

DAVID

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER SIX

one
dollar

WIDE THROAT
summer fashions
CHARLES PIERCE
tony mansfield
RICHARD CARUSO



**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE
YOUR HUSBAND SPEND
EVERY NIGHT WITH YOU ?**



PHOTO OF SCAGGNOLIA BY DAVID VANCE

**don't let him hear about what's happening
in new york august 10, 11, 12 !**

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU CAN TALK HIM INTO TAKING YOU ALONG!

1st prize - 7 gay days in europe!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

THE MR. DAVID CONTEST

1973 - 1974

contest to be held at the ST. GEORGE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY

AUGUST 12, 1973

CONTESTANT.....
AGE.....HEIGHT.....WEIGHT.....
SPONSORED BY.....
CITY.....
STATE.....
PHONE NUMBER.....

Please send a recent photo (if available), completed entry blank and \$25.00 registration fee (checks made payable to David Publications), to DAVID, P.O. Box 5396, Jax., Fla., 32207 by AUGUST 1, 1973.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

THE MISS DAVID PAGEANT

1973 - 1974

pageant to be held at the ST. GEORGE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY

AUGUST 11, 1973

CONTESTANT.....
SPONSORED BY.....
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STATE.....
PHONE NUMBER.....

Please send a recent photo (if available), completed entry blank and \$25.00 registration fee (checks made payable to David Publications), to DAVID, P.O. Box 5396, Jax., Fla., 32207 by AUGUST 1, 1973.

The really big one is on the horizon! This year we "put it all together" in a fun-filled package to give you a weekend you'll never forget!

Glamorous New York City has opened it's arms to welcome the biggest, gayest convention ever!

Your weekend will begin at Greater New York's Largest Hotel, the St. George with a cocktail party (dancing? Of course!) Friday Night, August 10th. Those staying at the Hotel with us may also feel free to relax in the comfort of their air-conditioned rooms (complete with color T.V.) to prepare for the two big days ahead (or you may wish to try to hotel's steam room and sauna).

Saturday afternoon you may wish to lounge by the largest pool you have probably ever seen and join us at our pool party (also complimentary to guests of

the convention) or you may wish to take the inexpensive guided tour provided to Manhattan's liveliest spots such as famed Greenwich Villiage (we'll even hit a couple of New York's most popular bars for a short snort if you care to).

Saturday evening witness the big MISS DAVID PAGEANT in one of the 3 big hotel ballrooms. First Prize this year is AN EXPENSE PAID TRIP TO EUROPE FOR A FULL WEEK with the new MR. DAVID and DAVID's editors to accompany and guide you (naturally, you'll be going most of the way First Class).

Sunday Night stay to see the grooviest guys in the country compete for the title of MR. DAVID, 1973-74 and AN EXPENSE PAID TRIP TO EUROPE FOR A FULL WEEK.

All this done in Grand Style. Fantastic sets; Runways so all can see; Guest ap-

pearances by some of New York's finest entertainers!

All this sound expensive? IT'S NOT ! Arrangements have been made with the hotel to provide all the above, with the exception of the tour of Manhattan and the tickets to the contests for only \$20.30 (including tax) per person, per night (rates set at double occupancy)! Tickets to the contests are only \$5.00 each (If purchased in advance).

The cocktail party with buffet, complete access to the hotel's pool, sundeck, steam room, color T.V. in your air-conditioned room for only \$20.30 per day!

Make your reservations now! There are only 1,000 rooms of the 3,000 room hotel available (the rest are resident rooms - 69% of those are reputed to be GAY!)

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RESERVATION REQUEST

Enclosed is my check for 25% of room rental as deposit.

Name.....

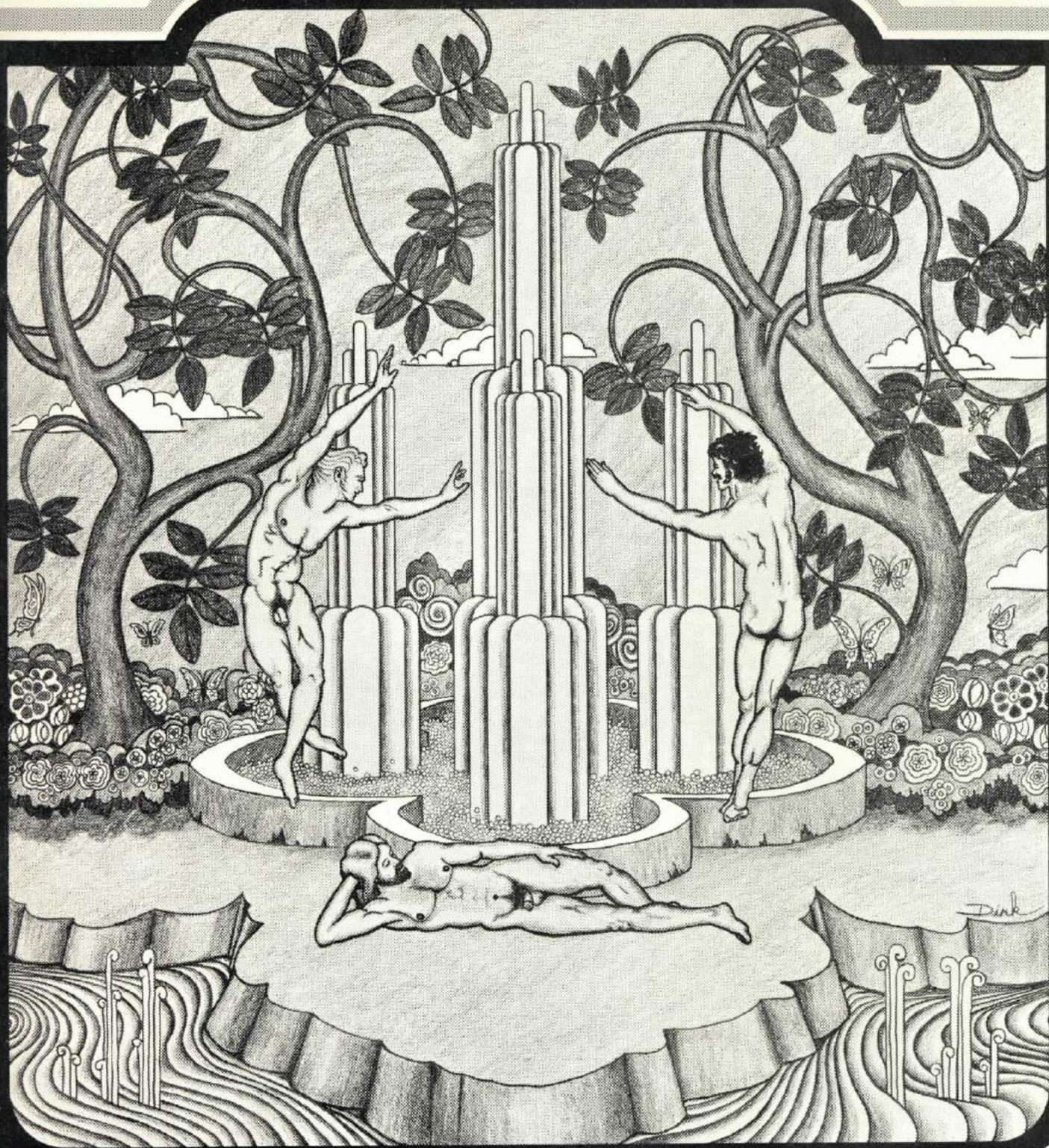
Address.....

City.....State.....

Please reserve, in my name,rooms (double occupancy) at \$20.30 per person, per night (including tax) for the nights of (please check desired nights) Friday, August 10, 1973..... Saturday, August 11, 1973..... Sunday, August 12, 1973.....



3



THE NICEST THINGS HAPPEN AT



DAVE'S



letters to the editor

Dear David:

Just picked up your latest copy (Vol. 3, No. 4) from Don and Mike of the Butch Gardens here in L.A. Was very pleased to read about this most unusual bar and see the picture—those two deserve much credit—they're both super-talented. Made it the Bar of the Month for May.

It was good seeing my good friend, Rev. Troy's full page ad—and other friends like Michael Nordstrom, Michael Greer, Mr. Marcus, Emperor of S.F., Denny of the Falcon's Lair (My Bar of the Month for April), Paul Bentley of the Ramrod, Hayloft and B.A.R., Fat Fairy, Craig Russell, Jimmy Hughes and so many others. You sure do have one terrific magazine.

Much Luv, Peace, Sex—

Matthew of Glendale and Buddy too!
Glendale, Ca.



Matthew of Glendale, & Buddy too.

Dear David:

Last week I purchased a copy of DAVID magazine. Needless to say, I was enthralled with the excellence, quality and good taste you people have displayed in your first California issue. May I also extend a resounding and warm welcome to the coast to a publication that I wholeheartedly recommend to all of my friends. DAVID seems to have discovered the magic of offering something for everyone in our community.

It has been said that the Gay community comprises up to 10% of the population; which would imply that the great

er Los Angeles area abounds with almost one million of us. If this be the case, I certainly look forward to the day that DAVID magazine secures more than 20 outlets in this gigantic area of concerned people. They should not be deprived of the wonderful features that DAVID has to offer. This office wishes you continued growth, success, and salutes the artistry of perhaps the finest publication in it's field in America. Thank you for being!

Your friend,
Emperor Luigi
Los Angeles, Ca.

Dear DAVID,

San Francisco and I'm sure most of California "Thanks you" for the tribute paid us, in Volume Three, Number Four. Regret illness prevented my meeting you on your recent visit to Baghdad by the Bay. However am assured you were well entertained and missed very little if anything. Sincerely hope you took with you as many fond memories as you left behind.

Selecting Eddie Van as your San Francisco Representative shows your desire to keep DAVID a top notch quality publication. While I enjoyed his candid shots, am looking forward to more of his work like on page 42/43.

As for Marcus, do hope your readers will learn to know him as we do, for his work in our community plus the fantastic guest or host at a social event. Bill McW. thanks for using my favorite picture in your Boot Camp ad, page 44.

Looking forward to hearing and seeing more from Pat Rocco in other issues.

Be assured DAVID is a welcomed addition to the San Francisco Scene from the hotel room of the boys on the Meat Rack to the Swanky Homes of the closet queens on Pacific Heights and inbetween. Of course we have had DAVID before, but the recent advertising brought it more in focus.

To you, Eddie Van, best of luck to one of the best.

Cordially
ye ole auntie
Chet
San Francisco, California

Dear DAVID,

I really enjoy reading your terrific magazine and always look forward to the next

issue. My gripe is that you give too much coverage to drag stuff.

Please, don't get me wrong. I have nothing against drag queens, for I know that they are part of the gay world. It's just that when a magazine puts too much emphasis on drag show bars, meaningless drag awards events, drag interviews and drag photos, then that magazine becomes just another "drag rag". Your fine magazine is much too sophisticated to cater only to that sort of thing. The drag queens already have their own exclusive publications on the market, namely FE—MALE MIMICS, DRAG and FEMALE IMPERSONATORS.

So please, cut down on the drag bit or eliminate it all together. Instead, let's have more material on our groovy, gay guys, like national gay news, straight and gay movie reviews, nude centerfolds, male gay interviews, etc.

Roger Lussier
San Francisco, Ca.

Dear DAVID,

The Pearl Street Warehouse of Austin has already sold out of Issue III-5. Send us more next time.

Our clientele like the magazine very much but we could sell ten times more if there were a little less emphasis on female impersonators and more emphasis on lean male flesh.

We intend to sponsor contestants for both the MR. and MISS DAVID Contests and are now looking around for suitable people. Of course, you are a male oriented organization / publication, but some of our female people are wondering why you are not also sponsoring a MS DAVID Contest for women.
Happy Mother's Day

Joe
Pearl St. Warehouse
Austin, Texas

ED: Thank you all very much for your comments and interest in DAVID. We've found in the past, in order to survive we have had to direct our efforts to the areas where the bulk of our support comes even though we attempt to have ALL gay factions represented anyway. At one time we even went as far as to develop a special section entitled VENUS for the lesbian portion of our society but the gals show-

(Continued on Page 9)

MEET THE STAFF

One of the real pleasures in life is finding dedicated, honest, reliable, talented people to work with. We found not only these qualities in our West Coast Representative, Eddie Van, but many, many more attributes.

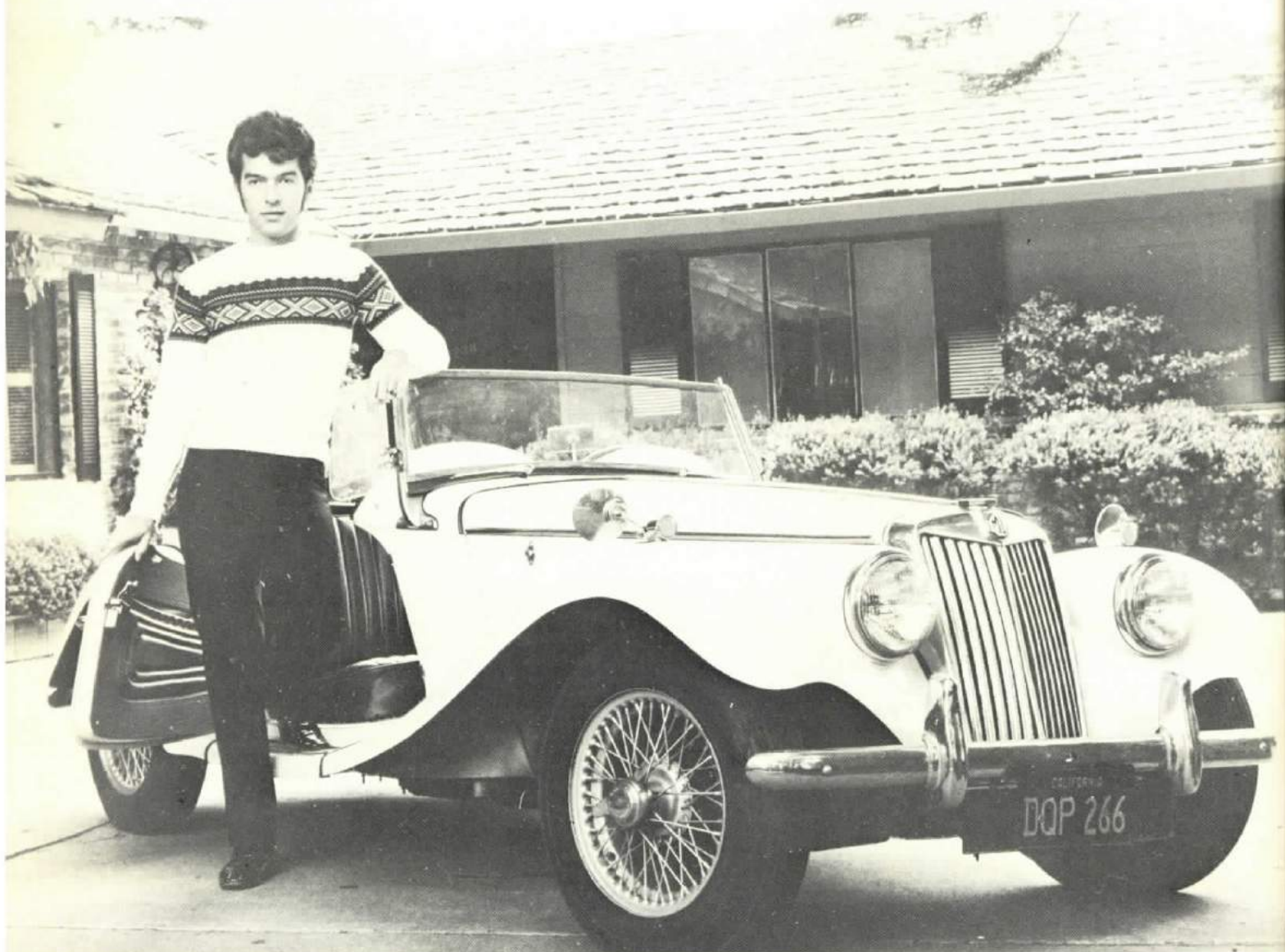
Eddie has been well respected by many for his friendliness and his willingness to "do a favor" for fellow San Franciscans merely because they need help whether

it be utilizing his famed photography talents or just plain manual labor in helping others get settled in new homes.

In his spare time (of which he has very little anymore) he likes to relax in front of a canvas with a palate full of colorful oils.

We're trying to talk him into a self-portrait. After all, he'd have to go a long way to find a hunkier model!

EDDIE VAN



looking around

New York's West Side Discussion Group was organized in 1956 and is one of the largest non-profit Gay organizations functioning in that area. W.S.D.G. provides a public forum for discussion of all topics relating to male and female homosexuality, including the individual's problems, interests and rapport with society. Everyone is invited to attend their informal discussions and other activities, and individual participation and creativity is encouraged.

A street Fair will take place on Saturday, June 23, on Ninth Ave., between 14th and 13th Streets, in front of the W.S.D.G. Center from noon until dusk.

Gay women and men, not only from the metropolitan New York area, but also from the Eastern-seaboard are expected in New York this week-end to celebrate the 4th annual Christopher Street Liberation Day march on Sunday, June 24th. Many of the organizations that these men and women belong to, will have booths at the Street Fair. Food, beverages and plenty of free parking will be available.

It is to be a beautiful opportunity for the people of the straight and gay communities to come together, to rap, and to get to know each other.

The other event scheduled by the W.S.D.C. during Gay Pride Week is their theater's presentation of Spitting Image by Colin Spencer; adapted for America by Godfrey Danvers and directed by Edmund Trust. The dates are Friday, June 22nd through Sunday, June 24th and again the following week-end, June 29th through July 1st.

This comedy was one of the first positive gay plays. There is a donation requested and curtain time is 8:30 p.m.

Upon meeting Linda Lovelace for the first time, David Davidson (Le Petit Prince, DAVID, Vol. 3, No. 4) felt an immediate rapport because both of them feel that sexual inhibitions are ridiculous. To both of them - sex is the most natural thing in the world. Thus friendship blossomed between them while filming THROAT II.

Since that first meeting, Linda and David have spent many hours exchanging views on the state of the world today - with regard to politics, sex and the rights of individuals. They feel that in America - particularly in the middle, where lies Mr. Nixon's "silent majority" - there is a great deal of moral hypocrisy, and consequently the people there don't know

how to enjoy life in general because in actuality they are afraid of it; the result being that they have all kinds of restraints both politically and sexually.

Linda, like David, is not a native New Yorker. She was living in Texas prior to coming to New York and subsequently becoming a "star" via DEEP THROAT. At the present time, her home base is Miami, where she lives with her friend J.R. Traynor, a freelance photographer.

Linda and David both know who they are and what they want - which shows through their deep respect for other people as individuals. David says of working with her, "She's fantastic because she relates to you and doesn't just recite memorized lines to you."

After their initial meeting, Linda and David have spent time together away from the film. Both have an easy sensuality - that they feel is healthy and natural. As David said, "She's full of en-

thusiasm about life; doesn't have any hang-ups; is bright as hell; and the ideal of what the so-called "All-American Girl" should be - but, unfortunately, isn't"

at the bars

We're able, this month, to treat you to a rare photo of comedian Daphne Delight from Miami's Warehouse VIII. Daphne deftly dabbles delightfully in dandy delusions of delectable but dizzy debutantes, dimples dazzlingly and divinely displayed but who'da thunk a comedian could be so pretty!



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Don Birkley gets around and loves it. Although he doesn't normally travel by horse, he loves riding through the countryside and seeing as much of the U.S. as he can. His favorite spots are New Orleans, Daytona Beach, Cincinnati (his home - where he was the originator of the Gay Riverboat that ports in Cincinnati) and of course Los Angeles where he is present-

ly working as a bartender at the CARRIAGE TRADE RESTAURANT. "I'm a singer, dancer and actor and all three skills come in real handy sometimes when you're working behind a bar", he jokes. "It's great to work at a place like the Carriage Trade where you can be proud of the food and drinks you serve and where you can meet some of the

really nice people here in L.A."

The alluring stud pictured here is Chuck, hunky manager of BROOMHILDA'S in Sunset Beach, California. 6'1", 170 lbs., light brown curly hair, hazel eyes and a personality "You cannot resist".

What better inducement could there be to "Go West, Young Man!"



DON



CHUCK

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Featuring The Fabulous
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SAN FRANCISCO

If you can tear your attention from him long enough, you'll notice the bar is filled with the younger set (18 and up) dancing and just generally having a good time in a fun place (especially on weekends).

Just a few short blocks away is the INQUIRER on Atlantic Ave. Also catering to a young crowd in a casual atmosphere where you can concentrate on that number with the dark hair and "All-American Smile" behind the bar (or, naturally, the other customers) without being distracted

JIM'S CORRAL in Long Beach is well worth the trip if you're looking for a man's man. The walls are covered (every inch) with posters and interesting photos and the floor is covered (every inch) with males that are Males (every inch).

In North Long Beach on Artesia, the popular Western and Leather bar features a pool tournament every Thursday.

The new MISS DIXIELAND, Roxanne Russell, sponsored by Tampa's Horny Bull Club is congratulated by MR. DIXIELAND, Dick. Both contests are highlights of Daytona Beach, Florida's season opening celebrations at the CLUB HOLLYWOOD.

Roxanne won the title from a record number of 36 contestants in the contest with her impressions of the late Marilyn

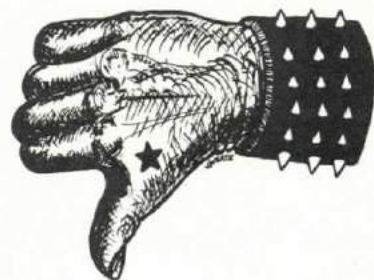
Monroe late last month. Dick, sponsored by Jacksonville's Fountainhead News Centre, won the title of Mr. Dixieland just weeks before and will be one of the entries in the MR. DAVID CONTEST in New York this August.



We'd like to extend congratulations and good luck to Peg Clark and her staff on

(Continued on Page 53)

When in Los Angeles it's the



4219 Santa Monica Blvd.

Letters

(From page 5)

ed almost zero interest. To go to the expense of holding an affair, at this time, for the gals with such little anticipated response (which is unfortunate for the few who DO care) appears highly impractical. We think the idea of a MS DAVID contest is great and would like to consider one for next year, but unless we see more active interest, the contest will never be.

Meanwhile we will continue to strive for a publication that represents ALL factions of gay life and look forward to the day when we, as gays, will learn to support ourselves a little more in SPITE of our differences.

Kings' Kastle Inn

SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT, WEEKEND OR VACATION WITH US!
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE THE BUILDING--FOR ANYTHING!

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Contests, Aug. 10-12



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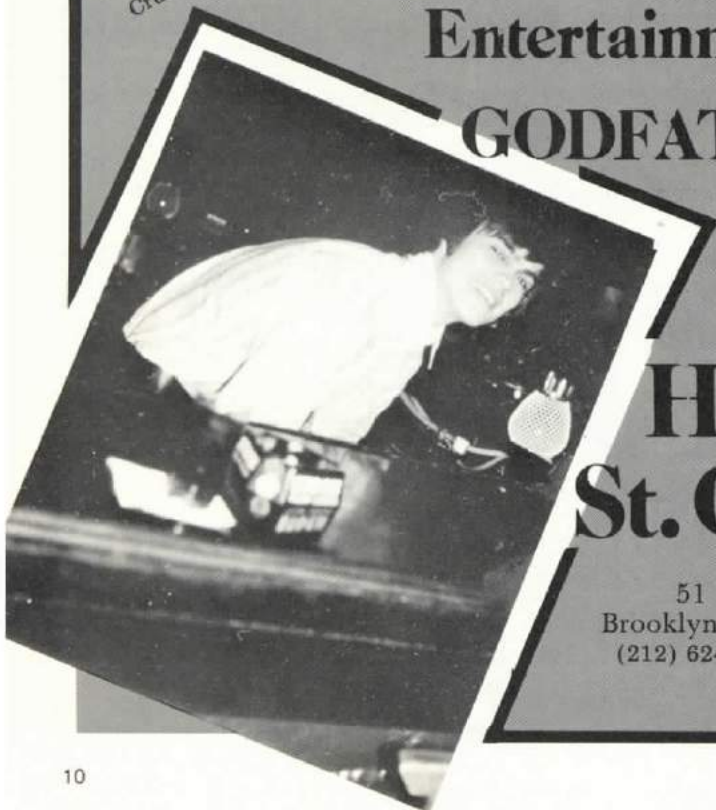
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"JE" — JERRY FITZPATRICK
Author of this column, Staff Writer,
'Man About New York'

THE BIG PARADE, THE BIG PARADE, AND HOW: As June 24th draws near, the excitement in the greater metropolitan community is nearing fever pitch. The men and the women of the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade Committee are working their collective ass off to insure the Parade's success. This year, for the first time, there will be a rally and a gigantic show at the end of the march in Washington Square Park in the Village. There will be a keynote address and that will be the end of the speeches. It is to be a day of fun, excitement, pride and fulfillment. It promises to be a day when the militant and the closet will be able to forget politics and get to know one another. I realize that I wrote about the parade in the last issue, but you've got to be here to know the peak of excitement that is running throughout the Gay community. I sincerely hope that any of you in the hinterlands who can make it, will. I personally promise you a day in your life that you will never forget.

BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ: Gotham is buzzing with the happy news that both the MR. DAVID and MISS DAVID Contest are coming to New York. While touring Johnny Lion's Godfather Room in the Hotel St. George, the idea came to me that this had to be the site of the contests. Besides the fabulous Godfather Room, there is Johnny Lion's Lounge, featuring the largest cruise bar in the city. Whole floors will be closed off for the contestants and guests. The olympic pool and all of the other facilities, including the steam room and gym, will be closed off to the public for use by the guests of the

contest. Guests will thrill to the magnificent view of the Manhattan Skyline from the Statue of Liberty to all the way uptown. My Michael commented when I took him to the Starlight Room that anybody coming to New York should be taken there first. The weekend of August 10th, 11th, and 12th, there will be plenty of sun, so, you will want to use the incredible Egyptian Sun Deck lit by flaming gas torches. Of course, there will be a full bar and snacks atop the roof. The contests themselves will be held in the Grand Ballroom. (I won't tell you more than that except to say that I can tell you nobody will ever forget this trip). I urge the contestants and anybody in for a weekend of a life time to get your tickets early!

MORE ON BROOKLYN HEIGHTS: The 'Heights' as they are affectionately known to New Yorkers is an historic part of Gotham. From the Promenade, (if you can stop cruising long enough), you may appreciate the view of the skyline and the shipping traffic entering and leaving the biggest port city in the world. Want a little more? Try Danny's over on Montague Street. Two floors of fun and frolic are at your disposal with live entertainment on the top floor. A little more? Try Gracie's Mansion across the street from the hotel. Both the drinks and conversation are good. Still more? How about relaxing at Man's Country, The Baths, over on Pierpont Street just around the corner from the Hotel St. George. The people in the 'Heights' are as friendly as in the Village, which by the way, is a ten minute ride on the subway which has a stop right in the Hotel!

THE POWER OF DAVID: When DAVID first hit New York, I took it all over town to tremendous response. No one was more enthusiastic than Sal over at Danny's Fisherman. Sal recently went to San Francisco for a vacation. He came back glowing, reporting DAVID was in every bar in town. He then told me that he wasn't having too good a time until he was talking about DAVID to Nick, the bartender at the Roundup. Nick introduced him to Carl the manager. Sal was invited to leave his hotel and spend the remainder of his stay with them. He was introduced to Tom Paine, the manager of

the Laurel Theatre and Gene from the Folsom Street Barracks and the Stud. Sal couldn't believe the friendliness he encountered. He was shown San Francisco from top to bottom. That's the kind of brotherhood DAVID stands for and I'm proud to be able to relate the story. Right On!

BROADWAY: It's some damn season going on by the bright lights. Glynis Johns is captivating audiences in *A Little Night Music*. Debbie Reynolds is wowing them with *Irene*. *The Changing Room* has legitimized nudity on stage in this gripping slice of life in a rugby locker room. Michelle Lee is stealing hearts as well as critic's praises for her deft portrayal in *Seesaw*. And the updated version of *The Women* has just opened to a standing room only crowds. In future issues we will endeavor to let you know a little more of what's happening in the theatre lights. Please, keep reading. Let me show you all about 'my New York'. It is 'the city'.

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looking around at

PORTLAND

A WEEKEND WITH THE 'GET IT TOGETHER PEOPLE', PORTLAND, OREGON
by Sweetlips (Photos courtesy of Mike Gerena, Empress Maxine's Court Photographer)

The Princess Royal Coronation was only upstaged by the multitudes traveling from as far north as Vancouver, B.C. and as far south as the Bay Area. With umpteen courts represented the only thing to do was to start the Ball at 7PM and run it till 2AM and let all compete to see who could make the most lavish, outlandish and exciting entrance into the Grande Ballroom of the Masonic Temple.

Upon entering we all knew that we had already been totally upstaged by the one and only 15th Rose Empress of Portland,

Darcelle. There she sat on her throne at the top of a never ending red carpeted staircase which rose nearly to the ceiling of the ballroom, or was it her multi-crowned hair piece which reached the ceiling? First impression was of a beautiful, sparkling rhinestone Buddha!!!

To describe the many courts and titles entering the room would take as long as did this international extravaganza. A few of the arrivals were: The Emperor and Empress of San Francisco. The entire court, including ex-Empresses and Tzarinas were

dressed in white tie and tails, simulating the '40's a la Buzz Berkley routine.

Each candidate for Princess Royal arrived on a float, paraded up the center aisle, one more exciting than the other. One almost expected the next one to pull a Peter Pan and come flying down the aisle. One of the more fun and exciting entrances was made by Tzarina Jerry of Portland, on roller skates and a hoop skirted gown. Never having been on skates

(Continued on Page 55)





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

Spring has finally arrived in the mid-west and it happened almost without notice. The passing of winter was marked with heavy floods and damaging rains and flash tornadoes. When the grayness left the sky the trees were green and Lake Michigan once again was invitingly peaceful with the promise of better things to come. But weather, good or bad, Chicagoans never sit still. They are busier than ever as if the coming of spring were the green light to accelerate activity.

Four new bars are opening. Bistro, located at Hubbard and Dearborn, promises to be the biggest and most luxurious yet in Chicago. It will feature live entertainment, dancing, and dining. There will be three cocktail bars, each with a different atmosphere. In Old Town there are three; The Wells Street Depot and Burton Place (restaurant-bars) and Finoccions (show-bar). The Wells Street Depot, about five doors away from the Glory Hole, will have a railroad theme. All dinners are reasonably priced. Waiters, as railroad workers, will gladly serve you with Bob Hugel and Lundy Fisher as your hosts and conductors.

The Second City Motorcycle Club of Chicago celebrated its eighth anniversary with a run. Members of the Unicorns and the Stallions (Cleveland), Varguards and Key Stone Bikers (Philly), Wheels M/C and 9 Plus (NYC), Druids (Washington), Meat Packers (Omaha), MMC (Milwaukee), Tribble (Detroit), Hells Fire (Chicago) and the Atons came including Dick Bishop

who flew in from Hawaii to participate in the three day celebration. Different functions were held at the Gold Coast, the Ramrod, Odd Fellows Hall and the Club House. The Leather Cell's business zoomed as members bought toys and clothes. The city never saw so many handsome dudes together.

Mary Houlihan of Unity, Richard Pheiffer (Pres. of CGA) and Michael A. Bergeron (Chicago Gay Crusader) and Margeret Wilson (Skeeters) representing Gay Teachers are only a few of the people working hard planning this year's Gay Pride Week events. Included in the events of the week will be a parade from Belmont Rocks, a rally at Cook County Jail, a Kiss In Demonstration at the Civic Center as

well as dances, plays, films and workshops. To be good it needs everyone's support. Let's do it right this year. (June 22nd through July 1)

Congratulations to Jim H. Gates and One of Chicago on their very successful 9th annual banquet held at Como Inn. One of the many highlights of the evening was the presentation of the Paul R. Goldman Award to Mr. Fred Seldon for his outstanding service to the gay community. Door prizes were donated by Larry's Adult Bookstore, The Wooden Barrel Pub, the Wacker Health Club, the Baton and the Upnorth, only to mention a few.

The Left Bank now has dancing and a buffet on Sundays. Every Wednesday is
(Continued on Page 52)



Jody Lee—New Ruthie's, Chicago

EXTORTION BY INTIMACY

by Ganymede

This is the first of two installments. Part Two will appear in next month's DAVID.

Thesis. Existentialism has nothing to do with homosexuality. I never met an existentialist. Cocksuckers? Exactly, both could be or are cocksuckers, but in the final analysis neither are the same, identical. Both existentialism and homosexuality are philosophies and there are many similarities, yet these similarities are overshadowed by many differences. That is to say, what gives an existentialist an erection need not give a homosexual one. In order to cope with the senselessness of life, the existentialist believes that man is nothing because he has the liberty of choice and therefore is always that which he is in the process of choosing himself to be, in other words, a permanent potentiality rather than an actual being with an ultimate destiny other than the present. The existentialist chooses to ignore the carrot dangling before his nose. The homosexual, on the other hand, does not change nor does he choose to change; he may break up, but he does not change. He is able to cope with meaninglessness by accepting the fact of his fate, past, present, and future. He devoutly chooses to follow the carrot dangling before his nose. On one level, the existentialist is bombarded with the liberty of choice, condemned to freedom, so to speak; while on another level, the homosexual has but one choice, the choice of being a homosexual. But then, what is the sound of one hand clapping and two hands masturbating?

Antithesis. There is a point in everyone's life when events move. At this point of recognition, awareness, penetration, everything is divided into two camps: the men from the boys, the boys from the girls, the sheep from the goats, and the existentialist from the homosexuals. This stigma of consciousness causes one to accept or deny fate, predetermination, destiny, and *Kismet*. The existentialist rejects destiny and the homosexual attempts

to keep his head afloat in the troubled waters left in the wake of fortune's whirlpool. Existentialist or homosexual, we've all booked passage on life's catamaran of fools, however. When I was nineteen and neither a homosexual nor an existentialist, I arrived at this point in my time when events were to travel. I was nineteen and the time was 1965. I couldn't vote, couldn't legally drink, and the draft board was sucking at my backbone. It is true, that at this moment, I had already accepted the fact that life was a plotless sequence of events; yet God was still not dead for me and I did not wear futility's campaign button. Back then, I simply accepted the fact that I was a young kid with not a hell of a lot behind me in the way of experience and with not a hell of a lot ahead of me either. I don't think I realized then that someday I would die, and that someday I would have to differentiate between two goods. No, I was naive enough then to believe that one was always confronted with either good or evil and that without flinching one always chose good. Events flowed however, and painfully I was often forced to choose between two goods. At this point in life, Mom and Dad, the village priest, and the highschool sociology book went out the window. Nevertheless, in 1965 and at nineteen years of age, good and bad always happened to other people, and I, after all, was neutral. In 1965, I wanted just to continue even with the draft board at my backbone; I wanted neither to awake to be a homosexual nor an existentialist; most likely, I wanted to awake in the morning to find a star in my palm assuring me of good destiny. At that time, I was light years away from the recognition that only good destiny was a dead destiny.

Synthesis. While the philosophers were concerned with who am I?, where am I going?, and how do I get there?, I was contented merely to ask, how much does it cost? did you get any?, and does she put out? A simple existence for an all-American, middle-class kid, who hero-worshipped John F. Kennedy and Stan

Musial, and who spotted Dorothy Killgallen as a phony. I was the simple kid who won his letter in track during high-school simply. I was the kid who went to the Senior Prom with not the best looking girl but not with the worst girl either. Happy-go-lucky and lucky-to-be-happy because of my questions were simple. I was neutral, *so neutral*, neither an existentialist nor a homosexual. As I remember, things weren't breaking for me nor against me, and I had the naive feeling that life was neither cruel nor kind; yet there was still the possibility of waking to find a star in my palm. I was after all neutral—neutral at this time in my life before events circumnavigated.

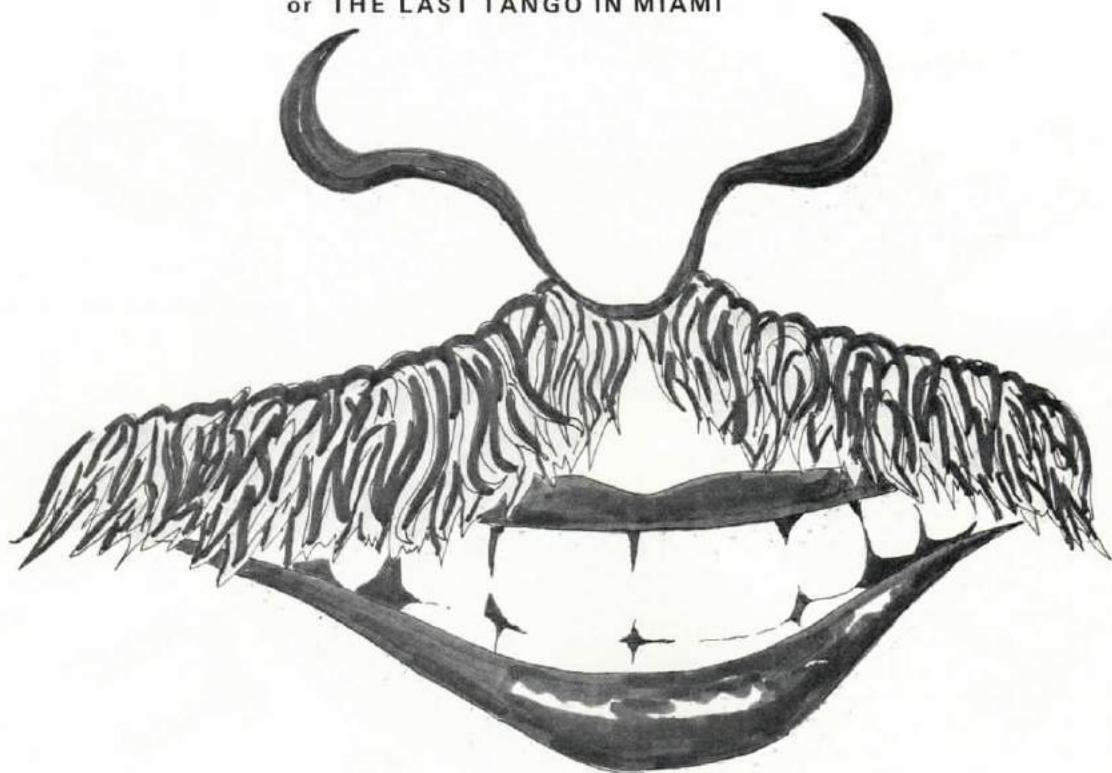
Thesis. Two months before my twentieth birthday, consciousness awoke to a prick-sound and I was forced to become either a homosexual or an existentialist. Either I would accept the fact that what happened was momentary and that I had the liberty to create and recreate myself in a succession of choice; or I would accept the creaking of the wheel of fortune, purchase my admission ticket, and enjoy the ride as if it were a Ferris wheel. The simple all-American—look Ma, I have fifty-one percent more cavities—kid was being blackmailed! Blackmail is an essential tenet of both philosophies of existentialism and homosexuality. Extortion by intimidation expresses the absurd vulnerability of both the existentialist and the homosexual who are being threatened from both the outside and the inside. At nineteen, however, I did not understand these inauspicious philosophical implications. How much does it cost? Did you get any? Does she put out? I was neutral and I was being blackmailed. There were no mysterious phone calls, no mysterious letters, no mysterious shadowy figures in the hallway, but suddenly it was blackmail and it was happening to me. I exist; therefore I am. I am being blackmailed; *ergo* I exist. Of course, I had read about such things, but they never happened to Holden Caulfield. I had watched them happen on *Perry Ma-*

(Continued on Page 64)

DAVID: JUNE 197

WIDE THROAT

or THE LAST TANGO IN MIAMI



by R. C. Vallarian

Bayfront Park stretched before me like an oasis in the middle of a traffic jam. Situated on the edge of the world famous glittering water (probably the ocean), cool breezes drifted lazily ashore and caressed the leaves of the lush, brilliant, tropical trees (some of which held exotic fruit). Like a nymph, lost in the shade of forgetfulness, I drank in the dizzy wine of the birds and the bee's and the men. Suddenly, a sharp voice shattered my reverie. I gazed down into the flashing eyes of a hunky policeman, who said, poetically: "Get outta that tree, or I'll break your legs!"

At that moment, I fell, like a ton of coconuts, for Miami (and the sexy cop). I've never been the same since.

I turned, like a tourist, (instead of a beautiful boy) and wandered down the winding path that led through the trees. Everywhere, nature was playing a symphony: the flowers sighed, the birds sang, the bushes rustled. I prayed (for good luck).

A trio of older boys (with bleached hair) swished by, chatting gayly: "Hot damn, the sailors are here!" Laughter and the smell of dime store perfume struck the air. Momentarily, a stab of loneliness (and a bitchy remark) dampened my mood. I pushed it back with a dazzling smile (and a look that could kill a mule). The sun burned (like a hot orange in the sky) but I was as cool as the sheets on a ready made bed. A stranger in a strange town (and I've been strange in many towns), I knew the pitfalls of youth, and beauty, (and men). I wasn't born innocent for nothing (if the price is right).

Squirrels played tag on the grass, birds flocked, pigeons roamed the slopes for nuts. And I found one. He was sitting on a park bench staring at me. I held my head high (my purse tighter), and ignored him. What could I possibly have in common with a husky, virile, but obviously butch surfer? I could only guess. Rather than change my itinerary, I made a mental note of the sights worth seeing along the

way. The library, the flowers, the peanut vendor. Instead, I choose a quaint, modernistic building with a single word printed above the door: MEN.

I entered. As still as a monastery, the odor of age was suffocating. I held my breath. I knew I must be in a hallowed shelter (perhaps a religious museum). Despite the dim, romantic light, I saw a panel of tile gleam in the distance. And to the left, a wide stretch of plaster (suitable for fresco). Thinking of the magnificent masterpieces of the Italians, I moved closer into the shadows. Suddenly, like an explosion, I was flung on my back (on a surfboard). I struggled, twisted, groaned, but nothing mattered. The ceiling swirled above me and a rush of music (like the flush of water), roared in my ears. I was hot, bothered, and bewildered. I crawled forward, was stopped, pulled back, and thrown to the floor. The cracked walls (without fresco) were in-

(continued on page 79)



TOP OF THE BULL LOUNGE



DONNA DRAG

DONNA DRAG
and
HER RIVER QUEENS

Featuring:

Donna Drag
Lana Kuntz
Julie Tomorrow
Miss Clara

Shows

Fri., Sat. & Sun.



LANA KUNTZ, M.C.

A full length novel, condensed for the convenience of the pressed intellectual reader.

A story of truth, love, beauty, innocence, incest, crime, blood and sex—surely a best seller.—Horace Jones

Excruciatingly nauseous.—DAVID

Fabulous—pure genius.—Horace Jones

The most unexplosive novel of the decade. You'll sleep madly through its fantastic illiterate presentation.—DAVID

DEDICATION

To Butch, whom I still love, and his present lover, George.

Butch: Though time has made our love a yesterday, I will always keep it alive for the hope of tomorrow.

Harold: Eat Me!



CHAPTER ONE BIRTH

Horace Emanuel Elexis Jones, born July 14, 1940, somewhere between Genny's Launderette and Harvey's Beer Palace. Little Horace lay on the sidewalk sucking his thumb, then a fire hydrant and finally a lamp post. "Will he always be like this?", everyone asked as they crowded around. "Will he always be a red splotchy little clod that sucks everything in sight?" They all ran back into Harvey's.

Time has answered their question. No, Horace will not always be a red splotchy little clod that eats everything in sight. The splotches disappeared within three days.

CHAPTER TWO AFTERBIRTH

Was it?—or was it really Horace?

CHAPTER THREE PRESCHOOL

Everyone thought surely that Horace would become a great physician. After all, his favorite game was doctor. What more proof? "Cough Lester"—"Cough Herman"—"Cough Billy". Little Horace was so convincing.

CHAPTER FOUR GRAMMER SCHOOL

The little country school was constantly surrounded by perverted old men that delighted in picking up little girls on their way home. But ironically, little Horace never had to walk. Being a creature of extreme innocence, he fell for every story imaginable. "Hey little boy, close your eyes and open your mouth." "Surprise!" Poor little Horace was appalled. He ran to his teacher, Mr. Harris, and cried hysterically. Mr. Harris was very sympathetic. He offered to take Horace home every day after school. Little Horace was so relieved to find someone kind and decent in the world. He dried his bright little eyes and looked up to thank his noble teacher. Mr. Harris' exposed body was nauseating.

HORACE EMANUEL ELIXIS JONES

by K. LaRue

CHAPTER FIVE HIGH SCHOOL

"For God's sake Horace! Keep your hands out of Roger's pants." "Yes Miss Perkins."

CHAPTER SIX HORACE THE ARTIST

The art instructor said he had never seen talent like Horace's expressed so vividly in his entire life. He said that about Horace's walk. The painting?—he hated and said Horace belonged in an institution.

Horace worked two weeks on his interpretation of his inner thoughts, (a dusty tube of unused KY). His sexual freedom painting (the statue of Liberty holding a dildo) received the most attention. Everyone screamed, "Rembrandt", "Picasso!". Little did Horace realize that Rembrandt Picasso was a shrink in the next building. Fellow artists are quick to minimize true talent.

The instructor recommended new techniques: gasoline and matches, water painting with a three-hundred pound brush in the Pacific Ocean. Realism he called it.

CHAPTER SEVEN SEX

Yes, people talked no matter how hard one tries to be decent. Their malicious tongues would whisper behind Horace's back and often to his face. Why? Because he was too innocent, that's why!

He led a very sheltered life. He had just learned about the birds and bees. He thought beehives was a form of venereal disease. "Weirdo", they labeled him, but Horace knew there was nothing wrong with him. He was just a misguided drone looking for a queen. When the word got out, he was approached by cousin Gerald. Yes, Horace had found a queen, but somehow it wasn't exactly what he had anticipated, and he soon became bored with poor Gerald. "Incest", they whispered. "Homosexual", they muttered. Did Horace care? Yes, he cried like a baby.

It wasn't long before Horace began to notice the opposite sex. He noticed their soft delicate mannerisms, their petite, curvy structures. He immediately went back to Gerald.

CHAPTER EIGHT GAY BARS

"I take what I want. Kiss me you mad fool." It worked in a movie, but not on Horace. The stranger didn't actually say that, he said, "Get lost you drunk", but it was his tone. His eyes sparkled like the golden drops that splashed against the porcelain stall. How could anyone accuse poor Horace of trying to watch them piss? Horace was stunned. He leaped, like a ballet artist, from his knees and ran back into the bar, humiliated.

CHAPTER NINE DRAG

Crushing though it was to Horace's ultra-masculine ego, he entered the Miss Gay Trailways contest. He wore an elegant floor length, fish tail gown and a blonde gypsy. He was smashing. The only other contestants were Rex, a World War I veteran with one leg, and Rosie, a spastic from Puerto Rico.

He tried to be nice. He forced himself to comment on Rex's lovely black stocking and gold laced boot. He complimented Rosie too, all the while wiping saliva off the front of his shoes. They didn't fool him, he knew they were dripping with envy.

Rex hopped off stage to a thunderous applause. Horace was next. The drums pounded a pagan throb. His throat kept time. The guitars chewed the rhythm, and there he was, the center of everyone's attention. All eyes were trained on his stunning appearance. Every ear devoured his music. He couldn't move. Finally he gathered his strength and gave them everything he had. He poured out his soul.

"Put it back on!" "Less! Less!". They didn't bother Horace, every star has hecklers. He tap danced in perfect time to the pulsating drums. He swung his head in graceful rhythm, dodging the beer cans and liquor bottles. The creeps. It was the chair that splintered across his back. The lights went out and so did Horace.

CHAPTER TEN CAREER GIRL

Horace, being a very responsible citizen,
(Continued on Page 81)



MOTHER

PART I

by Gabriel Lanci

"... a book smacked me on the hand. I stopped suddenly and looked up. No one was near me. It must have come from across the room where the bookshelves were."

The Spring Annual was on.

Tony and Paul had put it off last year, but this year it was on. Every season they saved up all their social duties for one large splash and all the boys—and some girls, showed up. Invitations were limited and marked your selectness in the society that had made it.

Paul Blakeston was a monied attorney, not necessarily from his practice—but more from his family. Tony—Anthony Quire, was a restrained concert pianist, in that he performed only what he wanted to, and when he wanted to. It takes some kind of hutzpah and financial independence to do that. Tony could manufacture his own gall, but Paul supplied the cash.

Between them with the Blakeston wealth and the Quire glamour they were collectively the more socially prominent two in or out of gay society. I got to know them sometime before, when I was just another actor doing all the bits on Broadway. When I finally hit on TV commercials and a long running soap, I became a drawing card at these kind of social events. People would say "aren't you the man who tells his daughter her teeth should be clean as well as white?" or whatever current father image I was promoting. That was me, grown up from the young married type to the tweedy dad type. Alert, masculine, always concerned with his children. Ironically I never wanted to make it with a woman and have kids. Now that I'm forty and going on—I think of all that. It pains me never to have tried. I certainly had the opportunity. But what would I have done with a child? How would I have explained myself to him, or her?

I don't know. I suppose "love" covers a lot of things including me.

Well, the evening arrived appropriately on a weekend night. Cabs began pulling up in front of Allwyn Court around eight, and disgorging brilliantly dressed people of various aptitudes and amplitudes. They all took one of the elevators to the seventh floor and disembarked, heading toward the front duplex where a uniformed maid—hired for the occasion—let them in and variously disposed of their wraps in some distant room.

Inside the low-lighted rooms everything was walnut paneling, high-ceilinged insolence and fur carpeting. Hushed conversation at the beginning, later loud talk and laughter. Now, as I entered everything was very intimate. The maid quietly took my coat. The bar was set up where it always had been, and the discreet bartender made me the usual. With drink in hand I headed toward the library where Tony and Paul "received".

They were there, resplendent—Tony in the flowered shirt and velvet slacks he wore on such occasions and Paul dressed in a dark suite and tie as if he were off to a business meeting after. They saw me and rushed over. Paul taking my hand in a strong grip, Tony putting his free arm around my neck:

"Can I kiss you?" he said.

"Certainly not. There are ladies present, one of whom I know."

"Snob", and Tony went to welcome another entering guest.

"Why are you always so overdressed at your own parties?" I said in exasperation at Paul's uncomfortable look.

He shrugged. "Just habit", and he nugged me in the side, "plan to stay late. Don's going to be here."

"Don who?"

"Spitola."

"I don't know him. What's he do?"

"I'll tell you later", he went towards more arriving guests.

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the chain gang ^{by} mr. marcus

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

DATELINE, U.S.A. March winds and April showers, bring suitable weather to ride in for hours. Such is the case throughout the land; with the stirring of Spring very much in evidence from coast to coast, the bike crowd has taken to macadam and concrete freeways, expressways and high roads and low in search of the soaring pleasure of bike riding. From Vancouver to Toronto in the North, and from Los Angeles to Atlanta in the South, bike clubs are bursting forth with one, two and three-day runs running the gamut with food, shows, bike competition, camp site ability, cocktails, eye-openers and a generally hedonistic array of pleasurable get togethers with bike clubs travelling and inter-acting in the most beautiful settings for men to commune with nature and each other in the broadest sense of brotherhood, camaraderie and friendly competition. See the listing of bike runs at the end of this column.

PORTLAND: Newest bike oriented organization in the Pacific Northwest is the GDI (God-Damned Independents) emanating out of the City of Roses. This bike club is composed of former members of the Border Riders M/C and includes a former member of the Barbary

Coasters M/C (San Francisco) as well. Their host bar is The Other Inn, downtown Portland's leather bar hosted by the most wonderful hostess in the West, namely Mama Bernice Norris who refers to all gay people as little bluebirds. President Bill O'Brien, Secretary Toro Spurlock and Treasurer Bill Surrey make up the officership in this new organization, giving Portland it's second club, the other being the prestigious Knights of Malta M/C, a club with chapters in Seattle and Vancouver, B.C. as well. Welcome to the bike club world and best wishes from all your bike-oriented brothers.

DENVER: The Rocky Mountaineers M/C, Inc. have been very active this Spring, with their IRS bust in April, described as jam packed to the point you felt you were taking a shower with your levi's on, the second function was a visit to Colorado's Boy's Ranch at La Junta where a check was presented along with toys and clothing and an escort around the ranch. In May, they held their 5th Annual Poker Run July 6th through 8th, according to Dispatcher Tom Mills and this hearty band can usually be found at Our Den, the Pirate's Den or the Triangle Lounge in delightful Denver.

NEW YORK: Described as a New Yorker's New York, seven of this city's bike clubs (Empire City M/C, V Senses, NYC Levi Club, 9-Plus Club, Praetorians, U.Y.A.M/C, and Wheels M/C) got together and rented a night club for the first edition of Helluva Town for two fantastic days in April which included a Prime Rib sit down dinner, singing Greek waiters, cabaret, live rock band, beer blast and man-sized brunch. From all reports this was a weekend to be remembered. Almost one month later the prestigious Cycle M/C made their annual trek to Fire Island which was described as fabulous, exotic, mysterious, cryptic, tantalizing, exhilarating, bizarre, amoral, beauteous, splendid, grotesque and bombastic. Whew! Don't know how they did all this after their fantastic trip to Mardi Gras in New Orleans, but then, that's why Cycle is THE club in New York.

MONTREAL: M.C. Kemo launches their run this year with Kebek '73 on June 15, 16 and 17 at St. Liguori with top price of \$30 for Friday's late night supper, breakfast on Saturday with rally and motorcycle and club games, Games of the Chiefs, cocktail hour, dinner and a show and breakfast on Sunday followed by the





Photos by Pat Rocco



Hunky bartenders from the popular OUTCAST in Hollywood, Calif., Chuck and Ritch head out for a fun outing in Griffith Park on their new "Choppers".

presentation of trophies. Here is a very active club with the handsomest members invading Boston, Philadelphia, New York and New Jersey and participating in most east coast runs. A together club with together people best describes this great group.

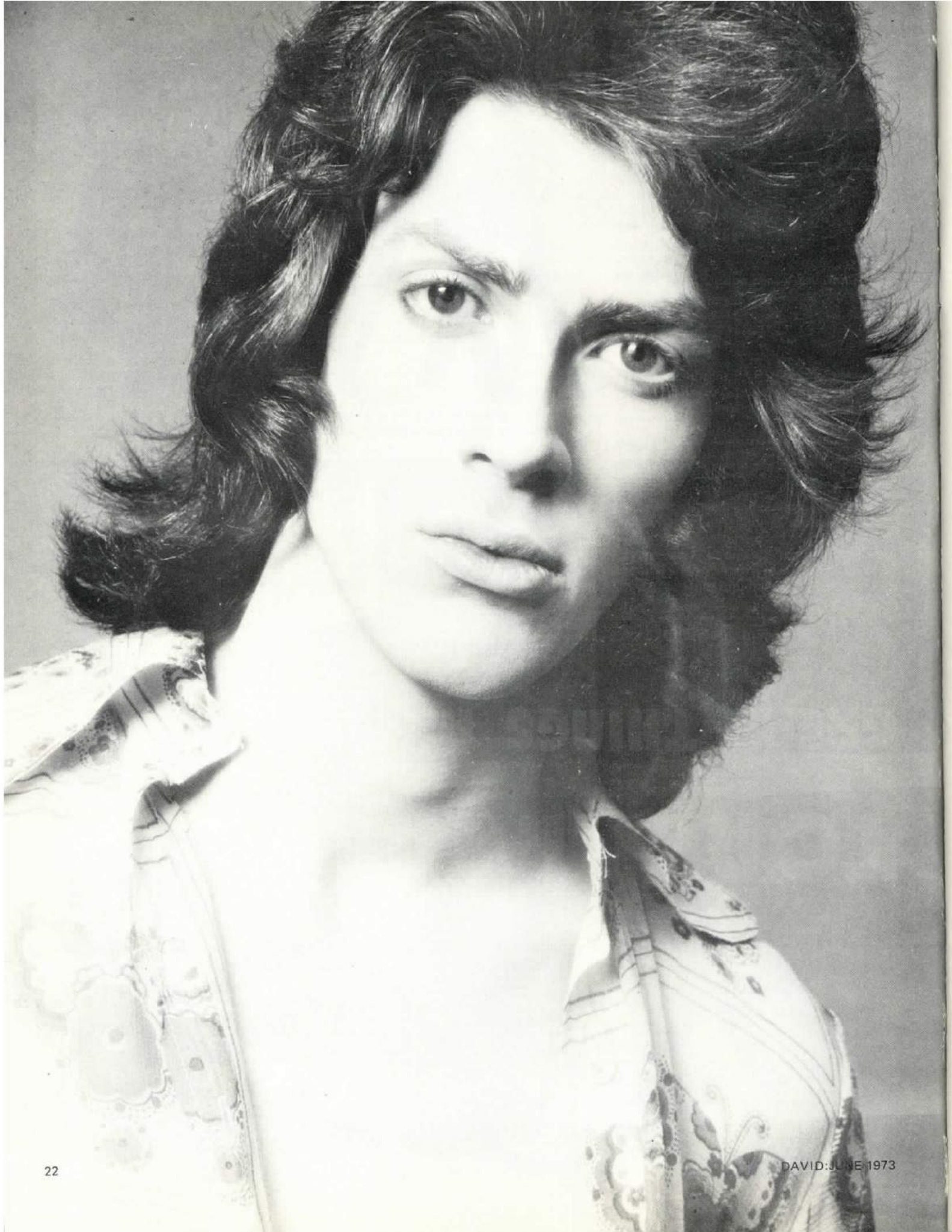
LOS ANGELES: Latest addition to the walls of the popular Outcast are bronze plaques commemorating bike initiation/christening showing the name of the owner, date of christening, name of the bike and club affiliation, if any. Friendly manager, Phil Cooper has three of the grooviest bartenders in town and the nightly crowds have nothing but good things to say about this 3 room bar that is continuously crowded. Soon to be opened after rebuilding from the ashes of a fire earlier this year, the 1170 will resume

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DAVID: JUNE 1973





TONY MANSFIELD

GREAT THINGS ARE HAPPENING

recently to this guy with the sensitive face and inquisitive eyes!

Tony's on the rise.

You might have seen him fairly recently in the company of Diana Ross. "I met her through Jill Haywood", he states proudly. "I've been close friends with Judy Carne for a long time but we've lost touch. I'd really like to see her again."

You also might remember seeing him in *THE LANDLORD* or *SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE* or Andy Warhol's *WOMEN IN REVOLT*. "Right now", he says, "We're working on the possibility of doing another Warhol film with Bianca Jagger (Mick Jagger's wife) which should really be great."

This 22 year old Aquarian has also done quite a bit of popular modelling in Europe.

"Sure it's been rough at times", he grins. But things are really looking up and forward for Tony.

Headlong into the prosperous age of Aquarius!

PHOTOS BY JACK MITCHELL



TONY WITH ANDY WARHOL



The
Funderfully
Flashy



Wonderfully
Wacky
World of



CHARLES PIERCE



by Donald McLean

It's opening night at Bimbo's, 1972. The overture finishes playing "San Francisco", curtain after curtain parts and finally, there he is, exquisite in sequins and feathers, standing in a rolling mist of fog. The audience gives him a standing ovation just upon his entrance. Herb Caen tends to become rhapsodic at the mention of his name, Rudolph Nureyev and Sir John Gielgud flock to his show, hardened critics rush to the dictionary in search of new adjectives to praise his skill, and Truman Capote sums it all up with "...the best cabaret show I've seen in years!" In a dying age of nightclub entertainment, the name Charles Pierce is money in the bank.

Mr. Pierce has just finished playing a re-

cord-breaking ten week engagement at Gold Street, his third San Francisco return engagement in the past year. In his current act, he proves that he is indeed a "Male Actress", closing his show as Bette Davis in the dramatic renunciation scene from *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* by Maxwell Anderson. After 90 minutes of high camp, hilarious one-liners and witty impressions, it takes the courage of an entertainer constantly striving to improve to end his show on a dramatic, downbeat note. That it works is a further testimony to his ability. He has also just started singing live in his act, belting out "Broadway Baby" from *Follies* and "Take A Little One Step" from *No, No, Nanette*. All this in addition to the now-famous Jeanette MacDonald on the swing, Tallulah, Eleanor Roosevelt, Katherine Hepburn, Carol Channing, Mae West, or his special creation, The Muppets.

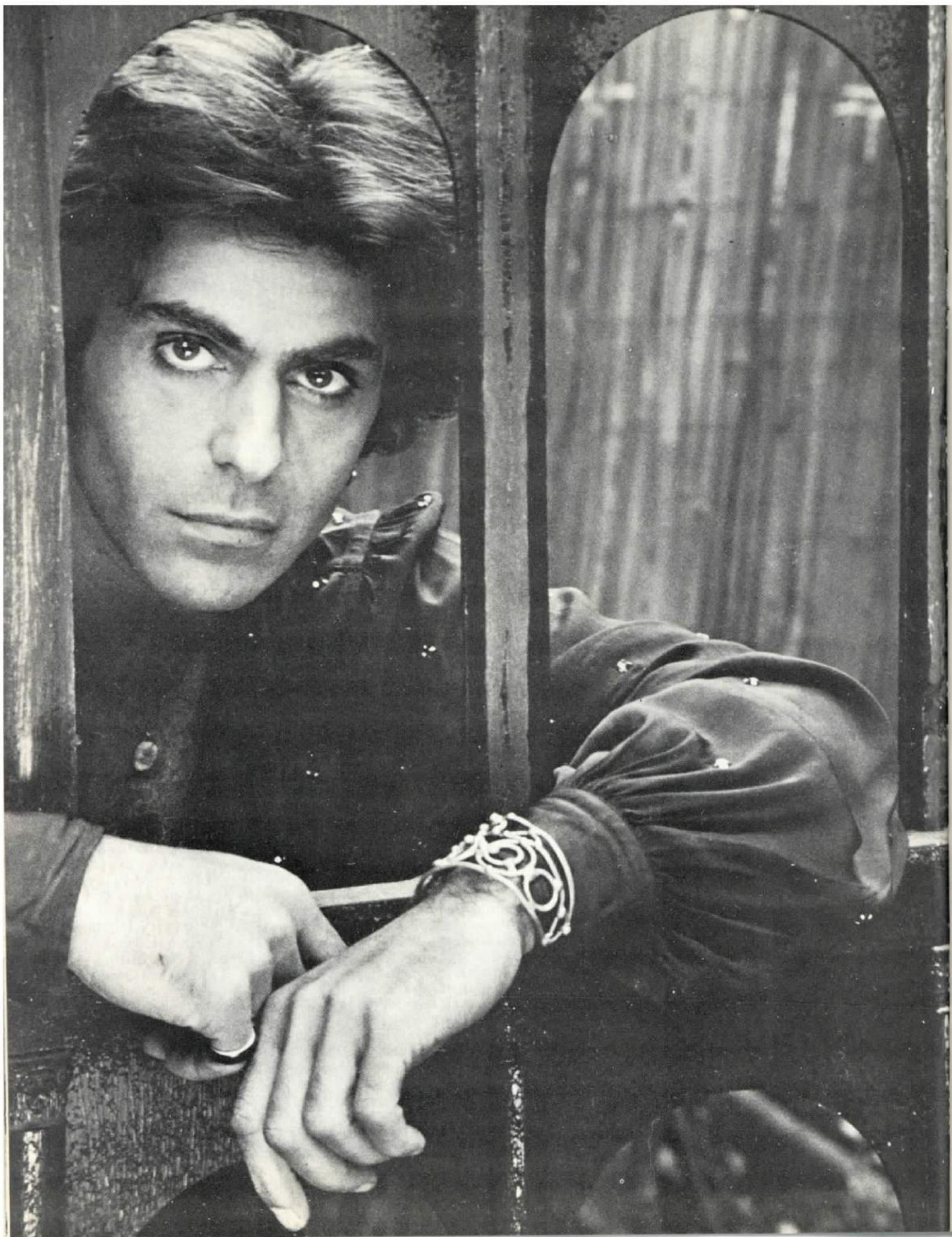
It all started 18 years ago in Pasadena. Mr. Pierce had trained at the Pasadena Playhouse to become an actor, went to New York to invade Broadway stage but became discouraged when it appeared the legitimate stage was more than able to resist the efforts of a young juvenile with cornstalk hair and electric blue eyes. No, in the early 50's he returned to Pasadena to try his luck in movies. To support himself, he worked as a department store Santa Claus (that ended abruptly when

he scared a little boy) and a bus boy (one night booking, it turned out). He was fired from a satirical revue called *Cabaret Concert*, which he performed in for no salary but the chance of discovery, when he was too *arch* in describing a group of fairies tripping across a stage. Says Charles, "Nowadays, I don't describe them. They ARE onstage!"

A friend of his who worked in the wardrobe department of the Pasadena Playhouse was fired and took with him some wigs and props, which he gave to Charles. Armed with these few accoutrements, Charles Pierce made his "camp debut" in Altadena, California at the Club La Vie for the grand sum of \$5.00 for one Sunday afternoon performance. He was an instant success with his impressions and the owner knocked out a wall to build a stage for his new found star.

It was just a short jump from Altadena to Miami Beach, Florida. He opened at the Echo Club in 1955 with Doodles and Spider, the original record mimes. It was at the Echo Club that two major events happened—Charles decided to add record pantomime to his act and he met Rio Dante, his current co-star and good friend. He returned to the West Coast and opened in San Francisco at Ann's 440 Club. He then played a disastrous booking at a club called Pearl's City Tavern in Honolulu. "The crowd was half-Oriental, half-sailor. I had to emcee, bring the chorus girls out, and when the band took a break, I had to do 30 minutes of talking between shows. I lasted two nights." Then it was back to San Francisco and a phenomenal six year run at the Gilded Cage. In those six years, Charles Pierce became a San Francisco landmark, second only to the Golden Gate Bridge. It was only in the last year of his run at the Cage that

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RICHARD CARUSO

The mystery that is this man immediately takes hold of all who dare look into those dark eyes. The masculine beauty that is Richard Caruso affects all. Young or old. Male or Female.

He smiles the confident type of smile that has consistently made teenage idols of many a handsome young man.

Sitting at the piano he masters everyone. Complete control.

He begins to sing and the real magic begins. His voice takes you back in time. Past countless numbers of meaningless utterances through ages of no one in particular to one time in your past when you heard a song sung the way it was intended to be sung.

Each phrase in every song has a special meaning and the appropriate emotion fills the air with his voice.

He sings the songs that were popular in the 50's as they were sung then. He sings today's songs (He's always been first with a brilliant new arrangement of the latest hits) as they have never been sung before.

His brother Bob is tuned in perfectly to Richard's vibes and accompanies him with the precise amount of emphasis on the bass guitar. The drummer, Bob DeSimone is likewise right on target. The sounds are straight. Their heads together.

He breaks into "Walk on the Wild Side" and the entire audience sways and nods to the pulsating rhythm.

He switches to the sad stories of "Mr. Bojangles" and "Morning Glory" and the stillness is broken only by his aching heart.

The applause is deafening.

He rises, picks up his tenor sax and wails "Harlem Nocturne" with sounds only a sensitive saxophone can emit. Color the world lonely.

Up Tempo time with the lively "Tequila" and the room has forgotten immediately all prior cares.

The set finishes with the dizzying sounds of "The Carousel" and you marvel at how so many words can come out so fast, so clearly.

The set may be over, but the effect is not.

This guy with the serene, mysterious looks of a gypsy, the air of a wizard and the dazzling "toothpaste ad" smile has entered your life.

And he'll never let go.

RICHARD CARUSO is currently featured at **NAPOLEON'S** in N. Hollywood, California.

DAVID: JUNE 1973

PHOTOS BY JAN ERIC DEEN



at the ballet

by Fred Alexson

The Cyclorama in Boston has been a boxing ring for John L. Sullivan, later a wholesale flower market, and has now been transformed into the fabled Golden Kingdom of Montezuma!

Now in use as the Boston Center of the Arts, America's second largest dome was recently the showcase of the Associate Artists Opera Company's spectacular presentation of the rare 18th century musical drama *Montezuma*.

An enormous 70 foot turquoise velour drop formed the background for the imaginative Aztec Empire set, designed by William Fergosi. The colorful scenery,

in regal turquoise, brown and gold, set off the brilliant feathers and heavy jewelry of Lenore Larkin's costumes. Once again, this ambitious company of young, talented New Englanders met a bold challenge under the direction of Charles Kondek of the APA Repertory Theater in New York.

This American Premier of *Montezuma* was considered by many an almost foolhardy undertaking for a new company relying on hometown talent and a cookie jar budget. But never underestimate sheer talent and determination—*Montezuma* became a major triumph.

Composed by Karl Heinrich Graun, with an unusual libretto by Frederick The Great, the opera's plot loosely follows Voltaire's *Alizaire*. It was first performed at the Royal Berlin Theater in 1755, then largely forgotten, until a recent recording of excerpts by Joan Sutherland and Richard Boygne revived interest in the opera.

Montezuma recounts the New World explorations of the Spanish Conquistadors under King Ferdinand and Queen Isabelle, focusing particularly on the oppression and final downfall of the Aztec civil-

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Photos by Abbie Walton;



Baritone Ernest Triplett in the title role of Boston Associate Artists Opera Company's *MONTEZUMA*. Sets by William Fergosi. Directed by Charles Kondek.

THE HOT L BALTIMORE

by Fred Alexson

Missouri-born Lanford Wilson, one of American theater's first-rank playwrights, wrote *THE HOT L BALTIMORE* for the Circle Theater in New York. After much critical acclaim, the production was moved downtown to the Circle in the Square Theater, and another company was formed to become the latest success for Chicago's Ivanhoe Theater and for Producer George Keathly.

The drama's title refers to a neon sign on the facade of the once-luxurious Hotel Baltimore. The letter "e" in the sign is burned out, a fitting parallel to the lives of its occupants. The service and manners of the staff have deteriorated. The *Baltimore* has become a refuge for the

(continued on page 61)



DAVID BEAIRD (Jamie, left) and BOB THOMPSON (Mr. Morse, right)



Left to right: DAVID BEAIRD (Jamie), JEFFREY HADDOW (Paul Granger..background), BOB THOMPSON (Mr. Morse), REBECCA TAYLOR (Suzy), MARY MICHELL (Girl), JOE BELL (Bill), MARRIAN WALTERS (April)

THE BOYFRIEND

Hot flash from the San Francisco all male theater scene! DAVID magazine is happy to report that the Yonkers Production Company is producing another musical which they hope will exceed their smashing artistic (and financial) success of the 1972 season *Hello, Dolly!*

Their first offering for the 1973 season is the "hotsy-totsy" musical comedy of the roaring 20's, Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend*.

Most of the technical crew are seasoned repeats from *Hello, Dolly!* Chuck Zinn is again directing, Perry George is again co-producing with John Kozak (the publicity man from *Hello, Dolly!*) Doug Marglin is again choreographing, Larry Canaga is again musical director. *The Boy Friend* sets will be by a newcomer, Stephen Siddler and veteran Cliff Roberts.

On stage are many new and some regular performers of the city's all male theater scene. The "girl friends" are all a peppy bunch of flappers that are just the "bee's knees" when they "tippy-tap-toe" their

way into the hearts of all the audience and their spiffy "boy friends" that are all handsome enough to be Arrow Collar ads.

This flashy moment of 1928 can be seen at the Village Theater from June 2nd through the 24th. Tickets are available at all Northern California Macey's

Stores, the Downtown Center ticket office and the S.I.R. center or by phoning (415) FI 6-5841 anytime during the day, twenty-four hours a day. So, if you live in the Bay Area or are visiting there during June you should not miss the opportunity to see *The Boy Friend*.



MIKE LEWIS as Hortense the maid



Photos by PHOTO-GRAFIX

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OLD NEWS IS

by Gene Arceri

NEW NEWS

San Francisco's biggest and sold-out hit at the Geary Theatre is the 1936 Pulitzer Prize winning comedy *You Can't Take It With You*. San Francisco's newest repertory company, Everyman Theatre, presently has an intriguing revival of the 1953 Tennessee Williams, 1948 original *Camino Real*. Yonkers Production Company will open in June with a 1920's musical comedy *All Singing-All Dancing-ALL MALE The Boy Friend*. Our San Francisco Civic Light Opera opens their season with a world premier of Lerner and Loewe's new version for the stage of their motion picture classic *Gigi*. The 1958 film was based on the 1951 play *Gigi* which brought stardom to Audrey Hepburn.

Carol Channing follows *Oliver* at the Curran with as advertised a new musical *Lorelei*. You will remember this is the name of that vamp camp in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Anita Loos's play began

on Broadway in 1926 before Carol Channing made it her personal property in 1949 and skyrocketed into the spotlight. The last on the schedule of 4 big stage musicals is the first presentation in America of *Gone With The Wind*.

Broadway has the Tony Award winning musical *A Little Night Music*, suggested by Ingmar Bergman's 1956 film *Smile of a Summer Night*. The 1936 comedy *The Women* revived at the 46th Street Theatre New York (but will tour) with the traditional all female cast and not an ingenue in the bunch, Myrna Loy, 67, Alexis Smith, 51, Kim Hunter, 50, Rhonda Fleming, 49. The play may seem staid by today's standards, not a four letter word in it, but when you consider the basic story line, it's very much applicable to today. A man leaves his wife for a younger woman. The Broadway/Hollywood veterans will insure box-office.

The box-office lure of the '40's film

stars compounds the nostalgia craze. Irene Manning, starring in a Cabaret-Revue in Chico, California, as word got around, is selling-out the room at Burtons Masa. The young collegiate Take Five group of talented singers/dancers backing Miss Manning warm up the audience to her entrance. The crowd ranging from sixteen to sixty eat up the selection of songs from her Warner-Bros. films, a few, 'The Desert Song'; 'Shine on Harvest Moon'; and of course, 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'. People were holding hands again and singing along to 'Mary', '45 Minutes From Broadway', and all the rest. Questions were asked from the audience of Bogart, Cagney, Ann Southern and so many more. When the producers of *Pippin* the Broadway smash checked out Miss Manning as a replacement for the late Irene Ryan, they said too elegant, beautiful and young.

(continued on page 54)



IRENE MANNING, 1973 in *MAME*, in San Francisco.



Irene Manning in a 1940's Warner Brothers publicity shot wearing Bette Davis' dress from *Now Voyager*.

Several years ago, I shared a small house on Norma Place in West Hollywood. It was a warm, happy house. Being somewhat of a nut on houses and their histories, I later found out that the house had been owned by Carleton Carpenter. Carleton had been a favorite of mine in many of those great M.G.M. musicals. I felt that I had gotten to know him a little through that house on Norma Place.

It wasn't until a couple of years later that I got to meet Carleton in New York. I imagine, having lived in the same house, we felt that we had something in common. We became friends. Often when we have been pub crawling, some of his fans would inquire, "What are you doing these days?" It occurred to me that many people might be interested in my friend and what he is up to these days. So.....

When and where did you start your career in show biz?

"When I was 9 years old, being a native of Bennington, Vermont. I toured New England as a magician using my grandmother's name and was billed as Professor Upham. Shortly thereafter I left home and toured with a carnival."

When did you get to do your first Broadway show?

"By that time I was an old trouper of 17. It was not only my first show, it was also the first time a gentleman named David Merrick was producing. The name of the bomb was "Bright Boy". It lasted three weeks, but, I was on Broadway.

How many shows did you do before leaving for Hollywood?

"About 14 shows. I also did my first feature film in New York. It was called "Lost Boundaries". It was pretty controversial at the time. It dealt with a Negro family passing for White. I played the daughter's boyfriend. The first time I saw it was in a small screening room up at 57th & Broadway. I almost died. I felt that it was the worst thing I'd ever done. I went into seclusion. It's a funny thing—I caught it on a Late Show not long ago and it really wasn't that bad. Anyway, I was approached for the fifth time by Metro for a contract so I decided I might as well. I went up to the Loew Building (Metro's parent company) and demanded the money for the flight out to the coast. I took the money (and my parents) and drove across country in a trailer. It was a fabulous experience. By the time we got to Oklahoma, I had to fly ahead.

What was your first film for Metro?

"Well, that was a funny thing. The first thing I did after signing my contract was run over to Radio City Music Hall to see my favorite, Judy Garland in "The Good Old Summertime". Like everyone else, I was hooked on Garland and I hoped someday I'd get a chance to work with her. And, what do you know, the first thing I did was "Summer Stock"! Judy had just started putting on weight then. The film

☆ S T A R ☆ ☆ ☆

took 10 months to finish and, in between, I did three other films. One of the other films was "Two Weeks With Love" with Debbie Reynolds and Jane Powell. That's the picture that gave me my gold record for 'Abba Dabba Honeymoon' and 'Row Row Row'. But getting back to 'Summer Stock' there is one number in it where Judy is fat, slim, fat and slim again. Incredible."

Wait a minute. You did four films in ten months?

"Sure. When you were under contract, you really were working all the time."

Who were some of your friends in those days?

"We were all pretty close because we were all going through the same thing. I spent a great deal of time at Clifton

(Continued on Page 66)



CARLETON CARPENTER

by "E"

DAVID: JUNE 1973

★ TRACKS ★ ★ ★

While living in that house in West Hollywood, I had the pleasure of meeting one of my neighbors, Frederick Combs. I have always held Frederick in a sort of awe because of his dynamic talent. He has lived the life style of a fiercely talented man, unafraid of the consequences. It was Frederick with whom I traveled across country for the last time. We met in a now defunct bar where he excitedly told

me of a play that he was in that was to set the theatrical world on it's ear. The play, of course, was "Boys In The Band". His portrayal of 'Donald', the friend in for the weekend, earned him the Obie (Off Broadway's Toni or Oscar) Award. He followed the play with the same role in the movie version to still more acclaim. Then, I didn't hear from him or about him.

Frederick is not the type of friend to disappear like that. He is always more than generous. (What other actor would propose friends for roles that wouldn't suit him?) It was a wonderful feeling, suddenly, to read that a play was in production entitled "The Children's Mass", written by Frederick Combs! I got my fanny moving over to the Theatre De Lys on Christopher Street to talk with Frederick and find out what was happening.

I was greeted by an older, more sophisticated Combs. (I have to admit, he looks better than ever.)

Frederick, what happened? How did this come about?

Frederick eased himself into one of the large chairs in the theatre's office. "I was frustrated, so damned frustrated that I didn't know what to do. After "Boys" I wasn't getting any offers. I couldn't understand it."

Do you think that the fact that you played a homosexual had anything to do with it?

"I really don't know. At least two other guys from that show have gone on and done other things. I really don't know. So, I started writing. I applied for the Albee Writer's Workshop, the William Flannigan Center in Montauk and was accepted."

You're kidding, Carleton Carpenter was out there.

(A laugh) "Yes, I know. He had the room next to mine. He's a love. We really didn't get to know each other out there we were both busy working. But we've gotten to know each other since we're back in the city. As a matter of fact, he drove me a little nuts out there. I'm a late riser as you know and Carleton was up at the crack of dawn typing like mad. I began to get a little paranoid. I couldn't imagine what he could be writing at that hour. (This next anecdote is added at Carleton's insistence which ought to give you an insight into the humor of the man.) I remember telling one of my friends that I was going up the wall and he said, "don't worry, all he's typing is abba dabba dabba." But being out there really gets the juices flowing. All of those people really working their butts off gets you into the swing of things."

What happened next?

"I showed the play to a friend of mine who flipped out. I figured it was just because he was a friend but he showed it to a director who also flipped and we were off to the races, we thought. We got this producer who was really smooth. He was talking my script around to all of the bars and using it as a come on. Talk about a casting couch. Anyway, we got the play off Broadway and this is the perfect theatre for it.) By this time we were wise to the joker and co-producer Ms. Robin Moles called Sal Mineo in London where"

(continued on page 67)



FREDERICK COMBS


by "J"

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a visit with congressman

BADILLO

History was being made in New York City this week. Congressman Herman Badillo, who is running for mayor, came out openly to solicit votes from the Gay community. His staff called this columnist because of my access to the community in the bar world and asked if I would arrange a tour of the bars. Being a Badillo supporter from the beginning, I was overwhelmed and delighted. It was my intention to show the Congressman as wide a spectrum of Gay life style as possible.

As I worked that Thursday afternoon, 26th of April, the Congressman began his tour at Frizby's where he was questioned at great length.

Q: How do you feel about Intro 475? (A bill that has been bottlenecked in committee for months that would grant housing, employment and civil rights to Gays.)

A: I came out yesterday at the Firehouse (G.A.A.N.Y.) in front of the press and media in full support of the bill.

Q: Wagner closed down a great majority of the bars. Would you?

A: I feel that the Gay community has as much right to congregate as any other people.

Q: What laws would you change?

A: Most of the laws have to be changed at the national and state level. As I told the members of G.S.S. and the other groups, they should be trying to change the definition of moral turpitude. They can get you on that all of the time. For instance, when I was a criminal lawyer, I defended a Cuban boy who was arrested

in a bar. Being an Alien he was subject to deportation under the guise of 'moral turpitude'. The judge was going to deport the boy just because he was gay. Well, the boy's family had fled Castro and certain death was decreed if they ever returned. I reminded the judge that this would be unusual and unjust punishment. The boy is still in this country.

Q: How do you feel about gays?

A: I grew up in Puerto Rico which was governed by the Napoleonic Code of Justice. This persecution because of sexual preference is purely Anglo-Saxon Puritanism. Even if you study history, slavery was always an economic thing. If a man became a slave it usually meant that he'd lost the battle. He could, and, very often was freed. It was the Anglo-Saxon who made slavery a social thing centering on social prominence.

Q: What about housing?

A: We have to come up with a fair housing bill that will eliminate unfair costs for landlords and tenants. In my own district in the Bronx, we have taken abandoned buildings and made them into condominiums letting the tenants share the burden. It has worked.

Many of the tenants who were skeptical at first came to ask for buttons and volunteer their time. On to the Beau Geste, a slightly older crowd who flipped out over his directness and Latin good looks.

Q: What about crime in the streets?

A: We have to increase police protection for all citizens. Put the patrolmen back on the street and out of the cars. Let the

potential criminal know that they are around.

With a promise to return some night for dinner, we were off to Uncle Charlie's South. As usual, it was mobbed. The candidate walked around shaking hands and answering questions. The assembled Gays with a very large age range, were flabbergasted. A friend whispered, "Just the fact that he is acknowledging the fact that we are here and has the balls to seek our vote gets him mine."

On to Walter's Apartment, where the genial Walter Kent had prepared a fast bite to give the Congressman a short rest period. The upper East side contingent were agast that at long last a major political candidate was not only seeking their vote but actually sitting down to eat with them. Badillo's good looks and engaging manner had one middle aged Gay swooning.

On a tour such as this you have to stop at one of the oldest running, most successful bars in town, Harry's Back East. Again the crowd was huge. Again the handshakes and the Q's and A's. The plea for the vote not only because you're Gay but because you're a New Yorker.

A quick ride over to the West Side and the new Bike Stop where the irrepressible Gypsy is now holding forth behind the stick.

Q: What are you going to do for us if we elect you?

A: One of my first proposals would be to

(continued on page 63)



Congressman HERMAN BADILLO at the EAGLES NEST (left) & with DAVID's "JE" (right)

Photos by Douglas White

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The searchlight was beaming...the banner was waving...the placards celebrating the titles of the big SPREE stage shows of '72 flanked the right and left side walls...and a sprightly overture carefully adapted to the titles of each of these shows struck up the combined enthusiasm and spirit that is SPREE. The SPREE Awards Show for '73 was on!!!

It was surprisingly chockful of joi d'vivre, loaded with humor, and represented more or less a "labor of love" by its director Pat Rocco and his cast which literally bubbled over with enthusiasm...and thereby transmitted that very special feeling to a packed house.

Tho' overlong (4 hours and 15 minutes), despite the fact that I've personally viewed all the shows eligible for a trophy (and were those tall SPREE Awards of gold ever handsome!), I found the sketches for the most part very entertaining and fast-moving, and the time seemed to pass as rapidly as Hailey's Comet over the skies, plus the punchy, in-type humor of the one original sketch "Ding Dong School" populated with famed personages of the gay movement (including a surprise climactic bit by Jim Cassidy) made the show very easy to digest indeed.

The perpetatic Lee Glaze and his co-emcee, racuous flower child Sonny Dallas, provided an avalanche of one-liners and ad-libs, with Glaze perhaps coming off tops! Awards were interspersed between segments, and even a clip from Pat's

(Continued on Page 56)



Some of the cast of The Spree Award Show (photo by Pat Rocco)



Jim Cassidy gets stripped by L.A.'s gay community leaders in a hilarious "Ding Dong School" sketch at the Spree Awards (photo by Bud McGinnis)



Vic Vance does a dance leap in one of the production numbers for the Spree Awards Show (photo by Bud McGinnis)



Hollywood Councilman Robert Stevenson presents the "Best TV Show" award to ABC-TV representative Ed Crane (A.P.E. Photo)



Erik Dahl and Dale Phillips in the Spree Award show "Psychiatrist" sketch. (photo by Bud McGinnis)



M.C. Lee Glaze greets L.A. City Attorney candidate Burt Pines at the Spree Awards (photo by Bud McGinnis)

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Best Performance in a Drama—Rachel, in "Jesus Christ Superstar"

Best Performance in a Special—Billy Jones, Shirley Temple Jones in "Hooray for Hollywood"

Supporting Actress Second Place—Mona Marsh, in "Lady Sings the Blues"

Supporting Actress First Place—Neely for "Call Me Madam"

Best Director of the Year—Danny Winsor for "Fantastic"

Best Costumes of the Year—Rhonda Blake

Look-A-Like Special Award—Angela, Ray Zeller's Beautiful People, Carol Burnett

Discovery of the Year Award—The Grease Sisters as the Andrews Sisters

Bar Hopper Award—John McBride, for My House

Bartenders Special Show Award—Jerry Pzyka, as Liza Minnelli

Best Actor of the Year—Al Zeller, as Mr. DAVID

Best Actress of the Year—Allyson for "Red, White & Blue"

SUPER STAR OF THE YEAR: Special presentation, Queen of Galmour, News Paperwoman of the Year, River Boat Queen, Best Performance by a single artist of a single record, Come Back Queen and the original Queen of Grease—Miss Diamond Lil.



Search lights everywhere, crowds rushing, cameras flashing, the music swells, the applause goes wild and then, the voice says "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, it's Oscar Time at the Sweet

(continued on page 55)



The Grease Sisters, Lilly White, Alvina, and Kitty Litter are presented Oscars as the "Discovery of the Year" by Miss Las Vegas and Miss Phyllis Killer in Atlanta, Ga.



Danny Winsor, whose act stopped the show, accepts the Oscar for "Best Director of the Year" from nationally known, Billy Jones as Phyllis Killer



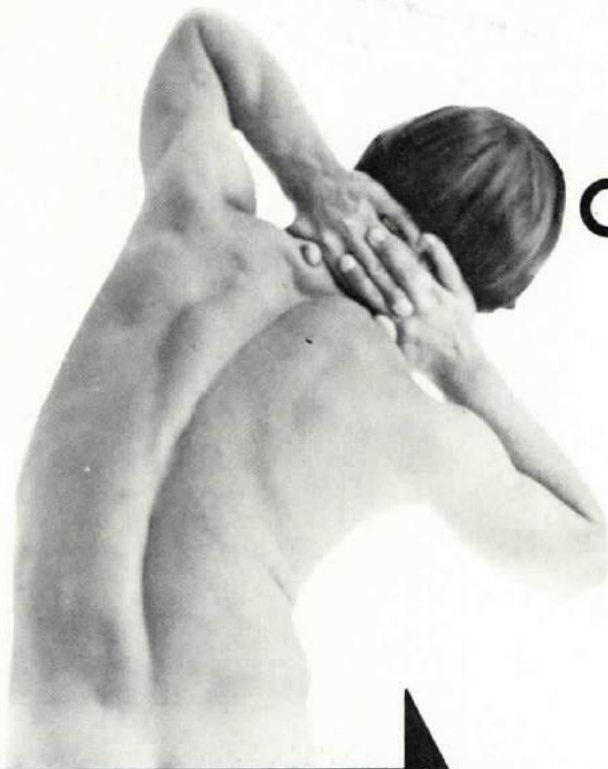
Miss Las Vegas and Miss Phyllis Killer present an Oscar to Neely for her role in "Call Me Madam"



Singer Michel Sampley presents Rhonda Blake with her Oscar for "Best Costumes of the Year"



Mona Marsh is presented with an Oscar by Miss Phyllis Killer for her performance of her "Lady Sings the Blues" act.



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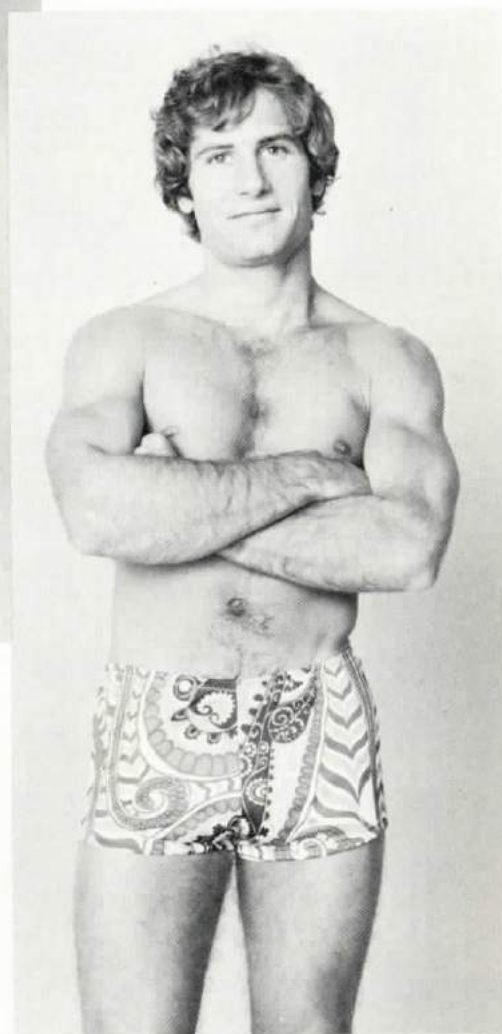


THE CLUB BATH CHAIN

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SUMMER VACATION FASHIONS



Top: Pool shirt-jack in striped cotton duck, full zipper front, turn back cuffs, matches stripe boxer.
Center: Tiny bikini swimsuit with minimum hip coverage, pouch front support, elastic waist and legs.
Bottom: Puccini boxer swim in multicolored print nylon tricot, lo-rise styling, fully lined.

Top left: Baseball jacket, this classic jacket is back and strong! A great looking casual jacket with waist and wrist bands of blue stretch webbing.

Bush shorts, another winner from Ah-Men are these rugged bush shorts with big flap pockets.

Bottom left: Zipper kaftan, vibrant multicolored stripes accent this striking Duplan nylon kaftan. Its hooded and full length front zipper lets you slip in and out like a bathrobe.

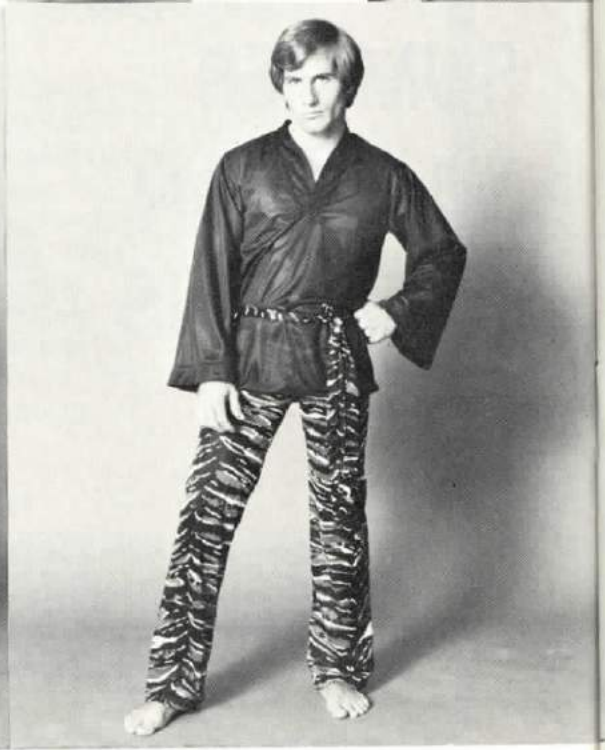
Below: Maharaja, a dashing two-piece lounge in 100% nylon tricot with solid black trim on an exciting reptile print robe with pull-on lounge pants.

Top right: Caliph is our most dramatic kaftan. Hooded and trimmed with a large black frog.

Caliph boxer, team this trim fitting boxer bathing suit with your kaftan for a really dramatic duo.

Bottom right: Tiger lounge, silk-like comfort in these nylon tricot lounge pajamas, puts a touch of fashion in your bed. Pull-over top comes with tiger sash to match lo-rise pull-on lounge pants.

Kaftans & Loungers



Top left: Fish net see-thru 100% nylon for sun and fun.
Bottom left: Cadet Body Suit & Tennis Body Suit

Top left: Fish net see-thru 100% nylon for fun and sun.
Bottom left: Cadet Body Suit with red/wht/blu epaulets
Tennis Body Suit, one piece shirt/brief styling

Below: Wallace Berry shirt by Stallion with underwear styling,
button placket front contrast stitching trim, straight bottom
funky and fun.

Top right: Transheer boxer undershort in see-thru nylon tricot,
lo-rise pull-on styling lighter than air.

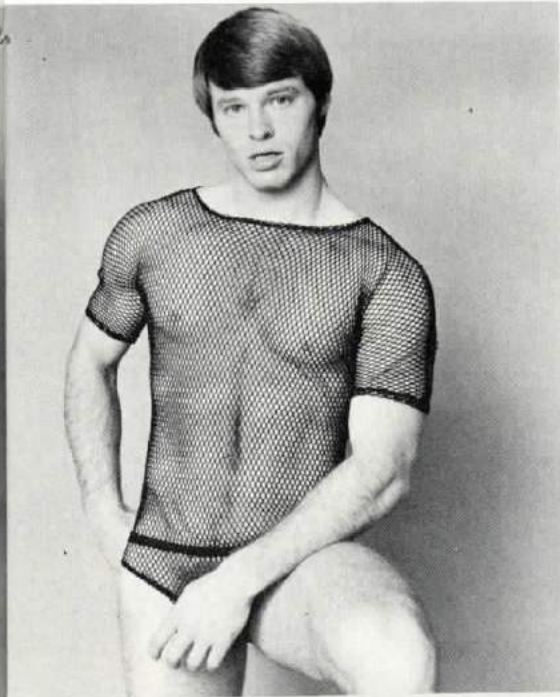
Transheer bikini underbrief in see-thru nylon tricot,
elastic waist and legs, lightweight, fast drying and wild!
Bottom right: Terry tank top in stretch velour terry with wide
shoulder straps.

Terry sun brief in stretch velour terry, contrast
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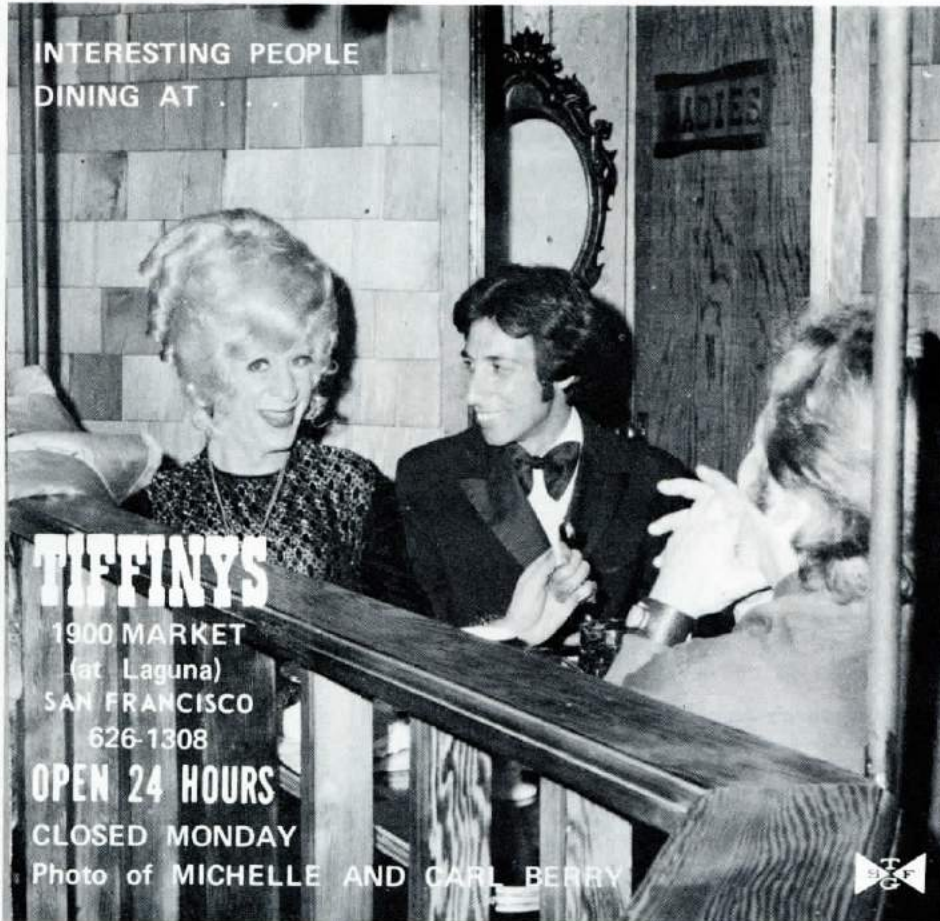
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PHOTO BY TEE JAY JOHNSTON



VISIT OUR OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL



Outdoor Cruising in America

by John Paul Hudson

Weary of the smoke and ceremony of bars, the impersonal nature of sex at the baths? Has it been some time since your best friend fixed you up with a dreamboat at a private party? Well, as an alternative, come along with me on foot or on wheels. Don't think of it as a desperation move, though, because it can open up new horizons.

We all know there are risks inherent in making out in the bushes, and in some areas you dare not even strike up a conversation. Yet, among those of us who are naturalists (if not nudist) at heart, there is this inclination toward hitting the sunshine or moonlight trail in quest of Mr. Right which we can't resist.

Some analyze the outdoor urge as an unhealthy desire to cross paths with danger, alleging that we fresh air adventurers don't hold ourselves in great enough self-esteem to avoid possible mugging or arrest. To which I say, " 'Taint necessarily so." I personally find cruising under the sun or stars a kind of happy bargain hunting, good exercise, unpretentious presentation of my needs, and poetic enjoyment of the environment.

I've been quite lucky — never attacked or arrested and seldom mistaken in my response to signals. I guess you have to have a kind of serendipity, maybe a sixth sense, and if you're afraid of the dark or know in advance that a particular place is "hot", then you should remain where you're comfortable and feel safe. But if street, park, beach and/or car cruising is attractive to you, here we go.....

Central Park in mid-Manhattan (with its westernmost boundary, Central Park West, existing as one of the longest floating meat racks in the country) is considered off-limits by many New Yorkers. True, there have been some grizzly sex murders

within its precincts, there are indeed occasional muggings of gays, but if you know where the action is you can generally develop an "instinct" about when to go and how to behave.

The Ramble (please note it's singular), a bird sanctuary about an eighth of a mile from CPW at roughly Seventy-ninth Street, is great for afternoons and twilight cruising. It also offers a good geographic introduction to the other busy areas on its periphery and beyond. The latter includes an underpass at Seventy-second; a grove nearby between two inner roadways that flank the pond; the Belvedere Fountain plaza, and — on the eastern boundary of the sanctuary — inviting copses and hilllocks not far from the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue.

You are subject to arrest and fine if you're caught in Central Park between midnight and sunrise or wandering off pathways after sundown. However, under Mayor John Lindsay police have been deployed generally for protective purposes, not harassment, and they are usually polite when they tell you to keep to the walks or "get out". There is romantic traffic in the park until the wee hours — not recommended unless you have very sophisticated antennae, though.

Among the rocks and glades surrounding the gay sunbathing meadow in the Ramble there are some rather startling scenes played out from late morning through evening, late spring through early autumn. Take your camera or binoculars along, and you can always pass for a bird watcher as you familiarize yourself with the tricking territory. Sit on a park bench and observe until you begin to make sense of the comings and goings — or ask some brother you've seen in passing a couple of times for directions. CP affic-

ianados are usually a very helpful lot, and they will readily share their expertise with you.

Three other nationally-known parks where day and night cruising flourish are Griffith in Los Angeles, celebrated by John Rechy in *Numbers*, Golden Gate in San Francisco, and the Fenway in Boston. The California areas are on-again-off-again as far as police surveillance is concerned, so it is advisable to check out *The Advocate* or to telephone HELP, in L.A., or contact the Society for Individual Rights (SIR) up north before you wander in with high hopes. The Fenway, located along Boylston Street at the beginning of Park Drive, south of the Charles River and west of the Fenway River, is not usually a fuzz risk.

Speaking of these three great cities, San Francisco's Marina, Aquatic Park and Lafayette Park are all good for daytime contacts; Pershing Square in downtown L.A. should be avoided by all but hardcore hustler hawks; and in Boston, besides the Fenway, there's the Esplanade leading to Charles River Park.

Kansas City, Missouri, the Heart of America's most swinging big city, offers Swope Park on the southeast outskirts of town. It's very woodsy, and during the day the dells opposite the lagoon is full of surprises. The Liberty Mall toward downtown is a day-and-night draw, but you have to drive there, park, and leave your car, just as you do at Swope, and the cops are more vigilant.

As this is meant to be only an introduction to outdoor cruising — the first in a proposed series if it proves popular —, I'm going to skip now to the subject of hunting by car and mention three of the best known circuits in this category:

(continued on page 80)

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chicago (from page 13)



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game night with Paula Karol, editor of *Chicago Nites*, as your friendly and talented M.C.

The Wooden Barrel Pub has opened a very cruisy side walk cafe and intimate beer garden in the back for your summer fun.

Tommy of the Alameda Club gave a very successful champagne party honoring Chicago's famous Ebony as best entertainer on the North Side. The Noche de Ronda has a new Mexican bartender who on a cool day wears an authentic sombrero. His name is Louis Ramirez and he's quite a dancer.

The Baton has engaged Big Jim as its new show director and has announced the appearance of Charles Pierce for 1 week starting May 16. Tiffany Jones will appear for 2 weeks in June and the return of Michael Greer for 2 weeks in July. Felicia and the Baton's show will be appearing in Atlanta the last of May and for a few days in June.

Support your own! Need bar equipment or supplies or china and glassware for your apartment? See Lee at American China & Glassware Co., 406 N. Clark St., Chicago. Tired of unsightly annoying hair? Have it permanently and painlessly removed by experts in Electrolysis at Studio 19 at Devon. Ask for Shirley or David.

Speaking of DAVID, Leslie's Bookstore is now carrying DAVID. Wally and Don will gladly help you select other reading bedfellows also. Greg of the Club Baths is creating "DAVID mania" with his new busts of David in 4 attractive antique colors and in 3 sizes. All are reasonably priced and are on display at the Baths and Leather Cell.

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looking (from Page 9)

her coming 1st Anniversary at PEG'S PLACE in San Francisco. A party to celebrate the occasion will be held at her bar on July 2nd and 3rd.

Bar biz is nothing new to Peg. She open-



ed her first bar back in 1966 and the tavern rapidly became a mecca for friends to congregate because of her warm and friendly personality. The size of the place and the location prompted her later to

open PEG'S PLACE in a more convenient location to the residential and settled gays of the neighborhood and the new place again reflects the power of her charm. Peg's Place is a mixed bar where gays of both sexes mingle and relax without constantly trying to prove something to each other. It's a place to be casual and enjoy yourself...and Peg wouldn't have it any other way.

Lita, her partner, can usually be found behind the bar while Peg rustles up the food which is great because she prepares it with the same care she gives everything else.

Sunday, April 15, marked the grand opening of CLUB HOUSTON, the newest member of the Club Bath Chain. The elegantly appointed bath was the scene of a tremendous party with more than 250 Houstonites welcoming the Club to Houston.

Wayne Schrebe, general manager of the Club Houston, said that in his five years with the Club Baths, he never saw such a tremendous crowd turn out for an opening.

The new Club Houston features a gigantic 8 foot square whirlpool, see-thru shower area (you've got to see it to believe it), exercise equipment, and a beautifully tiled steamroom. Other facilities include large private rooms, television lounge, canteen, lockers and dormitory.

Another highlight of the Club Houston's impressive list of facilities is its' outdoor patio where manager Lyle Black regularly hosts free Bar-b-ques.



Voicing unanimous approval of the new Club Houston, members welcomed the newest addition to the Club Bath Chain to Houston, Texas at the grand opening, April 15, 1973.

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news (from page 31)

What a way to lose a job. *Pippin*, directed and choreographed by genius, Bob Fosse, was Irene Manning's *Pal Joey* from that Broadway success, as was Harold Lang.

Lang is director of Miss Manning's current show. The most successful revival of *Pal Joey* starred Lang and Vivienne Segal in 1952. A New York bound revival of *Joey* is underway. Some big names have put in a bid but suggestions are welcome. Associate Producer (with money) will be welcome too. Miss Manning's singing of "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" brought the house down proving that the Rogers and Hart score is as exciting as ever.

Just a theory, but as our country is working out its depression, the people are tired of hearing bad news. I don't see this as nostalgia but rather as an interpretation of things that are happening today.

We could begin with *No No Nanette* but it really started long before that, so let's consider the current *Irene*. Debbie Reynolds stars in the surprise sensational revival of the 1919 musical comedy with that old/new face Patsy Kelly.

The tryout tour had grossed more than a million dollars. Yes, Yes, Irene. The producer, the guy who raises the money, Harry Rigby, was jilted by *No, No, Nanette*. It was his idea to revive *N.N.N.*, to hire Busby Berkley and Ruby Keeler. Co-producer Cyma Rubin threw him out.

She had the money. He only had the ideas. So he bounced back with *Irene*.

Forty year old Debbie Reynolds left her show-biz husband minding the store. The part of Madame Lucy (a couturier) was built around Billy De Wolfe. He came to rehearsals the first few days. On his 67th birthday Debbie brought him a cake. He quit anyway.

The designer died, the leading man sprained his ankle, the composer of incidental music got pneumonia, Director Sir John Gielgud was fired, the author of the book adaptation left and Patsy Kelly was out with an abscess. Nevertheless out-of-town patrons flocked to lay their money down.

They opened in Toronto, a shambles. Debbie lost her voice. Her understudy was to go on.

"I have a contract and she isn't going on and make a fool of herself. I'll go on and make a fool of myself!" Debbie croaked. And she did, pantomiming her part while Sir John rambled through a long synopsis of the story. The spectators booed and 300 got their money back.

Rex Reed was in the audience. Reed promised not to write about it. Then he went on television and told everybody what a ghastly experience it had been. Debbie's first performance in Toronto stopped the show dead. She was compared unfavorably to Sammy Davis Jr. and Milton Berle. Canadians bought tons of tickets.

Patsy Kelly, desperate for laughs, turned herself into a dog, climbing up Madame Lucy's shirt front, pawing, clawing, sniffing and barking. All this when she wasn't crossing herself. It was an outrageous display. The audience loved it and filed out saying how much better *Irene* was than *Sleuth*.

Having come up at M.G.M. through a contract system which turned out iron maidens, starlets made of steel, she believes in learning discipline. That's why her 16 year old daughter is in the chorus.

Irene's problem is the book. The music is there. "Alice Blue Gown", "You Made Me Love You", "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?"

Enter Gower Champion...Patsy Kelly is still mugging her way into the lobby. Debbie wants to make it on Broadway. Richard Nixon tells reporters it will be a big hit. Ruby Keeler is sought out for opinions. New York loves it and the money pours in from advance theatre parties. Old fashioned? A 1919 musical on Broadway 1973. Maybe Harry has something.

There were hundreds of auditions. San Francisco, New York, London and Paris. Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe with Edwin Lester of Civic Light Opera in San Francisco have finally found their *Gigi*. Or should we say Katherine Hepburn did. It was actually Miss Hepburn

(continued on page 77)

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Portland *(from page 12)*

before, he had to ascend to his Empress up the staircase on his hands and knees.

The ceremonial entrance of the Knights of Malta, complete with slaves, whips, chains and leather was one of the most exciting representation scenes to my knowledge.

Soon after the cracking of whips came the insane, one and only, get-it-together girl herself, Mame, having the party that only Mame can give. Everyone joined in to turn the ballroom into pure hysteria, as Darcelle came running down from her perch screaming "I'm not going to miss a party". It was sheer madness and insanity.

There were so many beautiful scenes that it was hard to believe that little old Portland could create such madness.

The entrance of Portland's Groovey Guy was one of the best seen anywhere. His entourage entered bearing representative floral arrangements that were ten feet in the air, with some as large as eight feet in diameter and sensationally all color coordinated. Just spectacular.

Finally, after Vancouver, Seattle, San Jose, Peninsula and Reno and all had arrived, there was a brief entertaining pantomime show during which the ballots were counted and the judges conferred to announce the winners: K-Lynn is the new Princess Royal of Portland, have a Happy

Reign. Chocolate Mess as the outgoing Princess Royal you did a beautiful job.

Sweet Lips, the Tzarina de Turk was in attendance as a boy in white tie and tails courtesy of the Left Bank Galleries, 1542 Polk Street, San Francisco, Ca.

oscar *(from page 39)*

Gum Head, tonight it's tinsel town here in Atlanta. Each year in Hollywood they gather to pay homage and salute their great, the stars who last year tried to entertain you. Now we want to do the same thing. We have our Oscars for those, who, from this stage, have tried to entertain you. Now as your mistress of ceremonies let's say Hello to the star, who started drag in Atlanta, the beauty thriller, the still able fable, Miss Phyllis Killer."

"There's no biz like the movie biz, like no biz we know" sings the feather bedecked Phyllis, sparkling in the spotlight in a wild silver costume, with hair to match.

The inimitable Miss Killer greets the cheering audience, and explains that some of the Oscars are just for fun, but some were for the ones who they had enjoyed and were tonight going to be honored for their effort. The competition has been great but the house of Waterhole, Goodhold and PeepHole had made the final decisions. Her personal tales of Hollywood filled the place with nostalgia and laugh-

ter. She then introduced her co-mistress of ceremonies, the fresh and beautiful, a winner at any game in town, Miss Las Vegas, Frank Powell.

Miss Las Vegas went into her hilarious act, welcomed the guest entertainers, promised a spectacular evening of heart break and surprises, told a few rowdy ringsiders off, asked for a drink and THE ENVELOPE, and that started the big night.

Guest stars came from the audience and did their biggest hit songs. The nominees were recognized and the winners were presented with the Oscars. Michel Sampley assisted the two glamorous emcees with the envelopes, the awards and the drinks. Everyone enjoyed the fun and awards as the mistresses of ceremonies made barbs and bobos of movie titles.

Art Elliston, who presented the show, told this reporter the show had been just like the old Oscar days of the real Hollywood when there was so much confusion, excitement, some talked too much, some thanked too much, some drank too much, and some stars were just too much. Everybody seemed to have fun.

Billy Jones as Phyllis, was never greater. He did a grand job. Diamond Lil, named super star of the year, was at her height. Never have I seen such an array of beautiful and glamorous Drag Queens. We had the largest attendance ever that night and we certainly plan to make this an annual event.

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spree (from page 37)

"Drifter"

The proud and well-deserved winners: Dale Phillips (Supporting Actor), Salli Schori (Supporting Actress), Ralph Lucas (Writing Achievement), Barry Knight (Cinematography), Vic Vance (Technical Award), Thelma Varga (Best Actress), and surprise, A 3-way tie for Best Actor (David Allen, John Langston & Kelle). The split repeated itself for Best Show with Kelle and Vic Vance sharing the kudos ("Son of the Drunkard" and "Buns for Hire").

Lee Glaze was the tear-laden recipient of the Judy Coleman Memorial Award, and it was a beautiful moment in the evening. The TV show spotlight was ABC's "That Certain Summer" and the film, of course, what else but "Cabaret"?

It was a veritable four-hour feast of fun, frolic, excitement and surprises!!!

chains (from page 21)

operations on the site of the old place and many eagerly awaiting bikers are anticipating a big grand opening.

SAN FRANCISCO: The Wicked Witch of the West, Nichodemus, proprietor of A Taste of Leather in the loft at Fe-Be's has placed black leather in a second place category in preparation of the U.S. Bicentennial Celebration in 1976. The new trend taking place in San Francisco is red, white and blue leather jackets, accessories and decor. The entranceway of Fe-Be's is draped with the tri-colored decor and a leather jacket is given away every Tuesday night and other leather gifts amounting to about \$200. A big incentive to patronize the place with Russ Higginbotham and Donn Hoyt, two look-alike handsome mixologist on hand. Down the Miracle Mile a block or two, the No Name Bar is fast becoming a popular leather hangout being under the aegis of members of the Rainbow M/C, while still further down the road, the FF of A Chapter here has opened a new after-hours place called the Lumber Yard Coffee Shop with a champagne buffet recently. The Folsom Street Barracks, a newer bath and

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sauna house packs them in nightly for those with such esoteric tastes in water sports, arm and leg invasion and bondage and discipline methods. The only complaint here is the acid, all-night music that could be lowered a few hundred decibels. Meanwhile, recent renovations of Ritch Street Baths has hordes flocking there to view the splendiferous Minoan Pool, cafeteria, swirly wall decor and acres and acres of playground all under one roof. Newest watering hole opened under the direction of the Hip Godfather, Jerry Jones, and called Cissy's Saloon, complete with bathtub wine in the front window and connecting to the earthy eatery, Hamburger Mary's. The Miracle Mile of San Francisco, a name now owned by Al Hanken of the popular western bar, The Round Up, is alive and well and burgeoning with newer, younger, hip and beautiful men, due, probably to the biggest complex Big Town which will host the Mr. Cowboy of San Francisco 1973-74 Contest on June 23rd. Entries are being selected in almost every bar in town and the pageant will feature the fabulous puppeteer George Buchanan direct from his dazzling appearance at the Dunes in Las Vegas and the San Francisco Troupe Review. The benefit for the Emperor of San Francisco is being kowtowed from Vancouver to San Diego and a huge turnout is anticipated for this third annual event.

DATELINE, U.S.A. Larry Townsend, author of many leather books offers his latest book, *A Treasury of S & M*, just hot off the press and selling for \$9.95 a copy. It's a collection of stories, vignettes, photos and drawings plus a few excerpts from letters received by the author. The popular artist, Sean was commissioned to illustrate several of the stories and the cover. The author attempts to share with you the enticing assortment of materials which came his way since he started writing of leather and S&M novels. Obtainable from the author by writing direct to P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90213. The Eagle bars, both in New York and D.C., have recently started publishing a monthly mag, *Vote (Voice of the Eagle)*.



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San Francisco

with news and runs, bike events in the nation's capitol and surrounding areas so far, available free for the asking by writing to Eagle Bar, 904-9th Street, NW, Washington, D.C. Atlanta, recent site of the Atlantic M/C have dubbed The Onyx 341 W. Peachtree as their home bar...their monthly newsletter the *Atlantian* is a very sharp effort for bikers in the southern areas...Meanwhile, The Iron Cross M/C of Montreal puts out a tidy package entitled *Crossroads* in French and English and most worthy of praise is *Bolt* by the Thunderbolts M/C in Connecticut, while *Tread* from Wheels M/C (New York) is not far behind...all with bike activities, bike runs, bar ads, leather shop ads and if you could subscribe to them all, you'd have a finger-tip listing of every bike club's activities in the US and Canada.... Latest happening within bike club circles is dual runs, in other words, two clubs joining together to put on a super bike run, and more power to them all. New bike clubs being formed: Denver (Colorado Riders); Kansas City, Mo. (Falcons); Billings, Montana (Helena Angels); also in Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

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ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS M/C
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Golden Fleece Run 1973—Denver area

IRON CROSS M/C
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Teutonic Meet—Montreal area

BARBARY COASTERS M/C
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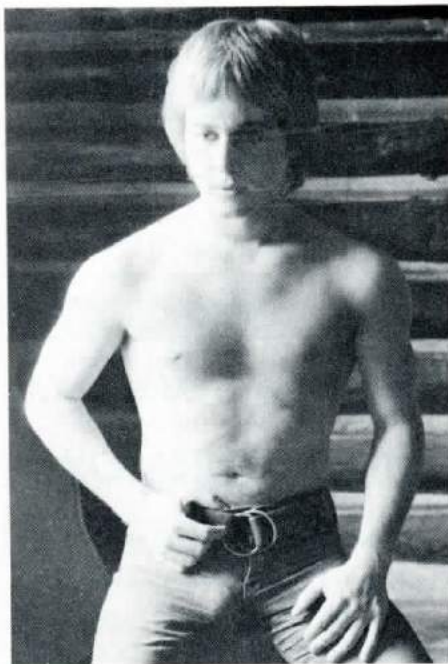
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mont. (from page 28)

zation in Mexico during the 15th century. Central to this theme is the tragic death of its great Aztec monarch, Montezuma, during Cortes' ruthless search for Mexico's legendary Golden City.

As composer Graun was also a notable singer, and Frederick The Great was a flutist and rather prolific composer himself, it is little surprise that their combined efforts should produce a musically strong opera. Vocally demanding both in range and expressiveness.

The major soprano role, for instance, as suggested by Miss Sutherland's recording, is difficult not only emotionally and musically, but massive in content, demanding a great deal of stamina from the singer. It is a pleasure to be able to report that audiences and critics alike found the Boston company not only capable as a whole, but also magnificently effective in their individual roles.

Baritone Ernest Triplett was compelling and articulate as Emperor Montezuma, and dramatic coloratura Nancy Boyd displayed poise and fluent command of her challenging role. Mary Strebing as *confidente* to the Queen is an especially gifted soprano with remarkable range and control.

The difficult role of Tezeuco, Officer to the Imperial Crown, was sung by strong and lyrical Richard Conrad; General of the Imperial Army Pilpatoe, as sung by Tenor Wayne Rivera, was another powerfully effective role, standing out from the group.

However good the opera's story, and the cast portraying it, the production often rests on the quality and performance of the music. John Miner did a superb job with the score and with his orchestra of young musicians, supporting and complementing the production totally.

This creative offering by the Associate Artists Opera Company of New England has once again spotlighted Boston as a place to look to for newsworthy opera activity. This certainly should open the doors to more support for future endeavors. We will be watching expectantly.

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hot 1 (from page 29)

retired, the transient, the lonely social rejects who now face eviction with the hotel's scheduled razing.

Wilson's play has no plot, rather its scenes portray three separate hours of one Memorial Day in the lives of some 15 people who pass through the doomed hotel's lobby. It reflects some of the pathos and comedy of desperate characters, whose frustrating inability to change or forestall the future causes them to cling together for support.

Wilson's script, combined with an excellent cast, never allows the play to become depressing. Rather, the Baltimore's "family" ingratiate themselves into the audiences' hearts and everyone has a warm laugh at himself and life. Characters are quickly and firmly established, after a somewhat sluggish opening, and the action and conversation overlap at a fast pace without ever becoming confusing or distracting.

The appearance of Marrian Walters as middle-aged April—the most lovable, raucous whore ever—charges the show into unrelenting hilarity. Anyone who caught Geraldine Kay's role as Mrs. Elgin in *Status Quo Vadis* will relish her Milly, though it's far too minor a role for her considerable talent.

Nudity has seldom been a cause for laughter *per se*, but when Rebecca Taylor as Suzy—another lady of questionable character—storms into the lobby screaming obscenities at a trick who didn't satisfy her, the audience was knocked silly with laughter. When she loses her towel entirely and suddenly becomes aware of the lobby's onlookers, the result is more indignant dialogue and hysteria.

Lee Zara was most effective as Jackie, the tough girl who desperately tries to find security for herself and her retarded brother. Another praiseworthy performance was turned in by Gerald Castillo, as the senile hypochondriac, and one must never forget the hotel personnel, played with just the right boredom and apathy.

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pierce

(from page 25)

he started working in full drag. Prior to then, he had worked in a tuxedo with props. He reflects today, "At the Gilded Cage, drag was more bizarre and interesting in those days....Everybody gets in drag now."

Offstage, Charles Pierce is a delightful, charming man with the ability to view himself with amusement and possessing a wonderful sense of the ridiculous. A few months back, he showed up at the Hollywood premier of *Bluebeard* in a battered 1949 Chrysler dressed as Bette Davis. Rona Barrett ("she's very square") was taping the pre-movie interviews, and when confronted with Mr. Pierce as Miss Davis, was reduced to stammering incoherency. Charles/Bette finally ended the interview saying, "You know, in the old days, we had love, romance and beauty. Now we have violence, passion...and Rona Barrett!" The interview was never televised.

As he sits and talks in his hotel suite, flashes of a half dozen different characters pepper his conversation. A quick Mae West—like "Ooohhh" of a Davis "oh, no, Jane!" slip into the conversation, and it becomes obvious Mr. Pierce is very much at home with the famous ladies he impersonates. Yet he says that none of the ladies he performs nightly have ever been to see his show. He worries about his Bette characterization. "If I'm going to continue doing her, I'm going to have to go back and re-study the voice again. I feel I'm losing it." He's the only one who can tell; his Davis continues to be one of his best and most-requested impressions. He truly enjoys all his characterizations and has only one regret about the reputation he has worked so hard to build—"I'll always have to be somebody else. I'll never get to be just Charles Pierce."

He would like to work more and more in television and films and was most recently seen on *Love American Style* in a segment entitled "Love and the Baby Derby", playing John Davidson's wife, a dingy Mamie Van Doren type sexpot with a talent to deceive. He loved the show. "It was such an 'up' set, they served real champagne in one scene. After a couple of takes, I realized I was getting bombed."

At the conclusion of his recent Gold Street engagement, the fantastic audience response prompted him to comment, "I've been revitalized!" Working harder than ever, adding new material to his ever-changing act. Charles Pierce is currently touring the East Coast, playing in Minneapolis, Atlanta, Washington, New York City and, for the first time in 11 years, Miami where Charles will play the very popular Warehouse VIII. For reservations at his Warehouse bookings during the period of May 30th through June 13th, call (305) 445-8713.



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badillo (from page 35)

establish a liason between the Gay community and City Hall so we can work together and live together without prejudices, not only about sexual orientation, but with disregard to color or creed.

The dance belt took us to Brothers & Sisters where Mr. Badillo was met warmly by the men and women in attendance. (Mostly show biz kids.) His on stage manner brought pledges of support from all. Across the street was the mainly Latin, Tijuana Cat. Mr. Badillo was mobbed by well wishers. As far as I could see there would be no contest among the Latin Gays to whom they would vote for.

The following stop had me a little edgy because of the indeciveness of the management to have the congressman there. As most know the Eagle's Nest is a leather bar but, perhaps, what is not known is that the patrons are among the most politically astute in the city. My fears were quickly set to rest. He was greeted warmly. He was even handed the mike so that the many patrons could ask questions and hear the answers. Along with more questions on housing, jobs (Badillo has Gays on his staff) welfare, etc., the biggest cheers came for his vow that no one would ever be discriminated against because of life style and/or mode of dress. Badillo buttons appeared out of no where. We left amidst cheers of appreciation.

A quick walk down to the Spike on the next corner brought more cheers. Congressman Badillo's first tour had come to a rousing climax. He is preparing his next tour for the Bronx, Queens and Brooklyn.

It may seem a little redundant for this columnist to stress the important step that has been taken in major cities across the nation—political candidates actually acknowledging our existence and, more important, seeking our support. Surely the most closeted case in the land must start feeling a sense of pride, a sense of value. I am not contending that because a politician comes out after the Gay vote that he is the best qualified for the job or that all Gays will or should vote for him. In the case of Herman Badillo, I honestly feel that he IS the most qualified man for the job in New York City. But, I do hope and pray that more and more Gays get more politically involved in their home towns. Reach out and find the BEST candidates, not only for yourselves but for the community at large. Please, let's show that we CARE and that we do have things to offer the entire community. For, with the state of the country today, we have to work along side all those who would keep this beautiful country the Land of the Free.
God Bless You All,
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RON & GARY

EXTORTION

(from page 14)

son and then I would watch them happen again on *Perry Mason* reruns, but they were always happening to actors. Events were swimming and I was experiencing the actuality of reality or the reality of actuality, ontologically speaking, that is.

Danny was my roommate in college; he was blackmailing me. He wasn't a shadowy figure; he wasn't Holden Caulfield; he wasn't interested in philosophy; and he wasn't even an actor, although he once appeared in a supporting role in *Look Homeward Angel*. Danny and I were fairly close before the blackmailing started, that is. He was good looking, dark-headed, very likeable—the inarticulate man inhibiting the limbo of futility, tedium, and physical discomfort. Danny was never close to his family, most likely the son-of-a-bitch was blackmailing them too; so on weekends I would invite him to come home with me. In a way, my family adopted him, confirming my naive acceptance of the mystical communion of all men.

On these weekends, we'd do the typical things of the sixties: double date, *talk* about the draft, chocolate malts, *talk* about marijuana, slipover sweaters with leather patches on the elbows, and *talk* about snatch. Parenthetically, *talk*ing about snatch was the closest either of us had ever come to a metaphysical experience. Now I had this sister then and she was only fourteen at this time of generous hospitality extended by my family to a total stranger who did not get along with his own family and who happened to be my roommate; *sub rosa*, hell is other people. Gwen, my sister, the primal cause, looked older than fourteen, and maybe she acted older than twenty-seven. Nevertheless, she was in a hurry to fidget the events. Gwen liked Danny, and that was the way it should have been—after all, he was part of the family, the tribal consciousness.

Every Friday, Danny and I would therefore cut our afternoon classes, gather up our dirty laundry, and leave for Brimming. By that evening, I'd be fixing him up with not the best looking girl but with not the worst looking girl either. Thus while Mom would be putting too much starch in our collars, we, the initiates, sought our baptism. Furthest from our minds was Schopenhauer's urging, "If our life were endless and painless, it would probably occur to no one why the world exists." Quiet and uneventful with great yearnings! Platonically, Danny and I both learned to live with too much starch in our collars....And everything was relatively pleasant until after Christmas vacation which Danny spent with us. Suddenly in January, while eating stale Christmas cookies, Danny was



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always *talking* about Gwen; and *post hoc*, whenever he was doing this, I would notice that I was annoyed. "Listen Danny, Gwen is only fourteen," I would find myself chastizing, "she's too young for you. She's too young for Stan Musial. Now if you had a lower I.Q., maybe then, you could carry on an intellectual conversation with her."

About two weeks later, we were supposed to go to this basketball game, and Danny's blind date came down with either malaria and mastoiditis or mastoditis and measles. Much to my chagrin, middle-class, bourgeoisie Mom suggested that perhaps Gwen could be substituted (*expost facto*) for Danny's throwing-up date. "Gwen's better than Danny's sitting here watching *Sing Along With Mitch*." Mom chastized. Danny, of course, was delighted. Gwen was already upstairs inventing new ways to make her knockers more prodigious. And I was paraphrasing Voltaire: I do not know what eternal life is, but fuck, this one here is sure in the hell of a wicked joke.

Antithesis. It was only a highschool basketball game and the gym smelled of orange and black crepe paper. My date had a runny nose and a furrowed brow. She was ill-at-ease because Gwen's knockers empiored over hers. At half-time, everyone, including our team, conceded that the Big Orange would lose another one. For me, however, it was a class reunion, even though most of the fellows went to the University and lived down the hall from Danny and me. While mixing with the guys and while my date was downing Cokes and rubbing her runny nose, I missed Danny and Gwen. *Habeas Corpus!* I missed Gwen because she was my sister, and I missed Danny because we were like brothers, and because I didn't trust the son-of-a-bitch with my sister. WHERE IN HELL WERE THEY? I checked the refreshment counter and bought my date another Coke because they didn't sell Diet-Rite, and all the while, I was getting madder and madder. Even though I was neutral, at nineteen I already had a suspicious mind.

Corpus delicti! In the parking lot, there was my roommate with his hands in a fourteen year old, braces on her teeth, sister's pants. *In flagrante delicto!* Slowly, I felt the ground move; events were whispering *bon voyage* and we're about to cruise. Existentialism? Homosexuality? Looking back in retrospect, I suppose at that moment I was confronted with a choice. If I chose homosexuality, I wouldn't have to choose again, and if I chose existentialism, life would be an endless series of choices and affirmations. With due respect to transcendentalism, at the time however, I decided to delay choice and punch Danny out: even though I realized that Danny could beat the shit out of me. Neutrality was saved momen-

(continued on page 74)

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John

carpenter (from page 32)

Webb's. He was sort of our confidante. Debbie and I are still good friends. As a matter of fact, she admitted in print that it was I who got her "Irene". I was promised the associate producer's job and Harry (Rigby) and I flew out to Vegas to talk to Debbie. I knew that it would be good for her. After what happened to Harry with "Nanette" (Rigby was fired when producer Cyma Rubin decided she had a hit and didn't need him any more.) I didn't think that he'd pull the same job on me. But, I guess that's show biz. My favorite people out there were the late Paul Douglas and his wife, Jan Sterling. Paul was a moose of a man with a heart to match. Jan is a true lady and a lot of fun besides being one of Hollywood's most under-rated actresses. As a matter of fact, my favorite picture is "Sky Full of Moon" in which Jan played my girl. They were really great to me.

When did you leave Metro?

"In 1953 I asked to be released from my contract because I wanted to do "John Murray Anderson's Almanac" on Broadway. It was a fine show with Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe and Polly Bergen. I really enjoyed doing it."

What came next?

"I did about 2500 T.V. shows and I began writing. I've been a member of A.S.C. A.P. for years and have also been writing

mystery novels."

How did this come about?

"I've always wanted to write. I applied and was accepted at Edward Albee's Writer's Workshop, the William Flannigan Center out in Montauk. It was great. You are out in the woods and the muses really come to you. Let's face it, there is nothing else to do, so you can really write."

How many novels have you written?

"The first one was "The Games Murderer's Play". (This columnist has read this one and it's great fun. Easy to read, and to anyone familiar with Greenwich Village, you'll enjoy trying to pinpoint some of the characters and places.) "Cat Got Your Tongue" was next. "Only Her Hair Dresser Knew" is the latest, and in it, I introduced a character named Chester Long, a hair dresser turned detective. He will be a running character in the following novels. The next one "Deadheads", will be released in September, with Long as the central character again."

Do you enjoy writing?

"I love it. It's more lonely than performing because you have to tie yourself up and get down to business. It's very draining but when you're finished it is a fabulous feeling. My good friend, Dudley Perkins Frasier has been one of my biggest boosters. When something isn't going well, he knows just what to say to get me back to the typewriter."

What was your biggest disappointment in your career?

"Not being able to do "Dolly" in London with Mary Martin. We'd done it in 'Nam and Korea and across country. Then when we hit London, during a rehearsal I fell off the runway and fractured my pelvis. I had it tied up and wanted to go on but the show's lawyers wouldn't take the chance. I really loved the role of 'Cornelius'. That has to be the biggest."

What was your biggest thrill?

(A sly laugh) "You probably wouldn't believe this, but the other night I was on the subway going up to catch Michelle Lee in "Seesaw" and a woman across from me was reading one of my books. One of MY books! It really gave me a charge. I wanted to run over and ask her if she liked it. It was a gas!"

What are your future plans?

"To write more and more. I'm presently working on some material for Marcia Lewis who is a great comedienne. I've just read a play that I might do. I still like to perform because it pays for the time that I devote to writing. I consider myself a very lucky man."

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he was preparing to direct a picture. Sal postponed the film and came back to the States. Together, he and Robin picked up the pieces and got us going. We open May 16th.

What is the play about?

"Well, it's really hard to describe. There are three central figures, Dutchie, a transvestite who lives in a loft in the East Village with a young aspiring writer who is straight, and a bisexual hustler. The actors are Courtney Burr, Kip Osborne and Gary Sandy respectively. Beneath them lives an alcoholic mother (Elizabeth Farley) and her two children (Shelly Bruce and Bruce Howard). The children come to rely on their upstairs neighbors more and more as the mother is usually out 'tricking'. 'Dutchie' meanwhile has a very rich girlfriend who enjoys having a transvestite around and, who is taking her to a big charity ball. It turns out that 'Dutchie' is an ex-junkie and her two roommates have been keeping her clean. After paying for a gown etc, the girl takes 'Dutchie' to the ball where she is made a freak and she realizes that the girl had just been using her. She leaves and picks up a young man who, it turns out, is also an ex-junkie. 'Dutchie' takes him to the loft and they shoot up with the 'smack'

supplied by the rich girl, whereupon 'Dutchie' seduces the boy into killing her. The two roommates and the children find her and vainly attempt to save her life." *That sounds a little heavy.*

"It's good theatre. The thing that shocked me the most was the fact that I am an actor also and in these days of 'liberation', I couldn't believe the number of actors who turned roles down because of the subject matter. The whole premise of the play is to show the foolishness of 'role playing' in real life. And actors are supposed to be so 'liberated'. I just couldn't believe it."

Where did you get the idea for the transvestite?

"I worked with one in an experimental theatre. She fascinated me and I came to see that the idea of role playing is ridiculous."

How do you feel now that you're finally opening?

"I can't describe the feeling. After so many heart breaks and set backs it's an unbelievable feeling. I'll never be able to thank Robin and Sal for their faith in me and in the play."

Are you giving up acting to write?

"Hell no. I'm still an actor. But, I must admit the satisfaction of writing is phenomenal."

Would you like to direct?

"Yes, but not something of my own.

Peter Ustinov seems to be able to detach himself and not only write and direct, but also star in his own work. I think that is a little too much for me at this time." *Do you think the audiences will be shocked?*

"I hope so. I hope that they will realize that we must all live our lives as we see fit. That is the 'message' of the play besides being damned good theatre."

What are your future plans?

"Get this play opened and running is all of the plans that I have right now. So many talented actors down there. (The stage below the office.) So many talented people involved, it has got to be a hit."

Frederick Combs is a major talent of our time and he does deserve a big hit with "The Children's Mass". If you are in New York or planning on visiting New York, run, don't walk to the theatre De Lys right there on fabled Christopher Street and treat yourself to an evening of powerful theatre. (As I was leaving the theatre, I ran into Dan Curry who manages the theatre. I asked him what he thought. Dan replied, "It makes "Boys In The Band" seem like Mother Goose. It is beautiful theatre. I'm really very excited about this one. It'll be a hit."

I'm sure that it will be. I shall be looking forward to Frederick's next adventure. For a man to be so talented he must be recognized for that talent.



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mother (from page 19)

I was left to wander, and my eyes picked up Mary Hines, tall, black and very beautiful, an actress I knew. She smiled as I approached.

"I see you're one of the chosen", she said.

"How did you get in?"

"I came with someone", she motioned toward a tall blond-haired young man, "do you know him?"

"Just in passing."

"We're going on to dinner, why don't you come with us. I haven't seen you for so long."

"I'd like to, but I've been asked to stay late."

She looked incredulous. "What's that mean—an orgy?"

"Certainly not." I pretended annoyance though I was amused at the thought of all these clunky people trying to make it at an orgy. "This is a reputable household."

"I should guess so. I've been casing some of the house. Is that a Renoir?"

I didn't even have to turn and look, I knew what she was looking at.

"Yes. A real honest-to-God Renoir."

"Imagine having your very own. Insured to the teeth I bet."

"Among other things, yes."

We stared a bit at a few people and then Mary said, "What's this after-the-party bit about, when we second-rate citizens leave?"

"Somebody named Don Spitola is coming."

"Is he now. With a name like that—what's he do?"

I shrugged ignorance. "Probably a friend of Tony's and they'll play the Krutetzer Sonata until the wee hours."

"Whoopee—and you're going to stay for that?"

"I told them I would."

"You're a glutton for more than punishment."

Her escort was standing by waiting to be introduced and when she went to bring him over, I faded into the surrounding crowd that had gathered.

The place was filled with the chic, gay crowd, and the kind of vicious women that attach themselves to them. Mary wasn't one of those, I knew her too well. But she was playing coy games, and I didn't want any part of it. I had gradually worked my way back to the bar, empty glass in hand. When I got there, the genial bartender who was a standby from former parties, took it without a word and refilled it.

On turning around I ran straight into trouble. I stood face to face with Marty Poores. He blocked my path, and backed away from me, probably as shocked as I was. Then realizing how futile it was to run, he smiled and offered his hand.

"Hello Ken, its good to see you again."

"Are you sure about that", I shook the proffered hand.

He looked a little put down, "Of course I am. How are you—I see you on the tube from time to time, so I know you're not unemployed."

"I can't say that I am."

"Who's your agent—the same?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you have him call me, there's something we have that would fit you perfectly."

My mind boggled at this. Since when does one agent give something away to another.

"We can't fill it and we might lose out. Maybe we can arrange a split with him."

"What is it?"

"A new series. Be great for building a whole new career."

That's just what I need. Marty and I had been actors together, later we were lovers and then about five years ago after living together for ten, the whole thing broke up. He was now a partner in a small talent agency that became very select and choice among the trade. Every time I saw him it was a jolt—not that I felt anything for him still, but he reminded me of things I'd rather forget—like trustine someone, and loving—

A young bright face popped up beside Marty. At first I thought he was a trifle young to be a friend of Tony's or Paul. But no, he was small built, boyish looking until you got a closer look at his face.

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The blond hair was sandy with creeping gray, but his blue eyes were searching and childlike. Marty put his arm around the boy's shoulders in a protective way that was totally out of character.

"Ken, I'd like you to meet Davey."

Davey beamed at me, "I always see you on television Mr. Casey. When Marty told me he knew you I was very impressed."

He was suddenly drawn away from us by a passing acquaintance who caught his attention before I could answer. Marty just stared at me with a kind of smirk on his face.

"Is he new?" I asked.

Marty raised his eyebrows still with the smirk on his lips and walked away. I stood there a while in the surge of people, chattering away. Mary Hines and her date were coming through the crowd. She came up to me.

"We're leaving, and you're still welcome to join us for dinner."

"Thank you, but no."

"You'd rather stay for the orgy?"

"Is there really going to be an orgy?" the tall young man with her looked around in amazement trying to find traces of it in evidence.

"This is Bob Rawlings." Mary introduced him and Bob said the inevitable.

"I've seen you on television."

I must have winced because Mary said, "I'm sure he's heard that one no end tonight. I've been looking for Tony and Paul to say goodnight and I can't find them. You're really staying for the Kreutzer Sonata a la Spitola? Isn't that a name to go up in lights?"

As we spoke there arose a small commotion in the entry hall, and Tony came regally out of the crowd from the inner rooms. Mary rushed at him, and together they kissed and cooed goodbyes. As they were leaving Tony passed me placing one of his large long fingered hands across my back, motioning to Mary's escort. He whispered in my ear.

"How'd you like to go to bed with that tennis star, beautiful?"

I couldn't share his enthusiasm and it must have showed.

"Cheer up. I saw you with Marty. I'm sorry, he slipped in somehow. Anyway, Don just arrived and we'll start things going."

I looked forward to that with another double scotch.

The awaited one entered. Don Spitola—I would have changed my name and maybe he had. He was a tall broad shouldered young man whose appearance spoke of late twenties, early thirties though it might have been more. Difficult to tell these days with all those vitamins working for you. He tended to plumpness and was the kind of person who looked good with the extra weight. An open jovial face, redish hair that grew in a feeble Afro kind of curl, plus a pair of shift

blue eyes that said more for his character than I realized. He wore a plain gold earring in his right ear and a discreet string of beads over his flowered shirt. He greeted people on each side as he and Tony passed along the entry hall.

When they reached me, Tony introduced him. He recognized me from you know where. It seemed he had been an actor at one time (and still was though he didn't know it) and greeted me with the old brotherhood crap they hand around at Equity meetings.

It was brief and over with, and I said aloud, "Funny he doesn't look like a violinist."

And someone next to me laughed and

answered, "He's not a violinist, he's a medium, a psychic."

We certainly needed one of those around here.

I went back to get another double scotch.

I stood around in various corners watching people I half knew and didn't want to talk to pass by. I caught sight of Marty Poores and Davey. They would stop and look up at each other from time to time. At other moments when they were engaged in conversation their hands would meet momentarily and then drop away. They were in love, or at least Marty was promoting it that way.

I don't know what happens when you



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get older and there's no line of progression. You eventually stop moving from affair to affair. It's a joke to say the word "love" when just "usage" would be better. You borrow a pretty body for a few hours, maybe there's a phone call a day or so after, and you discover you can't stand each other. A string of one night stands makes the love-word sick. You can play games like Marty—or run away like me. Either way you lose.

When I looked around after the fifth scotch, I noticed the party crowd had thinned out considerably. Tony came through the rooms herding people into the library. He came up to me.

"Go get another refill and come inside—we're having a seance with Don."

"I don't think I'm up to that."

"Come on." He put his arm around me and took me forward into the room where everyone was gathered. Don was giving instructions on how we should sit—all together in some kind of chain. He was very much in command, and looked at me with a kind of distaste as I stood there waiting to sit down.

"You're giving me negative vibrations", he said it as if I were standing on his foot.

"Sorry", I turned to leave.

"No you don't." Paul blocked my way at the door.

I didn't want to interfere with the workings of infinity.

"You won't, just sit down." Paul said

placing me in a wing chair across from the line of scrimmage.

Tony came over and whispered in my ear, "I want you to see this."

"I'm sorry, I didn't turn off my negative vibrator before I left the house. I hope it doesn't run over."

"Don't worry about it," he said and kissed the top of my head before he went to draw the drapes across the windows.

I sat looking down the line of people holding hands with Spitola—love that name—facing them to one side. That was the last I saw of them because they turned off the lights and I sat there staring into the dark and wishing I had a drink.

I could hear Spitola asking everyone to sit quietly. It wasn't necessary to join hands or anything. His voice was quiet, forceful. He was saying there were spirits everywhere all the time. In fact if we all looked towards the windows where some light from the street was escaping between the drapes, we'd see one in the ray of light.

"Oh yes, I see it."

It was the believing voice of the little boy. It sounded like Davey, but I couldn't be sure.

Don droned on and I dozed off. It was the best thing to do when you gave off negative vibrations. But, I was suddenly jolted awake. The lights were back on, my head was not too clear. People were leaving the room hurriedly. Paul was standing over me.

"Come on, Ken. I'll take you down stairs and get you a cab."

"What? What's happened, is everything over?"

"It sure is", Tony said from the other side of the room. "Let's find your coat in the bedroom, tell me what it looked like."

I followed him rather weakly, stopping a moment to recover from the sharp shooting pain in my head. I ran into Marty who was pacing the hallway. I asked what was going on that they were shoos guests out.

"It's catastrophe time", and he motioned towards the bedroom door.

I went in after Tony, and sprawled on the bed was the figure of Davey.

"Is he ill?"

"We're the ones that are ill, baby", Tony rummaged among the pile of coats on the other bed. "Which one of these is yours? Our maid left in a hurry."

I chose mine and Tony helped me into it. I heard Don Spitola's voice—he was using the bedroom telephone, frantically trying to reach someone on the other end of the line. When I turned to look at him he lowered the receiver away from his mouth, glaring at me with those trustless eyes.

"That's what happens when negative vibrations are around."

His voice was high pitched and hysterical.

Tony pushed me out and closed the door behind me. Marty and Paul were

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there in the hall looking at me. I felt like a psychic criminal.

"Excuse me while I go home and kill myself."

Paul caught me before I fell forward on my face. Marty also took hold.

"I'll get him into a cab, Paul, you get things straightened out up here with the irate medium."

"I'll call you tomorrow, get home safe," and Paul disappeared behind the closed door.

"What irate medium?" I asked.

"Spitola."

"He sounded more like a flaming queen. What's going on?"

Marty had me standing by the elevator, but still held one of my arms to be sure I didn't crumble.

"Davey is in a deep trance, and Don is trying to contact another medium to find out what to do to get him out of it."

"How did that happen?"

The elevator arrived and we both got in. Marty looked at me cautioning, then looked away until we were out in the street.

"Don got in contact with Davey's mother who died last year. You should have heard that! The poor kid was terrified. Mother didn't want to leave."

"So all the guests did."

"Look", Marty said flagging down a cab, "I'm going to see you home and make sure you get into your apartment without damage. You're a valuable property."

"To whom?"

"Your agent."

"You're not my agent, and I can get home by myself."

He got in the cab anyway.

"You're going to leave Davey up there?"

I was beginning to get my senses back.

"It's going to be a while before they straighten that out. Paul and Tony don't want any kind of noise about it. Their neighbors are touchy people."

"Especially when you have dead guests.

Did Mom ever leave?"

"Don didn't hear from her, so I guess she did."

The cab pulled up in front of my building. Marty had him paid and off before I could do anything. He helped me out and sent the cab away.

"Won't you need it to get back to Davey?"

"Stop worrying about Davey. I'll get another cab. Why don't you ask me up for a drink?"

I stood fumbling for my keys. "Do I look like I need a drink?"

"No", Marty said, "I do."

"Okay."

He followed me past the night doorman, and into the elevator.

"We haven't seen each other and talked for almost five years," he said as the car mounted.

"Why are you breaking the silence so soon?"

He smirked again, "Just wanted to keep

in touch."

"With a valuable property."

He became annoyed, "Come off it Ken, you know better than that."

The doors opened at my floor.

I didn't know him better than that. In fact, that's just the way I knew Martin Poore, rooting for gold in whatever was cast before him. We made our way noiselessly down the hallway to my apartment where I fumbled with the keys again and unlocked the door.

"Forgive appearances", I said putting on the lights, "my maid left hurriedly. What'll you have?"

We had scotch. Luckily the refrigerator is one of those things that makes ice cubes and dumps them into a bucket, otherwise I could never have tangled with an ice tray in my condition. A memory waddled across my foggy mind as I put ice in the glasses.

"When I was in Rome, making that picture, we had an Italian script girl, Fernanda. Small, light red hair, sharp wit. She used to drink with us after the day's shooting at Harry's. Always she would never remember to say 'rocks'. She got to call them stones. Scotch on the stones. I always think of that when I'm fishing up ice cubes."

Marty had made himself comfortable after casing the joint. "You liked making that film didn't you?"

"No", I didn't want to go into it. "I didn't like being in Italy."

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"You thought I was fooling around—while you were away."

I had brought his drink to him feeling angry and hot, a bit amazed that I'd let him into my life again.

"Let's cut out that shit now. It's all long ago and finished. Let's not mention it ever. All right?"

He held up his glass if to toast it, "All right", he had tried to mimic my vocal inflections.

We sat opposite each other silent for a while and then Marty leaned forward as if to project some personal magnetism which he never possessed.

"Ken", lighting a cigarette, "how old are you?"

"Forty, or have you lost count."

"I'm forty-eight."

"Big deal. I won't tell if you won't tell."

He was serious, watching me.

"Do you still have sex?"

I put down my glass and looked at him in amazement.

"I don't think that's any of your business! Do you still have sex?"

He shrugged.

"What's with Davey—just a trick or what?"

"Nothing. He's just with me." He paused and then said, "I like watching him."

"He reminds you of yourself", I said, "how you felt at his age—like a father reliving his youth in his son."

He winced and tried to cover up his feelings, "I don't know about that."

"There are moments, I bet, when you feel like he is yours—a son, someone who cares for you more than people like us usually care."

"Is all this enlightenment from your experiences?"

"No. I've just been watching too many people like us. I don't delude myself that way."

Marty had been married and divorced before we met. He had two children who he loved and devoted himself to religiously. I had met them many times when Marty and I were together. It used to set my teeth on edge being "Daddy's friend." Marty eventually had them calling me "Uncle Ken", which used to make me want to vomit. They were nice kids, but somehow I couldn't relate to them—honestly.

"What did you do with your family when things happened—go off to another city overnight to make out with some trick? What did you say to your wife—she must have sensed something was off? And your friends—do they ever meet your family like I did, or do you have two sets of existences, in and out?"

He stepped right into my mind. "Lots of people do."

"Good luck to them. I couldn't lead a double life. Joan found out for herself, but what do you tell the kids?"

"Nothing."

"What happens when they get old enough to know, or they hear things?"

He looked peeved and spoke in an annoyed tone of voice.

"In the first place they will never be old enough to find out their old man is gay. They won't be around me, or maybe I won't be around at all. And in the second place there is nothing for them to hear. And if they ever did hear anything, they'd never believe it. Even if I told them myself. They would never believe it. Do you know why?"

I didn't care, but there was no stopping Marty once he had a point to make.

"When somebody loves you they see all of you not some little patch plastered on an old inner tube. They see you whole and complete and accept you that way. My mother and my wife weren't like that. But my kids are."

"What about Joan?"

He shook his head. "She only loved what she wanted to love—she knew about me before we got married. I can't imagine to this day what she expected—like my mother she thought people 'changed'."

I heard the ice in Marty's glass as he picked it up and set it down again.

"What do you think made us this way?"

"Mother."

"If that's what you believe, you're really back in the closet."

But he believed it. I knew Marty's mother, she was very upright and strong because she never saw what she didn't want to see. When we were living together, any relative would have some questions to ask, but she looked right past us as if we existed someplace else.

Marty said, "You can tell it whatever you want to. It's a cause that influences you at a certain time in your life."

"What did it do to you Marty, what did it do to me?"

"Different things. I never felt any less a man than anyone else. I feel a lot more more masculine than many straight people I know. At least I don't go around questioning myself about it."

My mother brought up four sons and a daughter after my father died. I was about eight when that happened. They always thought I was the brightest. "Save it for Kenny", or "we must save for Kenny's"—whatever the thing of the moment was. I got the education the others had to work for or forget. I never asked for it. I never wanted it. When I was going through college it became hell because I had to do well enough to make it payoff for everybody that put me there. And everybody had to enjoy my life first, before I got a crack at it.

Marty was watching me. I had started to think out loud.

"I cut down my life to a size no one else can fit into."

"How", he looked like he was pulling something out of a hat.

"I could have had a better career. There were offers certainly that would have placed me in line for top billing, or at least thought of by the people who toss money around. I refused a few things, or took something that would hide me from view. People stopped asking. I've been hiding out for years."

"I knew that", Marty had finished his drink, I heard the ice slide to the bottom of the empty glass. "I never knew why you did it though, I thought maybe you were afraid something might show."

"I just wanted to live comfortably without too much effort. No money problems. Do the least for the most."

"Are you expecting sympathy?"

"Not from you. I made what I have to live because there was never anyone to make it mean anything. What's the use of knocking your guts out to get somewhere and when you reach it—who cares? You sure as hell don't. Somebody has to care about it with you—besides your agent."

We were silent, and then Marty got up.

"I think I should get back to Tony and Paul."

He came over to where I was sitting, my hand shielding my naked face from his glare.

"I also think you should get to bed. Right now. Without another drink. Without another thought to make you hate yourself in the morning."

Sure.

I didn't hear from Tony or Paul until sometime in the middle of the week. Tony phoned one evening. He sounded tired, harrassed—the way he does when he's preparing for a concert. Though Paul hadn't mentioned anything to me, and I'm not a concert goer.

"You've got to be here Thursday night at nine."

"That's a little late for dinner", I said.

"If you want dinner stop at the Chuck-Full-O-Nuts across the street before you come up, otherwise pack a box lunch."

"I say, Amy Vanderbilt has gone to your head. All this formality. Seriously, Tony, what's happening?"

"It's pretty bad. Please, I can't even talk about it. Come by Thursday. We need you."

He hung up.

Well I was needed. That's something to look forward to. I arrived a few minutes before nine on Thursday night. I rang the buzzer and waited for a few more minutes. Then the door opened. Paul was standing there looking like someone had died on the premises. I suddenly got a chill. I tried to ransack my mind, if I had done anything offensive at the party.

"Come on in", Paul said.

I entered and even though the entry hallway and rooms beyond were dimly lit, I made out a confusion of piled up furniture and litter. I said nothing and followed Paul through the gloom.

"Watch yourself", he said.

In the library, where all the lights were lit, the wreckage was appalling. Furniture turned over, books spilling from shelves, music sheets scattered everywhere. Tony was sitting at the piano, one hand supporting his head.

"What is all this", I turned and caught a ghastly sight of the Renoir spashed with huge white streaks across the delicate colored surface.

"My God! Your painting."

"It's only shaving cream", Tony said dully from the piano bench, "it's harmless."

"Who did all this?"

"Mother."

I frowned, "What?"

Tony watched me, disgust written on his handsome face. He addressed no one in desperation.

"We're going to have to go through this whole fucking thing everytime somebody comes in here tonight."

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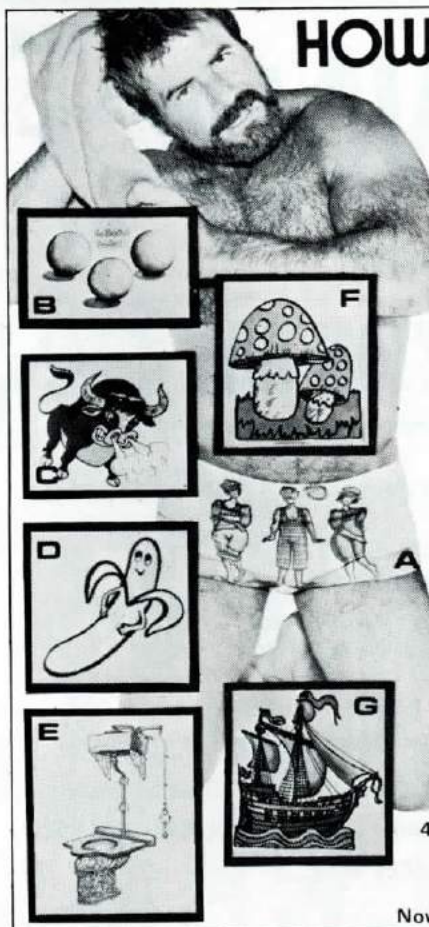
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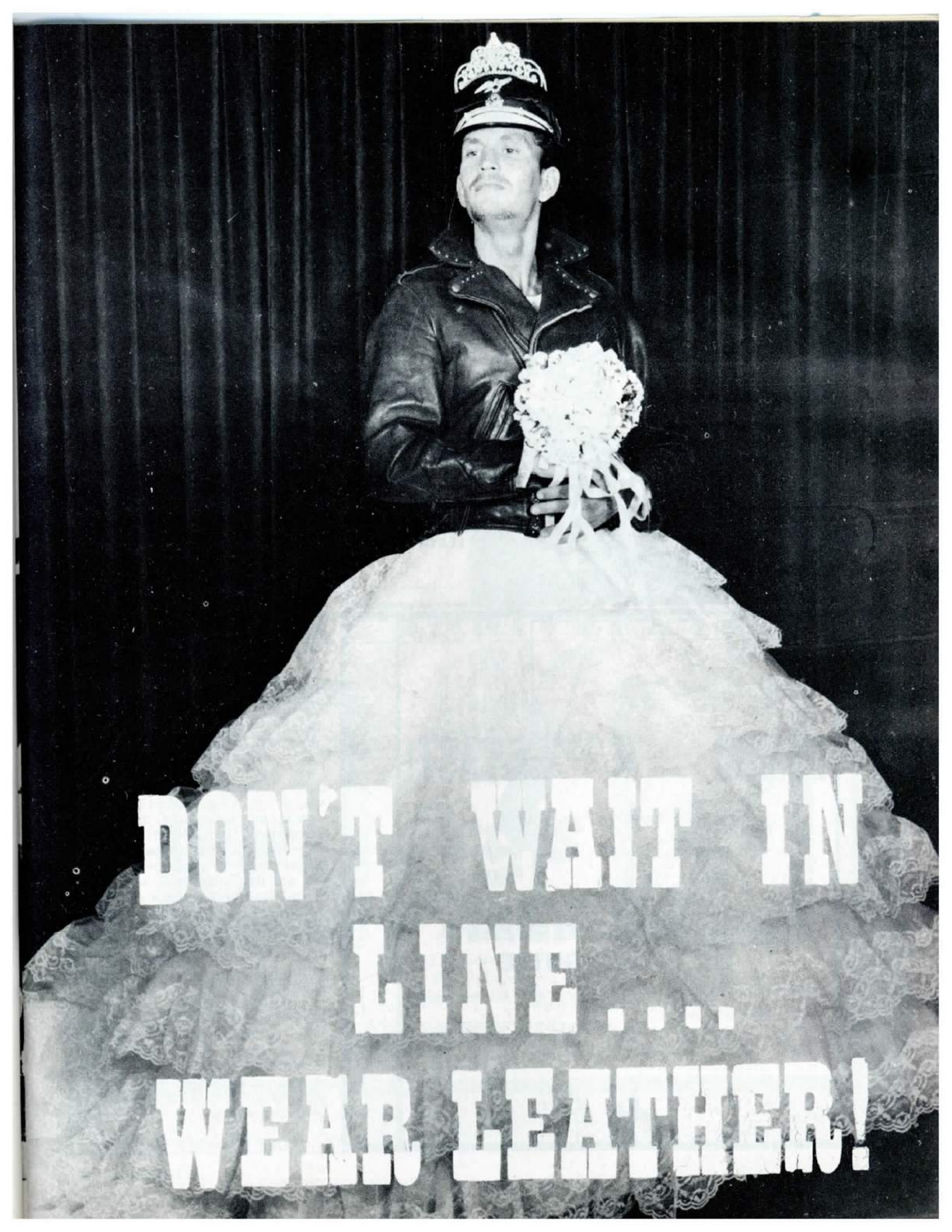
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extortion (from page 65)


tarily, but events reeled; I realized that soon, shortly, I would need to have my passport stamped. I pulled Danny from the car, and still today I can see his shirt tails flying in the air revealing a precious tight coil of dark hair sneaking to his naval. Monsieur, your passport please. I was soon punching him out, and I knew he was letting me masticate him. Gwen, of course, was crying and trying to figure some way to deflate her goddamn brassier. Danny and I continued to roll on the cold asphalt. My body was digging into his and I was aggravated because he was letting me beat him. Digging into my head was the fact that I wanted only passive resistance. Your passport, Monsieur. Quiet and uneventful with great yearnings! But events were weighing anchor and whispering *au revoir*. My mind set sail from the whole noble obligation of defending my sister's virtue on the highschool parking lot to the shower room back at the University. Digging deep into my mind was Danny's nude, powerful body. And midshipman after midshipman carried baskets of fruit to events' stateroom. Stir the waves! Take ship! Hoist blue Peter! *Auf Wiedersehen* was being whispered. Digging deep into my mind was Danny's nude, powerful body—a masculine arbor for a clump of swaying fragrant grapes. And coxswain after coxswain carried cellophane-wrapped baskets of fruit starboard. Spontaneously, I landed a punch cutting Danny's lip with my highschool ring and blood gushed forward. I was on top, beating the hell out of him. We rolled on the February asphalt and I tasted his purple blood....my body dug into bronze and digging into my mind was the categorical imperative that I was in love with him. Good-bye, *bon voyage*, *au revoir*, *auf Wiedersehen*.

While the Runny Nose separated us, I decided to be an existentialist, and Gwen screamed that she would throw herself in front of the yellow school bus preparing to take the winning basket-ball team back to Redbud. I, however, continued to fight fate; I had the existential liberty of choice; I was scared. I drove Gwen and Danny home in silence. While driving my date home, she furrowed her brow and informed me that she took General Psychology and that according to Rosenzweig and Garrick, I was simply overreacting to Danny's advances and overprotecting my sexter because I desperately wanted to sleep with my sibling. Brilliant deduction, Runny Nose! *Reduction ad absurdum*. Runny Nose, however, did not suggest that I could alleviate my frustration by slipping my hand inside her snatch, an idea which I suggested because I had a need to choose, to affirm my-

(continued on opposite page)

A black and white photograph of a man wearing a leather jacket and a crown, holding a bouquet of flowers. He is standing behind a large, ruffled white skirt. The background is dark and textured.

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self, to shake an image from Plato's cave. Instead my date crossed her legs, furrowed her brow, and said, "Do you think we could stop somewhere for a Coke, and are your sister's tits for real?" Epistemologically speaking, snatch or no, I was now an existentialist, choosing to create and recreate myself....but I still had the taste of Danny's blood in my mouth.

As I recall, Danny and I settled our differences by not speaking to each other for a week; and all that week too, I avoided taking a shower when he did. When the next Friday rolled around and Danny went to his ten o'clock class, I gathered my dirty laundry and cut for the weekend, alienated, mutilated, separated, exiled to solitude, but affirming myself, but not a homosexual. Danny was disinherited. I also went home alone the next two weekends. Danny never said anything, but I saw that he was hurt...the inevitable devaluation of ideals, purity, and purpose. When I would return from home on Sunday evenings, Danny was always glad to see me; and once, I remember, his saying that he was lonely. Hell is other people? Funny how such words and things stick with you and at you, especially since life is filled with as many pauses as there are phrases. Mom, who never asked about our altercation, would always pack a snack for us even though Danny got his dinner at the cafeteria. We'd eat cold greasy, fried chicken, devil's food cake, and drink beer that Danny would sneak into the form, and we'd talk of the draft, marijuana, and snatch. And then Danny would suggest that we take a shower. Spinoza be fucked! The more things changed, the more they remain the same. But now I was an existentialist, and this universal absolute made all the difference.

Synthesis. On the following Friday, Danny went to his ten o'clock class and I got ready to go home. I found myself shaving twice, using Danny's razor the second time. I had noticed that he had worn my blue denim jacket that morning. At one-thirty, I decided that Danny should come home for the weekend with me. Welcome home, Prodigal Son. Existentialism and the existentialist, regardless of Sartre, can not exist in a vacuum; both need to be tested in a canvas lounge, and I was the initiate preparing for final vows. Shortly thereafter, Danny walked into the room, and I asked him where in the hell he had been. He replied he had been out buying beer in order to sneak it back into the dorm. I told him that it was late and that the Interstate would be murder. Notice, I never suddenly became ethical and moral and I never told him to keep the shit away from Gwen either. So Danny whooped and hugged me, and we both gathered our dirty laundry and left. The conditions were set.

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NEWS (from page 54)

who found her and advised her for the role. Terese Stevens, a 19 year old singer from London is the girl a lucky fate guided.

She was seen by Hepburn in a rock version of *Carmen* in which Miss Stevens had the title role. Miss Hepburn, you will recall, played *COCO* for Lerner a few seasons back. After auditions, I am sure many, for Lerner, Loewe, director Joe Hardy, choreographer Onna White and producer Edwin Lester, Miss Stevens was signed. *Gigi* was the film from the stage version that brought stardom to Audrey Hepburn. The film won many Oscars for MGM in 1948. Miss Stevens story has familiar tones reminiscent of Julie Andrews. She had been singing publicly since she was 11. While entertaining at her father's friends' restaurant, she caught the attention of agent Sandy Lloyd. Since then she has appeared at the Palladium, cut several records, appeared on major English T.V. shows and starred in stage productions of *The L-Shaped Room* and *The Stiffkey Scnadals*.

She will sing three new songs in the new version of *Gigi* and two from the film.

"Actually we were beginning to despair", said Lester, "The role was most difficult to cast because so few young girls in

their late teens have had the experience required by the role. Gigi must sing, dance and act, and....be able to project the vivacity and innocence of a 16 year old....Terese....at 19....already has a wealth of experience in dtama, revue and T.V."

Miss Stevens will co-star with Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Miara Karnilova and Daniel Massey.



****SPECIAL TO DAVID MAGAZINE; Even before *Gigi* opens in San Francisco, New York Theatre Parties have pre-sold the house to 15 of the most renown charaties. The URIS Theatre, where *Gigi* will play seats 1,000 orchestra; 700 balcony. That's what I call an advance sale worth mentioning and it's only the beginning.

I personally called Edwin Lester in Los Angeles with regard to a young lady I felt was worth considering for the *Gigi* role. Nola Lee. We had photos taken of her as the early school girl and later as the evolved beauty she was to develop into. (see photos)

Opportunity knocks again....this time for a young man. What may be the greatest search for a new discovery since *Gone With The Wind* (isn't that what they all say?) is in the works. A new musical production of *PAL JOEY* is in progress. If you think you are the type or have a friend that may fit the part, please send photos and resumes to me at FOX PLAZA, Suite 2802, San Francisco, California, 94102. Auditions will be scheduled. Joey should be young, attractive, be able to sing and dance but not necessarily tall. The former Joeys were small like Gene Kelley and Harold Long.

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GAY WHEELS

by Joe Merola

You've seen them in *PLAYBOY* and *ESQUIRE*, the ultimate mobile makeout machines—for straights, that is. But gays drive just as much as straights, and in some parts of the country, cars are a major gay cruising accessory. I know one fellow who tricks almost exclusively in the back seat of his Duster, because he rents a furnished room in a straight home on Long Island. So, why not a gay version of amorous locomotion for the Beautiful People? Well hold onto your sticks (shifts, that is), and driving gloves, because here is the first specially designed set of gay wheels—the model KY69!

The car is specifically designed to incorporate features desirable to gays; for

instance, it will be noted, the front end of every KY69 fits snugly into the rear end of other KY69s. A list of features and options follows, and please note that, unlike Detroit, the KY takes into account that there is a wide range of humanity in the gay driving community, and may be personally tailored to its owner.

—The KY is equipped with load levelers which change the attitude of the car's body to clue in other motorists as to the KY owner's sexual preferences. Example: Rear end elevated suggestive for the submissively inclined or, front end up for top men.

—One way glasses on all windows and windshield to keep out prying eyes from

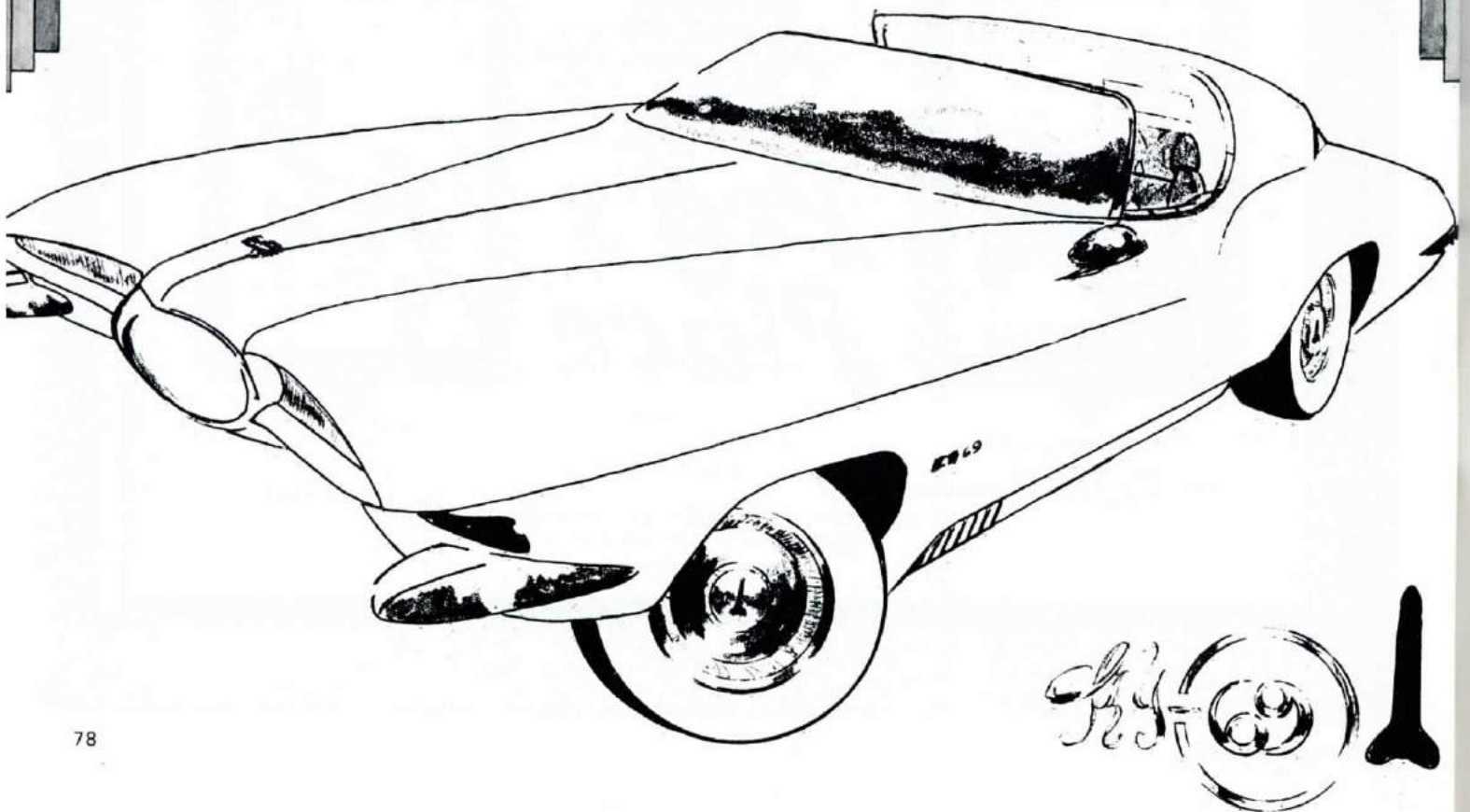
the action occurring inside. This is especially useful in areas where the Boys in Blue are particularly numerous, or unsympathetic. (They're usually just pathetic).

—Available in flashy colors for obvious reasons.

—Automatic Transmission standard. (You want at least one hand free all the time, don't you?)

—Ferrari V12 engine. Some may feel that this is a poor choice because it is a cranky little devil which requires much and frequent tuning, but it does emit a deep, throaty and masculine rumbling that is bound to attract the kind of male

(continued on page 80)



wide throat (from 15)

scribed in strange four letter words (misspelled, but the meaning was clear). Stunned, but panting, I groped, grabbed, heaved, and finally, like the spurts of an erupted volcano, petered out. The silence was deafening.

He turned to me, this stranger of violence and said: "Can you dance?"

I panicked. I'd forgotten my tap shoes! He didn't mind. He wanted me for more than my feet. I'd always heard beauty was only skin deep, but now (without my clothes) I wasn't sure. I wondered about my inner beauty. Was I sensational on the outside and just "OK" within? I shuddered. Once, when I was too young to understand the implications (and the psychological differences), I suffered the beginnings of a pimple. I cried for a week. Remembering about it, I was near tears, when (as though reading my mind), he dropped a hot hand on my nude knee and said: "Your throat's fantastic!"

I breathed easier. I was beautiful everywhere.

Like gay children (sipping the soda pop of life) we frolicked, laughed, (fooled around) and became acquainted. I told him all about myself, except for a few trivialities (name, address, phone). And he responded superbly: "Wanna take a bath?"

As a surfer, I knew he was deeply involved in water. So was I. I never drank scotch without it. Looking around, I was surprised to see three lovely miniature bath tubs lined up against the wall (next to the oversized water fonts). Because I'm the way I am, I knelt and blessed myself in the strangely aromatic liquid (which was sticky). Brushing the flies off, I stood (awed and refreshed) and began hunting for the soap. It hung over the tub in a shiny container (civilization intrudes all places).

His hand played havoc with my body. I giggled. I wanted to sing, but I only knew "Onward Christian Soldiers". "Hey", he said, with a bright smile, "soldiers are all right!" And, of course, I agreed. So I sang. Bits of plaster fell from the ceiling, a crack widened, the mirror broke. Cockroaches scurried across the floor and disappeared. I always wanted to be in show business.

Then, the door opened. A shocking ray of sunlight cut through the misty interior. A man staggered over and a wine bottle slipped out of his hip pocket. It shattered like the fall of glass heart. The symbolism of it (so true to life) brought tears to my eyes, but he interrupted me with a shrug: "Got the time?", he said (wiping his hands in my hair). I didn't. There wasn't a thing in the tub, but me. He shrugged again, and stumbled out, leaving behind old memories, clean hands, and bad wine.

He was biting my toes. His teeth were sharp, but my shoes were tough. I giggled.

Every time I moved soap bubbles floated to the ceiling. He grabbed for them (and me) and each instance he caught one, he brought it back, saying "Wow!" (He said "Wow!" sixty-eight times in nine minutes.) I ran out of soap, he didn't. He sang, in a low voice, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles". I giggled. I didn't know the melody, but the words were familiar (so was he).

I hardly heard the door open or saw the sun sneak in (like an afternoon Peeping Tom). He had a sack over my head and was smoking an unfiltered cigarette. I giggled. A voice wafted in from the corner of the room.

"Hey man, got some stuff? I have to get one on!"

He was a young guy, with casual manners, long hair, and glassy eyes. I already had one on, but I didn't have any stuff, which didn't bother him in the least. He was studying the writing on the wall (most of us don't see it until it's too late). From his intellectual squint, I knew he was a student (he was, a drop out). He chuckled, turned to the mirror and, running a comb through his hair, said, "Keep doin' your thing baby. Right on!" He shuffled to the door, spit in the corner, and vanished. I was so moved, I decided right then to further my education (with a French teacher).

He was blowing in my ear. I giggled. It was a change. I put the sack on his head and kissed him. I felt wicked and wet. The water was making little wrinkles in my skin. I nearly fainted (but when he shoved his foot in my mouth, I gagged). Age is relative (every old man says so). But I once saw a boy who was thirty. I never got over it.

I giggled. He laughed when I sat down to play, but not for long. Smoke got in his eyes (when I dropped a cigarette on his naval). He said, (diving into my thoughts), "Tomorrow's my birthday, wanna lick my frosting?" I was caught with my elbows down. He smiled (like a boy with his first erector set). "I'll be eighteen!" I didn't giggle. I made a mathematical note of our age difference. I kept my mouth shut, for once. He laughed until I bit his toe. He wasn't wearing shoes. I giggled.

The door burst open with the push of a fist. A man and a little boy strode in. "What's that?" the little angel demanded, looking at me. I smiled my most endearing smile (kissing bright). And the father, with less wisdom than wit, said, as though he were stating a fact, "The tooth fairy". The brat took a piss and left.

My thighs ached with passionate longing, the veins in my sensitive throat throbbed. I was hot! The cold water faucet wouldn't work. Steam seared the mir-

(Rhumba continued on page 81)

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outdoor (from page 51)

Homo Heights in Houston, Sodomy Circle in Denver (which also sports Cheseaman Park and the Washington Park pavilion by North Lake) and the Pansy Patch of West Hollywood.

I viewed the Houston action in 1971 from the penthouse bar called the Palace and noted that the lights in the Montrose section were bumper-to-bumper. "The Circuit", as it's inevitably known, includes the streets Lovett, Roseland, Hawthorne, and Stanford. Drive Main to Elgin, turn off onto Stanford one block before Elgin becomes Westheimer. If you want to promenade, take a cab to Hawthorne and Roseland and follow the other pedestrians.

One of the ironies of gay life in Denver is that the heavy car cruising is concentrated on the drive around the State Capitol, which I am told is true of many states. But remember that Colorado junked its old sex laws in July of 1972, and a homosexual is no longer a criminal there *per se*.

Though you hear a lot about cruising Selma Avenue in Hollywood proper, don't try it unless you want to chance being busted. West Hollywood, being technically L.A. County, is a lot looser — and the pedestrians are usually residents looking for a lay, not pay. Your best bets are between Santa Monica and Sunset Boulevard, east and west, and LaCienega and the Beverly Hills border, north and south. DO NOT wander into BH, where even a resident can not legally walk his dog after 10PM! You have to learn how to check drivers, if you're on foot, by the way. I always feign not having heard what was said to me from behind the wheel (if anything), stroll over to the window and say, "Sir?" That turns a lot of people off, but pretending that you're a good deed sort only coming over to give directions can provide insulation and immunization against a too-rash commitment.

I always carry a police whistle with me when I go abroad on foot, and sometimes include a flashlight, which I suppose can double as a tantalizing codpiece!

Since parks, boulevards, beaches, etc., are relative "constants" — while bars, thanks to the fact we don't live in a free society, come and go —, it seems to me a record of the secure and most popular places should provide a fairly lasting service to the gay community. Therefore, given DAVID's willingness to undertake such a project, I'm willing to start amassing a guide to same with your help. Send along information about your local outdoor cruising areas — especially those which are not as (in) famous as those I've just checked off —, along with directions, insights, warnings, and even pertinent or "typical" experiences, and I'll get to work. Photos would be welcome

too. (But if a person is shown, we'd have to have iron-clad permission to run same).

Address the Gay Insider, Box 439, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023, and mark the envelope DAVID: Gay Outdoors. Let's see what we come up with for next issue!

* Please note the author has abandoned his nationally recognized pen name of John Francis Hunter. He explained that when he adopted JFH in Screw in 1969 it was because he was "not liberated enough to face the consequences of writing uninhibitedly about sexual actualities, especially with four letter words."

When he began covering the then-secret gay bar world for Gay in early 1970, he was "somewhat fearful for (his) safety." Things changed rapidly for the better, and though he used his own name when he became an officer of the Gay Activist Alliance/New York in 1970 and a visible leader of the Gay Liberation Movement, he remained "frankly reluctant" to put Hudson as a by-line to the revealing autobiographical pieces and subsequent book published in 1971, The Gay Insider.

"I felt I owed it to friends, roommates, and lovers not to expose them or their preference while unzipping myself", he asserts. However, in freer 1973, he regards persisting in the use of a pseudonym to be "confusing to our people, suggesting I haven't entirely come out, making for a professional/personal schizophrenia."

"I've always called myself by the name that was most comfortable for me at the time and most recognizable to my comrades and readers," he maintains, "but now it's gotten out of hand. I may lose touch with thousands of readers by abandoning the identification they've come to know me by, but in the long run I'll be more content and at ease with myself. So, hereafter in DAVID I'm John Paul Hudson, the Gay Insider. I hope all who've found themselves on the horns of the closet dilemma will be sympathetic." ◀

wheels (from page 78)

who knows how to tune it for you, and might be induced to perform other services once he sees all your equipment.

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Now, then, bet you can't wait to unhook those keys from the left or right side of your belt and trade them in on a set to fit a new KY. Just slip behind the wheel (which, by the way, glides out of the way to facilitate easy entry in tight pants), and start cruising your favorite park or promenade. Well, as soon as the gay equivalent of Howard Hughes starts putting up some bread, we of the KY Automobile Company will stand by our production lines, ready to begin slapping steel together, and mailing out recall slips just like Detroit. 'Til then, happy motoring, no matter what you drive (or push!).

rhumba *(from page 79)*

ror (and me). He wrote his age in it. I slapped him. He squeezed my knees. I giggled. Begging for mercy, I tried to get out of the tub (washbowl he called it). Laughing (like a sailor on leave), he climbed in and rocked the boat (and us). We struggled (in the romantic, sweaty heat), but he won. I gave him the only cigarette in the pack. Then, like the animal all men are, panting, he demanded the matches. I lit his fire. I giggled. He blew smoke down my throat (I threw up.)

Once, when I was broke, hungry and leaning against the door of the Greyhound bus station restroom, a man crept close to me in the dark and whispered, "Wanna buy filthy pictures?" Me? I couldn't believe my ears (or what I was seeing with a flashlight). Pornography. I hid my face and screamed! I didn't have any money, but when the porter came running (and the man disappeared), I was left alone (with the pictures in my pocket). It was a lesson in morals I never forgot. Except once.

We were dancing when the police came. I giggled. My hips swayed sensually to the Latin beat of his hard hands. We made time stand still, and the floor shake.

Plaster fell from the ceiling, mosquitoes played castanets on my back. I was beautiful (and itching).

With the force of forty shoulders (and a riot squad), the door smashed open. I danced, I swayed, I giggled. The room spun like a South American merry-go-round. I grabbed for the brass ring. And got caught in a policeman's zipper.

The sun, (like an over ripe orange on a fruit stand) sank slowly behind a tropical horizon. Palm trees swooned with the coming moon. Bushes breathed in the twilight. Old men belched. As I stepped out, a white dove soared from the branches of the crying trees, landed on my shoulder (and made a mess). All the way to the paddy wagon, with the rush of the ocean in my ears, I knew beyond a reasonable doubt, I had danced my last Rumba in Miami. I giggled.

horace *(from page 17)*

and having the need for security, pondered over his calling in life.

Horace became one of those Godfather type girls. He was forever chipping one of his nails on a pair of brass knucks.

Muggings—they're all alike. A kick here, a kick there. For what? Scuffed shoes? "Will I ever find myself?", he whispered in woe.

CHAPTER ELEVEN PRISON CAN BE FUN

Horace was a model prisoner. He did everything he was told to do plus a few little extras that added to the enjoyment of his cell block. He knitted gun holsters for the guards, pantomimed, "Prisoner of Love" for the warden (which, incidentally, got him an extra four years), and he redecorated his entire cell in Early American. He antiqued the bars, put a wood grain finish on the vanity bowl that sat delicately in the center of the room, and he redid an orange crate in crushed velvet.

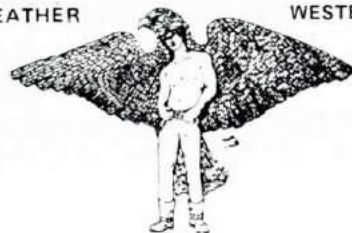
Everyone admired Horace. He won the Sing-Sing cup for Miss Congeniality and constantly stayed on the warden's list.

"He is a peach of a fellow", says fruit consultant and kitchen helper, Moose Malone.

"He is a bug of a nice guy", says roach exterminator, Fingers Gillispie.

It was during a benefit show for underprivileged child molesters. Horace was accidentally struck with a misguided table and six chairs, a box of license plates and fourteen hand crafted billfolds (western style number twelve). Poor little Horace lay breathless, sucking in air, then smelling salts and finally a tangerine peel. "Will he always be like this?". Everyone asked as they crowded around. "Will he always be a red splotchy little clod that eats everything in sight?" They all ran back into their cells.

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(B,D,F,L)

CALIFORNIA

LONG BEACH

THE INQUIRER *

3974 Atlantic Ave.
Open 7 days
(213) 427-9514

JIM'S CORRAL *

2020 E. Artesia Blvd.
Open 7 days Noon to 2AM

THE TRAFFIC JAM *

4663 Long Beach Blvd.
Open 7 days. Pool (B)
(213) 423-9852

BROOM HILDA *

16865 Pacific Coast Highway
(Sunset Beach) Open 7PM to 2AM
(D)
(213) 592-9175

LOS ANGELES (Including Hollywood, N. Hollywood and Valley Areas)

AFTER DARK *

8471 Beverly Blvd. (D,E)
(213) 658-6112

AH-MEN *

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

BITTER END WEST *

8409 Santa Monica Blvd.
Open 3PM to 2AM 7 days (D,E,L)
(213) 654-2804

BUTCH GARDENS *

3037 Sunset Blvd.
Open 6PM till 2AM 7 days
(B,D)

CAESAR'S *

12179 1/2 Ventura Blvd.
(Studio City)
Open 11AM till 2AM 7 days
(213) 769-7568

CARRIAGE TRADE *

8077 Beverly Blvd. at Crescent Heights (L,R)
(415) 653-9337

DAVID'S *

7013 Melrose. Open 5PM till 2AM 7 days. (E,L,R)
(213) 934-5730

DUDE CITY *

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

FALCON'S LAIR *

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

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON *

10937 Burbank Blvd.
(213) 769-9945

GOLIATH'S *

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

GRIFF'S *

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

HAVEN *

5903 Hollywood Blvd. Open 7 days (L)
(213) 467-8657

HAYLOFT *

11818 Ventura Blvd.
(B,E)

LITTLE CAVE *

3111 Sunset Blvd.
Open 4PM till 2AM 7 days (E,L)
(213) 666-9421

LLOYD'S *

739 N. LaBrea Open 11AM till 2AM 7 days (D,E,L,R)
(213) 933-9293

M/B CLUB *

1089 Manzanita Open Mon-Fri 8PM till 4AM, Sat & Sun 4PM till 4AM (BC)
(213) 666-9312

M.C.C. BOOKSTORE *

373 Western Avenue

NEWORLD *

12319 Ventura Blvd. (B,D,E,F)
(213) 769-6695

OUTCAST *

4219 Santa Monica Blvd. Open 7 days (Leather-Western)
Open Mon-Thur 4PM, Fri 3PM Sat & Sun 2PM
(213) 666-9099

PARIS CINEMA *

8163 Santa Monica Blvd.
Open 12 Noon till Midnite (Midnite shows on Fri & Sat)
(213) 656-9106

PARK *

4658 Melrose Open 7 days Mon-Thur 8PM till 2AM, Fri & Sat 8PM till 6AM Sun 2PM till 2AM (D,E)
(213) 660-9857

QUEEN MARY *

12449 Ventura Blvd. Open 7 days (E)
(213) 985-5488 or 769-9481

RIVER CLUB *

3152 Riverside Drive
Open Noon till 2AM (D,L)
(213) 666-9025

SEE-SAW *

7713 Beverly Blvd. Open 7 days 4PM till 2AM from Noon on weekends (B,F)
(213) 931-4568

SERPENT "8" CLUB BATHS *

4109 W. Burbank (Burbank)
Open 24 hours
(213) 843-2311

STABLES *

16575 Pacific Coast Highway (Sunset Beach) Open 7 days (B,D)
(213) 592-1708

T.J.'S *

11940 Ventura Blvd. Open week days 3PM till 2AM Fri & Sat Noon till 4AM (B,D,F)
(213) 980-9678

TRUCK STOP *

13257 Ventura Blvd. (Leather-Western) (B)
(213) 783-9061

VALLI HAUS *

11012 Ventura Blvd. Open 7 days 11AM to 2AM, Sun and Holidays 6PM till 2AM (L,R)
(213) 762-1972

SAN DIEGO

DAVE'S CLUB BATHS *

4969 Santa Monica
(714) 224-9011

DAVE'S FOX & HOUND MOTEL*

4520 E. Mission Bay Drive
(714) 273-2651

DAVE'S PACIFIC SANDS *

445 Ocean Blvd.
(714) 488-6979

SAN FRANCISCO

ADONIS BOOK STORE *

384 Ellis Street Open Noon till 11PM
(415) 474-6995

AFTER DARK *

930 Barton
(D,E,L)

ALLEY CAT *

330 Mason St. (D,E,L)
(415) 982-7968

BAJ *

131 Bay Street (L,R)
(415) 421-1872

BACHELOR'S CLUB *

3481--18th Street (L)
(415) 626-9541 or 864-1855

BATHS *

3244--21st Street Open 24 Hours 7 days (F)

BIG TOWN *

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

BOOT CAMP *

1010 Bryant
(Leather-Western) (L)
(415) 626-0444

BRADLEY'S CORNER *

900 Cole Street (L)
(415) 664-7766

CABARET *

936 Montgomery
(D,E,L)

CLOUD 7 *

2360 Polk Street (L)
(415) 474-9960

CLUB TURKISH BATHS *

132 Turk Street Open 24 Hours
7 days

DAVE'S CLUB BATHS *

100 Broadway (F)
(415) 362-6669

DWIGHT LETCHWORTH, R.E. *

209 Post Street (Electrolysis)
(415) 421-1787

EARLY BIRD *

1723 Polk Street (L)
(415) 776-4162

ECONO-JET MART *

1255 Post Street (Travel Agency)
San Francisco
2437 Durant Avenue
Berkeley
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1501 Folsom St.
(Leather-Western) (L)
(415) 621-9196

FICKLE FOX *

842 Valencia.
Open 5PM to 2AM 7 days (E,L,R)
(415) 826-3373

527 CLUB *

527 Bryant
(Western-Leather) (L,R)
(415) 397-2452

FROLIC ROOM *

141 Mason Street
(E,L)
(415) 775-3598

GOLD STREET *

56 Gold Street Open 7 days
11AM till 2AM (D,E,L,R)
(415) 397-5626

GRAMOPHONE RECORD SHOP *

1338 Polk Street

HAROLD'S BOOK STORE *

Geary & Mason

HANS-OFF *

199 Valencia (E,L)
(415) 863-9652

HAVOC HOUSE *

1548 Polk Street Open 10 AM
till 2AM on Weekdays, 6AM till
2AM on Weekends (D,L)
(415) 441-8413

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1312 Polk Street (E,L)
(415) 885-5300

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(415) 771-5592

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1607 Jackson Street
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Market & Church

KOKPIT *

301 Turk Street (L)
(415) 775-3260

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4079--18th Street
Leather goods
(415) 863-1817

LEATHER FOREVER *

1702 Washington Street
Leather Goods
(415) 885-5773

LE SALON *

1118 Polk Street
Book Store
(415) 673-4492

MATTACHINE MOVIES *

384 Ellis Street (Enter thru Adonis
Book Store)
(415) 474-6995

MINT *

1942 Market Street (L,R)
(415) 861-9373

MISSOURI MULE *

2348 Market Street (L,R)
(415) 626-1163

MISTAKE *

3988--18th Street (L)
(415) 861-1310

NAKED GRAPE *

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

NEW BELL SALOON *

1203 Polk Street (E,L)
(415) 775-6905

NOTHING SPECIAL *

469 Castro Street Open 7 days
Noon till 2AM (L)
(415) 626-5876

NUMBER 3 *

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

ON THE Q.T. *

Polk & Clay Sts.
(E,L,R)
(415) 885-1114

PEG'S PLACE *

4737 Geary Blvd. Open Mon-
Sat 4PM till 2AM Sun 11AM till
2AM Closed Tues. (D,L,R)
(415) 668-5050

POLK GULCH SALOON *

Polk & Post Open 7 days 6AM
till 2AM (L)
(415) 885-2991

P.S. *

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

PURPLE PICKLE *

1223 Market St.
(E,F,L)
(415) 621-0441

RAMROD *

1225 Folsom St.
(Leather-Western) (L)
(415) 621-9196

RENDEZVOUS *

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

ROUND UP *

6th & Folsom
(Leather & Western) (L)
(415) 863-9628

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Open 24 hours. Closed Mon.
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RITCH STREET HEALTH CLUB *

330 Ritch Street
Open 24 Hours Daily
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Turk Street near Market

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Palo Alto (L)

HIVE *

3201 Middleford Rd.
Redwood City
(D,L,R)

LOCKER ROOM *

1957 University Ave.
Palo Alto
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KONA KAI *

3740 El Camino Real
Palo Alto
(L,R)

SAVOY *

20469 Silverado
Cupertino
Open 7 days 2PM till 2AM
(D,E,L,R)
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TINKERS DAMN *

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Santa Clara (D,L,R)

VI'S CLUB DRAKE *

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Fairfax (D,E,L,R)

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GRANDMA'S HOUSE *

135--12th St. (L,R)
(415) 444-9966

RUBY'S *

1800 San Pablo Ave.
(E,L)

SAUSALITO**SAUSALITO INN ***

12 El Portal
(E,L,R)
(415) 332-0577

FLORIDA**DAYTONA BEACH****BULL PEN ***

516 Main Street Open 2PM daily
Restaurant open till 4AM (B,R)
(904) 252-9448

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703 Ridgewood Ave. Open 7 days
(D,E,L)
(904) 255-9177

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709 Main Street Open 24 hours
(904) 252-4160

HOLLYWOOD BAR *

415 Main Street Open 7
days (D,E,L)
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till 2AM (E,D)

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2657 S. Atlantic Ave.
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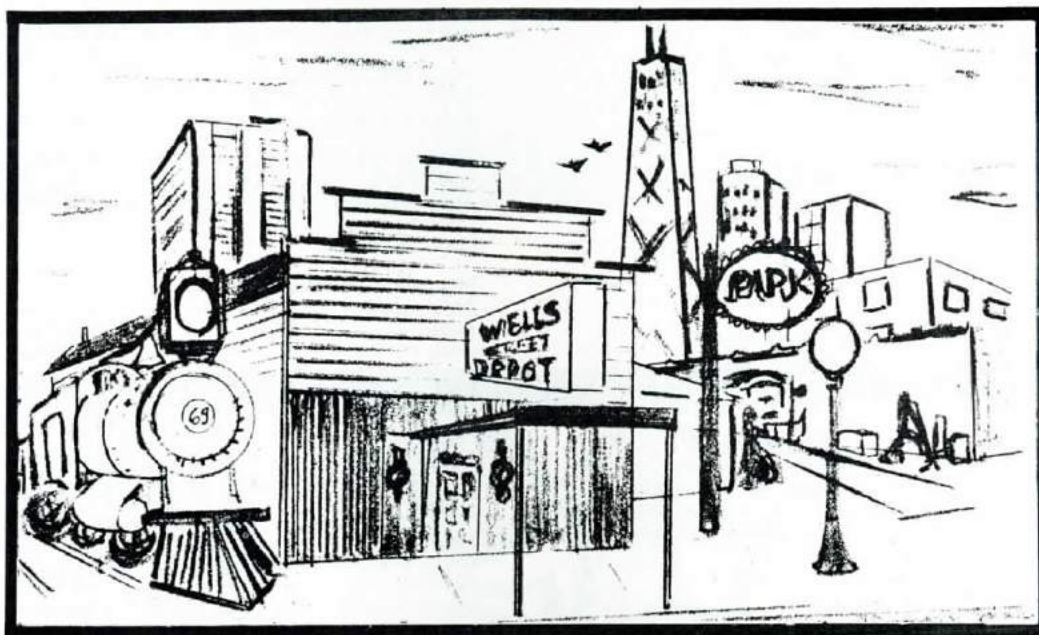
1621 Sunrise Blvd.
Sunrise

ADULT BOOK STORE

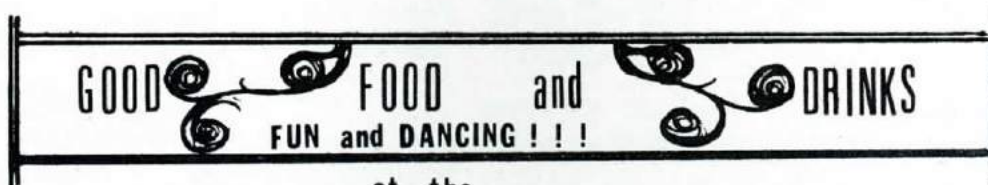
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(305) 584-5070

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1818 E. Sunrise Blvd., (next to Gateway Theater) Open Mon-Sat 8AM till 6PM (R)
(305) 763-4553

THE SALOON *
219½ W. 1st. Avenue
(305) 525-2524

THE TREE *
656 N. Andrews Ave. (corner of Flagler Dr.) Open 7PM till 2AM 7 days (B,D,E)
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"Downtown" Open till 2AM (L)
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TEE JAY'S *
2100 N. Dixie Highway

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B.J.'S REEF *
8606 Phillips Highway
Open 5PM till 2AM 6 days (B,D,E)
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FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS CENTER *
8 E. Bay Street
(904) 353-6060

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8836 Atlantic Blvd.
(B,D,E)
(904) 725-9941

MY LITTLE DUDE *
2952 Roosevelt Blvd. (at College) Open Mon-Sat 8AM till 2AM (B,D,F)
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CROW BAR *
504 N. First St. (B,D)
(904) 249-9297

TOP OF THE TIDES *
411-1st Street Open Sunday nites (B,D,E)
(904) 249-9315

KEY WEST

DELMONICO'S *
218 Duval Open 7 days
Noon till 4AM (D,E,L)
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LAKELAND

LIDO BOOK STORE *
110 E. Main Street

LAKEWORTH

MUSIC BOX LOUNGE *
628 Lake Avenue Open 9AM till 2AM Mon-Sat, Sun 1PM till Midnite (L)
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BACHELOR'S II *
2847 Coral Way
Open 7 days (L,R)
(305) 446-9596

BACHELORS WEST *
820 S.W. 42nd Ave. (entrance behind Mother's) Open 9PM till 5AM (D,L)
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2991 Coral Way
(305) 448-2214

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DANNY'S LITTLE RIVER NEWS *
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231 S.E. 1st Avenue (corner of 3rd St.) (L)
(305) 373-9431

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(Coral Gables) (B)
(305) 444-8713

REGENCY BATHS *
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(305) 379-9249

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AMBASSADOR III
427-22nd St. Open 9PM till 5AM 7 days (D,E,L)
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2753 S.W. 27th Avenue
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MISS KAY & MARIE'S HIDEAWAY *
323-23rd St. (behind Wild Bill's) Open 7 days 5PM till 5AM (D,L)
(305) 531-9158

PIN-UP LOUNGE *
2228 Park Ave. Open 1PM till 5AM 7 days (L)
(305) 531-9301

ORLANDO

ANNEX *
60 N. Orange Ave. Open Mon-Sat 10AM till 2AM (D,E,L)
(305) 422-7290

CACTUS ROOM *
121 N. Bumby Avenue
Open 11AM till 2AM daily
Closed Sunday (D,E,L)
(305) 894-9134

PALACE CLUB *
1000 Humphries St.
Open Wed.-Sun 8PM till ? (B,C,D,E)
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CAROUSEL LOUNGE *
1806 W. Platt Street
Open 7 days till 3AM (D,E,L)
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CLUB TAMPA BATHS *
215 N. 11th Street
(813) 223-5181

HORNY BULL *
1100A Florida Avenue
Open 9PM till 1AM Thurs & Sun
10PM till 5AM Fri & Sat.
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TURF SOUTH *
221 Datura Open 9:30 till 5AM
Mon-Sat 7PM till 5AM Sun. (D,L)
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TURF NORTH *
1901 N. Dixie Hwy. Open Noon till 5AM daily 3PM till 5AM Sun (D,L)
(305) 832-9434

TURF WEST *
823 Belvedere Open nitely 8PM till 3AM Open till 5AM Sat & Sun. Closed Mon (D,L)
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CHATEAU *
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(912) 436-9207

AUGUSTA

PLAYPEN LOUNGE *
619 Ellis Street
(404) 724-9101

ATLANTA

ARMORY *
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Closed on Sun. (D,E,L)
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551 Ponce de Leon Open 3PM
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(404) 876-9339

SWEET GUM HEAD *
2284 Cheshirebridge Rd., N.E.
Open Mon-Sat from 4PM (D,E,L)
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MACON

WE THREE LOUNGE *
434 Cotton Open 4PM till
2AM Mon-Fri 4 till Midnite Sat
Closed Suns. (D,E,L)
(912) 746-9193

WHISTLE STOP *
408 Broadway Open 4PM till
2AM Mon-Fri 4 till Midnite Sat
Closed Suns. (D,L)
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ILLINOIS

CHICAGO

ALAMEDA CLUB *
5210 N. Sheridan Rd. Open
5PM till 4AM Mon-Fri 3PM till
5AM on Sat 3PM till 4AM Sun
(D,L)
(312) 334-6280

BATON *
430 N. Clark St. Open Noon till
4AM Mon-Sun (D,E,L)
(312) 644-5269

BISTRO *
420 Dearborn Street

BROADWAY SAM'S *
5246 N. Broadway Open 7PM till
4AM Mon-Fri 7 till 5 Sat, 4 till 4
on Sun. (D,L)
(312) 878-0202

CANAL BOOKS *
100 South Canal

CLUB BATHS *
609 N. LaSalle
(312) 337-0080

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168 West Burton Place
Open 4PM till 2AM (D,E,L)
(312) 649-9444

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

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119 W. Van Buren

GLORY HOLE *
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Open till 2AM 7 days (D,L)
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LARRY'S BOOK STORE *
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LESLIE'S BOOK STORE
731 N. Clark Street

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(Gold Coast)
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THE LEFT & RIGHT BANK *
2140 Lincoln Park West On the
Park Open 4PM till 4AM
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L-W SALES *
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& Belmont)

NEW RUTHIE'S *
3231 N. Clark Street Open 4PM
till 4AM till 5AM Sat (D,E)
(312) 528-3505

NOCHE de RONDA *
2628 N. Halsted Open 7 days
till 2AM (D,L)
(312) 525-9565

ONTARIO PRESS *
61 W. Ontario

UP NORTH *
6244 N. Western Ave. Open 5PM
till 2AM Mon-Fri till 3AM on
Sat. Noon till 2AM Sun (D,L,R)

PUB LOUNGE *
175 N. Clark Street
(312) 263-2836

TRIP *
Steven Building Arcade (Wabash
Side)
(312) 263-9787

VAN BUREN BOOKS *
72 W. Van Buren St.

WACKER HEALTH CLUB *
674 N. Clark St.
Open 24 hours

WELLS STREET DEPOT *
1321 N. Wells Street
(D,L,R)

WOODEN BARREL PUB *
2336 N. Clark Street (D,L)
(312) 348-9160

EAST ST. LOUIS

RED BULL *
506 Missouri Ave. (across the
river from St. Louis, Mo) Open
5PM till 3:30 AM (D,E)
(618) 274-4965

SPRINGFIELD

CASINO de CASTAWAYS *
2909 N. 31st St. (1¼ miles north
of junction 36-54) Open 1PM
till 1AM
(217) 522-0359

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

INDIANA

HAMMOND

CLUB FAYETTE *
532 Fayette Avenue

INDIANAPOLIS

BETTY K'S *
1808 N. Central Ave. Open 4PM till
3AM Closed Sun. (E,L)
(317) 924-4466

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2150 W. Washington St.

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341 N. Capital
(317) 635-5796

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till 3AM (D,E,L)
(317) 632-0428

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Belknap Hdwe. Bldg) Open 7PM
till 2AM (D,F,L)
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LOUISIANA

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

SHREVEPORT

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157 Jordan
Open 6 days 8PM till 2AM (D,E,L)
(318) 423-9320

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BALTIMORE

EXIT TWO LOUNGE *
282 Main Street (D,L)
(617) 757-9883

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

BOOKLANE *
201 Tremont Street

**ESPLANADE PAPERBACK
BOOKS ***
107 Charles Street

CLUB LaGRANGE BATHS *
4 LaGrange Street
(617) 338-8952

NAPOLEAN CLUB *
52 Piedmont Street Open 7 days
5PM till 2AM (D,E,L)
(617) 338-7547

SPORTIERS *
228 Cambridge (opposite Holiday
Inn) Open Noon till 2AM Sat till
1AM
(617) 338-8827

TWELVE CARVER *
12 Carver (Ramrod Room up-
stairs)
(617) 338-8577

WORCESTER

EXIT TWO *
282 Main Street
(413) 245-7097

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DETROIT

BOOKIE'S *
(Frank Cagan's)
870 McNicholes (D,L,R)
(313) 862-0877

CLUB DETROIT BATHS *
7646 Woodward
(313) 875-5536

CONQUEST *
1500 E. State Fair (D,E,L)
(313) 891-9759

DON'S BEEF & ALE LOUNGE *
950 W. McNichols (D,F,L)

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till 2AM (D,E,L)
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124 W. State Fair
(313) 892-6330

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17436 Woodward Ave. Open
8AM till 2AM (F,L)
(313) 956-8326

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6426 Woodward Ave. Open
8AM till 2AM (D,L)

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At Pier 1 Restaurant
514 Shelby St. Open 5PM till ?
Tue. - Sat. (L,R)
(313) 961-6108 or 961-1132

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19 West 39th Street
(816) 561-4664

ST. LOUIS

CLUB ST. LOUIS BATHS *
600 N. Kings Hwy
(314) 367-3163

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HOUSE ***
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6AM 7 days (D,F)
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Euclid & McPherson Open 3PM
till 1:30 AM (D,L)
(314) 361-9203

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719 N. 6th St. (across from bus
station) (F,L)
(314) 421-7052

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OMAHA

DIAMOND BAR *
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1AM Mon - Sat Sun Noon till
1AM
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LAS VEGAS

LE CAFE *
4917 Paradise Road Open 24
hours 7 days (D,E,F,L)
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1317 E. Tropicana Open 24
hours 7 days (D,F,L)
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VEGAS CLUB BATHS *
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CLUB NORTH BATHS *
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BEAU GESTE *
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CLUB BATHS *
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(D,F,L)

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3PM till 2:30 AM Sun 8PM till
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2:30 AM Sun 3PM till 2:30 AM
(D,L)
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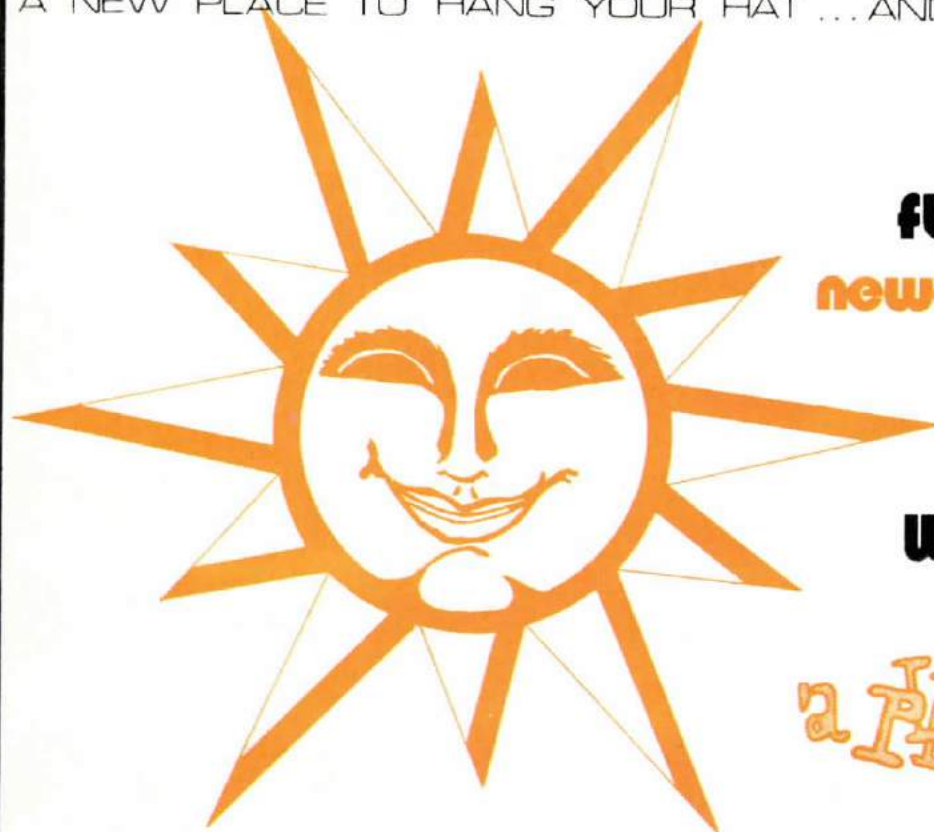
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(D,L)
(215) 545-9779

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2AM Mon-Sat Closed Sun (D,L)
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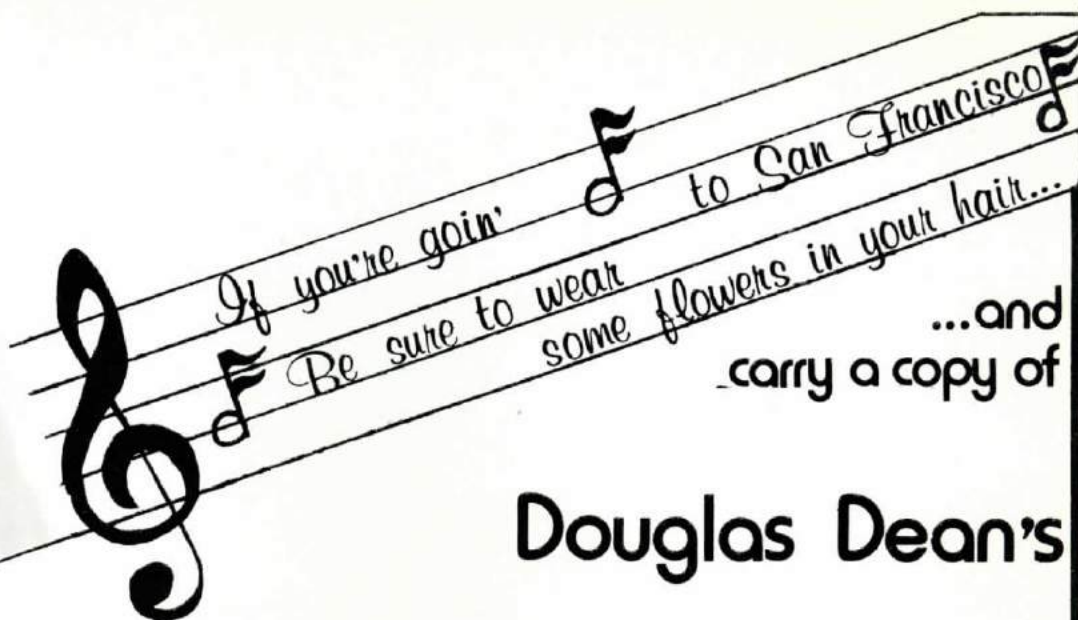
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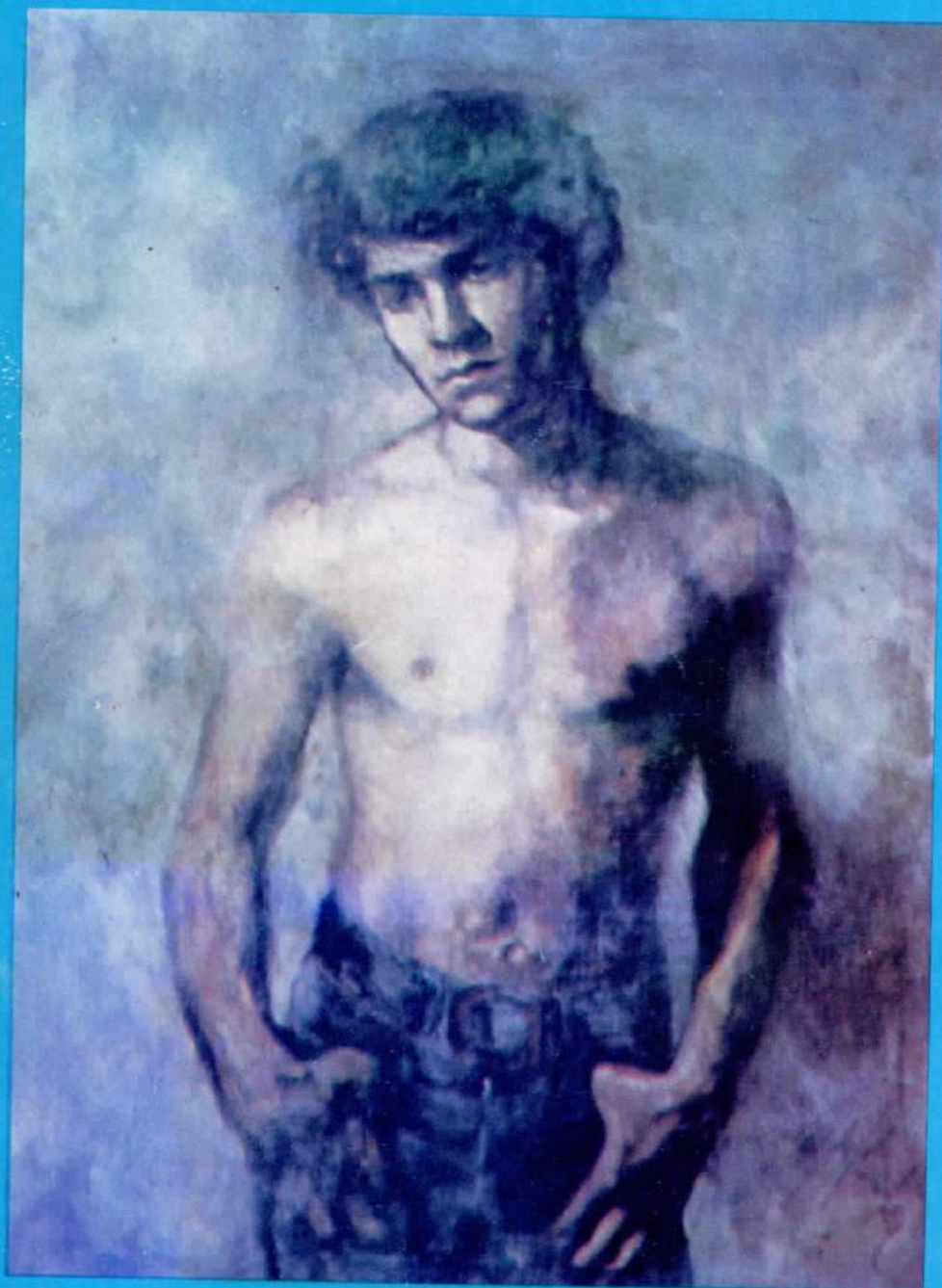
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