

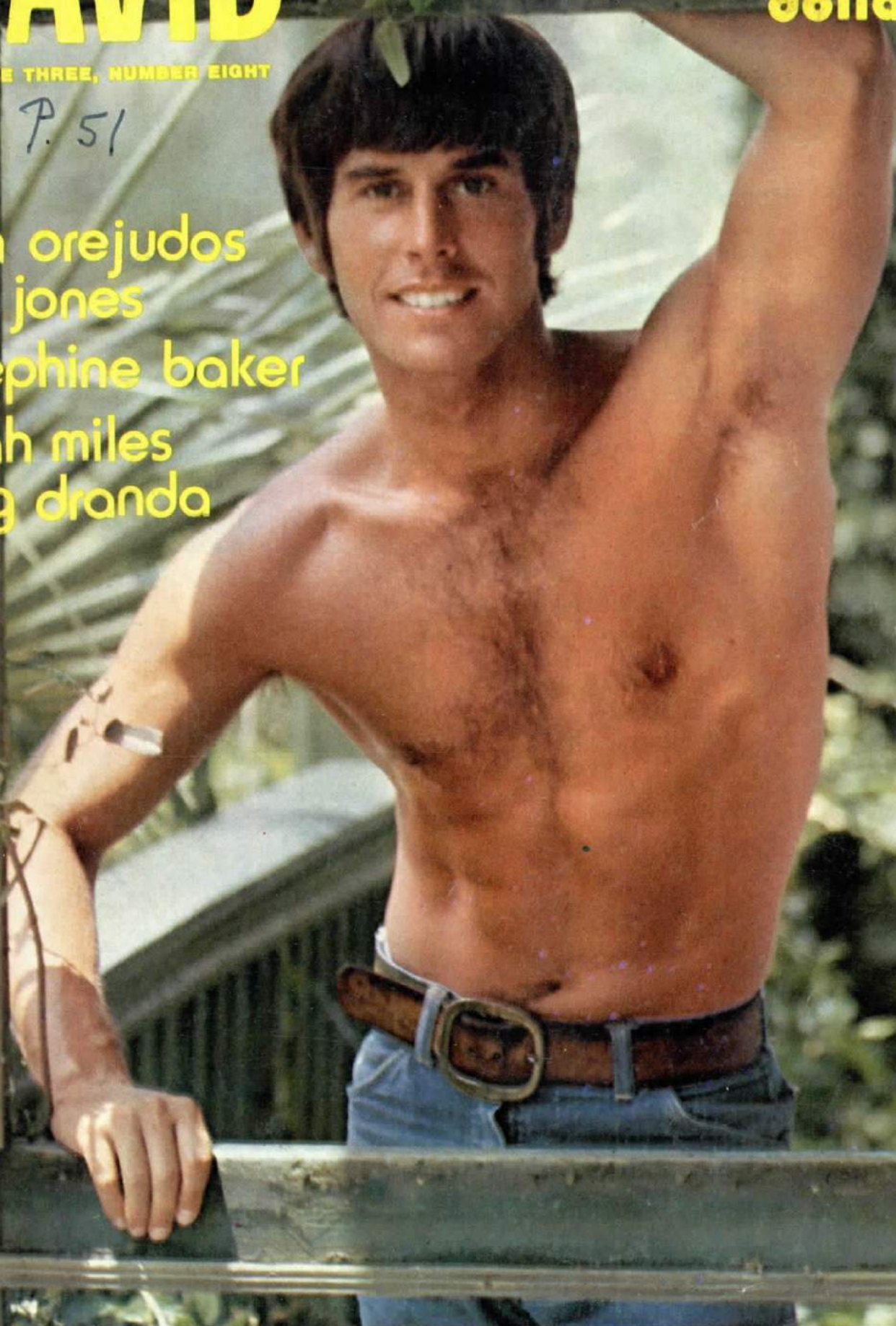
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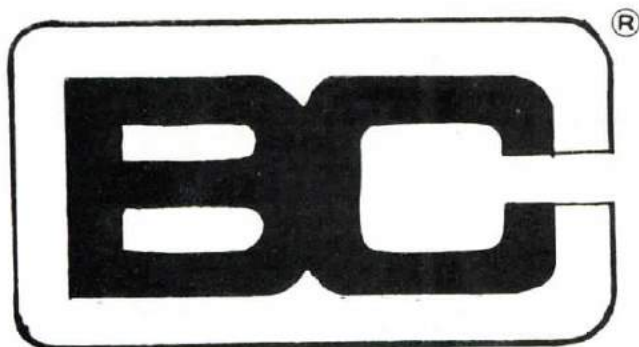
VOLUME THREE, NUMBER EIGHT

P. 51

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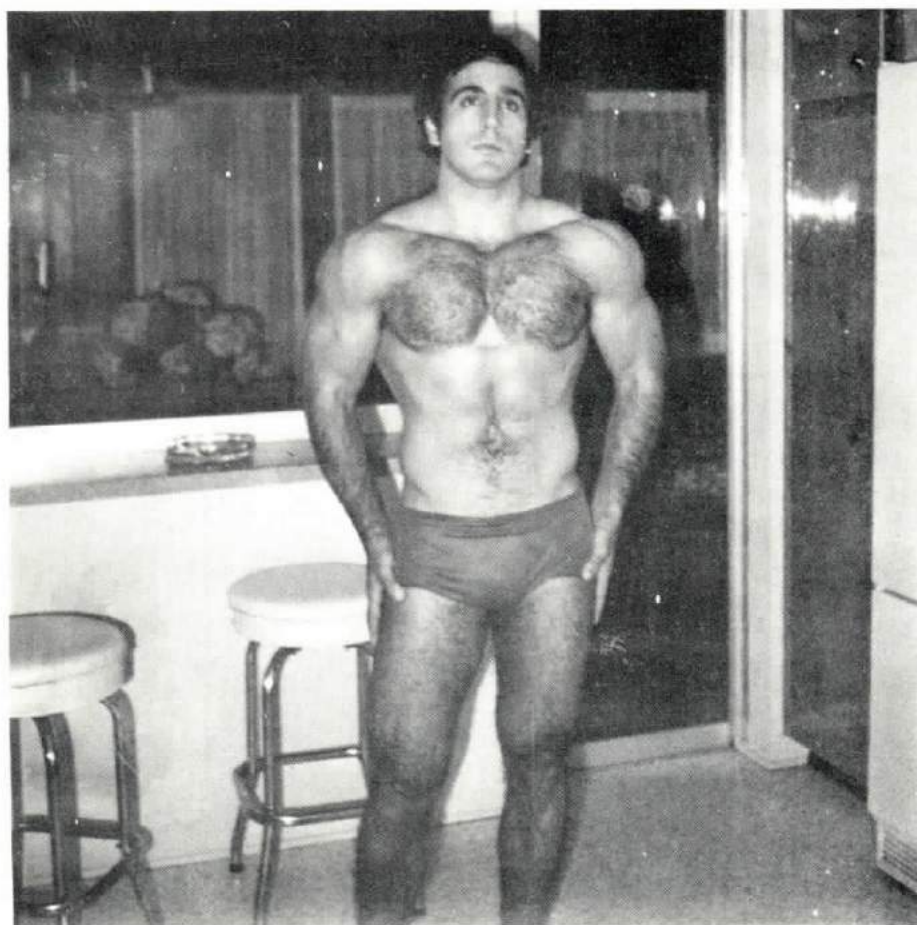
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COLT'S "CARPENTER" - co-emcee, MISS DAVID PAGEANT



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emcee MR DAVID CONTEST



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SCAGGNOLIA co-emcee



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inside david



FRONT COVER: GREG BY MARK III STUDIOS

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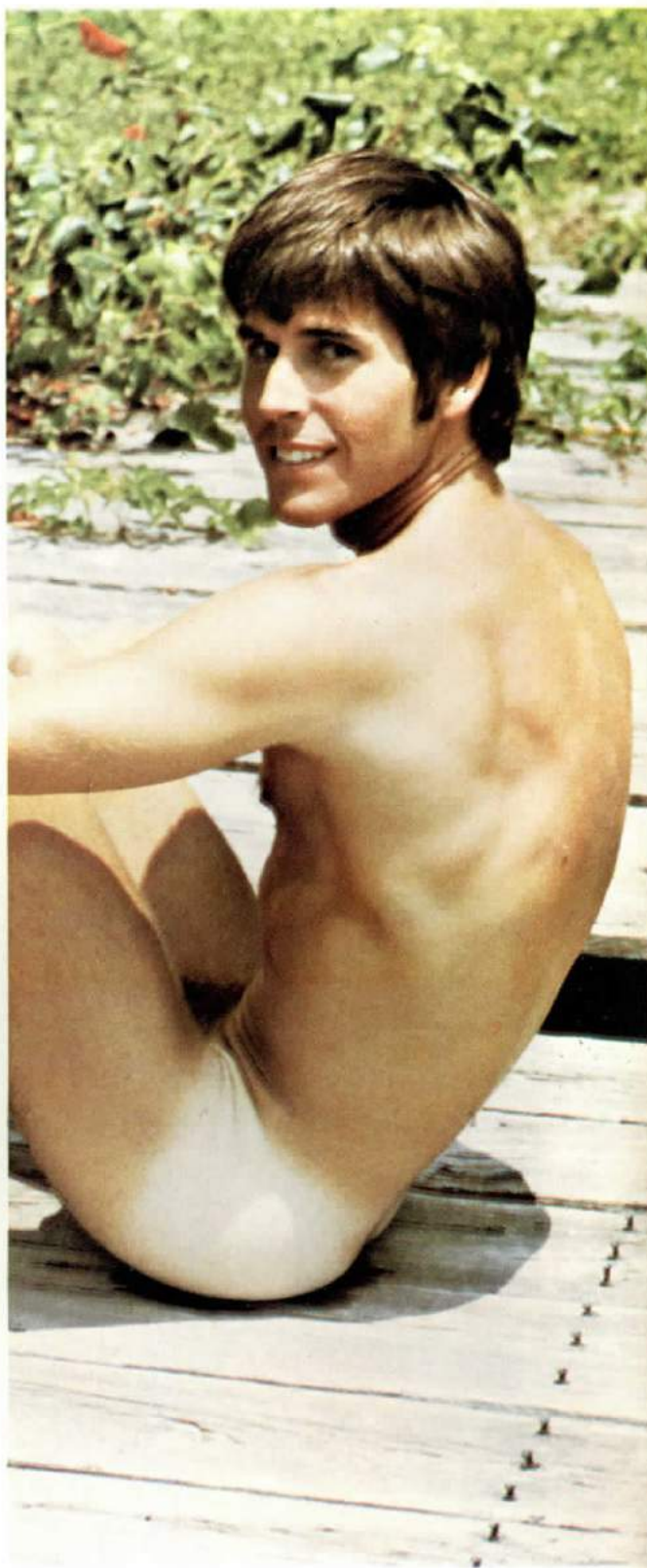
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letters to the editor

Dear DAVID,

I have recently been appointed as the director of the new American Civil Liberties Union National project on Sexual Privacy. The purpose of the project is to coordinate a national effort to remove all laws which proscribe private consensual sexual activity among adults and to eliminate discriminatory practices which flow from the existence of such laws.

I am writing to you at this time in hope of acquainting you with our project and enlisting your assistance and cooperation as a group informed and interested in this area of the law.

As you know in most states young people peaceably living in communes, hippies, homosexuals, prostitutes, marrieds and singles are subjected to selective enforcement of the criminal statutes which ban adultery, fornication, sodomy and other private consensual activities between adults. Although it is true that these criminal statutes are infrequently enforced because it is difficult to do so, it is imperative that they be eradicated as they are used as the primary justification for the pervasive denial of equal employment, housing, public accommodations and governmental benefits and rights to homosexuals. Of course these laws are used as a thin veneer for societal disapproval of differing modes of sexual orientation and life styles. Unfortunately, the disapproval is often based on widespread ignorance of homosexual motivations and activities. Prostitutes, too, suffer unequal enforcement of the laws because of society's disapproval. The police employ criminal "solicitation" and "loitering" statutes as well as improper harassment and entrapment procedures to ensnare both homosexuals and prostitutes because of the difficulty encountered in discovering and prosecuting their truly private sexual activities.

We believe the time is particularly ripe to challenge these laws and patterns of discrimination as a result of a combination of the recent landmark extension of the constitutional right to privacy by the Supreme Court in the abortion decisions, the recent surfacing of homosexuals who are willing to assert their rights, and the relatively new concurrent emerging tolerance in society.

In view of the general problems and developments in the area the following priorities have been identified for the project:

1) Removing criminal sanctions against consensual sexual acts between adults in

private through use of litigation and legislation. Litigation includes filing of affirmative class action suits as well as defense of those actually prosecuted for violation of the statutes.

2) Eliminating public and private employment discrimination against homosexuals through litigation, legislation and public education.

3) Eliminating discrimination against homosexuals in public housing and accommodations.

4) Decriminalizing prostitution.

5) Eliminating police harassment of homosexuals and prostitutes by challenge to the loitering and solicitation laws.

6) Protecting the rights of homosexuals to visit and have custody of their natural children.

In furtherance of the listed priorities the project will endeavor to mount a coordinated national litigation and legislation effort against the restrictive laws and practices; compile and maintain an up-to-date docket of significant past and pending ACLU and non-ACLU cases in the area, which will be circulated to all ACLU affiliates and other interested people and organizations around the country willing to participate in litigation, conduct an investigative survey of the laws and discriminatory practices in each jurisdiction; develop case materials, model pleadings and other litigation tools to assist lawyers in litigation of cases; and draft model legislative memoranda for use in affiliate lobbying efforts.

In furtherance of these goals I hope that you will keep me informed of your general activities through your publication and keep me advised of important developments as they occur via mail or phone. I will keep you on our mailing list. If the address is incorrect or if you would like to designate one person for us to contact please write and tell us so.

Please feel free to call or write at any time with information as a coordinated effort is of extreme importance. I hope to be hearing from you soon.

Sincerely,
Marilyn G. Haft
Director, Sexual Privacy Project
American Civil Liberties Union
22 East 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

NOTICE NEXT MONTH'S david

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convention
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PHOTOS OF ALL CONTESTANTS
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THE MR. DAVID CONTEST**

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

The MR. and MISS DAVID CONTESTS in New York have really got this place hopping. The boys are working out and buying up all the white swimsuits and the "girls", all the feathers, jewels and chiffon in sight. Most of the bars are having contests to select their representatives for the events.

The Club Miami will be represented by a hunky young man named Mike and to represent them at the MISS DAVID PAGEANT will be the Latin lovely "Noly" who worked at the Warehouse 8 and Torchy Lane's Cabaret. Watch out girls she's full of wild ideas and she'd beat her mama if she thought she could wear her on stage.

Speaking of the Club Miami, their "Chicken Party" on the first of July was a very successful event. Keep in touch with the club to see what's happening next. By the way, it's worth a trip in just to see the guys working there in their new white tank suits. Very interesting to say the least.

There's always something happening at the Warehouse 8—They are completely redecorating the downstairs bar and turning it into a show and dance bar. Yes, the Warehouse 8 now has dancing, so get those platforms out and truck on over to the Warehouse 8 and do your cruising drinking, watching and dancing all under one roof. On August 15, the talented Mr. Craig Russell will be at the Warehouse 8 for 10 days. Get your tickets in advance, it's sure to be a sell out.

Tiffany Jones, who heads the show at the Warehouse 8, was on the road last month. Ray Zeller brought her to Atlanta to do a co-emcee job at the Kings Kastle Inn with, MR. DAVID 1973, Al Zeller. She then went to Chicago to appear for two weeks at Felicia's Baton. She got standing ovations even on her curtain calls. Tiffany tore the place up with her nun routine on roller skates, in an authentic nun's habit. I asked her about that outfit and she remarked, "Contrary to popular belief, I did not beat up a little old nun and take her habit." Tiffany will be one of the co-emcees at the MR. DAVID CONTEST and after that, if all the details are worked out, a two week booking in Fire Island. I was at Keith's in Hallendale last month, first time I'd been there since the remodeling, the place looks great. They have a light-up dance floor, disc jockies, color slides, go go boys, some fine bartenders at the three different bars and some very friendly waiters. I got to see the show

which was very good. Mickey Martin seems to be a crowd pleaser wherever she works. Mr. Michael puts some great production numbers together. They did some good numbers from *Dames At Sea*. Keith is taking Miss Florida 1973, Emory, to the MISS DAVID PAGEANT as his contestant. Don't forget the skating party that Keith sponsors every Tuesday night, call Keith's for details.

I had a good time at the Pin Up over on Miami Beach, it's a nice little bar and the owners Dick and Bob keep things jumping with pleasant talk and great service. They have a nice quiet juke box so you don't have to shout to the one you're with or the one you'd like to be with.

I got a sneak preview of David Vance's book *Visions* and believe me, if you like fantastic photography with an imaginative flair and absolutely beautiful people don't miss this superb book. This is a package that has been put together with good taste and loving care. Dave tells me he is working on a second book now. Be sure to buy the first and put some money away for the second.

We, at DAVID magazine, would like to apologize to Malcolm of the Nook Bar in Coral Gables for listing a wrong telephone number. The correct number is 444-9210 and we'd also like to note that the Nook also serves food now. Feel better now, Malcolm?

I have not gotten a chance to visit Tee

Jays yet but all reports have been the best. Tee Jay must be running a real swinging place in Hollywood, especially on Sundays. I've also heard about the art work hanging in the place. That in itself must be worth the trip.

There's a new something coming to Miami. A head shop called "Something for Everyone" located at 7352 Bud. Rd. in south Miami. The owner, Herb Scher, says things will be priced from 50 cents to \$3,000.00. Watch for the grand opening ads coming in DAVID. It's a place you'll have to visit.

The Meet Rack in the Dallas Park Hotel in downtown Miami is becoming one of the most swinging leather type bars around. They have some hunky numbers hanging around in front of the bar and behind it too. There is sawdust on the floor, beer cases to sit on and a pool table that is in constant use. Brush up on your pool, kids and tool on down to the Meet Rack and mingle with the big boys.

The Warehouse 8 held a contest to select their contestant in the MISS DAVID CONTEST. As I predicted last month, Josephine Baker was chosen. There will be a "Wake Up" cocktail party sponsored by the Warehouse 8 on Sunday,



Owners, Bill & Jerry of the Music Box Lounge in Lake Worth try to steal a few minutes to relax, but to no avail. Their thirsty customers found them.



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looking around at

Chapel Hill

BY TOM STROUD
PHOTOS BY TOM STROUD

"Wouldn't it be great if it could last forever." Such comments were overheard during the three day "Mardi-Gras weekend" presented by the Electric Co. Nite Club in Chapel Hill, N.C. If success can be measured by numbers, then it must be mentioned that on the dates of May 25, 26, and 27, there was not a motel room to be had anywhere. On Saturday and Sunday nights, over a thousand people filled the 10,000 square feet of the club interior. Managers Barbara, Laura, and Nort Kurlan, commented on the ex-

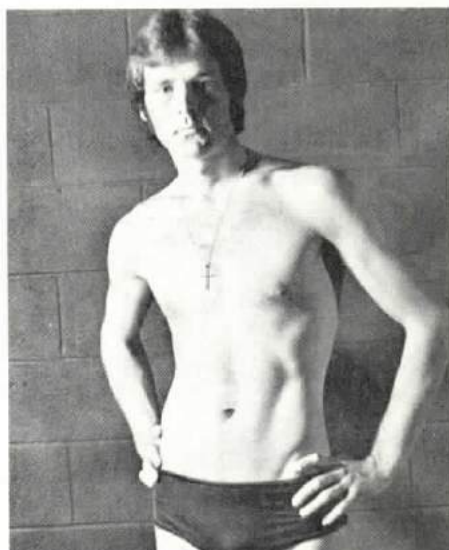
cellent co-operation by all involved. "This is the greatest bunch of people I've ever seen," stated Nort, "Everyone has gone out of their way to maintain a completely trouble-free atmosphere and insure that everyone here will just have a ball," and a ball it was, too.

Friday night was "get acquainted night" where those attending could meet new friends from other areas. Guests came from as far as California, Texas, Washington, D.C., and Chicago. One guest signed in from Reykjavic, Iceland and has the accent to prove it. D. J., Bobby Williams kept things hopping all night with a high speed delivery that made it nearly impossible to leave the dance floor. Nine ektographs, four film projectors, and a very busy projectionist, kept the walls filled with far-out scenes and designs. A dance contest was initiated with trophies presented to the first, second, and third place winners. Bill and Bennie won first prize to the acknowledgement of a large round of applause.

Saturday afternoon saw a fashion show put on through the efforts of Smitty Grubbs of the Shrunkn Head Boutique. All of the latest "in" styles were well presented and well received by those in attendance.

On Saturday night, the club was filled with people and a contagious, fun-filled atmosphere prevailed until closing time at 4:00 A.M. At 2:00 A.M., people were still lined up at the door, waiting to get in. Live percussion accompaniment was provided by Barry C. The continuous

(Continued on Page 69)



Sandy Tyler, 2nd place winner Mr. Electric Co. Contest



Don Crocker, 3rd place winner Mr. Electric Co. Nite Club



Dan Brown, winner: Mr. Electric Co.



First prize, costume contest, The Frog

Los Angeles

June 25th marked the date for the 6th Annual Maggie Awards to a crowd of 800 at the International Hotel in Los Angeles. The Maggies are sponsored by Cal Coburn publisher of *Entertainment West* Magazine. Entertainment for the Awards was provided by the Turnabouts from the Showbiz in San Diego. They are considered to be the best show of its kind on the West Coast.

The Maggie Awards were started in 1968 to pay tribute to those people who have distinguished themselves or achieved some special spot in the gay community. In the short six years since the awards were conceived the Maggie has become Southern California's most popular and coveted award;

The 1973 winners are:

Outstanding new bar: The Haven.
Entertainer of the year: Brandy Lee, Cabaret, San Francisco.
Bar owner of the year: Ken Hurt, Ken's River Club.
Goffer award (assistant to the promoter of an event): Al Carr, Camelot Ball.
Outstanding Los Angeles club: Woody's Hyperion.
Closet queen award: Jay Jahant.
Outstanding Long Beach club: The Traffic Jam.
Bartender of the year: Larry Schmidt, DePaul's.
Outstanding event of the year: The Universal Ball.
Biggest "camp" of the year: Veronica Vavoom, Forsooth the Dragon.
Female personality of the year: Patti Lee, the Redwood Room.
Male personality of the year: Momma Chuck of Long Beach.
Superstar award: Dizzy, the Redwood Room.
Sob sister award: Mother Mason, Aldo's and COMPASS magazine.

Best female costume: Embie West, winner of the Universal Ball's best costume award.

Maggie's special award: the Ruby Rue.

Best show of the year: "Superstar," which is basically "Jesus Christ, Superstar" with two "Godspell" songs substituted.

Best continuous show: the Redwood Room.

Ambassador award: Bee Jay's, San Diego.

Best male costume: Ken Stadelman.

Bar manager of the year: Ralph Scioli, the See Saw.

Outstanding new event: The Camelot Ball, promoted by Lynn and Puff of Forsooth the Dragon.

Best individual function: Ersker Awards.

Outstanding master of ceremonies: Lee Glaze.

Service award (for waiters): Conrad, the Park.

Queen of Queens award: Reyna, Queen of the Universe (Universal Ball).

The first Emperor and Empress Ball was held July 2nd in the San Fernando Valley area of Los Angeles. The event drew a crowd of 200 to Oil Can Harry's, a popular Valley night club. The ball was hosted by Empress I of Los Angeles, La Rey and Cal Coburn Ambassador to the Los Angeles Imperial Court. Ken Sigel was selected as Emperor I de San Fernando Valley and Empress I is Kuulea. The Crown Prince title went to Jim Foster and Spankie Wilson was chosen Crown Princess. The Court will reign for one year.



The Turnabouts from the Showbiz in San Diego opened the 6th Annual Maggie Awards in Los Angeles. PHOTO BY BUD MCGINNIS



Dizzy, Los Angeles entertainer, winner of the Superstar Award for her look-a-like as Julie Andrews. PHOTO BY BUD MCGINNIS



Cal Coburn presents the key to the city of Los Angeles to Emperor Marcus of San Francisco. Looking on is Jackie Larue, Los Angeles entertainer who co-mceed the Maggie Awards. PHOTO BY BUD MCGINNIS



Emperor and Empress de San Fernando Valley. Left to Right: Spankie Wilson, Crown Princess; Ken Sigel, Emperor I; Kuulea, Empress I; and Jim Foster, Crown Prince. PHOTO BY BUD MCGINNIS

GETTING IT TOGETHER: A few issues back, I asked you all to come fly me and to let me show you my city. Well, you'll never have a better chance than at the DAVID convention at the Hotel St. George this month. I will admit that I really wanted the contests here this year. More than ever New York is ready to show you all a time that will go down in your memory book. I promise that you'll have a good time, or I want to know the reason why. For any of you who it will be your first time in the city I want to know so that I may initiate you to the really far out things that we will have to show you. Excitement is running rampant here. I guess no matter where you're from a party is a party. This is going to be the 'party' of the year. If I don't catch you on the sun roof, perhaps I'll find you down at the pool. Johnny and Pat Lions along with myself are bound and determined that you are going to have a good time.

TALENT, TALENT, TALENT: Besides the obvious allure of the talented contestants we will be presenting what I believe to be some of the finest talents in New York City. I know that you will all enjoy the talents that we have lined up for your enjoyment. Top stars in Gothams Firmament are lining up to show you why they believe that New York is the place to make it and why they know that they have the talent to do just that. If it sounds as if I'm blowing a horn for New York you all know that I am. Come on, take a chance and fly me. You won't be disappointed. Come to 'The City' and DAVID's convention.

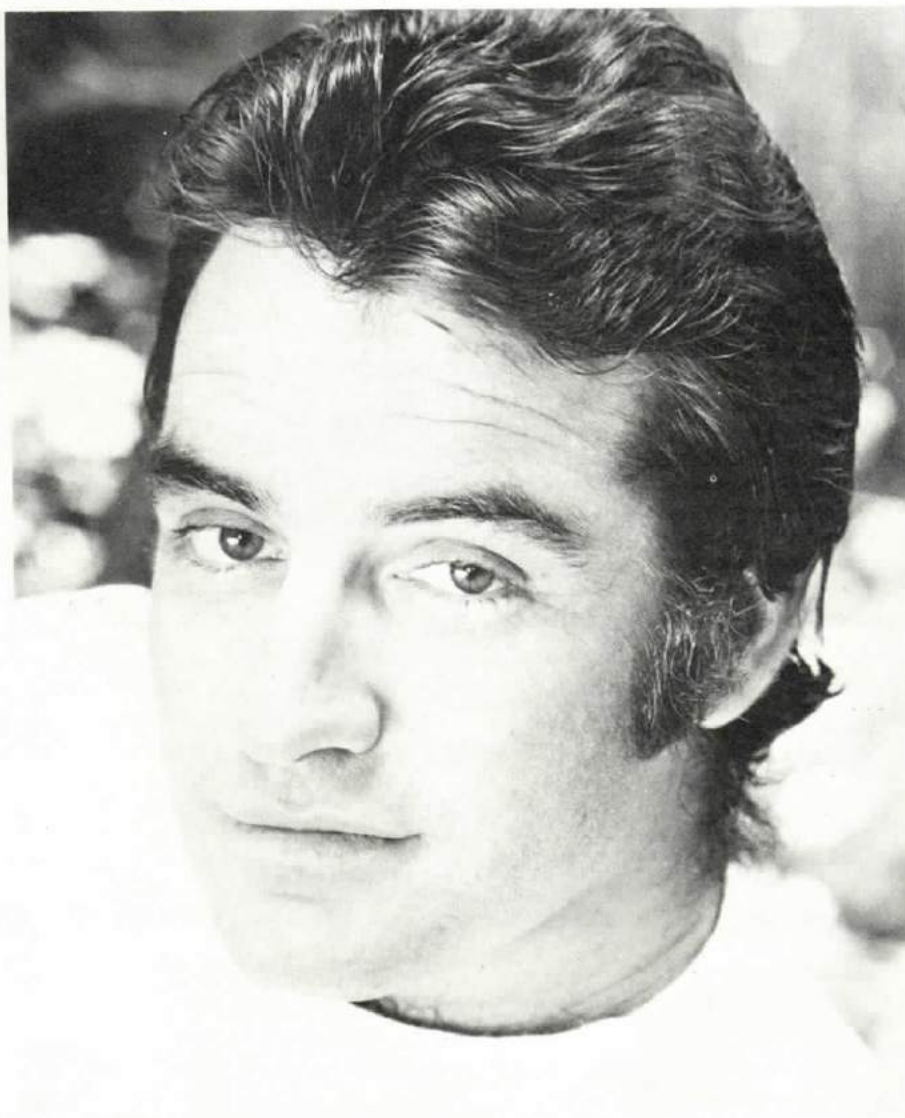
CITY RAP: Stanley Franks of the Beau Geste hosted one of the most sumptuous buffets on the fourth of July that you'd ever sank your teeth into. But then, all of Stanley's parties are groovey.....Walter Kent (Beacon Baths & Walter's Apartment) is looking really relaxed after his trip abroad.....Casa Paco is going to offer specials to all the conventioners. If you like your Margeritas with a little more than salt, you're going to love my favorite "Mouth", Lee. This is one woman who will set you on your ear. She really knows how to set you up for a good time.....The '82 Club' wants to invite everybody over for a special show on Friday night preceeding the contests.....There will be a theatre party going to the *Faggot* during the convention also.....A limited amount of tickets will be available so get your bids in early.....With all of the excitement going

on I'm going to have to take a few more tranquilizers.....If you are into hunky type males, with bodies that don't quit, you're going to think that Something Special really is also.....Listen, I've got to run and get to work on the convention.....I am really hoping that you all will be there.....It's going to be a flip, Baby.....Don't miss it.....And, Please, come say hello and fly with me through the city, that's what I'm here for.....Is it a date?

THE BIGGEST PARADE EVER: There couldn't have been more perfect weather. The sky was clear and blue and there was a crisp breeze making sure that the sun wouldn't get too hot. Walking up Central Park West you just knew that this would be the best and biggest parade for Christopher Street Liberation Day ever. Everybody was in a festive mood. At twelve noon sharp, Grand Marshall, Ms. Jean

(Continued on page 18)

It took a year to do it, but we finally got Jerry together with photographer Roy Blakey for a dynamite spread to show our man in a "better light". For a real treat, TURN THE PAGE, and Fly JE.



"JE" — JERRY FITZPATRICK, author of this column, Staff Writer and "Man about New York"

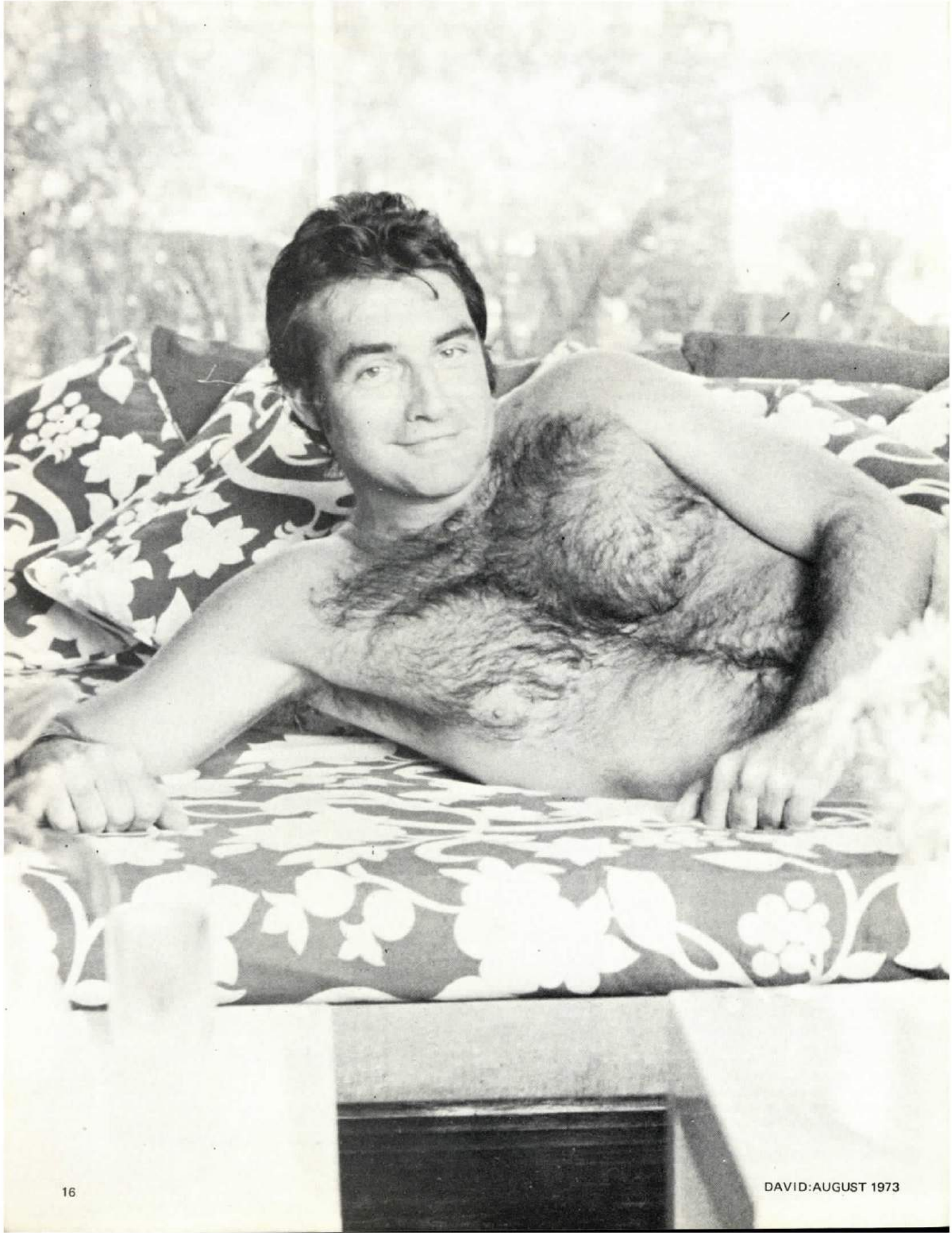




PHOTO BY ROY BLAKEY

NEW YORK *(from page 15)*

Devente blew the whistle and C.S.L.D.P. '73 was begun. As we went east along Central Park South towards 7th Avenue the very air seemed to breathe 'liberation'. As I walked beside my brother, John Paul Hudson (Chairperson C.S.L.D.P. '73) we both felt that all of the toil was now well worth it. (He even forgave me for getting him involved. He really worked his butt off.) Down 7th Avenue around Times Square, keynote speaker, Barbara Gittings (a fabulous, right-on woman) began the chant, "Two, four, six, eight, are you sure your husband's straight?" I flipped out! The bystanders applauded. It was going to be a great day.

As I looked back all I could see were more and more marchers. Being a sucker for a parade, around Penn Station I cajoled John Paul and Johnny Lions (Godfather Room at the St. George, who had his staff and sister and aunt and niece marching.) To step out and watch for awhile. It was something else to behold. For as far as the eye could see there were proud gays marching, chanting, singing and dancing. One teenager was asking a cop, "Are they all gay? My God, I didn't know there were so many of them." Straight couples gaped in disbelief until, finally, they too were caught up in the gaiety of the event. A woman cab driver scooted down for a couple of blocks tooting her horn with fist waving in the breeze in appreciation. Some Con-Ed workers, hard hats and all, waved greetings. Obviously, the straight community was not going to do anything

but enjoy another parade. What could possibly go wrong?

Around 23rd Street, Sylvia Rivera, head of S.T.A.R. (Street Transvestites Actionary Revolution) with obviously a snoot-full of something, started a fight. When I last saw her she was swinging at a cop so I assumed that she would be arrested. I cut down to the park to help prepare for the marchers' arrival. I had a feeling of total euphoria. I'd hoped and prayed for a successful parade and this was far surpassing my dreams. As Linda, John Gish, Sue and Shirley, Carolyn and the other people who had stayed in the park preparing saw the first wave of the parade

swing into the park tears of joy fell unashamedly. These people of the committee who had worked so damn hard in the months prior to the parade felt now that it really had been worth it...The march was a total success!!!!

THE SHOW AND RALLY: There had already been some static from a small group of women who had broken away from G.A.A. and were now calling themselves 'Lesbian Feminists'. They objected to a local drag act, 'Billy and Tiffany' who happen to be two of the sweetest, kindest most talented kids on the scene in Gotham today. Jean O'Leary spokesperson (man and woman can no longer be



Brothers and Sisters together



At the Rally

DAVID: AUGUST 1973

used.) (As those words are now considered sexist?????) Wanted to read a statement and follow the act singing "I Am Woman". The committee had agreed back in October that this was a day of celebration so there would be no political statements made and turned her request down. Barbara Gittings had come from Philadelphia and Morris Kight had come all the way from Los Angeles to be the keynote speakers. They had just finished when, much to my surprise, there was a scuffle on the side of the stage. There was Sylvia, more stoned than ever trying to storm the stage to speak. I asked John Paul why she hadn't been arrested. He told me that both he and Jean refused to have another gay arrested on the day of celebration. I was appalled. She was wreaking havoc and had it been anywhere else, she would have been in the can, pronto. There was no compromising with her. She was totally impossible to reason with; she was going to speak or there would be no show.....What bullshit.

Ms. Alaina Reed, one of the newest and brightest singers on the scene today was introduced. Sylvia stormed the stage and grabbed the "mike". She began a tirade and was egged on by the women from LF. She was allowed to speak with Jean O'leary right on her heels to get her two cents in. She claimed that Billy and Tiffany and any other male who dressed as women 'for fun and profit' were ob-

jectionable to the Lesbian Feminists. Lee Brewster from 'Drag' got up and had her say. What a mess! The air was ripped with anger and frustration. Finally, Ms. Reed was allowed to continue. Continue? She brought everybody back together with her incredible voice. The entire park was swinging to her sound. A sound that will carry her to the pinnacle of stardom. There

(Continued on Page 79)



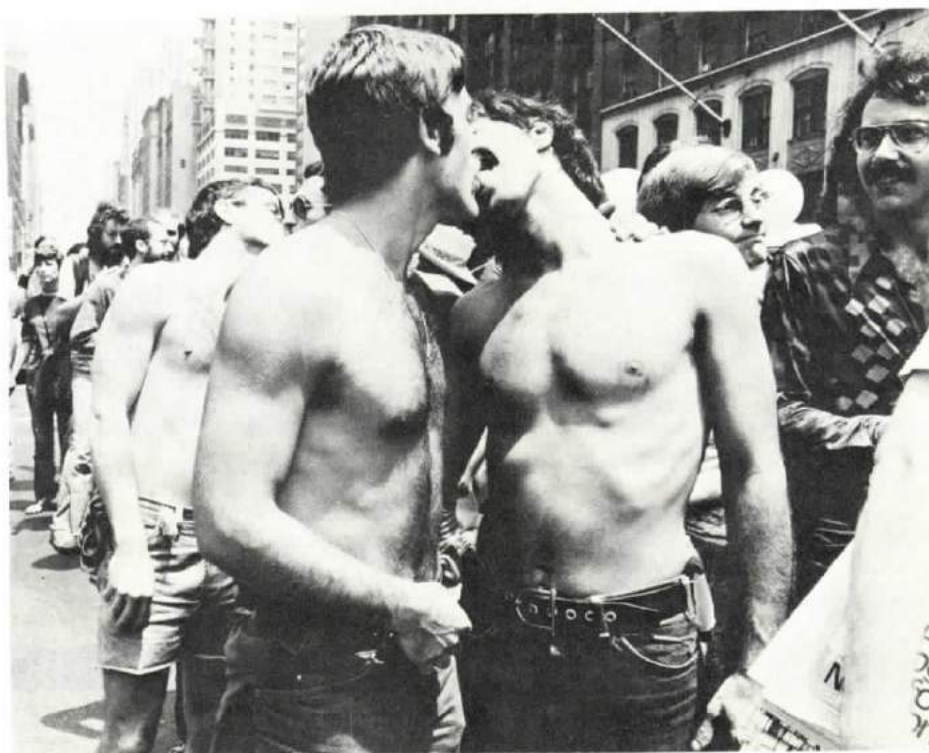
The Divine Miss "M". "You gotta have friends"



Alaina Reed brought the crowd to it's feet .



82 Club



RIGHT ON !

CHICAGO

BY FRED ALEXSON

Photos By Bob Vandiver



Gay Pride week has become a yearly event across the country, commemorating the "Great Stonewall Battle" on June 28, 1969 when gays stood their ground against harassment on the basis of their sexual identity and since then gays have continued to fight together for their "birth rights" and are proud of it. Gay Pride Week events in Chicago were fun, well attended and sensible this year. After last year's fiasco, no one expected 1,500 to turn out for this year's parade with cars, costumes, and imaginative floats representing the Gold Coast, Knight Out, Glory Hole, Up North and other gay establishments. Bucky of the Gold Coast in just his attractive leather harness, Wanda Lust of the Baton in her Chiquita Banana outfit, gangsters from the 20's, clowns and Rolls Royces driven by members of Bistro lead the parade to its final destination at Lincoln Park where speeches brought it to a successful end. Later many paraders attended "open house" at the Left-Right Bank for a stimulating rap session. For the first time, Chicago papers recognized the event by giving it coverage.



Chicago Gay Pride Week Parade Gold Coast Float

in the *Tribune* and *Sun-Times* and with a full police escort, the parade had no incidents of misbehavior from either straights or gays. This is the way to "keep on trucking."

If you didn't care for the old Jamies you might like the new Jamies, now that Patrick Renslow of Kris Studios and the Club Baths and David Cardwell, former manager of Sparrows, have taken it over and spruced it up. Jamies opens at 7 a.m. in the morning for you early birds till 2 a.m. at night and is a day time gathering place for many of this town's pretty bartenders. Why not catch them on their time off. Located above Jamies is the new Crystal Hotel; only minutes from all the action spots. There are thirty fully carpeted, spacious rooms (with or without baths) to chose from located on three separate floors. A Continental Breakfast will be served in the lobby each morning.

Although the Trip has always had a fine restaurant as part of their offering, it wasn't until Jack of the Up North proved a gay restaurant by itself would be supported if the purpose, service and price were right that the doubters took notice. Now there are three more fine restaurants in Chicago, the Belfry, Burton Place, and the Grubstake. Congratulations Up North, not only for your community service, but also on your 3rd anniversary July 15th.

The Belfry and the newly opened Grubstake are conveniently located near six of Chicago's most popular bars, including the Club Baths and where much of the action is.

The Belfry, upstairs at 111 West Hubbard Street, is the place to go for quiet intimate dining to the most nostalgic music in town. Delly, the owner, prepares the superb menu himself with all the style

and finesse of a first class chef.

Across the street from the Gold Coast, Bill Swank has opened the newest gay restaurant with a casual atmosphere, the Grubstake, which promises to be the place to go anytime (24 hours). It will have counter and table service and an upstairs area for dining with a birds-eye view for cruising. Now we don't have to

(Continued on Page 69)



Chicago Gay Pride Week Parade "73"



San Francisco's



PHOTOS BY EDDIE VAN

pride parade

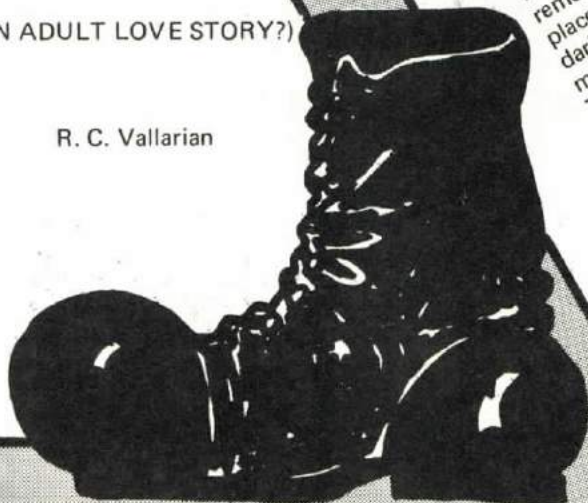
It began in the supermarket. Too young for the raw vegetable department, too sophisticated for washing windows, I was the ingenue of the check-out line: a bag boy. There, (eight hours a day, day in and day out, six days a week) stylishly dressed in flare bottoms, white shirt, and cunning bow tie, I sacked the culinary dreams of strangers for quarter tips and penny ante smiles. I was the star of the early evening enigma of the One-Cent-Sale: but something was missing. I knew life had to be more than Rice Crispies, Johnson's Baby Oil, and Drano. (I was always precocious: even as a child I suspected the tooth fairy was only half a lie.) Like the lead majorette side tracked with a limp wrist, I sensed the Parade was passing me by...

TRIANGLE



(AN ADULT LOVE STORY?)

R. C. Vallarian



minutes of the two for one sale in cosmetics, aisle three) it happened. I reached for a bunch of South American bananas and a strong hand closed over mine. I shuddered (thinking it was the cruel meat ager who bruised my thigh in the meat department because I was his "little Fag-boy"). Instead, when I opened my eyes I was face to face with love (and a hunk of a man you wouldn't believe!). Pandemonium followed. In seconds I was swept off my feet (and into a shopping cart). My back was cold against the glittering aluminum, but my heart burned like a fire sale! Dazed, I blinked at the ceiling where the phosphorescent lights glared down at me in amazement, advertisements flapped in the swirling air on thin threads, customers gasped, the cashier fainted, stamps fluttered to the floor. My lap was full of groceries, but I was light headed when the glass doors flew open and we rushed into the waiting night, with love at our heels.

Outside, under the stars of the parking lot, the cat-calls, customers, and trading stamps behind me, I knew something marvelous had happened. Yet, amidst it all, a fleeting memory stirred in my mind. I tried to recall, as we struggled in the back seat, what it was that was bothering me. Besides the stunned faces of strangers in line, and the swooning of the cashier, I remembered a flash of gold. But I couldn't place it. Suddenly, as the car lept into the darkness, his arms holding me in a ham-mer lock, I remembered: a wedding ring. Then, I knew for certain: his wife was driving! She bitched all the way home. I'd heard about boys who were home wreckers. Was I one of them? I couldn't permit myself to think about it. It was a difficult first three weeks, being shut up in a bedroom with a six foot four, ex-football player who was as possessive as a bear over a pot of honey. I needed time to think. But I was afraid (and tired). Had I fallen from a plaything for a married day worker, to a five minute break, man? I didn't dare ask. But his wife had all the answers. One evening, on a self respecting, six she corned me in the hall. My hair was a mess, I hadn't done my face in an hour, my nails needed buffing, but she stopped me cold.

(Continued on Page 71)

OUT OF THE CLOSET AND ONTO THE SIDEWALK

When Raymond told us that he was going to hustle his pants over to Third Avenue, we were all skeptical. We are products of New York Activism in the gay scene, and one thing that "good girls" do not do under an Activist Regime is hustle their bodies. We were also doubtful because Raymond is prone to exaggeration, as all theatrical people are. Yes, we agreed that he needed the money, but we were sure he would continue to type for Pro-Temps at \$2.50 an hour before he would betray the movement.

But this time Raymond wasn't kidding; he really did go to Third Avenue and he really did make thirty five dollars in one evening. Ray began to pay off old debts and have a good time on weekends, spending money at sit-down restaurants and buying fashionable garbage from street vendors on the busy corners of Greenwich Village—you know, fake rhinestones, electric yo-yo's, brass earrings, etc.

After a few weeks of hearing about all those dinners at the Cattleman and Sardi's and after realizing that Raymond had seen every good show and movie in town (and it's a big town), I began to get jealous.

And I began to re-evaluate some of the teachings that the older activists were passing down to us newer ones. Why is peddling my body so outrageous? Some closet case from Iowa is on his annual business trip, he needs the kind of sex that he's afraid to find back home. And he'll never get something thirty years younger than himself for free...he's got money, and the young companion needs it. After all, these same men spend thirty five dollars for a half hour with a shrink in some Des Moines office building. For the same money, he can pick something up on Third Avenue and act out all those libidinous desires he spends most of the year talking about. And what's more, a good trick who is a good conversationalist is ten times better than a psychiatrist.

Well, I was convinced. My only problem was that, being nineteen years old and barely out of the closet myself, I didn't have a very good idea of what hustling was all about. Maybe I'd put on some tight jeans and some gaudy shirt and maybe I'd even buy a new pair of shoes with bigger heels. But then what? What would I say? What would he say? I wasn't going to ask Raymond for tips on technique; I didn't trust him to tell me the truth.

So I kept the whole thing a secret. I spent Tuesday afternoon in Macy's at Herald Square which is the largest department store in the world. It has quite an underwear and body shop department with four racks of way-out briefs (the kind people usually buy through the mail). I picked out a pair of light blue "Skants"

and a pair of miniscule yellow shorts with a vinyl rooster sewn right on over the pouch! The salesman told me it was his best number, mostly cause of "us guys" who bought it.

I went up to the Men's Clothing Department to buy a pair of too-tight Levi's (up until now I didn't own anything that was too tight; I was still dressing in the clothes my mother picked out during my high school days). Buying the pants was easy. Did you ever know anybody to have trouble buying a pair of pants that didn't fit?

I went back uptown to my small dormitory room on the Campus of Columbia University and took out my collection of DAVID magazines. Somewhere in the back I hoped to find where some of those Third Avenue bars were. Sure enough, under the list of New York DAVID Supporters I found a promising number of bars, most of which were in the seventy's and eighty's (I hoped the businessmen from Des Moines

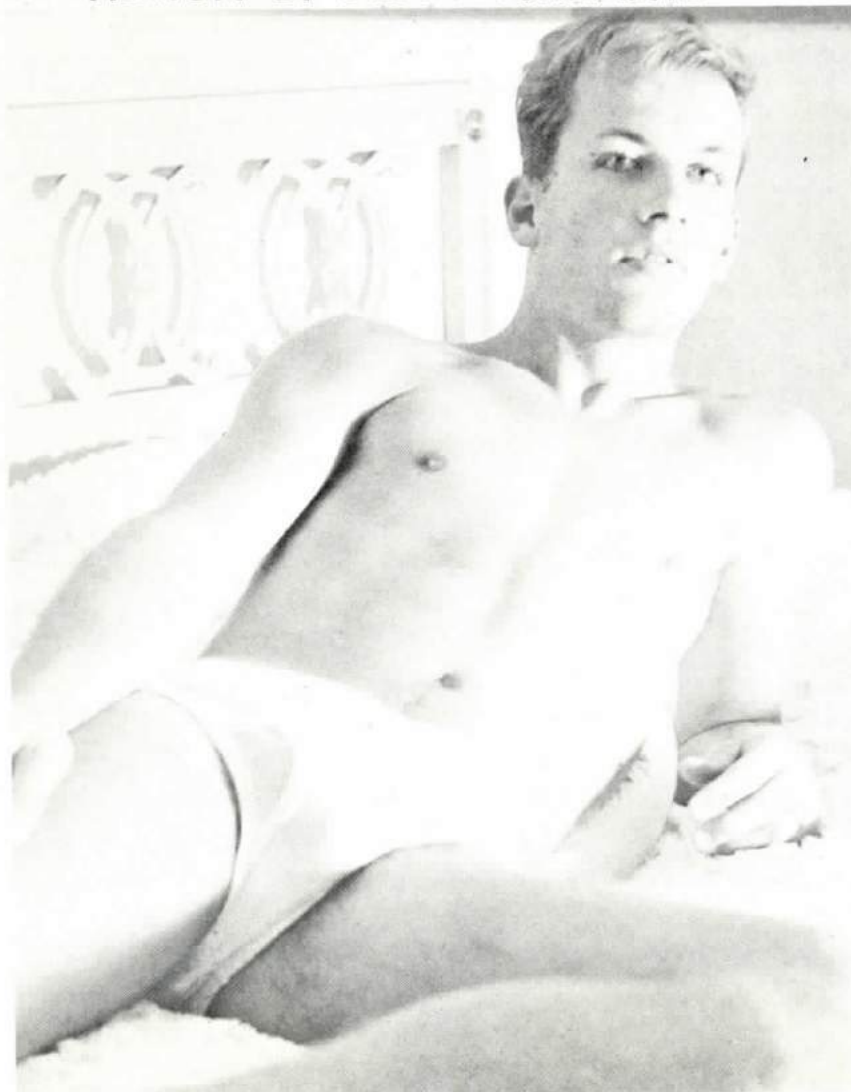
knew where they were, too). Now I knew where to go, but I was troubled about my appearance. Was I really the type for those too-tight Levi's? Was I even the type for the crazy underwear?

No, I wasn't. I was U.S. Keds, Lee's Fastbacks and un-ribbed Knit shirts and I shouldn't try to immitate my friend Raymond-the-Bull (nicknamed such for two reasons). Some of us were born to be chickens. Although I'm not fat, I don't have a muscular physique. I stand five feet two inches high, a measurement which is no longer subject to change at my age. I have terribly light skin and a terribly heavy beard. Somebody once described me as the Teddy Bear Type.

So I decided to audition that night dressed in "normal" attire. My Lee's were nicely pressed and my Ked's were clean. I put on a shirt with just enough purple

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FICTION BY ALAN TORZANTE



T O M J O N E S

TOO HOT To cool DOWN

by Gene Arceri

There stands a castle like-home atop a Surrey hillside twenty-four miles from the heart of London. The garage houses the inevitable Rolls Royces. The movie theatre, game rooms and the huge indoor leisure complex designed and built in the grounds incorporating a swimming pool, tennis and squash courts, saunas and a party area complete with barbecue pit. And everywhere there are record players so that the man who lives there sometimes, can listen to his favorite kinds of music while the world listens to him. A nice place to come home to but where is the master of the manor nine months out of the year?

A man who entertains the world, everywhere, and probably on his way to your home town. As part of his 1973 nationwide tour Tom is now on his fourth visit to America. He now spends as much time in the U.S. as he does in the United Kingdom. In Japan where he completed

his first-ever tour in February, Jones shattered box office records despite a \$100 top ticket price imposed by the promoters (Tom had a portion of the profits turned over to Japanese orphans funds when he heard about those prices).

For those who have never seen Jones 'live', the performance is an eye and ear opener. As Tom puts it, "Singing directly to an audience is the greatest thing for me. I love to have contact with the people I am singing for—something you don't get when you make records or TV shows—we turn each other on. The more excited the audience the better it is for me so I don't care if they get noisy".

The financial reward he can now command for doing what he likes best—singing, has brought a lot of changes since the days on the grocer's box. The folk in Wales still talk about little Tommy, the four year-old who sang for customers on an orange box platform in the shop on the corner of Laura Street, Pontypridd where he was born on June 7, 1940. His school mates remember how he was dropped from the choir for harmonizing the "Lord's Prayer" and his teenage pals recall him singing for pocket money in the local dance halls. He describes himself as a Welsh tenor with a flair for the blues.

Virtually everything about Tom Jones' career has been touched with extravagant success. The Beatles may have opened American eyes to British pop music but it was Tom Jones who became the one British superstar in his own right to span all age groups and to appeal to all sections of the public. By the time Tom hit America he was already in his mid-twenties—a mature man and instantly interest in him stretched right across the audience spectrum. "People of every age like to listen to beat music. Adults love it just as much as kids, but they can't associate with the groups very easily. I like to vary the pace a lot—from soul and rhythm and blues to ballads and country and western songs". It's on stage that he's most assured, with his thrusting, vibrant movements and aggressive full-blooded singing. How does he consider his appeal to be sexual? "The most important thing," he says, "is the voice. Without that there's nothing...and I'd have no stage appeal at all." Considering all the stories one hears about the audience reaction at the night-clubs he plays I wonder how closely they listen as compared to how closely they watch. I mean like middle aged ladies throwing their mentionables at him. To

(Continued on Page 75)







SARAH MILES-GOING WITH THE WIND

by Gene Arceri

Babe or bitch, which is she? It's been some time since the problems of a star aroused so much interesting speculation. Witness or actor, the public spotlight is decidedly on 29 year old Sarah Miles. Miss Miles recently was confronted with a more perplexing tangle behind the cameras than the one in front as the central figure in the bizarre death of her manager in Gila Bend, Arizona. Sarah has already testified in Arizona that David Whiting (whose death was attributed to a barbiturate overdose despite severe bruises on his body) was unbalanced. Unbalanced by his passion for Miss Miles? People will wonder about the implications and the woman behind the mystery. There is more than a touch of Scarlett (O'hara) 'fiddle-de-de', 'I don't give a damn' about the English belle.

Sarah started acting when she was nine and played Shylock (a hardhearted greedy character) in a school version of "The Merchant of Venice". She made her exit by leaping off the stage and breaking her ankle. In her mid-teens she left school and set out to seek her destiny in London. She worked in a Chinese restaurant (I would have loved to have read her fortune cookies), studied ballet and turned to acting. "Only because I didn't seem to be able to be any good at anything else," she says. She enrolled at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art where, just before she got thrown out, she caught the attention of John Gielgud, among others, who put her into the West End play, *Dazzling Prospect*. A very appropriate title, although Sarah disagrees, "Never was there a less apt title. The play marked

one of the last times that people threw rotten fruit at actors in a West End production."

Soon after joining the Worthington Repertory, Sarah made her first film, *Term of Trial*, playing opposite Lawrence Oliver and Simone Signoret. Sarah's reviews were ecstatic. "It just about ruined my career. They said 'hooray', a new star is born and being 17, I sort of believed it. I went out and bought a leopard coat, which my dog promptly ate. I was ridiculous. I wasn't a star; I had hardly begun to learn my craft."

Sarah returned to Worthington Rep. where she gave fine performances in such varied plays as *Wings Of The Dove* and *Saint Joan*. Her second film *I Was Happy Here*, won a best actress prize at the San Sebastian Film Festival.

Sarah settled in Chelsea and had a spell with the National Theatre, but left not long after she gave Noel Coward a few friendly tips about how *Hay Fever* might be rewritten. I am certain he appreciated her help and advice considering his ineptitude. *The Ceremony* opposite Lawrence Harvey followed. Her favorite film at this time was *Six-Sided Triangle* directed by brother Christopher Miles. Sarah played six different roles in a series of elaborate spoofs of foreign film love scenes. But it was *The Servant* playing Dirk Bogarde's amoral girl friend that collected rave notices and a handful of awards. Her last film for several years was *Blow Up*. "There was this scene where I'm supposed to be making love to somebody in bed and David Hemmings comes in. I asked

(Continued on Page 73)



Sarah Miles in "The Hireling"



Burt Reynolds and Sarah in a scene from "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing"



JOSEPHINE BAKER

at CARNEGIE HALL

BY JE



Several years ago, I was taken to one of the legendary drag balls in New York given by Phil Black. There were a lot of competing queens in what looked to me to be the same costume. "There goes another Baker", I overheard one of the people present say. I asked my friend (who is now my roommate), "Who is Baker?" He couldn't believe that I'd never heard of this legendary performer. I became a Baker addict, wanting to know all that I could about this seeming goddess from Olympus.

Josephine Baker was born in St. Louis in 1906. She lived with her family in poverty. She became enamored with show business and, at the tender age of sixteen, ran away from home in search of a career. Knowing that New York was the place to 'make it', the young Josephine headed for the big city.

At that time there was an all Black revue called *Shuffle Along*. It was the big hit of the season and, at that time, somewhat of a phenomenon as it was produced, written and directed by Blacks. Baker

(Continued on Page 76)



CINDY

MS. GAY

SAN FRANCISCO

WRITTEN BY ALMA

PHOTOS BY EDDIE VAN

The first ever to be given the title of, Ms. Gay San Francisco 1973 Cindy Pearson, the all American, versatile girl, revealing her secret as today's woman, projecting

an aura of the hidden, tasting life and reaching out.

Her response to a question of thoughts on life in general: "I live for what I have, and I think of the future in the sense of what I have to offer. I have found that each phase of living, is there to be found when I have looked for it. I observe the time of life, in order for it not to be made out of shreds and fringes of a photograph of yesterdays living in a world which one dwells to one side of this earth from the other as though one see's life, as one saw it not..."

Observing Cindy you can tell she has a way of expressing herself with her hands which flow in movement as do her spoken words. Her glossy, deep, blue eyes project a depth of soul that looks onward to so many roads of curiosity, as well showing deepened crevices of sincerity and emotions in a brightness, subtled with a hand full of humor, as she spends her solitude moments doing creative writing or putting words into poetic form. A pleasure moment time to time picking a few tunes on the guitar or pounding rhythm on a set of drums. Words and music are a few ways which Cindy uses to express her feelings and emotions.

Her goals as Ms. Gay San Francisco of 1973 are, to represent with dignity and pride the gay woman of today as it never has been presented before to the public. In her words, "a concern is here, a title has been given to me and I hope to be worthy of this beautiful title."

If any of you wish to write Cindy Pearson, write her in care of Eddie Van, San Francisco Representative, DAVID Magazine, 4077 18th Street, San Francisco, California, 94114.

We feel that she is sincere, honest and a devoted young lady and we wish her the best of everything this coming year as Ms. Gay San Francisco 1973.



it's a natural.



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THE
CLUB BATH
CHAIN

LYNNE CARTER — PROVINCETOWN

by Fred Alexson

In a soft yellow room that held the fragrance of another era with its charming old lighting fixtures, hand-craved furniture and high-backed bed covered with a colorfully aged afghan, I listened to the soft-spoken, well-mannered, Lynne Carter reflect on his career and began to realize that he had after many years, many miles and many hotels finally found a place where he belonged; a home in Provincetown, Mass.

"After 30 years on the boards, I love my work, but I'm tired," he commented. "I think after a certain length of time everyone wants to settle down. In 10 years, I may work just when I want to. I chose to live in Provincetown because the people accepted me and have become family; they saw I belonged here. I love it because it ties me up during the summer months and during the winter, off-season months, I can do guest spots and television appearances."

For the last 7 years, Lynne Carter has appeared each summer at the famous Madeira Club located in the basement of the Pilgrim House in Provincetown, as star, which has also featured fabulous comedians such as Ruth Buzzi, Phyllis Diller and Lilly Tomlin. The Madeira Club and the Pilgrim House are now his for he recently purchased them. Considering his new position as landlord he stated, "I once had a night club in Puerto Rico but now they are yelling 'Yankee Go Home' with Bull Horns as you get off the plane. It is unfortunate because they'll soon find out when they are hungry that we gave them a nice livelihood. Here all the townspeople packed the meeting at Town Hall to speak for me and supported me when I applied for liquor license. The Pilgrim House is the oldest Inn in Provincetown—Thoreau stayed here—and like any old buildings, it is hard to keep up." Although Lynne plans to make some modern im-

provements, he insists that the 58 room building will be run in the same gracious manner as in the past with everything remaining old fashion and relaxed.

Lynne eagerly showed me the new stage that was being built for shows that would feature as before guest artists and personal appearances. Lynne, who started performing in Cleveland, Ohio, considers himself a satirical impressionist. His first big break came while appearing in Chicago at a club which no longer exist where Pearl Bailey took him under her wing and gave him some music and encouragement. Since then he has appeared coast to coast in some of the country's leading night spots and made numerous appearances on the Mike Douglas Show, Merv Griffin Show and a Sammy Davis special. His success is probably due to his attitude for whether you're straight or gay, black or white doesn't matter to Lynne because he never plays to a definition or issue, he plays to everything and everyone. "I'm interested in human beings. If you

have taste and style you can do anything. In my act I do a wide scope of characters, Deitrich, Bette, Mae West and Phyllis Diller and a lot of original material like the drunken Lady. I've done others like Talullah and Marilyn but have dropped them because they died. My act is satire with a bite and I couldn't continue to do it."

Lynne Carter's act is so well timed and polished that in a 30 second blackout he can make a complete change of costume, wig and jewelry, becoming another character before you can finish blinking.

When asked why he didn't do more impressions of the stars of today, he replied, "New actresses today are sort of bland. I mean what would you do with Racheal Welch or Jane Fonda. They have no indelible characteristics. Someone like Phyllis Diller is different. I saw her star at the Purple Onion in San Francisco and when I told her I was going to do a take off on her, she said, 'Why not I've been doing you for years.'"



DAVID: AUGUST 1973



MOTORCYCLES !



MOTORCYCLES! The word that used to put fear in peoples minds now has become America's fastest growing sport and spells good clean F-U-N for millions of adventure seeking sportsmen from all walks of life and all ages. Economy and ease of parking are two reasons for todays growth but just plain old fashioned adventure is the biggest.

At Daytona in March 61,500 people saw the big 200 mile road race, more than attended the Firecracker 500. It is estimated that there were over 35,000 out of state cycles in Daytona for speed week. They came from every state and 26 foreign countries.

From Mini to Mighty is the slogan of one manufacture and they came in sizes from a tiny 50 Indian that can be ridden by 3 year olds to 1200cc Harley-Davidson for cross-country cruising. Today there are over 5 million cycles registered in the U.S., the largest amount in California. Racing of all types mostly spreading East from California has taken over the East coast now as well.

There are many types of cycle racing for



Below:

The big race at Daytona 1973. Dave Smith No. 20 leads Don Castro No. 11 through a tight turn at high speed.





all sizes of bikes and all degrees of ability. There is enduro for those who want to ride a slow test of endurance to road racing at speeds upward of 200 MPH.

Top Right:
Just before the start of the Daytona 200 Mile. March 1973.

Right Center:
This is Moto-Cross. Through mud, creeks, hills, ditches and "Flat Out" described as the worlds roughest sport.

Bottom Right:
Don Castro National No. 11 and Gary Fisher No. 21 ready for the big race in Daytona in March 1973.



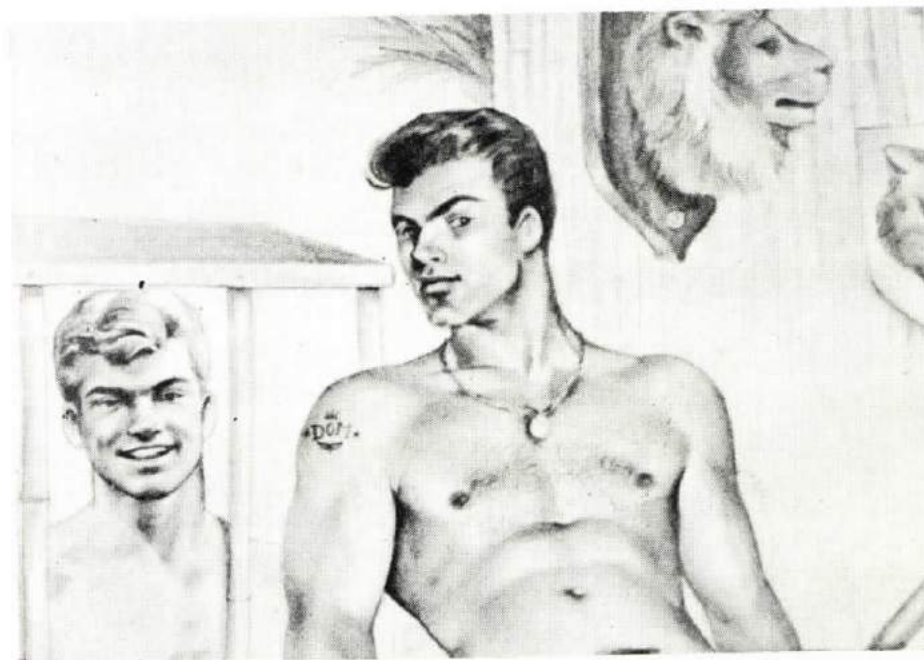
Story & Photos by Seegrey



DOM OREJUDOS

A DEMI-GOD

by Fred Alexson



Dom Orejudos & Peggy Powell in "The Stone Medusa"
Choreography by Dom Orejudos

Flawless demi gods exist usually thru a poet's pen, a painter's brush, a sculptur's marble or in the dreams and minds of mortal men, but rarely in reality. Dom, Etienne and Stephen all refer to the same person and are mere labels for a true demi god of today whose pleasures are numerous and shared by many; names for a boy with jet black hair which frames a handsome well-defined face and whose strong muscular frame makes him stand out in a crowd.

At a time when most of his peers in high school had paper routes and were hanging around the local drug store, Dom Orejudos (his real name) was developing not only his own body and mind with a discipline that would ultimately lead him to become a noted dancer and choreographer, but he was also gaining a valuable awareness of the exciting beauty to be found in the well-developed male torso whose movement or suggestion of movement is capable of causing an ascetic if not physical orgasm in the souls of other men. For a while being actively involved in school drama and music groups and a member of a gymnastic team, Dom also operated a photo studio and under the names of Etienne and Stephen used his new and unique awareness to produce sketches and wall murals that depicted the ultimate in masculine pride and prowess and created for the viewer incredibly erotic fantasy trips. Much of his artistry gained him great notoriety in Rawhide, Mars, Physic and other magazines; magazines which are now collector items because they are no longer available.

Not only were these unusual activities for a young man then, but it was also an unusual period of pioneering because the laws dealing with nudity at that time were concerned with excessive delineation, exposure of public hairs, posing straps and the crotch in the center of the page. Dom's states, "It was a strange period of dishonesty and dumb because it is all really up to the interpretation of what is excessive and to whom. Honesty and tastefulness are always acceptable. If you did something with taste 10 years ago, you could get away with it. In dance it was different for ballet has always had an advantage over photography and the written or spoken word for, by using symbols, ab-

(Continued on page 67)



the chain gang ^{by} mr. marcus

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

WASHINGTON, D.C. The Eagle Bar in Washington co-publishes VOTE (Voice of the Eagle) with the Eagle Bar in New York and this publication strives to let their customers in both cities know what is happening in and around the two bars. The powers that be have decided that the publication has had its limitations and have embarked on a project to make VOTE a separate entity, that being to become the first national publication of the leather and western crowd with allegiance only to their readers. A \$50.00 prize is being offered in a contest to decide on a name for this new publication, so you're all invited to submit your suggestions and include your name, address and phone number on your entry. In the event more than one person suggests the same winning name, the \$50.00 prize will go to the earliest postmark. Send your entry to VOTE, c/o The Eagle, 904 9th. St., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20001.

CHICAGO. The 2nd City M/C, Chicago's leading bike club has announced their run for the summer at Saugatuck, Michigan, billed as the Fire Island of the Middle West, and called THE WILD RUN August 10 through 12. Donations for the run range from \$18.50 to \$22.50 and includes a welcome dinner, beer blast, bar and resort party, breakfast games, Feast of the Leather Studs, farewell brunch and award presentations. This run includes additional benefits including steam baths, boat cruises and cottages for those who care to pay extra fees at reduced prices. This run is one of the biggest in the Midwest this summer and judging from the number signed up already, it should prove to be THE run of the year.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. The South Pacific Motor Club (SPMC) recently celebrated a great occasion as they announced the opening of their new club rooms in this sister city of San Francisco. The SPMC are noted for their perseverance in all efforts and finally after a year of hard work and fund-raising, their efforts were rewarded with the opening of their own meeting place. Some of you may recall the mass good-will tour by 5 members of this club in September 1970 when they hit San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Washington, New York and other cities. In San Francisco their reception enroute to other cities and their bon voyage party were not to be believed. The SAN FRANCISCANS M/C hosted an International Buffet at the Boot Camp where tons of food of all varieties were served to a jam-packed crowd and the management of the Boot Camp decked out the place with Australian Bunting, flags and presented engraved

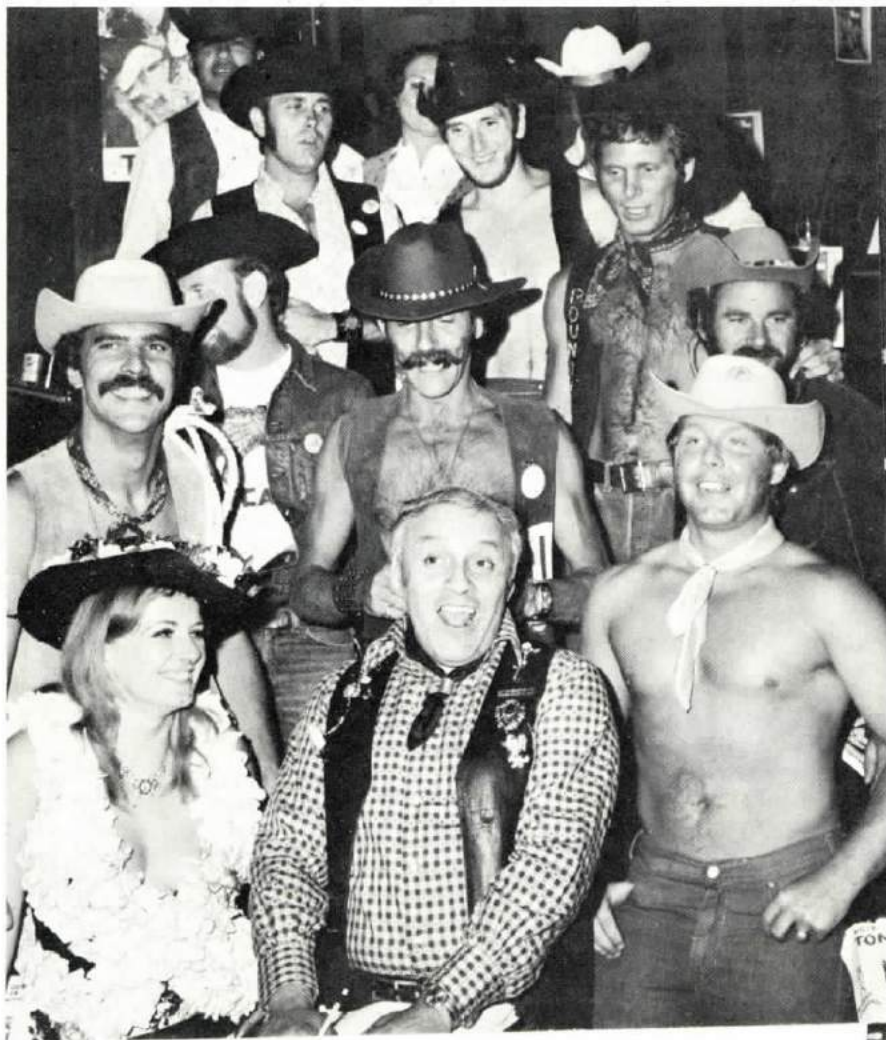
books to each visitor inscribed by Mayor Joseph L. Alioto. The now defunct Speakeasy hosted a sumptuous buffet for the group with Australian music and another impressive crowd came to welcome the group. It is only coincidental that San Francisco is also the official sister city of Sydney and the rapport between the two cities is excellent in gay and straight circles.

Sydney now boasts two clubs, the second being the newly-formed 'Roos (which is a contractionary appellation of kangaroos) and headed by Graham Appleton. I suspect another upheaval in the club was responsible for this club's formation several months ago, but at the present, from all reports, the new club and the SPMC are living amicably together in a city that is not too small to support two clubs.

SAN FRANCISCO. The Royal Family of San Francisco this year staged the International Royal Scandals (or the Castlegate

Affair) and the 2nd Annual BAR and CAMP Awards. It was at this event that the popular Boot Camp was voted as the Best South of Market Bar and their ever-friendly, ever-helpful and ever-smiling bartender, Dick Cook, was voted as the Best Bartender of the Year in a city where bartenders are a very large group. In addition to these two honors, owner Bill McWilliams was handed a third accolade when his other bar on Polk Street, The Wild Goose, was voted as the best bar in the Polk Street Larkin Gulch area. South of Market, where the leather/western/bike bars are located snagged three more important awards when the Country Club (formerly the Speakeasy) was voted as the Best Bar in San Francisco, the Best Restaurant in San Francisco and the Chef of the Year. Further down the street from the Boot Camp, the 527 Club, a leather/western/bike restaurant, received an honor

(Continued on Page 64)



Mr. Marcus with a few of the contestants in the MR COWBOY contest held at Big Town

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In all modesty..

Photos by Paul Eidson

It is my duty as creator of all chaos and bedlam and revolutionary movements to report to the world that the Diamond Lil Exhibition in the Piedmont Park Arts Festival stole the whole show, the entire show, and nothing but the show! Hours of planning and struggle went into the creation of five eight-foot panels, which consisted of ten years of labor and torment from your celestial Goddess of the Stage. However, all was not hunky-dory, for conspirators were at large attempting to destroy the hours of a labor of love.

Spectators consisting of approximately a quarter of a million people, possibly more, attended this arts festival. Many unusual comments were overheard—some pro, some con—but all were of a very curious nature. Practically all gays that were in the park gathered 'round the exhibit in revelry and merry-making. The biggest attention-getter was Diamond Lil's poster designed and made up solely and entirely by her exclusive photographer Paul Eidson. It was entitled "Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'round the Old Oak Tree." This should have won some sort of recognition however, it was, no doubt, discriminated against, courtesy of probably being too far out to understand. In earlier years, I did use a highly professional photographer who went under the guise of the Wizard of Og, but since the super star was entirely too much to handle; Og has since gone into temporary declinement. A more

current addition is Matt Dillon, but announces he may be unable to hold up to the star's outrageous fits of tantrum.

Comments overheard at the booth were actually more camp than one could imagine in their most bizarre dreams. A school teacher with her calss, hurried the children away because she did not want them to see the painted Jezebels, although the only painted Jezebel on the billboard was your own revolutionary figure and general hell-raiser from the Okefenokee Swamp, land of the alligators and trembling earth. A few chicks from the University of Georgia pointed out that they admired her tremendously for her extreme fortitude. A grouping of rednecks from Ludowici, Georgia, announced that the exhibit would make an excellent dart-board and wished they had brought along a few arrows with which to practice. One woman told her husband that she didn't look half that good; but, at least, she was endowed with the "real thing" (and I don't mean Coca Cola). A few black high school girls thought that I was a dramatic opera star. A hip, who, in reality, wasn't too hep, didn't understand the exhibit at all. He could not comprehend why someone would dress in clothes of the opposite sex, although his shoulder length Rita Hayworth hair was actually longer than mine had ever dared be. Not that I have anything against long hairs—it's just that mine won't grow.

Some of the people who were on the

Park Committee did worship and adore the exhibit and suggested that I come to the Festival every year, because I added a lot of zest and humor that was otherwise missing, courtesy of a lot of generally plastic participants. One actual chick wondered why they had huge billboards of other chicks—not in anyway realizing to my utter and dire dismay I was, in reality, the world's greatest transvestite Jailhouse Jezzies—of which I hold the world's championship title. One woman had to pull her husband away from the exhibit because she realized that I was drag and that her husband was getting hot for my rare body. They got into a huge fight because he wanted to examine the pictures more closely and his irate spouse could not hold up, although her husband was "getting it up".

Thank God for Shirley Temple Jones who offered endless help in assisting me to set up this mammoth exhibit. Shirley is a silent film star currently attempting spiritual communications and morning Yogi in an effort to help Joan Crawford sell more Pepsi's. Shirley had hand-painted all of the panels in a Dorothy Draper 1943 motif. She worked diligently and endlessly to make the exhibit absolute perfection. Shirley's efforts will always be remembered.

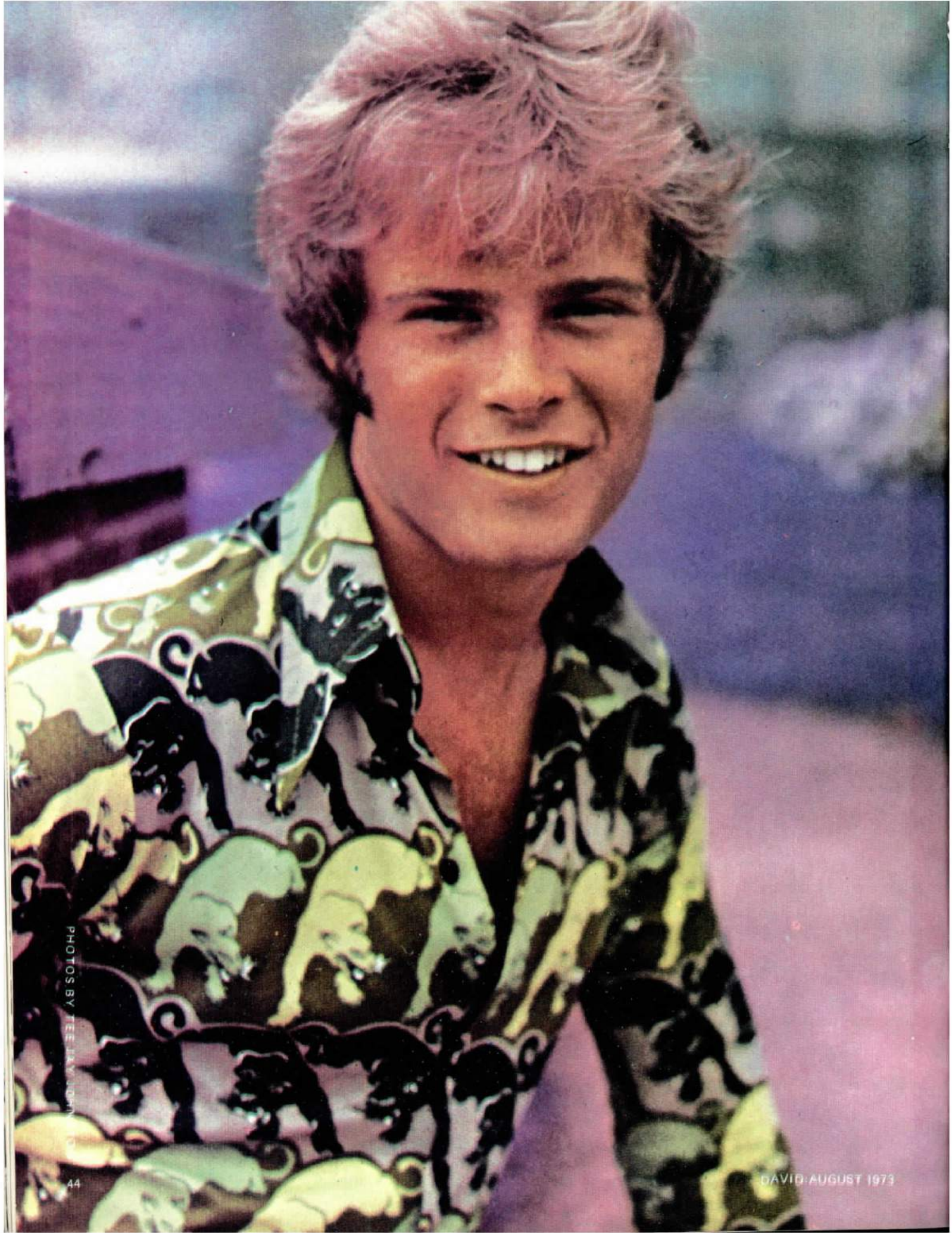
While fellow conspirators conspired to steal the show in local night clubs, I de-

(Continued on Page 72)

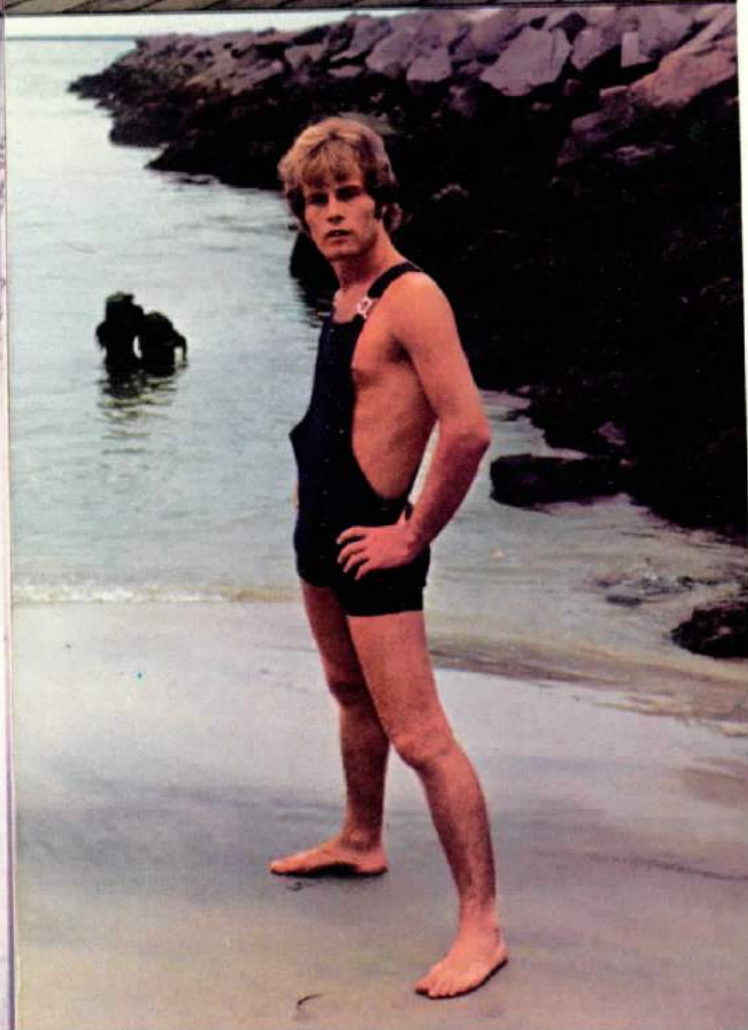
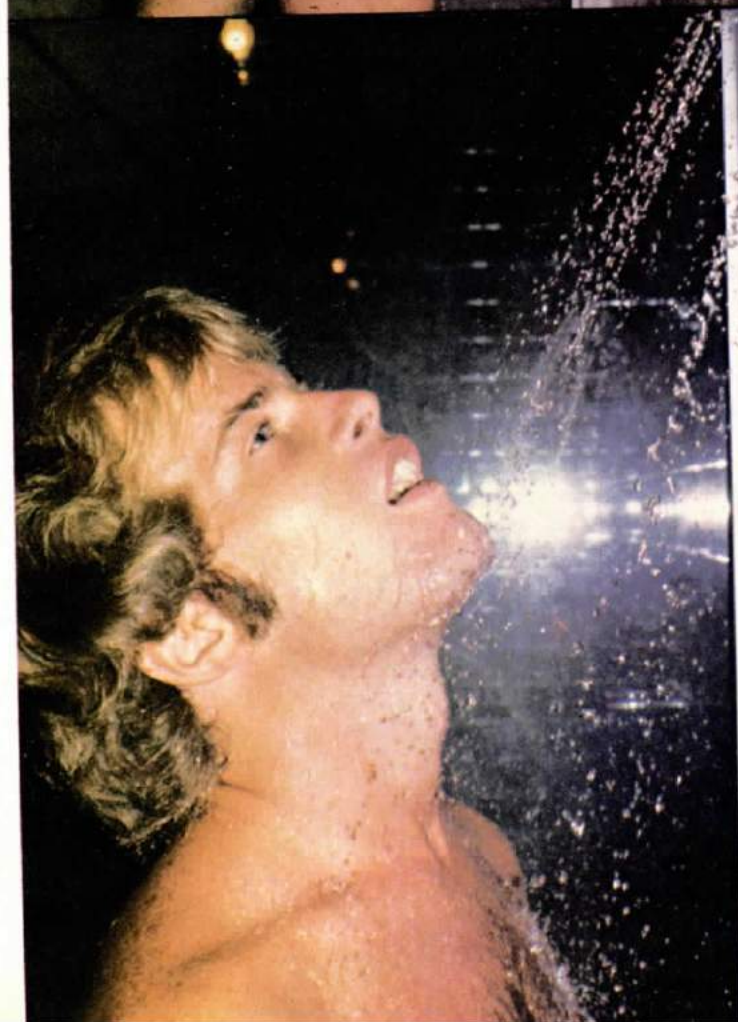
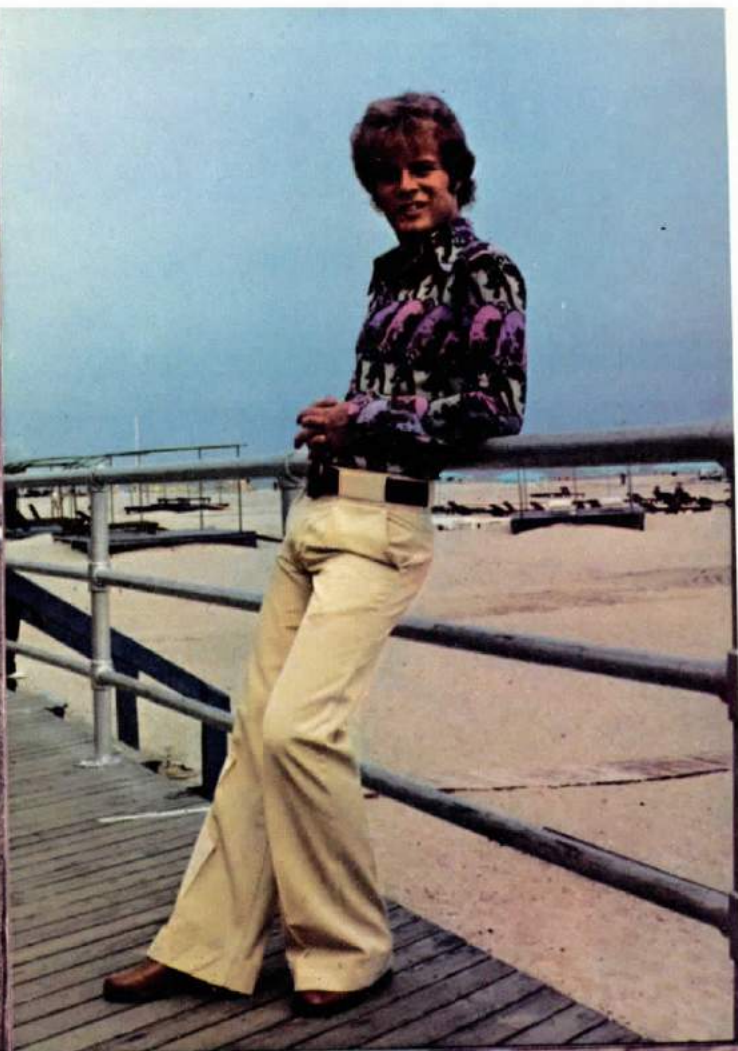
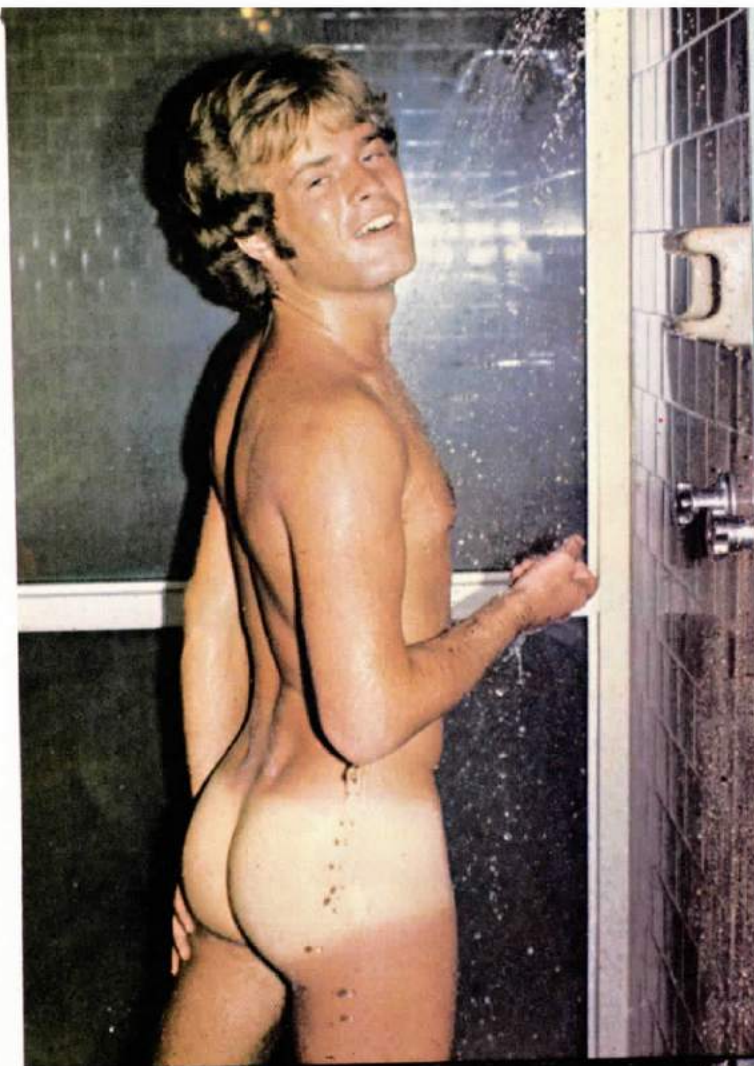
Sincerely,
Diamond Lil
Diamond Lil

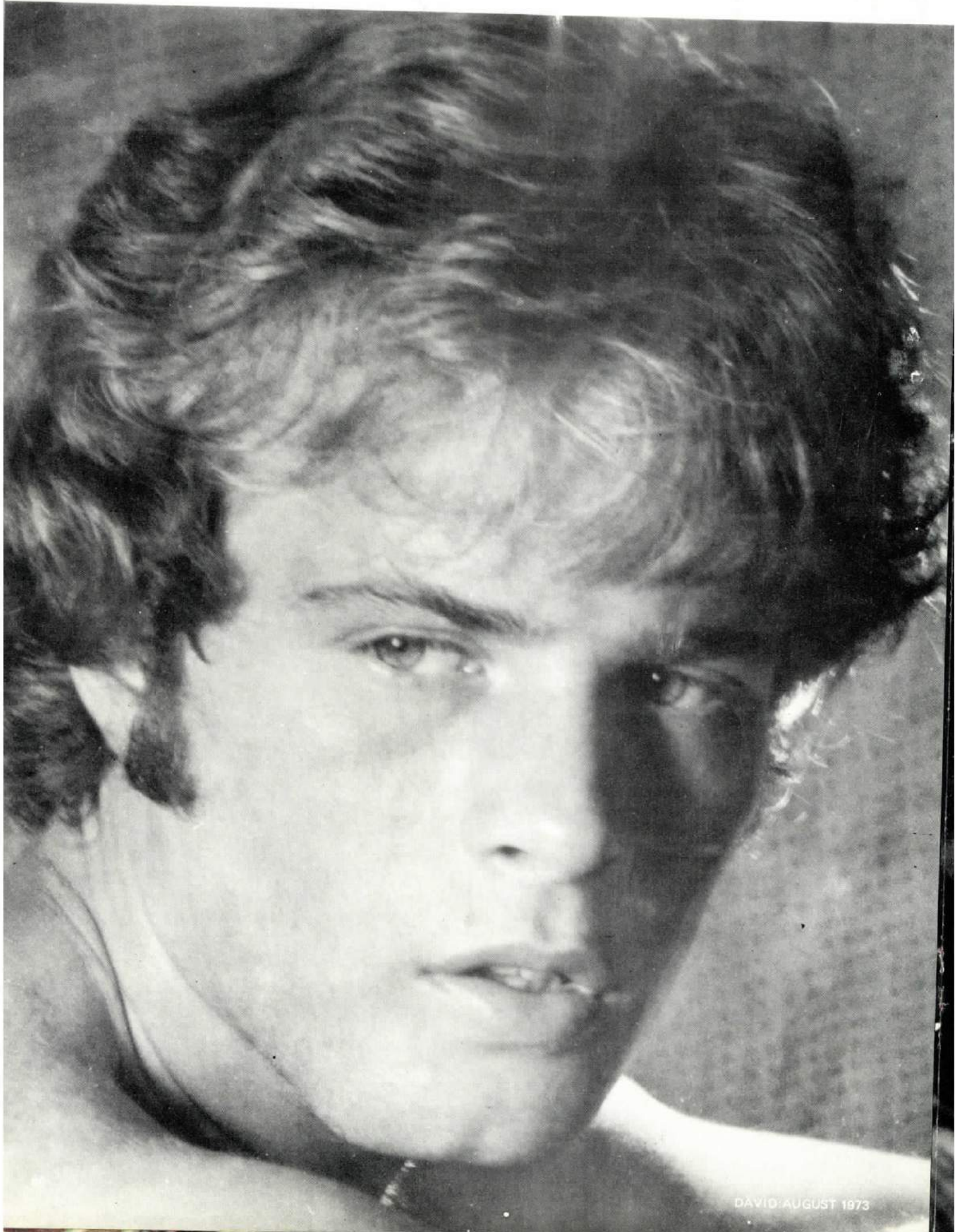


Diamond Lil's Phantasmagorical Display in Piedmont Park Arts Festival



PHOTOS BY TEE LAYTON





STEVE SPRITE

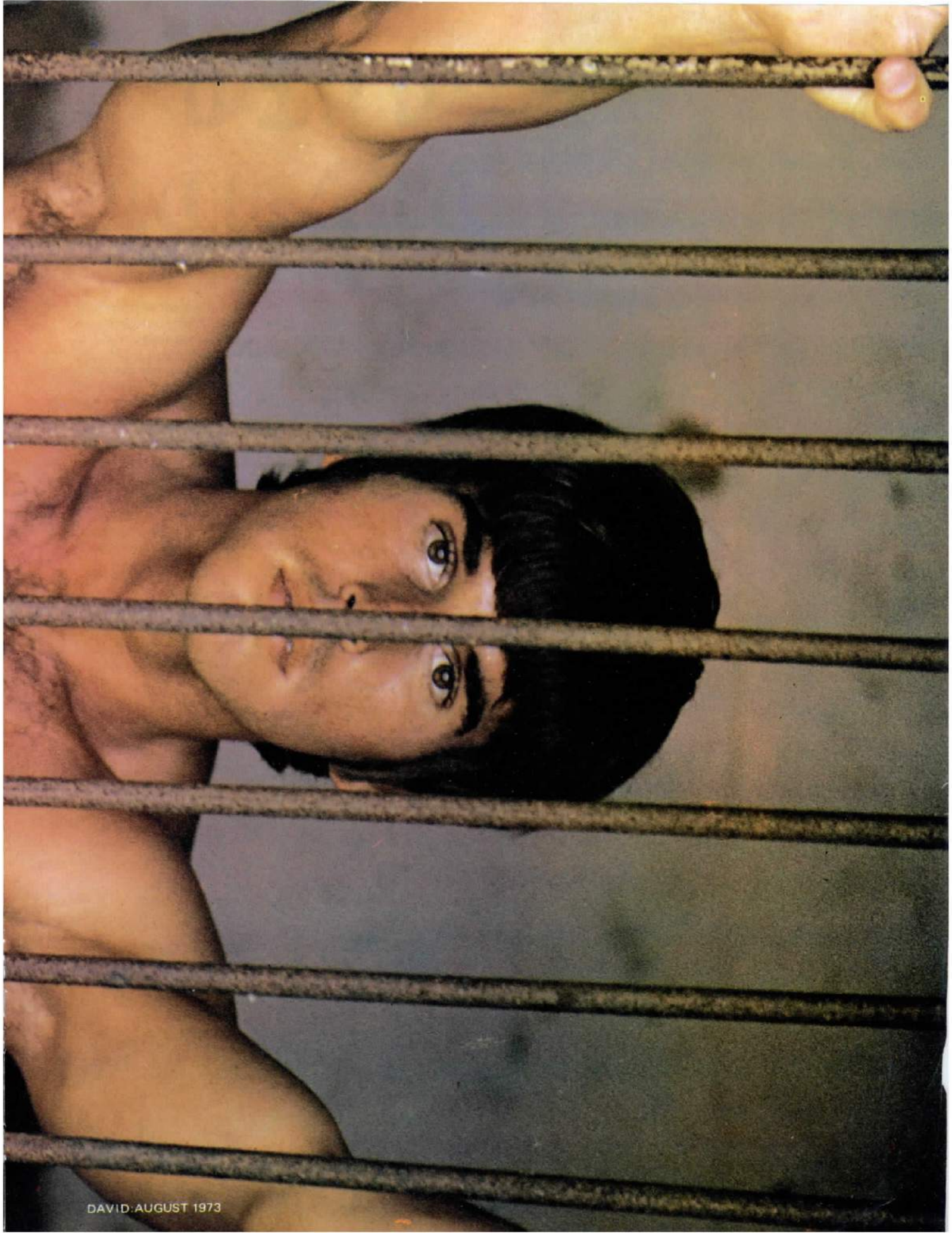
Here's Steve Sprite—just as bubbling over as his last name. Discovered on the famous Atlantic City boardwalk by DAVID photographer Tee Jay Johnston. Steve has great aspirations toward being a model for men's high fashions. From Washington, D.C., Steve is heavy into Astrology... he's a Leo, born August 14th, 1950.

Give Steve your birthday-the time-and he'll tell you all about yourself. If you're looking for Steve, you might find him on a camping trail.....or sunning on the beach at Atlantic City or maybe even floating around Venice in a gondola. Wherever he is.....you have to give him a second look.





PHOTOS BY MARK III STUDIOS



DAVID: AUGUST 1973

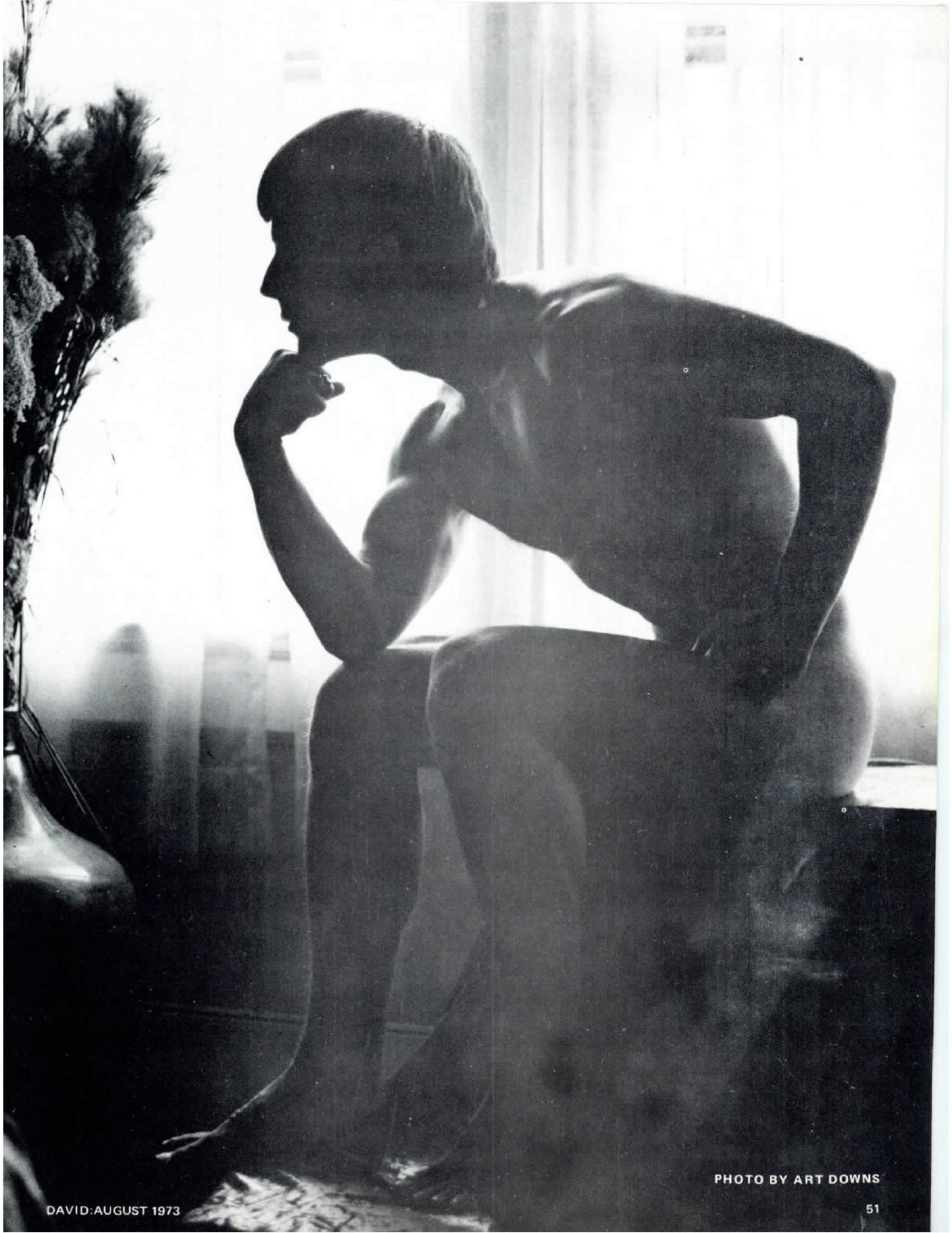


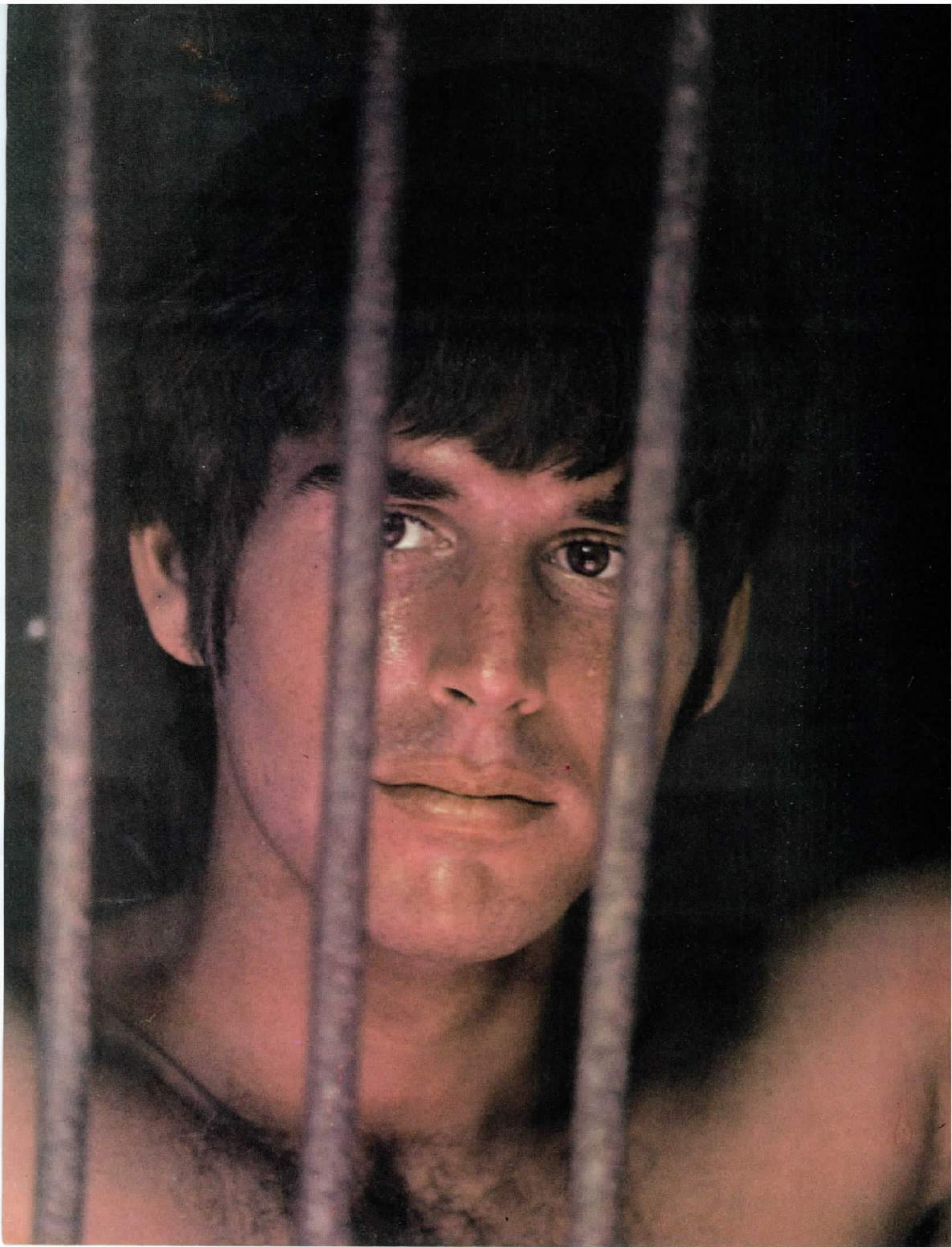
GREG DRANDA

—has been photographed by some of the most noted photographers in the business today—And if asked, each one would give you a different definition of both his face and personality—in print he has been described in terms ranging from wholesome, boy next door type to a smoldering sex symbol—professionally he has done commercials in all these categories quite successfully—But to those who know Greg, and to his personal manager Jim Shirley, he is known to be a sincere, well groomed man who is intrigued with the beauty of nature, perfect health, and is a true example of what today's Groovy Guy should be—



DAVID: AUGUST 1973







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U.S. SUPREME CT. vs OBSCENITY

A poster displayed in a bookstore in Old Town read, "The American Public is like mushrooms; they are kept in the dark and fed bullshit." A statement that is not as funny as it may appear for like a Jules Pfeiffer joke, it amuses you until you think about it. The Pentagon Papers, Vietnam, Watergate and now Obscenity. Do they reflect this? Are the new laws on obscenity a direct result of the Nixon Administration, an administration that has already proven to be full of hypocrisies and corruptions or are the Supreme Court Appointees (Nixon's of course) just copping out? Are these appointees assuming just another phony, moralistic, strait-laced stance on an issue that appears to be an unending "constitutional disaster area" for them or is the real truth, one that 5 of the country's highest paid and most learned judges can not find a suitable answer to what is obscene so they are "Passing the buck" to the lower courts and local governments to handle it while zig-zagging the real issue entirely?

A Chicago newspaper headline read, "High Court puts reins on pronography"; yet, no one really seems to know what pornography is. In the meantime is this High Court really just tightening the reins on our "freedom of choice" and is this the beginning of a programmed 1984 existence for all of us?

Justice William O. Douglas in view of the new ruling stated, "To give the power to the censor is to make a sharp and radical break with the tradition of a free society." A Washington columnist wrote, "Isn't it just a trifle obscene for the highest court in the land to make its own sexual hang-ups the law of the land."

The real issue however is not just sex or obscenity, but rather an ageless universal one. What right and to what extent does any individual, group, church, or government agency have in defining, deciding and dictating what is right or wrong for another.

Now the Supreme Court has replaced the inadequate national standard for obscenity set in 1957 giving local "do-gooders" responsibility for defining what is obscene and how to deal with it.

Even the dictionary's definition of obscene can be rendered valueless when it simply defines obscene as "adj. offending modesty or decency; impure; vile; filthy. Obscenity adv. obscenity" but it never states in reference to what or by whose standards. On the opposite side of the coin, it is like trying to say what is pure, beautiful and valuable because you have to consider to whom and for what reasons.

Much of what may be considered obscene is merely just depicting a portion of life as it really is and if the truth is offensive then everything may be trouble; particularly the movie industry which produced

such fine films as *Summer of 42* is in jeopardy when to date no decision can be reached on *I Am Curious Yellow*. However, a majority of the people must want to see life as it is (raw and to the extremes at times) for the bookstores and the movie industry are filling a multi-million dollar need and with that kind of business no one certainly need force anyone to purchase, read or view material marked X or labeled "adult". Bookstore owners and movie house box offices don't snatch people off the streets and force them to indulge in their product.

If the U.S. Supreme Court found that its land mark 1957 ruling was inadequate and confusing, just wait until "the territorial yes and no's" begin to appear on the maps and problems are created by the mails and transportation. Confusing will be an understatement, then.

For instance just in Chicago after the announcement of new court ruling and a statement made by U.S. Attorney's office that it would subpoena the records of 60 bookstores and movie theaters in Northern, Ill. (all of who could be subject to prosecution under the latest court ruling), bookstores all over the city began out of fear and confusion removing material from their shelves or closing entirely; many fear ultimately that they will lose their businesses. Larry Lasage, owner of Larry's Adult Bookstore commented, "I've had the authorities in here today checking my shelves. I think we are in for serious problems. Right now no one knows what to expect. We don't know if they are going to close us or not, so we are just waiting for clarification and really the eternal question thru the ages has been "what is obscene." What may be obscene to one guy may not be to another. I think this is a giant step backwards and out of this I see problems coming for the homosexual next or anything else people can't come to an understanding about." Vito, former manager of the Over 21 Bookstore, states, "Those five guys must owe Nixon a favor. Is the customer considered obscene for purchasing this stuff and how many customers ever go to the police dept. to say that something they bought is dirty? Don't the courts realize they may be causing more corruption and dishonesty by forcing it under ground. What happened to our free society?" One irate customer's reaction was, "With the high logic of the court today, the next thing they'll do is ban contraceptives to gay people." After a few days, the stores began opening and material began to reappear on display once again for Illinois laws are in a state of freeze until the fall when the legislature resumes after its summer. No one knows what their decision will be, but many fear they will lose their businesses and we, the public, will lose a bit more of our freedom.

— FRED ALEXSON

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Dennis & Daphney discuss "Money"



The girls from the 'Kit-Kat Club'

JACKSONVILLE "CATCHES UP" WITH

CABARET

see next page



Tom as the young Nazi



A tantalizing Liza



Debbie Lynn miming "Cabaret"



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One highlight of the show came when Tom, as a very handsome blond Nazi youth, enthusiastically and convincingly led the audience (spotted with members of the cast standing at attention) in a song about the beautiful life Germany is experiencing under Nazi influence.

It was obvious from the start that many long hours and a lot of hard work had gone into this production. The Gas Company Revue performed as they have never performed before giving the audience an evening of entertainment that will long be remembered.

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HOW TO BE A GAY archie bunker.

by Robert Ansel

Recently I was obligated to serve two weeks on jury duty. A waste of time. Since defense lawyers distrust people in the arts (particularly writers and actors) and all women. Such people have a slim chance of actually serving on a jury. Why is this? Because such people are suspected of being emotional, sensitive, and willing to give the plaintiff the world.

But never fear. The cruising was good and my two weeks were not altogether fruitless (no pun intended). One day I was selected to be in a pool of potential jurors. I was sitting on a bench in a packed jury room and was busily playing "kneesies" with the handsome gentleman to my left. The lawyers were equally busy assuring us that Perry Mason wasn't "true to life." Lawyers love to mention this, and for an original touch, some will even refer to Owen Marshall.

Suddenly I felt an annoying tap on my arm. I turned to the got-so-handsome gentleman on my right. "Yes?"

He pointed to the row of would-be jurors being cross-examined by the row of would-be lawyers. "See that guy?" He had singled out one man in particular. "Don't you think he's sort of strange?"

Upon hearing this, my "kneesies" companion began to chuckle. He had just maneuvered his hand under my left buttock. "Strange?" I innocently asked my questioner. "What do you mean by strange?"

He gave me a conspiratorial look, as though I were one of the boys, the straight boys that is, certainly not one of the boys in the band. "You know what I mean." He winked broadly. "There's somethin' feminizin' (sic) about him."

"Effeminate?"

"What?" He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. I obviously knew too much.

"Oh, feminizing (sic)," I corrected myself. He smiled: I was an o.k. guy after all. I was amused that Archie (I've named him after Mr. Bunker) should unwittingly seek a professional when he wanted an amateur's opinion. Archie beamed with pride. How clever of him to spot "the one" in a room inordinately filled with "the ones," myself included. Meanwhile my gay companion had secretly begun playing with my prostate gland.

I appeared to give Archie my undivided attention. I studied the man he was

pointing to. "Gee, I hadn't noticed. Does it matter?"

Archie looked puzzled.

"What do you care if he's strange? How does it affect you?" Notice how cool I was. I could have thrown a fit, foamed at mouth, and shrieked, "Bigot!" (as some of my gay "brethren" would have done), but I felt no anger, just amusement and curiosity. I wanted to put Archie on the spot.

Archie creased his forehead in deep thought. Deep, deep. "I dunno why," he said candidly. "I guess people like that make me feel funny. I dunno—it's a feel-in'."

What did I expect to hear? Exactly what I heard. At that moment we were dismissed for lunch and I said good-by to Archie. The lunch I had in mind had feelings of his own.

Prior to this little talk I had naturally been counting heads on my own, but for altogether different reasons. If Archie had known the extent of infiltration by "strange ones" he would have suffered a coronary. But all Archie could see was a man obvious to himself.

I learned later that Archie was a very typical guy with a wife and kiddies, a well-paying unionized blue collar job, and a lot of friends—male friends. He loved them; they were his bowling buddies, his beer-drinking pals. The idea of having sex with them would have made him sick, or at least, guilty. After all, men aren't supposed to do such things. In his limited world, nature decrees that women sleep with men. Nature also decrees that women are inferior. Archie knows this. Archie also knows that a man who sleeps with another man is less than a man. Why? Because he's assumed a women's role, natch. If you accept one and two, then three makes perfect sense.

Many white, middle-class women would call Archie a male chauvinist and Archie would probably say, "Bet your sweet tits I am!" There is an age-old battle of the sexes going on, and Archie is a part of it, a small part, but a representative part.

Well, I feel sorry for Archie and I feel sorry for the women who must contend with the Archies of the world, but no matter where my sympathies lie, I am



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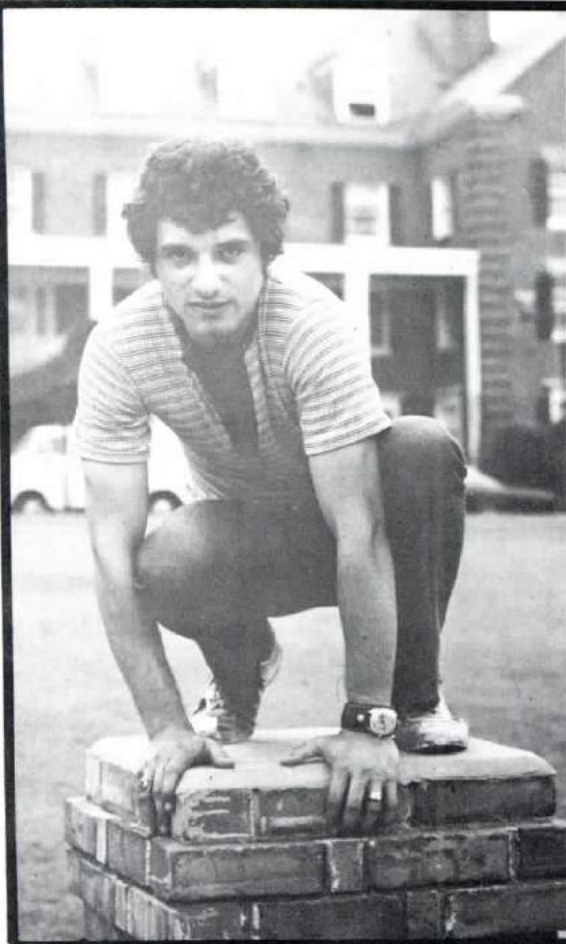
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not involved in that ballgame. I'm gay. Unless I choose to play heterosexual role-playing games, how could I express male dominance? Over whom? Another male? A contradiction? I can express dominance, but never male dominance.

There are some homosexuals, many homosexuals who try to emulate Archie and in a phoney way, far surpass him. These gay men become the ultimate male chauvinists, who must seek societal acceptance for their "strange" lusts by being "butch" in the extreme. I use the word "ultimate" because these men not only consider women inferior to them, but exclude women from their bedrooms as well. At least the genuine Archies of the world deign to sleep with women.

But the gay male chauvinists are playing a game they can never hope to win, since in Archie's book, their sexual appetites make them less than men. Ironically, a drag-queen has a far better chance of acceptance with an Archie than would an ultra-butch homosexual. Why? It's very simple. The drag-queen consciously acts a womanly role, fits the straight man's stereotype, and poses no threat. In a society that stresses homo-social behavior which stops short at sex, a straight man may be insecure. Society pushes him toward other men and then warns him to stop when things look—well, interesting. The homosexual male chauvinist doesn't stop.

If the straight man is threatened by homosexuality, he is threatened not by the drag-queen, but by a gay version of Archie. The heterosexual is shocked into asking himself these questions: "How is this man different from me? Doesn't he walk like me and talk like me? And dress like me? Doesn't he have the same interests I do? Except that he sleeps with other men and I do not. But if he could, couldn't I? Is it possible? Is the damn thing contagious?"

A few years ago on the West Coast, I was dining with a number of gay men who worshipped Steve McQueen as the new Messiah. Good God! The conversation centered on the latest in cowboy or leather wear and gear, sports, cars. A regular fraternity bull session except for one scary taboo topic—women! Frankly, I was bored. I decided to wake everyone up with a few choice tidbits of my own. I will not go into my discourse. Let it suffice to say that Germaine Greer would have been thrilled.

After I did my little number, one man in particular was infuriated. How could I mention such nasty things as—ugh!—equality? He was a handsome, rugged looking guy who considered himself extremely "butch". (Pardon me, "Butch" with a capital.) Perhaps he was unaware of a slight telltale hissing of his "s's." But in my kindness, I had no wish to foster his paranoia by mentioning this trivial flaw in his image. Anyway, he decided

(as I sensed that he would) to attack me thusly: "You see, out here in the West, men are men and we think like men. In the East, I guess things are different. The men in the East are all ladies." Shades of Archie? Yes, but with a vulnerable difference.

I smiled sweetly. "All right, so you like football, huh? And you swagger like a bow-legged sailor." (How long, I wondered, had he practiced before a mirror to pull that off?) "I'm sure that the average straight guy in the street would never suspect that you're a (horrors) homosexual." His face radiated pride.

I continued. "Why? Because you act just like him, and if it were possible, even more so. But try holding hands with your lover in public. Presto! Instant fairy—at least to that guy on the street."

The radiance of his face burned out. Either the point I was making passed over his head or struck him below the belt. I don't know which. I do know that he reddened and wanted to belt me, but I calmly reminded him that in the East, we're all ladies and one doesn't hit a lady.

Was this person a man? Or was he a ludicrous facsimile of an Archie engaged in an eternal war with women, a war he had no business to be involved in? His worst enemy was, of course, himself, but the enemy he thought he was fighting was really only a four-syllable word, an insidious word—"effeminate."

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines the word thusly: "Having marked woman-like traits of character; wanting in manly force or strength; esp., marked by weakness, softness, and love of ease." How comforting to learn that women are naturally "weak, soft, and lazy" while conversely, men must be "strong, hard, and industrious." It must be true. Would the dictionary lie?

And what of all those other epithets used to describe the male homosexual? Fairy? Flit? Swish? Queen? Pansy? Limp-Wristed? And very indirectly—faggot? Study the sources of these words and you discover that all of them relate to "effeminate" traits in men.

If the day ever comes in which straight men will consider women to be their equals, "effeminate" will be listed in dictionaries as an archaic word. The other epithets used to describe the homosexual male will also become meaningless. But as I said before, the battle between the sexes is not actually our war. We are (or should be) outsiders—only indirectly affected. (Except if we're lesbians, but that is a different story.) However, if as gay men, we wish to be sympathizers, why must so many of us choose the wrong side? Isn't it self-defeating?

Think about the man in the jury room and then the westerner. Which of these two men is the worse enemy of gay liberation?

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GENE ARCERI

All of London welcomes you! This column is devoted to the purpose of making you feel at home there. Beyond that it aims to acquaint you with places of interest and to make your stay worth while. If you have been there, planning to go, or perhaps haven't thought about it I hope this column will bring London and you closer together. There is so much I want to tell you about my favorite city; London! Life-case histories and odd side-lights of life in London; the Gaiety, the Surprises, the Romance of the ages, the Historic heart, and the West End Theatre that will be an important part of your visit. And the people, the Londoner!

You have heard so much about the West End by now, the prices, the plays the stars, let me bring some news to your attention.

Gypsy (Piccadilly) The making of a London production of *Gypsy* has been the bone of theatrical rumor for almost a decade. Londoners were promised both Ethel Merman and Elaine Strich in the title role which has fallen to Angela Lansbury. Lauren Bacall is at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Applause*, a recent newcomer. London's longest running shows are, the twenty two year top draw *The Mousetrap*; *Hair*; *Pyjama Tops*; *Sleuth*; *Oh! Calcutta*; *The Philanthropist*; *No Sex Please-We're British*; *Show Boat*; *Suddenly At Home* and *Godspell*. There are dozens more. I will tell you more about the plays in detail in the future but for now let's review play prices. The ticket price barrier is now well and truly down in London. These same prices have been it's strongest attraction. Lauren Bacall commands a salary of thousands of pounds per week is now joined by *Gypsy* in the efforts of West End managers to fleece the tourists and prohibit the natives. Prices are coming close to a New York show. There are many theatregoers quite happy to pay this sort of money but the other side of

the story is that the cheaper seats become more expensive too. It seems likely that the days of cheap theatre-going will soon be over for those of us who want to see as many shows as we can on our holiday. London managers are determined to emulate Broadway's economic tragedy of errors. The day is not far off when the tourist will start to stay away and then a petition to save any West End theatres will seem a futile document indeed. Now that summer is here and thousands of tourists invade the West End, many will be surprised and disappointed to find prices higher and tickets unavailable.

If you are a Glenda Jackson fan, she is in John Mortimer's *Collaborators* at the Duchess Theatre. Lynn Redgrave is currently in the play *Judy Holliday* won an Oscar for in the movie *Born Yesterday*. Maggie Smith in *Private Lives*, and just about every big name you can think of from the British film and stage are on the boards.

We will bring you the What To Do, Where To Go spots as we go along. The gay places, the street markets, seeing London with a friend we will introduce you to, on your own or with a group. Please let me know when you may be going I would love you to call friends who would make you welcome and help get you about. The pubs, restaurants, shopping, show talk, hotels, events will be yours in our London diary. Remember too, London is the gateway to Amsterdam, Paris, Rome, Greece, you name it! If you like we can have a map of central London printed, money exchange, pertinent information you would like to know.

London's Big Ben clock tower is 326 feet high, 113 years old, at the Houses of Parliament and is of course world famous. Next time you have a date that suggests you meet under the Clock make it, Big Ben.



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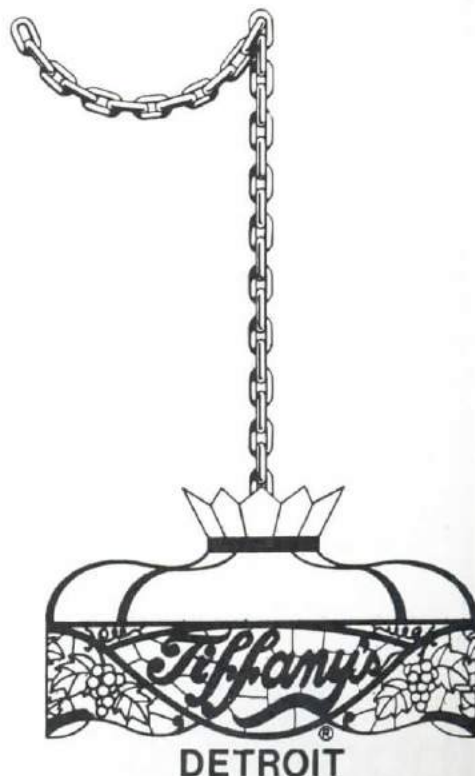
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CHAIN GANG *(from page 40)*

when Helen Naffey was named Waitress of the Year. Is it any wonder that these Miracle Mile bars are so popular when the general gay community of this city have voiced their choices? Our congratulations to all of them for their victories in the strenuous competition.

The Royal Scandals show was staged to raise funds for the establishment of a mental health clinic for gays only and manned by gay professionals and para-professionals on a voluntary basis. The extravaganza raised some \$6500.00 and other events are planned to raise the total some more. Participation in the show included the royal courts of San Francisco, Reno, Portland and the Peninsula and East Bay cities of the SF Bay area.

PORTLAND. Mama Bernice Norris is a name held in high esteem and love in this City of Roses where only one leather/bike/western bar exists between San Francisco and Seattle. Mama Bernice recently celebrated her birthday at the bar she manages in downtown Portland, The Other Inn, and throngs of merry-makers, celebrants and swingers converged on the place to wish Mama well and hopefully receive one of her tiny but famous Bluebird Pins. Our best wishes to Mama on her birthday and to Jim, the owner, for keeping on a lady whose love of gay people has spread from Vancouver to San Diego and as far eastward as Denver and Omaha.

DATeline U.S.A.... The Red Star Saloon is the new name of the now defunct Casey's Frontier on the Miracle Mile in

San Francisco with new management headed by curly-headed Kelly and features oysters on the half-shell with funky decor and wall to wall hand prints with the names of personalities in San Francisco and connecting to the Folsom Street Barracks, a newer bath palace with many new features and innovations....T.A.I.L. is the name of a new mailing club emanating out of Minnesota and featuring a monthly mag entitled T.A.I.L. Newsletter to their many members scattered throughout the U.S. and the mag features FofA tips and suggestions for greater pleasure and enjoyment if you're inclined in that direction. Write to Ed Barron, 527 Bryant, San Francisco, 94107 if you're into that trip...A sight to see at the ROUND UP in San Francisco was their recent Mark Spitz Party when the whole place looked like an ad agency for a milk company with milk and dairy product boxes hanging everywhere. The feature was the contest to drink as much milk out of a baby bottle with a nipple as possible and some 20 contestants tried it and what a sight that was to watch! Am not at liberty to divulge the names of the winners but it was a fun party thanks to Big Carl who just showed the classic S&M movie, "Duel In The Sun" a couple of weeks ago....Leathers by the Black Fox in Alexandria, Virginia provides that certain touch for guys in the nation's capitol while out west in San Francisco, Leather Forever by Pit and Gordy seems to be doing a great job studding vests for the various bars around town as well as some in Los Angeles... Writers/photographers Jack and Betty Cheetham are dripping in Nikons as they

photograph every social function in San Francisco for a feature article on the gay social life in San Francisco and recording for posterity everything from COITS of San Francisco's deb ball, the Coitillion to the Emperor's Mr. Cowboy Contest and including the Gay Freedom Day Parade and other events which will probably break in a national publication so don't be surprised if some local celebs wind up on the cover...Larry Townsend, author of such esoteric books as "Run Little Leather Boy" and "The Leatherman's Handbook" has recently completed the sequel to "Boy" entitled, "Run No More" which is a suspense-filled S&M odyssey complete with a haunted torture chamber and international intrigue, available from the author in Los Angeles....Now that the 1170 in Los Angeles has re-opened after a destructive fire earlier this year, the bike leather crowds are flocking back to one of their favorite watering holes while up north, his partner, Mark, at Big Town in San Francisco has instituted new policies and trips in that newest of bar/restaurant/shopping complexes include Hyslop the Hypnotist, live music and dancing and a discotheque.

That's it for the month; if any of you have any bike/leather/western bar or club news, be sure to drop me a line at 66- 1201 Cleary, San Francisco, 94109



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New York City
Bass River Run
Sept 21 - 23

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Chicago
Tournament of the Knights
Sept 21 - 23

VANGUARDS M/C

Philadelphia
Vanguard Vanities
Sept 29-30/Oct 6-7

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New York
Anniversary
October 6

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October 7

VANGUARDS M/C

Philadelphia
Oktoberfest
Oct 12-14

ENTRE NOUS M/C

Boston
P-town (Provincetown) Ru
Oct 12-14

VANGUARDS M/C

Philadelphia
Vanguard Vanities
Oct 20-21

DRUIDS M/C

Washington, D.C.
Anniversary Sabbath
Oct 26-28

SCORPIONS/CENTAURS

Halloween
Oct 27-28

August 12th in New York at the Hotel St. George. Keep your eyes open for it.

Charles R. Fleck, president of the Club Chain Ltd., purchased the largest gay steam bath and health club facility in the United States Sunday, July 8. The bath, formerly Man's Country, will be known as The Club Bath, Brooklyn Heights. Facilities include a roof top sun deck with a spectacular view of Manhattan. The sun deck is open daily from 10 am to 6 pm. Other highlights are an Olympic size swimming pool, complete steam and sauna facilities, gymnasium, dormitory, ultra violet sun room, 24 hour restaurant discotheque, private rooms and special large luxury rooms.

Located in the Pierrepont Hotel, the bath is at 53 Pierrepont Street in Brooklyn Heights. General Manager, Bob Battenberg said that with the change in ownership many alterations will be forthcoming. Plans include complete new shower and wet area facilities, new lounge areas and a thorough clean up to Club Bath standards.



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DOM

(from page 38)

stractions and gestures which the audience was free to interpret, you could always get away then with much more on stage. The rest of the art forms are now catching up and the most obvious advancement is the acceptance of full male nudes. I once started a ballet with a homosexual theme just for shock, but it wasn't honest so I abandoned the idea. I don't think ballet is either homosexual or heterosexual. Ballet deals with the essentials—love, hate, birth, death and with the emotions themselves which can be found in all of us."

Much of Dom's time is now devoted to dancing and choreography. His basic training as a dancer and ultimately his work as a choreographer began at the Ellis-DuBoulay School of Ballet, the home of the Illinois Ballet Co. and lead him to his association with television channel 11 studio for which he has created numerous dance work; one called "This Persistent Image" which won three Emmy awards. As a dancer he maintains his strong masculine image whether he is doing the role of the Prince, Russian Cossack or a shark in *West Side Story*. Presently Dom is flying back and forth between N. Y., Chicago, San Francisco and Omaha teaching and choreographing but even with this hectic schedule he still finds time to produce his much sought after art work for in the near future, rumor has it that Colt Studios will be displaying some of it. But if you can't wait until then a visit to Chicago's Gold Coast might satisfy you for decorating the walls are some of his most famous originals murals.

If you are really lucky, this summer you may run into Dom climbing a 4,000 ft. mountain, back-packing thru the Olympic National Forest or floating down the Colorado River on a raft for each year he makes it a point to get back to nature. He feels, "It is very important to me because it regenerates my body and soul and helps keep everything in proper perspective. On top of a mountain you see things differently." Dom Orejudos is already on top of the mountain.

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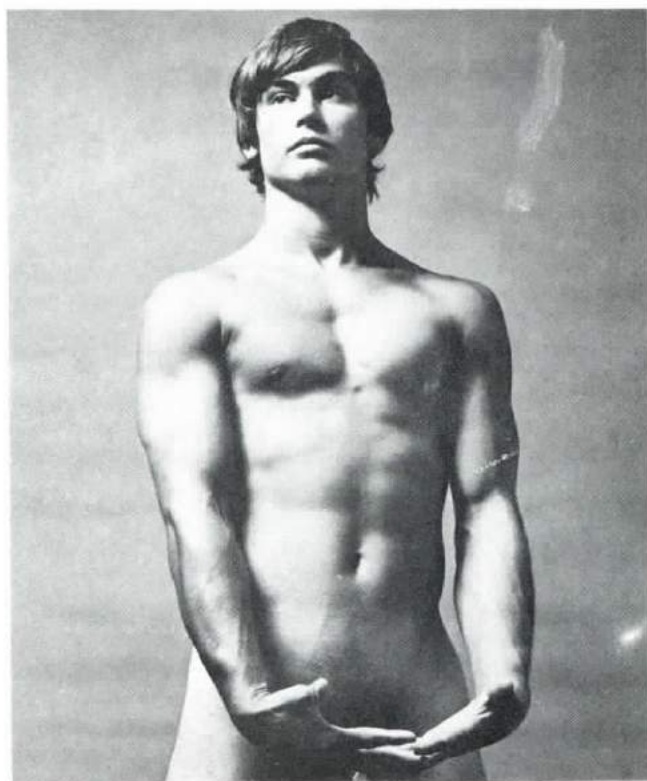
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CHICAGO

(from page 21)

go where they just barely tolerate us after hours.

In Old Town which is definitely returning to the "gay old town" it once was, Burton Place is the place to go for three floors of elegant dining. The excellent Spanish menu now includes chicken, spare-ribs and rib-eye steak. Sounds good! Well wait until you have Dutch Piae or Strawberry Romonoff. All the above restaurants will gladly cater to large celebrating parties, so why entertain at home.

Since the Glory Hole Bar made it popular and fashionable to be gay in Old Town, others are doing the same. Straight Bars are turning gay. Finocchio's within a matter of weeks has changed into a showbar by adding new lighting and sound equipment for its now featured female impersonators. And just down the steps to the Devil's Den, now one of the gayest spots around, you'll find a secluded hide-away that features intimate dancing and cruising.

If you are a sound freak or "a dancing sardine" that loves closeness, Bistro and Broadway Sam's are the places to go and if there is any competition here, it is nothing but healthy for both are spending money like crazy to bring you the best. Broadway Sam's is doing everything to please your eyes and ears with colorful, musical walls, another new dance floor, a new bartender Danny and a D.J., Matt who will aide John, Chicago's longest running D.J. (disc jockey), in tuning you in.

Bistro plans on opening up another dance room on the 2nd floor to accomodate its crowds and the two D.J.'s, both name Ron, should take a bow for their light and sound designs and a new custom made mixer which will enable them to play two records simultaneously for you.

Just outside Chicago in Calumet City, the new mayor is waving the 16 page ordinance against drag shows and allowing The Pour House, formerly a girls bar and now 50-50, to have drag shows provided the boys go in as boys and leave as boys. Judy and Angie, the two beautiful female owners dedicated the first show to the memory of Judy Garland and it was so successful it looks like its the beginning of many more to come with Elka Sommers, Tayala, Wenda Hill, and Inedabed as your stars and Jerry on lights.

In Springfield, Ill., the Casino De Castaway's owners, Paula and Mindy have announced that they will sponsor a Miss Gay Illinois Pageant on Saturday, August 18th. The winner will be chosen for make-up, gown, hair and performance and will receive \$200. Contestants from Missouri are welcome to enter only if they work in East St. Louis, Ill. A future issue of DAVID will announce the winner of the Casino De Castaway's annual Mr. Buns Contest held on July 22nd.

CHAPEL HILL

(from page 13)

partying and dancing was interrupted only by the presentation of door prizes, which included several cases of beer and wine, bottles of champagne, etc.

Sunday afternoon marked the high point of the festivities, the "Mr. Electric Co. Contest". The competition consisted of eight contestants, all members of the club, each presented three times in three different outfits. The last appearance, in swimsuits, brought forth a visual and audible reaction from the audience testifying to their appreciation of "good taste in cultural entertainment(?)". Each contestant was required to answer three questions: (1) Why did you enter the contest?, (2) What do you look for in a lover?, (3) What is the future of the gay life in America? Winner, Dan Brown's answer to the second question was "First, he must have big blue eyes(???)", accompanied by a meaningful gesture that brought down the house. Dan took the first place trophie and will represent the Electric Co. at the national MR. DAVID CONTEST in New York on August 12th. Second and third place trophies went to Sandy Tyler of Chicago and Don Crocker of Myrtle Beach, S. C.

On Sunday night the "Mardi-Gras Grand Costume Ball" was held, with prizes for the best and most original costumes. The variety is impossible to describe, but first prize went to the most outlandish frog imaginable, while the second prize was "captured" by "Venus, Goddess of Love" who vamped her way into the hearts of all. The fun climaxed at midnight, at which time a drawing was held for a trip to Europe. A very excited Lester McLean held the winning ticket.

One of the outstanding factors of the Mardi-Gras was the precision with which everything was run. All events started at the exact time they were supposed to, and finished approximately on time. In short, everything was presented exactly as advertised. The success of the party bar exceeded the expectations of Barbara, Laura, and Nort, and most who attended agreed that it was not to be missed. We're all looking forward with great anticipation to the gala event next year.

The Electric Co. is reputedly the largest nite club on the East Coast. There is visible evidence that a large percentage of it's proceeds goes back into the club in the form of free entertainment, free Hors-D'Oeuvre at parties, continuous improvements in the club itself, etc. The atmosphere generated within the walls of the club demonstrate that it is run by people who sincerely care about the well being of their members. Such ideals, along with events like the "Mardi-Gras Weekend", seem to indicate that the club is rapidly becoming one of the East Coast's best.

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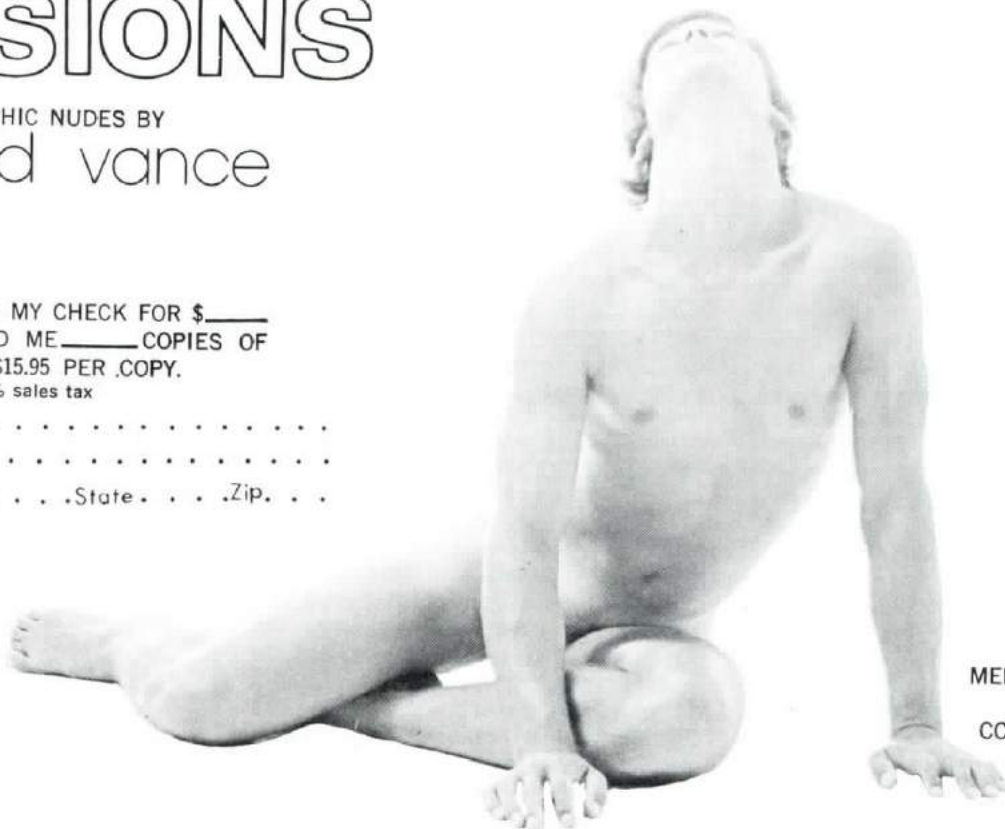
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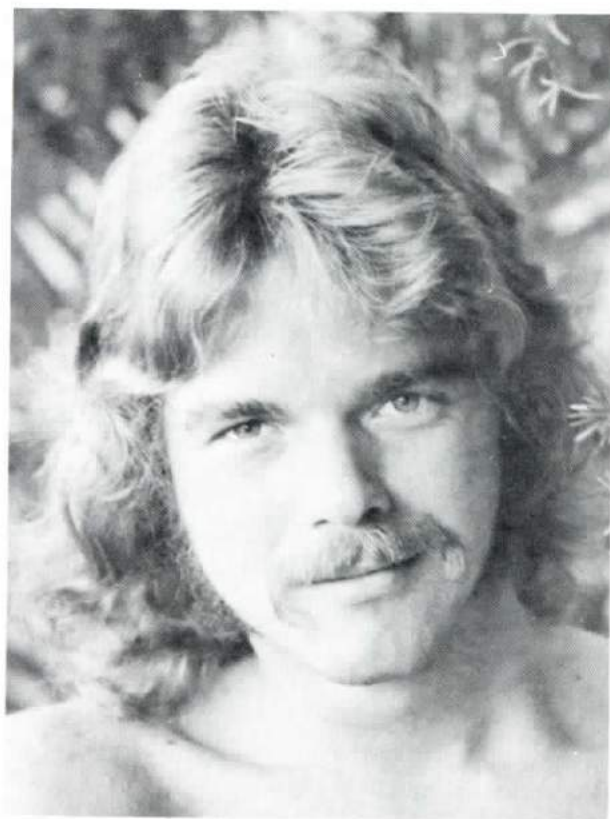
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TRIANGLE

(from page 24)

"So you think you love him! But can you give him what he really needs? Can you give him...CHIDREN?"

I was seriously shocked. I hadn't thought about it. Did Dr. Ruben cover the subject in his (cheap) best seller? But more important, what would Margret Mead think of the sociological aspects of a boy-mother? Confused, I wandered back to the bedroom. I would think about it on my next five minute break, tomorrow.

Two weeks later, I got my first mink coat. But I was more confused than ever. Was mink an endangered species? Was I adding to the ecological rape of the land? And did I need a mink coat in the bedroom? Besieged by questions of morality, I looked forward to Agatha Christie's next murder mystery.

I'd always lived a very simple, innocent, and above board life, so it was no slight surprise when I learned there was a child in the house. While on one hand it relieved me of the complications of possible boy-motherhood, (I'd never even read Dr. Spock) the situation presented another problem. In legal terms, what would F. Lee Baily think of an ex-bagboy being kept by the child's father? Was I a stepboy or a stepmother or both? Never before had I such a difficult time searching for my true identity. Besides, I was nervous about meeting the child who had just been kicked out of camp. Being sensitive. I have an aversion to loud noises and rough persons (except truck drivers) and the thought of another enemy in the house nearly caused my mink coat to shed.

Our meeting was sudden, swift, climatic. I was wearing nothing but my mink coat and a smile when suddenly the door to the nursery opened and I came face to face with a six foot five ex-soldier who'd been kicked out of boot camp on a morals charge. Three days later, I realized our relationship was going to be more complicated than the Magna Charter.

But I didn't suspect it would set the whole house to talking.

His mother wouldn't shut up.

With my hair a mess, my eye liner fading, and only my mink coat to protect me, she cornered me in the hall and accused me of being "a hairy Jezebel". I was shocked that she could connect me to a 1938 Bette Davis movie, but nothing was beneath her. Still, I wondered what Hedda Hopper would say in her column if she were alive now. I could hardly imagine.

The next six weeks were a maze of dilemmas. Everywhere I turned I faced a new problem. And an old one (she waited for me in the hall like a spider trapping a butterfly). Upper most in my mind was the suspicion that I was turning into a doubly kept boy. The carpet between the nursery

and the bedroom was wearing so thin they re-did the hall in tile (but it began to crack). I walked a dangerous line and it was anything but straight.

I began having nightmares. I saw myself in a Gay Liberation meeting being condemned as a "stereotyped queen accepting a stereotyped mink coat from a stereotyped Sugar Daddy". And the Daughters of Sappho labeling me "the boy no lesbian would want for a brother". I lost weight, chain smoked, and read comic books. Meanwhile, I wondered how Freud would interpret the subconscious meandering of my mind. Or how Joan Crawford would act if two men were violently in love with her. I knew something had to happen soon. And it did.

I'd been in the nursery for six hours, doing my bit for an ex-service man who was struggling with life. I never begrudged the time to give a man a helping hand (remembering the words of a well known drag star who said, on stage): "Ask not what a man can do for you, ask what you can do for a man". Who asked who what is unimportant, because his mother had a few questions of her own.

She trapped me in the hall, my hair a mess, with nothing but my mink coat and a chiffon scarf between us, and said: "Do you know what you have in common with Joan of Arc?"

I was truly amazed. All the time I thought she hated me, and here she was comparing me to a saint! I nearly forgave her. It was a good thing I didn't: she set my mink coat on fire.

I was still in it.



Somehow, I knew it was time to make a decision. But about what? With the mink coat burned off my back, I had nothing left, but two men who were madly in love with me, a troubled heart, and a large diamond ring (a consolation gift). I remembered the long hours at the supermarket, the hard work, and a lost innocence. Suddenly, I knew beyond a doubt what I would do: I kept the ring.

Meanwhile, between the bedroom and the nursery, (the football field and boot camp, so to speak) I sensed a clash of forces. My five minute breaks were becoming scarce. Suspicion hung in the air. I felt like Hedy Lamarr trapped on a Hollywood set with Joe Namath, Sgt. Calley, and Dracula. I could hardly hold my head up (my hair was a mess). I just knew something had to happen.

When it did, I was in the hall, with nothing but my diamond ring and a prayer to protect me. Suddenly, in the hush of night, we met. All of us on the cold tile, staring at each other: him and her and him and me. It was a strange affair (square). But there was such a thing as decency (I wasn't that kind of a boy). I was certain (deep in my secret heart) one of us had to go, quietly.

But she bitched all the way out.

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DIAMOND LIL *(from page 43)*

manded to steal the show in Piedmont Park and did! The exhibit will be recorded in the annuals forever. However, all was not a bed of roses; for on the second day, the entire display was removed and thrown commonly behind the Women's T-Room. No one seemed to know how these five mammoth panels had disappeared. Of course, I had a nervous convulsion, courtesy of having such a tremendous investment in same display. After hours of trying to locate the exhibit, I was finally told that Rick Wolf, in charge of allotting Gypsy spaces, had cheerfully removed these panels which were well anchored and had blatantly thrown them near the lake. You cannot know the pain that I suffered knowing that such an untimely fate had befallen the whole display. I would have thrown myself in the lake then and there and drowned, but I knew that someone had to write this story and endure the pain. Well, such is show biz. For every step up the ladder you are guaranteed to descend two. After all, you wouldn't want to reach the top too soon.

The Chairman of the Board approached me and was extremely cordial. He wanted to straighten out the whole rigamarole as quickly as possible. He escorted me to the back of the building where the exhibit had been thrown and told me the commission would pay for the damages. He then lead me to space across the walkway from the original location of the exhibit and told me to set up there. Once again, I hauled the large boards on my back and set them back up, trying to restore them as much as possible. It was very reminiscent of the many times I used to haul sideboards, breakfronts, dining tables and bedroom suites, marbel top, of course, when I ran a small declined shop on Peachtree Street before I entered exotic work. Well, one cannot be clear where life will lead thee. So, when you plan your dreams, plan one for the stage—after all, you may wind up a star.

Friends and well-wishers, this has been my second highly successful exhibit in the Arts Festival. Year before last we had movies and slide-showing at night-time and huge throngs of people gathered and worshipped and adored. This probably is officially what you would call the first drag exhibit in the United States of America, that is, unless you are thinking of drag races.

The exhibit took much grease and hassle to restore, and many repairs had to be made, but, my dear people, it was even more elaborate than before. Honey, you just can't keep a timeless star down. The chairman returned to see how I was doing and I told him that I appreciated his personal and enduring interest in me and to please remember that "I had always depended upon the kindness of strangers."

SARAH MILES (from page 29)

Antonioni if the man were my husband or my lover and he said 'does it matter?'. Well if that didn't matter, then what did? I got fed up with the whole thing. I became disenchanted both with myself and with the business. I was just mucking around and I didn't like it. I didn't see much point in keeping at it."

She retired to the country with her husband Robert Bolt and bred horses for nearly three years. She wasn't happy and her husband encouraged her to return to work. "He told me I was a lot better than I thought I was. I respected his opinion and he got my confidence back." She waited for the right script—that was *Ryan's Daughter* by Robert Bolt (*A Man For All Seasons*) and directed by David Lean. (Miss Miles is obviously an actress who comes into her own under firm directorial control).

After completing *Ryan's Daughter* Sarah played Mary Queen of Scots in *Vivat! Vivat! Regina!*. After reading the play for the first time she erupted at Bolt, "You've written a bloody hard part here, no wonder you've given it to me—nobody else would do it!" She lost 22 pounds playing the role for eight months. After her debacle in Bolt's *Lady Caroline Lamb* she went directly into *The Hireling*. Then her American film *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* with co-star Burt Reynolds. He's the man who also loves Dinah Shore's cooking.

The Hireling was a film project close to her heart. In fact, some years back, she tried to buy the film rights to the L. P. Hartley novel herself, planning to make it with her brother, Christopher.

The San Francisco *Kurta Kall* tells it best:

"A fascinating, suspenseful, personal, inter-class drama presented with rare honesty, taste, restraint and insight. Set in the countryside of an England (1923) recovering from World War I. The very first scene of the nursing home, where Lady Franklin is to be discharged after suffering a nervous breakdown, to the last shattering climatic one, will hold you enthralled. The film is reminiscent of a Du Maurier tale, directed by Hitchcock, produced by David O. Selznick. In this case we have the brilliant direction of Alan Bridges social nuisances. Robert Shaw's lost and lonely Leadbetter *The Hireling* and Sarah Miles as the vulnerable and guilt ridden, Lady Franklin, all of whom are superb. The absorbing drama of two, who at first develop a need for each other and then step by step become engaged with her return to the society of her class while he is led to self destruction, is exquisitely designed." (*SF Kurta Kall*, July issue).

The Hireling won the Grand International Prize at the Cannes Film Festival with a

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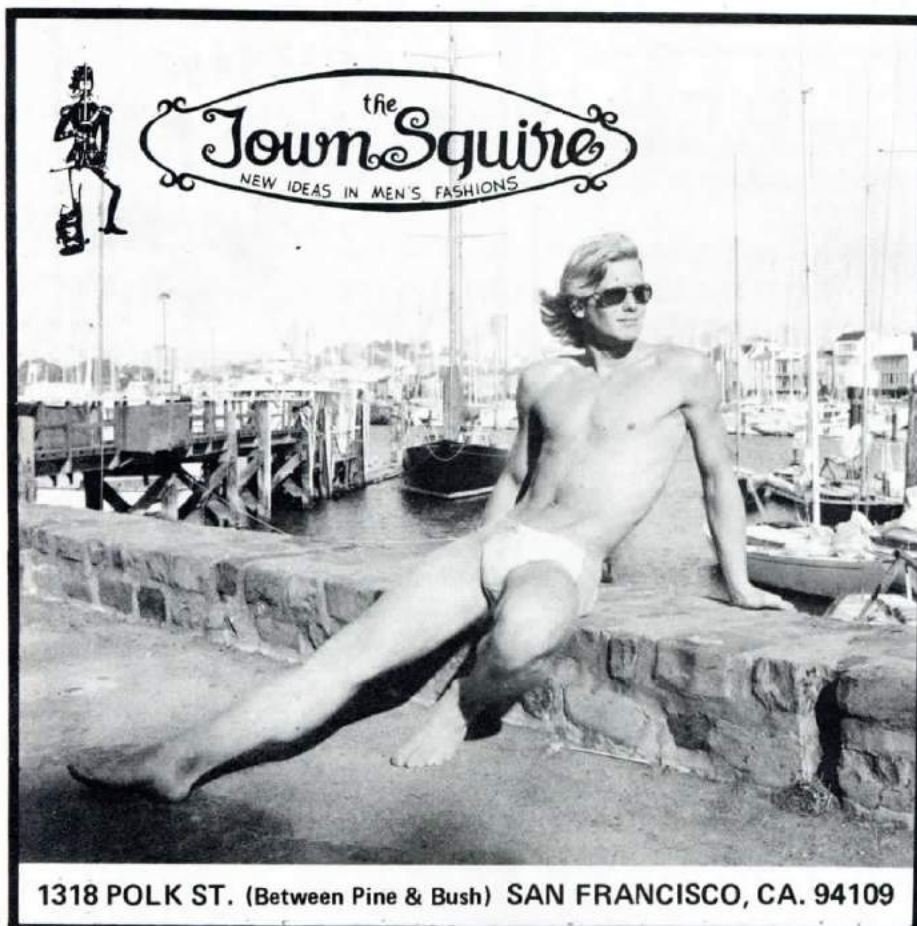
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special mention for the "exceptional quality of the acting of Sarah Miles. Sarah delighted the Paparazzi in Cannes unexpectedly showing up right after the Gila Bend, Whiting suicide. Rex Reed saw her on the beach. Rex didn't like the film and describes it as "a woman who smothers her chauffeur with amorous attention, leads him on, then dumps him, and commits suicide". We can't have seen the same picture. Not only has he got the plot and ending all screwed up but he missed an excellent film.

Sarah Scarlett led the British press on with "I still have scars from David's death and now people are saying so many bad things about him. I have to do something to preserve his memory and save his reputation! But right now I have to play Ping-Pong!" (I'll think about it tomorrow!, as Miss O'Hara would say!)

A journalist asked if *The Hireling* came from real life. "Of course", replied Sarah, "Everything I do is real. There's even a scene where I scratch myself in my sleep. I scratch myself in bed all over my body and wake up with blood all over the sheets. That's because I have a skin disease."

After that nobody ventured questions about Burt Reynolds and Arizona. What a pity. She would have loved to shock them with some other outrageous yarn. A girl you can love but can not abide. Prime Minister Edward Heath invited her to a fancy dinner at Downing Street. She arrived wearing her 20's costume from *The Hireling*. Sarah once admitted that if she could pick one man to spend the night with her, she would pick Hitler.

Spoiled by wealthy parents and flaunting conventions she likes acting up. She says the first thing that pops into her head. Robert Morley said "One thing about Sarah, she never loses her enemies". Her relations with the Press and Public bring to mind two other mavericks, Katherine Hepburn and Carol Lombard (Sarah would be great in one of those screwball Lombard comedies). An outrageous little girl who never grew up? Just because she sticks her tongue out! She makes foolish adolescents out of interviewers and inadequate hosts of the television talk shows.

Sarah says she doesn't feel part of today and pretends she doesn't live in today. Yet, she is very much today and very much needed on the screen. I love the things she says and feels she should insure her mouth with Lloyd of London.

Sarah has never been able to find out which side of midnight she was born on. Not only that, her birthday falls between New Year's Eve and New Year's Day making it THREE celebrations!

Miss Miles is a glittering actress who will continue to excel in the right parts, for now, we can be thankful for *The Hireling*.

Miss Miles will be carried by the winds of fortune..., "...after all, tomorrow is another day".

TOM JONES *(from page 26)*

get back to the question; "...well, I suppose some people see my singing as being sexual, after all, music has sex in it. When ever I go out on stage I have the intention of draining the audience as much as myself. If my act is considered sensual then that's because some of the songs I sing are sexy."

Although he's quite aware of his appeal, incredibly he's still modest and unassuming. During the winter months in Britian he makes trips to his old home town to see some of his old friends.

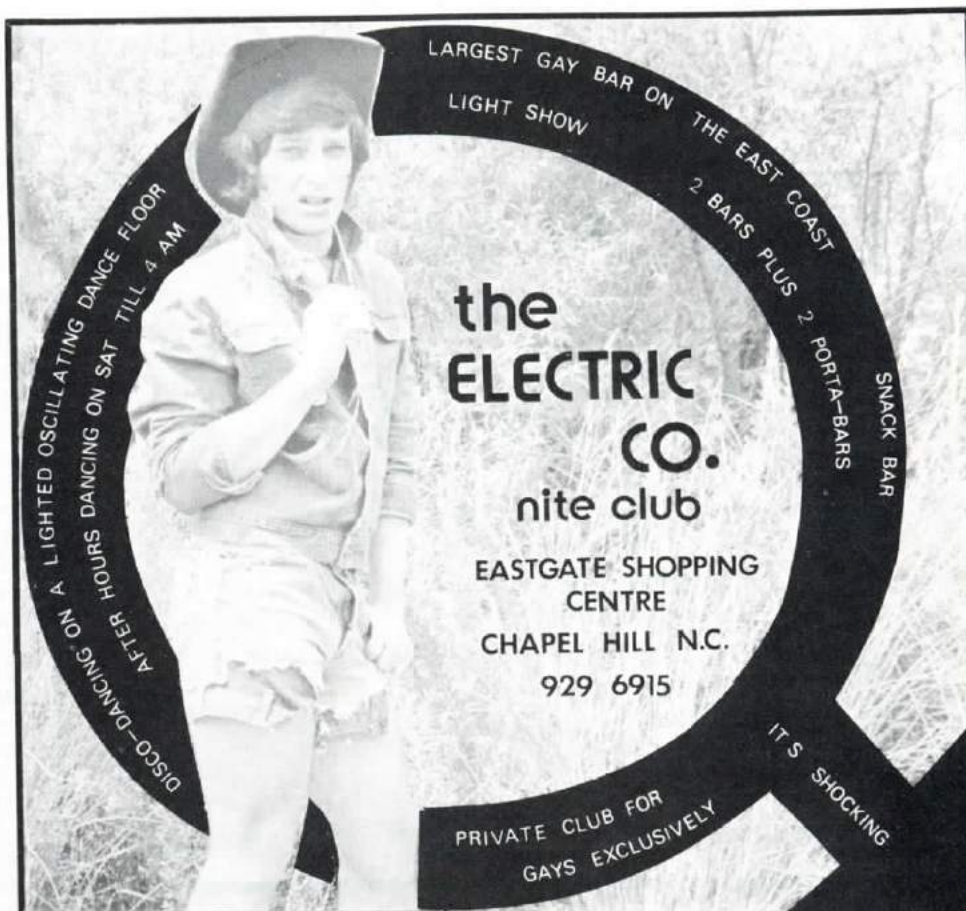
It was probably Jones' stable upbringing to which he owes his present balance of mind in circumstances that might have turned almost anyone's head. He says of his parents; "Dad was a miner. I liked the way he lived and he hasn't changed. Mother is strong too. She kept me in good clothes and fed me well. If I got the hell knocked out of me it was because I asked for it." Tom brought his parents up from south Wales to live near him in retirement. Pontypridd, with all its small town homeliness, is no place to retire after a lifetime working in the coalmines.

Tom was a builder's laborer in south Wales and singing at clubs at night, long before he turned professional towards the end of 1964. The men from the pits, many of whom had magnificent Welsh voices themselves, (remember "How Green Was My Valley"?), would tell his father to send Tom to London to show the pop stars how to really sing. When Tom did go into Tin Pan Alley at the age of 23 he found himself a man in a boy's world. Gordon Mills, three years his senior, a fellow Welshman, by that time was managing his career. Tom's recording of Mills' composition "It's Not Unusual" reached No. 1 in the British hit parade. There was rejoicing back in the valleys of Wales where Jones had been a laborer and Mills a bus conductor.

He's a strong and handsome man, his hair tight and curly, "My mother used to tell me to eat the crusts off the bread so that I'd get curly hair, but I found something else to make it curl." Now he casts his muscular and athletic body upon the crowds to make their hair curl.

Tom who has perfect sense of pitch and timing, used to conduct the home-town group with his arms and hips. Soul singing, no one believed he was white from his early records. Soon Toms' hip-swivelling sex symbol image will put it all on celluloid, if it doesn't smolder, (bring the smelling salts.)

The body, and soul and voice along with his life shares a ten million dollar insurance policy. Tom Jones is one in ten million. Mae West said; "It's not the men in your life, but the life in your men". Well, Mae the insurance company (and millions) agree with you.



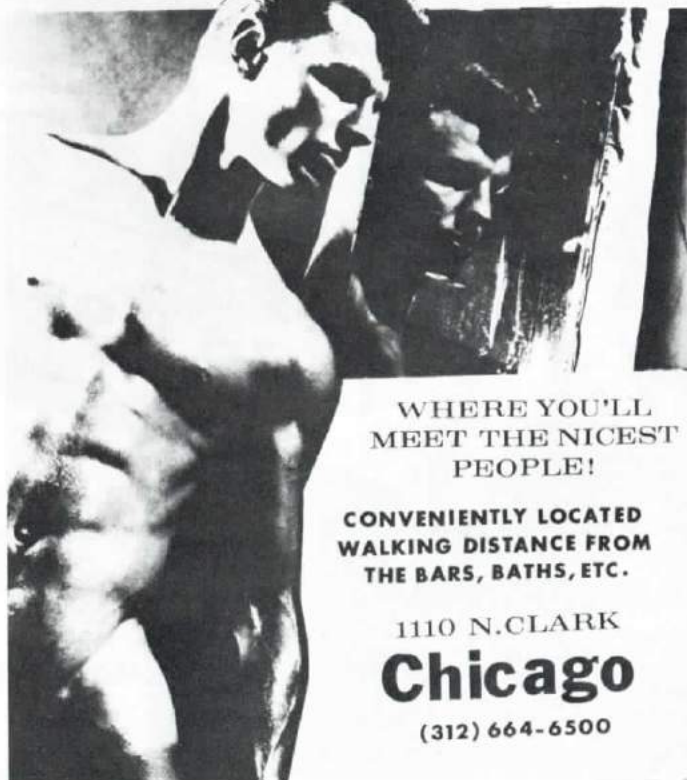
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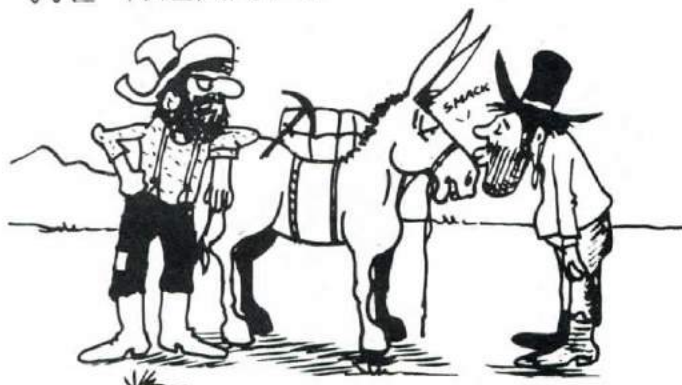


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LA BAKER

(from page 30)

haunted the stage door until they gave her a job in the chorus where she quickly became an audience favorite. As the story goes, after losing a slipper during a dance routine she kept her cool, crossed her eyes and did the Hula. It became part of the show and Baker was at the beginning of her incredible career.

The year was 1925 when *Revue Negre* headed for Paris. Josephine Baker was a part of that revue. On opening night she entered upside down, doing the split on the shoulders of a huge Black man. Following this, she sang "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" and danced the Charleston. By the next morning it was 'La Baker' and she was on the front page of every newspaper in Paris. She was indeed the toast of Paris!

'La Baker' became an institution with the *Folies Bergere* and became an international celebrity. Her name became synonymous with 'star'.

She adopted Paris as her home and when World War Two broke out she joined the Free French in the Underground. For her unselfish work during the war Ms. Baker received the Legion of Honor with Palm, the Croix De Guerre and the Rosette De La Resistance.

La Baker appeared on the Champs Elysee the day the War was over dressed entirely in white leading two white swans on a leash. (During the past she had such diverse pets as cheetahs, monkeys, and perfumed pigs.)

Well, I learned alot about Josephine Baker but I had still not seen her perform. Many friends told me that I must not miss her if she ever came back to New York. In June 'La Baker' did return to New York, to Carnegie Hall to be exact. I was not to be deprived of seeing this most fascinating of women.

Billed as "Josephine Baker and Her International Revue", La Baker opened her show in celebration of her 67th birthday and of her 50 years in show business!!!! Somehow, for all I had heard, I couldn't believe that I would be seeing anything close to the fabulous star that I'd heard

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so much about. After all wasn't the Lady getting on in years? Still, it would be a nostalgic night and I knew that I would love her no matter what she did.

Another legend, Bricktop, opened the show by recounting her first meeting with "Little Josephine", back in the twenties at her famous Paris nightclub. Retreating to the wings, Bricktop narrated the entire show. The rustle in the audience stopped as she announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Josephine Baker." The entire sell out audience rose to its feet in a thunderous ovation, not really knowing what to expect and not really caring. This audience was ready to welcome 'La Baker' back to New York no matter what kind of shape she was in. Well it was some shape!!!! This gorgeous, tall, tawny woman appeared in a nude net body suit wearing a six foot feathered headdress!!!! The audience almost tore the house down. She strutted that stage like a gazelle. Surely, that couldn't be the woman who celebrated her 67th birthday just the day before! Her body would make a twenty year old proud! Baker enjoyed every minute of the audience's shock wave. The applause grew still louder as she took command of the stage allowing every angle of her body to be checked out. She chuckled and laughed and the audience ate it up.

She stepped into the wings to shed the headdress and returned holding a sequined "mike". The body was still there, what had happened to the voice? The audience calmed down. They were waiting. You could hear a pin drop. And, suddenly, Carnegie Hall was blasted with the sure, strong voice of a 67 year old juvenile. The voice never quivered or broke, not even for a note. As 'La Baker' went from one outrageous costume to another she strode the stage like a young colt. She had the audience wrapped up. She knew it and they knew that she knew it, everybody was on a natural high. Intermission.

After being the fabulous clothes horse that she is, 'La Baker', opened the second act dressed in blue jeans and a sweatshirt. With her mild afro she looked like a teeny bopper. Surprise! She asked members of the audience to come up to the stage and dance with her. As the orchestra played some acid rock she proved that she didn't stop dancing when the Charleston went out. There were young kids on that stage and, may I tell you, the Lady never was outdone, again the audience was wild!

One of the highlights of the evening was when the Lady received a single rose. She commented on how perfect a rose it was and how she wished that she had one like it for everyone in the audience. Then, she asked that the rose be passed from person to person in the audience so that each one could look upon it and appreciate its beauty for themselves. The rose was

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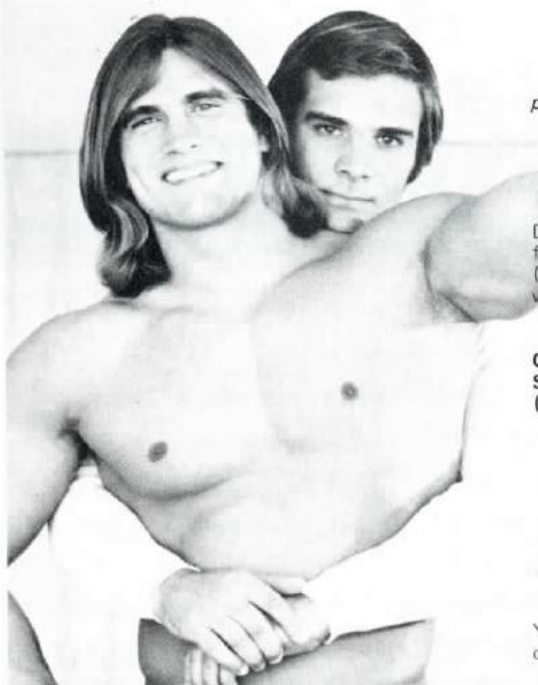
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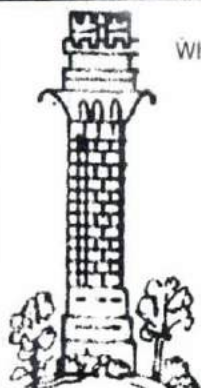
passed as if it were the last one in the world. Each person holding it a few seconds and gingerly passing it on. A little schmaltzy? Perhaps. But it worked its magic. It was as if the Lady herself was being passed amongst us for just a brief glimpse of her perfect beauty, not only physically but somehow one got the feeling that all of the outside beauty was a mere reflection of the inner beauty of this woman who has lived among the giants of our time (Hemingway, Celette, Piaf, Fitzgerald, Stein, etc.). Through her stories between songs, Baker somehow took us all back to those times when Paris was Paris. The gaiety, the good times, the sorrows—all of it was shared with us. Each one of us somehow got the feeling that she was sharing these adventures with only us. When a performer can get that intimate an atmosphere in such a large house as the Carnegie, what else can you call it but magic?

La Baker ended her show with a rip snortin' gospel hymn that brought the audience once more to its feet. The waves of applause were waves of love flowing onto the stage in thanksgiving to a star whose light will never be diminished by time. Thanksgiving for a night that, I dare say will never be forgotten by those in attendance.

La Baker has returned to her home in Monte Carlo where she has started a brotherhood experiment whereby she adopts children of different nationalities who live in her home until they are twelve where upon they return to their native countries and families. (I wish that I was young enough to qualify.) I'm sure that they are the better for their experience. For living with a lady of so much love can only produce more love and understanding.

For all of you in the Las Vegas area, Baker will be performing out there in September. If you can possibly get there, I promise you a night that you will find difficult to compare to any other. Don't miss it.

And to you, Miss Josephine Baker, thank you for a most incredible evening. I shall not forget it, ever.



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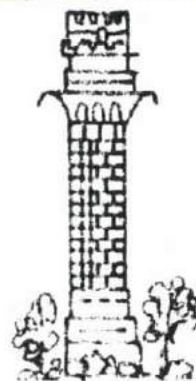
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Town House

NEW YORK

(from page 19)

was a great swell of applause at her finish but shortly thereafter, the grumbling began anew. Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy were rushed on to do 'United We Stand' in hopes of bringing the people in the park together once again. It took however, the divine Miss M., Bette Midler to do this. Her presence brought the park to its feet. As she locked into 'You Gotta Have Friends' the audience roared back its agreement. (I understand that Bette wanted to do more but her agent or manager wouldn't let her. But we sure appreciated her telling the world that it was the gay audience that helped put her on top.) Joey Cord, Lee Horwin and a host of others followed, I believe that it was Al Carmines' coming out publicly that was the most touching part of the afternoon. Mr. Carmines, author of the hit musical, *The Faggot* followed Peggy Atkinson and Lee Gulliat of that show with a song that he wrote especially for the afternoon explaining how gay could and should be proud.

EPILOGUE: Prior to the parade, *Gay* paper decided that it was going to change the format of that paper. There would be no gay pride issue. Since the committee had counted on *Gay* to publish the calendar of events, etc., it came as a big blow. Vito Russo and myself along with other members of the committee were asked to do a column for 'Michael's Thing' for this purpose. A unity issue. Mr. Giametta with his customary idiocy chose to throw in a column entitled 'Together Head' in which he lambasted the leather scene. (The column had appeared about a year and a half earlier). Why he chose to put it into that particular issue remains only between himself and his bosses. It started some ill will, to be subtle about it.

Did all of this mean a split in the gay community in New York? No! It's a funny thing, perhaps you've noticed when a family fight is in session if one of the family is attacked from the outside, the family closes in to protect their own. Such is the case right now in Gotham. Members of the activists, womens groups, bar people and, just plain gay folk have banded to-

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gether as never before. It's one thing to put up with oppression from the outside but when some of your own try to become the oppressors watch out for the flying debris.

GAY PRIDE: 'Pride' is defined in the Oxford Universal Dictionary as, "a high or overwhelming opinion of one's own qualities, attainments, or estate; inordinate self esteem." I believe that on the eve of the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade we should all ponder that definition. After so many years of being told that we are "sick", "monsters" etc., it is time for all of us to get a feeling of pride about ourselves. The past year has been one that should have given all of us something to be proud about. We have risen as a new vocal voice in the political arena. Candidates from the presidency to mayor to senate have sought our vote. The anguished cry of an angry voice has been heard and will not be silent again. The American psychiatrists are looking to re-define 'homosexuality' and strike it from the list of sicknesses. We are on the way to becoming first class citizens, unafraid of our sexuality and demanding our birth-right as human beings.

THE EYES HAVE IT: I've been going to bars since I was sixteen. It used to floor me the way a Gay would order a drink. His eyes had a frightened, often haunted look that reminded me of a doe scenting danger. Today, Gays walk in proudly, look the bartender in the eye and order a drink with a strong affirmation that his dollar is as good as anybody else's.

THE EARS HAVE IT: It used to be, if a derogatory remark was made about the 'faggot', and accidentally overheard, the eavesdropper would slink away into the darkness. Now, if there is a derogatory remark passed, the person making it had better be prepared to defend himself from the 'fag' who overheard it and comes at him with a fist in front of that limp wrist.

THE VOICES HAVE IT: If a Gay was put down, he usually answered back in a barely audible whisper. The whisper has become a resonant, self assured voice of authority. And the voices of many Gays joined in unison is setting the entire country on its ear. What was once spoken of in shaded hints of a whisper has become shouts of indignation when a homophobic city council fails to pass a resolution aimed at giving us what is our rightful birth-right as human beings.

THE BODIES HAVE IT: Not too long ago a lot of Gays walked down a street in a halting gait with their heads held down. The heads have been raised and the gait in one of a thoroughbred. Men and women walking proudly alone, in couples and in groups. Gays are no longer frightened. They are acquiring that "inordinate self esteem" so many tried for so long to drive from their hearts and souls.

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CLOSET

(from page 25)

in it to give the right idea to the right person.

I didn't have any classes on Wednesday mornings so Tuesday would have to be my night out. At ten o'clock I entered the campus subway stop, took it downtown to Times Square (where they hustle to pay for the next fix), rode the shuttle over to Grand Central Station, and took the Uptown Express to 86th Street where I got off at Lexington Avenue. One short block to the east and I was on Third Avenue.

Now I was getting uneasy. Before this I wasn't thinking much about what I was coming here to do; I was too busy getting on the right subway cars. But now...here I was. The little fairies were doing tapdances in my stomach. What was I supposed to be doing? Walk down the avenue and wait until somebody stops me and say, "Hey, Teddy Bear! How's about dinner and a show?" Would it really work that way?

I walked down the avenue passing bars that seemed to be very straight. I grew more nervous. Finally I passed a young guy who was leaning against the picture window of some steak place. I was delighted to see that he was dressed very straight himself, except for his pants' being just a little too tight. I was going to talk to him, become his friend, and ask him to teach me about his art. Then a tall blonde woman came out of the restaurant, took his hand, and walked off with him.

I walked down a few more blocks until I saw two boys dressed in fur-trimmed suede leather jackets enter an Ice Cream Parlor. Now, at least, I was entering the right territory and by the time I got down to 81st Street I decided that I would pray for the best and station myself. I stood up against a quiet bar, not knowing if it was gay or straight, or if the manager would call the cops on me. There I stayed for what seemed like hours. Old couples would walk by and remark about how sad it was that their neighborhood had come to "this." Other people, mostly well dressed young couples from Park Avenue, would scorn me silently. One man who was with his lady friend stopped in front of the bar I was leaning against and walked up to me smirking.

"Is this bar suitable for us to go into, if you know what I mean?" he asked, trying hard not to smile.

"I don't know," I answered politely. "I'm just standing out here waiting for my mother."

"Oh! Oh, gee, I'm sorry...I thought you might know."

"No, I've never been in here. You see my mother works across the street in a massage parlor but I don't like to wait over there."

"Oh," said the man, who quietly backed

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off without saying anything more.

I continued to wait. Finally, at around midnight, I saw business.

A man in a grey business suit and blue tie came up to me after a few minutes of hesitating at the corner. He had been pretending to look at the traffic light.

"Excuse me, young man," he said in a low, unaffected voice, "could you tell me what time it is?"

I began to panic and was thinking that I shouldn't know the time, but my Timex was peeping out from under my purple sleeve. Damn!

"It's about 12:00 o'clock", I said without looking at him.

"Oh, really? 12:00 o'clock? Not 1:00 o'clock?"

I looked at the man now. What kind of a line was he giving me? I assured him that it was midnight.

"I must have changed my watch wrong. I guess the time zones are only an hour different." He chuckled nervously and changed his watch.

So, I was getting a line! Was this the typical line? And was I expected to respond? Of course, I was.

"Oh, you're from out of town?" I tried to say it with interest but I was too scared and the little fairies in my stomach had stopped tapdancing and had begun the troika.

"Why, yes, I'm from Gary."

"Indiana?"

"Yes, that's right! Have you ever been there?"

"No."

I didn't know what to say next. What was he waiting for? I looked into his face. It was very sad. His grey eyes fell deep into his forehead and were surrounded by a few wrinkles—not the kind that come from old age. His lips were small and thin and his cheeks seemed colorless; even in the dark they looked pale. He had all his hair, but it was thinning. I was so glad I was still nineteen.

"No, I've never been to Gary, Indiana."

"Well, it's not much compared to..."

"But I'd like to see it sometime."

Bravo for me! What a line!

"You would?"

"Uh...yeah." What to say next? What the hell to say next?? "Gee, it's getting chilly out here, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, you're right. Is New York always this cold in September?"

"No. I wish I had brought my jacket. I... really wish I had."

I saw something happen to his eyes. They froze, and I could tell that he was going to pull a punch.

"You're waiting for someone, are you?"

"No? Uh...no. No one."


"Then, uh...maybe you'd like to step inside this bar for a cup of coffee?"

A cup of coffee? Not a drink? What was this? I was no bum from the East Village or the Bowery! But I was in no position to argue; the customer is always right. I


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thanked the man graciously and we walked into that bar which I had been guarding all evening.

Over a cup of coffee, it was determined that I was a college sophomore with an English major and a special interest in acting. He, believe it or not, was an insurance salesman. I should have expected it. We talked about nothing for a half an hour and after we had downed two cups of coffee each we still weren't sure if we both knew what the other wanted.

Somehow I was intelligent enough to remember asking where he was staying. When he told me he was in the Hotel Americana I exclaimed in earnest that I had never seen that particular hotel and that I was sure it was really beautiful and that he must be doing all right to afford a room there. He agreed with me about the hotel and brought up the possibility of my seeing it "firsthand." The man from Gary wanted to show me a famous New York attraction.

And what clean cut college boy ever turned down an offer like that? See the Americana firsthand! Of course, I said 'yes, thank you very much,' and after a dismal taxi ride where nobody said anything (except for the cab driver who talked about the 'prosties' all over the streets and how Lindsay should clean up the town), we finally arrived at the Americana. Upon entering his room I applauded the posh surroundings—such as the yellow rug and the Admiral television. That was all I could think of.

I looked around the room, hoping that he might have some etchings or novelties to show me, but the place was bare except for a jar of vaseline on the dresser. He hadn't even unpacked—his suitcase lay open on the floor by his bed, filled with clothing. He somehow managed to make a few witty statements about the insurance business, telling me about the claim of a dead pilot's wife. The pilot had crashed safely into a lake but then drowned, and he was covered for air accidents but not water-caused deaths. To pay the claim or not to pay. Really interesting.

I tried to be as witty about college life but all those hours out on the street had done something to my articulateness (English major or not). I was stumped. If only we had downed two cups of whiskey and not coffee! So I waited for him. I was hoping that he'd give me some kind of order or request like, "Get down naked on your hands and knees and bark like a dog while licking me, etc." But no, he said nothing until I subtly asked him if it was getting late or not.

Then he looked at me. He opened his mouth just enough to ask: "What am I supposed to do now?"

WHAT WAS HE SUPPOSED TO DO? Now I was uptight. How the hell was I supposed to know? I gave him the safest answer I could think of: "Well, whatever

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you usually do. I'm like any other guy."

"Oh...that's good."

"Yeah, sure, I'm pretty liberated. If I weren't, I wouldn't be here right now, would I?"

"Neither would I," he said, and then laughed out loud. In fact, he laughed so loud and so hard that he had to lie down on the bed where he continued to roar leaving me in a state of panic. Was he going to take out a razor blade? Was he one of those travelling S&M types with boots and whips at the bottom of his suitcase? I looked at the suitcase by his bed. It could have anything lying at the bottom! A medieval mace! Wintergreen! A dildo! I wanted to run. What kind of total idiot would say that "anything" was okay?

Before I made any decisive move, he quieted down on the bed. There were some tears in his eyes; I guessed from laughter.

"Young man," he said with a weak smile, "I don't even know your name."

"I'm Alan. With one 'L'."

"Alan, I think you're very cute."

"Like a Teddy Bear, right? I'm the original Teddy Queen."

"No, not really. Your eyes are very soft but very clear. You have a fine, sturdy body. It's a terribly attractive combination."

"That's very nice of you, Mr. ..."

"I'm Henry. Henry Fieldston. And I have a confession to make. I have never, ever done...this...in my life."

"You've never..."

"I'm forty-five years old, married and one of my boys is your age. I'm sure you'd be great friends. You're like him in many ways."

"But certainly not in all ways."

"Well, I can never know." He smiled.

"I'm sure he doesn't have any idea about me. To tell you the truth, I don't expect to tell him. Ever. But I did tell my wife and she understands that I wanted to come out. I've been trying ever since I was...since I was in college myself. I've been in the closet for over twenty years. What a dusty realistic I must be now."

"No you're not. Not at all."

"Yes, I am. I've been collecting dust all these years and it's the thing I fear most. I have learned absolutely nothing. I have done absolutely nothing. With all those raunchy magazines I've read, I really don't know what's expected of me in a situation like this. Or of you."

I sat down next to him on the bed.

"Mr. Fieldston, all night long I've been waiting for you to tell me what to do. See, I've never done this kind of thing before either. And I don't know what to tell you."

Mr. Fieldston's mouth opened from the shock of my news, but he looked a lot less pale for my having told him.

"You're just coming out, too?"

"This is my first time as a...professional gentleman's companion."

"Is that what they call it?"

"It's what I call it. It sounds better than whore."

"Yes, it does."

I said nothing for a moment and then stood up.

"But now that I'm here, I'm beginning to realize that whatever label I use, I just can't do what I came to do."

Now he stood up, with a look of panic on his face.

"Alan!! I have waited twenty-five years for this night! I have thought of nothing else but this night ever since I got off the plane five days ago! Look! Look at my suitcase! I haven't even unpacked because I was never sure that I was going to stay and go through with it. But now that I've built up the courage, after two and a half decades, you talk of walking out on me! I want you, Alan! I want you very, very much and I'll pay you whatever you want. But for God's sake, please stay! Please don't go now."

"If I take your money it makes me a hustler."

"If you don't take it, you become a coward, and worse, you become a cock-teaser!"

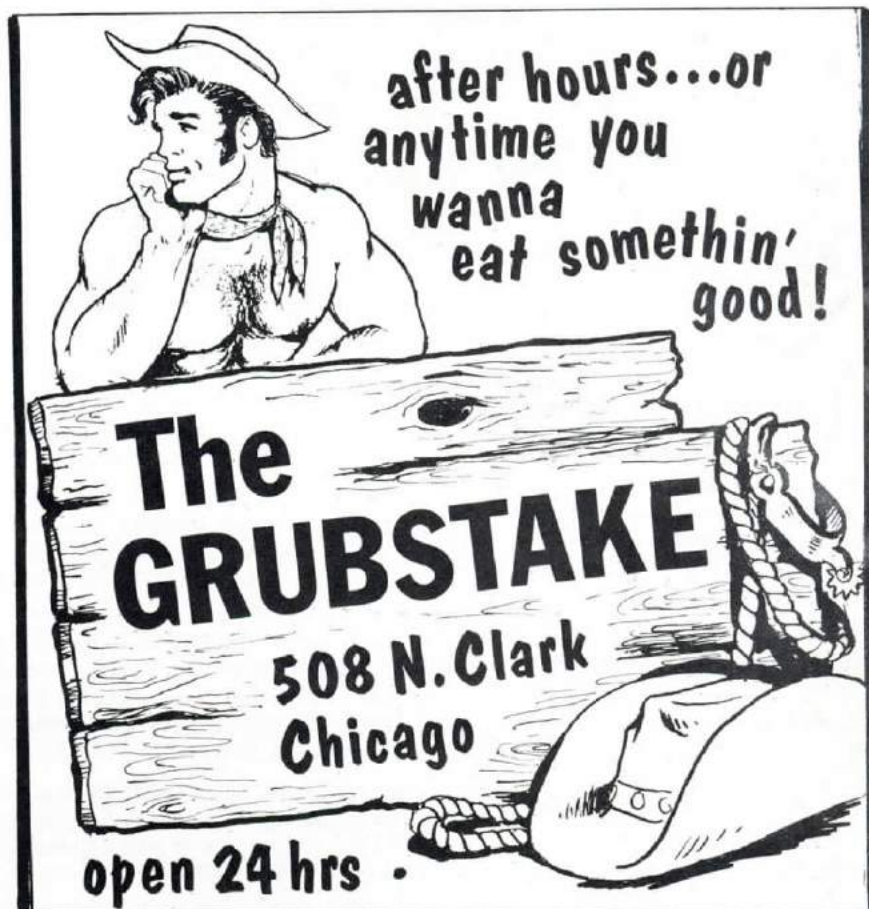
I had to sit down. I fell into the arm-chair by the dresser and looked up at the vaseline jar.

"Mr. Fieldston, let's just call this evening a "date" and not a "trick." I like you too much to let you think that you have to pay for love for the rest of your life, because it's not true. Don't pay me anything...just let's shake hands when we're through. And if you want, you can remember me at Christmas time with a small Christmas present. Other than that, I would turn everything else down but your friendship.

"Alan, you're a very kind and good man. I accept your offer."

For the next hour I placed myself and everything inside my neatly pressed Lee's at Mr. Fieldston's disposal. But it seems that most of that time was spent talking about our gay lives. We shared so many fears and emotions. And so much suffering goes away when it's shared with somebody else, even if one is green and the other is gathering dust. I finally had to leave and Mr. Fieldston shook my hand good-by. Just as I had wanted.

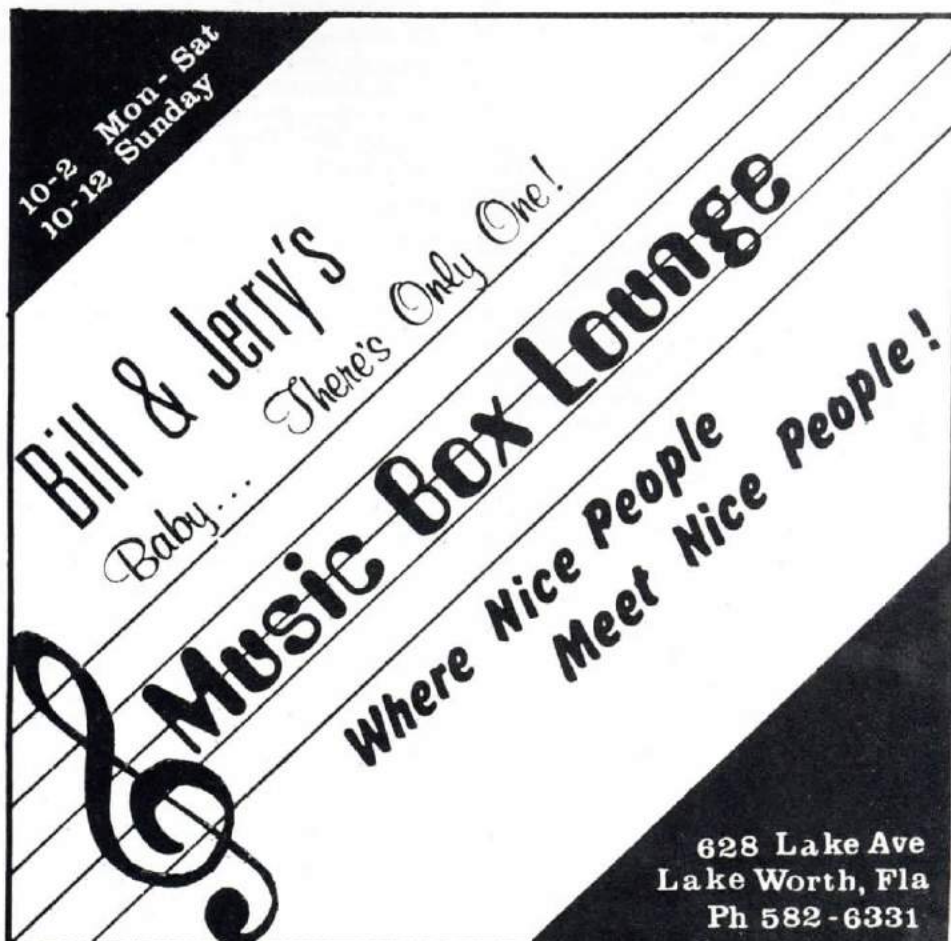
And now, as I am finishing my recollection of that September evening, it is a snowy December night. The Fall Semester ends tomorrow and I have a final exam in Renaissance Literature early in the morning. When I take it I'll be using my new pen. It's made of pure gold and it just came today in the mail. Some insurance salesman in Indiana sent it. But no health insurance ads came with it! Such a nice pen, and such a queer way to run an insurance business, wouldn't you say?



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SAN FRAN., CAL. 94142

OR SEND **ONE DOLLAR FOR REVEALING ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE**

WORN DURING INTERCOURSE or... as you like it

© BALLMOR 1973

DAVID SUPPORTERS

the nation's most accurate guide

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

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

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM

GIZMO LOUNGE *
 909 S. 22nd Street
 Open 3PM till 3AM
 (205) 254-8816

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

DIAMOND LIL'S *
 3025 N. 24th St.
 Open 4PM to 1AM, 7 days

S.S. JUG *
 4029 E. Washington.
 Open till 1AM (after hours on weekends)

NU-TOWNE SALOON *
 5002 E. Van Buren
 Open 12 Noon till 1AM (D,R)
 (602) 267-9559

SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE *
 4622 N. 7th Street
 Open till 1AM, 7 days (after hours on weekends)

SUGAR SHACK *
 4211 N. 7th Street
 Open till 1AM, 7 days (after hours on weekends)

TUCSON

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

STONEWALL *
 2921 N. 1st Ave.
 Open 10AM till 1AM, till 3AM Sat.
 (D,F.)
 (602) 622-6233

ARKANSAS

HOT SPRINGS

ROYAL LION CLUB, INC. *
 236 Ouachita Avenue
 Open Thur., Fri. & Sat. 9PM till ?
 Sun 4PM till ?
 (B,D,F,L)

CALIFORNIA

LONG BEACH

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

JOE'S PLACE *
 2682 Long Beach Blvd.
 Mon-Sun Open 10AM till 2AM
 (213) 424-5529

JIM'S CORRAL *
 2020 E. Artesia Blvd.
 Open 7 days Noon to 2AM

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

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

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

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

AH-MEN *
 8900 Santa Monica Blvd.
 Nation's leading mall order store retail outlet

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

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

CARRIAGE TRADE *
 8077 Beverly Blvd. at Crescent Heights (L,R)
 (213) 653-9337

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

FALCON'S LAIR *
 742 N. Highland Ave.
 Open 8PM 7 days. (Leather-Western) (B)
 (213) HO2-9588

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON *
 10937 Burbank Blvd.
 (213) 769-9945

GOLIATH'S *
 7011 Melrose
 (after hours) (E,L)
 (213) 937-8743

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

HAYLOFT *
 11818 Ventura Blvd.
 (B,E)

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

M/B CLUB *
 4550 Milrose Open Mon-Fri 8PM till 4AM, Sat & Sun 4PM till 4AM (BC)
 (213) 666-9899

M.C.C. BOOKSTORE *
 373 Western Avenue

NAPOLEON'S *
 11608 Ventura Blvd.
 (L,R,E)
 (213) 769-3337

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

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

PARIS BOOKSTALL *
 8165 Santa Monica Blvd.
 Mon-Sun Open 10AM till 2AM

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

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

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

SERPENT "8" CLUB BATHS *
 4109 W. Burbank (Burbank)
 Open 24 hours
 (213) 843-2311

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

T.J.'S *
 11940 Ventura Blvd. Open week days 3PM till 2AM Fri & Sat Noon till 4AM (B,D,F)
 (213) 980-9678

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

VALLI HAUS *
 11012 Ventura Blvd. Open 7 days 6 am till 2 am (L,R)
 (213) 762-1972

WOODY'S HYPERION *
 2810 Hyperion Ave.
 (213) 666-9995

SAN DIEGO

DAVE'S CLUB BATHS *
 4969 Santa Monica
 (714) 224-9011

DAVE'S FOX & HOUND MOTEL *
 4520 E. Mission Bay Drive
 (714) 273-2651

DAVE'S PACIFIC SANDS *
 445 Ocean Blvd.
 (714) 488-6979

SAN FRANCISCO

ADONIS BOOK STORE *
 384 Ellis Street Open Noon till 11PM
 (415) 474-6995

AFTER DARK *
 930 Barton
 (D,E,L)

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

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

BACHELOR'S CLUB *
 3481--18th Street (L)
 (415) 626-9541 or 864-1855

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

BELL, BOOK & CANDLE *
 115 Harriet Street
 (415) 626-4698

BOOT CAMP *
 1010 Bryant
 (Leather-Western) (L)
 (415) 626-0444

DUGAN'S BISTRO

one boogie bar
two quiet bars
theatrical dancers perform
all under one roof
420 North Dearborn Chicago

CHICAGO'S SUPER BAR

BRADLEY'S CORNER *
900 Cole Street (L)
(415) 664-7766

CABARET *
936 Montgomery
(L,D,R,S,E)

CLOUD 7 *
2360 Polk Street (L)
(415) 474-9960

CLUB TURKISH BATHS *
132 Turk Street Open 24 Hours
7 days

DAVE'S BATHS *
100 Broadway (F)
(415) 362-6669

DAVE'S BOOKS *
13 Taylor Street

DAVE'S BATHS *
100 Broadway (F)
(415) 362-6669

DWIGHT LETCHWORTH, R.E. *
209 Post Street (Electrolysis)
(415) 421-1787

EARLY BIRD *
1723 Polk Street (L)
(415) 776-4162

FEBE'S *
1501 Folsom St.
(Leather-Western) (L)
(415) 621-9196

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

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

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

GANGWAY *
841 Larkin Street
Open 6AM till 2AM

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

GRAMOPHONE RECORD SHOP *
1338 Polk Street

HAROLD'S BOOK STORE *
Geary & Mason

HANS-OFF *
199 Valencia (E,L)
(415) 863-9652

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

HOUSE OF HARMONY *
1312 Polk Street (E,L)
(415) 885-5300

JACKIE D'S *
147 Mason (L)
(415) 771-5592

JUGS LIQUORS *
Market & Church

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

LEATHER & THINGS *
4079--18th Street
Leather goods
(415) 863-1817

LEATHER FOREVER *
1702 Washington Street
Leather Goods
(415) 885-5773

LE SALON *
1118 Polk Street
Book Store
(415) 673-4492

MAGAZINE *
849 Larkin Street
(Old Time Magazines)

MARKET STREET NEWS *
1025 Market Street

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

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



21ST STREET
Cinema
FOR SOPHISTICATED ADULTS

ALL SOUND · ALL COLOR
ALL MALE

"Not Just A Film House"
open noon to 3am daily

TWENTY-FIRST STREET AT COLLINS AVENUE
MIAMI BEACH
PHONE 534-4060

MR. B'S BOOKS *
191 Ellis Street

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

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

NEW BELL SALOON *
1203 Polk Street (E,L)
(415) 775-6905

NOTHING SPECIAL *
469 Castro Street Open 7 days
Noon till 2AM (L)
(415) 626-5876

NUMBER 3 *
18th & Valencia
(D,E,L)
(415) 621-2328

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

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

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

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

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

RITCH STREET HEALTH CLUB *
330 Ritch Street
Open 24 Hours Daily
(415) 392-3582

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

TIFFANY'S *
1900 Market St. (at Laguna)
Open 24 hours. Closed Mon.
(B,R)
(415) 626-1308

TOAD HALL *
482 Castro (L)
(415) 864-9797

TONI CLEANERS *
270 Noe Street
Open 8AM till 6:30PM
(415) UN1-6993

TOWN SQUIRE *
1318 Polk Street
Men's Fashions
THE TRAP *
72 Eddy Street (L)

1001 NIGHTS *
335 Jones Street
(L,R,D)

TURK STREET NEWS *
Turk Street near Market

WILDE OSCAR *
59--2nd Street
(415) 392-4455

THE WOOD SHED *
1601 Market Street
(L)

SAN FRANCISCO (suburbs)

ARCERI THEATER & TRAVEL AGENCY *
Fox Plaza, Suite 2802
Travel agency & theater bookings
(415) 626-4900

BINO'S *
Automotive Repair Shop
21310 Redwood Highway
Geyserville
(707) 857-3751

BAYOU LOUNGE *
1640 Main St.
Redwood City
Open 7 days Noon till 2AM (D,E,L)
(415) 364-9444

CRUISER *
2651 El Camino Real
Redwood City
Open 7 days Noon till 2AM (D,E,L)
(415) 366-4955

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

BERRY'S *
352 14th Street (L,B)

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

GOLDEN GATE BOOKS *
1905 San Pablo Avenue

GRANDMA'S HOUSE *
135--12th St. (L,R)
(415) 444-9966

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

Gene's

TURF BAR

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

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

HOURS: SEE INDEX

LANCERS *
3255 Lakeshore Drive (L,R)

RUBY'S *
1800 San Pablo Ave.
(E,L)

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

SAN JOSE

GOLDEN GATE BOOKS *
447 1st Street

HAYWARD

CHANCES R *
27935 Mission Blvd. (L,E)

CHANDELIER *
22615 Mission Blvd. (L)

QUEENS PALACE *
799 B. Street (L,E,S)

BACHELORS BOOKS *
22501 Mission Blvd.

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

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.

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

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

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 *
1512 Prudential Dr.
Open 5PM till 2AM 6 days
(B,D,E)
(904) 398-7110

**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

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

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,F)
(305) 444-9210

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

21ST STREET CINEMA *
21st and Collins

ORLANDO

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

PALACE CLUB *
1000 Humphries St.
Open Wed.-Sun 8PM till ?
(B,C,D,E)
(305) 894-9293

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 CASTLE 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

BELFRY *

111 Hubbard Street
4PM till 2AM (R,L)
(312) 321-9039

BISTRO *

420 Dearborn Street
Open till 2AM (D,L)

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

BURTON PLACE *

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

CANAL BOOKS *

100 South Canal

CLUB BATHS *

609 N. LaSalle
(312) 337-0080

COMING OUT *

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

CRYSTAL HOTEL *

1110 North Clark Street
(312) 664-6500

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)

GRUBSTAKE *

508 North Clark Street
(R)

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

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WACKER HEALTH CLUB *

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YO-YO *

3909 North Ashland Avenue
(312) 929-7150

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MR. B'S *

606 State Line Avenue
(L,D)
(312) 862-1221

POUR HOUSE *

103 155th Place
4AM (D,S)
(312) 891-9889

OUR HIDEAWAY *

706 State Line Avenue
(D,L)
(312) 891-9706

EAST ST. LOUIS

RED BULL *

506 Missouri Ave. (across the
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(618) 274-4965

SPRINGFIELD

CASINO de CASTAWAYS *

2909 N. 31st St. (1 1/4 miles north
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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. (F, S)
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341 N. Capital
(317) 635-0796

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116 E. Main St. (across from
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till 2AM (D,F,L)
(502) 582-9246

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CLUB NEW ORLEANS BATHS *

515 Toulouse
(504) 581-2402

NOBEL ARMS* *

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12 Carver (Ramrod Room up stairs)
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644 Washington Street

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282 Main Street (D,L)
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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
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TOWN HOUSE *
291 Commercial Street (D,E)
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124 W. State Fair
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(313) 956-8326

WOODWARD BAR *
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8AM till 2AM (D,L)

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(314) FR1-6510

GUS'S MIDWAY BAR *
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1AM
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4917 Paradise Road Open 24
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(702) 736-9021

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(702) 736-1870

VEGAS CLUB BATHS *
1413 S. Main St. Open 24 hours
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GLASSBORO

ARIES BOOKS *
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113 BOOK CENTER *
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