



In this issue:

Fire guts O.P.

Community loses friend

Theatre Review

Book Review

Travel

METRO
TIMES

VOLUME IV, NUMBER 23
MARCH 1, 1984

Old Plantation burns

A fire early Tuesday morning, February 21, gutted the interior of the Old Plantation, a show bar located on Cedar Springs, causing an estimated half million dollars (\$500,000.00) in damage.

The first alarm went out at 3:10 A.M. during after hours at the bar, while customers were still enjoying themselves. DeeJay Mike DeVore turned down the music and asked patrons to leave in an orderly manner because of the fire, and most of the patrons still present cooperated. DeVore himself had to jump from his deeJay booth to escape the flames. Both DeVore and Daniel Weir, brother of owner Frank Caven, quickly set about clearing the bar of remaining patrons. Both men were affected by the heavy smoke which accompanied the fire, which began in the area of the dressing room.

The blaze quickly grew into a three-alarm fire which was declared officially under control at 4:30 A.M. and involved 14 firetrucks and 50 firemen. No injuries other than minor burns were reported, and damage was reportedly confined to the Old Plantation.

A spokesperson for Caven Enterprises said that the bar should be able to reopen within about three months.

The dressing room where the fire is believed to have started was being used by contestants in the

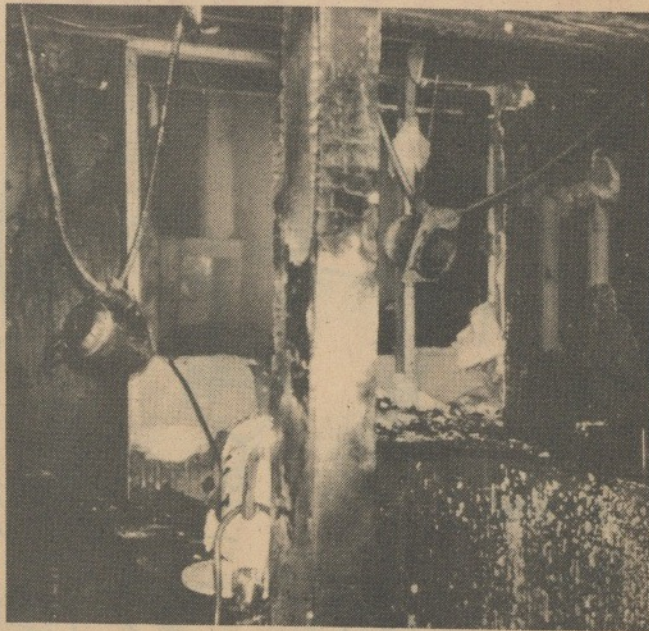


Photo by Alan Gellman/courtesy TWT News

amateur contest held earlier in the evening, and it was speculated that a poorly extinguished cigarette left by a contestant may have started the fire, although investigators have not issued any conclusions regarding the origin of the fire at this time. ■

Community supporter dies

Herb Croner was a vivacious little man of seventy years, straight and happily married. But it never stopped him from campaigning for gay rights, as well as civil and human rights for racial minorities, women, and any other underdogs.

Shortly before his fatal stroke February 17, friends noted, Crone had just finished writing a letter to Lou Acker, Democratic candidate for sheriff of Dallas County, protesting Acker's homophobic stance. (The letter was mailed posthumously.)

A native of Hamburg, Germany, Croner reacted to the Nazi's by going underground. After he was captured by the Nazis, he spent eight years in German concentration camps.

The slightly build man moved to the United States in 1946 and to Dallas in 1964, where he has been a philosopher, reporter, teacher and coun-

selor.

Croner became involved with gay rights through Rob Shivers, a co-founder of Dallas' Metropolitan Community Church and a co-worker of Croner's on a small local newspaper, in the early 1970s. His involvement in racial civil rights predated the actual civil rights movement.

In recent years, Croner joined the Dallas Gay Alliance, campaigning without success for a position on the board of directors of that group.

Croner was a pleasant if somewhat argumentative man and one who was never ashamed to say precisely what he felt and believed to be right. While many of our readers have probably never heard of Herb Croner before, it was their loss. His death is a loss to all of us.

And those of us who knew him will miss him. ■

Metro Times is published once every two weeks and distributed free of charge at selected locations throughout the Dallas-Tarrant County area.

The appearance of the name or likeness of any person or organization in this publication should not be considered indicative of the sexual orientation of such person or members of such organization.

Except by previous written agreement, all letters, photos, and/or other material received by *Metro Times* shall be considered as submitted for publication with the writer's name and without payment. *Metro Times* assumes no liability for lost submissions.

Opinions expressed are those of the individual writer and may not reflect official opinions of the publisher.

Metro Times reserves the right to reject any submission, whether written, photographic, graphic or advertisement, without explanation. All submissions are subject to editing for length and content at the sole discretion of *Metro Times*.

Liability for any errors, editorial or advertisement, is expressly limited to publication of the corrected information.

Subscriptions: \$10.00 per 26 issues (one year), prepaid.

METRO TIMES

P.O. Box 225915

Dallas, Texas 75265

Phone 698-3434 or 528-9944

Editor & Publisher: Roy G. Hall

Contributors:

Janis Lesley and Nanette Sorenson



PARTY, PARTY

Watch for exciting news of
our anniversary parties
coming the last week of April

METRO TIMES

Phone 698-3434

Because we love ya!



Join us at noon March 3
for a champagne autograph party
for the authors of

THE MALE COUPLE

at Crossroads Market

3930 Cedar Springs at Throckmorton

(Punch for teetotalers)

THEATRE

Play an assorted gumbo

If Tennessee Williams' last Play, *Vieux Carré*, had been a person, it would have probably been the classic little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. Because—we cannot tell a lie—when it is good, it is very, very good, but when it is bad it is horrid.

We're referring, of course, to the Scavenger Productions presentation now at Calm Eddy's.

First of all, ignore those posters you may have seen with a Harlowesque woman in a fur, describing the play as a love story. Obviously someone must have been on very bad drugs designing it, both for the concept of the woman and for the outlandish idea that the play is a love story. (Two characters *do* love each other, and one's last words are an affirmation of that love, but nobody else in the cast has the right to even claim to love any of the other *dramatis personae*).

This promises to be a controversial play. If you like something you and your date can talk about for longer than it took the actors to present, then *Vieux Carré* is for you. However, each person who sees it will go away with a different concept. Our bottom line is that, while it's not great through and through, the truly memorable moments in the play are worth sitting through the rest to witness.

The scene is the Vieux Carré, New Orleans' infamous French Quarter, the time early in 1939. The entire action takes place in Mrs. Wire's boarding-house at 722 Toulouse, a kind of Hotel California where you can check out any time you want but you can never leave. Mrs. Wire (marvellously played by Deborah Starr Knapp, resplendent in blond fright wig and rhinestone-studded eyeglasses) is one of the evidences to our theory that the actresses save the play from the moment she sets the show in motion, lurking in her entrance hall after midnight, carrying a flashlight with whose beam she terrorizes tenants returning in the wee hours—so frightening the trick dragged home by one tenant that the poor boy flees rather than face her.

But there is more to Mrs. Wire than meets the eye. Behind the fierce facade is a lonely old woman whose bark is worse than her bite, pushed beyond the limits of sanity by a husband who pleaded her mental incompetency to steal away her son. As much as she may threaten her tenants with eviction, it eventually becomes apparent that she needs them to save her from terminal loneliness. And that her heart is not as hard as she would have one believe is evidenced in such scenes as the one in which she entices two hungry elderly female tenants down for some of her (by her own testimony) irresistible gumbo.

These two impoverished tenants must be mentioned in passing. Minor characters that they may be, this reviewer found them entirely worthy of note. Delightfully portrayed by Joanne Zipay as Miss Carrie and Andrea Owens as Mary Maude, their appearances are all too few and too brief and excruciatingly enjoyable. Ms. Owens, with whom we were able to chat briefly after the play, obviously enjoys her craft and confided in us that after one of the best and most touching scenes in the play she sometimes has to go backstage and cry because she becomes so involved in her role. It's okay, though, because we were near tears during that scene, too. It could only be described as flawless. These two were born to steal scenes. (Ms. Owens also portrays the Death Angel, an apparition in a white outfit resembling a wedding gown, with a train at least half as long as your average freight train and veils for days.)

The focal point of the play is The Writer (Jon Whitaker), since the play is semiautobiographical. Whitaker delivers some narration in the same lack-luster style as the rest of his performance. About the only favorable thing we saw in his part were the music and lyrics composed by Whitaker and inserted into the show two or three times. However, he is necessary to the plot, acting as a foil to the wonderful Mrs. Wire, who abruptly picks him as the replacement for her lost son. But The Writer is incapable of responding to any of the characters reaching out to him in their loneliness.

Another such character looking for an escape in the person of The Writer is Nightingale (Brooks Tuttle), played as a low drag Scarlett O'Hara, a male southern belle, more than available to any man crossing his path or falling into his lecherous clutches. (When he finds a neighborhood hunk passed out on a bed, we can almost hear him thinking—add dialect to suit—"As Gahd is mah witness, Ah'll nevah be hungry agin.") He wants to hold and be held, he pleads with The Writer, who is willing to submit passively to Nightingale's caresses but incapable of response. To be fair, Nightingale is a tough role, but it could have been played better. He is a tubercular painter working in a bar doing portraits of patrons for a living, praying as he coughs that he may live long enough to deliver the great works which are, he avers, still waiting inside him.

A third individual reaching out to The Writer is his neighbor Jane Sparks (Joan Nelson), a frail young woman who has sought surcease of sorrows in the strong arms of an insensitive and nearly uncaring live-in stud, Tye McKool, played by David "Tadaa" Nelson (also in charge of costumes and production manager of the show). While poor Jane

Open 7 A.M. - 2 A.M.

The Hideout

6316 DENTON DRIVE PHONE 350-6327

The Corral

Open 7 P.M. - 2 A.M.

New Restaurant Hours:

6 A.M.-10 P.M.

HONKY TONK BEER BUST

9 P.M. - 2 A.M. Fridays

\$2 cover

25¢ BEER BUSTS

Sundays noon - 4 P.M.

Thursdays 9 P.M. - midnight

Saturdays noon - 4 P.M.

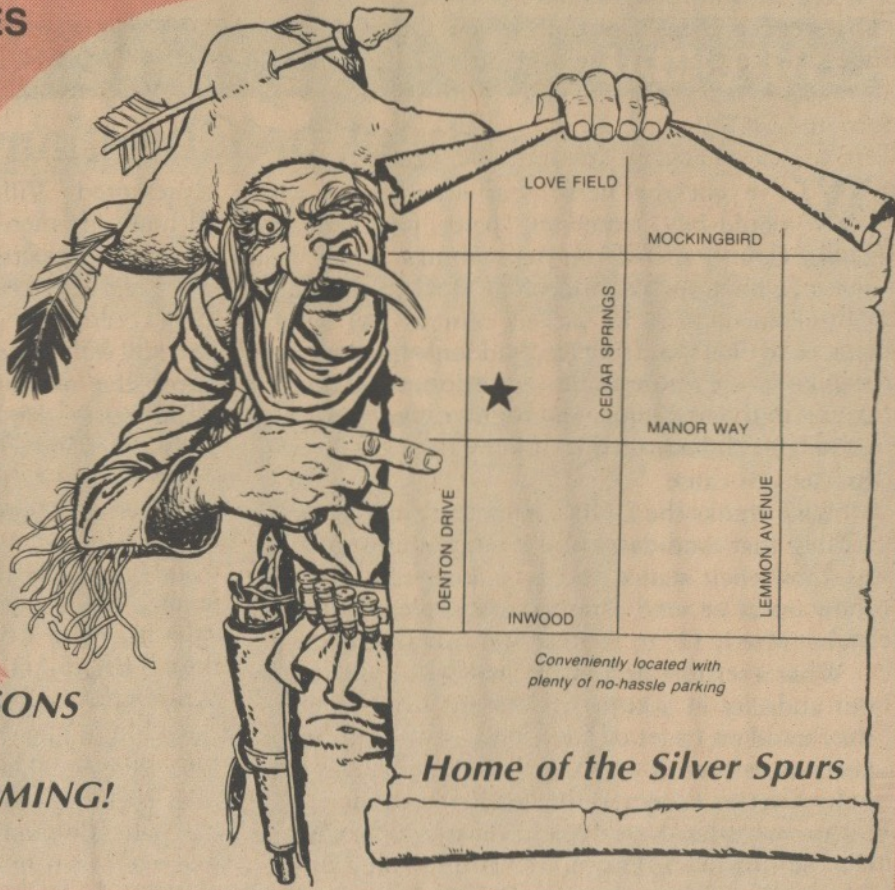
MONDAYS

10 A.M. - 7 P.M.

HAPPY HOUR PRICES

for

HAIRDRESSERS & DRAG QUEENS



SQUARE DANCE LESSONS

ARE COMING!

Home of the Silver Spurs

looks in vain for something more than meets the eye beneath the rough but attractive exterior of Tye, she looks to The Writer for friendship. The jealous Tye, however, quickly drives The Writer away with his rabid accusative "faggot". We got the distinct impression that Tye may well be afraid of his own latent homosexuality, afraid he might enjoy it too much, as he proudly goes around commenting to anyone willing to listen that he'd submit for \$100 cash up front. (Nelson concurred with us after the play that he feels this in the character he portrays as well.) Tye delighted us and at least one (perhaps all) of our guests by wandering around his corner of the set dressed in white boxer shorts, occasionally with an obscene grasping of the front of the shorts as if it were an offering or a weapon to shake at the unwary intruder in a successful gambit to frighten them away from his own territory.

We get the feeling a lot of our male readers are going to enjoy Tye's brief (pun intended) appearances.

Sky (John Nelson) is a drifter who appears for a few moments, offering an escape to The Writer, a siren song which fails in the end to lure him away from the Wire residence. Nursie (Beth Domann) is a short stereotype Aunt Jemima, played in blackface—quite possibly because it's a role any intelligent black person would find demeaning. [Perhaps we were unfair in criticizing; after all, straights play gay roles and vice versa.] Domann, in charge of publicity for the show, lays on the dialect so heavily that

she is sometimes impossible to understand.

The 2½-hour production is divided into two acts, the first of which we observed as dealing with a theme of loneliness as the human condition, as seen in the microcosm of 722 Toulouse. The second act was introduced by Mrs. Wire's closing lines of the first act, an agonized affirmation that people can die of loneliness and deals with the topic of death. (It may be noted here that this was Tennessee Williams' last play.) The second act is also the better act of the two.

One of the interesting bits of the play found in the second act is a *danse macabre* in which two masked nurses, a man and a woman, lead Nightingale away to eerie music, under green lights, in a sort of slow motion, accompanied by the lovely and mysterious Death Angel. This may be one of the best-done parts of the entire production.

All in all, we suggest you at least check it out. The production continues Tuesdays through Thursdays until March 15 at Calm Eddy's, 2612 Commerce. Showtime is 8:15 p.m., tickets \$5. While our visit indicated that reservations may well be superfluous, you may want to call 747-1131 just in case.

Calm Eddy's, a dilapidated storefront born again as a theater, may be the perfect location for the rebirth of the rundown 722 Toulouse boarding-house. Response to the play in whole being as varied as our four guests indicated, you must be the judge in the end. ■

EDITORIAL

Bigot or Christian

We've got the nerve...at least, that's what would-be Democratic party candidate for Dallas County sheriff Lou Acker thinks. Acker, who never complained last time around when the Dallas Gay Political Caucus picked him as our second choice in the sheriff's race, suddenly remembered that he is—or claims to be—a Christian and doesn't approve of our lifestyle and refuses to use his office (if he gets it, somebody should point out to him) to further our cause.

Acker thinks the DGPC are blackmailers for their request that candidates fill out a questionnaire to let us know their stance and for asking candidates to show up at or send a representative to candidates' night (March 12) to request our endorsement.

What a terrible demand to make, not to mention our audacity in asking candidates to tell us where they stand on issues of interest to us. Perhaps he expects us to consult an Ouija board?

In a letter, Acker recently assured supporters that his promise that his organization would be "a true cross section of the Democratic party...well balanced with hopefully every faction of the people's party

represented" still holds true. (How he can do that without gay men and lesbians is a mystery to this writer.) He asserts that he is not a bigot or hypocrite, but he never gets around to explaining how he can (a) carry hate in his heart and (b) lie like a rug and still call himself a Christian. Perhaps he doesn't know the meanings of the words "bigot" and "Christian". He may deny being a bigot, but we seem to remember the Bible he's pounding also says that "by their fruits ye shall know them." And when we were growing up on the farm and saw a little black animal with white stripes down its back, we didn't need the fence to tell it was a skunk.

(Would we call Mr. Acker a skunk? Well, if the shoe fits....)

Mr. Acker, if the DGPC he could not embrace their cause and accuses them of wanting other things from him, condemning them and the absurd idea that equal rights for 10% of the population might remotely be more important than his getting the party's nomination. How selfish can we get, to place our own interests before putting a bigot (no matter how much he denies it) into office! Why

don't we all rush madly back into the closet for Mr. Acker; after all, is any price too high to pay for getting this two-faced *expletives deleted* into a position where he can both show his homophobia and act on it even more dramatically. (As Molly Ivins suggested in her *Times-Herald* column, former sheriff Carl Thomas is beginning to look better and better... and we'd personally vote for a dead gutter rat over Thomas any time.)

Mr. Acker isn't happy enough with letting us know (along with the straight community) that he is not (to say the least) remotely pro-gay. He goes on in his letter to comment that, in his less-than-humble opinion, the DGPA "has done more to harm the Democratic party than the opposition party has ever thought about doing."

Hogwash, Mr. Acker.

Acker claims to support the Constitutional rights and civil rights of "every American citizen" and that he doesn't want to see "any one discriminated against for any reason. Obviously, this offer void if applied to gay men and lesbians.

There's a word for people like Acker (several of them) and a place for them as well. The words include bigot, schizophrenic, paranoid, monomaniacal, and several we can't repeat in a family paper like this one. The place is called Terrell State Hospital. The place for this kind of person and his perverted logic most definitely isn't the sheriff's office or any other elected office...not even dogcatcher. Mr.

Acker says the office belongs to the public. Too bad he's not willing to represent that public. His lies are so transparent that he could be tripped up in less than five minutes by a two-week philosophy school dropout.

You can do better than that.

Candidate's Night, March 12 at 7:30 P.M. at 2701 Reagan (Metropolitan Community Church), is sponsored by the Dallas Gay Political Caucus and will present candidates for the May 5 election, as well as the April 7 election to pick replacements for city councilpersons Fred Blair and Elsie Faye Hegins. Candidates for the board of the Dallas County Community College District will also appear. This paper encourages you to be present, to register if you are not already registered to vote, and to exercise your right and duty as a citizen. ■

Advertise in the
MARKETPLACE
Call 698-3434

WHERE IS THERE LIVE ENTERTAINMENT EVERY NIGHT?

IN GAY DALLAS
ONLY AT
THE HIDEAWAY

THE HIDEAWAY
4144 Buena Vista
559-2966

Making Gay Bars Fun Again

TRAVEL

Puerto Rico a great escape

San Juan is the dazzling, cosmopolitan capital city of the American Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. The city is very gay, and there is sex, sex, sex... everywhere.

It is situated about one thousand miles southeast of Miami, with the Atlantic Ocean on the north and the Caribbean on the south. San Juan is to the east coast of America what Waikiki Beach is to the west. The sub-tropical climate and warm sea breezes make for an ideal getaway when the mainland is freezing and covered with snow. San Juan is a big city with a metropolitan population of over one million. Traffic can be quite bad, so you are better off to use taxis, buses, or walk.

Ashford Drive is the Kalakaua of San Juan. Most of the action centers around the Atlantic Beach Hotel, a five story gay haven for American tourists at #1 Calle Venedig, a one block long street between Ashford and the Atlantic Ocean. The rooms are modest but clean, and a double is reasonably priced at about forty-five dollars. But let me warn you that San Juan's most popular disco, Stars, is located on the top floor. From 10 p.m., when it opens, to whenever it closes, usually between 4 and 5 p.m., the disco beat reverberates throughout the whole building, and even with ear plugs provided by the management, sleep is impossible.

So unless you plan to dance all night, I suggest staying somewhere else. Arcos Blancos is a friendly Spanish styled tile roofed guest house with swimming pool about one mile east at 10 Carrion Court and Lutece is a reasonably priced beach house at #1 Atlantic Place. El Prado is a quiet guest house at 1350 Luchetti by Condado Park. The Condado Inn and Hotel Lindomar are located on Condado Avenue just off the beach and attract a loyal older crowd. The Beach House at 1957 Calle Italia is a favorite with many. La Vista Guest House at 15^a Tetuan and the San Francisco Inn at 263 Calle San Francisco in Old San Juan attract some leather men. The Sands Hotel on the street behind the Atlantic Beach is mixed but has very comfortable rooms and a tolerant attitude. Most of the guest houses have bars and serve some meals. Windchimes Guest House at 53 Taft is new and looking good.

The Outdoors bar at the Atlantic Beach Hotel overlooks the gay beach and the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. It is packed all day and into the early evenings. Just across the street is the Barefoot Bar, which also has a terrific ocean view and attracts a lot of older guys from the states and many young latin hustlers. Stars disco atop the Atlantic Beach Hotel is your best bet for hot young Americans, while the Bachelor Club at 112 Condado (under the freeway)

appeals to some really great looking young Puerto Ricans.

A few blocks away is Numbers, a busy video cruise bar at 53 Aquadilla. Around the corner at 51 Barranquitos is Vibrations, which features nude go go boys and action packed back rooms. P.J.'s and the Lion's Den are downtown in Old San Juan. Nude go go boys give it their all... and there is a lot, at the Lion's Den... and will give it to you for a nominal fee in the back room. Some locals warn against visiting Old San Juan at night, but I've never had any problems. Go by cab and don't walk on the dark side streets alone. The only baths in Puerto Rico is the Steam Works, next door and above the Lion's Den at 205 Calle Luna.

My only objection to San Juan is the food, which I find consistently bad. Top rated expensive restaurants like La Zaragozana and Hostal Castilla stink! The food and service are terrible. Don Pepe is better, and if you like well marbled and gritty steaks try the Scotch 'n' Sirloin which has a pleasant atmosphere. El Patio del Convento is located in an old convent and worth a visit for the charming ambience. Otherwise try Wendy's or one of the many fast food houses in Condado.

Puerto Rico was discovered by Christopher Columbus on his second visit to the New World in 1493. It was founded fifteen years later by Ponce de Leon, who is buried in Old San Juan. While Condado Beach looks like Honolulu or Miami, Old San Juan is delightfully European. Be sure and see the impressive old Spanish forts, Castillo El Morro and Castillo San Cristobal, La Forteleza, San Juan Cathedral, the cruisy Plaza de Armas, El Yunque rain forest and sample some rum at the Bacardi plant.

The island came under American control at the end of the Spanish-American War in 1898. It can be reached by airline from Miami, Atlanta, New York and many other mainland cities or by numerous cruise ships. Most of the elegant hotels and resorts in Condado have gambling casinos. Great beaches line the hundred mile long island; and sunbathing, deep sea fishing, boating and water sports are everywhere. This is the only place under the stars and stripes that allows cockfighting. If you like latins, sun and fun, you will love it here. Puerto Rico is truly the crossroads of the Caribbean.

For more detailed information, pick up a copy of the Bob Damron Address Book '84 at Lobo Bookshop, Club Dallas, or other locations, or order it direct by sending \$12 (includes postage and handling) to Bob Damron Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 14-077, San Francisco, CA 94114. ■

NORTH DALLAS
ONLY
GAY MEN'S DISCO

STUDIO

HAPPY HOUR

5pm-8pm

TUESDAY —8pm-2am

\$1.25 well

.75 draw

WEDNESDAY —Beer Bust

8pm-12am

THURSDAY —8pm-2am

\$1.25 well

.75 schnapps

\$1.00 draw

SUNDAY —Happy Hour

5pm-8pm

\$1.00 mimosas

.75 screwdrivers

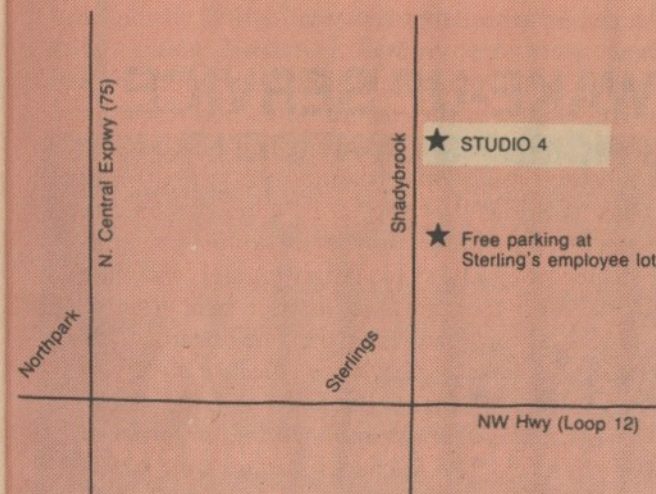
.75 Bloody Marys

8pm-12am

Beer Bust

12-2am

DJ's specials



COMING APRIL 5th:
FREDA PAYNE

("Band of Gold")

Advance tickets now on sale

VISA • MASTERCARD • AMERICAN EXPRESS

BOOKS

Novel deals with taboo

Clicking Beat on the Brink of Nada (don't ask us what the title means—the author is a poet, and we all know how *they* are, don't we?) isn't a book that will appeal to everyone. Contrary to what some people may think, even the gay male community has its taboos—not as many as it had twenty or even ten years ago, but taboos do remain. One of these, pederasty, is dealt with briefly in this book.

In the world of sex, which is itself a taboo to too many people, there are no absolutes, and the so-called "age of consent" is no exception. Some people are sexually mature and precocious long before they are emotionally mature. Others may be emotionally mature first. Some people may well be more ready for sex at ages below the legal limit than others are long after they are old enough to know better.

Don't get us wrong. We aren't by any means advocating that we, you or any other person rush out and offer candy to your next door neighbor's 12-year-old. If you do, we'll yell "foul" with everybody else. The problem has been that the straight community has expected us to be child molesters for so long that, in self-defense, we have rushed to heartily condemn anyone and everyone who ever had or considered sex with someone below

the age of consent. Shocking. Depraved. Unforgivable.

The fact remains, however, that there is no magic which takes place at 12:01 a.m. on one's birthday which makes them any more emotionally or physically ready for sex than they were at 11:59 p.m. Another very important note regarding this topic is that, in many cases, some horny teenager actually seduces his mature partner who, if caught, is the one who has to pay, often with up to twenty years or more in prison.

We personally recall a 15-year-old of our acquaintance who ventured out into the world, sneaked into bars pretending to be older, and went about ravenously seducing every halfway desirable gay male in sight. We know he was the aggressor because he made it a point to try to add us to his collection of conquests.

To be honest, too, we have to admit that when we were growing up we would have had no qualms about seducing an attractive older man had one been around whom we knew to be gay...and we might well have waived that requirement had we merely found one who was willing. Can you truthfully say that your feelings would have been any different?

In the book reviewed here (we nearly forgot it for the moment), Keith Hale, the author/poet (who is, the book cover advises us, resident at the University of Texas at Austin) includes an account of a relationship between (to quote the book cover again) a "likeable, intelligent, normal and gay high school senior in love with a straight classmate—and the best friend of his younger brother." Like, about four years younger.

Of course, we've pretty much already given you a healthy hunk of the plot in advising you how our hero, Trotsky, falls for his classmate Cody, a straight hunk who becomes his best friend, and for Mark, best friend to Trotsky's little brother Freddy. The story adds dimension with various friends of Trotsky and company and Trotsky's mother, a socialist professor at a university in Little Rock. And yes, in case you were asking, they *don't* like non-conformists too much in Arkansas.

One of the nice things about this book is the way Hale manages to present realistic characters you can believe in, adding liberal doses of humor. In fact,

we found ourself laughing frequently throughout the book.

One of the problems you may encounter is that the book most likely isn't going to be easy to find. So if you want to read it, send \$8 (includes postage and handling) to Spartacus International, Ltd., P.O. Box 3496, NL-1001 AG Amsterdam, The Netherlands. And make that an international money order. They'll ship it back airmail.

Don't worry about sending money overseas. Spartacus is publisher of the international gay guide by the same name, and they've been around for years. We'd say you'll be pretty safe doing business with them. (We did note, after writing this review initially, that Community Bookstore, located in Crossroads Market, has another Spartacus title available, so this one may show up later, since Spartacus seems to specialize in books catering to those interested in youthful partners.)

And the book, despite—or perhaps because of—its sensitive topic, deserves to be read. ■

METRO MISCELLANEEY

Culture, dahling, culture! Let's start our second hundred issues with some culture, precious, okay?

For starters, our long-time friend Don Jackson, hunky blond that he is, is on the prowl for well-trained singers to perform in the Dallas Opera's '84 chorus. You need to prepare two arias, one in a foreign language, and you'll be paid union scale if they hire you. (We did a few bars for Don the other day, but he gave no indications of being impressed.) You can set up your appointment for an audition, make your application and/or get more information by calling this delightful guy; the nuber is 747-8600. Don't forget to tell him that we sent you, okay?

If you're more into listening than participation, show up at the Fair Park Music Hall March 8 and 10 to catch the Dallas Symphony Orchestra and special guest cellist Nathaniel Rosen, performing works from Ravel, Prokofiev and Tchaikovsky. Tickets at \$6-\$16 are offered at the box office (Joske's North

Park) and through Ticketron. Call 692-0203 for ticket information (565-0159 for group sales).

And mark your calendar now for the Turtle Creek Chorale's spring concert, set for March 16-17 at SMU's Caruth Auditorium. Tickets are \$7 and can be obtained by sending your money to Box 190806, Dallas 75219 (include a stamped, self-addressed envelope) or call 368-5500 for additional info.

So much for class: Everybody ready for sleaze? We knew you would be. There was the recent annual Bartenders' Reunion, where no expense was spared in insulting as many bartenders as possible, with many of the awards unmentionable in polite company (what polite company has to do with many of our readers, we'll never know, but why take chances is our philosophy). The event was hosted by the Round-Up Saloon and benefitted the Dallas Tavern Guild. One of the mentionable awards was to a frequent name in these pages, Kathy Jacks of the

AMERICAN ANSWERING SERVICE



• PAGING • WAKE-UP SERVICE
PERSONALIZED, EFFICIENT & CONFIDENTIAL

Forward your number or we can assign you a private number

—698-3406—

"We don't miss a trick!"

KIMBER' AFTER MIDNIGHT

Looking for a late night hangout? Sing, drink, party with Kimber' after midnight Monday through Thursday at

THE HIDEAWAY CLUBS

4144 Buena Vista
Phone 559-2966



typing service
photocopy machine
answering service
resumes

3521-A McKinney at Lemmon
Phone 528-9710

Award winners from the
Bartender's Reunion"Twenty seconds on the clock" —
the Gay Family Feud

Unicorn of Dallas, who received the Burt Reynolds award. Kathy, who was on hand with the B.M.W. (see previous issue, B.M.W. is *not* a car but was to be considered a model along classic lines), enjoys seeing her name in print (which may explain why, after one issue, she rolled up a copy of this paper and beat us about the head and shoulders with it). A *prop* of her award, emcee Bill Huber made the comment that they say gay men are promiscuous. What a thing to say!

And more sleaze: We *knew* we were going to love the Hideout's gay version of *Family Feud*. Hosted by the No Name's own little Willie Rives (did we spell his name right?), it was non-stop fun, games and laughter. Questions and answers used to come from random inquiries of 100 gay men and lesbians and were—naturally—sometimes unprintable (but fun). Some of the answers offered by the contestants were cute, others inane, even insane (as were the

CLASSIFIEDS HELP WANTED

Club Dallas now accepting applications for employment. Apply weekdays 8am-4pm in person or call Rudy at 821-1490.

Hair stylists wanted for two locations. Bilingual (Spanish) preferred. For information call 824-1967.

Classified ads work! Prepaid only at 25¢ per word. Mail to Box #25915, Dallas 75265. (Help wanted classifieds: First 50 words free as a public service.)

costumes, particularly those of the George Family—Lloyd George, Phyllis George, Gorgeous George, Boy George, and King George).

What fruit or vegetable would you most like to marry? queried Willie, and our favorite answer was—a cherry! We worried about the contestant whose favorite piece of leather was a mask, the one who thought that Alcatraz had previously occupied the Saint's location, and the one who suggested that his favorite gay magazine was *Playboy* (does Hugh Hefner know this?). And it could only have been wishful thinking that inspired one man to identify Roman Gabriel (did you ever expect to see that name in *Miscellany*?) as his favorite gay athlete. We agreed with three wonderful answers to "what you would not want to find in a trick's bedroom": Women's clothes, the trick's lover, or your own lover.

There were voiced suggestions that the 100 people surveyed may have lied to the interviewers, as on the physical dimensions (if you know what we mean and we think you do) of their tricks. We were a bit suspicious when the top answer to one's favorite sex position was "top". You hundred people can't fool us; we know there aren't 100 tops in all of Dallas. Top honors in the Family Feud went to the Branding Iron's team. This is one gameshow that bears repeating, and we'll gladly go to cover it again. If you didn't go, you goofed!

Yet another Valentine's Day event was Gary Larimore and Delaware the Dog, who appeared at Studio 4. The young woman who opened the act made us wonder how, if someone with her talent is only an opening act for a hand puppet, how much talent does it take to be a *star*!

And speaking of stardom and of Studio 4, our friend Michael Hopper has good news to share with you: Freda Payne (*Band of Gold*) is coming to Studio 4 April 5 to knock 'em dead. Get your advance tickets now; credit cards cheerfully accepted.

More stars: You heard it here first—Wayland and Madame return to Granny's Dinner Playhouse May 17-19, according to our reliable source.

And speaking of lust... excuse us, we mean stardom (what could we have been thinking? he asked), those of you who didn't already know will delight in the news that Steve Gill (hereinafter "The Body"), with whom we fell in lust even though we normally don't like hairy chests (we'll make an exception in Steve's case), and who had the same effect on the judges when they held *Blueboy Magazine's Texas Man of the Year 1984* contest recently at the 4001, had the same effect again when he flew to New York to represent Dallas and Texas in the *Blueboy International Man of the Year* competition. Our boy walked away with top honors, and you know what that means? It means we can all have something to remember Steve by, assuming that Larry Lingle of

the Lobo Book Shop works things just right and gets an adequate stock of the issue of *Blueboy* in which *Steve Shows All*.

Excuse us while we allow our heartbeat to return to what passes for normal. A deep breath, even two.

In fact, we're hereby officially giving notice to Larry that we expect him to set aside a copy just for us before the rush starts (assuming the line hasn't already formed). We'd like to have it for our very own personal—ahem!—reading enjoyment. It's nice, we've found, to be able to read a bit just before we retire for the night, we'll found. In this case, we'll probably not even notice the words but end up drooling all over ourself, lacking Steve to drool all over. (Now, should we have erred in jumping to the conclusion that Steve is not available for the drooling of fat old editors—Steve, that number is listed in the directory on page 15.) We'd like to—ahem!—(got to do something about that cough) congratulate you in person. Sure we would.

A quick note: The Hideaway is so pleased with the response to their Tuesday \$50 cash drawing that they're adding another cumulative drawing which, if not won on the first try one week, will be added to another \$50 for a total of \$100 the second week, \$150 the third week, and so on as long as the first person whose name is drawn fails to claim their prize.

We continue with last minute news: The Crib

NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER

FIRST ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Thanks for a fantastic first year

4125 LEMMON

521-4666

THE UNICORN OF DALLAS



Live Entertainment 8 P.M.-2 A.M.

featuring

STEG & STREET FOXxe

NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER

NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER

NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER • NO COVER

closes its doors on March 5, we understand, but never fear—Janie assures us that they hope to have a new location by the end of the month. Cross your fingers.

A fast update on other items of interest: The local so-called motorcycle clubs—most of them, anyway—are putting their act together and getting their show on the road as they travel to Houston's Brazos River Bottom later this month for a fundraiser for the Texas Conference of Clubs' purchase of 32 acres of land somewhere in the Rosebud area for the use of the entire gay and lesbian community of this state of ours. You know some of those butch motorcycle men (and some of the women) are just going to look *fetching* in a skirt. In fact, we've dared them to bring the show back for Dallas to enjoy. How about it?

Distant Early Warning: Lone Star V is slated for Memorial Day weekend. Mark your calendars now.

The Texas Rodeo Association is on the move, and we'll pass along any new information on them as fast as they can get it to us.

Be sure to drop by Community Bookstore (it's in Crossroads Market) Saturday, March 3, at high noon to pick up your copy of *The Male Couple*, meet the authors, and have a glass of champagne or punch while they autograph your very own copy of this wonderful new book. *We'll* be there.

It has come to our attention that there are some of our male readers who enjoy Mel Gibson, the Australian actor, and we're happy to advise these individuals that the Granada will be showing a double feature, *Road Warrior* and *Mad Max*, March 9 and 10.

Others may be intrigued by the *Fellini Satyricon*, showing March 13 and 14, and surely many readers will be ecstatic to catch a reprise of *Victor Victoria* and the original *La Cage aux Folles*, at the Granada March 16 and 17.

Well, my lovelies, there are only so many hours in the day, and today there aren't nearly enough, so we'll just be heading alone. Keep watching for the full scoop on our parties for the last week in April. *Ciao.* ■

FORT WORTH MISCELLANEY

The as-yet-unnamed softball team representing the Tequila Sunrise is back into action. If you're an interested (or interesting) member of the female species, they'd love to have you. Call Joe at the bar or Nanner.

Trina is the newly crowned Ms. Gay Fort Worth, having won the title at the Tequila on February 15.

Assuming that an unnamed party's spilled drinks didn't drown the camera, look for pix next ish.

And finally, the Tequila has new owners, so look for changes.

Fires were started at two local bars Monday night, February 20, but both were spotted before any real damage could be done, we're glad to report.

MARKETPLACE

braccio

INTERIOR TRANSITIONS ▲

WOOD FLOORS ▲ QUARRY TILE ▲ MARBLE

CLIFF CABLER

(214) 528-9800

ALL HAIRCUTS \$10
PERMS \$25 (INCLUDES CUT, STYLE)
TONY JIMENEZ, Owner

Capricorn

BEAUTY SALON

\$2 discount with coupon

2324 N. HENDERSON • 824-1967
2020 GREENVILLE AVE • 821-5192
806 BEACON • 821-8988



ARF ARF
5025 Bowser
526-9211

**OAK LAWN
EXTERMINATING Co.**

• COMMERCIAL STEVEN WIRTH
• RESIDENTIAL 528-9597

COMPLETE INSECT AND RODENT CONTROL

3930 CEDAR SPRINGS AT THROCKMORTON
DALLAS, TX 75219 (214) 521-8919

**CROSSROADS
MARKET**

1929 GREENVILLE AVENUE
DALLAS, TX 75206 (214) 824-3467

TIMOTHY W. FOSTER

Certified Public Accountant

(214) 526-6009

INDIVIDUALS • BUSINESSES

What former female impersonator has traded her dresses for a bar apron and is now on display at the Corral?

Sir Bud's continues to offer live entertainment every Saturday night.

Farewell to the Office, which closed last week.

People here are reportedly going to Dallas in droves, but watch for the action to get lively again here in Cowtown. By the way, if you've got news, keep your eyes peeled for us as we haunt the bars

DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON BARS

651/Arlington, 1851 W. Division 275-9138
Tarrant County Mining Company,
735 N. Collins (Hwy. 175) 265-6448

DALLAS BARS

The Crib, 5404 Lemmon 521-6553
Crew's Inn, 3220 N. Fitzhugh 526-9320
Diamond Pegasus, 1724 W. Mockingbird
..... 631-6036
Eighth Day, 2509 N. Fitzhugh 823-0276
4001, 4001 Cedar Springs 522-4001
Fraternity House, 3215 N. Fitzhugh 521-1651
Hidden Door, 5025 Bowser 526-9211
Hideout, 6316 Denton Drive 350-6327
Hideaway, 4144 Buena Vista 559-2966
High Country, 3121 Inwood 351-2278
J.J.'s, 1907 N. Henderson (rear) 824-1691
J.R.'s, 3923 Cedar Springs 528-1004
Jugs, 2812 N. Henderson 823-0746
Moon Dream, 3913 Cedar Springs 528-4098
No Name, 2513 N. Fitzhugh 823-0790
Old Plantation, 3911 Cedar Springs 526-5590
Patrick's, 3224 N. Fitzhugh 526-0527
Round-Up Saloon, 3912-14 Cedar Springs
..... 522-9611
Snakepit, 3136 Routh 871-1955
Studio 4, 6752 Shadybrook Lane 696-9071
Sundance, 4025 Maple 526-7032
Tex's Ranch, 4117 Maple 526-9302
Texas Territory, 2508 N. Fitzhugh 823-0138
Throckmorton Mining Co., 3014 Throckmorton
..... 521-4205
Unicorn, 4125 Lemmon 521-4666
Wild Crow Saloon, 2515 N. Fitzhugh
..... 824-9158

DENTON BARS

TJ's of Denton (817) 566-9910

Private club—call for directions

FORT WORTH BARS

Come Along Inn, 515 S. Jennings 332-0720
Corral, 621 N. Hemphill 335-0196
DJ's, 1308 St. Louis 927-7321
Office, 1209 Jacksboro Hwy. 624-0187
Other Place, 200 N. Vacek 335-1901
Sir Bud's, 600 W. Magnolia 877-5326
551 Club, 651 S. Jennings 332-0745
Tender Trap, 1815 E. Lancaster 335-0031
Tequila Sunrise, 1612 Park Place 927-9861
TLC (the Lumber Company), 700 S. Jennings
..... 332-0192

BATHS

Club Dallas, 2616 Swiss Avenue 821-1990
Midtowne Spa, 2509 Pacific 821-8989

OTHER BUSINESSES

American Answering Service 698-3406
Crossroads Market,
3930 Cedar Springs 521-8919
DeBrucque, Wm. R., DDS,
3608 Howell 522-2000
Foster, Timothy W., CPA, 3409 Oak Lawn
..... 526-6009
Friday's Florist, 4319 Lemmon 521-2002
Half the Sky, 2018 Greenville 824-7866
Women's books and provisions
Law Office Oak Lawn, 3721 Hall 526-9699
Lobo Book Shop, 4008-C Cedar Springs 522-1132
Metro Times, Box 225915, Dallas 75265
..... 698-3434 or 528-9944
Oak Lawn Exterminating 528-9597
Oaklawn Garage, 4402 W. University 351-3058
Será Florist, 2640 N. Fitzhugh 826-3503

"A wrench in time saves nine."

Waiting until your car breaks down costs money. Save money by letting our experienced mechanics check for possible future problems and keep your car running smoothly. Rely on us for fast, efficient, guaranteed service.

OAKLAWN GARAGE

4402 West University • Phone 351-3058

One block off Lemmon opposite Love Field

• SAUNA • SNACK AREA • GAME ROOM • WHIRLPOOL • PATIO-SUNDECK • POOL • STEAM ROOM •

\$2 LOCKERS

4 P.M. until midnight

WEDNESDAYS

DYNASTY PARTY

10-FOOT TV SCREEN

**CLUB
DALLAS**

LOCKERS

\$4

ROOMS

\$8

EXTENDED BARGAIN SPECIALS

2616 SWISS • DALLAS, TEXAS • (214) 821-1990

GAY OWNED • GAY OPERATED

• WHIRLPOOL • PATIO-SUNDECK • SUPER TAN MACHINE • POOL • STEAM ROOM • SAUNA •

SAUNA • SNACK AREA • GAME ROOM • WHIRLPOOL • PATIO-SUNDECK • SUPER TAN MACHINE • POOL • STEAM ROOM • SAUNA • POOL •