

daVid

Volume Four

Number One

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Lucy as Mame

Roby Landers

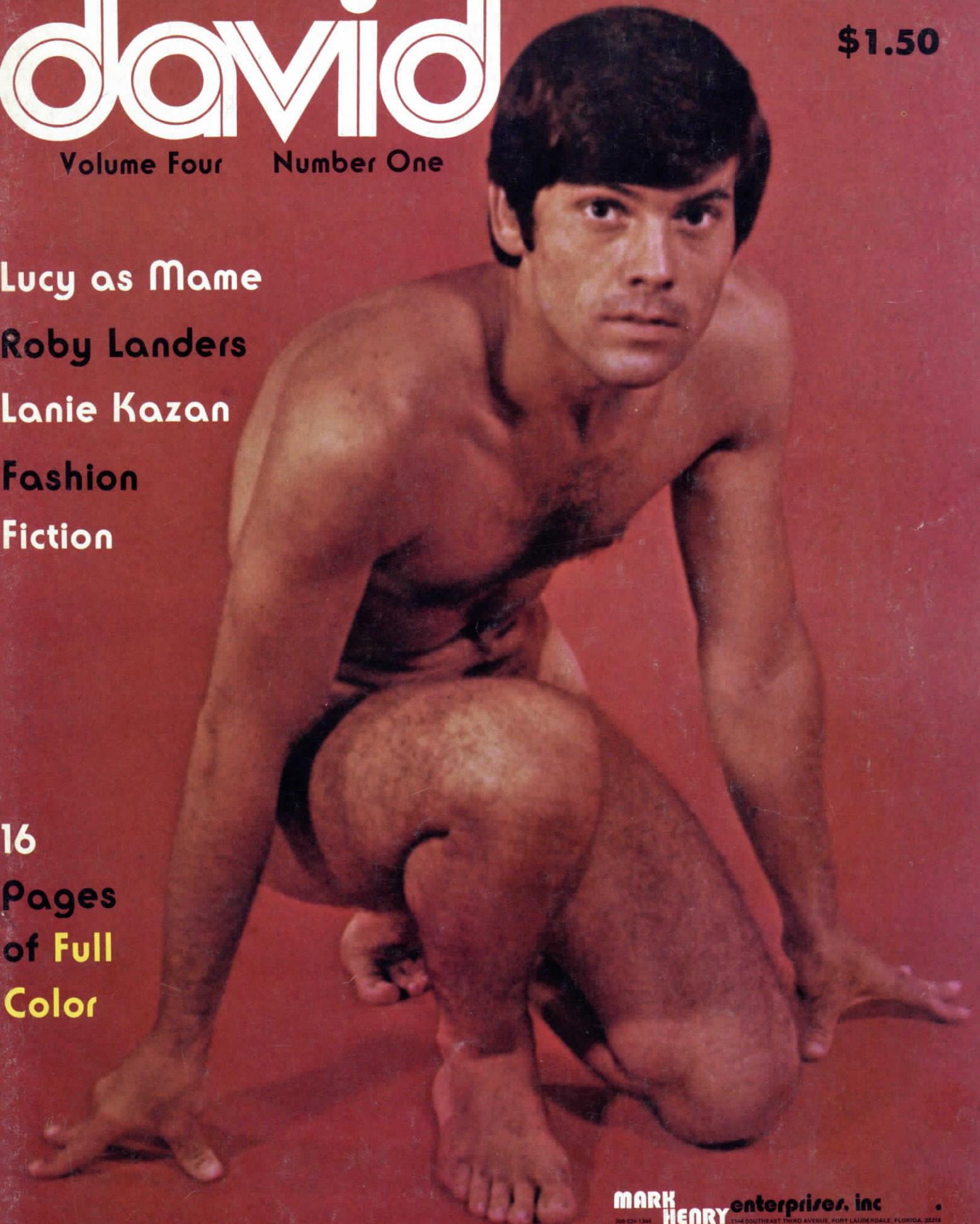
Lanie Kazan

Fashion

Fiction

16

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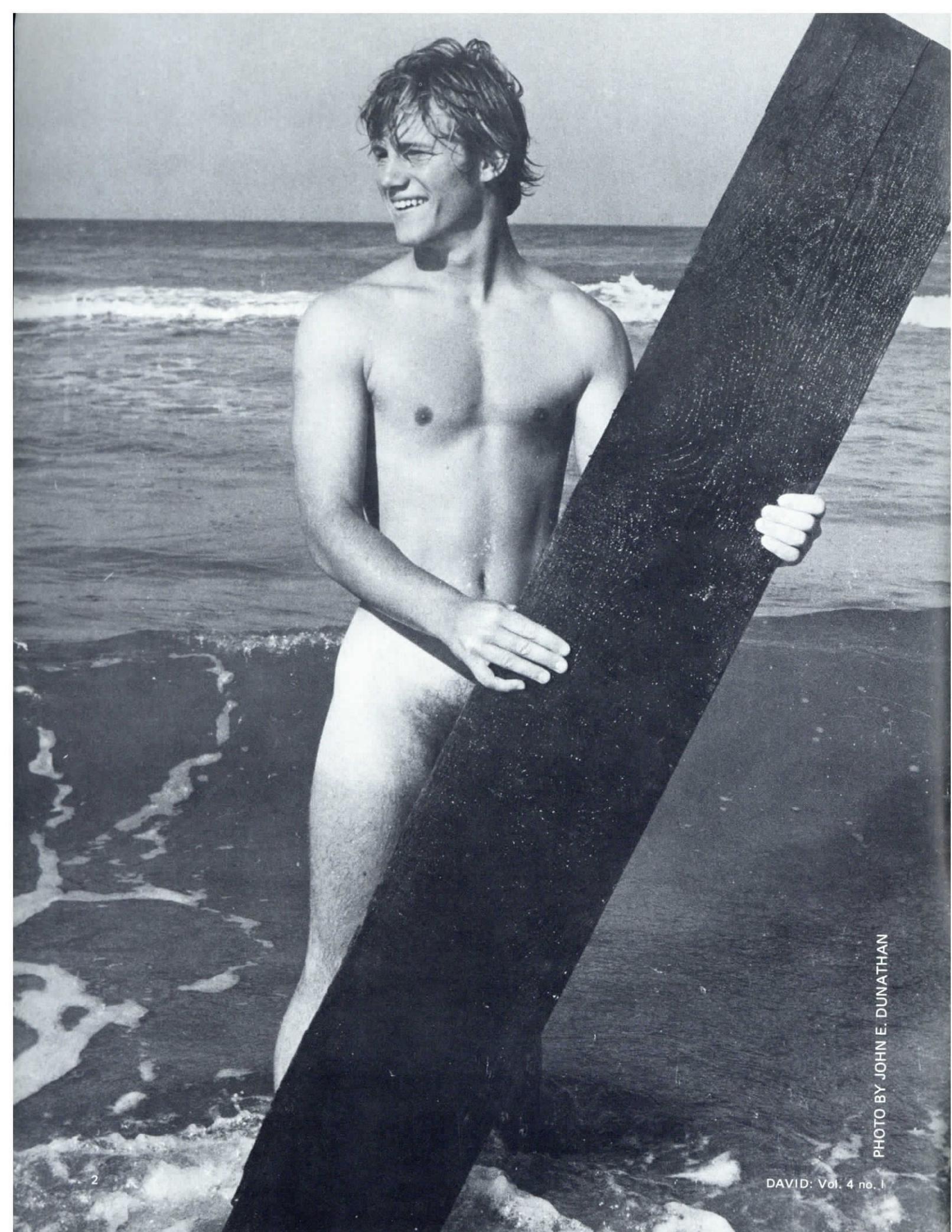


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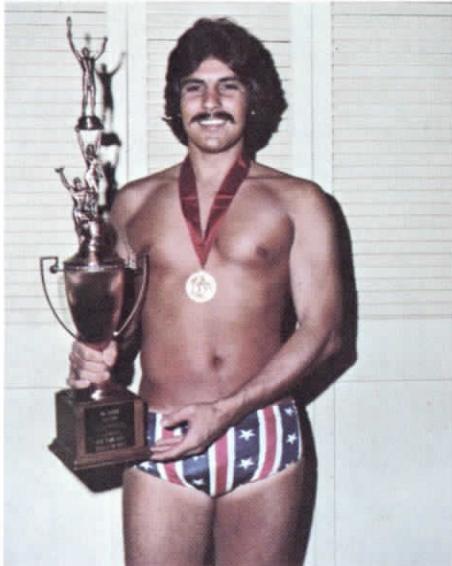
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COVER PHOTO BY: TOM STROUD

BACK COVER BY: TEE JAY JOHNSTON

ASTOLOGY ILLUSTRATION BY: ALEXANDER CAINE

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Henry C. Godley

Staff Writers:

Fred Alexson

MANAGING EDITOR: Mark W. Riley

Jerry Fitzpatrick

PUBLISHERS: Henry C. Godley

R.C. Vallarian

Mark W. Riley

Gene Arceri

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Alex Reina

Staff Photographers:

Tee Jay Johnston

TECHNICAL ASSISTANT

Glenn F. Dime

Eric Steven Jacobs

HOME OFFICE:

P.O. Box 2187, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, 33316.....(305)524-1344

MIDWEST REPRESENTATIVE:

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

NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE:

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

SOUTHWEST REPRESENTATIVE:

Craig George, 1184 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.....(415)431-0292

Assistant West Coast Director--- David Lamont

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NOT LIKE JACK AT ALL

BY D LARUE

Mrs. Parish wouldn't move me. She said it was a lot of malicious gossip which she meant to put an end to. It irritated me to no end having to sit behind him in history. Jerry Waterson didn't think it was a bunch of gossip. He was the one who started the whole thing about Jack. Oh, not because Jack did anything with him. Some people just know those things. Of course, given half a chance, Jack probably would do something. Know what I mean? Those people are like that. No morals—no holds barred.

I heard my father talking. "There should be a law to prevent people like that from being in the same school with decent kids." "Those funny people should be put away." I agreed. I couldn't understand why anyone would choose such a sick way of living.

We laughed at Jack, the other boys and I. It was only what he deserved, being the way he was 'n all. He never seemed to pay us any attention, though he almost got into it with Jerry Waterson. I wished he had, he was no match for Jerry.

As if the whole matter wasn't repulsive enough, Jack had to move next door. His mother and father seemed friendly enough when they came to visit my folks. But I guess they're not to be blamed for what a sick mind decides to become.

He tried to speak to me at school. Maybe he wanted to become friends because we lived so close to each other, but I certainly didn't. I just turned my head and walked away. The only choice I had was to completely ignore him. A person like that could be capable of doing just about anything. It's a known fact their minds aren't normal to begin with. No telling what he might be capable of doing if he were angered or something. Sure, he looked normal enough, and acted normal too, but that's not what counts all at. Yes, I just turned my head and walked away.

It's funny how the winter ice melts and the summer sun seems as though it's reborn year after year. Funny too, how that same sun makes everything that was in the

dimness of dawn look different.

I couldn't help envying Jack a little. He was good at things like adjusting carburetors and tuning an engine to its peak. I was never good at junk like that. For one thing, it never interested me.

Hours pass so quickly. It was just a few minutes ago the water was a blinding silver and now it was a dull mirror. It hardly seemed fair. I never caught anything at the lake with Jack, he was the fisherman, not me. His tanned face dripped with sweat as he shoved the old boat further onto the shore.

The fire felt good, but it made my face and neck burn while the other side of me still felt the sharp air of a windy night. "No, I forgot as usual to bring my own blanket." It wasn't a problem, not with Jack around. He'd share anything he had. He was always like that, warm and friendly. The girls knew it too. He was almost as popular as Mike Phillips, of course Mike had football going for him.

At first I pulled away when his arm came tumbling over my shoulder in the night. His snoring was loud, but it didn't bother me. Neither did his arm that slept across my chest. In fact, though I don't like to admit it, it felt kind of good. Maybe he was like the big brother I never had or the protector my father never was. Whatever the reason, there was nothing that could be misconstrued. I once thought Jack to be different, but not now. Not now that I had come to know him so well and feel so very close to him.

It wasn't like Jack to get really drunk. For some reason he went a little overboard with the beer he usually brought to the lake. I guess he wanted to celebrate before he would be chained to an army post for eight weeks. It kind of shook me up when I learned he had enlisted, but then he was the only friend I had.

I shivered when his arms pressed me close to him. "I love you...I can't help it." His voice cracked, his lips were dry. "You're drunk Jack. Turn me loose and stop the clowning man." I put another

log on the fire. It fell to an amber and yellow glow and then blazed to reveal the shiny tear that reflected on his cheek. Morning came slowly that night. Not for Jack, but for me and a turning mind that couldn't sleep.

We wrote often. That fool, he always needed a five or a ten and I was the one to supply it. I didn't mind. I knew Jack's pride. I felt honored that he should ask me.

Two months without a letter was an awfully long time, but his mother hadn't heard from him either. The days were slow. They drug by, each a pain of boredom, each a dull sort of non-existence. I dated Cathy for awhile, but she was too immature. Always poking and hanging all over me. I just couldn't hack that scene. Maybe I could find some nice quiet girl, a little on the intelligent side. There were a couple of guys on the block I could have ran around with, but they just weren't in the same league with Jack. He's not perfect, don't get me wrong. The girl he dated was really a pig. It kind of made me feel good when he broke up with her. I always used to tell him he could do better.

A horn blew. The unmistakable sound of that homely old Ford that carried Jack and I to the lake so many times. I raced across the back yard and between the houses.

There he was. Sturdy and uniformed with the look of pride he always carried. The sun beat down hard. Brighter than it had been in several months. Bright as the sun over the lake had been.

He wasn't alone. "I want you to meet my wife." That's what he said to me. Funny how the sun seemed to fade behind a cloud. I don't know why, but the lake seemed so very far away. It no longer brought a smile to my lips when I thought of it's magic. I guess I shouldn't have been rude. I don't even know why I was, but yes, I just turned my head and walked away.

FORT LAUDERDALE



WHERE THE DUDES ARE !

It's been quite a while since Connie Francis whined out her ballad of Fort Lauderdale vacation love affairs. The song she'd sing today would remain pretty much the same since the famous corner of East Las Olas and A1A is still jammed year round with the younger set of vacationers and packed to capacity during school vacation periods.

There'd be one great change though. Two blocks from that famous corner lies the **Marlin Beach Hotel** with it's **Poop Deck Lounge** and the influence on that particular area is Tres, Tres Gay. More than any time in the past, college kids today are a generation of young adults that have less hang-ups, fewer prejudices and more fun as old taboos "streak" away. Right next to the Poop Deck is a very popular "straight" club also jammed to capacity with a young crowd and where the twain meet, when they do, a certain kind of respect for individual tastes invade the air. Those not interested in the het life just don't go to the **She**. Those not interested in gay life ignore the Poop Deck with a mutual indifference. Those unsure, go to both, and no one seems to care.

In an area of the state where the climate remains "Florida Sunshine" year-round, an air of casual vacation and "I'm here to have a good time.....I left my troubles at home" spreads from the tourists to the local inhabitants.

The "Venice of America," Fort Lauderdale is riddled with a maze of canals all lined with expensive, well kept homes, restaurants and beautiful sailing vessels of all sizes and descriptions. From the rooftop lounge at the luxurious Pier 66, you note all these symbols of a good life sprinkled with a very generous portion of Palm Trees of all sizes and description completing the tropical resort aura. all without the "hardness" of a "commercial" resort. For a lift in your spirits, take one of the 3 paddlewheel showboats that take you through the canals and intercoastal waterway on a 3 hour ride. The \$9.00 charge also includes a hearty meal and a show on the boat. The whole trip has a "Disneyworld" feel and makes for a light, fun evening.

As a part of the magic of the Gold Coast, name personalities come to perform and relax in the warmth of this truly glamourous city. Phyllis Diller, Frankee Avalon, Nancy Wilson, Gladys

Knight and the Pips, just to mention a few hit the clubs such as Joe Namath's Bachelors 111 in Lauderdale and the Diplomat in nearby Hollywood to entertain.

Fine restaurants abound in the area everywhere featuring a wide selection of menus and decor to suit every taste. Whether it be for egg roll, antipasto and lasagna or a wild polynesian night at the Mai Kai complete with show and lush tropical gardens to muse through.

The most popular gay restaurant in town also happens to be a gourmet's delight. At the **Poop Deck** in the Marlin Beach Hotel the menu features dishes from all over the world. For example; From the British Isles, Stuffed Pork Chops; From Russia, Chicken Romanoff; From Italy, Chicken Vesuvio Castelli; From Denmark, Poached Turbot with Hollandaise Sauce; From Belgium Roast Duck Montmorency; From Japan, Beef Teryaki; From South Africa, Lobster Tails; From Hungary, Chicken Paprikash and on and on through Argentina, France, Sweden, Israel and the U.S.A., with prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$8.95. Truly a taste treat.....to say nothing of the view.

Gay night life in the Fort Lauderdale area is as varied as the many tastes that make the world go 'round. The **Poop Deck** also features a lively discotheque busy every night with a hand-



some selection of bathers from the beach across the street in the after-

noons Downtown Fort Lauderdale, the **Saloon** has been pleasing gays for years with bartender, Fluffy's campy liveliness. Especially popular around cocktail time daily, the bar, tucked neatly in a quaint arcade has recently remodeled for a cruisy, cheerful look.



The Saloon does not feature dancing, d.j. or entertainment but counts on lively conversation to spark up the afternoons and succeeds very well.

Annie's Odds 'n' Ends at the corner of Oakland Park Boulevard and 12th Ave, caters to the female set and keeps a clean, congenial atmosphere for the girls to relax in and meet new friends. No hassles here. Dance, play pool and enjoy yourself is the order of the day. Hop on I-95 South and in Ten minutes you're at the Sheridan Street exit to neighboring Hollywood, Florida. Head east for one mile and just before you reach the railroad tracks turn right on Dixie Highway. Two blocks on the right is **TeeJay's**. Yes, it's the notorious TeeJay who also paints the back covers for DAVID, does much of the sensitive photography seen in DAVID and still finds time to camp with his customers, sing, play the piano, sponsor such contests as the Bartender of the Year, Mr. Levi & Leather, Mr. TeeJay's and manages to find time to be an active participant in the goings on at the Gym in Fort Lauderdale and the Club Baths in Miami. A cozy, well kept bar tastefully decorated with original photos by the master himself, TeeJay's has been attracting some of the hunkiest numbers in the south

hoping to be discovered for immortality on canvas or in photos for DAVID. Naturally, where you have hunky hopefuls, you have more hunky numbers hoping to capture a hopeful or two



for their own collection of delightful memories. Head south a mile or two to Pembroke Road, look across the railroad tracks and you'll see a jammed parking lot surrounding a lively discoteque for the gals called **Top's Annex**. Probably one of the most congenial hostesses anywhere, **Ruthie** will greet you and make you feel at home whether you be genetically male or female. This bar has been around for years, but if you haven't been there since the re-opening, you're in for a surprise. The bar has been completely redone and the old "roadhouse" look is completely gone. In its stead is a right classy look complete with a new dance floor, d.j. discoteque, new light-



ing effects and stunning wallpaper designs. They've still got the pooltable

and it stays busy all the time, but it no longer interferes with a fun night of dancing and cruising.

Just a little further south, on the same side of the railroad tracks is the area's newest club, **The Odds 'n' Ends Executive Room**. **Annie**, the owner, is so popular with the girls, because of her other bar in Fort Lauderdale, the initial influx were female in gender. The guys have taken a good look at it though and the crowd mixes well at a 50-50 percentage of guys and gals. **Annie** is the perfect gal for the new "integration" of guys and gals because she doesn't let her personal preferences show. Charming and captivating, she has a smile for ALL her customers and evokes an atmosphere of respect from all she meets. Complete dinners are served from 5 pm till 11 pm. Snacks or breakfast is served from 11 pm till 6 am. Entertainment is always unique. For example, are you ready for the South Florida - Miami Mummers String Band? Talk about entertainment to liven a place up! Complete with a repertoire of "Golden Slippers," "Four Leaf Clover" and huge ostrich plumed headresses, the audience is immediately transformed to a festive New Year's Day Parade atmosphere with all the inherent gayety.

Just a little further south on the same side of the tracks again is the one and only **Keith's** in Hallandale. The dynamic red-head has had visits from celebrities such as Paul Lynde, Ann-Margret, Burt Bacharach and has autographed pictures to prove it on display. A lively discoteque with shows, **Keith's** has given a glowing start to many now popular gay entertainers such as; Billie Boots Emore and Michael St. Laurnet. Always ready to pick up on a promotion of one sort or another, **Keith** is the one that paid to have a plane fly over Fort Lauderdale Beach with a streamer in back reading: Where the boys are.....**Keith's** Cruise Room." **Keith** was also the originator of the Bar Owner's Association in South Florida, the Mr. Buns Contests (now in its third year) and the Miss Gay Florida Pageants. Next year, **Keith** and the owners of the Club Hollywood in Daytona are getting together to jointly produce the Mr. Gay Florida Contest.

One of the beautiful things about Fort Lauderdale is its accessibility to so many other wonderful places. For example, in one half hour (the time it takes to get across most cities), you can travel by Interstate 95 and be in the heart of Miami or Miami Beach where you will find such groovy places to go to as **The Bachelor's 11** (Gourmet Restaurant and Bar), **The Club Miami**

Baths, **The Hamlet** (coconut grove), the **Rack** (Florida's Leather and Western Bar), the **Regency Baths** (downtown Miami), **The Second Landing** (disco), **Sebastian's**, **The Warehouse VIII** (3 groovy bars under one roof), **The Cactus Room** and the **Pin Up, Ambassador III** and **Miss Kays'** and **Maria's hideaway** in Miami Beach. Not to mention all the fun "straight" places and attractions featuring the Names you read about in the entertainment world. More about those groovy places in a future feature on Miami, coming soon.

Probably more "Florida" than any other city in the state, Fort Lauderdale has to be a "must" for any vacationer's trip south. Anytime of the year. It's where the dudes are!

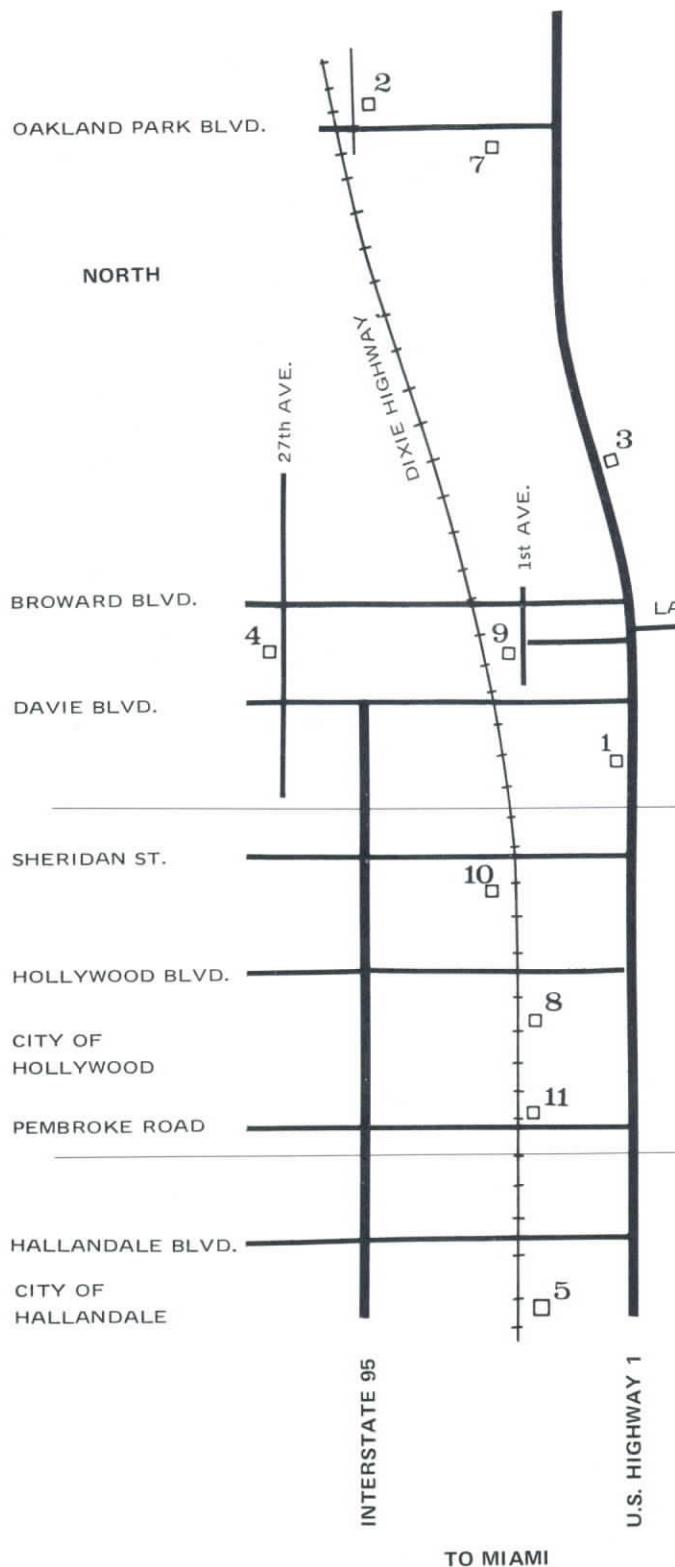
While in Fort Lauderdale you'll want some up to date, jumpy outfits for the beach and casual wear. Your best bet is **Michael's** on Oakland Park Boulevard, just west of U.S. no. 1. Smart clothes at the right price.

Of course, if you're planning a trip to the **Gym** (Fort Lauderdale's Baths), you Won't need any clothes because it's where the "towel" makes the man. A brand new outdoor pool, patio, t.v. lounge and game room add to an enjoyable afternoon so that you can take a breather between those strenuous and often exhausting sessions with other "gymnasts."



Above, attendant, George, relaxes for a spell by the Gym's new pool.

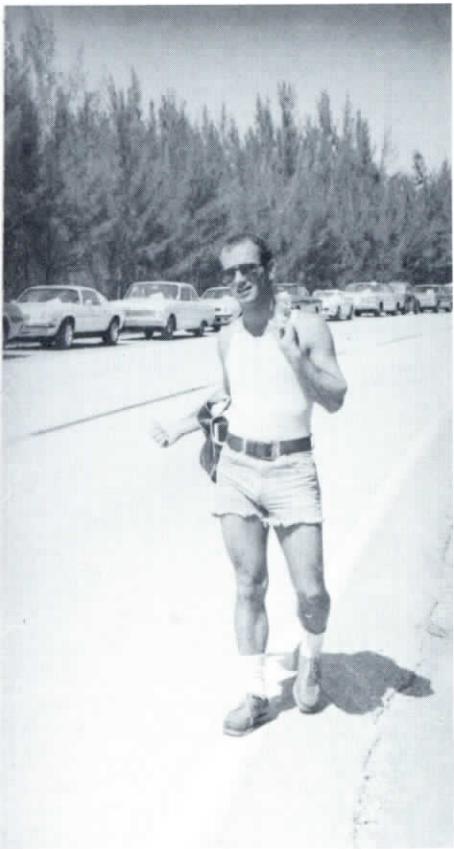
Brand new on the scene in Fort Lauderdale is the **Full Moon Lounge**. Run by a cheerful gal by the name of **Estelle**, it looks like the pleasant atmosphere she's created is going to be around for quite some time.



GAY FORT LAUDERDALE AND VICINITY

1. "A" ADULT BOOKS
2. ANNIE'S ODDS & ENDS
3. FULL MOON
4. GYM
5. KEITH'S
6. MARLIN BEACH & POOP DECK
7. MICHAEL'S CLOTHES
8. ODDS & ENDS EXECUTIVE ROOM
9. SALOON
10. TEE JAY'S
11. TOP'S ANNEX





A trip to Fort Lauderdale would hardly be complete without a jaunt to the secluded section of Dania Beach. Here you can relax and let it all hang out if you wish.

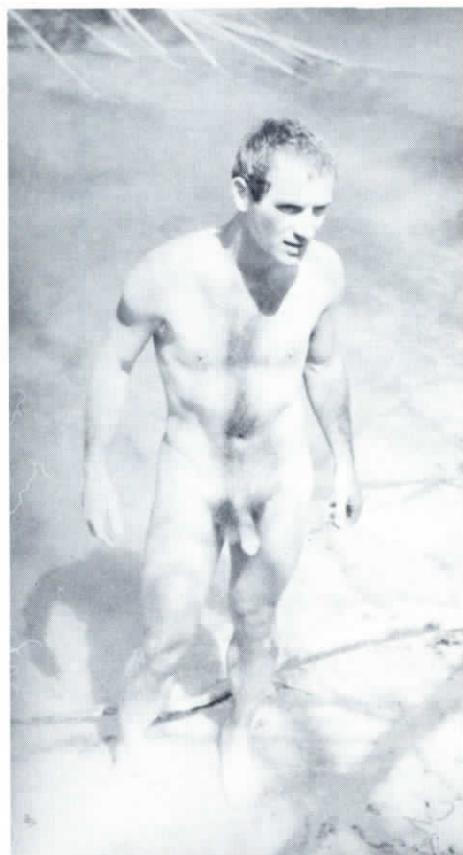
Our photographer followed this handsome dude from St. Louis to one of his favorite sunning and funning spots amidst the tropical greenery.

"I sincerely wish more people could enjoy this", he said. "But then it'd be too crowded and lose its flavour fast. One thing people can do for themselves though is to just plain relax a little and enjoy the life they lead now a lot more. What really gets to me is the people who won't be themselves."

"I suppose it's just a front to hide basic insecurities or that they distrust everyone, but even in a bar they're so afraid to even talk to anyone on a 'friendly' level -- not necessarily meaning you have to go to bed with everyone you speak to or that you're friendly with. We all need sex, but we also need to relate to each other on a personal level too. Maybe someday, huh?"

If you happen to wander into Dania's nude beach sometime and happen to run into Jack, be sure to stop and chat for a while.

Who knows? You may have found a true friend!





Atlantis M.C. Lived Up To Their Promise At

DOGWOOD '74

By ALEX OF FORT LAUDERDALE
and LEE OF MIAMI

For many it was a time for renewing old friendships and establishing new ones; for others it was a time to compete with motorcycles or muscles; for still others it was a time to observe the goings on, because this represented a new world to them.

Like Ancient Tribal Peoples migrating from place to place, they converged on Atlanta, Easter Weekend. The Atlantis M.C. (Motorcycle Club) hosted DOGWOOD '74 - the first official outdoor motorcycle "run" of the season on the east coast. One hundred eleven groovy men, from Boston to Miami; from Los Angeles to London, were there with at least 24 motorcycle, leather, levi, and/or western clubs represented. There were a total of 28 motorcycles, (1 for every 4 persons in attendance) which is a fantastic average considering the distance they had to travel.

The travelers were met at the airport, the bus station, the train station, and

(if they were lost) on the expressways, and escorted to Mrs. P's Lounge by the hosts where the festivities began Thursday evening. Mrs. P's Lounge is located in the heart of THE BIG "A"-downtown ATLANTA. Free beer and a fantastic buffet was available for the arriving registrants. The bar was filled with happy faces, high spirits, the leather look, and the curious onlookers. We saw friends that we had not seen for two years. Atlantis M.C. had even arranged sleeping accommodations for every arriving guest at the homes of their club members and Atlanta friends. As we tired for the evening, carpools were arranged to escort us to our assigned house.

In the morning we were awakened by the aroma of fresh coffee and served a continental breakfast. After a hot shower, we loaded our cars, and began our sojourn to north Georgia - the land of "Deliverance."

The run site was approximately 30 miles from the South Carolina border, in the foothills of the Great Smokey Mountains - breathtaking and scenic. We were greeted at the main gate by a hunky dude bearing greetings and cold beer. Dogwood was in bloom everywhere - announcing the arrival of Spring. We set up our tents in a large clearing. It was especially interesting to watch the experienced and the inexperienced campers decide where and how to assemble their tents. In some cases it was downright amusing! The crowning touch (and the most dramatic moment) was to watch each club reverently place their "club colors" (banner) beside the door of their "official club tent." From the Control Tower Sound System "Lunch" was announced; the hosts were definitely on the ball; there was more than enough food and drink.

Then the fun began with sports



We set up our tent in a large clearing .



... they tried to row across the lake...

competition. Those that were interested, signed up to hit a soft ball the longest distance, and log tossing. (You think it's easy to toss a 10 foot log? Try it!) The gods in the heavens must have been overjoyed at our excitement, because they released tears of joy upon us. But even that did not dampen our high spirits; after the short rain,



THE PRIDE M.C. on the run

a 4 man relay race was held. The ground was wet and slippery (georgia clay can be sexy if you're into mud sports.) Here is where teamwork and speed really counted - the spirit of competition was fierce. Starting at the Control Tower, some of the more adventurous ran thru the mud, up and down mini-hills, thru the camping area and back again. A few lost their footing, fell into the clay; and beamed with reddened faces.

As if that wasn't enough to wear anyone out, everyone marched over to the Marine Obstacle Course where the men had to crawl in the mud thru simulated barbed wire, jump over fences, man-over thru a pseudo-mined area, and run to and jump over a creek. Tired,

and covered from head to toe with clay, some contestants, misjudged the creek and fell in. By this time EVERYBODY was exhausted. A much needed rest period and a time to shower was declared. It was fun standing in line; some of the lads clad in towels turned us on. Our eager looks told a few of them that we were interested in pur-



suing amorous adventures, but the invigoratingly cold water in which we showered made us think of getting dressed instead! We dressed in leather and levi's and went to the cocktail party sponsored by the Theban M.C. from Miami, Florida.

What a surprise! Leather-eared, cotton-tailed, leather jocked male bunnies were serving drinks; a totally unexpected and truly clever idea. The Theban --- bunnies immediately received some very warm looks from everyone on that damp chilly evening. They managed to warm us up even more as they passed around their prolific drinks.

Would you believe it? Out in the middle of nowhere, with leather bunnies hopping around pouring drinks,

dinner was announced. What a spread; such a gourmet feast would be commonplace in a fine restaurant ... but in the woods? Atlantis M.C. proved to be excellent chefs, as well as cordial hosts. Then fireworks began as we were officially welcomed to Dogwood '74. Our hosts also possessed an unusually fine flair for the dramatic. With bombs bursting in mid-air, we stood at attention as we heard THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER; we gazed in amazement while a torch-bearer ran thru the dark to light the eternal flame of brotherhood as we listened to Aaron Copland's "Fanfare To The Common Man"; and we stood with our arms around each other as we watched the reflections the fireworks made in the lake (which was completely encircled with torches) as we then listened to a brilliant arrangement of "Gone With The Wind."

The evening was far from over, however; because we returned to the large tent to prepare for The Mr. Dogwood Contest. One category in which they were judged was "do your own thing." Here, these clever guys displayed the most fantastic array of leather, studs, chains, levi's and western wear on their hunky bodies. Some even took off their outer garments to reveal interesting studded leather posing straps. The other category required them to appear in bathingsuits or cutoffs. There's not much we can say to describe how great they looked ... except WOW! The winner - Mr. Dogwood - was a hunky muscular member of Caesars Legions M.C.

The Atlantis M.C. had promised that there would be something for everyone at Dogwood '74; and they did not fall short of that promise. We were each given a computer print-out and a card to punch out; the instructions read as follows: "Hi - Tired of meeting the same old gang day in and day out? Tired of the same old



They tried to swim as they pushed the raft.



They received final instructions on the Enduro.

games people play? Tired of hoping that fate will provide you with a thrilling experience? ... Well, don't just leave it to fate - take a chance with me ... 'Tilly, the Computer Match Maker.' " Yes, there we were, miles from civilization, and they had arranged to have us matched by computer for the cocktail party on Saturday evening... Unreal! You wouldn't believe some of the questions; but they were all geared toward finding you the ideal sex partner as well as the ideal date. In order for the "match" to be successful, we had to answer the questions as honestly as possible. Whatever happened, we were required to meet our date on Saturday evening and to attend the cocktail party with him. More about that later.

It was getting rather late by this time, so the crowd began to disperse somewhat. For the night owls, however, or for those not yet matched, or for those who remain eternally horny, they showed the movie "The Boys In The Sand." Honestly, there was much more going on in the audience than they would dare put on the screen; but such is life at a motorcycle run! When we finally decided to retire for the evening, the gods in the heavens were so pleased (again) that they began to shower us with their liquid love. (We decided to sleep in our station wagon).

The brightly shining sun, the aroma of freshly brewing coffee, and the scent of crisp bacon and scrambled eggs woke us on Saturday morning. Decked out in their leather gear, some people were shaving, others were working on their "bikes, and still others were lined up for breakfast... we already knew that Atlantis M.C. had an eventful day in store for everyone.

As we hurried to eat breakfast, the first event was announced ... a poker run. There were three of them in fact; one for cars, one for bikers and one for walkers. The rules for a poker run are simple, and the game is fascinating. Each set of players is given a list of places to look for during their trek through the countryside-about a 10 mile scenic ride by car or bike (thru the near woods for the walkers). The list consists of clever tricky clues that should reveal where poker cards have been hidden on the route. The cards have been placed in sealed envelopes and numbered by location to prevent cheating, and each person is required to pick one card from each of the five spots. At each intersection along the route, the ground has been marked with limestone powder on the right side of the road; one

large dot meant turn right; two large dots meant turn left; and no marking meant continue forward. The objectives were to remain on course, to find all the clues, to find all the five sealed envelopes, and (Hopefully) to have the best poker hands. Sound like fun? It is, but you can get lost, or stop at the wrong place thinking you have found the clues. We did both!

Motorcycle competition was next for both bike driver and buddy rider. The driver was judged on his skill in maneuvering this bike through a rugged obstacle course, while the buddy rider was judged on his skill in balancing on the back of the bike while performing strange tasks. For example, the driver, while balancing an easter egg on a spoon in his mouth, had to drive over a greased board, wind around a few stakes in the ground (some stalled their bikes on this one), pop 3 balloons with the front tire, drive slowly enough for the buddy rider to toss 2 darts at rings on the ground. In the mean-



time, the buddy rider, while also balancing an easter egg on a spoon in his mouth, had to juggle a full glass of water without spilling it, and had to throw the 2 darts into the 2 rings on the ground.

After a hearty lunch, the real belly-laughs began, with the T. C. Memorial Wheelchair Race. For this activity, you had to be at least over 30 and be willing to admit it; in fact, proof of age was required. Speed was as important as accuracy in determining the winner. One person pushed the other in the wheelchair while the sitter had to pop a few balloons, throw a couple of rings around a stake, and hold on for dear life! A few of the contestants were so fast that they fell onto the ground before they finished; and one was so clever that he received a standing ovation: Fraser, from 69 M.C.

(London, England) decided to take his time. With Andre from U.Y.A.M.C. (New York) pushing him ever so



slowly, Fraser waved to the cheering crowd in a manner similar to the Queen of England waving to her loyal subjects, enroute to afternoon tea! As the wheelchair race ended we hurriedly put on our bathing suits to prepare for the Great Raft Race to be held in the lake adjoining the campsite. Originally, this event was to have taken place on the Chattahoochee River where the film "Deliverance" was made; but the gods in the heavens had showered so much love upon the area that the river had overflowed its banks and the recovery areas that had been carefully chosen were 4 feet under water. Fraser (69 M.C.) was at it again; no matter what he did, the guy was hysterical; this time he was dressed for the occasion wearing a bathingsuit out of the Roaring 20's. (The rules for this contest were simple; two men had to row the raft across the lake, pick up an apple from an Atlantis M.C. member, and return to the starting point remove the raft from the water and present the apple to another member of the hosting club). Fraser and friends, both from London stole the show again--as they tried to row across the lake; they made a great show all by themselves, their raft never went anywhere; finally, they jumped into the lake and tried to swim as they pushed the raft to the shore...what a sight!

Cleanup and rest time were again called, because most of us were covered with mud from head to toe. After the "exhausting rest period," we dressed in our finest leather and western attire and walked over to the

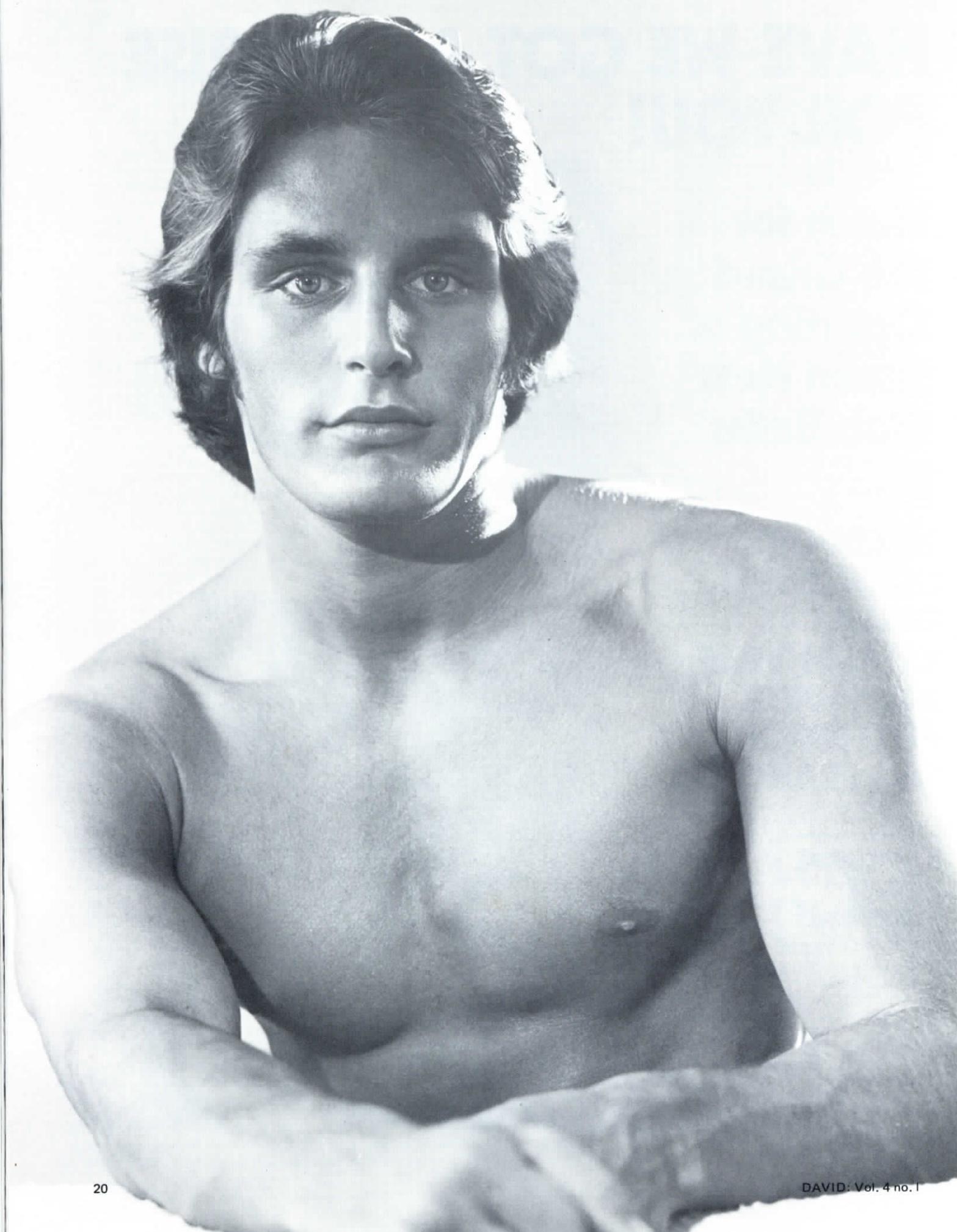
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HAVE WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

**Watch for
the Grand
Opening of
Seven New
Club Baths
in...**

**CINCINNATI
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
JACKSONVILLE
MILWAUKEE
PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO**





BOOK REVIEW

ANOTHER MAN

JIM FRENCH has teamed up with COLT STUDIOS again to produce another book of all male nudes (*and we mean all male*) with a splendor and reverence that tops even their breath taking first book, MAN.

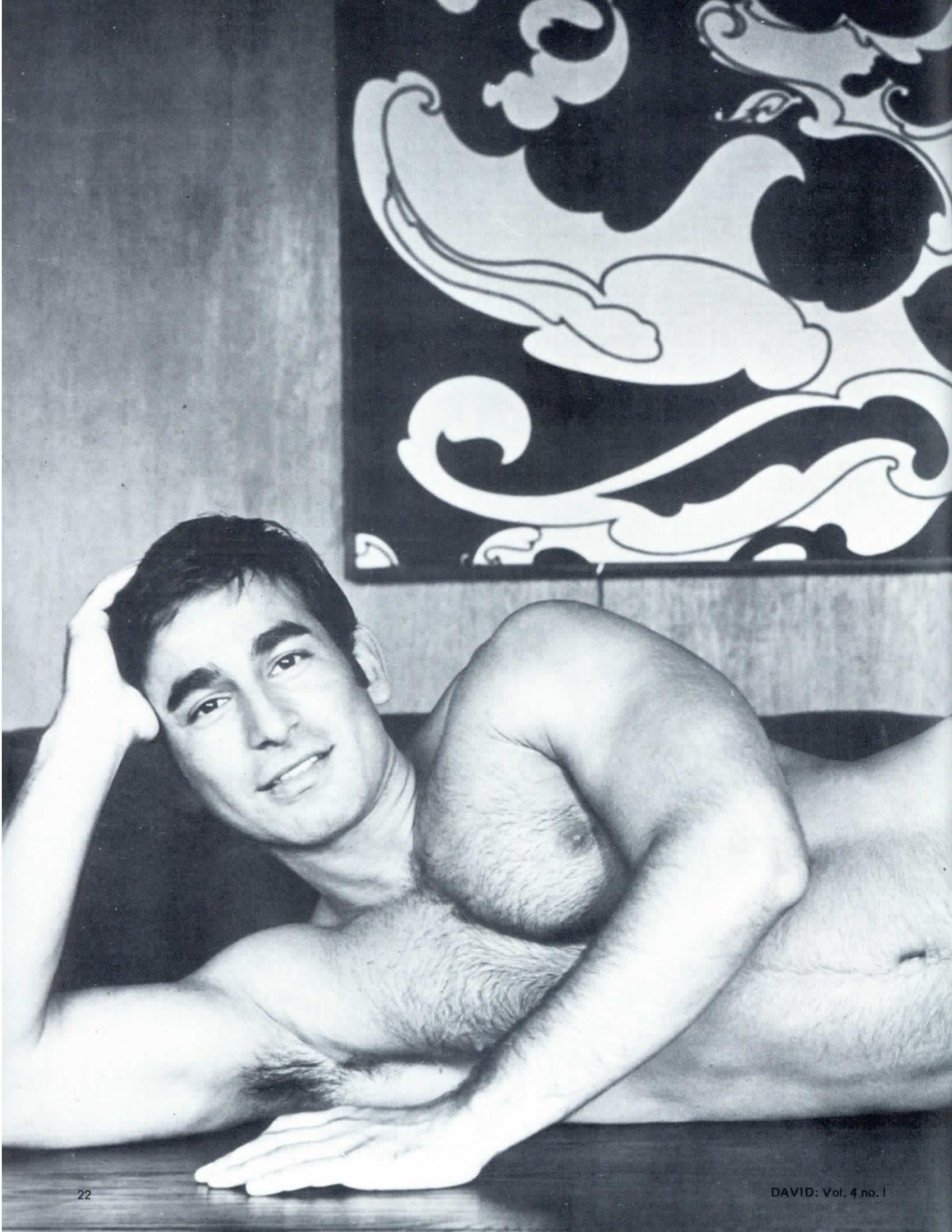
In ANOTHER MAN, you'll see some familiar "faces" such as George Payne and Stacey (both looking better than ever!) as well as several super-hunky new models who, in the COLT tradition portray masculinity with the magnificence of true machismo.

Definitely the finest collection of photos ever presented of men who truly make you feel proud to be male!

DAVID proudly samples these three shots from the book ANOTHER MAN for your approval.

Mr. French and Colt certainly have earned ours !









DAVID: Vol. 4 no. 1

LUCY → MAME

by GENE ARCERI

You have one or should, if not you know someone who has or is. No matter what else we have had, we need one some time or other. You know an Auntie Mame. In my family, being Italian, she may be called Tonta Rosa. In yours maybe something else. Auntie Mame by any other name may be your Uncle Bill, cousin Sue, Grandmaw, a best friend or even yourself. Right as rain Auntie Mame is someone we can all love. Like Lucy herself, at one time or another she must have gotten through to you.

I remember on cold New York winter nights, after a horrendous trip home from work at the end of the day, it was good coming home to a family. Often I'd be late and my mother kept things warm on the stove. I would find my mother and father in the living room laughing over some new situation on the "I Love Lucy" show. Even after

all these years those same programs are being aired on some television station in your own home town. So much of all that time is gone now but like the man says, Lucy jest keeps rollin' along. Shiny bronze, Carrara marble, fluted vases, onyx clocks and Winston Churchill--they all belong to the age of Art Deco, the Great Depression and World War II. This was also the age of Mame Dennis, the flamboyant woman who spent 20 years brightening up life and bringing up her nephew in New York City, from 1928 to 1948, and enjoying the fads and culture twists as they came along. Robert Boyle, art director, and Marvin March, set decorator, are the men responsible for putting Mame's Art Deco life together in a three-floor set on Stage 25.

Art Deco reached its high point in the 30's. It drew on various sources including Art Nouveau, cubism, the Russian Ballet, American Indian art and the

Bauhaus. Among the people who thrived during the age of Art Deco some of the most notable were Leger and Braque, the painter, Jean Cocteau, Noel Coward, Isadora Duncan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Isherwood, Waugh and Huxley. When you come to San Francisco, whatever else you do don't fail to get to Oakland's Paramount theatre. Oakland has gone out of its way not to redesign or modernize the appearance of the old Paramount theatre, but to deliberately preserve its original flamboyant decor right down to the last curlicue. The theatre was built in 1931 in the style known as "Art Deco." That's another visit in which I will write about the Paramount and show you pictures in another issue.

The costumes alone are worth the price of admission. Miss Ball is seen in everything from a trailing ermine coat at a speakeasy to polka dot pajamas, cloche hats, peplums, emeralds,

A FORTUNE ON HER BACK — In Warner Bros.' new musical production "Mame," Lucille Ball wears \$300,000 worth of clothes designed for her by Theadora Van Runkle, one of Hollywood's slickest and most admired young designers. Here Miss Ball is seen at left in an elaborate outfit which she wears when she takes her nephew Patrick to church; in the center she is seen in typical flapper sleeping attire of the '20's, a silk satin quilted two-piece pajama outfit worn with a black and white satin wrapper and a "headache" band; and at right she wears a "New Look" grey woolen suit trimmed with pale grey fox, with a soaring Picasso hat in black and short suede boots.





ABOVE: GOOCH ON THE WAY — Jane Connell, with the feather in her hat; Beatrice Arthur, in the middle, and Lucille Ball, swinging it at the right, participate in the emancipation of Agnes Gooch, the timid secretary played by Miss Connell in "Mame," the new Warner Bros. musical. BELOW: BOSOM BUDDIES — Beatrice Arthur, left, and Lucille Ball, done up fit to kill for a fancy hotel luncheon party, join their silvery throats in one of the dozen Jerry Herman musical numbers in "Mame." It is called, of course, "Bosom Buddies."



sable, organdy and blackpearls and white crepe. It certainly looks all of its \$300,000.

The happy durability of Patrick Dennis' aunt, a redoubtable lady named Mame, has kept the stages and screens of the world in a state of euphoria and prosperity for at least 17 years. Since "Auntie Mame," the play version of Dennis' book, opened at New York's Broadhurst Theatre in 1956, the story of this mildly scandalous lady and her precocious nephew has been performed, re-performed, filmed, then musicalized. And now, "Mame," has been turned into a musical film by Warner Bros. in a most lavish up-to-date presentation.

The head lady of the piece is played by Lucille Ball, the ne plus ultra of the entertainment world, who stands in all her Mame-ish glory alongside Robert Preston, Beatrice Arthur and a lot of nice people. The producer, Robert Fryer has been closely and successfully associated with "Mame." Fryer recalls that "Auntie Mame" ran for two years on Broadway, with various stars fulfilling the title role, including the unforgettable Rosalind Russell. Fryer ran the Ogunquit Summer Theatre in Maine for producer-- director

George Abbott for a year. Next he became assistant to Worthington Miner, then producing Studio One video dramas, at a salary of \$55 a week. He quickly became casting director for Studio One, later chief of casting for the CBS network in New York. Fryer is unmarried, maintains living quarters in both Los Angeles and New York. He merged with James Cresson. The Fryer-Cresson production association began several years ago. They first met more than a dozen years ago when Cresson had acting aspirations. Fryer sought out Cresson to replace a leading man in his play at the time. Cresson's telephone answering service failed to give him the message. Fryer interpreted Cresson's silence as lack of interest in the role and called to ask why.

Upshot of the communications mix-up was an invitation to join Fryer at dinner while the producer was preparing "Advise and Consent" for Broadway in 1960. Their informal association prospered, with Cresson viewing Fryer's out-of-town tryouts and delivering his critiques thereon. For this he received no pay, but was rewarded with small cuts of such Broadway shows as "Mame" and "Sweet Charity." Then came their official associat-

ion as co-producers. A fortuitous association for both.

There's nothing more that can be said or written about Lucille Ball that hasn't already been said or written. She is an entertainment personality of legendary dimensions. And one of the hardest working women imaginable. Just the undertaking of the tour, nationwide for "Mame" proves this. It takes a big star to accomplish such a feat.

She played in all kinds of "B" films at Columbia and RKO and grew into stardom in films like "Stage Door," "Too Many Girls" and "The Big Street." Her marriage to Desi Arnaz, the Cuban bongo player, in 1940, and their eventual television smash with "I Love Lucy" and the birth of Lucie in 1951 and Desi IV in 1953 are historical footnotes. A girl from Jamestown, N.Y., there has never been anyone like her. Miss Ball's amazing resourcefulness has kept her not only one of television's perennial top stars, but also brought her to the presidency of her own TV and film production company.

All the promotional material from Warner Bros. has stated simply on all there publicity LUCY-MAME. These two words tell it all.

AWAY THEY GO! Lucille Ball, playing Mame in "Mame," directs the dancing fox-hunters in a big musical number from the new Warner Bros. production. One hundred dancers participate in the sequence filmed in the San Fernando Valley. Besides Miss Ball, the cast is headed by Robert Preston as Beauregard and Beatrice Arthur, Bruce Davison, Jane Connell and Kirby Furlong. The director is Gene Saks, the producers are Robert Fryer and James Cresson.



AUNTYE'S HOUR

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Well, girls, you're past forty. Your subscription to BOYS LIFE has expired and they won't renew it. Your belly bulges, your skin sags and (horror of horrors!) you now have graying hair. (Get out the bottle of hair dye.) You're a fullfledged "auntie."

The kiddies look on you more paternally than lustfully and you're getting a handshake instead of a kiss for goodnights. When the phone rings and a young voice is on the other end of the line, it's more likely to be a "dear young thing" wanting advice on how to capture his latest flame (not you, of course) or, woefully, needing a shoulder on which to cry. Naturally! It's the new hot number you met only a few nights ago, or weeks ago or months ago (how time does fly) for which you have a case of the white-hot pants and to whom you've chalked up three masturbations and two wet dreams, and you'd like to shriek, "Get your ass over here, Rose, and I'll show you what love really is," but all you do is coo and sympathize and chew the phone cord. (Dignity must be preserved at all costs!)

And those long winter, spring, summer and fall evenings you spend alone... tired of the same old bars, friends, and being alone all seem more and more frequent and you yearn for just one more romance before you retire to that great bar in the sky.

To top all this off, mother (genetic, of course) is still asking, "When are you going to get married?" (She still thinks you read Playboy). And your straight friends, companions, workmates keep trying to "fix you up"

with some broad that's divorced, unattached, widowed or old-maided.

Well, sweets, all is not lost! You've really got a lot going for you. You have, at least by this time, some charm and patience. You have experience (wow! those memories!) and even though those moments in the feathers aren't as often as you would like them to be, could you really handle them if they were? You're probably settled in your job and can now afford some of the nicer things. And like us all, you've probably made a lot of mistakes and know which valley is dangerous and which is not. So if your taste runs to the young, then face the fact that you find them far more interesting than they find you...until they get to know you. Then you can become one of their closest friends, boon buddies, and confidants and perhaps filings in the feathers aren't so impossible. It just requires a new approach to an old idea.

But to watch these kids grow up and older and more mature, not just nelly, and to help them avoid some of the pitfalls you stumbled into can be just as satisfying as anything you've ever done before. Now think back. If, when you were young, had you an older gay person to whom you could turn, wouldn't it have been nice? Much better than "coming out" with all the dignity of a Sherman Tank and turning bitch.

You know what looks good in the way of clothes and if you play your cards right, will find yourself on excursions with more than one stunning thing to buy threads for their body and perhaps you can throw in a pair

of sexy briefs as a gift of your own.

Later, when the briefs get modeled in the privacy of your boudoir, the opportunities are unlimited for your talents. And, "loves," if you can't get a number who is modeling briefs in the privacy of your boudoir a couple more feet into bed, you aren't the card-carrying queen you should be. Pure talent laced with experience should do the trick. (Pardon the pun).

An invitation to a few sweet young things for "din-din" complete with candle light and wine along with a carefully prepared exotic dish will go far with their getting to know you. Meet each one at the door with a kiss on the cheek (face of course) and a flower or some small gift. Talk about them, and listen-listen-listen. Lovelies, they will remember how nice and comfortable it all was and want to come back for seconds. They'll bring friends too.

Interest them as a group in some different things such as horse-back riding, canoeing, or a week end trip to the seashore, mountains, lake, etc. etc. etc. (dutch of course) or simply a picnic in the woods and get their asses up early so you'll have the full day. Doing something butch always excites and interest them. But remember, center your attentions around them and if possible, him.

So hitch up them skirts, girls, and the next time you're in the park, square, bar, street, place, flutter them graying eyelashes, sidle up to the one that looks a bit lost or lonely and say, "Can auntie help?" and mean it, bitch, mean it.



PHOTO ABOVE IS MR. SANDY HOWARD A HEADLINER IN THE SHOWS AT THE TOP OF THE TIDES JACKSONVILLE, FLA'



LAINIE KAZAN

... at the deauville

by LEIGH SPEAR

Cass Elliot was to have preceded Alan King at the Deauville Hotel in Miami Beach. Shortly before her scheduled departure from L.A. to Miami, however she suffered a heart attack, (thank heavens, it was not massive; at last report, she was recovering nicely). With today's efficacious "Ma Bell" and her superior dial-direct system, coupled with the almost comic-tragedy energy crisis it is a miracle that she could be replaced at all.

Acts like Lainie Kazan are not easy to come by, especially if she is on a concert tour. Luckily she had the time, and Mr. King was able to talk her into returning to southern shores to perform. (Happily for those who could not catch her at the Miami Beach Convention Hall, at the Bachelor's Three in Ft. Lauderdale, or at The West Palm Beach Auditorium).

Like a sultry feline huntress after her prey, Lainie Kazan stalked onto the stage - and she makes her kill - the audience! Opening with an up tempo version of "The Sunshine of Your Smile," it took but few seconds for the stage to radiate her presence. The showroom in the Deauville hotel is huge, and set like a theatre, no liquor is served. It is a triumph, therefore, almost instantaneously, the artist captivated the attention of everyone, from grandchild to grandparent. Nothing but attention was showered upon this unique performer, and it did not waiver until the end of her act. She has had rather a tumultuous year, unfortunately the highlight of which was "See Saw" on Broadway. To clear any doubts one might have: she was not fired. The producer was replaced and, haplessly, the lady was unable to achieve artistic intercourse with the successor; therefore she withdrew. Miss Kazan has a special number in her act concerning her year of misadventures, in which she ridicules them and makes fun of herself, even making a respectful mention of her replacement, Michele Lee. All of her songs

come off excellently including a break-up version of "One Fine Morning." Her act ends with "If You Go Away." This is sung with the accompaniment of only a piano, in a solo spotlight. Slowly the light is dimmed, and our star leaves the stage, only to return again and again to a tumultuous ovation.

If I have one criticism to make, it would be that I am accustomed to and, I guess, expect for her to appear in her usual Halston gowns, the crepe material of which embraces her bosom and flows sensuously about her body, subtly reflecting her every movement.

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PHOTOS BY ELLA SMILKSTEIN

If one were to give Roby Landers a Title, it would sound like a run on sentence that would give any respectable English teacher a cardiac arrest, for he comfortably and expertly fills the roles of emcee, comic, female impersonator, singer, costume designer, choreographer, make-up artist, director, teacher and businessman. As a professional entertainer, he is the last of the real big hot Mama's; a big "Black Boy" who learned the artistry in capitalizing his color and size and has taught many how to take advantage of their assets--good or bad. He is responsible for discovering and launching the careers of many top personalities in the field of female impersonators--people who otherwise would have gotten lost in life's shuffle of hopeful dreams.

Roby Landers is not one of today's overnight Cinderella success stories, but as a performer, he has achieved his ideals with determination, persistence and a fierce drive to be one of the best. He grew up in the profession the hard way and learned by observing the best in the business. He taught himself how to expertly apply his own make-up by watching dancers in the San Francisco Ballet Company; developed a quiet wit and campy humor by trying to keep up with the sharp tongues of peers; observed the dealing of those who had business managers; and admired the artistry of superstars, such as Pearl Bailey, Della Reese and Betty Davis, and the big names who emulated them.

Skip Arnold once made a remark to him, "It must be nice just to pantomime to records." It was this remark that affected him so acutely, and within a month, his show was done completely live. "In those days," Roby remembers, "performers just didn't help each other unless they were more professional. When I first got a contract at Ann's Four-Fourty club, no one would talk to me. I would always find my white gowns on the floor. One evening, I was ready to go to work and noticed a flat tire. You know how difficult it was for new ones to be in such condition. When I returned to the night

club, it was heartbreaking to find someone doing my number."

Roby's career began with a \$50.00 bet that he could not look like a female. Eager to win the challenge, Roby did a spot on talent night at Ann's Four-Fourty in San Francisco, (a club where Ann Jeffreys and Johnny Mathis began their careers) realizing that it cost him \$150.00 to win that big \$50.00 prize. "My intentions were to do something serious but after beginning the song, my voice cracked. I made a joke of it and continued to do so with the remaining numbers. They loved it! I won first prize and a contract."

Since then, Roby appeared in several cities and was featured in some of the most recognized clubs; the Barrel House, The Colonial, The Jewel Box, Sweet

Gum Head, The Betty K Club, the Famous Door and many more. Finally settling down in Chicago in 1962, once again he began at the bottom of the barrel and within four months had his own show at the old Chesterfield. Until the opening of his club, The House of Landers, Roby's time and talents were divided between building the reputation and popularity of numerous clubs throughout the city, promoting other talents and creating a legend for himself.

Off stage Roby is a quiet soft spoken person who is rather modest about his own talents and achievements, and is seriously business like in his mode of conversation. He may be modest, but the facts are quite valid and clearly speak for themselves. With a good sense of theatre and a business like mind, the young man was able to change the caliber and quality of "drag shows" throughout Chicago. He is largely responsible for recreating them not just featuring men who enjoy putting on a dress and pretty face, but allowing them to be known as creative artists. He has made his performers and shows more professionally oriented by emphasizing talent and creativity. To Roby, female impersonation is an art and has installed his belief in those working with him. Timmy Saxton, Terry Page, Jackie Knight, Roxanne, Dina Jacobs, Tanya Terrill, Ebony, Audrey Brian, Tilly Artesia Welles and even Felicia are just a few of those he helped mold into professional entertainers.

"I permitted Felicia to perform on stage. She was a bartender at the Chesterfield and they did not want her to perform. I allowed her to do spots on her nights off and one evening she started the place on fire by twirling her baton. I will never forget that incident. I had a reputation of allowing nothing to stop the show. I was not aware of it, but she had burned her hands trying to put the fire out, but I demanded go ahead, the show can't stop! We'll put it out,

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Roby Landers



UDO AND

THE PRINCE

by RICHARD TITLEBAUM

"Udo, what a surprise!"

"Your Highness, you are so cloistered up here all alone in your room."

"Do you often make midnight visits to undergraduates?"

"I was eating an apple and I thought to myself, 'So delicious. Perhaps Charles would like one.' But I've never been in your room before. My, my, whips, javelins, pikes, all those little magazines strewn about. You've made for yourself a perfect bird's nest here in M-entry. That magic-lantern--how quaint. And that shark-skin rug--it's positively old-maidish. In-society says that it was you who cracked the bull-whip in the courtyard the other day at three in the morning. You can't pull anything over me now."

"Yes, I had to let off some steam. A mere whim. But how are things in the Senior Common Room?"

"Why is it that undergraduates are always so mystified by the Senior Common Room? You would think that we were vampires-in-disguise, not a crew of puffed-up manquins."

"Heh, what do you mean?"

"Charles, half these zombies, like Douglas Manning, are sleep-walking through life. The other half, the younger set, have been lobotomized by the graduate schools. Do you think I could have any friends among these gray shadows?"

"But Peter Storrs. You are always seen about with him."

"True, amidst these dinosaurs Peter does stand out. But how bored I oftentimes get from them all. Sometimes I think I shall be in ec-

tasy when I leave Lowell House, though God knows where I shall go."

"But you have certainly created a stir during your stay here. That samovar wheeled into the dining hall last week for the French table with its gongs and trumpet voluntary--it was the talk of the House for days."

"It's style I crave. Style is everything. That's why I admire Bradford Fillmore so much. He's the Last Patrician of Harvard, Charles, the last of a breed. Once he's gone it's all municipal-gray. Plebians will preside over the tea things and Lowell House will have a five-and-ten-cent-store quality about it. Who else wears Cardin Shirts and Sulka Ties? Who else sleeps in a baldachined bed? Who else can tell the difference between a Romanee vintage 1865 and 1866? When it comes to style most people are fellahin by comparison to the Master. That's why he admires the Bessarabians so much. You, Charles, have become in his eyes almost a hero."

"I know. He told me so himself. The whole thing started out so small, and now everyone, Udo, positively everyone calls me 'Your Highness.' "

"And why not? Are we here in Lowell House only to prepare Rhodes Scholars for Oxford and to produce more Douglas Mannings? Bessarabia is carnival-like, a carry-over from happier days before all the talk about atomic-survival kits. Play Bessarabia for all you can, Charles. Be super-smart. Stay all year in the ballet-position. Let the high-schoolers throw their frisbees and scoff. Bessarabia is almost a seismic event for Lowell House. Charles, I'll let you into a secret if you swear to silence."

"Of course."

"The Master is retiring."

"No!"

"Yes. That's why Bessarabia is so important. He needs the entertainment to cheer him up. The one-man-show is ending with only mediocrity afterwards in sight. Did it ever occur to you that you might get into the magazines? I can see the caption in TIME: 'Harvard goes not only right-wing but monarchist as well.' But let's stop these Mitty-esque daydreams for now. The crack o'doom may strike us both and you and I may find ourselves soon out in the hinterlands."

"You have never been out to California, have you?"

"No, however much I have cherished the dream."

"It would freak you out."

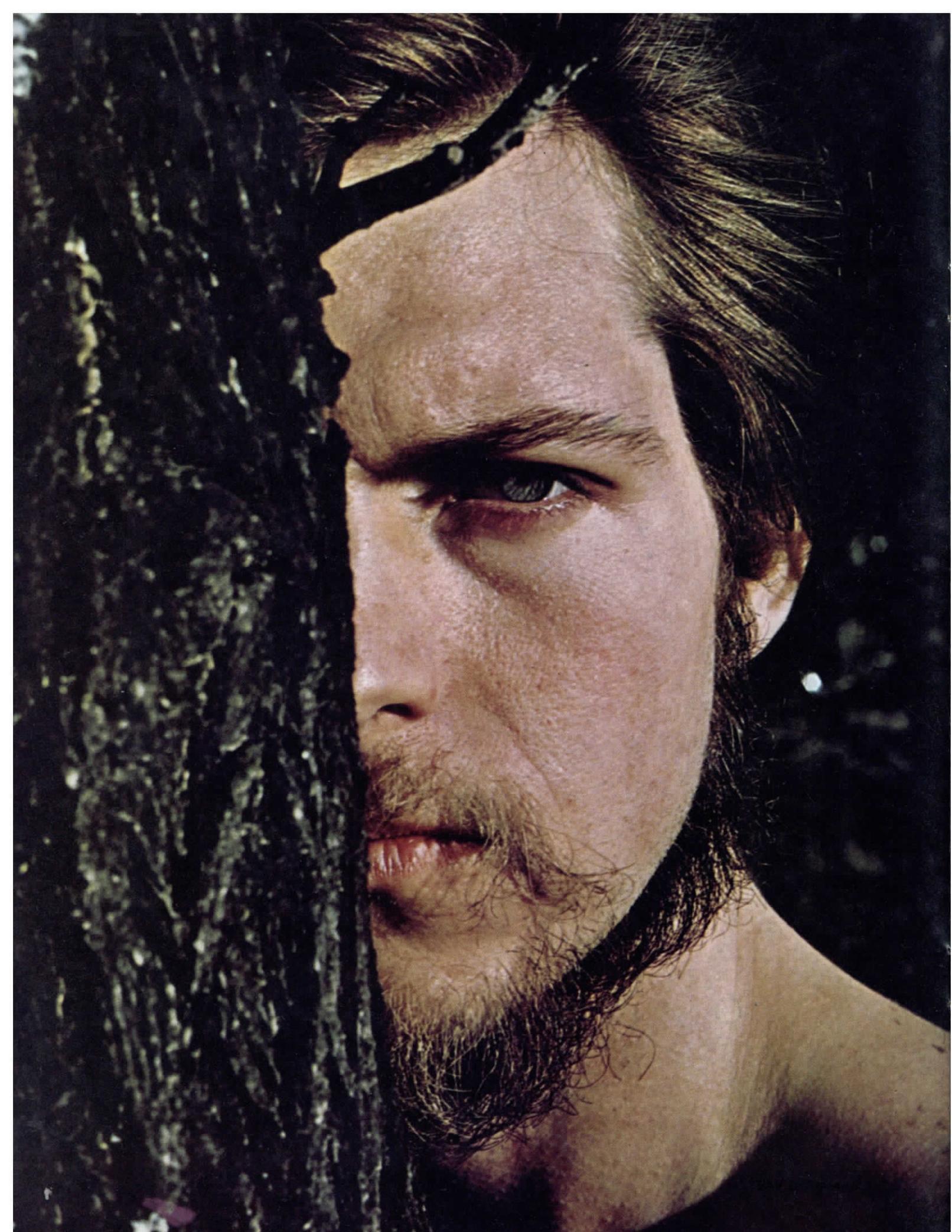
"I'm sure it would."

"I can see you in San Francisco. They would really appreciate you. Wow!"

"How often while sitting at the piano with my Czerny practice books I have crooned songs to California! In California I would take off my Harvard tweeds, wrap myself in black moire satin, and stroll the beaches reciting choice lines from Baudelaire. No one would understand me, but so what? Yes, I would be mad as a hatter. Whiskey sours for breakfast and a good *Cote du Rhone* for lunch. With the money-making touch I would soon have an Alfa Romeo and be on my way down the highways. So what if they suffer from cultural malnutrition out there? Never-you-mind. I won't be sniffish. No more Harvard snobberies from me. Proust? What

continued on Pg. 56





BOB VANDIVER PRESENTS

JOHN VOGEL

Photographer Bob Vandiver presents a handsome set of photo studies of a rugged interior designer, John Vogel.

Before settling in this career, John went back and forth between blue-collar and white collar jobs enabling him to be at home in any surrounding. He's worked in a steel factory that built bridges; as a cab driver and even in a rendering house where they boiled

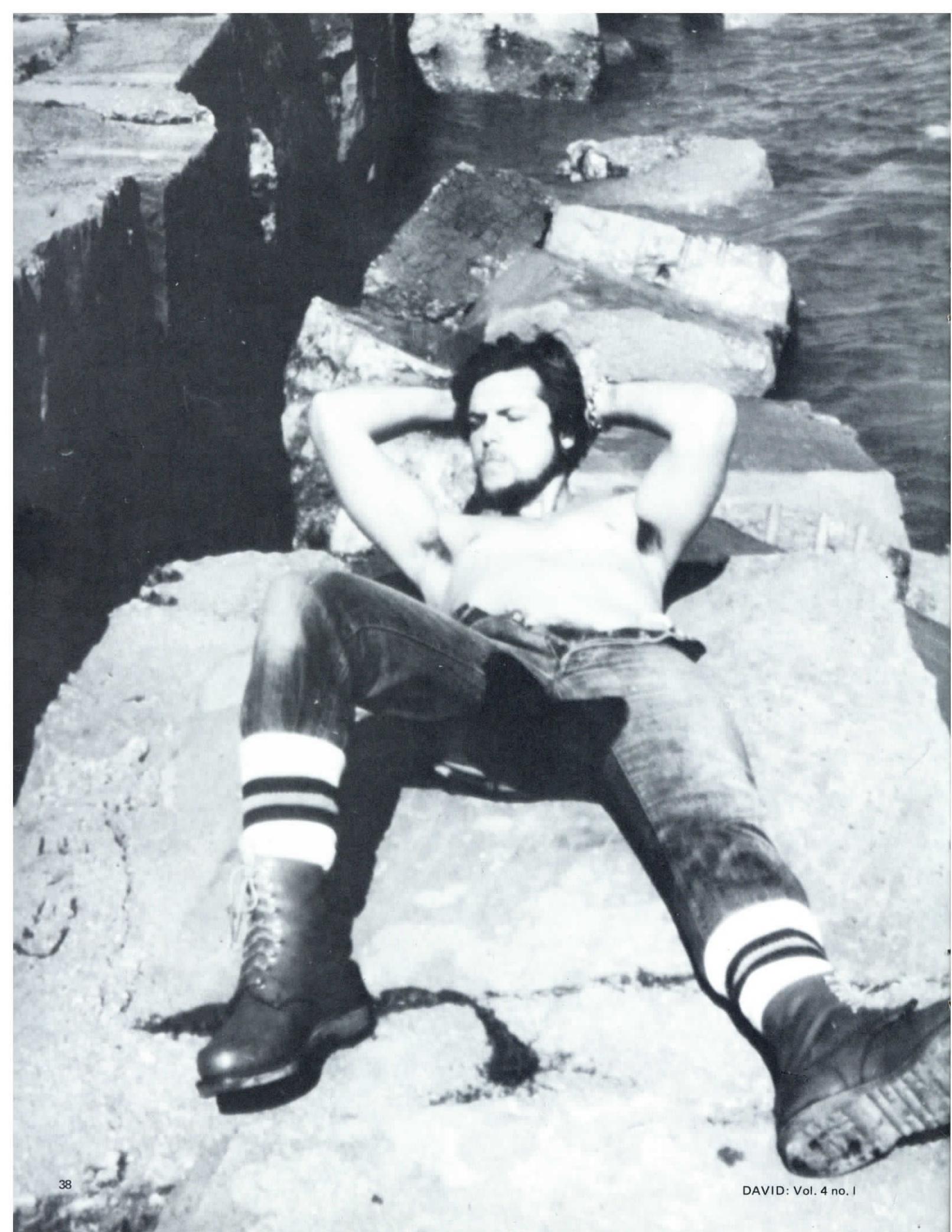
fat (the latter job being the least appealing).

Twenty seven years old, John stands six feet tall, weighs 170 lbs and has sparkling baby blue eyes. His hobbies are art collecting, weight lifting, jogging, swimming and photography. He loves food and restaurant hopping, particularly quaint little ethnic restaurants.

John's an impatient person who's constantly moving. He loves traveling, especially to places most people don't go. Russia for instance.

A typical evening for John will be a visit to any of his favorite spots; Broadway Sams, Bistro and the Gold Coast in Chicago. Quite often he hits all three in one evening.









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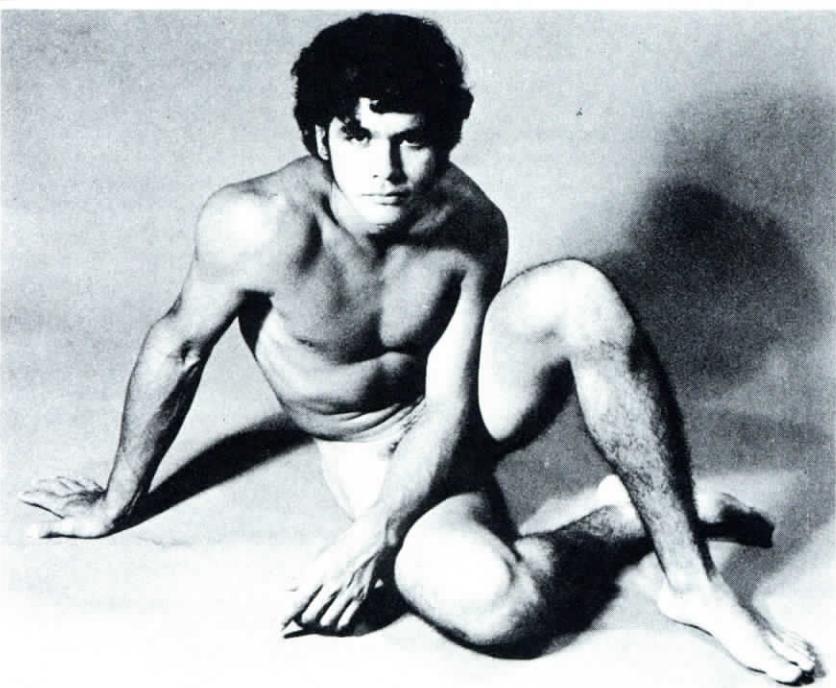
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I'M A GUY.
And I like it
just that way.

But that doesn't mean that I can't get off on someone else's trip though.

For example, take the shows at the SWEET GUM HEAD in Atlanta. Now there are some top notch entertainers. Allyson, Deva Sanchez, Miss Hatner, Marlowe, Rachel Wells and Kitty Litter from the Grease Sisters to mention a few.

There's even a dynamite male impressionist named Julie (their Teddy Bear). DeeJay Tom-Tom makes the intermission times jump with a great selection of dance music.

Apparently quite a few dudes feel same as I do. There's always a bunch of good lookin guys at the

**SWEET
GUM
HEAD** (NATURALLY)

MARK CHRISTOPHER

When you talk to him you're aware of this handsome lad's physical qualities. You notice the striking eyes, the chestnut hair that falls casually over his forehead, the well-proportioned body.

You're also aware you're talking to a guy even strangers can feel comfortable talking to.

As you continue, you realize there's even more as a very friendly, outgoing personality surfaces and his vim, vigor and love for life come sailing through.

Our cover boy this month, Mark Christopher is a native of Charleston,

South Carolina but now calls Durham, North Carolina his home. Being a very active person, the out-of-doors constantly beckons him to do the things he enjoys most; camping, biking, tennis and water skiing.

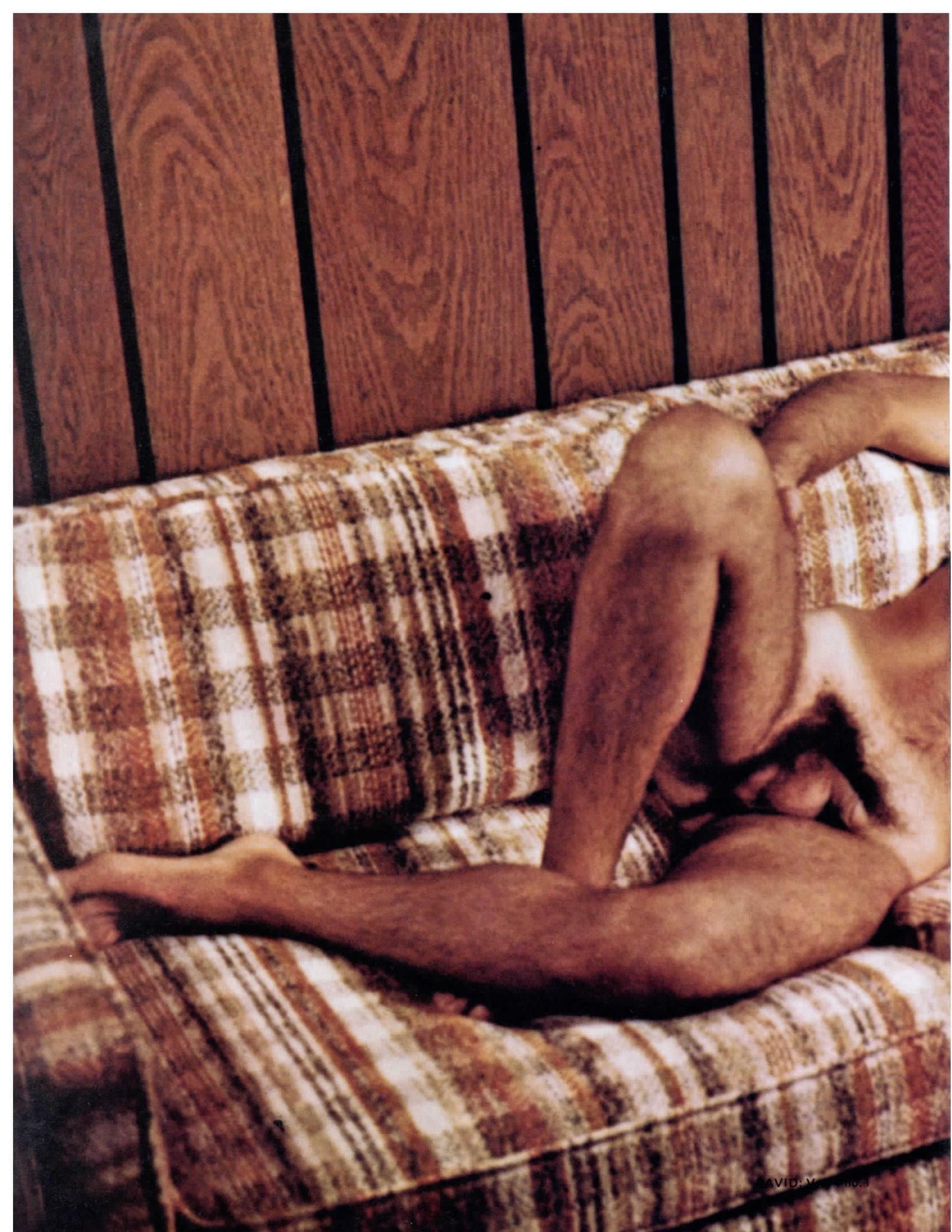
"When my personal problems get the best of me I like to drive in the mountains. With the mountains on all four sides of me my problems seem so small compared to them. They make me feel secure and my problems seem to melt away".

Astrology also holds a deep interest

for him and this twenty four year old Sagittarian follows the subject closely.

Although happy and comfortable in crowds, he also enjoys a few moments alone with nature, his Scottie or his "Mr. Right", walking through the woods, swinging in a park or just planting flowers in his yard. "Sometimes, after a hard day at the office I enjoy lying in front of a roaring fire with my dog and a hot drink with no thoughts of the future. I believe life should be lived now and never saved for tomorrow. Tomorrow will change."





DAVID: M. no. 1



THE \$OUND OF MONEY

BY GENE ARCEI

From Camille Barnes; Please Note -The press conference for Irwin Allen will be held at 11:30 a.m., Thursday, September 20, in Mr. Allen's Suite at the Hilton Hotel. Camille Barnes is the pr/publicity woman who arranges these things for visiting big-wigs from the coast or New York or the capitals of the world. She is a hard working durable pro who manages to be feminine and pretty. Irwin Allen is the Prize Producer everyone keeps polishing as a valued trophy. He makes movies that makes money. Everybody has seen the "The Poseidon Adventure," except me, I presume. Friends returning from cruises have seen it while aboard ship no less.

The conference was in session when I arrived, maybe that's why I got coffee but no danish. Mr. Allen was talking to a lot of people I didn't know. I did recognize Jody seated to his right. I mean Claude Jarman, I was amazed how he had grown since last Sunday. You see, "The Yearling" was on television then. Mr. Jarman was Gregory Peck's son, Jody, who fell in love with a deer, not a bad choice as love affairs go. He was a

sensitive natural sort of pre-John Boy Walton. The same boyish charm survived his Hollywood youth.

I remained neutral to Mr. Allen's replies until he commented, " ... whenever someone says -by the way, that usually means they are going to hit you for something, sneak up on you for money, a favor, whatever ... I stay clear of, "by the way."

Allen was born in New York, attended public schools and later Columbia University where he majored in journalism and advertising. He came to Hollywood as an editor of KEY magazine. Less than a year after his arrival he was asked to do a one hour radio show. He wrote, produced, directed and narrated a program that held 22 sponsors and lasted for the next 11 years.

The success of the show prompted Atlas Feature Syndicate to offer him a Hollywood news column. His "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" was soon in 73 newspapers around the world. With the advent of television, Allen created the first celebrity panel show in the United States. More than 1000 film stars and Hollywood celebrities made their television debut on his "Holly-

wood Merry-Go-Round."

But Allen, whose reserve of energy seems boundless, continued to add to his field of operation. He opened a literary agency, while continuing his radio show and column. He represented important literary figures. Allen eventually became one of Hollywood's outstanding "packagers" of motion pictures. It was inevitable he would be drawn into production. At RKO he started with "Double Dynamite," the Groucho Marx, Sinatra-Jane Russell film I can't remember and "A Girl In Every Port" again with Marx, and Marie Wilson, another that sounds good but I can't recall. One I assuredly do remember, "The Sea Around Us." One of the finest artistic achievements recorded on film from Rachel Carson's book. He won an Oscar for screenplay and production. By this time Allen dropped his other projects and concentrated full-time on film production. "The Animal World" and "Story of Mankind" for Warner-Bros. Like a junior league De Mille he produced "The Big Circus," and ended up

(Continued On Page 69)



photo by Tee Jay Johnston

I'd rather
go to the
COVE.

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ASTROLOGY AND THE STARS

★ ARIES ★

BY WILL LIVELY

SYMBOL—the Ram

RULING PLANET—Mars

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOL—

ZODIAC SYMBOL for Mars—

BIRTHSTONE—Diamond

BEST DAY—Tuesday

ELEMENT—Fire

CLASSIFICATION—Masculine

TYPE—Cardinal

COLOR—Bright Red

SLOGAN—“I am”

KEY WORD—Origination

GEM—Amethyst

FLOWERS—Tulip and Daisy

METAL—Iron

BODY PARTS—Head, Face, Brains

COMPATIBLE SIGNS—Leo, Sagittarius, Aquarius, Gemini.

An old adage tells us that the first shall be last and the last shall be first. However, our new series A PIECE OF ASTROLOGY—HEAVENLY BODIES AND THE STARS deals with the horoscope by means of scientific and biographical data; its stars are both celestial and celluloid. So old adages must be cast to the wayside. Here the first shall be first. And the first sign of the Zodiac is Aries. It's first because that's the way Aries likes it—being *Numeri Uno* in everything they do and desire. This seems appropriate for Aries is primarily concerned with firsts: the conception and initiation of all original projects and theories. The bulk of this sign occurs in the month of April, from the Latin *aperire*—a time for *opening* not only closed blossoms but closed minds as well. Thus Aries marks a vernal equinox in the astrological mind as well and opens it up to all things original.

OPENING NUMBERS

The first part of Aries—March 21—April 20—falls in the month named for the Roman War God Mars—the planet governing this sign. The Greeks called him Ares, and the Latin word *aries* actually means ram. Tuesday—*Dies Martius*—is thus designated the best day for Aries. And from their first Tuesday to their final Doomsday, Aries are obsessed with being second to none. Ariens fight their way to the top, to the best of the bunch, to the front of the line, or the back of the bus. Remember a ram—when something blocks his path—lowers his horns, heads straight for it and batters it down. For this reason Aries is a sign not noted for subtlety. Unless they're constantly on guard, Ariens come on far too strong. More often than not they're blunt, impatient and pushy. The worst Rams are selfish and crashing bores. But just as there is no sign that is all bad or all good, Aries must be admired for always trying to be at the head of his Zodiac class. Even if in deportment he gets only a token A (for Aggression!) the rest of his report card always shines

with three legitimate ones—Ardor, Ambition and Achievement.

Like all the other astrological signs, Aries contends with unique qualities and shortcomings. Unlike the other eleven, at least in Aries' own mind (incidentally a part of the body Aries governs) the sign of the Ram is always first.

This month we'll take a little sheep dip into what makes Aries tick. Our series concerns heavenly bodies and Hollywood stars, so our Movie Milky Way will put past-your-eyes three reel Rams. In typical Aries fashion they let no grass grow under their feet as they graze them Hollywood Hills. FIRST one of the few actors to receive two Oscars as Best Actor—that ram-bunctious Wild One, Marlon Brando, an Aries born April 3, 1924. And first again (Remember Aries never can be second!) one of filmdom's most popular he-men who never seems to ram-ble from all the top box office lists—Steven Aries McQueen—who first saw light of day on March 24, 1932. And finally first we'll be dealing with the Arien type characters portrayed by that lower-standard bearer of a now rampant breed of new screen rebels: young British actor Malcolm McDowell.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

To begin with, look at the painting that accompanies this month's article. Since Aries is concerned with origination it has been done in the style of the *first* and only full-fledged art movement produced in the twentieth century—Art Deco. Our trio of Aries actors desport themselves in a spring-like garden appropriate to the perennial season the Ram rules. Aries' flowers, tulips and daisies, are depicted along with the silvery color of iron that Mars governs. And although Brando may be remembered best for his LAST TANGO, we see here a first Tango—that Cardinal Red Aries color that was in such vogue when Art Deco first swirled into prominence. Incidentally Aries is known as a Cardinal sign, and we'll touch on this again later.

Notice in this painting how its stylized and formal balance almost obscures the underlying violence of the Aries rebel. Like his Alex from A CLOCK-WORK ORANGE, Malcolm McDowell—looking like a wolf in ram's clothing—holds the deceptively beautiful symbol of Aries. But now it's fashioned into his ultra-violent dagger. Marlon, Malcolm and McQueen are depicted with their trademark motorcycles. Brando made them famous in the Fifties with THE WILD ONE, THE YOUNG LIONS, and THE FUGITIVE KIND. McQueen made his GREAT ESCAPE on motorcycle, and all during the Sixties he'd usually be found riding one ON ANY SUNDAY. Malcolm McDowell continued this violent cycle in the aforementioned Kubrick epic and in Lindsay Anderson's IF AND OH LUCKY MAN.

Malcolm appears to be coming from the very depths of the symbol for Mars.

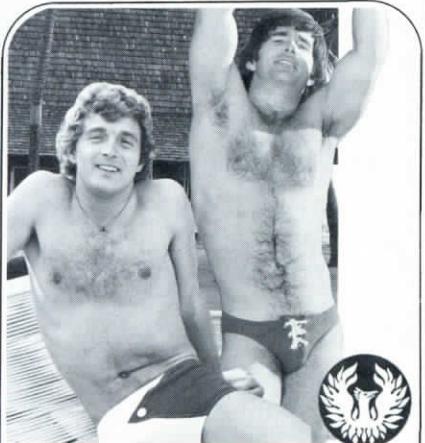


Identical to the one portraying male sexuality, its circle represents infinity, its arrow manly force and energy. Since Mars rules both sex and the red corpuscles of the body, it's no surprise that Rams always seem so bloody horny!

LOOKING BUT NOT ACTING SHEEPISH

Each astrological sign governs a part of the body, so it's only (supra) natural that Aries should get the Head start. This sign's pictograph is . Notice how it resembles the nose and eyebrows on a face. All three of our actors bear remarkable facial and physical similarities to those of the "typical" Arien. Each has the sandy-haired, tousled look of a young ram. Little beady eyes sparkle from sallow complexions. A character in OH LUCKY MAN even remarks that Malcolm McDowell has "blue eyes just like Steve McQueen's." Generally Aries are lean and wiry types. All three stars are exactly the same height—5 Feet 10—although the senior

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member occasionally has a wider breadth basket. Recall his nude gamboiling in LAST TANGO? In fact, what with all the stories of drawer-dropping on THE GODFATHER set plus Marlon's bottom display on the TANGO dance floor, maybe he and not Malcolm should have starred in THE RAGING MOON!

Aries are often body builders and they all tend to be exhibitionists. The recent all male sex comedy TUBSTRIP, off-Broadway last season, featured total nudity. Six of the original nine actors were the sign of the Ram. And Malcolm McDowell was one of our first young actors to be seen naked frontally in the original prints of IF and CLOCKWORK. Marlon was the *first* major star to be leader of Le Pack Porno. His peek-a-boo exposure in LAST TANGO caused other Cinema buffs to plunk down five bucks to see a major studio's maiden (if not virgin) voyage into Hard-Core. On screen McQueen invariably goes topless, but as of yet we've been spared his back-side. Maybe all that bike riding has made too much of an impression...

Aries frequently have a scar or mole on their faces, however, and here Steve's characteristic. Members of this sign often are plagued with afflictions of the noggin. Common are head and toothaches, sinus trouble, apoplexy and eye ailments. And through astrological counteraction, Libra, the opposite sign of Aries, also may cause kidney problems and lumbago for the sign of the Ram. Arians make quick recoveries, however.

Brando's nose was broken while sparring with stagehands during the original Broadway run of A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. And it's interesting how many beatings, both body and facial, have marked Marlon's and Malcolm's and McQueen's films. What with the face whippings Brando took from Liz and his horse in his Carson McCuller's movie, maybe he should have re-titled it REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN BLACK EYE. Similarly he's been pistol-whipped in ONE (BLACK) EYED JACKS and beaten to a pulp in THE CHASE, THE FUGITIVE KIND, ON THE WATERFRONT and THE WILD ONE. And, poor fellow, in MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY he was keelhauled by both Captain Bligh and the critics. Steve and Malcolm also reflect Mars' propensity for cinema beatings and violence.

THE WAR LOVER

The title of this McQueen movie headlines the kind of brutal films Aries love to make. Some other pictures of

his HELL IS FOR HEROES, WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE and Peckinpaw's THE GETAWAY often left him or his adversaries at the end looking like another one of his titles---THE BLOB! Brando is no stranger to violence either. Besides the above movies, recall his paraplegic misery in THE MEN and his bullet-ridden corpse in VIVA ZAPATA. James Caan, another Aries, who played Brando's Sonny in THE GODFATHER also met a horrific death in that veritable orgy of film violence. And Malcolm McDowell machine guns faculty and friends in IF, rapes and pillages the populace in CLOCKWORK, only to be beaten by derelicts and the Establishment in OH LUCKY MAN. And one of the FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE is his at the end. Murdered. To the violent victor go the spoils of warring.

It seems logical, therefore, that if the world needed a Hitler that he should be born on the Aries cusp and have Aries rising to boot. His entire personality seemed ferocious. Historically the planet Mars exerted an unusually heavy influence during the period 1909-1944 and two World Wars resulted. And each time the angry red planet is near earth, an inordinate number of killings, rapes, accidents and fires result. Although the majority of Ariens (Hitler spelled his Ariens) are good clean fighters, Aries, being a fire sign, needs only a little spark of temper to turn themselves into burned-up battering Rams. Remember "Marlon in Chinatown"---the true-to-life, no-holds-barred sequel to THE DICK CAVETT SHOW---featuring photographer Ron Gallela as official punching bag?

Even though Ariens aren't great flower bugs, because their Deco daisies shown are studded with amethysts, they're highly prized. And don't overlook that diamond embedded in Malcolm's helmet. Aries' birthstone, just like the Ram, is the toughest one around. The tulips and daisies in this month's painting also look like flowery tongues of flame. Fire was *first* brought to man by Prometheus, positively a prefigure of Aries.

CARDINALS TAKE THE PENNANT

In astrology Cardinal signs are instigators of action. Libra, Cancer and Capricorn are the others, but Aries is the *first* Cardinal sign. And as such Ariens are first to pioneer innovative ideas and important events. Thomas Jefferson---an Aries---almost singlehandedly composed our American Declaration of Independence. Leonardo da Vinci, another Ram, not only was a marvelous painter and sculptor but probably the greatest scientist and engineer

the Renaissance produced. Aries born Wilbur Wright helped to revolutionize man's theory on flying. And the actor Paul Robeson, a militant but peace-loving Ram, served as early sacrificial lamb for American Negro Equality. But at the time, because of his early dabbling in Socialistic Communism, it was fashionable that he be branded as nothing more than a theatrical black sheep.

Fiery Aries are always trailblazers, starting bonfires where causes are concerned. Brando ceaselessly has been at the forefront of Civil Rights and Peace movements. And this has been from the time he quit an early \$300 weekly Broadway role in *CANDIDA* to perform for a \$30 salary in the pro-Israeli play *A FLAG IS BORN*. Steve McQueen has donated tons of clothing and medicines to impoverished Indians through benefits from his documentary on *ANY SUNDAY*. And Malcolm certainly helped to espouse dignity for the handicapped by playing the young paralytic in *LONG AGO TOMORROW*.

Because Aries are extroverts--unless they're on the cusp of Pisces or Taurus or have a preponderance of weaker signs in their charts--from early childhood they stand out from the crowd. They insist upon being head of the gang and captain of the team. But too often childish cruelty, domination of the weak, and excessive teasing are carried into adult life. Rams are constantly motivated by competition and challenge, but because they're forever hankering for novelty and change, as soon as the game is won and the prize secured, they tend to look at past competitions with contempt. Witness Brando's "acceptance" of Oscar II.

Aries quickly loses interest and patience with present and past. The character portrayed by Malcolm McDowell in the films *IF* and *OH LUCKY MAN* is one and the same person, one Mick Travis. And he constantly challenges himself to push to the top. Although Malcolm's actual sun is in Gemini, his personality and Mars are firmly rooted in Aries, and so accordingly they dominate his being and his craft. Let's see how this Aries drive of Mick Travis--*IF*'s very screenplay proclaims it's his sign--mirrors the life and times of our three actors:

HE'S A REBEL -- McQueen landed in teenage reform school, Marlon was expelled from military school, and Malcolm's big mouth resulted in early ouster from the Royal Shakespeare Company.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS to Great Success - Brando's middle class Ne-

braska, Steve's broken-home Indiana, and McDowell's working class Leeds.

RESTIVE LABORS -- Malcolm: cricket player, coffee salesman, movie extra. Marlon: tile fitter, elevator operator, film producer-director.

McQueen: AWOL Marine, carnaby-barker, professional racer.

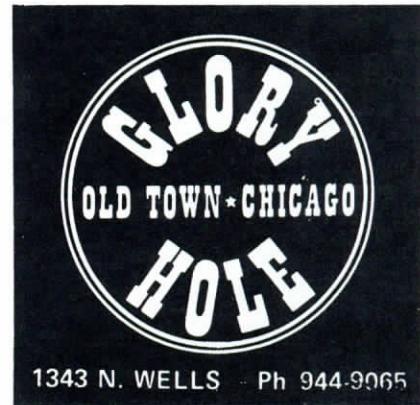
AMOROUS ADVENTURES - When not plying the phallic sculpture from *CLOCKWORK*, Malcolm lives without benefit of clergy with Keir Dullea's ex-wife. Steve, whose Venus is also in Aries, chucked his first Cancer wife of 13 years and now lives with another sheep, Ali-McGraw, the former Mrs. Robert Evans. Marlon, ever since his bout with interracial romance in *SAYONARA* has taken himself three exotic wives--East Indian giver Anna Kashfi who's really a Welsher when it comes to visiting rights for their son Christian - and in subsequent reverse chronological order the leading ladies of his and Gable's *MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY*: Tarita and Movita!

LEADING MEN

All our Aries actors play second fiddle to no one. Although they've never played God (at least not on the movie screen). Marlon who has his sun, moon and Mercury in Aries headed his own Pennebaker Productions before dropping a fortune on *ONE EYED JACKS*. Steve's Solar Productions put seven million dollars into losing *LE MANS*. And Malcolm who has, as a fellow performer once remarked, "ambition that you could taste," brusquely tells reporters that he's really using acting to get to be a great director.

But while they're doing it, Aries, in his many guises, always longs to be cast in the title role. McQueen IS *CINCINNATI KID*! And McQueen IS *THOMAS CROWN*, *JUNIOR BONNER* AND *BULLITT*! And Marlon had top billing as *ZAPATA*, *THE UGLY AMERICAN*, *MORITURI*, *THE GOD-FATHER* and *THE WILD ONE*.

But despite his boorish behavior this Wild One was successful in channelling all his Aries energy into becoming the most influential American actor. Brando is leading man to world cinema. Many great actors from all the countries of the world are the sign of the Ram--Guiness and Gielgud, Kruger, Von Sydow, Ustinov, Belmondo, Mifune and Sharif. But first and foremost among his contemporaries, Brando, just like his sun sign Aries the Ram, is second to none.



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This page Left: Ultra comfortable Robe in Nylon Jersey

This page Right: Sexy Crew neck cotton top

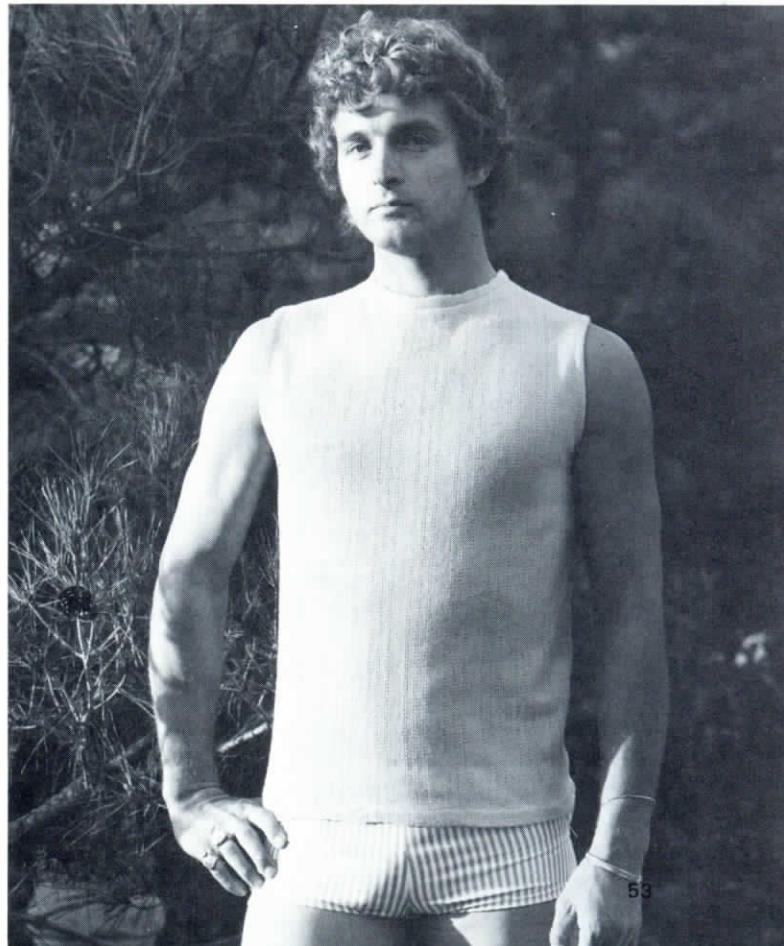
Page 54: Colorful Beach Shirt in Assorted Cotton Prints

Page 55: Handsome "Gingham" Kaftan...All Cotton

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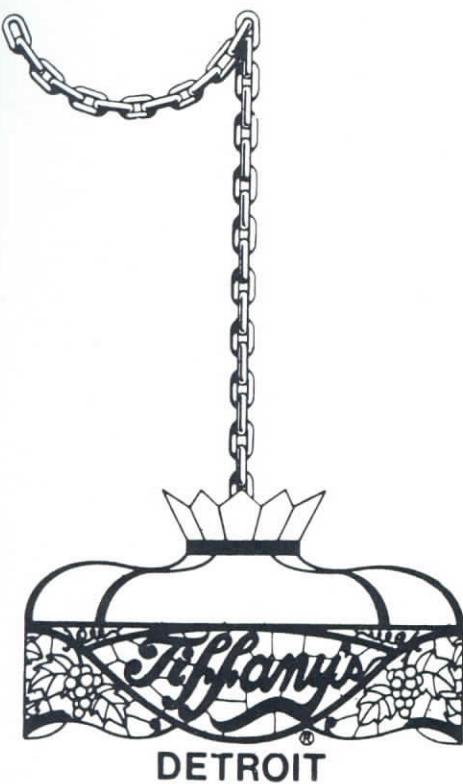


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UDO & THE PRINCE (cont. from Pg. 34)

would I care then about Vinteuil's sonata or Odette's parties when, suntanned and bronzed, I would be racing about searching for teenflesh? Hop-skip-and-jump."

"Udo, within six months you would be in an asylum."

"Don't be absurd. In Santa Monica I would only be another Humbert Humbert on the beach. So what if I get syphilis? From the abyss I would give birth to a veritable cri-de-coeur of art. Oh, Charles, I get dizzy sometimes thinking about California. How like a dream to have been brought up there like yourself! How free and liberated you must be. Here on the East Coast things are so tepid. The thermostats are always so low."

"Quite true."

"To travel from coast-to-coast would be a fantasy-come true. What is it really like out there? Does everyone wear black leather like yourself?"

"What's the matter with you? It's only motorcycle gear. Why, I keep asking myself, do my leathers mystify everyone?"

"It makes you look so *arriere-garde*."

"So what?"

"So like the Lord of Misrule."

"Absurd."

"And those whips, those javelins, those pikes on the walls—what are they for, pray tell?"

"Only decoration."

"Come. Come. You think I haven't been around. One doesn't need to carry a walkie-talkie to Hell to get the message."

"What do you imply by that?"

"Charles, come with me tomorrow to the Church of the Advent. We shall pray together on our knees for our redemption at the High Altar and confess our sins at the grille."

"You're mad."

"Only a *poete maudit* wandering through the Cities of the Plain. Ha. Ha. Tell the truth. Don't you sometimes too hear the goose-steps in your ears?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about."

"Doesn't the Commander-in-Chief send you messages at night?"

"Yes, you're mad."

"Ah, you are so young and so obviously the lady-killer."

"Hardly."

"You mean the girls are not lined up outside your door clamoring to get in?"

"Scarcely."

"Charles, tell the truth. Why do you wear black leather?"

"Did you arrive almost at midnight to ask me that? You probably can answer the question better than I."

"You are seeking attention?"

"Well, I am the Prince of Bessarabia, you know."

"You are a mystic?"

"Try again."

"Mirror worship?"

"Keep going."

"It couldn't just be love of fancy dress?"

"Go on."

"I'm baffled."

"Udo, let's stop shooting the breeze. It's late. Thanks for the apple, but I have to get up in the morning for my nine o'clock class."

"Very well, *mon cher*.

Munching on a ham sandwich, Charles stopped in his tracks at C-entry. The nearby trees and shrubbery were waist-deep in snow and needed only black teddy bears to put a finishing magical touch to an ideal winter's tableau. One would have to be blind as a bat, Charles thought, not to appreciate the courtyard when it was a 11 dolled up like that. Amidst such beauty Lowell House was see-no-evil, speak-no-evil, hear-no-evil. "But better be running along now," he thought, "Udo is waiting. No sense provoking him again." And climbing the entry steps, he recalled Udo's last tantrum—how in a rage and laughing like a hyena he had tossed a paint bucket on the stage of the dining hall during rehearsal, screaming that the House Christmas play would never get to first base. Charles chuckled to himself as he knocked on Udo's door.

"Your Highness, you are so damned late I would like to kick you in the balls!"

"You'd get a big bang out of that, wouldn't you? What about your role as gentleman and scholar then?"

"Let's quit shill-shallying. We have too much to do tonight. Have you learned your lines for the second act?"

"But I haven't learned my lines for the first act yet."

"Don't you realize that because this is the Master's last Christmas play half the big-wigs in Harvard will be jampacked in the audience? You'll foul everything up. And Vlahakis has already memorized all his lines."

"Terrific. Vlahakis plays

only some wuddayacallit bolshevik, whereas I am Heinrich himself. Do you think I am a miracle-man that I can memorize all this stuff in a week? I have four mid-terms to study for."

"You have all of reading period, not to mention the vacation, to prepare for exams."

"But I have told you a hundred times. I'm going back to California for the vacation. I'll be buzzing around day and night in my father's Citroen."

"All right. But let's get back to business. I have spoken to the Master. He has agreed to take the part of Maria-the-Legless in the play."

"How are we going to swing that one?"

"He'll sit glued to a wheelchair and his legs covered by blankets. It won't bother him a bit especially since he has been sitting for his portrait for days now in his drawing room."

"No kidding."

"Yes, the Senior Common Room has commissioned some old biddy in a black beret from Beacon Hill to paint him in his robes and Master's baton. Do you know who is staying at the Master's?"

"Who?"

"You'll never believe it. The Shah of Iran."

"You're kidding."

"No. He flew in for some special medical treatment. The Master knows him from the old days."

"I hope they skin the bastard alive."

"Okay, Mr. Smart-ass, let's get back to business. When the band welcomes you on stage at the end of the first act, I want you to lift your left arm and say, 'I am here!'"

"Hey, Udo, can I wear my leathers during the play?"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Why not? During the scene in front of the firing squad it would look great."

"Charles, for this play you have to appear half-way decent."

"Stop it, Udo. I'm a prince. Am I not? I can dress the way I want. The audience would get a big bang out of me in my leathers and it would look real sharp on the stage."

"I think some people would have goose flesh."

"Why?"

"You must have a hole in your head if you don't realize what black leather signifies. I'll swear an oath on the Bible that to Douglas Manning or Sir Jeremiah Blumfeld black

leather conjures up images of Satan. It would be insulting, positively odious, and would ruin the evening."

"That's bunk. Only the other day O'Flaherty was saying to me that he would give a king's ransom to be able to dress in black leather

"O'Flaherty said that?"

"Yes, we were talking in the dining hall."

"What else did he say?"

"Nothing much. Only mumblings. O'Flaherty is totally screwed-up. No question about it. I can't make head or tail of him."

"No one can. Last year when he passed me in the courtyard he used to whisper, 'Pray to St. Therese of Lisieux.' The Master says O'Flaherty keeps a huge portrait of himself in monk's robes over his mantlepiece."

"Half of his act is a put-on, I'm sure. The other day I was telling him about Besso, the blind bard of *The Bessarabia*, our national epic. and within two minutes he was begging me to raise him to the Bessarabian peerage."

"Impossible, Charles. To welcome Sebastian O'Flaherty into the inner circles of Bessarabia would only prove fatal. Don't forget that the Master has given you money from the House slush-fund to have a Bessarabian flag and stamps made. O'Flaherty would only rock the boat. And besides, we have to keep the Bessarabian peerage exclusive."

"Perhaps if he tells me the recipe for his drink, I'll make him a duke."

"That would not be very political. You don't want to get in bad with the Master."

"Cut the crap, Udo. Could the Prince of Bessarabia possibly antagonize the Master? The old geezer is enjoying every minute of Bessarabia. Watch. While you are standing out in the cold, I'll bet he invites me inside to meet the Shah of Iran."

"Don't get too big for your breeches, Your Highness. Some fluke, such as wearing your black leather in the Christmas play, could finish everything for you."

"Hey, Udo, did you ever consider getting married?"

"Married! Charles, marriage is like drugs: it begins too often as a revelation and ends as a drag. But what about you? Do you intend to wear black leather for ever?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Really! Must we make a room-to-room search to discover your midnight doings?"

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"Cut it, Udo. I'm tired of this game."

"But I'm not."

"That's tough. If I hear anything more from you about black leather, I'll slam you one, I swear."

"Is that what they taught you at Exeter Academy? Really!"

"Okay, I'm calling it quits for the evening."

"No. No. Charles, don't leave. We haven't even begun the rehearsal. Besides, I have something to show you. Wait a second."

While Udo disappeared mysteriously into the bedroom, Charles passed the time contemplating the Raphael engravings, the plaster casts, and the shelves of pigskin-bound classics. He smiled to himself with ill-concealed disdain, thinking how transparent, even absurd, Udo's pontifical airs were. To live daily amidst such a litter-bin of pretentious junk presupposed a monumental and deep-rooted act of self-deception. So preoccupied was he by Udo's collection of bric-a-brac that he scarcely heard the bedroom door open.

"Well, Your Highness, what do you think now?"

Clothed like the brute from his day-dreams, Udo stood against the door, while Charles stared tongue-tied at Udo's metamorphosis into a black wax-work double of himself. The spectacle of Udo, covered head to foot like a satyr in rakish leather, made him wonder who was imitating whom. Refurbished by black leather into the personification of sinister masculinity, Udo stalked across the room relishing the stage-effects of his entrance.

"Udo, I never knew."

"You don't know many things, do you?"

"What's this all about?"

"Really! Do I have to clue you in?"

"Hmmm."

"You thought you knew me like a book, huh?"

"Terrific! So you're all dressed up in leather. Big deal. I'm not impressed."

"Our time has arrived now, Charles. No one is going to barge in."

"Cut the crap, Udo. I'm not interested in joining your stable."

"You have such aristocratic hands."

"I'll slam you one, I warn you."

"Try it."

"Jesus, you're more screwed up than O'Flaherty himself."

"Do you think you can fool me for one minute? I have your

number. You're just another Californian hedonists. You're into the whole leather game--hook, line, and sinker. I know."

"You're crazy as a lo-on."

"No. I'm hard as a rock. Feel that muscle, big boy. That's steel ganglia. I haven't been working out in the gym for nothing all these months."

"You're mad."

"Really? I'll tell you what. Let's wrestle. One fall only. And we'll wrestle with our leather on. What do you say? Right here on the rug. I dare you. What's the matter, Your Highness, are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid of anything--certainly not of you."

"Get up then. We'll see who is the bigger man, you or I."

"You're in for a blood-bath. I'm going to butcher you alive."

"Perhaps. But let's agree first on one thing--no fistcuffs and no hitting below the belt. Okay?"

"Sure."

Udo was almost delirious. For weeks now he had dreamed of a rendezvous such as this with Charles. Soon after the two figures met head-on for an initial lunge Charles turned crimson with rage at Udo's manoeuvres; for incessantly Udo eluded his strangleholds, repelled his handgrips, and proved immune to a quick defeat. Desperately needing a breathing-space, Charles tried to ward Udo off, but with no success. Playing leap-frog, Udo came in for the kill. There was no let-up to his stockpile of energy, and in the face of such steampower Charles' self-confidence quickly crumbled. He lost his foothold and took a nose-dive, his butt falling with a thud on the floor. Victorious, Udo straddled him and pinned his arms to the floor. Charles only watched helplessly as Udo bent down to kiss him on the lips.

"Who is the top-dog now, Your Highness?"

"All right, I get the message. But what am I supposed to be now--your slave?"

"Not exactly."

"But, Charles, what are you doing?"

"Counting my coins."

"How many do you have in your collection?"

"It depends whether you count the round ones or the square ones."

"Well, both."

"I have almost three thousand coins, Udo."

"Unbelievable. But

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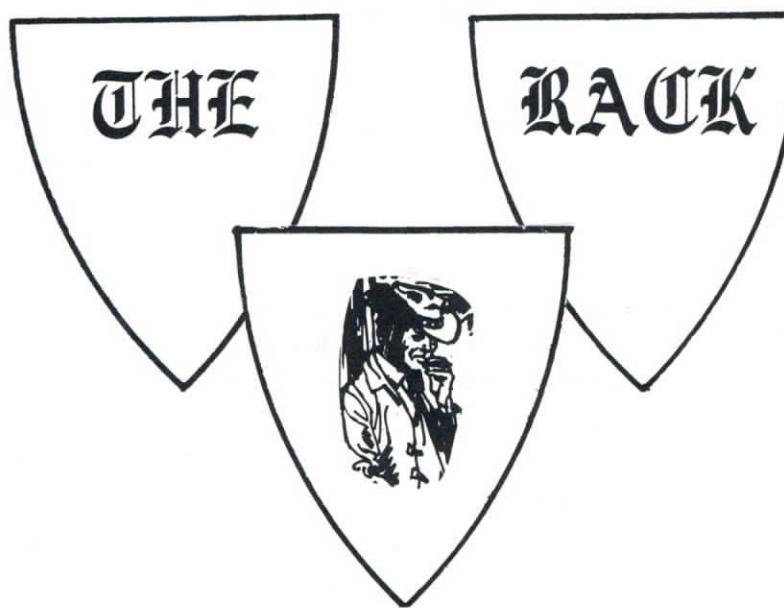
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what is new?"

"Something fantastic happened to me yesterday. As I was having lunch in Harvard Square, I looked up and there was a girl sitting opposite me. She turned out to be from Chile."

"Really!"

"Yes, her name is Monica Ortega y Ortega. I asked her if she were any relation to the philosopher Ortega y Gasset, but she said she wasn't. It turned out that Monica is the daughter of a millionaire from Santiago who made his fortune in the ice-cream business."

"Gods!"

"It's rather amusing, isn't it? Monica says he began with nothing and built up a huge business."

"Icecream in the Andes. Imagine selling fudgesicles there."

"It is a bit disreputable."

"At least if he had made his fortune in Hershey Bars. There is character in Hershey Bars, whereas there is none in fudgesickles."

"She said she has four brothers who are also in the business and that her mother and father are separated. Apparently her mother is an intellectual and is known as the Mary McCarthy of Santiago. She owns a huge half-million acre ranch high in the mountains."

"Charles, this is too wonderful to believe."

"But this is not all. Monica invited me to a dance next week. And she intimated that she would like me to come back to the ranch in the summer. It is called Tinnaquilo."

"That would be fantastic."

"Monica speaks excellent English. She says she spent the last five summers with relatives on the Pampas and that this is her first trip to North America."

"Perhaps we can look her up. She must be part of the International Set. How old is she?"

"Twenty-one."

"You know, she may be a complete fraud: a Puerto Rican from 110th Street posing as an icecream heiress in order to bag a man."

"Udo, how vulgar."

"But tell me more about Tinnaquilo."

"Well, I mean, what can I say? It's near the copper mines."

"And the Andes, my God!"

"The kingsize ants."

"All my life I've wanted to see them."

"Perhaps you could come too, Udo."

"Really?"

"Yes, to Tinnaquilo."

"And the cannibals in the nearby jungles."

"But you can't tolerate bugs."

"True."

"Perhaps we shall end up selling icecream in the Andes."

"What an opportunity of a lifetime! Tinnaquilo."

"I shall have to begin learning Spanish."

"Don't tell Vlahakis about this. He will go crazy."

"It appears that Monica's mother is an aristocrat, whereas the father is definitely nouveau-riche."

"Yes, fudgesicles in the Andes. Giant Ants."

"It's the mother who really fascinates me. Can you see her salon?"

"I can see myself as a white river trader."

"I hear there are hundred foot worms there."

"We could slice them up, can them like tuna fish, and make a mint. But speaking of a mint, what is your father doing these days, Charles?"

"He's making a fortune. Standard Oil of New Jersey and General Motors are financing the machine. The money is just floating through the door at Palo Alto."

"What's he going to do with all the money?"

"Oh, I don't know. Buy a villa in Italy, I suppose. But, Udo, who do you think will be the new Master?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"What about Sir Jeremiah Blumfeld?"

"No. No. He's English."

"But they do call him the Voltaire of Oxford."

"But, remember, the Pillar of English Zionism as well. Sir Jeremiah is definitely out of the running. An Elder of Zion lording it over Lowell House. It's unthinkable. It may as well be Douglas Manning."

"Ugh! He's so ugly."

"And you're so beautiful, Charles."

"Udo, please."

"Yes, your lips are so much better than the best Haute Brion or Chateau Yquem, compared to them what is even a Mouton Rothschild? You are such a babe-in-the-woods, so translucently pink."

"This is no time for ritualizing."

"You're such a master of Ottoman techniques. Only once before outside San Marco in Venice did I ever even see anyone like you."

"Please."

"Open Sesame."

"Not now, Udo."

"Ars longa vita brevis est. Charles, please!"

"This is no time for Mau Mau techniques."

"My saliva is growing cold from lust. You are so soft and squelchy."

"No, Udo."

"You're the Golden Fleece of Lowell House."

"Don't be absurd."

"I hear Stradivariuses and Amatis in the heavens."

"No, Udo."

"Once in Santa Maria della Salute I prayed that I would meet someone like you--so classical, so chic, so far from the hoi polloi. Charles, you can put me so easily into seventh-heaven. Make me pillow-enthroned like before the vacation. For you I would do anything. Let me see your funny-bone again."

"Udo!"

"Hand-to-hand combat. What do you say?"

"Not today."

"The winner draws blood."

"No."

"Get into your black leather and I will be your slave."

"I have to see O'Flaherty."

"Forget that creep. We'll start from scratch and play to the hilt. Rough-and-tumble all the way. Put on your open-weave leather shirt and we'll play mock-nazi. What do you say?"

"Not today."

"Oh, Charles, why are you so lukewarm? Let's return to those once upon a time days when we first discovered leather together and reached such ecstatic heights. Let's not be has-beens."

"At times you are impossible."

"No, never."

"Yes, at times how practically trapped in your squalid past. You can leave the ghetto, Udo, but the ghetto will never leave you."

"Just because your father...."

"My father has nothing to do with us."

"But such an eminence, Your Highness."

"Stop it. At times I think we pal around just because you

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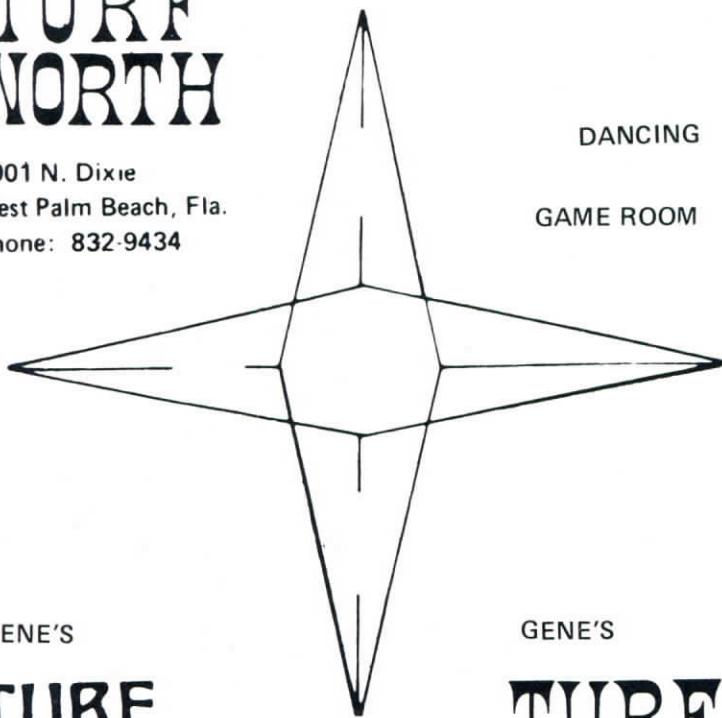
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became infatuated by the image of my father."

"How gross can you be? What do I care about your father? So what if he is followed about by *paparazzi*? It's you, Charles, I care about."

"Udo, I'm tired of you."

"Charles, I'll come apart at the seams if we break up."

"Look, glamour-puss..."

"You're being unkind."

"I've been your prize pupil long enough. The honeymoon is over. Do you think I can stand this hocus-pocus any longer? Go take a pot-shot at someone else."

"You have to accept the pros and cons, the give-and take of a relationship. Charles, you can't on the spur-of-the-moment throw over everything."

"Why not? I'm tired of you and your behind-the-scenes flirtations."

"What do you suggest by that?"

"What about Vlahakis? Do you think I am not wise to that stud? Yes, go ahead. Play it to the hilt with him. Be Big Brother. Teach him the ropes. Let him be your long-sought-after matinee idol, the trainee for your fantasized rapes. Udo, at times you remind me of someone from a skin-flick."

"And what about you, Charles? Is the son of Garrett Watson, Superbrain Luminary, immune from dreaming of the primal scene? Really! Who is more for leather, you or I? Who seduced whom?"

"Bullshit! Okay, it was fifty-fifty all the way. Grant that for argument's sake. But who got off on the whole power game first? Gotcha there!"

"We're wasting time. I am already late for my appointment with O'Flaherty. All I'm saying is that you masterminded the whole pantomime. Don't deny it. Why have I been top-dog all the time? Quite simple. For years you dreamed of shacking up with some blueribbon WASP. But you never made it. For years you jerked off until you concocted the whole master-slave-leather fantasy. Then you met me. So I'm your ultimate WASP stud. But it's time for the second generation. Try Vlahakis for size as your new S.S. Officer."

"And you, Charles, can you throw me over just like that? Have you no heart? Have you no recollection of all that we have done together? Are we to play some sort of comedy of errors now?"

"I'm through with you,

Udo. Finished. *Finito.*"

"Okay. Okay. All good things must come to an end. I accept it. But get this, bike-faggot, the buddy-system works both ways. You don't have to be a graduate of the *Institut für Sexual Wissenschaft* to peg you."

"What do you mean?"

"Washing dirty linen in public isn't usually my cup of tea. But shall we not travel mentally back to Palo Alto? With you the counterplot is not just a series of question marks. Oh, no. Your father--what about your father? The great man, the succubus sucking at your blood which oozes about you so visibly...."

"Leave my father alone."

"Oh, I touched a sore spot, didn't I? What was the nickname you once gave him? The Anchorite. Yes, it was the Anchorite who thrust you through our sexual turnstiles. Does he also wear black leather in the privacy of his laboratory? Hardly, I'm sure. Behold this eminence emerging from the scientific demiurge. Is he due for the Nobel Prize soon?"

"You're being vile, Udo."

"Not really, Your Highness. The truth, it has been said, will make you free. The soap bubble is due to burst. Papa--observe him on the campus of Stanford where his mind has been so long a servant to the scientific treadmill. Inventor of the jet engine: that alone would guarantee immortality. Isn't that so? To the whole world the mind of Garrett Watson sits on a cloth-of-gold, but what of son Charles, though? What has Charles done? What can Charles do but pretend to be a prince? Shall I sing a requiem over your unfulfilled genius?"

"Shut up."

"Clickety-clack. The merry-go-round spins round and round. Come now, bike faggot, out with it. Truth is not so dense. How tired you were as a child of the world hero-worshipping your father like some god. When was it that you first used a mirror to become your own hero, your own god in leather? Ha. Ha. Gotcha there, no?"

"Get out, Udo."

"Embarrassed by your own case-history? Really! But all this is strictly confidential. The truth won't be written on your tombstone. Fear not. All your tombstone will say is: 'Charles Watson, Prince of Bessarabia, son of Garrett Watson, Nobel Laureate.' "

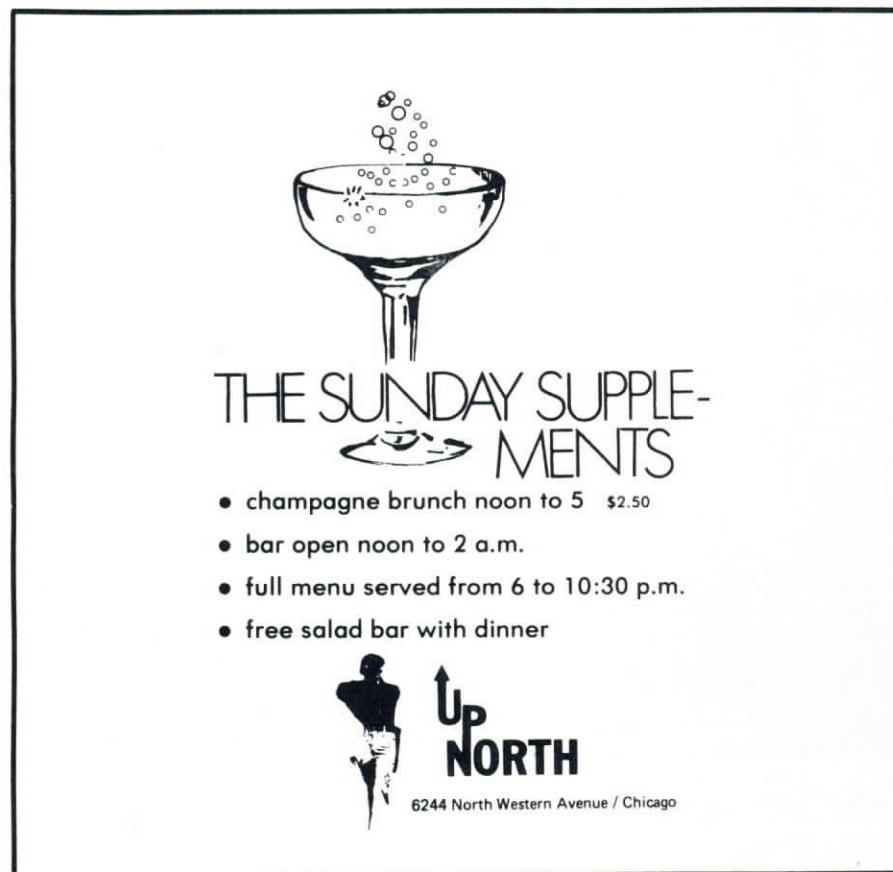
"Goodbye, Udo."

"Goodbye, Charles. See you around in the dining hall."



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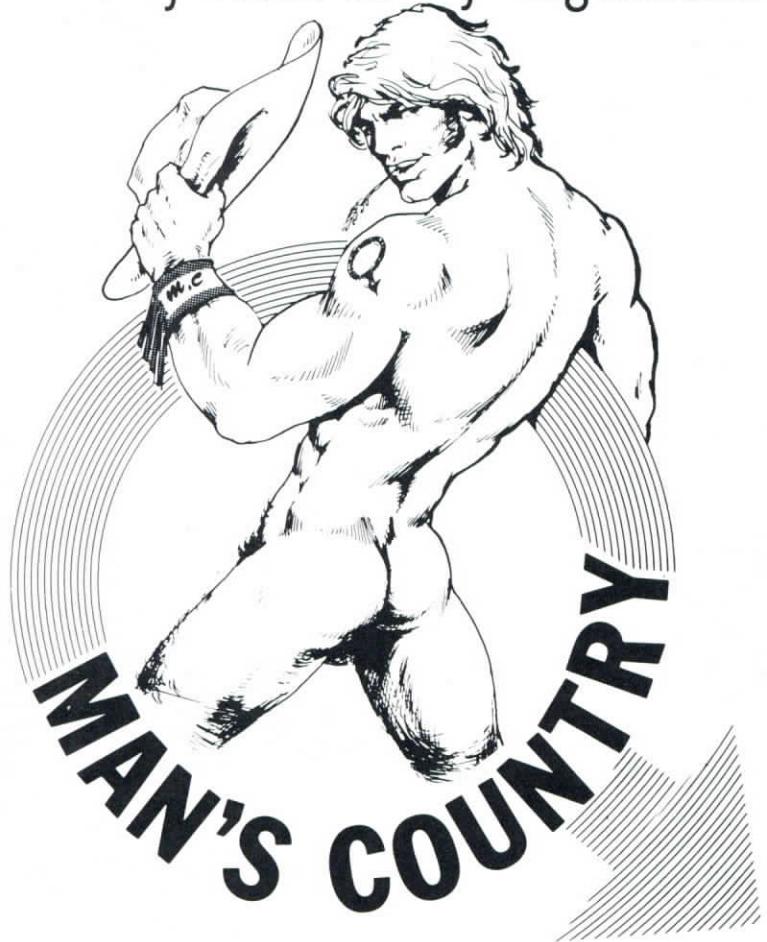
This advertisement for Bill's Music Box Lounge features a large, stylized musical note graphic on the left. The text is arranged in a dynamic, slanted layout across the top and right side of the ad. The address and phone number are located in the bottom right corner.



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LAINIE KAZAN (cont. from Pg. 31)

In point of fact, she was radiant in a multi-colored caftan covered in glittering sequins, but she is the type of singer who does not need those trappings. From *sotto voce* to volume to falsetto, every inflection carries its own weight. One more comment (I'm sure I'll get nasty letters), Lainie should stick to the unique and different bits that have made her what she is. Not that her arrangements, and rendering aren't great. But, Carole King and Joan Baez are best left to themselves, because they are storytellers more than legit vocalists. Artists yes, but in their own fashion.

I first became a Lainie Kazan fan when I saw her on a summer replacement show on T.V. I'll never forget her rendition of "Black, Black, Black, Is the Color of My True Love's Hair." She stood beneath a lamppost, wearing a trenchcoat and a large floppy brimmed fedora. It left an indelible impression, and I have always wished for her to reach the heights of show-business, which is really where she belongs.

I have never interviewed anyone before who could chat and do so many things at one time - applying her own make-up and being able to hear and make sense over the noise of a hair blower, being appropriately used by her very close friend and attendant (though hardly servile), called Ron Alford. Ms. Kazan was most co-operative.

You don't really interview a person like her. You merely converse, listen, and glean. She expressed no surprise that she was very popular with gay people. She appears to feel that an audience is an audience, just so long as there is a population to sing to. However, after further inquiry, she confessed, "I love gay audiences, they always remain attentive and expectant. They seem to be able to get into every song with you, and sense the meaning of each lyric and every phrase." I was surprised to learn that she is married. At present she has no time for home or hobbies, as she is on an extended tour of one night concerts, appearing to packed houses throughout the country, and grossing very well.

Well, is Lainie really Lainie or is Lainie another Barbra? Let this reporter tell you that Lainie Kazan is most assuredly herself, and very well worth the watching.

Good Luck, great talented lady. You needn't drive so hard, you've already executed the coup de grace. "...ONTO THE PALACE."

ROBY LANDERS (cont. from Pg. 32)

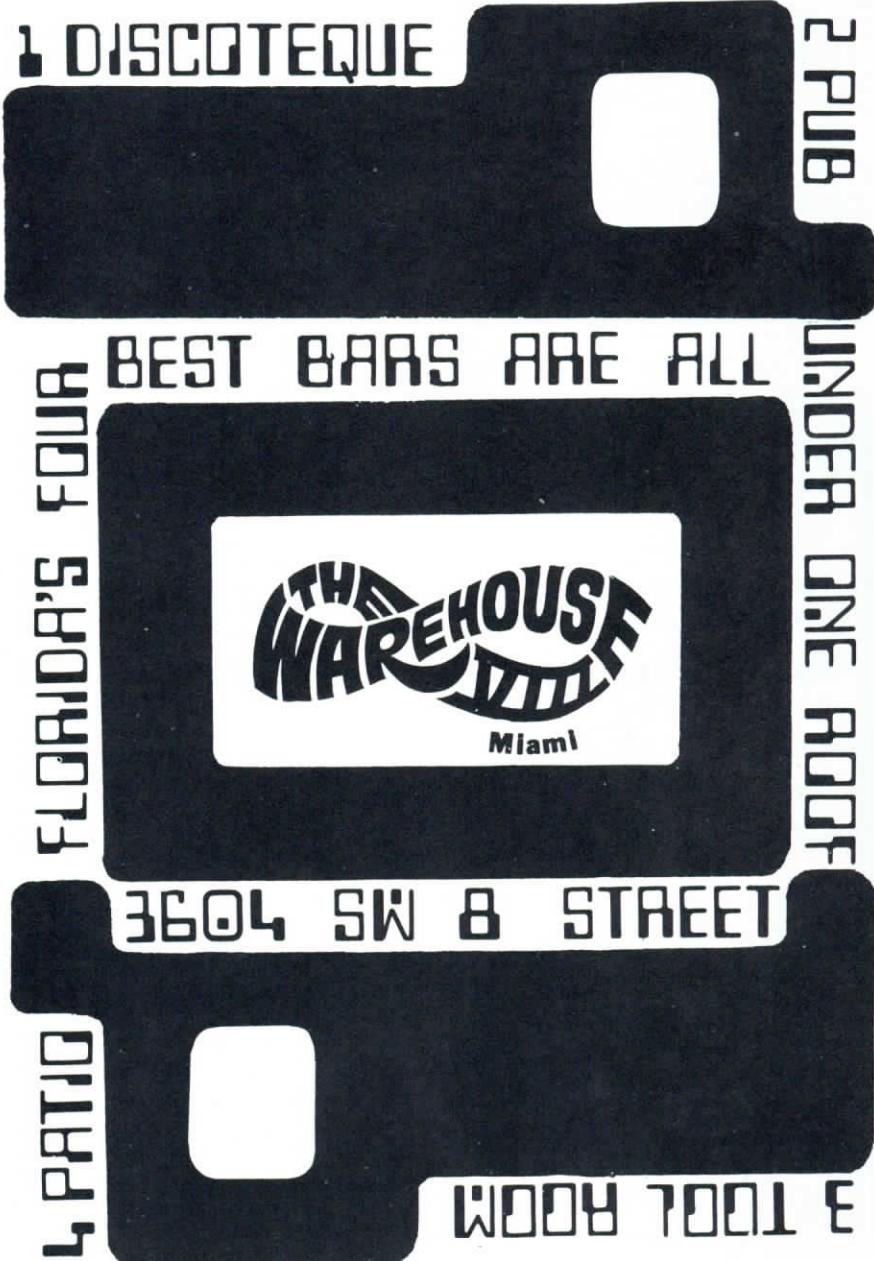
just keep twirling!! And she continued to twirl, blowing her hands. Until she finished her performance, I had no idea that her hands were blistered from the burning baton. I felt badly, but I did give her her first chance on stage."

Roby Landers, although proud of his ability to help others, emphasized that their ultimate success was not all his doing. "Some of them were already potential stars needing adequate exposure. All had talent, but many were just displaying it incorrectly. I just gave them a chance by helping them build what they had. I allowed them to broaden their perspectives by placing them in production numbers."

As a performer, Roby readily confesses the reasons why audiences like him but is humbly surprised at the number of faithful followers he has obtained. His ability to control the audience baffles and frightens him. He does not understand his own magical powers, but to be able to go out on stage and quiet a sometime hostile audience mystifies him. "Sometimes when I'm out there carrying on, I emotionally feel something sweep across the footlights and wonder what the fuck am I doing here. I am frightened to death when I go to places like Texas or Atlanta. I get on stage and completely forget what was rehearsed, except the songs. So I start adlibbing and notice that my fans love it."

Ever wonder what makes a gifted performer clothed in an enormous white gown and outstanding blonde wig come alive? Watch her - for this beautiful black goddess has a witty mind and skillfully uses it. He is a master in the art of camping and adlibbing. In between acts, Roby enjoys and even encourages an exchange of remarks over the footlights. It is more than just stalling for extra needed time for the other performers, since it is a chance for him to have fun, to entertain and to get to know his audience. But if you're a heckler, stand clear. An expert at verbal put down, he can in one word make you look like shredded wheat.

His thoughts about the future are big. In maintaining the reputation of his show, his delightful and artistic cast has included such superstars as Terry Page, Tifly, Verushka, LaVerne St. Clair, Artesia Welles, Laura Merrill, Beau Erickson and "Ralph" on lights. Roby is making plans for another House of Landers, The House of Landers II, and possibly a chain of night clubs with interchangeable shows. Sounds far fetched, but with Roby, anything goes.



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DOGWOOD '74 (cont. from Pg. 18)

"common area" to await our computer assigned date for the evening. Words can't accurately describe how surprised we were as we were paired off; Some were paired in twos; some were paired in threes; some were paired in fours; and at least one group was paired in fives! One of the authors managed to have the hunkiest guy at the run, a member of the Atlantis M.C., who kept stating "It works, it really works, I had complete faith in Tillie, but it's always my luck to get some groovy guy who already has a lover." The other author was matched in a wild threesome, (guess Tillie knew what she was doing afterall!).

Needless to say, the cocktail party was a real success; everyone had a fantastic time showing off their date (s). The hosts for cocktails were the Celtics M.C., from Mississippi; they served champagne cocktails to the noisy crowd. Dinner was announced. Again a gourmet treat had been prepared - barbecued ribs, corn, carrots, salad and rolls. After dinner - fireworks as before, except much, much more.

Ever been to a Gay Auction? We had one that Saturday evening, and there were many fun items for sale, using Atlantis Confederate Money. Some items for sale were quite unusual: a pig sticker; a jock reportedly to have been used by Mark Spitz; a can of Crisco; a free pass to Dogwood '75; and the highlight of the auction - an 18 carat gold cock ring, which went for over \$4,000.00 in confederate money (retail value \$125.00). Here is where the "spirit of Brotherhood" was most evident; since every one could not win it, the room divided in half and the two sides pooled their monies to help one of two guys win. We were sitting next to Rae from the Pride-M.C., (Chicago) as he was declared the grand prize winner; many of us dug deep in our pockets to help him win; and the incredulous beam on his face was worth it. Wear it in good health, Rae.

After the auction, we stood around a campfire for awhile, then we retired for the evening. The next morning, the Easter Bunny came (right Rae?); yes, that little wild animal crawled into many tents and spread his joy all over the place; he left his love and a bunch of eggs everywhere. The call for the Enduro came early; and we ran to the bikes to get ready. The course was laid out similar to the poker run, except that it was approximately 25 miles long, we had several check points. This was the event that separated the men from the

Michael's

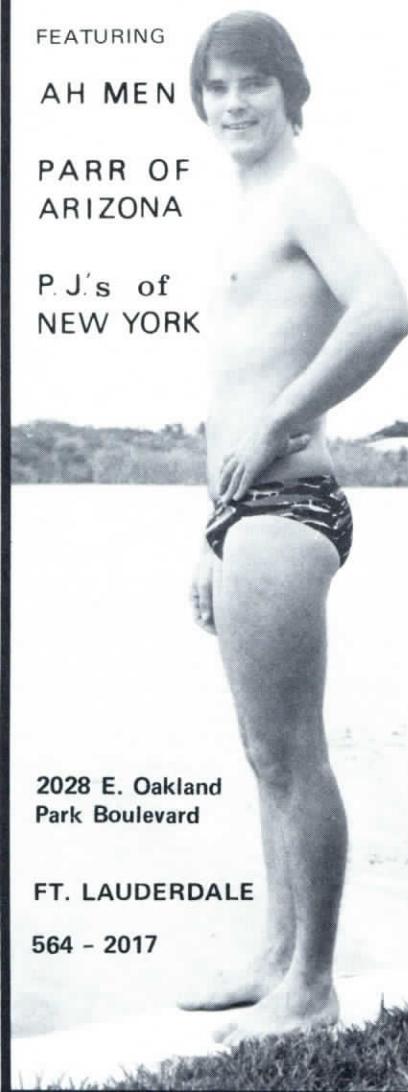
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boys; timing was of the utmost importance - too fast was just as bad as too slow; the clues were even trickier than those for the poker run; and the road markings had to be carefully checked in order to stay on course. Many of us missed the third turn but did not realize it until we were about 10 miles from the South Carolina Boarder! We came into camp rather late, and a little soggy from the (by then) customary love bath from the heavens, but were greeted with a Harvey Wallbanger Cocktail given by The Stallion M.C. (Cincinnati). While the Enduro was going on cross country, an Easter Egg Hunt was taking place at the camp site. (The Atlantis M.C. never stopped!).

Then came the highlight of the weekend; everyone had competed fiercely, and now they waited in eager anticipation to take their trophies back home as proof of their prowess. This was also a time when true brotherhood was evident; many clubs presented their club colors (banner) to Atlantis M.C. as a token of their respect and esteem for the hosts - these are not given lightly, they have to be earned. To us the most significant awards were Club Participation Trophy, and a special award - the worst team in a raft. The Club Participation Trophy was awarded to the club who participated in every event, who showed the most spirit, and who had the greatest percentage of their membership in attendance. It was pretty close between The Wrangler M.C. (Texas) and The Pride M.C. (Chicago), but everyone was pleased including the Wranglers when the Pride was given the biggest trophy of the run. The other special award was presented by last year's winner, Marvin from Centaur M.C. (Richmond, Va.); it was presented to the "two men who most likely no one would like to be caught rowing with on a raft, anytime, anywhere!"; it went to Fraser and friend from 69 M.C. (London). As the last award was presented, jubilation poured forth from the heavens, and it did not stop until we were tucked into our beds 14 hours later in South Florida. Thank you Atlantis M.C. for a fantastic weekend; you certainly deserve the praise of everyone in attendance; it was an unusually fine weekend and one we shall never forget - even when we prepare to go to Dogwood '75 - and you know we will.

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"Start the Packard, Ralph, It's getting warm in here."

We drive on down the country roads, past the farm houses and we see the other kind of chicken. All fluffy, feathery and plump. These are the kind that really makes Mother's mouth water, but they aren't for touching either. If you try to catch them they will beat you with their wings and make so much noise that the man comes running out of the barn calling you dirty names. So we motor on to the supermarket where we can buy them in packages.

I buy the thighs, legs and breast packages. Put them in a big pot with just enough water to cover their bottoms, and salt and pepper generously.

Cover the pot and stew over a medium flame until the meat falls from the bone. Smell good? Cool the chicken and cut them into little pieces for we are going to make a delicious

chunks of chicken, add them to the sauce with 1 cup of raisins. Put all this into a casserole and heat.

Wasn't that easy?

Serve it hot over a bed of fluffy rice and little bowls of raisins, cocoanut, almonds, bacon chips and chopped onions and chutney. It's also a good idea

to have a little bowl of curry powder for those who like more spice.

A bottle of cold white wine and a nice crisp green salad tops off the meal. Now you may touch. But please use a fork.

Cluck, cluck.
MOTHER MOLLY

PHOTO BY TEE JAY JOHNSTON



RECIPE

Chicken

4 tablespoons of flour

4 teaspoons of curry powder

½ cup raisins

Thicken the water in the pot you just cooked the chicken in with 4 tablespoons of flour and 4 teaspoons of curry powder stirring constantly. If you haven't nibbled away all the

MONEY (Continued from Page 46)

with one of the biggest money-makers of that year.

In 1960 Allen moved to 20th Century Fox Studios and hit big again with "The Lost World" "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" or "Five Weeks Up In a Balloon." Allen found his forte, and from then on his credits read like a set of Encyclopedias. "The Lost World," "The Time Tunnel," "City Beneath The Sea," and "Land of The Giants." All of his achievements lead to the year's most popular motion picture, "The Poseidon Adventure." One of the all-time worldwide boxoffice grosses, the National Association of Theatre Owners, 14,000, named him "producer of the Year." The Harvard Lampoon named him the "worst producer of the year and Poseidon the worst film." Across the street from the Hilton Hotel a giant billboard confirms NATO's endorsement proclaiming for all to see, that Allen is "IT." The Nato convention was held here in San Francisco and for those who agree bouquet's can be thrown at the sign, for those who don't, pick your weapons. As for the billboard, the "Poseidon" is second only to the all - time winner at

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20th Century-Fox, "The Sound of Music." Allen will produce "The Towering Inferno" -same formula-before turning to the "Poseidon" sequel, which will be called, "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." Fox was interested in a book called "The Tower" but Warner Bros. outbid. A second manuscript came along called "The Glass Inferno," Allen suspected plagiarism, "but these people live on opposite sides of the country and both books are still unpublished."

"Well, obviously two studios couldn't make the identical story, so we hoped that cool heads would prevail and that Warner Brothers and Fox would get together and produce it. The bottom line is that, we did join forces on it, I'm producing."

They will shoot in San Francisco next March and deliver it to NATO pre-Christmas '74 within their budget of \$8 million. "Ninety per cent of the story takes place once fire breaks out in the tallest building in the world; 137 stories high, which doesn't exist -yet." "If we're successful in shaking up, waking up the public when they go into a building of almost any size, we've made a contribution and it won't be just an escapist picture." In a city where they celebrate the anniversary of an Earthquake and fire, one listens. The view from his suite on the 44th floor, didn't phase him, but being above the 8th floor did. "I don't go into tall buildings, this isn't me,....it's self preservation that keeps me from it." Allen said there is no such thing as a fireproof building in the world, "your dead if it (fire) takes place below you. The water sprinkler system goes go and the water pressure falls." This will be a picture to jar everybody watching the changing skyline of San Francisco.

The company will create a glass tower in San Francisco, against a movie magic skyline. Then burn it down. This will cause a political explosion, hopefully all for the good of fire prevention. Allen talked of the intense research, the agonies beforehand of shooting film impressed by Mayor Alioto of San Francisco, Allen will have an ally in Alioto to help relieve some of the Fire Codes and political hassel that may arise. The "Poseidon" sequel will pick up two days later on the Island of Sicily. All the characters that survived will be in the sequel. It will be filmed along the coastline of Italy and completed in Switzerland. He will spend some of that \$24 million allotted for five pictures to be produced. Mr. Allen has a wonderful sense of humor behind that facade of movie worlds.

"...sometimes we budget after a picture has been finished." "NATO should meet monthly not once a year; and they should devote a three hour symposium in which one hour is concentrated on movie budgets."

Creating movies is an art; making movies is a business - a business involving great costs, elaborate equipment, and complex inter-relationships among gifted and temperamental people. A business is run for profit, and in any business the criteria of efficiency, rather than art, must prevail. The beautiful is not necessarily the popular, the profitable is generally not beautiful. The emergence of Irwin Allen, possessing immense drive, talent, skill, resourcefulness and an almost maniacal capacity for work, producing movies on an immense and dazzling scale, making his reputation. Promoting a movie produced by Irwin Allen will be an identification stamped with a single personality and contribution. A knowledge of audience tastes, a story sense, a subject matter venturesome, daring from a novel showman.

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Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Arlene Francis, Hermione Gingold, Lauren Bacall and Princess Grace. What do they have in common with Tee Jay Johnston?

Little except that all have a generous portion of talent and all are recognized immediately for that certain kind of individuality that cannot be mistaken or confused with anyone else and commands respect.

Talent? He doesn't just paint. He creates images that are as unmistakably individualistic as the artist himself. With the demands placed on him for his originals, we often wonder how he finds time for anything else!

But find the time he does. With his new-found hobby, photography, Tee Jay has opened up a whole new field of challenges.

"It's no longer a matter of just pointing the camera", he says. "It's a challenge each time to present the model in his own individual light emphasizing his good points and playing down the faults."

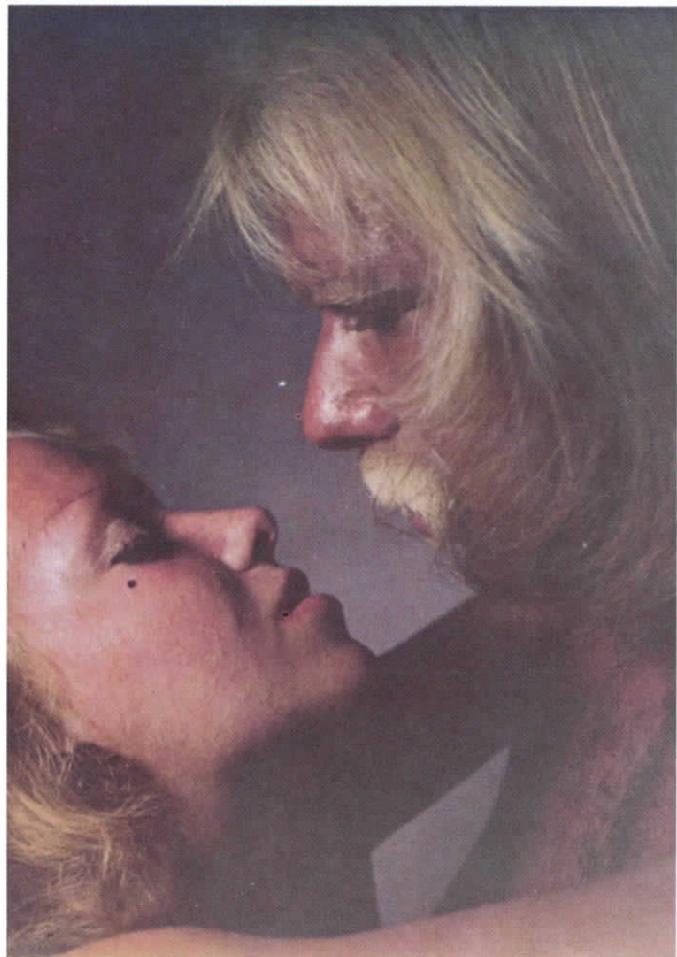
"People like Jim Cassidy present no real challenge to me photographically. Absolutely anyone can take a fantastic picture of him because he's virtually flawless. I work hard to bring out the beauty that's just under the surface. I enjoy what I do and will continue to do so probably as long as I'm physically able. Fame and Fortune? They're great, naturally. But if I had to sacrifice doing the work I love to do for it I'd have one thing to say"

"I'll have none of it!"

**THE NEXT 6
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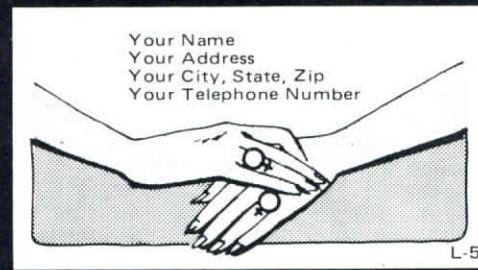
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