

Seven gay youths attacked at restaurant

Seven members of Gay & Lesbian Young Adults, a Dallas Gay Alliance special interest group, were assaulted after their May 2 weekly meeting when they adjourned to the Balboa Cafe on Oak Lawn.

The group had been seated for a short time when a tall blond man in his early twenties, who was carrying a chair in his right hand, approached the table and smiled strangely. A second man, slightly shorter, approached and also smiled before abruptly hitting one of the GLYA members in the jaw with his fist, after which he overturned the table on his victim. At this point, the first man began striking the other GLYA members with a chair, fortunately without inflicting serious damage. The two then fled, nearly overturning a regular patron as they left.

A witness who was involved said that the attack appeared to have been premeditated and that the assailants had a getaway car ready.

Gene Street, Jr., the new owner of Balboa's, told GLYA chairperson Victor K. Berry that he was greatly distressed by the attack which took place on his premises and by the apparent apathy on the part of his employees who witnessed the *melee*. Street also expressed concern for the welfare of the injured members of the party and promised his cooperation in the investigation, which took tangible form when he provided Berry with the license number of the getaway car, which had been noted by the patron whom the attackers ran into as they fled the scene of the senseless assault.

Street assured the group that their past patronage was appreciated and that they were welcome to return at any time. Balboa's has been an unofficial hangout of the organization's members for about a year.

Berry told *Metro Times* that three phone calls were needed before Dallas police of-

ficers responded, nearly half an hour after the incident took place. A DPD dispatcher blamed the delay on a reportedly erroneous address being given in the first two calls. The two officers who finally responded, whose names were withheld pending further investigation but who were described as a middle-aged white male and a female in her late twenties, also white, demonstrated a total lack of concern, according to witnesses. "It takes a lot to piss off GLYA members," commented Berry, "but they did it." The officers advised the victims of the attack that, even in the event that their assailants were arrested, they would only be subject to a fine at worst.

Berry indicated that the organization intends to review the case with Sgt. E. E. Newsom, a veteran Dallas policeman who became an unofficial liaison to Oak Lawn's lesbian and gay community during 1984's Pride II activities.

METRO TIMES

VOLUME VI, NUMBER 1
OUR SIXTH YEAR OF SERVING YOU
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Court battle faces Minnesota lesbian

A Minnesota lesbian is embroiled in a bitter courtroom battle over custody of her lover, who suffered brain damage, physical handicaps and retardation after an auto accident.

The parents of Sharon Kowalski, 28, previously negotiated an agreement whereby Karen Thompson, a physical education teacher at St. Cloud State University, was allowed to share in decisions regarding her lover and was allowed to visit with her at the hospital. However, the Kowalskis tired of Thompson's constant presence and are attempting to put an end to the situation.

According to reports, a service agency for handicapped people talked with Sharon Kowalski earlier this year, using a typewriter to allow her to express herself. When the young woman was asked if she was gay, she typed "yes"; asked for her lover's name, she typed "karen t."

Jack Fena, an attorney who represents Kowalski's parents, challenged the existence in the past of a lesbian relationship between the two women. In an Associated Press report, Fena was reported as asking: "Very honestly, if ever there was a relationship like that, how can there be one now, with her in diapers, totally helpless and having the cognitive powers of a 6-year-old?"

Thompson has blamed the deterioration of Kowalski's condition on the limitation of access and has filed new papers applying to be appointed guardian of her lover.

Gay parents announce convention

The Gay Fathers Coalition International [long overdue for a name change, as we understand that lesbians are now involved] will hold its 6th Annual World Conference in Los Angeles May 31-June 2.

Featured will be workshops dealing with courtroom custody battles, child discipline, single parent adoptions, telling a child about sex, staying gay and heterosexually married, caring for friends with AIDS, and even a panel of children with gay parents.

Noted advice columnist Abigail "Dear Abby" Van Buren will also be honored at the conference for her contributions to better understanding of the lesbian/gay community.

Additional information regarding registration is available from the Conference Committee at 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109-346, Los Angeles, CA 90046, or by calling (213) 871-1575 and leaving your name and address.

Big Brothers 0; community 1

The Big Brothers/Big Sisters organization of Sacramento, California, has adopted a non-discrimination policy which will allow gay men and women to apply as volunteers. The change in policy was a direct result of a lawsuit threatened by National Gay Rights Advocates, the San Francisco-based public interest law firm. NGRA was representing Sharon Bee, a lesbian who was turned away when she tried to volunteer in March 1984.

Leonard Graff, NGRA Legal Director, said: "We were not about to allow them to continue a blanket policy of excluding all gay people from the organization. That is patently illegal. We threatened to sue them under the state Civil Rights Act. When we sent them a draft of the complaint, the issue was quickly brought before the Board of Directors." Graff noted that the Board unanimously passed a non discrimination policy at that point rather than face a lawsuit.

Jean O'Leary, NGRA Executive Director, said: "This is a complete victory. We forced an organization to end an irrational discriminatory policy just by threatening to sue them. As a result, we have vindicated the civil rights of lesbians and gay men in our community and opened a door that will allow them to participate in an important aspect of family life."

Although Ms. Bee has left Sacramento to attend graduate school, the policy change is now in effect. Gay people will be judged, as others, by individual parents and not excluded as a class.

IT'S HERE!

Check out the new, bigger *Metro Times*, new features, more stories, and let us know your feelings. And there's even more in store!

GUEST OPINION

In search of the gay community

We all remember playing hide and seek when we are children. It was a fun game and, as frustrating as it sometimes got when we were "it" and couldn't manage to find our friends anywhere, we knew our frustration was short-lived. As soon as we shouted the familiar "come out, come out, wherever you are," the game would be over, and we'd laugh at the clever hiding places our friends had found.

Unfortunately, some of us are still playing, and we don't seem to have any immediate plans to stop. And for those of us assigned the ongoing role of being "it," that's a very frustrating state of affairs.

The Human Rights Campaign Fund has just finished compiling the results of a survey we've taken of our constituency. I use the term "constituency" very loosely because, now that the survey is in, I'm not sure how to define that work as it applies to us at the HRCF. Our survey has pointed out loud and clear that the people within the gay/lesbian community who are our contributors by no means reflect our community at large.

Here at HRCF, we're struggling to champion the cause we all believe in: basic civil rights for gays and lesbians. In that regard, we feel we represent virtually the entire gay community. But we are an organization kept alive by our contributors, and the portrait our survey paints of those contributors look mighty different from the real-life canvas of the gay community we see on a daily basis.

To look at our contributors, you'd think the gay community was 93% male. You'd think half of us were between the ages of 35-49. You'd think we all lived in New York and Washington. You'd think we were all

liberal. You'd think fewer than 3% of us were registered Republicans. You'd be wrong on all counts.

To look at our contributors, you'd think lesbians in Chicago didn't exist, let alone believe in gay civil rights. You'd think the 25-year-old gay yuppie in Houston was a rarity. You'd think barely a handful of gays in San Francisco voted for Ronald Reagan. You'd be wrong again.

To look at our contributors, you'd think that nobody in New Orleans cared about the judges who send convicted "fag-bashers" home with barely a slap on the wrist. You'd think there wasn't a single gay person in Denver who felt threatened by the fact that gays all over the country lose their jobs and their homes because of who they are. You'd think there weren't any young men in St. Louis who were frightened at the idea of how little money the government is spending on AIDS research and treatment. Once more, you'd be wrong.

What you'd be right about is that these people—and "these people" include just about every one of you reading this...—don't believe, don't care, don't feel threatened, frightened, or discriminated against enough to do something tangible to alter the legal and social realities that place their very own civil rights in jeopardy.

This sad fact has at least two dangerous consequences. First, it prevents the Campaign Fund, as well as all other gay organizations, from truly representing the needs and the wishes of the gay community. As we find ourselves responding more and more to the people whose contributions keep us going, we risk becoming increasingly remote from those

of you we have, so far, been unable to reach.

Second, and more important, the fledgling status of national gay organizations does not go unnoticed by lawmakers in Washington or our opponents across the country. The gay community—to a large, dangerous extent—remains elusive, remains silent, remains vulnerable.

There is no such thing as a "homogeneous homosexual community." But we do have two things in common: 1) our civil rights are either ignored or specifically outlawed; 2) potentially—as a community—we have the power to change that.

So you hide, and we seek. We're not asking you to come out of the closet, we just want you to come out of the woodwork. We need to know that you're out there, and we need to know what you think. We need your monetary contributions, but we also need your ideological support. There are groups of retired railroad conductors who outnumber and outspend us in Washington. There are coalitions one-tenth our size who have amassed twenty times our level of influence. There is perhaps no other constituency whose numbers, commitment and potential power is as underdeveloped as that of our community.

The game of hide and seek must come to an end. Somehow, we in the gay/lesbian community must find each other because, if we allow those hostile to us to find us first, they may force us to remain in hiding forever.

So come out, come out, wherever you are.

Vic Basile, the author of this guest editorial, is the executive director of the Human Rights Campaign Fund. Donations and input may be forwarded to him at P.O. Box 1396, Washington, DC 20013.

Nelson pens open letter

A letter from Bill Nelson to the community:

One of the unfortunate things about political campaigns is that they usually just have one person's name associated with them when, in reality, so very many people are responsible for the success that any candidate receives.

Such was certainly the case in my race for the Dallas City Council. I was blessed with the largest, most skilled and most enthusiastic group of volunteers and supporters that I have ever seen in any campaign.

I want all of those people—and anyone else who followed the election—to know that this endeavor was extremely successful. Our new friends and the media have confirmed that the dignity and quality of our campaign moved us all much further along the way toward building a better Dallas.

I wish that I could share with all of you the compliments and praise that I receive daily. You have certainly earned and deserve that distinction—and I thank you for sharing it with me.

Sincerely,
Bill Nelson

Paper reaches new milestone

It may come as a surprise to many readers that *Metro Times* begins its sixth year of publication with this issue. That's nearly half the age of *This Week in Texas* and over five times as old as the *Dallas Voice* (which celebrates its first anniversary this month)—no small achievement, although the editor and publisher, Roy Hall, sometimes credits it more to stubbornness and stupidity than to any real ability on his part.

The actual origins of *Metro Times* date back to the days when Hall, then a high school student carrying on a passionate love affair with the printed word, was drafted by his study hall teacher (who doubled as sponsor of the school newspaper) to submit some articles to fill the space left blank by staff members who failed to turn in their assigned stories. Soon Hall found himself submitting more copy than any other staffer on the paper—though certainly not "half the paper", as his editor once commented.

In college, Hall joined the staff of the college paper briefly until he was asked to leave when his overzealousness in approaching the college president to request permission to

cover meetings of the Board of Regents landed him in hot water (a familiar location for a writer who continues to rush in where angels fear to tread).

Several years later and 500 miles from his Missouri origins, Hall, at the age of 27, spoke up to volunteer for the opening of editor of the *Channel*, Dallas' second gay paper (the first was Phil Johnson's monthly *Our Community*). The *Channel* was officially the newsletter of Dallas' Metropolitan Community Church (MCC), and Hall served as editor for over three years following his acceptance of the position in April of 1972 with the second issue. In 1975, he began a long on-and-off association with Henry McClurg, another Texas pioneer of gay publishing who has been associated as editor and/or publisher of such papers as *Contact*, the *Montrose Star*, the *Metroplex Star*, *Dallas Gay News* and the *Montrose Voice*.

It was McClurg who persuaded Hall to act as his local representative for the short-lived *Metro Star* when that paper began publication on December 7, 1979. The weekly tabloid was later sold to another Houston

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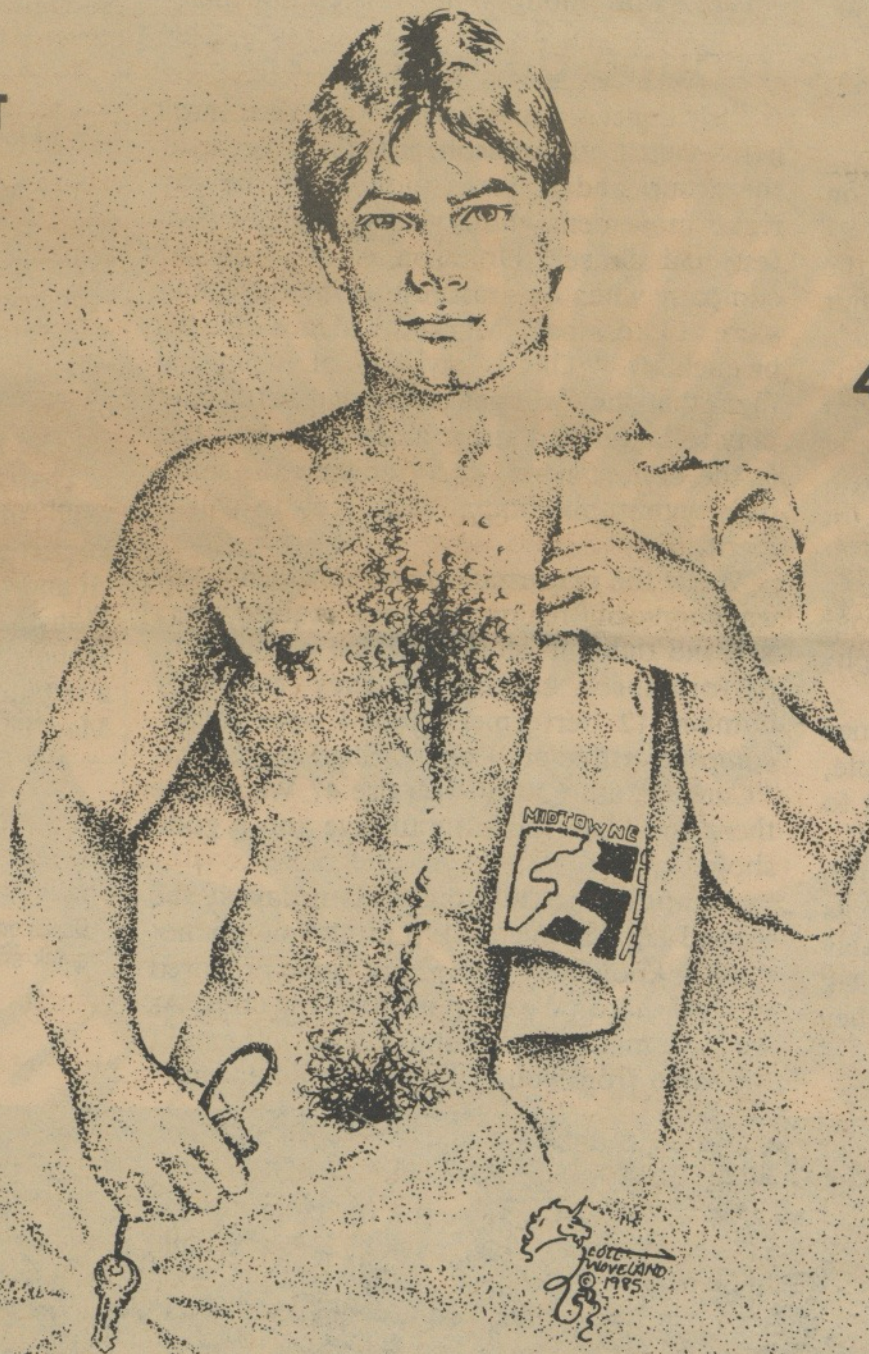
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businessman, who ceased publication on April 13, 1980.

Having seen the possibilities and the need for a local paper to serve the lesbian/gay community of the metroplex, Hall made a rapid investigation into ways in which such a paper could be produced with his limited resources. On May 1, a month short of his 35th birthday, Hall released the first issue of *Metro Times*, having found a local printer who was willing to print it at last. Unlike the slick *DFW Scout*, which came onto the scene hot on its heels, *Metro Times* was far from professional. The stories were typewritten rather than typeset, while advertisements were set up with rub-on type. Nevertheless, it was destined to repeatedly break all records in Dallas/Fort Worth gay publishing history.

In 1981, *Metro Times* and *TWT* joined to

host the first convention of the Gay Press Association (now the Gay and Lesbian Press Association) at the Melrose Hotel in May, just following the premiere of the first format change of the paper, from tabloid (the size of this paper) to pony tab (the size used for the past four years). The typesetting which was added shortly thereafter enhanced the appearance of the paper in a much-needed way.

The return to tabloid format, as evidenced by this issue, will allow *Metro Times* to provide more news, features and photos to readers in the same number of pages. While a slight increase in advertising rates becomes effective next issue, the increase had already become necessary due to added costs of printing and typesetting (the latter having gone up by fifty per cent).

Hall, who mourns his fortieth birthday

May 30, says that the larger *Metro Times* will allow the publication to provide better service to the metroplex lesbian/gay community. In the past, the paper has pioneered such innovations as a separate column for Tarrant County news on a regular basis.

"*Metro Times* is a labor of love for our community—for our community," Hall stressed. "I've owned this paper since the beginning, and I feel very strongly that this is a move in the right direction. There's more news and features that need to be printed to bring an awareness of community, to bring us together. The added space will allow us to give the solid news that is needed, along with entertaining columns to attract readers and keep them coming back for more. In other words, our theme for the new format is going to be 'Bigger is Better'."

New tap dance troupe debuts

The music was too loud.

The music was too soft.

The comments may not have agreed on some points in the recent preview performance of Dallas on Tap, Dallas' first (and the nation's second) gay tap dance troupe, but the point they did agree on was that it was a fantastic show.

"The first number was your weakest number and it was good," wrote one secret admirer. Another commented, "I went expecting something good. I got a helluva lot more than I expected."

"How did you get these people to dance so well in just three months?" queried a curious member of the audience. "The choreography was just right," confided yet another.

The whole thing may have been summed up by one individual who excitedly wrote, "This show was great! It's the best thing to happen to the community in a long time."

The troupe, self-identified as "a semi-professional group of tap dancers", made its official premiere performance Saturday, May 4, at El Centro College, as part of an Oak Lawn Symphonic Band Concert. But they have high hopes.

"My dancers will tell you I work their butts off," said Phil Johnson, artistic director of the group and a Texas pioneer of the gay rights movement who is also a long-time professional dancer. (Johnson works with the company when he's not restocking the bookstore at Crossroads Market, which is also his brainchild). "This is my way of promising them that they will get better and better and play to larger and larger audiences. And this is the dancer's way of promising the community that this company will grow in artistic merit."

While the organization will not turn down donations of the money they require, they like the thought of earning the money through performances. Although they presently number 12 performers and 4 apprentices, company director Robert Shaddock asks, "Can you use 6? Can you use 4? We will be there and bust our butts to give you a good show."

Auditions are held every Saturday at the Round-Up Saloon at 1 p.m. "You do not need to know how to tap, but come prepared to work hard. We have no time for crap. As we have made a commitment, we will expect the same from you," Johnson pointed out.

Houston band to hold theme concert

The Montrose Symphonic Band, which has been featured in recent Dallas Gay Pride Week parades, has scheduled a concert in Houston's Hermann Park in the Miller Outdoor Theatre. In conjunction with the theme "Teddy Bears' Picnic" (after the light song of the same name), prizes are being offered for the best dressed Teddy Bear.

The free concert, sponsored in part by the City of Houston Parks and Recreation Department, Miller Theatre Advisory Council and Cultural Arts Council Arts Council of Houston, will offer toe-tapping music from Hollywood and Broadway, light classics, and a tribute to Judy Garland, beginning Friday, May 10, at 8 P.M.

Dallas on Tap's twelve light-footed dancers pause for a quick smile for publicity purposes.



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THE BOOKSHELF

Novel recounts life of emperor Hadrian

HADRIAN, by Joel Schmidt. Gay Sunshine Press. Paperback, \$7.95. 192 pages.

Gay Sunshine Press manages to meet the needs of a variety of gay readers in what we confess is an amazing way. Some of what they publish can be purely and simply described as erotica (porn, for those with limited vocabularies). Some of it, on the other hand, amazes with its literacy and other saving graces.

Hadrian is one of the more presentable volumes that we've seen from this publisher. Now, we've read what purported to be historic novels in the past. One that we keep convenient for frequent referral is called *Bath Boy*, and it devotes—we'd guess—at least one fifth of its space to the erotic adventures of the young men (without exception gorgeous and desirable) who fill its pages.

Hadrian, on the other hand, is exceptional because overt sexual scenes are not the ob-

ject. The intention of author Schmidt is to tell the story of Hadrian, a second century Roman emperor whose claim to fame (as far as we can recall) rests primarily on his love for Antinous, a pretty boy from Asia Minor whose likeness Hadrian caused to be reproduced on Roman coins and whom he proclaimed to be a god after the younger man's untimely death.

Unlike many biographers, however, Schmidt manages to deliver a story which does not whitewash its protagonist (hero, if you prefer). Schmidt is quite willing to reveal bad with good, both for Hadrian, an impulsive man with surprising humanity for a Roman emperor (generally a jaded and evil and cruel lot, history relates) and with a keen interest in the occult, and for Antinous (who occupies surprisingly little space in the book), an immature and opinionated young man with little to offer but good looks once the in-

itial infatuation is over.

The political scheming behind the scenes of Rome and the provinces is brought out in the open, for a very interesting look at ancient culture. We were pleasantly surprised how the book managed to be scholarly without being dull, to bring out the sexual orientation of its characters without being an *apologia* or worse.

As it is, anyone interested in gay life or in Roman history should find this more than worth the time it might take to read. We hope you'll fit it into your reading schedule, as it's an interesting and literate book.

Most wonderful of all, it's a first novel and we understand that more—hopefully even better—is in store. We're looking forward to seeing future Schmidt novels.

Gay teacher offers amusing saga

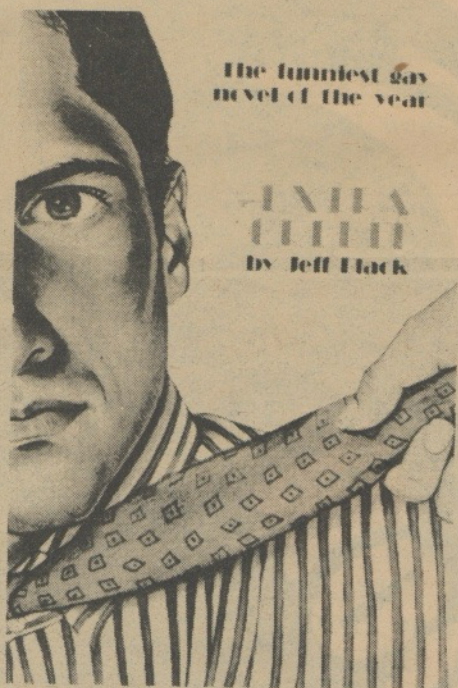
and all it's passably entertaining for people who just want to sit down and relax over a book that will give them smiles and some interesting confrontations.

Confrontations, it would seem in review, is what it's all about. And the whole book pretty well revolves around how our hero reacts to various people under various sets of circumstances.

There's his long-time friend Connie, another teacher who happens to be a fag hag and insanely jealous of anyone who looks at Harper, to the detriment of one and all. There's Garrick, the new teacher on the block, who knew that Harper had kissable lips from the moment he first saw him. And there's Rose, head of the English Department, an unholy terror who is nearly unflappable...except, perhaps, when a student reads aloud in class from a gay porno novel. There's the cute young stud (short for student) who shows up late at night asking for tea and sympathy (the Mafia aren't the only ones who make offers you can't refuse). And there's Mick, lost love from past years, who sails back into Harper's life, bringing with him hope, despair, and a gorgeous roommate, a male prostitute who'd be more than happy to offer free samples to good old Harper any time Mick's too busy to attend to his needs.

All in all, it's good for some chuckles more than a few smiles (all much needed in today's world), and a nice way to spend a few hours if you enjoy the price of the word as much as we do.

Good news: Jeff Black's column, a series called *Passion Fruit*, is planned for a debut in the next issue of this paper. From the episodes we've seen, we suspect that many of you will find it the best thing since the club *Life With Vera*. Look for it exclusively in this paper—your paper!



EXTRA CREDIT, by Jeff Black. Alyson Publications. Paperback, \$5.95. 177 pages.

Pity Harper King, handsome young junior high school teacher in a small town near Chicago, a town with but one gay bar, to which it is our hero's wont to spend some of his spare time, when he isn't matching wits with the head of the English Department, the principal, or students, and when he isn't wandering from bedroom to bedroom in search of true love or good sex, whichever comes first.

Alyson daringly labels *Extra Credit* "the funniest gay novel of the year". We feel they may have gotten out of hand, since, although the book has more than a few funny lines and even a few really delightful ones ("If God had wanted teachers to have guard duty... He wouldn't have created Dobermans" and a comment that gay life is like *Where the Boys Are* without Connie Francis are two that appealed to this reviewer's warped mind), and although there are some good though not great comic scenes whose potential could have been explored more thoroughly, over-



Jeff Black, author of *Extra Credit*, shown here in a 1960s photo—the only one he would allow the publisher to use. (Photo has been retouched to protect his identity.)

Early Hansen worth the reading

PRETTY BOY DEAD, by Joseph Hansen. Gay Sunshine Press. Paperback, \$8.95. 208 pages.

With the exception of *A Smile in His Lifetime*, Joseph Hansen has always managed to keep us well entertained. In this early novel, reprinted by Gay Sunshine Press, Hansen performs a minor miracle or two, taking clichés and making them readable. One cliché is the old bit where the detective goes out and accuses everyone who has a motive (and in

this book, everyone has not only a motive but also a black flashlight identical to the murder weapon). Another cliché is the classic scene in which one character takes the gun out of another's desk and displays it when the other goes for the gun. Yet a third (and there are still more we won't mention) has the detective slipping on a microphone to broadcast the killer's confession.

And yet strangely, dear reader, the clichés are accepted without question,

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wonderful is Hansen's skill. Only a picky, nasty reviewer would ever spot them, much less point them out. The master craftsman has woven his magic spell so superbly once more that what could have easily become a cheap melodrama turns, instead, into an enjoyable piece of detective fiction in the vein that we have come to expect and demand of this writer.

Admittedly, it's not Dave Brandstetter. On the other hands, not being part of a series, Hansen allows us to doubt the possibilities. We can assume that Dave will be alive and in fairly passable shape when the last page is turned, but Hansen has no such obligations to poor Steve, the 19-year-old black man who

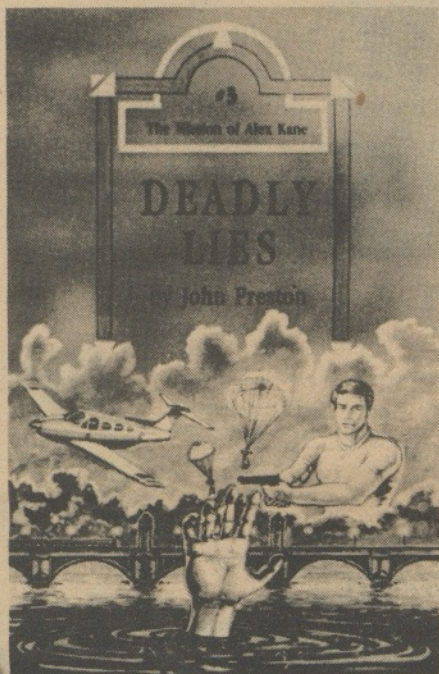
prefers Caucasian lovers and who does not have a series waiting for him that requires him to survive. And, unlike the Brandstetter series, *Pretty Boy Dead* takes most of the book up with character development and exploration of the background, long before the crime occurs. A lesser author would have surely floundered in the detection, reducing it to a series of challenges: "You killed my lover." "Not me; I've got my flashlight." "Then you did it." "Hey, man; check out my flashlight; I'm innocent, too."

The homosexual aspect of this story is more blatant than in the Brandstetter series, surprisingly enough, considering how long ago it was written. While good old Dave just

happens to drop increasingly significant hints until the reader discovers the obvious, Steve wakes up on the first page in bed with a stranger whose name he does not know, whose address he does not make note of, who is his only alibi for his lover's murder. And, while the vivid details are not offered, Steve does get his fair share of trips to the bedroom during the course of the book, besides turning down a few offers.

This is one to check out if you like mystery stories, if you enjoy gay fiction, if you have an interest in interracial relationships, or if you just like to enjoy a good book now and then. Hansen is a superlative writer. *Pretty Boy Dead* is no exception to the rule.

Gay avenger strikes again



DEADLY LIES, by John Preston. Alyson Publications. Paperback, \$4.95. 126 pages.

It seems a short time ago—and indeed it was—that John Preston, a prolific writer best known for his character Mr. Benson, came up with a new character who may pass up the master of S&M.

Alex Kane, now in his third adventure, is the gay answer to such unorthodox heroes as the Executioner and a dozen others like him. After losing his first real love to bigotry while serving with the Marines in Viet Nam, Kane returned to the states, where he was "drafted" by his dead lover's father to fight an unending battle against injustice as prac-

ticed against gays. The battle called for stopping prostitution and drug rings in one adventure, putting down a phony gay retirement center in another.

In this third adventure, the young crusader (30ish in age) is joined in his battle by his lover (encountered in the first book), Danny Fortelli, a gymnast about ten years younger.

Deadly Lies deals primarily with the story of a candidate who wants to become governor and, when being the card-carrying liberal—on the advice of his closest friends, gangsters of the lowest form of life—fails to achieve his ends, launches an anti-gay crusade, climbing toward his goal over the ruined lives and dead bodies of those he has framed or even had murdered.

But then, Andrew Marston—such is the villain's name—has never heard of Alex Kane, or of...but that would ruin the story.

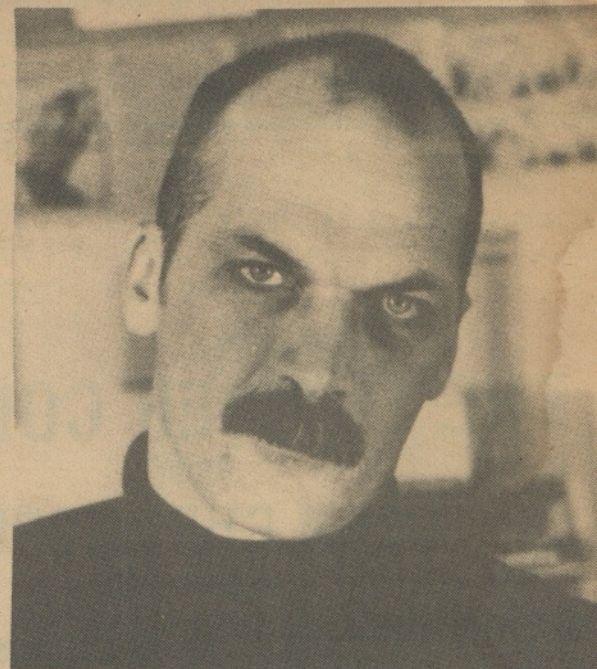
There is a bit of the savage, we fear, and an urgent need for vengeance, in everyone. The savage in this reviewer comes to the front whenever there's a particularly gratifying piece of revenge delivered to the door of a deserving creep. That's one of the things that make this genre of literature such fun. It seemed to be missing in the second book, but it's definitely back.

Another aspect new to this volume is the reluctance of Alex Kane to accept both good things and new assignments from his late lover's father, whose unlimited wealth and influence in high places make everything

possible. There's an inside joke that he lightens the atmosphere from time to time, and in books dealing with such sordid and unpleasant topics humor is always welcome.

We were also pleased when two minor characters worked up their own piece of fiction (in more ways than one). A good subplot always help keep a book going, we say.

At any rate, my friend, it appears that Alex Kane is going to be around for a while. For one have no complaints about that tidbit of news. If you've not yet made his acquaintance, perhaps it's time you did.



Writer John Preston, creator of Alex Kane, a gay version of the Executioner

Porno offers pleasant twist

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAY PORNO NOVEL, by Mike Shearer. Gay Sunshine Press. Paperback, \$8.95. 208 pages.

We've come a long way, baby.

Long, long ago we can recall going downtown in Springfield, Missouri, to the Electric News Stand on Walnut Street, where we would find the latest in magazines and books, including (this may well be before your time, dear reader) *The Young Physique*, a nicely done color magazine with very pretty men who had to cover up their private parts when they faced the camera (oh, to have a few of our favorite copies once more), and various sordid novels bearing captions such as "His twisted desires drove him down into a maelstrom of lust and perversion." The boys in the magazines always wore posing straps; the

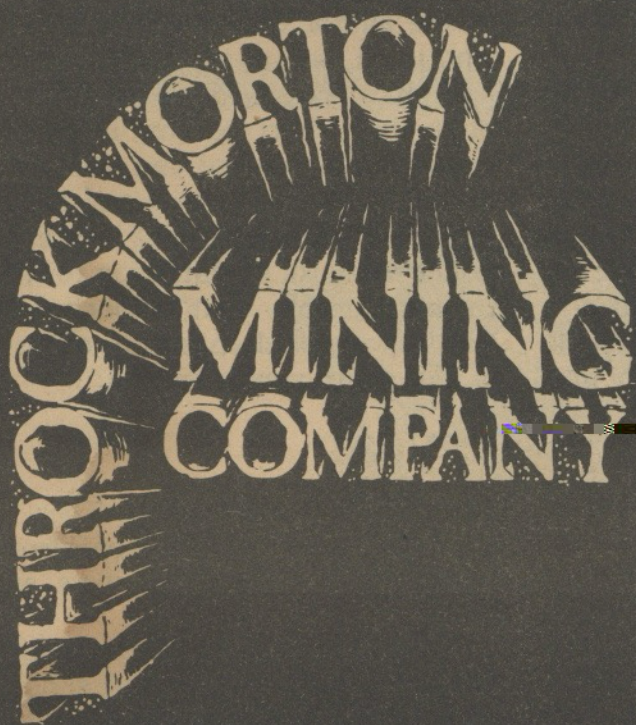
boys in the books always had to end up in tragedy. In one, for example, if our memory serves right at such an advanced age, a guy named Terry falls in love with the ultimate hunk, only to be raped by Monty and his hoods, who add spice to their afternoon delight by murdering Terry's lover, sending the poor lad off the deep end.

Then things got livelier. Suicide went out of style as the ideal conclusion. A firm called DSI decided that posing straps were too much to ask for, and things started warming up very nicely. The pseudo-poetic language once used by writers to explain what the hero and his boyfriend were doing in bed disappeared as the writers started laying it (so to speak) on the line. The phony introductions by psychiatrists and experts disappeared, while plots got

steamier and more imaginative. Science fiction, mysteries, spy thrillers (who remembers—who could forget—Jackie Holmes, the man from C.A.M.P.?) all appeared to cast light on the genre, as did humor.

The audacity of labelling a book *The Great American Gay Porno Novel* may be excessive, but we'd certainly place it in the top twenty that we've read, which include such classics as the immortal Loon trilogy (would someone get the rights and reprint these or more for nostalgic gay men?), a set of short stories called *Nine Easy Pieces*, a space adventure called *Startail*, and of course the Buffy stories.

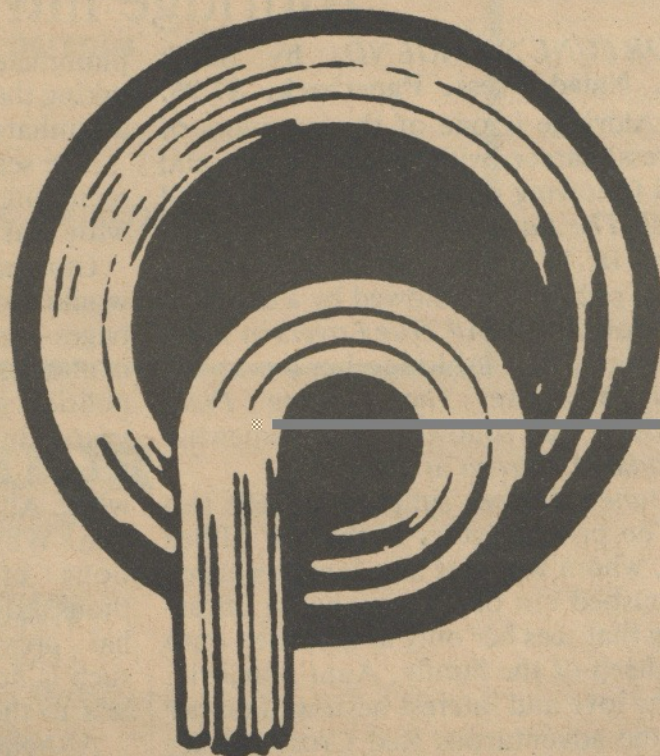
TGAGPN is certainly not your average gay porno novel. As far as we can determine, the golden age of gay porn slid into stagnation



***Congratulations to the Metro Times
and to the community
that made it possible.***

Frank Caven

Management and Staff



few years ago, as imagination ceased to be an element. Happily, here is an exception that is as good as almost any other gay porno novel in our recollection. It is a cleverly constructed piece of surrealistic literature in which the pornographer, in his deep dedication to his work, carries on an ongoing love affair with the reader and with his characters, of which he himself is one. The author manages to keep the reader jumping between the erotic, the cerebral and the humorous in a way that this reviewer found most intriguing. He includes excerpts from presumably non-existent previous novels by the pornographer (each with an appropriate and wryly humorous title) about the likes of necrophilia, gay incest,

The Great American Porno Novel is certainly not your average gay porno novel. It is a cleverly constructed piece of surrealistic literature...

and too many other themes to name here.

We rarely have any interest in meeting an author, but this is one place where an exception should be made, so intrigued were we with this volume. After all, who could help liking a writer who, in his book, personally takes part in capturing two Mormon mis-

sionaries and, with the help of friends, the duo...and making them enjoy apologies to any Mormon readers; or the best evenings of lust was with a certain Mormon lad.) If either our Mormon or the author of *TGAGPN* is reading, won't you look us up...real soon?

Briefly, *TGAGPN* is a rollicking book that offers humor, literacy and sexuality for those of you who like both. If you blush easily and plan to remain a virgin for the remainder of your life, not be ready for it. But if you're tired of pornography that's poorly written and tends to arouse sleep instead of lust, it is well worth your attention.

Swashbuckler good look at yesteryear

THE SWASHBUCKLER, by Lee Lynch. Naiad Press. Paperback, \$7.95. 279 pages.

Naiad may have come through with another winner in *The Swashbuckler*, the latest from the pen of Lee Lynch, whose *Toothpick House*, suggested Joy Parks in *The Body Politic*, was her choice for "Lesbian Love Story of the Year". This reviewer was too bored to finish that one, but we loved this one, so figure it out.

On the other hand, Lynch redeemed herself with our second exposure to her in *Old Dyke Tales*, whose characters and stories rang true to the old dykes of our personal acquaintance and came across as the kind of ordinary people you'd expect to meet on the street...but who just happened to be of "mature years", and who just happened to prefer other women as objects of their affection.

Certainly, we found *The Swashbuckler* to be head and shoulders above *Toothpick House*, and once it was started we found no trouble in finishing it to see what would happen next to Genevieve Tonneau ("Frenchy" to her friends) on her solo odyssey through the underground world of being lesbian in the '60s and '70s in New York City and Greenwich Village.

French is unquestionably a prepossessing character from the word "go". One inch short of five feet tall, she conceals her alter

ego by day for her existence as a supermarket checker (a job she commendably holds for the duration of the novel) and a dutiful daughter living with a widowed mother. By night, however, her patented swagger and macho garb go on over the three mandatory female garments required to keep her from being arrested for crossdressing, and thus in her new disguise—or possibly freed from the disguise of the day—she wends her way to the secret world where she is known and loved far and wide as **A Butch**.

What does *she* know?

On a side trip to Provincetown, French must face the unknown as she finds herself attracted to Mercedes, a Puerto Rican mother who also considers herself **A Butch**. So who can tell without a scorecard? Can two butches find happiness? Of course not, says Frenchy, strangely disturbed by the appeal this woman holds for her, even as she denies the remote and ridiculous possibilities.

The transition from Little Bad Butch to fulfilled lesbian woman (hallelujah!) takes a number of years and several chapters, as well as experiences that shake everything Frenchy has ever heard about the world. The experiences are both good and bad, but Frenchy is up to the challenge, gamely going about the business of self-discovery and acceptance of the sexuality she never knew was

there inside her all along. Then, a day comes when she can step out confidently into the future which offers happiness and contentment.

While Frenchy and Mercedes provide the principal characters, a strong support is provided by Frenchy's long-time friends: fellow **Butch** Jessie, Mercedes' daughter Lydia, and Frenchy's ex-trick Edie. A female or otherwise, who was "out" years that preceded Stonewall should be able to recognize the people who fill these pages, perhaps you may even meet yourself.

The book could easily, by changing names and genders of the characters, turn into a story of gay male self-discovery and realization. This reviewer (a male, but don't overlook that) recalls missing a golden opportunity with a sweet young thing who decided to identify himself to the other butch...but that's another story.

Anyway, to wrap it up into a nutshell, *Swashbuckler* may well be the best fiction to come from Naiad since *Old Dyke Tales*. Before that, *Daughters of a Coral Dawn* may not live up to the classic precedent of Ann Bannon's *Beebo Brinker* series, to which it has been compared, but it just might be the next best thing. And that's certainly not something to complain about. We suspect you'll like it.

Aldridge introduces *Misfortune's Friend*

MISFORTUNE'S FRIEND, by Sarah Aldridge. Naiad Press. Paperback, \$7.95.

Sarah Aldridge is one of the survivors of Naiad Press' career, with seven volumes and a faithful following of readers. In 1974, it all began with *The Latecomer*, followed in 1975 by *Tottie*. In 1976 the popular *Cytherea's Breath* was published, followed by a dry spell that was broken with *All True Lovers* in 1979. This reviewer's first Aldridge book was the rather unimpressive *The Nesting Place* (1982), which was followed by a somewhat better *Madame Aurora* in 1983.

Misfortune's Friend, simply put, tells two stories. The primary story is that of Althea Richards, whom we meet as a lame teenaged orphan, pushed out of the way by an uncaring family that sees her only as a burden onto the grey sheep of the family, Aunt Marjorie. The love and interest bestowed on her by the adventurous Red Cross worker Effragette, Althea builds a shell around herself to protect her from real life. In the second part of the book, Althea is

plummeted to adulthood, where we find her taking the first tentative pecks at her shell like an unhatched chicken.

The second plot is that of Aunt Marjorie's secret life and the way in which it is involved with that of her niece.

Our main criticism of this book is that it would have been better with at least fifty less pages—specifically the long drawn out commentaries of the *dramatis personae* on the political situation of the day, specifically the years during which the man who would become *Der Fuhrer* was coming to power while Althea was testing her wings in London. While eavesdropping on the conversations of characters in the uncounted thousands of books we have read in the past has proved informative and entertaining, such is not the case here, and it is a definite loss to the book that it was not edited out.

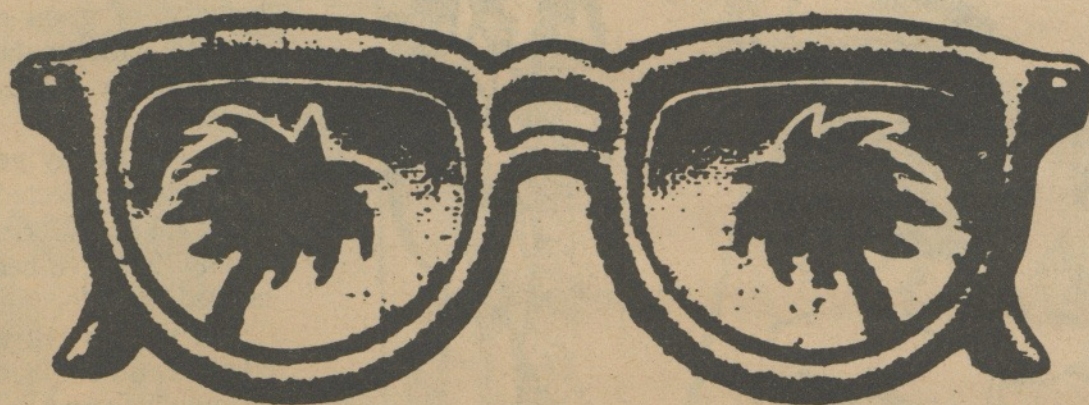
Although the plot is less than realistically believable and somewhat weak, there is strength to be found in Aldridge's characterization of Althea and of Marjorie.

Wimpy and gimpy as she is, Althea holds our attention and draws our concern for her to the fact that Aldridge has drawn her very human. Aunt Marjorie's very real and genuine caring for the oppressed and starving people of the world, coupled with her *joie de vivre*, make her another attractive individual one might want to know in real life, especially contrasted with her old spinster chum, Mrs. Henshaw.

Mrs. Henshaw and Fern, while necessary to the story, lack the Pinocchio touch that transmutes one from the unreal into the real, breathing life enjoyed by Althea and Marjorie. As a result, they exist only in the void. In the end, it is with Althea and Marjorie that we are concerned.

Despite the weaknesses, we have to confess that we could not set the book aside until the last page was turned, making the minor criticisms mentioned in this review inadequate to distract us from enjoyment and reinforce the words of the bard of Avon, "all's that ends well".

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Patti LaBelle "starts" again



THE TALK FILE

She calls everyone "boyfriend" and "girlfriend", and for good reason. Patti LaBelle has many friends. Her fans are the dedicated music listeners who appreciate a cathartic experience on record and onstage. They recognize in her a human, genuine voice and a power long unappreciated by mass audiences. For this, LaBelle is grateful.

"It's been a long year," she emotes with a sign. It certainly has been: LaBelle, at 40, was dropped by CBC Records after 6 "unplaceable" solo records that kept shifting between the Pop and R&B bins. It was also the year "I'm In Love Again" topped the latter; the year this former lead of the Bluebells embarked on her most ambitious coast to coast tour; the year this former lead of LaBelle made Broadway, and the year she didn't get her Grammy.

"I guess I should be angry about not getting the Grammy nomination. I am angry," explains LaBelle during a command performance at New York's Gershwin Theatre. "But CBS wouldn't get behind me and

push."

The label figured the point was moot—LaBelle had recently signed with MCA, where the songstress feels she will get "special" treatment. "I want to be like Streisand, Olivia Newton John, a pop singer. Not a black singer!"

"I thought 'I'm In Love Again' was my best shot for the Grammy," she reiterates, looking ahead positively. Last year her one-shot in the Oscar nominated "A Soldier's Story" gained a new audience—those who hadn't seen or heard from Patti LaBelle since "Lady Marmalade" became a standard.

Now? "New Attitude," off of the latest Eddie Murphy flick track, is jumping up the charts. "Although," she adds with a shrug, "that's not my idea of the music I'd like to make." As she is the Executive Producer of a new project, LaBelle can choose who produces, who writes, who composes...

"But not the trendy ones, thank you." Grinning, she recalls the "hip" successes of Chaka, Tina, Madonna. "Well, look at how

much Nile Rodgers has done for Madonna.

On the road with "Look To The Rain" tour—second time around—LaBelle forward to showering her fans with v. "The people who come to my shows, the all family. It's always intimate," she says "no matter where I am."

Heidi Bohay Makes It Pay Off

At age 25, *Hotel's* Heidi Bohay realizes benefits of good coverage. Hardly a goes by without the blonde desk-clerk St. Gregory discussing her wiles with media.

Except Bohay genuinely feels that dom hasn't effected me in the least. I s home [to New Jersey] to spend time with family. They've been very supportive, needed that."

The need is evident, for Bohay has t ed rather quickly from commercials to b *Happy Days* and then, at the ripe age o chance for the female lead on *Boone*.

"I was biting my nails for that part— between me and a good friend of mine— denly they called. She had the part!" later her agent said *Hotel* might bite forlorn Bohay visited the set. "W heard of a major call on Saturday?"

On Tuesday, however, she was told y guess all the talk about 'one door cl another one opening' is real. Look how *Boone* was on!" Meanwhile, as fate *Hotel* has stayed in the Top 10 area. some other things, like gamme show guest shots on prime time, but I won't *Hotel!*"

She says an exceptional taping enfor dedication: "Bette Davis was on. She c me and my 'husband' in bed at the hote way she played that scene was inspirin

Bohay recently picked up a house c L.A. while taping \$25,000 *Pyramid* spot on *Finder of Loves* (and resting b seasons of *Hotel*). She calls the house that big, three bedrooms, a huge kitc Chuckling, this accomplished T.V. gra mits: "I got my father to come do a work!"

Bohay has gained attention for an tional kinship with her handicapped "My relationship with Tammy is spe she says—for two reasons: It's taug humility and also, "I say her given so drugs as a kid that she hallucinated." witnessed "such abuse" that today never enter her life.

In the wake of Lauren Tewes' tell-all *Guide* (where the former *Love Bo detailed a cocaine addiction) Bohay "That's one way of life I can live wi That [Tewes] story is a real, true sham*

Instead she collects profitable expe and reaps benefits of a formidable head "Someone saw me on *Pyramid*, a wanted me to play lead in a play in nesota." Boy did she want to. "*H priority. I'll have immediate*"

Definitely.

Columnist Richard Laermer's colum appears in this area for the first time issue.



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DOING AMERICA WITH BOB DAMRON

Damron does Denver

"When it's springtime in the Rockies" is as good a time as any to visit Denver, that great and fast growing metropolis in the mountains. Denver is known as the Mile High City and offers a natural high you won't be coming down from for awhile.

The Triangle, a leather and levi cruise bar at 2036 Broadway, is nationally known and nearly always packed. Another cruisy place where a lot of western, leather and uniform guys hang out is Mike's at 117 Broadway. The Den at 5110 W. Colfax has been there forever, and so have some of their customers. Two new bars are Mr. Bill's, at 1027 Broadway, and the Denver Detour at 551 E. Colfax. The Starlight Lounge, which can best be described as a combat zone, may be closing soon, which won't bother anyone except the hustlers who hang out there. Garbo's is a cabaret, and Oscar Wilde's gets a friendly neighborhood crowd.

Two of Denver's busiest discos are located in a remote section of railroad yards and warehouses. The Foxhole at 2936 Fox Street gets some hunks and has a large patio. Just across the street is Tracks. Both are wall to wall with people, especially weekends, but Tracks gets more of a mixed crowd. To get to them, take the 20th Street viaduct northwest from downtown, turn right at the first signal, then follow the crowd around for a couple of blocks.

David's Disco, at 314 E. 13th Street, has made a strong comeback and now gets the good looking macho preppies. Country and western fans flock to Charlie's at 7900 E. Colfax. Denver ladies like Lipps at 6300 W. Colfax or the older Three Sisters, locally

referred to as the "six tits" at 3358 Mariposa. The Cherry Creek Mining Company features shows and is best on Wednesdays. The Grove is the place for twinkies. Most Denver bars are open until 2:00 A.M., but by some strange quirk, close at midnight on Sundays.

B.J.'s Carousel at 1380 South Broadway is practically an institution. It is good afternoons and has a cruisy cocktail hour. Dinners are fair to very good. The Den also features a good brunch, and a very promising looking new restaurant is the Warm Weather at Alameda and Bancroft. For breakfast or snacks try the Broadway Cafe, Denver Sandwich Company or the Kitchen. Denver has some real good straight restaurants including the Apple Tree Shanty, Buckhorne Exchange, Cafe Promenade, Chad's, Colorado Mining Company, Dudley's, H. Brinker's, Little Pepina's, Lutz's, Marina Landing, Simm's Landing and The Fort. If you're into credit cards and dressing up, try the Chateau Pyrenees, Le Profil, Palace Arms, the Quorum, or the Broker.

One of America's most popular and innovative baths is the Ball Park at 107 S. Broadway. Use the rear entrance and be sure and discover the caverns beyond the waterfall. The Empire Baths at 6923 E. Colfax has recently gone through a much needed renovation, and the Midtowne Spa at 2935 Zuni has a loyal following. The bar scene is so spread out in Denver that it is difficult to pick a convenient place to stay. On my last visit I stayed at the Holiday Inn-Colorado Blvd. and found that about as convenient as anyplace.

For leather, erotica, etc., try Mr. S at 143 Broadway. There are several bookstores and

all male theatres such as the After Dark and Empress Theatre. For more details, get a copy of the forthcoming Address Book '86, or pick up *The Guide*, Denver's classy local publication. Also available at some bars are *The Directory* and *Out Front*. The area around the State Capitol is known as "Sodomy Circle" and used to be a great cruising area; however, it got so hot that it became sure suicide and has been mostly abandoned now.

Denver started out as a gold mining boom town and now has a metropolitan population of one and a half million. Today's dramatic glass and steel towers bear little resemblance to the old days, and you might expect to encounter Joan Collins, Linda Evans, John Forsythe or one of *Dynasty's* other stars just around the corner. If you are visiting for the first time you may want to see cruisy Cheesman Park, the State Capitol, U.S. Mint, Air Force Academy, Larimer Square, Molly Brown's House, the Royal Gorge, or the Rocky Mountains and Pike's Peak ski areas. One of the songs from the show *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* was "Beautiful People of Denver". Believe me, they are there. When will you be?

For more detailed information on Denver or almost anyplace you can imagine, keep your eye peeled for the new **BOB DAMRON ADDRESS BOOK '86** at your favorite bar, bath or book store. Or send \$14 (includes shipping and postage) to Bob Damron Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 14-077, San Francisco, CA 94114. A mere \$22 will get you the infamous *Spartacus International Guide* for information on foreign climes.

JANIS LESLEY

For some time now, I've harbored the growing conviction that—while we as gay people may make gains in the arenas of politics and law—until we are able to gain respect and acceptance in the world of religion, we will remain a threatened and isolated people. By religion I mean primarily Christendom, although the world's other two monotheistic faiths, Judaism and Islam, certainly hold their own in the perpetration of homophobia. But it takes no special genius to figure out that in America and the Western world, the people most threatened by the prospect of gay people gaining their human rights seem to be those who will in their next breath claim to be disciples of the man they call Liberator of all people.

Seventeen years ago a Pentecostal minister who'd lost his collar over the discovery that he was a homosexual decided to buck centuries of church tradition and affirm, loudly and proudly, that "the Lord is my shepherd and He knows I'm gay". From a handful of believers in Troy Perry's living room to a

"We are here to stay,
and we're not going away."

Rev. Elder Troy Perry

worldwide organization, the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches has become living proof that it's possible for people of all Christian creeds, whatever their sexual orientation, to unite in a community of faith.

Until now the message has been spread primarily through the printed word and the "straight" broadcast media—local news and public affairs programs and nationwide talk shows like *Donahue*. But with **God, Gays and the Gospel: This Is Our Story**, UFMCC's ambitious television documentary, the story of Troy Perry and the 30,000 gay Christians who've followed him is told from "our side".

The show premieres in Arlington at the

Hilton May 10th, in a fundraising effort to buy air time in the nation's fifteen top TV markets, with a potential of 100 million viewers. It's virtually the only way the program can reach a nationwide audience, since the major networks (including PBS) apparently didn't want to risk scheduling it. (I guess if you were a network exec with a bunch of so-called "born-again" types threatening a massive stock buyout if you didn't hew to their political line, you might get cold feet too.)

Of course, the Reverend Elder Perry is the star of the show—fittingly, since he's served as the Apostle to the Gays since founding MCC in 1968. Newsfilm of the parades, protests, and Perry's fasts traces the turbulent early years of the churches, which feel victim to vandalism and arson over a dozen times. (Don't think that's past, either—within the last couple of years the MCC church in Jacksonville, Florida, was fire-bombed. Sometimes lions wear Christian suits.) From there the program showcases all of UFMCC's

various ministries—such as pastoral care for AIDS victims, the missionary efforts of World Church Extension (did you know that there are primarily-straight MCC congregations in Nigeria?), the prison ministry, and the efforts to become part of the National Council of Churches. The theme throughout is God's love for all people expressed through Christian social action, fostering a sense of community, and the preaching of the Good News.

"G, G & G" might be just another denominational PR film, if it weren't for the presence of people like Edith Perry, Troy's mother...the testimony of a gay Cuban refugee resettled in the U.S. during MCC's Cuban Relief project in 1980...the Rev.

June Norris, a heterosexual MCC minister...and Perry himself, reading a letter from the father of a gay man who committed suicide in response to the father's rejection. In fact it's Perry's powerful oratory juxtaposed with the quiet witness of these gay believers that makes the program come alive. "Too many religious bodies major in minors", Perry shouts. And on AIDS—"I don't believe in a theology of the common cold," answering the AIDS-is-God's-curse school. "We are here to stay, and we're not going away," he intones; "we are legitimized by the calling of the Holy Spirit who formed this church." Nail that to the door of Thomas Road Baptist Church.

Even for those who don't profess the

Christian faith, the presence and work of MCC is powerful witness that gay people don't have to settle for second-best or for the down-side of life. It's time the rest of America heard this message clearly and unequivocally. Whatever your religious beliefs—even if you have none—I urge you to support the effort to get **God, Gays and the Gospel** on the air. It may be just the antidote we need for the killer virus of hate. As the Bible says in the Book of Esther—"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Send tax-deductible contributions to Rev. Elder Troy Perry, UFMCC Media Fund, 5300 Santa Monica Blvd., #304, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

ZODIOSCOPE

Response was so great when Bunny's column featured the year-long lovescope for those of you born with Venus in Aries, that we've decided to give those of you with Venus in Taurus a little rundown on what's coming up for you in the romance department for the remainder of '85.

Check the listing below to discover whether Venus was in Taurus in your birthyear.

1930: 4/06-4/30	1931: 5/21-6/14
1932: 3/09-4/04	1933: 4/21-5/14
1934: 6/02-6/27	1935: 3/22-4/15
1936: 5/05-5/29	1937: 3/10-4/13
1937: 6/04-7/07	1938: 4/06-4/29
1939: 5/21-6/13	1940: 3/09-4/04

1941: 4/20-5/14
1943: 3/22-4/15
1945: 3/11-4/07
1946: 4/05-4/28
1948: 3/08-4/04
1950: 6/02-6/26
1952: 5/04-4/28
1953: 6/05-7/06
1955: 5/20-6/12
1957: 4/19-5/12
1959: 3/21-4/14
1961: 6/06-7/06
1963: 5/19-6/12
1965: 4/19-5/12

1942: 6/02-6/27
1944: 5/05-5/28
1945: 6/05-7/07
1947: 5/20-6/13
1949: 4/20-5/13
1951: 3/21-4/14
1953: 3/15-3/30
1954: 4/04-4/28
1956: 3/08-4/03
1958: 6/01-6/26
1960: 5/04-5/27
1962: 4/04-4/27
1964: 3/08-4/03
1966: 6/01-6/25

It takes the energy of the Sun to write a

great symphony; but it's Venus that brings tears to our eyes as the melodies touch the Love in our hearts. She's a little lazy, a bit self-indulgent, and as romantic as candy hearts. The gift she carries is Serenity; call her the tranquilizer of the Zodiac. Are things getting too chaotic and upsetting for you? Feeding your Venus brings instant relief. Depriving her of what she needs most is a certain guarantee of depression. She's a delicate little thing, really, so feed her on a diet prescribed by her sign, and color her—Truly Lovely!

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE METRO TIMES
ON YOUR 5TH ANNIVERSARY
BEST WISHES WITH YOUR
NEW EXPANDED LOOK

THE STAFF AND MANAGEMENT OF



THIS WEEK IN TEXAS



Taurus is here to teach you Serenity, and Venus in this placement is home to stay. Taking sensuality to ever new heights, she loves to touch. Even if your Venus is retrograde and you feel a little awkward about reaching out to those you love, you still love the feel of cashmere against your skin. Music is here to quiet the chatterbox inside your head, and that's right up the Bull's alley. This is no bull on the rampage, though. Remember Ferdinand, who wanted nothing more than to lie under a tree and smell the pretty flowers? Now you've got the idea. Bring on the creature comforts, please. Good food, furniture that cuddles you, luxury, music and money—all nutritious offerings for the Taurian love goddess. A word of warning, though. Get too caught up in amassing all the material security you long for, or sink too deeply into that blessed tranquility, and you'll miss the point and quite possibly bore yourself (and everyone else?) into a coma. But there's hardly a more romantic soul under the sun, and lavishing all these comforts on someone else, out of love, can send you both on a wonderfully exciting adventure in gracious loving.

With both Saturn and Pluto opposing your

Venus by sign, you're probably going to experience some testing in the area of personal relationships. Since your Venus at birth was in a fixed sign, it is especially challenging for you to dramatically alter or release those persons in your life who are not fulfilling their part. 1985 might require you to do that very thing. Those of you with Venus in the earliest degrees of Taurus in the earliest degrees of Taurus will be most affected by this influence which continued throughout the entire year.

The transit of Saturn, the planet associated with the testing of various areas of your life, opposed Venus in Taurus throughout 1985 as well. For those of you who are currently involved in a relationship, 1985 may reveal the real depth of this commitment. In all cases, some degree of compromise will be required between your partner's wishes and your own.

New relationships formed this year may meet with some delay, or outside factors may inhibit the growth of the Union. Many of you will experience the reappearance of persons from the past who may affect your life in a positive way.

Age differences may be a common factor in relationships formed throughout the year, and it seems you are either teaching or learn-

ing something about affection and romantic expression in 1985.

The opportunity for less stressful and more personally satisfying unions begins as Jupiter enters Pisces and forms a sextile (60-degree angle) to Taurus. The cycle, which lasts about a year, begins the last week in February 1986, and continues until March 1987.

In matters of love, 1985 is a year of learning and testing. Allow your feelings to unfold at their own pace, guarded by patience, compromise and forgiveness, and be prepared to relinquish unproductive unions to make room for new ones which can enrich your life with a new sense of optimism and hope.

NOTE: Astrological symbols are neither good nor bad, and each planet is subject to a number of influences in addition to its Sign—house placement, aspects, transits, etc., are all important, for no two birth charts are the same exactly. For a detailed examination of what's ahead for *you*, it is necessary to study the complete chart. You'll need to know where you were born, the exact date and time of your birth. For a detailed examination of any relationship, a Comparison/Composite study is most helpful.

METRO MISCELLANEY

Last call!

That's right; it's last call for the incredible and delightful *Les Ballets Trockadero de*

Monte Carlo, and those of you who waited to the last minute to send in your postcards will have to read it and weep, because you're go-

ing to have to pay to get to see this most delightful group of performers. And, as we've stressed before, you don't have to be



"WONDERFULLY COMIC."

—Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times

"THE FUNNIEST MOVIE I'VE SEEN IN AGES!"

—Rex Reed, New York Post

"SATIRE THIS SMART IS A RARE COMMODITY, AND THERE IS MUCH DELIGHT TO BE HAD."

—David Ansen, Newsweek

"A RIPPING FARCE."

—David Edelstein, Village Voice

★★★★★

"IF THERE'S ANY JUSTICE 'A PRIVATE FUNCTION' SHOULD BE A PUBLIC SMASH!"

—Harry Haun, New York Daily News

OPENS MAY 10

CALL THEATRE FOR SHOWTIMES

INWOOD
THEATER

Lovers Lane
at Inwood
352-6040

hooked on ballet (we're certainly now!) to enjoy this show. Which we certainly did.

For those of you who neglected to read the ad, it's Thursday, May 9, at SMU's McFarlin Auditorium, and we hope you can find from \$10 to \$17 to join those privileged few who got in free, because it's worth every cent and is probably just the tonic this tired old editor needs after a rough week and weekend.

Just for the record, the rough weekend was in putting together a paper vastly larger than we're used to, and what we're used to takes up most of a weekend. This one nearly killed us, and we did it all for you, because we made less profit on the bigger paper than on the smaller one. Trust us.

Be sure to let us know your feelings about the new format.

And if you see us at the Trock show, be sure to say hello. We'll be the one in the navy blazer and boutonniere, stretched out on the floor in a state of collapse.

Well, our face is surely red. Seems we set up the ad for the **Wild Crowd Saloon** last issue and somehow managed to schedule their steak-out for a wrong day. The *correct* day to bring your steak over and make your tummy go yummy is either Sunday or Wednesday—better still, why not both! We know that **Bill "Mae" Clark will be right proud to see you. And on Sundays you can just hang around to take in their regular show with the immortal (temptation struck us, but we want to live) Sabra Garth, regulars and guests. It lives up to its name on occasion, which is when we**

really appreciate it.

Now, some tidbits: You may not have known it, but there's a group called the **Dallas Gay Black Coalition which meets at the Dallas Gay Community Center** every Sunday at 4 p.m. They also indicated that they need entertainers of all types for their Junetenth (we always thought it was spelled with another "e", but they ought to know) festivities. They're also offering a raffle for the DGA, with tickets available at **Crossroads Market, Oak Lawn Records, Club Body Center** (formerly Club Baths), and at the Dallas Gay Community Center, of course, for a mere \$1 each.

If you're a gay man or lesbian who is into journalism, you may want to act fact to attend the **1985 Gay/Lesbian Press Association** fifth national convention May 17-19 in New York City. Write to R. J. Curry at P.O. Box 7809, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

We'd have attended, but we've another paper to get out that weekend, darn it. And that's also the **Experience Weekend**.

And another goody: May 17-19 is the week that the folks from the **Hidden Door** (home of the famous blue light specials) invite you to chip in \$75 to cover bus, a room for four, a few meals and some cocktail parties, to scurry down to Corpus Christi for the first anniversary of the **Other Door** and the fourth anniversary of the **Hidden Door-Corpus**. Pray tell, dear friend, what are you waiting for? Dash over this minute and register. We've been there before, which explains why

we're disappointed not be be able to go this year.

A reminder from last week: Get your tickets early for the performance June 2 of *Cage aux Folles*, benefiting the **Oak Lawn Counseling Center**. Call the OLCC 351-1502 to hold your seats (yes, we know how that might sound, but if you think so you've got a dirty mind...so have we).

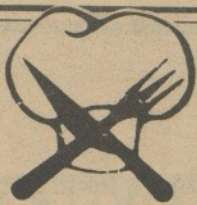
If you were watching Friday for the show *Silent Pioneers* that we told you about, which was set for PBS and Channel 13, it's one of those shows they're rescheduling—for Gay Pride Week, by plan or coincidence.

Razzle Dazzle Dallas, dear me word says, is set for Saturday, June 29 at the Dallas Convention Center. It's always good and fun, and we hope this time we can spend more time enjoying the festivities.

Meanwhile, the **Dallas Tavern Guild** is busily raising funds for Gay Pride Week and the OLCC. One fundraiser last week was the infamous Barowner's Drag Show at the **Oak Plantation**, and the **Mr. Dallas Tavern Guild** competition is set for May 19 at **Club Delmar** at 10 p.m. Hey, honey, wanna be a star?

Softball, anyone? The annual 4th of July Tournament in Atlanta, Georgia, wants you. If you can't guess the date, we'll not tell you, but you can get in touch with the people responsible by writing Armory Classic 2, 330 5th Street, N.E., Suite 3, Atlanta, GA 30308 or calling (404) 873-4332.

And you sports-minded people should note that there's the 5th annual U.S. Gay Oper-



THE OTHER PLACE

BAR AND GRILL

200A VACEK FORT WORTH, TEXAS
335-1901

SUNDAY — 2 P.M. — Free Buffet & Beer Bust
9-11 P.M. Free Beer

11 P.M.—Lynn Christopher Amateur Show

MONDAY — Free Beer Bust — 9 P.M.

TUESDAY — Free Beer Bust — 9 P.M.
with 50¢ schnapps

WEDNESDAY — May 8th - 11 P.M.

The Willma Faye Show
with special guest—Crystal of Dallas

THURSDAY — 10¢ Drink Night
with Brittany Coe & Male Dancers

FRIDAY & SATURDAY — \$1 Nights
\$1 Can or Bottle Beer — \$1 Well Drinks
50¢ Draw Beer 50¢ Schnapps

DJ—SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK
MISS DON TAYLOR

Spring is sprung SPEEDO TIME

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duds inc.

6387-G Camp Bowie Blvd.
Fort Worth, Texas

**Mention this ad for
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Everything
cool for
SUMMER



National Tennis Tournament at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park May 25-27. First come, first served as 64 entrants are accepted into the open singles and 32 into the 40-and-over singles. Finals will be played May 27. Local members of the **Gay Tennis Federation** will provide housing for visiting players. A \$35 entry fee includes a Sunday night party so you'll be too hung over to play in the finals, but losers can drown their sorrows. Call John Teamer at (415) 863-0925 if you want to throw your hat into the ring, then start your practicing on jumping nets....

Lesbians, take note that another special in-

terest group of the Dallas Gay Alliance, **Women Together**, now meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month. Attendance at the first meeting, we understand, was excellent. Meeting time is 7:30 P.M., and information is available from DGA at 528-4233.

Another benefit for OLCC will be a parking lot sale behind the 4001 on Saturday, May 11. Check out some choice merchandise and spend a few bucks on a worthy cause.

The moment we've all been dreading: The DGA folks will be throwing—are you ready for this?—a Mary Kay party. Yes, Virginia,

they do have a men's line, and everyone who attends the party on Saturday, May 18, at 7 p.m. will get a *free facial*! Isn't that fab? mean, absolutely the most? It's at the Gay Community Center, of course, and pink is the favored color to wear. Part of the proceeds from sales will be donated to DGA.

Isn't it intriguing what lengths these ladies will go to in their quest for a pink Cadillac of their own?

Again, kiddies, your honest opinion: Let us know whether it's a hit or a miss! We love ya no matter what you say.

POPS' PLACE

Hi, children:

Summer's around the corner. Get the shorts out and let's get it to these bars. There's nothing this old man likes to see like those gorgeous legs on you guys.

Say, kids, have you all been over to the 651

CORRECTION

Due to a typesetting error, a wrong day was listed in last issue's ad for the Wild Crowd Saloon's steak-out. The correct days of the steak-out are Sunday and Wednesday.

We regret any inconvenience.

on Friday nights? The flying saucers are flying in the forms of schnapps glasses now. Ask the bartenders on Friday night why the glasses fly.

I hope all of you went to see Dion Martel at the O.P. the other night. She did a terrific show—great entertainer!

Children—this is a warning: Do not carry unmarked bottles of poppers around you, as it will be considered a controlled substance, and you could be arrested and be a guest of the city of Fort Worth until they prove what it is. So just take this as a warning: Do not do it!

TGRA [Texas Gay Rodeo Association] had a benefit at the O.P. on the 21st of April, on a Sunday night. It was a really good show,

and they really did raise good money for a worthwhile cause. If you don't support this organization, kids, get out there and join it.

You know, it's about these super shows that they have on Saturday nights at the Lumber Company, and it's so crowded, and us short people—meaning me and a few others—and these tall people—meaning... some of these giants—these giants get up front and us short people can't see. How about you giants moving back and letting us good-looking short people up front?

Okay, if you've not heard by now, this is the time you're going to hear it: The Gay Pride Picnic will be at Greenway Park. Now children, it is a clean park. If we are correct in our estimations, every year we have doubled

THE WILD CROWD SALOON

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EVERY FRIDAY AT 10:00 P.M. BEGINNING FRIDAY, APRIL 26th

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STEAK-OUT EVERY WEDNESDAY & SUNDAY AT 6:00 P.M.

"YOU BRING THE MEAT — WE DO THE REST"

in the size of our picnics. Forrest Park is no longer an adequate size for us. It is also a hot park. Greenway has baseball diamonds, soccer fields, plenty of room to play inn, and it's just a great place, and you will enjoy it.

If you want to get there, you go north on 35; you exit Belknap, go back under 121, and you turn and it's almost directly in front of you. You can't miss it—it's the only park there.

Okay, kids. Let's make sure now. You remember we only have five weeks left until the gay pride picnic, and it's going to be a blast this year.

It's going to be June 15, and it's going to start at 11 o'clock in the morning. We're going to be taking the gay pride float to the San Antonio parade, and the following week we're going to be in Houston, then September 22 we're going to be in Dallas. So if you can't be in San Antonio and Houston, come over to Dallas that Sunday and holler at us. We might holler back!

The Mr. [Gay] Tarrant County Contest

was on the 24th of April, and the new Mr. [Gay] Tarrant County is Larry Aguillar.

Here's a bit for Lady Carlotta: I hear you do not like salt on your eggs. Next time Phil Spicer bothers you, use a meat cleaver on the bitch!

Billy—you really created a row at the O.P. Next time throw egg—raw ones, that is.

I hear that Willie Wayne is still on his honeymoon—my, what a long honeymoon.

Here's something else for some of you who feel irritated when you come to some of the bars and they ask for your ID. Children, it is not something to be taken as offensive. Should a bar ever be raided and your ID is not valid, not only could you go to jail but the bar in which you are could be fined dollars, possibly time closed, or loss of their license and could be out of business, so when somebody asks for your ID when you go into a bar, show it—don't gripe, honey; they're protecting you.

Well, I goofed the last issue. I just forgot to tape my social observances of the communi-

ty, and I hope you forgive me for this.

Donnie of the TLC, I just loved the shorts you had on last Saturday night at 651, honey; you just fill 'em out so cute!

And this is to those who went to Lexington, Kentucky: We heard there were li golden Morgans and little Morgan gold running around after you came back fr Lexington. I heard it was great. Gale told so.

Is it true that Ray from Irving and Jar running bells at the O.P.?

Now let's get on a more serious side: ads must be in for the Coronation book they must be in by July 1; none will be tal after this date, and I've got this from horse's mouth.

Children: Raina Lea, after she steps do in July, the third Saturday night, at the n Holiday Inn on 35 South in Fort Worth, s will be moving to Denver. Good lu Denver!

Deadline is May 15 for emperor and e press, grand duke and grand duchess appli tions. If you need an application, you can Larry Lucas or any member of the coun including myself.

Now let's talk about Gay Pride Week. F day night of Gay Pride Week will be Mr. a Ms. Gay Pride at the O.P., probably arou 10. Saturday is a bar hop; we will have church bus to hop from one bar to anoth Sunday, at the Agapé MCC church, there v be special church services and a light lun afterwards. Monday night is bowling. Tu day night is the Center for the Communi we'll be having a dinner, and there will some shindigs at the Tender Trap. Wednesd night is Corral night. Thursday night is D night. Friday night will be the colossal Sou Jennings Crossroads night, and Saturda beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, is t gay pride picnic.

Now children, I want you all to come out to the next council meeting, which will the third Sunday at 2 p.m. at the O.P. I very imperative that you attend your coun and court meetings.

Okay, children? Now back to a little bit coronation time: The Presentation Ball w be May 19. Also on May 19 are the interview for the candidates for grand duke and gran duchess and for emperor and empress. A don't forget Saturday, June 1, behin

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ROGER'S
MID-MORNING MADNESS
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WILLIE WAYNE works hump days



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Rev. Jo Crisco, Pastor

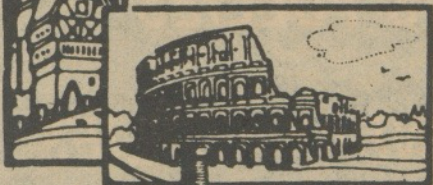
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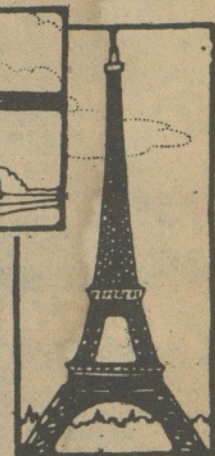
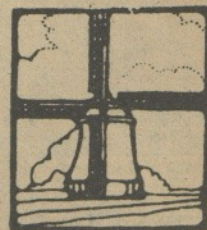
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NEXT TO THE NUT SHELL



Rare Brazilian Wood Gift Items

• Meat Boards • Serving Trays
• Bread Dishes • And Much More!!

Thames Cleaners, there will be a big garage type sale. It will have booths and everything; there will be some food. Bring your money, bring your time, and get your butts over there, honey. I love all of you.

Watch for an upcoming benefit for the new National Lambda. It has all new officers, and they are working and striving to the original concept that they began several years ago with, and that is building a gay retirement community center—not a house, a center for us to retire in when we get old. I mean, child, I don't intend to get old very soon, and I'm not going to use it that soon, but you people out there may have to use it before I do.

Children, now keep on your calendars June 2, that's June 2 in Dallas. *La Cage aux Folles* is on the road, and we'll be there and if you

The new Mr. Gay Tarrant County, Larry Aguillar (center) poses with first runner-up Michael Sheen (left) and second runner-up "Mother Michial". Photo by the intrepid Lisa Ray.

have not seen it or heard it or heard any of the music, it is wonderful, and I would love to see all of you there. So let's keep June 2 open.

Also, chickies, let's keep an eye out for the annual upcoming High Heel race. I've heard some of the details of what's going on, and believe me, children, when I say it is going to be a bigger, better time, it will be, because it's going to be a heck of a lot of fun.

Also upcoming at the O.P., watch out for the Great Balloon Race.

I just talked to Lynn Christopher and a few others that went to Abilene, and they told me that the show they did there was a terrible bomb—not on their part, but on the inhospitable people in Abilene. Now I think this is rude. When you people come from Abilene, we show you a very good courtesy, and when we go up there, I think we deserve the same.

By the way, children, when you see Lynn Christopher, ask her if she's glued her coffee table back together again.

That's all for this week—
Bye-bye!



Darlene (left) and Josie of DJ's, who recently were honored on the occasion of their anniversary.



CLASSIFIEDS

DALLAS-FT. WORTH METROPLEX: Forming Full Gospel/Word Church for Gays. Send name/address/phone—questionnaire will follow. Response CONFIDENTIAL! Write: NEW COVENANT, PO Bx 10272, Dallas 75207, then give this to someone.

HELP WANTED: Part-time or full-time yard work and some maintenance. Other trades or skills valuable. Also part-time or full-time remodeling tradesperson. Carpentry, roofing, painting, plumbing, carpet laying, etc. Call Andrew at 233-3100.

HELP WANTED: Responsible adults willing to work in a relaxed, informal situation. Flexible hours. Call 821-1990 and mention this ad.

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TRAVELLING? Let Bob Damron's popular Address Book point the way. Pick up a copy at Lobo Book Shop, Community Bookstore, or send \$14 to Bob Damron Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 14-077, San Francisco, CA 94114.

STRONG? PROVE IT! Meet you in the gym at Midtowne Spa Wednesday night. Ivon.

MEN WANTED for job openings. Start work now. For an interview call Rudy between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M. at 821-8989.

ESCORTS, MODELS, MASSEURS—YOU WON'T NEED THEM. Come to Midtowne Spa for a friendly, clean and unhurried atmosphere. 24 hours. 7 days/week.

METRO TIMES ADS WORK!

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For a tire change, overhaul or just for routine preventive maintenance it's Oaklawn Garage when you want the job done right.

OAKLAWN GARAGE

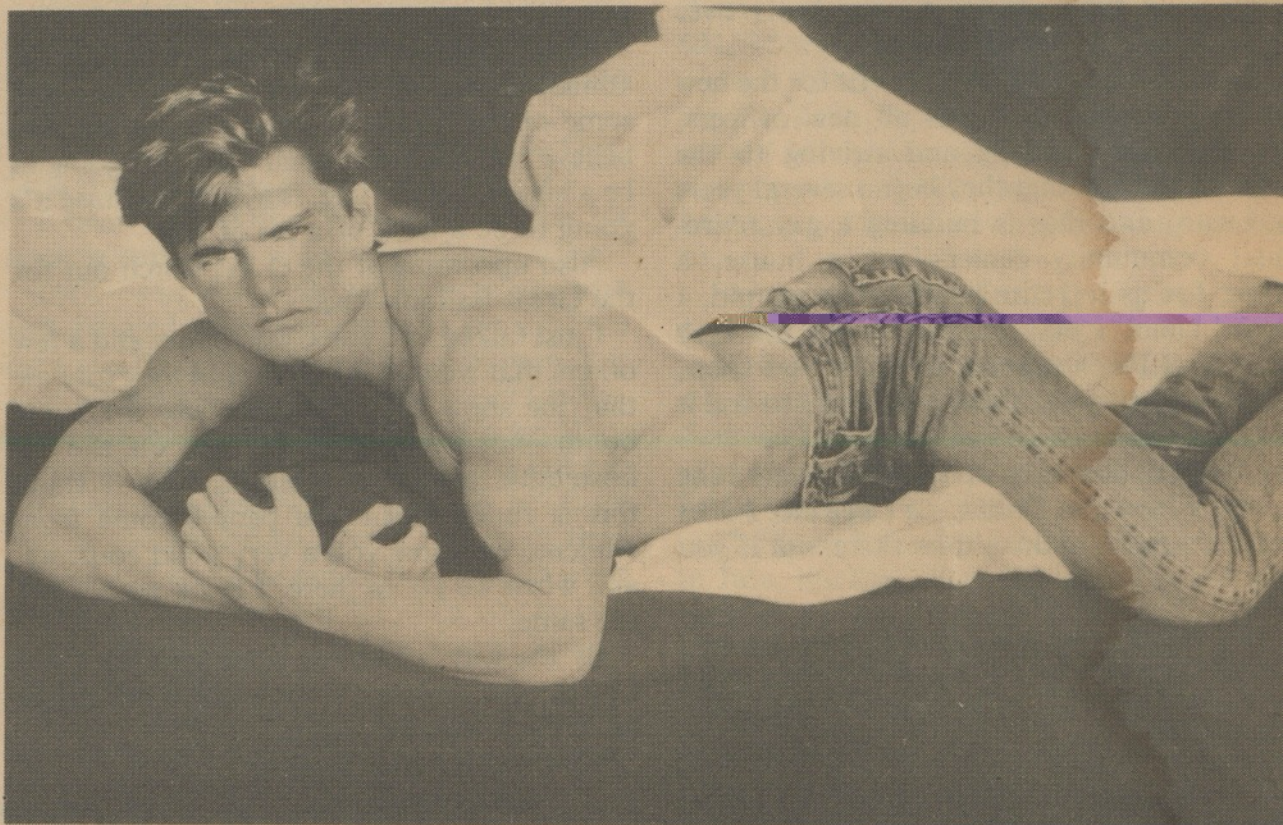
4402 West University

Phone 351-3058

One block off Lemmon Avenue opposite Love Field



"What is that on the ceiling?" We think this just might be Autumn Leaves, possibly hitting a high note. Another one from the lens of Lisa Ray.



Shawn Michael, the star of Philip St. John's *Getting It*, an "all-male cast action film" that looked interesting based on this picture alone. Ahem.

FORT WORTH MISCELLANEY

Well, at first glance it looks like *Fort Worth Miscellaney* should be renamed *Fort*

Worth Mutilation this week, since we don't like to repeat ourselves more than a few dozen times, and **Pops** beat us to the draw with most of the news from Cowtown this time around. Be sure to check out his column, which is much better this week because he dictated it into a tape recorder and, while it took longer, it was worth it. Let us know if you agree.

We did sneak a couple of good ones past him, however. One is the **Mr. Cowboy** and **Ms. Cowgirl** competition to take place at the **Lumber Company** May 14. Even as we speak my wig is at the dry cleaners for an estimate.

The following night, join Fort Worth for the Annual Birthday Party for the legendary **Big Mama**—taking place, nobody should be surprised, at the **Other Place**. That's May 15, gang. And let us tell you that there's a lot more to Big Mama than meets the eye, as we had occasion to observe the other day. We wish you many happy returns, darlin'.

Catch **Lindsey Love**, a former Miss Gay Fort Worth and former Miss Gay Texas and a few dozen other titles too numerous to list in our limited space, on May 17 at the glitzy new **Copper Rail**.

And this Saturday, May 11, the one and—ahem!—only **Donna Day** brings no bad news but a fantastic performance to the **Lumber Company's** stage. Can you dig it? She's just pure dee class.

And for you meat lovers, Sunday's the night to catch male strippers at the **Copper Rail**, while there are male dancers at the **TLC** Wednesdays and Fridays and at the **Other Place** every Thursday.

One day soon your old publisher is going to have to give the men of Fort Worth just one

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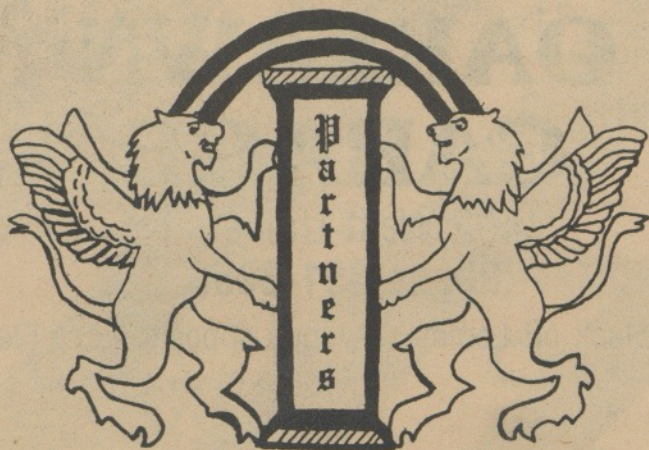
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Coming soon
BENEFIT SHOWS

Let us know
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75¢ Schnapps
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\$1.00 Bottle Beer
(DAYTIME SPECIALS ONLY)



more chance. After all, we were graciously escorted between two bars a short two blocks apart, so it would seem someone would take us back to our lonely motel room (you guys are sure death on subtle hints) so we don't get mugged on the way.

Anyway, look for even more Fort Worth coverage in the new *Metro Times*. For all intents and purposes, we discovered Fort Worth (if you don't understand, we'll gladly explain). And we intend to keep on treating you right!

Until next time.

Metro Times is published once every two weeks and distributed free of charge at selected locations throughout the Dallas-Tarrant County area.

The appearance of the name or likeness of any person or organization in this publication should not be considered indicative of the sexual orientation of such person or members of such organization.

Except by previous written agreement, all letters, photos, and/or other material received by *Metro Times* shall be considered as submitted for publication with the writer's name and without payment. *Metro Times* assumes no liability for lost submissions and cannot return submissions.

Opinions expressed are those of the individual writer and may not reflect the opinions of the publisher.

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METRO TIMES

P.O. Box 225915

Dallas, Texas 75265

Phone 698-3434 or 528-9944

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Fort Worth Bureau Chief: Lisa Ray

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Other Place, 200 N. Vacek 335-1901

Partners, 1612 Park Place 927-9546

651 Club, 651 S. Jennings 332-0745

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TLC (the Lumber Company), 700 S. Jennings

..... 332-0192

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Midtown, 521 N. Main 823-8890

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American Answering Service 522-1711

Crossroads Market,

3930 Cedar Springs 521-8919

Duds, 6387-G Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth

..... 521-2002

Friday's Florist, 4319 Lemmon 521-2002

Half the Sky, Box 14345, Dallas 75214

Law Office Oak Lawn, 3210 Oak Lawn 526-9699

Lobo Book Shop, 4008-C Cedar Springs 522-1132

Metro Times, Box 225915, Dallas 75265

..... 698-3434 or 528-9944

Oak Lawn Exterminating 528-9597

Oaklawn Garage, 4402 University 351-3058

SeraFlorist, 2640 N. Fitzhugh 826-3503

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SHOWBAR

**FORT WORTH
FOLLIES SHOW**

SHOW TIME: 11 PM

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THE TALENTS OF:
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ACROSS FROM PANTHER HALL

THE FINEST IN

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NEW WAVE FOR THE 80's

WISHING ALL YOU MOTHERS

A HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

JOIN US FOR OUR MALE STRIPPERS

MANAGER TERRY THOMAS IS PROUD TO PRESENT
THE COPPER RAIL CALENDAR

**HAPPY HOUR DAILY
NOON 'TIL 8
1/2 PRICE DRINKS**

**COMING MAY 26TH
MISS COPPER RAIL**



**MAY 17th
LINSEY LOVE**

MOTHER'S DAY

SUNDAY

**MALE STRIPPER
CONTEST**

**\$1 BEER BUST
MEN MEN MEN**

MONDAY

50¢ SCHNAPPS

50¢ DRAW

TUESDAY

DEVAN JEZEL

**AMATEUR NIGHT
W/CASH PRIZE**

WEDNESDAY

\$1 WELL

\$1 BEER

THURSDAY

NOSTALGIA NIGHT

\$2 BEER BUST

**ALL NIGHT
NO COVER**

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