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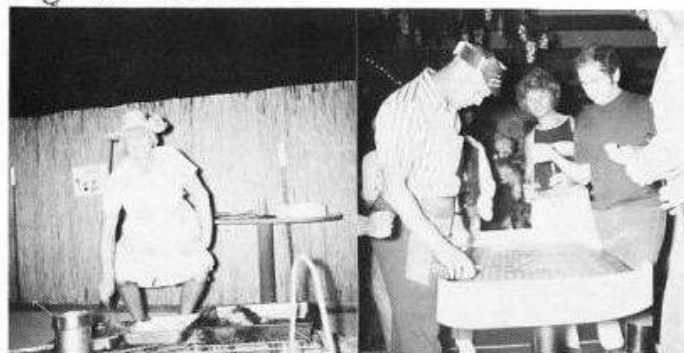
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GAYBOY ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

The first monthly Gayboy Achievement Award goes to JJ's Restaurant in Pomona, California. This award reflects their contributions to the Gay Community by their many special fund-raising events. All funds collected have gone to the non state supported Casa de Ninos Children's Home. Congratulations to JJ's. Keep up the good work!



If Shadows Could Talk...

By BRIAN MICHAELS

Michael stood at the corner letting his masculinity engrave an invitation in the shadows of the street light. A slight bulge just to the left of his zipper was his RSVP to whomever took note. This was his favorite corner. He could almost see a neon sign proclaiming it as his and warning all others to stay away. Many shaded night watchmen had made it clear to him that business was best at this corner.

As a teenager, he had been initiated into the fraternity of gay life that has no entrance requirements except willingness for sex. Since then this nineteen year old body had been touched in every detail, on every part, by anxious hands and drooling mouths many times. There was no part that was sacred now. For five, often everynight, years he had been a member of this perchance group of young men who made life miserable for the old ones who could not pay and competitive for the other hustlers who were not as well endowed or experienced as Mike.

A white Chevrolet slowed to turn the corner and its driver gazed through thick glasses to make quick up and down motions with his head to survey the merchandise that Michael so prominently displayed. Michael's game playing mood that night forced his eyebrows to furrow his forehead and give added highlights to his already boyishly chiseled face. He could look younger than he was and it was this that baited the trap for the dirty old men in their slow moving cars, with their fast moving eyes and their even quicker moving hands.

Mike overtly evaluated the balding, paunchy man in his mind as "yech." He had a grading scale for almost everyone he saw, especially those who might be a score. There was "cute" at the top. Then "nice," "ok," "yes," the undecided "hmm," "no," "I don't think so," and at the

bottom of the scale, "you've got to be kidding me."

Mike was not gay, at least he kept telling himself that. After all, he had never allowed anal intercourse and his had never been the aggressive one in fellatio. He had kissed another man once, or rather, had been kissed by, and in his mind there was a definite difference. Still he would often stop and wonder about his grading scale. That one category, "cute" would echo an almost frightening question in his mind. He quickly rationalized that some younger boys with fancy hairdos and exceptionally feminine characteristics could easily pass as females. With that reasoning, Mike returned to the task at hand.

A long shining yellow Buick slithered by. It was the second time he had seen that one this night. As was so often the case, the cars themselves took on personalities regardless of who was driving. It was as if each one could talk, could react as a human, not at the command of the driver, but on its own computer-like precision. The Buick looked good and it fit well into the grading system.

It was worth a try. But Mike always tried not to be the chaser, or even overly aggressive, just enough to let the score know his intentions. In the first place there was always the threat of the police and they had been active in the area recently. As one of his gay friends had put it, with a flourish to his voice. "A regular witch hunt, dearie!"

The fact of an arrest, or even conviction, would not have bothered Mike if it were not for the mental torture of being recognized by someone he knew. His being respected and liked was a most important emotion. At times, it strangely would cause him to do things he could hate in others. There was a difference in being labeled a hustler by a queer and in being stamped as one by the

public, and the police department in particular. Perhaps in the back of his mind there was a respect for the policemen in general. He would hate to be known to one of them.

And it wasn't just policemen, it was anyone in a situation where mutual respect was necessary or desired. He was even careful where he went when he was wearing these skin tight levi's. Once he had gone into a grocery store on Broadway to buy a pack of cigarettes. He struggled to get the change from his pocket. The young man at the counter had made a comment. Mike had run from the store without the cigarettes or even a glance back and even now walked on the opposite side of the street from the store.

"I hate these queers! That's why I hustle, to get everything I can from them, to make them pay for their way of life." He told himself this just as he told himself that he was "straight." It was necessary for Mike to talk to himself about these things, for he would never discuss them with anyone else. Even when he was with a score he was afraid to tell them his inner motivation. He was really unable to explain the real motivations. He was sensitive to the problems of those he met, and he really did not want to make them feel badly, but he was so at odds with his own emotions that he had to seek a facade.

The yellow Buick passed again, this time with more deliberation. Mike picked up the signal and began to walk down the tree columned side street, darkening from the already dim sky glowing from the city's lights. The buildings made multi-shutting doors that closed behind him as though he was being engulfed in his bed covers at night.

He pulled a comb from his hip pocket and in a shadow, ran it through the front of his hair. He was quite fond of these locks. He would

tenderly wash them, and do all that he could to keep them shining and every hair in place. But his whimsical personality would often reveal itself in front of these light brown smooth strands. And tonight, as usual, the comb brought these front tresses to a cocky, mussed slant across his forehead. He replaced the comb and shoved his hands half way, as far as they would go, into his front pockets.

His right-hand fingers felt that object that so often seemed as though it were not him, as though it were of remote control owned by him and at his command, but not attached. He stroked it, and brought about thoughts of previous shadowed nights not unlike this one. It began to unfurl and became more prominent as he walked under a street light. He took a quick look downward and smiled, "This should bring him around."

As expected, the yellow Buick's headlights glared their whiteness on Mike's light colored pants below his attractively "v-ed" torso, covered with a thin yellow shirt. The head on the driver rotated in a semi-circle mechanically and the brake lights seemed to coordinate themselves with each pull and release of Mike's leg muscles. Mike saw the car pick up speed and knew that he would be back. He continued walking amongst the criss-crossed patterns of the shadows that the leaves of small trees made on the concrete.

Two lisping, blond haired youths stood close to each other on the steps of one of the tall apartment buildings. Mike was glad he didn't have to follow their line of conversation. They would each debate how to tell the other that he was gay, and it would take quite awhile to make the point. This was such a waste of valuable time. He liked his own procedure. There was never any doubt.

The one area in which he excelled, the one area in which he was not a withdrawn child, was making the contact. He would simply state his objective and the rules of the game

and proceed from there. None of this, "nice weather we're having," stuff. The two boys would probably still be there when he got back from the yellow Buick. He smiled.

"Want a ride?" The words came out as though some anonymous bell had tolled them from the dark recesses of the car. Mike thought, "Oh, brother, is this character out of it!" The flattened face of the man sitting in the seat, appeared as though it were a mask being pulled back on his head by the wisps of lank hair. His open collared shirt revealed curls of heavy, dark, coarse looking hair. How Mike hated hair on anyone's chest, especially if he was going to be close to him throughout the night.

Mike played the game with a surprised, "Huh?"

"Do you want a ride?" The driver said nothing else, just stared at the objective, Mike's crotch.

With paralytic naivete, Mike answered, "Where to?"

"Oh, just around."

"I'm looking for money." Mike soon tired of the game.

He wasn't about to let all of that go into the hands of anyone without at least some compensation, preferably monetary. Mike kept his eyes to the ground, waiting for the man to offer or to ask how much.

"No! Not interested!" The headlights went on, the transmission engaged, and the yellow Buick backed out of the driveway. Mike walked on down the street.

A brief twinge of hunger led him away from the lisping boys and away from this minor defeat. "He was probably a sadist or something, anyway!" There hadn't been many misses like that. More often than not he found it necessary to make a choice between scores. And his successful marketable virility often encroached on his humility as it ballooned his pride.

Each pair of headlights on this warm summer night demanded an evaluation as he walked toward the red neon lighted restaurant to sink the woes of this deflating experience

in a greasy pattie of beef and filler. "A couple," "cop," "cute, but too young," "you've got to be kidding."

The little bell tinkled as Mike pushed open the dirt layered door with chipped paint, encasing smoke encrusted glass. He wrapped his legs around the stem of the half-padded stool and ordered the mis-named "burger deluxe." The thin red slab of meat sizzled on the grill, his Coke fizzled in the wide mouth glass and Mike read the greasy, dirty signs "WHEATCAKES AND COFFEE—40¢, T-BONE STEAK — \$3.95, WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSS OF PERSONAL PROPERTY." "Who cares? Or who, eating here, has any property worth losing, personal or not?"

His mind slithered off of this thought to a very real person standing outside the big, dirty window of the restaurant. His grey, thick, but short, hair matched heavy eyebrows and a darkened face on top of a long collared white shirt, neat tie, and well-tailored brown suit. He looked ready, but hesitant; at ease, but unsure. Mike could not force his attention to wander. "What was this guy's story?" "A score?" "Looks like money."

The hamburger, coke and fries went down between glances from the corner of his eye at the brown suited, grey haired, and a flash of diamond-ringed man who didn't look casual at all.

Mike snapped a dollar bill from his fist, took his change and turned only to pause. The limping cook mumbled, "Anything else, buddy?"

Mike stumbled out, "Uh, no." But he lied, he wanted to know what that man had in mind. Who was he? Why was he standing there? Was he waiting for Mike?

In Adonis fashion, careful footed, Mike led his light brown hair into the restaurant entryway and pulled the door closed behind him. Peripherally he scrutinized the man. Then the man reached for Mike. Mike froze.

In quick flashes of remembering, Mike's thoughts flashed through his

head, "No, this isn't right! He's supposed to look — drive by in his car — be conquered by the hustler. This is wrong, he's not supposed to attack."

But the attacker spoke, with a voice that sounded like he was pleading to Queen Elizabeth, "Pardon my young man. This is most embarrassing, but I must talk with you for just a moment. I do hope you'll not think me odd or something if I ask you but one question." The words came out in whole tones, each vowel like a hand reaching and not letting go. Mike had never heard anything like it, at least not on the street. He could not have been more entranced if the man had waved a hundred dollar bill at him.

"I saw you sitting there and I couldn't believe my eyes." The voice, in all of its unreality, continued, as he placed his hand more firmly on Mike's arm and tears welled in his eyes. "I was just returning to my car from getting this paper and I almost spoke out, 'Gene.' You see, you are the exact image of my son. You see, he was killed last year and something drives me to still look for him wherever I go. And never, until just a moment ago, have I ever found him. Suddenly there he was, sitting in this restaurant, eating that hamburger." He quickly turned his head away, "No, no, I can't think like that — you are not Gene. But, you are so much like him."

His head gradually resumed its upright position, but the eyelids still covered the pleading eyes, "Would you indulge an old man's fantasies for just a little while? Can we talk for just a few minutes?"

Mike was an engulfed being — as though his own long dead mother had been standing there.

The dignified, grey haired man waited to see if it would be necessary to provide further impetus. Mike could think of no reasonable excuse. "I don't know what to say." He ran his fingers through the back of his hair. They walked for about two blocks and several questions.

"You know, my son, you even

talk like Gene. The way you form your words, everything about you is so much like Gene. Your build, even the way you wear your clothes. I used to kid him about wearing those casual clothes so much. I used to tell him that people would think he came from parents who could not afford to clothe him properly. I knew it was important how people felt about him. And, yes, I admit, it was important to me too. I'll venture that you are much the same way."

The man was right. Mike was deeply concerned about how people felt about him. But before he had a chance to answer, they had reached the car. "Well, here is my car. I'll be happy to take you anywhere you want."

"I only live a few blocks from here."

The man's pleading, honest manner dismissed any thought of the shopper syndrome from Mike's mind, but he felt he should maintain at least some semblance of hesitancy.

"Please, just a few more minutes."

Mike agreed by putting his hand on the door handle.

"Thank you, my son, thank you," the man expressed as, for the first time, his eyes left Mike's face and darted to the tanned hand on the door handle.

They sank into the plush sea of green inside the elegant car and the monastery silence was broken by the man, "By the way, my name is Steve. What's yours, or should I just call you 'Gene?'" Mike didn't care. He only wanted to know more about this man, but especially about 'Gene' whom he so resembled. Never had anyone really been honest in telling him what he was like. And that was so much a need for him. Maybe if Steve talked Mike could discover how he was, what he was, or who he was . . . something about him. This was entertainment that he would love.

"Where do you live?" Steve's question pulled Mike from his hiding place near the door — safe from any encroaching demons that might

be lurking in the darkened recesses of the huge car.

Mike's bright blue eyes caught the spark of a streetlight. "I, uh, would really like to hear about . . ." for a brief, frightening moment, he had forgotten the son's name... "Gene."

"Oh, my son, you make me so happy. Well, why don't we go to my apartment?"

Mike jumped back to reality — "his apartment! Oh, God, I'm really not ready for this from him, not now, not after all he's said so far."

". . . so you can meet Gene's mother, Vivian, and his sister."

Too quickly, Mike replied, "Well, ok."

"Yes, I'll show you a picture of him, and even show you some of his clothes so you'll see what I mean by the identity that you two share."

Mike offered a mild excuse, "I'm really not dressed to meet anyone."

"Don't worry, my son, you'll look just like he would if he were coming through the door."

Steve expertly maneuvered the long car through the small side streets and slowed it near a driveway that led into a parking area next to an apartment building. The building was a tall and stately mansion which Mike imagined had spent its debut years entertaining wealthy clientele and important people. Its large stones seemed to hold up a world of charm, grace and beauty. "Come on," Steve urged. Mike opened the door and the humid air made the inside of the car almost frigid.

"Wonder what his wife is like? If she sees me as Gene, perhaps she will be like a mother to me. I've never had anything except a professional mother, at the orphanage. Already Steve is someone I could call 'Dad.' But if Gene's sister is there (I wonder how old?) she is likely to be more skeptical. It won't be as easy to gain her confidence unless she sees me as just another boy." Mike smiled at the thought. It had always been easy for him to play on the emotions of older people, but he let his looks smooth the way for him with those of his own age, especially

girls and gays.

"Don't you think so?"

"I, uh, I, er . . ."

"You haven't heard a thing I've said, have you? Now where has your handsome mind wandered off to? The building? Yes, it is impressive, isn't it."

"Good evening, Mr. Richmond." The tall doorman was a Negro; he could have been from some misplaced African tribe dressed in the gold braided maroon and purple uniform. He opened the door. Steve asked, "Has my wife come in yet?" The dark eyebrows of the black forehead lowered and the doorman answered, "Your wife? Uh, no sir, not yet, sir." The door fell closed behind them.

They walked the length of the hallway that pierced the open parlor as their bodies cast short, uninvolved shadows from the light of the sparkling fixtures on the walls and the brilliant chandelier of the ceiling.

A young man of about Mike's age stood with his arms folded so as not to reveal the extra large dark blue coat he was wearing with the smaller strands of gold braiding. His legs were crossed also, concealing the sagging dark blue trousers. He seemed so out of place standing, undignified, unlaced, against the elevator door.

"Now, Freddy, is that any way to greet a paying customer. Come now, let's give this place a little class."

Steve's kidding brought a smile to the sharply featured face of the young Freddy. But he had smiled before the end of the sentence . . . right after 'paying customer.'

Mike entered the small, but elegant, elevator and Freddy brought the doors closed and the three of them began to move upward toward who knew what.

"This young man is going to meet my wife and Gene's sister. I think he resembles Gene very much, almost like a twin. Not only in his looks, he even acts like Gene, and talks like him."

Freddy searched Mike for a rea-

son to say something in reply to Steve. He said nothing.

Mike continued to feel Freddy's eyes slip looks out of their corners. He felt open and almost naked.

The elevator glided to a stop and the doors slid open to reveal the carpeted and yellow papered hallway, lighted with dim, but sparkling, crystal lights attached to the walls.

"Thank you, Freddy."

"Good night all!" Freddy's comment stung Mike like a bullet through the back.

The cream colored door announced itself with a brass door knob. Steve opened it and reached inside to, magically, wave on lights. He motioned for Mike to enter.

"Come in, my son, come in."

The gold carpeting was like caramel pudding, sucking each footstep into every strand of its deep pile. Soft blue walls peeked out from behind mahogany bookcases. A brilliant white marble table spanned across the length of the draped windows and seemed to glow in the dimness.

Mike remembered cheap hotels with dark green plaster-spotted walls, narrow, hard, squeaky beds, and bare light bulbs hanging from frayed, black taped cords. He wiped his mind clear of the memories of splintered floors and doors with shafts of white light through jagged cracks. There had been nicer places than those, but none to equal this.

"Don't just stand there, my son. Make yourself comfortable."

Mike turned to face Steve and let his cheekbones and forehead catch the soft light.

Steve almost lost some of his composure as his eyes traced the handsome face, glowingly lighted as though it were ready to be encased in a timeless David statue. But he quickly came back with, "I didn't realize the apartment would affect you like this."

"Well, it's just so sharp." Mike's words darted like silver flashes from his eyes as they jumped from artifact to artifact.

"Oh, my son! That's exactly what

Gene said right after we first remodeled. 'Dad, it's so sharp!' See, my son, I told you that you were like him." Then he turned his head so that a tear glistened, like a silver jewel, in the corner of his wide eye.

Mike started to sit down on the couch that stretched far longer than any he had ever seen.

But Steve's words paralyzed his muscles in a half-standing position. "If you feel uncomfortable in those clothes, as you said earlier . . ." Mike had forgotten that he had said that, and it was this remarkable attention that forced Mike to continue to be enthralled by this man called Steve.

Steve continued, with the same dignity that was so prominent about this whole thing . . . "Perhaps you would like to put on some of Gene's clothes. And that way Vivian and Jennifer could see how much you really are like Gene, when they come home. They went to a dinner party. Should be home soon. Wait right here."

The muscles suddenly became flexible enough and Mike sat down. With his hands clasped together between his legs, he sat forward on the couch almost as if he were afraid his body would crush the soft silky cover of bright purple. His hair seemed darker away from the brightness of the lamp. His blue eyes stood out like sapphires set in a darkly tanned shield. His collar tugged as though his chin were being pulled into the pale colored shirt.

Steve entered the room and his coat opened to reveal the monogrammed pocket on his shirt, 'SLR.' In his large dark hands, covered with contrasting lighter hair, was a tape measure. Its yellow color and red numerals matched only Mike's shirt and otherwise was a gaudy screaming mistake to this room of elegance.

"Stand up here a minute."

His arms guided the thin strip of paper around Mike's chest and slipped it to his waist. Mike looked down to wonder, then to accept the thought that the man must be measuring to see if Gene's clothes would

fit. Steve spoke not a word, for that would have revealed a tremor in his voice and disclosed his guise. As if to take mental note of the measurements, Steve paused with the tape dangling from his fingers pinned near Mike's navel. Then the end of the tape met Steve's other hand and it was positioned on Mike's inner leg. It was appropriate enough, measuring the left side of Mike's body, below the waist, below even that.

Steve was on his knees as though he had been carved out of a hunk of stone in the floor. Suddenly his right hand attached itself to the back of Mike's leg, and his left hand no longer positioned the tape measure, but fumbled with the inner seams of the boy's trousers. Almost with a hunter's taste to bag his quarry, Steve's fingers flew to the snap that held Mike's light blue Levis close to his hips. Before Mike could understand what was happening, this most dignified of men, the husband of Vivian, the father of Jennifer and poor deceased Gene, had unzipped Mike and now his hand was rushing toward its target. It wrapped itself around the long thick object like a boa constrictor trying in the same vicious contraction to squeeze out and breathe in life. The short cut grey hair moved against the white of Mike's nakedness and the right hand had slipped itself under Mike's shirt and brushed across the valley of his back.

Now it did not matter what the voice said. "It's been so long, my son, it's been so long. I'm sorry that I couldn't wait until later, but I must have you."

Mike wanted to cry at the disappearance of a dream; he wanted to laugh at this man's naked commonness; he wanted to tear this dignified grey hair from its cranial vase; he wanted to lift up the double chin and spit in its face. He began to harden at the constant fondling and the rushing pressure of Steve's mouth. With a sharp jerk he brought his knee into Steve's chest and pushed his fingers into Steve's face. "You idiot, you bastard, you..."

His voice trailed off with an uncertainty that matched the expression on Steve's face. He lay there with his coat spread like a Batman cape slicing into one shoulder, slipping off of the other. His awkwardly crossed legs looked like a war casualty that no medic could splint.

Steve choked out, "Please, stay. I'll pay you, I'll pay you. Please stay just a little while — come on me, in me, I'll pay you — a lot . . . please!"

Now it was Mike's turn to be silent. He quickly pulled his pants together and snapped them shut and pulled his zipper in a finality that shouted, "NO!" to Steve still squirming and beginning to cry into the pudding-like carpeting.

Mike walked slowly, not running like he thought he would, but slowly to the cream colored door. He placed a shaking hand on the brass knob, turned it and pulled open the finely finished wooden slab. As though he were secretly escaping from a bank vault, he eased himself into the hallway. He didn't want to see anyone so he found the stairway hoping especially to avoid Freddy.

As he approached the bottom of the stairs and walked into the parlor, Freddy stood with arms folded and legs propped against the elevator door, "Man, you're fast."

Mike felt each word fall on him like a building being toppled by an angry earthquake. His walk to the door was like an eternity, as though he was digesting his last meal before being ushered into the gas chamber.

The tall Negro doorman opened the door to the summer air and Mike, with his head and eyes lowered to the ground, found the steps and the quickest path to the street.

The taller of the two lispig blonde boys looked over at Mike's invitation under the street lamp and slowly walked into the shadows of the trees and waited. Mike turned toward the shadows.

the end

LET'S BACK GAYBOY

We know what
the guys want...

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TOGETHER WE
CAN MAKE
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THE TALK
OF THE 70'S

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*proudly
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DARRELL

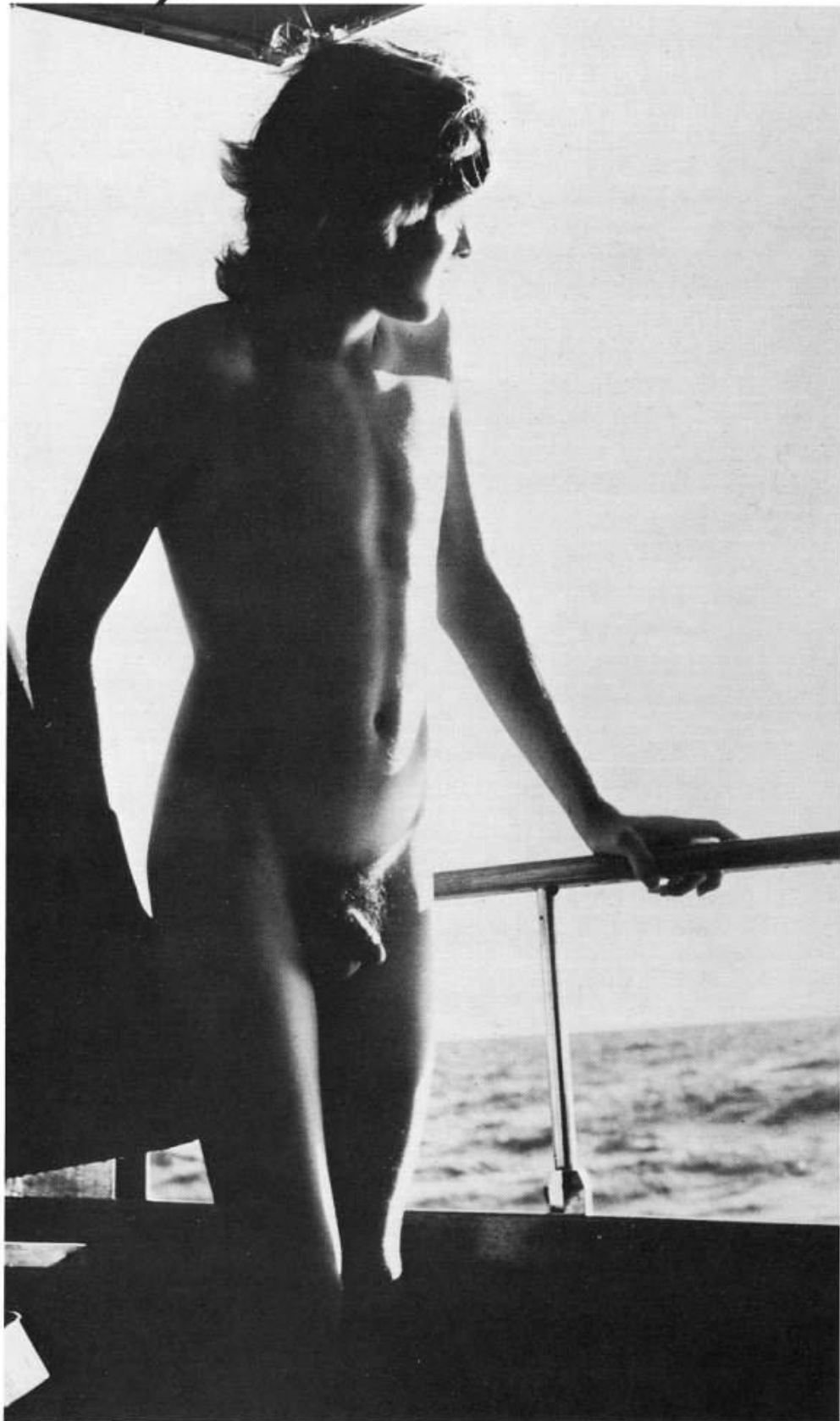
On any, bright, sunny day on the Island of Catalina, you may come across this handsome, smiling young man cruising through the crystal clear waters of Avalon Bay. For it was here that we first met Darrell and his father on their boat, and became interested in this fascinating young man's intriguing life style.

Darrell leads the kind of life most young men his age dream about. Not only does he live on a boat, he was even born on a boat! Having been reared around and aboard boats and the seafaring way of life, has given this exceptional young man a sense of freedom and independence others his age can only wish for.

Living on the sea has also taught him the responsibilities and duties that go along with that kind of independence. A serious student, (he maintains a strong 'B' average in school) Darrell voluntarily attends Summer School to broaden his knowledge of subjects he hasn't time for during the regular school year.

"Skipper" of his own boat at 15, Darrell is keenly aware of his responsibilities to his passengers and their expectations of him. He is always conscientious in fulfilling those expectations. "I like to have as good a time as anyone my age," he says, "but when you have passengers aboard, safety comes first. Fun and games happen after I drop anchor!"

Watching him steer his 'pride and joy,' across the blue Pacific, with the fresh, salt air blowing across his bow, we reflected on his open, sincere attitude and willingness to please. With such young men as Darrell at the helm we can have confidence that the course navigated by his generation will be both safe and enjoyable.



Gay Paradise IN THE SUN

Gay fun in the sun paradise in Palm Springs, Dave's Villa Caprice Country Club, once a private hacienda, now one of the oldest historic landmarks in Palm Springs, offers today's discriminating community a charming desert oasis resort in which to relax and play in the warm California sun.

The impressive air-conditioned Spanish adobe brick Clubhouse dominates more than five acres of lovely formal Italian cypress gardens featuring a torch-lit tiered fountain, large swimming pool, plus a jacuzzi therapeutic pool heated to 105°; plus a humidity free sauna. The pool area is equipped with sun deck chaise

lounge chairs for the sun lovers, and also elegant wrought iron umbrella tables and chairs.

The clubhouse office can also supply you with all sun tan lotions and are also the agent for AH MENS beach wear and all other accessories. The clubhouse also has available for you snacks and a hot sandwich bar



plus almost everything you need, without ever leaving the Villa.

Sheltered beneath stately rows of century old Persian date palms, Dave's Villa Caprice reflects an early masculine missionary influence from old Mexico with its distinctive hand-hewn wooden beams, and natural stone fireplace, forged iron chandeliers, grand piano, library, reading lounge, checkers, chess, and card table. You will also find a comfortable carpeted color TV lounge of restful

friendly atmosphere.

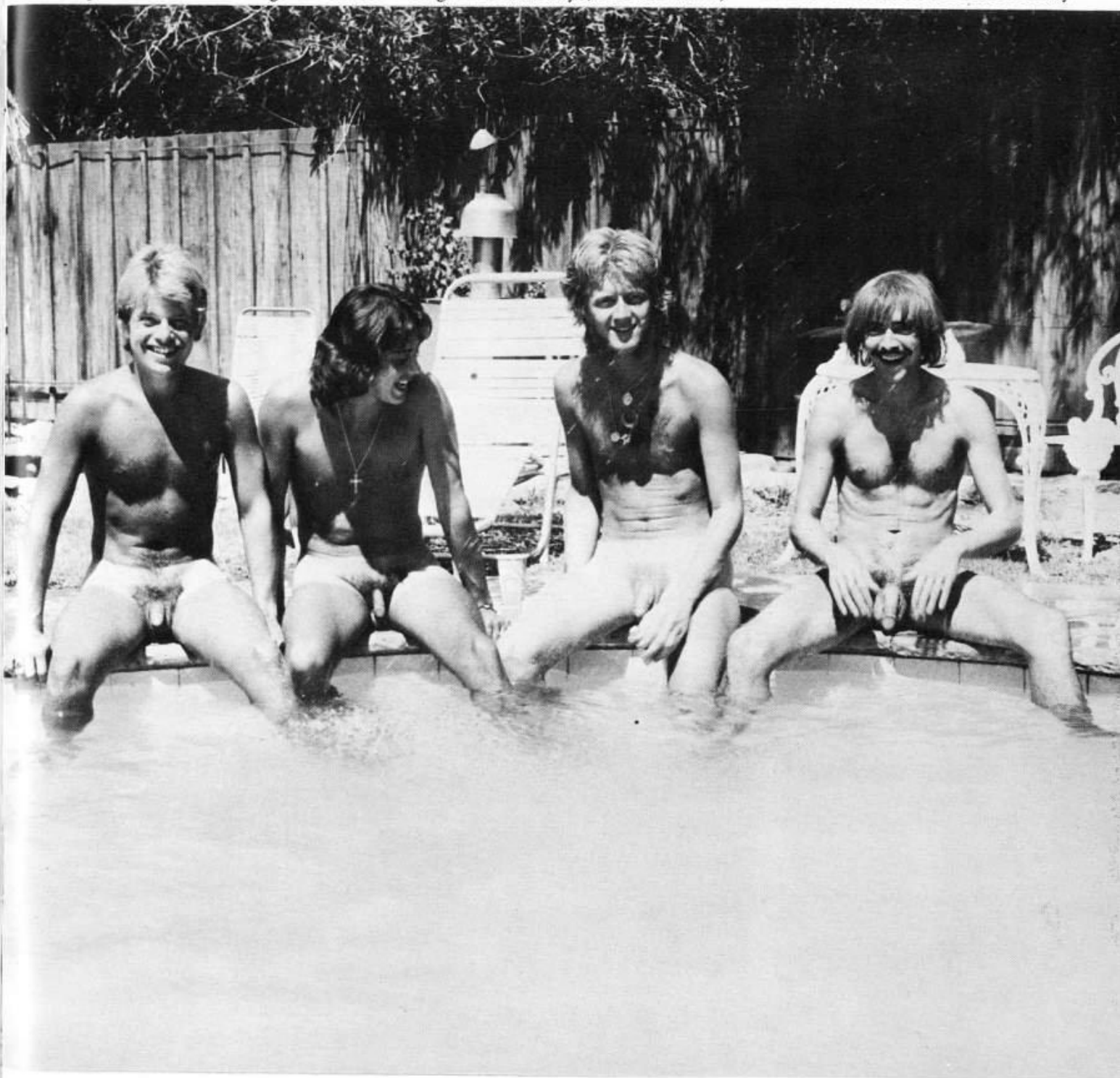
Outdoor games include shuffleboard, ping pong, lawn croquet, badminton, and volleyball. On the patio you will find the pool table and also a barbecue pit for your own use.

Every cottage is an inviting studio apartment complete with pullman kitchenettes by day, and a charming bedroom by night. Your rooms open through double French doors to garden walkways, and the warm,

crystal desert sky.

The Clubhouse grounds are protected by electronically controlled drive through gates, monitored on closed circuit TV. You can enjoy all the privacy you desire.

At Dave's Villa Caprice you are also within walking distance to all the Gay bars that are located in this area. The bars include the Party Room, Queen's Attic, Dorothy Arnold's, and the excellent food of the Tenderloin steak house. But Dorothy



Arnold's is a bad scene. Owned by straight people, rude, and socially unacceptable to Gay people.

While at Dave's, you will be happy to note the attention shown you by General Manager Curt Harper, and his very attentive staff, also the very best in the country, the masseur, Jesse. No matter what your needs may be you can be sure that Curt's staff will do anything in the world to be sure your stay will be one you will talk about for years to come.

Many impromptu steak frys and barbecues, add zest to newly made friendships at this paradise in the sun. While all units are very well equipped with kitchenettes, the outdoor barbecues, and get together cookouts are the most fun. Dave's Villa Caprice Country Club is more than just a motel or Spa, it is the only real Gay paradise in the world, where you can let your hair down, and get away from the whole world in this tropical desert paradise. Be

sure that you make your reservations in advance at Dave's, as all weekends are usually booked at full capacity, even the weekdays are jumping. So don't be disappointed, phone ahead.

Gayboy





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TO U.S. 60

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VILLA CAPRICE COUNTRY CLUB

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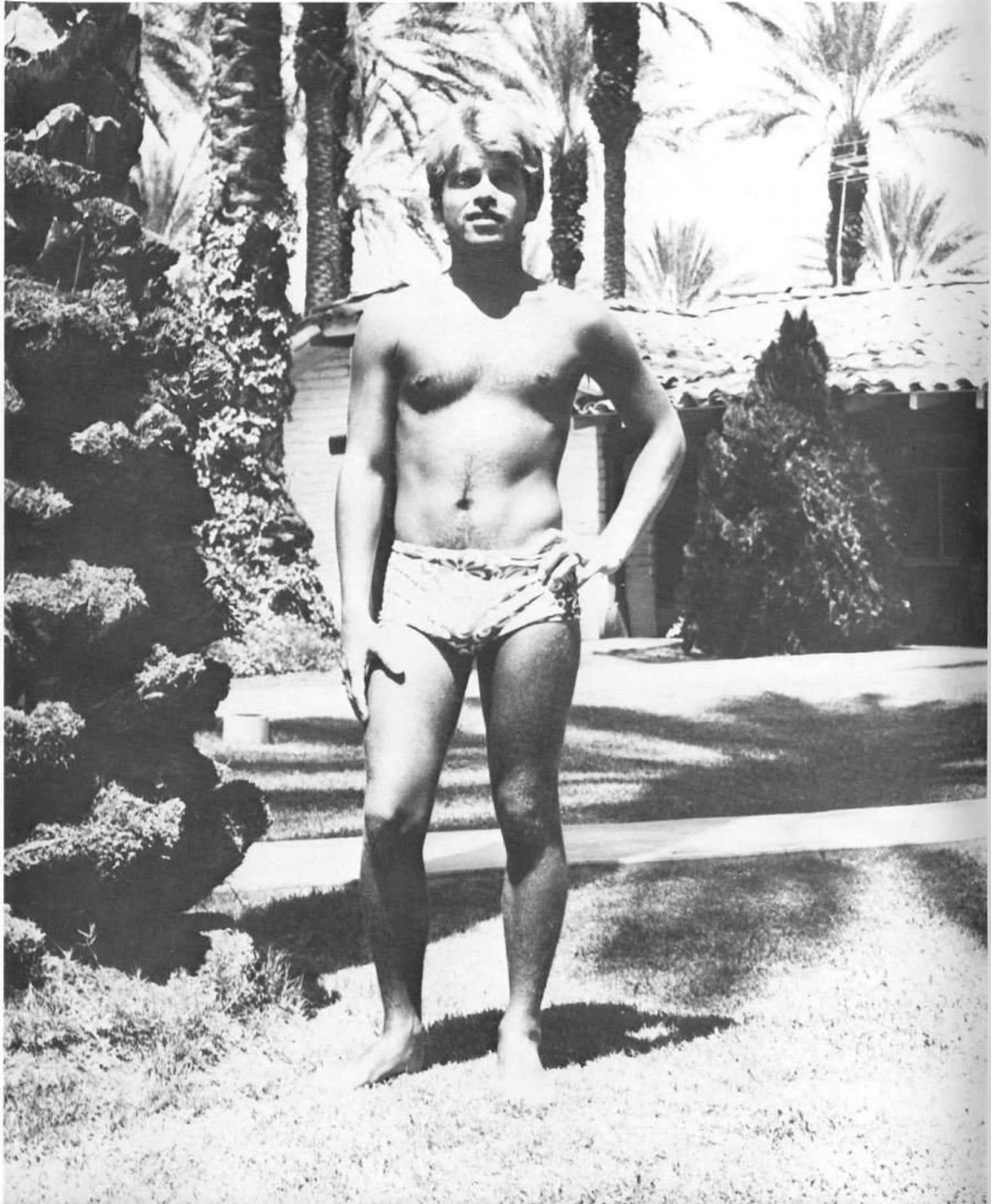


714/328-2018
RESERVATIONS





Gayboy's Gaymate of the Month







THIS IS.... *Strictly*
....OFF THE RECORD

MAURICE & LA MONTE

Pantomimists of Note!







MAURICE & LA MONTE

While staying at Dave's Villa Caprice during our recent visit to Palm Springs, we took advantage of the opportunity to see and enjoy one of the most entertaining night club performances we have ever encountered. The show presented at the Queen's Attic was done with great wit, good humor and good taste. Maurice and La Monte, the comedy team that kept us laughing into side aches for more than an hour, were a genuine pleasure to experience, and we returned many times to see their show while they were in Palm Springs.

It would be easy perhaps to write Maurice and La Monte off as two exceptionally funny drag queens. This, however, would not do justice to a team that is as professional as any performers in the entertainment world. Maurice and La Monte are, in







fact, pantomimists. They perform their hilarious antics dressed in tuxedos and without the usual "drag queen" necessities of high heels and uplift bras. An obviously expensive and well-designed wardrobe of costumes is used by this devastating duo during their shows. The costumes ranged from props for pantomimes of Judy Canova, Cass Daly, and Judy Garland on down to Dracula and many, many others. Nor is the entire show done in pantomime. Maurice and La Monte, with consummate skill, vary the pace and tempo of their performance with live comedy sketches and routines that kept us laughing throughout the show.

The type of smooth professional-

ism which Maurice and La Monte display in their nightclub show is not the kind gained overnight, but comes from long years of experience.

They have been performing together for more than twenty years which gives them the kind of rapport necessary for a really great comedy team. Maurice and La Monte were the first female impersonators to ever appear on stage in Hollywood. Over the span of their career together, they have also performed in almost every state in the country along with having appeared with some of the biggest names in show business. Names such as Judy Garland, Judy Canova and Cass Daly, people of whom they now do panto-

Continue on page 46

ACAPULCO

Classics





mercy mary!



Did you hear about the nervous queen that hijacked a 747 and demanded a ransom of one million *parachutes* and *two* dollars!

Two queens were walking down Hollywood Blvd. and spied a big German Shepard lying on a corner licking himself, in the way that dogs often do, "Mercy, Mary!" said one queen, "I sure wish I could do that."

"Well, go ahead, my dear," said the other, "he looks like a friendly dog!"



WESTHEIMER NEWS

1020 Westheimer
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Magazines, novels, and the
hottest movies in town!



MARY'S LOUNGE

1022 WESTHIEMER, HOUSTON

Beer — Wine — Sandwiches — Snacks

Houston's Friendly Bar
"Home of the Sympathetic
Bartenders"



TRIPPIN WITH TROY

While driving to the Valley Station of the Palm Springs Aerial Tram, we were impressed and somewhat awed by the austere beauty of the surrounding desert terrain. Encircled by mountains that have the appearance of centuries of patient sculpturing by the tireless hand of Nature, the desert lay peaceful and quiet below.

When we arrived at the Valley Station of the Tramway we were struck by the overwhelming presence of Mt. San Jacinto when viewed from such a close proximity. Even though the Valley Station is located at the 2,600 foot level, it seemed nothing compared to the 8,500 foot elevation of the Mountain Station which was our destination.

Although we were guests for the tram ride, the posted fare of \$3.25 round-trip didn't seem very expensive, especially for the exciting trip we were anticipating. There are two cars on the tramway, each 80 passenger carriers, moving opposite directions over the eastern slopes of Mt. San Jacinto. We settled into our seats and then we were off on our journey on one of the world's most spectacular aerial rides. As the hot silence of the desert floor receded behind us we ascended into the vast coolness of the crisp mountain air. Half way through our 2½ mile trip to the Mountain Station we passed the other car of the Tramway, gliding gently down to the warm sands we had just left. Moving ever upward, with visions of Swiss chalets and Alpine gorges in our minds we arrived at the mountaintop terminus of the Aerial Tramway.

As it turned out, we were not to be disappointed in our Alpine visions, for as we stepped from the tram we were greeted by a snow covered wonderworld of breathtaking beauty. Thinking of the warm dryness which we had left but a few minutes earlier, the change seemed





almost miraculous. A five minute walk from the Mountain Station, over a concrete trail, brought us to the snowy recreation area of Long Valley. Here we could rent ski equipment or enjoy many of the winter sports impossible just a short distance below us. Indeed, had we wished to we could have camped out overnight in this mountain paradise. There are campsites available at two nearby wilderness forests. One of these, Mt. San Jacinto State Park affords spectacular views of the Coachella Valley far below and has all the facilities to make camping comfortable.

After enjoying the view and the forest we sat down by one of the ranger stations. There we were greeted by an unofficial member of the forest welcoming committee. He sat on the railing and curiously examined us for a long while and then,

apparently satisfied that we were some sort of friendly, though featherless, cousins flew over to sit and chat. An owl's talons, however, can be very painful and an owl flying in your face can scare you to death. We hastily declined his offer to sit and talk for a while and moved on down the trail.

We needed only to have that chalet of our imagination to make our Alpine dream complete and we were not to be disappointed. Nestled like an eagle's nest high above the desert was the lodge at the top of the Aerial Tramway. It is even called the Alpine Restaurant which completely colored in our image. This lofty retreat is presided over by Mr. Jerry Williamson, the general manager, and a more gracious and congenial host would be difficult to find.

Jerry showed us through the restaurant and the beautiful appoint-

ments and decoration were a visual delight. There is an outside dining area named the Alpine Patio where we could and did "dine in the sky." Here there was an eagle's-eye view of the Coachella Valley, the Salton Sea, Nevada, Arizona and Mexico.

The truth of the statement, "Time flies when you're having fun" was never more evident than when we discovered the 7:30 p.m. departure time for the last descending tram was almost upon us. After a brief but enjoyable stop at the gift shop we reluctantly boarded the tramway, not wanting to leave the magnificence of our mountaintop Alpine dream. Gliding gently down the slopes on the humming cables we were still able to enjoy the panoramic vistas of the desert as it slowly rose to meet us and soon we were once again surrounded by the warm quiet of the moving sands.





NUDE SUNBATHING IS LEGAL!



A recent California Supreme Court decision held that sunbathing in the nude cannot be construed as "indecent exposure," and so, here we go. Now that it's safe we'll tell you all about the best places on the beach. We made a recent field trip in order that we might report to you not only in words, but with pictures, of the many beach areas available for the lovers of "fun in the sun."

Heading down toward San Diego way, we came upon Torrey Pines State Beach at La Jolla. If you enter the beach at the State Park entrance, you will find yourself walking south down the beach a couple of miles before you come upon many nude swimmers. It is not until after you've passed the last place where the life guard jeep can travel, that the fun begins.

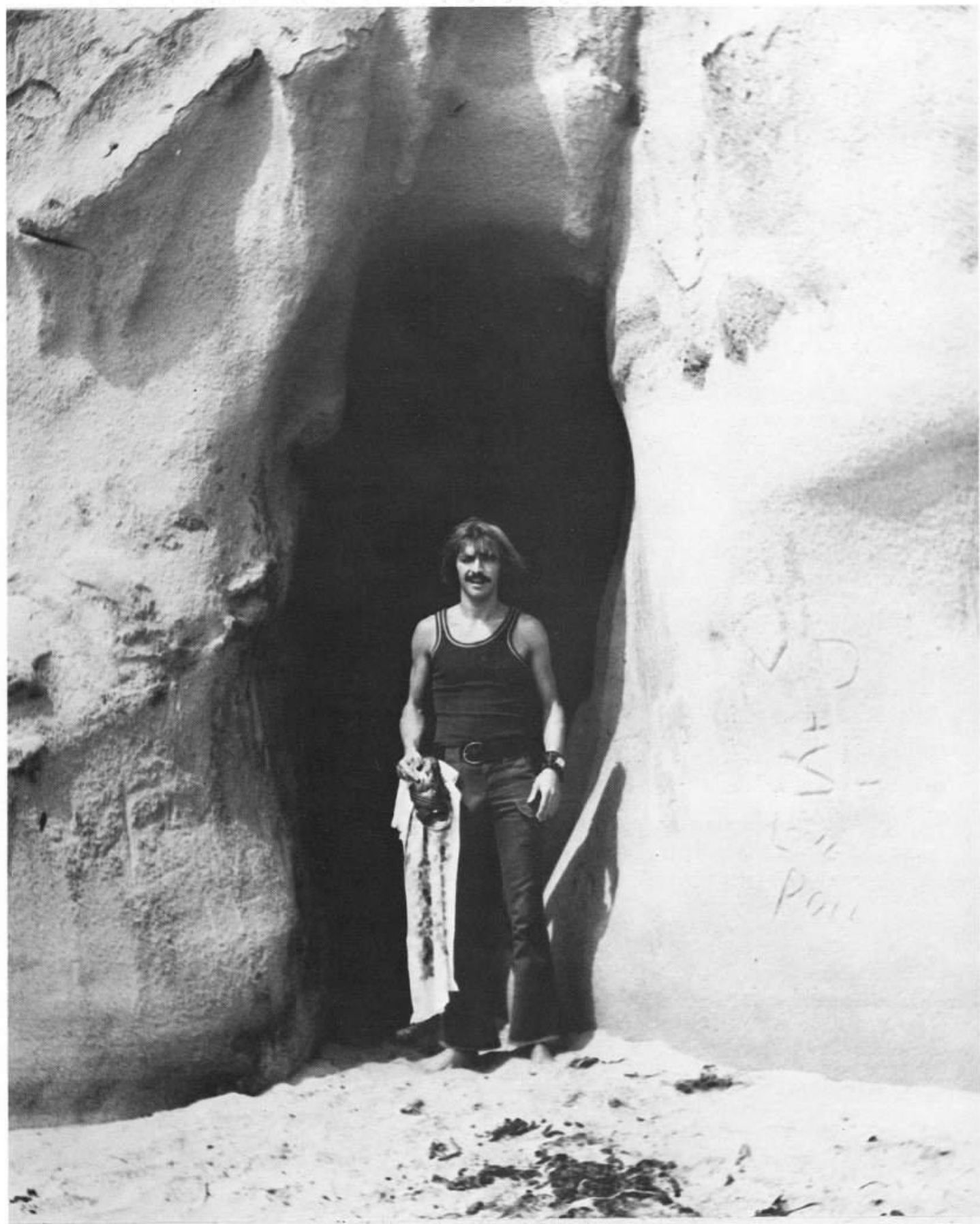
Most of the sunbathers in this area are Gay, and range in age from fourteen on up. The beach is protected by cliffs of rock formations with the beauty and splendor of a movie set.

We were lucky to have as our guide a beautiful boy named Little Joe, and we must say he took fine care of our group. Little Joe saved us from a giant seal (that was lying dead on the beach), and Little Joe guided us around the monster and to safety. Joe then showed us his very own dressing room, a small cave on the beach . . . not that you need a dressing room, but for the modest, it does give a sense of security.

We then came upon many nude bathers along the beach; however, the sight of a camera sometimes frightens people, and such was the case with a very muscular father and son we met as we walked along. They were happy to pose for our camera in swim suits, but did not resume their nude swimming until we were far out of sight. It was a very interesting day, and we then set out for L.A., and a trip to Zuma Beach. At Zuma we found a little different situation, as most nude bathing was very mixed, yet the Gays seemed to outnumber the straights, but most of all, no one ever got out of line, and everybody got along, Gay and straight.



GAYBOY





Gay Sunset Beach

In the Gay Glossary of great gathering places around the globe, there are resorts which have gained justly deserved international reputations for groovy times. Spas such as Provincetown, Rhode Island ('P'town' to those who frequent this East Coast Mecca); Fire Island, New York; and San Juan, Puerto Rico.

In our travels to and between such citadels of sensuality, we try to inform our readers of any new areas and locations which we feel will provide the same kind of free-wheeling fun and enjoyment. We are proud to announce that we have discovered just such a spot on the beautiful Pacific coast of California. Destined to become one of the "greats" in the, "Gay Hall of Fame," Sunset Beach sits astride Pacific Coast Highway and presides over some of the best beaches on the West Coast. Located between Long Beach and Huntington Beach, Sunset Beach has the small seaside resort atmosphere made to order for fantastic sunning, surfing, and sex.

Without the burden of the self-conscious "Bohemianism," of Laguna Beach or the staring, "straight" tourists of Santa Monica, Sunset Beach provides a coast-line aswarm with hordes of sun-tanned, hard-bodied youths, "doing their thing" on the sand and in the surf. With a backdrop of Cape Cod-like cottages built right on the sand, it's very easy

to become acquainted with these amiable, out-going and eager young guys.

When the sun, (too soon, as always) drops into the Pacific, this scintillation seaside spa blooms into a night-life such as we have seldom seen in a spot this size. Sunset Beach boasts not one, but three Gay bars all of which, the possibilities are wide-open and the action unlimited.

The longest established of these worthy "watering spots," is the, Buoy Shed, located, (as are they all) on Pacific Coast Highway. Laying claim to the distinction of being the first dancing bar in Orange County, the Buoy Shed carries on in the innovative tradition established when, as Cap's Hut, what is now the Buoy Shed was the only Gay bar in Sunset Beach. Nor have they lost any of the warm, friendly atmosphere which has always marked this groovy bar. With after-hours on the weekends the Buoy Shed is also open later than the other bars on the beach.

Right next door, across the mutually-shared parking lot, is the more recent, but equally well-established bar, The Stables. Decorated in a rustic style appropriate to its name, The Stables also has a juke-box stocked with the kind of music that will make you want to "keep on truckin'," all night. The Stables can be classified as *busy* to *packed* almost any given night of the week.

Most of the clientele are guys who dig dancing and therefore are friendly and *very* approachable. The pungent aroma of *aphrodesia*, (frequently heard to go "pop") is sometimes noticed to be *enriching the air* at this boogie'n bistro.

A short distance south of these two excellent bars is the third "trippin'" tavern in town. Crowned with the bewitching name of Broom Hilda's, you are guaranteed to be "spell-bound" by this bubbling cauldron of fun. From the go-go boys who appear nightly to cast there torso-twisting trance, to the eerily black-lighted, black-walled hallway, where you are encouraged to write on the walls in fluorescent colors, (it's like a national telephone directory!), Broom Hilda's is definitely an "outta sight" place to spend an evening. With the groovy crowd that's in attendance there you'll probably end up casting a magic spell or two of your own.

With all the diverse entertainment possibilities available for Gays in Sunset Beach, it has all the potential for acquiring the same kind of international reputation which the previously mentioned Gay resort towns now enjoy. We at GAYBOY are eagerly looking forward to the rapidly approaching time when Sunset Beach will be spoken of in the same breath with Fire Island and San Juan as "great places for Gay to play."

BROOM HILDA'S

GO GO BOYS
NIGHTLY!

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Sunset Beach, Calif.

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(714) 846-1617

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COME PLAY
WITH US!

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Sunset Beach, Calif.

592-1708

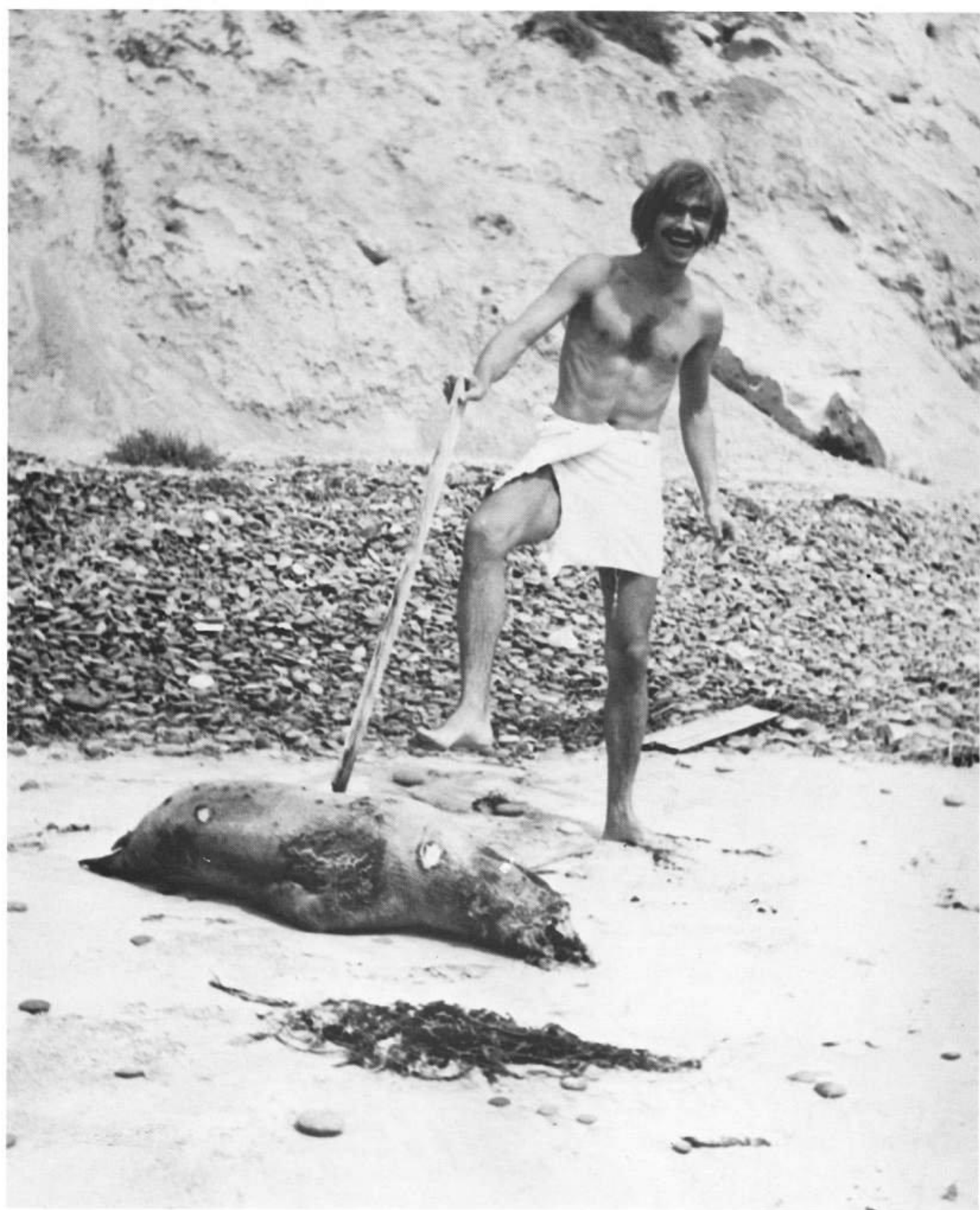
• DANCING •

BUOY SHED

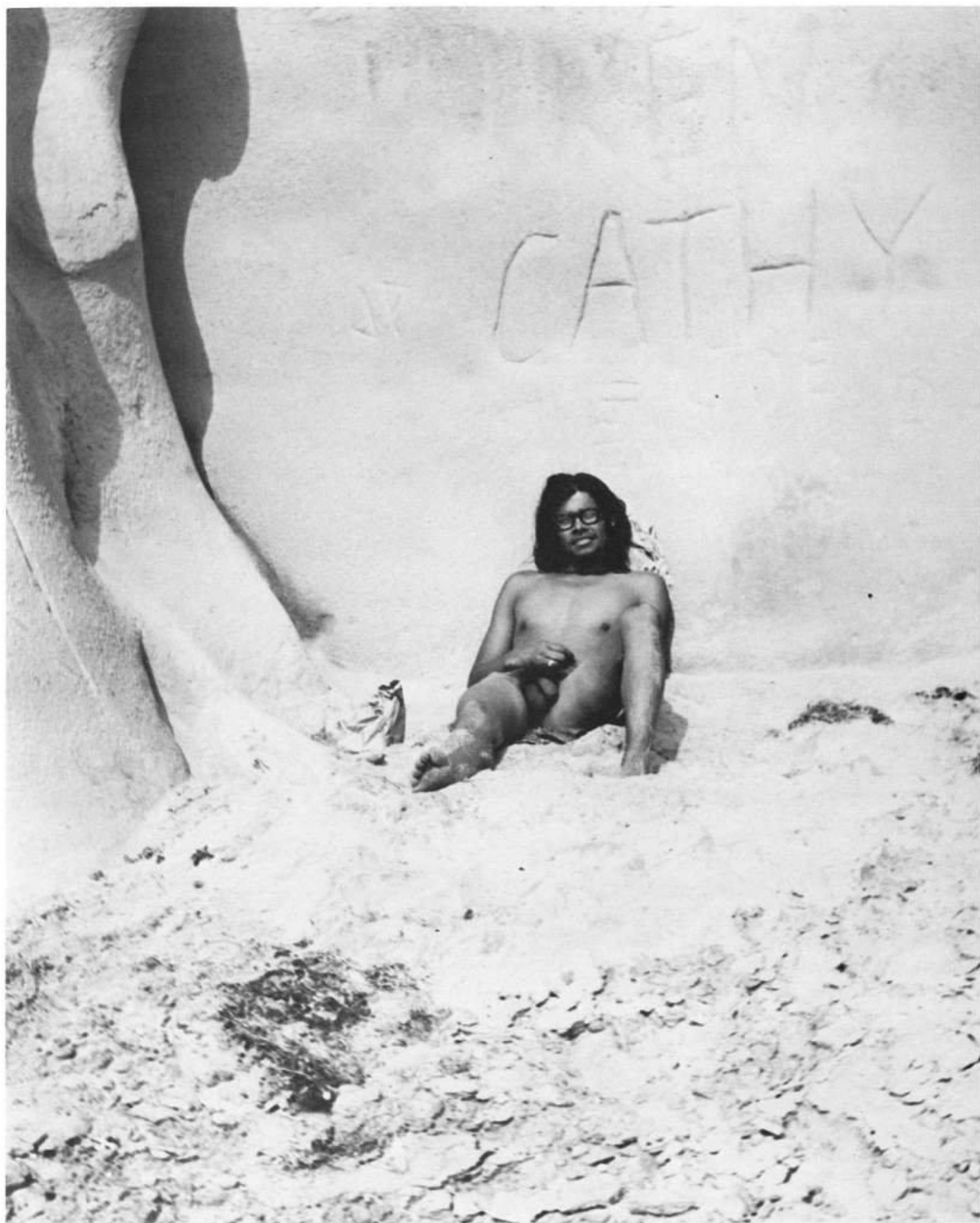
FIRST DANCE BAR
IN
ORANGE COUNTY!

16595 Pacific Coast
Sunset Beach, Calif.

592-9107







ZUMA BEACH

In a world which is becoming crowded with various "liberation" movements: Womens Lib, Gay Lib, Black Lib, and on and on ad infinitum, it is refreshing to find a place where "people liberation" is the order of the day. What is "people liberation?" It doesn't have a national headquarters in Washington, D.C. and you won't see it in the newspaper headlines; it is people quietly going about liberating themselves and friends from the tyranny of clothes. Without clothes to hide behind, it is amazing how genuine, honest and friendly people become. At Zuma Beach, California we had the opportunity to experience and enjoy these "liberated" people.

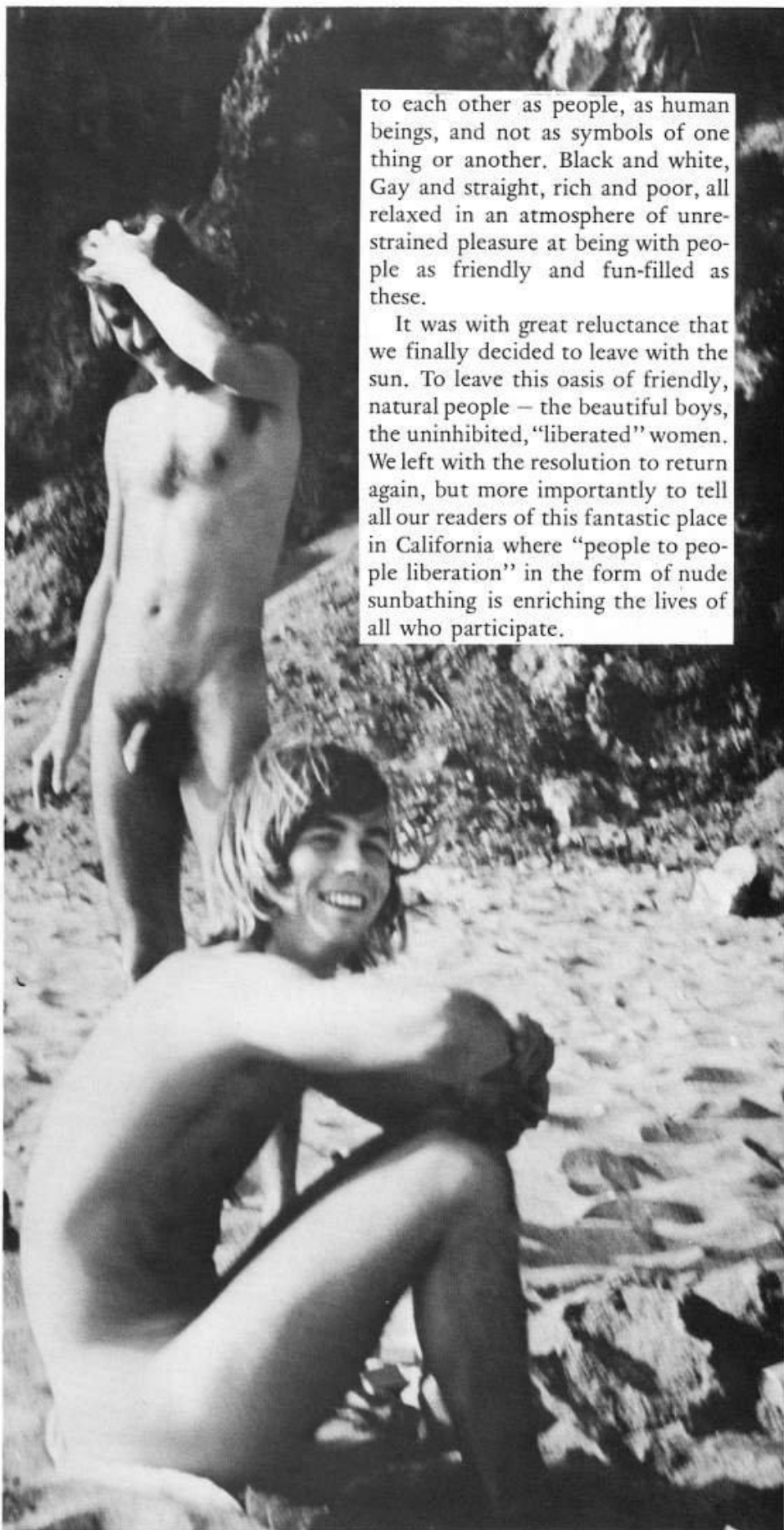
Driving north from Santa Monica we cruised up Pacific Coast Highway through Malibu and turned right at the sign titled, Zuma Beach Park. The road curves under the highway to the toll gate leading to the beach parking. The fifty cent charge is one of the best investments in pleasure you'll ever make. Taking a sharp left turn just inside the gate we drove to the extreme southern end of the beach parking near Point Dume. The scenery, both human and natural, all along our route was outstanding and at times, head-turning!

Climbing over the point of rocks which forms the northern boundary of the "nude" beach, we glazed down upon an oasis of freedom from the restrictions and inhibitions of clothes. Bordered by high cliffs at the back and the Pacific in front, the beach lay aswarm with beautifully naked and uninhibited people.

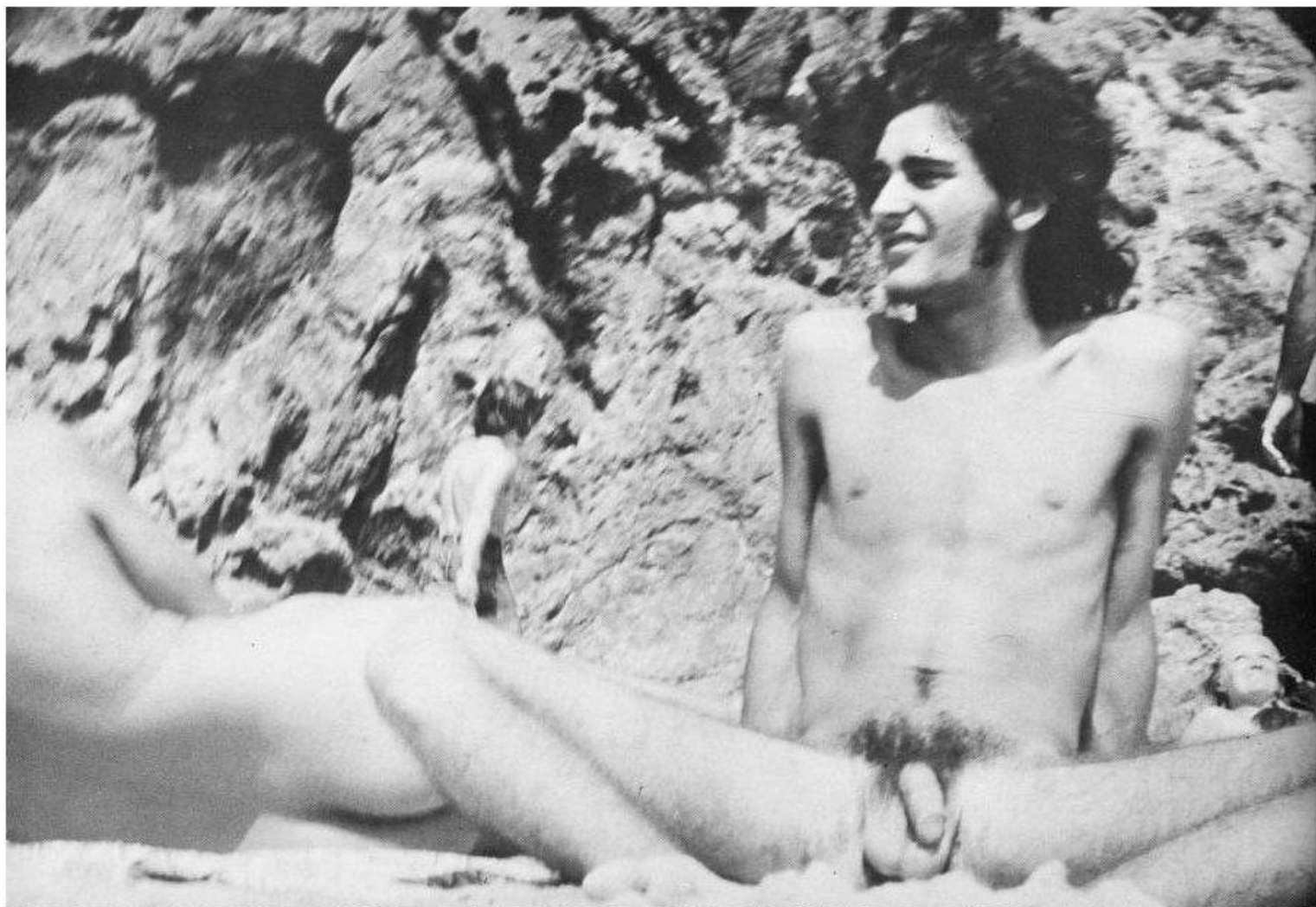
Although the beach crowd is mixed, both Gay and straight, we found that these kinds of distinctions disappeared along with our clothes. Someone had brought a stereo, someone else wine and we had beer to offer for what turned into one of the most enjoyable beach parties we have experienced. All of us, strangers to the others, simply "turned on"

to each other as people, as human beings, and not as symbols of one thing or another. Black and white, Gay and straight, rich and poor, all relaxed in an atmosphere of unrestrained pleasure at being with people as friendly and fun-filled as these.

It was with great reluctance that we finally decided to leave with the sun. To leave this oasis of friendly, natural people — the beautiful boys, the uninhibited, "liberated" women. We left with the resolution to return again, but more importantly to tell all our readers of this fantastic place in California where "people to people liberation" in the form of nude sunbathing is enriching the lives of all who participate.









Nite Life this month will take us to some very interesting fun spots, many of them new to Gayboy readers. Our first stop was at the remarkable JJ's in Pomona, California. JJ's, unlike most Gay bars around the country that hide behind a very dimly lighted sign and fifteen watt bulbs, has no doubt the largest and the most attractive lounge of any club of bar that we have had the pleasure of visiting.

Driving down West Holt in Pomona, you can't possibly miss this outstanding nite spot. A year-round party house, JJ's offers fine dinners, cocktail lounge, lots of friendly people, and is hosted by the most terrific personalities we have ever come in contact with. There is something always in the making for every month of the year. Decorated in the most elegant taste possible, but with a friendly atmosphere that would be hard to equal.

Now in the making at JJ's is a back-yard stage, and miniature theater that will offer the finest in shows. This is one spot you must put on your list of places to see in Southern California.

On down into L.A. and what's fast becoming the Gay Whiteway, USA. That, of course, is Ventura Boulevard. There we had dinner at the fastest growing showbar in the Valley . . . the C'est La Vie. It is one of the few showbars where you can enjoy excellent dining, and catch a really good show anytime you go there. Your hosts George and Buddy will certainly make your stay a fun one. They have shows nightly except Monday, and you will have a great time.

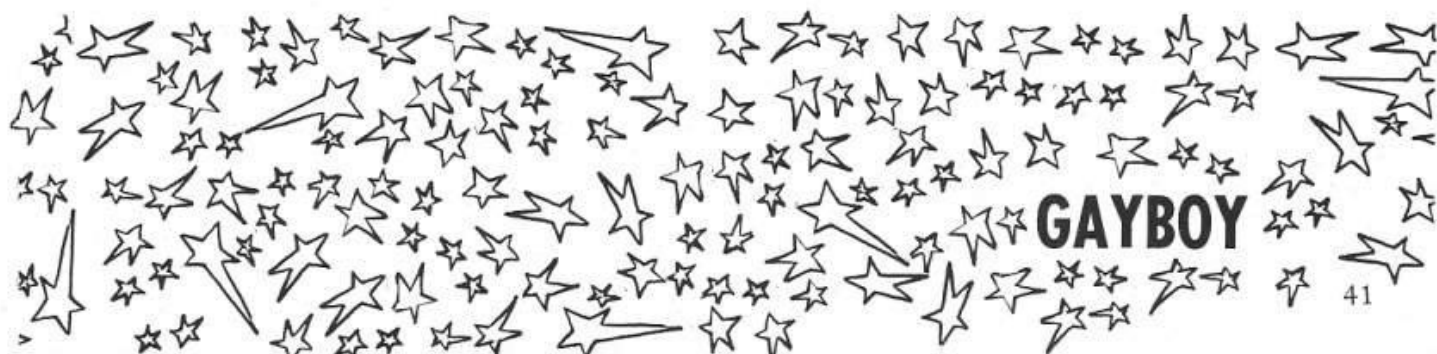
Also on Ventura Blvd. there are some spots that have forgotten that it was the Gay people who made it possible for them to succeed. One such place is the Vali Haus, which has expanded into a cute little shopping center, but with all their new

lustre they seem to have lost the friendly congeniality which characterized them in the past. We cannot say enough for this excellent place, but they might take a look around them, and at some of their employees. A better approach is certainly in order.

The show on up the street at the famous Queen Mary was great as usual — now with new lighting, larger stage, and many more new production numbers, plus the addition of the new Kings Alley, a small bar in the rear for the fellows who like to get away and hide. We could spend an entire month on Ventura Blvd. and still not be able to report all the fine spots to hit, but we try to suggest the most fun spots for your enjoyment.

Back in Hollywood, the Bitter End West is still going great guns. And for the lovers of beautiful young bods, Gino's is once again open on Melrose, for after-hours only, and open to guys eighteen and over. A real groovy spot . . .

Over in Houston, Texas, things are about the same. Mary's Lounge, still the most fun bar, day or night, has the addition of a new book store and arcade next door . . . that being Westheimer News. The Storybook is still going strong on West Alabama, with 24 hours of fun. Downtown Houston you will find Aunt Pitty Pats a great spot . . . just around the corner from Jay Bird News. The Hi Kamp Klub has made changes, and now has become a great dance bar. Big things are soon to happen in Houston, with the introduction of Joe Anthony's new Gayboy Country Club, due to open in December. The complex will house a complete health spa with swimming, jacuzzi, and sauna. Along with this more-than-complete complex will be a showbar and dinner club, so be sure to watch for the opening.



YOUR TRAINING PROBLEMS ANSWERED



These exercises should give you some really sexy broad shoulders in a short time! What's more masculine than a pair of broad shoulders? Try these three exercises for two months.

The One Arm Bent Over Rowing

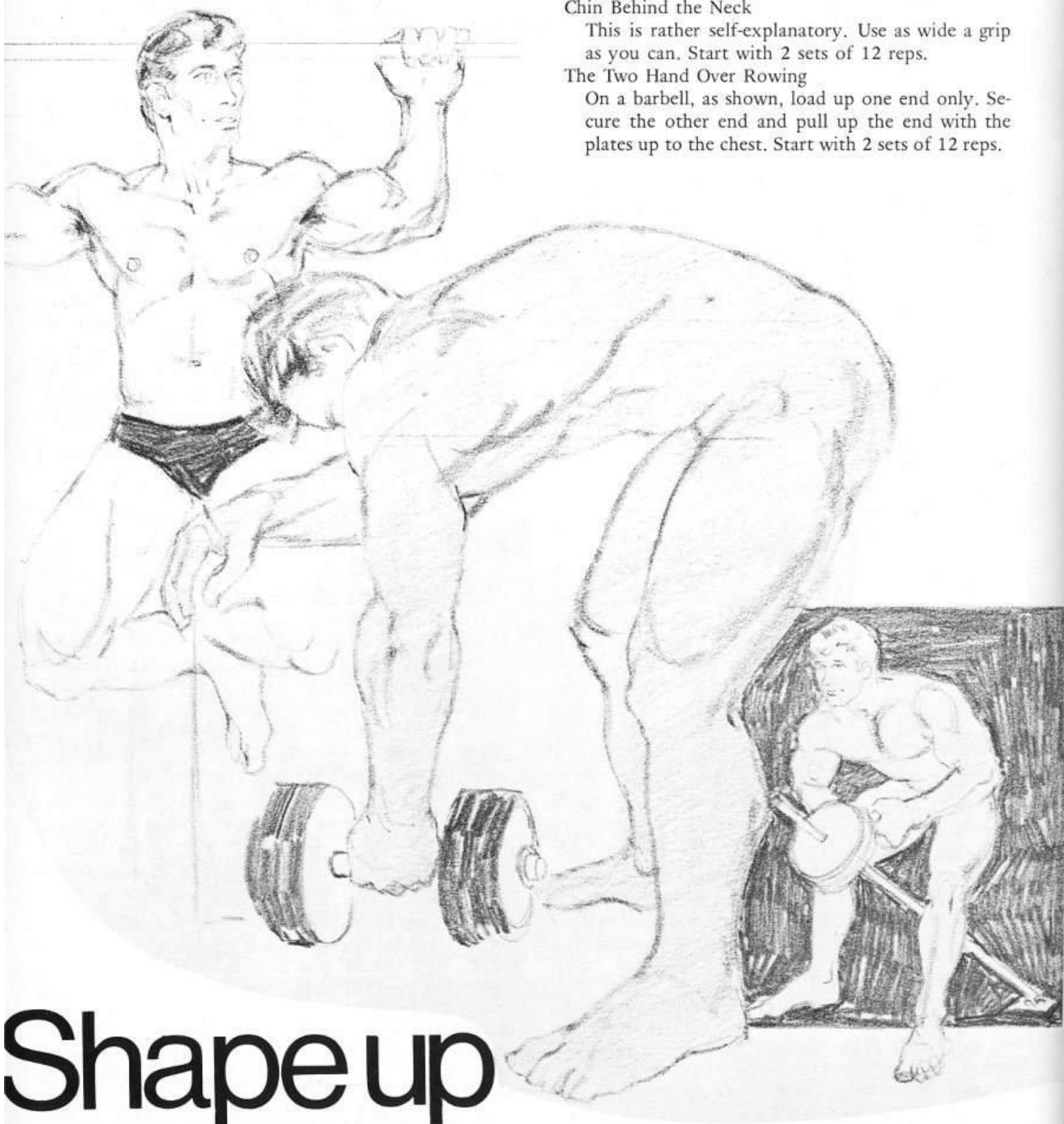
Bend over and pull up a dumbbell in a rowing motion. Exercise the right arm then the left. Start with two sets of 12 reps. and work up to 4 sets.

Chin Behind the Neck

This is rather self-explanatory. Use as wide a grip as you can. Start with 2 sets of 12 reps.

The Two Hand Over Rowing

On a barbell, as shown, load up one end only. Secure the other end and pull up the end with the plates up to the chest. Start with 2 sets of 12 reps.



Shape up



MALE BOX

LET US HEAR FROM YOU



It's your box use it!

Dear Gayboy:

I guess I am only one of many, but I spent all my savings for the past year to join the caravan to Miami and I feel that it was in vain, we lost. What now?

Bob Cook
Los Angeles

Dear Bob,

You did not lose, nor did the Gay people of our nation. What you and many other of the thousands of Gays did in Miami at the convention will go down in the history books, and when Gay freedom comes of age in our country, you will then find that what you did was a very important part in the many years of what must be the most difficult struggle any group of persons has ever encountered. We here at Gayboy wish to thank you and the many who went on to Miami to fight the battle.

GAYBOY

Dear Gayboy:

I did not think you would print my letter, and must say you certainly have my full support in years to come, after all, when you write most publications, and complain about an issue you do not agree with, you very seldom hear anything about it. My invitation to Troy still stands when he tours Florida again. Thank you for your sincere answer.

John Booth
Miami, Florida

Dear Gayboy:

Thank you for your fine publication and your quick service, the price, and the quality of your magazine certainly will reflect on your future success, keep up the good work.

Bill Adler
Canton, Ohio

Dear Bill,

Thank you for your support, and you can be assured we will continue to bring the best of Gayboy to you each and every month.

GAYBOY

Dear Gayboy:

I am trying to get some information about the legal aspects of nude photography, I am interested in getting some of my work published, and what steps are most important.

Jerry Van Horn
New York City

Dear Jerry,

This question has come up many times from our subscribers, so we will attempt to answer it for you the best we can. The most important factor in nude photography, is the nature of your photographs, the United States Supreme Court rulings are the most important steps to follow, nude photography is legal, but with some limitations. In order that you not become involved in what is termed by the courts as Pornography, we suggest you first of all get a copy of these rulings, which are available at any Federal court building. It is also very important for you to check your own States law regarding age of your model, and be sure if the model is not of age, to obtain a models release from the parents.

After you have taken all these steps, you can then submit your proof sheets to the publisher that you have selected, be sure you never send a blowup or negative to any publisher until you have checked to your satisfaction that the publisher will pay for your material, and advance arrangements have been made.

GAYBOY



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Mary's Lounge
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The Manhole
1983 W. Gray
Houston, Texas

The Storybook
1312 W. Alabama
Houston, Texas

World News
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Arcade News
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Brownie's Newsstand
613 8th Street
Wichita Falls, Texas

Broadway Books
106 N. 7th
Richmond, Virginia

Great Northern Books
1306 Railroad Avenue
Bellingham, Washington

Continued from Page 23

mimes for their own show. Maurice and La Monte are currently performing in the California-Nevada circuit.

The success of a comedy nightclub act such as the one which Maurice and La Monte present is determined by the honesty with which the audience is approached. They don't go on the stage trying to be beautiful, they go on the stage trying to be funny, and that they certainly are. We would like to take our hats off to this great comedy team, hoping that we have an opportunity to see them in other clubs around the country. Our Gay clubs could certainly use more of their type of entertainment; Maurice and La Monte have that elusive ability to get us to laugh at ourselves and that, after all, is the best kind of laughter.

STORYBOOK

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Jay-Bird News

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