

5 ARRESTED IN DALLAS

CHRIS LEE

Dallas - Between 9 and 9:30 PM Friday May 5th, two plain clothes vice squad officers gained entrance to the Batchelor Quarters, Dallas' newest baths, by signing membership applications which stated that they were not police officers. There were seven customers in the baths at the time the officers made the five arrests. Two of the people were in separate rooms and were not bothered by the police. Three men were arrested on charges of sodomy (oral

copulation); the three were in the sauna at the time the two officers observed them. Two men were arrested for lewd and obscene acts (mutual masturbation); they were arrested in the TV room.

Henry McCluskey, attorney for the arrested is seeking to have the cases thrown out on the grounds that the officers made false statements to gain entrance to a private place. According to a source at the baths the situation that occurred Friday night will not happen again. "The officers signed statements

which were notarized stating that they were not police. Our lawyer has gotten this straightened out and we don't expect them to come back. We are still open 24 hours a day," according to an employee of the baths.

One of the arrested men stated that the officers made the statement "we are going to make a visit to the Delta Baths next." It seems that the Dallas Vice Squad is out to protect the public from private acts in private places. If these two "het" policemen could gain entrance to the baths what is going

to stop some het from just accidentally getting in and being offended; after all, that is what the police are doing all this for to keep the public in Dallas from seeing something that might be dirty. Well that's the attitude that the police seem to have about the whole thing. The law is the law and as such they have the duty to uphold it. This obviously selective law enforcement will continue as long as the police have that outdated Texas penal code to use as a weapon against minorities such as the Gay Community.



the

NUNTIVS

Volume 3 No. 5

May, 1972

HOUSTON, TEXAS

GAA MEMBERS BEATEN

Police do nothing

New York - The Gay Activist Alliance charged today that at least eight members of its organization were beaten, kicked and punched at the politically prestigious Inner Circle dinner Saturday night by "men in tuxedos," and that the police stationed at the New York Hilton did nothing about it.

The named Michael J. Maye, president of the Uniformed Firefighters Assn., as the assailant of at least one member. At least two eyewitnesses-both city officials-saw Maye's attack and are reportedly willing to testify about it.

According to one, Manhattan Deputy Borough President Leonard Cohen, the 6-3, 215 pound Maye, a former national Golden Gloves heavyweight champ, "threw his whole body into his punches."

Despite repeated efforts, Maye could not be reached for comment. A Police Dept. spokesman said the matter was under investigation.

At the same time GAA is also calling upon District Attorney Hogan to investigate the incident, particularly the refusal of police on duty either to stop the attacks or point out their attackers-whom they also believe included hotel help backstage. One of them was tall, heavyset, wore a T-shirt and worked either in the kitchen or as a stagehand, they said.

The Inner Circle is an organization of past and present political reporters.

"The Inner Circle incident," said GAA president Richard Wandel, 25, "is just another case where police refuse to do anything involving gay people-and also because I suppose they didn't want to touch those who may be important."

Ronald Thomas, 22, head of the organization's legal action committee, who was cut on the face from someone's punches, declared today that for, "an hour and a half" after he was escorted out of the ballroom area he pleaded with police to let him and others identify their assailants. "It was a gross incident of refusal to enforce the law," he said.

John Vouriotis, 18, of 6 Clinton st., said he was thrown against the wall of a room backstage and kicked in the groin, told how afterwards he and Thomas "spoke with 12 patrolmen and three sergeants and all of them refused us permission to go back into the hotel. One sergeant gave us the excuse that the Hilton management did not want him to let us go in and press charges because, as he put it, there were dignitaries there."

And Allen Ross, 22, (Ross is a sometime name because he is at dripping from my mouth I was taken to the escalator, beaten again and thrown down the escalator. The police on the ground floor saw the beating and did absolutely nothing.

One of the most severely hurt was Jim Owles, 25, a librarian at New York Theologic Library.

Gays Unite To Bring Attackers To Justice

Morty Manford: bruises on face, torso and genitals; possible internal injury.

Jim Owles: seven stitches around left eye, possible permanent eye damage.

Bobby Rome: lacerations on face, possible permanent eye damage.

Allen Ross: general bruises.
Dr. Bruce Voller: general bruises.

John Vouriotis: general bruises, three stitches in forehead.

Saturday, April 15: At 11 pm members of the Gay Activist Alliance, some of them also members of Mattachine, entered the New York Hilton Hotel Ballroom to distribute leaflets against the suppression of gay news to members of the Inner Circle, an organization of political reporters. The demonstrators were attacked by guests of the Inner Circle. Police did nothing to stop the attack. Details are given in the next article from the New York Post.

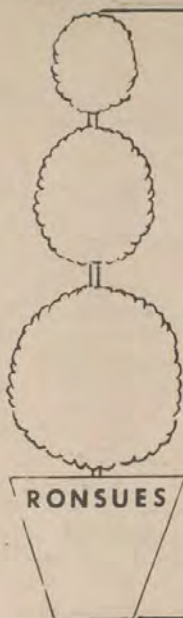
Sunday: GAA headquarters issued a press release, typed on New York Mattachine stationery, which was reported on WBAI. That same day Mattachine mailed copies of the press release to its Board of Advisors, all its members, 250 homophile organizations across the country, and Mattachine's press list.

Monday: Pete Hamill's column in the New York Post stated that one of the primary assailants

one of the primary assailants was Michael Maye, head of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, a former national Golden Gloves heavyweight champion. WBAI's Pete Wilson continued radio coverage for Mattachine and GAA.

Tuesday: The New York Post printed the accompanying article describing the attack. After the Mattachine meeting that evening, the Board of Directors reiterated their pledge to assist GAA and the entire gay community in bringing the affair to the public's attention. Directors authorized a special letter to the Mattachine membership and urged that the membership take the time to inform themselves of the facts in this case. To quote from a press release by Rich Wandel, President of GAA: "It is apparent from the lack of notice in the media that many people would like to see this incident hushed up. We have no intention of allowing that to happen."

Wednesday: GAA representatives stated that New York Civil Liberties Union counsel Paul Chevigny had agreed to donate his services in pressing charges against the Police Department. An important New York law firm is



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He received six stitches that night at Roosevelt Hospital, two below and four above the left eye. Today his left eye is closed to a slit and the left side of his head is swollen.

Like other GAA members, perhaps 20 or 25, Owles had gone to the Hilton to protest a number of things: the media's handling of homosexual stories, police inaction at the Daily News April 10 when some GAA members were allegedly attacked, an April 5

News editorial referring to "fairies, nances, swishes, fags, lezzes—call 'em what you will"—and something they heard about a skit that night.

According to Owles, a guest left early in the dinner to tell those at the Firehouse, GAA headquarters at 99 Wooster St., that in the skit involving Councilman Michael DeMarco (D-Bronx), whom they view as an enemy, "there was a male reporter dressed as a homosexual in drag who was lisping and quite derogatory."

Several GAAs who rushed to the Hilton started to leaflet the ballroom but Owles couldn't get in. "I was outside the ballroom itself when one of our members, Bob Rome, came up to me, his lip was bloody and his eye was funny, and he said he had been at the microphone onstage, and had been beaten.

Suddenly a bunch of men in tuxes started pushing people down the escalator. I was separated from my group and then all of a sudden, someone—very big and in his late 30s—took a slug at me, hit me and I hit the floor. I got up again and he hit me in the face again with his closed fist."

Owles said, however, he really couldn't identify his assailant, because "it happened so fast" and also because he blacked out for a while.

The alleged Maye beating apparently involved Morty Manford, 21, leader of Gay People at Columbia University. Manford cannot positively identify his assailant.

Manford said after he had distributed leaflets in the ballroom—"by and large we were received very well"—he went to the escalator area outside because he had heard shouting. When he got there, he said, he saw several of his "gay brothers and sisters" being attacked.

"I went to pull away one of the assailants," Manford said, "when behind me my prime assailant pulled me by the hair, punched me in the face, knocked me to the ground and continued to punch me in the face about a dozen times."

Manford said other men in tuxedos tried to pull his assailant away "and then he gave me one final kick in the head and walked

away. As he walked away, I said, 'I demand that that man be arrested.' Someone behind me said, 'you're not demanding anything' and threw me down the escalator."

Manford said that from photographs he is almost positive his "prime assailant" was Maye. He continued: "I was lying on the escalator and a baldheaded man in a tuxedo continued to beat at me in the stomach with all his strength." Manford also believes he was attacked at the same time by someone else, whom he says may have been Maye. On the escalator Manford did not see his second attacker.

A city official who did not see the actual beating but knows the GAA members said he saw Manford "lying on the ground at the 45th St. entrance opposite 'Cabaret.' His eyes were glazed, he couldn't focus, he was moaning and trembling, there was an enormous lump on his forehead, and if you touched the side of his stomach he just gasped.

"Someone walked out and said Michael Maye should be arrested, and a sergeant, who wore glasses, I could identify him, said 'I'm not going after Michael Maye on the say-so of you creeps.'"

"When I heard that I decided not to wait for the police ambulance so we called a cab and took him ourselves to St. Luke's."

Deputy Borough President Cohen said that while the homosexuals were distributing literature Maye was "very agitated and angry" and he had to be restrained by his friends. Then Cohen said he saw Maye outside the ballroom "take a swing at a youngster who fell down the escalator" and that he saw him punch and kick a youngster while on the escalator. "he kicked and he stomped while the escalator was moving down and when it was over he bounded up the down escalator. There were at least 40 people who witnessed this."

Cohen said he saw a police officer in a black raincoat who did nothing. Cohen said he told Theodore Kheel and Bronx Borough President Abrams what he had seen "and at that point left the dinner I was so disgusted."

A second city official said he screamed at Maye: "Stop it, you pig."

"I had a very clear picture," the official said. "The police were escorting one or two kids out, very gently. One young policeman in a black leather jacket was going down the stairs with one kid by the arm. No arrests or anything.

"All of a sudden like Superman, Michael Maye pushed everyone aside. He went down the escalator, pushed a policeman out of the way, and began to pummel the kid and kick him in the groin. Not kick exactly, but stomp five or six times with his heel..."

GAA member Michael McPherson said that Maye at one point rubbed the knuckles of his right fist into his left hand saying "God, I hate those bastards."

There was also trouble backstage. Robert Rome, 25, a collection manager for an electronics firm, said he went behind stage, grabbed a microphone and managed to speak for about two minutes until he was set upon, he believes, "by a rather huge employee of the hotel, who came up behind me, pushed me against the wall and punched me in the face. I got up on my hands and knees and said, 'I'll leave' and the man said, 'Oh yeah?'" But, he said, another man in Tux intervened and said "I'm a friend of yours. Get out of here."

Rome said he was pushed down the escalator also.

Dr. Bruce Voeller, an associate professor of biology at Rockefeller University, said he was attacked by several men in black dinner jackets "and one of them had a wrestler's armlock around my neck. Another hit his fist on my chin." He said some of those who witnessed the attack "seemed to be officials sponsoring the dinner."

Joseph Famm, of WABC Radio, president of the Inner Circle, said he didn't see anything. "I saw no blood. Believe me I didn't see anything. The Inner Circle is not in any way involved. We were running a private affair, and they had no business coming in. I don't know what they were beefing about because we did absolutely nothing offensive against their organization. No one should invade our privacy."

GAYS UNITE

studying the second case against Michael Maye and six others, not yet identified, for the six GAA members listed above. The New York NEWS and New York TIMES finally published small articles about the attacks. The New York POST printed an editorial demanding a "more than perfunctory police inquiry."

Thursday: The rest of the story is mainly in our hands. We must fight this battle now, before the assaults become more widespread. If you have been thinking "Maybe I should send a buck or two," please send \$5. Those who have been wondering "Shall I send \$5 or \$10?" send \$10. Those who have in the past sent \$50 or \$100, send \$100 or \$200. The battle in the courts will be long and costly. This battle must be supported by us, the gay community. Make out a check for your tax-exempt donation for the legal battle payable to THE INSTITUTE FOR THE STUDY OF HUMAN RESOURCES. Mail this check to New York Mat-tachine, 243 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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Well, Sissy, where do you stand on Gay rights?

My knowledge of election campaigning is very limited but I do believe that the Farenthold managers could easily be given a run for their money.

Young folks, about 300 strong were gathered in Hermann Park Sunday April 30, for the Farenthold rally. There was beer, music, popcorn and a warm afternoon sun. In the course of speaking the candidate told of her desire to tackle the real issues should she become governor. She said that Ben Barnes tried to throw her off course in East Texas with issues like busing and Gay Liberation. Today she was clearly not going to discuss such things. She went on on to accuse her opponents of representing big business.

Later I managed to question her about the gay matter explaining that I was a member of Gay Liberation.

She told me that "Ben Barnes has run all over East Texas accusing me of favoring busing and homosexuals." She apparently thought I wanted a clear explanation of the word "Gay" since she had substituted the more familiar "homosexual". Her uncomplimentary emphasis on the word "homosexual" coupled with her Lady Bird Johnson accent took me by surprise.

"Oh an attempt to smear you", I said.

"Yes, in East Texas".

I didn't bother to question her regarding her actual position of the gay rights issue. Clearly she was not interested.

Houston's Montrose area has a tremendous gay population. She had probably just addressed more gay people than she will encounter anywhere in Texas. Why belittle the gay movement to this group? (Even the non-gays are sympathetic.) Nothing at all about gay would have been better. Barnes use of smear tactics in East Texas, where the gay population must be near rock bottom, may call for action in East Texas but not in Houston's Montrose where gay rights are very much an issue.

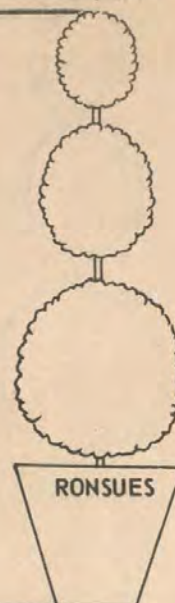
So much for campaign advise.

There is no major gubernatorial candidate who supports our cause. To the best of my knowledge only two openly support gay rights. They are Debbie Leonard, the Socialist candidate and Henry C. Grover. (I've never heard of him either but he did respond favorably to our questionnaire). Should you find the people unsuitable a choice would have to be made on the basis of other important issues, of which there are many.

Welcome Home, MR. ROXANNE !!!



Latin Lovely is back to stay !



Nevertheless, you may want to go to the polls Saturday and pull the lever for a few local candidates who have declared their support. Like Gertrude Barnstone for the

Senate from the fifteenth district; or Michael Noblet for representative from the 90th district. Then there is Ron Waters running for

Cont. page 4

Gay Becomes Minister

SAN CARLOS, CAL. - William Johnson stood before 96 clergymen and lay delegates from 19 churches and told them why "my gay lifestyle" should not bar him from being ordained a minister.

After 2 1/2 hours of discussion Johnson, 25, of North Hollywood, had the votes of 62 delegates to endorse his ordination on June 25 as the first known homosexual pastor of the United Church of Christ.

Johnson came from Houston and was a graduate of Berkeley's Pacific School of Religion when he began work for the San Carlos Community United Church of Christ in 1968.

After years of self-examination and struggle, Johnson said. He affirmed his homosexuality to his parishioners in November, 1970, and was ready to accept the consequences.

The Rev. Henry H. Hayden, pastor of San Carlos Community, said the disclosure "Came as a surprise."

"Those who knew him well had never found anything amiss in his conduct or bearing," he said.

"There was no suspicion or cloud whatsoever."

Johnson went to work for the church's Southern California conference in a community relations program.

Early this year he applied to the denomination's Golden Gate Association to be ordained as a minister.

The association's credentials committee voted 3-2 against recommendation because the majority "were not prepared to accept homosexuality within their definition of a psychologically normal orientation to life."

Delegates, however, voted 62-34 for his ordination.

Johnson said he felt "relieved" and "overjoyed" at the outcome, but "concerned for those who opposed me."

We need desperately to celebrate our differences and look beyond the superficial differences," he said.

"I believe sexual orientation is irrelevant. My sexual orientation does not interfere with my work." (Taken from the Houston Post)

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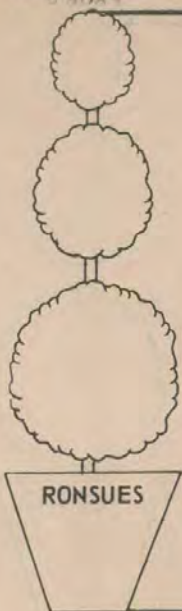
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representative from the 79th district who says that he would be proud to introduce legislation else-

CORRECTION
proud to introduce legislation in Austin for repeal of the Sodomy law. (See complete list of supporters elsewhere in this issue).

These candidates have all indicated their support of gay rights. Some have a very good chance of winning and we surely need friends in Austin.

GAY LIB. AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The Gay Liberation Movement held a rally in front of the White House and called for more public displays of affection of homosexuals. The rally was led by the Rev. Robert M. Clement, a Roman Catholic priest whose Church of the Beloved Disciple is the shrine of New York Homosexuals.

Gay Film Festival

Perhaps some of you recall **Brideshead Revisited**. It was published during the Forties. Its author, Evelyn Waugh, thought so seriously of the homosexual element in his novel that he came from England to Hollywood. There he consulted with the moguls of Metro Goldwyn Mayer—but to no avail. **Brideshead Revisited** was never filmed, owing, it was said at the time, to the censors' strictures concerning any representation of the theme of homosexuality.

How times have changed! Or have they? One cannot resist the temptation to quote the remark from a French play to the effect that the more things change, the more they remain the same. By way of demonstrating that the moguls of MGM and the film censors were at least partially mistaken, I should like to mention a two-article series which appeared in *Los Angeles' ADVOCATE* some months ago.

The two articles in question penetrated deeply into the storehouse of old and recent films, both foreign and domestic. While the gold in the hills was not particularly plentiful, it was interesting. Only a minority of the films listed dealt openly with the theme of homosexuality. But many of the others contained scenes or suggestions which would interest and delight Mr. Average Homosexual.

And so I should like to share with you a scheme. How about starting a film festival?

Yes, I realize there are film festivals and film festivals. I too used to suppose they were something which lasted a month at the most, with a daily change of film fare, and then were over with.

But those were the days before New York City's Park Miller. Now, as you walk down Forty-third Street in the direction of what used to be called a "legitimate theatre," you will find "Male Film Festival" on the marquee.

In addition to the Park Miller, at least three other theatres showing male porno films on a permanent or part-time basis are supported by Fun City's Gay community. Now, might Houston's increasing Gay community be persuaded to support an art theatre whose permanent or periodic policy would be the showing of all such non-porno films as touch upon a homosexual theme or are of a more than erotic interest to homosexuals?

I can think of at least two possible obstacles to such a scheme, and I hasten to anticipate them. First, there may not be a sufficient number of Gay people to warrant the running of a film for an entire week. Then, how about a double feature: the first, a real "oldie," and the second, of more recent vintage? The theatre could then take on the character of a "revival" house in which cinema buffs, both hetro and homo, could be sure of finding satisfying film fare.

Secondly, a daily change of features (or features) would probably involve a prohibitive expenditure of funds. Might this problem be solved by arranging a series of films to satisfy the interests of movie-goers? If symphony and concert activities are arranged in this way and so involve a package-deal buying of the less with the more desirable attractions, then, why not a series of Gay art films to which one might subscribe.

So there is my scheme. Pie in the sky? Think it over.



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GALVESTON

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Summer is here and the time is right to get the tan of a lifetime, and the place is the hottest beach in Texas --- Galveston, Island. Most of you have already found out that the Farmhouse and Paul Stewart have opened a bar in that fun city. The name is the Paradise and it can be made any day of the week. The prices are reasonable and even lower during happy hours 5 to 7 seven days a week. The bar is located on Kemper (thats 22nd) in the same block as the Tiki.

Speaking of the Tiki (214) Tre the bar is now in the most capable hands of two new owners, the place hasn't changed much but you will find it's much friendlier. Sundays and Saturdays the club is open at noon and before six the crown is so thick that you get to

"squeeze" through some of the nicest people in the world.

After dark in the "Fun City" is a different experience as the locals don't come out until late so if you find something to do between when most of the Houston people leave and the locals come out you will find it well worth the wait.

Friday, Saturday and Sundays is showtime at Lafitte's. These shows will just knock your lights shows will just knock your lights out not to mention the bartender. Out of town entertainers drop in from time to time and all in all it makes for some fune times with Robert, an all time favorite in command.

Try Galveston after dark ----- the surprise will be yours!

GAY ISN'T SICK

Before this gay movement can reach goals of liberation legally, politically and socially, the gay individual must possess a positive self-awareness.

To quote Ghandi, the dynamic nature of true revolution is "putting one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant." How can one take such a stance with a weak, apologetic self image? Thus, the behavioral objective of this is for you to realize that your sexual preference is not pathological, and thus aid you in obtaining and maintaining a positive self-image.

A classic research study done in 1957 by a UCLA psychologist, Evelyn Hooker, yields a fine cognitive basis for this desired self-image.

Dr. Hooker obtained 30 gay men with help from The Mattachine Society. She also selected 30

straight men who matched the gays in education, IQ, and age. These 60 men were subjected to a battery of psychological tests including the Rorschach, TAT, MATS, and their life histories.

Empirical data collected, she submitted it to the blind analysis of a panel of psychiatrists and psychologists. This panel could not determine, in a clinical sense, which men were gay! Can we not conclude, as did Hooker, that there is no inherent connection between our sexual orientation and psychological pathology?

Therefore, apologize to no one, least of all yourself. Our liberation begins within. The seeds of revolution must stem from our own heads, nurtured by love and understanding from all others.

(from The Oklahoma Gaily)

CHELSEY ST. JOHN



SEXY & BEAUTIFUL



BOOK REVIEW

by Alan

If you're familiar with the many previous novels by prolific leather author Larry Townsend of Los Angeles. I think you'll join with me in giving the highest accolade to his latest work. **THE LEATHER-MAN'S HANDBOOK** is, for the cognoscent and the leather Exemplars, a veritable Baedeker of B/D and S/M. For the uninitiated, it is perhaps the definitive work on sado-masochism, bondage and discipline.

WARNING TO THE SQUEAMISH AND THE FAINT HEARTED: This 300 page book (\$2.95 in paperback) will tell you far more, and in far more detail, about the nuances of S/M than you would ever care to know. Even some leather people may be repulsed or at turned-off by certain scenes contained herein. On the whole, however, if you have a sincere interest in any of the kinky scenes --leather, rubber, bondage and discipline, humiliation, "golden showers," "FFA" (Fist f----- action), or the like--you will probably find this nonpareil book a real turn-on.

Among the outstanding attributes which this compendium offers to the novice and the Exemplar alike are -

The first published statistics on S/M preferences of which we're aware.

A comprehensive listing of leather bars and leather suppliers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.

A fascinating account of in-group customs and mores, which the non-leather reader will undoubtedly find quite startling.

Larry's initial chapter "Why Leathersex?" attempts to answer the profound question of the motivations for a guy to spend perhaps thousands of dollars and years of life in devotion to what may be considered by some as the most way-out sexual deviation. But, as that hoary aphorism put it, if you have to ask why ... well, it's not for you.

Larry is nothing if not thorough, with those who turn on to "Bondage Without S & M." whereas his fourth treats of "S & M Without Bondage." Something for everyone.

In his chapter on "Equipment" Larry puts across the point that it's not so important how much one has spent or how elaborate one's equipment is, but rather how proficient one is in its use. The S (or master) who has little concern for his quarry's circulation, for example, will make the mistake of binding him too tightly or in a position which should be sustained for only a short period of time. Conversely, too many S's are sloppy in the use of their equipment and hence cannot engender the proper respect in their M (or slave). Being either excessively zealous or careless is a handicap which the aspiring Scant cannot afford if he intends to move to the rank of Exemplar.

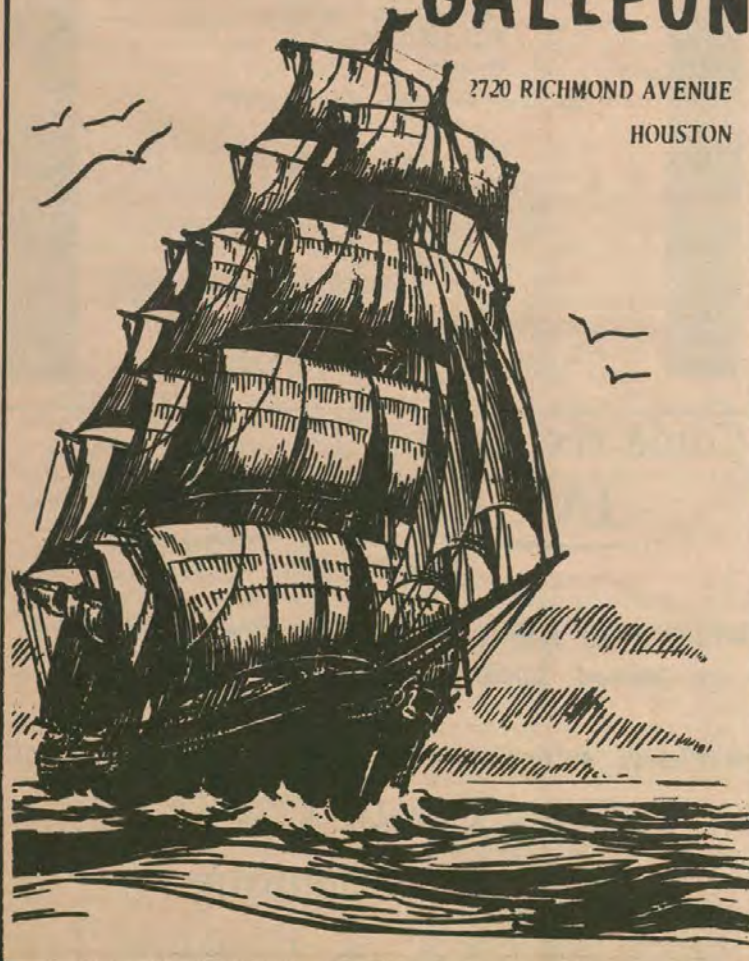
Perhaps the most profound point of the book, a point which this writer has discovered to be true in his relationships with a number of leather people in the Southwest, is that the S/M or leather person is not about to rape those who are unwilling to participate in his scene, nor will he take the M farther than the M wants to go. In a very real sense, the S/M relationship depends on the consent of both parties despite popular beliefs to the contrary. There are, of course, just enough exceptions to prove the rule.

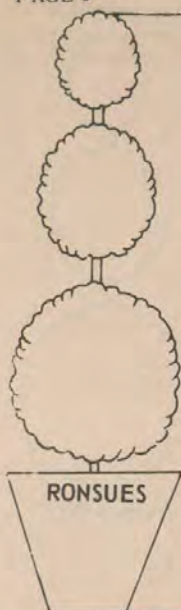
As Larry admonishes in "Finding A Partner," if you're going to try the scene, don't kid yourself about what really turns you on as opposed to those things which may have only an intellectual fascination for you. If you can't dig it on a gut level, don't waste your time in disappointing yourself and your prospective leather partner. But if you decide to get with it, choose your partner with the same care that you would use in avoiding the hustlers and the possible vice squad in a gay bar.

M.C. & FRANK

the
GALLEON

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MADAM FERTILIZER



MOTHER TO DRAG: FRIEND TO ALL

GAA to meet with American Bar Association

Through the efforts of attorneys sympathetic to the goals of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York and the GAA NY Legal Action Committee, a hearing has been scheduled in Washington, DC, on May 28, 1972, by the Section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities of the American Bar Association on the subject of the Gay Rights Platform written at the Chicago Gay Convention, which we assume you are familiar with. (A limited number of additional copies of the Platform are available from GAA on request.)

If, as a result of this hearing, a favorable recommendation on one or more of the planks in the Platform is forthcoming, the ultimate goal of persuading the ABA itself at its August meeting in San Francisco to adopt the platform will be significantly advanced.

In order to make the presentation at the hearing as convincing and complete as possible, we are asking groups and individuals across the country to provide materials that might be useful for submission. Particularly suitable would be affidavits of actual instances of discrimination based on sexual orientation in employment, housing, public accommodations and the like.

Documented instances of the use or abuse of anti-sodomy, anti-transvestite or crossdressing statutes, plus information on how solicitation or loitering ordinances are used to harass homosexuals are needed. To date, no such information on a national scale has been compiled. We are attempting to secure such case histories from around the country by May 10.

When compiled, this information will be invaluable in attempting to cure the passage of legislation on the local, state and national levels. We must move now on this project, taking advantage of the Presidential election year! The national dossier will then be distributed around the nation for use in your

state and will be used in May as well to attempt to move the U.S. Civil Rights Commission to conduct hearings in all major cities into discrimination against homosexuals and to recommend appropriate corrective legislation on all government levels.

Furthermore, the Washington, DC, Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a coalition of 124 civil rights groups headed by Roy Wilkins, will also receive the documents so that these groups can aid in lobbying for passage of the provisions of the Gay Rights Platform on their local levels and serve as a "Watchdog" agency over their legislative process.

In addition, GAA NY's Legal Action Committee and others are working on projects regarding (1) the status of gays in prisons and (2) the status of gays in the U.S. Armed Forces. Any documented case histories or affidavits on these subjects would be invaluable as well in verifying the extent of discrimination against homosexuals so that change can be brought about.

Please send all information and correspondence to: Mr. Ronald Thomas, Legal Action Committee, Gay Activist Alliance, 99 Wooster street, NY, NY.

Dragon Dragged Off "Hair" Stage

The grand dragon of the Oklahoma Ku Klux Klan and three of his colleagues tried to make a citizen's arrest of cast members during a performance of the musical "Hair." After the lights dimmed for the show's nude scene, the four climbed into the stage, seized a microphone and made their announcement. The audience booed, the lights came back up for the scheduled intermission and security guards escorted the Klansmen from the theatre. Said one of the Klansmen afterward, "They were just as naked as jay birds." (from PLAYBOY, May 72)

RR chatter

Dear "Hooter Lovers",

Let's begin by catching up on the happenings at the Red Room during February and March.

A record breaking crowd was on hand Valentine's Day to see 20 of Houston's prettiest boys compete for trophies, cash prizes and the title of Miss Valentine's 1972. Honors went to "Love Love" 1st place Jennifer George - 2nd place and Tammi Lea - 3rd place.

February also brought back the ever-so-popular amateur night under a new title "Talent Night". The contest is held from a period of 4 to 6 weeks - then the 1st and 2nd place winners of the previous weeks compete in final competition for cash awards. Winners of the last two talent contests were Mr. Kim English - Toy Tiger, Jack Golden, Mitzi St. James and Jennifer George.

The Detour Club in Dallas, Texas traveled to the Red Room with a very entertaining review entitled "Cinderella". Three young men on tour from Nashville entertained RR patrons early in March.

On tour during the month of April to Miami and Atlanta was Miss

R.R. herself, Tiffany Jones. She reports hooters - a - plenty down in Seminole land.

New faces at the RR are Bobby and Danny - bartenders and Wayne, our new waiter.

Up and coming specials will see T. J. present an evening with the Golden Sisters, Mitzi St. James and of course Tiff. That's May 11th - on a Thursday.

On May 2nd a special show entitled Kitty's Litter was performed. 10 very talented people did several Broadway production numbers and a lot of fun was had by all.

The newest member to The Fabulous Four is "The Dianne Warwick of Houston" - Daschille - If you haven't seen this young man perform you're in for a real treat and a very entertaining evening.

The RR would like to say good-luck and farewell to the male lead - "Sir Barry" - it was fun and we'll miss you.

Until next month here and Sunday - Tuesdays - and - Wednesdays from 9 to 12 at the greatest show - bar in town --- I'll say,

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ASTRAL ERECT/ONS

by CHRISTOPHER & ROBB

After a long absence Astral Erections returns to the pages of the Nuntius. During the past two months there has been too much news and Astral was left out to make room for more important matters.

Associate Editor

ARIES - Between the thirteenth and the sixteenth you will notice pronounced romantic activity; you may have to beat them off with a stick, belt or what ever it is a ram uses. More than ever you now know what you want and how to get just that; find happiness with those that you truly love. Don't let some wet blanket make you think for one minute that you can't love more than one person at a time. Keep on Truckin'.

TARUS - Now is the time to let the real you out. Your zest for living and your warm friendly manner make you the ideal mate or trick; know what you want and it is yours with a little effort in the right direction (it could be the wrong direction). Between the 12th and 19th you will find that all your relationships are more than happy; they are almost enchanted. You never have to strive to be yourself but remember that people don't all share that wonderful quality.

GEMINI - This is going to be a mixed month for you with this in mind read further. Do not quarrel or try to make important decisions with friends or loved ones before the 12th. It is difficult to understand the relationship you want' you keep changing your mind so often; try to make decisions and stay in the light of the true you, what ever that is. The 12th to the 19th bring a period of good tricking in this month of not so steady desires. Do what you like and like what you do.

CANCER - The goddess of love, Venus, enters your sign on the 10th, beginning a period that even the retiring Cancer can't help but have a good time. The key to this period of activity is to be in the places that the people you want are. Join in the scene at the Hi Kamp or give the Landing a try on a Wed-

nesday night. If you are looking for a lover keep looking -- for some time you will not be able to settle down to just one person. On the 12th you will find that you are attracted to the out of doors for some fun, sun and hot action you will find that new people you make in this period will become the life long "friends" you have needed for so long.

LEO - There are several tests of friendship coming up this month before the 12th. You will be well advised to seek help from strangers early in the month. Don't let yourself be too dependant on the old ways, go out to a bar that you seldom go to. Find joy with new people. Now after the 12th things change so much that you may feel that you are in a spin with your values changing rapidly. Enjoy the changes but don't let anyone in on your personal affairs for it will only cause jealousy and keep you from making progress.

VIRGO - The 1st to the 11th is a time for romping and playing and forming romantic friendships - who says you can't do it with a friend. Be cautious of this period and as the stars command it is only a friendship; and that's the truth. After the 11th you will find that your romantic appeal is much increased and you will find new people who are very attracted to you. Parents, business or your career may seem a bring down but don't be so serious that you let these hassels keep you from having a good time!

LIBRA - If I didn't see it with my own eyes I would never have believed it. "The trend is for ardent love and romantic declarations of a pleasant nature. Love comes naturally and can be the most engrossing you have ever had. A new swim suit will be connected with the meeting of a new person. Friends that you took for granted will be suprised at the new attention that you show to them. You may find that you're in demand so much that you don't have time for everyone you would like to do a thing with, but your energy is

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unbounded this month. Lets work together and see what can happen, love each other.

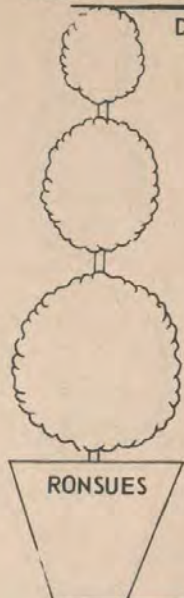
SCORPIO - Distance is the key word this month. You may find that if you are some distance from home that people are more attracted to you or someone from a distance could become your new

romance. If you decide in a fury of passion to join with another person you may supprise everyone with your true happiness. This is no time to think of a relationship based on money or security, if you do you will find that you have made a mistake.

SAGITTARIUS - Having had some



DEE MARIE



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experience with the Archer the only comment I have is that you will get over yourselves! You will find that you are showing appreciation, gratitude and demonstrative affection in your relationships, and isn't it about time that you gave up that wam-bam-slam-thank-you approach to people? The sun warms your love life and creates the real emotional involvement you need so much. Your friends will find you more interesting than usual and through them you can find some more meaning in your life. Why be so afraid to dive into that sea of love and explore its depth, Sagittarius.

CAPRICORN - Lady luck smiles on you and the sun will bathe you and your relation in an elation you haven't felt before. Affairs and money are closely tied this month and what seems just the only thing that matters in your life pocket book. Acting and effort will

bring about what you want. Don't let people side track you too much but keep your heart open. Climb that Capricornian ladder to the mountaintop but don't step on any toes!

AQUARIUS You have tried to find variety in your life and this month offers just that. Social and romantic adventures will give you the excitement you seek, you will meet a person who becomes more important later at a party or celebration this month. That long journey that you have expressed some doubt about will bring you in contact with the person you have been looking for so long. A secret enemy is posing as a friend-beware around the 22nd and 23rd that you keep everything that could hurt you to yourself. Don't try to hide things that can't be hidden if it's natural then it will be known. Keep floating along with

your hostesses

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your head in those beautiful Aquarian clouds, but keep your feet on the ground.

PISCES - Your passionate attitude to younger people could cause some problems. Watch yourself and be sure that only the two of you are in on your affair. Your social life is on the upswing and you will find that it leads you to love; we can't tell if it is going to be

returned so enjoy it and don't look for something you can't find. Adventure and color will fill your life from the 12th to the 16th and you will be in the position to drown yourself in them the way you always do when the chips are down. Pisces always manages to muddle through somehow. It's your natural protection. Go with the flow and dig on the show.

Homosexual Stigmas ?

The founder of a church ministering to homosexuals this week blasted the clergy for its failure to recognize and discuss the problems of homosexuality.

The Rev. Troy D. Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles, said in a press conference that the traditional church has been the "instigator of many of the stigmas that have been placed upon the homosexual."

The Rev. Mr. Perry is in Dallas to meet with members of the Metropolitan Community Church of Dallas.

"A popular misconception about our church," he said, "is that it is being used to recruit people to be homosexuals. This is not true. Our main purpose is to recruit people to Christianity. Nature took care of our homosexuality. We just ask that we be recognized. We don't feel we are sick, so we don't want to be cured. We just want to be accepted. Our church is open to anyone who wishes to accept Christianity."

Our second function is to make the homosexual feel that he is a person and need not be ashamed."

Mr. Perry noted that not all of

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COMMENT & CALANDER

The lusty month of May is upon us, but the arts schedule hardly measures up to that old cliché. Following a particularly action packed month of April, May looks to be somewhat slower and much less exciting. Perhaps the summer doldrums have an early start this year. Regardless, there are some bold ventures in the performing arts set for this month. Perhaps, just perhaps, you'll find something to appeal to your finer values.

"What's so bad about living with a stranger?" continues through the month of May at the Dean Goss Dinner Theatre. The Dailys favored this production with good reviews, and that is all we have to go on for this month. With such an intriguing title it must have something in the running.

The Windmill continues with their production of "Fiddler on the Roof". Due to a month long sojourn in Austin, this critic has not been able to attend, but reports are that the Windmill has succeeded where others have failed. May 30th finds the producers taking a plunge into the deep end of the pool with a production of "Bus Stop". It is indeed unusual for a dinner theatre to attempt anything other than light comedy or musical comedy, so this should prove a most interesting offering.

Houston's venerable Alley Theatre closes out a superb production of "Taming of the Shrew" on May 14th. Should old English be your cup of tea, don't miss this event. The Alley stage comes alive again May 25th with a production of the smash "Child's Play". Reportedly the first regional outing with this show, we are most anxious to see it in the fine Alley tradition. Special student performances will be held the 21st and 23rd. Now to the Houston

Treehouse Cabaret Theatre. Their initial offering is "Skulduggery in the Skies" presented by the company of Royal and Ancient Players. Located in the Wood Oaks Apartments at 5900 Bissonnet, this melodrama will be performed only on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. For an evening of uproarious fun try this show. Hissing the villain and cheering the hero can be such good fun.

Along the lines of special events we find "Disney on Parade" at the Coliseum beginning May 9th. We all certainly remember the Mickey Mouse Club, so it might just be an evening of pure nostalgia for a great many people. Gene Kelly troupes into the Astrodome May 31 with an extravaganza called "Clownaround" starring Ruth Buzzi. Designed to be performed in major halls and coliseums throughout the country it sounds as if it is an enlarged musical comedy with little plot, just lot's of laugh.

Foley's choice quality stuff brings Shawn Phillips to the music hall for a concert May 13th and Stephen Stills to Hofheinz Pavilion for a super show on May 19th. Other than Alice Copper on May 7th at Hofheinz that's all that could be located on the Rock Scene this month.

We can look for a new face with the Houston Symphony on May 26th. It's one of the old favorites of this particular critic, the incomparable Phyllis Diller. She will no doubt lavish her acrid humor on the masses, but surprise everyone when she sits upon a bench and bombards the eardrums with a little classical piano. One must be versatile these days.

Should you ever get the urge to visit some of the fine straight clubs Houston has to offer we make

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RONSUÉS

the following recommendations. La Bastille is the home of name entertainment in our town. Although primarily a jazz club, they also feature some of the well-known pop singers on occasion. The club known as O.D.'s, still in it's infancy is starting big by bringing in some of the very best in club entertainers. Among others, look for Della Reese this month. For an evening of true fine listening try Les Quarte Saison on Market Square. The music is nearly all opera with an occasional leap into show tunes. The voices are superb.

Look for the Miller Theatre in Hermann Park to start operation soon. Check the dailys for the many fine free events held under the stars.

The old Houston Music Theatre will spring to life this month. After the trial run with Debbie Reynolds proved so successful, entrepreneur Dice Ott has chosen to plunge in full force with a season of stars beginning in June. But May will bring us one, if not two package shows.

H.M.T., it's good to have you back!

That's the month of May at this writing. There's plenty to do with few conflicting engagements this month. Again we say.....support the arts!

HOMOSEXUAL STIGMAS

his dealings with other churches have been negative.

"There are many protestant as well as Catholic and Jewish clergymen and congregations who have expressed an interest in the subject and want to be able to do something about the stigmas attached to it."

The Rev. Richard Vincent, pastor of the Dallas church noted that several churches in the Dallas area have asked members of the community to speak at their worship services.

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Part V and Conclusion

a homophile novel

by William J. Lambert, III

After basic it was four weeks of AIT: Advanced Individual Training. After those four weeks I would be an official 716.1: a personnel specialist. For AIT I was transferred across post. Everyone in basic training went their separate ways. Everyone was cleared out of the area. No more basic training at Fort Ord. Beatnik was shipped off to Texas. Bookworm went to New Jersey. Miss Green went to New York. The others went to their assigned posts in Texas, New Jersey, New York, California, Washington. Each went off to serve God and his country.

I moved from one end of the post to the other. I moved to Fort Ord's personnel school: PASC. I went

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FORM, FACE AND FIGURE

over and was put through the whole routine again -- the assigning of new barracks, new sheets, new blankets, new pillows. New faces gathered from other forts, other locations, other basic training units: from Honolulu, from Ft. Leonardwood, from Fort Lewis. We talked about life before the Army, after the Army. We talked about the hell of the Army. I tried to pick out the queers.

The fat soft one who spoke funny, who tried to be friendly, who no one really wanted to be friendly with: he was queer. I could tell by his actions, his fluttering hands, his limp wrists, his voice. I could tell by the way he spoke, the things he said, the people and places he had seen, the names he dropped, his silly simple smile,

his eyes: queer's eyes. It was funny about the way you could tell by the eyes. All the others -- his voice, his actions, his name droppings -- could be misleading. Never the eyes.

His were pig eyes that were but part of a pig face and a pig body. He was an auntie at eighteen. You could tell he wanted sex. You could also tell he wasn't getting it. It was hard to tell. It was hard for the repulsive ones, really hard. They couldn't do it on looks because they had none. They couldn't attract with their bodies because their bodies were repulsive bulks of flesh with no beauty and no lines. Occasionally they might find a person with tastes for the ugly, but there were too many ugly ones to go around.

His name was Jerry Pale. Jerry lent itself nicely to the mispronunciation, "fairy". The fat boy was the type we would have been talking about behind his back even if he wasn't queer. It seemed as if by calling someone else a queer the attention was momentarily shifted from the rest of us. Keep the attention of others on the others and they scarcely had time to stop and look at us. As long as someone else was the subject of conversation we were safe. The time to worry was when people tired of the obvious queers and went looking elsewhere.

Gerald Danner: short, thin, effeminate, another odd one. He wasn't thoroughly repulsive. He just wasn't good looking. He was one of those in-between individuals. He was not quite as bad off as Jerry Pale. They were both sad cases. It was sad if you were queer and didn't have looks -- or if not looks then at least a body. Jerry was fat. Gerald was thin. They immediately became close friends: two pathetic beings clutching for something in the dark, having sympathy pains for the plights of each other. They bunked together. Jerry slept on the bottom, Gerald on top. They became Mutt and Jeff. They were talked about and laughed at.

What would Matthew and John have seen in me had I been ugly? Had I been too skinny or too fat? If I'd been ugly and misshapen? Would I have gone to bed with Matthew if he had been thin like Gerald? Would I have gone to bed with the lieutenant if he had been fat like Jerry? But for the grace of God go I. One couldn't help feeling sorry if one really understood their plight, and I think I understood it. To have been born with such desires was pathetic. They must have been born with them. In their condition they surely wouldn't have gone out of their way to acquire the taste. They would have been crazy to have done so. For who wanted them? Who wanted them in youth? Who wanted them after they had aged? Let them find companionship with each other. It was something. Something was

better than nothing.

The fat one wanted me. It was easy to tell since I was queer.

He was unsure: unsure that I was homosexual. He approached me slowly. I had a headache, a backache. He offered to give me a rubdown. His father had been a masseur. He had learned some of the techniques.

"Go ahead," Milton said, winking, "let him give you a rubdown." Milton was straight. Milton thought I was straight and he thought Jerry was a faggot. He thought the whole scene was extremely funny.

"Why not?" Robert smiled. "It might help."

The others in the barracks nodded, gave their approval. They smiled and winked when Jerry had turned his back. They were witnessing a queer on the make. They thought it was one fun game.

So I obliged. A blanket was spread on the floor and I laid face down on it. Jerry gave me a rubdown while the others grouped around with their smiles, laughs and snide remarks. Jerry pounded on me and worked my muscles. The pain went away, and I felt relaxed. He finished and I went to bed and slept.

"You better watch out for the fat boy," Milton said. We were walking past the bowling alley on the way to the movie. Our evenings were free during AIT. It was a relief to get out after the class for a movie and to feel for a few minutes like civilians. "I swear to God, he's trying to get into your pants."

"Because he gave me a massage?" I laughed. "Come now."

"Just mark my words," Milton said softly. "You're going to wake up one of these mornings and find that thing trying to play with you."

"I'll lock my chastity belt," I smiled.

There was a line outside the theater. There was always a line outside the theater. After a day of schooling everyone wanted to feel like a human. We took our places in line.

"Speaking of the devil," Milton said, motioning up to the front of

Ginzburg goes to prison

After nine years of appeals, Ralph Ginzburg has gone to prison for three years on a puritanical technicality. As publisher of the mildly titillating EROS magazine and two other publications, he was convicted in 1963 of violating the century-old Comstock Act against mailing obscene materials. Three years later, his conviction was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in a controversial decision that evaded classifying Ginzburg's publications as obscene but declared his promotions of them to be "pandering" -- a doctrine never before applied and rarely invoked since. Before surrendering to authorities, Ginzburg tore up a copy of the Bill of Rights; a short time later he and a convicted bank-robber, both in handcuffs, were transported to the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. A number of prominent persons protested the sentence in a full-

page advertisement in THE NEW YORK TIMES. Playwright Arthur Miller wrote, "A man is going to prison for publishing and advertising stuff a few years ago which today would hardly raise an eyebrow in your dentist's office. This is the folly, the menace of all censorship--it lays down rules for all time which are ludicrous a short time later." (Playboy '72) Editor's note: From Greek Mythology, Eros was the God of Love, son of Aphrodity. The magazine Eros was dedicated to love and was well written and printed on fine paper. Only four issues were printed before the prude's struck it down. Since then, the volumes have become collector's items and are of considerable value.

The Circle of Friends in Dallas have the four issues in their library, and those wishing to read them are welcome to do so.

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the line. "There's little Jerry now with his other little friend. Let's go up and ask him if he's been saving our places."

"You must be kidding."

"Come on," Milton smiled. "you go on up and when he lets you cut in then I'll follow. You can give me cuts."

"He's hardly going to give me cuts, crowds, or much of anything else," I said. "We're hardly that close of friends."

"Okay," Milton said, moving out of line. "You wait here and I'll go tell your girlfriend that you're way back in line and that your feet are about to give out."

"Don't be funny," I said, reaching a hand out to stop him. I was too late. He was hurrying toward Jerry. In a few minutes they were both motioning me forward.

"Look who I found up here," Milton said, smiling. "It's Jerry." "How's your feet?" Jerry smiled.

"Oh, they're horrible," Milton said. "Here, lean your weight on me."

"I'm afraid Milton was over exaggerated," I said.

The ticket window opened and the line moved forward. We bought our tickets. Milton lugged me over to the pop corn stand where he borrowed a quarter for a large bag.

"Where did your friend go?" Milton asked, munching one of the salted kernels from the bag and offering me a handful.

"He and Gerald went on in and sat down," he said.

"Well, let's go find them," Milton smiled.

"I do believe you're her pimp," I said.

He smiled even wider.

"Okay," he smiled, "so I've been discovered. I confess. I'm her pimp and she promised me ten percent of any action."

"That means you'll be coming out on the short end," I said.

"She would have to pay me."

"Maybe I had better pimp for you. Do you have a pimp?"

"I work for an independent organization," I said.

"Foiled again," he laughed.

We went and found our seats. The picture started before I found where Jerry and Gerald had finally decided to sit. I thought I heard Jerry laugh during the Tom and Jerry cartoon. It was a high-pitched and rather hysterical laugh.

"You will write, won't you?"

"Do you really want me to?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Promise me you'll write."

"If you want," I said, I propped one of the pillows behind my back. He was sitting off in one of the chairs, wearing only his shorts. He held a cigarette in his right hand.

"I feel so hopeless," he said. "I mean, really helpless. If there were anyway I could arrange it so I could stay, you know I would. Since they've eliminated basic at least temporarily here at the fort, they've got an excess of personnel."

"It's the Army," I said. "It's just our God, our boss, our master. It says move and we move. You must surely accept that."

"I accept it," he answered. "It's just that these last weeks have been so damned" He crushed out his cigarette. "I'm going to miss you."

"You'll find someone else," I said.

"No, he said, getting to his feet suddenly and going to stand before the drapes that hid the windows. "No, I doubt if I'll ever find anyone else like you."

"You just think that now," I said. I had heard these words too often before to put any real weight on them now. "After a while you'll forget all about me and someone else will be there in your bed. You'll be saying the same things to him."

"You don't really believe me at all, do you?" he asked, turning.

"I know you," I said. "That's why I'm saying what I saying."

"You don't know me," he said. "or else you would know that it's going to be hell for me without you."

"It will be hell only until you find another."

"Dman it, don't be so smug!" he said, coming over to the bed.

"Listen, John," I said. "I'm not trying to be smug. I'm just trying to be realistic. Oh, I appreciate what you're inferring. I'm happy that you've had a good time. I won't lie by telling you that I haven't had fun, too. You've got good looks, good body, good style, but I've heard the parting words too damned often to put any real stock in them. I've said them myself too many times to attach any real meaning to them."

"I'm different," he persisted. He sounded so convincing I almost tended to believe him. "I'm too hard to satisfy. Do you know how long it had been since I had had anyone before I met you? It had been a damned two years."

I didn't bother asking him what his farwells had been like to his other little plaything. What would have been the point?

"Two years," he said, standing over me. "I can't just pick up anybody."

RONNIE SIOUX



RONNIE SIOUX

I was going to mention Matthew, but Matthew was best left buried for my sake as well as for John's.

"I have to be careful," he continued. "I'm an officer in this God-awful Army. Queer officers are something else. I just can't go hopping into bed anytime I want. If there were only somehow, somehow I could stay here."

I pulled back the covers and moved to give him room. He looked down at my partially uncovered body and then at the space waiting beside me. He put his hand on the head of the bed for balance as he slipped off his shorts. Then he got into bed. I tossed the covers over him. His body was warm against mine as he lay silently on his back. He reached for the cigarettes on the night table, got one, lit it. He blew smoke at the ceiling.

I moved closer until our sides and thighs made contact. Then I shifted to my side and moved a hand to his chest. His skin felt smooth, his nipples hard.

"Listen," I said. "We don't have much time. Why spend time thinking about the future?" His stomach was tight; no fat, no flab. "What if you could find a way to stay? What then? In a very few days I'll have finished AIT. Then I'll have to go and you would be the one staying. Farewells are bound to come eventually. The Army keeps its personnel nowhere for long." I rested my hand between his legs.

He moved slightly to crush his cigarette out in the ash tray on the night table. Then he rolled over to face me. He nestled his head to kiss the V at my neck.

"God, how I'm going to miss you," he spoke into my flesh.

AIT wasn't basic training but it was Army. Some things in the Army remained the same, were common place, were redundant. There were the silly inspections where civilian clothes were hidden. Unauthorized clothes were packed up and excess junk was gathered in suitcases and boxes to be carried across the road to the other barracks which weren't having their big inspection until the next week. Towels, underwear and socks were all rolled neatly and placed in the foot locker. Everything had to be neat. We put the razor, the razor blades, the toothbrush and the soap we didn't use all on display. We put the razor, razor blades, toothbrush and soap we used into the suitcase to be carried to the barracks across the road. We polished our brass. We walked over to the shoeshine stand to pay out \$3 to get our boots and shoes polished. It

saved doing the work ourselves. We swept the floors, waxed the floors, scrubbed the showers, washed the urinals and the toilets. We dusted the woodwork, the mopboards, the window panes, the pipes, the rafters, the beds. We washed the windows, dried the windows. We repeated the routine. We went out in the mornings to pick up the cigarette butts, pieces of paper, chewing gum. We pulled the weeds out of the lawn. We cut the grass. We swept the streets.

AIT was school. We marched off to class in the morning: typing, official documents, English. We marched from class to class. The class would end and we would file outside, get into formation and march off again to another building and another brainless teacher with his simple-assed lecture.

We began taking inoculations for meningitis. Basic had been discontinued but it was feared the disease might slip over to the rest of the Fort. Precautions has to be taken. Research was to be conducted to determine who the carriers were. I wondered if John had been a carrier. John had gone to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He swore he would write. Surely they must have conducted tests when they had found Matthew dead.

We marched out of a classroom where an imbecile was trying to teach us the basic fundamentals of the English language. The teacher hadn't know the basic fundamentals himself. He stood corrected three times. All the students seemed to know more than the teacher. We got into our formation and our class leader marched us off to another building. We fell into two lines, marched up the steps, were given a number. Stopped in front of a man in white, opened our mouths. They swabbed our throats. They wanted throat culture. One kid actually gagged on the stick, vomited on the floor. The line moved forward. We marched out the other end of the building. We got into our formation. We marched off to another class.

I got a letter from John. It was short. He said he would write more later. He was busy getting settled. He missed me.

Here comes the bride, big, fat, and wide. Here comes the groom as skinny as a broom. How apropos! They played the Lohengrin Wedding March and I thought the words mumbled in accompaniment by children for time immemorial was quite appropriate for this particular occasion.

CONT. ON PAGE 14

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My wife, Roy, said to me, "George, it's about time you learned to play golf. You know golf, that's the game where you chase a ball all over the country when you are too old to chase men." So I went to see Jones and asked him if he would teach me to play. He said "Sure, you've got balls, haven't you?" I said "yes, but sometimes on cold mornings they're kinda hard to find".

"Bring them to the Clubhouse tomorrow," he said, "and we will tee off."

What's tee off?" I asked.

He said, "It's a golf term and we have to tee off in front of the Clubhouse."

"Not for me", I said, "You can tee off there if you want to but I'll tee off behind the barn somewhere."

"No, no," he said. "A tee is a little thing about the size of your little finger."

"Yeah, I've got one of those."

"Well," he said, "You stick it in the ground and put your ball on top of it."

I asked, "Do you play golf sitting down. I always thought you stood up when you put your balls on the tee."

Well folks, I thought that was stretching things a little bit too far, and I said so.

He said, "You've got a bag, haven't you?"

"Sure," I said. He asked, "your balls are in it, aren't they?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Well," he said, "Can't you open the bag and take one out?"

I said, "I suppose I could, but damned if I'm going to."

He asked if I didn't have a zipper on my bag, and I told him no, I'm the old fashioned type.

Then he asked if I knew how to hold my club.

Well, after fifty years I should have some sort of an idea, and I told him so.

He said, "You take your club in both hands."

Folks, I knew right then he didn't know what he was talking about.

Then he said, "You swing it over your shoulder."

"No, no, that's not me; that's my brother you're talking about."

He asked me, "How do you hold your club?", and before I thought I said, "In two fingers."

He said that wasn't right and got behind me and put both arms around me and told me to bend over and he would show me how.

He couldn't catch me there, be-

cause I didn't put in four years in the navy for nothing.

He said, "You hit the ball with your club and it will soar and soar."

I said, "I could well imagine."

Then he said, "And then you're on the green."

"What's the green? I asked."

"That's where the hole is," he said.

"Sure you're not color blind?" I asked.

"No. Then you take your putter."

"What's the putter?" I asked.

"That's the smallest club made," he said.

"That's what I got, a putter."

"And with it," he said, "You put your ball in the hole."

I corrected, "You mean putter."

He said, "The ball; the hole isn't big enough for the ball and the putter, too."

Well, I've seen holes big enough for a horse and wagon.

Then he said, "After you make the first hole, you go on to the next seventeen."

He wasn't talking to me. After two holes I'm shot to hell.

"You mean," he said, "You can't make eighteen holes in one day?"

"Hell, no. It takes me eighteen days to make one hole. Besides, how do I know when I'm in the eighteenth hole?"

He said, "The flag will go up."

That would be just my luck!!!!

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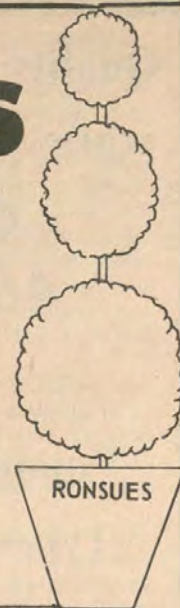
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Methodist - Who really cares?

by Ken Larson

A legislative committee of the 1972 United Methodist Church General Conference has rejected a proposal to add a provision to the denomination's Book of Discipline specifically stating that homosexuals are eligible for the ministry. The rejection came on April 18.

F. Gene Leggett of Dallas, suspended by the Southwest Texas Conference in 1971 after revealing his homosexual lifestyle, appeared before the general

conference's standing legislative committee on the clergy to ask 70 committee members to recommend favorable action on his petition to a plenary session of the conference.

After hearing him for 10 minutes, the committee voted to recommend that the general conference reject his petition. The vote was not recorded, but only 2 committee members indicated opposition to the negative recommendation.

CONT. ON PAGE 15

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...they were married. The small group sat in chairs as the organ music began. The bride dressed in a white gown with a white veil draped down over her face. She walked down the aisle slowly to where the groom waited all dressed in black. It could have been a funeral.

It was amusing yet sad: one of those comedies which border on the tragic. Yet, I couldn't bring myself to laugh or to cry. I just watched the fat bride's repulsive body behind her white veil. I observed the groom's body beneath the black of his coat and pants.

"And do you take this to be your lawfully wedded wife, to honor, cherish, et cetera?"

"I do."

"And you?"

"I do, too."

The rings were exchanged. And I now pronounce you man and wife. The veil was raised. Gerald Danner bent forward to kiss the chubby veil-framed face of Jerry Pale. Until divorce do you part.

The party was over, finished, done. The remnants of the merry-making were scattered helter-skelter around the room: cups, bottles of booze, half-eaten food. The hosts were herding the last of the guests out of the apartment. I finally heard the door close.

I sat in a chair in the living room. I still held the tumbler of liquor in my hand: two inches of bourbon, still sloshed in the bottom. I waited.

Jerry came back into the living room, walked slowly across the rug to sit on the Ottoman at my feet.

"I'm glad you came," he said. He seemed somewhat embarrassed. His fat features were flushed. "Really, I am."

"You thought I wouldn't come?"

"Straights often look on all of this as part of our sickness. They avoid us and this sort of display like the plague."

Poor Jerry! I couldn't help but smile. He still considered me one of the straight world. He still didn't know the truth.

"Then I thought maybe you would come just out of curiosity to see

the freaks on parade. I thought you would come and snicker and laugh. You know, make fun. You were the only straight we invited. Gerald said it was a mistake to invite you. He said you would make fun." Jerry paused to look at me. He gingerly extended a hand toward my knee, thought better of touching and brought it back to rest with his other hand in his lap.

"We take this seriously, you know," he said. "This wedding and all, I mean. It might seem a bit silly, like we were just children playing at our little games, but we're not children any longer. We had a wedding here tonight: a real wedding. Even the priest was a real priest. It meant a lot of us. I think it would have killed me if you would have laughed."

"You don't know me very well, do you?" I said, knowing as I said it that there was no one who really knew me well. Not even my parents knew me.

"You're not the type that will let a person know you, are you?" he replied. "It's not because they don't want to know you, not because they don't try to know you. You've got this aura about you that draws people to you like a magnet. It's like a big neon sign that blares out: I'm good looking and I'm fun to be with. And you are good looking and you are fun to be with. But there's another you inside that body: a mystery, a stranger, someone no one ever seems to see completely -- not even you. Maybe that second you is also part of your charm. There's always those people who try to figure out the mystery people who try to figure out the mysteries. Though I somehow doubt they will ever figure out yours."

I stood up, looked down at him. He was still seated on the footstool. His pig-like eyes looked at me. He suddenly didn't look quite as ugly as I had always imagined him. He didn't look handsome or pretty but either was he really ugly anymore.

"I've found happiness today," Jerry said. "Maybe it's just a fleeting moment, a temporary illusion but at least I've experienced it for a time. I've given my whole self to Gerald. My whole being is

his. There's happiness in that sort of giving. It's a happiness I doubt you will ever know. That's sad because you have an awfully lot to give."

"Be happy," I said. I laid my unfinished drink on the table. Jerry stood to join me. We both walked through the living room toward the door. Gerald had disappeared momentarily. I listened for him, heard nothing but my own breathing and the sound of Jerry and my footsteps on the rug. "One question," I said before he could open the door.

"What?" he asked.

"What exactly did you tell them at the fort?"

"We told them that we were queer," Jerry said simply. "We told them that we loved each other and if they didn't let us love as civilians that we would love in the barracks as soldiers."

"Tell Gerald good-bye," I said.

"He thought you would laugh, you know," Jerry said. "He really thought that you would. He thought he knew you. At least for a moment he thought that he did."

"Make it last," I said.

"I can tell that you don't think it will," Jerry said. His hand was on the door knob but he still hadn't opened the door. "Maybe down deep I know you're right. But at least it is now. The future will just have to take care of itself."

"I want you to be happy," I said sincerely. "Really I do." He smiled, opened the door. I stepped out into the hallway.

"The Army sucks," he smiled sadly.

"Yea," I said, "The Army sucks."

He still hadn't shut the door when I had reached the elevator at the end of the hall. He was still standing there in the opened door when the panels closed between us.

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I've met people who have told me that the bars never change, that they're always filled with the same old faces night after night after night. The old faces supposedly just get older and everyone grows ancient together.

I've often wondered how they could figure that. Granted there are the regulars -- the faces that are at first new, then old, then stagnant -- but even the regulars eventually change or move on to other places. Homosexuals seem to be a restless breed: always on the outlook for that new bar, that new place where they can again -- at least for a while -- be a new face, a new body, a new penis.

I came back to Los Angeles.

I went to the same old bars, saw some of the same old people. Pearl was still behind the bar, still growing older. Mary was still there to greet me as if my exit from her life had been but a number of days instead of months. There were the faces that nodded, that smiled, that greeted me as a long-lost brother: faces I couldn't remember and had probably never remembered. It wasn't really the same. It had changed, had not remained the same as when I had left it. Somewhere in the course of events Sally had moved on, George and Peter had gone to Seattle, Marianne and Milly had disappeared to San Francisco, Madison had even run off with a Greek sailor to God only knew where. There was a whole grouping of new faces, new bodies, new cocks which had taken up residence.

His face was new, new but yet somehow I thought I had seen it before, might suddenly recognize it if given the opportunity. There was something about his eyes. Innocence? No, not innocence per se. They rather reminded me of my eyes peering back at me from a mirror in my early days of active homosexuality.

"I bought you a drink," he said shyly. His voice was low, soft, almost indecipherable. He wasn't really looking at me when he said it. He was looking passed me, looking toward the wall.

"You shouldn't have," I said. "I wanted to," he said. For just an instant his eyes looked into mine before they were again staring passed me.

"Thanks," I said.

He was young, almost innocent if not entirely. His hair was dark, fell in bangs over his eyes. It was dark in the bar so I couldn't tell the color of his eyes. They were but black pools reflecting the light of a crystal ball revolving in the corner. He wore a T-shirt and faded blue jeans. He was wearing tennis shoes. He wore short, well built. He had a dimple in his left cheek that was evident even when he didn't smile. He had a bulging ridge down along his left thigh that alone could have easily accounted for the admiring glances he was getting from any number of the people crowded in the bar.

"I would ask to join you but I'm afraid you'd say no," he said. He was right. I would have probably said no. He was too attractive, too sweet looking. I didn't like them too perfect. The perfect ones were fickle, I knew that for a fact. "They told me you'd say no," he hurried on, seemingly afraid that

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I had dismissed him.

"They?" I asked.

He looked confused for a moment. Again his eyes came into focus and met mine. They seemed to plead, to beg for something. Then they were off again, surveying something elsewhere.

"They," he repeated. "People. They said you were a loner."

"They were right," I said.

"Listen," he said suddenly. I thought his voice quavered slightly. "I've got to talk to someone."

I almost told him to try his mother but had second thoughts. There was something about him that I found strangely appealing.

"Sit down," I said.

"You must think I'm some kind of nut," he said, not sitting. He said it quietly, almost in a whisper. "You must really think I'm some queer bird."

"Sit down!" I said.

He sat down.

"God," he mumbled. He put his head in his hands. "I'm doing this all wrong."

"What all wrong?"

"This," he said, not looking at me. "I know this was the wrong way, but it turned out to be the only way. I've tried for two days to get an introduction. Nobody knows you. Oh, Pearl knows you but she always says you don't want to be bothered."

"Pearl is right," I said.

He dropped his hands, looked at me. His face was handsome even in its apparent misery.

"Why me?" I asked. "Why did you have to talk to me?"

"I was in the Navy," he said. "I mean, I was in the Navy but didn't know shit. I don't know anything about broads or about queer bars." He turned his face into his hands again. "Somebody said you made it all the way through basic, that nobody was the wiser, and you still went up and told them you wanted out."

"These 'theys' certainly seem to know a lot about me."

"Is it true?" he was looking at me again. I decided his eyes were blue. They were shielded by long lashes. I decided the lashes were almost too long for a boy.

"Why?" I asked. "Why could it possibly concern you?"

"I came to Los Angeles for a piece of ass," he said. "I couldn't stay in Dego. The group of guys down there would have given me a bad time if they had known I had never put it to a girl. So, I told them I had this girl friend in LA. I said I had to fly up here to ball her."

"I remember you," I said suddenly. His face had clicked. "I saw you with Sally."

I vaguely recalled the sailor seated with Sally in the bar, vaguely remembered how innocent he had looked even then. "Sally is going to get it for statutory rape," Mary had said, or something like that. He had had shorter hair then.

"I thought she was a girl," he said. "Really I did. I actually thought that son of a bitch was a girl."

"So what happened when you found out?"

"I thought I loved her," he said. "Another funny: I actually thought I loved her."

"What is it exactly you want from me?" I asked. He was making me uncomfortable. It had been a long time since I had come upon a face and a body which appealed to me as much as his did.

"I went back to Dego," he said. "I went back and told them I was queer. I came back to LA but she had gone. Nobody knew where she had gone."

"Listen, kid," I said softly. I could detect a least three faggots who were trying to overhear our conversation. "Just because you screwed one drag queen, just because you told the Navy you were queer does not make you one. Get out of the bars. Go some place where you will have a chance to meet some real girls. You aren't going to find anything but queens down here."

"He started to cry. I could see the tears welling in his eyes, gathering to flood his cheeks. His eyes turned glass-like with the tearing. He blinked and the wetness flooded his cheeks."

"I want you," he sobbed, trying to hold back his sobbing, trying to wipe away his tears with the back of his hand. "I think I wanted you the first time I ever saw you -- even when I thought Sally was a girl."

He left off trying to wipe away the tears, looked down at the table. We sat in silence for a long time. I didn't know what to say or

what to do.

"Oh, I'm queer all right," he said finally. "I knew it even before Sally."

"Give yourself a chance in the straight world," I said. "You're still young."

"I've gone about this all wrong, haven't I?" he asked, looking up at me. He sniffed, wiped at his eyes again. "I knew it was the wrong way. I wanted to do it wome other way. But no one would introduce you. Those who knew you said you didn't want to be bothered. Those who didn't know you were as anxious for an introduction as I was. It could have gone on for years. I couldn't have waited that long."

"I've got to go," I said, standing quickly.

FROM PAGE 15

In his remarks, Leggett said that his suspension by his conference sets up a dichotomy within the church in which a homosexual may be granted rights as a layman but not as a minister.

He said also that approval of his petition would not automatically throw the ministry wide open to anyone, but simply says that no one will be barred because of his sexual orientation.

The petition urging that homosexuals be eligible for the ministry is one of three filed with the general conference by Leggett. Others would spell out the right of homosexuals to membership and participation in the church and affirm homosexual acts as a gift of God.

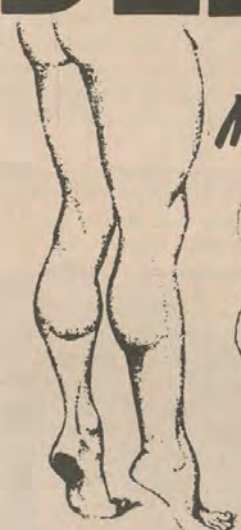
The legislative committee will consider the other petitions later in the two-week session and then send them to the plenary session of the 1,000 conference delegates for final action.

Many general conference watchers have observed that homosexuality may well be the most hotly debated civil rights issue of this year's quadrennial meeting.




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Spokesman for three supportive groups -- the Social Principles Study Commission, the Board of Christian Social Concerns and the Family Life Commission -- insist their statements do not condone homosexuality. They do affirm uniformly, however, the need of the homosexual for the fellowship of the church.

The furor began last winter when Time magazine became aware of the Family Life resolution, seeing in it an implicit condoning of homosexuality.

In a highly unusual act, the editorial committee of the Family Life Commission responded to subsequent pressure and offered several changes in the document. Heading off the possibility of a minority report from several members of the Commission, including three Methodist bishops.

The original document called on local churches to extend to homosexuals the fellowship of the church. According to the new wording, homosexuals are to be offered the "redemptive life" of the church. Backing away from the further possibility of implied approval of homosexuality, the Commission has now projected the church as a healing community for homosexuals.

Other portions of the document dealing with homosexuality remain essentially the same, with calls for removal of laws which define homosexual acts performed by consenting adults in private as a crime and a special ministry to persons and families facing crises

in sexual identity.

The Board of Christian Social Concerns, traditionally the most liberal agency of the Methodist Church, issued its own resolution on sexual behavior following a recent meeting of its executive committee. An earlier meeting of the full board had failed to produce agreement on the wording.

The delectably worded statement, as it finally re-emerged from committee, neither condones nor condemns homosexuality. It echoes the Family Life proposal in calling for an end to laws which govern private sex acts unless they can be shown to be contrary to the public good.

It goes on to state with significant forcefulness, however, its convictions about those sex acts which it considers intolerable: "We assert that criminal law should prohibit sexual acts accompanied by or characterized by violence, threats, or coercion, sexual acts by adults involving children, or sexual acts or displays in public and offensive to the public."

The Social Principles document declares homosexuals to be "persons of sacred worth" to be welcomed into the church and ensured of their human rights.

Dr. Paul Ramsey, professor of Christian ethics at Princeton University and a committee member, believes the new Social Principles statement should not have tried to deal with homosexuality at all. "The subject requires far more study than the Commission had, or

could have, given it," he stated in a paper delivered to the delegates of the Southern New Jersey Conference on March 18.

Dr. Ramsey insists the statement assumes something he believes is not yet known about homosexuality -- that it is not an illness and is not transmissible. He added, "Of course, in a transcendent sense, diseased persons, even those with communicable diseases, belong to the fellowship of the church. But the Commission meant to mean more than that. Verbally, we were told that the statement meant a homosexual should be welcomed as minister of a church." He concluded, "The Commission, in my judgment, was unwilling to come clean--by either deleting the entire statement or spelling out the meaning of 'welcome into the fellowship of the church' ... Instead, the statement as it stands is largely a pious platitude, whose utility seems to be to secure the church's subscription to something it has explored neither theologically nor medically nor practically."

Methodist Bishop James S. Thomas of Des Moines, chairman of the Social Principles Commission, revealed that the paragraph on homosexuality caused the study groups more concern than any other in the whole document.

He observed, "I believe that the church is going to have to face the person who happens to be a homosexual and still affirm him as a person. This is what we

sought to do in the social principles report. In the end, we had nothing to say about homosexual acts as such."

Reactions indicate, however, that some persons in the church still consider condemnation the only Christian stance. Rev. Charles Keyson, founder of the Good News evangelical movement within United Methodism, objects to the fact that no mention of homosexuality as "sin" is made in the Social Principles document.

An example of a more temperate and perhaps more typical response appeared in an alternate social principles proposal offered by the University Park United Methodist Church in Dallas. It condemns homosexuality as an "aberrant form of sexuality" but concludes with a plea that the problems of homosexuals not be compounded by "insensitive and repressive measures."

Revolution and Retoric

by Allen Young

Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation, by Dennis Altman, Outerbridge and Dienstfrey, distributed by E. P. Dutton, 1971, 242pp., \$6.95 - hardcover.

Homosexual: Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation, by Wainwright Churchill, Prentice-Hall, Prism paperback edition, 1971, 347 pp., \$2.45.

Changing Homosexuality in the Male, by Lawrence J. Hatterer, M.D., Dell Publishing Co., Delta paperback edition, 1971, \$2.95.

"But how is gay liberation revolutionary?"

"But what's your politics?"

Questions like these, often tossed out like a mean challenge by straight radicals are very annoying. The hostility and negation behind the questions make political gay people want to refuse to answer. Then there are the gay people who have always felt alienated from the political process, who hate politics, or others who once participated in the process and now believe that "politics is a butch trip." They'd rather not think of their gayness as a political phenomenon.

But gay liberation does offer a revolutionary perspective, and we do have a set of political ideas (granted that these ideas are embryonic and formative). It is only logical that we begin to set these down on paper.

Much of the ideology of gay liberation is premised on writings from the women's liberation movement. Books like *Sisterhood is Powerful*, edited by Robin Morgan; *Sexual Politics*, by Kate Millett; and *The Dialect of Sex*, by Schulamith Firestone, even though the authors are not explicitly identified as gay and even though they do not relate directly to the gay experience, are basic texts for anyone seeking the revolutionary dimension to gay liberation. Or, as one gay men's newspaper put it, part of gay liberation is men listening to women.

The first book, as far as I can determine, which explicitly puts forth a well-developed gay liberation perspective is **Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation**, by Dennis Altman. At the outset, I should acknowledge, as does the author, that this perspective is limited by the fact that he is male and white. There are other things to learn from lesbians and from Third World gay people about their lives and viewpoints.

Altman, a 27-year-old professor of American government at the University of Sydney, is an Australian, but he has visited the United States, and the book focuses

on gay liberation as it has developed here in America. One of the most important features of Altman's book is that he places the concept of gay liberation in the context of contemporary cultural and political currents. A sampling of names from the index will give you an idea of what I mean: Edward Albee, Ti-Grace Atkinson, James Baldwin, Abbie Hoffman, Martin Luther King, etc.

Many of these people, of course, are not gay, but the point is that Altman seeks to deal with such concepts as "a theory of sexuality" and the decreasing disjuncture between politics and culture." Norman Mailer, for example, is quoted more often than any other individual precisely because he has chosen to define himself as a prototype American male, while "maleness," or masculinity, is one of the targets of the gay and feminist movements.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is a discussion of the relationship between gay liberation and the counter-culture. "The counter-culture may not have fully embraced homosexuality," writes Altman, "but it went far enough in the direction of undermining guilt, hypocrisy, and extreme sexual repression to make for a new type of homosexual."

While putting down the "square gayworld," and suggesting that it is part of the dying American culture, the author seems to conclude that gay liberation as a movement is limited primarily to gay freaks. He's probably right, but that seems to be more of a problem than an accomplishment.

Here's how Altman sums up the revolutionary dimension of gay liberation in terms of its place in our era:

"The critique of American soc-

"The critique of American society that gay liberation has adopted bears the marks of a decade of rising expectations and rising frustrations. Just as the black movement has revealed how far the society resists on racism, so the youth revolt, fueled by the war in Vietnam, (was) struck by the extent to which the American extent to which the American dream is an illusion based on extreme competitiveness and inequality, and on American domination abroad. Women and homosexuals have introduced critical concepts of 'sexism' and 'heterosexual chauvinism' in demonstrating that the very bulwark and center of the dream, its faith in home and family, often disguised oppressive and crude power relationships."

Among the other topics tackled in this tightly written book are the relationship of gay liberation and black liberation, the challenging of masculine and feminine

roles, and the elimination of the homo/hetero dichotomy. Although there is some personalized writing, especially in the section on "coming out," Altman chooses a more analytical style which occasionally borders on the academic, but which remains lively and interesting. In addition, the author prepared an excellent bibliography which fills nine pages with small print.

One of the titles in that bibliography is Wainwright Churchill's detailed study, **Homosexual Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation**, which was originally published in 1967 and has now been reissued in paperback, presumably as a result of new interest in the topic. This book predates the gay liberation movement; furthermore, the author never defines himself as gay and he keeps within his professional role as a psychologist and sexologist.

The main purpose of Churchill's book, and it is a worthy one, is to refute the widely-held sickness and sin theories about homosexuality propagated chiefly by psychiatrists and clergymen. The author makes extensive use of the statistical research done by Dr. Alfred Kinsey (to whom the book is dedicated) and his collaborators, as well as research done by the anthropologists C. S. Ford and F. A. Beach.

There is interesting historical data as well.

While Churchill's book is well-argued, and the author communicates a sense that he has warm feelings about the humanity of gay people, there is something a little too academic and defensive about his approach. The reader and annoyance with psychoanalysts, but it is more professional disdain than gay rage.

Churchill's male chauvinism is a major problem. He unquestionably accepts certain widely-held myths about lesbianism -- for example, Kinsey's assertion (based on his research) that male homosexuals are more numerous than lesbians. He has a great deal of difficulty finding a proper place in his analysis for effeminate males. It is almost with approval that he points out that most male homosexuals are "very typically masculine," and he describes those who adopt stereotype "faggot" behavior as "neurotic exhibitionists."

At the same time, however, the author seems to understand the evils of masculinity in a "homophobic" (anti-gay) society: "The ideal of masculinity that develops under these conditions is one in which male chauvinism, arrogance, crudeness of feeling,

and even brutality become emphasized."

Churchill's arrows are directed primarily at the psychiatric establishment. One of its members, Lawrence J. Hatterer, M.D., is the latest in a series of shrinks to become rich and famous for "curing" homosexuals. The title of his book, **Changing Homosexuality in the Male**, is typical of his phony liberalism. The word "changing" is a mere euphemism for "curing"; Hatterer somehow senses that "curing" is no longer so acceptable an approach.

The man is a pig, and I'm including him in this review because revolutionaries need to know their enemies. This book describes his ideology and his therapeutic techniques. Once on his couch, patients tell about the reality of the gay oppression which brought them there. (Gay people talking about themselves is the most valuable part of the book.) Their raps with the therapist (quoted at length) are filled with guilt and self-hatred, but rather than helping to dissipate these feelings, Hatterer nurtures them as a good force.

The therapist uses the patient's own observations and "known empirical data related to a homosexual way of life" to "cut through resistance." Resistance to what? To becoming straight, of course. The patient is supposed to take home tapes containing selected parts of the therapeutic dialogue (with stress on the patient's hopes for turning straight and his disgust for the gay life.)

Hatterer's approach to male homosexual therapy reveals an intrinsic relationship between male and heterosexual chauvinism in our society. In discussing the need for the "male homosexual in transition" to find a "suitable woman," Hatterer warns against "a woman who frequently shifts female responsibilities-- domestic activity, shopping, interior decoration, choice of clothes, planning of social events-- to the male," and against a woman who "may easily preempt the male's traditional role by obvious aggressive activity in decision-making about spending money or the actual earning of it."

He shows us what his idea of "normal" is: "In normal late adolescence and early adulthood, the male gains a sense of his maleness in attraction to and conquest of sexually attractive and desirable women."

It makes me sad and angry to think that Hatterer's book, and not Churchill's or Altman's, will be influencing (directly or indirectly) so many other professionals. But at least we are beginning to have a basis to challenge the shrinks' monopoly in writing about homosexuality.

MOVIE REVIEW

BLEAK EXISTENCE

The Last Picture Show

Written by Larry McMurtry and Peter Bogdanovich

Directed by Peter Bogdanovich (Loew's Delman)

"Everything's black here," says the waitress of the town coffee shop to the adolescent boy on the verge of graduating from high school. A Hank Williams tune is playing on the juke box and the boy and the waitress look out at the decadent north Texas street, so typical of any small town where nothing ever happens. People are born in this town, live and die in this town. For amusement, there's the high school football team that doesn't know how to tackle, the basketball team that loses 121 to 14, the drive into Wichita Falls, or the picture show. When these don't suffice, there's always someone around waiting to get laid, just to remind themselves and others that they're still alive.

Writers Larry McMurtry and Peter Bogdanovich have created a menagerie of characters so authentic and so frightening in their

loneliness that the viewer can not help but feel that an image of himself is trapped on the screen.

As an observer, there's Sonny, who on the threshold of adulthood, sees the women in the town be-

tray their husbands, the men guzzle Pearl beer, and his schoolmates strive for the sexual fulfillment that is their only means in life to prove that they're a member of a clan which does nothing but wait for old age and death. By the time the film reaches its conclusion, the only fortunate ones in the town are the ones who have

died. Sonny is consoled after the death of his mute friend and told, "Never you mind." Why should he? No one else does. His only course in life is to become one of them --- a Pearl beer guzzler who chases after women and plays pool in the cafe at night. One would hope that he could rise above it, but it is too obvious how entrapped he is.

The entirety of the film is ex-

ecuted with the care which won it eight Oscar nominations, including Best Picture of the Year.

From the thick Texas accent so typical of our rural areas, down to the old Pearl beer bottles of the fifties, not a facet of the period is overlooked. Only Ben Johnson's name is recognizable among the actors, but the entire cast is so

thoroughly convincing that one can never drive through a country town again without the feeling that you know the people who live there. Robert Surtees' black and white photography places the film in its proper perspective by supplying a perpetual overcast which parallels the shadows that hand over the people's lives.

Director Bogdanovich deserves a special accolade for capturing the depravity of the human spirit. Regardless of how depressing it might seem, he shows the reality of life so brutally honest that one cannot help but resign himself to seek a better way to live. Anything but resignation to an existence that resembles that of the sagebrush that blows through the north Texas streets.

IMPRESSIVE FICTION

Mary, Queen of Scots

Written by John Hale

Directed by Charles Jarrott

(Galynn Terrace)

Undoubtedly when the readers of Lady Antonia Fraser's meti-

culously researched biography saw that the 40 week best-seller was in producer Hal Wallis' hands, they knew to expect a faithful transposition of the novel to the screen as well as a first-rate production. Lady Fraser's readers were being too presumptuous. Producer Wallis used the Lady's title but employed scenarist John Hale to write his "original screenplay" which sneezes at the historical accuracies which Lady Fraser so painstakingly put across. Once again the public has been had. But all is not lost. Wallis has still delivered an impressive reconstruction of the life of the Scottish queen.

The first half of the two hour film is relatively accurate, but after a brief intermission Mr. Hale's originality comes to the front. Mary meets twice with Elizabeth of England, meetings Mary longed for in actuality but never accomplished; she becomes involved in the plot to kill her second husband and also commits adultery with the Earl of Bothwell, neither of which is historical-

ly accurate. It's effective on the screen, however, and gives the scholarly drama a bit of rouge. Mary's twenty years of captivity stretch for twenty minutes on the screen and the trial which sent her to the block is completely

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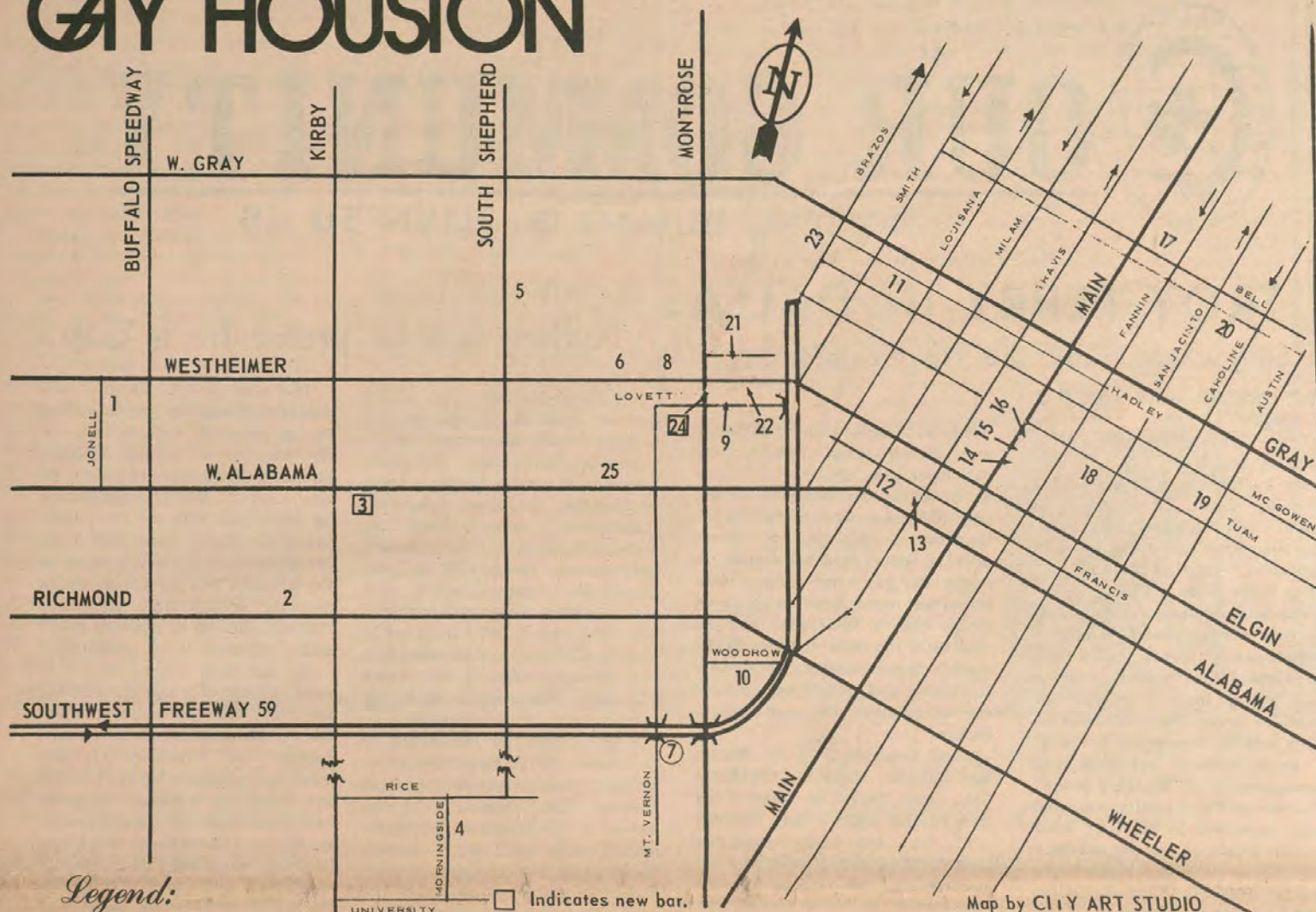
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OUR COMMUNITY

NOTHING HUMAN IS ALIEN TO US

TROY PERRY IN DALLAS

but where was the Gay community

(BUT WHERE WAS THE GAY COMMUNITY)

Troy Perry flew into Dallas Tuesday (April 25, 1972), held a press conference with the Dallas Morning News, TV Channels 8, 5, and 4 and completely captivated his audiences spreading his own particular brand of "charisma" all over the place.

The news media asked the question they always ask: What causes homosexuality; How does the homosexual fit into God's scheme of things; Is there a conflict between Reverend Perry's homosexuality and his theological training; Is there greater acceptance of homosexuality in America today?

Reverend Perry easily answered these questions in his GAY AND PROUD manner. But one wonders why they were asked. News story reprinted below is from the Dallas Morning News - Channel 5 did not show any of the film taken at the press conference. Channel 8 viewers saw less than a minute of the interview and even that was spoiled by the news commentator's statement: "Homosexuality is on the increase in Dallas." (Perhaps he meant to say, "Since gay people are coming out of their closets, homosexuality appears to be on the increase in Dallas.")

ONE TO TOUR EUROPE

ONE's Ninth Annual European Tour will take off from Kennedy Airport in New York on September 8, 1972 to begin the most original such Tour to date. Members of our group will converge on New York (with some optional activities there) from all parts of the U.S. and Canada to initiate three weeks of getting acquainted with one another's viewpoints and those of homophiles in several European countries.

These Tours since 1964 have built a record entirely unique in the Homophile Movement. They are always carefully planned to include major points of interest that are prime tourist attractions along the route, but it is never forgotten that a Gay Tour is not just another tour. Arrangements are carefully made to meet with

The evening service at the Bethany Presbyterian Church was delightful, fun, spiritual, fun, educational fun, and beautiful --- but only 106 people were there. Church leaders were disappointed. A great deal of effort had been made to notify the gay community of this important event: Articles appeared in the church Newsletter and the NUNTUS - OUR COMMUNITY, weekly announcements were made in church, and leaflets were passed out in most of the gay bars in Dallas.

Some traveled from Ft. Worth, San Antonio, Houston, Oklahoma City, and Tulsa to hear Troy Perry. But where was Dallas?

It's true many homosexuals are turned off by formal religion. And considering centuries of religious persecution of homosexuals, who can blame them? But the tiny few who did come together that night had a genuine feeling of concern and warmth for their gay brothers and sisters that surely can't be found in some gay gathering places.

But then, perhaps that's not important. (Reprinted from the Dallas Morning News.)

members of ONE who live in Europe, and also to visit homophile organizations there as well as Gay bars and other establishments in cities where they exist.

Such visits often feature a banquet, a dance or other entertainment for the visitors with warm hospitality which quickly melts the barriers of language and custom. It is such things and the genuine camaraderie which develops between Tour members which explains why there are people, each year, who have been once, twice or more times on previous ONE Tours.

The April 2 ONE Institute Lecture Series event in Los Angeles was devoted to showing of color slides taken by Tour member Les (of Detroit) during our 1971 Tour. The slides showed happy Gays from all over the U.S. (and Montreal) rambling through the beautiful countryside and picturesque cities from Holland to Italy.

Soldier has to prove he is Gay

On Good Friday, Pfc. Philip Andrew Schmidt, 20, was handed an undesirable discharge from the Army for being Gay. The separation concluded a 62-day ordeal of threats, detention, isolation, frustration, terror, and an attempted suicide. The apparent harassment, along with the unfavorable discharge which robs him of most Veterans' benefits, was the result of bureaucratic suspicion about his homosexuality and the confusion in the Army regulations themselves regarding the discharge of homosexuals.

Schmidt entered the Army in December, 1970. Early this year, he was processed for duty in Vietnam. On February 7, he reported to the Overseas Replacement Center (ORC) at Ft. Lewis, Washington. The next day, he presented himself to Major Rutherford, Personnel Adjutant of the ORC, requesting discharge on the grounds of his homosexuality. He was armed with a notarized affidavit, a letter from Franklin E. Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C., and a letter from Dr. William Ferguson, a psychiatrist for the Seattle Counseling Service for Homosexuals.

In part, the affidavit read: "I Pfc. Philip Andrew Schmidt, do hereby affirm and certify that I am a homosexual by tendency and inclination, and have been so for some time; that these tendencies are proving increasingly difficult to resist, especially in the all-male environment of the Army; that I expect to remain homosexual, having neither the desire, the intention, nor the expectation of changing these tendencies and inclinations."

An interview with an Army psychiatrist was scheduled. On the next day, after a preliminary screening interview, he was released for shipment to Vietnam. Schmidt then contacted the Commanding Officer of the ORC, Major Merle D. Cox, who told him he would have to be investigated by the Criminal Investigation Division (CID). Schmidt phoned the CID office on base and was told that he could get five years in jail for sodomy. He refused to go in for the interrogation and called his lover, Eddie Nalley of Washington, D.C. to see what could be done through his congressman's office.

The next morning, Schmidt was discovered with his wrists slashed in an apparent suicide attempt. He was rushed to the hospital, attended, and quickly released. He was sent to Mental Hygiene for an interview with an Army psychiatrist, Major Zeff. Zeff again released Schmidt for shipment on the grounds that he was perfectly normal, though suffering some "misorientation to military life," and "resentment of authority."

He was then placed in a detention room of a baggage building for three days. He was not allowed any phone calls, even to obtain counsel. On February 14, just a few hours before he was to board the plane for Vietnam, a phone call came from his Congressman, Robert A. Roe (Rep., N.J.), and he was released. He contacted Stonewall, a treatment center in Seattle for an attorney. On phoning Kameny in D.C., he was advised to submit to the investigation and give the name and address of his lover. Kameny assured him that by reason of recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions, the Army cannot prosecute for off-base, non-military related offenses.

On the morning of February 16, Ash Wednesday, David Scott, a Seattle attorney, arrived on base along with Chuck Stargo, a staff member of the Seattle Counseling Service for Homosexuals, and William H. DuBay, a director of Stonewall, for the purpose of representing Schmidt during his interrogation by the CID.

The three were first interviewed by Major Cox, who informed them that although it was Army regulation that homosexual persons be discharged, it was left to his discretion as to how the claim of homosexuality could be verified. The Army medical authorities had refused to do it; the only alternative, he claimed, was an investigation by the CID. Cox defended holding Schmidt in the detention room, saying, "I had the responsibility to tell that man to sit down and stay there until he boarded the plane. After that attempted suicide, I just didn't want any more monkey business."

DuBay and Stargo, as representatives of organizations involved with the emotional health of homosexual persons, expressed concern about the Army's threatening tactics and treatment of Schmidt as a mal-

inger. "You have threatened him with Court-Martial and prison for evidence that he is obliged to give in order to prove his homosexuality -- and this in spite of the fact that Army Regulations call for separation by reason of just homosexuality or homosexual tendencies, not just overt acts." Cox repeated that an investigation by the CID was the only way he could verify Schmidt's claim.

Because of the suspicion of malinger, Schmidt was being forced to confess to a crime of sodomy to prove his homosexuality. He might get out of the Army, but he could possibly get five years in jail. This point was confirmed by officials of the CID who said, "We only investigate felonies. We can't be of any help in this case, unfortunately, unless he admits to some crime."

Du Bay and Strago were not admitted to the two-and-a-half hour interrogation by an Army investigator. During that time Scott made several calls conferring with made several calls conferring Kameny in D.C. Under advise, Schmidt gave the name of his lover and the history of their relationship, which began since he had entered the Army. His orders for Vietnam were cancelled.

From February 16 to March 31, Schmidt was detained at his battalion area under a "Miscellaneous Hold." On March 11, Nalley and Kameny, as witnesses, were interrogated together by the CID in Washington, D.C.

On March 14, Schmidt was informed that he was receiving a undesirable discharge. He de-undesireable discharge. He decided to appeal the decision and a hearing was set for May 3, postponing the discharge until the middle of June. Because of mounting emotional pressures caused by the delay, he waived the hearing on March 27.

On March 31, the day of his discharge, Schmidt was illegally ordered to perform detail in his civies. While tearing down some shelves, he stepped on a nail which penetrated his tennis shoe deep into his foot. He had to be treated at the hospital. The following day, he flew back to Washington D.C.

The Rolling Stones will be in Houston on June 25, for two shows. Tickets will be on sale for one day only, Sunday, May 21; beginning at 8:00 A.M. This is the only Houston concert ste for the stones this year. The show and tickets will be at Hofindze Pavilion.

ONE TOUR

Who goes on these Tours? A surprisingly varied membership, ranging in age from the early 20's into the 70's/ Tall and Short, fat and lean, goodlooking -- and the rest of us, all thrown in together. A travelling cross-section of the Gay Community it is, Gay Americans meeting Gay Europeans, while learning wonderful lessons in tolerance, appreciation and understanding.

Director of the Tour will again be ONE Founder W. Dorr Legg. It is also hoped that ONE President Jim Kepner may also be able to go. Of special interest is the fact that among the Tour members will be the Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Churches, and his charming young friend, Steve Jordan, founder of UNIDOS, the first group for Gay Chicanos. Rev. Perry plans to be meeting with individuals and groups along the way who are interested in learning more about the program of Metropolitan Community Church, with possibility of opening up branches in European cities of this rapidly growing aspect of the Homophile Movement.

Another equally prominent member of the 1972 Tour will be Pat Rocco, equally famed as a singer and as a director and producer of gay movies. It is expected that during the course of the Tour he will be producing a movie using charming young models selected from applicants in the various countries visited and photographed in the settings of their homelands. If it is found possible to be fitted into his schedule, Pat will also make a documentary of gay life and the European Homophile Movement, Handsome and charming, Pat will in his own right make a happy addition to the ONE group.

All in all, the 1972 ONE Tour gives every promise of being a memorable and exciting event. There is little doubt that at this early date complete plans for the entire Tour can only be sketched out in their broad aspects with every likelihood that many interesting details can be developed and added before take-off time September 8th.

There are various prices for options every budget. If you haven't been to Europe and don't want to go alone, go with your friends and mine - go ONE's Tour. For additional information write to One Institute, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

A Tour of this quality is made possible only through the kind generosity of Friend of ONE, Chuck Thompson, who provides the facilities and expertise of his years of travel service experience to ONE at cost. It is requested, therefore, that all Tour members make their travel arrangements to and from New York through ONE Tours. This will help him to make such budget prices available.

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On Homosexuality, Marriage and The Attempt to Change

"Doctor, what chance is there for me to change?"

Answer to the question, commonly asked by homosexuals, depends on the patient, says Dr. Martin Goldberg, psychiatrist at the University of Pennsylvania.

If he or she truly wants to change, there is a chance but if the individual is worried only about social or familial pressures, the chances are nil.

Even for the well-motivated person the psychotherapy will be long, painful and expensive, Dr. Goldberg writes in the journal Consultant.

Another frequent question seeks advice on revealing the problem to a prospective marriage partner.

"Entering into marriage while concealing one's homosexuality is an invitation to disaster," the psychiatrist warns.

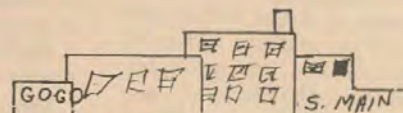
Courses of Action

If a homosexual individual expresses desire for change but is reluctant to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Goldberg advises two practical courses of action:

Encourage the patient to attempt heterosexual contacts social as well as sexual. Persistent exposure to the opposite sex may help bring about a change in pattern.

Encourage the patient to examine areas other than the sexual aspects of his life to see if they contribute to the deviation.

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While no official figures are available, Dr. Goldberg estimates the incidence of homosexuality is 3 to 4 percent of the population. He offers these further facts and fictions:

Myth: Homosexuals are usually men.

Fact: The incidence is as high or higher among women but the female homosexual is more difficult to identify because her deviate behavior is less visible.

Myth: Male homosexuals are effeminate in manner, speech and gait and prefer vocations in hair dressing, interior decorating and the creative arts.

Fact: Some may affect a pseudo-feminine gait and a "swish" manner and others may aim at a supervirly image in dress and manner to mask their problem, but most homosexuals are not noticeably different from other men.

Although some are in hair dressing, interior decorating and the arts, far more are engaged in teaching, the clergy, professional sports and medicine.

Myth: Female homosexuals are masculine in appearance, have deep voices, swaggering gaits and physical education, nursing and professions usually dominated by men.

Fact: These myths are just as false as those about men. Many are beautiful, vivacious women who are attractive to men.

Myth: Homosexuality is caused by some organic or hereditary disorder.

Behavior Pattern

Fact: An abundance of research has failed to show any significant physical, chemical or hormonal differences. Most psychiatrists view the behavior as a learned pattern learned in childhood as an adaptation to difficult family circumstances.

Myth: Homosexuality can usually be cured with psychotherapy or psychoanalysis.

Fact: Only about a third who undergo intensive treatment are cured and become heterosexual. (The cure rate for other types of mental or emotional disorders is about 65 percent). The homosexual's chances for cure are related to the depth of his desire to change. Chances are also better in younger patients.

Myth: Homosexuals are grave danger to children.

Fact: By and large they do not molest children or forcibly seduce adolescents. While pedophilia, the deviation in which an adult engages in sexual practices with a child, is a serious social disturbance, it is proportionately as common among heterosexuals as homosexuals.

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ASS. EDITORS CORNER

It has been a lean month and due to this fact we didn't get the paper out until late, well only three days late. The Poll we ran in the last issue was one which brought much more response than was expected in the editors office. So here is the one and only NUNTIVUS Poll again. Look for results in the June issue assuming that there is one. Results are already starting to effect the paper in so far as the calendar that used to appear on the back of the cover is gone, this information has been replaced with a Gay Map of Houston. Look for a Gay Map of Dallas next month. We have made an attempt to use larger graphix, and would like to point out to our advertisers that the Kon Tike ad on page 15 is part of our campaign to make ads attractive to the Gay Community. Again, please

excuse the typos but with such a short time and too few it is difficult to proof it all.

Scottie Harbers

PLEASE CIRCLE YOUR ANSWERS

Are you: Gay Het. Sexual Bi Transsexual
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 4-2 How about 1

What is your overall impression?

Favorable Neutral Unfavorable

Do you feel there is a need 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

Suggestions of your own:

Look for results of poll in June issue



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

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