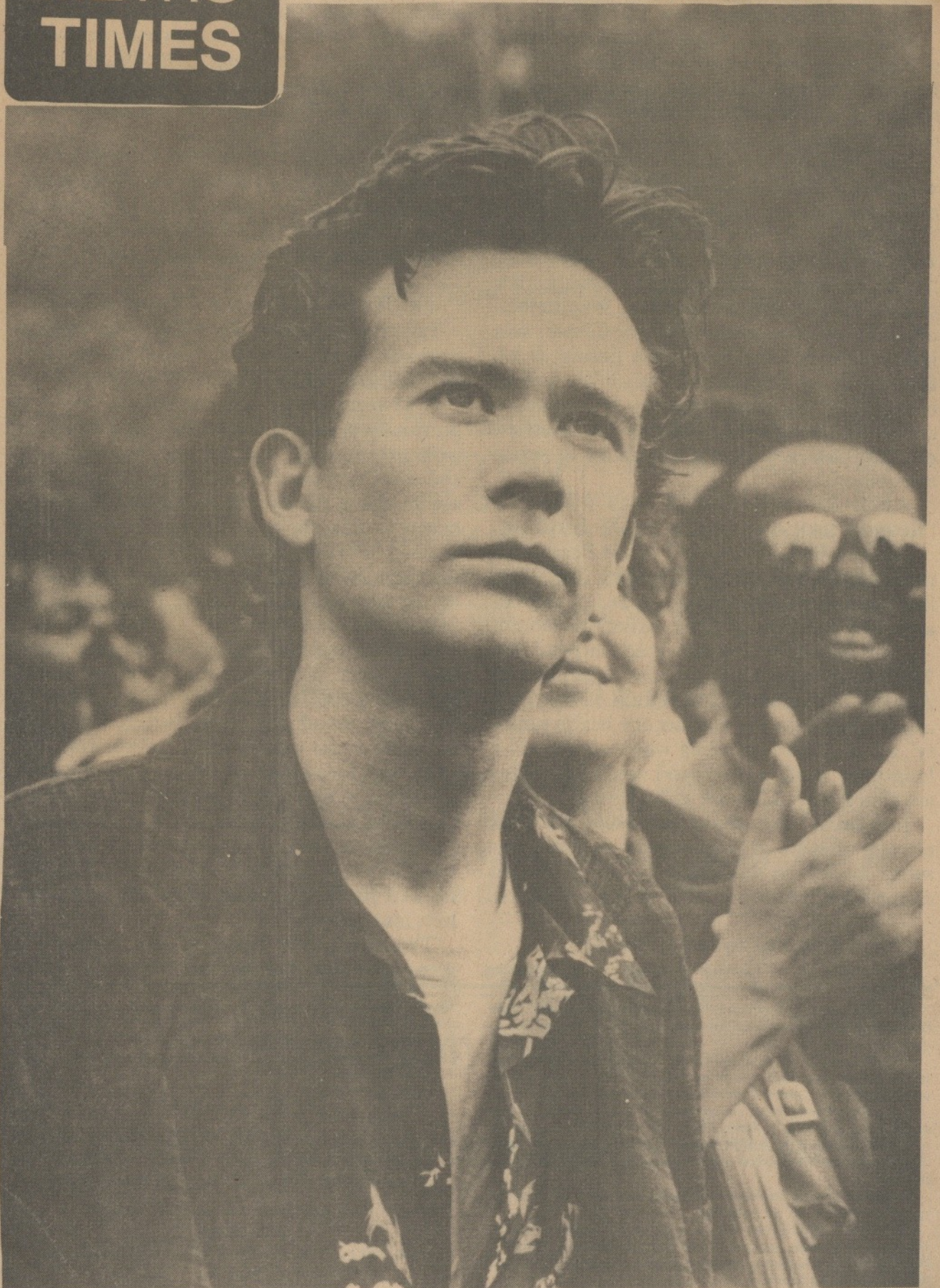


METRO TIMES

VOLUME V, NUMBER 22
The News Leader of the Gay Metroplex



NEWS, NEWS, NEWS

NGRA scores new victory

The National Gay Rights Advocates scored another victory over homophobia recently when Healthy's Natural Fast Foods, a Hawaiian chain of health food restaurants, agreed to halt their discriminatory hiring practices.

The chain had previously included on their work application form a warning to prospective employees not to apply if they engaged in "homosexual activity or knowingly associate with people who do." After a letter from NGRA, however, threatening a lawsuit, the chain revised its application form. When a local organization, the Sexual Identity Center, sent individuals into the restaurants posing as job hunters, it was determined that all discriminatory activity had ceased, that the revised application was being used, and that the interview did not pose any questions related to sexual orientation.

Reagan proposes cut in AIDS funding

The new budget proposed by the Reagan administration has slashed spending for AIDS from last year's \$96 million to \$85.5 million, according to figures released earlier this month.

"It is incredible," commented National Gay Task Force Executive Director Virginia M. Apuzzo, "that an Administration that considers AIDS to be its 'number one health priority' would reduce spending when we are still a long way from a cure and while the costs associated with AIDs are skyrocketing."

Individuals are urged to write to their elected officials in Washington to urge that more money be budgeted for AIDS-related research and projects.

Apuzzo to leave NGTF

Virginia M. "Ginny" Apuzzo, executive

director of the National Gay Task Force, has tendered her resignation, to become effective in April. Apuzzo's departure from the organization follows an impressive record of accomplishments for NGTF and for the national gay and lesbian community.

Her resignation after more than two years of tireless and dedicated service was at least partially motivated by personal family concerns, Apuzzo explained. She will assume a position with the New York state government.

Ft. Worth bar ravaged by madman

Partners, a popular Fort Worth bar with a primarily female clientele, fell victim on Tuesday, February 19, to a lunatic customer.

A 45-year-old man in a suit and tie, who had previously been at another bar, the 651 Club, without incident, entered the establishment and consumed one beer before he began to talk about raping the women in the bar. When he began to talk about going up the street to a nearby elementary school and raping the children there (male and female), Sissy, a new bartender who was on duty at the time, requested that he leave the premises.

At that time, the man went into a rage and threw a chair, hitting the bartender and one of the customers. He followed his attack up by throwing one of the heavy barrels which are normally at the front door as a decoration.

During the melee which ensued, the man succeeded in breaking 17 ash trays, 33 bottles of liquor, 41 glasses, a table, 4 glass candles, and three of the five mirrors behind the bar. He then left and entered a nearby restaurant, where Fort Worth police found him and took him into custody.

The man, whose name was not available at press time, did not have money to cover his

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METRO TIMES

P.O. Box 225915

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Phone 698-3434 or 528-9944

Editor & Publisher: Roy G. Hall

Contributors:

Janis Lesley, Pops, Bunny Clair and Bob Damron

Fort Worth Bureau Chief: Lisa Ray

Well, excuse us!

You may have caught the Channel 4 coverage recently in which that station showed close-ups of recent publications available in this area, all urging members of the community not to take the test for HTLV-III, the so-called AIDS virus. If you were counting noses, as we were, you may have noticed that this publication wasn't one of those shown.

There's a very good reason for that.

You see, we ran an article by a respected area physician on this very topic *last year*—months before anyone else woke up to the serious threat posed by this test. Sure, the test is useful—for the testing of blood donations. But for you and me, it's a danger that we can't afford to chance. Because others are going to make the misinterpretation that a positive test means we have AIDS. And that isn't what the test tells.

We don't join the others in urging you not to take the test. *They* joined *us*.

For nearly five years now, ***Metro Times*** has been blazing new trails in the area of metroplex gay/lesbian publications. Our major concern is the betterment and service of this community. And we keep hearing you say that we're doing a good job.

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bond and remained jail at last word. Police said the man was not drunk and was not using drugs at the time of the attack, which was without any rational provocation.

Gay/lesbian nudists unite

A recent publication hot off the presses, *Gay & Lesbian Naturists*, has emerged to serve those individuals who happen to be nudists as well as lesbians or gay men.

Nudism, for those of you who have not been properly exposed to the principles, is not just an excuse to look at other naked bodies with lust or

for sexual gratification. Instead, sexual interaction is discouraged among nudist groups in general.

Individuals interested in receiving the *GLN Newsletter* should write to Murray Kaufman, 243 West End Avenue, #1508, New York, NY 10023. Send \$10 payable to GLN.

Interest has been shown, according to the newsletter, in formation of a Texas chapter of gay and lesbian nudists.

(Please note: If you are looking for photos of an erotic nature, this will be a disappointment.)

HOROSCOPE

On the 21st day of March, the Sun once again prepares for his annual trek through the zodiac, entering the sign Aries, and heralding the first day of Spring. The Moon joins him on the same day, reinforcing the theme of fresh starts and new beginnings. Sort of an astrological New Year. If you're saying to yourself, "Bunny, what exactly does that spell for me?", why don't we pull back those cosmic curtains and take a peek for ourselves.

ARIES: If you're still considering updating

your look—new do, clothes, diet, wart removal, etc., now's the time. Take advantage of your mounting popularity, but don't believe everything you hear. Sweet nuthin's are just that on the 24th.

TAURUS: Now's the time to clear the air and solve some personal problem that's been on your mind for quite some time. Face the facts, and do something about it. Don't let a foreigner buffalo you (whatever that means) the last week of March.

GEMINI: New friendships are likely to be the keynote of the last two weeks in March, so mingle! A fascinating stranger pops up late this month with a tale of woe that could cost you plenty if you let it. A poor time for lending, borrowing and bargaining.

CANCER: Spring brings with it important new changes in your career. An exciting project, a raise or promotion, even a professional change of course are all possible this month. Close relationships may be unsettled or confusing now. It's time to trash those rose colored glasses.

LEO: Faraway places seem to beckon you these last two weeks in March. Now's the perfect time for a personal adventure in parts unknown. If your budget doesn't include a jaunt to Rio just now, you can still enjoy the call of the wild right at home. Don't allow a co-worker to saddle you with his responsibilities around the 22nd.

VIRGO: An intense encounter the last two weeks in March could result in a teenage attack of daisy petal pluckin'! (Bunny won't spoil your fun so soon. You'll find out soon enough, and what a surprise!) Refuse a request for money the last two weeks of March. Review your assets carefully.

LIBRA: A new phase begins in all your close personal relationships. Spring brings with her not a blush to your cheeks, but a breath of fresh air in all one-to-one encounters. A lover from the past could reappear before month's end, but avoid the temptation to toy with fragile heartstrings.

SCORPIO: A new exercise program designed to shed those unsightly winter bulges provides a means of improving your appearance and attitude these last two weeks of March. You'll be stepping into the limelight in April, so shape up now. Confidential information may come your way around the 25th concerning someone

you work with. Forget it.

SAGITTARIUS: Seems like you Archers are on a roll lately. The New Moon in your fifth house once again makes you the target of Cupid's arrows and emphasizes the area of your chart dealing with not only romance, but all kinds of fun and games as well. The next few weeks finds you a winner if you play your cards right.

CAPRICORN: Your attention seems to be focused on your home these last two weeks in March. The results could range from the traditional "spring cleaning" to relocation in a more desirable home or apartment. Agreements, leases, contracts concerning these matters are best done before Mercury turns retrograde on the 25th. A complicated issue arises with a parent these final weeks in March.

AQUARIUS: The New Moon of the 21st falls in the third sector of your solar chart, and emphasizes travelling; new studies, and incessant communication with others. Some of you will begin new study courses, most of you will be plagued with more junk mail, all of you will have an overwhelming urge to chat. Your outspokenness on the 21st and 22nd could alienate someone. Have your water pump checked.

PISCES: Although the last two weeks in March may provide you with an opportunity to begin something you've patiently saved for, you could be in for a disappointment. If you have doubts, hold off on those major purchases until next month when you can evaluate more clearly and realistically. Invest time, not money, to help out a "friend" the final weeks of this month. Use extra care in all monetary matters.

Catch Bunny Clair's incisive and witty coverage of the constellations in each and every issue of this publication.

GAY RIGHTS IS DEFINITELY AN ISSUE FOR THEM

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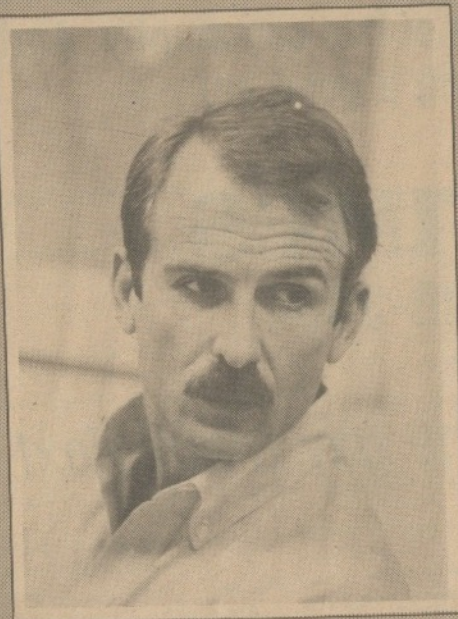
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ENTERTAINMENT

We had intended to comment a couple of weeks ago on the television movie, *Consenting Adult*. If you didn't see it, we hope you're able to catch it next time around. It made us feel old to see Marlo Thomas—whom we remember back when she was *That Girl* and it was in first run—playing a grandmother. How time flies! But there were some good bits there, and it's well worth a look if you did miss it. Thanks to ABC and Channel 8 for making it available to us.

It would certainly be a disappointment if we failed to make a few comments about the One Plus One Plus One production of *The Boys in the Band*, which benefitted the Dallas Gay Alliance. If there is anyone out there who isn't at least remotely familiar with the play or the movie, we suggest he or she not leave the edge of this paper sticking out from under the crack at the bottom of the closet door. It's a classic, to say the least.

This production had both its good and its

bad points. And being the picky, picky, picky person that we are, we have to make a few comments on both. First of all, like so many plays, it started out too slow, with the only thing that held our interest the charm of watching Michael Jarrot and Mathew Rodriguez take off their clothes at the intimate range offered by the facilities in which the play was offered. In spite of Jarrot's noteworthy thesbian abilities, the play did not come to live until David Clayton's rendition of Emory, the chiche' high camp fairy ("Connie Casserole!") entered the picture, at which point Emory steals every scene until the birthday boy, Harold (Robert Rios) makes his fashionably late appearance.

We were delighted with Emory. It isn't pretty being easy, you know, and Emory's part is not one to be scorned. Just try being non-stop nelly for two hours or thereabouts. Then, while holding that pose, try to convince fifty people that you are still a sensitive, vulnerable and unselfishly caring human being. Of course, this is written into the role, but it takes considerable acting to bring it across to the audience. It is to Clayton's credit that he does it so damn well.

Another strong character whom we liked in spite of himself was Larry, played by veteran actor Craig Hess. Hess is saddled with the role of playing a lover who cannot commit himself to one man (Hank, played by Charles Dutton), no matter how strong his love—but whose love is strong enough (as is Hank's) to survive the most turbulent of emotional storms, many of which, with or without the contrivance of host Michael, are presented for our annoyance and edification on stage. Even as we resented Larry's obnoxiously loud drunken routine, the skills that made it so obnoxious were very real.

ON OUR COVER

That's Timothy Hutton, the much-in-demand young actor who stars in *Turk 182!* Photo ©1985 by Twentieth Century Fox.



Diane Lindsay, featured in the upcoming March 2 concert from Little Feather Productions.

And finally, we have to comment on director Robert Rios, who also plays Harold. Our own idea of Harold is one of a vulnerable and hurting person whose vicious and usually funny lines stem from his own inner anguish and act as a defense to keep others out. As portrayed by Rios, no vulnerability, no sensitivity were in evidence. In retrospect, we could not help but wonder whether Rios' Harold would have any friends at all, much less ones who would throw a party for him. Perhaps free booze and food cover a multitude of sins, but we still think a bit more than a succession of funny lines is needed to make Harold come to his full potential.

In summation, however, we found the play well worth our time and hope that it will not be a very long time until One Plus One Plus One has another offering to tantalize theater-goers in our community.

A reminder, my pets: Diane "Sweet Darlin' Woman" Lindsay teams up with Sue Fink and Anne Duffus on Saturday, March 2, for a concert at the First Unitarian Church, brought to us by the perennial Little Feather Productions. Tickets are \$10, and Crossroads Market has them. Watch for our after-the-fact coverage, too.

On the silver screen, the Granada offers *The Times of Harvey Milk* through February 28, with *Diva* and *The 4th Man* (both on our list) March 6 and 7. And until February 28, perhaps longer, Matt Dillon fans can catch their hero (lust object?) at the dollar movie houses in his *Flamingo Kid*. Dare we hope it'll be held over to give everybody a chance for another week?

And yes, he is a busy little boy, but we only tell you because we keep getting more things to say about him: Fred Doty (no relation to

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Howdy Doty) is back at the Wild Crown Sunday, March 3.

And those of you who, like us, hated to do it but managed to miss Kate Clinton on her recent visit here (indeed, many of you, like us, had never heard of her), may be cheered to know that the reception was incredible and that it is highly likely that she'll be back as soon as her schedule permits!

A couple of quickies for those of you into "non-gay" entertainment: Kirk Trevor, of whom we've never heard, will conduct the

MARDI GRAS: SPECIAL REPORT

Those of you who only know Mardi Gras as two words of French derivation and have little if any knowledge of the actual event or the city should read this explanation. Those who have been to Mardi Gras may skip to the account of this year's madness which follows the introductory comments.

Mardi Gras is a term literally translated as "Fat Tuesday". Non-Catholics should be aware that there is a 40-day period immediately before Easter which is known as Lent. During that period it is customary to give up something—usually meat, but occasionally some weakness or craving such as tobacco, chocolate, booze. Mardi Gras is the last day before Lent begins,

Dallas Pops Orchestra Friday, March 1, in classical hits, movie themes and pop contemporary favorites. Call 692-0203 about tickets. And on March 9 you can catch the Dallas Symphony Orchestra under the baton of James Rives-Jones with soloist Andras Schiff at the piano for works of Haydn, Strauss, and Bach.

All right; you've had your quota. No OD's of entertainment while we're on duty. Back to the salt mines.

And enjoy, people, enjoy!

and for centuries Catholics have celebrated their freedom up to the wire, often with various excesses—drunkenness, gluttony, greed, lust, and other equally delightful and desirable past-times.

In New Orleans, a city popular for its free-living lifestyle, Mardi Gras as we know it today began in 1857 when the so-called krewe of Comus staged the first of the parades which still survive. From those humble beginnings, more krewes got into the act until there were parades, parades and still more parades.

Riders on the floats traditionally have offered "throws", items tossed into the crowds, which include the traditional beads (unbelievably



Mardi Gras madness: One picture is worth a thousand words; write your own captions!

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cheap plastic necklaces worn by everyone with an ounce of life in their body and possibly even a few corpses during Mardi Gras) and doubloons (aluminum coins with the krewe's motto and parade theme imprinted). The doubloons are scarcer than the beads, and the recent cups are rarer still. The Zulu krewe's gilded coconut is a prize sought after by many.

Nudity and public lewdness are often seen on the streets and off the streets during the final days of Mardi Gras, and exhibitionists are fair game for fun-loving party people and police alike.

Perhaps it was a mistake for us to decide to combine business and pleasure by taking a couple of days away from work to visit the Crescent City for Mardi Gras. This revelation hit us most sternly on Wednesday and Thursday after our return, during which days it was utter agony just to walk, rise and sit because public transportation is virtually non-existent at this time and we walked all over the famous (infamous?) French Quarter and back to our hotel again and again.

New visitors to Mardi Gras should be prepared: Prices are frequently marked up on items that merchants feel tourists are most likely to buy, so be prepared. Bars and restaurants are often packed with crowds overflowing onto the sidewalks. Our hotel was about 18 miles from the airport, and we arrived by airport limo a mere two hours after landing.

And the hotels: The cheapest room we could find, other than the YMCA, was far from a luxury establishment, with a minimum of three nights at \$50 a night—and that was cheap! So many hotels demand four nights minimum at \$100 and up per night. We chose the YMCA, which had the dual advantage of being cheap with no minimum stay and of being on the main parade routes—reach out the front door and grab a throw! It's not a recommendation we'd make for most, however, as the curtain rod in our room was broken, and our bed had no support but sagged in the middle before we sat down on it. Still, we roughed it and saved a few dollars.

Be prepared to pay for bathroom privileges. True, the city has put out numerous chemical porta-potties, but most businesses have out signs telling everyone not to even ask to use the restroom facilities.

The bathhouses thrive, too, in the carnival atmosphere. After arriving on Sunday night,

we awoke at 3 A.M. and, finding ourself unable to go back to sleep and not being tired, got up and joined an acquaintance (who had just been bailed out of jail for indecent exposure) in a walk into the quarter, where we discovered the Club Baths to be packed with gorgeous men and one troll—yours truly.

After Sunday's parades (by no means the first, as they began on February 2 this year) and parties, the city cooled down slightly, with smaller crowds at Monday's parades. On Tuesday, however, New Orleans came alive as people poured into the streets to scream and call out the famous Mardi Gras line, "Throw me something, mister!" Colorful floats populated by colorfully costumed revellers were pulled past, drawn by the tractors which have come to replace the mules which once drew the floats. As we stood in front of the Y, Big Bird grabbed throws which would have been ours, and a man standing nearby took turns with us releasing beads we had both seized at the same time. A few feet away, a pretty young mother painted a clown's face on her lively sons' faces. And further on, grandstands and balconies waved frantically to the floats for their share of the loot.

Later in the day, as the "trucks", not recognized as krewes but generous with their throws, passed by with over 100 floats, crowds gathered



on the opposite side of Canal Street in the French Quarter, an area of narrow streets which has managed to maintain a certain ageless *je ne sais pas quoi* that charms one and all. From the balconies there, residents, some in costume, would throw beads to passers-by.

But the infamous Bourbon Street, near the corner of St. Ann, found the heaviest crowds, where it was close to impossible to move. We quickly moved away and made our way to less busy streets, where elaborate costumes strolled past us—feather headdresses nearly doubling the height of the wearer, scanty attire which was gladdening to our lecherous old heart, a man in somber business attire with a briefcase who seemed to have forgotten his pants (shirt, tie, socks, shoes, garters and gee-string), and even a flasher of awesome qualities. Ahem. There was the delightful beast woman (someone's prom date, we've no doubt) who had darkened his beard and had already heavy chest hair showing above the décolletage of a charming gown. There was the man in gold (and darned little else) whose photo has captured the hearts of every person who has previewed our photos thus far. There were some women whose natu-

ral endowments had been exaggerated, mowing them with their roller derby routines. And there were entire entourages of Mardi Gras' self-crowned royalty making their gracious and relentless way, halted only by the magic of the lens. *Nobody* was camera shy.

It was an experience indeed, and anyone who has an ounce of insanity in his or her bones will find Mardi Gras a memorable experience to be investigated at a future date. We had a great time, and, we suspect, so will you.



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METRO MISCELLANEY

Well, we hate to pass along stories about our fellow Dallasites, but we have a duty to keep the public informed. We ran into **Terry Tebedo** of **Crossroads Market** while at Mardi Gras, and Terry advised us, when asked, that his Mardi Gras beads were safely in the hotel vault. Ahem. No doubt his partner's campaign (**Bill Nelson**, candidate for Dallas City Council) has finally gotten to poor dear Terry. As for us, we were, we thought, *very* discreet and only wore half our beads (about 28 strands) on the plane back from Mardi Gras; the rest were in our suitcases.

And Terry further revealed his failing mental abilities when he asked us to pass along his own challenge to **Mrs. Paul Fielding**, whose husband is Nelson's opponent in the City Council race. Terry proposes that he and Mrs. F have a mud-wrestling competition, with the winner taking all proceeds for his or her candidate's campaign chest. Isn't love grand? But if it comes off, we

do plan to be there with a camera. (Does our camera dealer stock mudguards?)

And whether or not you've ever had the rare pleasure of reading one of her columns in the *Dallas Times-Herald*, chances are you'll enjoy *An Evening with Molly Ivins*, which will take place March 10, 6-8 P.M., at the First Unitarian Church at Normandy & Preston. A \$10 donation at the door gets you refreshments and sparkling conversation. The money will be split down the middle between **Lesbian Gay Rights Advocates** and the **Dallas Gay Alliance**. Ms. Ivins is a very outspoken individual who also happens to be a good friend of gay rights.

The **Pride III** steering committee has set its next meeting for March 16, at which time it will meet at 3 P.M. (Ahem, souls, you didn't say where... should we assume it will be at the Gay Community Center at 3920 Cedar Springs?) In the meantime, suggestions are welcomed for a

different slogan, as there has been some dissatisfaction with "Alive with Pride in '85".

And talking about alive with pride, there are only a limited number of autographed 8x10 glossies remaining of television celebrity **Dutch Bloom**, manager of the local **Club Baths**, who appeared on a Channel 4 news report to explain that CBC is really just a health and exercise facility whose membership happens to be gay and not the kind of place certain homophobic elements would have the world to believe. You tell 'em, Dutch. (To learn Dutch's nickname, check with your friendly editor, heh heh.)

Actually, success won't spoil Dutch; he's one of the friendliest and most unaffected people we know and as charming as you could ask a person to be without going into politics.

The event came up too late for us to learn of it, but it raked them in for a worthy cause: The **Old Plantation** packed them in, both audience and the *creme de la creme* of Texas entertainers, to a fundraiser for the Texas Tornado herself, **Tiffany Jones**. Tiffany, we regret to report, has Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Tiff is an understandably popular entertainer both in and out of Texas and has performed in uncounted benefits personally for other people. It is only fitting that so many talented people showed up to honor Tiffany last Tuesday night.

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A friend of ours who left at 11:30 or thereabouts advised us that there were still forty or more entertainers who still hadn't even been on stage when they left.

Overheard at the **Hideaway** recently as the one and only **Vance Brown** of **Texas Territory** walked in with his long-time lover, **Billie Spencer**: "I didn't know they allowed you on this side of Central Expressway." Seems Vance and Billie came to hear the piano playing for happy hour. Does this mean the T.T. will be turning into a piano bar now, Vance?

Reports have reached us that practically every gay man in Dallas was on hand when the new **Club Delman** finally opened. And with the advance reports that preceded the opening, it was something that had to be checked out. We'll be telling you more along that line later.

And if some of you were on hand a couple of weeks ago when this paper hit the streets, you may have noted something different: Like, we have a new local deliveryman. **Don** reports that everyone was very friendly and very helpful, and we certainly appreciate that. We're sure all of you appreciate the fact that Don is (a) cuter and (b) younger than yours truly. Of course, it's

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