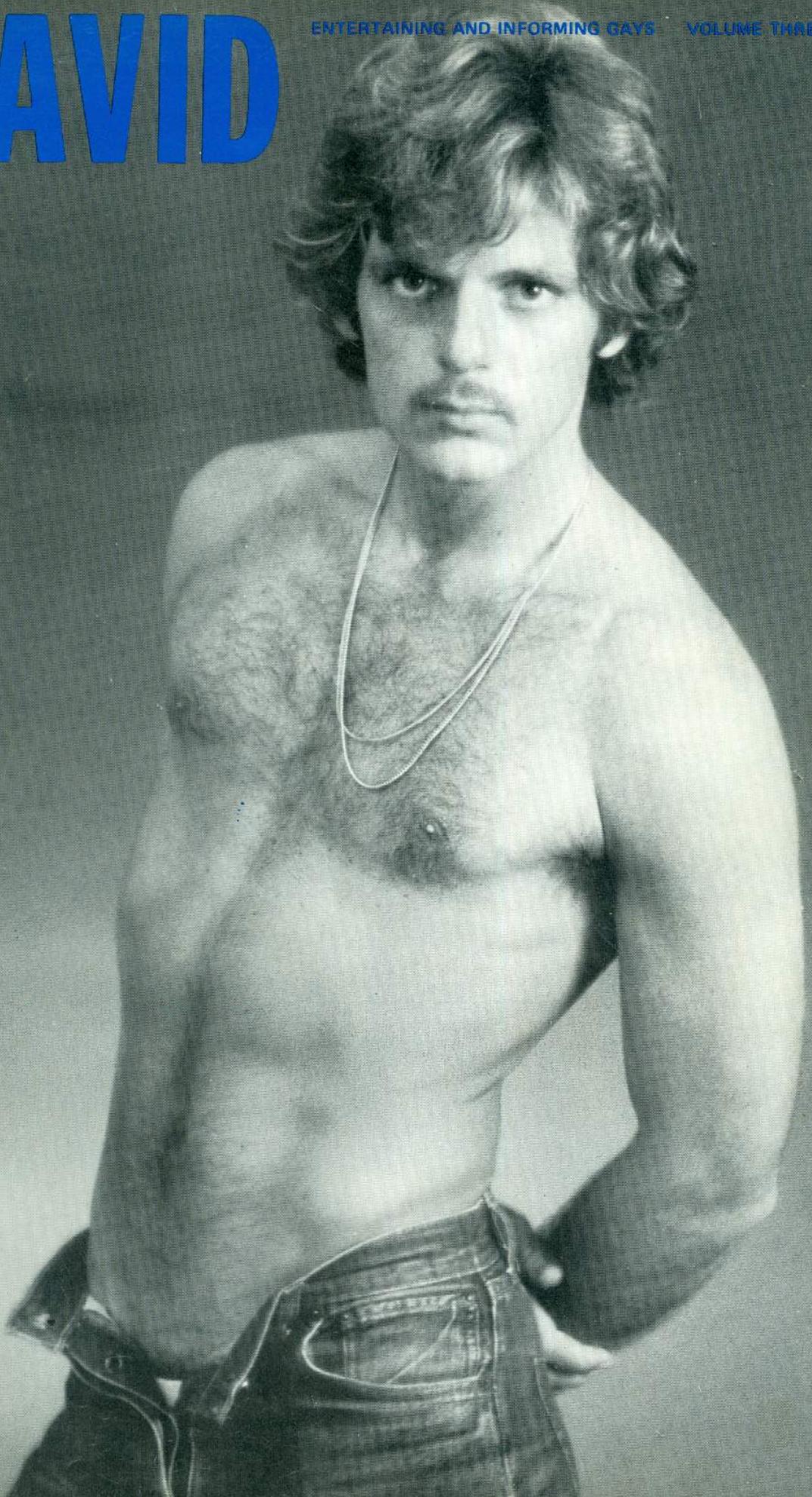


DAVID

ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS VOLUME THREE, NUMBER THREE

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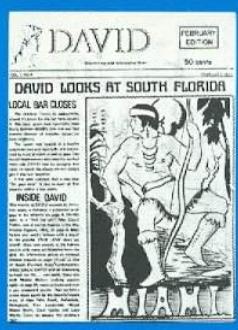




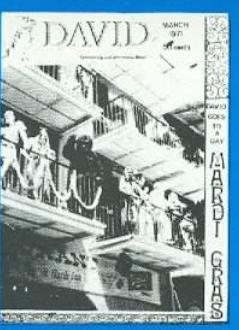
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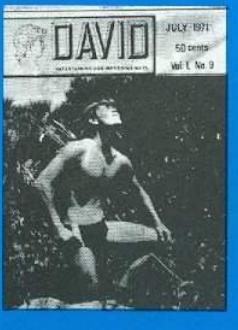
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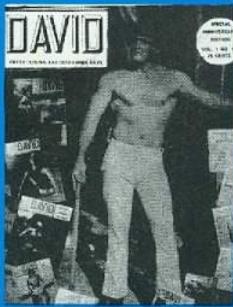
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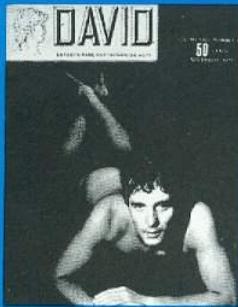
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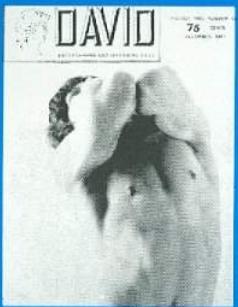
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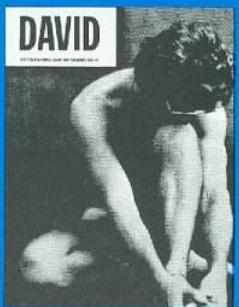
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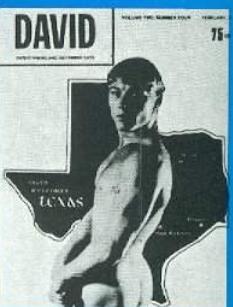
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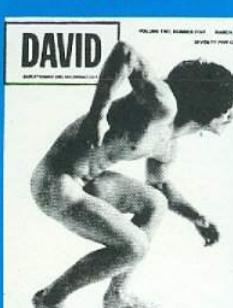
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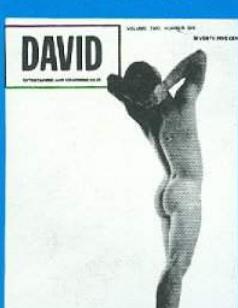
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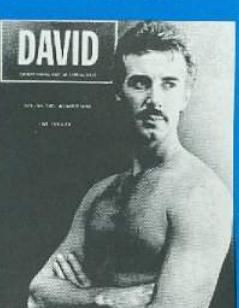
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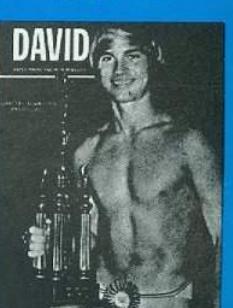
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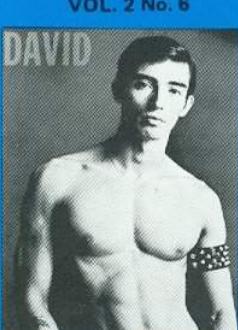
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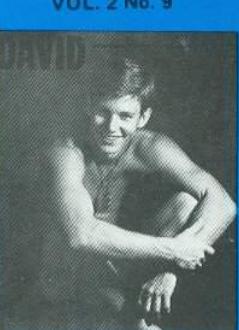
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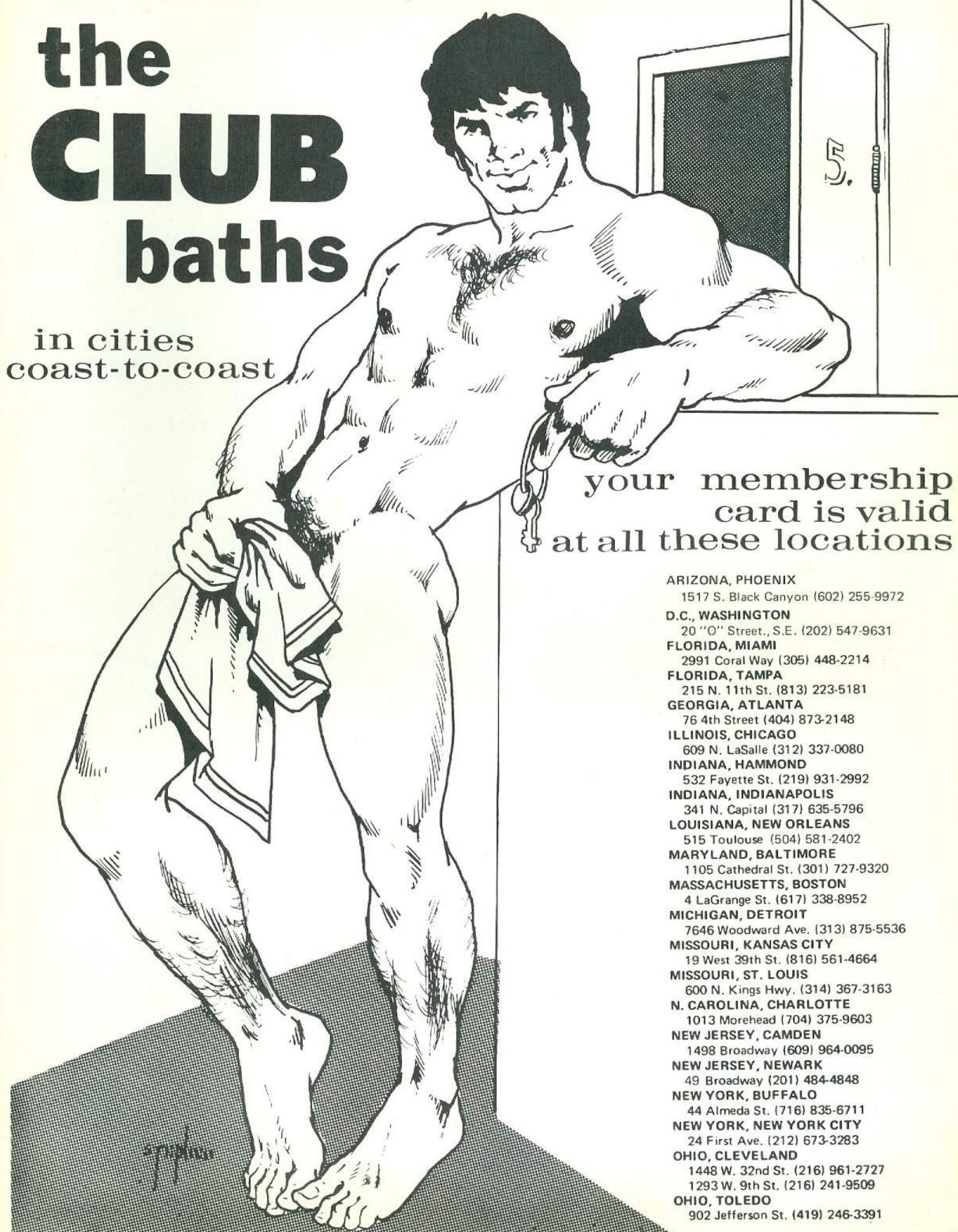


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DAVID FEBRUARY 1973



inside david

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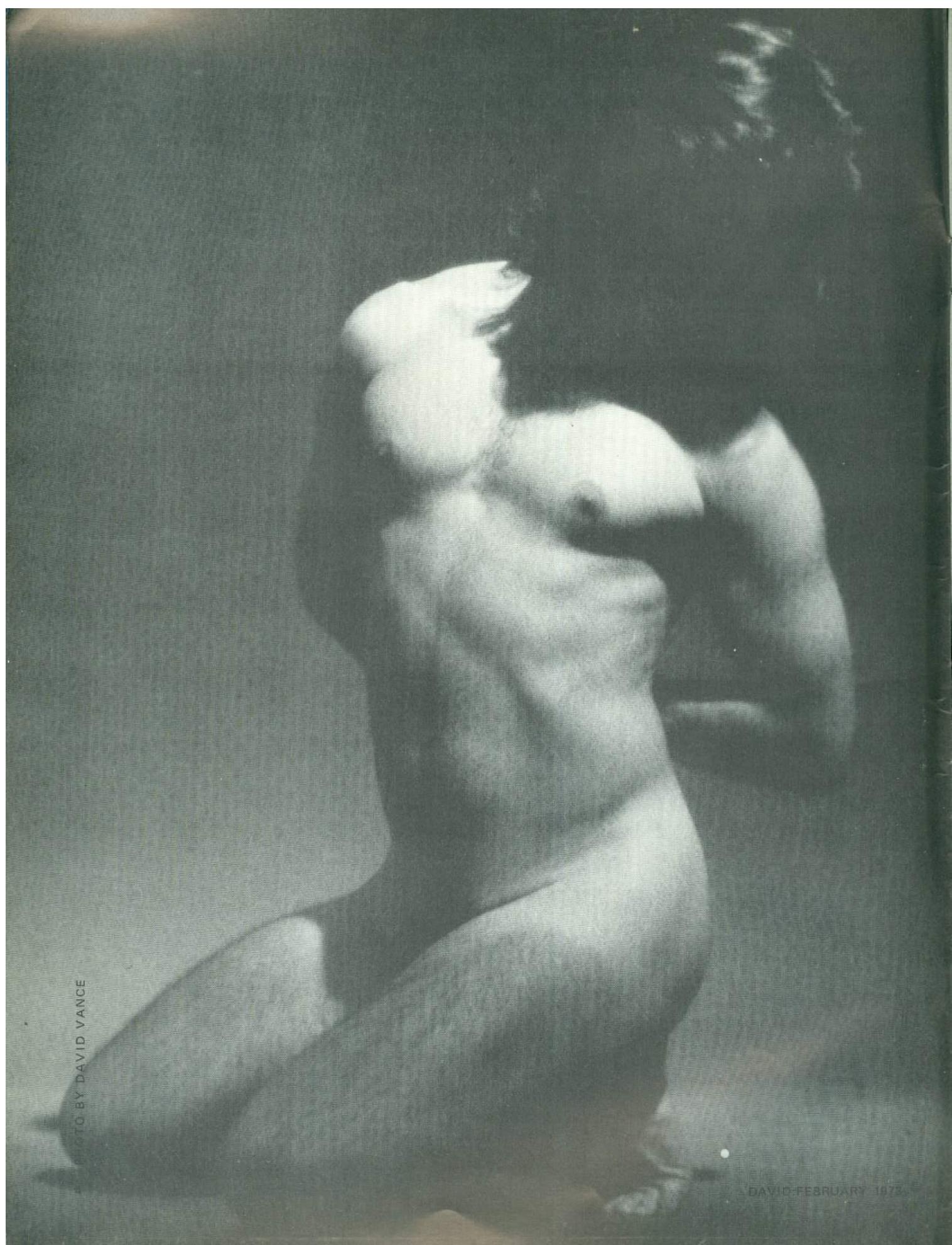
DAVID is published monthly by DAVID Publications Inc. P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville, Florida, 32207. Subscription rates are \$9.00 for 12 issues, \$14.00 for 24 issues. Opinions expressed other than the editorial, if any, are not necessarily the opinions of DAVID or its staff. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in DAVID is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. Reproduction of the contents of DAVID or portions thereof without written permission is strictly forbidden.

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10 BY DAVID VANCE

DAVID FEBRUARY 1977

LOOKING AROUND



Robert Shevin, Florida's Attorney General, stated in a letter to Gay Activists that he fully supported equal rights for Gay men and women. Shevin further states that his office is working at this time to revise the Florida criminal code so that private sexual acts would no longer be unlawful.

"By decriminalizing all private sexual acts between consenting adults, along with other victimless crimes, we hope law enforcement attention will be fully directed to violent crimes against persons and property where it is much needed."

What really came as a surprise and delight to Florida Gays was Mr. Shevin's endorsement of equality for the homosexual community and sympathy with the Gay Liberation movement. "Much of the persecution of homosexuals now experienced is rooted in its illegality. If the above legal reform could be realized, the legal basis for discrimination would be removed and full rights of employment and housing could be realized through civil litigation in much the same way Blacks have realized their civil rights."

Shevin then suggested the most effective way to work for such reforms is to bring pressure to individual legislators. Letters have already been sent to Governor Askew, Florida Congressmen and others.

* * * * *

At a press conference this morning at the Commodore Hotel in Manhattan, James Owles, founder and former President of the Gay Activists Alliance, announced that he will enter the Democratic Primary for City Council from the 2nd Councilmanic District (Greenwich Village — Chelsea — Southeastern Staten Island — East Side). The incumbent is Carol Greitzer.

Mr. Owles, the first avowed homosexual

to run for major public office in New York, is anticipating substantial support from many "frustrated, disappointed and angry New Yorkers, who are appalled by the decline of city services", in addition to wide support from the nation's largest Gay "ghetto".

"Our top-heavy city bureaucracy, totally oblivious to neighborhood needs, in combination with a hopelessly impotent City Council, had presided over the wholesale deterioration of our city," Mr. Owles, charged. "Greenwich Village, Chelsea and the East Side had historically been the most colorful, spirited and pleasant communities for urban living—until decay, commercialization and street crime cast a pall over the lives of the people of these great neighborhoods."

"In Staten Island, the historic communities of Great Kills, Richmond, Dongan Hills and Todt Hill are plagued by pollution of a once-beautiful waterfront and the threat of a misplaced highway through the Greenbelt, along with a range of urban ills."

"People are no longer willing to tolerate an unresponsive city government; we have had it with politicians like Mrs. Greitzer who mouth the 'correct' positions but who are unable to act. One's rhetoric must be accompanied by the ability to mobilize effective citizen action—to apply sufficient pressure to prompt a tangible response from agencies of government."

"My personal history is one of activism. I am proud to have been an Airman First Class in the U.S. Air Force who took a leadership role in the G.I. anti-war movement and who was court-martialed for refusing to set aside my commitment to peace."

"I am similarly proud to have played a major role in founding the Gay Activists

Alliance of New York, and organizing homosexual rights groups in 18 states, to advance the cause of human liberation. Homosexual women and men are one of the most irrationally and violently abused minorities in America, and my work in fighting for civil rights and civil liberties for Gays is a most appropriate background for the critical work that needs doing in the 2nd Councilmanic District.

"I pledge these things to the people of Greenwich Village, Chelsea, Staten Island and the East Side:

— I will be a full-time Councilman—no second and third jobs, no work other than my responsibilities to the people as their elected municipal legislator.

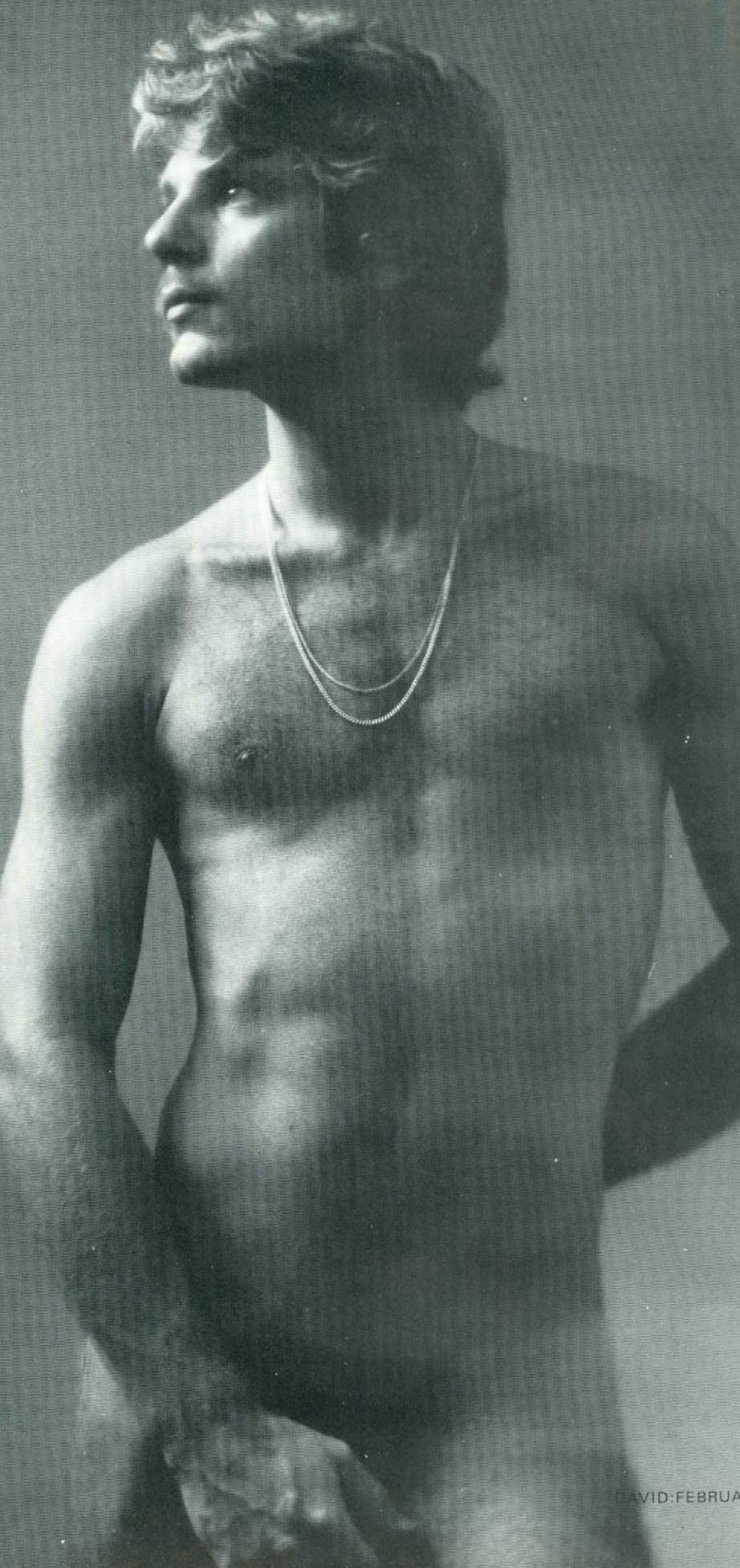
— I will organize rent strikes, tenant associations, block associations and other groupings where appropriate, and I will be out on picket lines.

— I will fight to totally overhaul the City Council, which is today a lifeless, sapless branch of government which has yielded its power and responsibility to the Mayor—members of the Council must vigorously ride herd over the city agencies to ensure the proper delivery of critical municipal services. I will do so.

"Thus I ask for the support of all enrolled Democrats in the 2nd Councilmanic District. My candidacy will face many obstacles—but I will never fail the people of my district in seriously and intelligently addressing myself to the crisis of survival we confront each and every day—together."

* * * * *

Sex is the critical issue of most discussions of prison reform. What to do about the sexual needs of men in prison? It is a baffling question—especially when it is obvious by our laws and attitudes that we don't know what to do about the



LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear David:

I have read your book DAVID and a few other's books.

I have a few questions to ask. You always talk about all the places to go that are the in spots or the top models, but never is there any statements about negroes welcome or negro models.

I have been trying for a couple of years to become a model but by being a negro I am told there is not much call for them.

The really surprising thing about gay life is their hang-up on inter-racial dating. I was used to being a second class American, but to become a fourth class American I feel is a little dirty.

Being gay, all gays know that the straight Americans feel that gays are not people. This we know is a lie, but the gays feel that black gays aren't up to the social level, this is untrue as you know, the negro is just as well versed on social standards as any American. I could attend a dinner with the Queen of England or a dinner with any class of people. I have traveled to Europe for the last two years for 2 months vacation each and have dined in the finest places in Paris, England, Holland etc. But to hear whites tell it, I am unfit to even speak to.

I do not expect to be welcome everywhere but to be treated like a dog because of my race I feel is not right.

There is enough hate in this world without gays hating gays because of race. As I said, I am not stupid enough to feel that all people would like me but to be denied the right to find a person I like, I feel that I should be able to look for a person not a color. I know there are a lot of whites as well as negroes who feel the same but are afraid of what others might say. We can not expect straight people to accept us if we can't accept ourselves. We say as gays we love all, but this is not true at all and straights know this.

As to places in the south, I know what the north is like for a black gay and knowing how the south feels about blacks, I would think that this would be the last place for a black gay to visit. As I said, I visit Europe each year for one good reason, and this is because over there I am

not treated like a fourth class person, I am treated on their level. I only wish that gays and straights in this country would treat each other the same way.

I do enjoy reading DAVID, but I do wish that your staff would take some interest in black as well as the events that happen in this area. We are located close to Chicago, Detroit, Phila., Cinn., Dayton, and Columbus, none of which is more than 3 hours except Phila. so you see, there is a lot in this area but no paper or book like yours takes the time to find out about people like us in small places are interested in or what we do. Even though we are small, we throw dinner parties that would make a lot of the parties you have seen or attended seem like tea parties instead of dinner parties.

We may be out of the way but we do know the best places in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Denver and even in Huntington, W. Va. So why not have a person in this area to give a column as to current events, etc.

Sincerely,

R.L.T.

Findlay, Ohio 45840

Ed: Before we bitch, let's do our homework. DAVID does not discriminate. Our cover says "Entertaining and Informing Gays". It does not specify white gay males, gay females, blacks, intellectuals, ribbon clerks, leather, drag or any other group. DAVID works at filling a vacuum in the lives of ALL gays.

Our guide does not specify; girls only, guys only, whites only, blacks only, etc. The only discrimination offered is to let the unwary know they are walking into a leather or strictly butch bar and not to expect drag shows. All of DAVID's supporters, so far as we know, will not refuse to serve any of our readers provided only they do not abuse privileges.

So far as people's tastes go. That's exactly what it is...taste. You may not like spinach, fatties (by the way, there is a group being formed called the Chubby Chasers being formed right now because there is a growing group of hunky guys who dig nothing but 300 pounders or over.) and some blacks don't dig whites!

It makes no difference how much screaming about discrimination is done, some people don't like chocolate. BUT some people absolutely crave it. We can no sooner change people's taste buds than

we can direct morals (as much as some people try).

The amount and the content of information printed in DAVID relevant to any particular group depends upon the active support from that particular group. Some groups, like the gals, want, and are very indignant about it, but do nothing to support a publication for females but write letters to the editor (gay female publications last a shorter period of time than perhaps any other type publication going).

The same thing appears to be the situation with black gay males. They claim to want to model, but try to get a decent looking black guy to model sometime. It's almost impossible (although we occasionally succeed).

If all the above is not enough, we can state that the information printed in DAVID is just as relevant to black gay males as it is to any other gay group. It's just not spelled out in big bold type. That's true integration.

Dear David:

Just a note to inform you that group insurance for bar employees in Chicago is nothing new. The GOLD COAST has had Blue Cross-Blue Shield for almost 3 years. Last March this coverage was extended to cover the CLUB CHICAGO as well.

I also might add that employees also receive Christmas Bonuses and, if employed long enough (2 years), 2 weeks paid vacation. Less than 2 years rates 1 week.

Jack may be a nice guy, but Chuck Renslow is insurpassable when it comes to employee consideration & benefits.

Skip Sweet
(Club Chicago)

Ed: Thanks

Dear David:

Congratulations on the first gay magazine with any class. I'm sure you're giving the gay nation a foundation to grow from.

A number of gay Corvette owners here in Illinois are in the progress of forming a national gay Corvette club. The name

(Continued on Page 55)

the

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LOOKING (Continued from page 5)

sexual lives of those of us not in prison. A man who goes to prison may lose his freedom, but he still has to live with himself and associate with a limited number of other persons--none of whom he might ordinarily choose as his friends, sexual partners, etc. Prison life is an experience in the absence of free choice. The prisoner has all of his usual desires and wishes but no say-so in their fulfillment. Not any. Ideally, prisoners should be kept safe, in comfortably austere surroundings, treated gently, fed nourishing food, but the personal restrictions should be absolute and complete. For most men, confinement in prison is a high price to pay for not voluntarily controlling their own behavior, although the fictional character, Harris Filmore (The Prison Life of Harris Filmore by Jack Richardson) was relieved by not having the responsibilities and grew dependent on the security and protection of his prison life.

In an interview given to the press shortly after his release from prison last year, Jimmy Hoffa is quoted as saying: "Now here you have the first offender in a prison dormitory with all kinds of people, none of them he knows. There are homosexuals. There are rapists--everything you can imagine.

"I think the single most important thing to relieve pressure and tension in the prisons would be to classify prisoners by age and offense. Get the young ones together. Keep the homos together, and away from the others. Keep the violent ones apart."

During more than two years spent in prison Mr. Hoffa didn't learn very much. In his mind he associates homosexuals with rapists and others who do violence, he suggests that homosexuals prey on the

other inmates rather than the other way around, and he mistakenly believes that a homosexual environment is bad for men. Unfortunately, most prison authorities blame homosexuality for prison unrest. As a matter of fact, men are easily adaptable sexually. They can be aroused and satisfied in a number of ways. Few men, for example, left to their own conscience, will refuse a "blow job." Homosexuality is not a state of mind; it is a sex act that can be enjoyed by anyone with no ill effects. If penologists would begin by accepting the fact that homosexual relations are normal and perfectly healthy--particularly under the special conditions of prison life--it would be a big step on reducing some of the basic strain prisoners now experience. Very little else would be necessary in this regard. The acceptance of the naturalness of homosexual relations would get rid of the majority of sexual neurotics--those men who have such a tenuous hold on their masculinity that they think having sex with another man is degrading. Men who feel they need to resort to force or violence in their sexual relations in order to protect their integrity are dangerous. Doubly so if the "System" instills these feelings, as it presently does.

In mid 1968, the California Department of Corrections began a program of allowing occasional overnight visits between married inmates and their spouses for sexual relations. At Tehachapi prison, small private bungalows were erected for the purpose. We objected to Gov. Reagan and prison officials. The program put the state of California squarely in the business of pimping, and it clearly discriminated against unmarried prisoners. We felt there was something morally wrong with a program that would sanction heterosexual liaisons within state prisons while homo-

sexual relations between consenting adults remain a crime. To further strengthen the system of sexual discrimination, the California Assembly Justice Committee voted in June, 1971, to permit girl friends of unmarried prison inmates to make up to three overnight visits per year in the so-called prison "apartments". Assemblyman Walter Karabian explained that his bill would "attack the great problem of homosexuality in our prisons by allowing all inmates to have some sort of normal sexual relations."

If in a heterosexual society homosexual activity is considered unnatural, in an all male or all female population, homosexual activity ought to be considered natural. Our penal system deliberately creates a homosexual environment. Therefore, those responsible can not attempt to suppress the natural psychological and biological results without themselves causing the very tensions and unrest they claim they are trying to eliminate. Beyond recognition of this fact, it is certainly not the place of any state agency to make arrangements to satisfy the personal sexual desires of prisoners.

(The above article and the following are courtesy of the Homosexual Information Center, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, 90068)

We are still doing what we have always done, only better.....

As is often true, those closest to an individual or organization often don't see the true value. Many of you have been supporting the staff of this organization for years and don't have to be told that we are doing an important and needed job. Others have known us only since we became H.I.C. For over 20 years, we have been presenting to the public, both homo-

(Continued on page 12)

Sands Club
APARTMENT

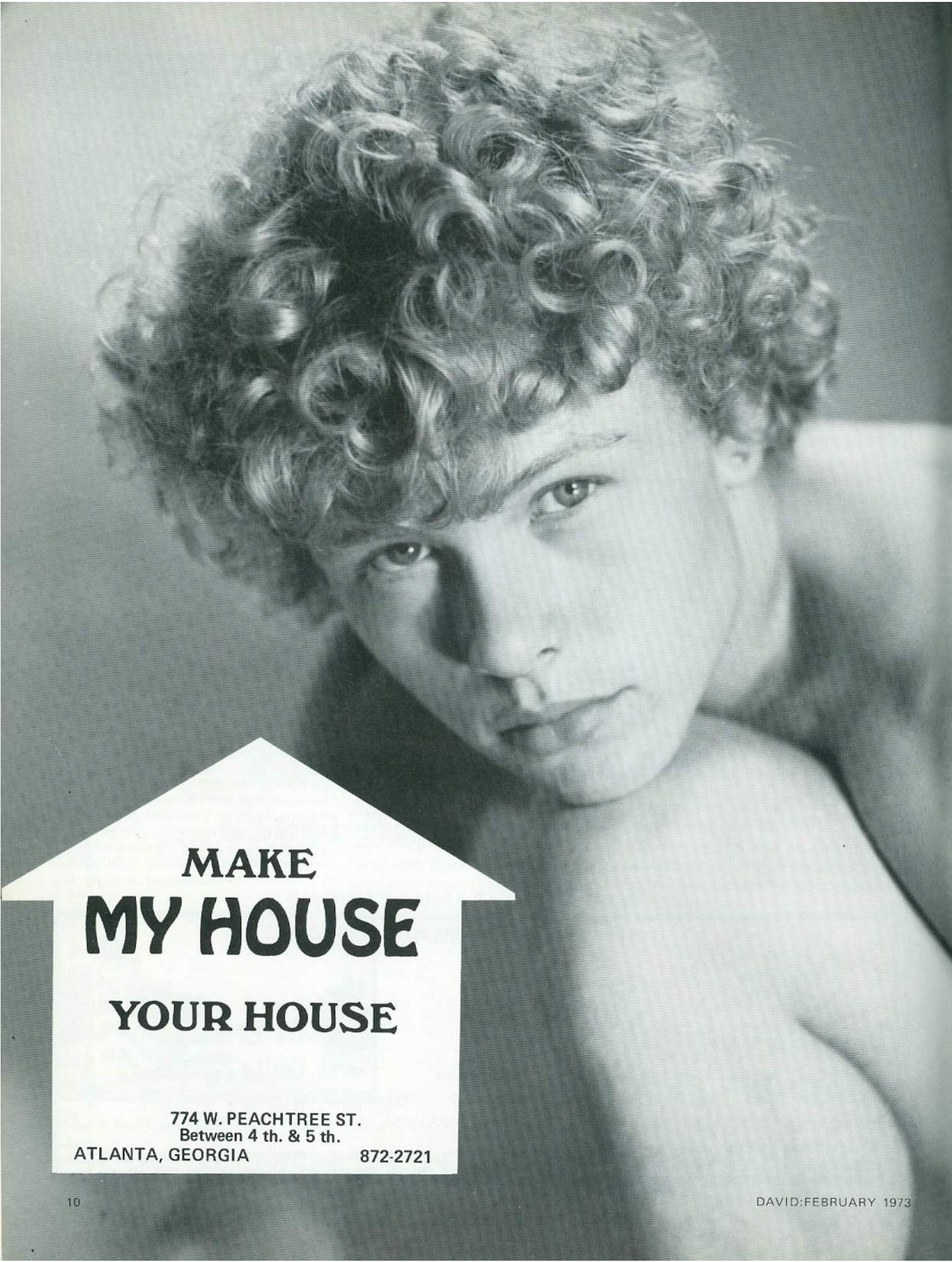
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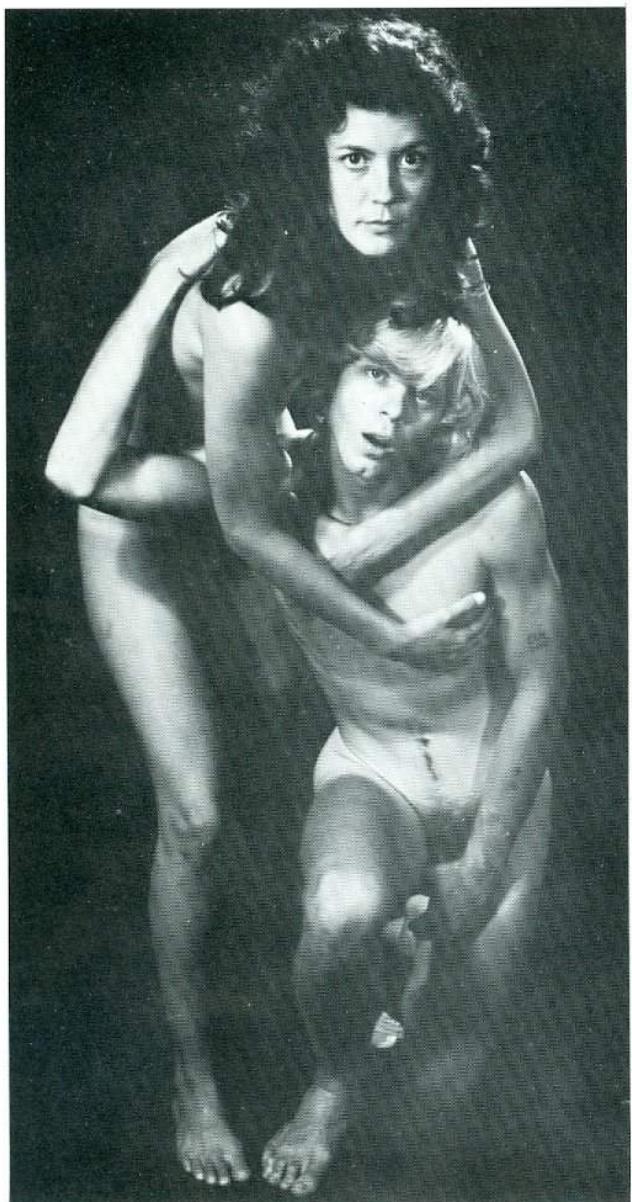
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I know what you're thinking: a young boy, too sexy for his (or anyone else's) good, nothing but a tacky trick (a fast push over). But you're wrong. I was never tacky. There's more to being a nude model than just sex, glamour, and excitement. A lot more. And I'm going to tell it like it is. Hard.

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks. In fact I never saw a train until I was fifteen (give or take a whistle). But I knew Someone Up There liked me: a car salesman (who lived

MY LIFE AS A NUDE MODEL

by R. C. Vallarian



DAVID:FEBRUARY 1973

on the top floor of our dump). The first time I heard his voice I knew there was more to words than the A.B.C.'s: "Hey kid, want a candy apple?"

It was the begining of the end and the fall of Paradise. But I was too young, too innocent, and too much in love with the big lug to see straight (and I never have since, If you get what I mean). Maybe I should've held back or played it for the money (some boys do), but I've always had a soft heart and a sweet tooth (a dangerous combination). Anyway, his wife sued for divorce. Suddenly, I was a kissed off tramp knocked up in a sodomy suit. I didn't know what the hell was going on. But I have a motto: Never look back. I knew our love was pure. I had no regrets, no illusions, no doubts. They tossed words around like "prison" and "ruined" and "twenty-years". I wasn't interested. But the big lug insisted I leave town: I'll never forget the look on his face when he gave me five thousand dollars for a get away (and a love letter). I nearly cried.

I hit the big time with nothing but a broken heart and a check book. I was miserable. Money never meant anything to me: it's just crap to shove in a bank (like bonds, jewelery, and silver). The only thing worth spending is love. But you've got to put it in the right account. I learned that the tough way: from experience.

I was sitting in a bar thinking about the mess of my life, when this guy comes up and says: "Want a chocolate bar with almonds?" I figured he was a weirdo, but, among other things, I have a taste for nuts: so I bit. He turned out to be more of a freak than I thought. He was an actor hell bent on directing his first play, had no money, and was just kicked out for lack of rent. I'd never met anyone in the theatre before, the whole scene turned me on. I guess I was green. I didn't know what I was letting myself in for, but I went like a queen to the slaughter. And I was damn glad for the chance. What the hell, you only live once. And with me, love is everything.

I backed his play.

It was real avant garde stuff called "Raw Bananas". And if I didn't know anything about art, I knew what I liked. This was one of those deep dreams where a bunch of guys get lost on a tropical island and discover the true meaning of life and love and jazz like that. You didn't have to go to school to get the message. They laid it smack in front of you: nude. (Everybody's bare meat was just a symbol of innocence, but you got on to that right away.)

I worked like a bitch..I did everything. Hand picked the cast, got the theatre (a garage), and starred in it. Love always drives me out of sight.

The cops clobbered us after the first week. Suddenly, I was a bare backed tramp wrapped up in a smut suit. But I'd heard that story before. I still wasn't interested. As it turned out, the poor guy (who tried to protect the hell out of me) got six months in the clink. And I was left, as usual, with mush on my face, a broken heart, and cold cash. Since, (somehow) I had the rights to the play, I got stuck with fifteen thousand dollars when some dopey movie studio bought it.

I was depressed for days.

Alone, like an alley cat squashed under the wheels of life, I was practically back where I'd started. I guess you could call me dumb, but I wasn't giving up. I'd been through hell, and

(Continued on Page 60)

LOOKING (Continued from page 9) sexual and non-homosexual, a balanced and honest view of homosexuality. Not many other organizations can say this. With the limited amount of time and money, we have done the projects we felt would do the most good. As someone has said, during this time we had to spend our resources on the forest and not on a few trees. Now we find a few individuals that believe that only personal services are worthwhile. Fine. But that is not the field we have chosen to be in these 20 years. When early Mattachine did not want to serve everyone, in the particular project of publishing a magazine, some of us left it and formed ONE, and when ONE chose to stop doing the things it was supposed to do, something had to be done and it was. Then when TANGENTS was being beaten to its publication news by the regular news media, when articles we should be doing were done before we could get to press by the local newspaper, the local TV station (remember Alpine County, and the reports as each state has changed laws or each court has handed down new decisions, or each new "gay lib" leader has tried to out-shout the others) we knew that things again had to be changed. We have been and still are, a speaking bureau, we speak on TV shows, on college campuses, etc. We still have probably the best library and resource center in the world, with material no other place has, we still counsel individuals who need help over problems caused by law, etc., and we still give what few other sources give; a balanced view of homosexuality.

While others talked and had large sums of money given to them to perform the task, for instance, of publishing a bibliography of books in this field, we DID it. Now, at the most important time and place, over 4500 public and college libraries have our guide to worthwhile books. We also have a guide to organizations, and publications and services in this field, which was the first homosexual national classified directory. A new edition is coming soon and the 6th edition of the world-famous bibliography will be out soon. Those who have been out of the closet for years will not find these services of interest and many, narrow-minded as they are, not want to support such projects, but we know that these are the educational efforts that will make us first-class citizens. If you believe this also, we urge you to support us. We may not give you "personal services" in one sense, but we do what most people can't do for themselves. We may not be as popular or as interesting as a gay marriage or an invasion of private meetings to out-shout the people who paid their money to attend, or we may not be writing books after one year as a gay libber, thus being an authority, but we do help sincere peo-

ple learn about homosexuality. And despite all of the publicity and jokes, not many people or organizations or college professors or gossip columnists do this. And, individually, while others talk about law reform, and talk with politicians, Don Slater and others have done something, by going to court to stop enforcement of these terrible laws. And no grants have come from the girly magazines, or so-called legal reform foundations, or anyone. But the job is being done. And with Your support it can be done better. It is up to you. We welcome your help in the work. To those who cannot publicly support this work we welcome anonymous cash and the type of support that can still help the movement, such as in the voting booth, letters to the editors, buying only from firms that do not discriminate against homosexuals, etc.

* * * * *

A New York homosexual organization now producing a cable-TV show and a mimeographed magazine is expanding to radio, recording for the blind, programming for discussion groups and college classes, lending videotapes of its TV show, and creating a rental library of speeches, films, and other multimedia materials on homosexuality.

Homosexuals Intransigent! (HI!), a small group headed by controversial separatist L. Craig Schoonmaker, is "going multimedia". Schoonmaker tells it this way, "I started with a newsletter, which evolved into a magazine of ideas. Then I moved to fill the image deficit of homosexuals, thru TV. Then a blind fellow asked if our Magazine was recorded on tape. I responded that it wasn't but we could put it on tape for him. And once that became a definite project, whole new areas of activity opened up."

Videotapes of the half-hour weekly TV show, Homosexual Renaissance (which is seen throughout Manhattan), will be loaned or sold to college and other groups which have access to videotape players. For radio, HI! will transfer edited segments of the TV show onto audio tapes and add appropriate new material to create a half-hour radio series. HI! Magazine and other publications will be recorded in two forms: first, start-to-finish, for use by blind homosexual men; second, in thought chunks, to provide information and stimulate discussion in gay men's groups. Other materials will also be audiotaped-recorded: books, magazines, and newspaper releases; and various other television and radio programs, speeches etc. All of these materials will be made available to blind homosexual men and to men's organizations. In addition, HI! hopes to build a comprehensive library of nonprint materials for loan or purchase. Some of these items, both nonfiction and fiction; a summary of the gay press and organizations

would be loaned to interested college gay-studies, sexuality, or similar courses.

"Naturally," says Schoonmaker, "our own publications and programs will be our first priority, other materials being handled only as time and funds permit." All materials, either loaned or sold, will be extended on a cost-plus basis, a modest charge being made to enable HI! to expand its multimedia project.

"We're doing a lot of work in putting our TV show and Magazine together, so we intend to make better use of our efforts and serve a larger audience", says Schoonmaker. "Not everyone will agree with our stand on some issues, but one thing is sure: if people welcome controversy and want to find out where their heads are, using our materials will help."

Inquiries and offers of assistance should be directed to HI!, 127 Riverside Dr., NY 10024; (212) 799-5692.

AT THE BARS

The most fun-erotic event ever held in the Motor City happened December 29, when scores of Detroit studs competed for the title of "MR. TIFFANY'S DETROIT 1973", sponsored by TIFFANY'S of Detroit.

Top winner at the gay event was Doug Mack. He received a beautiful trophy especially designed for the contest. Doug also was the recipient of an all expense paid trip to New York City to enter the 1973 MR. DAVID CONTEST.

First Runner Up was Bill Anderson, a popular personality in the Detroit gay scene, and Second Runner Up was Larry Stevenson, a MoTown man of many talents.

All contestants in the Mr. Tiffany's Detroit event received a one year free pass and membership in the PRUDENTIAL HEALTH CLUB, 124 West State Fair, Detroit, where the contest was conducted.

To qualify in the Mr. Tiffany's Detroit 1973 Contest:

* Each contestant submitted a recent photograph of himself to Tiffany's management.

* Personal interviews were held prior to the contest.

* Actual contest poses were taken in swimsuits and casual attire.

* Judging was conducted by the audience in attendance with private balloting.

The Mr. Tiffany's Detroit Contest received widespread national coverage. Large posters and flyers carrying a sensual picture of a Tiffany's barkeep by photographer Gary Ryan were mailed to gay bars across the country.

A packed contest house was the result of a well-sponsored and promoted event that Tiffany's of Detroit plans making the Mr. Tiffany's Contest an annual event.

(Continued on Page 44)



WINNERS OF THE MR. TIFFANY'S, DETROIT CONTEST: (left to right) 3rd PLACE: LARRY STEVENSON; MR. TIFFANY'S 1973, DOUG MACK; and 2nd PLACE: BILL ANDERSON

New York, N.Y. "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't!" declared gay author John Francis Hunter in reference to discussing for publication the fate of his new autobiographical superguide to and overview of the male gay culture in America, **THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A.**

"If I say too much, that might enhance sales of the book; yet, after the community and GAY have helped me out, I feel obliged to bring everyone up to date. The most exciting chapter is the most recent one."

The helping out Hunter was referring to come in the form of cash loans from more than 135 gay and straight friends from Manhattan to San Francisco, loans made to him to provide a retainer for gay defender Hal Weiner so that Hunter could attempt to stop publication of an "unauthorized, mutilated, bowdlerized and inaccurate" version of U.S.A. GAY front-paged news in Issue No. 92 that Hunter had "won" his case when, in fact, what he won was a temporary restraining order based on the use by Stonehill of fraudulent cover quotes by Merle Miller and Lige Clark and Jack Nichols.

"The court forbade the book's being sold with the present cover, but the honky publisher got around the order by supposedly taping over the offending quotes," Hunter acknowledged. The "most exciting chapter" of his long struggle to have the book properly published which he spoke of has to do with the fact that "hundreds of books that we know of have been sold without the tape-over!"

In at least four New York stores activists and friends of former GAA officer Hunter have bought copies with the prohibited quotes clearly visible, secured receipts and provided the author with affidavits which will be submitted in an effort to prove Stonehill and possibly others in contempt of court.

"It was the dealers who are selling unlabeled copies—perhaps unaccounted for between Stonehill and the official distributor, Dell—that Jerry Fitzpatrick was talking about when he called for a boycott of dealers selling U.S.A.", Hunter explained. Fellow GAY columnist Fitzpatrick asked gays in the year-end Issue No. 93 not to patronize stores carrying the book.

In the December 4 issue of **PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY** it was announced by Stonehill that U.S.A. has enjoyed a healthy advance sale of 50,000 books, suggesting that whether the author likes it or not the book may be destined to become the best selling non-fiction gay title to date.

"However, it's not moving nearly as well as the original **GAY INSIDER**, in New York itself," Hunter insists, attributing the lesser sales to (1) reluctance of gays to buy it after he's been "ripped off"

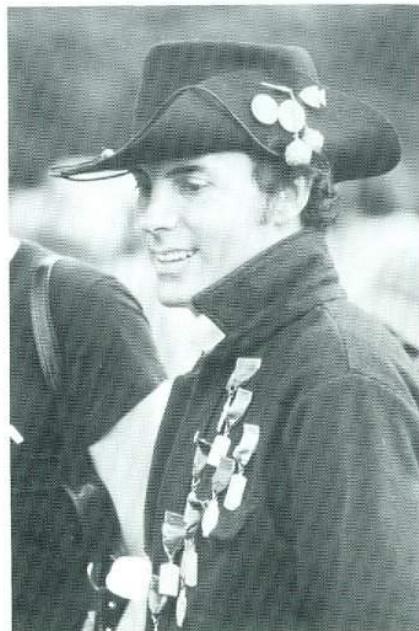
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PUBLISHER IGNORES COURT RULING ON "GAY INSIDER"

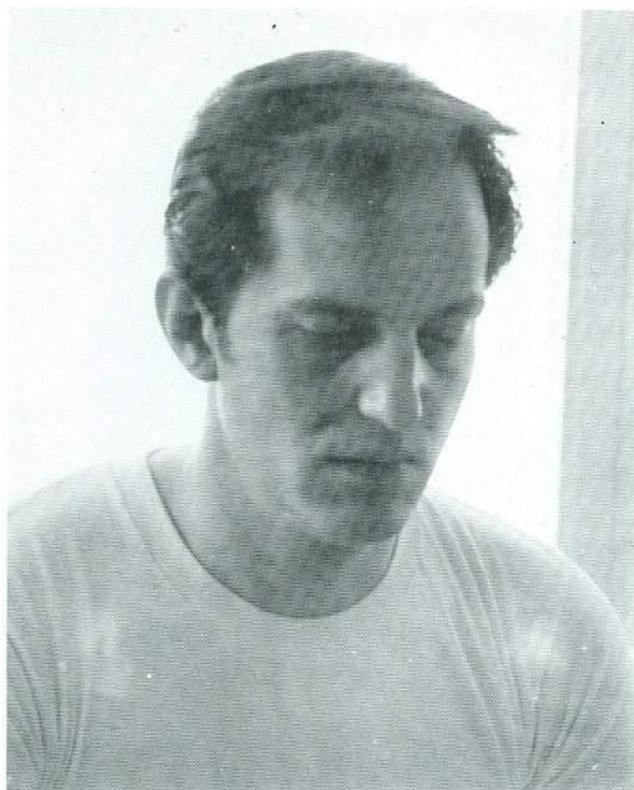
(As originally printed in GAY, January 29, 1973)



"FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T BUY IT!" says author



John
Francis
Hunter



Homosexuality is more in the open today than ever before. There is less need for anyone to be forced to seek the parks or tearooms as meeting places. In many cities and states, gay bars are open with little harrassment from the community or the police. Drag balls are permitted and even gay dances are held at such places as the Sheraton Chicago. The only time a homosexual today will be bothered by most people—including the police—is when he knowingly approaches someone with sexual intent who does not want to be bothered, or when he infringes upon the rights and privacy of others by icitering and "carrying-on" in public places.

Commander Rae, Sargent Bullerman, and Officer Hip sound like ficititious characters in any of television's running crime series, however these are the names of real people who are faced daily with split second decisions and problems of crime in a big American city. Many times it takes the courts 6 months to 2 years to decide whether the action taken was justifiable—a heavy responsibility for anyone trying to perform his job with the vulnerability of being human. To some, cops are the "Pigs" and consequently a threat. To others they are the difference between life and death—the preservers of peace and

(Continued on page 58)

WHEN IS A

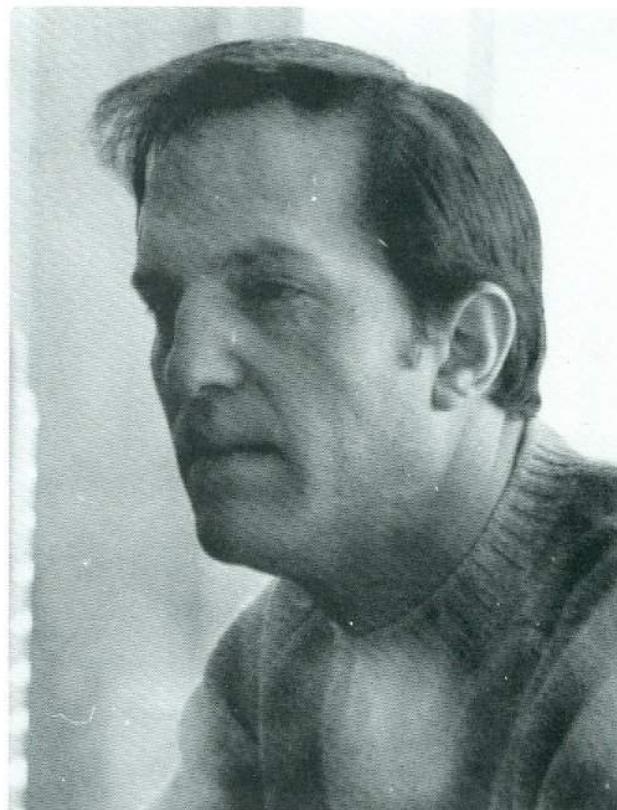
PIG...

NOT A
PIG

"I leave my job
in my locker..."

I consider my-
self a rather
loose, liberal
minded
individual."

— Officer Hip





leather by lou s.

The EAGLE, New York, recently selected its first annual Mr. Eagle. Fernando, (pictured on these pages) one of New York's truly great leather people was chosen the winner.

The selection, by open vote of the customers in attendance, was most fair as well as deserving. Not only is Fernando always seen in Leather and owns a Moto Guzzi, but he is a past president of a bike club and the A.M.C.C.

My readers may remember him in the movie "Leather Narcisus", by Avery Willard as well as seeing him as the Leather Man in Esquire.

Congratulations, Fernando, you deserve the honor. Your present club and friends are damn proud of you.

Spent three days in New York City attending their big seven day in-town run. This yearly event has really got to be one of the keynotes of the year.

For \$24.00, the donation to the club running the event, one who attended for the full week could avail themselves to six free meals, free housing and a show that was entertaining, funny and out of sight.

The food was excellent and the booze plentiful and either free or half-price.

More of my leather brothers should take part in these events if only for the fringe benefits. Believe me, the fringe benefits were really great.

Credit goes to the host club and its members for a job well done.

Inauguration time was upon us recently and a Mardi Gras atmosphere caught on not only in the White House but in leatherdom as well with many, many parties.

So you remember the days when the leather scene was limited to New York, Chicago, San Francisco and L.A.?

I have been lead to believe that Minneapolis, Omaha, Cleveland and Atlanta have fast and growing crowds.

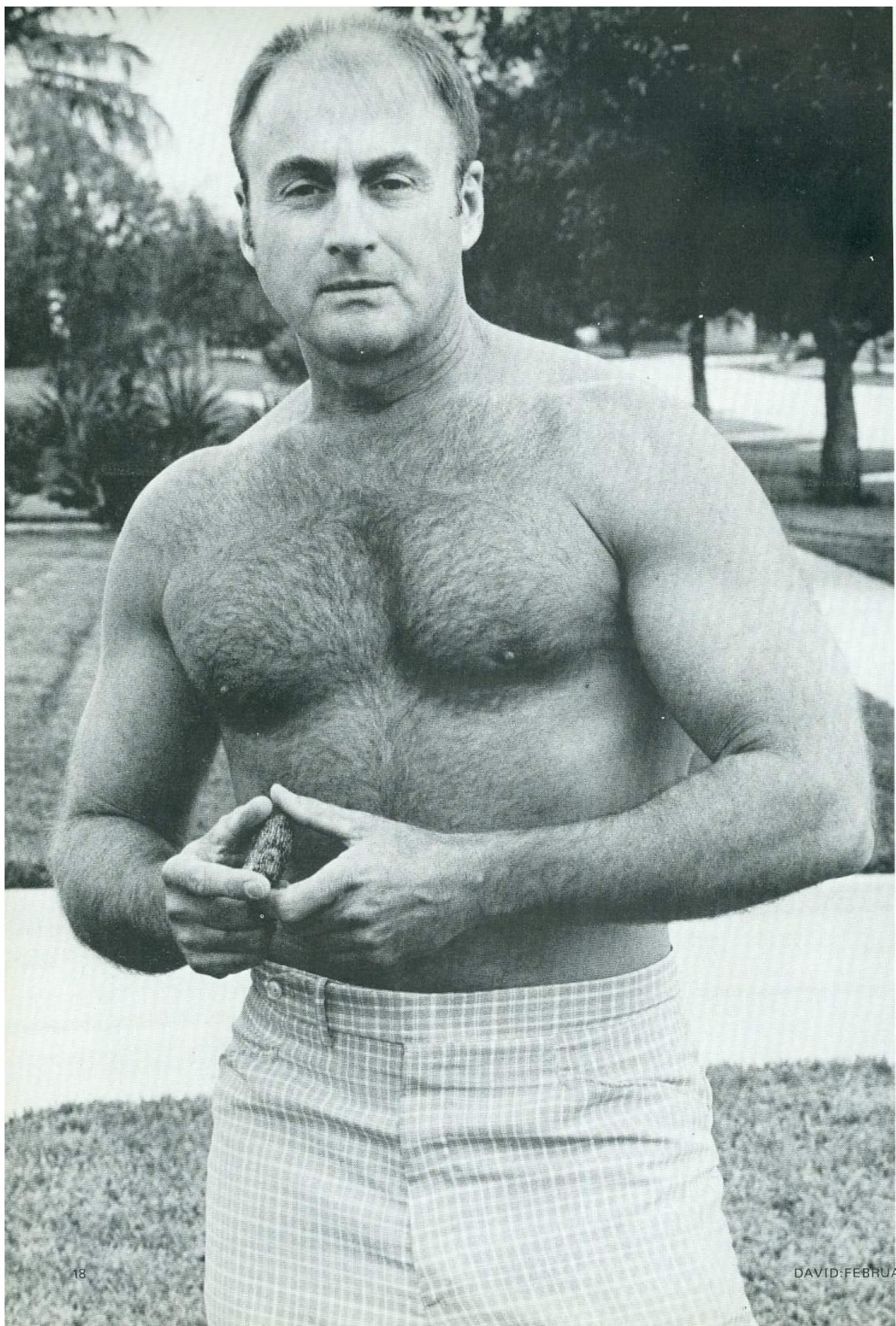
My next article will include a review of these towns and their bars.

The motorcycling article originally planned for this month is delayed pending further research. My apologies to those anticipating it.

I now hang my hat at the D.C. EAGLE. So if you plan a trip to the capitol, drop by and say hello. □



GENE GREETER



20 YEARS BEHIND BARS

What makes a gay bar a success? Why do so many bars still manage only a short life span now that police and red-neck harrassment have become a smaller factor? What are some of the pitfalls to avoid when opening a gay bar?

We took these and other questions that may float around in a prospective bar-owner's mind to a guy who has apparently enjoyed success in the business having owned West Palm Beach, Florida's TURF bars for 20 years now.

Gene Greeter's home in West Palm Beach is impressive. Large rooms, immaculate but masculine, draw you through the entrance into the living room with its massive furnishings to the picture window overlooking the peaceful canal. The whole place immediately describes its handsome owner's success and the reasons for it. Everything is organized, functional, disciplined and confident, yet friendly, warm and personal.

"I was just thinking about the mortality rate in bars the other day," he said. "Since I first opened up the TURF BAR in the downtown area twenty years ago, I can think of 17 bars that have opened and closed in the immediate area. Of course, they had some pretty stiff competition," he grinned. "But the main reasons they folded were underfinancing and the inability to care about work. Just plain laziness. Most go into business expecting to immediately hire three bartenders to do all the work. I personally feel the main pitfall is 'Big-shot-itis' with personal overspending. They immediately have to have a fancy apartment and a big car. If a person is serious and really wants to be a success they should set themselves a salary. The minimum salary they could live on. Buy good equipment, but if you

have useable equipment, keep it in good repair and use it."

"There's a joke I heard that I tell anyone that asks me about the bar business. Three guys bought a bar and they were discussing the bar stools. The first big shot said, 'These bar stools are in sad shape. What we ought to do is buy some new ones. I saw some beautiful leather, high-backed swivel stools at the supply house for only \$80.00 each.' The second big shot said, 'I think we ought to cover them with nau-gahyde. I know an upholsterer who can do it for only \$50.00 each.' The third said, 'These stools are in pretty bad shape but I think we ought to cover them with assholes and pay for this place first!'

"If you really want to last in this business, it's imperative that you keep spending down. Especially personal. Spend the necessary money to keep the place clean and neat, freshly painted and in good repair. Set the rest of your income, aside from your minimal salary, away for emergencies. To this day, I still set aside twenty-five dollars per day for each place I have in a special fund just for that purpose. Then you do your improvements as you can afford them."

"Of course, if you're opening with a million dollars, you may disregard all of the preceding," he joked. "But this is a business and should be handled as such. The biggest word in this business is Discipline and, by the way, a good phrase to keep in mind is 'Don't drink your own booze'. Show me a drunk saloon-keeper and I'll show you a bar where your customers and employees have no respect for the owner."

"You should keep in mind that this is a specialized business. It's not like a neighborhood tavern or a straight club. I personally feel a gay bar is more of a social club than just a 'watering hole' and has special needs. I feel being a social club is a function of a gay bar. People spend 90% of their time in a basically straight world and they need an outlet."

Too many people get into the business just to see what they can get out of it and because they're grabby, they lose. People from out of town are constantly coming to my bar managers and myself and saying things like 'You have such nice bars here compared to the ones back home. I

can really feel comfortable here."

"Our bartenders are oriented toward making strangers in town feel welcome. When a stranger comes in, he is to be introduced around, so that he's got more of a reason to come back besides sitting there boozing in silence. Of course you want to hear the old cash register ring, but it rings a lot longer if you're not grabby. Even though there is none now, we act as if there were competition across the street all the time."

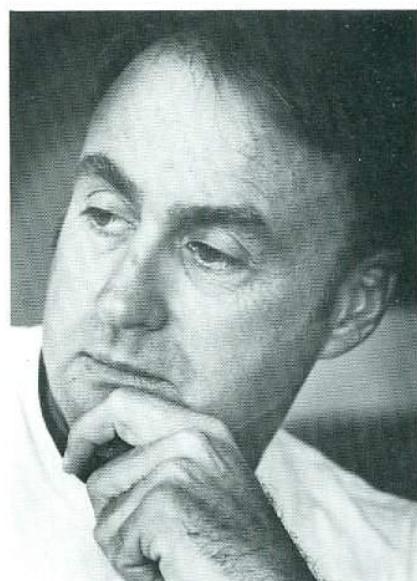
"Always have an ear for the customer. No matter what. Everybody knows exactly how to run your business and most of them don't mind parting generously with this valuable information. Nine out of ten times, you'll reject the idea in your mind for one reason or other, but every once in a while, the least likely person comes up with the germ of a great idea."

"We've even started social clubs complete with their own treasures for taking trips to Disneyworld, etc. Sometimes the bar will be lined up with members of the club who would have sat next to each other for years without ever becoming friends if it hadn't been for the clubs. The clubs work well except for the very young crowd and the girls. I've tried softball teams, pool tournaments and just about everything else these two groups say they'll support but in the end only two or three will sign up when it becomes a reality. Of course, at times like these and during season when you're so busy you can't move, everybody loses sight of their goals every once in a while. But you keep on trying anyway."

"There's a lot of plain hard work involved. (Continued on Page 62)



"Our bartenders are oriented toward making strangers in town feel welcome."





JIM BAILEY - MAN ON FIRE

This young actor-singer-impressionist is what is termed in the business as being "on fire". His reviews have been raves whether he performs at the Copacabana in New York or the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion at the Music Center in Los Angeles. At the Concord Hotel in the Catskills, people half tore the place apart looking for his dressing room.

Bailey's rise to stardom to say the least was rapid. Only two years ago, a well-known talent agent, Milton Deutsch, caught his act at Ciro's in Hollywood, signed him up and Bailey's buildup began. It wasn't long before Bailey was playing a lounge in Las Vegas, and following this, graduating to Carnegie Hall, guest appearances on major network television variety shows and Los Angeles' Music Center.

Jim Bailey was born 28 years ago in Philadelphia. While attending high school in New Jersey, he studied singing at the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music and continued on to musical comedy, drama and performing in the local night clubs in Philadelphia and New Jersey. After arriving in New York, Bailey auditioned and was cast in "Fly, Blackbird" which ran more than eight months. He followed this with summer stock, performing in "Calamity Jane" with Ginger Rogers; "Bells Are Ringing" with Gordon and Sheila MacRae; "Wildcat" with Gale Storm.

Bailey performed for more than a year in Chicago, playing the second lead in a musical and working on his nights off and after hours at the noted Mister Kelly's nightclub. After Chicago, Jim returned to Los Angeles and after many auditions, he decided on putting something "special" into his act -- Impressions.

Phyllis Diller, whom Bailey has known since she, herself, first began as a performer, was the first lady in his act. Bailey had become such a close friend he began to mimic Phyllis at parties, where the idea of including her in an act first was born. "I went to Phyllis to ask if she would mind, she loved the idea."

To perfect any of his impressions, Bailey spends hours looking at films and playing records. Then he goes to a makeup man and a costume designer with photographs of the individual and asks them to totally copy everything. The result is: Phyllis Diller No. 2.

From Phyllis, Bailey went on to develop wings, but Bailey prefers to leave them as a surprise.

"It's easy to do a takeoff of somebody, to sound sort of like them," Jim says, but I want people to be stunned when I walk onstage at the end of the show as myself. I love to hear people say, 'But

that can't be the same person.' I like to watch them search for a trace of Judy, Barbra or Peggy (Lee) in my face."

"They're all different," Jim says, "and I'm different from all of them."

To achieve the staggering effect he does, Bailey spends up to two hours each night just putting on his makeup and costume.

"Nothing drives me up the wall like being called a 'female impersonator'. I think 'illusionist' comes closer to it. When I'm doing Judy, I AM JUDY. It gets spooky sometimes."

At the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Liza Minelli joined Bailey on stage. He called her "my little girl." She called him "mama".

As a tough critic from the Los Angeles Times explained him, "take your pick about what you call him, Bailey is a dev-

estating talent and a phenomenon."

Because of the time required for preparation, Bailey only does one of his characterizations a night, coming on as his masculine self for the second portion of the show.

perfect look of the various personalities he tributes.

Bailey uses CBS designer George Whittaker to design all of his costumes. Each is an exact replica of a gown or costume actually used by the performer at a specific time in her career. For instance, in one impression of Judy Garland, representing the late singer in 1959-60, Bailey uses a green jersey dress. It's totally true to the singer's own wardrobe of the time

(Continued on Page 66)



A
VERY
GRAND OPENING
February 22, 1973



2100 NORTH DIXIE HIGHWAY
HOLLYWOOD
FLORIDA
"YOUR KIND OF PLACE."

In the preceding episode of our story, mild mannered Elder Barkley is in a clothing store with his domineering wife, Velma, trying on a suit for the upcoming ministers convention in Waymond, Georgia, of which he is presiding clergyman. While in the haberdasher's closet, he is startled by a raucus "hee-haw", and soon is confronted with a beautiful creature the likes

of which he has never beheld. Half hidden under lustrous, curly black hair, the youth has the face of a Michelangelo sculpture astride a lean muscled physique. The strange combination of the boy's baggy khaki pants and impish grin bewilders the leathery preacher. The youth's actions and language shock but tantalize him. The straight-laced old saver of black souls, taunted with epithets of "Tight Man" and challenged to "get some soul (and a piece of ass too!)", Elder Barkley bids goodbye to Velma and heads off on the bus for the convention pushing aside thoughts of the boy.

But much to his consternation, in the darkness of a city park across from the destination terminal, the boy re-appears out of the bushes and unzips the fly of his jeans. As we resume our story, Elder Barkley is cowardly fleeing the park into the darkness.....

When Elder Barkley went into the park, the sun had still been shining and the trees had still been green, but when he left, now, the sun had given way to the moon, and the trees had hidden themselves in the night. Before he crossed the highway toward the bus terminal, he glanced back for one last abrupt look at the

(Continued on Page 68)

THE SATYR

A NOVELETTE (in two parts)

by L. CHARLES HINES

Illustration: J. Zook





AND THE SHOW GOES ON

The life of today's jet-age superstar dancers is not all the glitter and glamour that most people imagine nor is producing a full length Christmas Ballet any easy task. And yet, this is exactly the illusion that everyone involved in a production tends to create. Even what may be happening backstage just a few feet from the view of the audience goes unnoticed by most as they continue to be moved by a smooth polished finished production.

Such was the case with the majority of the 70,000 people who enjoyed the 20 performances of this year's "Nutcracker" at the Arie Crown Theatre produced by the Chicago Ballet Company. The difficulties of dancing on a cement stage, the injuries, the last minute cast changes, the just one rehearsal and last minute adjustments in choreography and costume fittings filled the parts of the Sugar Plum Fairy and the Prince superbly. As with all guest stars with a tight schedule neither was able regrettably to see or enjoy much of the city they were visiting with most of their time being spent at the theatre

adjusting to two different conductors and tempos and a fire, never caught the attention of most.

The production needed over 120 dancers (many of them children), 60 musicians, 27 stagehands, 11 wardrobe attendants, 5 sewers and a supervisor as well as scores of security guards to keep track of over 150 costumes and numerous props.

Four guest artist who headlined the production were flown in from all over to assure the audience the finest in dance theatre. The season opened with two of N.Y.C. Ballet's biggest stars, Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson, dancing only the first four opening performances. They arrived one day before opening and with preparing for the performance or at their hotels resting. Summing up a reaction that is true of most dancers, Helgi Tomasson remarked, "I would love to see some of Chicago, but even if I did have the time, my legs are always too tired to do any walking". It is no wonder that their legs were tired with having to dance on a cement stage and being at the mercy of two

different conductors whose tempos were always so unpredictably uneven and erratic. Immediately after their last matinee, both dancers rushed off to the airport and back to New York to perform with their own company that evening.

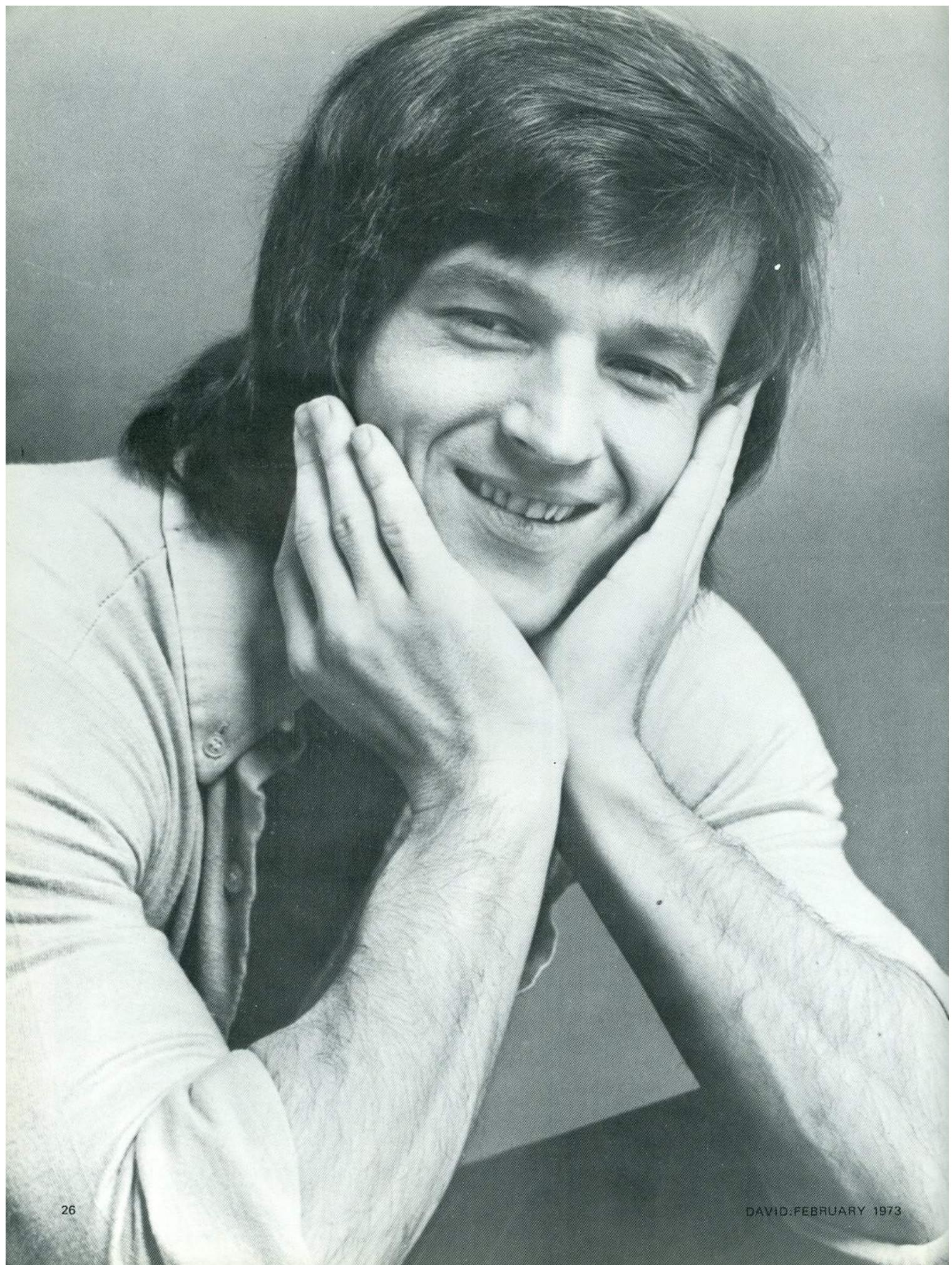
The two other guest artist who delighted Chicago audiences were Jeanne Armin, native of Milwaukee and former soloist with Ballet Theatre and her partner, Peter Mallek from Vienna, Austria. Miss Armin was scheduled to dance only two performances of the Sugar Plum Fairy, but because of an injury sustained by Patricia Klekovic, she was called upon to dance the remaining performances of the Snow Queen, cutting short her planned vacation home before she goes into rehearsal for a new ballet for the Agnes DeMille Company.

Even when a threatening fire during one of the performances caused by an over heated lamp on one of the side drop curtains could have caused a panic, the disciplined dancers continued to dance until

'Continued on Page 65'



(above and opposite page) JEANNE ARMIN AND PETER MALLEK, GUEST ARTISTS WITH THE CHICAGO BALLET COMPANY



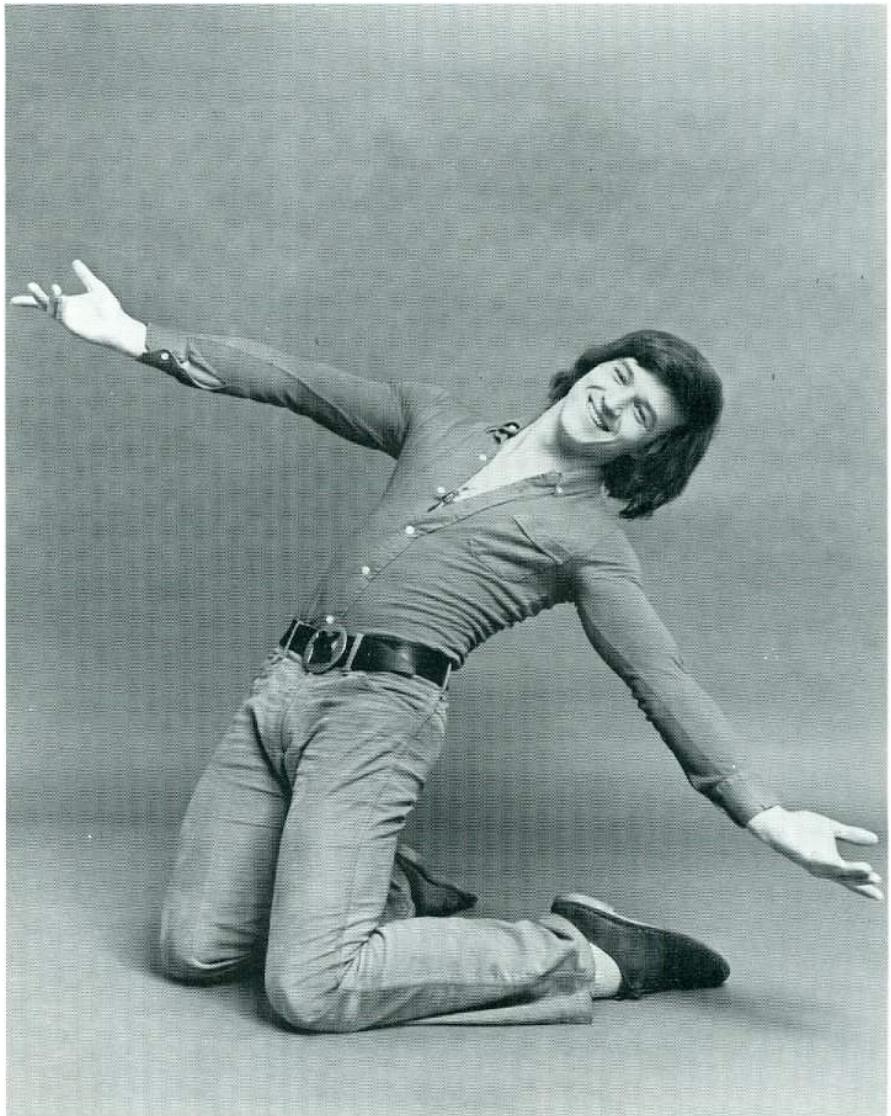
PETER

MALLEK



This handsome, enterprising young man is rapidly climbing to the top with leaps and bounds.

Peter Mallek was born in Vienna Austria and began his training at the age of 10 at the Vienna State Opera School. At age 14 this brilliant student was accepted into the corps de ballet of the Vienna Opera. At 17 he was made soloist and within only one year became a principal. At 19 he was already performing as Guest Artist throughout Europe and South America. Two years ago he made his first appearance in the United States in Memphis, Tennessee. With his success came many other offers which took him to Baltimore, Buffalo, Rochester, Washington and New York City. Upon arrival in New York he was immediately asked for as Guest Artist with the Eglevsky Ballet, Harkness Ballet and soon after American Ballet Theatre. While on tour in Europe with the American Classical Ballet he alternated roles with Rudolf Nuryev and was a continued success. His many roles include--Sleeping Beauty (Prince and Blue Bird), Giselle (Albrecht), La Sylphide, Les Sylphides, Corsair, Swan Lake, Combat, Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Raymonda, Coppelia, and Chopin Piano Concerto. He has also danced the television versions of Swan Lake in Vienna, Peter and the Wolf in Germany and Coppelia in France. Besides his full schedule of dancing, he finds time for his favorite sports which includes flying sports planes, sailing, waterskiing, motorcycling and tennis. □



MOST HAPPY FELLA

Anyone can be "The Most Happy Fella" if he happens to be lucky enough to catch Roy Gioconda in the star role of a charming old musical, "The Most Happy Fella" currently featured at the In the Round Dinner Playhouse in Chicago. Adapting broadway musicals or plays to theatre in the round that were originally intended for proscenium theatres can be a tricky business. Especially when it is limited in the size of a cast, scenery and stage area that may be used, but the In the Round Dinner Playhouse and its Chicago cast conquer all these problems very effectively.

"The Most Happy Fella" is based on

Sidney Howard's 'They Knew What They Wanted', a play which was first produced at the Garrick Theatre in New York on Nov. 24, 1924. The play's original romantic charm and warmth has not been lost in its adaption into a musical, but instead has made the musical version an audience favorite which continues to be presented in various new productions by theatre companies everywhere. "Standing On The Corner", "Joey, Joey, Joey" and "Big D" are some of the most familiar and popular songs that come from this delightfully entertaining show.

The musical begins in a restaurant in San Francisco in January at closing time with

a waitress, Cleo complaining about her sore feet while Rosebella, another waitress, is telling her about a customer who left her an amethyst tie pin as a tip. A few months later, after an exchange of many letters and pictures, Rosebella decides to accept the customer's invitation to come to his Grape Ranch and become his mail-order bride. She only knows that his name is Tony and that according to his pictures, he is a young good looking Italian Grape farmer who is lonely and needs a wife. Upon her arrival at the ranch, Rosebella discovers that the picture sent to her is not that of Tony, but instead one of Joe, a ranch hand. Furious and humiliated by such a trick, she begins to leave just as Tony, an older man is carried in. He has just had a terrible accident trying to meet her at the station and everyone assumes him to be dying. Pleading sympathy for his condition, Tony's friends persuade Rosebella to stay and marry him anyway. Love is allowed to take its course.

Although the chorus is smaller, the effect is not in the least minimized for this production and has some of the best voices to be heard anywhere. The exceptionally good choreography of Gary Giocomo makes the dance numbers as well as the dancers look good from every angle. Musical numbers such as "Big D", "Sposalizio", and "Standing On The Corner" bring to mind the ballets of "Rodeo" by Agnes DeMille and Balanchine's "Square Dance". Not only is Gary Giocomo an exceptional choreographer, but his talents as a dancer and singer are readily recognized in his role as Herman.

Roy Gioconda repeats his role as Tony which won him a Jefferson nomination for the best actor of 1969. Roy Gioconda's performance is brilliant. Not only does he have a fine rich singing voice, but his acting and command of the Italian dialect makes him a lovable old Italian grape farmer making it no wonder that Rosebella and the audience finally fall in love with him.

Lynda Laurin also returns to "The Most Happy Fella" for another appearance as Rosebella and although her acting is some-

(Continued on Page 64)



GARY GIOCOMO, The show's choreographer and "Herman" in the production of "Most Happy Fella".

"NO, NO, NANETTE"

Written a half century ago in 1923 by Vincent Youmans, the new 1925 musical hit, "No, No, Nanette" is proving that a touch of nostalgia is always fashionable. Today we seem to be looking more than ever to the past to entertain ourselves or to fashion new

ever to the past to entertain ourselves or to fashion old ideas into new excitements. Can it be that the past, after all, has something of value for us to hang onto that causes it never to lose its flavor? It's theatre was simple, direct, total charm and pure entertainment without presenting some moralistic challenge to the viewer. At times it was even corny; what many might consider today as being "high camp". It was the era of the flapper, the vamp, and the Busby Berkeley Girls.

"No, No, Nanette" is done in 3 acts that take place in the sumptuous town house of Jimmy Smith, a wealthy Bible publisher and in the gardens and living room of the Chickadee Cottage in Atlantic City on a weekend in the early summer of 1925. Jimmy (Elliott Reid) who has been truly faithful to his wife, Sue (Virginia Mayo) gets himself in trouble because he just can never refrain from helping ladies in distress and, as a result ends up giving 3 such young ladies, Winnie from Washington, Betty from Boston, and Flora from San Francisco financial aid. These platonic relationships come to a near disastrous end when each of the ladies simultaneously arrive on the scene. Jimmy employs the aid of his lawyer and friend, Billy (Jerry Antes) and the men plot to get rid of the girls before their wives find out about Jimmy's philandering. All of this action takes place around the main attraction of the household, Nanette, a schoolgirl who is growing up in the care of the Smiths and wants to try her wings before she decides to marry her boy-friend, Tom and, of course, it is No, No, Nanette as usual. The fun begins when everyone including the maid, Pauline ends up in Atlantic City for the weekend.

The best troopers of the theatre headline this Chicago cast. Virginia Mayo who is still one of the world's most beautiful blondes as well as a versatile actress and

exceptionally good dancer plays the part of Sue with the same sweet innocence of a Doris Day special. Elliott Reid is delightfully charming, like a naughty boy you can't scold, in his role as Jimmy. Sandra Deel who began her career as a Rockette looks incredible as a flapper with that long beautiful torso which she moves so well. With such numbers as "Where-Has-My-Hubby-Gone" Blues and her performance as Lucille, she could easily bring back vamping. The real scene stealer of the show is Judy Canova as the over-worked maid, Pauline, who is always complaining she is going to quit. The drudging manner with which

she moves and her audible mumbling makes her the comic relief of the musical and for a brief few minutes she steps out of character shocking and delighting the audience with a quick little time-step where she ends up slapping her leg up on the wall; a feat difficult even for someone younger and more agile.

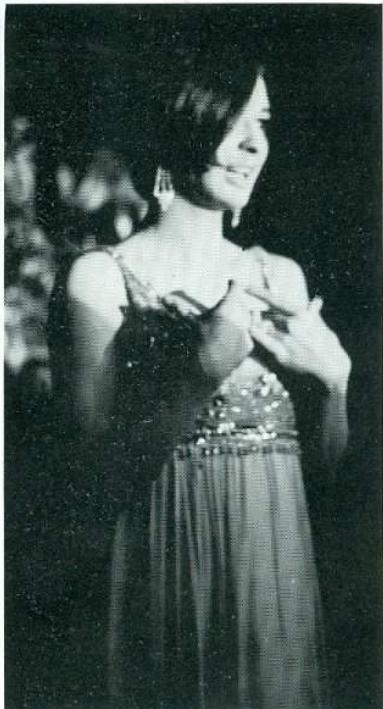
Of the younger members of the cast, Dana Swenson is perfect for the part of Nanette. This petite, dark haired, rosy cheeked lovely is enormously talented. Billy Biskup as the boy friend and apprentice lawyer is also excellent. He fits the part of the tall lanky awkwardly shy

(Continued on Page 53)





A ROUND OF



BARBARA

We just recently ran across this very beautiful entertainer at the Club Hollywood in Daytona Beach, Florida.

Unfortunately, time didn't let us stay long enough to get acquainted, but with the favorable impression we got (and we understand good impressions of Barbara are common), you can bet we'll be back to see more, soon!



TRICIA MARIA

We've had a lot of people asking us, "Whatever happened to Tricia Maria, Miss Gay Florida?"

Tricia took a short vacation "for health reasons" and is finally back to work. Looking as lovely as ever, and as talented as she is beautiful, Tricia can be seen in Atlanta at the Sweet Gum Head as part of Neely's Doll House Review.



SANDY CHER

"She's one of the most effective stage personalities I've seen!", and "Cher is, by far, the sharpest dresser, most fashionable female impersonator in the south!" are comments most attributed to Sandy Cher. The Horny Bull in Tampa, Florida has been her home base for many a season. Once you get ahold of a good thing, you don't let go. It looks like Cher's in Tampa to stay!

APPLAUSE!



TIFFANY

The entertainer that kept Houston, Texas at her feet is conquering Miami, Florida now at the Warehouse VIII. A great entertainer, he can turn you on as a "pretty" girl, turn around and do a homely comic routine and turn around again to become one of the hunkiest guys anywhere (check our cover, Vol. 3 No. 1). He's even a great Emcee! Is there anything you don't do well, Tiff?

DINA

A real professional who takes her work seriously is the effervescent Dina Jacobs. Dina is currently appearing at Felicia's Baton in Chicago. We haven't been able to see her or hear her sing yet, but we can hear the applause all the way down south!



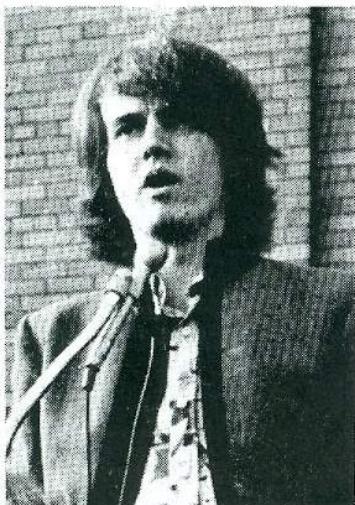
JOANIE

Atlanta, Georgia would never be the same without this hard worker's talents. Joanie has come a long way from her eager beginnings in Florida to keep many a crowd at My House Lounge happy. She dances, twirls the baton, does comic routines and just plain knocks herself out to please. As her favorite song says, "Her equal would be hard to find!"

GAY ACTIVIST RUNS

For-NOT Away From-Political Office

by Jerry Fitzpatrick



JIM OWLES

On February 3rd, Jim Owles, former president of G.A.A. announced his candidacy for the City Council of New York City. Jim is the first proclaimed Gay candidate in New York's history. We went over to talk to Jim and here is the result.

DAVID: When did you first get interested in politics?

OWLES: It was in 1964, I was in high school and worked with the 'Youth for Goldwater' committee. I know that that may sound strange now, but at the time, Goldwater was for individual freedom and less government involvement in personal lives. He was the anti-establishment candidate. We held a rally in the Cow Palace in Chicago and I guess there were about six of us from Chicago. The rest were from Indiana and southern Illinois.

DAVID: When did you move to New York?

OWLES: I moved to New York in April of '69.

DAVID: Were you politically active then?

OWLES: Well the Stonewall Riot happened in June and G.L.F. (Gay Liberation Front) was formed in July. It was a revolutionary group and aligned itself with other minorities. We went after the Village Voice as they referred to us as 'fags' and refused to accept Gay ads. But, there was a lot of in-fighting. The one issue that finally split the group was its endorsement of the Black Panthers. They (the Panthers) were openly hostile to Gays. As a result G.A.A. was born.

DAVID: Weren't you G.A.A.'s first pre-

sident?

OWLES: Yes, I was president from 1970-'71.

DAVID: What were the first zaps?

OWLES: We went down to city hall to demonstrate against police harassment. At that time they were raiding the Continental Baths. We then went after Harper's for the Joseph Epstein article in which he stated "If I could, I would wish homosexuality off the face of the earth." We were pretty successful in both cases.

DAVID: Were you active in 'straight' politics?

OWLES: Yes, I worked for McCarthy in '68. It was weird how many of us had worked for Goldwater. I was the Gay representative to the National Peace Activists Coalition. And, I worked very hard for Bella Abzug. (Jim headed the 'Gays for Bella' committee.)

DAVID: How did you decide to run for City Council?

OWLES: In talking with friends and acquaintances I was convinced that a candidacy could be successful and, hopefully, helpful in raising consciousness.

DAVID: Why did you decide to run?

OWLES: The City Council has abdicated responsibilities much in the same way that Congress has to the executive branch. They are reacting instead of acting. I felt that the district needed somebody who did more than vote right and issue press releases. The district needs someone who is working for the people. For instance, those heavy drug bars that are slowly poisoning the kids, Gay and straight. (A new thing in Gotham are these so called 'juice bars'. They get you at the door for some outrageous entry fee and sell nothing but juice and soda. Of course, for a chaser, there are pills and whatever. The street outside of most of these places looks like skid row with teenagers literally lying in the gutter.) If petitions didn't get them closed down I'd lead a demonstration until they were closed down. Another area is community advisement. Like in the case of the 'Methadone Boat' (Earlier this year the city put a boat at the end of Christopher St. It was a methadone clinic and addicts from all five boroughs converged on the one street. Muggings and robberies became common place until the people marched on the boat and had it removed.) instead of having just one center go into the neighborhoods and set up one for each neighborhood. That way the addicts would be taken care of and each neighborhood would be taking care of its own. Another reason was that I feel that

the people aren't getting adequate services. A council person's office should be open not 9-5 but evenings and weekends so the people can voice their grievances. So collectively, we could fight the red tape and get better garbage pickup and get the heat turned on. A council person has a full time job. There should be no law practice or real estate business on the side so there is no danger of conflict of interest. Give the people who elect you the full time service they deserve.

DAVID: Running as an open Gay, do you expect flak from the straights?

OWLES: This district (Chelsea, Village and East Side) is one of the most educated and, probably cosmopolitan in the country. I can't see that I will receive any significant flak from the supposed 'liberals', at least, not in the open. I'm running as a man who can do the job.

DAVID: What about Gay flak?

OWLES: Strangely enough, I'll probably get a lot of it. The self-styled radicals will be the non-movement Gays, who because of my affiliation with G.A.A., will be those who, because of their own insecurities, will think that a Gay will not be up to the job. That a Gay isn't as good as a sympathetic straight. It took the Blacks a hell of a long time before they realized that a Black could do the same job as a white.

DAVID: Jim, what makes you think that you are qualified for the job?

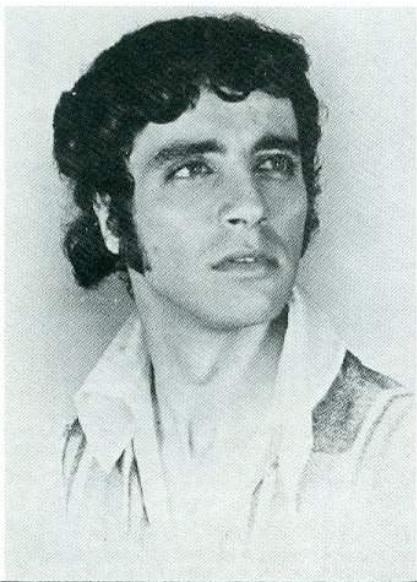
OWLES: I'm willing to put myself on the line. I'll give my time and energy to serve the people. My past activism shows that I'll do more than sit at a desk and collect a salary. I've had experience in dealing with legislators, officers, and groups. And, I've got a 'converts' faith in Manhattan. I'm not a native but I love it and I have the faith in it that I know we can save New York and make it truly what it is cracked up to be.

DAVID: Do you expect Gays to vote for you just because you're Gay?

OWLES: Absolutely not. I expect them to vote for me because they're sure that I'll work my ass off. I'm not going to be a do nothing official. At this point in history, just being 'Gay' isn't that much of a pull for votes. As I said, I'll probably have more trouble convincing the Gays that I can do the job than the straights. I want a vote because I am the best person for the job.

Well, folks, that is Jim Owles. He's convinced me that he's the person for the job, let's see how he fares with the electorate. Good Luck, Jim and God bless. □

CHICAGO



FRED ALEXSON, Mid-West representative
for DAVID and staff writer.

Chicago has begun the new year with quite a lot of excitement with the recent indictment of 24 policemen whose past of shakedowns and harrassment of gays has finally caught up with them. Justice may be long in coming, but it never fails eventually to even things out. In spite of the fact that in the past couple of years things have changed considerably, there are still past debts to be settled before the future can see more progress.

Looking at the bar scene first, things are really buzzing. A hot new bar has opened at 3231 N. Clark St. called "NEW RUTHIES" under fresh new management and ownership and no, it is not the old Ruthies. Its bartender is the very popular Wally formerly of the Alameda and it will be open until 2 A.M. with "Micky" as the D.J. and dancing. Fri., Sat. and Sun. beer will be 25 cents.

The owners of a new private club and restaurant-cocktail bar to be opened at 111 W. Hubbard St. this month called the "BELLFRY" held a special cocktail party for Michael Greer who will be appearing at the BATON for 2 weeks beginning Jan. 17th. Michael Greer will be remembered for his fine performances in "The Gay Deceivers" and "Fortune in Men's Eyes". Invitations were sent out to over 150 people and among those in at-

tendance were Doug, manager of the CLUB CHICAGO and the owners of THE TRIP, Ralph and Dean. The new bar will be opened from 11 A.M. to 12 A.M. serving lunches and dinners by reservation only.

On Feb. 15 & 16 the BATON will hold a Snowflake Queen Contest and the winner will receive \$500. Contestants will be judged on talent, wardrobe, and general appearance. Also "Wanda Lust" is now appearing at the BATON. One can never take him too seriously for his unique style makes you wonder not if he is in drag, but is he for real. Some of his "high camp" skits keep them laughing for days.

Congratulations to Roby Landers who finally has opened her new bar called the "HOUSE OF LANDERS" at 936 Diversey with 6 of the plushest rooms yet for dining, dancing, cruising, and relaxing to some of the city's finest female impersonators.

THE WOODEN BARREL PUB located at 2336 N. Clark is another new and unique bar owned and operated by the famous Britt Brothers, draws a crowd that is never the same—excitingly different every night. The John Britt Players will be opening soon with original live "drag dramas" with the best in comedy and "high camp" to even "campier" songs—a happening to music.

The GLORY HOLE in old town is really packing them in and now features the best in Busby Berkeley and old musical comedy flicks on Thursday evenings. And there are 2 new hunky bartenders exciting the gay community, Dave at THE TRIP and Shawn at the GOLD COAST.

Santa Claus comes in many costumes. Over 600 leather and motorcycle enthusiasts donated toys and cash totalling \$2400 to the Misericordia Home for Retarded Children. It was sponsored by the Chicago

(Continued on Page 49)

THE
INSATIABLE



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LOOKING
AROUND
AT



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

February's frost is in the air and holiday weekends are being planned. Honest Abe and father, George we all thank you for that. I used to look forward to February for it meant another year added to my life. But damn if they aren't coming faster than I'd like now. Each one seems a shorter distance from the last. But, being a romantic, I still look forward to Valentine's Day. The old fashioned mushy cards are my favorite. Please, take note, Mike.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH was the setting for a television documentary being done by N.B.C. It is concerning itself with Gay nightlife. Many of CHARLIE'S customers were interviewed along with some help. YE GADS, that's what I call coming out in a big way. N.B.C. picked one of Gotham's right-on bars and I was really happy about that. Speaking of CHAR-

NEW YORK

LIE'S SOUTH, it will be here that Jim Owles opens his campaign February 10th. Bob and Jerry were kind enough to lend us the room while such talents as Gypsy, Joey Cord and Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton will be on hand to entertain for the fund raising. New York Gays are really starting to get it all together.

TRYSTING PLACE out in Kew Gardens has made the big leap into the world of 'discos'. Richard has really gone all out and his customers are showing their appreciation. The place is Mobbed!!!!

Jimmy from BETSY ROSS has had more than his share of proposals since appearing in these pages in the December issue. Proprietors Micky and Pete are very proud of their boy.

Ms. Gwen Saunders hosted the January Bar Awards at the ALIBI. It was a gala affair with Gypsy doing the honors as M.C. The super talents, Savoy and Sexton performing. (Johnny's Fanny Brice and Judy's W.C. Fields were hilarious. A departure from their usually dynamite, straight singing act.) And, for the topper there was Mr. Lynne Carter doing Ms. Bette Davis in his inimitable way. The winners were: Best Bartender, Billy Herna; Best Barmaid, Lee Schwartz (HARRY'S); Best Waiter, Michael Gonzales; Best Waitress, Rusty (LIB). The day's biggest hands went to Eddy (Mother) Rice on his arrival and a special award to my brother, Carl Mathis (NEW JIMMY'S). BRAVO!!

SINGLES is doing a capacity business.

Johnny Vincent along with singer-hostess, Phyliss are two of the big reasons for this bistro's popularity.

The YUKON's dance policy has really livened the place up. Roy and Buddy are two guys who know how to keep the fun going and I recommend this old favorite highly.

FREE IN '73: This is a motto that was given to me by a dear friend who had been going through some personal hell trying to free herself from the fear of just being a woman. This beautiful girl had been fighting the natural urges of her body. Trapped by convention and Holy Mother Church she felt there was something wrong in that she felt sexual urges so strongly. My friend has gotten her head together after a long, long period of self searching. She now realizes that sexual urges are quite natural and not something evil. I hope that none of you have some of these guilt feelings. If you do, do as my friend. Do a little soul searching. Accept your sexuality as a God given gift. It is nothing to be ashamed of. Get it together and then you will be "free in '73".

Happy Valentine's Day to all,
Peace & Love,
je



Lynne Carter as Bette Davis



Johnny Savoy as Fanny Brice



Judy Sexton as W.C. Fields



CARMEN!



Originally from Chicago, our new MISS DAVID staged her debut as a female impersonator at the Blue Dahlia in the windy city in 1970 at the ripe age of 19. She then went on to do the first show ever done at Sparrows then toured the country with Danny Windsor's famed Fantastiks for 2 years.

Carmen is probably best known for her authentic looking belly dance but she loves the Juliet Prowse image and works toward that end as much as possible.

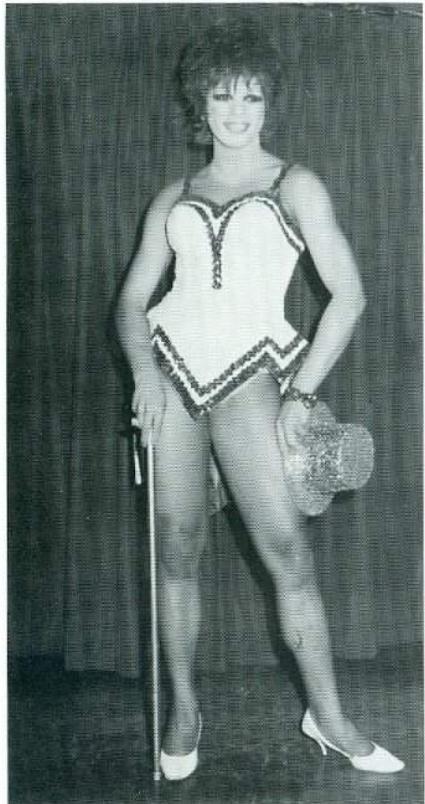
Currently Carmen is attending Jack Eppley's School of Dancing in Atlanta along with several other members of T.H.I. Inc., a travelling showgroup which includes Al Phillips (the current Mr. David), Chuck Dean, Leslie Newman and Sabrina, all entertainers from Atlanta.

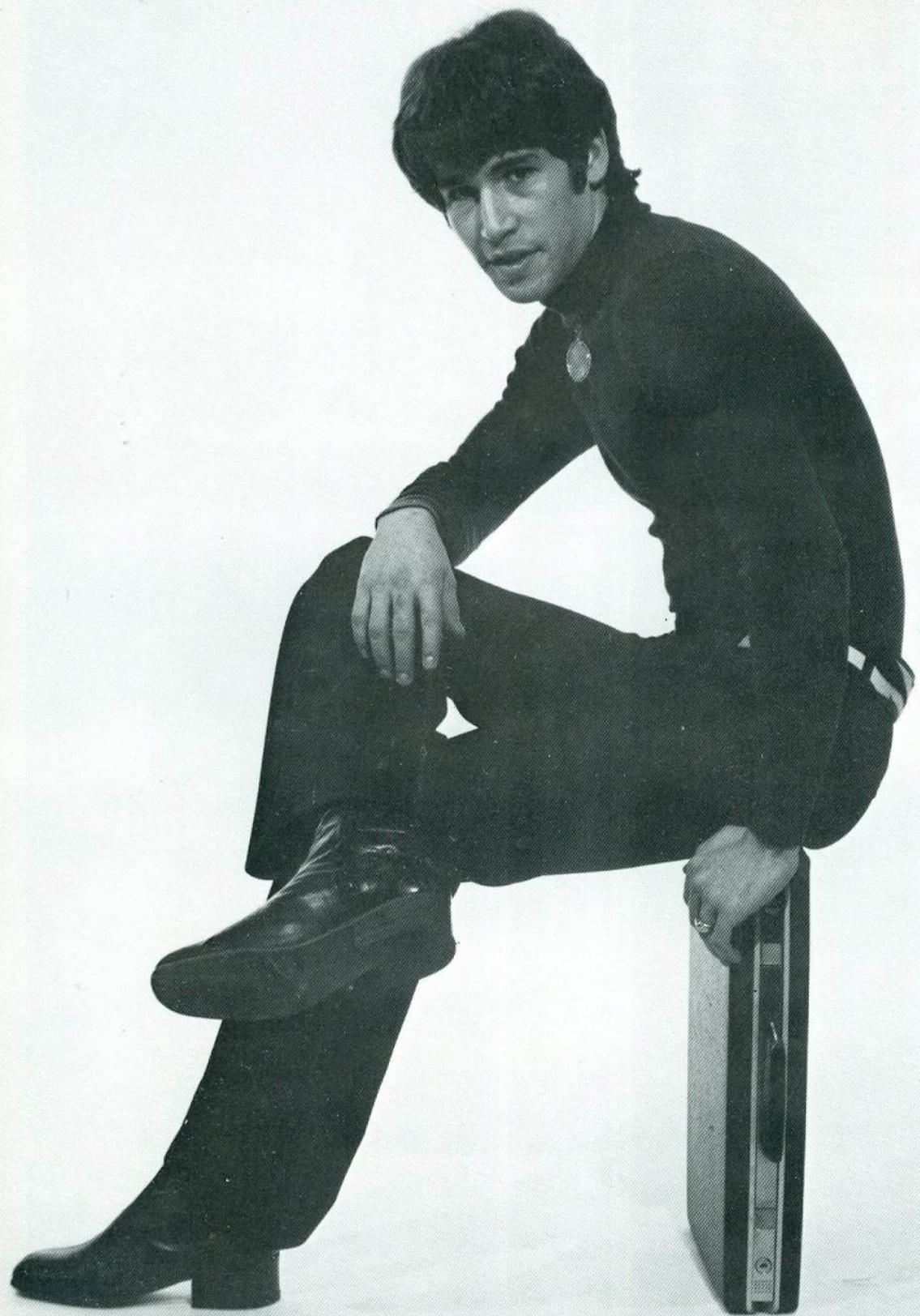
The group is currently performing at MY HOUSE in Atlanta and the SCORPIO CLUB in Charlotte.

"I'm really looking forward to getting back on the road again to play places like New York, Chicago and my biggest dream is to someday play Las Vegas", she says.

Carmen likes her men to be versatile with a "good head on their shoulders" and she digs "smooth talkers"

"What I would like more than anything else right now," she said, "is the gown I wore for the contest in Texas to be returned. It's the one I wore for the pictures in DAVID last month. Someone ripped it off and I'd even give a reward to get it back." □





AL PHILLIPS,

MR. DAVID, 1972-73



DAVID:FEBRUARY 1973

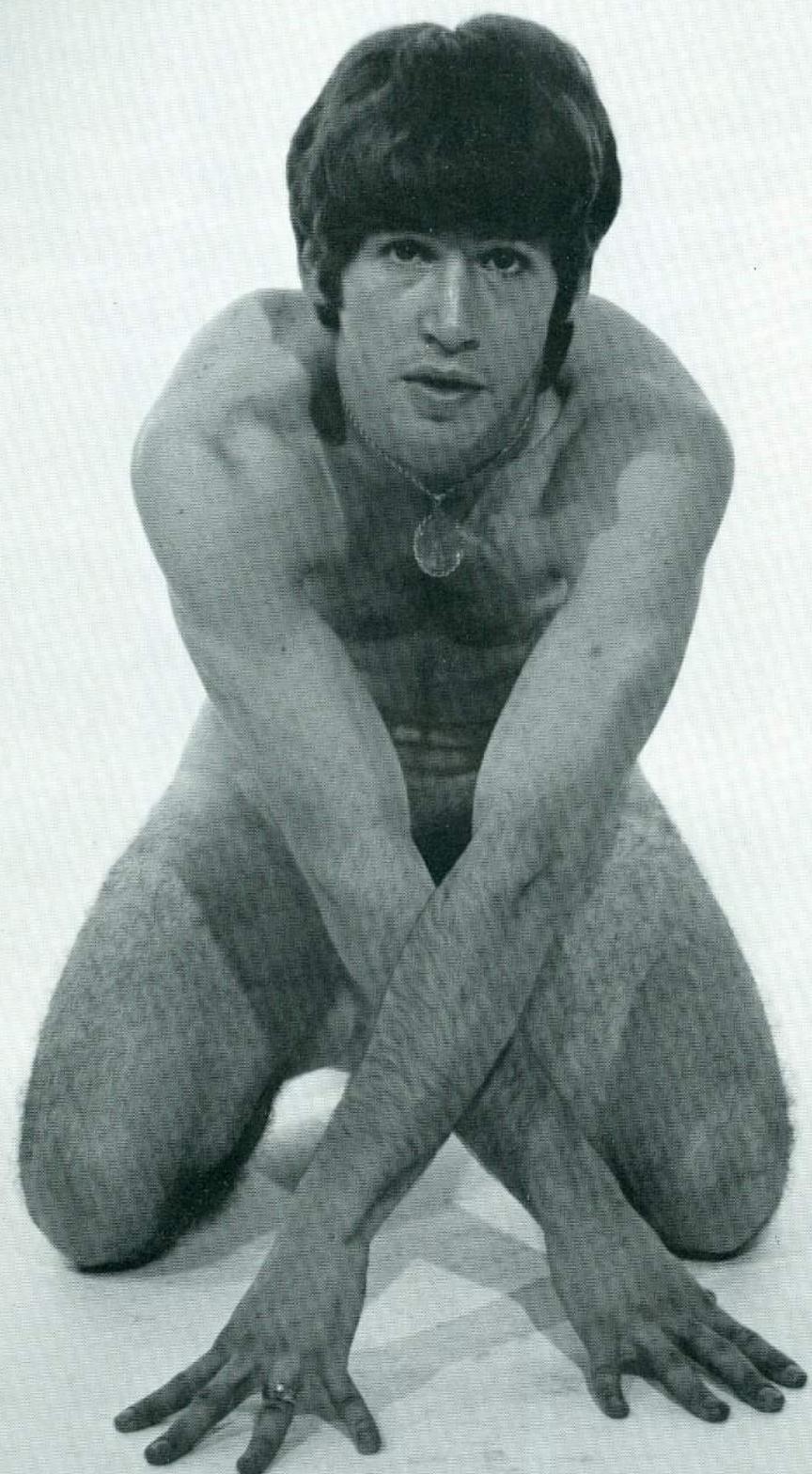
Our reigning MR. DAVID, AL PHILLIPS stays busy. If he's not home feeding his pet lioness, Pyewacket, he's at dance rehearsals for T.H.I.'s production of George M, or preparing for modelling assignments such as those on this page.

No matter how busy though, Al manages to keep a pleasant disposition and happy smile. We're glad he's smiling in our direction!









JOKE worth repeating



Did you hear about the Black guy that wanted to become white? Well, he went to the doctor with his request and the doctor's reply was, "You've got to be kidding! The best I can do for you is to take out $\frac{1}{4}$ of your brain. That would make you a dumb polack."

The black was hesitant, but he had made up his mind. The operation would take place.

After the operation, the doctor came in to check on his patient. "How do you

feel today?"

"O.K. I guess," was the reply.

"Well, the reason I was curious", said the doctor, "Was that during the operation, we kinda got carried away and instead of one-fourth of your brain, we removed one-half."

All the black guy could manage to say was, "Mama Mia!"

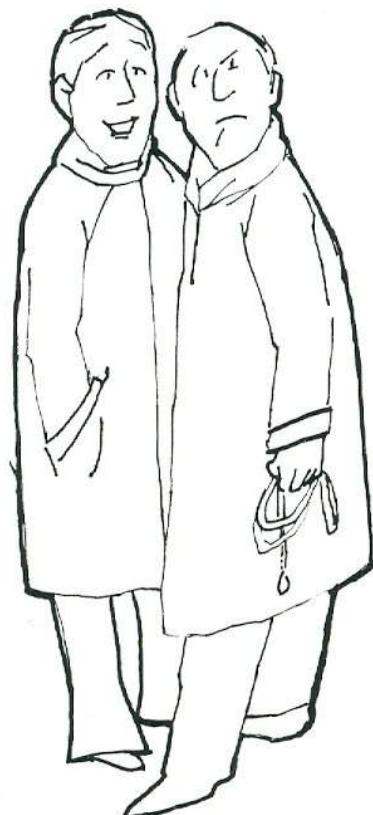
The above joke won the Archie Bunker award for 1972.

Lover No. 1: The two best things I make are chocolate cake and liver dumplings.

Lover No. 2: Well, which is this?

He—Are you going to Skipper's party?
Him: No I have some business to attend to.

He—I didn't get invited either.



"I SEE YOUR PUPPY'S ALREADY PICKED UP SOME OF YOUR BAD HABITS"

MACON

The town's landmark, ANNIE's TIC-TOC LOUNGE has been under new management since August of last year. Margaret and Felton will be there to meet your needs now for those who haven't been in the area for a while. If you have, you already know how friendly they can be.

The WE THREE LOUNGE has been working hard at keeping fresh new entertainment coming to town. Their Friday night shows have featured some of the best entertainment in the southland from time to time.

MIAMI

The WAREHOUSE VIII has just recently opened a new show starring the well known and very talented Tiffany Jones.

Tiffany has done several guest spots at the Warehouse before and, as many of DAVID's readers in Chicago or Texas can testify, South Florida is lucky indeed to have captured her.

Assisting Tiffany are some of Miami's finest local talents; Noly (don't miss her as Cher), Shalimar (one of the most dazzling personalities on stage anywhere) and the delightful, delinquent Daphne Delight. Among the many guests at the Warehouse recently have been Felicia (from the Baton in Chicago), Scaggnoilia the Great (the sex symbol? of last month's DAVID) and her faithful companion, Rat Lady.

MIAMI BEACH

We're glad to see hunky Barry is spending more time at the AMBASSADOR'S III in Miami Beach. We're still trying to get his beautiful form to grace one of our future covers. One of these days we'll succeed.

Freddy's Piano bar has closed and the notorious blonde (Freddy) is back at the Alley Room, (it's really been his home all along).

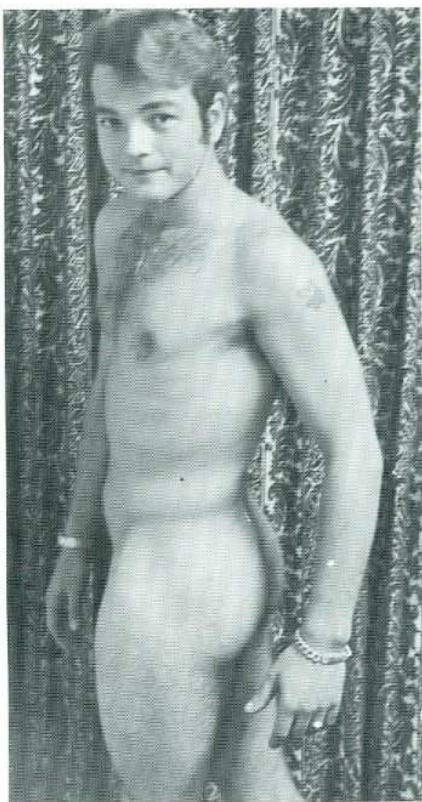
DAYTONA BEACH

The YUM YUM TREE has changed hands again! This time to two very attractive brothers who have people traveling miles already just to look at them. They appear to be good businessmen. Maybe this time, as the song goes, they're gonna win! Check out DAMION's YUM YUM TREE. It'll be worth your while.

Baths in Daytona! Finally! The EL ROMAN SAUNA just opened up on Main Street, Daytona Beach and is already doing a whale of a business just on local traffic, Orlando and Jacksonville. Imagine what it'll be like when the season hits! A good, clean, well run place.

Candy Jo is back home at the CLUB HOLLYWOOD and she claims she's glad to be there. "I realized I made a mistake when I was packing my bags to go", she said. In any case, you can bet, Daytona's glad to have her back.

A welcome addition to the Hollywood is the handsome lad pictured here. Bill



IMPORTANT NOTICE

The second annual Miss Gay America Pageant will be held in Nashville, Tennessee in May, 1973.

Prizes totaling more than \$10,000 will be awarded. Miss Gay America will receive \$2,000 cash and a 1973 Pontiac.

State wide pageants are being held in many states to choose entries. Watch for news of pageants in your area.

Parties interested in holding a pageant in their area please contact:

Miss Gay America Pageant, Inc.
139 Second Avenue, North
Nashville, Tennessee 37201
Attn: Jerry Peek, Chairman

Miss Gay America of 1972, Miss Norma Kristie is available for guest appearances at local pageants. Also assistance in planning is available from Miss Gay America Headquarters.



MONDAY NITE—LADIES NITE
TUESDAY NITE—BOYS NITE
DRINKS 75c

SUNDAY—BEER BUST
All Eats and Drinks(Beer)
— \$1.50 per Person

Cocktail Hour 5pm to 8pm
Buffet Every Wednesday 10pm til ?

DANCING
ENTERTAINMENT
OPEN 5 P.M. to 5 A.M.
531-9158

flew him down all the way from Chicago and now you couldn't pry him away with a crowbar. I guess it's just Hollywood magic. This year, in addition to the traditional Miss Dixieland Contest at the Hollywood this April, Bill and Frank are producing the first Mr. Dixieland Contest. Happening during the Easter vacations, this one should be chock full of beefcake!

PHILADELPHIA

The Philly scene remains one of the liveliest in the country. Two big dance palaces dominate the scene; the STEPS and the ALLEGRO and both stay jam-packed. The Steps just celebrated their

first anniversary with a wild party. The back bar downstairs was decorated as a huge cake and it wasn't 4 and 20 blackbirds jumping out of it. It was fun-time when bikini clad males appeared from the depths of this particular cake.

Plans have been set for Mardi Gras Nite at the Steps on March 6th, complete with a costume contest. Should be a fun nite.

The ALLEGRO manages to capture an atmosphere to suit every taste. A real cruisy rectangular bar downstairs; a plush quiet bar on the second floor with the D.J. Discoteque and flashing lights on the third floor.

The customers look like they've been keeping in great shape travelling from floor to floor. Up and down. Up and down. It's great!

The Allegro also does a great job of entertaining with a good selection of the classical great movies, past and present.

ATLANTA

Chuck Cain is opening back up in Atlanta! From what we're told so far, this new place will be a small Hotel with 65 rooms, 3 bars (one by the pool), sauna and restaurant. You could check in over

(Continued on Page 54)

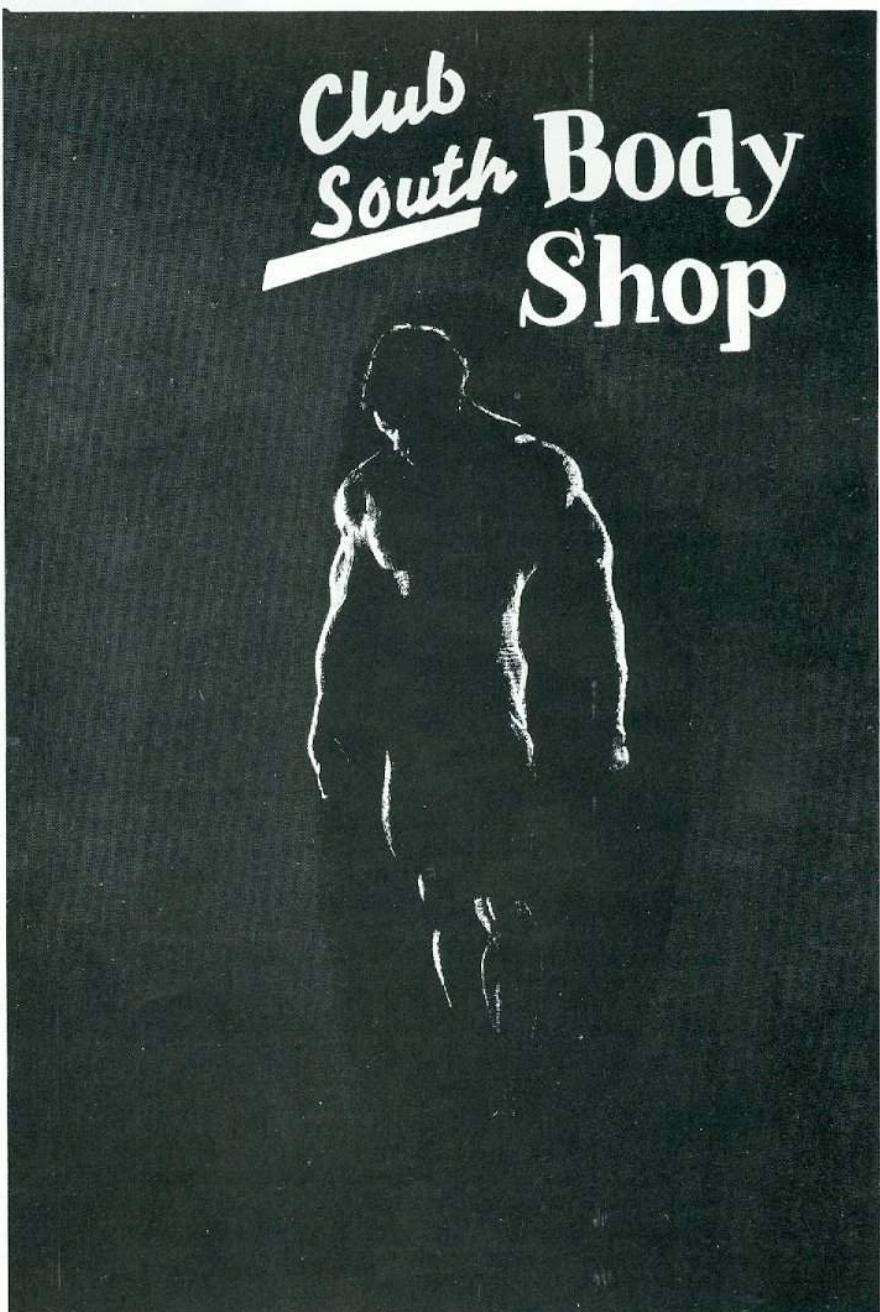
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Gratitude

*thank you, bitch
- not for breaking my heart -
but for the promise preceding the
break...*

*i was so hungry i had to eat anything
even false promise
it wasn't nourishing
but it gave me something
to chew on*

Eugene Robert Platt

Reprint Courtesy of
Homosexual Information Center
TANGENTS
Jan-Mar 1970

The cheerful looking group of young groovies on the opposite page are the contestants that entered the MR. CLUB MIAMI contest recently. At right are the two happy winners, August and John. August also graces our cover this month in a sensitive photo by David Vance. A closer look at John may be found on page 74 of this issue.

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**OPEN 7 DAYS - B.Y.O.B.
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CHICAGO (Continued from page 33)

Knights Motorcycle Club and held at the GOLD COAST which gave 10% of it's proceeds as a Christmas Gift.

In the "Pit" at the GOLD COAST is a very popular shop called the "Leather Cell". Bob Maddox and Frank Goley, two handsome studs will gladly show you their wares—a wide variety of belts, bands, buckles, "napkin rings", "silver bullets" and custom made leather goods to choose from.

The second edition of Chicago's Gay Directory giving complete and accurate listings of gay churches, groups, bars, and restaurants, published by a non-profit organization of concerned gays can be obtained thru the UP NORTH BAR. Copies are complimentary.

Finally, although the indictment of 24 policemen for alleged intimidation and exploitation of gays and their establishments in the Chicago Avenue District from 1966-1970 is not a conviction or admission of guilt, it is a beginning to justice and a promise that the changes in attitudes in the last 2 years will continue to win gay people through sensible action their rights to exist.

It looks like '1973' will be a year of more freedom and justice and life for gays everywhere.

Fred Alexson

**TONITE'S
the
Nite!**

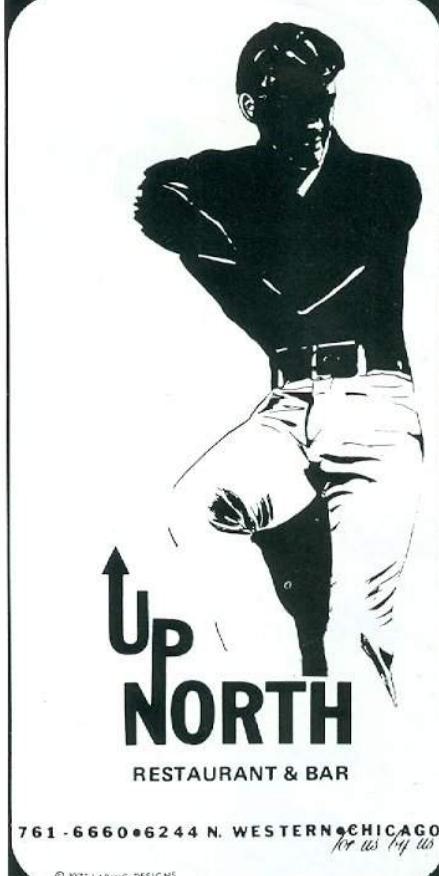
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The editors of DAVID were grateful guests of the INTERNATIONAL SERIES for MARLENE DIETRICH's opening nite in Miami recently.

No photography was permitted and conversation with Ms Dietrich was necessarily limited but the evening was thoroughly enjoyable and surprisingly educational.

Ms. Dietrich was charming, poised, lovable, candid and every fibre of her being glowed with the stuff that makes an entertainer great and makes Marlene Dietrich the World's First Lady.

It was fascinating to watch this 72 year old legend come on softly and ease her way into the hearts of all in the audience to emerge victorious as she must have for each of her hundreds of appearances in her lifetime.

She made it obvious she is living for the appreciation shown by her fans and everyone, old fans and new, gladly, willingly, and enthusiastically obliged.

One of the most impressive facets of the evening was the complete, total respect proffered by the entire audience for the Superstar. The same people that rudely pushed their way through the traffic, to the boxoffice suddenly appeared to be magically transformed into gentle, loving admirers. An itch being scratched on someone's nose could have been heard throughout the auditorium when Marlene

the SWEET GUM HEAD

ATLANTA'S SHOWPLACE

Featuring:

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Revue

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also don't miss

*Wayland
Flowers
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was performing.

At the stage door, afterwards, people milled and pushed for advantageous positions but when the lady appeared, these same people respectfully took turns congratulating Ms Dietrich for another superb performance. Even in the bustling world outside the auditorium, when Marlene spoke to acknowledge her fans individually in her husky but soft voice, it could be heard above the silence as welcome as a breath of fresh air above the ghettos.

We are indeed grateful to Ms Dietrich and the International Series not only for an entertaining evening, but for showing us that people don't have to act like people.

Michael Greer, who has been taking the country by storm with his up-tempo night club act and his "Tallulah in Heaven" album (released by RipRap Records) is scheduled to open at Miami's Warehouse VIII on February 14th for a one week engagement (possibly two). If you haven't seen this dynamite show, Southland, now's your chance! Don't miss it !



An advertisement for "The Cove". The main image is a black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, smiling. To his left, the word "The" is written in a small, cursive font above the large, bold, stylized word "Cove". To his right, the text "Atlanta's Favorite Cruise Bar!" is written in a cursive, handwritten style. Below the portrait, the words "Mixed Drinks" and "Dancing" are written in a cursive, handwritten style, positioned on either side of the man's shoulders. At the bottom, the address "586 Worcester Drive N.E." and the phone number "(404) 876-9542" are printed in a large, bold, sans-serif font.

GAY INSIDER (Continued from page 14) (not paid all his advance royalties nor headed when he asked that massive corrections be made on the page proofs); (2) absence of reviews in both gay and straight press (GAY and the VOICE gave Hunter's first book lots of favorable publicity, and the first printing was gone in three weeks); and (3) the straight publisher's "incompetence" in reaching the gay consumer and promoting a gay commodity.

"However, I don't want to put down the readers who dig U.S.A. despite the gross errors," Hunter said, pointing out that "rave" fan mail has begun to arrive from beyond New York. "I just want my brothers to know that I myself wouldn't buy it as a guidebook, that it's missing a lot of things I wrote and that the thousands of insulting typos and misspellings resulted because the publisher ignored my careful proof-reading."

What's the "worst" thing about U.S.A. according to the author himself?

The table of contents doesn't match the interior, and Hunter's original table of contents guide to each section is missing, along with promised running heads, so that it's difficult to find anything in the 628 pages.

"I'm just as concerned about the subtler errors—and they are legion," Hunter laments. "My 'favorite' of these appears on page 502 in the New York directory—which, incidentally, omits every city in the state from Albany on down until New York City, including Fire Island and Long Island!"

The paragraph reads: "Walter (Kent) made the first substantial contribution to the treasury (?), hopes only to be remembered in their (?) future sanctuary (whose?) with a little plague (sic) that designates him as an 'honorary homosexual'."

Hunter was referring to MCC/NY, which Walter Kent's largeness helped to get started. Stonehill arbitrarily took out the MCC/NY antecedent, Hunter alleges.

"You could introduce a new game in referring to U.S.A., one called Find-the-Antecedent," Hunter wails, shaking his head, "but it's the only book yet that combines an organizational directory with a catalogue of bars, et cetera, and so it's too bad I can't be proud of it. There's so much of value, I think."

He's calling for gays who come across books without tape-ups to write him at Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023, if they are willing to send him their affidavit.

"But for God's sake, don't buy it for that reason!" he admonishes. "And don't give anyone the impression I condone sales of this Frankenstein's monster."



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RON & GARY

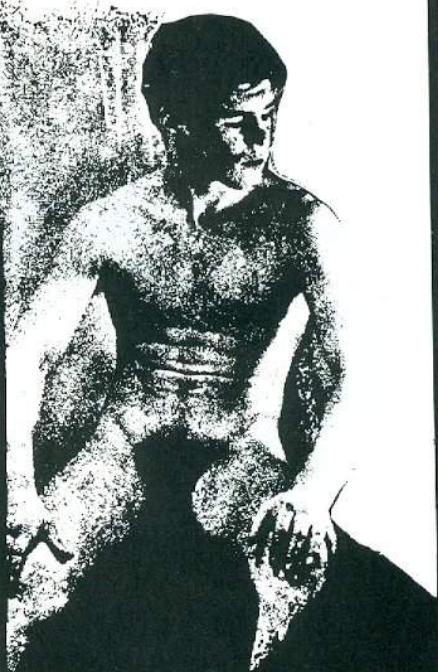


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DELMONICO's sets the mood.... The pleasures of the senses that contribute to the enjoyment of life. Surrender to its distinctive, historic atmosphere.... Located in the heart of "Old Town" Key West, DELMONICO's, established 1862, is the place to gather.

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* Fine Liquors, Beers and Wines

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

DAVID:FEBRUARY 1973

NANETTE (Continued from page 29)

adolescent just beginning to reach manhood well. Both complement each other perfectly vocally as well as in appearance. As with all the members of the cast, they dance very well, but it is in the duets of "I've Confessed to the Breeze" and "Waiting For You" that they are permitted to truly demonstrate their fine acting and singing abilities.

The chorus of Dancer-Singers were used to drape the sets in various stylized poses and, at times, became very effective working scenery. The incredible style and precision with which the New Busby Berkeley Girls dance the big tap routines and other dances of the era make one look to check if a few of the originals

may still be in the line up.

If the original *No, No, Nanette* was as spritely and enjoyable then, as it is now, it's no wonder it has survived to become probably a classic in the American Musical Theatre. With 270 costumes in the production worn in the precise manner and attitude by the marvelous cast, it's a fun trip back in time; a fashion show of exceptionally tailored costumes depicting the fabulous roaring 20's.

Chicago audiences first enjoyed this classic musical at the Harris Theater in 1924 and now, fifty years later, it's still drawing enthusiastic crowds at the Shubert Theater where it is enjoying an indefinite run. Don't miss a glimpse of yesterday's fun today and the possibility of a mighty nice memory tomorrow! □



CYNTHIA PARVA AND BILL BISKUP IN *NO, NO, NANETTE*

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Dayton's newest and most exciting 'in' spot. Dancing and fun in a friendly place.



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THE LARGEST SHOW BAR IN THE SOUTHWEST

THE PLANTATION
215 MILAM (IN OLD MARKET SQUARE) 222-6655

LOOKING (Continued from page 45)
the weekend and never have to leave the
premises for a good time.
Check next month's DAVID for details.

DETROIT

Andy at the WOODWARD has been promising for years and it's finally happened. The building next door has been opened, and this doubles their size. The room was opened the first of February with a large crowd to make this another fantastic WOODWARD. This is Detroit's oldest bar in one location and cruising has been going on here for 20 years.

One of Andy's favorite expressions is, "Grab a nice one....Something here for everybody." And there always is.

This is the busiest gay area in the city with the CLUB BATHS only three blocks away and many other kinky gay bars close by.

GREENVILLE

The groovy looking male below is Joe, bartender at the PATIO in, of all places, Greenville, South Carolina. And all this time you probably thought you had to go to the big city to see the humpy ones. Greenville's FULL OF THEM !

Joe is a 24 year old Pisces with a strong Aquarian influence and a beeeyootiful smile. See you in Greenville! □

MON - FRI 9 - 5
SAT 9 - 1

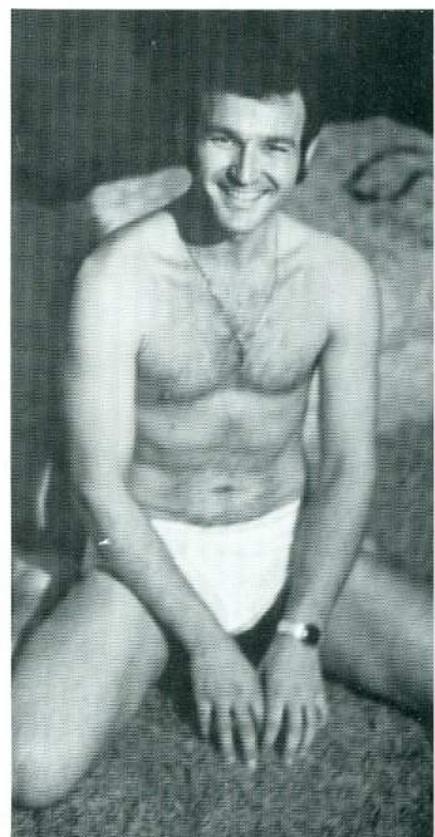
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VICE PRESIDENT



LETTERS (Continued from page 7)

of the club is Caballero Corvette Club. The main purpose of the club is for guys in Illinois to be able to meet other guys all over the U.S. with something more in common than being gay. We are planning on having a National Convention once a year, perhaps Ft. Lauderdale at Easter or something along that line. After we become organized maybe we could have pen pals among us, etc. Also we are going to need a membership chairman for every largely populated area so that maybe they can set up area clubs so they could have more frequent activities.

A Corvette has to be "the car" for a gay guy. It is unbelievable how many straight beautiful guys you can catch cruising you. You can drive up in the middle of a crowd, get out and invariably someone will start a conversation about your car, and from there on the conversation can go anywhere you lead it.

I have belonged to a straight Corvette club for a long time and so have many of my gay friends. We figure there must be many more like us who would rather belong to a gay club, but don't know any other Corvette owners who are gay.

I would be happy to give details to anyone who would be interested in joining us. Sincerely,

C.J.
P.O. Box 842
Rockford, Ill. 61102

Dear David:

I would like to say thank you for publishing a magazine such as DAVID. I was in Jacksonville last week and I picked up a copy at the Fountainhead. I am a homosexual and I'm not ashamed to be called

such. I can honestly say that I'm Gay and Proud, and feel that many of my brothers and sisters that read DAVID feel the same as I do. I've heard a lot about changing from gay to straight. I even tried it once, but I found that gay love is much deeper and greater than hetero love. So I didn't change and wouldn't if I could. I had a hard time at it at first, but I am adjusted to being gay now. I do live in a small town that looks down on homosexuals but maybe someday soon our rights will be considered and given back to us so we'll no longer be con-

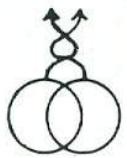
sidered second class citizens of this country but equal, which we are and should be. I thank God for our people who are standing up and speaking out for us as a whole. I'm 21 years old and I'll live to see our people liberated. I would like to hear from DAVID or some of my brothers and sisters who'll give me an idea on how to fight the laws against homosexuality in my state, Georgia.

Sincerely your friend,
Jimmie Adams
P.O. Box 144
Pearson, Ga. 31642

□



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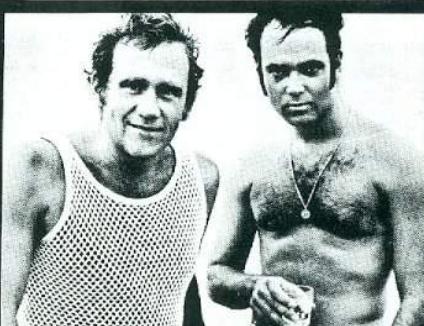


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- FREE CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST



Relaxing on the patio of the Club Caleta in San Juan, Puerto Rico, are Terry and Steve, the owners and managers of the guest house. (Photo by Jack Mitchell)

ST. LOUIS

THE FRENCH MARKET has a sing-a-long cocktail hour on Sundays and most people stay thru dinner.

THE RED BULL—Jerry Edwards is the impetus behind the remodeling that is being done upstairs. New stage, better lighting, increased seating capacity, new floor and extended bar.

MILWAUKEE

The NEW JAMIES (Old Castaways) will

have a grand opening Jan. 15 & 16th, Mon. & Tues. Evenings. Fri. and Sat., disc jockey Josie will spin any record that turns you on. Jamie, Milwaukee's favorite is your bartender.

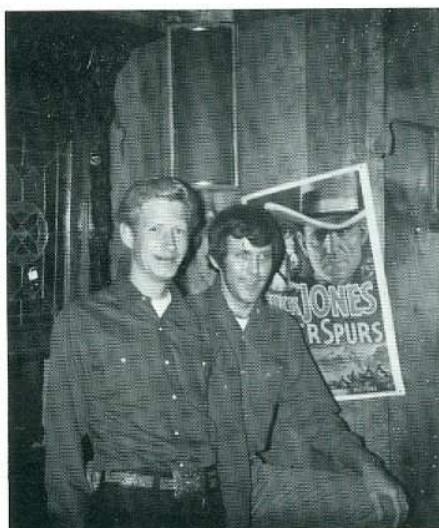
The WRECK ROOM held a 19 hour dance marathon lasting 3 days to start the New Year off right and it was a huge success. MICHELLE's (formerly The Stud) is new popular show bar—with hotel accomodations and restaurant with minimum prices and no cover charge. Hours are from 11 A.M. until 2 A.M. with stage shows and band.

The ENCORE
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featuring:
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dancing
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special two-for-one
Monday through Saturday 5-7 pm
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free house drinks Sundays from 3 to 6 pm
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Your Hosts: Tex, Joe, Ray, Don, Joe
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EL TOGA — 5563 Jacksboro Hwy. (Moving soon) Ft. Worth's only mixed drink bar.
LIL' ELVIRA'S — 5563 Jacksboro Hwy. (also moving) Shows, B.Y.O.B. younguys.
THE OTHER PLACE — East Lancaster. Dancing, Beer.

PHOENIX

There is something for everyone's taste in Phoenix, Arizona. There is the typically western bar such as the NU-TOWNE SALOON with atmosphere galore, from various types of western gear hanging from the ceiling to the saw dust covered floor. Your hosts are Larry and



(left to right) Larry and Gayle

Gayle, owner is Dennis and the bartender is Ken. They all make you feel welcome on every visit. For your enjoyment there is a large dance floor, free Bar BQ's every Sunday, Beer Bust on Mondays and after hours on week-ends.

If your taste is more on the elegant side, there is DIAMOND LIL'S, a plush bar that makes its patrons feel right at home with dancing. Your host is Bob.

For a change of pace, in the nautical vein there's the S.S. JUG, with owner Rick and your host is Joe making your visit a joyous one, with a spacious dance floor, live bands and after hours on week-ends.

For the younger crowd we have the SPORTSMEN LOUNGE with light shows and rock music for your dancing enjoyment.

Next month I'll introduce you to the other great night spots in Phoenix. Here's hoping you'll be visiting soon. I know you'll have a ball.
Mick

patronize
DAVID'S
advertisers

NORTH CAROLINA

THE ELECTRIC CO.—North Carolina's most fantastic Gay Night Club. It's the newest most unique and the largest gay night club ever presented in the Carolina's, and the entire East Coast of the United States.

Modeled after the notorious ELECTRIC CIRCUS of the East Village, this latest in nite club entertainment combines a live drummer with a discotheque and complete light show to create a "highly sophisticated electronic enviroment".

Located in the Eastgate Shopping Center, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the club from the outside is a reasonably conventional building with white brick, black trim, and bright red doors. On the inside, however, the picture is a bit different. Everything twists, turns and explodes with light.

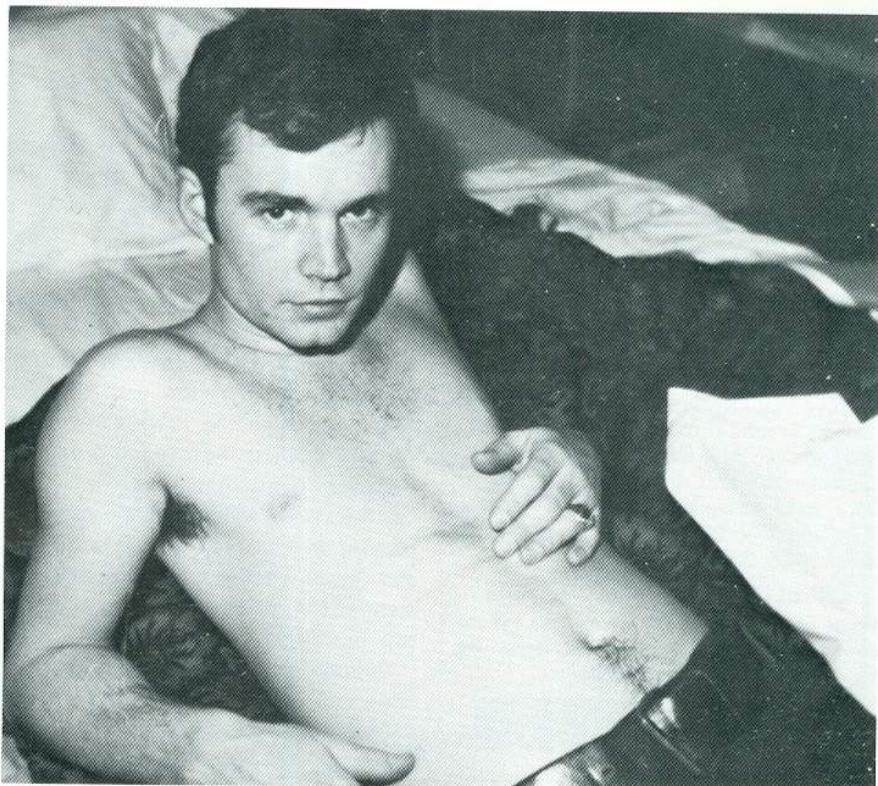
Even the dance floor contributes to the visual insanity. Lit from underneath by fluorescent green, blue and red bulbs, it flashes in alternating sequential patterns that are quite bizarre. And yet, this is only part of the over-all effect, for overhead are synchronized strobes. When they go on, their ghostly flutters of light, filtering through the colors below, transforms the dancers to a slow motion mass of writhing limbs and contorted bodies.

At the same time, the regular light show is in full swing. Pulsating liquid colors, color slides, and a variety of films are projected from a console raised high above the floor, the light show covers 1000 square feet of movie-screen on two walls. Despite all this, the club is always looking for new effects and equipment and new ideas.

THE ELECTRIC CO. will make hotel reservations for out of towners, if they will call first.

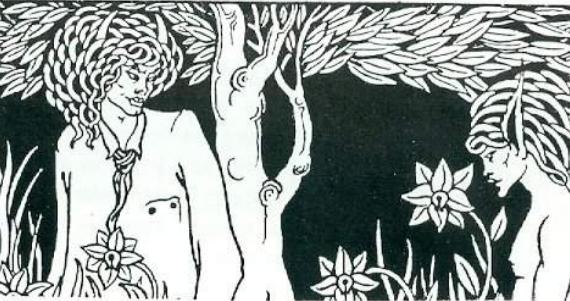
A reception was unexpectedly scheduled for one of DAVID's editors Wednesday, 17th of last month. We apologize for missing this event but were pleased with the warm welcome the following Friday.

We agree, the overall atmosphere of this unique club is in itself an orgy of entertainment. You must see it to believe it.



This sexy guy is Pete, one of the weekend bartenders at the Electric Company Nite Club in Chapel Hill, No. Carolina.

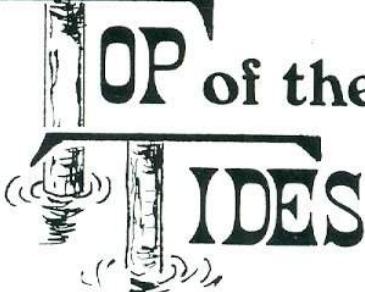
Knoxville's
Foremost and
Shows
Dancing



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...cruising down the river....



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EXCELLENT FOR ART CLASSES

Movie photos too, mostly love scenes and rear nudes of Herren, Reed & Bates, Roundtree, Harris, Voight, C. Jones, Bucholtz.

Art Studies, 171 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass. 02215. Buy, swap.

Why risk losing your favorite polaroid, snapshot, magazine pictures, slides, etc.?—Convert to 8 x 10 glossies-\$5 (3=\$10)
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

PIG (Continued from Page 15)

and (to many) someone in authority to be feared—but to most very misunderstood.

They are all members of the Chicago Police Force: a target of more sensationalized national attention than any other in the country. It has been said that Chicago is a "Police State", "Don't screw with Chicago Cops—They're tough bastards". Sure they are tough, but isn't the era we are living in now—the aggressive 70's—also tough? Maybe somehow with toughness comes understanding. In spite of violence, we still seem to be making progress in relating to one another.

A few years ago, the homosexual was plagued with fear. Now he is being heard and slowly winning his right to exist. The state of Illinois was the first to pioneer in this liberation.

"Illinois state vice laws are the most lenient to be found anywhere. Homosexuality between two consenting adults is not considered illegal, but we are obligated to uphold the laws in the community and the people who violate them are a threat to our jobs. We don't view homosexuals as criminals any more than traffic violators. They are not any more or less trouble than anyone else. We have grown beyond and become more sophisticated and realistic in our thinking. A homosexual's life style is no real concern to the Police Dept. unless he breaks the law. Our prime concern is protecting them from themselves and from being victimized and with other street crimes in priority, we couldn't justify our time Downtown (headquarters) in trying to harass or entrap homosexuals.", states Commander Rae.

"Since pre-war times it has been known that the area between Armitage and Foster is where the gay community is most concentrated in Chicago", adds Sgt. Bullerman. "The gay people made the Old Town area. They commercialized it, improved it, and patronized it and now they are doing the same thing here, in the New Town area."

Officer Hip is one of the policemen who covers this New Town district. He is the cop on the beat who takes care of everything from lost dogs to homicides. This good looking, soft-spoken, mild mannered young man is one of the new breed of policemen particularly responsible for the change in attitude between the police force

and the public. Although his thinking is different from policemen of yesterday, his responsibility is not. He must still enforce the law right or wrong as it may be.

His job is tough but his private life is very average. He sticks with his own kind—fellow officers—and has two of them as roommates. "My roommates wait for my day off because I do the cooking. I learned how in the Navy", states Officer Hip, who obviously enjoys it. The 3 of them live in a modestly furnished, but comfortable apartment on the North side of Chicago.

Policemen are in a separate minority group of their own, not by choice but by others who see them only as "cops" and not as people. "I laugh when some people call me 'Pig'. I could care less what these people think of me. I'm doing my job and I know what I am and so do the people who know me. They are the ones who count. It is the kind of job where you can't always show as much compassion as you would like. You have to cut off your feelings. I don't like people who break the law or who make a profit off other people's physical needs or weaknesses. I try to live by common sense and can't see getting my tits in an uproar about most things in life. I treat an individual as he wants to be treated, or as he treats me. If he gets cocky, I get cocky. I have to keep the command."

Officer Hip is the kind of man who is both a lady's man and a man who other men admire and respect. In uniform, he presents a very masculine image of authority and power, and although he has never been propositioned while working, he has been many times while off duty. "You can tell by the questions used. Usually it is, 'Nice night out' or 'Do you have the time?' But I won't let it go any further because I have no interest. Homosexuality comes back to individual taste and preference. I could care less myself."

I leave my job in my locker. I consider myself a rather loose, liberal-minded individual. I get my kicks, I like to drink, I like my women, sex and fast cars. I've been to Sparrows (drag show bar) with dates and seen female impersonators, like Jackie Knight and Roby Landers who once put a guy down for mouthing off."

"In the early fifties, when I was younger, if a guy was gay and came into the neighborhood, there was a good chance he would get 'jack-rolled'. The kids used to

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ridicule and make fun of them. The younger people today have changed. Then, I wouldn't have anything to do with them, (homosexuals), but as you get older you redefine your values and find other things are more important. Homosexuality is a part of life."

The only real concern of the law today is protecting homosexuals from themselves, not to dictate who can one love or sleep with if he is of age. "Sometimes we have problems with quarreling lovers who claim they have been ripped off. There have been cases where a husband and wife are brought into the station and we find the wife is a guy in drag. Drags are not usually bothered unless they are soliciting," states Commander Rae.

Is the Pig a Pig? or is he just a guy sworn to do his job or upholding the laws that we the public have made. Can we blame him for enforcing them, when this is what we hired him to do. Lets liberate the policeman by changing old unreasonable laws and making new ones that protect all individuals sensibly. Policemen are people, and people need people.

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HOURS: SEE INDEX

MALE MODEL (*Continued from page 11*)

yet, I knew, heaven was just around the corner. That's the kind of boy I am. And sooner or later everybody found out. I never held anything back, especially my heart.

I was standing on the corner (but not selling it you understand) when this guy in a wheel chair rolled by: "Want a butter cream, beautiful?" The john not only had class written all over his kisser, he had taste. I never cared much for sickies, but I was learning fast. I have to admit, my sweet tooth went the way of the wild. When I fall, I let it all hang out. And I did: I was pinched for "public lewdness".

By now the cops and I were what you'd call "intimate". We got along just swell. But some hot shot upstairs wanted to put me in a sling and shoot me the hell out of town. No dice, I knew something big in my life was breaking and I had no intention of letting go like a stinking lady. I screamed bloody murder. The Big Man who watches over the working boy must have heard because no sooner had the last echo cracked off the wall when my guy rolled in with a hot stud lawyer and sprung me! Love sure conquers all (but good connections don't hurt either).

After that, it was all up (like being the only boy in a shower full of sailors). I discovered my john on wheels was not only rich (so what?), but he had the big plans for me. The money stuff was always left over fish as far as I was concerned. A real bore. The big plans were something else. He'd seen all of me in "Raw Bananas" and liked the way I acted: natural. So he set me up in business: as a live action model for an art class in

a men's massage parlor. I had the action, they had the art: it was the best combination since corn-beef and rye. And then some.

Fancy isn't the word for the set up rolling john slammed me into. The whole joint was done in red plush and white marble, with a lot of gold lights and dangling like loose fruit in the Garden of Eden. Real rich looking. For a name, we went classy: The Roman Crotch Emporium. Business boomed.

I knew plenty of guys were hot for a good massage, but it floored me the way they grabbed up the art stuff. They got hungrier for culture than a pack of wolves in a chicken coop (and I was just the boy to lay the right kind of eggs). But don't get any fat ideas: this was strictly a legit business. I didn't pull myself out of the gutter to be a tramp for a bunch of rich, good looking guys. I never did anything for money I wouldn't do for free. That's the way I am: all heart & soul.

A lot of Joe's have the idea nude modeling is just standing around without your clothes on. That's crass. You gotta know what to do with your hands and a lot of other stuff. And you have to give them something different. Before long, I had one of the best finger painting classes in town (and they had the best damn canvass: me). Art never had it so good.

We was going along just swell, pulling in the bread faster than Fanny Farmer could lay a load of chocolate kisses. And all the time it got better. I had big ideas (and the guts to go with 'em). I started a Roman Orgy Eat-Up where guys right out of the steam bath could lick their chops over the freshest fruit in

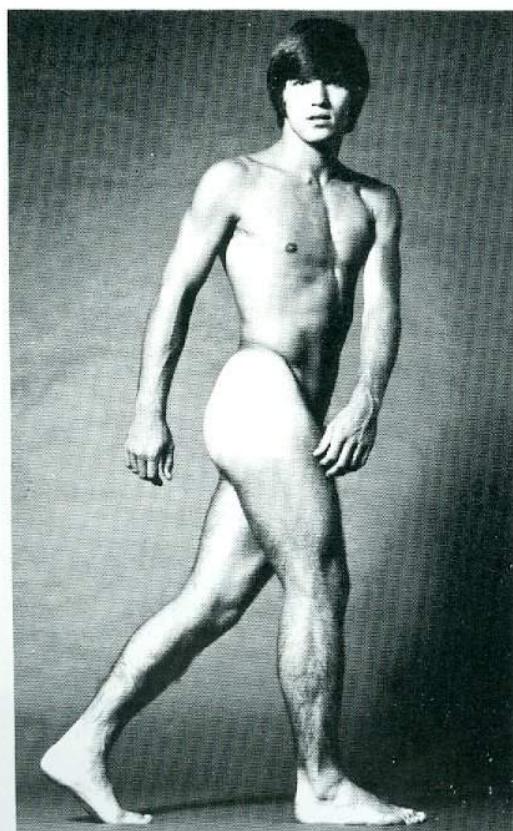


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town (sea food was a popular side dish). On the personal front, I chalked in a reputation as the Boy with the Swiveling Pelvis when I did a series of nude poses with a single theme: the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire. I was the Empire.

I guess that old bedroom saying is true: everything that comes up has to come down. We did. With a crash. Nothing bugs me more than a bunch of holy moral toads looking for dirt. When you think dirt, you see dirt. And that's all these creeps saw. I shouldn't have been surprised.

It happened on a Saturday night. Everything was real low keyed and under played. Classy. I'd started a new show: Famous Scenes from French Flicks. It was going over big. All at once, right out of nowhere, the lights went on (the customers went out) and the place filled up with cops. It looked like my life was going to be one damn re-run after another. It was.

I was booked for running a "pornographic house of prostitution" and "inciting lewd & lascivious behaviour". Big words from little jerks. I never did anything in public I wouldn't do in private and everybody knew it. I didn't have to prove a thing on that score. My reputation spoke for itself.

I couldn't figure the whole mess out. One minute I'm an artist, and the next I'm a lewd tramp tied up in the biggest obscenity suit since Sodom and Gomorrah. I didn't know what the hell they were talking about. It was all Greek to me (but the newspapers translated it). I can sum it up in one headline: "Nest of Perverts Raided".

I was The Pervert in The Nest: the mother bird.

With my whole career going up in a blaze of glory to beat the shade out of hell, another tragedy hit. My rolling john, the swankiest love of my life, kicked the bucket. His wheel chair got stuck on a railroad track. There wasn't enough of him left to glue together, find, or put in a cask. I was real upset.

But that Great Guy in the sky must have been working overtime, again. The whole crap case rested on a technicality. Since I didn't own the joint (somehow, it was in rolling john's name) I was tried as an employee. But all that stuff about lewdness stood. I had to convince the jury I was what I really am (crazy isn't it?): a clean cut, innocent, young boy. But the State had other ideas. So did the judge. He gave me a fifteen year suspended sentence (with what he called "regrets") and a ten thousand dollar fine (which he didn't regret).

I was broke. (If you didn't count some junk hidden in a safety deposit box.)

Being free didn't mean a thing. Without love. I'm just another nude model trying to make a buck. Europe was dull, Brazil a wash out, Fire Island a drag. Even rolling john's will, in which he left me everything, was contested for what they called "a suspicious signature". But I don't give up easily....

Besides, I met this guy who makes "adult films" and he comes up to me with a line out of nowhere: "Hey, sweet heart, want an all day sucker?" Hell, it sounds like the beginning of the end and the fall of Paradise all over again.

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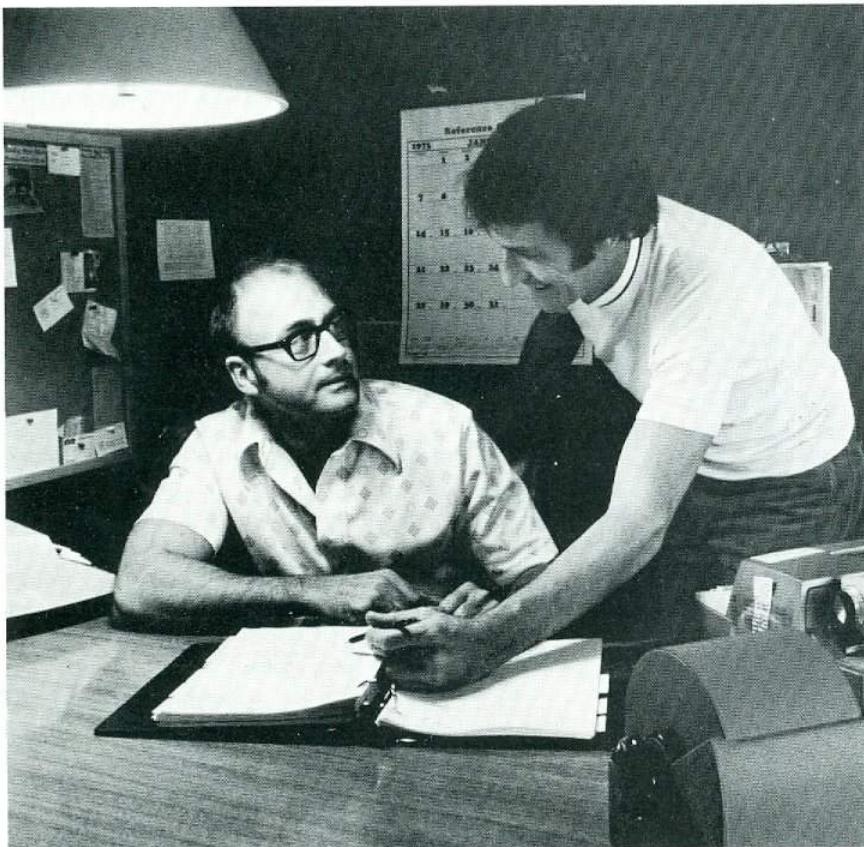
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20 YEARS (Continued from Page 19)

ved in starting a bar you intend to last. It's a lot easier now. When I first opened the TURF downtown 20 years ago, I did everything from mopping to bartending myself. I didn't mind that but it took a long time to get established. It was strictly word of mouth advertising with no glossy publications to help get the word around that you exist. Very slow. The public wasn't too sure it would tolerate a gay bar then either. Time and good public relations helped a lot, but even now, don't ever get into the bar business unless you expect to work."

"I suggest anyone interested in starting any business of their own get a good accountant. Set up forms and USE THEM! Keep tight control. Learn cost and inventory control. I take a daily inventory at all my bars and it saves a lot of problems."

Gene has big plans to celebrate his 20th anniversary in March. The TURF NORTH, the TURF SOUTH and the TURF WEST will each have a night where every other drink is 20 cents for a starter. Check with the individual bars for the exact dates.

For the record, Gene was Mr. University of Miami and a runner up in the Mr. Florida Contest in years past. Just how long ago he isn't saying, but many will agree he's as big a turn-on as the best of them, then and now.

For relaxation, Gene works out at the

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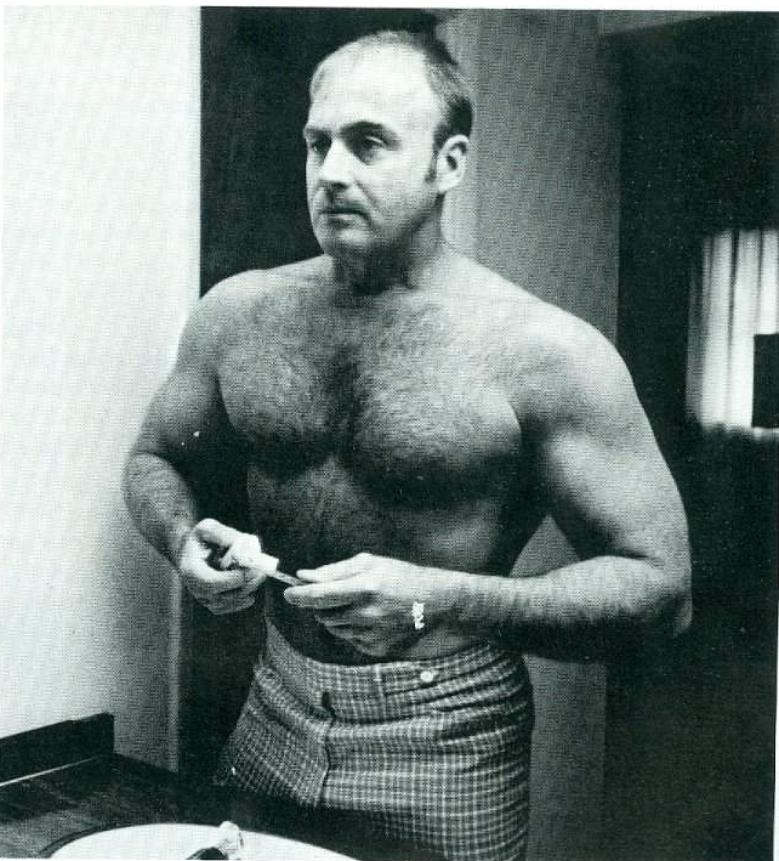
local Spa three days a week. "Anybody can spend 6 hours a week on their health, no matter how busy they are. It's sad how many people in their 20's aren't in as good a shape as I am at my age. I don't worry much about what I eat, but I don't eat junk foods and I eat when I'm hungry in moderation. I've managed to sponsor about 50 guys at the Spa. Some of them get discouraged when miracles don't happen overnight, but I just tell them, "It took you 30 years to get in this deplorable condition. Don't expect to change it all in 30 days."

Gene has no qualms about contributing his own personal free time to the outings held by the clubs from his bars whether they be chartered bus trips or organizing bowling teams.

He often opens his home to his customers to celebrate winners of pool tournaments and other contests held by his clubs - not to mention his now famous barbeques.

These activities certainly prove that Gene is an appreciative and dedicated bar owner.

Talking to Gene it's easy to see where his experience as First Sergeant in the Infantry during the second big one and Korea and his degree in Sociology combine to make a dynamic businessman who is destined to be around for quite some time. □



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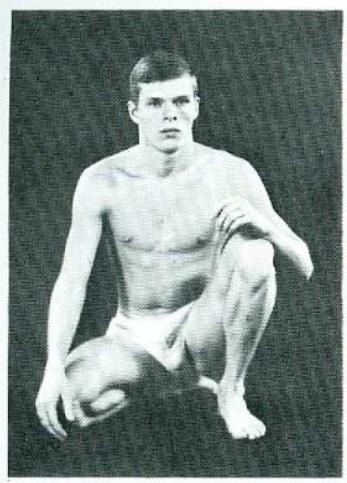
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FELLA (Continued from Page 28)

times weak, her special, natural vocal abilities are not. She complements Roy Gioconda beautifully in all the duets reminding one of such favorite singing teams as Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy.

The song 'Joey, Joey, Joey' is sung with such haunting coloring by Paul Renault that one finds himself humming it during intermission trying to recall its loveliness. Martha Webster, Ron Jennings, and Lynnwood Jones as the 3 cooks are exceptionally well played and staged. They make numbers such as 'Abbondanza' enticing enough for the audience to want to join in on the fun. It's a shame that the musical does not allow these talents a chance to be heard more individually. Especially Martha Webster, whose voice hinted of fine operatic training and technique. Miss Webster is one of those people whose talents and energies never cease. Since 1961 when her singing career brought her quite naturally to the legitimate theatre and musical comedy she has appeared in 45 productions playing 60 different roles. She has designed and directed many productions including this one which is evident by how well the play adapted itself

to this theatre. She also writes and directs Industrial Shows and has appeared in many television and radio commercials.

Another young performer worth watching is Nancy Irvine because if her performance as Cleo is any indication, she will go very far and be around for a long time. The only thing small about this girl is her size for she has a strong singing voice, good projection and a particularly pleasing sense of comedy.

The role of Marie, the conniving, bitter, clinging sister, is a brilliant cameo role for a really good actress-singer. However in this production, it's a blessing it's only a minor role because it's murdered by Grace Collette who unfortunately proved to be the only sour note in the musical.

"The Most Happy Fella" is a charming musical love story that makes you, as one of the song titles states, "Warm All Over". Not only is the show worth the price of admission but the price of the ticket includes an excellent meal before the performance. How can you miss?

Looking to the future this enterprising theatre will be presenting their version of the great Broadway and film musical "Cabaret". Watch for the dates. □



FROM THE "MOST HAPPY FELLA" (left to right) LINDA LAURIN (Rosabella)
ROY GIOCONDA (Tony) and NANCY IRVINE (Cleo)

SHOW GOES ON (Continued from pg. 25) ordered to clear the stage and when it was quickly extinguished, they calmly returned and continued to dance. Peter Mallek and Jeanne Armin who were just few feet from the fire continued unaffected to warm-up for their entrance.

The appearance of such stars is not only a treat for the public but also for the younger dancers who stand in the wings trying to catch a glimpse of their idols, hoping to learn something, and maybe wishfully thinking that someday they will be doing the same roles and be meeting the same challenges. Each of these artists brought their own kind of special excitement to the stage. Miss McBride, a fragile looking, slim legged dancer has such fine control of the lyric and allegro, one is amazed at the speed with which she was able to adjust to changes in tempos. At times she even dared the already rushed orchestra to increase the tempo. Helgi

Tomasson partnered her beautifully and dazzled the audience with his elevation and crisp clean beats and pirouettes. He is a true classical dancer. Miss Armin another petite dark haired captivating beauty is exquisitely feminine and through her dancing displays an extraordinary technique and sense of dramatics. She is the right contrast for Peter Mallek who is not only a noble partner but a very masculine and powerful dancer who moves with the alertness of an untamed animal.

The life of many of these dancers may appear to be all glitter, glamour, applause and excitement, but in reality discipline, dedication, responsibility, hard work, constant challenge and a rushed schedule jet-age existance is their life. And for selfish reasons we always wish that they could stay just a little while longer so that we can share a little more of their life.

— Frederick Alexson



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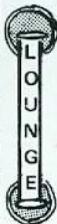
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BAILEY (Continued from page 21)

despite the fact the late Miss Garland once told him she didn't like the gown herself.

"Judy is easier to capture for a designer than anyone else," according to Bailey, who notes "She'd wear anything from pants to tuxedo, short dresses, coats, long dresses -- she tried everything."

Of major importance to Bailey is glamour. For his impression of Barbra Streisand he once switched to a tailored pants look, but found it didn't go over with the fans. "They want to see Barbra as she looked in 'Funny Girl'.

Bailey has \$45,000 invested in gowns and wigs, the dresses varying from \$500 to \$2,500. His own tuxedoes, also designed by Whittaker, cost \$750.

He is the only entertainer in show business who receives equal amounts of flowers from male and female fans. The men send flowers in tribute to his incredible impression of well known female stars and the women are equally responsive when Bailey appears as himself in the second half of the show.

There may be two Barbra Streisands, two Phyllis Dillers, two Judy Garlands, and two Peggy Lees for history to record, but there's only one JIM BAILEY !



L.A. Times: "Take your pick about what you call him, Bailey is a devastating talent and a phenomenon."

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L.A. Herald-Examiner: "Jim Bailey is a female impressionist who manages to raise the proceedings far above the level of sensationalism."

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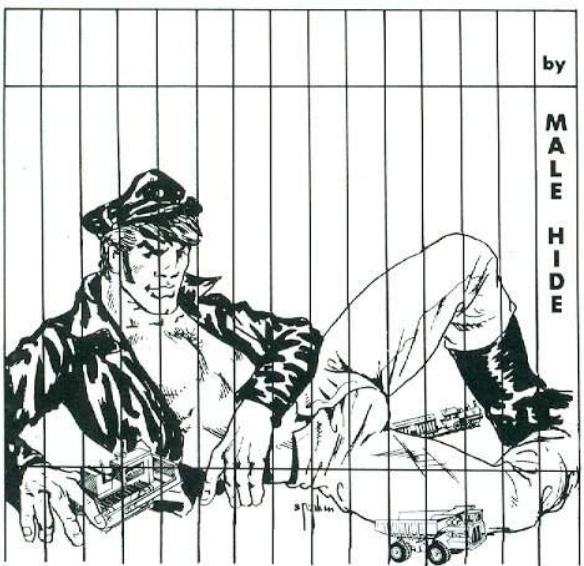
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SATYR (Continued from page 23)

park, illuminated now by man-made light. Then he started across the street.

Luckily the traffic light was green. Otherwise he might have been killed or badly injured because he had no intention of stopping for the traffic. All he could think of was getting away from the boy's horrid laughter. It was as if the boy was literally hitting him physically. If he did not escape the boy, seemingly he would kill him because of that sinister laughter.

Once across the street and inside the bus terminal, the Elder found it congested with waiting people. He saw no sign of his luggage or the old lady. However, the luggage did not seem very important to him now. His first concern was getting as far away as possible from the boy's hellish laughter, and the bus terminal did not seem far enough. He would work his way through the crowd and telephone Miss Bessie's to see whether any of the brethren were next door at her house, which they usually rented during the convention.

If any of them were there, she could tell them to come and get him. No, he would not call Miss Bessie's. Instead he would call a taxi and leave for the house. Certainly everybody had arrived by now except him. Some of them had probably come here to the terminal looking for him and he had been in the park across the street. He started pushing through the crowd toward the phone booths.

"Elder Barkley!!"

Somebody called his name but he was reluctant to look up at first. It might be the boy.

"Elder Barkley!!"

The voice sounded familiar. Maybe it was some of the brethren. He certainly hoped it was. Hesitantly he looked up and about him. Sure enough it was Elder Cadson and Elder Tressom. Hurriedly he made his way over to where they stood at the other side of the waiting room. They would never know how glad he was to see them. Now he would be safe in the company of peers. Together they started out of the terminal for Elder Cadson's car, a blue '65 Cadillac.

"Where have you been, son?" asked Elder Cadson. To him Elder Barkley seemed like his son. Though Elder Barkley was the younger, you barely could tell it. Elder Cadson seemed not a bit older, though he was actually seventy-five to the former's fifty-two. Elder Tressom, on the other hand, was older than either of them--eighty-five--and he looked it. He was a hunchbacked little man, not excluding his blindness.

"We," Elder Cadson continued, "didn't know what to think had happened to you. The devil is always so busy."

"Amen," agreed Elder Tressom. "Thought maybe you had got robbed or something."

"No--nothing like dat," Elder Barkley assured them, getting in the front seat beside Elder Cadson.

"Elder Cadson thought you might have been off somewhere gettin' yourself a little piece of pussy," the old, blind elder joked. "But I told him you wouldn't do nothin' like dat."

Elder Cadson grinned sportingly, though Elder Barkley was clearly not amused.

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"No, I wouldn't, nothin' like dat," Elder Barkley replied in a very no-nonsense tone of voice.

"See what I told you, Elder Cadson," the old, blind elder poked Elder Cadson on the shoulder in fun.

"But seriously, Elder Barkley, a little piece every now and then wouldn't be goin' 'gainst the Good Book. A man's got to-ah..."

Suddenly Elder Barkley thought about the boy, as Elder Cadson talked. The boy had told him the same thing. Just possibly the boy was an advocate of the devil, if not the cunning fiend himself, which would mean he had already enticed his holy peers here into his camp and they were the very ones to whom he had fled for protection.

"You know he's right," the blind elder interceded. "After all we is only human, The Lord knows our weaknesses."

"That's why the Good Book says man should always pray and faint not," the younger chided his two companions, trying to hide his uncertainty.

He, after all, was their leader. Tressom, Cadson and their fellow divines had elected him their convention president which made him definitely their leader and they his followers. Couldn't this blind Tressom and this lecherous Cadson see that he was Pentheus?

"Amen," Elder Cadson agreed mockingly. "You're right son."

Then he glanced back at the blind elder and said, "You should be ashamed of yourself for talkin' like that in front of our convention president."

"I really didn't mean that, Elder Barkley," the old, blind elder apologized, not certain whether Elder Cadson was still being satirical or sincere. However, the president would not let them off so lightly.

"Elder Tressom, I am really surprised at you and specially you--Elder Cadson, our retired president. Brothers, you better pray for the Lord to have mercy on ya souls. How can we ministers lead our congregations if we yield to temptation before 'em?"

"Everything you say is true," Elder Barkley--Mr. President--but we got to look out for ourselves," the retired president insisted, pulling his car to a stop at Miss Bessie's big house.

The house was lighted and several of the brethren were sitting on the porch. Some were just taking it easy while others were reading the Good Book or just making small talk about one thing or another.

As they started up the walk, the president replied to Elder Cadson's last remark, "You know, Elder, the Lord said in his Father's house are many mansions. All we got to do is trust in Him."

"Are we at Miss Bessie's already?" the old, blind elder asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah."

"Elder Cadson, you goin' to tell him 'bout the party tonight?"

"What about it, Elder Barkley," Elder Cadson asked, turning to their president. "You want to come to our little shindig tonight?"

"Not if it's goin' to be nothin' but drinkin',

blaspheming' and whoremonin'."

Silently the three divines went up the walk.

Dionysus had done his job well. Never before in all the thirty odd years that Pentheus had been coming to the conventions could he remember his followers so openly showing a preference for the pleasures of the flesh over those of the spirit.

"What's the world coming to?" poor Pentheus mumbled, shaking his head.

He was quite aware of the sensual pleasures, but not among the spiritually elect. What had brought on this sudden bold show of the baseness in man? Apparently his fellow divines had just been giving mouth service to God's cause, and now they had shown their true colors. Then again, maybe they had made the mistake of trying to be martyrs instead of just Christian human beings.

Their past motives were uncertain but their present ones were very certain. They were partying slaves.

Pentheus tried to sleep, but there was no rest for him tonight. He could hear the Bacchae laughing and hollering, hollering like uncivilized cavewomen attesting to their drinking too bountifully of Bacchus' cup. Louder and louder grew their shrieking voices. If they drank much more they might have just raised enough ruckus to blow the roof off the house next door, where they were partying, and this house here, where Pentheus tried to sleep.

And the men, his loyal followers, were no better than their women friends. Worse? Perhaps Bacchus and his twin Dionysus, had egged them on until they were Saturday-night-drinkers. Blaspheming, singing ribald songs, and chasing women, they were enjoying themselves. On and on, they (men and women) went, getting louder and louder with their blaspheming and their singing.

Pentheus, civilized and fanatically religious, could not stand this gusty, lusty, Bac-Dion orgy any longer. He got up and phoned the police.

VI

The phone call made, Elder Barkley returned to his room.

"Tight?" It was the boy here in his room. "Tight, why did ya want to go and do a damn stupid thing like dat, huh? Calling them pigs. At least let the brothers have a good time, if you're afraid to yourself."

Once over the shock of seeing the youth, he was disgusted with him.

"All that racket they were keeping up!" The old minister looked wearily at his young visitor. "I was trying to sleep."

The boy looked about the room and Elder Barkley looked at him. Suddenly he noticed the boy was wearing only under shorts. How long had he been here? the old man wondered, and who told him that he could come in here and make himself at home. This little rascal really had a nerve. The older man shook his head in admiration of the younger. There was no doubt about it now. The boy was beautiful but

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not like a woman, nor handsome altogether like a man. No, he was beautiful like a creature of the forest, untouched by society, which was something that the old minister knew nothing of. All his life he had been society's slave.

The boy came across a copy of Billy Graham's magazine.

"Hey, Tight, is this the kind of stuff you read?" He grinned mockingly.

The boy knew how really to annoy him with his sarcasm and biting jokes. More and more he was coming to believe that this boy was more than merely a boy. He knew too much about him, was too confident of himself, and was much too magnificent in appearance to be merely a boy. But, then what was he? Who was he? Somehow Elder Barkley felt he knew without asking, but something kept him from knowing.

"Tight, I forgot you ah preacher for a moment there," the boy said it as if it was a joke, and maybe it was to him. Then he seemed serious. "You know, Tight, that kinda crap you read is what's keepin' our folks in slavery. Instead of that jive--you oughta be readin' Malcolm X or Elijah Muhammad. That's the kind of stuff our brothers need to hear!"

"That's all well and good," the elder said, standing firm for his beliefs. "But I prefer to keep on preachin' and readin' what I been doin'."

But the boy persisted, becoming the voice of all angry young blacks. "Don't you see them honkies want to keep us down where we have to keep come beggin' them for handouts? When you ever known 'em to give us anything, Tight? Lincoln didn't free us!"

And like one of the older generation, the old elder was downright disgusted. He wanted to be rid of the boy.

"Look, what do you want?" he asked the youth.

However, the boy was not ready to leave.

"What I want? For one thing I want you to stop lettin' 'em honkies pull the wool over your eyes. If they get you believing all that crap and you go preachin' it to our brothers--then, Tight, they'll have us where they want us."

"Look, son, I am tryin'..."

"I ain't your son!"

"What do you want from me?"

The Elder was getting very impatient. When he had phoned the police he thought he would be able to sleep, but he had been badly mistaken. The boy, then, had come to torment him, and

he had no intention of leaving for a spell. He was fingering a bowl of fruit now, completely disregarding the old reverand's pleading that he leave. He acted as if the minister did not exist. He picked up some grapes and was about to put one in his mouth when he noticed that they were artificial.

"Tight, now what the hell ya doin' with this jive. Ya can't eat it. First that honky magazine and now this jive," the boy shouted, throwing the plastic grapes on the floor. He was growing angry and the reverand was getting scared. Why didn't he leave?

"If I get you something to eat, then will you leave, huh?"

The boy didn't reply, getting down on the floor.

"What're you goin' to do?"

"Watch," the boy said, and the reverand did just that.

He started doing push-ups. "One--two--three--ah."

He did twenty push-ups, then showered. In the meanwhile, the reverand tried to relax himself and get used to his house-guest, but he had little success. He found himself pacing the floor.

Then he thought about his brethren for the first time. Had the police taken them and their women off to jail, or had they told them to keep down the noise? He peeped out the window, but he saw no one, or heard anyone.

"Dry my back."

It was the boy, dripping wet. He gave the reverand the towel. He dried the boy's smooth light brown back. Not even Velma's skin looked so smooth. He was tempted to draw back the towel and touch the boy, but he resisted. He, after all, wanted to get rid of this youth so he could go to sleep.

He asked the boy would he leave now, and again he seemed not to hear him. He went over to the bureau and halped himself to his host's toiletries. Then, like a child, his attention went to Elder Barkley's few pieces of jewelry: a couple pairs of cuff links, a watch, and several tie pins. He examined the lot and decided he liked the cuff links and tie pin with shiny black stones trimmed in gold.

"Yeah, Tight, I like these."

"But you can't--have them. Velma bought 'em for me to wear here to the convention. She finds out I don't have 'em when I git home, there won't be no gettin' long with her."

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"I like black," the boy said, seeming not to hear him.

"I said you can't..."

"I want 'em, Tight."

The boy took his treasures over where his clothes lay. The reverend gave up on the things, deciding that maybe the boy would leave now. "You goin' to leave now?" he asked.

"You want me to go, Tight, huh?"

Oddly enough he didn't want him to go, but he could not permit him to stay. What would the brethren say!

"Will you leave now?" he finally replied, forcing the words out.

"What you 'fraid of, Tight? Yourself?"

Without any further conversation between them, the boy put on his clothes and left, after taking one final look at the plastic fruit, and then the reverend.

"You're as phony as that fruit, Tight."

VII

After that night Elder Barkley did not see or hear from the boy until he was awakened by the music. In that interval of eight days the convention had run its dreary course and petered out into an equally dreary memory. For eight days he had presided over the convention, closing each session with a few words of fatherly advice. The meetings had seemed so dull. He had tried to make himself feel happy about the fact that the boy, seemingly, was gone, but he couldn't. Then that night-a Sunday night-he had heard the music.

Music. Elder Barkley could have sworn he heard music, but was certain he did not. Probably his imagination. However, the music grew louder and more distinct. Music-soul music, and someone stumbling and mumbling, apparently dancing and singing along with the music-soul music. The someone-probably drunk.

But who was it? His colleagues? He thought they had gotten enough of partying after they had barely escaped being jailed. Then again, it might have been the boy. Ironically, he hoped it wasn't, yet he hoped it was. The boy was everything he was not and wanted to be, with few exceptions. The boy was very individualistic of personality and handsome of body, while the Elder was neither.

The music got just a bit louder. Seemingly it was outside his door. He heard a door open. His door!!

"Who's der?" he cried out, afraid to flick on the lights.

No one answered. The music got louder still. Mustering up his waning courage, he snapped on the bedside lamp.

"you--it's you again," he said, pretending to be disgusted.

"Hey, Tight, like your radio."

He had the reverend's portable AM-FM radio. Elder Barkley had bought the radio three days ago, partly because of something the boy said to him the last time they were together. He had called him a phony and the Elder had to admit that maybe the youth was right. After all, he liked soul music, but until then, he had not let himself admit this, or even listen, accidentally, to soul music. Then he had taken a bold step and bought the radio.

"Where're your britches?" the reverend asked, looking at his strange young peer.

The younger's lanky frame was nude except for some dirty jockey briefs which were obviously the only pair he owned, or he did not care much for clean clothes.

"Britches?" he echoed. "Over der with the rest of my thangs."

He pointed to an old satchel sitting by the door. "But how did ya get in, huh?" the old reverend asked curious. "The door was locked from inside."

"Yeah, it was, but I got in okay. You were snoring," he chuckled. "But I guess I'll get used to that since we're goin' to be roommates."

"I told you, you couldn't stay here, 'Sides I am going home in the morning."

"I know all dat, Tight. Got any booze here?"

"Booze--no."

"Well, I got some wine."

He got the satchel and brought it back over to the bed.

"Come on, Tight, Take a drink with me." But the Elder kindly refused the offer.

"Look," he said to the boy, "you goin' to have to leave soon. What if the brethren saw you here?"

Taking another swallow from his bottle, the boy did not seem the least concerned about leaving.

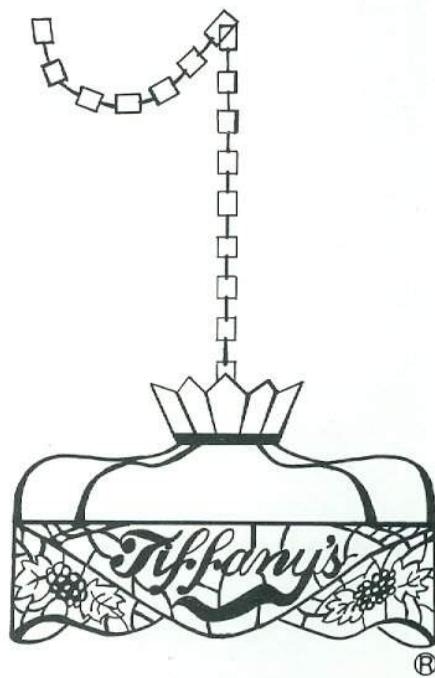
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some legs, huh?" He grinned, nudging the old reverand.

The reverand felt himself blushing, and quickly started talking about the boy's having to leave soon.

"I got to finish packing," he said, sitting up in bed.

"I packed your bags while you were sleepin'." The boy flattened the old man's last excuse for his leaving. He then went to where the plastic fruit had been. However, now there was real fruit that the Elder had had Miss Bessie buy. Again the boy picked up some grapes for inspection. After fingering the purple fruit for a few minutes, he came back over with it and the radio, and sat on the foot of the bed.

"Eating grapes?" he grinned. "See since you took my advice 'bout that jiving false shit."

"I don't care too much for fruit."

"Me either, Tight, except for grapes."

For a while they were silent. The younger eating grapes and listening to the music while the older just listened to the music. Every so often he would steal a glance at his young peer. They were content just sitting there. Then something happened.

There was a knock at the door. Shocked, they looked at each other like children caught in their mischief, which, in a sense, they had been. Elder Barkley went to the door. It was Elder Cadson and Elder Tressom come to investigate a noise that they thought they had heard come from his room. After a few minutes Elder Barkley got rid of the two.

Closing the door, he turned his attention back to his young peer, and for the first time he stopped trying to be a stoic about his feelings about the boy. He let himself look at the youth with admiration, if not love.

The boy was so very handsome, reclining there on the bed and eating grapes, in only his shorts. On the other hand, the boy was very aware of the reverand's staring, no-lusting at him. Like hellish Lucifer, he wooed the old reverand on with his glossy, lustful eyes, eyes not unlike those the reverand had seen at the bus terminal. Only now he was excited, rather appalled, by their sensuous state.

Something, possibly his conscience, or maybe God, told him it was wrong, what he was doing-doing? A believer in the faith would have

said he was committing a sin, but he told himself he was quenching his thirst, a thirst that all his life had never been satisfied.

He went over to the bed and yielded to temptation, unable to resist any longer this forty-nightish affair. Drunk with animal lust, he looked into the boy's eyes and the boy into his, welcoming the old reverand into his hellish clutches.

Dionysus conquers Pentheus.

He buried his face on the boy's embrace. In the boy's arms, he suddenly was a man--a whole man. The shadow and its owner had found each other; the goat and the man had surrendered, and the Satyr had been born.

Day. It was day and he was in a strange bed with somebody not his wife. It was the boy. But what were they doing in bed together? What had they done? Had they loved each other?

Though he could not remember anything about last night, he felt disgusted at the thought of what might have happened. A man in his position, a man of the cloth, just should not have submitted to such a love, he told himself. Whatever had happened, he had been tricked into doing it, like poor Adam, whereas his brethren had been fully aware of what they were doing at their party. They had been like Eve and he like Adam, but they both had sinned.

Neither his wife nor his congregation would have been very sympathetic with him if they could see him now. No. They would not have been sympathetic with him because they could not have understood him and his need.

But God--would He understand what had happened last night, considering He was the God of Gods and King of Kings who knew all, saw all, heard all, and understood all? Or was that simply a lot of crap made up by them crazy Jews? After all, had not this same God driven Adam and Eve out of Paradise?

He was, however, certain of one thing, he could not stay here in this bed. Reaching beneath the bed covers, he was even more shocked to discover that he was naked--naked as a bald-headed old man, and he saw no signs of his clothes around the room. But he could not stay here any longer, he told himself, and he could not flee naked.

Making as little noise as possible, he looked about the little musty room for his clothes.

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DAVID:FEBRUARY 1973

There were few places to look; the small room had few hiding places. There was room for only a bed, a small bedside table, and an old dirty cloth-upholstered club chair.

The last place he looked (under the bed) he found his clothes mingled with the boy's. Carefully and quietly he reached under the bed but was not too successful. He awakened the boy. "Tight?" He leaned over the side of the bed. "When are you goin' to stop running?"

VIII

He kept telling himself that last night had never happened, but his conscience kept telling him that last night had happened. He could still see the boy grinning that smirking Dionysus grin and he, like a mother-stained Pentheus could not do anything but endure it like a bothersome cross.

In a sense he did feel dead, merely a walking zombie. Oddly enough, he could not feel altogether ashamed of what he had done with the boy, not altogether proud. Things would be normal again, once he got home to Velma, he told himself as the taxi stopped before his home. Velma usually met him at the bus terminal, but not this time, which was very strange.

Oh God! He hoped nothing had happened to her, but knowing her, nothing had likely happened. She probably was someplace being either loquacious or very inquisitive. For all she cared, he did not really exist. He was merely a thing and things do not exist but just are. You use them like Dixie cup and throw them away.

Nevertheless, she was his wife, and he needed her, if only to ridicule him. As he walked up the front steps he heard her laughing. No doubt she and some of her little gang of scandal-mongers were preoccupied with finding out some poor slob's personal dilemma. Such things never ceased to please them; when they really should have been doing their housework, they gossiped.

He went into the house, not unlike a hog about to be slaughtered, for that was exactly what Velma would do to him for interrupting her fun. For her fellow scandal-monger's benefit she would slaughter him but not with a knife or an ax, but with switch-blade sharp words.

To his surprise she did no such thing. Instead she ran and hugged him. Puzzled, he hugged

her in response. What had come over his Velma? If he had not been so close to her, he might have sworn that she was drunk, but now he knew that she was not, or he would have smelled the odor on her breath.

Yet she acted drunk--no--spellbound. Maybe if he could see who she had been talking to, that might explain it. He asked her, but she did not seem to hear him, so he persisted.

"Velma, what--what's the matter with you?" "Nothing's wrong wit me, Dee Barkley."

She pushed him away from her.

"Who were you talkin' to?"

He peeped over her shoulder but he saw nobody.

"What you mean...?"

She looked at him amazed. "You sent him. Why didn't you tell your ole lady you had such a good lookin' brother?"

"Velma, what're you talking about? I ain't got no brother. You know I ain't."

"Yeah. That's what you been tellin' me. I mean I don't bite, Dee. You thank I am too good for your kinfolks, I guess!"

"Look Velma--I told you I ain't got no brother."

The old reverend was getting more and more confused every minute.

"Well I guess you goin' to tell me that's your sister in der in my bathtub, huh?"

He was dumbfounded.

"Well go look for yaself. Go on! See for yaself since you think I am lying, Dee Barkley!"

"I didn't say that, Velma."

"You just as well said it--not trusting me--your wife."

"All right--all right. I am sorry."

Hesitantly, he went into the bathroom. Somebody was singing in a very young, masculine voice. The voice sounded familiar, but he could not call to mind its owner. He opened the bathroom door and saw the boy. "Hey, Tight, welcome home!"

He was splashing in the bathtub like a small, mischievous boy.

"What--what're you doin' here? I told you..."

"Tight, don't you know ya can't get rid of me, huh?"

"Yeah--I am beginning to see dat," the reverend said, grinning reluctantly, and the boy grinned back in response, like the reflection one sees in a mirror. □

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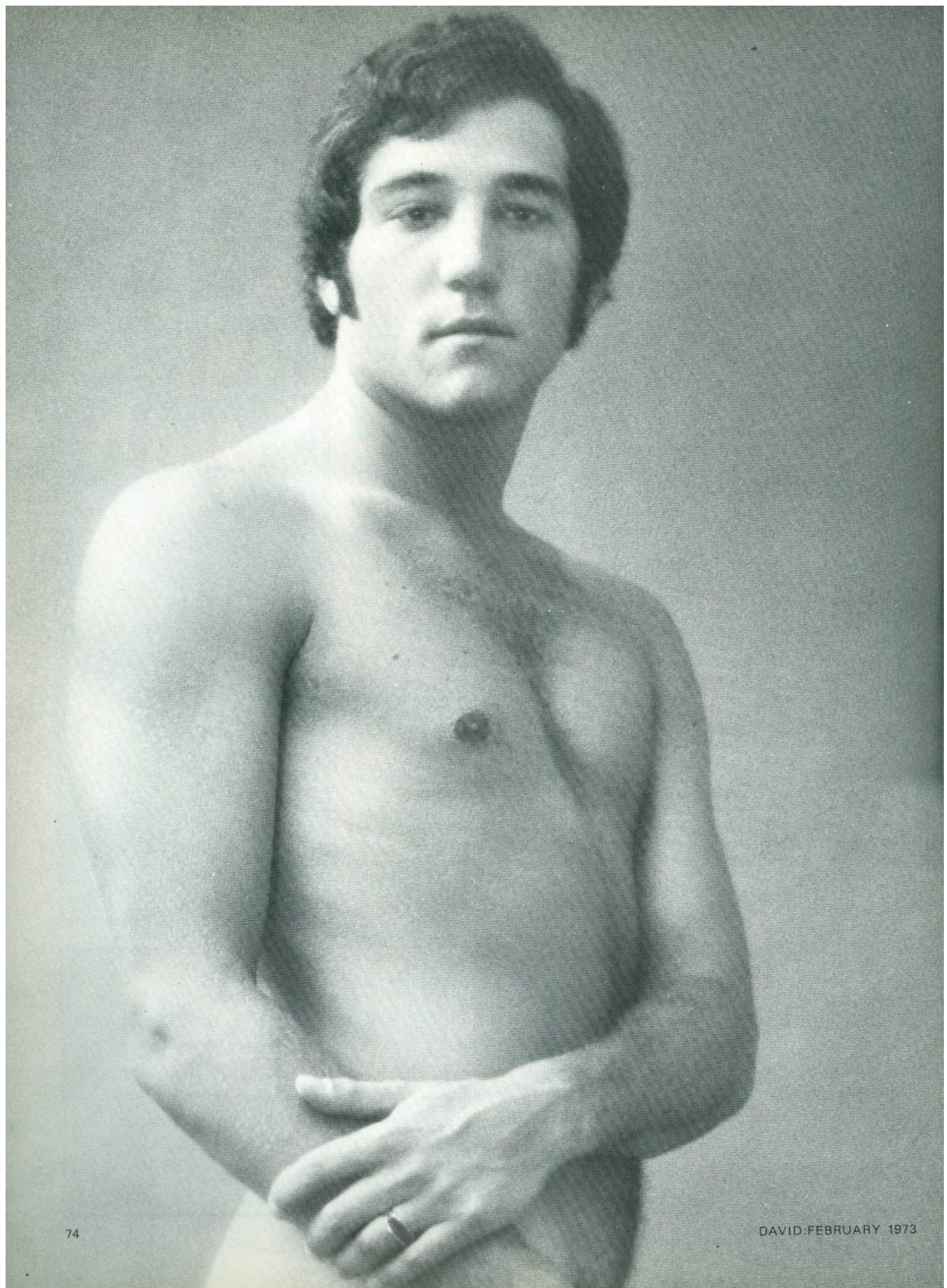
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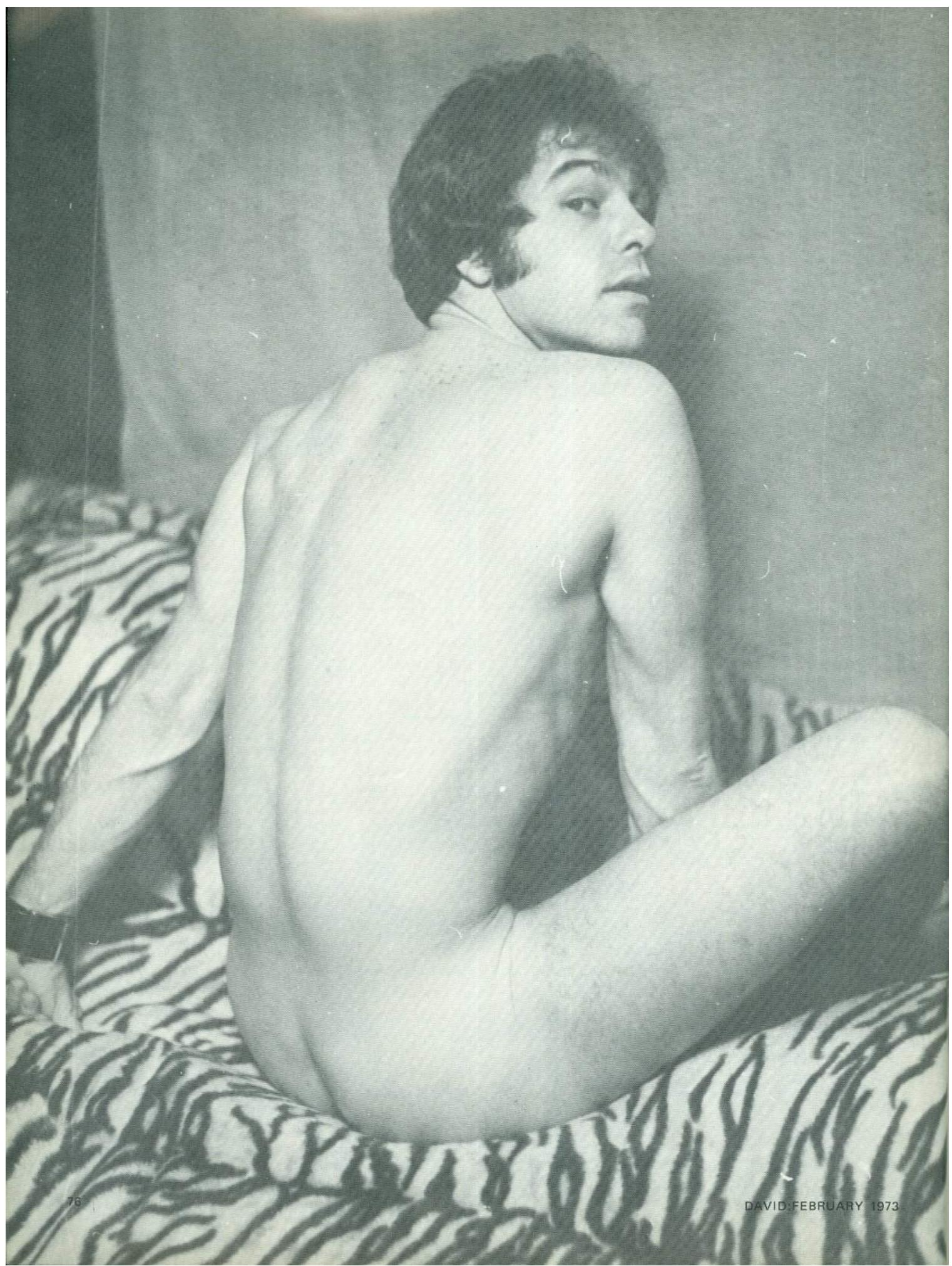
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H.B.
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Virgo

The bastards left the key off my can of sardines again!

Capt. Marvel



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What's Happening-Where

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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

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

HOLLYWOOD

SANDS APARTMENTS *

2404 N. Broadway, Hollywood
 Beach, Fla. Ph: (305) 920-9738.

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

FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS

CENTRE *

8 East Bay Street

THE INFERNER *

8836 Atlantic Blvd. Open til
 2:00 P.M. (B,D,S)
 (904) 725-9941

JACKSONVILLE BEACH

TOP OF THE TIDES *

411 1st Street. Open Sunday nites
 (B,D,S)
 (904) 249-9315

KEY WEST

DELMONICO'S *

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

LAKELAND

LIDO BOOK STORE *

110 E. Main Street

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 behind
 Mother's) Open 9 pm - 5 am.
 (L,D)
 (305) 448-6732

CLUB MIAMI *

2991 Coral Way (305) 448-2214

DANNY'S BOOKSTORE *

131 SE 1st Avenue

DANNY'S LITTLE RIVER NEWS *

7839 NE 2nd Avenue

HAMLET *

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

NOOK *

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

REGENCY BATHS *

5 S.W. 2nd Ave. (305) 379-9249

WAREHOUSE VIII *

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

MIAMI BEACH

ALLEY ROOM *

1685 Alton Road. (Entrance behind
 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

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

STONEWALL * 22nd St. off Collins Ave. Open 9 pm to 5 am Mon-Fri; 1 pm to 5 am Sat,Sun. (L,D,S)	WEST PALM BEACH	MRS. P'S * 551 Ponce de Leon. Open 3 pm Mon. thru Sat. (L,D,R) (404) 876-9339	THE NEW RUTHIE'S * 3231 N. Clark Street. Open 4 pm to 4 am, 5 am Sat. (L,D,S) (312) 528-3505
ORLANDO	TURF SOUTH * 221 Datura. Open 9:30 to 5 am Mon. thru Sat; 7pm-5am on Sun. (L,D) (305) 655-9887	SWEET GUM HEAD * 2284 Cheshirebridge Rd. NE. Open Mon thru Sat from 4 pm (L,D,S) (404) 634-2922	DON DUNFEE & L-W SALES * 3237 N. Ashland (at Lincoln & Belmont)
PALACE CLUB * 1000 Humphries St. Open Wed. thru Sun 8 pm till ? (BC,D,S) (305) 894-9293	TURF NORTH * 1901 N. Dixie Hwy. Open noon to 5 am daily; 3pm to 5am Sun. (L,D) (305) 832-9434	MACON	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
PANAMA CITY	TURF WEST * 823 Belvedere. Open nite 8 pm to 3am. Open till 5 am,Sat & Sun. Closed Mondays. (L,D) (305) 833-9219	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	TRIP * 27 East Ohio St. (L,D) (312) 467-6330
PLANTATION	GEORGIA	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	VITTLES * 2940-42 N. Clark Street. Open all night weekends. (L,R) (312) 348-9296
BROWARD BOOKS * 3419 W. Broward Blvd.	ALBANY	ILLINOIS	WOODEN BARREL PUB * 2336 N. Clark Street
SARASOTA	CHATEAU * 221 Cordele Road (912) 436-9207	CHICAGO	EAST ST. LOUIS
KORK 'N' KETTLE * 7603 Tamiami Trail, So. (US hwy 41) Open 7 pm to 2:30 am. (D,S) (813) 921-1208	AUGUSTA	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	RED BULL * 506 Missouri Ave. (across the river from St. Louis, Mo.) Open 5 pm to 3:30 am (D,S) (618) 874-8773
ST. PETERSBURG	PLAYPEN LOUNGE * 619 Ellis St. (404) 724-9101	BATON * 430 N. Clark St. Open Noon to 4 am Mon. thru Sun. (L,D,S) (312) 644-5269	SPRINGFIELD
BOOKS UNLIMITED * 2916-18 US Hwy 19 South, New Port Richey 918 Central Avenue South St. Petersburg 20 Garden Avenue South Clearwater 7301 49th Street North Pinellas Park 120 Orange Avenue Orlando, 111 Silver Springs Blvd. Ocala	ATLANTA	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	CASINO de CASTAWAYS * 2909 North 31st Street (1 1/4 miles north of junction 36-54. Open 1 pm to 1 am. (217) 522 - 0359.
SUNRISE	ATLANTA STAG SHOP BOOKS * 85 Poplar Street., NW.	CLUB BATHS * 609 No. LaSalle (312) 337-0080	SMOKEY'S DEN * 127 N. 5th Street (L,D)
McMICHAEL'S TRAVEL AGENCY * 6370 W. Oakland Park Blvd. (305) 739-4740	BUCKHEAD BOOK MART * 3105 Peachtree, NE	GLORY HOLE * 1343 N. Wells (in Old Town) Open from 12 Noon daily (L,D,S)	INDIANA
TAMPA	CLUB SOUTH BATHS * 76 4th St. (404) 873-2148	THE HOUSE OF LANDERS * 936 Diversy (L,D,S)	INDIANAPOLIS
CAROUSEL LOUNGE * 1806 W. Platt St. Open 7 days till 3 am. (D,L,S) (813) 251-9887	COVE * 586 Worchester Dr., NE. Open 4 pm till 2 am.;Sat 5pm till midnight. Closed Sun. (L,D) (404) 876-9542	LARRY'S BOOK STORE 2550 N. Clark Street	BETTY K'S * 1808 N. Central Ave. Open 4 pm to 3 am. Closed Sundays (D,S) (317) 924-4466
CLUB TAMPA BATHS * 215 No. 11th St. (813) 223-5181	GAY PAREE CINEMA * 90 Walton St., N.W. ATLANTA, Georgia. All Male Films. All action.	THE LEATHER CELL * 501 N. Clark Street	BELMONT BOOK STORE * 2150 W. Washington St. CLUB INDIANAPOLIS BATHS * 341 N. Capital (317) 635-5796
	MIDTOWN BOOKS * 151 Spring St.	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	FAMOUS DOOR LOUNGE * 252 N. Capitol Ave. Open 6 pm to 3 am. (D,S) (317) 632-0428
	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	THE LEFT & RIGHT BANK * 2140 Lincoln Park West On the Park Open 4 pm to 4 am (312) 929-5800	JD'S "THE RUINS" * 1202 N. Pennsylvania. Open 5 pm to 3 am; Sat at noon. (L,D,R) (317) 634-0799

KENTUCKY	IRON HINGE * 7610 Woodward Ave. Open 11 am to 2 am. (L,D,S) (313) 871-5133	RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE * 13739 So. New York. Open 7 days from 6 pm till ? (D,S) (609) 349-9673	HARRY'S BACK EAST * 1422 3rd Ave. (80th and 81st) (L) (212) 249-6991
LEXINGTON			LEGEND GALLERY * 152 7th Ave South
BOOK BIN * 239 N. Limestone			LIB * 305 E. 45th St. (L,D,R) (212) LE 2-0920
LOUISIANA	PRUDENTIAL HEALTH SPA * 124 W. State Fair (313) 892-6330	NEWARK	NEW JIMMY'S * 1576 3rd Ave. (near 88th st) (L,S,R) (212) 860-4509
NEW ORLEANS	ROGER'S ROOST * 1026-28 West 7 miles. Open 11 am to 2 am (L,D) (313) 366-1633	CLUB NORTH * 46 Broadway (201) 835-6711	PETER RABBIT * 305 W. 10th St. (L,D) (212) WA9-9579
CLUB NEW ORLEANS * 515 Toulouse (504) 581-2402	TIFFANY'S * 17436 Woodward Ave. Open 8 am to 2 am (L,F) (313) 956-8326	NEW MEXICO	PIPER'S LOUNGE * 1201 Lexington Ave. (between 81st and 82nd Sts) (L,D) (212) 734-9304
MARYLAND	WOODWARD BAR * 6426 Woodward Ave. Open 8 am to 2 am (L,D) (313) 872-0166		ROADHOUSE * 570 Hudson Street (L) (212) CH 3-4214
BALTIMORE		NEW YORK	ROUNDTABLE * 151 E. 50th St. (L,D,S) (212) PL8-0310
CLUB EAST BATHS * 1105 Cathedral St. (301) 727-9320		BUFFALO	SEBASTIAN'S * 1068 1st Ave. Open 7 days from 7 pm to 1 am. (L,R) (212) 355-8052
MASSACHUSETTS	MISSOURI		SINGLES * 951 1st Ave. (L,R) (212) 486-9832
BOSTON		DENNY'S PLACE * 814 Williams Street. Open Mon-thru Fri 8 pm to 3:30 am; Sat and Sun 2 pm to 3:30 am (716) 853-9696	SPIKE * 120 11th Ave. (Corner 20th St.) Open 7 days (leather-western) (404) 989-8913
BOOKLANE * 201 Tremont Street	KANSAS CITY		STUDIO BOOKS * 500 Hudson st. 166 W. 72nd Street
ESPLANADE PAPERBACK * 107 Charles St.	CLUB MIDWEST BATHS * 19 West 39th St. (816) 561-4664	FOREST HILLS	TROUBADOR * 1078 First Avenue (between 58th and 59th). Open from 4 pm to 2 am, 7 days. (L,R) (212) 755-1955
CLUB LA GRANGE BATHS * 4 LaGrange St. (617) 338-8952	ST. LOUIS	TRYSTING PLACE * 120-31 83rd Ave. (off Lefferts Blvd) (212) 846-8922	UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH * 581 3rd Ave. (corner of 38th St.) (L,D) (212) 684-2170
TWELVE CARVER * 12 Carver St. (Ramrod Room upstairs) (617) 338-8577	CLUB ST. LOUIS BATHS * 600 N. Kings Hwy (314) 367-3163	JACKSON HEIGHTS	YUKON * 140 E. 53rd St. Open 4 pm daily; (L,D) (212) 421-8122
NAPOLEON CLUB * 52 Piedmont St.. Open 7 days 5 pm to 2 am. (L,D,S) (617) 338-7547	GOLDEN GATE COFFEE HOUSE* 3542 Olive St. Open 8 pm to 6 am 7 days. (D,F) (314) FR 1-6510	BETSY ROSS * 73-13 37th Road (L,D) (212) 429-8605	NORTH CAROLINA
SPORTERS * 228 Cambridge (opposite Holiday Inn) Open noon to 2 am, Sat. to 1 am. (617) 523-8827	MR. A's POTPOURRI * Euclid & McPherson. Open 3 pm to 1:30 am. (L,D) (314) 361-9203	NEW YORK CITY	ASHEVILLE
WORCESTER	NORMA'S LOUNGE * 719 N. 6th St. (across from bus station) (L,F) (314) 421-7052	ALIBI * 1544 2nd Ave (80th & 81st Sts) (L,D,S) (212) 249-7026	B.J.'S * 80 Ashland Ave., Open 8 pm nites (priv. club-mention DAVID). (704) 252-3254
EXIT 11 * Main St.	NEBRASKA	BEACON BATHS * 227 E. 45th St. (212) 687-0322	
MICHIGAN	OMAHA	BEAU GESTE * 239 Third Ave. (at 20th St.) (L,R) (212) 475-9724	
DETROIT	DIAMOND BAR * 516 So 16th St. Open 6 am to 1 am, Mon thru Sat.; Sun. noon to 1 am. (402) 342-9595	CANDY STORE * 44 W. 56th St. (L,D) (212) 581-4664	
BOOKIE'S (FRANK CAGEN'S) * 870 McNicholes. (L,D,R) (313) 862-0877	NEW JERSEY	THE CLUB * 24 First Ave. (212) 617-3283	
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CONQUEST * 1500 E. State Fair. (L,D,S) (313) 891-9759	HOTEL DE VILLE * 149 So. Kentucky Ave. Atlantic City, N.J. Home of the famous M & M Lounge and Atlantic City's only Men's Baths & Health Club. (609) 345-2146.	DANNY'S BROOKLYN HGTS. * 108 Montague St. (L) (212) 625-8844	

CHAPEL HILL**ELECTRIC CO. NITE CLUB ***

Eastgate Shopping Cntr. (Rt 15-501 next to Sears) Open Tues thru Sun from 9 pm to 1:50 am (B,R,D,S) (919) 929-7833

CHARLOTTE**CLUB CHARLOTTE ***

1013 Morehead (704) 375-9603

OLEEN'S *

1831 South Boulevard. Open 7 days 7 pm to 1:30 am. (L,D,S) (704) 372-9793

SCORPIO LOUNGE *

4316 So. Tryon. Open 7 days. (BC, D, S) (704) 374-9826

GREENSBORO**RENAISSANCE ***

2130 Lawndale Dr. (Lawndale Shop. Cntr.) Open 7 days from 7 pm to 1:30 am. (BC,D) (919) 272-9263

OHIO**CINCINNATI****BADLANDS ***

419 Plum St. Open daily from 7:00 pm till 2:30 am. Gaylord Club in rear for members and guests. (L,D,F) (513) 721-9620

CLEVELAND**CLUB BATHS ***

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

CHANGE *

1510 East Prospect. (L,D,F)

COLUMBUS**KISMET LOUNGE ***

232 N. 3rd Open Noon to 2:30 am daily. Sun. from 1 to 2:30. (L,D) (614) 225-9460

DAYTON**400 CLUB ***

400 Warren St., Open Mon-Sat 3 pm to 2:30 am; Sun from 8 pm to 2:30 am. (513) 224-5892

STAGE DOOR LOUNGE *

44 N. Jefferson. Open 11 am to 2:30 am daily; Sunday from 3 pm to 2:30 am. (L,D) (513) 223-7418

TOLEDO**CLUB TOLEDO ***

902 Jefferson St. (419) 246-3391

FANTASY BOOK STORE *

113 N. Erie

PENNSYLVANIA**PHILADELPHIA****ALLEGRO ***

1412 Spruce St., (L,D,S) (215) KI 5-9953

FORREST BAR *

206 So. Quince St. Open Mon thru Sat. 5 pm to 2 am (L,S) (215) MA 5-8552

FOSTER HOUSE *

211 So. Quince St. (215) WA 2-9781

MIDWAY BAR *

256 So. 12th St., (L, R)

MISS P'S *

418 So. 18th St. Open Mon-Sat 7:30 to 2 am. (L,D,S) (215) 985-0943

STEPS *

1526 Delancey St., Open 4 pm to 2 am Mon thru Sat. Open Sundays from 1 pm to 10 pm. (L,D,S) (215) KI5-1526

247 BAR *

247 So. 17th St. (leather & western bar) (L,D) (215) 545-9779

WESTBURY BAR *

721 So. 15th St. Open 11 am to 2 am Mon thru Sat; Closed Sun. (L,D,) (215) KI 5-9836

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404 Mi
404 Main St., Open 7 days (D,S,L) (615) 524-9386

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76 N. Cleveland (D)

ENTRE NUIT *

265 So. Cleveland. (B,R)

GEORGE'S *

1786 Madison Ave. (F,S)

NASHVILLE**SALOON ***

139 2nd Ave. N. (S,L,D)

TEXAS**DALLAS****BACHELOR'S QUARTERS ***

1225 Skiles (214) 724-4034

CLUB BON SOIR *

5601 W. Lovers Lane. Open 7 days 7:30 to 2 am. (214) 351-9521

ENCORE *

4516 Mc Kinney. Open 1 pm to 2 am 7 days. (L,D,S)

(214) 526-0328

ENTRE NUIT *

3116 Live Oak (rear) Open 7 days 5 pm to 2 am (L,D)

(214) 823-0423

RANCH *

4117 Maple. Open 1 pm to 2 am 7 days. After Hours on Fri & Sat. Western and Leather (B) (214) 526-9524

RON SUE'S *

3236 McKinney. Open 1 pm to 2 am 7 days. (L,D,S)

(214) 526-9333

STUDIO 9 *

Adult Male Movie Club, Dallas, Tex. 4817 Bryan at Fitzhugh.

VILLA FONTANA *

1315 Skiles. Open 1 pm to 2 am 7 days. (L,D,S)

(214) 823-0372

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214 Tremont Street. Open 5 pm to 2 am Mon thru Sat; 3 pm to 2 am on Sundays (L,D) (713) 763-9031

HOUSTON**FARMHOUSE ***

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

(713) 622-5942

GLASS STEIN *

3207 Montrose Blvd. (at Westheimer). Open 7 days, 4:30 to 2 am. Sun from 1 pm till 2 am (L,D, S) (713) 528-8236

MR. FRIZBY'S *

3401 Milam (713) 532-8840

MARY'S LOUNGE *

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

900 CLUB *

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

RED ROOM *

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

SAN ANTONIO**HYPOTHESIS LOUNGE ***

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

(512) 732-1866

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**WASHINGTON, D.C.****EAGLE ***

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

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., N.W. (9th and Pennsylvania) Open 8 pm to 2 am daily (leather and western) (L) (202) EX 3-6554

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