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ISSUE 324

THE **ADVOCATE**

AMERICA'S LEADING GAY NEWSMAGAZINE

BIWEEKLY

IN TWO SECTIONS

ON THE ROAD

with the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus

**THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DALLAS
ROMANCE: OLD & NEW
A 'GAY' CANCER?**



A SOCIAL VISIT TO D



BY TYSON

“High flying adored. There’s no better way to describe Dallas,” says Bill. “The first thing guys want to tell you is how much money they make. It doesn’t bother me, though, because I make a lot.”

Billy Wayne came from the masses, like Evita, like Dallas—once the Paris of the South, swept to global glory when Kristin shot J.R. Now, Dallas feels more stylish than even Paris itself, and Billy feels a part of it.

Staring out the window of his upper-story suite, he sees his reflection in the view of smartly dressed office workers marching across the street to the beat of the five o’clock, time-to-go-walk-the-dog hustle, which seems suddenly appealing considering that Jock or Miss Ellie may be doing the same thing only miles away. Dallas gays have always felt that added glow of elegance and Billy’s Damon striped shirt and solid, brick red tie—peaking out from his prized possession, a Giorgio Armani suit—portray his steady rise in prominence in gay Dallas society.

He used his street-smarts to get where he’s at, dazzling tricks, getting them to introduce him to others, getting the others to take him places he wanted to go. But when a Dallas corporation beckoned him to become “management” before the age of 30, those extra zeroes on his paycheck drastically altered his cruising style. “So young, the instant queen/A rich, beautiful thing.”

At five o’clock most evenings, when there isn’t an invitation for drinks with the boss, Bill retreats to Oak Lawn, the bohemian cluster of remodeled houses, gay-owned businesses and bars inhabited

by those he calls “the best-looking men in the world.” His five o’clock options include watching fraternity-types pose at a posh bar and grill named after America’s favorite villain, J.R. Ewing of Dallas, Texas. Or to close the mini-blinds and pour over enough paperwork to help an assistant vice president knock ‘em dead at the next board meeting. Or, for old times’ sake, to go home, take a nap, then throw on some Levi’s (“You won’t find

shirts are ripped off in the heat. Is there more to life than posing? At Alcatraz and a few other places in Dallas, the answer is yes.

“Help me.” The voice cried out from a telephone at Dallas’ cruisy Throckmorton’s Mining Company, a modern-day saloon lined in rough timber and the masculine scent of men on the make.

Dallas gays stick together . . . but they’re hardly in the forefront of human rights activism . . . Like conservative businessmen, they work within the system and save their energies for causes they can win.

one pair of holey jeans in Dallas,” he says, adding with pride, “except on my ass”) and slum with younger studs at a disco inferno that bears the name of a prison.

The disco is Alcatraz, a fantasy in white and black that steams with drugs and sex in defiance of Dallas’ rigid social structure. Girded by tubular lights that dart to the ceiling, the dance floor becomes an anything-goes meeting place for the hottest men in town: urban cowboys grown tired of the Sweetheart Schottische; bare-chested, well-hung truckers sniffing rags doused in ethyl chloride; upwardly mobile young men willing to discard for a moment the macho-sissy stance they copy from GQ models. Music pulsates, sweat drops like blood and your crotch is soaked. Emotions run rough—real rough—until Polo

Larry was tripping heavy-duty. “They don’t like me here,” he decided. “They look at me, but when I cruise them, they run off. They all go home alone.”

I was in Austin, putting on the finishing touches for a night out at Tex’s Colorado Street bar. Larry was in the midst of a \$12 S.O.S. from a pay phone inside the bar. He had been next-door to J.R.’s (“It’s a bunch of frat-rats,” he said) before going to Throckmorton’s dark cavern. At both bars, the patrons had turned thumbs down at Larry’s overalls and S/M gait. Maybe it was the gold ring that pierced through his left tit—no, *definitely* it was the gold ring that pierced through his left tit—that turned off the Dallas gentry.

“Go to the baths,” I suggested.

“Right now?” he questioned. “It’s just midnight.”

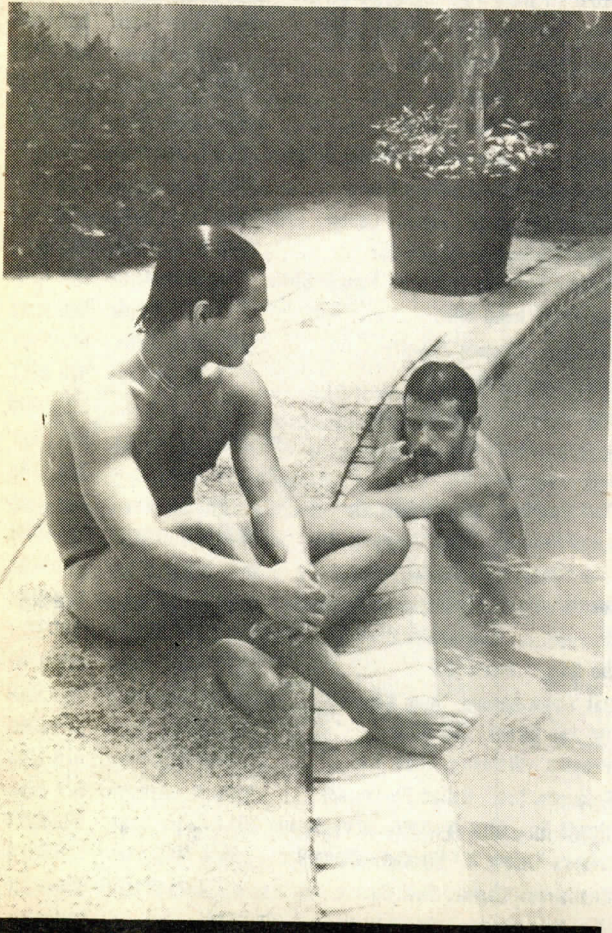
“Right now,” I said. “And maybe you ought to take out the tit ring.” Only two weeks before, Larry in his overalls and tit ring “ran” Houston. All along Montrose—the Houston equivalent of Oak Lawn—guys flocked to him like flies to honey. But Dallas isn’t much like Houston, until you get to the baths.

Club Dallas is a hard-on haven, one of the finest in the nationwide Club Baths chain. The five-foot Vistavision screen, the pool, sundeck, whirlpool and weight room are superior—as superior as the clientele. Most important is that Dallas’ class system virtually ends when the stuffy and not-stuffy shed their designer and non-designer jeans for the Real Thing and a towel. In Oak Lawn, diamonds are a girl’s best friend, but a tight body and expertise in the sheets are what count at the baths.

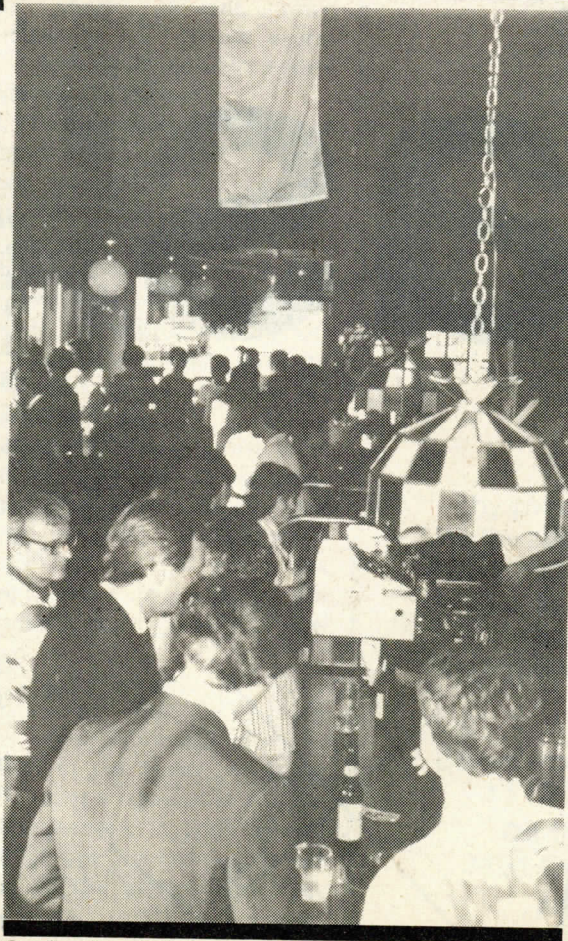
Even at that, Club Dallas is intriguing for its Southern gentility. On weekend afternoons, finely chiseled bodies get to model their Speedo swim suits by the pool. The air mattresses are strictly art deco. Every hair is in place, including beards and mustaches.

Larry met a guy he couldn’t live without and they fled to the man’s home on a motorcycle to resume their lovemaking. The same happened to me when my trick promised a king-sized bed under a trippy, orange glow-light hanging from a paneled ceiling. It was pissy. He said people from his government job had been snooping around the complex, asking his neighbors questions about his lifestyle. He said he’s afraid he’ll get fired for being gay “but I’ve got this [the condominium] so I feel kind of secure.”

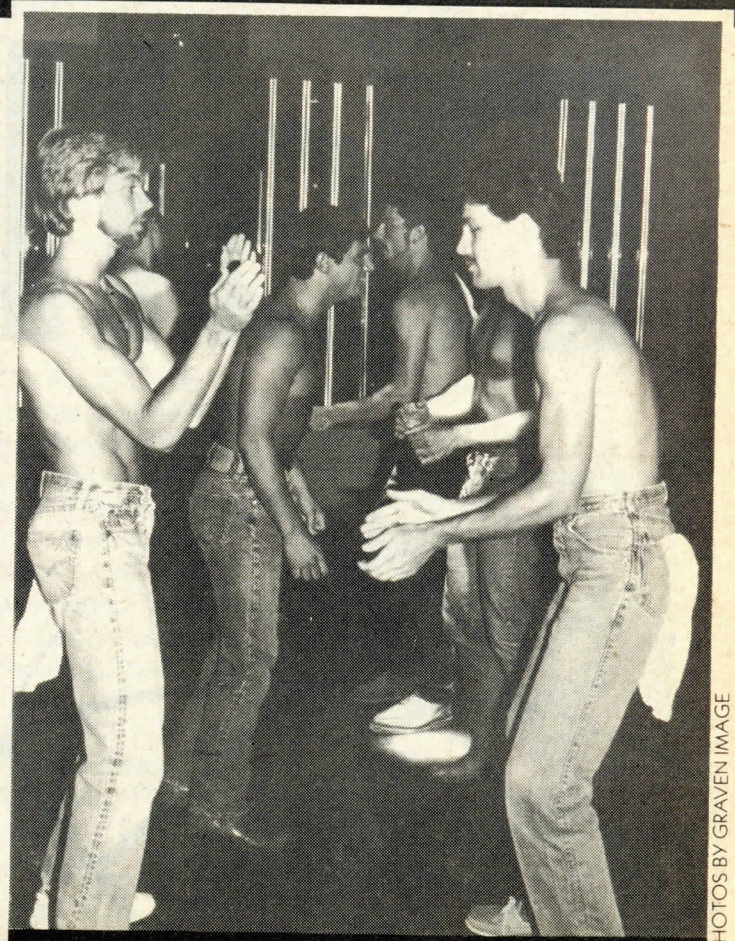
About as secure as you can get, people tell me. The very number of gays concentrated up and down Cedar Springs, Lem-



Poolside at Club Dallas . . .



Cocktails at J.R.'s . . .



Dancing at Alcatraz.

PHOTOS BY GRAVEN IMAGE

mons and Oak Lawn streets suggests otherwise, but discrimination and violence seem to run rampant. A guy who had moved to Dallas from Austin led me around like a kid brother and warned me about police harassment. "Don't even jaywalk," he said. "There's a cop on every corner." The night before, he said, a cop had followed him home. As he got out of his car, so did the cop, who hauled him off to jail and towed his car from the front of his house. Other Oak Lawn residents tell similar horror stories about omnipresent police officers.

Indeed, men in blue were everywhere. But so were "we." Working out at Fitness Exchange (where the muscles are real). Breakfasting at the Bell Pepper. Shopping, cruising, shopping. A friend of mine said he picked up a guy at a stationery store. Now, *that's* pissy.

The kind of guy you meet at a stationery store is the kind of guy who takes you to Baja's, the most elegant restaurant in the area. "Piss-elegant," as Dallas queens are inclined to say. It boasts a rich cuisine, starched white tablecloths and upper-crust patrons. The upstairs bar has a bustling happy hour with live, mellow music accompanying a crowd of junior executives in three-piece suits, college graduates in Izods and khakis, and distinguished types past the disco stage. Oh, occasionally you'll run across interlopers acting like two little girls from Little Rock, but the champagne is usually dry.

In Oak Lawn, the most popular drink is probably Lite beer, the drug of preference is MDA and the "hot tea" is pretty down-home stuff. It's just that the dialogue is spoken in nasal tones by actors dressed so nicely. It's easy to spot the Sue Ellens from the J.R.'s, and residents can be split into two categories: those who

have and those who have not visited the set of *Dallas* filming in Dallas. Among those who have, they all hold on to their tongues when they describe the size of Patrick (Bobby Ewing) Duffy's bulging box in tight pants. There's even a street named Ewing Avenue, but Houston has one, too.

The two cities also share top play in Texas' gay social bible, *This Week in Texas*, or TWT, pronounced "twit."

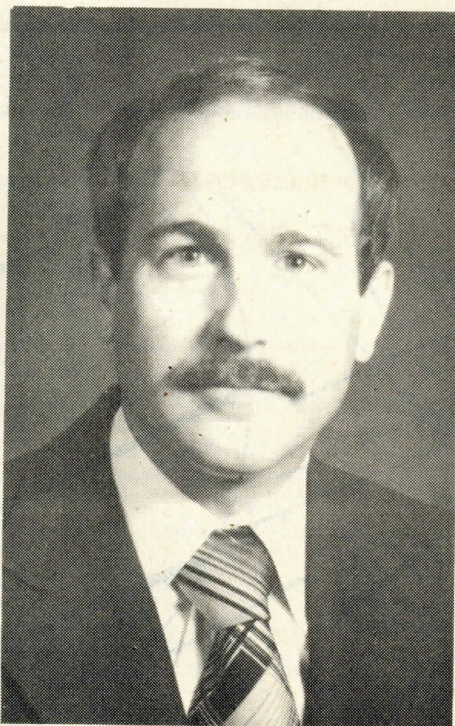
TWT lists 23 gay bars for Dallas, 43 organizations and helplines, six restaurants and 37 retail businesses and services, including a construction company "for your next erection."

The current Miss Gay America, Lady Shawn, reigns from Dallas, along with two former Miss Gay Americas—Jimmie Dee (the Diana Ross look-alike) and Michael Andrews (dragdom's best Evita)—and some of the most profes-

sional female impersonators in the country. There's an Oak Lawn bowling association, symphonic band and tennis association (it's *the* sport, as evidenced by the racquet that stands in a corner of Billy's bedroom). Volleyball teams from Dallas compete in intercity tournaments with players from San Antonio, Austin and Houston.

Dallas gays stick together ("They only
(continued on page 23)

MAKING GAY LEGAL



Don Baker, plaintiff in challenge to Texas antisodomy statute

Don Baker, to put it simply, is the perfect plaintiff. The unassuming, elfin former schoolteacher who today finds himself at the center of a battle to overturn the Texas sodomy statute

bids homosexual conduct and "deviate sexual intercourse." As a result of the law, homosexuals in Texas—as in some 25 other states with similar prohibitions—have traditionally been considered de-

"In order for them to prove that homosexuals are not perverts, I just had to be the average Joe Blow on the street."

seems straight from central casting. Well, maybe not *that* straight.

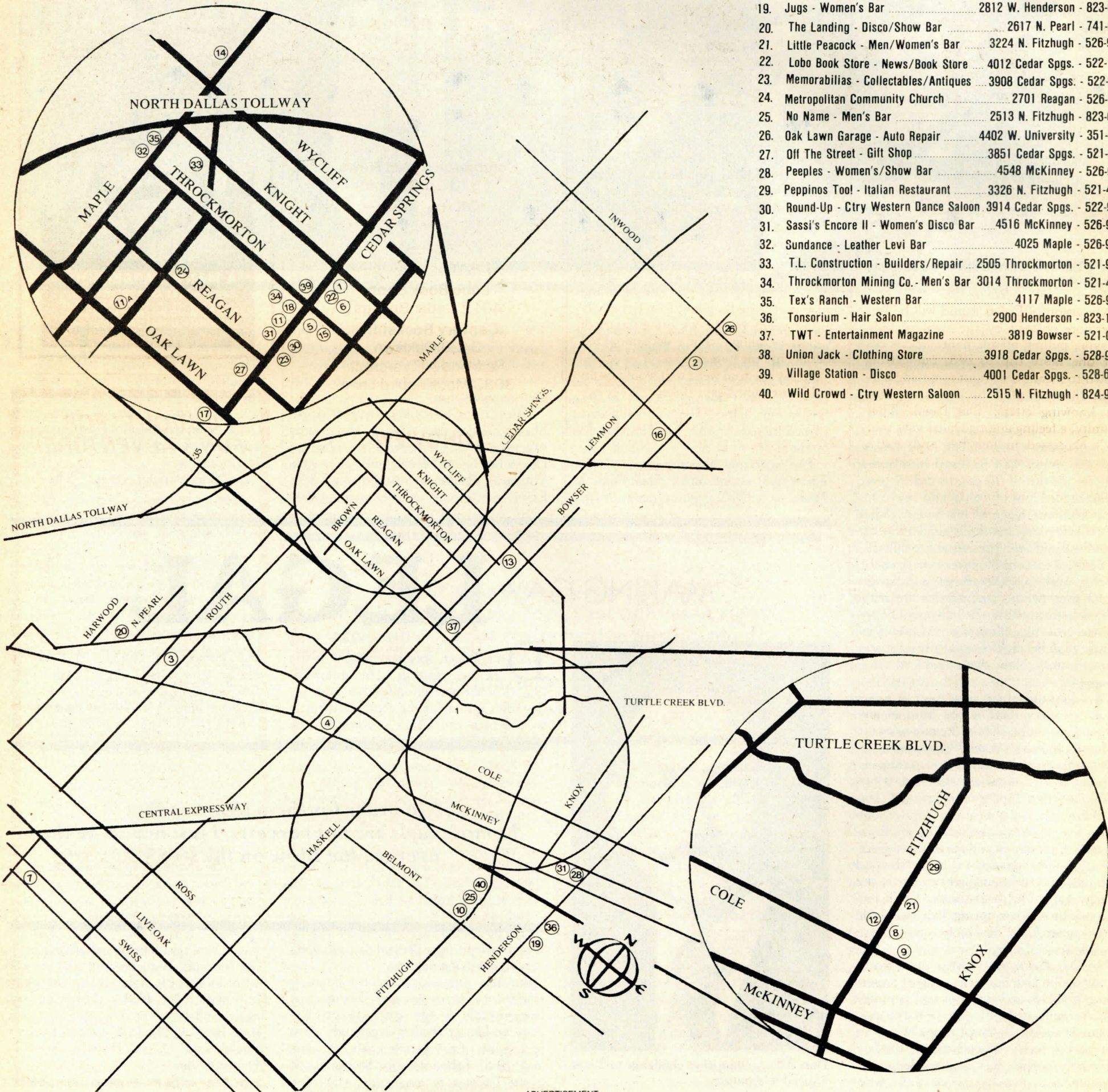
But the soft-spoken, blond Baker is just the ticket to reassure Texans that homosexuals do not wear greasy overcoats and lurk outside playgrounds. That perception of gay people is both a cause and effect of the infamous Section 21.06 of the Texas state penal code, which for-

facto criminals. This point of view is being seriously challenged by Baker, who with the support of Texas Human Rights Foundation has filed a class-action suit against all city attorneys in Texas. The suit, *Baker v. Wade*, is named for Don Baker and Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade.

(continued on page 23)

Dallas

1. Adams Inn - Male Dancers 4036 Cedar Springs - 522-5935
2. Alcatraz - Men's Dance Bar 5404 Lemmon - 526-1410
3. Baja - Restaurant/Cabaret 2508 Maple - 742-4732
4. Bell Pepper - Restaurant/Bar 3411 McKinney - 521-9035
5. Butler's Pantry Too - Housewares/Gift 3930 Cedar Spgs. - 521-0432
6. Cedar Springs News - News Stand 4026 Cedar Spgs. - 522-0901
7. Club Dallas - Health Club 2616 Swiss - 821-1990
8. Crews Inn - Men's Bar 3220 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9320
9. Den - Private Men's Club 4207 Cole, Rear - 522-7476
10. Eighth Day - Men's Disco/Go Go Dancers 2509 N. Fitzhugh - 823-0276
11. The Emporium - Clothing Store 3921 Cedar Spgs. - 528-7241
- 11A. Fitness Exchange - Fitness Center 2615 Oak Lawn #101 - 526-1220
12. Fraternity House - Men's Bar 3215 N. Fitzhugh - 521-1651
13. Flowers Flowers Flowers - Flower Shop 4108 Lemmon - 528-8340
14. Gas Pipe - Head Shop 4435 Maple - 526-5982
15. Gem/Ore - Custom Jewelry 3930 Cedar Spgs. - 521-0432
16. Hidden Door - Men's Bar 5025 Bowser - 526-9211
17. High Voltage - Clothing Store 3218 Oak Lawn - 522-5800
18. J. R. 's - Men's Bar 3923 Cedar Springs - 528-1004
19. Jugs - Women's Bar 2812 W. Henderson - 823-0746
20. The Landing - Disco/Show Bar 2617 N. Pearl - 741-0300
21. Little Peacock - Men/Women's Bar 3224 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9590
22. Lobo Book Store - News/Book Store 4012 Cedar Spgs. - 522-1132
23. Memorabilia - Collectables/Antiques 3908 Cedar Spgs. - 522-6601
24. Metropolitan Community Church 2701 Reagan - 526-6221
25. No Name - Men's Bar 2513 N. Fitzhugh - 823-0790
26. Oak Lawn Garage - Auto Repair 4402 W. University - 351-3058
27. Off The Street - Gift Shop 3851 Cedar Spgs. - 521-9051
28. Peoples - Women's/Show Bar 4548 McKinney - 526-9291
29. Peppinos Tool - Italian Restaurant 3326 N. Fitzhugh - 521-456C
30. Round-Up - Ctry Western Dance Saloon 3914 Cedar Spgs. - 522-9611
31. Sassi's Encore II - Women's Disco Bar 4516 McKinney - 526-9328
32. Sundance - Leather Levi Bar 4025 Maple - 526-9173
33. T.L. Construction - Builders/Repair 2505 Throckmorton - 521-9723
34. Throckmorton Mining Co. - Men's Bar 3014 Throckmorton - 521-4205
35. Tex's Ranch - Western Bar 4117 Maple - 526-9302
36. Tonsorium - Hair Salon 2900 Henderson - 823-1410
37. TWT - Entertainment Magazine 3819 Bowser - 521-0622
38. Union Jack - Clothing Store 3918 Cedar Spgs. - 528-9600
39. Village Station - Disco 4001 Cedar Spgs. - 528-6161
40. Wild Crowd - Ctry Western Saloon 2515 N. Fitzhugh - 824-9158



DALLAS

go home with other people from Dallas," complains an out-of-towner), but they're hardly in the forefront of human rights activism. "Not as long as we're still spending Daddy's money," sniffs one young hot shot. Like conservative businessmen, they work within the system and save their energies for causes they can win.

I asked a guy in romantic San Antonio what his favorite Dallas hang-out is and he sent me straight—or gaily forward—to the Round-Up, a country-western bar that occasionally takes out a full-page ad in TWT diagramming rural dance steps. My friend said the mean motorscooters in leather pick up their victims at Sundance Kids, the Village Station disco crowd is "too nellie" (he likes to get screwed), so the most down-to-earth, good ol' boys to his liking can be found at the Round-Up.

That's where I was headed when I was detoured by Billy Wayne and suddenly all the bars became invisible, along with sidewalks filled with preppies who didn't know the score as well as he. Like Dallas, he's big and beautiful, striking in every detail and glowing with the sense of prosperity upon prosperity. Like Dallas, he's seen a bit of the country (he once partied with Tom T. Hall and "if that ain't country, I'll kiss yo' ass," as Hall sings) and he's good at his craft.

My vision of Dallas is and will be forevermore colored by the sight of Billy Wayne, pulling off his pants and socks for one more trip to bed, but getting down to business without removing a T-shirt that identified his status in small but knowing letters: "Oak Lawn." That is unity, a feeling among Dallas gays that isn't expressed in marches and verbal assaults, but in big crowds at Sunday tea dances, Izods for days, sprawling skyscrapers and Southfork. It's expressed in the beautiful men of Dallas and, for better or worse, in the common feeling of superiority in "pulling off" a persona of elegance better than any other city in Texas. And where else is there? ●

(continued from page 21)

LEGAL

"Let's face it," laughs Baker with his down-home accent. "In order for them to prove that homosexuals are not perverts, I just had to be the average Joe Blow on the street." And Baker fits that role well. Indeed, activists around the state seem to agree that Baker is doing a terrific Joe Blow job.

The thirtyish, average-height Baker was born and raised in Dallas. Involved in school clubs and Scouts, he was popular enough to be elected cheerleader. He still is an avid sports fan; like many gay men in Dallas, he is passionate about the Cowboys. But during his teens and twenties, a single activity dominated his life: religion. Raised in the Assembly of God Church, Baker became heavily involved in church work, personal evangelism, witnessing, Bible studies and Sunday school classes. "It pretty much was my whole life," recalls Baker, who despite his break with the church after he came out at age 27 still thinks of himself as "a very religious person."

Baker interrupted his college education for a four-year stint in the Navy, returning to Dallas in the mid-1970s to teach P.E. and other subjects in the city's public elementary schools. (Baker's status as a licensed public employee made him an even more perfect plaintiff, since licensees must be of "good moral character," which 21.06 assumes homosexuals automatically are not.)

In 1979, Baker recalls, the Texas Human Rights Foundation asked him if he would be willing to serve as plaintiff in the challenge to 21.06. (Another plan—to use a gay couple, believed more palatable from a p.r. point of view—went awry when no suitable couple was willing to step forward.) By the time Baker was approached, he had already become active in Texas gay politics, including lobbying for gay legislation at the state capitol. Last year, he was elected president of the Dallas Gay Alliance. Says Baker of his lobbying experience, "I became aware that another group was attacking the same problem [21.06] from the judicial point of view. I was very intrigued."

Baker's curiosity might well pay large dividends for the 1.4 million homosexuals who presumably live in Texas. Testimony in *Baker v. Wade* ended in mid-June; a decision is not expected until late summer or early fall (see story, Issue 323). The proceedings proved embarrassing to the government side, which could muster very little evidence why private sexual conduct should be illegal. Another good sign: The presiding judge is reportedly going to rely heavily on last year's New York State Court of Appeals ruling that decriminalized sodomy in that state.

"To say the trial went well would be an understatement," says Baker. "We're optimistic. But whatever the outcome, it's been worth it to focus attention on 21.06. It's the jugular of gay politics in Texas."

—Scott P. Anderson

DALLAS DIRECTORY

Here is a partial listing of the many gay organizations in Dallas: All phone numbers are Area Code 214.

Dallas Gay Activities Line
528-6161

Dallas Gay Alliance
Box 35011
TX 75235
528-4233

Dignity/Dallas
12222 Coit Rd.
233-3100

Episcopal Integrity/Dallas/Fort Worth
2702 Reagan #205
522-5067

Gay Bowling League
651-8295

Gayline
748-6790

Oak Lawn Bowling Assn.
589-1936

Oak Lawn Symphonic Band
522-1241

Oak Lawn Tennis Assn.
3703 Travis #204
522-7785

Parents & Friends of Gays
526-8333

Presbyterians for Lesbian/Gay Concerns
522-7813

Texas Gay Task Force
355-1156

Texas Human Rights Foundation
3128 Lemmon Ave. E. #304
TX 75204
522-5991

VD Clinic
1936 Amelia Ct.
670-6115

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4012 Cedar Springs
Century Bookstore
3428 Oaklawn
Parkland & Rivercrest
3032 Mockingbird Lane

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Newsland
301 East Marshall

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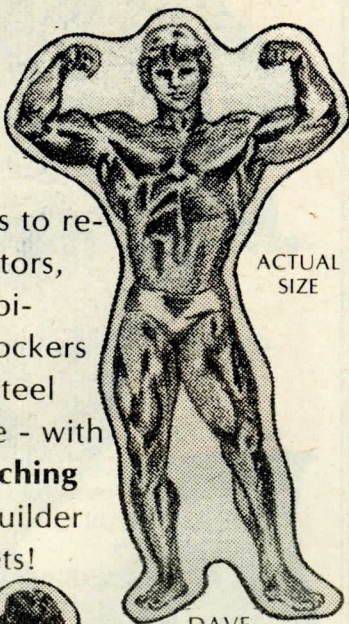
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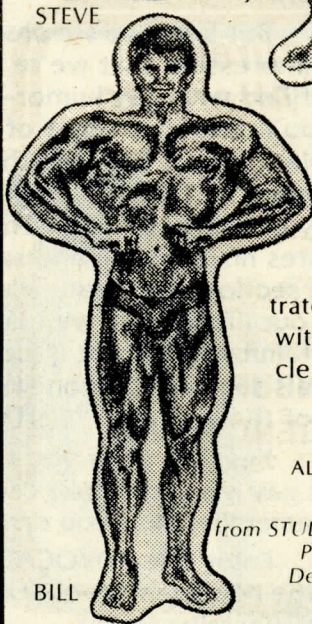
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A-1

Hot Pursuits

TICKET



J.R.'s: Alive in Dallas



Too bad producers at Lorimar didn't think of it first as a juicy hook for their ever-popular prime time soap "Dallas." The scenario could go something like this:

(After panning the glittering skyline of Dallas, the camera zooms in on a quaint, revitalized neighborhood on the fringes of downtown called Oaklawn.) A typically ruthless J.R. has just foreclosed on some debtors who own a chain of bars in Dallas. Just for something to play with, our egotistical villain decides to tag his own name to one of the more successful of the bars in Oaklawn. The place reopens as J.R.'s, and not until after he takes it over does the eldest Ewing come to find out he just took over a gay bar! And that's not the worst... seems as though feisty little Lucy begins hanging out there hob-nobbing with some decorators who would kill to get their hands on Southfork. And horror of horrors, even little brother Bobby has been known to have closed a few big deals for Ewing Oil over drinks there during happy hour, mainly with some bankers, lawyers and accountants from the nearby bustling downtown.

Stay tuned, but in the meantime—though maybe not prime time—at least part of our scenario has come to pass. The hottest little bar in the Big D these days is none other than a place called J.R.'s. Given the hoopla over who shot what's-his-name, it was only a matter of time in coming. J.R.'s opened with a

bang the night before Halloween last year, and on the night the world learned who shot J.R., the joint was jumpin' with a packed house glued to seven color TV sets.

The bar and grill (they also serve burgers and a Texas-sized chicken-fried steak sandwich) is located on Dallas' gayest intersection, Cedar Springs and Throckmorton. A two-block commercial stretch of Cedar Springs Road now boasts about 80% gay businesses and is the heart of Dallas' gay community. J.R.'s manager, Jim Ryan, credits the bar's success with the fact that it's the first gay bar in town with windows on the street, on the order of the Elephant Walk in the Castro and the Blue Parrot in West Hollywood, giving the bar a sort of "West Coast flavor."

There's no mistaking you're in Texas, however, with the neon Lone Star beer sign on the wall and the sounds of Texas draws in the air. Ryan says another factor that makes the bar work is its cross-section of customers. "There's S.M.U. preppies, a variety of professionals and of course your urban cowboys, both the Neiman-Marcus variety as well as the real ones." In typical Ewing style, J.R.'s ambitious owners Charlie Hott and Frank Caven are planning to open another J.R.'s in Houston in the fall. J.R.'s is located at 3923 Cedar Springs Rd., Dallas, TX; (214) 528-1004.

—Steve Holley