



NUNTIVS APOLOGIZES FOR REFERRALS TO VD CLINICS

Billy Buckman, chief of detectives in Houston, picked up the phone to call Alice Coyne at the public health service. He was working on a lead regarding the queer murders, and he wanted to look at the records of gay cases on file at the VD clinic. The information was supposed to be confidential, but then so were FBI and IRS files. After Watergate even the very naive had shed their illusions concerning such things. Buckman could have called Paul Nathan, the head of the communicable disease section, but the doctor was sometimes fussy about matters of confidentiality -- forgetting that he was not a private physician but a public servant sworn to make those disclosures "as may be necessary for the preservation of the public welfare." The Dean Corll murders were serious. Anyway, Buckman knew Alice.

On Monday, August 13, Buckman and Sgt. Trinidad Garcia examined the records, identifying contacts having been coded as homosexual. Less than a week later a partial list of the names appeared in the LA TIMES as a tie-in with a dirty picture and call boy service.

It was a simple process. Across the country in the larger cities extensive dossiers on the private sex lives of persons who engage in homosexual activities are being methodically compiled. Cases of venereal disease must be reported. It is the law in effect in every state in the nation. At the same time our legal codes impose severe penalties against all forms of homosexual acts. In California, for example, oral sex is a felony with a maximum sentence of 15 years in prison. Anal intercourse can result in life imprisonment. Since homosexuals lack the legal protection afforded most heterosexuals, viz., since the sex act that brings about the venereal disease is a crime, a homosexual who acquires a venereal infection automatically incriminates himself and his partners when he supplies information concerning his sex practices to public health officials or their agents.

In the early 1960s, believing that homosexuals were responsible for a marked increase in the venereal disease rate, but without statistical data to support their belief, the government poured some \$500,000 in federal funds into LA County's fight against VD and into a campaign to convince organizations working in the gay community with the absolute confidentiality of venereal disease information. Reassuring articles appeared in one of the two gay journals then in existence. VD investigators became adept to get-

ting homosexuals to list their contacts. TIME magazine, in 1967 reported one Negro who voluntarily went to a New York clinic and named "14 of his contacts (12 whites and two Negroes) who all tested positive." But it remained for the once anti-establishment gay lib organizations to be persuaded either by motives of profit or by fast-talking public officials to set up communicable disease control programs within their own groups. There is now one in Houston (which made Buckman's job that much easier), there was one in San Francisco last we knew, there is one in Boston, one in Chicago, and at least one in LA. The LA clinic was started by the Gay Community Services Center as one of their programs, but it now is partially supported by public funds. In other words, the GCSC VD clinic is Sheriff Pitchess and Police Chief Davis' dossier on every participant in this county financed program. In California there is complete acceptance of a statewide program for compulsory notification of positive laboratory tests to the local health department. In the case of GCSC, the laboratory work is not done at the center so the reporting and its source is automatic. It is a dead give-away.

The HOUSTON leak only emphasizes what we have been saying for years: As long as homosexual acts remain a crime, venereal infections resulting from the acts should not be reported to public health clinics. Public records are public. A man who wants to keep his sex life confidential should go to a private physician not to public ones. Furthermore, a homosexual has a moral obligation not to disclose the names of his sex partners.

It should be no surprise to anyone to learn that it is perfectly possible for every federal agency and every state agency as well as several committees of Congress and certain individuals to examine confidential records of practically every other public or private agency. After the activities of the so-called "White House Plumbers," after Judge Sirica listens to tapes bugged by the president himself, a man would have to be a fool to believe that LA Police Chief Davis, Police Chief Herman Short, their flunkies, or law enforcement officers of all communities can't by one means or another examine public health records.

The NUNTIVS wishes to make apologies to persons calling requesting help who have been sent to our "understanding and friendly PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICES" for treatment.

MC CLUSKEY'S MURDERER CONFESSES

William David Hovila, 26 year old former Wichita Falls resident, has confessed to the slaying of Dallas civil attorney Henry J. McCluskey Jr. The 30 year old attorney was last seen by neighbors entering his law office in the Skillman Shopping Center and then followed about 15 minutes later by two men who pulled up in a small car.

The attorney and the two men left shortly after, as neighbors said they saw two cars drive away. McCluskey's parents, with whom he lived, went to their son's office the next day and found the telephones ripped from the wall and a small portable tv set missing. They called police.

Police found McCluskey's car abandoned at a city park about a mile from his office, and launched an intensive hunt for him. Two weeks later, two fishermen spotted the body in a ditch south of the intersection of Nance Road and East Fork Road, near the Rockwall-Forney Dam of Lake Ray Hubbard.

The county medical examiner ruled the attorney had died of multiple gunshot wounds to the back under the right shoulder. McCluskey's arms were tied behind his back with hemp rope similar to a length of rope found in his abandoned car by police.

Hovila emerged as the principal suspect the same day as the search for McCluskey was started with the

discovery that a person by that name had cashed a \$500 check drawn on the lawyer's downtown bank account. The check was dated the day McCluskey vanished.

Hovila was arrested in Rutherford, N.J., by police acting on an anonymous tip.

Hovila said he met McCluskey in a bar six months earlier, and as their acquaintance grew, reports came to him that McCluskey was spreading stories about him. Hovila, high on drugs, conceived a plan to drug the lawyer and leave him on a street to be found by police to humiliate McCluskey, for damaging Hovila's reputation.

Hovila feared meeting McCluskey alone and arranged for two men, whose names Hovila told police he could not remember, to go with him. These two men left Hovila alone in the office with McCluskey and took Hovila's car. Hovila showed McCluskey a pistol to convince him that he meant to drug him. McCluskey pleaded with him and, in an effort to bargain for his life, wrote a \$500 check. After taking the check, Hovila crushed a pill, dissolved and injected it into the attorney's body. The drug took effect immediately and McCluskey was led drowsily to the lawyer's car and placed on the back seat. After driving for several hours, they eventually came upon the lake, where Hovila fired two pistol shots in the lawyer's back.

'Church has failed,' says priest

(HOUSTON POST 8 September '73)

The assistant pastor of the Houston Catholic church that allows 200 homosexuals to meet there each week calls himself the chaplain of the group.

"I sit in on all the meetings," he explained. "I maintain an interest in them -- and I think it does count. It gives them moral support."

The church has failed to minister to homosexuals in the past, the priest said.

"The church has adopted a kind of ostrich head-in-the-sand attitude, hoping they will go away, but they don't. The individual parish has some sort of obligation to the community, so the pastor here has given them the use of the hall."

The bishop of the Galveston-Houston diocese, John L. Morkovsky, is aware that the group meets at the church, the assistant pastor said.

"He walked in on one of our meetings one time -- and several of the Catholic members recog-

nized him. He wasn't attending the meeting, but came in by mistake. He knows that we are there."

The priest said he knows "several priests who are homosexuals."

"I am sure many of us priests have homosexual tendencies, but we seem to be scared of anyone finding out, especially since we work with altar boys."

"The impression is that every last homosexual is a child molester, but this is not true. We have had no problems with the people who have met here."

The priest said the church group "seems to be the only organized gay group here in Houston."

"The Gay Lib at the University of Houston folded -- and now Montrose Gaze no longer has a place to meet. These people need something there to maintain them. I thought they might want."

I thought they might want to meet only once a month, but they come week after week. It serves a purpose."

The number of homosexuals in the Houston area has greatly in-

creased since the opening of NASA, the priest maintained.

"Not that NASA has a lot of them, but it has brought tremendous growth to the city he explained.

The homosexuals who meet at the church do not have religious services there -- and are ministered to only by the presence of the priest who attends their meetings.

"They must concentrate upon themselves -- and develop their own personalities," the priest said.

"Gays shouldn't undersell themselves, as they so often do. There is a lot of talk about Gay Lib, but it has to be the person himself who liberates himself. It is this that I find greatly lacking among gays: A sense of personal responsibility."

GAY PRIDE?

For several weeks now, since shortly after fire swept through the Upstairs bar in New Orleans killing 29 men, gay groups, their publications and their leaders have been exploiting the catastrophe for all it is worth. That men should die without purpose under such painful circumstances is tragic enough, but that their fate should be used to the advantage of certain gay leaders and made into a consciousness - and fund-raising gay event is even more tragic.

The Upstairs bar, at 604 Iberville St., was a fire-trap. While not found by investigators to be in actual violation of New Orleans' fire regulations the bar was located in an old part of the city where fire codes were not adequate nor strictly enforced. According to Fire Dept. Supt. William McCrossen, many of the buildings and establishments in the French Quarter of New Orleans are similar fire hazards. Conditions of the sort exist in every major city in

the country.

But specifically, the Upstairs bar was decorated with highly flammable materials. The windows were closed over by paneling, and they were barred. There was a blocked-off fire escape with no stairs leading to the ground. There was one exit through a passageway, but apparently only about 20 patrons in the bar at the time of the fire were aware of it.

The fire was first discovered in the main stairwell. It was almost immediately drawn up into the bar by a draft of scorching air. Everyone panicked and in the instinct for self-preservation ran for the windows where they either fell or were pushed to the floor and trampled by their brothers. A few of the more agile and slender patrons managed to slip through the bars, but were either killed or injured when they tried to jump to safety. Coroner, Carl H. Rabin, described the scene after the fire: One pile of bodies was found in the corner by the fire escape where in "mass hysteria one man fell, then another, and another . . ."

The fire broke out at 7:56 p.m., and was under control 16 minutes later at 8:15. The firemen did all they could. Fire department investigators sifted the ashes for clues to the origin of the blaze. Some witnesses claimed it was the work of a disgruntled customer who had been ejected from the premises earlier. But there was no real evidence to indicate arson. The injured needed and received blood. Charity Hospital blood bank director, David de Jongh, said "he was pleased with community response to the call for donors." Families of four victims were reported to be too poor to make funeral arrangements.

Residents of New Orleans were generally unmindful that the Upstairs was a "gay bar." It was not a matter for consideration. The bar and its patrons for the

most part had no commitment to gay rights. Homosexuals in New Orleans are not organized. The local papers with one or two early exceptions reported the fire without emphasizing the homosexual aspect -- contrary to accusations made against the press in its coverage of the Houston murders. Indeed, the fact that the Upstairs bar catered to a homosexual clientele was irrelevant to events. The individual sexual proclivities of the patrons was not an issue in their fiery end. Nor was it considered to be by the families and friends and local community that quickly responded with sympathy and help.

It remained for thoughtless interests within the homosexual movement itself to direct attention from the tragedy and make a sexual issue of it. With a lack of sensitivity equal to that of a funeral parlour using a similar moment of personal loss to benefit its business, representatives of the gay interests moved in on the scene and took over from grief-stricken and bewildered friends and families. They organized and directed as specific homosexual movement functions a gay memorial service for the dead, they proclaimed a national day of mourning for their "gay brothers," they called for gay blood donations, they created a national memorial relief fund from gay resources, and, they seized every

inappropriate opportunity to be interviewed by the news media on the plight and oppression of "Gays" in general.

Quite rightly, the reaction of those in New Orleans who had to endure this was one of horror that their local ordeal was being manipulated by unsolicited and unwelcome intruders for the purpose of promoting gay liberation and of displaying a phony gay solidarity. Most of them were unable to resist. Some, not knowing what else to do, cooperated -- as did the rest of the homosexual movement.

Although what happened in the aftermath of the Upstairs bar fire is an isolated incident, there is a distressing trend among some segments of the homosexual movement -- particularly among those who mindlessly refer to themselves as "Gays" -- to divert the movement from its primary goals to their own selfish ends by using every tragedy no matter what its origin or association as a cause to rally around. In their haste to use these situations these groups and persons do not stop to think whether their actions are beneficial -- or possibly harmful and embarrassing to the movement and to innocent persons. The behavior may be symptomatic of a lack of concrete and worthwhile programs within these groups. (Homosexual Information Center)

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FOLLIES coming to Houston!



The Thespian Players of the Dallas Metropolitan Community Church will present THE TEDDY BEAR FOLLIES in one of Houston's most popular bars on October 6th. The purpose of the performance is to raise money for the newly organized Houston MCC.

This show is unique for gay entertainment in the Southwest in that few numbers are "record-

mimed." Those performing use their own talents.

This cast of 17 lively singers and dancers, plus five technical staff members have just returned from a smash engagement in Oklahoma City where they played to a turnaway house.

Anyone wishing to audition for the company (which is semi-professional) is welcomed.

The Air Force and the Primitive "H"

(Human Behavior, Aug. '73)
As high and mighty defenders of "red blooded manhood," air force officials look benignly upon heterosexual love. But the man-to-man variety snaps the jail doors shut. Dr. John A. Chiles, a University of Wisconsin psychiatry resident, argues that outmoded, harsh punishments for homosexual men are hurting both the air force and the people involved. Emphasis is on "administrative segregation" (the stockade) and purging all deviants from the hup-two-ranks regardless of emotional stability, loyalty, degree of sexual control or work competence.

Since no exact definition of homosexuality appears in air force rules, intoxicated men who go so far as to buss a buddy have been thrown into prison while the bureaucracy cranks up in an effort to discharge them. Men may be detained for months in solitary as their case is "investigated." Meanwhile, a captive's moral plummets. A code H can even be placed on an inspection record attached to the prisoner's door, spurring other prisoners to taunt and ridicule the man.

UNEVEN JUSTICE. In air force eyes, there are two classes of homosexuals. Officers branded with the scarlet H can resign "for the good of the service." If they want to fight the charge, they may present expert medical and psychiatric testimony. Medical authorities, in fact, can take over entire disposition of the officers' cases. But for enlisted per-

sonnel, regulations do not permit medical opinion to take precedence over administrative rulings. It seems that for the bigwigs, sexual preference is a medical matter, but for ordinary air force men, it's nothing but a disciplinary issue.

"Punitive attitudes are needlessly expressed, and useful personnel are excluded from the service they may wish to render," Dr. Chiles maintains. He recommends that homosexual prisoners be accorded minimum custody status. The distinction between officers and enlisted men should be removed, so psychiatrists retain the power of medical intervention in all cases. Further, homosexuals should be carefully defined as those who "exclusively and preferentially seek same sex gratification." Current air force policy pontificates that homosexual behavior is "a debasement of high moral standards." Instead of dishing out rhetoric, air force officials should consider the men involved as individuals, and approach their futures accordingly. "The contention that all persons with homosexual behavior should be excluded from the Air Force is at least a debatable one. Such a group includes many who are emotionally stable, loyal and capable of rendering good service," Dr. Chiles insists.

Gay Activists and Mental Health

(Human Behavior, Aug. '73)
Martin Rogers and Barbara Bryant, gay activists, have an effective technique for giving the general public a taste of what it's like to be homosexual in our soc-

iety. They chose two female volunteers from their lecture audience and ask them to play the part of a gay couple. Then Rogers and Bryant, tongue firmly in cheek, play Mr. and Mrs. Straight.

Rogers sets the scene for the volunteers with a certain amount of relish. "A married couple you're friendly with has invited you to dinner," he told a young woman recently at the Western Psychological Association Convention. "They tell you to bring a date, and you show up with her."

As the well-meaning hosts, Rogers and Bryant serve up cocktails with a goodly share of put-downs. "You might have warned us so we'd have known," Bryant admonished the "guests." "After all, the children might have been up . . . Have you been this way long?"

Rogers beamed in the spirit of liberal benevolence. "I'm ready and interested in learning and I'm open to this, but you've got to realize--this is the first time this has happened in our home."

The scene illustrates what Rogers dubs "homophobia, the irrational anxiety reaction many heterosexuals experience when in the presence of a homosexual." The term, and the attitude that it's time for heterosexuals to start dealing with their own fears about sexual orientation, characterizes the growing gay activist movement in the field of psychology. Rogers, an associate professor of psychology at California State University, Sacramento, and Bryant, a psychology graduate student at the same school, have founded the Association of Gay Psychologists, a national organization with some 60 members.

They and other gay therapists, who appeared on a panel at the recent convention, are running a speakers' bureau, encounter groups and counseling services--all of which operate off the fundamental assumption that homosexuality is a valid alternative for all human beings, not an illness that must be masked from society.

The activists most in the public eye are the trained speakers, like Rogers and Bryant, who discuss the gay movement before local groups. Last year, the Sacramento Gay Speakers' Bureau filled 200 speaking engagements, leaving Rogers and Bryant rather experienced in handling a potentially sticky situation.

Audiences are so unwilling to listen with open minds, said Rogers, that a speaker who makes one wrong move will be written off by his listeners. Therefore, they discourage introductions that play upon stereotypes or pay tribute to "these extremely brave and courageous people." A speaking team is always composed of one male and one female, who make a point of telling anecdotes from their childhood, schooling and careers. "We tell them we're somebody's son or daughter, or somebody's father," said Rogers.

Most important, they try to answer even insulting questions without a trace of hostility. "When we first started speaking," said Rogers, "our anger flowed out in a way that flattened our audience. We've since learned to rein in our anger, because we're more interested in reaching people than in feeling good about ourselves."

Frequently they resort to role-playing techniques to answer

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questions about hypothetical situations. Some questions are promptly reversed and tossed back to the audience. "If someone asks what causes homosexuality, we ask them what causes heterosexuality."

Perhaps the most successful gambit is the role reversal. Besides switching roles in the four- some - at - dinner routine, and audience volunteer might be asked to play a token gay activist at a cocktail party, surrounded by "liberal" mental health professionals.

Other panelists are absorbed in overturning traditional psychiatric views of homosexuality, and in providing the therapy they feel gay people are not receiving from most professionals. In fact, Mark Freedman, a San Francisco psychologist, believes there are advantages to being gay. He has surveyed 81 lesbians and 67 heterosexual women with similar educational backgrounds. After collecting personal data and testing for "self-actualization" with the Personal Orientation Inventory, he found no differences in psychological adjustment between the gay and straight women. And the homosexuals scored higher on work satisfaction, inner direction, spontaneity and the ability to create meaningful relationships.

"When people go through the crisis of 'coming out' (recognizing their homosexual orientation), and they have all the social flak coming at them, they tend to be able to cope better with future crises," Freedman told the convention audience. "They're more in touch with themselves and what they want to do."

Gay men are often freer to show tenderness and other "feminine"

emotions than heterosexual men, said Freedman, and lesbians are more comfortable with their aggressive sides. And, ironically, social prejudice can free up homosexuals to create their own lifestyles, he believes. "Since you're 'sick' no matter what you do, you learn to live without social reinforcement and tune into your own needs." In other words, monogamous homosexuals who remain faithful to each other and live quiet suburban lives are considered just a "sick" as gay people who relate to many sex partners--thus removing the necessity to shape one's living habits to win social approval.

In recent months, Freedman has served as staff psychologist for the San Francisco Gay Counseling Service, which dispenses advice to 15 to 20 callers a day. Calls include routine requests for housing information -- where landlords don't discriminate -- or physician referrals -- for medical help without value judgements. Other more urgent problems like "marital" and general emotional difficulties are treated in person.

Another psychologist, John Newmeyer, provides the San Francisco gay community with its own branch of the human potential movement. His Gay Raps, which appeal mostly to middle-class men from their late teens to early 40's meet weekly for consciousness-raising, sensitivity and encounter groups. In progress for two years, the program offers a healthier setting for forming friendships than gay bars, Newmeyer believes. And perhaps most important to gay activists, the raps cope with the loneliness and emotional conflicts that affect all human beings -- regardless of sexual identity.

DALLAS MCC Affirmation of position on Human Sexuality

We, the members of the Metropolitan Community Church of Dallas, because of the need for a better understanding of our Church's purpose and position on human sexual expression, do hereby affirm the following:

1. The Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (by which our Church is chartered) was founded in response to a need of individuals who, for one reason or another, had been rejected or felt rejected by their previous church and that need evidenced itself, in some of these individuals expressed their sexuality in a homosexual manner, our Church has been and is still sometimes referred to as a homosexual (or gay) church. We are not a homosexual (or gay) church! We are, have always been, and intend to always be a Christ-centered Church open to ALL people in Christian love and understanding.
2. Our position on the personal and private expressions of an individual's sexuality has always been one of non-judgemental acceptance. We do not, as a Church, promote or advocate any particular expression of sexuality. We do feel that any expression of an individual's sexuality, which is sincerely guided by a deep love and true concern for another individual, is a valid and worthwhile expression of their relationship. We do feel that sexual acts should be reserved to private expression. We are opposed to any sexual expression that is forced upon another individual and advise against public sexual acts of any expression.
3. As part of its regular ministry to all, our Church will continue its special ministry to individuals who express their sexuality in homosexual relationships. Our justification in this stand is manifold: Primarily, the Gospels tell us to go and preach the good news of Christ to ALL the world. This instruction makes no exception! Many churches (or their congregations) consider certain individuals to be unworthy to attend or hold a position in their church or to associate socially with

members of their congregation. Many of these outcasts are people who naturally express their sexuality in a homosexual manner and several of this number have a strictly private expression with only one other individual for whom they have a deep love and true concern. The Scriptures also tell us that we are not to judge (Matthew 7:1-2; John 5:22-23; John 8:4-11; John 12:44-50). If Jesus, the Christ, Himself did not come to judge (John 8:15; John 12:47), then how could we presume to act as judges? The Commandments of the New Law are to love God and to love our neighbor (Matthew 22:37-40; John 13:34). We do not show love by rejection and condemnation.

Jesus warned us of false prophets but assured us that we would know them by their works (Matthew 7:17-20). We ask those who do not now understand our purpose to not judge our Church or its congregation but to come and see and know whether what we say and do is of Christ. See if those who were lost are now being shown the Way. See the difference in the lives of those who attend... the difference that the love of God makes in their lives. And, when you come, look not only with your eyes but also with your hearts that you may understand. For we also have those in our congregation who hear the Word but do not understand, who see and yet are blind... but we are working together to try applying Christian principles in our lives. We may all serve God just where we are. Our Church does not seek to change anyone from one type person to another but only to direct their individual consciousness to God. If any individual will open their heart to God, He will transform and regenerate them from within so that, regardless of their race, color, sex, sexual orientation, or other condition or position in which they find themselves, He will show the way of expressing their human nature in the right manner... the way of Love. When our human nature is guided

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by God's love, then any expression of that nature is acceptable in His sight! It is when we allow our human nature to control us that these expressions build barriers between us and God and between us and our neighbor.

MCC Started in Texas with its study group in Dallas in July 1970. The group became a mission in the fall of 1970 and was chartered as a Church on May 23, 1971. Recently, great interest has grown all over Texas Other churches are now in Fort Worth and Austin, and now we have a study group in Houston. Other areas have expressed interest and, will, no doubt, develop very soon. Things develop in the material plane by people cooperating with God's graces So Are you interested in uniting with the MCC study group in Houston? If so, please advise the MCC at the Montrose Gaze Community Center - 504 Fairview - Houston, Texas 77006 - Phone 528-9069.

Porno Ruling Criticed

By flooding the market with explicit films and publications, pornographers triggered a backlash and spurred the U.S. Supreme Court towards its recent decision on obscenity, according to the director of the Indiana University Institute for Sex Research.

Dr. Paul Gebhard, director of the institute made famous by Dr. Alfred Kinsey, called the court decision to let censorship rules mirror community standards "dangerous and unfortunate."

"The ruling is an infringement on individual freedom and an attempt to legislate taste," Gebhard said in a news release. "It is another example of the government claiming that the individual must be protected from himself as though he were an incompetent minor."



SOCIAL EVENTS AT MCC - -

Friday and Saturday 6 September 21st and 22nd - WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? with Bette David. 8:00 p.m.

Saturday, September 22nd - THE TEDDY BEAR FOLLIES PLAYS HOUSTON! 10:00 p.m.

Sunday, October 7th - COVERED DISH DINNER. Good food, good company, 5:30 p.m.

Friday and Saturday, October 19th and 20th - A STAR IS BORN with Judy Garland. 8:00 p.m.



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PSYCHOLOGISTS NEED HELP

No one was ever born a psychologist. Perhaps their development was "arrested" when they were first exposed to alternate life styles. But these unfortunate people CAN be helped, if they sincerely WANT to be helped. The gay community can not provide motivation for them.

Scientists are not sure what exactly causes a psychologist or even if they can be "cured." But if treatment is started early, it is believed they can be made useful and responsible citizens to society, and eventually even lead purposeful and happy lives.

It is the duty of gay citizens everywhere to help those less fortunate than we. Our work will be difficult, but we MUST NOT turn our backs on our brothers -- even though they are "different."

The Southwestern Medical School and Southern Methodist University is conducting an indepth study of the sexual preferences of homosexuals. These are sincere

people. Let us teach them a thing or two! You can aid in this valuable work by calling Mary Wilson, Monday through Friday at 692-2266 or 369-9135 after 5 o'clock. (You will not be asked to disclose your identity. So please do not reveal theirs.)



MCC CONFERENCE

The Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches held its fourth annual General Conference in Atlanta, Georgia August 30 - September 2. Texas was represented by several delegates and lay persons from Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth. Also attending the conference were delegations from churches of the Fellowship in Hawaii, Canada, England and France.

The conference adopted new by-laws and installed new officers. Rev. Richard Vincent, Pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church of Dallas was elected to the Board of Elders of the Fellowship, giving Texas new strength in the administrative functions of the Fellowship. The next general conference will be held in San Francisco. Jim Jaynes

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David Carden, Interim Pastor

HOUSTON: MCC Study Group
504 Fairview -Call 528-9069

MCC full-fledged in houston

by Jim Jaynes
Everyone remembers when a person, calling himself a representative of the Metropolitan Community Church came to Houston and started a church study group here. After holding a few Bible Raps and collecting a little money the imposter disappeared. Ever since that time, gays in Houston have been understandably wary when they heard of church-related activities. Consequently, Houston is the largest city in the country with no MCC for gay Christians.

But the Metropolitan Community Church is coming to Houston. An MCC Study Group, with Mr. Arnold Lawson assigned as Worship Coordinator, has operated in Houston for the last several months; and has been recognized by the General Conference of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, held August 30 - September 2 in Atlanta, Georgia. Rev. Richard Vincent, Pastor of the Dallas MCC and District Co-

ordinator of the West Central District of the Fellowship, has authorized an intensive program to bring Houston gays a place to worship in freedom and security.

Robert E. Miller, on the Ministerial Staff of the Church in Dallas as an Exhorter, and qualified to administer the Sacraments when he is in Houston, will conduct the first full-fledged religious service on September 23. All interested persons, gays and straights alike are welcome to participate in these services. For information please call Mr. Arnold Lawson at 781-1940.

THE BRAZOS BAR -

IN HOUSTON -

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Incidents Focus Attention on Homosexuals' World

(Dallas Morning News - by Maryln Schwartz)

Revelations of mass murders in Houston and a "gay" procurement ring in Dallas have thrust the controversial subject of homosexuality into the public eye.

"What is most disturbing," said the Rev. Richard Vincent, minister of a church whose congregation is predominantly homosexual, "is there are people who think that the mere fact that a person is a homosexual is reason enough for him

to have turned into a perverted murderer. This is not only grossly unfair, it is grossly untrue."

"They keep trying to tell us homosexuality is a victimless thing and not a crime," said one man in a downtown office. "Well, just look at those murders. Is that victimless? You ought to string them all up."

"And when some man goes out and rapes a young girl, do we go out and string up all the heterosexuals?" someone answered.

A LOCAL psychologist feels the main problem is misunderstanding.

"People like to think that homo-

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sexuality is just associated with the very effeminate young man or the man who wants to pick up young boys. Well, I think these people would be shocked to realize there are an estimated 50,000 homosexuals in the Dallas area. I grant that only about 600 of them have actually declared themselves, but it any of these people ever wandered into any of the gay circles in town they would be surprised at who might turn up-- everyone from some of your better known athletes to school teachers to truck drivers.

"A good many of my homosexual patients tell me they particularly seek out jobs which are known to be he-man jobs. They feel this will give them a good cover."

But the doctor said he didn't feel the question should be if a person is obvious or unobvious or declared or undeclared.

"The simple truth is," he said, "that homosexuality exists--and when it exists to the tune of 50,000 people in Dallas alone, it might be well to understand how it exists and what the gay world consists of. It might solve a lot of problems on both sides."

"WHAT BOTHERS most people," said one psychiatrist, "is what happens if a homosexual has the job of, say, teaching young boys. What kind of influence will he have on those boys?"

"I can only say it depends on the person. You get as many heterosexual men who like to fondle girl students as you do homosexual men who like to fondle young boys. But I can say--many of the homosexuals have very deep emotional problems resulting from reaction because they are homo-

sexual or from problems which caused them to be homosexual. "In some instances, they could inflict these feelings on the students they might be teaching--not in a physical way but in a mental attitude. I'm not saying a heterosexual might not do the same thing but in a predominantly heterosexual world, there is going to be a lot more upset if it is a homosexual attitude."

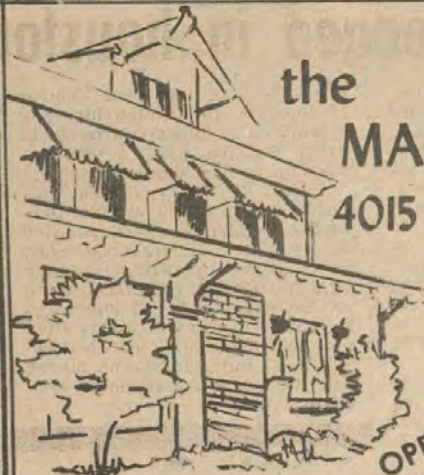
"I am becoming firmly convinced homosexuality is something that is inside a person and can't really be taught too easily," said the minister of a prominent North Dallas congregation.

"I THINK we worry too much about corrupting others. I was rather unsuspectingly thrown into this problem when one of the most respected members of my congregation came to me and said he just had to talk to someone. He said he was a practicing homosexual and was terrified his children would find out."

"The man's wife died when the youngest girl was five years old. His two girls and one boy are now grown and are all happily married. I couldn't see that their father's homosexuality had any effect on the way he raised his children. He was a good father and that is what mattered."

But other ministers say some of their most frustrating counseling is from young people who have learned of their parent's homosexuality.

"Perhaps when they are older they will understand," said one Methodist minister, "but I had one girl who ran away when she found out her mother had a woman lover. It's been two years and



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CHRISTGAU/ In Love With the NY Dolls; All-American Boys Into Ultra-Decadence

By Robert Christgau

"People have the wrong idea about us," says Arthur Kaye, bassist of the New York Dolls. I strain to hear what will come next, for although Arthur is a big guy, standing over six feet in his platform heels, he speaks in a barely audible hissing murmur. "They think we're a bunch of transsexual junkies or something."

Of course, Arthur, that's a ridiculous notion. Although you are wearing red lipstick and a New York Rangers jersey/minidress over white tights, and David Johansen will tie up his arm and inject himself with an imaginary hypodermic while singing "Looking for a Kiss" at Kenney's Castaways tonight, and Syl Sylvain will look like the strutting image of Liza Minnelli in "Cabaret" at the Mercer tomorrow, and Billy Murcia, your first drummer, did die in what is called a drug-related death in London last fall. Transsexual junkies? What a calamity.

Johnny Thunder has his own theory, which he offers in the band's more typical sensitive, tough-guy voice: "I think we're just a bunch of kids looking for a good time." This occasions merry agreement among the others, merry partly because they've all been drinking up their share of forthcoming proceeds at a restaurant near Kenny's. "That's right," Syl says. "Apple pie and ice cream." And as if to prove that his shorts are just healthy American boys, New York division, the new drummer, Jerry Nolan, orders some ice cream. It's true. Nolan himself is an Army brat with a heavy Brooklyn accent who has been into rock and roll since his big sister took him to see Alan Freed in the '50s. Thunder, Kaye and Sylvain are bombed-out working-class dropouts from the depths of Queens. Johansen comes from a somewhat more middle-class

background on Staten Island. They may be fibbing a little, but all claim to be somewhere between 18 and 22. Just a good old-fashioned punk rock and roll band.

The original members--Kaye, Thunder and Murcia--got together a year and a half ago, shortly after Kaye and Thunder first met on MacDougal Street.

"I hear you play guitar," Thunder said. "I play bass."

"I'm not too good," Kaye replied. "Well, neither am I," said Thunder.

After switching instruments, the two joined with Murcia to form the Dolls. Thunder named the group and sang. Soon Sylvain added a second guitar. Then Johansen, who had been performing as a solo singer-songwriter, joined on. The group played for anyone who would listen--at political rallies, a steam bath in Brooklyn Heights, and the like. The Mercer Arts Center, where they made their reputation, was one more such opportunity. By the time the Dolls got there, about a year ago, the Mercer was already a haven of what is called glitter-rock, which on scant experience I would define as deliberately dumb rock and roll played by bands of ambivalent gender allegiance. In contrast, the Dolls may be the best hard rock band since the Rolling Stones.

The comparison is unavoidable, but the Dolls resist it, and for good reason--it limits and dates them. Unfortunately, there is really no other way to understand a new band. Like David Johansen, Jim Morrison was described as Jagger-like when his fame began, and the image had to suffice until the Doors' specific identity began to sink in. As he himself points out, Johansen has more in common facially with Peter Dinklage than Herman's Hermits, but he moves like

Jagger, especially in his hair and hip gestures, and generates the same wild unisex eroticism. But while suffering seemed to make Jagger tough and distant, Johansen remains vulnerable and close to the surface. He is attractive and dangerous as only someone who always means well and always follows his well-meaning impulses can be attractive and dangerous, the kind of person you forgive in advance for hurting you. That kind of appeal is called star quality.

The rest of the band also shares more with the Stones, especially the early Stones, than with more recent hard rock bands. They convey the same desperate, droopy decadence in 1973 that the Stones did in 1964, and their music is the same elementary metal blues cacophony, only more anarchic. The Dolls do not possess a classy blues soloist like Mick Taylor, and they wouldn't know what to do with him if they did. They are quite content to career around the stage making noise, with Nolan, who has apparently served to firm up the group's commitment to the rock and roll myth, keeping a frantic beat. "We're a lot faster than the Stones," Johansen says. And somebody else adds: "And younger."

Some rock snobs put such music down because it seems so elementary, even impoverished. That's exactly what it's supposed to be, of course, and in any case the Dolls are not another minimal band in the manner of critical faves like the Stooges and the MC-5, or popular successes like Grand Funk and Black Sabbath. The crucial difference is that the Dolls have good material. Working with the band for his melodies, Johansen writes hard rock songs in the tradition of Peter Townshend and Jagger-Richard, and conceivably in their class as well. He says his favorite composers are the old Brill Building

hitmakers, Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich, and like them he shows that magic knack for the memorable phrase. I've heard "Rock and Roll Nurse" only twice, the second time about a month ago, and I can still remember how the refrain goes.

The songs wouldn't be so memorable if they weren't as well-arranged as they are well-composed. The Dolls may not be virtuoso musicians, but they know how to structure a song. They create and intermesh within the bounds of their technical competence, which is exactly what rock and roll bands have always done. They think up introductions and closes and sequences and fades, they add harmonies for variety, they end a song before you want it to be over or extend it after you thought it was done. They do dozens of little things that require no training, but immersion in rock and roll and street-type savvy. Immersed and savvy they undeniably are.

The Dolls are managed by Marty Thau, who used to be a promo man at Cameo-Parkway and at Buddah. A promo man is someone who gets radio stations to play singles, and Marty Thau was very good at his work. Some trendy music industry types whisper that Thau is too square for this band, but it's more likely that they're too hip--they don't know the Barry/Greenwich handshake.

Thau loves this band, but he can't get them a record contract. Buddah told him that the band was great but Johansen didn't make it; MCA told him that Johansen was a star but the band was lousy. A&M's entire New York staff was informed by President Jerry Moss that the Dolls were wrong for the label's image. Paul Nelson, head of New York A&R for Mercury, loves the Dolls so much

that he's seen them 30 times, Atlantic says they're too crude, Columbia says they're too hard, Paramount says they're too loud, Capitol says they're too weird. RCA and Polydor express interest but don't even come to see them. Give or take a few subsidiaries, that leaves Warner Bros. for the time being, but others may come back in.

Of course, Thau admits that the Dolls were drunk at their first major audition and unheard at their second and that couldn't have helped. Nor was Thau's \$250,000 asking price for a recording deal an inducement. And it's true that teenagers aren't into the Dolls' kind of hard rock any more--they seem to like heavier, more melodramatic stuff.

It's also true, however, that the Dolls are the first new band with major talent to play such music in several years, and if anybody can get them recorded and promoted right, it's someone like Marty Thau. Ever since the beginning, the rich, classy men who own record companies have hated rock and roll. They'll jump on any other bandwagon to get rid of it for a while. But they're coming back; haunting them with its unreasonable demands. This time it's wearing make-up and platform shoes and suggesting possibilities of love that decent people don't want to think about. And eventually, some brave, greedy capitalist will try to make it go.

I wouldn't offer a personal guarantee. The Dolls are so much to my taste that I have to mistrust my taste just a little. And I do think the Dolls have reached too many trends and not enough kids--rather than woodshedding on the New York club circuit they really should invade high school gymnasiums, as they have suggested. The kids might not like them quite as much as they expect, but they would learn from that, and it's certain the kids would like them a lot more than the average record executive. Transsexual junkies or no, they do have a lot of punkitude, and punkitude hasn't gone out of style quite yet. /II





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she hasn't spoken to her yet."

Ministers and doctors who are not trained in psychology or psychiatry say the subject of homosexuality is still most impossibly difficult for them to deal with.

Bob Lewis is a young artist who is active in the gay liberation movement.

He and many other homosexuals released statements and wrote letters to The News deploring the mass murders which were unearthed last week in Houston.

"I am also offended by the mail-order homosexual ring which was broken up in Dallas," said Lewis. "The gay people here look at it just as the straights would at a prostitution ring. There are those who deal in prostitutes and those who don't."

The most common meeting ground for homosexuals in Dallas is in about 30 bars, mostly located in the Oak Lawn area.

THE BARS are as varied in style and atmosphere as the groups who drift into them. Some are what regulars call "campy queer", complete with homosexual comedians and female impersonators and others are simple quiet places where people gather to do some serious talking and beer drinking.

Some are open only to women, some only to men. But most accept both sexes but get a predominance of one.

For many who consider themselves "closet homosexuals," these bars are a safe place to meet friends and not fear discovery. Many of the customers are married and say they married for social reasons. Others say they are frankly bisexual. Others are single and consider this to be a part of their gay community.

Other homosexuals find the idea of socializing at bars distasteful and limit their socializing to private homes. All are disgusted by and fearful of "the straight who wander in to look at the show."

Many of the places have back entrances and are good about keeping out the people who just come in to gape.

For many, the formation of the Metropolitan Community Church has been a good solution.

"IT IS A CHURCH not for homosexuals, but one which offers the homosexual a safe and comfortable place to come and worship. All churches are not so Christian in their attitudes," said the Rev. Mr. Vincent, the minister.

He explained he performs weddings in the church. If the couple is of the same sex, it is called a union. But it is the same ceremony that is used for a straight marriage. Mr. Vincent says, however, he requires gay couples to go through extensive counseling to make sure they know what they are doing. He said the unions have no legal ties.

"Any popular misconception," said a Dallas school teacher who calls himself Steve Johnson when giving interviews about his homosexuality, "is that most gay people are concentrated in the world of show business or hair dressing. This is not true. A lot of them drift there because they are two areas where homosexuality is openly accepted. But believe me, there are as many gay school teachers in Dallas as there are hair dressers. We just don't dare admit it."

MANY UNDECLARED HOMOSEXUALS are leading what their gay friends call a double life.



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"There are plenty of very sought after young men in this city," said Bob Lewis, "who make it a point to date the prettiest girls they can find. Many a girl would like to marry them, but their object is to be seen. In order to keep an embarrassing situation from occurring, they have to keep

switching girls. The pressure is intense," said Bob Lewis. "I did this for a long time and finally gave up. It wasn't fair to me and wasn't fair to the girls I was dating. But survival is the main thing and we all have our own ways of doing it."

Homosexual Procuring Ring Uncovered

That was the headline screaming from the top of page one of the Dallas Morning News, August 15, 1973. According to the News, this was a nationwide operation and was uncovered by police in a raid at 3716 Cole Avenue. John Paul Norman, 45, the alleged leader, three adult men and two teen-agers were arrested. A mailing list of 50,000 to 100,000 listings was seized along with booklets containing the pictures and names of teen-agers and young adult males.

Captain Bennie Newman, commander of the youth division said there was no evidence to link the Odyssey Foundation to the brutal murders of the young men in Houston.

Detectives, led by Lt. Harold Hancock of the intelligence division raided the second floor apartment which was described as a "crash pad" and seized a pickup truck full of files, pornographic literature, a camera, photo-engraving equipment, stationery, an electric typewriter and hundreds of booklets with names and addresses. A quantity of marijuana was also seized. Those arrested

were booked for conspiracy to commit sodomy, possession of commit sodomy, possession of narcotics, and contributing to the delinquency of a juvenile.

The Odyssey Foundation had a San Diego, California post office box, and the Cole apartment was listed as "Epic International."

HOW IT WORKED - Thousands of unsolicited letters were mailed inviting readers to become members of the Odyssey Foundation for a yearly membership of \$15.00. For an additional \$3.00, one could buy a booklet containing pictures of young men, their names, physical descriptions, ages and interests. According to Officer Newman, the youths were procured from bus stations and from solicitations by mail. But the booklet gave the impression that these were bright young men eager to learn from travel. If you wanted to be a "sponsor," you financed the youth's (called "fellow") flight to your town where he would be a guest in your home for a few days before flying to the next "sponsor." According to Newman, the boys received expenses and some pocket money and usually stayed from one to three days. Dallas was the "dispersal point."

John Paul Norman, freed on \$7,000 bond, was arrested in 1954 and 1956 for committing sexual assaults in Houston. Disposition of these cases is unknown. In California, Mr. Norman was convicted in 1963 for sex perversion and in 1965 was committed by the state

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department of mental hygiene as a sex offender. In 1971 he was convicted for sending obscene literature through the mail.

The three men and two teenagers who were arrested with Norman were later released without charges.

FROM A LESS SENSATIONAL POINT OF VIEW - According to gay grapevine talk, the Odyssey Foundation had been in Dallas for almost a year and most gays assumed the police were aware of its existence, but hadn't bothered to close it because it was small potatoes compared to the ever increasing number of rapes, murders and robberies committed daily in Dallas.

Those who claim to be in the know say the "Foundation" was merely "one man with big ideas" that didn't work. Had it been a truly "nationwide" organization, it would have operated from a plush Turtle Creek address, instead of a sleazy Cole Avenue upstairs apartment. The "fellows" were not serious scholars seeking to broaden their education, but hustlers struggling for existence. The booklets pictured many pretty young faces, but was always obsolete, as the "fellows" were undependable, here today and gone tomorrow. But in at least one instance, a young man is vacationing in Europe with his "sponsor" and receiving \$100 a week "pocket" money.

One can't help but wonder if this raid wasn't carried out to show Dallas citizens that their police force was on their toes, so to speak, in contrast to Houston police who have received a lot of criticism for not seeing a pattern to so many boys missing from one section of town.

Otherwise, one feels this is merely an instance of homosexual prostitution, hardly different from heterosexual prostitution. Wrong? Yes! But when a heterosexual prostitution ring is broken, does it make headlines?



ANTI-GAY VIOLENCE, The Press, and Pacifism: a Boston report

by Allen Young -
BOSTON -- The following appeared on page 5 of the Boston Globe on Saturday, July 14:

"Man killed, 1 hurt in Arboretum assault

"By Thomas Dotton, Globe Staff
"One man was killed and another seriously injured early yesterday morning when they allegedly were lured from a downtown Boston bar to a nonexistent party, robbed and beaten by six assailants and thrown into a sewer at the edge of the Arnold Arboretum.

"Police identified the dead man as Jeremiah Lynch, 21, of Garrison street, Boston, and his injured companion as 22-year-old Stephen Tischer, of Oak Street, Wayland, who was admitted to Faulkner Hospital, Jamaica Plain,



MR. CLUB HOUSTON

An estimated crowd of a thousand attended the First Mr. Club Houston Contest held at Gene Howle's popular Farmhouse Dance Bar in Houston, Texas. A runway and stage in the round gave everyone in the house a good seat for the show.

When compared to previous Houston contests, the Mr. Club Houston competition was the heaviest, according to many. Twenty groovy guys were in serious competition for the title: "Mr. Club Houston."

The judging was comprised of people from various cities across country. Two of the seven judges were Mr. Jack Campbell, from Miami, President of the Club Houston; and C. J. Harrington, the recent winner of the Mr. David Contest.

The Texas Tornado, Tiffany Jones, was invited back from Miami to MC the Houston contest. Her talent, plus several musical numbers by Kitty Key, Mr. Connie Francis, and Mr. Ernestine, helped to complete the contest.

Each contestant was scored in 1) Towel, 2) Original costume, 3) Swim wear. From these totals were picked six finalist who were given questions by Tiffany Jones to answer. After the questions, another total was reached to determine the three winners. A young new face, Mr. Richard Ornelas, was awarded the First "Mr. Club Houston" title; Mr. Jimmy Choate was First Runner Up, and Mr. John Graves was Second Runner Up. All three trophies were presented to the winners by Mr. David, (C. J. Harrington, winner of the contest held recently in N.Y.C.)

Each winner received a trophy, cash, and a years free pass to the Club Houston Baths. Richard will be in Miami, Florida in February along with twenty-seven other Mr. Club winners, to compete for the National "Mr. Club Bath Chain" title. As in the past, we are confident that Richard will bring back to Houston another National trophy, as have C. J. Harrington (Mr. David, 1973-74), and Mark Ambrosy (Mr. Gay U.S.A., 1973-74).



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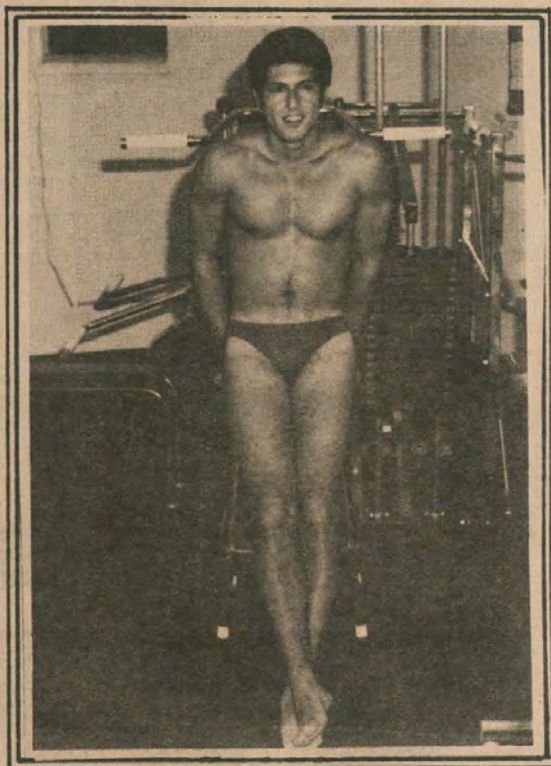
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for "multiple contusions" and was listed last night in fair condition. "Medical examiner George Curtis said Lynch had inhaled a mixture of mud and water and suffocated after being thrown unconscious into a sewer.

"According to police, Lynch and Tuscher had met casually near closing time in a Bay Village bar and were invited to a party by six fellow patrons. Tuscher told detectives that, lured by promises of booze, some pot and a lot of fun," he and Lynch left the bar and got into a vehicle with the six men.

"After driving around sections of Forest Hills and Jamaica Plain, Tuscher said, the vehicle stopped near a rear entrance of the Arnold Arboretum at South and Bussey streets. Police said the eight men got out of the car and conversed until someone yelled: 'Now!'

"Lynch and Tuscher were repeatedly struck with clubs, knives and other weapons," according to police, and "several sticks covered with blood" were later discovered at the scene. Tuscher told police that both men were also robbed of cash, wallets, jewelry and watches.

"Police quoted Tuscher as saying the six men dragged Lynch and him to a sewer main at the edge of the Arnold Arboretum grounds.

"Lynch reportedly was dropped first through the 27-inch opening into the deepest part of the sewer with Tuscher thrown on top of him. Police said the cover of the main was replaced and the six assailants drove away.

"Tuscher told police he waited until he knew his assailants had gone before calling for help. He was eventually heard by an unidentified passing motorist.

"Det. Sgt. John Daley of the homicide division and Det. Sgt. Arnold White of Station 13 are conducting the investigation of the attack. Robbery has been described as the motive."

After I'd finished only the first paragraph of the preceding article, I knew that Jeremiah Lynch and Stephen Tuscher were victims of faggot haters. By the time I was finished with the article, I guessed that the bar referred to was The Other Side -- Boston's most famous gay dancing bar -- and I pretty much could imagine the whole situation.

My emotional response was complex. One element was fear, but I'm almost immune to fear. Cruising can be a dangerous business, and while unlike some people, I am not turned on to the danger, I am always aware of it. Will I give up cruising because of its potential danger? Probably not. (Perhaps I should give it up for other reasons -- because it has so little to do with the sense of community which we want to build and which Jim Kepner has written about so eloquently in these pages -- but that is another story.) Another element of my response to the Lynch-Tuscher story was sadness, on many levels, for dead Jeremiah and hospitalized Stephen. And there was curiosity about how their families were dealing with the situation. (Had the cops told them their sons were faggots? Maybe they had known previously, maybe not.)

But my strongest emotional response was anger, directed at the Boston Globe for not telling its readers the true story of what happened to Jeremiah Lynch and Stephen Tuscher, for neatly ex-

cising homosexual oppression out of the story. I remembered the class I took in libel law at the Columbia Journalism School; it's libelous to say that someone is a homosexual, and even if the person is dead, his or her descendants can sue and collect! Is that why the Boston Globe hid the facts, I wondered.

Well, it turns out that Thomas Dotton, the Globe reporter is a Black gay brother, and of course he knew the gay aspects of the story, but the police told him the gay facts "off the record," and besides, the Globe "is a family newspaper." So the story appeared in its truncated form, which, Dotton says, "was unacceptable to me and still is."

I sympathized with Dotton having to put up with his 3editors' dishonesty -- on what is supposedly one of the nation's most liberal dailies -- and beyond that I was happy with this new affirmation of how right I was to have quit the establishment press five years ago.

I almost sat down to write a letter to the editor of the Globe to complain about their dishonest journalism, but I decided instead to direct my energy into an article for the Advocate and the Nuntius. The editors of the publications, following standard journalistic procedures, would want certain facts for their article, and I, as a "trained professional journalist," knew how to obtain them.

I found out that Stephen Tuscher was still in only "fair" condition and could receive no visitors. I balked at the idea of talking to his family; what would I ask them? I called the police officers mentioned in the Globe article, but they were not in.

I called Charley Shively, a friend of mine involved with Boston's "Fag Rag," whose lover happens to be a bartender at The Other Side. Charley confirmed all of my intuitions. In fact, the police had already been to The Other Side asking questions. Charley said that he had also heard that Jeremiah Lynch's family had refused to take his body, though this could not be confirmed, and later it was learned that his family did indeed take care of the burial. (The gay-vine reflects our cruel reality.)

By the time the next day dawned, I felt I could no longer proceed with this routine reporting project. Was I just being lazy? I felt uncomfortable with the standard journalism expected of me by the Advocate and Nuntius. What did the specific details matter anyway? Could I say something about this incident that would be helpful to other gay people?

I decided to call Thomas Dotton to tell him how I felt about his article, but also to garner some more information. Dotton told me that the police were less than vigorous in their investigation. He said that one of the bartenders at The Other Side could definitely identify at least one of the assailants, yet the police seemed uninterested. "Queer entanglements," one of the cops said to Dotton and other reporters, as if to dismiss the murder.

Later, I got through to Det. Sgt. White, who informed me that two arrests had been made and more were expected. He said that routine investigation had led to the arrests, and he assured me, when I asked him whether police were less than vigorous in solving the murder of a queer, that the police

would go "as far as possible" in finding the culprits.

My anger at Dotton's article subsided after talking with him. He said he was willing to let me identify him as "gay" in the pages of the Advocate and Nuntius (though he told me he doesn't like the Advocate). He told me that he was a founder of the Student Homophile League at Columbia University in 1966, but has not been involved in the gay movement recently. As a result of the Arboretum incident -- plus a new wave of assaults on gay people in Boston cruising spots -- Dotton has received the OK from his editors to work on a long piece discussing the escalation in anti-gay violence. In addition, he decided to attend a meeting of the Gay Media Watch, a new Boston gay community group specializing in monitoring and correcting media coverage.

The obvious response to all this violence, as gay community leaders have already stated, is organized self-defense, and some Bostonians are attempting such a group. Who could disagree? We are vulnerable, and the police, who hardly protect ordinary citizens, are not going to protect us faggots. (Protect us so we can commit felonies in the municipal bushes?) But I would be the last one to preach about the need for self-defense. On this, I feel I am a very typical faggot. I have neither the skill nor the will to fight. I have almost no experience fighting. I have managed to avoid every opportunity I have had to fight, and that includes everything from childhood squabbles to recent gay classes in karate held during the prime of New York Gay Liberation Front. In the hey-day of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), when the slogan was "pick up a gun," I bought a .22 rifle, which I still own, but I have no idea what I would use it for. Two faggot friends I know bought rifles under similar circumstances, and they too no longer have any use for their firearms. (Did we ever really have any use for them, other than to impress upon ourselves and others how tough we were?)

In theory, I believe in self-defense, including armed self-defense, but I feel incapable of it. I abhor violence, and it also frightens me. I would like to stop it. There is, of course, violence running through the gay community, and some gay people seem to get off on it. That goes for the fascistic neo-Nazi sector of the leather crowd as well as for the effeminists gleefully predicting a sex war. But I think such people are a minority. It is no coincidence that gay people have always had a leading role in the pacifist movement (David McReynolds, Bayard Rustin, Allen Ginsberg, etc.). In practice, I suppose I am a pacifist if I were personally assaulted, and I am not convinced of the effectiveness or the validity of the doctrine of pacifism (as in "love thy enemy" and "turn the other cheek"). (Readers can make their own puns as far as the "Other cheek" epigram is concerned.)

I do think we need to find a way to take destructive power out of the hands of those who are using it -- whether it is Richard Nixon or the people who killed Jeremiah Lynch. But I am very confused. I do not know for certain how to take this power away. Perhaps we are accomplishing this

over the long run, by a gradual process, as people learn to overcome the fears that drive them to violence. Perhaps violence won't end until there is an end to the domination of women by men, until there's an end to the domination of the poor by the rich. Perhaps it is true that as each of us strives against the destructive values of our society -- competition, greed, racism, sexism -- we are effectively combatting this destructive violence.

Footnotes to all of this:

- 1.) Stephen Tuscher, in an interview in the Boston Phoenix, asserts he is not gay, but "AC/DC", and he said he desperately wants shock treatments to help him erase the memory of that awful night.
- 2.) The two men arrested in the case were released on their own recognizance, that is, with no cash bond required.
- 3.) Thomas Dotton's proposed long article on gay people as victims of violence was scuttled by the Boston Globe.

The above is not fiction and it COULD HAPPEN TO YOU -- YES! -- HERE IN HOUSTON --

DALLAS BARS UNITED!

DALLAS - Saturday, August 18, 1973 the Gay Bar Owners Met and decided to raise the prices of the drinks in the local gay bars. The prices will go up effective August 20 when the bar opens and will remain from now on . . .

Beer, 15-25 cents per can; Bar drinks, 25 cents per drink and call drinks 50 cents per drink according to what it is. Also no more Happy Hours and no 1/2 price drinks.

There has been some comment on these prices and these are just a few made during personal interviews in the different bars Saturday before the raise was effective:

"Why should we Homosexuals have to pay for the price of drinking with fellow Homo's, when we can go to straight bars and get drinks for 80 or 90 cents per bar drink, 50 per can of beer, and 1.15 per call drink."

"I guess the bartenders will have to suffer because, I will not be able to afford to leave a good tip paying these new prices."

"It looks like I will limit myself to one drink per evening because I cannot afford to drink at these prices."

"I carry just so much money with me and then I go home. At this rate it looks like I will be going home at 11 p.m. instead of 2 a.m., my usual time . . ."

"I do not have to go to Gay Bars to find tricks and it looks like I will not go because I cannot and will not pay these prices."

"I think that we should get together and boycott the bars over these outrageous prices."

The question is will the gay people of Dallas go for the new prices or will they rebel? There is rumour that there will be a boycott on the bars and marches are being organized.

These are things that should be answered but will not be answered for a while. We, like you will have to just wait and see what happens. GOOD LUCK BAR OWNERS, GOOD LUCK PATRONS! (The above received from one of the many interested parties in Dallas)

TEXAS welcomes back our own TEXAS TORNADO -

TIFFANY

JONES



Sisk lassos TIFFANY for the show at the BAYOU

SPEAK EASY WITHDRAWS -

August 23, 1973
Bayou Landing, Bon Souir, Encore,
Entre Nuit, Half Dollar, Highland,
Mark Twain, Ramrod, Ranch, Ron-
sue's, Sundance Kids, T.J.'s, Villa
Fontana

We at the Speak-Easy were happy
to participate in a bar owners
guild or organization that would
create unity and friendship among
the various owners. The fellowship
should eliminate animosities and
create a better atmosphere for our
community.

However, it has become apparent
that the majority of the bar owners
favor strict price controls and even
controls governing promotional
activities of all the members.

Our stand has been that each
individual bar must be free to
promote and to conduct business in
whatever manner that is conducive
to our individual business.

We agreed to increase our drink
prices in accordance with our
competition because the majority
of the bar owners attending the
August 18th meeting favored those

higher prices. We voted in the
minority.

It is because that we do not
feel that we can "go along" with
the strict controls proposed by
some of the bar owners that we
prefer to withdraw from any further
meetings for the time being.

We plan to reduce our prices
effective today August 23rd in ac-
cordance with what we think is
fair to our customers and to our
business. Can beer will be 65¢,
draft beer 40¢ and bar drinks
\$1.10.

We hope that our withdrawal does
not create any further disunity or
animosity.

DALLAS SPEAK-EASY
Buddy Rogers



AH MEN



AH MEN of HOUSTON has first "style" show

by Scott Harbors



The Hi-Kamp entertained its
favored clientele recently with a
men's fashion show gaily paraded
by handsome men, winners (some
of them) of Texas and National
Male Gay Beauty Contests. For
example, one of the models was
the famous C. J. Harrington, a
Houstonite, who after having won
several trophies in Texas, went
on to win fame as "Mr. David",
a gay Florida publication-sponsored
magazine.

The attire achieved the proper
oohs and ahs from the Gays who
swooned before the attractive
models, and the display of the
garments was properly described
by a well-rehearsed MC re-
presenting Ah Men. A Clothing
store here in Houston.

The brunch which brings people
out these days so early to the Hi-
Kamp was highly successful, and
between bites of food one could
get an eyeful of meat, as plenty
was on display this day.

Quite a turn from the usual
costumes normally seen on this
stage; namely the pantomaniacs, a
female impersonation show which
has earned for the Hi Kamp a
reputation of being one, if not the,
best drag bar in this old town.

Leave it to the "Tooth Fairy(s)"
to dream up ideas like this. It
was a great show, the audience
was well pleased, and the common
comment was, let's have another
again . . . soon. The Ah Men,
which seems to be catering to the
Gay crowd, this being an obvious
fact exemplified by its audience,
models, and locale, will probably
achieve much success in Houston.

The styles are "Now" and the
Gays seem to like them.



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see below

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New York Times



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"Portia Plunkett Faces -- THE GLASS STEIN LIFE"

And once again dear friends we listen in on Portia Plunkett as her words drift gently down Westheimer . . . "What the hell you want to drink Mona"? Ah yes, it's Princess Plunkett greeting her many admirers on another afternoon of frivolity and fun. We see from our post that the princess is a little down today . . . She's wearing her mustache under her left jowl and frothing a bit from one tooth? . . . right in the middle of her forehead. From where we stand, it would appear that the Princess is "HUNG" . . . however, NOT in the usual accepted sense!!! But, as she's known to be a Pushy Broad, she'll undoubtedly end up groping, gnashing, chewing and slobbering on something before the day is done.

It's sad that the Pallid, Passionate Princess is poorly today. She has so very much to do. It's difficult to preside over such a distinguished group of people that congregate at her feet . . . Most of whom pass out from the rotten beer!! But dedicated she is . . . or is that Decadent??? She will be her usual, charming and voluptuous self come time for the meeting of the "D.R.T.'s". Then, it will be as though spring has come into her life and she'll regale one and all with arias from Jeanette MacDonald films that she so admired as a young lass.

How sad it is that the Princess has come to this . . . to sit among squalor, when once she STOOD among squalor. What has brought this noble being to these halls? Is it true that her heart was



once broken by a Goat Herder from Zambizi . . . is it true that of the thirty-seven children she has borne . . . and NOT eaten, that one is here in this country, seeking out "Mother"?!! Is it true that she toils so much that many have received her bounty (this again is NOT to be mis-construed) without knowing their benefactress? Is it true that thanks to her love and assistance, that there is now one fairy beautician for every three people in Texas? How beautiful is this wonderful woman . . . to give so much . . . to leave behind (That's one thing she's never left . . . is a Behind!) her Goat Herder, Her home in the Labrea Tar Pits, and her gowns and especially her Florence Foster Jenkins Albums . . . AND an autographed picture of Gertrude Stein!!!

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THAT THE WORLD HAS KNOWN.

— Oscar Wilde



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She will work and slave and
toil and labor and bitch and moan
and nag and gripe and curse and
complain . . . But she's our very
own Princess Portia . . . for Better
or worse . . .

to be continued --

SUCCESS STORY Adon

PROFILE of a WINNER



Adon, owner of Adon's store for
men here in Houston is a young
man originally from McAllen
Texas. For some time now, has
been a Houstonian, and about four
years ago developed an interest
in men's attire, and subsequently
went to work in retailing. Associ-
ated with a close friend who owned

a mens store for almost three
years, he was forced to go to work
for a large retail chain store when
his friend's shop closed. And for
several months sold menswear, but
disliked the impersonality of the
job so he decided to go into bus-
iness for himself and opened a
Jeans Shop. His former employer's
location was still empty, so he
chose that site; counting on his
own following and some older cus-
tomers he still knew. The business
went well for him. A year or so
later he opened "ADON'S".

In his new location, his follow-
ing helped him get things started,
and the new drop-in trade added
to his business. His inventory and
sales have been steadily increas-
ing in the year and a half he's been
at the present location.

Adon believes in "selling him-
self". Through personal contacts
with his customers, greeting them
at the door, introducing himself,
and helping in every way to make
people feel welcome (even just the
"looker", says he). This
warmth seems to work, because
people like shopping amid a vast
array of contemporary clothes,
beneath a backdrop of a Peter
Max wall design; in a mood of
relaxed cordiality.

Free cigarettes, a casual air;
even little personal touches, as
Adon says, like: "... when some-
one comes flying in to buy an
outfit for a party tonight, and the
legs need alterations . . . I get
it done in time . . . it's a lot of
running around for me, and a little
worrying, but I get it done. That's
why they come back though". Don
keeps a mailing list and posts
his newest fashions to his custom-
ers regularly. He stays on top of
new trends through publications,
shows, and even visits to the bars.
In his own words, he says "... if
you want to stay ahead of the
'BIG BOYS' you have to give the
personal touch. Take time with
your customers and put them at
ease. Advise them when they want
advise and tell them the truth
about how they look when they ask.

Don's schooling is limited to
High School only, which speaks well
for this intelligent young man who
overcame the barriers through the
"school of hard knocks" as he
put it.

Don works the shop alone during
the week and on weekends, employs
a couple of students to help out.
He's open Monday through Saturday
10 'til six. When asked about his
plans for expansion to larger
quarters later, Don replies "I'm
happy where I am. If I do get
bigger, it'll still be in this shop,
only I'll hire someone to help me
out permanently."

Don makes the scene regularly,
and with two trips a year; one to
Dallas and the other to N.Y.C.
for the market shows, he still
uses his own eyes to see what the
kids really want. What the over

thirties like. This, he adds, is
also part of his personal touch.

When Don was asked why he
outfitted the winner of the Club
Houston contest held recently at
Gene Howle's fabulous Farmhouse
Club, Mr. Richard Ornelas, the
answer was plain: "The boy won
on his good looks. Now he needs
streetwear to compliment his good
looks. That's what I have to offer
here, and I hope everybody will
realize you can be a 'winner' by
wearing the fashion look from my
shop."

Don stylizes his clothing to the
individual and claims that everyone
has his own look. He believes his
show has the look everyone wants.
I believe people should blend their
personality with the clothes they
wear, is what, in essence Don
proclaims.

When asked about jewelry for
men, (Don carries a full line) he
said that it's very much back in
fashion today. Particularly sterling
silver ... bracelets, pendants,
etc., and gives that "fun look" to
men's clothes.

Don is indeed an interesting in-
dividual. Fun to talk with and a
pleasure to trade with. Meet him
soon. You'll like him. And what's
more, you'll see why he's suc-
cessful.



Mr. Frizby



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The Houston HI-KAMP announces that beginning with NOON, SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 9th, brunch will be served Upstairs at the Hi-Kamp and every Sunday thereafter.

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FORT WORTH - God loves you and so do we. Join our Christian Study Group (817) 838-9564.

W/M Professional. Legally married, clean cut. Desires to meet same, age to 45. Send photo please. Box 46F - Houston 77006

MALE MODELS - National fine art photographer needs Houston models for photographic portfolios. Emphasis on neat, trim build -- ballet or gymnastic experience helpful; but not necessary. No previous modeling experience required. Applicants paid \$20 for test photographs, percentage of portfolio sales if accepted. All art photographs -- no "porno". Apply by sending recent photograph, age, telephone and address to PRIMUS PHOTOGRAPHY, P.O. Box 19172, Houston, Texas 77024. All applicants will be contacted.

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.

PIK U SCENE(S) HEAVY -- Bondage, s/m, leather, w/s, chains bits, & bikes. Lists many names w/pixs, addresses. \$2. Now. Lists, Box 84, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272. Also stud story or whip race uses only \$2.

28, CHINESE - I stand 5'9" tall, slim built, with black hair and brown eyes. I would like to write and meet gay guys 23-35 years of age, with hairy and well built body. Will send photos to guys who will write to me. - TAN WANG SENG, P. O. Box 817 - Cebu City J-317, Philippines

W/M - - - Now Hear This! -- I want to hear from gay males over 35 -- It's not that I don't dig younger dudes -- but I want to exchange ideas etc., with those nearer my own age. If you're sincere and haven't found the lover you've always been looking for, but didn't believe to exist, this might be Kismet. I'm 5'8" tall and my weight is 140# and have brown hair and eyes.

Send a letter telling me about you -- I'll take it from there -- please be candid and young in heart. If you've never answered an ad before but considered it -- answer this one. Respond with a snapshot and I'll do the same. Box A, 4615 Mt. Vernon, Houston 77006

COLT STUD FOR YOU - Will send fotos and 150 page story about me in explosive masculine muscle scenes for only \$3.00 now. Mr. Colt, Box 84, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272. Hurry now for unique poses.

VERY RESPONSIBLE BUSINESSMAN would like to share his elegant mansion with one or two other successful gay men. No strings at all as I am a trade queen strictly and would not impose on you at all. The house has a nice pool and lots of room, fine furnishings. Reply Box X, 4615 Mt. Vernon, Houston, Texas 77006. Serious inquires only please.

QUIERO qualified instruction in Spanish conversation and grammar in exchange for excellent instruction in piano or singing. Write TMT, P. O. Box 35125, Houston, 77035.

POWERFULLY ENDOWED STUD Champion Marine wrestler body, plus wild action for you. All ways, ruggedness you will want to awe. Pictures and curiously satisfying story \$2. Savnite #10, 6515 Sunset Blvd., Rm 202, Hollywood, CA 90028. Turn it on now.

NUNTUIS

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HOUSTON, TEXAS 77006
524-5612

W/M BISEXUAL - 37 - Discreet, shy, oversexed - craves unusual exciting experiences with understanding people. Box 13X, 4615 Mt. Vernon, Houston 77006

MOTHER CONT'S

Last but not least was Miss Ray Hadaway of the Half Dollar - a big boobed???? she was!

Absent from the above were Bill and Ray of the Villa Fontana and the Entree Nite - either at the Cowboy game or at the Bus Station -- getting a shoe shine - Frank Caven - he blew money for a phone call from El Paso saying he couldn't do his number which was to be Swan Lake -- Tex and Joe, -- ain't heard from them yet and Bob from the Ramrod. If you missed this show, we raised \$287.00 for the church, you missed the funniest show in the history of Dallas Drag.

The Dall-y Awards - another feature of Ronsue's which brought a large turnout - Cheeck Kline of the Bayou Landing walked away with the trophy for Bartender of the Year. Mama thinks you earned that one honey!! Waiter of the year was our own adored Madame Fertilizer at Ronsue's. Entertainer of the year went to Sabra Garth - old grace herself. Comedy drag, Sal al Marie - God only knows she's a funny one!

Group Drag went to the Supremes - speaking of this lively group -- they were not the group that beat up on Miss Jodie Layne at the Mark Twain over a feather boa??? Chelsey St. John drew the trophy for serious drag - she's always so beautiful. Ferry from the Ranch received trophy for Manager of the year. Ronsue's and Bayou Landing tied for Fun Bar of the year. Then my dears, Bitch of the Year from the Campi Awards last year surged forward and accepted the congeniality and humanitarian awards!! For herself -- Then she fell off the stage! You've come a long way baby!

In closing, anonymous presentation of trophies delivered via yellow cab received by Mother for humanitarian, Big Mable for Manager and Joe Gibson for Bartender -- We are very appreciative of the fact that there was much love and affection behind these presentations -- Mother thanks you!!
Mother of Dallas

P.S. We would also like to extend our sincere thanks to Ray and Jim of the Flower Palace, who opened the doors of their shop completely to Ronsue's for flower arrangements for the Dall-y Awards. They were lovely.

MOTHER OF DALLAS

August in Big D! Just full of activity, fun and hot humid weather. Makes a girl want to strip down to her skivvies and go "Skinny Dipping."

Lady Millison finally broke down, she's been giving in for years, and cooked a fantastic din-din for some of her closest and dearest friends. It was deving. This small celebration began at J. Carroll's abode, and ended in the bars, hours later. Had all the makings of a disastrous Monday.

Mother uttered not one bad word that was to come over that hidden tape recorder at that little gathering! Regardless of what voice vaguely sounded like hers says. Watergate ain't got nothin on this little fun group. Bertina, I think we're in trouble.

Mother thinks steps should be taken to retrieve said tape from ingenious Alexandria. Girl, be satisfied with that lovely pair of pink panties that "butch" trick left you.

Big Mable's Style Show -- now that was a hoot. A gala benefit for the MMC - it was a huge suc-

cess. The models were fantastic, Nurse Moo and Miss Philpot from Sundance Kid had to exchange lingerie so as to model some of the shorter fashions. Most all the bars were represented in some form or fashion, and Big Mable says, "never again!"

Speaking of Big Mable - the sweetest pussy in town - Vaseline and sugar for a quick wakerupper? All I know is, that Jess and Miss Elliot said it worked!

Another event, featured at Ronsue's, for the church, was the Bar Owner's Drag Show!! Margaret from T.J.'s blew all our minds with a fantastic rendition of "Old Fashion Girl", Teresa Brewer style -- Joe Philpot of the Sundance Kid, complete in bikini, boots, and HOOTER twirled to wild number, and Terry from the Ranch did the stripper. Dennis from the Bayou Landing was the hit of the show with his medley of Tammy Wynette along with Ronsue and her "Ahab the Arab" routine. It was a hoot of a show, and you can catch pictures of this event on screen at Bayou Landing!



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Richard Ornelas is the winner of the contest recently held at the Farmhouse Club by the Club Houston.

Richard is twenty-four years old and hails from Corpus Christi. Richard has lived here in Houston for only nine months but in that short time has made a great many friends.

The title bestowed on him was "Mr. Club Houston - 1973-74", and was one of the least twenty entries.

The contest took place at the Farmhouse Club under the auspices of the Club Houston and with the cooperation and master showmanship of Gene Howle. Along with his trophy, Richard won \$300. in cash and a \$25.00 gift certificate from Ah Men, along with a year's free pass to the Club Houston. (And he's there a lot these days)

Standing at 5'11" and weighing in at 165 pounds with strong black hair, this muscular trophy winner is personable, exuding warmth and is an invitation in itself to remind oneself what a few workouts can do for a man. He will be going to Miami in February to enter in the National Club Baths contest and will be sponsored by the Club Houston, Houston, Texas.

A profile; JENNIFER GEORGE

Jennifer George is a popular attraction at Houston's Bayou Landing and is seen there every Wednesday and Sunday at show-times. In a recent interview, some questions were tossed at her, and the following is a summation of "How Jennifer George Really Is."

"I picked the name Jennifer because I liked it." In that simple sentence spells out the simplicity in which she (he) sees and says things. Personable and warm off-stage; dynamite on stage. He describes how he got his "last name" . . . "George". "It was given to me, actually, by my friend Kitty Keye one night at Gene Howle's New Year's Eve Ball at the Cork Club here in Houston. At that time I was simply a contestant, and only used the name Jennifer; when Kitty got hold of the last name, she said I needed a last name, and tagged me as Jennifer George and it's been that way ever since."

I didn't really become a serious

performer until after the Bayou here opened up and even then I wasn't taken very seriously. I had won many first place trophies in "drag" but hadn't really performed much. Several times, was all, and that was at the Old Red Room when Tiffany Jones was still there. She recruited me to fill in when she had out of town engagements. But when the Landing opened here, Kitty got hold of me again, and I was one of the kids performing on opening night. After that I was sent to Dallas to be tried out in their club up there . . . to see how I was liked by that crowd, and when I go the praise and applause, I was returned to Houston to become a regular. Since that time, they've sent me up there to do other shows, and for awhile when they discontinued the shows here, I used that time to get together new material and gowns. And then, when Dawn Winters reopened the shows here, I was back to work again. And have been here ever since.

When asked how she regarded her trophies, she replied: "Out of the eight I've won, five were for first place. I feel I earned them and am very, very proud of them. It encouraged me to go ahead into professional work."

Jennifer chooses the personalities she portrays on the strength of her moods. She shies away from being just "one person" for example. But admires other people like herself who become a particular entertainer, because either way it's tough. She continually studies and looks for new techniques; particularly in make-up.

Before becoming a performer, Jennifer worked in a bank for three years, and after emerging into show business, doesn't sense any change in herself. Simply a matter of expressing the way I feel when I see or hear an entertainer, and translating my feelings for the audience gives me the lift I want. I feel I'm sharing something very personal with my audience.



Jennifer's lover helps along the way, being the severest critic, but helping to encourage at the same time. Jennifer looks hard toward his lover of almost a year for the kind of support only a lover who believes in something and can give help and encouragement. According to Jennifer, straight bars are easier to play to; the audience always seems more appreciative. But gay bars are the real challenge, and applause from her own kind means much more to her.

"I don't live 'drag' twenty four hours a day. I turn it off when I'm off stage. That keeps me fresh. And really, my work is only a small part of my life. I do it because I LIKE to, and not because I NEED to. The only need I feel, is to give an audience the lift I feel when I perform, and give the kids their money's worth."

Off-stage, few people recognize Jennifer, who is very attractive out of make up and costume. Those who do recognize the showman, never hesitate to compliment him. But as Jennifer puts it . . . the "highest compliment to me, is a full house and lots of applause".

Asked about the new eighteen-year old law, Jennifer says: "It's great. Now a kid can start at a younger age and develop in his prime years."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear ? Frank,
Your paper STINKS!
Harold Washburn

Dear Mr. Washburn,
The NUNTIVUS like other papers serve a dual purpose - this one you can read or wipe with - The rolling stone you can either read or smoke!

Phil Frank

Dear Phil,
What ever happened to the guy that ran the club that showed "HAIR" every night?
NO NAME

Dear Nameless,
He now operates Mary's, one of Houston's "swingingest" bars.
Phil

Dear Editor,
I've been to the Farmhouse a number of times when I'm in Houston and I'm trying to settle an argument between friends here in Galveston. Is it true that the owner actually sings at his own piano bar. Is it true, or are they just pulling my leg?
G.H. (Galveston)

G.H.
It's true. And Gene's many admirers will tell you he has a fine voice. Prior to being a club operator, he did some professional singing along with his accompanist Emet and still has an excellent voice. You can see him perform occasionally at the Farmhouse, but business usually keeps him pre-occupied. He likes to do it when he's not that busy - ask him to sometime.
Editor

Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in The NUNTIVUS is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

Dear Editor,

One night I left a beer bar with a full beer in my hand, and nobody stopped me. Later, I left one of the big dance clubs and the man nearly fell off the stool running after me to grab the cup out of my hand before I left. Later that same night I went back to the same beer bar and even THEY didn't let me out that time. What's the deal? I get all kinds of answers.

Mark Wilson (Baytown)

Mark:

In Houston you cannot leave any beer bar AFTER MIDNIGHT with a beer in your hand. At NO TIME can you EVER leave a mixed-drink bar with a drink in your hand. That's the law.

Phil

Dear Sirs,

I am from out of the state and plan on visiting Houston soon. I was wondering how many Gay bars there are in Houston.

J.C. (Hot Springs)

Dear J.C.,

Not enough that advertise with us!

Ed.

Dear Phil,

How's Acapulco for cruising this time of year?

G.H.

G.H.:

Great. But the Bahamas are in, this year.

Phil

Anybody over "30"

I'm well past thirty. I still enjoy life, and make the bar scene regularly. But I don't dance at all, and therefore find myself forever in a place where all I can do is chit-chat long enough to get stoned on booze, while my potential trick is dragged off to a dance floor somewhere and I lose him. How the hell does a fellow my age compete?

F.K.S. (Houston)

My Dear F.K.S.

Learn to dance. If you're one of those who just can't, then fake it. Pick a busy spot on the floor and just move your feet. If your partner is much younger than you, he'll be to enraptured in the music to watch you closely; if he does watch you, smile. But he's still WITH you.

Ed. (well past 30)

Dear Sir,

I'm from Corpus. How come you never write anything about us down here? We used to buy your paper but now to get it have to subscribe - - -

Allen (Corpus Christi)

Dear Allen,

I am in hopes a correspondent will be there next month. I hope you're around to help fill him in when he's there. Encourage the bar owners to get up some news, otherwise and send it to us. We're hungry for news of Corpus!

Sorry about the availability of the Nuntius in Corpus but the bar that handled it and advertised in same did not pay for the ad or the papers that you bought!

Phil Frank

FUN SPOTS



Mr. Texas and also Mr. David trophy winner, C. J. Harrington in a candid shot at one of his favorite new spots in Dallas, the SPEAKEASY

Buddy Rogers and his other half Arthur pointing to the plaque in the entryway of their club - The SPEAKEASY - Dallas

The drinking bar is lavishly displayed with mirrors and behind the glassware, are stained/veined mirrors giving a bright gleam to the stemware. Carpeting is traditionally red; the drinking bar's elbow lean is heavily padded with red vinyl; The deep low chairs are all red and black with all black table tops. There are several "meat racks" around the first balcony ledges (on the main standing area of the floor) with tall bar stools at each. There are some white surfaced tables sprinkled for effect in certain portions of the room.

Opposing the dance floor, there are three huge mirrors just under the "Speakeasy" sign which remains lit by a surrounding chain of chase lights; The dance floor itself is bathed in subdued lighting under professional spots normally used for shows, but which imparts warmth and color to the dancers. The dance floor is constructed of parquet.

The game room is in a separate two-level area of the room and contains two pool tables, a marble table, Air Hockey and a Pong game. The room has good air circulation, equipped with exit forced-air blower and three electrostatic air cleaners. Music is supplied by a juke box of high quality.

SPEAKEASY

THE SPEAKEASY announces Sunday Brunch every Sunday beginning at 1 p.m. Those of you from out of Dallas, will especially appreciate this, as it seems to be the earliest activity in Dallas that day, and the staff there are always happy to guide you on to other places afterward. A good place to start at Sunday if unfamiliar with Dallas.

The Speakeasy in Dallas: Run by Buddy Rogers and his long-time "other half" Arthur this club is the combined effort which includes the original owners of the DId Atlantis (Al and Gene). The bar is staffed by Grady, Bill, Terry, Arthur and Buddy, with Sonny Suwal acting Maitre' D. Billy acts as overseer in Buddy's absence. (look for his picture elsewhere in this issue). (Bill Merrill)

Age and other kinds of inspection are made in the ante room at the front door for customer security and is screened from the interior of the club.

One interesting detail about the decor, is a lighted actual Barber's Pole Lamp, spinning merrily all night long; an Al Capone Picture; just as you enter the place you pass an outside street (sidewalk bus-waiting type) bench close to a lighted pole with a white glove atop, noting your entry on Easy Street. Take a right and you are on Speak E. Street. Back-stepping a moment and looking at the door, you will see old-time speakeasy portals of the type used during the prohibition period. Rarely seen these days are the tiffany pool lights above the pool tables - - -

BON SOIR

The Bon Soir of Dallas, which recently changed hands from Bob Strange to Tex and Joe, finally waited out the Alcoholic Beverage Commission's standard waiting period prior to issuance of a new license, to re-open in grand style. The only major change apparent since the change is the front entrance, which is now on the opposite end of the building. Other than that, little has changed except for the personnel.

Ken (formerly manager of the restaurant at the Houston Bayou Landing and before that manager of the Red Room) is senior bar tender. The smaller room packs itself tightly around the ever-going piano and bar, giving one a lifted feeling immediately on entering the smaller room.

As bars go, the Bon Soir will soar to new heights, attracting individuals of moderate income levels and higher, although there is absolutely no snobbery here. The bar itself has the kind of personality that appeals to the individual in that income bracket.

The second thing the Bon Soir has going for it, is that fact that people are not "paired" here so much as other places, and it seems a bit easier to become acquainted with strangers.

Naturally mixed drinks are served here, and a moderate dance floor accommodates many couples for dancing. The juke box faces the dance floor away from the main bar, and therefore talking is at a pleasant level here. Well managed, maintained, this club will exist for a long time to come. Particularly since Tex and Joe have earned for themselves a reputation of solidarity in their business.



Bonsoir's newest addition. The campy pianist who packs the room

THE RANCH



the RANCH

This Beer Bar features itself as Dallas' largest leather and Western Bar. Open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily (with after hours Sat. & Sun). Located at 4117 Maple, this bar is convenient to reach from almost any point in the Big D Gay area.

Unusually structured with many rooms and each on a separate level, this bar is rough-hewn and obviously is what it claims to be. The service is good and the drinks modestly priced.

the ENTRE NUIT

The Entre Nuit seems to be doing quite well for itself. Predominantly a girls bar, this establishment has its share of good looking males too. Well decorated, well maintained and with good service, it is easy to see why this club has been successful since its opening. The little things Bill and Ray (the owners) dream up to keep up customers interest seem to work well. For example, Monday, September 3rd., drew a nice crowd for the dance contest; everyone was delighted and trophies were awarded. Such activities keep up interest in the place; that coupled with the good management, modest behavior of the clientele, show the Entre' Nuit to be one of the "better" bars in Texas.

VILLA FONTANA

Remember the good old days? Well they're still around in Dallas, in the guise of the Villa Fontana on Skiles.

Modestly decorated with carpeting throughout, basket woven chairs, a full patio with sprinkling statue-fountain (a Dallas Gay-Bar landmark), the Villa reflects its maturity gracefully. Softer music, little buffets, varied clientele, this old gal of a lounge still has that bit of nostalgia that brings fierce loyalty and support from young and old alike, as it seems this is Dallas' "institution".

The growing pains during the opening of the many clubs which in earlier years were not around, caused the grand old lady of Bars some suffering, but true to form, revived itself and remains very much alive and successful. Open 7 days a week, this bar has an appeal no other club in Dallas can match.

Memories!!!

T.J.'s

..... strong as ever. The indefatigable Margaret, owner of T.J.'s seems to have one of those magic qualities that put and keep a joint together. From the beginning, T.J.'s has been more than just a Gay Bar to her, as Margaret set about to prove that Gays not only will patronize a girl-owned bar, but will like and respect the gal that owns it, even if it is 100% a bar for boys. That point over the years has been proven. And through the years, from the day when hand-holding and beer-only in Dallas, afforded the most to offer, to the present day when dancing mixed drinks have made the scene, Margaret herself remains unchanged. Simple in speech, kind of country, as she describes herself, she still personally cleans or helps clean the joint every day. Does the ordering, works the door, and still manages to get out to the other bars to play with the patrons and friends she so gracefully serves at T.J.'s.

This place is about as uncomplicated as a bar can get. It's rough in appearance, but clean; modest in decor, but clever, and appeals to Gays of almost every walk of life. People don't seem to worry about much at T.J.'s when they get there, because everyone, it seems, wears their hair down here. And that, I would suspect, accounts for the place's success.

Located on McKinney in Dallas, T.J.'s has never displayed a sign, and has always managed a good relationship with its neighbors. Parking up and down the street and around the near corner, and behind the lounge, afford plenty of parking ease.

Margaret is best known as a person whose word is her bond, and has established this reputation over the years in her dealings with her "kids". One person was quoted as saying: "If she said so, it's so! And I'll punch anyone in the face who says otherwise. Margaret doesn't lie." Almost all the bar owners in Dallas will agree with that too. The lounge, therefore seems to be a reflection of her personality to some extent. An honest atmosphere. No artificiality. The smiles behind the bar and at the door are sincere, and the attitude pervades throughout the room. Business is good here. And will continue!!!

ENCORE



The Encore front view - 4516 McKinney - Dallas

Coining an old expression, The Encore, like the Phoenix, has risen from ashes to become one of Dallas's most exciting and versatile clubs. Originally dubbed the Entre' Nuit when it first opened its doors some time back, the club was gutted by fire and closed for sometime. During the interim an insurance settlement delayed the re-opening, and Tex and Joe relocated to the site where the present Entre' Nuit is now located on Skiles. Having then sold out to Bill and Ray, the Encore became the new name at the old site, and is now operating full swing. And swing best describes the place.

A huge dance floor, surrounded by nine large mirrors is bordered at the far end by a draped stage, and tables and chairs on deep pile blue carpeting. The furniture is attractive; the chairs blue and the tables free of tablecloths gleam in white and wood grained surfaces. The customary candles adorn the tables.

The Bar area is convivial and large, accommodating approximately 25-30 seated, with ample standing room for at least 100 more. And this separate area, although only part of the main room, seems to have an intimacy all its own.

Mirrors abound at the bar, with signs plastered over the register, enumerating the many coming events.

Tex and Joe, known for many years as Momma and Poppa, are no new-comers to the Dallas-Fort Worth Scene. Years back they have operated among other notable places, the Toga, Elvira's (Accountable for the go-go craze), the El Toga, etc. Having had many problems in the past due to the fire at the present location, it seems that almost miraculously the two have bonded old friendships and draw a heavy crowd to a place that is totally new inside showing no scars of the past.

The game room is located to the rear of the building allowing much greater light to play by, and causing no discomfort to the other patrons. Predominating is an early crowd of under twenty-ones who love to dance under the strong music, and somehow blend in closely with the over thirty group manning the barstools.

If one were to pick a name to describe the club, it would have to be the "Rendezvous", for so many people not seen for so long, now seem to headquarter here.

The crowd feels the warmth of the establishment from the moment of entry, with good will exuding from the Bar-Tenders exuding from the Bar-Tenders (Remember Tommy of the Red

Room in Houston, and recently of the Houston Landing?) who sometime include that heavy-pouring Poppa himself.

Dancing - gaiety - laughter - music, food and buffets, games, easy accessibility, (only one block from Central Expressway off Henderson) and cruising, must be the reasons for the Lounge's success.

Parking is virtually unlimited, and located not far from Ron-sue's, T.J.'s, and almost a direct show down Henderson-Knox puts you close to the Entre' NUIT, the Villa, the Baths, or in the other direction, easy to reach the New Club, the Mark Twain over on Lemmon.

The Encore will feature live entertainment, Bands and the like, and on occasions will provide shows.

A new patio is planned for the rear of the building (through the back door) that will be approximately 25 by 50 feet and covered by the original Blue Umbrella Canopy which housed the Toga Bar; this patio promises to provide delightful surrounding for lunches, buffets, etc.

Featuring mixed drinks, the Encore has HAPPY HOUR daily 1-7 p.m. with bar drinks only fifty cents and draft beer fifteen cents.

Well respected in the Dallas Community, the Encore has certainly become one of the city's finest bars. It is located at 4615 McKinney Avenue in Dallas.

the MARK TWAIN

THE MARK TWAIN - The newest addition of culbs on the Dallas scene, the Mark Twain, has heightened the business beyond its highest expectation, according to Frank Caven, its owner and operator.

Evenings at the Mark Twain begin earlier than most bars, attracting a good cocktail hour group; this perhaps because of its convenience and ease of location on Lemmon Avenue.

The decor speaks splendidly but is not overdone, and therefore, when one feels the coat and tie atmosphere, it is only just a feeling; blue-jeans abound.

Bob Scott temporarily assigned as Maitre'D, can be remembered as a Houston radio personality whose talent for meeting people is only exceeded by his employer, who seems to combine an awesome energy into making people feel warm and comfortable as soon as one steps foot into the Club.



Joe (Papa) busy at work at his very own desk. Depecting his "other side" - Encore - Dallas



"Tommy" at the Encore - not a new face to Dallas or Houston

THE ENCORE, 4516 McKinney, Dallas, celebrated its first Anniversary by having a gala party August 26th. The festivities included the live entertainment of a special guest artist, the fabulous "HELENA" a pianist and vocalist formerly of Shreveport, La., and New York City. Free champagne and draft beer were given away and the festivities drew a very large crowd. The Nuntius along with the many Gay Bar owners and their patrons join in honoring that event and congratulating Tex and Joe in the success. Best wishes for the coming years.

Aside from the decor, the ventilation is beautiful; on the hottest nights while the club is packed (and that seems to be a standard thing at the M.T.) it is always cool and free of smoke. A fireplace speaks for the air conditioning power, for it burns brightly all evening imparting a warm living-room feeling to the place.

Along with the usual "teasers" the Mark Twain offers up in soliciting business, it serves up an unusual Sunday. For example, for \$1.50 on Sundays from 6 to 9 p.m. you get all the draft beer and delicious steak sandwiches you can eat. Also unusual fare on Mondays is the ITALIAN DINNER served from 6 - 9 p.m. for \$1.25. Each day special prices are offered during cocktail hour from 4 - 7. To add to the glamour of the Mark Twain is the very sophisticated piano bar, on the SECOND FLOOR; complete with entertainer and full bar. Lavishly decorated this area is now open to the public. Coming soon will be a huge patio, complete with its own bar, a-la-old Bayou Club days. Service here is excellent, and one can't help wondering where Frank is able to find such competent and good looking help. Perhaps that accounts for the massive business the place is now doing. Congratulations Dallas. You've done it again. Elegance and simplicity under the heading "MARK TWAIN".



One of the little social areas before the fireplace at the new Mark Twain. The fire (though picture doesn't show it) remains lighted during business hours - summer and winter - Dallas



A view of the piano bar with the fireplace in the background; this is on the second floor of the Mark Twain - Dallas



The crystal chandelier suspended from two stories over the spiral stairway to the second floor at the Mark Twain. Drapes are heavy red velvet. Bannister is rubbed solid mahogany - Dallas



A rare photograph of Frank Cavan at and behind his own bar at the Mark Twain - Dallas



The interesting illuminated sign announcing the Mark Twain location - Dallas

"JAY"

Popularly known simply as "Jay", this young lady of the old Atlantis Girl's Bar days, having earned her popularity over the years in Dallas going back to the old "Alley Door", has recently opened a new popular night spot called "Jay's" lounge. Downtown on McKinney, and close by to the ever-popular Bayou Landing the new lounge has promise for a bright future.

Details eluded in this column are due to lack of time to confirm particulars, but look for the next issue concerning this bar. Operated by a female, with female bartenders, this place will be predominantly geared to girls, but will invite the patronage of boys as well, this according to a recent conversation with Jay. Future plans and events will be detailed in the next issue of the Nuntius.



"Harry, stop poking me... if you want something, ask for it!"

BAYOU LANDING HOUSTON

The Houston Bayou Landing announces its First Annual Dude Party, Monday September 17th, beginning at 9 p.m. until closing. No cover charge will be imposed that night and free draft beer will be given away from opening until 10 p.m. that night. This will be an old fashioned Western Party, a spokesman for the lounge said, and prizes, laughs, fun things will be done throughout the evening. Everyone will be encouraged to wear cowboy outfits.

This will also be the same evening that the new "MR. MYSTERY" contest will begin. According to the contest basic rules (pertinent data will be posted at the lounge) the customer will be given a "guess card" as he enters the lounge every night, and will, after the last one clue each night is given, turn his guest-card in and try to name "MR. MYSTERY". This will be a real person, someone who will be on the premises every night until his identity is discovered, and every night another clue will be added to help the guesser's choose the person. A notarized affidavit will be on file beginning with the contest night (9/17) and will remain sealed until the identity is exposed. If he is not discovered before October 31st, he will be presented that night, ending the contest. But spokesmen for the Bayou say it'll be too easy to last that long. For example, at least once (times picked at random), the Mystery Man will be on stage with a brief flash of light to expose all or part of him. You just have to be there to catch that glimpse. Otherwise, new clues will be posted daily, and the MYSTERY MAN HIMSELF WILL be on the premises every night until the contest ends. Prizes of a rather generous nature will be posted along with details at the club.

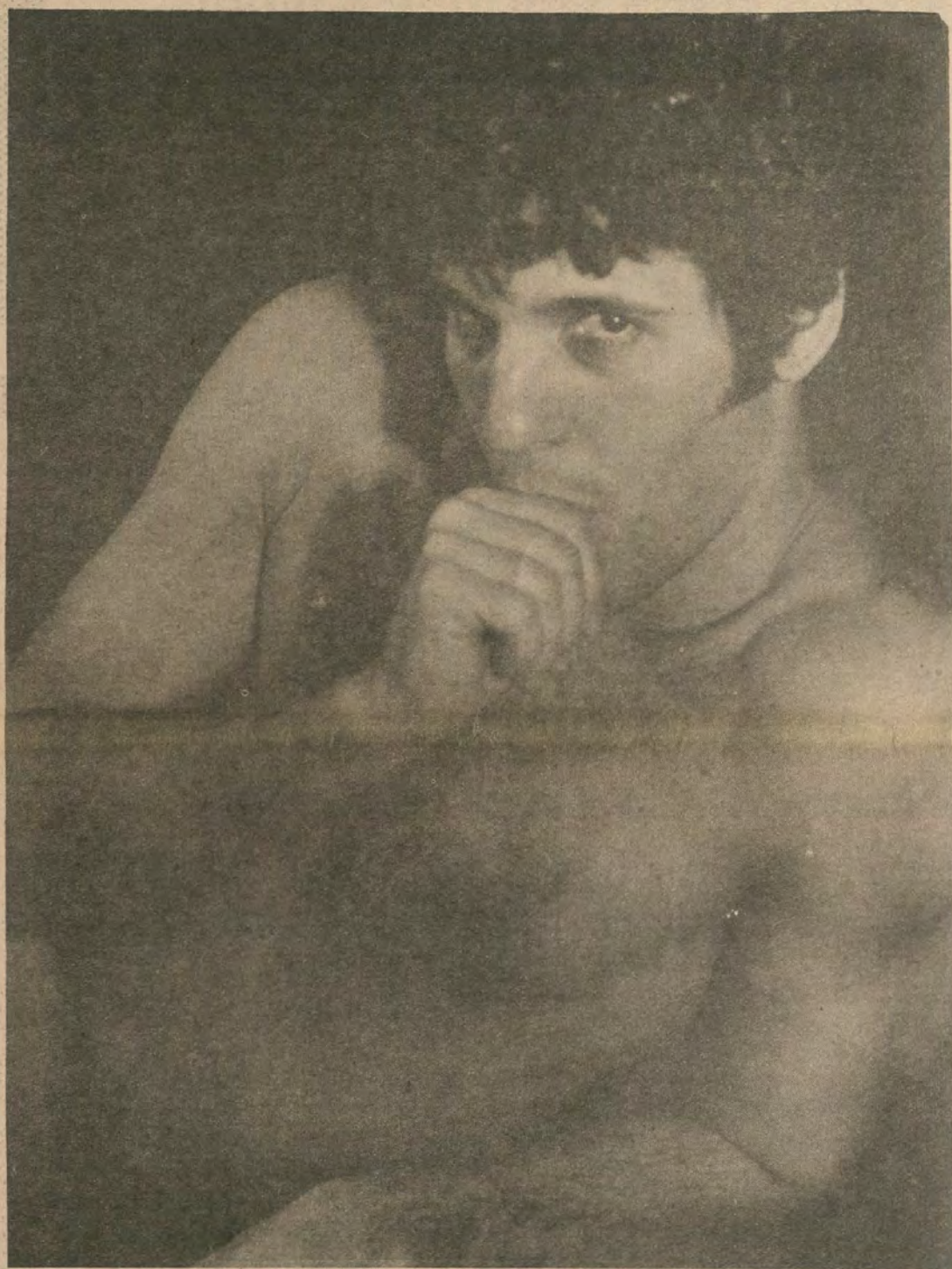
*everyone is invited - if you want
known what you're doing - let us
know -*

DALLAS

The Bayou Landing of Dallas played to a full house Sunday Sept. 2 when it brought from Houston Dawn Winters and her company to entertain. The usual Hamburgers were served along with the free beer prior to the show, and after the show began, there was standing room only... and little of that. The show was

good, and Dawn represented the Houston Bayou Landing well that night.

On the same night the Bayou Landing of Houston played to a capacity house when Tiffany Jones played there. More than one thousand people paid to see Miss Jones perform at what is Houston's largest gay bar.



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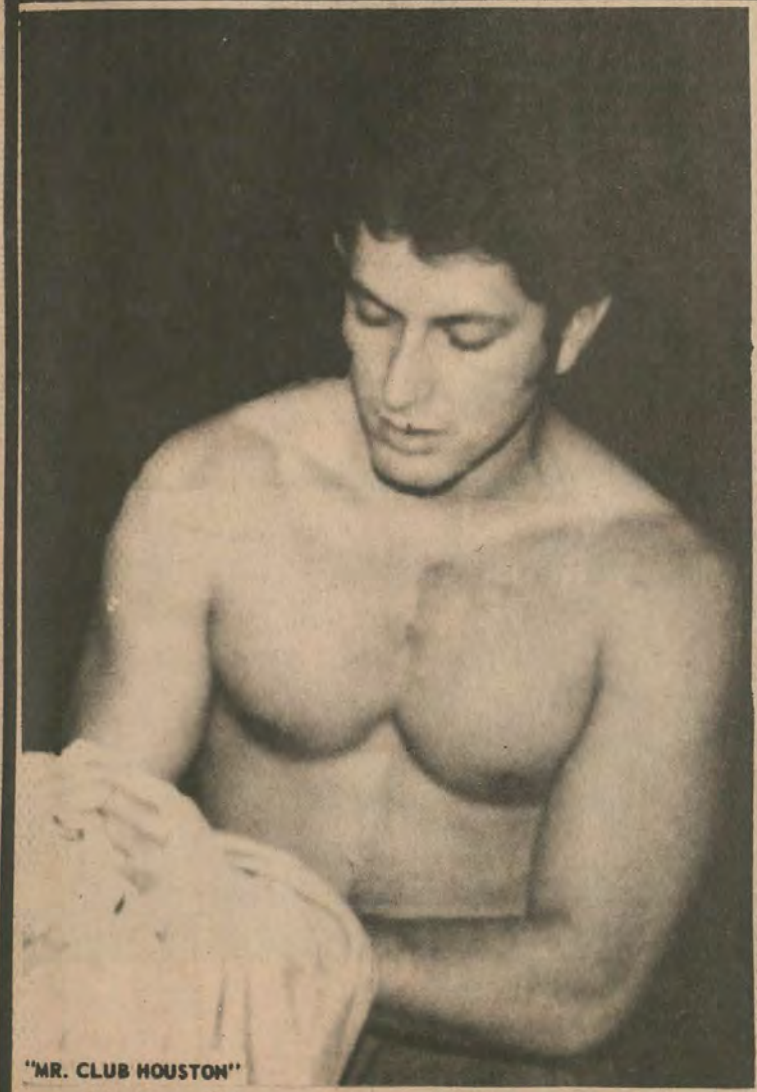
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NUNTIOUS

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& OUR COMMUNITY HOUSTON, TEXAS



"MR. CLUB HOUSTON"

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