



GEORGE'S PLACE

BATON ROUGE'S PREMIERE VIDEO CRUISE BAR

www.georgesplacebr.com

Business Hours:
Mon - Fri 3pm-2am
Sat 5pm-2am

Happy Hour:
Mon - Fri 3pm-8pm
Sat 5pm-8pm
\$2.50 Well Drinks & Domestic Beer

"S.I.N & Friends Monday!"
\$2.50 Well Drinks 3pm-2am

"Drinking With The Divas"
Every Tuesday Happy Hour
6pm-9pm Free Food!

Karaoke every Tues, Wed,& Thurs
Host by Cody King
10pm-2am

"Hump Day Happy Hour"
Hot Male Dancer!
Every Wednesday 5pm-9pm

Male Dancers Every Friday Night!
9pm-2am

Saturday October 24th

LSU v/s Auburn
Free Food!
7 pm

Absolute Pride
Promo
10 pm -12 am

Krewe of Divas
Drag Show
11 pm

860 ST LOUIS STREET * BATON ROUGE, LA 70802 * 225-387-9798

Get your Jules on!!!

JULES
DOWNTOWN

\$2 Well &
Domestic Beer
Every Night till 9pm

- ▶ Oct 16th DJ Kyle mixing it up for you
- ▶ Oct 17th DJ Cory in the House
- ▶ Oct 23rd Saint Cecilia live starting at 9pm
then Valarie Sugarbaker and friends
putting on our famous Drag Show (starting at midnight)
- ▶ Oct 24th DJ Kyle bringing down the House!!!
- ▶ Oct 30th Kindred Soulz live music (starting at 9pm)
Male Strippers on the Bar
- ▶ Oct 31st The Halloween Party!!!
Come dressed to impress and see what is in store !!!
Male Strippers on the Bar

HOURS: Wednesday-Friday 7pm-2am • Saturday 8pm-2am

533 Jefferson St. • Lafayette • Louisiana • 337.264.8000



Anthony and Jesse



The two bird watching Kevins



The Rawhide stud and Guy



Enjoying a night out



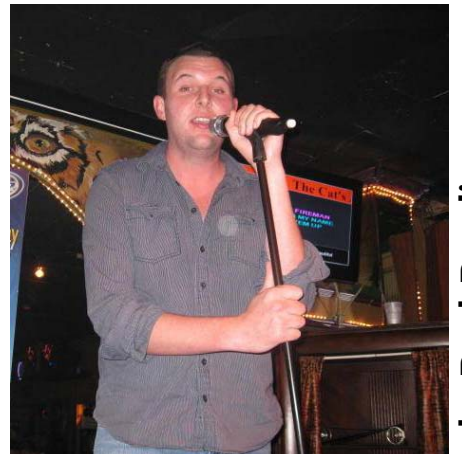
Mr. LSGRA 2009 Denny with LSGRA Pres. Lance



Trio of handsome studs



Andy and Philip



Karaoke time at George's



Bar barons Richard and Cory



Cody and Philip



The Divas



Luther, Chansley and Jeremy



Out for a night on the town



Having fun at George's



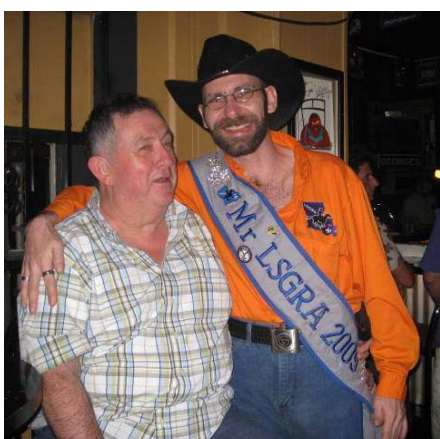
Nicole with a handsome stud



Damon at the Charles Shultz Museum



All smiles at George's



Richard with Mr. LSGRA 2009 Denny



Richard with Cody King



Kevin at Twin Peaks lookout point

Cowboys, Divas, Karaoke ~ BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA ~ PHOTOS by BRAD BENEDICT



TUESDAY: Happy Hour All Day
WEDNESDAY: Karaoke
THURSDAY: Service Industry Night
FRIDAY: Drink Specials
SATURDAY: Drag Shows & Special Events
SUNDAY: Weekend Recovery

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Hours: Tues-Thur 6pm-3am, Fri-Sun 4pm-3am

Saturdays 11:30pm

Showtime

★ **October 17th** ★

Ladies of
Olympus Show
featuring Dominique DeLorean

★ **October 31st** ★

Halloween
Illusion Show &
Costume Contest

★ **November 7th** ★

Krewe of Divas

hot tails of red stick ...from 30

nicest people you could ever meet. I always enjoy my time with her. Of course, Cody King is the "karaoke king."

I noted that Richie had surgery recently. He's okay, and this is good. This is one of the most beautiful guys in Baton Rouge. He is so good-looking that he makes you long to buy a home from him. Of course, this helps when you are a real estate agent. And you ought to see him in leather. Wow! I'd like to use him as a lollipop and give him a tongue bath. Yummy! We need to get together at Strand's soon.

I hadn't seen Lance (not the Splash or New Orleans varieties) lately and was so happy to see him as a performer in *Evita*. He has a great voice too. One of the first times I ever saw him was at Rip and Marsha's place on Bourbon Street. It was one of our many Mardi Gras gatherings, and there was Lance and his other half. I'll never forget it – and have the pictures to prove it. Lance was dressed as "the little drummer boy," or character similar to this. That hat, red jacket, and (almost) see-through white pants left little to the imagination. I fell in lust again that day and will always recall this fondly.

Jeannie gave everyone a scare last week. She ended up in the hospital. The last report I got from Joy at Hound Dogs

was that she was out of the hospital and doing okay. She really needs to gain some weight and has vowed to stop smoking – and that is a good thing. I wish her well.

David was finished with his work when I got to Splash last week to deliver the papers, so I didn't get to catch up on the latest scoop there. I need to take that boy out to din-din and catch up on things.

Andy, over at George's, is always so nice to be around. He is another one that I need to sit down with. I keep up with the latest on Richard through him, Luther, and Chansley. I haven't run into or talked with Guy for quite some time.

I have TTT all revved up and wanting to go to San Francisco. He wants to check out Casey. Well, who wouldn't? In fact, he might be the excuse I need to make another trip out there – to see the Christmas decorations? Why not?

Little Corey has been having a blast too. That boy has been traveling with the LSU football guys. He is just one of the most avid of all Tiger fans I've ever known. I keep getting invitations to the tailgate affairs, but I'm afraid if I ever got on campus, I wouldn't be able to get off and back home until the game was completed. I do appreciate this special friend. He just happens to be one of the best you will find anywhere.

I keep hoping I can get back to Fort Worth and to one of the TCU games. In case you didn't know it, I'm a TCU Horned Frog. Purple, White, Frogs Fight! Those were great days, good times. I didn't realize it at the time, but I do appreciate the education I received there. I did the whole thing – got involved in all campus activities – but don't get back out there that much

anymore. I keep up with everyone by way of the TCU Magazine, and they are going to feature me and my library donation in an upcoming issue. Maybe I'll hear from some of my old friends – fraternity buddies, sorority friends. Time has a way of separating you, and it was only recently that I made contact again with my college roommate, and this was when the Sigma Phi Epsilon chapter started updating and trying to locate graduates.

I'm also looking forward, as are many others, to the shows that will be coming to the Mahalia Jackson Theater in New Orleans. I hope that someday they will restore the Saenger Theater to its previous beauty, but at least we can see a little of Broadway at this location this year and the first part of next. I love to attend the theater and am happy to support the Baton Rouge Little Theater.

I do recall years ago when I was working out of a Pennsylvania office that I missed a great opportunity of going into New York City. It was actually in Philadelphia that I really missed out on a great show. It was Katherine Hepburn in a play there, but I couldn't get tickets or stay over and had to get back to my office over near Hershey. I did manage to take in a Pacino movie at one of the theaters there, but most of my work was with the state government in Harrisburg, so Philadelphia was on the far eastern edge of my territory. I would like to go back some day just to visit Hershey, Pennsylvania. They have one of the best amusement parks in the country, and I have so many pleasant memories from there.

The latest front to come through here really took its toll on the booths at Hilltop

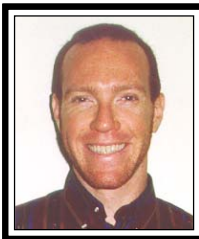
Arboretum. Exhibitors had to close early. I didn't let the rain stop me. In fact, I was there checking out all the plants that I needed for my garden. Some people would say that I don't need anything else, but I learned a long time ago that gardening was one of my passions. I love to do this kind of work. It's relaxing, and I am rewarded with beautiful blooms from all kinds of plants each month of the year.

I received an e-mail from Sam last week. I rooted some Angel Trumpets for him and even planted them in his garden. He usually kills plants, but for some reason, he was able to keep these alive and was bragging about how beautiful they were. Most people say they can't raise plants, but if they just take the same care of them that they do their pets, their gardens would grow and prosper. It takes time to look after and care for them, but the rewards are spectacular displays of colors that bring endless hours of pleasure to the owners – and to the neighborhood if the plants are up front and in full view. I prefer both the up front and the hidden garden – open for everyone to see up front and hidden from view and very private in the back garden behind a high fence.

Spanish Town, like the French Quarter, has lots of hidden gardens. Being able to view some of them is a unique experience in itself. I love to wander around doing pictures of people, places, and things. It is another way that I record memories.

Be sure to keep your cameras close. You never know when you will see something outstanding to photograph. It is a great life. Don't let it slip away. Record it, and keep enjoying it.

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TRODDING THE BOARDS

by Brian Sands
E-mail: bsnola2@hotmail.com

Pterodactyls at Attractions Salon

Incest, AIDS, alcoholism, unemployment, rabbits with cervical cancer, and interracial man-on-man kissing all in a beauty parlor in Slidell?! Yes indeed. All that, and more, were part of Cutting Edge Productions' triumphant presentation of **Pterodactyls**.

Nicky Silver's scathing comedy about the looming extinction of a particular stratum of humanity and its rarefied lifestyle begins with a fractured history lesson and continues as the upper class Duncans replace their recently departed maid with their daughter's fiancé who then falls in love with their asymptomatic AIDS-afflicted son. Marrying the tragic with the absurdly comic, Silver mixes equal portions of Albee, Orton, Durang and a pinch of Almodovar, and offers line after great line of arch, snappy dialog that has not dated since its 1994 off-Broadway premiere; even the pedophilic priest jokes, one must remember, were written well before all the Church scandals broke.

Thus we get a vision of Heaven where homosexuals sit around with Monty Clift and George Cukor. A description of life's finer things being "Godiva chocolates and prescription pills." And a father/son conversation that goes

"How did you get it [AIDS]?"

"I f**k men."

"Why?" asked partly incredulously, partly by way of seeking comprehension.

If, by the end, **Pterodactyls** is almost too smart and too much for its own good—did we really need the lesbian monolog?—it has taken us there via a route loaded with wonderful verbal and visual jokes that reveal a singular empathetic view of mankind and all our heartbreaking foibles.

Pterodactyls is not fool proof. I would hate to have to sit through a lousy production of it. But director Gary Mendoza got everything right (the familial relationships, the dialog's rhythms, etc.) with a cast including two high school students who, if slightly too young for their roles, rose to the challenge of this difficult material.

As the truculent son, Alex Lemonier remained stoical as he assembled a miniature Tyrannosaurus Rex skeleton in his parents' living room and alienated the affections of his sister's husband-to-be. If his Todd could have been a bit more flamboyant or theatrical, this was a convincing performance in which Lemonier never resorted to merely camping it up.

As the self-effacing daughter who suffers the ultimate indignity of losing her fiancé to her brother, the winsome CC Falcon, tossing off such lines as "My skin is too tight," managed to convey with assurance the predicament of the grown child to whom no one pays attention until it's too late. David Jacobs, though not to the manor born, assuredly bridged the gap between being an everyman of the upper crust and a repugnant, homophobic, incestuous paterfamilia.

Seemingly channeling Megan

Mullally's Karen Walker but with an icy hauteur, Jane McNulty was flawless in a bravura turn as the shallow, self-medicating mother who is "most alive when planning parties."

Mendoza's brave decision to have a black actor play Tommy, the fiancé who winds up in a maid's outfit, added a whole other dimension to the family dynamics and Silver's social commentary. This was met by an equally brave and outstanding portrayal by Sam Henry. Having thus far appeared just in musicals and, like Lemonier, a high school student, Henry delivered Silver's florid, stylized dialog with aplomb. With just a little more polishing, I suspect he would excel in such Orton classics as **Entertaining Mr. Sloane** and **What the Butler Saw**.

For a small, off-the-beaten-path theater (working in a beauty salon, no less!) to present the regional premiere of this important work would be accomplishment enough. To do it as magnificently as Cutting Edge did, is an achievement that all the theater companies on the South Shore could take a lesson from.

The Piano Lesson at The Anthony Bean Community Theater

Featuring possibly the wildest ending of any major modern play, August Wilson's **The Piano Lesson** is a family drama, a mystery, a ghost story and a history lesson. If one wishes someone had forced Wilson to edit some overlong passages and clarify knotty plot points, once he gets down to business in Act Two, **Piano Lesson** blossoms into a compelling, vital tale worthy of the Pulitzer Prize it received in 1990.

The plot is fairly simple: Boy Willie arrives in Pittsburgh from Mississippi and hopes to persuade his sister Bernice to sell a little-used family piano that reflects a tortuous and torturous history so he can use the money to buy land back down South. By the end, Wilson has well-demonstrated the themes that hang over his "Pittsburgh Cycle," how one must acknowledge one's past and learn to sing one's own song.

On John Grimsley's period (1936) perfect set, Director Anthony Bean did a skillful job of balancing the script's realistic with its supernatural elements and found comedy in such quotidian chores as a mother styling her daughter's hair. Though he can be faulted for a seemingly endless, static section during which some characters just sat at a table and talked (and talked), when they finally broke into a spontaneous rhythmic song, like the sisters in **Dancing at Lughnasa**, Bean conjured the expressivity of their feelings better than a thousand words could do.

Veteran Wilson interpreters Brittny James, Donald Lewis, Jr., and Will Williams were, respectively, passionate, resolute, and level-headed, and all were excellent as always. Harold X Evans was like-

[continued on 43]



Olympus's new hot DJ... DJ Cutt Nutt



Joey with his Madonna look



Big Pimpin' DeLorean!!!



Miss Maxi Lamonte



Bambi, Eric & Miss Gia

ALEXANDRIA PAPARAZZI



Lucinda looking fab!



Lady Gaga in the House



The Divine Miss Gia



Marsheya goes blonde



Lesbians gone bad!!!

Hot, Fab, Bad @ Olympus ~ ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA



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