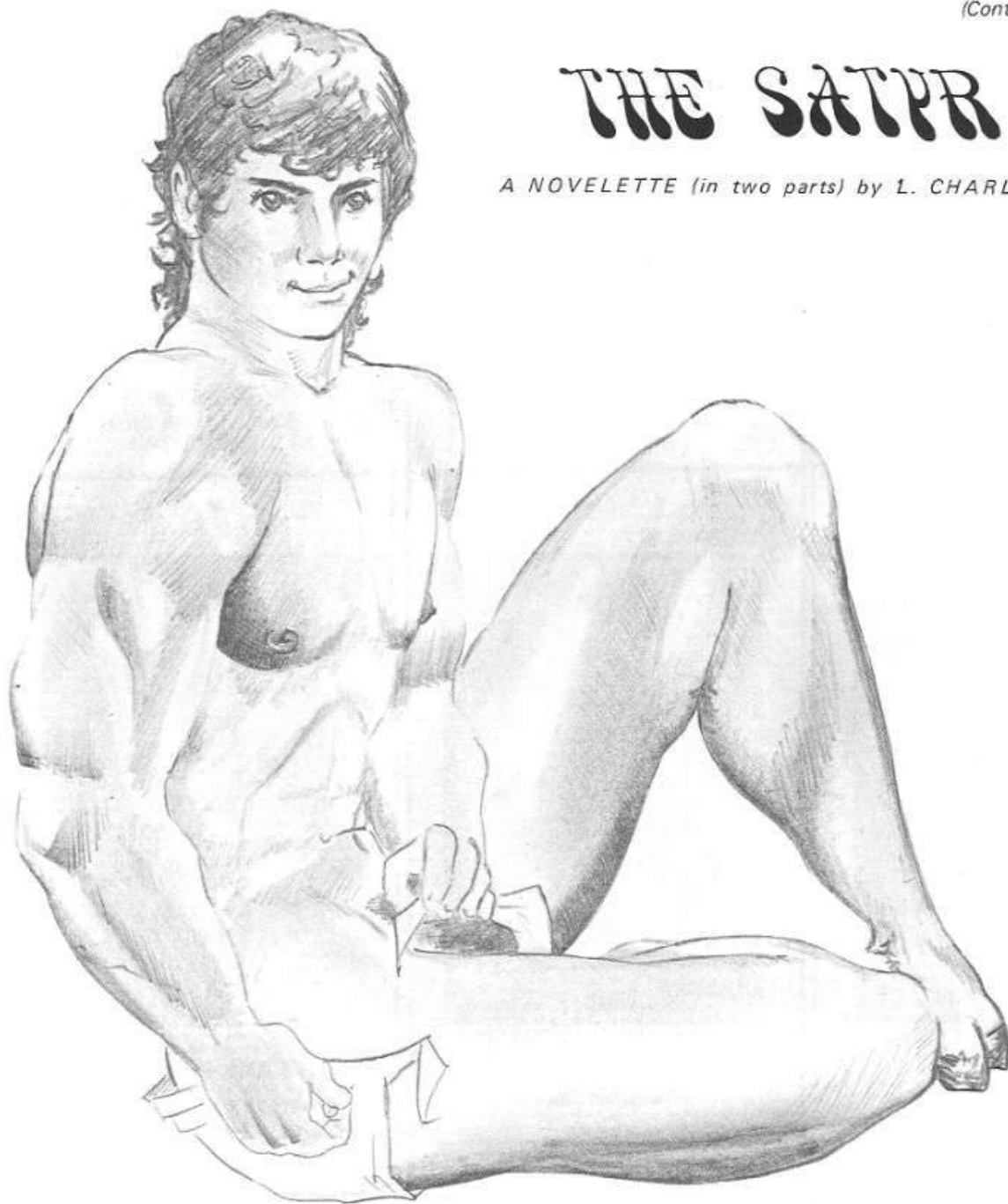
But was it his -- Dee Barkley's -- time to exit? Perhaps someone or something was out to kill him. However, the first attempt had been foiled, possibly by fate, but it might make another and another attempt until it had accomplished its goal which was to kill him.

But who could possibly want to kill him? He did not really have any actual enemies except himself. He was a mild-mannered man with the usual entourage of friends, but no enemies of

(Continued on Page 68)

THE SATYR

A NOVELETTE (in two parts) by L. CHARLES HINES



THE 1973 MISS DAVID

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(right) Big DAVID
from the BAYOU LANDING
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LISA



2ND RUNNER-UP RHONDA BLAKE



3RD RUNNER-UP
TIFFANY JONES



MISS CONGENIALITY
DUSTY

Lovely and extremely talented CARMEN DEL RIO, sponsored by the Club South Baths in Atlanta took Dallas by storm to win the title of MISS DAVID, 1973.

The contest this year was held at the big and beautiful BAYOU LANDING, Dallas, Texas, Saturday, December 2nd to an enthusiastically packed house.

Scagnolia flew all the way from Miami Beach to help Big David of the Bayou Landing emcee the show and appeared in probably the most garishly chic outfit ever assembled by anyone but Phyllis Diller. Colorfully outfitted in Purple shag, faded beige, red and green (with matching hair colors ala Rit) Miss Scag proceeded to delight the audience with raspy baritone quips slashing the contestants, the audience and Big David playfully.

The contestants never looked lovelier. Many had obviously spent thoughtful hours creating and gathering expensive gowns and outfits for the pageant. Especially attractive were the lavish, bejeweled gowns worn by the Texas entries and the Sportswear ensembles dramatically presented by the Atlanta entries.

Miss Del Rio won the audience's full support when she appeared to perform her harem dance in full costume. She had a temperature (we found out later) of 102 degrees but managed to warm the audience up to a fever pitch with the mystic, mysterious aura she produced with her gyrations.

When Texans like something, they like it in a big way...and they loved Carmen.

When she came out in the finals to sing and dance to LaBamba, the crowd showed their new-found affection by cheering every second she was on stage.

Capturing the first runner-up position was Lisa, sponsored by the Villa Fontana in Dallas with a soulful vocalization to "Summertime".

Second runner up is Rhonda Blake, sponsored by the Cove, in Atlanta and Third runner up is Tiffany Jones from Houston's Red Room.

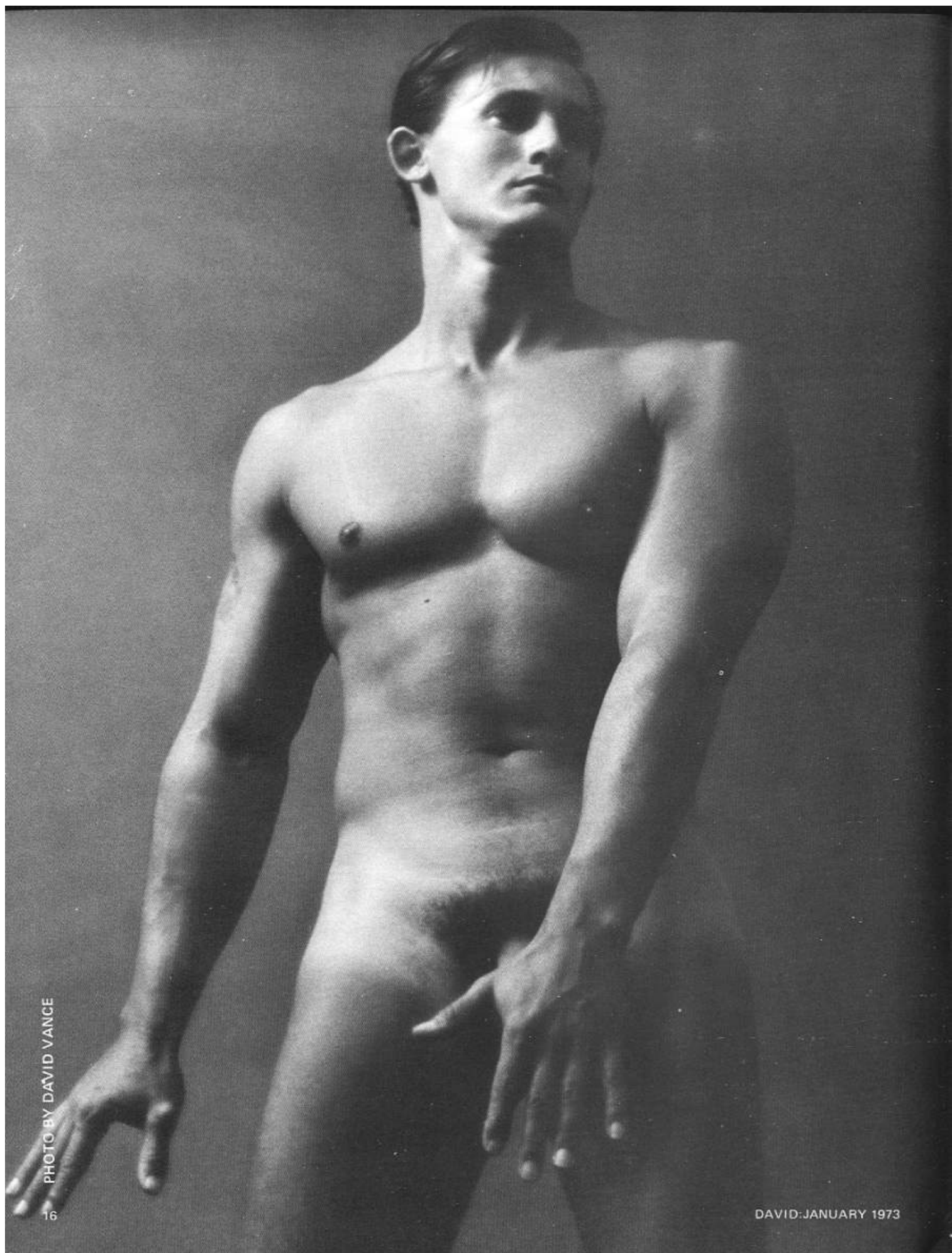


PHOTO BY DAVID VANCE

leather by lou s.

After many years of living in New York I have left that fair city, and am now residing in Washington, D.C.

Through this column I wish to convey my appreciation for the co-operation and support of the leather community, of N.Y.C., during these past years; to New York's eight L/L clubs and to my independent friends - much thanks for everything.

Since my last report, three new leather bars have opened in New York.

Unfortunately, time did not permit a visit to WHAT A DUMP, Roosevelt Avenue, Jackson Heights, Queens. This bar originally opened about two years ago and catered to the other crowd. Recently placed under new management, it is pioneering New York's First Leather Bar off Manhattan Island. Chet, the new manager, is an amiable guy.

The RAMROD on West Street between Christopher and 10th Street opened November 24, 1972. Staffed by familiar faces, one immediately feels at home. The grand opening was a really magnificent party, but then Dino always did give good parties. The popularity of this spot now hinges on a little redecorating.

TY'S PUB on Christopher Street between Bleacher and Hudson, did their opening the proper way. No opening party at this pub, instead Ty went around inviting his friends by for a drink. The tone was thereby set for the warm "back-home" atmosphere which makes this a must stop. Say hello to Ty and Ed for me.

Dining out in New York does not afford the leather community the wide selection you find with bars. Until New York can offer a restaurant catering to the exclusive needs of the leather community, my personal recommendations are limited to two;

The BEAU GESTE, 19th Street and 3rd Avenue for Continental Cuisine, open 7

days a week.

The FIVE OAKS on Grove Street off Bleacher for a wide variety menu. Closed Mondays but open 5 pm from Tuesdays through Sundays.

In my last two articles I goofed with regard to the address of the TINDERBOX. My apologies to Leroy and my readers. That groovy boutique is located at 72nd Street and Columbus Avenue.

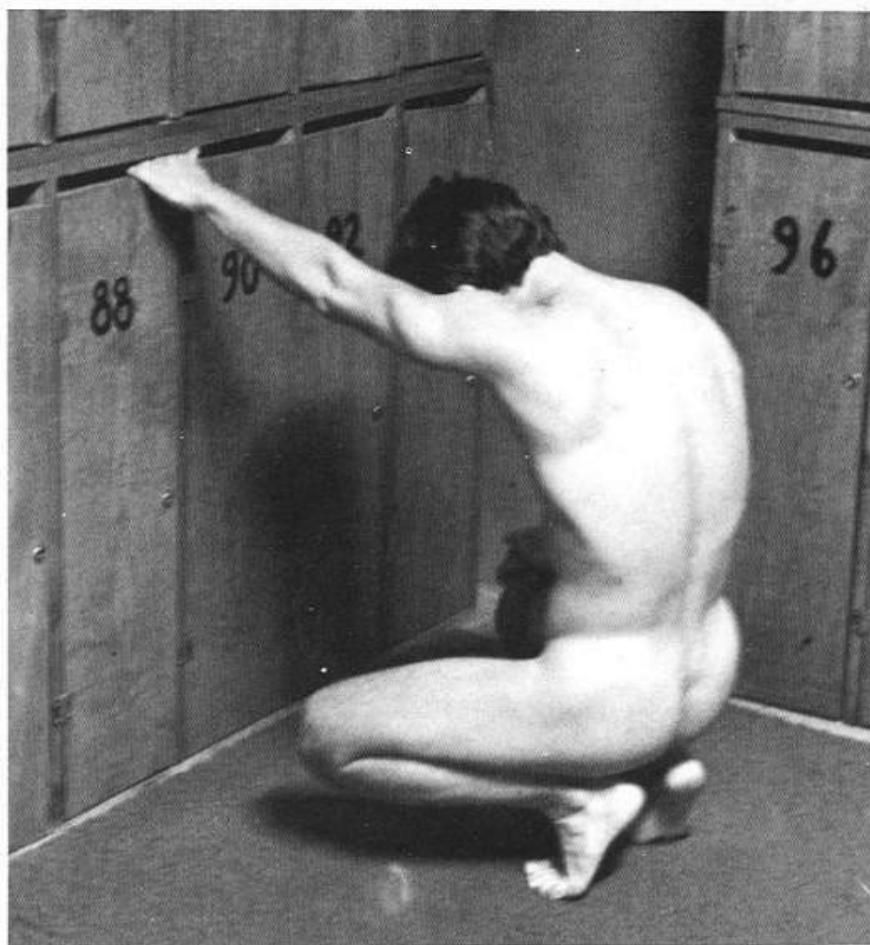
Those of my leather brothers who dig the Bath Scene should take notice that the old man of Bath Houses has re-opened. EVERODS, on 28th Street between 6th Avenue and Broadway is now totally renovated. A lot cleaner, but not overly plush. The staff has become more cordial,

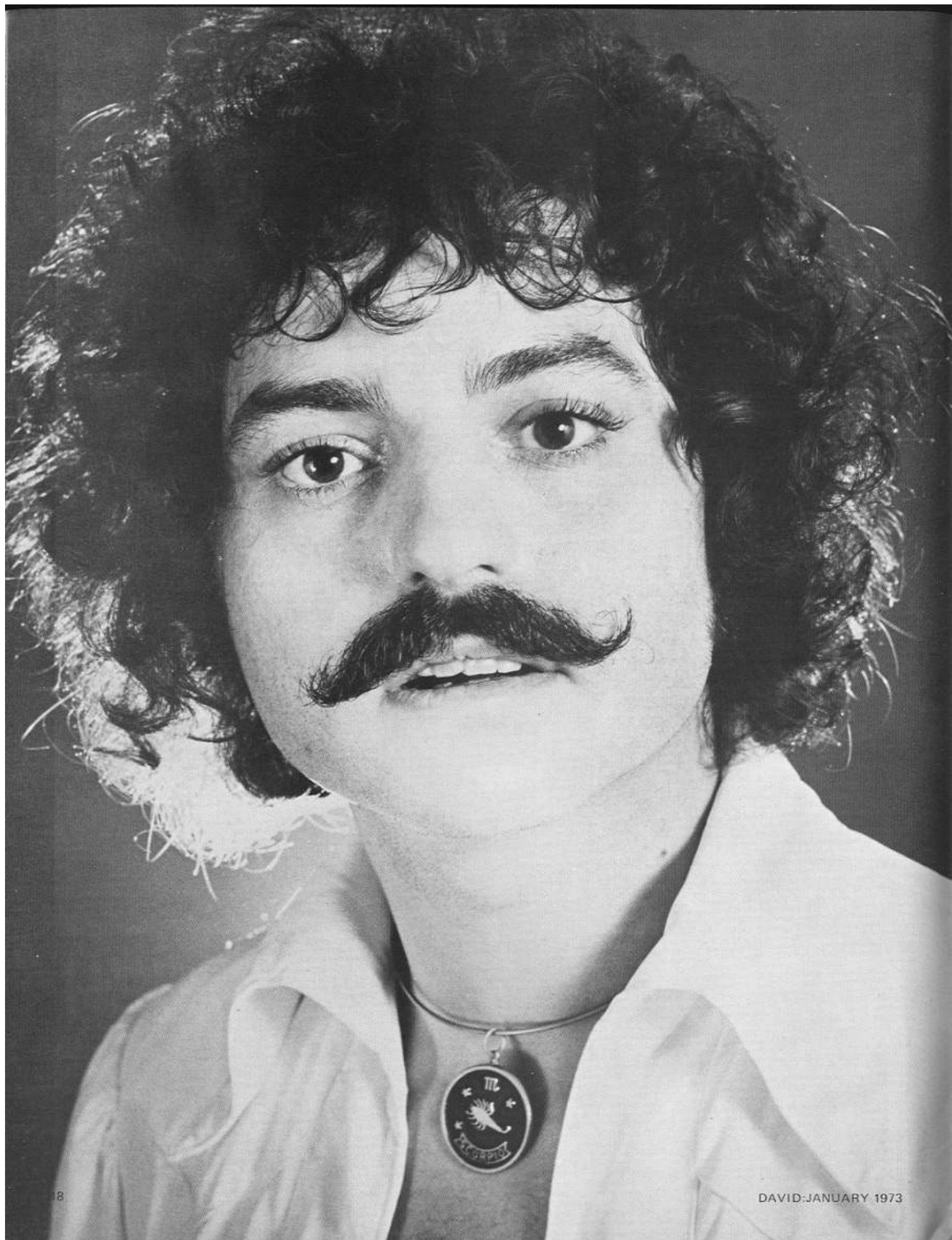
but the customers are still predominately L/L oriented.

To those readers who may need L/L defined, don't go to Webster's. It simply means Leather and Levi's.

At 2:30 am on a recent Saturday morning, in Washington, D.C. a group of my leather brothers were lined up in front of Finnetta's Beauty Salon. The group was not waiting to have their hair styled, but to enter for a fun filled after-hours party. The party was one event in a busy weekend known as Autumn Scrambles. This, the Grand-daddy of East Coast In-town Runs, is an annual comraderie, good food and drink well worth the price. Congratulations L.A.'s on another great Scramble.

(Continued on Page 59)





A few years ago I was a perspiring (as opposed to aspiring) actor in Hollywood. I don't know how it all came about, but I'd managed to get an agent. His strongest admonition was 'don't ever let me catch you in a gay bar.' At that time I had two close friends who were both very talented and gay. Both of them were being highly touted as stars of the future. Both were 'bar people'. As one put it to me, "I know that I've got the talent. But I've got to get the role with talent. The fact that I'm Gay shouldn't enter into it. A straight actor is free to go to straight bars, why can't I go to gay bars?" One of my friends has faded into limbo. While the other works, he doesn't get the amount of work he'd get if he were a little more "cautious".

It is with these memories that I am proud to bring you an interview with a very big man. I'd like to introduce you to JOEY CORD who is Young, Talented, Gay and Proud.

I first met Joey about two years ago. He was wearing an outrageous outfit of hot pants, knee boots, a wild blouse and an

could be doing something really good on stage and they wouldn't even notice. It was always, 'Look at Aunt Lucy's dress, it's the same one she wore to the last wedding.' It was very discouraging.")

But, at one of the weddings a priest in attendance asked Joey to play a benefit. The priest had helped Vic Damone, so Joey took a chance. ("He introduced me to some people and I landed a one year contract to record with Warner Bros. I had an easily forgotten hit called 'Bulky Knit Sweater.' From there I went to R.C.A. where they wrote words to 'Swan Lake' for me to record. Yeech!") It was a start, and Joey found himself being booked into clubs. ("I've got to feel the audience. There's a magic that happens between the performer and a live audience.")

It was about this time that Joey met his first lover. ("I had to move stuff out of my parents house without them getting wise. You know the 'old Italians', you're not allowed to move out until after you're married.")

"I took part time jobs and was still singing in clubs at night. One of the jobs

ed. The CUFFLINKS were dissolved. Then the records started getting big in Japan and Australia. They asked me to go on tour again. (By this time my wife and I agreed that it wasn't working out and we split. We're still good friends and she makes all those outrageous costumes that I wear.")

"With one of the original guys we took off for Japan as JOEY CORD & THE CUFFLINKS. It was not to be believed. By the time we hit Australia, we were really big there. And, since they really dig Americans, we were given a royal welcome. At the time, Johnny Desmond was leaving his T.V. show down there and it was offered to me. But, as much as I was tempted, I knew I had to come back to the states."

"I returned to club work and, as you know, really 'came out'. When John Francis Hunter asked about using the male pronoun in the love songs I didn't think it mattered. When I sing, I'm putting myself through trips. The pronoun is unimportant. I think of a personal situation to get into a song. For instance, when I do

P A L J O E Y

enormous cape. I was enthralled. A short time later, we had the opportunity of hearing him sing. It was at the ROUND—TABLE at a special show, here in New York. Joey rocked the large room until we thought the roof would explode with the wild applause. It was incredible!

Each time I saw Joey the experience was the same. At last we had a male singer with whom to identify. There was Garland, Holliday and other cult figures. Now there is Joey Cord.

It all began for Joey on the stage of Leow's 46th St. Theatre where he won a "six shooter" for his rendition of 'Home on the Range' in a Saturday Afternoon amateur contest: When he walked off the stage he was approached to join the P.A.L. Choir.

From the choir he, along with three other 'cherubs' were picked to back such stars as Marguerite Piazza and Eddie Albert on the Ed Sullivan Show.

Upon reaching his teens, Joey formed his own group. They began playing for Confraternity dances and soon graduated to weddings and bar mitzvahs. ("You

was with a bank. My supervisor, though married, had the hots for me. When I was tired (working all day at the bank and singing nights really exhausted me) he'd let me sleep in the vault 3 hours a day. During this time I had another disastrous affair. I was working and sending my 'lover' to hairdressing school. Then I found out that he was tricking all the guys at school. Even his mother took my side. So, I decided to get married.

It was about this time that I started at the OUTSIDE INN in Jackson Heights. Paul Vance and Lee Pockriss came in one night and said they had a song for me to record over at Decca. The song was TRACY which I recorded with the studio orchestra. The song took off on the charts so they brought six guys in, formed a group and called us the CUFFLINKS. We started to tour the country."

"It was a gas but none of us really knew what the hell was going on. We were ripped off like crazy. Our first album was a success. We had two more hits, 'When Julie Comes Around', and 'Run Sally Run'. We cut another album and it bomb-

"That's the Way I Heard It Should Be", I think of me and my ex-wife and a lot of married couples that I know who are really miserable. I really love a good lyric. I have to make the audience hear the lyric. But I only do songs that are true to me. Songs with a lyric that I can believe so that I can make the audience believe it. John Francis was at WALTER'S APARTMENT when I was there last week. I did 'One Less Bell to Answer' using the male pronoun. I got into it. I felt it. I tried to imagine how I'd feel if my lover, Eddy, left me. The audience went crazy. You see, it was relevant to me at that time. I felt it. Using the male or female pronoun had nothing to do with it. If I sang it to a straight audience using the male pronoun, they wouldn't know what I meant. It wouldn't be relevant to them, and, for me to do my thing my lyric has to be relevant to my audience."

"As far as audiences go, I have to admit that a Gay audience is more receptive. They care more about the performer. They want to hear a song. They are much more sophisticated. I'll tell you a little

"I love doing comedy and comedic characters"

trick I do if I think I've got the audience with me. You know how Norman, my manager, did the arrangement of 'Maybe This Time' intertwined with 'Didn't We'? Well, I skip a beat and listen to the audience. When I don't hear a sound, I know they're with me. I can soar on my trip. I don't try to take them on my trip but try to allow them to go off on their own through me. That's what a performer must be able to do."

I asked Joey if he were secure in his talent. "Yes, I'm me. I know that I'm good. I don't know maybe how good, but I know that I am good. And nobody is doing what I'm doing so I know I'm unique."

What about the future, what would you like to do? "I'd like to record an album of love songs without using any gender pronouns. I want to reach the greatest number of people possible with my music. I don't want to be fettered by gender. Love is universal. I'd love to do a Broadway show. I love to act, do comedy and comedic characters. (When I was driving a cab I used to do accents. I'd do heavy Yiddish, Italian, German, etc. One night I was doing my French bit and I asked the man if he could direct me as I was new to the city. The man started rattling off directions in perfect French and I freaked! I had to explain I was auditioning for a part and we both laughed about it.) The bit I do in my show about the senior prom and 'Camille Calciatore' is true to all of us regardless of age or sexual preference. We've all been to a 'senior Prom.' It's a funny bit and everyone likes to laugh. I'd love to do PETER PAN. No man has ever done it and it'd be a whole new concept. I know that I could do it."

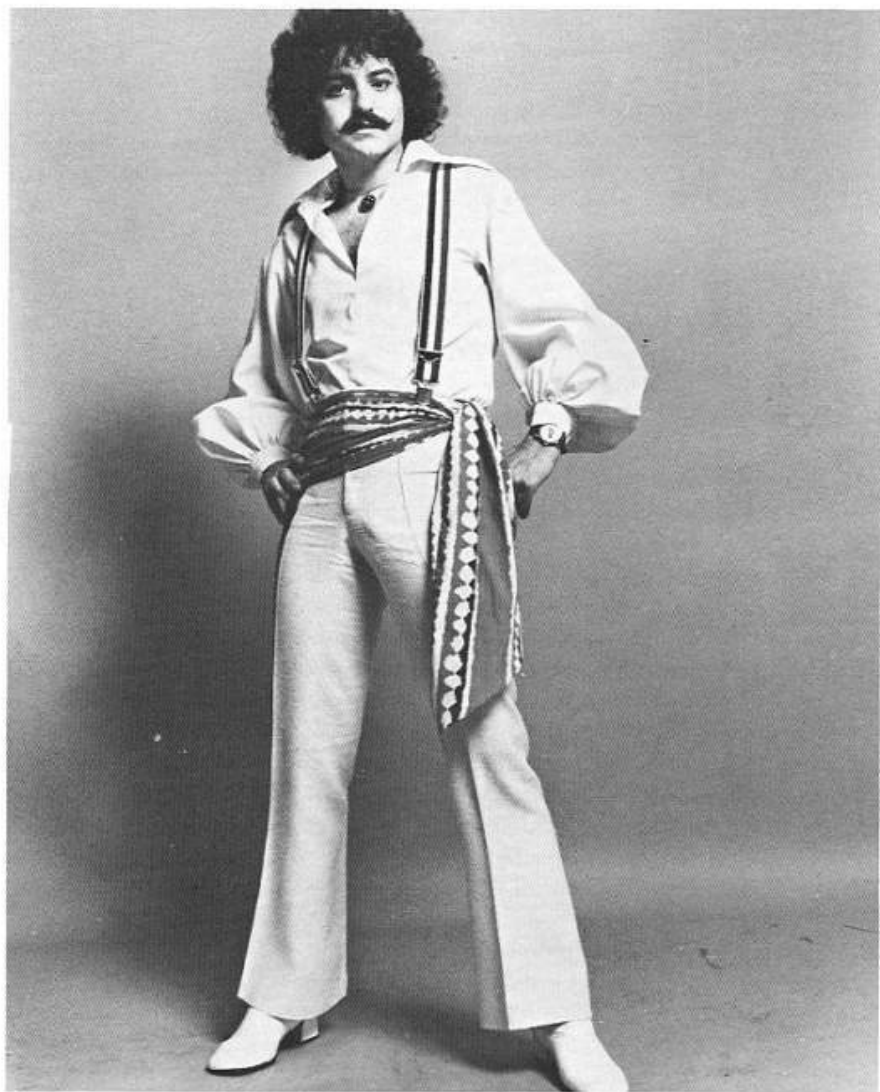
"I love to make people laugh and cry. To put them through changes. Life is changes and that is what my music is all about. Norman has booked us on a fourteen week college tour which I'm looking forward to with mixed emotions. I like travelling, meeting new people, but I'm going to miss Ed like mad. I love him very much and I know that he loves me. It's great! I'm sure our phone bill will be astronomical."

When asked if his Gayness would interfere with his career, Joey responded,



"Listen, I'm Gay and Proud. I believe that people today, especially the younger kids don't give a damn what you do in your bedroom. They want to be entertained and I can entertain them. It's a matter of whether or not you have the talent to get to your audience now. They aren't interested in facade."

Well, folks, that's Joey Cord. In my opinion one of the finest singers and entertainers I've had the pleasure of listening to and seeing. He is a dynamo of talent and I sincerely hope that you all get a chance to catch his act soon. I am very proud of him as a 'brother' and proud to call him a friend. As for his last comment, all I can add is, Amen!



"I believe that people today, especially the younger kids don't give a damn what you do in your bedroom. They want to be entertained and I can entertain them"

In last month's article, we discovered how astrology can show that homosexuality does fit into the natural order of things; that it is as much a part of life and reality as any other form of human behavior and that some individuals are born with a potential homosexual destiny indicated in their birth charts. Astrology is just another way to help us better understand who we are and why, without the need to apologize or fear. It was noted how the moon's placement and aspects could determine a homosexual identity, but that it was only one of the factors; other configurations would also have to be taken into consideration in order to have the true and total picture of a person's sexual identity.

This month, we will discuss how the Venus - Mars configurations or the placement of these planets in different houses can also indicate an actual or potential homosexual and the reasons for it. In astrology these two planets personify sexuality. Mars is involved with the actions and the activity of life. The way in which a person acts as well as the action itself is a result of the placement of Mars. Venus deals with the deeper emotions; with love, both on the personal level and things around us. It gives an inherent love of beauty on one hand and a seeker of "thrills" on the physical levels of experience on the other. It can reach the entire range, from the great compassion of the truly spiritual soul, to the warped mentality that believes the word "mother" begins with an "s" and to the intensely acquisitive "love" of the miser.

Mars in Libra in a man's chart will make him unsure of himself with regards to the opposite sex. It does not make him gay, but it is a start. If Mars is in Libra conjuncting Venus in Libra it doubles the chances. Another example is Mars in Libra intercepted in the 5th house; if these men are not gay, they are closet queens or afraid of sexual relationships altogether. Also planets in retrograde (moving backwards) may have an important hand in closet cases, especially when involved in the 12th house - the 12th house always has something involved with love and sex.

Retrograde planets create inhibitions that will not act unless drugs, alcohol, emotional traumas or hitting a person at low ebb causes them to be released. People

tend to let go of inhibitions when they are not in control of their actions. A retrograde Mars indicates unusual activity or an unusual approach to life in the sense of action, an approach which clears a path through affairs successfully in a way that others have not considered. A retrograde Venus indicates emotional responses are apt to become decidedly unconventional. This person is apt to be attracted to emotional situations upon which society frowns or considers "queer" or "abnormal".

When the conjunction of Mars and Venus occurs in certain signs we can see other indications of homosexuality as in the fol-

lowing examples. However both planets can be in the same sign without conjuncting.

Mar - Venus in Cancer: Venus causes an obsession in wanting to be loved intensely and Mars indicates insecurity. Conjunctively the person never gets his fill of emotional attention and tends to seek love in extremes or never quite relies on it and seeks substitutes.

Mar - Venus in Virgo: the natives are very attractive in a wholesome way, flirtatious with no intention of following through. Venus here forms an inferiority complex and together with the ego of Mars causes a compulsive drive to be desired of

(Continued on Page 62)



ROBERTA FLACK

Roberta Flack is a poised entertainer who knows how to grip the audience. Born thirty years ago in Asheville, N.C. to a very musical family, Roberta, a former school teacher, is a brilliant new vocal star whose music is a comfortable combination of rock, soul, folk, gospel, and jazz.

Her overnight success was preceded by many years of hard work and study. As a teacher in Farmville, N.C., she taught basic grammar to twelfth graders in addition to teaching music. "I crammed so much music down their throats, you wouldn't believe it, and the kids loved it." It proved a very rewarding experience for Roberta for she learned a most valuable lesson; to be a teacher is to be a student, and as she modestly states, "I'm growing all the time." After a year, she moved and began teaching in the Washington Public Schools for the next six years.

It was inevitable that Roberta's teaching would one day come to a halt to become a full-time singer. While teaching, she would work part time accompanying opera singers and spent five nights singing herself. Her singing career began in earnest in May, 1967 when she began working in MR. HENRY'S downstairs. Her real break came when Les McCann introduced her to Atlantic Records which brought a meteoric Stardom and an unending schedule of appearances that would make even Mayor Daley faint.

Chicagoans have enjoyed two such appearances; early this year at Ravina and again this month at the Arie Crown Theater. Both times bringing shouts of; "Sing it girl!", and "We love ya, Roberta" from the audience which seemed like a mean love affair on both sides.

She sings songs that people can identify with, that deal with their problems, and she takes each song and makes it her own. "I want to be a singer", she says, "Not a Black Singer, I am Black. I grew up in a lower-middle class Black home. I grew up at a time when it was terrible to call someone Black. My daddy was the son of a white German Immigrant who married a black woman and had funny coarse red

hair and freckles. He had a terrible identity problem. He couldn't stand to talk about his father and his inability to identify eventually killed him. Blackness was de-emphasized in our home. But now I can look at my mother (she's really black) and I see beauty. I'm aware now of what Black means; beauty and pride. My values have changed but I had to find the answers all by myself and it's still too new for me to express it. I think black is beautiful, but there is so much gorgeous music in the world that has nothing to do with Black."

One thing is certain. Roberta is as beautiful a person as she is talented. At the Arie Crown Theater one waited patiently for her to appear. On the first half of the program the audience was entertained by Donald Leace and his band (Roberta's Protege) and by George Carlin whose "Hammer" is comedy because he 'tells it like it is.' He has an incredible command of dialects and understanding of different ethnic groups and kept the audience roaring with his brilliant monolog on dirty

words.

But all this faded with the appearance of a truly brilliant star. With hair braided in a high cone with a pom-pom on the end, dressed in a long multi-colored pastel, low-cut gown complimented by long dangling earrings, she walked immediately to the piano and sang 11 songs which included Trade Winds, Killing Me Softly With His Song (just recorded by Atlantic Records) and There's A Place For Us. The results are always amazing when an artist is so into their thing that they can be free and loose with it. Roberta is so into everything she sings that she can go anywhere.

"She is a genius who is always improvising but stays within the framework of a song. You never know what Roberta is going to do, but you know she is going to make others around her do their best. You have to keep loose with her", says stage manager Tony Taylor. Roberta Flack is the very soul of music.

From here she leaves immediately for Amsterdam, Holland to be presented an award, then to Miami for a week's appearance and off again to Europe for a 5 week tour. Watch the skies. This star is flying high and her music sounds like it was made in Heaven.



MS. MARLENE DIETRICH



Ernest Hemingway said, "If she had nothing more than her voice, she could break your heart with it!". "She's a legend, a wonder!", exclaimed Jean Cocteau.

All the above are understatements when we are talking of the World's First Lady, MARLENE DIETRICH. Direct from Paris the magnificent first lady of stage, screen, and television will be making one of her very rare public appearances at the Dade County Auditorium in Miami, Florida on February 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. In this only Florida performance, Ms Dietrich will present her one woman show with full orchestral backing.

Those able to catch her shows will have
(Continued on Page 46)



A PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE

Neil Simon has done it again and Chicago theater goers are pouring in to see his latest hit at the Blackstone Theater. For some ten years now, he has proven himself a master of comedy and one of the most valuable contemporary playwrights of American Theatre with such gems as *THE PLAZA SUITE*, *CACTUS FLOWER*, *THE ODD COUPLE*, *BAREFOOT IN THE PARK*, *SWEET CHARITY*, *PROMISES, PROMISES*, *THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS* and now he brings us his newest hit, the uproariously funny Broadway hit, *THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE*.

It is a comedy about a terribly dramatic situation that could happen or has happened to any of us in this rapidly changing world. Mel Edison, the central character, is a victim of circumstances; joining the ranks of the unemployed at the age of

50, he slowly unravels with the continuing turn of events. An advertising executive of 22 years, he is suddenly fired from his job in an effort by his company to trim the payroll and his wife decides to remedy the situation by going to work as a secretary - another blow to the male ego.

To make matters worse, the apartment is robbed and the burglars take everything; his Cutty Sark, Stereo, T.V., suits, Valium, and even his Dental Floss. His psychiatrist has died and taken with him \$23,000.00 in past treatments. It is 89 outside and 12 degrees inside his 14th floor Manhattan high-rise apartment; the walls are so thin you can hear your neighbors breathe; you have to jiggle the toilet to stop it from running and the garbage is piling up outside.

The 6 o'clock news cheerfully reports

that the hospitals are on strike; Governor Rockefeller has been mugged; The Police Commissioner has been kidnapped and the Statue of Liberty has just been rammed by a Polish Freighter.

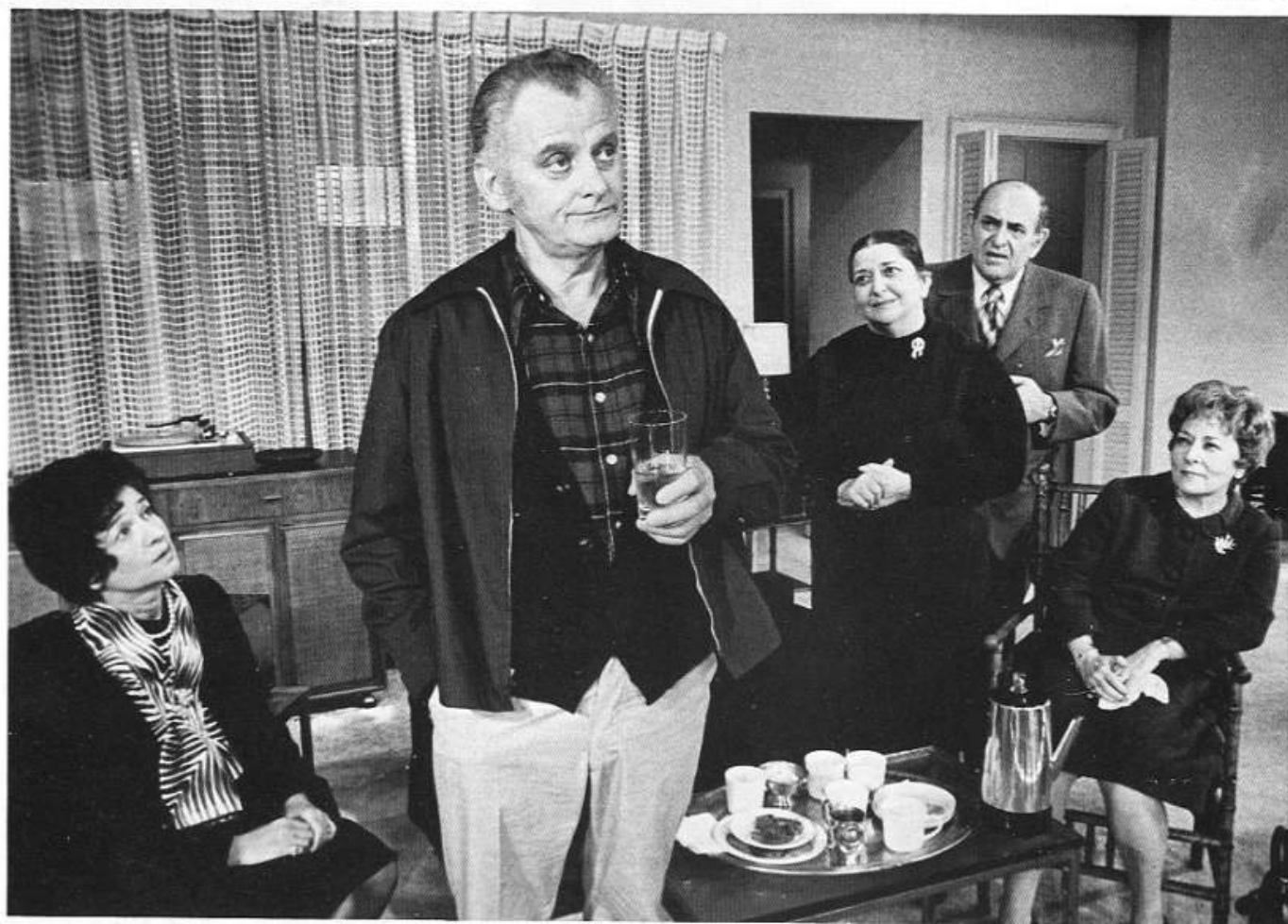
Who wouldn't have a nervous breakdown?

The legendary Art Carney's brilliant performance as Mel is something to marvel with his movements and timing perfected to the smallest detail.

Barbara Barrie is a perfect match and compliments Mr. Carney totally in her performance as the lovingly devoted and condescending wife. The three sisters and brother in the role of Mel's concerned family are all superbly portrayed by Jack Somack, Ruth Jaroslow, Jean Barker, and Roslyn Alexander. Every family has at least one of these characters.

The set is incredible because it is so real-

(Continued on page 62)



(above) ART CARNEY - surrounded by his sisters and brother (left to right) Roslyn Alexander, Ruth Jaroslow, Jack Somack and Jean Barker in a scene from the comedy smash THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE currently playing at the Blackstone Theatre.

photos by Martha Swope

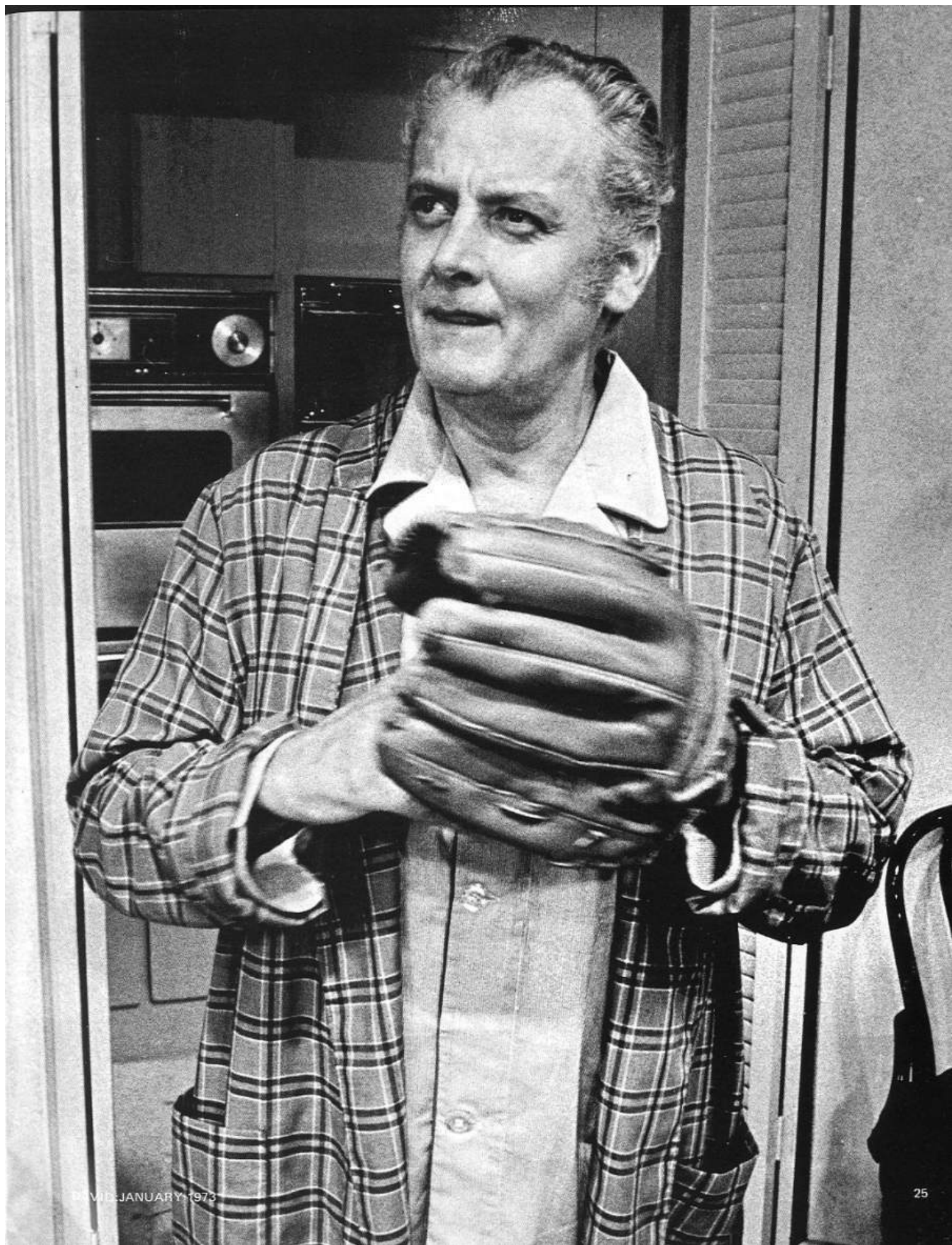




PHOTO BY TEE JAY JOHNSTON

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DAVID JANUARY 1973

TOP TEN MOVIES of a gay era*

by JOEL CHAPMAN

Ever since Neil Kestler's article on the top ten gay records of all time appeared several issues ago, I've been convinced that DAVID would be deluged with manuscripts ranging from the top ten gay recipes to the top ten gay crotches. (There's a difference?) So why not a list of top ten movies, with allowance for plenty of room for dissention on the part of you readers.

My qualifications are the same as Kestler's, none. But like him, I know what I like and I've seen enough motion pictures to know that what I like is usually good. So, humble as my credentials are, I feel I have as much right as Rex Reed and Judith Crist to voice my own opinions.

I grew up enjoying the gurglings of Esther Williams and the silliness of the Doris Day - Rock Hudson froth, but how could they possibly qualify in any Best Movies list? I don't go back far enough to know the Betty Grable - Jack Oakie college films, and the Beach Party movies of a few years past aren't worth mentioning. NYOKA OF THE JUNGLE thrilled me as a child, as did (do) Frankenstein, the Wolf Man, and Dracula, but I'll limit my selections to films of the fifties and sixties, plus several from 1970. The list of my favorite will be made up

(Continued on Page 63)

* With grateful acknowledgment to Neil Kestler for idea and guidelines.

AT THE
OPERA

THE ASSOCIATE ARTIST OPERA CO.

"There has never been a problem that has not had a solution" and "Even the impossible is obtainable". These two philosophies have recently been proven by an enterprising company of Boston singers. Although Boston already has a fine opera company, directed by the much acclaimed genius, Sara Cadwell, this cultural city still had need for yet another opera company where local talent would be exposed and given the chance to grow.

One of the most difficult and incongruous, but not impossible, things for a Black man to sell in today's market place is opera - opera reflecting the less than

grand approach - not in talent or calibre, but in scale.

Yet this is exactly what Ernest Triplett, America's first and only Black General Director of an opera company, the Associate Artist Opera Company and his singers are successfully offering.

Mr. Triplett is far from a new face on the Boston Opera Season for his rich Baritone voice has been heard in and around much of New England with Opera Company of Boston and other various groups. Since the structure of opera in Boston had proven itself to be a disenchantment for himself and good local talent who were often

ignored in Boston Opera productions in favor of less competent imported singers, Mr. Triplett founded his own company made up of professional singers from the New England area to rectify the situation.

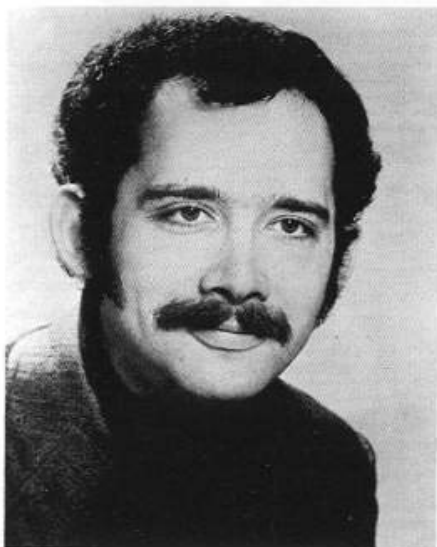
Even the talents of Beverly Sills weren't fully realized in Boston. She had to go to Europe before she was justifiably recognized as one of today's truly great artists. Now she appears in Boston only as a guest artist singing only major roles. It is unfortunate residential talent sometimes is lost in the chorus or is never allowed to graduate beyond cameo roles.

Triplett summarized the need for a local resident opera company; "For years, the New England area and Boston in particular has been training singers of high calibre. Vocal students from all over the country

(Continued on Page 29)



(above) MR. ERNEST TRIPLETT, General Director. (top right) Soprano, ELLA LOU DIMMOCK, explains the mystery of garden herbs during the rehearsal of a scene from Giacomo Puccini's tragic opera *Suor Angelica*, as presented by the Assoc. Artists Opera Co. (bottom right) KENNETH BELL, bass, from production of *Barber of Seville*. (photo - Ms. Dimmock by Peter Benjamin Studios)



OPERA (Continued from page 28)

come here to attend the many excellent music schools and colleges. When they graduate, where can they go? Must they find residence in Europe or wait around in Boston to do chorus and bit roles?" He knew that most singers coming from local conservatories would have a hard time getting beyond the chorus in the Boston Opera Company because of the apparent exigency of hiring big names, then foreign names for guaranteed success. However, many times this has proven dangerous with the Chicago Lyric Opera Company as in its production of *Traviata*. Foreign names do not always mean greatness.

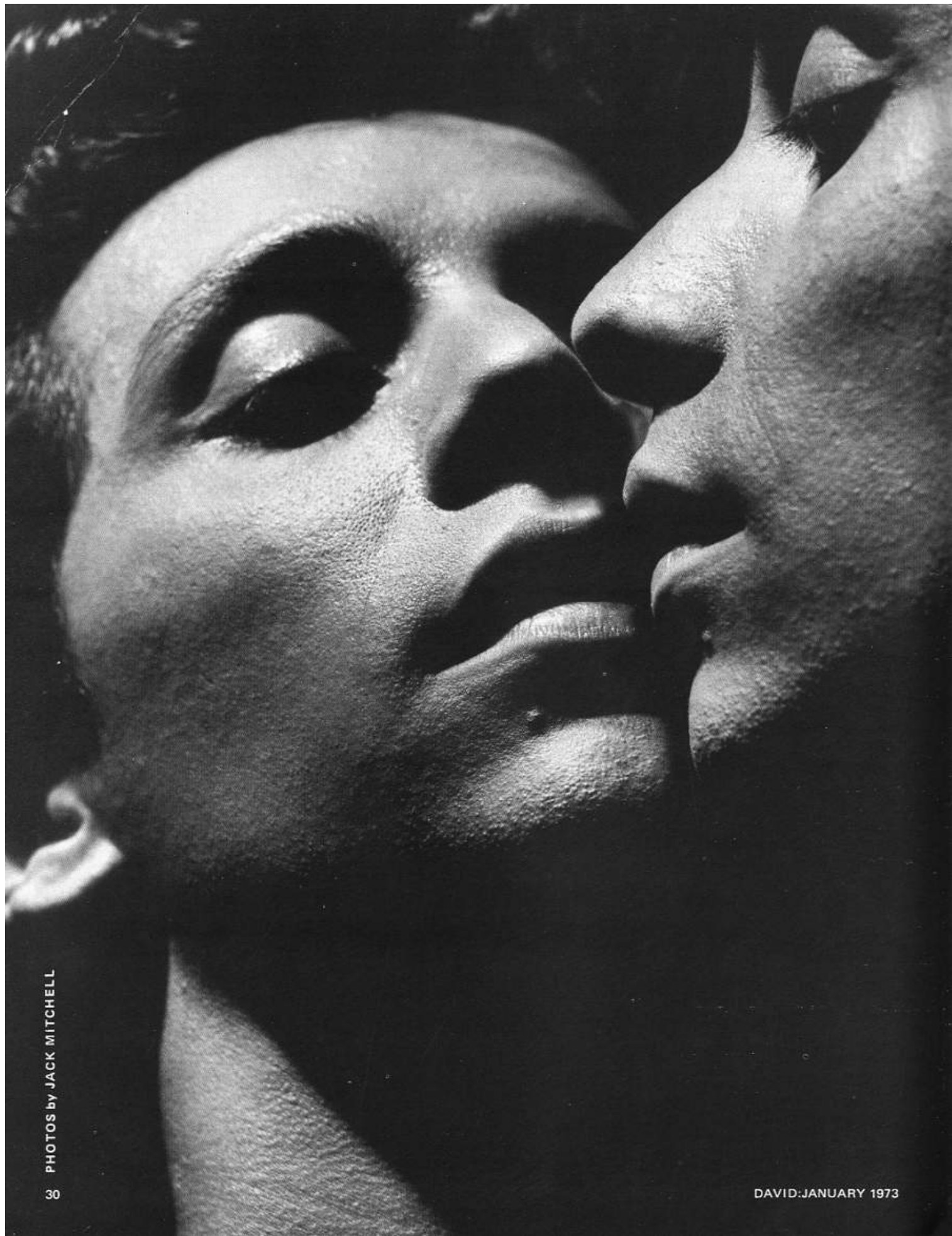
The Associate Artist Opera Company is filling this gap, and success in its goal has been attested by the critical acclaim of the press and the success of productions such as the *Crucible*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Die Fiedermaus*. The company concentrates on ensemble works rather than grand operas with few star roles and works that are rarely produced in Boston. The repertory includes more contemporary American operas which are appealing to many because they are sung in English, they are simpler and less expensive to stage thus reducing the price of tickets. The company is actively involved in community projects bring the performing arts to economically and culturally disadvantaged areas of the city.

Assisting Mr. Triplett is Mr. Curran, another familiar face who knows only too well the needs of the singers and for a united fund for the arts. What ever happened to the A.P.A.'s philosophy on this? Both Mr. Triplett and Mr. Curran, as well as other singers have sacrificed salaries and and personal lives to make this dream a reality. The irony of the situation is that the company is rich in respect from the audience and critics but poor in funds in spite of the fact that production costs are less than for grand opera companies. The mistake of most people, including some artist, is the thinking that the more expensive or bigger the name or production, the better the performance.

"There is a place for grand opera in Boston, but there is also a place for us too," says Mr. Curran. "We've got to convince the public we've got a right to live." He's right. Bostonians, what about it? They are in season now!

(below) JULIA SHELLEY IN ORFF'S COMIC OPERA "DIE KLUGE" as presented by the Associate Artist Opera Company, Boston





MARCOS PAREDES

It's a long journey from Aguascalientes, Mexico to the ballet stage in New York City, U.S.A. Marcos Paredes made the long trip successfully. He is now the dramatic soloist of the American Ballet Company.

The journey began in his home town. At the age of nine, Marcos was studying painting at the local art school. His eighteen year old sister was studying ballet in the same school. Marcos' teacher taught only by natural light. One day, when it became cloudy, the instructor let the class out early. All this time, Marcos had heard the music coming from the ballet room. He sneaked over and watched through the keyhole. He was hooked! It became an everyday occurrence.

At home, he began correcting his sister when she did her exercises. She was flabbergasted. Shortly thereafter, he stole into the room, removed his shoes and pants and began doing the exercises he'd learned through the keyhole. He was caught by the director of the school.

The kindly director found a private teacher for Marcos, since the Church frowned on boys and girls learning together. Soon he was joined by a friend, then another until the class totalled five boys. 'I ended up teaching the teacher some of what I'd learned through the keyhole.'

The woman from the art school asked him to do a benefit performance, dancing with one of her pupils. Dressed in an authentic Spanish bullfighter's costume and paired with a little society girl, Marcos made his debut at the tender age of thirteen. He was an instant hit. At fourteen, his own teacher had him dance the prince in *Swan Lake*.

A professional, modern dance company from Mexico City appeared at Aguascalientes. By now the director of the art school had taken a keen interest in Marcos' career. He asked the youngster to choreograph a *pax de deux* in this style, with his choice of partner from the school, for a Red Cross benefit. Marcos used the music from the classical 'Estallita'. Needless to say the dance was a huge success. The young dancer and his partner wanted to run out and do an encore to quiet the house. The director stopped him with, 'of the good things, don't give too much, Marcos.' (How's that for 'always leave them wanting more?')

Well, it seems the director was so impressed with Marcos' talent that he'd arranged for the local 'governor' to view the pas

de deux. The governor arranged for a scholarship that would take Marcos to Mexico City.

Marcos arrived three months late for the class, but on his ability, was allowed to join the class. What he didn't know was that he'd only be allowed to take either folk loric dance or modern in his first year. Since he felt modern was more sympathetic to the ballet, he chose it. His talent was soon recognized and he was allowed to rehearse with the schools' company. At age sixteen he garnered a silver medal as one of the three best students in the school.

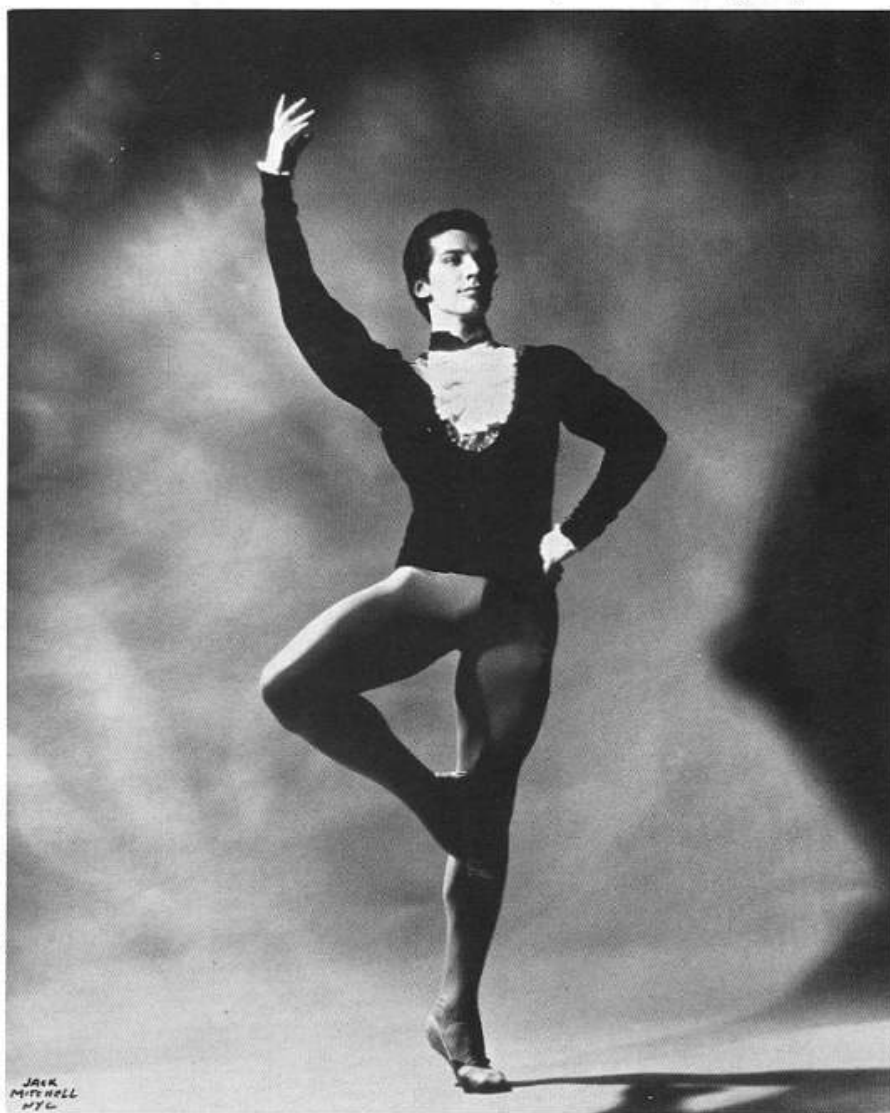
His scholarship was granted on the premise that he would return to his hometown to teach ballet. So the director of the school in Mexico City arranged for a

second scholarship and began sending bad reports back to the governor so that he'd rescind the original allowing Marcos to accept the second and not have to return home.

His talent blossomed even more with his sureness in himself. And, at seventeen, the director of the professional company in the school asked for his release in order that he might join the company. Thus, he joined Ballet Contemporaneo in Mexico City for three years.

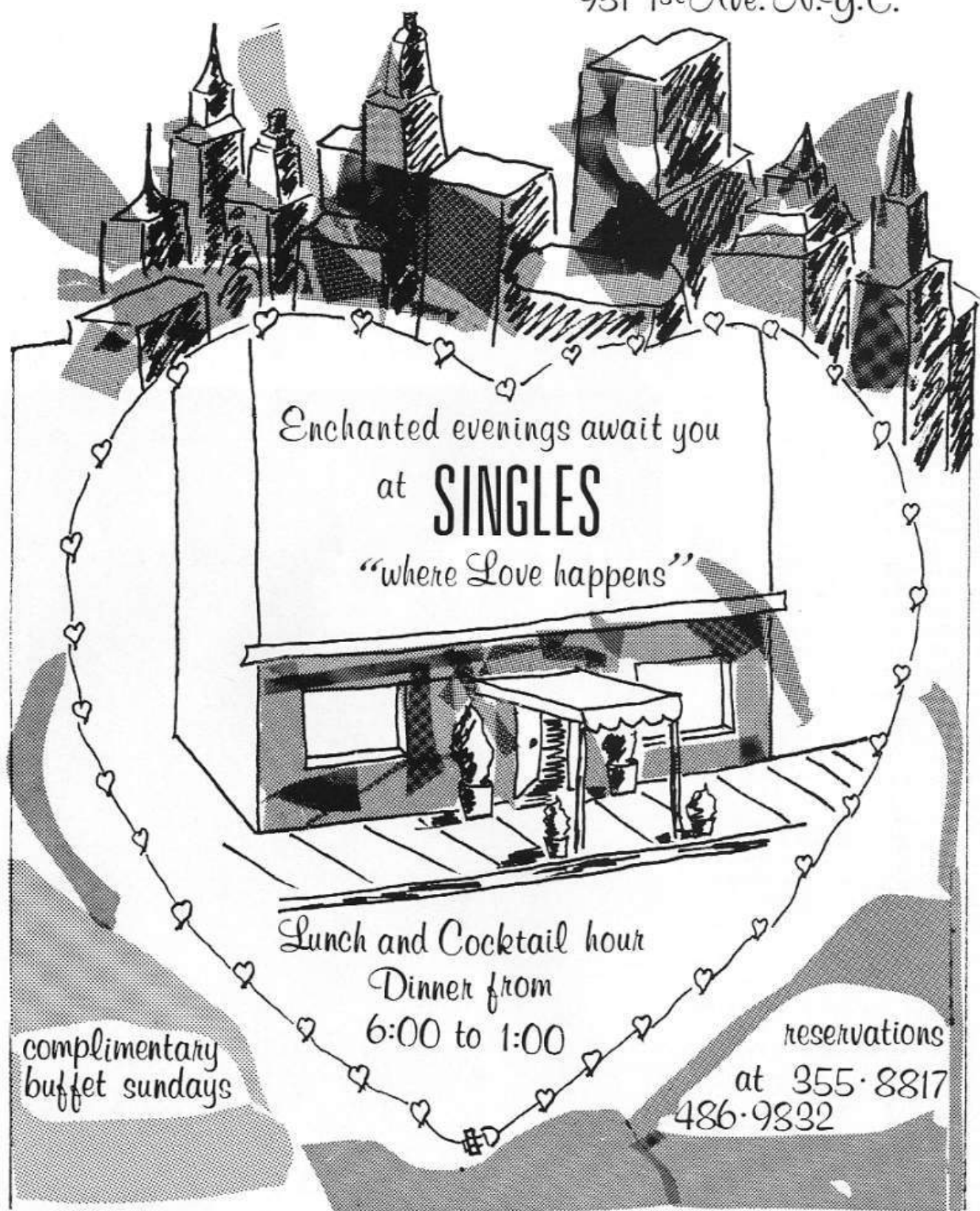
At 21 he joined a smaller company called Ballet de Camara. Shortly thereafter the Mexican government decided to form a national company and the two companies were joined. Marcos remained with the

(Continued on Page 67)



A romance in the heart of Manhattan..

951 1st Ave. N.Y.C.



LOOKING
AROUND
AT



Jerry Fitzpatrick: Author of this article, centerfold June issue, writer for Gay newspaper.

As the new year dawns, we have the prospect of either reaching new heights or plunging deeper into the depths than ever before. The Nixon Supreme Court has already ruled that any state can rule on the 'immorality of a bar'. This means that any state where homosexuality is considered illegal (47 out of 50 states) may close gay bars at will for allegedly being immoral. It places those in state legislatures in a new position of power. Once again I must try to instill in each of you the great importance of getting politically involved. Yes, the 1972 elections are over. But we have next year and the following year and all of the years to come to pull up our shirt sleeves and get INVOLVED.

One more interesting note on Nixon: Although the cost of living has spiraled as never before under Mr. Nixon's wage and price freeze, he feels that it is still necessary and will keep it in effect. One can only ask why? Is it to insure all of the giant corporations that helped finance his campaign of a profit for their contributions?

Will corporations continue to receive increases while his 'children' are told that they can not receive higher wages to keep the imbalance of power? Questions, questions.....

As the new year begins I shall be up to my ear in a law suit. As you read in a preceding issue, my brother writer, John Francis Hunter sought to have the publication of his book stopped. Believe it or not, he actually won the case! However the money hungry, homophobic publisher

NEW YORK

blackened out the offending quotes (he had used quotes from Merle Miller and Jack and Lige (editors of GAY) concerning John's last book to try to publicize the new one; sneaky bastard) from the cover. Then, while seemingly anxious to rectify the deletions, etc. he rushed the book to the distributors. Knowing full well that only these homophobic people will make money on a book that John had spent well over a year of his life to lovingly prepare, I shall seek to stop distribution of the book. John had graciously asked me to do a New York supplement. Which, I was proud to do. Then I saw some of the galley proofs and saw what the homophobes had done to my small contribution alone. I was appalled and traveled upstate to Peekskill to thrash it out with the publisher, who never even showed. I then got to him by phone and informed him of my intent to sue if the book was published as is. He went ahead and published the book. Apparently these people believe that gay writers have no rights. It's the old rip off story. This is one writer who will not be ripped off! I shall ask your help in only one way. Please, Please, DO NOT buy that book. Boycott any store that carries it and let the store know why. If gays can not stick together for a seemingly small thing like this, we don't deserve any rights. As long as homophobic publishers, distributors, etc. are able to exploit one of us, they exploit all of us. Please, help stop gay exploitation.

There's a new conception in gay entertainment opening in New York January 5th. It is going to be a Cabaret (soft drinks), theatre, showcase for Gay talent, and movie house all in one. The name of the place - WHEN WE WIN. It is to be operated by two gays for gays. It promises to be something we in the Big Apple have longed for and needed for a long time. I shall let you know how it fares soon.

This columnist has been flattered in that due to my "expertise on New York Gay night life", I've been asked to do some cable T.V. shows concerning the bars and other forms of entertainment in Gotham. There will be two shows weekly and I'm very hopeful that these shows may drive

still another wedge into the media. The shows will be shown alternately on Teleprompter (upper east side) and Sterling Cable (lower east side). I promise to do my damndest.

Gotham's answer to Flo Ziegfeld is the incomparable Gwen Saunders; Ms. Saunders began a show for what she called 'Nostalgia Night' as a joke. She played Nelson Eddy to Mr. Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. She brought the house down. That was just the beginning. As Ms. Saunders began to get into her new role as an entertainer, she broadened the shows. 'Nostalgia Night' is now just a memory and the ALIBI is featuring Show Night every Monday and Wednesday nights. The room is always packed and Ms. Saunders is there to do a few turns herself on the boards. A wonderful woman and a good friend. Continued success, love,
More next time,
Je

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Mr. Alexson first became involved with DAVID when he came to Florida to dance with the Florida Dance Theater in Jacksonville. He then appeared on the same program with Violette Verdy and Peter Martins. Later he returned to dance in Arts Festival with other guest artists, Patricia McBride and Edward Villella. At this time he became centerfold for the March, 1972 issue of DAVID, and returned to Chicago as our mid-west representative.

Mr. Alexson, a 28 year old Picean, originates from Boston where he went to college while dancing as a member of the Boston Ballet Company. After graduating with an associate degree in the sciences, he decided to pursue a career in the dance over something more stable. For ten years he worked very hard in a career that was not only challenging to him but extremely demanding. Suddenly a promising future was threatened when he was stricken with Hogkins Disease (cancer of the lymph nodes). After a long struggle with surgery and cobalt treatment, it was through sheer determination and hard work that he is once again in good health and working in the field he loves.

He resides in Chicago now where he dances with the Chicago Lyric Opera and the Chicago Ballet Company as well as acting as Mid-West representative for DAVID.

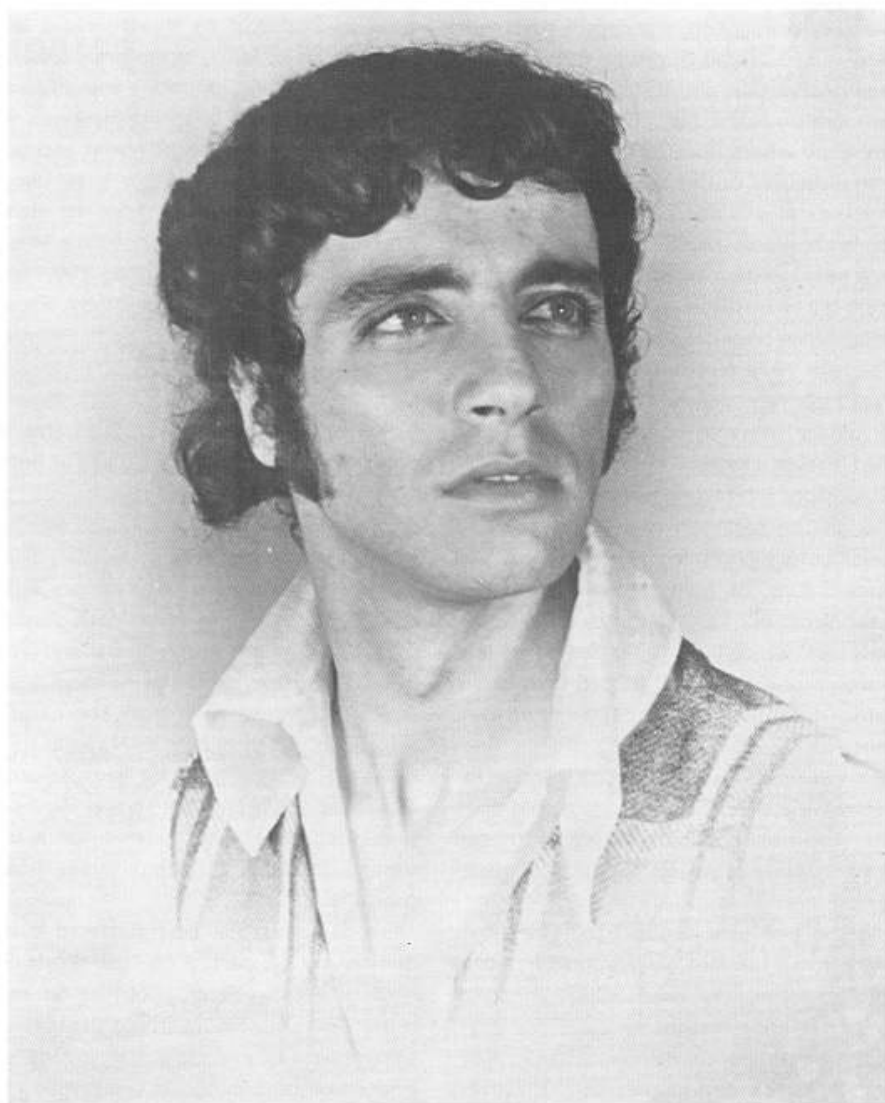
Having double jobs is nothing new for Mr. Alexson. Since the arts are not subsidized in this country, parttime jobs are necessary to survive while in training and even after you've begun to dance professionally, it might again become necessary to work on a parttime basis to hold you together between contracts.

He believes "Life is what you make it" and "You should get the most out of each day".

He enjoys all of his activities because they involve sharing with others. As a dancer he shares his training and art with the audience and as a writer he enjoys sharing his experience with DAVID's readers. Some of the articles which he has written that have brought favorable response are his reviews of Godspell, Status Quo Vadis, Warp, interviews with a warlock and reports of happenings in cities such as St. Louis and Chicago.

This enterprising young man is single and will be doing a lot more traveling and reporting for DAVID so look for him and his articles.

CENTERfold, CENTERstage FRED ALEXSON



LOOKING
AROUND
AT

Chicago is freezing - the temperature is close to zero and freezing rain, sleet and snow has slowed everything down, that is, everything but spirits. In spite of the fact it is impossible to get around, people must be managing to brave the weather and other difficulties somehow because the bars are packed and the party season is still lingering everywhere. The new year brings many great promises with the bars working to bring their customers the best.

THE GLORY HOLE, Chicago's newest bar, located in famous Old Town, is now featuring on Fri., Sat., & Sun., Rojers and Poidexter, direct from San Francisco. They bring the absolute in folk music while singing to the tune of their guitars. Look for the grand-opening of this bar to be held sometime in January - it's already doing a booming business.

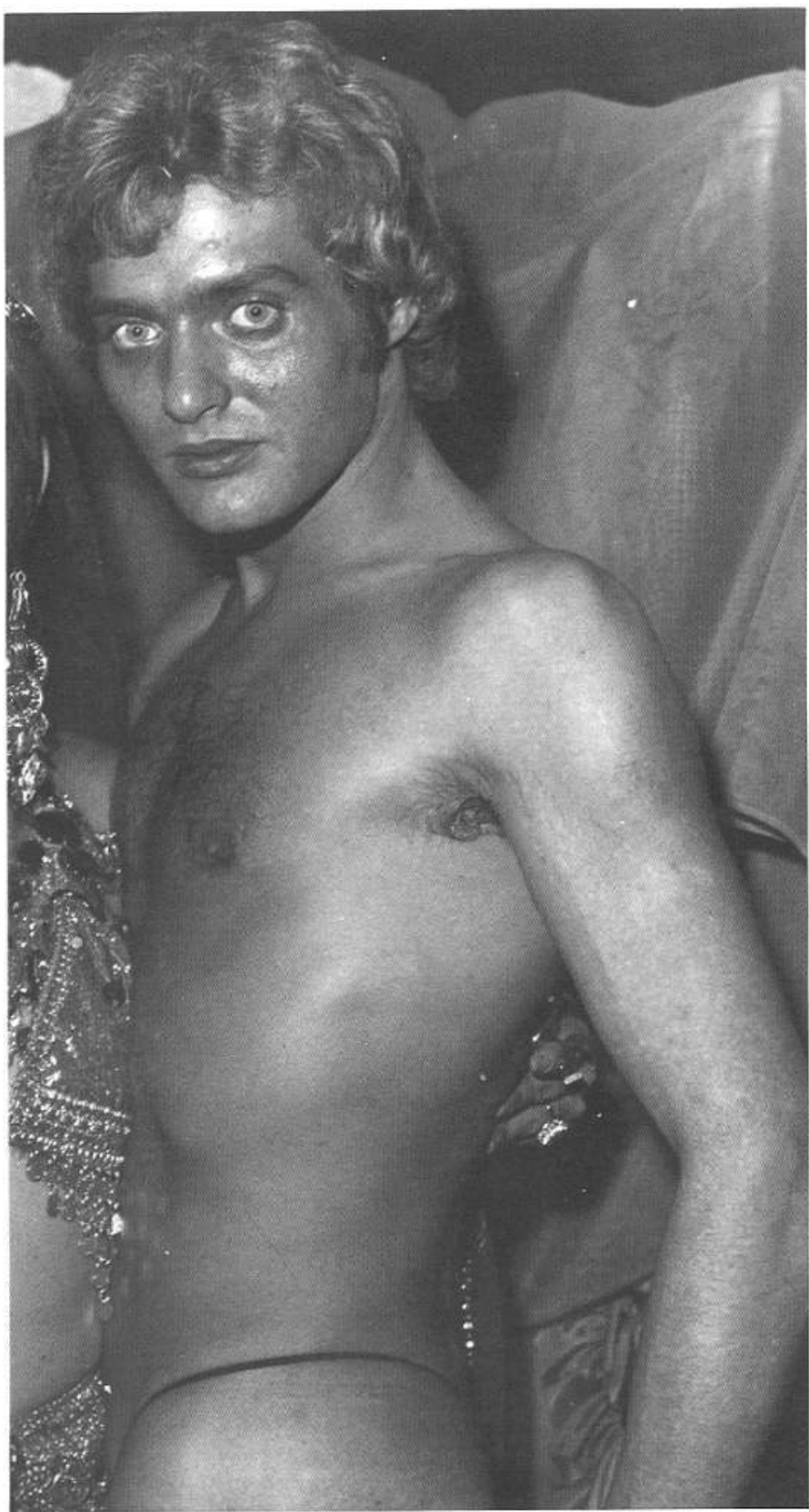
The ladies who lunch are now entertaining on Sundays - don't forget to change the day in your date book. **DAVID'S PLACE** is now doing musicals along with its regular revue. Their production of 'Hair' featuring a handsome stud, Wayne, was admirably presented and enjoyably received by the audience. Future productions will include 'Company', 'Jesus Christ Superstar', 'Fiddler', and 'No No Nanette'. Although **DAVID'S PLACE** already has the largest cast assembled anywhere, they have added two new members to the show. Tony, a blue eyed blonde beauty, is a welcomed addition because his voice matches his looks. He is the only member of the cast that sings live besides Roby Landers, the show's M.C. Another welcomed addition is Izzy, the cutest and tiniest of female impersonators. This adorable mid-get is rapidly becoming a scene stealer and audience favorite.

Don Dunfree now has his own bookstore, **W.L. SALES**, located at 3237 N. Ashland at Lincoln and Belmont. A new place to pick up your copy of the latest **DAVID** as well as a wide variety of other material. Open from 10.00 A.M. til 10.00

(Continued on page 57)

The handsome lad to the right is singer and male lead, Tony Rodzi. Tony can be seen at **DAVID'S PLACE** in Chicago.

CHICAGO



The difference here is somewhat confusing, bars — serving liquors are for MEN only! (...it says...); though 'cocktail bars' may serve women. Bars serve 'til 11 PM, 12 midnight on Friday and Saturdays. Everything is closed on Sunday. At 'clubs' you may—or may not—have to be a member; you may or may not 'sign in'; and you may or may not bring your own bottle—and/or pot. Some clubs have floor shows, and may have dancing (man-to-man), some do not. Most clubs serve poor-to-excellent food. Obviously, 'clubs' have a more elegant clientele; bars sound more fun. KEITH continues: Bars...The Guildhall—Executive, corner Harrison—Loveday Sts. (opposite the famed cottage at City Hall). This is sort of piss-elegant; popular from noon to tea-time, with young gay 'executives' leering at each other in a refined manner. The New Library Hotel Bar, in Market St., in basement. Very popular with a younger crowd, reliable place for a fast and tasty pickup. Waldorf Hotel Bar, Eloff and Bree Sts., much the same as above. The Assegai Bar, 24th floor Tollman Towers Hotel, downtown. Very elegant; usually a pianist and/or a singer. 'Society' types, well-heeled tourist, some airlines crews are put up here and are often available in the bar. Some pickups, too, in a very 'genteel' fashion. President Hotel, 6000 Club Bar, 25th floor,...about the same as above.

And the 'Clubs': The Dungeon is a sort of discotheque with dancing to records, sometimes live music. Some cabaret, some (poor!) drag shows. Youngish crowd, all in Windward House, at Marshalltown (suburb). Nearby is 'Blood, Sweat, Tears', and it's very similar. The Yellow Submarine Club; Kotze St. in Hillbrow. Sort of superficially elegant, with some handsome 'models', hippies, what-all. Many pot-peddlers, and much handsome, young plainclothesed Law. Anything can happen here; often does; not always pleasant. The Hi—Low Club, in Skyline Hotel, Twist and Pretoria Sts., Hillbrow. New swingin' currently very popular. Good cruising here... Nearby on Pretoria Street, the Zodiac Club Habitues almost all under 25, not always wise to 'engage'. The Crystal Chandelier, in the Skyline Hotel, is a quite elegant supper club, often has a good floor show, has good food, fine service. There's live music, but no dancing.

Then, there's Rudi's Pancake Bar, across from the Skyline; very gay and very

IT'S GAY

in

DARKEST AFRICA ?

campy—sometimes very swishy! — clientel. Rudi is a sort of local 'Mother Superior'; knows everyone, may even provide an 'entertainer', if you're friendly.

Another new club is really more 'artistic' than just gay; this is the Gaylord in Bree St. Strictly membership, with distinguished patrons from musical, arts, theatrical world. On Sunday night, a 'movie', a buffet supper; they will NOT let 'just anyone' in.

And, on Friday nights they have midnight movies at Highpoint Centre, Claim Klotze Sts. Sneaky previews, etc. Often flicks that would not be shown elsewhere in South Africa. (They are VERY choosy about what movies may be seen, down here...) Usually very gay crowds at these late shows, as bars have just closed; pickups are very possible, lots of 'business'. A sort of 'deli' (the Fountain) under the movie is open all night; is very cruisy!; adjacent streets offer many other things into the wee sm' hours. Friday and Saturday nights, of course, are best. And, yes, dear, we have a 'Hustlers Alley' in Johannesburg. It's Smit Street, adjacent to Wolmarans and Joubert Park. One hustles 'rides' from the curbs,...just as on dear old Selma.

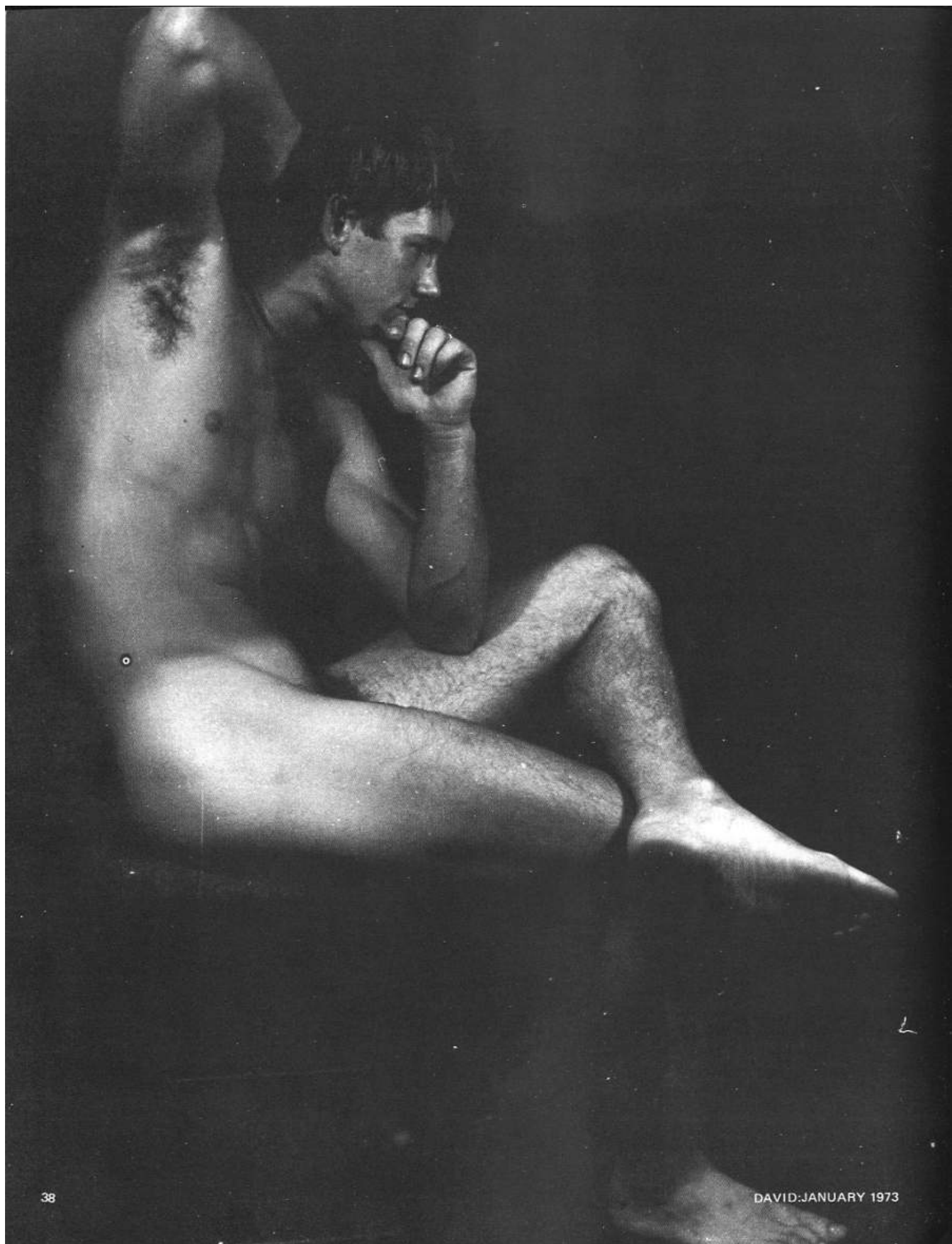
We must remember, that people's 'fancy' changes; none of these places may be popular a month from now; even being gay may become old hat,...though one rather doubts it.

INTERVIEWER: Uh, Keith,...it all sounds sorta 'nice', if you follow me.....

KEITH: Well, of course, my dear! We're
(Continued on Page 64)

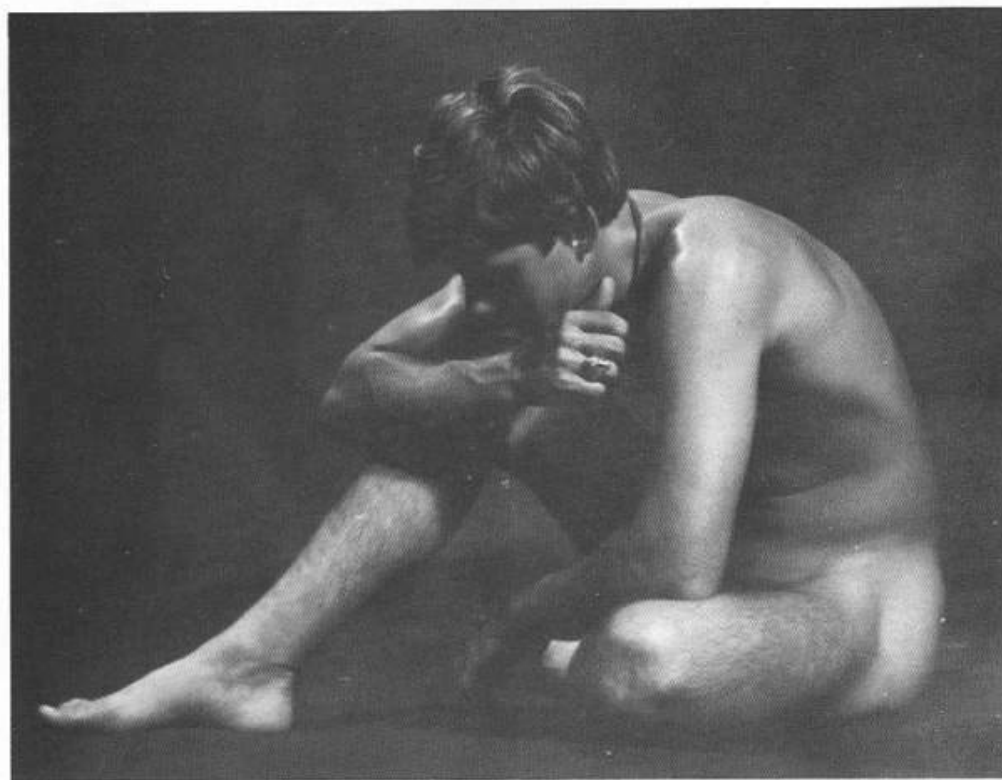
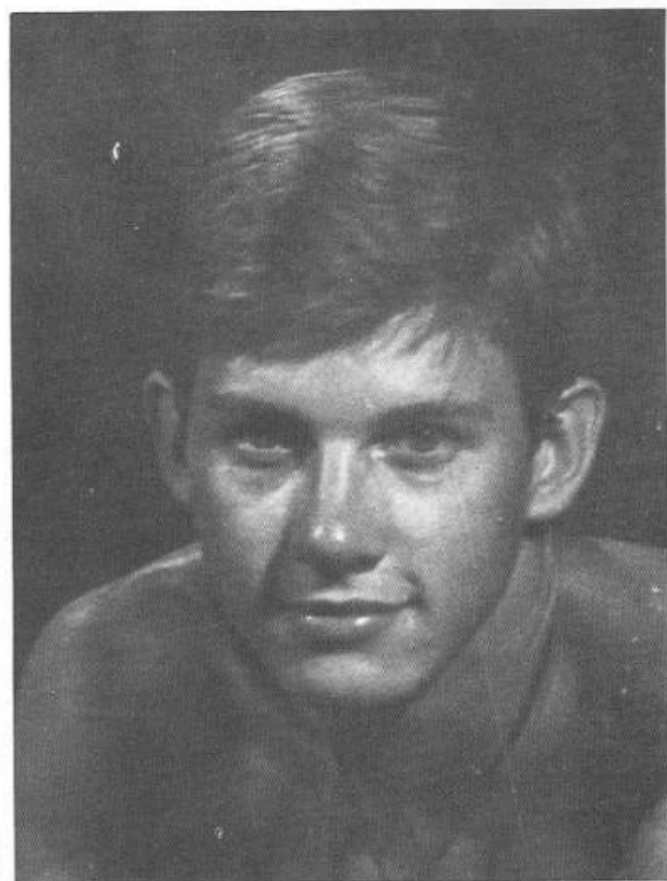


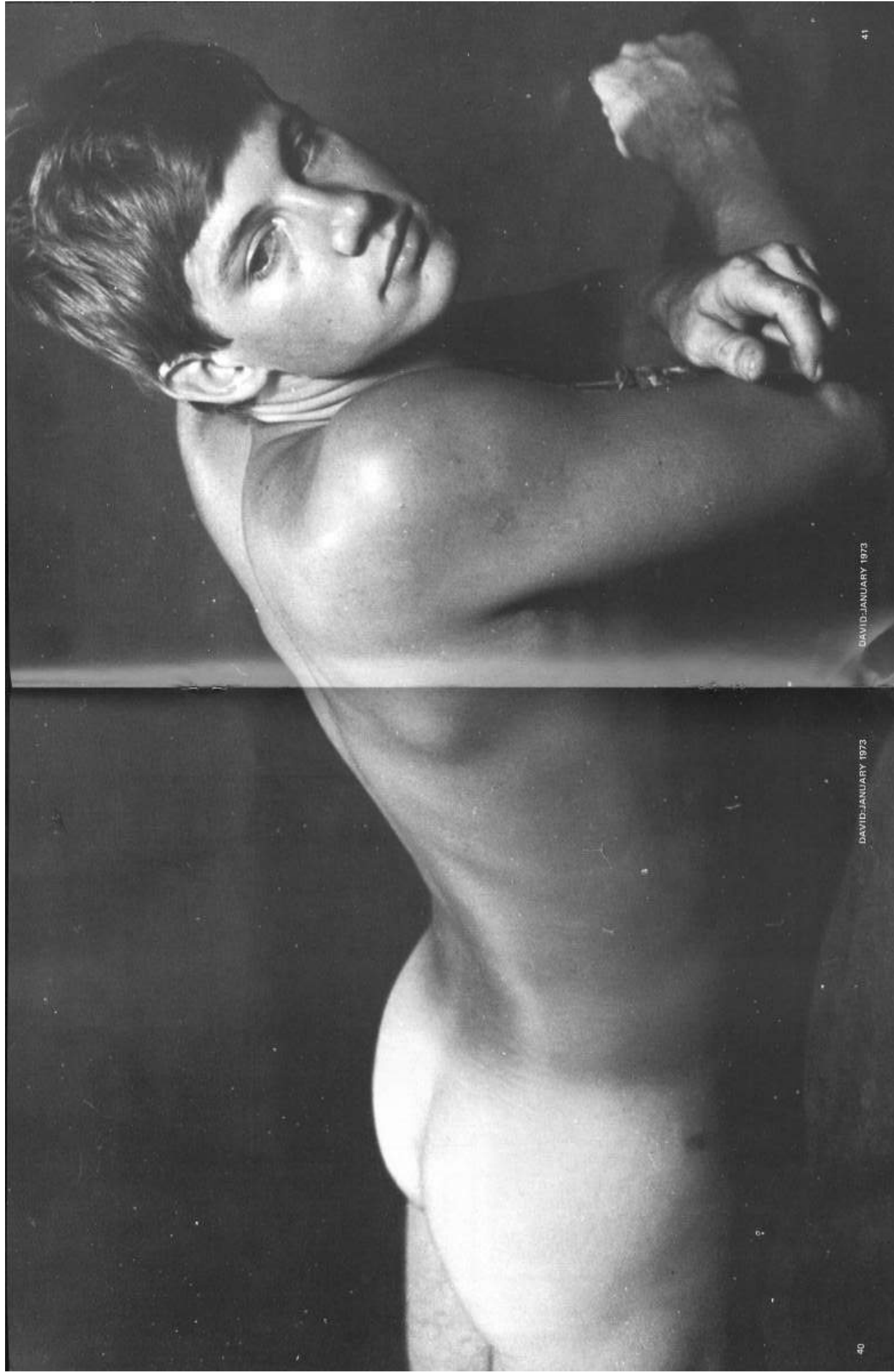
by LOU RAND and 'KEITH'

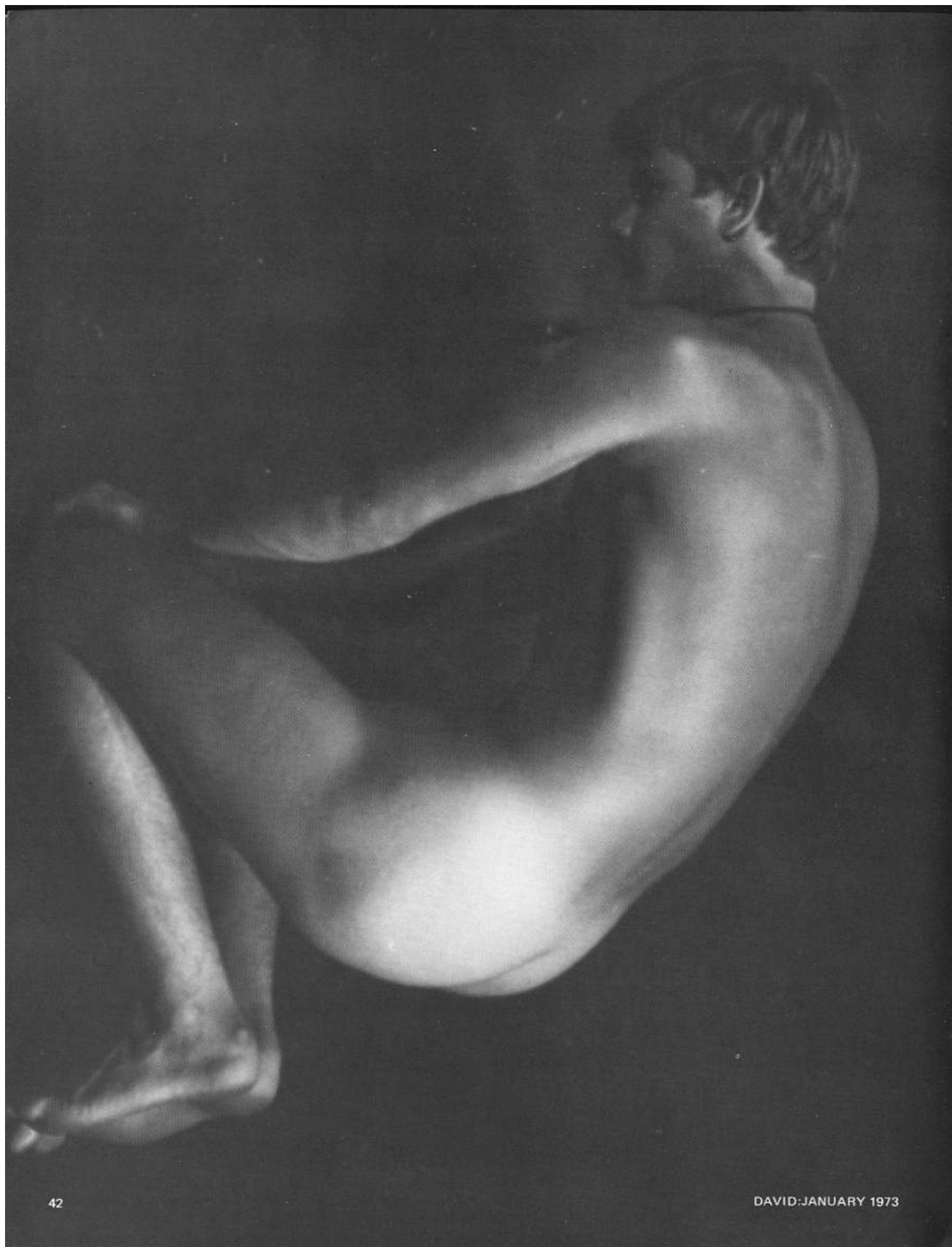


JACK

MEET JACK ALLEN — — MIAMI, FLORIDA
SAILOR AND SPORTSMAN. HE LOVES
DEEP SEA FISHING AND SKIN DIVING.
THE SPIRIT AND THE TRANQUILITY OF
THE SEA REALLY TURN HIM ON.
SHIP AHOY MATES ! COME WITH JACK
AND LET'S SAIL AROUND THE WORLD !







MOVIES (Continued from Page 27)

of legitimate, straight movies, but picked by a gay critic, me, and usually with a gay slant. Thus the Pat Rocco films and their hard-core ilk, though I dearly love them, would not qualify, and more recent legitimate movies such as *THE MUSIC LOVERS*, *BOYS IN THE BAND*, and *SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY*, which finally deal openly and realistically with homosexuality, are (1) obviously too close to the hearts of most gays to be included on an objective basis, and (2) too recent to have the advantage of proper perspective.

A temptation I've tried to overcome, but find difficult, is to choose a bad movie on the basis of one good performance in it. Susan Hayward may do a bang-up job in a rotten movie, and this makes it worthwhile for me. But I've attempted to reject such films, and as a consequence, I believe the ones listed below can stand on their merits alone, though most of them do have exceptional performances which help them "make it." Many of you will disagree with my choices, and you should; in fact, by next week, I'll probably disagree myself. But for the moment, here they are, for better or worse, in no particular order.

TWO FOR THE ROAD (1967). An anachronistic delight from director Stanley Donen, acted to perfection by Audrey Hepburn (If I were straight, she'd be my pick!) and Albert Finney (Since I'm not, I'll take him any time!). A perceptive, totally absorbing comedy-drama, far ahead of its time.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1956). Though Grade B, this is a science-fiction classic that outdoes all the rest; its cast includes the wooden but reliable Kevin McCarthy and the frozen-faced but gorgeous Dana Wynter. It was as remarkable the sixth go-round as it was the first; see it and you'll never be able to look a seed-pod in the face again.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY (1970). Almost obligatory on any gay's "ten best" list,

but it should be on any serious movie-goer's list. Jon Voight is at his hunkiest and most sensitive (Catch his recent *DELIVERANCE* too; artful performance!) but more than Voight, the film boasts Dustin Hoffman as "Ratso" in the best performance ever given by any actor at any time; he's utterly magnificent. If you didn't choke up at his death scene, you're dead inside.

OLIVER (1969). Extravagant, hokey escapism, but one of the few stage musicals to better itself through films. Acting honors go to Ron Moody as Fagin and Jack Wild as the Artful Dodger; why couldn't it have ended with the two of them dancing and singing their way into the horizon instead of the weak, sentimental scene concerning the insipid Oliver? Otherwise, it's a masterful movie musical with a great Lionel Bart score. (Another good musical, too cutsey, but sweet, and with good Rodgers and Hammerstein music: *THE KING AND I*.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOLF? (1966). Did Albee really write it to expose two gay marriages? At any rate, it's powerful, hard-hitting theatre, with Burton superb as an ineffectual, obsessed, joyless college professor. He's matched inch-by-inch by Liz, his "star-spangled girl," who, despite curious disdain from some

circles, walks away with the movie as an aging, loud, vulgar man-eater. This love-hate saga about the games people play is so intimate that one feels almost voyeuristic watching it.

BUS STOP (1956). A moving, well-done comedy-drama in its own right, but more important than that, it contains Marilyn Monroe's finest screen performance. She's brilliant as Cheri, the "chantooze," and after witnessing her superlative emoting,



Don Murray and Marilyn Monroe in promo shot from *BUS STOP*

especially her sleazy rendition of "That Old Black Magic," who can deny that "This Was An Actress"? Even with the happy ending, I cry each time I see it. Oh, Marilyn!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE (1962). About the campiest movie ever made, with Bette Davis chewing up more scenery than Shelley Winters, Anne Baxter, and Geraldine Page could chew combined. I loved every inch of her outrageous, over-acted, bloated performance. Oh yes, Joan Crawford's in there some-

(Continued on page 63)



a prettier LIZ TAYLOR

VERSE

from Our Readers

Capricorn and Cancer have received their warmth,
Astarte has guided her misstarred lovers through
The Lair of the Lion,
Now these many times over;
The leaves have turned and fallen, come again, and turned,
Now these many times over.

It is a matter of years, you understand, but still
I see his face.

Not always, but often; usually it is in those
unguarded moments.

Like in the wee hours, when I reach out to embrace that
beloved form;

When my eyes open dreamily and see that most handsome
face in its happy repose on the pillow beside my own,
And my finger is lifted to stroke so gently the delicate line
of that slightly upturned nose,

But then it is gone, the pillow bare, the stream of moonlight
now harsh and glaring.

And I snap shut my eyes and pretend I did not stir but still
am asleep.

And when my car is stopped in traffic and I glance his face
in the next auto

And my heart stops.

But only for an instant, for the man's clumsy movement tells
me it is not my beloved there.

Or in the library when someone walks away with his shoulders
and his legs and his walk,

And I have to rise and walk fast to overtake him and for an
instant behold his face before I see

The eyes are not his, nor the lips, and the nose is not slightly
upturned.

In the restaurant, a three-quarter view of him as he eats
fried clams with his fingers

As he always used to do and I would scold him with a frown
and forgive him with a smile,

And he would smile back as he made high ceremony with his fork,
And we were in love, and we laughed. But when I smile, this man
does not laugh, and he is not my love.

We never hid our faces from the world with a crop of hair and beard,
But we smiled broadly for all to see the joy of our love,
And the world smiled upon us, and we were fulfilled.

Now these many times over the leaves have turned and fallen
and come again;

It is a matter of years, you understand, that he has been dead,
but still I see his face.

Not always, but often; usually it is in those sadly joyful
unguarded moments.

Hans Lollik

Beautiful is a child when he's asleep,
With feathery lashes upon his cheek.
A hand slid carelessly under his face,
and a look that reveals heaven-like
grace.

Wonderful is a child when he's awake,
with enthusiasm that isn't fake.
Bringing you gifts, such as a flower,
Trying to please you every single hour.

Dynamic is a child when he's at play.
Going, every minute of every day.
A glorious addition to my home,
Everybody should have one of their own.



Die not for love
Heartbroken swien, defeated lover,
Die not for love;
Seek not the earths cold cover.

Live for your love,
Seek not deaths darkened dell.
For there is no love at all,
In heaven or Hell.

Peter St. John

Should I be the one to say "I love you",
When loving is not enough!
Should I be the one to say "I adore you",
When this is beyond rebuff!
Should I be the one?
Yes, I should be the one

Kitty

I could wish that I had sooner waked in
hell
Than this great gang of morning stir me
from my sleep
And you not there.

I could wish the piercing sweet, the year-
ling bird
Had sooner broken throated lie than with-
out you
I submit to listen.

That fourth-month majesty of purple
Lilac candles
Suffer completest snuffing out in their
intolerable incense
Than they should light a day
In which I know you'll not return.

Author Unknown

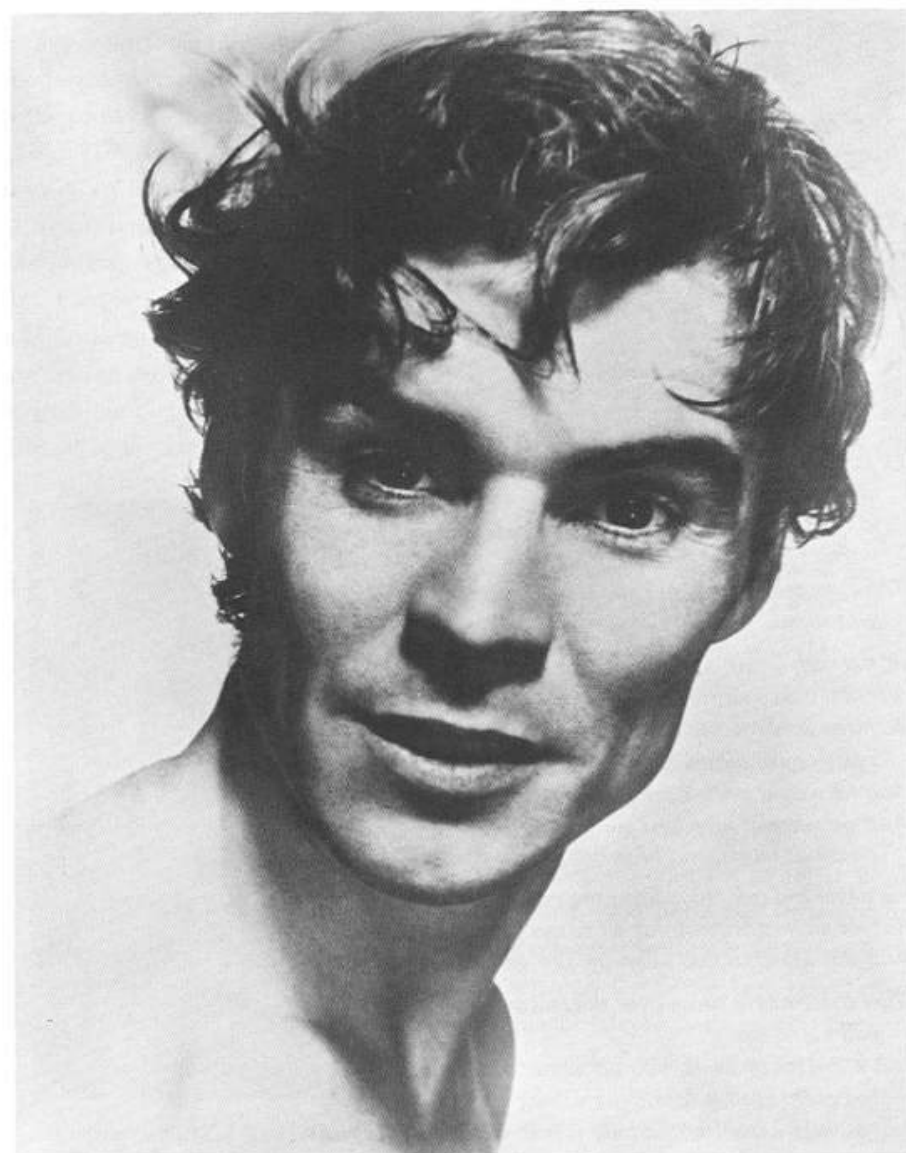


Ms. DIETRICH (Continued from page 23) the INTERNATIONAL SERIES, a non-profit corporation with all net proceeds from all performances of their artist supporting the Dance-Drama Workshop, to thank. The Dance-Drama Workshop is the official school of the series and the only school offering full-scholarships in drama and classical ballet. The International Series' 20th Anniversary Season is continuing with the same verve that has brought them the reputation of being among the finest in the country. January 11th, 12th and 13th will bring a Ballet Spectacular Gala with the great Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise and 10 other ballet stars from Cuba, Finland, Roumania, San Francisco, Sweden and Yugoslavia. The program includes Swan Lake, Stars & Stripes, Corsaire, Sleeping Beauty, Thais and 14 other great ballets, also in Miami. This same program will be presented in Orlando, Florida on January, 15th.



Among the many productions scheduled for the remainder of the season in South Florida is: Carlos Montoya, the greatest flamenco guitarist of this age in an all new flamenco program on Friday, March 16th; Jose Greco and his full company of Spanish Dancers, singers and musicians. Life Magazine has acclaimed Jose Greco as the "World's Finest Male Spanish Dancer"; and Direct from Africa; the National Dance Company of Senegal, a brilliant company of 60 folk-dancers, singers and musicians.

Tickets for any of these performances and more may be obtained by calling (305) 642-8000 or 642-9114 or by writing The International Series, 2901 W. Flagler Street, Miami, Florida 33135. Tickets generally cost \$8.50 top with a few performances slightly higher (Ms Dietrich performances will run \$6.50 to \$9.50 opening night with \$7.50 to \$10.50 seats for the Friday and Saturday performances.



(above) Ms. Dietrich receiving her well-earned praise.

(below) Jacques d'Amboise to appear in Ballet Spectacular in Florida.

LOOKING (Continued from Page 5)

in church nor before other authorities, to make the marriage legal. If a man and a woman desire, however, to have a ceremony, this will of course be allowed. The text to be used should be the following (written by the author Elsa Grave): NN and NN (the names) You are today married to each other. You enter the freedom for two which is called marriage, wherein you together can develop a personal inner affinity, which protects you from the inconstancy from outside. Reach each other your hands because you love each other and want to live together. And as a memory of this moment give each other a ring. No one owns the life of the other, but love can own your life and grow in your life together thus that you will learn to love also the independence and the liberty of each other."

RFSL's PROTEST

Undoubtedly there is a modern and non-prejudiced point of view in these ideas for a reform. But - as mentioned before - the homosexual couples have been completely neglected and the protest from the RFSL was very strong. It was sent to all members of the committee as well as to the press. It states:

1. Marriage as a form for security must be equally valid for homosexuals.

The reduction of the mutual dependence of the partners in a modern marriage is founded on the new education and social policy. Thus the financial dependence is less important than before.

What still motivates an institution as marriage is above all the emotional security. Many pretend that this security can be obtained without legal bonds, but the majority of the Swedish population is still supposed to prefer more regulated forms for their relationships.

2. Financial support for families should also be available for homosexual couples. Much of the support is meant for families with children and this is of less importance for homosexual couples. But there are two important issues: inheritance and housing.

Homosexual partners do not inherit each other. Evidently there is the possibility of writing a will, but this is not an attractive possibility. It stresses the negative outlook of society on homosexual relations: heterosexuals inherit, but homosexuals have

to write wills. And homosexuals must pay much more taxes for this inheritance even if they have a will. For an inheritance of, for instance, 40.000 Crowns, the tax for a surviving heterosexual partner (or other close relative) is 2.750 Crowns, whereas it is for others - as well as for homosexual partners - 8.000 Crowns.

"Presently there is no security for the partner who needs the flat/house most that he/she can stay there when the relationship is dissolved, unless the partners have been legally married. This should be changed." This was in the instructions to the committee by the government. The committee has presented a solution for this problem, but neglected the homosexual couples. It happens that when the partner, who owns the flat/house dies, his/her friend has to leave their common home. The flat or house is inherited by relatives, who sometimes not even are aware that there has been a homosexual partner.

The State Bank issues loans to the creation of homes for men and women who want to live together, if they want to be legally married or not. The same rights should apply to homosexual couples.

3. If men and women with homosexual inclinations are to obtain equality laws must no longer discriminate and social equality must be created.

Presently the Sexual Crime Committee is working on a change of the age limit for homosexual relations. The RFSL believes that the new age limit will be made equal with the one valid for heterosexual relations. Then the law which openly discriminates homosexuals will finally disappear.

But - the law can continue to discriminate a group of citizens just by ignoring them and omitting them from protection. This applies to the present marriage laws.

4. Acceptance of homosexual marriages will help homosexually inclined men and women to feel stronger in their situation as homosexuals.

Many homosexuals suffer from the negative outlook of society on homosexuality and feel inferior. If society is prepared to recognize homosexual love as equal to heterosexual love this is of the greatest importance also to those homosexuals, who of one reason or another prefer not to live in marriage-resembling relationships.

5. An acceptance will mean that present prejudices can be reduced. Even if this cannot be seen as the most important rea-

son for a change of law, the effect is of greatest importance.

* * * * *

The press gave much publicity to the demands of the RFSL and was generally most favourable. Some objected that equality for homosexuals could not be achieved before complete equality is created between men and women. Others commented that it was useless to try to push homosexual relations into a dying institution as marriage is. "We have no means to change society and declare marriage abolished", says chairman Stig-Ake Petersson of RFSL. "But we can demand equality. We are not eager to get wedding ceremonies. But we want legal protection when it comes to issues like housing and inheritance. And of course - the psychological reason is important to us."

AGE LIMIT

Regarding the age limit, the Swedish Minister of Justice, Lennart Geijer, has appointed a one man expert committee, president of High Court Bjorn Kjellin, to revise the laws regarding sex offences. The Minister wants specially a revision of the paragraphs concerning age limits for homosexual relations, incest and procuring. Mr. Kjellin shall also, according to instructions, investigate if there is any point in retaining a paragraph in the law about "seduction of youth".

Prejudices and taboos have long prevented a natural outlook on sex inclinations and their manifestations, the Minister says. A radical change has been noted lately. Sexuality is openly discussed, privately and officially. It must also be said that sexual education in schools have created a better and deeper knowledge.

With this follows a deeper understanding for the problems that individuals may have to face in this respect. The parliament has decided that the difference in age limits between homosexual and heterosexual relations shall be closer examined.

It has been suggested that homosexual acts might lead to risks of social or mental nature to young people. The Minister questions this and states that special age limits for homosexual relations should be preserved only if there are real evidences that these relations might be harmful to young people to a degree which would justify discrimination.

As reason for the punishment of incest



bar even more. They now have two new, blonde, stud bartenders, Dick and Wayne. Old time flicks are featured Thursdays

CHICAGO

We understand UP NORTH has taken a giant step in providing a group insurance plan for their employees. It's comforting to hear that the situation has advanced far enough for bar employees to where they are being treated as an equal with other "standard" jobs. Or is it that the employees have proven that they deserve to be treated responsibly by acting responsibly? In any case, the genial teddy-bear Sunday Brunch chef de cuisine, all 'round nice guy Jack has done it again!

NORTH CAROLINA

Word has it that B.J.'s CLUB in Asheville, is opening their 2nd floor as a bottle club. Plans are to call it B.J.'s BODY SHOP with a casual atmosphere featuring couches (not for therapy), piano, etc. Should be a nice addition to a good club.

DETROIT

TIFFANY's went all out with an advertising campaign for the MR. TIFFANY's CONTEST which was held December 29. It appears to have been quite a success (from what we've heard). Just imagine what would've happened if the advertisements had come out just a little bit sooner? The first prize winner (we hope to have pictures for you next month) will enjoy an expense paid trip to enter the MR. DAVID CONTEST this summer.

The WOODWARD BAR just had a grand opening for it's ANNEX with upwards of

1,000 people attending. Where the original WOODWARD is primarily a cruise bar, the Annex will feature dancing, etc.

The WOODWARD is working up a contest to select their entry for the MR. DAVID CONTEST now. We will bring you more details as we get them.

TEXAS

The BAYOU LANDING recently opened it's doors in Houston to a packed house - or should we say a 'packed Warehouse!' The building was originally a warehouse and has been redone to become one of the most stunning ballrooms in the country. "I knew Houston was a gay town, but I never imagined THAT many gays existed!" exclaimed one of the patrons that night as he squeezed his way to the Tiki Room hoping there was room at the bar there. There wasn't.

The LANDING is planning to hold a MISS TEXAS CONTEST sometime in February. Dates will be announced this month.

The photo below is of the painting that has been causing such a stir at the CLUB



COMING NEXT MONTH: A long overdue look at our new MR. DAVID, 1972-73, AL PHILLIPS in photo essay.

900 in Houston. It's an original painting by A. DeFrangé of California. Several large-sum cash offers have been made for it, but the owner just isn't about to part with it. The CLUB 900 is an intimate cruise bar becoming well known for it's wild birthday parties. It's the sort of place the bartenders from all the other bars go when they want to take it easy for a while.

FLORIDA

South Floridians are excitedly awaiting the long anticipated opening of TEE JAY's.

The new bar, scheduled for a grand opening this month is at 2100 No. Dixie Highway in Hollywood, Florida. TEE JAY is well known up and down the east coast for his magnificent paintings, photography and wild, wild, creative imagination. TEE JAY was featured in DAVID (Vol. 1-10)



August, 1971 displaying some of his extremely talented work. (TEE JAY also took the cover photo and centerfold shots of our groovy sailor, Jack, featured in this month's issue.

In one short month, STEPMOTHER's in Miami has closed and re-opened as BACHELOR'S WEST. The new owners, who also own the popular BACHELORS

(Continued on Page 59)

DAVID: JANUARY 1973

Annie's

also

Annie's

ODDS & ENDS

II

1416 So. Federal Highway
522-9654

Park In Rear

ODDS & ENDS

3148 N. E. 12th AVENUE
Oakland Park Blvd.
& Old Dixie Hwy.
564-9114

FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.



If You're Man Enough...

WASH. 904 9th. St., N.W.
N.Y. 21st St. & 11th Ave.

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A HAPPENING IN BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

by Jose Sanchez

Peter Fisher, author of *THE GAY MIS-
TIQUE* appeared at Indiana University,
December 8th. Along with his lover, N.Y.
school teacher, Marc Rubin, he addressed
a group of 125 gays and straights.

Their presentation was jointly sponsored
by the Bloomington Gay Alliance and the
Indiana Memorial Union Emphasis Com-
mittee.

Between Peter's songs and Marc's poems,
the two men told of their life as gays and
their struggle for gay rights as members
of the N.Y. Gay Activists Alliance.

This is a first, not only for the university,
but for the Indiana Memorial Union and
the Bloomington Gay Alliance. Four years
ago, Allan Ginzburg gave a reading of his
poetry here. The inevitable references to
homosexuality caused a considerable up-
roar heard as far as the State Legislature
in Indianapolis. Ginzburg was shrilly de-
nounced and attempts were made to enact
a law barring "known homosexuals" from
appearing on State Campuses.

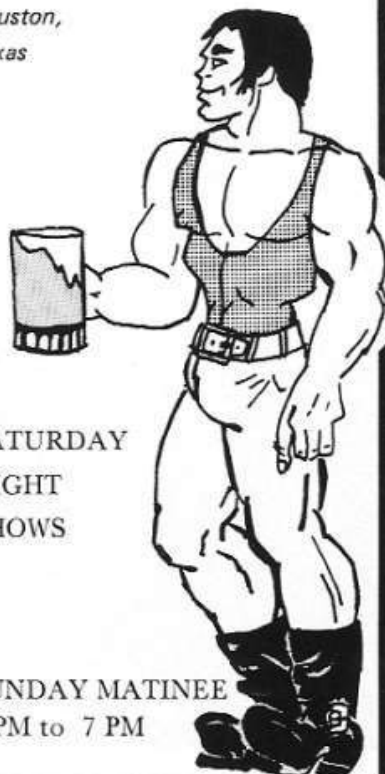
Four years later, the "Indian Daily Stu-
dent" buried the Fisher-Ruben item in
page 11, and not a peep has been heard
from anyone yet. Peter and Marc's closing
kiss stirred only applause. This must be
regarded as some measure of progress in
local tolerance of homosexuality.

"We didn't come here as big shot ex-
perts," Marc began. "The only thing we're
expert about is ourselves, and maybe not
even that." Modesty did not, however
blunt the eloquence of their remarks. The
main thrust of Peter's comments can be
summarized with one of his songs;

*Out of the closet everyone.
The revolution has begun.
The times are changing
Things are re-arranging
2,000 years without the sun,
The age of freedom has begun...
Love can survive now...
Out of the closet everyone.*

Glass Stein

3207 Montrose Blvd.
Houston,
Texas



**SATURDAY
NIGHT
SHOWS**

SUNDAY MATINEE
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Asked if he thought the resurgence of homosexuality was tied to an overall national decadence, Peter replied, "The decadence theory of homosexuality is nonsense. The golden eras of history, Periclean Greece, Renaissance Italy, tolerated homosexuality. It was Rome in its years of decay which first made homosexuality punishable by death." Peter then continued to explain that the term faggot originated in the word used for the bundles of wood used to burn gays at the stake in the Dark Ages.

"Every time people get into enjoying themselves, it's decadent," Marc joined in, and was loudly applauded. "Some people say that gays are ruining the coun-



Photos above of Peter Fisher and Marc Rubin at Bloomington, Indiana happening by Alan Lopp.

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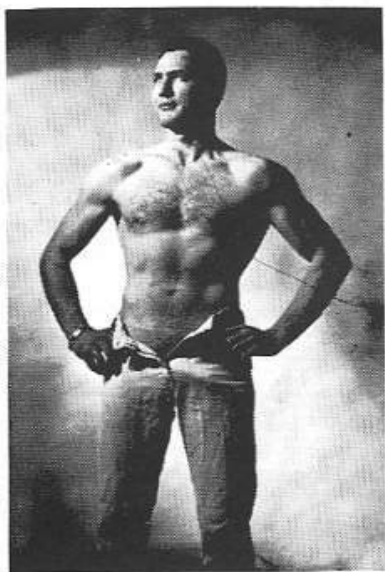
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try," he continued, "but I think gays are the salvation of this country...Gay people have a lot to teach and share with the world. We know about relationships, most of all we know how to love, how to show our feeling...maybe it would be good if people like the President cried in public if the situation called for it."

Addressing himself more specifically to gay political activities, Peter announced GAA plans for "coffee clutching" in New York. Before the next elections, small meetings in private homes will inform gays on how the candidates feel about their rights. Publicly, unsympathetic or apathetic public officials and candidates will continue to be zapped in an effort to make them take a stand on gay issues.

Peter's account of previously successful zaps against Mayor Lindsay and Gov. Rockefeller elicited a lot of laughs. Injecting a bit of direct humor, Marc said, "Rockefeller thinks that the only gay people in New York are in Greenwich Village. Both of them."

In a more serious vein, Marc remarked, "Everyone is somewhere they can come out of....Coming out is finding, freeing yourself." Peter described the reason for gay groups simply. "Getting together with other gays does wonderful things for people's heads."

If they said anything in Bloomington, Marc and Peter said that they loved each other. And it was this reaffirmation that gay love is both possible and beautiful which made their trip especially worthwhile.

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Pictured above in a rather pensive mood is a rare photo of Bobbi Bacardi, a cute, and very talented entertainer at the COMMODORE LOUNGE. Bobbi's smooth, slim figure enables him to perform equally well as a go-go boy or female impersonator. Below is the popular MELINDA WAYNE who still manages to keep "Stay With Me" and "This is My Life" popular numbers at local clubs. An interesting sideline to the Apollo Missions appeared last month when Melinda, (cruising the local park?) was stopped by a Times-Journal Reporter and asked what she thought of the moonshots. Unflustered, and very ladylike, Melinda made her comments and was very pleased to read the description of her (getting out of her limousine, etc.) and her comments on the front page of the newspapers 'local news' section the next day.



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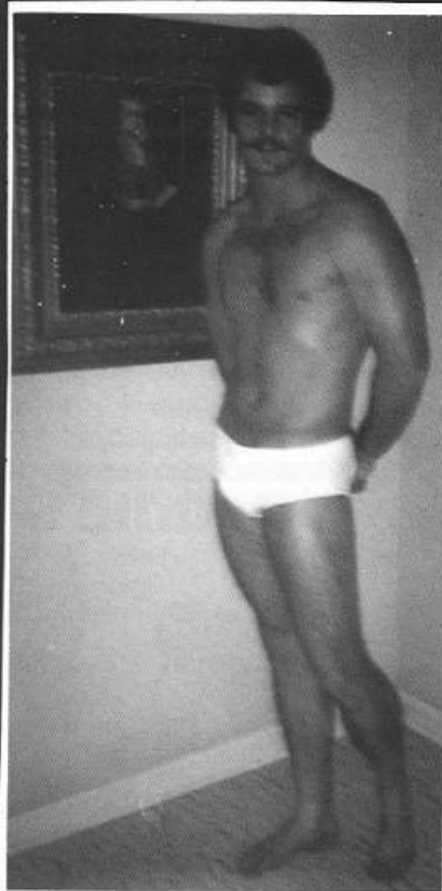
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LETTERS (Continued from Page 7)

trick" as an objective. Go out just to "get away from it all" and have a good time, even if you are alone. Many times, with this sense of urgency gone, people can notice our own "natural" personality. Hope we've been of some help. Let us know how you come out.

Dear David;

I would like to know what is being done by various Gay organizations to stop persecution and harassment of gays in the military. I am aware that this doesn't interest some gays, because like many straights, some of them would rather not have to spend time in the service. On the other hand, there are many of us who wanted to serve our country and have beautiful service records to prove it. The only things that are not beautiful are our discharges.

I was stationed at Great Lakes Hospital Corps School, U.S. Navy. What took place there can be compared easily to the Salem Witch Trials, one of the saddest pages in U.S. History. Here are some rough statistics that apply to Great Lakes from May, 1971 to October 1971. The first big shake-down in May.

21 people involved;

4 managed to stay in, but their service records are ruined because they have been investigated.

4 were gays (all but one, a chaplain, were discharged.

16 in all were discharged (including one high ranking officer and one enlisted first class with 12 year gold.)

Another investigation was started in September. 2 of these people were discharged before it was found that the girl who wrote all of the damaging statements against 15 people was schizophrenic. Again,

even though the statements wouldn't hold water, their service records are ruined and they will be watched for the rest of their careers.

Those of us who had to make statements were asked to give the most intimate details of our love lives. We were humiliated beyond all belief and threatened with exposure in our hometowns if we did not co-operate with the Naval Investigators. No human being should have to face what we went through on the Naval Base. In case you haven't heard, Hitler is alive and well and is the Administrative Officer at Great Lakes Corps School. He has sworn off Jews and has opened season on Homosexuals.

We haven't given up. We want to do anything and everything we can to stop this injustice. The problem is that we don't know what to do. We have written stacks of letters to Senators, Congressmen and to the President. The letter always passes buck. We would like to hear from any group who is working on the problem. If we can help in any way, we will.

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CHICAGO (Continued from page 35)

P.M., Mon. thru Sat. Congratulations to Robin of Broadway Sams on his new telly. Wonder where it came from?

THE BATON has outdone itself in remodeling with its dark wood panelling, copies of famous artist's work decorating the walls

Maybe competition is a good thing. The amazing thing is that Chicago show bars seem to be becoming more professional and are offering better theater. Speaking of good theater, Lorna Luft played a return engagement in the Chicago area when she appeared at the famous EMPIRE ROOM at the PALMER HOUSE. She brought with her an exciting and slick act polished by weeks on the road. Her act is spiced with ballade and pop songs all interpereted with her own special style. Her act is really divided into three parts; semi-popular songs, songs devoted to the fifties (when she was growing up), and finally, a tribute to her mother. The third part of the act begins with MaMa's Rainbow which is enough to bring a tear to any listener. Liza Minelli was there and perhaps her harshest critic but with obvious affection for her stepsister. Credit should also be given to Sal Angelica and Harvey Cohen (dancers) and to her conductor, Gene Palanko.

From the ALAMEDA, Dolly is the hostess. They have Go-Go Boys and Tommy is back. Danny has returned from San Francisco where he has been for 2 years. Christine Dickrey, Chris Ivey and Rhonda Maxwell are the future female impersonators and Bob, a Go-Go Boy from Hollywood.

Your Chicago mid-west reporter wishes you all a healthy and prosperous New Year and many, many thanks to all our supporters who have been so helpful.



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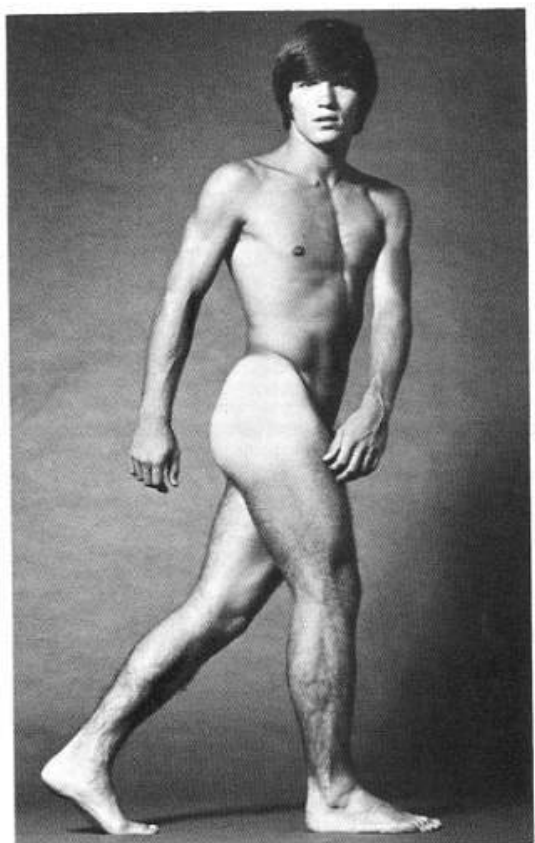


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SEX SYMBOL (Continued from page 37)

reason kings tumble from their thrones, and wise men go dumb: I saw myself in the mirror. Every hair in place, I grew humble with the knowledge that I alone was God's gift to man. And I never forgot it. Even when the bartender came and pretended to be rude (I knew what he wanted), I ordered a martini and tried to ignore the poor skinny blonde boy who looked at me with such stunned surprise. He had the seat I wanted, but I forgave him. He was so drab and blonde and tanned, it broke my heart. Especially since I was wearing a fabulous red patent leather outfit with a flowing chiffon scarf and he had nothing but ordinary old clothes not even worth mentioning. I always feel sorry for homely boys who have nothing, while I, a sex symbol, have everything.

Suddenly, I felt the presence of a man. A tingling sensation lept up my spine, the air crackled with electricity: I knew what he wanted, I tried to hide my face from his burning gaze, but the mirror (like Judas) betrayed my secret. I turned, twisted, flung my slender body away from the hands that waited like steel traps to snap me into submission. He ordered a drink, pretending to ignore me (the games men play!). Then, deliberately, he reached in front of me and took a pretzel from a dish on the counter! (An obvious phallic symbol!) My heart stopped. Was this the end-all of my young life? To be eaten like a free pretzel and swallowed with a dollar drink? I shuddered. Delicate beads of dew gleamed across my perfect brow. And then, out of the vortex of the whirlpool of passion, came a low, masculine command: "Would you care to dance? I gasped. My knees weakened, this was the moment that would shape the destiny of the world. But I was saved. The drab, blonde, tanned boy completely misunderstood the whole situation and offered himself. I could hardly believe my luck, but

my conscience was stricken. Once again, a man had to settle for tenth best and the agony that our love was not to be.

I took the seat the pathetic blonde boy left empty, pushing away his drink, cigarettes, and lighter, but the odor of cheap cologne lingered. I was alone with my thoughts (and my beauty) when suddenly, I felt the presence of a man. The room whirled around me like a mad carousel, electric currents split down my spine: I knew what he wanted. Desperately, I turned from his maddening stare. I toyed with my drink, fumbled with my napkin, all the while my heart pounded like a thousand drums along the shores of love. I needed solitude. But again, the mirror (like a thief in the night) stole my secret and sold it to the highest bidder. I was exposed for what I am: a Sex Symbol.

I waited for the inevitable. It was not long coming. "Do you have a match?" (An obvious phallic symbol!) I nearly swooned. Luckily, I was rescued by the same drab, blonde, tanned boy who had been so brutally abandoned by the man who loved me (one dreary dance is not an affair). The poor boy was very sad. He claimed some "wacked out weirdo" had stolen his seat and thrown his junk on the floor. These homely ones always have a tragic tale. It never occurred to him that, once again, he was making a perfect fool of himself. But I forgave him. When his shirt strangely caught fire, I was the first to throw a drink in his face.

Time passed. I was still beautiful, but the night was fading. All around me I felt the spiritual nearness of men who, having seen the face of beauty, stand like mutes in the shadow of discontent. I never meant it to be this way. I never meant to drive men mad. To twist their hearts like copper pennies over the flames of love. I suffered for their tortured souls, I pitied their indiscretions. For I knew, in spite of the pain, the sorrow, the agony, I gave every

man who ever loved me one brief glimpse of heaven.

Suddenly, I felt the presence of a man. The floor swept beneath me like a volcanic landslide, electric currents sizzled down my spine: I knew what he wanted. All the old nightmares came rushing back. I was trapped in a net of desire, a cage of lust. I turned away, my face too beautiful for the world to see, but again, the mirror (like a spiteful gossip), whispered my secret across the room. I was helpless, alone, defenseless. My heart cried out, but my lips were silent. I was lost.

I don't remember what happened next. My mind is a total blank. All I recall is a lingering phrase, a few blurred words: "...under arrest... soliciting... arson..." I laughed. He was so in love with me, this broad shouldered, blue uniformed man wearing a badge, he couldn't see straight. But I wasn't fooled. I knew the game. All my life men have been after me, in one way or another, but always for the same reason. They can't keep their hands off me. I don't blame them. I know I'm beautiful to resist, too tempting to ignore. Even so, with this handsome, insane man panting down my neck, his hot breath searing my young flesh, consumed in desire, I knew our love could never be. Something in me was pure.

He grabbed, I leapt, danced, swirled across the floor like a fawn in a field of stars. I heard the sound of his voice in mock anger "stop or I'll shoot!". For the first time in my life, I panicked. Deep in my heart I knew... every man kills the thing he loves the most (Me!). I stopped, a silhouette against the door. In that moment, my whole life flashed before my beautiful eyes. I never meant this to happen. I never wanted to drive men wild. Suddenly, I was caught in a cruel embrace trapped in the handcuffs of love, and tossed (like a paper heart) through the door.

And then, I realized the truth. The games men play! I had reached the height of my young life, being kidnapped by a man in a car (marked POLICE) under the cool gaze of the moon. Was this the end-all of my lovely life? (To submit in the grip of a stranger in a car headed for eternity?) Or was this only the beginning? I knew then, I could never truly escape my destiny or what I was born to be: a Sex Symbol!

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STAR GAYS (Cont. from page 21)

be reassured. They are often victims of circumstances and marry because it is expected of them - they may even marry for money, prestige, or what ever else they can get. They can't make up their minds about what to do in matters of love and sex until someone pushes them - they are often bi-sexual.

Mars - Venus in Libra: all these individuals marry - they make excellent actors and actresses. These people are socially sensitive and will not do things that are

unacceptable unless they have an excuse for it like drinking too much. They may try a homosexual relationship just for the sheer flattery of being propositioned realizing that such a proposition must come from difficult circumstances thus being even more flattering. The ego is hungry.

Uranus and Saturn and the aspects they form to the conjunction in all these placements should also be taken into consideration, but even though we only touched the surface of all the possible determining factors of homosexuality in an individ-

uals chart, we at least have shown that astrology can be a guide.

It is safe to say in conclusion that astrology can be helpful in finding a compatible mate and also in solving a person's sexual problems. It can give the reasons for our identities, but it does not say that we have to remain a certain way. A person, if dissatisfied with his identity has the power to change it (once he understands who he is and why) or he can relax and enjoy his lot in life without having to apologize for the something that may be perfectly natural in his existence.

Fred Alexson

Next Month: Is it possible to judge a persons sexual performance and note specific physical characteristics through astrology?

PRISONER (Continued from page 24)

istic. You feel you're in a Second Avenue Apartment. It was made to look as if a wall had been cut away from the side of this high-rise so that you can enter this egg-box apartment and look through the living room window or venture out on the patio to see the high-rise across the street creating the feeling of neighbors above, below and all around you. Excellent Sunlight shadowing effects and apartment lights going on and off in the neighboring high rise create excellently the illusion of night and day.

With a great cast, good lighting, a neat set, and Mike Nicholoas as director (who also directed Barefoot In The Park, The Odd Couple and Plaza Suite) the comedy couldn't be anything else but a thoroughly enjoyable evening bound to tickle your funny bone.

The amazing truth about Neil Simon's comedy is that it is so true to life. You find yourself laughing because you have experienced or reacted the same way to similar situations or at least know someone who has.

Thank God for Neil Simon and The Prisoner of Second Avenue for making living in the 20th Century at least laughable.

Fred Alexson

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MOVIES (Continued from page 44)

where. Overall, it's the Queen of the horror movies.

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970). No, not because of the Oliver Reed-Alan Bates nude wrestling scene, which is, by the way, exquisitely done, but because it's a beautiful, touching motion picture about the need for the intense male comradeship to complete physical, heterosexual love. D. H. Lawrence would have been proud of it. In my opinion, one of the loveliest films ever made.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951) Our own Tennessee Williams at his very best, with stunning performances by Vivien Leigh as the genteel, neurotic Blanche Dubois, representing faded culture, and by Marlon Brando as the brooding, animal-like Stanley Kowalski, representing brute power. The whole movie, though a bit dated now, packs a wallop that won't soon be forgotten.

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939). Okay, so it's not from the fifties or sixties. What list would be complete without it? A movie goer's movie. And what would the gay world be without Butterfly McQueen impressions? "Prissy" has kept many a gay party alive.

So you don't agree with my choices? Maybe one of your particular favorites is included in my list of alternates: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1951)**, a joy from beginning to end, as are the performances of the stoned Humphrey Bogart and the prudish Katherine Hepburn; a funny, funny movie, subtly directed by John Huston. **THE QUIET MAN (1952)**, one of the few really good John Wayne films, perhaps because he's overshadowed by the scenery of Ireland and by the beauty of Maureen O'Hara. And for a look at Australia (where men outnumber the women; Paradise, in other words), catch **THE SUNDOWNERS (1960)**, with those fine, fine actors, Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. **THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)** is a powerful, intense story of courage and tenacity, played to the hilt by Anne

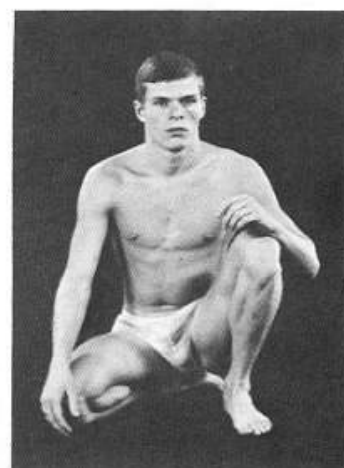
Bannocraft and Patty Duke, as Annie Sullivan and Hellen Keller respectively.

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962) is pure melodrama, completely improbable and fascinatingly entertaining, with puffy Angela Lansbury as an evil, calculating mother completely stealing the show; her role, like Gloria Swanson's in **SUNSET BOULEVARD**, would be a drag queen's delight. An over-done, flamboyant spectacle that's god-awful in spots, downright good in others is **HOW THE WEST WAS WON (1963)**; don't look for anything but diversion and you'll be pleased. Another slick bit of entertainment is **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY (1954)**, a "Grand Hotel" type bit of schmaltz with every cliché in the book, characters, dialogue, and situations—but it somehow works; Jan Sterling is especially outstanding in a huge cast.

LONELY ARE THE BRAVE (1962) is an unpretentious, moving little film, that somehow sneaked in and out again, but is well worth viewing; Kirk Douglas (Kirk Douglas!?) is a cowboy misfit in a modern world of technology, and after the film's over, we wonder, "Is progress worth it?" **ONE, TWO, THREE (1961)** is a terrific, fast-paced, clever Billy Wilder comedy with James Cagney and Arlene Francis (Arlene WHO?!?), and it also has Horst Bucholz to ogle; sigh! And while you're in the looking mood, if Herman Melville's allegory is too heavy to take in **BILLY BUDD (1962)**, feast on young Terance Stamp, who's quite heavy himself.

Okay, those are my picks, Sorry there's no Robert Redford movie admitted to the Magic Realm. Remember, it's my **PRIVATE** love affair, and I'm fickle enough to already begin to think of more that should be included; but I'll stick with these and let you decide which ones I've omitted. If I've missed a film that included your favorite star (Adele Jergens, anyone?), I hereby suggest that you make your own list. Try it; it's fun.

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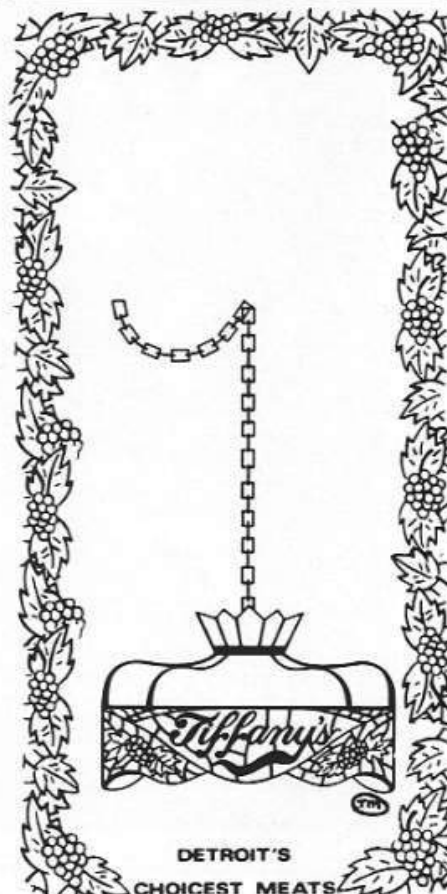
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AFRICA (Continued from page 36)

nice people, in our set. And don't be misled; we don't simply drink in bars, be amused in clubs, go to the midnight movies, and the like. These are places where we 'meet' others who feel as we do, and would perhaps like to make an amusing night of it. There's another thing, too. Perhaps you'd call it 'our class lines'. Y'see, this sort of social separation means a great deal to us, it's the way we live. And — to

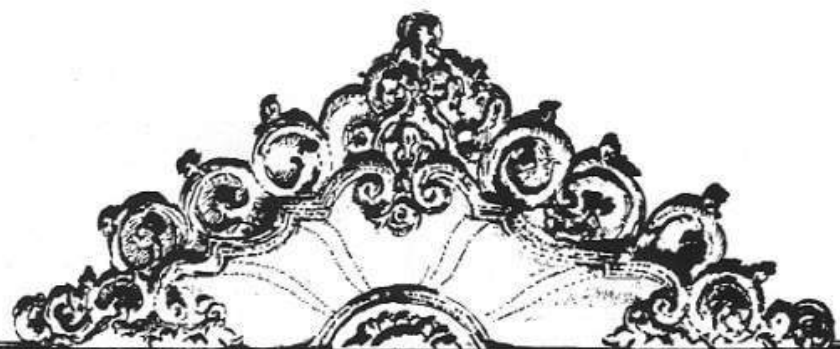
put it simply — lower class and upper class do not have too much in common. With the lower class, perhaps they have interest that wouldn't at all amuse us. I imagine 'sports' principally. With us, aside from the general bitchery, we're mostly interested in the visual and social arts. The theatre—hopefully professional, but often skillfully amateur—is a first love. There's the whole world of music: viewing, hearing, performing, composing. It's the same with the ballet, the Symphony, and with— one presumes—the 'better class' (less smel-

ly cottages.) We have charity bazaars, exhibitions, other public and private affairs; including card evenings, all sorts of social gatherings. And all this aside from unrestrained frolicking in parks, Cottages, bars, clubs, baths, and the like, as mentioned above. Without sounding stuffy, Keith adds....I really don't know just what the lower classes do...(Interviewer: Hmmm?) KEITH: '...you mention the 'military', and I recall the gorgeous Marines in Sou. Cal. Well we don't have marines in Sou. Africa; and the nearest Naval Base is at Capetown, 400 miles away. Possibly when I next go there....(He 'goes'..and tells all later...) That leaves us, here, with the Army. While most 'trainees' are 17-19, most training camps are well away from the cities. Largest, and nearest, is at Pretoria (the Capital) about 30 mi. away. Many of the lads get weekend passes, and do come to J'burg. One can usually find them at less expensive bars, clubs, and always about stations and terminals. Most are looking for somewhere to 'spend' the weekend, and/or the wherewithal. Here again, one comes up to that 'class system'. Most of these lads are very definitely from lower income brackets, they are 'lower class' to our 'upper class', and both sides recognize the circumstances. They may also be handsome, virile, well-equipped, available — but the overture must come from the upper class boy or man. Sorry, old girl, if this sounds all different—or even stuffy — to your American social values, but — that's the way it is here.

We also have quite a number of gay couples who are recognized — by their kind — as 'married'. Perhaps they are in almost every sense; no ceremony, though. These couples often go to resort hotels in mountains or at the sea; to get away from 'people' and to be themselves. Some resorts are famed for this 'tolerance'.

As we seem to have gotten out of the City (Johannesburg), let's take a quick look at things in Capetown and Durban. CAPETOWN:....Since the closure of the Suez Canal, shipping must go around Africa (or over it) and vessels in and out of Capetown have increased a hundred foldwrites KEITH. '...this brings seamen from all over the world...' he giggles, with the season's most outrageous pun. (Jeez!)

As with most rough-and-ready port cities, Capetown (with almost a million) is not as 'elegant' as Johannesburg, but just possibly has more really masculine men available. Also, class lines are not as tightly drawn; even color taboos may be sometimes forgotten here. Cruising 'areas' are



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much as in J'burg; certain parks, bars and clubs, all tram, bus, rail and air stations, are prime and busy 'marts of trade', plus certain beaches. Better known bars (better known to us!) are: Daryll's, The House, Navigator's Den, Smugglers Cove, and, (very elegant) the Persian Room at Claridge's. There are many fine international hotels; these are expensive, of course, but will almost never raise an eyebrow at what you may bring in; but the central and harbor area of Capetown abounds with small 'private' hotels, operated for just these purposes. Ya bring the trick, a bottle, and 'you're on!' all for a very reasonable hotel fee. These places are seemingly just for doing the casual number, be it woman, or (God Forbid!) child.

A few miles from the central and harbor Capetown, is the elegant Seapoint district; with towering deluxe apartments, homes, etc. Also, restaurants, clubs, bars, theaters, and the like. Along the main Beach Road, a 'Promenade' goes on and on. (This is something like the Boardwalk at Atlantic City...) In the evenings, almost EVERYONE cruises circumspectly ON the Promenade, with much mad tricking on the sand UNDER the Promenade. Priscilla does check, with flashlamps, occasionally, but mostly it's just lovely! Handy too.

INTERVIEWER: Reminds one of 'under the old pier at Santa Monica-Ocean Park..' Same sort of loose action, except that OUR lover's tryst is fast falling down, is actually sort of dangerous. Oh, well, that's one place they do it at Capetown (South Africa), says KEITH, where all thought - even of extra-curricular sex is against lots of laws. Very all-embracing laws, too. Even harmless ol' Advocate is banned as 'obscene'. Imagine! Auntie Lou obscene..? Of course, when you get to know her better.. let's get back to Africa.

KEITH:....so it's 'jolly times' along the Promenade at Seapoint (Capetown), from Rockland's Beach to the Carousel Club. Then, nearby is Graaf's Pool, an area enclosed by rocks, and just off the main beach. Much mad sunbathing for nudist here, often as late as midnight. Keith warns: '...the Cape sun is VERY hot, so one must use much oil; one can still be browned here easily...' (NOTE:...this is gay when one knows that 'brown', 'browning', etc. are not among current S.A. expressions. Anyway, that's what Keith said. Also.....) ...particularly 'good' at night here except that there's an uncovered walkway with breakers against and over it; often capable of carrying one out to sea. So, on stormy nights, this is only for the very brave or the very desperate. There's some

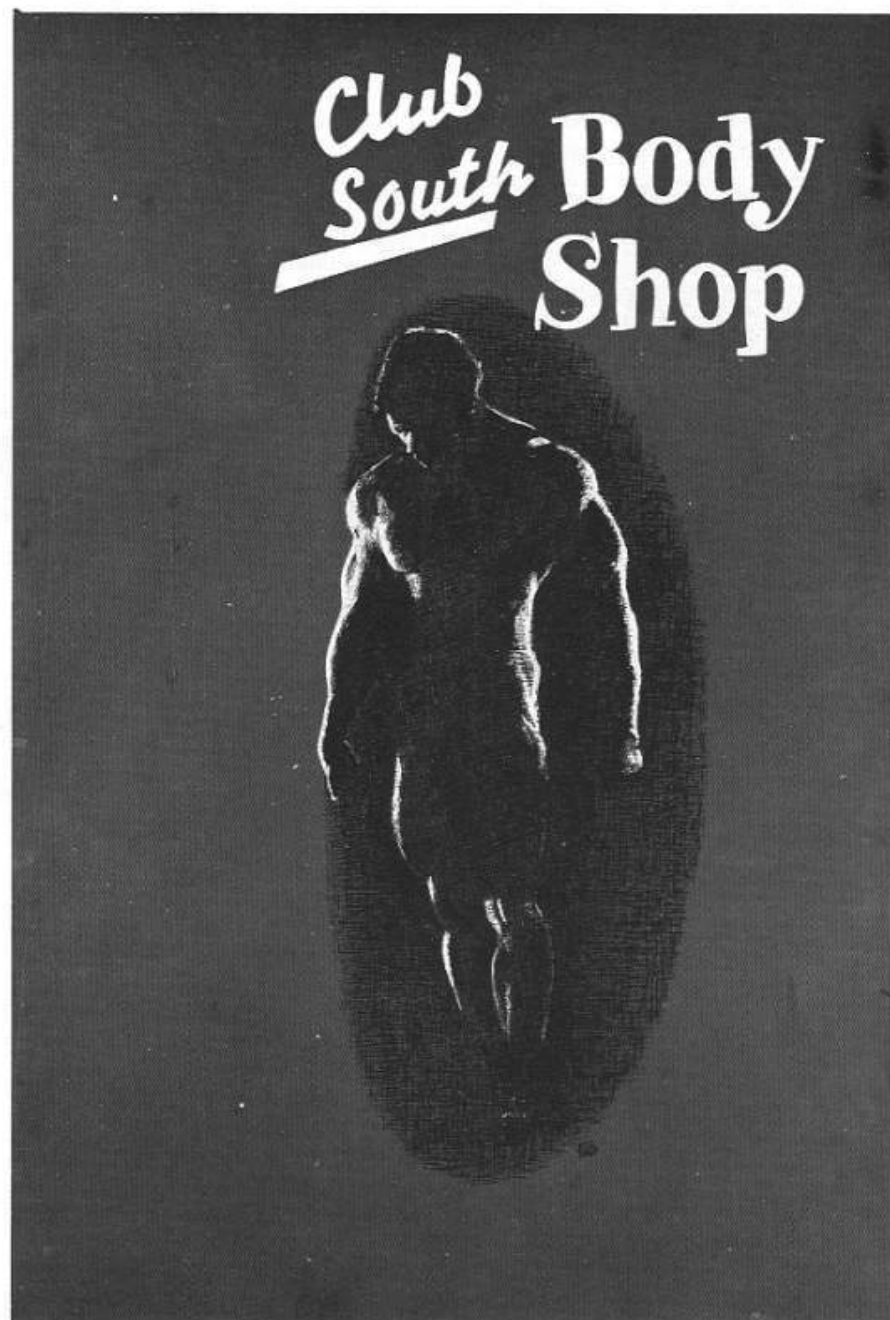
nude bathing on some nearby beaches.. (you can always ask for matches,...no pockets, see,...and, well...) silly, but a fine conversation-starter; at Sandy Cove, Saunders Rocks, Bachelor's Cove.

And now, the best part about Capetown: There IS a South African Navy, and it's based about 35 miles from Capetown, at Simonstown. Also (a bonus!), the British Navy has a base here too. 'Men' of either are from 16 years; are almost always 'ready', nearly always 'for free', though they like to be properly fed and beered, as well as amused. Perhaps a small 'tip' may be offered; something like a half-pint bottle of 'spirit' (whiskey). NOTE: They can drink beer forever, but most are 'done

in' with a couple of ounces of whiskey. Commuter trains run to and from Capetown to Simonstown, try either station. All in service MUST wear uniform. Or, are you driving..? There's a steady parade on the hi-way, going either way. Usually they're very, very nice - if you are. Most have weekend passes (48 hrs.) GO, girl!

Last item for Capetown:... a bar in RONDEBOSCH (suburb) called Pig n' Whistle; next door to the University Campus. Also, Rondebosch Station, very very active in the evenings. Very little 'commercial' activity,...but have a room in a small hotel ready.

KEITH: So, let's go North and East of Johannesburg, to the East Coast of Africa,



where we have the lovely, lively port of Durban (% of a million). I believe you said you'd had an experience...?

INTERVIEWER: A purely personal thing, and no one, surely, wants to hear old aunties tell of their War experiences. However, Mother was stationed at Alexandria, in Egypt, ('44 - '45); many, many troops passed through. Of particularly manly girth and beauty, were South Africans from Durban, white troops, of course. It's silly, after almost 30 years, but one recalls so well they had 'hairy, virile, knees and legs. These were shown to a breath-taking advantage 'neath well-washed (and shrunken) khaki shorts. I'll ALWAYS remember....Sorry! Now, one sees many fine pictures of surfers at Durban's many beaches. Just beautiful bods... just beautiful! Big question, are they available..? KEITH: Let me quickly 'make your day', dear; Yes!...many are to be had. Durban is again different from Capetown and Johannesburg. It's much more casual, and really lots more fun.

...You arrive in Durban,... and at once you head for the big downtown bus terminal (Gardiner and Smith Sts.); you should have a trick on the way to a hotel in a matter of minutes. And, a nice one,...if you're nice too.

Then, there's the popular clubs: Stardust, Casino, Smugglers' Inn, Leo Smith's, and - even - a rather elegant bar at the smart Mayfair Hotel. For the 'outdoors' girl, there's Albert Park, the Botanical Gardens, Mitchell Park on the Berea, the Japanese Gardens, etc. These are all the best in late afternoon; with lots of handy cottages, and even the sometimes sneaky Priscillas are sorta 'sexy' (looking). However, they see their duty, they'll do it! Local 'clubs' are very casual, most serve liquor, you bring your own to some. Most have dancing (man-to-man), some a brief floor show. The 'cruising' is really the big thing, and everyone does it. You're bound to get something!

Again, Durban's Seamen's Mission and YMCA do offer some lovely numbers, almost always 'gratis', except for a few beers.

Durban seems to offer an unusual number of extremely gorgeous young men with no price tag. How'd you like a nice clean young doctor..? Head straight for Addington Beach, stopping only to book a room in one of those small private hotels nearby. Spot a place where you can get a half-dozen bottles of beer; you may have brought with you a small flask of whiskey, rum, or brandy (NOT African

or Australian!). Then, on to the Beach, which you'll find plentifully stuffed with young doctors and interns from Addington Hospital across the way. It's as simple and as easy as asking, and you're bound to have an intelligent young person to spend the afternoon with. Addington Beach, at Durban. Highly Recommended !!!

Fancy a surfer..? Hundreds of absolutely gorgeous specimens at South Beach, just a way beyond Addington. Go and feast your eyes! Such musculature! Such glistening firm flesh! Such baskets!!! Such... wow! And all know just what you have in mind; many are happy to be partaken of. A word of warning, however; many will 'want that money'; even '...all of it!'. Some will want your personal jewelry, your credit cards, your clothing, and so on. All in all, you're much safer with the young doctors; we noted they are 'most intelligent'. There are quite a few 'gypsies' among the surfers; do NOT arrange to meet them in odd places, particularly at night. If arranged - DON'T GO! But... certainly gorgeous to look at; far better than Waikiki Beach. Some 'very well tanned' numbers here, too. A large part of Durban's people are Indian (East) or part Indian. Complec-

(Continued on page 73)



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ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

SATYR (continued from page 9)

any serious nature. Being a minister made it even more unlikely. Those of that saintly calling just did not normally have many enemies, unless of course, the holy brother had the bad habit of coveting his brethren's wives. That habit had brought many a holy brother low, but Elder Barkley was not that type of minister.

He was the type who might have gained the enmity of many: a little boy, or for that matter, big boy, or husband, for eating his chicken every Sunday while they ate the leavings, usually the chicken backs and wings. Thus he might have gained some enemies but surely none so angry as to wish to take his life. And his sermons surely were no cause for anyone, not even the rankest sinner, to have been offended.

There was no reason for anyone to want to kill him, unless Velma, his wife, had finally decided she wanted another man, and his insurance money would look most attractive. She had him covered by four or five different policies, on all of which she never failed to pay the premiums. She was always telling him how much she loathed him. She had more than a valid reason, considering he was a far cry from being the perfect husband, with his homely appearance and moody disposition.

Suddenly he saw something move behind him, under the maze of disassembled suits. His assailant. Now he would see him or it, whether he really wanted to, since his assailant was blocking the only exit. The holy man was doomed. No one could help him except possibly God. He was too scared to think about praying just then. No, He was doomed.

But he could scream for help. His wife. The proprietor. And there were a couple of salesboys just on the other side of the curtain that shut off the dressing room from the rest of the store. Yet there was still ample time for the thing under the rumpled suits to bestow death's cold, slimy kiss on his cheek.

The thing started to move, shaking itself free of the suits. And Elder Barkley, too, commenced to move, looking for a place to hide, but where? There simply was no place to run for cover. He was trapped, and no one was about to lift so much as a finger to rescue him from his hideous predicament.

Nevertheless, he got to his feet and attempted to hide himself behind a rack of sports coats, but it was useless. He might as well have faced it: he was seemingly doomed. His only hope now was to scream for help, but to his surprise, he could not open his mouth.

Slowly the thing's head emerged.

It was the head of a strangely handsome youth not unlike Michelangelo's David, half hidden under curly black hair. If he had not seen the youth's vaguely mannish face, he would have declared that it was a girl that he was beholding,

judging by that long, lovely, lustrous hair.

"Hey, tight man," the strange youth grinned.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Elder Barkley did not know what to make of this stranger, but he certainly had no right to scare him almost to death. After a few minutes he spoke. "Do you realize you like to've killed somebody?" the old minister said, feeling himself growing angry. "Son, that's no laughing matter."

However, that did not stop the boy's laughter. "Look, Tight," he grinned. "I was just having some fun."

The youth got up from the rumpled suits. One could tell very little about the boy's physique as his clothes seemed to swallow him, especially his pants -- baggy khaki pants. Judging by the set of his shoulders and the folds here and there of his clothes, he might have been lean and hard muscled or just a pile of bones.

"You call that having fun?" the minister scolded him. "I thought a wild goat had been let loose. You have fun like that?"

Suddenly the old minister was aware of a smile coming upon his weather-beaten face which was the last thing he wanted to exhibit at that moment. He had to be stern, but he, surprisingly, could not force himself to be anything but kind to this handsome stranger. It was as if this strange youth had some sinister power over him. There was something about this boy with Dorian Grey's bizarre beauty that both frightened and excited him.

The youth was still grinning.

"Tight, I would've thought you'd been itching for a little fun. The way your ole lady's always bugging you."

"How did you know I was married?" The old minister again was flabbergasted.

The boy evaded answering him, searching among the rumpled suits for what the Elder later discovered was an old cap. But you would never have guessed that by the way the youth was feverishly searching. Once he found it he was happy, happier than before, which seemed impossible the way he had been grinning and carrying on like a small boy.

"Look, Tight, that's not important. What's important is you ain't doing your thang," he joked, pulling his old cap down on his magnificent long black hair. "Haven't you heard about wine, women and song! Damn your ole lady!"

"Look, son," Elder Barkley snapped, again attempting to be very stern and strait-laced. He was, after all, a man of the cloth and he should act like one, but this strange boy prevented any such attempt. Seemingly the boy was aware of his every thought before he thought it, as though he was a part of him, yet they were so unlike. "Look, son," he repeated, "I just came here to..."

"Yeah", the strange youth interrupted. "I know -- to buy a suit for ya convention. This time why don't you have a little fun. Buy

that the salesboy could not hear his reply.

"Sir?"

"No -- no! I guess not," he forced himself to reply, biting his tongue.

Smiling, his wife patted him on the shoulder and told the salesboy that they would take the light brown suit which she liked. Overjoyed with her triumph, she went with the salesboy to select a tie and shirt to match it, while Elder Barkley put on his coat. Alone, he looked around the small room for the boy, but this time he did not appear.

II

Elder Barkley was packed and ready to go to the bus terminal.

"You ain't forgot nothing -- have you, huh? You know how you're always forgettin' somethin'."

As usual, his wife was overseeing his packing. In her quaint way she was really trying to be helpful, but she always seemed to produce just the opposite effect.

"Dee, have you got your pills?"

He looked into his vest pocket and mumbled, "Yeah."

"I can't see for the life of me why ya'all don't have these conventions someplace 'sides in Waymond all the time. What's so special 'bout Way-

mond, huh? Tell me."

"Well," he shrugged, looking across the room where she was combing her hair. "Ain't nothing at all special about Waymond, I guess. We just always had our convention there. Tradition."

"Jesus," she swore to his disgust, "look like ya all oughta get tired of the same blame place year after year."

She fixed her graying hair in a pompadour, exchanged her old red housecoat for a starched and ironed print dress, and they were ready to go to the bus terminal. Of course she was not going with him, but that didn't stop her from accompanying him to the terminal.

"Next year," she continued her conversation, "ya all oughta have your convention somewhere new -- maybe Miami. Maybe I'd go with you, huh?"

"Now Velma, you know nobody don't take their wife -- 'sides nobody seems to mind Waymond. We've all got used to it."

"That's the trouble with you," she snapped. "You've gotten used to too much. Maybe that's my fault, huh?"

He did not reply though what she said was the truth. Being Pentheus' child, he hated any change that threatened the conventions of his orderly world.

III

Without the least bit of pomp and ceremony, Pentheus came home. No one came to greet him though people were all about him. Seemingly they were bewitched by some foreign spirit. He attempted not to let them upset him, for there were the eternal blue sky, the playful sun and the fragrant air of summertime Thebes to greet him. He should have been happy but he was not, not with so much lewdness amongst all of the people about him. He could see it in their behavior, their dress, but particularly in their eyes, sinful, shiny, sneering eyes.

Normally he could take these people, his subjects, in his stride but seemingly not today. Maybe it was because today he felt more like Dee Barkley, Velma Barkley's little boy, than Thebes' great king and all the Theban splendor about him suddenly was merely ashes of a sweet memory.

Then Pentheus was Elder Dee Barkley and Thebes was Waymond, Georgia. However, even now after the transformation, there was no one waiting for him. Perhaps his bus had arrived either too early or too late. He got his luggage and went into the bus terminal.

He just could not understand it. Some of his fellow brothers of the cloth always were there to meet him, but lately he could not understand a lot of things, especially the strange boy

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that he had met yesterday at that men's shop. There was something very bizarre about him. He was more than just handsome.

No. There was something very strange about this boy, yet it was this strangeness that had made Elder Barkley feel akin to him. But what was this strangeness? The reverend was afraid to ponder, to seek, because he might discover the answer. It was like being afraid of looking into a mirror yet knowing that you would only see your reflection.

He left his luggage in the terminal's waiting room and went to the men's room. As he came into the rest room he somehow expected to see the boy again but to his surprise he did not. It was empty.

Taking a dime from his pocket, he unlocked one of the paystools and dropped his pants. Rest rooms had always fascinated him in a quaint sort of way, especially the graffiti on the walls. He never failed to come across the lewd little sketches of men with enormous genitals usually indulging in copulation with a big hipped woman, or the man was masturbating his enormous phallus. And under or above there was always a very ribald little caption. Often phone numbers and street addresses of men wanting a blow job or a sex partner.

The reverend looked about his little cubical enclosure but saw no sketches. Then he noticed

scribbled in blue ball-point-pen ink: "I need a blow job. Meet me in the park across the street at 5:00."

What sort of person could get his pleasure that way? he wondered. He, personally, would have been too shy, that is, if he had liked such pleasure, which he did not, or so he told himself. There was no telling what he would do if he got up enough nerve to do it once. For that reason, he made certain that there never was a first time.

Out of curiosity he would like to see what sort of person had to get his pleasure by such risky means. There was no guarantee that a policeman might not trap you there in the park waiting for relief.

Then he thought about the boy.

"I wonder would he write such a note?" he mumbled, flushing the stool. "No - probably not."

He washed his hands and went back into the waiting room, still curious about the message on the wall and the strange boy.

IV

Something!

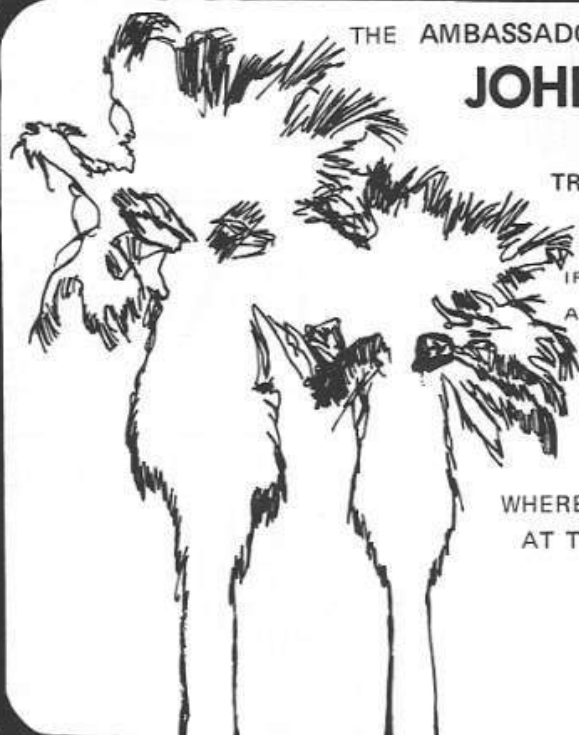
He saw something move across his path like a fast moving goat. A goat. Yes, he was certain. It could only have been a goat for he had heard

it make a most authentic goat-like hee-haw sound. But he had never known any animals to be in the park all the times he had been here during his previous Waymond trips. Strange he should see a goat. It had been a goat-like noise he had heard before he encountered the boy. Was it a coincidence that he should be walking through this nocturnally darkening park and encountering a goat?

Perhaps. Perhaps not. He had not planned on coming in the park when he had an hour or two ago left his luggage under the watchful eye of a kindly old woman waiting the arrival of her grandson. For all he knew the woman's grandson might have arrived and they departed for home. But he had not intended to go any further than down the street to a hot dog joint, and then back.

It had still been daylight then. The sun had been shining; the sky had been blue - blue as a bouncy balloon on a string and the air abounded with the pleasant odors of a big city awakening to spring.

It had been too pretty a day to just sit around the bus station. However, he did not really have to wait. He could have gotten a taxi and headed for the convention. After all, he knew exactly where convention headquarters were, but he was in no big hurry to get there. He knew what he would find there - nothing but pure



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one hundred percent boredom.

His fellow holy conventioners were not unlike him - middle-aged, henpecked, and very conservative, and the convention was an outlet for all their year-long pent-up tensions. Very often more than a few of the brethren literally let it all hang out, partaking of the forbidden fruits: wine, women and song. However, he, Dee Barkley, was above such hypocritical vices. He believed like the Theban King that such vices were downright uncivilized. How did he spend his convention time?

He, being the convention's president, always was present at every session, while his brethren seemingly took turns being present while one group was deeply committed to the finer arts of living. In between sessions, he took walks, watched television (Velma would not let him buy a television) or read something from his Bible, back issues of Billy Graham's DECISION magazine or READER'S DIGEST. This was not altogether his idea of how to spend his only time away from his nagging Velma, but what else was there?

He had bought a couple of hot dogs, a canned coke and started back to the terminal, but once there he had decided to go across to the park. It was lovely there amongst the newly green grass and lushly foliated trees. There he had sat eating his hot dogs and drinking his coke. He had thought about the writing on the rest room wall.

The message had said five o'clock in the park and he was there, he realized, noticing that his watch read exactly five. But he had not purposely come here for that reason, he told himself, though he seriously wondered was that the honest truth? He was so sensitive to what people thought of and about him. He wanted and tried always to blend into the crowd - be a regular guy, but ironically he never failed to be conspicuous.

Sissy, sissy. That was what all the boys used to say about him after he had let them copy his homework, read his comic books, and eat his lunch. Then he had married Velma and she had become his tormentor. Perhaps he tried too hard all his life to please everybody and pleased no one, especially not himself.

However, no one had showed up though it had been five. Rather than go back to the bus terminal just yet, to see were any of the brethren there, he stayed in the park a little longer, walking amongst the trees and listening to the birds relearn spring songs. It had been so pleasant there that he forgot about the time. Time seemingly passed quickly to spite him. Too soon it was dark.

It was then - first dark - that he saw the thing, presumably a goat. He saw it, then it was gone.

Something touched him on the neck, or so it seemed. It probably was only his imagination,

he told himself. He would start back across the road to the terminal. But as he started across the road he heard the hee-haw sound again.

"Maybe it's -"

"Maybe what?" someone interrupted the reverend.

He turned and there was the boy. The boy seemed somewhat changed since their last encounter. He seemed lanky and taller. But it was much more than that. He seemed less the baby-faced young innocent and more a serious faced Dionysus. Maybe it was his pants. He was wearing blue jeans instead of the baggy Charlie Chaplin pants. Somehow Elder Barkley was not really surprised to see the boy, as one is never really too surprised when his unconscious becomes conscious.

"I see you got my message, huh, Tight?" he grinned.

"What message?"

"Hell you know - 'meet me at five in the park' huh?"

For a moment the old minister was speechless, then he remembered the writing in the toilet. But had he himself known unconsciously that he would come here in response to the message?

"Yeah - I saw it," he finally replied. "But the note said -" he paused unable to mouth the message. It was so obscene.

"Well, Tight," the boy eyed him cunningly and did something that seemed very peculiar to the minister.

The boy started unzipping his blue jeans' fly.

Realizing what was expected of him, Elder Barkley fled, cowardly.

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CHICAGO

AFRICA (continued from Page 66)

tions may run very dark; they are considered 'non-white'; are often MAD in the sack; often very 'large'. And, after dark... (one supposes)...it's 'all cats look grey in the dark..'. It seems that many 'girls' inadvertently 'get ahold' of a 'darker-than-white' number. Many find how flavorful-though taboo - these can be. The local Indians seem much relished.

There are walks along all of Durban's beaches, and all are nicely busy at night. Meetings are casual (...this actually seems to be the 'word' for Durban: casual...) and you're on your own. One particularly fun spot is called Durban North, or Sunkist Beach. Here there are friendly sand dunes, some low shrubbery, and a nice 'outdoorsy atmosphere'. Much sought by couples, and some 'group' endeavors. And again, it IS dark out here; a boy from Bombay may be hard to distinguish. Or - just may be hard.....that's enough.

As a major seaport, Durban has all kinds of visiting seamen, and the like. It does seem to offer a great variety of available bods, with fewer 'rents' and a nice, cheery casualness about it all. There are still (never to be disregarded or forgotten) those nasty South African laws about such gay goings on; but there's truly a holiday feeling about Durban. And, all those great bodies! Seamen off ships! Surfers! Young doctors! College men! Foreign Navy Men! it's TOO much! So, as the sun sinks behind the high mountains (to West of Durban) we'll make our way back to hum-drum on' Johannesburg. There's bound to be some excitement there, somewhere.

Let's see,...Tomorrow a great Stateside 'show' opens at a local theatre. A famed principal and a big, live production company. Everyone that counts has a ticket, and is madly getting together a daring - but elegant - outfit. 'I'm to wear, (gushes our Keith...) a divine crushed velvet dinner suit, with lilac ruffled shirt of very fine batiste; a little velvet cummerbund and bow tie. There'll be black patent leathers, lilac gloves, and full black velvet opera cloak! Hope I make the social column in Monday's paper...'

INTERVIEWER: And well she may! Anyway, these few (?) paragraphs will tell a great deal about the 'way it is' in Gay Johannesburg, Capetown, and wonderful, muscular, sexy Durban. And there you have it, friends; remember - when it's nasty old winter in Griffith Park, it's summer in Durban. And with all those goodies. Better rush right down and get tickets... but remember too, they won't let 'just everybody' into Gay South Africa.

DAVID: JANUARY 1973



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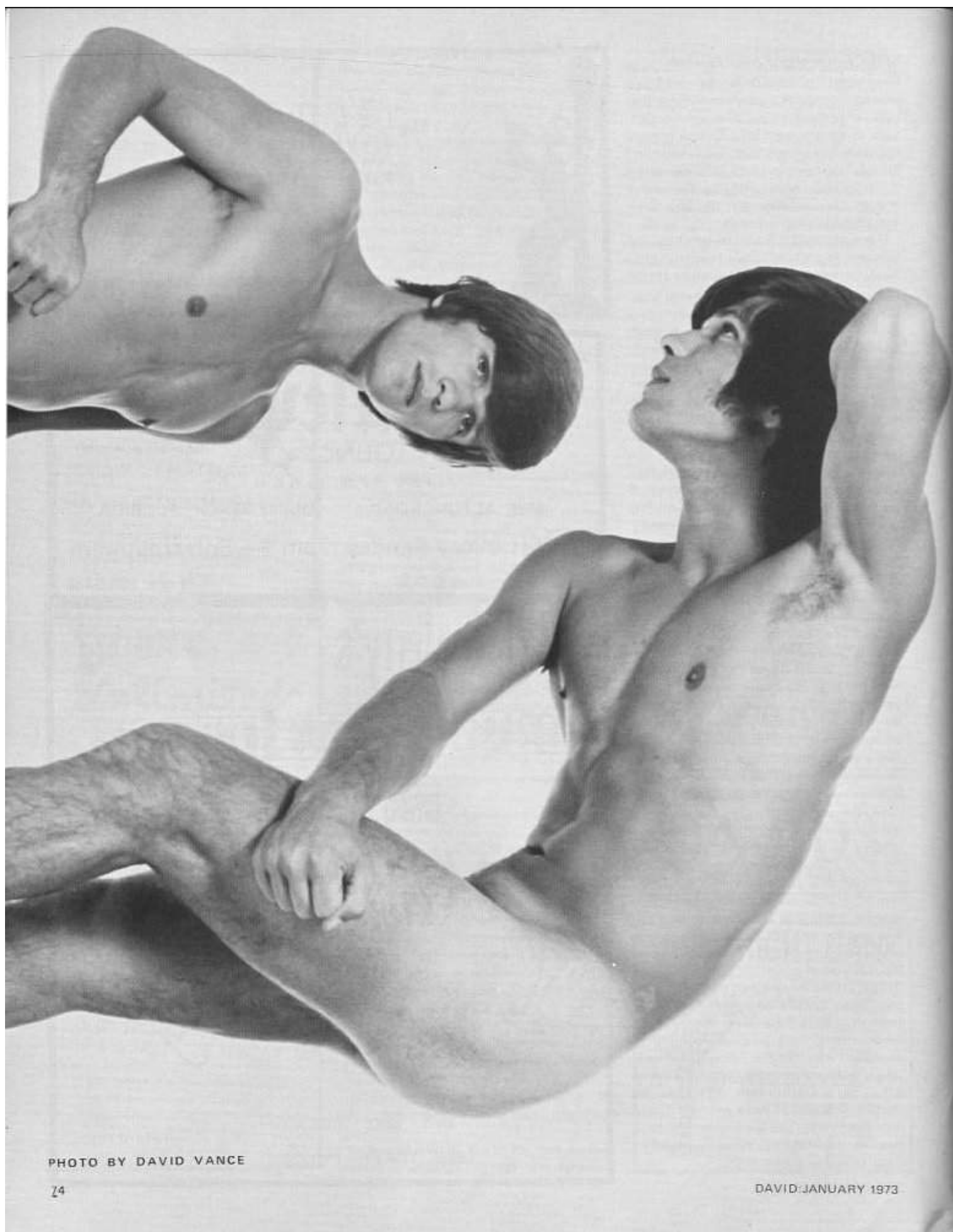


PHOTO BY DAVID VANCE

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RUN NO MORE is the sequel to the best-selling, **RUN, LITTLE LEATHER BOY**. Now available direct from author, \$4.25 ppd. (Both books \$6.00); Larry Townsend, 525 No. Laurel Ave., L.A., Calif., 90048

ROOM available NW section for male in 2 B/R home. Pool, pvt. bath, twin beds. \$20.00 per week; meals optional. P.O. Box 2062, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 33303

CENTRAL PA's ONLY ALL GAY PRIVATE CLUB - Near Altoona-Johnstown. Dancing, over-nite rooms, 2 bars, etc. in a cruisy, cozy, and friendly atmosphere. Write for membership info. **KEYSTONE TRAVEL CLUB**, P.O. Box 583, Altoona, Pa., 16603, or bring ad to club. Castaways Inn, 629 Front Street, Cresson, Penna.

HANDSOME young man, 26, anxious to meet same. Photo appreciated. Box 2274, Fort Lauderdale, Fla, 33303.

SPANISH-CAUCASIAN GAY MALE. would like to hear from active, clean and affectionate men, any race, for intimate meetings. Send revealing photo and detailed letter with address to Miguel, P.O. Box 290, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 10011.

Start the New Year with your own pair of **SCREW JEANS**. Now available in the latest styles and fabrics. For free information write Jemm Industries, P.O. Box 642, Coral Gables, Florida, 33134.

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MALES matched with males in the five boros of N.Y. Tired of old friends? If you have outgrown some, or just want to meet new people - write for free application to **MARC**, c/o **FRIENDS UNLIMITED**, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10010

TWO GAY MALES, white, in their 30's, would like to meet other gay males for good times and fun. No fatties or oldies. Call anytime. (305) 546-6181.

CALIFORNIA SCENE is a glossy monthly with news of the bar and after-dark scene from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Articles by Douglas Dean, Christopher Isherwood and other famous writers, plus movie and book reviews. 3 sample copies; \$1.50 or \$7.00 yearly. Box 26032, Los Angeles, 90026

FLORIDA YOUTH, shy but warm, affectionate, dominant, 27, 6'1", 160, desires same for mature relationship built on respect, understanding, honesty. Genuine individuals write: Occupant, 81 East Four Seasons Rd., Lake Park, Fla., 33403

COMING TO CHICAGO ? Willard the masseur, available evenings 7 pm to midnight. Your hotel room or my place. Some mornings 9 am-10:30 am. (312) 327-3425 or write Box 6593, Chicago, Ill, 60680.

WHITE, GAY MALE, would like to meet other gays in the Clearwater Florida area. Call (813) 585-1902.

MASCULINE good looking w/m, 25, body-builder seeks butch friends. No hips or feds. Photo a must. Larry, P.O. Box 695 Tiburon, California, 94920 (near S.F.)

Join **DIGNITY**, a National Catholic group of sincere gay men & women with an active spiritual, educational & social program. **WRITE:**

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"**DAVID-GRAMS**" are devoted to promoting communication between Gays, within and between cities. For \$2.00 we will wish a happy birthday, tell him you love him, or just say hello for you.

To friends in Indianapolis;
Season's Greetings to my sisters, Mishia, Doris, Lena, Penny and Katy.
Love, Stella, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Hello !

Pat & Mary, Jo & Mary, Jay & Carol, Dick & Joe, Don & Jules, and Paul in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Really, I can't wait and will see you again on Jan 12,

Much Love

Roy Parker of Chicago

DAVID SUPPORTERS- What's Happening-Where

DAVID's Supporters column is brought UP TO DATE every month. Since we list only establishments that support DAVID, and we are in touch with each of our supporters every month, we can assure you this listing is ACCURATE and DEPENDABLE even though it does not list ALL establishments catering to gays.

LOUNGES, TAVERNS & RESTAURANTS

CODES:

- (L) Liquor Bar
- (B) Beer and Wine Bar
- (BC) Bottle Club (BYOB)
- (BB) Beer Bar but you may purchase set ups.
- (D) Dancing is permitted
- (R) Restaurant
- (S) Showbar
- (F) Food available (short order)

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM

OUTER FOCUS *

117 N. 21st St. Open 4 pm to 2 am
Closed Sundays (D,S,L)
(205) 254-9488

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH

BULL PEN *

516 Main St. Open 2 pm daily.
Restaurant open till 4 am, 7 days.
(B,R)
(904) 252-9448

CHUCK'S ATLANTIC CLUB *

44 N. Atlantic Ave (one block off
boardwalk) (L,D,S)
(904) 252-9300

HOLLYWOOD BAR *

415 Main Street. Open 7 days
(L,S,D)
(904) 253-9369

FORT LAUDERDALE

EVERGLADES BAR *

1931 S. Federal Hwy. Open 4 pm
to 2 am (B,D)
(305) 522-9821

GALLERY *

2889 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7
days 9 pm to 4 am. (L,D,S)
(305) 581-9912

ODDS 'N' ENDS *

3148 N.E. 12th Ave. (Oakland
Park Blvd. & Old Dixie Hwy) (L,D)
(305) 564-9114

THE TREE *

656 N. Andrews Ave (corner of
Flagler Dr) Open 7 pm to 2 am 7
days (B,D)
(305) 763-9698

VENTURE INN *

1791 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7
days from 2 pm. (L,D,S)
(305) 524-9550

FORT MYERS

RED LION *

"Downtown" Open till 2 am (L)
(813) 334-9775

HIALEAH

PATSY'S CLUB 79 *

766 E. 25th St. Open 7 days.(S)
(305) 696-4921

JACKSONVILLE

B.J.'s REEF *

8606 Phillips Hwy. Open 5 pm -
2 am. Closed Sun. (B,D,S)
(904) 733-1149

COMMODORE *

102 E. Bay St., Open 9 am to 2 am
Closed Sun. (L,D,S)
(904) 354-5982

JACKSONVILLE BEACH

TOP OF THE TIDES *

411 1st Street. Open Sunday nites
(B,D,S)
(904) 949-9315

KEY WEST

DELMONICO'S *

218 Duval. Open 7 days noon to 4
am. (L,D,S)
(305) 294-9092

LAKE WORTH

MUSIC BOX LOUNGE *

628 Lake Ave. Open 9 am to 2 am
Mon thru Sat., Sun from 1 pm to
midnight (L)
(305) 582-6331

MIAMI

BACHELOR'S II *

2847 Coral Way Open 7 days (L,R)
(305) 446-9596

BACHELORS WEST *

820 SW 42nd Ave. (entrance be-
hind Mother's) Open 9 pm -5 am.
(L,D)
(305) 448-6732

HAMLET *

3416 Main Hwy. (Coconut Grove)
Open 7 days (B,F)
(305) 443-9100

NOOK *

255 Minorca (Coral Gables) (B)
(305) 444-9210

WAREHOUSE VIII *

3600 SW. 8th Street Open 7 days.
(L,D,S)
(305) 445-8713

MIAMI BEACH

ALLEY ROOM *

1685 Alton Road. (Entrance be-
hind Southwind Bar) Open 2 pm
to 5 am. (L)
(305) 538-9448

AMBASSADOR III *

427 22nd St. Open 9 pm to 5 am
7 days (L,D,S)
(305) 531-2902

BASIN STREET *

1610 Alton Road. Open 7 days, 2
pm to 5 am. (L,S)
(305) 672-9528

FREDDIE'S PIANO BAR *

323 23rd St. (behind Wild Bill's)
Open 7 days, 5 pm to 5 am. (L,S)
(305) 531-9452

MISS KAY'S AND MARIE'S HIDEAWAY *

323 23rd St. (behind Wild Bill's)
Open 7 days, 5pm to 5 am. (L,D)
(305) 531-9158

NEIL'S RESTAURANT *

1675 Alton Road. Open 5 am to
midnight (R)
(305) 531-9301

PIN UP *

2228 Park Avenue. Open 7 days.
5 pm to 5 am (L)
(305) 531-9101

STONEWALL *

22nd St. off Collins Ave. Open 9
pm to 5 am Mon-Fri; 1 pm to 5 am
Sat,Sun. (L,D,S)

ORLANDO

CACTUS ROOM *

60 N. Orange Ave. Open 10 am to
2 am. Closed Sun. (L,D,S)
(305) 422-7290

PALACE CLUB *

1000 Humphries St. Open Wed.
thru Sun 8 pm till ? (B,C,D,S)
(305) 894-9293

PANAMA CITY

FIESTA ROOM *

110 Harrison Ave Open 5 pm to
2 am; till 4 am, Sat & Sun. (B,F)
(904) 763-9476

SARASOTA

KORK 'N' KETTLE *

7603 Tamiami Trail, So. (US hwy
41) Open 7 pm to 2:30 am. (D,S)
(813) 921-1208

TAMPA

CAROUSEL LOUNGE *

1806 W. Platt St. Open 7 days till 3 am. (D,L,S)
(813) 251-9887

WEST PALM BEACH

TURF SOUTH *

221 Datura. Open 9:30 to 5 am Mon. thru Sat; 7pm-5am on Sun. (L,D)
(305) 655-9887

TURF NORTH *

1901 N. Dixie Hwy. Open noon to 5 am daily; 3pm to 5 am Sun. (L,D)
(305) 832-9434

TURF WEST *

823 Belvedere. Open nitely 8 pm to 3am. Open till 5 am, Sat & Sun. Closed Mondays. (L,D)
(305) 833-9219

GEORGIA

ALBANY

CHATEAU *

221 Cordele Road
(912) 436-9207

AUGUSTA

PLAYPEN LOUNGE *

619 Ellis St.
(404) 724-9101

ATLANTA

ARMORY *

834-36 Juniper St. Open daily from 4pm. Closed Sun. (L)
(404) 874-9312

COVE *

586 Worchester Dr., NE. Open 4 pm till 2 am. Sat 5pm till mid-night. Closed Sun. (L,D)
(404) 876-9542

ESPERANDO *

49 Sixth Street (at Cypress) Open 1:30 pm to 4 am. (L,D,R)
(404) 872-9270

MY HOUSE *

774 W. Peachtree St. (between 4th and 5th) Open daily from 4pm. to 2 am. Closes midnite Sat. Closed Sundays. (L,D,S)
(404) 872-2721

MRS. P'S *

551 Ponce de Leon. Open 3 pm Mon. thru Sat. (L,D,R)
(404) 876-9339

SWEET GUM HEAD *

2284 Cheshirebridge Rd. NE. Open Mon thru Sat from 4 pm (L,D,S)
(404) 634-2922

MACON

ANN'S TIC-TOC LOUNGE *

408 Broadway. Open 4 pm to 2 am Mon-Fri; 4 to midnite Sat. Closed Sundays (L,D)
(912) 742-9840

WE THREE LOUNGE *

434 Cotton Ave. Open 4 pm to 2 am Mon-Fri; 4 to midnite Sat. Closed Sundays. (L,D,S)
(912) 746-9193

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

ALAMEDA CLUB *

5210 N. Sheridan Rd. Open 5 pm to 4 am Mon-Fri; 3 pm to 5am on Sat; 3 pm to 4 am Sun. (L,D)
(312) 334-6280

ANNEX *

2865 N. Clark St. Open 12 noon to 4 am Sun thru Fri; Noon to 5 am Sat. (L,D)
(312) 549-8753

BATON *

430 N. Clark St. Open Noon to 4 am Mon. thru Sun. (L,D,S)
(312) 644-5269

BROADWAY SAM'S *

5246 N. Broadway. Open 7 pm to 4 am Mon-Fri; 7 to 5 Sat; 4 to 4 Sun. (B,D)
(312) 878-0202

DAVID'S PLACE *

5232 N. Sheridan Rd. Open 7 nites a week. (L,D,S,R)
(312) 275-5454

GLORY HOLE *

1343 N. Wells (in Old Town) Open from 12 Noon daily (L,D,S)

KING'S RANSOM *

20 E. Chicago (1 block east of the Lawson Y) Open 4pm to 2 am Mon-Fri; 4 pm-3 am Sat. (L,D)
(312) 642-9227

PUB LOUNGE *

175 N. Clark St. (in the Greyhound Bus Station) Open 7 am to 2 am daily (L)
(312) 263-2836-7

UP NORTH *

6244 N. Western Ave. Open 5 pm to 2 am Mon-Fri; 5 pm to 3 am on Sat; Noon to 2 am Sun. (L,R)
(312) 761-6660

TRIP *

27 East Ohio St. (L,D)
(312) 467-6330

VITTLES *

2940-42 N. Clark Street. Open all night weekends. (L,R)
(312) 348-9296

EAST ST. LOUIS

RED BULL *

506 Missouri Ave. Open 5 pm to 3:30 am. (D,S)
(618) 874-8773

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS

BETTY K'S *

1808 N. Central Ave. Open 4 pm to 3 am. Closed Sundays (D,S)
(317) 924-4466

FAMOUS DOOR LOUNGE *

252 N. Capitol Ave. Open 6 pm to 3 am (D,S)
(317) 632-0428

JD'S "THE RUINS" *

1202 N. Pennsylvania. Open 5 pm to 3 am; Sat at noon. (L,D,R)
(317) 634-0799

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

TWELVE CARVER *

12 Carver St. (Ramrod Room up-stairs)
(617) 338-8577

NAPOLEON CLUB *

52 Piedmont St., Open 7 days 5 pm to 2 am. (L,D,S)
(617) 338-7547

SPORTERS *

228 Cambridge (opposite Holiday Inn) Open noon to 2 am, Sat. to 1 am.
(617) 523-8827

WORCESTER

EXIT 11 *

Main St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

BOOKIE'S (FRANK CAGEN'S) *

870 McNichols. (L,D,R)
(313) 862-0877

CONQUEST *

1500 E. Sa
1500 E. State Fair. (L,D,S)
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IRON HINGE *

7610 Woodward Ave. Open 11 am to 2 am. (L,D,S)
(313) 871-5133

ROGER'S ROOST *

1026-28 West 7 miles. Open 11 am to 2 am. (L,D)
(313) 366-1633

TIFFANY'S *

17436 Woodward Ave. Open 11 am to 2 am (L,D)
(313) 398-1048

WOODWARD BAR *

6424 Woodward Ave. Open 8 pm to 2 am. (L,D)
(313) 872-0166

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DIAMOND BAR *

516 So 16th St. Open 6 am to 1 am, Mon thru Sat.; Sun. noon to 1 am.
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ATLANTIC CITY

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE *

13739 So. New York. Open 7 days from 6 pm till ? (D,S)
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814 Williams Street. Open Mon-thru Fri 8 pm to 3:30 am; Sat and Sun 2 pm to 3:30 am
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120-31 83rd Ave. (off Lefferts Blvd)
(212) 846-8922

VILLA FONTANA *

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7 days. (L,D,S)
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E. Lancaster & University. Open
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214 Tremont Street. Open 5 pm
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2020 Kipling (one block off Ala.)
Open 7 days from 4 pm (L,D,S,R)
(713) 526-8951

FARMHOUSE *

3535 Westheimer. Open 7 days
4 pm to 2 am. After Hours on Fri.
and Sat. (L,D,S)
(713) 622-5942

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am. Sun from 1 pm till 2 am (L,D,
S)
(713) 528-8236

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1022 Westheimer. Open 7 days,
Noon to 2 am. (B) Western
(713) 528-8851

RED ROOM *

612 Hadley. Open 4 pm to 2 am,
7 days. (L,D,S)
(713) 226-8242

900 CLUB *

900 Lovett (1 block off West-
heimer) Open 1 pm to 2 am.
(L)
(713) 528-8900

SAN ANTONIO**HYPOTHESIS LOUNGE ***

3000 N. St. Mary's Open 1 pm to
2 am, 7 days. (L,D,S)
(512) 732-1866

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to 2 am (till 4 am on weekends. (L,
D)
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904 9th st., N.W., Open 7 pm to
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Sat, Sun, Holidays. (Leather and
Western) (L,R)
(202) 347-6025

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821 Market Space, N.W. (Below
Louis') Open 7 days 4 pm to 2 am
(L,D,S)
(202) 638-9196

LIFE RAFT *

639 Pennsylvania Ave., SE, Open
7 days from 4 pm to 2 am. Open
till 4 am on Saturdays. (L,D,S)
(202) 543-8900

LOUIS' *

305 9th St., NW. (9th and Penn-
sylvania) Open 8 pm to 2 am daily
(leather and western) (L)
(202) EX 3-6554

PLUS ONE *

529 Eighth St. SE. Open 7:30 pm
to 2 am Tues. thru Sun. (L,D,R)
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LOUISIANA**New Orleans****CLUB NEW ORLEANS ***

515 Toulouse (504) 581-2402

MARYLAND**Baltimore****CLUB EAST ***

1105 Cathedral St. (301) 727-9320

MASSACHUSETTS**Boston****CLUB LAGRANGE ***

4 LaGrange St. (617) 338-8952

MICHIGAN**Detroit****CLUB DETROIT ***

7646 Woodward (313) 875-5536

PRUDENTIAL HEALTH SPA *

124 W. State Fair (313) 892-6330

MISSOURI**Kansas City****CLUB MIDWEST ***

19 West 39th St. (816) 561-4664

St. Louis**CLUB ST. LOUIS ***

600 N. Kings Hwy (314) 367-3163

NORTH CAROLINA**Charlotte****CLUB CHARLOTTE ***

1013 Morehead (704) 375-9603

NEW JERSEY**Camden****CLUB CAMDEN ***

1498 Broadway (609) 964-0095

Newark**CLUB NORTH ***

46 Broadway (201) 835-6711

NEW YORK**New York City****BEACON BATHS ***

227 E. 45th St. (212) 687-0322

THE CLUB *

24 First Ave. (212) 617-3283

OHIO**Cleveland****CLUB BATHS ***

1448 W. 32nd St. (216) 961-2727

Toledo**CLUB TOLEDO ***

902 Jefferson St. (419) 246-3391

TEXAS**Dallas****BACHELOR'S QUARTERS ***

1225 Skiles (214) 724-4034

DELTA BATHS *

2611 N. Pearl St. (214) 724-4034

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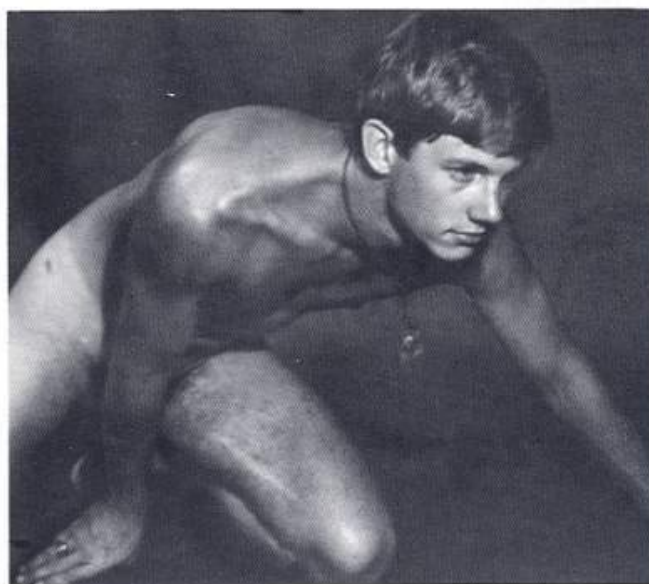
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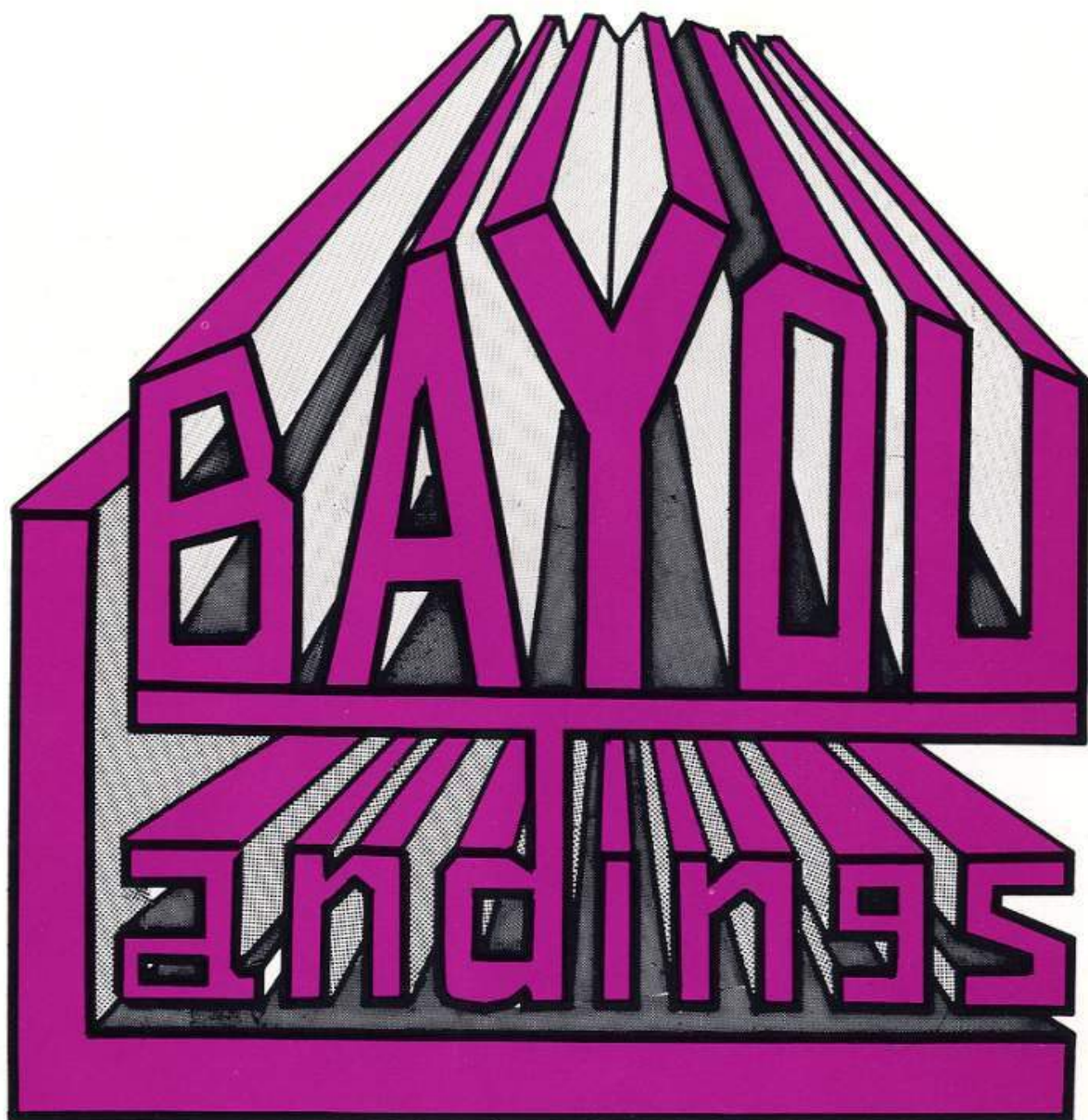
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