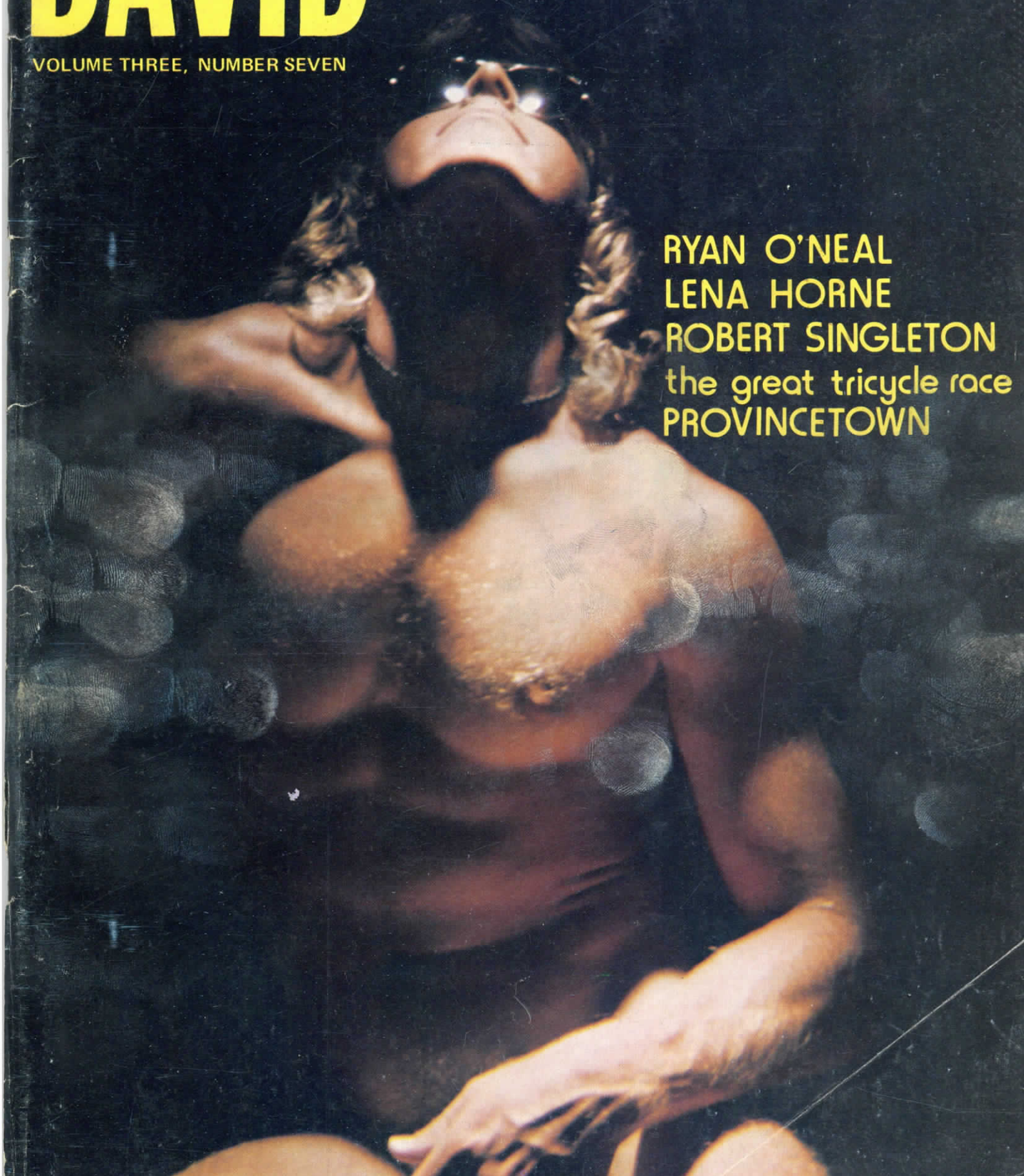


DAVID

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER SEVEN

ONE DOLLAR

RYAN O'NEAL
LENA HORNE
ROBERT SINGLETON
the great tricycle race
PROVINCETOWN



FOR THE GOOD TIMES..
plan to spend the weekend with us
at the

Hotel St. George

51 CLARK STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, 11201

and enjoy the

(details on pg. 9)

MR DAVID contest and the
MISS DAVID pageant

AUGUST 10th. 11th & 12th



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.....
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.

Hotel St. George

51 CLARK STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, 11201

(212) MA4-5000

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.....

SAVE \$\$ Buy your tickets in advance!

Don't wait until you get there---tickets \$7.00 at the door!!

Please send me.....ticket(s) for the MISS DAVID PAGEANT--August 11, 1973-- at \$5.00 each.

Please send me.....ticket(s) for the MR. DAVID CONTEST--August 12, 1973-- at \$5.00 each.

THE MISS DAVID PAGEANT
THE MR. DAVID CONTEST

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

Please make checks or money orders payable to David Publications. SEND to DAVID, P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville, Florida. 32207 by August 1, 1973.

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BACK COVER BY TEE JAY JOHNSTON

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STAFF: Editor in Chief - Henry C. Godley; Managing Editor - Mark W. Riley
Office Manager - David F. Jones; Art Director - Daniel R. Thigpen;
Circulation Manager - Lynne Waller; Staff writer and theatre critic Chicago
Area - Fred Alexson; Staff writers - Jerry Fitzpatrick, New York; R.C. Val-
larian, Miami; Mr. Marcus, Douglas Dean, Gene Arceri, San Francisco.,
Staff Photographers; David Vance, Miami; Tee Jay Johnston, Ft. Lauder-
dale; Roy Blakey, New York; Eddie Van, San Francisco; Pat Rocco, Los
Angeles.

HOME OFFICE:

9876 Atlantic Boulevard., Jacksonville, Florida, 32211 ..(904) 724-0388

CHICAGO REPRESENTATIVE:

Fred Alexson, 2034 N. Clifton. Chicago. Illinois, 60614..(312) 472-9206

NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE:

Jerry Fitzpatrick, 202 E. 22nd St. N.Y.C., N.Y.,.....(212) 673-8044

SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE:

Eddie Van, 4200 20th st., San Francisco, Calif, 94114...(415) 864-5710

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NAME

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CITY STATE ZIP

**JOHNNY
LION**

HOTEL

and the

ST. GEORGE

51 Clark Street
Brooklyn Heights, New York
(212) 624 - 5000 (Ext. D-206)

**welcome you to New York
and the event of the year.**

WE ARE PLEASED AND PROUD TO PRESENT

IN OUR GRAND BALLROOM

The Miss DAVID PAGEANT

AUGUST 11, 1973

and

The Mr. DAVID CONTEST

AUGUST 12, 1973

ENJOY YOUR STAY AT THE ST. GEORGE

and thrill to the view from the
STARLIGHT ROOM

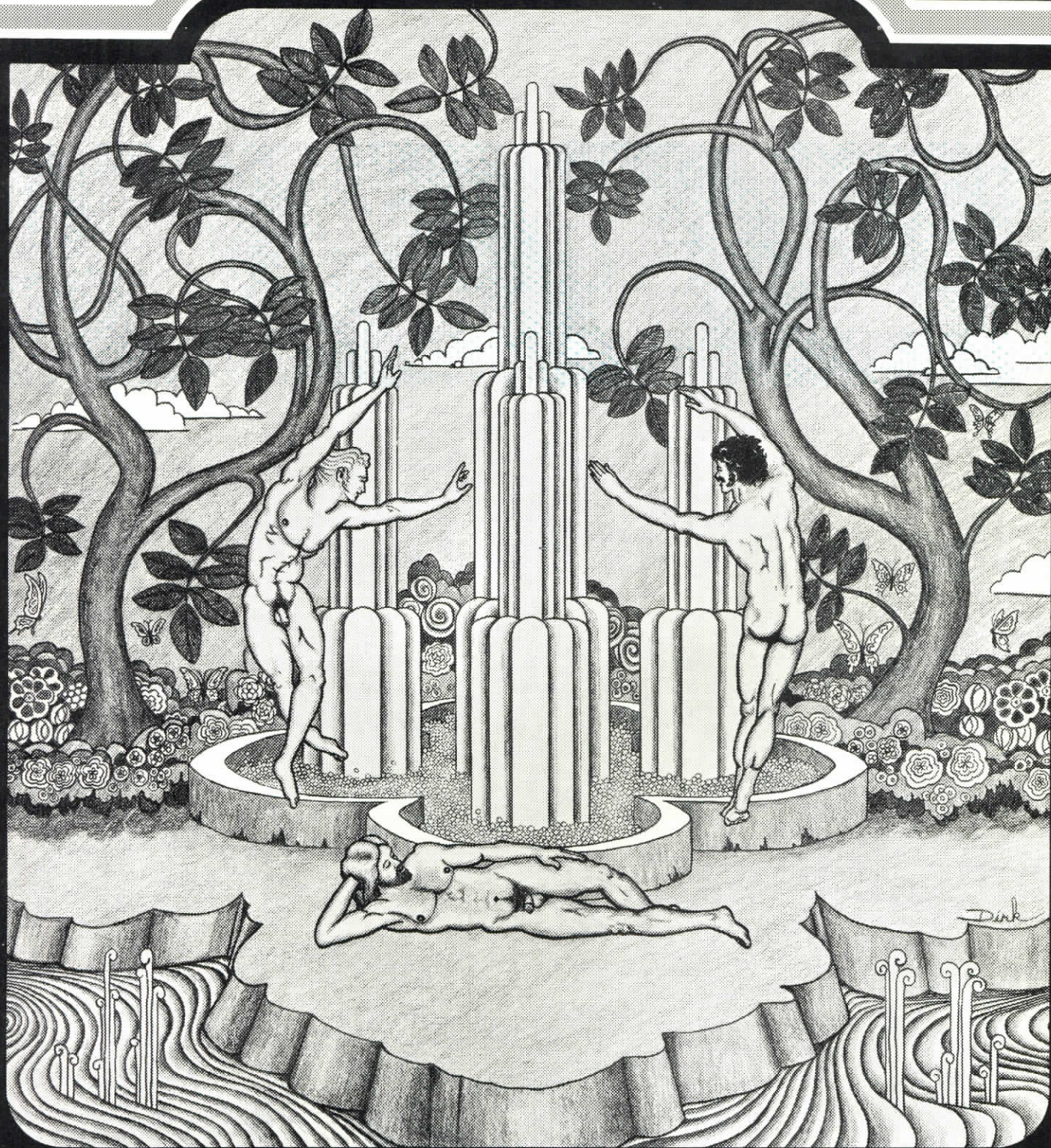
pick a winner in New York's largest cruise bar
LION'S CAFE LOUNGE

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GODFATHER ROOM (dancing, of course!)

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COMPLETE GYM, INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

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EGYPTIAN SUNDECK





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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear DAVID,

I wish to use this medium, by way of DAVID's readers to say thank you, to those who replied to my letter to DAVID Magazine. I received many letters covering an area of eight states. I am at present engaged to one guy who wrote. I would also like to show my disappointment to the G.A.A. and the G.L.F. in Atlanta for not replying to the letters I wrote seeking information on Laws vs. Homosexuality. I offered to assist in any way I could, but my offer seems at present to be rejected. I'd like to know one thing, are the Gay Activist and Gay Lib movements just a front for social gathering and so forth. I feel that the Gay men and women of Georgia and every other state are being let down by Organizations who claim to fight for our rights, but nothing ever shows. We can and shall overcome this present day battle against us. But only if we bind ourselves together in Unity and Love for one cause, to Fight for Freedom, then we can truly hold our head up as a proud Gay and say that we will not allow the shackles of society to put us down ever again. So let's put our shoulder to the wheel and really get to know how it feels to be a free Homosexual.

Mr. Jimmie Adams
Homerville, Ga.

Dear DAVID;

On March 4, 1973, I went with two friends, to a gay bar in Birmingham, Alabama. After we were seated, I played some songs on the juke box and returned to my chair, in which, at this time, a dear friend was sitting. I leaned toward her and touched her shoulder in greeting. She called my name, put her arms around me, and began crying as she asked if I were mad at her as we had been out of contact with each other, and went on to describe personal traumatic experiences she had undergone since we had last met. My response was to embrace her in return and to kiss her lips when she indicated that this act on my part was desired. During this exchange, I knelt beside her chair and rocked her in my arms. As she became more calm, I got up and sat on the edge of her chair. We then went to the dance floor and danced to slow rhythmic music and returned to our table at which time she explained that she had to meet other friends who were expecting her. About 15 minutes later, an Officer of the Vice Squad came to my table, showed me his badge, and told me to come outside with him. As we walked down the street, he informed me that I was under arrest, and in answer to my inquiry as to the charge, he replied, "Disorderly conduct". My friend was sitting in the police car, and as he opened the door, the Vice

Squad Officer grasped my arm and pushed me into the back seat, saying, "Now ya'll finish what you were doing inside." Nora was crying again and hysterical with fear and panic - reciting passages from the Bible and pleading with the Vice Officer for a show of mercy and human compassion. Her reaction was that of a person whose head is in a guillotine, which, indeed, it was. The Vice Officer responded with "Shut up, bitch" and other derogatory remarks.

Our trial was held on March 14, 1973. The Vice Officer testified that in this dimly lit Gay Bar, he could see clearly that each of us was caressing the other's genital areas and breasts and that he could see both of our "crotches" (sic) from where he was sitting, even though my back was toward him. My friend, myself, and the two witnesses present at the trial testified that no "sexual" touching occurred during this encounter, and for my part this omission was due to the fact that my friend did not indicate to me that such an action was needed in the immediate situation. Despite the fact that the Vice Officer contradicted himself in his testimony as regards to our positions in space in relation to him and his later saying that his view of us was of our respective fronts, the judge found us guilty, fining us \$100.00 each.

We are presently on Appeal Bond.

What would a representative of the Establishment consider to be "wrong" in our actions on this occasion?

One of the numerous reasons that Gay persons are considered to be "outlaws" by the heterosexual power structure is that we hold true to experienced reality rather than taught reality, and this becomes significantly a threat to the Establishment when the experienced reality that we act on is in opposition to taught reality. We are taught to limit our overt behavior to that which is simplistically "reasonable" to the outside observer, and under this norm rule, the outside observer is allowed to judge us only on the basis of what is apparent to him and subject to the limitations of his interpretational understanding. In this case I comforted another woman rather than reprimanding her for showing human feeling in the presence of others, and without regard to how it might look to a person who would fail to attribute intelligence and interpersonal caring to our relationship.

Secondly, due to my conviction that sex role expectations place severe limits on our human and humane growth potential, and particularly on that of women, I dress in such a way as to appear neither distinctively male nor distinctively female. This might be correctly acknowledged as a threat to the hierarchical power structure in which the male power group benefits from the subjugation of the female group, including those males who identify with women. This sex roleless appearance

might also indicate to a representative of the Establishment that I am, quite assuredly, Lesbian, offering myself to women rather than to men, and allowing my behavior to be influenced exclusively by the needs of women rather than those of men.

Who was victimized by our actions? The Gay bars in Birmingham, Alabama, are the only community centers we have, we use them primarily for communal sharing of experiences and communications headquarters. Although we have been exposed to and have been to some extent corrupted by heterosexual role patterns, we do not, on the whole, adhere to the rigid requirements of conduct found in "straight" bars as we feel that this rigidity is the result of guilt arising from the exploitation and oppression of the Female Principle in women and men that pervades heterosexual behavior. No Gay person is in the least disturbed by the show of affection and caring and mutual eroticism between/among persons. Furthermore, we feel deeply that any relationship involving mutual tenderness and caring should, now more than ever in these trying times for all humanity, be respected and supported by the community called the world. Every once in a while, and almost exclusively among Gay persons, love and the human feeling of one person for another, that is, the feeling of warmth which happens spontaneously, of itself, and which therefore cannot be made to happen or socially determined or used for any purpose beyond itself, wins over the power structure concocted of money, prestige, and security which dictates relationships by inbreeding and perpetuating fear and insecurity in the disadvantaged group, and to the extent that tenderness and human interconnectedness wins over the power structure dictated relationships, humanity is alive; to the extent that power relationships are chosen over those of mutual feeling, we are dead.

It would seem, then, that the Vice Officer was the only person "disordered" by our conduct, and it is outrageous that Gay persons in Birmingham are at the mercy of this man who has willingly stunted his own personal growth, and yet has the power necessary to imprison us, and who in fact uses this power mercilessly, consciously ignoring the fact that he does have an alternative which would be beneficial to him - that of learnign from us. On the day of our trial, we witnessed the trial of another woman this same Vice Officer had arrested for prostitution, who had had a heart attack upon being taken to jail and was hospitalized at the cost to her of \$2,100.00. We heard the judge tell her, "We'll forget it if you will".

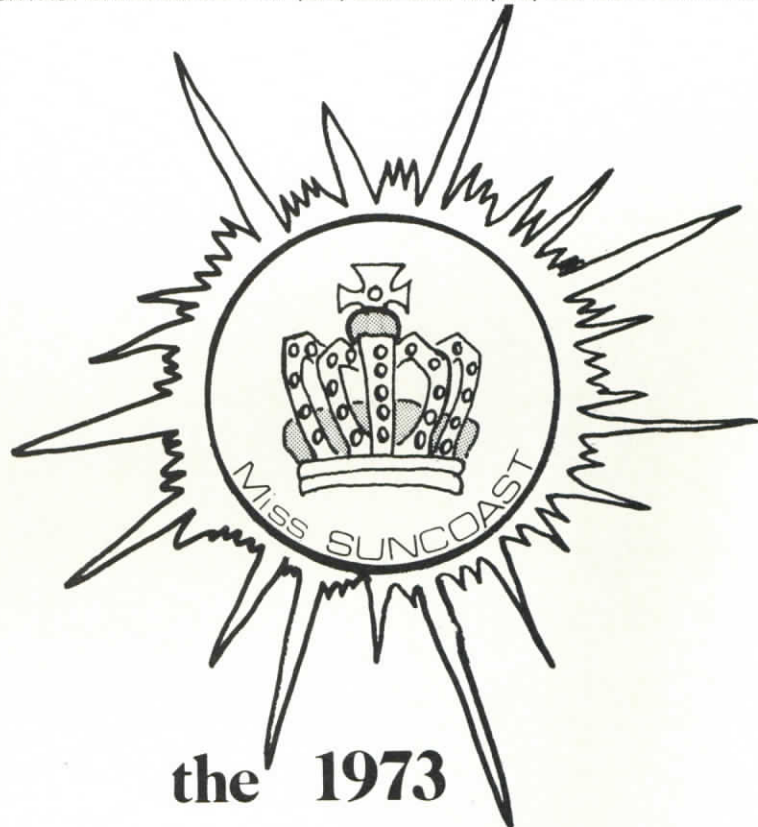
The Gay persons in Birmingham feel that Officers of the Law should be available to us in the event of aggressive behavior on the part of one person toward another if we ourselves were unable to equalize the situation, and the Gay community would be willing to contribute money to aid in the growth of a fair, just city called Birmingham, but we can only consider this method of making money for the city via the Vice Squad's continual harassive theft totally despicable.

This letter has been written in the hope of promoting a communication system among Gay persons, and for the purpose of requesting advice and comments. Our next trial date has not yet been set, but it will be a trial by jury. Due to the political and socio-economic oppression of homosexual women and men, we expect the jury to be heterosexual. It seems to me that it would take a miracle to be found to be Lesbian AND not guilty by a heterosexual jury, but I intend to use this opportunity for the purpose of speaking as many words as I can relating to homosexual oppression and philosophy. Please help us by sending your thoughts to:

Freddie Creed
1627 - 16th Avenue South
Birmingham, Alabama 35205

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Miss SUNCOAST PAGEANT

on stage at

THE HORNY BULL

100 Florida Ave.

TAMPA, FLORIDA

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 10 pm

CRAIG RUSSELL TO EMCEE THE MR DAVID CONTEST !

As the big date rolls near, we are very pleased to make the announcement that MR. CRAIG RUSSELL will be in New York to emcee the MR. DAVID CONTEST this year.

We spotted Mr. Russell at Caesar's in Los Angeles recently playing to a standing room only crowd and decided then that this master of impressions MUST add his talents to the fantastic weekend we have planned August 10, 11, and 12.

Can you imagine having TALLULAH BANKHEAD introduce the grooviest guys in the nation as they appear on stage for their first judging?

For the second judging the likeness of CAROL CHANNING will entertain you briefly before she introduces the contestants for the second judging.

After the intermission, JUDY GARLAND takes the floor to introduce the remainder of the contestants in the second judging.

For the capper, to introduce the contestants in the bathing suit competition is Mr. Russell's incomparable MAE WEST. Need we say more?

As BARBRA STRIESAND would say, "FaaanTASTIC !"

For the MISS DAVID PAGEANT, final arrangements are being made to have two of COLT STUDIOS' models emcee the show. As you already know COLT Studios have long been recognized as being the studio that handles MEN ONLY and have produced such stars as Jim Cassidy, Dakota, Stoner and DAVID Covermen, Erron (vol 3 no.4) and Stacey (vol 3 no. 5 and 6).

One of New York's most loved personalities, MR. WALTER KENT has consented to assist us by helping to judge the contests.

Entries from California, Texas, Michigan, Florida and Georgia have already been received for both contests. Bar owners and other well-known personalities in the gay scene from all over the country have already made arrangements to join in on the festivities for the weekend.

JOHNNY LION, one of the owners of the HOTEL ST. GEORGE, has many times said, "It's time gay people stuck together and stopped ripping each other off" and intends to PROVE it by NOT raising drink prices above their normal low rates throughout this affair.

INFORMATION for the CONTESTANTS

THE MR. DAVID CONTEST

Saturday, August 11, 1973

All contestants will meet at the Hotel St. George in the Godfather Room at 1 pm for pictures and rehearsal. The pictures will be taken on the Egyptian Sundeck (with the New York Skyline in the background) for publication in the Sep-



THE MISS DAVID PAGEANT

tember edition of DAVID. Any further instructions concerning the contest will be given at that time.

The first judging at the contest will be in levi's and a DAVID T-shirt or tank top (The shirts will be supplied by DAVID).

The second judging will be in a "Wear your own thing" outfit. The contestants wear whatever they feel will impress the judges the most. During this phase you will be judged on your personality as well as appearance. Questions will be asked during this phase (if you have any special talent such as singing, dancing, weightlifting, painting display etc. you will be given a maximum of 5 minutes to display. It should be pointed out at this point that TALENT IS NOT NECESSARY to win the contest. It is merely presented as a method of discovering as much of the contestants personality as possible in a short period of time.)

The contestants will return for the third appearance in a WHITE bathing suit. The suit may be any style the contestant chooses, but must be solid white in color.

The contestants will return again in their bathing suits for the crowning ceremonies

All contestants will meet at the Hotel St. George in the Godfather Room at 3 pm for rehearsal. Pictures of all contestants for publication in the September issue of DAVID will be taken in evening gowns at 7 pm, Saturday evening before the pageant. Further instructions concerning the pageant will be given during the rehearsal.

The first appearance will be in evening gowns; the second in a "Wear your own thing outfit" to give contestants complete self-expression.

Third appearance is for the talent phase. Contestants are permitted a maximum of 6 minutes each for their numbers. Props are permitted. If "live" props are used, they must not dance, mime, etc. as they then become part of an act or group.

If recordings are to be used, they must be submitted by 3 pm at rehearsal on a first-come basis. There will be no repetition of numbers.

Contestants will appear for the 4th parade in Bathing Suits. Any style, and any color is permissible.

The final parade will be in evening gowns again for the crowning ceremonies.

looking around

Contests are very much in the scene recently as preparation for the MR. DAVID and MISS DAVID Contests to be held in New York this August.

The Cove in Atlanta recently held its first MR COVE contest and selected Steve Adams (below right) as the winner. First runner-up was Tim Priegel (center) and 2nd runner-up was Ted Stevenson (below left).

Although Steve won the Cove's expense-paid trip to New York, we understand all three winners will be appearing in the MR. DAVID Contest.

The show was very ably emceed by

Tony Romano, the Cove's hunky singing Disc-Jockey and La Vita Allen, Miss Cove with La Vita up to her usual quick-witted sense of humor.

The photo on the bottom of the opposite page is the winner of the MR. BAYOU LANDING contest in Dallas, Texas, Mr. Bill Kaylor. We're told Bill is a successful automobile salesman and will be in New York as well to contend for the MR. DAVID title this year.

On the opposite page at top, the new MISS GAY AMERICA, Lady Baronessa relaxes before a show at the Sweet Gum Head in Atlanta with Glen Beckham,

owner of Atlanta's Club III (also seated - left) and Frank Wright of the Club Hollywood in Daytona (seated-center). Standing are (left to right); the colorful owner of the Cove, Frank Powell; Roski Fernandez, first runner-up in the MISS GAY AMERICA PAGEANT; and Warren Bice, Club III co-owner.

The Club III is fairly new to Atlanta but it's caught on fast. The bar downstairs is tastefully decorated with what appears to be hundreds of live plants with a glassed in patio area giving the whole place a refreshing "open-air" feeling. The restaurant is upstairs and offers, aside from good food and service, a constantly changing decor as the walls are covered with contemporary paintings by local artists that are sold almost as soon as they are displayed.

NOTES FROM HANK'S DESK

Would anybody tell Howard Hughes to call Hank collect? It's very important.

Jimmy, one of the very popular bartenders at the Carriage Trade in Los Angeles wants to say "Hi" to everyone in Provincetown and ~~also~~ advise them that he will be there for some sand duning and shade pulling.

Sunday Brunches are very popular in L.A. The Valli Haus on Ventura Boulevard has a very large open air patio with colorful umbrellas and gets a very sharp (smart) ~~pose~~ group. There is ample parking and their florist shop called the Cable Car, is conveniently located so you can give flowers to the lover of your choice. Tell John that Hank sent you and I'm sure you'll get a fresh pansy.

The very popular Craig Russell will return to L.A. from Cabaret in San Francisco for a one week engagement at Caesar's before starting a nationwide tour with stops at the Warehouse 8 in Miami, Sweet Gum Head in Atlanta and the Baton in Chicago on his way to emcee the Mr. DAVID bash.

We hear that Buddy of the Groovy River Club in L.A. has been nominated Bar Manager of the year. I think he definitely should be the winner. The bar has something for everyone's taste. It's been there for about eight years and has a very comfortable atmosphere with bartenders to match. It's located two blocks from Griffith Park with it's rock groups on Sunday, great Zoo, etc. Next month we hope to have some photos of Frank and other friendly people who work at the River Club.

Speaking of photos .This is a glorious time of the year for California. People are flocking (?) to the beaches. Maybe we can throw in a picture or two of



the biggest Queen in California (Mary at Long Beach) and shots of a muscle or two at Muscle Beach.

THE SAN FRANCISCO PENINSULA

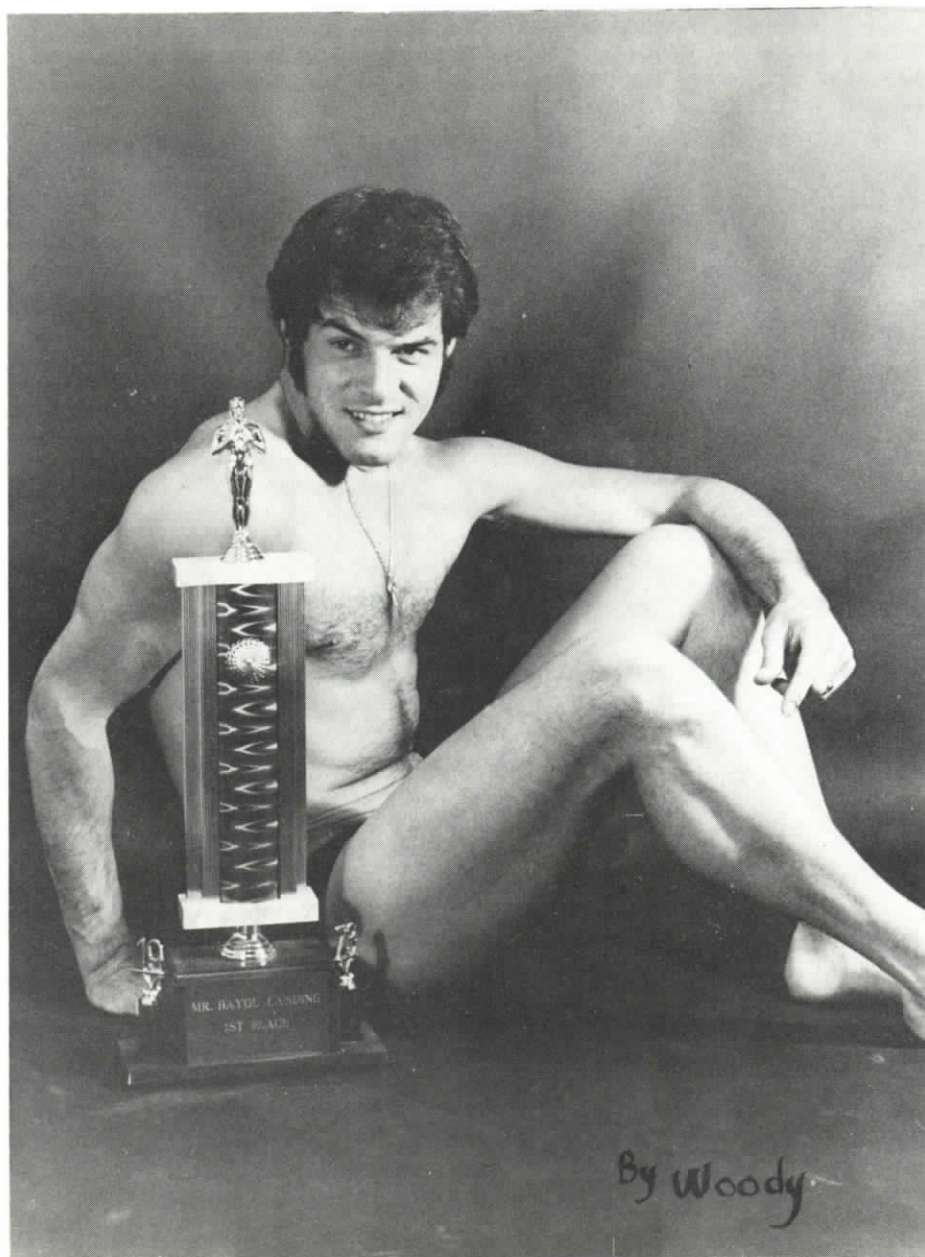
—BY STORM SHIM

We of the San Francisco Peninsula would like to thank the publishers for asking us to contribute to DAVID Magazine. The Peninsula is a unique area in that gay guys, gals and straights work and socialize together. Here is a casual environment for all interests. We have Gay People's Union at Stanford University (recently the recipient of a federal grant). There is also a chapter of the Metropolitan Community Church. The Peninsula houses numerous gay establishments, among them many bars, baths and fine restaurants, which belong to the Peninsula Guild—an organization of gay business owners and other involved members of the gay community. This guild sponsors, among other things, a royal court and a Mister and Miss Peninsula Title. All of the above-mentioned groups, clubs and organization work together for the gay community as well as contributing to many charitable organizations not directly related to gay life. As an example of the Peninsula's community cooperation, we recently held a benefit to help pay the medical expenses of a girl injured in one of our bars. Our local talent, led by Charles Pierce, entertained a crowd of 500 people at Foothill College in Cupertino.

For a brief rundown of the local scene, we have our bars: The Tinker's Dam, the Locker Room, and The Gardens are the butch hangouts. For good food, try lobster at the Savoy, stuffed pork chops at the Cruiser, and fantastic brunches at the Kona-Kai. For mixed crowds, there are the Bayou Lounge and the Harbor. For girls, there is the Beer Hive. Many of these bars have dancing and entertainment. For the after-hours steam fan, the community supports the Bachelor Quarters and Fred's Health Club.

All in all, the Peninsula is well-rounded in gay living. We also try to take an interest in problems of other gay communities. Recently, the Peninsula received a request to assist the Gay Freedom Movement in Norfolk, Virginia in fighting the Virginia Supreme Court over an unjust law. It seems the Virginia law forbids an establishment to employ or allow gay people to assemble. In response to this plea, the guild decided to sponsor a 26-mile bicycle race from the north to the south of the Peninsula. Proceeds will be forwarded to the Gay Freedom Movement of Tidewater. We have found this sort of participation in public affairs to be very rewarding.

In closing we would like to extend a hearty welcome to those passing our way. We think you will find the Peninsula a very warm and friendly community.



By Woody

FLORIDA

Looking for someplace to take that special someone? The Bachelor's II could be that place. The Bachelor's II has an outstanding restaurant. The food is great, the prices are right and the members of the staff are friendly and efficient without being pushy. There is live entertainment that can be enjoyed in the restaurant or the downstairs bar. The bartender downstairs, Dennis, has beautiful brown eyes and serves up a fine drink. The bar upstairs is intimate, cruisy with Mr. Personality, Comer keeping things moving behind the bar. He'll make you feel right at home.

There's another Bachelor in town. The Bachelor's West located at S.W. 8th and LeJeune Road. Its above the Aquarius Bar and the entrance is in the rear off the parking lot. The Bachelor's West is a small bar with lots of atmosphere. There is a

small dance floor with lots of action and two bartenders, Chuck and Michael have a lot on the ball. Its a fun place, try it, you'll like it.

We were all sorry to hear about the fire that put Torchy Lane's Cabaret out of business. It was a beautiful bar with a beautiful show full of beautiful and talented people. Torchy is taking this twist of fate as an opportunity to delve into another of her many talents, art, which she is very good at. Tracy Leigh is busy getting a wardrobe back together. Noly has moved to San Francisco to work with Michael Greer. Mikey Martin and Scagnolia have moved to the Warehouse 8. Tiffany Jones, who heads the show at the Warehouse 8 is beginning to pull the show together and its looking real good. Another new member of that show is Josephine Baker, tall, tan, and tantalizing.

She brings the house down everytime she goes on stage. We won't be surprised if she shows up at the Miss DAVID Pageant in August.

The Club Miami on Coral Way in Miami has been coming up with new attractions for your enjoyment. The big event on the agenda is a "Membership Contest". The grand prize is a trip to New York to see the Mr. & Miss DAVID Contests in August. Free beer and hot dogs on Sunday afternoons and cocktails on Monday nights are a couple of the other attractions. There is something different happening every night. Check with the attendants to see whats up!

The inimitable Scagnolia the Great made local newlines lately with his prowess on the ball-field. Shots at the top of the opposite page show the prodigy as he pulls the Club Bath Team to a 29 to 27 win over the Nook Bar's team (from Coral Gables).

The Casey-at-the-bat-bit may not be true, but the facts remain that the game was definitely fun and did much to promote a "getting along together" feeling among local clubs.

Scagnolia works at the Warehouse 8 and as you can see from the pictures put his all into this promotion and represented the Warehouse well.

Which proves what we've known all along. Scag may be batty, but loveable.

Everybody's talking about the Lyle Waggoner look-alike at the Turf North in West Palm Beach.

We didn't believe it so we took our trusty camera to record for posterity this phenomenon.

Sure enough, there he was. A little shorter maybe, but you couldn't mistake that smile and hunky body anywhere.

The event shook up the camera (and the cameraman) so much the pictures didn't turn out at all. Blanks.

We'll try again next month. Meanwhile, take a look-see yourself. It's worth the trip.

The Dunes Motel on Miami Beach was the setting for the 1973 Miss FLORIDA PAGEANT produced by Keith Landon of Keith's Cruise Room in Hallandale.

"I would like to remind you", Keith said in his program for the event, "That these efforts (the preparation for the pageant) have not been solely for the glamour of the evening. This pageant is an effort to increase the status of the art of female impersonation, and to show our respect for the endless hours of preparation and effort involved in that art. May you all take pride in this integral part of our society."

Twenty seven contestants vied for the title and displayed the merits of months of preparation.





STRIKE ONE !



STRIKE TWO !



HOME RUN !!



ANGELA, EMORY, CARMEN

The winner, Emory, appeared in a beaded gown and cap he had been working on "for years". In the talent segment of the pageant, Emory stunned all by being carried onstage on a litter by four hunky young men who waited patiently by the stage for Emory to complete his belly dance before carrying him offstage.

First runner-up was won by the lovely and radiant Carmen Del Rio who also did a stunning belly dance but without the aid of the hunky props.

Second runner-up Angela Dee, sponsored by the GLF in Jacksonville, won with her interpretation of Billie Holiday's "My Man".

One of the big surprises of the evening was the awarding of the Miss Congeniality Title to Lorrie Del Mar. We understand preparation to win this title took weeks of bathing in sugar and sweetmilk smiling until jaws ached (from smiling instead of bad-mouthing) and a perform-

ance backstage that would make Shirley Temple look like an ogre and could easily have captured the Academy Award from Liza Minnelli (if the Academy had seen it instead).



LORRIE DEL MAR



CARMEN DEL RIO



EMORY



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

Summer is here and everybody is running to the beaches. The crowds at Reise Park are getting larger every year. A lot of the familiar faces laced with more new faces than ever before. The diversity of the types to be found laying side by side trying to soak up the old sun is incredible. The summer seems to be the one catalyst that can bring everybody together for a good time. The more outrageous among us are not only condoned by the more conservative among us, they are egged on to even more heights of 'can you top that one'. The feeling of comradeship livens even more as bathing suits are shed in the Atlantic much to the amusement of the tourists from the other parts of the beach and the lifeguards, whom I am told, vie for that choice section of beach. Not only is it an ego lifting job, they have less hassles at the Gay Beach. It's a hoot!

Of course that Island of Fire is in full swing again. The plastic people of the Pines, who wouldn't be caught dead without at least ten changes for the weekend, are showing a little inkling of relaxing more. The Grove is a veritable vacationer's paradise with more honesty and good times being had by all. No matter how one feels about Fire Island it is still one of the finest beaches in the world. A small world unto itself with much less hassle than, I believe, can be found anywhere in the world.

A little more worldly, perhaps, but none the less breathtaking are the Hamptons.

Our favorite, Ms. Gwen Saunders is out there again making sure that all goes well. My old friend, Mike Constantine is there also just down the road a piece. Lad Silva is there brightening up the season along with Sam Palmer. And, for the adventure-some there are always the fantastic dunes down by the beach. Unbelievable.

The city calms down during the summer months and, it would seem that Manhattan becomes your own private island. The plays and movie houses are going full blast with a less frantic life beat. You might even be able to get a couple of tickets for that show you've been wanting to see but have been told that it is sold out every time that you go to the box office. The heavy clothes of winter have been traded for sawed off levis, revealing white pants and other signs of the season.

The New York bars have opened their doors to insure the visitor of an enjoyable time in 'the city'. The selection of bars continues to amaze even the natives. Everything from leather and western at Frizbys and the Eagle to the younger more blatant of the numerous discos that spot the Isle of Manhattan. The chic east side offers Ronnie's while the theatre district has opened up with the legendary Tom Dowling at Alexander The Great. A fine spot for dining, drinking and a show after the theatre.

The big news this summer is the advent of the MR. and MISS DAVID contests. The entire 'city' is awaiting the contestants and other guests at the DAVID weekend. The excitement of anticipation is very easily dominating the conversations all over 'the city'. I have long held the contention that New Yorkers are indeed some of the most hospitable people in the world. And, believe me, they are waiting impatiently to roll out the hospitality wagons for the out of towners coming from all over the country for the contests. Take my advice and Don't Miss This One. It's Going To Be A Doozy!!

The Brooklyn Heights contingent are, justly, more excited than anybody else for it will be here that all the main action will take place at Johnny Lion's in the beautiful Hotel St. George. I am wildly anticipating the look of awe that I know will fill so many eyes as they behold the Manhattan Skyline from the Egyptian Roof or the Starlight Room. And, I know that a lot of minds are going to be blown

at the contests themselves. All in all it promises to be a weekend that will not be forgotten easily.

AN AWARD JUSTLY DESERVED: Steve Ostrow of the Continental Baths presented Walter Kent of the rival Beacon Baths (In my opinion it is the best, baby) and Walter's Apartment with the first annual Humanitarian Award. Mr. Kent is more than a proprietor he is a man sincerely interested in the community that he serves. And, he does serve that community, a special committee (ie: C.S.L.D. C. '73) in need, or a social function that has to do with the Gay community, the first man there is Walter Kent. His 'Apartment' is showcasing new talent and giving the 'straight' community a place to come in contact with the Gay community at a level where both are comfortable. Of course, the fact that Walter is there is the main reason for this. His warmth and genuine feeling for people comes through to all who know him. And, to know him really is to love him. A true humanitarian and a man true to his friends and himself, Walter Kent is a man that we are all proud of in the 'city'.

Ronnie's Supper Club has initiated a new policy. It will no longer be closed on Monday nights. Instead they will be presenting a showcase for the many talented performers that are looking for that one 'break' in 'the city'. It promises to be a big help for a lot of performers.

MORE ON ATHOS: For those of you who haven't heard about Athos, it is an antiseptic lubricant with anti-V.D. properties. It is presently being used at all of the Club Baths chain and other baths through out the country, including the Beacon here in New York. The antiseptic used in the lubricant has been proven in the lab to be a deterrent to V.D. I can vouch that it is one of the easiest lubricants to use and for my taste the best.

THE RALLY, THE RALLY: This year after the Christopher St. Parade there will be a giant rally and show held at Washington Square Park in the Village. The show and rally are the 'babies' of two men who

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CHICAGO



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

Being away from the windy city this month has made me realize one thing; you have to travel long and far to not only match its unpredictable weather but also to find as much excitement and activity in its bars and gay communities. While other cities are still struggling with laws, Chicago's homophile society has for years been enjoying sexual freedoms and increasing acceptance from the straight communities. While people in other cities have to travel many miles to find relief from the heat and hassle and bustle of the big city, Chicagoans need only to walk or bike to their beautiful lake front which is a beach that runs the whole length of the city. Fortunately it is in many respects still a small farm town hidden under the big city look because it still has the ability to learn from those around it. Chicago seems to have the knack of taking other cities ideas and putting them to good use.

Bistro, probably one of the biggest bars in the country, had its grand opening June 1st. It was a champagne opening with an unbelievable crowd of 1200 attending wearing every conceivable costume they could wear. Congratulations to Flo and Eddie, the owners (Flo is the same gal who owns Flo's Restaurant in the Loop). Bistrot's, I understand, has had them lined

up waiting to get in ever since. With four large bars and seven bartenders and two disc jockeys, the place must really be hopping and even with the already incredible sound system they plan to add two more large speakers. It looks like everyone will be hearing about Bistrot's.

One of Chicago and Mattachine Midwest were honored by the Baton with a benefit performance by Charles Pierce. I understand he was even better than the last time he appeared in Chicago at the former Sparrows. He not only packed them in but brought the house down with his impressions of Eleanor Roosevelt, Janette McDonald, Marlana, Gloria and Betty. Lady Baronessa, formerly from the Baton was chosen the new Miss Gay America—Congratulations

Burton Place had its very successful opening June 5th and it looks as if this will be one of the spots to visit while in Old Town. Congratulations to Vince Clay, the owner.

Another person who has caused quite a lot of excitement on the Chicago scene is the one and only Miss Liza Minelli. Appearing at the Aire Crown theater at McCormick Place, she not only sold out completely, almost immediately but won rave reviews from every critic in town. Appearing with a 30 piece orchestra and her own drummer and two other female performers she drove the audience wild with her performance. People were running down the aisle throwing flowers and packages on stage. Liza did one other performance while in Chicago, but this was only for the 1200 inmates at Cooke County Jail and I'm sure she gave them all something they will remember and treasure for a long time to come.

The Gold Coast has a new manager, Gary, and Chicago's popular bartender Buck has taken over the front bar. I understand some redecorating has taken place which includes the adding of a huge stained glass-affect mural of a Levi number that goes from the floor to the ceiling and business continues to boom downstairs in the Leather Cell.

Habitant Interiors on Halsted is expanding its operations with new offices being set up across the street and the addition of a very talented designer, Brock Wornack to their staff. Don York and David Trye are the other two handsome designers. So if your remodeling and need furniture and expert advice, don't forget Habitant Interiors.

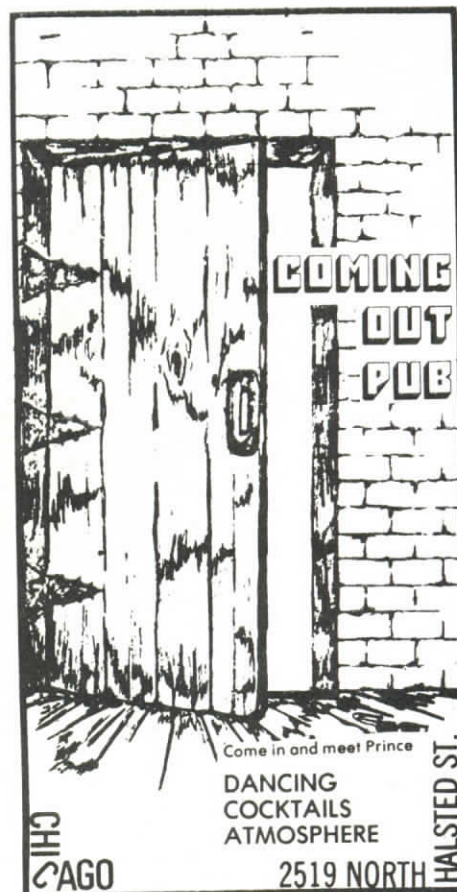
The World Famous Buckingham fountain

in Grant Park has been turned on. And speaking of parks, even with all their loviness, they are still dangerous. Especially Lincoln Park where in one week one person has been killed and thirteen injured by packs of pipe wheeling thugs. Even the Police are alarmed for they are driving through at half hour intervals.

If, in Calumet City make sure you visit Our Hideaway, a comfortable mixed bar that has been in operation for some 40 years. Don Russel, Jim Harris and Bob Gunny are your hosts and its opened till 4 am. And since its only a matter of blocks to the state line and The Club Fayette in Indiana, why not make a stop.

Finally, adding to the growing staff of DAVID, the Chicago office welcomes Larry Lasage of Larry's Adult Book Store as distribution manager for the Chicago—midwest area. Keep an eye out for this tall handsome lad—He will be bringing David your way.

Well Chicago this month has proved one should never stay away too long for you might end up missing everything.





MOTHER OF THE YEAR

VI LOOBY

Vi's Club Drake is located in the beautiful hills of Fairfax in Marin County. Only twenty minutes away from San Francisco and the hub of the Gay Community of Marin/Sonoma.

The owner of this popular bar is Viola Looby, a 73 year old Great Grandmother and the Mother of 12 children of her own. Vi was elected Mother of the Year of The San Francisco Tavern Guild for 72/73 and was just recently voted to become their permanent Mother of the Year. On Sunday, May 13th, approximately 200 people turned out to honor this great lady.

Bill Roberts (better known as the Dog-lady) and Empress Candidate of 1973 was the host. First of many titled and show business personalities to arrive was, Her Imperial Majesty, Maxxine VIII Empress of San Francisco and her Royal Guards, followed by Mr. Joe Rowlands-Vice-President of the S.F.T.G., show people, Terry Taylor and Lenny Lynn of Jackie's D's, Elton Paris of Finnochio's, Miss Marin County, Tommie, Hank Godley and Eddy Van of DAVID Magazine, and so many more too numerous to mention. Princess Royal Fannie of San Francisco was guest bartender along with Jack Harris the regular. She was at the door and the tables were serviced by Theia and Richard. Vi sat at the front door

(Continued on Page 59)

by Bill Roberts



Bill Roberts and Vi

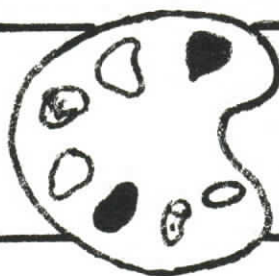


Vi and Staff



Empress Maxine of San Francisco and Escorts

DAVID:JULY 1973



SAUGATUCK

MICHIGAN

THE FIRE ISLAND OF THE MIDWEST

West Michigan and its changing seasons offer the camera toting traveler a kaliedoscope of colors with its 85 species of trees that cover a breath-taking panoramic landscape. Three hundred miles of yellow sandy beach and over 11,000 inland lakes provide good fishing, swimming sailing and camping. Souvenir seekers

can harvest driftwood, collect illusive agate or the treasured Petoskey stones, while the adventurous out doors man can capture, with his camera, birds, rabbits, bears, Fox and over 60,000 white tailed deer that are a picture of beauty and grace in their natural surroundings. The history conscious explorers can walk indian trails of seasons past and visit over

300 historical sites commemorating the settling of the British, French and other ethnic groups.

For the gay set, summer in West Michigan offers Sun, Sex and Scenic Saugatuck the Fire Island of the Midwest and the Midwest answer to Provincetown. Saugatuck, a tiny villiage with the Old New

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PROVINCETO

"Welcome to Provincetown" is a greeting that is not merely expressed, but sincerely practiced by all the towns-people to all travelers who come to visit this summer gay playland.

Provincetown in the spring is like a flower unfolding toward coming summer sunlight or a theater troupe preparing for its opening night. As this quiet town awakens from the long winter, it becomes a bee-hive of activity with paint brushes, hammers and saws preparing everything for the first big surge of visitors on Memorial Day Weekend which will begin the exciting but hectic four month summer season. A season when the population literally overflows into the sea.

In six years this quaint town born of the sea has come a long way in accepting people as people. Here where American Democracy was born, it still lives. Provincetown, mosaic in character, is many things to many people. For some it has become a permanent home of friends; for others a weekend of summer escape from the realities of life, a place to be yourself let your hair down, relax, and meet people. And for all the numerous types of artist, it is a chance to create and earn a livelihood from their craft. It is a chance

to capture and express in their own poetic way the loveliness and loneliness of the sea, its dunes, and the picturesque tiny town that came from it. There is no art colony which approaches Provincetown in the tolerance which exist among the gays and straights and various groups of artist and people from all walks of life.

Here, there is a place for every whim. Strolling down the narrow streets lined with old houses that contain galleries, studios, restaurants, bars, shops and guest rooms can be as exciting as being let loose in a candy factory. During the summer virtually everything becomes gay. However there are a few places whose prime concern and reason for operation is for the pleasure of the gays. Most of the traffic and places to go are located on or near Commercial Street, the main street of Provincetown and although there is plenty of parking space near the wharf, people and bikes make driving impossible. On this street we find three very popular places, The Town House, The Crown and



TOWN PICTURED

Anchor Motor Inn and the Pilgrim House. The Town House located in the center of town has always been a favorite drinking, dining and cruising place for Provincetown vacationers. Beside a very fine restaurant, it has a dancing bar downstairs, and two cruisy sing-a-long bars. On a hot crowded summer night, the patio in the back which overlooks the wharf and harbor is a welcome and romantic relief. Because of its increasing success the owners plan to open another bar this year in the building next door which will be a discoteque bar with DJ's and the

works. A contest will be held in June to pick a name for it and if the Town House Treatment is any indicator it should also be very successful. The Crown and Anchor Motor Inn, which six years ago only had one gay bar in the basement of the Hotel that catered then to a mixed crowd, has expanded its operation into the whole complex becoming Provincetown's largest gay community center. The complex consists of the original Cellar Bar, The Crown and Anchor Hotel with comfortable accommodations for over 100 people, The M's Room for girls, The Back Room for danc-

ing in the atmosphere of fish nets and lobster traps, an out-door pool bar, and J's restaurant which is the only after hours gathering place beside the meat rack in front of Town Hall or the famous monument across from the Police Station (open 7am-4am). Plans are being made to enclose and expand the out-door pool bars to make them enjoyable year round.

The Pilgrim House, probably the oldest and largest guest house and the one that also houses the famous Madiera Club which for years has featured some of our

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MOTHER

PART TWO

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."



"Come 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 splashed 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 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!"

Paul was standing behind me, calmly speaking in his best courtroom manner.

"Let Ken catch his breath first," he took my coat. "Sit down somewhere preferably out of range of falling objects. I'll get you a drink—the usual."

"Please," I sat in the same chair I had fallen asleep in the last time.

Tony was hiding his face behind both of his long fingered hands. He spoke through them.

"Please excuse me, Ken. It's been so awful, I'm not myself anymore."

"I gathered that from your phone call, and you don't have to apologize for anything. Just take your count, wait, and when your ready come in on the beat or whatever you call it."

He brought his hands away from his face, and looked down at the carpet. His breathing was heavy. Paul came back with the drinks, one for Tony as well. Then he sat down and we all took a deep breath waiting for the cue.

I gave it.

"Tell me, as quickly and simply as you can—what happened?"

Paul motioned to Tony to begin. He looked towards me, his head bent to one side as if about to tell some joke, but not looking as if anything would be very funny.

"The other night at the party—Saturday— we had a seance. You were here, asleep. Don got in contact with what's his name's—"

"Davey," Paul said.

"His mother. Mother wouldn't leave, and Davey went into some kind of catatonic fit. What a time that was!"

"Never mind," Paul's voice was stern, "keep on with the story."

"Don got Davey out of it. Marty took him away. And Don went home to Pauling or wherever the hell he lives, but early Sunday morning we discovered Mother had not left. She's been with us all week."

"This?" I motioned to the wreckage around me.

While Tony nodded, Paul said, "That's only the half of it, Ken. Our maid left and refuses to return. Henry who used to tend bar for us for the past eight years refuses to ever come back—"

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the chain gang ^{by} mr. marcus

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

SAN FRANCISCO: The Rainbow M/C celebrated their First Anniversary on Fathers Day, June 17, at the No Name Bar on the celebrated Miracle Mile of San Francisco with a 3-hour marathon of beer busting and the awarding of the First Annual Sodom Award (presented to the person who has most assisted San Francisco in becoming the climax capitol of the world), as well as other awards of dubious honor. Veterans of the Miracle Mile scene here have begun to call it the New Tool Box, but the hedonistic ritual taking place there on June 17th saw bike club members and non-members alike plunk down \$2 for a foray into fetish booths, the FF of A Grab Bag Booth, leather door prizes from A Taste of Leather, Leather Forever and Leather 'n' Things, the three leading leather shops in this city. Cans of crisco were in abundance for prizes at the Bizarre Bazaar including a pie throwing booth with personalities from both on and off the Miracle Mile subjecting themselves to the onslaught of mashed potato pies. The Emperor of San Francisco did the M.C.'ing and auctioned off several of the members of the Rainbow fledgling club. The Rainbows announced their plans for a bike run and next year's Fetish Liberation Day. The entire bike club world joins me, I am sure, in wishing

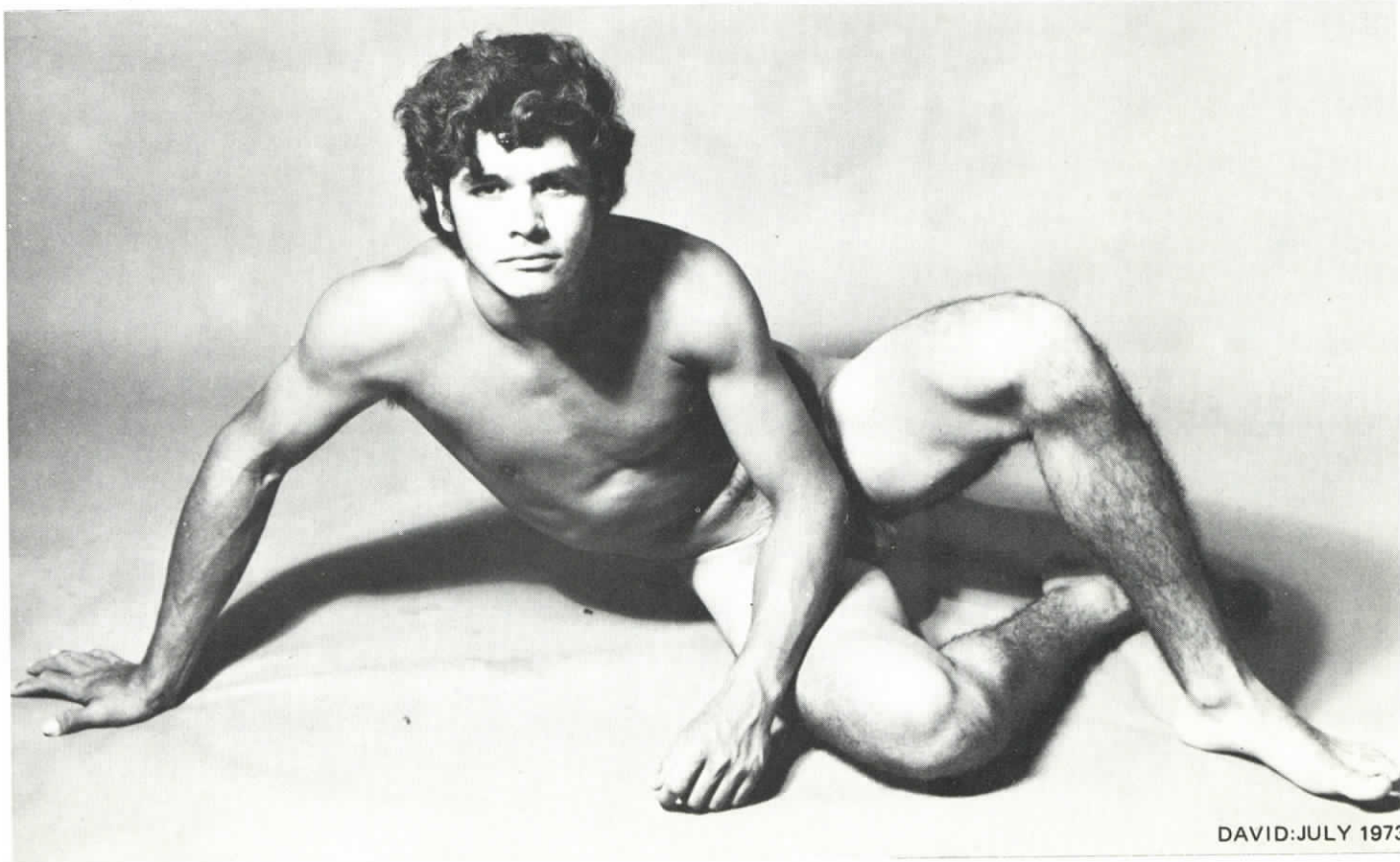
this unique and trashy bike club the best of wishes in their forthcoming year.

DENVER: The popular Triangle Bar in Denver was the host bar for the first function of the newly-formed Colorado Riders M/C in this mile-high city recently. Although the Rocky Mountaineers M/C had a field trip going to the Boys Ranch that same day, a rewardingly large crowd turned out to welcome the newest bike club west of the Mississippi. Early in June, the Rocky Mountaineers formed a fundraising progressive beer bust at the Our Den, the Pirate's Den and again, Don Young's Triangle Bar in response to the urgent need for funds for Chip, one of their more popular members, who was injured in a bike accident and hospitalized in Denver General Hospital. A large turnout jammed the three bars and donations poured in from non-members as well. Our congratulations and best wishes to the bars and the two Denver clubs for this worthy consideration for a biker.

SAN FRANCISCO: Probably no other city is fortunate enough to have an organization like the Inter-Club Fund of San Francisco. This unique group was formed to fill a definite need, that being to help injured bikers and other members of the large bike/leather community.

The Inter-Club Fund is composed of a representative from each bike club in San

Francisco, eleven in all, plus three non-bike club members but adherents to bike people and functions. Efforts to raise a treasury of considerable monetary resource were meagre at first. Pool tournaments were held in various bars, a progressive dinner was held with most of the western and leather bars participating and donating various foods. The first big fund raising effort was last September 30, when excerpts from bike club runs of each club were presented in a 3-hour long extravaganza entitled Casualty Capers. The performance was a SRO event with the considerably large gay community of San Francisco coming out in droves. The proceeds totalled in the thousands of dollars. The following November, the California Motor Club (CMC) held their annual Carnival. Each year, a Mr. CMC Carnival is named, the candidates being obliged to sell tickets for votes at ten cents a vote. The entire proceeds of this contest were donated to the Inter-Club Fund, boosting the treasury up another couple of thousand dollars. In January of 1973, the Boot Camp threw their annual Benefit Auction and again the South of Market crowds turned out to purchase such items as a door from the tea room of the infamous Embarcadero YMCA, a full-length leather caftan and dinners, crinks and gift certificates from practically every gay



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establishment in the City, for a whopping total of \$1091.80. By this time, the Inter Club Fund was in the chips, the total in treasury nearing the \$5,000.00 mark. But as rapidly as funds were generated, bike accidents were occurring and other deserving members of the butch set became incapacitated, injured or ill to call upon the ICF for financial assistance. The Casualty Capers will be held again this year and another progressive dinner at all the bars will occur. The recipients of these funds receive cash grants from the ICF and it is the belief here that no other city has such an organization. I am sure the entire bike club world salutes the progressive conception of this organization in providing for their own, by their own efforts, and serves as a model to bike club cities throughout the nation that here indeed is an idea that could very well be adopted anywhere.

MONTREAL: The most touted bike run in the East during August is the Iron Cross M/C of Montreal with their Teutonic Meet on August 3, 4 and 5 at a site near Mon-

treau. This very exclusive run in the outdoors, with the accent on club competitions, is limited to 125 participants. Applications ranging from \$25 to \$29 before July 1st, and \$29 to \$34 after July 1st are being received from Boston, New York, Washington, Georgia and as far away as California. Living harmoniously in Montreal with the Kemo M/C, the Iron Cross have sworn honor and fidelity to their club symbol, their club and their President. A very nice monthly, newsletter-magazine Crossroads, is edited by their Secretary Spike. A recent upheaval in the Club saw a mass resignation of almost 10 members, but the Iron Cross still survives, even though faced with the formation of another club from their previous members; this sort of thing has happened in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and even Atlanta. President Marco is indeed proud of his club and issues the invitation to all visitors who are bike/leather oriented to visit them should they have the opportunity of visiting Montreal.

DATELINE U.S.A.... The popular 1170

Club in Los Angeles opened their doors after rebuilding from the ashes of a fire earlier this year. This beer bar now joins with the Bunkhouse, the Outcast, Griffs and the Truck Stop as the leading leather/bike/western bars in the City of the Angels. The Outcast has started a popular public relations gimmick, donating five cases of beer to every bike club when they have a run. Is it any wonder that owner Phil Cooper is considered the "good guy"?.....In San Francisco, the former Corner Bar is being re-vitalized with new ownership under the direction of Keith, and re-named the Folsom Prism with a grand opening coming up soon.....The former Speakeasy in San Francisco is now the Country Club and under the management of Ralph Rotten who held forth at the popular Hayloft in Los Angeles for some 5 years, is now hosting a nightly throng of diners after a recent big restaurant review in the Sunday San Francisco Examiner/Chronicle....Al Hanken, owner of the popular western bar, Round UP in

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CHICAGO 'RAMROD' THREE OF THE CONTESTANTS FOR MR. LEVI AND MR. LEATHER - BUD, JOHN & JERRY

Some boys have it, some don't. I do. Even my birthday coincided with the anniversary of a historically sexual event: the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The astrologer who charted my stars (a former gas station attendant with a tiger in his tank) was also a rake in the ways of lust. But he met a terrible end. He was raped by a herd of goats on the Isle of Crete (and suffered a miscarriage). I'll always be indebted to the man who single-handedly scraped the skies (and the bottom of the barrel) and set me free. In a brief sentence, his philosophy seared my soul: one hand cannot applaud, but with two, you can fill the world with clap. I've been doing it ever since.

My earliest recollection is of a nurse who breast fed me. He was a weird guy. A dwarf, with a hump on his back and buck teeth. Mother was afraid of him (she always carried a gun with a silver bullet), but father was more practical (he

kept a fly swatter in his back pocket). But, besides taking care of me and the house, the cooking, the gardening, and the accounts, the nurse had a special talent: he ate rats. I should explain. My father was allergic to fur bearing animals (with the exception of the nurse) and couldn't stand birds (they moulted).

I had my first sexual experience at the age of fourteen months. I was a slow starter. As though it happened yesterday, I can still remember it, every thrilling moment. I was in my playpen, in the middle of the living room, in broad daylight. I was bored. The clanking colored beads bored me, the stupid football bored me, and the dumb teddy bear bored me. I was definitely bored. But suddenly, like the discovery of the men's room in an all boy dormitory, life changed: I fell in love with the tablecloth.

Just when my parents became suspicious of the affair, I don't know. Perhaps as I embraced the hot folds of the seductive

corner (and dinner came crashing to the floor). At any rate, the affair ended. No more tablecloth. I suffered the pangs of rejected love. First in silence, then loudly. I flew into a sexual rage. I broke my beads, deflated the football, and tore the head off my deserted teddy bear. Violence breeds lust. In the ultimate end of mad expression, I refused to eat my carrots. I spit it out (on the body of the nude table). Horrified, the nurse gave me a nickname that stuck like babyoil: Nasty Boy.

By the time I was two I was a jaded par amour. Everyone loved me. Handled from morning to night, given every whim. I became the darling of the film producers (home movies). My pictures were star studded events. I was usually nude (and knew it). A press agent (my mother) kept a scrapbook of my most glamorous moments. I had it made. And I made anything in sight. With a smile I could charm my way into a scoop of ice cream, a horseback ride, or walk around the block. I had power. I used it.

At five years I was the lord of the barracks. I manipulated (tin) soldiers like so many jelly beans. Who lived and died was in my hands: if he was cute, he lived, if he wasn't, he didn't. My harem was mine, body and soul. And I never let a man forget it. Never.

On my seventh birthday, tragedy struck. The nurse got run over by a cocker spaniel in heat. I wanted to put him in a jar (for a school project), mother insisted on a funeral. I wept, I screamed, I lost. But I caused a scandal at the mortuary. I wet in my pants. And people were beginning to talk.

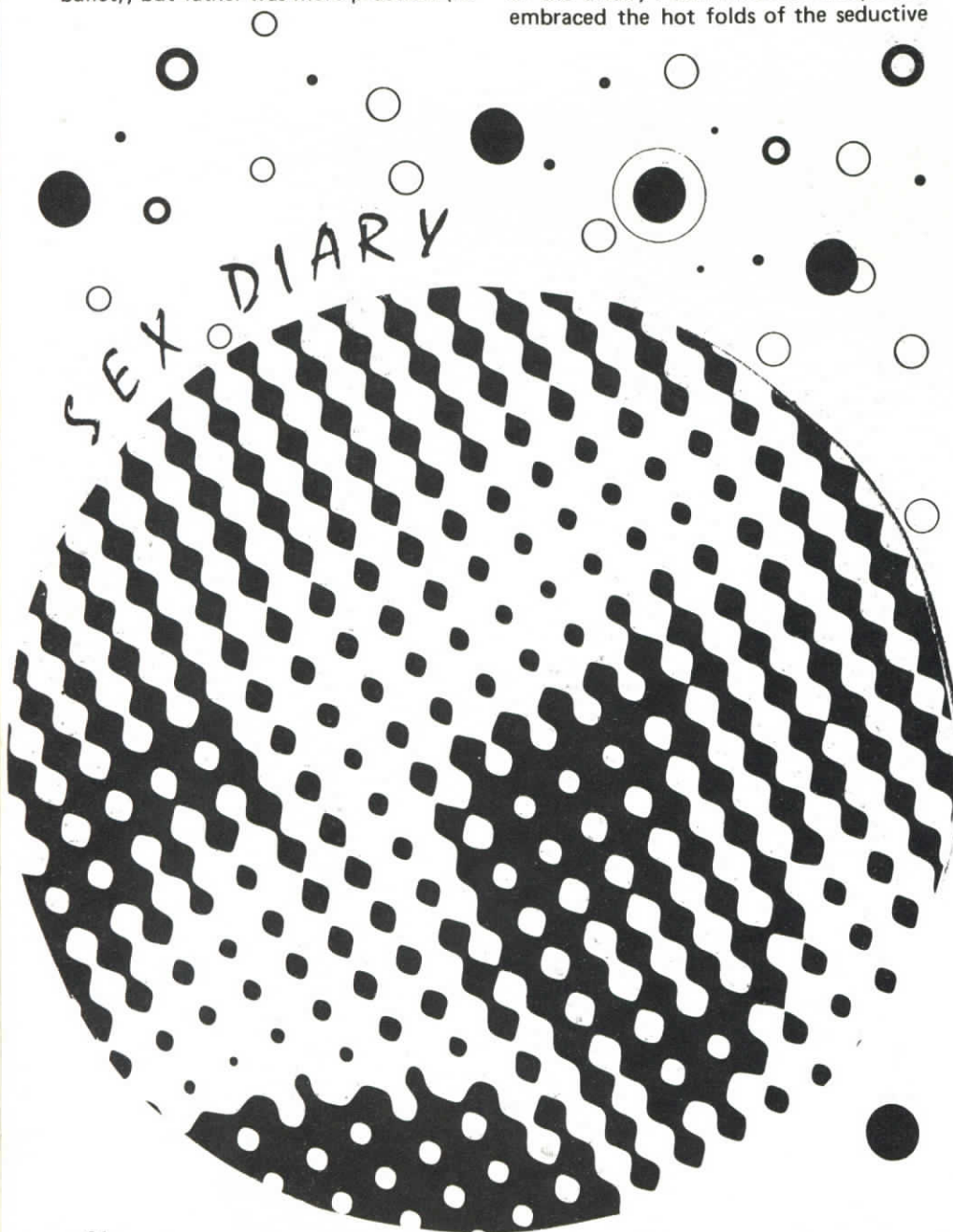
School was more than a challenge. It was my initiation into mass sex. We read dirty books. See Dick run. Run, Dick, run. Everybody knew why Dick was running. He had to go pee-pee (with Tom and Harry). I was bored. Art class was better. I drew fantastic studies of lusty men, and the teacher, with sharp insight, said: "What pretty pictures. Have you ever lived on a farm?" I didn't dare tell the truth. But I've always been a skillful liar. All rakes are.

Sex was my best subject. I was the head of my class, the queen of the mountain, the belle of the ball. By the time I was fifteen I had a reputation a mile long and a new nickname: Sissy. I lived high, dangerous, and fast. Every day I went to the public library and drooled over the remedial book section. They thought I was looking at the pictures. I was. Especially Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I knew the story behind that technicolored nonsense. There's nothing about a guy in drag with seven midgits that I can't figure out. I wrote the book. A long time ago.

By twenty I was so corrupt, I turned to

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EXTORTION BY INTIMACY

by Ganymede

PART TWO

We arrived home to find Dad painting the guest room navy blue—an accident, to be sure—nevertheless we became the only ones in the neighborhood with a bruise colored guest room. Danny and I therefore bunked together in my room, in my double bed, a prior condition I had unpredicted and untorsen...the best laid plans of mice and men. Events meanwhile played deck tennis, took shots at low flying albatrosses, and consulted the barometer. I then called some girls, not the best but not the worst either, and we both felt that on this very night of deliverance, of independence, of trial, we were going to score. Danny never said a word to nor about Gwen who greeted us with Aristotelian indifference while sprawled on the floor watching "American Bandstand" painting her toenails sea coral pink. Dad continued to paint the guest room navy blue.

Thesis. From what I objectively remember, on the night's agenda, other than scoring, was seeing this goddamn Jeff Chandler epic. Neither of us wanted to see it because it was a religious piece; and we thought our dates would be less responsive because of this fact, and thus our styles would be cramped. But Jeff Chandler was the only thing playing at the drive-in. Danny and I concurred that if we were going to score, it would be at the drive-in and not at the local sock-hop. But the goddamn Jeff Chandler religious epic wasn't going to make it any easier for us.

The four of us sat in the car, waiting. Two were on the make; I was also on trial and I wondered who my judge would be. Jeff Chandler, who played J. Christ, was staring at us from the cross.

He had shaved armpits, because, I supposed, Jesus never sweated. The two girls, instead of being devout were rating the Twelve Apostles according to sex appeal. St. Luke won. So far, so good, so it seemed subjectively. Danny and I winked at each other; the medium was the message and we each figured it could go either way. We were both determined to experience snatch and to see if it were truly sea coral pink.

I placed my srm around my date who still had a runny nose and a furrowed brow. And she allowed me to kiss her. Danny sat there quietly and I realized he was taking it all in. In attempting to create and recreate myself, to annihilate the image on February asphalt, I suddenly understood that my situation with the girl, with the snatch, was involuntary. I was attempting to prove myself to Danny. Events engaged and indulged in a shipboard romance, shuffleboard in the afternoon, moonlight strolls around the deck in the evening while keeping a sharp eye eye for the white whale at all times. Automatically, I placed my hand on my dates' bare leg, near the knee. Nasal Congestion was neither encouraging nor discouraging me. Danny was taking this all in, waiting. Not really knowing what to do with my hand, I moved it, again my date was neither responsive nor unresponsive. A shipboard romance, passing, fleeting, simple, and so satisfying. What was that ominous grey jetsam to port! Runny Nose continued to stare straight ahead at the Twelve Apostles. I took a deep breath and decided to run with the ball, affirming myself, proving myself. The sea was alive with floatsam and it was a shipboard romance. Just as I moved my hand, she spread her legs apart, opened her hatch. Danny was taking it all in. My hand, *ergo* I, was under her skirt amid a jumble of elastic straps and Wool-

worth's underwear. I was in the jungle of the me and the not me. My date groaned and I knew both Danny and Jeff Chandler were taking in this deep, rich, velvet moan. Events locked in flirtation with time, supped at the Captain's table and dropped guard. What was that ominous white jetsam to port!

Life is a plotless sequence of events. My date furrowed her brow. She clenched her fist and drove it deep into my groin with all the force of a hydro-plane taking off on a windy day. "You, Bastard Creep!" is all she kept groaning and moaning, while I wanted to die from pain, physical and psychological. Pain is the only reality and there are no atheists in the trenches. I was embarrassed before Danny and Jeff Chandler; hell is other people and they were my judge. I attempted to separate myself from Runny Nose and to open a window because I thought I might throw-up. She, however, clamped her thighs shut and clamped her head on my arm around her shoulders. Why she continued to cling to me, I did not know. Intermittently she would whisper, "I can't just let everyone do that because I'm not that type of girl," while groaning, "Bastard Creep!" for the Twelve Apostles to hear. I struggled to free my hand—and my arm—because I wasn't that kind of guy. I was a permanent potentiality, an existentialist, yet the two of us remained connected, a vice to a pipe, a life to a life boat drill. The barometer was falling and the water was choppy and they dined on octopus. Once I accepted the physical and psychological pain, *credo quia absurdum est*, once I accepted the fact that I wouldn't be able to breath for two hours, I really didn't care if I threw-up out the window or on her. So I settled back, defeated, sulking, with an arm and a hand rapidly losing circulation, waiting for J. Christ to resurrect. The more things changed, the more they remain the same.

After my false start and fumble, Danny picked up the ball by telling his date that

(Continued on Page 76)

EBONY

by morey



Chicago has many fine and well known entertainers such as Felicia, Robby Landers, Wanda Lust, Audrey Bryan, Jan Howard, Jackie Knight and numerous others who are unique audience favorites, each with something different to offer as female impersonators. Some female impersonators are no different in drag or out of drag and only a few in this theatrical profession can or even want to separate their identities. Some are just in the profession to finance their eventual sex-change and once this is done should no longer be considered female impersonators. For this percentage, the change is the best thing psychologically for they are really women that nature has erroneously trapped in a males body. For still others it is a means of expression and of earning a living.

However for one very successful young man by the name of Morey, appearing at David's Place in Chicago, it is not only a means of expression and earning a living, but it is also a way of discovering who he is and how to live with more understanding of himself and others around him.

Morey, whose stage name is Ebony, states, "I became a female impersonator on a bet. In 1971 at a Halloween Ball, Samatha George bet me that I wouldn't go in drag". His answer was, "Hell being a Halloween Queen don't mean nothing." He promptly began to prove it by working at the former Sparrows under the direction of Robby Landers who he claims can take any street queen and make

them a star because she has the know how.

Before Morey created Ebony, he was a registered nurse with a B.A. from Michigan State University and North Western University in Chicago. He worked for two years at one of Chicago's top hospitals where he operated all the highly technical parts of the life-saving Kidney Machine. Chicago's first heart transplant was one of his patients. He also served in the medical corp of the Army and left with an honorable discharge. Of this he states, "they didn't catch this girl—she wasn't all the way out yet! I wasn't completely gay until I went into drag. I was a closet queen until then. Baby, you can be a closet queen in your mind. I think it was a way of accepting myself. I don't mean waving a flag about it, but admitting to ourselves that we are gay is something else and many times a very hard thing to do." He now feels he is just a plain homosexual who is not putting on any airs about it and is working at something he enjoys. "I've lost some friends because of it, but I've gained a lot more. My friends give me props", he states and they do because they help and encourage him in his work and in his private life.

There are two sides to everything and everyone. With the creation of Ebony, Morey has found the other side of himself. He has taken the nicer sides of both identities and made them totally compatible and completely acceptable by his world of family and friends and by the

people who pack the clubs to see him. Morey, the boy, is very sensitive, shy, and basically introverted, while his other identity as Ebony is very sure, proud, worldly and bold, an extrovert. According to Morey, "Ebony makes Morey a much better person. Ebony is an entertainer, not a drag queen. She shares herself with other people. I want her to have something to say; to be entertaining. I want her to make people feel, to laugh and cry with her by using songs that have been recorded by Billy Holiday, Aretha Franklin or Big Mama Thornton." And Ebony does just that for with song such as "My Way" or "My Song", she shows you what the funky and the South Side of Chicago is all about with feelings so low you ache. With songs such as "Tell Mama" and "Clean up Woman", she shows you that some things can be funny also. She even has a walk that has a label on it and should be patented, but I'm sure the U.S. Patent Office would never be able to handle it, let alone catch it to file it. For Morey being a female impersonator is much more than putting on the grease paint or "doll shit" as he calls it, it is a world of theater fantasy and entertainment—not a sex trip. What ever the reason that this boy left a \$300 dollar a week job as professional nurse to work as a female impersonator, one thing is for certain his talents are many and he will be around for a long time. Whe knows he may even appear in a club in your area; so if you hear that Ebony is near, don't miss him.

PHOTOS BY B.F. STEIN

ARTICLE BY FRED ALEXSON



DAVID: JULY 1973



LENA HORNE

THE GIRL WHO WORE THE GLASS SLIPPER by Gene Arceri

As one of the privileged few, the fourth-estate as they used to say in the movies, I was waiting in the reception room backstage at the Circle Star Theater, Singers Lena Horne and Billy Eckstine had finished their first show and were preparing to meet us (the Press).

Karolyn Raush, Circle Star's beautiful Public Relations girl, carefully screened all visitors. Miss Horne did not grant interviews with any of the media up to this point, understandably, when she has smiled and answered the same questions repeatedly for over 35 years in every country imaginable. I was still under the spell of her black magic and in awe of meeting her face to face, after all those years. Those years MGM movies, personal appearances, television specials and hours of listening to her records.

Let me warn you, don't play a blue Lena Horne album after a fight with a lover, brandy glass in hand, watching the rain. It could be deadly!

Billy Eckstine opened the show in that familiar delivery, warm and cozy, singing the new songs tastefully. Pull up the bear-skin rug and move in closer to the fireplace and listen to "Cottage For Sale", "Sophisticated Lady", "I'm Confessing", and my favorite, "I Apologize".

The second half, introducing Miss Lena

Horne. A gorgeous creature in a red chiffon confection came down the aisle to wild applause. Moving her body like an instrument, as the stage (in the round) slowly circled under changing lights. Every dictionary should have just the name Lena Horne for reference under, diction; feeling; and rhythm. She sang elegantly to magnificent with the accompaniment of Bob Freedman. She sang "My Ship" with just a piano accompaniment, plus a duet with Gabor Szabo on the trumpet to "My Mood Is You", "A Flower Is A Lonesome Thing" and many more. I only wish you were there with me to share this show combining two significant singing performers who know all about staging and show business professionalism. That kind of professionalism takes years of hard work and heart break.

Lena was born in Brooklyn, June 30th, 1917. Her mother, who had been an actress with the Lafayette Stock, Co. encouraged her beautiful daughter to try the stage. While in grammar school Lena was brought to the attention of a High school drama coach preparing *Cinderella*. The coach explained that first think of yourself as a poor, lonely little cinder-girl, then as a beautiful princess. "The theatre turned you into something else", said the girl who wore the glass slipper.

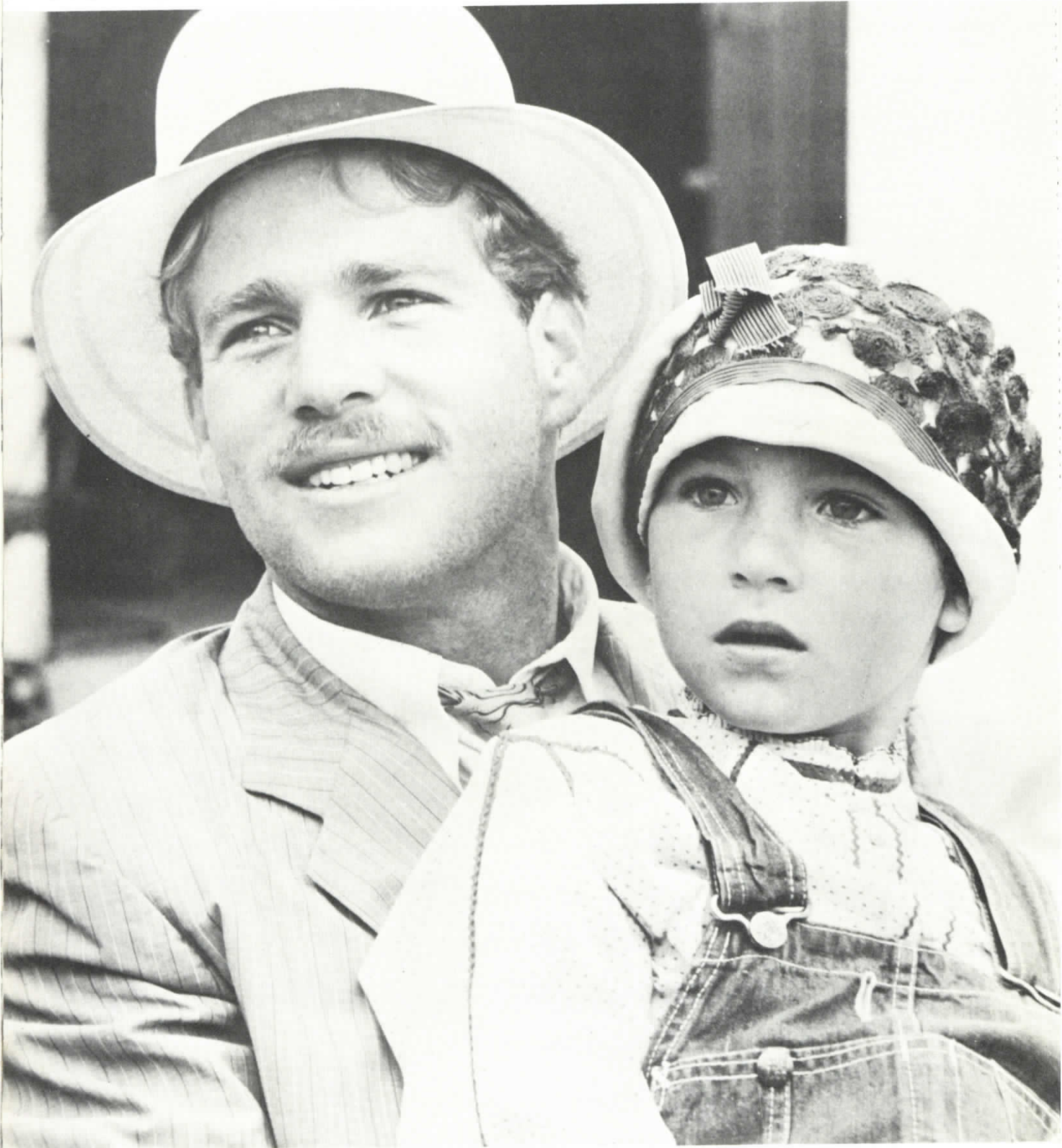
The 16 year old got her first job in the chorus of the Cotton Club. The dramatic actress had to sit around and wait for someone to put on a play. The negro singers and dancers found more opportunity.

Just as Harlem's Savoy Ballroom became an institution, so later did the Apollo Theatre, where over the years most of the leading variety stars have appeared, Josephine Baker, Pearl Bailey, Eartha Kitt, the Duke, the Count, Louie Jordan, Jackie "Moms" Mabley and Mantan Moreland panicked audiences. Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughn were Amateur Hour winners. Ethel Waters headlined and Billy Eckstine got his start. Out of a glass slipper and into a chorus line Lena danced in the heart of New York's Negro section. The 5th Avenue socialites and Park Avenue swells made it to 141st Street and Lenox Avenue. It soon became "Artistocratic Harlem". An exotic, jungle-like cafe with a primitive naked quality that was supposed to make you lose your inhibitions. Orchestra leader Noble Sissle was impressed and hired her to sing and dance with his band. She then followed with a six months tour with Charlie Barnett's Band.

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RYAN O'NEAL



BY GENE ARCERI

It's only a paper moon hanging over a canvas sky—but it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me.

The carnival has come to town, cotton candy, the carousel with its wooden horses—weathered but eternally gallant. Harem slaves and barkers and rides that take your breath away. But it's only make believe. Peter Bogdanovich has come to Kansas with his cast and crew for *Paper Moon*, a Directors Company Presentation for Paramount Pictures release with the strobe lights, the cameras and the make believe that make celluloid a hypnotic force.

I last saw Bogdanovich and Ryan O'Neal with Barbra Streisand in the lobby of the Hilton Hotel while filming *What's Up, Doc?* in San Francisco.

Bogdanovich has based his company in Hays, Kansas, bringing realism to his film about the depression and the two central characters in his movie who don't want to leave their mark on anything but their ultimate need for each other, but they don't know how.

Ryan O'Neal is here enacting the role of Moses Pray, a greedy conniving opportunist who meets his match, in the person of Addie Loggins, Tatum O'Neal, Ryan's nine-year old daughter.

"It's a story about two people who exploit each other and use each other and ultimately end up needing each other." Bogdanovich explains about *Paper Moon*. Sound familiar!

Kansas was chosen for locations after a scouting team travelled more than 5,000 miles through-out the South and Midwest, seeking the look and feel of the country almost four decades ago, for the 1936 setting of the film. Hollywood and Kansas, reality and illusion merge.

It was Bogdanovich's idea to cast Tatum in *Paper Moon*. He had seen Tatum briefly when she came to visit her father on the set of *What's Up, Doc?* and "liked her pugnacious quality which I thought right for the part", and her "wonderful kind of openness." Ryan was hesitant at first, but he finally agreed. Ryan insists this is the only film Tatum will do until she reaches an age where she can make her own decision about an acting career.

Madeline Kahn, who made a dazzling debut in *What's Up, Doc?* portrays Trixie Delight, the harem girl of the stage-center.

"The worst thing that can happen to Addie (Tatum) is that she stays with Moze (Ryan), but she loves him." Bogdanovich explains about the underlying themes. Whether he loves her or not is really dubious. I don't know if he loves her or not at the end of the film. I would

(Continued on Page 54)

PAPER moon



by Paul Normand

The Yonkers Production Company, the same people that brought you "Hello, Dolly" last year have presented their first offering for the 1973 theater season, Sandy Wilson's musical comedy about the



YONKERS PRODUCTION COMPANY
presents

Sandy Wilson's

THE BOY FRIEND

roaring 20's *The Boy Friend*. This is the second time this show has been done by an all male cast in San Francisco. The first time was back in 1966 at the S.I.R. center hall. Since it has been seven years, a revival was hardly out of place. The only person associated with both productions (and in the same capacity) is the Dowager Empress Shirley as costume designer. Shirley's costumes for the current *The Boy Friend* are truly a triumph. A triumph is an unusual way. All too frequently in "gay theater" the "drag" parts get all the emphasis...and the budget. The male parts are then left to furnish their own contemporary or Goodwill purchased clothes. With this production, everyone, was in a costume, no expensive "drag" costumes by personal coutouries for one or two performers leaving the rest to look like poor relatives. The unity of scale in costumes, and so much else in the show, was commendable.

Regarding the Sets: It seems almost unbelievable that size and working space could be gotten out of that parquered pie wedge that the Billage has for a stage. This was a true triumph of design (and engineering) which yielded a fancy villa-school, a beach scene, and the Cafe Patiplon, an art deco glory in black, white, and lots of silver. My only criticism in this area is that the furniture (necessarily minimal) was of too undefined a period and too non-elegant looking for the rest of the set. A well deserved round of applause to co-designers Cliff Reynolds and Steve Saddler.

The performers, without exception, deserved standing ovations. Tad Waggoner as Polly Browne yielded from a difficult role much charm and subtle humor frequently missing in other performers by other groups of this show. Bob Rendulic as Tony Brockhurst brought warmth and charm...and a welcomed new face to the

city's theater scene that is always so welcomed. Other than a slight stiffness brought on by nerves (I had to review opening night, instead of critics night (next night) and I assume he loosened up as the show played) his performance, otherwise, was very believable, well stressed and well acted. Mel Lenny as Mme. "Kiki" Dubonnet arrived with many credits and a well deserved loyal following. Although almost too pretty for the part, Mel gave a top quality performance that the audience loved from one thunderous ovation to another. Tony Michaels as Maisie Merriweather, gave the part an unbounded amount of energy, dancing talent, and the strongest singing voice in the whole cast. He was promoted from a chorus part in *Hello Dolly* and has proven to be perfect for this part. Ricky Lester as Bobby Van Heusen, is also so perfect for his part with its flashy dialogue and fabulous dance routines you could really believe he is Bobby Van Heusen. Mr. Lester is a performer with a great deal of audience appeal and should go far. Mike Lewis as Hortense, the maid, makes this a humorous part even more alive with a flair that will be well remembered when Golden Awards time is again around in San Francisco. Arthur Neil as Precival Browne, gave a rewarding performance as the skirt chassing and henpecked husband. His duet with Doug Marglin as Dulcie in 'Your Never Too Old' got tremendous audience response and was a true show stopper. Gene Josephs as Lady Hilda Brockhurst captured the hearts (and laughter) of the audience as the mamouth overbearing wife. This part may be the beginning of a whole new facet of his stage exposure. Stan Bernoil, Patrick J. Lynch, Bob O'Mally, and George Lowy as the boyfriends and Rob Spier, Doug Marglin, Andy Woodrad, and Vern Becker as the girlfriends made a handsome and humorous chorus of such singing and dancing talent that would be the envy of many a professional theater. One jewel like moment that got great audience response was when George Lowy as a whip-cracking sexy Argentine Gaucho did the torrid

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A SAN FRANCISCO OPENING G I G I

BY DOUGLAS DEAN

There was a time in the history of show business when a best-selling book or a hit play was made into a movie, good or bad, and that was the end of it.

Recently the trend has somewhat reversed. *The Apartment*, a successful film of the early 60's, was turned into a Broadway musical, *Promises, Promises*. One of Marilyn Monroe's best movies, *Some Like it Hot*, became the basis for the current New York hit, *Sugar*.

But consider the case of *Gigi*, a comparatively minor novel written by the Parisienne Colette about a half century ago. It became a successful French film. In the early 50's it was a Broadway play and created a brilliant new star in Audrey Hepburn. In 1958 it was turned into a film musical, concocted in Hollywood but featuring such well known Gallic performers as Maurice Chavelier, Louis Jourdan and Leslie Caron.

Now Edwin Lester, the eminent manager of the Civic Light Opera in San Francisco and Los Angeles, has decided to make a stage musical (using much of the score from the musical film) out of *Gigi* and it's headed, he tells us, straight for New York and the Great White Way.

Good luck, Mr. Lester. You're going to need it.

The critics of San Francisco's major dailies royally blasted this production when it opened at the Curran Theatre on May 15th. That's no cause for rejoicing, of course, but neither is it cause for absolute despair. Quite a few shows have "needed work" after their out-of-town openings and have still gone on to become Broadway hits—including other productions by Lerner and Loewe, the celebrated authors of *Gigi*. So Mr. Lester and director Joseph Hardy may be able to fix what needs to be fixed about *Gigi* during its run in San Francisco and Los Angeles before it gets to New York. The stage musical could still duplicate the success of the other versions of *Gigi* when it makes its debut on Broadway.

This reviewer saw *Gigi* one week after its San Francisco opening. During the few days following the premiere it was tightened a bit and was no doubt a smoother performance on May 23 than it was on May 15, when the first critics covered it. So my reservations about *Gigi* may not be as pronounced as those of Stanley Eichelbaum of the San Francisco *Examiner*, for instance.

Some of the production's faults are purely technical and could be corrected with little effort. Scene changes need to be speeded up, particularly in the first act, and perhaps this will necessitate some alterations in the scenery itself, although

(Continued on Page 80)





F A G G O T !

Is there such a thing as a show with a topical message that is also top flight entertainment. Happily, the answer is yes. The show in question? Al Carmines' brilliant work now showing at the Off Broadway Truck and Warehouse Theatre, *The Faggot!*

Originally presented at the repetoiry theater in the Judson Memorial Church where Carmines is a minister, it ran for the usual three week limit. After rave reviews from such diverse critics as the New York Times, Clive Barnes and *Gay's* Vito Russo and turn away crowds, producers Richard Lipton (for whom I bared my body (?) in the hilarious skin flick, *The Female Response*) and Bruce Mailman decided to take it to a comercial house.

Mr. Carmines' brilliant show has an equally brilliant cast to bring it to life on the stark stage.

The opening scene takes place in a movie house where a horny Frank Coppola dressed in denim, helps a timid Lou Bullock pick him up by taking Bullock's trench coat away and placing it on his lap at which point he takes Bullock's hand and places it under the coat. An usher appears blowing the whistle and yelling, "Faggot". The show is off and running.

The entire company appears singing the song, "Women With Women-Men With Men". 'A Five Minute Opera', 'The Hustler' follows with Bill Reynolds as a Harvard under graduate doing 'research' for a term paper in sociology as the hustler and David Pursley as the 'score'. I shan't reveal the surprise and comical ending but it was a gas. Next, a white House press conference has the Secretary of State telling reporters why the U.S. presence is still necessary in Cambodia. Following the conference his aide invites him to dinner with, "My lover is really a great cook." The year is 1993 and, "Gay liberation has become reality." The diplomat refuses with a sad and poignant, "It has come a little to late for me." He goes home and the song, "I'll Take My Fantasy" relates the case of a man who fantasizes his 'Mr. Right' from muscle magazines and laments his fear of taking the chance on loving someone who is real because of the commitment that entails. The hilarious telephone exchange between the 'Mothers-in-Law', Jenny and Sadie is next with Ms. Julie Kurnitz as 'Jenny' and Ms. Marilyn Child as Sadie discussing their sons' marriage to each other. "You can't say this is my son and my son-in-law." You'd think that the government would do something about it." How long do you think they'll go on thinking that we're fooled?". "you raise a son hoping for the best for him and when it happens

you can't join in his happiness." These are just a few of the lines in this segment. You have to see and hear the whole thing. The audience was holding its sides.

Bruce Hopkins does 'Desperation' explaining that he would be desperate no matter how he worked it. He takes us back to his childhood where he would play dress up with his sister. When a member of the cast objects to the 'stereo type' it is explained to him that the desperate ones are the ones everybody sees therefore becoming the 'stereo type'. 'A Gay Bar Cantata' with Marilyn Child

as the proprietess of the bar singing 'Disposable Woman' with a voice that glides. She does it in the manner of the late forties cinema's torch singers. And, she does it very well. There are five 'tired and bored business men at the bar when David Summers appears as 'the New Boy In Town'. He is young and magnetic. He describes how he enjoys turning the men on and then refusing them. Each of the newly vitalized men try to pick him up to be turned down with different classic put downs. 'New Boy' shows how a selfish beauty will turn on a crowd for his own

(Continued on Page 75)



PHOTOS BY ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS



Top Left: Kaftan is chosen from Town Squire's original styles. Swimsuit from their Boutique collection.

Top Cntr: Slax-Baggy-Cuff and Baseball Jacket by Fresh Produce, a division of Levi Strauss. Shirt imported from France

Top Right: Gary from the Naked Grape models a plaid sport coat from the Pierre Cardin Boutique Collection. Louie wears an original Town Squire Creation.

Bottom Left: Gary sports a multiple color knit top chosen to be worn with White Baggies with sewn down pleat.

Bottom Right: Brian from Cabaret models more slax from the Fresh Produce collection matched with a knit shirt from France.

Opposite Page:

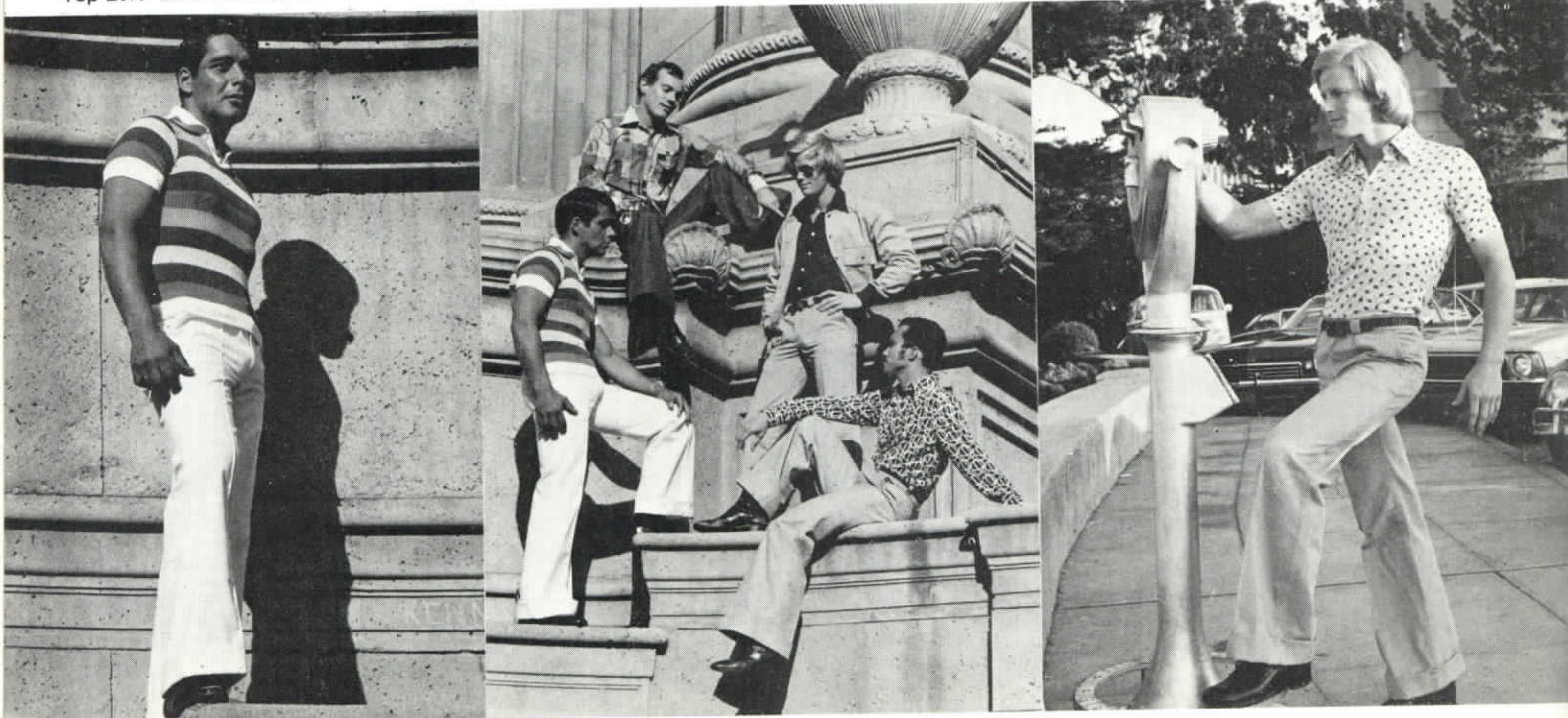
Top Left: Bikini brief boxer in faded blue ty-dye stretch nylon

assures comfort and flattering comments. Top Right: "When you've got it, flaunt it", swimsuit.

Center Left: Town Squire's "Nautical Nick" brief boxer. A sailor's delight for active cruisewear. Center Right: Exclusive Squire Rainbow Basket suit in body hugging multi-stretch nylon.

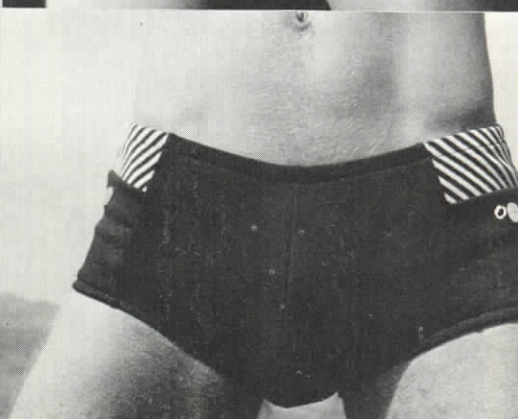
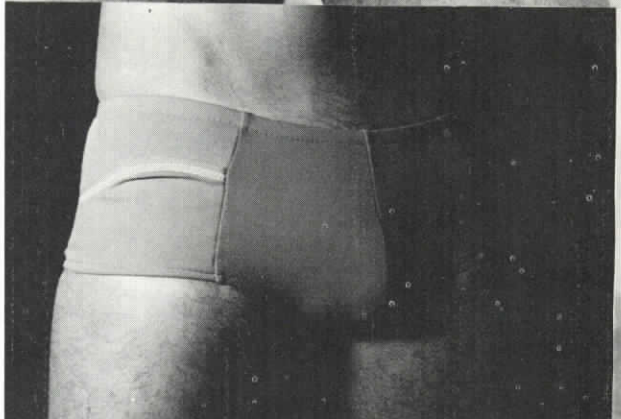
the
Town Squire

Bottom Left: Brief Boxer trunk suit in fast drying stretch nylon with contrasting diagonal inserts. Bottom Right: Stash pocketed stretch boxer, assures maximum comfort and enhances silhouettes.



THE SUMMER SQUIRE

PHOTOS BY EDDIE VAN





The Great Tri-



← **start**



-cycle Race !

X
↑
finish

BY SWEETLIPS

"GENTLEMEN' START YOUR PEDALS"! and as Charlotte the owner of the Mint sounded her starting gun, they were off and running. Running a circuitous route that would cover five and one half miles through most of downtown San Francisco and out to the finish line in front of the fabulous Mint Bar and Restaurant.

Forty entries signed up for the Second Annual Memorial Day Tricycle Race which rendezvoused in the Civic Center Plaza in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge. The route included sixteen obligatory Pit Stops at the following bars: *P.S., The New Bell, The House of Harmony, The Gangway, The Kokpit, The Turf Club, The Round Up, The Ram-

(Continued on Page 61)



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FINITE 1973 PRIVATE COLLECTION



EULOGY II 1973 COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST



DAVID: JULY 1973

ROBERT SINGLETON

by Allen Ford

Editor's note: Mr. Ford has been a close associate of Robert Singleton for a number of years. We requested that he write an interview for our readers allowing you an insight into what we consider one of the most outstanding artists in his field today.

"I feel a love of nature, and a sorrow for man who may never see or feel the splendor of nature, a sorrow for civilization caught up in time. man has become complex, he cannot stop to see the great beauty of simplicities."

Robert Singleton, Dec., 1962

It was not long after, that I had the pleasure of meeting Bob Singleton, and in this period of time I have observed a man of great sensitivity develop into a great artist. His growth in depth and understanding added by total commitment can readily be seen in his work.

To construct an accurate biography of a creative artist, it is vital to separate the necessary from the sufficient condition. The historical facts of a life lived in a singular spacio-time environment are separate from those emotional religious experiences that truly mold the artist and shape his work. In the creative act an artist transcends the passive state. For the moment, free from the ordinary, and with the help of forces beyond himself he makes visible another facet of the mystery and paradox that is existence.

In Robert Singleton's case, the historical facts are: he was born in Jacksonville, North Carolina, grew up in Williamsburg, Virginia; attended Matthew Whaley Elementary School, one of the first progressive public schools in the United States; in 1950 he began studying the piano under Donghi Naudiki, a Norwegian concert artist. Bob acknowledges that his first love was music. When he was only nine years old he used to listen to Mr. Naudiki, practice for hours at a time. In his own words he was "...mesmerized."

It was not until his high school years that Singleton began to paint. Upon graduation he entered William and Mary College, later attending Richmond Professional Institute. There he studied painting under Teresa Pollock, a student of Hans Hoffman. An exponent of the Abstract Expressionist School of Art. Singleton

found after his first one-man show in Williamsburg (1957) that the local people were more confused by than critical of his work.

During the next several years Singleton continued to paint, moving from Williamsburg to Virginia Beach and then back to Williamsburg. In both places he was an instructor, first at the Virginia Beach Art Association, and then at the Twentieth Century Gallery, Williamsburg. For a time, he was the art director of WXEX-TV, Richmond, Virginia. While curator of exhibits for the Jamestown Foundation, the Commonwealth of Virginia offered to send Singleton to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C. There he did research on the newest forms of museum presentation.

In 1963 his first major painting exhibit at the Bull's Head in Williamsburg was completely sold out. The next winter Bob left Virginia to travel to Seattle, Washington. However, the wheat fields of Kansas and Nebraska delayed him. As he said "...I was amazed, to be able to turn 360 degrees and still see nothing but wheat..what a great place...at night the whole world is sky...the straight lines of that horizon began to play an important part in my painting."

That same year Bob returned to Virginia. Still searching for direction, he undertook his third major show. But as he discovered "...despite the show's success, I knew that in order to be a mature painter I had to find a positive direction of my own, based upon my own precedents."

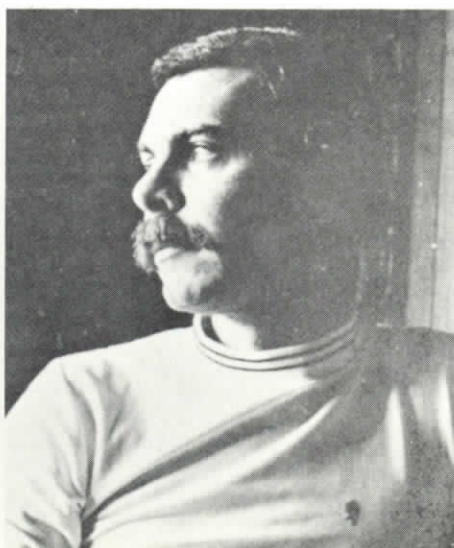
In the spring of 1964, Bob became coordinator of exhibits for the St. Augustine Quadracentennial Celebration. How-

ever, the summer of '64 was long and hot, and as a direct result of the intense racial strife, the show was cancelled. Bob found himself alone in St. Augustine and "...so broke that I didn't have the money to get back home to Williamsburg." A brother lived in Orlando who offered to let him stay at his home until he could earn enough money to go back to Virginia. Living in Orlando and working for Jordan Marsh, designing windows and painting backdrops for window displays, Bob speaks of this year as a time of "prostituted creativity". In the spring of 1965, he became seriously ill and had to stop work. This misfortune turned out to be beneficial for it gave him "...a lot of time to think...where am I going...and what am I doing with my life?..." It had been three years since he had painted, but he began again "...just to pass the time while I recuperated." In 1966, upon entering his first competitive art show, with examples of the work he had created during his convalescence, Bob was amazed to discover he had won first prize.

Since that time it has been awe inspiring to see the career of Robert Singleton soar. He has won at competitive art shows all over the South Eastern states. He has had numerous one-man shows throughout the country while consciously pursuing his personal artistic vision. Now as a member of the teaching staff at the Lock Haven Art Center, Orlando, Bob finds time to lecture and conduct seminar critiques. More recently, he has exhibited in a graphics show with Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and Andy Warhol. He has three times visited the prestigious MacDowell Colony, a creative artists retreat in New Hampshire. Bob has also received an invitation to become a visiting artist and instructor at the University of Hawaii, and is a winner of the Ford Foundation Grant to the Tamerind Institute at the University of New Mexico. This spring Galleries International gave Bob a one-man show and it was acclaimed the most successful in the history of the gallery. Only a few weeks after the close of the show Bob discovered an additional compliment to his career, that of being listed in Who's Who in American Artist.

While Bob's experiences are similar to those of other men, as an artist he is more deeply conscious of the world in which he lives. Standing in the shadows of Romantic, Realistic, and Transcendental movements, where notions like Nature, Man, Society, Individualism, and Responsibility are strained through the brutal reality of two world wars, numerous

(Continued on Page 62)



Mr Robert Singleton

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brian

A lover of Sunshine, Beaches and People, Brian found himself caught up in the Migrant of Flesh this spring and spent his Easter Vacation in Ft. Lauderdale.

His hobbies are Swimming, Boxing and Dancing. It appears he puts his entire body into pursuing these. Until now Austin, Texas has been his home where he attended the University of Texas.

After a brief stay in Central Florida, Brian plans to visit Atlanta where he has made arrangements for his first professional modeling job. He tells us that he will then go on to New York before the end of the summer and perhaps Providence-town.

Only 21, weighing 150 pounds, five feet nine inches, he feels he has a few strikes against him. We think with that smile and the personality we saw...Well, we have to disagree.

PHOTOS BY ROBERT SINGLETON

brian









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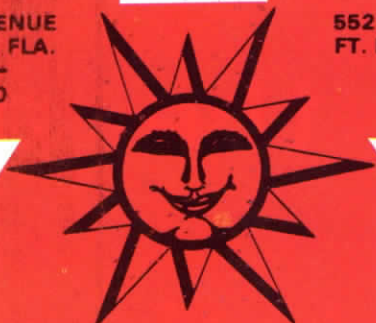


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A PLACE IN THE SUN

LIVE
ENTERTAINMENT
FEATURING

WENDY
RENE
GYPSY

diary

(from page 24)

more subtle perversions. I burned my doll collection, shaved my eyebrows, and began smoking. At night, I read obituaries. I mimicked birds (which my father hated) and drove my mother wild when I showed an interest in hair dressing. They sent me to Europe. But I cashed in the ticket and went to Trenton, New Jersey. It was another act of rebellion, like licking stamps and throwing them away.

I turned to astrology in my twenty-third year. My sex life was overwhelming. I had to find a different means of expression (besides eating rubber bands). My astrologer, who was later raped by a herd of goats on the Isle of Crete (and suffered a miscarriage) said, wisely: "You gotta be kidding?" He spoke in riddles, but the advice was sound. And chalk tasted better.

Once freed from my inhibitions, I broke loose, let myself go. Even in public. I was arrested on what they called an "indecent exposure" charge and was laughed out of court. The experience heightened my sense of sexuality. The judge wore a dress. Mine was prettier. I posted bond, skipped bail, and learned to roll cigarettes in a police car. I was riding high on the hog, low in the saddle, and home on the range. I always had a thing for stoves. The kind you light with a match (very passionate).

Balls fascinated me. I haunted the bowling alley like a ghost in a white cape. I got my kicks with the roll and my thrills with a strike, but a gutter hit flipped me out. As a side effect, I got addicted to jaw breakers, marbles, and polk-a-dots. Sometimes, in a half crazed mood, I jumped a pool table in the dark. Lust does that to you. And when you're free, wild, and sexy, you can flake off and enjoy it. My astrologer often said I had a heart like a nut: he tried to feed me to a chimpanzee once.

It was after the holidays that I fell in love with a Christmas tree. July. I hadn't taken it down, the Halloween pumpkin was rotting in the window, and the chocolate Easter eggs had melted in a lumpy mess on the bedroom floor. The star at the top did it. I was a little jealous of the tinsel, which clashed with my eye shadow, but nobody's perfect. I cried for a week when the last needle turned brown, shuddered, and died. It was probably the longest affair of my twenty-seventh year. I'd matured. One night stands were getting me depressed. I'd given up chasing cars.

My parents divorced. I was in the middle of a custody fight. Neither wanted me. But the police did, for what they called "a series of public perversions". Everybody was reading Dr. Ruben, Dear Abbey, and the morning paper. I made them all. But fame is a hang up. I decided to cut loose and head for Brooklyn. The language barrier wasn't much of a problem:

people stared at me in the streets. I got hot for subways, and bubble gum wrappers. Beer cans brought a lump to my throat. A wino pinched me, a bunch of hoods tried to roll me and I discovered a new thrill: paper clips. My astrologer sent me a letter with some damn good advice. I ate the envelope.

Before long I got a job in a hamburger hole. I wallowed in grease. The smell of it clung to me like exotic perfume. I fell in love with the frying pan and had a fling with the cigarette machine. It gave matches. Porno houses were everywhere, and old men who chewed tobacco stood around the restrooms and smiled. My astrologer called it "repressed tension". I burst like a balloon, bought a pair of roller skates, and played tag in the traffic. The cars were getting to me again. I couldn't stand another rejection (like being run over and sent to the hospital). I drifted. The police acted strange: they kept watching me.

Orgys were a common occurrence. Once freed, mentally, from a restricted background, group sex becomes as thrilling as being hosed down nude by a gang of firemen in mid-winter on a public street. Every boy should own a book of matches, and a fur coat (I managed both). Gutters have great sex appeal, but Autumn is the sexiest time of the year: the leaves turn into nymphomaniacs.

I left Brooklyn a little sadder, a little wiser, and quickly. My astrologer, who was raped by a herd of goats on the Isle of Crete (and suffered a miscarriage) was gone. I felt desolate. There was no one else who wanted me (except the police). Home was worse. The neighbors picketed the house and sent me poison candy. I gnawed the woodwork, chewed the linoleum, and became involved with an Oriental rug. My parents were outraged. We parted the best of friends, when they moved to another state. I grew passionately attached to a bicycle.

Then, one night, when I was on the roof fingering a telephone book, my life changed. I realized I could read the stars! The next day I had my ears pierced and became a fortune teller. My friends were amazed, my parents confused, the police suspicious. I was a success. And yet after twelve raids, an extortion charge, and two attempts on my life, I gave it up. Sex is more important than money. Although I learned to interpret the speech of the stars, which in turn brought complete sexual freedom (and emotional security), a little remains of that business adventure. Except the beads, the veil, and my pierced ears. I wanted to have the holes plugged when I had a disastrous affair with a pair of jade earrings. But the plastic surgeon only looked at me (after I told him the story) and said: "You outta get your brains fixed, freaky,"

(Continued on Page 55)



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o'neal (from page 31)

guess that he feels some emptiness when she's not there, since he has not had much of a relationship with anybody, ever. He's not communicative. He doesn't know how to express his emotions or feelings. He probably has them, but he finds it difficult to be honest with other people and with himself."

Suits made originally for such stars as Bing Crosby, George Raft, Robert Taylor, James Cagney, complete with padded shoulders and deep-repleat trousers. Fifty-five autos, vintage 1925-1936, were contracted to be used in *Paper Moon*.

Ryan O'Neal was born in Los Angeles in 1942 and spent his early years traveling around the world with his father and mother.

At L.A. University High School, he occupied his spare time acting, singing and competing in athletics. His career began in Germany, where he worked as an extra and stunt man in the TV series *Tales of the Vikings*. Back in the States he worked in TV series, *Dobie Gillis*, *The Untouchables*, *Bachelor Father* and *My Three Sons*. It was the role of Rodney Harrington in *Peyton Place* that firmly established O'Neal. Of course *Love Story*, which won him an Academy Award nomination as Best Actor brightened his star.

"I can't answer what Ryan O'Neal is really like," Ryan ponders leaning forward in his chair, bracing his elbows on his legs. "He's becoming more and more complex, feeling the weight of the world already. I just feel the pressure of success and there's a lot of pressure in success."

"When 40 million people watch you every week (*Peyton Place*) it's tough to hide. But I accepted it," O'Neal says earnestly. "I lost my privacy but I guess that's all part of the dues you pay."

Two marriages and three children matured him. "I am not frivolous," O'Neal stresses. "I'm a serious young man trying to get by. I try not to be too premeditated about what I do. I've got things wrong in my life like everyone else which I'm trying to work. I'm trying to get it all straight, trying to get some rhythm going."

"I'm just into my thirties now and I'm going to make them as good as possible." He spends his life at a secluded house in Malibu.

"Movies are file, television is hot dogs," O'Neal says.

"I haven't fared too well with critics, they don't quite believe me yet. They will." "I think it's the way I look. I look too American or healthy or something. It's harder for me to win them, but I will."

"I think inner turmoil of some kind makes people want to be actors," Ryan analyzes. "They don't fit in anywhere else. The actual work is so emotional."

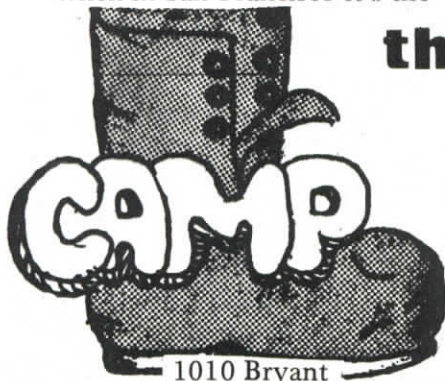
O'Neal has tried hard to separate reality from fantasy in both his life and his work. Fame, in itself, he has concluded, is not destructive. "There are a lot of people who are basically self-destructive," he says, "Not just actors. People destroy themselves all the time. It's just fate, that's all. It's sad. I think you either have a will to live or you don't."

"My parents don't let me get too crazy," he smiles. "I have a great brother who is a very good actor."

Says Tatum O'Neal, "The best thing about acting is being with Daddy." So if Miss O'Neal steals the picture away from her father I don't believe he will mind that much since he helps with the larceny. By so doing he proves himself a character actor of the first class.

Again, nostalgia. Listen for Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Paul Whiteman, Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra, Fibber McGee and Molly, so many, not to mention my own personal favorite, Victor Young and His Orchestra. As that great critic Judith Crist says, "We can revel in Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon* as a reminder that the good things of film not only used to be—but are..."

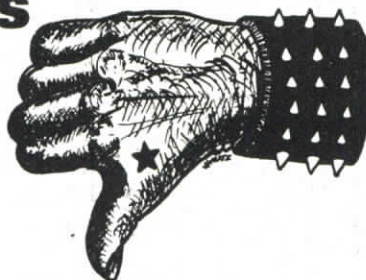
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diary

(from page 52)

Oddly enough it was my parents who settled the matter. They sent me a tape recorder (with whom I fell madly in love) and the pre-recorded message was: "Don't get the holes in your ears filled. They match the ones in your head."

Every day I grow more passionate. My soul quivers at the sight of clothes hangers (the little closet tarts): I wait in the dark for them. The neighbors no longer harrass me (they left town). Only the police, in exciting, sensual boots, linger while I hustle the garbage cans three times a week. Rape is a game: I molested a fire hydrant, handled a station wagon, and played footsie with the park bench. Light bulbs turn me on.

Now, at the height of my sexuality, I've discovered travel. Planes taunt me, ships cruise me, trains whistle. I want to make them all. The thought of leather suitcases thumping my thighs thrills me. I can hardly wait for the climax (the crinkle of travel folders, the smell of magazine stands, and pay toilets). I die every time I lick a sticker. If that weren't enough, the Chamber of Commerce had a rummage sale and bought me a surprise with the proceeds: a one way ticket to the Isle of Crete. I've heard (from a disreputable source), the goats are an easy make.

AN ADVENTURE

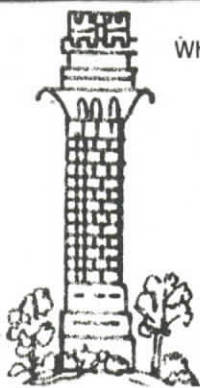


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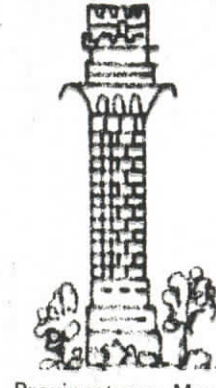
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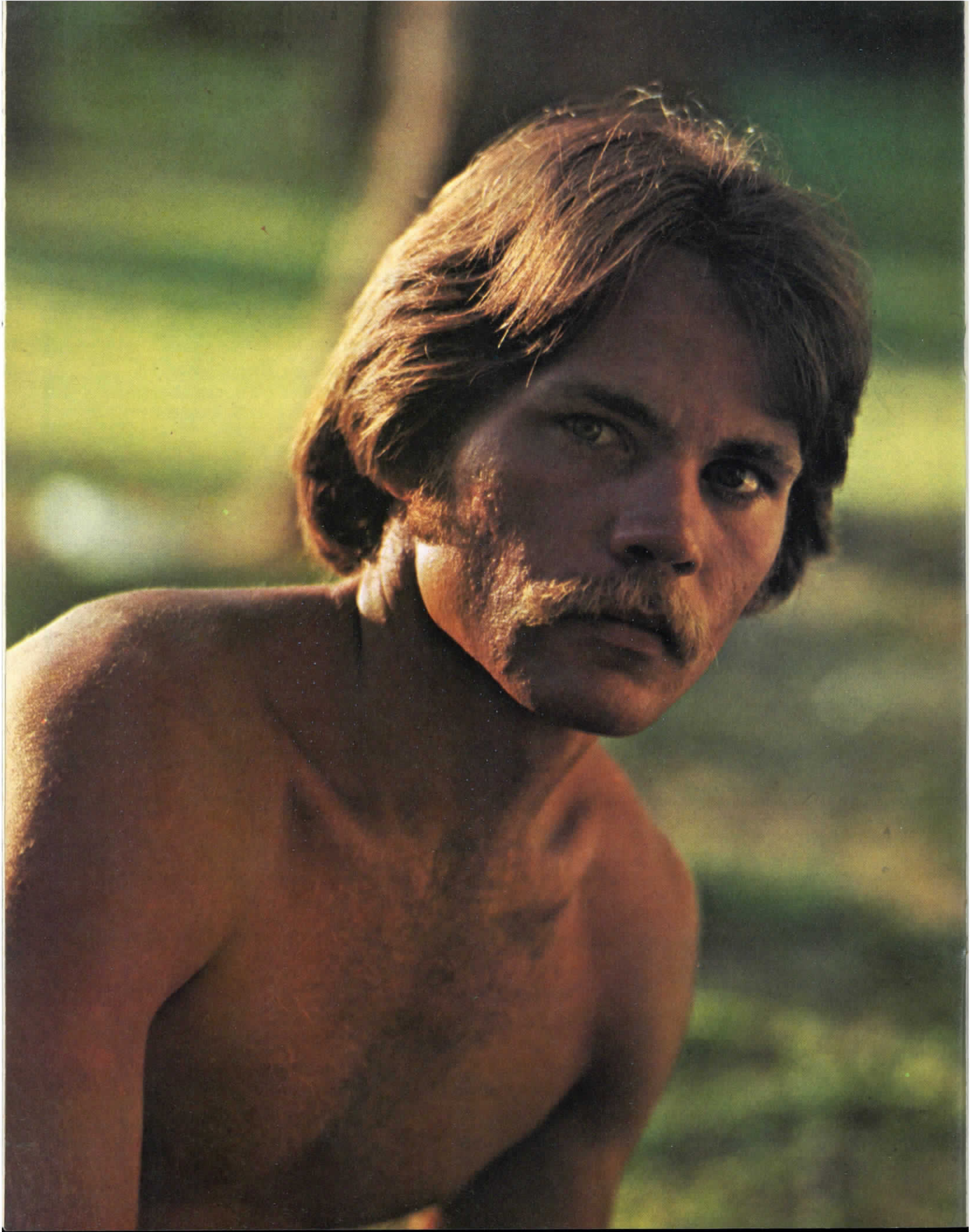
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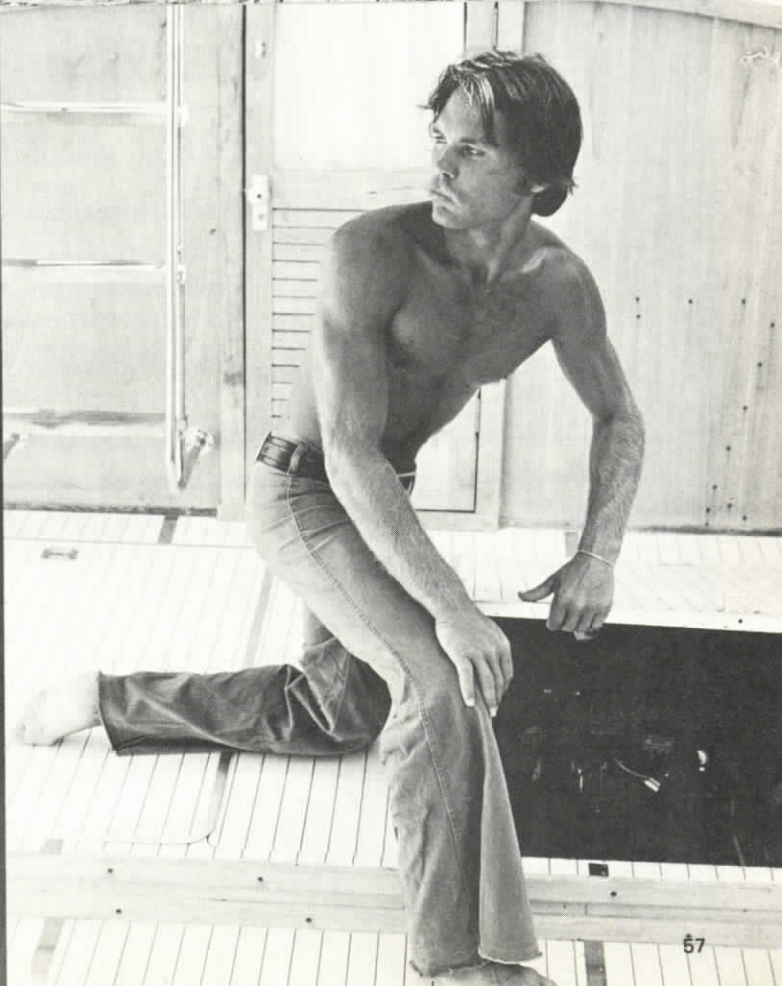
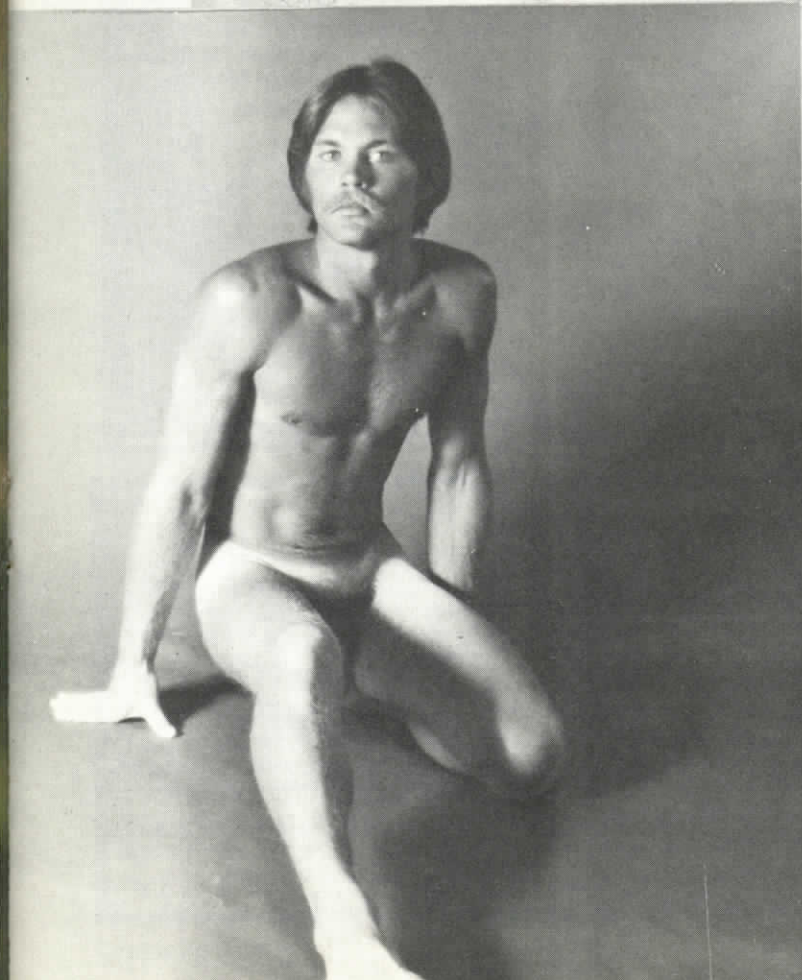
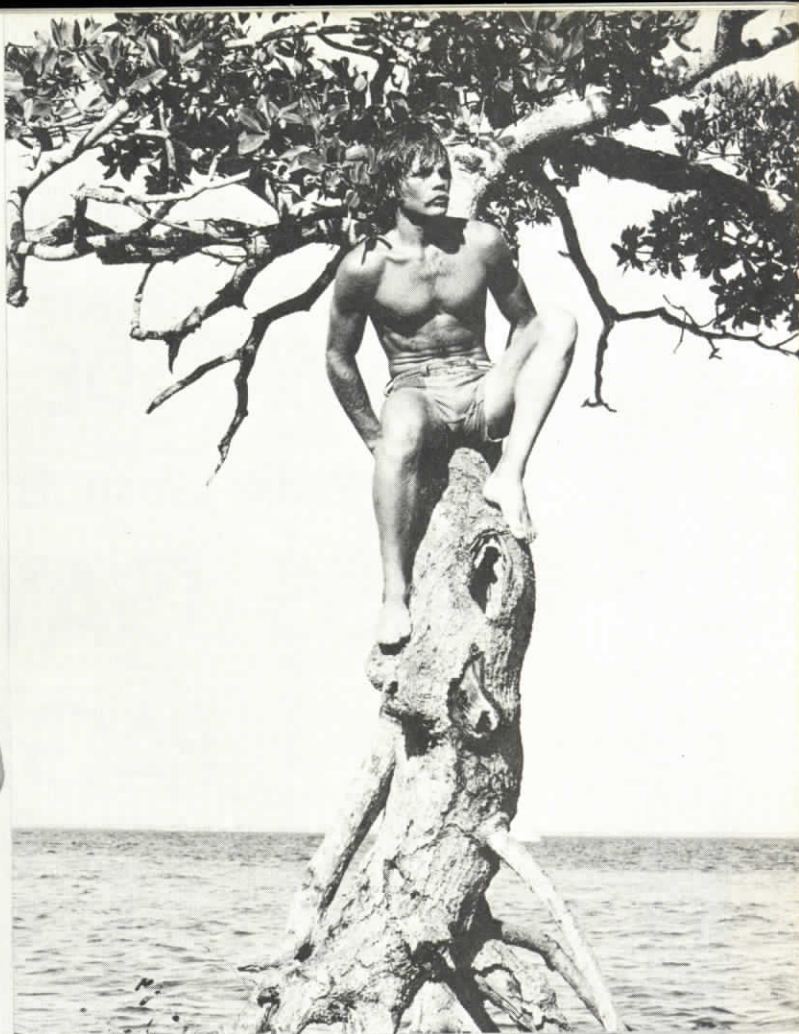
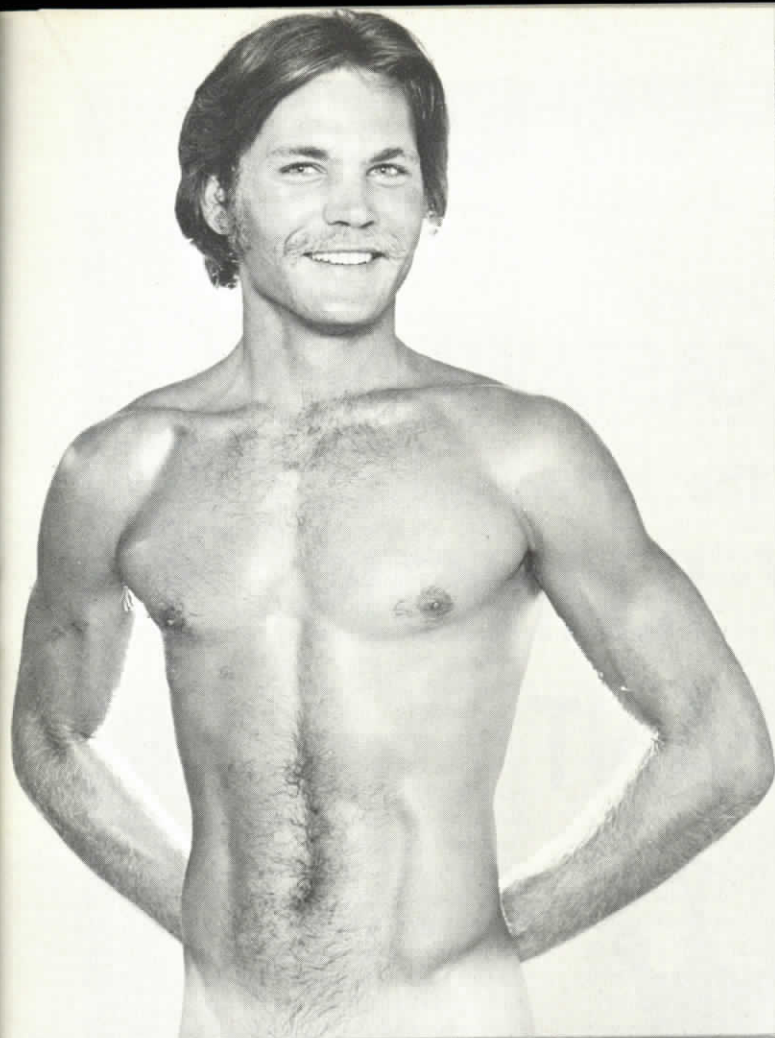
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boyfriend *(from page 32)*

carnival Tango with the master of facial expressions Mike Lewis, as Hortense the maid in tango costume. If one moment had to be picked as the top of show, the unanimous agreement would be for the Busby Berkely styled "Riviera" number. There were so many wonderful production number gimmicks of the era and when the entire chorus taps in unison the thunder and screaming of the audience is deafening. Doug Marglins choreography for *Hello Dolly* was exceeded by his work on *The Boy Friend*.

Chuck Zinn as director seems to have success as a middle name and the public knows they can expect true quality from him. Perry George and John Kozak as co-producers have shown what organizing a strong team can produce in the way of promotion, tickets, and first class posters and programs. High quality and standards were ever present. Effects Unlimited's lighting was full, imaginative, and interesting. In summary let me say that the Yonkers people have helped bring maturity to gay theater in so many ways from tight direction, sparkling choreography, an orchestra and chorus under the baton of veteran Larry Canaga that has a real 20's sound and an artistic continuity subtelty that would be missed by many people but was very clever—The Art-Deco border on the flyers and poster was repeated on the procenium arch as if the poster had come alive to the show. This same art-deco figure was repeated on the tickets and in the program neatly tied in the whole show.

Vi *(from page 16)*

so not to miss and to greet everyone who entered.

Surrounded by the many baskets of flowers sent to her, she sat regally in a turquoise and silver lame' gown. Her beautiful white hair glistened in the spotlight on her. No one I know was made happier than this unselfish woman and adopted Mother of half of the bay area. She saw everyone there was royally entertained by a live band, a sumptuous buffet (prepared by Vi herself) and served by Ronnie (Doglady's son) and Paul, a regular customer of Vi's.

The speech Doglady read from Vi touched everyone. The last line of this read and I quote, "It touches my heart that you have let me be a part of your Mothers Day". No, Mother Vi, it was our honor.

By 2 am after the bar had closed, Vi and I sat at the bar and she asked me, "How can I ever thank everyone who has been so nice?"...I think she did by just being there and allowing the host of celebrities and customers who came by to honor this great lady in the only way they knew how. Just to stop by and say hello or hug her neck. Vi Looby, Mother Of The

Year, a warm and wonderful lady you have to meet and once you do look forward to losing your heart to this wonderful woman. May 13th, an eventful evening that will linger in all our hearts for a long time. Happiness always, Vi...We all love you....

Provincetown *(from page 18)*

top entertainers, has now been taken over by Lynne Carter, a renown entertainer himself. Lynne has great plans for his new home, with the promise never to change the original charm and to continue the same tradition of best entertainment.

Two other bars which should not be missed are the A House and The Moors. The A House or Atlantic House on Masonic Place is the oldest bar in Provincetown, built in 1784 and known by many as "grope Heaven". Beacuse it is off the main Street and has a tiny entrance it can almost be missed, but once inside you realize there is more to this bar than meets the eye. In the afternoon returning from the one and a half miles of gay beach and many more miles of sand dunes the place to go is the Moors. Everyone gathers here to drink, sing and enjoy some of its famous Portequese and American food before they go home to prepare for the evening. You have to get there early or you won't get in.

Other restuarants that are frequented by the gay set are The Red Inn, Land Mark Inn, Provincetown Inn, the Mews, Sal's Place, Mother Marian's and the Cottage; the last two are the places to go for breakfast to make the "morning after the night before" funfilled too among the same popular guest Houses are The Ranch, George's Inn, The Plaza, Birch House, London House, Chicago House, Atlantic House, Fisherman's Cove, Crown and Anchor, Pilgrim House, the Coat of Arms and The Antique Inn Apartment. For all your daily necessities from candles to pills to DAVID Magazine there are conveniently located on Commercial Street, The Necesseties above the antique and jewerly shops, The Antique (number 2) and The Little Store which is across from the A House. Most any thing you will need can be found in these three stores. For custom made-tailored clothes (men or women) see Provincetown's famous Pinky located at Kiley Court and Commercial Street. While in Provincetown one should not miss Joyce's and Sara's sight seeing dune tours. Just watch for the bright yellow International Travel-alls with Provincetown's friendliest and most popular girls driving them.

A visit to Provincetown will certainly hold something to remember for any visitor off season or during the season. Peace and quiet, excitement and adventure are all here. Who knows, you might even find romance, I did.



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Lena

(from page 29)

Almost all the autobiographies of Black show people relate examples of discrimination, not by white performers but by citizens of cities in which they performed. Billy Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues* describes her long bus tour with the Artie Shaw Band. For *White Only* "It got to the place where I hardly ever ate, slept or went to the bathroom without having a major NAACP type production". Lena was refused a room in a hotel that booked her as a star. In 1955 she called off a Miami Beach engagement on account of Hotel discrimination. Her first major recording for Victor was "Haunted Town". She left the band to appear on Broadway in *Blackbirds*, the show was a flop but the critics singled out Lena for special praise.

Sepia singers entered the high class night clubs years before the comics did. Lena drew the carriage trade to the Fairmont in San Francisco to the Empire Room at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Her Cafe Society engagement at the Little Trocadero in Hollywood is where the glass slipper turned to silver.

I always believed that people who earn their living in the theatre make the most attentive and appreciative audience. And so they were to this lovely new young singer. Chaplin, Garbo, Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Stokowski, Gloria Swanson, Aga Kahn, Prince of Wales, Cole Porter, Irene Manning were among the thousands of patrons who flocked to the little Troc. Lolly (Louella Parsons) and Hedda (Hopper) raised thumbs up and Lena was signed for MGM musicals and so the Lion Roared the Blues.

Cabin In The Sky gave Lena her first film chance and let Eddie Anderson get out of his 'Rochester' Jell-O mold. Staged by George Balanchine with a score by Vernon Duke and John La Touche and introducing "Taking A Chance On Love" with additional music of Harold Arlen, "Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe". Producer Arthur Freed brought Vincent Minnelli from Broadway to direct. The great Ethel Waters starred and Lena was delicious as Sweet Georgia Brown. She moved up with *Stormy Weather*. Bill Robinson tapping, Catherine Dunham's rouse dancing and Lena's singing spelled entertainment plus. These films today on TV are better than one remembers.

In *Ziegfeld Follies* Lena sang "Love" like nobody else ever could. Lena became atmosphere in the big-musicals like *Till The Clouds Roll By*. She sang "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" in the *Show Boat* sequence. She was Julie, the perfect Julie. When MGM remade *Show Boat* they cast Ava Gardner in the part. Beautiful Ava couldn't sing. But she could sell, when the south banned films

(Continued on page 83)

trikes

(from page 38)

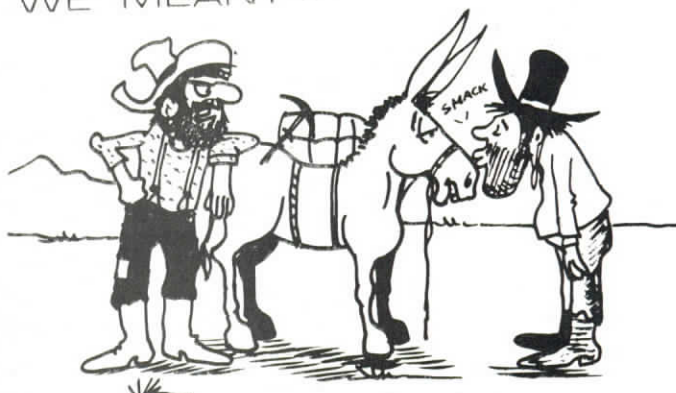
rod, Fe-Be's, Bachelor Club, Mistake, Pendulum, Toad Hall, Twin Peaks, Purple Pickle, Naked Grape and the finish line in front of the Mint, where more than one thousand will wishers and members of various rooting sections waited to cheer their favorite entry at the finish line.

Large bowls of ice cold special 'Punch' waited the racers as they made their pit stop and signed in against their calibrated time. Needless to say sixteen drinks later, not all of the entries actually made it to the finish line. The winner of the "Tricycle Trophy" and One Hundred Dollars was the entry from the Gangway pedaled and pushed by Glen Dukes and Dingy Don. Second place and fifty dollars was earned by Terry and Ralph on an entry from Big Town. Third place winner and twenty five dollars was won by Doug and Gene on a nautical trike entered by the new and different Pier 54. Additional prizes were offered by Charlotte of the Mint for the most outrageously decorated trike entry. The first prize being awarded to the entry from the Nothing Special which was a campy miniature of a World War I 'aeroplane' titled the Lavender Baron. The riders were dressed in flyers costumes of the period—all Lavender and authentic. Prizes were also awarded for the most striking costume for a rider and pusher. First place award in this category was won by the entry representing Empress Maxine's Court. The contestants being Kissy Dickie and Sandy both of whom were practically nude except for sprayed on gold-glitter and accents of white caribou feathers and pearls around their wrists and anklets and as a cod piece. Fortunately, it was one of the warmest May 28th's on record in the city. Gawkers, tourists, tour busses and street cars came to a complete stop when they approached the record-breaking crowd at the Mint. Charlotte had arranged to take over the filling station and its parking lot next door, to accomodate the throngs gathered for this Second and Award Winning event. A consensus of total community the next day was that this Second Annual Tricycle Race out-did its predecessor and not one person was injured whereas many had very large and aching heads the next morning. It was physically impossible to get inside the Mint for the awarding of trophies and prizes for the 'outlandish' Bathing Beauty Contest which you might know was won by 'Heliotrope', and which followed the Great Race into the late hours of the night. Les Balmaine, General Chairman of the Tricycle Race can chalk up another prize winning event for the Mint, where he is one of their very attractive bartenders and a fine artist as well.

Hoping to see you all at the next years race.....Sweetlips.

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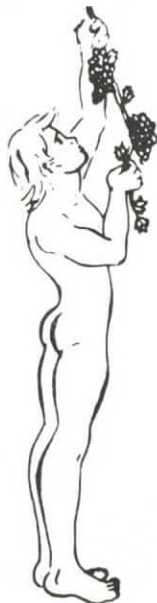
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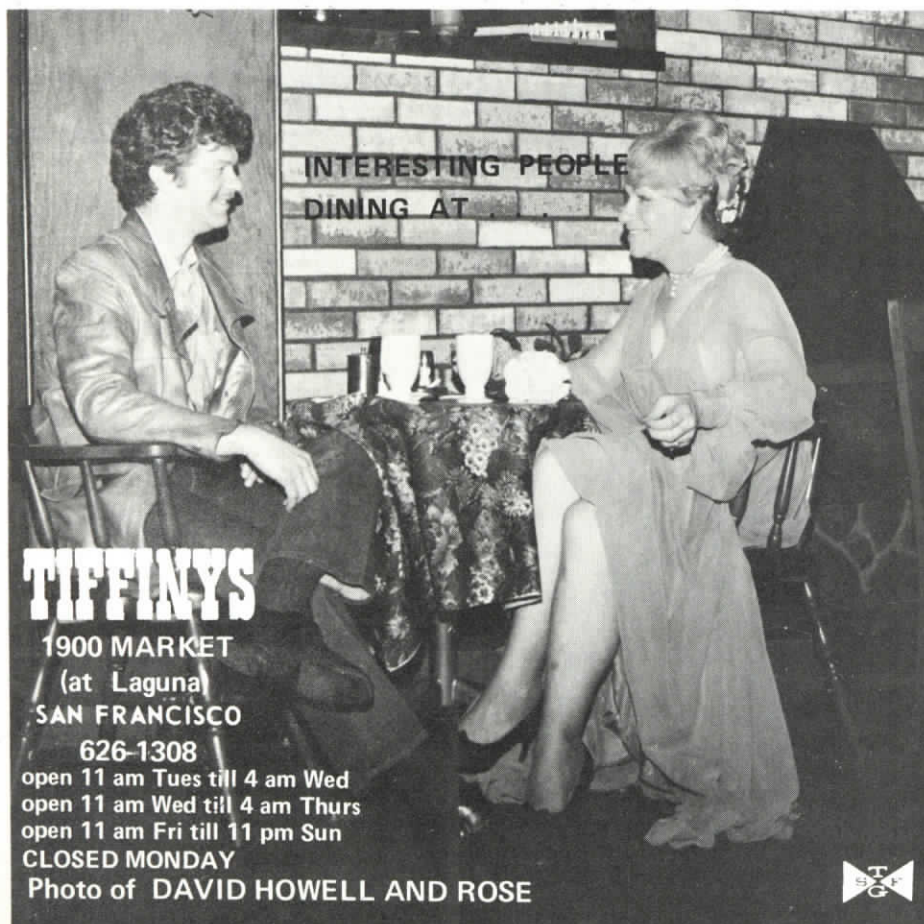
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SINGLETON (from page 45)

police actions, a growing depersonalization, and crass materialism, Robert Singleton finds himself caught up in a miasmic atmosphere created by computers, jingoists, and a socially acceptable, unbounded relativism. Struggling to understand a sick society, Bob, through his art, attempts to bring an intelligible order to a chaotic universe. He inventories the tensions, turmoil, and pain he knows as a creative artist. Challenging self-induced blindness, he quests after truth.

It's refreshing in a modern day world bordering on egomania to talk to a man who doesn't like to make idle conversation about his work, a man who would more readily prefer to be introduced as a lawyer, or whatever, than a painter. FORD: How long have you been a painter?

SINGLETON: "I am not a painter, I have many outlets in many directions, sculptor, photography, writing, print making, gardening, to even shoving furniture around the room. I don't consider myself any different than anyone else. The only actual difference would possible be the Degree of Commitment."

FORD: Do you find any time pain involved in the creative process or ever a struggle with self?

SINGLETON: "The quest to find myself—to find out what it is all about—began long ago, but it was at MacDowell Colony... where I had gone looking for clues to explain myself...and a sign from God about my work, that my painting took on a spiritual quality...my work...me...we are meshed together. Perhaps you might understand what I am saying if I told you that my work is a burden that one is blessed with, it is also a burden that it creates a painful involvement. I live a lifestyle that could be more fun, but one has to decide their lifestyle. The commitment that one makes has to be total and especially with creative people. There is no room for mediocracy. The only way I can take myself is total. You see it is the living with this constant burden reminding myself to total commitment. Whether self appointed or not, it's the only way I can be. Being a painter, "creative person", is a very lonely type of existence. Out of choice it has to be that way, this is not a plea for sympathy, we still have a free will."

FORD: Do you believe creative people are neurotic, and are driven to express themselves to communicate with the world through their work?

SINGLETON: "Yes, and let me refer to the lives of Van Gogh and Nijinsky to support this thesis. Those men were driven to express themselves to communicate, the more withdrawn Van Gogh became, the more extraverted and manic his painting became...in this manner Van Gogh created a balance...as he withdrew

from people and the pressures of society... more and more he expressed himself through his painting...but when he lost that balance, he killed himself. In drawing a parallel between Van Gogh's life and the Russian Cancer Nijinsky,...Nijinsky was a physical person, not intellectual... when he was taken away from the dance... made an administrator...a public figure... he broke up...expressing himself through the dance, he was able to maintain his equilibrium; unable to dance, the delicate balance was ruptured. I do not identify with either Van Gogh or Nijinsky, but please understand that like Van Gogh the frustrations I experience in life, I work out in my paintings."

FORD: Are you then saying that artists must suffer?

SINGLETON: "No, they are instinctively more sensitive to involvement in life; confronted with more situations and respond more than the average person. This is their outlet, the average person would explode with the buildup, the artists expresses. Let me give you an example of the turmoil the creative artist goes through. Recently, a painting that I produced was a creative effort that recognized the reality of the generation gap. A literary message, in dialogue form, is conducted over the painted figure of a dying boy. It exposes the inarticulate nature of questions, the naivete of answers, and pain suffered by men separated by chronological age and appetite.

"I just departed." "Why?" "National Security; what they call war." "So wagers may live." "But you are so young." "The youth have the strength of body." "What of life." "That is for the wagers." "Won't you miss it?" Refrain... "What of life?" "Why?" "Won't you miss it?" "Why?" "Why?"


FORD: Let me go back to my second question and redirect a portion of this to you. Do you find any pain involved in the mental preparation before you begin to paint?

SINGLETON: "While the creative process is painful, and I am fearful, it...encompasses so many things. Self discipline, the pain is so real...I know it is easy to get by, glide along...but after awhile if you have any ethical sense, you're forced to be honest with yourself...I am confronted with the canvas...in conflict with myself... is it going to be a compromise or an honest statement?...It is painful, this digging into the soul to find out exactly who you are and what you are going to say...I spend months analyzing myself before I go to the studio to paint...then the mental and emotional pain is the sense of elation I get from those first few moments when I look at the completed painting."

FORD: Are you always honest with yourself in your work?

SINGLETON: "That's a very difficult question. I want to express myself on certain issues, but I know what is in vogue,

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what museums are buying, what critics applaud and the desire to follow along is tremendous. It is an ego trip, success, acclaim...all of that...but you decide between making an honest statement and getting a pat on the back. As I have said, my work and I are meshed together. There is a personal dialogue between me and the canvas...the instant I touch it, the canvas takes on a life of its own, dictating what I am going to do to it. When a man violates his 'givens' he is asking for turmoil...he is going into forbidden, unknown territory. Every creative artist transgresses his 'givens'."

FORD: Have you felt a progression of your expression in the past year?

SINGLETON: "I would say more in the

past year and a half. This past year I fully realized the sanctity of MacDowell. It is an opportunity to completely purge myself. I remove myself mentally from all compromises that one has to make. An artist has to be involved in order to draw from...I must remove...Purge more and more, confronted with myself...What are you doing? Are you honest? Are you a Cop Out? What does the public want? Are you catering to a museum? Are you catering to a critic? All these things go through my mind. I then back myself in a corner, then a state of mind of more thinking...At that point I am ready to paint. It is painful, but I looked at a finished canvas and I knew I hadn't the capability to finish it myself, 'I', ego isn't enough to finish a painting I had to

leave room for accident...I know you can rationalize the whole thing and talk about the subconscious coming through, but when I look at my work...I know I am in my paintings...and now I feel that I want to contribute something to society not necessarily say something new, but I do want to express my feelings on specific issues. The secrets of life interest me now...my paintings are no longer organic in structure. The approach is to leave yourself totally open. Whe the hell do I think I am that I am going to paint a good painting? If one allows oneself to get off on that trip... 'I' is wrong. I am an instrument. Humble yourself before that canvas or whatever you are going to do. Consider yourself as an instrument, an

(Continued on Page 84)

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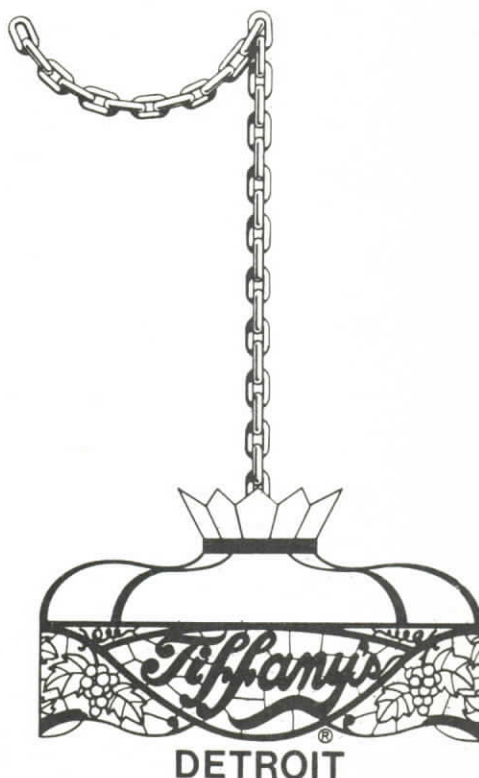
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chains

(from page 22)

San Francisco undertakes a new waterhole opening soon and to be called the End Up. This huge bar will also become an after-hours place after the 2 AM closing time in San Francisco.....Long Beach's new bike club, the Loboc M/C (Long Beach-Orange County) can be found almost any night at Jim's Corral, hosted by popular Jim O'Malley at Cherry and Artesia in the northern section of this beach city boasts almost as many bikes as they have members. Their Wednesday night \$1 for all-you-can-drink beer busts are drawing crowds from as far away as the distant San Fernando Valley.....Bar entrepreneur Bill McWilliams opened another bar in San Francisco recently. His new City Dump in the hip/long-hair area of San Francisco on Castro Street, isn't a leather bar, but bar patrons familiar with his operational tactics manage to drop in to this popular place dubbed as a place for the Levi Generation and groovy young studs abound in an atmosphere that definitely smacks of butchiness.....Dargan, Maryland is the site of Elk Ridge Ranch, near Harpers Ferry, W. Va., featuring a Flea Market every Sunday throughout the summer months. You can take your pets there, a restaurant is soon to open, dancing on weekends, bike clubs use it for run sites from the Washington and Virginia areas and the whole complex is conducive to getting away from it all. For reservations, write to Route 1, Box 284C, Harpers Ferry, W. Virginia 25425. Incidentally, they're selling shares at \$100 per, in case you want to invest your tokens in a burgeoning enterprise.....Chicago's Gold Coast is showing movies every Sunday night at 5 and 10, with an impressive array of films scheduled throughout the summer.....The Leather Cell there offers an interesting array of leather toys for sale for those of you with discriminating tastes.....The Omaha Meat Packers M/C have been denied entrance to the Cave in Omaha on some not-to-be believed fire regulation enforcements by the management, so have retreated to the Diamond

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Bar on 16th Street in near downtown Omaha. Watch for this new club's newsletter to be published monthly...to be called "The Steer"....Difficulties of this type were also encountered by the Kemo M/C and Iron Cross M/C in Montreal with Bud's Bar.....Sorry to hear that Cycle M/C in New York has dropped the popular Cycle Week held annually in January. The growth of the bike club population throughout the country has given us an array of bike runs in general vicinities that conflict with each other. The Cycle M/C often takes the lead in new concepts where bike activities are concerned and it is hoped that other areas of dense populations will pick up on this curtailment of conflicting bike run dates.....And speaking of Cycle M/C, their monthly mag, *Wheels* enters its 6th year of publication soon and congratulations to Dee-Dee and all the club members.....Can anyone tell me what happened to the Tribe M/C in Detroit?.....In New York, Leather by Lee seems to be taking the lead with custom togs followed closely by the Tin'der Box with western and custom made leather clothing and "sex botique" (?). That's telling it like it is.....Understand the 247 Bar in Philadelphia is "where it's at" located in the action area where Everyone is welcome and the home of the Vanguards M/C.....the FF of A Chapter in San Francisco opened their own after hours bistro here and called it The Lumber Yard...hosted by former Fe-Be's owner, Jack and assisted by Gary and a groovy crew of bar/coffee tenders and featuring modern decor, including carpeting in the "action" areas.....Out in Brookfield, Illinois, the Saddle Masters M/C have been re-organized under direction of Chairman Rich Smart, a great guy with dedication and perseverance.....Popular Jeff of the Boot Camp in San Francisco just celebrated his birthday with a huge 5-wine dinner at the new Pier 54, Champagne Party at the Boot Camp and his special guest, Phil Cooper of the Out Cast, L.A.

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mother (from page 21)

"Occasionally Mother screams—"
"That's when we're in bed together."
"She pulls off the covers and screams."
"Needless to say we haven't been sleep-
ing—and the neighbors are starting to ask
questions about the noise."
"Somebody stopped me in the lobby and
wanted to know if we had a 'tempermen-
tal guest'."

Tony laughed. It was a bitter sound.
"All because that little prick, Marty had
to bring him—"

I heard a crash in the next room.

Tony's head lifted angrily to it, "Yes, you
heard right you old bitch. Your fucking
son, whatever his name is."

A glass object came sailing through the
open door and harmlessly missed Tony's
head, smashing against the wall.

Paul's strident voice shouted, "Stop it!"
"Why don't you find him you old fart,
and leave us alone."

I could hear Paul's heavy breathing be-
hind me, "Cut that out Tony. Right
now!"

The keyboard cover on the piano slam-
med shut of its own accord. Tony jumped
up from the piano bench fuming.

"You stupid bitch! I hope you rot in
Hell!"

There was a tremendous crash behind
me and the huge Renoir canvas came
toppling down from the wall. I jumped
up, dropping my glass and ran to catch it.

Paul had run over to force Tony against
the piano shouting at him, "Cut it out!"
and took him into his arms rocking him
back and forth. "Please, you're only hurt-
ing yourself. It does no good. Please
baby."

I stood there supporting the canvas from
falling face down onto a chest of drawers
and ripping, but couldn't hold it up for
much longer.

"Will somebody please help with this—
you can make love later."

Paul and Tony ran to help me. Tony was
the tallest and was able to push the paint-
ing in its frame back against the wall so
that it rested on the floor. Suddenly as I
stood there watching them both con-

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cerned with their treasure, everything hit me at once—it was ridiculous. Who would believe it. Tony turned and caught something in my expression.

"Look at him," he said, "he thinks its funny."

I had to let go then as a release. I doubled over laughing. Tony jumped me, wrestling me to the floor, finally getting caught in the laughter.

"Imagine," I said, gasping for breath. "the medium leaving the seance and forgetting the check if the spirits have departed," I broke up again. "Are you insured for damage by undeparted spirits?"

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. It fell to the floor as if thrown from a distance. I sobered up. Tony and Paul watched amused.

"Be our guest," Tony said.

"It was Mother," Paul said picking up the book and my spilled glass. He left the room carrying away both of them.

"How am I supposed to help you. I imagine this is why you called me."

Tony looked away. "Don is coming with Davey and we're holding another seance to clear the place."

"Is Marty going to be here?"

Tony shook his head. "We had enough trouble trying to locate his trick much

less him" He stopped suddenly and whispered, "Mother didn't hear me."

She might just not be up on terminology, I thought.

We heard the buzzer ring and Paul opening the door. Then voices. I could recognize Davey's light weight voice, and then the two of them appeared in the library door. Don, bent shouldered and smiling as if making a curtain call to wild applause came first. Davey stood small and pale in the doorway, his eyes searching the room. Don came off the grand entrance bit, when no one saluted. Tony quietly greeted him. He nodded faintly, smiling at me.

"I'm so sorry."

It came from Davey near the door, looking embarrassed and abused, or maybe sensing hostility. Tony didn't say anything so I did.

"Come in Davey. It has nothing to do with you. It's just something that happened."

I could hear Tony grinding his teeth. Paul came in, he put his arm around Davey as he brought him into the room. I thanked him for it with a quick glance. While I tried to make the boy seem more at ease, I saw Don out of the corner of my eye, take Paul by the arm and lead him off into a corner. The next thing I knew Paul was behind me and taking me aside.

"We need a little extra cooperation from

you," Paul said.

My eyebrows went up—I could feel them—and noticed Don Spitola sulking in a corner of the room.

"Don," Paul's voice got louder hoping the named would possibly rescue him from the predicament. But Don did not.

"Well," Paul said, "Don would like to apologize for his behaviour toward you last Saturday night."

I looked at Don in the corner. Those small blue eyes were on me. I shrugged to indicate it had long been forgotten.

"Please forgive me," he boomed, the eyes looking watery. I could believe he had once been an actor—a bad one.

It was becoming embarrassing.

"There's nothing to say," I said hoping to close the gap without further comment. He swerved suddenly, his back to me. "I can't do it," he said to no one, "I just can't operate if he's going to be hostile."

Tony was afume again, crossing the room to me and hissed between his teeth, "For Christ's sake, say you forgive him!"

"I forgive you for Christ's sake!" I shouted, "and that's just why I forgive you."

Don turned and came over to me putting his arms around my shoulders. I was in his bearhold, and then he let go.

"Thank you," he said in his best Orson Wells' baritone, "you are very kind."

I needed another drink after that. Don

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put his hand gently on my arm when I made the request.

"Please," he said, "if we're going to start right away, no alcohol. Tottie doesn't like it."

I looked amazement at Paul who was about to fetch it. He stopped and turned to me, with a smirk on his face.

"Tottie is Don's spirit guide and she frowns on drinking liquor of any kind. So we'd better not, until after. Okay Ken?"

Sure. I nodded assent, mentally noting that Tottie was a teetotattler.

We sat on the long sofa as they had on Saturday night. Tony to my right, Davey beside me, and Paul next to him. Don sat in a chair at right angles to us. Paul put the lights out and came back to his seat. We were silent. Then we heard Don's voice.

"Before we begin I want you all prepared. Davey knows what he has to do I've talked to him on the way over. You don't have to hold hands or touch. But I do want you to focus strongly in your minds that you want the spirit, the presence of Mrs. Lester to leave this apartment. That's all I want you to think of."

He paused. And then again said, "I'll be going into a trance state, and Davey, remember what I told you to do."

I turned to see Davey. I could see him in half light of the room. He murmured assent and stared ahead. I felt a tenseness and fear coming from him and wanted to

touch him some way to let him know he wasn't alone. Then I thought better of it. It might really frighten him at this time.

"Let your minds settle," Don said and then after a minute I heard his heavy vocal breathing. Then it stopped.

A sharp, angry woman's voice with a mid-western flatness to it shouted, "David! David!"

My body twitched. Davey beside me called out, "Mother."

"What are you doing, David my little boy? I raised you to know right from wrong. What are you doing here?"

"Mother," his voice was frantic, "Mother don't."

"You're dirty and unclean. You live like an animal. You'll be damned in Hell!"

Davey was sobbing between outburst of "Mother!"

"Pigs live here in lust and filth of their own flesh, reeking of abomination."

Tony hissed, "For God's sake Davey, do what you're supposed to do!"

"Silence you! Rotten in the sin of Sodom. David you will go down with them to Hell fire!"

I felt Davey's weight leaving the sofa beside me. I made out his small shape standing, his head thrown back and he screamed.

"Get out of here Mother. Leave me! Leave this place. Go. Go away!"

There was no sound, as if we were in a huge dark vacuum; then the thunderous slam of the heavy metal apartment door.

The reverberations trembled the walls and something fell and smashed in the dark.

Don's voice said calmy, "Turn on the light please."

I heard someone—Paul—leave and then a lamp came on. Tony turned on another lamp beside me and I saw Davey still standing as if frozen to the spot. Staring ahead, his hands were clenched into fists at his sides.

Tony said, "Shit, I hope he isn't in another trance."

I was beside Davey, feeling his pulse. It was rapid. He was breathing through his mouth, his face sweaty. I wiped it with my handkerchief. I asked Paul for some brandy on the double.

Reaching down Davey's arms with both my hands, one on each side, I slowly massaged his clenched fists until the tensions relaxed in his arms and the hands fell open. His eyes focused again and his breath was normal and deep.

I had him sit down and sat beside him wiping his face with my handkerchief. Paul handed me the brandy and I fed it to him slowly while the others stood in a circle watching and silent. When he was able I let him take the glass and I looked up at the watching faces.

"If you get me a quick scotch, I'll drink it and take Davey home."

"You don't have to do that—"

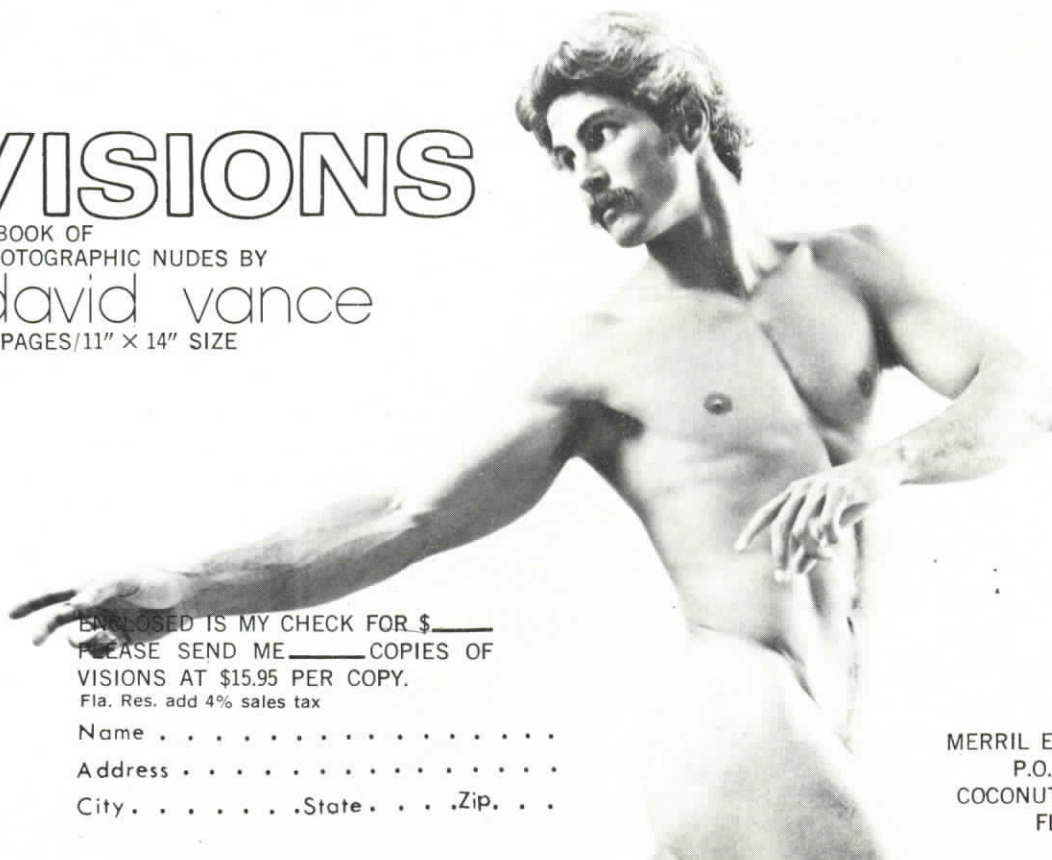
I glanced at Tony and he fumbled into silence.

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Paul came in with a tray and we sat drinking, not saying anything. I drank feeling it slowly go down, cold and slightly warming me back to some kind of caring life. My left hand rested at the base of Davey's spine. It was a large enough hand to support his back. He leaned against it not knowing.

"You'll be all right," I whispered, "drink that brandy it'll help you."

When we were out in the hall waiting for the elevator I looked at the poor kid, hastily shoved into his raincoat by Tony, with the collar still folded inside. I waited until he looked at me and forced the biggest smile I could manage. He turned away and then looked back again. I reached out and straightened his coat collar.

Davey didn't want a cab, but I forced him into one with me. He sat on the far side of the seat saying nothing and staring ahead.

"Where do you live," I said while the driver waited for directions.

"Jackson Heights."

"That's in Queens."

"I can take the subway."

"Not at this time of night. Do you live alone?"

"Yes."

That settled something. I gave the driver my address and we took off.

"You're staying with me tonight, all right?"

He didn't make any sign of acceptance or rejection.

"Why do you live in Jackson Heights?"

"It's near the cemetery."

"The what?"

"Where my mother's buried. I visit her grave every week." He stopped, never moving nor showing a sign of emotion. "I don't think I'll be able to do that anymore."

Mercifully we arrived at my building before I could ask any other stupid questions.

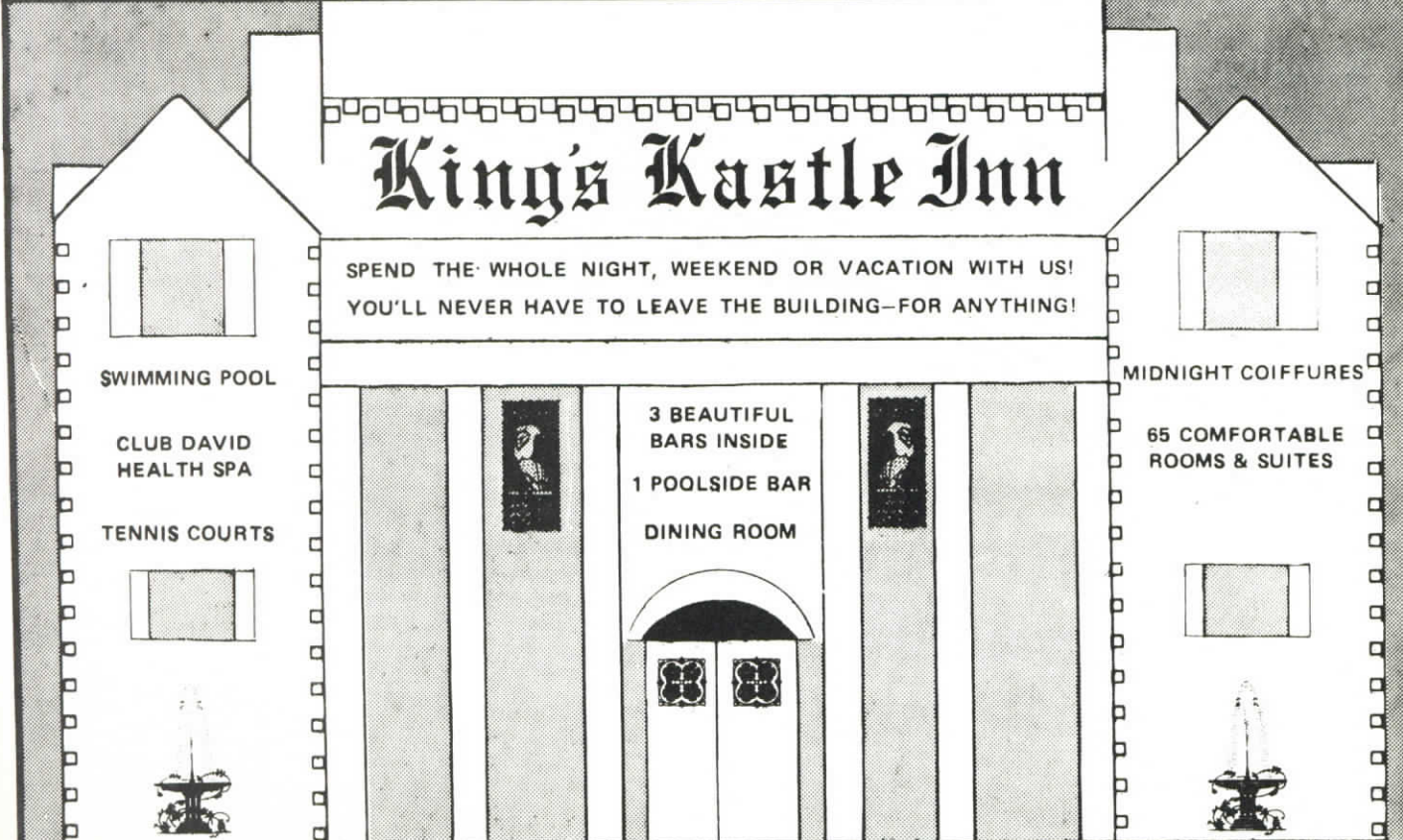
we went up to my apartment and I took his coat, watching him standing emotionless in the middle of the room, not curious nor caring about where he was.

"Are you feeling tired?" I said.

He looked at me. I took him by the shoulders like a small boy and directed him into the bedroom.

"Let me show you the luxurious accommodations."

I showed him where the bathroom was, and folded down the covers on the other twin bed in my room. I had given him a pair of my pajamas, and he came out of the bathroom with the coat reaching his knees and gave me back the pants. In the kitchen I hunted up some milk and crackers for him—Christ! I know I was acting like some doting grandfather, just what I had warned Marty about, but something in me said I had to behave this way. Why waste time fighting it.



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Davey had gotten into bed and lay there staring up at the ceiling.

"How about having a glass of milk with me?"

He looked at me, hesitated.

"Come on," I said being forceful like they tell you in the commercials, "I don't know whether you ate supper or not, and I'll be worried about it."

Sitting up, he picked up the glass and held it in front of him taking sips from time to time. I sat on my bed watching.

"I'm sorry I'm not feeling well," he said still not looking at me. "I'm really good in bed if you want to—"

"Davey, look at me."

He turned, but his eyes were looking down at the blanket.

"Why do you think I brought you here?"

He didn't answer.

"I wanted to be sure you were all right. I care about you Davey—for you, for yourself. I don't want anything from you. Look at me. Look up here at my face."

I coaxed his eyes up to mine. I smiled when he looked at me.

"Do you understand what I'm saying?"

He didn't answer.

"I'm your friend Davey. I want you to be my friend. Will you? Nothing asked for, nothing taken."

His lips moved, and then I heard him say, "All right."

I took the unfinished milk from him and tucked in the covers around him when he lay down. He seemed to be sleeping when

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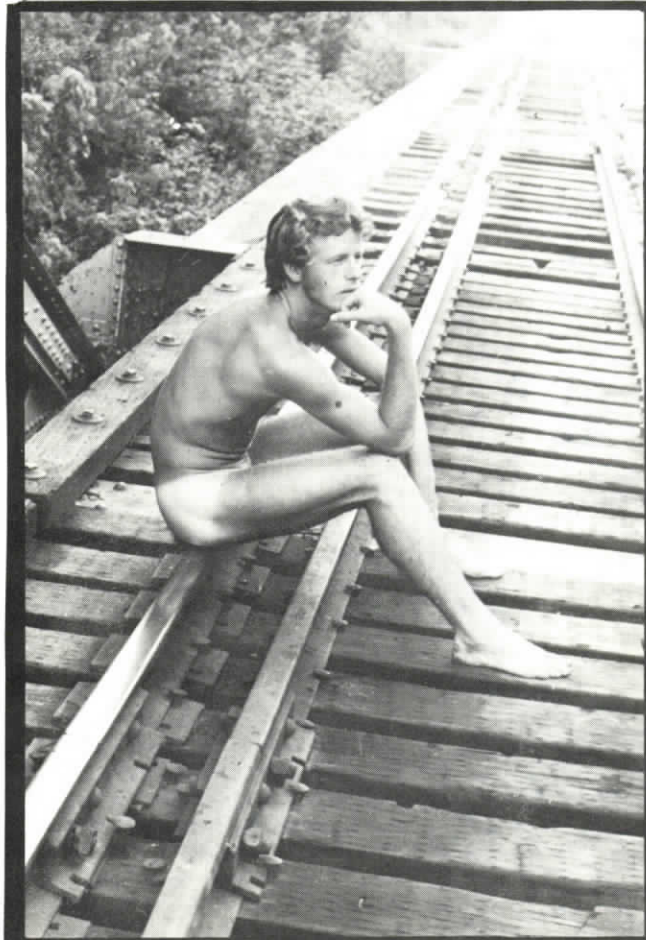
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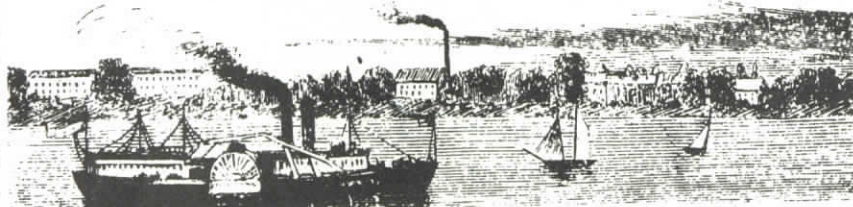
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I left him and I fell asleep also.

Awaking suddenly, I heard heavy labored breathing in the dark. I turned on the lamp and looked across at the other bed. I could see the blankets shaking. I got out of bed and went to Davey. He was awake and shivering.

"I don't think I'm too well," he said, weakly.

I felt his forehead. It was cold. And he was sweating heavily. Pulling back the covers I found him drenched in sweat. I stripped him and wrapped him in a large bath towel, carrying him to my bed, and piled covers over him. I sat alongside, my arm supporting his head and mopped his forehead with a towel whenever a fresh attack of sweat broke out.

"I feel so cold."

"You have a chill, it'll break. You have to wait through it." I bluffed until I could think of what else to do.

"Do you have to go to work today?"

"Yes."

"I'll call the office for you and tell them you won't be in, later. Is there anyone else who should know where you are?"

He shook his head.

"What kind of place do you work for, Davey?"

"Accounting firm."

That finished that line of talk. Then I asked the nagging question.

"How did you meet Marty?"

Davey's firm handled the agency's books and for a short time Davey was at the agency checking them out. I knew the rest. Marty never let an advantage pass. Davey had not seen him since Sunday morning when Marty sent him home, and Davey didn't expect to see Marty again. The enchantment had worn out and he knew it. But, Davey didn't know why.

"Do you care?" I asked.

He did, but that's the way life was to Davey. You took what you got and if it ended up with nothing in your favor, or mattered very much to you, there was no one to complain to about it.

That's not the way it is. I couldn't go into that with him shaking and feverish in my arms. I thought of calling my doctor. Robert lived in the building across the street. He was a friend as well and would come over if I asked. I left Davey for a moment and phoned.

When I returned I found Davey in a new sweat attack. I tried to comfort him as best I could.

"I'm afraid," he said.

"You'll be all right. There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm here with you."

As I wiped his face with a fresh towel I felt his lips against my hand. I bent down and held his face against my cheek. It was what I felt and I hope he knew it. The door buzzer—I went to let Bob in. He came into the bedroom and I introduced him to Davey. Then he went about his examination while I waited. When he had

DAVID:JULY 1973

finished he took me outside into the hall.
"What is he?" Bob said lighting a cigarette, "some trick you picked up in a bar."

I nearly exploded right there. Bob dropped his cigarette and calmed me down to speaking level.

"I'm sorry Ken. Forgive me. I just thought, well he is a kid—" he stopped. "He's in bad shape, penumonia. We've got to get him to a hospital. I'll call and get an ambulance here and have them set up everything we will need. Where's your phone?"

While he called I went back into Davey. He was laying with his face toward the door. I hoped he hadn't heard us. I told him about the hospital. He smiled weakly.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you'll go away. I always thought people died if you loved them."

And he stopped. I wiped away the perspiration from his face. He had fallen asleep finally. Perhaps the chills and fever had broken. Bob came back into the bedroom.

"I think he's going to be all right," I said, "he's asleep."

Bob leaned over the bed and felt Davey's pulse, and then brought out his stethoscope, bending close to study the sleeping face and then listening to his heart. He leaned back up, and put away the black instrument.

"He's dead. Probably a weak heart."

I stood there silent. I had almost expected that. I shook my head to show that I understood, it was final. We could hear the ambulance arriving downstairs in the street. Bob took me by the arm and led me away from the bed.

When it was over and they had taken Davey away, I went into the bedroom and looked at the empty space where he had been. Bob came after me. His coat on, ready to leave.

"Were those your keys on the hall table?"

I nodded ascent.

"I've taken them. Lillian our maid should be just arriving. Maggie won't need her today. I'm sending her over, she can straighten up and make you some breakfast."

I was beyond caring, but Bob was in back of me, his hand at the base of my neck.

"When I leave and you hear the door close, I want you to let it all out. Cry, scream, throw a fit, but let it all out. It'll feel good. Honest."

When he left, I went to the window. The ambulance was gone away, silent this time. I looked up and saw the only corner of Central Park visible from my apartment. The sky had been overcast, but to the north a clear space was showing. I felt a heaving in my stomach, then a dry animal sound came out of my mouth, than tears—a lot of them. God they felt so clean.

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faggot!

(from page 35)

ego. This 'boy', however gets his comeuppance as the men descend upon him with rape in their collective fluids. End of Act One.

The second act begins with Ms. Lee Gullatt explaining that a lot of wars and Pestilence might have been avoided had the men involved gotten a little nookie on time. She is joined by the rest of the company in the rip roaring, 'Nookie Time'. Of course no such gross pun at sexuality would be complete without a militant demonstrator objecting, so, Bruce Hopkins arrives to complain that the use of the word 'nookie' is oppressive because there is no mention of the 'male organ'. He is surrounded by a sea of femininity as the house lights dim. Mr. Carmines gets in two jabs for the price of one and the audience loves it.

'Your Way Of Loving' has Mr. Carmines as Oscar Wilde and Ira Siff as Bosie (Lord Alfred Douglas) Lamenting that each is killing the other with the way each loves. Wilde is accused of wanting to own Bosie, while the latter is accused of being interested in the physical aspects of an affair. (sound familiar?) All is resolved, however as each admits even though he is being killed by the other's love, that love is all that makes him feel alive. (Even more familiar?)

A denim clad Frank Coppola as the trick about to leave Lou Bullock's pad follows with a one two jab to the guts. Coppola as a steely eyed tough guy is stopped at the door by a pleading Bullock to stay just for a couple of minutes to 'talk'. He again asks Coppola for his name and is put off with 'Puddin' 'N' Tame... ask me again and I'll tell you the same'. Bullock volunteers to talk about any subject and hits upon the fact that Coppola has a sister which starts a barrage about said sister and how great she is. Of course this turns Bullock off and he accuses Coppola of being a "nelly fag" and throws him out. (There goes that old game of role playing again.)

Ms. Guillatt is back as Gertrude Stein along with Alice B. Toklas in the pretty form of Ms. Peggy Atkinson. The women sing a sentimental offering entitled, 'The Ordinary Things' in which the two laud the importance of small things when you share those things with a lover. A point that hits its mark.

Ms. Julie Kurnitz appears as Catherine the Great being prodded by her two ladies-in-waiting to tell them of her scandalous affair with a horse. (!!!!!?????) Catherine goes into great detail to let you know that she can get satisfaction just out of the sex act itself without any involvement. "My lover can't even talk lies to me."

Mr. Philip Owens turns up as a flaming drag queen in what is possibly the most

scorching accusing number of the entire evening, 'What Is A Queen'. Mr. Owens is devastating in red and blue sequins with silver lame platform shoes. He goes on to say how the queens are really the only real royalty. And, where she prefers to flaunt his/her royalty he/she realizes that there are many 'Queens' out there who have to hide their royalty for one reason or another. He/she can, of course, spot another queen right away as he/she points an accusing finger into the audience with the words, 'you, you and you'. He/she deplores the guises that the queens must take on to insure their safety and his/her own guise as 'the fool' is just that, a disguise. The audience is wrapped up as Mr. Carmines makes his points one by one.

'Women With Women-Men With Men' is reprised. The finale takes the overtones of a debate with Oscar Wilde and Bosie taking the side that there is no complete love affair. Stein and Toklas declaring that living in harmony together is the only right way to have an affair. And, finally, Catherine admonishing both theories with the jist that what is right for one need not be right for the other. The entire company sings "love your way and we'll love our way".

Mr. Carmines' work is a masterpiece laced with wit, shattering myths and at the same time a poignant declaration of human frailities. It is a super night of theatre with a brilliant cast.

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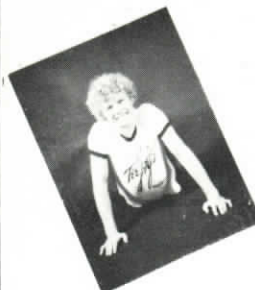
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extortion (from page 25)

he had three testicles. Nuts! Shortly thereafter, from the rearview mirror, I saw that his date was all over him and that she was a real ball-of-fire. Danny realized that I was taking it all in. They giggled and laughed, and then suddenly Danny and Ball-of-fire were silent. The ship was sinking; the bilge cracked! Judas was hanging himself; the centurian was rolling dice for Chandler's cloak. The ship was sinking; the sea was alive with devil-fish. After all, it was only a shipboard romance. Your passport, Monsieur. The silence of baptism, the silence of mysticism emanated from the back seat of the car. I was lost. My date, who probably thought I had incestuous leanings, whispered to me that Jeff Chandler had bedroom eyes. I said he was queer, and she said he was existentialist. I then begged her to let my hand and arm go free! But only the silence of intuitive cognition came from the back seat of the car, and my head whirled in an ocean of cellophane wrapped baskets of fruit and devil-fish. All hands on deck. I was lost; I was aware that the windows of the car were steaming up, and I panicked because soon we wouldn't be able to see *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Leibniz and Nietzsche were correct: God was dead.

After depositing our respective dates, like respective milk bottles, on their respective porches, Danny and I drove home. Danny didn't say anything and I kept rubbing my arm. I hadn't expected him to say anything. Life is fitted with as many pauses as there are phrases. Danny just leaned back, and once while waiting for a red light to change; he stretched, pulling his shirt tails from his pants and revealing the precious coil of dark hair. My eyes continued to search his body for other signs—nautical signs of sex and love. We drove home in silence, the silence of recognition. I kept rubbing my arm, waiting for the pricking sensation to cease. I wasn't sure my arm existed; I was no longer an existentialist. The defroster was on and the car smelled of snatch.

Gwen, the initial cause, was the only one up when we entered the house. The smell of snatch was replaced by the smell of navy blue paint drying. I was weary of making choices, affirming myself. I was lost; I was not an existentialist. But I noticed that Gwen and Danny stared hungrily at each other while she told me she was watching a horror movie on television and while she told Danny she was scared to death. Gwen had baked a devil's food cake for us while being scared to death, and we ate large chunks of it. Danny then bet Gwen that he could down a quart of milk in one gulp. *Three testicles!* So the evening ended with me rubbing my arm and watching Danny

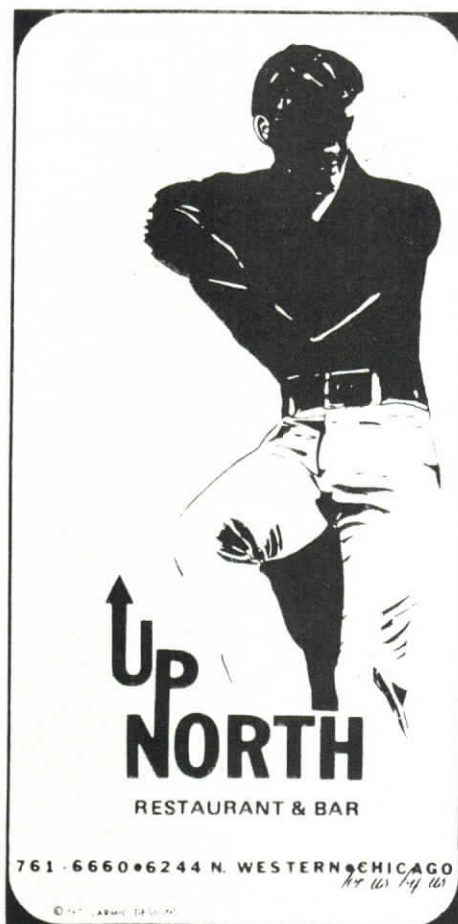
DAVID: JULY 1973

chug the homogenized.

Antithesis. As I closed the door to the bedroom, Danny smiled and said, "You look like Jeff Chandler. I just noticed that. You really do." We undressed. In the dorm, we always slept in our shorts, but on this night of deliverance, of independence, this night of proof and testing, Danny threw off all his clothes. But there aren't any atheist in the trenches. "You look like Jeff Chandler." Automatically and involuntarily, I followed his lead and stripped. The choice had been made, the last choice. I was not an existentialist; I was homosexual. Events moved, tossed by an angry sea and a white whale, seeking a deserted island, up the creek without a paddle, so to speak. Homosexuals don't change; they break up. Danny, in my bedroom, powerful and nude. "You look like Jeff Chandler."

Life returned to my arm. Suddenly the room was filled with the pungent odor of slowly swaying clumps of fragrant grapes swaggering with magical rhythm contrapuntal to the tattoo of our bloodbeats. A deserted island was spotted. We laughed at absurd vulnerability of man threatened from both the outside and the inside. Outside, the universe was revolving in disorder, derangement, irregularity, anomaly, anarchy, dishevelment, untidiness, disunion, and discord; inside, we had found a safe dry deserted island. We beached and explored. Our alive hands intertwined with our sex. Wild clumps of grapes hung tantalizingly from vines everywhere. We caressed and we kissed. Rose and fell, plunged and flew. Fate, destiny, fortune, predetermination, and *Kismet!* Our limbs, like jungle underbrush, breathlessly interlocked in circular wreathes, and we tumbled round and round, turmoil and convulsion, tumult, pandemonium, uproar, completing cycles of birth, growth, harvesting, death, and resurrection. His tastes, his smells, bedded on albatross feathers. The island was enchanted; yet we were safe, great yearnings realized. Embraced. Lubricating fortune's wheel, I rose; I fell. He rose; he fell. And then there was the unbearable silence of communion, confirming my naive acceptance of the mystical union of men. Sweet destiny, sweet fortune yielded sweet elixir. Wine drenched from the grape in Dionysian splendor... and purple, purple everywhere, royal purple. My mouth tasted of wine and not of blood. Steam fogged the windows and most certainly this was *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. A Harbor, not a deserted island, no not even a harbor, but paradise and enchanted! Sweet ointment of selves divided; yet the parts equaled more than the whole. The glistening of dew on the ripe grapes, the gleam of our oiled bodies...tightened and stretched...cream. And I worked at the *snake* with my mouth, my being, all in silence, all in wonder, all in pleasure. Oh Spinning

DAVID: JULY 1973



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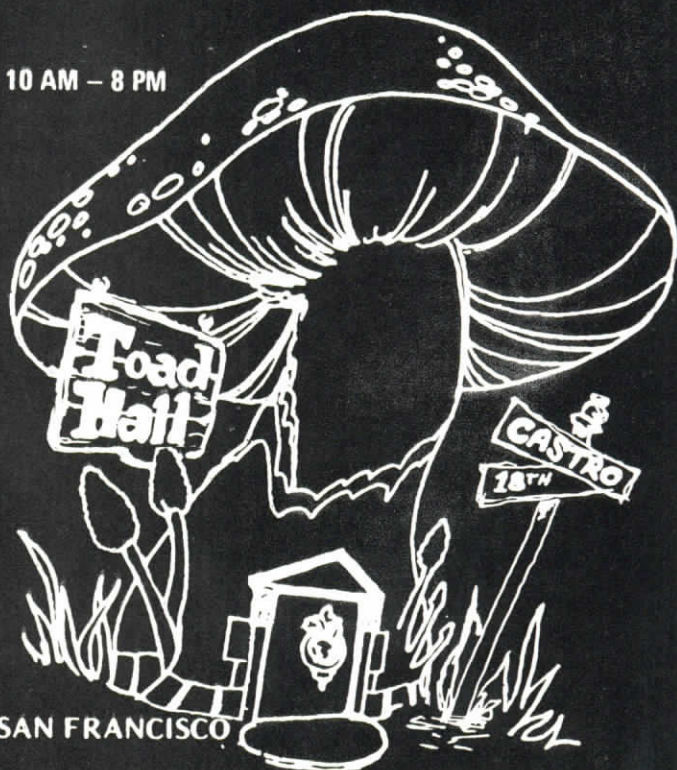
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Synthesis. We awoke to the pricking sound of consciousness. Danny before I. The sun streamed through the window and played with his body and made me envious. I awoke as if I had just slipped from a hydro-plane, refreshed and seeking reunion, moved by events that had now stopped. I remember smiling at him and taking his hand. Danny didn't respond. I was alive; he was alive. The tempest had been weathered. As I went to hug him he turned sharply away and blurted, "I'm going to tell your parents."

Paradise lost. Only an atoll in the lonely South Pacific destined to be pounded by nuclear bombs, only a testing ground. Events circumnavigated the catamaran. Your passport, Monsieur. The wheel of fortune jerked loose insanely spinning in an insane universe. Someone, something was splashing ice water on me but I would never be wet again. Someone, something fevered my brain but I would never be dry again. Someone, something.

"What?" I answered "What about Jeff Chandler?"

"I'm going to tell your parents what we did last night," Danny replied with great calmness and deliberation.

"You're joking!" But I could read the signs warning hurricanes and nuclear annihilations. Voltaire, my sympathy, eternal life is, too, a wicked joke.

"I'm not joking. I'm going to tell them." He bolted from the bed and began to dress.

"You can't tell them! It doesn't make any sense."

He avoided looking at me, "I'm going to."

"Why?" And I was haunted by the existentialists querying: who am I?, where am I going?. and how do I get there? "We didn't do anything wrong."

Danny looked at me. Silence. I was still undressed and now the sun played with my body. Life is fitted with as many pauses as there are pleasures? Danny answered slowly, "I never did anything like that before."

"Okay, neither did I. So why are you going to tell my parents?"

He went to the door and he was going to leave me. I sprang from the bed and jerked him from the door. He was deliberate and calm; I was raging and scared. I snapped the lock on the door as he pushed me aside. I pounced on him. February asphalt. We rolled on the floor interlocked in circular funeral wreaths and we tumbled round and round giving birth to nothingness, inexistence, abeyance, oblivion, and *non esse*. We pulled a lamp from the nightstand and the crash cut my



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lip. Danny tasted my purple blood. Blood brothers. Suddenly, my father was at the door, and I was crazed. My father kept knocking at and rattling the door. Without warning, Danny took command of the situation, "It's all right, Mr. Cook. We were just horsing around. You know... who could do the most push-ups. Sorry we disturbed you. We'll be down to breakfast." I fell back and gasped for air. And I cried. Slowly, Danny stroked my exposed nakedness and all the while I cried. He then leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Tonight, Gwen and me. Well, I want to take Gwen to the drive-in. To see *The Greatest Story Ever Told*." At this point, I realized that someday I would die and that someday I would be forced to differentiate between two goods.

Existentialism therefore has nothing to do with homosexuality. My roommate blackmailed me and fate had given me a Texaco road map. I slowly dressed. My hands trembled so that Danny had to button my shirt. Before we left the room, opened the hatch, I perceived the absurd vulnerability of man threatened from both outside and inside. Weakly I asked him, "You're an existentialist, aren't you?"

"I'm starved. Let's get something to eat." He threw his arm around me and we left my bedroom, my bed. The sun was now alone.

That night, I remained home while Gwen and Danny used my car to see that goddamn Jeff Chandler religious epic. Nervously, I watched a horror movie on television, but unlike Gwen it failed to scare me to death. Declining to wait up for the two, the silence being too unbearable, I climbed the stairs. I had found the choice between Danny and Gwen an impossible choice, a choice between goods. The rack and pinion of pain. And besides, I had already decided not to choose again; I was, after all, not an existentialist, I was a homo....I stopped before my parent's bedroom door....Homosexuality and the homosexual, regardless of Gide, can not exist in a vacuum; both need to be tested in order to assume reality....I told my parents that I had decided to quit school and join the navy....I told them that I was in love with Danny. I returned to my bedroom but it was empty and no longer mine; I moved into the guest room—the navy blue guest room. I knew who I was, a bit bruised, alive, bruised and blackmailed, but alive. Life's guest, extortion by intimacy, a permanent guest.

Thesis. I continued. I did join the navy, and I no longer dabble in dialectics and dichotomies. *Prima-facie evidence*. I'm neither a homosexual nor an existentialist; I'm a man without a philosophy, yet always keeping a sharp eye out for the white whale. However I search for ship-board romances with great yearnings. I move and events now follow.

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9i9i (from page 33)

re-staging of various intervals by director Hardy would be of considerable help.

The settings themselves are opulent, as are the costumes. The director, and the light and costume designers, however, have done Terese Stevens, who plays Gigi, a great disservice by the way in which they have staged and designed her transformation from the somewhat tomboyish little girl in dazzling womanhood. This should be a romantic and electric moment, when the butterfly emerges from the cocoon in full alluring color. Yet the director has Miss Stevens bounce on stage, still a tomboy, unaided by lights, music or make-up, and attired in a simple white gown which does little or nothing for her figure. A moment which could be charming and delightful, and is a crucial twist and development in the story line, has been butchered and thrown away.

Even after her transformation is complete, Miss Stevens as Gigi is still required to dress plainly. In a scene at Maxime's, the elegant French restaurant, the designer again puts her in a simple white, with fringes of black.

Well, all right. There's nothing wrong with black and white, if the style of the gown is striking enough. But all around Miss Stevens in this scene at Maxime's

are other women in gowns of high fashion, with plumes and feathers and in brilliant color. Miss Stevens just seems non-descript in such surroundings, when she should seem the most desirable woman present.

Gigi is an intimate story and doesn't require many big production numbers. Yet Onna White, the choreographer and an artist of much renown, seems to sluff off those few opportunities which are provided her. The dance routines in *Gigi* are just that—routine—and a couple of times appear to be steals from *My Fair Lady*. If only the production's choreography were more imaginable and original.

All of these difficulties, however, can be solved with comparatively little effort, if the producer and director of *Gigi* wish to do so. We now proceed to discuss a much more serious and basic problem to take care of—namely, the chemistry generated by the actors in the leading roles.

It's not so easy to alter the personality of a performer which is wrong for a role so that it seems right; neither is it easy to replace an actor or actress who will never by right and find one who is—without a lot of anguish, headache, and a toll on the nerves of the entire company. Yet sometimes it's necessary to do this, to make a show blend into the unit which everyone knows it should be.

Is it unfair to compare the performers in

this stage version of *Gigi* with those who appeared in the musical film? I don't feel that it is. The 1958 movie was one of those happy occasions when all compounds blended perfectly, when each actor seemed exactly right for his part, and when the ensemble playing created a totality which was at once both believable and charming. If the actors in the Civic Light Opera production were likewise "right" for their roles, they too would create an effect which was believable and charming. And they would make us forget (at least temporarily) the performers in the 1958 film. The trouble is, with one or two exceptions, they don't. And therein lies the root of what is really wrong with this 1973 interpretation of Colette's story.

Alfred Drake is completely successful in creating a character which is delightful, on key, and still distinctly his own. In the part made memorable by Chevalier, he is—if you can believe it—even better than Chevalier was, for he brings to the role not only suavity and a delicious sense of humor, but he has a dash and virility which make him thoroughly convincing as an aging roue. Chevalier's characterization projected the notion that his days as a womanizer were over; from Drake's performance one gets the idea that there's plenty of life left in the old boy yet. He's not just a looker, he's still



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a doer. Drake's rugged masculinity adds a dimension to the role which was lacking in Chevalier's interpretation. And, of course he was a voice—just as strong and sure as it was thirty years ago when he thrilled us all in *Oklahoma!* and *Kiss Me Kate*.

Agnes Moorehead is an accomplished actress with a commanding presence. She knows how to sock over a line with maximum effect, and she seems quite at home in her musical numbers. But she is a *grande dame*, not a *grande cocotte*. She ture who has been petted and pampered by men all her life. Isabel Jeans in the film was fragile and feminine and a little bird-brained; she made us believe that she knew how to handle men, all right, but in a very subtle and delicate fashion. Agnes Moorehead's domineering Aunt Alicia would make any self-respecting man run instantly for the nearest exit. For this reason, in my estimation, Miss Moorehead's performance, while effective in its own right, is off-key in the ensemble effect of this production.

Daniel Massey, too, is indisputably an expert performer. As Gaston, the young man-about-town who is ultimately willing to give up his cherished bachelorhood to marry Gigi, is polished and assured. His singing is quite good, too; his rendition of the title song is a show-stopper. But his stage personality is cold. Ice drips from

his finger tips. No smile ever cracks his frozen expression. There is no delight in him, and consequently no real charm. Louis Jourdan in the 1958 film was dashing and handsome. One understood that it was more than just his money that made him attractive to women; one could see why all the girls were crazy about him. But Daniel Massey as the matrimonial catch of all Paris? No way. Unless it's just for his bank account. And if that's why Gigi wants him, too, there goes your whole story idea out the window.

And what is *Gigi* without a piquant and gamin-like creature in the leading role? Miss Stevens tries hard; she is obviously talented and her singing voice is fine. But she is no elf. She is not convincing as a sixteen year old. It is only after Gigi's transformation to complete womanhood that she seems to relax and appears comfortable in the role.

Lerner and Loewe haven't helped her much. Leslie Caron was primarily a dancer and actress; she had few singing numbers in the 1958 film and those were dubbed. Miss Stevens, however, is a singer, but in this situation she is unhappily a singer without a song. There are no good numbers for her from the original score, and the new song which was given her for the first act finale, "I Never Want To Go Home Again," simply doesn't make it. So Miss Stevens' best talent, her voice,

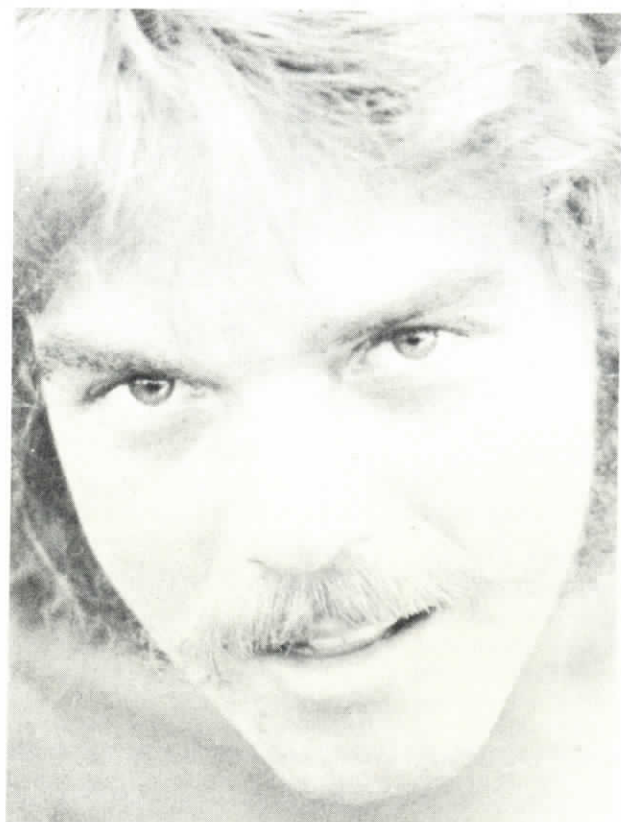
isn't much used.

A good word should be said about Maria Carnilova in the part made famous by Hermione Gingold. She's fine. Not memorable, but at least in style and on key. Next to Alfred Drake, hers is the performance which seems most Gallic, most in tune with the ensemble effect which a production of *Gigi* should create.

So there you have it. Out of the five principal actors, one of them is successful in catching the right spirit and another, although less spectacular, is likewise believable. The other three are somewhere out in left field—doing their own thing as best they can, enjoying individual moments, but failing for the most part to blend with the existing elements to weave the spell of bouyancy and magic which the people want and expect.

Can Edwin Lester and the celebrated team of Lerner and Loewe pull the show together before it gets to New York? My guess is they have a fifty-fifty chance. A lot of the necessary ingredients for a hit are there, and these gentlemen aren't stupid.

San Francisco columnists have reported the authors in huddles at bistros across the street from the Theatre. Re-writing? Re-casting? Who knows? One thing is certain, changes will be necessary if *Gigi* is to survive on Broadway and Lerner and Loewe are well aware of it.



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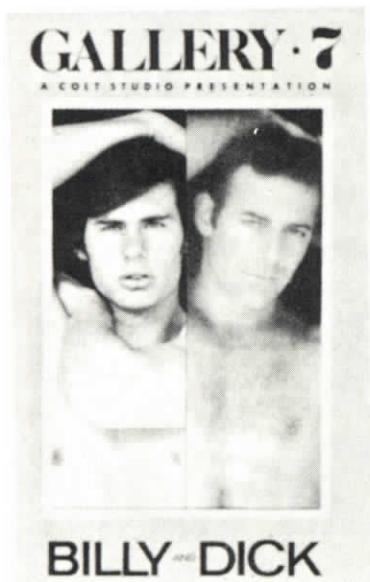
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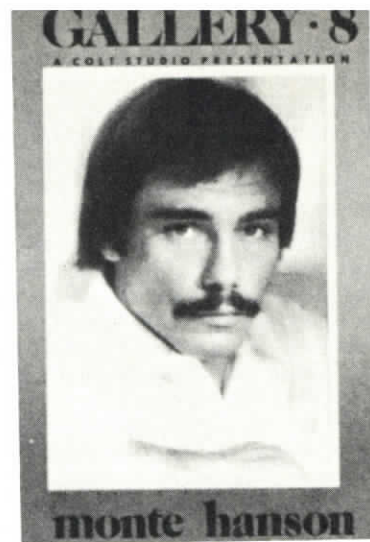
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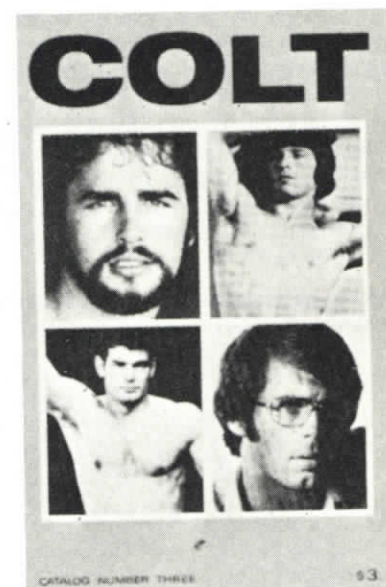
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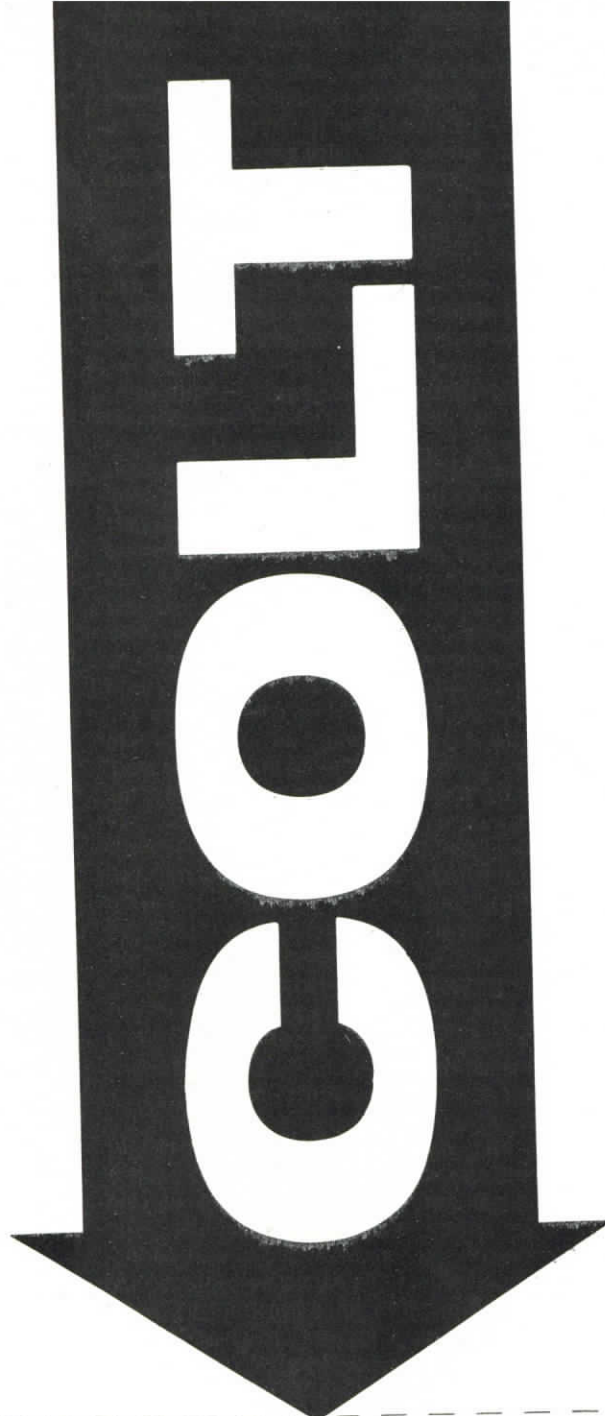
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LENA HORNE (from pg. 60)

they were not commercial hits. Codes, restrictions, whatever the reasons, the grace, beauty, curious combination of sullenness and sweetness of this incomparable performer of our time, Lena, the *Show Boat* sailed without her.

Musicals were especially fashioned for her on Broadway. Her name shone in lights over marquee's. Scintillating Lena the footlights in *Jamaica* (1957). Walter Kerr headlined LENA IS RADIANT IN A VOID. Time magazine said, "the chocolate cream chanteuse soothes her songs". The highly professional production by David Merrick, with sets by Oliver Smith, co-starring Ricardo Montalban, was a hit. Refined savagery, a dazzling inexhaustable spectacle were some of the more modest opinions. The glass slipper turned to diamonds.

From chorus girl at the Cotton Club Lena Horne rose to the top ranks in almost every branch of entertainment—cabaret, musical comedy, the movies television, recordings. "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues"; "Ill Wind", "Moanin' Low" still haunt me. Billy Eckstine had been talking with the press up to now. He was very amusing. Then Lena walked into the room.

An almost frail women, in swede pants, denim shirt, with large gold ringed bracelets and earrings dangling from that face. Oh, that face, there is no bad angle, no wonder the camera fell in love with her. Those black diamond eyes, pinched nose, wide mouth with all those fabulous teeth. She must have inspired more capped teeth jobs in Hollywood than anyone else. Miss Horne is a shy, private person. Her exhilaration that night came from a surprise visit from friends. Dionne Warwick presented the annual "Entertainer of the Year" award to Miss Horne from "Bravo", the entertainer's group and card-playing society. Dionne's sister DeDe, Mary Wilson of The Supremes, Ann Weldon surrounded her. She cautioned, "...don't let anyone be late for work". Leslie Uggams couldn't make it. In answer to some of our questions, "...I haven't thought about movies for years." "...I put my emotions, anger and hostilities into a positive kind of action". "TV is a cold part of the business, I like to get out and see the people, feel them".

She let Billy do the talking and said how she enjoyed working with him for the first time. They met maybe 30 years ago, "...we understand each other."

I asked her why she didn't sing the old Stormy Weather favorites... "...because they then ask me, why don't you do the songs written by young people. I love 'em. When I do the new songs they ask for the old ones." "The old songs with young arranges," she smiled, "...different tastes apply to different times. I do believe in surrounding myself with good

musicians." "you know", she continued, "I can't wait for that thing (the stage) to move around. I want to see everyone, I'm home folks". What did you do today before the show tonight I said, "We, (her conductor) went to see the porpoises in Marine World". A reporter asked how her children were, "...you mean my grandchildren", she beamed.

She laughed when Mr. Eckstine told how he won a contest imitating Cab Callaway in 1933, 40 years ago. He has five sons. He mentioned a re-issue of his old hits on Edison cylinders. "The public lets you know when it's time to retire, its not our decision", she says.

The "Bravo" group gave her a little box wrapped in silver with a white bow. She was so pleased and excited as she tore off the paper to open it. It was a ring. She put it on, very moved by the gift and showed it to me. An unusual large square ring with a Madonna and Child pictured on it. It looked like a Rafael painting. A religious momento, she obviously loved, and would cherish.

Of the all time greats among blacks in the various fields of entertainment, there can be little argument concerning the place of Lena Horne, whose talent and popularity history confirms. The sparks of her personality will always light the memories of spectators who have seen her once or heard. The electricity of a superb artist sending waves of excitement across the footlights—that voice, that face that has made a fool of time.

NEW YORK

(from page 13)

worked tirelessly in the preceding months of the parade to give the tired marchers something to blow their minds about. Ms. Barbara Gittings of Philadelphia will deliver the keynote speech which will be the only speech of the entire afternoon. Following this there will be such entertainers as Madeline Davis, coming from Buffalo with her 'Stonewall Generation'; the inimitable Joey Cord; lovely, Lee Horwin; blues singer, Sally Eaton; the dynamic duo, Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy; liberation singer, Steve Grossman; the new sensation, Alaina Reed. The topper of the show will be, are you ready, Bette Midler!!!! I must admit that I didn't believe for a minute that the Divine Miss M would appear. I believed that like so many others that the Gay community discovered and hurtled to stardom that Miss Midler would turn her back on the Gays since she had 'made it'. It really must be the dawning of the age of Aquarius when a super star of Midler's magnitude will refuse to cut off the people who started her for propriety's sake. Bravo and a deep bow, Bette Midler! And to all of the entertainers who will be putting themselves on the block for us, THREE CHEERS!

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LOCKER ROOM *
1957 University Ave.
Palo Alto
Open 7 days 2PM till 2AM (B)
(415) 322-8055

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

SAVOY *
20469 Silverado
Cupertino
Open 7 days 2PM till 2AM
(D,E,L,R)
(415) 255-0195

TINKERS DAMN *
46 Saratoga
Santa Clara (D,L,R)

VI'S CLUB DRAKE *
1625 Sir Frances Drake
Fairfax (D,E,L,R)

OAKLAND

EXIT *
3333 Lakeshore Ave. (D,E,L)
(415) 451-2329

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

DAMIEN'S YUM YUM TREE *
703 Ridgewood Ave. Open 7 days
(D,E,L)
(904) 255-9177

EL ROMAN DAYTONA BATHS *
709 Main Street Open 24 hours
(904) 252-4160

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

DIRTY EDNA'S *
44 N. Atlantic Open 10AM till
2AM, Mon-Fri., Sat & Sun 2PM
till 2AM (E,D)

SEA MIST MOTEL *
2657 S. Atlantic Ave.
Ocean Side Pool
(904) 767-7100

FT. LAUDERDALE

A ADULT BOOK STORE *
1915 S. Federal Highway

ADULT BOOK STORE *
1621 Sunrise Blvd.
Sunrise

A PLACE IN THE SUN *
352 S.W. 2nd Ave. (4 blocks from
the Gym) Open 7 days 7PM
till 2AM (B,D,E,F)

EVERGLADES BAR *
1931 S. Federal Highway
Open 4PM till 2AM (B,D)
(305) 522-9821

GALT RIVIERA MOTEL *
3811 N. Ocean Blvd.
(305) 566-8393

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

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

CAFE POTPOURRI *
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)
(305) 763-9698

Gene's

TURF NORTH

1901 N. Dixie
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Phone: 832-9434

**PALM BEACH COUNTY
IS
TURF COUNTRY**

**DANCING
GAME ROOM**

TURF WEST

823 Belvedere Road
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Phone: 833-9219

When cruising the Palm Beaches,
make new friends at a "TURF BAR"

Gene's

TURF BAR

221 Datura Street
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Phone: 655-9887

HOURS: SEE INDEX

WHEN IN FLORIDA VISIT DAYTONA'S FINEST CRUISE - DISCO - TEQUE



DAMIEN'S YUM YUM TREE

701 RIDGEWOOD AVENUE
HOLLY HILL, FLORIDA
Tel: 255 - 9177

2 BARS * HAPPY HOUR 5 - 7 DAILY * GAME ROOM

Entertainment nitely * Dancing * Shows featuring: Billy Jo
Tina Marie
Rhonda Leigh
Sophie

GO - GO BOYS OPEN DAILY 2PM - 2AM

VENTURE INN *

1791 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7 days (D,E,L)
(305) 524-9550

ZODIAC MALE THEATER *

2415 S. Federal Highway
Open 11AM till Midnite 7 days
(305) 524-8229

FT. MYERS

RED LION *

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

HALLANDALE

KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM *

813 S.E. 1st Avenue
Open 6PM till 4AM 7 days
(305) 920-3404

HOLLYWOOD

SANDS APARTMENTS *

2404 N. Broadway
(305) 920-9738

TEE JAY'S *

2100 N. Dixie Highway

TOP'S ANNEX *

2027 Pembroke Road
Open 4PM till 6AM (D,E,L)
(305) 921-4230

JACKSONVILLE

B.J.'S REEF *

8606 Phillips Highway
Open 5PM till 2AM 6 days (B,D,E)
(904) 733-1149

FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS

CENTER *
8 E. Bay Street
(904) 353-6060

INFERNO *

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)
(904) 388-9680

JACKSONVILLE BEACH

CROW BAR *

504 N. First St. (B,D)
(904) 249-9297

KEY WEST

DELMONICO'S *

218 Duval Open 7 days
Noon till 4AM (D,E,L)
(305) 294-9092

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)
(305) 582-6331

MIAMI

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)
(305) 448-6732

CLUB MIAMI BATHS *

2991 Coral Way
(305) 448-2214

DANNY'S BOOK STORE *

131 S.E. 1st Avenue

DANNY'S LITTLE RIVER NEWS *

7839 N.E. 2nd Avenue

F & F BOOKS & NEWS *

2753 S.W. 27th Avenue
(305) 854-9023

HAMLET *

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

MEET RACK *

231 S.E. 1st Avenue (corner of 3rd St.) (L)
(305) 373-9431

NOOK *

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

REGENCY BATHS *

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

WAREHOUSE VIII *

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

MIAMI BEACH

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)
(305) 894-9293

HAVOC HOUSE



1548 Polk Street, ph. 441-8413
San Francisco, Ca.

Gary Schneider At The Organ
Entertainment And Dancing Nitely

HOUSE OF HARMONY



1312 Polk Street, ph. 885-5300
San Francisco, Ca.

David Kelsey At The Organ
Entertainment Nitely

PANAMA CITY

FIESTA ROOM *

110 Harrison Avenue
Open 5PM till 2AM, till 4AM
Sat & Sun. (D,L)
(904) 763-9476

PLANTATION

BROWARD BOOKS *

3419 W. Broward Blvd.

SARASOTA

THE DECK *

6524 Gateway Avenue
(Behind Gulf Gate Matt) (BC)

ST. PETERSBURG

BOOKS UNLIMITED *

2916-18 US Hwy 19 South
New Port Richey
918 Central Avenue, South
St. Petersburg
20 Garden Avenue, South
Clearwater
7301--49th Street, North
Pinellas Park
120 Orange Avenue
Orlando
111 Silver Springs Blvd.
Ocala

SUNRISE

WEST WEARHOUSE *

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

TAMPA

CAROUSEL LOUNGE *

1806 W. Platt Street
Open 7 days till 3AM (D,E,L)
(813) 251-9887

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.
Age limit is 17 and up
(813) 229-9837

WEST PALM BEACH

TURF SOUTH *

221 Datura Open 9:30 till 5AM
Mon-Sat 7PM till 5AM Sun. (D,L)
(305) 655-9887

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)
(305) 833-9219

GEORGIA

AUGUSTA

PLAYPEN LOUNGE *

619 Ellis Street
(404) 724-9101

ATLANTA

ARMORY *

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

ATLANTA STAG SHOP *

85 Poplar St., N.W.
Books

BUCKHEAD BOOK MART *

3105 Peachtree, N.E.

CLUB DAVID BATHS *

(not affiliated with DAVID
Publications)
2140 Peachtree Rd., N.W.
(404) 351-8020

CLUB III *

1139 W. Peachtree, N.E. Open
Mon-Sat 4:30PM till 4AM (D,L,R)
(404) 874-6382

COVE *

586 Worchester Dr. N.E. Open
4PM till 2AM, Sat 5PM till 12
Midnite
(404) 876-9542

FAROUT, LTD. *

P.O. Box 56191
Peachtree Center Station

KING'S KASTLE INN *

2140 Peachtree Rd., N.W.
(404) 351-8020

MY HOUSE *

774 W. Peachtree St. (between
4th & 5th) Open daily from 4PM
till 2AM Closed Midnite on Sat.
Closed on Sun. (D,E,L)
(404) 872-2721

MRS. P'S *

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

SWEET GUM HEAD *

2284 Cheshirebridge Rd., N.E.
Open Mon-Sat from 4PM (D,E,L)
(404) 634-2922

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)
(912) 742-9840

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

BURTON PLACE *

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

COMING OUT *

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

GIL'S BOOKS *

119 W. Van Buren

GLORY HOLE *

1343 N. Wells (In Old Town)
Open Noon daily (D,E,)

GOLD COAST *

501 N. Clark Street
(Leather)

HABITAT INTERIOR DESIGNS

3418-20 N. Halsted Street
(312) 348-4646

JEB'S BOOK STORE *

2914 W. Irving Park Road
(312) 539-3070
2312 W. Devon
(312) 262-0136

KING'S RANSOM *

20 E. Chicago (1 block east of
the Lawson Y) Open 4PM till 2AM
Mon-Fri 4PM till 3AM Sat (D,L)
(312) 642-9227

KNIGHT OUT *

2936 N. Clark Street
Open till 2AM 7 days (D,L)
(312) 525-8878

HOUSE OF LANDERS *

936 Diversy (D,E,L)

LARRY'S BOOK STORE *

2550 N. Clark Street

LESLIE'S BOOK STORE

731 N. Clark Street

STUDIO 19 ELECTROLYSIS *

3619 W. Devon
(312) 539-5599

THE LEATHER CELL *

(Gold Coast)
501 N. Clark

THE LEFT & RIGHT BANK *

2140 Lincoln Park West On the
Park Open 4PM till 4AM
(312) 929-5800

L-W SALES *

3237 N. Ashland (at Lincoln
& 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

READER'S CENTER *

16 N. Wabash Street

TRIP *

27 E. Ohio Street
(312) 467-6330

VAN BUREN BOOKS *

72 W. Van Buren St.

WACKER HEALTH CLUB *

674 N. Clark St.
Open 24 hours

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. (1 1/4 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

BELMONT BOOK STORE &

2150 W. Washington St.

CLUB INDIANAPOLIS BATHS *

341 N. Capital
(317) 635-5796

FAMOUS DOOR LOUNGE *

252 N. Capitol Ave. Open 6PM
till 3AM (D,E,L)
(317) 632-0428

JD'S "THE RUINS" *

1218 N. Pennsylvanis St.
Open 5PM till 3AM, Sat. at
Noon (D,L,R)
(317) 262-9401



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NOW, INC. *
1406 Harding Road

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON

BOOK BIN *
239 N. Limestone

LOUISVILLE

BADLANDS TERRITORY *
116 E. Main St. (across from
Belknap Hdw. Bldg) Open 7PM
till 2AM (D,F,L)
(502) 582-9246

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

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

SHREVEPORT

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

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

FAYETTE NEWS CENTER *
205 W. Fayette Street

BALTIMORE NEWS CENTER *
428 E. Baltimore Street

GALLERY NEWS LTD. *
423 E. Baltimore Street

MODERN SOCIAL EDUCATION *
407 E. Baltimore Street

LITTLE STORE *
409 E. Baltimore Street

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

SPO' IERS *
228 Ambridge (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 LOUNGE *
282 Main Street (D,L)
(617) 757-9883

PROVINCETOWN

ANTIQUE INN NO. 2 *
377 Commercial Street

CROWN & ANCHOR MTR. INN *
Commercial Street
5 Lounges (L,R)
(617) 487-1430

LITTLE STORE *
227 Commercial Street

NECESSITIES *
350 Commercial Street
(617) 487-9517

TOWN HOUSE *
291 Commercial Street (D,E)
(617) 487-9023

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

BOOKIE'S *
(Frank Cagan's)
870 McNichols (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)

IRON HINGE *
7610 Woodward Ave. Open 11AM
till 2AM (D,E,L)
(313) 871-5133

PRUDENTIAL HEALTH SPA *
124 W. State Fair
(313) 892-6330

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

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

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

MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON

MAE'S CABARET *
4714 Highway 49, North
Open Thur - Sun 8PM till ? (BC)
(601) 982-9718

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

CLUB MIDWEST BATHS *
19 West 39th Street
(816) 561-4664

ST. LOUIS

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

GOLDEN GATE COFFEE
HOUSE *
3542 Olive St. Open 8PM till
6AM 7 days (D,F)
(314) FR1-6510

GUS'S MIDWAY BAR *
3528 Olive Street

MR. A'S POTPOURRI *
Euclid & McPherson Open 3PM
till 1:30 AM (D,L)
(314) 361-9203

NORMA'S LOUNGE *
719 N. 6th St. (across from bus
station) (F,L)
(314) 421-7052

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

DIAMOND BAR *
516 S. 16th St. Open 6AM till
1AM Mon - Sat Sun Noon till
1AM
(402) 342-9595

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS

LE CAFE *
4917 Paradise Road Open 24
hours 7 days (D,E,F,L)
(702) 736-9021

RED BARN *
1317 E. Tropicana Open 24
hours 7 days (D,F,L)
(702) 736-1870

VEGAS CLUB BATHS *
1413 S. Main St. Open 24 hours
7 days (F)
(702) 385-9028

RENO

VIP CLUB *
3001 W. 4th Street
Open 7 days Noon till 4AM
(D,F,L)

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY

DEVILLE HOTEL *
149 S. Kentucky Ave. "At the
Boardwalk"
(609) 345-2146

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE *
13739 S. New York Open 7
days from 6PM till ? (D,E)
(609) 349-9673

CAMDEN

CLUB CAMDEN BATHS *
1498 Broadway
(212) 673-3283

NEWARK

CLUB NORTH BATHS *
49 Broadway
(201) 484-4848

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE

HEIGHT'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE*
4207 Central, N.E.

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

DENNY'S PLACE *
814 Williams St. Open Mon-Fri
8PM till 3:30 AM Sat & Sun
2PM till 3:30 AM
(716) 853-9696

JACKSON HEIGHTS

BETSY ROSS *
73-13 37th Road (D,L)
(212) 429-7026

NEW YORK CITY

ALIBI *
1544--2nd Ave. (80th & 81st
Sts) (D,E,L)
(212) 249-7026

BEACON BATHS *
227 E. 45th Street
(212) 687-0322

BEAU GESTE *
239 Third Avenue (at 20th)
(L,R)
(212) 475-9724

THE CLUB *
24 First Avenue
(212) 617-3283

THE COMBINATION *
95th St. & Broadway
Open Early Spring

FINALE *
48 Barrow Street (R)
(212) CH3-7538

HARRY'S BACK EAST *
1422--3rd Ave. (80th & 81st) (L)
(212) 249-6991

NEW JIMMY'S *
1576--3rd Avenue
(near 88th St.) (E,L,R)
(212) 860-4509

RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB *
324 E. 49th St. (Between 1st &
2nd Ave.) Closed Mon (R)
(212) PL2-9492

ROUNDTABLE *
151 E. 50th St. (D,E,L)
(212) PL8-0310

SIRO'S *
58 East 53rd Street
Closed Sunday (R)
(212) PL3-8059

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH *
581--3rd Ave. (corner of 38th St.)
(D,L)
(212) 684-2170

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE

B.J.'S
80 Ashland Ave. Open 8PM till ?
(Private Club—Mention DAVID)
(704) 254-9105

CHAPEL HILL

**ELECTRIC COMPANY
NITE CLUB ***
Eastgate Shpg. Ctr. Rte. 15-501
next to Sears Open Tues-Sun
9PM till 1:30 AM (B,D,E,R)
(919) 929-7833

CHARLOTTE

CLUB CHARLOTTE BATHS *
1013 Morehead
(704) 374-9134

SCORPIO LOUNGE *
4316 S. Tryon Open 7 days
(BC,D,E)
(704) 374-9826

FAYETTEVILLE

CAMERA EYE *
715B Swain Street

GREENSBORO

RENAISSANCE *
2130 Lawndale Dr. (Lawndale
Shpg. Ctr.) Open 7 days 7PM till
1:30 AM (BC,D)
(919) 272-9263

OHIO

AKRON

MYRTLE'S 5 & 10 *
364 S. Main St. (Rear Entrance)
Open 9PM till 2:30AM, Sun. 11PM
till 2:30AM (D,L)
(216) 535-0287

CINCINNATI

BADLANDS TERRITORY *
419 Plum St. Open daily 7PM till
2:30AM Gaylord Club in rear for
members & guests (D,F,L)
(513) 721-9620

CLEVELAND

CLUB BATHS *
1448 W. 32nd
(216) 961-2727

CHANGE *
1510 East Prospect
(D,F,L)

COLUMBUS

KISMET LOUNGE *
232 N. 3rd Open Noon till 2:30AM
daily Dun 1PM till 2:30 AM (D,L)
(614) 225-9460

DAYTON

400 CLUB *
400 Warren St. Open Mon-Sat
3PM till 2:30 AM Sun 8PM till
2:30AM
(513) 224-5892

STAGE DOOR LOUNGE *
44 N. Jefferson Open 11AM till
2:30 AM Sun 3PM till 2:30 AM
(D,L)
(513) 223-7418

TOLEDO

ADVENTURER LOUNGE *
417 Jackson
Open 10AM till 2:30AM (D,E,F,L)
(419) 241-0023

CLUB TOLEDO BATHS *
902 Jefferson Street
(419) 246-3391
FANTASY BOOK STORE *
113 N. Erie

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA CITY

RED LION-NEXT DOOR CLUB *
6714 North Western

PENNSYLVANIA

CRESSON

CASTAWAYS INN *
629 Front Street
(814) 886-9931 or 886-4413

PHILADELPHIA

ALLEGRO *
1412 Spruce Street (D,E,L)
(215) K15-9953

C/R BAR *
6405 Market St. (D,L)
(215) FL2-9762

FORREST BAR *
206 S. Quince St. Open Mon-Sat
5PM till 2AM (E,L)
(215) MA5-8552

FOSTER HOUSE *
211 S. Quince St.
(215) WA2-9781

MIDWAY BAR *
256 S. 12th St.
(L,R)

MISS P'S *
418 S. 18th St. Open Mon-Sat
7:30 PM till 1AM (D,E,L)
(215) 985-0943

247 BAR *
247 S. 17th St. (Leather-Western)
(D,L)
(215) 545-9779

WESTBURY BAR *
721 S. 15th St. Open 11AM till
2AM Mon-Sat Closed Sun (D,L)
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(D)

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(E,F)

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7 days After hours Fri & Sat
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(713) 229-0156

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