



# the NUNTIUS

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FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE GAY COMMUNITY

JULY 1973

## After The Fire Up Stairs...



by Bill Rushton

Associated Press reporter Eric Newhouse stood nervously on the front steps of the Metropolitan Community Church Monday afternoon, wringing his hands and grimacing as he asked whom he could interview about the fire at the Up Stairs Bar the night before.

Members of the fire-stricken congregation eyed Newhouse with equal, if somewhat dazed and wearied, reserve. After staying up all night together, after contacting friends and relatives of two dozen dead and missing (including their own minister, the Rev. William Larson, the much-photographed body burned in the Chartres Street window), they found Monday's news coverage turned largely on the indelicate phrase "hang-out for homosexuals." They found their tragedy compounded by an unprecedented Police Department statement in an equally unprecedented article in the Monday *States-Item* that alleged that "thieves" hung out with those helpless homosexuals, all of them trapped together in a burning hell on a Sunday afternoon that left their charred bodies "stacked like pancakes."

But Newhouse persisted, worming his way into the faded turquoise double-parlor of the shotgun double near Coliseum Square that MCC calls its New Orleans home. Under a faded religious print over the mantle, seated on two aluminum and green plastic lawn chairs facing the rest of the occupants of

the room, Newhouse had his interview with Courtney Craighead, senior deacon of the MCC congregation and one of the surviving escapees of Sunday's blaze.

"Well, what kind of a man was he," opened Newhouse, probing for the *real* story about William Larson, deceased clergyman of the only Christian denomination in this country that dares openly minister to gay people.

"Well," began Craighead, "he believed in freedom and love, because he wanted the right of the individual to make his own choice." Deacon Craighead's remembrances continued for a sentence or two before Newhouse broke in for another question—

"What was he doing at the bar?"

Suddenly aware he had stepped a bit too far, Newhouse lamely retreated: "Had he made arrangements to go see friends?"

Craighead recoiled: "Oh . . .," he paused.

"I don't know . . ."

The interview didn't last much longer, because soon WWL was also knocking at the door. There was a noticeable increase in tension.

No cameras inside, please, pleaded Craighead. (One survivor had already lost his job as a result of the inflammatory publicity.) And please, no film or snapshots of our memorial service at St. George's Episcopal Church later that evening, either. The congregation, its friends, and mourning lovers would prefer to remember their dead with no further damage or losses . . .

Monday morning, in one of the bars along Iberville Street that caters to hustlers and sailors and an occasional conventioner, a drunk and tattooed witness of the fire has just hustled me for a whiskey and coke. "Once again we've been used," he muttered, tottering on his bar stool and staring wet-eyed at the tourist throngs crowding the glass-strewn and bloodied sidewalks of Iberville at the Chartres Street corner. "That's okay," he snarled, "it's just *faggots* that's dead."

He turned, slowly: "Gay people just got ripped off for 45 lives." And then, a bit more angrily, looking toward the crowds again, "You can go into any goddam place and find a ho-mo-sexual."

He fumbled with the *States-Item* page open to the burned body in the window, moving it back and forth in front of himself as if the picture might suddenly change or go away.

"He caught the windowsill on fire."

Looking up at me again: "The smell of that flesh . . ."

And pausing, looking down again, pulling up at his shirt. "I've been stabbed," he pointed, "and shot," he pointed again, "and you can outrun those mothers. But you can't outrun flames."

He slumped over the bar again, gripping his whiskey almost enough to break the glass.

"Hey . . . look . . .," he began anew, leaning near.

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# GAY PRIDE WEEK

## Dallas

### GAY PRIDE PARADE 73

Leaders, participants and spectators termed Dallas' second Gay Pride Parade a success. Everyone had a great time; there was no violence; and the demand for Equal Civil Rights was strongly presented.

However, there were disappointments. More participants had been expected because of last year's triumph, but there were only 200 marchers as compared to last year's 300. Some felt the "novelty" had worn off. Last year's marchers had proven it could be done, even in Dallas. So where was the challenge? Others felt the small turnout was due to the "ever-present apathy" in the gay community.

Despite the heroic efforts of parade chairwoman Chris McKee, the news media gave very little space to the affair. (The news media has yet to realize that one out of every ten citizens are gay.)

Last year, the Dallas City Council kicked up a fuss and tried in vain to stop the parade. The news media picked it up, played it really big, and thousands came downtown to see real live homosexuals. This year the City Council did not object to the Parade permit, and newspapers, radio and TV gave only limited space to the news releases the Circle of Friends sent them.

Chris and her lover Rob, wrote the City Council petitioning them to march in the Parade on behalf of the nation's second largest minority. A gay youth read the petition to the Council Monday, June 25th. The Council voted to accept the petition without comment--but none marched--which hardly came as a surprise to the nation's second largest minority.

But despite the small turnout of participants and spectators, the parade and all the Gay Weekend activities were successful in every way.

The Parade route was twice the length and the marchers stretched for eight long blocks with considerably more cars and floats than last year. A lavender dragon bearing the words "Dragon of Discrimination" snake-dance down the street. Cars and banners carried bold signs proclaiming "gay love and proud of it" and protesting bias against gays in hiring and housing. There were many more signs and banners. Some read "We Demand an End to Employment Discrimination Against Gays," "I'm Not Prejudiced," "I Still Like Heterosexuals," "Lesbian Mothers Demand the Right to Retain Custody of their Children," "Vice Squad, Get The Hell out of My Bedroom," "Nine States Have Consenting Adult Laws, Why Not Texas?" and "Homosexuality: Neither Sin nor Sickness."

A wreath, in memory of those died in the New Orleans fire, was donated by Abilene and was carried just behind the flag leading the parade. Many marchers wore

black arm bands in reverence.

Last year, many gays standing on the sidewalk, found their guts and joined their gay brothers and sisters marching in the street. This year, for some funny reason, they marched on the sidewalk abreast with the parade. It was explained that sympathizers (both straight and gay) were reluctant to join the throng in the street, which only attests once more to Dallas' suppressive anti-gay atmosphere.

The march came on the fourth anniversary of the "Stonewall Riot." This occurred when police routinely raided a small bar in Greenwich Village in Manhattan. Gays, for once, dared to fight back. The barricaded the police inside, defended themselves when more police reinforcements arrived, rallied around the incident, and have been marching in cities across the nation every since.

Will there be a Gay Pride Parade III? That depends. A whole bunch more gays had better start doing their share, or those who are active will get real tired, real quick. Nine states have passed "consenting-adult-in-private" laws. It would be a shame to stop now.

After the parade disbanded, many marchers and their sidewalk allies quickly rushed to Flag Pole Hill to share their sandwiches and drinks, joys and triumphs with

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each other. Three policemen on horseback watched the fun from a distance. When invited to join the picnic, they declined. After a couple of hours, when it became apparent that whatever it was they expected to occur, wouldn't they galloped away. The Dragon of Discrimination was auctioned off for almost \$20.00. This money will be used for a future event to advance gay equal rights. Tired, hot and happy gays particularly enjoyed the two huge barrels of beer donated by Studio 9.

### THE TEDDY BEAR'S FOLLIES

The day came to a climax with the Metropolitan Community Church Thespian Player's premier performance at the Enchore, one of the cities most popular bars. The program consisted of 18 acts and was enjoyed because of its variety --serious numbers, pie-in-the-face comedy, magic acts, interpretive dances, and for a finale The Varsity Five doing a frantic Charleston. The most expressed comment was how "different" from the usual entertainment found in gay bars, in that instead of men impersonating women all the time, this show mostly featured men as men.

About \$200 was collected at the door. The show had to be stopped three times to sweep money from the stage and the owners

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of the Enchore contributed \$50.00. All these monies went to help pay for the church's badly-needed air-conditioning system. The show brought in enough so that when added to other monies members had worked so hard for, the goal was reached, and the church will be air-conditioned before this paper comes off the press.

A cast of 15 dedicated performers practiced mightily to make the show a smash, but special thanks must go to Scott, who not only performed, but directed and MC ed the show.

#### GAY PRIDE WEEKEND COMES TO A CLOSE

Out of town guests were from Houston, Austin, El Paso, Waco, Galveston, and Abilene. Others came from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arizona, Arkansas, San Antonio, Wichita Falls, College Station, and Florida. Many grabbed their swim suits and romped in the waters of Queen's Point, a small sandy beach gays have been leaving Dallas to return to been claiming for more than a decade.

By early afternoon, many gays began leaving Dallas to return to their homes. Those who could stay, endured Texas' heat to attend the MCC's special Memorial Service for those killed in the Fire at New Orleans.

Reverend Richard Vincent gave a beautiful service. So many old friendships were renewed, and so many new friendships were made that parting was difficult and often tearful. As we embraced for the last time, we whispered "next year".

## New York



This past Sunday, I went to the Christopher Street Liberation Day Gay March with a group of my friends. Thousands of beautiful people turned out for it. I'd go as far as to say it was the best yet, except for one major problem, which I'll come to later.

My friends and I arrived on time, and the march started on schedule. Four different streets off Central Park West, from 61st to 64th, were filled with people of every description; drags, dykes, gays, priests, a drag nun, a dyke horse, gay dogs, clowns, blacks, whites, chinese, oldsters, youngsters long-hairs, short-hairs, no hairs. Everywhere I looked were balloons, banners, flags, and fea-

thers. It was a colorful, gay schmogasboard.

As each different group joined the march, Central Park West reverberated with more and louder chants. "Two-Four-Six-Eight-Gay Is Good-Gay Is Great" "Three-Five-Seven-Nine Lesbians Are Mighty Fine" "Masturbate And Smash The State" "Hi-Ho-Hey-Hey-Try It Once The Other Way" Believe me, those apartment dwellers knew we were around.

The column proceeded fairly quickly to Columbus Circle, around it and then down 7th Avenue, pausing only at various intersections to let loads of curious cars and buses through. I'm sure we could have caused quite a traffic jam if we had wanted to, but that



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For information regarding other areas,  
contact the nearest MCC office.



# A Window In The Orange Glow

from 1

"See if you can't find out something about my friend Leon for me. Uhh, he's about 28 or 29, and he's from Florida, and he has a missing finger." He grabbed my hand. "And I was going to the Up Stairs with him yesterday, but some guy offered to buy me a drink on the way, so I didn't go."

He squeezed his eyes as tight as his fist, making one enormous tear that trailed down his still unshaven cheek. "Leon was the kind of guy that if he only had \$3 left, he'd buy you a beer."

He looked at his whiskey again, and then back at me: "Leon, he was a hell of a nice guy."

\* \* \*

Sunday afternoon at the Up Stairs was much like Sunday afternoon at any of the Quarter's two dozen-or-so other gay bars. An afternoon for quiet friends and cheap beer and conversation not necessarily centered on cruising for tricks.

In the mid-Quarter gay bars on Bourbon Street and surrounding gay restaurants, it's the "beautiful people" gays with their bow ties and bloody Marys and maybe brunch squeezed in somewhere in between. On Rampart Street, it's countless refugees from small Southern towns, middle-aged hairdressers and decorators who can't make it here and can't go home, re-pasting off buffet spreads like you'll only find elsewhere on Southern Baptist picnics. And on Iberville Street, it's the hustlers and their johns staggering in from the night before, carousing at only a slightly subdued key.

Except for the Up Stairs on Iberville. Since it first opened in November of 1969 (after being sold by retiring Wanda Long, who moved to San Bernardino), the Up Stairs set out to give Iberville Street a new kind of anchor.

A small community of regulars grew up around it,



photo by David Richmond

and their Sunday beer busts for a dollar would draw a motley crowd of tolerant and community-seeking men and occasional women. When the Metropolitan Community Church wanted to organize its first mission there, the Up Stairs let it meet in the "third room" out back that escaped serious damage in Sunday's blaze. When *Courier* Theater Critic Suzanne Fosberg's Public Theater presentations at Audubon Park were rained out or sent on the road, the Up Stairs lent her the same facilities they had used for the annual Easter bonnet contest or the Halloween drag show or the "nellydrama" cabaret productions for which the third room's tiny stage was originally built. "The productions ranged from awful to fascin-

ating," Fosberg recalls, naming perished friends and regulars from the bar who had occasionally helped her with the technical or acting duties for her free theatricals around town. "It was more like a social center than just another place for drinking." (For her remembrances of the Up Stairs, see p. 7.)

On Sunday last, the arched opening between the main bar and the second room was festooned with Fourth of July decorations, in place to publicize the forthcoming festivities. The bar was its usual clutter of leftover Mardi Gras streamers and Christmas decorations, oriental lanterns and cardboard/plastic whiskey advertising displays, Burt Reynolds posters, and campy fountains gurgling in several corners—all of it in a big, dimly-lit room muffled with red-flocked velvet wallpaper and carpets—with a white baby grand piano-bar commanding one corner where the Marriott Hotel's featured pianist David Gary was guesting for fun.

Shortly after two customers were asked to leave, an unidentified patron, thinking he smelled gasoline fumes, opened the steel fire-door opening into the main bar from the stairway. The fumes ignited, and someone yelled "fire."

Bartender "Buddy" Rasmussen yelled, "C'mon, follow me" as the lights went out, leading an estimated 25 to 50 people to safety through the third floor room—whose similar steel fire-door would have been routinely locked had Rasmussen not been there.

As Rasmussen's escapees were filing out, the stools at the bar were still standing in the orange glow gathering around the stairwell. A window by the piano-bar had been pried open, admitting light and the promise of a safe escape out the three windows facing Chartres Street for those who still remained. But suddenly the ceiling, the decorations, and the carpet exploded.

was not our purpose, that day.

A dyke band not far behind us, provided great rhythm for marching, including, as we reached Times Square, "Give my regards to Broadway" "Hail, Hail, The Gangs' All Here," and other goodies.

At one point on 7th Avenue, on the balcony of a highrise apartment building, a woman was motioning to us and pointing to a large, green parrot perched on her wrist, proclaiming that the bird was gay. In a few moments, whole blocks of the march were chanting, "Free Gay Bird-Free Gay Bird." You would have loved it.

Moving right along, we passed an abortion demonstration, for as well as against. It was a real meeting of worlds. An understanding ROAR went up everywhere. More of "Masturbate and Smash the State" was heard, then on our merry way. Further down the avenue, (a true high point in my day) were three guys wearing what some refer to as radical drag, posing in front of the Veterans Administration Building.

They were dressed in WAC uniforms. They had a Lambda on the sleeve and the cap and gra

great old-lady corrective -type shoes on their big feet—the shoes purposely too small. Their facial make-up was a riot, the wigs in the Andrews-Sisters-Act, heavenly. The one in the middle, had a bugle and a long Fu-Man-Chu moustache. The guard on the door at the Veterans Administration Building just looked on in utter horror. He'll never be the same.

same.

Thousands upon thousands lined the streets all the way down 7th Washington Square. Some hung out of their apartment windows, car windows, bus windows, truck windows, store windows, and certainly, a lot of closet windows. More chants went up—"Off the sidewalks-into the streets" "Out of the hotels-into the Streets." We went on and on.

As we neared Washington Square, the excitement in the air was unbelievable. At that moment in time, all of Greenwich Village, at least, was gay. Everyone filed into the famous old park, where some of the parade marshalls, who had been there all morning setting up a huge stage in front of the grand arch, and thousands of others, were already waiting.

It was now about 3:30. We had been parading since Noon, and welcomed the chance to rest our weary bones. As the different contingents from all the different cities arrived, they were announced, and their banners and flags placed on and around the stage for all to see. GAA of New York-of Philadelphia-of Washington, G LF, LFL, STAR, Queens Liberation, Mattachine, Daughters of Bilitis, MCC. They all checked in.

At about 3:45, the programs' M.C., Vito Russo, announced that the festivities would begin exactly at 4 o'clock, as scheduled. The people from the press settled themselves down in front behind cameras started rolling, and the show began.

Phil, I, like so many of my gay brothers and sisters am not particularly Politically oriented. Imagine our joy when it was an-

nounced that the show would not consist primarily of political speeches, but rather would entertain all of us.

To kick off the program, Barbara Gittings, a famous Lesbian Speaker from Philadelphia, spoke to the assembled mass about freedom, rights, and happiness. She really got everyone on their feet with her statement directed to, "All the closet cases. Rest easy, my friends," she said, "with what we're doing here today, the hinges on your closet door will be well-oiled!"

Following Ms. Gittings, we heard from that well-known gay activist from California, Morris Kight; one of the oldest living gay revolutionaries. Mr. Kight Folk on the West Coast, and gave us food for thought with his talk about prejudice and discrimination in the past, and how we were "never, never to let it happen again". He was very well received.

The show went on with various male and female entertainers singing about gay love, gay free-

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Those still in the first bar, many of them tipsy from two hours of the afternoon's beer bust, panicked and rushed the Chartres Street windows, chasing the light, some of them spilling out into the street, but most of them crushed against each other in sixteen minutes of plastic-fed firestorm.

It took the Fire Department—headquartered at Central Station just two blocks away—less than two minutes to reach the scene, just two minutes more to hit four-alarm status with the disaster, and just twelve minutes more to put the blaze “under control” (meaning contained, with no more chance of spread). The bodies were neither seen nor suspected until after it was all over.

\* \* \*

There come, of course, the inevitable questions of “why?” The answers ranged from the irresponsible to the fatalistic to the deeply angry.

Channel 8 News Director Alec Gifford went on the air Monday night with his answer, the media's worst indiscretion since Gifford's own performance at the Howard Johnson's tragedy: a “vigilante” group had anonymously phoned him, he said, to declare “war” on the local gay community. The callers named themselves after a cheap movie, *Black Mamma*, *White Mamma*, Gifford said, declaring that they were seeking revenge for prior homosexual attacks upon their persons and that they had maps of their future plans.

The Police Department immediately repudiated Gifford's “scoop” the following day, but as of then they offered no new clues of their own.

Meanwhile, Lawrence Raybourne—a sometime Iberville Street bartender and practicing astrologer—had quickly computed a “chart” on the ill-fated bar, seeking his answers there. “I've never seen a chart this strongly afflicted,” he said afterwards, pointing out the way the planets were grouped at right angles into four corners of the 12-sectioned circle. Raybourne said that dangers involving fire, death, and destruction were indicated—and suggested that the rape-murder at LSUNO and new violence in Northern Ireland

## How The Media Saw It

How did the local news media handle the first major tragedy involving New Orleans' usually unmentionable homosexual community?

Though more deaths were involved in this tragedy than in the Rault Center fire and the Howard Johnson's fire and shootout, local coverage was comparatively subdued—except for an occasional outburst of tasteless sensationalism. Initial accounts avoided the word “homosexual” altogether. But by Monday morning Channel 6 was calling the bar a hangout for homosexuals, and by Monday afternoon the *States-Item* had identified the Up Stairs as a hangout for “thieves” and homosexuals. With almost 24 hours to prepare the story (and gay staff members who should know better), the *States-Item*'s indiscretion was inexcusable.

The police official quoted in the *States-Item* saying that homosexuals carry no identification later apologized to gay community leaders, saying he meant that the “transient” lifestyles of many of the bar's patrons might make identification difficult. (As identification on those bodies was also burned beyond recognition, the entire issue was spurious.)

For all the uproar, the *States-Item*'s attention span had lapsed by Wednesday, when the story stayed off page 1 until the “final”; the raped LSUNO coed's funeral and biography received their maudlin play while the 29 dead gays were merely stacked in unknown lists.

The story was front page in the *Times-Picayune* and *Daily Record* for three straight days, and banner *DR* headlines for two. All editorials discussed only fire laws.

The television media's worst reporting job was Alec Gifford's discredited “scoop” Monday night about an alleged terrorist plot. Had Gifford checked out his crank call before broadcasting it, he might have found at least one serious flaw in the claim that his callers were victims of homosexual “attacks.” Any prison authority, for example, could have told

Gifford that gay people usually are the victims of those attacks rather than the perpetrators. Strong social disapproval of homosexuality—defined by psychiatrists as “homophobia”—usually sanctions such anti-homosexual attacks. Had Gifford been seriously interested in any alleged conspiracies, he might have probed the coincidence that the fourth Sunday in June (this year the 23rd) is the traditional anniversary of the Christopher Street riots in New York City that started the Gay Liberation Movement.

Television also failed the local community in the announcements of the hastily-planned memorial services for the victims Monday night at St. George's Episcopal Church. After the Metropolitan Community Church insisted that television cameras not be permitted at the service in order to protect mourners' privacy, the local channels apparently decided to ignore the services completely.

By Tuesday, coverage of the disaster had begun to regain some measure of balance and composure again. For the first time, the word “gay” came into use, in a T-P sidebar story. And, curiously enough, the two most sympathetic accounts of the week emerged from the only two women reporters assigned to the story. Sharon Swindall's account of a visit to the headquarters of the Metropolitan Community Church in the Tuesday *Daily Record* sought an honest explanation of gay community fears of media and community misrepresentation and misinterpretation. WWL's Rosemary James, whose Monday interviews had made her the least-feared daily media person at the gay leaders' Tuesday press conference, went on the air Tuesday night with a story quietly emphasizing the purely ordinary and common mortality of those who died at the Up Stairs and reporting for the first time the crippled children's benefit—planned there for June 30—that now will not be held.



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dom, special nights, special guys, special gals, and happiness; all accompanied on guitar. Vito Russo, the M.C. and Jean DeVente, the Lesbian ‘Grand Marshall’ of the parade, introduced the various acts, along with assorted announcements in-between.

At this point, there was quite a lot of commotion on stage. Some kind of tussle was going on behind the huge amplifiers. It seems that Sylvia, a well-known transvestite from STAR, (Street Transvestites Action Revolution) was trying to get to the microphone. She was stopped by parade marshalls and sent back into the audience. The show went on, but not without another interruption from Sylvia, this time trying to scale the front of the stage, only to be beaten back by marshalls, all of whom you must understand, were gay. By this time a large portion of the audience knew something was wrong, and wanted to know what it was.

Well, I wanted to know too. I left my front row seat, and made my way around to the side of the stage. As I was doing this, more entertainment was being quickly brought on stage to keep things going. During the performance of this group, Sylvia tried twice again, unsuccessfully to reach the microphone. The audience was beginning to stir.

Shortly after the group finished, the MC decided to clue people in on what was going on. “It seems,” he said, “that Sylvia, a member of STAR, was objecting that there were no transvestites on stage to represent them.” “quite the contrary,” Vito said, “for right here on our stage we have the beautiful Bebe Scarpi.” Bebe stood up for a bow. She

certainly was lovely, very pretty, and very quiet.

The audience, though a bit confused, quieted down and the show went on. Suddenly, Sylvia was on stage, fighting furiously with the Grand Marshall, still trying to get to the microphone. Now, from all over the park came shouts of “Let her speak!” along with, “Who's that freak?” “Is it a boy

Once again, Sylvia was defeated and the show went on, amidst the bedlam from the audience. Looking around, I noticed Sylvia hadn't given up. Hair disheveled, jumpsuit torn, she was organizing a “flying-wedge” of people from STAR, to push their way up the stage-side ramp. Parade marshalls, were sitting up and down the whole length of the ramp, and were very surprised when the charge started.

It looked as if Sylvia might succeed in her climb, but, in a flash, like Zeus atop Mount Olympus, the Grand Marshall appeared at the head of the ramp, pointing her finger and bellowing, “STAY!” And stay they did. The marshalls linked arms and beat back the attack.

More music. More interruptions from Sylvia. More people from the audience screaming for her to be heard. Little squabes breaking out everywhere. People taking sides. Another fight near the stage ramp. This time a few people really hurt, kicked and beaten on the ground. It was everything I could do to protect myself. I was in a state of shock. All I could keep shouting to the people fighting was, “You're all gay! You're all gay! Stop!”

Finally, having no other choice, the officials on stage announced



the officials on stage announced they were going to let Sylvia speak. It took quite a while to settle the large audience down. People were very confused. Sylvia, teary-eyed, mascara running, took the microphone and, finally, had her say.

She explained that this Christopher Street Liberation Day was the result of the riots at the Stonewall. That at these riots, drag queens were very instrumental in accomplishing what was finally accomplished. That this fact was never mentioned by the "new" gay libbers. That they were always putting drag down, when, in reality, drags are men too.

She went on to talk about STAR how it helped street kids in prison-how she had been in prison, been beaten, raped, and degraded unbelievably. How STAR was one of the few organizations to do any of this. And why, why she wanted to know, did the rest of the gay world constantly put them down?

Needless to say, the audience was in an uproar. A number of dykes were threatening drag queens, but her guys were pushing

queens around. It was getting entirely too scary. Sylvia was screaming "What does it matter what you wear? Isn't all this about freedom?"

All sorts of obscenities were being shout4d all around at this point. I suddenly realized that not only the gay press, but certainly all the straight press were taking note of all of this, and I felt embarrassed for the whole movement.

Still crying, hoarse from all her screaming, Sylvia collapsed in a sobbing heap on stage, and had to be carried off. More screaming and tussling throughout the audience. More music was announced, but it was only listened to half-heartedly. There was something wrong, something that needed to be settled. Was Sylvia right? Was she telling the truth? If not, why the hassle in letting her speak? Was it that she was too reactionary? The crowd wanted answers.

Now, it was announced, we were going to hear from the 'other side.' A speaker from the Lesbian Freedom League had something to say. People quieted down and listened.

The young girl explained the position of L.F.L.; that they felt that drag was aput-down of women. Plain and simple. This was met with all kinds of shouts from the audience, until the M.C. BEGGED EVERYONE TO LISTEN ALL SIDES OF ANY ARGUMENT.

Well Phil, this was it.

The young lady went on speaking. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a vision appeared at the rear of the stage. It was Lee Brewster, patron saint of New Yorks' Drag queens, head of Queens Liberation, and Editor of Drag Magazine. Resplendent in an emerald-green gown, with a gold sequin crown, (a queens' crown, I'm sure) she glided toward center stage, followed by an enormous Queens Liberation banner, carried by members of her group.

The girl at the microphone did not see this right away, and went on speaking, thinking the rising cheer she heard was for her. But then, the vision was upon her. She simply stopped talking, and walked off.

Trying to save face, the M.C. rushed forward and introduced Lee



Brewster. Beginning quietly, Lee spoke bluntly, honestly. He spoke of the shock and hurt he felt having witnessed what was done to Sylvia and the others, his amazement to see gays beating gays.

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Crying now, and removing her crown, (my use of both pronouns is on purpose) Lee went on to say that Queens Lib also had tried to help all gays from the very beginning, only to be forgotten and laughed at. That, to hear some gay people; anyone who donned a dress was some kind of freak. That live and let live never applied to drags. That the hinges of the closet door Barbara Gittings referred to were also being oiled by her tears.

Openly crying and shaking now, Lee announced that he had had enough. Wishing Gay Lib goodbye, Lee turned, gathered up the large yellow and green Queens Liberation banner, heaved it into the audience, and stormed off.

Efforts to settle the crowd down didn't do much good, it was not one of our prouder moments. Sides were taken, tempers were flaring up, people were leaving. Some more entertainment appeared, but people were still walking out.

Then, a miracle. The only name that could hold any crowd still. Over the loudspeaker came, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Bette Midler!" Hooray! A wonderful songstress from the "outside" world. And people said she was anti-gay. Phooey! She was here wasn't she? Bette's opening line was, "When you're asked how you are, don't just say fine, say Getting Better!" Then, with Barry Marilow at the grand piano, she did her incredible rendition of "Friends". Washington Square will never be the same. The park rocked.

Bette, all henna hair, tied-up red blouse, black treader pants,

flailing arms, and that Midler smiler, made the speaker system climax. But once certainly wasn't enough for her fans. More! More! They screamed. Okay! She sang her famous opening number again, and then and then literally disappeared.

Again cries of More! abounded, but, alas, she really was gone. Quickly, the next act was brought on. Chris Robison and his Many Hand Band kept the crowd swaying with some great hard rock. The tall, blonde, attractive singer let everyone know what he and his music were about with his opening number, "Looking for a Boy." The songs that followed got people up and dancing.

I thought this was a good sign, a sign that we could all still "Be together". But what's this? More confusion on stage? Now what? Chris Robison wants to sn Chris Robison wants to sing some more songs for us and Vito Russo won't let him. Says there's no more time. Other acts to bring on. Says it's after six. What's this for? The singer is chasing the MC around the stage still playing his guitar, trying to sing into the microphone Vito is holding. The audience started hollering for more, and he was allowed to sing one more number.

Another band was beginning to set up. I had had my fill of everything. I left. Perhaps I had seen too much I wasn't supposed to see. Perhaps not enough.

As I left the park, assorted gays and straights approached me, as they had been doing all day, to ask me about what I was wear-

ing. I realize now that these people needed an answer, a label for me. I answered that I put on what I felt like wearing that morning that there was no political or sexual significance to my attire. And why did there have to be? No one could answer that. They tried.

Love and Peace,  
Henri David

P.S.  
Won't we ever learn?



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## New Texas Penal Code NOT A QUESTION OF SIZE

The old penal code was 117 years old and badly in need of revision. The new penal code is little better.

According to the Texas Observer, June 15, 1973: "The new code reclassifies crimes into three categories of felonies and three categories of misdemeanors. Punishment for Class A misdemeanor is a fine not to exceed \$2,000 and/or a year in jail; Class B, \$1,000 and/or 180 days; Class C, \$200 fine with no jail time."

Under the new code, homosexuality is still a crime but it is a

Class C misdemeanor rather than a 15 year felony. Heterosexual acts done in private by consenting adults are no longer a matter of concern in the new penal code.

In plainer words: the revision makes oral and/or anal intercourse legal for heterosexuals, but illegal for gays. And they call this justice? We would prefer to think what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. (Yet even today, it is not uncommon to meet gay people who insist that homosexuals are not oppressed.)

## SKINNY NO NO NO

In revising the Texas Penal Code, the House choose to include "public nudity" in the disorderly conduct section and the Senate agreed to the amendment. "This would make it illegal for a person to appear stark nekkid in a public place," said Don Carness of Austin.

Over laughter, whistling, hoo-haws, catcalls and right-ons, Carness described the "deplorable" situation at Hippie Hollow the other skinny dipping spots. He continued, "We have a problem in my district. A lot of young people who enjoy going completely nude have been doing so around Lake Travis. They can be observed from people's private property. Even

churches." Carness quoted an Austin minister who said children riding home on the school bus had sighted naked people cavorting on the lake shore. He then told of his secretary's embarrassment when she and some friends had gone boating over the weekend. As they cruised into a secluded cove, eight unclothed men who had been sitting on a rock lept to their feet and on a rock lept to their feet started jumping up and down and started jumping up and down and waving at them.

The house members loved it. One even asked for directions to Hippie Hollow.

(For those readers who have not



enjoyed swimming in the nude at Hippie Hollow, let this writer (who has) quickly explain that the cove is very secluded and difficult to reach. It can't be seen from the road, nor can it be seen from private property. A boating party might accidentally happen upon it but from that distance, just how much would be seen?

### It's not a question of beauty

## How to avoid making decisions

Walter Kaufmann, writing in *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY* advises those fearful of making their own decisions to consider religion. For "Religion says: Do this and don't do that! Or: Thou shall, and thou shalt not. Instead of inviting us to evaluate alternative standards, it gives us norms and tells us how to apply them. Religions have also evolved traditions that shield us from situations in which tragic choices might become inevitable. The most obvious illustration is monasticism, which requires one great decision -- to renounce the freedom to make major decisions in the future. Those who become monks or nuns no longer need face such fateful decisions as how to live, what to do, and what to believe. As a rule, a person does not even decide to submit to the authority of religion. He is born into the fold and then confirmed

at the threshold of adolescence before he has had any chance to explore alternatives and make a choice. He does not so much decide to stay as he does not decide to leave."

## Advice Young Gays

Gay young men and women who can't or don't wish to attend the traditional four year college, for financial or other reasons, might do well to consider vocational or technical training as an alternative. Why? Very simply. In the decade ahead it is predicted that nearly three-quarters of all annual job opportunities will not require a college degree. But most job openings will require some sort of vocational or technical training beyond high school. This may be on-the-job training, special job pre-training programs, or vocational school programs. Most employers tend to favor vocational school training over on-the-job training.

Of course, the purpose of college is to develop the whole person, not merely to prepare one to "bring home the bacon." But those with traditional college degrees are now realizing the importance of more practical skills. When compared with the standard college programs, vocational and technical training programs are short and less expensive. Federal grants, scholarships and loans are available for vocational training. There are more than 11,000 business, trade, and technical schools in America. These schools usually require a high school diploma, but special arrangements can be made to waive this requirement.

## Good News for Gays

The Gay Movement is 23 years old. It started out with a mere handful of Gay citizens fearfully meeting in a private home in Los Angeles in 1950. Thus Mattachine Society was born. Most Gays in those days, who could have helped, instead hoo-hawed. "They won't last six months." "Who are they kidding? You'll never get a bunch of Queens to unite on anything." They'll never give us Gay kids a break. No, I'll just sit quietly and take my chances, thank you."

Despite this, the movement managed to plod along. After Mattachine, came the first Gay publication, *ONE MAGAZINE*. Almost immediately, the United States Post Office tried to suppress it. *ONE* dared to sue. While many Queens were sitting on their butts laughing at *ONE*'s audacity, *ONE* won!

Illinois became the first state to pass a consenting-adults law in 1961. (Eight others have since done so.) Slowly magazines became aware of us. Then movies and TV. The media found that we were "profitable." (My, weren't there a lot of us.) The first Gay newspaper, *THE ADVOCATE*, came into being. Troy Perry, a man who publicly and proudly admits to being gay, founded the Metropolitan Community Church. Imagine! Again, the Queens said, "A bunch of fairies playing church." "I don't need to go to church to cruise." But the gay church became the fastest growing church in America.

In June 1969, the police ripped their drawers, so to speak. They made another ho-hum/routine/illegal raid on a tiny insignificant bar in New York's Village. Finally, enough Gays were made mad enough to do something. Something they'd never done before. They fought back. And won! They confronted Mayor Lindsey. And won! Hence we now have a Gay National Holiday with parades in the major cities of our country.

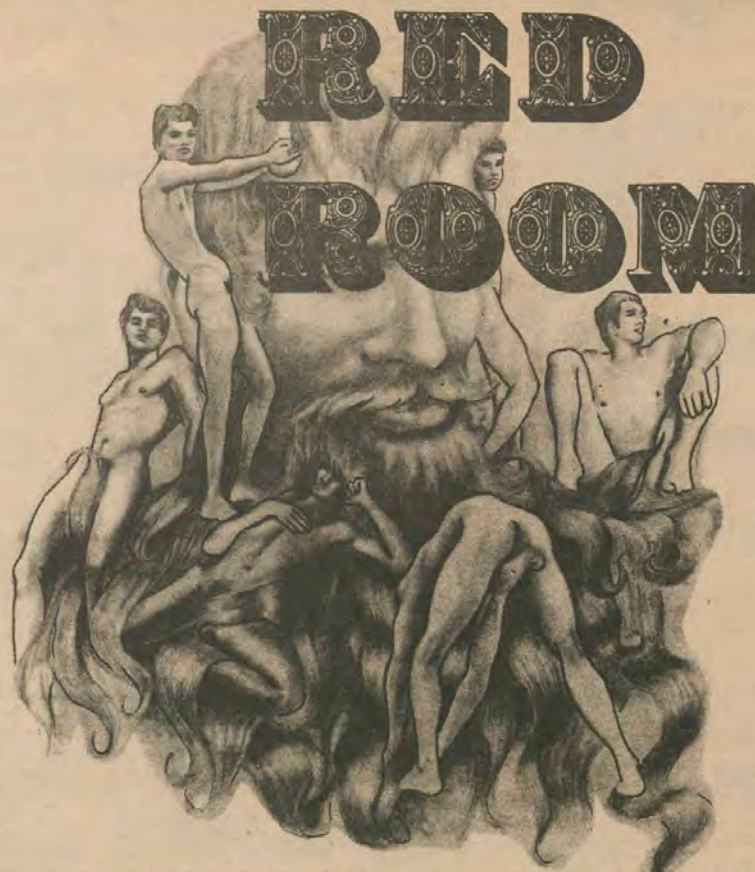
Of what importance is this? Well, straights can no longer pretend we don't exist. They may not like us, but they know we are here and don't intend to poof-disappear. But more important, it proves to everyone that Gays ARE uniting -- and what ever happened to those little fairies in 1950 who cried, "They won't last six months"?

The Movement is like a stream moving towards the sea, the same civil rights that everyone else enjoys. It was stagnant, but it's becoming a roaring torrent.

Now comes perhaps the best news in the 23-year struggle. Straights are joining our fight. Read the following carefully. It may be a milestone in Gay History.

Dear People:

I have recently been appointed as the director of the new American Civil Liberties Union National project on Sexual Privacy. The purpose of the project is to coordinate a national effort to remove all laws which proscribe private consensual sexual activity among adults and to eliminate discrim-



612 HADLEY -- HOUSTON



inatory practices which flow from the existence of such laws.

I am writing to you at this time in the hope of acquainting you with our project and enlisting your assistance and cooperation as a group informed and interested in this area of the law.

As you know in most states young people peaceably living in communes, hippies, homosexuals, prostitutes, marrieds and singles are subjected to selective enforcement of the criminal statutes which ban adultery, fornication, sodomy and other private consensual activities between adults. Although it is true that these criminal statutes are infrequently enforced because it is difficult to do so, it is imperative that they be eradicated as they are used as the primary justification for the pervasive denial of equal employment, housing, public accommodations and governmental benefits and rights to homosexuals. Of course these laws are used as a thin veneer for societal disapproval of differing modes of sexual orientation and life styles. Unfortunately, the disapproval is often based on widespread ignorance of homosexual motivations and activities. Prostitutes, too, suffer unequal enforcement of the laws because of society's disapproval. The police employ criminal "solicitation" and "loitering" statutes as well as improper harassment to ensnare both homosexuals and prostitutes because of the difficulty encountered in discovering and prosecuting their truly private sexual activities.

We believe the time is particularly ripe to challenge these laws and patterns of discrimination as a result of a combination of the recent landmark extension of the constitutional right to privacy by the Supreme Court in the abortion decisions, the recent surfacing of homosexuals who are willing to assert their rights, and the relatively new concurrent emerging tolerance in society.

In view of the general problems and developments in the area the following priorities have been identified for the project:

1) Removing criminal sanctions against consensual sexual acts between adults in private through use of litigation and legislation. Lit-

igation includes filing of affirmative class action suits as well as defense of those actually prosecuted for violation of the statutes.  
2) Eliminating public and private employment discrimination against homosexuals through litigation, legislation and public education.  
3) Eliminating discrimination against homosexuals in public housing and accommodations.  
4) Decriminalizing prostitution.  
5) Eliminating police harassment of homosexuals and prostitutes by challenge to the loitering and solicitation laws.  
6) Protecting the rights of homosexuals to visit and have custody of their natural children.

In furtherance of the listed priorities the project will endeavor to mount a coordinated national litigation and legislation effort against the restrictive laws and practices; compile and maintain an up-to-date docket of significant past and pending ACLU and non-ACLU cases in the area, which will be circulated to all ACLU affiliates and other interested people and organizations around the country willing to participate in litigation; conduct an investigative survey of the laws and discriminatory practices in each jurisdiction; develop case materials, model pleadings and other litigation tools to assist lawyers in litigation of cases; and draft model legislative memoranda for use in affiliate lobbying efforts.

In furtherance of these goals I hope that you will keep me informed for your general activities through your publication and keep me advised of important developments as they occur via mail or phone. I will keep you on our mailing list. If the address is incorrect or if you would like to designate one person for us to contact please write and tell us so.

Please feel free to call or write at any time with information as a coordinated effort is of extreme importance. I hope to be hearing from you soon.

Marilyn G. Haft

Director, Sexual Privacy Project  
American Civil Liberties Union  
22 East 40 Street  
New York, N.Y.  
10016

## Delaware has new sex law

On July 1, 1973, consenting sexual relationships, in private, between consenting adults (homosexual relationships included) became law of the First State of the Union, Delaware. (To me, that is as surprising as if the Southern Baptist Convention were suddenly to advocate the use of heroin.) Nevertheless, it is true. But, a little history first.

Delaware has always been the unusual State, insofar as its statutes are concerned. Many years ago, most of the States and Commonwealths of the Union were beginning to formulate laws concerning the legal processes of incorporation. Many States and Commonwealths listed a maximum of 26 reasons for which it was legal to incorporate a firm. Delaware stood alone in permitting any group of people to incorporate for any reasonable (i.e., not unlawful) purpose. As a consequence, most of the major big businesses today are incorporated in Delaware. One of the first of the major groups

to be incorporated in Delaware was the A. I. du Pont de Nemours Corporation. Their corporation was followed quickly by the then New Ford Motor Co., General Motors, General Foods, etc. Believe it or not, each of these companies maintains a small "home office" in the cities of Wilmington or Dover (the Capitol) for the purpose of maintaining their corporate status.

Despite the seeming progressiveness of Delaware Law, many old pre revolutionary laws were kept on the books. For example, the whipping post law still exists today. If a person breaks parole, steals a car, is convicted of pick-pocketing, and several other specific offenses, he may be sentenced to, "twenty lashes with a cat-o-nine-tails, well laid on by a strong man." (If that's your bag, move to Delaware and become a criminal, but, be sure of your offense—you may get a lenient judge.) The constitutionality of the above law is being contested under

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the provision of the Bill of Rights against "cruel and unusual punishment."

In 1962, Gov. Charles L. Terry (deceased) recognized the confused status of the Delaware Penal Code. He appointed a commission, consisting of 13 attorneys from various parts of the State and Professor of Law from the University of Pennsylvania. The committee was charged with the responsibility of codifying the Delaware Penal Code. The committee submitted its first revision of the Code to the Governor.

Included in the Original Report was:

Section 433, p. 236f: "A person is guilty of consensual sodomy when he engages in deviant sexual intercourse with another person. It is no defense that the other person consented to the deviant sexual intercourse." Under the section titled, "Definitions" is the statement, "Deviant sexual intercourse includes sexual relations with persons of the same sex."

The entire revision of the Penal code was presented to the General Assembly of the State of Delaware and was roundly defeated due to the vagueness of the terms used in the report. A second and third revision of the Original Report were prepared, presented, and defeated in the General Assembly. Meanwhile, Gov. Terry was defeated in the following gubernatorial election and was succeeded by Gov. Russell Peterson (Republican). By that time, a fourth report was introduced to the General Assembly under the title Senate Sub. #1 or S.B. 356 in 1972 during the second session of the 126th General Assembly. The fourth revision was based by the General Assembly and was signed into law by Gov. Peterson. The significant difference between the first and fourth revision of the Delaware Penal Code, insofar as homosexuals are concerned, was the omission of Section 433 altogether.

The fourth revision will become effective July 1, 1973. (The reason for the delay in the effective date was due to typographical errors in the printing of the fourth revision of the Original Report.)

As things stand now in Delaware, the following offenses remain a part of the Penal Code. The following list is restricted to those offenses which might be of concern to homosexuals.

Section 761: Sexual Assault. The following is not an exact quote from Sect. 761. The section reads essentially that a person is guilty of sodomy if he engages in sexual relations with a person of the same sex who is under age 16 if the former is over the age of 20. Exception: If a minor (defined in Delaware as a person who has not reached the age of 20 --- not 21 as in many States) engages in sexual relations with a person no more than 4 years younger or older than himself, no crime has been committed, provided that the act occurred in private. For example, if a 16 year old man were to engage in sexual relations with a 13-year-old man, no offense has been committed; no investigation may issue; and no court hearing is required. The defendant, in the above case cannot even be arrested.

Section 763: Rape. (This section should be self-explanatory as it resembles the statutes of the remainder of the States and Commonwealths of the Union.)

Section 766: Sodomy. "A person is guilty of sodomy if he engages in sexual relations with a person of the same sex who has not consented to such a relationship." Sodomy is a class B felony.

Under Definitions:

Section 1341: "A person is guilty of lewdness when he does any lewd act in any public place or commits any lewd act which he knows is likely to be observed by others



who would be affronted or alarmed by such acts." (The constitutionality of this section is currently under contention. Basically, the argument is based on, "If you don't want to see something, don't look.")

Section 1321: Loitering. "A person is guilty of loitering when he remains in a public place for the purpose of soliciting sexual relations or for the purpose of soliciting sexual relations for money and/or other funds."

Though the change in Delaware Law would not have been possible without the aid of many people, including our heterosexual brothers and sisters, plaudits are especially deserved by Human Enlightenment, Inc. of Delaware (P. O. Box 863, Wilmington, Del. 19899). H.E.'s current legal activity includes filing a class action suit against the Federal Government claiming a tax exempt status as a non political, nonprofit organization.

We as citizens, taxpayers and also human beings remain here in Texas (with her antiquated laws). There is reason to believe that actions by some of our State Gay Organizations are acting for the benefit of changes. The NUNTIUS has endeavored to keep abreast with the actions of these organizations and their progress but without their corporation and being a one-man-staff makes it even more difficult.

Harry of D.

## ON THE SOAPBOX

### Prejudice / Discrimination Among Gays

by "Maude" Childers  
It's true! Gays are prejudiced, and they discriminate among themselves, and they aren't "camping" when they do. It's one thing to be attacked by the "anti-Gay" heterosexuals; but to be attacked by your own brothers and sisters -- well -- a stab in the back couldn't be much worse.

How do Gays discriminate because of prejudice?

I'm a member of MCC. I love my Church and my religion. I also love the bars, and, yes Virginia, even the baths. Contrary to widespread belief --- MCC doesn't preach hellfire and damnation; nor do we attack or condemn the bars or the baths; and yet, as an active member in MCC, I go into the bars wearing my cross . . . and then the feeling of love and acceptance surrounds me . . .

"Well, have you convinced God that He's Gay yet?"

"Hey man, don't you KNOW that you can't be Christian and Gay?"

What is MCC --- just a bunch of queens playing Church?"

"You mean you actually drink smoke, have sex, and still go to Church?"

In some bars, we, as members and friends of MCC usually get preached at and condemned for what we believe. We believe in total love, not just partial love. We love the mental, physical, and spiritual aspects of each individual. We are not criticised because we can love each other mentally and physically, but because we can love each other spiritually as well. We love, regardless of race, color, sexual preference, religious affiliation (if any), or regardless if you care to smoke, drink, or how you relate sexually. We are not prejudiced at MCC.

We don't walk into the bars or baths with a "holier than thou" attitude; and yet, some people, when they discover that we are from MCC, automatically assume we have a "holier than thou" attitude. When delivering our Church paper, "The Channel", a friendly bartender gave us the usual interrogation as to how we could possibly be Christian and Gay. Then after the discussion had everybody's attention -- the stage was set, the lights went on us, and the resident bar personality walked up to me, carressed my leg, and said: "Let's go home

# Left- Handed a bit off the wall

NEW YORK CITY—With five original songs in its heart (pop-rock) and good color shots of New York City and Woodstock (not the concert, the area around there), *Left-Handed* gets a bit of story and feeling into its fuck-fest.

We follow Ray (Ray Frank), a hip hep-cat, as he hops about the Village in his faded blue denim and into the tearoom off Bank Street. The tearoom scene has the usual sex but also a humorous tinkly sound track, realistic fumbling actions, and an anti-c, nervous camera catching the graffiti on the walls.

Ray, nervous, successful, but ever-hungry, visits his friend, an antique-cum-head-shop owner, Larry (Larry Burns). Larry is just getting six bricks of tea from his dealer, an innocent country boy, Bob (Robert Rikas). Bob is a nice hop-headed guy with a chick.

Quadrangle! The two gay friends, the tea-dealer, and his chick. There's material here for sex and scenics. The obligatory sex looks like sex in most sex flicks. But the New York scenes and the Woodstock locales have real feeling, depth, and the sort of handling we're used to outside of sex films.

The slight story—consisting of our watching (hearing) Ray's "left-handedness" (deviousness) via phone calls to his old antique shop friend—lead us on. The ending is lyrical, expected, not melodramatic.

Gay flicks are beginning to grow up. Wasn't it only yesterday that Gays paid \$5 to watch some guy stripping and taking a shower?

The two gay guys are handsome and as dignified as characters in a Dostoyevski novel.

The five songs are OK, but just OK. Best effects: Strauss music during one make-out scene and the tinkle-stuff during the tearoom sequence. Music is by Stan Finkelstein and Richard London.

Producer-directors Jack Deveau and Jaap Penraat have given us the first realistic New York atmosphere this veteran reviewer has seen in a male skin flick.

This reviewer by accident met Larry Burns in the street the next day. He said all the actors used their real names.

The times they are a-changing!  
For the better.

J. Moriarty

Leo Skir

## Ghost of a Chance is witty, clever sex romp

Jaguar Productions' latest release, *A Ghost of a Chance*, is a witty film that uses an ingenious plot to sock across its sizzling sex interludes. There are plenty of laughs, too.

The cast, which holds nothing back in the bare flesh department, is divided between long and languid types and the decidedly humpy. The photography of Barry Knight is splendid, and the cockeyed script of Gorton Hall is bouncy.

Once again, filmmakers are intent on creating a work where sex is part of the whole scene, not just an isolated moment. The more this trend continues, the faster the ripoff artists in the gay flick market will disappear.

Knight knows what he's doing, and he has a fine sense of erotic design combined with technical know-how. Two scenes in *Ghost* are outstanding. There's a fantasy romp in a greeny bower that could be out of Fellini or Zeffirelli. The lovers (Roy Clark and Toby Willis) make out handsomely while the camera roams around the foliage like a Peeping Tom. And there's an all-white segment with Tom Winston and Ralph Martin writhing and slurping on two enormous snow pillows.

Knight's trademark of using the overhead shot when the body steam begins to rise is exciting as all hell.

This time out, the prolific Hall has come up with a *Blithe Spirit* type of yarn. Glen Brock loses a lover in a car accident. Not for too long, however. Couple of years later the astral dude returns to bug his earthly ex-partner. At times, we're never quite certain whether we're watching the ghost in action or someone who looks like the horny ectoplasm.

The device makes way for some amusing moments: Jimmy Hughes looking in the kitchen while his



LANGUID AND HUMPY. Principals in Barry Knight's latest romp, *Ghost of a Chance*, are (from left) Glen Brock, Jimmy Hughes, Toby Willis, and Roy Clark. Gorton Hall wrote the ghostly comedy.

lover is getting royally rimmed by the invisible man, and another scene where Hughes gets generously goosed by the ghost.

The ending is an amicable twist. The film is sophisticated in what it's saying. The script gives out a nice little message about common sense in sexual matters. Anyone who sees the film is likely to feel pretty good about the value of honest sex. As usual, Hall drops in a dramatic moment. Gena Powers has a fine

scene—as a mother about to marry again and worried about her son's reaction.

Musical background is soft and in mood. This deserves applause. So many rotten gay flicks are backed by soundtracks that have about as much relationship to the action as a duck's quack has to a Gershwin score.

Ex-Groovy Guy Hughes is the star as far as body pulp goes. He's worth looking at when he's standing

around or screwing up a storm, but he reads dialogue like a ventriloquist's dummy. Since he's got quite a film career going, he ought to polish up his acting style.

The rest of the cast perform well enough, but the film belongs to Knight and Hall. Even the special effects are mischievous. End result is an engaging 105 minutes mixing sex and fun in a diverting, entertaining fashion.



and ball". I can dig honesty; however, I deplore mockery. I said "No." "Oh, but", he replied, "Don't you love me?" I told him: "I don't even know you." "Oh, but don't you love me as a human being?" To which I replied: "yes, I do." "Then why can't we go home and ball?" Well, all I could tell him was: "There isn't really anything that I could say that you want to hear, but I still love you as a human being."

Other people in MCC could probably tell you how they have been "tested", ridiculed, or mocked. I feel it's a shame that our brothers and sisters can't accept us as we are. I know fully well what it feels like to be in the minority --- maybe MCC members are really in the minority. But I know what's right for the majority hasn't always been right for me. I'm Gay, Proud, Healthy, and Christian; and, if that's Queer --- yes, I certainly am!

Bar owners and those who support MCC regardless if they attend, know that I'm not preaching to them. I'm not treated like an out-cast in every Gay establishment. Maybe someday soon, things will be different. After we removed the prejudice and discrimination out of the remaining heterosexual bigots, then we can rid the same among ourselves. You still don't believe it exists? What about the Gay Pride Parade? I marched proudly with my "I'm not Prejudiced, I like Heterosexuals". Why did I do it? Because I believe in Gay Liberation. MCC does too! We voted in a Congregational meeting to again participate in the parade. Did our brothers and sisters congratulate us because we dared to march? I'm not talking about MCC involvement. I'm referring to ANYONE who had the courage to stand up and say: "yes, I'm Gay and Proud?" Well some of my best friends have stabbed me in the back because of it. I guess they were afraid that Liberation rubs off; and they couldn't afford to be liberated --- because of their job, family, etc. Well the Pioneers of any Liberation movement are usually told to "shut up and Don't Get Involved". It would be easier for me to go straight and become an Atheist. OK, for some that's what's right for them --- but it's not right for me.

Rev. Perry tells us that MCC will not be destroyed by the Foxes that Breed Discontent in the Gay community; it can only happen inside the Church . . . among ourselves. Well, I believe that. But I also believe that the Gay community can never be destroyed by the Heterosexual community; but we can destroy each other among ourselves.

The theme of the Gay Pride Parade last year was: "United We Stand, Divided We Fall" -- and I'll say amen to that.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs,

I am a Senior in high school in a small town in Iowa, and I need help.

1. How do you make your parents realize that being gay is not a sickness, evil or anything wrong?
2. How can I meet a guy who is not interested in only a one night stand?
3. How can I develop a lasting relationship with a guy as an equal friend?
4. How can I protect myself from v/d?
5. How can I stay away from a carrier or sadist?

I want to meet a guy who is not interested in only himself. Can you help me?

J.G.

(This is an actual letter addressed to Our Community. I've answered the yough as best I could, but I thought you readers might be interested in knowing there are many young people searching for answers that older gays have sought all their lives, sometimes in vain.)  
Phil

Dear Sir,

Recently I experienced a rude, uncalled for, brutal mishap at Dallas' so-called formost gay club. If I may I would like to relate this story to you and your readers in the interest that we may change this situation so it won't occur to anyone again.

One recent Saturday evening six of us planned on going to the Bayou

Landing. Before going we stopped off at a newly opened club. At the new club we had an enjoyable time and were surprised at the large crowd in attendance.

After an hour or so we departed for the Bayou Landing. As we were entering the Landing the cashier at the door asked us if we had been to the new bar. We said we had and he asked how their business was. At this point I jokingly said they were doing great, they'll probably put the Bayou out of business." Everyone realized I was joking and laughed, including another Bayou employee, but the obese cashier didn't laugh and in his rude manner remarked, "If I wanted shit from you I'd scrape it from your teeth."

It seems to me he should have realized if I had licked the new bar so well I wouldn't come to the Landing to spend my money, but unfortunately he does not have that foresight. Anyway, as I protested his vulgar remark he said the door at "his" club swings both ways and to get out. He gave me my money back along with my friends' money. He said "he" didn't need our business. However two of my friends had gone into the crowd and it took a few minutes for another friend to find them. Meanwhile I waited outside. As I was standing outside the door was standing outside the door waiting for my friends, this crude, disordered cashier charged out the door with a night-stick after

me. He screamed he wanted us away from "his" club at once and rammed the stick in my side. At that time my friends came out the door and we departed.

To me, personally, this was the most uncalled for mishap I've ever experienced at any gay club.

I cannot justify the action of the Bayou Landing in their arrogant nature. Don't they realize it is our money that keeps them in business? Do they really believe they are doing us a favor by taking our money? If so, I disagree. They may not want my money but my feelings are they don't deserve it.

Just because they are the largest gay bar in town doesn't mean they have to act as though they're the only one.

Thank you for your time.

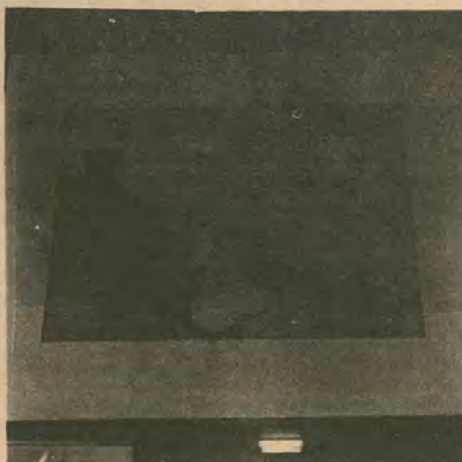
Sincerely,  
Jerry Edwards  
Garland, Texas

Dear Jerry,

Letters of this nature are in a way good to have but for the bars and their owners to permit employed personnel to act this way is unheard of. I would hate to be the one that did it when the owner, Mr. Sisk reads this.

Phil,

### MINI PARK REMODELING



Censored



**Help, Please!**

I am black, gay, lonely, broke and in prison. Is there anyone out there who will take time to give me a helping hand? If you have a pen pal column I will be grateful if you run me an add for a while. In the meantime keep on tipping on the gay side.

Peace and Gay Love!  
Henry N. Lucas  
#B-016630  
P. O. Box 747  
Starke, Fla. 32019

12-28-72

Dear Phil,

Please reduce the size of our ad to about a 1/4 page. I need to cut down on some of this expense.

Thank you,  
Happy New Year  
Ron Butler

March 28, 1973

ATT: Mr. Phil Frank

(Certified - Return Receipt Requested)

Dear Sir:

We notified you by letter and phone in January to discontinue the ad for Hi Kamp. The ad is not up to date and has not been for some time. Please stop the ad now until we can bring the information up to date.

Very truly yours,

Dr. Ronald M. Butler

Dear Dr. Butler,

I am sorry for the misunderstandings such as this happen, but did it take a bill for you to correct the error. Your account at the Nuntius will be charged off along with the many others that have not paid or paid by NSF checks. Have made every effort to find other correspondence and listened to the monitored tape of all calls and find nothing other than what is here.

By the way, do very much enjoy your restaurant and the show is the finest I have seen anywhere.  
Phil Frank

# CHOW MEIN

Chinese Food, Mandarin Style, the sign read.

It's been a long time, why not?

The waiter guiding me to a seat is not oriental:  
six feet, gleaming black wavy hair, a smile, long legs moving rhythmically, tingling voice: "this corner table, just right for you."

Huge pot of tea and tiny cup six pages of menu I'm left alone.

My eyes follow the smooth dance-like movements among the tables to and from the kitchen beautiful . . . desirable . . .

His eyes meet mine . . . smile . . . then beside my table, "Have you decided what you want to eat?"

"Yes. Yes, I have."

Pad in hand, pen poised, "What

Pad in hand, pen poised, "What will you have?"

"YOU!"

Only a hint of surprise, a second's hesitation: "I'm not available tonight, not till Tuesday. You see, I go to college and work every night except Tuesday . . . it's the only free time. I should rest but . . . if you want me?"

"Yes, I do. Now, bring me something in which to drown my disappointment."

He called Friday and Saturday and Monday . . . then, "Pick me up in front of the Science Lab tomorrow about four . . . I can hardly wait!"

Face glowing, eyes talking, hungry lips exploring, strong arms drawing me close: "I usually charge fifty buck an hour but, for you, I'll make it twenty."

"Here's your clothes. I wouldn't pay you fifty cents!"

Laughter. Hands moving over my body . . . a long kiss . . . "Confucius say, When customer will not pay wise lay will say, this is bargain day."

I reach for my clothes.

Strong young arms push me back upon the bed.

"I'll pay," he says, while carefully encircling my erection (which would not obey the mind's command)

with six ten dollar bills. His eyes find mine, "All I've got. Is it enough?"

I brush them away. "Not for sale!"

"Bullshit! Everything's for sale!"

"Did you ever hear of something called LOVE?"

"Yeah, that's the stuff they give away because it's not worth paying for."

## New Gay? Rock Star



## We Can't Ignore Homosexuality

To The Dallas News:

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

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

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

Confusion of parental roles and the dissolution of family structures appear to lie behind this social and moral problem. Parents concerned with the sexual development of their own children should actively seek to strengthen and stabilize the family unit.

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

WALT BARRETT.

## LETTERS From Readers

Gene Harlot (at left) is the lead singer with New York's maddest and most-determined-to-succeed glitter-band, The Harlots of 42nd Street. Gene, who is a leather salesman on New York's Wall Street by day, is turning on the low-lives who hang out in local discothèques by night with his songs of sado-masochism and the mainlining of hard drugs. Gene and the Harlots have their own fan club and newsletter even though they are a far cry from the likes of David Cassidy and Donny Osmond. Photo by Zachary Freyman.



# A Clever Sex Romp

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**OLEN BRUCK**  
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For mature adults:  
 a feature length  
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 love story  
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I stuff the ten dollar bills into his jacket pocket.

As I drive, he protests.

"I don't get it. You want me, I want you, but you kick me out."

"A very wise man dais: 'Man does not live by bread alone.'"

"Meaning what?"

"Unless there is pleasureable participation of mind and spirit physical sensations aren't worth the effort."

Two and one half days pass; the phone rings:

"I've got to find out about this love business. Confucius says 'Chow Mein becomes great feast for a hungry man.'"

"So, you think chow mein and love are synonymous?"

"Must be . . . what else? . . . some of the best of everything mixed together into a great feast?" What's to say?

"So, come pick me up after work tonight. I'll skip school tomorrow . . . and, we'll try out the love bit."

"I'm not available until Tuesday . . . and, skipping school might cost you too much."

"Damn you!"

(These youngsters know everything and if I weren't so damned bull-headed I'd learn how Chow Mein is made.)

W.E.B., 1/17/73



## Ann Landers:

### A Homosexual's Suicide

(C., 1973, Field Enterprises Inc.)

Dear Ann Landers: I've got to tell someone before I explode. Three weeks ago my brother killed himself. He was 28, handsome, intelligent, considerate and a success at whatever he attempted. Jim was two years older than me and I enjoyed the status of having the most popular and most attractive brother in town. In spite of the attention he received he didn't date much and did not marry.

Jim put himself through college and spent nearly four years in the Air Force. He did a tour of duty in Vietnam and Thailand. When he separated from the Service six months ago he seemed moody and preoccupied. I couldn't reach him, although I tried on several occasions.

The day he took his life he mailed a letter to our parents—a very long letter, in which he revealed that he was a homosexual, depressed, unhappy and saw no reason to go on living. He said he had read dozens of books on the subject, seen a psychiatrist for an explanation of his homosexuality, and ended up blaming the stormy marriage of my parents.

After 30 years Mom and Dad are still battling. I can remember the black eyes and the beatings my mother took when we were children. I recall vividly hiding with Jim, under the bed, and how once, when Jim tried to protect Mom, he got a beating, himself.

Now with Jim's suicide and this letter, Mom is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and Dad is just numb. I don't understand any of this. I was very close to my brother, yet I never had the faintest notion that he was fighting this battle. What causes homosexuality? Help me, please. I, like Mom, am at the —Breaking Point

Dear B.P.: The next letter contains as good an explanation as any I have ever seen.

## Mad Capping and Night Capping in Dallas

June in Big D has been a month of celebrations -- birthdays etc. Sabra Garth of Ronsue's is one year older along with Sal Al Marie -- Carla you's never know it the way those girls carry on and keep their legs in the air!! Miss Chelsey also had one (birthday that is) and Big Mable -- and that ain't all Big Mable had!! Girl -- what did you try to get that extra large hooter from Louisiana to do to your body? I'm a dummy, but I heard your legs almost never touched down on terra firma. Is that how you got rid of all your fleas???

Still with Big Mable -- she did a dress up bit at Ronsue's on a recent Sunday night show -- and that was a hoot! It's hard to fit a big woman like Mable, but her dressmaker shopped for days at Dallas Tent and Awning and finally found enough material -- she was gorgeous! That was one of the best shows I've seen for some long time, but what else can be expected from Ronsue's.

It's time again for Ronsue's annual benefit for underprivileged children and that should bring a large turnout. Last year they sent 125 children to camp -- this year they will be working with crippled children. It makes me very proud to be a part of a community that can care about their fellow man.

Mother has visited most of the Gay Bar scene this month -- except for the few places that practice public exhibitions -- on pool tables and in T-rooms etc. If mother ever gets another husband, she'll find a more comfortable place than a pool table to do her number!!!

The Speakeasy -- at new location 5462 Denton Drive cutoff is a beautiful bar, and I understand they're getting tremendous crowds. Go by and say Hi to Buddy and see how you like the place. The Glory Hole is the competition a couple of doors away -- good luck to both clubs.

The Sundance Kid -- a very nice pleasant little Bar -- near the Ranch at 4117 Maple. Since I'm not a beer drinking woman, I'll have to take a little bottle of Old

Charter out some night and have a few! Mother never has a couple--

The Big Mable Family Album is coming up this Saturday at the Villa Fontana -- all live, it should bring about a fun filled evening -- Madame Fertilizer will be making a guest appearance -- she is also MC for Ronsue's Benefit show. You can't keep that girl out of a dress.

To Miss Palmer, the Fina phlast -- I know you've got a new car, a new pinky ring etc., but you know Mother and Miss Exxon are not married girls, and honey, when they're on Old Charter -- they're a real live hazzard, especially for a married lady!

The Entree Nuit sponsored a hot pants contest over the 4th and again Miss Gerry of the Villa was in the running. Honey, it must be embarrassing to lose out to a puss, and they weren't even showing a box! Heard it was a hoot!

Well don't feel too bad dear -- Mother lost out at Ronsue's pool tournament to Good ole Carol -- and that was for the consolation prize. It wasn't too surprising since Mother only plays pool about twice a year and that is at Ronsue's pool tournaments.

The Bayou Landing had their outing with fried chicken and there was a lot of burned bodies -- from the heat that is -- Heard J. Carroll and Miss Kaufman made the scene, but Miss Kended up almost drauerless and moneyless at the gay Ramrod -- just tell Mother how you got home honey. I already know your condition.

The Lady of the Lake made a flying trip to LA over the holiday, but has returned -- guess we'll have to get together for a few sips, and you can tell all. I want my Care Package from Good Ole George (the bartender at the David in LA) My God, they say, who could forget her!

Bertina, I know you have a weight problem, but it ain't where you told me it was. I have a diet plan, but it doesn't have triple servings of veg soup and cornbread!

In closing I would like to voice all our concern over the fire in New Orleans. Our hearts went out to the kids who lost their lives and those who had to witness such



a horror. I know that many prayers were said and that all the gay churches have tried to do something to help these people through their suffering.

There it is. Tonight I start on a new project -- Mother is going to open a boarding house! (Mother -- "Is this commercial paid for?") Won't that be a hoot -- of course they've come up with a few names to put up in RED neon lights -- like Mother's Whore House etc., well, we'll talk to you next month.

Mother of Dallas  
P.S. Ronsue's benefit ran \$500 -- ain't that just great?

## BLOOD, MOANS: CHARITY SCENE

Med Teams Race Time Amid Confusion

By CLANCY DUBOS

A nurse's aide mopped blood off the floor while an intern drew more from the arm of a scorched patient.

Doctors in tennis shoes cut dead skin off the chest of a middle-aged man who moaned steadily while he was rocking on his side.

More ambulances arriving with more stretchers bearing more cut and burned victims—that was the scene at the Accident Emergency room of Charity Hospital well into Sunday night. A fire flashed through a building housing three French Quarter bars several hours earlier on the corner of Iberville and Chartres Sts.

Outside in the visiting area friends and families waited, with questions, prayers and scattered bits of information.



Confusion seemed to reign, yet tightly woven into the mesh of helter-skelter was a delicate pattern — a pattern of doctors and nurses racing against time to save the lives of fifteen victims whose injuries ranged from broken fingers to multiple fractures and third degree burns.

Nurses divided themselves into teams. Some gathered blood, others tried to get names from those who could talk, and still others checked for vital signs of life.

Once every few minutes a nurse or a doctor went out into the main hallway, where other patients from other "less important" accidents patiently awaited treatment.

One victim, who was able to move about somewhat freely and talk, asked for assistance in making a telephone call. His fin-

"Naturally, everybody panicked. They ran to the windows. My God, I'm so lucky I was the first one out. But it was terrible! There were steel bars on the windows and nobody could get through!"

He began to sob again. "My best friend was upstairs on the third floor and I haven't heard from him or seen him yet!"

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—Photo by Ronald LeBoeuf of the Times-Picayune  
**HORRIFIED** Lindy Quinton of Houston, Tex., tells firemen at Chartres Street fire, "My friends are up there." Quinton said he and a group of friends were around a piano in the Upstairs Bar when they heard a big boom and the fire swept over them.

### Arson Possibility Is Raised

By JOHN LaPLACE and ED ANDERSON

At least 29 persons were killed and 15 others injured—six seriously—when a flash fire swept through a three-story building housing three bars and some apartments in the 100 block of Chartres Street Sunday night.

The dead were either killed in the blaze or were mangled in the chaos to escape the searing flames which destroyed the second and third floors of the building.

New Orleans Fire Department Supt. William McCrossen called the holocaust "certainly as far as the death toll goes, one of the worst fires in the history of New Orleans."

Police were investigating a report of a firebombing at the Upstairs, 604 Iberville, one of the three bars housed in the building located at the intersection of Iberville and Chartres Streets.

A man allegedly was being questioned in connection with the incident shortly after the fire was placed under control.

Witnesses at the scene said the man being questioned allegedly was ejected from the Upstairs Bar shortly before the fire broke out.

A security guard at the Marriott Hotel—located across the street from the building—said he heard a hotel guest wanted to burn down the Jemani Bar.

### No Stranger to New Orleans



141 Chartres St., another part of the building involved in the blaze.

The other bar located in the building was LaNormandie Bar, 139 Chartres St.

Orleans Parish Coroner Dr. Carl Rabin, who was at the scene, said: "It looked like all the people tried to get to the windows facing Chartres Street. . . It was a mass death.

"Some of them were burned to the bone . . . It looked like

mass hysteria . . . A mass of inside the building, Rabin said the scene was "sickening."

He added: "They were just piled up. People in a mass . . . one falls, then another falls . . . It's just a mass of death."

The names of the dead were not immediately available. Firemen and police, as well as rescue workers, toiled into the night in the eerie shadow of klieg lights to remove the bodies from the building.

More

New Orleans Fire



## Another tragedy

A number of questions must be answered in the wake of Sunday night's tragic second floor French Quarter fire. The questions have to do not only with the fire that took 29 lives but with the future of the city's fire prevention effort.

First, was the lounge complying with the city's fire regulations and, if so, are those regulations tough enough?

Burglar bars on the windows blocked one avenue of escape and, according to a Fire Department spokesman, "practically all of the contents (of the building) were flammable—that is, combustible." The bar was built with a suspended ceiling which, according to the experts, allows an air space to feed oxygen to the flames.

There was a way out of the upstairs room, other than the stairwell consumed by flames, but most patrons apparently couldn't find it. A bartender led 20 persons through the passage to safety. Could these persons have found the fire escape on their own?

There was no sprinkler system, but this is not unusual in New Orleans buildings and, in the case of the Iberville Street lounge, sprinklers were not required by law. Would a sprinkler system have saved lives in this case? Should sprinkler systems be required where large numbers of persons congregate?

Retired Fire Supt. Louis J. San Salvador, for one, believes so. He made a strong pitch for required sprinkler systems following the

Rault Center tragedy, and he repeated the plea for a strict sprinkler system requirement in the aftermath of the Iberville Street holocaust.

For the future, does the city really know how many business establishments are not complying with fire regulations?

Apparently not. Mr. San Salvador believes that there are many fire traps that the city does not know about, simply because there are not enough fire inspectors to insure compliance with regulations. It is not possible to follow up on inspections. He believes the city is full of fire hazards that have not been detected.

The residents of the city react with horror to each new fire tragedy, but feelings never seem to translate into action.

There was an outcry for sprinkler systems following the Rault Center fire. Legislation was introduced to require sprinkler systems, at least in passageways offering chance of escape from burning buildings.

The sprinkler bill was gutted. In its place the Legislature approved a resolution asking the governor to appoint a fire safety study committee to formulate legislation for the next session. Gov. Edwin Edwards yesterday indicated he will name such a committee. How many tragedies will be required before the city and the state decide to do something more about fire prevention?

### Fire Tragedy Should Teach Lesson

If a flash fire in minutes can claim 29 lives in a walk-up Vieux Carre bar, are there other potential fire traps about the city?

Or will the ghastliness of Sunday night's fire be dimmed by passage of time, accusations and counter-accusations, committee reports and, finally, no solid action to spare a repetition?

Magnitude of the fire toll, possibly the city's worst, should dictate still another examination of fire prevention requirements in the city although practically on the heels of investigations growing out of the spectacular Rault Center fire of seven months earlier.

If the fire was the work of an arsonist, one of the realities of fire prevention is dealing with deliberately set blazes by planning to reduce their effect in terms of preserving life and property.

The hindsight of one hideous occasion can be converted to another day's foresight if New Orleans learns a lesson from the tragic Up Stairs bar tragedy.



MR. BAYOU LANDING 73-74" — Bill Kaylor

Photo by Woody Keag

## Mr. Frizby



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## Gay Liberationists Plan National Mourning Day

Will Honor Victims of  
Orleans Disaster

By CHRIS SEGURA

Morris Kight a founder of the national Gay Liberation Movement and president of the Gay Community Services Center in Los Angeles, said a "national day of mourning for our dead brothers and sisters" killed in Sunday's catastrophic French Quarter fire would be held next Sunday.

In a telephone conversation with The Times-Picayune the Rev. Troy Perry, pastor of the national Metropolitan Community Church for gay persons, would declare the day of mourning "in all gay churches."

Gay Liberation Movement spokesmen contacted in New Orleans, New York and Los Angeles said national and regional gay leaders were flocking to New Orleans for observances.

Local leaders said a service was to be held Monday night at St. George Episcopal Church, 100 St. Charles Ave., for those killed in the mishap. The church was "loaned" to the local Metropolitan Community Church for the service, they said.

The pastor of the local church, Rev. William Larsen, perished in the blaze, according to eyewitness accounts. Late Monday Orleans Parish Coroner's office employees had not released Larsen's name as one of

the victims.

Kight said his Los Angeles organization had received several telephoned reports from New Orleansians who said they saw the Rev. Mr. Larsen engulfed in flames.

Among those coming to New Orleans are the Rev. Mr. Perry, Kight, Morty Manford of the Gay Activist Alliance of New York and others, Kight said.

Kight also said his Los Angeles organization had "suspended all other service capacities to devote full time to the New Orleans catastrophe." He said The Upstairs bar, 604 Iberville St., where the 29 victims were burned and mangled to death, "was a gay bar."

Kight replied vehemently to a statement by Maj. Henry Morris, chief of detectives of the New Orleans Police Department.

Morris had said, "We don't even know these papers (found on the bodies of the victims) belonged to the people we found them on. Some thieves hung out there and you know this was a queer bar."

Replying, Kight said, "Yes. I'm terribly sorry the detective has made such a prejudicial statement at a time when gay people all over the nation are in mourning over their gay brothers and sisters."

"And at a time when everyone needs a little more understanding."

"We are indeed human beings in this society. We're trying to eliminate that kind of preju-

dice."

He added there was "absolutely no justification to believe" gay persons are in the habit of carrying false identification papers.

"Surely there will be confusion in identifying the badly burned bodies," he said.

Kight is often called the "dean of the Gay Liberation Movement."

The Rev. Mr. Perry founded the Metropolitan Community Church five years ago. Kight said he told him he was inspired by a gay man who told him in despondency, "Nobody loves us, even God."

Asked if he would use the event in New Orleans to further organize support for the gay cause, Kight said, "Not at all. That would be terribly offensive . . . instead we will attempt to be as loving and helpful as we can be."



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**NICE LOOKING** - clean cut, 24 year old guy looking for discreet relationship w/same, age 21-35. Am legally married. P. O. Box 38252, Houston 77088. Phone, photo or details appreciated.

**W/M late 30's** would like to meet sincere males. Reply Box 10-C, 4615 Mt. Vernon, Houston 77006.

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**GAY COMMUNITY COUNSELING SERVICE (Dallas) 826-2192**

**NEED A FRIEND TO TALK TO?** R. Francis Thompson - 4 to 8 p.m. - 529-7052.

**26 yr. Old W/M** - desires male companion on 2 wk. trip to Florida/ Bahamas / Georgia in Oct. Expenses paid. If you're interested and under 23, send info., photo, and address/phone to occupant, 4110 Buena Vista #107, Dallas, Texas 75204.

**YOUNG GUY** would like to meet people who like to do other things besides living in the bars etc. 692-2429 days.

**W/M** would like to meet interested sincere discreet gay males. Prefer 35 or older but age is not important. I am 5'8" - brown hair and eyes - 140# and self employed. I'm hoping to contact that one person to share love and all its variances, one who appreciates a home life style. If you are not this person perhaps you know someone who is -- write and include a photo please -- and I will answer all - Box L - 4615 Mt. Vernon, Houston, Texas 77006

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The MCC Thespian Players are planning a performance monthly. There are tentative plans to play cities in Texas and the Southwest, anyone wishing to audition for the calling, 521-8299 in Dallas.

**TV REPAIR** - Free home estimates by experienced technician. Call 821-2197, nite or day. -- Dallas.



## MORE PICTURES Dallas



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#### ACROSS

1. radiate; shine
2. yes votes
4. dim
5. Roman garb
7. regard
8. cherished
10. slide
11. smile
13. baby bed
14. time period
16. plane
17. naked

#### DOWN

1. --- is good!
3. heaven
4. head cover
6. request
7. pan cover
9. discuss
10. droop
12. grab
13. weep
15. deteriorate
16. joyfulness

1		
2		3
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17		

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