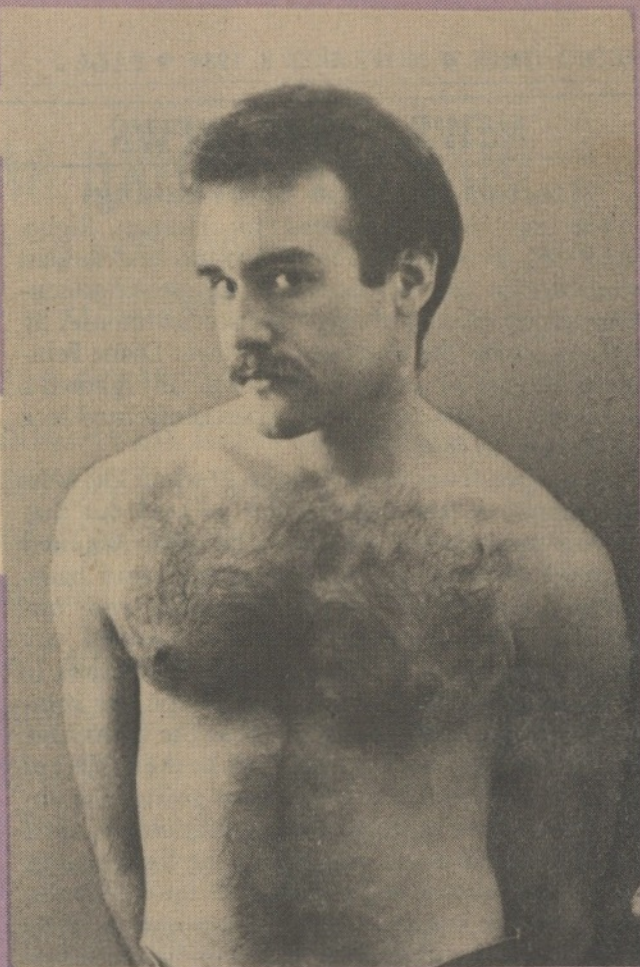


METRO TIMES

**VOLUME V, NUMBER 14
NOVEMBER 8, 1984**

The News Leader of the Gay Metroplex



**WHAT DO
THESE TWO MEN
HAVE IN COMMON?**

Read this issue for the answer.

Photo/Bob Young

NEWS, NEWS, NEWS

Doctors condemn baths closings

The Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR), an organization of 300 gay and lesbian physicians in the San Francisco Bay area, has condemned the closing of San Francisco bathhouses by the city, under the leadership of Mayor Diane Feinstein. The city's bathhouses had originally ignored a city order to close but gave in when confronted by a court order in mid-October.

In an open letter to City Health Director Dr. Merwyn Silverman, the organization pointed out that there is no statistical correlation between Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) and bathhouses, making closure unreasonable and unjustified. The organization further charged city leaders with political rather than health motives.

Pointing out that a small part of the gay community attends bathhouses and that the baths have been a primary source of education on the subject of AIDS, BAPHR said that the city was giving false impressions. These included the implication that their action was useful and effective in the fight against the killer syndrome when, in fact, research and education are the key areas where action is desperately needed; that location rather than conduct of sexual activities was important; and the message to the public at large that an already unpopular minority is "dangerous", with a resulting potential for homophobic violence.

In a guest editorial in the *Bay Area Reporter*, two attorneys pointed to the danger that government repression of gay sexual activities in one location may easily lead to further governmental repression of the gay community, reinforcing the argument that those individuals who may condemn bathhouses on moral grounds or because of adverse publicity may actually be undermining gay community liberties in general by their actions.

A study by an AIDS researcher with the Centers for Disease Control further supported the pro-baths stance with statistical evidence which demonstrates that sex in a bathhouse setting may be safer than sex

in other locations.

A bathhouse manager pointed out that standards of cleanliness may account for and result in safer sex in bathhouses, since partners are more likely to have showered before engaging in sex and to shower again following sex, while other areas—such as back rooms and parks—do not lend themselves readily to good personal hygiene.

Psychiatrists criticize INS

The American Psychiatric Association (APA) has called for the withdrawal of a Public Health Service memorandum that directs U.S. quarantine officers to "medically certify" self-proclaimed homosexuals.

The request was contained in a letter to Edward N. Brandt, M.D., assistant secretary for health, and cited the 1973 position of the APA that homosexuality is not a mental disorder. A similar request was made to the Immigration and Naturalization Service in July of 1984.

Gay voter clout cited

An article in *U.S. News & World Report* has credited lesbians and gay men as combining to form the seventh largest voting bloc in the United States, ahead of Hispanics, Jews, and Asian-Americans.

Based on the Kinsey figure of 10 percent of the population being gay/lesbian, the article ranked the gay community behind women (91 million), evangelical Christians (40 million), young voters 18-24 years of age (29 million), voters over 65 (28.2 million), blacks (19 million) and union members (18 million). The gay/lesbian population was estimated at 17 million persons.

DGA to discuss relationships

Requests from the membership for a program dealing with relationships has prompted the Dallas Gay Alliance to plan such a program for the November general meeting, which will take place Monday, November 12, at 7:30 p.m. at Metropolitan Com-

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METRO TIMES

P.O. Box 225915

Dallas, Texas 75265

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munity Church, located at 2701 Reagan.

"Relationships: A Look Within" will deal with varying aspects of how the individual relates to self and to others. Emphasis will be placed on how relationships occur and the steps necessary for prolong-

ing an existing relationship.

Presenting the program will be Oak Lawn Counseling Center counsellors Michael Boothman and Vicki Morris.

DOING AMERICA WITH BOB DAMRON

Des Moines is the capital and largest city in Iowa...the heartland of Mid-America. This prairie metropolis is the industrial, financial and retailing capital of the "Hawkeye State" and considered the insurance capital of the west. The river which passes through the center of town was known to the local Fox and Sac Indians as the Moingonia. French explorers shortened it to "Moin", and it became *La Riviere des Moines*. The city of approximately 200,000 is pronounced "Di-Moyn".

As midwestern capital cities go, the Des Moines bar scene is getting better...especially on weekends. Bars are open nightly until 2:00 a.m., but Iowa is "dry" on Sundays. The best disco is Our Place at 811 Walnut Street, and it does get some good looking young preppies. The Question Mark at 208 W. 3rd Street also has a disco and attracts mostly women, but a few male hustlers also. By the time this goes to press they plan to discontinue the restaurant and add large screen video. Directly next door is a small joint called the Carnival, which is nearly all lesbian.

The nearest thing to a western or leather cruise bar is the Barndoor at the corner of Court and West 4th Streets. This is the home of the Cornhaulers, Iowa's only motorcycle club, and gets the busiest daytime business. It gets an interesting blend of businessmen in suits and young hustlers right off the farm...but don't ask me which farm. The nice fellows who own this, Rich and Bob, have also just opened La Cage at 416 W. Walnut, and by late summer plan the Holding Cell, downstairs at the same location. Several Des Moines book stores, such as the Bachelor's Library, Gallery and Court Street News, offer "action" back rooms. Birdland Park, Greenwood Park and the "Gay Loop", Keo and Park, between 4th and 5th, are outdoors cruising areas.

There are no gay restaurants in town, but some kids go to the One Twelve in West Des Moines or Denny's near the airport. While this is not the culinary capital of the midwest, pretty good straight dining can be found at Duck's & Company, Iowa

Beef Steak House (where you can cook your own steak if you want), Julio's Mexican Restaurant, Old Market Spaghetti Works, the Pier and Raintree. The current "in" spot is Guido's at the newly remodeled old Savery Hotel. I hear that a lot of gay salesmen are staying at the relatively inexpensive Midtown Motor Inn just down 6th Street.

Iowa's stately gold-leaf domed capitol stands in a park on top of a hill overlooking the surrounding city. Des Moines' strikingly modern Civic Center also houses the city's ballet company and symphony orchestra. Nearby Nallen Plaza features a waterfall, reflecting pool, the Crusoe Umbrella and amphitheater. Other points of interest are Drake University, Des Moines Art Center, Heritage Village, Hoyt-Sherman Place, Living History Farms and Adventureland Park. Annual events include the Drake Relays in April and the Iowa State Fair in mid-August. For antique lovers, any day can be a field day at Valley Junction.

Reno is called the "biggest little city in the world". Des Moines could be more accurately described as a "little big city". Except for the new Marriott and a couple of other new buildings, not much has changed here over the years. New skywalks are going up between hotels and shopping centers as part of a downtown urban re-development area. This will mean that the bars around west 3rd and 4th Streets will have to relocate, probably on the east side of town.

It can be colder than hell here in the winter time, but is generally pretty nice the rest of the year. Des Moines doesn't aspire to be a "world class" city, but is as American as apple pie. If you are travelling through the Midwest or Great Plains States, plan a stopover here. I think you will find, as I do, the gay scene is not too shabby at all.

For more detailed information, pick up a copy of the Bob Damron Address Book '85, available at Lobo Book Shop, Club Dallas, and various other gay businesses. Or send \$12.00 (postage included) to Bob Damron Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 14-077, San Francisco, CA 94114.

MUSIC

Gay men and lesbians can take pride in musicians of our own sexual orientation in a variety of musical areas, whether it be folk, jazz, rock or popular music.

Classical music lovers such as this reviewer, how-

ever, have had to sit around sifting through history for the likes of Tchaikovsky to restore our pride—until now.

His name is still not a household word, either in gay or straight households in this country, but a lit-

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the exposure to such albums as Pro-Arte's offering of Maurice Ravel's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in G*, teamed up with Gabriel Faure's *Ballade for Piano, Opus 19* and *Fantaisie for Piano, Opus 111*, just could change all that. Born in France in 1954, Daniel Versano has overcome the bigotry of his fellow French and other Europeans (not only is he gay but Jewish as well) and has achieved widespread popularity on the Continent. Despite being openly gay, Versano has achieved the enviable goal of being the most regularly broadcast artist on French television and is frequently heard on radio as well.

In this ear-pleasing album, Versano shares the spotlight with the Philharmonia Orchestra, with

whom, under the baton of Andrew Davis, the three pieces were recorded August 15-18, 1983, in London, England.

Pro-Arte and its parent company, Intersound, also released the best-selling album by the New York Men's Chorus last year and will release a second album from that group in time for Christmas, according to a spokesperson. The company is well known and respected in its field, and its acceptance of gay artists may hopefully pave the way for more openly gay performers and recording artists in the future.

The album reviewed here is also available on cassette and offers a treat to classics fans.

THE BOOKSHELF



CLASSIFIED AFFAIRS: A Gay Man's Guide to the Personal Ads, by John Preston and Frederick Brandt. Alyson Books. Paperback, \$6.95.

What kind of man runs a classified ad? If you thought it was only fat, older fellows (like out editor) who couldn't get a date any other way, think again and take a second look at the picture of author Frederick Brandt on our cover. Brandt's the one with his shirt off.

The personals are a source of intrigue for many people. There are the hard-to-believe come-on's with people who can't possibly be as nice as they say they are. There are the cryptic "codes" that one may not understand, offering clues to the sexual aberrations and pleasures of the person who ran the

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ad. There is the mystery and suspense: Will he write back? Will the photo be honest and will he really be the hunk one has dreamed of? Will he like me?

One of the nice things about the book is that, despite the fact that it sells for \$6.95, the net cost can be knocked down to a mere \$1.95 effectively because there's an ad on the last page allowing the reader to submit a five-line classified ad free of charge to 24 newspapers, including papers in such diverse areas as Sacramento, District of Columbia, Oregon, North Carolina, or Indianapolis—even in Dallas (guess which paper). And even *TWT* offers \$5 off the cost of a classified with this coupon.

Those interested in learning what those cryptic abbreviations mean will learn many of them. Of course, abbreviations are numerous, and you won't learn them all. But you'll learn enough that, if you're new to the classified scene, you can still avoid inadvertently making a date with someone whose idea of fun is to lock you up, bound to a rack naked and whipped severely, etc., etc. You get the idea, dear reader, don't you? And, of course, those of you who *want* to be bound to the rack will find it easier now to find your Master. And that's an order.

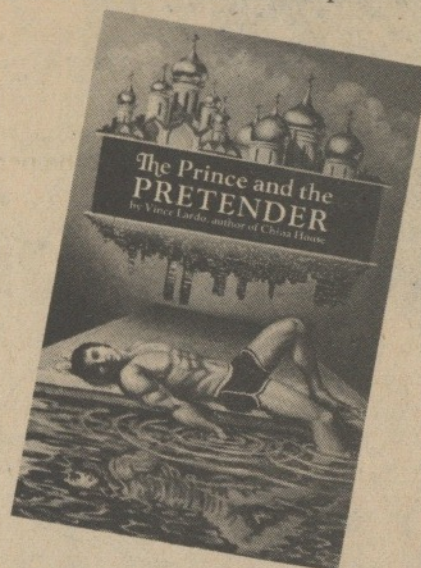
Say "sir" and wipe that smile off your face.

The book offers a number of pointers, but the best part of the book is the examples of good ads the authors have borrowed from actual publications, in the belief that seeing good ads will inspire you to be able to write one for yourself that will get the desired results—a *man*.

As we said, the book's a bargain if you want to

run—or answer—a classified ad for a friend. And the price you'll pay certainly is going to be easier for those shy individuals who always miss out in the bars because, by the time they've gotten up the nerve to pounce on "Mr. Right", someone else with less hesitation has carried him away in triumph.

Here's one for the man on the prowl. Get it.



The Prince and the Pretender, by Vincent Lardo. Alyson Publications. Paperback, \$5.95.

Somewhere hidden inside this book is a retelling of the Pygmalion story with a twist. Vincent Lardo, who managed to please this reviewer with *China House* but somehow left other reviewers cold, has done a good job in creating a devious but believable

story which brings together the man who would have been Czar Nicholas III with an illegitimate American who schemes to turn the young prince into a friend who, missing and presumed dead, is worth millions of dollars—and just happens to be the spitting image of the prince.

Of course, the best laid plans of mice and men do gang aft agley, and Tom Bradshaw, the American, falls in love with his young protege, a love which is shared. There is irony and humor in this book, which, despite an occasional lapse, manages to keep the reader intrigued. It is a book for the person who wants an entertaining novel with a hearty touch of intrigue and suspense, as well as the exotic.

It's a book we enjoyed and will read again. We suspect you'll like it, too.

Amateur City, by Katherine V. Forrest. Naiad Books. Paperback, \$7.95.

Katherine V. Forrest, we must confess, has our envy. As many words and pages as we've written and seen published in the past ten-plus years, we still have a non-to-secret desire to publish a book—and Ms. Forrest has beaten us to the draw, not with one book but with three. Perhaps, in this case, we should rephrase the old saying somewhat: "Those who can, do; those who can't, bitch."

Ms. Forrest's latest effort, in our opinion, may not be quite up to her previous standards, but that's not necessarily an insult, as we were quite pleased (as those who regularly read these reviews may recall) with both of them. And Ms. Forrest's talents are not to be knocked. Her first effort was what this reviewer likened to a "lesbian Harlequin romance". That was the oddly named *Curious Wine*. Her next book, *Daughters of a Coral Dawn*, changed genre and presented readers with a feminist science fiction novel which added a touch of humor we found oddly delightful, contrasting with the sincerity we felt in *Curious Wine*'s motel love scene, which we could have transcribed from our own bedroom antics.

Amateur City finds Forrest changing her genre once more, this time to a murder mystery. It's nothing that would have made Agatha Christie go green with envy, and contenders for the Pulitzer Prize need not look to their laurels. However, if one is in the market for a pleasurable way to spend an evening alone, may we give this book our recommendation.

The plot deals with an encounter between two women which takes place after Ellen O'Neil, in what seems to her to be a satisfactory relationship, takes a job in a Los Angeles office, only to show up for work and find the top man in the office dead at his desk and herself the only living person on the floor—except for the killer. The second woman is homicide officer Kate Delafield, a hard-nosed detective who finds her life in a tumult when she starts seeing similarities between Ellen and her dead

lover.

Aside from occasionally flimsy premises (why was Ellen, newly hired, already in possession of a key to the offices?, for example) and the near-failure of the terror planned by Forrest for the closing pages of the book, we found the excessive "preaching" on the topic of feminism slightly distracting. This reviewer—along with the overwhelming majority of the people who will read this book, we would suspect—has already agreed to the premises of feminism and has no need for a revival. While we have no problem with a book having a lesson to deliver, our personal feeling is that said lesson need not be spelled out so precisely and uncompromisingly. Subtly is our own favorite way of seeing such messages brought home.

Nonetheless, we have only admiration for Forrest and her ability to switch from genre to genre with a bat of the eye, as well as the speed with which she has churned out title after title. And we must confess a keen curiosity as to what delight she holds in store for us in her next volume when Naiad sends us a new review copy.

Check this one out.



Firestorm, by Gerald Wening. Alyson Publications. Paperback, \$5.95.

Of all the books we've reviewed in the past few weeks/issues, this one has the most true-to-life scenes of any. It's the story of how Matt Justin, a hot young farmer with a failing marriage, discovers his own sexuality at the hands of Jim, the son of a Biblepounding preacher who puts the fear of God into them all.

Many of the scenes here read so true to life that the book cannot help but be enhanced. And what we found most curious was how Wening managed to generously point out the good points of even his villains. In one scene, for example, he has the preacher exerting a calming influence on a stranger in a hospital waiting room.

The positive points of the book and its realism more than atone for a frequently negative outlook on life. The reader is unable to second-guess the

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writer as in some books. All in all, this is a book that many people will relate to—small town boys (and perhaps girls as well), ministers' children (so far this reviewer is batting 1000) and once-married gays (missed us on that one).

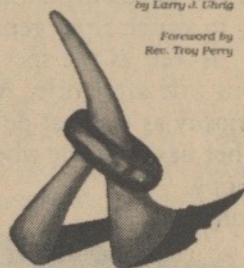
Firestorm is the kind of book that makes you want to meet the author and to hope that he keeps on with more books. While it may not be a great book, the author is capable of greatness, and it is a good book. Drop into a bookstore and pick up a copy.

The Two of Us

Affirming, Celebrating and Symbolizing
Gay and Lesbian Relationships

by Larry J. Uhrig

Foreword by
Rev. Troy Perry



The Two of Us, by Larry J. Uhrig. Alyson Books. Paperback, \$6.95.

We recall the sad affair of Mr. Lee Lorraine, which fits in perfectly with the case in question for this particular book. Lee took to the stages of Dallas' gay bars these many years ago, knocking them dead

with his Charleston and bead-swinging style. He had a figure that would make Olive Oyl look chubby, and sex appeal was not the charm of his act. Entertaining, however, he was.

Came the day when Lee met Mr. Right—one of a long line of Mr. Rights, we feel certain—and, learning of the new "gay church" in town, contacted the then pastor (whose name will remain anonymous) and persuaded him to perform a "wedding". After all, Lee had known Mr. Right for a substantial time—in a few more days, it would be a week.

The "bride" was resplendent in his gown and veil, and the ceremony came off without a hitch. The groom, however, slipped away before the marriage could be consummated.

The other man on the cover (the one *with* a shirt) is the Rev. Larry J. Uhrig, pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in Washington, D.C. And *The Two of Us* is Rev. Uhrig's answer to questions many people have on how to keep a relationship healthy.

MCC has learned from weddings such as Lee's. Today, couples are asked to live together for a set time before a ceremony will be performed. The two are asked to counsel with the minister who will perform the ceremony, called a "holy union", and the whole matter is taken quite seriously.

Uhrig tells of the man who called Dallas MCC's pastor Don Eastman to announce that he wanted to settle down with the man of his dreams. How long, Eastman wanted to know, had this happy love affair been going on? Three days, confided his called.

Then, suggested Rev. Eastman slyly, "you're not in love—just in heat!"

Much of what Uhrig has to say makes sense. He criticizes the efforts of some gay men and lesbians to request "copycat" ceremonies and relationships. A man and a man, or a woman and a woman, are not going to have a relationship like a man and a woman, he argues, and it's imperative that gay and lesbian relationships not be pressed into a mold like round pegs in a square hole.

Uhrig outlines pitfalls of a lesbian/gay "marriage" and offers potential solutions which his own experience, as a pastor/counsellor and as a lover, lead him to believe are universal truths.

Although the book was written by a minister, this does not mean that the information will not apply

METRO MISCELLANEY

Now, it wasn't so terribly long ago that this paper covered the festivities connected with the recent Gay Pride Parade—and covered them well, if we may make so bold as to say so immodestly. Now, gay pride is a recent thing, children. Like, the late 1960's, you know.

Hallowe'en, on the other hand, is the long-time official gay holiday. And, while October 31 wasn't the big day this year, the Saturday before saw our

as well to non-religious or atheistic couples. And, while many people (present company included) find non-fiction frequently too dull to imagine, Uhrig's book often drops pearls of wisdom without warning for the benefit of the careful reader.

If you want a relationship, if you are getting over a relationship, or if you're in a relationship and want to make it last, Uhrig's book is a worthwhile investment.

These titles should be readily available from our good friend Phil Johnson at Community Bookstore, located in Crossroads Market, on the left past the cash register. Other titles of interest are also there for the enjoyment of those who, like this reviewer, have discovered the pleasures of the printed word. Enjoy!

community out in droves, having fun, laughs and good times. Yes, we've seen a more festive celebration, to be sure. But this year's was no slouch, by any means.

There were animals, including the three blind mice (the significance of whose dark glasses and canes we almost missed); Louis XIV (somebody is into things French, eh?); one daring man whose belly was in close competition with our own, clad in a twinkle-lighted magenta wraparound, full beard, and curly wiglets; two young women dressed as a

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BOOKAHOLICS: The *Whole Gay Catalog* offers one of the most comprehensive, interesting list of gay and lesbian oriented books available today, direct from the country's largest gay/lesbian bookstore. Order with confidence from a respected company. For your copy, send \$2 to Lambda Rising, Dept. MX, 2012 S Street, NW, Washington, DC 20009.

THANKSGIVING TRAVELLERS: Looking for company, possible share gas costs. Leaving Dallas Tuesday, Nov 20 around noon for Little Rock; leaving Okla City Sunday, Nov 25 around noon for Dallas. If you're interested, call 698-3434 and leave name and number.

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plug and socket; millions of drag queens, few if any of them serious; three different groups of roller derby queens; cowpersons; a Belgian waffle; a table and waiter (alas, reserved!); Miss Piggy (and one sow with a succession of stuffed bras lining his stomach, obviously ready to feed an entire litter of piglets); a few cops; a drag minister; a circling truck filled with partying funlovers; and others we could take all day to list if our memory were still as good as it was when (and if) we were young.

There were flawless costumes, colorful costumes, imaginative costumes, homemade costumes, rented costumes, cheap costumes, dull costumes, expensive costumes, and people who never bothered to dress up at all. There was one man from British Columbia who was flabbergasted over things which, he said, would never have taken place there. Whether he was approving is shocked, we never determined.

One drag queen in a car greeted us, and—not recognizing him in the get-up, we dropped our standard phrase on him: "You never looked lovelier", to which he replied, "I know." A gossip columnist from another paper showed up clad in a towel. (At least we had the good grace to cover our body, though we would have gladly showed it to anyone reasonable on demand. In fact, we were thinking of giving an award for most revealing costume, with the prize to be picked up at our apartment. For some reason, everyone likes that idea.) And one queen in high heels told a passing member of the opposite sex, "I bet you know just how my feet feel", to which the young woman replied, "I sure do."

Throckmorton was again blocked by revelry, with cars often finding themselves unwitting cabs for drag queens who would sit on the hoods for several feet before jumping off. It was a good day for anyone in a hurry to find a detour.

And take a peek at the ad on page 3 for a look at what was going on before the costume contest held at the Hideaway, where Scott revealed more of his body than we've seen before. Encore, precious. By the way, the Hideaway's newest bartender, David Wood, onetime owner of the Texas Music and Feed Company, is in the market for any photos taken of him in his own scanty attire of the evening—black-mailers take note!

Confidential to the young man in the cape and G-string at the Hideaway Hallowe'en night: Why wrap your cape around you? That body was nothing to be ashamed of, and if you bothered to put on that revealing outfit, by no means should you even think of letting such skin go to waste.

Confidential to the Chinese waiter who wanted us to take his picture: Call 698-3434; we're ready when you are—just leave your friend at home.

And we'd certainly be amiss if we failed to wish a very happy birthday to our long-time friend Joe Elliott, who turned 52 the Sunday, October 28. Joe,

for any of you who've not had the pleasure of meeting her, owns the North Forth Saloon, Jugs, and The Crib. We tried to find someone brave enough to hold her while we administered the traditional birthday paddling, but it seems that, like Diogenes, we may have to go through Dallas by daylight looking for someone that brave.

And—quite by accident—we ran into Fort Worth bar owner Billy Ray over at the Hidden Door as we were distributing our previous issue. He was having a drink and discussing business with another of our long-time friends, Jim "Pollock" Roberts, whose bar will turn five years old on December 15. We're glad to note that this festive event will be before our own Christmas excursion to Mecca (San Francisco, for you who don't speak English).

Surprise: Our old friend and hero Don Baker says he isn't speaking to us after the great publicity we gave him in our previous issue. All we said was that he was a tushaholic. Any minute now, we expect to see dozens of awe-inspiring tushes pursuing Don down Cedar Springs. Slow down, Don. Let them catch you—it's more fun that way (we regret that we can't get them to even chase us, but you being the superstar that you are, you're bound to have some groupies out there—groupies, Don is anxiously awaiting your lascivious attack on his person).

We pause now for a public service announcement: It is approaching Christmas. People are now starting to think of presents. For some of these people, this means borrowing money, cutting corners, or working overtime. For others, it means that an hour or so on Suicide Strip (the area bounded by Oak Lawn, Wycliff, Maple and Cedar Springs) after dark will enable one to pick up extra money through the tactic of holding up passing individuals. In fact, one robber had a shoot-out with a security guard the other evening before escaping, we were advised. So we advise you: Be careful, dammit! We prefer you in one piece, such as it is.

Speaking of pieces, we're very pleased to let you know that there's a new answer for you photographers who occasionally sneak in a shot that—shall we say—your mother would not approve of. (Such as, if your camera *accidentally* went off in the bedroom of friends at an awkward moment....) Long ago when we were sleazy, we used to have to send off our nudes and nasties to a place called Spectra Photo, which advertised in the *Advocate*. It took forever, sometimes longer, and the quality frankly wasn't always what we had hoped for. But now your color film (and, for black and white, your Ilford XP-1, which will come out looking like sepia-tone because they use color paper) can be processed and printed in a couple of hours right on Oak Lawn, at the new Foto Plus. And don't be concerned if the owner's mom is behind the counter; she's a sweetheart and tells us that she's broadminded. So, if you either don't like sending off your film and



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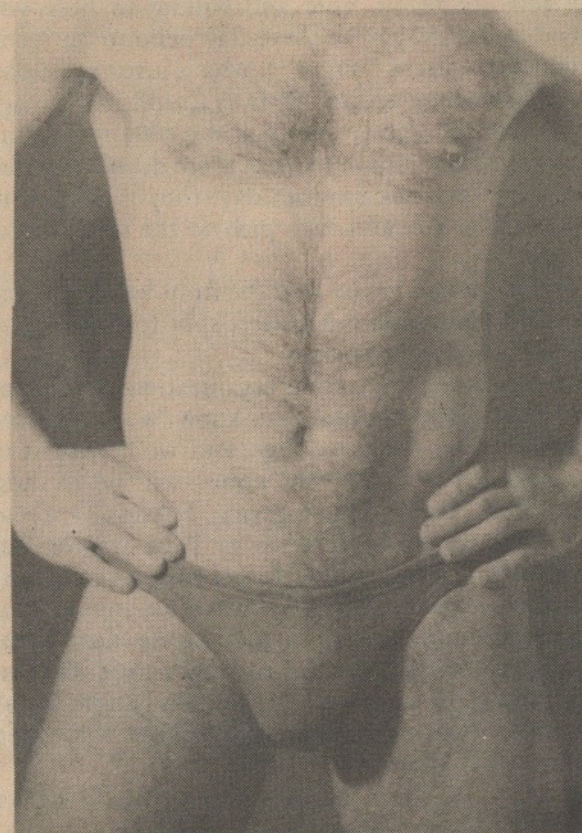
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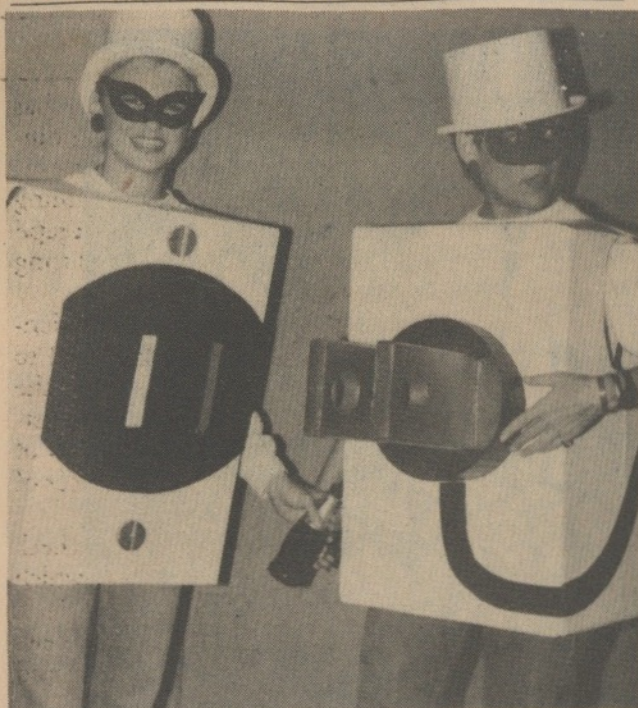
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waiting for it, or if you hate asking the child at the drive-thru or drug store if they'll print those *special* pictures for you, your answer is at the corner of Oak Lawn and Hall, across from the old Crazy Crab.

Some of you may remember that as the corner where two other businesses were passing out free

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soft drinks the day of the parade. Those were the Oak Lawn Law Office (remember them next time you get pulled over by police after driving away from the bar with too many drinks after the belt or the officer catches you in the park with your pants down) and Via Condotti. We cannot tell a lie: Via Condotti is a class act. It is not the dime store, either in merchandise or in prices. But if you'd like something with *class*, then this is the place to spend your dinero. And the three hunks who hold down the fort are ready, able and willing to help you spend it. While you're there, say hello to our good friend Sugie (as in "sugar"), who is just irresistible.

And speaking of driving away drunk, we're happy to note the sign is still up at the 4001 reminding us that you don't have to leave there drunk—so that you'll live to drink another day, they'll be glad to call a cab for you and even pick up the tab. Ask for details.

Has it occurred to you that the front balcony at the new Old Plantation is a perfect spot from which to safely cruise Cedar Springs?

Special note: Any bars or organizations with plans for Thanksgiving should let us know by a week from this date what they're doing, and we'll have it in our next issue, which—we hope—will be in most bars the day before Thanksgiving. Friends have told us they'll see to delivery, as we'll be visiting our family this year before they forget what we look like.

And now, dear children, it once more appears that space is running short, so pick us up next time, which will be right around the day before Thanksgiving for those of you who are out and about at the bars open that night, and on the night they open for the other bars.

And if you don't see us before then, do have a delightful Turkey Day. See you around!

FORT WORTH MISCELLANEY

Now, kiddies, here's the hottest item on our agenda this week: The one and only Dena Kaye, loved by millions in the metroplex, has graciously agreed to give a benefit for National Lambda, Inc., the gay retirement center. It's to be this Saturday, November 10, at Partners, starting at 10 P.M., according to National Lambda secretary Billie Moon. Now, we know that you all are gung-ho for Dena (and understandably so, if we may be so bold as to say), so we'll be counting on your presence to help with this worthy cause.

And the Imperial Court of Fort Worth have been and plan to stay busy for the rest of the year, with plans including the fourth year of Toys for Tots drives. As we mentioned last issue, \$1500 was raised earlier in a benefit at DJ's, and the Court plans to give every bar a chance to take part in this worthy cause. Cash or new toys (in original wrapping, with price tag still attached, for reasons of safety) will be accepted.

Another worthy cause espoused by the Golden

Lions Court is their food bank, which already has enough food and case to provide Thanksgiving dinner for five needy families. Any food items, including perishables, are welcomed. Food remaining at the end of January will be given to Agape MCC for distribution to needy individuals during the remainder of the year.

The names of those helped will remain confidential. Persons needing assistance may be referred to Grand Duchess Delphine, who will investigate the situation and determine need and nature of assistance required and what is available. If you know of someone who is in need, please contact an officer of the Court.

Finally, if you're feeling hungry, be sure to check out the restaurant in the Other Place annex, which is now open.

And a word to the wise: We can't print the news if you don't tell us what it is. Keep those cards and letters coming, because we're here to serve.

Excelsior!

THE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON BARS

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

DALLAS BARS

Bentley's, 3851 Cedar Springs 521-8090
Buddy's, 3224 N. Fitzhugh 526-0527
Contemporary Country, 1724 W. Mockingbird 631-6036
Crew's Inn, 3220 N. Fitzhugh 526-9320
Crib, 6844 Twin Hills 691-2907
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
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
Menage, 5720 E. Mockingbird 827-1805
Moondreams, 3913 Cedar Springs 528-4098
No Name, 2513 N. Fitzhugh 823-0790
North Forty Saloon, 6316 Denton Drive 350-6327

Old Plantation, 3911 Cedar Springs 526-0690
Patrick's, 2639 Oak Lawn 522-5481
Round-Up Saloon, 3912-14 Cedar Springs 522-9611
Snakepit, 3136 Routh 871-1955
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 Crowd Saloon, 2515 N. Fitzhugh 824-9158

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Come Along Inn, 515 S. Jennings 332-3762
Corral, 621 N. Hemphill 335-0196
DJ's, 1308 St. Louis 927-7321
Other Place, 200 N. Vacek 335-1901
Partners, 1612 Park Place 924-2519
Recovery Room, 1201 Pennsylvania 877-0448
651 Club, 651 S. Jennings 332-0745
Tender Trap, 1815 E. Lancaster 335-0031
TLC (the Lumber Company), 700 S. Jennings 332-0192

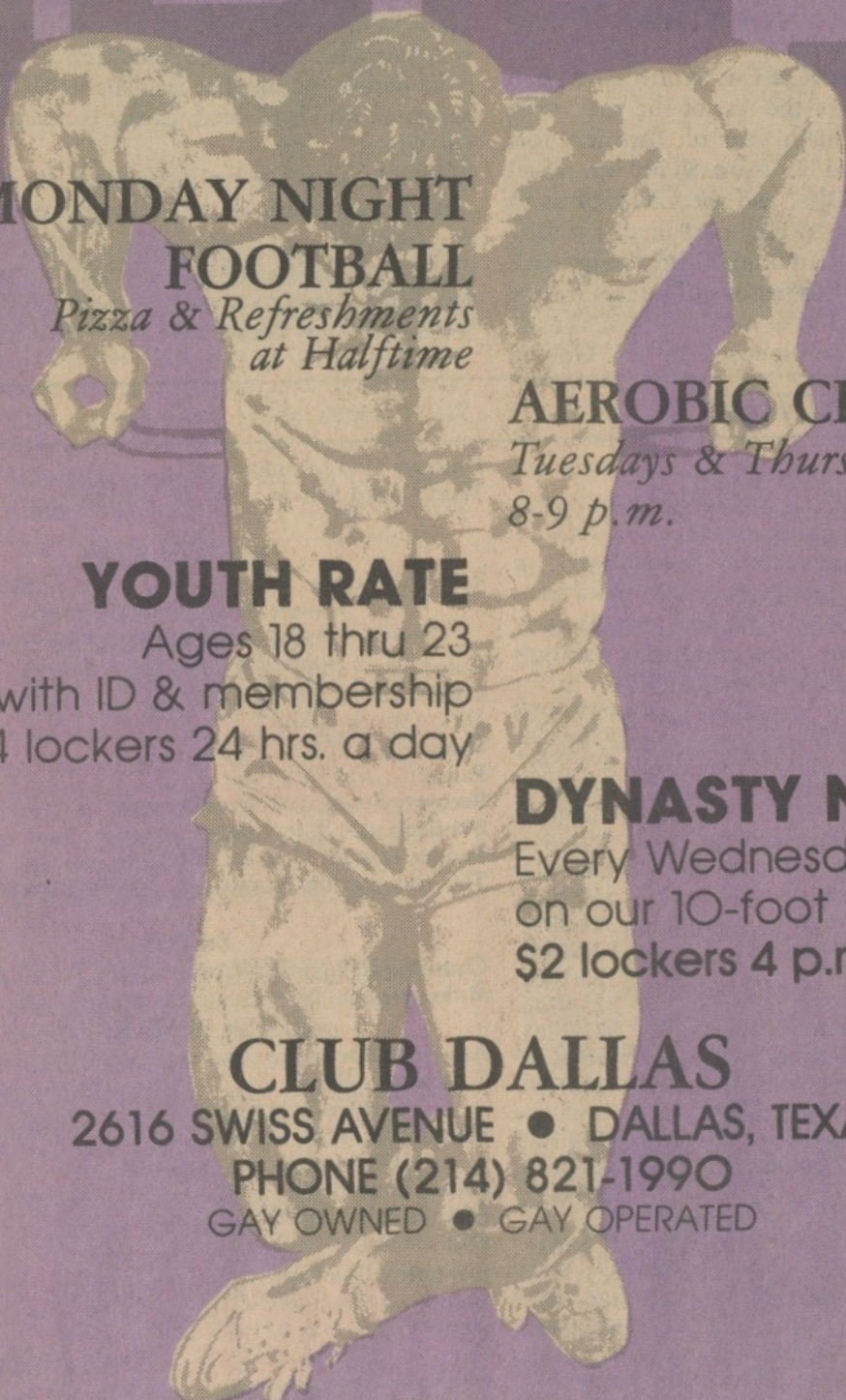
BATHS

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

OTHER BUSINESSES

American Answering Service 522-1711
Crossroads Market,
3930 Cedar Springs 521-8919
DeBrucque, Wm. R., DDS,
3608 Howell 522-2000
Foster, Timothy W., CPA 526-6009
Friday's Florist, 4319 Lemmon 521-2002
Half the Sky, 2018 Greenville 824-7866
Law Office Oak Lawn, 3210 Oak Lawn 526-9699
Lobo Book Shop, 4008-C Cedar Springs 522-1132
Metro Times, Box 225915, Dallas 75265 698-3434 or 528-9944
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