

DAVID

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER FOUR

one
dollar



michael
greer

welcome
CALIFORNIA

spring
fashions
bette
davis

GALLERY 5

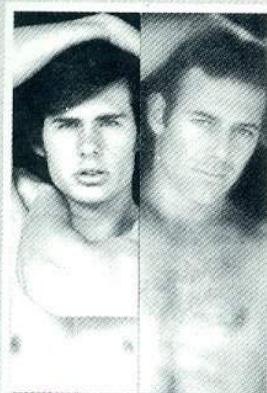


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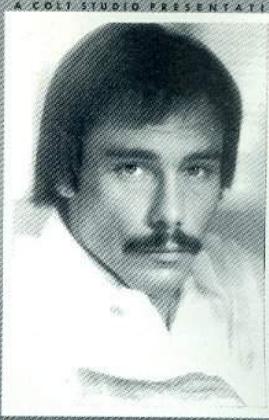
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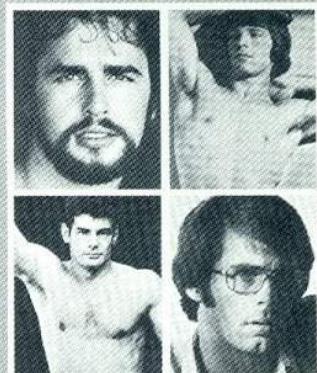


monte hanson

GALLERY 8

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COLT



CATALOG NUMBER THREE

\$3

CATALOG

This thirty-six-page magazine will help you in selecting from our extensive portfolio. Free samples too!

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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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PHOTO BY: PAT ROCCO

looking around



at books

Here There Be Dragons is an extraordinary espionage and counter-intelligence adventure in which the lives of ninety-six men, the security and image of the United States and the avoidance of a Nuclear War are placed in the hands of Dexter Hill, an employee of Brown & Blechman Publishers of New York. He is asked to surrender his identity and safety to aid the Navy and his country with a "sensitive job" which requires a homosexual, who would be willing to be placed in a position of blackmail to feed the enemy false information. Two men are already dead and his failure would mean the lives of many more. In accepting this responsibility, Dexter is to feel a loneliness and helplessness far greater than any he has ever experienced in being a homosexual.

So suspense filled and absorbing is this novel, the reader will find that everything else becomes an annoying interruption. The author handles Dexter's homosexuality and brief affairs of heart with incredible sensitivity and subtlety and captures with total realism the embarrassing awkwardness that is experienced when straight people attempt to relate to homosexuals without understanding.

Robert Bentley, the author, does not exploit homosexuality nor does he apologize for it or even gay lib flag-wave in its behalf. Instead, he has molded and weaved the character of Dexter naturally into a thrilling spy novel that will make anyone proud to be gay. The story is centered around Dexter's homosexuality not for the usual sensationalizing or gimmicky sexual arousing reason, but because the situations and little dramas found within the novel are or could be "facts of life". Dexter is not treated as a sexual object nor is he shown as some weak, spineless, effeminate, depraved character who is a reject of society, even his own. He is not struggling to exist or to prove his existence. He does exist and is a vital part of humanity. He proves that masculinity and more important, strength of character

have little to do with ones sexual performance or preference. The mark of a real man who anyone can admire and respect is his strength of character and ability to be human.

Robert Bentley in his own quiet way has done more to lift the heads of homosexuals than any slogan—carrying gay pride week parade could ever begin to do. This talented young man grew up in Iowa where he studied fiction writing with Marguerite Young at the University of Iowa. He moved to New York for 2 years to become the editor of Grove Press. In the late fifties he met a special

business executive. Although he has written numerous short stories, some of which have appeared in *QQ* with great success, *Here There Be Dragons* is his first novel and was written to entertain. In explaining

how the story was conceived, he comments: "Writing is really a matter of asking 'What if?' and then answering yourself on paper. You imagine a situation and then just develop it. That's where *Dragons* came from. I studied with Marguerite Young once. She was marvelous. She taught us that the best way to write is to know your characters—really know them—and then just turn them loose in a situation. If you really know them, they'll do what they should do. It amazes people when I say I had no idea how *Dragons* would turn out when I started it. The cold war fascinates me. It's all a bunch of bullshit, but diplomacy is intriguing. The premise behind *Dragons* is that the U.S. doesn't want to step into the cold war. That's why it is so believable. As a nation, we can't even remember how short a memory we have! Nations, governments, have done outrageous things and after the initial flurry, everyone forgets about it. But the dialogue continues, and there is a lot of material there!"

As for the nature of the novel, he states, "I don't really consider *Dragons* a 'gay' novel; it's about espionage. Homosexuality is the hinge in the plot. It could as easily have been narcotics or anything else people want to hide. However, I do think that every gay person has the responsibility to take every available opportunity to present a reasoned, dignified face to the world. It may not get the same publicity that blowing up a police station does, but it's solid and respected and will work its own magic."

I hope there isn't a whole lot of personal attention on the way. I'm terribly camera-shy. And the book is so much more interesting than anything about me. It deserves the focus."

And deserve the focus it does for aside from its literary and social values, *Here There Be Dragons* has merit for being a thoroughly entertaining and captivating few hours of reading.



Robert Bentley - author

friend and decided to move to Los Angeles where he now resides and works as busi-

"*Here There Be Dragons*" may not be available at your bookstore for sometime. Interested readers should order direct from The Ontario

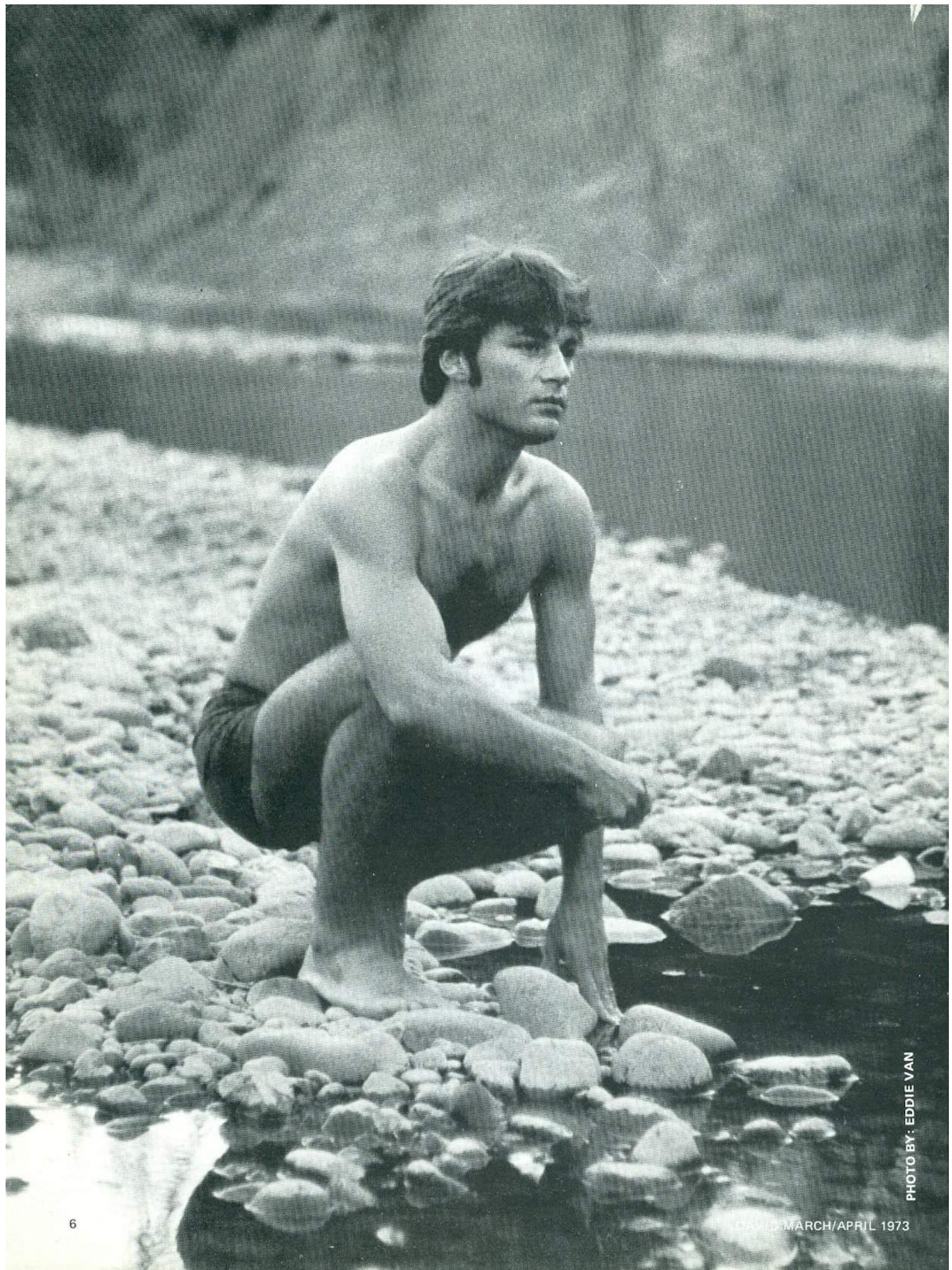


PHOTO BY: EDDIE VAN

Press, 61 West Ontario, Chicago, Ill. 60610. The cost is \$7.95, and Illinois residents should add sales tax.

The Queens' Vernacular, a Gay Lexicon by Bruce Rodgers, Straight Arrow Books, Douglas Mount, 625 Third Street, San Francisco, California 94107; 254 pages, index, bibliography, \$3.50.

You've surely played the game with yourself of drawing up a list of the hundred, or fifty, or even ten "favorite" books you'd take along with you to exile on a desert island, haven't you? Some of you may also have cheated, like me, and included things like the Complete Works of Milton, just in case somebody brainy whom you wanted to impress peeked. But, if you were really being put away and could have among your worldly goods only a dozen gay books, what would you choose? Honest now....

Aside from the obvious fiction, such as Richard Amory's classic *Song of the Loon* and, ideally, all of Mary Renault in one glorious volume, what non-fiction would you choose? May I suggest a title published last Hallowe'en by Straight Arrow Books (don't let their name put you off), subsidiary of the counter-culture periodical *Rolling Stone*, which is *The Queens' Vernacular*!

Qs' V is, according to its cover, "a lexicon of homosexual slang words, expressions and terms revealing sexual mores, social customs and minority attitudes." It is all that *indeed*: a precious historical document of fierce social protest which gives the middle finger to an oppressive hetero-establishment, a wildly witty collection of one-liners providing unadulterated entertainment, and an education in the ways of those intrepid rebels, the drag hustlers and street queens. The defiant ones who long ago left the closet to the straight-imitative homosexuals desirous of "passing", e.g., hiding their homosexuality from the world and, often, from themselves. It was one such outrageous, Blatant-Is-Beautiful queen who hurled the first brickbat during the Stonewall Uprising of late June, 1969, and became as important an anonymous immortal as the Unknown Soldier.

This book makes fools of silly know-nothing straight shrinks like David Reuben who think they have tuned into the gay wave-length by incorrectly recording a few terms (such as "fish wife", which Reuben says is a homosexual's "real wife"), then misinterpreting their misinformation. *Qs' V*, a labor of many years of love by diligent author Bruce Rodgers, records, according to him, "the street poetry of queens, those lively stereotypes forming yet another subculture within the homosexual minority."

"Slang flourishes in the ghetto," Rodgers

points out in his pithy introduction. He calls slang "social protest, used to deflate the hypocrisy of nice-sounding labels that mean nothing to the people who use them. Slang is also the expression of the underdog...aimed at the establishment." According to Rodgers, it "records their (the underdogs') desire to obtain what they do not have," identifies members of an "in" group one to the other while baffling hostage aliens, such as vice or narcs or even sexual window shoppers come a-slumming.

Douglas Mount, a dashingly handsome young Straight Arrow vice-president whom I recently had the pleasure of meeting in Manhattan, says in his superbly sensitive forward, "The most felicitous speech in our language often goes by the cliche 'The King's English'. A play on words might have suggested we call this book 'The Queen's (note singular possessive) English', but what we have here is not a dictionary on proper speech, but, rather, a lexicon of actual speech:...rough, crude and vulgar...self-deprecating and pointedly revealing in the way that only the common speech of a traditionally oppressed minority can be."

The title may put off a lot of gays who don't want to identify with the queens, who look down on them and prefer to have them remain at arm's length on stage in a drag show. While the great majority of hetero-imitative gay males may remain aloof, these days many are feeling the guilties for feeling the guilties, that is, remaining Closet Captives out of a residue of shame, and are reappearing the gusty innovators, trying to overcome their own feelings of chauvinist superiority which are akin to the anti-Semitism of certain Jews of a bygone era. These who are looking into themselves and coming to grips with their assumption that Butch is Better and that Steve McQueen is more admirable than Jim Bailey (who both maintain they're straight), surely will discover in the tongue of the queens there is food for thought. They'll also learn a lot, some of it trivia, and laugh till they hurt.

In the "education" category, surely no one could fail to pick up something useful from the synonyms given on pages forty-eight through fifty-one for penis (which does not have a separate, euphemistic listing, you'll have to search under the "c's"). I counted ninety-two! Many, many other entries will be baffling to all but the most dedicated or big-eared etymologist, and some readers may think them contrived. Given the evident scholarship of the author, that seems unlikely. He *cares* too much, with a tape-recorder brain and hyper-sensitive antennae to his soul.

Rodgers also has a sense of humor worthy of his rich boffo material, displayed in the sentences he employs to illus-

trate each word's "proper" usage in context. You could sit all night reading aloud among friends, each of you topping the other with a "Get this one!" My favorite is this:

gross unbelievably vulgar, foul..."Gross is when you kiss your grandmother, and she slips you the tongue."

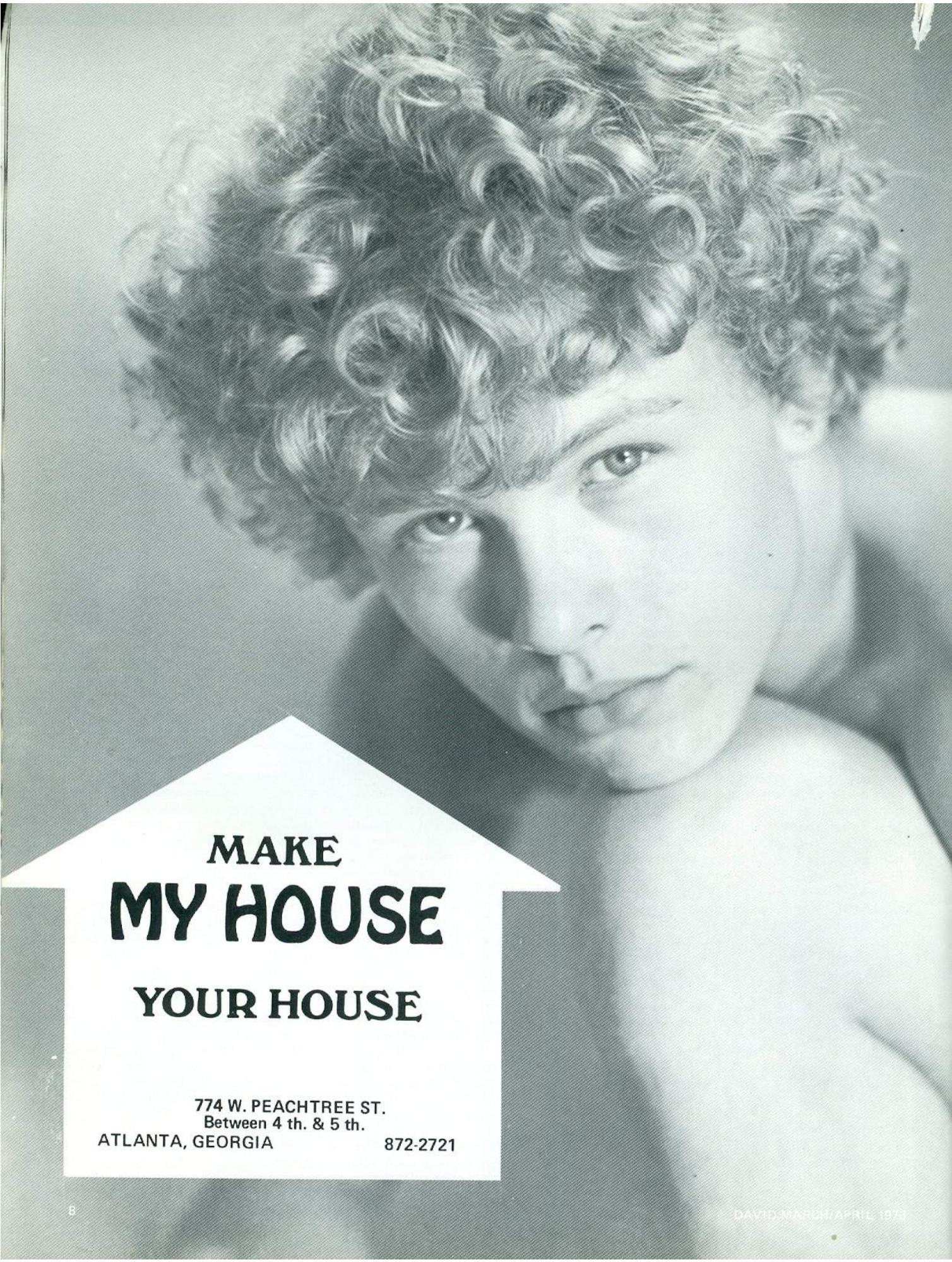
From "abareskin" (camp for "embarrassing") to "Zulu princess" (a young, beautiful black man), *Qs' V* is awesome as well as amusing, awesome in its scope and painstaking assembly. To an author who has just experienced the heartbreak of seeing his own exhaustively-prepared overview of the gay culture (*The Gay Insider U.S.A.*) mutilated, printed without attention to thousands of notes of correction, and on cheap-grade paper without an index and *with* a table of contents that doesn't match up with the interior, being confronted with this handsome, impeccable product put out by Straight Arrow is enough to cry over. In anguish for me, in joy for brother Rodgers, who deserves he got, quality.

Queens' Vernacular should be in every gay person's library as well as on the "recommended" list of the stuffy Task Force on Homosexuality of the American Library Association, so that it can reach ignorant straights as well. Uptight straight-oriented gays can console themselves that they are studying fauna from another planet if they wish. Uptight militants can decry the self-loathing inherent in many of the gutter-derived entries, while having to admire their integrity. Those with a broad, loving, eclectic bent who aren't put off by reality—straight or gay—will be buoyed up by the imagination and defiance implied, and astonished at the similarities between the gay and black subcultures in America which have developed a language that is not always proud, but seldom improvised or sterile. Straights who do not possess good will towards gays and refuse to acknowledge that our love is natural and our life-styles valid will probably use *Qs' V* against all of us, but that's all right, too. They'll be sure to perceive the language is fundamentally tough and its intent serious beneath all the apparent shallowness and misleading superficiality. You can't deny that the queens mean business as they tell us in their patois what they have been, are, and shall remain until perhaps equality is everyone's and dress, for instance, is neuter.

As a buddy of mine, Bunker, recently wrote in a parody of Cole Porter's "Anything Goes", a limp wrist today is a fist today...! *Qs' V* suggests that, for the street originals it may always have been.

This is not a *good* gay book, it is a *great* one, which means it belongs in any lit-

(Continued on Page 49)



MAKE
MY HOUSE
YOUR HOUSE

774 W. PEACHTREE ST.
Between 4 th. & 5 th.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 872-2721

letters to the editor

Dear David:

I have received my January issue and you just would never believe the hassle we had in getting it. I plan to run it all down to you in a letter after my release on June 1st of this year. Maybe you would be interested in a few articles of what it's really like being gay in a Federal Pen.

The purpose of this letter is two-fold: (1) Since we had so much difficulty in receiving our first issue of our subscription to DAVID, (the February issue has not arrived yet) could you please let me know approximately what date you will be mailing our issues each month? I'm rather concerned about my copy "being mis-placed" once it arrives here and before reaching me. If I knew your approximate mailing date, I would then have some idea as to when to expect it. (2) Do you have the address of the GLF here in Atlanta?

Your magazine is being shared with many, and the comments are good. You should receive a few more requests for new subscriptions shortly.

This is really a first for us at Atlanta. Your magazine has been the only gay publication approved for us to receive and we are truly delighted over this score for the team. I hope we shall continue to receive it!

Peace and love,
Coco
Atlanta Federal Penitentiary

Ed: GLF in Atlanta may be reached by writing GLF Atlanta, Station "C", Box 7847, Atlanta, Ga. 30329.

By the way, did your delayed copy of DAVID have a slightly 'used' look to it? Our mailing date is the 20th of each month for the following month's issue.

Dear David:

Recently my lover and I of 11 years were traveling the southeast. And while we were in Florida, I think about the most truly wonderful performance I saw was Jimmie Dee, who at the time was appearing at the Palace Club in Orlando. Well, we were so impressed that we continued to go each night while in Orlando. Recently I ran into Jimmie again who has really gone on to boost his career as an impersonator.

Yes this truly versatile entertainer is one of the few who studies the person he does, the inimitable Diana Ross. Now I have seen dozens who do this as an act, but I

think Jimmie deserves recognition as the best. His performance of 'God Bless the Child' is so realistic, that after that and 'My Man' from "Lady Sings The Blues" there was hardly a dry eye left in the place. I think that when any entertainer who offstage is as charming as Jimmie Dee, there is no limits to what he can do. And besides being a gorgeous person while under the lights, he comes from the stage as one of the most handsome bronze men around. Please, editor, I understand Jimmie Dee left the Palace and is now appearing at one of the top show places in America, The Watch Your Hat & Coat in Nashville, Tenn. Let's see if we can do something on Jimmie, because I'm sure he has many well wishers who would like to keep in touch and possibly see him. And not to gripe, but you could probably use more articles done on the non-white entertainers too!

Thank you for your time editor, and I herald your magazine.

Thanks,
R. McC.
Shreveport, La.

Dear David:

Who is to say that there is a right or wrong way to express love? Perhaps I should be prejudiced against something—anything—but I would not feel comfortable within my heart if I were.

To my way of thinking, one who chooses homosexuality does not necessarily have to adapt to a whole new lifestyle unless they choose. He or she is just someone who chooses to love and show love to one of their own. I can't figure out in such a world as this, why expressing love, caring, and touching is such a wrong thing. People who condemn those who love—not use—but love are themselves very small, closed-up-within-themselves human beings.

I feel I would not be any less a person for loving a woman. For what is so hallowed anyway about a man-woman relationship that more often than not breaks off and damages those involved, except that this is tradition.

There is no wrong in touching—caring touching. The wrong lies in using.

Thank you,
M.H.
Deland, Fla.

Dear David:

Last month the membership of the Village Independent Democrats elected me to their Executive Committee knowing that I had, as an open homosexual, devoted much time, effort and money last

year trying to persuade other homosexuals to participate in the political system by registering to vote (last Jan. I found only 30% had), trying to get 11 to run as delegates or alternates to the Democratic Convention, and others who were registered Democrats to sign a petition to get our "gay slate" on the ballot to show our numerical strength on both the west and east sides of Manhattan, and having failed at that, sitting at a card table trying to enroll new voters at Riis Park, gay Bay No. 2.

At my first Exec. Comm. meeting, several of us succeeded in passing a motion asking Councilwoman Carol Greitzer (another Exec. Comm. member) to appear on 1/29 to explain why she had not signed a discharge petition for Intro 475—the homosexual civil rights bill languishing in the Council's General Welfare Committee. We also invited the Gay Activists Alliance to present their side of the story since they had obtained 21 councilmen's signatures and said that Carol had thrice refused although our club had long ago voted its support for the bill.

Carol's position was that she had never been approached to sign it and held off asking to see it—although she'd heard of it last December—to see what sort of game the GAA was trying to play with her. She did not mention that Mike McPherson, another Exec. Comm. member was also Chairman of the GAA's Municipal Committee and had planned during the last few months of '72 to run against her in the May primary. But, she did say she felt the GAA, and Mike in his articles in the gay press, had attempted to destroy her political reputation by gossip and innuendo. She flatly denied ever being asked to sign the petition.

The GAA's Chairman of its newly consolidated Political Action Committee, Greg Dawson, and later Alan Roskoff who had been GAA's lobbyist last year at City Hall, both said she had been asked to sign on three occasions.

The committee listened to other speakers and both sides answered many questions but there was no way to bridge the truth gap, so the committee voted to move on to the other two items on the agenda.

Bruce Voeller, the new President of GAA, then led a group of GAA members in a shouting match which disrupted the meeting for ten or fifteen minutes until persuaded to move out into the hall to continue the "dialogue" with Carol, our Election District leaders, and other interested parties.

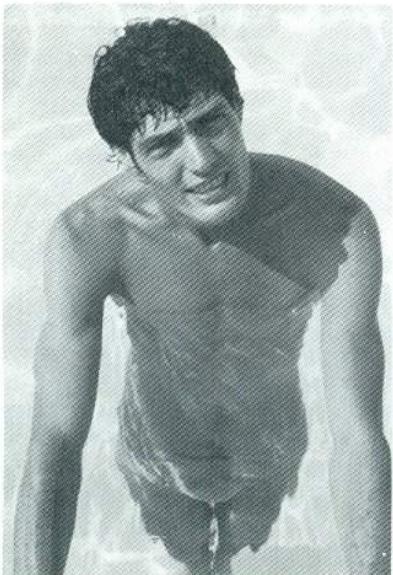
After the Committee disposed of its

(Continued on Page 50)

WANNA SEE MORE?

In response to our advertisement in the classified section of DAVID for fresh, new models to become one of the 'select few' to grace our pages, youngmen from all over the nation have submitted sample photos for our consideration.

Pictured on these two pages are just a few of these. Please let us know which of these guys you like the most so that we may present a more comprehensive look at your favorites in the near future.



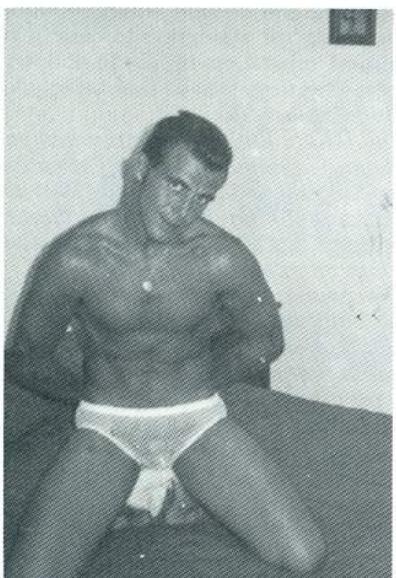
M-3 FLORIDA



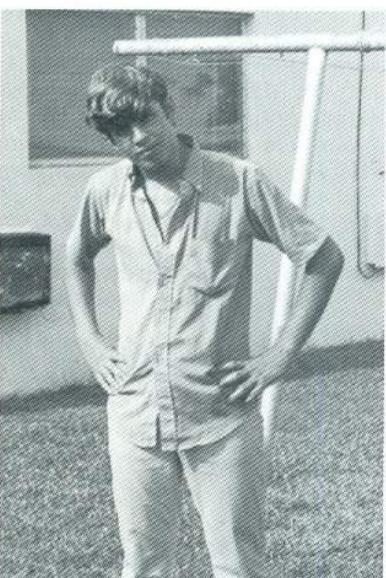
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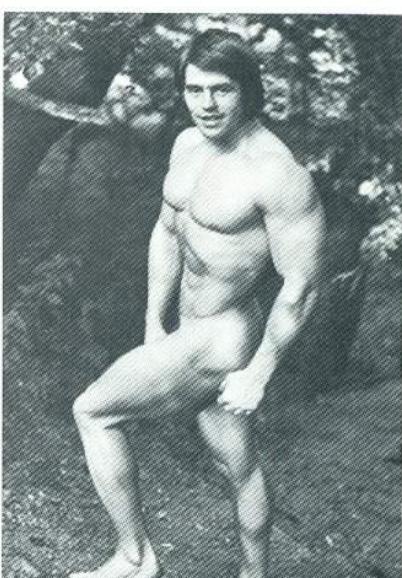
M-5 MASSACHUSETTS



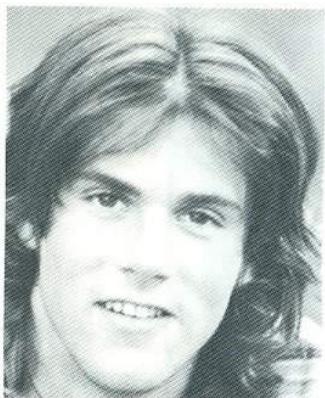
M-9 FLORIDA



M-10 FLORIDA



M-11 NEW YORK



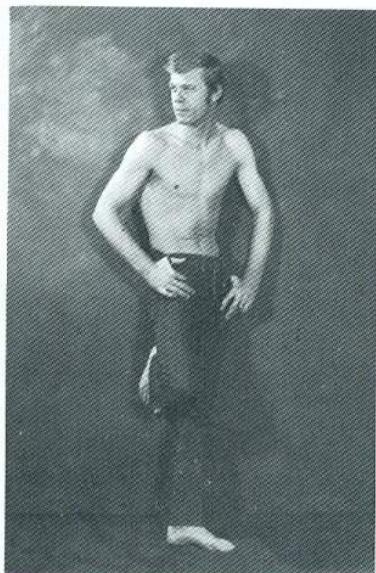
M-1 ILLINOIS



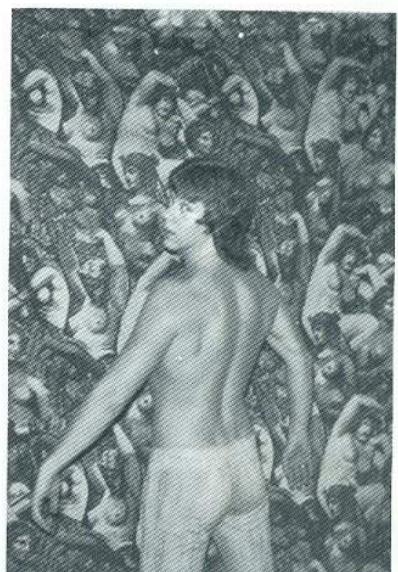
M-2 MASSACHUSETTS



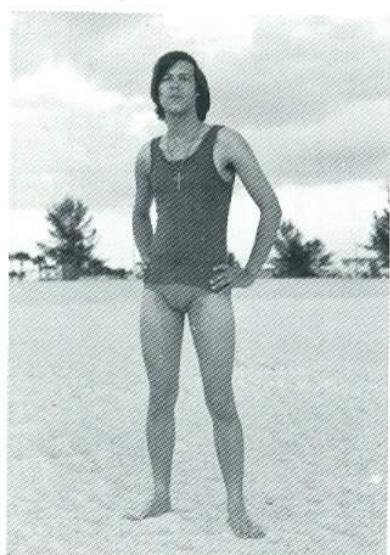
M-6 CALIFORNIA



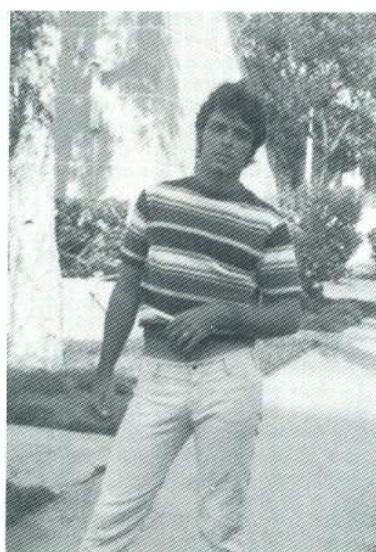
M-7 ILLINOIS



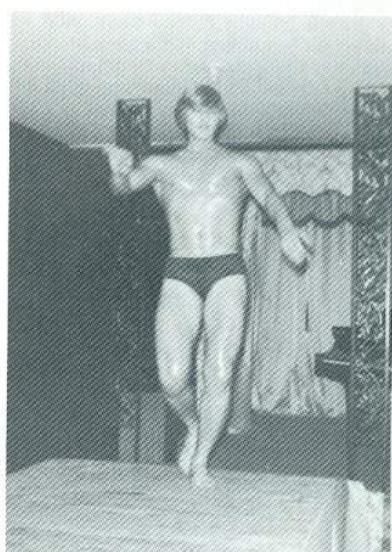
M-8 GEORGIA



M-12 FLORIDA



M-13 FLORIDA



M-14 GEORGIA



Forgive me for not smiling, but as you can see, at this moment, I don't have a lot to smile about. Our church building burned down. And with the building our furnishings. It is a complete loss!

Even while the fire burned the word spread throughout Los Angeles and members and friends of Metropolitan Community Church rushed to the scene. Seventeen units of the Los Angeles Fire Department responded to the call; but it was too late.

People wept openly. So much love had been put into that old building at 22nd and Union. And so much love had gone out from it to our community. You see, all we ever wanted to do—was to help people.

It was a beautiful old church building, just like hundreds of others, and yet it was different. Our Brothers and Sisters made it different! Our church building was used for more than Sunday Services—it was used seven days a week—24 hours a day to reach the total community.

Housed in the building were the Headquarters offices of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. The Samaritan Bible Seminary; a school for training men and women for the ministry to serve our community throughout the world. It was used by the Metropolitan Community Temple; a Jewish congregation with an outreach into the gay community on Friday evenings, and their Torah was damaged in the fire.

Our Crisis Intervention Center provided immediate telephone counseling, anytime, day or night

when emergencies arose concerning legal aid, health, psychological and employment problems. WE were there—if a person just wanted to rap. Our Center also supplied the services of professional counselors (psychiatrists, psychologists, etc.), on a face-to-face basis for people with deep-rooted problems.

Our Deacons closet (the only closet in MCC), gave away free food to over one thousand persons in the last twelve months, and collected and distributed over four and one-half tons of clothing to people in need.

We have worked to ease human suffering; as we preached and believed that "God cares". We have watched Gay Brothers and Sisters shake loose from bonds of despair and degradation, and with determination, stand up and be counted—telling the world..."WE ARE NOT AFRAID ANYMORE!"

Well, we dream our dreams and we believe we CAN change the world! We will NOT be stopped! To those people who would rejoice because of our loss: WE SERVE YOU NOTICE—that we, in the Gay Community, will never permit the hands of the clock to be turned back on us—ever again! We WILL rebuild and go forward!

We need the help of every concerned person. We MUST start rebuilding immediately! We solicit your contributions. Anything you send will help. It's all up to us..."WITHOUT A VISION...THE PEOPLE PERISH." FROM THE FLAMES...WE RISE TO BUILD AGAIN!

Yes, Rev. Perry, I want to join with other concerned people in the rebuilding of the Mother Church, the headquarters of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, and Samaritan Bible Seminary. Enclosed is my contribution.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make check or money order payable to MCC Building Fund (tax deductible) P.O. Box 77201 Los Angeles, California 90007
(213) 462-0916.

by je

A short time ago I had the privilege of meeting a truly remarkable man. The man's name is Michael Nordstrom. Michael is a beautiful looking man, 29 years of age. He is presently mid point in a 20,000 mile journey around the country. While this may not, in itself, seem remarkable, the fact that Michael is accomplishing all this even though he is blind may seem just a little out of the ordinary for most. It did to me so I asked Michael if I could share his story with you.

DAVID: Have you been blind since birth?
MICHAEL: No, I was taking an experimental drug for a heart condition. The heart condition was cured but I went blind two years ago. There is nothing that they can do to restore my sight.

DAVID: What was your immediate reaction?

MICHAEL: My reaction was completely negative. You don't think about what you can do, but rather, what you can't do. I attempted suicide by taking an overdose of drugs. The police found me face down in the gutter. All I could hear was them asking me, 'What are you doing here?' All

of a sudden I had to keep asking myself the same question, 'What am I doing here?' I was charged with being under the influence and possession of dangerous drugs. Thanks to some friends and my own doctor the charges were dropped. I still kept asking myself that question so I went to see Troy Perry, as I am a member of M.C.C. Troy took me for a walk in the meditation garden and he picked some flowers. I thought the old boy had really lost his marbles at this point. Then, Troy had me smell the flowers that he'd picked and asked me, 'What makes you think

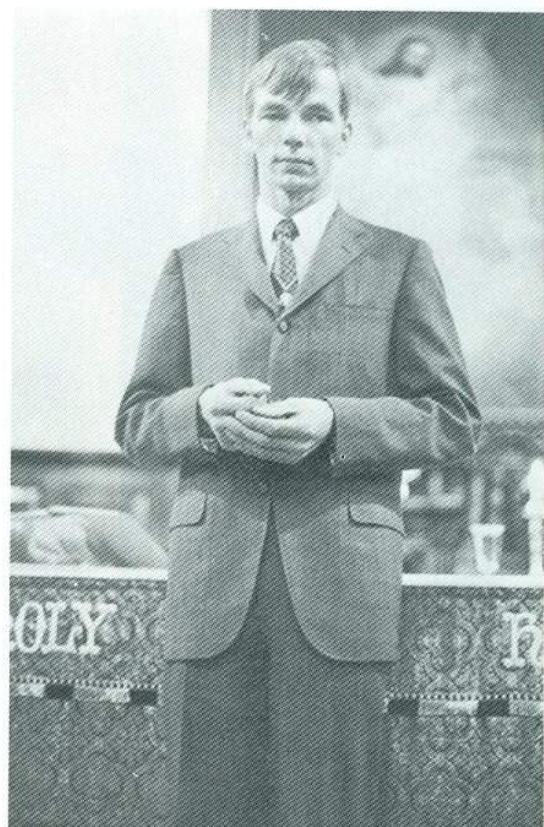
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MICHAEL NORDSTROM

"I thought the old boy had really lost his marbles at this point".



"There is nothing that they can do to restore my sight".



a look at

bette davis



PHOTO BY ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS
courtesy of George Darris Enterprises.

It was one of those frigid, New York winter nights but it didn't dampen the festive mood of the crowd. There were people outside of Town Hall practically begging for tickets from the 'standing room only' crowd. People that I hadn't seen in almost ten years were there. It was truly a Manhattan Glamour Evening. And, what was the source of all of the excitement and glamour? It was none other but Miss Bette Davis, the first of publicist John Springer's "Legendary Ladies of the Movies".

The series, a brilliant idea, is a presentation of four of Hollywood's greatest female stars (Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sydney and Joan Crawford are the other three 'Ladies') in clips from their most memorable films, followed by the lady in person.

This night was The Bette Davis. The more than capacity crowd had come to pay homage to one of the most talented women in Hollywood.

The presentation opened with Miss Davis in (What else?) "All About Eve" in the scene where Margo (Miss Davis) has been visiting Karen (Celeste Holmes) and Lloyd and, unbeknownst to Margo and Lloyd, Karen had syphoned the gas tank. Any movie buff remembers Miss Davis' line about being "40-four-0." The evening was off and running to wild applause. "Of Human Bondage" followed, where Davis makes mince meat of a laconic Leslie Howard. Then, came "Cabin in the Cotton" and the line, "I'd like to kiss ya, but I've just washed my hair." More wild applause. The ball scene from "Jezebel" almost brought the house down. The death scene from "Dark Victory" left nary a dry eye in the house. Her confession to George Marshall in "The Letter", "I

can't help it. With all my heart, I still love the man that I've killed." brought wild cheers. Next it was the classic scene where Paul Henreid lit the two cigarettes in "Now Voyager". "Mr. Skeffington" showed Miss Davis almost being called "Old Fanny". The final clip of the first half, from "Thank Your Lucky Stars" had Davis singing 'They're Either Too Young Or Too Old'. On screen, when it ended it showed Davis bowing to an unseen audience which was wildly applauding even after the curtain closed. The lights in Town Hall came up and the audience was on its feet applauding.

Intermission was a mad house. Everyone running around trying to find out who had enjoyed it the most. Vito Russo, movie critic for GAY, said, "All she has to do is walk out on that stage and they'll tear the roof off." The lights dimmed and people ran for their seats, not wanting to miss a minute.

House lights dimmed, the screen showed Davis from "Cabin In The Cotton" doing a drum roll and announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, the surprise of the evening..." At which time a clip of "Virginia Wolfe" with Elizabeth Taylor doing the take off on Davis delivering the line, "What a dump", asking a perplexed Burton, "What was the title of that movie?" After watching Miss Taylor doing such a number on the line they cut to "Beyond The Forest" (The title of the movie) to show Davis delivering it as a 'throw away line'. Again, the spellbound audience was clamouring for 'MORE!'. A clip from the "Catered Affair" was next (Miss Davis later admitted that it was one of the hardest parts she had undertaken) followed by "Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?" The sight of Davis in the 'Jane' makeup



from DARK VICTORY (1939)



from OLD ACQUAINTANCE (1943)

brought tumultuous cheers. The filmed part of the evening ended with what is probably Davis' most famous scene in "All About Eve" which begins at 'Bill's party' and ends with that most famous of Davis' lines, "Fasten your seatbelts, it's going to be a bumpy night." Town Hall was rocking with applause when the lights came up and the announcement was made, "Ladies and gentlemen, what can I say? Miss Bette Davis."

The audience was at its feet at once. Miss Davis appeared looking absolutely radiant. She received a standing ovation that lasted at least five minutes. She attempted to be seated where she was to be interviewed by Mr. Springer but the audience was not about to let her. The standing ovation swelled the house. (My own hands were a little numb by the time the ovation subsided.)

During the interview Miss Davis allowed us to know: "Losing 'Scarlette O'hara and 'Martha' (Virginia Wolfe) were the two biggest disappointments of my career." "They wanted Errol (Flynn) and I to do it. Errol would have been a lousy 'Rhett Butler' and if he were here next to me now, he'd be the first one to admit it." "I find it hard, now, to believe that I've done all of that" "I can't believe I'm still alive." As she talked she smoked continuously and each time she lit her famous cigarette the audience cheered. At last, Mr. Springer announced that Miss Davis would accept questions from the audience. Miss Davis took a hand mike and jovially, strode the stage to still more cheers and shouts of "we love you, Bette!" One young man was so overcome that he admitted to seeing a Davis film at the age of five and when he got home told his mother, "When I grow up, I want to be just like Bette Davis," Where did you get the Davis walk? "It's part of me. I saw it on the screen and figured, well that's how you walk." What movie was it that you used the line, "Peter, Peter, Peter"? "I never did use that line. Arthur Blake attributed it to me. Thank God, he did. It kept me alive for years." The only questions (and there were a few that I felt

were rude, including one on her personal stance on GAY LIBERATION—"I'm not again' it but I don't see anyplace in it for me.") that seemed to throw her were those concerning Joan Crawford. When, finally 'bugged' enough, she shot back, "I would not presume to comment on Miss Crawford's performance in 'Baby Jane' or in any other movie." She then proceeded to praise Olivia DeHaviland and a few others. "The priceless, Garbo in 'Camille'." On George Sanders, "He was a brilliant man but a lazy actor. He could have been unbelievable." On Claude Rains, "Brilliant, and a very nice man." Jimmy Cagney, "One of the most talented actors in motion pictures." Who was your choice for 'George' in 'Virginia Wolfe'? "I would have liked Jimmy Stewart. Hank (Henry Fonda on whom she admitted a 'mad crush when I first met him. He was beooootiful'). could have done it too."

a legend

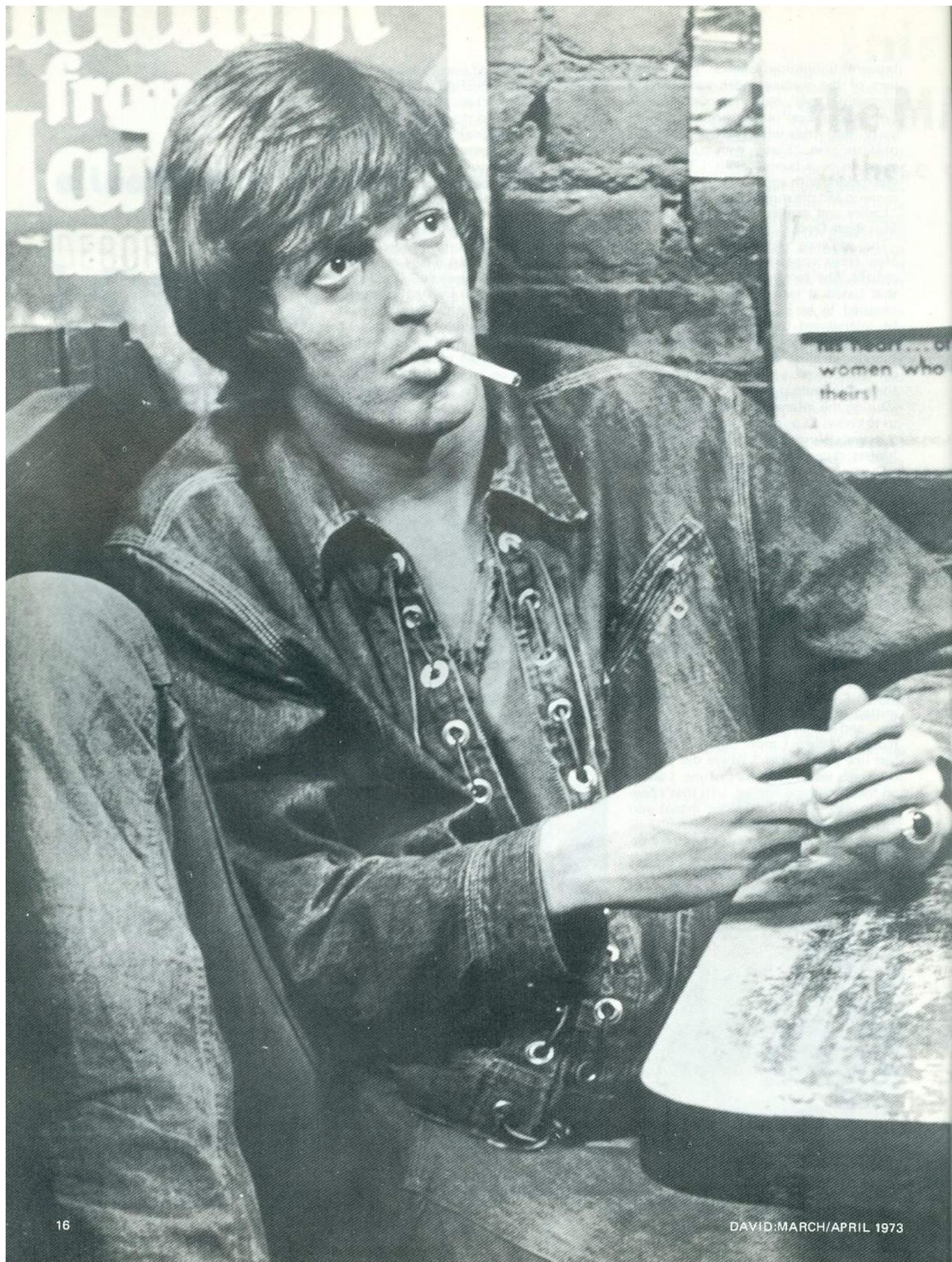
bette davis

(Continued on Page 50)



bette davis

PHOTO BY ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS
courtesy of George Darris Enterprises.



MICHAEL GREER

As one sat patiently in the dark through a series of announcements and the final introduction of a guest star, the curtain slowly began to part, revealing a directors chair, a microphone and reproductions of the famous "Blue Boy", "Mona Lisa" and "Whistler's Mother" hanging in the background as the setting for the stage of the Baton. This was the first indication that something different and exciting was about to take place which would later cause the clubs patrons to stand shouting Bravo! And shouts of Bravo it is for the Baton, Felicia and MICHAEL GREER. It was a fantastic performance.

Michael Greer is a tall 6 foot giant of an entertainer who challenges the scope of your emotions in his one-man show. He has total command of himself and the audience that a would be heckler's interruption of "I don't understand" was quickly and cleverly stopped by a simple smiling statement, "The blackboard, I'm sorry, isn't brought out until the next show" or people conversing too loudly are effectively embarrassed into silence by a considerate comment in the direction of the inconsiderates such as "Can you all hear me?" His obvious pleasure is performing is infectious and captures the audience and holds them from beginning to end. His act consists of a clever series of short stories relating to his film career and discovery by Judy Garland, impersonations, jokes and songs which both gays and straights can appreciate, and a brilliant monologue called "Mona Lisa" The "Mona Lisa" skit is the most ingenious piece of comedy to be seen or heard in a long time. It is a running dialogue between the "Mona Lisa", "Whistler's Mother" and "Blue Boy" who all come to life at closing time of the museum. One quickly realizes that you "don't mess around with Mona" as you listen to her bitch at "Whistler's Mother" for playing the television too loud and "Blue Boy" for being a 'fruit'. Add to this Michael Greer's visual effects and you won't recover from laughing cramps for a week. All of the material for the act was written by Michael with exception of the dramatically moving song, "What Makes A Man A Man". This was the closing number for the show and it left you leaving the Baton with the warm feeling that somehow your day was made brighter and richer by the experience.

Michael Greer says he came to Chicago because "I want people to see other facets of me." Although there are as many sides to this very talented person as there are to an octagon, he is a straight-forward, no-bullshit, honest midwesterner who speaks

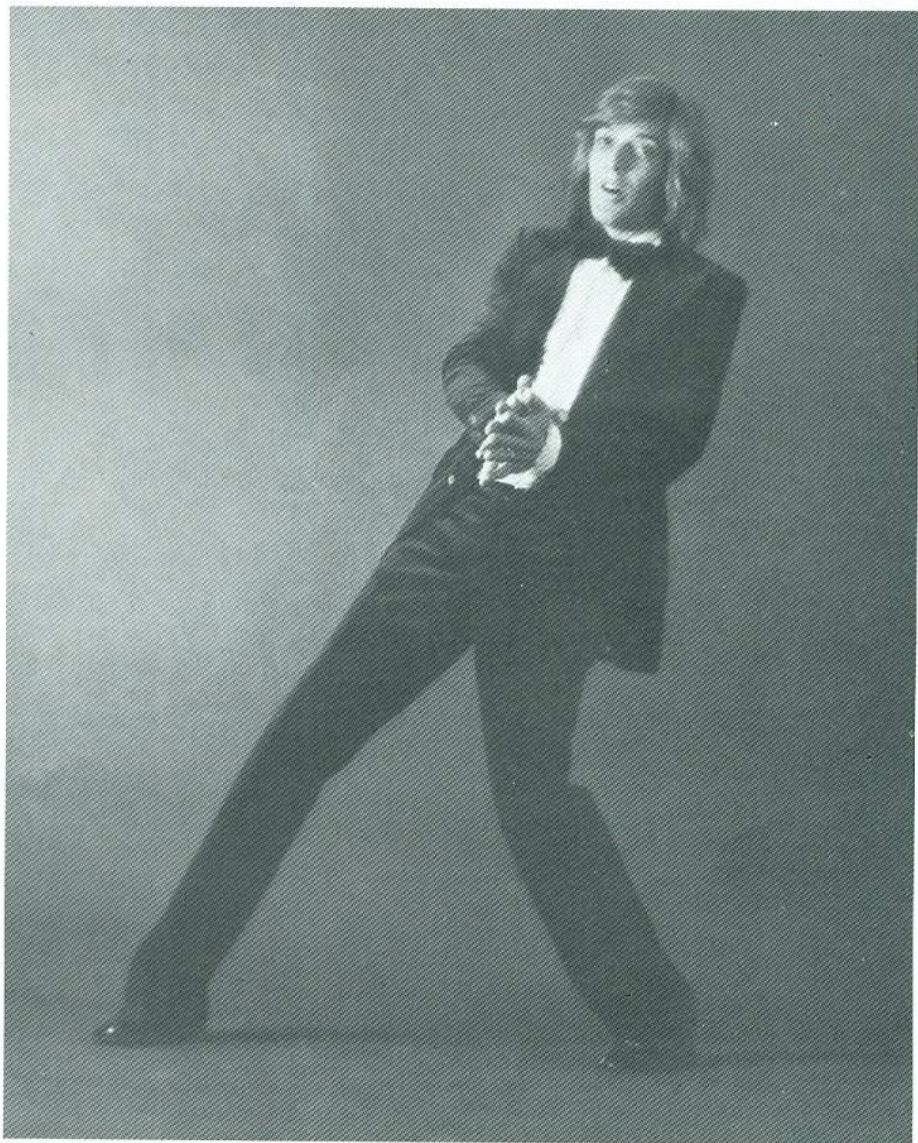
his mind quite openly, especially when it is about his career and homosexuality. His answers are not asking, but telling—telling you where he is at. He is a man who hates labels and doesn't concern his life with a search for standard images. He is an actor by profession and becomes irritated when people identify or stereotype actors with roles they have played. In the movies *The Gay Deceivers* and *Fortune And Men's Eyes*, he played two gay characters. "I had to make sacrifices for my profession like screwing up my hair and exposing myself, but I don't run around with a rose in my mouth all day." Homosexuality has nothing to do with the art of acting nor does the role one

plays have anything to do with an actors real identity. Tony Curtis is not the *Boston Strangler* nor is it fair to judge all Blacks by the movie *Shaft*." Whether Michael Greer is gay or not is really not important—what is important is that he is a very fine entertainer who likes people. "I have the same concern and respect for women as I do for men."

Michael Greer claims he has had his share of "fabulous flops or failures with a flare" and like most big names in the theater today, he kept working in clubs until the right break came. "It didn't matter whether the club was gay or straight, if that is

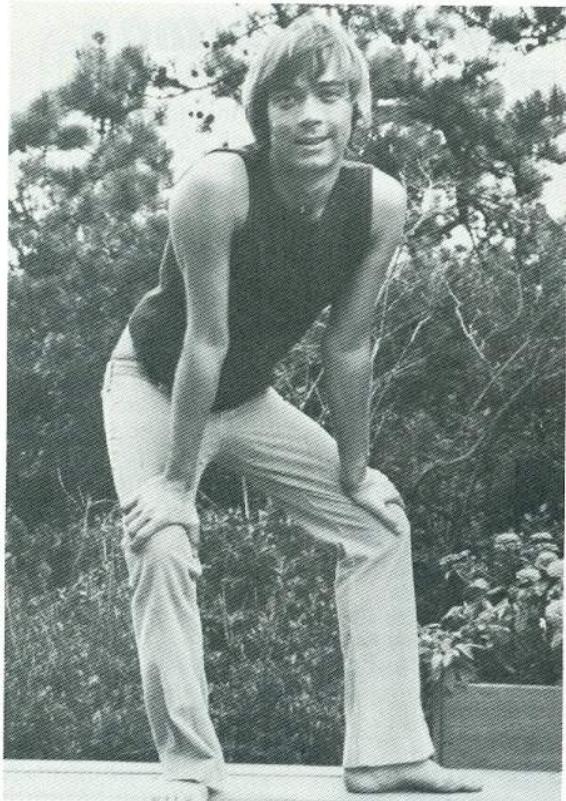
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PHOTO BY: DAVID VANCE



DAVID

DAVIDSON



Le Petite Prince

Swedish sex symbol, David Davidson, arrived here in the United States recently having run the complete transition from child actor to a successful mature young adult actor to play the lead part in Richard Berg's *Nowhere To Go*. Le Petite Prince, David, as a child actor, played Frederick in the Broadway production of *Sound of Music* with Mary Martin and went on through puberty to young adulthood adding many credits to his versatile career.

In Off Broadway he played Johnathan in Clifford Odets *Poor Dad* and Marvin in *Enter Laughing*. Movie buffs have seen this talented lad in *The Subject Was Roses*, *Desperate Characters* and *Hospital* to name a few. COCA COLA has two commercials currently running in which this hunky lad appears as well as CLOSE UP toothpaste and USAF Posters.

His latest credit is the male lead in the sequel of the most controversial film of the decade, *Deep Throat* opposite Linda Lovelace.

We asked the fair haired beauty how he felt about doing "skin flicks", "I don't relate to films as 'skin flicks'", he smiles. "It's the media I use to express my sensuality and frankly, I am a very sensual person. People that are nervous and uptight are sensually and sexually oppressed. If we could liberate all of the repressed people in the world, what a gay place it

would be."

David claims to be born under the 13th planet which astrologists say doesn't exist. Perhaps that accounts for all his magnetic and magical qualities for like Le Petite Prince and the Unicorn he has retained the best of all the Zodiac. The sensuality of Scorpio, the passion of the fire signs, the humanity of earth, the humor of the air signs and the inner peace of the water signs.

David, being born in Sweden, the land of the Midnight Sun, contains, like that sun, every hue and color of the universe in his personality, character and interests which enhances the life style that he leads.

Since his arrival in N.Y. the ravishing David has become one of the most sought after up and coming actors. Photographed by the renowned Roy Blakey and Ken Duncan, his talents have been acclaimed by AFTER DARK and other publications throughout the N.Y. area.

Come early spring, Le Petite Prince ventures throughout the country in promotion with his new and exciting film. Who knows what exciting things wait for him "beyond the horizon"?

Request for information about David Davidson should be sent to Edwin Enterprises, 322 W. 52nd St., Dept. 814, N.Y.C., 10019. Your correspondence and inquiries will be given personal attention by Mr. Davidson.



One half hour in the life of Joe Ketterman

A Short Story by ROBERT BENTLEY, author of *Here There Be Dragons*.

No one answered his knock at the screen, although a sprinkler turned lazily in the yard and the inside door stood open. He peered through, shielding his eyes from the harsh sunlight, trying to see if there was any movement in the darker interior of the house.

He tapped again, saying "Excuse me" out loud through the mesh in case someone there had mistaken his knock for something else.

After a moment, he went around to the side. A path led back and he moved cautiously, not wanting to intrude. The yard behind the house stretched to an alley; a broad, shaded lawn with places where the grass would not grow and a low wall on either side which had one day been a family project. In the overgrowth of a far corner stood a rusting swing, a balanced, triangular affair, and it hurt him seeing that because Rodney would have played there as a boy, begging to go higher, clutching at the chain with that determined set to his mouth as it got precarious.

"Hello." Her voice was close, and as he turned to find it on the lawn next door, she rose expectantly. It was Rodney's mother. The same short forehead, wide set eyes, and the black, black hair.

"Mrs. Coulter?" he presumed.

"Yes." Pleasant smile; a little tentative, but willing to be friendly. She came to the wall.

"My name is Joe Ketterman," he said. "A friend of Rod's." Her eyes embraced him, a warm blanket around trembling shoulders. "Oh yes, of course." She turned and called "Dad!" The woman she had been sitting with got up and went into her house. "My heavens, what a surprise," she said.

Rodney's father came out, a broad, brave smile on his face. They shook hands over the wall while the other couple looked on from their porch. "We'll come around," he said.

A horn honked out front. "The taxi," Joe explained, "I'll let him go."

"Yes," Mrs. Coulter said. "We'll come through the gate."

He went to the car. "I got to go," the driver told him.

"Yes I'm sorry," Joe said. "I wanted to make sure they were home."

"There's only three of us. I got to get back in circulation."

"Sure. Thank you for waiting. How much?"

"Seventy-five cents. It went up a month ago," the man apologized, as though Joe would know. He dug in his pocket to change Joe's dollar and seemed surprised when Joe told him to keep it.

"Can you be back in half an hour?" Joe asked him. "I've just got a half hour

and you'll have to come right then."

"Sure can. Let's see..." he pointed to his watch. "I make that three-fifteen, right?"

"Yes. Thank you."

They were waiting at the front door, Rod's big, loose-boned father holding the screen for him. "How about that," he said. "Rod's friend come to see us."

"Would you like some ice tea?" Mrs. Coulter asked him inside.

"Or maybe something a little stronger?" her husband said winking.

"Iced tea would be nice," Joe nodded.

"Come on, sit down," Coulter offered the sofa. "How long you got?"

"I'm between trains. It's here for a while. They make a connection, I guess."

"From North Platte, yes," the man said. "It leaves here at three thirty."

"It's the same train Rodney left on," his mother said from the kitchen.

They were all silent for a moment and then Joe spoke, in case she was in there

feeling bad for saying it. "I was hoping you'd be home. Took a chance."

"We're always home," Coulter said. "I'm sure glad you did."

The tea came and he told her it was good. "When did you get back?" she asked.

"I left Viet Nam a month ago. I've been discharged a week."

"A civilian again," Coulter confirmed. He smiled, but his eyes were saying *Why you? By what right, you?*

"I'm flattered you knew who I was." Joe said.

"Oh, yes. Rod wrote so often of you. What, for a year?"

"Yes," Joe nodded. "It was about that long." *One year, one month, and three days.*

"He'd tell us about your escapades to Hong Kong," she smiled.

"Just once," he reminded her. "Sydney,

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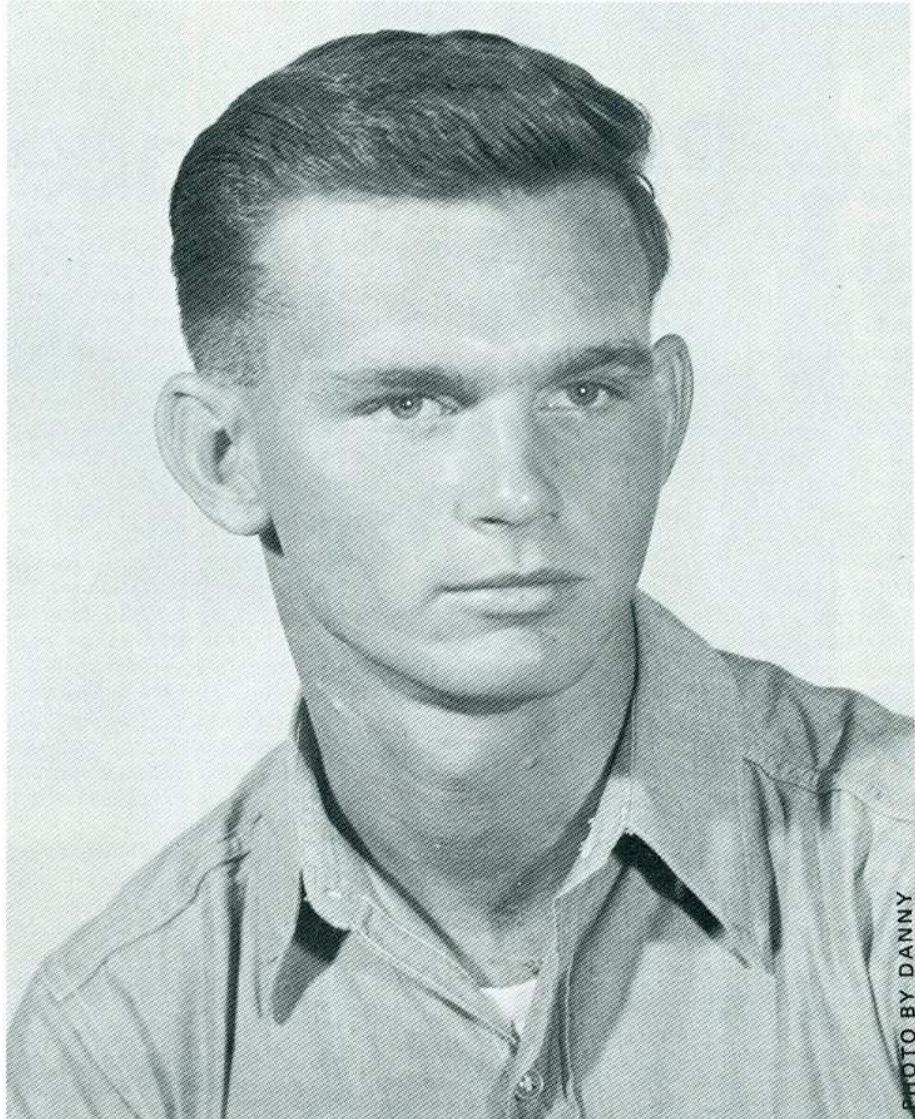


PHOTO BY DANNY

QUEER

PATTERNS

A Pregnant Tale by R. C. Vallarian

QUEER PATTERNS

QUEER

PATTERNS

Life was forming a quilt of queer patterns: two shows a night and a continuous round of bickering, fighting, and quarreling. I couldn't stand much more. Being the only young (talented) boy surrounded by a squad of ageing ingenue's took a toll. My health deteriorated. I hated the screaming, name calling, and back stabbing that occurred every time I appeared in a show. I thought of giving it up (and becoming a film star), but Nature intervened. I was pregnant.

Naturally, no one believed me.

The fact that I was about to make medical history made no difference whatever. Laughter, jokes, and ugly innuendos surrounded me. I ignored them. In my condition, I knew I had to be careful. I closed my ears to slander and opened my heart to beauty: I kept a book of poetry (and a mirror) near me always. It was an up hill struggle, but I was determined to survive. I had a Little Person to think of now. So did everyone else. And they didn't let me forget it for one second. Desperately I sought for courage. I read the life of Oscar Wilde, the love lyrics of Sappho, and thrilled to the music of Tchaikovsky. I knew I wasn't alone. Other great artists had suffered. And would again; perhaps, more than I.

Work became impossible. Every night was a new terror and an old battle, but I faced them as always, with my head held high and a secret in my heart. I knew I'd been chosen for a different destiny (the tea leaves never lie). I rouse to the challenge.

Finally, the time came when I had to consult a doctor. I was losing weight, not gaining, and certain other symptoms were contrary to what I suspected of my condition: I found it difficult to sit. However, the choice of a doctor was definitely

a delicate matter. I needed a fair thinking, optimistic, modern man, with the courage to face reality. I knew my case was extraordinary. Like another historical birth (on Christmas) all those concerned would be catapulted into the whirlwind of fame, the fires of publicity, and the flood of notoriety. We must be strong, together.

The Mayo Clinic was out of the question. Somehow, with my "new instincts" I sensed an organization which could be hailed in Readers Digest would not be mother-hood. For, while the Gay Liberation Society was swiftly breaking new ground (which freed men from hair styling, dress designing, and nursing), the American Medical Association was still standing in old dirt. I knew I had to be as daring as the times. Nothing less would do.

By chance, I heard a couple of girls in a coffee shop discussing a place that "got it

over with fast". I was intrigued. Before long we were talking about world politics, the gold standard, and mother-hood. Though charmed, they acted surprised (my condition still didn't show), but we soon came to an understanding. I was

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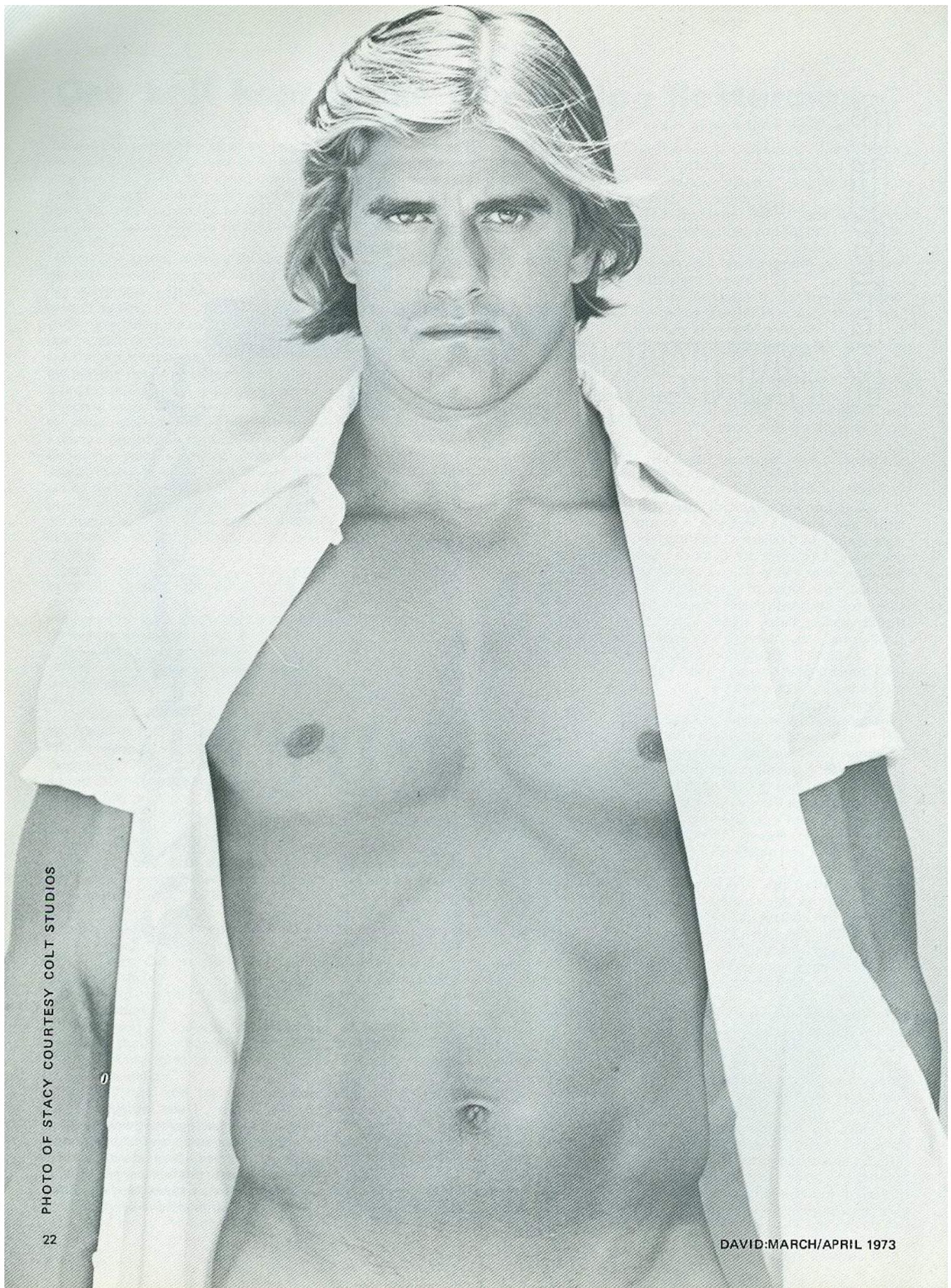


PHOTO OF STACY COURTESY COLT STUDIOS

LEATHER by LOU

Before anything else is said, I must apologise for an oversight in last month's issue. I somehow failed to mention that those beautiful pictures of New York's first MR. EAGLE, FERNANDO, were taken by the very talented photographer, Avery Willard.

People who are aware of my column in DAVID and my association with the L/L club movement have asked me to explain this movement via this column.

I shall in detailing the history, purpose, and knowledge I possess NOT mention clubs by name without the club's permission. Contrary to what some might think, clubs of this sort are not out for publicity since most publicity attracts unwanted curiosity seekers, etc. who invariably manage to disrupt the atmosphere of brotherhood and comraderie that make these affairs so enjoyable to its participants.

If interest in the movement is generated, check your local L/L bar for this is the only way to find the club which suits your specific interests.

Man is, by nature, a joiner; a pack animal; one who likes to belong. This is, no doubt, the reason why, in all societies, fraternal orders and clubs exist.

Some ten years ago on the West Coast (San Francisco) people joined together to form the first L/L club. Being late starters, we Easterners saw the birth of our first L/L club approximately six years ago.

New York and Washington D.C. practically as a simultaneous outgrowth saw two all motorcycle clubs born. This is to say, that each member owned a motorcycle and new members were required to own a motorcycle.

Shortly thereafter, the largest club on the East Coast was founded. This fraternity has as its membership requirement ownership of a motorized vehicle (not necessarily a motorcycle, therefore; M.C. does not necessarily stand for motorcycle.)

Each year new clubs are being formed across the country and today clubs exist in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Omaha, Minneapolis, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Atlanta, Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, Bucks County, Pa. New York, Connecticut, and Boston.

My apologies in advance if I missed a location. Some of the cities listed above more than one club and stand out in my mind.

By nature the proliferation which has

occurred has resulted in some clubs being social other than strictly motorcycle and otherwise motorized in orientation.

All provide their membership and guests from time to time with runs, parties and even Broadway type productions. Prices vary for these events but usually are well worth any price.

These clubs provide comraderie, fraternalism and that earlier mentioned sense of belonging for its members. Memberships usually granted to all who fit the basic requirements at a low annual membership fee.

The bar scene in N.Y. has once again shown a marked change with three bars standing out above the rest as being the most popular.

The RAMROD (between Christopher and 10th St. on West St.) drew my attention for its hospitality, charm and groovy crowd. The bar was well packed with some of the real groovies and the people were smiling, laughing, talking and cruising enthusiastically.

A midnight buffet was served which was one of the best I have ever had. Prices were lower than any other N.Y. L/L bar. Keep up the good work, Joe, Twirly, and Adolph!

TY'S PUB (at 114 Christopher Street) is fairly new on the scene but as we stated in previous articles, has become a definite stop on the N.Y. L/L route. The bar layout makes it almost impossible NOT

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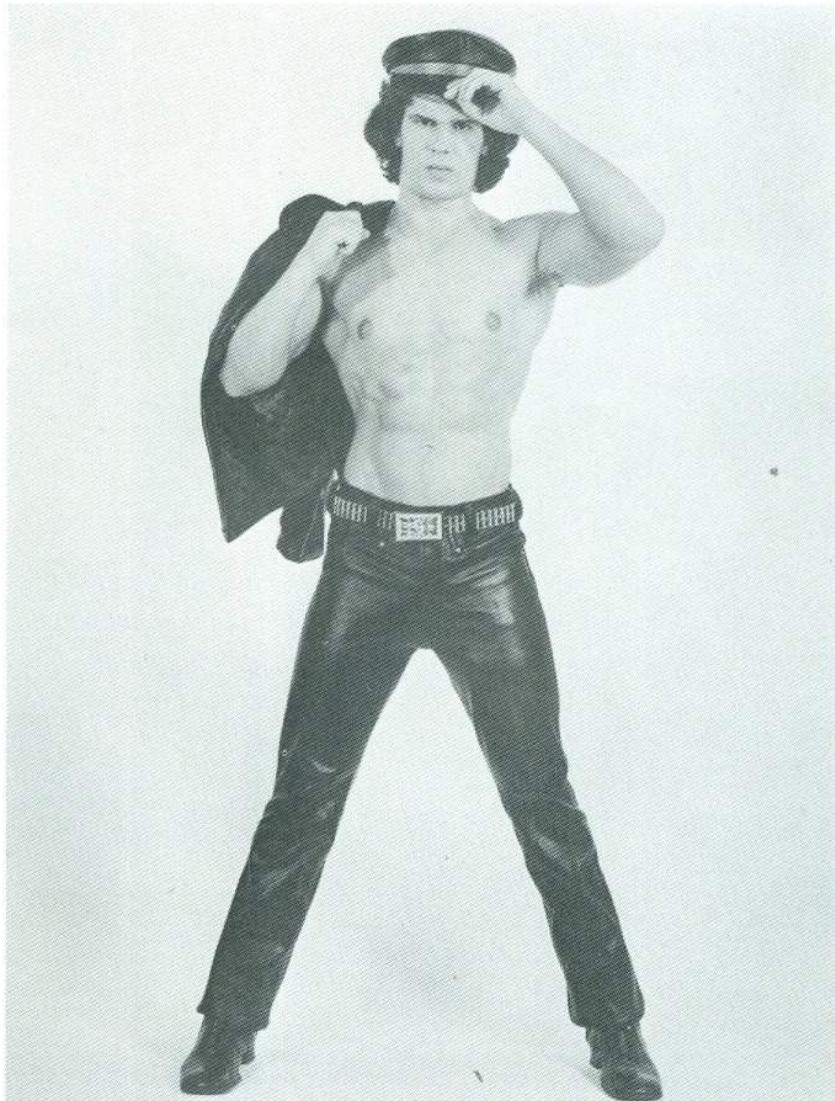
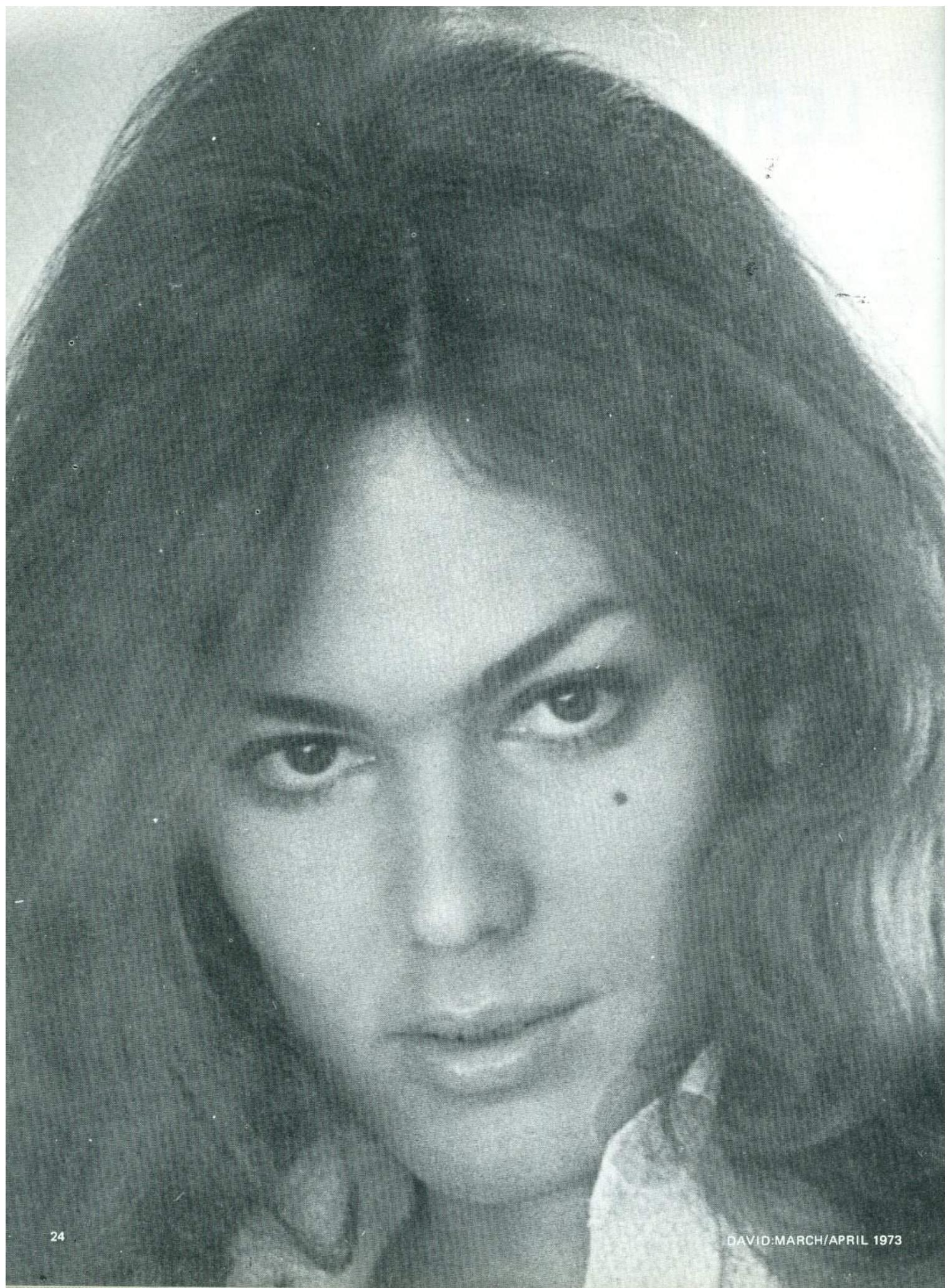


PHOTO BY: EDDIE VAN



applause

RACHAEL WELLS

To gain an audience and keep control..."I want to feel a personal relationship with my peers...that's what I like in an audience, a challenge...go in and hit it head on..." And challenge his audience he does!

Standing tall and lean, RACHEL enters a room, a motel office, a store, or a stage and has immediate attention...not sneers or criticism of her long natural hair, or textured silken skin, but an instant romance of excitement and amorous confusion.

Q. "What do you consider yourself basically?"

A. "A fatalist, I guess. You cannot be really happy until you find yourself. I almost have."

Q. "Are you basically happy in Gay life?"

A. "Yes! I am not ashamed of being Gay. I remember the first place I worked, the Cruise Quarters, in Atlanta. It was a mixed group and quite rough and I knew as soon as I first walked on that stage...I was accepted. That's really important, to personally accept the fact that you're Gay, and then be accepted...after all, it's not what you are, it's what you achieve. I suppose I am a product of my environment, everyone is...but I have a strange gift...being Gay...not a man...not a woman, but the understanding of both...one of the beautiful people."

Q. "What is your opinion of being a Drag Queen?"

A. "I don't like to consider myself a Drag Queen...more a performer...a man, rather than a woman...although I look feminine...women are dependent people, I am not."

Rachel is a method actor, When she rehearses, she works. The song "I've Got Love". This is my reaction sitting in the darkened room next to the stage..."First I must feel out the song, it's changes, emotions, expressions..." She feels out the song...thinks it through...sells it... "What will be the audience's reaction?"... walks the stage...chooses positions for vital attack...center stage thoughts for move-

ment...even plays to the one audience she has, yours truly...Rachel has to show her emotion, even in a rehearsal...constantly reaching, searching, grasping...the lack of props do not bother her...she uses the stage, the floor, the banister, the people, the spotlight!!!

Rachel is a strict pro...promptness and perfection are among the tricks in her bag. "If you are going to do it, do it right!" Rehearsals are long and trying... "When you are working with people who have not prepared themselves, you cannot be sure of what will happen during the performance...the cues are most important and it can make the difference of keeping or losing the attention span of the audience."

11:00 P.M.

Rachel performs her rehearsal to an anxious crowd...pleasing...teasing...arousing. "My God!! A Snake!!!", someone yells, A sudden wave grows in the audience...they are completely captivated...such a sweet innocent girl with a beautiful body. A Snake! Unbelievable what a prop can do for a performer...a change of Miss Jeckel to Miss Hyde! The "Queen City" has never seen such...nor has the interviewer ever seen such a standing ovation or applause in Charlotte.

In reality, Rachel is indeed one of the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE...as a person and as a rising professional!

Sean Andres



"Women are dependant....I am not."

In existence for almost two decades and playing host to torch singers, satirists, folk singers and monologists. Mr. Kelly's is still going strong. It has earned the triangular corner of Rush St. and State in Chicago—an historical landmark for night club entertainers everywhere. The ever-growing list of big name entertainers who have played in its intimate showroom and the uncountable numbers of new comers who have paraded past the microphone of its tiny stage on their way to success would read like a telephone directory. Although Mr. Kelly's has always been known for presenting the best in established night club performers, it has also built a reputation for discovering new talent by being courageous enough to take a chance on unknowns.

Many of these unknowns were the second act on the billing warming up the audience for the big star of the evening. Supporting acts such as Mort Saul, Shelly Berman, Phyllis Diller, Bob Newhart, Woody Allen, Dick Gregory and many more would find themselves soon returning as headliners with star billing and salaries. Sadly enough many would become even too big for Mr. Kelly's to afford—Nancy Wilson and Bar-

bra Streisand can make more money in one night concerts than they can make in a two week engagement at Mr. Kelly's or any other night club.

George Marienthal, now in his early 60's, and his late brother Oscar (who died in 1963) are the two men who are responsible for the creation of Mr. Kelly's and its ultimate success. They began in 1941 with a steak house which came to be known as the London House. It introduced a regular program of progressive jazz and continues even today with the appearance of musicians such as Les McCann and Stan Getz. Mr. Kelly's (Kelly for Irish congeniality, Mister for dignity) was built in 1953 as a second restaurant and soon it was featuring live entertainment. A fire destroyed the original in 1966—an era when most night clubs were disappearing—but did not stop Mr. Kelly's, for it was rebuilt and became one of the Nation's finest night spots.

What do the stars think of Mr. Kelly's and George Marienthal Enterprises? Their gratitude is expressed through autographed pictures of the stars themselves. "For George—vat can I say? You're a real doll—Barbra Streisand" "Please hire me again,

Shelly Berman" "Thanks for everything, Bob Newhart" "My sincere thanks and happiness always, Nancy Wilson".

Recently David Frye appeared at Mr. Kelly's to packed shows. Appearing with him was Sunni Welles, a new singer. Miss Welles, who obviously enjoys singing and does it well, warmed up the audience with "Cabaret" and "Just A Little Loving". And after a ten minute break in a relaxing atmosphere of laughter and good conversation, David Frye rocked the place with laughter for forty minutes straight. His opening line was, "I've played to larger houses in my apartment!" He is one of America's leading impressionists/satirists. There was no male star or politician of today who didn't get "Fryed" by his sense of humor.

Coming soon to Mr. Kelly's will be Della Reese, March 12-18, and Sarah Vaughn, April 2-14.

The food is excellent and the service exceptional with Mary Massilino as your charming hostess and cocktail waitress. So if you're visiting Chicago or just plain tired of the Tube, why not let Mr. Kelly's, their staff and stars entertain you. Frederick Alexson



DAVID FRYE



DELLA REESE



SARAH VAUGHN

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APARTMENT

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Don't Bother Me... I Can't Cope

If you are a performer, spectator, theater technician or a member of the production staff, you are fully aware that an audience is a marvelous melting pot of society, but it is a rare show that reaches everyone with the same message making them rise to their feet in applause as one or shout in the same voice, "more, more, more!" One gets pretty wary of shows that have a message or that preach the same thing over and over again about love, brotherhood and understanding, but as human beings, if not constantly reminded, we forget all too soon our responsibility and obligation towards each other. The Happy Medium Theater and its current musical hit, *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*, have not forgotten their responsibility to its audience for they have found a very happy medium of entertaining while reminding us of who we are by telling it like it is. *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* is a Black show only in the fact that all the members of the cast are Black artists and that some of the very clever lyrics and humor stems from the Black's life style and background, but the show's subject matter is recognizably universal. It does not cop out in its aim or get caught up in Blackness, but instead it shows us as Vinnette Carroll conceived and directed it to that we are all human beings who should be able to *cope*, if we are mature, purposeful and involved people. It deals with basic truths and is honestly concerned with all humanity.

"As human beings we are ultimately more similar than dissimilar. We all arrived on this planet by way of the same transit system, and we depart through the same gateway. So it seems reasonable that as we journey through this life we are going to find ourselves standing at some of the same crossroads, stumbling over some of the same potholes and waiting at some of the same traffic lights. I defy anyone to show me the difference between a Black, White or Chinese bellyache. Bombs know no creed, cancer no color and that deliciously warm feeling that comes from being in love is the exclusive property of no one race." These are quotes from Micki Grant who wrote the music and lyrics for the show and this



**looking
around
at**

CHICAGO

Trying to keep up with the Chicago scene is like trying to keep up with the changing tides of the waters of the world and yet one thing is as certain as Mayor Daley's turning the rivers and the stripes on State Street green for St. Patrick's Day, this city is turning the eyes of other cities green with envy with its booming bars and social seasons. The new bars which have everyone running, including this reporter, from one end of town to the other are as different as man is from woman, offering something for everyone.

The staff at the UPNORTH welcomed back its owner, Jack who had taken a long deserved vacation to Puerto Rico, with some neat redecorating and a brighter look created by Dale—a smiling cook means a happier menu and delighted customers.

Dancing at the WOODEN BARREL PUB, especially on Thursday nights, could lead to fun and games.

THE COMING OUT, a new friendly bar, located a few doors down Fulton at 2519 N. Halsted, has the very popular Ralph, formerly of the ANNEX as bartender—he'll make you feel at home.

THE RAM ROD another new bar located at 430 N. Clark St. is an exciting "western leather" bar for all those who like wagon-wheels, sawdust, and peanuts—don't miss the full length "nudities" on the wall.

THE BATON will hold its 1st Academy Awards Special on March 27th. Winners will be chosen for Best Entertainer of the year in 10 different categories as well as

for best gown designer, bartender, waiter, or waitress and for the group that has pushed for better rights and life in the Gay Community. Felicia, Lady Baronessa, Peaches and Roski are planning another trip to the SWEET GUM HEAD in Atlanta, Ga. and the Famous Door Revue from Indianapolis will be appearing at the BATON sometime next month.

THE PUB LOUNGE located in the Greyhound Terminal has a new groovy bartender, Joe, who is welcoming new arrivals with proper mid-western hospitality.

THE KNIGHT OUT bar at 2936 N. Clark St. had a smashing grand opening on Valentine's Day with lots of hearts and door prizes. Don't forget the buffet on Sundays and the movies on Tuesdays or the Birthday Party on March 21st for popular bartender, Jerry Lopez.

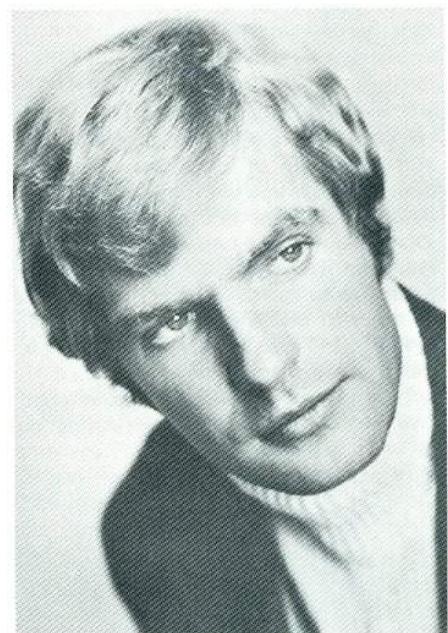
THE KINGS RANSOM is planning a "closed door" party St. Patrick's Day—tickets are \$8.00 for singles and \$15.00 for couples with free drinks, champagne and buffet all night. DAVID subscriptions will be offered as door prizes.

Bob Bauder of Ontario Press, held a cocktail party honoring Robert Bentley, author of a new gay spy novel, "Here There Be Dragons". Bentley was visiting Chicago from California and his book is on sale at LARRY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE, 2550 N. Clark St.

Are you redecorating or looking for ideas, then why not try HABITAT INTERIORS located at 3418-20 N. Halsted St. and support your own as well as save

at 1/3 off. Handsome young salesmen will gladly help you choose from a wide variety of contemporary and traditional furniture, lighting, carpeting, etc.

Have you been to the LEFT BANK lately? You'll be surprised to see that it is more like the RIGHT BANK now with its new gay bartender, Timmy, who'll keep you laughing with his babbles.



Richard Naper, popular and very attractive bartender at Punchinello's (Chicago's favorite after-theater lounge and restaurant)

Dance to the tune of 'Granada' at NOCHE DE RONDA bar, 2626 N. Halsted St. Senor Gypsy and Noah are your bartenders and Senor Denise is the manager.

Not everything happens in the middle of the TRIP for down stairs has an exceptional restaurant with the new Chef, Joe, making the menu something you dream

(Continued on Page 50)



"THE FOUR OF US" entertain nightly at the TRIP.
(Left to right) Bill, Andy, Sam (bottom) and Mike.



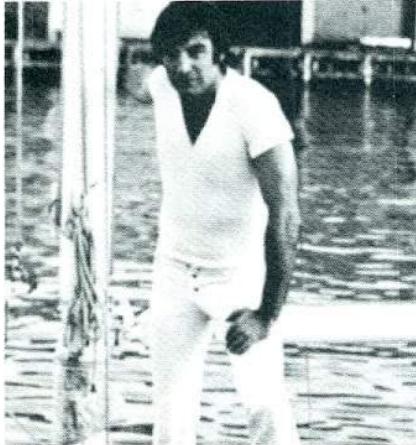
The grogeous crew at the GLORY HOLE "The misfits of Chicago"
(left to right) Diamond Mike, Lundy, Bob (manager) and Bill

There have been many talented people who have tried to describe New York City. Songs have been written and sung. Movies and plays have tried to capture the flavor, the glamour and the magic that is New York. I can remember, growing up in Queens, the enormous thrills that raced through my entire body as the subway roared its way into Manhattan. (Yes, there are four other boroughs in the city proper, but even to me, a native, New York will always be Manhattan.) As I emerged from that famous "hole in the ground" my heart would race with the wondrous sights that filled my eyes. The towering skyscrapers—Manhattan's own peculiar mountain range. The enormous number of people scurrying about, a lot of them not really knowing where they are going, and really not caring.

Ever since I can remember, 'the city' has held a special meaning, a special attractiveness, a special something for me. I have never been able to figure out that special something. Whenever a friend or an acquaintance comes to New York I revel in showing that person "my New York". For, in truth, New York is something different to each and every one of the many people who live within her boundaries.

With the coming of March and the advent of spring, 'the city' takes on a new glow. As the days begin to get longer and the weather calms down (although this winter was very mild) the people of 'the city' somehow get a little warmer. (The biggest untruth told about 'the city' is that we, her inhabitants, are a cold lot. I promise you that if you visit her, the only 'coolness' you will come across will be from other visitors or people who have just arrived and are just a bit frightened by her majesty. The vast majority of her natives have long ago accepted her majesty and take it as a fact of life. Which is why a few of us may seem a little blasé.) As the weather warms the people take a little more time in their step. Where else in the world can you see so many fantastic and exotic things just looking into store windows? Fifth Avenue is a veritable Baghdad of delights. From the austerity of Tiffany's and Cartier's to the lush stores of Saks and Lord & Taylor, from the imposing facade of St. Patrick's Cathedral to the vastness of Rockefeller Center, there is something for everyone.

The Fountain in Central Park takes on the happy buzz of happy people taking a moment from their busy lives to relax



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

and, for the most part, get time to know their neighbors. For some strange reason, the Fountain brings together all peoples of the city. There are young, hip executives trading stories with young radicals. Peoples of all colors and creeds gather just to pass the time of day. It becomes the microcosm of the melting pot that is 'the city'.

As the sun dips low, millions of lights flicker on to light our way. The skyline explodes as if hit by a master switch. With so many twinkling lights it is like a mammoth Christmas tree. But nowhere are the lights more exciting than on naughty Broadway. That entire section of town blazes with its magical lure. For years, thousands of hopeful men and women—some young, some not so young—arrive in 'the city' to try their luck on BROADWAY. Thank God for them. For, it is they who keep the magic that is Broadway alive. Their talents combine to give us what has become the finest theatre in the world today. In a few blocks radius you can find the best of all theatre, again something for everyone.

Moving down towards the Village you can feel a bit romantic. For this is the part of 'the city' that has called and welcomed authors, playwrights, musicians and artists for generations. It is here in the Village that most of those newcomers hoping to make it on Broadway, get their start. Here is what has become known as Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway. Where experimental theatre gives us the

greatest of the great on Broadway. The Village is almost like a separate city. Villagers are the friendliest inhabitants in 'the city'. They are the most romantic, and the most open to change, the most homogenous group in 'the city'.

Down a little further we see the gigantic World Trade Towers, aglow with a million lights of their own. It is down here in the Battery that you can, for the unbelievable price of a nickel, ride the ferry boat over to Staten Island and back. It's a leisurely ride and one of the most romantic ways of capping a perfect evening.

'The city' has an East Side and a West Side. Those who live there are as different as the names. The West Side is a conglomeration of all sorts of friendly people who enjoy doing things together. It boasts the fine Lincoln Art Center where all of the arts flourish side by side in as regal a setting as my eyes have ever seen. There are small intimate restaurants for tête-à-têtes. There is a great deal of gregariousness. The East Side may try to be a little more stylish. The people are, perhaps, a little more affluent. Some of the affluence may tend to make them a bit standoffish until they get to know you. Then all hell breaks loose. The East Side of 'the city' is full of smart boutiques in which you can find anything from St. Laurent originals to rare wines and perfectly aged cheeses. The selection is endless. The night life swings from North to South. Park Avenue is crowded with Rolls Royces and Jags, Chevys and jalopies. It's all here side by side. The affluent and the poor living, loving, longing, playing and working together.

That's the biggest asset of 'the city', her people. No matter what the Mayor, the Transit Authority, the unions, the big businesses throw at them, even what they throw at each other. There is a shrug of the shoulder, a look up and a smile. Surely, the people of 'the city' have some gripes. They are the most taxed, the most crowded, some times the most neglected and yet, through it all, they are a sturdy lot. They've time to laugh and forget the tears. They've time to stop and say hello. They've time to feel compassion. And, most of all, they've time to let out a laugh. For with all of her ills 'the city' is still 'the city'. We'd never live anywhere else.

I'm Je, Fly me. Come see 'the city'. Come meet 'the city's' people. Come find out what you're missing. NEW YORK IS, AND ALWAYS WILL BE 'THE CITY'

—Je

at
the
ballet

JOFFREY



From TRINITY—Gerald Arpino's large company work, employing a large rock score by Alan Raph. In this photo: Christian Holder.
Photo by: Herbert Migdoll

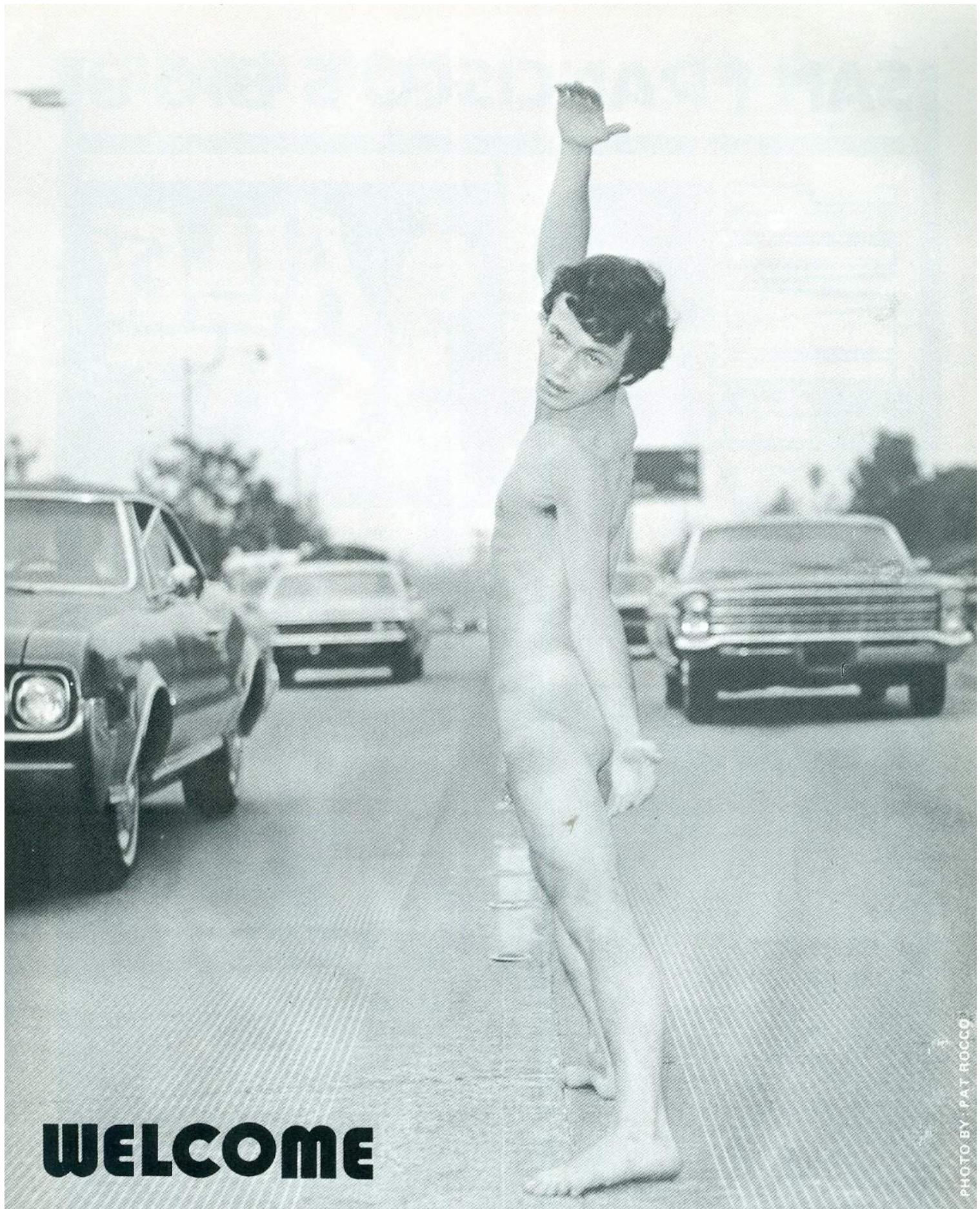
There was a time when a company such as New York City Ballet generated the same kind of excitement because it had the sole distinction of being the only true American ballet company which stressed youthfulness, discipline, and unity. These labels have fortunately been adopted and maintained by another company who for ten long years had the sole distinction of being a nomadic group of dancers from N.Y. who had no real home base theater of its own, but whose home was the stage of over 500 cities in 48 states as well as the countries of the world.

City Center Joffrey Ballet, now one of the major companies of the international scene and America's Love-child, had its beginning in 1956 in a studio in a former

chocolate factory in Greenwich Village. Founder, teacher, director and choreographer of the company, Robert Joffrey took six dancers and created a repertory of 4 ballets for them and with a trusty tape recorder and a station wagon set out to tour and build what is now an extraordinary American company. What is most incredulous about its early history is that the company received no outside financial aid—its only patron during this time was the "dear good old American public", but it still continuously grew adding more dancers and enlarging its repertory with works by other notable choreographers. At the same time the company developed a unique Robert Joffrey standard and a Robert Joffrey style which would eventually

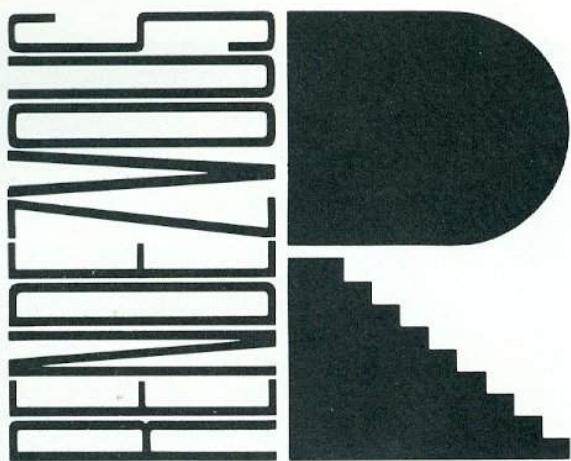
lead it to the opera houses of the czars and to a permanent residency at New York City Center Theater ten years later.

In 1962, The Rebekah Harkness Foundation offered to underwrite the company's mounting cost, enabling it to accept an invitation from the state department for a four-month tour of seven countries in the Near and Far East. This was to be followed by an invitation by the late President Kennedy to give a Command Performance for the visiting Emperor Haile Selassie, a tour to Russia and the eighth American Tour. After two years of tremendous success, however, the company faced extinction when its sole and sub-



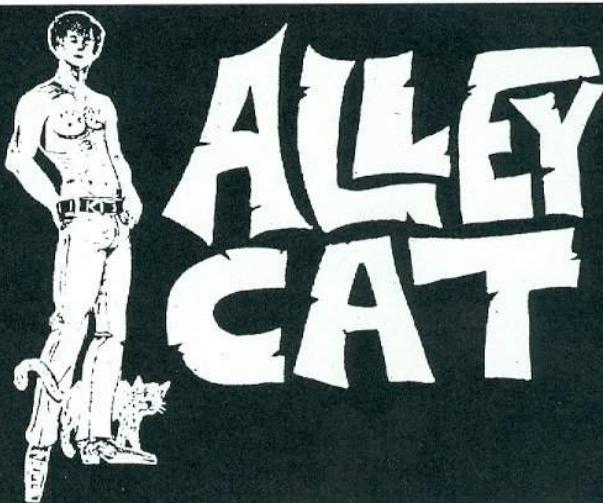
WELCOME
CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO'S BIG 3



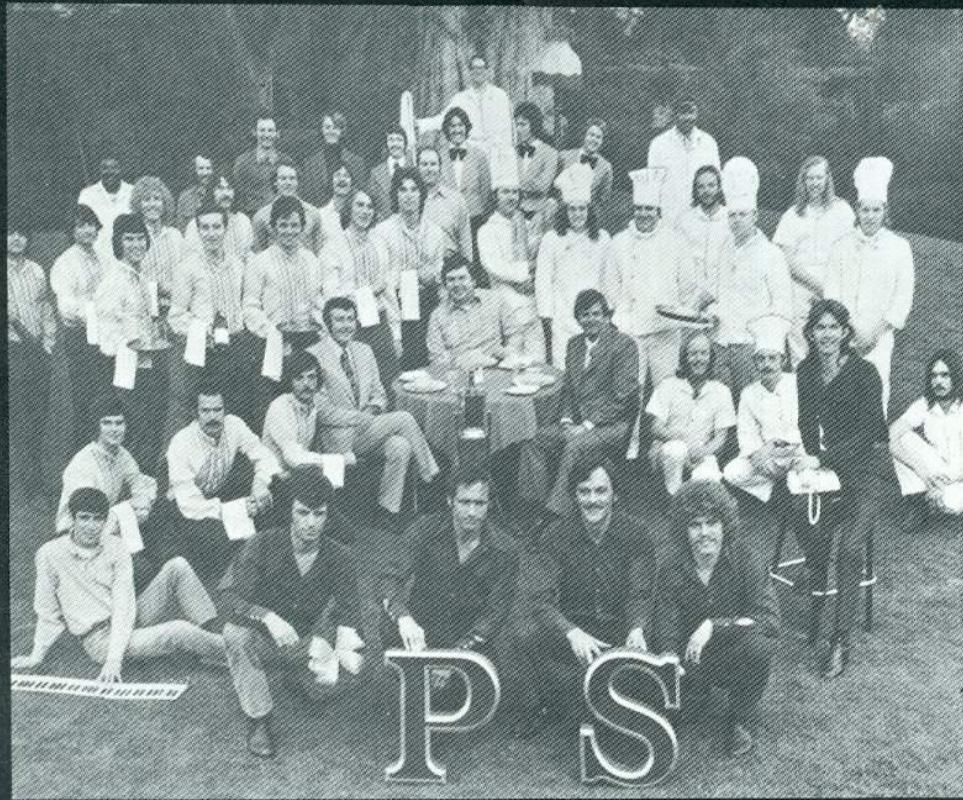
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CZARINA BALL

On Feb. 11, the Peninsula had its annual elections of Royalty for the coming year. The Czarina Ball, held in Sunnyvale at the BOLD KNIGHT, had a guest list of over four hundred. Royalty arrived throughout the evening with the Peninsula Court arriving first. Czarina III, Nickie Nations and Czar I, Dee headed the Peninsula Court. Visiting Royalty included Empress Maxine of San Francisco, Reina Donna Mae of San Jose, and Regina Bobby of Monterey. Seattle, Portland, and London were represented.

After the guests had arrived and been announced, the candidates for Czar and

Czarina were: Rachel, Raine of San Jose; Billie Diamond, Grande Duchess of the Peninsula; Pattie, Princess of Love; and Lee, Cardinal Arch Bishop of the Peninsula. Candidates for Czar were: Karl, Prince Consort to Nickie Nations; Troy, Grande Duke of the Peninsula; and Little June Bug, a late entry but readily received. Following the presentation, the voting began. Afterwards, while the votes were being counted, a performance was given by the 'Baggetts of the Chances R'.

The votes were finally tallied and the new Czarina was Billie Diamond and

(continued on page 38)



Brownie, Marsha, Julie Jacobsen, Jean Beaux



Czar II, June Bug, Czarina IV, Billie Diamond

Held: February 11, 1973
BOLD KNIGHT in Sunnyvale
 Purpose: Elect a new Czar and Czarina of the Peninsula

Visited by Courts from:
 San Francisco—Empress Maxine
 Monterey—Regina Bobby
 San Jose—Reina Donna Mae
 Royal Polynesian Court:
 High Chief—Ernest
 High Chieftess—Lei Lani
 Seattle Court:
 Ambassador to the Aamm Court—Chuck
 Also in attendance—Three representatives from London, England
 Connecticut was represented by Rena
 Farewell Ball for:
 Czarina III—Nickie Nations
 Czar I—Dee
 Band—Nick Jordan
 Show—Baggetts from "Chances R" in Hayward
 Officers elected:
 Czarina IV—Billie Diamond
 Czar II—June Bug



Kimo & Luscious Lorelei & Friend



Billie Diamond, Grande Czarina
 Troy, Prince Consort



Czar I, Dee Townson; Czarina III Nickie Nations



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CAESAR'S

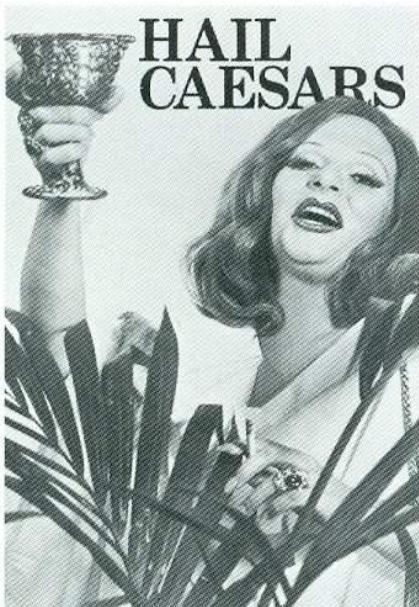
12179 ½ VENTURA BLVD.
STUDIO CITY

CABARET

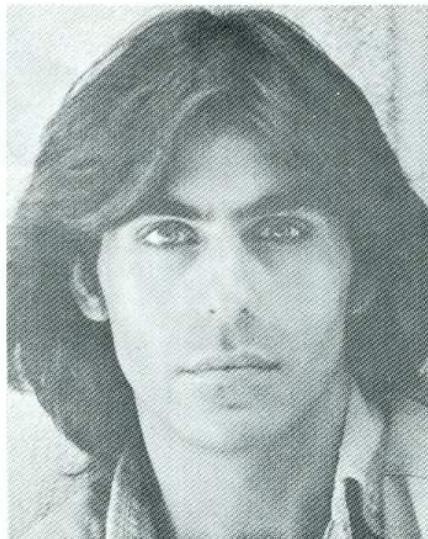
936 MONTGOMERY
SAN FRANCISCO

FEATURING

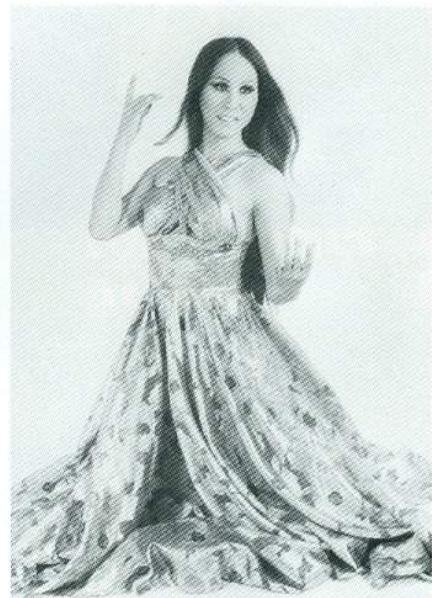
mr. craig russell



richard caruso



mr. brandy lee



After Dark

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LOS ANGELES

DANCING
D.J. DISCOTEQUE

After Midnight

8477 BEVERLY BLVD.
LOS ANGELES

(AFTER HOURS)
DANCING

It is generally agreed by all throughout these United States that California has been, and is to this day, a leader. If it's going to happen in the U.S., it's bound to happen there first.

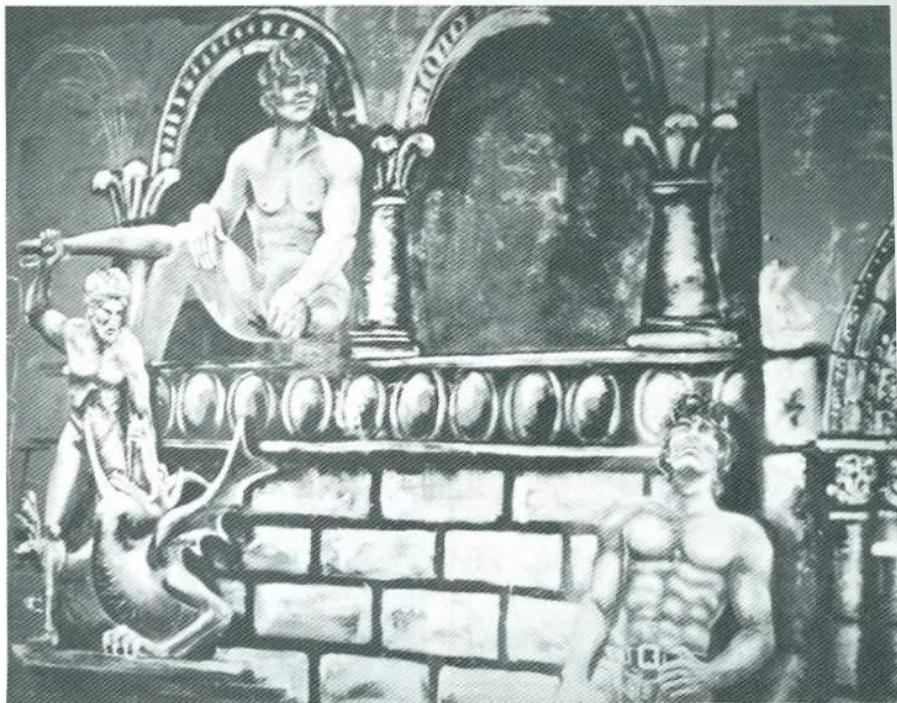
Movies, for decades, centered around our beautiful westernmost coasts to film and record the excitement, the glamour, the intensity that can only be found in California.

Gaining California as a DAVID supporter has provided for us a new and thrilling challenge; to attempt, in our way, to give the rest of the nation a glimpse of some of the fantastic things happening there.

We've met some of the men who have done their bit to make California, the nation and life itself a little more enjoyable and fulfilling. The Reverend Troy Perry, Film director Pat Rocco, Reverend Ray Broshears to mention just a few.

We hope to bring you feature articles on many of these enlightening people in the near future with insights into their fascinating lives. (One very interesting story, which will be presented in our next issue is the one behind the photo taken by the very daring Pat Rocco which appears on Page 31 of this issue).

In our LOOKING AROUND AT SAN FRANCISCO and our LOOKING AROUND AT LOS ANGELES columns in the future months, we will be presenting articles about the people we meet such as Ron Larson (pictured below at the opening of his new club CAESAR's with the winner of DATA BOY's Mr. Valentine, 1973 contest, Bob Phillips); the



ONE OF THE VERY GAY WALLS AT BUTCH GARDENS

skillfully plays the sing-along piano at the LITTLE CAVE in Hollywood surrounded by stalactites, stalagmites and authentic looking reproductions of cave drawings which span the centuries.

We'll tour the bar scene from the dance palaces to the elegant cocktail lounges.

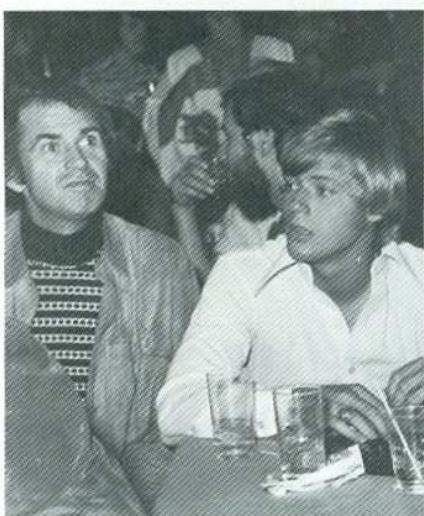
We'll travel the Leather and Western scene to groovy places like the BOOT CAMP and the RAMROD in San Francisco, GRIFF'S, the TRUCK STOP, the FALCON'S LAIR and the HAYLOFT in Los Angeles.

We'll meet interesting bar personalities

and groovy bartenders such as Denny from the Falcon's Lair.

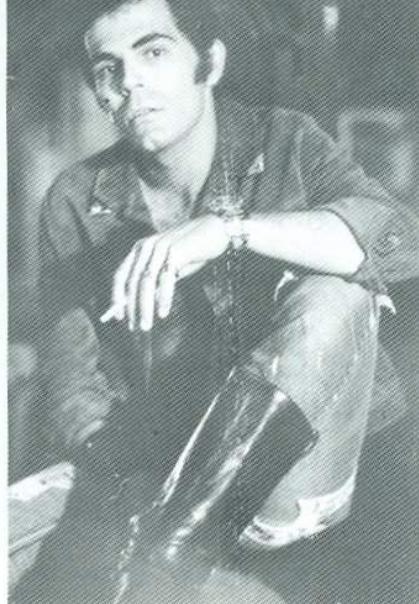
We'll go to the showbars such as GOLD STREET in San Francisco where Truman Capote recently saw the show (still running) featuring Charles Pierce with George Buchanan and Company and exclaimed, "It's the best cabaret show I've seen in years!"

Look around at California as well as the rest of the nation through DAVID. When you take your long awaited vacation trip this summer DAVID will guide you to the right places at the right times for the best times and entertain you along the way!

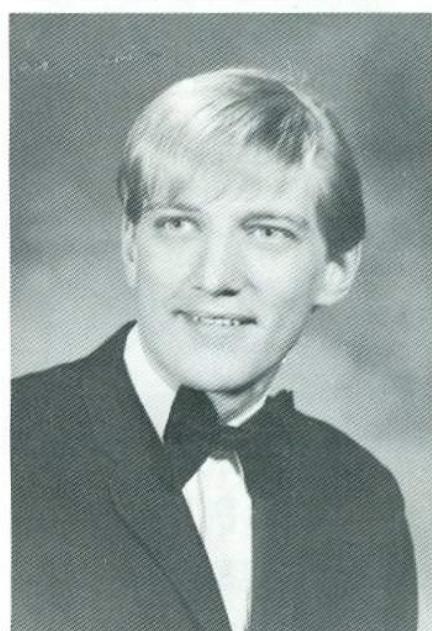


places of interest, such as BUTCH GARDENS in Hollywood where an enterprising bar owner/artist took blank walls and hand-painted them to create a lively, happy and very colorful atmosphere for the bar's patrons; and some of the varied and delightful entertainers on the current scene such as handsome Bob Mushel who

DENNY from the FALCON'S LAIR



BOB MUSHEL from the LITTLE CAVE



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**San
Francisco**

In February, the cream of San Francisco's top entertainers turned out in force to honor Lori Shannon at the GASLIGHT in a spectacular evening entitled, "This Is Your Life, Lori Shannon". The show was emceed by the recent star of *Hello Dolly*, Michelle, and the surprise guests included the inimitable Charles Pierce currently appearing at GOLD STREET, Pat Montclaire of FINNOCHIO'S and Faye, the sensational star of *Mame*. Nightclub performers and theatre personalities mixed amiably as they sang a few numbers made famous by Mr. Shannon and told hilarious personal anecdotes (too personal to relate in print!). Gifts and champagne flowed steadily. Dowager Em-

press Shirley presented Lori with a mink stole and Don Cavallo, Lori's leading man in *Wonderful Town*, presented him with a necklace given Don by the late T.C. Jones. It was a wonderful tribute to an entertainer who started out working pantomime six years ago at the old GILDED CAGE with Charles Pierce, has worked his way up through the ranks steadily in succession of nightclub revues (some

This Is **LORI**



Denis Moreen, musical director of "Town",
accompanies Lori in a song.



Mike Gerry (Michelle) tells a funny anecdote
on Lori.



Busty O'Shea performs 'Hava Nagilah' in
tribute.



Dowager Empress Shirley came dressed in a
beaded top and mink stole.

good, some highly favorable), culminating one year ago when Lori starred as Ruth Sherwood in the City Players first production, *Wonderful Town*.

In the past year, Lori directed and starred in his own show revue, 'The Highlighters', which played to rave notices in both L.A. and San Francisco for over ten months. He took time out to star in Moss Hart's delightful comedy *Light Up the Sky*,

again for the City Players, and is currently touring local clubs with his one-man show, 'Lori Shannon Uncensored', singing and doing patter. He also recently appeared on Channel 2 here performing part of a nightclub act on a show entitled "All The People", which is syndicated. The San Francisco Academy of Performing Arts has nominated Lori for seven Golden Awards this year for his performance in legit book shows, his nightclub revue, for his choreography and as Best Female Bar Entertainer.

In San Francisco night life, Lori Shannon repeatedly proved himself to be an outstandingly versatile and talented entertainer.

PHOTOS BY: EDDIE VAN

Your Life SHANNON



Steve and Duke, managers of THE GASLIGHT, congratulate Lori.



Carol, Tommy & Busty recreate the Andrews Sisters, a show stopper.



Paul Bentley tells how he gave Lori his major break in S.F. show business.



Carol Lynn, Lori and Pat Montclaire of FINNOCHIO'S.

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*DANCING
*ENTERTAINMENT

featuring the

*Sandra
Alexandra
Trio*

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FINEST

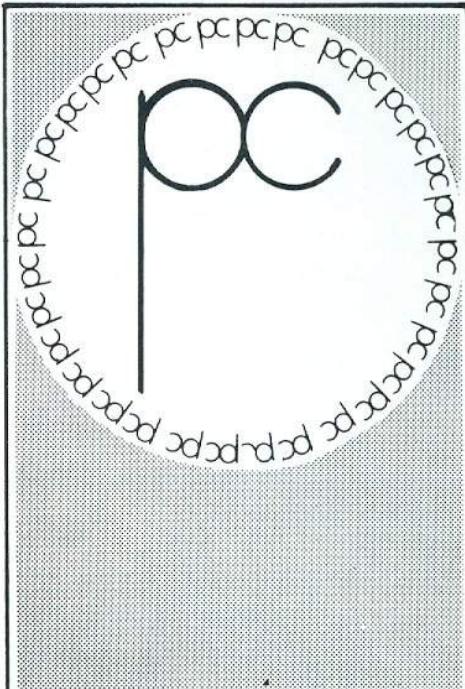
David's

OF HOLLYWOOD

*DINING
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*WELL KNOWN FOR IT'S

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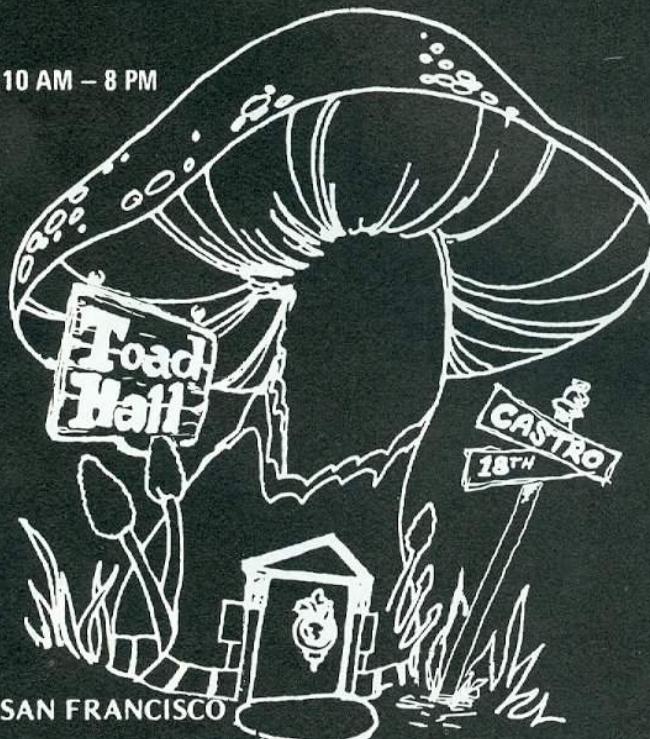
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482 CASTRO - SAN FRANCISCO

czarina *(from page 33)*

Little June Bug had been chosen for Czar.
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OPPOSITE PAGE:

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(bottom left) P.J. LOUNGER. Silk like comfort in these nylon tricot lounge pajamas puts a touch of fashion in bed. The pull over top comes with a print sash that matches the lo rise pants. Set \$22.95

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DAVID:MARCH/APRIL 1973





PHOTO BY: EDDIE VAN

the chain gang

by **mr. marcus**

Being about bike clubs, the leather scene and butch life.

SAN FRANCISCO

Members of the large press corps of gay publications in San Francisco were guests of host, Eddie Van, DAVID's San Francisco representative at the GASLIGHT on a Sunday afternoon, which brought out several of San Francisco's stellar celebrities to meet the publishers. Bob Ross, President of the SF Tavern Guild, the Rev. Roy Broshears, fiery leader of the Gay Alliance, Empress VIII Maxine of San Francisco, the fabulous show biz personality Lori Shannon, Luscious Loralei, Czarina of the Miracle Mile and Ray Hedges, Mr. Gay San Francisco were on hand to welcome the latest addition of gay reading material, DAVID MAGAZINE, to the city of Saint Francis. In addition, Douglas Dean, author of GAY MEXICO 73-74, a quasi-guide to gay life in the capital city of Mexico was on hand selling autographed copies of his latest journalistic effort.

SAN FRANCISCO

The fabled Miracle Mile of San Francisco is very much unlike the celebrated Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles from which the name is derived. The Miracle Mile of San Francisco is a semi-industrial area south of Market Street. In a city

where automobile parking is at a high premium, the leather and western bar owners recognizing the need for an area with ample parking transferred operations to this area of San Francisco several years ago and now such leather/western/head bars as the STUD, FE-BE'S, THE PHOENIX, RAMROD, 1145, ROUND-UP and newly-opened BIG TOWN are easily accessible on foot. Two blocks off the Miracle Mile can be found San Francisco's only true leather bar, the BOOT CAMP, the bar that became famous overnight under the direction of Bill McWilliams who has a penchant for opening successful bars; his list of success still going include THE MISTAKE, THE PENDULUM, THE ALLEY CAT, THE NAKED GRAPE, THE WILD GOOSE, THE BACHELOR CLUB and his most successful, THE BOOT CAMP.

Winter bike activities in Northern California have been confined to mostly indoor events, the weather being inclement to such a degree that only one bike run was held and that was a one-day event by RECON M/C during the weekend that the BARBARY COASTERS M/C staged their Seventh Annual Academy Awards Presentation. Bike clubs from Los Angeles

and San Francisco engage in this annual event wherein the accomplishments of all California bike clubs are honored through voting by all the members of all the participating clubs. The most coveted awards presented are the Best Rider and for the South, the award went to Mark Mendoza and the winner for the North was Gordon Heasley, President of the WARLOCKS M/C. The highest honor is the Man of the Year award and the winner from the South was Peter Bromelow and for the North, the award was presented posthumously to George Gonzales, a member of the CALIFORNIA MOTOR CLUB (CMC), who had passed away only three weeks previously.

Earlier in the year, the prestigious CMC celebrated their 10th Anniversary with a gala celebration. The site of the event was converted into a living replica of their annual run site, Rainier Creek, complete with live trees, camp tents, and even a running creek. The five bars most often frequented by the leather/bike crowd in San Francisco, (BOOT CAMP, 527, FE-BE'S, RAMROD and ROUND UP) all donated the money to present a trophy to each member of the CMC and these were presented by the Emperor of San Fran-



the
RAMROD
1225 Folsom St.
San Francisco



cisco.

Prior to the event, the CONSTANTINES M/C held a Mix 'n' Match party at THE CORNER and visitors here for the weekend from Los Angeles, Long Beach, Seattle, Portland, Vancouver and Denver were seen at all the various functions.

LOS ANGELES

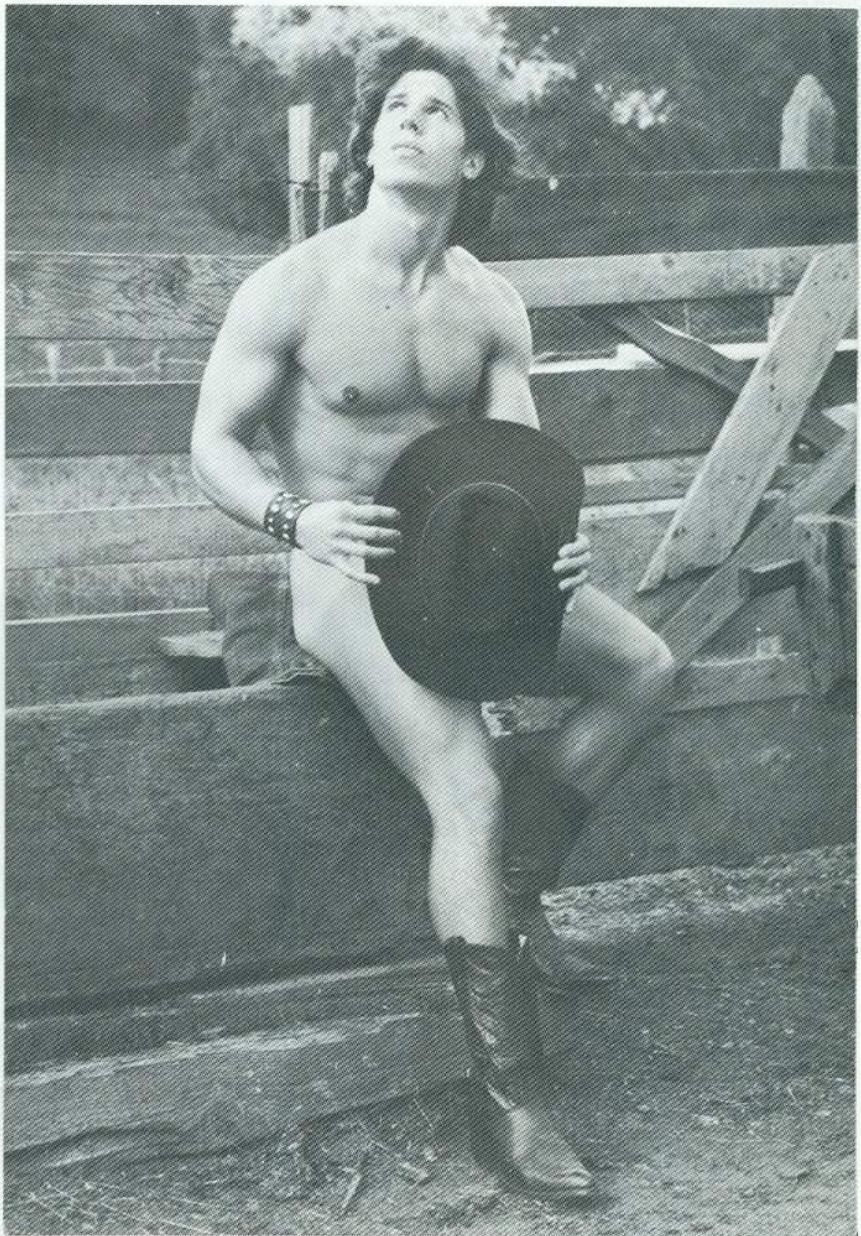
The coronation of the 30th President of the OEDIPUS M/C in Los Angeles is an annual affair. The club elects their officers every six months, but the winter incumbent is obliged to participate in an elegant ceremony wherein he is crowned the OEDIPUS REX. This year's Rex is George, who will remain in office for six months. Bikers from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Long Beach and other western cities converged upon the City of the Angels to attend the elaborate ceremony. The previous night, the BLUE MAX M/C, celebrating their annual tribute to Kaiser Wilhelm, threw a bash which was well attended. Other persons were in town to help the fabulous and legendary Matthew of Glendale, a prominent leather figure, who was celebrating his birthday at a surprise bash thrown in his honor at ALDO'S. The weekend provided a myriad of thirsty patrons to the leather bars in Los Angeles which at the moment are the OUTCAST, GRIFF'S, the BUNK HOUSE, the TRUCK STOP and DON'S M/B CLUB. Over thirty bike clubs presented their own colors at the Oedipus Coronation and included the colors of the Emperor of San Francisco.

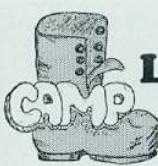
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Bike club aficionados from mostly the West Coast made the trek northward last month to attend the fabulous third anniversary of the BORDER RIDERS M/C, a tri-city club composed of members who live in Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, the home site of this Northwestern club. Members of the KNIGHTS OF MALTA M/C, based in Portland were on hand to help with the celebration and

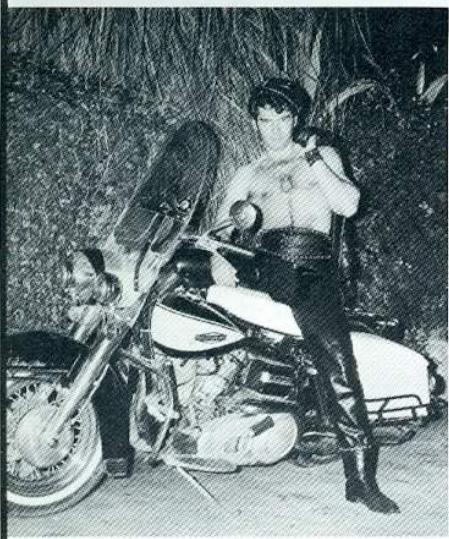
again, colors of most clubs were presented. Jeff, master bartender of San Francisco's

BOOT CLUB was the only bar to present colors, a first in bike club circles.





The Leather Bar of The West



THE BOOT CAMP San Francisco

BIKE RUN SCHEDULE (East and West)

SAN FRANCISCANS M/C
San Francisco
April 8
Spring Run to Hayward, Calif.

DRUIDS M/C
Washington, D.C.
April 13-15
Annual Spring Sabbath Run

2nd CITY M/C
Chicago
April 27-29
"2 Becomes 8" Run, Chicago Area

RECON M/C
San Francisco
April 29
Recon Sunday Run

ATLANTIS M/C
Atlanta, Ga.
April 19-22
Annual "Dogwood" Atlanta Run

CYCLE RUNNERS M/C
San Francisco
May 5-7
Cinco de Mayo Weekend Run
San Francisco Area

CENTAUR M/C
Arlington, Va.
May 13
Olympia III Run (site not yet confirmed)

RECON M/C
San Francisco
May 12-13
Recon 9th Anniversary Run (site not yet announced)

CYCLE M/C
New York
May 18-20
Cycle M/C Fire Island Run

UNICORN M/C
Cleveland
May 18-20
Rites of the Full Moon Run
Cleveland Area

WHEELS M/C
Philadelphia
May 25-28
W-5, Run in Pennsylvania
(5th Anniversary Run)

SAN FRANCISCANS
San Francisco
May 19
Annual Ecology Run Garage Sale

CHEATERS M/C
San Francisco
May 26-28
Memorial Day Weekend Run

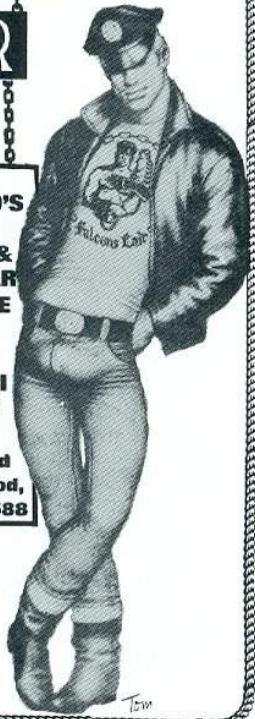
SADDLEBACKS M/C
Los Angeles
April 19-22
Annual Easter Sunday Run
(Los Angeles Area)

OEDIPUS M/C
Los Angeles
May 26-28
Grecian Games VII Annual Run
(Los Angeles Area)

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Colors: Black or Brown—Price: \$135.00

leather 'n' things

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DAVID:MARCH/APRIL 1973

Capturing the first Mr. Gay California title this year in San Francisco was Jimmy Hughes backed by the BITTER END WEST of Los Angeles.

Mr. Gay San Francisco is Ray, sponsored by THE NO. 3 at Valencia and 18th St. in San Francisco.

Second Place in the Mr. San Francisco contest went to Wayne from the ALLEY CAT and 3rd place went to Brad from the BACHELORS CLUB.



Perry and Ray (Mr. Gay San Francisco)



Mr. Jimmy Hughes, Mr. Gay California



Photos by Eddie Van



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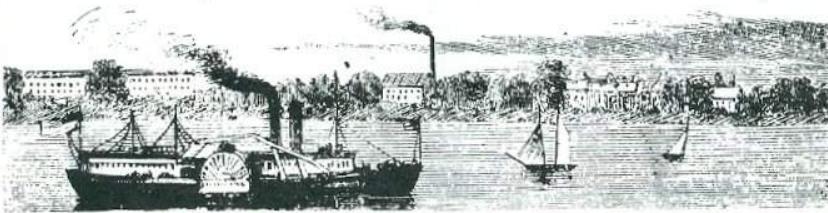
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NAKED



GRAPE

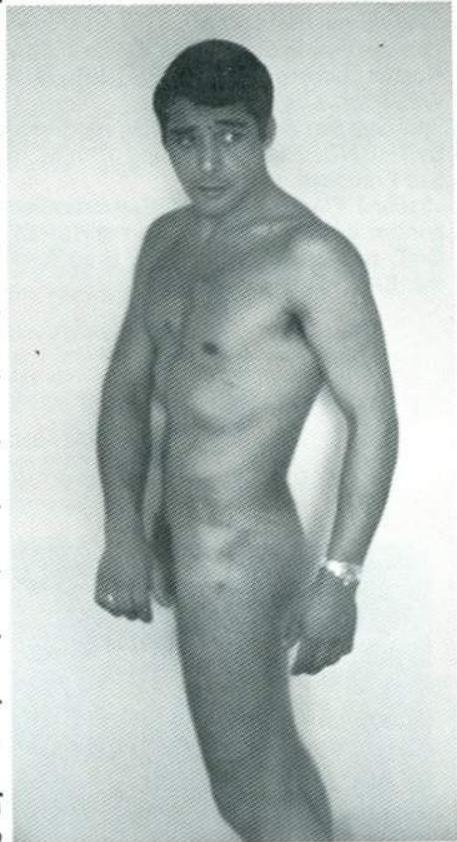
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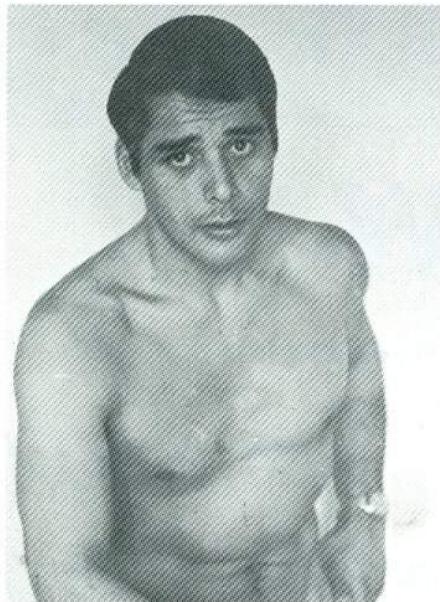
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San Francisco has many, many things to boast about (if it were inclined to do so), but probably one of it's finest assets is the fine specimen pictured to the left. Gary is not only the type of good-looking dude that everyone wants to pounce on when he enters a bar, he's a great bartender too. Ask anyone at the NAKED GRAPE. He's definitely the type guy that could "charm the pants off you", so go prepared!



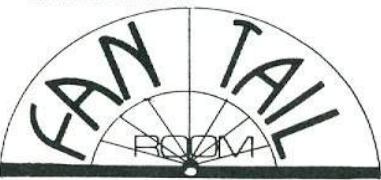

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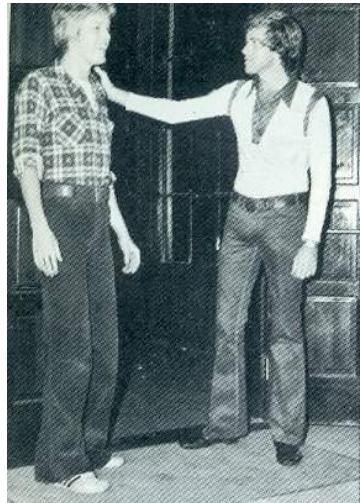
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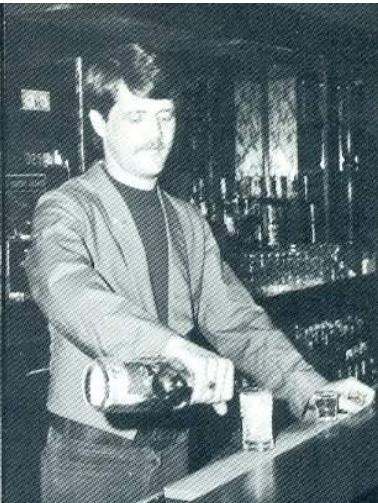
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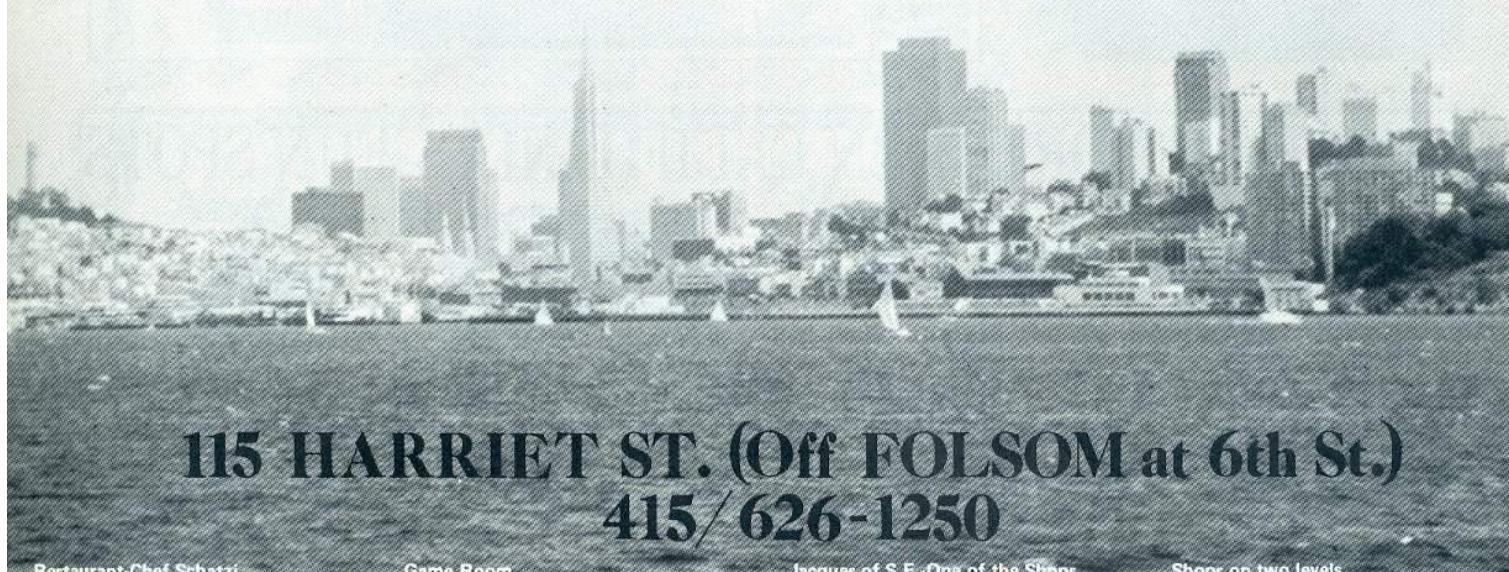


Two Bars

BIG TOWN

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"A City Within Itself"



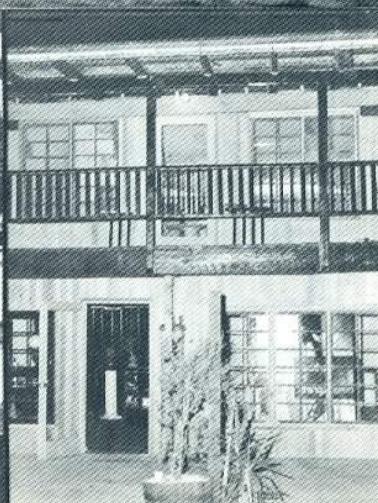
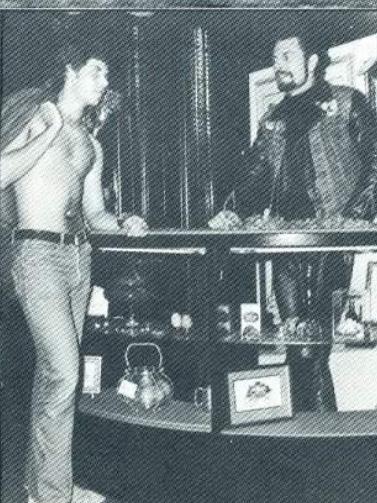
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Jacques of S.F. - One of the Shops

Shops on two levels



looking

(from page 7)

erate company anywhere. Certainly it belongs among the special favorites you've got in mind for that imaginary exile—or just for your next vacation.

at the theatre

1776

Do you remember the Hollywood musical of the 1950's? It's back in all its glory(?) In a tribute to the birth of our Nation. Jack H. Warner has taken the stage production and given it the mobility of film. All the achievements of "Cabaret" have been disregarded. Once again we have our heroes bursting into song in the middle of the street accompanied by full orchestration and choruses.

It is a slick production. All the costuming is authentic and stunning if you like waistcoats and flowing shirts. The sets are gorgeous.

Many of the cast of the Broadway show are employed in their same roles on screen. Benjamin Franklin is probably the biggest scene stealer of the entire show, he is utterly charming, with a devilish glint to his wit. Ken Howard as John Adams, the

disliked but endearing humane radical is best received when he "writes" to his wife, Abigail, played stubbornly by Virginia Vestoff.

Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, is just as beautiful to look at as he was in "Junie Moon". He is the hulking, silent, horny, young lover, waiting and wanting his wife, played by Blythe Danner.

There are moments of chills from *deja vu*, but certainly not because of the music. I guarantee you will not come out whistling or humming a hit tune. Surprisingly enough, this is a movie musical without one memorable piece of music.

The story itself is dramatic. You know the ending before it begins, but sometimes you wonder. It is a frustrating experience, touched with moments of poignancy and love.

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(left to right) John, Bob and Jimmy

at the bars

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THE SUGAR SHACK has a new feature for after hours—open til 4AM with your host, Dale serving steak & eggs fit for a king (or queen).

THE NU-TOWNE SALOON celebrated its first anniversary on March 4th with a free steak fry which was a smashing success.

THE NU-TOWNE's popular hosts Larry and Gayle were married March 6th. The

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CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

bette (from page 15)

After a while the shouts of questions became more and more innocuous. People had lost their cool and were just shouting questions and kudos. Miss Davis had called it a night. She returned the hand mike and came center stage for a final bow and still another thunderously loud standing ovation.

As the audience milled around outside, hopefully waiting for still another glimpse of the Legendary Lady, we noticed Miss Myrna Loy looking tres chic and fabulous and Miss Sylvia Miles looking leggy and sexy. (An argument about the Gay Liberation question ensued. When one libber said, "If a black had asked her about Black Liberation she wouldn't have been as flippant.") I countered with, "There were a lot of black brothers and sisters in the audience and they had come, like all of us, to see and hear Davis and learn about her and her career, not to get into politics." I am, God knows, all for Gay Liberation but there is more to life than one thing.)

Our deep thanks to John Springer for bringing these ladies of the 'silver screen' to us in such an informal way. He gave N.Y. nightlife scene a big shot in the arm. I, for one, shall always cherish the memory of Miss Bette Davis in full glory at this hour of her life standing on that bare stage trading quips and anecdotes with us who will always remember to fasten our seatbelts, light two cigarettes when we have a lover and the lady who, through the magic of the motion picture gave us all so many fond, fond memories. BRAVO, MISS BETTE DAVIS.

(Miss Sylvia Sydney will be at Town Hall Sunday, March 4th. Miss Myrna Loy will be there, Sunday, March 18th and Joan Crawford, Sunday April 8th. I, for one, will not miss a one, especially, Crawford. I want to hear her answers when they quiz her about Davis. We'll let you know.) JE

letters (from page 9)

agenda items in about twenty minutes, I moved that because of the basic issue of civil rights now denied homosexuals in areas of employment, housing and public accomodations, we instruct Carol to ignore the contretemps and sign the petition. This brought the whole group back into the meeting again. For the next half-hour, our meeting seemed a parody of GAA's regular Thursday evening meetings: amendments, substitutes motion, points of order, points of personal privilege, to other speakers, quorum calls, calling questions separately, snide asides, frivolous motions and all the usual perversions of Robert's Rules. But, finally the Committee voted with only my opposition vote that they hoped and trusted that in view of the "dialogue", Councilwoman Greitzer would sign the discharge petition to bring Intro 475 before the full City Council. The meeting then dissolved peacefully shortly before midnight.

For perhaps an hour, I tried to clear my mind—or silence it—by playing pool at the nearby gay Roadhouse Bar but I was too confused to concentrate. Black-shirts, brown shirts or lavender shirts—I don't think shouting down your opposition convinces anyone. Trampling on the civil rights of a peaceful committee doesn't make them more sympathetic to the civil rights denied to the shouters. Had the GAA not disrupted the meeting, I am sure our simple motion instructing Carol to sign the petition would have carried.

On the way home, I saw several members of the GAA contingent walking on the other side of the street so I joined them and Greg told me my pleading with Carol had almost turned his stomach. A few of others said hello, but Greg raged on decrying all gays who joined political clubs as being coopted by the establishment. When I said I would do anything to get the bill voted on by the full City Council, he said her signature had never been need-

ed anyway and they didn't really give a damn whether she signed or not—she's just a lousy representative for an area with so many gay voters. So I walked on in silence, baffled again by what the GAA hoped to accomplish.

By its Constitution, GAA says it "will not endorse, ally with, or otherwise sup-

(Continued on Page 72)

chicago

of and on the 3rd floor a new DJ will help you dance your own tune.

Bob Levi of BROADWAY SAMS looked fabulous in a white tux for the Valentines Contest. Marie Antoinette and Louie 16th were chosen by judges (Mike from the GLORY HOLE, Norm from the TRIP Norm from SAUGATUCK, Richard from KAROL'S BOOKSTORE) for 1st place.

THE WACKER HEALTH CLUB, 674 N. Clark St. is all brand new with plush carpeting, 30 large rooms and lockers, steam and dry heat rooms—lockers only \$3.00.

The READER CENTER in the Stevens Arcade is the Loop is now carrying the DAVID.

Academy Awards Committee sent out invitations for its 7th Annual Oscar Costume Ball at 4221 W. Irving Park Rd. Awards for Best Actor—Actress, Costume. Judges will be: Don Dunfee, Larry Lasage, Carl Nichols, Jim Gates and Robert Fonte. Entertainment by The John Conrad Trio.

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looking

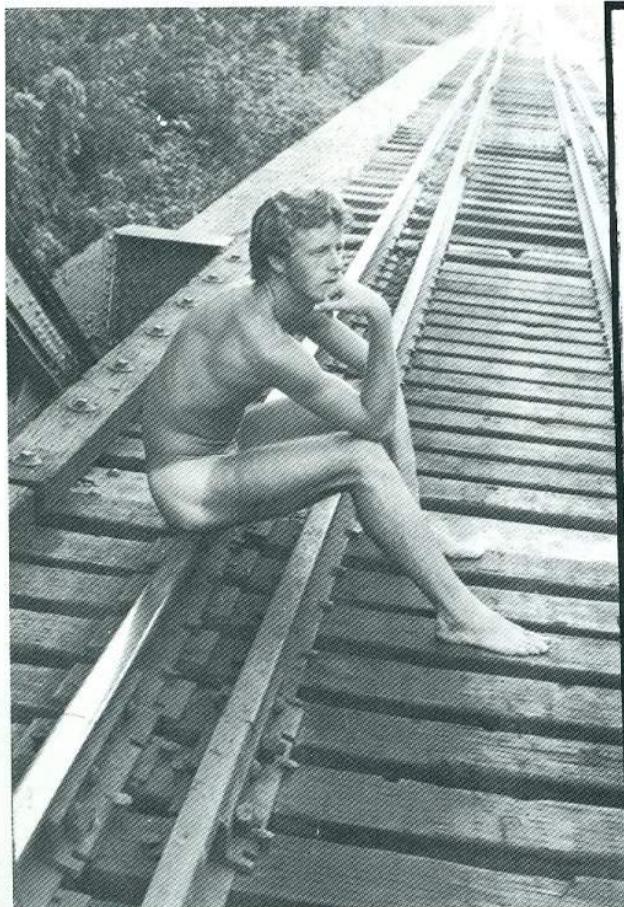
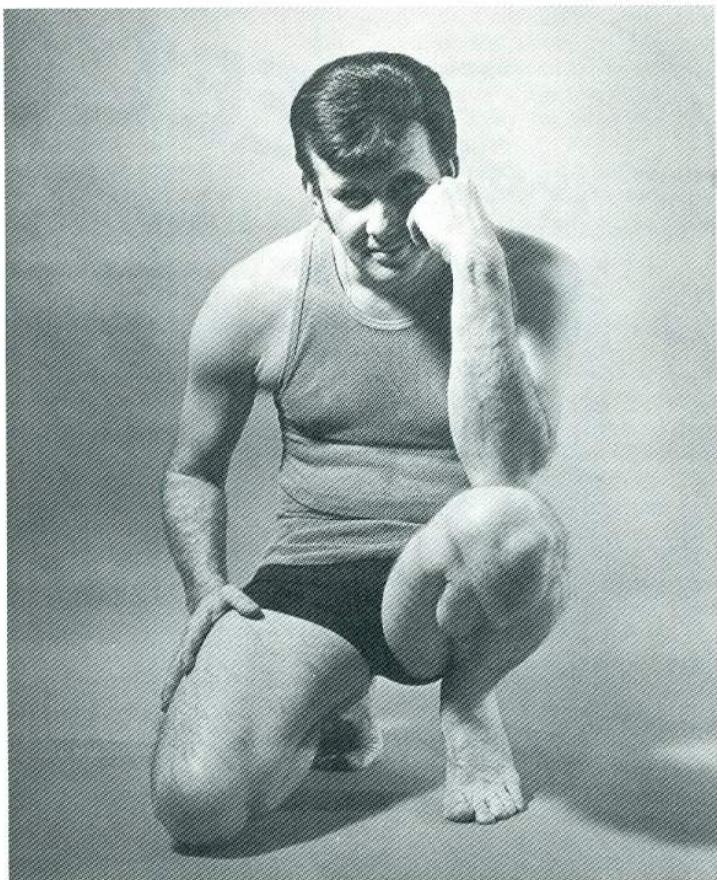
ceremony which took place in their home was performed by a minister from the M.C.C. in L.A. Best of luck to the happy couple.

Congratulations to the SPORTSMAN LOUNGE on the great success of their St. Valentines Ball and to the S.S. JUG for their live entertainment on week-ends.

So in closing, let me add: Be sure to visit the "307", RAMROD and the HIDE-AWAY while you're in Phoenix.

Mick

DAVID welcomes to it's growing list of supporters, a new bar in Dallas called the RAMROD. Bob, formerly of TJ's in Dallas is one of the happy owners. A full page photo of Bob was featured in the May issue of DAVID last year and this hunky number caused quite a stir. We feel quite sure with the number of friends he's made over the past few years (not to mention a few thousand new admirers), the RAMROD will stay packed seven days a week. Oh, well, I guess we can still say, "We knew him when..."



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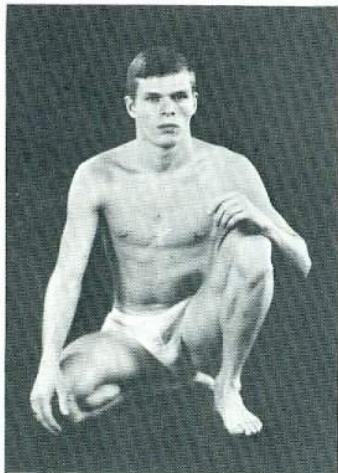
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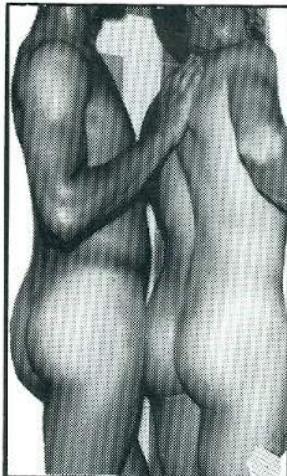
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Most likely you've seen this brightly colored postcard of SWEETLIPS from the KOKPIT in San Francisco before since over 60,000 of them have been circulating around the U.S. over the past 4 years. We thought you might like to see this photo of the darling Czarina of Turk St. at her proud 50th birthday party recently. Isn't she delightful?

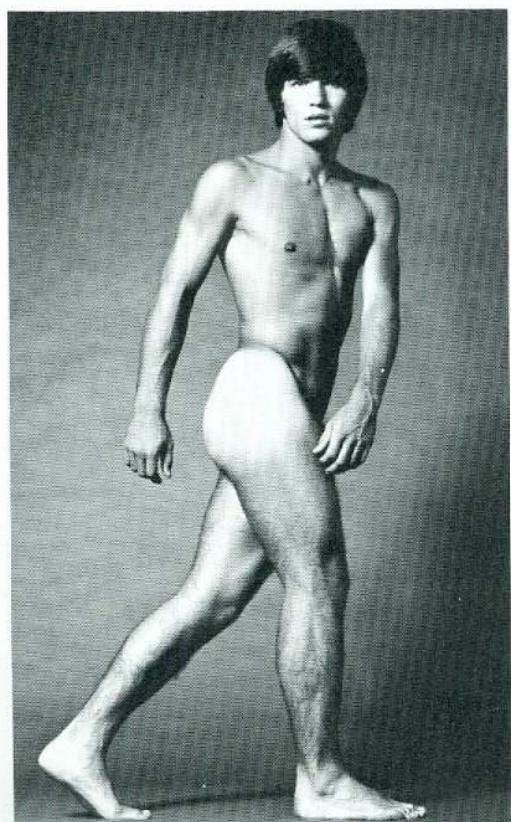


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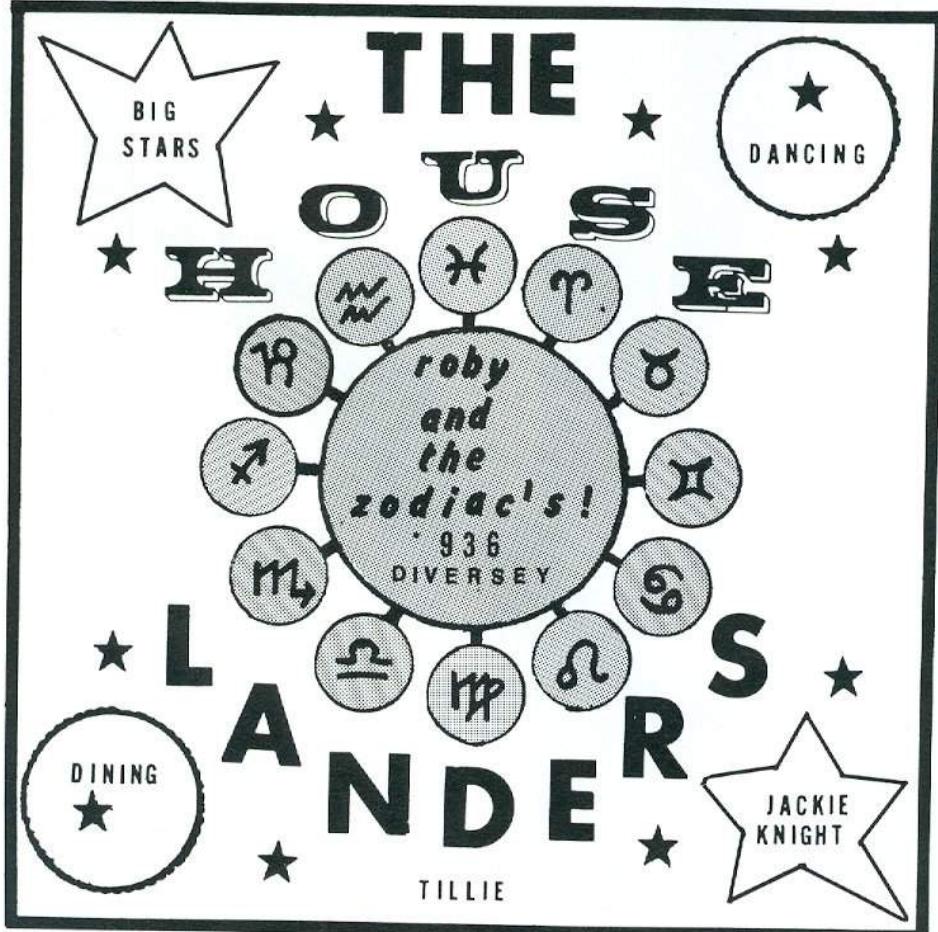
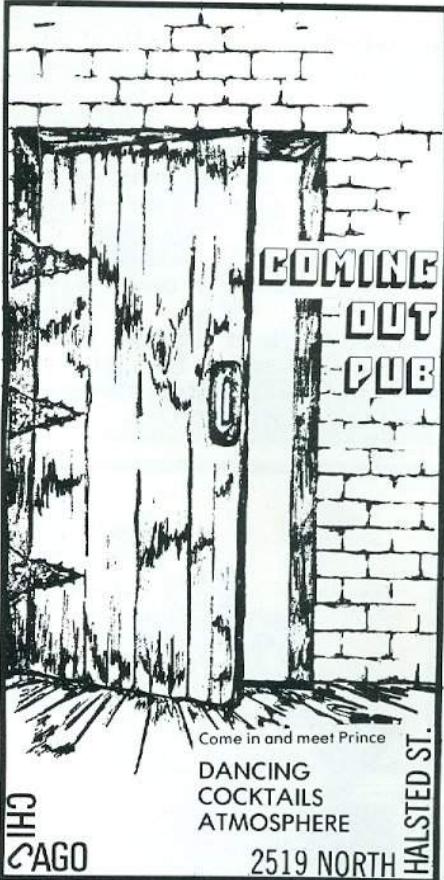
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An advertisement for Athos Antiseptic Lubricant. The top half features a classical Greek temple illustration on the left and a decorative Greek key border. The word 'ATHOS' is written in large, bold, block letters with a small sunburst graphic to the right. Below it, the text 'ANTISEPTIC LUBRICANT' and 'MAKES IT EASIER' is displayed. A large, bold headline below the temple reads: 'With separate disposable packets! Easy to carry in pocket or wallet. No big, messy tube.' Below this, another bold statement reads: 'Antiseptic lubricant shown by a published laboratory study to have certain anti V.D. properties.' The bottom half contains a form for a mail-in request, with fields for name, address, city, state, and zip code, along with a box for a return postage stamp.



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(from page 20)

too, once."

"He never did say much about the fighting," Coulter said.

"We hadn't realized it was so bad." He looked away somewhere.

"It wasn't the sort of thing you write home about, I guess. It wasn't so bad all the time."

"It seems so stupid," she said, "now that it's almost over. Pray God it's almost over."

"Down to about sixty-five thousand troops now," Joe told them. "If we can get that prisoner of war situation straightened out, it could end."

"Pray God," she said. "They're all so young."

"How wonderful of you to come," Coulter patted the arm of his chair as though confirming it. "What a wonderful surprise."

"Well," Joe explained, "I knew the train went through here. I didn't find out until the last minute there would be time. I'm glad I could. I just wanted to come by and say hello."

"That's awfully sweet of you," Rod's mother smiled. "Where do you come from?"

"Platine, Illinois," he said. "I've got an uncle in Denver who wants to teach me

the restaurant business. Going out to give it a try."

"I think that's splendid," Coulter said. "I'm in the highway commission myself."

"Yes, Rod told me. He used to say that you'd take him out on the graders sometimes when you were inspecting. Even talk the men into letting him steer."

"One time," Coulter remembered, "oh, he was about eight or nine, he saw a cow-catcher on an old train down at the depot. 'Is that a grader, too?' he asked. He couldn't understand why it had holes in it if it was supposed to be a grader. I couldn't convince him it wasn't." He laughed shortly. "He had a way of making up his mind about things. And, by God, you just couldn't change it. Like going into the Army before college." Coulter thought for a moment. "He wanted to get it out of the way. If he'd waited, this whole thing might have been over."

"We checked once," his mother leaned forward, hands clasped around her knees, "when the lottery came out. He wouldn't have had to go."

"There are a lot of guys who were there before college," Joe said quickly. "No reason not to let Uncle Sam help out with the expenses. It cost so much now."

"It's so hot in here," Mrs. Coulter apologized. "We keep putting off an air conditioner."

"Are you a college man?" Coulter asked.

"I had two years before I was drafted. I don't know whether I'll go back or not."

"Oh, do," Mrs. Coulter urged. "It's so good to have it back of you."

"You'll probably be too busy, if you're going into the restaurant business," Coulter observed.

"Maybe I'll go at night," Joe said. "I won't know until I get the lay of the land."

"You'll be working nights in the restaurant, won't you?" Coulter pointed out.

"That's true..." Joe agreed.

"How wonderful of you to come," Mrs. Coulter smiled again.

"I could have picked out the house," Joe told her. "I've seen pictures of it."

"Would you like to see the rest?" she asked anxiously.

He did not. "Yes," he said.

She took him on a tour, her husband following, holding back. Rod had painted the kitchen table in high school, brightly colored rings on its turned legs done with tedious accuracy. "That's got to be Aunt Helen from Helena," he said to a picture in the hall. They looked at him, amazed he had come so close to their lives as to know.

"This is Rodney's room," she said at the end, standing aside. He went in, holding the fear away from him like a live thing in his hands. Blind, he could have walked this room without stumbling. It was all there, tied to words. The bed in the

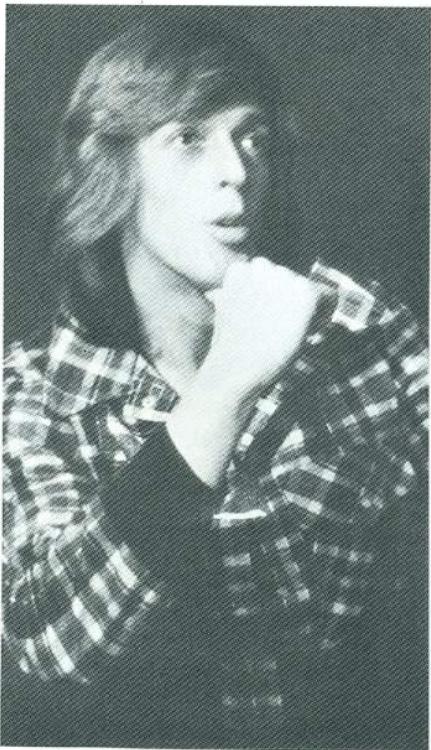
(Continued on Page 68)

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GREER (from page 17)

where the jobs were." In clubs in the Village he worked along side people like George Segal, Barbra Streisand, Tiny Tim, George Furth, MaMa Cass, The Divine Miss M, and many more. "George Furth worked as waiter. MaMa Cass and I worked together at the Showplace. She used to check coats and sing. There was ten years of Bette Midler before she made it. She put the Continental Baths on the map and made it possible for us all to work there." Gay bars have proven to be good exposure and polishing grounds for many of the big names today. "We brought talkies to these clubs, instead of the usual pantomime. I once stood with a telephone book and read my version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and everyone was stunned. I lied to a man who approached me about an act—I told him I had one." In less than 3 weeks he put together an act called 'Jack and the Giants' which included Jim Bailey and Roy Gaynor and played the Redwood Room in 1956. The appearance of Judy Garland one night made the place another



"I have the same concern and respect for women as I do for men"

PHOTO BY DAVID VANCE

Coconut Grove. "All the famous names of the theater came to catch our act. Roy was the cosmetic genius and made all the wardrobe, Jimmy, the star impressionist, had the incredible voice and I wrote all the material."

"I made the terrible mistake of never taking the credit for the writing. I thought

it was too vain—so nowhere in 8 years does it state written by Michael Greer. I even wrote many of my own lines in *The Gay Deceivers* and three-fourths of them in *Fortune And Men's Eyes*. I thought the original scripts were bad and I was right. The kitchen scene was left up to me and I even got a chance to direct the party scene." Ultimately Michael Greer would like to write and direct and if his past movies and the "Mona Lisa" skit are any indications, the directors chair and a pen should become a permanent part of his act. My apologies to Michael Greer who hates labels, but he is a "giant paragon of entertainment" and his act should not be missed. □

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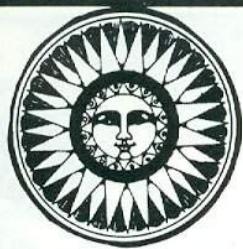
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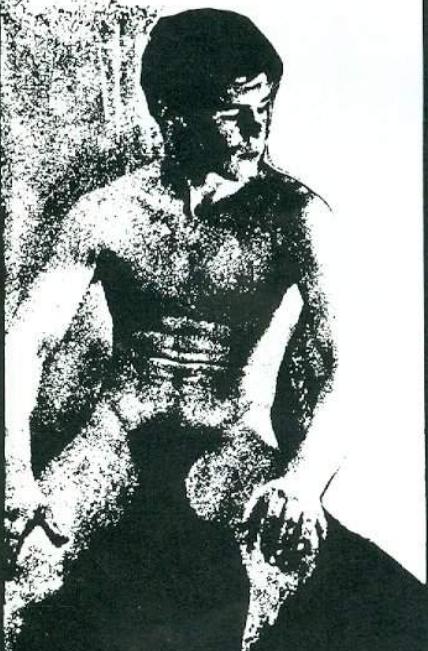


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ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

cope

(from page 27)

is the message that *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* is spreading.

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope must be saying something for even with its ten shows a week performed by two alternating casts, it continues to break box office records at the Happy Medium Theater in Chicago and is receiving unanimous rave notices as it did in N.Y., Los Angeles and Detroit. Mayor John Lindsay presented it the official "Key to New York City" and it has won numerous awards for its music, lyrics and performers. It has no elaborate costumes or sets, except for two 10 foot ladders, which provides the only prop and background for the attractively dressed cast who weave effectively in and around them. The spotlight goes from one performer to another as they do their little skits and songs creating the same enjoyable effect of T.V. favorite "Laugh-In". The music and lyrics are simple and honest with a jazz-rock-gospel flavor; they do not try to test your acoustical tolerance or speed of comprehension, but just your ability to emotionally feel.

Vivian Reed who won the praise of critics when she took over vacationing Micki Grant's part in the Broadway production at the Edison Theater, is doing the same part in the Chicago production and knock-

ing them dead not only with her beauty, but also with her unique flexible style that can either make one smile or cry. Her interpretation of "So Little Time" and "It Takes A Whole Lot Of Human Feelings", a duet sung with Loleatta, moves you with a chill. Both women bring the "breath of life" to a song through the very soul of their human understanding. Their vocal talent of which they have plenty is but a means of expressing the joys and sorrows of all mankind and is the mark of a real artist.

Austris Paige, another fine singer and a strikingly handsome Black man, made you not only aware, but proud that he is a man who represents all men when he sings, "My Name Is Man" in his rich strong voice. Although the evening I saw the show there were some of its dancers missing because of illness, Clayton Palmer not only represented them well, but more than made up for their absence with his own exceptionally well controlled technique and deliverance.

My compliments to the staff of the theater for they were the most accommodating and pleasant theater personnel ever and are obviously tuned in to "Bother Me, I Can Cope". If you're looking for a way to cope with the end of a tiring day, why not look to the Happy Medium Theater and see *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*. □



(left to right) Pat, Clayton, Ron, Charliese, and Joyce in a scene from
DON'T BOTHER ME...I CAN'T COPE photo by Chicago Photographers

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GAY WHEN...

by Joe Merola

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Numerous articles have been published recently dealing with the fact that some members of the Gay Community have been seeking psychoanalytical 'help' to divest themselves of their gay longings. (No pun intended.) Now, this is all well and good for those who know that they are, indeed gay. But how can one be certain? After all, perhaps those quick glimpses at the seven inch stud in the school shower were just a momentary lapse. And maybe you read all those muscle mags because you honestly want to improve your body. It was just coincidence that you masturbated while reading—you were actually thinking about Joey Heatherton. So, how can one be 100%, absolutely, positively, certain you're one of us?

It is to this end that I have formulated the following simple test. A handy rating system follows, so merely check off those symptoms to which you can relate either through personal experience, or vague, subconscious, desire. Now, no cheating, you're only fooling yourself. (Or your lover.)

—You really know you're gay when you awaken in your crib and find you've "gone down" on your Teddy. (This symptom also may appear later on in years, applying to boy scout buddies in secluded tents, soldiers in nearby bunks, and feeble fellow patients in rest homes.)

—You know you're gay when your playmates begin to remark that during "Tag—You're It", you've been tagging a lot lower than everybody else. (In later years, this may appear when, in daily life, a casual handshake results in zipper burns on your fingertips.)

—You know you're gay when you're always way ahead of your sisters when your Mom calls for help in the sewing room.

—You know you're gay when it's more fun undressing a G.I. Joe doll than playing war with him and pretending he just got his balls shot off.

—You know you're gay when your speciality in the high school wrestling club is the crotch lift. Another form is pinning your opponent—for twenty minutes.

—You know you're gay when you realize you've had thirty medical exams in the past two months, because you're beginning to enjoy the "Cough, please" test.

—You know you're gay when you try to talk your top sergeant into dotted Swiss for the barracks windows.

—You know you're gay when you *enjoy* the ride back from the big game, stuffed shoulder to shoulder into a station wagon with five other sweaty, hairy, football players.

—You know you're gay when you can judge a Sophia Loren performance on her acting alone.

—You know you're gay when you join the local block-watchers crime vigilance group, and when everyone else shows up with Dobermans, or German Shepards, you walk in holding a taut leash on a vicious, attack-trained Siamese.

—You know you're gay when you beat the hell out of the straight guy next door for making a snide remark, then offer to kiss and make up.

—You know you're gay when you realize you hate hockey, but watch anyway, just to see the ass-slapping.

—You know you're gay when you have to take a cold shower after Wally Cronkite says "Good night" in that deep, sexy voice.

—You know you're gay when the sole reason you watch the Miss America Contest is to root for your home state. (Actually, this symptom is only a rationalization. You really are turned on by Bert Parks. This symptom not only proves you are hopelessly gay, it also proves that you are awfully hard up.)

—You know you're gay when you discover you are the only weightlifter at the Olympics with fuschia mesh see-through jockeys.

(Now that you've identified your symptoms, rate yourself. See pg. 71)

DAVID:MARCH/APRIL 1973

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RON & GARY

joffrey

(from page 30)

stantial financial patron decided to withdraw further financial support in favor of beginning a "new" Harkness Ballet Company. The company was virtually wiped out with dancers, ballets, music, costumes, sets and money gone and it seemed highly unlikely that the company would be able to find the money to develop new dancers and repertory needed to continue. Robert Joffrey when left temporarily without a company devoted his time to teaching at the American Ballet Center, a school he had founded in 1953 and with Alexander Ewing and Gerald Arpino also set to rebuild his company. In March of 1965 after 8 months of hard work, a Ford Foundation grant came to the rescue allowing the company to reorganize and thus with new dancers rehearsals began for a debut at Jacob's Pillow and for its long awaited appearance in New York City. It seems incredible that a company that had originated in New York would have to travel around the world and back before it made its debut there or found a home there.

The Joffrey Ballet is the only company that is truly without a traditional star system or principals, soloists and corps de ballet but it need not have one for it is a "milky-way" of stars. However, this does not intimidate the audience or keep the critics from choosing their favorites.

The male contingent is the most exciting and powerfully athletic group of dancers to be found anywhere—most notably were Dennis Wayne, Paul Sutherland, Russell Chambers, Tony Catanzaro and Gary Chryst. Leading the women in full glory were Rebecca Wright, Starr Danias and Francesca Corkle. Another star in this celestial body who can't be missed because his effect is felt so strongly and causes the others to glow is Jerry Arpino. For eight years a leading dancer, he is now assistant director and principal choreographer for the company and among his most noted former works are Sea Shadow, Incubus, Ropes, Viva Vivaldi, Olympics and Trinity. The Chicago premier of his newest work, Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais, brightened and warmed the hearts of even the harshest ballet objectors here.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet returns to New York's City Center 55 Street Theater for its bi-annual six week season with a repertory of 29 ballets—largest ever for one season (Feb. 21—April 1). It has been officially announced they will be returning to Ravinia in Chicago instead of New York City Ballet later this year.

Robert Joffrey and his company have proven that America is still the promise land of "rags to riches" if the spirit is young and the direction is honest and healthy. □



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Photo by: Herbert Migdoll

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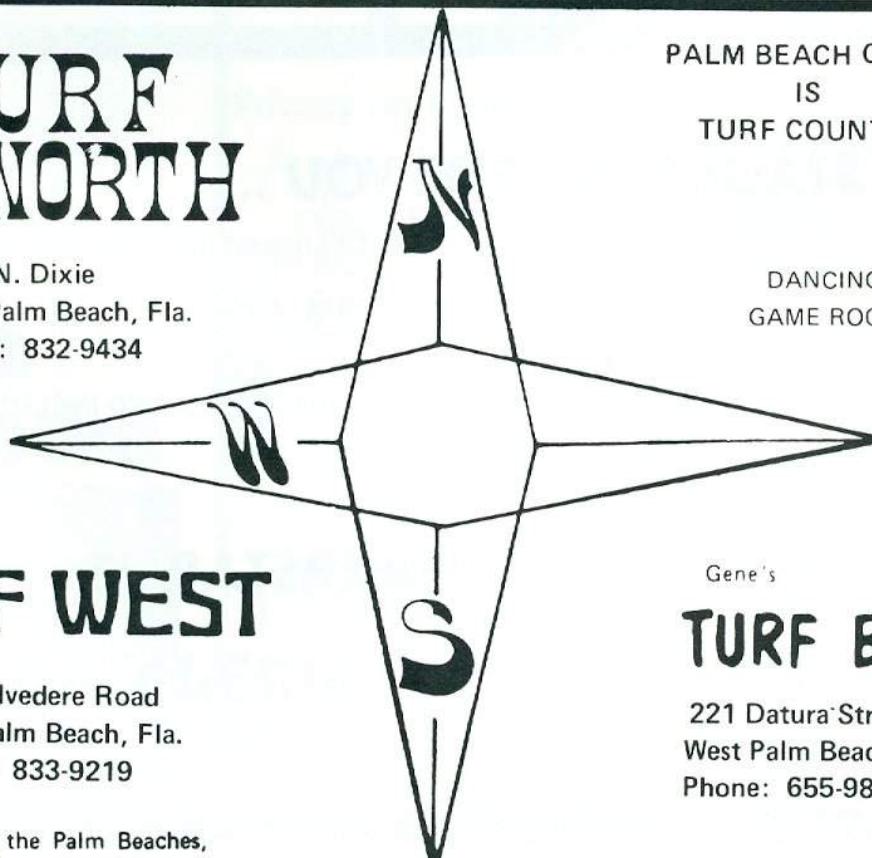
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MEMBER B.O.A.

One of these days, most likely very soon, we will have to do a complete number on Ms Sandra Alexandra (pictured here). Because of the nature of this publication, it's imperative we travel to various parts of the country and see all forms, styles and degrees of entertainment. Rarely have we come across an entertainer that has impressed us as much as this gal.

"I may look like a bad drag," she quips. "But let me tell you chile, I'm for real!", she murmurs before wrecking you completely with an unexpected whelp vaguely reminiscent of Flip Wilson's exclamation points.

A really "together" gal, Sandra does her thing nightly at LLOYD'S in Hollywood,

California. Her thing being to take hold of her audience, twist them around, upside down and inside out to wring out respect, admiration and love from all who witness her performances.

She does all this calmly and coolly while speaking fantastic rhythms with her piano and organ, singing occasionally and wooing her audience with her frank conversations that jump from one side of the room to the other.

One of the reasons Sandra goes over so well is because she obviously loves her work. So often when you find good talent such as this, the performer decides he or she should be begged a little to perform, especially when it comes to their

"Tea" break.

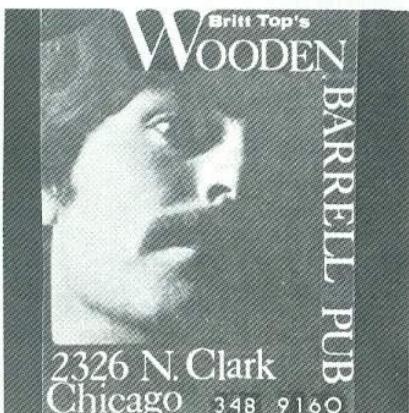
Not so with this gal. When she has been playing for a half hour or so, you'll hear her say softly and ever so sweetly, "I wonder if the bartender will please send me a little more blood" and continues to delight the supper club's patrons for an interminable set.

Her repertoire spans any gap, generation or otherwise as she gently eases out old standards such as "Green Dolphin Street" then hops to a "cookin'" version of 2001, backed ably by three talented gentlemen on the bongos, guitar and drums.

Her renditions of Billie Holiday tunes are definitely not to be missed. Got the message? SHE'S DEFINITELY HEAVY !!



ms sandra alexandra



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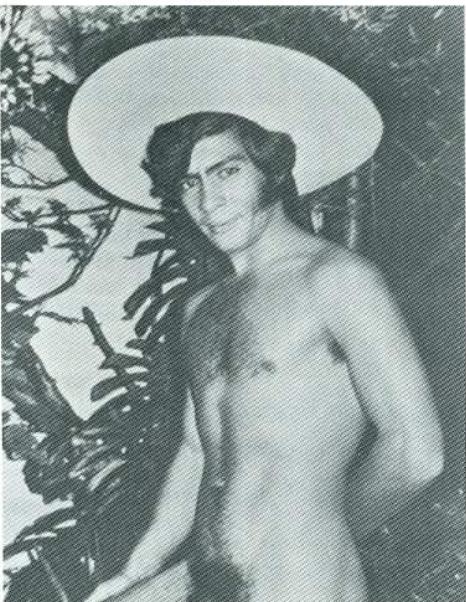
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LEATHER *(from page 23)*

to become involved in conversation with someone you'd like to talk to (for a starter.)

The N.Y. EAGLE still remains as the top of the heap and is likely to remain there for quite sometime yet.

In Feb., 1973, the D.C. EAGLE began publishing a monthly newsletter. This interesting and informative publication, "Manyouall", had a short life for it has now given birth to "Vote" (Voice of the Eagle). "Vote", a combined effort of both the D.C. and New York EAGLE contains information pertinent to both the New York and Washington L/L scenes.

Interested in obtaining a free copy? Just mail your name and address to Washington D.C. EAGLE, 904 9th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

A belated Happy Birthday to Mai Ling of D.C. and Marcus, Emperor of San Francisco.

I generally do not like to write beware in this column and I hope it will not become necessary to do so. However, a certain publishing house is taking orders on films and not delivering. If this practice continues I shall print their name. In the meantime, a few of us have written to them. Will keep you informed.

I am opposed, as stated in an election time article in this magazine to candidates running solely as gays or on the gay issue as his primary platform. The recent announcement of the candidacy of Jim Owles for City Council of New York should not be so construed. Jim, who I have known for two years, is an intelligent, clear thinking and able person. This is a case where the candidate is good and the fact that he is gay is a side asset.

Great news in the L/L scene in the south! In Atlanta, Georgia, a group of your brothers have formed the Atlantis Motor Cycle Club. On April 19th, they will hold their first run and these guys will be knocking themselves out to show southern hospitality at its best. On this weekend they will camp out on the banks of the Chattahoochee River and fill the days with bike riding, motor cycle competitions, sports, comradship and fun. There will be an abundance of good food and all the beer anybody wants to drink. The Atlantis run will follow all the customs with a few special surprises. Probably the best of these will be a mass flotilla down the river in two men rubber rafts. (Notice I haven't said anything yet about those warm and friendly nights in the Magnolia covered Georgia foothills!)

The whole weekend will cost less than \$35.00. For further details write the Atlantis Motor Cycle Club, Box 54748, Atlanta, Georgia, 30308. □

The sexy one below is Brandy Lee, Miss National Cotillion, 1973 and Miss International Show Queen (L.A.), 1972.

This Hawaiian lovely is currently singing and dancing at CAESAR'S in Studio City and will open at CABARET in San Francisco in early April.

Her favorite songs are "Don't Rain On My Parade" and "Killing Me Softly".

Our favorite is her rendition of "Maybe This Time". Apparently we're not alone because that number has become a real show stopper every time she does it.

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people (from page 13)

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that God would let these flowers grow and not take care of you—His son?" That was the beginning of my journey.

DAVID: A long time ago, I remember seeing a 'Loretta Young Show'. In it she had been a glamorous model who had lost her sight in a car accident. While blind, she married a supposed very ugly man. When it was learned that she could see, she was asked how she could stay with such an ugly man. She answered that she had come to know him 'through the eyes of my heart.' Have you found that you are seeing people through those 'eyes'?

MICHAEL: Not really. The vision that a blind person attains is one that allows you to see from within and with all of your senses. You 'see' a person from hearing their voice, from the way they carry their body, from the way they shake hands. It all allows you to 'see'.

DAVID: Having recently gone blind you must remember a lot of the facades that we as people and as Gays put up to lure potential tricks, etc. How has this changed in your sex life, if at all?

MICHAEL: A blind person digs somebody else for two reasons. First, they like the person and want to get to know them more or, second, they're just plain horny.

DAVID: Then sex has not gone out of your life?

MICHAEL: Hell no. As a matter of fact the physical side of it has increased 10 times. Since you lose the sense of sight your other senses, touch, smell and a wonderful sense of memory become heightened...

DAVID: Do you frequent bars?

MICHAEL: Yes, and I wish you would tell the people out there of the alienation that we encounter. First, a lot of people feel alienated just by the fact that they are Gay. But you have no idea how other Gays treat you when you're blind. I was in a bar in Phoenix. I'd gone in with a group and had gotten separated. I went to the men's room and accidentally hit this guy with my cane. When I tried to apologize he yelled, "You're so fuckin' stupid you're talking to the door. What the hell are you doing in here anyway? This is a gay bar, they shouldn't let you blind people in here." Another time, I was at this dinner party with a girl. She was playing the piano beautifully. Some guy next to me leaned in and said, "She's a marvelous pianist but she should stay at the piano. Her eyes are so hideous I can't stand looking at her. Blind people shouldn't try to mix into Gay social life." There have been others but that's just a sample.

DAVID: Good Lord, I can't believe it. Is this what you are trying to correct by all of your trips?

MICHAEL: By the time I'm finished, I shall have traveled across country three times. I have been working mainly with the blind who fall into three categories.

First, there is a congenital blind, or, those blind from birth. Secondly, there is the adventitiously blind, those who have lost sight during life. And, thirdly the partially sighted. We have been also working with the deaf and paraplegics. I won't call any of them 'handicapped'. The word should be 'nuisance', as you must change your living techniques. We are trying to explore ways and means through which M.C.C. can develop an outreach to the handicapped Gays. So they will know that GOD CARES for us as Gays and as handicapped.

DAVID: Are you trying to teach others, blind like yourself, or sighted people?

MICHAEL: We are attempting a threefold educational outreach and they are: First, to members & friends of M.C.C. to let them know that there are handicapped gays out there; Second: to the teachers, educators, councilors and others working with blind people that homosexuality is a fact of life among these people also; Thirdly: to the blind, deaf and otherwise handicapped themselves to let them know that they are not alone in that great world out there. I've been working with agencies of the government on different levels. From the federal down to the local level. I've been lecturing to para-professionals. I had one class of so called professionals who thought that the handicapped actually lost any sexual drive.

DAVID: Do you find that this is a common belief?

MICHAEL: It would seem that way. You would be surprised at the total lack of information available to the blind on sexuality period, much less than on homosexuality.

DAVID: I have heard about a movement that Don Goodman, president of Mattachine, is starting among Gay authors to tape their books. Is this part of your work?

MICHAEL: Yes, I did talk with Don. But he's gone out and is doing this. And, while tapes are better than nothing, why can't I have a copy of a book in braille? A book of my own as you would? So, that I may read it at my leisure the same as you would do? I'm having a copy of Troy's book, 'The Lord Is My Shepard And He Knows That I'm Gay', made up in braille for myself. The cost is an astronomical \$36.60 and it comes in four volumes. The Library of Congress is considering Troy's book but I have very little hope that it will get through. I've gone to Gay bookstores and none of them had any books in braille. I talked with one owner and he said if I could get him something in braille, he'd be happy to carry it. The only thing that I could get was the Bible, and only the New Testament and the Book of Psalms. That encompasses 20 volumes each four feet long. As far as I'm concerned we have idiots deciding what blind people should or should not read.

DAVID: Will you be based in N.Y.?

MICHAEL: Yes, North East District Conference of M.C.C. met in Boston and decided that 'God cares and Christ is for everyone', and through the outreach of a special ministry the commitment was made both spiritual and financial to recognize the needs of the handicapped gay. Should anyone want to contribute either funds or time, as both are needed, or if anyone would like to correspond in braille or ink print (I will answer all correspondence) I can be reached at: M.C.C., 360 W. 28th St., New York, N.Y. 10001. By the way, Jerry, don't you have a sight problem?

DAVID: How did you know that?

MICHAEL: I remember you said something about wearing contact lenses when we first met.

DAVID: (Our first meeting had been a little more than a month earlier when I confessed to wearing lenses, talk about a sense of memory. I shall relate briefly a story that I told Michael.) Well, I can remember one night, while I was in the service, we were in this bar in San Antonio. (This was pre-lenses) I wouldn't wear my glasses, vain as I was. Anyway, I was sitting at the far end of the bar and everytime I looked down towards the door, some guy was looking at me. Being a very young 20 at the time I was thrilled and flustered. I coyly kept sneaking glances down towards the other end of the bar. Finally after approximately an hour, I asked my buddy to check the guy at the end of the bar who kept looking at me. Phil looked down and asked me where. I looked down and said there at which point Phil fell on the floor in hysteria. You see, I'd spent the past hour cruising myself in a mirror at the end of the bar.

MICHAEL: You'd be surprised how many guys and women I've talked to with a similar problem. We'd like to get yourself and others like you interested in our program. You're sighted but with a handicap even though it may be slight. We can use your help.

DAVID: Well, folks, that is Michael Nordstrom. May I suggest that if you are handicapped or know somebody who is, that you get in touch with Michael. I believe that you'd be pleasantly surprised. Here is a man who has overcome great despair and has dedicated his life to helping others overcome any despair of their own received as a result of a handicap, or, as Michael refers to it, nuisance. And, may I suggest to those men that Mike talked about and, any others who might have the same reaction, try talking to the next handicapped person you meet. You might just realize you might be more handicapped than they. You may find out that you have a handicap (hangup) yourself. You can cure yours!!! God bless.

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1/2 hr. (from page 56)

corner, a light quilt pulled tight across and an over-sized pillow. The dresser, the sink left behind by some previous owner which had once held goldfish until a boy down the block pulled the plug. The bulletin board, overlapped with images still bright, still new. *GO ARMY!* a wall poster said. The oval braided rug made of his discarded boyhood clothes. There was a picture of a girl, signed with the flourish of graduation time, and he smiled, knowing of her. And Rodney, grinning from under a baseball cap with *A&W* stitched on it, his eyes almost hidden in the deep shadows.

In the corner was a bat, a strong hickory with ball point signatures. Rod wanted to play professional ball and was almost good enough. When he went to college, he was going to make the team and develop it. He had everything planned, every month of every year. *For the two of them.*

Mr. Coulter edged into the room and went to the dresser, picked up a baseball there. He held it in his hands as though warming it for a moment and then, catching Joe's eye, tossed it to him. Some of the stitching was worn. *How many times had it been chased? How much sweat did it contain?*

Joe looked at Rodney's father and smiled, nodding. He held the ball out.

"You keep it," the man said, something urgent in his eyes.

Joe stared at him.

"Please. I want you to have it. His mother and I want you to have it."

Joe turned from the room and they followed him back to the front of the house.

"You must keep in touch," Mrs. Coulter said. "We'd really be interested in knowing how you do out there in Denver."

"There aren't many young men around here any more," Coulter sighed. "They seem to leave this place as soon as they grow up. They go to Lincoln and Omaha. Grass is greener in the big cities."

"A lot of Rodney's friends are still in service," Mrs. Coulter said.

"We met one over there," Joe remembered. "Alan somebody. I don't think he and Rod were very good friends in high school."

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"Alan Donovan," Coulter supplied. "No, they were sort of rivals for a lot of things. I think Rod had his first fist fight with Alan Donovan. His dad owns the dairy. It's right down near the train depot there. Maybe you saw it."

He hadn't. "Yes," he said.

"We see more of them now," Coulter reflected. "They come by now and then to visit."

Mrs. Coulter had gotten a section of the Sunday paper and was fanning herself. "It's going to be a hot summer, dad."

"Tomorrow morning, first thing, I'll go down and get a conditioner," he told her. "You won't," she smiled, chiding gently. "I will. You'll see."

"They're terribly expensive," she warned. "Two, three hundred. We can do it."

"Paper says it's going to be a hot one all the way through September," she said. Then, her eyes turning to Joe: "You know, Rodney really took to you. He didn't make friends very easily. But you meant a lot to him, we could tell. His letters were full of you. You're a nice boy," she smiled, "I'm glad to have him make friends like you."

"I've been thinking," Coulter said. "I got a cousin here in realty. He does pretty well. Looking for a young fella to bring along. If you don't like the restaurant business, maybe you'd want to give it a try. You could stay in Rodney's room for a while, until you get your feet on the ground. His mother and I would like that,"

Joe smiled. "My uncle's counting on me. But who knows? Maybe I won't like it."

Coulter sat forward, hitching his trouser legs. "There's as awfully good living in real estate, you know. If I were any younger...."

"Oh, dad," she reached out and touched her husband softly. "Joe doesn't want to live in a little town like this. He wants to be in a big city."

"I suppose you're right," her husband settled back.

The screen door rattled. "Who's there?" Mrs. Coulter called.

"It's me, Mrs. Coulter. Fred."

"The taxi," she told Joe.

"Is it that time already?" Coulter stood.

"My goodness." They walked to the door.

"It was awfully nice meeting you," Joe said. "Thank you for this." He held out the ball.

"I just can't tell you how good it's been to have you come by." Coulter shook his hand.

"There's something about a Sunday afternoon that's so *lonely*," Mrs. Coulter said. Joe went outside. The driver started his engine. Joe turned back. They stood there behind the screen, a man and his wife, touching, holding each other around the waists as though waiting for someone.

I loved him, you know, he wanted to say.

Or had he said it? Had it come from his lips through the moisture gathering there without his even knowing it?

Rodney's mother pushed through the door and took him in her arms, hugging hard. She kissed Joe Ketterman on his cheek.

He held her hands in his, a mother's hands which have known so much of her son. He kissed them and turned away.

"Come back some time," Coulter called after him. "Come back and see us again."

In the taxi he waved; Mr. Coulter had come outside, too, and they waved back.

"It's after three-fifteen," the driver told him.

"Yes, we'd better go."

Near the station he saw Donovan's Dairy & Creamery Co. He should have asked if Rod won that first fist fight.

He got out of the cab at trackside; the urgency of departure was there, like a veil. "Seventy-five cents?" he asked.

"Not on your life," the driver shook his head. "It was good of you to come." He shifted gears and drove off.

Down the platform a serviceman held hands with his girl, waiting for the last minute to board. The baseball was tight in Joe's hand, giving with the pressure. For a moment he looked back up the dusty street. The whistle blew and a lone conductor made his appearance at the door. Wisps of steam disappeared in the hot air almost as soon as they came from the couplings. He smiled and climbed up. It was time to go.

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(from page 21)



given a kiss on the cheek for good luck, advice on courage, and an address. (Also, I took a pledge to secrecy. My press agent would handle the details later.) As I left I heard the tinkling of laughter floating behind me. I felt divine; history was about to be born!

I found the neighborhood. It was devoutly humble. Elderly gentlemen strolled along the sidewalk and leaned against dark, crumbling, romantic buildings. The aroma of spicy wine wafted through the portals of exotic cafes; lovely ladies lingered wistfully under street lamps, while children, tired from school, ran riotously in the shadows. A handsome young man, in shiny cowboy boots and a white fringed jacket, whistled, but I was too shy to notice. Struck from a remembrance of the past, I was homesick.

Crossing the street, I discovered the address. A car ripped around the corner just missing me (and a black cat); I wandered (under a ladder) and through the door to meet my future: I held my breath (literally). Inside, the office was decorated in deep off white shades of gray. The furniture was simple: three wooden chairs and a foot stool. Greatness is always heightened by simplicity. I drank in the sheer purity of my surroundings, like a beggar dying on a burning desert. This was my oasis. My Salvation. I felt weak, but I resisted the temptation to sit. The time of courage had come. I stood, as silent as a prayer, waiting.

Suddenly, a door flew open. A heavy set nurse, in a black jersey dress rushed out with a young girl at her side. The girl was weeping (obviously from joy). The nurse, in a firm, motherly way, almost shouted her enthusiasm: "Let this be a lesson to you, Damn it!" The front door slammed behind them like thunder. Alone, in the strangely silent office, I thought, gratefully, a doctor who imparts a lesson on the young is great indeed. More than ever, I was reassured. I needed that.

Voices carried from the next room. I listened like a student at the temple of knowledge: freightened, awed, christened

with a new religion. My heart beat like the song in one of my show stopping numbers, and like that, it was a moment to remember: "Put that knife down! Wash the scissors! What do you think this is, a butcher shop?" Music to my ears. I had penetrated the deepest sort of conversation between great men of medicine: shop talk. I felt privileged, honored, and overwhelmed.

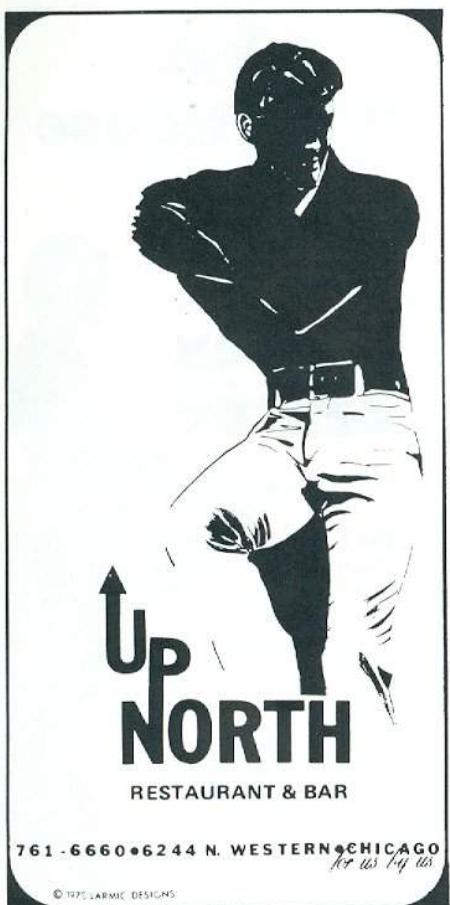
Again, the door tore open. A tall, broad shouldered nurse with a crew cut marched in. She was unsmiling, like Florence Nightingale in a time of distress: "Yeah? What's your beef?"

In layman's language, as best I could, I described my condition and the reason for my unannounced visit. She was impressed, as only a nurse can be: "You got a pain in the what?"

Once more, I began my litany. I realized this woman in white, while dedicated to a noble cause, was not of the same intellectual class as her colleagues. And of course my case was different. I went slowly, describing the whole exciting story, practically from the instance of conception, to the meeting with the girls in the coffee shop. She was moved, I could tell. Her face was as pale as the moon on a summer night. Any moment I expected tears. Fortunately, she controlled herself. I didn't want sympathy. I needed strength, solidness, security. In a second, she turned like a fluttering moth and fled from the room.

At last, I sensed the queer patterns of my life breaking (like a stained glass window). Alone, in the waiting room, face to face with eternity, unable to sit, but able to stand on my convictions, I became an even more thoughtful person. The fact that I was making medical history (and changing the entire reproductive system of the human race) had little to do with it. And I would say so, on television.

If I was ever worried about my doctor, the instant I saw him my foolish fears vanished. A six foot two, dark eyed, ex-marine, with a wining grin, he was perfect. I held back the urge to fall madly in love, for reasons of science, decency, and



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self preservation. His cold, level eyes enforced my determination. It was a decision I have never regretted.

The examination began at once. From where I lay (on my stomach) I listened to the mysterious medical exchange of opinion with apprehension. They seemed totally oblivious to me as a person, like great artists in the moment of creation, I was stunned with reverence. A word, a phrase, cut through the tangled confusion of intellectual confrontation: "Hemorrhoids."

"Baloney."

"Easy case. I'm bored with the other stuff."

"Crap."

I was confused, frightened, near fainting, but suddenly, I realized my time had come. Courage returned. Like the re-birth of Christine J., history was being made. The world waited: I would undergo an inverted Caesarean....

And like the girls said, it was a place that "got it over with fast". Though drowsy, dazed, and delivered, I was shoved back in the waiting room (faster than a falling star), ready to meet the Little Person. He wasn't there, but history heralded. I was thrilled. Naturally, I wouldn't go back to work (the show doesn't have to go on!) There was much to do. Interviews, T.V. (and the filming of my life story). While the impact on the journals of the American Medical Association would be tremendous, the Gay Liberation Society would, naturally, insist upon an award ceremony (Mother of the Year?) The thought of it already exhausted me. Again, I knew I must find the strength and the courage to go on. I had before, I could again. I had to.

Suddenly, the nurse marched in and said something that sounded very much like the word "money". Considering the magnitude of the occasion, I thought it was an absurd demand. She disagreed. I offered my Sears & Roebuck credit card. She demurred. Loudly, I sensed an incident coming.

I explained what the advent of the Little Person meant to her (professionally), but

she had a commercial soul. And a sharp tongue. "The only Little Person around here is a little nuts. Pay up, buster!" A cloud of doom (and a clenched fist) darkened my sunshine.

All at once there was a terrible commotion at the front door; sirens, whistles, and harsh voices pierced the dignity of the office. Even as I composed my Nobel Prize speech, the walls shook, the floor trembled, and spotlights blazed through the single, heavily draped window. I felt I'd seen all this before, but there was little reflection. The nurse, ignoring me, screamed "Raid!" Incredibly, as though from a ghastly nightmare, a mob of pushing policemen crashed into the room. It was a confusing and trying hour.

Out of the whole mess, only two words became clear; abortion ring. I was devastated. Dazed, I realized the queer patterns of life were only the thin threads of illusion. Like Steal Dallas and Mildred Pierce, I would rise above failure, deceit, and tragedy. But, like Medea, I demanded justice. I beat my breast and howled my accusations to the wind. The room grew silent. Suddenly (like an audience at the end of a comedy), the doctors, the nurse, and the police broke into applause. I sensed a lack of communication. I tried again. Someone suggested singing 'Melancholy Baby'. That hurt. I rushed to the washroom and dabbed my face with cold water (which ruined my eye liner). When I returned, the place was empty. A sign on the door read: OUT TO LUNCH (by order of the police). Obviously, I'd been tricked (and that's different from tricking). But worse was yet to come. Much worse.

The second I stepped outside, a black cat bit my leg. I turned, like a driven creature, and a ladder (from no where) fell on my head. Like a hair dresser scorned, I flung myself into the street, but a car (like a scene from a bad gangster film) careened around the corner and knocked me down. I suspected a plot. I was right. Within hours (from my hospital bed) I learned the truth. It was the ultimate thrust of the knife; I'd been chosen poster boy for National Birth Control Week.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GAY WHEN..... Rating System (Cont. from pg. 46)

If you have checked:

No symptoms, you are completely straight. In fact, you are so disgustingly hetero, the semen in your body alone could no doubt repopulate the earth after a Nuclear Holocaust.

1-2 symptoms, you're still straight, but definitely the artsy type. Watch how you dress, and keep away from blatantly flamboyant wallpaper.

3-5 symptoms, you are borderline! Masculine enough to father children, but sufficiently effeminate to be oppressed by their mother. Consequently, you are one of the extremely silent majority.

6 or more symptoms, you must be spending at least 99% of your time either on your knees, or lying on your belly with your rear up. You are sick, perverted, degenerate, both illegal and immoral. Great, isn't it? But you really didn't need the test, did you? You've known you were gay ever since you realized that you were more sensitive, more rational, more intelligent, more tolerant than the straight clods around you. For those who want help to change, I advise the nearest shrink. Not to change—for wanting to change—that's what's sick.

LEATHER

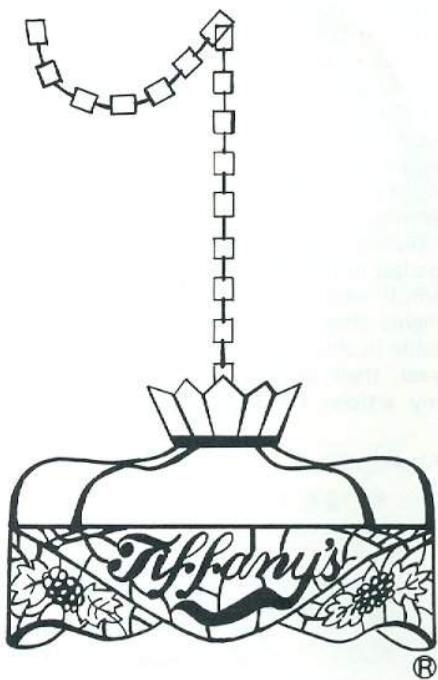
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DETROIT'S CHOICEST MEATS

(Continued from page 50)

port any political party, candidate for public office and/or any organization not directly related to the homosexual cause." For this reason, Bruce told me last Jan., as Chairman of its State & Federal Committee, that GAA would not try to help me elect a "gay slate" of delegates to the Democratic National Convention. But he urged me to join the Gay Political Caucus which he said was working towards that end. So I did and attended every Saturday afternoon meeting for three months until I heard one of its founders explain to a friend that it was a McGovern front. Naturally, the other Caucus members sabotaged my efforts. GAA members did not get one signature on our petitions, and the two GAA members who had agreed to run (Jim Owles and Joe Kennedy) pulled out after we had collected hundreds of signatures and urged GAA members to work for McGovern instead of gay delegates. We fell less than one hundred signatures short of 1,500 needed on the West side to get us on the voting machines.

During the citywide open registration period last summer, GAA refused to help enroll new voters although on Saturday nights they allowed me to man a card table in their clubhouse. Throughout the year, their newsletter refused to publish my articles although Michael's Thing (a

weekly gay entertainment guide) published several and the Advocate (the gay national newspaper published in L.A.) printed a lengthy account of my efforts.

I could only conclude that the "inner circle" of GAA was unwilling to admit a realistic-activist to impinge on their status within the so-called gay community. In meeting after meeting, my hand was rarely recognized. Not enjoying this 'non-person' status, I now attend the minimum required meetings per month and devote most of that time to the Dance Committee which provides 90% of GAA's income... and the cheapest Saturday night for hundreds of young homosexuals—\$2.00 for all the beer and soda you can drink.

Tuesday I called one of the District leaders to urge her to urge Carol to sign the petition immediately to avoid further "trashing" on the part of GAA. But before signing, Carol wants some recognition in the press that there does seem to be some conspiracy against her among the gay would-be politicians. This is why I am writing this article.

Remembering all the bitchy comments about her that I had heard during the otherwise dull meetings of the Gay Political Caucus, I have to agree that there is certainly a great deal of antipathy towards her because she has not been as outspoken an advocate of gay rights as Bella Abzug.

During the fall, Heinz Kohut published a new textbook for psychiatrists on narcissism called "The Analysis of the Self". Kohut believes that many—if not all—homosexuals are the unwitting victims of the stifling of normal childhood narcissism. In some cases, the child forever pursues an unobtainable idealized-parent image; in other cases, he/she unknowingly pursues a fantasy of his "grandiose self", while other children are condemned to pursue both.

GAA's obsessive demand that politicians endorse every aspect of their demands—even though they readily acknowledge this would destroy the politician's hope of election—readily fits the pattern of pursuit of a grossly idealized-parent image. GAA's leaders insistence that they speak for the gay community and their trampling on the rights of others at public meetings readily fit the fantasy of the "grandiose self".

Bruce said Monday night, that there are over one million homosexuals in New York City. Yet GAA's membership has dwindled to less than 150. Is their single-issue obsession as self-destructive, misguided and repellent to most of us as the separatism of the ultraorthodox Black Muslims is to the black community? Can separatism hope to develop the multi-faceted personalities of members of such a small clique, or does it merely serve to

now featuring
TIFFANY JONES



reinforce their self-appointed elitism? And separatism and elitism are both antithetical to a democracy.

Judging by its membership rolls, one has to admit GAA has never been representative of the homosexuals in the city. Judged by the comparative success of gay groups in other cities and states in repealing anti-gay statutes or passage of gay civil rights bills, one has to admit that GAA has not been a political success and may well be a millstone around our necks.

At a recent meeting of elected delegates from many Democratic clubs in Manhattan to the New Democratic Coalition, I recognized several gay friends. Obviously, their homosexuality has not precluded them from rising to positions of influence within their clubs and the city's power structure. Perhaps it has actually helped them since we have so much more free time, so much talent for anticipating problems, so much sympathy for others oppressed, so much money uncommitted to our children's development, and certainly, so much creative imagination.

Greg Dawson says he feels more radicalized than ever because our Committee did not force Carol to sign the petition on the spot. I hope this was only a temporary alienation and that he will participate more in club affairs than he has been willing to do. Our present socio-power structure is so deeply rooted in both

the apathy and contentment of the majority of our citizens that anarchists can accomplish little of a constructive nature in changing the system.

Because of the broad scope and explicit detail in the Supreme Court's vote this week, striking down most antiabortion laws by a 7-2 decision protecting our constitutional "right to privacy", we can expect most antigay solicitation and sodomy laws will also be stricken from the books as soon as we challenge them on the same grounds.

But until the social climate changes, we need laws like Intro 475 to prohibit discrimination against us in public accommodations, employment and housing. How then can we get Intro 475 out of committee and voted into law by the City Council?

Agonizing as I find this decision, I feel we must make it clear to every public official that GAA does not represent more than 150 individuals, most of whom are more interested in their dances and cabaret-evenings than they are in politics or "trashing". We must persuade all gays to become at least members of their local political clubs, working to change the system from the "grassroots" upwards instead of trying to impose demands from on high. The other gay clubs must become more assertive in representing their own political interest, if any.

While I love the mini-social-center which the old Firehouse on Wooster Street has become (at a rental of \$1,100 per month), I think the other twenty or so gay clubs in the city should band together in maintaining one communal social center where their more moderate opinions might have a countervailing effect on GAA. The unused two-storyed pier at the foot of Christopher Street would be a natural and ideal location for most of the city's gays and could accommodate dances, videotape studios, theatre groups, art exhibits, discussion groups, etc. I feel we should try to lease it from the City for \$1.00 per year.

It is difficult to accuse idealists of vanity, but vanity often masquerades as righteous indignation. It is difficult to reject fighting allies, but peaceful progress for social reconstruction requires it. It is difficult to call democratically elected leaders fascists, but that is what they prove themselves to be when they bully the democratically elected representatives of other clubs. But I do accuse the political leaders of all gays—and all other minorities—when they deliberately try to destroy liberals who refuse to be their puppets.

Let's stop shouting gay power and start practicing love principals.

Dan Tuite
New York, N.Y.
□

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Classified ad rates are \$1.00 per line (average 6 words per line). Send to:

DAVID
P.O. Box 5396
Jacksonville, Florida 32207

HALLANDALE, FLA.: Looking for a roommate to share 2 B/R apt. incl. all modern furnishings. Price is \$35 weekly which includes all utilities, phone, etc. If interested write: Occupant, P.O. Box 43, Hallandale, Fla. 33009

WHITE MALE: 25, has 1 B/R apt. in Miami Beach, Fla. to share with same. Phone: (305) 531-5204.

PROFESSIONAL MAN: 28, wants to meet masculine appearing, sincere young man in No. Florida—So. Georgia area for possible permanent relationship. Please send interests, photo, phone no. to: Bill, 2231 E. 113th Ave., Tampa, Fla. 33612

WHITE MALE: 33, 5'7" 150 lbs., shy but affectionate. Enjoy golf, tennis, health club. Seeking friends—also roommate—to share house near U.S.F., Tampa, Fla., Phone: (813) 971-0169

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

PLACE FREE AD in Florida Swinger Magazine. Only Swinger with Gay section Sample Copy \$1.00. Dept. D1, 7228 Biscayne Blvd, Miami, Fla., 33138.

WESTERN STYLE LEATHER: Quality at Reasonable prices: Send stamped, address env. 4 Free Details! HANGIN' TREE RANCH LEATHER, Rt 1, Box 452 Alpine, California, 92001

FT. LAUDERDALE: Sunrise section, comfortable twin bed room & bath in 2 B/R house w/pool. \$25 week. P.O. Box 2062, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33303

ELK RIDGE RANCH CAMPGROUNDS: Gay only, Food, Lodging, Camping and Picnic facil. Opening April 15th. Membership and Ranch Info: write Elk Ridge Ranch Campgrounds, Box 284C R1 Harpers Ferry, W. Va., 25425

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

TRAVEL SOUTH, desire to meet good looking young guys, Am 26, 6'1", blonde, No Disappointment, Degreed, Normal Sex With your 3" we'll make a foot. Photo Occupant, Box 833, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33302

WANTED—handsome, hairy man 21—29 Georgia area who'd be interested in meeting and having an affair with a small town athletic blonde, 6'2", 154 pounds. Write: Buddy, Box 126, Chester, Ga. 31012

MOTEL ON OCEAN, pool, prime location, ideal investment* Right couple 12 units easily converted to make 15—17 units. \$200,000. Owner retiring. Write: Box 7242, Daytona Beach, Fla. 32016

GAY CO. Introductory offer: 10 different note cards for \$2.50 or 20 different for \$5.00. Finest design & printing, by various artists. By gays for gays. Rush Order Now! Send for free brochure. Goliath, Box 3003 NYC 10001 Dept. A—D3.

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MIAMI GAYS: Worship with your brothers and sisters. Metropolitan Community Church, 3901 N.W. 7th Ave. 576-0708. Services: Sunday 11AM and 7:30 PM Social dinner Wednesday 7:30 PM.

POSITIONS WANTED

AVAILABLE: Full charge accountant, office management, 8 years experience, fluent Spanish, can relocate. Age 32, graduate of Stetson & Univ. of Miami. J. Hubert, 95 Sixth Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11217

YOUNG FIGURE MODEL—sensuous slim features. Expert body massage. Call Lee (305) 626-0846

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LIVE THE GOOD LIFE:

Average earnings \$250 to \$400 per week to start. Customer Service and Sales positions available in Ga. & Fla. We train our men completely and treat you as an individual. Light travel during weekdays—home on weekends. For interview send name and phone number to Ray, P.O. Box 1504, Columbus, Ga. 31902.

HONEST, reliable, good looking man willing to work with owner. Landscape and gardening. Friendly conditions. Growing business. Send info. and photo in first letter to: David, Dept C-134, P.O. Box, 5396, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207

NUDE MODELS WANTED: young, hung, Grand Rapids, Mich. & Traverse City area, by top NYC fashion photographer on location there each spring & summer. Full particulars, please, and photo to: Lew Williams Productions, 240 E. 46th, NYC, 10017. (Complete discretion assured).

DAVID-GRAMS

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

Teddy Pye of Charleston, S.C. Congratulations on your 10th anniversary, may you have many more. I can't believe its been almost 12 years since I've seen you or heard from you. I have fond memories of you and Charleston, and the fun we had after my discharge from the Navy. I've always remembered how having a friend like you made my "coming out" so easy. Remember me? If so, I'd enjoy hearing from you. If not, please send me your address and I'll try to refresh your memory with a nice long letter. Celebrate life. Robert L. Taylor, 5646 N. Ridge, Apt. 2-S, Chicago, Ill. 60660

HB: My heart is full of you.
Virgo

DAVID SUPPORTERS-

What's Happening-Where

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

ALABAMA

MONTGOMERY

OUTPOST *

Atlanta Highway at Eastern bypass
Open 8 pm to 2 am Mon.-Fri; 7 pm
to 12 Sat. (BC, D, S)
(205) 272-9992

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

DIAMOND LIL'S *

3025 N. 24th St. Open 4 pm to
1 am 7 days

S.S. JUG *

4029 E. Washington. Open till
1 am (after hours on weekends)

NU-TOWNE SALOON *

5002 E. Van Buren Open 12
noon to 1 am (R,D)
(602) 267-9559

SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE *

4622 N. 7th St. Open till 1 am, 7
days (after hours on weekends)

SUGAR SHACK *

4211 N. 7th St. Open till 1 am, 7
days (after hours on weekends)

TUCSON

GRADUATE *

23 W. University (at 3rd St.)
(L,D)
(602) 622-9233

SIR JAMES *

4241 N. Oracle Road
(L,D)
(602) 887-9859

STONEWALL *

2945 N. 1st Ave.
(L,D)
(602) 622-6233

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES

HOLLYWOOD (Including No. Hollywood and valley area)

AFTER DARK *

8471 Beverly Blvd. (D,S)

AFTER MIDNIGHT *

8477 Beverly Blvd. (after hours)

AH-MEN *

8900 Santa Monica Blvd. Nation's
leading mail order clothing store -
retail outlet.

BITTER END WEST *

8409 Santa Monica Blvd. Open 3
pm to 2 am 7 days. (L,D,S)
(213) 654-2804

CAESAR'S *

12179 1/2 Ventura Blvd. (Studio
City) Open 11 am - 2 am 7 days. (L,S)
(213) 769-7568

DAVID'S *

7013 Melrose. Open 5 pm to 2 am, 7
days. (L,S,R)
(213) 934-5730

DUDE CITY *

836 N. Highland. (L) next to CAB-
ARET (R,L) and BRASS RAIL
(L,D)
(213) 462-6501

FALCON'S LAIR *

742 N. Highland Ave. Open 8 pm
7 days. (Leather-Western) (B)
(213) HO2-9588

GOLIATH'S *

7011 Melrose. (after hours) (L,S)
(213) 937-8743

GRIFF'S *

5574 Melrose. Open 7 days (Leather-
Western) (B)
(213) 462-9105

LITTLE CAVE *

3111 Sunset Blvd. Open 4 pm to
2 am, 7 days (L,S)
(312) 666-9421

LLOYD'S *

739 No. LaBrea. Open 11 am to 2
am, 7 days. (L,D,R,S)
(312) 933-9293

M.C.C. BOOKSTORE *

373 Western Ave.

new NEW WORLD *

12319 Ventura Blvd. Open 7 days
4 pm to 2 am. (L,D)
(213) 769-6695

OUTCAST *

4219 Santa Monica Blvd. Open 7
days. (Leather-Western)

PARIS CINEMA *

8163 Santa Monica Blvd. Open 12
noon till midnite (midnite shows on
Fri-Sat)
(213) 656-9106

TRUCK STOP *

13257 Ventura Blvd. (leather- west
(B)
(213) 783-9061

T.J.'s *

11940 Ventura Blvd. Open 7 days.
(213) 980-9678

1087 *

1087 Manzanita (between Sunset and
Santa Monica) Private Club-mention
DAVID.

WORLD BOOK & NEWS STORE

1652 Cahuenga Boulevard

SAN FRANCISCO

ALLEY CAT *

330 Mason St. Open 7 days,
(D,S)
(415) 285-3000

BIG TOWN *

115 Harriet St. (off Folsom at
6th)(L,D,R) Variety Shops on
Two Levels.
(415) 626-1250

BOOT CAMP *

1010 Bryant. (Leather-western)
(L)
(415) 626-0444

BATHS *

3244 21st St. Open 24 hrs, 7
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CLUB TURKISH BATHS *

132 Turk Street, Open 24 hours,
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ECONO-JET MART *

Travel Agency 1255 Post st.
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eley.
(415) 848-6858

FICKLE FOX *

842 Valencia. Open 5 pm to
2 am, 7 days. (R,L,S)
(415) 826-3373

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56 Gold Street, Open 7 days
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CODES:

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

GASLIGHT *

645 Valencia Open 2 pm to
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KOKPIT *

301 Turk St. (L)
(415) 775-3260

LEATHER & THINGS *

4079 18th St. Leather goods.
(415) 863-1817

LE SALON *

1118 Polk Street. Book Store.
(415) 673-4492

NAKED GRAPE *

2097 Market St (at Church)
(L,D,E)
(415) 863-7226

NOTHING SPECIAL *

469 Castro St. Open 7 days
noon to 2 am (L)
(415) 626-5876

NUMBER 3 *

18th and Valencia (L,D,E)
(415) 621-2328

ADONIS BOOK SHOP *

384 Ellis Street

P.S. *

1121 Polk St. (L,R)
(415) 441-7798

RENDEZVOUS *

567 Sutter (L,D,F)
(415) 781-3949

SAN FRANCISCO (suburbs)

ARCERI THEATER & TRAVEL *

Fox Plaza, Suite 2802. Travel
agency, Theater bookings.
(415) 626-4900

BINO'S *

2130 Redwood Highway
AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR SHOP
Geyserville, Calif.
(707) 857-3751

BAYOU LOUNGE *

1640 Main St. Redwood City
Open 7 days, noon to 2 am
(L,D,E)
(415) 364-9444

CRUISER *
2651 El Camino Real, Redwood City. Open 7 days, noon to 2 am (L,D,R)
(415) 366-4955

LOCKER ROOM *
1957 University Ave, Palo Alto Open 7 days, 2 pm to 2 am. (B)
(415) 322-8005

KONA KAI *
3740 El Camino Real
Palo Alto, (L,R)

SAVOY *
20469 Silverado, Cupertino Open 7 days 2 pm to 2 am. (L,D,R,S)
(415) 255-0195

SAUSALITO INN *
12 El Portal, Sausalito, (L,R,S)
(415) 332-0577

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH

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

EL ROMAN DAYTONA BATHS *
709 Main St.
(904) 252-4160

DAMIEN'S YUM YUM TREE *
703 Ridgewood Ave. Open 7 days (L,D,S)

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

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2657 South Atlantic Ave. Daytona Beach Shores, Fla. Ocean-side. Pool (904) 767-7100.

FORT LAUDERDALE

A ADULT BOOK STORE *
1915 So. Federal Highway.

ADULT BOOK STORE *
1621 Sunrise Boulevard

ADULT BOOK STORE *
820 N. Federal Hwy.

BOOKS 'N' THINGS *
262 N. Federal Hwy., Hallandale

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

GALT RIVIERA MOTEL *
3811 No. Ocean Blvd. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. (305) 566-8393.

GYM HEALTH CLUB *
901 S.W. 27th Ave. (305) 584-5070

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

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

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

FORT MYERS

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

HIALEAH

PATSY'S CLUB 79 *
766 E. 25th St. Open 7 days. (S)
(305) 696-4921

HOLLYWOOD

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

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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 INFERO *

8836 Atlantic Blvd. Open till ? (B.C., D,S)
(904) 725-9941

MY LITTLE DUDE *

25
2952 Roosevelt Blvd. (at College St.) Open Mon - Sat 8 am - 2 am. (B,D,F)

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

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)

ORLANDO

ANNEX *
60 N. Orange Ave. Open Monday thru Sat. from 10 am till 2 am. (L,D,E)
(305) 422-7290

CACTUS ROOM *
121 N. Bumby Ave, Open 11 am till 2 am daily. Closed Sundays. (L,S,D)
(305) 894-9134

PALACE CLUB *
1000 Humphries St. Open Wed. thru Sun 8 pm till ? (BC,D,S)
(305) 894-9293

PANAMA CITY

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

PLANTATION

BROWARD BOOKS *
3419 W. Broward Blvd.

SARASOTA

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

ST. PETERSBURG

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

DAVID:MARCH/APRIL 1973

SUNRISE

McMICHAEL'S TRAVEL AGENCY *

6370 W. Oakland Park Blvd.
(305) 739-4740

WEST WAREHOUSE *

6364 W. Oakland Park Blvd. Unisex clothing store. Open Mon thru Sat.
(305) 739-4029

TAMPA

CAROUSEL LOUNGE *

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

CLUB TAMPA BATHS *

215 No. 11th St. (813) 223-5181

WEST PALM BEACH

TURF SOUTH *

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

TURF NORTH *

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

TURF WEST *

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

GEORGIA

ALBANY

CHATEAU *
221 Cordele Road
(912) 436-9207

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PLAYPEN LOUNGE *
619 Ellis St.
(404) 724-9101

ATLANTA

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

ATLANTA STAG SHOP BOOKS *
85 Poplar Street, NW.

BUCKHEAD BOOK MART *
3105 Peachtree, NE

CLUB SOUTH BATHS *

76 4th St. (404) 873-2148

COVE *

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

KING'S KASTLE INN *

2140 Peachtree Rd., NW.
(404) 351-8020

MIDTOWN BOOKS *

151 Spring St.

MY HOUSE *

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

MRS. P'S *

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

SWEET GUM HEAD *

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

MACON

WHISTLE STOP LOUNGE *

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

WE THREE LOUNGE *

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

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

ALAMEDA CLUB *

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

BATON *

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

BROADWAY SAM'S *

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

CLUB BATHS *

609 No. LaSalle (312) 337-0080

COMING OUT *

2519 N. Halsted St. Open till 2 am (L,D)

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

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(312) 642-9227

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2936 N. Clark St. Open till 2 am 7 days. (L,D)
(312) 525 8878

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2550 N. Clark Street

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2140 Lincoln Park West On the Park Open 4 pm to 4 am (312) 929-5800

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DON DUNFEE & L-W SALES *

3237 N. Ashland (at Lincoln & Belmont)

NOCHE DE RONDA *

2628 N. Halsted. Open 7 days till 2 am. (L,D)
(312) 525-9565

PUNCHINELLO'S *

936 North Rush Street. Open till 3AM (L,F,S)
(312) 642-3106

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,D)

TRIP *

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

WOODEN BARREL PUB *

2336 N. Clark St. (L,D)
(312) 348-9160

EAST ST. LOUIS

RED BULL *

506 Missouri Ave. (across the river from St. Louis, Mo.) Open 5 pm to 3:30 am (D,S)
(618) 874-8773

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2909 North 31st Street (1 1/4 miles north of junction 36-54. Open 1 pm to 1 am.
(217) 522-0359.

SMOKEY'S DEN *
127 N. 5th Street (L,D)

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

BELMONT BOOK STORE *

2150 W. Washington St.

CLUB INDIANAPOLIS BATHS *
341 N. Capital (317) 635-5796

FAMOUS DOOR LOUNGE *

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

JD'S "THE RUINS" *

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

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON

BOOK BIN *
239 N. Limestone

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

CLUB NEW ORLEANS *
515 Toulouse (504) 581-2402

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

CLUB EAST BATHS *

1105 Cathedral St. (301) 727-9320

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BOSTON

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201 Tremont Street

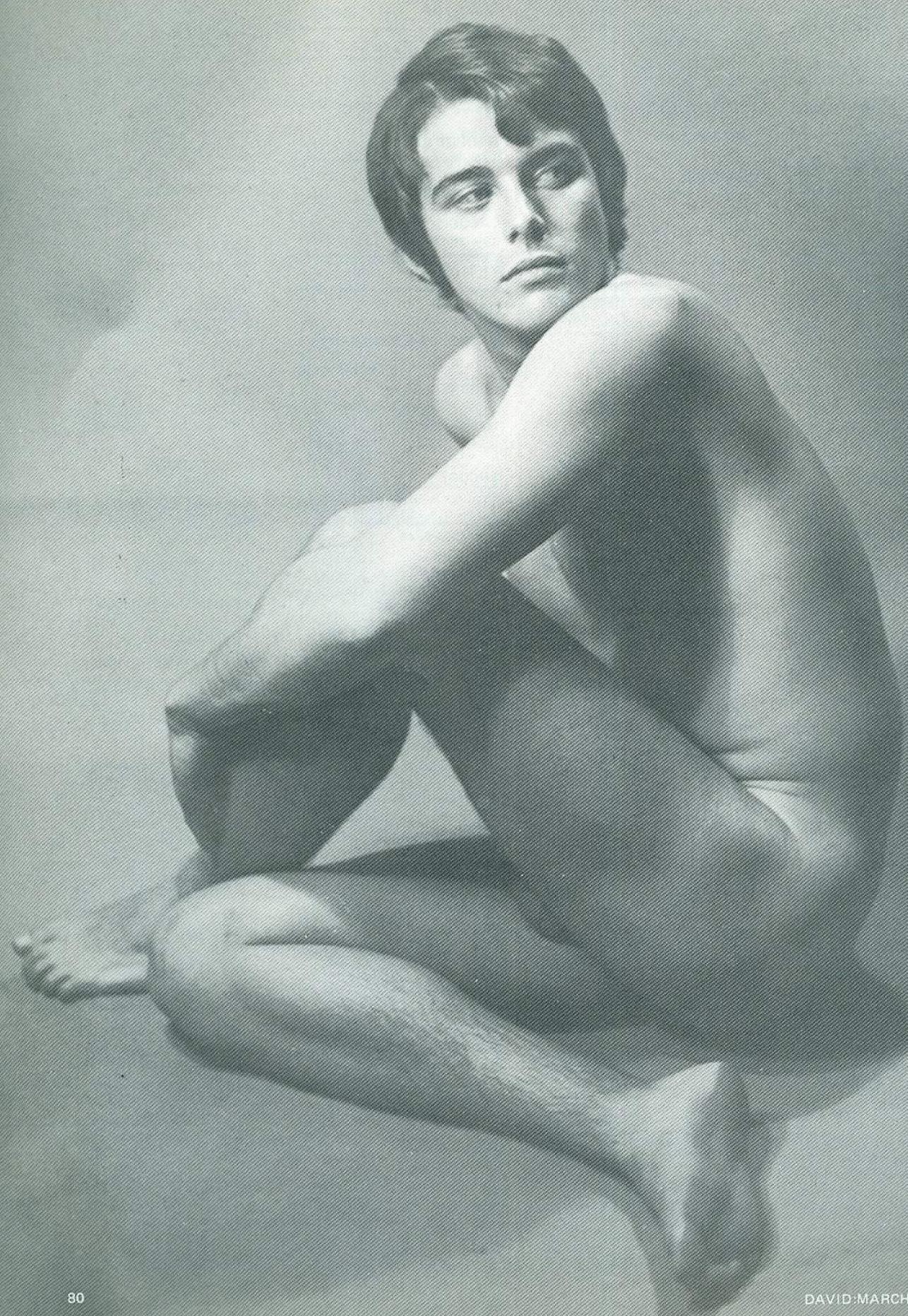
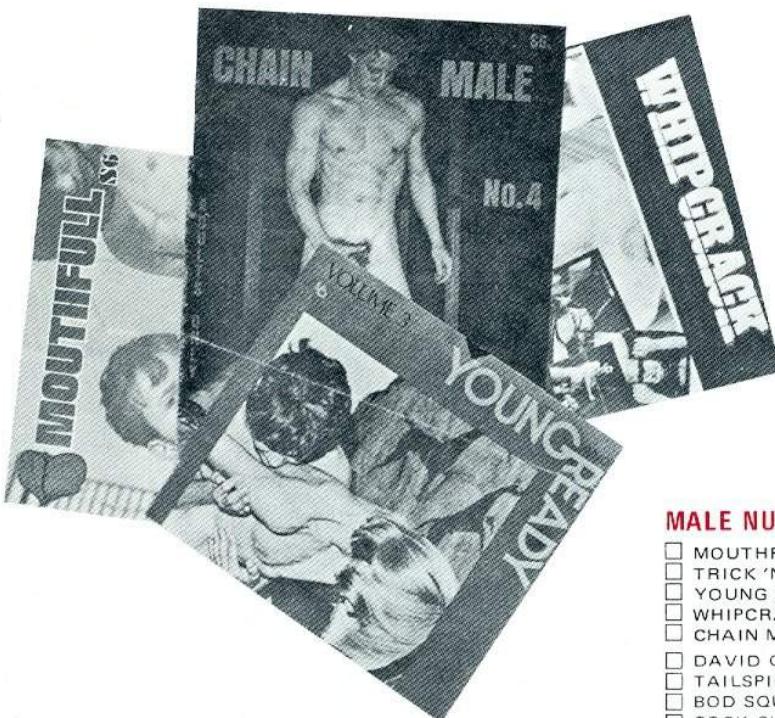


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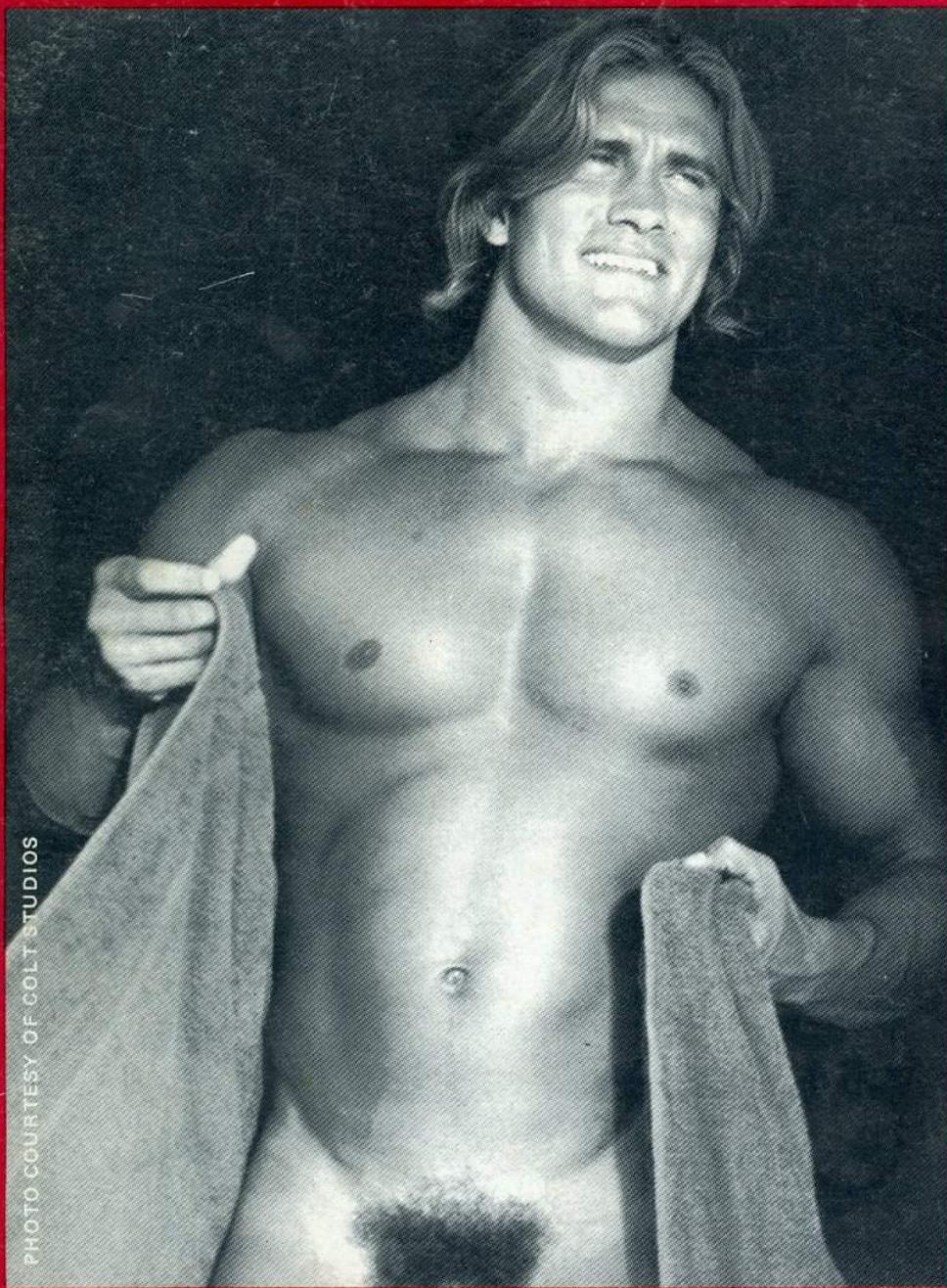


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