



the

NUNTIUS



VOLUME 3 NO 12

FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE GAY COMMUNITY

DECEMBER, 1972

REHAB CENTER site of rape attempt?

Joseph David Hill, 21, is in the jail ward of Ben Taub General Hospital in Houston as a result of a beating he took at the County Rehabilitation Center.

When he recovers from the severe beating he received from other inmates recently, Hill says, he won't be returning to Houston.

Hill was arrested November 5 in the 100 block of Westheimer when the police saw him hitchhiking.

They said they found a quantity of marijuana during a search and he now stands charged with possession.

His memory isn't too good, these days, he said. Hill had been unconscious and critical for a week. "Somehow," he said, "I ended up in the hospital."

Hill suffers from hemophilia or bleeder's disease which prevents his blood from coagulating. Any cut for him is a matter of life or death.

Hill says he does not remember anything about the fight which put him in the hospital.

Jay Evans, Sheriff's investigator said he has run into a blind alley on the case. Other than for anonymous tips impossible to verify, he

said, each of the eight men in Hill's cell claims he was sleeping when it happened.

A source close to the "prison grapevine" or rumor system gave The Houston Post one version of the incident.

The source told The Post that another inmate -- "A mountain of a man" -- attempted to commit a homosexual rape on Hill about 4 a.m. November 22. Hill refused and struggled, the source said.

The man beat Hill with a mop handle, the source said, and Hill lay unconscious and bleeding in the cell until five hours later when a deputy was told that Hill was hurt.

"I don't remember any of that," Hill said. "in my memory nothing like that happened."

He said it is hard for him to believe that another inmate would try to "punch" him when there were probably weaker men in the cell who would not resist.

From Gay persons that have spent time at the County Rehabilitation Center, the NUNTIUS is told that rapes and "gang bangs" are a common occurrence at this institution.

MISS DAVID CONTEST IN DALLAS

The winner of MISS DAVID was Carmen Del Rio from Atlanta representing the Club South Baths, 1st runner-up was Mr. Lisa representing the Villa Fontana, Dallas, 2nd runner-up was Ronda Blake representing Ray Zellers Beautiful People from Atlanta and 3rd runner-up was Tiffany Jones, "Miss Red Room" representing the Red Room - Houston, Texas. The shows MC's were "Big David" of the Bayou Landing, Dallas and Scagnola from Florida.



BAYOU CITY GETS LANDING

After months of searching the The Bayou Club in Dallas, Texas was known to all as one of the largest fun clubs in the nation. Dennis Sisk bought this club in 1971 and after several months of operation felt that this was not the club for the Dallas Gays because of the antiquated facilities. In looking around he found a building in Dallas that had been a club called the Pearl Street Warehouse. He took this club and called it The Bayou Landing, this club he opened the 1st day of January this year. The Bayou Landing Dallas has been most successful since the first day of business.

In February, just two months after having moved into the new location in Dallas he started looking in Houston for a club location. Several proposed spots were presented for his consideration, one being the old Sage Club on Memorial Drive, but the Dallas Club owner and the property owners could not come to terms on this building, as a result it was discarded.

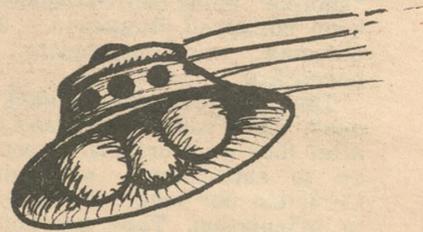
Two weeks ago, Mr. Sisk came to Houston to look over the Bama Ballroom at 2020 Kipling which was at one time the site of Van's Ballroom. Van's Ballroom burned some years ago and the existing club building, the Bama Ballroom was built about six months ago.

The new building had everything new, fixtures, equipment, decorations and all. Mr. Sisk's first comment on seeing the Bama Ballroom was "Jezzzzz, I didn't want the Dome Stadium," but took it anyway because of its size and location.

Despite the newness of everything, the club was not to the liking of Mr. Sisk, he wanted something different and plush for the Houston Gay Community. "The Bayou Landing, Houston will be the finest in the country when I finish," said Mr. Sisk. "I am completely redecorating this building and will have everything that we have in Dallas, and maybe more."

The opening date is the 7th of December and we are all most anxious to see what is in the offering for us.

The NUNTIUS along with all gay businesses and their owners, employees and customers welcome this new operation to the Houston Gay Scene.



the impossible dream --

that's coming true.

In the beginning . . . gay people existed. We have existed in every culture and time since. Recorded history tells us we were in ancient Egypt more than 4500 years ago.

This ancient queen can't remember quite that far back, but he does recall very well what Dallas was like when he was just coming out. There were no gay bars. None. There were not Gay Pride Parades. No grande costume balls in plush hotels. No gay organizations working to change unfair laws and help the gay community pull together. No gay publications. No gay movement.

In secrecy we meet each other through friends and in public toilets. We had our parties in the privacy of our homes. We were afraid and ashamed. For years psychiatrists had been telling us we were sick. For centuries religious folks had preached that we were evil. So we thought of ourselves as sick and evil. Even to this day there are those among us who say, "Why shouldn't the police arrest and harass us, after

all, we are queer."

In those dark days, the best we could do was put on a clown face: we camped and screamed and told queer jokes. We tried to act gay and called ourselves butch. But were we? Thousands fell on their knees and fervently begged God to make them "normal." When that didn't work, those who could afford it sought psychiatric help. Others took up weightlifting, skydiving, and motorcycling vainly trying to prove that big muscles and the male - macho - image would void homosexuality. In desperation, many troubled gay people turned to marriage bringing hurt to others. Some of our brothers and sisters committed suicide.

In 1950 things started to change. The first gay organization, Mattachine Society, was born. Then came ONE. Today there are more than 400 organizations in large and small cities and villages all over the nation and in Europe. More and more of us now boldly tell psychiatrists, "Just because one is different, doesn't mean one is sick -- unless he is carefully taught



OUR COMMUNITY

NOTHING HUMAN IS ALIEN TO US

to believe he is sick. And how are you?" We tell the church. "If you won't accept us as we are, we'll start our own churches." We march in parades, not to shock straights but to declare, "We are here! Stop trying to pretend we don't exist, or that our numbers are small. Gay is not a four letter word."

We publish to inform straights, but mostly to educate ourselves. We are growing in strength, because we are coming together. Even some straights are saying, "I'm not gay, but these are my friends."

The time is ripe to take the next step up. Both Houston and Dallas are making heroic efforts to do just this. Each city needs a building: a place where gay people can go to give and receive. To give help, to get help. To love and to be loved. A building shouts to the world, "Here we are. Out in the open. Unafraid and unashamed. We are here to stay. All who enter are welcome."

Houston has its new Montrose Gaze and Dallas will soon have a Metropolitan Community Church building of its own. But both groups need help. We can not let these efforts collapse and set the movement back. We (I mean ALL of us) MUST lend a helping hand. Both time, work, and talent. Even those who feel they can't "come out of the closet" (and this is understandable) could at least donate a few bucks anonymously. There are ab-

out a million gay people in the Southwest. If each would give ONE LOUSY BUCK, not a whole bunch, JUST ONE DOLLAR, both buildings would be paid for with money left over to put to work. This writer is not a member of Montrose Gaze nor the Metropolitan Community Church, but that is of no importance. These noble efforts will benefit ALL of us. Therefore he is asking for some support from every gay in the Southwest.

A handful of people are tearing out walls, pulling nails, sweeping the floors, wiring, sanding and painting the new MCC building in Dallas. A faithful few are working just as hard in Houston. Why should so few do so much, while so many sit on their butts? HELP PEOPLE. Help just a little. The Montrose Gaze and the Metropolitan Community Church buildings will benefit us all -- even if we never step inside. We can't afford NOT to help. We can't.

Please give something; time, labor, or ONE LOUSY BUCK. labor, or ONE LOUSY BUCK.

The addresses are:
Montrose Gaze
504 Fairview
Phone 528-9069
Houston, Texas 77006

Metropolitan Community Church
P. O. Box 1344
Dallas, Texas 75221
(new building: 3834 Ross Ave.)
Phone: 823-6279 or 826-0219

Last 'motive': a sad postscript

(Texas Methodist - 1972) - Those who were subscribers to "motive" magazine when it folded in July of 1971, received two long-promised "last issues" last week. They deal respectively with male and female homosexuality.

During its 30-year history, "motive" was always controversial. Because it attempted to speak relevantly about the church to young adults, it frequently ruffled the feathers of older churchmen accustomed to traditional forms of religious expression. This amounted, for the most part, to healthy disagreement.

As "motive's" editors gradually became more and more alienated from the church, and moved toward serving the magazine's relationship with the church, they became correspondingly less concerned with making religion relevant. In its last years, the magazine became almost completely secular, and strongly pro-Marxist in its outlook. The formal break with United Methodist sponsorship in 1971 ended all pretense of "motive" being church-related, it soon collapsed altogether. This outcome was unfortunate, but necessary.

The just-delivered "gay" issues, which came more than a year after they were originally promised to subscribers, are neither Christian nor otherwise religious in orientation. They are nothing more or less than special interest publications parading the assumed virtues of homosexuality. They seek unconvincingly to equate the struggle for "gay liberation" with the struggle of Negroes to gain their full human rights in America during the 1950's and 1960's, and the present "women's liberation" struggle. The basis of the editors' appeal is nothing biblical or otherwise religious, but rather their self-authenticated belief that "gay

is great." These issues provide a sad postscript to the "motive" which once was.

It would be easy for persons receiving, or even hearing about, these last two issues of "motive" to become offended and outraged by the subject matter. To do so, however, would be to make much ado about very little. Only a person wanting to be convinced of the "virtues" of homosexual behavior could possibly be influenced by the publications in question.

"Motive's" demise, and its inglorious "last issues", do raise some questions which churchmen have tended to ignore, and with which we should begin dealing. First of all, how should "straight" Christians relate to homosexuals as an emerging sub-group within society? Some means of affirming the rights of homosexuals as persons, without affirming what most Christians consider to be their unacceptable behavior patterns, would appear to be in order. In any case, the church cannot honestly and morally continue to operate as though "the gay problem" does not exist.

Second, we need to find some means of recovering, as a church, the concern which "motive" originally represented: how to relate the Christian gospel meaningfully to college students and other young adults. This age group--to which "motive" once related -- is increasingly turning to other secular and religious outlets, few of which are institutionally related to the church.

To date the church has created nothing to replace "motive". This is tragic. If the church is to have a future among young adults, the need for some type of communications medium comparable to the old "motive" must soon be recognized and met.

SOMETHING FOR THE WOMEN (by a woman)

Attitude: the bearing assumed by males relative to females, indicative or their inner feelings, opinions, etc.

Whether gay or straight, females experience implied and actual downgrading whenever they encounter the majority of males. The fact that the male is often obvious to what he's doing and adds insult to injury.

Example: a recent discussion with a gay brother:

Brother: What have we done? Suddenly you feel you're put down in some way. How? We've let you be officers. What more do you want?

"LET us be! O come on -- if a brother had been as capable and/or willing he would have been elected to the office.

Most men assume leadership and titles, but leave the shit work to females. When a woman holds office she must supply both the leadership and the shitwork -- BUT -- if results are less than stupendous (as the male would like it to be) then he appologises with feeble excuses which preclude the struggles of the woman to get the job done with little or no co-operation while the males sat on their asses. This happened most recently related to Dallas' First Gay Pride Parade.

The male chauvinistic attitude toward women is hard to take anywhere, but twice as objectionable when encountered in the Gay Community. Lesbians are "twice put down" -- for their role as women and for their role in the gay community (and sometimes also because they're "nellie") should know how it feels and be twice as careful not to project such an attitude toward their gay sisters. We should be understanding and fight our battles together beyond doubt.

Perhaps the "put down" and condescending attitudes of gay brothers toward the Lesbian is because they are so tired trying to assert their manhood and maleness, covering up their own unjustified feelings of inferiority. To this I would say, "be yourself; accept yourself and quit taking it out on us!"

I hear the howls and countercharges regarding "Dykes" and "butches" already. (Remember, all Lesbians are not stereotypes either, regardless of physical appearance). Some of these charges, unfortunately, are true -- partly because many Lesbians have reacted to the male attitudes of superiority and won't have it anymore -- they totally reject. I no more condone this "female chauvinism" than I do "male chauvinism" --

BUT if you sincerely believe the male of the species, as a whole, doesn't leave the work to the female, then I challenge you: - PROVE IT!

Dallas Gays, through the Circle of Friends, has accepted the City Council's "hurled glove challenge" and their WILL BE a second DALLAS GAY PRICE PARADE! Women are working on it already (so are some of their gay brothers) -- get in there and work with us. The COF meetings are not social liason teaparties. There's much to do before June 30, 1973: floats to create; signs, educational devices, etc. to be made; letters, posters, flyers to be written, printed, distributed, ideas to be proposed and implemented; funds to raise.

There are jobs for the most closeted, non-talented queen in history as well as the most forward capable male butch type. Let's just see if the males are really willing to work together for our community or if they just want to dominate!

P.s. -- Women--the challenge is double-barrelled. There is a women's organization (Daughters of Bilitis--nationwide -- and a local group); there are Womens publications (we recommend SISTERS, \$5 - 12 issues, 1005 Market Street, Suite 208, San Francisco, California 94103). Are you tired of being represented and judged solely from a male point of view? Do you have something to offer? We believe ALL lesbians have something to offer? We believe ALL lesbians have something to offer and gain by working together.

There is a small active nucleus of the Lesbian Community laboring now, and major changes and openness coming to Dallas are largely the result of their boldness and activity (MCC - Dallas was started by a woman, the Gay Pride Parade is headed by a woman). Think how much more could be accomplished with greater numbers of Lesbians working together! Join Dallas' DOB. Call 824-0770.

(by a man)

Notice I said, "women!" Women in the movement don't like to be referred to as girls, or even ladies. And they'll let you know it real quick. Another thing they don't like (but until lately endured in silence) is "beefcake publications." Thumb through any issue of the NUNTIUS/OUR COMMUNITY, the ADVOCATE, or QUEEN'S QUARTERLY. What do you see? Beefcake, beefcake, beefcake. Well, not always. Sometimes you see men flexing their mighty muscles in brief posing trunks. Or you see men in drag.

Which brings me to my point. Where are the women? A straight reading gay literature might well ask, Are there no gay women? If so, are their numbers small in comparison? Are there any publications aimed primarily for gay women? Are women not active in the movement? OR is it, unlike PLAYBOY's playmate, gay women just don't post in the nude?

We don't like to leave questions unanswered, so we will try to answer some of them, and ask the gir (oops) women to answer too. We also invite you, dear reader, to send us your comments.

How great are their numbers? According to Kinsey, there are more gay men than women. However lesbians doubt this. Lesbians say that men are just more open about their sexual preference and this frankness is reflected in sex surveys. But, a recent PLAYBOY poll showed that women of the 70's are becoming more liberated, and according to this survey, on college campuses there are more gay women than men.

Yes, there are gay publications directed primarily to women. THE LADDER by the Daughters of Bilitis is by far better written than most gay publications. But because it appeals to the intellect more than to the groin (meaning that it doesn't contain nude pictures), it is not as well circulated (meaning it's not commercial).

Lastly, and most importantly: women are in the movement. As a matter of fact, if it weren't for women working alongside their gay brothers, the movement just

the

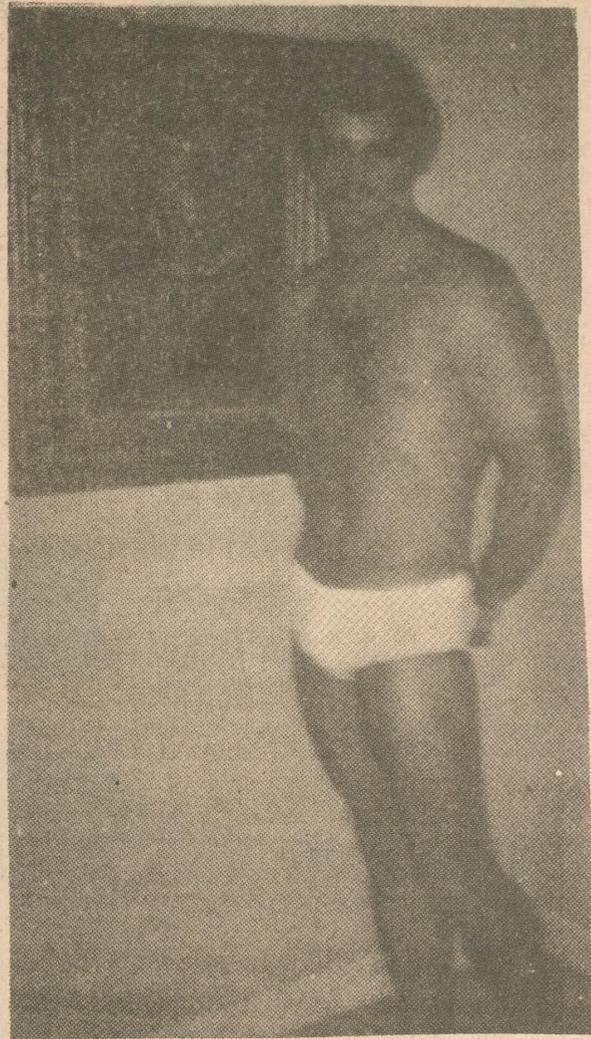
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wouldn't move. The recent GAY PRIDE PARADE in Dallas was a victory for all gay men and women -- but most of the hard work was done by women.

So, why are there no pictures of women in so many gay publications? For several reasons: One, they don't have cocks. Two, that old saying (by men) "women thy name is vanity" is just so much crap. Ask any goodlooking, well-hung young man to pose for your camera and he's flattered. Almost immediately he'll ask, "Will I appear on the cover?" The cover yet!

But don't ask a pretty lesbian to pose for you. She just isn't interested in having her nude body on display from coast to coast. And furthermore, financially she just can't afford to come out of the closet -- yet.

So when we display the NUNTIUS/OUR COMMUNITY, we frequently hear woman say, "Men. Who wants to look at nude men all the time." I always reply, "Well, get us some pictures of a woman (nude or otherwise) and we'll be glad to print it. Until then, we'll print what we can get."

BACKSTOP BRANDI - SAYS!

by Brandi West

The Month of November brought many fine shows. The last Tuesday in November Mr. Kitty Keye was the featured guest star at the Glass Stein's T.N.T. Review. I can say that the Stein was packed to standing room only for the entire show. At the end of the show at 12:30 the people still wanted more so the cast continued until 1:30.

The shows regulars are Stephanie Carr and Misty Morn.

Another highlight of the month

was when Della Reese, who was appearing in Houston, dropped in to catch the show at the HI KAMP. It seems that during "Eartha's" number "Champagne Taste" Miss Kitt went over to Miss Reese's table and removed her champagne bottle from her bucket then took Della's glass out of her hand and headed back on stage. At the end of the number Miss Reese was the first to cheer for Miss "Eartha's" standing ovation. What a way to go standing ovation. What a way to go

MINI-PARK Announces Discount Policy

The MINI PARK THEATER in its continuing policy to provide Houston with the finest in male adult films announces a discount plan that will save patrons money and stimulate gay community business. Discount passes, offering a \$1 off regular ticket price may be obtained at the Storybook at 1312 Alabama and Mr. Frizby's, 3401 Milam. These passes are valid at any time except during the regular discount hour from 5 - 7 PM. The MINI-PARK plans to make these passes available in clubs and bars throughout the gay community.

Upcoming films to be featured

at the MINI-PARK promise to offer the years best in hardcore entertainment. "ROUNDABOUTS," directed by Dick Martin, a Jaguar Production, is a nationally promoted film that has had great success on both coasts.

Also coming soon is "A DEEP COMPASSION" starring Jim Cassidy, perhaps the best since "Boys In the Sand." Both are scheduled around the year's end.

Coming up are "SWAP MEAT," "ASSAULT" and "GET THAT SAILOR."

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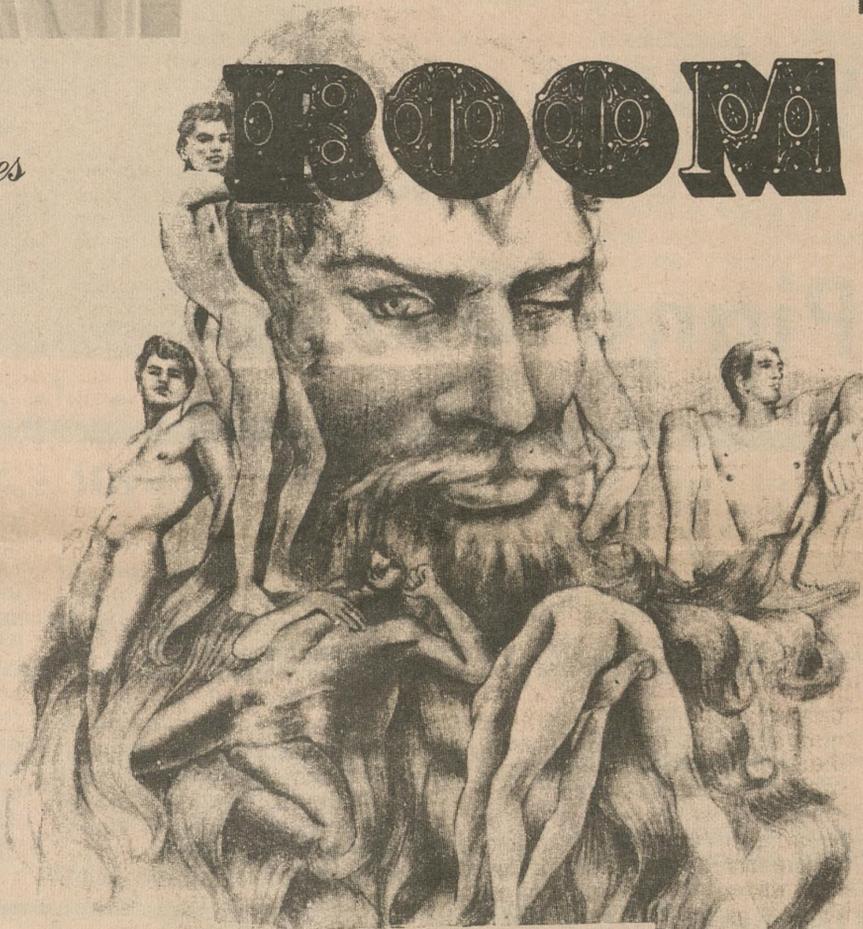
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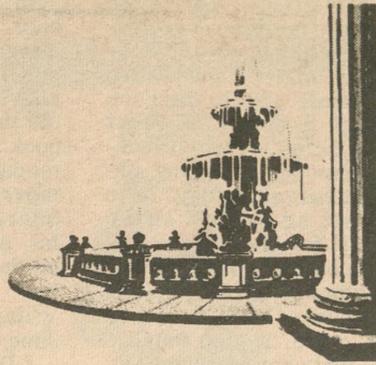
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Eartha!! Jan Russell is still knocking 'em dead with her rendition of "Wall Street"

Down the street at the Red Room Tiffany Jones and the fabulous four are recovering from the special this past sunday with the star from The Bayou Landing in Dallas, Big David. Oh, by the way, Jerry Van-over's new production number from "Applause" is a must!!!! Best Professional of Texas, Dasc-hell is still pulling standing ovations for her Dianne Warwick numbers -- rave on "Bannas!"

One last bit of info for you who wonder -- Houston's ventriloquist Manchy Lane is now working at "the bath" -- you can catch his show every hour on the hour in the group therapy room -- get 'em all Mandy!

THERS A LOT TO READ THAT ISN'T BEING READ

by Allen Young

At long last, there are some books about gay people by gay people. These new books, more than a dozen in all, are the direct result of the gay liberation movement, just as recent titles about women, Native Americans, Chicanos and Blacks are a result of the analogous movements.

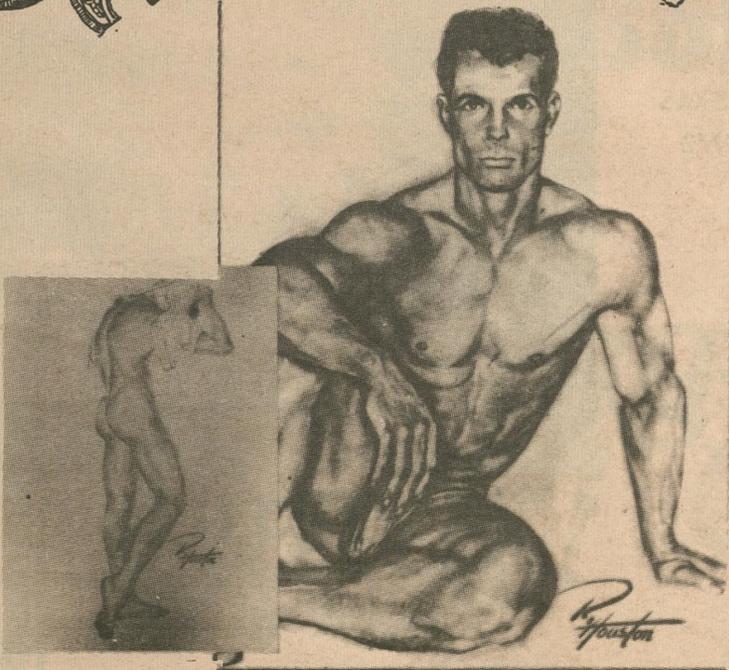
There's a big difference, however, and it has to do with the special nature of gay oppression. Unlike their counterparts from the other movements, none of the gay books are talked-about best-sellers. They are receiving neither the publicity nor the sales appropriate to the fact that the U.S. has an estimated 20 million homosexuals, or to the fact that sex roles has become a major social issue of our times.

It all has to do with the strength of straight society's taboo against homosexuality. As a result of this powerful hang-up, publishers tend not to publish or promote our books (most of which have been published by small independent low-budget houses), bookstores tend not to carry the books, critics

tend not to review them, and readers tend not to buy them. Both straight and gay readers are affected by the same taboo. My experience hawking gay liberation newspapers at anti-war marches tells me that straight men are the most up-tight about the subject of homosexuality, and indicator of the link between gay oppression and may supremacy.

Happily, however, we have the books. Hopefully, the publications mention in this brief bibliography are only the beginning, but that depends on how much the public, straight and gay, permits their considerable interest in the topic of gay liberation and homosexuality to move them to take this reading matter into their homes.

I will start this annotated bibliography immodestly with a book co-edited by Karla Jay and myself. It is *Out of the Closets: Voices of Gay Liberation* (Douglas Books, 1972, distributed by World Publishers), available in paperback and hardcover. This is a collection of about 50 articles, some of them re-printed from gay periodicals, some of them never-before-published, plus documents, photos and an international di-



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rectory of gay groups. **Out of the Closets** is a gay/feminist/revolutionary book including articles by lesbians, gay males and Third World gay people. While the book doesn't attempt to have a "correct line," its articles were collected for the purpose of putting together a radical anthology. The book is in part an assault on the traditional left for its sexism (including the Cuba controversy), yet of all the gay books this is the one that most speaks to the issues of race and class. It also touches ism within the gay movement, though this issue has been discussed in more detail since the time that the anthology was put together.

The reader will meet a lot of gay people on the pages of **OUT of the CLOSETS**. While a few of the essays in this anthology are somewhat ideological (a result, no doubt, of the authors' Marxism), the majority are exceedingly personal. That is one of the essential aspects of gay liberation; our politics is contained in our lives.

Many of the new gay books are personal tales of involvement in the gay movement. Arthur Bell, in **Dancing the Gay Lib Blues** (Simon and Schuster, 1971), tells of his participation in the disillusionment with the Gay Activist Alliance (GAA). The book includes lively descriptions of gay militancy in New York during the first year of the movement, with Arthur's crumbling love affair as a backdrop. John Murphy's **Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View** (Praeger, 1971) tells of his experiences in New York's Gay Liberation Front (GLF). His chapter "Queer Books" is a must for anyone interested in literary criticism.

In **The Gay Crusaders** (Paperback Library, 1972), Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker provide personal/political portraits based on interviews with 15 gay activists. Most of the people portrayed in this book are associated with the more moderate wing of the homosexual movement. Many of them have very interesting stories to tell which in part pre-date the traditional birthday of gay liberation (i.e., the gay riots at Greenwich Village's Stonewall Inn bar in late June 1969).

I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody, by Lige Clark and Jack Nichols (St. Martin's Press, 1972), is a warmly-told tale of two gay lovers and their perspective on life. Lige and Jack think of themselves as committed to the goals of gay liberation, but they write mostly about their friends, family, apartment, parties, and trips (including a tasteless, reactionary report on a male brothel in Puerto Rico). They are decidedly hostile (for good reasons and bad ones, I think) to the radical wing of the gay movement.

On Being Different by Merle Miller (Random House, 1971) is a skinny little book (overpriced, like many of these books) half of which is an article published in *The New York Times Magazine* in early 1971. The most interesting aspect of this book is the story of how the article came to be published, and what kind of reaction there was to it. *The New York Times Magazine* received more letters in response to Miller's article than to any article in its history (an important indicator of interest in this topic.) Many of the letters are discussed in this book. While young gay movement people believe that Miller is disagreeably middle-aged and self-pitying in

his approach, I feel that he represents an older generation of closeted homosexuals who managed to survive and endure without gay liberation consciousness. There is something here worthy of our admiration, even as we develop new life styles more suitable to new generations.

An anthology scheduled for publication later this year is **The Gay Liberation Book: Writings By and About Gay Men**, edited by Len Richmond and Gary Noguera (Ramparts Press). It includes articles by movement people and also by "famous gays," such as William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Goodman and Gore Vidal.

Some of the new books represent the exclusive perspective of male homosexuality, and as such largely fail to deal with the way in which gay males, as men, perpetrate (against our own interest, ultimately) the values of male supremacy. **The Gay Mystique: The Myth and Reality of Male Homosexuality**, by Peter Fisher (Stein & Day, 1972), is the political handbook of the male-dominated, white middle-class sector of the gay movement, specifically New York's influential Gay Activists Alliance (GAA). Fisher's book is, nonetheless, a very informative account of the reality of the gay men's world, including the pain and oppression we experience. One especially interesting chapter tells about the unique role of gay men as schoolteachers. Another chapter discusses sado-masochism in the gay world -- a taboo subject within a taboo subject. **The Gay Insider: A Hunter's Guide to New York and a Thesaurus of Phallic Lore** (Traveller's Companion, 1971), is a "liberated" gay bar guide, but I find Hunter's notion of liberation uncomfortably akin to

that of the heterosexual newspaper *Screw* -- sort of the meat-meets-meat approach, which gay liberation supposedly is trying to combat.

A professional approach to the subject is made in **Homosexual Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation**, by the late Dr. Wainwright Churchill (Hawthorn Books, 1967; Prism paperback edition by Prentice-Hall, 1971). He responds very effectively to the sickness-and-sin theories of clergymen and psychiatrists. This book is especially recommended to those "social scientists" who have accepted "evidence" that homosexuality is unnatural or sick.

I happen to think that we have had just about enough of straight people writing about homosexuality, but other gay people I know like a few books which include a sympathetic straight (liberal/professional) perspective on the topic. They are **The Same Sex: An Appraisal of Homosexuality**, edited by Ralph Weltge (Pilgrim Press, 1969); **Society and the Healthy Homosexual** by George H. Weinberg (St. Martin's Press, 1972); and **The Homosexual Dialectic**, edited by Joseph A. McCaffrey (Prentice-Hall, Spectrum Books, 1972). The McCaffrey book contains Suzannah Lessard's "Gay Is Good For All Of Us," unquestionably the best article on gay liberation written by a non-movement person (it's reprinted from the December 1970 *Washington Monthly*).

Do I have a favorite gay liberation book? Yes. It is: **Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation**, by Dennis Altman (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 1971, distributed by E. P. Dutton). Altman is a young Australian university professor



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whose book (out in paperback soon) most clearly offers a view of the consciousness generally referred to as "gay liberation." He eloquently attempts to include the development of gay liberation in the context of feminism, third world liberation movements, and the counter-culture. Altman's book, in conjunction with other works mentioned in this bibliography, ought to be read by all people who think of themselves as politically-minded and is highly recommended to college teachers for courses in contemporary human relations, sociology, political science etc.

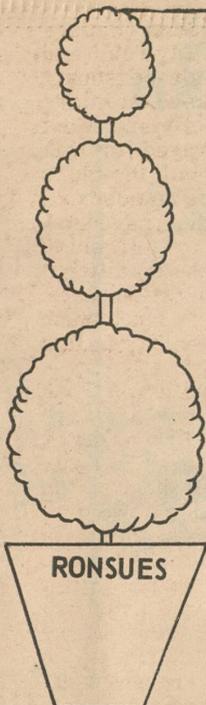
For the historically-minded, there are two books of note. The first year of the gay movement (1969-70) is carefully chronicled by Donn Teal in *The Gay Militants* (Stein & Day, 1971). Basically journalistic in its approach and poor on analysis, Teal's book contains lots of quotations from people and publications and much detail about events, with a heavy emphasis on New York City. There is also "The Gay Liberation Movement," by Jack Onge, (alliance Press, 1971), a pamphlet tracing the early period of gay liberation.

Most of the books mentioned above are heavily weighted toward or entirely devoted to male homosexuals. In fact, all feminist writings are basic to an understanding of gay politics. There are two recent books specifically on lesbianism: *Lesbian/Woman*, by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon (Glide Publications, 1972); and *Sappho Was A Right-On Woman*, by Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love (Stein & Day, 1972). While most (though not all) of the males in the gay movement recognize the link between women's liberation and gay liberation, the writings of lesbians make that link all the more real and explicit.

One of the problems of our movement, as I have indicated, is the failure of many men to deal with male supremacy. This has led a small group of gay men to take what many consider an extreme or dogmatic position. They have broken entirely with gay liberation and with the word gay, preferring to call themselves "faggots" and "effeminists." Their angry publications deal primarily with the failure of gay men to combat male supremacy. For a listing of effeminist literature, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Templar Press, P. O. Box 98, F. D. R. Station, New York, NY 10022, and *The Effeminist*, Box 4089, Berkeley CA 94704.

Low-priced pamphlets about gay liberation (as well as feminism and other topics) are also published by the New England Free Press, Rm. 401, 791 Tremont St., Boston MA 02118. There are a number of collections of gay poetry -- by gay men as well as by lesbians. The poetry, as well as many of the titles mentioned in this article, can be obtained from the Gay Liberator on Book Service, Box 40397, San Francisco CA 94140. Another good source for gay publications is the Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop, 291 Mercer St., New York NY 10003. A self-addressed stamped envelope sent to any of the addresses mentioned in this paragraph will bring you their price lists.

Do the same to get an up-to-date selected gay bibliography from the Task Force on Gay Liberation of the Social Responsibilities Round Table of the American Library Association, Barbara Gittings, Coordinator, Box 2383, Philadelphia PA 19103.



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Labor Day at FIRE ISLAND



Here I am at Love Field Airport about to take off on the most dreamed of trip in my life. Maybe the most dreamed of trip in your life too. A week in New York City four weeks in Europe and back to New York for several more days. Since I got to go and some of you haven't I'd like to tell you about my experiences.

Chuck had driven me to the airport to see me off. Here's where it all started:

The plane was two and one-half hours late taking off and I said "Dear, I hope this is no clue as to how the rest of the trip's going to be." Knowing full well it was.

No, I'd never even been to New York before and was a bit skitish about getting lost between the airport and my friends apartment and about fantastic cab fares. You see nobody told me that the limosine to Eastside Terminal was actually a bus and I stood in front of the airport terminal an hour, letting several go by before someone told me.

Finally arrived at the apartment about 10:00 p.m. Fred, the boy I was visiting, was waiting for me to go eat. He wanted to know everything that had happened in Dallas since he'd left and was trying to tell me everything that had happened in New York at the same time. We went to the Village and had dinner at the Country Cousin (love that place).

All the time he's reminding me that we must get to bed early cause we must get up very early to leave for Fire Island at 3:00 a.m. I remind him of the time but he says "You've got to see the Turks first" and so we strolled to the Turks --- Honey, this one couldn't believe her eyes, such carrying on. I wanted to hang around but he reminded me again

that we had to be on our way to the island at 7:00 a.m. and so we went back to the apartment and crashed.

Up at seven, quick breakfast and off to the train. We arrived on the island at mid-afternoon and settled in a tiny room with three twin beds and five people, including me. It was cold, cloudy and damp. I loved it. The whole miserable thing built up some hidden excitement in me. You know, I was so cityfied I didn't know boardwalk meant boardwalks. We hobbled from Cherry Grove down the boardwalk and along the beach to the Pines to TEA. It's the first social gathering of the day and everybody whos anybody shows up. There must have been at least a thousand people there. Many well known screen and stage stars. There were models I recognized from fashion magazines. After Tea was over we went back to our room at Cherry Grove and freshened up for dinner and went to eat. Then back to the Pines for tea time.

Before we left it came a storm and I do mean a storm. So we got a couple of plastic garbage bags from the chef and pulled them over our heads and headed for a party on Hot Tuna Lane. Honey, we trotted all over that part of the island in plastic garbage bags that night and it was more fun than I can remember ever having. The party turned out to be just a party so about 5:30 a.m. we waded back to the Grove in our little garbage bags and fell into bed.

Sunday the skies cleared and we spent a good portion of the day cruising the beach taking pictures and gathering pebles and phone numbers.

That night I ventured into the dunes and had one of those romantic paperback novel affairs you know,

the king you dream about. Sex under the stars the pounding serf, it was fantastic. Of course, this wasn't enough, later I ventured into the brambles. It was pitch dark until someone struck a match. You've never seen so many writhing bodies in your life. Then the match went out and total darkness. My mind was reeling and suddenly hands were all over me, my bathing suit was gone and with it went the last of my inhibitions.

Around 5:00 a.m., worn to a frazzle and raw as a cucumber I finally convenced someone to

show me the way to the Grove. This is all happening to me and I don't believe it. It's like some book you read -- not real life.

And every story comes to an end whether it's true or fiction.

It's Monday, Labor Day, now and today we go back to New York. I don't want to but we must. One thing consoles me though, I've never been to New York before so there's got to be a lot in store for me there. So back on the "Fairy Boat" and off we go.

THE CAREFUL PLAN

by Pete Billac

prologue

To those of you who find reality and the truth offensive, I suggest you do not read further. This story is true. It is of two people who meet and fall in love; one immediately and the other in time. It is humorous, warm, compassionate and very, very real. It's a part of life.

STORY

From the first moment I saw Angela walk past me in the school cafeteria, I knew that she was the one I needed and wanted to spend the rest of my life with. I was only 18, and a college freshman isn't supposed to really know about love, but I was old enough to know my own mind and Angela was it.

Her long blond hair tossed from side to side when she moved. The scent of her perfume drove me to almost instant panic as she brushed me when she passed close, I could feel the shock from my stomach down. Her lips were large and sensous and her body was lean . . . typican sun-tan-commercial-type . . . bronze colored, blue eyes, white teeth.

I had to meet her. I set out on a plan, a careful plan, because I didn't want to take the chance of losing her. I needed information.

I asked one of the guys sitting across the table from me who she was.

"Everybody knows Angela Taylor," he said in a low whisper as though saying her name was a secret. "She dates dozens of guys but I understand she doesn't..." He stopped without finishing the sentence.

"She doesn't WHAT?" I asked.

"I made a promise to myself," he answered, "never to discuss a girls reputation or pass on

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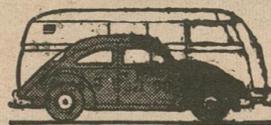
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EDITORIAL

A very long time ago I asked my mother what Oscar Wilde did and she said "nothing", consigning him to oblivion along with her ideas of him as a man. Later, I defined homosexuals as exactly the same as you and me except for one detail: they preferred their own sex in bed. Much later, I made a distinction between the generation: older women were tweed-suited and had cropped hair, older men were the clichéd limp wristers and eyebrow-smoothers who went into interior decoration. The young, on the other hand, were still exactly like you and me, only probably more radical on account of experienced repression. Much, much later (now, in fact) my categories have finally broken down. The young, too, are split and split again and some seem really quite breathtakingly different from you and me.

All of which has confused me no end, since I -- like many others -- need to feel that, superficial differences aside, we are all brothers and sisters under the skin and a mere trifle like a choice of sexual partners cannot change that basic similarity. Yet even I can see that some of the ancient clichés about homosexuality (promiscuity, a need for inherent risk to spice up sex, an obsession with youth and beauty) are all alive and well, under the age of 30 and living in Houston, Dallas and all over at any rate. The oddity is that these clichés should flourish at a time when thousands of gay people are working harder than at any time in their history to overcome prejudice. The courage this campaign takes cannot be underestimated -- apart from the psychological rejection by "straight" society, homosexuals find their jobs at risk, physical violence is a common hazard, the boys in blue persecute and prosecute.

"Cocksucking", the name gay people give to what the police so hate -- the activities of male homosexuals in public lavatories -- is an example of this paradox. The origins of cocksucking are easy enough to understand: driven quite literally underground by straight society, unable to contact other homosexuals, the public lavatory becomes the only meeting place for lonely men. With the dawning of Gay Liberation many openly deplored the practice, citing it as an example of a minority condemned by prejudice to experience sex in sordid surroundings.

But, unfortunately for reason, there is obviously more to cocksucking than meets your average heterosexual eye -- it seems that many find it fulfils a definite sexual need, surrounded as it is with furtiveness, sexual anonymity, a very present danger of arrest. There are, after all, well-known men with no shortage of sexual partners and every facility at their disposal for having sex in comfort and safety, who prefer to court their own destruction by using public lavatories as pick-up points. What heterosexual equivalent is there for this practice, this need? Can it all be put down to conditioning?

And from what I am told by concerned homosexuals the gay concentration on youth and good looks, the almost fascist exclusion of the ageing or the plain as sexual partners, the dislike and even contempt for expression of a human rather than a sexual relationship can become, among some groups, near pathological. "Liberated" women have been accused of turning men homosexual through fear of their sexual aggression. My God, from all I hear it's when they are homosexual that they've got the real fight coming.

Some homosexuals, too, have an aggressive attitude towards heterosexuals that is, at times, irritating and irrational (though heaven knows, they've suffered enough from heterosexual aggression). They tend to insist on the bi-sexuality of human beings, but they ignore the fact that bi-sexuality, to coin a phrase, works both ways. If I am challenged to explore my homosexual side I must be allowed to challenge a homosexual to explore his heterosexual side. But if I do, the chances are I'll be accused either of prejudice or, oddly in people who dismiss Freud and all his works (gay is not conditioning, gay is natural) of being a 'latent' homosexual. If you've thrown Freud out with the bathwater, you've thrown out the concept of latency, too.

All this can be upsetting because if you wish gay people well, want to see an end to prejudice, have homosexual friends you like and respect, then you fear for their future, not to say the present damage to the personality that I believe inevitable when one human being treats others as sexual objects.

The facts are that we're still a generally disregarded, disliked and misrepresented minority whose prime need is for increased public comprehension and awareness of what not merely 'gayness' but warm, responsive human living is all about. . . all that talk about better social acceptance sounds fine, but when, oh when, are we going to start treating each other better? That's where it all begins. . . one youngster I know is currently very depressed by the values he feels expected to adopt from people, even of about his own age, on recently encountering the gay scene -- a sort of environmental pollution.

And from where came this hatred of straight people. . . ? Neither you nor I nor anyone else are any better than anyone else. We each have our skills and talents, unless the repression of society has twisted us so far as to render us useless. You didn't choose to be gay and most of you couldn't choose to be straight -- do you think straights are in any way different, except that it's a little bit easier for them? We are all oppressed and all brothers in our oppression. . . what have you given to someone who may want only a gay club to go to unmolested and be free of interference and insult? I'll tell you. . . more insult and from the only group of people -- other gays -- to whom he can relate. Fascism in a frock has come to GLF. You go your way and those of us who still can love and know the meaning of the word, will go ours."

Splits within any group fighting for equality, fighting to discover its own repressed identity are inevitable, a part of that very struggle. It's happened to women, to blacks and it's happening to homosexuals. As long as we all realize that if we split too far, what we're doing is helping to push the wooden horse into our own fortress with the enemy inside.

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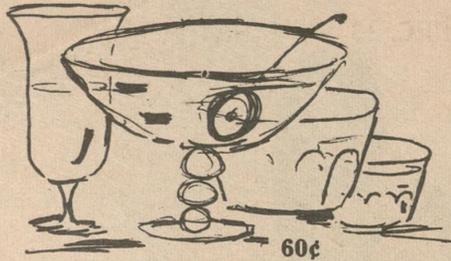
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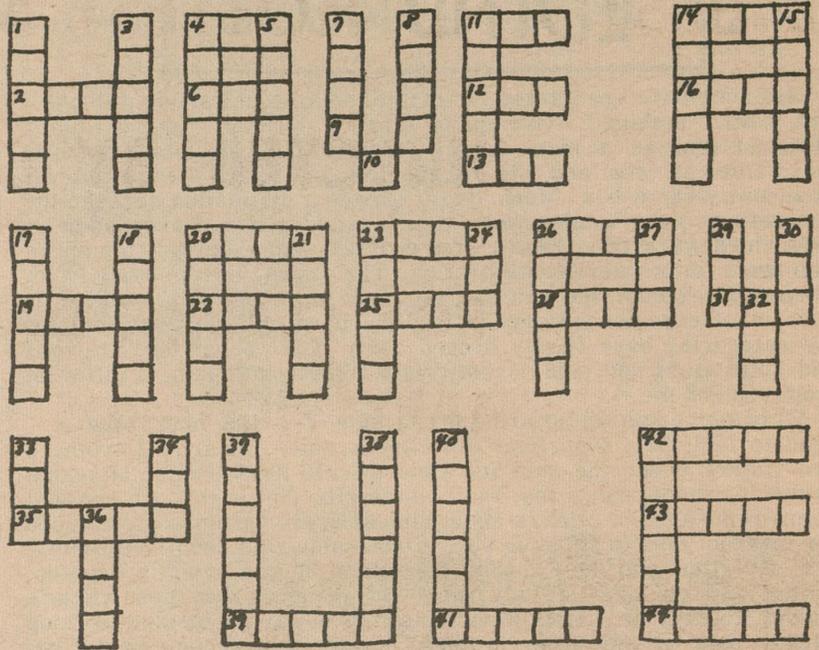
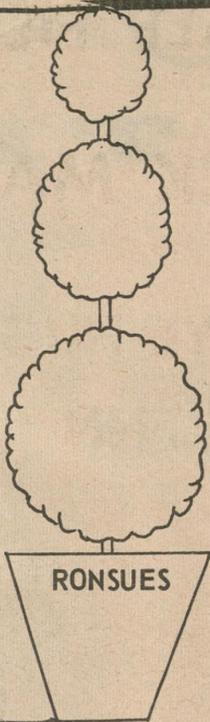
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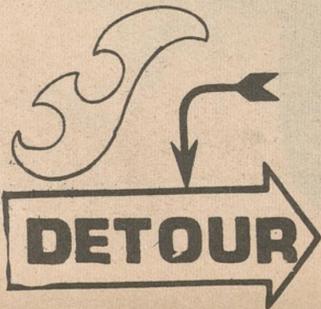


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|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. the ----- Gabriel | 2. high wind |
| 3. what shepherds watched | 4. semen |
| 4. to fold in wavy shape | 6. "no room in the ----" |
| 5. high IQ society | 9. (diag.) preposition |
| 7. ---- Crowley | 10. (diag.) fine; alright |
| 8. to have intercourse | 11. energy |
| 11. Troy ----- | 12. Adam's --- |
| 14. Tom ----- | 13. pronoun |
| 15. all | 14. Christmas ---- |
| 17. W.H. ----- | 16. famous Univ. |
| 18. Jack ----- | 19. penis (slang) |
| 20. listen to | 20. Murray ---- (was lead in Cal. HAIR) |
| 21. devil | 22. nuclear part |
| 23. we celebrate his birthday Dec. 25 | 23. ---- Grey |
| 24. Doctor of Laws | 25. snow vehicle |
| 26. -----peare | 26. "We saw His ---- in the east...." |
| 27. Christmas color | 28. among |
| 29. burn Yule --- | 31. earth (prefix) |
| 30. also | 35. regal |
| 32. hearing organ | 39. woman (Span.) |
| 33. evergreen tree | 41. sex partner (colloq) |
| 34. --- Holbrook | 42. "keeping ----- over their flocks" |
| 36. ----tide season | 43. waterway |
| 37. sexual climax | 44. Paul ----- |
| 38. "laid in a -----" | |
| 40. -----mas | |
| 42. Andy ----- | |

Solution on page 15



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information that is hearsay." He smiled, funky little smile. "Maybe it's because I'm in pre-law and we only accept facts."

He sounded too fruity for me to bear his answer and seemed oh so proud that he was going to become a lawyer . . . "Christ," I thought to myself, "what a weenie lawyer he's going to be." He was certainly proud of himself with his pre-law and sanctimonious bullshit but all I wanted was information on the girl like who she dates and where she lived and other non-pertinent information but I knew I could prod this jerk and get whatever answers I needed that he might know about.

"Well, just tell me what you HEARD," I asked. "I'm grown and I won't tell anyone you told me." He shook his head no and puckered up his lips as if to say, "my honor is involved", and I would have loved to just kick his ass but I decided to press a bit more and finally . . . he told me that he heard she was a "tease". I smiled at that, even laughed. I knew how most guys were. Just because the girl wouldn't do their bidding on the first date or first couple of dates, they called her frigid or a tease or thought she was some kind of weirdo. I was glad she was a "tease". I didn't want to think that anyone had ever touched her. I wanted her all and only for me.

Everybody has some kind of hang up or other but mine was evident only to the people who REALLY knew me. In high school I guess I "made it" with twenty five of the girls in the school. It was more surprising too because I wasn't considered super looking, kinda cute maybe, and I simply HATED sports. I scored I think, was because I was polite and gentle and because I would never brag about my conquests like most others did. I wouldn't DARE! If dad ever found out he would have killed me. My entire family was deeply religious . . . almost fantastic. My brother, six years older than I, was married and had two children. His wife, as this did my mother, wore long sleeved, high necked dresses during all seasons and inches down from their knees even during this short dress age and always the most drab colors imaginable.

Not every SUNDAY was church day either. Every DAY, twice on Saturday and almost ALL DAY Sunday found our entire family grouped together in those old church pews giving thanks to the Lord for everything you could think of and saying prayers to all sorts of causes and for all people.

So you see, with this type of background, my affairs had to be kept secret. All the men in my family would marry only virgins and they had to be virgins themselves. It was the RULE. I was having my own silent rebellion. I just didn't "dig" their type of life. Church, prayer, virginity and religion were crammed down my throat to where it was almost automatic to me but when I took that big step and got away from it . . . I was exactly the opposite. It was a wonder I was allowed to go off to college except that my parents were convinced I was pure and this school is a religious institution.

I had one SPECIAL girl in high school who was more or less my steady. All of my extracurricular that I never liked sports and that's because I was never very coordinated and I did not like ROUGH sports anyway. I went to see the GIRLS play volleyball, basketball and softball. The few times I did go to the football games (at times everyone was required to go. You know . . . school spirit and all that ra-ra stuff) I can't ever remember seeing anybody run with or catch a ball . . . my eyes were glued on the cheerleaders.

Thus you have that part of my background and have been introduced, partially, to one of my major hang ups. Now, back to the present.

I finished my meal quickly, wolfing it down as though it were my last for a week. I just wanted to make certain I'd be at the exit waiting for Angela as she left. Damn, she had me excited.

I took my foodtray to the cleanup counter and glanced back over my shoulder to see if Angela had finished. It even turned me on to see her gingerly lift up her fork and put food in her mouth and chew it. I stood by the door a few minutes until I saw her get up then I walked through the door and waited outside on the walk. She came out alone and I had to swallow then lick my lips. My mouth had suddenly dried, probably from my heavy breathing. I was nervous and licked the perspiration from my upper lip with my tongue. I didn't want to be clumsy about this thing.

"Hello," I said as she stepped out. I had a wide smile that I hoped didn't look too foolish, friendly I hoped, but not devilish. "You're Angela Taylor, aren't you?" "Yes I am," she replied with a quizzical look on her face. "Have we met before?" "No we haven't," I answered, "but you looked nice and I wanted to meet you." I stuck out my hand. "I'm Pat Owens." I tried not to shake her hand too softly and certainly not too hard. I didn't want to scare her. I picked up the conversation. "I asked a guy sitting across from me who you were."

"OH," she exclaimed with a surprise and a sigh, "and what did he say?" she asked with a trace of contempt.

I knew what she was thinking. She had evidently heard what was being said about her being a tease. We were only on campus for a few weeks, orientation and class scheduling and counselling and all of that jazz, but news travels fast, especially about a girl as beautiful as Angela.

I answered with a smile. "He just told me your name." She relaxed and a small opening appeared

between her lips in the form of a nice smile. "Do you mind if I walk with you?" I asked, trying to be very polite and put her at ease. I had known of situations back in high school where the guys labeled a girl as a "tease" and it was always unfair to the girl and always put her on the defensive when she met a person she hadn't known before. I understood Angela's mild resentment. She was silent for a minute as though she was making up her mind as to whether she wanted me to walk with her or not. She looked spoiled, maybe because she was almost flawlessly beautiful. I'll bet she always got her way but you can bet that I wouldn't give her her way . . . maybe at first . . . but I was the one who set the rules in my relationships but first, I know I must get them "hooked". No matter how many approaches she's had tried on her before, mine, I promise, will be different. I'll be patient and understanding and wait and when the right time comes . . . whammo . . . she'll never know what happened. Patience was a quality I had mastered even at my young age, and also, another rare item in conversation . . . TRUTH. I think truth is the swiftest kind of bullshit there is. Some won't buy it but if they don't at least YOU know it was true and that's worth something.

"Please DO walk with me Pat," she answered . . . breaking my silent thoughts. "You seem nice, almost shy, and it's a pleasure seeing that. These athletes are so rough and crude and think because they score touchdowns or get good press releases, that a girl is supposed to be awe struck right into their bed, that if she doesn't want to jump in the sack with them that she's sick or something." Her face reddened and she apologized. "I'm sorry," she said. I don't know why I'm telling you this, we're strangers." She blushed deeper and stopped talking. I knew the feeling. I had seen it happen in . . . you guessed it . . . back in high school.

As we walked side by side I let my hand swing and touch hers a few times. She evidently didn't think anything about it and I felt an indescribable sensation run rampant through my entire body. Damn, how I wanted her but I knew the role I must play . . . patience, polite, slow, easy then . . . well, then we'd see.

We walked slowly, chatting as we went, then said goodby outside the History building. I watched her walk away and knew that, to conquer her, I couldn't even make the slightest mistake.

I didn't have all of my classes scheduled yet. Angela, a freshmen and Liberal Arts major the same as I, did not have her schedule completed and it was easy to schedule classes with her. My plan was to become friends first and then, move in at the right moment . . . not too fast or I'd lose her and not too slow either or one of those animal football players just might find her during a weak moment and tie her up.

Angela and I had lunch almost every day. We talked about a variety of things and had many of the same interests. We would often go for long walks in the park, just across from the university, and spend hours talking without stopping. Other times we would just sit and watch the squirrels scramble about in the trees playing tag, or follow the small waves the ducks made while swimming lazily, seeming trouble free, in the lagoon. I often wondered if they, the squirrels and the ducks, had feelings for each other the same as humans and whether one of them was in pursuit of the other the same as I was for Angela.

On Saturday night at the weekly school dances, Angela and I would always go together yet we would separate almost immediately. Whenever we walked in, there was always a rush of guys towards her. What could I say about it? Certainly I had no claim on her attentions. Not YET anyway. There were other girls there I could go after if I wanted to but Angela was my choice. I'll have to admit to being jealous and if I had my way I would have punched all of them in the nose but I couldn't embarrass Angela. Had I shown jealousy, I think I would have lost her for sure. She told me how much she hated people who were jealous, that it seemed they had no faith in her. I gritted my teeth, tried to smile and waited . . . waited. Two months passed and I hadn't even tried to kiss her. I had a few dates on the same nights Angela had dates but they weren't fun. I thought only of her . . . "Perhaps I'm TOO slow and apparently not using the right approach?" I thought. "She's thinking of me as a FRIEND and nothing more. She never asks me about my dates and I would not dare question her about hers. I don't want to know anything about her dates anyway, it would just hurt me." "Hmm," I thought. "The time is getting closer . . . it has to be. I'm about to burst for longing for Angela. I go out of my mind when I even THINK of guys kissing her goodnight or holding her hand. I've never held her, in fact, I haven't even touched her. I've never felt like this before. This patience and waiting is getting to me. It's about to blow my mind." One night, the night of our heaviest snow, I asked Angela to have dinner with me at my apartment. There were many apartments just on the fringe of the campus where students could rent if they didn't like the dorm. The first . . . any privacy and I wanted to be alone. I hadn't "made it" with any other girls since I first saw Angela. Even Ruby, my steady girl in high school had stopped writing. I was truthful with her and told her of my feelings with Angela and she understood, wrote a few letters, then fewer, then they just stopped. I wouldn't have felt right touching another girl anyway. I would have only been cheating myself.

MONTROSE GAZE SPOT--

The Montrose Gaze, Houston's only Gay Community center had its own Thanksgiving celebration on November 19 at 2:00 p.m. in their rambling two-story house at 504 Fairview. A roast turkey and all the trimmings as well as baked ham and numerous vegetables, salads and desserts was provided by the members.

On this gloriously brisk and sunshiney Sunday afternoon, the Center buzzed with activity, and a crowd of at least 50 persons made sure that everything was gone within two hours. Folks dropped in, ate, rapped, danced and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Around 3:30 there was a drawing for a lovely Lucerne watch and the beautiful Rafael Jimenez was the lucky winner. Then, ten free passes to the Mini-Park Theater were given out.

The Center plans a gala Xmas dinner on Sunday, December 17 at 2:00 p.m. and a much greater crowd is expected. There will be feasting, singing and dancing all afternoon long thrown in with the usual madness, and it should be quite an experience. Admission will be \$1. for members; \$1.25 for non-members.

Now, I turn to you, the readers. This is your center, gay people of Houston. It's a place to come and enjoy an evening with friends, learn things about yourself and your brothers and sisters. If you have something you want to try and lack facilities, we're here for exactly that purpose.

We've already got bridge, chess, Spanish and gay rap groups going. Also planned are Hebrew and auto-mechanics classes planned and others in the programming stages.

Come by any day of the week from 5:00 till 12:00 midnight and check us out. The phone number is 528-9069.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To The Dallas News:

The straightforward (but not sensational) tone of the Oct. 6 article, Male Pair Becomes Legally Married, serves to highlight one of society's most pressing problems. We may be thankful that homosexuality is no longer a prohibited topic for discussion.

The problem does exist and it involves literally millions of people. We simply cannot ignore it or its effects upon our society.

It is particularly unwise for parents to ignore homosexuality since they, themselves, dramatically help or hinder the sexual development of their children. Studies indicate that a prime factor leading to homosexuality relates to the family context in which the homosexual grows up.

Confusion of parental roles and the dissolution of family structures appear to lie behind this social and moral problem. Parents concerned

with the sexual development of their own children should actively seek to strengthen and stabilize the family unit.

Although there is no magical cure for homosexuality, strong and stable families provide for the best sexual development of children. In particular, parents who embrace biblical Christianity ought to note the centrality of the family unit in the Scriptures and attempt to reflect this emphasis in their own lives.

Walt Barrett.

THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

Those Christians who believe that obscenity can be defined should be made aware that Saint Paul himself stated the opposite, centuries ago. One reads in Romans 14:14 in the NEW ENGLISH BIBLE: "I am absolutely convinced, on the authority of the Lord Jesus, that nothing is impure in itself; only if a man considers a particular thing impure, than to him it is impure."

Terry from Tyler --

Too, if Angela ever found out, she probably would never have spoken to me again.

Angela said she wouldn't mind driving her car over since I was cooking the food. At the first sound of a knock, I hurried to the door then opened it slowly. She looked like some goddess. She had snow on her shoulders and some loose flakes were on the floor of the entry way that fell when she put her hood down. Her hair was a bit out of place and she looked sexier than I had ever seen her before. Again I had that hot rush of blood from my stomach down to my toes. Her cheeks were red and her skin whiter now that she had lost her summer tan and she looked so soft it compelled me to touch her. I put my hand out and touched her cheek, lightly, with my fingers. "You're freezing Angela," I said. "Come in by the fire and warm yourself." I helped her off with her heavy parka and my eyes grew twice their size when I saw her large busts trying to shove their way out of that fluffy white sweater. I had to fight to control my instant desire for this beautiful creature though I had made up my mind that this was to be THE night. We walked to the fire. "I fixed some hot buttered rum Angela . . . you'll like it." I decided to use implied consent and make everything seem matter-of-fact. She nodded yes and I handed her the cup. She smiled as she brought the cup to her lips and my heart skipped a beat. "Did she suspect?" I wondered. "Has she known all the time that I was waiting to trap her? Her smile seemed to be a bit too knowing to make me comfortable."

My thoughts were bombarding my brain and bouncing off the inside of my head and mixing with each other. I gained composure.

"Sit in this chair Angela. It's so somfortable It almost swallows you and it's the closest one to the fire."

I was SET. Snow . . . cold weather . . . rum . . . a crackling fire . . . low lights . . . soft music . . . a good meal prepared and at last . . . my COURAGE was present. I had taken long enough to soften her up . . . I had been more patient than I would ever have gambled on and NOW . . . THIS WAS TO BE THE NIGHT. I put extra rum in her cup. As I handed it to her, our fingers touched. It felt like electricity passing through me but I must remember . . . play it cool, definate sure, but be easy. If I move too quickly I might lose her. I tried to shut off my brain, it was frightening me with those thoughts. I sat on the rug next to the big chair, right by Angela's feet. Damn, I found myself trying to touch her toes. Her boots were off and she was moving her toes trying to warm them. I gulped and made a sound. I had to say something . . . to DO something . . . but what? My heart was beating faster . . . I could HEAR it. I grew tense then felt that prickly feeling take over again like the many other times I thought I'd make a move towards Angela. Thoughts were criss-corssing through my mind like dozens of people shooting at each other across a meadow. What should I do? How can I tell her how I feel about her? It was always easy to tell her how

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- | VERT | | HORIZ | |
|------|--------|-------|-------|
| 1. | angel | 2. | gale |
| 3. | sheep | 4. | cum |
| 4. | crimp | 6. | inn |
| 5. | Mensa | 9. | to |
| 7. | Mart | 10. | o.k. |
| 8. | *uck | 11. | pep |
| 11. | Perry | 12. | rib |
| 14. | Tryon | 13. | you |
| 15. | every | 14. | tree |
| 17. | Auden | 16. | Yale |
| 18. | Baker | 19. | dick |
| 20. | heard | 20. | Head |
| 21. | demon | 22. | atom |
| 23. | Jesus | 23. | Joel |
| 24. | LLD | 25. | sled |
| 26. | Shake | 26. | star |
| 27. | red | 28. | amid |
| 29. | log | 31. | geo |
| 30. | too | 35. | royal |
| 32. | ear | 39. | mujer |
| 33. | fir | 41. | trick |
| 34. | Hal | 42. | watch |
| 36. | Yule | 43. | river |
| 37. | orgasm | 44. | Lynde |
| 38. | manger | | |
| 40. | Christ | | |
| 42. | Warhol | | |

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I felt about "things", even about other people but how could I tell her of my feelings for HER? The silence was long. I was too nervous to talk or ask or say anything. Then I gathered all of my senses and almost in tears, said, "Angela, I've GOT to talk to you . . . uh . . . to ask you some questions. I've got to . . ." She interrupted.

"Pat," she said in a low soft voice, almost melodious. "Don't you think I know what you're trying to say. Don't you think I've known how you felt about me for a long time? Don't you know I watched your face at the school dances while I was dancing? Oh Pat," Angela continued, "I was always so proud of you for the fact that no one, not even I, was aware of your deep, patient feelings for me for a very long time. . ."

I couldn't believe it. I had that funny feeling cover me again, sort of scary like. I could feel my face redded, almost to a burn. My mouth dried. "You've wanted me for a lon time, haven't you?" Angela continued, putting her hand on my shoulder. The mere touch of her gave me more confidence and my fear vanished. "You HAVE wanted me Pat, haven't you?" Angela said in a pleading tone, making "HAVE" sound desperate.

I was silent but my thoughts raced through my brain. "Was this for real?" I asked myself. "Was this, at long last, after over FIVE MONTHS, really happening to me? Angela was so beautiful. The guys, almost EVERY guy, wanted to be with her, all bit, strong, athletic, handsome guys; the best all around types in school. Had I, with my patience and kindness and friendship, won her over?"

I looked into Angela's eyes. They reflected flames from the fire. Her lips were open slightly and she licked them with her tongue. That hot flash hit me in the pit of my stomach again. I watched her as she breathed heavily now, her sweater moving like a pulse and those two large busts keeping rythm. Her hand moved from my shoulder to around my neck. She then moved it to my face and turned my head up towards her. I abandoned my careful plan and pulled Angela down to my lips. She slid from the chair and came into my arms and kissed me, softly, then harder, then we were like two uncaged animals pressing and pushing our lips against the others and searching the depths of each others mouths with our tongues. I could feel her large busts harden against my chest. I was almost out of my mind with longing and desire and love. Yes love. I guessed I loved her from that first moment in the cafeteria and I knew now, that she must have loved me too for some time yet we were both afraid to show our feelings openly for each other.

I lifted her sweater from the back and unfastened her bra then pulled her closer to me. Our legs and stomach pressing against each other.

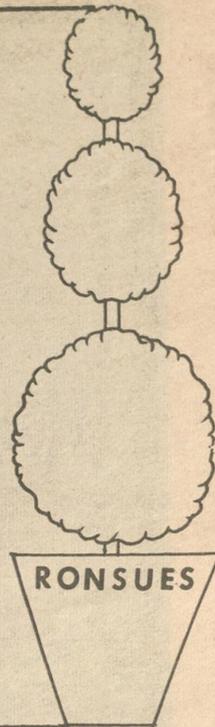
The evening was long and sweet. We examined and kissed over every inch of each others bodies as most lovers do and then, with only sighs and murmers and heavy breathing and kissing noises, fell asleep. We made love that night, complete sincere love, a love that has lasted until now, our senior year. We're both graduating in a month and plan to teach at the same school. Ironical as it might seem, I might teach a class in physical education and I'm the one who never enjoyed sports.

I plan to be with Angela for the rest of my life, exactly what I planned on when I first saw her. We can't ever get married; at least not as most people think of it. besides it's more fun being lovers forever.

MR. CHELSEY ST. JOHN



Blond, Sexy and Beautiful



SO YOU WANT MAKE A MOVIE

My parents, puritanical as they are, still think we're having what they would call a "normal" relationship, just friendship, maybe love in the loose sense of the word but they wouldn't DREAM we were actually IN love with each other. They wouldn't understand. You see, my entire given name is PATRACIA ANN OWENS.

EPILOG

Thank you for reading this story. I didn't mean to shock you - well - maybe I did. I hope you understand that it takes all types of people to make this world. Perhaps this story is not to your liking, but one point I want to make, is that hapiness comes in all shades, sizes, colors, creeds, religions and packages. What is NOT right with you might be just what others need. One thing I feel we ALL need is UNDERSTANDING. Compassion helps too. If we can understand others, or just try to, I feel it's a step towards finding contentment within ourselves. We all try, in one way or another, to search for happiness. Maybe happiness itself is only for the mythical Gods. Perhaps not being UNHAPPY is all mere mortals deserve. Regardless, try not to knock others who find happiness regardless where they night find it.

The two girls in this story have been together for over fourteen years. Different? Odd? Unnatural? Maybe, but they don't seem UNhappy.

Well I had the privilege of touring Europe this year and going along on the shooting of Pat Rocco's up-coming film European Adventure.

Shooting started in Luxenburgh where national carnival was in progress. Everyone on the tour was encouraged to take part in the making of the film. This helped with the budget and seemed to be the only possible way to get all the equipment transported from one place to another. Even with all this cost-cutting the making of this film ran up thousands over the budget.

Several of us who are still young at heart were filmed riding bumper cars and roller coasters on the midway in Luxenburgh. Early the next morning we caught a train to Amsterdam.

On the last day of our visit to the land of sugar, honey and windmills, we went out in the drizzle to shoot the Amsterdam sequire. Pat was unhappy because he couldn't locate the boys he wanted for this part of the film. Thank heaven for Brian King, his assistant. Brian found a cute little guy, Ronald Rozendaal more than willing to do the job. Ron turned out to be more helpful than we could have hoped. He acquired the use of a small cabin cruiser to ride the canals in exchange for a bottle of gin. He also got a total stranger to co-star with him in the park. Our co-star turns out to be Spike Woudstra, a breathtaking blonde that would be easy to work with under the worst conditions. One of those easy-going, masculine, fabled, natural blondes. You'll have to see him in the film to believe it.

The nextmorning we left Holland and all its clean beauty behind and moved on to Gay Pairee - Land of romantic dreams. Not necessarily a land where such dreams come true. Again Pat was unable to get the performers he wanted. Resourceful me called a friend who worked at a but tour office and told him of our problem. He just happened to know someone who was available, Jan Delcourt - was just what the doctor ordered. Very french sort of college student looking. The sequence was filmed in the usual fable of romantic Paris, high atop the Eiffel Tower, in front of the Arche de Triumph and at a sidewalk cafe with an interesting final scene in Jan's bedroom.

From the grapevine I learned that this film is being made as a comback for Pat Rocco who has

KITTY'S BOX

QUESTION: How do you spell fantastic? great? or any adjective that describes an outstanding talent? ANSWER: D-A-S-C-H-E-L-L-E.

"The Dionne Warwick of Houston" is just one of many introductions afforded this performer. For those of you who don't know the young man on or off stage, you're missing a beautiful experience.

Daschelle performs at the Red Room, 612 Hadley and is a most definite asset to Big George's Fabulous Four.

Just recently Daschelle won the title of Best Professional, Serious Talent at the 2nd annual Zodiac Ball. She also won Best Professional this Halloween at Gene Howle's Farmhouse. This should undoubtedly make her the best in Texas. This writer feels she is uncomparable in serious pantomine.

Her uncanny resemblance to "the Miss Warwick" and her spine - tingling performance of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" are just two reasons why his performance should be a must on everyone's agenda, no matter where she may be.

The best compliment that can be given to a pantomine drag is a standing ovation. Daschelle is the only minic performer I know that reaches the goal 90% of the time.

QUESTION: How do you spell beautiful?

ANSWER: D-A-S-C-H-E-L-L-E. Kitty Key

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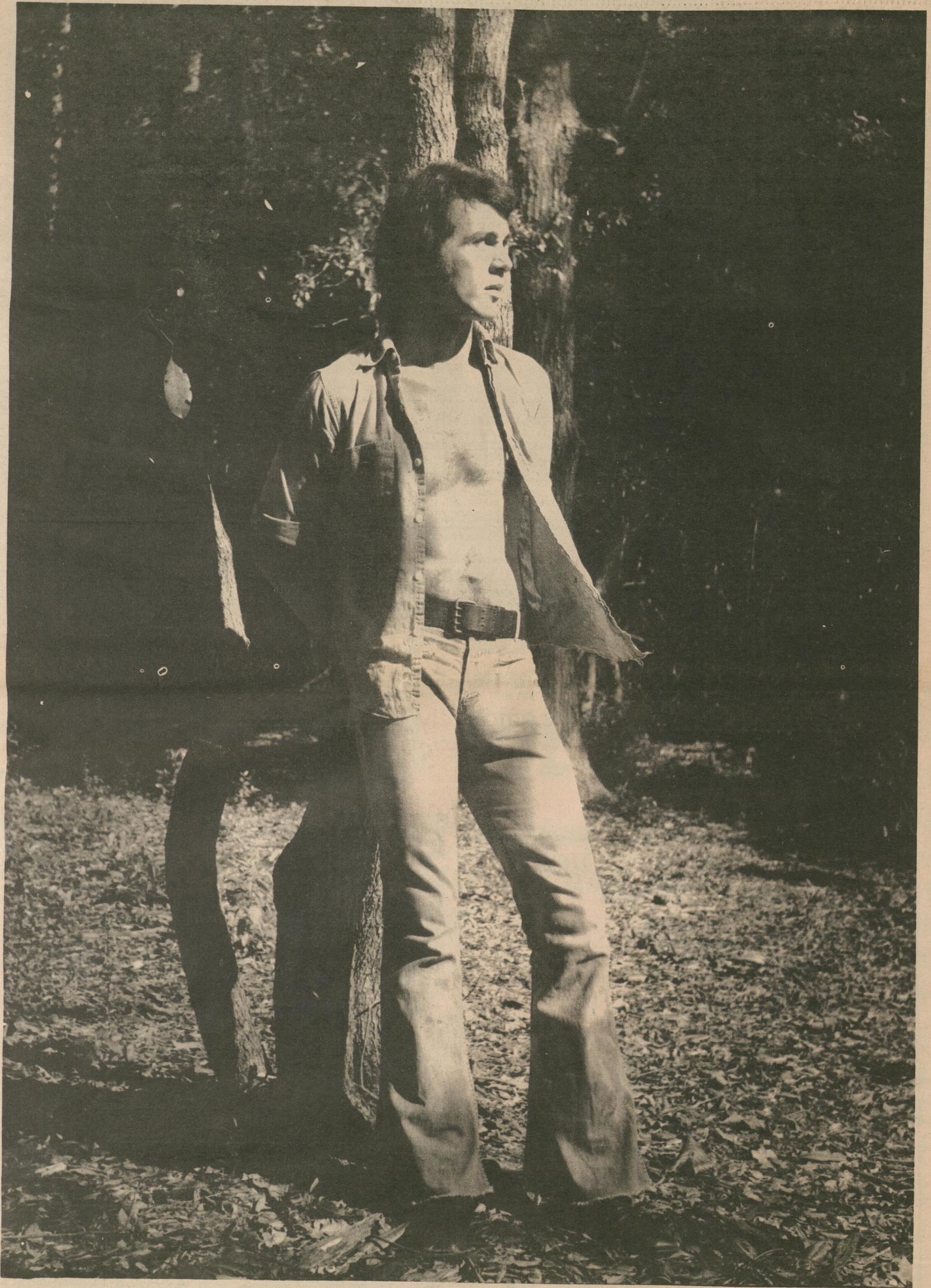
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suffered greatly, (so they say) for his refusal to progress with the times. He refuses to do sex scenes in his films. NO PORNO has always been his motto. Times have changed and so has the market. So is Pat Rocco.

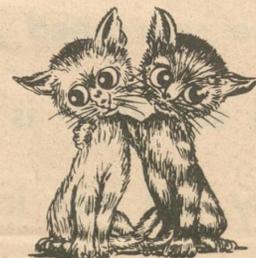
From Paris we go to Zurich - colder weather, warmer people. Here I was entirely too busy to go on location but the dequill was done with fairly young boys around the lake in very cold weather and even I am anxious to see it.

Next stop Rome. Then Athens where yours truly was asked to perform. Well, I have my doubts. Adlibing in front of a big movie camera isn't so easy. The Greek boys who did the scene with me was an exact look alike for Geo. Maharis only younger. Lyka and I were already good friends so it made it somewhat easier. But, in the bar scene I noticed his knees jumping under the table. His being nervous helped me regain my confidence.

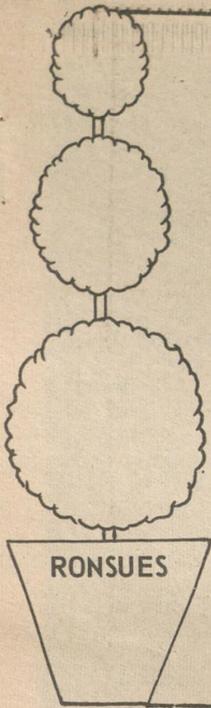
After Greece Pat left us to return to California and work on his film. Maybe he'll use professional editors, maybe he'll do it himself. Who knows? The film will be more for your entertainment than educational or enlightening. You'll see the real scenery and people of these countries. But don't expect the story to come true when you make a trip to Europe. If it does, I want to hear about it!!!

Woody ----

**BARTENDER of
the MONTH**

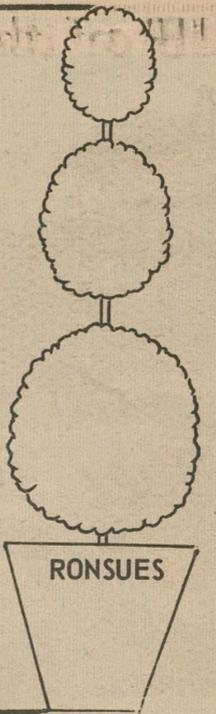


MR. SABRE' GARTH -



Eyes that Mystify - Form - Face & Figure

NOW
A
DANCE
BAR



NUNTIUS STAR of the MONTH

Ron Freeman "Sahdji" opened the show at the Plantation Club on Market Square in Houston this past month. Sahdji is known to many Houston and Dallas people. He first appeared on stage in a special at the HI KAMP shortly after they opened. Since that time he has performed at local and distant clubs and bars. He was at the BAYOU LANDING in Dallas for a number of months before returning to Houston and opening at the Plantation where he is part owner.

Ron Freeman has been doing female impersonation for the past six years as a result of a show he saw with his first wife and bet her that he could do better than the performers they saw in California. He entered a contest and won. After winning the contest he joined a group and has been doing impersonations professionally ever since.

At the Plantation the shows are quite a production and very professional. Ron said, "I am looking for boys who have had some train-

ing in dance to do male parts in our show."

Ron's wife and daughter now live in Dallas but he said plans are for them to move to Houston in the near future. His 16-month old daughter Ron said, "thinks Diana Ross is her daddy." Marion, Sahdji's wife makes most of his clothes, some of which has taken as long as 350 hours. Marion plans to open a shop sewing when she moves to Houston.

Prior to the opening of the Plantation Ron Freeman appeared as a headliner at the Alley Theatre's fund raising Gala, Saturday, September 30 and also at the La Bastille.

Ron's performances consist of impressions of Dionne Warwick, Diana Ross, Tina Turner, Della Reese, Melba Moore and Eartha Kitt.

With this background is it any wonder that "SAHDJI" was chosen female impersonator of the month.



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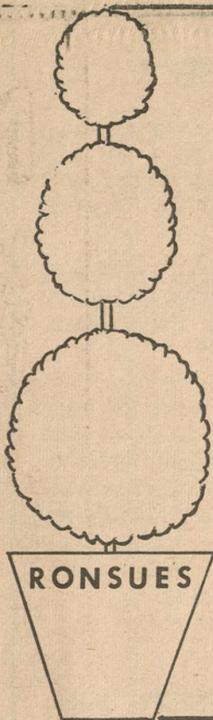
CLUB of the MONTH



900 Lovett, 900 CLUB OF THE MONTH is not a new club but is new to the gay community. The 900 Club opened in 1968 and was run as a "straight" operation until January of this year when the owner decided on a change of clientel. 900 Lovett is in the heart of "the colony," perhaps being, in part a reason for this decision. Dispite the convenience of this ideal location it obviously presents problems, as calls at the Nuntius indicate, in finding the 900 Club. The building shown above does not resemble what is ordinarily expected to house a Club -- but would you believe it definitely does. The 900 Club entrance is to the rear of the building in the corner as indicated by the arrow in the picture. Lovett runs parallel

to Westheimer and the 900 Club is just one and 1/2 blocks from the corner of Montrose and Westheimer -- if you get lost call the 900 Club at 528-8900 for more detailed instructions. After finding the "900" expect to see John, you'll know him, he was a favorite at the Round Table for some time and seems to be on location at the "900" from 12 noon until 2 a.m. closing. If John is not behind the bar you will see him at the pin-ball. Other than this "bunnduful" attraction, John, you will find one of the finest selections on the juke box in the city, something for everyone. In this tastefully decorated and lighted club, you will see old friends and meet new. One of the friendliest spots, early in the after-

noon or late evening. Service and quality of drinks and people can't be bested at any hour. There are no reservations for space taken by the management so if you wish a stool or table at this smart club -- get there first and early or have a friend save space for you. Parking is ample as is everything at the "900." With the fantastic growth in popularity, is there any ?????? as to why this is the CLUB OF THE MONTH.



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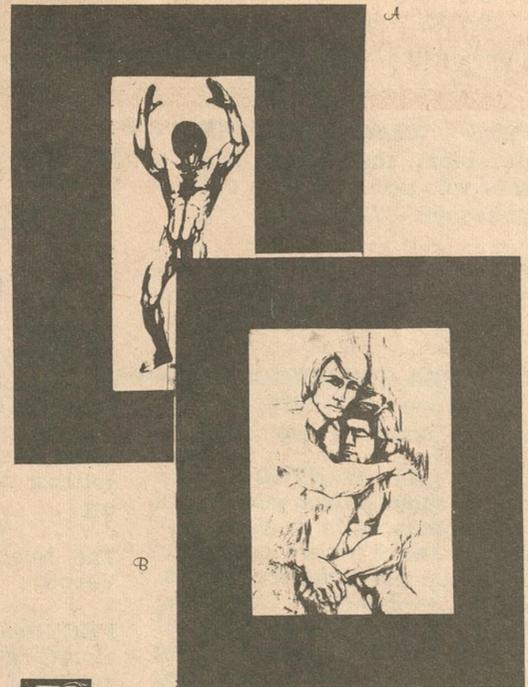
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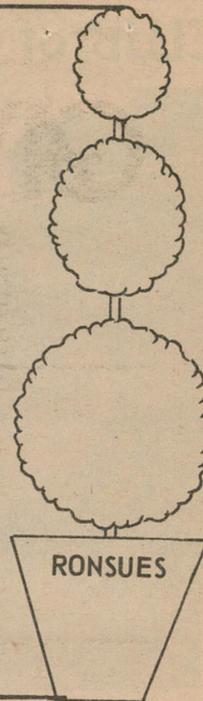
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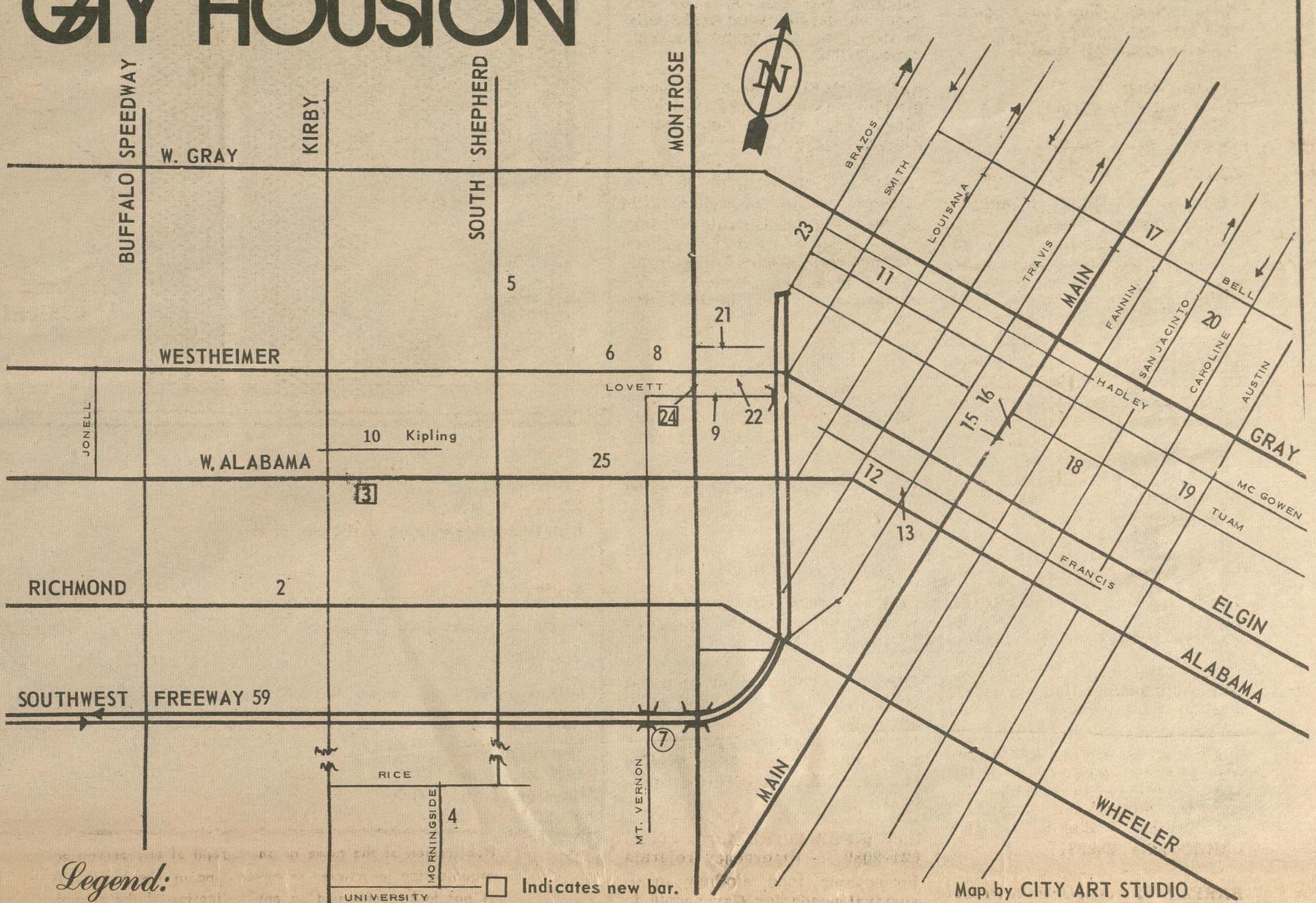
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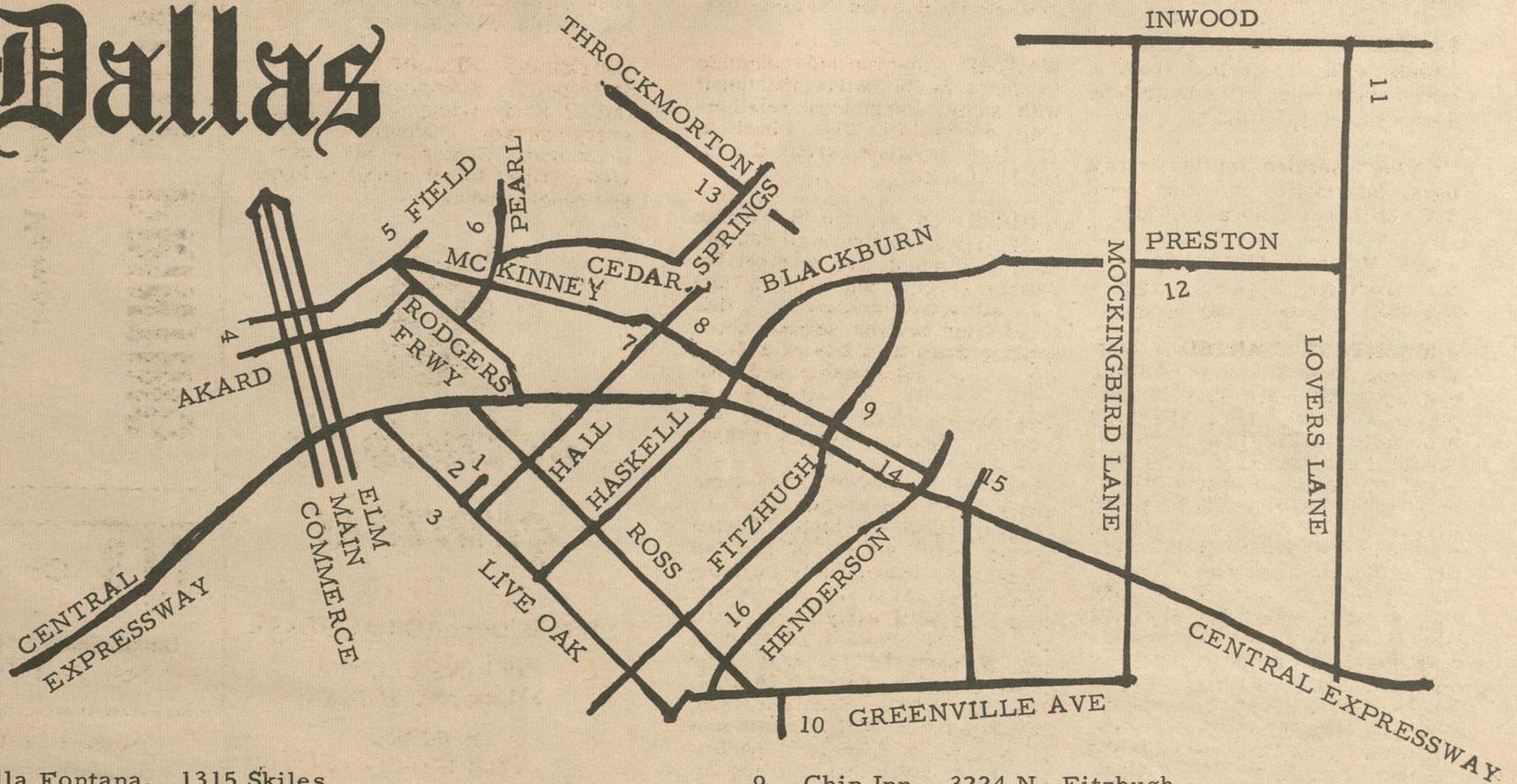
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