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OCTOBER 1980
vol.1 no.1



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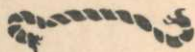
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On the Cover: Rick Bushue
Friends & Lovers Studio

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Editorial

October 14, 1979 marked an end and a beginning for a determined, motivated, and inspired American society. The National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, a dream created by martyred gay politician Harvey Milk and pushed to reality through the hard work of organizers from all over the country, drew to a close the first decade of struggle and achievement and left its hundreds of thousands of participants and the thousands of thousands sharing the experience through the media at home with the promise of a free and secure future.

The standing message of the march remains that the future is in our own hands, we know the power we can wield and the avenues open to us; we are also aware that resolutions will not come quickly or easily and that our worst enemy is apathy.

It is October, 1980, and the first anniversary of our statement to the world. What is left now is the personal decision to remember.

S. C.

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IN BRIEF

GAY AND LESBIAN ISSUES CONFERENCE (Chicago)—The Second National Conference on Gay and Lesbian Issues, a series of open seminars on the gay lifestyle, is being held this weekend at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. The conference, sponsored by the Oasis Center for Human Potential, lists as its objectives, dispelling myths, providing information and support both to the gay community and to heterosexuals who live, work or interact with gays, and dealing with common human needs for clearer communication and acceptance.

TEXAS GAY CONFERENCE VII (Denton)—The seventh annual Texas Gay Conference sponsored by the Texas Gay Task Force will be held in Denton this year. Denton (about 35 miles north of Dallas/Ft. Worth) is home base for the newly reorganized TGTF. TGC 7 will include workshops on gay history, legal harassment, right-wing politics, and the gay media image.

MEDIA ACTIVISTS ORGANIZE (Houston)—A new organization has been formed in Houston which hopes to promote a positive image and make sure the gay viewpoint is reflected in the general media. Lesbian and Gay Media Activists (LAGMA) is the brainchild of Pamela Sue Jones, who has been involved in letter-writing and broadcast media appearance campaigns since inspired by full-page anti-gay advertisements which appeared in local newspapers three years ago.

NOW NATIONAL CONFERENCE (San Antonio)—The National Organization for Women's national conference was held in San Antonio October 3-5. Members of NOW decided to stage heavy protests against the Republican Party platform (which does not support the Equal Rights Amendment) and GOP presidential nominee Ronald Reagan, including pickets of appearances by Governor Reagan.

AUSTIN GAY CAUCUS SUES (Austin)—The Austin Lesbian/Gay Political Caucus (ALGPC) has brought suit against an independently owned Kwik Kopy outlet for refusing to print their newsletter. ALGPC members filed a complaint under the city ordinance which prohibits discrimination in public accommodations on the basis of sexual preference with the Austin Human Relations Department. The same ordinance won for gay plaintiffs last year an injunction against the Driskill Hotel, requiring the club there to alter its policy of not allowing same-sex couples to dance.

HOMOPHOBIC COMIC BOOK (New York)—The October edition of the HULK comic book, published by Marvel Comics, contains a homophobic attempted rape scene featuring homosexual villains. Complaints should be addressed to Marvel Comics, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

AIR FORCE TO APPEAL MATLOVICH DECISION (Washington, D.C.)—The US Air Force has announced that it will appeal the ruling by US District Judge Gerhard Gesel to reinstate former T. Sgt. Leonard Matlovich with retroactive pay. Attorneys for Matlovich estimate that payment due could exceed half a million dollars.

PROFILE LARRY BAGNERIS

History of an Activist

by KRISTOFER

As he sits in his living room, frankly talking about his life, it's hard for me to reconcile what I see and feel with what I've heard about this man. He seems cool, highly intelligent, and not very radical. But Larry Bagneris (pronounced BAHN-ereez), Jr. is a political activist: he has very emphatic ideas of what the world should be both for himself and others and sees it as his moral obligation to accelerate the rate at which change occurs. He's taken it upon himself to get personally involved to affect it.

What lies below this activism and Larry Bagneris' zeal for organizing minorities to effectively win over their oppressors gives a more intimate insight into why he thinks, feels, and believes as he does.

The evolution of Bagneris' thinking begins in his childhood. He didn't have to wait to see discrimination, he was born into it. Larry is Creole, born and reared in Louisiana at a time of rampant racism.

"Blacks went to public schools," he explains, "whites went to private schools. Creoles went to private schools because if they went to black schools they'd get beat up. I walked a mile to school every day. The first six blocks I was a nigger; the next six blocks I was a white boy." His tone is filled with emotion as he relives the terror of those early experiences.

In high school, after all his childhood passing for white, understanding Franciscan teachers tried to develop and nurture Larry's political awareness. "They took me to things they couldn't take other kids to because they knew I was an activist. I went to White Citizen Council meetings, Ku Klux Klan rallies. Because I could "pass," I could see what was going on and they wanted me to see it."

Larry's intimate knowledge of how racism affected his life in the framework of bigotry in Louisiana slowly combined with a grow-

ing knowledge of the political process. His first act as a freshman in high school was to get a petition against the Zulus, a group of blacks "supported by a group of whites" who participated in the Mardi Gras parade who Bagneris believed presented a negative image.

"We stopped the parade for four years. . . in the name of community unity."

Larry was active in the civil rights struggle during those years. He marched in the protests at Selma and participated in other, sometimes violent, demonstrations of the era. By the time he graduated from Xavier University in New Orleans he had become a seasoned political activist.

Feeling stifled in Louisiana, Larry moved to Houston after graduation. There, he felt he stood a better chance. Although Larry didn't encounter discrimination here because of being Creole, he instead found a different kind—the bigotry against Chicanos. Since he looks more Chicano than Black, people simply placed him in that category on assumption.

Thus, as had been his previous method of correcting wrongs, Larry got into the Chicano movement. "My first political exposure in Houston," he says, "was working with Chicano politicians. . . when I told them I wasn't Mexican they still accepted me. That touched my heart."



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Later Larry was able to broaden his focus to include other aspects of his life. He went on a fact-finding tour of the country's gay communities west of the Mississippi to see the realities of gay life in the region. When he returned, Larry established some priorities for promoting change. The Texas Gay Task Force (he is a member of the Board of Directors at this time) and the Houston Gay Political Caucus became the vehicles for his concern. He used them to help initiate some of the changes he felt were needed. He later organized the Gay Chicano Caucus, 113 men and women of different races who were interested in speaking to issues of concern to gay Hispanics in Houston.

Through heavy political maneuvering, Larry became a delegate to the State and National Democratic Conventions for the 1980 presidential nominations. He used all his political skills to promote the gay cause. He accomplished a lot just by his presence, he says. "The effectiveness of the gay caucus in the national convention itself won't be known for a long time, but the effectiveness on the delegates there was impressive."

After a lifetime of political involvement, after having been active in the convention and seen the power of gay support, how does Larry Bagneris see the future? "If one day we come to the realization that there are gay Hispanics, Lesbians and Blacks out there, we would come to celebrate that diversity. Once

we've done that we can go out into the heterosexual community and say, 'Look, we're just like everybody else.' We will become the strongest political entity in the entire nation because we can touch all segments of society."

Activism often requires personal sacrifice and according to Larry Bagneris, it sometimes involves an abrasive approach. Larry admits he has done some things which have appeared drastic or divisive but says they were necessary. "If you heard me two years ago you'd say I was one sided, radical... but I had to kick down the door to make people listen to minority issues."

BUNKHOUSE inside front cover
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NIGHTLIFE

THE UNICORN

One of the more striking accomplishments of this year's renaissance of the Westheimer strip, the Unicorn, opened low-profile in August and by its grand opening celebration Labor Day weekend had already established a cozy regular clientele. It's easy to see why. The atmosphere is simple: unpretentious, squeaky-clean, that of an old-fashioned friendly tavern brought tastefully up-to-date. Owners Steven and Lee take pains to assure that everyone — no "discretionary discrimination" exceptions — is welcomed and stays comfortable, and expect patrons to do their part to assure there is no trouble. The club is an island of no-nonsense precision, operated on the honor system. For those tired of dress codes, motif codes, behavior codes, and code codes, it is a welcome relief.

The (Rainbow) Unicorn bar, named for the collections acquired by the owners, is located at 1504 Westheimer. New hours are 7am-2am Monday through Saturday and noon to 2am Sunday. The front patio has an island and tropical waterfall. Walk around the side of the building to get to the back patio, where you will find a covered patio bar and pool table. The bar also features the most popular pinball and video machines. The jukebox is used primarily during the day, as tapes of music from four decades is played at night; on Sundays a TV is brought in for the Oiler games.

GUIDE

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OF THINGS GAY
BARNEY O'REILEY

Hold on! Barney's speaking about the Biblical kind. Barney promised he would set the record as straight as he—a gay—can regarding Moral Malarky's pop-off about Sodom and Gomorrah and San Francisco.

Half a world apart and half of man's history later, MM thinks he sees a connection between the City by the Bay and those two cities of Biblical infamy. As usual, MM is short on fact and long on hate. He also suffers the myopia often associated with person of no competent education who get ahold of a Bible ("just as God wrote it") and begin telling the world its "true" meaning, as if the world had never known it had the Bible. Certainly, MM does not know what the Bible is. It never occurs to the ignorant likes of MM that it is they, not the world, who are the beginners in things Biblical. There is, of course, no more resemblance between the ancient and modern cities than between their closeness in time and place.

San Francisco—for whatever reasons, true or false—does represent homosexuality to many straights, just as Sodom does falsely. Gays came out of the closet on the Pacific shores as never before seen in America in one place at one time. But let's look at Sodom first.

Biblical scholars—unknown in Lynchburg, Del City and other such presumptuous points—have unraveled the centuries-old "mystery" of the Sodom story as passed down through Christianity. (The Bible focuses on Sodom, though Gomorrah was held in ill-repute in its time for essentially the same reasons.)

Until well into the Christian era the "sin" of Sodom was known to have been a vicious behavior, literally a thing of the past on a widespread social basis. The sodomy of Sodom was a rape of males, especially

those who were strangers to the sodomizers. It was a rape in the sense of "screwed, glued and tatooed" (though historians some times refer to it by the obvious understatement of "inhospitality.") It was intended to degrade, to "demasculinize" the person held in contempt. And to the Sodomites in their concept of "masculinity" a male was less than a man once he was sexually violated by another man.

"Masculinity" has always been largely an ego-trip—a "state of mind." Gays are as manly as straights. But, unlike straights, gays cannot be sodomized for the most part, because homosexuality is a part of our nature. No one is degraded by virtue of his nature. Nature glories in diversity and gays are yet another variation of nature (Geneva, please take note). We are one more of its differences that make it truly the handiwork of God. There is nothing "unnatural" or "unmanly" about a man whom nature oriented sexually toward men. He is as he was made. Was the Sodomite? Or his counterpart in the modern world—the male who will do anything to project an image of what he fancies to reflect "masculinity" it makes no difference how false, how vicious he must be to convince himself of it? To most responsible persons manliness is character. What's manly about the modern "queerbasher"? I'd say that's the spirit of Sodom, even if sex is not usually involved.

Why is orientation so important in the righting of this wrong perpetrated on the homosexual community for centuries? Well, why was it so necessary for the Dade County Flash to deny the existence of orientation? She was caught with her hating drawers down, for even she—with her worthless mind—knew that her hate of gays on "moral" grounds had no basis if gay persons are naturally oriented to be homosexual. Our local homophobe flees to words like "conditioned" to account for gay origin. Now really, Geneva; by whom? When? How? And how could you know that when nobody else does?

The erroneous interpretation of the story of Lot at Sodom grew up early in Christianity because of the sexual reference in the Scriptural text and the lack of historical knowledge by the early Christians. Also the knowledge of orientation was (and still is) largely absent from the heterosexual population.

The translation of the Bible so often used in the West uses "know" in reference to the desires of the men of Sodom when they approached Lot to meet his male guests. "Know" can (but by no means always does) mean "sexual relations" in Biblical texts. The meaning one attaches to "know" in the story of Lot is probably ultimately irrelevant because Lot clearly considered the men of Sodom to be heterosexually oriented; he offered them his daughters in place of the male guests whom they sought. That offer would hardly be an enticement to homosexuals, MM. Think about it. You yourself could have a homosexual act. Yes! But that would not make you a homosexual (and MM, that's a scientifically verified fact). Offer Barney your womenfolk and they will remain untouched by him. Barney is biologically different from you (it has nothing to do with psychology). Barney is sexually aroused only by men. I am homosexual—period. I think an adult of Lot's caliber would have known the *futility of such an attempted pawn.*

No more sodomy, please! But Barney's never seen it and he's known a lot of men in a lot of ways. Barney's even lived in San Francisco and he was a stranger upon arrival. Why, MM, I expect you, too, would remain untouched in gay San Francisco even with your jowls jelly-wobbling enticingly—unless YOU, sir, started something.

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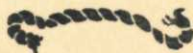
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Editorial

The November 4th election placed staunch conservatives at the helm of our government. These people are not only economically conservative, but openly allied with radically right-wing "religious" groups organized for the express purpose of reversing the programs of human rights movements. The margins of victory for these elements should prove that we are in fact up against a much more formidable foe than we had estimated. The internal differences we faced in this election have actually been dwarfed by its culmination.

Where do we go from here? It is obvious that we have a challenge before us, and that more danger lies in the "escapes" of apathy and blame-baiting. The challenge will not be met by giving up; it is more important now than ever that we assess our position and work through whatever channels are available to keep what we have. And regression is inevitable with growing disunity and ill will amongst ourselves and with our fellows in the struggle for the preservation of human rights.

We must unite. This is the new campaign, the one which transcends personal philosophies, politics, social, sexual and representational preferences. We must unite in commitment to our cause, and we must recognize the separation of this campaign from our differences and disagreements.

We must unite; the alternative is certain oppression at the whim of a self-righteous and amoral majority whose clear intent is to override and revoke the rights of minorities. S. C.

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IN BRIEF

GAY RIGHTS GROUPS CONSIDER MERGER (New York—NGTF) A possible merger between two groups which have made positive progress in the promotion of gay rights causes is being explored. In a joint statement released in September by Board Chairpersons for the National Gay Task Force and Gay Rights Advocates, the idea was expressed that "the need to consider affiliation from a (shared) perception . . . that there is a need for a national entity with the capability to coordinate advocacy, lobbying, education, and litigation in support of common interests." The Task Force has been the major national lobbying, media monitoring, and educating organization in the country for seven years. Gay Rights Advocates, based out of a San Francisco legal firm, has fought touchy court battles in the interest of gay rights.

NATIONAL GAY CONFERENCE (Los Angeles—A national conference is being planned by organizing committees which helped in the March on Washington effort of 1979. Among the programs which will be featured at the conference, the formation of a national alliance of lesbian and gay activists and organizations and educating activists from throughout the country on the many aspects of grass roots organizing. The sponsoring groups have outlined rigid structural regulations similar to those used in the planning of MOW in hopes of representing a cross-section of the national gay community. Delegations to the conference (32 from each of seven regions) must be racially balanced, co-sexual, and reflective of the makeup of each region's gay community. Efforts must be made to assure the participation of physically challenged people, youth, older persons and persons living in non-urban areas. For logistics information write: March Committee for Lesbian and Gay Rights, L. A., 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109 West Hollywood, CA 90046. For registration information Boston March Committee, 529 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02118. For a taped message call (213) GO-MARCH.



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MEDIA GROUP FORMS

by Bill Jackson

Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates of Houston is an organization formed in 1980 by Pam Jones and Bill Jackson. It strives to monitor both print and non-print media and provide feedback to let the media know how they are doing in their portrayal of lesbians and gay men.

Pam's name has become known to regular readers of the Houston Post's "Sound Off" column, where she has successfully published a number of letters commencing on stories which affect the gay community. She also has been seen on two television programs and has plans for future appearances to speak out on lesbian and gay issues. Both Pam and I were guests on the Wilde 'n Stein radio program on KPFT radio where we urged listeners to get involved in the media effort.

Participation in this drive need not be quite so open. A person can easily become involved in a successful action without having his/her name printed or said publicly. This summer I corresponded with the station manager of KUHT-TV, Channel 8, about the lack of locally produced programming which addresses issues of interest to the gay community. Following several increasingly unsatisfactory letters, a meeting was suggested by the station manager. Both Pam and I went to visit KUHT. The result of this highly successful meeting was an increased awareness of gay/lesbian issues by KUHT management. We provided a number of possible ideas for program production and are confident that we will begin to see an occasional program on gay/lesbian issues along with an effort to consider gay/lesbian viewpoints on many issues which are not, strictly speaking, gay ones (such as runaways, battered women, etc.) The gay community should keep this in mind when Channel 8 asks for donations—we must support them if they are beginning to listen to us.

At Channel 8 we found, not too surprisingly that the main problem was a complete lack of knowledge of gay issues.

Channel 8 has shown some excellent nationally produced programs of interest to the community which they have failed to properly advertise; however, they simply didn't realize that programs on Gertrude Stein or on Hepatitis-B would be of special interest to us. This is a serious problem throughout the media—a complete lack of awareness.

Anyone can get involved in this activity, and more must become involved if we are to change the stereotyped image of gays and lesbians portrayed in the media. Letters sent to reporters are effective in changing bad attitudes or in reinforcing good attitudes, and these letters do not subject the writer to public disclosure such as a letter to "Sound Off" might. They allow a reader to speak out without coming out publicly. Letters to radio and TV stations also provide this same opportunity.

It is important to write every time you find something especially good or especially offensive. Often there is not time to wait for an organization such as LAGMA of Houston to alert you to the offense. Recently KILT radio ran an ad for the Elton John concert which included the line, "imagine you and your lady . . .," a phrase which is obviously offensive to feminists, all thinking women, and gay men. I immediately wrote a letter of protest, but I must have been one of few to write since the ad continued to be used. We must realize that even subtle messages such as these are used to convey an image of what is good and bad, and that we often are not included in the definition of good. We must speak out to change this.

Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates of Houston would like to hear from others interested in this effort. You can help by writing letters, by letting us know of offenses we may have missed, by going with us to visit the media around town, or even more depending upon how "out" you are. We would like to receive copies of letters you send in order to know how much activity is going on. Please contact us for further information. Our address is P. O. Box 56641, Houston, TX 77056.

THE ARCADE

Barney O'Relley

The "chairmatron" of the Citizens Aghast at Pornography arose to address City Council. For the most part her thunder-and-lightning style is ignored by our town's citizenry. But she does have an impact on our affairs because she's there in the Council chamber incessantly. Her proposed expose on our city's porno "problem" that day caused one councilman to leave the chamber when she took the rostrum. That was news!

Some of us reporters followed him to get to the bottom of that maneuver. By leaving he'd prevented the necessary quorum to conduct city affairs and Council had had to adjourn as the chairmatron—Ophelia Watson—stood to deliver her lengthy report on her obsession.

"I've already read her report," the councilman said outside. "And it's the worst pornography I've ever seen. There are children in the chamber today and I couldn't allow them to see and hear those things of hers that make even me, a grown man, sick to my stomach. End quote."

"Does that mean you will be running on a pornography platform in the coming election, sir?" I ventured.

"Absolutely. . . . No, strike that. Print this. That woman is obscene."

Well! Ophelia Watson had been called many things by those whom she attacked, but obscene? Let me tell you one thing that's gotten out among newsmen about her—strictly at the unprintable level. Her Eros collection's a real winner. In her zeal to inform the uninformed on this matter she's collected not only every item routinely sold by our porno merchants, but she's gotten ahold of unusual things—things that in other types of collections would be called "connoisseurs' trophies," things that you and I usually only dream about, things a collector makes an uncommon effort to obtain, and at great expense. She's got it all.

The very idea that a fiftyish, buxom, well-corseted keeper of the public morals might be obscene was the story of the

year. I dashed back inside the chamber and snatched a copy of the Watson report to search out newsworthy tidbits for my story that day.

In going through the report I learned of a "ghastly abomination"—an arcade—a few blocks from my home. I was amazed to read that she considered the establishment a "breeding ground for homosexuals." The Ophelia Watson forces—which is mostly and foremostly herself—had drawn some very explicit conclusions on this subject. Either the Citizens Aghast were right and those breeding grounds—those arcades and like establishments—produced our city's homosexuals or those persons must come from the moon. She allowed no alternative for their origin. And she had the "proof," pictures and all. I blushed at page 35.

City Hall is my newsbeat and this topic was being presented to City Council, so I had to write about it. I'd just go to that arcade that night and have a look before I wrote my story. I had never been aware that homosexuals bred anything, much less themselves. That too would be news. To breed means to engage in sexual behavior that could lead to reproduction. This I had to see. For all I knew there might be some other type or types of persons there doing the breeding.

I'd thought the councilman left the chamber to call attention to himself and his coming election campaign and especially to get free newsspace. He'd do anything for an inch up front. But I repented my newsman's cynicism as I stared transfixed at page 35.

There's a line between the right of privacy of a person or persons and the right of the public to know about that person or persons and it's not always a totally clear or straight line. But as an investigative reporter who tells it all most of the time, I was shocked to see page 35 offered in a public forum. I'd give the councilman another inch. He'd get a kick out of that. He deserved it.

I entered the arcade with some apprehension. I knew not what

I might find. Page 35 still haunted me. I went the length of the building down a narrow hallway. At the end I turned and abruptly went through a curtain into a small darkly lit room. Its black walls were covered by glowing fluorescent murals that came right out of a sex-positions manual.

I heard a clinky jingle like a coin falling down inside a coffee machine followed by a faint hum that sounded like my gay-movie projector in my bedroom. I remembered reading about movies in the Watson report. That must be it—a movie arcade. Ophelia had been too busy discussing the breeding to inform anybody decently about what they might expect in the way of entertainment. But movies made sense. Some instruction would no doubt be necessary to learn how to breed homosexuals. It's not common knowledge to my knowledge. What better way to learn than a movie?

"Got a light?"

Who? What? Where? No one. The movie sound stopped and it was deathly quiet. Sex had always been kind of noisy to me. But then I'd never bred any homosexuals.

"Got a cigarette?" First a light and now a cigarette. Two voices, both male; apparently two men were smoking together. But where? I'd not yet seen a human being. But something was going on so I set out to track down the who, what, where, when and why.

I went as best I could toward the smokers. I peeked behind a curtain. A small hallway lay beyond. I was afraid I'd missed the smokers. Nobody back there, but I went in anyway. About 10 feet later the corridor turned abruptly left and total darkness lay beyond. The place was a veritable catacombs of tunnels and crypts, and like a catacombs it was awful spooky to be in at large alone. But I wasn't alone, was I?

The arcade was obviously a legally minimal-lighted establishment, but something had happened to even the minimal lighting back there in that corridor. It looked for all the world to see as if someone had turned off the lights. I took a

few cautious steps and landed flat on my face.

"Watch where you're going, buddy."

"Sorry. I thought this was an aisle."

"It is. And I'm in it."

"Oh? Excuse me." I felt for my departed glasses somewhere there in the darkness.

"No problem. You just scared the shit out of me, kicking my shins. How come you was so quiet? I didn't even hear you coming."

Now that must be a homosexual. On his knees in the aisle! I began taking mental notes. I was getting into my story now. But how would I ever write it without my glasses?

"May I ask what you're doing on your knees in the aisle in the dark in the first place?" I found my glasses and as I stood

...

"Buzz off, buddy" came out of the darkness. It was another person. I could barely see him against a wall in a small alcove off the aisle. Two men alone together in the dark and one of them on his knees in front of the other. That's all I had time to see. I'd been invited to leave, and I did. I went along the wall down the darkness and felt my way into a booth.

"Excuse me." I backed out. There was someone smoking there in the dark.

"Don't rush off."

"Oh?"

"Come in and watch the movie."

"Are you alone?"

"Yep. Got a quarter?"

"I guess so." I fished one out of my pocket, and he put it in the slot and—presto!—a movie. It was all sort of phantasmagorical, having just left those fluorescent breeding murals to be suddenly confronted by something like a color TV screen materializing out of the darkness. This was indeed a strange place, this breeding grounds, and, yes, this was turning into a real magic lantern show. I couldn't read the instructions on

the screen though; the writing was all backwards. Strange.

"Looking for some action?" he asked.

"Well, I really can't tell you yet what I'm looking for, but I think I'm getting warm." We stood silent, looking at one another as the movie played on unobserved. He looked at the floor; I looked at the floor; he looked up; I looked up. It was getting a little embarrassing, neither of us in a mood to talk.

"What you getting warm to? You a cop or something?"

"I'm here for a reason."

"What kind of a reason?"

"I can't tell you just yet."

"Oh ... sure. I get it. Don't say nothing and you don't get busted. Move over here."

I loosened my tie. I was indeed getting warm. I moved a little.

"Move over here." Right next to him, he pointed.

"Why?"

"I just want to talk to you."

The movie stopped. "Here's another quarter. What you want to talk about?" I asked.

He squeezed my hand as he took the quarter. The next movie segment was on a boat—the same naked guys it looked like.

"What you looking for, sir? I mean, that you're getting warm to?"

"Well, if you must know I'm looking for a ... certain kind of person."

"What's your favorite action?"

"You keep asking about my action."

"Well?"

"Okay. Since you must know sooner or later, I'm looking for ... (I whispered) a homosexual."

"What about it?"

"Well ..."

"Well what?"



"Are you one?"

"You don't expect me to answer that, do you?"

"What I want to know is what the hell goes on in this place
—besides the movies, I mean?"

"Whatever's your action."

"Is that all you do, talk in riddles?"

"Can't be explicit. Might get busted. What's your action
if you ain't no cop?"

"I'm no cop. Do I look like a cop?"

"Who knows what cops look like. They're people."

"I'm on a job."

"Then you must be a cop. You're not the manager."

We grew silent again as I tried to see my way to my goal. This would be a difficult interview, I could already tell. I stared at him a little too much I guess. He was a good-looking young man with bushy brown hair. He became agitated, so I moved to where he'd instructed me to. He cracked his knuckles and took out his handkerchief and cleaned his glasses. The movie stopped again. I gave him another quarter. He smiled and put it in.

This time the guys were on top a skyscraper in Manhattan. They were still naked as they watched the ships entering and leaving the Port of New York. I gathered this movie was a travelog.

My companion lit another cigarette. Nervously, he fumbled the pack and offered me one. I accepted, though I detest cigarettes. I smoke cigars. He lit it for me and let his hand drop down against my crotch. This was a homosexual. I'd be getting my story now. But I'd still seen no evidence of breeding. If I knew what that young man had on his mind, we wouldn't be breeding anything. Everybody I'd seen so far lacked mystery. I had some idea of what they were doing in that alcove and aisle. They'd already been bred and their actions wouldn't produce a person or change them. And the young man needed no breeding. He already knew his sexual orientation; it was just that he had some problem expressing

himself.

"You want some action?"

"You asked me that." I moved a little closer to ease his tension, but he moved away.

"What else can I say? I don't want to get busted."

"I'm no cop."

"You keep saying that."

"But if I were a cop, I could already have busted you for loitering."

"I'm watching the movie. That's legal."

He had a point, of course, but strictly a legal point, for he was watching me and the floor and the ceiling more. But he did nothing. Had it been an accident he'd touched my crotch and stirred something inside me? Now I was agitated.

The movie stopped again. "Got another quarter?" I didn't. "Gotta have another quarter. Gotta keep the movie going."

"Is that all you think about, getting busted?"

"It's something to consider. I ain't got \$50 for bail."

"You know the amount? You must have been busted before?"

"No, sir, not me. But it happens. You see, I don't take no chances."

"I'd gathered that."

"Gotta have another quarter to start the movie. Can't get caught loitering."

"Can we get some change around here?" I asked.

"If you got something that can be changed."

"How about this?" I gave him a bill. He smiled and slipped out.

"Go the other way. That aisle is blocked."

I wondered how Ophelia Watson had gotten that picture on page 35. Had she been there? What type camera had she used? Had she slipped up in the dark with a flashbulb and scared the shit out of some person sprawled in the aisle before another person in the alcove. That must have been where

that picture was taken. The aisles were too narrow for that layout. Surely she'd not popped into one of the booths to take it. It was as composed as studio photography. She'd used great care and preparation.

My attention was drawn to a rustling sound that stopped upon entering the booth beside mine. There was a silly female giggle: "Honey, I told you not to wear a bra on our dates anymore. I can't undo that contraption," a male complained.

"Well, I really don't know why you insist on undressing me in public. . . . Let's just go back to the car and I'll undo it. I don't like this place. I can't even see you with that flimsy coin-slot light. How can I enjoy it if I can't see your hunky muscles."

Had Ophelia missed something? There were no females in her report on this "breeding ground." They went back the way they'd come. They'd be breeding before the night was over, but not in the arcade. I wondered if they would produce a homosexual.

My companion came back inside our booth. He brushed up against me as he passed. He looked me square in the eyes, his nose two inches from mine. "I got some change."

"You'd better start the movie quick. Traffic's picking up around here. Don't want to get busted for loitering."

He put another quarter in the slot. This time the guys were riding horses in some real woods high in the mountains. No wonder they could afford so many locations. There was still no wardrobe.

"I can't figure you out, sir," he said. "You ain't into any action and you ain't watched the movie, except when it first starts each time."

"I already know the story. I wrote it."

"Why are you here? I mean it's a slow night, but . . ."

"Move over here," I said. "I've got to go to work."

"Then you are a cop. Nobody else works here, except the manager and he's heavy into the action in Booth 20. He

practically runs the joint from Booth 20."

"I told you I'm no cop. But if I tell you my job you might not level with me. You might get embarrassed. I won't harm you."

"I wanta talk to you, but I don't wanta get busted."

"I'm not trying to entrap you, so calm down. Let's put it this way: I need some information that you can give me, and you have nothing to fear from me."

"You're a cop. I don't know nothing. I knew it when you came in here and me innocent, watching the movie."

"The movie wasn't even running when I came in."

"It'd just stopped and I was getting another quarter."

"You had to borrow one from me."

"That's not illegal."

"No, but . . ."

"I'm leaving."

"Those are my quarters."

He shoved a fistful of coins before my eyes, "I wasn't going to steal them. Here's all of it, honest." He leaned against the wall and breathed heavily.

"Well, if you're not going to leave, just keep them. This may go on all night. Keep them anyhow. This is on my expense account."

He dropped the quarters in a shower of metal not unlike the jackpot from a slot machine. "Cop!"

I put my hand on his shoulder to stall him as he turned to leave.

"You can't touch me. I ain't done nothing illegal. It'll go in my favor, you touching me and me innocent."

"You sure know a lot about the law."

"I ain't been busted yet."

"If you're innocent why do you worry?"

"Cause I don't wanta get busted."

"Well, put another quarter in or we'll both get busted."

He did. The guys were back West. This time, they had costume. Each wore a lei as they frolicked otherwise nude

among the hibiscus and palms.

"Gee, that's pretty," he said, for the first time engrossed in the movie.

"Which?"

"That's Hawaii. I've seen it on TV. Those flowered necklaces and all."

"Yes, that's a beautiful picture—all of it."

"You ain't gonna bust me, are you, sir? I like you."

"Then tell me how you got to be the way you are."

He turned to leave again. I held him back.

"That's twice. The judge won't like that. It's like you was initiating the action, and he'll throw the case out, you touching me and me innocent—twice."

"You touched me a few times."

"That was different. Those were accidents. It's crowded in here."

"I'll tell you what. You pick up the quarters and we'll go down the street to a bar and I'll buy you a beer and we can talk."

Wilde 'n Stein

BOOK SHOP

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"I'd love to, sir. But you may be a cop, and I'm innocent."

"Then pick up the quarters and tell me about your friends around here."

"You can't bribe me. That's illegal, a cop bribing for evidence and me innocent."

"I'll bet you are. I never expected to run into a lawyer in here, but that proves I'm no cop. Cops don't do anything illegal."

"Says you. Who do you think the manager's with in Booth 20? Come to think of it, they won't be raiding this place tonight. They don't bust each other, or do you?"

"I won't say it again." I took out another bill. "Tell me what I need to know and you can have the quarters and this. Tell me about your buddies. You must know about them. You seem to know everything else about this place. That's about \$20."

"I know you need your evidence, sir. And I need the money bad. But I couldn't do that; they're my friends, some of them. Besides, they ain't doing nothing illegal. These movies are legal tender."

"Some of them aren't watching movies. They're watching each other." I moved up to him. He became nervous. "I'll just have to be my own unidentified, informed source," I said, I unzipped his fly. He leaped backward against the wall.

"I didn't do it."

"But I did. Now get it up again like it was before I spooked you. This one's on me." I knelt down on one knee.

He had no problems complying with my wishes once I touched him. I suddenly realized the young man was crying softly. He bent over and kissed me on top of the head. I was ashamed of myself, though I'd not meant to be cruel. I satisfied his need and loved it. He made no complaints.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he whimpered when he zipped up. "I like you, but ..."

"Never mind. Now pick up all that money and let's go get a beer."

I bought him a beer and a sandwich. He hadn't eaten. I held his hand. I didn't have the heart to interview him yet. He told me his name's Erin—after the country. "I'd love to," he said when I asked him home.

That time I interviewed him between kisses between sheets. He was my second unidentified source and our stories were exactly the same. We'd never known nor been inclined any other way. Nobody'd shown us our way. We'd found it ourselves.

That was a week ago and Erin's still at my place. It'd break my heart to see him go now, but I think he'll be around for a while. He thinks he loves me; at least he said he loves me. I believe him, but he is innocent.

I patted my foot to a jig I'd learned years before in grade school and primed up my Irish tenor that never was. "Erin is my darling, my darling. Erin is my darling, my darling man."
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During the past year, Tony and Dan, the owners, have made many improvements. The glitter of the old Septembers is now gone and a more rustic and manly look has been added. Recently the dance floor was greatly enlarged with a walk-around platform and the two small bars were joined to make one forty foot cruise bar. Near the fireplace, which is in use on cold nights, stands a large round table and numerous leaning counters designed for the guy on the cruise. The two large windows facing Westheimer afford an excellent view for "people watching" during the afternoon. The Bunkhouse also has some of the latest pinball machines and a separate pool room for your enjoyment.

The Bunkhouse opens at 11:00AM daily (noon on Sundays) with a Happy Hour every Monday through Friday from opening until 7:00 PM. Tuesday is Hat Night where well drinks are \$1.00 and beer is 75¢ if wearing a cowboy hat. Wednesday is "69 Night" where a well drink can be bought for 69¢ (exact change required). Schnapps and bar amaretto are always 75¢ ... day and night, seven days a week.

Now, guys, we have told you about The Bunkhouse so stop by soon, and see for yourself what a festive, fun and friendly bar it is.

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OF THINGS GAY BARNEY O'REILEY

PRIORITIES! PRIORITIES! PRIORITIES!
But Let's Not Forget Our Ladies

Because human rights are important to us all and the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) affects gay women vitally, especially if they must earn a livelihood, ERA is a gay issue despite its origin and extension outside the gay community.

Go right ahead and throw your verbal brickbats at Old Barney, guys, But you're wasting your time. Barney's been publishing since age 16 so words are his stock in trade (okay, one of them).

One Houston gay politico of the recent past would have us believe that our priorities in the gay movement demand we address issues that affect ONLY gay persons—feminist issues are not our proper concern. To which Barney says, Lesbians are women, for Pete's sake, and they suffer a double discrimination off the top for merely being alive—they don't have to belong to any other discriminated group. And if they do? Well, consider their plight thus compounded.

All right. By extension that line of thinking could take in every issue known to man- (or person-) kind, you beg to inform Old Barney: we gays are literally everywhere. Well, you're correct, of course, BUT—

Gee whiz! Let's make one exception.

Our ladies need the ERA and it is now very much in jeopardy with the rise to respectability by one-issue politicians—and Phyllis Schlafly, whatever it is she is.

ERA spells doom for America, Phyllis is bursting at the seams to tell us. And she does a pretty good job of saying just that if we put her public record together piece by piece, bit by vicious bit. We must do as Wonder Woman and her cohorts say—without question—OR ELSE. Phyllis, Barney won't play that game. If there's a valid reason—and you've yet to

come up with one—he will give you your due. Otherwise, sweetheart, he'll make his own judgments, thank you.

By the way, sweetie, you nor anyone else could possibly know the complex of social forces that causes a nation to fall. (Isn't that really what you are telling us will happen to America if ERA passes? Sure it is.) But think, Phyllis, almost two thousand years later the world is still trying to figure out why Rome fell (make that the world minus one. The Dade County Inspiration told us that Rome "foundered" because of homosexuality. Mercy—such a mind!)

Some of the anti-ERAers—among them MM (and I'm not speaking about Mickey Mouse)—are telling us that "God is against the ERA." BLASPHEMY! Only God could know.

Contrary to a certain theological seminary (whose credentials were printed at home), the Moral Marvel (MM) types do NOT represent the moral interpretations of Christians "for centuries." One need but glance through the Christian record for two thousand years.

That seminary and MM and Phyllis Schlafly & Co. and their ilk are a very small minority of Christians and their Christian roots are quite shallow (they are very much the nouveau riche of Christiandom). They cannot speak for God. They are not qualified outside their closed-minded sphere to speak for Christianity.

Too, Christianity is not the only religion in America—no!

It's a pluralistic old world and for that Barney shouts "Hallelujah!" May it ever be so. And "Praise God!" that the way of MOST Christians has never been absolutism (equals MMism equals there's one way and one way only and that's the way I—that's Multifarious Me spelled with a capital "I"—say equals fascism).

America is an experiment in democracy, not fascism. Furthermore, not all Americans are religious, but they are ALL citizens of the Republic, and should have a voice in their own affairs.

Even the "immoral minority" — whomever — is due its human rights.

Nobody has said that MM nor Phyllis nor anybody else can't be as moral as they wish — and Godspeed! So precisely what IS their problem?

"Above all else, love one another" — now there's a Christian moral principle — spoken some time between 30 and 33 A. D. Strange that the Moral Mouthoff doesn't seem to remember it.

Let's give the ladies our support, men, for if they fail in their quest a large segment of our gay community will have no broad claim to equal rights it makes no difference that everybody is guaranteed equal rights in the Constitution. Ask blacks what that has meant. Ask your fellow gays what that has meant.

What to do? Well, Barney has repeatedly written letters to the governors of states faltering in ratification of the ERA demanding that the matter be given more push by the state administration or I boycott the state and its goods. (Louisiana is our recalcitrant neighbor.) Don't let anybody tell you that boycotts don't work. Haven't you noticed the recent moans of certain orange growers that they've felt the pinch? And don't you remember not so long ago when they said the boycott hadn't affected them? The boycott of non-ERA-ratifying states (held by courts to be legal) has in fact already been keenly felt.

Only three more states to win.

Go, ladies!



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insight

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Editorial

insight

By this time, for most of us, the hardest part of the holiday season is already past. ... I refer to the crushing rush of preparation; the 45-minute five minute drives on cold wet roads, 10 block jaunts to the mall from the nearest parking space, sputes and disputes with well-intentioned relatives who tell you they've bought you a present and won't give a clue to what they want, or insist they don't expect anything at all ... ad infinitum. Now that that's over with all that's left to do is wait, or make that last minute choice of where and how to overindulge and in whose company. Or is it?

If you haven't made a list of important things to do this holiday season, checking your own memory may turn up some interesting ideas. Is there anyone you know who might mistakenly be feeling alone and hopeless at this time of love and good will? Holiday depression is a sad fact; among gays there are added pressures and unique problems. An invitation to share your Christmas/New Year could mean the world to someone with nowhere to go, someone unfamiliar with Houston or its gay community, someone just coming out or someone recovering from a shattered relationship.

Also at the time when we are sharing this spirit of giving, we can ideally replace some of our more selfish tastes for indulgence with extra dedication and support for those people, places and organizations which mean the most to us.

S.C.

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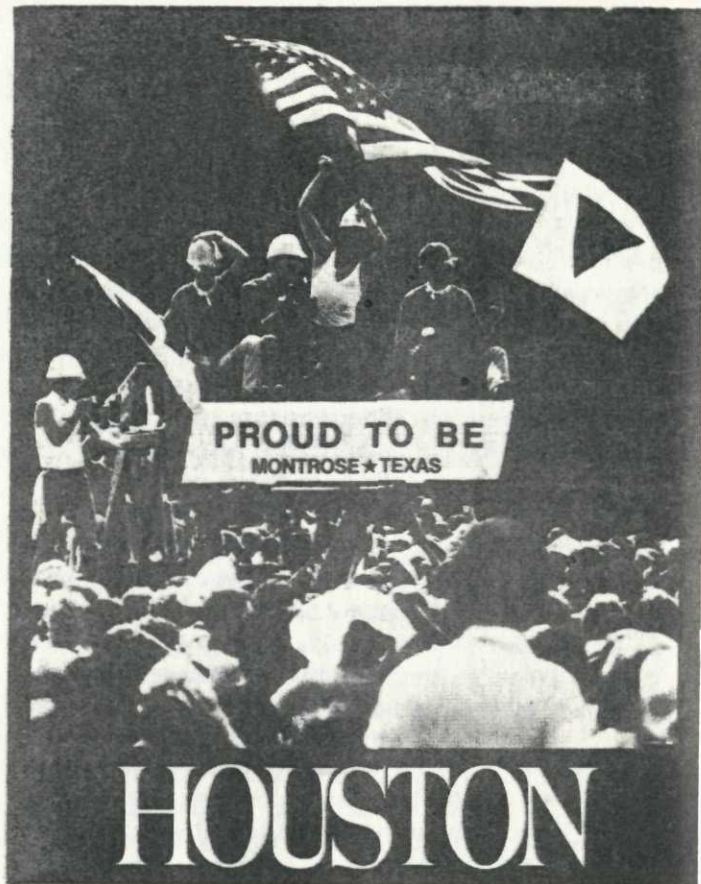
IN BRIEF

UPI NON-DISCRIMINATION POLICY (New York, N. Y. —NGTF)—A member of the National Executive Committee of the Wire Service Guild union announced that United Press International recently issued a written statement of its policy "not to discriminate against any employee on the grounds of sexual preference." Apparently UPI is the first international news agency ever to have made such a commitment to non-discrimination against gays.

INTERNATIONAL GAY PROTEST AT UN (San Jose)—Delegates to a state conference in California organized by the Lambda Association of San Jose and the Los Angeles March Committee called for an international protest by lesbians and gays at the United Nations headquarters. The demonstration is tentatively planned for July, 1981.

MATLOVICH AWARDED SETTLEMENT (Washington, D. C.)—Leonard P. Matlovich, the discharged Air Force sergeant who has been fighting for reinstatement for five years, has settled out of court for \$160,000. Matlovich's admitted homosexuality was the reason for his dismissal from the Air Force in October of 1975.

Season's Greetings



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NATIONAL NEWS COUNCIL FINDS CBS UNFAIR (Des Moines, Iowa)— The National News Council has announced that it found the CBS REPORTS program "Gay Power, Gay Politics," broadcast April 26, unfair in its representation of the San Francisco gay community. According to the National Gay Task Force, the council acted on complaints filed by the NGTF, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, the San Francisco Human Rights Commission, and Mr. Randy Alfred, a free-lance journalist, at its September 19, 1980 meeting in Des Moines.

In its investigation, NNC found that the program unfairly emphasized and sensationalized selected aspects of the city's gay lifestyle to present a distorted picture. The report noted specifically that the CBS profile overemphasized gay sexual issues and differing mores against a political context, leaving false implications that gay rights progress somehow poses a threat to the rights of heterosexuals; misrepresented gay education programs sponsored by the Human Rights Foundation; and accused California politicians, including San Francisco mayor Diane Feinstein, of acting unscrupulously and irresponsibly in efforts to court the gay vote.

CBS News admitted fault in one of the items pointed out in the report: a charge that they had inserted applause after Feinstein's apology to the Harvey Milk Democratic Club for comments made in a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL interview. CBS News Vice President Robert Chandler wrote in a letter to the NNC: "This ... constitutes our ack-

nowledgement of an error and an apology for a breach of our own journalistic standards."

The broadcast, whose footage included clips depicting frightened children at a Halloween street party and an interview with a gay liaison to the coroner's office, has long been a subject of controversy in the gay community. Speculation at the time of the telecast was that producers had planned it to coincide with the ultra-conservative National March for Jesus, held that week in the capital. Other gay spokespersons applauded the show, however, and a CBS News follow-up on reaction to the program carried two negative and two positive responses.

MaryLee **DONUTS**

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LEGAL FUND COULD HELP PRO-GAY DECISION

"On September 22, 1980, a major legal victory for lesbian and gay rights was won. On that date, the Supreme Judicial Court, the highest tribunal in Massachusetts, found that sexual preference alone is not a sufficient ground upon which to deny custody of a child to its natural parent. The justices unanimously reversed a lower court ruling, thus dismissing the notion that a lesbian household would create an unstable atmosphere adverse to a child's welfare.

"The direct and unequivocal language of the court is worth repeating here:

'The State may not deprive parents of custody of their children 'simply because their households fail to meet the ideas approved by the community ... (or) simply because the parents embrace ideologies or pursue lifestyles at odds with the average.' In the total absence of evidence suggesting a correlation between the mother's homosexuality and her fitness as a parent, we believe the judge's finding that a lesbian household would adversely affect the children to be without basis in the record.'

"Massachusetts now joins the growing number of states that refuse to adhere to the archaic notion that lesbians and gay men cannot be fit parents. As this trend continues, more and more courts will be persuaded to rule on the side of human rights and dignity.

"The Massachusetts decision is the culmination of a four-year battle by Brenda "Bunny" King to regain the custody of her two daughters from their guardian and King's former friend, Magdalena Patenaude. Although the ruling sets the stage for success in future custody cases, the ordeal for Bunny King is not yet over. Despite the positive language of the Supreme Judicial Court, its final decision was to send the case back to the probate court, where evidence of King's present fitness as a parent would be heard by the same judge whose original decision was reversed. The continuation of this suit for yet another hearing is emotionally and financially burdensome for Bunny King. Legal fees and costs are high and keep growing. We, therefore, feel compelled to ask for your support.

"In the past, lesbians and gay men simply gave up all chance of obtaining custody of their children out of fear that judges would presumably rule against them. For the first time ever, it is becoming worthwhile for gay people to fight for the right to raise their own children. But the decision to publicly wage a battle for custody still requires an amazing amount of strength and courage. Bunny King is a lesbian who fought the odds, remained determined and finally won. Her decision to persevere and her victory in changing the law has had a profound impact on the fight for lesbian and gay rights and upon the lives of all gay people.

"Your contribution to the GLAD Parent Custody

Fund will not only ease the burden of Bunny King's legal fees, it will also go toward the costs incurred by GLAD in writing, printing, and submitting its amicus curiae ("friend of the court") brief in King's case.

"To help in this endeavor, please send your contribution payable to the

GLAD Parent Custody Fund
2 Park Square
Boston, MA 02116.

All contributions to GLAD are tax deductible."

(excerpted from a letter from John P. Ward, Executive Director, Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders, Inc.)

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Christmas Dinner

fiction

Barney O'Reilly

It had all the appearances of a wake, quite unlike every other night of the year. The festivities were elsewhere that evening, Rudy had mullered over and over to himself and I had to wait until tonight to make plans! But hadn't that been his intention all along these many months since last Christmas—that barring the entrance into his life of a dashing Loch-invar he'd spend Christmas Eve in a bar? On the chance of an encounter—rather than at a party with strangers who'd still be strangers when he went home? He wanted to at least have a chance—he'd spent the previous Christmas alone. Nuts!

He checked out the newcomer who'd gotten his drink and moved up against the wall to stand. All right! was Rudy's reaction. A tad small, but a hunk. Quite a bit too small for a bruiser like himself, but he had a beautiful dimpled chin and that plus the fact that he was male and alive and alone was all that was necessary to excite Rudy. The young man looked every which way but at Rudy as he quietly checked out the place.

No way Rudy would catch that lad's eye. He'd crawled inside his shell and closed the door.

Deep down Rudy knew that better planning would not have changed things for the better. The kinship persons felt toward one another in Christendom at this its most joyous festival was an inward spirit that came spontaneously or not at all. They call it "love." But knowing that raised no cheers to his lips, for he had a pit in his stomach that he was powerless to do

page 12

anything about it but sit and hope. At that, he may have been the cheeriest one there with the exception of the couple who'd started to play pool. Rudy knew that they'd been together ever since he arrived in Montrose. Why hadn't it happened to him? Why was he still alone? *Fuck tricking. He wanted someone to love.*

He fought the depression creeping up on him. It was only Thursday and he'd be alone until Monday and have to spend Christmas Day alone at this rate.

He decided to play the jukebox and ask the lad for a dance. He was tired of being alone. He succeeded to his delight and surprise, but the young man was still withdrawn. Rudy learned his name—but nothing more. They danced in silence cheek-to-cheek. Rudy gave him no choice. At 6-2 and 205, Rudy could bear-hug most men into submis-

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- "fluent and articulate"
- "stylish" "really enjoyed"
- "definite talent for writing"
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sion. But Hank was certainly putting up no resistance.

"May I put you in my Christmas stocking?"

"Do you think I'd fit?" Hank coyly replied.

"I've got a big one ... stocking ... king sized with innersprings below and all the warm trimmings you want across the top and down the sides."

"If that's a proposition—"

"It is," interrupted Rudy.

"I accept."

Rudy squeezed him tight, dipped him to the music then led him by the hand to pick up his cowboy hat he'd had to chuck to dance close to Rudy. Without letting go Hank's hand Rudy led him out the door to the car. From a distance it looked more like a kidnapping than a lovers' tryst.

"I've got the fixings for Christmas dinner tomorrow and I'd be happy if you'd share it."

"Sounds beautiful. It's my first Christmas away from home ... and I ... I'd hate to (his voice fell to a whisper) spend it alone."

"No way, baby, get in. ... You sure remind me of someone I once knew."

It was bitchy cold and there was no heat in the car, which Rudy felt lucky to have running, so he didn't "push it" for anything like a heater. There was no heat in Rudy's apartment either, but that was negligence he felt sure. He some times bumped the thermostat. Despite the chill on the room, Rudy stopped just inside and closed the door on the eyes of the world as he took Hank into a passionate embrace. It looked as if Hank had been born on tiptoes so eager and persistent was he to be up and to Rudy's towering mouth.

"Come on, baby, let me warm you up until we

get some heat in here. I'm 50% bigger than you, so I must be 50% warmer."

The thermostat reset, Rudy removed Hank's clothes ... perhaps it's more accurate to say they undressed each other so engrossed were they in getting one another into Rudy's stocking.

Let's let them have out their explosion of pent-up passion in private, shall we? You really don't want to be a voyeur, do you? ... I see. ... Well, at least let's wait until it gets interesting. Meanwhile, let's peek into Rudy's frig.

Rudy's position? Would you believe he asked to warm up the sheets while he cradled Hank in his arms on his warm belly? Hank took command of his position and let her rip—to Rudy's delight.

It hadn't bothered Rudy Tuesday night when he'd promptly eaten one of the duck's drumsticks upon re-

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oving the duck from the microwave. The drumstick could never be missed once he carved the duck as anned.

It had crossed Rudy's mind that he would get up before Hank awoke and carve the duck. Did it ever look like left-overs sitting there on the platter with one leg missing. At his most formal, Rudy wanted a cold buffet served from the living room coffee table.

But when Rudy awoke shortly after dawn Hank was alone. Rudy felt the emptiness that trick-and-run always left him with—why he'd so wanted it to work with Hank. It had all seemed so right ... except—

Without ever really knowing what had happened, he'd fallen asleep thinking it'd all been worked out. Although Rudy knew Hank was starved for affection—from anyone—he also knew that Hank had not been merely tricking the night before. Hank was ecstatic all night until, at Hank's request, Rudy stood up on his knees in bed astraddle Hank. With Hank's mouth open wide and smiling in anticipation, Rudy'd leaned forward, bracing himself on the head board, but upon the arrival of "John Henry," Hank had suddenly turned his head away into the pillow and sulked. No big deal for Rudy. He'd rolled into Hank's warmth and they got back into the swing of things. But Hank never talked again, except in yes's and no's aimed at getting Rudy off, whereupon they fell asleep cuddling tangled up in one another.

Rudy was distracted from his reverie of the past night by the phone. He grasp it as a lifeline.

"Rudy, this is ..."

"Where are you, baby? What happened?"

"I'm sorry, Rudy. Don't be mad ... please."

"Don't be silly? Are you all right? You looked

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pretty pale when you saw John Henry."

"I'm all right. ... Am I still invited to dinner?"

"Does a duck quack? I'll come get you." Stuttering all over himself, Rudy set a time and place to meet.

It would now have to be a formal affair—no cold duck buffet would do. He was playing for all the marbles at one time. He must be impressive. He not only wanted Hank for Christmas, he wanted him for the coming year and the next and the ...

Whatever it had been that sent Hank away must be overcome.

Upon hanging up he remembered a restaurant-caterer that had advertised baked turkeys since before Thanksgiving. Maybe, just maybe ... He drove over and found the take-out window still open for those late in picking up their turkeys. They did have one left, but—

"I'll take it!" he cut the salesperson short and shoved him his credit card.

The welcoming back kiss finished, Hank saw the dining table: "That's the biggest turkey I've ever seen."

"You and me both, baby. But it's real," Rudy replied.

"It's enough for 20 people at least."

"Or two people for 10 days or more. You will help me out til it's all gone?" No answer.

That was at five past 11 this morning. It's now past Christmas dinnertime, having been dark an hour already. But those two have had no appetite for anything but each other—with a beer chaser now and then.

A 32 pound turkey and enough trimmings for a family twice served—cold as stone! But the couch fairly sizzled all day. first it was the site of a lovers' tryst; by half past twelve it was the spot for a proposal and acceptance. By mid-afternoon they'd exchanged promises, followed immediately by the nuptial bed,

Nightlife

DOGPATCH 2 SALOON

The Dogpatch 2 Saloon and Show Bar celebrated its first anniversary last summer amid Gay Pride Week festivities. It should celebrate its second still sweeping up coins after Jerry Vanover and the "Salvation Army," for the Dogpatch aims to please its customers.

The shows—now including a go-go boy—are first-rate. Other popular entertainers include Little Bobby (Exile), Robby Roberts (Miss Dogpatch 1981), Bobby Shane and always a special guest star.

"The Dogpatch Follies" is presented each Saturday at 10 P.M.

Dogpatch recently selected two hunky young men to represent it in the Mr. Texas pageant.

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The acknowledged purpose of the court is to impress society the lengths to which it will go to avoid even considering our existence in its midst, much less the acceptance of us as gay persons.

The Dogpatch is laid out in the manner of a traditional open saloon with the latest in electronic entertainment: jukebox for dancing or listening; game room with pinball machines, and there's a pool room.

No dress code. Anything is suitable here.

The Dogpatch's friendly bartenders are John, Lee, Russell, and of course The Doglady, some times!

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continued from p. 21

with the honeymoon well underway.

"A bout last night, Rudy."

"Doll, we're a subject of the present and future."

"You have to know."

"Then, I must."

"Rudy, I was scared. I'm Hank—"

"The active/active man of this household. I'm Rudy, the passive/passive. Not a bad arrangement, I'd say."

"I'm Hank from the marina four summers ago." It was a heavy scene for him you could tell.

"The kid who was trying to come out in my bed?"

"You remember. . . . And you're not upset?"

"That mixed-up kid doesn't exist anymore. I had a man last night and this afternoon. I thought you looked familiar. How did you know me?"

"Your scar."

"The man who takes your cherry because you want him to and then falls in love with you and tells you you're straight because you want to believe it . . . and all you can remember is the scar next door to his John Henry?"

"It was my first John Henry."

"And may it be your last. Let's hope it's your last."

"I'm hungry, Rudy."



Barney's World

BARNEY
EXACTLY WHOSE IMMORAL?
O'REILEY

The gay movement's press (media) relations has undergone rapid and dramatic change and sophistication. One of the reasons is that some of our leaders instinctively know or have learned that any mainstreaming or acceptance of any outcast group—that's us, in this case—can happen permanently only by changing social attitudes. The public's thinking must change. The right thoughts about us—the REAL us—must be thought—and widely. Attitudes are greatly influenced by the media.

Of course, some of our activists have neither insight nor education but merely do things that have worked in other contemporary social movements. Nothing wrong with that and praise be theirs for contributing, but, let's face it, we've got a much different road to travel: to much of society we are "immoral." The guilt-trip belongs to society, of course—not to us. The treatment of homosexuals is one of the most depraved and immoral social phenomena ever. But try telling that to the Moral Munchkin—there's someone who's used the media to ensconce himself in a position of political power.

Fortunately, the majority of persons do think and when/if their thinking about us becomes correct ...

Hold on, Barney. You don't really think that society will ever think us to be as moral as it itself is, do you? Yes! Because that's the truth in a nutshell.

Out favorite Elizabethan said, "Thinking makes it so." Out of context that requires interpretation—like, thinking creates an attitude.

But ... BUT ... if the thinking is never fertilized with reality, or if the truth about us is confused with

other matters as it usually is (Multifarious Me—MM—will see to that) ... if the truth about us never gets into the public thinking, then the untruth continues as truth. A bad attitude—a wrong way of thinking—goes on—BY DEFAULT, as it has for centuries.

So how to convince them?

If we put in a word of reality here and there some will take root in worthy persons and will grow and we have other informed allies to help us right the wrong of our oppression. "It is better to light one little candle, than to curse the darkness." The Chinese put it more activistically: "Each one teach one." With as many of us gays as there are, you can see how that could change things. It won't be as quickly as we'd like, but, there ain't no place but up for us to go in public opinion.

I hope you read Bill Jackson's article in the last INSIGHT: Pam Jones' letters have become an institution in Houston newspapers. There should be more and with an educational tone like she manages so well. Read Geneva's letters about us some time. If they don't light a spark inside you, forget it, baby; you're not gay. But if you are, I promise you you'll be inspired to fire off a reply—to someone!

But you'd be wasting your time writing to the MM BALLYHOO and ELECTRONIC GAZETTE. It's your time, but what could you an "oddwad" (whatever that is) possibly know about your own life? I mean, you're a member of that "criminal element" (with the outlawed nature); a "babe from fairyland" (wherever that is); a person that nature "perverted" (however that could happen). Furthermore, "everybody knows" queers are "immoral" (somebody said so, but NOT the Bible). So how could such people as you know more about yourself than "God's surrogate"—

"God's Moral Mouthpiece"—by self-proclamation?

Beats me.

Unless you know that your audience is better informed you can usually safely assume that their "ideas" about gays are no more profound nor accurate, even if less hostile.

Not long ago Barney wrote a letter in rebuttal to an archbishop's statement in a statewide religious weekly. Barney called the archbishop's description of homosexuality "inept," but more importantly Barney explained WHY it was inept.

For all I could tell, the archbishop didn't know the difference in a heterosexual, a bisexual and a homosexual. He called homosexuality a "tendency." Well, let me tell you as I did him and his readers, Barney doesn't have any homosexual tendency; Barney is a homosexual. And the readers of that publication who might never have thought there is a difference—only a "tendency," as the archbishop said—at least know the archbishop wasn't speaking about nor for Barney. (Actually, Barney doesn't have any heterosexual tendency either. Barney's a virgin. . . . "To which sex?" Sexist! Would you ask such a question of any other man with whom you were not intimate? Well, all right. Barney's a happily married man and cannot speak of sensitive matters that reflect upon his spouse. He might get upset with Barney.)

HOLIDAY GREETINGS



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New Year



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Editorial

The following letter was received from a local organizer for the Gay Rights National Lobby, the gay lobby in Washington. The petition described is reprinted in our centerfold; although signatures obtained at this time will be too late to be presented at the first session of the new Congress it will be very helpful to the organization to have ready ammunition against anti-gay bills, amendments and "riders" which may be presented in the future. The severely right-wing forces we are dealing with today are no longer disorganized and powerless. Groups like Moral Majority are crediting themselves with the broadest base of constituent support. We must make our voice heard through such channels as GRNL continues to provide in order to disprove their impressive manipulation of the facts. S.C.

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insight

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IN BRIEF

GAY RIGHTS NATIONAL LOBBY PETITION

Dear Editor,

I recently circulated an important petition for the Gay Rights National Lobby. It will be presented to the new Congress if any anti-gay bills are introduced; it is also being used to expand GRNL's mailing list. The letter is a National effort to combat the Moral Majority's ability to generate letters to Congress. They maintain this ability from a huge mailing list.

The response from the gay community in Houston was outstanding. Within three weeks 379 names were added to GRNL's mailing list. Our community should be proud of this response.

I'd like to publicly single out a few individuals, organizations and businesses who went beyond the call of duty to help. Thanks to Integrity, The Different Drum and Baja's for permitting us to circulate the petition on their premises. Also many thanks to Charles Gillis of Wilde & Stein Bookstore and Donn Mumma of the Texas Bay Area Gays for personally circulating the petition within their respective businesses and organizations. The MCCR staff was also especially enthusiastic and helpful in announcing our presence at the church.



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A special thanks go to two individuals we can consistently depend on for help in any work done in the community—Tony B. and Larry Bagneris.

Mr. Tony B.'s volunteer efforts go unnoticed too often. When something needs to be done, Tony's there; doing menial tasks that are shunned by many because they get no publicity, no status and cut into their party time.

Larry Bagneris can also be depended upon to help in many ways. Whether it is speaking out at various organizations or doing the many thankless jobs required; he's there. He has contributed in more ways and devoted more time and energy than any other leader except possibly Ray Hill.

We need many more like Tony and Larry—many more.

If you'd like your name added to GRNL's mailing list, please write GRNL, 930 F Street NW #611, Washington, DC. 20004. You'll be kept informed of what Congress is doing to or for us and told when to write and apply pressure to our elected representatives.

Once again many thanks to the above individuals, businesses and organizations.

Sincerely,

Tony Vega
GRNL
Houston

AN EYE ON THE FAR RIGHT (Houston)—To keep a watchful eye on the far right in government and to oppose any legislation which may arise concerning women's and gay and lesbian rights, a coalition of women's organizations and Gay Political Caucuses is being formed. The organizations within the coalition will be set up to get messages to lawmakers in a timely manner. This is most welcomed news in these "dangerous" times with minority rights being in possible jeopardy.

More information on this interesting organization will be given in a subsequent issue.

GRNL NATIONAL ENDORSEMENT LIST (Washington, D. C.)—The Gay Rights National Lobby is attempting to build a strong constituent network and a national endorsement mailing list. Names of community leaders and sympathizers and any gay rights supporters who may not be already on the list are requested from all areas. Send names, addresses, short description of position or support history for identification purposes to GRNL at the address listed on petition (pp. 16-17).

"Shirts to Please"

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Congress of the United States

House of Representatives

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Dear Friend,

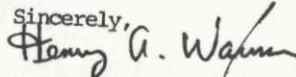
As co-author of the national gay civil rights bill in the House of Representatives, H.R. 2074, I am, of course, deeply committed to its passage.

The importance of an effective lobby to work on behalf of the legislation cannot be over-estimated. There are literally thousands of lobbies on the Hill representing just about every imaginable group or issue. House Speaker Tip O'Neill said, "Everybody in America has a lobby."

And, although it is unfortunate, the funding available to such a lobby can make the difference between success and failure.

I am convinced that the Gay Rights National Lobby, if funded adequately, will carry on a strong lobbying campaign. But without a professional lobby to work for the bill and mobilize supporters around the country, the passage of equal opportunity legislation will be much more difficult.

I hope you will join me in lending your strongest possible support to this organization's important efforts to build support for this long-overdue legislation.

Sincerely,

Congressman Henry Waxman

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I WANT TO BE A CLONE

by Sheri Cohen

IN SEARCH OF THE ELUSIVE LESBIAN ROLE MODEL

"Familiarity breeds contentment." The timeless message of that old cliché has long been used to peak advantage by the blissfully unwitting neuropaths of minority society. After all, those of us who, from an early age, have had to deal with something (like being gay) conspicuous to society-at-large, have raised ourselves with an increased awareness of the need to belong. Thus we relentlessly pursue whatever gravestone of stability we can find or establish in our own strained, often fragmented communities. The results are interesting archetypes bordering on self-imposed stereotypes: Jive soul brother. Academician bush-burner. G/W/M Castro clone. You've got to admit it makes some sense. It's a hushed-over compromise that says, "If we must be categorized. Pleze! We'd rather do it ourselves!"

I've had it up to there, however, with hearing gay women brag about the apparent lack of a fixed id

image in our midst. It strikes me as a way of ignoring inconsistencies which are just as preposterous ... if not worse.

Somehow I feel I can't be the only one frustrated with this lopsided diversity of our culture. Diversity? Not quite—not when some women still feel pressured to conform to one role or another. True, true: we have many roles to choose from. But the choice too often means sacrificing individual dignity to the rules for each player in the game. Worst of all, accepting one position necessitates degrading the others. We disperse into warring camps, each exclusive of the others in morals, manners, and mentality. "Bullydikes. Disgusting—they give women who love women a bad name." "Why don't these powder-puff fluffs go back to the straight world they're still living in?" "Lesbian mothers? Why should I support them—hell, they got themselves into that mess!" A woman who can't accept a station on the battlefield is outcast to obsessive individuality—not in the true sense, but a put-upon, peculiar uniqueness worn as a password badge.

Given the alternative, I think I could live with a flexible ideal. I for one could easily adapt to an extreme somewhere in between those previously imposed on us by the "outside" world. In the valley of my imagination I see myself strolling carelessly down Lestro radiating self-actualization and independence ... not so difficult if there's a pattern to go by. I can stop; I can stand on the street and communicate without saying a word, knowing my message will be carried by my printed T-shirt or the patch on my cap or the extent I accessorize with gems, baubles and chains (all varieties). My confidence is boundless because the New

Woman, the Real Woman, the Woman's Woman, haunted no longer by straight-originated, misinformed images of the Ghost of Lesbian Past. And I spend my nights, dawns, and days on Lestro, mingling with other Real Women, pausing briefly from my noble deterioration to make a meager living and ... maybe it's not such a good idea after all.

A little voice way in the back of my mind tells me the answer is in my—and everyone else's—true and total self-acceptance. I argue that that kind of sincere individuality is impossible. Who could bear to begin every day facing these two horrifying questions: "Who am I?" and "Who the hell cares?" The little voice then tells me that the answer to both questions is one simple syllable: "me." Yeah, but a little voice isn't human. We are.

MaryLee **DONUTS**

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Houston

Barney O'Reilly

I'd just finished the P. T. Barnum School of Art and decided I'd better get out of Florida if I was ever to get out of the closet. Montrose was the hot news on the grapevine so I spent my last Kentucky Fried Chicken paycheck for a one-way bus ticket.

When I got off the bus in Houston I went to the john to freshen. As I stood at the urinal a hunk was combing his already nicely combed hair before the mirror. I knew what he was doing, so I asked him if he could tell me how to get to Westheimer.

"Westheimer? ... Westheimer?"

"It would be the lower numbers according to my information."

"I'm not sure, but I'd be happy to drop you off."

Reasonable enough. With no money for a cab, it was in fact a bonanza. And who could know, I might get lodging as well ... and ... ?

I was delighted.

Memorial Drive was beautiful. And as I saw the skyline disappear in the trees behind me, a new one appeared out of the trees before me when we entered "The Loop." I'd never

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HOUSTON
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seen anything like the Galleria and all those overpasses and underpasses we kept entering and exiting from until after about 20 minutes he told me we were on Westheimer, I was dizzy and sure enough didn't know my directions.

"Now where was it on Westheimer you wanted to go?"

I wanted to say "Come on!" But I didn't want to embarrass him. I couldn't have walked from West Gray & Main to the Loop. Houston is big—no telling where lower Westheimer might be. Soon, we turned on Montrose Blvd.

I said, "This is sort of where I'm going, I think."

"Well, why don't you come on over to the house and I'll get out some maps and call up some friends and we'll find out for sure where lower Westheimer is."

If it meant a place to stay I would be delighted, so I said nothing. We drove to his place on Avondale—apparently several miles from Westheimer & Montrose, judging from the subsequent ride. I wondered how far from the Montrose area he lived. He was quiet, so after we went in-

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side I asked him if he'd like to see my portfolio—the only luggage I had besides my backpack of clothes and toothbrush.

"Sure. How about a drink while we look at it?"

We never got around to the maps. Later, he said I ought to try a new place that had opened up in the area after a merger with a now-defunct but well-known advertising company. It was called "The Great... Something—" He'd drive me there in the morning if I'd get up early so he could leave in time for the "trip" before his work.

We overslept, so we drove around the corner and one block. He stopped the car and pointed "There."

I hopped out and saw "The Great Houston Poster Co." sign. I'd forgotten my backpack so I marked my location in relation to his apartment. I looked back as I approached the door and saw my shirt hanging in a second-floor window straight through the driveway across the

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street. The numbers were low. But what street was I on?

I instinctively knew that the receptionist was a man beneath all the guck and wig, but I called him/her "Ma'm." Montrose? I offered my portfolio in the hopes of employment and the receptionist—"Ellie" the deskplate said—looked at it as s/he explained that they'd only been in the new offices a week and they weren't especially well organized, but wasn't my portfolio nice? To which I said, "Thank you. I like it."

Ellie picked up the phone and punched a button and I heard a buzzer somewhere in the rear.

"Daddy, are you free?"

And that opened the doors of The Great Houston Poster Co. to me and my advertising career was underway with my first free-lance assignment—an election poster to get

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the "buzzard" off city council. I gladly accepted the assignment and was too afraid to inquire of Daddy whom the "buzzard" might be lest I lose my chance.

I went back to Ellie in the reception room; he/she was doing some sketches at his/her desk. "I need your help," I said politely.

"It sounded to me as if you were doing all right. I heard it all, so what's your problem?"

"First, how about a date where we can talk. If I could get a \$10 advance on my assignment I'll take you to dinner."

"Honey, you can have the company in a few weeks if you please Daddy ... and I'm not speaking about your art ... it's good too. ... Let's make it \$15. You can't dine Ellie in Montrose for ten like she likes to be dined."

"You arrange it?" I asked.

"No problem. But there is one thing I'd better ask you ... you are ... of course?"

"What?"

"I told him you are. It was coded into my first call in to Daddy."

"I got the job didn't I?"

"But future assignments will depend more on if you are or if you're not."

"Let's say I am. I could be ... if I got this far."

"Very well, you are. I never had any doubts. But there's something you should know about me too."

"I know. Women don't use puce nail polish on the job—only men. So what time should I meet you? I don't have a car."

Ellie gave me his card and told me to call him at his home at 5:30. He whispered in my ear that he would have to go out with me as a man; we might run in to Daddy and were he dressed as Ellie that wouldn't be good for either of us. "It's been so long since Daddy saw me as a man he'd never recognize me in pants." I told Ellie that made sense and fine, but his nails would be a dead give away as leng-

thy as they were—and puce (if there really is a name for the color of those nails!) Was I ever put down into my phlebian shoes. Ellie merely removed one and showed me his well manicured short natural nail.

I went home and spent the remainder of the afternoon getting my things out of the apartment. The rent had been paid the night before—he had his way with me. So when I saw a gay tenant who'd seen me with my benefactor (transaction) of the night before I asked him could he help me get my things; I had to be somewhere by 5:30. He called my trick (still a new term to me) and after an hour or so he called back and said I could get a key from the maintenance man if I could find him and "bon voyage"—my unspoken sentiments in return. "Thanks" I mumbled.

I called Ellie at 5:30 and arranged to meet him—I decided to call him "El"—on Westheimer, wherever that was. Just as I was about to hang up I decided I could trust him enough to tell him I was in town less than 24 hours and had not yet gotten to lower Westheimer.

"Honey, You're on it ... at least you were this afternoon at the office."

I met him at a bar called "Marie's" and we had a drink—Ellie, El, treated me. And then we went down the street to a cute sidewalk cafe that had the worst service I'd known for a restaurant. But El enjoyed it and we had dinner wine—he had dinner wine. I had one glass of the entire bottle. I spent most of the meal getting the low-down on Daddy and "The Great Co." "No" my sketch of the "buzzard" was "precious" but it wouldn't do. We were dealing with "fossils." And it was a well embedded fossil, so I'd have to come up with a better idea. Besides, one does not call incumbents "buzzards" on electioneering posters—even fossilized buzzards.

"Tell me some more about Daddy," I begged. He's charming."

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"Honey, that's not the half of it, but let's shake this place. The wine's all gone."

We went back to Mary's and I mustered up enough courage to kiss El. A couple of hours later El had to get his "beauty rest," but he could—yes—talk some more at home. He could rest just being "comfy."

El and I have been living together for several weeks. Daddy was impressed with my poster. So much so that I have been retained on a regular free-lance basis. But no job! "Daddy has designs on you that will surface at any time now. He has a rigid no sexual harassment policy at the office between employees of differing rank and he enforces it like you wouldn't believe—even on himself. But don't you see his logic; you're not an employee. You are free-lance. So to him you are available, but whatever you do, don't let him know where you're living. As much as he loves me, as big a pussycat as he is, he would fire my ass faster than it would take to utter the words. He'd probably just look fire at me, point to the door, and that would be it."

"Honey, now that we're lovers—married—into a relationship—whatever—I want you to dress like a man at the office."

"You and me both, love. But Daddy thinks the company needs a 'female' out front. Our token lesbian won't have the job, so what can I do but enjoy myself? Daddy likes my outfits, do you?"

In the name of macho manhood, I refused to answer. I simply kissed El and said: "It's time to go 'beddy-bye.'"

El was wrong about Daddy. I was expendable, but El had cemented a bond—always asexual—between the two of them that was both personal and business in its ramifications. El was the only person who did not know that Daddy

was virtually inextricably bound to his "Ellie," and I had his Ellie as my spouse. The bond was my trump card with Daddy, but I'd never use it—unless . . .

Lightning struck the next morning in Daddy's office. I knew Elmo had the door cracked and his ear within hearing range, so I panicked.

Elmo buzzed Daddy: "Daddy, you have a 9:30 appointment (it was 9:00). You'd better put on your suit."

"Did you pick it up at the cleaners?"

"It's in your closet."

"Son, call me at 5:30." Daddy gave me his card.

I staggered out of Daddy's townhouse and down the dimly lit street toward Westheimer. I felt like an escapee—from Daddy's inner sanctum—the most talked about and least known of Daddy's personal secrets at the office—except his marital status. The purpose of the office chatter was how to get to where I'd just been and I was ready to scream "Forget it! He's nuts!" But deep down I knew it wasn't the slingroom I'd just fled, because I felt exhilarated. I was not only unharmed, but I felt loved by Daddy—if in a very convoluted way. I knew I was on a guilt trip about El. I called him from a street phone.

"Believe me, El" I said in the car, I wanted you all the time I had him and all I could think about was busting us up."

"No, my loyalty to Daddy is big enough to understand that you had to go. And our love is strong enough that I can tell you that I envy you."

"He invented the words 'macho' and 'charisma.' And Pussycat Daddy sure made a tomcat out of your baby."

"I hope you saved some of your lives for me."

In bed El told me he was prepared to share me with Daddy.

"I've got a better idea, El darling. Let's get married—publicly. He wouldn't want me then and if he wants to hire

me he could. I wouldn't be available."

"Or you could be completely available—for employment elsewhere."

"He wouldn't do anything to hurt you. Daddy's no monster. He just handles his self-concept differently. He's entitled to his hang-up. Who hasn't got one?"

"Daddy, we have something to tell you. We're . . ." Elmo hesitated.

"... getting married," I completed.

"Isn't this rather sudden? . . . I mean, you hardly know one another," Daddy stammered. He was stone.

"We'd hoped you would be pleased," Elmo begged.

"Am I not?" Daddy felt the impact stoically, but was his face red! I contemplated dashing for the door. Elmo kissed his cheek and Daddy breathed easier. Then, he began a speech: "I love my family. I just want them to be happy. Now, young man (he looked at me), are you able to handle my little Ellie? . . . Financially, I mean?"

I froze.

"Just as I thought. She'll support you, is that it?"

"No. . . . I'm looking for a job."

"Looking? . . . That's not good enough. Ellie, there'll be no gigolos in the family. Put him on the payroll."

Ellie kissed him again. I hugged him rambunctiously.

"Be cool, baby. Daddy loves you."

"Will you be my best man, Daddy?" It's to be a church wedding," Elmo said.

"Best man? I thought the bride's attendant was a bride's maid or married woman?"

"Do you want to be a bridesmaid, Daddy? Or is it you'd be a matron of honor?" Elmo was still fishing for Daddy's marital status. Even I was embarrassed.

"My darling Ellie, invite me as you wish and I'll dress as I wish. It's not every day that my baby gets married."

"Daddy, the minister doesn't believe in drag, so it will be two men dressed as men," I had to interject.

Guide

BARS

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BRASSIERIE	515 W. Alabama	528-8744
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STEAK & EGGS	4321 Montrose	528-8135

(NEWS—continued from p. 8)

NEW YORK SODOMY LAW STRUCK DOWN (New York)
 —New York State's sodomy law has been struck down by the New York Supreme Court. In a five/two decision, the court found the law in violation of equal protection provisions in the U. S. Constitution. The ruling resulted from an appeal by a man found guilty in April, 1978 of a Class B Misdemeanor for having sex with a consenting adult in his own home. The case was represented by the Lambda Legal Defense and Education fund.

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THE JOY OF BEING A MYTH BARNEY
IN MY OWN TIME - Part I O'REILEY

The much ballyhooed "authority" on homosexuality, Dr. Socarides, a New York psychiatrist, paid a visit to Houston recently and pontificated in the press about gays, as if he were the High Bigot of Homophobia—a biased state of mind. Whatever—Socarides is a royal pain in the ass. Barney will be the first to say that that sensation is not always unwelcomed, but Socarides is about as authoritative on the "etiology of homosexuality" (how we got to be queer) as the Dade Co. Fountain of Wisdom and Love. In fact, it is hard to tell them apart.

Of course, we have our own resident etiologist—the "Sweetheart of Montrose," our fair Geneva. Her stuff's the same. Do they run around quoting one another, do you suppose? None of them knows anything to begin with so the end product is more bilge in print. And Dr. Socarides has written a textbook yet—on a subject (us) about which there's not enough known scientifically to fill a good sized pamphlet. That's a big clue about Socarides-baby.

But let's look more closely at what S baby has to say about the etiology of our sexuality (he professes to know other things about us too). He called the brain hormone theory of homosexual causation a "myth." Well, S baby, aren't we authoritative on the basis of no hard evidence to the contrary? Barney personally knows some bona fide experts on the subject who will pooh-pooh you for saying that. Nothing's certain yet, but "brain" and "hormones" are very much back in the etiological news. Of course, S baby, Barney's probably better informed than you. He works directly with some of the researchers who are seeking answers before they write any books. (For gay science, hang loose until Part II.) Currently, gays know more

about homosexual etiology—any one of us—than the whole of experimental science. But some things are known scientifically, and the topic is gaining prestige in the scientific research community (which eliminates psychiatry; it is a clinical discipline and clinical research is raw material for therapeutic purposes; homosexuality is a scientific matter. Remember what Dr. Brown, co-founder of NGTF, said about psychiatry: it's a "pseudo-science.")

Let's be fair to S baby, the stuff he's saying for the public record sounds like warmed-over Freud. But Freud, also a psychiatrist, knew that he was seeing only the mentally ill (and that's very few gay people). He also knew that what he was saying was theoretical and must be verified. S baby's talking, not experimenting, and nobody else has done the research, so we know something about that textbook, don't we?

This parent sex-role identity business of S baby's is really Freud's and Barney knows psychiatrists who categorically dismiss the whole matter—at least at this point—because Freud came from a society that would be called "autocratic" compared to ours and most others where rigid role patterns do not exist from the moment of birth. The father of Freud's culture was absolute and monolithic in authority. In those circumstances some of Freud's (S baby's) role business makes sense. But science is not bound by a single culture, nor is human nature.

Barney, like his fellow gays, has had the etiology take place right inside, so we know better. We're not queer because we played with dolls and forgot—unconsciously or otherwise—that we're males because papa was a weak disciplinarian and lacked the austere male-dominant posture of Hercules gone macho-macho. Barney never had a doll, he collected animals. His dad started him on camp-outs at 5 or 6; the two of them often. He taught Barney to drink the world's strongest, manliest coffee, real he-man brew,

6, that's strong medicine, and if Barney wasn't born gay, it had to be the coffee that did it. It'd reverse anybody's anything; it was trauma a la carte.

From collecting newts and lizards and coots with broken wings, little Barney branched out into cowboying; as a boy he rode as well as a ranch hand, so he was invited to herd cattle on nearby ranches. Doll-playing kind of stuff? Mercy--what a myth! Are you gay because you played with dolls, guys? Don't abuse Barney; he didn't say it.

Why must every heterosexual on earth assume that because they are heterosexual that Barney was at some point heterosexual and could once again follow the straight and narrow if he would only repent and pay Socarides \$75 per hour to re-teach him the tricks of the straight world. Barney isn't, wasn't a heterosexual--ever! And that's not the last verse. Why should he even want to be something he was not born to be? Barney respects his nature.

Little Barney knew from his earliest years that he was different, but it took a strange endocrine function at 14 to tell him HOW he's different. Let's look at that endocrine business, S baby. Tell Barney he learned that! But instead of kissing girls, adolescent Barney kissed boys.

Has it ever occurred to you, S baby, that there can be and some times is more than one norm for the same human condition? Little Barney grew strong as a cowboy and by his mid-teens was lifting weights like crazy; by 17 he pressed more than 150 pounds above his head. No girls at school did; not normal for girls. It's not normal for Barney to have heterosexual relations; in fact, he can't (some gays can). But, unless I misunderstand the public record, it's quite normal for S baby, isn't it? But, S baby, if you slipped into Montrose some night-- No-no!

Even Freud himself said that homosexuals are NOT ill. Did you miss something, S baby?