

DAVID

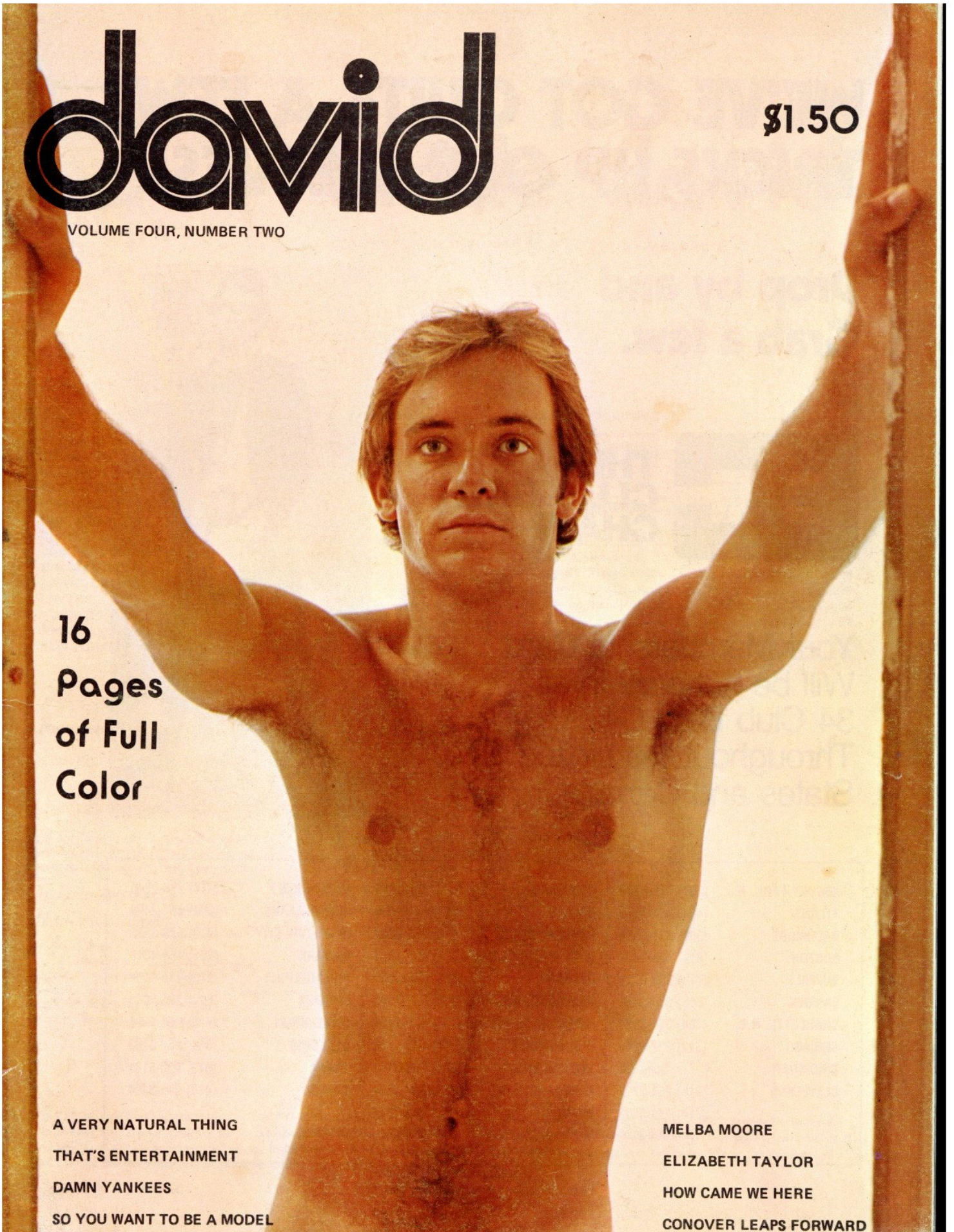
VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER TWO

\$1.50

16
Pages
of Full
Color

A VERY NATURAL THING
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
DAMN YANKEES
SO YOU WANT TO BE A MODEL

MELBA MOORE
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
HOW CAME WE HERE
CONOVER LEAPS FORWARD



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DAVID: Vol. 4 No. 2

PHOTOS BY LINDA HORTON

a very natural thing

by JERRY FITZPATRICK

For approximately five years now, I have been trying to get enough capital together to produce a movie relating to the gay life style and the gay way of love. Convinced that it could be done as a major feature motion picture and not a hard core porno flick, I met with nothing but resistance. I can relax now as it has finally been done. Brilliantly! Independent film maker, Christopher Larkin has come up with a gem of a film entitled A VERY NATURAL THING.

This write was honored to be invited to a press preview along with the New

York Times, N.Y. News, Women's Wear Daily and other major publications as DAVID's representative. I'm still happily shaken up by the experience.

A.V.N.T. is the story of one man's coming to grips with his sexuality from monastery through his first love affair, its ending and on to full acceptance of himself as a human being.

The film opens with David (Robert Joel) leaving the monastery where it appears he has spent some years. He takes a job as a teacher in a parochial school. Weekends, he heads for his

favorite gay bar where he meets Mark (Curt Gareth). The two head for home where the romantic David immediately finds himself infatuated with Mark. The latter tells David that he must go on a business trip in the morning. David prepares to leave and asks, "Do you think that we'll ever see each other again?" (How many times has that question been posed to you or by you?) Mark answers, "I don't know. What do you think?"

Upon Mark's return, the two enjoy a quiet dinner for two at David's. It's quite obvious that David is very smit-

OPPOSITE PAGE:

TOP:

David (Robert Joel) meets Jason (Bo White) at the C.S.L.D. Parade.

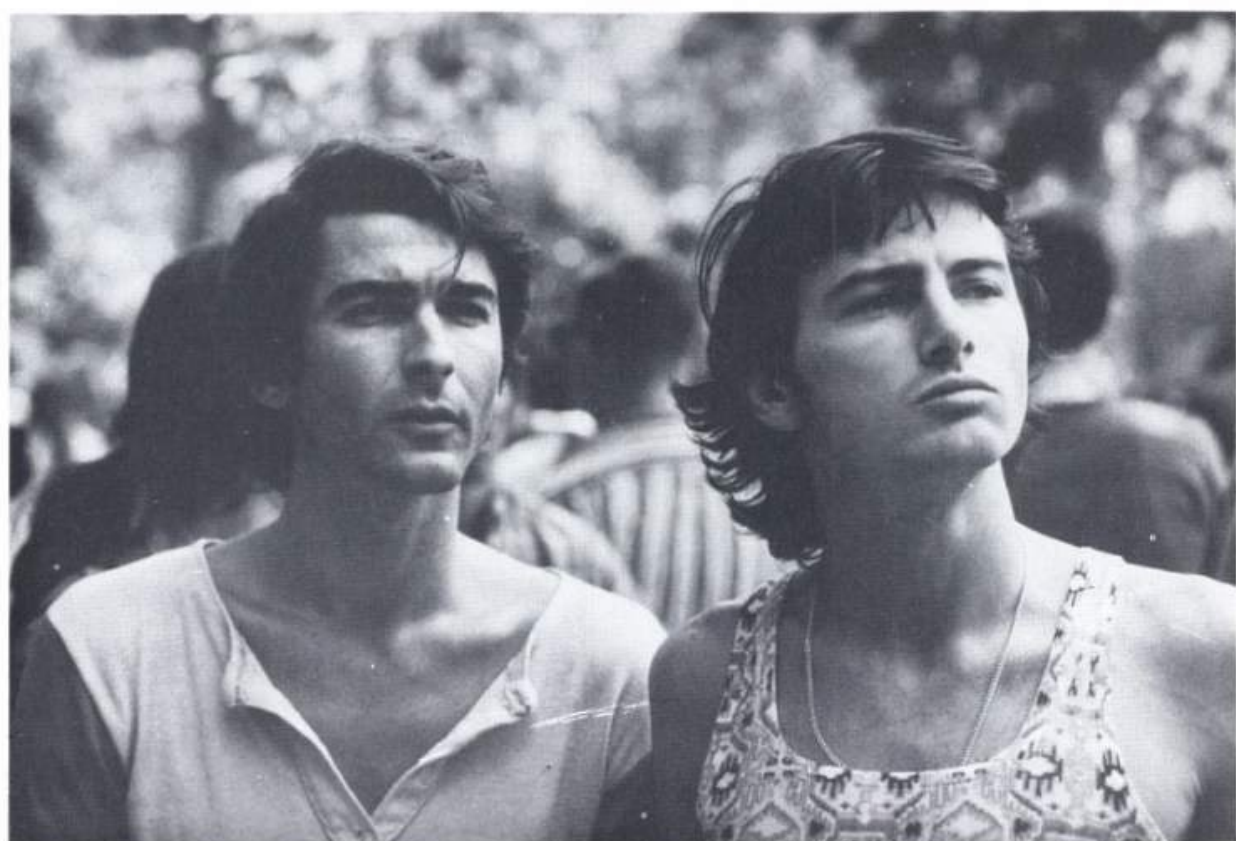
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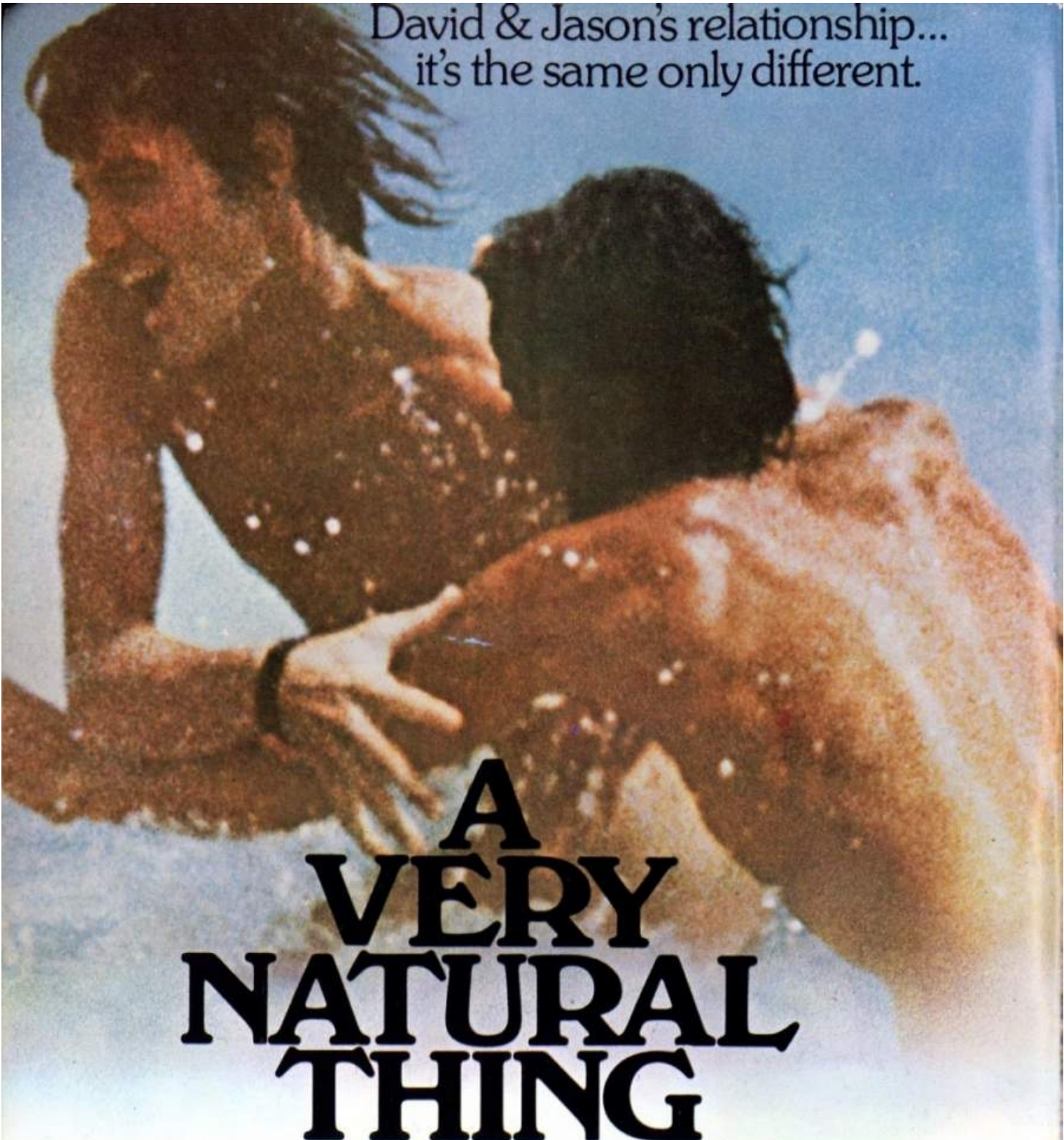
Jason (Bo White) visits his ex-wife (Deborah Trowbridge) and son (Jesse).

BELOW:

David (Robert Joel) and Mark (Curt Gareth), "I Love You."







David & Jason's relationship...
it's the same only different.

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A CHRISTOPHER LARKIN FILM

Starring Robert Joel, Curt Gareth & Bo White. Produced by Montage Creations in Technicolor.®

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ten by now. (Remember your first big romance? Remember how fast "it" happened to you?) We are taken on the trip of love with David falling helplessly in love with Mark and Mark trying to avoid the commitment of a romance. (Sound familiar?) It's all happening right there on the big screen in living color. The quiet dinners. The trips to the zoo and through the park. A night on the town. Just being together. Getting to know each other and feeling as if you were the only two people in the world. (Remember how that felt?) At one point, the romantic David wrestles Mark to the floor and bending his arm behind him, forces him to say those three little-but-important words, "I love you."

David's straight roommate gets married leaving him without an apartment. Where else should he move in but in with Mark? They've been seeing each other for months now. (The scenes of the two of them setting up house together will make anybody who's ever done it smile with remembrance. The funniest of which is the two of them in the drug store arguing over which one is going to order the K.Y. --it should have been ATHOS--from the druggist).

Alas, as in all relationships, there is us-

ually one of the partners who needs a little more than the other. In this case it is Mark. After a few frustrating months, he decides to trick out. It is apparant to David that these trips are becoming more regular. He begs to talk about the problem (This is your life.....).

Mark decides that they are in a rut and that they should 'experiment' a little bit. What better place than Fire Island? After tricking separately Mark decides that they should try an orgy. The attempt fails when the romantic David cannot perform and leaves.

We are projected into the following winter where the two lovers are again in the park where they have spent so many wonderful days together. But it's not the same now. The ensuing confrontation ends with David moving out. (The scene where he leaves, not really wanting to and Mark not really sure that he is ready for the break will rip your heart out if it's ever happened to you. SUPERB!)

David moves in with his friend, Alan (an excellent supporting job by Jay Pierce) who has come to the conclusion that you should accept a relationship for what it is at the time and not look for a future. He

counsils David to forget about Mark and look into his own self. But David is sure that someday, somehow, he and Mark will be re-united.

While on his own, David makes his first trip to the baths. The scene in the steam room is flawless and one of the most erotic piece of footage I have experienced. (After all of the hard core we've been dealt, it's amazing how erotic film can be with a little help from your imagination).

After not seeing each other for over a month, the two take in Coney Island. While on the ferris wheel (incredible camera work, again). Mark asks David to go home with him... just to trick. David is stunned but, of course, accepts. While having lunch with Alan he blurts out that he had felt as if he were being tested by Mark, "to see how he felt about me." (That one hits you right in the gut.)

David moves in by himself and begins to explore his own being. It's summer again and he comes upon the Christopher St. Liberation Day Parade. (Expertly handled with on the spot interviews with participating marchers giving their reasons for being there. A lot of the N.Y. bar people are seen in

continued on Pg. 53



ABOVE: Mark (Curt Gareth) returns home after being "alone."



SO YOU WANT TO BE A MODEL

Sounds like great fun ! Socializing and working with all those other hunky dudes, displaying all the latest fashions in all the top magazines, travel, excitement. And besides, in those T.V. commercials, they always seem to be really having a ball laughing, smiling, enjoying all the "gusto" life has to offer!

Oh, it's a great profession all right. Nothing like it. But it's not quite all that easy.

All those other hunky dudes suddenly become competition for the job you've been trying to get for six months. Somehow they don't seem as attractive anymore. You very seldom get to keep the clothes you model anymore. Instead of tailoring them to suit you, they've selected the model to suit the clothes and minor adjustments are made with dozens of pins aching to dig into your skin at the slightest provocation. It's also kinda hard to smile and look like you're having a great time after the 17th take of the same 30 second commercial you also took 3 hours getting made up for. "One time", says handsome top model Barry Wooddell, "I had to stand frozen under hot lights so long the clothes actually got scorched! They don't like creases and strive for a smooth, clean look on the clothing. They keep you taped and pinned up to where if you did move, you blow the whole thing and sometimes have to start all over!"

Barry was one of the more fortunate beginners in the profession when he started just a few years ago. By managing to be at the right place at the right time, he succeeded in landing a Camel Filter cigarette ad, in his first attempt at getting into the modeling field. Billboards sprang up all over the country showing Barry as the "dude that smoked the cigarette that 'isn't for everybody" and his career was off to a glorious start.

Since, Barry has landed several dynamite accounts and will be appearing soon on the new Gillette can and in fall and winter suits and sport coats for nationally respected Curley Clothes. In the process, though, he managed to get quite an education about the advertising business.

"You need to have more than looks," he says. "Now they check you for the right personality for the job too."

Why is personality so important?

"Because it shows in the photographs."

What sort of person are they generally looking for?

"Genuine."

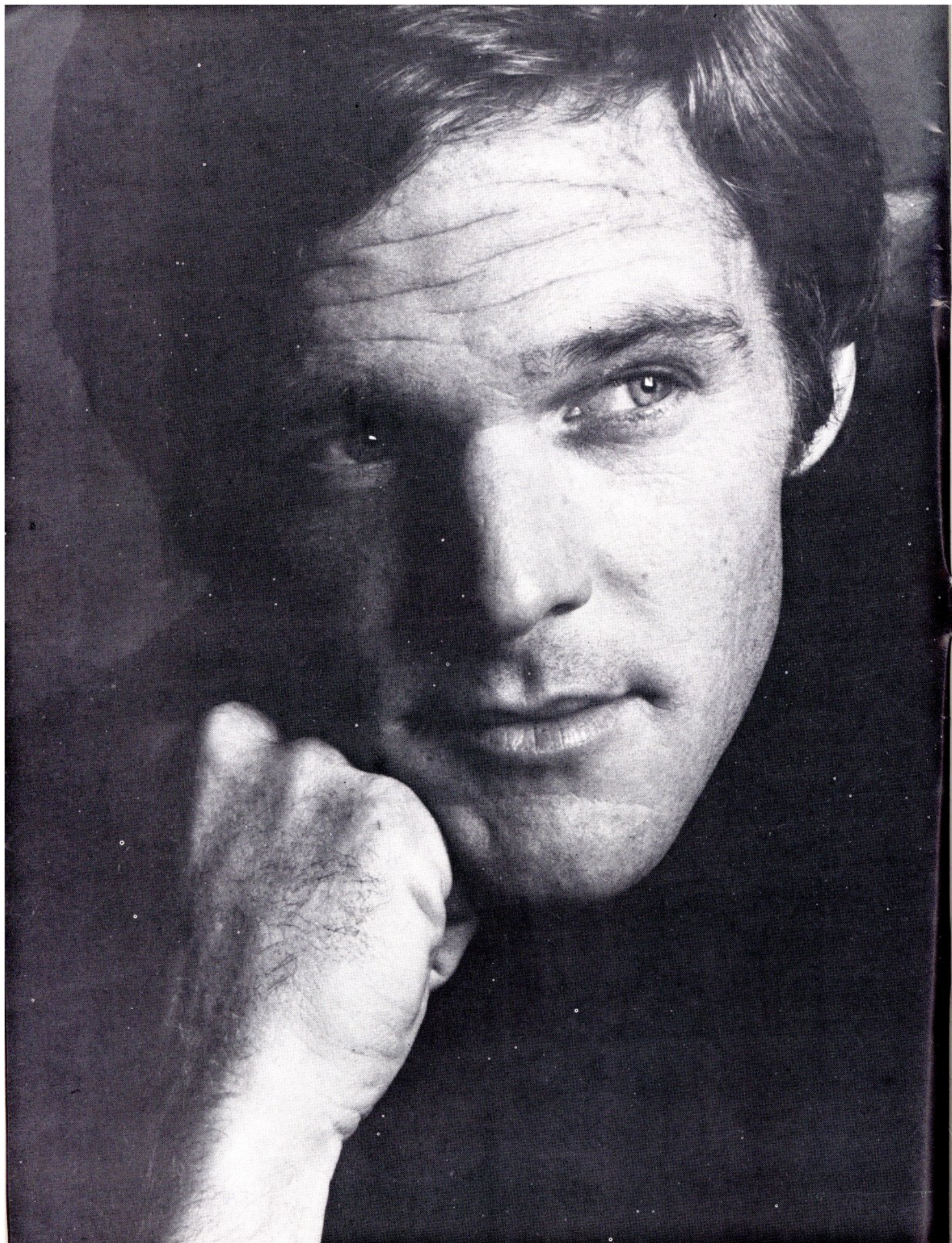
How would a novice break into the business best? Any suggestions?

"First he should go to an agent from a reputable business and sit down and

talk to him for a while. He can fill you in on your personal possibilities. Usually you can locate one without too much trouble in any major city. The advice will be invaluable. You've gotta have a nice wardrobe to do various tests and interviews. You'll also need a good composite. A good photographer to put your composite together will cost you somewhere between \$500.00 and \$1,000.00."

Once into the business, what is the general pay scale?





"You generally start at about \$50.00 per hour or \$250.00 per day. You can go as high as \$75.00 per hour and \$500.00 per day on the one-run type advertisements plus travel expenses, etc. if you are to shoot on a special location. There's also the contract jobs like the "Winchester Man" where you cannot work for anyone else because they want to use you for their symbol so, naturally, you're compensated well."

What does the agency normally get?

"Generally most agencies will hold 30% of what you earn. They keep 10% of that and hold 20% to build up a reserve fund for you."

What's a reserve fund?

"The agency holds the money for you so that you can draw a weekly 'salary' from the fund during the periods you're out of work, interviewing, or waiting to be paid for your last job."

What's the most aggravating part of your job?

"I'd say definitely the waiting. You're always waiting for something. You may have to wait 6 months for an interview with an advertiser that may need your particular type. Then you've got to wait while they weed through the sometimes hundreds of applicants and although you're only tied up like a couple of hours a day, you never know a thing until the last minute. The interviewer will just say "Thank you' and you go. You may have gotten on the list for possibilities or not, you just don't know. Each day you go in, you still have to look and feel your best, just in case."

What percentage of jobs to interviews would you say are consummated?

"About 10%."

What would you say is one of the main advantages to this occupation?

"Just about everything you do is tax deductible. Haircuts. Just about anything to do with your appearance. Your travel expenses. I may spend money on a job that brings in less than that by the time you figure plane fares etc., but in the long run it pays off because it's all good exposure and it's deductible. Of course, you don't work on those odds too often for obvious reasons."

Then you have to count on putting out a lot of travel expense money out of your own pocket to get the jobs in the first place?

"Sure, the big centers for advertising are in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. The major companies have found it's cheaper to locate the man they're looking for in the major markets and fly them to the location they want than to try to go to the location and try to interview local men for the job. This holds true even though most of your advertising is regional. A dude with a Midwest accent would not go over very well in the heart of Dixie

and a Southern drawl most likely wouldn't sell very much in the industrial sections of the Northeast. Another good thing to remember when you're putting your composite together. In New York, they're just not interested in looking at pretty Palm Tree and Ocean backgrounds. They want to see how you look, not the scenery."

Is modeling an end in itself, or do most models use it as a stepping stone for something else?

"Most models eventually realize that the top T.V. commercial type modeling requires acting ability as well and





end up going to an acting school. All T.V. work requires you to be a member of the S.A.G. (Screen Actor's Guild). From there, some go into the daytime Soap Operas, etc."

In modeling, a certain "awareness" of your appearance is naturally required. but about what percentage of the models would you say are on an ego trip?

"I'd say approximately 75 to 80%."

Do you get to know the other models pretty well?

"Some of them. There are about five major competitors I personally have right now that invariably apply for the same jobs I do requiring a certain 'image'. I can almost count on them being there."

Speaking of "Images", in recent advertising on T.V., a few brave sponsors like Schlitz have been concentrating on the 'fun' 'buddies' can have together. Do you think this is any indication of a 'trend' where the advertisers will realize that gays buy things too?

"No, I don't think so, but male models are definitely coming into their own."

Who would you say are the top male models on the scene today?

"There are no "big name male models as there are in modeling for females such as Laura Hutton 'the Revlon Girl' and Ms. Sheppard, who recently completed a lead role in a major motion picture. Male models are just not set up as far above one another."

Do you think this situation will ever change?

"Yes, I feel it has already begun to change. Take for example the centerfold of Cosmopolitan starting it off not too long ago. This led into publications such as Playgirl and Viva. The body, male or female, is something that should be seen and not hidden. Advertisers and the public are both now recognizing these facts."

We appreciate your time and your candid thoughts on the modeling scene today. We're sure we speak for the many aspiring models who read this article in thanking you for your time and advice and wish you the best of continued success in the future.





That's Entertainment

by JERRY FITZPATRICK

The house lights dimmed and a feeling of electricity went through the audience. The familiar Lion roared and M.G.M.'s "That's Entertainment!" began. "Ukulele Ike" was "Singin' In The Rain" backed by a mighty hefty chorus line. The movie was "Broadway Melody," M.G.M.'s first "all singing, all dancing" film. The year was 1929. Cut to a rather pudgy teenager named Judy Garland doing the same song to a 'boogie' beat - (1940). Another cut to Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor doing the same number from what a lot of people consider the best musical ever made, "Singin' In The Rain" - (1952).

Enter 'ol Blue eyes, Frank Sinatra in front of the M.G.M. studio. Sinatra introduces scenes from "Rosalie" with a brilliant Eleanor Powell tapping her way into the hearts of the American people. Quite honestly, I didn't remember Miss Powell well and I was floored by her talent. She was really something else! The incredible "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" number from "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936) makes you realize the enormous energy

and talents that joined forces to produce these fabulous motion pictures. As Sinatra says, "they couldn't afford to build the stage today." The first segment ends with Miss Powell and the legendary Fred Astaire in "Broadway Melody" of 1940 dancing to Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine." Sinatra sums it up with "you'll never see the likes of it again."

Elizabeth Taylor is the next narrator, talking about her 18 years on the M.G.M. lot. She fondly reminisces how she, as a young actress, would fly to the set of any musical being made because of the innocence and the incredible talents that appeared in these musicals. We are treated to a scene where she herself had to sing. The movie is "Cynthia" (1947) and Miss Taylor is breathtakingly beautiful (if not always on key). Blink and there is the gorgeous Lena Horne playing musical hopscotch with "Honeysuckle Rose" from "As Thousands Cheer." Next, the incredible dancing of Gene Kelly, abetted by Frank Sinatra in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." The lovely June Allyson, terrific, in a

number entitled "Thou Swell" from "Words And Music." (For you trivia buffs, the two gentlemen in the number with her are the Blackburn Twins). The segment ends with Allyson and Peter Lawford leading the entire cast of "Good News" in the unforgettable production number, "The Varsity Drag."

The entire audience is wrapped up as Peter Lawford emerges from the very set of "Good News" and takes us onto even more memories of the golden age of M.G.M. musicals. Lawford admittedly wasn't the best singer or dancer but he had a certain style that was put to its best advantage.

Jimmy Stewart tells us of how so many of the stage actors swarmed into Hollywood with the advent of talkies. They too were thrown into the musicals. As Stewart relates, "many were called but few were chosen." A cut to Joan Crawford in what seems to be a screen test. La Crawford shows us why she became a dramatic star! Cary Grant and Jean Harlow trying out their pipes in "Suzy." The "King" himself, Clark Gable backed by a



OPPOSITE PAGE: "They couldn't afford to build the stage today." "A Pretty Girl" from "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936).

ABOVE: Perennial favorites - Micky Rooney & Judy Garland.



chorus of cuties singing and dancing "Putting On The Ritz" in "Idiot's Delight." He even manages to throw in a little bump! The audience is wild! The famous "Dear Mr. Gable" sung by a very young Judy Garland over a montage of Gable's films has to put a lump in your throat.

Settling in a little bit, and there Mickey Rooney walking down the back lot set of his old "Andy Hardy" movies. Mickey takes us on a nostalgic trip through the many films he did with Garland. Beginning with "Love Finds Andy Hardy" through "Babes On Broadway." The plots were always the same and only the names were changed. And the movies grew with them. The older they got, the more sophisticated and elaborate their films became.

Gene Kelly introduces his favorite dancing partner, Mr. Fred Astaire. While I must admit to being a "Kelly Freak," the footage, of the only time these two giants danced together was in ("Ziegfeld Follies of 1946"), shows even Kelly has to work to keep up with the master. Astaire's dancing, while seemingly effortless, is a result of a long and arduous preparation. The shot of him literally dancing on the ceiling in "Royal Wedding" had the screening room audience yelling for more. The ingenious "Dancing Shoes" number put us against the wall. Kelly says, "This is the Astaire that I love to watch," and from "Band Wagon," the beautiful Cyd Charisse and Astaire doing a sublimely beautiful ballet to "Dancing In The Dark." **BRILLIANT!**

Debbie Reynolds takes us through her early years at M.G.M. beginning with "Three Little Words." On to her now famous "Abba Dabba Honey-moon" duet with Carlton Carpenter. And introduces the much under rated Donald O'Connor in his classic "Make Them Laugh" number from "Singin' In The Rain."

ABOVE: The magic of Fred Astaire; "Royal Wedding." (1951).

LEFT: Would you believe it?? - Even, the 'King,' Gable took a-turn - The Number - 'Putting On The Ritz' - The Movie, "Idiot's Delight" (the chorine on the far right became Virginia Gray, an outstanding supporting actress).

OPPOSITE PAGE: Gene Kelly in what many consider the best movie musical ever made, "Singin' In The Rain" (1952).





AT LEFT: Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Durante in "That's Entertainment."

AT RIGHT: Masters of the Dance, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly - as Narrators. Opposite page as partners - The only time they were ever teamed - "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946."

BELOW: Margaret O'Brien and Judy Garland - "Meet Me In St. Louis" (1944).







O'Connor introduces us to the ever popular swimming star, Esther Williams. The many clips showing Williams doing everything under water that we mere mortals have trouble doing on land were incredible. The OLD LION really spared no expense to show off his talented stars. With the athletic workouts she got, it's amazing that Esther Williams kept the beautiful body that she had. CHEERS!

One good turn deserves another, so Astaire introduces the Gene Kelly clips. Kelly is a genius. He brought a new dimension to the movie dance with his athletic prowess and agility. It was Kelly who was the first to combine live dancing with animation with his duet with "Jerry The Mouse"

ABOVE: Among other unlikely candidates for musicals, Cary Grant and Jean Harlow both sang in "Suzy" (1936).

BELOW: Louis Jordan, Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier from "Gigi."



in "Anchors Aweigh." He was the first to do a musical on location with "On The Town" being shot in New York. The shot of him being hoisted aloft in the "Pirate" proves he had the best legs in Hollywood. His great "American In Paris" ballet garnered him and everybody else Academy Awards.

Liza Minnelli strolls on camera to take us along with her remembrances of her mother's legendary career on the M.G.M. lot. What can you say about the young Judy Garland that has not already been said? When they showed Garland singing "Over The Rainbow," men and women alike fought to hold back the tear that was forming in their eye. From the "Wizard of Oz" to "Summerstock," her last movie for M.G.M., Garland proved that she was without peer in those golden days of METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.

There was more, so much more! Who can ever forget Ann Miller tippy

tapping through so many fine films? Jane Powell delighting everyone with her fine voice, especially in that fantastic "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers," which displayed some of the finest masculine dancing on the screen.

There is a short shot of the 25th anniversary luncheon held on the biggest sound stage at M.G.M. The logo of "More stars than shine in the heavens," seems more than an understatement. As the camera pans we see Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Gable, Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, Greer Garson, Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza, Katherine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, etc. etc., all the way through to Lassie at a private table.

"That's Entertainment!" is a salute to these magical days when you could go into a movie house and forget about everything in the world and just be transported into the glorious world of technicolor, music and fantasy. It is a work of love by two men, writer, director and producer,

Jack Haley Jr. and executive producer Daniel Melnik. It is a salute to the thousands of craftsmen who worked behind the camera as well as to the enormous talents of those stars who worked in front of the camera. It brought back so many memories for me as I sat there in the darkened screening room that I had to feel a little sorry for the youngsters who missed these fabulous flights of fancy. We, unfortunately, will never see their likes again. Too bad, for as the ad reads, "do we ever need it now." Run don't walk to see "That's Entertainment!" It is a time spent in a movie theatre that you will completely enjoy. The only thing that I could consider better is if the powers that be at M.G.M. would consider re-releasing all of these magical films in their entirety in order that this new generation which has grown up with such violence and mayhem could enjoy some of the fantasy flights that my generation was luckily afforded. Ten stars out of a possible four to M.G.M. and "That's Entertainment!"

BELOW: Multi-faceted talents, Jack Haley Jr. (Writer, Director & Producer - "That's Entertainment!") & Liza Minnelli discussing Liza's sentimental narration on her mother's career at metro.





THEATER

DAMN YANKEES

by FRED ALEXSON

Year after year, the creators of the American Theatre speculate and try to produce plays and musicals that will intrigue the general public and will prove to be popular box office hits. Some productions become period pieces before the season ends or soon afterwards, while others never make it beyond the critics opening night reviews (one-nighters). But everyone tries; untaunted by numerous failures like a man in pursuit of a mate, hoping that the next one will be "the one." Then one day it happens - all the magic of the theatre comes together and a classic romance between theatre and audience is created. One that will last forever.

Oklahoma, Show Boat, and Damn Yankees are among the few musical-comedy hits that the audience have fallen in love with and never seem to get tired of seeing. They become memorial musical master pieces that can

attract audiences even if played in a barn by a local suburban theatre group. The reason is simple; it is wholesome entertainment that everyone can enjoy, young or old.

Mr. Herb Rogers, the producer, Mr. William Taylor, theatre manager and Mr. Duane Peterson, assistant general manager for the Arie Crown Theatre at McCormick Place must all be congratulated for some mighty fine speculating. When they decided to bring these 3 big full scale musicals to the Chicago theatre, it became a gala season of Broadway Musicals. It is also pleasing to see that this big theatre is now being used for more than just ballet, rock concerts, spiritual revivals and conventions. Ticket prices are now scaled much lower so that everyone can enjoy them, not just the affluent. Because of the excellent selection of shows and superb casting

for each part, capacity crowds should be anticipated. Damn Yankees successfully opened the season with Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston re-creating their original Broadway roles. Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II's great American classic Show Boat will follow, with Kathryn Grayson and Mickey Rooney in the leads. The season will end with Rogers and Hammerstein's smash hit Oklahoma, starring John Davidson.

"Damn Yankees" is a musical spoof on America's favorite pastime, baseball. The plot is entertainingly simple. The devil in the guise of the delightful character, Mr. Applegate tempts Joe Hardy, an avid Washington Senators fan, with a chance to regain his youth long enough to fulfill his wish: to help his favorite team beat those

continued on Pg. 70



DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

Elizabeth Taylor

by GENE ARCERI



No, not another Elizabeth Taylor article? Why? She already has the enviable record of being the most written about of any international entertainment figure. Her private life,

chronicled by the world's press, requires no retelling here. She has been perhaps the most publicized woman of her time.

Elizabeth Taylor looks ahead with good thoughts, "I'll be a nice cuddly, gray-haired old thing." If you've seen "Ash Wednesday," you watched Liz



at 41 playing a 55-year-old Grosse Point housewife gone to pot. Deciding to transform herself from an overweight, baggy-eyed, sagging matron into a dazzling, sexy chunk of womanhood, sort of like, well.....Elizabeth Taylor. The Paramount Picture was filmed at a popular ski resort, Cortina D' Ampezzo, Italy.

"That's what I call a real retread job," laughs Elizabeth. "I'd never do it in real life. I hate surgery and hospitals. I've been through 20 operations... you name it!! And no more!!" "I can't really picture myself 20 years from now at 61" she goes on "If I could age like my mother or Gladys Cooper, I'd be very, very, happy. But not like Mae West. But I doubt whether I will grow old gracefully. The thing is, I've led such a very rushed and hectic life and my mother doesn't drink or smoke like I do. Somehow I imagine I'll be as fat as a tub of lard with six chins resting on my bosoms." This sense of observation

is new to the actress.

"One thing about getting older is being able to observe," she says. "Just looking. For example, looking at those snow-covered peaks behind Cortina and the tiny speck of the cable car dangling a thousand feet in the air. I find myself much more relaxed and confident and aware just now. I don't entirely approve of some of the things I have done, or am, or have been. But it's me. God knows, I'm me! Being 41? Fantastic. When I reached 40 I always thought it sounded so important. The big four-O. Well, after all it is halfway or more. But I've always wanted to be older. I found turning 40 very appealing."

Outside of soap and water and a little hand lotion on her face (if she named the brand, sales would explode), Elizabeth takes no special care of herself.

"The way I look is alright with me," she smiles. "Because I want to be me I don't take vitamins or do exercise.

I can lose weight when I want to, mainly by just eating. But God, how I love to eat! Once Grace (Princess of Monaco) was about to hit 40 and she got a bit nervous and went out and got every cosmetic in Paris she could get her hands on. I did the same thing and put the whole mess on. When I looked at myself, I looked awful, so I went right back to soap, water and hand lotion."

"I've never considered myself a beauty. When I was young I suppose I was pretty, but it was a disadvantage in a way as I was always typed cast. Men react superficially to beauty. I think I can tell if the vibrations are genuine. If you can spend all your time worrying about how you look, then you are living totally within yourself and you're missing a helluva lot of life. No, all I see when I look in the mirror is a dirty face, an un-made up face or a madeup face." When an American film company takes on an Italian crew enormous spaghetti dinners whipped up by the electricians or grips over three months cause satorial disasters. "On this picture I've never been slimmer--106 pounds--and you can print that! she emphasizes." We're in the middle of pasta-land, right? I adore spaghetti. I put it away like a stevedore." I'm Italian and Elizabeth Taylor is more Italian than she realizes. "I think one must enjoy life. It's too important," she stresses. "No matter what people look like physically, some can have an inner glow and vitality which mean more than a 36-22-36 figure." Liz is small in height 5'4½" with black hair and violet eyes. She was born on the 27th of February, 1932 in London. She was according to various sources, either age eight or eleven when she discovered that "men" would give her anything in the world. At any rate asking for a horse, and later a Cadillac, she had by her middle twenties reached the big time." I was in my bath," she recalls, "when they called about the Cleopatra thing." Tell them I want a million." I said, "against ten percent of the gross." And later No. 1 draw in the influential boxoffice poll, she was able to command contracts which provided for such necessary-to-survival delicacies as a special brand of chili flown over from the U.S., six bottles of white wine chilled daily for her lunch, palatial housing for her traveling menagerie, mostly gay, a traveling hairdresser and a specially installed television set in the back of her Rolls-Royce.

Married first to Nicky Hilton. "He'll

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In the intimate showroom at Mr. Kelly's, a tiny black girl wearing a snow white dress, and hair braided in two long pigtailed topped with bows, slowly belted out "I've got Love." She hypnotized and saturated the audience with that love as she had done many times before on the Broadway



stage production "Purlie." She created this little girl in Purlie and performed it for a year on Broadway--winning herself the Tony Award, the Drama Critics Award and a long list of other honors. Purlie marked her second appearance on Broadway. Her debut was made in the Rock musical, "Hair" as one of the three form-fitted Supremes. During her 18 months with Hair she became the first black actress to play the female lead. Since then, she has proven to be a star in every facet of the entertainment world by performing in concerts, night clubs, stage, Television, and the screen.

Her current night club act is filled with many pleasant visual and vocal surprises, arranged and designed by her manager: the "insane" Bernard Johnson. From pigtailed to smart evening gowns, in feathers, silk, crepe, satin and furs - a fashion show of costumes and characters with a display of vocal fireworks to match. When she's hot, she's hot!! As a singer, she has the earthiness of Pearl Bailey, the artistic flexibility of Roberta Flack, and the dramatic and vocal range of Barbra Streisand. Little and lovely, this young singer-actress is a fast rising superstar. She is none other than The Sensational Melba Moore, a girl who has intelligence, keen self-awareness and a fanatical drive to explore.

At 28, Melba's career and stardom have all come so quickly that she really hasn't had time to look around and reflect on it, or enjoy it fully. "Everything has been rather recent,"

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LISTEN TO YOUR HEART

Melba Moore

by FRED ALEXSON



How Came We Here ?

by Dr. William Rethford,
Co-director of the Counseling Center
for Sexual Lifestyles, Miami, Florida.

"I've gotta be me," Sammy Davis Sings in a popular song, and has thus unwittingly expressed a felt need of many gay Americans of the Seventies. One of the initially demanding questions in the resolution to "be me" is just how did I become "me"? This question, asked by almost every homosexual of himself - and most everyone else he trusts - has been the subject of extensive psychological research, finally resulting in the surprising answer in our know-it-all age: WE DON'T ALWAYS KNOW!

While many counselors, psychologists, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts assert the traditional causes of homosexuality to cradle themselves in parent-child relationships, there are others who have expanded these oft-quoted "causes" of homosexuality. These include in part:

1. A general lack of a loving quality in the life-sphere of the growing human personality.

2. A "density factor" resulting from high population in urban areas.

3. Imprisonment, military service, or schooling resulting in a forced choice of liked-sexed sex.

4. A growing popularity of bisexuality as a life style.

5. Simple curiosity in an ever-curious age.

6. A general ethical lessening of human prohibition, or the "thou shalt not's."

7. An alleged increase of homosexuality across the human population or a definite increase in the wide-spread communication of homosexuality as a phenomenon in our society; perhaps both.

8. The suggestion that homosexuality is simply a matter of learned human response.

9. The hypothesis that homosexuals share common chemical traces in the bloodstream, chromosome likenesses, or general organic similarity, and that these traces, likenesses, and similarities are on the biological or generic increase.

To these and others of less importance must be added a special post script: WE JUST DON'T ALWAYS KNOW! There are many gays whose

life histories, parental relationships, psycho-sexual growth, and divulged histories just "don't fit" these rather cookbook explanations. At some future time, some brilliant researcher or clinician may give out with a thunderous EUREKA! and report what really thrusts us from boyhood to gayhood. Until then, we will refer to this "unknown" factor(s) in memory of a Tasmanian researcher Kniclus Yoras, as the KY factor, and concentrate on one important possibility: a new social freedom to be what it is you want to be when it is you want to be it, and with whom you choose. One of the chief differences in the past three generations of Americans is the conscious choice to consider the body as an avenue of joy, experimentation, and pleasure, and not as simply a "thing" to be controlled and disciplined. Thus, the continuously escalating use of drugs, marijuana, tobacco, and alcohol join in an escalated sense of willingness toward sexual experimentation. Enter the Age of Touch!

If, as some sociologists have declared, American adolescence has taken on broadened margins, this has furnished additional time to "experiment" through the groupie and grope with the gay life style, before making a lasting adult choice.

The label "bisexual," though thought by some to be an imprecise description of a largely homosexual life-style with "tolerance" toward heterosexuality, or vice-versa, can be the mask under which curious and less-than-internally-motivated "straights" take the opportunity to honestly become gays, but harbor and preserve vestiges of the straight world to lessen the rejection or explanation of their gay behavior.

A phenomenon curiously unexamined by many thoughtful writers is what we shall call the "media factor" in explaining the etiology (beginning and cause) of homosexuality. As our society has hired a host of electronic servants, we have become a more fully informed nation through television with its tendency toward candid late-night "talk shows;" through the medium of psychologia (the populariza-

tion of psychological terms) in which everyone is giving detailed explanations of everyone encountering everyone; through the medium of encounter and marathon groups with their obvious confessional nature; through the medium of the American university becoming involved in the academic pursuit of human sexuality, some even teaching courses on homosexuality *per se*; and finally through the most influential medium of all - human conversation and memory. It may well be a working theory that people are currently becoming gay because they have simply been exposed to that as a "mediafied" choice!

However valid or foolish these may be, they will be joined by more academic estimates which will seem equally valid and fool-prone. One thing seems to stand erect to the attention of us all: we are! It is this sometimes traumatic personal confession that will launch us into our pilgrimage of self-discovery or deceit, successful and gratified living or apologetic and paranoid behavior.

How came we here thus gives rise to a second commanding question.

A QUESTION OF CASTE

Polkstrasse! Yeah! What a street! the young good-looking dude was saying as we chatted across the desk and across the years. This client has made a good deal of money walking this famous street of San Francisco, making certain he got only into the Lincoln, Eldorados, and Corvettes that pulled up, with the relaxed certainty their drivers had just as much class in their ability to pay for his time and attention.

There are - for sure - a variety of profile types in the male homosexual community, of which Brett was just one. In fact, in a rather oddly and intensely organized fashion, the gay world lets itself be organized into a number of groups, types, or castes. This caste system is the second question of this series, the first being that of etiology or beginnings of the homosexual "urge." Contrary to the

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PHOTO BY LINDA HORTON

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DIE.....AND BE MY LOVE !

by JOE MEROLA

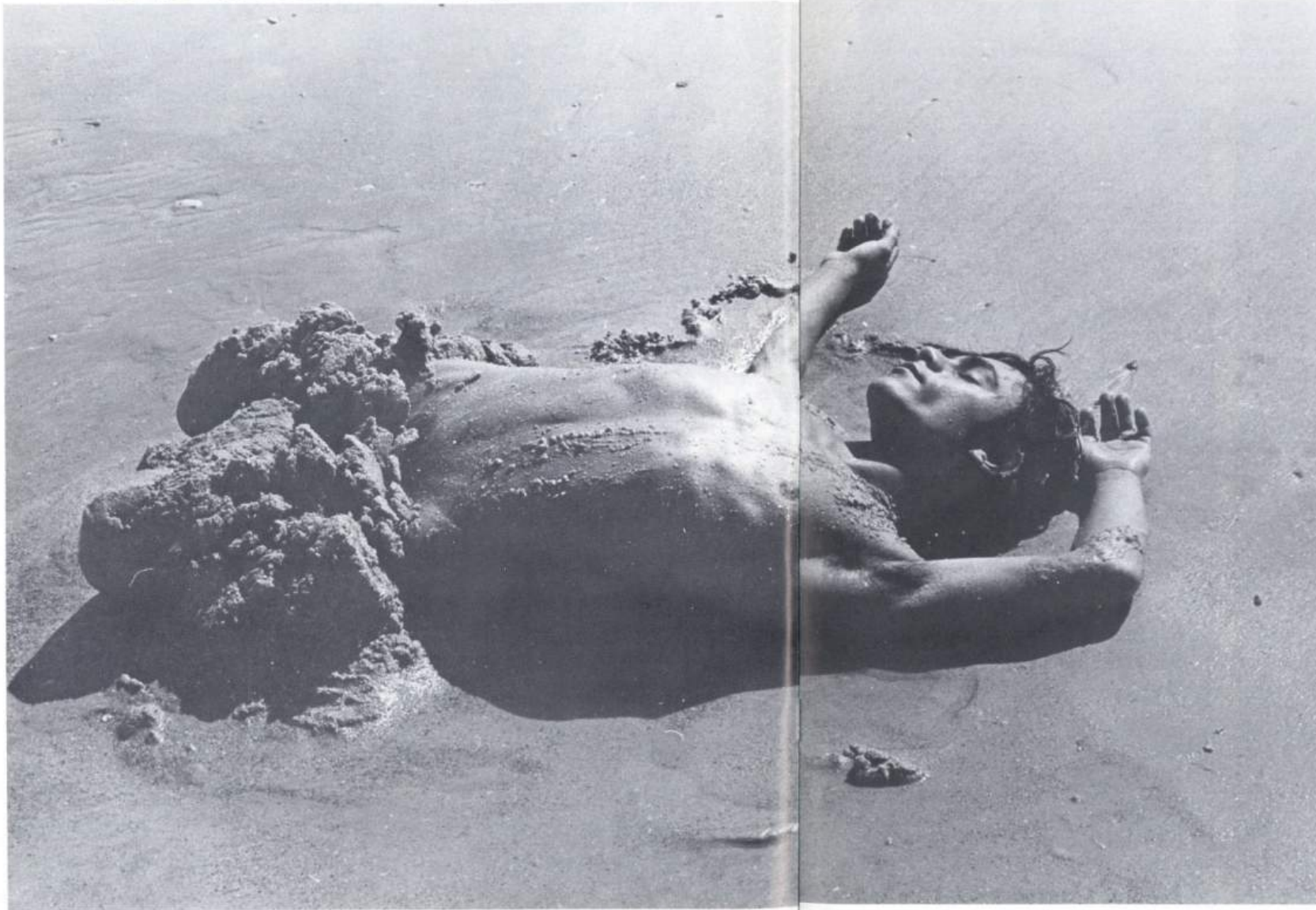


PHOTO BY JOHN E. DUNATHAN

That last week will always be vague in my memory; a seasonal grotesque of black Cadillacs and floral tributes bedecked in that awful mauve-pink satin ribbon. Most of it is just a merciful blur, even my own actions are still dreamlike and only half-real. I recall selecting the blanket of white roses for the bronze coffin (closed, they said, because the accident had left him, in the undertaker's words "damaged;" I could not even see him once more) the metal gleaming through the weave of flowers as it was lowered into the earth. I remember the wind that whipped at the ribbons on the floral pieces as they lay on the ground at the Veteran's Cemetery. All those thousands of identical white marble markers were so much like flowers themselves standing out against the green of the manicured grass.

His family, like so many Christmas Catholics, seen only on holidays or at weddings, and of course funerals, were off to one side. I was tolerated by them, much as the chorus girl who marries into society. Now it was I who was tolerant of their presence as they had had no part in the arrangements. Without him they meant nothing to me so there was no use now for a pretense of concern as to their feelings. I only prayed that his mother, passionate Italian that she is (that he was), would not recreate her famous funeral scene, which I had witnessed at his father's funeral. When she began sobbing loudly, I glared her into restraint. This was not to be a sideshow.

Pharmaceutical stocks must have returned a handsome profit in the ensuing week, if the amount of sleeping pills I took is any indication. I saw no one except our closest friends; those whose sympathy I could be certain was sincere. I had no family. Val had been all I needed. Now I was entirely alone.

On the Thursday following his death, our attorney phoned and informed me of what I already knew; I would get everything except for a few bonds which would revert to his mother. "Everything" entailed our co-op apart-

continued on Pg. 64

chris...

*A sandpiper passed me today
He was running between the waves
Unaware of the wheeling, screaming gulls*

*Or me,
As I followed him down the beach
Alone*

*I've been here before, I must have
There's the same stiff sea grass
Burned to a bleached brown
By a summer full of suns*

*And down the beach
I can still see the rusty remnants
Of the old tankers hull
Almost covered by the sand*

*The sun still has the same glaring brightness
And the heat is thick
So thick that it brushes my arms
As I walk*

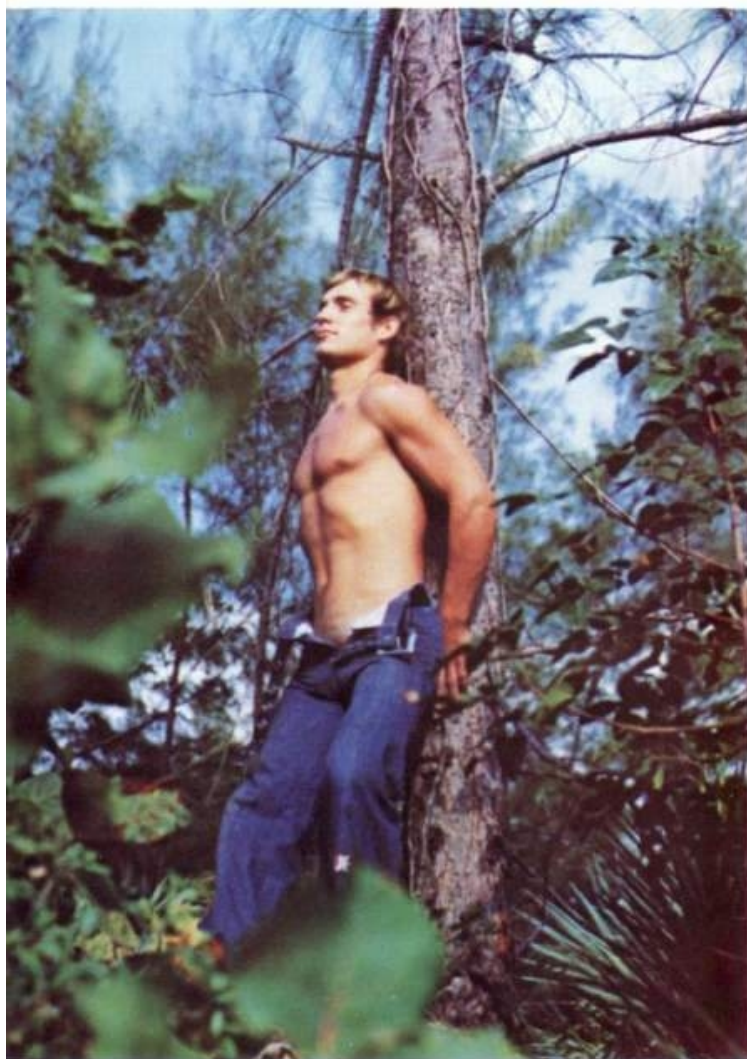
*Yesterdays are made of muted gold, aren't they ?
And deserted beaches are lonely*

*Even the sand
That feels so soft under my feet
Is made of broken rocks
Washed soft by the waves*

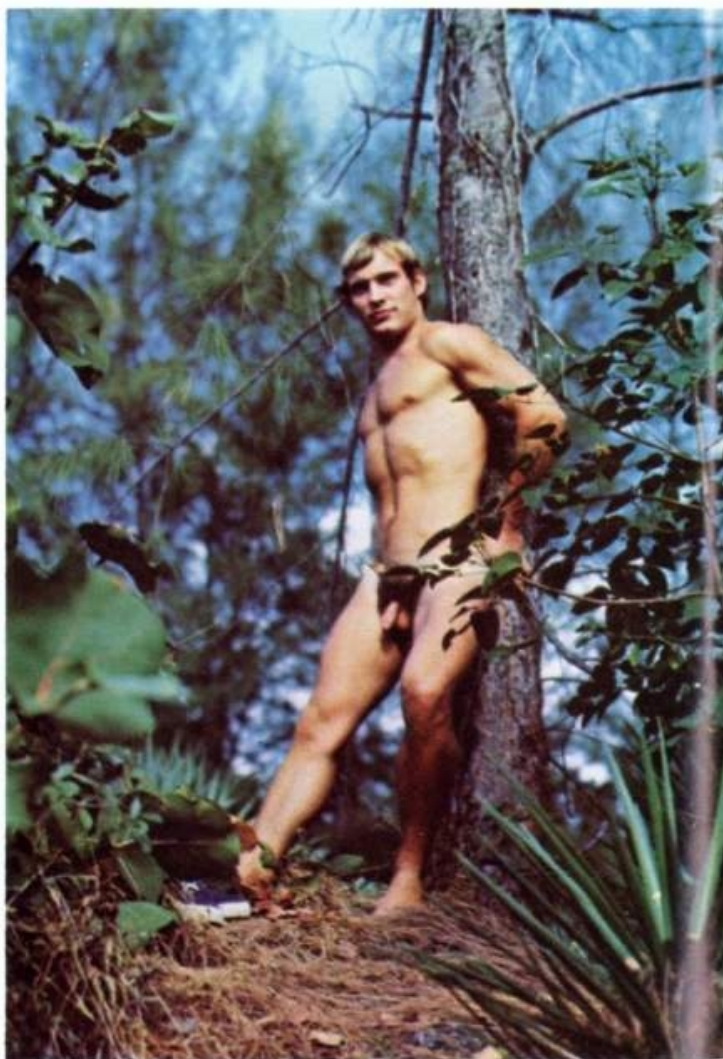
*I've been here before, I must have ...
Yes,
The sandpiper seems to remember me*

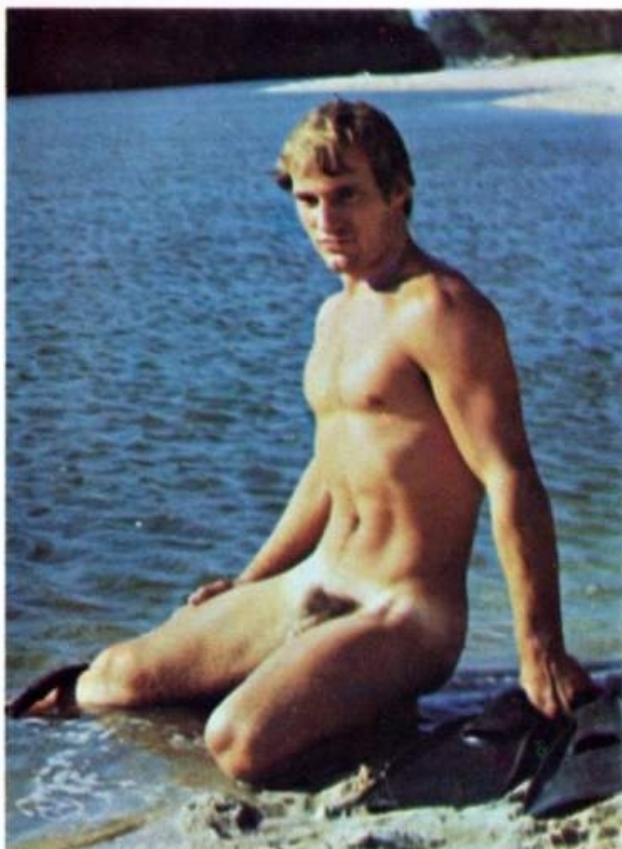
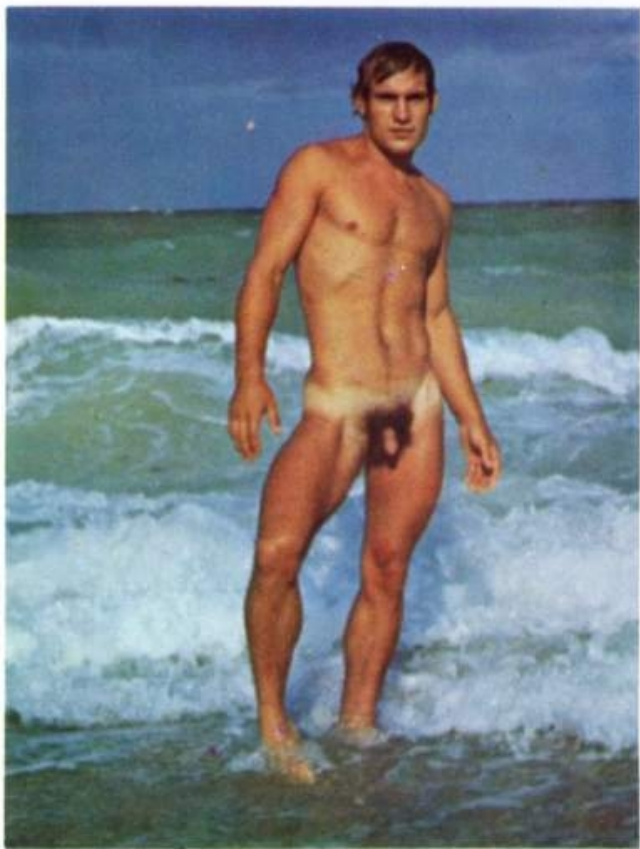
*I wonder ...
If he remembers you ?*

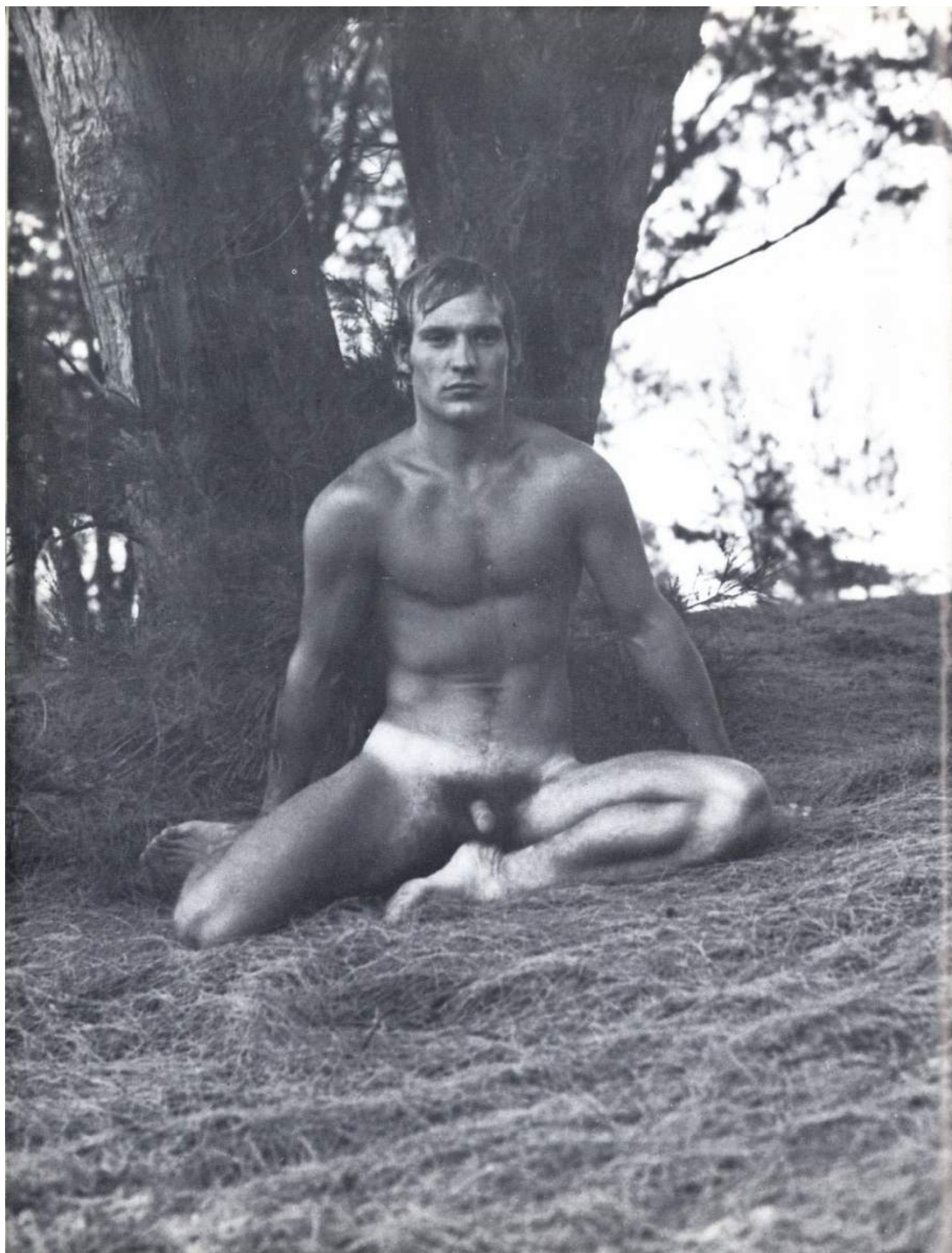
E. J. C.

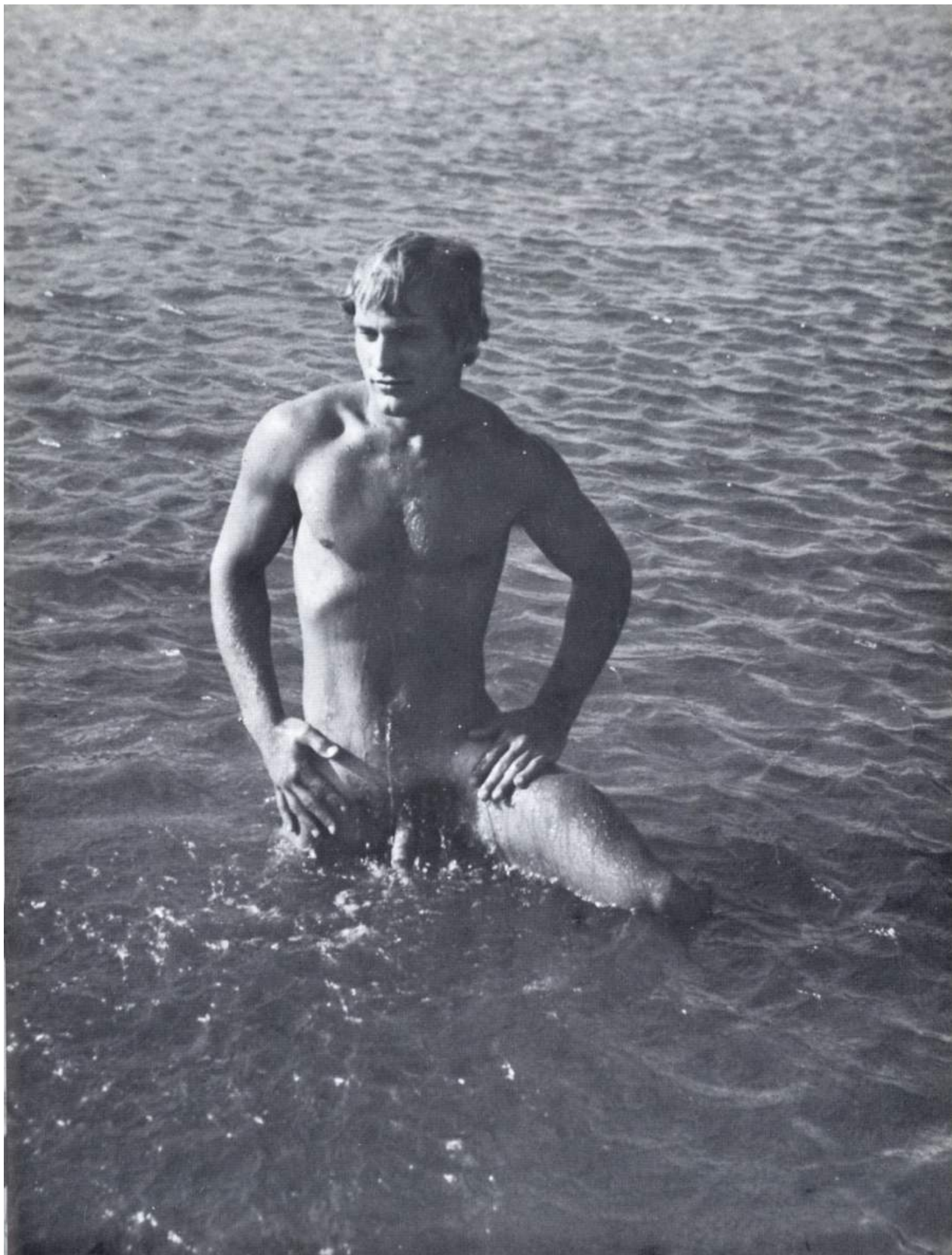


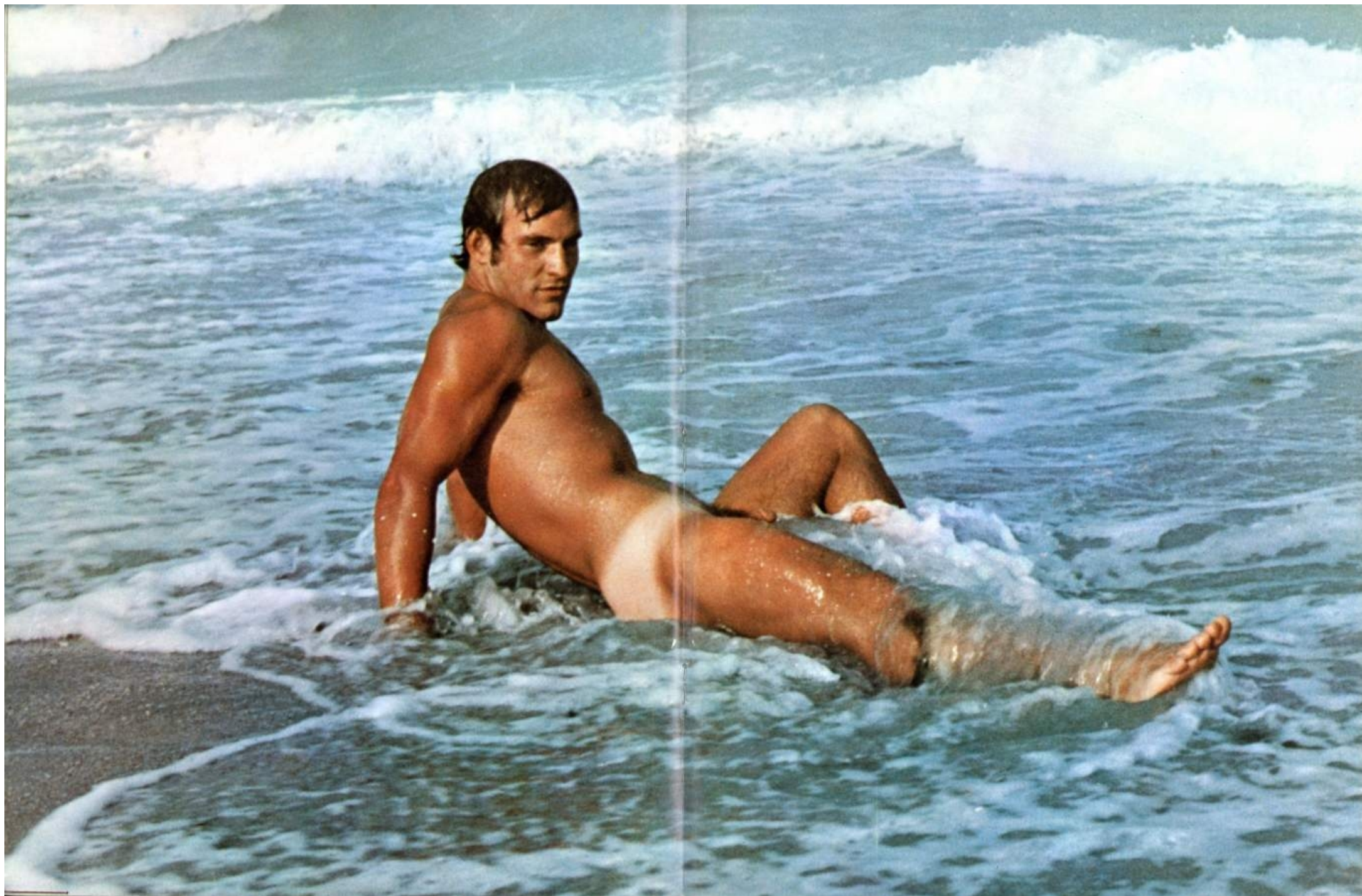
PHOTOS BY TAURUS STUDIOS













Conover Leaps Forward

by FRED ALEXSON

Everywhere you look today there is confusion, unrest and paranoia reflected in the eyes of many. Violence and various forms of escape into fantasy have become the realities of 20th century man. We have been accused of living in a so-called drug oriented society filled with much moral decay created by misguided, undisciplined people who are searching desperately and aimlessly for ideals or something to believe in.

Recently I had the pleasure of being introduced to Warren Conover, a refreshing young man whose very life style counter balances all of this and gives hope to the rather bleak future forecasted by scholars, religious and political leaders alike. He is a man who is not "hung-up" in creating an image or copping an attitude for some self over-enlarged ego or the benefit of others. He doesn't need to for in his own quiet way, he stands out in a crowd. He is a man who is free in body, mind and soul and a person who is at peace with himself and in harmony with the rest of the world around him. He believes in himself, in people and in life and enjoys all with an understanding that is beyond his years. His life has no room for shallowness or dishonesty for his main concern is personal development - physically, mentally and spiritually. To obtain his full potential and complete fulfillment in each of these areas, he chose dancing as a professional career and the Buddhist religion as a philosophy to live by.

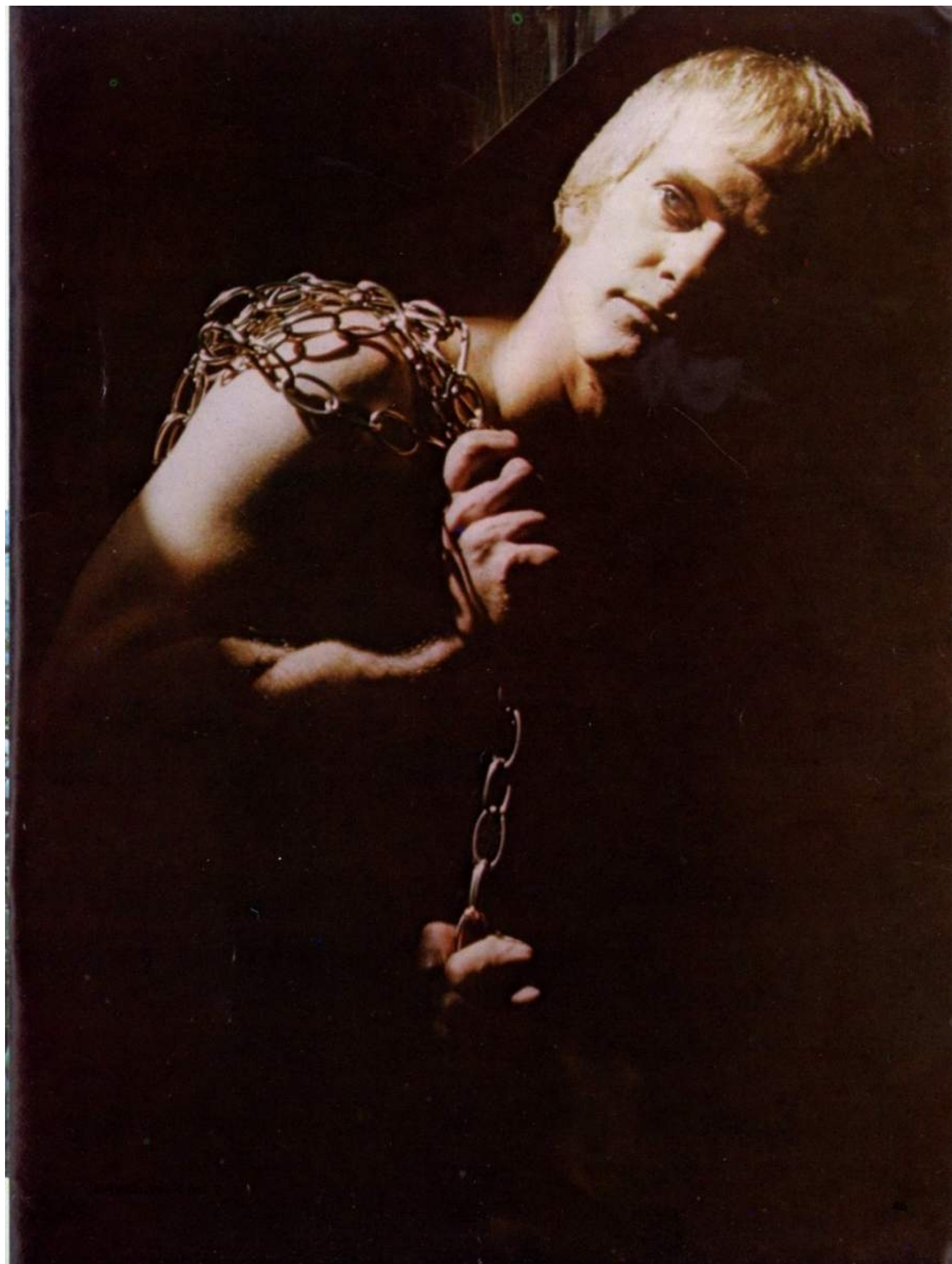
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DAVID: Vol. 4 No. 2

PHOTOS BY BOB VANDIVER









MR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, RICHARD M. KUH

by JERRY FITZPATRICK

It was a little spooky entering 155 Leonard Street, down by City Hall. The building houses the District Attorney's Office. There is much signing in and receiving some kind of numbered badge. At each phase of entry there is another uniformed policeman asking for identification. They all looked at me suspiciously. (I guess they weren't used to admitting a dungaree clad visitor to the D.A.'s Office.) The man at the end kept his eye on me until the D.A.'s Secretary greeted me warmly at the door.

Richard Kuh is a tall man with greying temples. His ice blue eyes are penetrating and inquisitive. He ushered me into his office and we eyed each other cautiously. We went through the usual social graces. We talked of our first meeting at a community council meeting in China Town. I had listened to the man answer questions on victimless crimes etc., and liked his answers. We were introduced by Ms. Rosemary MacGrath on whose campaign I'd worked last year. He asked if we could confer.

What makes you think that you're more qualified for the job of D.A. than Bob Morgenthau. (Kuh's opponent in the Democratic Primary?)

(He breaks into a big grin that is warm and friendly). You don't waste much time, do you? I feel that I am more qualified because I've been with the D.A.'s Office since 1952. I left it for a short time in '64 to do defense work. I am interested in local criminal law and always have been. Morgenthau was in national criminal law. He's run for Governor twice. He was third deputy Mayor in charge of criminal law with a healthy budget and he quit to run for Governor (unsuccessfully) again. He is seeking the job of D.A. so that he may use it to further his political career. He has never shown any interest in local law enforcement until now. When I quit the D.A.'s Office to go into private practice I was defense lawyer in many cases without fee. I had prosecuted, but I hadn't defended. I wanted to see how it was on the other side of the fence. (After only four months as D.A., Kuh has inaugurated sweeping new ideas such as Assistant D.A.'s taking on legal aid cases to learn what the defense must go through in a criminal case in order to have a wider knowledge of criminal law. As of now Legal Aid feels that defendants would feel as if they were getting the short end of the stick being defended

by an Assistant D.A. Kuh hopes to be able to incorporate his plan in another Borough to give the defendant more confidence. He has launched recruitment plans to get more minority assistants on his staff so that a minority defendant won't feel that he is being tried by a totally "White World".) I have spent my entire career in local criminal law. This is the job that I want. I have no further ambitions." (Somehow I have to believe him).

Although you are a Democrat I understand you will receive the Republican nomination.

"Yes. I was appointed by a Republican Governor. In the 32 years of Frank Hogan's career as D.A., politics never entered into this office. He kept the office of D.A. apolitical. We thought that we could keep it that way but Bob decided to go for a primary fight."

What my people would like to know is how can the D.A.'s office help them. Technically we are all criminals, by the laws on the books.

"I think if you look at the books there are a lot of heterosexuals who would come under those laws too. We are not out to prosecute for something like that. We are not out to put peaceable people behind bars. It's the D.A.'s job to uphold the law. If he disagrees with the law he should go in front of the Legislature to try and change those Laws. I have done this many times. I testified before the City Council for Intro 2. I hoped that it would have passed." (I also learned, not from Kuh, that he spoke for it at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice and at the Police Academy. He is apparently a man who doesn't speak to the audience at hand and change what he has to say with the next audience as many other politicians have done in the past).

You prosecuted Lenny Bruce. How does this stand with your new 'liberal' image?

"Yes, I did. I was then an assistant D.A. The job was given to me. I had to do my job. Ten years ago Lenny Bruce was breaking the anti-obscenity laws. It was my job to prosecute him. Of course mores have changed drastically in the past ten years. What was obscene then may no longer be considered obscene now. As a matter of fact, in the latest Bruce biography, in the chapter on that case, the author, a Bruce Fan, says that the Bruce in that case was no longer the satirical wit that had brought him his fame. By then he was only getting laughs with

his obscenity. I don't think anybody would hold the fact that I was doing my job to the best of my ability against me."

Ten years ago the Police were into entrapment. Do you think that that will ever happen again?

"I remember that. About all the transit police were into was getting guys out of a tea room. I honestly can't believe that that would ever happen again. We've all come a long way in the last ten years. The Police have much too much to do without getting involved in entrapment again. I know that this office is not interested in prosecuting victimless crimes. It's like the legalization of prostitution (which Kuh favors, much to the dismay of the National Republican Women's Club where he really got into it with some of the island matrons present when he was a guest speaker at that venerable hold of middle class morality). Prostitution in itself is victimless but when a pimp beats up a girl or one of her tricks, that prostitution is no longer victimless, in there is in fact a victim."

Are you going out for the Gay Vote?

"I certainly am. I guess despite the defeat of Intro 2, most politicians are realizing the large population of gay voters. You can't deny them. I think the job the gays did in lobbying for Intro 2 was a good one. I was surprised when the bill was defeated. I believe that it will eventually be passed."

During our talk both Mr. Kuh, who sat with his leg tucked under his chin and jacketless, and I relaxed. The man isn't afraid of questions. He seeks them out. We talked off the record about some things that were zingers. He never balked but was rather forthright. I told him how I was being hesitant about working on a politician's campaign since I felt that Badillo sold out by endorsing Beame last year. He smiled and offered that the D.A.'s office could not become political. It has stayed out of politics under Dewey and Hogan and would remain so under him if he is elected.

I began to leave and the big man behind the desk rose and offered his hand. It was not the handshake of a politician. It was the handshake of a man. It was warm and friendly, not the hesitant handshake of somebody looking for something else behind it. Good luck Mr. Kuh. I hope that you stay in the D.A.'s office in November.

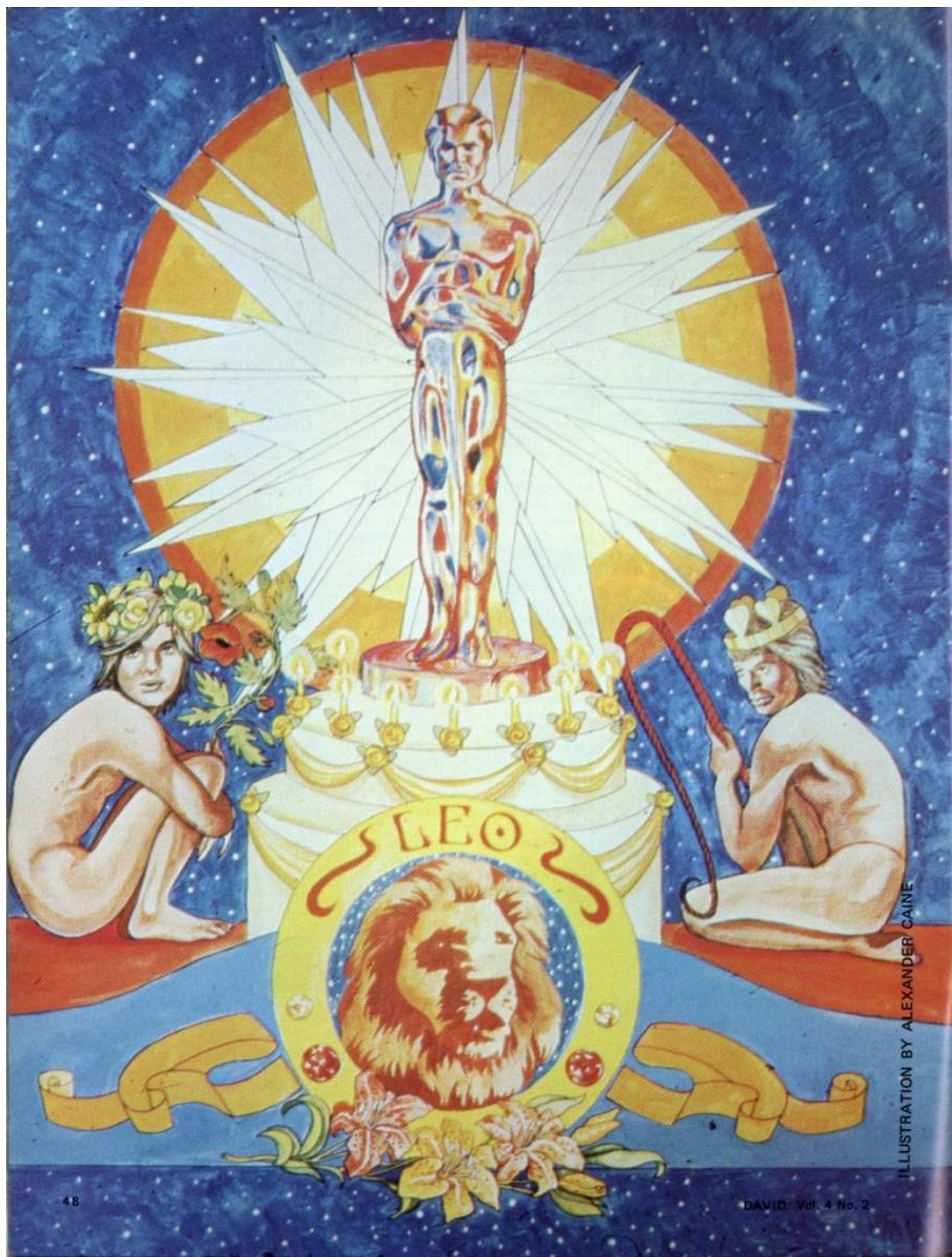


ILLUSTRATION BY ALEXANDER CAINE

★astrology and the stars★

☆ LEO ☆

BY WILL LIVELY

SYMBOL - Lion
RULING PLANET - Sun
ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOL - ♌
ZODIAC SYMBOL FOR SUN - ☉
BIRTHSTONE - Sardonyx
BEST DAY - Sunday

ELEMENT - Fire
CLASSIFICATION - Masculine
TYPE - Fixed
COLOR - Royal Gold & Sun Yellow
SLOGAN - "I Will"
KEY WORD - Creation

GEMS - Diamond, Ruby & Coral
FLOWERS - Sunflower, Yellow
Tea Rose, Tiger Lily & Poppy
BODY PARTS - Heart, Back & Spleen
MINERAL - Gold
COMPATIBLE SIGNS - Aries, Sagittarius,
Gemini and Libra.

Happy Birthday to you. Happy Death-day to you. Happy Birthday, dear Leo. Happy Deathday to you! 1974 marks the fiftieth year of Leo the Lion. And as M.G.M.'s golden anniversary takes Cinema's King of Klies into advanced middle age, it may very well knell a positive end to the Golden Age of Movie Studios. This month A PIECE OF AS-TROLOGY will be raving and ranting about Leos, Lions and various kinds of stars. And since golden *oro* is the mineral which rules Leo the Lion in the Zodiac, we'll focus on MetORO GOLDwyn Mayer and Hollywood's Golden Age. Also there's a Leo trio of prominent actors, (all born between July 23 and August 22), including Cinema's current Golden Boy.

This issue's illustration takes us both to an anniversary party and to a wake. We lionize the birth and death of Hollywood's King as Leo's fiery element ignites funeral tapers as well as birthday candles.

Perched on the pedestal that all Leos love—symbolizing the golden glory that is Oscar—stands Hollywood's current box office champ and the greatest of Gatsbys—Robert Redford—a Leo born August 18, 1937. And to the right of Oscar, another reigning Leo star who not only has played royal roles but also THE LION IN WINTER—Peter O'Toole—born August 2, 1932. And completing this cinematic comp-

any of kings, a young Lion who seems to be destined for Hollywood's star heights—August 18, 1941, is his birthday—his name—Christopher Jones.

GOLDEN DAYS

The element of this month's royal sign being gold, it seems appropriate that M.G.M.'s royal musical THE STUDENT PRINCE should have featured this song. Even from infancy young Leo princes spend golden days studying to be king. And regardless of the prominence of his station, every Leo feels he's fated for the crown. The prince may be a pauper, but someday he'll be king. Christopher Jones started life as an orphan in Jackson, Tennessee. And though it's a long way from there to Hollywood's royal courts, he's on his way. And while on their way, Leos love to have a good time.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul. This sign governs amusements and mirth. Everybody knows the good times Peter O'Toole has boozing. Like all Leos he enjoys nothing more than the conviviality of people and Pilsner. Robert Redford had a ball growing up. He party-ed at the University of Colorado for a time, going there "just to ski." Then he bummed all over Europe, ostensibly while dabbling in paint and art. Paint and art in mythology are ruled by Apollo—Leo's golden sun god. And in M.G.M.'s musical

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS starring Peter O'Toole, "Apollo" is one of its loveliest songs. Somehow astrology all ties in...

About ninety percent of the time Leos are happy go lucky. In the Zodiac one of their flowers is the yellow tea rose, and people born under this sign all tend to view the world through sunny rose-colored glasses. Like the charming con men Redford and O'Toole played in THE STING and HOW TO STEAL A MILLION, Leos know their attractiveness can soften even their severest critics. Unlike those cinematic hustlers, however, real Leos never stoop to steal or cheat.

Like their ruling planet the sun, Leos are self-luminous. And they universally want to be the center of all creation and attention. They have the highest opinion of themselves and feel that they and they alone should be King of the Mountain, Lord of the Manor and Life of the Party. At least for this fifth Royal House of the Zodiac, Leos see sunspots only as thrones.

KING HEARTS AND CORONETS

Alfred LORD Tennyson—a Leo—wrote of these, and, as all Leos fancy

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LOVERS

"Side" is defined in the 'Oxford Universal Dictionary' as "large, ample, spacious, extensive." These words surely do define 'THIS OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE.' T.O.S.O.S. IS A COLLECTIVE of 'Gay' writers, composers, artists, poets, performers etc. who, frustrated with the 'establishment's' handling of their works, have banded together to present their works as they wish them to be presented.

Championed by Doric Wilson, Peter del Valle and John McSpaden the

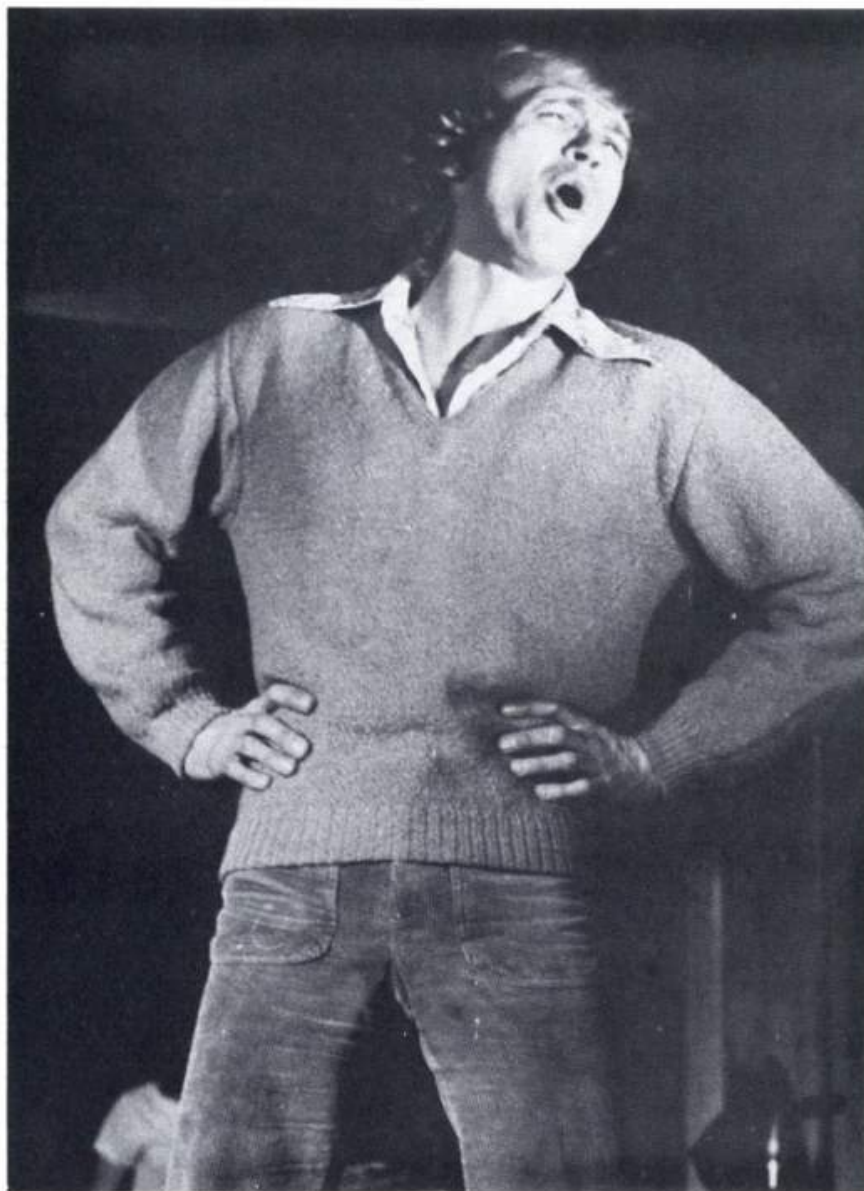
group now boasts some 30 members. Mr. Wilson was the first 'off Broadway' playwright. He started at the 'Cafe Cino' (pronounced chino) where the late Joe Cino had a dream of giving artists the "space to create and use that space." Doric relates that the actors used Joe's meat block as their make up table. The actors started using the room to do readings and this gave way to doing full shows, the first of which was Mr. Wilson's 'HE MADE A HER,' directed by Paxton Whitehead who is currently heading the 'Shaw Festival' in Canada. Out of the Cafe Cino came such

luminaries as Tom Eyen and Terrance McNally.

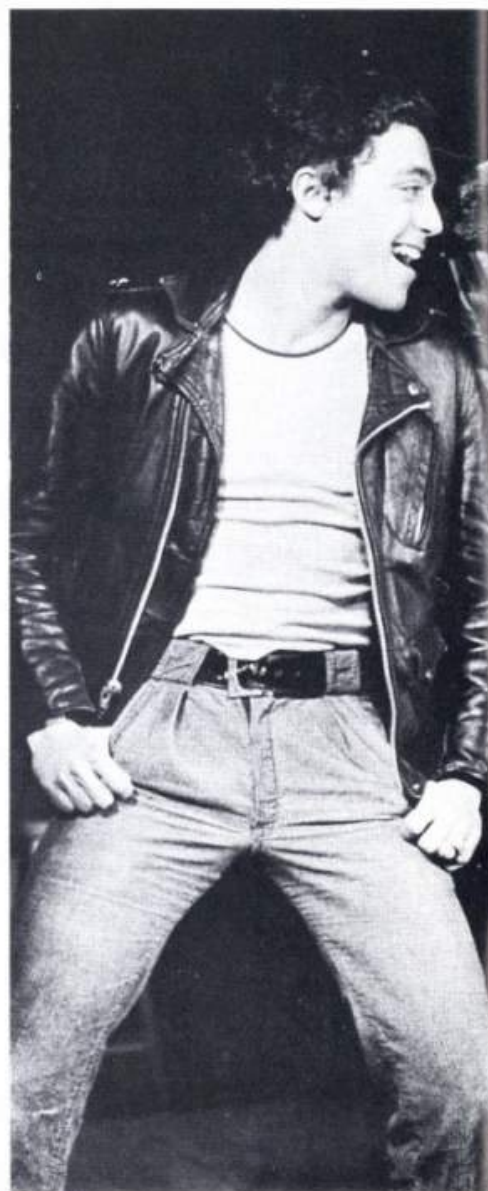
Frustrated by the lack of sympathy of establishment producers etc. to produce a true 'Gay' work, Doric Wilson remembered Joe Cino's idea of giving artists a space to create their own ideas and using that space to present them. Getting together with other 'Gay' artists, such as del Valle and McSpadden, the idea of T.O.S.O.S. was born. Wilson, using his tip money from tending bar, rented the basement at 257 Church St. They first got the site in September of '73. As of December '73 they have the lease to

by JERRY FITZPATRICK

Jerry Bell Belting out his self - pride in the Gay - Lib number from LOVERS.



Joe Esquibel and David Fernandez number : "Belt and Leather"



the basement. Again, using his tip money, Wilson supplied theatre chairs and a lighting system, helped by contributions from anonymous donors and aid from people from all callings of life who believed in the project.

T.O.S.O.S. opened with a presentation called "Lovers." An original work by Peter del Valle and Steven Sterner. The work is a brilliant combination of theatre and music. What makes it even more interesting is the fact that del Valle is 'gay' and Sterner is not. They met in 1969 when both were working with the 'Children's Theatre.' del Valle had decided that he was

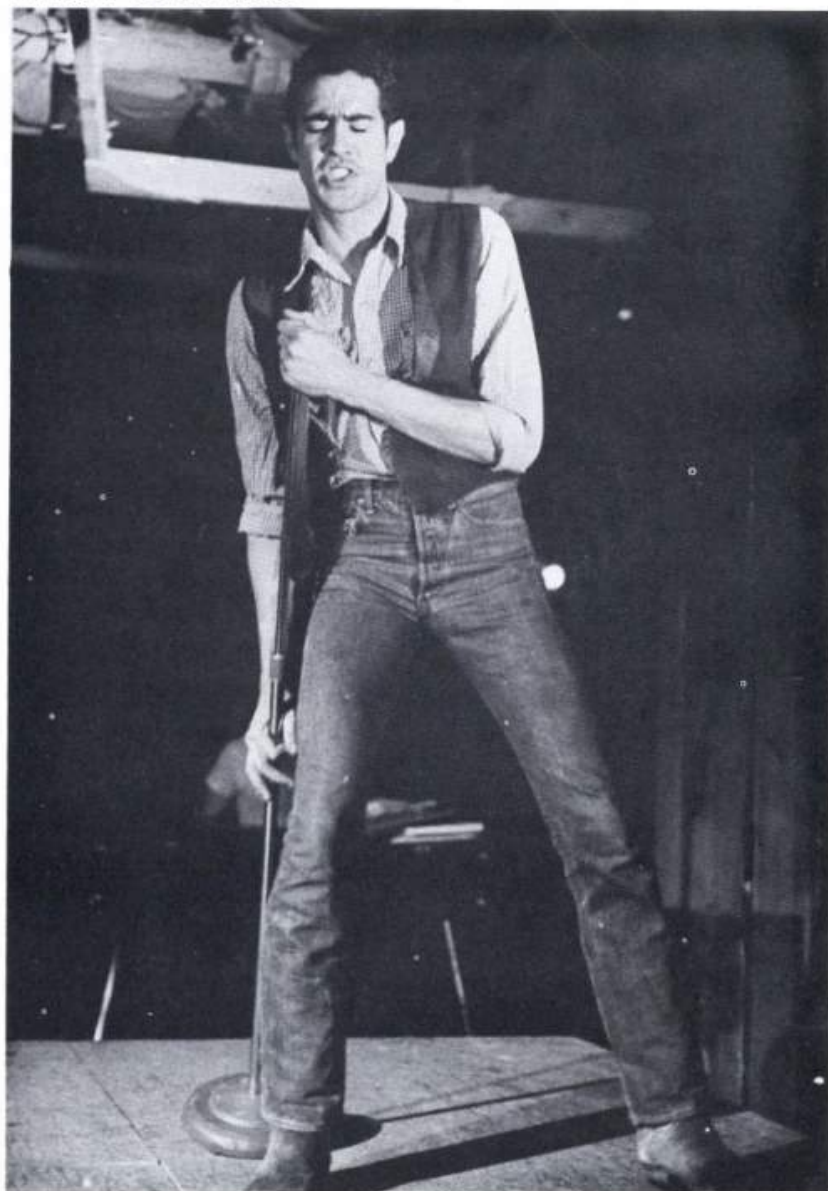
'Gay' and wanted everyone to know it. His consciousness had been raised by the 'Stonewall Riot' which has given way to the 'Gay Lib' movement. Everyone with whom he was associated was told point blank "I'm gay." Much to his surprise, the usual reaction was, "so what?" He was working on a double bill show of 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'The Three Little Pigs' when he approached Sterner to write the music. After declaring his homosexuality and Sterner's "so what," they got down to business. The show, according to the children, was an unqualified success.

del Valle, discontent with the presentation of 'gay life' by the establishment decided to do a show directed at this segment of society. Working in a bar, he decided that he would do a show concentrating on a gay bar. Much to his dismay, 'THE BAR THAT NEVER CLOSES' opened. Undaunted, he decided to do a work describing the gay life style and 'THE FAGGOT' opened. He then knew that he would have to concentrate on one aspect of gay lifestyle. Having had a lover for five years, he decided to do a show concentrating on that part of life. Knowing Sterner's talent for music

rehearsing their choreography for the S & M



David Fernandez wailing away during a rehearsal of the show - stopping number : "At The Trucks"



he approached him with the idea. Sterner being first, last and always a composer, decided why not? "Lovers" was on its way.

"Lovers" opened Wednesday, February 6th. The mainly gay audience ate it up. Presenting three sets of 'lovers,' one flamboyant, one leather and one who had been together 20 years, the show takes you through the

joys of first meeting, through the boredom that sets in, to the death of one of the older lovers. del Valle not only wrote the book and lyrics, he also directed and appeared in the show. Beginning with the happy 'Look At Him' to the 'I don't want to watch T.V.' through the joyous 'Somehow I'm Taller' (a declaration of feeling freer after marching in the 'St. Chris-

topher St. Parade) on to parodies of 50's rock with 'Where Do I Go From Here' and 'At the Trucks' and ending with 'You Came To Me As A Young Man' when the younger of the two older lovers dies is pure theatre magic. The show was scheduled to play for one week. It was brought back for a two week repeat and held over another two weeks. When grilled about working on a 'Gay' show, Sterner answered, "all I care about is my music. It's got to be good and be a good show. Something that I can be proud of." Doesn't doing a 'Gay' show mark you as a 'maybe?' He answered "So what? I know where my head's at, and I don't care. As a matter of fact a lot of the 'Straight' friends that we share came and enjoyed the show immensely. I know one couple who are straight out of the 40's, never mind the 50's. They're so straight laced they get me up tight. They both loved the show." del Valle came in with "One girl I know said that all you had to do is put three females in and you'd have a story about life, any life." So universal is the story of love that everyone and any one can connect with what's going on in "Lovers."

And so it is with T.O.S.O.S., everyone can identify with what is going on there. There will be other shows (Wilson's own play, "Do You Live Around Here?" was supposed to be presented in May. But, due to his total involvement with This Other Side Of Silence, it has been shelved until September.) readings, showings, etc. but it was a big plus having "Lovers" begin as such a hit! Throughout history it has been stated that homosexuals were the artisans of society. It was recently that they were driven 'underground,' given scraps to feed off. Their life style presented in a way to make one believe that all homosexuals were 'sick,' homicidal, 'suicidal' or worse ("Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a corpse"). This other side of Silence is the hope of many who would like to present a legitimate look at another way of life. Without fear of repercussions and/or taint, T.O.S.O.S. has already drawn interest from some of our better known playwrights and artists who are still in the 'closet' and trying very hard to 'come out.'

This Other Side Of Silence has the potential of becoming one of the major influences in the arts of our life time. These are skilled and talented people, doing their thing for themselves and for the world. It deserves our help and, if nothing else, our interest.

Joe Esquibel in full gear for the "Belt and Leather" number.



NATURAL THING (cont. from Pg. 9)

these shots). While at the rally, he meets and joins up with Jason (Bo White puts the picture in his pocket and walks away with it). The two go down to the Morton St. pier where they discuss the March and the reason for being there. As a teacher, David decries the fact that he could lose his job had he participated in the March and indeed came out. Jason replies that he understands this and the marchers are there not only for themselves but for their brothers and sisters who can not march.

The two retire to Jason's pad where we soon discover that he is recently divorced and has a child. The two have been on their own for approximately the same amount of time. We go along on a visit to Jason's ex wife (expertly portrayed by Deborah Trowbridge). She asks him to join her and their child for Labor Day Weekend. Jason declines. He's made plans to go to the Cape with somebody else. "I'm seeing somebody. I can really talk with him." Ms. Trowbridge's response, "I...I'm very happy for you, Jason." This is one of the poignant moments of the film. She is obviously still in love with her ex husband and trying to come to grips with his homosexuality. A small but bravura performance.

The weekend at the Cape is the climax of the film. With Jason (apparently a professional photographer) taking pictures of his lover on a rainy day. While taking the pictures he begins with, "Say cheese". This prattle eventually gives way to, "say, I love you." To, "why don't we move in together?" Which David incredulously repeats. Jason retorts with "I thought you'd never ask." The shoe is obviously on the other foot now. David explains that he is just getting to know himself. He hadn't considered moving in with anybody after Mark. "We're together because we want to be together. If we lived together it might be because we have to be together. I don't want you to ever *have* to do anything for me and I don't want to ever *have to* do anything for you. It should be because we want to be together."

The film ends with a beautiful slow motion scene of David and Jason running nude on the beach and into the water. The expressions of joy and happiness on their faces telling the world it is indeed "a very natural thing."

I can not laud this fine motion picture enough. It is the breakthrough of Gay Films. All of the characters are three

dimensional...A first! They are all honest in an honest story of a human relationship. Christopher Larkin as producer, director and co-author (with Joseph Coencas) has done more for "Gay Liberation" with this film than all of the zaps in the last five years put together. It is obviously a work of love. In my mind it is surely a work of art. The picture has received an 'R' rating. (It should have received a 'GP'). It is not a hard core porno although as I have mentioned there is a beautiful dose of erotica. In the lead role of David, Robert Joel starts off faltering but after the break up and during his time with Jason, he is fine. Curt Gareth as Mark is levelly good. His wish for non committal and his faltering at letting his lover go are most believable. It is to Bo White (Jason), however, that I must hand the plaudits as best actor. From the minute he hits the screen you have

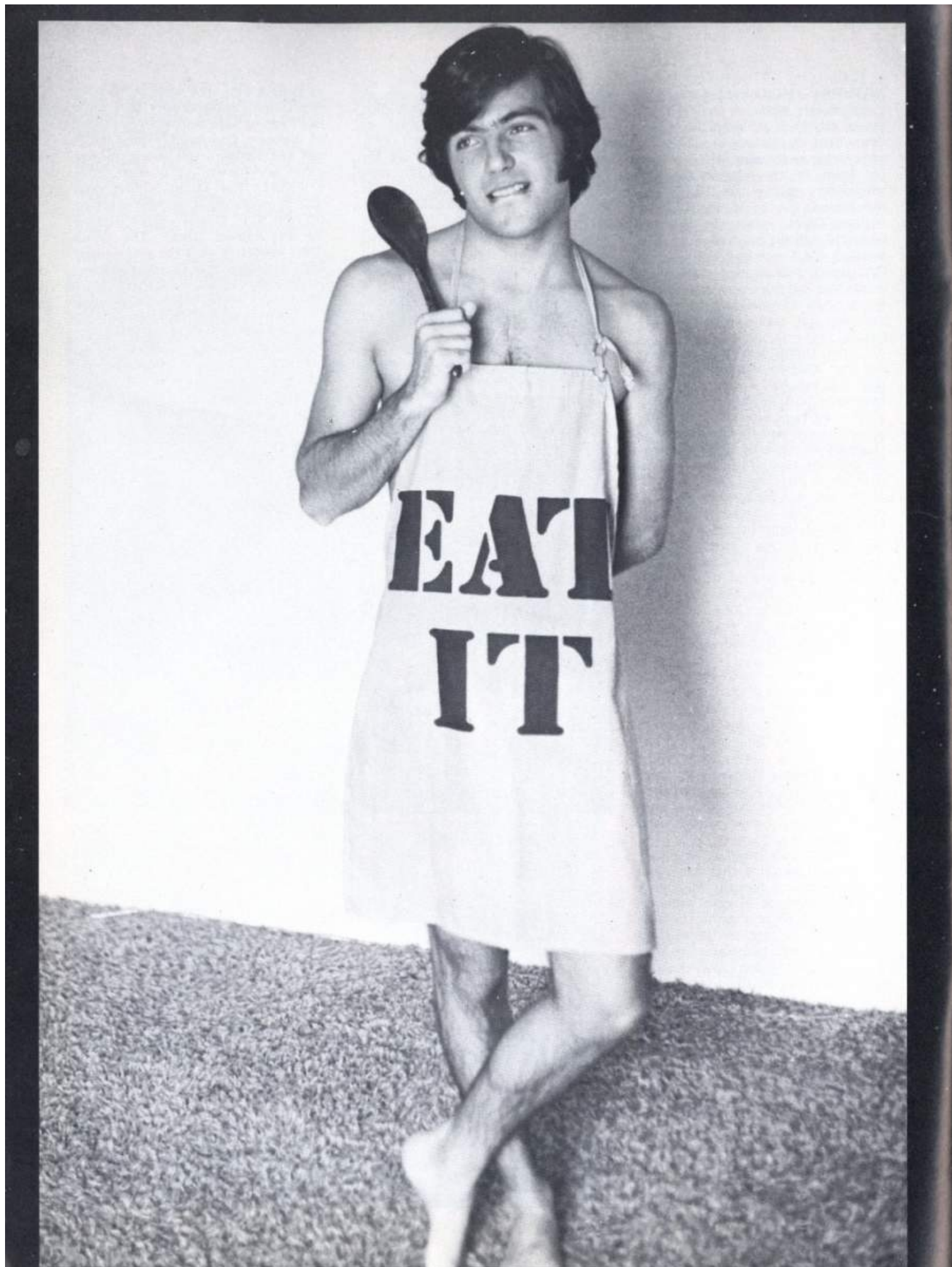
to believe him. The look in his eyes when David explains why they can't live together says more than five pages of dialogue. Compared, excuse me, I can not compare this movie to any other gay movie yet released. It is a FIRST. The acting is first rate. The photography is nothing short of brilliant (C.H. Douglass gets the cudos for the camera work). The music never interferes with the well written story and screenplay. Christopher Larkin deserves our thanks for this major breakthrough in Gay Cinema.

I can honestly say that if you are thinking of coming out of the closet and there is somebody you'd like to tell that you're gay take them to this movie. You won't feel like a wierdo. It shows that same sex relationships are no more and no less problematic than opposite sex relationships.



ABOVE: Mark (Curt Gareth) and David (Robert Joel) have their final fight.
BELOW: Jason (Bo White) and David (Robert Joel) discussing Gay Life.





GOURMET

Dip - Chef ?

Contrary to popular opinion, Mother did not know George Washington personally. I did hear tell though, his wife made a pretty good fudge. Since old George was walking around with a mouth full of homemade teeth at the age of thirty, he must have loved it.

George Washington and the month of February also brings to mind Cherries. Your mother here is NOT going to get into a discussion about them though, no matter how tempting the subject may be.

Which brings us back to George Washington.

All those cocktail parties going on back then were supposedly pretty swinging affairs. Mother can just imagine those gorgeous studs dipping their long, beautiful fingers into all those dips that were so popular in those days. The thoughts conjured up make the famous Tom Jones erotic dinner scene look like Teatime with Virginia Graham. They didn't have all the fancy crackers,

Potato Chips, Fritos and nice raw vegetables to dip into the gook so they just stuck their fingers into it, and the fingers found their way through all those whiskers into the oral cavity.

They then rinsed their fingers, whiskers, mouth and anything else they could find in warm beer or good sipping whiskey. Some of us have come a long way since those days of finger licking and have found other things to stick into things and then chew on.

Such as all kinds of crackers, etc. Cream cheese is the basis for most of our tastiest dips. Mother has found when a little Sour Cream is added to the softened cream cheese a few more tongues come out to lick the corners of the mouth.

Here are a few simple dips you can make to raise more pinckies at your parties.

Try Cream Cheese and a little ground fresh cucumber. You could add a little

anchovy paste if you care to blow a few minds with a fishy fragrance.

You could mix your cream cheese with crumbled bacon or finely chopped spring onions for a delightful dip. Cream cheese and minced clams are good if you can get somebody else to mince the darling things. Add a little red pepper to this one for zip.

Or how about Cream cheese and chopped shrimp. Add a little Curry Powder if you dare.

Just use your imagination; there is always the joker around that'll put anything into his mouth.

Now here is a good one, served hot, for your beer drinking friends. Melt a brick of Velveta Cheese in the top of your double boiler and add a can of Old El Paso Enchilada Sauce. Blend it well and put it in your favorite chafing dish. Serve it with those big, old fashioned Fritos. Now be sure you make plenty, dearie, they'll love it.

Mother Molly La Douche ?

For those cold, cold knights in the dead of winter, Mother has found something hot and Italian that can kindle fires in places a lot of men forgot there are places. I remember this one particular stud in Sorrento in '47 with the longest eyelashes...Heavens!

Anyway, if you've got a dark-eyed, not so hot blooded Italian Knight you'd like to bring to heat, mother suggests; Rigatoni Primavera.

Put on your best pair of flip-flops and a flower-print apron and shuffle off to the kitchen while humming your own version of La Traviata. Now that you're convinced that you're Italy's version of Irma La Douche, boil some salted water for the Rigatoni. Instead of standing there with your hand on your hip waiting for the Rigatoni to cook (it takes about 20 minutes), let's get the filling mixture made.

RIGATONI PRIMAVERA

1 lb. can Spinach
1 lb. Ricotta Cheese
1 lb. Rigatoni (big mouth macaroni)
2½ tablespoons flour
3 cups milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
8 oz. Parmesan Cheese
1 egg

Drain the spinach and mix it with the Ricotta Cheese, the raw egg and pepper. Once you have gotten the Rigatoni cooked, stuff each with the spinach goo by using a pastry bag or

funnel made of waxed paper and a little finger now and then. Now make the yummy sauce with the flour and milk stirring it constantly so it doesn't become lumpy. Once it begins to get a little hard and thick add half of the Parmesan Cheese. In that new casserole you bought for the Supreme last month, alternate sauce, rigatoni, sauce rigatoni with the lucky sauce on the bottom until the ingredients are all in the casserole. Sprinkle the remaining Parmesan Cheese on top daintily, cover and bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Serve a light salad of torn lettuce with garlic, oil and vinegar and croutons. A good loaf of Italian bread and a bottle of Chianti—finish with a good cup of coffee or Galliano—sit back and wait for his own unique way of showing appreciation.

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CONOVER (cont. from Pg. 43)

Warren Conover, a Philadelphia bred Dutch boy began tap dancing at the early age of six which later led to training in classical, jazz, modern, ethnic and Hindu dance. In 1966, at the age of 18, he began working professionally with the Pennsylvania Ballet Company and a year later found himself in New York dancing with the Harkness Ballet Company. In 1970, when the company disbanded, Warren successfully freelanced for a year before joining the illustrious American Ballet Theatre. Within two years, he was quickly promoted to the rank of soloist.

No one can deny that Warren is attractive physically both as a person and as a dancer for his soft natural sun-golden blond hair crowns a boyish face which can charm you with its sparkling blue eyes and warm sincere, infectious smile. His extreme sensitivity gives him a natural ability to make all those around him comfortable.

In spite of his obvious appeal as a person and a dancer with a respected position in one of today's leading ballet companies, Warren is amazingly enough still puzzled and rather shy to the point of embarrassment when people show an interest in him. His healthy ego won't allow him to preen and pose or accept the attention as worthy flattery. He is his own worst critic. Everything about him suggests modesty and refinement. Although he carries himself with a great deal of self-awareness and confidence, he is unpretentious in manner and dresses with extreme conservativeness for someone who is in the theatre. His clothes are neither flamboyant nor pseudo-elegant in style, they are just simple and tasteful. With Warren there is no need for that "look at me," I'm a dancer and I'm in the theatre attitude. In fact, it took quite a bit of coaxing by one of DAVID'S photographers, Bob Vandiver and myself before we could convince him to do some extra pictures for the magazine and this article.

Warren credits much of his development, both personally and professionally, to his few short years as a dancer with the Harkness Ballet Company and American Ballet Theatre. Dancing for Warren is more than just striving for a perfect technique. "Everyone does that," he states, "That is only one side of it. The biggest thing with me, is developing my person. I think a stage career is the best way to do it. When you are out there on that stage, the audience can really see what kind of a person you are. You have to be a very open and honest person

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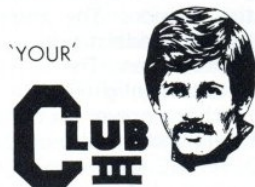
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in order for them to respond to your performance." While with the Harkness Ballet he watched and learned a great deal from dancers such as Larry Rhodes and Helgi Tomasson. Now a soloist with Ballet Theatre he admits things are a bit different, "I don't think I'm a result of any one person in Ballet Theatre, but I'm more a result of myself now. There is a point where you can learn only so much from your teachers, they can not do it all for you. There comes a time when you have to develop yourself. Ballet Theatre is offering me the chance to do this whether they know it or not. There are lots of marvelous dancers in this company but the one I admire the most and has had the biggest influence on me is Paolo Bortoluzzi, although he doesn't dance with us that often. Much of Warren's free time in the theatre is either spent observing other dancers in the wings during performances or visiting with his close friends in wardrobe, Bob Holloway, Bob Boehm and a lovely Japanese lady, May Ishimoto.

Finis Jhung is another dancer who had a remarkable influence on Warren's life. While a principal dancer with Harkness, Finis introduced Warren and other members of the company to the Buddhist faith. Buddhism is a system of religion that embraces more than one-third of the human race today. Listed among its followers are actors, dancers, singers, baseball players and people from all walks of life from every part of the world. The Buddha doctrine of which Warren is a follower is called HICHIREN SHOSHU, translated years ago by Buddha Nichiren Diashonin. The different philosophies that Nichiren wrote down on the Gohonzon, a scroll written in Sanskrit represent the embodiment of the highest obtainment in life. Which anyone can obtain through chanting.

After practicing Buddhism for the last five and a half years, Warren feels, "It is a wonderful religion for this time in society. There are no commandments because we realize that everyone is different and there should not be a set pattern for everyone to follow. The best thing is just to develop yourself and your own potential to its utmost. Then you will know what to do and what is wrong for another. We chant for our own lives and it is a practice that your life and religion are the same thing. It is not like going to Church on Sunday and forgetting about what you have learned during the rest of the week. We don't pray to any person or object, but strictly to a nature that is within ourselves. Buddha is in everyone and

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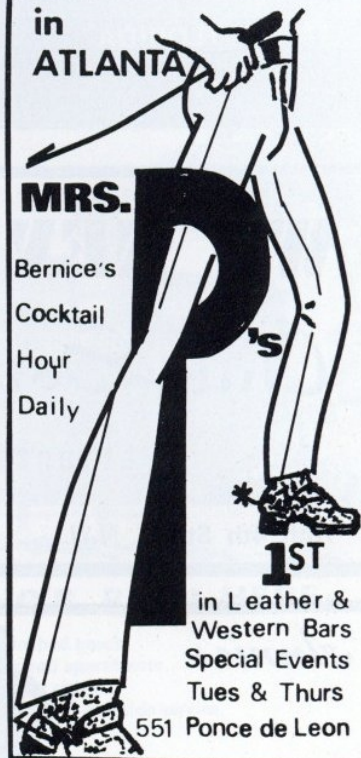
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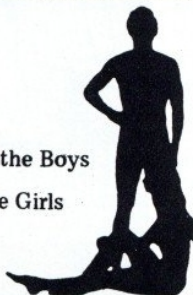
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"What makes a religion valuable is that you get proof from it or results. If you are doing something that you don't get results from, why stick with it? If you are getting results, the way to get continuous results is through practice. Practice is the necessary part of any development. This in itself, is a perfect example of the law of cause and effect. We don't try to prove to people that it works. We let them prove it to themselves by trying it."

Warren doesn't worry about the future, because for him the future will take care of itself. "I used to think about it, but then I wouldn't sleep at night. I've learned that the future is really nothing to worry about. Because so far, in my career, as short as it has been, there has always been something that has happened quite naturally. I didn't have to plan anything. I only had to work hard and believe in myself. Because of this, I feel as though I'm protected."

If Warren Conover's present lifestyle and his personal achievements are a result of past efforts, then the practice of his philosophies have certainly paid off handsomely, for he is truly a dynamic young man who stands out in any crowd; on stage or off stage. Warren Conover will continue to leap forward, for he is a man who is protected by his own beliefs!

AS-TROLOGY (cont. from Pg. 49)

it, LORD is their middle name too. An inordinate number of royal personages seemed to have been born from late July through late August. Among them we have Emperors--NapoLEON & Mussolini--knights--Sir Walter Scott & Sir Harry Lauder--presidents--Hoover & Harrison--premiers--Castro & Allende--one Dauphin--Claude--and one Count--Basie. Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie is also a Leo. One of his titles is Lion of Judah.

So it seems only natural that this month's three Leo actors should have essayed so many regal roles. Peter O'Toole was LORD Jim, KING Henry II in both BECKET and THE LION IN WINTER, DON Quixote, SIR Charles Ferguson in BROTHERLY LOVE and the 14th EARL of Gurney in THE RULING CLASS. And though Christopher Jones and Robert Redford were born in America where royal appellations are not recognized, in Movieland both of them have succeeded in being named President of the United States. Redford did it in THE CANDIDATE, and in WILD IN THE STREETS Jones became President Max Frost at the age of twenty-two. And both these Leo actors and their superiority complexes always make them try for the most important or biggest roles, if royal ones are denied them. Redford was BIG HALSY not LITTLE FAUSS. His B.M.O.C. Hubbell naturally had to be a Navy officer in THE WAY WE WERE. And don't forget who is THE GREAT GATSBY. Young Christopher Jones was already the much-decorated young British MAJOR in RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

Even though America usually denies Leo actors princely parts, they often get to play title--if not titled--roles. Robert Redford is JEREMIAH JOHN-SON!!! And the DOWNHILL RACER. Christopher Jones IS CHUBASCO!!! And when he's not being kingpin, Peter O'Toole is still being boss. Remember it was MURPHY'S WAR, and you know who was Murphy. In NIGHT OF THE GENERALS he was the General. His was the role of Headmaster in MR. CHIPS to whom everyone said goodbye. George Bernard Shaw--a Leo--wrote the play GREAT CATHERINE (with Leos nothing is small) and in the film Peter played its dashing Leading Man CAPTAIN Edstaston. Leos love limelight.

This sign rules the theatre--so when there is more than one leading role to be performed in a screenplay, Leos practically pounce for the part. Peter O'Toole is the MAN OF LAMANCHA.

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And in it he got to play not only Quixote, but his creator Cervantes and the good knight Alonso Quijana as well. In "John Huston's" THE BIBLE (Say, whatever happened to God? Wasn't it always his Bible before? But then John Huston is a Leo, you know...) Peter O'Toole was simply heavenly playing not one but three Angels! We've all heard of the Blessed Trinity, but isn't this ridiculous? O'Toole probably didn't think he was playing God, but in his Leo mind, his Angels were all at least ARCH-Angels. Leos are always a little arch. St. LEO THE GREAT was Supreme Pontiff. He not only guarded the Faith but saved western civilization by turning the tide of the Barbarian Huns. Attila obviously respected this Leo's majesty and charm. During the Leo season the Church celebrates on July 25 the feast of St. James the GREAT-ER. The lesser is a Taurus. And on August 16 from the royal house of David we honor St. Joachim--grandfather of the King of Kings. In the Old Testament another angel named Lucifer--who was too proud to serve God--chose to rule in Hell instead. Surely and malevolently he was a Leo too.

PRIDE COMETH BEFORE THE FALL

The fall season starts in September. Leo rules late July through most of August. In all classic dramatic tragedies the noble hero has one tiny flaw that grows and grows until it causes his downfall. Leo is a fire sign, and if a tiny spark is fed enough air it can spread into a raging inferno. And if a Leo is fed enough hot air and barney, his SuperEgo can balloon into epic Macy's Thanksgiving Day proportions. In Peter O'Toole's career almost all his best characters from LAWRENCE OF ARABIA right on through LAMANCHA suffered the fatal flaw of pride. T.E. Lawrence had magalomania. He compared himself to Moses and Christ, and his temple to himself was erected with seven pillars--wisely but not well. Lord Jim was too proud to admit that he had known fear and then remorse. And the Man of LaMancha's pride finally crumbles only when a host of mirrors reflect the proud but foolish old man that he really is.

Robert Redford became an ego-nourished actor and left the fun and frolic of an artist's life only when he was crushed by a professor's blunt remark that Mr. R. was a lousy artist. But at least this was a private session. Public degradation of a Leo is devastating. All the royal pudding is knocked

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out of them. For this reason we never saw Redford at the Academy Awards when he was nominated for *THE STING*, or at the world premiere of *THE GREAT GATSBY*. Did he have portents of evil? Certainly. If Redford had won Oscar or garnered good reviews for *GATSBY*, the world would have filtered back the acclaim to his remote castle in Utah. But since this king wasn't Best Actor and didn't get the best reviews for his newest film, the public would not be permitted to see this utter humiliation of the monarch.

Peter O'Toole has been nominated Best Actor three times for *BECKET*, *LION*, and *LAWRENCE*. But never has he won. And never has he attended the Awards on the occasions of his nominations. The golden scepter that is Oscar can always be mailed home. But woe to Leo's pride if some pretender to the throne should claim it!

Christopher Jones must truly be independent and proud of his abilities not only as actor but as his own personal manager as well. In the cutthroat world of Hollywood—he has no agent—and yet he has achieved major stardom after only six movies. Let us hope that unlike most Leos Christopher will not be surrounded by "friends" who are really parasites. Lions in the veldt don't mind sharing their feasts with feisty little jackals and vultures. These scavengers live off carrion. And like all too many of Leo's friends, they live off him as well; while he merely feeds on their malicious and insincere flattery.

Remember the story of the Emperor's New Clothes? How humiliated that monarch was when all the sham and pretense were stripped away—leaving him in front of everyone stark naked!

That brings up another point in this series. Most Leos will not do scenes in the nude. It is beneath their dignity (especially if their dignity isn't hanging pretty far beneath to begin with). Don't forget they must be the biggest and best in everything. Christopher Jones - a newer breed of Leo—has done several nude scenes, however, and he's pictured here as the naked Paxton Quigley from the movie *THREE IN THE ATTIC*. But Robert Redford refuses to do nude work, so he hides coyly behind Oscar's blade—making us speculate whether, in this case, his sword is indeed mightier than his... And although our other actor pictured has been stripped to lion er...loin cloth, Leo O'Toole always flashes us a covered Peter.

LOVE WITH A LASH

The astrological symbol for leo is ♌. This looks a little like the whip used in lion taming. And the one Peter O'Toole is holding helped to tame the Leo pride of Henry II—the Lion in Winter—in O'Toole's earlier film *BECKET*. In a VERY unusual display of humility this king was publicly scourged for his role in murdering that "meddlesome priest." Also remember the whipping Peter took as *LAWRENCE*. He seemed to enjoy that one, however. Diff'rent strokes for diff'rent folks.

That's why Christopher Jones is pictured with the poppy. Although in *THREE IN THE ATTIC* his wasn't the psychedelic love of King Heroin; and he didn't use it romantically like the daisy in *CARRY ON DOCTOR*. Instead he was forced to be a twenty-four hour Luv Machine in a sorority attic. The symbol ♌ also looks like a pictograph of the male sperm. So did Christopher get dethroned as King Baller No. 1? Poppycock!!

He still wears his crown of de-flowers, and as *MR. CHIPS* said "Such A Lot of Flowers" in that M.G.M. musical, all Leos can smile with pride that their sign—more than any other—is not only special to poppies and lions, but to tigers, lilies and every yellow rose of Texas too. And speaking of diff'rent folks—remember that Robert Redford found himself in gayer greenery—when he chose not to get *INSIDE DAISY CLOVER*.

♌ also represents an ideograph of the human heart and its two valves. Leos, therefore, are quite susceptible to heart attacks and afflictions in the body area ruled by its opposite sign Aquarius—the ankles. Between cinema beatings on the *LAWRENCE* set, Peter O'Toole cracked and sprained both ankles. Lovers who are Leos usually wear their hearts on their sleeves. Peter in our picture has let his go to his head. He's King of Hearts. Robert Redford thinks he should be, since he's Hollywood's latest heart-throb king. And his rugged romantic beauty again emphasizes the virility of the masculine sign Leo.

Typically Leos—when they have lovers or marry—will always put their chosen mate on a pedestal. This only seems fitting for the Queen of their choice. And Lions are not tom cats. Unless their astrological personalities are afflicted, they want to be faithful unto death. Characteristically Redford & O'Toole both have been married for over ten years to the same woman. And she must be exhausted!! No—there are two "she's"—Redford has his Lola. Giving her, in true Leo fashion, whatever she wants, I'm sure.

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And actress Sian Phillips who bears all the phallic implications that the name Mrs. Peter O'Toole can conjure up. But bearing some of the traits that this Age of Aquarius (Leo's opposite sign) has bestowed upon the young, Christopher Jones stayed married to actress Susan Strasberg for only a short time. Chris' birthday on August 18th is near the Virgo cusp, and this sign is filled with bachelors.

Leos are usually not only loyal to their spouses, but true to friends and family as well---unless they've prompted the fiery wrath of the King. Leo's fire is centripetal---seeking the center or heart of the flame. For this reason a Lion will often buy friendships or pay for favors---so all will come to court to show homage to the magnanimous monarch. Where the fire of Aries sparks and initiates, and the flames of Sagittarius execute and often diminish, Leo's is one of constant pyrotechniques that govern and glow.

Because Leo's hate bickering---it's beneath their dignity---they associate themselves again and again with compatible and often less gifted subjects. For example Mrs. Peter O'Toole has been consort, but supporting player, to her husband in three movies---BECKET, MURPHY'S WAR, and MR. CHIPS. And the whole town's talking about the Jones boy and how his co-star always seems to be lovely Pia Degermark. They've reigned together---with him always first---in BRIEF SEASON and THE LOOKING GLASS WAR. Robert Redford odd-coupled himself in BUTCH CASSIDY with Paul Newman and George Roy Hill, and did it again most successfully in THE STING. And he must have taken some pride that though he didn't win Oscar in that latter movie, the film itself was chosen Best Picture for 1973.

GOLDWYN, GOLDMAN, CATS AND SUNS

Perhaps the following "coincidences" about the sign of Leo will cause some of you Doubting Thomases to look into this science of astrology a little more profoundly. The studio that bears the trade mark of Leo the Lion was organized by Samuel GOLDwyn---born on the Leo cusp in August, 1884. William GOLDman wrote the screenplay for Robert Redford in THE HOT ROCK---in this case a diamond---traditionally associated with Leo. GOLDman also wrote BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID---who again was Redford. SUNDance died from a bullet to the heart. Redford played on Broadway in SUNDAY IN

NEW YORK. James GOLDman wrote of Henry II in LION IN WINTER. Henry's son was Richard the LION-HEARTed. O'Toole starred in WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT and played Captain CAT in UNDER MILKWOOD. And don't forget the importance of the sun in LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. T.E. Lawrence was born under the sun sign Leo, and, characteristically, this biographical film was named the Best Picture of the Year. Christopher Jones' name in Metro's RYAN'S DAUGHTER was Dorian---meaning golden. The power of fire in films is best remembered in two of Leo the Lion's major epics---QUO VADIS and GONE WITH THE WIND.

GOLD, FRANK-'N-CYD'S AND MYRR-NA

Probably the most famous M.G.M. musical - THE WIZARD OF OZ---featured Leo Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion. And in its heyday the M.G.M. stable probably held more Lions in contractual captivity than any other sign. Although Cyd Charisse is Pisces and Sagittarian Sinatra was jobbed in only occasionally, Leo Myrna Loy enjoyed being in the pride of Metro Goldwyn Mayer with these other Lions---Esther Williams, Ann Blyth, Arlene Dahl, Gloria DeHaven, Robert Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, and cuspers Van Johnson and Gene Kelly.

But all that seems to have passed. James Aubrey---fresh from his C.B.S. debacles---is now titular head of the Metro conglomerate. And he seems to have been cut out more for hotel management (M.G.M.'s Grand Hotel in Vegas) than as movie mogul. Aubrey is a Sagittarius---characteristically suited for supporting roles, but this time he's shot his wad on the stars, and managed to lose millions in the process. Also he's gotten his villains mixed up---driving a spike into kindly old Leo the Lion's heart.

The archives of Metro Goldwyn Mayer will always be able to reflect past glories. Doing phenomenally well is THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT. But as far as the future calendar of quinquagenarian ol' Leo...Well, that's show biz. Metro's place in the sun even more now should be subtitled an American tragedy. Perhaps Leo the Lion can shrug off this latest of indignities, but it seems that all of Hollywood has died from his broken heart.

Happy Birthday! The King is dead. Long Live the King.

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DIE... (cont. from Pg. 35)

ment, insurance, joint accounts, personal effects, and oh, yes, one semi-totalled Lamborghini, seven years of age. For reasons I myself can't explain I had the wreck unwound from its resting place around a lamp post on the Henry Hudson Parkway and towed to its accustomed stall in the garage downstairs. It's still there though having seen it once and noted the shattered windshield, I have not visited the garage again. A morbid memento I'll grant, but he loved that damned thing and I haven't the heart to have it disposed of.

It was two weeks almost to the day when I finally was able to enter his study. I had wanted for some time to go through his things; to see his handwriting if I could not feel the touch of his hands on me; or to read his thoughts if the sound of his voice was now denied me, although I had not yet begun to think in absolutes as "never again." I had no intentions of "cleaning out" his things as might be thought. I wouldn't have done that. "Cleaning out" has the inference of preparation for replacement. No one could have replaced Val in my life and you must understand that if you are to understand anything else which followed. After a perusal of the contents of the desk I stopped and left things as they were with the intention of extending for as long as possible the discovery of different facets of the desk's treasures of memory. In this way I hoped to prolong his presence and make each left-over memory a daily novelty. Neither of us had any real belief in an afterlife and so I gave it no thought.

But that night I dreamt of him as I had not since before the accident. Pills had brought a comatose sleep of disjointed formless images in which pain played no part, but now, in spite of the drugs I could see him as clearly I might have in life. He was alone in his study near the pendulum clock on the mantel. The clock was motionless, which was strange as he was proud of the old piece and kept it in perfect running order. I had not thought of it since I lost him and I remember thinking in my dream that it must surely be stopped, not having been wound for weeks. He made an elaborate ceremony of winding it and setting the pendulum to swinging. He faded and the sleep left me slowly, awareness bringing the pain of loss. I was disturbed not only because of the realism of the dream but because I was now presented with the horror that not

even in sleep would I be able to find comfort. He was with me all the next morning (my first back at work in my studio which adjoined our bedroom), and the vision of him in the study was so sharp that I was able to sketch him in minute detail without aid of a photograph, just as he had appeared to me in the night.

When the sketch was done I went into the study to wind the old clock as he would have done, now that the dream had made me remember it. Even before I had turned to look at the clock, I heard it ticking which filled the room in its silence. I at first thought I was imagining the sound, but the pendulum was in full swing. More than this, on examining the piece, I saw that it had been moved in order to wind it, the legs having made tracks in the dust where the shelf had not been cleaned for weeks. My mind stumbled over confused thoughts and the memory of Val's ceremonious winding of the clock in my dream. Or had it been a dream after all? Had I wound the clock myself and forgotten? It was when I sat at the desk to think that I noticed the disarray of his pen and stationery. The pen was out of its holder and lay on top of a sheet of paper. I had left the pen in its proper place the afternoon before, and all the paper in a neat stack. But my confusion turned to an icy paralysis as I noticed that the paper had been used, and bore the unmistakable diploma-like script I had seen only my lover use! It lay under my stare for some time, the lines and curves burning into my eyes long before my mind began to realize any meaning behind the words I saw. It was a passage of a poem in the style he often wrote me before we had become lovers.

"Love which lives is short...
It greys and withers
Before our saddened eyes.

Take me in the arms of Never;
Rock me in the passion of
Death.

Kiss me not the souring
Kiss of Life."

Oddly enough, I was not terrified as I might have been -- perhaps as I should have been. If Val was really still able to contact me, nothing else seemed to matter, and I felt a strange joy in the reality that he had done so. There is no other explanation for the writing, or the motivation of the clock. I accepted as fact that which I would have never believed from anyone else's testimony. It may all seem very foolish, but grief can make a very important thing of a lightly folded sheaf of

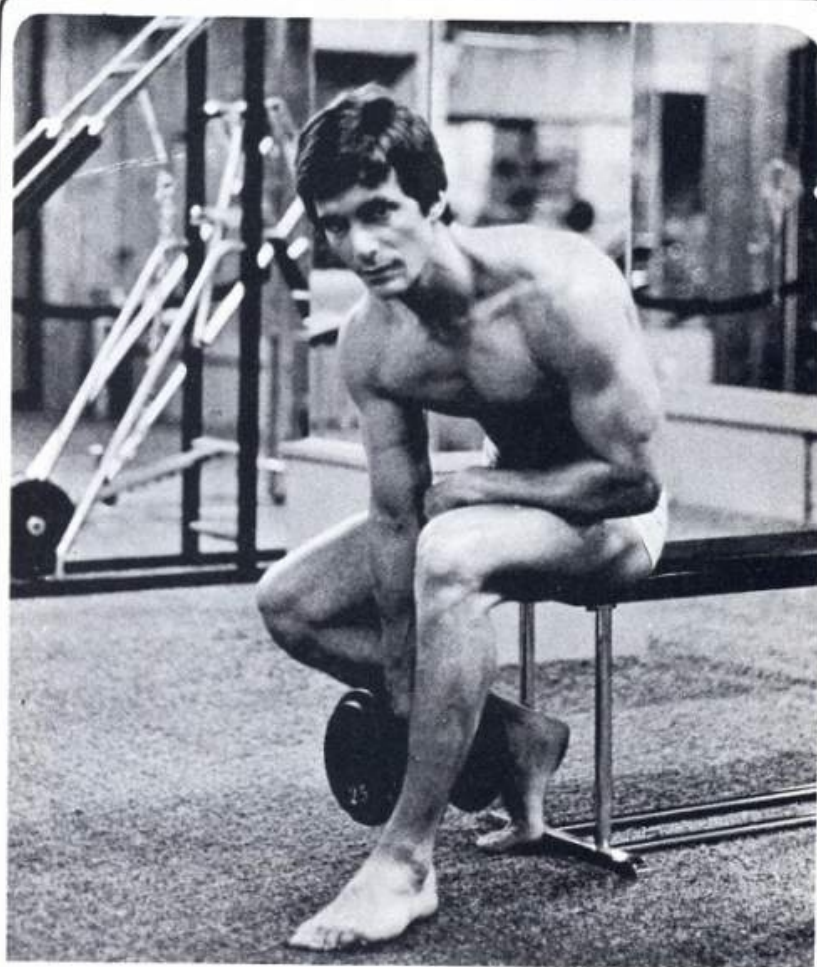
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paper if that is all you have left.

I went out of the apartment and walked for awhile before I stopped at the library. The poem was from no work on record there and no one could identify the style. No one, that is, except for myself. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that Val had managed somehow to call from the grave. There was no terror for me in that fact; the possibility that it might be termed unholy, or unnatural by some had no influence on me. If I could have him or his spirit or whatever there was of him to have, I wanted it.

That night he was in my dreams again, at his desk. I called out and he looked up from his writing and recognized me. He smiled. In the dream I tried to go to him, to touch him, kiss him; but I could not reach him. The harder I tried the more impossible it became. He stood up as well and tried to reach me; I could see the strain on his face as he struggled to move toward me. It was useless. He began to fade and his lips formed the words "I love you," but the voice too was faint and hollow and distant. Just before I lost him again I saw his hand point to the desk. He was gone.

I woke in bed wet with the force of my struggling to reach my lover's shadow. It was just past dawn. I ran to the study knocking things over in the grey of the living room and found the paper where I had left it the previous day. The poem, as I expected, as I had hoped, was continued:

"Let us pass the portal.
Place upon my lips
The frigid touch immortal;
The sweet embrace of Ever.

Quench with me the candle of
Life
And ignite the taper of dark-
ness.
Arouse in me
The ecstasy of the grave;
Desire of the tomb."

The words made me cold and thought for some time of burning the paper. But that, I somehow knew, would mean an end forever of Val's presence in my life save for my memories and the pitiful few tangibles that remained of his existence in this world. In the end, I replaced the page and closed the study door. I began to transfer the sketch I had done into painting, and I worked until I was exhausted. Even then I fought off sleep as long as possible, both fearing and desperately desiring to see him again. Finally, I surrendered and fell asleep on the sofa in the study.

He came almost as soon as I had fallen asleep, as if he had been waiting for it, as indeed, he must. He quickly wrote and rose from the desk and came to me where I lay on the sofa, though still something remained between us, the veil between now and always, and we could not touch. He spoke to me, sadly, his eyes welling with tears. Motioning toward the desk he assured me that he wanted only to be sure that I would be happy, whether in this world or the one he now knew. If I could find someone new he would not be hurt so long as I was really happy. He told me to think long and hard about the poem's meaning and asked me no matter what my decision to remember that he would always love me and nothing could alter that. He faded again and I knew that he would not return. I reached out but was too spent to struggle.

I woke late in the afternoon. The poem was now complete.

Fear not Love in Death,
For Death's dreams weave
eternal.

Only mortal lovers part.
Pledge with me the troth of
Death;

The covenant of always.
Die.....and be my love.
Val"

The meaning was clear, as was my choice. If I felt I could find someone in life, I was to do so; Val would understand. He would never return to me. But if I felt (as I did) that there was nothing for me here, I had the prospect of eternity with him. "Only mortal lovers part." I could have him with me forever if I were willing to give up my life and all those things with which I was familiar. I knew nothing more of what his existence was like now. He had told me nothing of it, merely assured me that there was something beyond. That was my choice. Certainty, or uncertainty with him. The reality of life—wind, sun, touch, taste, or Val and possibly nothing else. There was no assurance that we could touch or even speak once we were on the same side.

I thought for some time how I could have failed in our time together to tell him just how much I did love him. I must have failed in some way, or he would have known that I needed no choice. I needed only to know that it was possible to join him, and I would have done it whether we had to meet in the fires of hell, or spend eternity in Purgatorial limbo. As long as he's there I need nothing, can endure anything. Why didn't you know that, Val? A few more swallows and you will know. I'll tell you myself, my love.

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HOW CAME WE HERE

(cont. from Pg. 32)

imposed stereotypes of the straight community, the social stratifications of the gay world are complex, not simplistic.

Perhaps Brett is at the "lowest point" of the social schema - that of the male prostitute. These range all the way from the well-salaried young man being "kept" by an older professional and often married person, to the male homosexual who walks the streets offering himself indiscriminately to any passerby with two dollars in his pocket. The former are called "lucky," and the latter "whores."

Prostitutes or hustlers are characterized by being young, good-looking, and operating by an almost solidified code. He may make his living as a nude model or by settling on "his corner," serving clientele ranging from the unattractive older men who must pay for their thrills, to young and handsome males who are looking for new kicks.

The two-year doctoral research which forms the base of this series indicates from a series of several hundred interviews that gays themselves count drag queens to be "next in line" on the social ladder. The drag queen is often a person of special interest to the gay community for entertainment value. They are often connected with hustlers and indiscriminate sexual encounters, but have a distinct "theater following," often including the "service groups" which help them get ready for "the stage." The drag queen is often considered a theatrical person in the gay world, and sometimes enjoys a regular salary, those around San Francisco being quite substantial!

The social stratification of the aging homosexual is next. In a world which places such an enormous premium on youth or youthful appearance, the older gay will keep as young and trim as possible, but most ultimately join this often rejected group. As the gay grows older, he often has no children to support him financially or emotionally, and is often alone. He often has no lover whose sexual availability cushions the shock of his declining sexual prowess. He is rejected in the gay marketplace - the bar - and it begins to cost to have sex. (While many of these research conclusions are unpleasant to deal with, it would be irresponsible of the author not to surface many of these honest crises, for they will form the basis of a positive philosophy of this series.)

The addictive gay is another social stratification. Many refer to them as whores as they compulsively cruise

parks and streets, are driven to attend the bars every night along with the baths, and spend most of their time engineering, experiencing, and replaying sexual encounters. The more sex included in their day, the brighter the day. They are a form of psychological nymphomaniacy, and comprise a relatively small percent of the gay world.

There is a "great middle class" of the gay world which is not known for its blatant attitudes or sexual compulsions. This group is known for its regular touch with gay society, presence in the bars, and an almost always alert attitude toward sexual encounter. These sexual encounters are seasoned with greater discrimination, less compulsion, and more personal involvement with other gays. This is likely the reading audience of DAVID. It is what some research refers to as "the healthy homosexual." This is the surfaced group that we all know.

The "just out" form a highly desirable social stratification because many of them are young and attractive, and are additionally attractive due to great sexual energy accompanying the "coming out" period. Some gays find them attractive because they are experimenting with feminine behavior and have the charm associated with new social contexts, new vocabularies, and a wide-eyed astonishment and acceptance of the gay world.

The caste of the wealthy and professional gay is the room at the top of the stairs. They often entertain exclusively in their fashionable homes, are always known to each other, and are the object of wide-spread social approval. This group includes the wealthy young, the attractive doctors and high-salaried professionals who are often the target of those looking for "sugar daddies."

These are real gay castes, with each of us being loosely aware of his social stratification and those of other gays. Each of these groups has its own social and ethical code and together form that complex subculture of the all American gay.

Additional identifiable social stratas would include the adolescent or experimental gay, the institutionalized gay, gays bound together by a common cultural value such as those in the priesthood.

These castes partly account for group "togetherness," and often form the basis of a refused sexual proposal or an accepted friendship, and are found all the way from the special smiles neural surgeons exchange to that crazy world of Polk Street. Yeah!



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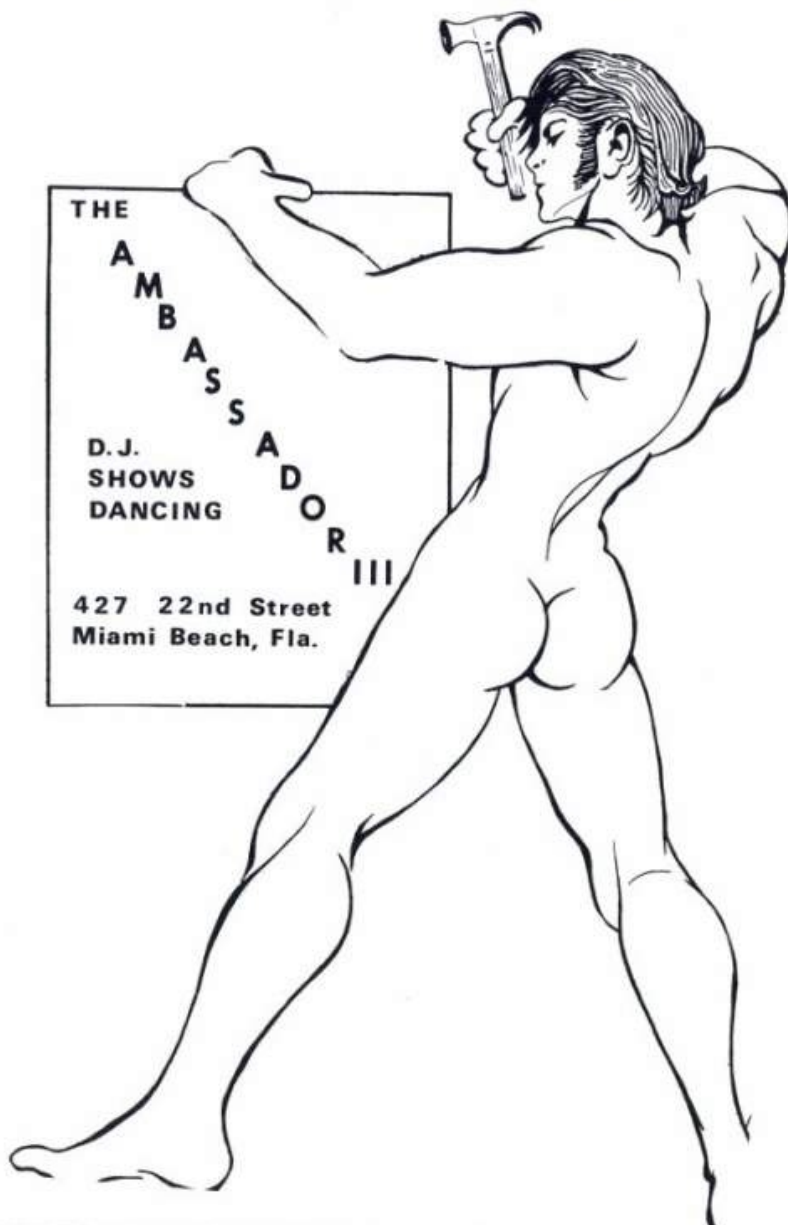
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DAMN YANKEES (cont. from Pg. 25)

"Damn Yankee's." Mr. Applegate's help includes the companionship of his seductive assistant, Lola; who is not without strings. You guessed it - they are after the man's soul. Ray Walston portrays such a lovable devil that I'm sure he could charm most anyone into believing that even going to hell might be worth it. Joe agrees to become a youthful baseball hero. By clever staging effects, the transition appears to be a magician's slight of the hand.

Lola, the temptress, who boasts of being 170 yrs. old is superbly played by Gwen Verdon, (who is a healthy, 49 yr. old bombshell). Both Miss Verdon and her character seem to have been blessed with eternally youthful energy and looks. Jerry Lanning who plays the younger Joe Hardy is totally convincing in the role of the young athlete--a Mark Spitz look-alike with musical talent. His strong, masculine looks are greatly complimented by his sensationally powerful and dramatic voice. His rendition of "A Man Doesn't know" is so properly shaded and colored that it becomes one of the most beautiful and memorable songs of the show. Renee Rogoff (who was excellent as Sis, Mayor Daley's wife, in the musical "Boss") has found a better vehicle to express her vocal and acting talents, as the devoted, loving wife in *Damn Yankees*. This production had two flaws that I must mention. While Mr. Rogers was generous in bringing top-rate musicals to the Chicago stage, and where he showed superb judgement in casting, he skimmed terribly in staging and set design. This spacious theatre required a more elaborate production. The sets were almost totally dwarfed and were lost on this enormous stage...like a ping pong ball floating in lake Michigan. Another disappointment was the choreography. It is a shame that all of it was not of the superb calibre of the Mambo number, excitingly and expertly performed by Gwen Verdon and Harvey Evans. Mr. Evans - a striking lad who moves well, will be featured in all three productions, so look for him.

If you are unfortunate enough to miss this year's season, don't despair; you may get a chance to see these musicals on the road. With stars like this at bat, how could anyone miss hitting a home-run. (If nothing else, everyone goes home humming the tunes). Let's hope that like that great American pastime baseball, the Gala season will continue to be an annual event.

LIZ TAYLOR (cont. from Pg. 28)

make," said a friend of mine, "a very nice first husband;" second Michael Wilding," The bride wore gray, the groom a look of surprise;" third Michael Todd, "The bride don't kiss and make up," Liz sparkled, "because we have nothing to make up. Therefore we just kiss." Fourth Eddie Fisher said, "Liz is the most ...the most exciting...oh, I can't explain it," he sighed. About Eddie she said, "I was 90% mother."

Winning an Oscar for "Butterfield 8" she said, "the movie stinks." "Oh," she said smiling brightly at the multi million multi 'building replica of the Roman Forum which 20th Century Fox had erected for "Cleopatra's entrance into Rome," I simply love it Joe, I wouldn't change a single thing." "I wouldn't dream of asking for a million dollars in front now," Liz said, "It's not moral. I have a gambling sense. I'd rather take expense and no salary against a large percentage of the gross. It makes everyone work harder to bring the picture in. If you win, it's like winning on the red. If you lose, well, it's roulette, but not Russian roulette."

Liz stated once again that she is contemplating retiring from the screen. "When I start sliding down, which is the inevitable law of gravity, I'm going to quit. I'll do it someday. Like a shot. I won't make a big deal out of it. I'll just quietly lope off one morning and be gone." I remember this one about Liz that you may not have heard. "I was told that in Russia," she said, "the Russians were so hospitable that if you admired something they would give it to you. So this morning right after a breakfast of ham and eggs and caviar, I went and looked at the crown jewels and I admired them. And do you know," she pouted, "nothing happened at all."

When Liz filmed "Butterfield 8" in New York's Greenwich Village she got around to the bars and joined in the spirit of things. Staying at the Regency Hotel uptown she was great to the staff, fun with autograph hounds, can camp and dish with the best of 'em, knows the scene, loves the 'boys' and is a generous tipper. Another article on Elizabeth Taylor? sure, for years and years to come. Sergio Contucci, an Italian driver, was misty eyed as he accepted a bottle of champagne and a big hug from Elizabeth Taylor when she said "addio."

"Sono distrutto! Sono distrutto! (I'm destroyed!) weeped Sergio. Champagne and kisses is La Taylor's way of saying ARIVEDERCI!

DAVID: Vol. 4 No. 2

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But that doesn't mean that I can't get off on someone else's trip though. For example, take the shows at the SWEET GUM HEAD in Atlanta. Now there are some top notch entertainers. Rachel Wells, Deva Sanchez, LaVita Allan, Toni Duran, Mickie Day, and Satyn de Ville to mention a few. There's even a dynamite male impressionist named Julie (their Teddy Bear). DeeJay Tom-Tom makes the intermission times jump with a great selection of dance music too. Apparently quite a few dudes feel as I do. There's always a bunch of good lookers at the

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MELBA MOORE (cont. from Pg. 31)

she states, "and since I wasn't absolutely sure I was going to be in show business, I didn't look around for idols or pay much attention to other stars. But now one idol does come to mind since we both have an eye, ear and nose for comedy. This talented female is none other than Lucille Ball. She is a great business woman. She seems to have it totally wrapped up: managerially, artistically, creatively, and directionally...the whole trip."

Melba also appears to have it all wrapped up in terms of knowing what she wants and where she wants to go. "I want to take things as they come - step by step. I want to explore all areas of show business and see if I can't reach the pinnacle of growth in each. When I get thru doing that, if it doesn't take all my life, I would like to find ways of sharing it and giving it to others--maybe thru writing or teaching. After all the experiences, it doesn't do much good to keep them to yourself. I don't believe that sharing your experiences will harm you, since other gifted performers will eventually replace you anyway--that is evolution. Right now I'm interested in growing properly."

Melba plans to continue having careers in films, television, night clubs, concerts and the stage. Each of these has a certain magic of its own for her. She has adapted to the variety and doesn't want to limit herself now. "Each one provides me with a different type of happiness. I don't do anything I dislike anymore. The reason I enjoy my arrangements is that they are varied and the audience enjoys the variety. They all seem to be expressing things that are credible. The words coming out of my mouth offer a different emotional experience with each song. To a lesser degree, singing is acting. The singers who have lasted a long time are good actors. You believe what they are saying even though they may not have a great voice."

For these reasons she feels it is natural for a singer to ultimately turn to acting. Her success as a vocalist has been achieved because she has the ability to paint a picture with her whole body like an actor does. "While most singers think of themselves as actors or actresses," she reflects, "some of them just don't carry it far enough--or can't. They get hung up in the music because it can be harmonically beautiful. The vogue and fad even in popular music is to be wrapped up in the music...then it is hypnotizing. But I have to go further."

Melba is currently starring in the film

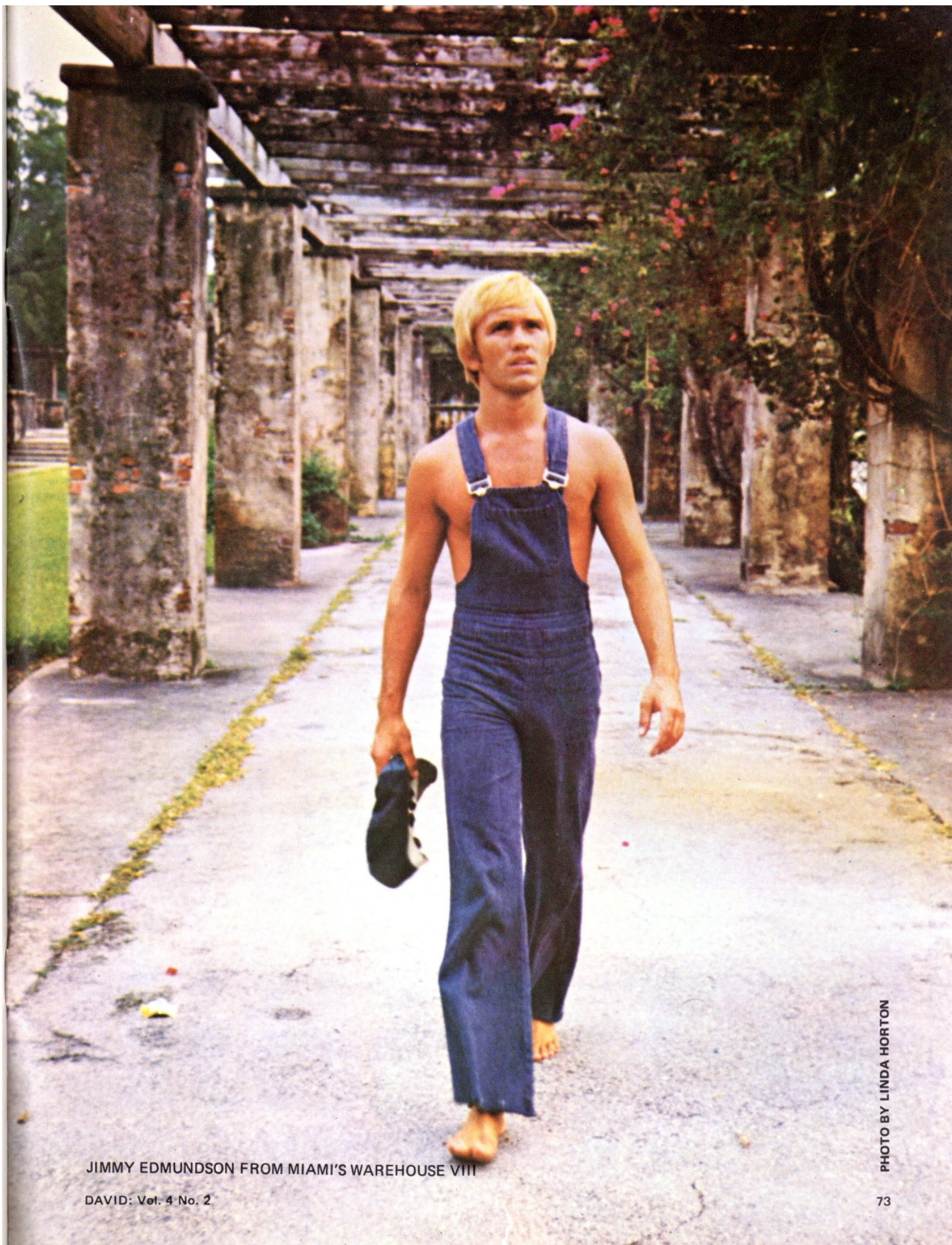
"Lost in the Stars," a tragic movie about a black - white relationship. She is also scheduled for the movie of the opera La Boheme. She would like someday to work with the fantastic Marlon Brando. "There is something about him and his work that is magnetic. He's fabulous. I am certain that he knows what he has, that is why he did what he did at the Academy Awards. I respect his talent but there is something mysterious and very beautiful within that man. That is why he fascinates me."

Being honest with yourself and knowing what you want is very important to Melba. "Maybe it sounds vague to say listen to your heart or listen to



how you feel; but I think that far too often we are bombarded with other peoples' opinions. They may be valid ideas; but each of us need to look inside ourselves and think independently. As often as you can, sit down very quietly, (maybe 2 or 3 times a day) and let things roam around in your head. Be honest; ask yourself all kinds of questions; don't try to squelch anything. Let everything come to the surface no matter how dirty or insignificant it may seem. Make sure that what you're doing is not just to please someone-else. It should be the thing that will make you the happiest. Then you can give of yourself, willingly. That's how you can tell if you're on the right track."

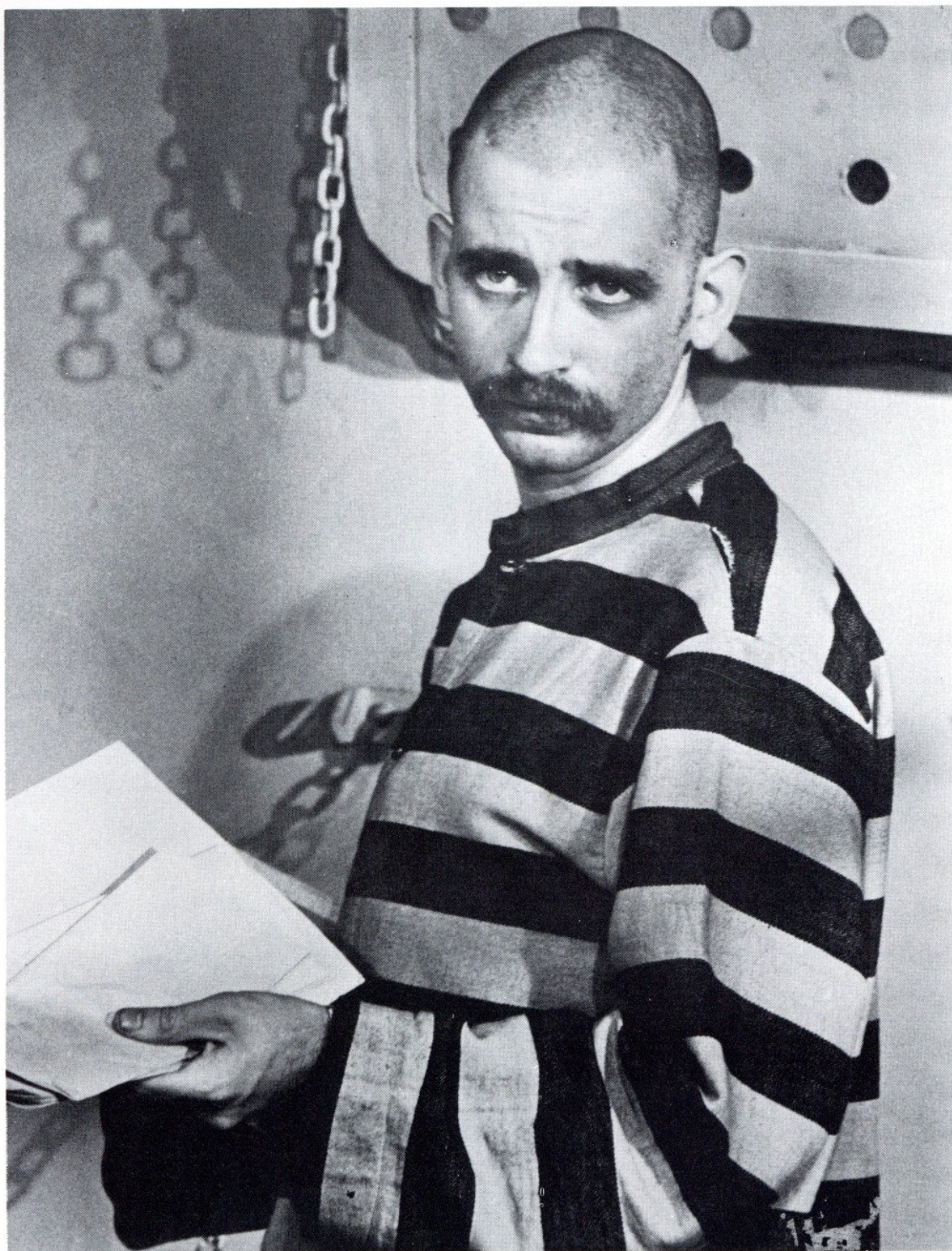
Well Melba, you certainly are on the right track because everything about you sends out good feelings.



JIMMY EDMUNDSON FROM MIAMI'S WAREHOUSE VIII

DAVID: Vol. 4 No. 2

PHOTO BY LINDA HORTON



There's so many politicians in here now, even the prison glory holes have developed an 18 minute gap.

J O K T H

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

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

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."

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

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 trouser, 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."

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

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

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

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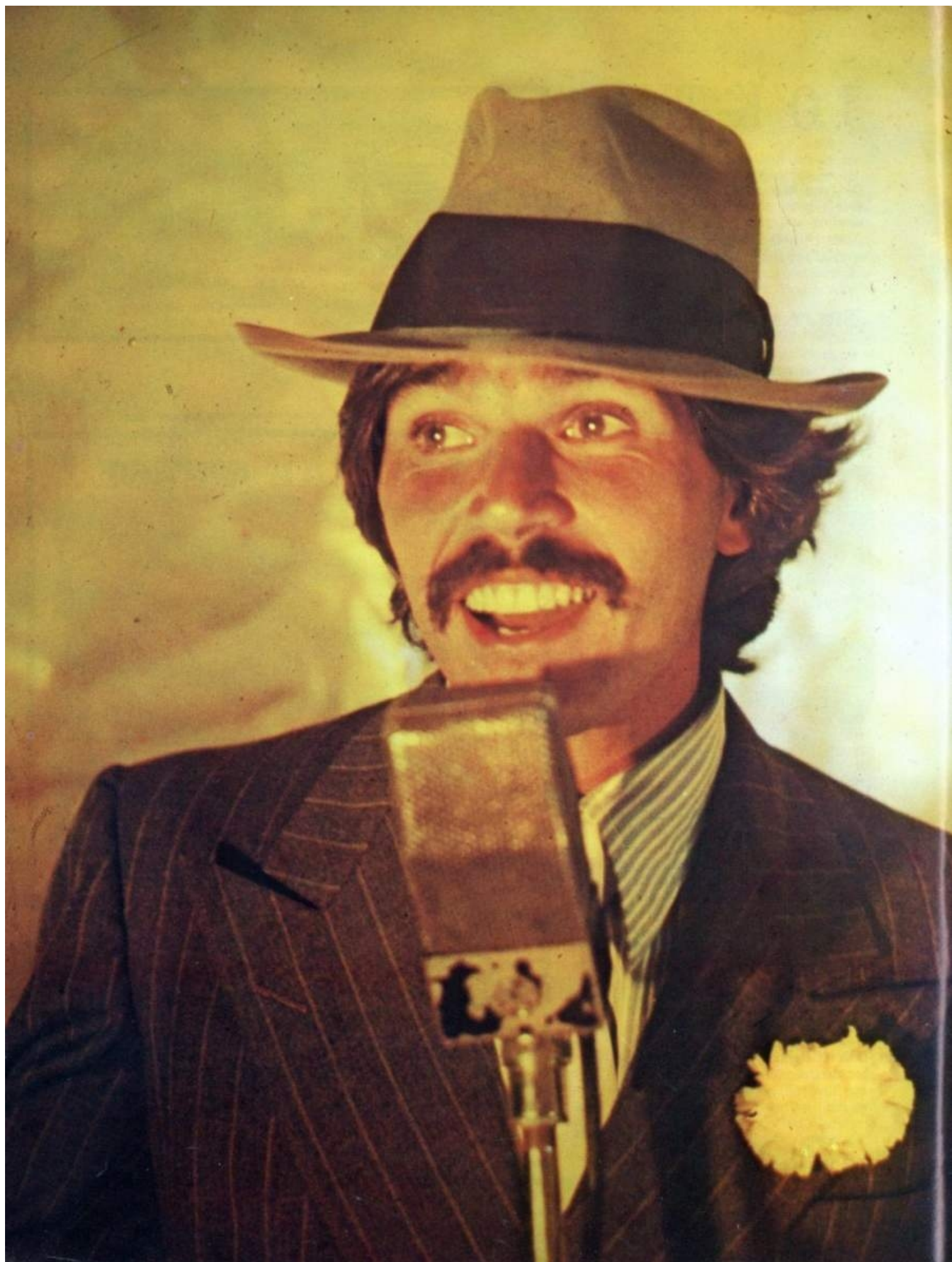
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NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA Join Forces To Invade The South

It all started with a low rumble. Lights started flashing, feet started tapping, hips began thumping and before anyone fully realized what was happening it had already taken root and begun to flourish.

New York and the Philadelphia sound had taken over the entire music scene in the south.

One of the leaders in this revolutionary movement is handsome Doug, the Disc Jockey at Miami Beach's wild discoteque, the Ambassadors III.

He's got a beautiful smile and a lively personality but most people don't get too much of a chance to see either one while he's working. He works hard. "It's not that I don't like people or that I want to be rude," he says apologetically, it's just that I take my work seriously and those d.j.'s that spend most of their time talking to the kids really end up missing out. You've got to listen to the sounds you're putting out and you've got to listen carefully. You've got to stay alert to the vibes your people are putting out as a whole, not to just the opinions of the ones you're talking to. That's why juke boxes don't make it with the people anymore. One dead head who's in a depressed mood can fill the box with quarters and play nothing but songs that will drive everyone else down."

A "group of concerned citizens" recently voted Doug the title of... "The

best d.j. south of New York" and he's proud of their respect.

How do you manage to stay ahead of trends so well?

"I spend most of my off duty time listening. Everywhere. Records are released in different parts of the country at different times but generally, I can get the latest stuff from Colony Records in New York. They send down the records from one of their buyers that specializes in Disco Records. Sometimes I'll get a good record up to two months before the local radio stations get them. Besides that, like I said, I listen a lot to everything I can. I recently picked up on a local group that's really hot, sent the recording to New York and they picked up on it so it really varies as to who gets what first.

Do you get these records from Colony at a good price?

"No, we have to pay top dollar."

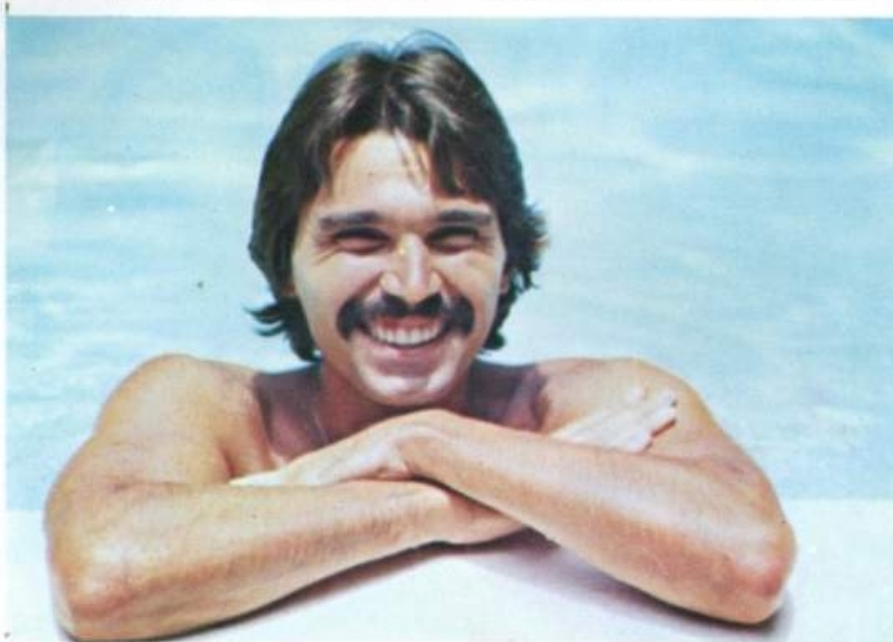
What are your favorite new groups?

"My favorite of the new groups is the Whispers. They've got a lot of the "Spinners" sound and they were one of the starters of the Philadelphia Sound."

What do you feel is the biggest reason the Philadelphia Sound became so popular so fast?

"Take the three major sounds that have hit the market since discoteques got hot; The Motown Sound is a bass sound; The Barry White sound concen-

PHOTOS BY LINDA HORTON



trates primarily on the Snares; The Philadelphia Sound has made it primarily because the sound is the most tolerable for long periods of time — the sound can continue without getting too heavy and grating on the nerves. Naturally, the rhythm is heavy and easy to dance to."

Do you feel it's necessary to be a good dancer to be a good d.j.?

"You don't need to but you've got to be able to feel the music."

You talked earlier about being able to feel out the crowds you're playing to. Just how do you go about this?

"Every d.j. has his own mood he tries to create. I feel sorry for the d.j.'s that are forced by the owners to play the music the owner wants to be sure the dance floor is filled. This can and will be achieved by a good d.j. If the owner has no faith in the d.j., he shouldn't have him working there in the first place. The d.j. needs to feel out his audience every night by trying all the different moods and sounds to find out where the crowd's heads are at in the beginning. Especially in the beginning he has to play a lot of familiar songs interspersed with his own moods. You can't be pushy. As the crowd warms up, you can begin to set your own mood. But again, you can't be pushy. You've got to give them a breather - not necessarily with a slow song, but something like a familiar song or you lose them. I feel the stronger songs, the most popular ones should be repeated about

two or three times a night. Some d.j.'s, especially in New York, wouldn't agree with me on that point, but I feel it's necessary. I have a lot of records other people don't have and if the crowd is getting off on it, I'll repeat it occasionally."

What else do you feel is necessary toward becoming a good d.j.?

"One of the main tricks is knowing the mixes. What beat to change the record on. You never really play a record all the way through. The trick is to catch it while the record playing is still up and bring the second record in the same way. I've been known to pick up a record two-thirds of the way through the original to achieve a good flow. You've also got to avoid repetition in style or you get labeled. If people get to know your sound too well they lose interest. Constantly try to change sounds and moods. Don't ever become content. I tape my shows for about an hour and a half every night so I can listen to what I've done the next day at home."

What do you look for personally in the music you play?

"I listen first to see if the record does anything to me. It's gotta be like the Philadelphia Sound. A certain clarity to the music. A clean sound. You feel it but it doesn't overpower you. You find yourself unconsciously humming the song."

The Philadelphia Sound is obviously here to stay. At least for a while but eventually, like the Motown and Barry

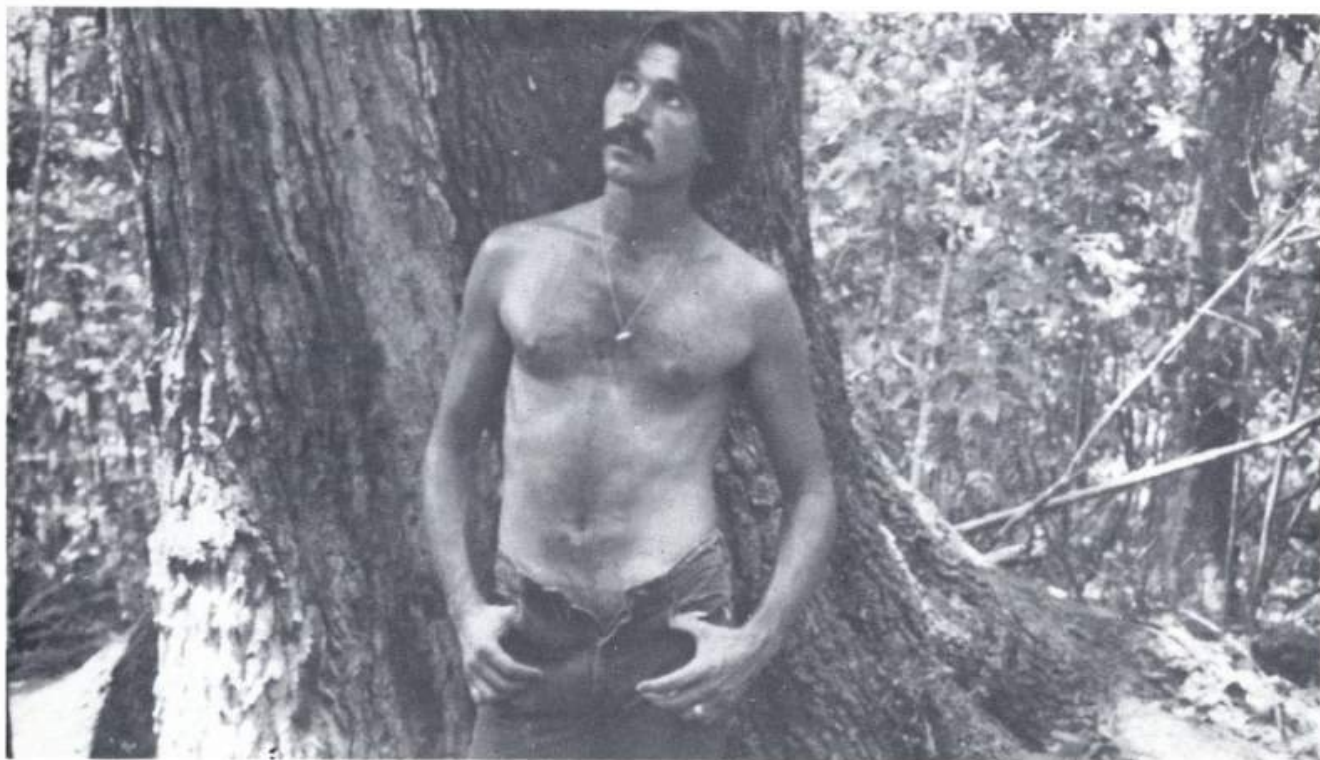
White Sounds, it's bound to have to make way for something new. When this happens, what do you predict will move in as the top sound?

"The latin sound is coming in strong. Even in New York. Songs with a latin beat like 'Rock the Boat' by the Hues Corporation, The Main Ingredient, and even Stevie Wonder's latest album, 'Inner Visions' is heavy with the latin Sound."

You've been with the Ambassadors III here in Miami Beach for about a year now. What is it you like most about the place?

"The sound system is the best south of New York and I'm able to work with complete freedom. Barry lets me have full run on whatever I feel is best and he lets me keep up with the crowd. As the night goes on, naturally the music gets funkier. People relax and enjoy themselves. To keep pace with the crowd he lets me drink and I can get high with them. Of course, I've seen some d.j.'s carry that a little too far and end up on a trip of their own and lose the crowd, but it's cool to be able to ride with the crowd — as long as you're careful."

We really appreciate you giving us your views, Doug. We've thoroughly enjoyed the discussion and feel sure our readers will enjoy learning more about the d.j. scene; as we did. The revolution you've carried to the south is sure to be one of the most pleasant occupations any community ever enjoyed.



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