

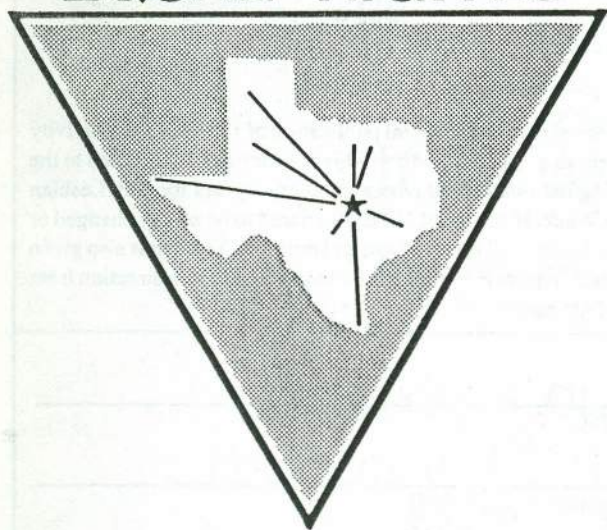
Montrose Activity Center NEWSLETTER

February

1989

The Montrose Activity Center is a non profit 501c3 organization whose purpose is to increase understanding of social, racial and sexual minorities, and to encourage acceptance and tolerance of alternative lifestyles so that, together, the citizens of the City of Houston and the State of Texas may work in the spirit of peaceful cooperation to build a better society. The organization acts as an umbrella to other organizations such as Lesbian/Gay Pride Week and the Names Project Houston. MAC, PO Box 66684, Houston, TX 77266-6684.

MARCH ON AUSTIN FOR LESBIAN/GAY EQUAL RIGHTS



APRIL 30, 1989

March on Austin
Box 2395, Austin, TX 78768 512-474-5475
or Bruce Reeves, 961-2905

The Spirit of the March on Washing is Coming Home to Texas

Share the Excitement of this Historic Event

The following is a partial list of the March Goals:

Adoption of laws to provide for protection of the equal civil rights of gay and lesbian people and specific laws banning discrimination based on sexual orientation.

Legal recognition of lesbian and gay relationships, including parental rights and adoption.

Reproductive freedom and the right to control our own bodies.

Repeal of Section 21.06 of the Texas Penal Code which criminalizes lesbian and gay people.

Substantial increases in funding for and easier access to effective AIDS prevention education, funding and expansion for research and a major revision of the Texas health care delivery system, especially for the indigent.

An end to all social, economic, judicial and legal oppression of lesbian and gay people, and people of every race, gender, ability, class, ethnicity, ideology, transgenderal orientation and sexual orientation.

An understanding that the struggles of gay and lesbian people are affected by racism and sexism which oppresses people of color and women. The liberation of lesbian and gay people is intricately linked to the struggle against racism, sexism, and discrimination on the basis of ethnicity. We call for an end to these problems on all levels within the lesbian and gay community, and in the larger society and support the right of self-determination.

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SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS THAT STRAIGHT PEOPLE ASK

BY K. BRUCE

It's bad enough dealing with the self-analysis you go through when you first discover your homosexuality. But empty out the closet, and the horror has only begun. Just outside the door, straight people have their tongues sharpened for your grand inquisition, a terrifying onslaught of stupid questions that will haunt you for the rest of your life.

Sick and tired of felling like a sideshow freak? Perhaps you should put a little punch in your prose. whether you go for the raunchy Bette Midler retort or the cool Noel Coward comeback, here are a few snappy replies to some of the straight world's most celebrated inquires. Don't be homo without them.

Aren't you worried about going to hell.

1. No. I'll get to talk to Joan Crawford.
2. No. I'll get to see what a real flaming queen looks like.
3. I've already been there: I went to Catholic school for ten years.

Why do gay men adore Judy Garland?

1. Those slippers! Those slippers!
2. We appreciate a throat with that kind of vibrato.
3. Because she reminds us of Liza Minnelli.

Why do gay men act and dress flamboyantly?

1. So that nobody will suspect we're straight.
2. In order to encourage teenagers to drive by and yell, "Nice dress!"
3. It helps us pursue careers in hairstyling, interior design or ballet.

When did you first realize you were gay?

1. When my high school football coach told me he'd never had a better tight end.
2. The day Mom showed me where I came from.
3. The moment I realized my girlfriend had a penis.

What would Jesus say?

1. That robe just doesn't go with those sandals!
2. I will rise and come again.
3. Oh, Mary!

Haven't you ever wanted to sleep with a woman?

1. Yes—Barbara Streisand!
2. Yes, but all the good women are lesbians.
3. It would hinge on how long she could fake it.

Don't you want children?

1. Yes, but until they're 18, I'll have to control myself.
2. Nah. I'll rent them when I need them.
3. You must understand—we've tried.

Why do gay men swish?

1. Our center of gravity is all off.
2. Wobbly pumps.
3. Colon discomfort.

Why the limp wrist?

1. Tired hands.

EQUAL RIGHTS PLAN IS REVIVED

A group of 129 members of the House of Representatives reintroduced the proposed equal rights amendment of the Federal Constitution on January 3rd and urged President-elect George Bush to support it.

"The rights of women are being violated all the time," said Representative Don Edwards, a California Democrat who is a sponsor of the legislation. "It is time we extended full equality of rights under the law to all our citizens."

Congress approved the proposed amendment in 1972 but it fell three states short of the 38 states needed to ratify it by the 1982 deadline. It has been reintroduced each year since then.

In part, it says: "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

President Reagan has opposed the amendment, but several lawmakers said they hoped Mr. Bush would offer support, as he did when he was a member of the House from 1967 to 1971.

Supporters of the amendment said it was needed to end economic and legal discrimination against women. Critics contend it would weaken family values and end the protection for women under alimony and child support laws.

MONTROSE ACTIVITY CENTER

Box 66684, Houston, TX 77266-6684

Board Members:

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Jack Valinski (Vice President)
Brian Keever (secretary)
Annise Parker (treasurer)
Deborah Bell
Jim Crary
Ray Hill
Bruce Reeves
Joe Watts

This newsletter is an official publication of the Montrose Activity Center. Jack Valinski, editor. This newsletter is distributed to the mailing list established over a number of years for Gay/Lesbian Pride Week. If you would like your name to be added, changed or deleted please fill out the form and return it. This list is also given out upon request to organizations requesting it with direction from the MAC board.

Name

Organization (or not)

Address

City

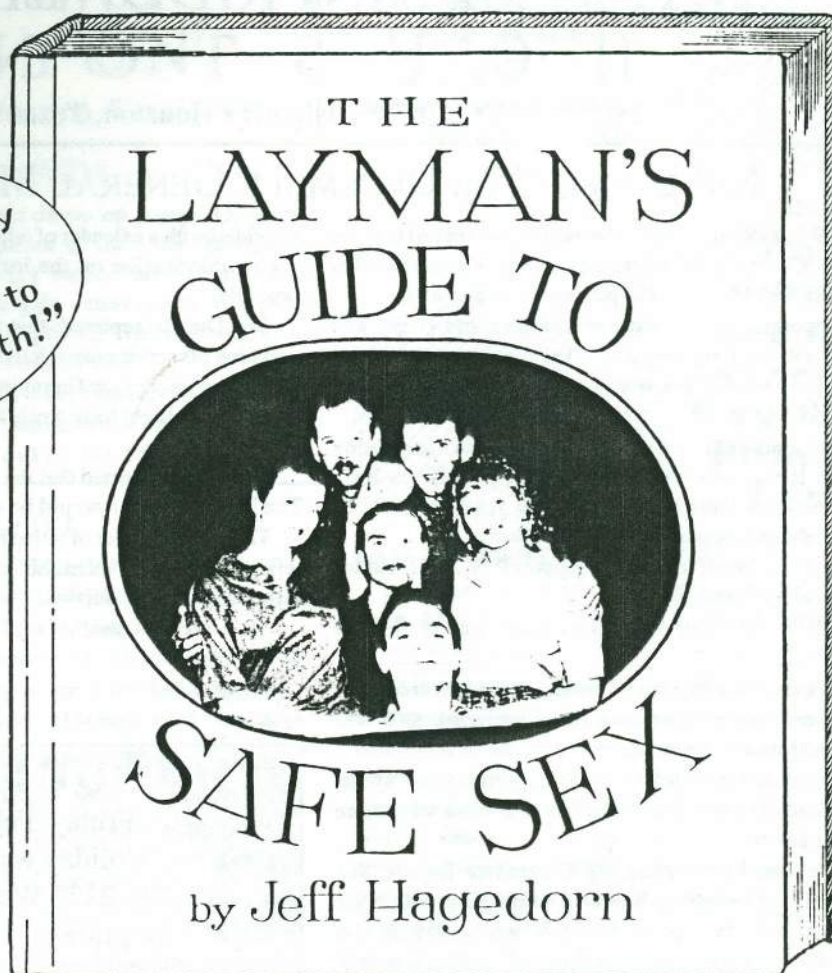
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THE GROUP
Theater Workshop
proudly presents

"A
WILD comedy
that's NOT
hazardous to
your health!"



Directed by
JOE WATTS

Guest Vocalist: Reg Brand

Saturdays only at 8:00 PM.
February 4th thru March 11th

TICKETS \$6⁰⁰

(Groups of
25 or more \$5.)

RESERVATIONS REQUESTED
526-LOVE OR 522-2204

The Center for a Positive Lifestyle
1505 Nevada (at Commonwealth)
Houston, Texas 77006

SPECIAL
Dinner/Theater
Sat., February 18th
at 7:00 PM.
\$16.⁰⁰ Person

GAY/LESBIANPRIDEWEEK89

H O U S T O N

713•523•2575 • 901 W. Alabama • Houston, Texas 77006

MINUTES OF THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING

On December 29th, 1988 at 7:15 PM the meeting was called to order by Mr. Ken Wilson, Co-chair of the Committee, Mr. Wilson served as Chair of the meeting and Mr. Clay Harper served as Secretary.

Mr. Wilson welcomed the Committee members and guests and presented proof of notice of meeting as well as previous minutes for approval. No additions or changes were noted and minutes stood as presented.

Messrs. Robert Conn and Lyod Powell presented the Fundraising Committee Report. It was reported that the D-J Spin-off has been postponed from December until January 22, 1989. It was announced that the reasons for the postponement were as follow:

1. To enable Pride Week to actively support P.W.A. Christmas scheduled at the same time; and
2. To give the Fundraising Committee more time to plan the event.

It was further reported that the Media Committee had secured press coverage to the community publications. Mr. Buddy Johnston was scheduled to be the Master of Ceremonies.

Mr. Powell expressed a need for help to the Committee as a whole.

Mr. Wilson reminded Committee members that work with more than one committee is welcomed.

Veronica Diaz presented the Planning Committee Report. She stated that the Planning Committee would start meeting with other organizations to help solidify support for Pride week 1989. It was reported that there are two major functions that the Planning Committee needs to organize:

1. June 21, 1989 - Culture Night; and
2. June 24, 1989 - Stonewall Day

Stonewall Day would possibly be held at Astrowold. The charge would be \$9.95 per person. The Pride Week Committee would have the Pavilion between the hours of 4:00 - 8:00 PM. While in this area, the Committee would be able to sell their buttons, t-shirts, etc.

The other possibility discussed was Spotts Park. There was a lengthy discussion regarding the pro's and con's of each location.

Ms. Diaz informed that Committee that letters had been drafted and were ready to be mailed to "big-named" entertainers interested in donating their talents and time on Stonewall Day.

Mr. Jack Valinski and Ms. Billie Duncan of the Communications Committee stated that the D-J Spin-off must be publicized immediately. It was stated that it was already in the M.A.C. newsletter.

The Committee was advised that Communications needs to be

provided with a calendar of where and when the general meetings will occur. Information on the logo contest is also required as soon as possible.

Ms. Duncan reported; that there is a photographer who would be donating his services and that these photos would be used for publishing biographies of the Committee heads. She also asked for help from anyone who might have any historical accounts of events in the last 20 years.

It was also reported that the Guide is already in the planning stage. The fee for a listing would be nominal.

There will be a lot of video footage shots of the parade this year, as reported by Ms. Duncan. Mr. Ray Hill will be in charge of setting up a working relationship with Access Cable.

Ms. Duncan stated that any Committee chairs requiring help should get in touch with her for volunteers.

It was stated that if anything needs to be publicized, both Communications chairs should be contacted.

MASQUE FOR AIDS

Friday, February 17, 1989

Holiday Inn - Crowne Plaza

2222 West Loop South

benefit for pride and aids service organizations

Mr. Brain Keever of the Marketing Committee presented the Marketing Committee Report. The Committee was advised of Mr. Dan Billman's illness, the reason he has not been able to work with Mr. Keever.

February 23, 1989 is the deadline for the logo artwork. It was again stated that there is a \$300.00 first prize. The artwork should be only be two-color.

Marketing stated that it would like to have windbreakers or something similar made for the Executive Committee.

Mr. Keever asked to be contacted should anyone have questions or like to help.

It was announced that the artwork contest is open to people outside of the community. Mr. Wilson also stressed that the last month had not been stagnate.

Mr. Wilson reminded everyone that the Parade Committee would be meeting in January. Anyone interested in working with this committee should contact the chairs.

Mr. Wilson advised the General Committee that Pride Week 1989 had a starting bank balance of \$2,005.08. Mr. Wilson also stated that Pride Week needs a treasurer and one would be appointed by the next meeting.

Announcements from the floor were called for and none were made.

Mr. Wilson adjourned the meeting at 8:10 PM.

Respectfully submitted, Clay Harper

NEXT PRIDE MEETING

Thursday

February 23

7:00 PM

800 Rosine, 2nd Floor

PARKWAY ATHLETIC CLUB

G / L P W 89 HOUSTON

901 W. Alabama • Houston, Texas 77006

MASQUE FOR AIDS

Get out the glue, the glitter and our dincin'est pumps. On Friday, February 17 the Fundraising Committee of the 1989 Gay/Lesbian Pride Week Committee will hold it's second official fundraiser, Masque for AIDS. This will be a gala extravaganza with mask requested, black tie or full masquerade optional. The event will be held in the ballroom of the Holiday Inn-Crowne Plaza.

Proceeds for the evening will be divided between the Pride Week Committee and the AIDS service organizations of our community.

Stay tuned for more information call or 861-6495.

R.J. IS TOP D.J.

The first official fundraising event for the 1989 Gay/Lesbian Pride Week Committee was a DJ Spin-off held at Rich's on Sunday January 22. The list of those spinning their favorite tunes was:

Mark Herbert	from	The Ripcord
George Worley	from	Rubio's
Gary Hall	from	Kindred Spirits
Barney Cosley	from the	Brazos River Bottom
Mike Scott	from the	Venture-N
Kelley Parker	from	Wrangler's
Alan Webster	from	QT's
R. J.	from	Mary's
Richard	from	Chutes

The diverse sounds attracted people from all parts of our community. Not only was a good time had by all, \$963 was raised for the 1989 Gay/Lesbian Pride Week Committee.

First runner up for the spin-off was Mark Herbert (Ripcord) and the DJ declared tops for 1989 is R.J. from Mary's. Be listening to KPFT's "After Hours," done by Buddy Johnston to hear R.J. in a guest spot.

LOGO & SLOGAN CONTEST

Gay/Lesbian Pride Week 1989 is looking for a logo and slogan for 1989. This year will be the 20th year anniversary of the Stonewall Riots which started the modern rights movement. The International Association of Lesbian Gay Pride Committee chose Stonewall 20: A Generation of Pride as the suggested slogan, however, we are not bound by this.

Summary of GLPW 89 Rules.

1. Prize \$300 cash.
2. Usage of design to be used on all printed material.
3. Design must be camera ready be able to be reproduced as is, and it should be able to be reproduced on t-shirts, buttons and posters.

The contest is open to anyone in the Houston area.

Deadline is on Thursday, February 16 at the executive GLPW Committee meeting, 901 W. Alabama at 7:00 PM.

For more information attend the meetings or call 523-2521 for info.

submitted by Brian Keever Co-chair Marketing.

The Dobie Theatre

21st and Guadalupe

Austin

512-477-1324

One Week Only!

February 3-9 1989

The Best of
**The 6th
Annual
Los Angeles
International
Gay & Lesbian
Film & Video
Festival**

LAW OF DESIRE: SPAIN, 1987

A mixture of sexual adventurousness, lurid theatrics and excess camp. Almodovara film centers around the new democratic freedom of post-Franco Spain, exposing Madrid's new hot disco scene.

THE EVERLASTING SECRET FAMILY: AUSTRALIA, 1988

This very unusual and original film begins at an exclusive boys school out of which a secret society of wealthy men recruits teens at their prime for their decadent pleasures. The film centers on one prominent member of the club, the Senator who doesn't hesitate to act on his burning desire for one particular schoolboy. The boy becomes inducted into this secret society of mostly homosexual businessmen and politicians, bonded together by centuries of traditions and customs.

VERA: BRAZIL, 1986

The orphaned Vera, who has spent all her life in Brazilian institutions in the company of other dispossessed girls, enters the world of adult desires and demands when she turns eighteen. Immediately attaching herself to Clara, her beautiful co-worker, Vera proceeds to dress like a man and forces everyone she encounters to treat her as they would a man—indeed, against all the visible evidence, Vera is convinced she is a man.

To get information in this newsletter send ti to:

Montrose Activity Center
Newsletter
Box 66684
Houston, TX 77266-6684
or call: 529-1223

Listings are generally fundraisers, meetings and educational events. The deadline is one week before the beginning of each month. This newsletter also serves as a forum for comments and viewpoints. If you would like to submit an article call the above number or sent it in to the above address.

Montrose Activity Center

FEBRUARY 1989

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	1	2	3	4
5	6	7				

The main purpose of this newsletter is to provide information to the community. It is to serve as a basic networker. For this to happen I need your help. If you are part of any community organization please let me know when meetings, fundraisers, special events or whatever is going so that I can include it in this newsletter. At present we are at printing 600 copies and sending out 400 of those direct to people who have asked to be put on the list. Next month we will be printing 1000. You can get listings in the newsletter by calling me, Jack Valinski at 529-1223 or Montrose Activity Center, Newsletter, Box 66684, Houston, TX 77266-6684.

Headliners

The Gay and Lesbian Switchboard is offering another volunteer training class, to be held February 4-5-6 and February 11-12. The Switchboard is now in its eight year of service. Applicants must be at least 18 years of age, and must under go thirty hours of preparation before becoming volunteers. Anyone interested can call 529-3211, afternoons or evenings.

The Dobie Theater, 2021 Guadalupe in Austin is showing the best of the LA International Gay & Lesbian Film & Video Festival. See page 5 for more information.

The Group (Theater workshop) is presenting The Layman's Guide to Safer Sex, starting Saturday, February 4 and Running for the next five Saturdays. at The Center for a Positive Lifestyle, 1505 Nevada. Call 526-LOVE or 522-2204 for more information.

Sundays

After Hours, discussion about gay and lesbian community, 2:00 AM to 4:00 AM, KPFT 90.1 FM

Women's Group (A Feminist Group for all Women) meets at First Unitarian Church, 2510 Fannin.

Tuesdays

Wilde n' Stein Radio, discussion about gay and lesbian community, 10:00 PM, KPFT 90.1 FM

Fridays

Breakthrough, Womyn's Music, 8:00 AM to 11:00 AM, KPFT 90.1 FM
Houston Greens a group interested in working locally to address global issues meets at Christ the King Lutheran Church, at the corner of Rice and Greenbriar, call 524-3228 for more info.

Saturdays

Youth Concerned with Lesbian and Gay Issues, 7:30 PM at First Unitarian Church, 5210 Fannin, call Melinda at 661-0078.

1 Wednesday

Gay & Lesbian Political Caucus, Travel Lodge-Viscount Hotel 2828 Southwest Freeway, 7:30 PM

3 Friday

The best of The 6th Annual Los Angeles International Gay & Lesbian Film & Video Festival, through February 9 at The Dobie Theater, 21st and Guadalupe, Austin, 512-472-3240.

Mandela (1987) Biographical Drama. Danny Glover, Alfre Woodard, The story of Nelson and Winnie Mandela, who together fight for human rights in a country where for many human rights are only a dream. 136 minutes. Home Box Office, 8:45 AM.

4 Saturday

The Layman's Guide to Safe Sex, presented by The Group (Theater Workshop), a wild comedy that's not hazardous to your health, directed by Joe Watts, at The Center for a Positive Lifestyle, 1505 Nevada at Commonwealth, 8:00 PM, \$6.00, call 526-LOVE or 522-2204.

The Imperial Court of the Single Star is sponsoring its coronation costume ball at Grand Hotel, West Loop and Westheimer, 9:00 PM. \$20.00. Call 947-1116.

5 Sunday

Texas Lesbian Conference, planning meeting. The Conference is scheduled for June 2-4, at The Astro Village, this meeting will be at law office of Clyde Williams, 2:00 PM, 1314 Texas, Suite 712. Call 520-5667 for more info.

7 Tuesday

Friends and family of Rape Survivors Support group meet at the Houston Area Women's Center, 4 Chelsea, 528-6798

10 Friday

Hair (1979) John Savage, Treat Williams. Carefree hippie guides a very straight farmboy through New York City. 121 minutes. Arts & Entertainment. 8:00 PM & 12:00 AM

11 Saturday

The Layman's Guide to Safe Sex, presented by The Group (Theater Workshop), a wild comedy that's not hazardous to your health, directed by Joe Watts, at The Center for a Positive Lifestyle, 1505 Nevada at Commonwealth, 8:00 PM, \$6.00, call 526-LOVE or 522-2204.

14 Tuesday

Shear Madness benefit performance for the AIDS Foundation of Houston at Tower Theater, Westheimer at Commonwealth, 7:45 PM, \$35.00.

GAY AND LESBIAN SWITCHBOARD HOUSTON

529-3211

15 Wednesday

Gay & Lesbian Political Caucus, Travel Lodge-Viscount Hotel 2828 Southwest Freeway, 7:30 PM

17 Friday

Masque for AIDS, a fundraiser for the Gay/Lesbian Pride Week Committee and AIDS service organizations, Holiday Inn-Crowne Plaza, West Loop at Westheimer, \$10.00.

Waiting for the Moon, The relationship between Gertrude Stein and her lifetime companion Alice B. Toklas is explored in this touching, funny, and intelligent portrait. The film is really about the ups and downs of domesticity and marriage—the compromises, frustrations, power struggles, rewards—and only incidentally about a lesbian couple. Stein is shown as both overbearing and quizzically gentle while Toklas, in some ways the stronger, is at once saintly and tartly martyrish. Hemingway is a drunken boor who intrudes from time to time. And meanwhile the sentences get written. Directed by Jil Godmilow 1986, USA, 88 minutes. Museum of Fine Arts, Montrose at Binz, 8:00 PM, \$4.00.

Keystroke, a women's club, their second appearance at Rich's, 9:00 PM, 2401 San Jacinto.

18 Saturday

Waiting for the Moon, The relationship between Gertrude Stein and her lifetime companion Alice B. Toklas is explored in this touching, funny, and intelligent portrait. The film is really about the ups and downs of domesticity and marriage—the compromises, frustrations, power struggles, rewards—and only incidentally about a lesbian couple. Stein is shown as both overbearing and quizzically gentle while Toklas, in some ways the stronger, is at once saintly and tartly martyrish. Hemingway is a drunken boor who intrudes from time to time. And meanwhile the sentences get written. Directed by Jil Godmilow 1986, USA, 88 minutes. Museum of Fine Arts, Montrose at Binz, 8:00 PM, \$4.00.

The Layman's Guide to Safe Sex, presented by The Group (Theater Workshop), special dinner theater presentation, a wild comedy that's not hazardous to your health, directed by Joe Watts, at The Center for a Positive Lifestyle, 1505 Nevada at Commonwealth, 7:00 PM, \$16.00, call 526-LOVE or 522-2204.

21 Tuesday

Deadline for March Montrose Activity Center Newsletter, call 529-1223 for more information.

23 Thursday

Gay/Lesbian Pride Week Meeting, the monthly meeting featuring the progress of the committee including setting the calendar for 1989. Parkway Athletic Club, 800 Rosine, 7:00 PM, call 523-2575

24 Friday

Equus (1977) Richard Burton, Peter Firth. A psychiatrist tries to help a violent young boy obsessed with horses. 138 minutes, Arts & Entertainment, 8:00 PM & 12:00 AM.

VOTER REGISTRATION 224-1919

25 Saturday

The Layman's Guide to Safe Sex, presented by The Group (Theater Workshop), a wild comedy that's not hazardous to your health, directed by Joe Watts, at The Center for a Positive Lifestyle, 1505 Nevada at Commonwealth, 8:00 PM, \$6.00, call 526-LOVE or 522-2204.

Mailing workshop of the MAC Newsletter, call 529-1223 for more information.

27-30 April

Names Project Quilt to be displayed in Austin.

30 April

March on Austin for Lesbian/Gay Equal Rights, see page 1.

TORCH SONG TRILOGY

ONLY AT THE SPECTRUM, 2660 AUGUSTA

IT TAKES A LOT OF GUTS AND A HELLUVA SENSE OF HUMOR

TO LIVE LIFE IN ARNOLD'S SHOES

WARM "TORCH"

BY DALE WINOGURA FROM FRONTIERS

Harvey Fierstein gives a portrayal of quiet eloquence and startling power in the well-made film of his play, "Torch Song Trilogy." The semi-autobiography on a drag queen's life and loves had been judiciously cut from over three hours to two, and many scenes are tightened and sharpened as a result. The structure remains too choppy, but the three separate acts are now threaded together with a natural contrast of characters and situation.

Beginning with a short prologue in 1952, the time span moves from 1971 to 1980, as the protagonist's life in New York progresses from one modest vignette to another. A romantic portrait of himself and the people he knew, Fierstein's slight narrative spills from restrained soap-opera to light comedy. The relationships with his domineering but reasonable mother (Anne Bancroft, who's a bit too theatrically flamboyant yet acute in expression), the gay man of his dreams (pleasantly underplayed by Matthew Broderick), and bisexual lover (fairly adept one-level work by Brian Derwin) are conveyed with dignity but restricted emotional exploration.

Director Paul Bogart handles the material with a discreet class and assured style that it did not have on stage, so it's not just a photographed play. His immaculate taste and smooth pace enhance every scene, even though he plays it so safe and cautious that the film achieves only occasional poignancy (he has cut the infamous backroom sex scene way down, which is no great loss).

The cozy sensibility that he brings to the project fits the basic theme of the value of family and love, but the importance of self-respect and acceptance are ideas that could have made a profound and devastating experience instead of the genial, homey movie that this is.

If there's anything great here, it's Fierstein. When he addresses the camera in monologues, or tries to reconcile with his mother, his artistic daring and control overpowers any potential maudlin sentimentality. The HBO special he did earlier this year, "Tidy Endings," is more consistently affecting, though, in both his performance and writing. Yet "Torch Song" is still a good, valuable addition to gay cinema and to raiding consciousness in general.

TWO BOOKS FROM ALYSON PUBLICATIONS DEAL WITH COMING OUT STORIES

Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton Street, Boston, MA 02118

Testimonies:

A collection of lesbian coming out stories

Ahead of the Game

Sandra Luders, Greeney, Colorado

I was born in a small town in south-central Kansas of very conservative parents with a Baptist, Methodist and Quaker background. It was a loving home, yet strict almost to the point of being rigid. I learned more don'ts than do's and definite male/female roles with a double standard in many areas. Being a sensitive, obedient child, I complied, yet always had a gnawing feeling within that something was different about me.

Although I'd been taught "queers" and "homos" were doomed to Hell, I often came to the defense of someone who was accused of being different. I was guilty of remaining quiet or going along with a joke about "them" as I got older, lest anyone dare accuse me of being "one of them."

I adored my grandfather, my mother, and brothers, and dated a lot through high school. I love my sons and son-in-law, and have over the years had some wonderful male friends, yet was drawn to several of my women teachers. I felt an unspoken bond with them yet could never really express it. I was afraid of being scorned for having a close relationship with someone of the same gender and I wasn't really able to label what it was that I feeling. It was not until 1982, at the age of forty-six, that I was even heard the word lesbian. And it was a shock to me to realize that I was one!

Although I had complied with my parents' wishes and got married, it wasn't right and I knew it. I told my father that I didn't love Don and couldn't go through with the marriage, but Dad said, "That's all right, you'll learn to love him!" Then he firmly took hold of my hand and we marched down the aisle. I felt like I or at least a large part of me, died that day.

It was a stormy marriage, really more like a cold war. My minister said Don seemed to have something against women, and my sister said, "Sandy, it's obvious you don't love Don, but really bad when you don't even like him!" With all the prompting and advice from well-meaning friends and relatives we continued in the relationship, and I really tried hard to be loving, devoted wife, but something was missing. We had six beautiful, healthy children: a son, who is now twenty-seven-years-old and in the military; a twenty-five-year-old daughter, who is married and had her first child in July 1987; a twenty-four-year-old daughter who is in the process of a divorce; a twenty-year-old son and daughter; and a seventeen-year-old daughter. I thoroughly enjoyed my children, yet at times was frustrated and angry inside.

My first experience with an openly gay person was at work in a correctional facility. I was very drawn to a woman prisoner, Kelly, and she to me, although she was only six months older than my oldest child. When Kelly was released, I managed to get her released into my custody, because I had grown to love her and wanted to see her as much as possible. Making love with her was my initiation into the gay world and it was wonderful! I couldn't imagine feeling so loved and so close to anyone. It wasn't just the act of sex with all of its overtones; it was actually loving, caring and sharing!

The relationship began to sour within six months as Kelly was

see AHEAD OF THE GAME page 9

Revelations:

A collection of gay male coming out stories

Out of the Cocoon

Phillip Millhollin, Council Bluffs, Iowa

When I was a kid, the word "gay" could always get a few giggles whenever my class would stumble upon it in a story or poem we happened to be studying. Of course, our teacher would always remind us of its older definition of "happiness," but being happy didn't seem to have anything to do with the meaning we had in mind.

Looking back, I see how we were victims of our parents' ignorance. To them the word "gay" stood for everything they didn't want in a son or daughter. The Church taught that homosexuality was unnatural and immoral, and my parents supported that view because they didn't know what being gay really meant. I grew up fearing the word, just as I did any other dirty word that threatened a mouth full of soap.

However, I now find that the word that would have insulted me at one time now makes me proud. Such new meaning comes in the realization of the fact that "gay" is a word that describes me, and it is my hope that in my life, homosexuality and happiness will not be totally unrelated, but will complement one another and lead people to a better understanding of me and others like me.

The realization of my homosexuality was a gradual one. As I ended seventh grade at the age of thirteen, puberty introduced me to the awakening of my sexual desires. As I became more aware of the pleasures that could come from sex, I began to find that my preferences were for other guys. I did not have any sexual relations with anyone, but I found that in masturbating, my fantasies centered on other guys, not on girls.

Although by the eighth grade I felt I had established my sexual preference, I still hadn't really accepted the idea that I was gay. I just didn't feel comfortable with the label, especially because of all the negative connotations it held for me at the time.

In junior high I was very shy and reserved. I had a low sense of self-esteem because I didn't see myself as popular or good-looking, and I couldn't see why anyone would want me as a friend. I didn't need another reason to look down on myself.

But in high school, my self-image gradually began to change. I began to come out of the shell I had built for protection, and I began to believe that some people might actually find me attractive as a friend. I became more open and outgoing, and found that when I was friendly to people, they didn't reject me.

While this enriched my life and gave me a heightened sense of self-worth, I still lacked the hope that any of my friends would accept the idea that I was gay. Inside, I continued to struggle to suppress my homosexuality, which conflicted with my desire to be honest with others. I became depressed that I had no one I could really open up to and who would be understanding and accepting. I don't know how I ever would have pulled myself out of such depths of despair if it were not for the Alyson Letter Exchange Program.

Until I discovered it, everything seemed hopeless, but I'll never forget the night I accidentally stumbled upon a radio talk show that just happened to be discussing homosexuality. I listened in awe to an actual discussion of this taboo subject on the air, and I frantically scribbled

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extremely possessive. She resumed drinking and using other drugs, staying out with both men and women and lying to me about it all. I told her to leave, that our relationship was over, and she threatened to tell my children, friends, parents and co-workers. I had a high-paying, high-profile job, a home, family, friends and didn't want to risk it by letting them know, so she stayed, but our relationship died. Still, I know she had stirred something in me that could no longer be denied. I was, and am, a lesbian!

I met a young woman at a party Kelly and I had gone to and we spent the whole evening talking. She was struggling to get over a relationship and mine was over, yet we felt the time wasn't right for either of us to express any more than friendship. We simply enjoyed each other's company that evening and went our way. We never indicated to each other that there was any attraction. Ten months later, I ran into Cyndy again. Although Kelly was still around, I was no longer allowing her to dictate who I would or would not see, so Cyndy and I began to go out for coffee and eventually I had the courage to physically remove Kelly from my home.

Acknowledging my sexuality hasn't changed my moral code, my belief in God, my work ethic, my caring for other people, or my interest in living life to its fullest. I believe the biggest obstacles to accepting myself as a lesbian have been the rejection of my family and friends, and my religious background.

I loved Cyndy and wanted to tell my parents about us. It seemed the natural thing to do, to tell people you love about that significant person in your life. I was recuperating from lung surgery and Cyndy moved in with me and helped nurse me back to health. When she brought me home from the hospital, the phone rang as we walked in the door, and I answered it. It was my mother and she said, "Oh, it's you! Is that woman there with you?" I affirmed that Cyndy was there and Mother said, "You are no longer a part of this family! As long as you continue to live like that we never want to see you or hear from you again. You are not welcome here. Don't call, write, or even come back to this town, or try to get in touch with anyone else in the family."

I sort of expected it, yet it was devastating! To have family and friends drop me as though I didn't exist. Cyndy was shocked; she had never met such opposition before. She said, "Tell them to fuck off!" I told her I couldn't do that because that wasn't my style. I refuse to sink to the level others may descend to. I have and will continue to write letters and send cards to family on special occasions, and be who I've always been.

Acknowledging my sexuality hasn't changed my moral code, my belief in God, my work ethic, my caring for other people, or my interest in living life to its fullest. I believe the biggest obstacles to accepting myself as a lesbian have been the rejection of my family and friends, and my religious background.

Cyndy has helped me in that struggle to recognize the woman in me, and see that my sexuality is only another part of me. Cyndy's family has had a much better reaction to our relationship. Her mother and brother accept and love us both very much and we love them. This had

been a big boost to us as well as the many gay friends Cyndy had, and new friends we've found together. We've also been supported by some new, non-gay friends. Cyndy got a job in Pennsylvania just three months after we bought a home together in 1986. The 1,800-mile separation hasn't been easy, but we are a committed couple and have been together three and a half years. We hope to be together another ten, twenty, or thirty years.

We've had some difficult times both financially and emotionally, but have sought counseling separately and together, which had proved invaluable. Since Cyndy is a counselor, she has taught me to share what is going on inside, keeping the lines of communication open. Reading self-help books and sharing those with each other, sharing household duties, allowing quiet time for each other have also been helpful.

If we're feeling pressured by each other, I've learned to say "Back off!" Cyndy had always been very verbal and has encouraged me to become more assertive, while I've helped her to see that two-by-four therapy is not always the way to handle a situation or another person.

We take an interest in each other's work and goals, are proud of one another's accomplishments and growth, encouraging each other as much as we can.

We have our own ideas about a lot of things, but we try to blend our differences or allow them to expand our relationship. I love children, she can't stand them, but she is trying to become more tolerant of them. I can see a softening in her about many things. She has a gentleness about her although she is no pushover. We're becoming accustomed to one another's moods, likes and dislikes; we have become separate, yet one. Neither takes the other for granted, and we respect each other's need for privacy and time alone, then coming together again, refreshed. We believe you can have a good, workable relationship if you truly love and are willing to give and forgive.

In the last few years, my family has even begun to come around. At my father's funeral in 1986, I was finally able to talk at length with my brother and he said, "Sis, if you've found someone you love, who loves you, go for it, because you are way ahead of the game."

I also found that three of my sister's five children accept Cyndy's and my relationship and I'm still their Aunt Sandy.

My mother and I have re-established a pretty good relationship, primarily because I understand where she's coming from and try not to push anything on her.

My younger son has accepted our relationship, although he doesn't understand it. He just sees that I'm happy. Her finally told his girlfriend about after he'd been dating her for over a year. She smiled sweetly and said, "Yes, I know." He said, "Nicole, how long have you known?" Nicole replied, "Since before we started dating, and I think your mother is neat. I can't believe you'd be mean that long, Aaron! It's about time you told her you love her." What a relief for both of us!

Stephanie, my twenty-four-year, has sought some counseling and has come to accept me. Although she doesn't understand Cyndy's and my relationship, she tells Cyndy she loves her too, and it shows.

My other daughters, Lisa (25) and Michelle (20), are coming around as well. They are speaking to Cyndy and acknowledging us as human, although they don't understand. My oldest son, Eric, (27) says he is still dealing with it and that he may choose never accept or understand, but he does love me and always will.

I've come to believe that love, time, and our own caring and understanding of others' feelings can and will make a difference. By being the best you can possibly be, your sexuality will fade in the minds of others as not being the most important part of you but a part of the whole. God bless you in the quest for your "self."

from OUT OF THE COCOON page 9

down the address of the pen pal service that they gave as a resource for young homosexuals who needed to open up to someone.

I immediately took their suggestion and obtained a P.O. box, then sent off my first letter to the service. With it went all my elated hopes for contacting the person who could become the true friend that I had always wanted.

Unfortunately, my first correspondence didn't work out, but I was not about to let my hopes be dashed so soon, and I wrote off for another pen pal.

This time, my prayers were answered. I began a correspondence with Ken from Michigan, who was since become one of my closest friends. He has given me all the understanding and acceptance that I could have ever hoped for.

We began writing in December 1985, when I was sixteen and he was almost eighteen. He had just come out to his parents, and they accepted him, a fact I found encouraging.

Over the next few months, he began to come out to some of his closer friends, and he found that those people who were his true friends still liked him and accepted his homosexuality as merely another facet of his personality. They were even glad that he had allowed them to understand him better by sharing this part of himself which they had not know before. This brightened my hope of someday finding friends who would accept my homosexuality, but I still wasn't quite ready to open up to any of my friends.

In the meantime, I came in contact with another guy through the letter exchange, but the relationship that developed between us became more than just a friendship.

His name was Michael, and he was a sophomore at a large, distant university in Iowa. From the first letter, I felt an attraction for him that was unlike any I had felt for another guy. He seemed to be everything I could have dreamed of in a lover. He was talented, and even handsome, and I was elated to find that he had an equally strong attraction for me.

I was overcome by the desire to meet him in person, and it was with great anticipation that I enrolled in a two-week summer music camp at the college he attended.

I couldn't believe I had really done it! I mean, there I was someone who had once believed himself to be totally incapable of being loved, now preparing to meet someone who could become his first lover!

I was very nervous, and thoroughly horrified that he might not like me at all upon seeing me in the flesh. My fears were put to rest when we met, for he expressed the deepest and sincerest friendship for me, something for which I was even less prepared than I was for rejection.

Even though I had made some good friends in high school, I had never known anyone who had a romantic interest in me. I guess I had lots of self-doubts about ever becoming involved in such a relationship, but as Michael and I spent more time together, I found our relationship leaning more and more towards a romantic one.

This was something that I had a lot of trouble accepting. I had developed such a strong fear of being rejected by anyone I cared a lot about that whenever I felt myself getting close to them, I would try to detach myself and hide my true feeling from them. I believed that if I didn't let people know I liked them a lot, I couldn't be disappointed by finding out that they didn't feel the same way about me.

But as Michael's love for me became more and more apparent, I began to realize what harm I was really causing both of us by being too afraid to show the love that I did indeed feel for him.

Gradually, I allowed myself to open up to him. I cannot fully put into words the great joy and happiness that I felt in the sharing of our mutual love for one another. It was the most tremendous feeling I had ever encountered in my life, and it is one I will never forget. Unfortunately, that feeling did not last long.

From the beginning, we had both been aware of our limited time together, but neither of us would admit that my last day at camp was fast approaching. When it did come, I expected a painful goodbye, but I had hoped that we could continue to write until the next time we could meet.

That didn't happen. On our last day together, Michael told me that he had decided he couldn't be gay for the rest of his life. The whole time we had been together, we had felt the pressure to be secretive about our relationship, which had put a lot of strain on our love for one another. This was a strain that Michael could not put up with. He felt that he could never really have a successful long-term relationship with another guy, and so he said he would rather look for finite relationships during college, and that he would eventually settle down and get married to a girl, like "everyone else."

What surprised me more than this was how calmly I accepted the situation. I know that we had been put under some unnecessary stress by our attempt to keep our love hidden, but I believed that in the future we would have gradually found ourselves more comfortable in showing our love for one another, regardless of those around us. I wish he had given us a chance. I thought it would have been worth the wait.

My time with Michael had become a treasured memory. For even though our relationship failed, I was successful in overcoming my own insecurities and allowing myself to love, and to be loved.

That in itself is a greater joy than many people allow themselves in their entire lives, and I believe that I have just begun to live. At times, I do become depressed when I think about how difficult it is to make a gay relationship succeed, but I still have hope, and that's one word that will always serve as a promise that with the future will come change for the better.

TEXAS LEGISLATIVE TOLL FREE ANSWERS

By calling 1-800-252-9693 the general public can get information on the status of any bill or resolution in the House or Senate. Bills are listed by subject or author.

Also available at that number are legislators' telephone numbers and addresses, committee schedules and the daily agenda for the House and Senate.

The Legislative Reference Library will have eight researchers to take telephone queries and find answers on video terminals linked up to a computerized legislative information system.

The service is available 8:00 AM to 6:00 PM, Monday through Thursday, and 8:00 AM to 5:00 PM on Friday. The service also operates when the 71st Legislature is meeting at night or on weekends.

The public may place telephone calls to Gov. Bill Clements by calling 512-463-2000 or writing to the governor at the Capitol Building, Austin 78701.

Correspondence to House or Senate members also may be addressed to the Capitol Building.

Senator Craig Washington can be reached locally at 659-9090 or at Box 12068, Capitol Station, Austin, Texas, 78711.

State Representative Debra Danburg can be reached at 512-463-0504 or at Box 2910, Capitol Station, Austin, TX 78769.

AND SEW IT GOES *a story about Cleve Jones by Dan Bellm from Mother Jones*

Every hour another American dies of AIDS. Every half hour another new case is diagnosed. And every day, with no end in sight, a national AIDS memorial continued to grow from the homelist of raw materials—cloth and thread, grief and stubborn love. It is called the NAMES Project, a ten-acre quilt of over ten thousand three-by-six-foot panels, each bearing a name and the vivid evidence of a life remembered. Unfolded in 23 cities this past year, the NAMES Project quilt has, like nothing else, brought AIDS home.

Such a simple idea might have occurred to anyone, but the quilt's present enormity owes much to the fact that it first occurred to Cleve Jones, a political organizer who can't even sew. One evening in November 1985, at the end of a candlelight march, Jones and hundreds of others taped placards with names of AIDS dead to the walls of San Francisco's Federal Building. "Suddenly the names looked like a patchwork quilt," he recalls, "and that idea evoked such warm old memories of comfort. I had been consumed with rage and fear. Most of my old friends were dead. I felt that we lived in this little ghetto on the West Coast which would be destroyed without anyone in the rest of the world even noticing. I know we needed a memorial."

The quilt began a year later with the spray-paint-on-stencil panel Jones made for his best friend, Marvin Feldman. By the time of its inaugural display on the Washington Monument Mall in October 1987, the quilt covered the space of two football fields. Now it is over five times larger, and several more panels arrive daily. Quilting bees are taking place at 50 local chapters in the United States, and as far away as Uganda and Brazil.

Don't feel that by crying over this you've really done something about AIDS.

Dozen of new arrivals were hanging up in the NAMES Project's San Francisco work-shop during a recent visit; dozens more were folded in boxes, waiting to be sewn into 12-by-12-foot groups of eight for display. A bright green and gold panel for Doran Tindate (1947-1988) honored him as a Republican, a coach, a Christian, a farmer, and a son and brother. Nearby, Richard Nelson was recalled in a friend's tiny, neat script: "He was tall and thin, and he had an amazing nose and an even more amazing cock. . . ." Across the room, a field of liturgical purple and black bore a reclining nude, a cross, and the words, "The Spirit and the Flesh. Father Jim Schiffer." This profusion of memory, it was clear, knows nothing of segregation.

At 34, Cleve Jones is already a 16-year veteran of San Francisco gay politics. A master of clean-cut charm, he has long served as the city's for-most "media queen," a man who knows how to work a crowd and get a message on television. He honed his skills as a street-corner militant, an aide to former Assemblymen Art Agnos (now San Francisco's mayor), a cofounder of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and a Sacramento lobbyist for the Quakers. Out of the most old-fashioned of American folk arts, Jones has now built a very modern media campaign.

"The heart and soul of this," he says, "is in people's living rooms all over the country—not when they're watching television, but when they're bringing their family and friends together with a piece of fabric, putting all their love into a work of art." In the two years since its birth the quilt has not only comforted griever, it has gained big publicity

and raised over a half million dollars for health care. Jones makes no apologies for calling the quilt a strategy: "When I learned four years ago that I was antibody-positive, I knew I needed an internal strategy and an external one." Before founding the Names Project, he was getting drunk every night, he admits, even after six months of flu symptoms and staph infections. "I needed to take care of myself, to make changes that would keep me strong and able to fight. And needed a strategy that would affect the outside world, which clearly is going to decide whether we're going to survive. We've been very, very effective in using the media."

Some, however, call the quilt too quiet and passive at a time when AIDS activists, in groups such as ACT UP, are getting loud and feisty. At the October 1988 quilt display on the White House Ellipse, ACT UP members passed out a leaflet urging: "Show your anger to the people who helped make the quilt possible. Our government." Mike Signorile of ACT UP/New York admits there's some "tension or envy" between the two groups: "Why is grief getting all the press, and not the living and the fighting back?"

Other critics charge that politicians and media embrace the quilt because it cost nothing to pity gay people as they die. Village Voice columnist Michael Musto has written that the quilt should come with a warning sticker: DON'T FEEL THAT BY CRYING OVER THIS YOU'VE REALLY DONE SOMETHING ABOUT AIDS.

Jones gives this last comment a resigned shrug. "That's fine," he answers. "But I think that he sells people short: what they do is they come to the quilt, and they cry, and then they empty their pockets, and then they sign up to get to work. We've seen that over and over." The quilt, Jones says, is "not offered as entertainment. It's supposed to be excruciating." And even if he doesn't adopt ACT UP's tactics, Jones still considered himself a street agitator. "I love what ACT UP is doing," he says. "Our posture just isn't going to be angry. We're not a political organization."

Not political? Then what is? Reporter and longtime friend Randy Shilts quips that "Cleve Jones saying the quilt is not political is like the Pope saying St. Peter's is not a Catholic church." But Jones explains it this way: "We're not lobbying or endorsing candidates. We want the grandmother from Iowa who hand-stitched her boy's flannel shirts together to be comfortable enough with us to come and see the panel. We don't use the rhetoric of the gay liberation movement or the Left or the 'New Age.' We don't allow ourselves to be defined in a way that will exclude anyone."

"My whole career, it seems, was spent on Castro and Market streets, screaming at people through the bullhorn." Jones gestures to its place of honor up on the windowsill. "In retrospect I realize that I wasn't getting through to many people; I was riling up the people who were already there. By comparison, this quilt seems so quiet and simple. Ha! Hardly."

The quilt's complexity has indeed become an enormous problem. It must travel to do its work, as it will again this spring. But the wear and tear the panels suffer on the road has created a nearly nonstop repair job. The project is also searching for a permanent San Francisco home large enough for the entire quilt. How long can this go on? "The quilt has been too big for a long time," Jones laments, "but we have a commitment to continue the project for the duration. We don't know

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MY DAUGHTER IS A LESBIAN *by* ROBERT A BERNSTEIN *from* THE NEW YORK TIMES

Typically, the parent of a gay child passes through successive stages of shock, disbelief, sorrow and, sooner or later, acceptance. For many of us, however, there is yet another phase: outrage against society's stereotypical thinking that would relegate our gay loved ones to second-class citizenship.

Some of us have a dream. It is that millions of angered parents will someday coalesce in a powerful crusade for societal change.

For the moment, we remain a puny David in a mismatch with a homophonic Goliath. Millions of Americans live in daily terror lest disclosure of their sexual orientation deprive them of jobs, promotions, housing and a variety of social and political advantages.

Stereotypes shun logic and at least temporarily can block the natural flow of parental affections. But the primal instinct to love and protect one's young, however latent, embodies an immense potential for social reform.

My daughter is a lesbian. She also is the light of my life, a warm and talented young woman whose joyous spirit helps brighten the lives of others. Ironically, she is now an even better person for having learned to live honestly and openly in a hostile society.

My own path to activism was charted by an organization called P-Flag, an acronym for Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. It is essentially a support group, a sort of alchemist of the soul that converts bereaved parents into active agents of acceptance. It leads us gently through the thickets of wrong-headed conventional wisdom and back to where we belong—at our children's sides.

Among other things, we learn that we did not "cause," their homosexuality—that sexual orientation, like warts or perfect pitch, is a matter of biological roulette. We also learn that the much maligned

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what that means."

Jones ducks the hero's mantle. He's also aware that people have strong opinions about him, not all of them flattering. "Cleve is a paradox," says David Isrels, a San Francisco reporter who has known him since 1977. "Part sincere emotion, part emotionalism. He's incredibly arrogant and manipulative, and he has a vulnerable side that really hurts and really cares. He's a big inspiration and a big pain in the butt."

Jones insists, "I may veto things now and then, but I really don't own this project. I could get hit by a car tomorrow and these people around me wouldn't falter."

Is he preparing to move on, then? Perhaps go back to politics? He hasn't fully sorted that out. "I tell my friends, the day there's a cure I'm going to run for Congress and adopt a whole passel of kids, but for now this is more important."

Shilts calls Jones "rare among political types, in that he doesn't take himself very seriously. He promotes a larger cause. He understands politics with a capital P: the point is to change people, not just of campaign to get elected. His work is changing our culture's entire approach to AIDS."

"Am I promoting myself?" Jones asks with an impish grin. "I don't know. I'm a famous homo. I used to take some pride in the fact that I could move people to tears with my oratory. Now I find that I just get up to speak and they start weeping. It's not a particularly fun experience, frankly. As our production manager, Scott Lago, says, 'This is a very successful project, but it's only resting on a pyramid of bones.' That's the way we feel."

"life style" of the average gay person is about as lurid as our own, centered on such mundane matters as jobs, friends, hobbies and church. The gay community, it turns out, contains about the same proportion of saints to rascals as any other.

The political of these parents conversions was brought home to me at a march on Washington for lesbian and gay rights last autumn. My daughter's mother and I were among the marchers, with other members of P-Flag. We made up a relatively tiny contingent, a grizzled crew of a few hundred parents in a sea of mostly youthful people variously estimated at from 200,000 to 600,000 people.

Dramatically, however, this token symbolic presence touched off a stirring in the crowd that soon grew to a thunderous roar of cheers and applause that followed us all the way down Pennsylvania Avenue—a measure, surely, of the yearning of the young people for the support and understanding of their own parents.

But that yearning cannot be any stronger than the potential of their parents' than the potential of their parents' reciprocal affections. It was after the march, as I pondered the strength of the parent-child bond and the sheer numbers of homosexual Americans, that I could envision the doom of homophobia's reign.

It is estimated that there are upwards of 25 million gay people, who by definition started out with some 50 million parents. Sooner or later, a large portion of those parents will want to enlist in the crusade for their children's dignity. When that happens, a significant slice of the nation's voters, fired by familial bonds, will be dedicated to the most basic of freedoms: The right to be what one is.

Robert A. Bernstein is a lawyer in the Justice Department's tax division, *from The New York Times*.

END NOTE

EXIT THE MUSIC MAN

Repeatedly, President Reagan has come across as something like Professor Harold Hill, master salesman of Meredith Wilson's brilliant 1957 musical. "The Music Man":

I'm here to organize the River City Boys Band! Oh, think my friends, how could any pool table ever hope to compete with a gold trombone? . . . Remember, my friends, what a handful of trumpet players did to the fabled Walls of Jericho! . . . I say River City's gonna have her Boys Band—as sure as the Lord made little green apples and that band's gonna be in uniform!

To critics, President Reagan's economic program resembled the way the Music Man, who didn't know one note from another, taught the children music. He urged on them "a revolutionary new method called the Think System, where you don't bother with notes."

But even critics have to credit Mr. Reagan with another parallel, Harold Hill made the parents and newly caparisoned children of River City swell with pride in their will, unity and potential. Ronald Reagan has done that for America, and when he leaves the stage today, as seventy-six trombones catch the morning sun, it will be in triumph.

from an editorial in The New York Times