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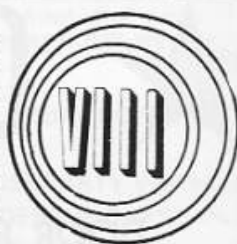
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Please note; In an effort to improve the poor quality standards (printing wise) evident in DAVID's last issue, it became again necessary for us to delay publication two weeks. The problem (exploitation on behalf of our printer's sub-contractors) has been corrected and DAVID will again be released the 1st of each month regularly. Thank you for your patience.

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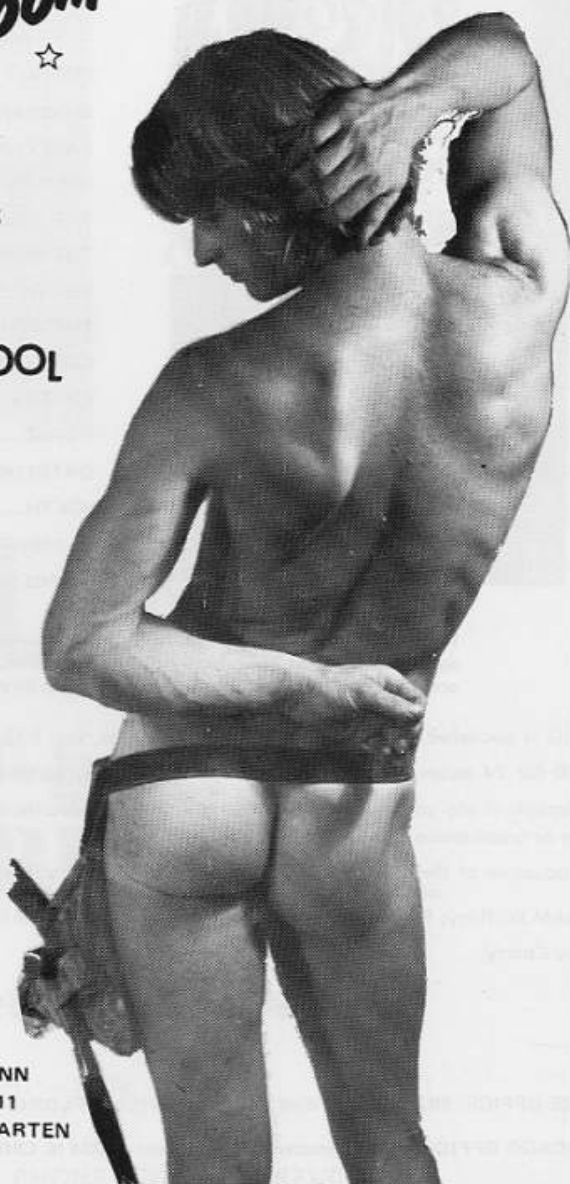
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LETTERS to the EDITOR

ON GAY PRIDE

Dear DAVID,

A back issue of DAVID contains several letters and stories that bring to a head a matter which bothers me tremendously. Namely, why can't gays wake up to the fact that they will never really be accepted in the world until they learn to be serious members of the community and strive to be more conscientious about their jobs and friendships. I don't want to set myself up as a know-it-all expert on gay life—far from it. However, as a newspaper reporter and public relations executive, I think I am somewhat knowledgeable on human behavior.

I learned I was gay at the ripe old age of 28. It was quite a shock to say the least, for I had been one of those people violently opposed to "queers". I hate that word now but prior to my "coming out" I always referred to homosexuals that way. It was my constant dig at them. I found out I was gay by falling deeply in love with a guy. I was with him constantly for two years and never had any physical involvement. He was, and still is straight, although we have fully discussed our involvement and continue to be in a sense, lovers. I still have an abiding deep love for this man although we now live 1500 miles apart and see each other about once every 12 to 18 months. When you love someone the way I love this person, you never stop.

I played the field for more than a year, going home with many, many people. Oh yes, I had some reputation. WOW!

Here's a point to remember, though. As popular as I was in my "tricking" days, there was never any real relationship with anyone. I was not really happy and for that matter, can't remember more than highlights of the people I was with. On the other hand, my two years with my first lover, if I may call him that, have given

me thousands of happy memories and a feeling that for at least two years of my life, I have LIVED. I've had and given more fulfillment and happiness in those years than some gay people experience in a lifetime.

And that's their fault, in my opinion.

I'm single now, hoping as most of us do, that I will find someone to share life with. Not necessarily a love affair but someone to be friends with and enjoy our non-working time together. If love develops—super. However, in my part of Florida, I seem to keep meeting gays who are far more interested in fun and games than building a career and paying their bills, or trying to make something out of life.

It is these people who continuously camp it up (they're not just here in Florida, either) who discredit so many conscientious "straight" gays. Swinging purses, swishing about and generally carrying on in public do nothing to foster acceptance of Gay Liberation as far as I'm concerned. Gays, behave yourselves! Straighten up a little bit.

No one likes an obvious, obnoxious drunk; no one likes a fool; and seriously, gays, no one likes swishy carrying on in public.

The only thing different about my life style now from when I was straight is who I sleep with. I dress, talk, work and play as I have for years. Those gays who I prefer to associate with do the same and we frequently dine and attend parties with our straight friends. I doubt any of them question our sexual habits.

I am being quite truthful when I say that a married couple whom I've known for several years was recently told I was "one of those." Their comment, I am told, was, "We don't believe it but it doesn't matter anyway." That comment, particularly the "it doesn't matter" part, should be heard more often and I am convinced it would be if gay people would be more con-

scientious.

This letter will probably bring a lot of defensive comment from many of the gay set. Maybe it should. After all, it's only my opinion and as I've said—I don't consider myself a know-it-all expert on gay life.

I am a know-it-all expert on one thing, though—ME, and among the things I won't change is my desire to get somewhere in life and be honest and happy with whoever I may live with.

G.B.

Palm Beach, Florida

Dear DAVID,

Chicago had its big Gay Pride Week of events sponsored and organized by such organizations as Gay Lib, Mattachine Midwest, One, etc. Although most of the events were fun, constructive and well-attended, the gay parade from Belmont Rocks was a disappointment. Last year's boasted a larger turnout with floats representing the different groups and bars in the city. However, this year's proved to be a real disaster, not only in attendance and organization, but also in representation.

Void of floats, the parade was made up of many gays who became nothing more than unglamorous floats themselves by the way they drew attention to themselves by flaunting their gayness defiantly toward the straights all along the parade route. When are we going to wake up and realize that being gay is nothing new, it is as old as history. The point is now, not to make the world know we exist, but instead how we would like to exist.

What happened to all the nice gay people—who are we allowing to represent us and where is Our Pride?

If we want to be treated decently, then let's act decently. If we are tired of being laughed at, ridiculed and subjected to mis-

treatment and mis-judgement, then lets hope in the future we can conduct ourselves in a more dignified manner and with Pride in ourselves or to at least make sure that those who represent us do.

It is unfortunate that one incident can overshadow all the good many of these organizations have done, but this is a lesson gays all over can learn from. This type of behavior is not restricted just to one area. We don't need more people against us. Lets wake up!!

W.F.C.A.

Chicago, Illinois

Dear DAVID,

During the past decade, Birmingham was forced to become image conscious, "liberated" its Black community, and was rewarded with the dubious title, "All-American City."

We, the members of the newly formed Society for Individual Rights of Birmingham, here and now remind all persons and organizations who take our city's new

title seriously, that Birmingham, in its decade of introspection and its quest for a city for ALL its people, has almost completely forgotten the homosexual community within its total citizenry. This is no small oversight if one considers that there were certainly homosexuals among Birmingham's population when our city was founded, and that, after one hundred years, there may be forty thousand or more of us living in the Metropolitan area.

Birmingham's homophile community has until this time lived in the secreted, frightened fashion that our sisters and brothers all over "straight" -- heterosexually dominated America, have lived. But if there is a city in America that does not need to be told that times have changed, Birmingham is that city.

And so, we, the homosexuals of Birmingham, stand before you now to tell you we are here, we intend to remain in this --our city too-- and we refuse to live the lives of outcasts or second-class citizens that certain ignorant, intolerant but powerful

elements within our city's population would have us and the other oppressed groups live.

The only existent places in this city where homosexuals may gather socially and assert our homosexuality freely are the city's "gay" or "queer" night clubs.

These bars are the only concrete representation of our community, and in this sense Birmingham's homosexual community is, at this time, under seige. Our oppressors are, not so surprisingly, those very people who are supposed to respect and protect the rights and welfare of all this city's citizens--the Birmingham Police Department.

Harassment, entrapment, and victimization of homosexuals is commonly practiced by Birmingham's Vice Squad.

We have learned to cope with such problems as teen-age queer beaters and the invasion of our bars by drunken straights who leave their divorce and guilt-ridden exploitative heterosexual households for an evening of "queer-watching." We have

(Continued on Page 56)

The MISS JACKSONVILLE CONTEST

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LOOKING AROUND



(The following is from the MATTACHINE Newsletter, May/June 1972).

Florida may have a law somewhere in its Penal Code making consensual sodomy illegal, but nobody's really certain. And, if there is a law, is it a felony or a misdemeanor? Florida could have had a consensual adult law, with the age of consent set at 18, but the State Legislators got confused and, this being an election year, didn't bother to stay in session to solve the problem.

It all started last year when the Florida Supreme Court declared the "crime against Nature law" unconstitutional and directed that two defendants under felony sentences for sodomy have the charge reduced to a misdemeanor carrying a much lesser sentence and fine.

Anticipating the Court's action, the State Assembly began hearings on a bill which would have made consensual sodomy legal for married couples over 18. While the Assembly was still discussing the issue, the Senate passed a similar bill, over the protests of several Senators who wanted all penalties for all consenting adults eliminated.

Now the Assembly began discussing the elimination of all penalties for all consenting adults and, when the proponents of penalties gave in, the non-penalty a-

ment was passed and sent back to the Senate.

It was the next to last day of the session. Both groups stood firm and the bill died the next day. Said one observer, "I doubt if most of them know what they were voting for." Florida could have joined Colorado, Connecticut, Hawaii, Illinois, and Oregon in repealing repressive and inhumane sodomy laws. Instead, the "sunshine state" is just one step behind Idaho, the "gem state".

(The following is from OPEN DOORS, a Canadian Gay Activist Newsletter, Vol. 2, Number 2, May 1972.)

Vancouver Lesbians are at last forming a new and vital power group in our gay community. Canadian Gay Activists Alliance expects to be in close harmony with this group of sisters. We may even be able to refer to them as CGAA Women (the gay men certainly hope so).

Barry Cunningham, in his book, GAY POWER states, "Most people still do not think of a woman when the word 'homosexual' is mentioned. Yet there are probably as many Lesbians as there are male homosexuals. They are just less visible.

Phylis Lyon, founder of the Daughters of Bilitis, concedes that Lesbianism is a more tain degree. Miss Lyon insists that the stereotype "butch" and "femme" are discreet way of life.

"Until recently, ladies who did emerge from the closet did so discreetly. Public Lesbians were rare until very recently—and they were always stable; the long-time partnership of poet Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas was the most notable example of this sexual style. Phylis Lyon, herself, has lived with the same woman for eighteen years.

"But all this discretion is suddenly gone with the wind. Lesbians are storming out of their closets and shutting the door with a BANG! Never since the days of diaphanous-gowned Sappho have so many Lesbians shouted out their love for the softer sex.

Lesbians have swelled the curving ranks of Women's Liberation and shaken that movement by its very womb."

"Just as conventional sex roles are being torn apart, the old fashioned Lesbian role-playing has been eliminated to a certain degree. Miss Lyon insists that the

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stereotype "butch" and "femme" are no longer the vogue in Lesbian life.

The Lesbian in Vancouver is no longer limited to the Vanport and those gay-male clubs who so kindly let her in their doors, she is now finding that she belongs in all of our society and does not need closets by any name or label.

Vancouver citizens, from now on, will not only be in a position of confronting movement gay men and transvestites/transsexuals, but will also be faced by our militant sisters in liberation.

Cunningham closed his chapter with the following paragraph and CGAA feels that it hits the space we gay males see, "Certainly, the radical Lesbian thrust is making its presence known within the ranks of Women's Liberation. Lesbians have converted the former heterosexuals, something the male gays have not yet accomplished, or even attempted. The Lesbian faction bears close watching: It may make or break the struggle for gay liberation. Straddling the twin issues of wom-

en's rights and homosexual rights, the Lesbian may win both; Wouldn't that be just like a woman?"

AT THE MOVIES

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, rated R, has got to be one of the worst movies we've seen in a while. And it's a shame. Although the book had its flaws, it also had its virtues. But the movie seems to have lost most of its virtues in the editing room.

To begin with, we feel the part should not have gone to Richard Benjamin, although we honestly feel Mr. Benjamin is a fine actor, we also honestly feel the part should have gone to a more attractive, more believable actor. We felt the same thing when he did "Goodbye Columbus."

Likewise, although we understand, we were watching the movie through Mr. Benjamin's eyes. The supporting cast seemed more like a side-show than a supporting cast.

The plot was a loser. There is a collection of minor episodes that lead up to the ending, which isn't much of an ending to begin with. A semi-gross vocabulary, the bed-scenes, and the bathroom scenes explain the rating but not the story behind them.

But our main complaint lies in the emotional level of the movie. If we were supposed to be concerned and sympathetic, we weren't; if we were supposed to laugh, we didn't. We left feeling much the way we did when we went in—except for the stomach ache the stale popcorn gave us.

Michael Butler

AT THE BARS

South Florida is not a place to stand still. With convention seats still warm, plans have been finalized for yet another convention. This time all gay. The Barcelona Hotel on Miami Beach has been "appropriated" for this 'gayest convention of all'. See details on Page 53.

THE Gallery

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Meanwhile, the entire Gold Coast is buzzing with activity.

THE WHARF in Miami opened recently and has quite a bit to offer. Besides offering all bar drinks at 60 cents, they have a complimentary buffet every Sunday at 7. Tuesdays sport an ingenious, campy "Bingo" game that's a real Blast.

The WAREHOUSE VIII continues to "pack 'em in" with their selection of 3 different bars to choose from, Sunday cookouts and Torchy Lane's fantastic "Sawdust Revue".

As most of you know Torchy captured the first MISS DAVID crown last year and we couldn't be prouder. Her shows are the type shows only a real talent could produce all the way down the line to the most lavish stage setting ever seen in a gay bar anywhere.

Almost everyone has seen a female impersonator do the famed, "This is My Life" by Shirley Bassey. It's usually the most dramatic act of the evening with the performers' arms and wigs flying across the

stage. Our gal Torchy has outdone them all again! She actually underplays the entire number as only a real talent can do.

The results? A thrilling and inspiring version comes across with her 'take it or leave it' attitude. She doesn't beg for acceptance through the number. This gal's already got it!

Up in Fort Lauderdale, the scene is changing rapidly. THE GALLERY, which used to be primarily an after-hours place since it stays open later is rapidly becoming the area's number one bar earlier in the evening as well.

Sonny believes in putting out a good show for his customers and works hard at it. Don't be surprised if you even see him working right along with his entertainers on the stage to add just the right touch of comedy or dramatics.

The owners of one of Philadelphia's oldest gay bars THE WESTBURY, have taken over the EVERGLADES to give it the stabilizing influence it's needed for quite some time now. The bar has been com-

pletely gutted out and remodeled to resemble the successful Philly bar and the results are stunning. It really looks great. The grand opening of the new EVERGLADES was scheduled for August 13th. If you missed it, stop by anyway to check it out anyway. You won't be disappointed.

Just down the street, the old ODDS 'N' ENDS has taken on a new look with the new owners. Now called CHEZ BOB'S it is billed as Fort Lauderdale's first leather bar complete with the appropriate butch decor. Be sure to check out the drawings on the ceiling. Talk about full baskets!

The ODDS 'N' ENDS in Oakland Park, is still going strong and you'll find Annie, the owner, to be one of the friendliest gals in town.

The VENTURE INN recently opened up the new ZODIAC LOUNGE expressly for the gals. The intimate lounge is complete with dancing and pool table.

(Continued on Page 52)

today there is a discotheque in the greater miami area with a bold new concept in entertainment.....

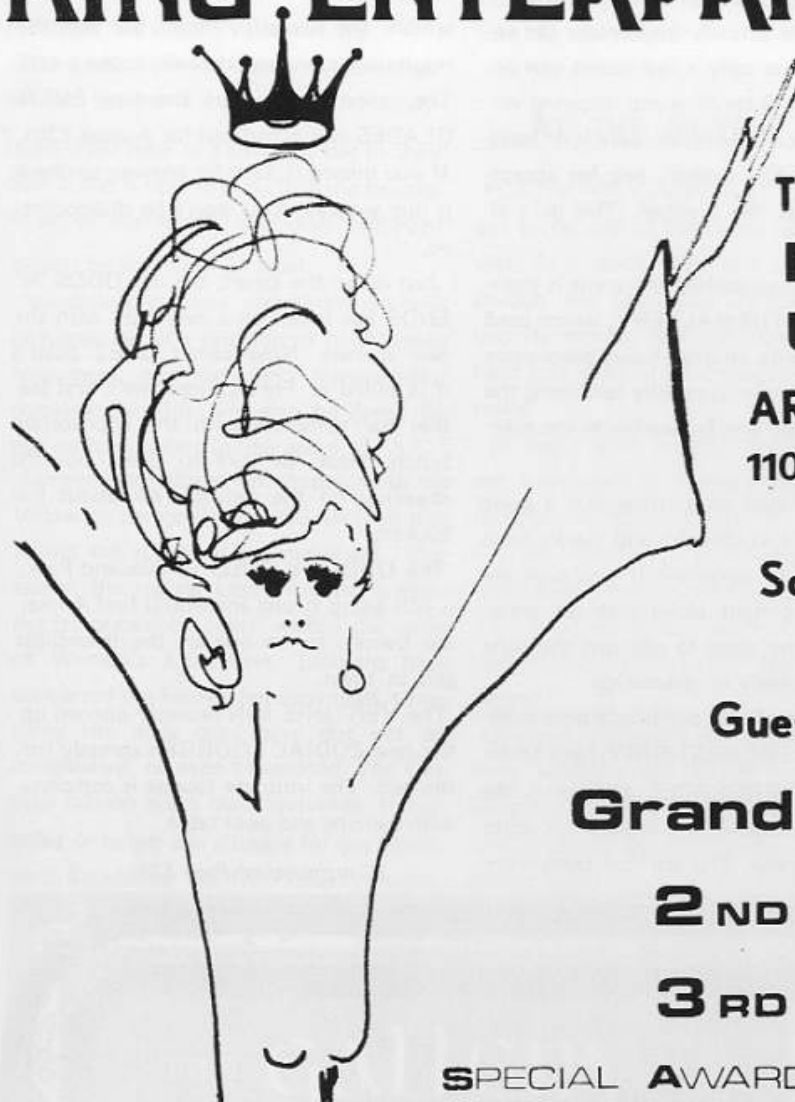
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DAVID: AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1972

ROTGUT

The Moonshine Menace

"Moonshiners and their brew have been folklore fancy for longer than most people care to remember. Times have changed and there is no longer a place in society for peddlers of poison."

The comment is by the editor of the Charleston (S.C.) *Post*. And for good reasons. Moonshine is concocted with total disregard for sanitary or health considerations; often in environments of despicable, nauseating filth.

"Drowned rats and dark brown swamp water were among the ingredients customers of a large moonshine still were getting," lawmen told the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* after raiding the operation—adjacent to a garbage dump.

And a large outhouse was the site of another "distillery" in Alabama. The Tuscaloosa *News* reported that Federal agents entered the outhouse and apprehended the violators tasting their product (ugh!).

A real shocker was cited by a Federal agent at a still under surveillance in Mississippi, according to the Natchez *Democrat*. "Every hour or so, this guy (the moonshiner) would dip a cup in this one barrel and drink the stuff. When we raided the place and stripped the tarpaper off, we found two bloated maggot-eating rats in the barrel he was drinking from."

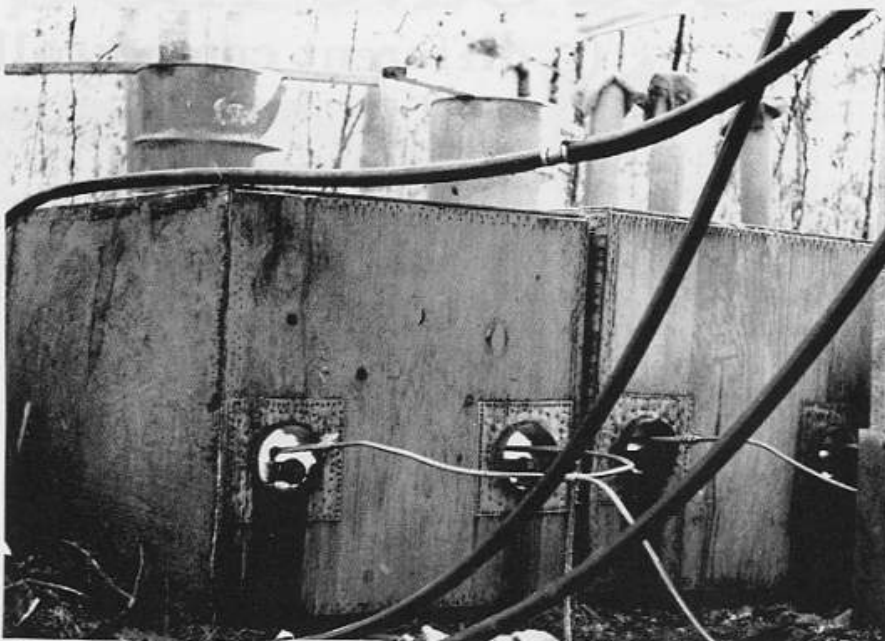


But there's more than filth. Laboratory analysis has shown that the greater proportion of all moonshine seized contains poisonous lead substances or other hazardous toxic chemicals.

The poison in 90% of contaminated moonshine derives from lead salts, picked up by the liquor when it is distilled in old car or truck radiators, or from lead-solder-

other nervous system disturbances" could result, said the report.

A more recent study indicates that consumption of moonshine may cause heart damage. "According to Dr. Sankaran Asokan, spokesman for a research team at the Medical College of Georgia, the study on rodents was performed after abnormal levels of lead were found in the urine of



ed pipes and coils. Blindness, paralysis or slow, painful death is often the high price paid by consumers of low-priced rotgut.

In Florida, a 42-year old chronic drinker of moonshine recently died while she was being taken to the hospital, reported the Tallahassee *Democrat*. Earlier this year, two Tennessee moonshiners were found dead, presumably from drinking their own product, investigators told the Knoxville *Journal*.

Dangers to unborn children when their mothers drink moonshine was confirmed in a report by the U.S. Department of Health, Education & Welfare. "Intrauterine growth retardation and postnatal failure to thrive, combined with spastic and

patients who consumed the illegal drink and had poorly functioning hearts," reported the Pasadena (Calif.) *Star-News*.

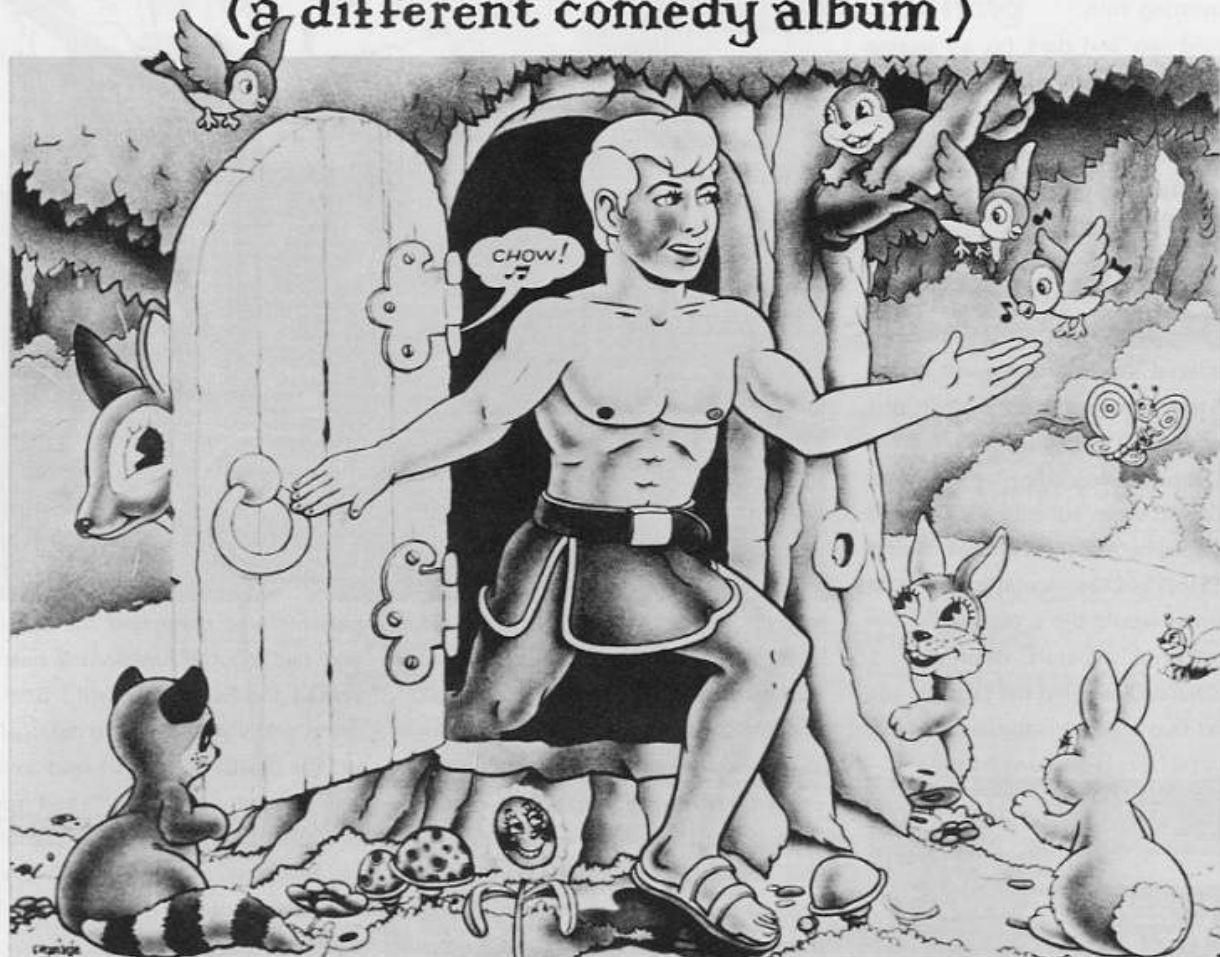
And a United Press International report on the health hazards of lead-contaminated moonshine noted: "Lead poisoning produces brain damage, leg cramps, muscle weakness, impairment of kidney function, depression and coma sometimes resulting in death."

The producers and peddlers of moonshine are nothing if not cunning. Their product, like gold, is where you find it. For example:

A large quantity of illegal liquor was found carefully hidden in post holes be-
(Continued on Page 58)

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On A&M Records

Biography Of A Butch?

by K. LaRue

I had always been naive and never realized I was any different from anyone else. Until I learned the facts of life, I stayed in maternity clothes most of the time from accidentally using someone else's washcloth or from being breathed on in a crowded theater. After Mama's explanation about the birds and bees, my mind was eased considerably. I stopped my unenlightened practices and had my parakeet sterilized. I quit eating honey and never went into the yard without the protection of netting, all because I knew the disgrace it would bring upon my family if I were to become an unwed mother. It was years until I learned the real truth that eased my fear--boys don't get pregnant!

Somehow I developed an inferiority complex along the way. It could have been partly due to my parents, though I'd rather think not. They tried to convince me I belonged to the neighbors; they encouraged playing in the streets, and they were constantly volunteering me for something--like Apollo moon flights, or televised open-heart surgery. They even wrote the government giving them permission to exchange me for a captive prisoner in Vietnam, or a U.S. war dog, or even a carrier pigeon. Mama was very patriotic so I didn't take it personal.

In High School, my guidance counselor advised me to quit and find some menial job if I could. I took her advice and applied for a dishwashing job at Harry's Hamburger Heaven. Harry accepted my resume and told me to go home and wait for his call. Eight years later, Mama suggested that I put in my application somewhere else. She was a very patient person, so I knew it might be best to accept the fact I had been rejected.

Feeling the world upon my shoulders, I began walking. My footsteps led me to the corner bar which I learned with much disbelief, was gay. I quickly ran out the

back door, knowing how horrible it could be if a curb-hop from Harry's would see me coming out of such a place. I hadn't fully accepted my rejection by Harry, and this could surely ruin my possible career. The lure of the place was overwhelming, and try as I did, I couldn't get it out of my mind.

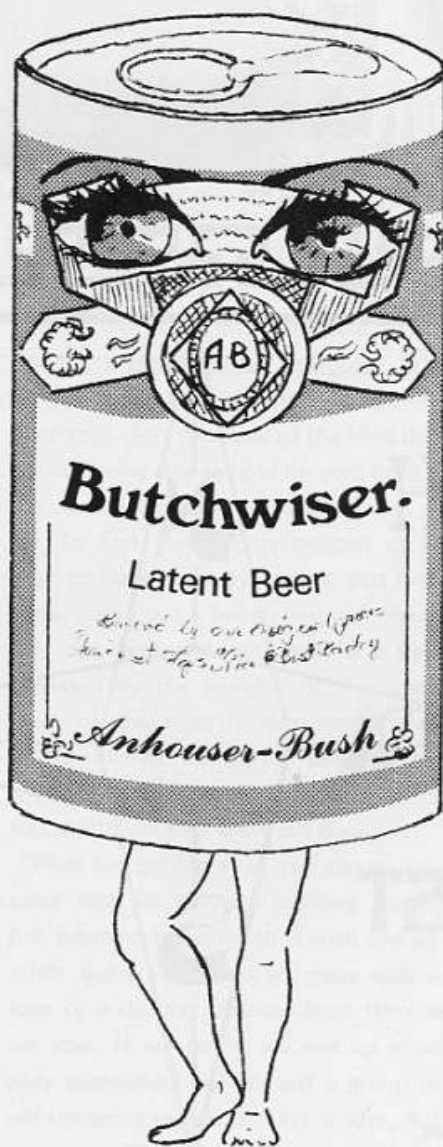
I decided to return, but not without protection from being discovered. I disguised myself as a beer can and slipped quietly

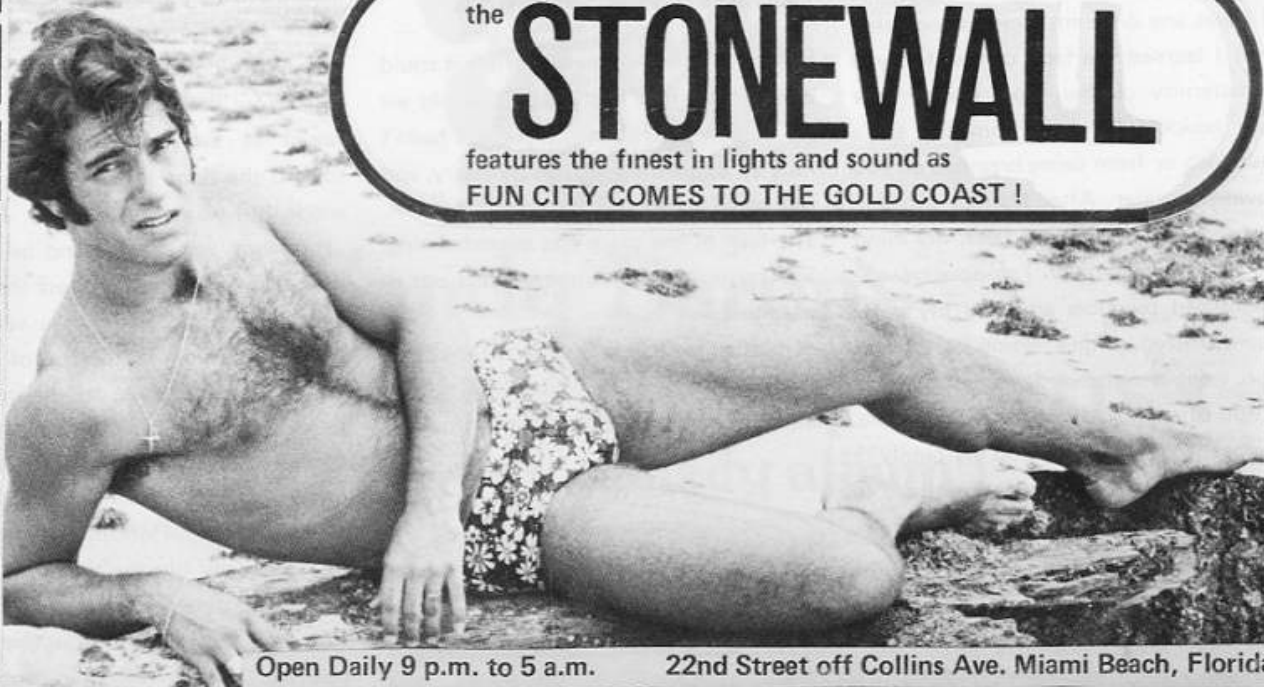
into the bar and sat on a vacant table. I didn't think anyone would notice me, but I overlooked the fact of the rarity of six foot beer cans. I got a little embarrassed at everyone staring and rolled toward the door to make my exit when suddenly I was stopped.

His name was George and he was tall, dark and handsome—at least that's what he told me. I couldn't see very much through the hole in the top of the can. We talked for a while, and he invited me to his apartment. I had never been so intimate with anyone in my life. He made me very nervous when he began peeling off my label and whispering sweet nothings down my flip top. It didn't take me long to become relaxed, and embarrassing as it was, I removed my disguise. George told me to put it back on, probably because he wasn't as forward and aggressive as he made out to be. Though I was shy, I decided to give into my long-hidden passions, and let him kiss me. He tried playing hard to get, but I finally caught him on Third Street. George was my very first love and though I never saw him again after that night, I know he still loves me, wherever he is. If you're reading this, George, let me make myself very clear. I love you but I have my pride and I won't tolerate my innocent nature being taken advantage of for your own personal pleasure. But George, I'm always home, my number is listed, and if you can't stay but a minute, I'll understand.

The second experience I had with a lover was a guy named Milton. He was a man among men everywhere: bus terminals, bath houses, rest stops and theaters. He led a very active social life; nothing but the best for Milton. He drank only the finest shaving lotions, only walked streets in the better neighborhoods, and always said Grace before meals. Nothing else, just "Grace".

(Continued on Page 16)





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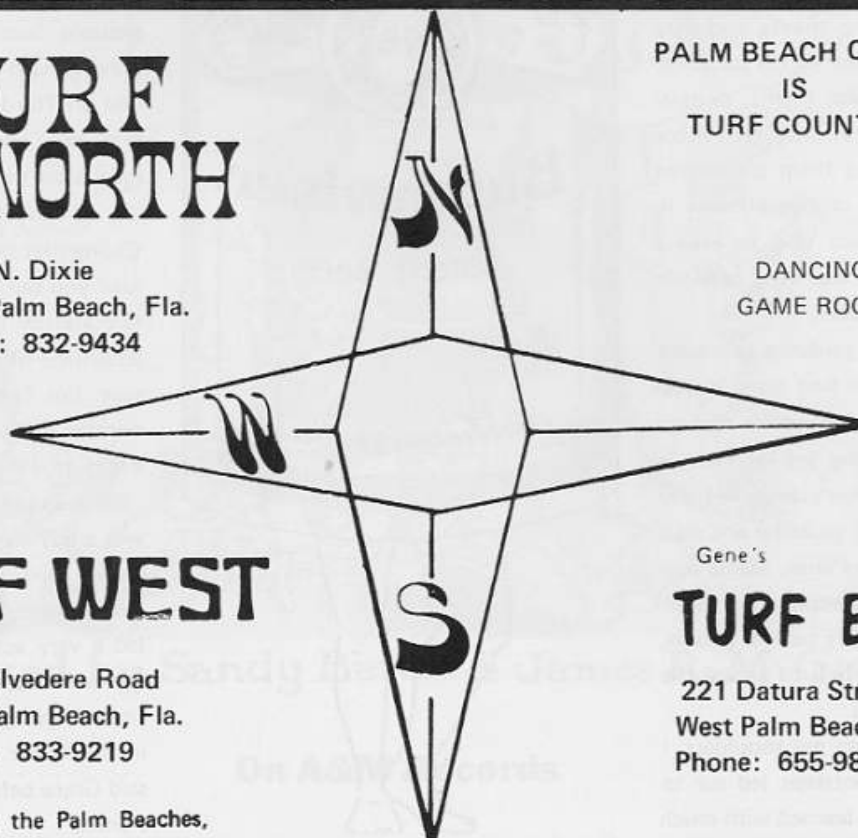
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HOURS: SEE INDEX



THE CONCLUSION OF A TWO PART
SERIAL BY STEPHEN MYRICK

FAIRYTALE MURDER

(In the first part of this story, we learn about a murder that has taken place in the Atlanta area. A local private investigator, John Manning Faggot, has been hired by the relatives of the victim to find out who the murderer was. As we pick up on the conclusion of the story, Faggot and his young assistant, Robbie Pritchard, are still working on the case.)

Faggot and Pritchard spent a week and a half interviewing every sex offender not cleared by the police. The rest of the second week was spent interviewing the Tech student who found the body and the people in the surrounding neighborhood. They went over the list of all tips turned in since the reward was posted. All of it proved to be futile. Not even Emily's parents, James Furguson, his wife Harriet or Steve Macko could supply the first clue.

It was Thursday evening nearly three weeks after James Furguson first contacted John Faggot. Alan and John were sitting on the sofa sipping on a couple of Schlitzes after dinner. Robbie also had a beer and was curled up in an easy chair with the evening paper folded in his lap. "You two sure look cozy," Robbie observed.

"No comments please, kid," Alan said sharply.

"I ought to warn you," Faggot said grinning at Alan, "I may be the self-proclaimed gay around here, but Alan is the mili-

tant."

"It just burns my ass," Alan said, sitting upright to speak directly to Robbie. "I'm sorry, kid, but I get like this even with my own kind. Sort of a case of the head doctor not being able to hold his own head."

"You come across as being straight; so do we. In fact, over eighty percent of all gays go undetected by society. But since some queen put a bee in that alderman's ear, our lives and our love have been hounded by the straights of this town. Most of the folks in this complex are pretty liberal, but rarely does anyone speak to us anymore. One morning 'FAG' was printed all over the front door.

"What I'm getting at is, you can go anywhere and see straights walking around just having a beautiful time with one another. But you and me, we gotta walk alone or a discreet distance from the one we love. If we don't, we end up in an alley somewhere fighting off a group of self-righteous rednecks. This is love, not paperback filth. No man has the right to force another man's love into a smokey

little bar or closet."

John Faggot handed his love a fresh beer and settled him back down. Robbie quietly picked up his paper and began to read it. He barely had it unfolded when he called out to Faggot:

"Hey, boss, have you seen the paper yet?"

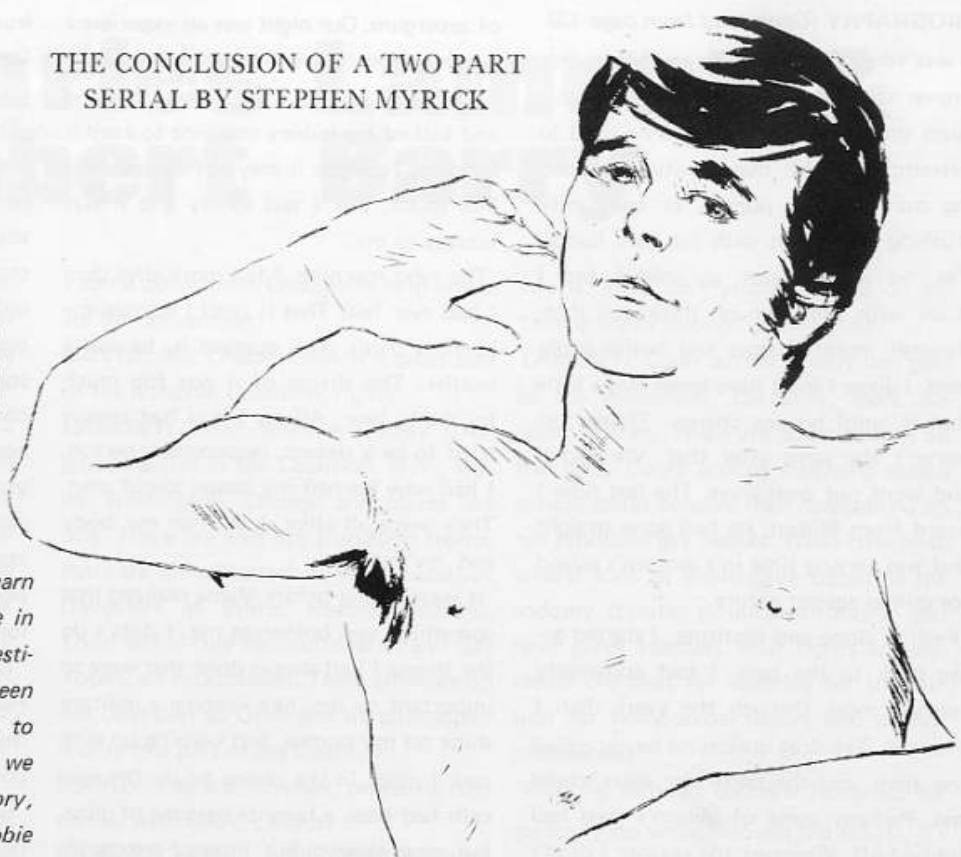
"No."

"Well, read this."

The front page was covered with the story of how Steve Macko had been arrested at home late that afternoon in Marietta for the rape of a local waitress, Cheryl Marie Stewart. According to the paper, Macko and Stewart were at a pot party the night before. Macko has disappeared, and an hour after his disappearance, Miss Stewart appeared claiming rape. The reports said her clothes were badly torn and her back severely scratched.

The following morning, Faggot and Pritchard went to the Clayton County Police station. The jail and station were swarming with reporters and newsmen. Detective Davis met briefly with Faggot

(Continued on Page 54)



BIOGRAPHY (Continued from page 13)

I was very proud that I knew Milton, but I never loved him the way I should have. I guess one reason was because he tried to overemphasize his masculinity, like beating me with his pumps, or constantly crushing beer cups with his bare hands. Yes, he was a beast, an animal, but I stuck with him through thick and thin, through moral charges and health problems. I guess I must have loved him a little that is, until his sex change. Things just weren't the same after that. We parted and went our own ways. The last time I heard from Milton, he had gone straight and was serving time in a women's prison for crimes against nature.

Feeling alone and destitute, I started going back to the bars. I had apparently learned more through the years than I thought. The drag queens no longer called me sissy, and the bartender even served me. Perhaps some of Milton's class had rubbed off. Whatever the reason, I didn't let it go to my head. I laid on the bar and drank beer through my nose, a trick I had learned from Milton. As you know, no beautiful creature can lay on a bar forever and not be approached by a wolf. Sure enough, seven days later, I was approached by a wolf. I must admit, he wasn't exactly the prototype wolf, he was 86 and had a very bad respiratory problem. He leaned his crutch against my leg, but being a sex symbol, I knew this was the type of thing I would have to learn to live with. It dawned on me that I was regaining confidence in myself. I was realizing that I was somebody, not just the quiet innocent child I had been. I felt that I shouldn't break this poor man's heart, after he had done so much for me emotionally.

I asked him, "My place or yours?" hoping he would say his. Seeing I didn't have a place and knowing how Mama frowned upon flaunting a good thing. He mumbled and I followed him to his basement where we shared each other's company over a bottle of strained shoe polish and a box

of aspergum. Our night was an experience I won't soon forget; he caressed me softly and passionately. I rubbed his iron lung and kicked his kidney machine to keep it running. To some, it may not have seemed like much, but I was lonely and it was ecstasy to me.

The next morning, I felt more alive than I had ever felt. That is until I learned the horrible truth. You guessed it, he was a hustler. The shame of it was too much for me to bear. All my life, I had always tried to be a decent, respectable, person. I had now learned my lesson about men. They were all alike, just after my body and my money.

It wasn't long before Mama realized that something was bothering me. I didn't do the things I had always done that were so important to me, like keeping a military shine on my pumps, and keeping up with new listings in the phone book. Obscene calls had been a favorite pastime of mine, but now they didn't interest me at all. Mama advised me to see a psychiatrist. I knew it wouldn't help for I had already lost the will to live. I was a broken human being, but I did what Mama wanted. I went to the shrink week after fruitless week. I even developed bed sores from lying on his couch. He suggested I join some organization, or something that might occupy my mind.

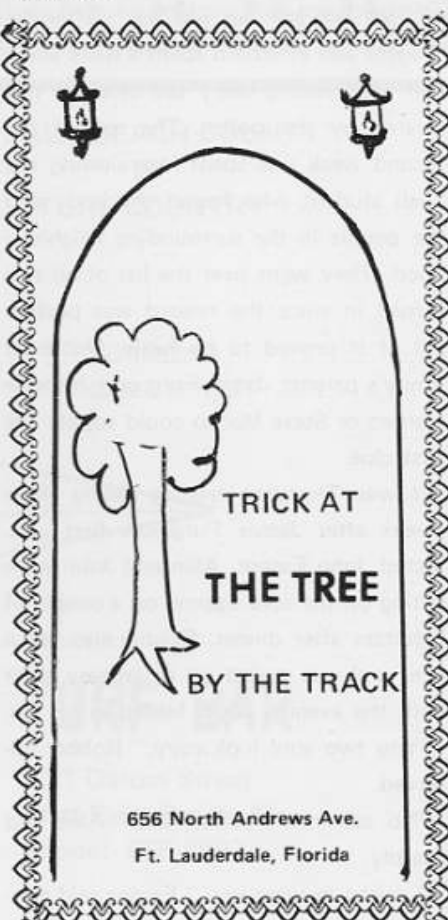
I joined the Downtown Men's Health Club. I had always been bashful, so I dressed in my locker; I even wore it in the shower. It lifted my spirits considerably, being part of something. I sat in the steam room and felt like a real he-man until someone handed me my eyelashes and said my eyebrows had just passed him on their way to the drain. Some of the men complained about tripping over my floor-length gym shorts and said I kept smearing make-up on the chin bar. Being the type person that never stayed where I wasn't wanted, I soon quit. Mama said it hadn't helped me anyway, but I had gone from a pale green complexion to a medium blue, that could have been

from using the vibrator while wearing a tin locker. I returned to my depressed state once again.

Then the day arrived which changed my life completely. Harry called, offering me part-time work during rush hours. Of course I said yes, it was the greatest medicine I ever could have received. It was only part-time but it would give me the opportunity to prove myself. Who knows, someday I may become curb-hop or even counter man. Mama always said patience was a virtue and she was right. The 27 years weren't in vain. My hatred of men was still with me, but I could turn my energy toward the carving of a career and perhaps someday learn to fully accept my loneliness.

On my next visit to the psychiatrist, I held my head a little bit higher. He asked me the usual, "Will you lie down on the couch, please?"

But funny thing, I asked him the same question.



Charles Lamont & Robert Barry

Ed: This interview was originally scheduled for the July issue of DAVID but was completed too late for deadline. It is interesting to note that since the interview, as reported in the June 23, 1972 edition of the MIAMI HERALD, two Miami Beach ordinances referred to in the interview were declared unconstitutional by a federal judge in Miami. The ruling that the laws were vague and discriminatory was largely due to the work done by Robert Barry, president of the Gay Activist Alliance of Miami and Charles Lamont organizer for the National Coalition of Gay Organizations.

Although the contributions asked for at the end of the interview are too late to help non-delegates at the conventions, we are assured monies received will be used to help wipe out more of these unfair laws.

DAVID: Chuck, what is your background and how did you become a spokesperson for GAA (Gay Activist Alliance)?

LAMONT: Well, in the first place, I'm not a spokesperson for the GAA. I'm a spokesperson for the National Coalition of Gay Organizations which is a representative of many organizations across the country which came together in February of 1972 in Chicago and drafted the Gay Civil Rights Platform to be presented for adoption to both political parties this year. Out of that meeting, grew the Coalition and when we were in Washington, D.C. on the 5th, 6th & 7th of May, the local GAA asked the people to come down with some community organization skills and since I happened to be unemployed at the time and was very interested to get into working full time with the Movement anyway,

I came down from Chicago to help organize the convention.

DAVID: But Chuck, GAA is a great part of the National Coalition, right?

LAMONT: True, there are many GAA groups active in the Coalition. N.Y., Miami, Washington, Chicago and places like this. There are also gay liberation fronts, there are some Mattachine representatives, Daughters of Bilitis, Radical Lesbians, Third World Gay Revolutionaries and Gay Youth, all represented. These all make up the Coalition so GAA and its philosophy is only one part of the Coalition.

DAVID: You are, however, primarily concerned with GAA, correct?

LAMONT: Yes, I am. My background is built out of the Mattachine movement and out of the Activist Alliance movement out of Chicago and Indianapolis, so that's kind of where I'm coming out of.

DAVID: What are the purposes of GAA?

LAMONT: The purposes of GAA are to work within the system by any legal means to bring about an end to economic, social, psychological and legal oppression of gay people.

DAVID: In your use of language such as in the preamble and the advocacy of militancy, aren't you coming out in the community with a chip on your shoulder, asking that it be knocked off?

LAMONT: Oh, I don't think so. Since the Stonewall (Christopher Street) riots in 1969, the Movement has matured a lot. I don't think we have a chip on our shoulder any more than any other oppressed group. We certainly are not looking for trouble. All we want is our constitutional rights.

DAVID: One of the most successful organizations obtaining their rights is the NAACP. They've done it through the

courts. Why isn't your emphasis on obtaining rights through court action?

LAMONT: Court action is only one part of the movement. Certainly, there are court actions. There are court actions all the time. Court actions involving suing several states because their delegations do not represent gay people. There have been several suits in Washington declaring the sodomy statutes as unconstitutional and have given teachers their rights and declared the laws for loitering for solicitation for homosexual liason, also unconstitutional.

Working through courts is fantastic. We certainly do work through the courts, it's just that we have to use other methods as well, like coming to the National Convention and telling them of our oppression and telling them that they need to insert a civil rights platform in their national platform. The reason we have decided that working through the courts is not enough is because something else, more powerful, has to come about to change people's minds.

DAVID: Why not concentrate money and energy on this important goal-obtaining legal rights as granted in the constitution?

LAMONT: Because, as I said, no one took the NAACP seriously until Black Power came along, until people were forced to look at the issue.

DAVID: OK, let's get down to particulars. Exactly what are the tactics you advocate for every community?

LAMONT: Every community is different so the tactics have to be different. What works in one place won't work in another. Sometimes there's a "zap" in one community, other times, it won't work.

DAVID: Explain a "zap".

LAMONT: A zap—an example of a zap. A

certain politician, call him John Smith, is speaking at a public meeting. He knows there's going to be a question and answer period. So we may very well go and make him publicly admit or deny the fact that he is willing to work for gay rights if he is elected.

DAVID: Aren't these tactics going to have an effect in turning off the community including many homosexuals and instead of having a positive effect, would negate any gains already made—particularly those law makers who lean toward changing the restrictive laws.

LAMONT: Oh, I don't think so. Civil disobedience is a way of American life. The Boston Tea Party, for instance, didn't turn people off, it got a whole American Revolution started. Now we're not into starting a revolution, we are into doing revolutionary things such as getting our civil rights. If we can avoid fighting another revolution, we will. All we want done are the things that need to and should be done.

DAVID: Explain your advocacy of militancy—do you expect members of GAA, and other gays to stand up publicly and say they are gay?

LAMONT: No, if a person feels that this is what he has to do, then he should do it. A person who feels that he doesn't need to express publicly that he is gay, fine. There are plenty of places behind the scenes where there is no public exposure, such as doing office work.

DAVID: Don't you think that many gay people would like to join organizations such as GAA but are expected to come forward and publicly express themselves as homosexuals and that is one of the reasons that your membership is not growing by leaps and bounds?

LAMONT: I do not know of one gay organization that insists that its members publicly identify themselves as homosexuals. That is a myth.

DAVID: But you admit that it does exist?

LAMONT: No. I do not admit it. But
(Continued on page 50)

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LOOKING
AROUND
AT
NEW YORK

JERRY'S WORLD

By Je



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

I know that you are expecting a New York column from me. But I had the good fortune of being in Miami Beach for the political Convention. Therefore, I shall attempt to take DAVID TO THE CONVENTION, through this columnist's eyes.

On my first day at the beach, I was very fortunate to be recognized by Don Barrington of Miami GAA. He informed me that they would be addressing the Miami Beach City Council when it reconvened after a lunch break, about getting the 21st Street Beach as a campsite for the gay delegates and non-delegates. Don introduced me to one of the most beautiful women I've ever met. Her name is Karen. It was she who was going to address the Council. We talked for a while and I learned that Karen was an extraneous speaker. She and Don asked me to join them over at the hearing, and I did. Walking over to the Convention Hall, I couldn't help but notice how tall and proud both of these beautiful people walked. Totally oblivious to any stares (Don was wearing his Lambda shirt, while Karen wore the double female sign) they rapped about what had taken place dur-

ing the morning session.

As we neared the Hall, we noticed a small parade in front of us. It turned out to be the Rev. Ralph Abernathy and his "Poor Peoples March". They entered the Hall without being stopped and took over the rostrum and demanded 750 seats on the floor. Cameramen were running down the aisles from every direction to record his speech. We stayed and listened until Karen suggested that we get over to the chambers where the council was meeting. (I must digress here for a moment to say that every one of the working men that we passed ogled Karen appreciatively and not one made any derogative remark. It was quite a feeling, but only the beginning). As we entered the chamber, I noticed a great cross-section of people. There were senior citizens, yippies, zippies, middle-aged citizens, and right in the front row were the gay activists! What a mind blower! Again, the men from the press and nearby were looking the beautiful Karen over appreciatively. They all asked if they could photograph her and she asked them not to. Oh, I forgot to tell you Karen is only 17. And, this woman/girl was prepared to take on a city council. Thank God for youth. Just then, Rev. Abernathy entered amidst much applause. The Council offered to hear what he had to say in his request for Flamingo Park as a campsite for "Resurrection City II". While the Rev. was pleading his cause, Don introduced me to two very remarkable young men. The first was the Rev. Charles Lamont. He came down from Chicago to head up the National Coalition of Gay Organizations (NCGO) for the conventions. Rev. Lamont is in the process of a battle with his church (the United Methodists) which is trying to have him defrocked because he had the balls to come out of his closet. The other

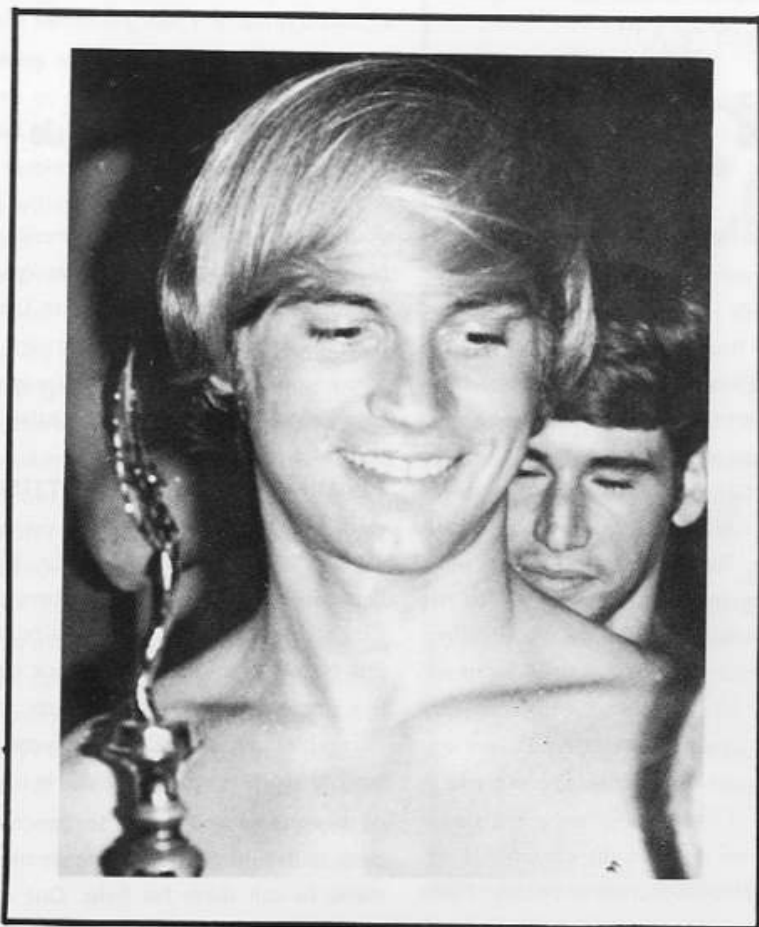
young man was Bob Barry, president of Miami GAA. Bob had used his month's vacation to spearhead, along with Lamont the preparations for the convention. As it turned out, Flamingo Park was granted to Abernathy and, all of the other non-delegates as a campsite.

FLAMINGO PARK, OR, GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER:

It was something else, entirely. What a beautiful trip! They were all there under God's roof of stars, senior citizens, the pot people, the yippies, the poor people, the zippies, and the gay activists. It was incredible! Jesus, a Cuban refugee, had erected the tents for the gays. He told me of the yippie and zippie leaders coming over to tell him if anyone gave him any static to call them for help. One of the senior citizens went over to the tree of the pot people and took about 8 tokes, whereby, he stripped down to his shorts and went into an impromptu dance. All of those people of different color, nationality backgrounds, there for different reasons sharing a common "home" for the hope of changing the ills of a country. They should change the name of the park to the "Miracle of Love Park", for that was what it truly was.

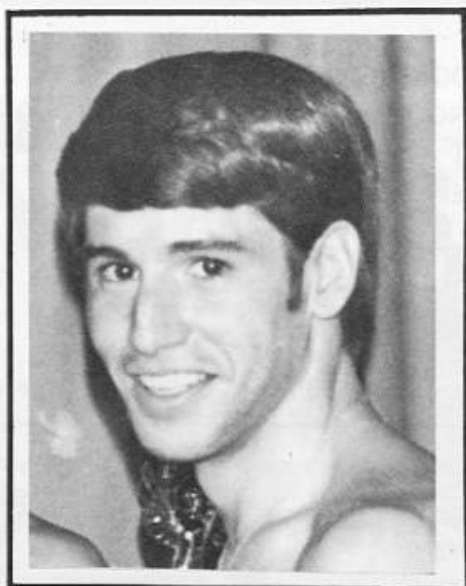
GAA PRE-CONVENTION BALL: They held it at the Unified Hall in North Miami Beach. A blast! The men and women of GAA deserve all of the accolades afforded them. They work as a team forgetting the star system plaguing so many of the other organizations I've observed. There was live music, an open bar, great light show, and it was GAY, GAY, GAY! Television camera crews arrived and, I understand the dance made the Cronkite news. Two of the bars sent prizes for the dance contests. The bars were BACHELORS II and AMBASSADORS III. Also, the Ambassa-

(Continued on Page 65)

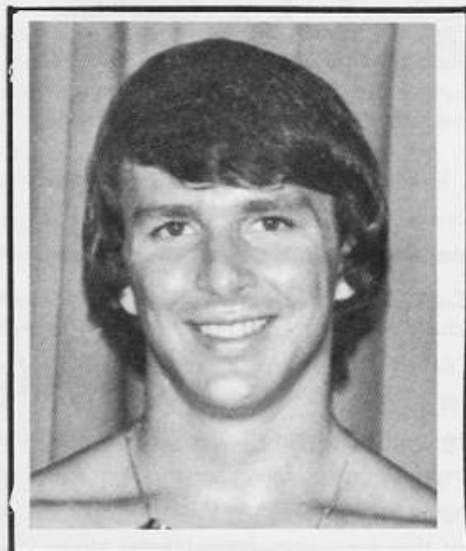


MR. DAVID, 1972-73
ERNIE CHATHAM

Below; Left to right; 1st runner up JACK PRESLEY sponsored by the BAYOU LANDING; MR. DAVID, 1972-73; sponsored by the SEKI APARTMENTS; 2nd runner up AL PHILLIPS sponsored by the CLUB SOUTH BATHS.



AL PHILLIPS



JACK PRESLEY



DANNY (Mr. Congeniality)

DAVID: AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1972

THE MR. DAVID contest

There was "something for everyone" at the first annual MR. DAVID CONTEST, held at the SWEET GUM HEAD in Atlanta, Georgia, July 3, 1972.

Combining brains with beauty, ERNIE CHATHAM, 19, 5' 10", sponsored by the SEKI APARTMENTS, Atlanta, won the title of MR. DAVID, 1972-73.

Just two days before, Ernie walked away with the MR. U.S.GAY title at the EMMA JONES CONVENTION in Pensacola, Fla.

First runner up in the MR. DAVID contest was AL PHILLIPS, sponsored by the CLUB SOUTH BATHS, Atlanta, and capturing the second runner up position was JACK PRESLEY, sponsored by the big BAYOU LANDING, Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Congeniality 1972-73 is DANNY sponsored by the INFERNO, Jacksonville,

Florida.

Naturally, the guys grooved on looking and selecting their favorites from the 18 contestants from as far away as New York City, Toledo, Dallas, New Orleans and Miami (the crowd went wild when their favorite won).

The gals enjoyed the show's "together" feeling and the female impersonators that entertained while the contestants were changing clothes.

Among the entertainers were: TORCHY LANE (MISS DAVID, 1972 from the WAREHOUSE VIII in Miami); LITTLE DAVID (a very campy Shirley Temple from the BAYOU LANDING in Dallas); DEBBIE LYNN (MISS DIXIELAND, 1972 from the KNIGHT OUT in Jacksonville, Florida); WENDY (MISS GAY SOUTH-EAST from the SWEET GUM HEAD in Atlanta) and the talents of LAVITA, ALLYSON, RACHAEL WELLS, and popular vocalist, TONY ROMANO.

Probably Amerika's most popular male model, JIM CASSIDY flew out from Los Angeles to co-host the show and wowed

the audience even with his clothes ON! Jim's a good sport and handled himself beautifully (to say the least).

The celebrated BILLIE BOOTS was in excellent form that night. She enjoyed working with Mr. Cassidy and showed it. If an "Emcee of the Year" award is ever presented, Billie would be hard to beat.

Judges included MR. JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER (author of the GAY INSIDER and columnist for the ADVOCATE); MR. JERRY FITZPATRICK (popular New York columnist for GAY), MR. BOB ANTHONY (New York Publisher), MR. BILL SHIRLEY (actor and producer), and hunky RHEIMS MAYNOR (owner of the WAREHOUSE VIII in Miami).

Besides an exciting evening of fun, the aim of bringing gays together from across the nation was admirably achieved.

The MISS DAVID 1973 Pageant is scheduled for November, 1972 and is tentatively slated for location in HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The next MR. DAVID contest will be held next June, tentatively located in New York City.



The very funny Little David from the Bayou Landing in Dallas shows what Shirley Temple was really like.



Male model Jim Cassidy did a fantastic job of co-hosting the MR. DAVID contest with veteran entertainer Billie Boots.

STEVE LEBLANC

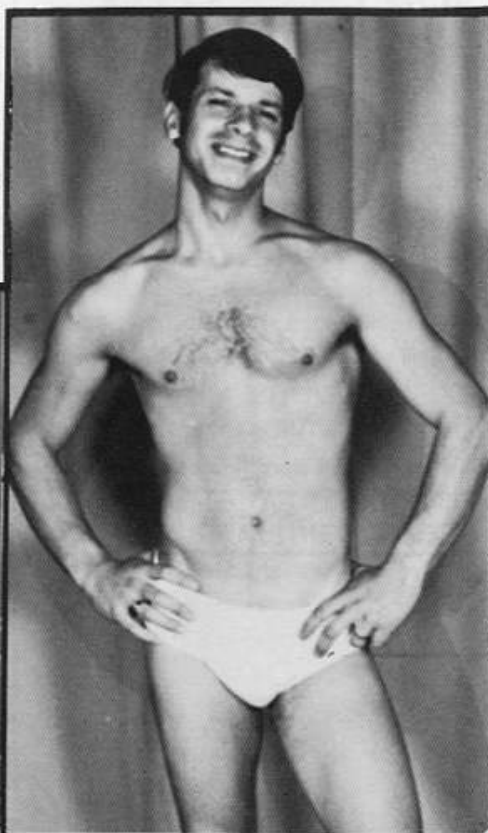
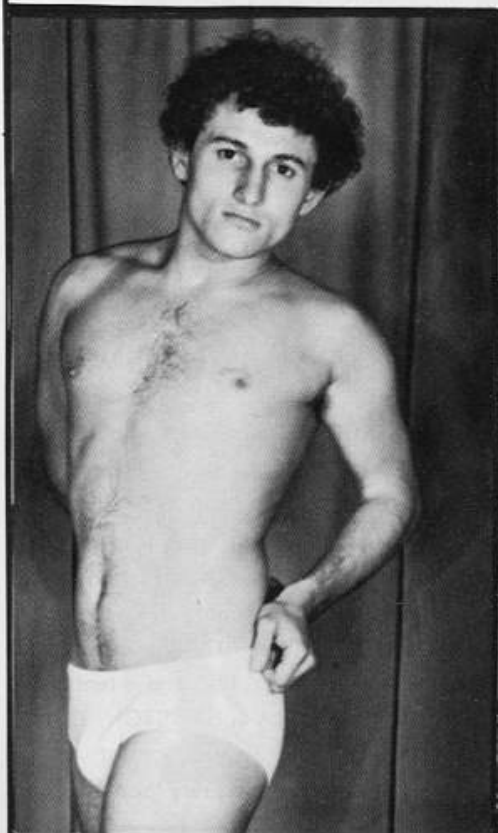
DICK PELLAGRINO

①

②

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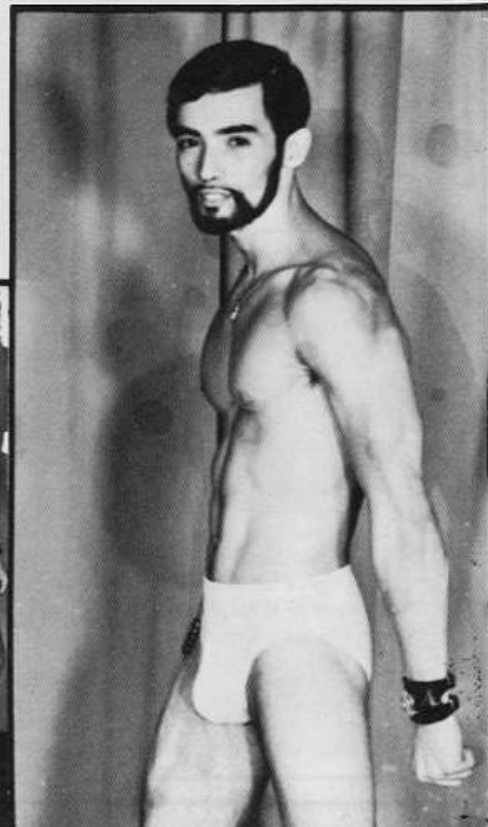
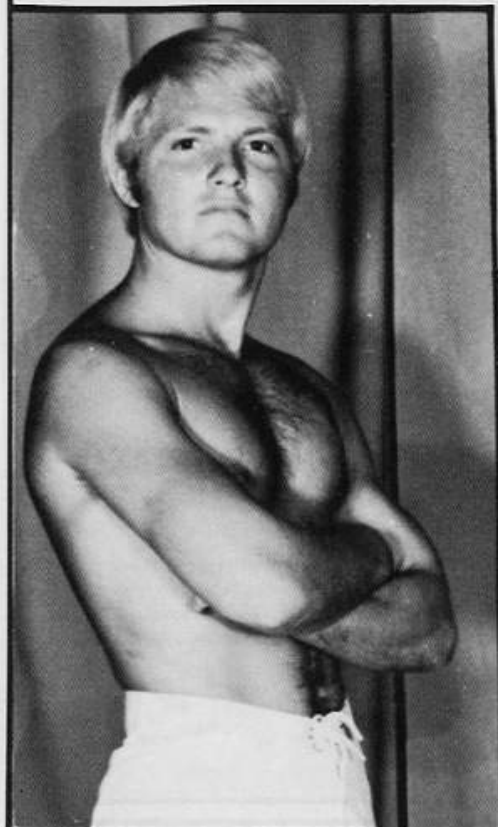
TONY COLLADO

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BOB COOK



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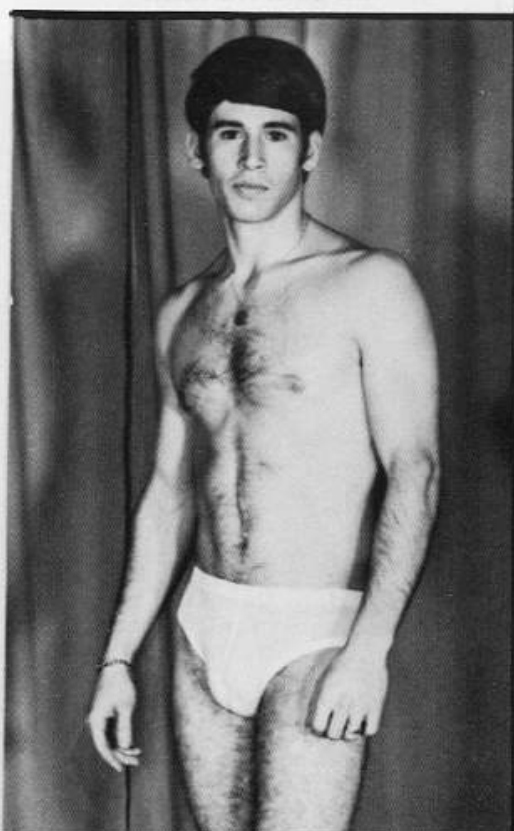
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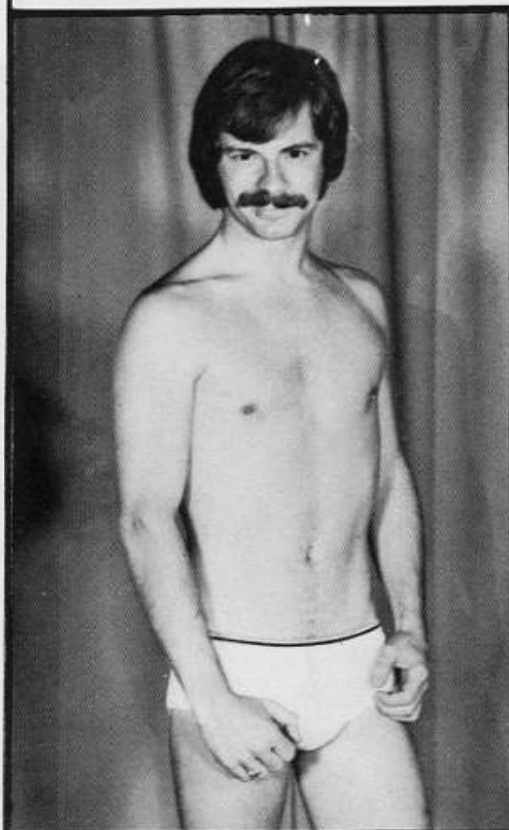
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LATE ENTRY — NO PHOTOS AVAILABLE

TED STEPHENSON

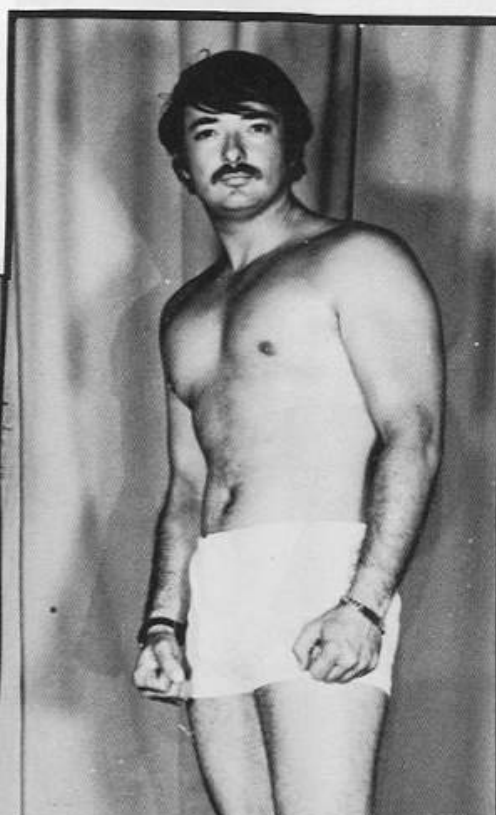


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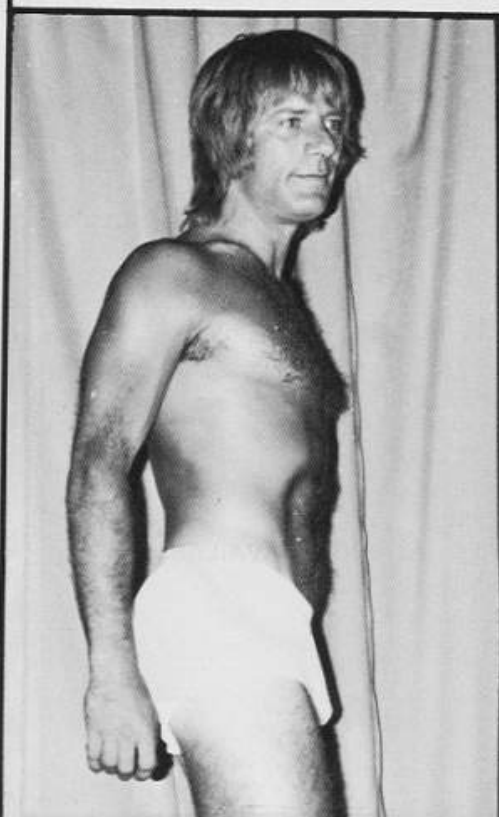
WADE ALLEN



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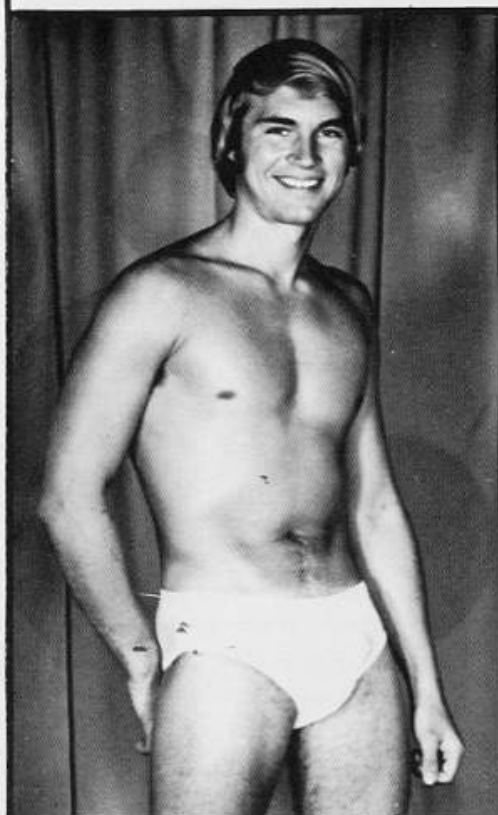
DANNY



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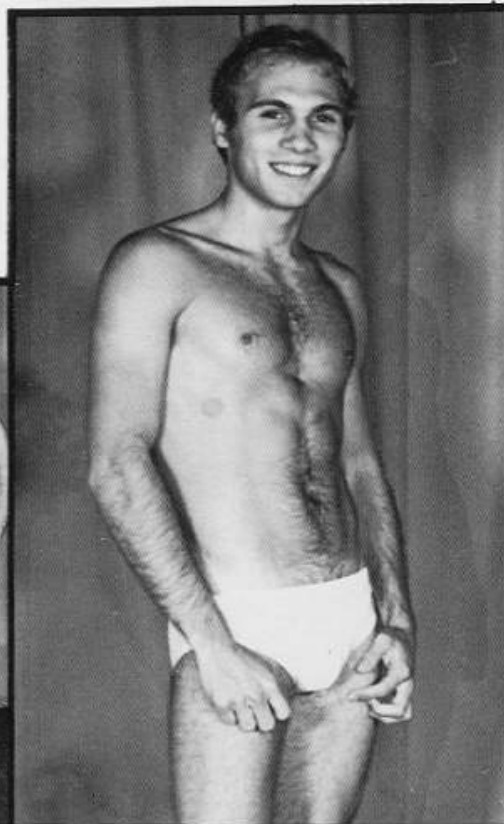


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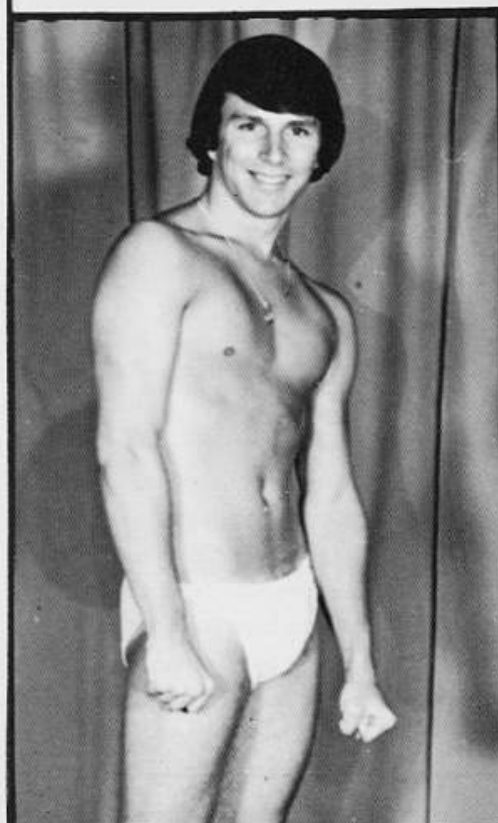
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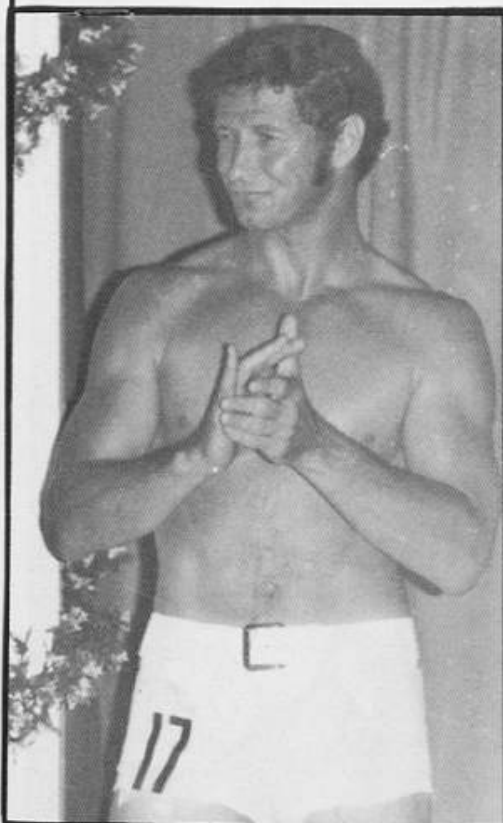
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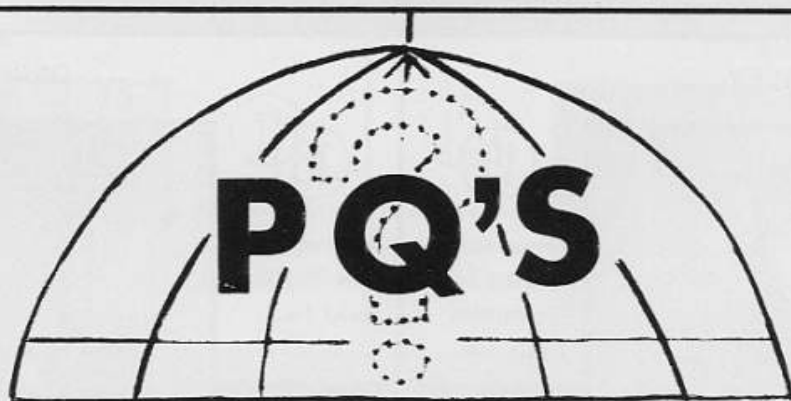
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JOHNNY GREEN



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NOTHING has changed since it was built in 1917 ----

Except It's Customers

SPECIALTIES of the BAR on SELECTED NIGHTS
dancing - disc jockey

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...At The Theater

by Fred Alexson

PURLIE has got it together in Chicago. Direct from a successful two year run on Broadway, PURLIE, the hit musical based on Ossie Davis' play "Purlie Victorious" with lyrics written by Peter Udell to Gary Geld's lilting musical score, is now touring the country. In thirty weeks it has met with rave reviews in Boston, Philadelphia, New Haven, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, and now has an unlimited engagement at Chicago's McVickers Theater.

"Ubiquitously regarded as genuine American folklore, PURLIE attacks bigotry with laughter and with its frothy humor it triumphs over oppression and meanness by reducing evil to absurdity."

As the curtain rises, we find ourselves in Big Bethal, a country church in South Georgia and from that moment on, we are swiftly taken through the different scenes of a shack on the plantation and the Ole' Cap'n Commissary with the excellent lighting of Thomas Skelton complimenting and showing the sets of Ben Edwards and costumes by Ann Roth to their best advantage. It is a quickly moving play and one has to be very alert to catch all the rapid and swiftly delivered lines.

Under the fine direction of Mr. Rose who one remembers as the producer of "A Raisin in the Sun," PURLIE now co-stars Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo. Mr. Guillaume who plays "Purlie," the high-prancing gospel-hooting young Georgian reverend, is a fine actor who has a strong and powerful voice and one can appreciate his fine control and range when he sings "The Bigger They Are." Equal in strength is his command of the stage. Matching Mr. Guillaume in performance



is Patti Jo who has replaced Melba Moore. When she sings "I've Got Love," one truly believes it because the audience adores her. She not only sings and moves well, but she also has an incredible comic timing slipping very quickly from one mood or personality change to another, just by changing the tone of her voice and the attitude of her body, thus keeping the audience laughing. Also worthy of mention are Carol Jean Lewis and Helen Martin. Miss Lewis, who made her Broadway debut in PURLIE displays all the tenderness and strength of Aunt Missy in one song "He Can Do It" and Helen Martin, although the play didn't give her much to do, stole the scene with each appearance because of her portrayal of Idella, who

knows her job and isn't going to take any nonsense from anyone, including Ole' Cap'n Cotchipee.

The play ends as it began, with the entire company singing and dancing to the lively number, "Walk Him Up" making the audience want to join in on the hand-clapping and foot-stomping revival-meeting kind of fun. The only fault one can find in the musical is that there was not more of Louis Johnson's delightful choreography which was well-executed by its corps de ballet or songs like "First Thing Monday Morning," to enrapture our ears with sounds of the company's chorus.

PURLIE has found a good home for its Chicago run in the McVickers Theater for it is one of the few of its kind left in







fessional production effort.

It is the longest running play in the Goodman Theater's colorful 47-year history, and on July 13, the play and the theater celebrated its 100th performance and it doesn't look like the end is near.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE is a 1938 Rodgers & Hart musical based on the book, which George Abbott drew from Shakespeare's rather boring "Comedy of Errors" which in turn was borrowed from Plautus' "The Twin Menacchi" and it concerns a case of mistake in identity in ancient Greece between two sets of look-alike brothers, masters and slaves, played by Bill Ross and Kenneth Cory, and by Ruby Tronto and Danny Carroll. Both male leads are virile, attractive and, are well-trained in their craft. Of course, one should mention the women of the cast, as well as talent we have the tallest and prettiest that would make PLAYBOY envious.

Christopher Hewett, who directed a 1963 revival in New York, and Bob Herget, who choreographed that edition, got together again for this masterful restaging and they have received nothing but praise. Herget has put together some of the most dazzling dancing seen on the Chicago theatrical stage in years. Herget's choreography matches the singing of the cast.

The jokes may be stale and rather unwitty, but the show contains Rodgers & Hart's loveliest scores. The best-known tunes from the old Rodgers & Hart score are of course, "Falling in Love With Love" and "This Can't Be Love."

Alicia Finkel's costumes are gorgeous. James Maronek's sets bring applause from the audience on first viewing and G.E. Naselius' lighting is imaginative and pinpointed.

The key words for this play are "nostalgia" and "enjoyment" and it shouldn't be missed. Last year's great success was LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET and in the Fall, the Goodman Theater will be presenting OLD TIMES by Harold Pinter. Let's hope that each season will bring us something memorable.

McVickers Theater will continue to thrive for both are worth seeing and enjoying.

One would almost miss the theater itself, but they should not miss its production of BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. Located in Grant Park, behind the Art Institute, the Goodman Theater was built completely underground to preserve the sight-line of the lakefront, but it is also a unique theater for many other reasons and one of them is THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE.

"The musical hit of Chicago" has given the Goodman Theater an unqualified success. The critics state, "The Goodman Theater has a good one; a superlative production; a great show." This triumph is a result of a first-rate and highly pro-

Chicago or even in the country. According to its manager, Mr. Swanson, the theater, built in 1856 and surviving two fires, is now basically a movie house which still stages live theater productions as do the Chicago Theater, the Bismark, and the Uptown. During the thirties, it was a burlesque house and through all this, very little of the original art work or decor has changed so that it still provides the warm and charming atmosphere right for productions such as PURLIE. It is always tragic when this is lost to progress and the coldness in modern architecture. Let's hope that PURLIE and the

LOOKING AROUND

at St. Louis



by Fred Alexson

This month, DAVID is pleased to welcome ST. LOUIS to its list of supporting cities. St. Louis, the "Gateway to the West" and "Queen of the Mississippi" is a city rich in history, colorful in atmosphere and steeped in tradition. It is proud of its past and equally proud of its progress as a modern city. The "Spirit of St. Louis" is seen in its 630 foot Arch, America's largest national monument, built on the banks of the grand 'ole Mississippi as proof of its part in moving America Westward.

There are two sections to St. Louis: East St. Louis, Illinois and St. Louis, Missouri, divided, of course, by the Mississippi river. Starting east and moving west, one can see how it can be a colorful experience for the gay set. Downtown East St. Louis boasts three bars, all of which are open until 3:30 AM. The RED BULL at 506 Missouri Avenue, features "The River Queens", a drag show starring Lonna Kuntz, Donna Drag and Rachelle. There is cruising seven nights a week in this "split-level" bar.

HELEN SCHRADER'S, 204 N. 5th St., also has shows featuring the finest in female impersonators and also has dancing. Just a few doors away is P.K., a bar for the girls, located at 601 Missouri Avenue. As you cross the Mississippi, dotted with

ferry boats, you arrive in downtown St. Louis. This section has 3 good bars. They are the FOX LOUNGE, 3701 Washington Street, THE ONYX ROOM, 3560 Olive and Grand Avenue, BOB MARTIN'S at 12th and Delmar.

For the finest in eating, there is the very fashionable and famous FRENCH MARKET (restaurant/bar) located on 17th Street.

In the central west end, in the more exclusive area of the city, is the very popular POTPOURRI on Euclid and McPherson. By the way, they just celebrated their first anniversary on August 6th.

A block away from there, in the basement of the Washington Hotel, is the CLUB BATHS.

Of course, no city would be complete without a park and St. Louis has the second largest in the country. Built in 1904 for the World's Fair, it is now the favorite cruising spot for the city's gays. Two well-frequented spots are the "Circle", or Horseshoe Drive, and the Lagoon, a favorite spot for sunbathers.

If you happen to be culturally minded, there is the Muny Opera, the largest outdoor theater, seating 12,000 people.

So, if you want to have fun and brush up on your history as well as meet some really together people, then why not "Meet me in St. Louie".



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MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

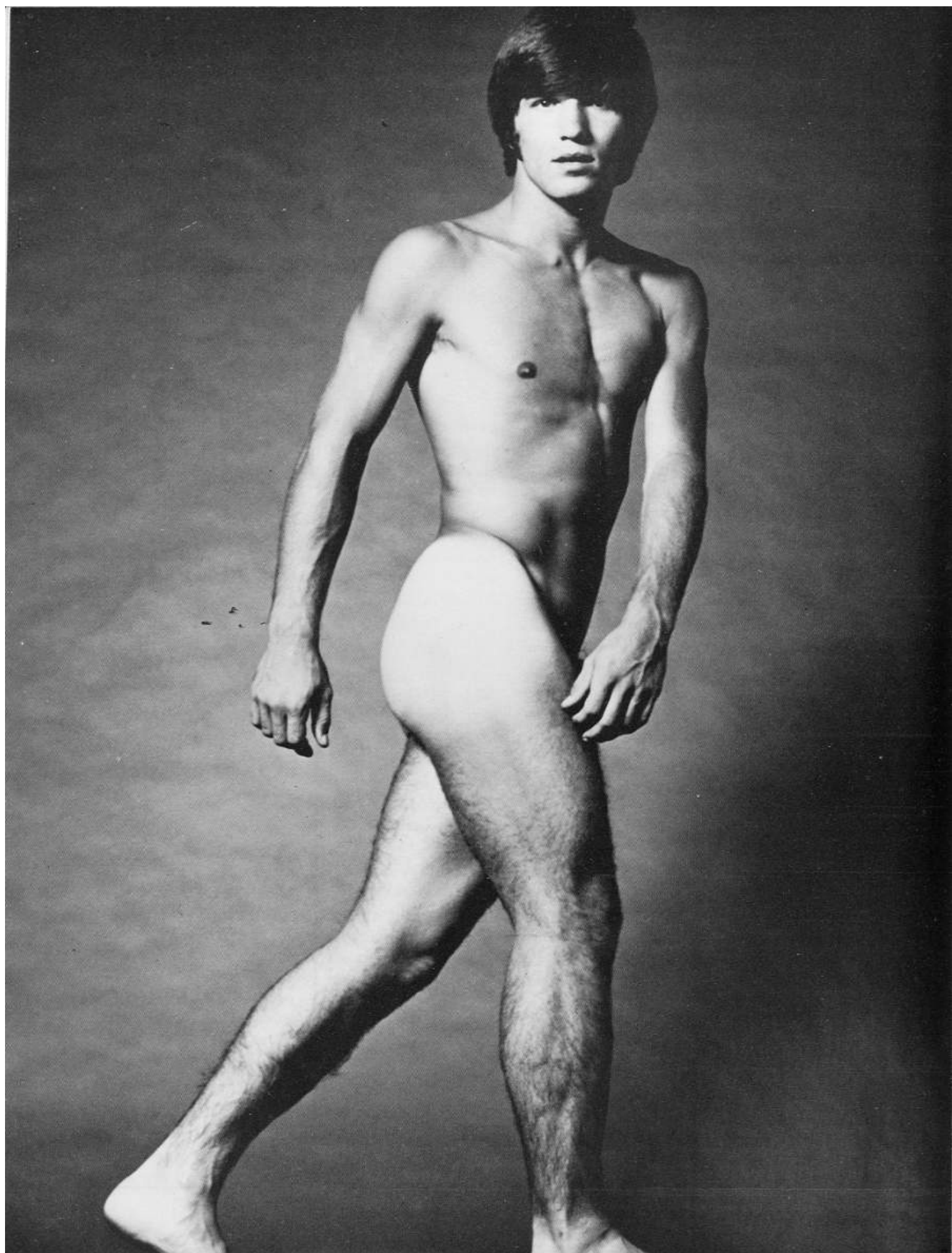
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THE WONDERS OF THE I CHING

Remember the stories of the wise old Indian in the old cowboy movies? You know the guy. He was always at least 110 years old, lived alone contemplating whatever old Indians contemplated and always had the answer for everything concerning the complexities of life. Everyone from the biggest of chiefs to young squaws in love would journey for miles to ask his advice.

Throughout history, people have always had a need for someone to turn to that could answer personal problems, assure them when they were headed in the right direction and tell them, "No, Stop", when they were headed, unwittingly, in the wrong direction.

Today, newspapers and magazines have almost as a standard, columns offering advice from an assortment of wise old gals and guys ranging from the popular and much imitated "Dear Abby" to the celebrated psychological wisdom of Dr. Joyce Brothers. Reaching for everything from the Tarot Cards to Astrology, people are full of questions needing personal and immediate answers.

But, then again, all this is nothing new.

Long, long before even the wise old Indian of sages, existed, and still does, the fantastic I CHING (pronounced Yee Jing), the Oracle of Change.

Although its origin is lost among the myths of prehistoric China, the elements of its profound wisdom were undoubtedly formulated more than 4,000 years ago, and is still very active to this day.

From the complicated method of divination used centuries ago has evolved a simple method used today by merely tossing three coins of the same denominations several times. As the chips fall, so to speak, the hexagrams take shape.

This ancient Chinese oracle enables us to glimpse something of the mysterious rhythms, patterns and changes operating throughout all levels of the universe—the cycles and

tides of fortune which we must learn to know and ride if we are to achieve success. It enables us to realign our lives so that we are living more in harmony with the laws of nature.

Unlike many other methods of divination, you will find that the I CHING does not simply foretell future events and then leave you to cope with them as best you may. It offers sound advice on how to act in such a way that the future can be faced and experienced in the best possible manner.

By giving you an insight into the forces that guide your fate, it enables you to plan ahead with assurance, aware of the processes being worked out through your life, and put in a position to control your fate and turn these processes to your advantage.

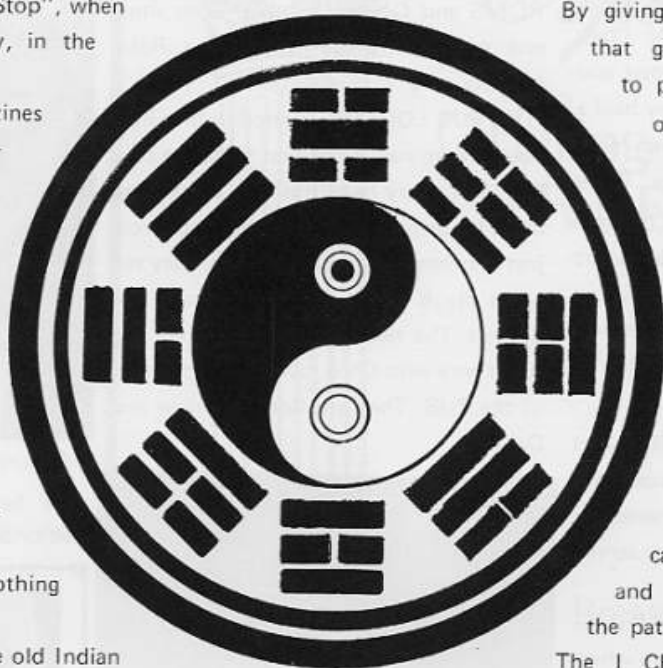
If the answer that you receive from the oracle is auspicious you can push ahead with your plans confidently—if caution is advised, you can prepare for hidden snags; if the indications are evil, you can alter your plans accordingly and prepare for difficulties ahead on the path you have chosen.

The I CHING also has a second function. Designed to throw a light on the hidden

world behind appearances, it acts as a guide to the mysteries of your own unconscious self. Conscious actions and attitudes are to a great extent the results of unconscious motivations, and the oracle, when consulted properly, can give intuitive insight into the workings of the inner self.

Unlike more limited methods of divination, it does not simply tell you what is going to happen, but instead reveals why things are as they are and suggests what you can do about it. The final decision is yours and yours alone. You remain the master of your ultimate fate.

(Continued on Page 66)



LOOKING AROUND

AT CHICAGO

News from the "Windy City" shows that plenty of summertime things are going on. Chicago's bars are all active and thriving. RUTHIE'S, one of Chicago's oldest bars, was closed for a while, but has now reopened in a new location, just a little farther north, at 3231 N. Clark Street. It's manager, Ruthie, has been able to bring the same friendly feeling to the new place as well. It has a young, mixed crowd who enjoy dancing and it features Chicago's famous 'David' as the D.J. There is a weenie roast every Tuesday, so if you knew the old RUTHIE'S, get to know the new one too!

THE CHERRY TREE is a new bar in Chicago. It is located at 3714 N. Clark and it is proud of being gay-owned and gay-operated. On August 7th, they held a benefit show and raffle to help raise money and support the Gay Alliance. There was entertainment and many of Chicago's top female impersonators appeared, courtesy of their clubs. The main prize was a trip to Puerto Rico over Christmas and New Year's, donated by Rhea Mackley of the GEMINI TRAVEL AGENCY.

We wish to congratulate UP NORTH and its owner, Jack, on its great success. Increased popularity now make it necessary to have a reservation. Dinners are served at 6:30, 8:00 and 9:30.

Congratulations also go out to P.Q.'S who can now stay open until 4 am which means more time for fun and frolic.

Chicagoans and the like have been long flocking to Saugatuck, Michigan for the summer, whether it be for a vacation or just a fun-filled weekend. A popular place appears to be the Saugatuck Motor Lodges, 329 Blue Star Highway.

By the way, the HAVEN BOOK STORE now has a massage parlor, open 7 days a week. It is located in the bookstore, at 5550 North Broadway.

Be sure not to miss the first Midwest

GAE UNIVERSE PAGEANT to be held at the Aragon Ballroom, Sept. 9, 1972 at 9 PM. Robi Landers will emcee and there will be a live orchestra and entertainment. First prize is \$2,000, 2nd is \$1,000 and 3rd is \$500. Tickets are \$15 each, \$25 per couple, \$125 for a table of ten. For reservations, call Don Dunfee, 528-7080. Make your reservations now as they expect this to be a real sell-out.

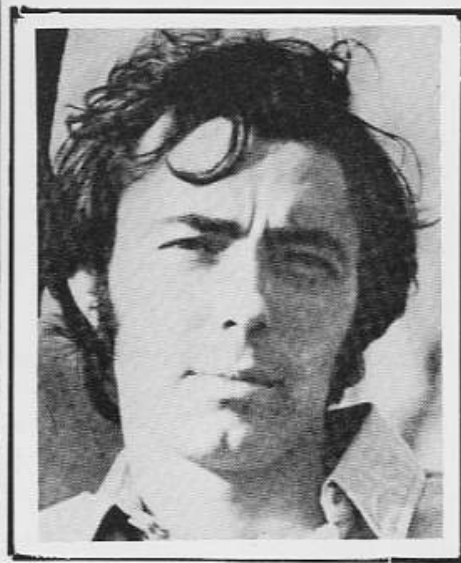
Two more bars have the results of their King & Queen Contests. Pictured here are Johnny (king) from JAMIE'S and Michelle Lee (queen), winners of the contest at the QUEEN SURF. Among the judges were Tanya Terrell and DAVID's Chicago representative, Fred.

At JAMIE'S, the winners of the K & Q Contest were Jerry (king) from SPARROW'S and Cooky Crumble. Their show was emceed by the well-known Roby Landers and Miss Feathers.

THE PUB LOUNGE, located in the Greyhound terminal, is the first to have a contest with many beautiful drag entries and more beautiful guys than ever. Aside from just choosing a King and Queen, they selected the K & Q of the Greyhound Bus Station. The two K & Q winners are pictured here with Chris, owner and manager of the PUB. They are Corky Marlow and Dallas.



Pictured below is one of Chicago's hunkiest bartenders. Whoosit? John Walker from SPARROWS.



DAVID: AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1972

Pictured here is one of Chicago's most versatile and truly beautiful female impersonators, ARTESIA WELLS. She is 24 years old and a Virgo. She handles comedy, torch and even Janis Joplin well. A newcomer, whose only theatrical success until now was a sad masochistic whore in "Whores of Babylon."

Her interests are art, dancing, water sports and liberation movements which support more freedom for suppressed minority groups. She is currently appearing at SPARROW'S.



Lenny and Jerry from the ANNEX do some serious reading (top of page-right) while Wally (left) from the ALAMEDA does some serious cruising.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

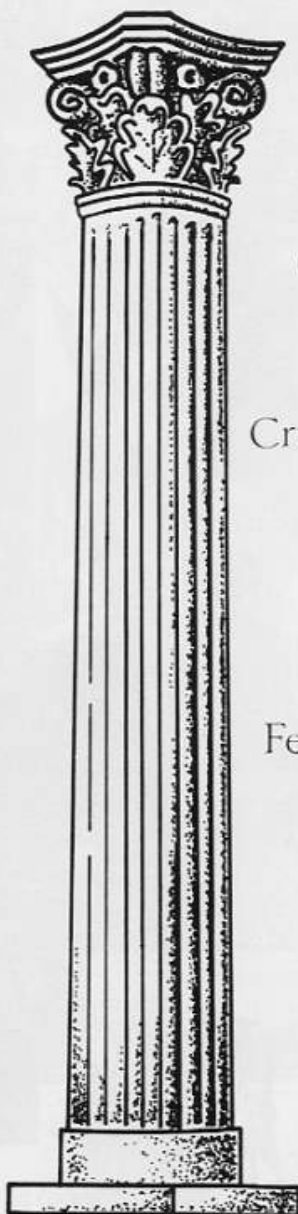
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ATLANTIC CITY N.J.

We're off! Come along with DAVID to the world's most exciting boardwalk—Atlantic City, New Jersey, where the people, the bars and the hotels are all mad, gay fun. It's the perfect place for the summer or just a fun-filled weekend. Don't worry about places to stay, there's always room for you, whether it be at the Abby, the Chester Inn (check out the 4th and 5th floors!), Rose's Cottage, or in the famous De Ville Hotel on Kentucky Ave. The DeVille features dancing and light shows in its M & M LOUNGE (the entrance is from the alley). If you're extra groovy, try the KAPPA GAMMA PHI FRATERNITY HOUSE. Can you guess what it is?

Like the bar scene? Atlantic City's got 'em and they all swing. Start with LOUSE'S on Snake Alley. It's got great drinks and a fantastic atmosphere. If you can't make out, there's always someone for you at the RENDEZVOUS on New York Avenue or at the CHESTER INN LOUNGE across the street. If you dig drag shows, catch Emery DeBoise's show at the CHEZ PARIS right up the block. And right across the street from that is DIRTY EDNA'S and that place is too, too much !!

So get your sun tan oil and KY and let's head for the beach — Atlantic City beach, that is, of course!

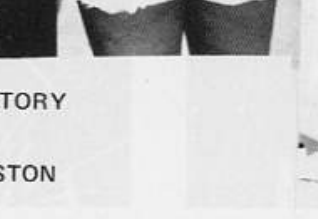
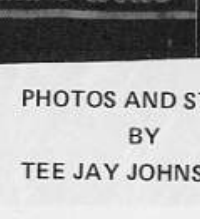
PHOTOS AND STORY
BY
TEE JAY JOHNSTON

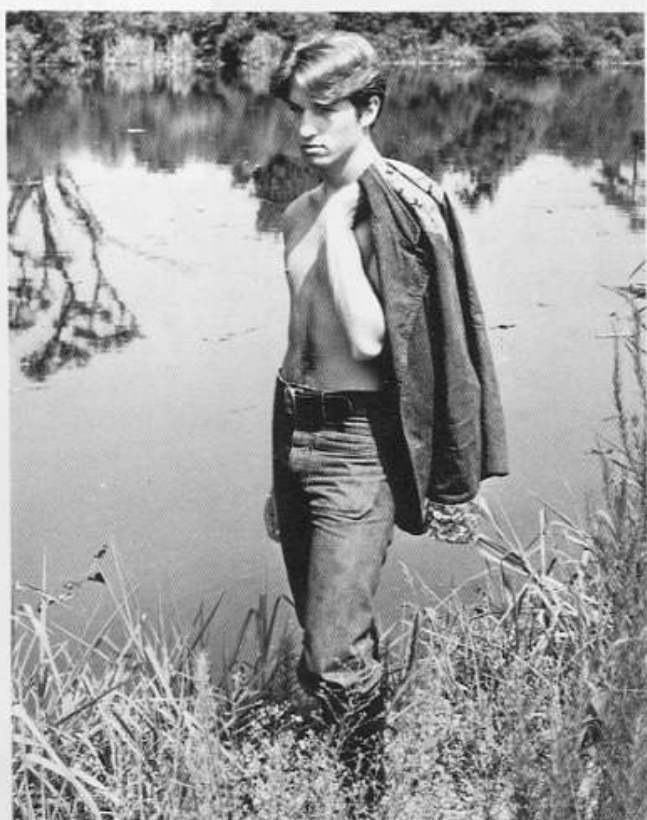


RENDEZVOUS

ATLANTIC CITY
STAYED. E
N BAR

Meet The
eresting





"I guess you might call me a real loner", says Paul. "It's not that I don't like people. I spend a lot of time in bars and I have a lot of friends, but I enjoy the time I can spend alone too."

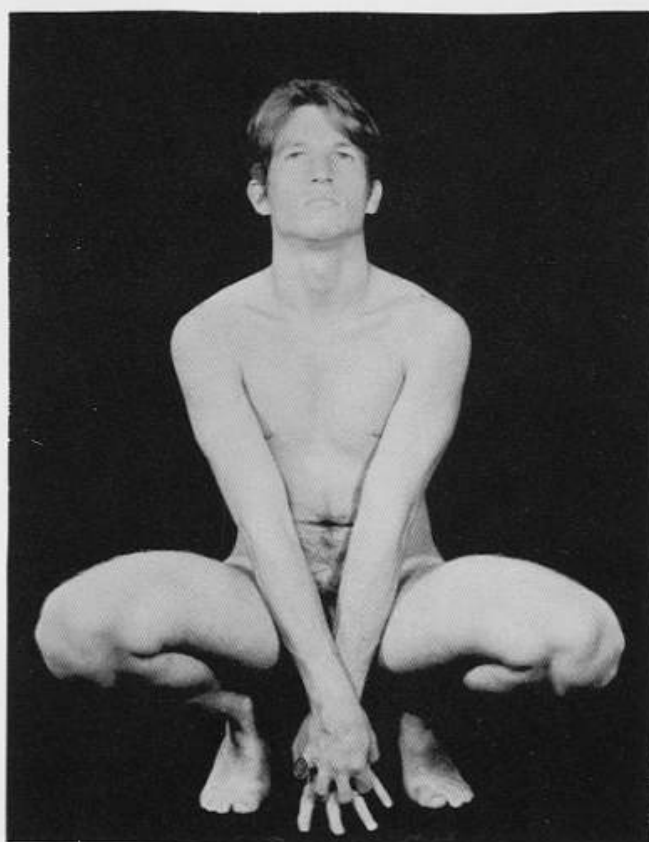
This attractive young Canadian likes way out clothes, dancing, and the outdoors.

"I help out with some of the shows at the KNIGHT OUT when I can. I get a big kick out of doing the male leads for

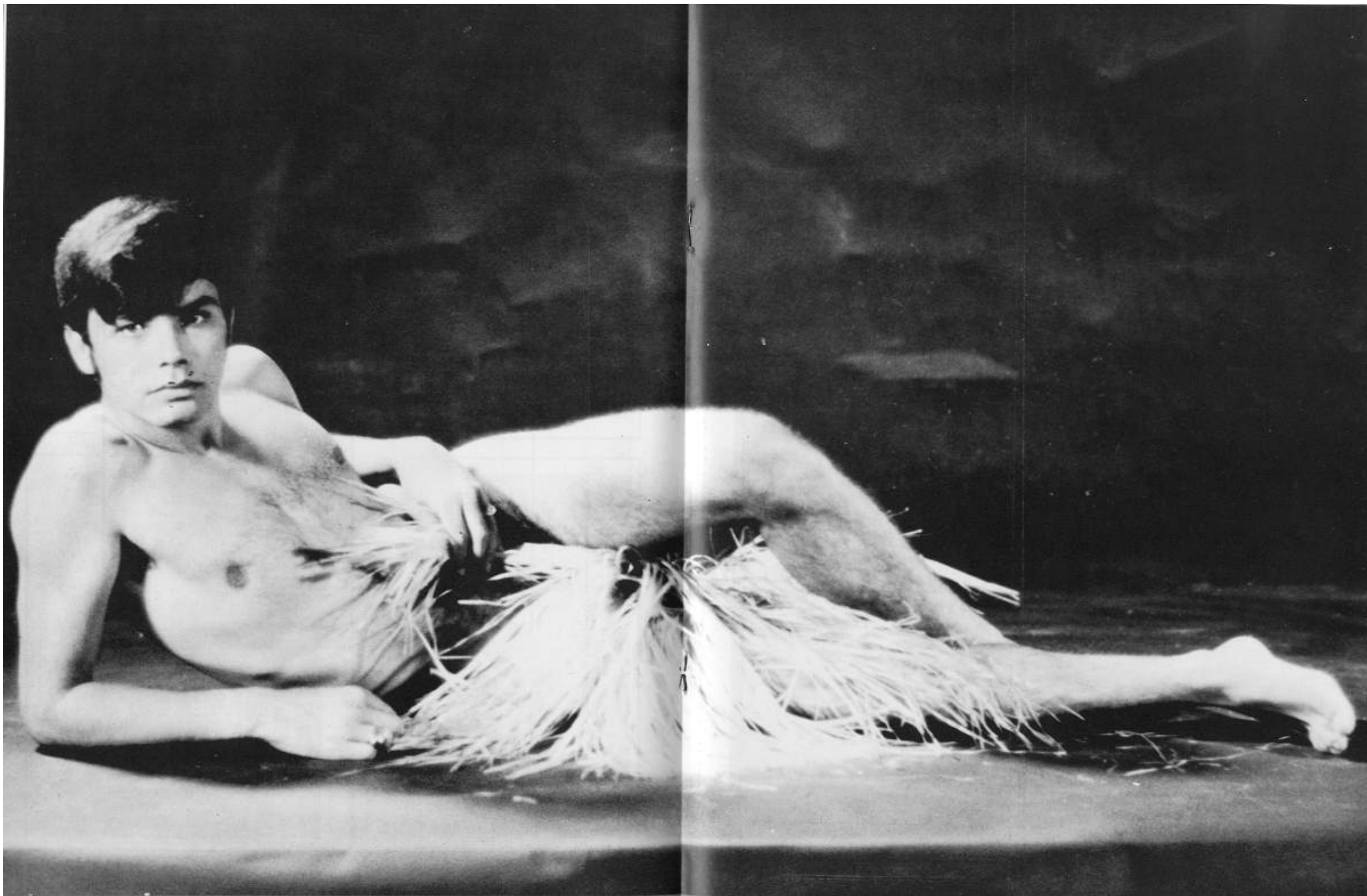
the drags."

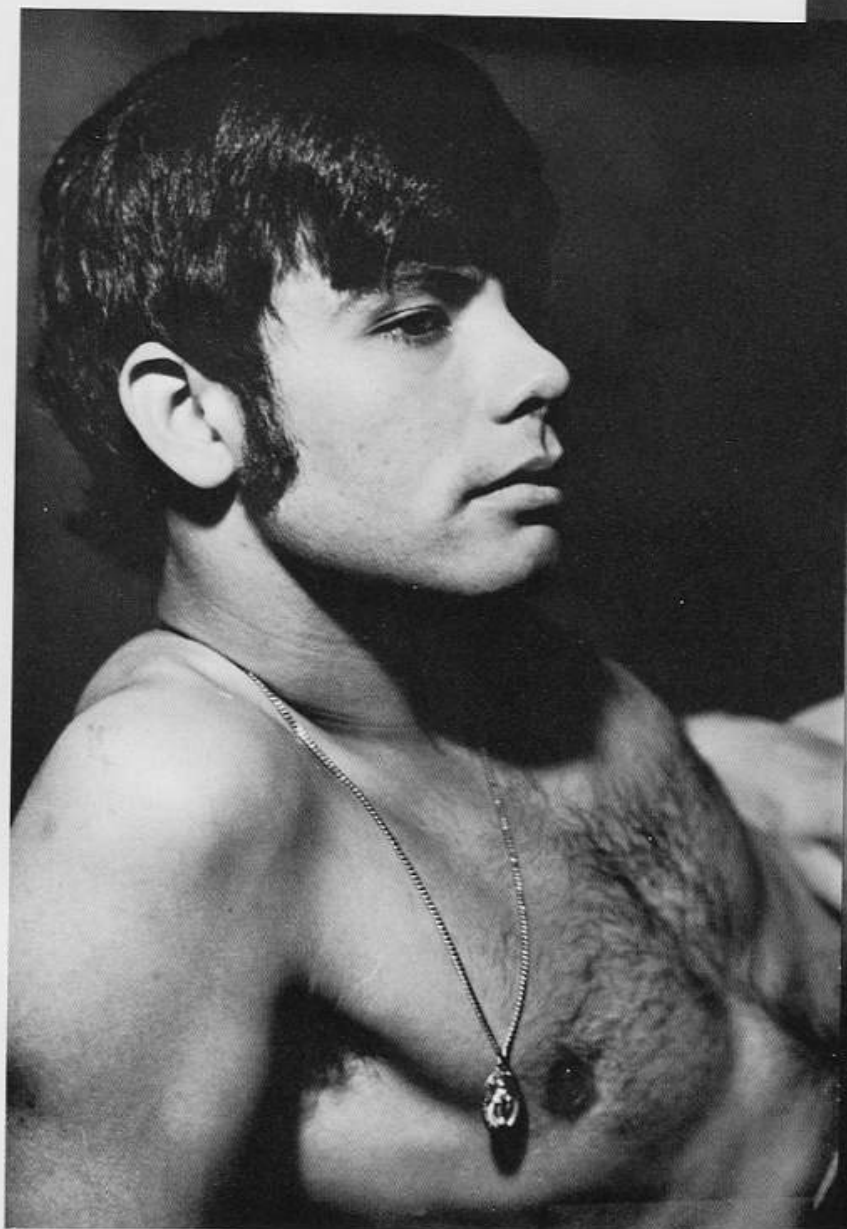
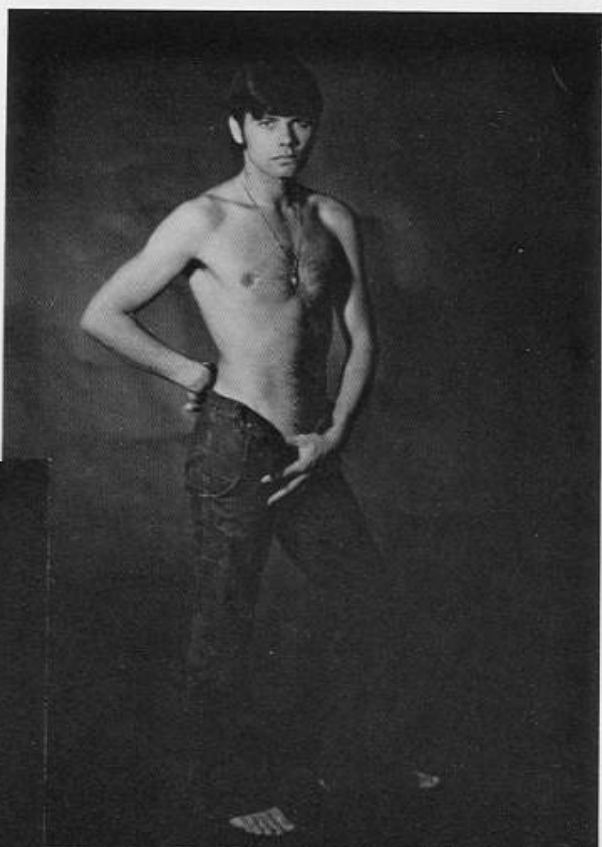
Ambitious and determined, Paul is always on the move.

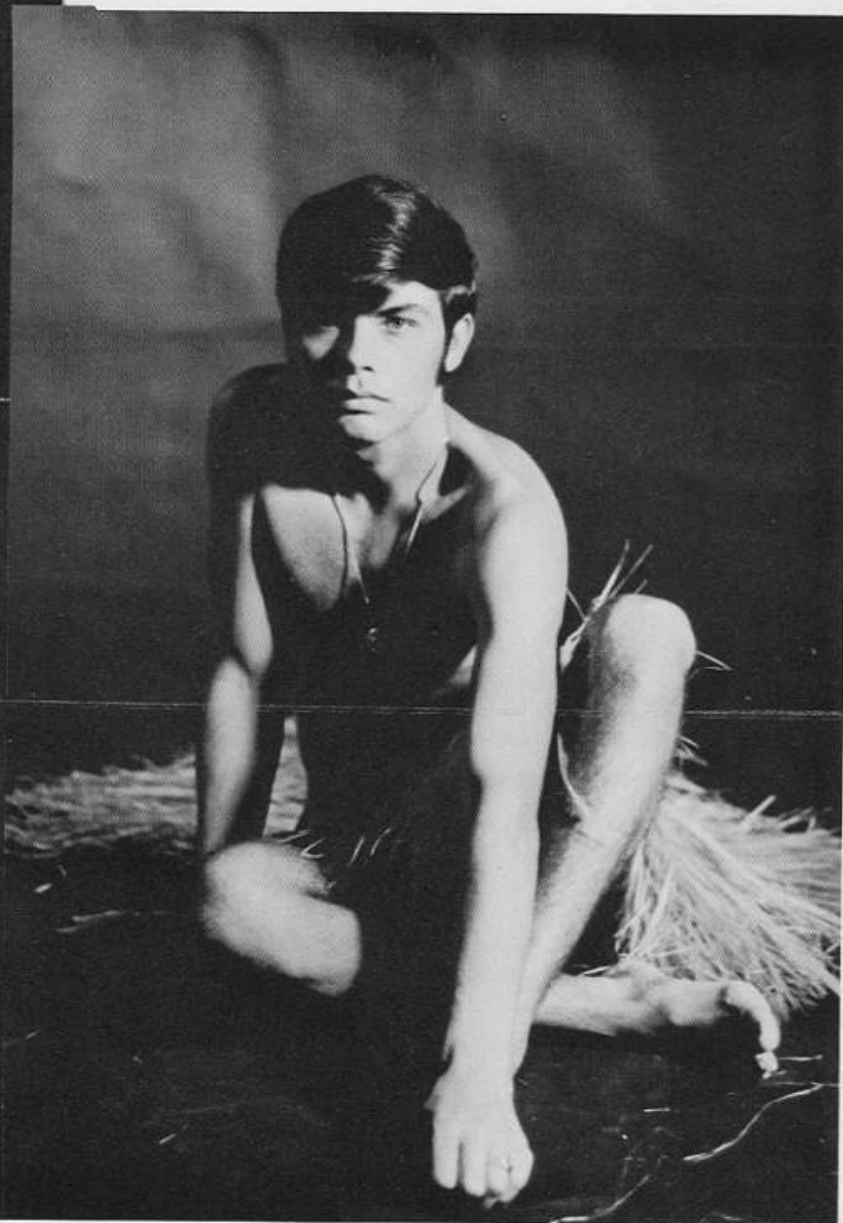
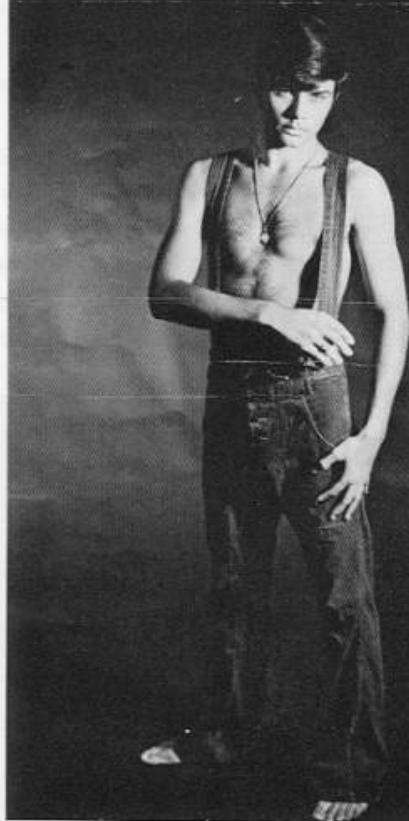
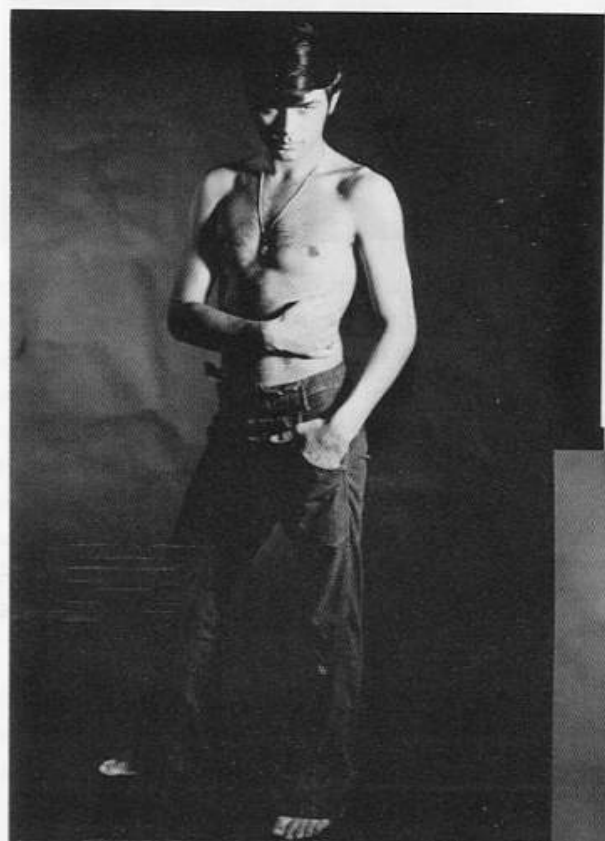
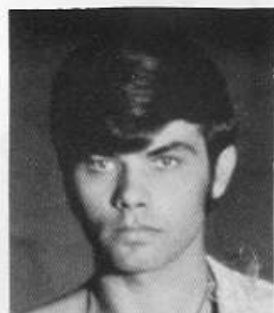
"Some people might call it nervous energy, but I just like to keep busy."



P A U L







The Fabulous Other Dimension

Take three male leads, two female impersonators, record-breaking crowds, and the leadership of a devoted manager and you have the OTHER DIMENSION.

Performing to the music of the "Fifth Dimension" the one-year old group has been travelling throughout the state of Florida, doing perhaps the best shows of

its kind ever seen.

From the first beat of the music, you get the feeling that you are watching five, easy-going, ultra-talented performers.

From the smoothness of their love ballads to their erotic rock selections, the group moves with precision and grace and there is no doubt in your mind that they know what they're doing.

But don't be mistaken; all this refinement doesn't come matter-of-fact. This reporter went behind the scenes to see what it takes to get a group as well organized as the OTHER DIMENSION are.

Aside from their regular weekly rehearsal-



sals, each member of the group is expected to have learned his part beforehand.

The rehearsals are not just fun sessions, either. They are hard work. Each new song is gone over 20 to 30 times before the group even thinks about staging it. The proper lighting sequences are decided on and refined, the numbers are choreographed and the most appropriate costumes are selected—or if a new outfit is required, it is then designed.

The group travels with their own music co-ordinator and light co-ordinator who also must learn each number. All in all, it takes weeks to perfect a single number.

Then they must adapt each number to the stage it is going to be performed on, thus making it necessary to have one or two alternate plans learned.

But it all pays off in the end. The group has been booked at the finest clubs in Florida and Georgia and plans to travel further north and west in the near future.

For information on bookings, contact the OTHER DIMENSION, c/o DAVID.



WHILE VISITING NEW ENGLAND, DON'T MISS THE FAMOUS

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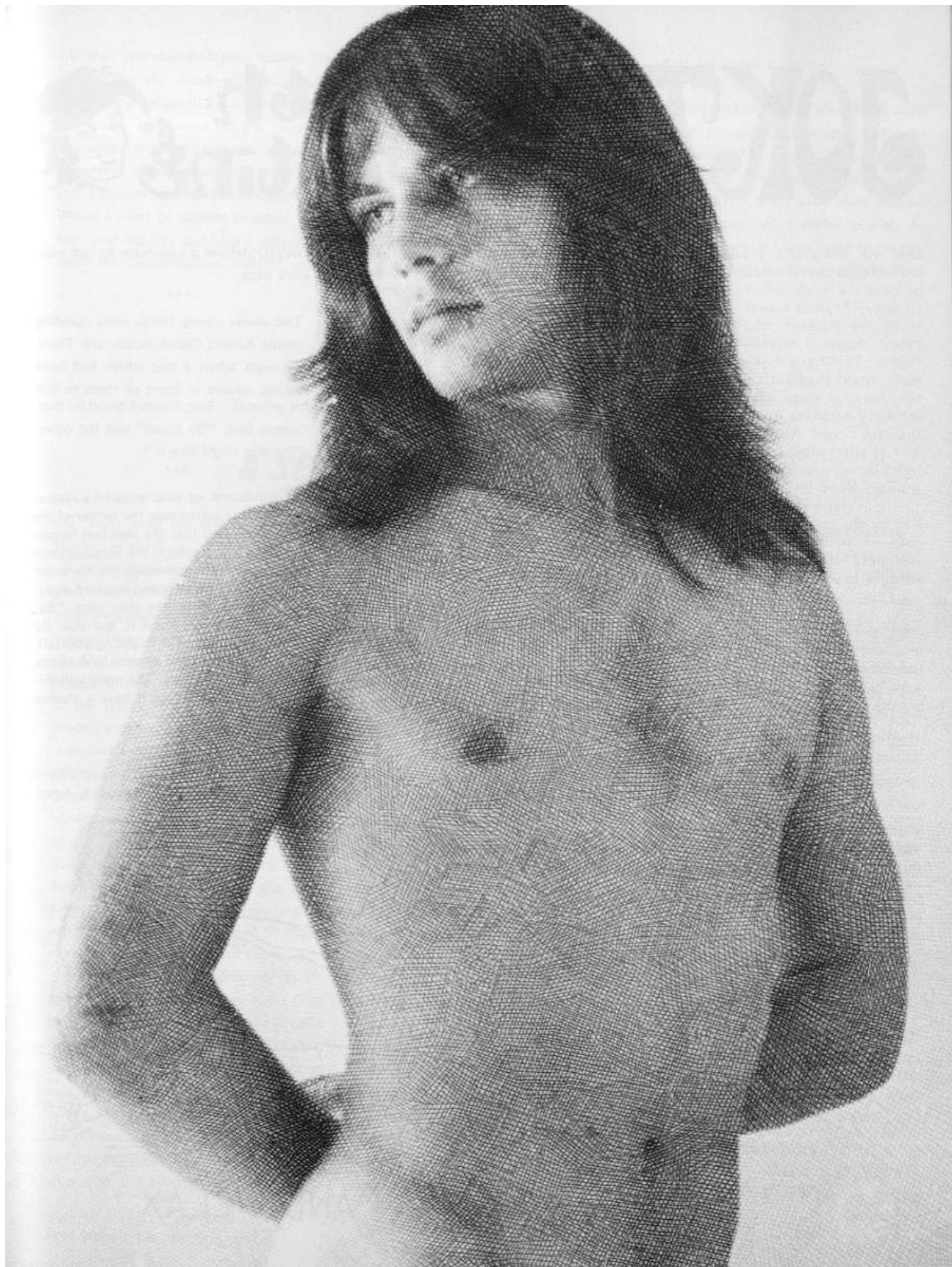
"Napoleon Club"

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TEL. 338-7547



JOKES worth repeating



One of DAVID's readers reports that: In January 1969 The student body of a high school in Pinellas County, Florida heard these words from its student body president: "Hey, dudes, I'm tellin' you a few things. This here makin' out in the halls, man, that ain't cool. An' this here writin' dirty words and drawin' dirty pitchers on the walls, man that ain't cool. An' you know som' in else what ain't cool, man? Smokin' this marijuana what I see around school. Now let me tell you 'bout this maryjane stuff. First you starts out with just pot, see, then you goes on to bigger and bigger stuff. and befo' you knows it, you is already a druggist."

Then there's the story about the Greek boy who left home because he didn't like the way he was being reared. But he went back. He couldn't leave his brothers behind.

Tell a queen a secret and it goes in one ear and in another.

Upon receiving his draft induction notice, the delicate-looking man reported to his board and confessed he was a homosexual.

"Queer, huh?" one member grunted. "Do you think you can kill a man?"

"Oh, yes" the fellow giggled "but it would take me quite a while!"

"Show me a greek quarterback and I'll show you a nervous center."

Did you hear about the Queen that didn't know the difference between vaseline and putty. All his window panes fell out.

DAVID defines a *daisy chain* as getting it together.

Awakening the morning after the orgy, the god of war was stretching sleepily when he noticed a young lad standing in the doorway.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm Thor." "You're thor?" he replied. "I'm tho thor I can hardly pith."

DAVID defines a *hustler* as a member of the fare sex.

Said one Greek to another, "Are you still using that greasy kid?"

A young queen we know decided to spend his vacation on an ocean journey. A letter his lover received sounded something like this: "Dear Butch: What a wonderful trip. The first day out, the Captain invited me to dine at his table. I spent the entire next day with him on the bridge. The third night he invited me to his cabin for cocktails and he made some of the most indelcent proposals I have ever heard. Of course, I refused him. However, the next day the captain told me that unless I let him have his way with me he would sink the ship. Last night I saved over 1,000 lives!"

DAVID defines a *stalemate* as last season's trick.

Two sweet young things were standing outside Keith's Cruise Room one Thursday night when a dog which had been passing, paused in front of them to lick his privates. "Boy, I wish I could do that," sighed one. "Go ahead" said the other, "The dog might like it."

The handsome ad exec entered a restaurant and was seated near the center of the floor. Observing that the man had forgotten to zip his trousers, the conscientious waiter scribbled a message on his order pad, left it at his table and scurried away. Unfolding the note, the man read: "Sir, I'm sure you don't know it, but your fly is unzipped and you're exposing yourself. I will go back to the kitchen and knock some trays off a shelf. The noise will distract everyone and you'll have a chance to adjust your trousers. "P.S. I love you."

Some queens are like a resolution. Easy to make but hard to keep.



TRY AND RELAX

DAVID: AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1972

Filthy, rain-soaked leaves choked the gutter. The sky, black with soot, hung like a dirty curtain in a pornographic movie house. All around me the people in the street moved like ghosts through a cemetery: I was depressed. Once again the adoption agency had snubbed me. Would I never be allowed to adopt a sixteen year old boy and have a child of my own? No. Condemnation, ridicule, mock-

reputed to be younger than I, better looking and more talented. But gossip is cheaper than spit. Especially in this business, where pretty boys are used up faster than toilet paper. I handled the situation with my usual good grace. Rather than appear petty, jealous, or vindictive, I never bothered him with such trifles as small talk, gossip, or conversation.

For a moment, the slashing tortures of

never suspected a thing.

But was I a divine Cupid: or merely an interfering third party? Would this swift sudden romance take wings and fly beyond ecstasy? Or crash to the ground like a stone from the nest of a vulture? At times like this, even a star must wait on the judgement of a higher power. As though my whole future hung in the balance, I waited, in silence, with nothing

COMEBACK

by R. C. Vallarian

A SENSITIVE, REALISTIC STORY ?

ery: these were my children. I was the Mother of them all.

As I stumbled across the park, littered with beer bottles, candy wrappers, and soggy newspapers, the last words of the agency rang in my ears: "You must be nuts!" I fought back the tears, but the pounding in my heart raged like the roar of the traffic as I entered the street. I needed a drink.

I looked around, the bar was full. I flung off my chiffon scarf, it slapped wetly against the wall. I'd forgotten the rain. The stench of the city, the cruel, ugly reality of life had momentarily blinded me. A thrill surged through my heart. I was home! But could I ever be the same, sweet, unspoiled, glittering star I once was? Could I ever sing again? Or move the mob to madness? I didn't know.

I turned and saw my understudy, an interesting Southern boy, Kerry Keen, flirting with the customers. I wondered what he was doing in costume and why they were playing the overture to my act so soon. The whiskey burned my throat.

Although he'd only been here a month, the rumors surrounding Kerry and myself were more complicated than my relationship with the adoption agency. He was

the day blurred in my mind. I felt myself lifting above tragedy. Above humiliation and defeat. I ordered another drink. A bottle.

Then, out of the shadows, a man emerged; cool leather pressed against my thigh. It was Thug Malone, notorious for his love life and complex personality. I knew he was lonely. His last three lovers had ended up in the hospital with an assortment of body injuries. One went insane. There was something about Thug that attracted danger. But, like me, he never backed down from a battle.

Thug put his whip on the bar and accepted a drink. I liked his easy companionship and sharp humor. He was never lost for a story or an amusing anecdote. Like the time some tramp tried to play coy at the moment of love-making when Thug showed him his whip collection. We laughed for hours over that. (The tramp also ended up in the hospital).

Suddenly, I knew what to do. Although I was deep in my own sadness, I could never neglect my friends. I was determined to bring Thug and Kerry together. Out of the depths of my sorrow, I realized these two lonely people deserved each other.

I arranged a meeting. Secretly. Kerry

but the pounding of my heart beating against hope.

You can imagine the sensation I felt when I saw Thug grab Kerry in his massive arms and carry him out the back door like a stolen bride! I was drunk with joy.

However, my happiness was short lived. Showtime was a bomb. Everything went wrong. The lights blinded me, the chorus girls wrecked a number, and somebody knocked me off the stage. I nearly broke every bone in my body, but I staggered on and tried again. It was worse. They played the wrong music to the wrong words, everybody kept bumping into me, the show collapsed into a shambles. And I fainted.

When I awoke, Kerry was rushing off stage amid thunderous applause. I could not believe my eyes. Or my ears for that matter. Make-up didn't quite hide his black eye or the bruise marks on his throat. I was shocked. I had no idea he was that kind of boy.

Instantly, I was surrounded by accusations and rumors. That I was drunk. That I'd tricked Kerry into being kidnapped by a sadist. That I wanted him out of the show. All the old cliches of the business.

(Continued on page 52)



The gay bar scene in Tampa, Florida is still very much centered around the lively CAROUSEL. For good reason. Since the extensive re-modeling done a few months ago, you literally cannot get in the place anymore because of wall to carpeted wall of youngguys. Slow dancing is now permitted and everyone's taking advantage of it. If you manage to squeeze over to the far side of the bar, you may catch a glimpse of the go go boys getting with it. In case you haven't been able to get that far without your attention being distracted, we offer these photos of Gary and Paul.

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DISCOTEQUE

Information on Nashville's Miss U.S.A. contest appears to be scarce, at least for the time being. Word's out it was covered by CBS and may be televised soon.

Winner of the Best Talent and Miss Congeniality awards went to Orlando, Florida's own GRACIE. Local people are definitely pleased but not surprised. Gracie has been charming audiences throughout central Florida spreading sunshine like she invented it. We're all proud of you, Gracie!

If you haven't seen Gracie perform, stop by the PALACE CLUB in Orlando sometime. Catch one of her shows and you're



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in for a real treat.

The annual MISS GAYTONA contest was held at the CLUB HOLLYWOOD in Daytona Beach last month and talent, beauty and originality showed their gorgeous smiles again.

Walking away with the title of MISS GAYTONA, 1972 was Miss-ter ANGELA DEE from the KNIGHT OUT in Jackson-

ville. Angela has a beautiful way of putting everything she has into a song. Watching her work is truly watching soul.

First runner-up was Miss CHER from the PALACE CLUB in Orlando; Second runner up was Miss GEORGETTE from the MELODY CLUB in Gainesville; Third runner up was Miss SANDY MELTON also from the MELODY CLUB.



ANGELA DEE, Miss Gaytona

There's a new star on the horizon in Tampa. Her name's Miss KIM and this one looks like Diana Ross would like to look! She's fantastic and she easily won the MISS SUNCOAST contest last month at the HORNY BULL.

Talk about natural talent. This kid's got it! He's only been on the impersonation scene for 3 months now.

First runner up was SANDY CHER and second runner up was ROXANNE.

All three work at the HORNY BULL.

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RED BULL

GAA (Continued from page 18)

what I will say is, that when a person tends to hang around with people who are very uptight about their sexuality, then it does tend to mold their attitudes. If a person wants to publicly identify himself, that's his right!

DAVID: In all your talk about militancy, how about the personal relationship. An example where respect between parents and a child exist and their knowledge of a child's sexual preference would cause a needless harm to the parents. Is this what you're advocating for everyone?

LAMONT: No, if a person is in a situation where he must live at least partially in a closet, that's where he is. If he can't open the closet door and come out, he can at least open the door part way.

DAVID: How can a person be in GAA and be militant and not disclose his or her sexual preference?

LAMONT: No problem at all. People who come to meetings of the various organizations do not come to go home with some-

one. They come to work and learn. If they do go home with someone, well, that's fine. It's not an A.A. or Weight Watcher's meeting where part of the "treatment" is public disclosure.

DAVID: Let's get to the convention, which I'm sure everyone is interested in. What do you hope to accomplish by having non-delegates coming to Miami Beach?

LAMONT: Well, there are several things that need to be done. As I said, a civil rights platform to be presented to both major parties and all minor parties in the U.S. This platform needs to get into the hands of delegates. The delegates need to find out exactly what our wishes are, what our persecution is, and things like that. We're bringing people to Miami primarily to lobby behind the scenes, to meet with delegates, and tell them exactly what it is that's going on.

We'll be doing some very open social things also. For instance, we are going to be kissing the day the adoption of the platform comes. The press really pushed us into this. There will be an all-night

vigil around the convention hall and then as the delegates are filing in, there will be a demonstration to emphasize the fact that we are here and we have our needs and we want our needs met and the demonstration will involve getting as many gay brothers and sisters in front of the Convention Hall so that the delegates can see people kissing each other.

DAVID: Don't you think this kissing will turn off a lot of the delegates, hard-core heterosexuals? Don't you think it will hurt the movement more than help?

LAMONT: No, I don't think it will turn them off at all. But it will emphasize the fact that we are here. All we're asking for is our civil rights.

DAVID: How seriously do you think the conventioners will take your protest?

LAMONT: Very seriously. Particularly from the Democratic Party. There are many oppressed people not represented in the revolution—Blacks, women, Chicanos, migrant workers; people like these are not represented with delegates so we'll have sympathy from other oppressed groups.

DAVID: What support has the Coalition received from politicians?

LAMONT: We've received a lot of support. Most of the politicians we have talked to have said that of all the groups that are coming down, they think ours are the most vital issues, those that need to be looked at the most.

DAVID: Would you name some national leaders that you have major support from?

LAMONT: We've received major support from several well-known people such as Shirley Chisholm, an active supporter; we've received support from McGovern and from Benjamin Spock. So far, we haven't received anything from Nixon.

DAVID: Since McGovern is the front runner, give us a little detail as to what kind of support, verbally or physically, he has given the National Coalition.

LAMONT: I would rather that McGovern spoke for himself but inasmuch as he's not here and I am, I will say that McGovern made a speech in N.Y. in April to a rather large assemblage that supported al-

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most verbatim the gay civil rights platform.

DAVID: If the two political conventions do not adopt the plan in their platforms, stating the need for sexual freedom, what will be your reaction?

LAMONT: Speaking for the Nation Coalition, if there is not a platform plan adopted, it means we haven't done our job well of being visible. It means we haven't emphasized our oppression enough. Therefore, we will call upon gay organizations across the country to ask their membership, those who wish to participate, for 3 days following the close of the conventions, where there will be a period of national grief. It will be called GAY RAGE. GAY RAGE will consist of as many people as wish to stay home from their jobs and be out on the streets and knocking on doors.

DAVID: Bob, what legal cases are pending in Miami and in the state of Florida bearing on the rights of homosexuals?

BARRY: There is a petition filed in Federal Court signed by Chuck Lamont and myself against Rocky Pomerantz, chief of police of Miami Beach, on the laws that are now on the books in Miami Beach, No. 2550 and 2552, clothes unbecoming the sex and female impersonation.

DAVID: What about the recent arrests of performers who were in a drag bar on Miami Beach. Is GAA either nationally or locally helping fight the case, plus supplying funds to aid the legal defense or entering the case as "a friend of the court?"

BARRY: These are the laws that we are bringing up in the courts. We're trying to bring a federal court injunction placed on these laws, making it unconstitutional on a federal level which would show that no discrimination whatsoever in clothes unbecoming the sex or female impersonation can be harassed and brought any legal action on.

DAVID: But you have not entered that particular case?

BARRY: That was primarily the basic case that we used for filing this action. Our attorneys have offered to join their attorneys and going into court as friends

from the Council.

DAVID: How responsible is the local GAA to the greater Miami community?

BARRY: We feel very responsible for our local community. We want our rights, yet we don't want to destroy our community. This is why we're so deeply involved in the Convention. We realize that everyone that comes down to the Convention has to be helped, supplied with some sort of housing. That's why a campsite is so important, really an urgent need and food and medical aid. We want everything to be as easy for them so everything can go off in the proper manner.

DAVID: I mean, though, in general, because GAA was in Miami before the Convention and will be after.

BARRY: We want to clear up all the oppressions and the laws on the books in Miami and Miami Beach. We want all of our gay sisters and brothers to enjoy the freedom of their sexual orientation.

DAVID: How can the homosexual community become active and give support to GAA? How can they be of help?

BARRY: Well, they can first become a member of GAA when they come to our Wednesday night meetings at the Center of Dialogue, 2175 NW 26th Street in Miami. Meetings are at 8 PM. And they can also help by calling our Gay Hotline which is 373-3697 and offering housing for people coming down and food and supplies donations. We ask each group sending people down to send two, a couple of days ahead, to be trained as marshals to help keep non-violent peace action.

LAMONT: The National movement also needs help. We're asking every gay in the U.S.A. to send \$1 to National Coalition of Gay Organizations, Box 2554, Washington D.C. 20013. The dollar will be used to help provide food for the non-delegates.

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AT THE BARS (Cont. from Page 9)

Downtown Fort Lauderdale sports the popular SALOON. The bar atmosphere is flexible enough and cozy enough to lend itself to an intimate "conversation" bar or one of the cruisiest bars in town. For those rare moments at the SALOON when you're not in conversation or cruising, Fluffy, the bartender will do a good job of keeping your spirits high.

A trip to Fort Lauderdale just wouldn't be complete without stopping off at the GYM. They just celebrated their 3rd anniversary with an open house that made for one of the wildest weekends Ft. Laud. has seen in a long time. The fact that they are the city's only baths seems to say something in itself. There's just no need for competition. The rates are reasonable, the place stays clean and the outdoor pool and patio area layout gives the whole place an airy comfortable feeling. Not to mention all that socializing. Everyone in town is looking forward to the Labor Day

celebrations at the GYM.

'Trick at the TREE by the Track' is the slogan for another of Fort Lauderdale's newest bars. Don't be put off by the shoddy appearance of the outside of this one. Walking through the door is like stepping into something real nice. Beautiful. Tasteful. Armando, the pleasant guy behind the bar is super friendly.

Talk about being super nice, imagine how great we felt when we walked into the TURF BAR in West Palm Beach and discovered this DAVID display! Thanks again, Gene.



Pictured below is the one and only FRENCHIE from Miami Beach as he looked at Freddy's party at the ALLEY ROOM last month. By the way, have you seen the ALLEY lately? Freddy has managed to take a very shoddy bar and make something really smart of it. From a new floor, walls, ceiling to a new bar, the place actually looks crisp and comfortable.



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COMEBACK (Continued from page 47)

I was revolted. My head ached. I needed a drink.

Outside, the filthy, rain-soaked leaves choked the gutter. I wandered down the alley under the dull, greasy glow of the stars.

The stench of the garbage cans filled the night air with a poisonous perfume. Was this all there was? Nothing beyond this day? Suddenly, Thug lept out of the darkness and pulled me against his leather-jacketed body. We clung in the shadows, like lost lovers against the world. Firmly, he held my trembling arms behind my back and marched me to the car. There was no time for words, but the pounding in my heart screamed like a siren in the night. I knew, at last, I was not alone. And that someday, somewhere, somehow, in spite of everything, I would make a comeback.

But first, I needed a drink.

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DATELINE: NEW YORK

By

JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Miami, Brace yourself. The gays are coming from Yankee Country, about 1200 strong, and many of them will be in solemn high drag. Are you ready?

A New York sales-marketing-promotional firm (non-gay, but hardly straight, thank you) have booked the Barcelona Hotel on the Gold Coast from Sept. 30 through October 7 for an all-gay vacation which will be climaxed by a lavish Mr. Female Impersonator Pageant.

Yours truly, author of the forthcoming guide to the gay lifestyle and directory to its institutions throughout the land—**THE GAY INSIDER, U.S.A.**—has been asked along to introduce members of the activists organizations and the Metropolitan Community Church to the house party guests. Also to conduct tours of the bars and the baths - as if anybody had to be taken by the hand!

As far as the co-ordinators know, this is the first time that a deluxe hotel has been "appropriated" solely for the use of gay males and females together - and in response sisters and brothers are making reservations from all over the country to arrive nearly simultaneously by air. Local gays can participate if they wish to stay at the hotel; otherwise they have to be brought in for special events (Bloody Mary Party, All Night Splash Party, etc.) by one of the vacationers. Each guest is allowed two passes at a time for gay outsiders.

"If this comes off the way we plan it, then we're going to the Caribbean," promises one of the organizers, "And tomorrow the world!" As hotel reps the firm plans eventually to 'break' such anti-gay strongholds as Las Vegas.

Famous New York impersonator/show person Frankie Quinn will be on hand as talent co-ordinator, which will involve auditioning all of the guests who want to enter the drag contest. First prize is \$1,000.00 plus a week's vacation for two, later at the Barcelona. Second prize is \$250.00 while third is a colored T.V. (television, you know, not transvestite.)

The preliminary Grand Parade, which the creators of the package expect will draw at least 150 entrants, will be held early in the week. Only finalists will appear in the

climactic event the following Saturday. Each will perform a five minute act as part of the show presented by executive producer Duane Camp, also of New York.

There will be an orchestra for dancing at the Ball, and smaller groups will provide music throughout the week in the four lounges of the hotel. Guests will be encouraged to perform.

Gays who do not wish to take advantage of both the air and land package can book the land portion separately, though they must do so through Mr. Female Impersonator Pageant Productions (see advertisement this issue for details).

Members of the South Florida gay community who would like to come meet visiting gays at the hotel and rap about their organizations and gay liberation in general can contact this author at Box 439, Ansonia Station, New York City, 10023. Cabanas will be provided for groups who wish to circulate brochures and establish a regular spot where guests can come to get acquainted.

Bars, Baths and Restaurants interested in being included in the Gay Insider Night Life Itinerary are also urged to write to advise about special events, such as buf-

fets or shows which the out of towners might enjoy.

Guests will be taken to Disneyworld as part of the vacation plan, with a choice of one of two different days so that there will not be added congestion at the park. However, there will be no mistaking the gay contingent nor any effort to "play it down", the MFIP people have made clear. What's more, they intend to publicize the Upper Eastern Seaboard Group's departure from Kennedy Airport. No one will be photographed who does not wish to be recognized, of course.

What with transvestites of both sexes, butch gay males, lesbians, old and young, it should be quite a colorful exit from New York, to say nothing of the arrival on the warm peninsula after a few hours of in-flight boozing.

Considering that many travelers will be bushed when they get to the Barcelona, especially those from California and other great distances, plans are for informal parties in the hotel's lounges the night of Sept. 30, a Saturday. Miami will suddenly have four new gay bars as of that night and perhaps the cruisiest lobby West of the YMCA!

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FAIRYTALE (Continued from page 15)

and told him Marietta authorities were turning Macko over to the Clayton police. During his arrest, Macko had confessed to the rape of both Cheryl Stewart and Emily Hodges. Later that afternoon, James Furguson thanked Faggot for having given his time to the case and dismissed him.

By three thirty that afternoon, Faggot and Pritchard were back in the 27th floor offices of the agency. Beth Halestrom was called in to take down the reports that would close the Hodges case. As she came in, she told Faggot he had a phone call.

"That was Charlie Fincher," Faggot said as he hung up, "adding insult to injury. He says the two rape murders have no connection. There were pieces of skin under the black woman's nails. The skin was white but it showed traces of cosmetics. To top that, while entry was forced, there wasn't a trace of semen. Charlie says the official word is rape by another woman using an artificial phallus."

"In other words, they are looking for a

bull dyke," Beth added.

Two months later found Alan Danzy preparing for the vacation he was forcing John to take. Alan knew the agency's business was no better and Faggot was once again depressed. They would spend some time in New York and later, on their way to Los Angeles, they would stop in Idaho and see John's parents.

Faggot was out on the patio taking advantage of the late afternoon sun to work out with a set of weights and get some tan.

"Hey musclehead," Alan yelled from the window above. "Come up here and tell me what to pack." Faggot lowered the bar he was working with, towed the perspiration off his body and went upstairs.

"Alan, what in hell's name is this mess? You have every piece of clothing we own out here. We're only going to L.A., New York and Idaho, not to see Jackie Onassis and Princess Grace."

"I just don't know what to wear to a farm in Idaho," Danzy replied.

"Just take some jeans, T-shirts and a pair of shorts. Throw in a couple of jackets in case it does get cold." Faggot turned to go back to his weights when a figure on the television caught his eye.

"It must stop now!" came the angry words of Atlanta's mayor from a filmed news report. "We cannot expect the police of this city and the surrounding communities to protect us when they are getting killed in front of their own homes." The film ended and then a newscaster appeared.

"The mayor was addressing the Metro area Kiwanis Club today concerning the shooting death last week of Atlanta City policeman E.G. Harris. Harris was shot while off duty, investigating a complaint of noise in the parking lot of his apartment complex. Harris' death brings to seven, the total number of policemen killed in the Atlanta area since New Year's. Six of the murders remain unsolved. Police officials say they have too few clues to work on and that there is no apparent connection between any of the killings.

"In addition to these murders, a 28-year old Decatur woman was found late yesterday on a rail spur a few miles from the amusement park, Six Flags Over Georgia. The woman, police say, was raped then shot to death, had disappeared the day before, from South Dekalb Mall."

Faggot shut the TV off, turned and moved slowly toward the telephone by the bed. He called Robbie Pritchard and told him to locate Charlie Fincher. Then he gave Pritchard a list of things he wanted done.

"Alan," he said after hanging up, "I need to grab a shower. Stop packing and call Murray Slaws, the agency's computer programmer. Have him meet me at the office in half an hour."

It was past ten when Pritchard and Fincher arrived at Faggot's private office. They found him behind his desk pouring over computer readouts with Murray Slaws.

"Boss, what the hell is this all about?"

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Robbie asked.

"Yeah, Faggot," Fincher added, "half the boys in SID think I've gone into business for myself, dragging them back to work on Friday night."

"Next week," Faggot began, "is when Steve Macko's trial will go to the jury. A trial for a crime he did not commit."

Fincher protested, "Are you crazy? He confessed!"

"It's my belief he was made to confess," Faggot retorted. "Look at this."

He showed his friends a list of all the names of the people at the pot party with Macko. By each name was a list of any criminal charges brought against the individual. The longest list belonged to Lynn Redfield at whose house the party was held. Despite a repeated record of drug offenses, Redfield was now working at a mental health clinic in Cobb County. Faggot began to explain his theory.

"The day before that party, doctors at the clinic Redfield worked for, reported the loss of several sodium-based drugs. These drugs are commonly called truth serums. They have an effect similar to that of hypnosis but because of their power they can cloud a person's mind. One could be made to make love and afterwards confess to rape."

"You're playing jive time," Fincher said. "What about the scratches on the chick's back?"

Faggot pushed on with his theory. "The doctor that examined Cheryl Stewart told me on the phone this evening that the scratches followed no pattern, were made at random and definitely not by human hands. He also told me he found no signs of forced entry."

Don't you see? Redfield admitted the lesser offenses of marijuana to escape the drug theft. At the party, they juiced Macko on one of those drugs. My guess is the Stewart girl was also drugged. Her suggestion was to make love with Macko, then run through the woods to the house and claim rape. Before Macko and the girl returned, the party was busted. The

drugged girl walks in, scratched from the bushes, and claims rape. Steve wanders into a room-full of police and says he raped the Stewart girl. What Redfield could not have known, was that the boy's mind was so troubled, he also admitted raping Emily Hodges."

Robbie was still skeptical when he said, "Suppose we buy your theory that Macko is clean. What has all that got to do with the stuff you asked Charlie and me to find out?"

"I'm coming to that," Faggot said. "Charlie, what did those crossed ballistics tests show?"

"Now this stuff does make sense," Fincher said, pulling a notebook from his shirt pocket. "The bullet that killed the black woman behind Hinkel's was fired from the same gun that killed Cobb County Officer Ingram and Atlanta policeman Joey Fordham. That gun is believed to be Ingram's missing .38 caliber police special. Officers Ellis and Harris now seem to have been shot by one .45 caliber pistol. While

both are former Atlanta policemen, a comparison of the bullets wasn't made until I asked for it tonight. The woman they found near Six Flags Over Georgia was killed by a .45 that matches the other two .45 slugs perfectly. Officer Cunningham of Atlanta P.D. and Obstenski of Dekalb P.D. were not shot but stabbed."

"With a knife," Faggot interrupted, "about seven inches long and three inches wide."

"That's right," Fincher said in amazement. "But how did you know?"

"Easy," Faggot said. "The autopsy report on Emily Hodges says she was stabbed twenty-three times with just a knife. The report also says the scratches on her back were made by human fingernails, starting at the spine near the base of the neck and working in a down and outward pattern. There was another little goody as well—no semen. I'll bet the South Dekalb woman was the same." Fincher checked his notes and nodded. "Now

(Continued on Page 61)



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LETTERS (Continued from page 6)

always been fair game for the Birmingham Police. But the victimization of our sisters and brothers by the Birmingham Vice Squad has become intolerable:

(1) It is common practice for plain clothes vice officers to come into a Birmingham gay bar, arrest several customers **INDISCRIMINATELY**, and charge them with "disorderly conduct--sex pervert." The victim is usually innocent of any wrongdoing. What's more, there is no such charge as "sex pervert" in the laws of this city. The vice officer knows, however, that Merchant's Credit and the victim's employer won't look too far into the legality of the charge if they happen to make a routine check of the victim's record. The vice officer knows that his victim will be too terrified by the probable loss of job, family ties, and friends to fight and appeal the trumped-up charge in Birmingham's Recorders Court where "sex perverts" always lose their cases. Thusly, the city makes an easy \$150.00 and the vice officer meets his horrible quota and makes himself look good to his superiors.

(2) Birmingham vice officers routinely, through suggestive conversation and gestures, entice homosexuals into making propositions which lead to their arrests. Most heterosexuals would respond in the same manner if the situation were in a heterosexual context. Although it is illegal for a law enforcement officer to cause a citizen to break the law, the entrapments, arrests, fines and ruining of lives continues totally unchecked.

(3) Certain Vice Squad officers have threatened to close all the city's gay bars. Whether they are in the process of doing so at this time or not, they have succeeded in making the normal operation of these bars impossible. They have gone far beyond the measures they have used to stifle Birmingham's already sadly-lacking straight night life, and now freely resort to what ever devices legal, illegal, or extra-legal they wish to use in order to main-

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tain their profitable self-satisfying stranglehold on us.

It is enough to be made to feel that our lives and loves should be kept secret; it is enough to lack the peace of mind that comes with believing that job security is congruous with our work performance rather than subordinate to prejudice against homosexuals; it is enough to be discriminated against rather than benefited by the social institutions which were originated for the purpose of assisting all the people; it is enough to face the fact that our existence necessitates a daily struggle to attain the rights which should have been granted to us by our living in a democracy.

It is enough, indeed!

SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS
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Dear DAVID,

I trust you followed the Democratic Convention with particular interest in the minority plank on homosexuality. Everyone knows there is more than one type of tree in a forest and one only needs to walk through the forest to justify this fact. So it is with man and I think it is time for the near-sighted bigots to take a slow walk through the forest of mankind.

Sincerely,

Jack

Dear DAVID,

Your July issue obviously went to press before the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach took place. Gays all over the U.S. have hailed George McGovern as the homosexual's savior, but the South Dakota Senator showed his true colors in Miami Beach. In the weeks since George Meany at the AFL-CIO announced that he could not support McGovern because he took too soft a stand on pot and homosexuals, the Senator hasn't said one word in favor of gay rights and he even went so far as to instruct his delegates in Miami Beach to vote AGAINST the gay

(Continued on page 63)



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ROTGUT (Continued from page 11)

hind a Tennessee residence. (Wartburg News).

In the same state, in two unrelated cases, bedrooms had been converted into distilleries. In the first, 220 gallons of mash were seized with the still. In the second bedroom distillery, a 900 gallon still and a quantity of moonshine were found. (Nashville Banner).

Florida agents raided a 1,100 gallon still set up in the attic of a private home. (Graceville News).

Coincidence proved the undoing of still another Florida resident. He drove into a car dealer's lot at the same time as two ABC (Alcoholic Beverage Commission) agents. The man's car had two radiators. The curious ABC agents investigated—and found a miniature still built into the automobile. (Orlando Sentinel).

A Kentucky man didn't fool lawmen when he concealed a large cache of moonshine under the flooring of his home. (Pineville Sun-Courier).

And in Fair Play, N.C., two deputies suspected foul play on the part of a truck driver whose vehicle bore Georgia license plates. The lawmen's hunch proved correct: the truck contained a 1,000-gallon still—enroute to a safer production site. (Anderson Independent).

The bulk of moonshine is produced in a 12-state area of the southeast U.S. known as the Moonshine Belt.

Yet, it is estimated that two-thirds of the "moonshine" area's output is "exported"—funneled by syndicate racketeers to illicit distributors in scores of communities, including industrial centers and metropolitan localities in the East and mid-West.

There are risks, of course. But the enormous profits make it worthwhile for the well-organized racketeers, who employ specialists in production, transportation and matters of finance.

Many small operators, unable to compete with mob-type efficiency, reportedly have joined up with the bigtime crime syndicate. Other small producers are said to

have merged operations with former competitors in adjacent counties or states.

In any event, moonshine continues to flow in huge quantities, as reported in the day-to-day newspaper accounts. Some examples:

Lawrenceville (Ga.) Gwinnett News—

"The Metro Squad seized 2,000 gallons of moonshine from a truck and 3,000 gallons of mash from a nearby still, in Gwinnett County. The operation, lawmen said, could produce 35,000 gallons a month.

Enfield (N.C.) Progress—

"Enforcement authorities uncovered one of the most elaborate stills ever found in Haifa County, a 2,200-gallon setup, operated by a huge steam boiler. Also destroyed: 2,200 gallons of mash.

But these examples are comparatively small operations. Note, for instance, the comments of agent Robert Poland, as reported in the Roanoke (Va.) Times:

"In the past five years, we have seen a gradual decline in the manufacture of moonshine. But we still have a problem as can be seen in last week's raid in Franklin County." (This county long has been regarded as the leading moonshining county in Virginia).

The raid, Agent Poland said, netted 18 stills, each containing 718 gallons of mash and capable of putting out 4,500 gallons of whiskey a week.

Indignantly inquired the Rocky Mount Franklin News-Post:

"Who finances the moonshiners? Who foots the bills...for these...virtual factories? Look at the defendants in the moonshine trials and you can see that they do not have that kind of money..."

In a recent 12-month period, the newspaper said, six colossal stills were seized in Franklin County. "The total tax loss per week, if all of the stills operated full blast, would be \$38,380; yearly, it comes to \$1,990,500." The stills, with a total mash capacity of 31,900 gallons, could produce 3,190 gallons of moonshine a week.

First-time readers of the annual ABC survey may be surprised, or even amazed, to learn of the scope of illegal liquor operations in the United States today.

The average citizen's concept of a moonshiner is a quaint hillbilly in baggy pants. That cartoon stereotype has long since been replaced by the sleek, pseudo-sophisticated entrepreneur—the get-rich-quick operator whose numbers are legion.

And while lawmen, in the past decade, have made remarkable inroads against the violators, the rotgut racket continues on a sizeable scale. For example, in 1970 the latest year for which complete statistics are available, law-enforcement officers destroyed:

9,522 stills, including

5,088 by Federal agents,

4,434 by state and local lawmen

These illegal operations produced approximately—

*23,657,000 gallons of moonshine, which accounted for

*\$326,500,000 in total tax frauds;

*\$228,400,000 in revenues denied to the Federal Treasury,

*\$984,100,000 in state and local tax losses.

Total still seizures dropped a slight 1.3% from the 9,647 figure of the 1969 survey, or 125 fewer seizures. Gallonage produced was down 10% from the 26.3 million mark of the previous study.

Notable in the changing pattern is the fact that, for the first time since 1965, Federal still seizures increased from the preceding year. In 1970 the increase was 22.9% over that of 1969. Conversely, state and local seizure dropped 20% from the 1969 figure.

The survey also showed that total gallonage per still was down 8.9% and total capacity per still decreased 2.5%. However, total mash seized per still was up 3.6%. Analysis also revealed that stills seized by state and local officials produced an estimated 11.8 million gallons of moonshine, down 29.2% from 1969.

Federal stills seized put out approximate-

ly 12 million gallons, up 22.2% over the previous survey. On the state level, average runs per still dipped from 17 to 16, while runs per Federally-seized still rose from 14 to 17.

The apparent reduction in moonshining operations is attributed to a number of factors. Not the least, on the Federal level is the stepped-up drive by agents in the major production areas of the South. Other reasons for the decline:

*The increased public awareness of moonshines health hazards.

*Public approval of legal liquor sales in formerly "dry" areas.

*Cooperative efforts of private organizations, such as the Tax-Paid Liquor Council of Georgia, and the National Council Against Illegal Liquor.

*Tougher attitude of courts toward offenders.

It would be erroneous, however, to assume that the illegal liquor racket has suddenly ceased to become a serious problem. The output of 23,657,000 gallons of moonshine is far from a trickle.

Members of the Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms Division (ATFD) moved with continued vigor against illegal distillers in 1970.

Continuing their concerted efforts of Operation Dry-up, launched in 1962, the agents swept through six of the heaviest states, the number of still seizures exceeded the number destroyed in 1969. Moreover, the determined drive marked the first time in five years that Federal seizures increased over the previous year's total.

One example of this determination, reported the New York Times, is the introduction of a new electronic detection device. The instrument, originally designed for use against the North Vietnamese infiltrators along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, is sensitive to heat and pinpoints the location of stills in heavy woodlands and forests.

This is but one of the agents' numerous technical weapons, and they use them

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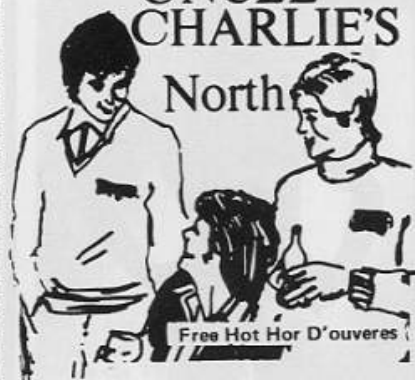
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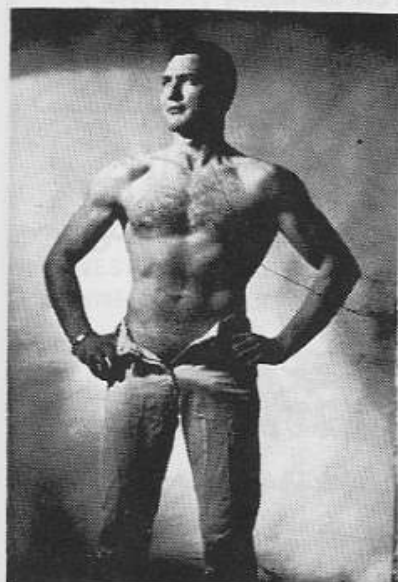
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skillfully—increasingly so to the woe of the violators.

Last August, for example, the Treasury Department announced that North Carolina agents, with other lawmen, destroyed 44 stills capable of producing 27,000 gallons of moonshine; in Georgia the toll was 60 operations, capacity 56,000 gallons; in Alabama, 35 stills, capacity 18,000 gallons, and in South Carolina another 24 stills, capacity 12,000 gallons.

Moonshine fighters not infrequently are victims of the vicious and treacherous illicit producers. Physical harm, and sometimes death, are dealt by boobytraps, shotgun blasts or other violent means. Or by 90-miles-an-hour auto smashups while pursuing violators.

As the Springfield (Ohio) *News-Sun* observed a while ago, "The 20th Century hasn't tempered the way of the moonshiner. More revenue officers have been killed than all other Government agents combined. The dead total 155."

Turnstile justice for convicted moonshine merchants is also slowly becoming a thing of the past. This is reflected in the following press accounts:

Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal*—Two Monroe County moonshiners were given stiff prison sentences. One drew a two-year term, the other got three years. Both had carried pistols while hauling the product.

Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune*—An Alabama man was sentenced to three years in Tampa. He was convicted on three counts of conspiracy, possession, sale and transfer of moonshine.

This very gradual change in court attitude was confirmed in the comment of a Tennessee sheriff. Responding to a survey by the Licensed Beverage Industries, he said: "We have had a decrease of moonshine in our country for several years. Our efforts to rid moonshine from this area have succeeded in great part because of the backing from the courts."

The long-waged war against moonshining might be spurred if an informed, fully aroused public backed the lawmen in their

formidable tasks. To change apathy to awareness, and awareness to constructive angry action involves programs of education.

Such programs, long a part of the anti-moonshine arsenal, have now been broadened to provide greater effectiveness. Federal, state and local lawmen are conducting public group "seminars" and personally distributing pamphlets, posters, brochures and other literature about the health hazards of moonshine.

Similar warnings are being widely disseminated via newspapers, magazines, radio and television. On CBS-TV, for example, one recent program in the series, "O'Hara, United States Treasury," dramatically depicted the work of the ATFD agents in tracking down and destroying the source of fatally poisonous moonshine. The TV network program was viewed nationwide by millions.

Public education programs are also effectively conducted by the Tax-Paid Council of Georgia, and by the National Council Against Illegal Liquor (NCAIL) under supervision of Louis E. Howell, one of Eliot Ness' "Untouchables" in the Prohibition Era.

You, along with other public-spirited citizens, can aid the lawmen's drive to wipe out moonshining by supporting the six fundamental goals of NCAIL, which seek to:

**Inform the public of the serious health hazards posed by consuming illegal, poisonous liquor.*

**Achieve more realistic, equitable taxation; urge lowering of excises to levels that would reduce incentives for the illicit producer.*

**Back proposed legislation or referenda that would remove outdated restrictions against sales of legal liquor or unrealistic hours-of-purchase regulations—and other obsolete rules that encourage, rather than deter, traffic in illegal, tax-dodging liquor activity.*

**Support lawmen at all levels in their battle against the moonshiners; endorse*

programs that would enlarge enforcement facilities and widen the scope of effective seizure operations.

**Foster a more vigorous approach by courts and prosecutors towards violators; impress the need for heavier penalties, more adequate sentences.*

**Provide more encouragement for expansion of hospital and laboratory research, to enable greater progress in detecting and treating moonshine-related diseases.*

(The above facts and figures obtained from the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., New York City).

FAIRYTALE (Cont. from page 55)

both of you look at this."

Faggot opened a long folded piece of computer printout. Across each fold, every month since January was printed in calendar style. Each of the police killings and rape murders was printed in on the day it occurred. Faggot began to explain.

"Here are Obstenski and then Cunningham, both stabbed. Nearly two weeks later, Emily Hodges, raped and then stabbed. Over a month later, Ingram and Fordham shot by Ingram's gun. Four days after Fordham, the black woman behind Hinkel's raped and shot as well by Ingram's gun. This month Ellis, last week Harris and then the South Dekalb woman all shot by the same .45 caliber gun."

"Jesus Christ!:: Robbie blurted, "then it's all the same guy!"

"One guy who sure hates fuzz," Fincher joined in.

Now things began to happen rapidly. Robbie came to a quick conclusion. "Oh my God! That queen in Jonesboro, Billy Whatshisname. He hates cops with a passion and lives in the complex Emily Hodges disappeared from."

"What the hell?" Fincher asked.

"You and Robbie go down to my car," Faggot ordered. "He can explain on the way. I'll join you in a minute."

Charlie Fincher was in the passenger's seat of the white Ford, Faggot was driving and Robbie Pritchard was inbetween them.

"You did bring your gun, didn't you, Charlie?" Faggot asked as they sped Southward on Interstate 75.

"No," Fincher replied. "Shaney and I were fixing to make love when Robbie came over, I thought you had one."

"I do," said Faggot. "At home in a wall safe."

"Great," Robbie added, "being gay means you never have to say you're violent."

At the Jonesboro apartment complex, Faggot parked in front of the clubhouse again. This time the pool was clean and the entire area was being used for a singles swimming party.

Faggot sent Robbie to the rear of the Haines, Forsyth townhouse. After a few moments, he and Fincher knocked at the front door; there was no answer. Faggot tried the knob but the door was locked. Fincher tried looking in the window, but it was covered by velvet drapes and was locked as well. They were just about to go to the rear when the door opened.

Robbie stood alone in the doorway, pale and in shock. Faggot asked what was wrong but all the boy could do was say "kitchen" and point toward it. They helped the boy as they made their way down the darkened hall toward the kitchen. The air was filled with a putrid stench. At the kitchen, Faggot turned on the light.

The table and chairs were knocked about; glasses and plates were shattered. Utensils and appliances were scattered all about. Blood dripped from the counters. In the center of the room, mouth agape and a meat cleaver stuck upright in his chest lay Billy Lee Haines.

"Did you touch anything?" Fincher asked Robbie whose face was buried in Faggot's shoulder.

"Just light switch," Robbie said weakly, "and front door. The sliding door in back



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was already open part way."

"Charlie," Faggot said, "you get the police while I take care of Robbie."

Fincher picked a napkin off the floor and used it to hold the receiver of the wall phone. He tried dialing several times, then hung up.

"It's no use," he told Faggot, "I get a dial tone but I can't break it to get an outside number."

"That's because I have the phone upstairs off the hook," said Reginald Forsyth, again in his smoking jacket and holding a gun on the three intruders. "The really funny part is he never knew why I had to kill him. He found out I ruined his Streisand gown, not the police. He never dreamed that while he slept off one of his Bette Davis drunks I was down here sopping up that little girl's blood with his goddam Streisand gown."

But you, Jonathan, you guessed it all. Poor Billy died not knowing, but you three know it all, and for that, must die. Into the living room, all of you."

Forsyth backed carefully into the room while Fincher, with hands up and Faggot still holding Robbie, moved into the living room.

"It was all the fault of those stinking cunts, you know. If they would have just let me come, Billy and all those magnificently hung cops would still be alive. But not even that stinking nigger would let me come. They wanted to prove I wasn't a man, but I am. Oh, hell, it's too late for that anyway."

Forsyth raised his arm and took direct aim on Robbie, who became ashen with

panic. He was just beginning to squeeze the trigger when a voice rang out, "Drop it, Reggie." Forsyth, startled, wheeled about and fired the gun just missing Robbie. Alan Danzy leaped at Forsyth from the front door. Fincher and Faggot jumped from the sofa and joined the struggle. As they fought, the gun went off aimlessly and Alan knocked Forsyth out.

"Hey baby!" Charlie Fincher said helping Alan off the floor. "What got you here in the nick of time?"

"The course of true love," Faggot interrupted. "Back at the office when I sent you and Robbie to the car I called Alan to bring my gun down. By the way, Al, where is the gun?"

"In the safe at home," Alan said, "I forgot the combination."

"Oh, Christ," Robbie said, and then he collapsed in Alan's arms.

Alan Danzy, John Manning Faggot and Robbie Pritchard lay on the beach of New York's Fire Island sipping beer. Faggot had collected the \$10,000 from James Ferguson and several thousand more from reward funds started for the dead police officers. He gave thirty percent of it all to Robbie and two thousand to Charlie Fincher. They were several weeks late on starting their vacation, but according to Alan it was the best possible cure for Robbie's nerves.

They were all sipping on Buds when Robbie asked, "How did you know it was Reggie, not Billy, and why didn't the police make all those cross comparisons you had Charlie do?"

"Too much bureaucracy," Faggot said.

"There is only one crime lab for all those police agencies around Atlanta. Each one is so independent it doesn't bother to contact any others. Reggie had crossed so many county and city lines that each agency had its own crime to work on and didn't care what the others had."

"As for the other part, I wasn't really sure it was Reggie until the end. I've known Billy's hatred for the police for years, but all of a sudden this year, policemen were being slaughtered."

"The rape didn't fit either," Alan added. "Billy was always very popular with women because of his impersonations."

"It was the dry rape that got me," Faggot continued. "That day Billy and Reggie cornered me, Billy had to go and masturbate but Reggie never made a move. He said those women wouldn't let him come when the truth was he couldn't. Reggie got his thrills from blowing well-hung straights. Unfortunately, most of his contacts just happened to be cops."

"The cops," Alan said, "to preserve their masculine image belittled Reggie's lack of virility. He finally snapped his cork and killed that which he dug the most, a well-hung cop. He took his guilt out on the women and the rest is old newsprint."

"I just can't see how anyone could become so crazed," Robbie said. Suddenly Faggot and Danzy rolled about in the sand and were both kneeling over Pritchard with a wild look in their eyes.

"Now wait a minute, fellas," Robbie said giggling. "I was kiddin', honest fellas. You're the greatest. Oh, please no, not that." Faggot and Danzy both pounced on Robbie and began to tickle him and make mock advances.

"I just got one thing to say," Robbie yelled at his tormentors.

"Rape! Rape! Rape!"

Your host: Ken Winters



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OUR ATMOSPHERE ENHANCES YOUR MEAL

LETTERS (Continued from page 57)

rights amendment to the Democratic platform. Furthermore, in his acceptance speech, McGovern conspicuously omitted mentioning support for equal rights for Lesbians and homosexuals. If the man backed down on gay rights before the convention, how do we know that he'll support us if he ends up in the White House? Considering the hypocrisy that he has already displayed, I doubt that George McGovern really gives a damn about gay rights. Richard Nixon may hate homosexuals, but, at least he's HONEST about it. I'll vote for Tricky Dick.
A Connecticut Yankee in Jacksonville

Dear DAVID,

We are probably still one of your toughest critics but only because we care, and want to see the magazine and the girls help us hear more from our own, using all the means available.

We would like to enlist your help if we may. We have just moved from Florida to Seneca, South Carolina. Since we are so new and the bar situation so limited, practically nil; and we know couples sort of stay together to themselves in small areas.

We thought perhaps through your magazine we might hear from some of the kids in our area and close surrounding areas.

So come on guys and gals. Let's get ac-

quainted. Mail to Graves-Murphy, Box 542, Seneca, S.C. Come on ya'll get in touch!

Thank you.

Most sincerely,
Graves & Murphy

Dear DAVID;

It is doubtful if you can read a magazine or newspaper today, or turn on your radio or television set, without being exposed to reports on activities sponsored by some group that is screaming, "Liberate Us!" It has become a way of life.

From the time that we are carried in our mother's womb, we are fighting for freedom of one form or another. The acceptance of modern day "Lib" movements has simply brought these fights out into the open. Yet, in almost every group who cries, "Discrimination", there is a small faction who fails to get the true message of their purpose. They don't, or won't, realize that any freedom carries with it a corresponding responsibility; that freedoms are not given, but earned. This faction is usually loud, unruly, unkempt and extremely extroverted. Because of this, these few generally accomplish exactly the opposite of the group's intentions. They cause people to become more prejudiced against their cause, for the public tends to judge the entire mass, by those who make the most noise.

It is important that those of us who belong to minority sets and who feel that we have a legitimate reason to oppose discrimination, do so in a dignified and organized manner. We must not allow our

constituents to revert to animal behavior and still expect to be treated with consideration and respect!

For instance: The Blacks have every right to expect the unbiased treatment and benefits offered to their White brothers.

A woman should not be paid less or be deprived of an advancement opportunity, because of her sex. No person should fear losing his job, or being ostracized by the community, because he is a homosexual. But, in each case, the individual should be expected to work hard for that privilege and to be able to meet whatever demands are required for that freedom. Too many simply want the freedom, without offering anything in return. They say, "It is my right - give it to me!" "I'm Black. I'm a woman. I'm a homosexual. The World owes me a living!". This type of person never stops to think that all battles cannot be solved simply by giving everybody, on both sides, everything they want and have a right to have. The most equitable arrangement is arrived at by each listening to the other and understanding his demands also. And the best way to understand others is to examine yourself!

For this publication, the homosexual should take particular note. The Gay Liberation movement is currently demonstrating and attempting to achieve equality for its subscribers. This is only right and it is hoped they can succeed. Yet, if it is to be done at all, it must be completely organized, not left to every erratic group which decides they will do it their way because they think it is best. The National Gay Lib gets the "credit" for all the crazy things done by these groups, even if they aren't even aware that they exist!

Would it not be better for them to do

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their thing quietly, yet publicly, in a manner which would cause the heterosexual to think, "These people aren't really as bad as I thought - in fact, they look, act, and dress just like everybody else - why shouldn't they have the right to choose their way of life, and not be condemned for it?" Put yourself on the opposite side for a moment. Supposing the situation were reversed. How would you react? Would you like to be given an ultimatum—DO IT, OR ELSE!? Or would you more likely be sympathetic to a group who approached you in a business-like manner, explained their problem, and ASKED you for help you might be able to offer? Sure - it might take longer to get publicity in the right places this way, but the publicity is more likely to be favorable, rather than creating an instant mental block against your cause!

However, before anything is done, it might be well for each member of a Gay Lib team to look closely at his own situation before criticizing the heterosexual too severely. The homosexual claims that he is discriminated against and because of this, he suffers economically and morally. Regardless of however true this may be, he should remember that his very way of life is probably one of the most rigid forms of discrimination ever practiced—exclusion of the opposite sex!

In addition, there are many more subtle types, seen constantly in the Gay World. What about the bars that cater only to one or the other gay sex? Or the ads which read, "No fats, no nellys, no one over 30, etc.". When was the last time you ignored a person who looked to be 45, because you felt he or she was too old? Or, a blonde, because you have this "thing" for brunettes? Or the short one, because you like basketball players? Or the bartender, because he isn't of your religious faith? Or maybe the nice guy on the end of the bar, just because he has a big nose?

You can call all of the foregoing, "individual preference" but regardless of the label - it is still discrimination! Now, these are not brought out to chide you, nor in an attempt to make you change. They are simply used as a means to demonstrate the point that various types of lesser discriminations exist within every group, be it a minority or majority. And they always will, for it would be a mighty dull world if everyone agreed with every-

one else on everything!

But, it is valuable to realize this fact and admit that all of us do discriminate in one way or another. Knowing this, perhaps the homosexual can be less adamant in his demands for total acceptance, and limit them to our fundamental and original desire, equality. It is so easy to become side tracked or confused with what we are fighting for, at times. We begin with a logical and fair request - the elimination of discrimination against our particular group. Yet, as time goes on, tempers flare and reasoning becomes blurred. Before we know it, we are expecting society to condone our way of life and resent anyone who voices a contrary opinion about it. We certainly have every right to expect equality, but we have no right, whatsoever, to expect others to agree with our philosophies. By doing so, we dilute our main force among trivial encounters and become less powerful with each one. We must learn to allow the opposition to think as they wish, just as we do, and concentrate our forces where they can do the most good.

You may enjoy scuba diving. Your neighbor may hate it. If he expresses his dislike for it, you don't rebel against him, or become enemies. Why? He is not stopping you from doing it, nor are you forcing him to take it up. Each has his opinion, and that is that. This is the same attitude you should strive for with homosexuality. Opinions should be expressed on both sides, but neither one should stop the other from experiencing his choice, nor should this difference of opinion change the relationship between you.

This muddled world of ours could be so much more peaceful if we could learn to accept our fellow man as equals, regardless of his birth origin or individual practices, and leave it at that, so long as what they are, or what they do, does not cause harm or destruction to others, or infringe upon the basic rights of others.

Life is a huge pie. Let us be satisfied to be served a portion as large as our neighbors, and to eat our share the way we choose; with a fork; a spoon; our fingers; topped with ice cream; or with cheese! And let our fellow man do the same!

Mark K. Gilbert
Ruskin, Florida

JERRY'S WORLD (Cont. from page 19)

dors III gave the use of their bar to GAA and NCGO as their headquarters as it is only a couple of blocks away from Convention Hall. Art, one of the owners explained to me that they felt that they were making a living from the community and it was time to show appreciation. I couldn't believe it! The gay community under one flag? Stamp out injustice—Human rights and dignity for all! It was truly a beautiful natural high!

The big guns begin to arrive. BOB FOSTER, San Francisco; MADELINE, Buffalo; FRANK KAMENY, Washington, D.C.; TROY PERRY, MCC Los Angeles along with nine of his ministers, including HOWARD WELLS, MCC New York. Gays from all over the nation are here. The fight is on. One of the gay delegates, GUY CHARLES of the ADVOCATE, was button-holing all over the floor. TROY PERRY and his group were in and out of hotel suites addressing the caucuses. It was Tuesday night—the minority hearings for the platform are under way. Gay delegates were working their asses off on the floor. Whoever would have thought that just a little over three years ago, when a bunch of drag queens became gay and mad in a sewer of a bar called the STONEWALL, that here was a national party about to talk about putting civil rights for an oppressed minority, GAYS, on the national platform in a presidential election? It looked close. Bob and Madeline presented the gay side eloquently. Then, some hysterical screaming mimi started bringing out all of the old wives' tales. We were "child molesters" (the last child I molested was my 13 yr. old cousin, when I was 9), "pimps" (Pimps? why pay for anything when there is so much beauty to be had for free?). Troy and his ministers had kept silent in their box, but then they chanted "Liar". By a pretty small margin, actually, we lost the battle. But there is no doubt that we are on the road to winning the war. An obviously impressed Cronkite tells his national audience to,

"keep your eyes on them, this is their first convention and they will be back." And, come back, we will. Until we have won our HUMAN rights and are able to live our lives with the dignity that God has deemed all men. We are not afraid anymore. We are GAY and PROUD! THE CONVENTION CONVENED AMONGST A LOT OF RHETORIC:

McGovern had come out on gay civil rights early in his campaign. I had been watching him for some time and decided that he was the man for the job. All of a sudden he becomes the front runner and candidate for the Democratic Party. Gay rights and pot have been shelved along the way—"political expediency."

Mr. McGovern was allowed to get away with it this time. But, in the NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY, I see a chance to make even further inroads. It is a party of beautiful, young, together people. The days of political "bossism" is dead. For those of you who can not come out and on to the streets yet, remember, that no one can see you in the voting booths. Most of the gay organizations throughout the country have sent candidates questionnaires as to their stand on gay rights. Spend a dime and call your local GAA or MCC. Support the kids, like Karen, the adults like Frank Kameny, Chuck Lamont, Bob Barry and Troy Perry who are putting their necks on the line for all of us. Our power is in the VOTE. The politicians know from New York to L.A. that there is a great new political power to be reckoned with, and that power is GAY POWER. IF YOU CAN'T JOIN US IN THE STREETS YET, JOIN US IN THE VOTING BOOTHS!!

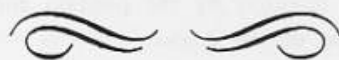
This is a great country and it is just beginning to feel its potential. There are a lot of obstacles to overcome, but if we stand together, Black and White, red and yellow, Christian and Jew, straight and gay, we can truly become the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

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I CHING (Continued from page 33)

The philosophies of both major Chinese religions, Taoism and Confucianism, are to be found within the I CHING's pages. Lao-Tse, the founder of Taoism and a near contemporary of Confucius, based much of his teachings on the wisdom of the oracle, and Confucius himself may have written the first of a series of commentaries on it.

During the Lungshan period of Chinese prehistory which flourished 4,000 years ago, a simple method of foretelling the future was used which involved the burning of a cow's shoulder blade while a question was being asked. This heat produced cracks in the bone and a skilled interpreter then deduced the answer to the question by the position and the shape of the cracks.

Another favorite method consisted of burning a tortoise shell and interpreting the cracks created by the heat. The tortoise, symbol of stability and longevity, was held in great veneration. Its shell was one of the sacred things ordained by Heaven to be favorable for oracular use.

It is suggested by a very old tradition that Fu Hsi, the mythical First Emperor of China, who is reputed to have lived over 4,500 years ago discovered the eight basic trigrams of the oracle on the back of a sacred tortoise.

The broken and unbroken lines of the oracle were devised to represent the fundamental principles of existence. The unbroken line is called Heaven, or Yang,

and signifies the positive, masculine, active pole of nature. The broken line is called Earth or Yin, signifying the negative, feminine, passive pole. The interaction between these two opposites in the various combinations that form the 64 hexagrams used in the oracles correspond inevitably with the forces of nature surrounding us all.

The basis for all Chinese philosophies of humility and time. One must, above all, learn patience and humility if he is to achieve success and become a superior man, a model of supreme wisdom and virtue.

The I CHING teaches that events do not happen in an arbitrary, chaotic manner, but follow the immutable Way of Tao as revealed through the laws of change. All things are subject to change, but can only change in a certain way at any one time.

By knowing the stage that a particular cycle of change has reached, the oracle teaches that it is possible to predict the stage that must inevitably follow. By applying this to the constantly altering con-

ditions of one's own life, the uncertainty of human existence can be avoided. Like the captain of a sailing ship, who by his knowledge of the tides and winds can turn them to his advantage and thus reach his chosen destination, so the person who turns to the Oracle of Change in times of doubt and indecision can chart a safe path through life.

The I CHING reveals that nothing stands still, nothing lasts forever, and that for everything there is a proper time. He who does not strive to hasten good fortune prematurely, he who can accept inevitable decline, achieves true contentment; treading the middle path of balanced progress he avoids all conflict by aligning himself with the steady rhythms of nature.

He plans his life on the basis of the oracle's insight into the cycles of change. Aware that his smallest word or action creates ripples in the ocean of Tao which may have incalculable effects on his future, he proceeds with modesty and caution at all times: Words issue from one's

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person, and proceed to influence the people. Actions proceed from what is near, and their effects are seen at a distance. Words and actions are the hinge and spring of the superior man. The movement of that hinge and spring determines glory or disgrace. His words and actions move heaven and earth. May he be careless of them?

It would be nearly impossible to present the oracles in their entirety in this issue of DAVID, however, there are several versions of I CHING in circulation today. One of the best we've come across is HOW TO CONSULT THE I CHING by Alfred Douglas, published by Berkley Publishing Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York 10016 for \$1.25 plus their handling charges or you may obtain the same book by writing DAVID, Post Office Box 5396, Jacksonville, Florida 32207, enclosing \$1.75, which includes handling charges.

I CHING works! Let I CHING work for you!!

"WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN ?" Department

or "I don't believe you read the WHOLE thing !"

TIMES-UNION AND JOURNAL, JACKSONVILLE, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1972

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Poetry from the Girls

The neon light flashed outside the window.
With it came swift glances of your sleeping form.
Memories of your warm lips came to my mind,
And knowledge that the night was gone forever.

Not long ago, we had been but strangers,
Seeking someone to keep loneliness away.
But something different had happened that night,
My loneliness had forgotten to come back.

Soft moonlight replaced the bright, blinking one.
You sighed, and turned over, I wondered why.
I laid down and put my arms around you,
And fell asleep dreaming of your love.

I awoke with the sun's gentle kisses.
I turned, only to find you were gone.
Gone forever, just as last night was gone,
And my loneliness came back with the day.



I am so weary of the curse of living,
Surely, God realizing the gift he's giving
Is spending eternity in grief and tears.

We walk through life in self deception
Playing life's games in regal fashion
But Death is the winner in the end.

You, unheeding all the sorrow
Meeting with hopeful eyes each gay tomorrow
Living with joy each hour of glad today.

You do not understand, I am not here
for passion,

Although I lay against your breast in
lover's fashion
I crave no love, only a little rest.

You wrong me, I come to gaze upon your
face believing
To escape my weary thoughts and grieving
Give me a little hope and some forgetfulness.

--L.J.E.



Give me abiding sense.
Help me find my way.
I'm lonely.
I hurt.

Shake away my blindness.
Bring me into summer.
I am sick.
I hurt.

Damn my frequent tears.
Hold my sanity for me.
I'm weary.
I hurt.

I want the opiate of peace.
I want to rise and rest.
I'm so tired.
I hurt.

I hurt.

--Jean



Appearing, suddenly, from out of cold
Darkness, he stands, within the dimly lit
cove,
Cordially welcoming the earnest stranger
While towering above, mast set windward
I, that trembling stranger, await
The unknown truths of our night's
voyage.

Stunned, as I gaze upon this stately
vessel
Exclaiming thoughts pound within my
head
As silent words form upon my lips,
Admiring such perfection.

"Ah, such beauty of spirit! As graceful...
As calm...As gentle...As....."

He steadily glides, as if tucked within
His secret hold lies most precious gifts,
As he flows across the soft electric lighted
sky
Towards his strangely plotted course.
A cruising clipper ship, well polished and
adorned.
With firm set sails against the saffron
night
The brave swan ship drifts silently.

Reaching yon starboard port, amidst mass
vessels
Of various degrees of class and kind,
The anchored queen ship, towering above
all,
Grandly sweeps the horizons with glazing
cool
Pacific eyes that sprays cool mist against
all fears
While laughter rings, resonating echoes,
within the night
Turn to sounds of far off bells from old
salt decks.

Strange, subtle elegance this mystery ship
possesses,
Pointed bowsprit, ridged yardarms con-
trasts to
Halyards wafting to the syncopated
rhythm of the sails,
Reminding one of historical tales,
Days of "Noblesse gentil."

--Mary October

the SWEET GUM HEAD

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HERSE

from Our Readers

When all the children have grown weary
at playing at the game of
being old, and see the empty hallways
have grown silent and all the
empty seats have grown cold: when the
words upon the blackboard stare
and wonder at how the day has slipped
across your mind, come and see
me in the room beside the green garden
when the sound of running
laughter is behind. Come and see me in
the cavern of my tomb. Come
and see me in the velvet of the evening
and we'll see if we can turn
the day deceiving into believing.

When all your friends have turned to
strangers and the wind has ripped
their faces from your mind and the
princes you have counted on folded,
their tents no longer hide you from the
sky when the king is casting
dice against your future and you found
that home is not where you
belong--come and see me in the room
beside the water when there's no
place you can stand.

When all the turtles are dreaming in
their slumbers and the rabbit in
his burrow waits for spring, and the snow-
flakes in the wind become
a symbol of the state of your drifting
lonely heart is in; when the
frozen night enfolds you hopeful mom-
ents and you found that there's no
place
you can stand; come and see me in the

room of open windows when you need
someone
to sit and hold your hand, come and see
me in the shining
afternoon, come and see me in the cavern
of my tomb...

Please?

S.D.W.

I am alone

Yet People surround me.

They look—even stare—

But do not see.

They see but the shell

Which houses my real Self.

They refuse to look behind the facade

For fear that what is beyond is better—

Better than that which They hide

Behind Their own masks.

They tremble to think that Their

True Selves may have vanished—

Drowned in the Sea of Conformity.

And so,

Because They fear,

They know me not.

And yet They judge me, hate me, love
me, scorn me.

Oh, God, why?

Of the abundance of People

On this crowded Earth

Why can't just one Person—

Even a mere One—

Know me—know the real me?

I would not care if that One

Came to hate me;

Just let him hate Me,

Not merely the shell in which I exist!
But...then, should They not first
Come to know ThemSelves?
Why should They waste Their time
Searching behind my facade
When They know not what lies
Within Their own?
Let Them first come to know ThemSelves,
And I'll remain alone
For yet a while.

Afterthought—

At the time of this writing, I was They.
I now strive only to be i, but consider
it an occasional blessing to be allowed
to know what lies beyond the facades of
Them.

Ravi

Love suffers long, and is kind;

Love envies not,

Love vaunts not itself, is not puffed up;

Does not behave itself unseemly,

Seeks not her own,

Is not easily provoked,

Thinks no evil,

Rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in
the truth,

Bears all things,

Hopes all things

Endures all things,

Love never fails.

He that loves his brother abides in the
light.

Love is love's reward.

Love never reasons but profusely gives,
gives like a thoughtless prodigal its all,
and trembles then lest it has done too
little.

LOVE UNDERSTANDS, AND LOVE
WAITS.....

S.D.W.

DAVID

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HANDSOME, gay college student (GSC), not effeminate, conservative, brown hair and eyes, Caucasian, 157 lbs., 24, 6', seeks handsome gay youths interested in friending a pen-pal from gay guys. Write c/o DAVID, Dept. C-125, P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville, Florida 32207.

GAY Male for private modelling. Versatile and cooperative. Call Jerry at (305) 233-7884, between 6 and 8 PM for appointment or send \$1 for sample photo and information to Occupant, P.O. Box 642, Coral Gables, Florida 33134. State over 21 and sign.

the GROOVY
YOUNG
MEN

"Where they all hang out
24 Hours a day"



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LABOR
DAY
CELEBRATION

901 SW 27th Ave
Fort Lauderdale

GAY transvestite would like to hear from all—either sex—race no barrier. Call Fri. evenings. (305) 522-7778. Miami area.

WANTED: If there is a reader of DAVID who is also a member of the American Mensa Society, I should like to hear from him. Write Post Office Box 1341, Ocala, Florida 32670.

GAY SAFARI: Write for information on how you can be part of our Gay Safari by sending 25 cents to: Jack Weber, Safari West, 10655 Shore Drive, Boca Raton, Florida 33432.

Limited Reservations left, so please hurry!

REPELLED by queens? Good looking, blond, 28, 6', 165 lbs., looks and acts like a guy and seeks others under 30 who know they're guys and act like it. No fat-ties or hippie freaks. Mild S/M Ok. Box 1033, St. Petersburg, Florida 33731. P.S. My roommate digs men over 40!

JOBS

For \$3.00 per month, or \$10.00 for four consecutive months, DAVID will print your HELP WANTED Ad. Limit five lines. Send to DAVID, P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207.

WANTED: Cosmetology teacher. Exp. preferred but will train suitable applicant. Contact Florida Beauty College, 5208 N. Pearl St., Jacksonville, Fla. 32208.

TRAVEL FREE—Work part-time for Gypsy Feet, the Gay World's fastest growing leisure time entertainment club. We are looking for sales representatives in various cities. Write for additional information. GYPSY FEET, INC., 1621 2nd Ave., New York City, New York 10028.

WOULD like part-time young, good-looking masseur; good pay, experience desired but not a prime requirement. Write Captain, Post Office Box 22686, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316.

DAVID-GRAMS

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

Jon-Jon of Independence Green:

Everyone you meet loves you, but remember that I do too!

Happy birthday, Honey!!

--Harold (Fuzz)

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**Fiesta Room
Lounge**

110 HARRISON AVE.
PANAMA CITY, FLA.

Great All Year

DANCING LIQUOR

DAVID SUPPORTERS- What's Happening-Where

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

LOUNGES, TAVERNS & RESTAURANTS

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM

OUTER FOCUS *

117 N. 21st Street. Open 6 days, 7 pm to 2 am. Closed Sun. Dancing. Shows on Fri. & Sat. (205) 254-9488.

TITO'S *

1310 1st Avenue North. Semi-private club - open 6 days, 8 pm till? Closed Sun. (205) 323-9279.

MOBILE

PRINCESS HOUSE LOUNGE *

254 Government St. Open 6 days closed Sun. 5 - 2 Mon. thru Fri., Sat. 12 - 12. (205) 422-9276.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA

KEITH'S DAYTONA *

703 Ridgewood. Wildest in Disco-teque lighting. Go-Go Boys. Central Florida has seen nothing like it.

DAYTONA BEACH

BULL PEN *

516 Main St. Open 2 pm daily. Restaurant remains open till 4 am. Open seven days a week. (904) 252-9448.

CHUCK'S ATLANTIC CLUB *

44 N. Atlantic Ave. (one block from the boardwalk). Open 7 days, Mon-Sat, noon to 2 am, Sun. from 2 pm to 2 am. "Atlanta by the sea" (904) 252-9300.

HOLLYWOOD BAR *

415 Main Street. Live entertainment with female impersonators. Shows at 9:30, 11 and 12:30 on Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. Delicious buffet Sun. Ph: (904) 253-9369.

FORT LAUDERDALE

EVERGLADES BAR *

1931 So. Federal Hwy. Open 6 days. Sat., 4 pm to 2 am. Other days, 1 pm to 3 am. (305) 522-9821.

THE GALLERY *

2889 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7 days. 9 PM to 4 AM. Liquor. Italian food, dancing, shows. Happy Hour 9 - 11:30 PM nitely. Buffet Sundays. (305) 581-9912.

ODDS & ENDS *

3148 N.E. 12th Ave. (in Oakland Park). Oakland Park Blvd. & Old Dixie Hwy. (305) 564-9114.

THE SALOON *

219 1/2 S. W. 1st Avenue. (305) 525-2524.

THE TREE *

656 No. Andrews Ave. (Corner of Flagler Dr.) Open 7 days, 7 pm till 2 am. (305) 763-9698.

VENTURE INN *

1791 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7 nights from 2 pm. Dinners. Go-go boys. Stage shows. Dancing. Liquor. Pool table. Beautiful people. New: Zodiac Lounge for the ladies. (305) 524-9550.

FORT MYERS

THE RED LION *

"Downtown" - Ft. Myers. Cocktail lounge. Open until 2 am. (813) 334-9775.

GAINESVILLE

MELODY CLUB *

4130 NW 6th Street. Dancing every night. Talent show Wed. night. Shows Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Closed on Mondays. (904) 376-9457.

HALLANDALE

KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM *

813 S.E. 1st Ave. Go-go boys 7 nights a week. Billie Boots show

every Sun., Dating Game every Thurs., Dance contest every Tues. Open 7 nites 6 pm to 4 am. (305) 920-3404.

JACKSONVILLE

COMMODORE BAR *

102 E. Bay Street. Open Mon. - Sat. 8 am till 2 am. Discount liquor package store open same hours. (904) 920-3404.

THE KNIGHT OUT *

9876 Atlantic Blvd. Open Mon. thru Sat. 6 pm to 2 am. Dancing Shows featuring the fantastic Debbie (Miss VENUS, Feb. DAVID). (904) 725-9968.

MR. D'S *

2952 College St. Open 6 days. 3 pm to 12 pm Mon. thru Thurs. 3 pm to 2 am Fri. & Sat. Dancing. Shows on Fri. & Sat. (904) 388-9533.

THE INFERNO *

8836 Atlantic Blvd. Shows, Dancing. Open till 2 am. (904) 725-9998.

THE REEF *

8606 Phillips Hwy. Open till 2 am. Dancing. Shows. (904) 733-9838.

JACKSONVILLE BCH, FLA.

TOP OF THE TIDES *

411 1st St. Jax Beach. Open Sunday nights. Dancing. Shows. (904) 249-9315.

LAKE WORTH

MUSIC BOX LOUNGE *

628 Lake Ave. Open Mon. thru Sat. 9 am to 2 am. Open Sun. 1 pm to midnight. (813) 582-9396.

MIAMI

BACHELOR'S II *

2847 Coral Way. Talent night Monday. Entertainment at the piano bar nitely. Dine in Style at our intimate, friendly dining room

CACTUS LOUNGE *

2041 Biscayne Blvd. (305) 374-9118.

THE CARNIVAL BAR *

137 N.E. 3rd Ave. (305) 374-9227.

THE HAMLET *

3416 Main Hwy. (Coconut Grove) Buffet Sundays. Ph: (305) 443-9100.

THE NOOK *

255 Minorca (in Coral Gables). (305) 444-9210.

STEPMOTHER *

820 S.W. 42nd Ave. (entrance behind Mother's. Miami's only dance bar. Open 9 to 5 am. (305) 446-9161.

THE WAREHOUSE VIII *

3600 S.W. 8th St. Now has 3 bars; upstairs: Sunday beer bust & cook out on the patio roof. Movies on Wed. Downstairs: Piano bar & games. Tool room: slides & unique atmosphere. (305) 445-8713.

WHARF *

1717 NW 17th Ave. Open 9 to 5 Dancing, Liquor & food till 5. (305) 633-9250.

MIAMI BEACH

THE ALLEY LOUNGE *

1685 Alton Road. Open 2 pm to 5 am.

AMBASSADORS III *

427 22nd St. Open 9 pm to 5 am daily. Go-go boys. (305) 531-2902.

BASIN STREET *

1610 Alton Road. Open 7 days a week. Piano. Guest stars. Go-go boys. Open 2 pm to 5 am. Ph: (305) 672-9528.

STONEWALL *

22nd St. off Collins Ave. Miami's liveliest discoteque. Open 9 pm to 5 am. Mon. - Fri.: 1 pm - 5 am, Sat. & Sun. Free buffet Sat. eve., 1 pm - 5 pm. (305) 531-9521.

NEIL'S RESTAURANT *

1675 Alton Road. Open 5 am to midnight. The after-hours meeting place. Ph: (305) 531-9301.

FRENCHIE'S PUB *

Alton Road, Miami Beach. Opening soon.

PIN-UP *

2228 Park Avenue. Oldest, most popular and friendliest bar on Miami Beach. (305) 531-9101

ORLANDO**CACTUS ROOM ***

60 N. Orange Ave. Open Monday thru Sat. from 10 am till 2 am. 2 Shows every nite. (305) 422-7290

THE PALACE CLUB *

1000 Humphries St. Open Wed. thru Sat. 8 pm - till? B.Y.O.B. Cocktail hour 7 to 9:30. Movies Wed. Open Sun. 7 pm - till? (305) 894-9293.

PANAMA CITY**FIESTA ROOM ***

110 Harrison Ave. French patio open 5 pm to 2 am. Fri & Sat 5 pm to 4 am. (904) 763-9476.

PENSACOLA**ROBBIE'S YUM YUM TREE WEST ***

3006 E. Cervantes Street. Shows nightly except Monday. (904) 432-0381.

SARASOTA**KORK 'N KETTLE ***

7603 So. Tamiami Trail. (US Hwy 41) Open 7 pm to 2:30 am. Occasional shows. (813) 921-1208.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.**ELSEWHERE ***

503 W. Gaines St. Open 8 pm to 2 am, Tuesday thru Sundays. (904) 599-9248.

TAMPA**CAROUSEL ***

1806 West Platt St. Open 7 days til 3 am. D.J. Discoteque, lights, Go-Go boys. (813) 251-9887.

THE HORNY BULL *

1100-A Florida Ave. Open 9 pm to 1 am, Thurs & Sun. 10 pm to 5 am Fri & Sat. Age limit is 17 and up. (813) 229-9837.

WEST PALM BEACH**TURF WEST ***

823 Belvedere. Open nightly from 8 pm to 3 am, Fri. & Sat. to 5 am closed Mon. (305) 833-9219.

TURF SOUTH *

221 Datura. Open Mon. thru Sat. 9:30 to 5 am and Sun. from 7 pm to 5 am. (305) 655-9887.

TURF NORTH *

1901 No. Dixie Hwy. Open 12 noon to 5 am. Sun. 3 pm to 5 am. (305) 832-9434.

GEORGIA**AUGUSTA****PLAYPEN LOUNGE ***

619 Ellis St. (404) 724-9101.

ATLANTA**THE ARMORY ***

834-36 Juniper St. Atlanta's living room. (404) 874-9312

THE COVE *

586 Worchester Dr. N. E. Open 4 pm till 2 am. Sat. 5 pm till 12 midnight. (404) 876-9542

ESPERANDO *

49 Sixth Street (at Cypress). Dancing, breakfast 1:30 - 4 am. (404) 872-9270.

MRS. P'S RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE *

551 Ponce de Leon. Open at 3 pm Mon. thru Sat. Cocktails from 5 till 7, restaurant open 5 pm till 1 am. Featuring steaks, seafood and home cooked vegetables. (404) 876-9339.

PEACHES BACK DOOR *

845 Peachtree Rd. N.E. (enter off Juniper). Shows every Tues. & Thurs. Go-go boys. Choose from 4 bars. D.J. Discoteque every nite. Shows Tues & Thurs featuring TV and radio personality Diamond Lil. Ph: (404) 872-2721.

SWEET GUM HEAD *

2284 Cheshirebridge Rd. N.E. The place for the 'now' generation.

MACON**ANN'S TIC-TOC ***

408 Broadway. Open 6 days, 4 pm till 2 am weekdays, 4 - 12 Sat. (912) 742-9840.

WE THREE LOUNGE *

434 Cotton Ave. Shows. Dancing.

ILLINOIS**CHICAGO****ALAMEDA CLUB ***

5210 N. Sheridan Rd. Mixed college crowd. Open 5 pm to 4 am, Mon. thru Fri., 3 pm to 5 am, Sat. 3 pm to 4 am, Sun. (312) 334-6280

ANNEX *

2865 N. Clark Street. College/hippie crowd. Dancing. Open 12 pm to 4 am Sun. - Fri. 12 pm - 5 am Sat., Sun - 4 pm buffet. (312) 549-8753.

THE BATON *

430 N. Clark St. Open 12 pm to 4 am Mon. thru Sun. Mixed bar-go-go boys - dancing - disc jockey. Wed. night is contest night. Sunday buffet at 7 pm. (312) 644-5269

BROADWAY SAM'S *

5246 N. Broadway. Open Mon. - Fri. 7 pm to 4 am. Sat. 7 - 5, Sun. 4 to 4. Mixed crowd. Draft beer, Disc Jockey. Sunday brunches. (312) 878-0202

CHERRY TREE LOUNGE *

3714 N. Clark. Open 7 days a week 12 noon to 2 am. Go-go boys & amateur go-go boys. Sat. buffet 6 to 7; Sun. - all the beer you can drink-\$1.00. (312) 549-9037

KING RANSOM *

20 East Chicago (one block east of Lawson YMCA). Open 4 pm to 2 am, Mon. to Fri.; 4 pm to 3 am, Sat. Buffet Sun, 7 pm. Cocktails 4 - 8. Hors D'oeuvres. (312) 642-9227.

P.Q.'S *

661 N. Clark at Erie. The "In" Place in Chicago. Disc jockey and dancing. Tues, 25 cent beer. Sun., afternoon brunch.

QUEEN SURF *

436 N. Clark Street. Open 9 pm to 4 am Tues. thru Sun. Mixed bar - female impersonators. Shows at 10, 12 & 2. Pizza. (312) 329-9279

SPARROW'S *

5220 N. Sheridan Road. Open Tues. thru Sun. Shows Wed. thru Sun. starring Robi Landers. (312) 878-4294

THE TRIP *

27 East Ohio Street. Featuring 3 floors of dining, dancing and live entertainment with the Tom O-man Trio with Cher. Sun. brunches. (312) 467-6330.

UP NORTH *

6244 N. Western Ave. Chicago's most popular restaurant-bar. Sunday brunch. Every evening, something special. Open Mon. thru Fri. 5 pm to 2 am. Sat. 5 pm to 3 am and Sun. 12 noon to 2 am. (312) 761-6660.

VITTLES *

2940 - 42 North Clark Street. Open all night weekends. Lunch,

brunch, dinner & cocktails. Good homecooking. Ph: (312) 348-9296.

NEW ORLEANS**ROD'S BAR ***

625 St. Phillip Street. Open 7 days a week, 5 pm till? (504) 529-4402.

PETE'S *

800 Bourbon Street. Open 7 days a week, 5 pm till? (504) 525-3862.

MASSACHUSETTS**BOSTON****NAPOLEON CLUB ***

52 Piedmont St. Boston. Open 7 nites, 5 pm to 2 am. 5 bars, entertainment nightly. (617) 338-7547.

NEBRASKA**OMAHA****DIAMOND BAR ***

516 So. 16th St. Omaha's gayest downtown liquor bar. Open 6 am to 1 am. Mon thru Sat. Sun. noon to 1 am. Ph: (402) 342-9595.

ROCK ISLAND**HAWAIIAN LOUNGE ***

1921 4th Avenue. Open 7 pm to 3 am every night. Liquor and dancing. Ph: (309) 786-9372.

INDIANA**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.****FAMOUS DOOR ***

252 N. Capital.

MUNCIE**ALACAZAR ***

117 West Main. Open 12 pm to 3 am. Drag shows. Liquor. Beer. Dancing. Mon thru Sat. (319) 272-8514.

IOWA**DES MOINE****P.S. MALEBOX LOUNGE ***

311 - 2nd Ave (downtown). 1/2 block from YMCA. Young crowd. Dancing. Heads. Special occasion entertainment. Beer & Liquor. Open Mon. thru Fri. 4 pm to 2 am, Sat. 2 pm to 1 am. (515) 243-9408

LOUISIANA**BATON ROUGE****THE PLACE ***

860 St. Louis. Open Mon. - Sat.,

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

ALIBI *

1544 2nd Ave. (80th & 81st St.) Discoteque, dancing. Mon., nostalgia night; Wed., Talent Contest. Shows announced monthly. Sun. brunch, 5 - 9, on the house. (212) 249-7026.

BEAU GESTE *

239 Third Avenue (at 20th St.) Open for lunch. Dinner served 6 pm to 1 am. Get acquainted time, 5 to 8. (212) 475-9724.

CANDY STORE *

44 W. 56th St. Discoteque. Light show, dancing. (212) 581-4664.

THE CAVE *

131 Bank Street (corner of Washington St.). Open 7 days a week. Sun & Thurs, buffet at midnight. Movies on Tuesday. (212) 242-9550.

COUNTRY COUSIN *

1313 3rd Ave. (corner 75th St.) 4-7 pm, popular drinks, 75 cents. Dinner 6:30-2:00 am, Sun. brunch 1-5 pm. Bar-b-que, Mon. & Wed. (212) 879-6614.

DANNY'S *

139 Christopher Street. Sun., Mon., & Wed. - free buffet. (212) 929-9321.

DANNY'S OF SHERIDAN SQUARE *

140 7th Ave. So. Dancing, kitchen open daily, Sun. brunch 12-4 pm. \$1.50 with screwdriver or bloody mary. (212) 691-8373.

DANNY'S BROOKLYN HEIGHTS *

108 Montague St. Open day & night. Danny's Fisherman Lounge and Red Room Piano Bar. (212) 625-8844.

DANNY'S HIDEAWAY *

500 West 14th Street (Where 10th and 11th Ave. meet). Dancing. (212) 989-2649.

GOLDBUG *

85 West 3rd St. Show nights—Sun. & Fri. Never cover or minimum during the week. Continuous dancing. Free buffet, 7 pm on Sundays. (212) 677-9874.

HARRY'S BACK EAST *

1422 3rd Ave. (80th and 81st). New York's most popular bar. Cocktails 2 pm to 8 pm, 75 cents. Sunday brunch, 5 - 8, "On the House." (212) 249-6991.

LEO'S LION *

57 Lexington Ave. (at 25th St.) Free buffet every Sunday. (212) 686-9608.

THE LIB *

305 E. 45th St. Dinners from 7 to 11. Dancing and cocktails. Light snacks till 2. Discoteque. Ph: (212) LE 2-0290.

MARIE'S CRISIS *

59 Grove St. Open 1 pm. Piano bar. Buffets on Sunday. (212) 243-9323.

NEW JIMMY'S *

1576 3rd Ave. (near 88th St.) Nightly entertainment—Judy Sexton and Johnny Savoy. Open 7 days. Dinners till 1 AM. Ph: (212) 860-4509.

PETER RABBIT *

305 W. 10th St. "Someone for everyone, day & night" Free buffet Sunday, 7 pm. (212) WA 9-9579.

PIPER'S LOUNGE *

1201 Lexington (Between 81st & 82nd St.) Dancing, cocktail hour 4 pm to 8 pm. Buffet Sunday 7 pm till? (212) 734-9304.

ROADHOUSE *

570 Hudson Street. Live entertainment. (212) CH 3-4214.

ROUNDTABLE *

151 E. 50th St. Discoteque, dancing. Featuring the LaFleur Sisters on Wed - Fri - Sun.

THE ROYAL ROOST *

28 Cornelia Street. Restaurant. Cocktail Lounge. (212) CH 2-9557.

SAMMY'S FOLLY *

3 E. 15th Street. Dinner Mon. thru Thurs. 11 pm. Fri. & Sat. till 1 am. Live entertainment on Tuesday and Sat. Cocktails from 4:30 to 7, 85 cents. (212) 675-8740.

SEBASTIAN'S *

1068 1st Ave. Dinner 7 days, kitchen open 7 pm to 1 am. Cocktails. "Guess the word, win a prize." (212) 355-8052.

THE SPIKE BAR *

120 11th Avenue (cor. 20th St.) Wed., movies, Sun., free brunch, 2 pm to 5 pm. Buffet 8 pm. (212) 989-8913.

SUNDOWNER *

309 E. 60th Street. Open 4 pm Mon. to Fri. Cocktails & Hors D'oeuvres. Sat. & Sun. 1 pm—free bar-b-que. (212) 832-9094.

THE TROUBADOR *

1078 First Avenue (Btwn 58th & 59th). Open 4 pm, dinner 6 pm to 2 am. (212) 755-1955.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH *

1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. Cocktail hour, 4-8 pm. Popular drinks \$.75. Open daily 4 pm. Sun. 2 pm - free buffet. (212) 861-6132.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH *

581 3rd Ave. (corner of 38th St.) Cocktail hour 4-8 pm. Drinks, 85 cents. Free hot hors d'oeuvres. (212) 684-2170.

WESTBEACH *

388 West Street. THE place on the waterfront. Try it!! (212) 255-9733.

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

BETSY ROSS *

73-13 37th Road. Dancing. (212) 429-8605.

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

TRYSTING PLACE *

120 - 31 83rd Ave. (Off Lefferts Blvd). Tuesday: 2 for 1 drinks. (212) 846-8922.

N. CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE

FLAMING EMBERS LOUNGE *

231-233 Patton Avenue. Open 7 nights 8:30 - 1:30. Dancing. Occasional shows. (704) 252-9331.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

BADLANDS *

419 Plum Street. Open daily, noon to 2:30 am. Beer, liquor, wine, cheese, sandwiches and soda fountain. Gaylord Club in rear—members & guests—dancing. Ph: (513) 721-9620.

CLEVELAND

ORCHID ROOM *

1510 Prospect Avenue. Open 8 pm to 2:30 am, 7 days. Featuring Wed. buffet - liquor and dancing. Ph: (216) 621-0223.

COLUMBUS

KISMET LOUNGE *

232 N. 3rd. Open 12 to 2:30 daily. Sun. 1 to 2:30. Liquor on Sun. too. Beer and dancing. Ph: (614) 225-9460 or 9464.

DAYTON

STAGE DOOR LOUNGE *

44 N. Jefferson. Open 11 am to 2:30 am daily. Sun. 9 pm to 2:30 am. Liquor and dancing. (513) 223-7418.

S. CAROLINA

CHARLESTON

ZEBRA SUPPER CLUB *

598 Meeting Street. Open 7 pm till? Daily except Mon. Shows, live entertainment, go-go boys, dining, prizes & surprises. Out-of-townners treated royally. (803) 722-9214

TENNESSEE

KNOXVILLE

THE HUDDLE *

219 W. Cumberland. Guys & Gals welcome. Open 10 am to 12 midnight, Mon. thru Sat. "Gayest Spot in Knoxville". (615) 524-9787.

CHATTANOOGA

CROSS KEYS *

Market St. PH: (615) 265-8522.

TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI

CHEZ PARIS *

2207 Ayers. (512) 884-0063.

DALLAS

BAYOU LANDING *

2609 N. Pearl. Open 11 am to 2 am, 7 days. Tiki, games, main bar. Steam baths next door. Nation's largest gay bar. (214) 742-3269.

THE CANDY STORE *

3914 Throckmorton. (1/2 block off Cedar Springs). Open 4:30 to 2 am, 7 days. Private club, gays only (mention DAVID). Tues. 25 cent nite for bar-boozie and beer. Sat. - live, 5-pc. Gay-Girls Band. (214) 526-9408.

CHIP INN *

3224 N. Fitzhugh. Open 7 days—10 AM to 2 AM. (214) 526-9580.

CLUB BON SOIR *

5601 W. Lovers Lane. Open 7 days, 7:30 - 2 AM. Fri. & Sat., 6 - 2 AM. (214) 351-9521.

ENTRE NUIT *

3116 Live Oak (rear) Open 7 days 5 PM - 2 AM Mon thru Fri, 1 PM - 2 AM Sat and Sun. 1 - 4 Sat & Sau - Discount Drinks. (214) 823-0423.

RON SUE'S *

3236 McKinney. Open 1 pm to 2 am, 7 days. Shows Sun. 8 to 10:30. "Everybody's Fun House". (214) 526-9333.

SWINGER *

2121 N. Field St. Open 7 days. Mon-Fri, 5 PM - 2 AM; Sat.(after hours). 3 PM to 4 AM; Sundays, 3 to 2 AM. (214) 741-0700.

TJ'S OF DALLAS *

3307 McKinney. Free beer Bust every nite, 11 pm to 12 pm, Sun. 5:30 & 11 pm. Beer, pool, dancing. (214) 525-9368.

VILLA FONTANA *

1315 Skiles. Open 1 PM - 2 AM 7 Days. All day Sun. - Beer \$.30, Mixed Drinks \$.50. "America's oldest Bar". (214) 823-0372.

GALVESTON

KON TIKI *

214 Tremont Street. Open 7 days. Mon. - Fri., 1 AM to 2 AM. Sat. - Sun., 12 noon to 2 AM. Dancing, Open saloon. Ph: (713) 763-9031.

HOUSTON

FARMHOUSE CLUB *

3535 Westheimer. Open 7 days - 4 pm to 2 am. "After Hours" Fri. and Sat. Houston's largest dance bar with two dance floors. (713) 622-5942.

THE GLASS STEIN *

3207 Montrose Blvd (at Westheimer). Open 7 days, 4:30 to 2 AM. Sun. 1 - 2. After hours till 4:30, Fri. & Sat. (214) 528-8236.

LA BOHEME *

1504 Westheimer. Open 10 am to 12 pm, 7 days. Sun. 1 pm to 12 pm. Keg parties - Sundays 5-7, (\$1.00) (713) 528-9552.

MARY'S LOUNGE *

1022 Westheimer. Open 7 days, 10 - 2, 6 days; 12 - 2 Sun. Happy Hour 4 - 7, Mon. thru Fri. (713) 528-8851.

THE 900 CLUB *

900 Lovett Alley (1 block off Westheimer). Open 7 days 4 pm - 2 am, weekdays; 9 am - 2 am Sat.; 1 pm to 2 am, Sun. Cocktail hour 5 - 7 weekdays. (713) 528-9800.

RED ROOM *

612 Hadley. Open 4 pm to 2 am, 7 days. Houston's Show-bar with shows on Tues, Wed & sun. (713) 226-8242.

SAN ANTONIO

THE ARENA *

3123 Broadway. Open 7 days 4 pm to 2 am. Dancing. Occasional shows. 10 cent-beer, 9 - 12 Wed. 6-9 Sun. D.J. Discoteque Wed. & Sat. (512) 826-9466.

HYPOTHESIS LOUNGE *

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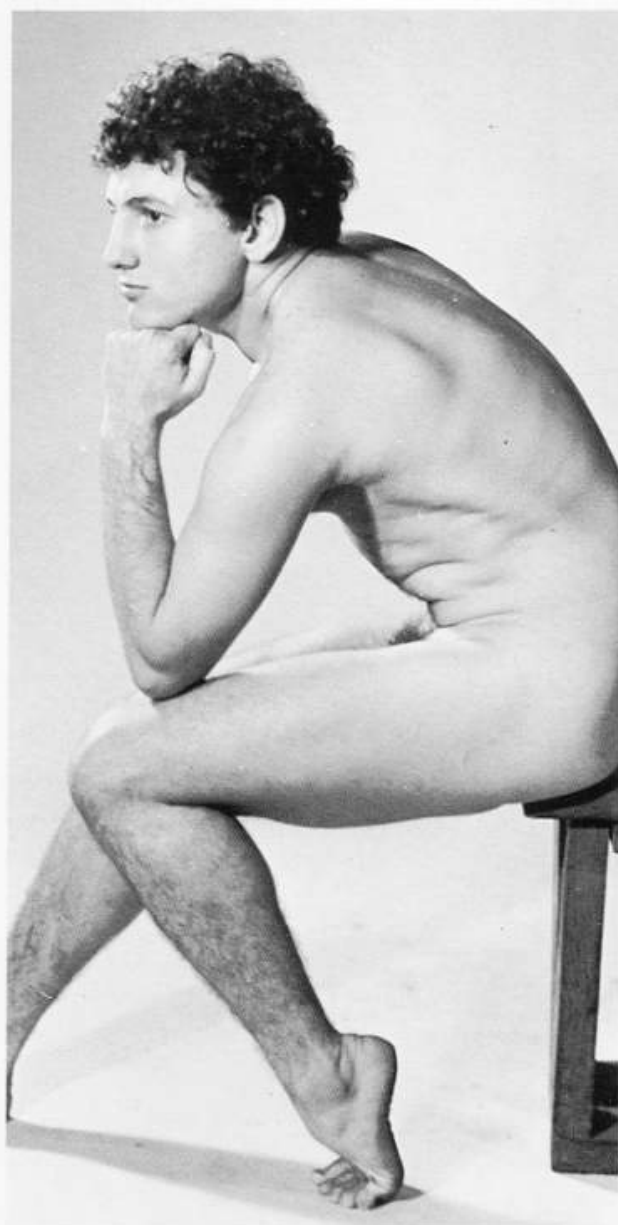


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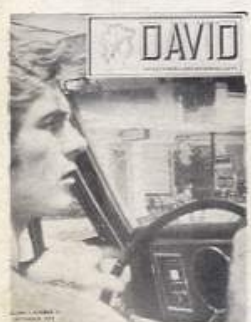
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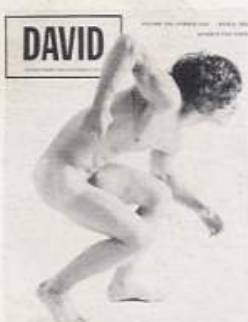
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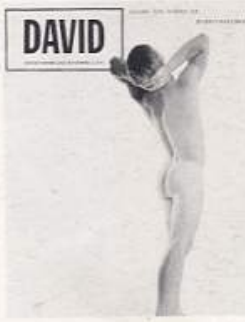
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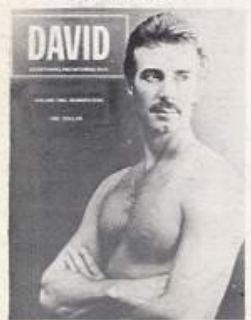
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