



DAVID

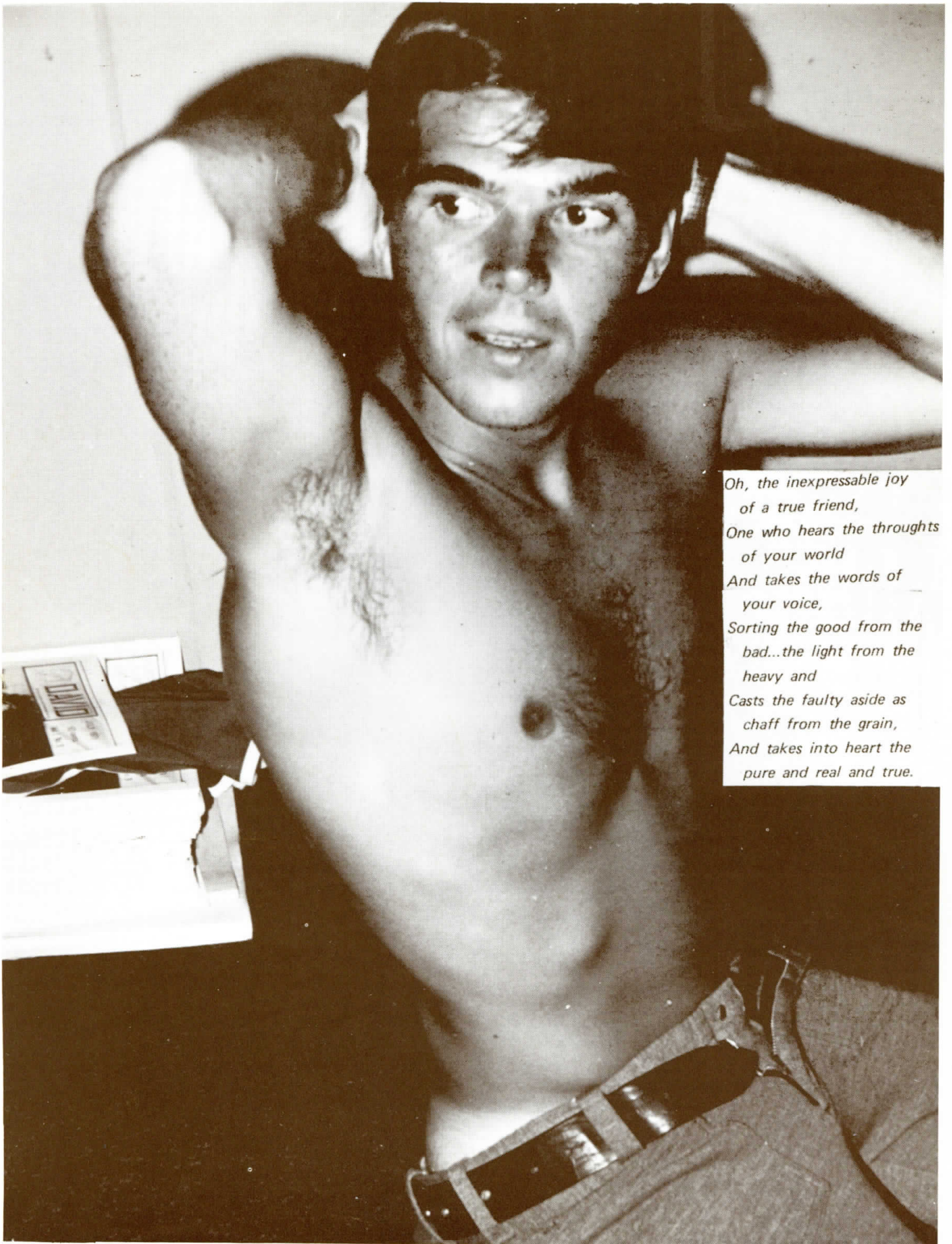
ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE

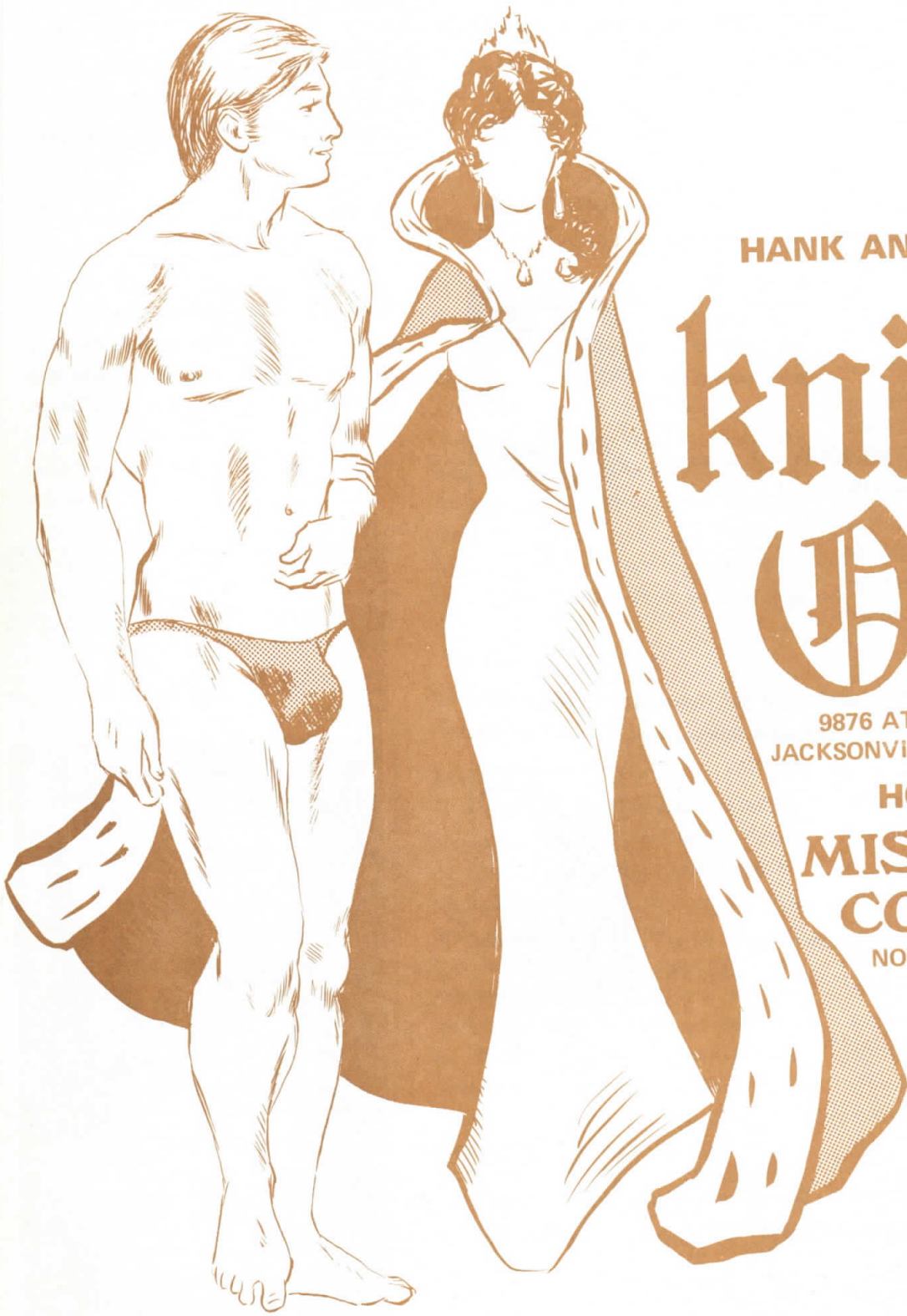
50 CENTS

NOVEMBER, 1971





*Oh, the inexpressable joy
of a true friend,
One who hears the thoughts
of your world
And takes the words of
your voice,
Sorting the good from the
bad...the light from the
heavy and
Casts the faulty aside as
chaff from the grain,
And takes into heart the
pure and real and true.*



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knight Out

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HOSTS THE
**MISS DAVID
CONTEST**

NOVEMBER 27, 1971

OCCASIONAL SHOWS

DANCING

DINING

D.J. DISCOTEQUE

Editor.....H.C. Godley
 Managing Editor.....M.W. Riley
 Production Manager.....M.B. Maketansky
 Office Manager.....D.McCormick
 Art Director Willie Williams
 Staff Writer..... Alan Bing



RICK - Our centerfold boy takes us on a beefy Freedom ride on his motorcycle..... Page 28



THE CONDITION IS ONLY TEMPORARY - A sensitive short story by J. Barnes of Coral Gables, Fla..... Page 13



MEET OUR VENUS cover girl this month, Janice, a gorgeous chick with a beautiful smile..... Page 50

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BODY LANGUAGE - The chubby amateur's guide to achieving the Body Beautiful..... Page 15



JOE - Our Action Boy of the Month from Atlanta, spreads a little "Sonshine" on us..... Page 19



PHOTO CREDITS:

PAGES 27, 28, 29, 30,.....
 PAGES 11, 18, 19, 34, Inside Cover.....
 PAGES 12, 53.....

Danny
 Dale Butler
 Tee Jay Johnston

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear DAVID:

I think it worthy of asking you to let the gays know of how wonderful the new Outa-Sight Hair Styling Shop is.

I know myself, that there are many gays who want to have their hair styled, cut, etc; but then many don't because of the uncomfortable feeling one must encounter when going to a typical straight salon.

Outa-Sight is designed and operated solely for the gays and I too, might mention that prices are most reasonable.

When one goes there, they can feel completely at ease. Even beer is served for those who care for a drink, at no extra charge.

Really and sincerely, the operators, Ruthie and Marilyn, deserve our compliments and patronage as well.

Thanking you for your time and I hope you'll let everyone know of Ft. Lauderdale's latest gay-way business and service for us.

L.C.
Ft. Lauderdale

L.C.

Ft. Lauderdale

Dear David,

I wore one of your tank shirts to Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, Sunday and had quite a few favorable comments about it. I also took your magazine with me and passed it around. DAVID is getting to be a popular magazine in this area.

I got my first copy when I was in Miami over Christmas and my roommate subscribed to it as soon as we got back. We look forward to each issue. We have friends who come over to the house as soon as we let them know we have it so they can read it.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Galen Crummett

Dear DAVID:

It is estimated that there are 20 million homosexual persons in the United States. Of that number, one percent adopt for themselves a way of life patterned after their sexual activity. They are standardized homosexuals. On the other hand, ninety-nine percent of persons who perform homosexual acts are not stereotyped. They are persons whose individual patterns of living are as varied as those of any other people on earth. They don't play a role identifiable with their gay activity. They don't identify as homosexuals. They don't live in gay ghettos, and they don't want to be restricted to gay ghetto institutions. They choose their friends, employers, business associates, their pleasures, religion, their places to live on the basis of compatibilities that extend beyond their sexual interests. It would not occur to them to subordinate

their individual personalities to a so-called homosexual "life style".

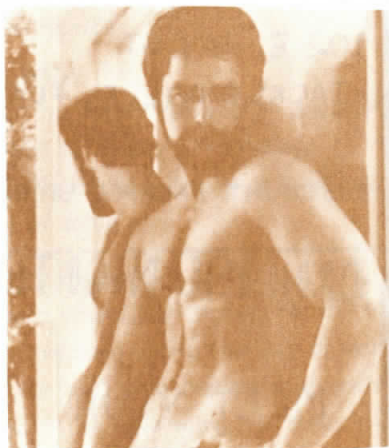
Homosexuality is, after all, a sex act--an illicit sex act, to be sure. But then, so is adultery and fornication, so are orogenital contacts and anal intercourse between persons of the opposite sex (whether married or unmarried), and so are all contacts between humans and animals of other species. Homosexuals have no more in common with each other than do women who like to "go down on" their husbands, or do childless couples. Their minority status, such as it is, stems from society's attitude toward them.

People, of course, have a right to assume patterns of living based on their sexual activity if they wish. But today we see our youth pushing to break out of the molds created by centuries of rigid sex codes. It ought to be clear that in our age of experimentation and variation, homosexual acts are for everyone who may wish to enjoy them no matter what their style of living. Men and women no longer play socially distinct roles. Sexual appetite is a continuum rather than something compartmentalized into heterosexuality, or homosexuality, or bisexuality. Ninety-nine percent of the persons who enjoy homosexual acts want very much to see the sodomy laws changed, and they want to see an end to the categorical discrimination enforced against homosexuals. But they do not want to create a class or cult out of their sexual behavior in the process.

HIC speaks for these people. Its sole purpose is to encourage an honest look at homosexuality. The organization offers nothing in return to those who support it except to promise to work toward understanding and equality.

During the past two years the homosexual movement has been taken over by the

(continued on Page 4)



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LETTERS(cont. from p. 3)

conspicuous, highly vocal and well-financed one percent. The "Gays", as they refer to themselves, like to be seen and heard. They have been egged on by well-meaning but woefully naive libertarians, by purely commercial interests and by an eager and gleeful press. Issues of gay rights have been sacrificed for a circus side-show atmosphere---featuring gawdy street parades, insidious slogans such as "Gay is Good," "Buy Gay," "Out of the Closets Into the Streets," shrill warnings that gays want 'to take over the gov't' or some isolated community, and the witless performance of mock wedding ceremonies by gay pentecostal preachers--all of which has only added to the sexual confusion.

Against this tide, HIC has maintained a sane program---a program aimed at total integration and a blurring of the distinctions between heterosexuals and homosexuals. HIC has begun to work more and more with professional organizations. We believe informed Americans will support programs aimed at sexual reform.

Homosexual Information Center
3473½ Cahuenga Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Dear DAVID:

I have just returned from a six weeks stay in Miami and I felt it my duty to write to DAVID MAGAZINE and report on what a GREAT time I had there and also how friendly the people are. A friend of mine gave me a copy of DAVID, so I knew exactly where to go and what to look for. So many of the people up North have a complete different outlook on what goes on down South; they all think that it is a dull place to go and that nothing goes on there of any importance, but let me say how very wrong they are. There are many bars to go visit and above all, a lot of beautiful people around there. I do hope that you will print this letter because it sure will awaken a lot of people up North and believe me, we all need it.

I visited in all, about 12 different bars and of the 12, my favorites were Keith's, Bachelor II and the Ambassadors III. I would like to say a little something about each, being that I am from the North and we up here need an up-to-date report on what really goes on down South:

KEITH'S---Well, what else can one say except that he must be a TON of fun. I never met him personally, but I caught his act going in and out of the crowd; (that is, when he would fit) and he can really carry on. He does have some very good shows there and I also saw the Dating Game Show and I must say, I was very impressed. The crowd is a mob at times and also there are a lot of young things running around and what great Go-Go Dancers. WOW! There is always a lot happening. This has to be a MUST bar to visit.

BACHELOR'S II---This is an altogether different bar. It gets an early crowd and it is of mixed age and there is a great Monday night Talent Show. The decor is splendid, service great, drinks are better than average and above all, a piano player who is very good, something I feel a lot of people would enjoy. It seems to be the early meeting place, for either friends or a date.

AMBASSADORS III---a beautiful bar with its own out-of-the-way 'back room' for the people who just want to sit down and enjoy the evening. All types of people go there and the selection is one of the best around. They also have Go-Go dancers that are very good and mix well with the crowd. The place is very clean, (rare for a gay bar), the drinks are good and so is the service. I cruised, followed and then finally met one of the owners, Barry. He is a great host, beautiful person and has personality PLUS. I was told that he is a model in New York--well, I can see why as a lot of other people do also, I'm sure. Too bad there are not more bar owners like him around. In my book as well as others, he rates high. Keep up the good work. I'll see you this winter, Miami, for sure.

A JEALOUS NORTHERNER



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KIND OF PEOPLE
AT THE
ONLY DOWNTOWN
JACKSONVILLE

GAY LIQUOR
LOUNGE

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 need your help. I am from Henderson, Kentucky. I came down to Dania, Fla. to try and make my life better. Everything is going wrong. I can't seem to find a job and the people don't want to be friendly.

Have I made a bad mistake? Should I stay a little longer or go back to Kentucky? I like it down here and if I could find a trade to learn, I'm sure I could be happy. I am also very lonely and shy.

WMW

Dania, Florida

Dear WMW

I see no future for you in South Fla. Go back to familiar surroundings. You should be working around machinery of some sort.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

I am a young guy looking for my first love. I've been seeing this very attractive guy for over four months, but nothing seems to be developing. He really cares for me, but only as a sister. He has one bad hangup: An accident resulted in the loss of one arm. Yet, he is a glorious guy, and I do love him. We are together all the time and are constantly being asked if we are lovers. He always replies, "No, he's just my favorite sister."

My question is this: should I keep hoping for this friendship to turn to lover or should I look elsewhere. The thing is, I really love this guy and no matter how



hard I try, I can't get over him.
S.D.

Rossville, Georgia

Dear S.D.

God sent this person as a friend. Accept him as such.

In the near future, in 1972, a lighter complected person will enter your life then you'll look back on R. and share things with him that you can't share now.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

I hope that you are feeling better. I look forward to your column in DAVID and was depressed during your absence.

I really don't know what to write, I am just curious, and would like to know what you can see for me.

M.M.

Palm Beach, Florida

Dear M.M.

Thank you for your concern. I'm much better now thank you.

Do you have a friend that works around the airport? If not, you will definitely meet someone that is associated with airlines.

In a very short time, I see a definite betterment of conditions financially.

You will make a trip north, soon. It will be a fun trip probably to Disneyworld.

Don't be concerned with that older person in your family who is in poor health. They will be O.K.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

My heart is in Middletown, Indiana. It has been there since January 1970.

B. and I met in Wiesbaden, Germany. We were both stationed there in the Air

Force. He has fascinated me since the first time I met him.

I believe he knows I was gay from some of the rumors passed around in our barracks. Never did he put me down or give up our friendship because of these rumors. He even came down New Year's Eve of 1970 to spend nine days with me.

Although I haven't heard from him in over a year, do you think it wise for me to go up there or is it too late?

Thank you most kindly for your attention.

S.L.H.

Dathan, Alabama

Dear S.L.H.

Your friend is not aware that you are gay. He did not believe those rumors. He is not gay and will soon marry a blonde girl. You will receive an invitation to the wedding.

Play it cool. He's a good friend. Don't force the issue or make a spectacle of yourself and end up losing a good friend.

Stay away unless you're invited.

Obstacles are being put behind you. You will meet someone in a very short time.

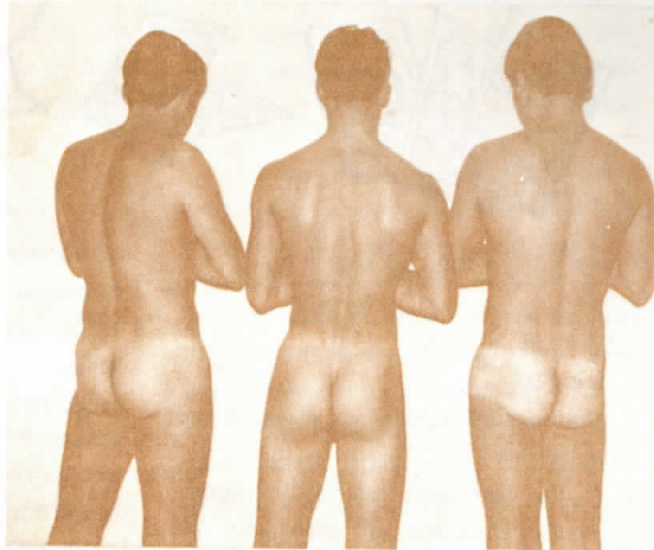
Don't be in despair. There are plenty of good looking guys that would snatch you up in a second.

A guy named Tom will play an important part in your life.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

I am so confused. My very best friend Gerry, and I have been lovers for 7½ yrs. Just a month ago, he moved out, and found himself someone he thought he loved more than me. But things are not going too good with his new friend. We still see each other every day. Do you
(continued on Page 36)

EVERYBODY ENDS UP AT



KEITH'S

CRUISE

ROOM

HOME OF THE GO-GO BOYS

KEITH'S BIRTHDAY PARTY SUN. NOV. 28th

**MR. BILLIE BOOTS PRESENTS THE GAY DECEIVERS
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★ FOOD

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The Knight Out's Gayhound Trip to Mardi Gras in New Orleans was such a success last year, they're getting up another busload for Mardi Gras '72 in February.

The entire trip will cost only \$75.00 and will include transportation, motel room and all the booze you can drink on the bus all the way there and all the way back. The bus will leave the Knight Out in Jacksonville on Saturday night after the bar closes and will arrive back in Jax 8 a.m. Ash Wednesday.

A deposit of \$25.00 will hold your seat and the first 36 with the entire \$74.00 paid will go. Interested gays should contact either Hank or Mark at the Knight Out.


Just as gay bars have come a long way from the shoddy dives that were the only meeting places available to gays a few years ago, cinemas featuring gay oriented films have risen above the smelly dingy holes you have been forced to sit in to enjoy a flick a while ago.

A good example of the new breed in moviehouses is the Gay Paree Cinema in Atlanta. Jim Painter and Jim Smith, your hosts, take pride in their theater and their work has paid off for them.

The Gay Paree is one of the cleanest places we have ever visited and the films show some of the grooviest nudes in the country such as the beautiful guy on the right in a scene from a recently featured film called Stud Farm.



THE STUD FARM



GAY PAREE

CINEMA

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ALL MALE ATTRACTIONS
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THE ONLY GAY THEATER
IN THE SOUTHEAST

YOUR HOSTS: JIM PAINTER & JIM SMITH

BACHELOR'S II

MIAMI'S NEWEST COCKTAIL LOUNGE

2847 CORALWAY, MIAMI, FLA.

BUFFET!

FRIDAY

NIGHT



COME SING A SONG WITH US!



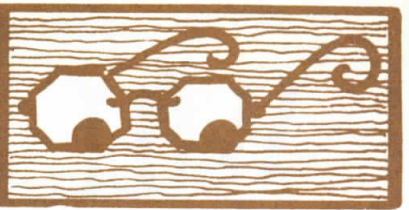
AMATEUR

NIGHT

MONDAY

EXCITEMENT!
at the new piano bar

looking SOUTH



KEITH AND HIS CRUISERS

Two of Florida's most popular bars celebrated anniversaries in October. Keith's Cruise Room in Hallandale had a gayla party on October 10th to celebrate the beginning of their 4th year in business and the Knight Out in Jacksonville began their 5th year October 21st.

The first 100 people at the party at the Knight Out received a K.O. tee shirt and all were treated to stunning performances by The Other Dimension, Chi Chi, Tanya Terrell, Brenda Dee, Jeanette, Daphne and Monica.

We are pleased to welcome three new DAVID Supporters from South Florida. The Office II, in Miramar (near Fort Lauderdale), featuring shows every Saturday

night starring the Great Pretenders and Mr. Dennis (pictures on page 23), the Bachelor's II cocktail lounge in Miami promising excitement at the sing along piano bar and buffets on Friday nights, and the Little Tiki, a girl's bar featuring entertainment by Miss Joy Delight.

Chuck Cain (formerly of Chuck's Rathskeller) and Frank Powell from the Cove recently joined forces to open Atlanta's newest club called the Sweet Gum Head. Check for more details in next month's DAVID.

Frank from the Cove is pleased with his latest entertainer, D.J. Discoteque Jockey Gary Shannon. Gary does a beautiful job

of keeping the Cove packed to capacity with groovy, young guys dancing and generally having a great time.

Gary's comments? "I dig Atlanta and the people here are super nice. Frank has got to be one of the greatest people alive today and I'm proud to call him a friend as well as my boss."

Gary has a recording of his own out now called "The Wandering Man" which is moving up on the pop charts fast.

This young and attractive guy is a pleasure to talk to. Be sure to chat with him at the Cove the next time you're in Atlanta.

Pete Carey, formerly of the Yum Yum Tree in Daytona Beach has taken over managership of the Bar at Chuck's Rathskeller. Recent remodeling has managed



to diminish the apparent size of the main room without sacrificing it's elegance and beauty.

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The Other Room

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NOVEMBER 27, 1971 AT THE KNIGHT OUT.

* PRIZES:

* * * *MISS DAVID, 1972

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\$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

* REGISTRATION 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.

EnCORE

"Another Look at the Finest in Entertainment."

the Cruise Room in Hallandale, Jim from the Yum Yum Tree in Daytona, and Sam from David's Den in Tallahassee.

Contestants are being asked to appear early that evening for professional photos which will be taken of all the entries.

Registration should be completed by November 12, so if you haven't entered yet, get moving. This is THE contest of the year.

In addition to MISS DAVID, prizes will be awarded for Miss Comedy, 1972, Best Group Entertainers and Miss Congeniality. Pictured below is Atlanta's version of the fabulous Miss Streisand, Lavita. A very popular entertainer throughout the south, Lavita can be seen appearing at the Cove in Atlanta.

Still drawing crowds from all over is the reigning Miss Davtona Beach. Miss E from

Gainesville, Florida. Be sure to catch her interpretation of "Stop in the Name of Love" at the Melody Club in Gainesville any Thursday or Saturday.



MISS E



Excitement is building and time is running short for contestants entering the first annual MISS DAVID Pageant.

The contest will be held in Jacksonville, at the Knight Out on November 27th.

Judges for the Pageant will be from all points of the South including Keith from



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● A LIMITED EDITION ●

MARY AND HER BOYFRIENDS

1972

THE CALENDAR OF THE YEAR

12 DIFFERENT
GORGEOUS BOYS AND MARY



CAMPY!
WILD!
MAD!



SEXY!

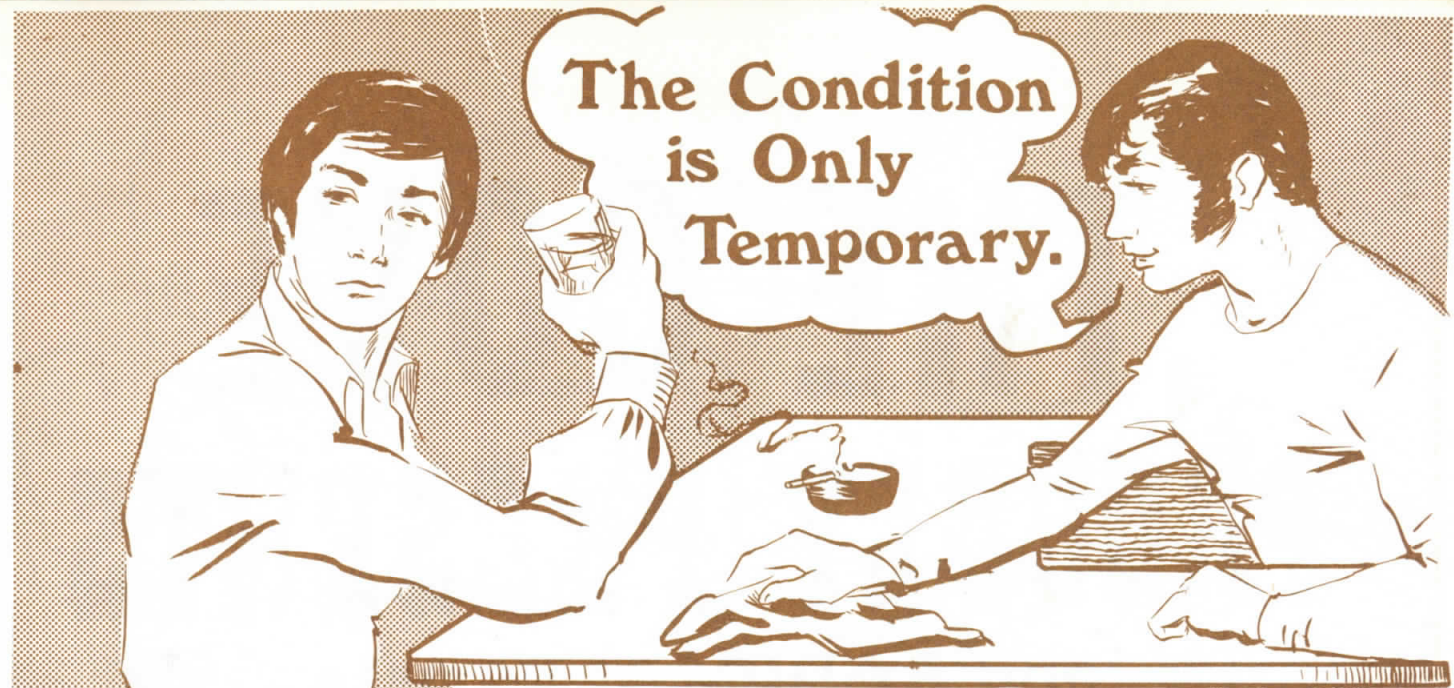
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ARRIVING AT YOUR
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MIAMI, FLA. 33165



One of the bartenders strayed from his station to "trip" the mechanism on the door stop. The open door facilitated easier entry into the bar but forced the already overburdened air conditioning system to work even harder at it's already impossible task of maintaining a comfortable temperature. It was becoming crowded. In another hour, the bar would reaffirm it's reputation as the most popular place in town. Soon, every table would be full. The phalanxes of customers would be three deep at the bar. Like Harem dancers, the waiters would nimbly weave their way through the crowd. With arms up-stretched and palms flattened to balance their trays above their heads, they would flit between the bodies, clearing their paths with the constant exhortation "Coming Through". The lines leading to the 'johns' would lengthen. The intensity of their need for relief would cause the customers to curse themselves for their lack of foresight. The level of sound would heighten in a direct ratio to the increasing number of conversational participants until favorite selections on the jukebox would be heard only by a select group who stood nearest to the electronic machine. The air conditioner's struggle would end in defeat in the face of impossible odds. Perspiration would begin to form on foreheads and the subtle ges-

ture of erasing sweat with fingertips would prove to be inadequate. Having switched from martinis to scotch, some of the after party crowd would begin to feel drunk. Unfortunately, however, not before they had uttered their candid truths to adjacent ears, unaware that tomorrow's sobriety would bring only embarrassing regrets for their earlier candor. First names would be remembered; last names would be forgotten. New relationships would be begun and old relationships would be ended. New faces would appear; old faces would become invisible. Saturday night would become Sunday morning. Some would find what they sought; some would console themselves with the thoughts of better luck on another night. Perhaps, not even the most optimistic of patrons would dare to speculate as to the outcome of the evening. But none of the speculators could refute the emergence of one obvious truth, Saturday night was in full swing.

John Joseff heard the noise before he saw the light. Half way up the staircase he could hear the oleo of a hundred conversations, punctuated by laughter and accompanied by the strains of a muted jukebox. As he reached the landing, the flood of light from the bars' opened door began to suggest the identities of the

(continued on Page 32)

A Short Story by J. BARNES

THE COVE

PROUDLY PRESENTS

TV and RADIO PERSONALITY

ATLANTA'S



NUMBER
ONE
BAR

GARY SHANNON

9p.m. - 2a.m.

DANCING

586 WORCHESTER DRIVE N.E.

404-876-9542



speaking matter-of-fatly

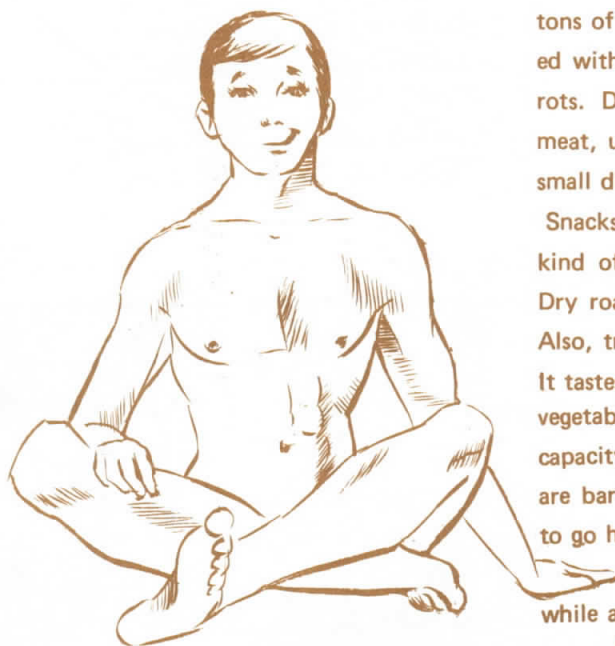
BY ALAN B.

Okay. Let's face it. It's a problem many of us have, but hate to mention--being overweight. We all like to think we look perfect, but all too often, we don't realize how big we can get until the day when that zipper just won't close or your top button is hanging on for dear life. Have you ever stood in front of the mirror with your lover behind you, only to discover that you couldn't see him at all? Or have you ever started a slow dance only to make the startling realization that your partner can't get his arms around you? And for those of you who fancy ladies clothing (on occasion), honey, the trim look is in! Have you ever tried to stick 180 pounds into Hot Pants? Forget it!! And remember, the tighter the girdle, the redder the face! Keep in mind friends, that while everyone loves a fat fairy, they don't always want to take them home.

Now don't go and get the razor blades. All is not lost. There are numerous diets many of which can be fun, which will

bring you back down to that youthful figure you had way back when!

My favorite is the high protein diet, a eat all the foods with high protein content, but completely eliminates sugars



and starches--yes, honey, all of them. However, with what's left, eat all you want! An average breakfast would be two (or more) eggs, bacon or sausage (as much as your fat little face wants), skim milk or coffee (no sugar or cream--stock up on artificial sweetners). How's this for lunch--tuna or egg salad (yes, with tons of mayonnaise if you like), garnished with tomatoes, celery stalks and carrots. Dinner may be any kind of lean meat, unlimited vegetables and maybe a small dish of ice milk.

Snacks are a must. You may eat any kind of cheese, as much as you want. Dry roasted peanuts--eat 'em by the jar! Also, try this--peanut butter and celery! It tastes a lot better than it sounds. Fresh vegetables and fresh fruit can be eaten to capacity. For those of you readers who are bar-flies, tell the guy, from now on, to go heavy on the orange juice and light on the vodka. Stay on it for a while and not only will you loose weight (continued on Page 21)

POETRY

alone
in dark bars,
Listening to sad songs,
Watching the smoke
swirl around dusty fixtures--
Occasionally
checking the features
of someone nearby--
Long enough, sometimes,
to drift into analysis--
But mostly just lost,
subconsciously, in thought.
And I cry a lot.
Not the kind with tears,
that lays you open
to public scrutiny,
But the inward kind:
The kind that sort of wells up
and explodes
Under the auspices
of a well-directed smile.
I sit,
and watch,
And think too much--
Mating inner frustration
with outward hope--
And manage a smile
of expectation.
So I move
from bar to bar--
Listening through sad songs,
Reading people
in my own inept way--
Thinking,
And loosing thought
at sudden, unexpected,
bursts of laughter--
But mostly,
waiting,
Watching
for you.

Durant

In the intoxication of repentance,
We embraced,
The Wind and I--
Under our waxing moon's guidance,
We traced,
The Wind and I,
Warm and salty from the sea,
Silhouette of powdery dune and tree--

Breasting our ocean's teasing waves,
Budding breasts,
The Wind and I,
In our moon-maddened phase,
We caressed,
The Wind and I,
The luxury of sensitive body bare,
Abandoning impossible prudish care--

Glowing gray of misty sky,
Warmly clinging,
The Wind and I,
Reveled with mind, body, eye,
Gladly bringing,
The Wind and I,
Sweet respite from day's existence,
And plunging into this strange repentance--

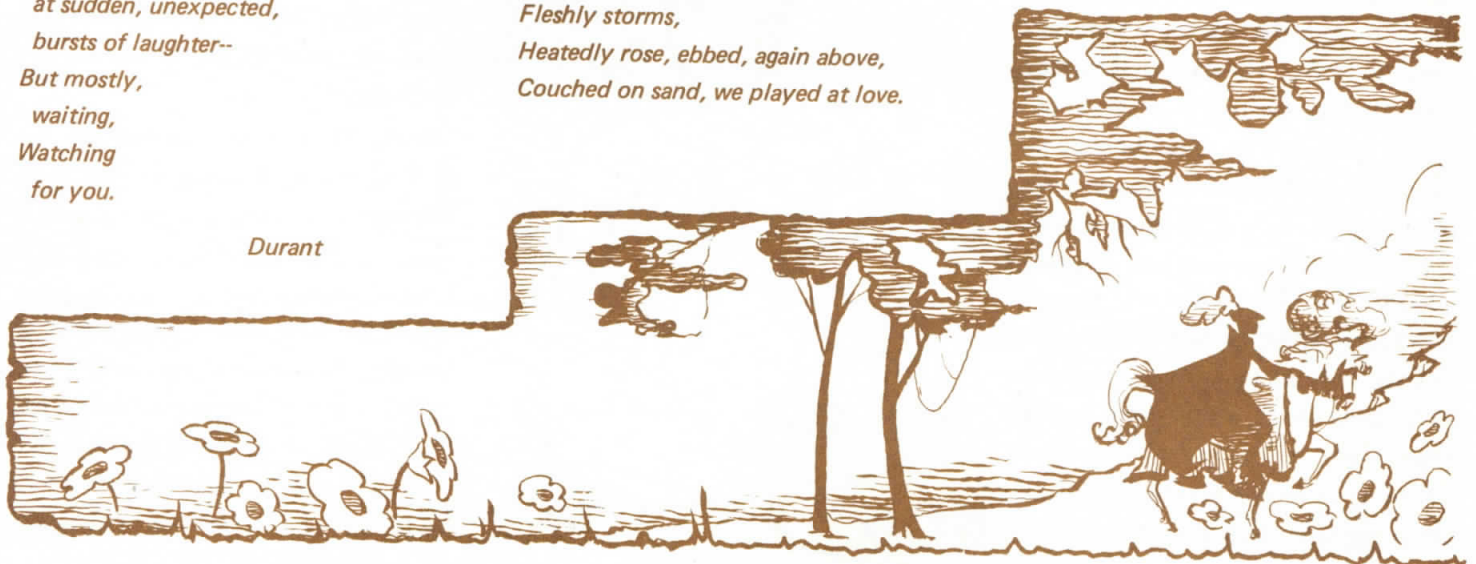
Warmly secure, we enwrapped,
Willing arms,
The Wind and I,
Banning the world, enrapt'd,
Fleshy storms,
Heatedly rose, ebbed, again above,
Couched on sand, we played at love.

With the sweet wind, an affair,
Of our own,
The Wind and I,
Goaded by wildness of solitude there,
Seed was sown--
The Wind and I,
Spawned our love child, our first born,
But it died in the chill of morn.
G.B.

Yesterday I awoke in fantasyland and
rambled through my castle for a place in
which I could be all by myself; where I
could think out loud, meditate and be in
Peace.

Today I am thinking and living my life in
thoughts of yesterday and what I hope to
achieve tomorrow. I can not help think-
ing of all the good times I had yesterday;
for I am forever living in the past in search
of finding a happy, fulfilling sequence in
which to make my today more beautiful;
and hopefully my future, which is my
tomorrow: more rewarding.

LD



from our readers. . .

In the midst of people on a crowded street with noise all around. At a dance with all the music, dancing, and laughing, loneliness is all you feel!

You walk down a lonely street, by a lonely river, up a lonely hill, with the lonely moon shining down on you. Then you feel more warmth there than you did with a thousand people around.

The difference--your thoughts!

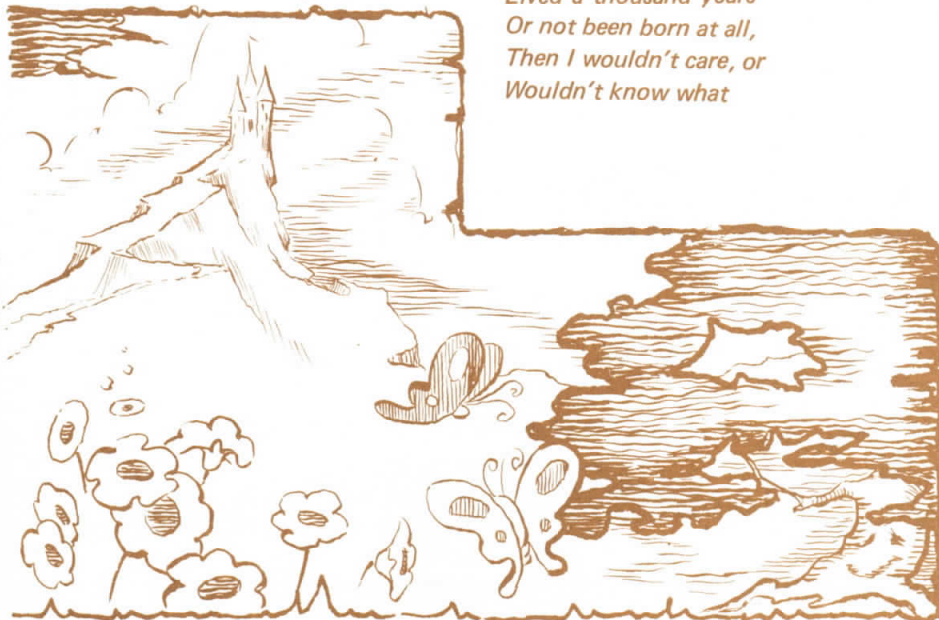
The lonely wind is your lover as it seeks your everlasting love. It wraps around you as once did your real lover on the quiet beach. Only your real lover didn't have the everlasting hold on you as does the wind.

Lonely?

Walk down a lonely street, by a lonely river, up a lonely hill, with the shine of the lonely moon and let the lonely cold wind wrap itself around you and make you warm with the thoughts of happiness and love.

Loneliness---gone!

Cindy Murphy



*See the row of smiling faces,
Sitting back in last year's places.
See the dresses fresh and new,
And boys dress in their suits of blue.*

*It doesn't seem so long ago,
That we went where these children go.
It doesn't seem that far away
When I cried, thinking of a school day.*

*I wish that I were there again,
Scribbling with a new ink pen.
But I am grown, and youth is gone,
And life, like an army, marches on.*

*My eyes have dried and now I see,
Smiling faces in front of me.*



*I wish that I could say
A plainer, Go away, but a
Heart that knows the
Secret things cannot
Throw them all away.*

*I wish that I had
Lived a thousand years
Or not been born at all,
Then I wouldn't care, or
Wouldn't know what*

Was a Lovers scorn.

*And now I wish
That I could know the
Lives that others lead.
To live a life that's full
Of life, without all
The inner strife.*

*He wants though now
To walk alone, without
The bonds of Love to
Live the life that craves
No more than it be
Full of fun.*

*He needs to be alone, he says
To live his life in full -
I hope only he is not alone
When he needs a lovers hand.
I pray he never feels the
Hurt of someones not so gentle,
No.*

*It is so strange that
Two can need exactly
The same thing but
Cannot find a dual way
To reach that lovely
Thing.*

*My lover knows the way
To reach the happiness
He seeks, it's easy on
That road, he says, while
Mine is rough and harsh.*

*To me my way's the only
One that leads straight
To my goal, strange is
It not they both lead
To the exact same spot.*

*A pity we cannot share
The road, hand in hand
'Til there but,
Life has ways unknown
To some and its
Secrets will not share.*

*Goodbye my love, our
Ways do part quite near.
Perhaps, sometimes we'll
See each other as we go
Along our separate ways
But far away each one
Will be - Like strangers
We shall be once more.*

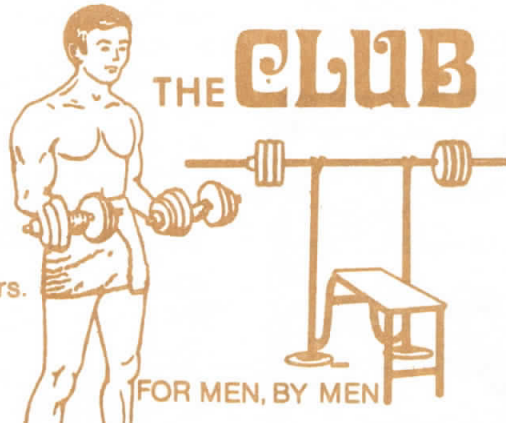
*You've chosen the road you
Must go, and I have
Chosen mine.
Too bad life would not show
Us a way that we could
Share.*

Peter St. John



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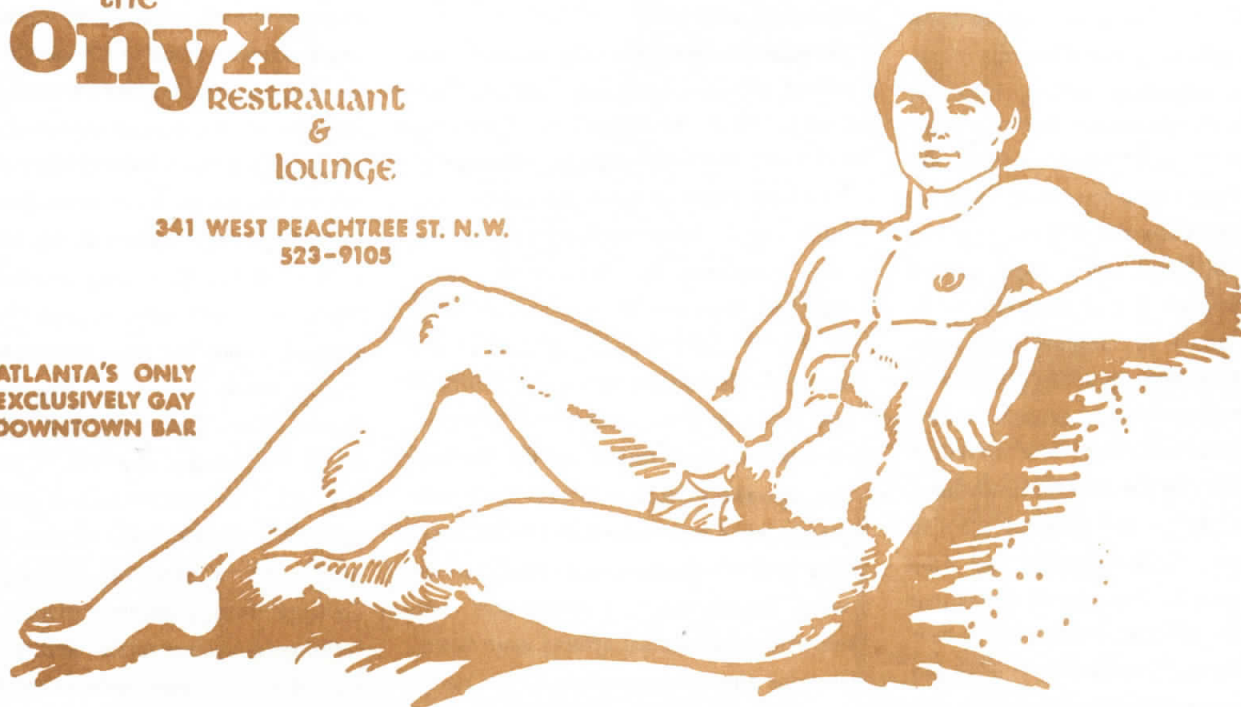
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Anything But a Drag by alan bing

Disneyworld had finally opened so my lover and I decided to head on down to check the place out. Trying to make the experience as campy as possible, I took my wig out of mothballs and decided to hit the park in full drag. It took me quite a while to get ready but when the morning of our adventure arrived, I looked fairly convincing--except for the slight appearance of some beard stubble. Oh well, as long as I keep my mouth shut, no one will ever know the difference. I had visions of my lover and I strolling hand in hand, through the Magical Kingdom.

Halfway down to Orlando, the ever-threatening heavens poured forth on us. Rain like no one has seen since Noah sailed on his little boat. We finally arrived, in what seemed like the middle of nowhere. We parked the car and rode the tram to the entrance. Unfortunately, the tram was wide open on the sides. It seems that the planners did not think that it ever rained in Florida. Well honey, it does and it did! For days! By the time we got to the gate, my wool skirt was drenched and my hair was beginning to fall. I could feel

one eyelash start to go also. A few people were staring but I assumed it was only because I was wearing a see-through top with a micro-mini skirt and knee-high boots. You know, nothing out of the ordinary.

We rode the monorail into the park and several minutes later, got off at Main Street, U.S.A. We hit several of the rides and took in all the magical splendor of the place. Hand in hand, we passed thru Fantasyland, Adventureland and various other imaginary but fascinating places. The ride through the Haunted Mansion was a pure camp. You are greeted at the door by this zombie-ish looking number who looks as if he were a wax dummy. I groped him and found out that he was real. On the ride, I couldn't tell which screams were tape-recorded for special effects and which were coming from the riders, mostly boys, I might add. The animation and special effects were really fabulous and we even got in a little necking in some of the darker sections of the ride.

After a couple of hours, my feet were

beginning to hate me. I hadn't worn boots with heels for a long time and was not used to them at all. I began to gripe out loud, and must admit, several heads turned. Constant rain showers were doing nothing for my make-up or my wig. During a peaceful stroll to Cinderella's Palace we got caught in a torrential downpour. We ran for the passageway in the Palace for shelter. I really looked like a drowned rat by this point. I noticed a few people were beginning to stare at me. Horrified, I touched my face, only to realize that more beard was showing than I had planned on. I took out my compact and took a spot check. And that's exactly what I found--spots. Everything had either caked or ran all over my face. Right before my eyes, one eyelash took a dive for the ground. I quickly tried to grab it, managing only to drop my compact which smashed into a million pieces. A man holding a walkie-talkie and wearing a suit (hmm...), bent over to pick it up. Not seeing him, I bent over also. We met

halfway down--that is, our heads did. He handed me the compact, in pieces, and I said thank you--yes, dear, in my own voice. Realizing what I had done, I turned around and grabbed my lover and began to hightail it out of the palace. When we got back to Main Street, I felt as if I was walking around naked--there were men dressed in suits all over the place and they were all looking at me! I was wrecked. My lover and I cleverly decided it was time to leave. We strolled, no, we ran for the entrance to the monorail to take us back to the main gate and out of the park. By the time we got to the monorail station, it looked as though the F.B.I. was closing in on Public Enemy No. 1.

One of the guys stood so close to me that I could feel his hot breath on my neck. My God! I was turning him on! I felt like turning around and blessing him out but after seeing just how many security men there were, I decided it was a good time to keep my mouth shut. They all had my number and I wasn't about to prove they were right.

It seemed like hours later, but the train finally came. We climbed into one car, followed closely by our police escort. We walked briskly out of the park. By this point, I had sweated so much that my see-through blouse was stuck to my body and the few hairs on my chest were clearly visible. My blond wig was slipping off, giving a lovely display of my own brown hair underneath. We boarded the tram to the parking lot and escaped across the border. Well anyway, we got to our car and drove out of the park.

We stopped at the first service station and I ran to the bathroom with a change of clothes. I tore everything off and set fire to it in the toilet; wig, falsies, and all. I went back to the car in levis and a T-shirt and passed out in the back seat. ■

For the good of society, people of low intelligence should not marry. People of high intelligence should not marry for their own good.

LANGUAGE(cont. from p. 15)
but you'll maintain your sanity while doing it. And for those of you really hot numbers who have your own method of protein intake, right on brothers!

Two other popular diets are the water diet, sometimes called the Stillman diet, (named after the doctor who invented it) and the grapefruit diet(named after the fruit of the same name). The water diet works well if you can handle eight glasses of water a day. Believe me, dears, it's a lot harder to do than it sounds.

This diet also greatly limits what you can eat and is pure hell on your kidneys. On the grapefruit diet, you must either drink a glass of(unsweetened) grapefruit juice or half of a grapefruit before each meal. Again, very limited kinds of food allowed.

As a last resort, there's always Weight Watchers. This has been proven to knock off pounds very effectively. Weekly meetings and public weigh-ins remind you of A.A. meetings, but don't knock it. It helps to know that there are other fat-ties beside you. In this diet, a small scale is necessary to weigh portions of food. There are certain foods which have to be eaten in specified amounts. Fish(yech!), is eaten in quantity and another favorite is chicken(not the 15 year old kind) which is given about 528 ways to be served. Try this method but bring your wallet--full! Take off twenty five pounds and they will award you with a gold pin which looks great with basic black.

As you all know, there are various pills and dietary aids which can be obtained commercially, or by prescription. Beware of these and don't take anything until consulting with a doctor who can advise you on the best kind of diet for you.

Now let's get those pounds rolling off! The last one to be slim again is an old maid!! ■

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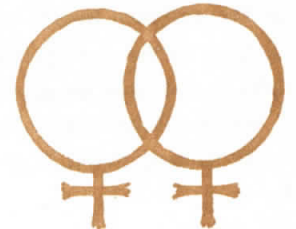
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Pictured above are the Great Pretenders, currently appearing at the new Office II Lounge in Miramar, Florida (near Fort Lauderdale.)

The group, Sandy Shore, Bobby Ramone and Donnie Jay were once part of the well known Alley Cat Revue.

The shows at the Office II also feature the country songs of Mr. Dennis, a very fine guitar player and singer, who appears to really be pleasing the crowds.

October 1st marked the opening day for Peaches' Back Room. Billed as the newest, finest, plushiest, and grooviest club in Atlanta, the bar is tastefully decorated in elegant reds and golds. The bar will be handled as a private club but, of course,

out of towners are welcome. Just mention DAVID.

The Palace Club in Orlando has found a new home. The new bar, located at 1000 Humphries St. in Orlando will be one of the largest bars in Florida, boasting of 5,000 square feet.

Mike and Bill said they anticipate opening the new bar mid-November and will change the name of the present Palace Club to Odds and Ends which will be a beer and wine bar.

Who's the Tallahassee Lassie pictured here? A sure-fire way to find out is to check at the new David's Den (formerly the Red Boar, no affiliation to DAVID).



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TAX and the single guy



Singles! Save your teabags! The Boston Tea Party is going on again! Only this time, the head "Indian" is 75 year old Vivien Kellems of East Haddam, Conn. Senator Abraham Ribicoff has called her "the founder and guiding force behind the movement to free single persons from the inequities of higher taxes." She began her one-woman campaign two years ago and is now armed with charts, diagrams, and statistics. Her figures show that a single person with an income of \$8,000 a year, pays \$250 more income tax than a married person with the same income.

Her claim, filed to the Tax Court, states that the government owes her \$48,000, plus interest, from over the past twenty years. This, she claims, is due to the "single tax penalty." She has gone to Congress to introduce a bill for legislation. In 1969, she did manage to get 25 votes in the Senate, but the bill was defeated. This year, the bill has been re-introduced to Congress by Senator Ribicoff. Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, has promised a hearing on Miss Kellems' bill and she, herself, has enlisted 125 co-sponsors for an identical bill introduced by Rep. Edward Koch of New York. This bill was to extend to all unmarried individuals, the full tax benefits of income-splitting, now enjoyed by married indi-

viduals filing joint returns.

Miss Kellems, it seems, has started something. A new organization named the "Committee of Single Taxpayers", also known as CO\$T, has been originated. It is headed by the combined efforts of two former senators, George Murphy and Eugene McCarthy, who, as Miss Kellems' champion in Congress in 1969, has been trying to pass similar legislation since 1962. This group, which is non-political and non-profit, hopes to acquire 100,000 members who will each pay \$10 in dues. All dues are to be used to lobby for passage of the single tax relief bill. The number for membership, however, has been raised to one million, or in dollar talk, \$10 million.

On learning of this, Miss Kellems, who

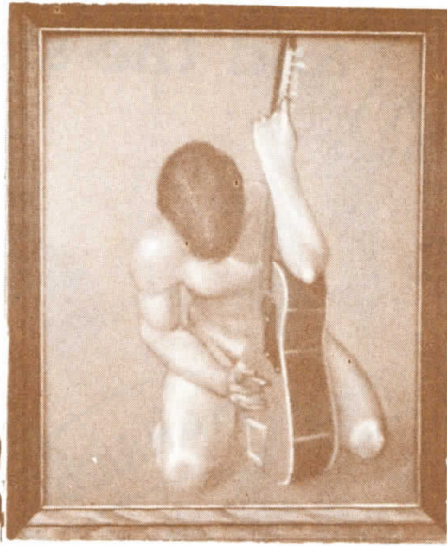


has already spent \$25,000 of her own money, plus \$14,000 in contributions, claimed she could do the same with old tea-bags, the symbol she is using for her fight. The tea-bags, reminiscent of the Boston Tea Party, revive the feeling of taxation without proper representation. Miss Kellems seems to feel that CO\$T is not as non-profit as it claims to be and she says, "I think it is absolutely despicable for people to try to make money out of this." McCarthy and Murphy, however, both say that neither of them has received any money for their effort

CO\$T's cause is being carried through the nation by several stalwart supporters. One of them, Patty Cavin, a former T.V. personality and Capitol social figure, is also a widow with two sons. She has set up a speaking tour which extends cross-country from Washington D.C. to California via Denver. At numerous points along the way, she will stop and give speeches in order to gather support for CO\$T.

Singles of all sorts--widows, bachelors, divorced men and women etc., all feel that the time for reforms for single taxpayers has come. And with people like Vivien Kellems and Patty Cavin, plus the efforts of some sympathetic and hard-working Congressmen, that time may be just around the corner.

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FREEDOM RIDE

Acceptance is a pretty important concept to me, both personally and philosophically. I believe it to be a universal need that we humans have to feel accepted for what we are. Moreover, I think that we know and accept one another. As gay individuals, we are faced with an added dilemma in that, to grow and mature, we must learn to accept ourselves in a society which, for the most part, does not accept a part of our being.

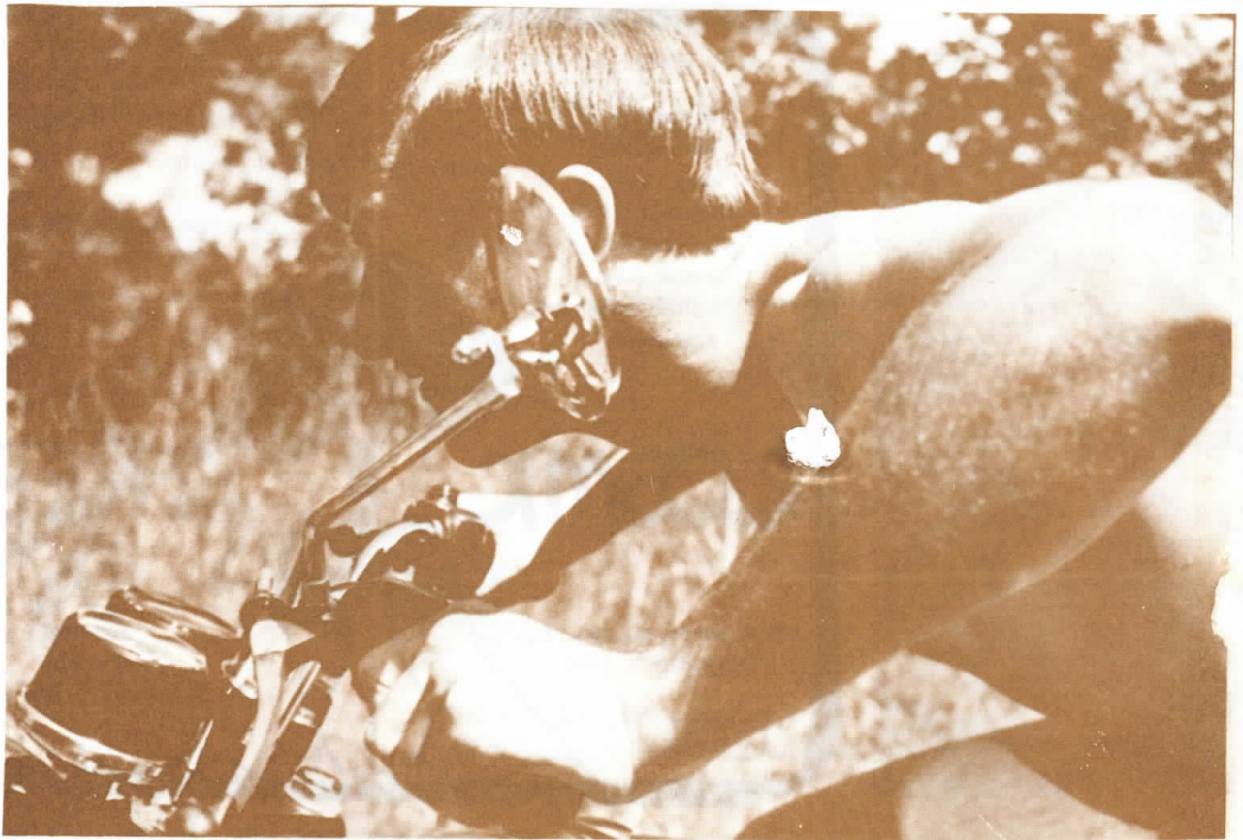
A poster in the "Knight Out" expresses my thoughts on this subject better than I can:

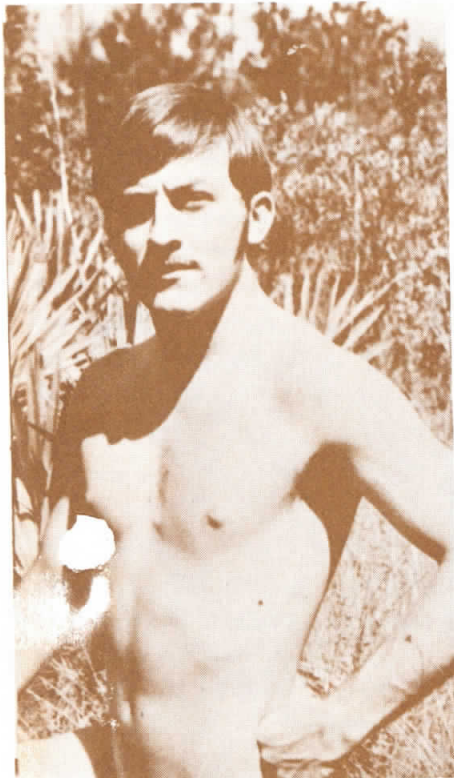
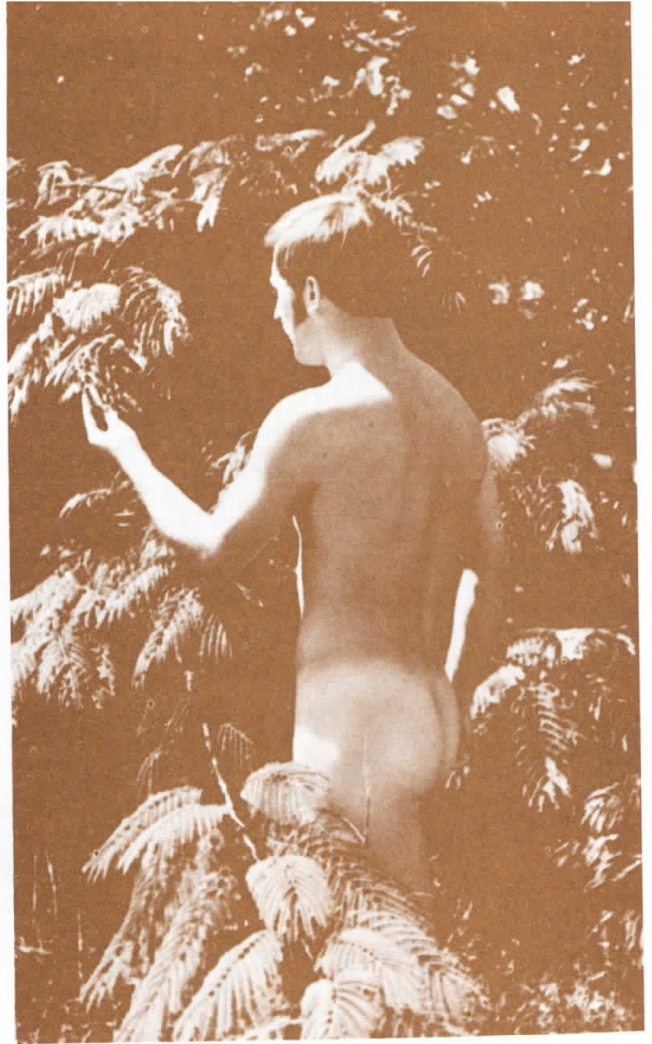
"Once upon a time, there was a young man. He was different than most of the men that he knew and all he wanted was to be accepted for what he was. He wanted to be an equal with everyone else but no one would let him. So one day he went off into the hills to be left alone with his thoughts. And this is what he thought: He thought about ways to make Peace and ways to Love other people and to help people who did not know how to make Peace and how to make Love. After many years he came back to the people that he had left and told them of his thoughts and of the knowledge that he had gained. He told them about Peace and Love and of the joy of being at Peace with themselves and with others. He told them how Equality was the answer to the puzzles that they were trying to solve. He told them that he wanted to be an equal with everyone else. But no one would let him. So with a sad smile, he told them that all he wanted was to be accepted for what he was and they told him that it would be hard..... because he was different."





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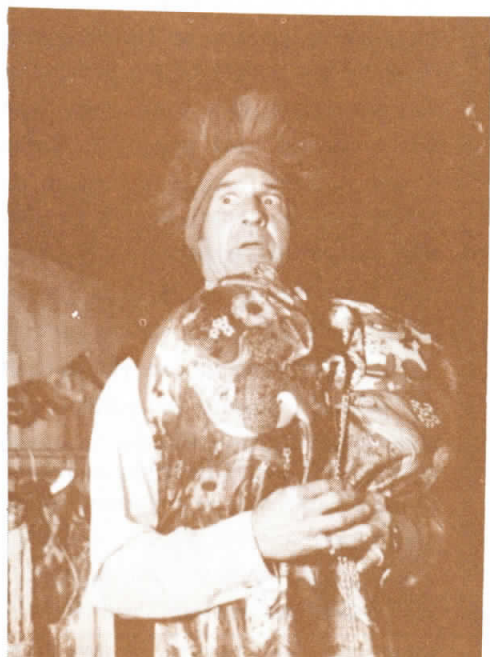
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The curtain opened on the start of a fourth year for KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM, (redecorated, new light and sound systems and a beautiful new stage) on Sunday evening, October 10th, with Mr. Billie Boots announcing the return of the GAY DECEIVERS.

The evening began with the enchanting Mr. Pryce Williams captivating the audience with his superb vocalizations.

Next, the audience was again treated to the wacky and zany antics of Mr. Frost Martin. Frost had the crowd in stitches with his own version of "Bye Bye Blackbird."

The show also included the popular Mr. Michael doing his always well-received

take-off on "The Good Ship Lollipop."

The GAY DECEIVERS show was followed ably by Pepe Miller doing a pantomime routine that has received acclaim at the best hotels on Miami Beach and on television.

The next attraction of the evening was imported from Boston just for the occasion. However, due to circumstances beyond Keith's control, this act succeeded in alienating the entire audience in record time. This has got to be a first; an act banned in Hallandale but can be seen in Boston.

Moving right along, the night was concluded with performances by Lana Kuntz, Jamie and Mr. Michael. As always, they were all outstanding.



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CONDITION (cont. from p. 13)
 numerous bodies grouped about the patio's outdoor tables. Locating the narrow aisle way that would lead him past the tables and safely inside the bar, John Joseff tried to forget the inspecting eyes that would greet his approach. A blond head raised and pale eyes stared directly into his face. Predictably, the eyes darted down his torso, finally to end their search with a careful scrutiny of an area just below his belt buckle. Interminable seconds later, John reached a hand to his fly. The clasp was locked and the metal teeth of the zipper were firmly meshed and in place. With determination, he focused his gaze straight ahead, toward the doorway, and entered the teeming bar.

Once inside the doorway, he found that there was no place to go. He felt immobilized by the weight of the bodies that pressed against him from every side. Bodies jockeyed back and forth. Bodies turned to knife their way through the crowd, seeking openings more tenaciously than the star quarterback of a 'pro' football team looking for a hole in the line. John felt himself being pushed forward, the unwilling wedge of anonymous hands and bellies. Following the example of a body builder in front of him, he shouldered and elbowed himself toward the rear of the bar. Miraculously he found himself progressing toward a small open space in a rear corner. He felt a hand rub over his rear, much too accomplished to be unintentional. Half turning, he gave a hard look to the leering face, only inches from his chin, that stared back at him. The hands retreated but his triumph was short lived. Pushing forward toward his corner oasis, John felt a raised knee press itself to his crotch. John lifted his hand to the intruding knee in an attempt to extricate himself or at least, to discourage any further intimacy. Perhaps, misunderstanding John's intention, the knee's owner smiled. "You have such a friendly way of saying hello".

"That wasn't 'Hello'. I was putting my hand out to make a left turn."

"Oh, Well, anyhow, is there any chance that a hitch-hiker could buy you a drink?"

(continued on Page 35)



Pictured here is Timmie Trimane, winner of Daytona's Miss Hollywood '71 Contest, hailing from Sarasota, who appeared at the Cactus Room with his company in September and October. Dazzling everyone with his fabulous costumes, he will be a guest at their Halloween Party on Saturday, the 30th.



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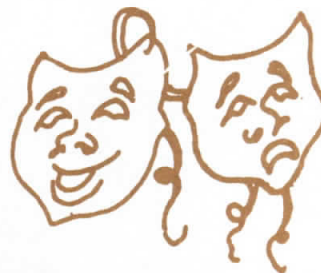
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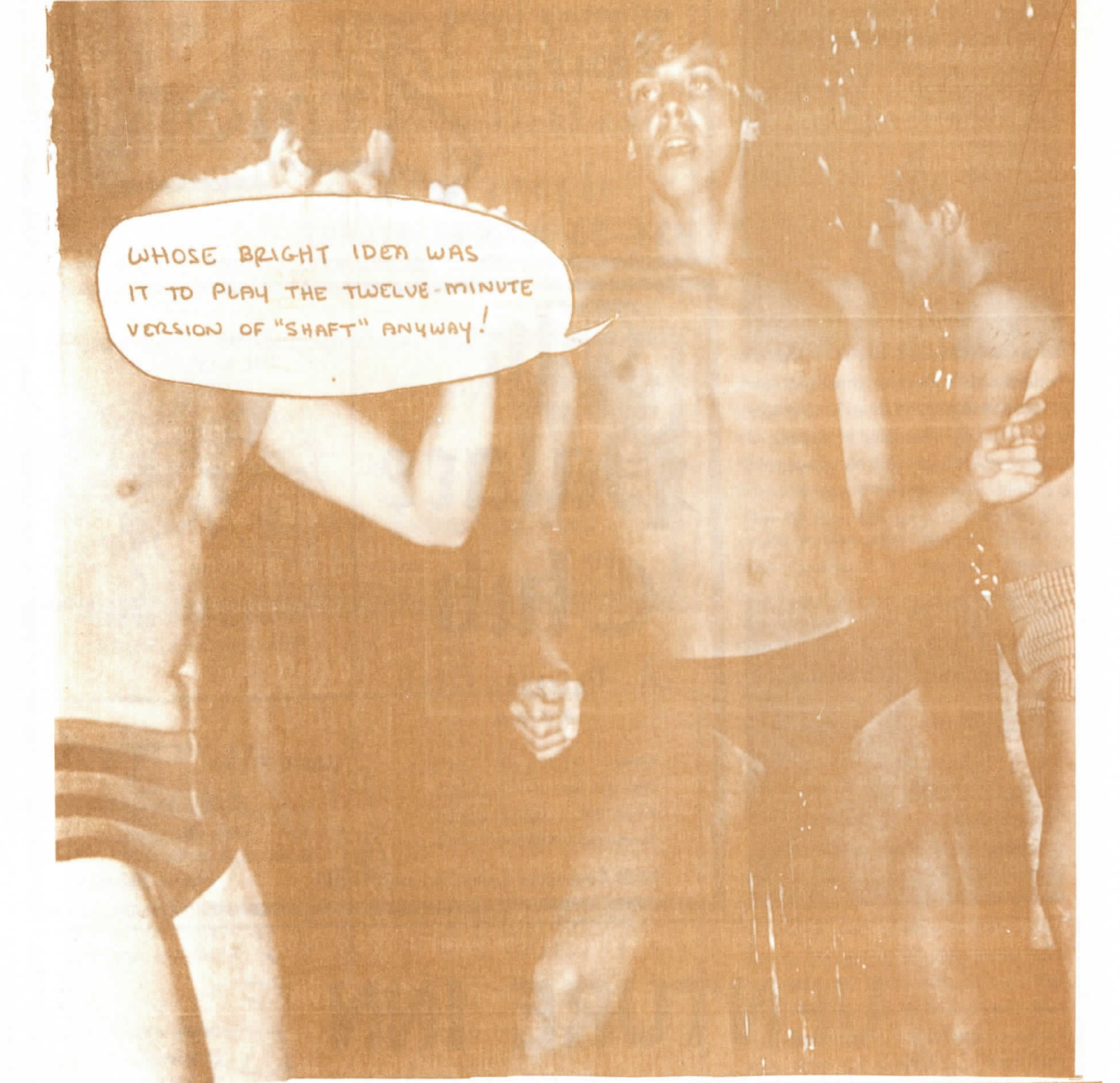
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CONDITION(continued from p. 32)

"No, thanks. Right now, I'm just trying to concentrate on how to get my next breath."

Before the conversation could continue, John saw an opening and with a few exhausting strides, succeeded in reaching his desired corner. He leaned against the wall and adjusted his now rumpled shirt. He felt the sweat beads begin to form on his forehead. An errant drop trickled down his temples, hesitated momentarily on his cheek, then exhausted itself as it continued its journey down his jaw line. He ran his fingers horizontally across his forehead, then inspected the clear wetness that glistened on his fingertips. The intensity of his gaze seemed to reflect an attempt to contradict one of his senses with the other. "Oh, God." He thought. "I'm sweating." He imagined that the perspiration was restyling his freshly shampooed and combed hair into damp ringlets. From his pocket, he removed a neatly folded handkerchief and did his best to bolt the continuing flow. Resigned to the fact that his ministrations would be of little help, he turned his thoughts to the difficult task of obtaining a drink.

The dilemma was, of course, centered around the fact that he had no intention of giving up his hard-won and highly coveted space in order to get a drink. However, it was absurd to consider remaining in the bar without drinking. His only hope was to catch the eye of one of the waiters, trusting that the employee's experience would enable him to get to a bartender and to return in the most expeditious manner possible.

After several vain attempts, John succeeded in attracting the attention of one of the waiters whom he knew casually, but in no way intimately. Balancing the tray overhead with one hand and twisting an imaginary string of pearls with the other, the waiter smiled conquettishly. "Two scotch and waters and a waiter on the side?" "No. Just one scotch and water." "Ummm. How about a waiter on his belly?" "All I can afford is the scotch." "The scotch is ninety-five cents. I'm
(continued on Page 42)



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think we will ever get together again, or should I just forget him? I love him very much. We both work in the same field.
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Confusing as it might seem, I hear the spirits saying, "7½ years is a long time."

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Fortune and Men's Eyes

In "Fortune and Men's Eyes", parts of the movie were hilarious yet some scenes were depressing. Author John Herbert, once convicted on a morals charge, spent time serving in a Canadian prison, so perhaps he knows more about the goings on than I do. But I find it hard to believe that such things go on in prison to such extremes, even though any time you have a situation where males are surrounded only by other males, as in prison and military schools, there will be homosexual activity.

I feel the character, "Queenie", played by Michael Greer (who also appeared in "The Gay Deceivers") was not truly indicative of a homosexual in prison.

The movie was filmed in Canada and except for the opening scenes, the entire movie was filmed inside the prison. The plot concerns a boy named Smitty who is sent to prison for possession of marijuana. He is put in a cell with three other

guys, one who was mentioned earlier, "Queenie" and the other two, Rocky and "Mona". Queenie is the most effeminate and Rocky looks like an example of rough trade. Rocky, played by talented newcomer, Zooey Hall, rapes Smitty in the shower and makes him his "slave". Smitty does not love the thought of being "buggered" but he realizes that if he doesn't submit to Rocky, he'll have to face the chance of getting gang-banged.

The movie shows one prisoner getting humped by four or five of the inmates and there are some good nude shots if they haven't all been cut.

After looking forward to seeing this movie, I came out of the theater, not really glad I had gone in. Yet, if I had not seen it, I probably would have been sorry as some of my "sisters" talked about seeing it for the second and third time. I have mixed opinions, as did a couple of my friends who attended the showing. ■

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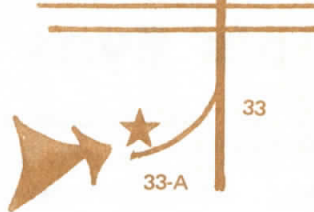
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The versatile Terry Turner and the highly unpredictable Mr. Michael were not really doing their very funny "golf" routine in the dark in last month's DAVID. It appears our ex-printer misplaced another photograph at the last minute.

Our apologies to these great entertainers.

Terry and Mr. Michael may be seen at the Gallery in Fort Lauderdale.

Don't forget to catch Mr. Michael's show-stopping number, "San Francisco."

This is done on a swing--ala Jeanette McDonald. The swing is covered with many beautiful flowers and colorful lights and will hold your attention from beginning to end. Mr. Michael really works his butt off.

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I used to have principles--now I've found
out they're opinions.

MOTHER MOLLY'S

One Course Meal



For those of you amateur chefs who still think that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, here's an easy way to get the man in question. Mother Molly has a simple recipe for Tuna Casserole which anyone can cook. Here's what you'll need for a casserole which will serve four, big, hunky numbers:

Recipe

- 4 cans of tuna fish
- 2 cans of cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup of milk
- 1 can of peas
- 1 can of chopped mushrooms
- 1 large box of macaroni shells

Begin by boiling a pot of water for the shells. Preheat the oven to 400 degrees. Get out your can-opener and do five minutes of finger exercises, because, honey, you've got plenty of cans to open! Begin

the process. Be sure to drain the tuna and all those nasty little peas. After all the cans are open, you may relax for ten minutes to cruise out the kitchen window at those cute sailors who live across the courtyard. Anchors aweigh!!

Boil the shells for ten minutes or until tender. Drain the shells in a collander with cold water. Mix the tuna, finely chopped, with the mushrooms, soup, and peas. Pour in the cup of milk and then mush it all up until well blended. Fold in the shells and spread it, honey. That is, spread it into a casserole dish.

As an added touch, crumble potato chips over the top. Bake for half an hour or until the mixture starts to bubble.

Serve this to your man and you're sure to get to his heart, whether it be through his stomach or whatever part of the body you prefer!

Well fans, I must dash down to the service station and take the Packard in. I'm having the rear-end lubricated and my engine tuned. Also, I need to put gas in the Packard. Toodles!

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CHAPTER

with Auntie Laurie

When I bought my stereo, it was already assembled. All the little parts, that is. They delivered it to me in big boxes containing the amplifier, turntable, speakers, and a few other mysterious black boxes with about four hundred yards of wire. Also included was a book of instructions, written by a man who wins the "Mr. Inscrutable-1971" award.

Well, I finally got the thing together, after a number of interesting discoveries. For example, scissors don't cut wire-wire ruins scissors, and now I've got a pair of scissors that are great for stabbing people but are useless for cutting anything else. So I bought a tool that cuts wire. Then I discovered that the plastic covering must be stripped, and fingernails just won't do it. I know they'll grow back in a few weeks, but in the meantime, they hurt like blazes. So, back to the hardware store for a tool that strips wire. I found I could've bought a tool that would do both, but it was too late. A butter knife made a dandy screwdriver.

Cutting, stripping, and screwing the wire into place was not too time consuming. However, finding the place to fasten it to was. The amplifier has a number of places to attach the wires to, but unfortunately, it required more wire than the speakers and black boxes contained. Further persual of the manual helped; I discovered that some of the terminals were for such extras as a tape deck, synchronized strobe lights, a P.A. system, microphone jacks, and (as far as I could figure), a laser-powered death-ray. Besides the normal A.M. and F.M. radio, the amplifier, when properly connected to the two black boxes, would send and receive ship-to-shore messages and act as a portable radar set.

When I first got the thing hooked up, put on a record and turned the machine on. After I plugged it into the socket, the record turned, but no sound emerged. I

fiddled with the dials and knobs and switches but got nothing but the scratching sound of the needle on the record and an occasional hum or squeal from the amplifier.

This had me puzzled for thirty minutes, until I discovered that I had wired the speakers to the screws that held the back of the amplifier on.

I finally got to use the thing. Not having much of an ear for the niceties of stereo tuning, I set all the knobs in the middle of their ranges. I would occasionally fiddle with the switches, including those I knew weren't connected to anything, like the AM-FM switch or the laser death-ray. I listened to hear any significant difference in the sound, but my tin ear could detect little. The manual (as usual) was none too clear on what they were for, anyway. The only knob I could work with any certainty was the one marked ON-OFF.

Things went fairly well until one night last week, I had invited this young fellow named Alan over for a chat about Sumerian water-clocks or the politics of Micronesia or some such involved subject. I slipped on a mood record while Alan was taking off his shirt (to make our talk easier, you see. Clothes are so confining when you're having a nice long talk).

I had no sooner turned the stereo on than Alan was peering over my shoulder. That's quite a set-up, he said, and I replied that it sure was. As the music started, he winced and muttered something about my balance being off.

I was about to object, but I saw he was referring to the machine. He began to work the dials and switches. For several minutes, I stood around while Alan fooled with that machine. He got up and I thought he was finished, but he just wanted to check the sound from the middle of the room, which he did several

(continued on Page 44)

JOKES



It was Joel and Peter's twentieth wedding anniversary. After an evening on the town, they returned home. They both shed their clothes and got into bed.

After lying next to each other for 5 minutes, with neither of them making a move, Joel asked, "What's the matter, Peter, can't you think of anyone either?"

.....

Then there was the wise thing, who, upon finding out his trick was an English teacher, asked, "Teacher, may I?" To which the trick replied, "In your case, it should be, can I?"

.....

Louie received a card from his lover who was vacationing in Miami. It read: "Having a wonderful time, darling. Wish you were him."

Boiling, Bruce busted into his home and yelled at his lover, "Damn it! Who was that man that just left? Tell me!"

"Bill Smith."

"Why, that snake! I'll find him! When I do, I'll teach him a thing or two!"

His lover smiled and said, "I doubt it."

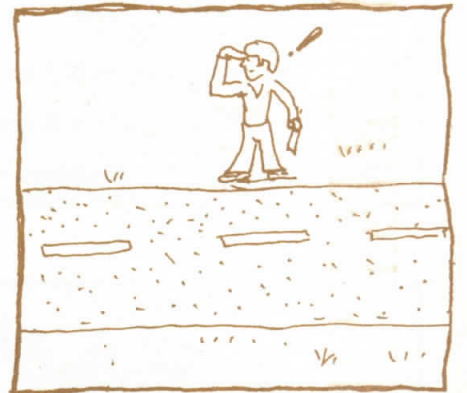
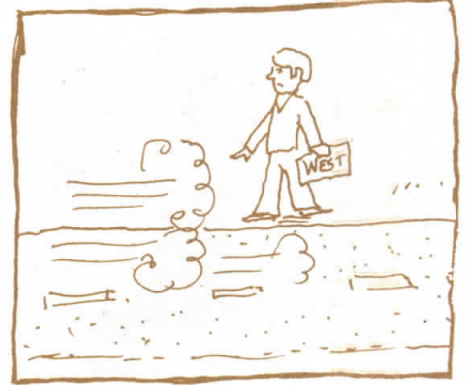
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DAVID defines conversation piece as a trick that talked all night.

.....

As Bill was being prepared for surgery, he turned to his lover, Tom, and said, "Tom, I know you've got me the best doctors and it's a relatively safe operation, but if something should happen, I want you to go right out and find a new lover, and all the beautiful clothes you bought me—give them all to him."

"It won't work," said Tom, "you're a small and he's a medium."





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CONDITION(continued from p. 35)

free." Then, more seriously, the waiter eased the smile from his face and asked. "Where's your friend?" "I don't know. We haven't seen much of each other, lately. . . .Actually, we've broken up. Have you run into him?" Why had he asked that last question? He had meant to sound very off-handed and unconcerned when confronted with any reference to his "friends". Now in his very first encounter, he had betrayed his curiosity and concern. He might as well have let all the questions pour from his mouth that had been haunting him constantly for the past three months. How did he look? Does he seem to be happy? Did he tell you that we had broken-up? Does he ever mention me? Does he say that it was all for the best or does he seem to be bitter? Was he with anyone when you saw him? What was the guy like? Do I know his new friend?

"Ya. I saw him once. But it was really crowded and I didn't wait on him. Ah..... I'd better get your drink before they run out of booze. Thank God, I wore my wedgies instead of those three inch heels. Otherwise, a working girl could never make it through the night. Be right back."

Jack reached for a cigarette. He took his time removing it from the pack and lighting it. Suddenly, he could no longer hold back the memories of his days with his ex-lover. The times that they had stood in this very bar, so smug because they were together. Laughing at the 'cruising game' and feeling sorry for the people who were desperately hoping for that "groovey trick". Standing close together, lamenting all the bad days before they had met and vowing to be together for the rest of their lives. Secretly 'cruising' the guy across the room, then, when he came over to further the invitation, introducing him to your friend and admitting that you were lovers. Teasing one another about the incident later and feigning outraged jealousy. But, life always collects, somehow. Even the winner is a

loser when it finally ends. Walking away when it's all over -- with your freedom. Suddenly, all of those 'numbers' you were going to 'make it' with if you ever had the opportunity are either involved or have lost their appeal. Suddenly, being free begins to become re-defined. Free from warmth, free from quiet nights when it was more enjoyable to stay home than fight the battle of loud, crowded, hot bars. Free from the telephone call at work that would be embarrassing to explain if overheard by the switchboard operator, "I just called to say that I missed you." Free from

"One scotch and water. I get off at five." "If I'm still on my feet by then, you can be first in line to carry me home." John gave the waiter his best smile and a healthy tip. The next drink shouldn't be nearly so hard to get.

The scotch was strong and tasted good. He finished that one and the next one and the third and fourth one in rapid succession. The waiter seemed to appear always at the last gulp, ready to refill the emptied glass and eager to collect the generous tips. Slowing down over the fifth scotch, John surveyed the men in the bar. Many of the faces were familiar, but he made no attempt to engage in conversation with them, preferring loneliness to involved explanations regarding the dissolution of his relationship with Joe. The guy in the middle of the bar was sexy. Tall and blond and confident with his wide-mouthed smile. The blonde was engaged in intimate conversation with a friend of Joe's, Pete Whatshisname. Pete was a real loser, in John's opinion. Always talking about his folk's money and their winter home in the Islands. How his father wanted him to take over the family exporting business, how he could be a rich man at thirty, but how he wanted to make it on his own. Some making it on his own, thought John. Maybe he will be promoted from shoe salesman to Asst. Manager. Then only forty-eight more promotions and he'll be president of the store. The blonde must be a loser, too, or, why should he talk to Pete for so long?

DAVID: NOVEMBER 1971

Probably discussing whether straps or open toes will be 'in' this season.

The scotch began to take effect. John wanted to smile back at the people who smiled at him or directed long looks in his direction. He wondered if he really was as appealing as Joe had often told him that he was. What part had been truth and what part had only been lover's flattery? He took a deep breath and flattened his stomach. He had decided to return the glances of a Latin type who had cruised him for almost an hour. Get the 'number' before the 'number' scores in a new game, he thought. But, just as he was about to carry out his intention, a familiar voice intruded. "Still like to buy you that drink." "Oh. The guy with the 'trick' knee." "Ya. I didn't succeed with that one, but I hope that you'll let me try a more subtle approach." "I wasn't offended. That part about the 'trick' knee was just a bad joke." "The guy had a pleasant face, good-looking, actually.. Nice, friendly smile that seemed to reflect a gentleness and a lack of urgency in bed. "You from around here?" he asked. "All my life. I'd have left town but the mass suicides that would have followed in the wake would have been too much for my conscience to bear." "I can imagine," said the stranger, a little too seriously. "I'm sure that you've broken your share of hearts in your time." Unable to dismiss the last comment lightly and regretting the downing of the last scotch, John asked, "Do you have a name or anything?" "Bill. And who are you?" "John Joseff. Glad to meet you, Bill." Then the ritual of the handshake.

"Do you have a lover, John?" Automatically, John heard himself say, "Yes... I mean that I used to...but not anymore." "Are you still hot for him?" "Not really. I wanted out of the relationship. But, sometimes, I still miss him. He was a nice guy. I mean, he is a nice guy." "How long since you've broken-up?" "About three months, I guess." Three months and three weeks to the day, thought John, but he didn't say so. "You have a place nearby?" "A couple

of miles. Off the corner of Gull and Eighth. Where do you live?" "Way out in Chelsea. I'm staying with some straight friends, temporarily." "Oh." Was it suddenly hotter in the bar? John felt the perspiration begin to re-form on his forehead. He dabbed his brow with the limp handkerchief. "Warm?" "A little." "Let's go out on the patio. It should be cooler and less crowded by now." They found their way through the thinning crowd and located an empty table near the back of the patio. Bill ordered a drink for each of them and they sipped scotch silently for a few minutes. Vainly, John searched for a conversational gambit to end the awkward silence. Finally, he concluded that he was too out of practice for small talk. Then, out of the silence, "Look. If you're interested, I'd like to go home with you." "What?" John wasn't startled at the question, but it had come so suddenly that he was at a loss for an honest reply. Bill looked him directly in the eye and repeated the offer. "Would you like to 'make it'?" "I don't know. I haven't 'made it' with anyone since my lover and I broke up. I know it sounds ridiculous, but we were together over two years and I never cheated on him. I'm not sure that I'd know what to do with someone else in bed." "Don't worry about what happens in bed. I'll understand."

John looked across the table at the smiling face. Will you understand, really? He thought. Will you take pleasure in doing all of the things that satisfied Joe and me? Will you take offense when I reach for some familiar part of my lover's body and find softness when I expect to find firmness? Will you say it's 'all right' when I say, 'I can't'. Will you sleep with your arm around me all night and will your warmth insulate me from all the bad dreams that have plagued me for the past three months and three weeks to the day? And will you understand, if in the quiet of the night, I pull you close and whisper, "I'm glad that you came back, Joe." "Hey! Where'd you go?"
(continued on Page 44)

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CONDITION(cont. from p. 43)

"I'm sorry. I guess I drifted off. Something that you said sent me backwards. "Well. What do you think? Shall we have the last drink at your place?" "Why not? In fact, let's have several. Just one thing, though. Sometimes I have bad dreams and even talk in my sleep. But try not to let it bother you. A lot of people tell me that they've had the same problem but that the condition is only temporary."

CHATTER(cont. from p. 40)

times. I made a few efforts to distract him, but he asked me to wait while he checked the turntable.

He checked the turntable. He checked its speed. He checked the tone-arm. He murmured something about subtracting a few grams from the pressure. I suppose he did. I didn't hang around; I went into the kitchen for a drink. He rummaged around, looking for different records, trying to find the ideal setting for the bass knob.

What is it about electrical things that brings out the worst in the American male's attitude--that "lemme-try-this-and-see-if-I-can-make-it-work" spirit that loused up my evening with Alan, not to mention subsequent evenings with Rick, Bob, Garth, John and Bruce?

I got it on sale and it cannot be returned. There are too many components to put it in the closet. Besides, I don't have the space anyway. I tried covering them with a cloth, but they take up as much space as a baby hippo. And I can't even use it as a come-on--("you want to come up and see my stereo?")--because no matter what a guy may have on his mind when I talk with him at the bar, I have yet to meet someone who can turn down the temptation to mess with that thing.

I have heard of a person's social life being ruined by family, by business, or by friends, but by a damned phonograph! Well, it happens to me.

AGE IS A DRAG!

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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.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH

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 Monday. Free buffets 7 p.m. Sun. Ph: (904) 255-9174. Your host: Jim.

FORT LAUDERDALE

EVERGLADES BAR * 1931 S.E. 6th Ave. Federal Highway. Shows Fri. and Sat. Buffets every Sunday night. Your hosts: Louie, 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 hosts: Nally & Michael. Phone: (305) 581-9912.

RUTHIE'S GOLDEN GARTER * Oakland Park Blvd. and Federal Hwy. Open 10 a.m. till 2 a.m., Saturday and Sunday open 1 p.m. Cook-outs every Sunday. Your hosts: Ruthie & David.

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

DAVID: NOVEMBER 1971

LOUNGES, TAVERNS & RESTAURANTS

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

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

GAINESVILLE

MELODY CLUB * 4130 N.W. 6th Street. Live entertainment Thurs. and Sat. Dance Contest Fri. Cash prizes. Your hosts: C.L. & Pat. Ph: 376-9457.

HALLANDALE

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.

JACKSONVILLE

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. Occasional shows. D.J. Discoteque-Wednesdays. Your hosts: Hank & Mark. Ph. 725-9968.

LAKELAND

BASKET AND BOTTLE * State Road No. 33. Open Tues. Wed. Thurs. & Sun. 8-12 midnight. Fri. & Sat. 9-5 a.m. B.Y.O.B. Shows. Your hosts: Shawin & Pauline.

LAKE WORTH

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.

MIAMI

BACHELOR'S II * 2847 Coral Way. Amateur night Mon. Buffet Fri. night. Piano bar. Your host: Ron.

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

LITTLE TIKI * S.W. 27th Ave. & 28th Lane. Go-Go girls. Free buffet Sat. Beer bust Wed.

THE OFFICE II * 2590 State Road No. 7. Miramar (Hollywood). Open seven nights a week 'til 4 a.m. Shows every Sat. night. Contests every month. Your hosts: Carol & Joey. Ph: 983-9541.

STEP MOTHER * 820 S.W. 42nd Avenue, (entrance behind Mother's - Miami's only Dance Bar. Open 9 til 5 a.m. Ph: 446-9161. host Ted

THE WAREHOUSE VIII * 3600 S.W. 8th St. (Upstairs) Ph: (305) 445-8713 Or 8714.

MIAMI BEACH

AMBASSADORS III * 427 22nd St. Open 9:00 p.m. to 5:00 a.m. daily go-go boys... Phone: (305) 531-2902.

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.

CACTUS ROOM * 60 N. Orange Ave. Open Monday through Saturday from 10 a.m. until 2 a.m. Two shows nightly. Ph: (305) 442-7290.

PALACE CLUB * 4910 Edgewater Dr. Open Wed. thru Sat. from 8 p.m. until; Sun. from 6 p.m. until; Female impersonator shows Wed. thru Sun. Dancing. Ph: (305) 293-9733.

PANAMA CITY

FIESTA ROOM * and patio lounge. 110 Harrison Ave. Your host: Mike Phone (904) 763-9195.

S. FLORIDA

KORK 'N' KETTLE * 7603 So. Tamiami Tr. (U.S. Hwy 41) Open 5 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Occasional shows. Hostesses: Joan & Jean. (813) 924 9494.

FLA. PETERSBURG

809 CLUB * 809 Gulfway. Open from 9 p.m. to 11 a.m. Tues. thru Sat; Sun. from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing. Beer Busts on Fri. & Sat. Occasional shows. Hosts: David, Jack & Patty.

TALLAHASSEE

DAVID'S DEN * 116 E. Call St. Open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. 7 days. Ph: (904) 999-9437.

FLA. TAMPA

CROUSEL LOUNGE * 1806 Platt Street. Open seven days a week.

CHICUJO'S * 1725 West Kennedy. Open 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m. Tues. thru Sat. Open 1 p.m. to 3 a.m. Sundays and 7:30 to 3 a.m. Mondays. Shows on Fri., Sat., Sun., Host: Mama Dee.

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

WEST PALM BEACH

MY APARTMENT * 823 Belvedere Rd. Open Sunday thru Thurs. from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. Fri. and Sat. from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. Your Hosts: Joyce Bill Gail & Jeannie. Ph: (305) 833-9219.

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.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

THE ARMORY * 834-36 Juniper St. Atl. Atlanta's living room. Your host: David.

CHUCK'S RATHSKELLER * 931 Monroe Dr. N.E. Open Mon thru Sat. from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing, live entertainment and Go-Go-Boys. Your Host: Chuck (404) 875-9671.

THE COVE * 586 Worchester Dr. N.E. Open 4 P.M. until 2 a.m. Sat. from 5 p.m. until midnight. Your hosts: Kathryn Murray Powerful (Frank), Geraldine, and Comer. Ph: (404) 876-9542.

THE ONYX * 339 W. Peachtree. Open from 2 P.M. until 2 A.M. Cocktails from 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. Elevated dance floor. Your host: Wes. Phone: (404) 523-9105.

THE OTHER ROOM * 931 Monroe Dr. N.E. (At Chuck's Rathskeller). Open Mon. thru Sat. from 5 p.m. until 11. Cocktail lounge. Mid-night breakfasts Friday.

MRS. P'S RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE * 551 Ponce de Leon. Open at 3 p.m. Mon. thru Sat. Cocktail hours from 5 till 7, restaurant open from 5 p.m. till 1 a.m. Featuring steaks seafood and home cooked vegetables. Your host: Carol. Ph: (404) 876-9339.

PEACHES * 845 Peachtree St. N.E. (Back entrance). Open Mon. thru Sat. 4 p.m.-2 a.m. Cocktail hour 4 p.m.-7 p.m. Ph: 872-1188.

NO. CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE

OLEEN'S LOUNGE * 1831 South Blvd. Open weekdays 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Fri. and Sat. from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. Closed Mondays. Home of the Go-Go Boy on chains. Your hosts: Bob, Barry and Oleen

CHARLESTON

A & N STARDUST CLUB * 33 Hayne St. Open 7 p.m. til. 7 nights a week. Go-Go-Boys on weekends. Dancing. Private club. Gays only. Out of towners are welcome. Your hosts: Nubby and Stan. Ph: (803) 722-9571.

BOOK STORES AND CINEMAS

ADULT BOOK STORE * 1621 E. Sunrise Blvd. and 820 North Federal Hwy. Ft. Lauderdale. We mail anywhere in the U.S.A.

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CLIMAX BOOK MART * 1845 Piedmont Road., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

COASTAL BOOK MART * 212 W. Broughton St., Savannah, Georgia.

CORNER BOOK MART * 504 Poplar St., Macon, Georgia.

GAY-PAREE CINEMA * 90 Walton St. N.W., Downtown Atlanta. All male attractions. New shows begin every Monday. Your hosts: Jim Turner and Jim Smith.

MR. B'S BOOK STORE * 32 Cain St. N.W., Atlanta. - open 7 days - gay peep shows - excellent selection of gay material. Your hosts: Jack & Paul. Ph. 577-9173.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

HELP wanted, Stuart, Fla.--- Gay---butch. Good deal for right guy - outside work-tropical fish farm. Must be reliable & interested. Phone 287-2318.

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WANT to know the planetary positions & rising sign at your birth? Send \$2 for your accurate horoscope(chart only)--exact time, date, & place essential. The Phoenix, 1761 Winter Park Rd., Winter Park Florida.

David - Grams



Beginning next month, DAVID will be featuring a new column called "DAVID-GRAMS," devoted to promoting communication between gays within and between cities. For \$2.00, we will wish your friend a happy birthday, tell him you love him, or just say hello for you. All messages must be received by us before the 15th of each month in order to assure publication in the next issue.

Sample Message:

Dear ROBERT: I'll be in Texas soon. Get your Longhorn ready! Love, Tom.

.....

JERRY in Jacksonville: I've told you I love you--now I can tell the world!

ALAN, in Jacksonville.

.....

GENE: Being 33 isn't so bad. Or is it? Happy Birthday! ANDY

.....

Diane in Jacksonville says hello to Isabelle in Groton, Mass.

.....

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HOTELS AND MOTELS

GALT RIVIERA MOTEL * 3811 No. Ocean Blvd, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. (305) 566-8393

HOLLY HILL MOTEL * 721 Ridgewood Ave. (next to the Yum Yum Tree) (904) 252-1225.

SEA MIST MOTEL * 2857 South Atlantic Ave. Daytona Beach Shores, Fla. Oceanside, Pool

Mon. thru Sat. 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sunday 1 p. m. to 10 p. m. Phone: 305-563-7333.

THAT CERTAIN TOUCH Wig Salon * 8177 Arlington Expy. Jax, Fla. Wig servicing & sales.

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CLUB SOUTH BATHS * 76 4th St. N.W., Atlanta, Georgia. Open 24 Hours. For men, by men. Phone: (404) 873-2148.

GYM STEAM BATHS * 901 S.W. 27th Avenue, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. A private club.

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VENUS OF THE MONTH

Our VENUS this month is lovely Janis, whose radiant smile could warm the coldest heart in the world.

In a dress, she can come on as the sweetest of ladies. In trousers, she can be equally as butch but somehow retains just that alluring bit of femininity.

"I enjoy being a girl", she says.

"And WOW ! What a girl", we say.



• JANIS •







A MASK?

We've heard a lot of comment during the past few weeks since the first Venus edition appeared in DAVID about Remie in her clown make-up. Apparently, you all like the idea that we all turn a false face to the straight world in one way or another.

While in actuality we don't wear masks, we do a damned good cover-up job with the clothes we wear. Selecting clothing is sort of like getting ready for a costume ball--what character do we want to portray. Consciously or unconsciously we dress to play the role we have in mind.

The girl in the business world selects clothing that emphasizes her skills rather than her charms. If you're on your way to a party, you wear frivolous, fun-type clothes. Even, or should I say especially, a prostitute selects a sexy looking dress--to give the impression that she has plenty to offer, even though it's on a commercial basis.

These are our daytime masks, but then the evening comes, we're among friends and we let our true identity show thru. Especially the butch, who in most circumstances has had to do a real cover up job all day long, concealing her true feelings from the eyes of the world and perhaps her own family. But why, dear hearts, does she have to turn to tired tee-shirts, jaundiced jeans and sloppy shoes! The shops are full of trimly tailored clothing that can emphasize her butch qualities and build her butch image. Just what image does she want to project. If she's smart--have you ever met a butch who wasn't?--she'll show the qualities that other girls are looking for. What



DEAR VENUS

Dear VENUS,

I need help as I am faced with a real problem. For three years, A. and I have lived together and have been extremely happy. A. means everything to me. I thought that our life together was perfect but now I find that to her it isn't. She feels that our lives won't be complete unless we raise a child together. We have a friend who is expecting a baby. She says we can have it but that we can't adopt it. What should we do? We would give her baby a good home and all the love in the world.

Sincerely,
Karen

Dear Karen,

Right now, Karen, your pregnant friend is frightened and alone and giving you the child seems to her to be a solution to her problem. Deep in her heart, she knows it isn't or she wouldn't refuse you the legal right to her, the right to adopt. Unconsciously, she feels guilty and there is a 99% chance that someday her guilt will overcome her and she will demand her child back. Where will your happy home be then?

You can't buy happiness for A. with a child. True, there are many states where single women are allowed to adopt children and you may live in one. However, a homosexual home is not likely to be acceptable to the courts. Children do have a place in the gay world. There are both men and women raising their own children in extremely happy homes, but this is a totally different situation. To go out and look for a child to raise is like lighting a fuse and then expecting the bomb to be a dud.

What can you do to help A. realistically, to help her face the fact that if she remains with you she cannot raise a child? There are many neglected children in hospitals and orphanages who need to be visited. Many of these can even visit your home on weekends. They need to be given the feeling that they are special to

someone. She can check the situation in the city where you live and find out where volunteers are needed. A. could become as close to one of these as to a child of her own. Help A. to find happiness through one of these methods, but do not try to buy happiness for her with a child.



Joy Delight (known as the sex symbol to all gay girls in South Florida), is now appearing every Friday and Saturday night at the Little Tiki. Having lived in Miami for the last seven years, Joy has made many friends in the gay circle and is truly loved by all.

She is also active in the Metropolitan Community Church. Joy is beautiful but versatile. Though fishing, boating, an occasional trip through the art museums, a tremendous love for music and the ballet are her hobbies. Unbelievable, but true--she once kept a motorcycle in her living room. Joy has many talents. At one time, she delivered 45-lb. crank-shafts. She also sold houses and has been a barmaid in most of the gay bars in Miami.

Her real talents lie in show business. Joy has been seen in most of the major cities in the United States and Canada. Her talents are quite diversified. Although stripping is her game, she has performed acrobatics, dramatics, singing and dancing. She was a professional model at the age of 17, and as a dance instructor, she received a number of trophies for her ballroom dancing.

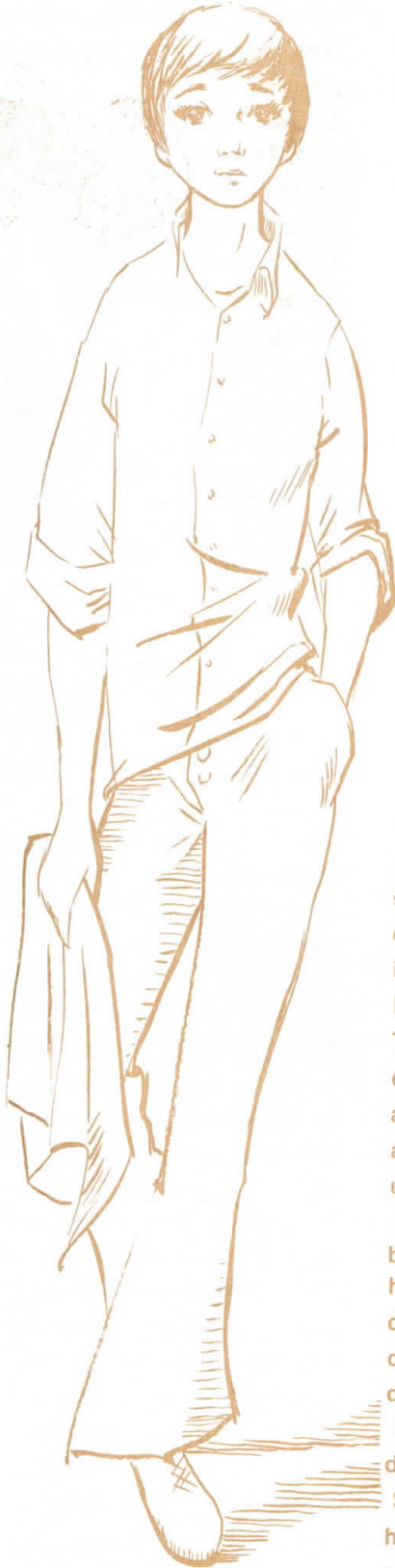
Come and see Joy do her thing at the Little Tiki. Also, meet her many friends. So don't forget, Friday and Saturday night at the Little Tiki.

turns a girl on? If she wanted a man, ing, sensitivity, compassion--is this too big an order for you to fill? Not really, she'd go get one, right? So why be a synthetic male? A sheep in wolf's clothing? Well-tailored clothes that fit you give you that air of knowing your way around that is one of your major attractions. A girl likes to feel that her butch can handle any situation. So dress to fit this role.

What else does a girl want? Understand not if you let your clothes express your imagination. You've got to show her that you're not a dull clod without any imagination, without the ability to understand other people's feelings and moods. So select your clothing with imagination and be a little different. Wear something a little unusual, colorful--let the real you show through and see the reaction you stir up. Not that girls are foolish enough to judge by clothes alone--they're just part of your total image, the rest of the image must be projected by you. How?

Well, how do you look at a girl? Does the look in your eyes single her out and make her feel special, make her know that to you, she's the most important person in the room. What about the touch of your hand? Is it gently possessive or masculine? Does it say, "You belong to me."

Miss J. has made the word "sensuous" very popular. Have you ever thought about its meaning? Old man Webster says that it's the use of our five senses--so all I've told you is to use a couple of them more than you usually do. Why not go all out and be a sensuous butch?



HOUSE OF THE TURK

By
J. Maggie

When Sammy aquired the steam bath set-up from the previous owner, he decided upon a new name for it. "Let's call it the House of the Turk," he said to Lane, his cool, blond lover. Lane agreed. They tossed a grand opening party with champagne and little bits of things to eat and people came like crazy to drink, eat, and see and get acquainted with the set-up. Guys and lesbians alike.

Sammy suggested that Monday should be lesbian night. When the ladies could have the run of the place. Monday was a dull night anyway with the boys sexed out from the weekend, too pooped to drop by.

Everyone thought it was a marvelous idea. Mondays. Lesbian night.

Sammy dragged Sheila out of the bar she helped run, and with a couple of her les pals, the baths every Monday night.

Business was good, and the House of the Turk became a favorite spot along the

coast. Some nights, Sammy had to turn guys away. Then, they branched out and gave hotel-motel calls to take care of the tourist straights and the closet queens too bashful to enter the lush bath premises.

Sammy, on the phone, jotted down the address of an out-of-town businessman who had called for a rub-down and massage. He pushed the intercom button and yelled for Lane, his lover-partner. "Hotel call, no, motel call at the Yerba Vista Room 17." When Lane did not answer or appear, Sammy strode inside and made his way down the hall past towel-clad guys seeking out the steam room, showers, and the lounge.

No sign of Lane. On his way back to the desk, Sammy, sighing, happened to pass Number 3 and heard his lover's familiar sex moans inside. He yanked the door open. In the dimly lit room, he saw two

bodies tangled together on the pad. Lane and the cute, six foot three sailor, who had barely checked in minutes ago. "Hotel call, doll," Sammy bellowed. "We're short on help tonight. Your turn, baby."

Lane pulled away from the sailor and sat up on the edge of the pad. He gave Sammy a salute. "I have a sailor in the hammock, sir. Duty station being manned. Like shove off fast, okay?" "Look, Butch. This is a nice motel job. This john waiting just for you sounds loaded. In more ways than one."

"Motel-schmotel. Beat it luv. I've got a live merman in here, and he's drowning. Like going down for the third time." Sammy was so mad he slammed the door on the two of them. He hollered to Lane. "That sailor can't be too choosy, drowning with you. You never knew what to do with it!"

Sammy hurried to the phone. "Trick?" he said. "Can you help me out tonight?" Trick responded sleepily. "Tonight, baby?" "Motel call. Guy with a big thing going and price no object." "I don't know about tonight. We're partying and" "How does forty percent of the take sound?" "I hear you buster. My rent isn't paid, but it will be now." "Good," Sammy said giving the guy's address. "This guy likes chicken, so you know how to dress."

"You sure he's had a few drinks?" "He's like loaded. One more and he couldn't answer the phone." "See you later," Trick replied and began dressing for the occasion. Levis, tight. Sweater, loose. Take the side entrance to the hotel and then the stairs. That was the usual, only tonight it was a motel. No stairs.

When the guy answered the door in his briefs, Trick saw that he indeed had had a few drinks too many. He wasn't bad looking. Not too young. Not too old either. "Are you the Turk come to take care of me?" the guy asked bluntly.

Trick nodded curtly and closed the door. The guy was weaving back and forth in his briefs. In the dimness of his mind, he heard Trick ask him, "where do you want it? On the bed or on the

floor?" "You're damned cute!" the guy said. "I have a choice of where?"

"Let's do this right," Trick said walking into the kitchenette. "This counter top will be perfect." "That's too hard!" the guy protested. "It'll do fine. Okay, strip and up on it." Trick watched amused as the guy hopped on one foot skinning out of his briefs. He tried to climb up onto the counter, but he couldn't without help. Trick made a basket of hands and helped him up. The guy lay there panting.

"Lie flat and still," Trick said pounding his chest with slanting palms.

"Ouch! That hurts."

"You won't mind the rest once we get started."

"Say, what's your name?"

"Trick."

"Mine's Clifton, but you call me Cliff. Not Cliff as in Montgomery, but plain old Cliff," he said, flinging a heavy thigh over the side of the counter. Trick steadied him. "You almost fell off the cliff, Cliff."

"Har, har, that's funny. Trick! I like that name. So masculine. Yet you're only a boy. I'll bet you don't shave, do you?" "Nope."

"Whadda you know, a chicken who's never even shaved!"

"May I begin? You're paying for this, you know." Cliff laughed. "Sure, why not? There's nothing between us except my birthday suit and those tight jeans of yours. Love those tight jeans!"

Whack--whack--whack!!

"Please, not so hard, Trick! I should have warned you about me. I have adhesions from an old tummy-tum-tum operation. Do whatever you have to do to me, but please, not so hard."

"You like hard things, baby. I can tell." Trick winked.

"I do, I do. But in the right spot." Har, har, he laughed.

Whammy-wham-whack. Trick pounded softer. "Is this the beat?"

"Much, much better! Trick, if you will, a bit lower. Oh, there! That's it! That's the spot!"

Trick continued to knead and rub until the body job was completed. He helped Cliff down from the counter. Trick mentioned a price and Cliff said, "But isn't there supposed to be more? I understood that you'd be friendly with me, too." Trick mentioned another sum. The price of friendship.

In bed, price no problem, Cliff cried: "Oh, Trick, rub me some more like you did it on the counter. Oh, your hands are soft and nice! Rub me, ummm, down there!" Trick did as he was told, still fully dressed.

"Would you like a scotch or something?" Cliff asked, enjoying everything. Trick said no. "Know what I really like?" Cliff asked. Trick shrugged. Cliff was paying.

"Stroke it for me. I love young boys to stroke and beat it like they do their own. Oh, Trick, please!" Trick stroked it and played with it. It firmed up all the way.

"Oh, Trick, pretend it's your own! Beat it for me," Cliff said hotly. Trick did.

"Ah, ah, ah! Oh, Trick!" Cliff groaned spurting, lying absolutely still and shaken after he had climaxed.

In a moment, Trick was outside the motel and on his way to the House of the Turk to settle up with Sammy.

"How'd it go?" Sammy asked.

"Same as usual. No trouble," Trick replied. "He didn't even grope me."

Just then, the six foot three sailor that Lane had been making out with, passed Sammy and the checkout desk. He was dressed, ready to leave. Lane walked a few steps behind him, grinning.

Spying boyish Trick, the sailor turned to Lane and said, "Wow! How come that cute number wasn't inside tonight when all the action was going on? Man, I could go for that! Flat cheeks, oh, baby!"

Lane laughed and so did Sammy. Trick laughed too and cracked up. Lane said, "Guess you missed it because Trick's not a guy. She's a les. Know what I mean?"

The sailor shook his head, bewildered.

"You could have fooled me," he said and walked out, a dizzy but satisfied customer.

HOROSCOPE

Thanksgiving time is close by and if you're lucky enough to be a Taurus married to a Capricorn, then you've really got something to be thankful for. In fact, you have a real mutual admiration society, a mating of sympathetic natures---dependable Taurus and practical, hard-working Capricorn.

Let's take a look at some of the things you can be thankful for. Is your true love an Aquarius? Then appreciate her for her natural friendliness, her ability to meet people easily and never know a stranger. Sure, her parties may wear you out, but think of how warm she'll be when the last guest finally leaves.

Is Pisces your dreamgirl? So she's silent and moody. Perhaps it's because she cannot stand monotony or humdrum reality. So make things pleasant for her, take over some of the burdens and obligations that get her down and she'll reward you with tenderness.

If your love is an Aries, she may hurt you by speaking her mind, by correcting you, perhaps unkindly. An Aries gal is impulsive and capable, she is also possessive and jealous but won't tolerate the same emotions from you. So stoop lightly around her, show her that you love her and most important show her off to the world. Aries girls aren't content to sit at home by the T.V. They enjoy the bright lights.

Taurus people are nice to be around because of their stability. Easy to talk to al-

so, because all you have to do is turn the conversation to them. They love to discuss themselves, their feelings, their accomplishments and what they hope to achieve. They aren't swayed by glamor so you make them suspicious if you try the candlelight and wine routine. Down to earth Taurus will give you loyalty if you show her that you love her.

You've got to keep moving if you want to keep up with your Gemini girl. Versatile and volatile, she'll enjoy anything you suggest, just don't leave her alone too long because she's no lover of solitude.

To keep a Cancer girl happy, you'll have to offer her security. You'll upset her if you're impulsive in your shopping or extravagant in your spending. You'll upset her too, if you don't show your affection. She needs to be showered with attention, pampered and loved, only then can she respond to you. Sounds like you have a lot to be thankful for if your girl is a Cancer.

Be thankful if your love is a Leo because she has a passionate nature. Mixed in with her warmth and affection is a tendency to be possessive, but you have to accept this as part of her nature. Be thankful that she can give herself to you so joyously and open-heartedly.

Virgo girls are a little hard to live with as they are always seeking perfection. But if you want an orderly, well-run home, a haven of peace, they can provide it for you. Slow to give their love, once

you have it, you can be thankful for its constancy.

She smiles a lot, our Libra girl. Be thankful for her radiance and loving personality even though she keeps you busy providing the luxuries she wants. Your life with her will have ups and downs but Libra will handle them graciously, you won't have to live through explosive violent fights, especially if you're heavy on the romantic side.

Sex, success and Scorpio have more in common than the letter S. They are all symbols of the Scorpio girl. She has plenty of endurance and determination both in bed and in the business world. Again, possessiveness is one of her qualities and she may drive you to distraction with her questions about where you've been and with whom. But put your arms around her and settle your problems with an expression of your love for her.

The great outdoors fascinates our Sagittarius girl--she'll keep you busy with sports and fill your home with dogs and pets. She has an intense desire for attention yet does not have the courage to express this openly. So shower her with love and you'll have plenty to be thankful for.

Falling for a Capricorn girl can be your first step on the road to success. She desires security and she'll be creative and imaginative in pushing you along the road to success. She tends to be dominating however, and if this bothers you, you'll have problems. But she's great to be with if you're overimpulsive. Her wisdom will act as a restraint on your wilder ideas.

The Little Tiki

Girls Girls Girls

SOUTH FLORIDA'S NEWEST AND FRIENDLIEST BAR
GO-GO-GO-GO-GO GIRLS

FREE BUFFET SATURDAY BEER BUST WEDNESDAY

S.W. 27th AVE. AND 28th LANE MIAMI, FLORIDA (BEHIND BILLIARD POOL PARLOR)



EDITORIAL

Yep, that's what it's all about! Time and time again, I sit in different places and watch the people go by and so often I wonder, "Golly, if you just had a little heart, your life would be so totally different."

Then just as the old song goes, sometimes when you really have someone very special to you, it takes miles and miles of heart. Sure, even when you're tired, angry or whatever. I'll bet I've said over a million times to myself, "Miles and miles of lousy heart." See, sometimes I get angry at myself for loving my VENUS so doggone much that no matter what happens, I still know in my heart; I have to make myself love her even more and understand the situation no matter what. Just like I said, "miles and miles of lousy heart."

You know, I guess I may as well go on and tell it like it is. How many times have you and your VENUS had a little fuss and just because of your Big Bad Butch nature you let the argument get completely out of hand? At any given point, well, most any given point, all you'd have to do is lean over, give your VENUS a gentle kiss and you'd start the

beginning of the end of any argument.

I minored in Psychology but even with that, I don't understand the motivation in myself and 99% of butch girls that get so angry that they let a minor disagreement turn into total chaos. Many times, I think we carry it further just to test our VENUS. In a sense, we tell ourselves that if she "wants out" or doesn't love us as much as we love her, then by golly, we lay it on hard and heavy just to spend the rest of her life with us.

So it's mighty easy to sing to yourself--especially when you're mad as hell--"it takes miles and miles of lousy heart." Sometimes, I'm so angry I stomp around the house with my teeth locked together and sing that phrase over and over. Sometimes out loud and well, ha, ha, it's according to how angry my VENUS has gotten 'cause most of the time I just hum it to myself. I ain't no fool, though there is cause to wonder sometimes.

The motivation of insecurity in our life is, in essence, very factual. We doubt the love of our VENUS at the slightest criticism to maintain their masculine mannerisms and appearance. After fighting like hell through today's society it is very easy to get the notion that maybe our

VENUS has changed her mind about love or that she'd rather go back to that synthetic straight world, forgetting the hurt and emotional distress she encountered there.

Well, that's part of what makes me tick--we butches love so earnestly and sincerely and know ever too well what it means to get hurt over and over again.

This goes back to a chapter in our book that my VENUS and I spent the past year working on--and that my friends is the simple truth, that the gay life can be a book of chapters, one lover after another. Well, I don't like to be categorized. Not even by our own book. I don't want my life to be a book of chapters anymore. Granted, like all the rest of you, finding the right person, the one God made especially for you, just isn't the easiest thing to do.

I hope each of you can be as lucky as my VENUS and I are. We have finally reached the last chapter in the book of our lives and having said in the beginning "You gotta have heart--miles and miles of it," to hold onto that life. Don't keep testing your VENUS. Just love her--then you won't ever have any serious trouble again.



Our Thanksgiving VENUS is 91 yrs. old and still young at heart. You're never too old to catch a falling star. A kiss can warm any heart--solve any problem--end any argument. Paste that up in your Butch Manual, girls---and guys!





VENUS

