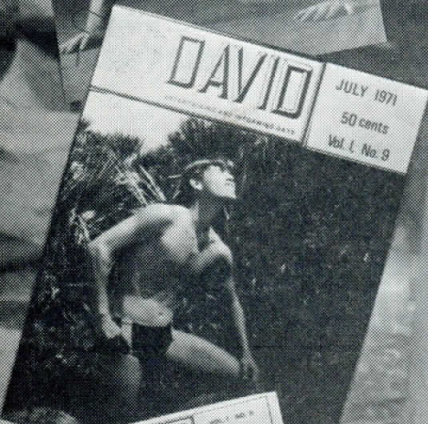
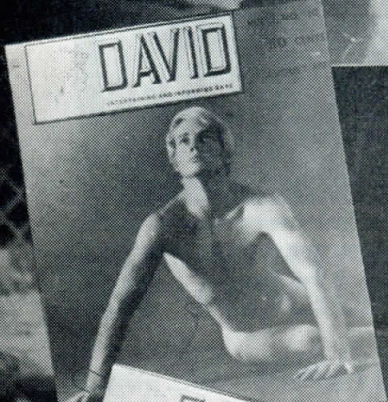
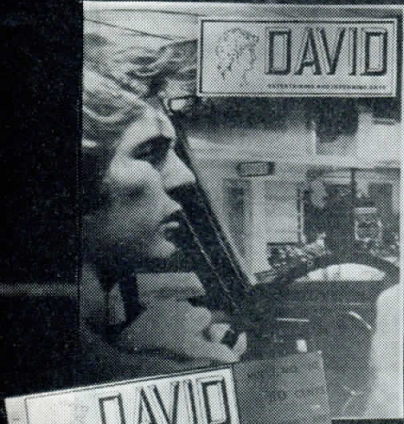


# DAVID

ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS

SPECIAL  
ANNIVERSARY  
EDITION

VOL. 1 NO. 12  
• 75 CENTS





## 3rd ANNIVERSARY PARTY OCTOBER 10

MR. BILLIE BOOTS PROUDLY ANNOUNCES THE RETURN OF

THE **GAY DECEIVERS**

# GALA HALLOWEEN PARTY

SAT. OCT. 30TH AND SUN. OCT. 31ST

**crowning of Miss Cruise Room**

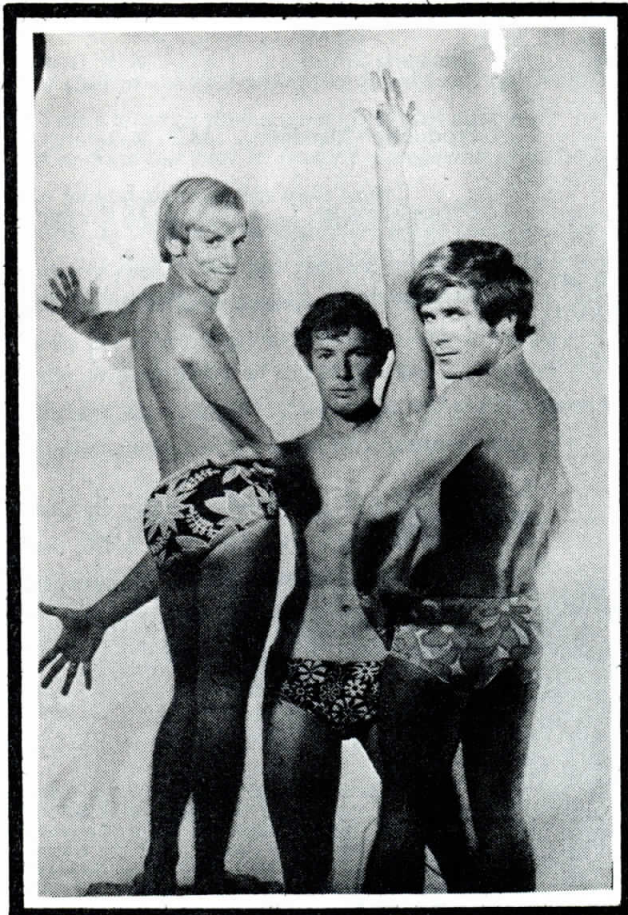
ENTRIES SAT. OCT. 30TH

FINALISTS SUN. OCT. 31ST

**OVER \$300. cash**  
**TROPHIES OTHER PRIZES**

SPECIAL BOTH NIGHTS:

JUDGING OF THE FUNNIEST & WILDEST COSTUMES



**HOME  
OF  
THE  
GO-GO  
BOYS**

**ALL GAY DATING GAME  
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**DANCE CONTEST EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT  
CASH PRIZES - FREE FOOD**

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# Inside DAVID

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWELVE



PRESENTING VENUS - Meet Rennie and Venus, two gay girls from the South with a brand new section to DAVID for the girls.....(Center Section) Page 1.



THE JOLLY GIANT from Mrs. P's in Atlanta steps into the spotlight this month with candid photos of a ruggedly handsome guy.....Page 28



ENCORE - Another look at the finest in entertainment throughout the Southland.....Page 17  
Photos by Dale Butler



PLAY BALL ! - A wacky look at a marvelous pastime..Page 21



TAXPAYERS FIGHT BACK - We proudly present a DAVID exclusive. A hitherto unpublished original manuscript from Miss Vivien Kellems .....Page 24

PLUS ....New fiction, Poetry, Cartoons, features by new southern talents from the gay community.

COMING NEXT MONTH: A GAY LOOK AT DISNEYWORLD

Editor..... H.C. Godley

Managing Editor.....M.W. Riley

Production Manager.....M.B. Maketansky

Office Manager.....D.McCormick

Art Director..... Willie Williams

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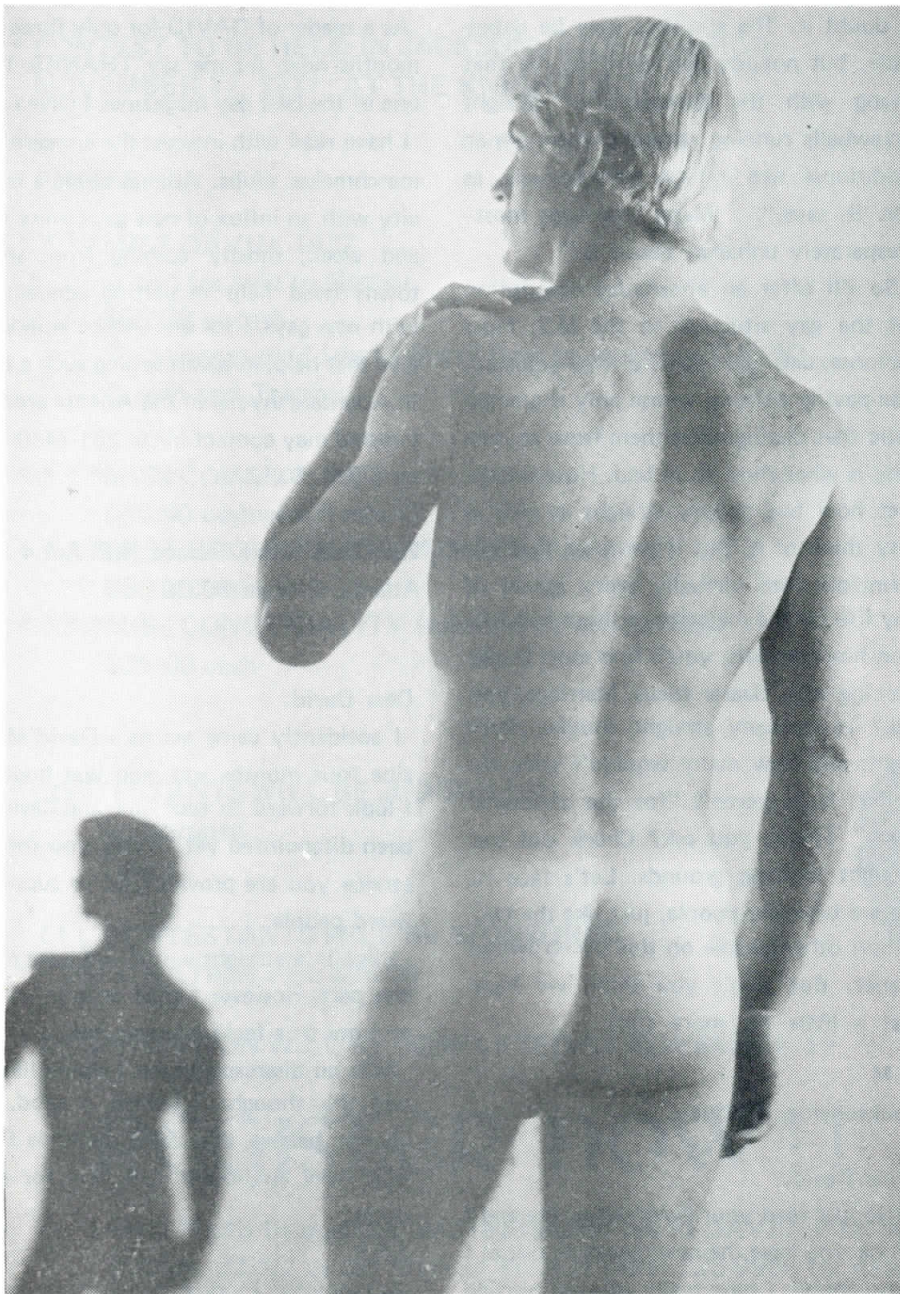
## EDITORIAL

*The staff of DAVID would like to take this opportunity to thank the many people who have given us their support over this past year.*

*We've done our best to present a magazine gays can be proud of and your enthusiasm tells us we're on the right track.*

*In this, our first anniversary issue, we've taken a quick look back at some of the articles and people that our readers found the most interesting. We're also taking this opportunity to take another step forward with the introduction of VENUS, a section by gay girls for gay girls that we believe will be of interest to all.*

*These girls are going all out to give gay girls something they can call their own and they need your support as well. Show them the same support you've given us and everyone will be sure to benefit from the results.*



He was sculpted by Michaelangelo Buonarroti. Immortal Leonardo assisted in selecting his permanent home, the city council of incredibly rich Florence accorded him that city's most honored site and praise, popes and princes coveted him. After nearly five hundred years, David continues to pensively gaze far into the imaginations of men.

His erect but relaxed form, so compelling in its strength and energy potential, probably still excites more quickly and more indelibly than most of the 'now' explicit Photography.

At once accepted as the very paragon of masculinity, he was born when the death rattles of dark age were sounded, and his birth was contemporary with that of a new world. Now, those dark ages are but a unit in a history book and the new world has aged, but David lives.

He is alive and very well in museum courtyards about the globe, on pedestals in lavishly decorated apartments, and within the secret places of homosexual minds.

David, eternally youthful and beautiful, wise judge, singer and poet, stern captain, giant-slayer, and lover of Jonathan was also subject to folly in heart matters, the temptations of body, and frustrations of politics and society. If this proves him to be but mortal, God! What a monumental mortal!

Michaelangelo's biographers recorded David's creator as being a physically ugly man possessed of an evil temper. Today's critics of Gay culture claim that homosexuals make societies ugly and ill. As David's exemplary maleness has destroyed the unfair work crucifixions heaped upon Michaelangelo. So shall the beauty of love of one man toward another glow with an inner scintillation.

For a half millineum, David's serene form of aesthetic, harmonious masculinity has been evolving into a favorite Gay symbol. He belongs to everyman, and everyman can possess him.

This, then, is David.

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear David:

The Greeks (the Greeks!) said something about knowing ourselves, and being better for this knowledge. My guess is that this principle applies to groups as well as individuals. Take the homosexual group. If we are to accomplish any of our goals - and non-discrimination is probably the most worthy at this time - we must first determine what we are. But that being too big a bite to chew, let's consider what we're not and see where that leads us.

First, how do we know what we are, collectively and individually? More than any one factor, the attitudes and the actions of others determine our self-image. In the printed page we are generally either something behind a suggestive cover in some sleazy bookstand on the subject of a distinguished full professor's extensive research. A good example of a "scholarly work" appeared in the Sunday "Times" Magazine of August 23, 1964, in an article entitled "Frankly Speaking on a Taboo Subject. That in itself is a fine start: "Taboo" which implies "evil", "forbidden", and a host of undesirable connotations. But look at what the good Dr. Irving Bieber tells us in this well read mag. "With the development of modern techniques of psychoanalytical therapy, homosexuality is now a treatable condition". Treatable condition? So, who will want to be treated? Not I nor most of the gay people I know (unless they're pretty good liars). Yet Dr. Bieber's calling it a treatment condition implies that it's some sort of disease, like cancer, that infants should be vaccinated against. But no matter how we may appreciate our particular condition, here is a severe condemnation of the gay life, propounded by a titled gentleman; that leads us all to question our emotional stability. And this reinforces the attitude that besieges us daily: that homosexuality, if not morally wrong, is a terrible sickness of the soul.

So, where does this lead us? To our image of ourselves. With the over whelm-

ing prevalence of the Dr. Biebers and their like giving us the "Psychological Aspects" of homosexuality in this fashion; and the continual bombardment of "perverted", "distorted", "queer" and similar sentiments, how can we help but come to think of ourselves as a little bit off our rockers?

But let's take another look at the situation. Even the esteemed author of "Frankly Speaking. . ." confesses that there are about two million homosexuals in the United States alone. Two million troubled, disturbed, perverted psychopaths? I doubt it. The statistics may be debatable, but nobody can convince me that along with the thousands of straight screwballs running rampant, there are an additional two million homosexuals, as Dr. B. says, ". . . Many - perhaps most- desparately unhappy about it."

So I'll offer an alternative description of the gay situation in the U.S. Most homosexuals are decent, well-adjusted, tax-paying citizens, whose only characteristic that distinguishes them from anyone else is what they do in bed. How simple; yet how few people, straight as well as gay think of it. But if you plug that one principle into virtually every aspect of gay life for the majority of those two million homosexuals, you'll find most things coming into clearer focus. Marriage, you ask? How many straight couples don't fight; and how many wouldn't stick together if it weren't "for the children's sake." Tricks, you ask? Check out the straight cruising grounds. Let's face it. We are basically people, just like the two billion other people on this overcrowded planet. But don't you think we have just a little bit more fun?

B.M.  
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear David:

I've just read your David Magazine and I think you have the best magazine out as I have found. I have really enjoyed reading

it very much and hope to receive it for a very long time. I plan to come down to Florida this winter and go to the places listed in your magazine. I also have a farm in Central Florida that I have been thinking of turning it into a Gay Nudist Club. If any of the readers would be interested I wish they would write me. I hope you continue to put out a good magazine.

Ray Townsend  
P.O. Box 412  
Big Chimney, West Virginia

Dear David:

As a reader of DAVID for only three (3) months now, let me say THANKS. It is one of the best gay magazines I have read.

I have read with interest the concern for matchmaker clubs. Atlanta being a large city with an influx of new gays every day and week; mostly coming from small towns need help in getting acquainted with new gays. I for one will be willing to give that help, in spearheading such a club in Atlanta. Anyone in the Atlanta area interested may contact me at 261-7440. After 5 P.M. Daily.

Charles R. Lawson  
2864 Pine Grove Terrace, N.E. Apt.4  
Atlanta, Georgia 30319

Dear David:

I accidently came across a David Magazine four months ago, and was hooked. I look forward to each one, and have not been disapointed yet. Thank you for the service you are providing to us supposed wierd people.

I live in a straight world and have to act the part. However I goof once in awhile, and my true feelings come out.

With no disrespectment I would like to add this thought. I believe in God, but cannot believe that God punishes Guys who have an honest true love for each other.

J.F.S.  
Jacksonville, Florida

# WILL YOU BE THE FIRST MISS DAVID ?



\* CONTEST TO BE HELD IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA  
NOVEMBER 27, 1971 AT THE KNIGHT OUT.

\* PRIZES:

\* \* \* \*MISS DAVID, 1972

A trip for two to Nassau

\$50.00 in cash

An expense-paid trip to Mardi Gras to represent DAVID  
Crown and Trophy

\* \* \* \*MISS COMEDY, 1972

\$50.00 cash

\* \* \* \*BEST GROUP ENTERTAINERS (3 or more)

\$50.00 cash

\* \* \* \*MISS CONGENIALITY (selected by contestants)

\$25.00 cash

\* CONTESTANTS WILL BE JUDGED ON:

Appearance

Talent

\* ALL CONTESTANTS WILL BE SPONSORED

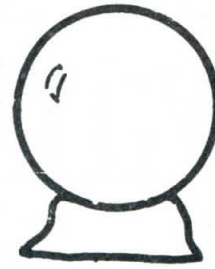
\* REGISTRATION FEE \$25.00

\* REGISTRÁTION WILL BE COMPLETED BY NOVEMBER 12

## REGISTER NOW !!

Send Photo (if possible) and registration fee to DAVID, P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville,  
Florida, 32207 or call Mark or Mike at (904) 725-9968 for details before 7 p.m.

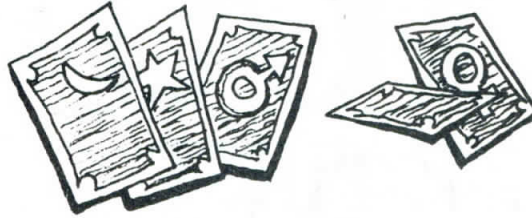
# CRYSTAL GAYSING



With  
Mrs.  
Penny

Mrs. Penny welcomes questions from all of DAVID's readers. She will answer all questions personally and confidentially, if you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. In order to receive proper vibrations, Mrs. Penny requests full signature on all questions, however; should your letter be printed, only initials will be used. Send your questions to:

Mrs. Penny  
c/o DAVID  
P.O. Box 5396  
Jacksonville, Fla.  
32207



Dear Mrs. Penny,

I sure hope that you can be of help to me. Often I get guilt feelings cause of feelings to men. I have been in the gay world only 2 ½ months, even though I had gay relations in my teen years.

Will these guilt feelings ever leave me? Will I ever meet my lover? When? Where? Will I ever be happy? Will I get a promotion soon?

W.S.

Jacksonville, Florida

Dear W.S.

*I see many changes in your life.*

*Read the 23 Psalm, there is a message there for you.*

*Your mixed emotions will soon vanish and I see where you will have constant companionship.*

*Your itchy feet keep your mind confused. Stay still and wait.*

*Stay away from three ring circus, three is a crowd, especially in bed.*

*Betterment of conditions will come in 1973.*

Dear Mrs. Penny,

There is a young man of whom I am very fond. We do not have similar backgrounds, and there is still quite a difference in our social standing. I have self taught to appreciate and understand the arts while he has always taken them for granted. Apparently, he is now taking my love for granted. When he goes on a business trip, I never know where he is nor how long he'll be gone. I only know when he decides to let me know he has re-

turned. He treats me very kind and is extremely considerate when we are together and in all other respects.

I am a Scorpio and he is an Aries. I might add the usual Scorpio characteristics of possessiveness and jealousy are not mine. He doesn't show them either. Really our only problem is that of my being so extremely sensitive and his being so indifferent while he is away. I take it as a clue that he doesn't really care.

Will I ever have his love? Will I even have the love that I have so freely given ever returned to me by anyone?

By the way, he doesn't know how I feel about his trips except that I miss him very much. We have similar jobs, he just has a little more education and a better job. I don't want to put him down, because I have always hidden more than I let show.

Be honest, Mrs.P., any hope at all? Thank you

AEW

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Dear AEW,

*Be more open with your feelings toward this person. Let it all hang out. While you sit in silence, Rome burns. Instead of sitting on your tail while he is away, go to night school and further your education.*

*I see a better relationship for the two of you once you let your true feelings shine through.*

Dear Mrs. Penny,

Is Paul in Virginia gay? And if so do you see a chance of romantic involvement?

D.W.

Dear D.W.

*Yes, he is gay. Due to the distance a close*

*relationship at the present would be almost impossible. However, I do see you making a trip in that direction. And your plans for the future are being executed. Do not make any hasty moves, I see 3 trips to Va., keep in mind that some plane flies from Va. to here.*

Dear Mrs. Penny:

I am at present living with a 51 year old female. I am 36 years old. I am quite confused and hope you can help me

Will this be a lasting relationship? Will I find happiness in this relationship?

My mate was straight up until a few months ago, at which she chose to live this life.

We are constantly arguing over petty things.

If this doesn't last? Will I find someone and have a happy relationship? Would I be happier living in another state?

R.H.

St. Petersburg, Florida

Dear R.H.

*The 51 year old person is going through a period of confusion herself. Due to her age, she is trying to hold-on to you, but at the same time, she is fighting the situation.*

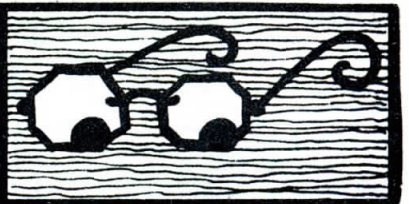
*I do see a lasting relationship in your future though. I don't know exactly where or when but I do see apples and appleblossoms in Washington or Washington D.C. The name Connie comes in very strong here. She is of a much higher caliber than most people.*

*Be of good cheer. All will be well. I also see betterments of conditions so far as work is concerned.*

DAVID: OCTOBER 1971



# Looking SOUTH



The night of witches, goblins, and good faeries is rapidly coming upon us again and night spots throughout the south are preparing for it as well as possible.

October 30th is the night for Halloween Celebrations in most of your favorite bars (check the individual ads for details) and, judging from the amount of work that has been done getting ready for the contest, prizes and favors, it'll probably be long after midnight that night before the tricks and fairy dust settle down.

Among the spots going all "out" for the night are:

The Ambassador III In Miami, offering over \$500 in cash prizes, trophies, door prizes and the crowning of Miss Ambassador III with professional photos taken of each and every contestant. Miss Ambassador III, once chosen will represent the area in the annual contest held in front of LaFittes in New Orleans at Mardi Gras next year.

The Gallery, in Fort Lauderdale will select the area's first Empress in a contest that night with a fan-fare fit for a Queen.

A three judge panel will award a \$100 Grand Prize for the most original costume along with other prize at Tampa's popular Carousel Lounge.

Charleston, South Carolina, will not be left out with their Gayla Halloween Costume Ball. Cash prizes will be given out for the most original, most humorous, most glamorous and for best couple.

"Mama Pat is cooking" again at Cucujo's in Tampa the 31st for those who survive the night before. A special show will be presented with an apple-bobbing contest and prizes that Sunday night.

Gene, from West Palm Beach, says "Treat your trick at a Turf Bar this year". He's having his 18th Annual Halloween Costume Party at the Turf South on Friday, Oct. 29th and at the Turf North on

Saturday, October 30th. All entries are invited and anyone can enter both contests. Entries will be judged on the amount of work involved in the costuming, appearance, and originality at midnight both nights. 1st Prize in both contests is a weekend for two in Miami. Door prizes will also be presented.

DAVID welcomes to it's list of supporters Happy Hour Ceramics of Lake Worth Florida. Their David Lamps are rustic and groovy looking.

Glamour and elegance are the keynotes for the Halloween Costume Ball at the Warehouse in Miami this year.

Fresh flowers will be everywhere with centerpiece of Baby green Orchids providing an unusual touch to the tables. Combined with the other special effects arranged, it should be quite an evening.

One of Birmingham's more popular gay bars, The Outer Focus, was destroyed by fire which investigators claim was arson. Firemen were called to the scene around two hours after the bar had closed for the night and investigation of the ruins the next morning by fire inspectors and the owners showed the back door had been broken into and a good supply of Liquor was missing. An empty gasoline can was found inside.

The loss was heavy as it was uninsured. Bill, one of the owners, hopes to be back in business before long, either in the same location, or perhaps in a different building, still in Birmingham's Southside area.

Labor Day-the day-most people sit back and relax; it wasn't for ten gals we know. After four nights of back-breaking preliminaries, the ten were the finalists for the Miss Jacksonville Pageant, at THE TOP OF THE TIDES in Jax. Beach, Monday night, September 6th.

After 3½ hours, the judges selected the



**MISS GAY JACKSONVILLE**

Fantastic Monica, the princess of the KNIGHT OUT in Jacksonville, as the victor. Monica brought the house down with her "Purlie" and "I got Love" numbers.

The judges didn't have it easy however. First runner up was Chi Chi, the popular bartender from THE COMMODORE in



**CHI-CHI**

Jacksonville. Second runner up was the Superb Miss "E" from the MELODY

(Continued on Page 31)

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE

# WAREHOUSE



## VIII



**THREESOME**

### 1. GET IT UP (STAIRS)

*Go Go Boys, Wednesday movies Sunday  
Beer Bust..Cookout, Rooftop Patio*

### 2. GO DOWN (STAIRS)

*Free pizza at both bars Tuesdays & Thursdays  
5 pool tables, pinball*

### 3. THE TOOL ROOM

*Planned with the male in mind*

## FALLOWEEEN BALL

*"an affair to remember"*

**\$500 PRIZES**

*Get your  
tickets now.  
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PHONE (305) 445-8713

**LIVE BAND**

*reservations  
recommended*

**WE'RE NOT NOTEWORTHY ... WE'RE NOTORIOUS!**



# AND, IF YOU PUSH THIS BUTTON

MICHAEL McCARTHY

"Mark, are you conscious? Get up and help us arrange a breakfast for the survivors--and a wake for the more fortunate!" Adrian was standing over me, trying to pretend he'd been up for hours. Michael was still in the arms of Morpheus, so to speak, so I didn't have anything to gain by staying in bed.

"Ungh!," at eleven in the morning, after a hard night in bed, I am not what they refer to on television as witty and verbal. "It can't be all that bad! After all, you'll have David and me, and the staff is here. Actually, we just want your company."

Convinced I couldn't evade it any longer, I stumbled to the bathroom, noting that I was naked and contemplating the cure for same. Stepping into the shower brought a flood of relief--also warm water, cool water, soapy water, oiled water and water with cologne in it. Showering at Adrian's was like going to the car wash. All you have to do is stand there. A dedicated attack on the old teeth seemed to remove, or at least unbutton the sweaters they were wearing. And thus reconstructed, after weighing the possibility of wearing no more than a smile to greet the assembled multitudes and rejecting it in favor of slacks and a pull-over, I made my way downstairs. . . marveling at the lack of bodies on the floors en route.

Following the smell of coffee perking, I arrived in a service kitchen, and found out that breakfast was being set out on the East Patio.

"Well, a survivor!" chortled David, "welcome back among the living or what-have-you! You look surprisingly well, considering the extent of your activities last night."

The sun was shining with a vengeance that could only be described as sadistic, and Adrian was sitting near the edge of the yellow and white-striped awning that covered the patio, watching the fountain pattern the surface to the pool beyond the hedge.

"Don't be too harsh with him, David--he came down to help us plan how to get the rest of the gang down for breakfast. Inez and Elaine are frantic at the thought of a dozen unmade beds!"

"Sorry Mark--can I bring you some coffee, or juice for the strategy session?"

"Black coffee please, darling." And, remembering that I was here more-or-less on business, I tried to arrange my mental processes to concentrate on Adrian's latest engineering coups, and how they would fit in at Telcom. . . "that was some demonstration your room put on for us last night--are there any other practical applications for brain-wave telemetry?"

"Mark, your sister just got up! Have a

heart already, with the big words!" The disembodied voice belonged to Michael's room-mate--who had evidently been hustled off down the hall after the demonstration. Ted was a fireman--with the face, mind and body of a faun, albeit a large, muscular faun.

"And yet another Phoenix, risen from the ashes," intoned David, solemnly, "come sit with us and tell us the score, Ted."

"Who's an ass?" Adrian exclaimed, looking up from the paper. "David, did you see this article on 'Sex and the Single Swinger'?"

"See it, baby I wrote it!" purred our assistant host as he wrapped his glorious arms around our host, "Want to act out another chapter, sexy?"

Adrian roared appreciatively, and allowed himself to be locked in his lover's arms. "Mark, there's a console in the library through that door. If you punch in 14, the cameras will light. Everyone's in the west guest wing-- two through seventeen on the address bank. See if you can't get them down here before it's tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, huh, if those over-sexed creatures come down here now, and see that doll wrapped around you, they'll all suffer relapses, and be on your hands

*(Continued on Page 35)*

COME  
CELEBRATE OUR

th



PRIZES

BUFFET

HALLOWEEN PARTY  
saturday october 30th

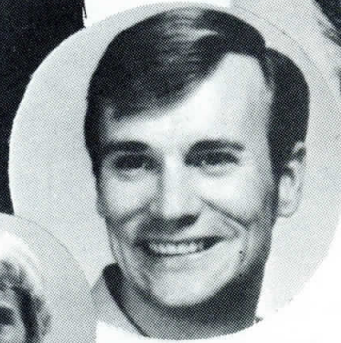
ANNIVERSARY

thursday october 21st

knight Out

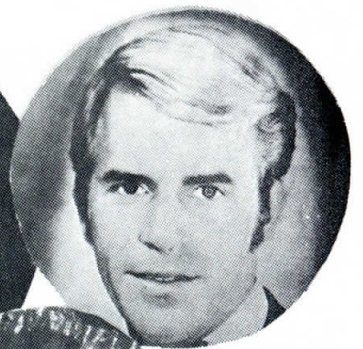
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SHOWS WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY NIGHTS FEATURING THE IN KNIGHTS.



**A FEW OF**

**DAVID'S  
MANY  
FACES**

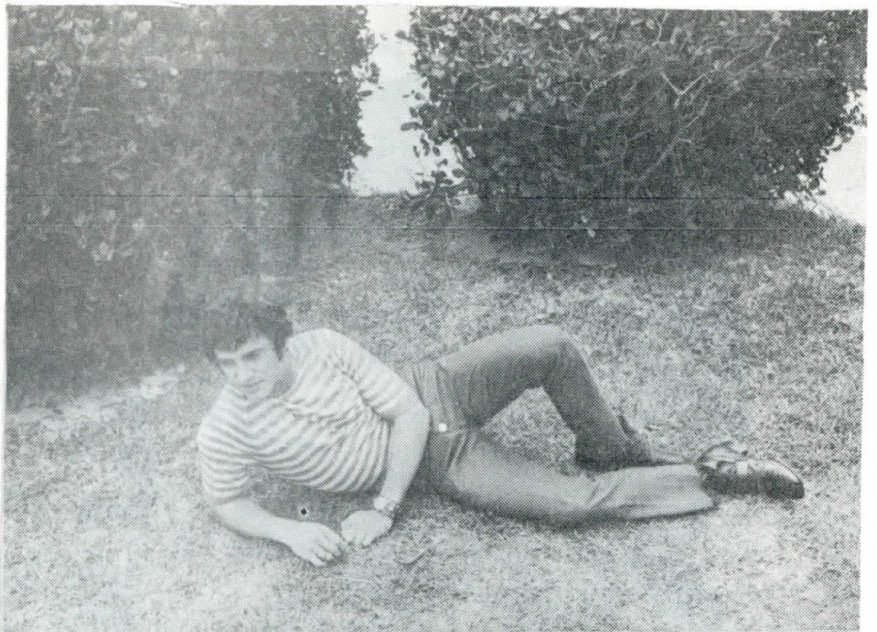


## SOME OF THE BEST

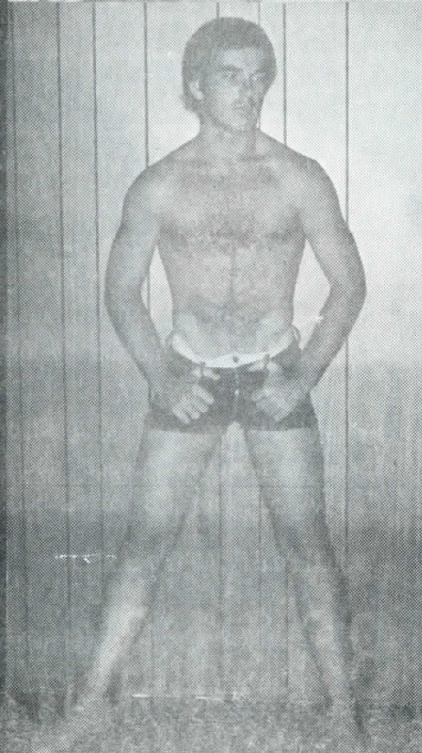
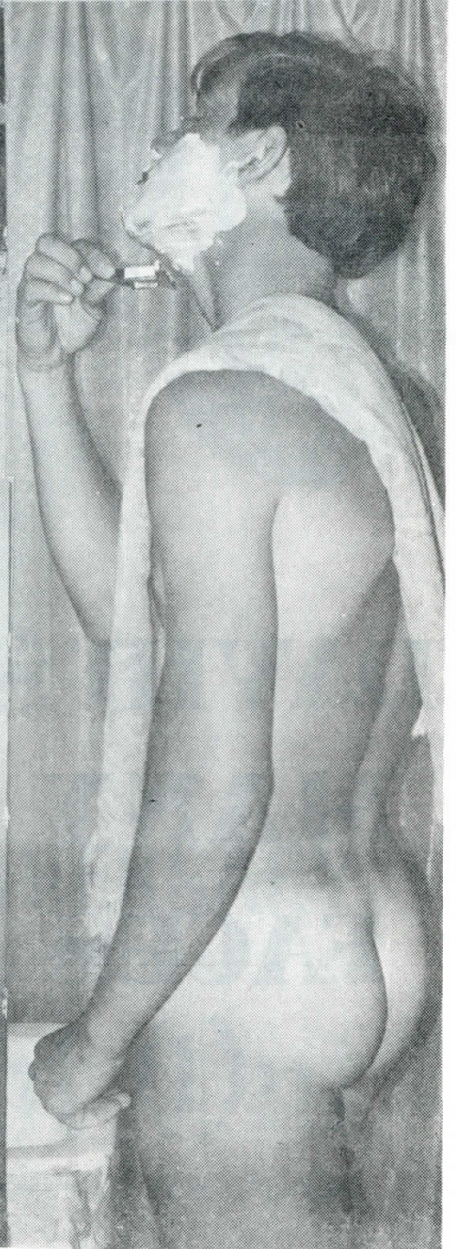
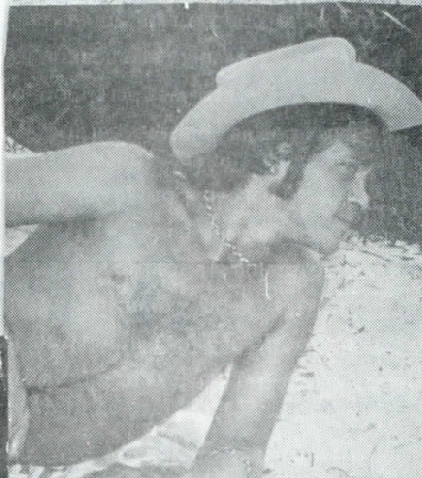


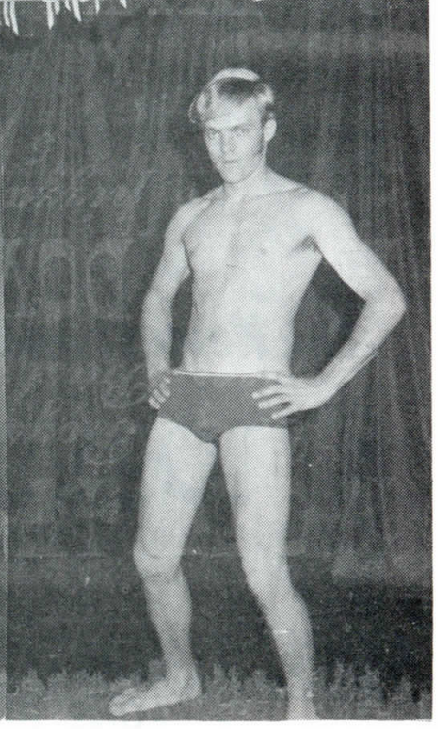
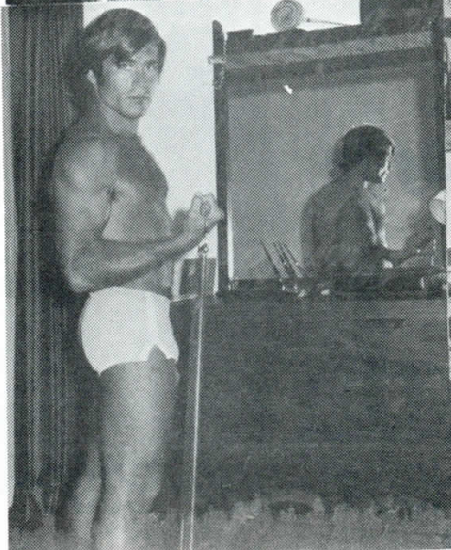
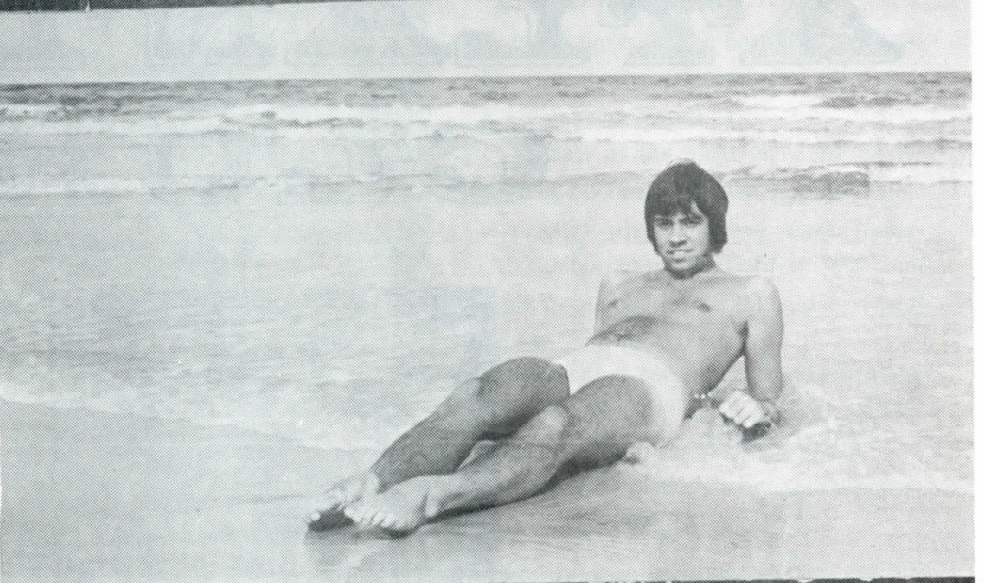
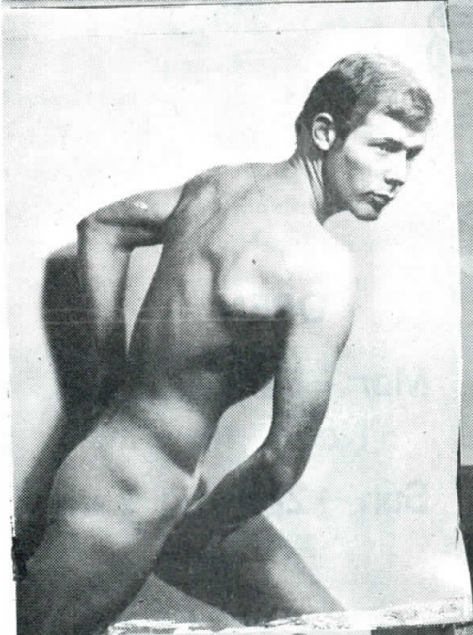
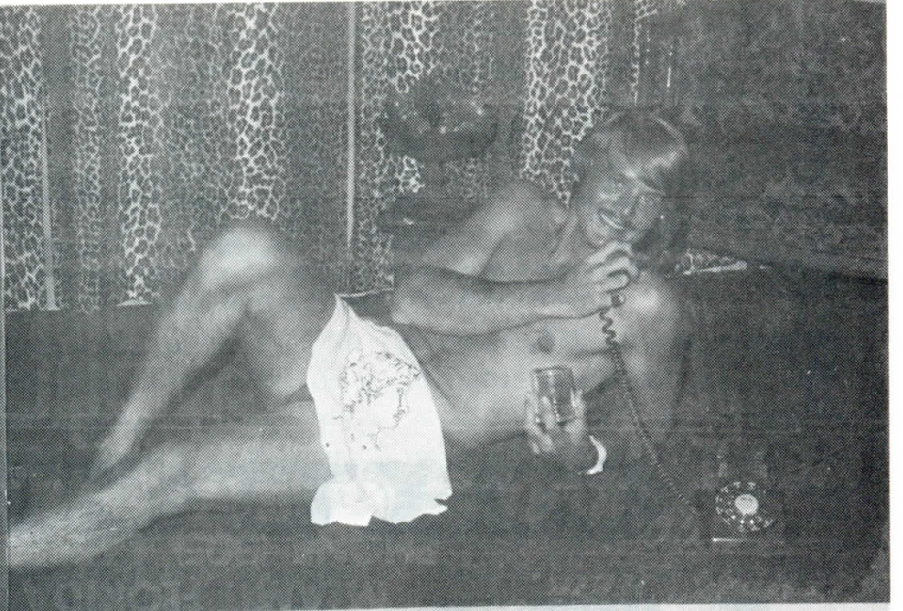
DAVID proudly brings back to it's pages a few of the most popular models seen in past issues.

The groovy guys on this page are: (top left) Bret (May); (bottom left) David (August); (top right) Skip (May); (center) Chip (July) (bottom cntr) Woody (September); (far right) Chris (July).



Opposite Page: (top left) Bill (March);(center left), Ronnie (June); (bot left) Little David (April); (top right) Paul (August); (cntr) Jay (April);(bot cntr) Mark (July); and Butch (bottom right) (July)..







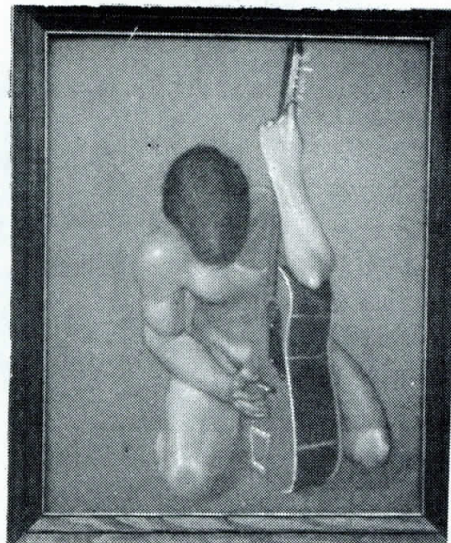
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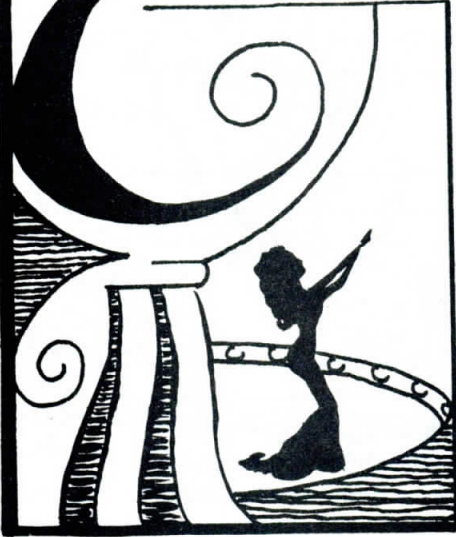
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# Encores

"Another Look at the Finest in Entertainment."

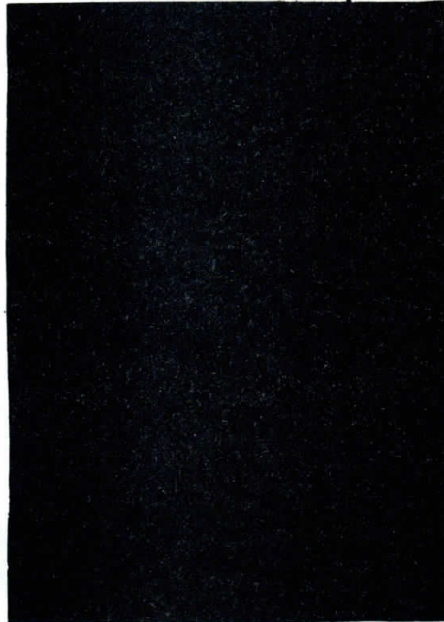


The We Three Lounge in Macon, Georgia rolled out the carpet to welcome Miss Jacksonville, Monica, last month and the show proved to be everything the Georgians had hoped it would be. Monica



MONICA

brought along a few of the other "In Knights" from Jacksonville's Knight Out (Saucy Bernadette, Lee and Chuck) for a fast moving, funny and thoroughly entertaining show that will long be remembered.



Still riding high on the list of places featuring top-notch entertainment in South Florida is the Gallery. Pictured here is the versatile Terry Turner and the highly unpredictable Mr. Michael doing their very funny "golf" routine.

Speaking of great shows, DAVID has scheduled the first annual MISS DAVID PAGEANT to select MISS DAVID, 1972, MISS COMEDY, and MISS CONGENIALITY (to be selected by contestants), and a special prize for BEST GROUP ENTERTAINERS (3 or more).

The contest will be held in Jacksonville, Florida on Saturday, November 27th, Thanksgiving Weekend.

All contestants are requested to be sponsored. Registration should be completed

by November 12 and be accompanied by a \$25.00 registration fee.

MISS DAVID, 1972, and a guest of her choice will win a trip to Nassau, \$50.00 in cash, and will represent DAVID at Mardi Gras next year.

Check page 7 of this edition for further details.

Sunday night September 19th, Mr. Billie Boots presented pantomime at it's best at Keith's Cruise Room.

The stars of the night were the incomparable Michael, the ever popular Jamie and nationally renowned Lana Kuntz. All the numbers were right on target and Billie Boots captivated the audience with wild wit and superb humor.

The evening hit a high spot when the kids got Mother Keith himself to join them in their production number.

High points of the show included guest

*(Continued on Page 19)*



Laurie

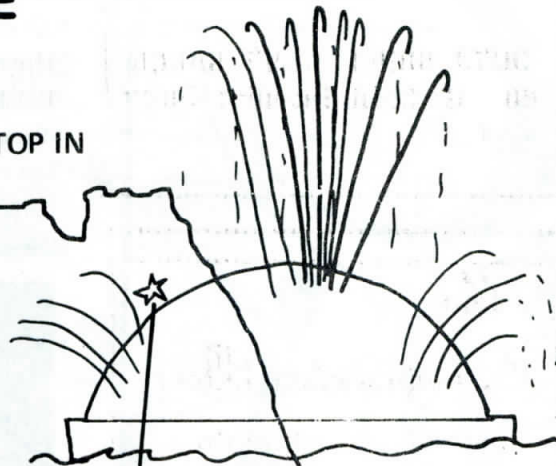
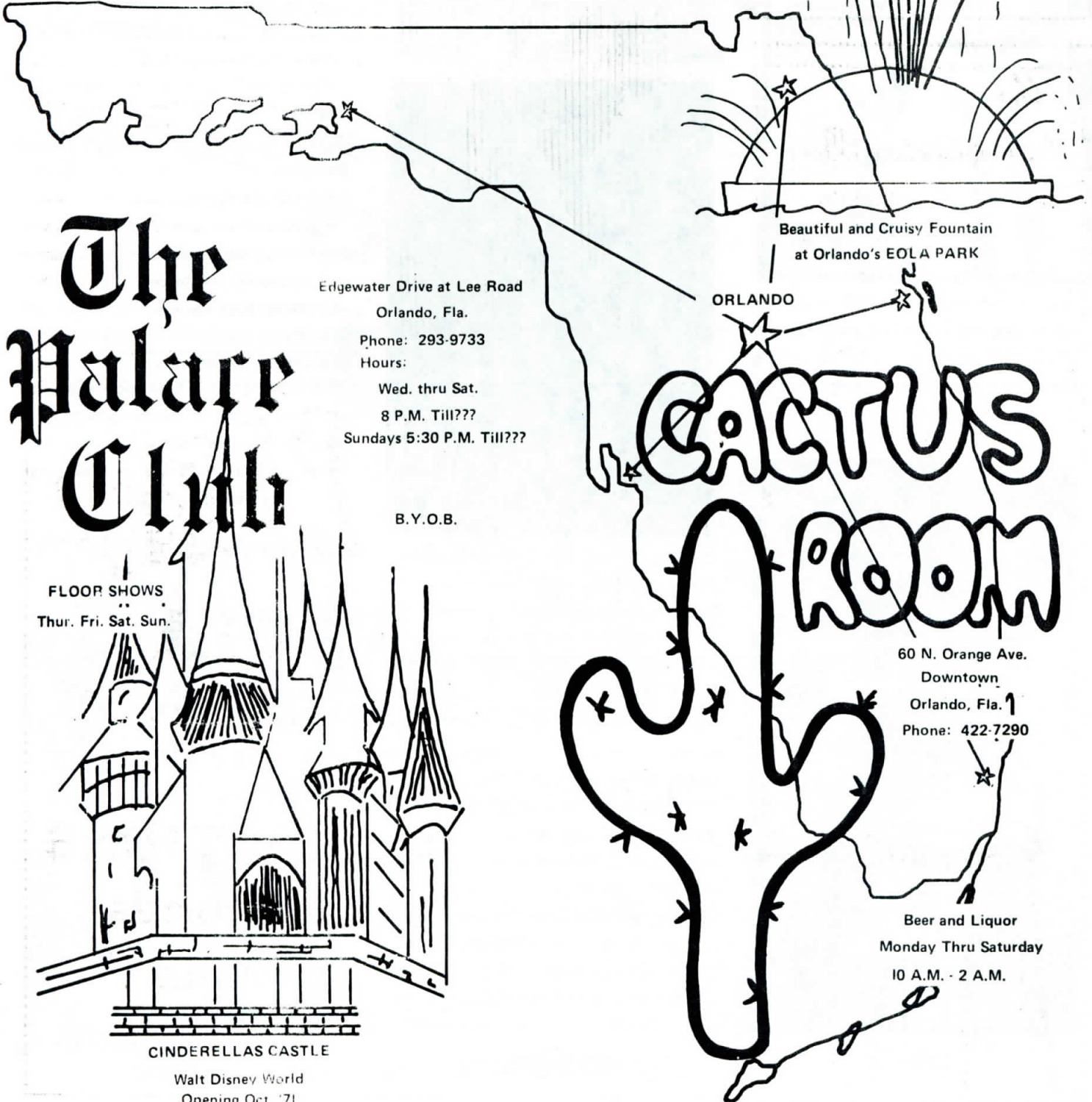
TRAVELING THIS SUMMER ???

VISIT

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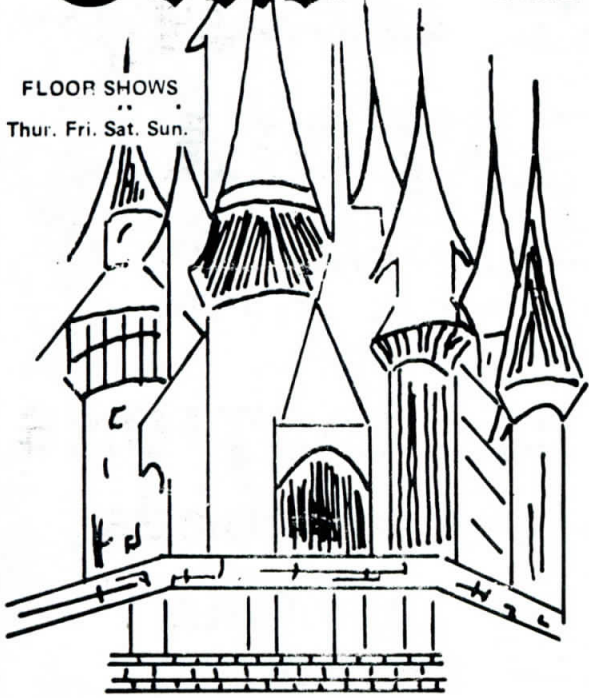
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**Must have Florida barber license!**

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October 31, 1971

Trophies and Prizes

The Ever Gay EVERGLADES

Where you're never alone

1931 S.E. 6th Ave.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida 524-1718.

**ENCORE** (cont. from pg. 17)

appearances of Eddie Oakes as Ernestine and the very popular Laurie doing his last performance at the Cruise Room (for a while anyway).

The new Gallery (formerly Big Bill's Gallery) is changing the Lauderdale scene with great shows. Jamie, a very popular



JAMIE SOMMERS

local entertainer is back working the Gallery.

The bar's ambition is to be the most complete lounge in Ft. Lauderdale.

The Ambassador III in Miami has done a beautiful job of remodeling the inside of the bar with a Gay Patee Night Club effect.

They now boast of four of the top go-go dancers in the South Florida area including their own import, Mike, from Cincinnati, Ohio (you'll see more of Mike in the November issue of DAVID). Mark (featured in July's edition) Eddie and Frank.

The Everglades, in Fort Lauderdale, has a kinky new calling card. 3 dollar bills (spelled "TWE DOLLARS")

The Alley Lounge in Miami Beach has developed a very warm, friendly atmosphere leaning toward a cozy Mediterranean style and is fortunately gifted with ample parking for patrons.

**GAY PATEE**  
**CINEMA**

90 WALTON STREET N.W.  
DOWNTOWN ATLANTA

**ALL MALE ATTRACTIONS**  
**new show every monday**

THE ONLY GAY THEATER  
IN THE SOUTHEAST

YOUR HOSTS: JIM PAINTER & JIM SMITH

# THE COVE

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ATLANTA'S



NUMBER  
ONE  
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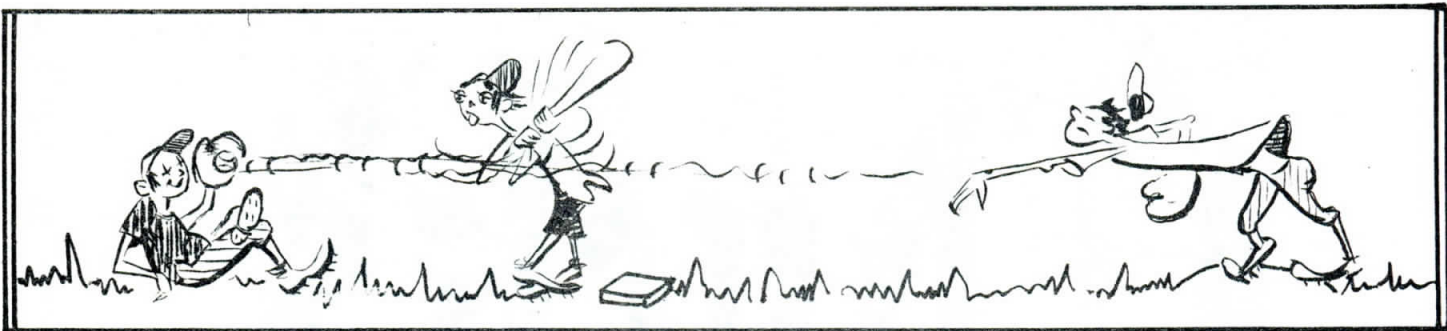
### GARY SHANNON

9p.m. - 2a.m.

DANCING

586 WORCHESTER DRIVE N.E.

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# PLAY BALL!

The call went out as the baseball game that rivaled the World Series got underway Sunday, Sept. 19th.

The place; Military Academy Field in Hollywood, Florida.

The Players; KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM CRUISERS vs. the not so distaff of THE CRUISE ROOM patrons.

The game was billed at the Girls (butch) vs. the Boys (not so butch).

The field was packed with hundreds of

spectators heartily cheering on their favorite team.

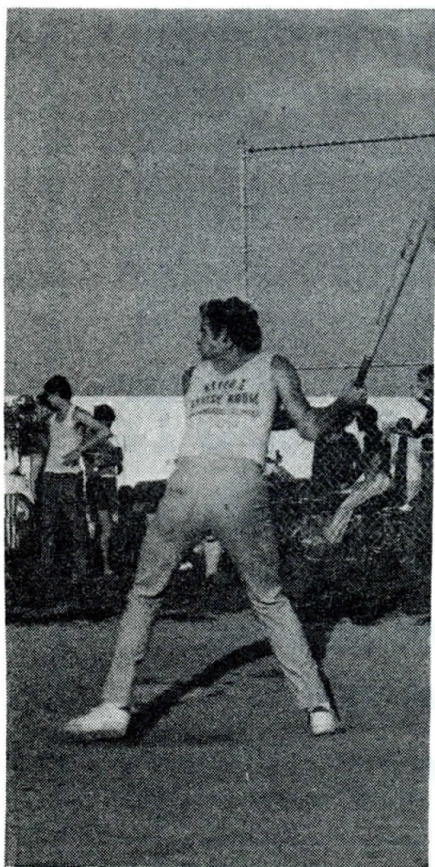
With cheerleaders dancing around the field and over the hoods of the cars the call went out: "Knit one, pearl two, CRUISE ROOM Yoo Hoo" and "We got the T-E-A-M that's on the B-E-A-M, glossy lips, and swivel hips, hit the ball and run."

The game itself was close, although both teams gave up more than their fair share

of runs. By the seventh inning the score was tied 17 - 17, this score held until the ninth inning when the boys got it all together to come up with 10 runs to up the girls 27-17.

The CRUISE ROOM Cruisers aren't going to be content with baseball though; plans are now in the works to come up with a touch football game and a volley ball game.

All we can say is RAH!! RAH!!!



THE BOYS



THE GIRLS



THE CHEERLEADERS

# Chuck's Kathskeller

NOW OPEN

THE

OTHER ROOM

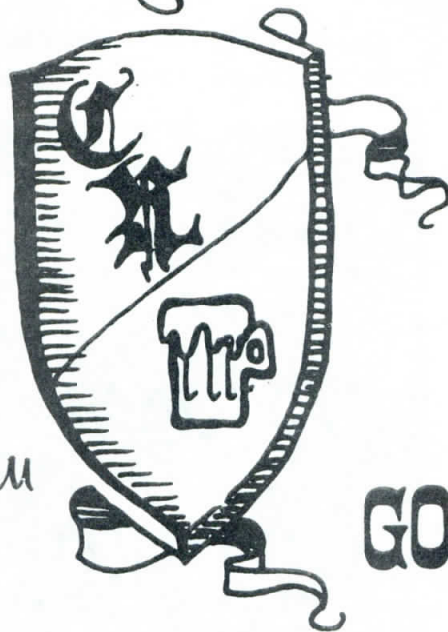
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COME ONE COME ALL TO THE GREATEST HALLOWEEN PARTY EVER  
 COME ONE COME ALL COME IN OR COME OUT OF DRAG OR STAG  
 OCTOBER 31ST, SUNDAY HALLOWEEN NIGHT. PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES!

Special - The "Other Dimentions" will appear October 8th & 9th  
 Shows Every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Buffet Every Saturday. Special Guests Every Sunday.  
 Featuring Weekly two of Florida's top notch entertainers Mama Cass and Brenda Dee along with the  
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Come see our production numbers, such as, Kiss Me Kate, Mame, Dolly Carbaret, Spirit in the Dark  
 with a cast of Maxine, Mama Brenda Dee, the Snake Lady, Chris, Greg and many others. Come see  
 Maxine and her roller skates, unicycle, and motor cycle. Come hear our own Bill sing.

BRENDA DEE



MAMA CASS



MACKIE



CHI-CHI



PAULA



BILL

SHOCKING BUT TRUE  
 THE TOP OF THE TIDES WELCOMES YOU TO THE SHOW OF THE YEAR.  
 "Miss Florida Pageant"

November 26, 27, 28, 1971

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of Thanksgiving Weekend

1st Place - \$200.00 cash & trophy

2nd Place - \$50.00 Cash & trick or Maxine

For information and contest rules contact Bill or Mackey at 411 1st Street North, Jax. Beach, Florida 32250.

Phones: 904-249-9315 or 246-3062 or 246-2202

Bill's wife fell in love with his best friend and got a divorce to marry him. It was a blow to Bill emotionally (he was in love with his wife) but a perfect socko financially. Mary did not ask for alimony, the new husband had plenty of money, but suddenly Bill found he owed Uncle Sam several thousand dollars more per year in income tax. Since the two children were to spend half their time with their father, it was necessary to maintain the home with the added expense of a full time housekeeper. The housekeeper's food cost the same as had his wife's but her wages were more than it had cost to clothe Mary and he did not get a \$600.00 exemption on the housekeeper.

All other expenses were the same; real estate taxes; interest and payments on the mortgage, all the utilities, repair and maintenance on the house, upkeep on the car, shoveling snow in the winter, and mowing the lawn in the summer, and of course the children were increasingly more expensive as they grew, with school costs mounting right through college.

Just why should Bill have to pay approximately \$4000.00 a year more in income taxes because his wife left him?

Bill was in the higher income tax bracket. Let's go lower down in the income scale.

Dick and Ethel had a combined taxable income of \$12,100, and the tax table said they had to pay \$2,260 on \$12,000 plus 25% of the amount over \$12,000, or a total of \$2,285. Now Dick suffers a misfortune. Ethel doesn't divorce him, she dies. This leaves Dick with the same bills to pay, plus funeral expenses, and not only all the bills but with all the work to do. He must either find a maid to cook his meals, iron his shirts and clean his house, or he must do it himself. His income is still \$12,000 but suddenly Dick finds he must pay \$2,830 on the \$12,000, plus 36% on the additional \$100, or a total of \$2,286. Dick has suffered the loss of his wife and the Internal Revenue has penalized him \$581 because Ethel died. This does not take into account the \$600 exemption which he had on Ethel, nor

## SINGLE TAXPAYERS FIGHT BACK



an exclusive  
for DAVID by  
Miss Vivien Kellems

does the tax on either of these men, Bill or Dick, include their increased surtax which was levied on the tax, nor the income. This was \$28.66 in Dick's case, instead of \$22.85 paid while Ethel was alive.

Many years ago Mussolini levied a tax on \$25.00 a year on bachelors. Loud were the guffaws in the United States! Taxing a bachelor was just as funny as forcing a dissident to drink castor oil to make him conform. But Mussolini was a piker. He levied \$25. Uncle Sam's take from the single men and women in this country was \$1,900,000 last year.

The two cases cited were men but there are also millions of single women, who through no fault of their own, are unmarried and who are penalized for this reason far beyond their capacity to pay.

Why? What's the crime some 25,900,000 people have committed to be thus ferreted out by their Government and forced to pay such a heavy penalty? Just one---  
**THEY ARE SINGLE.**

How did this happen? Did Congress forthrightly pass a law, as did Mussolini? Never! Congress wouldn't dare pass such a law. The Supreme Court would toss it out, and the wrath of millions of voters would toss out of office every Senator and Congressman who dared to vote for such unconstitutional discrimination.

Then how was it done? How is it possible that for 22 years the Internal Revenue Services has tracked down and penalized every hapless American citizen who is unmarried?

Let us turn to page S 5836 of the Congressional Record, 1949.

In Texas we recognize the equality of women. We are living in modern times; we are not living three or four centuries ago. There was a time when women were practically serfs. We have passed that point. Under our laws we want to give them equality in the ownership of property and in the comforts and joys of life. That is all we ask. That is all we did. We did it by giving them title - not the *use* of it, not the right to *touch* it but get noth-



ing from it - but the right to *own* half the community property.

Thus spoke the distinguished Senator. He continued: "That law has been on our statute books and in our constitution for 100 years; yet people talk about the law as a device to avoid taxes. Santa Anna had hardly gotten out of Texas before we adopted this system of giving women joint property rights to the earnings after marriage. Of course, what the husband had before the marriage remains the husband's separate property, and what the wife possessed before marriage remains the wife's separate property."

The speaker was Senator Tom Connolly of Texas. The scene was the Floor of the United States Senate. The time was May 27th, 1947.

This was the battle royal! For twenty-six years the controversy had raged in Congress. Why should married people in twelve states split their incomes and pay income taxes at a lower rate, while married people in thirty-six states be forced to pay at a much higher rate? Repeatedly bills had been introduced in Congress to "equalize" these rates but each time they were soundly defeated. As Senator Fulbright bitterly complained, "they were filibustered to death."

It all began when the Income Tax Amendment to the Constitution was adopted in 1913, and came about because the laws of the various states were derived from two different systems, the Spanish Law and the English Common Law. At the end of the Mexican War, Mexico ceded to the United States that territory now comprising New Mexico, Arizona, California, Idaho and Nevada. As each of these states was admitted to the Union, it embraced most of the English Common Law, but retained those Spanish laws protecting the rights of the wife to one-half of the property acquired after the marriage, also one-half of the income earned by the husband. These laws were inherited from Mexico which in turn, had adopted them from Spain.

Texas came into the Union by treaty,

an independent nation, but Texas had already put the community property laws in her constitution. Louisiana was acquired by purchase from France. Originally Louisiana belonged to Spain before Napoleon grabbed it and sold it to us, so one more community property states came into the union.

The rest of the states derived their laws from the English Common Law and gave no such rights to wives. As Senator Connolly said, women in many of these states were little better than serfs. In some states it was legal for a man to beat his wife, provided the switch was no thicker than his thumb.

When the first income tax law was passed under the Sixteenth Amendment, the Internal Revenue Service recognized these community property laws and permitted married people in these seven states to split their incomes and pay taxes at a lower rate. Since income taxes were very low in the beginning, the rest of the states paid no attention to this special benefit enjoyed by their sister states. However after the first world war when income taxes reached astronomical heights, the common law states came to with a bang. How come? Why weren't they entitled to the same tax break?

The first bill to equalize these rates was introduced in Congress in 1921, but went down to ignominious defeat. The community property states refused point blank to extend this lucrative loophole to the rest of the country. They had a good thing going and didn't propose to give it up.

Again and again the common law states tried to pass this bill, but each time they lost. Due to the lower taxes paid by married people in the community property states they were sitting pretty; the common law states were paying a disproportionate share of the cost of the Federal Government.

By 1947 the battle lines were drawn and feelings ran high.

The very first bill introduced in the 80th Congress was House Resolution No. 1 -- to

reduce income taxes.

As all bills of revenue must rise in the House, this one did, but was soon sent to the Senate where Senator McClellan immediately proposed an amendment to pass on the blessing of split incomes to the rest of the country. By this time five more states, Michigan, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Oregon and Washington, had passed community property laws, making a total of twelve such states. Senator McClellan's amendment would bring the other thirty-six states under this protective tax umbrella.

It was a lighted match and fireworks exploded on the Floor of the Senate. Senator McClellan charged that the Community Property states were getting away with murder. He claimed the Common law states were paying over \$500,000,000 a year more than the community property states, an advantage of these twelve states of \$175,000,000. He was grieved that Arkansas, which was his home state, paid \$5,000,000 more in federal taxes in 1946, than a community property state of comparable population would have paid. To the distinguished Senator this was an unbearable penalty inflicted upon his state and "the rankest and most unjust discrimination that exists anywhere in our tax laws against three-quarters of the state." "Such a monstrosity in our tax structure" was not to be borne and he demanded "righteous and equitable treatment for simple justice to all American citizens alike." But to Senator McClellan and 99% of that August body, such "Righteous and simple" justice did not apply to single people.

Throughout the debate the only words used in referring to the taxpayers were the "citizens" or "people of my state" or of the United States. To Senator McClellan and his colleagues there were only married people in this country. The words "single people" appear only three times in the whole, lengthy debate which stretched out over months. Senator Millikin rather timidly ventured the opinion that

*(Continued on Page 38)*

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427 22nd. st. MIAMI BEACH

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**THE SECOND ANNUAL**



**HALLOWEEN BALL**  
**saturday, october 30**  
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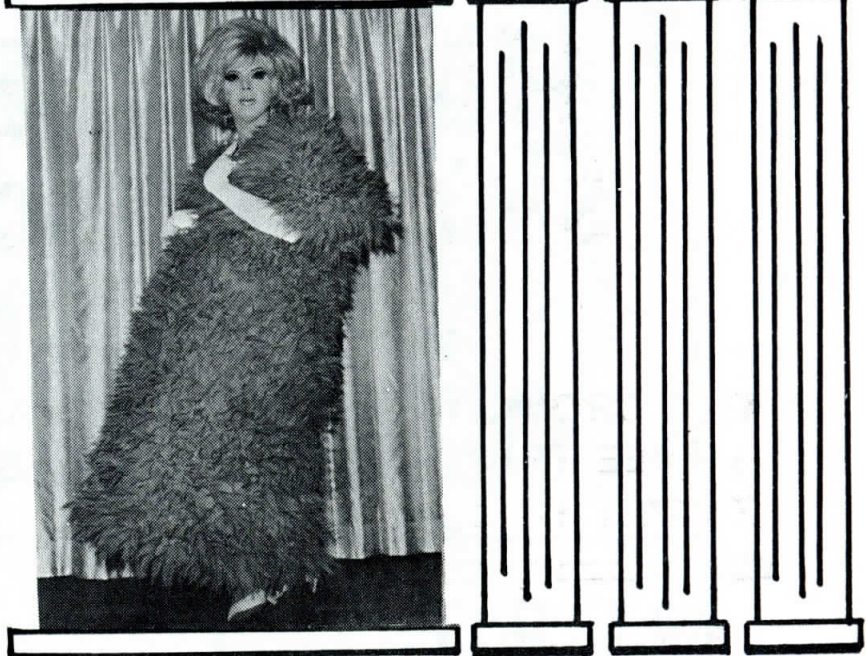
# AMBASSADOR

1 MR. KIM KNOLLES  
acting as M.C.

2 filming of the  
night's activities

3 professional photos  
for each and every  
contestant

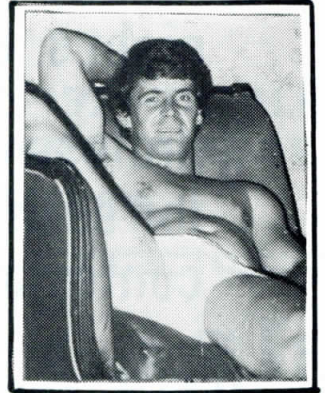
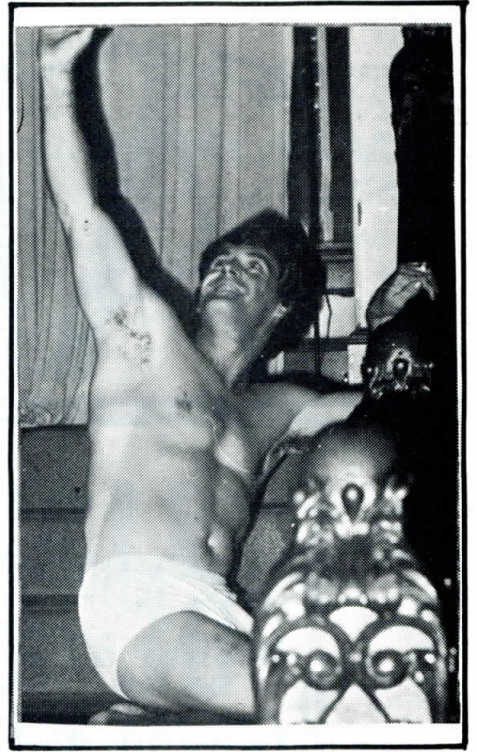
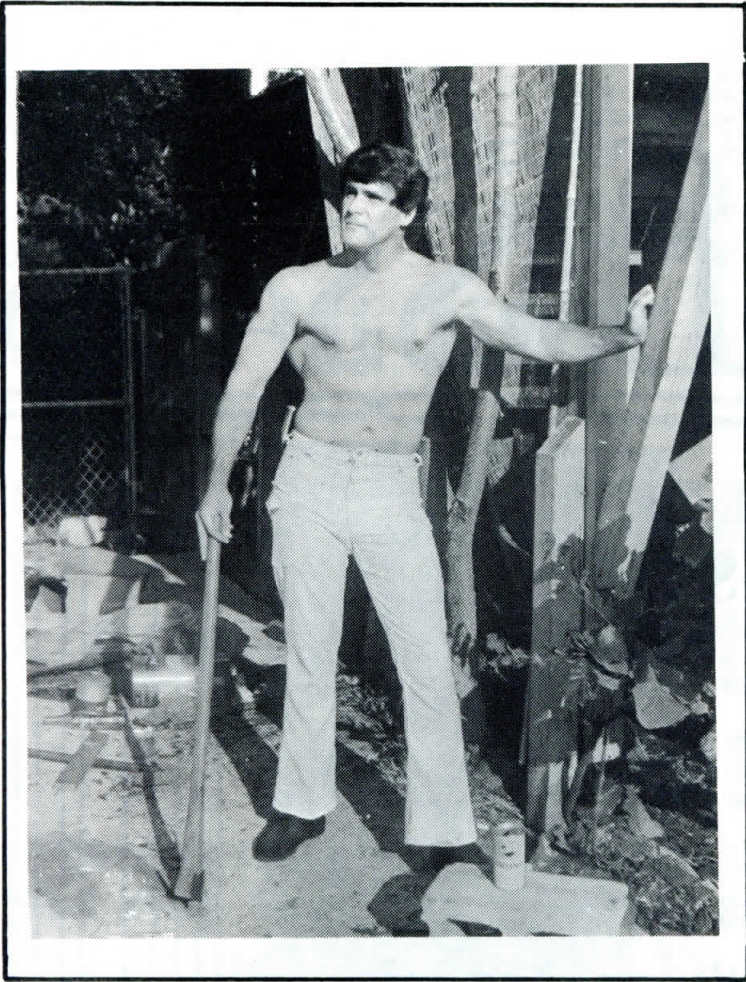
4 live entertainment



Admission in advance \$5.00.  
2 free drinks with advance  
tickets. \$6.00 at door.  
A bottle of champagne for  
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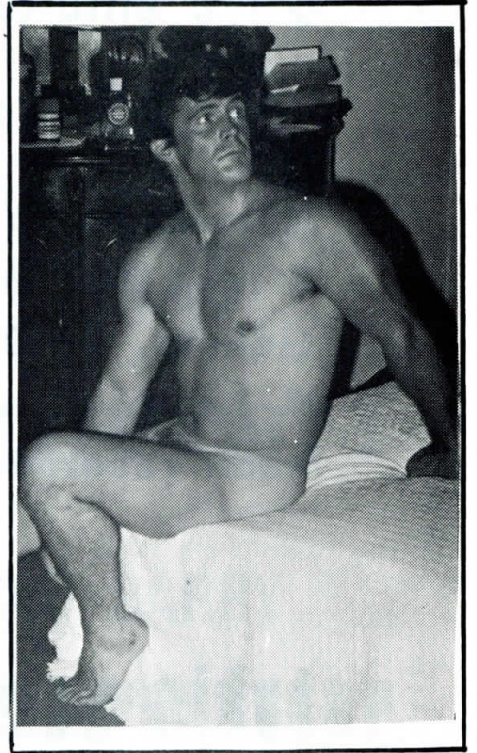
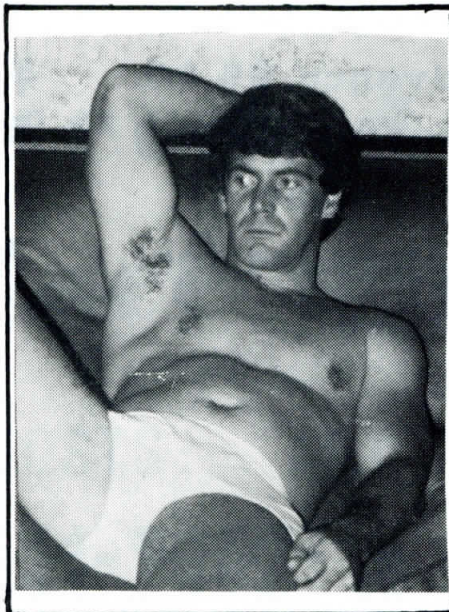
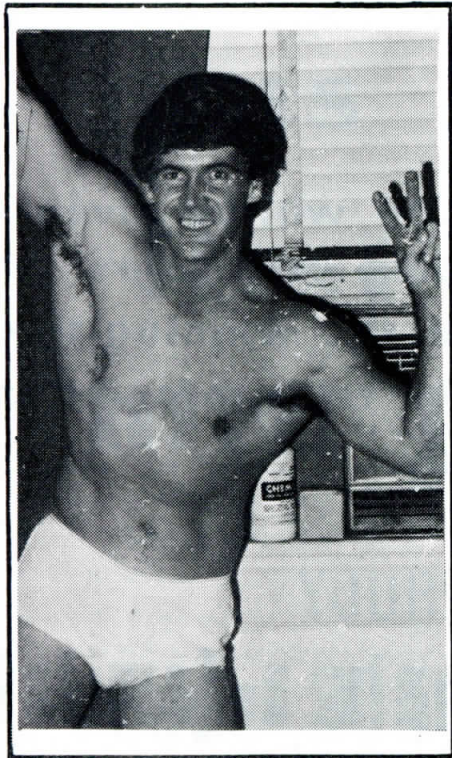
\$20.00 will be given to  
5 lucky customers who  
hold the winning tickets.  
Make table reservations  
early.

**table now . . . . . only a few left!**



MEET

Ed





# VENUS



---

Introducing a new dimension to David-- a special section where you girls can sound off -- or show off.

This month in order to introduce the VENUS section, it was put together by Remie at the drawing board and Venus at the typewriter. Not exactly great lit-

erature or cheesecake -- but a starting point for you, a sounding board where you can argue or agree. Next month, the editors would like to sit back and let the readers take over. So let us hear from all you gay girls -- sound off, let off steam, or if you have nothing to say,

just send us your picture. We're planning a pin-up section, so let us see what the Venus in your life looks like, show her off to the world. Come out from under the covers, gals, we want to hear what you have to say!

---

Really we should introduce one of us at a time - - I'm not sure the world is ready

for both of us at once.  
Me? My name is Remie and my partner

insists on the introduction coming from her own little lily whites--so she says--

### "WHAT LIES HIDDEN UNDER THE CLOWN'S MASK THAT REMIE SHOWED TO THE WORLD?"



---

Ha! She makes me sound so doggone mysterious! Oh, the clown's makeup? Well don't we all identify ourselves a bit different than as done by the world? And too -- I've always heard that a clown has had somewhat of a sad life in order to travel the hard road to being able to make people laugh.

My life is no mystery -- No! I've been gay

ever since that morning some years ago when the doctor handed me feet first to that good looking nurse and she slapped me on the bottom. Well, I'm here to tell you, I loved every minute of it and if some silly psychiatrist with all of his own hang ups is looking for a reason to blame my Mom or Dad -- or environment -- well, eat your heart out, Doc, If

in order to make you happy and give you your reason for my being gay, let's just say that in that same morning I got wrapped up in a blue blanket in addition to everything else. Well anyway, that's enough about me -- now to get to my partner, VENUS.

Oh, yes, this is her -- Venus -- with all the poise and grace any woman could possibly be gifted with.

She is a journalist and is renowned in her own right -- I do believe she could condense Genesis or the Constitution and make it read better than ever before.

Venus crossed my path many years ago while I was still busy reading my Butch manual and had decided this world was not over-run with sincere people. Then one day in a car load of people I turned to say something to the people on the back seat and found out that it was empty except for Venus. My eyes found the most honest and sincere person ever to be sound in this life. Days and months went by -- I bird-dogged her every move, only to find that anything I could do, she



could do too.

I know all of you must have experienced the same feeling -- a time in your life when you had truly found a friend -- a friend above all others and always at your side. Here I was, Gay as a Goose and my heart beat was as straight as Geronimo's arrow. For the first time I was faced with the damndest problem - proud of our friendship, so completely enthralled by this prima donna that I did not dare cross the line of friendship into a gay relationship for fear I'd lose her completely.

If you ever find your Venus, you'll know it -- she'll be more of a woman than you can now imagine. What I'm saying is gentleness is and has to be first in all our lives -- never let your inclination to a masculine identity make you lose your Venus.



*A big hello and hi there from the editors of DAVID-VENUS which will be bringing you a kaleidoscope view of the gay world in the South-east each month.*

*What's our purpose? To lead you to the gay spots where the editors believe you'll have fun, frolic and not get taken taken' (I mean money-wise, of course).*

*What else? Well truthfully we're politicking -- Not for any organization or party, but for us, the guys and gays in the gay world. We're politicking to help change the image we have with the straight ones, the poor dumb folk who think our only aim is to attack their precious bods, little dreaming that our lives are far more complete than theirs could ever be. They need a glimpse of the real gay people, the ones who hold responsible jobs, write books, popular music, lead full rich lives. Yep, we may be a minority group but we are blessed with a majority of the creative talents and intelligence. So how do we erase the distorted view the world has of us? Not overnight, that's for damn sure.*

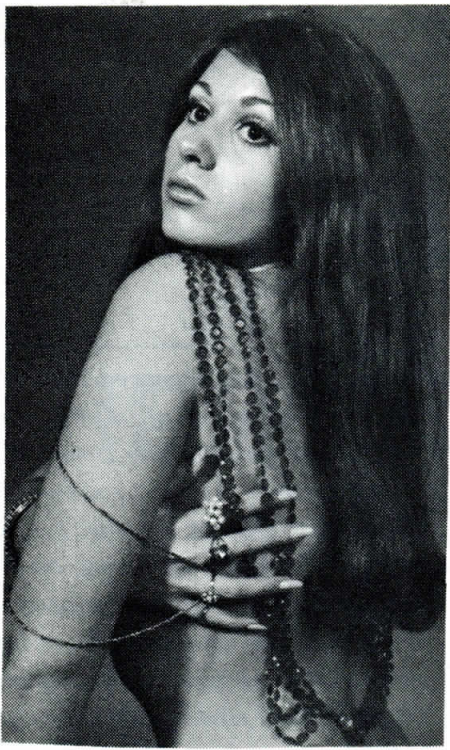
*But with your help we'll make progress. We need to know your thoughts. We want to publish your letters, stories, articles, pictures, sketches or features. So let us hear from you at DAVID'S.*

*Gay liberation?? Sorry folks, that's not my cup of tea. Just haven't figured out how demonstrating in the streets will help us reach our goal. It sure won't show the public that though we are peculiar, we are also particular. We aren't on the make nor are we panting to jump into bed with every cute babe we see. (Well, not seven days a week.)*









---

**VENUS MEETS SOME OF THE  
GIRLS THAT HAVE SUPPORTED  
DAVID OVER THE LAST YEAR.**



# DEAR VENUS

Dear Venus:

Several months ago I found the most wonderful girl in the world. Our love was mutual, complete and satisfying.

We moved into an apartment together and every night I prayed that it would last through eternity for me. We did everything together. She wasn't the dumb broad type, but always was the essence of love to me.

Then Cindy became ill. I was so worried, scared that she was seriously sick. She went to the doctor and Venus, you're not the only lonely star, Cindy was pregnant!

She must have been about 6 weeks pregnant when we met. What should I do? Run, stay, pick up the pieces. I really feel as though my heart will never be pieced together again. Yes, this happened before we met, but what should I do now. Where do I go from here?

Sincerely,  
Sandy

*Dear Sandy,*

*You say you love Cindy, yet in your letter you speak only of your own problem, not hers. Makes Venus wonder if you are*

*too selfish, too self-centered to stand by Cindy during the rough weather ahead. The time before the baby comes will be tough for both of you. If you don't have the spirit to overlook the raised eyebrows, the snide remarks, then baby, back out now before Cindy starts counting on you. True, you don't know what the future holds. Cindy may use you for shelter and then walk out after the baby comes, but standing beside her when she needs you may lay the foundation for a love that will never die. Look in your own heart, Sandy. That's where your answer is.*

Being all butch and having a name like Remie I do have stars in my eyes too! Not now honey--My Venus is more than physical closeness--she's my spirit; my happiness--Now we go to gay bars to enjoy the evening. Afterwards there's a warm home.

"Little Sister" the dog has her tail

looking like the "prop" on a helicopter and we know we're home and alls well as long as the warmth of a lasting & sincere love prevails and our lives are not a book of chapters.

*The majestic clouds swirl*

*Fantasy castles that could be love,  
Candy canes of white and gold,*

*Fantasy castles that mystify the young and old.*

*Are we so close to heaven*

*or so far from hell?*

*Is the soul for sale,*

*or is it God's own?*

*I wonder where my fantasies lie,*

*In my heart or this evening in some gay bar?*

## BOOK REVIEW

One of the fringe benefits that results from being in the publishing business is that occasionally we hear about something two steps and a jump before the general public. We picked up a real goodie this month that we want to pass along to you--a new book--so new that the ink is barely dry. Written by two Southern women, the book gives an unusual personal view of Vietnam. Sure, you'd rather hear about a sex book--but this is one that will stimulate your mind, instead of your glands.

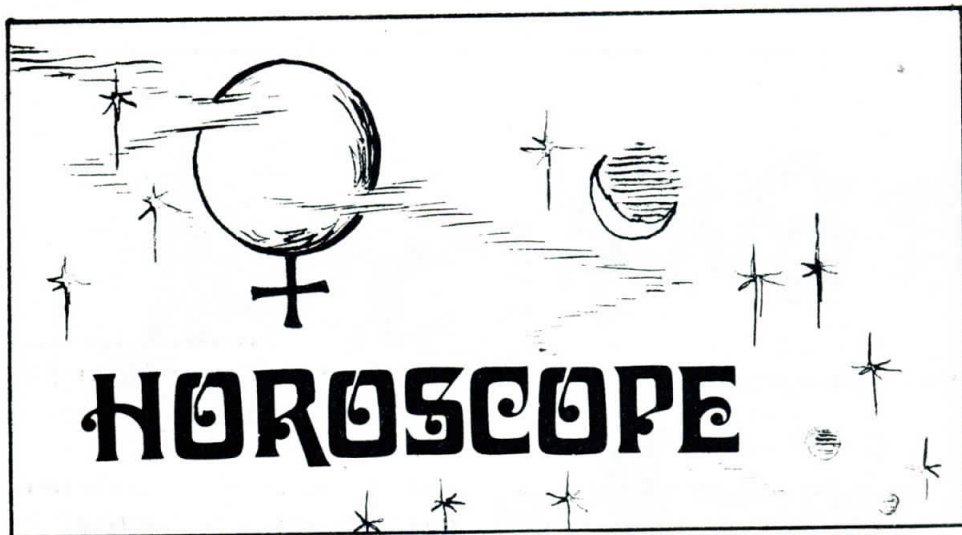
Seems that one of the authors, an artist, was sent to Vietnam by a foundation--probably one looking for a tax break.

Prowling around Saigon and points north, she picked up some very off-beat ideas about the situation, ideas that didn't exactly make her popular when she returned because in 1969 they differed so greatly from the news then currently being fed us by the news service and television. But there's definitely a ring of truth to them, that has become more and more apparent as the public has learned of the massacres and of the number of addicts and narcotics users returning from Vietnam.

Anyway, David and Venus think that this is a book you won't want to miss. It's loaded with actual photographs taken by this enterprising gal from helicopter, jeep

and rickshaw and contains her pungent running commentary on the situation from the time she landed in Saigon, a flag waving patriot, till she returned to the United States feeling--as the old time pulp magazines used to say--a sadder and wiser girl.

Special arrangements have been made with the publisher so that David readers can obtain their copies direct, without having to hunt for this book at the news stand. Send your buck ninety five cents plus twenty five cents for mailing direct to Vietnam Book, P.O. Box 627, Callahan Florida, 32011, or use the handy order blank elsewhere in this book.



Honey - I hardly have crystal Balls - But I do know Astrology.

There's more to living than loving--and many couples find that love isn't enough when they settle down in a home together.

Since your personality traits were established on the day you were born, there's little you can do to change them. But understanding how your mate differs from you can prevent friction at home. Understanding is the key that unlocks the door to domestic harmony; especially when your signs are compatible.

Like Virgos--they're hard to live with unless you realize that a Virgoan can no more prevent himself or herself from being tidy and efficient than a Sagitarian, or Aquarian, on the other hand, with their great love of people and their interest in them don't even see the overflowing ashtrays or the dusty tables.

The Aries sign also produces great housekeepers, but their energy doesn't always match their enthusiasm and they often peter out (no pun intended) before the job they want to do is done, but they never lose their enthusiasm for homes and home decoration.

The home of a Cancerian will be full of growing plants and romantic corners, but it may well be dusty. A collector by instinct our Cancer person will have treasures on display in the home, if he or she ever gets around having a display case made. Leo people love beautiful things just as much as Cancer people, but being

more practical, they won't tolerate anything but a perfectly run home.

Scorpians are torn in two when it comes to the home. They know how it should be, clean and well run, but their interest is not in the little bibelots that give a home charm. They lean more toward stark aseptic interiors.

The Libra person likes the good things of life, the creamy rich dessert, spotless linens, flowers in every room, but don't expect a Libran to help with the dishes or carry out the garbage, just bask in the atmosphere of luxury and peace that surrounds a Libran.

Those born under Taurus probably make the best homemakers because they have the talent to enjoy it without being perfectionists and making others miserable. If you like bright lights, you'll have trouble if you mate with a Taurus. Their homes are their castles and that's where they want to remain.

Geminis can be helpful around the house if you don't chain them to routine. Life with a Gemini is never dull, but don't get shook when they forget about meals, appointments and other trivia.

If you want to build a bank account, mate with a Capricorn, for you'll find your mate efficient and thrifty. Of course you'll find yourself refinishing furniture and wearing darned undies and out of date clothes, because no sacrifice is too great for Capricorns when the jingle of money is involved.

Last month Susan Brown died in Louisville, shot through the head by her husband. Her straight friends grieved, saddened that her life had to come to such a tragic end, that she had died as unhappily as she had lived. Maybe they wondered why Susan had gone through three husbands, each a little worse than the former one, but the few gay people who were on the fringes of her life did not wonder. They knew the truth. They knew that Susan was one of the thousands of women who haven't found themselves. Women trapped in the straight life but are not happy there. Women who are really gay, but don't know it. Discontented, searching and unhappy they are in and out of divorce courts, never finding happiness with a man, yet not realizing the truth, that they are latent gays, that if they could break the bonds they could find real happiness.

Why am I telling you this morbid little story about a woman who is gone? Just to remind you that although life may not always be bright and cheerful, that although you have your downs as well as your ups, yet you have found your place in the gay world, you have a solid basis on which to build your life, a better chance for happiness than the straight gal who wasn't meant to be straight.

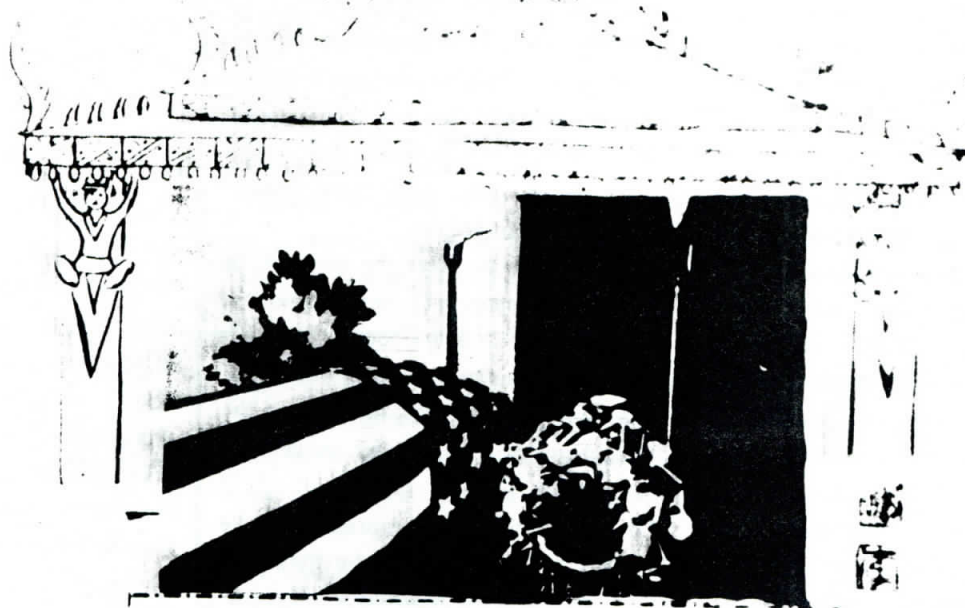
Sometimes it seems that the whole world is on a psychology kick. Can a homosexual be cured? How can I change my son's homosexual tendencies? Titles such as these blare forth on popular magazines each month. The world is aware, but it is frightened. It is curious, but it has no accurate information, because gays, girls especially, take on a protective coloring, blend into the straight scene.

In the Venus section of David, you have a chance to be yourself. So communicate with us--and through us, with those who share the same joys, the same frustrations of living, the same cosmopolitan outlook.

Let David and Venus be your sounding board, your escape when the straight world feels more like a straight jacket!

# LIFE IS BUT A CINDER

## VIET NAM

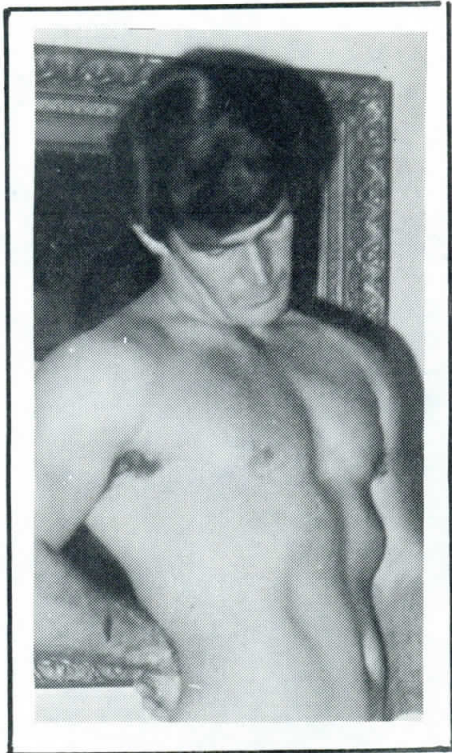
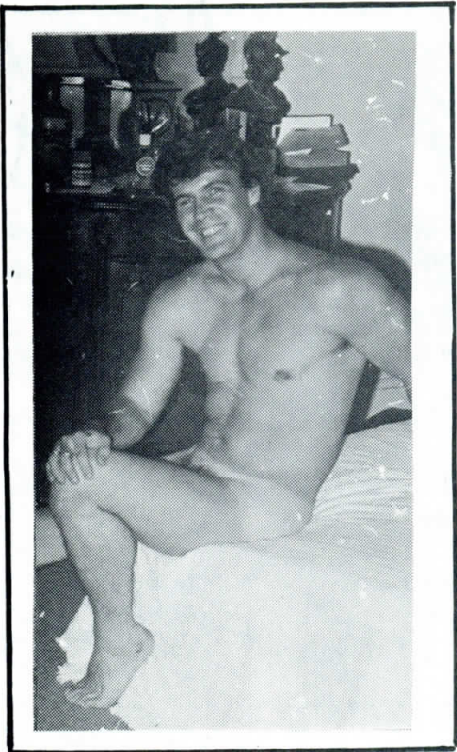


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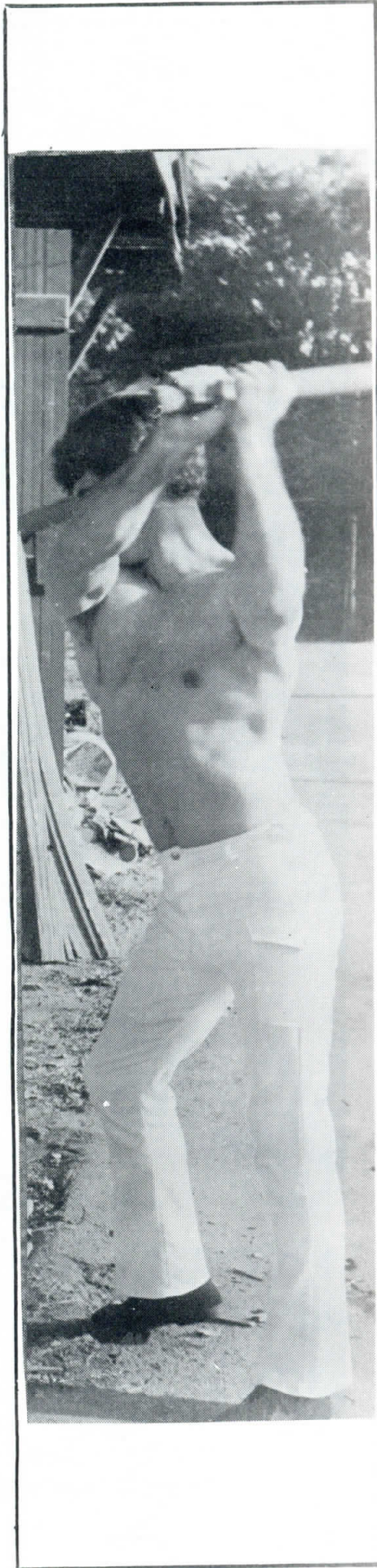


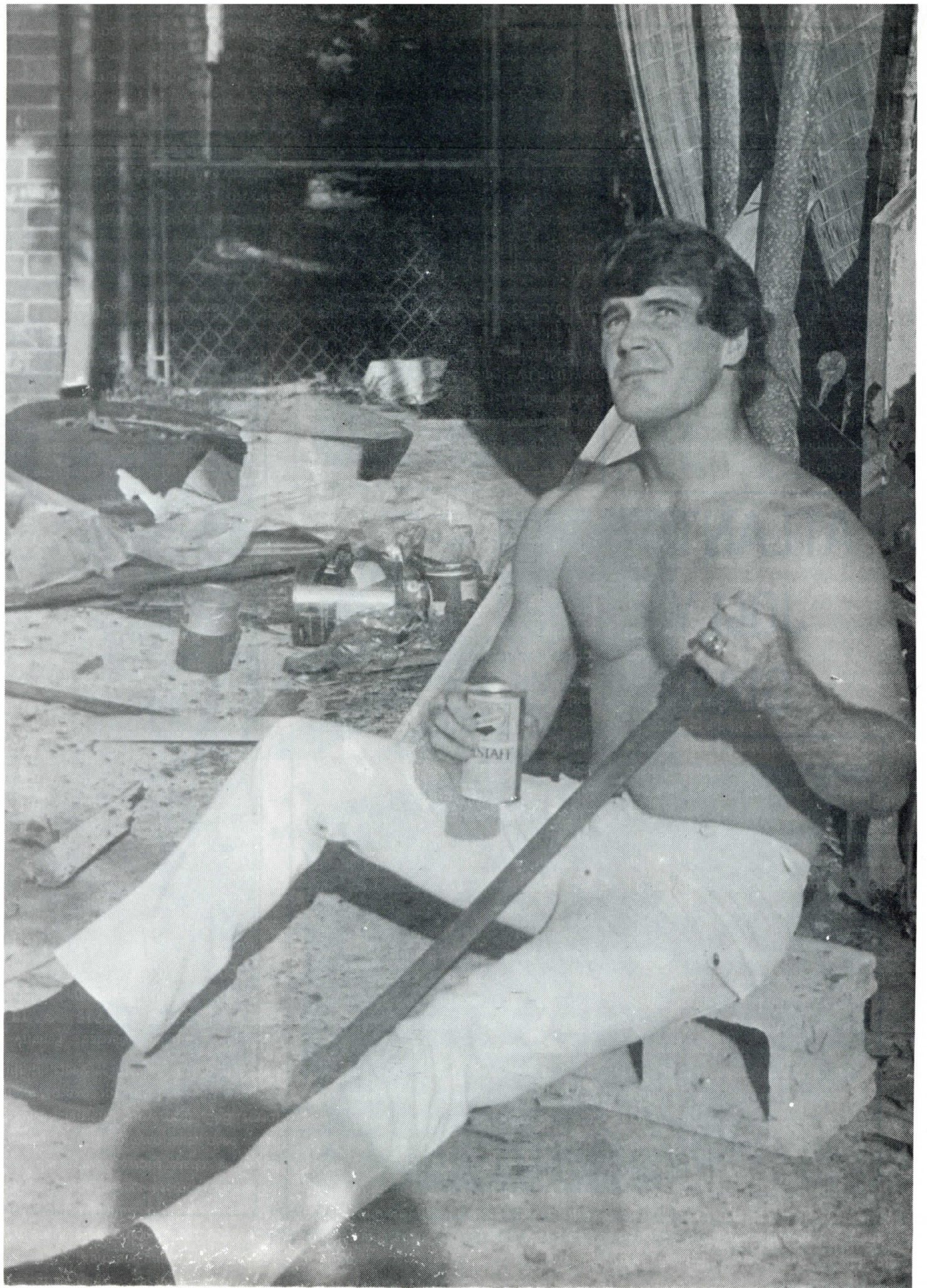
# ATLANTA'S JOLLY GIANT

This month DAVID spotlights the jolly giant from Atlanta, Ed.

Ruggedly handsome, this friendly (thank heavens ! ) guy can be seen tending bar at Mrs. P's, Atlanta's oldest and best known gay bar.

Ed was nice enough to invite DAVID to take these candid shots showing what a giant does in his spare time.







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DANCING NIGHTLY



LOOK SO. (cont. from pg.9)

CLUB. Bill & Mackie, owners of the Top of the Tides, also presented acts by the Magnificent Deseret and Tanya, The Jacksonville Superemes, all five of the beautiful Other Dimension, Mighty Maxine, the lovely Mama Cass and a host of others to make one of the most enjoyable evenings Jacksonville fans have ever seen!

The downstairs bar at the Warehouse is becoming an "in" place in it's own right. Sporting an unusual barn decor with flea market "finds" including a 250 year old wagon hanging from the two story ceiling, the bar stays busy. In addition to the 5 pool tables and pinball machines already there, a complete amusement arcade is planned. This combined with the soon opening "Tool Room" will give South gays a choice of 3 different but compatible bars under one roof.

Sunday has become a big day at the Warehouse. The Beer bust and cookout packs them in rain or shine but would somebody please give poor Rheims an umbrella next time?

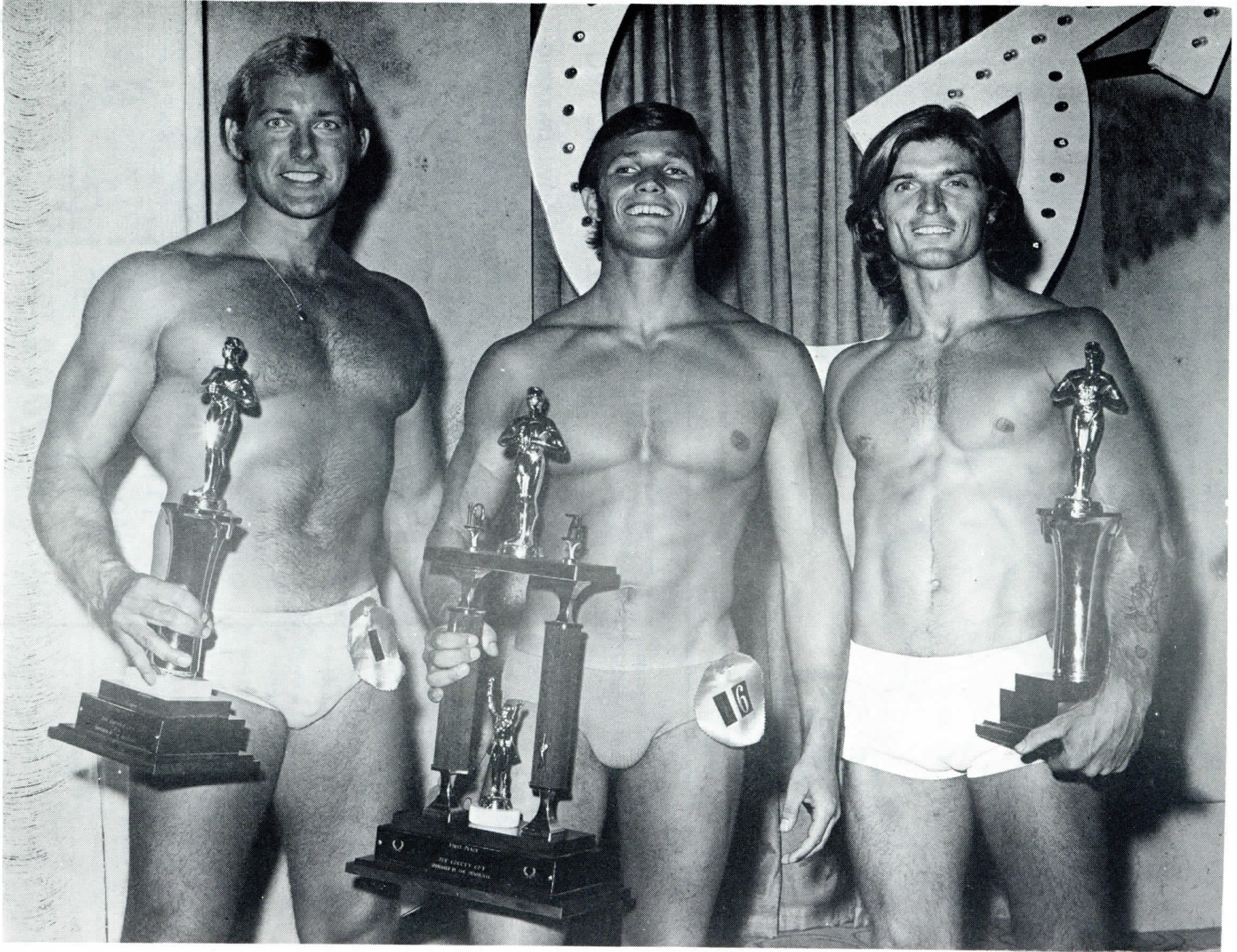
(continued on Page 46)

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# L. A. ADVOCATE'S FOURTH ANNUAL

**G**  **ROOVY**

**G**  **UY**

**P** **AGEANT**

ADVOCATE PHOTO BY FRED TOWNSEND

JIMMY HUGHES IS THE GROOVY GUY '71. Born in Ventura, Calif., the 21-year-old Hughes won the coveted title over 24 other contenders in the fourth annual running of the competition sponsored by the **ADVOCATE**, national biweekly newspaper of America's homosexual community. Second-place winner in the finals on Aug. 21, was Dakota, well known model. Third place was taken by Del Brooks, a rugged native of Little Rock, Ark.

More than 1200 homosexual from California and beyond jammed the main ball-

room of Los Angeles' Sheraton-Universal Hotel for the Groovy Guys Finals and Dance, which has become the top event of L.A.'s gay year. Contestants made two Entertainer-producer Jack Louchlin was master of ceremonies for the event, and popular rock group, The Cherokee, provided music for some uninhibited dancing by the crowd and six wild go-go boys. The entire Groovy Guy Pageant was produced and directed by Bob Barnett and R.D. productions for the **ADVOCATE**.

An unexpected bonus was an unscheduled

appearance by actor Michael Greer, a long-time staple of L.A.'s gay nightclub scene. He won an ovation from the large crowd after a witty monolog about his experiences making the films, *The Gay Decievers* and *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. appearances during the evening-once in jeans and a T-shirt and then again in swimsuits. In between, the panel of judges interviewed each aspirant to the title. Judging was on over-all appearance and handsomeness, build, and personality - whatever it takes to make a Groovy Guy.

Winners recieved trophies, cash prizes, and more than \$1500 worth of merchandise and services from businesses.

The handsome young winner, Jimmy Hughes, was brought up in Monterey California, where he was all-star catcher, and first baseman in the little league at the age of 11. Among his hobbies are weightlifting, swimming, horseback riding, and antique and junk collecting. He is 5'9" tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has a 29-inch waist. He plans to attend beauticians school in Los Angeles.

# A DAY IN THE LIFE

ALAN B.

It all began one morning when I woke up late. As I groped for the alarm clock, I knocked the ashtray off the end table. When I bent over to pick it up, I knocked my head on the corner of the table, drawing blood. I ran to the bathroom to check the damage, stubbing my toe on the chest of drawers. I jumped up and down, writhing in pain, and grabbed my damaged foot. I lost my balance and knocked over my favorite bottle of cologne.

I staggered into the bathroom and switched on the light and very cleverly managed to blow out all three light bulbs. Meanwhile, I was getting very late for work.

I climbed into the shower -- half way through, the hot water suddenly ran out and in my haste to get out, I slipped on the soap and grabbed onto the Yves St. Laurent (transparent) shower curtain and did graceful pirouette onto the floor. I unstuck myself from the floor about five minutes later as my wet body mixing with all the hairspray residue on the floor made things rather sticky.

I ran to put some water on the stove for coffee. After doing that, I ran to the bathroom not realizing I had turned on the wrong burner. So much for my morning coffee.

I somehow managed to get my clothes on, complete with one brown and one blue sock. While quickly changing socks, I stepped on a piece of broken glass from the cologne bottle. The hell with that-I just threw on another sock and ran for the door. No car keys. I searched high and low as the clock ticked on. I was in a cold sweat by this point and began tossing things around the apartment in a mad frenzy for my keys. Luckily, only a small ashtray ended up in the fishtank, giving minor lacerations and contusions to a slightly pregnant fantail guppy. Sorry Mam.

Keys found at last, I dashed out the door slamming my fingers in it. Tears came to

my eyes but I was really beyond the point of pain.

I jumped into the car and pulled out. No gas. Oh well, the 'ole girl has run on love before. After making an illegal left turn and running a red light, I was on the bridge and I pulled up to the toll gate. Right--no money. Not even an old token. The desperate look in my eyes must have made the toll lady take pity on me and she waved me through.

I pulled into my parking space after having scraped the tailpipe on the entrance to the lot. As I ran from the car, with time growing rapidly shorter, I tripped over my shoelaces which had been overlooked in being tied in my haste.

I did a quick damage check and after finding one badly skinned elbow and a tear in my new slacks, I got up and ran blindly to the employees' entrance. My heart was pounding with fear of being

late, my body ached and I was on the verge of tears, topped off with a complete nervous collapse. As I approached the door, I reached out to push it open and go flying through, hopefully on time. I hit the door with all 180 pounds plus inertia. When I came to an hour later, I looked up and read the sign posted on the door: CLOSED FOR LABOR DAY.

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**BUTTON** (from Page 11)

for the entire week!" Ducking to miss the fast-approaching brioche barrage, I beat a hasty retreat to the indicated library.

Remembering how to wake up the computer in the basement wasn't as hard as I thought it might be, and in a few moments I had the cameras and monitors live and the audio lines open, and, the coup, had managed to call in the command that opened the drapes holding the sun at bay in most of the guest wing.

"Good Morning Mr. Phelps--or Miss Phelps, as the case may be," I droned, "your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to disentangle yourself from your bed partner, or partners, and join the rest of us for late breakfast on the East Patio. Your bed will self-destruct in forty-seven seconds. That is all!" A tremendous feeling of power swept thru me as I watched all the groggy heads appear, dumfounded. Not too many of this journalistic crew had visited here before, and didn't know this house was full of surprises.

Thinking I would appear more innocent that way, I beat a hasty retreat to the patio and snuggled up to my cup of coffee and whoever else was handy, in this case, Adrian. "Good work Mark!" said Adrian, between fits of laughter, "the squeals were heard as far north as Poughkeepsie! If you're still interested, Dave

can take over here, and we can run downtown and duck into the lab; if you still want the rundown, that is."

"Great, let me finish this last bite of coffee, and I'm game." "We're going to the shop, David, play host, OK?"

"Don't be gone too long, I'm a jealous natured beast!" David winked at me. "By the way, Mary called this morning, and your new shipment of LED's are in."

"Great! Mark, if you're in the mood for a little fresh-air, we can go by the plant and pick up the LED's."

"Fine by me. But what's a LED?"

"Light-emitting diode . . . I'm working on a new wall-screen for the television system. I saw one at the trade fair last month, and was curious enough about it to try it for myself. Once I got the logic circuit ironed out, there isn't anything else to do but physically assemble the unit. There are literally millions of connections in one as big as I am building."

"Well, if that's what you like to do, more power to you! Are we going to drive, or be driven?"

"That's a straight line, if you'll pardon the expression! Are you coveting my Packard again?"

"Talk about leading questions! Nineteen twenty-nine was always my favorite year!"

"Flattery will get you anyone around here!"

The starter chuckled merrily as eight massive pistons responded to his touch.

The Packer, a glorious ivory-colored tour-

ing car, rolled out of the garage, wire-wheels winking in the afternoon sun. The car continued majestically down the driveway, the Denmans connecting it to the cobbled surface with a broad expanse of white rubber.

"Adrian, how can you spend any time at all in that home. I think I'd sleep in here!"

Adrian roared approvingly . . . "Mark, you just want body contact with all that leather! Anyway, you've said that about practically every car in there. My favorite is the Mark II convertible, but it's in Cincinnati having it's interior nourished. They have a portein treatment that prevents the leather from aging in the sunlight."

"Is that the blue vision I saw on the shop side last year?"

"One and the same. You know, if I don't stop hoarding these things, I'm going to be out of space on the lot."

"Poverty please, yet! I wouldn't worry too much about that, Stud. As I recall, there are nearly five acres there. Besides, you're doing a great historical service to future generations!" "Each of your cars is a page in the annals of motoring. Look at this one, a traffic-stopper, to say the least!"

"Believe me, that's not much of a recommendation. A ten-minute run to the store for supplies takes two hours, by the time I've answered all the questions. It seems

(Continued on Page 41)

# REGENCY BATHS of Miami

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# SOME OF THE BEST OF DAVID'S POETRY

*My second cousin Clarence,  
is home visiting his parents  
from his Greenwich Village  
studio in New York.  
Now, he's the life of every party,  
because — he's so arty  
interior decoration is his work.  
Now I don't know what he means,  
when he calls his boy friends "queens"  
and, to engage in idle gossip is to "dish".  
When he saw Brown the local preacher,  
talking to a high school teacher,  
he said, "Get you, you swish".  
Now he wears a purple shirt  
and he calls the ice man "dirt"  
and says he thinks "Bozo" can be made.  
My second cousin Clarence  
is a trial to his parents,  
he goes to bed and never wears a stitch  
he spends four hours snoozing  
the other twenty "cruising".  
He's a "fairy", he's a "pansy",  
he's a "bitch".*

B. M.

*I do not question him  
Or ask him why he does  
The things he does.  
I do not mock his  
Dreams, or damp his  
Joys.  
I wipe his tears  
And help him up  
When he has stumbled  
And, though the fall  
Was brought on by  
Himself, I ask the  
World to be less  
Cruel to him.  
I help him when  
I can, and try to  
Share his joys  
As well as his sorrows.  
I try to understand,  
And sometimes offer  
Him advise. But, if  
He listens not, and  
Tumbles down again,  
I do not mock;  
I stoop to pick  
Him up again.*

*Close my world to the noise of reality  
The windows of my eyes are shuttered  
Let me lie down  
On the bed of my dreams  
And sleep in the peace  
of the unknown*

*And I will take my world  
Of silence only  
With no words spoken  
Hearing neither the words of my friends  
Nor those of the stranger*

*And I shall dream no dreams  
and weep no tears  
But shall gather my loneliness around me  
As death gathers his cloak  
In a shroud  
And lies down to sleep  
The sleep of eternity.*

E.J.C.


  
smile

*I may not see him  
For a year or two,  
Or ten. It matters  
Not. I know that  
He is there. No need  
For us to write a  
Weekly letter. Our  
Bond precludes the  
Mundane, social thing.  
I do not turn from  
Him to someone new-  
I know too well how  
Fortunate I am that  
He is there.*

*If he should fight  
I'll go down fighting too;  
Then find out later who  
Was right or wrong.  
I will not try to  
Change him or condemn  
Him. No matter how I  
Hate a thing he does,  
I love him still.  
He only needs to call  
And I will come. He only*

*Beautiful is a child when he's asleep,  
With feathery lashes upon his cheek.  
A hand slid carelessly under his face,  
and a look that reveals heaven-like  
grace.*

*Wonderful is a child when he's awake,  
with enthusiasm that isn't fake.  
Bringing you gifts, such as a flower,  
Trying to please you every single hour.*

*Dynamic is a child when he's at play.  
Going, every minute of every day.  
A glorious addition to my home,  
Everybody should have one of their own.*



*Love is life's heartbeat...  
Troubles shelter in time of storm  
Despairs laughter when forlorn...  
or so they say.*

*Love is joy, happiness, grand and bliss.  
With love how can you miss.  
or so they say.*

*Recently I knew love of the highest  
degree, but love is only Hell for me.  
or so I say.*

F. R.

*Needs to knock and  
He may enter.*

*We may have rows  
And even raise our fists.  
But let no other slander  
Him to me.*

*All these things he expects.  
And I expect the same  
From him;  
For we are friends.*

Peter St. John

*thank you, bitch  
—not for breaking my heart—  
but for the promise preceeding the  
break....  
i was so hungry i had to eat anything  
even false promise  
it wasn't nourishing  
but it gave me something  
to chew on*

**Eugene Robert Platt**  
Reprint Courtesy of  
Homosexual Information Center  
TANGENTS  
Jan.—Mar. 1970

Press not upon me the burdens of love,  
 no matter how glorious it may appear  
 to be...  
 Tell me not of the blissfulness of true  
 contentment, For only a fool could believe  
 that through love, he finds compleat  
 happiness...  
 Venture other than into a closet; Settle  
 not for the companionship of just one, for  
 life opens many other doors...  
 Let your mind play upon thoughts of gately,  
 Decieve not yourself with ideas of contentment  
 through to-getherness...  
 Love all, But all the same...  
 Solo yourself, but be whom ever you are;  
 Till only then, you are just one of many...  
 Speak not words of meaningless value, for you  
 are set upon a pedestal according to your  
 mentality...  
 Play not the roll of virtue, for only a babe  
 is blessed with such innocents...  
 Tell not your fellowman of the wealth you've  
 found within your soul, For if he can preceive the  
 freedom and contentment within yourself, He with  
 a conscios mind, will acknowledge and desire this  
 for his own



Carol Jo.

I thought you really loved me  
 I truely thought you cared  
 I built my dreams on happiness  
 that wasn't even there  
 I filled my heart and mind with love  
 that never will be shared  
 Was it only make believe?  
 Did you ever care?  
 I tried to make you love me  
 I thought you wanted to  
 I wanted you to see within  
 The love I have for you.  
 I wished for us to grow in love  
 And always be us two.  
 But it was only make believe  
 It never will come true.

You left without a single word  
 You could have said goodbye  
 You took with you a part of me  
 how can I stay alive  
 You never should have said you loved me  
 you didn't have to lie.  
 And now because of make believe  
 I think I'm gonna die.

You didn't have to lie to me  
 there was no need you see  
 I loved you then and love you now  
 though you don't care for me  
 Its worse to THINK you've got a love  
 than WISH you had her-see-  
 And all because of make believe  
 Loneliness—is me—

Mickey

A window of the bedroom faces  
 east,  
 And I forgot to draw the drapes  
 tonight.  
 The rising moon, from full two  
 days decreased,  
 Awoke me with its coldly brilliant  
 light.  
 It lights a path that dances on  
 the sea,  
 And pouring onward, floods into  
 my room.  
 It shines upon you, lying next to  
 me;  
 And makes of you a beacon in the  
 gloom.

The moonlight laves you with its  
 milky glow.  
 Your hair shines softly on your  
 sleeping face.  
 The heaving of your chest affects  
 me so  
 That Passion comes — I weaken —  
 fall — Embrace.

Forgive me, Love, for waking you  
 so soon,  
 But blame the rude awakening on  
 the moon.

L. P. B.

You are my friend  
 Be kind, but do not love me  
 I was not made for love.  
 I value freedom too much.  
 Speak to me when you see me.  
 Talk to me when I am sad.  
 And  
 Laugh with me when I am happy.  
 But do not love me.  
 If I should release my inhibitions  
 And  
 Tell you my innermost feelings  
 It is only that I need understanding  
 If I should show concern for you  
 And worry when you are gone  
 It is only cause you are my friend  
 Do not expect more of me.  
 I was not made for love  
 If I should talk of far-off places  
 Strange people and walking streets  
 Alone at night  
 Pray for, but do not worry  
 I value freedom too much.

Were they wasted years?  
 Those long, beautiful years we had?  
 The time we spent  
 Like so much gold, from what  
 We thought was an endless supply.  
 The days we came home, and  
 ran to each other, laughing  
 The nights we loved, and slept,  
 and loved again  
 Was it worth the pain, the  
 bitterness, the loneliness  
 That lies in the hollow of my throat  
 Where you pressed your tousled  
 head  
 When we slept.  
 Is that beautiful silken-spun  
 feeling  
 That spilled out of our eyes  
 when we smiled  
 Gone — because you aren't here  
 anymore.  
 Is it to be just memories, now?  
 Or is it a part of me—  
 The shoulder where your head lay  
 The arms that held you  
 Or the hands that touched your hair,  
 And cupped your face  
 While you laughed up, into my  
 eyes?  
 Is it part of the heart,  
 That loves you still?

Tell me, old friend, where  
 does love go to die?

E.J.C.

there were other people to be considered. He suggested that there might be "important effects on the distribution of taxes among the different income groups between married and single persons." And at another time, "I am emphasizing that we are dealing with a group problem. Under the Senator's amendment a single person living alone would not benefit. Widows with children would not benefit. Children with dependent parents would not benefit."

But the Senator might just as well have saved his breath. Not one member of that "most exclusive club in the world" even heard the word single. Even "widows with children" failed to register. Senator McClellan tartly replied, "the bill does perpetuate a group benefit which now accrues, and I am trying to quit perpetuating this group benefit to the community property states." And the rest of the Senators went right on prattling about the "citizens of my state", or the citizens of the United States, or the "people" of the state or nation. To them there were no single people; everybody was married.

It was a battle between the "people" (married couples) of the common law states against the "people" of the community property states. They were out to save the married and unabashedly *themselves*.

Incredible! Suffering poignantly from "blatant injustice" they were utterly oblivious that in their greed and self-interest, they were shunting off onto the frail shoulders of those least able to pay, the whole weight of the burden which they were determined to dump from their own. There was no pretense; it was a straight tax gimmick, outright chicanery to give a tax advantage to one class of taxpayers. One Senator assured Senator McClellan that "the House Ways and Means Committee will consider this matter with the greatest of sympathy." To which the Senator from Arkansas replied, "I want a reduction in taxes, not sympathy." He then informed Senator Know-

land "On our present salary (\$12,500 a year) I pay \$646.00 more Federal tax than does the Senator from California. I need that money for my family just as much as the Senator need that amount of money for his family. All I am asking is that justice be done." With the present munificent salary of \$42,500 which Congress has blithely voted itself, the saving to married members is approximately \$4,500. Millions of single, hardworking men and women please take note.

It was then suggested that Arkansas could pass its own community property law but this was not easy. The five states that had passed such laws did so in self-defense with the greatest difficulty. Another state, Pennsylvania, had passed such a law only to have the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declare it unconstitutional. Community property laws created all kinds of problems affecting estates, domestic relations and commercial credit. They upset property laws, court decisions and caused individual and general chaos. Senator McClellan didn't think much of that idea; the only solution to his problem was a Federal Law; he would settle for nothing less.

At this point Senator Connally invited the Senator from Arkansas to move to Texas and this brought up another sore point. While the Senator couldn't very well move to Texas, that was exactly what a number of his constituents were doing. The town of Texarkana was divided right down the middle by the state line between Texas and Arkansas and many wealthy citizens of Arkansas whose businesses were in that state found it very profitable to move their homes across the line to Texas where they happily split their incomes and paid Uncle Sam at the lower rate. Senator McClellan said, "By doing so, every four years they save enough in Federal taxes to pay an entire year's Federal tax on their income." Other states lamented loudly that the Community Property states were siphoning off the wealth and business of the Non-Community Property states. The lucky twelve did, indeed, have a good thing going!

Senator Fulbright termed it "geographical discrimination" and he challenged any Senator to "cite any other case where we make a distinction in a particular state or states." What is the difference, Senator Fulbright, between geographical discrimination and marital discrimination?

It must be clearly understood that this was, in no respect, a "community property" law. Not one piece of property changed hands, not one penny of income in the 36 states which benefited, belonged to the wife. If a man in any of these states gives his wife more than \$3,000 a year, he must pay a gift tax on it, It was a fraud, blatant, class tax legislations, nothing else, a special reduction for married people. Two people might be married, they might hate each other, live in separate homes and not be on speaking terms, but come April 15th, they could split their income and enjoy a substantial tax reduction. The magic word was "married". But single people in all 48 states were left with the highest tax rates in our history and they continued to pay these

World War II tax rates until 1964 when everybody was given a reduction - but not much for singles.

The bill failed in 1947, but was the first thing on the agenda in 1948, and was passed in February. President Truman vetoed it in April. Congress passed it over his veto the very next day. President Truman termed it "inequitable."

In 1962, Senator Eugene McCarthy introduced a Bill to alleviate the plight of singles a little. He recognized this terrible inequity and proposed a "Head of Household" Bill which would give some tax relief to single people over 35. There already a classification for "Head of Household" but it was so absurd that very few people could qualify. Asked why he selected age 35 as the dividing line, Senator McCarthy said that a famous actress had told him that a woman was most beautiful at age 35. Thus are some of our laws determined. Its amusing to note in passing, that recently any number of Congressmen have introduced similar "Head

of Household" Bills in the house, solemnly specifying that the determining age should be 35. They hadn't the remotest idea why.

Senator McCarthy's Bill didn't get the time of day from his colleagues. However he persisted and patiently introduced this Bill (S35) every year. He is the one man in the whole Congress who has fought consistently for the right of single people to equitable treatment. Senator Ribicoff said on the Floor of the Senate, "The Senator from Minnesota has been in the forefront of this fight for many, many years. He has been a lone voice, receiving very little support from anyone else in the executive branch or in the legislative branch. I will certainly be pleased, as a member of the Committee of Finance, to support the Senator's efforts to bring justice in this important field."

In 1964 the Bill precipitated hot debate, as by this time, he had some co-sponsors and substantial support in the Senate. The greatest foe of single people in the whole Congress, is Senator "Clamshell" Long, of Louisiana, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and one of the most powerful men in the Senate. Enjoying an income of over \$300,000 a year himself, Clamshell doesn't give two hoots for the plight of millions of hard working, poor people whose only crime is that they are single. In all his majesty, he rose on the Floor of the Senate and demanded of Senator McCarthy, "What are you trying to do? Give a consolation prize to these women because they can't get a proposal from a good man? "For the Senator's information there are several million more single women than single men in this country, and he's right; they can't get a proposal from a man, good or bad. They should be entitled to a consolation prize!

While fighting to the end against justice for single people, just mention "oil depletion" and the Senator ejected from his seat as though propelled by a rocket. Oil depletion is sacrosanct, but not as well known are clamshells, a multimillion dollar business in Louisiana. All on his own

Senator Long lobbied through a fifteen per cent depletion allowance on clamshells. One Senator asked why a depletion on clamshells? Who owned the clamshells? The reply was that God owned the clamshells, piled rich and deep off the shores of Louisiana. But never mind who owns them. It is lucrative business to scoop them up and sell them for use in cement. and Senator Long will look after his own.

Last year Senator McCarthy changed his Bill to completely abolish this unbearable penalty on single people. This Bill was co-sponsored by Senator Ribicoff and Senator Hartke. It came to a vote in the Senate and rolled up an impressive 25 votes FOR, plus 2 PAIRED. 24 more votes will carry it and there is no doubt those 24 will be forthcoming this year.

Reflecting the changing "climate", Congress for the first time recognized that this unjust discrimination exists, and actually passed a Bill purporting to do something for single taxpayers. The Bill is a fraud and a cheat. Pay no attention to it. Rich singles are given a break but poor and middle class are still right in there bearing the brunt as usual.

1970 can bring success. The McCarthy Bill is back in the Senate, (S3416) and Congressman St. Onge, of Connecticut has introduced an identical Bill in the House, (HR 16564). Congressman St. Onge said this:

"There is a serious question of constitutionality in the existing system which taxes single persons at higher rates than the rates paid by married individuals. I do not feel that we should wait until an aggrieved taxpayer brings this matter to the U.S. Supreme Court for relief. It is incumbent upon us in the Congress to provide for equity of tax rates paid by the people of this country. The Bill does not discriminate against married individuals filing joint returns, whose rates would not be changed. It simply removes the penalty now paid by single taxpayers.

In addition to these two Bills, a suit has been filed in the Tax Court, in Washington, D.C., to test the constitutionality of

this tax. The courts move slowly and it may be some months before this case is put on the docket, but eventually it must come to trial.

So many people ask, "What can I do to help?" Immediately write to your Congressman and your two Senators and ask them to co-sponsor these two Bills. It won't do any harm to enclose a used tea bag in your letter as a National Boston Tea Party is brewing and the single people of this country are going to pour one million tea bags into Congress this year.

Then do something for yourself. The following chart shows how much you have been over-paying. Get 3 refund forms, 843, from your Internal Revenue Service. File a form for overpayment for each of the last three years. If the

Income	Single	Married	Penalty
\$1,500	\$ 225	\$ 215	\$ 10
2,000	310	290	20
3,000	500	450	50
4,000	690	620	70
6,000	1,130	1,000	130
8,000	1,630	1,380	250
10,000	2,190	1,820	370
12,000	2,830	2,260	570
14,000	3,550	2,760	790
16,000	4,330	3,260	1,070
18,000	5,170	3,820	1,250
20,000	6,070	4,380	1,770
22,000	7,030	5,020	2,010
24,000	8,030	5,660	2,370
26,000	9,030	6,380	2,650
28,000	10,090	7,100	2,990
40,000	16,670	12,140	4,530
50,000	22,590	17,060	5,530

tax suit in Washington is successful, you can get your money back.

And one thing to consider; we have an election year coming up. 25,000,000 irate single voters could well be the swing vote in this election. Ask every candidate for Congress in your district, where he or she stands on this important legislation. The ground swell is there, it can become a tidal wave.

And remember, this does not increase the tax on married people, it simply re-

*(Continued on Page 40 )*

**FIGHT** (from Page 39)

moves the tax discrimination against single people. Millions of married people are for this Bill. A few may object and the answer of the singles is, "If you can tax our income because we are single, why can't our real estate taxes be upped for the same reason? Also we are not contributing to the population explosion and our taxes are used to educate your children. And how do you know you won't be joining our ranks tomorrow. If you should lose your wife or husband, should you pay a penalty for your loss?

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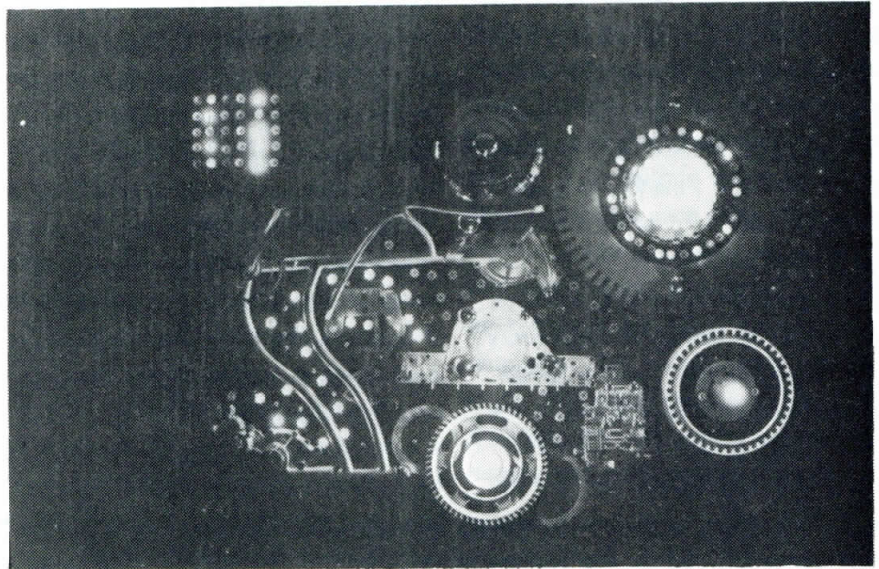


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Alvin keeps things grooving with all the latest now sounds, backed up by all the new sound system recently installed.

As if this isn't enough, Keith has also incorporated a wild light show throughout the whole bar into the sound system.

When at the CRUISE ROOM be sure to

make it to the south bar to see a very wild work of art. What the artist used for this masterpiece will best be left to the viewers astuteness and imagination. It should be noted however, that the "picture" is equipped with it's own very wild light show.

Put this altogether, and it makes for another entertaining evening at the... CRUISE ROOM.

atlanta's living room

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**BUTTON** (from Page 35)

early internal-combustion engines are fast becoming a rarity these days."

We turned down a tree-lined boulevard in Arlington's Industrial Park and again down to the gate marked "Cooper Systems." The guard pressed the button that swung the gate and greeted Adrian courteously. "Good morning, Walt," Adrian replied pleasantly. The big car rolled noiselessly to a stop at the reception building, and we crossed the grassy sward separating the car park from the entrance. Another guard appeared inside the door, and provided me with a visitor's badge. Adrian explained that the government required the security system of the classified contractors, as the doors parted to admit us. The lobby was very modern, and the hallway leading away was stark and antiseptic-appearing.

The small silver letters spelled out Adrian

**D.A.V.I.D.**

Cooper on the ebony door we walked through. A serious-looking young man stood up at our entrance, and said: "Good morning, Sir!" and handed Adrian a small file folder.

"Good morning, Peter. Would you call Jason and have the LED's put in my car. I'll only be a few minutes."

"Certainly sir."

Another door glided back as we approached, and we were in the inner office. Adrian sat on the edge of the free-form glass and metal desk, and rifled through the file Peter had handed him. "Don't die of boredom, Mark. Just a few signatures, and we'll be off again. Shall I call in Peter to divert you?"

"I've been wondering about that, Adrian.

"What do you think I am? A tramp? It's you or no one!"

You're on! You know, that's the first time you've propositioned me since Justin left. I thought you'd forgotten how!"

"I've been wondering about that, Adrian. It has been a long time--I've been stewing about the whole affair, and I kind of thought you were. This is the first time I've been around you when you've been able to mention his name without going to pieces. For a long time after you parted, I couldn't even look you in the eye. I guess it was during that period that you really plunged yourself into the work here at the lab. . . and then you surfaced with David. Are the embers cold? Have you buried the legendary Justin Forrest?" "Buried isn't quite the right word, Mark. Thank you for asking about him, it makes it easier to tell you the story. Remind me to tell you about the honeymoon trip we took ... another time and another place, to be sure! You don't know how close you have come to the truth with your appraisal. Mark, you know I've always loved you, and I guess now's as good a time to fill you in on the missing parts of the narrative. You were right about the time frame, and David and me. I think it will all fall into place if you come into the lab."

We walked down the hallway and Adrian inserted a Magnekey into the slot next to the silver door. The door hissed as it opened, and we walked across the carpeted floor to the accompaniment of the door hissing shut. We walked into another office, and Adrian spun the dial on a vault door. The door opened, and Adrian pulled open a drawer.


"Mark, I was really desperately lonely when Justin left, and to salvage what was left of my waning sanity, I had to do something constructive." He handed me a heavy plastic-bound notebook. The cover sheet was stamped "RESEARCH PROJECT" and underneath, in block letters: "Digital-Analogic Vector-Integrated Device" D.A.V.I.D.

"You see, Mark, DAVID is a MACHINE!..

*The*  

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# MOTHER MOLLY'S

# FAVORITE DISHES

## RIGATONI PRIMAVERA



## SHRIMP A LA PACKARD

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

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

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

1 lb. can Spinach  
1 lb. Ricotta Cheese  
1 lb. Rigatoni (big mouth macaroni)  
2½ tablespoons flour  
3 cups milk

¼ teaspoon pepper  
8 oz. Parmesan Cheese  
1 egg

Drain the spinach and mix it with the Ricotta Cheese, the raw egg and pepper. Once you have gotten the Rigatoni cooked, stuff each with the spinach goo by using a pastry bag or funnel made of waxed paper and a little finger now and then. Now make the yummy sauce with the flour and milk stirring it constantly so it doesn't become lumpy. Once it begins to get a little hard and thick add half of the Parmesan Cheese. In that new casserole you bought for the Supreme last month, alternate sauce, rigatoni, sauce rigatoni with the lucky sauce on the bottom until the ingredients are all in the casserole. Sprinkle the remaining Parmesan Cheese on top daintily, cover and bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

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

Mother Molly's Packard is not exactly true to all outward appearances. Ever since she saw this chick on television slip into a bathtub in the back seat, she's literally gone wild.

Now she not only has a tub of her own, the trunk opens up to display a gourmet's heaven complete with micro-wave oven, frigidaire and attachable barbecue pit.

Last Sunday Mother held court at the beach with six of her favorite pets (Look out Mae West!) and served one of the tastiest shrimp dishes ever served from the rear of a '39 Packard.

12 to 20 shrimp (for an intimate party)  
6 to 12 slices bacon (cut into 3" pieces)  
Barbeque sauce made from:  
1/2 cup catsup  
1/2 can tomato paste  
1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce  
1 dash Tobasco sauce  
1 tbsp lemon juice  
1 tbsp vinegar

Cook shrimp in boiling water for three minutes, let cool, peel and vein. Wrap each shrimp in the pieces of bacon. These can be arranged on skewers and cooked over charcoal or placed in a pan to broil in the oven. After the bacon is done on both sides, brush with the barbeque sauce and serve.

To compliment the shrimp and your good taste, serve with a salad made of chunks of lettuce, tomato, onion, thin slices of cucumber, raw yellow squash and little chunks of raw cauliflower. Use Oil and Vinegar dressing. Add a few croutons.

Serve with ice cold beer from the frigipoo and you have got a car-full of happy people.

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# CHAFTER

with Auntie Laurie

Last night, after a long period of declining health, and increasing tendencies to make noise like a popcorn machine, my phonograph died a quiet death. It went suddenly; one moment the room was ringing with a Rossini overture, and then all was silent, save for the hum of the motor.

I supposed it was a tube or resistor or something like that, but my knowledge of electricity has not advanced far beyond knowing how to plug something in. (If I can find the instruction book, I'm sometimes able to turn it on and off and operate it in a rudimentary fashion.)

A check of the bank account revealed sufficient funds, so I decided to spring for a new machine rather than place myself at the untender mercies of a repairman. Shortly after lunch today, I therefore presented myself in the music depart-

ment of a store which shall remain nameless.

I had been poking about among the phonographs for no more than fifteen seconds when the salesman oiled up to me. "May I help you?" he murmured, two inches from my left ear. As I was not aware of his presence, I started and closed the lid of the machine rather briskly on my right hand.

I said yes, you could, but he didn't understand me. I realized that the communication gap was due to the fact that the fingers of my injured hand were in my mouth. I removed them and repeated, and he smiled. "Smiled" is perhaps the wrong word. He was not a bad looking fellow - smartly dressed, but not flashily nice build; honey-brown hair nicely arranged; his smile reminded me of a cross between a tiger shark and a Steinway con-

cert grand.

"What may I interest you in," he asked. Foregoing the obvious answer, I said that I was in the market for a phonograph.

He looked momentarily puzzled, so I went on, - "You know, a record player, a gramophone, a talking machine - one of these things," I said, indicating the dozens that stood all about us.

That seemed to clear things up. "My dear sir," he said in the sort of voice you use with not too bright children, "you mean you would like to look at our stereo sound systems."

That should have warned me, but, instead, I just nodded. If that's what they are called nowadays, fine. Just so long as it'll make noise when I put the record on.

Well, he began showing me a number of electronic marvels. My attention was called to what seemed like hundreds of com-

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plex, marvelous (and totally incomprehensible) features. I was shown turntables and cartridges and four track grooves and eight-way speakers and stroboscopic timing and bass and treble and alto and soprano knobs and filters and head phones and speaker jacks and tape decks and on and on and on.

I was surrounded with German names and tenths of grams and cycles per second and resonance factors and God-knows-what-all.

The only comment the salesman could elicit from me was an occasional "Uh-

patronize  
**DAVID'S**  
advertizers



Huh", and "My-My", and "Isn't that nice." He paid no attention to me, but went blithely on with the lecture on electronics.

Half an hour later, I walked out of the store, dazed and sore beset, clutching a bill of sale for my "stereo sound system", or whatever it is. The store would send a truck around that very afternoon with the components, I was told.

And they did. That was four hours ago, I have been sitting here looking at the thing ever since. I haven't seen such a mountain of electrical gear since my high school science class went on a field trip to the television studio.

I had sort of hoped to listen to some music, but I've got to put this stuff together first. Well, I suppose I can do it, but I'm afraid that my spare time is going to be shot for the next week.

At least I'll have music while I'm doing it. I opened up my old machine, and found a tube in there that was full of

little bits of broken wire. I went to the 7-11 and replaced it and the machine works is good as ever. It figures.....

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**LOOK SO.** (from Page 31)

Mr. Timi Tremane, winner of the MISS HOLLYWOOD contest this year, has an-



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nounced he will be sponsoring the first annual Cotillion Halloween Ball on Saturday, October 23.

The ball will be held at the Sheraton Bel Air Hotel in St. Petersburg, Florida. The theme presented this year is the

great show era of the 40's 50's and 60's. New on the scene in Atlanta is the Gay-Paree Cinema featuring all male movies. Located in the downtown area, it is becoming a very pleasant place to spend the afternoon.

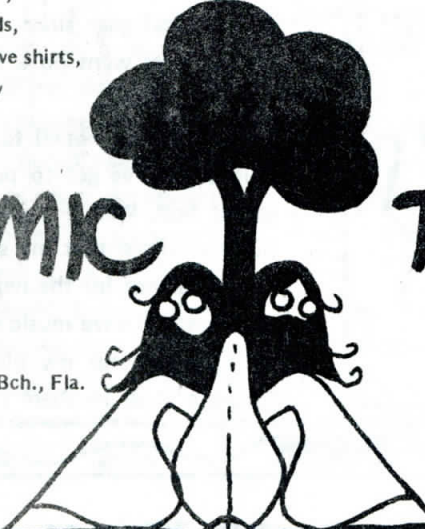
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**HALLOWEEN PARTY**



OCT 30th 9 P.M. Till???

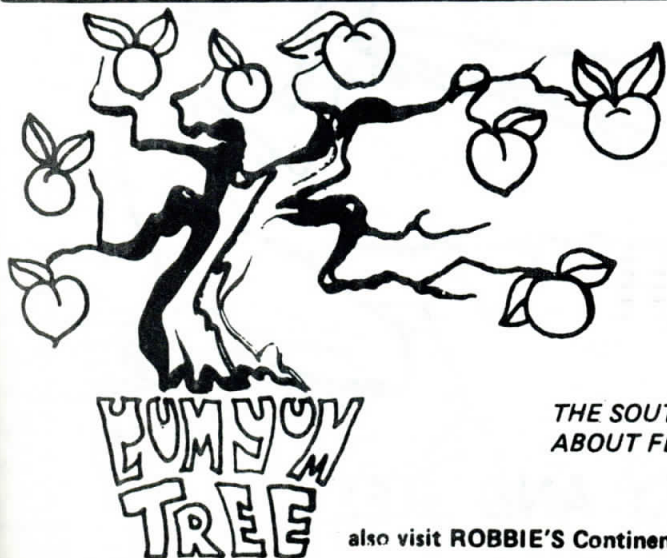
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# JOKES worth repeating



One of DAVID's readers reports that: In January, 1969 The student body of a high school in Pinellas County, Florida heard these words from its student body president: "Hey, dudes, I'm tellin' you a few things. This here makin' out in the halls, man, that ain't cool. An' this here writin' dirty words and drawin' dirty pitchers on the walls, man that ain't cool. An' you know som'in else what ain't cool, man? Smokin' this marijuana what I see around school. Now let me tell you 'bout this maryjane stuff. First you starts out with just pot, see, then you goes on to bigger and bigger stuff, and befo' you knows it, you is already a druggist."

\*\*\*

Then there's the story about the Greek boy who left home because he didn't like the way he was being reared. But he went back. He couldn't leave his brothers behind.

\*\*\*

Tell a queen a secret and it goes in one ear and in another.

\*\*\*

Upon receiving his draft induction notice, the delicate-looking man reported to his board and confessed he was a homosexual.

"Queer, huh?" one member grunted. "Do you think you can kill a man?"

"Oh, yes" the fellow giggled "but it would take me quite a while!"

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

Awakening the morning after the orgy, the god of war was stretching sleepily when he noticed a young lad standing in the doorway.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm Thor." "You're thor?" he replied. "I'm tho thor I can hardly pith."

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*

A young queen we know decided to spend his vacation on an ocean journey. A letter his lover received sounded something like this: "Dear Butch: What a wonderful trip. The first day out, the Captain invited me to dine at his table. I spent the entire next day with him on the bridge. The third night he invited me to his cabin for cocktails and he made some of the most indescnt proposals I have ever heard. Of course, I refused him. However, the next day the captain told me that unless I let him have his way with me he would sink the ship. Last night I saved over 1,000 lives!"

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

\*\*\*

Two sweet young things were standing outside Keith's Cruise Room one Thursday night when a dog which had been passing, paused in front of them to lick his privates. "Boy, I wish I could do that," sighed one. "Go ahead" said the other, "The dog might like it."

\*\*\*

The handsome ad exec entered a restaurant and was seated near the center of the floor. Observing that the man had forgotten to zip his trousers, the conscientious waiter scribbled a message on his order pad, left it at his table and scurried away. Unfolding the note, the man read: "Sir, I'm sure you don't know it, but your fly is unzipped and you're exposing yourself. I will go back to the kitchen and knock some trays off a shelf. The noise will distract everyone and you'll have a chance to adjust your trousers. "P.S. I love you."

\*\*\*

Some queens are like a resolution. Easy to make but hard to keep.



## TRY AND RELAX



Vacation time was sun-tan time as far as John, an admirably proportioned life-guard, was concerned, and he spent almost all of his day on the roof of his hotel sopping up the warm sun's rays. He wore a bathing suit the first day, but on the second, he decided that no one could see him way up there and he slipped out of it for an overall tan. He'd hardly begun when he heard someone running up the stairs; he was lying on his stomach, so pulling a towel over his derriere, he continued to recline as before.

"Excuse me, sir," said the flustered little assistant manager of the hotel, out of breath from running up the stairs. "The Hotel Plaza doesn't mind your sunning on the roof, but we would very much appreciate your wearing your bathing suit as you did yesterday."

"What difference does it make?" John asked rather coolly. "No one can see me up here and besides, I'm covered with a towel."

"Not exactly," said the embarrassed little man. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

As the two young gays parked in Piedmont Park, the sweet young thing snuggled up to his mate and sighed romantically: "It's lovely out here tonight—just listen to the crickets."

"Those aren't crickets," was the reply. "They're zippers."

Then there was the electric queen. Everything she owned was charged.

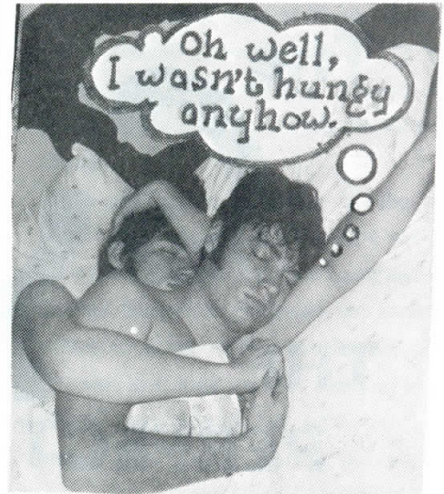
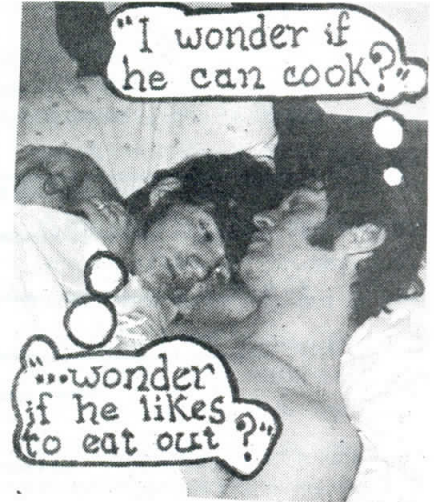
Then there was the hustler who didn't know he'd been raped until the check bounced.

Three of our favorite queens were at a private steambath when they spotted a figure standing behind a partition, which only allowed them to see him from the waist down. After examining their views, the first one replied, "It's not my lover." The second one followed saying "not mine either." To which the third replied, "as a matter of fact, he's not even a member of the club."

Overheard at The Ambassador III in Miami last week, "I was so drunk the other night, I ended up in a motel with my lover! If that wasn't bad enough, he was so drunk he paid for the room!!!"



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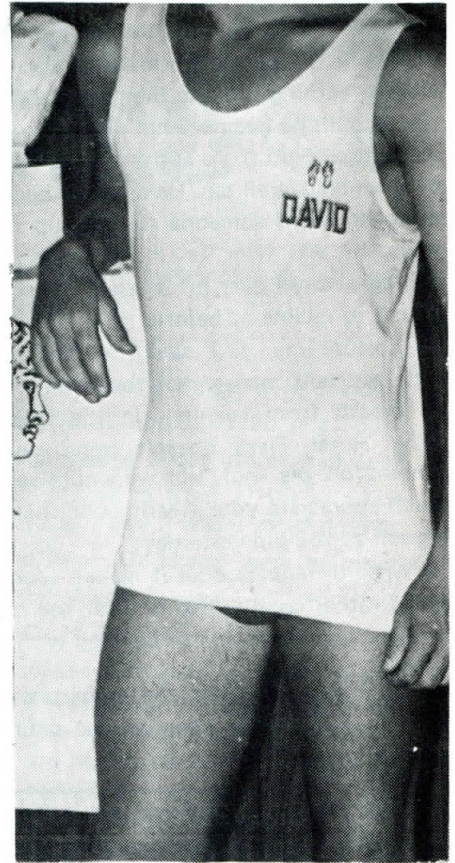
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## AT THE MOVIES

This issue we review two movies, "Summer of '42" and "Willard". "Summer of '42" from Herman Raucher's best selling novel of the same name, should be recommended as a must to see. Even though it is a straight story, it is beautifully done and shows the joys and pains of growing up for three teenagers back during World War II. Talented newcomers are Gary Grimes as Hermie (who'll make all the chicken queens take notice), plus Jennifer O'Neil as Dorothy and Jerry Houser and Oliver Conant as Hermie's friends, Oscy and Benjie. One of the funniest scenes is the rubber-buying trip to the drug store and it brought back personal memories, even though I gave up those things years and years ago. I predict "Summer of '42" will be a strong contender next year at Oscar time.

Our second movie, "Willard" is somewhat of a horror-thriller, though not as good, in my opinion, as Hitchcock's "The Birds".

Bruce Davison, popular in the movie "Last Summer", plays the title role with fine performances by Elsa Lanchester and Ernest Borgnine. Probable the most remembered actor in this movie will be Ben, the rat, and look out for a sequel entitled "Ben" out within the next year. After seeing this movie, chances are you'll set out a few mouse traps before retiring for the night.

A few movie mentions: Richard Burton again plays a homosexual (as in "Staircase") in the movie "Villian", and American International Pictures will soon release "Some of My Best Friends Are..." and we'll let you guess what the subject of this flick is about, Till next month, so long!!

*Scott Young*

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# DAVID SUPPORTERS - what's happening - where

DAVID's Supporters column is brought UP TO DATE every month. Since we list only establishments that support DAVID, and we are in touch with each of our supporters every month, we can assure you this listing is ACCURATE and DEPENDABLE even though it does not list ALL establishments catering to gays.

## LOUNGES, TAVERNS & RESTAURANTS

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\*\*\*

**BULL-PEN** \* 526 Main Street. Open 2 p.m. daily. Restaurant remains open till 3 a.m., Sun, thru Thurs. Open till 5 a.m. Fri. and Sat. Your hosts: Jim and Harry. Ph: (904) 252-9448.

**CHUCK'S ATLANTIC CLUB** \* 44 N. Atlantic Ave. (one block from the boardwalk) Open 7 days, Mon-Sat, noon to 2 a.m., Sundays from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. "Atlanta by the Sea" your hosts: Chuck and Chip. Ph: (904) 252-9300.

**HOLLYWOOD BAR** \* 415 Main St. Live entertainment. Female impersonators. Shows at 9:30 11:00 and 12:30 Wed. Fri. Sat. And Sun. Delicious buffet Sunday. Your hosts: Bill & Frank. Phone (904) 253-9369.

**ROBBIE'S YUM YUM TREE** \* 703 Ridgewood (US 1) in Holly Hill. Open seven days a week. Live entertainment. Three shows every night except Mon. Free buffets 7 p.m. Sun. Ph: (904) 255-9174.

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**EVERGLADES BAR** \* 1931 S.E. 6th Ave. Federal Highway. Amateur nite every Sunday. Shows Tues., Fri., Sat., by Mr. Mitzi and Co. Buffets every Tuesday night. Your hosts: Paul & Jerry Ph: (305) 524-1718.

**THE GALLERY** \* 2889 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7 nights a week from 5 p.m. till 4 a.m. Food, Dancing and entertainment. Your host Jim Phone (305) 581-9912.

**RUTHIE'S GOLDEN GARTER** \* Oakland Park Blvd. and Federal Hwy. Open 4 p.m. till 2 a.m. Saturday and Sunday open at 1 p.m. Cook-outs every Sunday. Your hosts: Ruthie and David.

**THE SALOON** \* 219 1/2 S.W. 1st Avenue. Your hosts: Jimmy, Fluffy and Joe. Ph: (305) 525-2524.

**VENTURE INN** \* 1791 W. Broward Blvd. Restaurant and lounge. Open seven days. Shows and Go-Go Boys. Buffets on Sunday and Tuesdays. Your host: Scotti. Ph: (305) 524-9550.

#### FORT MYERS

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**THE RED LION** \* "Downtown" Ft. Myers. Cocktail Lounge. Entertainment Nitely! Open til 2 a.m. Ph: (813) 334-9775.

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**KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM** \* 813 S.E. 1st Ave. Home of the Go-Go Boys. Open 7 nights a week from 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. Ph: (305) 929-9160.

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**COMMODORE BAR** \* 102 E. Bay St. Open Monday through Saturday 8 a.m. until 2 a.m. Discount Liquor Package Store, open same hours. Your hosts: Days: Vicky, Nights: Jim and Joe. Ph: (904) 354-5982.

**THE KNIGHT OUT** \* 9876 Atlantic Boulevard Open Monday thru Saturday from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing. Dining. Shows featuring the "In Knights" on Wed., Fri., and Saturdays. Your hosts: Hank and Mark. Ph: 725-9968.

**TOP OF THE TIDES** \* 411 1st St. (over the Tides Inn) Talent shows Fridays, Buffet and shows Saturdays, Out-of-town shows Sundays. Your hosts: Bill, Mackey

#### LAKE WORTH

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**MUSIC BOX LOUNGE** \* 628 Lake Ave. Open Monday through Saturday 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. Open Sunday 1 p.m. to midnight. Your hosts: Bill and Jerry. Ph: (813) 582-9396.

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**THE HAMLET** \* 3416 Main Highway. (Conconut Grove). Buffet Sunday. Ph: (305) 443-9100.

**THE NOOK** \* 255 Minorca. The only place in the Gables. After Beach Binge on Sunday-Free Food. Ph: (305) 444-9210.

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**NEIL'S RESTAURANT** \* 1675 Alton Road Open 5 a.m. to midnight. The after hours meeting place. Ph: (305) 531-9267.

**PIN-UP LOUNGE** \* 2228 Park Ave. Open 1 p.m. to 5 a.m. Your hosts: Dick and Bob... Phone (305) 531-9301.

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KI KI KI LOUNGE \* 723 Morgan Street  
Open 7 days from 11 a.m. to 3 a.m. Sunday buffets. Your Host: Chico.

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**WEST PALM BEACH****\*\*\***

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TURF BAR \* 221 Datura. Open Monday through Sat. from 9:30 to 5 a.m. and Sun. from 7 p.m. until 5 a.m. Your hosts: Eddie, Terry, and Dottie. Ph: (305) 832-9243.

TURF NORTH \* 1901 North Dixie Hwy., Hours: 11 a.m. to 5 a.m., Sundays 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. Your Hosts: Bob, John, Pat and Gene. Phone 832-9434.

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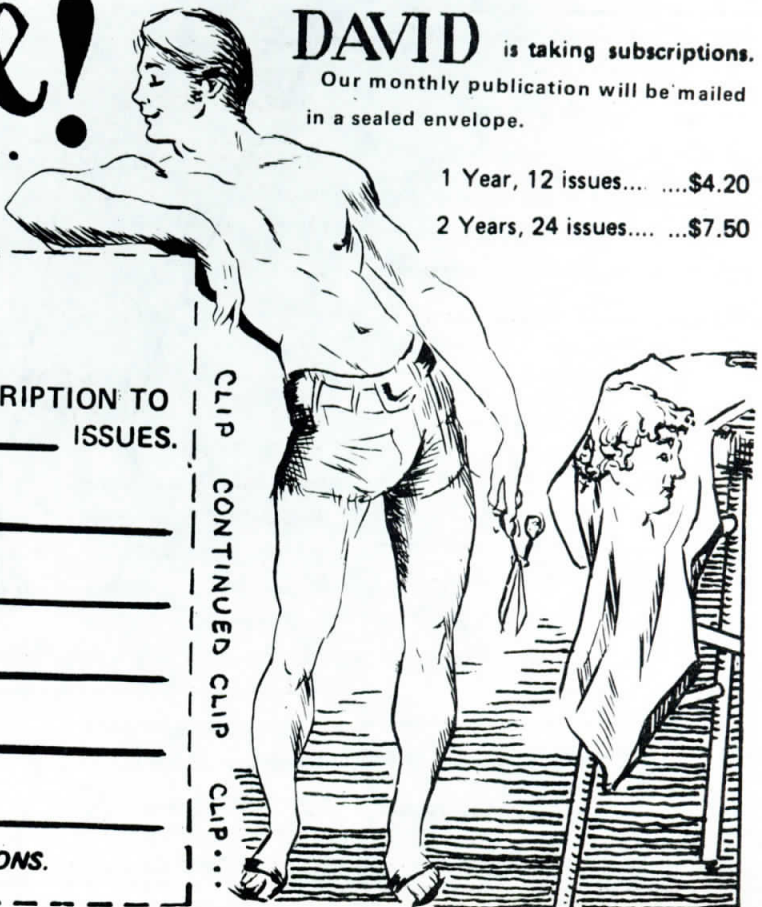
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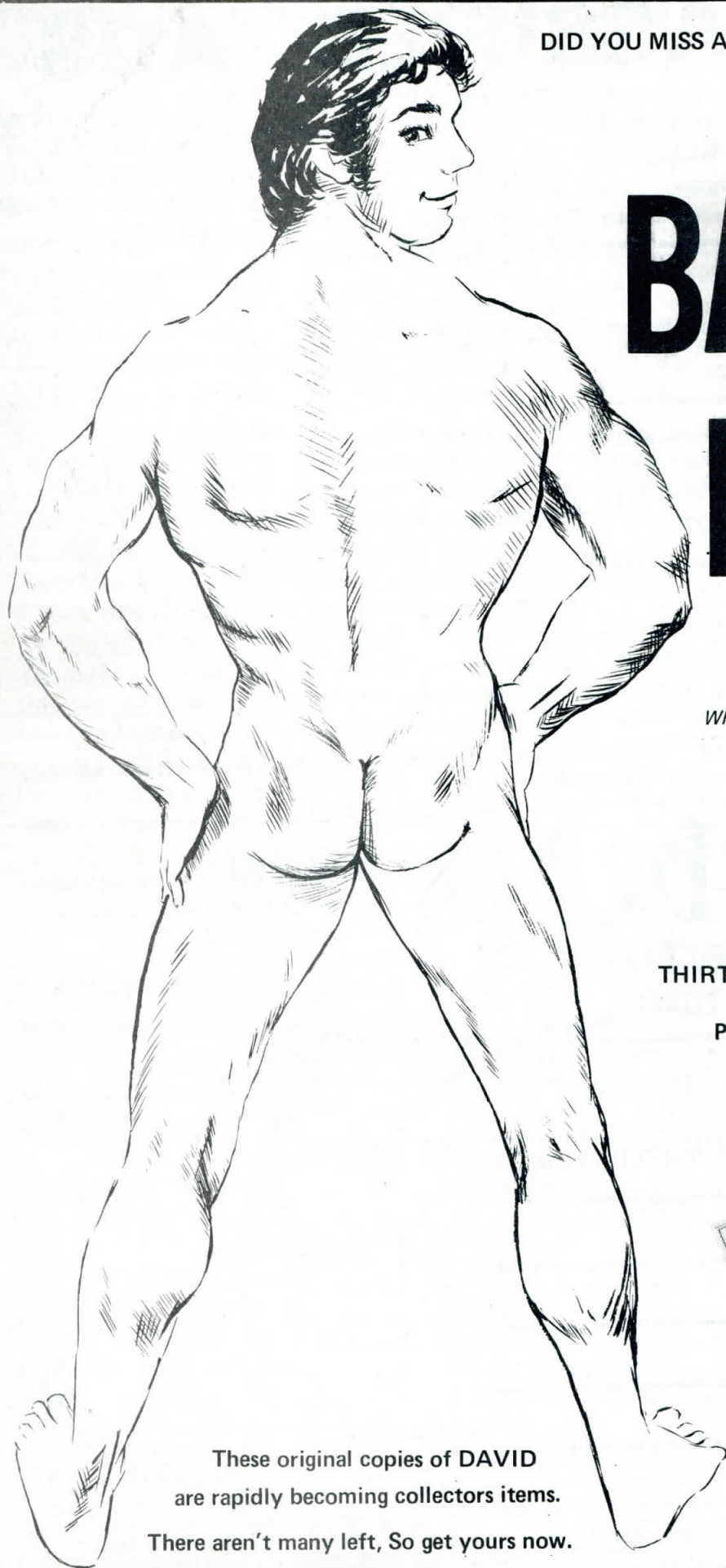
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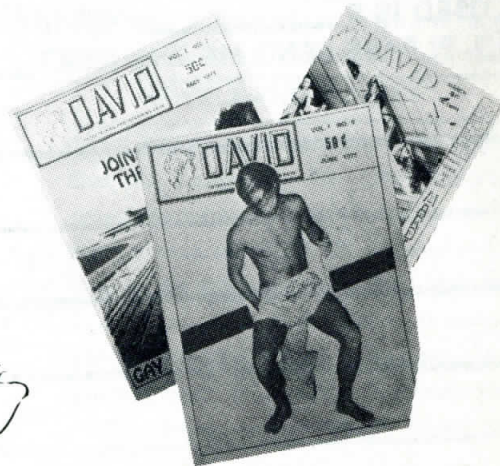
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