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& OUR COMMUNITY

VOLUME 3 NO. 4 APRIL 1972 HOUSTON, TEXAS

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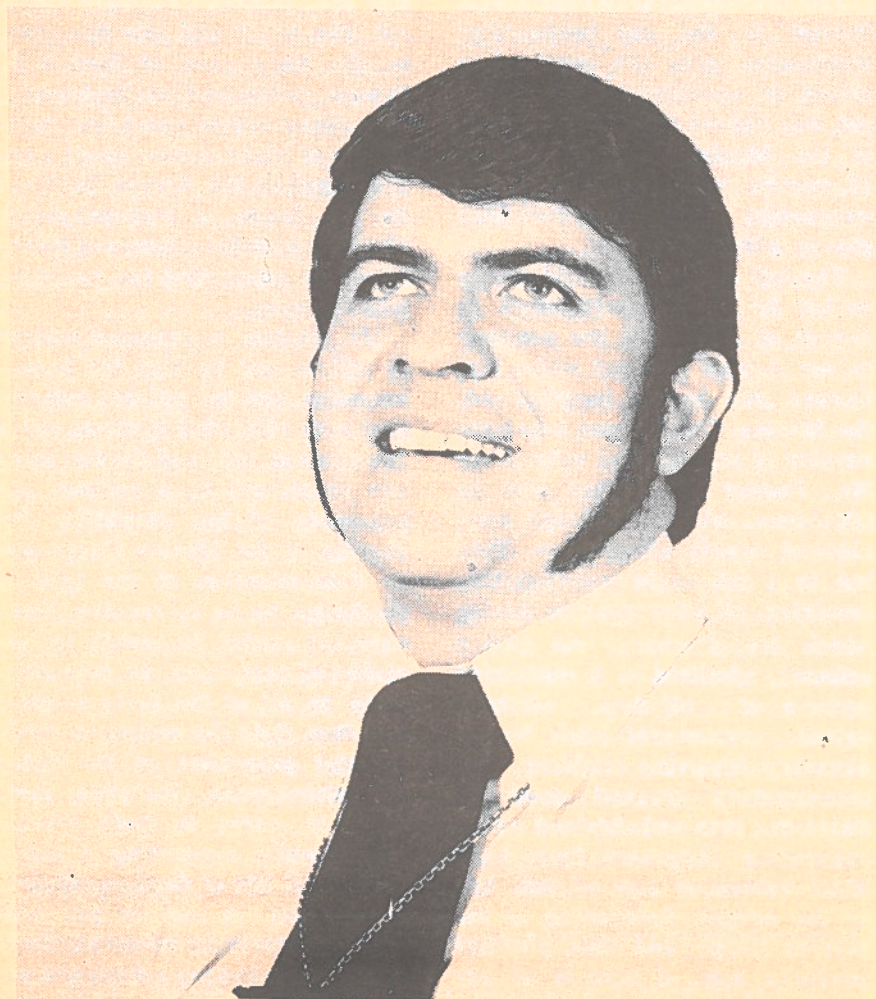
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# NUNTIVS

VOLUME 3 NO. 4

APRIL 1972

HOUSTON, TEXAS



The Reverend Troy Perry will be in Dallas to speak to the Dallas MCC on April 25.

## TROY PERRY WILL APPEAR

Reverend Troy Perry, nationally known and charismatic founder of the Metropolitan Community Church, Los Angeles Church, and country wide Fellowships, will speak in Dallas, Tuesday April 25. Sponsored by the Dallas MCC, the location of the special service will be announced at a later date.

The Dallas Church has been having capacity crowds at their regular services, Sunday nights at 7:30 pm in the Normandy Chapel of the First Unitarian Church at Preston Road.

As Reverend Perry drew a capacity crowd on his previous visit in the Normandy chapel, it is apparent that these facilities will not be sufficiently large enough for his second appearance.

The Church is presently seeking to negotiate a possible location large enough to accommodate the expected turnout.

Information on the time and place of Troy Perry's Dallas visit was not available to OUR COMMUNITY at press time, but will be available through the Dallas MCC. Spokesmen urged visitors to come early for service and to be assured of having a seat.

## T V Fights City Hall

Born Richard Anthony Mayes twenty five years ago.

Richard Anthony Mayes is a 25-year-old woman trapped in a man's body. Mayes prefers to be called Toni and dresses, acts, and carries herself as a woman. The City of Houston has an ordinance which makes wearing clothes of the opposite sex illegal.

Toni has been arrested three times in the past few months and

has pled no contest to the charge. She is currently appealing one of her convictions to the county court and pending the judges decision will continue to appeal the case until every possible action is taken to get this law stricken from the records.

Larry Sauer, Toni's attorney, says the ordinance is vague and could be taken to mean almost any piece of clothing. The case is

# HAIR CAST NOT GUILTY

## Nude Scene Not Obscene

by Chris Lee  
Staff Reporter

Gay Hayne and Michael Anthony were arrested on March 9 for their nudity in one of the scenes from the GBI production of "Hair". The arresting officers, members of the Vice squad, told Judge C. R. Judice that they watched the couple sing a song and then embrace each other, in the nude.

Before defence council, Charles Tullis, could present the defence, Judice ruled that the findings of higher courts is that nudity in itself is no longer synonymous with obscenity. The case against the two young people was dismissed.

The show which opened last summer at the Gay Boy international on Westheimer is now playing the Pavillion on the Square, 311 Travis. The show enjoyed a long run at the G. B. I. with no police action. The same two were arrested in Dallas at the Bayou Landing on January 18 for the

Joe Anthony producer of the show is now seeking a federal injunction to restrain the Houston Police from arresting Mike and Gay for the same violation. Judge Woodrow Seals is expected to issue the order in the near future. Anthony pointed out "that police could arrest the cast members for violat-

ions of other laws but after the restraining order is issued they cannot arrest the cast members for the nude scene."

### HAIR IN DALLAS

By Phil Jansen

On Wednesday, March 29, Judge Ellis ruled in favor of the Bayou Landing's production of HAIR. He based his decision on the famous Supreme Court ruling of a number of years back that "nudity per se is not obscene."

City fathers of Dallas had never allowed a national company of HAIR to play Dallas before, although it has been enjoyed by audiences in major cities all over the world. The show first opened in New York in 1968 and is still playing on Broadway.

HAIR bills itself as a "folk-rock-love-musical" and is about a tribe of kids who smoke pot, hate war, burn their draft cards, enjoy an infinite variety of sex, and question long established values. It advocates peace and love, which of course makes many people uncomfortable. For this reason the famous nude scene (which is tame by contemporary entertainment standards, and lasts less than a minute) is seized upon for police action.

This was the case Tuesday, January 18th when police arrested two nude performers and the bar's manager at intermission. None of the Bayou Landing's patrons were arrested nor were any harassed. More than 250 of those witnessing the show and the arrests signed a pledge to testify for HAIR in the event they were needed.

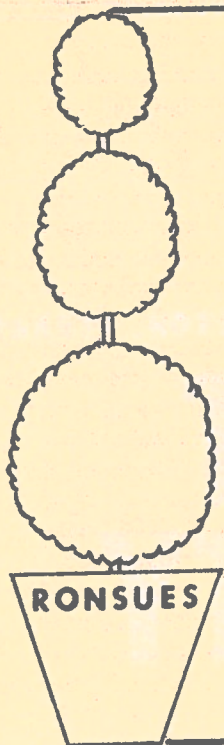
Dennis Sisk, owner of the Bayou Landing placed a federal injunction and a six million dollar suit against the city and state police. Despite the Bayou Landing's victory in Judge Ellis' court, this suit will not be dropped. And HAIR will return early this spring.



RICHARD ANTHONY MAYES

being appealed on the grounds that the ordinance fails to specify what clothing is prohibited. The fact that Toni is a woman in a





# EVERYONE'S FUN HOUSE

## PRESENTS

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FEMALE IMPERSONATION:  
SONG, DANCE, SATIRE AND  
RECORD PANTOMINE !

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mans body and only wants to live life as she is has no legal grounds. This law has plagued many female impersonators in Houston and has been used on many occasions to keep "those queers from fooling men who think they are real women", as one Houston policeman put it.

Toni is trying to raise the money to have a sex change operation and in the meantime continues to live the life she feels she is entitled to.

When asked how she is paying for the court fight she replied that

she did not have any funds to fight the case but would appreciate any and all help she could get. She commented to this reporter that during her last arrest on Monday April 3, the police were more than nice to her. That outside having to undress before two officers, she was treated very kindly, the police brought her cokes and she was put in a cell by herself and given a mattress. She wore her dress during the entire time that she was in jail and left the police station in the same attire.

## GAY MARINE FIGHTS CORPS

The public and the communications media are invited to a public Marine Corps Administrative Discharge Board hearing at the Quantico Marine Corps Base, in the case of Lance Corporal Jeffrey Arthur Dunbar. Mr. Dunbar is "accused" of private, consensual, adult, off-duty, off-base homosexual acts (horrors!!)

It is intended to convert the case (which originated with a letter found by Navy investigators during a typically illegal search of Mr. Dunbar's wallet) into a direct, frontal challenge to the Marine

Corps' benighted, medieval, un-American, unconstitutional, policies and regulations which, were it possible to implement them with regard to all Marines to whom they actually apply, would decimate the Marine Corps. The Marine Corps itself will be put on trial rather than Mr. Dunbar.

Both the Commandant of the Marine Corps and the Secretary of the Navy have been asked to appear as witnesses, to provide information about and justification for their harshly punitive, exclusionary policies in regard to homosexuals and homosexuality. The

Marine Corps is resisting their appearance; obviously because there is no justification for these policies, and the testimony of these witnesses would make that clear. One or more ex-Marines, honorably discharged, will probably appear as witnesses to testify to the high incidence of homosexuality and homosexual activity in the Corps.

The hearing has been widely publicized in the gay community; Washington gays are expected to attend in considerable numbers. old, has served honorably and well in the Marine Corps for some 19 months, with a service record warranting a fully Honorable Discharge without question.

Through an illegal search of his wallet by Navy investigators (a search of a kind all too common in our Armed Forces) while Mr. Dunbar was briefly hospitalized, the Marine Corps came into possession of an unmailed letter from Mr. Dunbar to another man in Oklahoma, which the Corps considered overly affectionate. This led to a full-scale investigation, involving an interrogation during which Mr. Dunbar, not having counsel, admitted to a continuing pattern of off-duty, off-base private, consensual adult homosexuality involving civilians. The investigators tracked down the Oklahoma man and obtained a corroborating statement from him. What relevancy any of this has to the proper functioning of the Marine Corps, and what possible business any of this is of any agency at all of the United States government has never been made clear---obviously because it has no relevancy and is none of their business.

As a result, Mr. Dunbar is now faced with the totally needless anguish, travail, and expense of an Administrative Discharge Board hearing which, under existing regulations, is almost certain to result in an Undesirable Discharge or a General Discharge Under Honorable Conditions, either one of which will totally needlessly disable him for the remainder of his life, throwing him into "the human trash heap" by rendering him permanently unemployable or underemployable, and subjecting him to other permanent disadvantages. Feeling, correctly, the Marine Corps' loss through any discharge of any kind at any time is greater than his, but willing to go if the idiots who run the Marine Corps feel so strongly about the matter, and having become disillusioned with a Marine Corps which makes issues out of trivia of this kind, Mr. Dunbar has offered to accept an early, fully - unqualifiedly - Honorable Discharge, without a hearing or other demur or challenge, on the ground that "if you don't want a man, let him go, but don't ruin the remainder of his life in the process". The Marine Corps, rabidly fanatical to the bitter end, and apparently scared to death of its "masculine" image, has refused this eminently

reasonable offer.

Therefore Mr. Dunbar has decided to fight this entire procedure and the barbaric, irrational, outmoded policies behind it, as far as necessary, including the U. S. Supreme Court, if need be.

The National Capital Area affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union is supporting the case and will supply civilian Counsel to join Mr. Dunbar's military Counsel. The ACLU will join this case, to the Navy case of Ronald L. Stinson, publicized last September, in a class-action court test case, the first class-action court case filed against the Armed Services on the issue of homosexuality. The Gay Activist Alliance of Washington is supporting and assisting with the case.

Mr. Dunbar is expected neither to affirm nor to deny his homosexuality and the private consensual acts with adult civilians which are alleged, but to claim that these are irrelevant to a rational assessment of his eligibility for service in the Marine Corps and to determination of the type of discharge he is to receive. However, in order to create an uncluttered test case, he may stipulate to all of the facts alleged, and then fight the matter on fundamental principles of the rights of homosexuals, including their right to serve in their Marine Corps while conducting a social and sexual life of their own choice, in parallel to and on par with their heterosexual fellow Marines. The hearing and any subsequent appeals will be used to create public forums out of Board rooms and courtrooms, for placing on trial not Mr. Dunbar but the Marine Corps and its bigoted, backward, benighted, unconstitutional policies, practices, and regulations in regard to homosexuals and homosexuality --- policies which are a disgrace to the Marine Corps and a discredit to a country which considers itself civilized.

It is estimated that some 10% of our Servicemen and women, in all services, Marine, Navy, Army and Air Force, at all ranks, officers and enlisted personnel both, are homosexual and always have been without perceptible adverse effect. It is also well known that many, many more than that 10% --- probably a majority --- enjoy homosexual acts, in one role or another, from time to time, and always have, without perceptible adverse effect. Ex-Marines with many years of service will be brought in as witnesses to testify to the high prevalence of homosexuality and homosexual acts in the Marine Corps and on the part of Marines. A letter from the Director of the "Kinsey Institute" attesting to some of these facts may be submitted in evidence.

Nevertheless, some 2700 lives per year -- about 50% of them from the Marine Corps and the Navy -- are ruined by military proceedings such as this one, to the detriment of Service, government, country, and society, and

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in the interest of no one except the enemies of our country. As indicated, the Navy and the Marine Corps are particularly fanatical in this regard.

The Mattachine Society of Washington assists in a sizable number of cases involving homosexuality or allegations of homosexuality on the part of Service men and women, including both the more traditional type of case in which (as in this case) the Service initiates the action, and the very rapidly-growing number of cases in which homosexual Service personnel, dissatisfied with second-class military status (under which they may have no social or sexual life to their liking at all for the entire duration of their Service career, at risk of harsh and permanent penalty) are initiating discharge actions on their own by declaring their homosexuality. It is noted, in passing, that the largest number of both classes of cases, incontrovertibly clear that if any one branch of the Service is the homosexual haven, it is the Marine Corps.

When that is combined with a significant predilection on the part of Marine Corps members, well known in the homosexual community, to play the receptor ("passive", "female") role in sodomy, it is clear that the public image so assiduously cultivated by the Marine Corps does not quite coincide with reality.

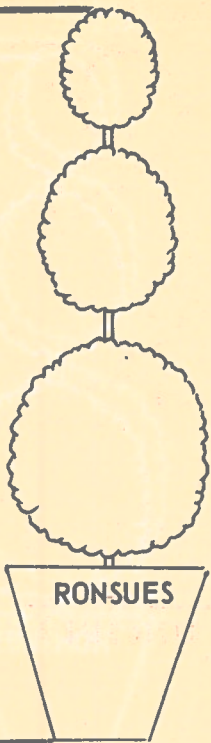
This case is another in the increasingly-intense, steadily-escalating offensive being waged by the homosexual community against the discriminatory and exclusionary policies of our Federal government. A similar case (Navy) is currently proceeding in Italy. Our next one at Quantico is all lined up, ready to be fed into the works as soon as the Dunbar case is out of the way. It is to be expected that the Services will be inundated with a flood of such cases in the next year or so. One of our goals is to clog the administrative and judicial machinery totally, with 2700 (or more) Discharge Board hearings per year, for homosexuality, followed by as many court cases. It is expected that the case-load will soon be augmented by civilians attempting to enlist, declaring their homosexuality, being refused, and going to court.

Apparently, our wonderful Marine Corps has nothing better to do than to use its time, energies, manpower, and funds, needlessly to harass, persecute, and destroy our own citizens. Obviously if the Marine Corps has such an excess of these resources, and is so badly misusing them, it should be reduced in size. The Marine Corps is not doing anything worthwhile these days any, except to brutalize us all, and seems long ago to have outlived its usefulness; let's just eliminate it completely as a bad job. If this case is any indication

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of what it is wasting its time and resources on, elimination would be no great loss to anyone and a considerable gain to the country and to the taxpayers.

# GAY PRISONER NEEDS HELP

do so write to Governor Askew, Governor of the State of Florida, requesting that his case be transferred from the Parole Commission to the Board of Pardons so that he can obtain his freedom. It seems the Parole Commission has

a thing about NOT granting parole to gay people because they are gay!

Brother Dorman believes that, if he can have his case transferred in the above stated manner, he will be able to obtain his freedom. The bigger question, of course, is what is he doing in prison in the first place? The still bigger question is what kind of society is it that will send a man or woman to prison for loving a member of the same sex?

You might want to note that our brother has been 'highly' recommended for parole by his classification team and psychological department. . . . . which is rather unusual considering the rather unusual considering the "oppression" reaped on the Gay community by the institution of psychiatry.

If nothing else, perhaps you can drop a line to Governor Askew in Rev. Dormans behalf.

For additional information write Rev. William J. Dorman #011252, P. O. BOX 221: East Unit, Raiford, Florida.

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The Southern Gay Liberator, P. O. Box 1054, Delray Beach, Fla., 33444 received a letter from Rev. William J. Dorman requesting the help of the Gay Movement. Brother Dorman is interned/imprisoned in the East Unit of the Florida State Prison in Raiford, Florida, for being Gay and Proud. He is serving a thirty year sentence on "sodomy" charges. His request is that those in a position to

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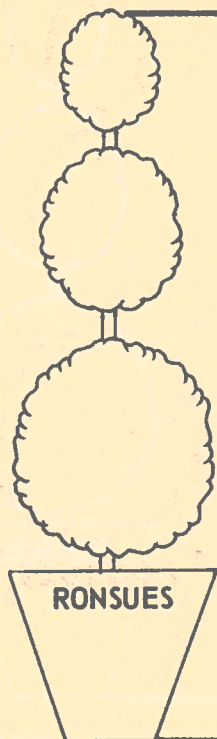
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CINDY



SEXY &amp; BEAUTIFUL

## GAY DEATH AT CALIFORNIA PRISON

Vacaville, Cal. -- Westley Ashmore, a 25 year old gay prisoner of the California State Medical Facility at Vacaville, was found hanging by the neck in his cell on Feb. 25. Westley, or "Little Bit", as his gay brothers in the Jenner Homosexual Unit at Vacaville called him, was pronounced dead some 30 minutes later by the prison phy-

sician. Because of the unusual circumstances of his death, a fellow inmate and friend of Ashmore has filed a complaint in the Solano County Superior Court requesting a hearing in which he will present evidence alleging that Ashmore's suicide attempt was the result of cruel treatment and neglect by the staff of the Vacaville facility. Se-

veral inmates have written letters and affidavits supporting the position of Donald Stay, the inmate filing the petition.

Prisoners' accounts do not differ greatly on the circumstances surrounding the death: Ashmore was discovered at approximately 8:10 p.m., hanging from the vent in his room by a rope made from torn sheets. Guards had nothing to use to cut him down until Stay threw them a package of razor blades. When a portable resuscitator arrived approximately 15 minutes later, none of the guards reportedly knew how to operate the machine. Stay reports that he told the guard that he had been trained to operate the machine and to handle emergency life-saving operations such as the one called for, but they would not let him out of his cell to give assistance. One guard allegedly tried to revive Ashmore through mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but failed. The prison doctor arrived approximately 30 minutes later, according to the accounts of several prisoners and could do nothing but pronounce Ashmore dead.

Ashmore was arrested in Ventura Co., Calif. in 1967 and charged with 6 counts of oral copulation (section 288a of the Calif. Penal Code). The charges were reduced, leading to a conviction for "Lewd and Lascivious Conduct", a felony in California punishable from one year to life imprisonment. Westley was sentenced in May 1967 at the age of 19. In each of the past three years he was reportedly denied parole because of "immoral conduct" charges (CDC 115) in his prison record. The last such charge is listed in the prison guards' records on January 1, 1972. His parole board hearing took place this year on Feb. 23, two days before his death. Other prisoners report he was told that he would not be eligible for parole again this year because of the "immoral conduct" charges in his record. According to prisoners' accounts, this last charge was entered after a guard had found Ashmore and another prisoner in a "compromising position" in the showers.

After being denied parole, Ashmore was reportedly very depressed, and tried to arrange conferences with his case manager and other Vacaville personnel. He was refused a conference twice on the day of his death, according to the various prisoners' accounts. Stay's affidavit says that in his depression Ashmore went to Custody officers to try to have them "help him and lock him up for his own good". Stay goes on to report that Ashmore returned from the Custody office saying that the officers "would not help him and 'fuck it'."

If Donald Stay is granted a hearing in Solano Co. Superior Court, he will bring other witnesses to give their testimony of the incident, signed affidavits, evidence and records to the effect that im-

prisonment in the Jenner Homosexual Unit constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment".

Stay's petition further charges that the Jenner staff is prejudice towards gays and discriminates against them in work assignments, housing and other programs, and that the "medical department ... has failed to respond to several emergency situations in the homosexual unit". The "cruel and unusual punishment" charge appears to be grounded partly in the allegation that prisoners get sent to solitary confinement for masturbation and similar trivial infractions of the prison rules. Finally, Stay's affidavit states that cell windows in the Homosexual Unit are covered with steel plates so that prisoners will not be able to see each other. The affidavit alleges that these plates put the inmates in depressing situations, "for he is treated like an animal and not a human being".

Prison officials have called in the Solano County District Attorney and have taken a homicide suspect into custody. One prisoner has written that this tactic is designed to cover up the irresponsible behavior of the Vacaville staff in their neglect of Ashmore and his needs. The same brother writes: "I believe that the prisoners Union should offer immediate legal support for the suspect in custody, or for the person who is being charged falsely for this murder, and that charges should be brought against the real murderers. This is a specific case which represents the best interest of the convicted class".

The San Francisco Radical Gay Caucus has called for a demonstration at Vacaville on Saturday, March 25th. Further details, with documents, will be printed in the new issue (No. 12) of San Francisco's gay liberation newspaper Gay Sunshine. Call 824-3184 for details.

**NEW MCC**  
in  
**OKLAHOMA**

A mission of MCC has started in Oklahoma City. It has been authorized by the National Board of Home Missions of the Fellowship. The mission is headed by Rev. Bob Evans from MCC/Los Angeles. Mailing address is: 1124 N. W. 80th, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112, or call 405/842-4519.



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Frank,

Last month I wrote to your office and explained my present situation and asked if it would be possible to receive issues of the Nuntius free of charge. Today when we had mail call at the prison I was elated to receive the February issue of the Nuntius. Since no letter accompanied the newspaper, I am unsure whether you intend to continue sending future issues while I am in prison or not.

I would, however, like to thank you sincerely for your generosity. Your newspaper is the first contact I have had with gay society since October 1970 and I greatly appreciate it. Your reply has partially renewed my faith in gay society.

Presently I am serving a ten year sentence for robbery here at the Atmore Prison Farm in Atmore, Alabama. I have been incarcerated since October 1970 and am scheduled to go before the parole board in October 1974. Ordinarily, I would have been placed on probation because of the slightness of this particular crime. But, believing in confidence between attorney and client, I told him that I was a practicing homo-

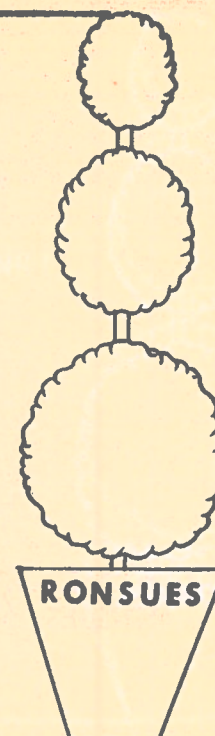
sexual. When I appeared in court I discovered that my attorney had passed this information on to the presiding judge and district attorney. The judge refused to place me on probation because I was gay. So here I am in prison and the other person involved in the seven dollar robbery was never even brought to court. If I had any type of support from family or fellow gays perhaps this situation could have been avoided. But most didn't even care enough to answer my letters when I wrote.

Although prison has been a bad experience for me, in ways it has been good. I have learned a great deal about myself, about living, and about being gay. In my opinion, gay society will never accomplish a thing or progress until the people learn to band together and help one another. I always felt that living gay was a means of expressing love and that's the way I try to live. If every homosexual would take time to evaluate his life and learn the true qualities of love and respond to them, our society could be a beautiful place to live. For anyone interested, the virtues of love are found

CHELSEY ST. JOHN



FORM, FACE, AND FIGURE



in I Corinthians 13:1-13.

If each and every homosexual had to spend just six months in prison I would guarantee a definite change for the better in our society and the individuals. In many respects gay society in prison is quite different from free gay society. The basic difference being that it is a close knit society where people really care about one another.

I hope you will print this letter in your next issue and send me a copy when you do. Perhaps some will start remembering the fellow gays in prison and renew contact, so that they, like me, will not have to exist almost two years without a single word from the gay society they were once a part of. Prison is a lonely place, and even a letter from a blank stranger is a welcomed sight.

Once more I would like to thank you for giving me a glimpse of what's happening now. I will certainly be looking forward to receiving future issues. May the lord bless and keep you. You may print my full name in your paper.

Sincerely Yours,

Kenneth Neil Davidson

P.S. If it would be of interest to you and your readers, I would like to write some articles on what gay life in prison is like and about some of the more humorous happenings here. I can also provide photos. Please let me know by letter if you would be interested in such an article.

Kenneth Neil Davidson  
Atmore Prison Farm  
Route 2, Box 38  
Atmore, Alabama 36502

Dear Ken,

We would very much like to have your articles as there are too few of us that really know what goes on "behind walls".

I don't personally have the time to carry on a correspondence but perhaps some of your friends from the LA BOHEME will read this and let "PEACHES" hear from them! How about it Dennis?

Editor

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

A friend of mine in New York City sent me a copy of the Nuntius just a very short time ago and I found that I enjoyed your paper very much.

I do not know if you give free subscriptions to gays in prison or not but as I am not able to pay for a subscription I thought I would write and ask. I have been in prison here in Washington for three years and have seven more to go. I can receive mail from anyone and would really like to hear from some of my gay brothers and sisters outside.

I hope that you can send me a free subscription to your paper.

Thank you very very much ---

Roger Benson

#118689

P. O. Box 520

Walla Walla, Wash.  
99362

Dear Roger,

You are on our mailing list.

Editor

Dear Sir,

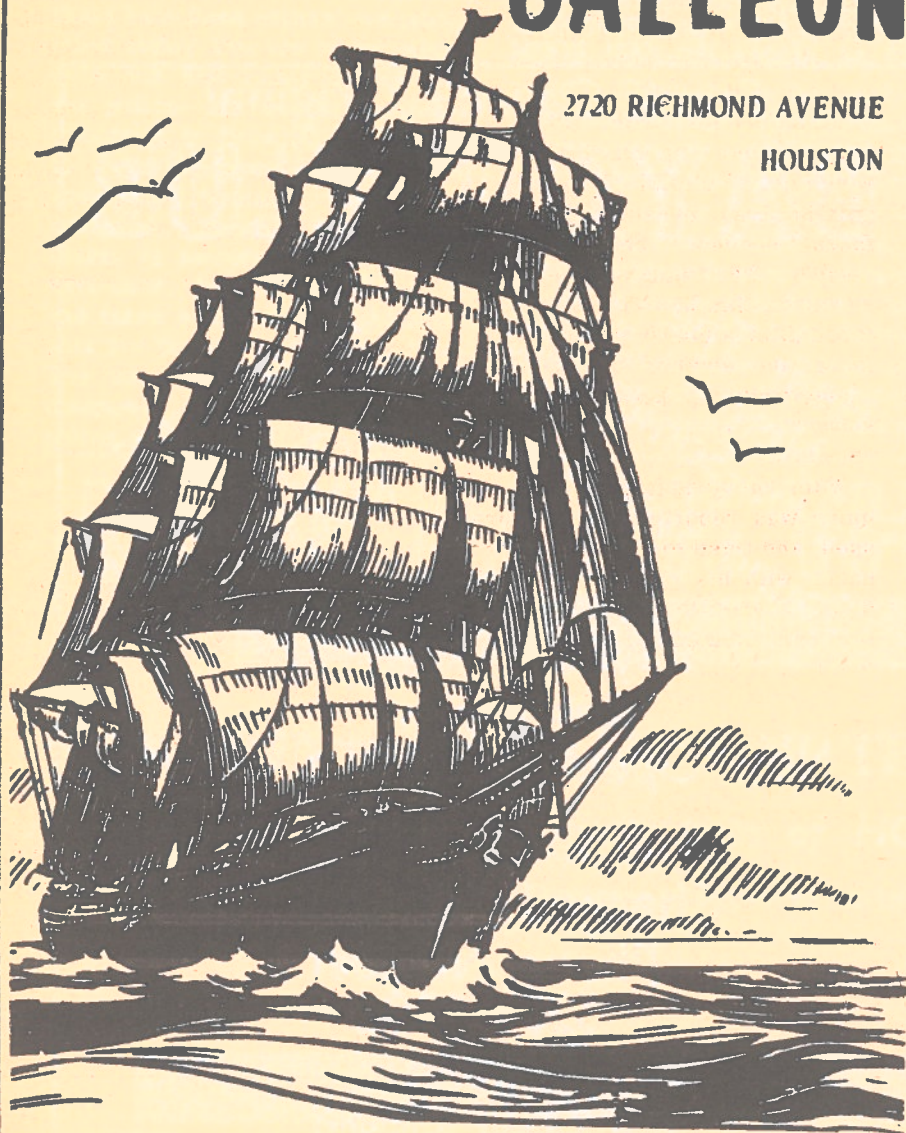
In light of the Presidents council's report on marijuana and dangerous drugs, the President decided to make his well known stand on grass known again "I don't care who tells me it is all right to smoke marijuana. It won't be legalized." Out of some compelling desire to identify with the President the district attorneys in Texas largest cities both came out with anti-grass statements. Carol Vance, Houston District Attorney stated that, "even if it were legalized in Washington that it would never be legal in Texas." Is it not about time that Mr. Vance realized that he is not being paid to make-up laws but to enforce the laws that come out of Austin, or could it be he knows the way government operates in Texas and the chance of getting marijuana reduced to a misdemeanor is very slim.

Pot smokers should take heart because that person in Austin, Governor Smith has had a sudden change of heart and stated that he

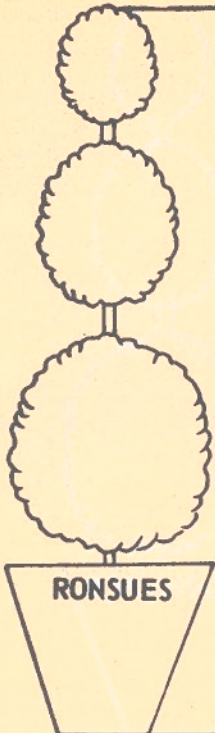
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# MADAM FERTILIZER



MOTHER TO DRAG: FRIEND TO ALL

now felt that the law should be changed to make possession of the "vile weed" less of a crime. Many feel that this is an improvement after he stated that it would be a cold day in hell before he recommended that the law be changed shortly after beginning his last term in office. Perhaps after the governors tangle with the law he has changed his attitude towards law reform. In California the state's attorney general made a statement that he felt that the private use of marajuana should be legalized and the only thing he had seen about marajuana was that it wasn't harmful. Again in the

good state of California some of our brothers on the coast at S.I.R. have passed a resolution favoring the California drive to legalize the "happy weed." According to our report the debate was hot and heavy but the resolution passed by a margin of 50 to 8.

The most important thing to remember about grass is that it is illegal and you could spend some time in jail for being in possession of the stuff. so keep it cool. Go with the flow and dig the show.

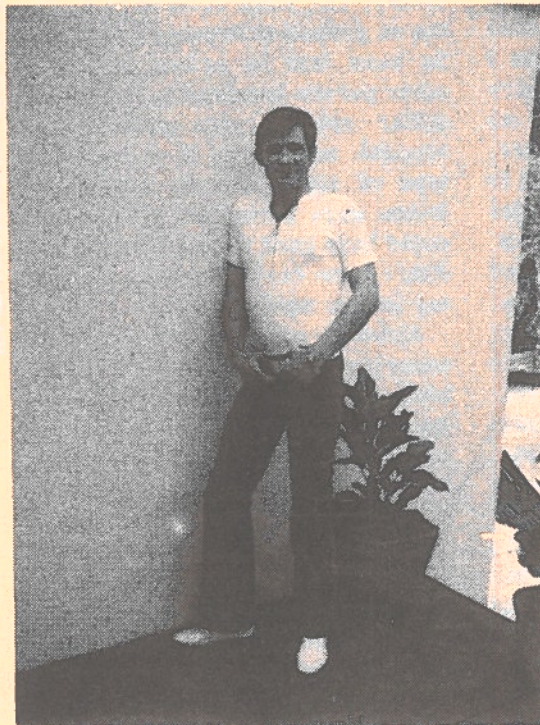
The Freek

Dear Freek,  
To each his own!  
Editor



"...Hi there!"

## RR chatter



OUR COVER BOY - SEE IT IN THE FLESH AT THE RR

The Cover Picture is of JAY, one of the bartenders at Houston's Show Bar, the RED ROOM.

JAY works evenings and always has a personal friendly smile as well as a great drink for the patrons of this popular spot.

The RED ROOM will have as guest star on the 16th of this month Madam Fertilizer from Ronsue's in Dallas. This is a Houston first and as always the RED ROOM

has the top bill for entertainment and the best show in town.

"Big George" and Tiffany Jones make every effort to bring the best in talent to the stage for your enjoyment. Tiffany is doing a tour of Florida and Georgia doing shows in Miami and Atlanta but will be back by the time you read the Nuntius.

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# LARRY TOWNSEND SPEAKS OUT

**STATEMENT BY LARRY TOWNSEND, ON BEHALF OF TGA/H.E.L.P. TO THE LOS ANGELES POLICE COMMISSION, MARCH 15, 1972.**

The last time I appeared before this Commission, I did not realize that you held as a matter of policy to the heresay rule. In accordance with this, I would like to give you a short, general statement, and this will be followed by several eyewitness accounts--some of them by individual victims of the police malpractices which I shall attempt to outline. I should also like to advise this Commission of the response that these actions by Los Angeles Police officers have generated within the Homosexual Community. I think these will also be of interest to you.

Although I wish to concentrate my testimony on police behavior in bars, particularly those business establishments belonging to the H.E.L.P. Tavern & Guild Association, located within the geographic bounds of the Rampart Division, I would like first to interject a personal statement: I am a resident of the City of Los Angeles; I grew up here, went through high school in West L.A., graduated from UCLA and did my graduate work at Cal State Los Angeles. I have owned a \$60,000 home in the Hollywood Hills for approximately eight years; I pay annual property taxes on just under \$1600. During these eight years, there have been several occasions when either I or one of my neighbors has had cause to summon the police--for traffic accidents occurring in front of our homes, to report hopped-up kids or a rampage, because the burglar alarm is sounding on the house--next-door. In each instance, it had taken a minimum of 50 minutes for the police car to arrive. The excuse for this is lack of manpower, heavy traffic on the police switchboard, etc. Yet, this

same police department has sufficient manpower to send teams of plainclothes officers into known gay bars, to have these officers spend several hours in the bars--drinking at taxpayer expense, while they listen for some unsuspecting homosexual to make a remark which can result in a misdemeanor arrest for "lewd conduct." As a substantial taxpayer in this city I feel that my hard-earned tax dollars could be far better expended. I would much rather see a few black-and-whites patrolling Sunset Plaza Drive and the hill area of Hollywood Blvd., for instance, and to have the LAPD make at least a minimal attempt to keep my street from becoming California's answer to the Indianapolis 500 . . . as it does become on weekend nights during the warm weather.

I am hopeful that this summer will see a shift in police priorities . . . that police manpower will be utilized in neighborhoods such as mine to protect the property of my neighbors and myself as we are paying you to protect us! I see no reason at all for the bigotry and unreasoned hatred on the part of a few police officers and officials to divert the allegedly limited resources of the Department into the extravagant, wasteful processes of harassment that are going to be presented in that are going to be presented in evidence today.

Nor do I feel that the time-honored excuse of "simply enforcing the statue law" is in any way valid. There is no law against being homosexual. There are laws making certain specific acts illegal felonies, whether committed by people of the same or opposite sex. Yet, these things seldom if ever take place in bars . . . certainly not in the establishments belonging to the H.E.L.P. Tavern Guild. What these officers are looking for are verbal indiscretions, which many times must be

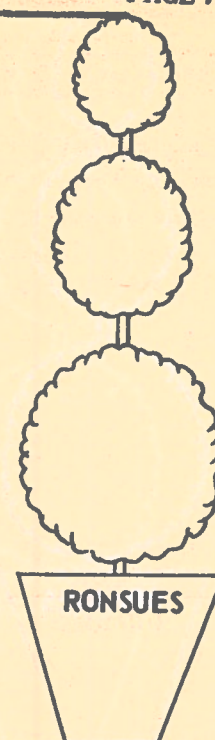
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elicited by long hours of encouragement and trickery. Statements such as, "Would you like to come by my place for a cup of coffee?" become interpreted as acts of solicitation. Would the same be true if the identical offer were made by a man to a woman in a heterosexual bar? Even more to the point, would there be a policewoman present in that bar, drinking and encouraging the customers to make advances? This is one of our basic objections . . . the present police policy of inequitable law enforcement. policy of inequitable law enforcement. policy of inequitable law enforcement.

But there are even more gross situations than this. Mrs. Posner is here today, and she will tell you about some really shocking police behavior in the Tiki, a tavern which she owns, located on Sixth Street near Union. Mr. Marin, who is the owner of Paul's Little Cave, will also tell of some extraordinary misconduct-behavior on the part of police officers which would be more at home in Nazi Germany than in our own, supposedly civilized community. But there are only 2 bars represented, because the others are afraid. Afraid! Afraid that if they come here, you people won't do anything and that the harassment will get worse.

The upshot of all this is also disturbing. The Gay Community is

no longer willing to lie down and "take it". The more radical groups are gathering strength and even among our more conservative people--the people who comprise the bulk of our minority--we find an increasingly militant demand that some action be taken. H.E.L.P. has just gone through its annual election, which has resulted in the seating of a new Board of Directors. (I have the honor of being the in-coming President of that group.). My fellow Board members are all business and professional people, property owners, concerned citizens of this city. In order to stave off any irresponsible responses by others in our Community, we have been forced to establish a plan of action . . . an alternative should our presentation before this Commission fail to result in some relief.

We are prepared to place monitors in every bar where these acts of harassment occur . . . monitors of unblemished repute who will later be able to testify in court as to what actually transpired. H.E.L.P. is further prepared to pick up the legal expenses of any person arrested in one of these harassment situations and to defend that person on a plea of "not guilty" and to carry the case as far as it can go. We have frequently met with the frustrating situation of having the police department inform us that

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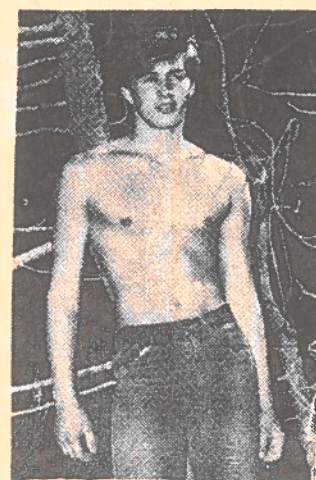
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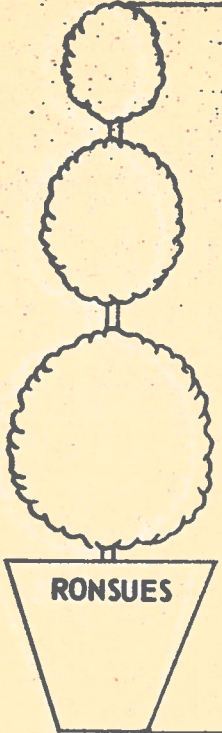
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MR. LYNETTE

the raids on our bars were the result of some anonymos complaints --this assertion accompanied by the sergeant's spreading his hands and asking "What can I do? We have to answer every complaint we receive".

H.E.L.P. is prepared to send other teams of observers-again, business and professional people-into the heterosexual bars in the neighborhoods of our own establishments, to have these observers keep dossiers of behavior within these bars, and to file a nightly series of complaints with the Rampart Division. We'll give them enough complaints to keep their investigators busy!

Now, these are the actions we have resolved to take in the immediate future. We have the backing of several thousand people in this, and we have a staff of attorneys to support us. This will have to be our answer if someone does

not listen to us here!

I might conclude by reiterating a portion of my previous statement: At the present time, the Gay Rights Movement in the Los Angeles Area is in the hands of responsible people who will work only within the established system to bring about the changes that MUST come. It is foolish and ridiculous for any government agency -- police or otherwise -- to attempt to perpetuate a condition of unreasonable prejudice. Church groups legal and medical associations, professional groups all over the state have expressed their concern and their support for our position. The archaic sex laws are under determined attack on the legislature, and have already been repealed in several other states. Our larger gay organizations are being approached by major political candidates, seeking our support and promis-



Stand back folks, The Performing Arts Scene is running wide open this month. As I wound up preparing the notes for this month's activities I found there were five full pages of them. Consequently the column this month will be more calander than comment.

Dean Goss's Dinner Theatre will open a rousing new comedy this month. Announced as "What's so Bad About Living With A Stranger" the original title was "Here Lies Jeremy Troy". It's classified as a comedy for general audiences and is scheduled for a two month run. Kevin Cooney stars with Bob Marich and Pat LaSalle. Previews are April 4, 5, 7 6th with the champagne opening set for the 7th.

The Windmill Dinner Theatre continues with the Neil Simon Winner "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers". That's good through April 23rd and well worth seeing.

Then, in a fine display of courage, the Bill McHale production of "Fiddler on the Roof" opens April 25th. We are anxious to see this production as two previous attempts by other dinner theatres have failed. Mr. McHale will cast eight Houstonians for chorus work prior to the opening. Watch the dailys for word of that.

The Bard of Avon will reach The Alley with "The Taming of The Shrew" come April 13th. Look for another fine production by Houston's Foremost Theatre Company. On display during the run of "Shrew" will be a number of original tapastries by Charles Madden.

C.C. Courtney strikes again with a fine production of Dale Wasserman's "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" based on the novel by Ken Kessey. Described in the local press as "Superb" and "Excellent" we highly recommend this production. It plays Tuesdays through Saturdays at Liberty Hall. Also, appearing at the Hall on April 15, 16 will be Osi Bisa, a seven piece black group from South Africa and the West Indies. They will perform at 7 & 10 both nights.

If you find enjoyment in lavish

ing to make the very changes we seek. It is beyond belief that our police department should refuse to hear and respond to these very minimal demands. It is our sincere hope that this Commission will react with a degree of concern and enlightened awareness. Thank you.

*your hostesses*

*Ricci & Rita*



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spectacles don't miss this year's edition of Holiday on Ice. Always one of the outstanding shows of this genre. I highly recommend attending one of the many performances. It will be at the Coliseum April 18 through the 23rd.

Here's a quick rundown of the "Foley's Critics Choice" Series for the month of April. April 21st will bring a return engagement of "Jesus Christ, Superstar". It will play The Music Hall at 7:30 and 10:00. The multi-talented and thoroughly entertaining Lily Tomlin will perform in Concert April 22nd at The Music Hall. Look to Jones Hall April 30th for an appearance by Ferrante and Teicher. Billed as piano portraits. It will no doubt be another finer performance by the World Renown Piano Duo.

Foley's new series, "Choice Quality Stuff", will bring the popular artist Elton John to Hofheinz Pavillion April 28th. In the same series at the same location will be "Sly and the Family Stone" on the 8th of this month. Add to this an evening with the first edition on April 27th in the Foley's "Sound of the 70's" Series and we know where much of the fine entertainment in Houston comes from this month. A Big Bouquet of Orchids to Foley's.

The Society for the Performing Arts brings the first Moog Quar-

ter to Jones Hall April 8th. Billed as "The Electronic Marvel Which Duplicates Nearly All Sounds", we can expect an evening of the classics, along with some fine pop and rock. Under the auspices of the S.P.A. we find the "Ballet Folklorico of Mexico" at the Music Hall the 15th and 16th of April. It's a unique evening of amusement.

The Chronicle concerts series brings the ever popular Andre Kostelanetz to town. He can be seen with our very fine symphony April 15th.

The Houston Grand Opera brings Jones Hall to life on three nights this month. April 11, 14, and 16th will bring the H.G.O. production of "Tannhauser" to the stage CORRECTION of "Tannhauser" to the stage there. Rapidly becoming one of the foremost Regional Opera Companies in America, the Houston Grand Opera deserves the support of our community.

The most exciting month since the inception of "Comment and Calander" is upon us. Take advantage of any or all of the fine attractions in Houston this month. Remember, without the support of dollars at the box office these types of activities could be a thing of the past. Help the Arts Grow in Houston ....support them actively.

Michael Thomas

## HOT SPRINGS ARK. to host GAY FESTIVAL

Norma (N) Lou Kristie, Miss Arkansas, 1972, will reign over the Gay Spring Festival and May Day Ball in Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas on April 29 through May 6, 1972.

This weeklong event will begin on the evening of April 29 with the spectacular May Day Show, starring Miss Arkansas and her court, runners-up, Miss Hot Springs (Tuna), and Miss El Dorado, (Zondra), and many other beauties from the amateur ranks in this area.

Featured entertainer will be Robert "Stell" Reed, Nationally known female impersonator-stripper, from Hollywood, California.

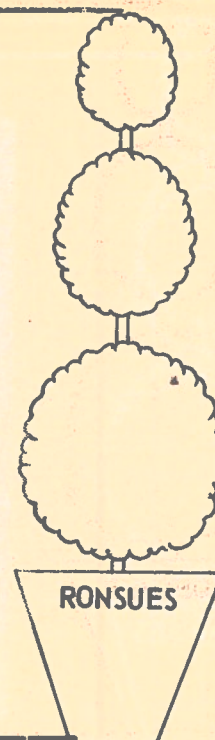
The highlight of the show will be the selection of the May Queen. The contest will be open to all Royal Lion Club members and their guests. Miss Arkansas will crown the new queen, as she is the retiring May Queen.

The following week will be busy with gay activity as the Festival Committee will instigate city-wide clean up campaigns, and possible

### SHERI POWERS



**Titles:**  
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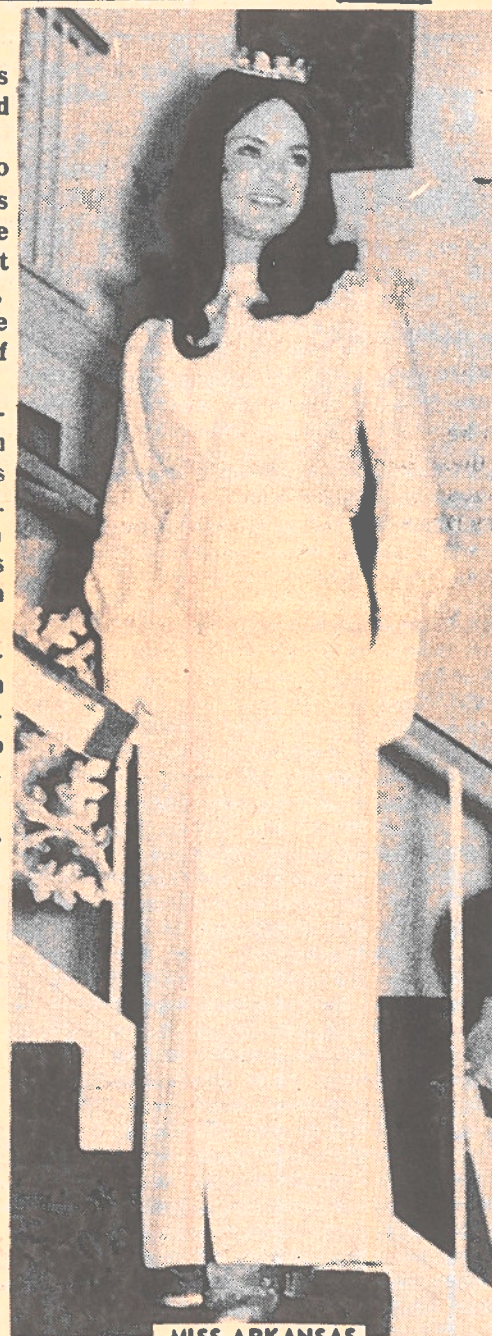
are shows, and open-air concerts focusing on Gay Liberation and Recognition.

The Committee will also organize tour groups for jaunts of scenic interest including the National Park Facilities, the hot springs, playgrounds, lakes, mountain trails and picturesque overlooks surrounding this city of natural wonder.

It should prove to be very interesting that week as gays from all over the South converge on this "home of the thermal waters". These events will place high in competition with other activities for the homophile community in the southern area.

Mercedes and Karen Remond-Bradley, owners of the Royal Lion Club and the Peacock Lounge, extend an invitation to all gays to come and participate in this pre-summer gala.

Although the Royal Lion Club is not open to the general public, Mercedes and Karen invite visitors to the Spa to come by the Peacock Lounge, 220 Central, for introductions and possible invitation to the private club.



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## PART IV

a homophile novel

by William J. Lambert, III

Matthew didn't come on bivouac. He went to sick call.

We marched off to bivouac without him. We put on our packs, our boots, our fatigues and set off down the road. What a cheerful little group we made with our rifles slung across our shoulders and our steel helmets balanced precariously on our heads. We were God's perfect little soldiers singing about Jody and the girl back home, about all sorts of asinine things. One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. We marched down a cement road, turned right, marched along a dirt road through the oak groves and trees stunted by the winds that often swept in from the sea. The day was warm, the dust rising from our trampling feet in great waving billows to choke our lungs, blind our eyes, crust the membranes of our nose. So we sang about that ass hole Jody who was busy f----- our girl, driving our Cadillac, eating our food, wearing our clothes. We were soon chewing all sorts of mud, our faces wearing all sorts of filth. The sergeants kept insisting we sing louder, open our mouths wider to show we had a pair of balls swinging between our legs. We were men, not girls. We might someday be called upon to serve our country - - God help our country when that day arrived - - and we had to be prepared. WE would be the best organized singing Army in the whole world. In the face of grave danger, marching into some new war like a grouping of dispendable guinea pigs out for the slaughter, we would sing as we died - - loud and long. Not about God but about Jody and our girl.

Miss Green wiggled her little ass up the line a few soldiers ahead of me. She wore her helmet perched on her head like it was a new Easter bonnet and she was on parade. She liked the idea of bivouac. She was waiting for the chance to get some fun in the bushes. The little bitch had been screwed so many times it was a wonder she could even walk, but

walk she did with her own little cadence. Her sweet little voice echoed out occasionally when the rest had lowered from exhaustion. It carried out above the din, floated up above the dust: so sweet and angelic.

"Open up that mouth and show me you've got a pair of balls!" some sergeant screamed. If Miss Green ever had any balls, they would have been in her mouth all right. Though how the sergeant knew that would have made interesting reading. They had probably been his balls.

On and on and on and on. We got tired of singing. The sergeants got tired of calling cadence. They gave us route step. We stumbled along at our own leisure. We began to get hotter and thirstier. We began to lag, falling further than the prescribed six-foot interval behind the person in front of us. We had to close up the line which required running. A few people fell out in despair. I passed three people and was almost up with Miss Green. She was jogging along as if nothing in the world could have been more fun.

"God, isn't this the bitch?" she asked. She was filthy but then I didn't have a mirror to check out myself. I, no doubt, looked just as filthy.

"Yea," I said and passed her. I swear to God, the little whore began humming. I passed a few more and then slowed down from pure exhaustion. Sergeants kept yelling for us to speed it up, to close it up, to move it out like a bunch of goddamned cattle.

The mess trucks drove by, trailing a great fury of dirt and dust. In the last truck with their clean fatigues and smiling faces were the "profiles" -- those bastards who had bribed someone in the medical section to give them a slip proclaiming them unfit for prolonged marching, standing, running, or PT. One ugly queer -- Dr. Auntie as she was more popularly known -- would give you the appropriate medical slip after just one short session in her office. I was sure Miss Green was unaware of the existence of Dr. Auntie. Had Miss Green known about Dr. Auntie, Miss Green would have most assuredly been one of those smiling bastards with clean fatigues that waved so cheerily from inside that last mess truck.

I was reaching the point where I was seriously contemplating a trip to the doctor. It was little effort to pull down one's pants and let some ugly old aunt examine your dick at close range. It was a small price to pay for relief

from the tortures of marching, running, jumping, and physical training.

We all walked but really weren't aware that we were walking. We had become machines. We picked up our feet and moved because that was what we had been programmed to do. If we fell out of line we would be put up for ridicule and extra duty. We would find ourselves on the PT field doing pushups while our peers were spread out on their beds with visions of sugar plums dancing through their heads. So we marched: automatic reflex lifted the leg, bent the knee, propelled the body. We moved like mechanical soldiers, moved like we had been wound up. Only we were a bit run down. Someone was going to have to rewind us soon before we came to a complete stop. Even peppy Miss Green had disappeared behind been replaced in line by someone else. I can't remember who it was. All I remember is a grim face covered with sweat and dirty with dust and a mouth that opened to emit two words: "Bull Shit!" I muttered a half-hearted, "Amen" and we marched on through the dust the filth, the heat.

Even the sergeants had shut their damned mouths -- and half of them hadn't even been carrying packs. Their gear had gone forward in the back of the mess trucks.

in the back of the mess trucks with the profiles. It made one feel not so bad when we pulled into our bivouac section to realize that we had made it carrying a full pack while sergeants had difficulty just walking. Such pathetic individuals: Those sergeants with their fat paunches sticking out over their belts, huffing and puffing and wheezing and swearing.

We collapsed exhausted on the ground and watched the sergeants come trailing in. What hypocritical bastards they were! They weren't in condition. They were fat and had red-streaked eyes and livers preserved in pure alcohol. They were training us to be men?

"Pray we don't go to war," someone muttered.

"Amen," came the chorus.

"We're lost if we do," someone else said.

"Amen," came the chorus again.

We all laughed a rather hysterical laugh. To this day I fear war more than I ever feared war before the Army. For in the Army one sees the hopelessness of it all. One sees unqualified instructors trying to make boys into men. How many men will be lost in the next war? How many men helplessly slaughtered because they weren't really trained? The Army doesn't make men. It fails its own motto. I wasn't a man and I wasn't prepared.

We removed our packs and dropped them into the dust. We stripped off our clothes and stood naked in the woods. I caught sight of Miss Green. She had fallen exhausted to the ground and was watching the parade of naked bodies. I imagined her eyes dilated with passion.

The water felt cold as it exited from the pipe above us in one mighty stream. It smashed against our bodies, numbed our senses, splattered to the far corners of the area. It was one of the pipes they used to fill trucks with water. It was our shower and we walked through it, coming out the other end in ground two feet thick with mud. We circled back to our equipment, dug fresh shorts and socks from our packs.

Miss Green was off behind a bush getting dressed. Her streak of modesty, her retreat behind cover to put on her clothes always seemed so stupid. It was rumored that even in her most intimate moments she insisted the lights be turned out. She never removed her shorts until after getting into bed. No one seemed to know when Miss Green took her showers. No one seemed to care. Miss Green was the company mascot and as long as she didn't stink who gave a damn when she showered.

I was paired off with Bookworm. I really still knew very little about him. Since our meeting at the recruiting main station and the resulting train ride, I had talked with him only occasionally. I had known him for four weeks before even

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coming to realize his name was Peter Beckett. Though he had a fondness for near-pornographic literature -- he brought along a copy of SEXUS on bivouac -- he also insisted he was fond of the classics. He seemed shy. He said very little to even those with whom he had gone through the ordeal at the recruiting main station. He had completed high school and was planning to go to college on the GI Bill after the service. Aside from those few facts, I knew very little about Peter Beckett. He was one of those people I suppose you never really got to know. However, surprisingly enough, he could set up a tent. I never asked him how he happened to be so adept at outdoor lore. Rather I didn't pay too much attention to his answer when I did ask him. I do vaguely recall his saying something about his father liking the outdoors though how his father's likes and dislikes had anything to do with his own ability to combine two tent halves into a full tent was quite beyond my trying to reason. I had enough trouble without trying to figure out Peter Beckett. Instead I left him setting up our tent and went to get us both a cup of hot chocolate from one of the mess trucks.

When I returned from the mile-long line at the pot of chocolate, Peter had completed out tent's erection. He was busy digging a trench around the structure in case it rained. He stopped momentarily to thank me for the cocoa and to drink it.

Every tent but four had to be moved. Luckily our tent was one of the four. Peter had done quite well in selecting our site. Most of the others had to be downed and resituated. New ditches had to be dug, new stakes had to be driven, new knots had to be tied. I retreated into the comforts of my shelter until meal call.

The line at chow wasn't too long -- most everyone was still trying to relocate their tents. Peter had disappeared somewhere so I sauntered over to the eating area by myself. I sat down and was soon joined by Miss Green. Why she had sought me out was a mystery. I kept away from her obviousness as much as possible. "Do you mind?" she asked sweetly.

I mumbled something which she could have taken as either a negative or affirmative response. She chose to sit down. I didn't think it ever occurred to her that anyone would try to avoid her or would be better off without her charms.

"Where's your friend?" she asked, biting into a hard biscuit. "I don't know," I replied. "He

disappeared after setting up the tent."

"I thought he was sick or something," she replied.

"Peter?"

"Matthew," she said.

"Oh, him," I replied, trying to digest the slop on the tray before me. "I guess he is sick. He'll probably come out later."

"It would be a shame for him to miss the fun," she smiled. "I mean, we're the lucky ones. We get all this out-doorsy experience while he's bedresting." She smiled again. She caught a glimpse of the commanding officer sitting at his little table off among the trees. Miss Green sighed dramatically. I felt like asking her if she had the CO on her agenda for her short stay in the woods. "Have you seen the XO?" she asked. "I haven't seen him around anywhere."

"He's coming out later, too," I said. "I understand he has some paper work that has to be done."

"Oh," Green smiled knowingly. Then she caught sight of her tent and bed partner and excused herself. She seemed just a bit reluctant to go.

Green shared a tent with Michael Wampto. He was a Negro with a piece of meat on him that would dwarf the equipment of a horse. Miss Green liked to live dangerously. I had impressions of the whole sexual mating. Miss Green did believe in integration. After all, didn't Lincoln set the slaves free? Wasn't there a Bill of Rights? Wasn't there all sorts of legislation being forced through in an effort to force everyone to give the Negroes an equal piece?

Green had found Michael in the meal line. She had moved so close to him that they were touching.

I got up and walked over to the wash line, dipping my plate and utensils in bubbling water before walking back to the tent. The last calls for supper were being echoed like the screams from the mosques beckoning worshippers to prayer. Busy and frustrated little soldiers stood beside half-collapsed tents, trying without success to make the great decision of whether to eat and set the rest of their tent up in the dark or to set the tent up in the last light and miss their suppers. The epitome of frustration! Some turned back to their work, others dropped everything and raced across the field to the mess area. Numerous pairs stood quarrelling, one wanting to go eat while the other wanted to put up the tent.

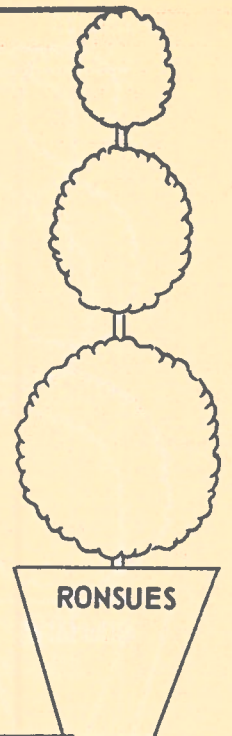
Peter was already in bed, reading his Henry Miller classic with a flashlight.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

MR. ROXANNE

MR. TORCHY LANE

MR. AFRODESIA



"You eat?" I asked. "No," he said, offering no explanation. I didn't ask why. The way.

I took off my clothes and climbed into the sleeping bag, placing my rifle next to the bag and my gas mask next to my pillow and my pack against the tent wall. I collapsed and went to sleep, leaving Peter propped up in his bed, reading about an apparently over-sexed male. There were still the noises outside of the frustrated who still hadn't gotten the knack of putting up an Army shelter. I thanked God that my companion had known what he was doing. Slipping down beneath the covering which smelled of moth balls, I drifted quickly off into dreamland.

Miss Green, despite all her attempts at seductiveness, was not enough to give me an erection without some help from me. I really wouldn't have given Green a tumble if she hadn't waylaid me on the way to the latrine and offered herself up on a silver platter.

"What do you have to lose?" she asked. "I mean, really now?"

"What do you think I am, Green, another one of your faggot friends?"

"Maybe it's not your bag," Green smiled, "but why knock what you haven't tried? Besides, neither your lieutenant nor other friend is here. You hardly remind me of the type who could remain celibate for too long."

"I think it might be better if I forgot what you just said," I replied, starting down the path.

"So, I'm sorry," Green said. She had reached out a hand to stop me. The look I turned and gave her made her immediately drop her restraining hand. "So, maybe you are the straightest thing around. But if you haven't had any sex since basic got started then you must really be climbing the walls by now."

"Just what do you want, Green?"

"You," she said. "Why?" I asked.

"Probably because you don't want me," she smiled.

"Now that basic training is about over, I would hate to get discharged because of a few seconds of sex with you."

"Who do you think is going to discharge you out here?" Green smiled. "I can personally guarantee the CO won't."

"You'll guarantee?"

"CO's get horny, too."

"I want you to f--- me," Green said.

I did.

Quiet. Empty. Barren. It was like the war had come in the form of a strange bacteria or disease, as if the bodies had rotted away, deteriorated, decayed, blown away. Yet the buildings still stood. We were soldiers walking through the deserted streets, approaching the barren buildings. We were returning from bivouac early. We had been hurried through the infiltration course, crawled on our bellies through the dirt while live ammunition shot off fifty yards above our heads. We had screamed our little screams and rammed our bayonets into the guts of some stuffed dummies. We had been rushed through it, our errors not even being corrected. If we made mistakes, the mistakes were passed over. So what if we crawled on our hands and knees instead of our stomachs? So what if we threw a dummy grenade and it missed the target? So what if we didn't scream loud enough when we rammed our bayonets into a stuffed enemy? It seemed strange, but who the hell gave a damn? Once it was realized that it didn't matter, no one drawled on their belly, no one aimed the grenades at the targets, no one screamed, no one gave a damn.

We returned to our barracks and it was deserted. There were no cars, no trucks, no dogs, no cats, no people. It was weird walking through the emptiness.

It was rumored our basic training was over and that they would pick up our equipment in the morning. We would be moved out like everyone else had already been moved out. Basic training at Fort Ord was going to be discontinued indefinitely. The screams from the people in Monterrey and Seaside had finally fallen on hearing ears. The final clincher had been the last death. It had occurred while we had been out on bivouac.

Lt John Patterson Williams, III, had called the medics. Matthew was already dead when they reached the lieutenant's apartment. He had been the fifth death of meningitis in less than three months.

I didn't know whether it was Brahms, Bach or just some piece from the Baroque. It was something with a piano, a harpsichord or a clavichord. Occasionally I rrsppers of the people beside me.

Everyone seemed to be in black. They wear black at funerals. The music could have been a funeral dirge except for some of the smiling faces. In the darkness bodies

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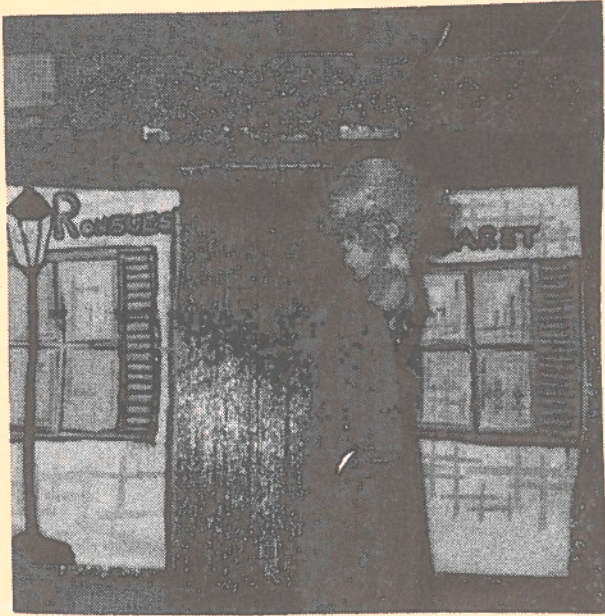
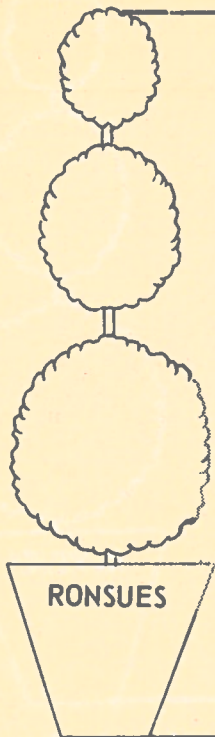
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seeped their perfume: Chanel, My Sin, Arapege, Canoe, Centaur, Jade East, Guerlain. There was also the faint odor of sweat from one-hundred bodies crowded around me in the pit.

The piece the orchestra was playing ended and there were two-hundred hands clapping out their noise.

I shouldn't have been in San Francisco but I was. The city was unauthorized for weekend passes, but that made little difference. Civilian clothes were unauthorized, but that made little difference. In the military most anything can be arranged.

His hand touched my knee in the darkness. His hand had dialed the phone which had called the medics. He was only human. Matthew was

only human or had once been human. Matthew had been human enough to die.

--He was your friend. It was only natural that I should have been attracted to someone close to you. It was only natural.

That was what the lieutenant said. Was there really anything natural about the whole thing?

--You liked him and he liked you. It was only natural that I liked him.

His hand burned my knee as the music began again. The tune's vibrations bounced off man-made walls to be held captive in the ingenious clutches of the floor, rafters, ceiling.

Matthew was dead and had been laid to rest. His body no longer lived.

I wasn't dead. The hand was on my knee and my sex was stirring within the confines of my pants. His hand was becoming freer. He knew I was responding, could sense it, could feel it. The music played on, rising to its false crescendos, its mocking cadences, its counterpoint, its repeat of melodies and themes.

Finally the lights came on and the curtains lowered. His hand slipped from between my legs and we both stood to applaud. The moise rose, vibrated against the walls and was tossed back from ceilings designed to afford acoustical precision. I felt drowned in the roar of this human ocean, began letting myself be moved by it as it flowed into the aisles. I was pushed and pulled until finally I broke free out into the night.

"Look at me," he said, facing me, "I need you. Do you think his death could change it?" His chest was heaving, his eyes frosted. "I need you," he repeated. He stood before me with his beautiful body and beautiful blond hair. "Not tonight. I just can't tonight."

He went into hysterics. He screamed, shouted. I was an unfeeling bastard. He couldn't understand how I could leave him in his present condition? How could I just sit there when he needed me? I could surely tell that he needed me. At least I could take off my clothes. Just taking off my clothes wouldn't hurt anything. God, I was an unfeeling bitch. God, I wasn't even human.

"I'm just not in the mood tonight," I shrugged.

"Good God, what are you, some kind of machine that can turn yourself on and off when the right mood strikes?"

"Damn it, I'm just not in the mood to go tumbling off into bed."

"Why in the hell did you lead me on then? Just what in the hell are you, a teaser? Why did you even say you would go if you weren't in the mood? Why did you let me take those liberties in the concert? You can't tell me that you weren't in the mood because I felt your response. You were ready then. What in the hell is the with you now?"

I got up, got my coat and walked to the door. He began to panic.

"You can't go! You can't leave me in this condition. You just can't. What in the hell am I supposed to do?"

"Take a cold shower!"

"Funny. God, you are funny. As if anything would be resolved by my taking a cold shower. I don't need a cold shower. I need you. You are an unfeeling bitch for not being able to see it."

"Good God, shut up! You don't need me. You don't need anyone specifically. You need a receptacle for your sperm. That's all any of us need. Not any one person in particular but just a body. If I leave now you will still have time to go down to North Beach and pick up another willing partner. I'm just convenient. I'm here. I'm here and since you've got a hard-on you thing you will die unless you use me. You'll survive. We'll all survive."

He was before me, leaning close, burying his head on my neck. I was an unfeeling bitch. He did need me. What was I trying to prove? Why did I get such pleasure out of seeing him so pathetic? What sadistic pleasure did I get in seeing his body pant with want? Why should I be so surprised to learn that Matthew had been with

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him the night of his death, in his bed, in his apartment? Matthew and I had cooled our relationship. The lieutenant and I were not steadies. Then why?

"You can't leave me," he uttered. "Just stay for a little while."

God, he had a body: so blond, so golden. His blond hair was really too long for the Army.

I could go, could leave him standing there. He couldn't really stop me. I could go and he would be there with his want unsatisfied. What would that prove? Besides, I had wanted him all evening. Matthew was dead, but we all died. So, Matthew was in the lieutenant's bed. Tonight I would be in the lieutenant's bed. It was all part of the game. We all played



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it. Why deceive myself? Matthew had been just another body -- to me, to the lieutenant. I was a body to the lieutenant. The lieutenant was a body to me. Why fool myself?

"You'll stay?" he asked. His hand was between my legs.

"You knew I would," I said, reaching an arm around his naked waist to feel the soft curve of his back. "Did you really ever have any doubts?"

"You had me going there for a minute, baby. Really going. I was really getting shook."

He slipped down to his knees and buried his face between my legs, rubbing his cheeks on the cloth of my trousers. I ran my fingers through his golden hair.

"I'll stay," I said, dropping my coat to the floor and unbuttoning my shirt. "Yes, I'll stay."

He looked at me and smiled. He sat there on his knees and watched while I undressed. I wondered just what he was thinking.

He got to his feet and went to the bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

I didn't shower. I just got out of the crumpled bed, found my clothes and dressed.

The air outside was cold and full of mist. The fog drifted around the buildings, hovered in a cloud above the pool. Despite its strangeness, the pool looked inviting the was its warmth steamed in the coldness of the outdoors. I decided to take a dip when I came back.

I walked through the darkness of the coming morn, felt the mist gather around my face to dampen my clothes and skin. It was cool -- not hot like the bed nor wet like John's body had turned with the sweat of his excitement. It felt as if thousands of little pin pricks were at my face.

I walked through the fog, through the streets to the ramparts of the great structure spanning the bay. The tops of its great orange pillars were lost in the billowing clouds. Its bottom was lost in the arms of the sea: a restless sea, sighing with its tide and leaping at the stone pilings that had dared intrude into its domain. Who would conquer in the end? Would the water nibble away at the great piles of rock until the whole great structure would one day shudder and fall, collapse, be swallowed? Or would the structure remain for time and eternity as a witness to man's superiority over the elements?

The waves lapped below, licked at the cement and steel erections as if they were thousands of tongues from thousands of mouths. I looked over the edge toward the water hidden by the mist.

I looked up and saw him coming through the fog. I didn't recognize him at first. He was in a raincoat and his blond hair was still hidden by the mist.

"I work up and you were gone," he said, coming to stand beside me. His hair was damp. Beads of moisture had formed on his face. "Rather a strange hour for walking, isn't it?"

His rain coat parted slightly, revealing his bared chest.

"Rather a strange hour for running around half dressed," I smiled.

"I woke up and you were gone," he said, reaching out a hand to touch my cheek. "You can't imagine what thoughts ran through my head." He lowered his hand and looked at me.

"You thought your little friend had run off to the Golden Gate to be the next suicide," I smiled, turning to glance at the mist down below. "Rest assured, my young

lieutenant, that suicide was the furthest thought from my mind," I lied.

"Don't you think we had better get back?"

I turned again to face him. I took my hand and slipped apart his rain coat to glimpse more clearly the expanse of chest beneath. I touched the warm flesh briefly, trailing a finger over its softness.

"Seeing as how you are actually not dressed for a walk in the fog, I suppose we should."

We walked back through the soup. He shivered occasionally and drew his coat collar closer to his neck with his left hand.

"I want you to know that there was really nothing between Matthew and me," he said in a low voice as we walked. I turned to look at him, but he kept staring forward. "Nothing really. Nothing like he was to you."

"There's really no point to this confession of yours is there?"

"Just let me finish, he said. 'You were gone. You had marched of to play your little war games, and I found myself with three days of paper work. I needed someone. I don't know if you can understand that or not. You don't really seem the type of person who has ever really needed somebody. Really needed someone I mean.' He paused.

"I wanted you because I could talk with you and you understood what I was trying to say. That's important to me. I need something occasionally besides just the physical act. Can you understand?"

He didn't wait for my answer.

"He was in the barracks," he continued. "He was preparing his pack so that he could join you. I had come around to the bays on a routine check. He was there. I knew that there was something between you. Oh, it was nothing anyone could put their finger on. You were both careful enough. It was just something I could always sense. Anyway, since he was there and no one really knew he was back from the dispensary, I thought . . . well, I thought, why not?"

We had reached the apartment. He opened the door and we went into the living room. He took off his overcoat and sat on the bed. I sat down in a chair facing him.

"I went to wash up," he said. He got a cigarette out of a package on the desk. He lit it, blowing out the smoke. "I went in to wash, and when I came back he had collapsed. It scared the shit out of me. I didn't know what to do. I finally called the medics."

"It wasn't necessary for you to explain," I said.

"I wanted you to know," He said. "I wanted you to know because I feel differently about you than any of the others."

"Differently?"

"I can't explain it really," he said. "Not now. I'm really not sure if I'll ever be able to explain it. But I felt I had to say something."

I got up, took off my coat, laid it on the chair, unbuttoned my shirt and pants.

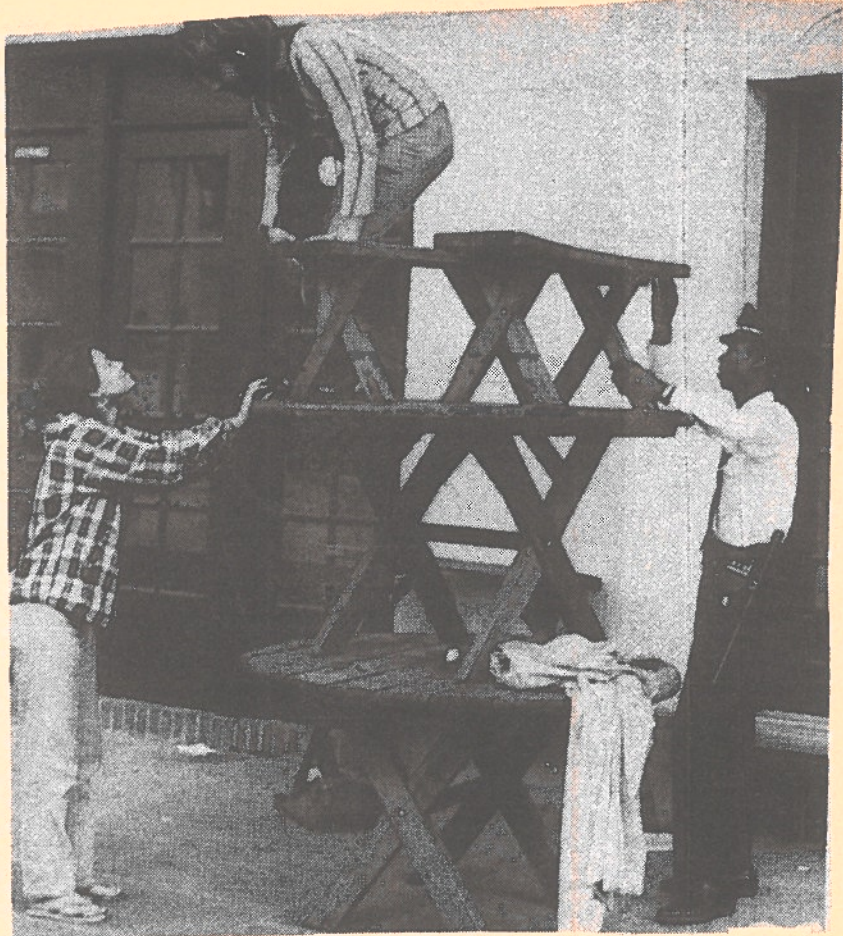
He watched.

I finished undressing and went over to him.

"Life is too short to remember the bad things," I said. "Too short, believe me."

He took hold of my hands and looked up at me.

"Are we sick?" he asked quietly. I took my eyes from his and glanced at a vase across the room. It was full of artificial flowers. "I often wonder about it," he said quietly. "I wonder if I'm crazy sometimes when I feel that I need someone really bad. I lie awake and try to think of my-



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self in the arms of some beautiful woman but that never really works. It's never as satisfying. I've had women but it's just never the same.

I returned my gaze to him. His eyes had thick blond lashes.

"It's not the same," he replied.

"There's something about a woman's softness that is repulsive, nauseating. Have you ever had one of those bodies lying with you in a bed?"

"A woman's body?" I asked.

"I thought a woman would make me change," he said. "I thought a woman would get rid of the other desire. They didn't."

"I doubt if we'll ever find the answers," I said. "There's something there that's missing in other people, but who is to say we're abnormal? Who is going to judge?"

"Do you never wonder?" he asked.

"We all do," I answered. "It would be a lie for me to say otherwise. Society says something is normal. When one suddenly discovers one is different, the logical question to arise is the 'why?'. However, I'm afraid in our case the why isn't quite as easily found."

"I hate being called queer," he

said, touching his cheek to my thigh. "I hate being labeled a pervert just because I have feelings, emotions, desires that they don't have. I hate it."

I took his head in my hands, directing his eyes upward.

"You're handsome," I said.

"Exceptionally handsome, my dear lieutenant. Do you find it so strange that you should be desired by men as well as women?"

"You understand," he said. "Of course you would."

"We're different," I said. "But are we the unlucky ones or are those who haven't tasted or will never taste the joys that we have known?"

"I can talk with you," he said. "You've got intelligence. That's something I seldom find amidst those enlisted men who come through the company. In you I've found a mind as well as a body. You don't know what a revelation that is."

"enough of talk," I said. "Shall we go to bed?"

"Yes," he said, letting his hand glide along my leg. "Yes, come into bed."

(to be continued next month)

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# G A Y G A D F L Y

"What God has made clean, you have no right to call profane." The words were addressed from heaven to Peter the Apostle. They have been recorded by the Evangelist Luke in his second great literary work, the *Acts of the Apostles*. In the Roman Catholic liturgy, the particular passage in which the quoted words occur is the first reading of the Monday of the fourth week of the Easter Season.

"What God has made clean" here refers to "all sorts of animals and wild beasts--everything possible that could walk, crawl or fly." The only thing which they all had in common was this: the eating of them was a violation of the dietary regulations of the ancient Jewish Law. So it was that, when Peter, in a vision, was commanded to "kill and eat," he refused. After all, even as a first-generation Christian, Peter was spiritually a Semite. But he was also open to persuasion. "What God has made clean, you have no right to call profane."

Members of the Gay Community might rightly resent being compared to "all sorts of animals and wild beasts." Yet members of the Gay community have surely, on numerous occasions, been strongly tempted to shout, in much more graphic terms, "you have no right to call (us) profane." Also, in their hearts, members of the Gay community desire desperately to hear from ministers of organized religion, "God has made (you) clean."

Several years ago the proclamation had gone forth: "God is dead." Then, as well as now, religion was being dismissed as irrelevant, as simply "not with it." Today, interested members of the Gay community discuss the pros and cons of establishing all-Gay churches. Members of the Gay community, too, have taken up arms in "the revolution of rising expectations." Religion-wise, they have a right to expect that their rabbis, ministers, and priests will penetrate beyond the outward seeming of God's word and make relevant the implications which are waiting breathlessly -- spirit means breath -- to be drawn from that word. By the same token, members of the Gay community fail themselves first, if they concentrate upon "all sorts of animals and wild beasts--everything possible that could walk, crawl or fly." Instead, they should shrug off their hang-ups and paste upon their placards: "What God has made clean, you have no right to call profane."

But members of that same Gay community can also fail others. What is called for here is a sense of responsibility. If a Gay person is neither "profane" nor

a pervert, then he should not hide behind either of these epithets and claim immunity. The attitude of organized religion toward him may not "send him" into a state of euphoria. Still, traditionally, organized religion has regarded him as a free agent, aware of his choices, and responsible for the consequences that flow therefrom.

So we would venture a mild request. Even in the best of all possible worlds, having one's cake and eating it too, is impossible. Members of the Gay community might measure the immediate and seemingly soul-satisfying advantage against the perhaps more bland and colorless good that follows upon judicious choice.

## BOOK REVIEW

**The Gay Militants**, by Don Teal, Stein & Day, 1971.

**Dancing the Gay Lib Blues**, by Arthur Bell, Simon & Schuster, 1971.

**Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View**, by John Murphy, Praeger, 1971.

There it was on the movie screen: two men in love, embracing and kissing. I'd been going to movies for more than 20 years but it wasn't until "Sunday Bloody Sunday" that something resembling meaningful positive homosexual love appeared in the cinema. This is what made "Sunday Bloody Sunday" a revolutionary movie -- a revolution against all those years of exclusively heterosexual romance. Nineteen seventy-one was also the year of the first gay liberation books -- the first books written by gay people to reflect some of those slogans we've been chanting at our demonstrations: "Say it loud, gay is proud!" "Out of the closets, into the streets!"

Don Teal's *The Gay Militants* is the first of these new books. It is an amazingly faithful and detailed (and generally impartial) account of the first year of the gay liberation movement. The book includes descriptions of our meetings and demonstrations, lots of quotes from leaflets and the fledgling gay press, and a feeling for the chaos, confusing, conflict and creativity of a people new to organized rebellion. The author is neither a genius nor a poet nor a political analyst, but he has done a great service in assembling this chronicle.

It remains for other authors to provide a much-needed personal view of gay liberation and to provide political analysis about our oppression and liberation and its place in history. In addition, I can think of three groups of people who will find Teal's book inadequate. Lesbians are primarily relegated to a single chapter (written in cooperation with a group of lesbians). It isn't enough, but I'm not sure what approach a male writer can take. Third world gay

## Man Fired for Being Gay

Members of Houston's Gay Lib Group know Cecil Gant, for he is an active member of that organization. However, "Cecil Gant" is a fictitious name, used to refer to a real, 28-year-old Houston man, whose experience is described in this article.

Cecil Gant was hired by Naylor Type and Mats on Friday, February 25, 1972, by Wayne K. Hoppas, office manager. The company is located in Houston, Texas, at 2520 Robinhood Street, and is owned by Houston Shopping News Co.

Gant was hired as a driver at \$2.00 an hour, to pick up and deliver proofs and mats at advertising agencies in downtown Houston. The incident which led to Gant's firing is detailed as follows:

□□ Wednesday, March 1, 1972, Gant was asked to bring Dave, a new driver, from the Houston Chronicle Building back to the Naylor plant. Dave has long blonde hair in a ponytail and wears 1 1/2" high heels on his boots. What follows is a reconstruction of their conversation as the two rode in the pickup truck back to the Naylor plant:

□□□□ Dave: □ I like the Southwest delivery run better because of all those sexy secretaries.

Cecil: I could care less about those "sexy secretaries".

□□□□ Dave: What? Why, man, sex is all I live for!

Cecil: I like sex, too, but not with women.

Dave: You mean ... you like to have sex with men?

Cecil: Yes. I'm gay.

Dave: Man, homosexuality is a bummer.

Cecil: I don't think so at all.

Dave: How'd you -- become -- that way?

Cecil: How'd you get started with women?

□□□□ Dave: Why, I or tried to, a girl when I was 9 years old.

But you like guys?

□□□□ Cecil: Sure. When I was 9 years old, I liked to play around sexually with other guys.

Dave: Man, that's weird.

Cecil: No more weird than you trying to a girl when you were 9 years old.

Dave: But, man, homosexuality is sick. That's really sick.

Cecil: Not at all.

Dave: That is sick.

Cecil: No, it's not sick. It may be different, but it's not sick.

Dave: It sure is different, all right.

Dave has the attitude that anyone who has a sexual viewpoint different from his own, is sick. Dave promptly told the office manager, Mr. Hoppas, that Cecil Gant had told him that he C'Gant is gay.

Later that day, Hoppas called Gant into a private room and told him that he had had reports that Gant had "approached" (Hoppas word) two of his drivers. Gant now wishes that he had had the presence of mind to ask Hoppas what he meant by "approached". Hoppas told Gant that if he ever heard reports like that again, that Gant would be fired.

When Gant came to work Friday morning, March 3, 1972, his time-card was not in its slot. Hoppas was standing nearby, and indicated that he wanted to talk to Gant.

Said Hoppas: "I'm going to have to fire you. What you do in your spare time, morally or any other way, is your own private business. I couldn't care less what you do in your private life. But, what I take exception to, is your telling my employees that you are a homosexual. If I keep you employed here, I'll lose all of my other employees, and I won't stand for that."

Cecil: Your other employees won't quit. I'm not that offensive to them.

Hoppas: I won't have it. If you had kept your mouth shut, it might have worked out, but you shouldn't have told them that you are a homosexual. I'm sorry this happened. Here's your paycheck.

Gant was fired by Naylor Type and Mats not for failing to perform his job properly, but for being homosexual and for telling a fellow employee so.

Say it loud: Gay and Proud. But be prepared to get your ass fired.

people, and the special experience of gay people in Black and Latin communities within America, are given even less attention. Finally, people from places other than New York City are likely to feel that there is an undue emphasis on New York's role in the gay movement. True, the nationally accepted "holiday" of gay liberation is the last Sunday in June, in commemoration of the June 1969 Stonewall riots in Greenwich Village. And the first group to call itself Gay Liberation Front was founded in New York. But, as a gay brother from Oregon told me during a recent visit out west, the very essence of gay liberation is gay people standing up in their home

towns, in cities as small as Portland (and, some day, in every town and hamlet), saying "Gay is Good!" and refusing to move to gay ghettos such as Greenwich Village or San Francisco.

Don Teal is a New Yorker, of course, and his New York bias is probably unavoidable, or perhaps this bias is connected to the fact that New York is the headquarters of the publishing industry. Two other new books on gay liberation, *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues* by Arthur Bell and *Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View* by John Murphy, also focus on the New York scene. It is a curious fact, somewhat disturbing, that all three of these authors should happen to



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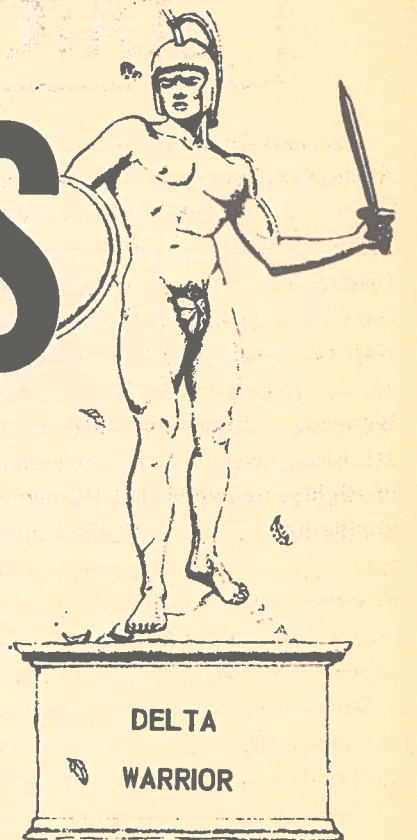
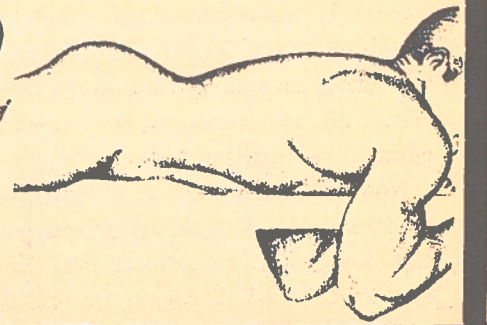
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# EDITORIAL

Somebody up there in the University Of Texas at Austin hierarchy doesn't like us Gays.

U. T. -- Austin administrators steadfastly refuse to grant official recognition to the Austin chapter of Gay Liberation. Without this official recognition, Austin's Gay Lib group cannot meet on the U. T. campus. The rights of Gay U. T. -- Austin students to meet together as a group on the U. T. campus are being blatantly ignored. Amendment One to the United States Constitution, part of the amendments known as the Bill of Rights, provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble . . . ." If Congress cannot prohibit people from assembling peaceably, then why can U. T. -- Austin administrative officials prohibit student and Gays from assembling peaceably in a dance on the campus?

Sure--what U. T. --Austin officials did to us Gays is unconstitutional, but they can do it to us, because we're criminals and lepers, remember?

Somebody up there in the U. T. --Austin Student Senate does like us Gays. Bob Binder is president of the U. T. Student Senate. Binder and the Student Senate championed the Gay civil rights cause at U. T. --Austin, by voting to sponsor an on-campus dance to help defray costs of Austin Gay Lib's legal fight to gain official campus recognition.

Now the Constitutional rights of the U. T. --Austin student body have been violated, now that U. T. administrators have overruled the decision of the Student Senate to hold a dance in the U. T. Student Union to assist Gay Lib with its legal struggle against U. T. administrative repression.

Sure! What U. T. --Austin officials did to students is unconstitutional, but the officials can do it to them, because students are children and bums, remember?

Students and Gays are NOT children, bums, criminals, or lepers. They are people. And they are American citizens.

Students and Gays in Austin knew that their Constitutional right to freedom of assembly was being ignored by the university hierarchy. A brief power struggle between the U. T. students and the U. T. administration ended abruptly on Friday, February 25, 1972, when campus police, summoned by administrator of student activities Dean Price, arrested five U. T. --Austin students, four of whom were Gay, and one of whom was straight, for allegedly interfering with campus activities.

What the five students were actually doing, was carrying on legitimate campus activities: they were decorating the Texas Union Building Main Ballroom for the on-campus dance scheduled by the Student Senate for the evening of February 25. The dance was being sponsored by the U. T. --Austin student government to give gay students at U. T. an assist in fighting for their Constitutional rights as gays, as students, as Texans, and as Americans.

While gay civil rights are being unjustly denied in Austin, U. T. administrators are taking such drastic steps as to cancel the student body's plans for the benefit dance, and to order the arrest of students who chose to help decorate the Main Ballroom to get ready for the affair.

Clearly, the U. T. --Austin administration has overstepped the boundaries of its delegated educational and supervisory authority.

As far as the University administrative hierarchy in Austin is concerned, Gay civil rights don't even exist. Nor, for that matter, do student civil rights.

What wanton misuse of administrative power! What corrupt abuse of university authority delegated by the

be individuals with previous or present employment with large commercial publishing houses. Teal is still at Knopf in an editorial position, Bell used to be a children's editor for Random House, and Murphy worked for Praeger. I'm not attacking the authors for their connections, just taking the opportunity to point out something about the publishing industry and how it affects the political literature which may or may not become available to the public. I have a feeling that no matter how good a book someone from Iowa City gay liberation may produce in 1972, the big publishers are going to say, "Oh, we did our gay lib book last year." Lesbians and Third World gays might get similar treatment.

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues is a preplexing book. It is a short, zippy, friendly (sometimes) and gossipy journal of the author's experiences with New York's Gay Activists Alliance (GAA), a gay group which split off from Gay Liberation Front in late 1969 and is now one of the strongest gay groups in the nation. Sometimes Bell seems to be doing an expose, which is fair enough, since certain tendencies of GAA (its cliquish leadership and its inability to deal with the relationship of gay oppression to racism, capitalism and male chauvinism), merit such criticism. But the reader is left with the lingering thought that Bell's decision to expose GAA is intrinsically tied up to a lovers' quarrel between him and GAA "heavy" Author Evans (who curiously is given the pseudonym Paul Cliffman in the book, though all the other characters go by their real names).

The best parts of *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues* are the lively descriptions of some of the actions taken by gay militants in New York in 1970, such as the protest against the raid on the Snake Pit (an after-hours bar), the march on 42nd Street in mid-summer, and the occupation of New York University's Weinstein Hall sub-cellar which had been declared off-limits for gay dances. What's missing throughout the book is some notion about why all these homosexuals are so upset in the first place. Maybe Bell assumes it's obvious, but he and I and a lot of other people stayed in the closet for a long time, and many of our brothers and sisters are still there, despite nearly three years of organized rebellion. It would seem to me that one of the goals of any gay liberation book is to nudge people out of the closet. By providing only the vaguest idea of our oppression, by concentrating on the most unsavory side of gay politics with only the slightest hint of alternatives, Bell might be encouraging gay readers to stay in the closet (or out of the streets), and that would be a shame indeed. I am not suggesting, by the way, that the reality of the gay movement should be distorted for the sake of "recruitment." Gay liberation has not brought me (and other

activists) total bliss, and there are many blue days, but there is a great deal of happy satisfaction in our sense of reality and our involvement in changing that reality to something more humane and just.

John Murphy projects a sense of quiet satisfaction and commitment in his book, *Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View*, which is about his experience in the Gay Liberation Front (GLF); the more radical and now defunct of the activist gay groups in New York City. He begins the book with a tortuous explanation of why he has written under a pseudonym (mostly because his family lives in a small town), but I can't imagine how he or any of us will ever feel good about using pseudonyms. John Murphy and I were active in GLF during the same period, but I never got to know him. I was one of those who talked a lot at meetings and (despite the fact that he was aggressive enough to get a book together) he was one of those who talked little. It was in the small group process known as consciousness-raising that John Murphy became a gay revolutionary. Those big GLF meetings, if anything, turned him off, and perhaps it was people like me (the talkers) who ultimately are responsible for the demise of GLF as a large group. I wish this dynamic were explored more fully in the book.

Murphy does include a detailed account of his experience in a consciousness-raising group, its exploration of gay oppression, its group dynamic and its relevance to his own life. One subject which Murphy explores only superficially is that of male chauvinism. Most of us involved in the gay liberation process have been compelled to think about the oppression of women and our role (as men) in that oppression. I'm not sure how John Murphy experiences this.

One very interesting section of Murphy's book, entitled "Queer Books," is a discussion of the treatment (and non-treatment) of homosexuality in modern literature. It covers scores of books, from the Sergeant by Dennis Murphy and *The Carpetbaggers* by Harold Robbins, to Giovanni's Room by James Baldwin and *The*

*Homosexual Liberation* is a very straight-forward account of one man's involvement in the gay movement. It is often bland and slow-moving, and at first that aspect of the book annoyed me, but then I began to perceive it as a positive trait, because this style is closer to the lives of most people than the flair and flourish of most writing. A reader who is looking for contact with a real human being will find that, is not a whole lot of humor and adventure, in this book. For example, Murphy describes his feelings during his participation in the first annual Christopher Street Liberation Day gay pride march on June 28, 1970:

"I never stopped feeling embar-



arrassed, and yet I have never regretted or minimized anything I did that day. I couldn't get used to that juxtaposition of acute embarrassment and the need for those same embarrassing actions. What I finally realized was that the two were not exclusive of one another, and, at any rate, the cause for embarrassment lay in my social conditioning rather than any concrete thing I actually did. I had been told for so long that my 'secret' life was wrong, that I was naturally embarrassed at first. At first."

There is humor in Murphy's tale, but, as with most oppressed people, it is mixed with bitterness. He describes his encounter with a friend:

"When I said I was working on a book on homosexual liberation--because I was a homosexual--she was quiet for a moment and then leaned across the table and touched my hand. 'it's all right. Really,' she whispered. She was very sweet and serious, as if I had just told her that I was going to need a lobotomy or die of tuberculosis. I didn't know whether to laugh or to shout at her."

There are times when Murphy introduces a subject without any indication that he understood the complexities of what was going on. He discusses, for example, GLF's heated debates about the Black Panthers, concluding, "I never did see a Black Panther, but I came to understand what I had to fight for and even began to perceive what the blacks felt they had to fight for."

The Panther issue was very complex, and has had an important effect on the gay movement. On the other hand, there were the out-and-out racists who didn't even want the issue raised. Then there were people who felt that support for the Black Panthers was an essential way for us as gay people to be relevant to the struggle against racism. Some, though not all, black gays in GLF had this view. Some people, especially those with left-wing backgrounds (like myself), supported heavy GLF involvement with the Panthers for the first reason but also for a second -- because we were more comfortable in that role than in promoting gay militancy. We tended to refuse to deal with the male supremacist and anti-gay tendencies of the Panthers, largely because we felt that unflinching support of the Panthers was expected by straight leftists whose validation we sought. Before long, many of us realized that the most revolutionary way for us to deal with racism was not by getting hung up on the Panthers but by relating in a non-racist way to Third World gay men and women, many of whom were right there in our midst. The first split in GLF, leading to the formation of GAA, occurred largely because of GLF-ers relating to the many levels of oppression. We were right in seeking to create a political organization that would deal with gay

liberation while recognizing that we live in a world characterized by male chauvinism, capitalism, racism and imperialist wars. GAA and the reformist approach it developed, cannot bring about the liberation of gay people in such a world, even if it does much worthwhile education and agit-prop.

Many gay people are attracted by reform-minded organizations, however, because these groups are less threatening (while racists and people with money tend to hold on tight to the status quo), and because the "revolutionary left" has not committed itself to the principles of gay liberation. For example, the fifth contingent of the Vinceremos Brigade excludes activists in the gay movement because of our vocal concern with the oppression of our gay sisters and brothers in Cuba. There is also a knottier issue: to many people, reformists seem to accomplish something, while "revolutionaries" seem to prefer rhetorical shouting matches. The recent trend of revolutionaries and reformists working together to provide much-needed services to the gay community (paralleling a similar trend in the black liberation movement) is a good sign.

Only a couple of years ago, it was almost impossible to find any printed material about homosexuality written from a gay point of view. The most accessible items, what you'd find if you looked in a bookstore or a neighborhood library, were books by psychiatrists recommending cure by therapy (and indirectly recommending suicide, advice which, unfortunately, many gay people have followed). The books by Don Teal, Arthur Bell and John Murphy are, literally, life-savers. Hopefully these writings will help many gay people (and other readers) find out who we are. Like the two men kissing on the screen in "Sunday Bloody Sunday," gay people taking up the gay pen is in itself revolutionary. We have been forced into centuries of silence about our gayness. There are many books and articles to be written; this is a welcome beginning.

## Dallas MCC Publishes News

The official publication of the Dallas Metropolitan Community Church, THE CHANNEL, made its debut with a 24 page March issue. Approximately 2,000 copies were printed and distributed free through the church, bars and other community outlets. The Channel will be published monthly.

**PATRONIZE  
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tax-paying people of Texas!

Somebody up there in the U. T. --Austin administrative hierarchy should be fired. NOW.

Furthermore, it sounds like somebody up there in the U. T. --Austin administrative hierarchy doesn't really give a hoot about what a student union building is supposed to be used for, either.

In the lobby of the student union building of the U. T. --Austin, hangs a framed resolution from the National Association of Students, stating that "the purpose of a student union building is to provide a gathering place for the college community."

At a university, the student union building is supposed to be for the use of the people, whether Gay or straight, whether student or non-student, who comprise the college community.

## In the course of human events . . .

This was the statement which marked the beginning of a new nation, this is now used to mark we don't know what. In the past, few months newspaper has reported stories and news that were not reported by any other news media. We have tried to present the news of Texas and the nation with an eye toward the truth. As you may realize this costs money and the subscriptions and sales of the paper are not enough to keep it going. As of late the advertisers have not been paying as promptly as we hoped they would. The staff of unpaid volunteers have helped to make this paper what it is; the voice of your Texas Gay Community. In the case of some of our advertisers, we cannot express our thanks enough, it is their support which has made possible the services we have rendered to the community.

As you can tell, the number and size of the ads in this paper are diminished. Some advertisers have found every reason in the world for not paying for their

ads. We enter into an advertising agreement with our clients as gentlemen with the terms of the size, placement, content, and price of the ad well understood before the ad appears in the paper. Many of the people never pay. The paper has been a financial burden for the publisher not showing a profit for sometime now. We will continue to produce this paper until such time as it becomes impossible to do so. Without proper funds we cannot give you the type of coverage to which I feel you are entitled. I guess this is an appeal to patronize our advertisers. If you frequent a place that doesn't advertise, suggest that they place an ad, not a big ad that they never pay for, but an ad that will communicate their image to our readers across the nation.

One thing, if you think that the passing of this paper would not be a loss, ask the people who have been helped. You are a vital part of the NUNTIUS and I hope that we are a vital part of our community. And yet we live on.

Scottie Harbers  
Associate Editor

## The Reunion & A Crummy Product

By Alan Miles

Lily Tomlin, known to millions of viewers as Laugh-In's EARNESTINE, mrs. earbore, edith ann and others, will be in our town on April 22, for a one-nighter at the Music Hall.

Lily uses her many characters to hit corporate hypocrisy and government incredibility among other things. She is perhaps best-known for her role as EARNESTINE, the telephone operator. "At first the telephone company was CORRECTION

known for her role as ERNESTINE, the telephone operator. "At first the telephone company was very offended by Ernestine's remarks on the poor service and the invasions of privacy . . . They later offered me half a million

dollars for a nationwide series of television commercials. I turned it down." Lily says that she simply didn't want to lend credibility to a CRUMMY PRODUCT or to ANY product.

"Lily Tomlin . . . in concert" promises to be a very funny experience. Don't miss this one.

Playwright's Showcase announces that its next major theatrical production will be The Reunion by native Houstonian Jim Bernhard.

Directed by Roger S. Glade and starring Roy and Bonnie McFerren starring Roy and Bonnie McFerrin and Anthony Blythe, performances will begin April 21 and run for every Friday and Saturday night through May. Performance time is 8 p.m.

The Reunion is the self-provoking story about modern man and



## GAA Plans For Dem. & GOP Conventions

Washington - CAMPAIGN '72 national coalition of gay organizations is off and running! A most successful Chicago Convention in mid February selected San Diego and Washington as the coordinating cities for Gay efforts at the Republican and Democratic National Conventions.

The Gay Activist Alliance of Washington has accepted the role of coordinator for the Democratic National Convention efforts in Miami Beach, Florida. I am pleased to announce the appointment of Cliff Witt, Chairman of GAA/Washington National Political Affairs Committee, as chairman of the planning group for this all important effort.

Cliff and members of his committee will be traveling to Miami Beach during March to check on the large number of legal and logistical problems that will confront the Gay Community during the convention in July. After all necessary data has been collected GAA/WASH. will host a National Planning Convention at the GAA Community Center on May 5, 6, and 7, 1972. At this meeting final plans will be formulated for our united efforts in Miami Beach during the Democratic Convention. This will be a very important meeting and we hope that all interested persons and organizations will be represented.

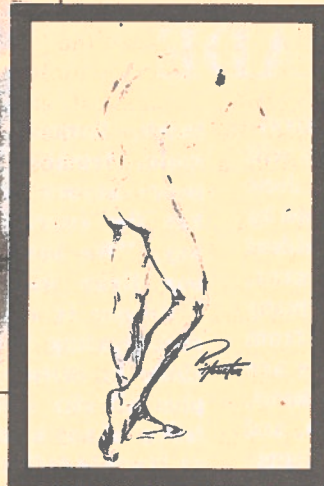
NOW every Gay Liberation group in the country should be working to get Gays elected or appointed as delegates to the Democratic as delegates to the Democratic Convention so that we can have a voice in the convention itself to raise the issues and make the party act on our demands. Here in Washington we have five mem-

bers of GAA on the Reform Democratic State as Delegates in the May 2 primary. Representation will be guaranteed only if we continue to work for and demand our rights from the party at the local and state levels.

One of the major problems of any movement of this sort is money. This project needs the financial support of every Gay Group in the country in order to build a political warchest to insure our success in this very important political effort. Some groups have pledged support already. This committee needs your help NOW! At the Chicago Convention a resolution was passed asking that every Gay Group in the U.S. be urged to contribute \$50.00 to this program. This money to be split 50-50 by the Washington and San Diego committees. If your group has not yet acted on this all important request please do so as soon as possible and send these contributions to the proper city. All monies for the Democratic Planning Group should be sent to: Campaign '72-National Coalition of Gay Organizations, P.O. Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 20013.

In addition to a contribution from your groups treasury why not sponsor a special Dance, Cocktail Party, or some other fund raising event with the proceeds going to this cause. There are many Gays across the country that while not a member of any group will be willing to donate for this type of effort. We must make a major effort now to reach this type of Gay and raise the thousands of dollars that are necessary if we are to do the job properly this year.

Additional information will be coming from the committee in the



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next few weeks. If you have any ideas that could be helpful please send them to Cliff as soon as you can so that they can be investigated prior to the May meeting. Only through unity and real cooperation can we carry off the plans that will be finalized by the May Convention.

Gay and Proud,  
Bob Johnson  
President  
GAA/Washington, D.C.

### FROM PAGE 18

his links and bonds with modern society. And of course, revealed is the way to break them!

The stage is Autry House, 6265 South Main Street adjoining Palmer Church. For tickets and reservations, call 524-3168 days.

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# OUR COMMUNITY

NOTHING HUMAN IS ALIEN TO US

## GAY PARADE

Dallas is coming out! The first annual GAY PRIDE PARADE will be held in Dallas, Saturday, June 24th, 1972. Although sponsored by the Circle of Friends, the oldest homophile organization in Texas, the parade will be made up of many organizations and individuals from all over the Southwest. Plans are being made to have a gay band, several floats, banners, cars, and hundreds of people carrying signs. Invitations have been sent to all bars and homophile organizations in the Southwest inviting them to help make this colorful event a splendid success!

The parade will begin at 10:00 am at the corner of Market and Main, proceed down Main Street and end one block past City Hall. But participants must meet and be ready to march by 9:30.

A week before the parade on June 17, a rally will be held to discuss, ask questions, and plan the parade. Time and place for the rally will be disclosed at a later date.

The deadline to inform the Circle of Friends of written intentions to enter a float or car in the parade and to pay the entry fee is March 25. If a group is outside the Dallas/Ft. Worth area, the deadline is extended to March 31.

It is understood that because of communication the deadline for the above has been extended to April 15th.

To participate in the parade, all groups or organizations must register with the Circle of Friends. "We ask all organizations to register with us, because we will hold the parade permit," said Cris McKee, chairman of the Parade Committee, "and we will be held responsible for anything that happens." Individuals do not have to register with the C.O.F.

There will be a \$25 fee to enter a float; \$10 fee to enter a car. The money collected will go for police protection, attorney fees, the parade permit, advertising, posters, postage, mimeographing, and other related expenses for the parade. Any money left over will be returned to the participating organizations on a percentage basis. All organizations and groups may decorate their floats and cars as they wish, but at their own expense.

Who is invited? Gays, straights, blacks, whites, chicanos, indians,

butch, femme, masculine, fluff, male, female, young, old, rich, poor--anyone and everyone who has the courage to stand up and say, "We have the right to live our lives with human dignity."

No one is restricted, but those participating in the parade must abide by State and Federal laws, plus all city ordinances. No violence of any kind will be tolerated as it would defeat the purpose which is to celebrate and demonstrate homosexual love, human rights, and dignity.

Liquor, fire arms, or illegal drugs cannot be carried or used during the parade. Also it is against the law to wear a paper bag or mask of any kind. If a disguise is necessary one can dress in costume and make-up--perhaps a clown or an animal.

For fear of harassment, female impersonators will not be allowed to walk in the parade, but they may ride in a car or on a float.

The straight, homophile, and "underground" press will be covering the parade and taking pictures. The C.O.F. will be advertising the GAY PRIDE PARADE in newspapers, magazines, radio, and television.

Paraders may pass out literature and carry signs and banners. However no obscene or overtly sexual words, symbols, or objects are to be used.

Immediately following the parade, a picnic is scheduled at Flag Pole Hill overlooking White Rock Lake. Bring your own food and beverage. The picnic is open to the entire gay and straight community in celebration of Gay Pride Week.

## Federal Funds For Gays

The national institute of mental health has provided a \$5000.00 to Gay House Community Center for two gay people to provide counselling and education to gay students. Another grant of \$1000.00 came from the Minneapolis Model Cities Program. The Gay House Community Center is located in Minneapolis; but what about gay institutions located in the South? The experimental grant provides

## The Vineyard Offers Help To All

There have been many questions raised, especially after the recent narcotic raid and the arrest of six people at a house owned by the Dallas Vineyard, regarding ECHO's involvement with the near defunct Dallas organization.

The Vineyard was founded in 1969 by Father Dan Gorham and filled many badly needed purposes. It offered a Catholic Folk Mass where both gays and straights could worship together. It provided temporary shelter and food for anyone in need. But like most organizations, there were problems, both financial and personal.

In October 1971, all members of the board turned in written resig-

nations and in turn formed ECHO (Emmanuel Community Helping Others). ECHO offers Mass every Sunday at 5 pm in the Club Bon-Soir, 5601 Lovers Lane (phone 350-8584). Everyone is welcome.

On February 27th, Bishop William Henely and Rt. Rev. John Fitzgerald, ordained Norman Collette, Bill Jeffries, and Thomas Peters, and the title of Archpriest was conferred upon pastor Paul Collins.

ECHO does not pass a collection basket during religious service as it is contrary to their beliefs, but they are planning a fund raising garage sale and are asking everyone to donate discarded items.

## DALLAS MCC TO HOLD DANCE

Tickets are now available for the MCC - sponsored SPRING DANCE, Saturday April 22, open to the public. The Maars Bar Drag Show will be featured entertainment and a live band is also expected to play for the occasion. Some difficulty had been encountered in obtaining music for the dance when the original band "backed off" on learning that was to be a gay dance. Other bands contacted were beyond budget limits. However a talented group has been put together and it is expected that nothing further will hinder the gala event.

As Dallas MCC, sponsors of the spring dance are in regular attendance at the Unitarian Church, they were able to obtain the Channing Hall facilities for the affair. The Unitarian Church is located at Preston and Normandy. Dance time is 8:00 pm; tickets are \$1.50

in advance, \$1.75 at the door; available from MCC and its members.

This is one of many social activities sponsored by MCC for the Community. A Gormet Club, both Singles and Couples Clubs are regular activities at the present. There are special activities from time to time. Reverend Perry, noted Gay Community Spokesman will speak in Dallas, Tuesday, April 25. See article elsewhere.

## MCC/Dallas

### Pastor Visits Jail

Since October 1971 the Pastor (in the name of MCC/Dallas) has been visiting, counseling with, and providing sacraments to some inmates of the Dallas County Jail each Monday. The program, arranged through the Chaplain's office and approved by jail authorities, has been very successful. On January 24, 1972, we had a major development - in the words of the Chaplain; "Vincent, you have made water run up hill today." The occasion was the admission of our Pastor to the security lock of a tank (series of cells in one enclosure) for the purpose of conducting worship services. This was the first time such a thing had been done and the results have more than proved the intelligence of the Chaplain and Sheriff for developing and approving this program. In a period of one month two could have been Baptized in Christ and joined MCC. Our Pastor also visits individuals and hopes to be assigned another tank.



## HELLO, DOLLY!

They've asked Benny, Burns and Burle, but no one's had enough balls to do it.

Now, for the first time, San Francisco will see the world premier of an all male case of everyone's favorite musical "HELLO DOLLY" starring San Francisco's zaniest male comedienne "Michelle".

"HELLO, DOLLY" will be performed at the village on Columbus at Lombard on May 6th, 7th, '2th, '3th and '4th.

Benefit tickets are available at S.I.R. Center 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California, Phone 781-1570.



## BEAUTIFUL NUDES

If you've ever once gotten your name on a gay mailing list, for months on end you are showered with ads for books and photos of horny young studs with strong sturdy legs spread wide and big (always big) cocks magnificently upright pictorially inviting you to "come and get it." But after viewing hundreds of these photos, the delight begins to fade.

Then along comes something so unique, so well posed and photographed, that it towers above everything you've ever seen. Before me is a book of KEN DUNCAN NUDES. It is like the Beethoven Ninth Compared with Shin On Harvest Moon. Not that there is anything wrong with the Harvest Moon, it's just that one is monumental work of art and timeless, while the other is ----- enjoyable.

KEN DUNCAN NUDES was never intended for the gay community exclusively. It was intended for the community of mankind. Woman-kind too! There are photos of men, women, and children-some simply posed, others caught in movement, still others are intertwined. Most are suitable for framing.

Mr. Duncan likes to photograph dancers, and you will recognize

several famous dance personalities. But the book offers something the stage can not: We see dancers without make-up, sets, props or costumes to hide or take away from the natural line of the body. The male organ is a part of the body, and as such takes its natural place in some of the photos -- never intentionally featured, nor self-consciously hidden.

Mr. Duncan's camera somehow seems able to arrest movement just at the right split-second. The hair flows, the foot is arched, the body twists and leaps and thus is captured forever. Whereas on the stage this beauty would be gone in a mere moment.

Another interesting book by the same publishers is "de filed" - a beautiful collection of nudes by many different photographers.

These books are not inexpensive. But since you will want to own them for the rest of your life, or share them with someone you love, they are well worth the money.

One more point: these books can be purchased from AFTER DARK only. 10 Columbus Circle, New York 10019.



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## THE CROSS A PHALLIC SYMBOL

Readers of OUR COMMUNITY may not be aware that one of the commonly used forms of the Christian cross has an origin that is indirectly gay, directly phallic.

The symbolism of the cross long antedates Christian times. Several cultures had it, with varying religious or cultural significance. It was known in ancient Egypt and in Greece and other Mediterranean lands.

In Greece, the cross was known throughout the classic world as a symbol for Hermes, who among other things, was a god of sex, the phallus also being associated with him. (Almost anyone who has been into a plaster art shop since 1890 has probably seen a copy of the famous bust of Hermes.)

Such Hermes crosses were often found at intersecting roads, and travellers looked upon them as blessing and inspiration. The cross was sometimes surmounted by a carving of the head of Hermes.

Another feature of these crosses was a representation of an erect phallus on the shaft of the cross.

In Roman times, this phallus became the sedile (Lat. "seat") in crucifixion. To take some of the weight of the body off the bonds at the wrist, the crutch of the body was sometimes supported. This support peg was a carryover from the phallus on Hermes crosses. Thus a male, phallic, fertility cross-symbol also served as an instrument of execution.

One can conceive that unusually brutal crucifixions might possibly have had this phallic peg to penetrate the rectum of the criminal left to die of exposure. (The bodies were generally naked. The medieval practice, of adding a loin cloth or drape in illustrations grew out of the negative attitude toward the body.) There is no direct evidence that this insertion was ever done, but some indirect evidence of Roman masochism in Christian times

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# GAY & PROUD TO MARCH

A gay (or straight) parade, any-time of the year and in any place will be very much like a Mardi Gras celebration. Last year's Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade in Hollywood had colorful floats, clowns, drag queens in lavish costumes, and even a baton twirler. There was a float carrying ten beautifully built young stods, briefly costumed, and with a sign saying GROOVY GUYS MAKE GROOVY STARS! There was a platoon of motorcycle guys in black leather jackets, heavy chains and -- high heels. There was a well-built young man (again briefly costumed) carrying an enormous boa constrictor. But some of the marchers and spectators were "turned off" by what they considered to be vulgar displays: A sign bearing the words, SUCK-ING IS BETTER THAN WAR, and a 35 foot long red, white, pink, and blue "surrealistic cock." (Others felt that if beauty exists in the eye of the beholder, then obscenity must exist there also)

All this led one writer to complain to THE ADVOCATE (the gay national newspaper) that these parades defeat their purpose: instead of presenting freaks, we should march a thousand average, well-adjusted homosexuals in business suits and ties. To which one of the parade organizers replied: "adjusted homosexuals in business suits and ties willing to march in the parade, and we'll be glad to march them. Until then, we will use what we've got."

This year's parades will be no different: we will have our critics. There are many gay people who have **NEVER** made a contribution to the gay movement in any way--time, money, or effort; but who are very eager to criticize those who do. Very much like the Little Red Hen who could find no help when planting the corn, harvesting the corn, grinding the corn, or cooking the corn; but found her table crowded when the dinner bell rang.

But non-the-less we must go on. If Walt Whitman saw "all America singing" and Isadora Duncan longed to see "all America dancing," this writer would rather see "all America marching." see "all America marchin' Marching for the rights of all Americans.

There are approximately 975 There are approximately 975, 966 gay men and women in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and New Mexico. Most are in their damn closets, and because of jobs, families, and social positions can't afford to come out. And who would blame them? But they could contribute in some way to the GAY PRIDE PARADE. They might drive a float unseen, dance down the street disguised as a clown, make posters, lick stamps and envelopes, contribute a few dollars, or provide food and shelter for out of town marchers. The rest of us will march.

"talk about PASSIONATE !!!..."



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leads to a suspicion that is possibly could have occurred.

The Eastern churches of Christendom preserve in their form of cross this phallic peg-sedile symbol (see the illustrations). The occasional explanation that this was a spillover from the design of St. Andrew's cross is not certain. The St. Andrew's cross appears to have had a somewhat later development than the more phallic eastern cross.

## NUNTIVS

This is a community newspaper. It intends to inform, provoke and in some cases entertain the Gays of Texas, and be conspicuous evidence of out presence to the Het. world.

With a little help the paper could be a lot more than it has been in the past. Tell us what you like, hated, loved, ignored, or used to line your cat box in the past issues. In other words fill out the following poll and mail it to:

THE NUNTIVS  
4615 Mt. Vernon  
Houston, Texas 77006

PLEASE CIRCLE YOUR ANSWERS

Are you: Gay Het. Sexual Bi Transexual  
Other: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you male female? Other: \_\_\_\_\_  
Is this your first copy of the paper? Yes No

How many of our past issues have you read?  
All 21 20-15 14-10 9-5 4@ How about 1

What is your overall impression?  
Favorable Neutral Unfavorable

Do you feel their is a nedd for a Texas Gay paper?  
Yes No

What would be your major criticism(s) of the paper as it is?  
too radical and serious not enough variety  
too male oriented expensive  
inaccurate & biased hard to get a hold of  
poorly assembled & edited poor photography  
too many ads. not enough graphics  
too big ads other \_\_\_\_\_

Would you consider contributing to the paper?  
Yes No

What would you like to see in future issues  
photos historical Gay surveys  
reviews films books ect. personal experience articles  
out of state news stories philosophical musings  
graphix hot action pix and stories  
exposes of police harassment, rip-off bars

Suggesti ons of your own: \_\_\_\_\_

Look for results of poll in June issue

POLL



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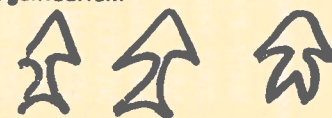
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