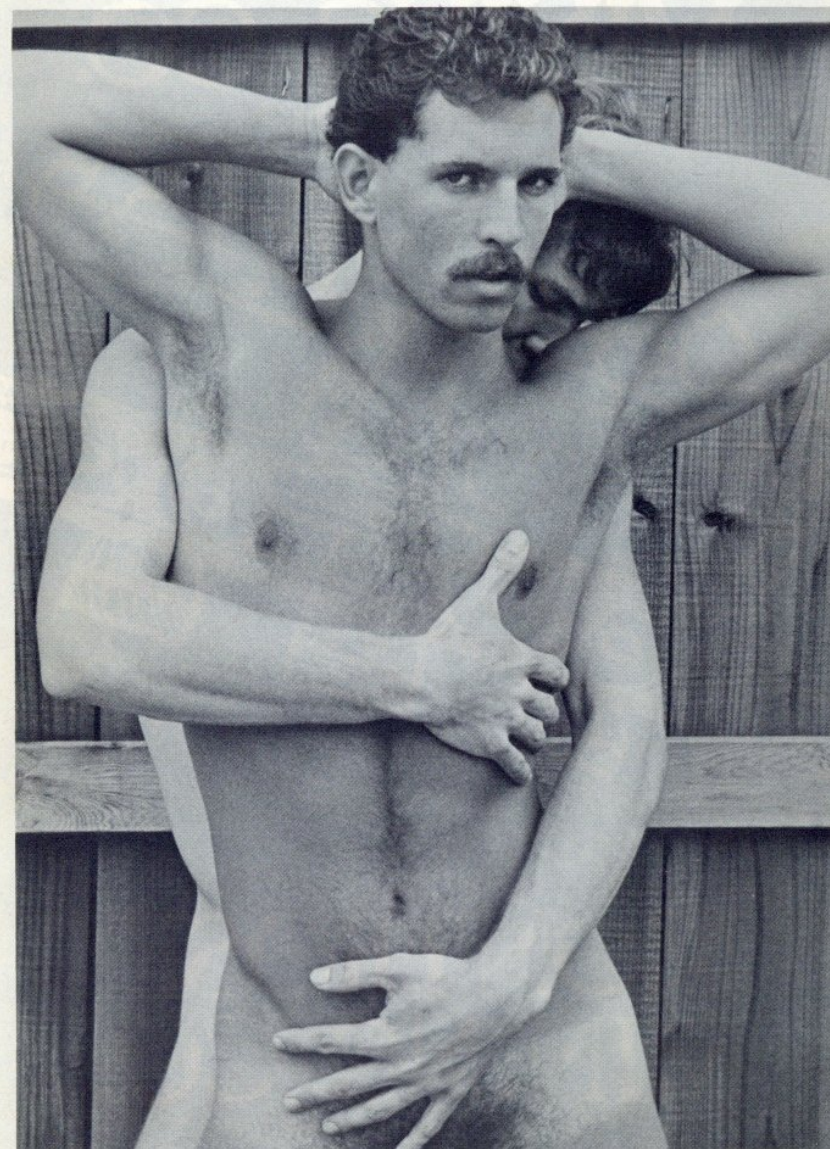
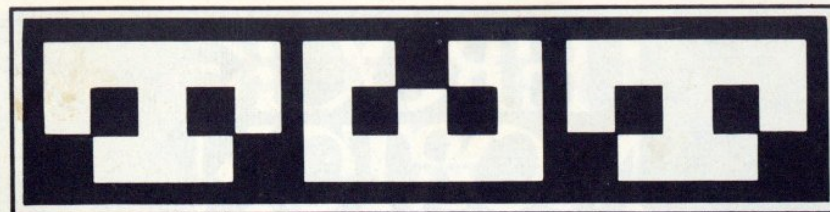




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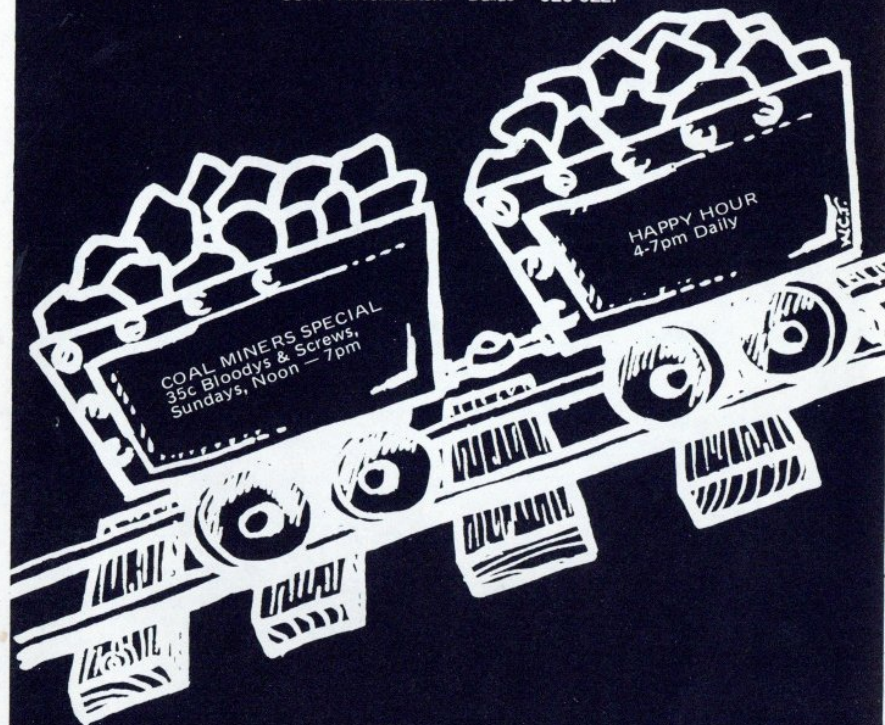


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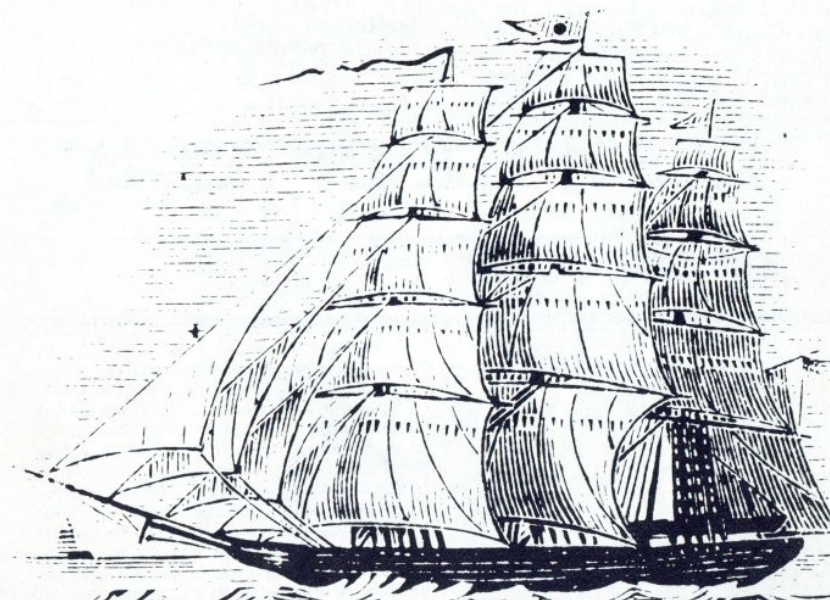
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up front

Greetings, gang.

It's nice to have a whole half page on which to take a verbal breather. You folks with knowledge of magazine design or layout may want to keep this issue of TWT as an example of ultimate compactness. Damn, we had to re-arrange, and re-arrange, and re-arrange this little devil, to get everything to fit within its 56 pages. Talk about your basic cram. At one point, just before sunrise, copy assistant Rick Prince was suggesting that the easiest way would be to simply hand-paperclip three additional pages to the back of each issue. Fortunately, cooler (and less stoned) heads prevailed and we DID hit upon a layout design that included everything.

Not without costs, however. We had to take a few handfuls out of Richard Nelson's *Popcorn* sack, and a few sips out of Chuck's *Hot Tea* cup. I wish to thank both of them for not stabbing me with their Exacto knives as I "trimmed" the length of their goodies. Likewise,

thanks to a cooperative John Gardner. At this rate, John's *Vera* is going to die of old age before he gets to the Dreaded Pritchard Mansion.

You may ask "Why?" Why have we been forced to make such drastic copy cuts. The primary reason is on page 31. Yes, fans, it's *Fantasy* time! I'm not going to hype it or brag about it. But I can make one promise. It's going to be kept by the bedside for quite some time by most of the people who possess it. The others will already have suffered cardiac arrest. It packs a real whallop!

With the *Fantasy* in this week's TWT, I feel certain I'm leaving you all in good hands this week. You're own. And if you catch my meaning, you're just real hip!

Trusting it contains the hottest j-o story of all time,

Here's number 160.

—Ed.

THIS WEEK IN TEXAS

Vol. 4, No. 4 April 22 — 28, 1978

on the cover:

PHOTO by K. TOWLE

JOHN

Up Front	4
Bulletin Board	7
Starscope —horoscopes	9
Popcorn —showbusiness	13
Life With Vera —serial	19
Fantasy —erotica	31
Oveta —cartoon	45
Calendar Texas	47
Hot Tea	49
Guide	51

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HOUSTON'S FINEST PATIO BAR THE LOCKER

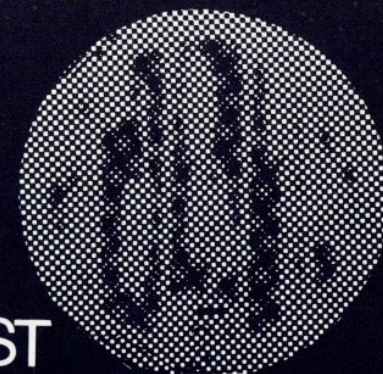
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NEW ORGANIZATION

New organization being formed: Handicapped Gays of Texas. Anyone who is gay and has a physical handicap or anyone else for that matter can be a member call Mickey at (713)960-9673 or write 3330 Timmon's Lane No. 2021, Houston, Texas 77027.

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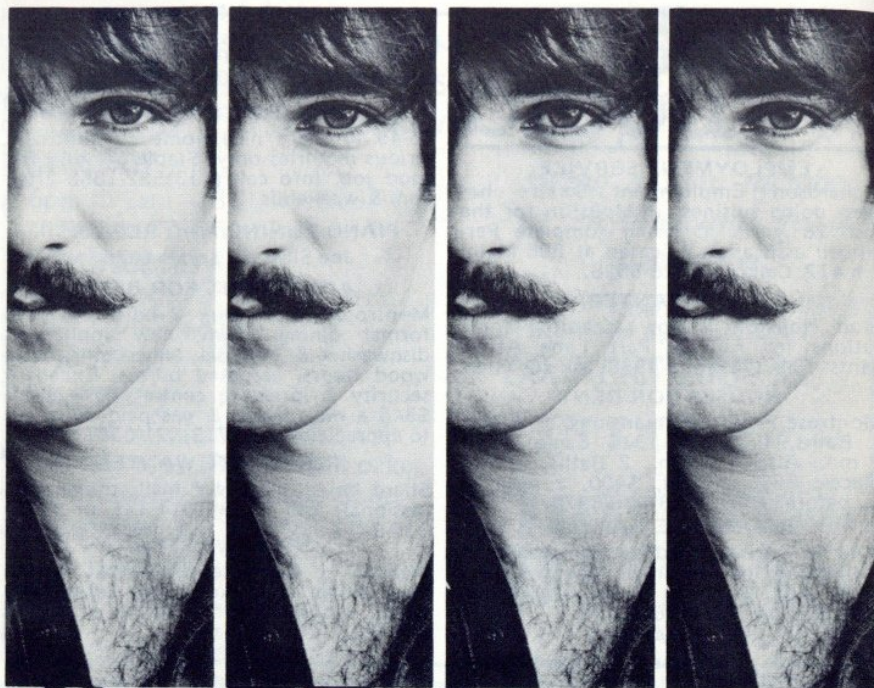
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WEEK OF APRIL 22 - 27

FOR ALL SIGNS: The monthly Full Moon is this Saturday night, April 22nd, 10:10pm Texas Time! Because this full lunar light occurs in Scorpio, which rules sex and other people's money, you can fully expect such affairs to come to a climax this weekend. Here is how the full moon will effect you. Read your sun sign.

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20): The Sun, which gives extra vitality and life, moved into your sign Thursday, the 20th, at 4:50am, giving all "bulls" a lively boost for living. Meanwhile, Saturday's Full Moon in your opposite sign of Scorpio takes decision making out of your hands. This may be difficult. Your stubborn nature does not like to compromise.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 21): The Full Moon Saturday falls in your sixth house, bringing to a climax any work or health problems you may have. It seems to be one of those times when little works out as you planned or wished.

CANCER (June 22 - July 23): With lucky Jupiter having entered your sign, back on April 11th, good fortune should start showing up in your life. Meanwhile, Saturday's Full Moon climaxes matters of love and socialities. The Full Moon may cause some argument with a loved one.

LEO (July 24 - August 23): The Full Moon on Saturday brings to a climax some matter dealing with business or the home front. Perhaps something you have kept underground will now come into the open for full review and announcement.

VIRGO (August 24 - September 23): The Full Moon on Saturday may bring about an upset in your temperament. Any trips or communication with those afar can be productive. Anything unclear in the recent past may come into focus.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): The Moon is in Libra Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st, favoring your endeavors. However, the Full Moon on Saturday, the 22nd, conjures up a previously hidden opportunity. This may be in the area of earning power or some financial scheme of a business like basis.

SCORPIO (October 24 - November 22): The Full Moon this Saturday falls in your sign — a lunar event which happens only once a year to each sign and this month it is the Scorpions turn to wade in this highly emotional water which pertains to sex and other people's money. In fact, all this can work to your advantage in case there is some related project you've been planning to launch.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 - December 22): The Full Moon this Saturday warns you to take a low profile. Although Archers usually like to be in the center of all that is social, it would behoove you to stay in the background this weekend.

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starscope

A better time for your personality to shine will be next Monday and Tuesday, when the moon is in your sign.

CAPRICORN (December 23 - January 19):

The Full Moon this Saturday brings to a climax any business or domestic problems. Unless you like to be surprised, it would be wise not force any issues at work or home. Hold your ideas until the Moon enters your sign, Thursday, the 26th, when they will be more warmly received. Your ruling planet, Saturn, which has been going backward in the sky, turns direct on the 25th, ushering in a more positive period ahead for you. In fact, your serious, depressed mood should change for the better.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 19):

The Full Moon this Saturday may require a decision on your part regarding business and personal matters. It would be wise to check with a friend for some advice. Your thinking is not too clear due to planetary stress. The 22nd is not a day to announce any decisions, however; wait until the 24th, when Mercury,

which rules communication, turns direct in the sky.

PISCES (February 20 - March 20): The Full Moon this Saturday is very positive for your water sign. Since the Full Moon occurs this month in watery Scorpio, it makes a nice triangle to your Sun sign. Therefore, any ideas regarding money or business can be launched successfully. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (April 23 - 25) could test your patience. Your temper is shorter.

ARIES (March 21 - April 20): The Full Moon this Saturday stresses matters regarding any money jointly held. In fact, money and love may be intertwined into a seemingly unresolvable dilemma. But Tuesday, when Mercury turns direct in your fire sign, light can then be seen at the end of the tunnel.

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popcorn

by Richard Nelson

The sound track of *Saturday Night Fever*, which features music by the Bee Gees, was an overnight success story and has now become the most popular movie soundtrack album of all time. Robert Stigwood, who produced *Saturday Night Fever*, has realized the growing importance of rock music in making movies. His next feature release, *Grease*, will premiere this summer and, like the stage play from which it was adapted, features rock (-n-roll) exclusively. Stigwood's other summer release will be the film version of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The film version of the album, considered by many to be the Beatles' finest effort, is an adaptation of the album's score into a non-Beatles fable.

It features a non-Beatles cast, including Peter Frampton in the lead role of Billy Shears and the Bee Gees as the other members of *Sgt. Pepper's Band*. George Burns, Steve Martin, and several other celebrities appear in cameo roles in the film, which contains all of the songs from the *Sgt. Pepper's* album, along with songs from three other Beatles albums as well. The film's story, a fantasy, concerns the rise to superstardom of the Band and the evil plots of their foe, Mean Mr. Mustard. Michael Schultz, whose recent directorial credits include *Car Wash* and *Which Way Is Up?*, is director of *Sgt. Pepper's*, which is now

in post-production stages. Expectations are high for the film; the album, which debuted over 10 years ago, has built up quite a following, and the film is already the subject of industry gossip. Stigwood is planning considerable festivities for the film's debut, which is tentatively scheduled for the Fourth of July.

Popcorn potpourri: Marsha Mason, who scored big with the viewing public as *The Goodbye Girl*, will star in the screen version of husband Neil Simon's current hit play, *Chapter Two*. Simon is currently adapting the Broadway version into a screenplay and should have the finished product ready to go before the cameras next fall. *Chapter Two* is the fictionalized version of Simon's romance with Mason . . . Jane Fonda is currently working on two films, back-to-back. Filming is progressing nicely on her *Power* feature in which she co-stars with Michael Douglas. They're a pair of investigative reporters. Jack Lemmon is also in the cast. Jane's other feature, *California Suite*, is getting ready to roll in the near future and features an all-star cast . . . Bette Davis will star in a made-for-TV movie for CBS in the fall entitled *Mother and Daughter*.

Add *Soap* to the list of hit shows that ABC has renewed for next season. Although *Soap* began the season as ABC's biggest headache, it built up a

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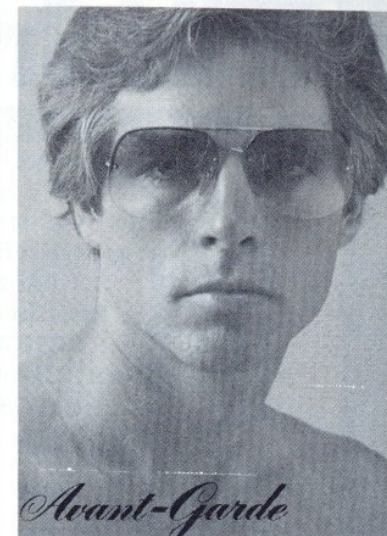
popcorn

very appreciable audience and maintained high ratings through most of the season. The first episode for the fall will settle the matter of who killed Peter. Once and for all . . . The producers of *Smokey and the Bandit* are negotiating with that film's stars Burt Reynolds and Sally Field, for a possible sequel. Both stars are considering the idea while wrapping their current feature, *The End*, which Reynolds is directing.

A film project based on the popular rock album *Desperado* by the Eagles is in the works . . . Ira Levin, the popular mystery writer whose successful hits

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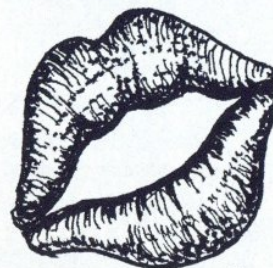


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popcorn

include *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Stepford Wives*, has been paid a fee in excess of a million dollars for screen rights to his latest play, *Deathtrap*. Warner Bros. paid the fee, believed to be the highest purchase price ever paid for a non-musical play.

Jaws II, which has been plagued with production problems since it began filming over a year ago, is at last ready for release and should hit the screens sometime this summer . . . NBC has in the planning stages a series based on the exploits of a man and his thirteen clones

Quick popped review:

An Unmarried Woman - Jill Clayburgh becomes a contender for next year's Best Actress Oscar with her sensitive portrayal of a middle-aged woman weathering divorce and its intermittent pains. The film, though full of tiny flaws, has an underlying optimism that makes it unusually satisfying viewing. See it.

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Life with vera

by John Gardner

Mother Simply Divine stared into her crystal ball.

"Tonight, my child. This is the night!" Mother Simply Divine instructed. "You must go to the Pritchard Mansion tonight. It's written in the stars!"

"Are you sure? You know what lousy handwriting those stars have. Actually, I think a week from Monday would be..."

"Tonight! You must go tonight!"

"How about Sunday? There's nothing good on television and..."

"Tonight!"

"Boy, you won't give an inch, will ya?"

"You want to find the clues in the Countess Bancroft murder case, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must go tonight."

"Very well. But if you ever decide to give up the fortune-telling biz, go down to the phone company and apply for a job, honey. You're their kind of person."

"You promise me that you will go to the Pritchard Mansion tonight?"

"I promise."

"You must promise me you'll be there at 11:00 o'clock. Precisely at 11:00!"

"When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there!" Vera sang, disguising his fear in a jubilant choral display.

"And you must go without any weapons of any kind. If you go with a knife or a gun, the spirits will know you are afraid. We wouldn't want that."

"Heaven forbid, I'd hate to break their little hearts." Vera acknowledged. "But if you don't mind me saying so, it sure seems that the deck is stacked in favor of the spirits."

"No need for fear, my child. Have you forgotten about your mayonnaise... your good luck charm?"

"No, I remember. Person can't forget a thing like that. In fact, I'll let Phoebe carry it. He'll be walking ahead of me. He's the adventurous type. He doesn't know it yet, but he is."

"Oh, no, dear. You must go by yourself." Mother Simply Divine instructed.

"But Phoebe is my best friend. It would break the poor dear's heart if..."

"Alone! You must go alone! The spirits must not think you're afraid."

"I've heard of protecting people's feelings, but this is getting ridiculous! Besides, the spirits will only have to listen to my knees knocking to know I'm terrified. And I can tell you right now, they'll probably be banging out the 'Anvil Chorus' by the time I get up to the front porch."

"I have spoken!"

"I really would feel better if Phoebe could go with me. He's always

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vera

bored. The adventure could do him a world of good and I've always felt . . ."

"I have spoken!"

"You have spoken! You have spoken! I feel like Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz*. Sure you wouldn't like me to bring back a broom?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"That makes two of us. Tonight, huh? Are you sure?"

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"There's no way around it?"

"No."

"How about over, under, around or through it?"

"No. You must go tonight. At 11:00. And the spirits must see that you are alone."

"They have to see that, huh?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I'll do it," Vera muttered. "And you're sure this good luck charm will protect me?"

"Oh, absolutely. With that charm, you'll get just what you deserve."

"Okay. But to be on the safe side, I'm going to hit every grocery store in town. I'm going to go to the Pritchard Mansion absolutely covered in these little jewels," Vera said, holding up the mayonnaise lid. "Does this charm fit the 6-ounce jar or the 12-ounce jar?"

The trap was set. Not in his wildest dreams, even the Technicolor jobs with

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VERA

the big production numbers, could Vera have visualized the deadly course of action Mother Simply Divine had launced him on. Vera did not know that Mother Simply Divine, fortuneteller, was the real-life mother of Big Al, gangster. Vera did not know it had been Big Al and the Boys that killed the Countess Bancroft, after the Countess wanted to terminate his employment as the gay "popper tester" for the heterosexual gangster chemists bottling amyl nitrite in a bathtub of the Pritchard Mansion. Vera did not know that when he got to the Pritchard Mansion, to look for clues in the killing of the Countess Bancroft, Al would be waiting. Not to mention the "hydraulic room," the one where the floor can be raised to the ceiling, crushing all within. Vera didn't know about that, either. As you can see, Vera didn't know much at all. Especially when compared to you, dear reader.

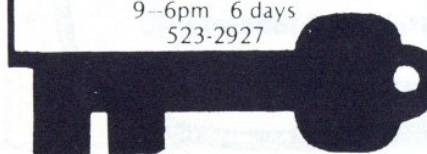
But maybe there IS a God. For when Vera left the shack of Mother Simply Divine and began driving home, toward the "better" side of town, he spied a sign that inspired an instant scheme. A scheme that would, perhaps, alleviate some of the danger inherent in the evening's planned activities. The sign spied by Vera offered the services of private security guards and bodyguards. *Rent-A Pig* the sign said. Vera was well-aware that Mother Simply Divine had given explicit instructions that he go to

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Vera

the Dreaded Pritchard Mansion alone. But — Vera had an IDEA!

Acting on a hunch, which is a lot easier than acting on the stage of Lincoln Center, Vera pulled into the Rent-A-Pig parking lot. Going inside the semi-shabby offices, Vera encountered an old Broderick Crawford-type sitting behind a desk.

"Can you help me?" Vera asked, attempting to divert the man's attention away from his cigar and Sport's page.

"Whaddaya need!" he growled. "And speak up! The old lady threw a skillet of hot grease on the side of my face last night. My ears are stopped up."

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"Sounds yummy, honey. But the garment I had in mind is more of a . . . a . . . a hoop skirt!"

"You're going to put a bodyguard in a hoop skirt!"

"Well, not exactly in a hoop skirt. More like, under a hoop skirt. Mine!"

—To Be Continued—

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fantasy

Dear TWT,

You said you wanted *Fantasies*, here's mine. I don't know if it's eligible to be printed, since it's not a fantasy in the pure sense. It's not something that exists only in my imagination. It really happened. But it happened almost 10 years ago and, to this day, it's still my most vivid sexual memory. I have never been able to "make something up" in my head that turns me on as much as just recalling this memory of an actual event. So maybe that qualifies it as being a fantasy.

I was a sophomore at the University of Texas. At the time, I must confess that I had never had a shared sexual experience, either gay or straight. I was raised in a very small town in Texas filled only with Baptists and innocence. When I was a senior in high school, it may have been 1965 for the rest of the nation, but where I lived, the mood and temperament were exactly like those shown on the TV series *Happy Days*. Except we didn't even have a Fonzie. By the time I graduated from high school, I knew I was gay. But it was no big deal to me. It didn't cause any problems. The town was so "innocent," the heterosexual guys weren't "making it" with the girls, so nobody noticed that I didn't have any interest in them, either. All the girls in my town seemed like young Donna Reeds. In light of all this, you can imagine how "wet behind the ears" I was by the time I got to U.T. in 1965.

When I was a freshman, you had to live in University-approved housing. So like all the other freshman, I lived in an approved dorm under the watchful eye of a "housemother." By my sophomore year, however, all rules were dropped. You could live anywhere. With anybody. Also at this time, flower children, hippies, anti-war activists, and communes were becoming realities. We look back on all that as being cliched and silly now, but if you were there when it was happening, when it was all so beautiful, when it was all so real . . . well, those who lived it know what I'm talking about, and those who didn't go through it will have to go elsewhere if they desire to live that experience vicariously. I'm not a good enough writer to capture

those "times" in words. Frankly, I doubt that any writer has talents to measure up to that task.

But back to the story. By my sophomore year, the easing of University housing restrictions and the emergence of "flower power" coupled to provide the most "exotic" and erotic habitat I have ever enjoyed. It was an old house, on one of the little side streets off The Drag, near 38th Street. A "matured" house. By the time I moved there, I knew that house had "lived" more in its lifetime than I had in mine.

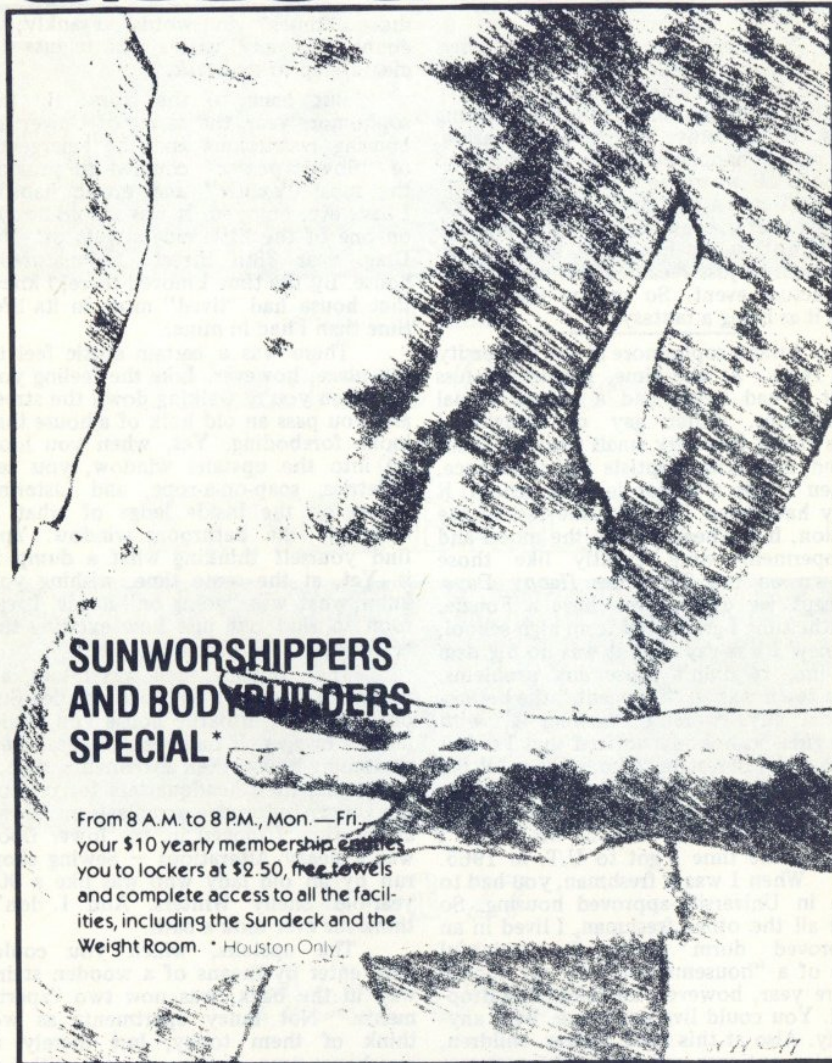
There was a certain erotic feel to the place, however. Like the feeling you get when you're walking down the street and you pass an old hulk of a house that looks foreboding. Yet, when you look up into the upstairs window, you see toiletries, soap-on-a-rope, and Listerine sitting on the inside ledge of what is obviously the bathroom window. You find yourself thinking what a dump it is. Yet, at the same time, wishing you knew what was "going on" inside. I was soon to find out just how exciting the activities in such places could be.

The outside shell was intact, although it leaned a lot to one side. But once you got into the house you could see the ravages. It had been a house, then a rooming house, then apartments, then a commune, then headquarters for one of the University service organizations. Now, at the time I moved in, the lower floor was a sleazy Alterations — Sewing shop run by an old lady who was like a 90-year-old Shelly Winters. And I don't think she ever took a bath.

The upstairs, which you could only enter by means of a wooden stairway in the back, was now two "apartments." Not fancy apartments as we think of them today, but merely a warehouse-type open space, with a 12-foot ceiling, that had been divided, with a kitchen of sorts, and a bathroom of sorts, in each half. I had one half. A girl named Susan had the other half. I won't tell her last name, because, even to this day, I would hate for her to know I spied on her.

Susan had come from Berkeley. She was 21, and for me, she was an "older woman." Mature and world-

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fantasy

wise. She looked exactly like a short, more-fragile version of Mary Travers, of *Peter, Paul and Mary* fame. We became casual friends and she taught me a lot. She turned me on to marijuana, in fact.

Susan was very, very sexy, too. Men and boys were always going in and out of her apartment. If I had brought it up, I'm sure we could have screwed and screwed until hell froze over. But I never brought it up. I suspect she knew that I was blossoming into a militant gay. Our relationship was a lot like that of *Bonnie and Clyde*, as portrayed by Faye and Warren. Except, I looked a lot more like Ron Howard, in *Happy Days*, than Warren Beatty. We were intimate. We were close. She was my wise, older-woman, friend. But sex never entered into it. Until Al came along.

Two major events happened in a single week. Al came into Susan's life. And I discovered an interesting secret about the upper floor of the house in which Susan and I dwelled.

The wall that bisected the top floor of the building, the wall that separated my living quarters from Susan's living quarters, was the living room wall. On one side of the wall was my living room, on the other side, Susan's. I was lying on my bed one night, in total darkness, when I noticed what seemed to be a "crack" in the wall, with light from Susan's apartment coming through. Getting up, examining the wall, I noticed a sliver of light coming through the fabric that covered the wall. It wasn't decor wall covering, but simply cheap burlap-type fabric the carpenters had nailed to the wall, so they could get the wallpaper to stick to it. Most of the wallpaper was long-since peeled away, and only the brown, ratty fabric remained. An ugly wall. A wall that tenants were expected to cover with psychedelic posters, End the War banners, and Playboy center-folds.

It was through this fabric that the light was coming. Rubbing my hands along the fabric, I was shocked to find that there was a door between my apartment and Susan's. It had been nailed shut, and both sides covered with the fabric and the wallpaper. If Susan were

aware of the door, she had never mentioned it.

Cutting carefully through the fabric with a razor blade, I found that the light was coming from the very top of the previously-secret door. They had nailed the door shut, making it into a wall, but it had evidently become warped with time. The top of the door no longer made complete contact with the door frame. By cutting away the fabric on my side, and standing on a chair, then cutting the tiniest of holes in the fabric on Susan's side, I was able to see into Susan's living room! You could see about a third of her living room through the small narrow opening. Moreover, beyond her living room, I could get a clear view of her screened balcony, which she used as a bedroom. The top half of her bed was easily visible.

Of all the things I have possessed in life, I never experienced such sheer glee in ownership as I did for my new-found "view." From the moment of discovery, I knew I had, indeed, become the owner of a "window on the world." Most importantly, a view of Al would be forthcoming. Had you seen Al, you would have immediately understood the "rush" I experienced contemplating seeing him nude, hard, erect, fucking the shit out of Susan.

Al was one of those physical specimens that seems to exist only in legend. You see guys like Al perhaps only once or twice a year. For some people, once or twice in a lifetime.

Al and his father were the total owners and staff of a roofing service. Guys who spend their days putting new shingles on people's roofs lack neither for muscles or tans. Not that Al needed the sun to appear tanned, his father was Italian. Although his facial features were those of his American mother, his deep skin tone, dark black hair, and his natural physique were those of his father. Al had one of those big, burly chests that looks bad unless you have a tight, ribbed, slender waist to go with it. Al had all that. Had Al been four inches shorter, his body would have looked exactly like that of the porno star Bruno. Giant forearms, giant hands, massive shoulders adjoined to a flesh-heaped chest, tapering downward to a tight, hard stomach that set atop wide, girded, muscular loins. His legs had the proportions of his overall body. Just as

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his massive upper torso indented at the waist before exploding into his muscular lower half, his upper thighs indented at the knees, before exploding into his wide-circumference, muscular calves.

His entire body was covered with long, but silky and straight, black hair. It glistened in abundance around his pectorals, before forming a straight line down to the navel. And beyond. I can only hope all this gives you a clear description of his body. I'm not a professional writer so I can only hope that you all know what Bruno's body looks like. As far as his face, that's a lot easier. His face looked exactly like that of Henry Winkler. Not "Fonzie," mind you, but Henry Winkler.

They made quite a beautiful couple, Al and Susan. Both uninhibited, both "beautiful people," both "free spirits." During the next few weeks, I missed a lot of classes so that I might view their "afternoon delights." Not to mention all the sleep I missed because of their more-torrid, night-time sessions. Susan and Al fucked non-stop, night and day, all the time. And through my magic window I watched.

I could never see all of Al that I wanted to see, though. Since I could see only the top half of the bed, I missed a lot of the "good parts." But watching Al's massive torso, pumping spasmodically, atop Susan's delicate frame, my imagination of what was actually going on "down below" was sufficient to prompt jacking-off and orgasm as I watched. They did everything to each other. For some reason, perhaps bad luck, when they would "69," Susan would put her head toward the foot of the bed to suck on Al's dick. That activity was out of my view. I was stuck with seeing Al eating out Susan's pussy. But I must confess, I found even this very erotic. Guys like Al could turn you on by doing anything. With anybody. I'm sure I could have gotten hard watching Al have sex with a sheep or a donkey.

On one particular morning I awakened and, as usual, the first thing I did was to see if Al and Susan were "getting it on" that early in the morning. They usually were. And this time was no exception. But there was one difference,

they weren't on the bed. They were in the living room. Al was standing in the middle of the room, naked, with Susan on her knees in front of him, sucking his dick. I could juice this story up by saying Al had a giant 12-inch cock, but that wouldn't be the truth. It was actually no more than 8 inches. But it was, without a doubt, the fattest cock I have ever seen, even to this day. I exaggerate not one bit when I tell you that it was as fat as a Coke bottle, at the bottle's widest point. And it had that incredible firmness that comes with a 22-year-old carpenter-type stud.

Al was swaying methodically as he held his hands on the back of Susan's head, guiding her mouth back and forth along the fat salami he was nestling in and out of her throat. And Susan was no piker, Linda Lovelace is no better cocksucker than was Susan. She took it all. All the way down. As the fat, hard dick nudged down her thin, fragile throat, you could almost testify to seeing the ridge that separated Al's cock shaft from his cock head protrude from Susan's neck, like a second "Adam's apple."

As Al approached orgasm, he had Susan lie on the floor, while he mounted her face. She lay crushed beneath a mountain of male muscle that gently dredged ever-downward. There was a visual brutality about it. She was so white, so fragile, so slender. He was so dark, so massive, so muscled. Had this been a fight, rather than lovemaking, Al could have killed Susan with a single blow of his massive hands. But Al was gentle. He sensed that his body was extraordinary. He realized his power. And like the "flower children" of his time, he vowed never to abuse it.

Al displayed compassion during sex. He restrained his power. Allowing only as much of his primate brute strength to be exposed as would be pleasurable to his sexual partner. If Al thought Susan wanted it "rough," he could slam it to her "rough." But when she wanted it gentle, he could do that to. Watching them, I could tell that Al would probably have liked to have been a bit rougher, a bit more sadistic, a man wanting to claim the rewards for being a physical sex God. But he never forced the issue. The compassionate mind ruled the animal instincts harbored within the streamlined gorilla body. Like I said, he was as savage as he sensed his sexual partner

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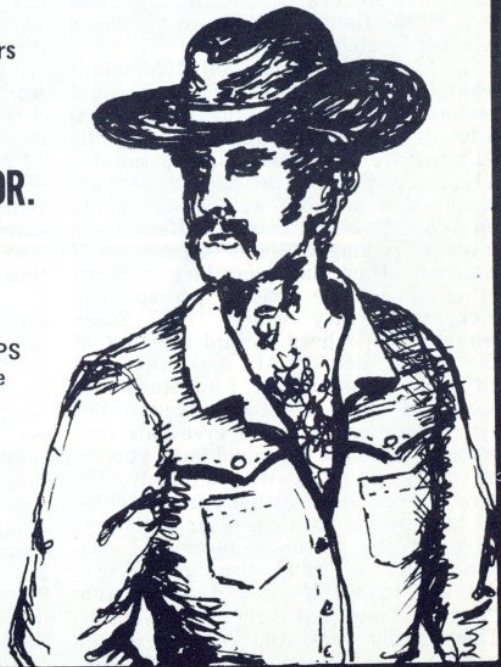
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fantasy

desired him to be. But no more.

I hated it when Susan laid down on the floor, though. Because that put the both of them out of my view. They were too low for my high-viewing vantage point.

After they were finished, Susan walked toward the bathroom and Al walked toward the kitchen, or so I thought. For while I was still standing on the chair, hoping to get a glimpse of Al's softening dick as he walked back into the room, I was suddenly startled by someone knocking on my door. Putting two and two together, I panicked. Al hadn't gone into the kitchen, he had gone out the apartment door, into the hall. He was knocking on MY door. Hastily, I got down off the chair, and with a few quick moves, managed to move the chair away from the wall, so Al wouldn't be suspicious of its strange location. At the same time, I managed to stuff my own dick back into my Levi's. Fortunately, I had not yet reached orgasm as I jacked-off while watching Al and Susan. There was only my hard cock to put painfully back into my pants. No come to clean up. Thank God, I muttered silently. I opened the door. It was, indeed, Al. With a towel held half-heartedly around his waist, he spoke.

"Susan and I have go to get to the peace rally. The water pressure in the shower is lousy. It's impossible for us to shower together. She said it might be okay if I clean up in your bathroom?"

I managed to mumble something in the affirmative and Al headed toward the shower. Long before getting completely out of my eye-range in the living room, however, he casually tossed his towel onto the bed. (When your apartment consists only of one giant room, a bathroom, and a kitchen, the bed takes center stage in the "living room.")

In today's society, Al's disrobing" before getting out of my vision might be considered "prick teasing." But it wasn't that at all. It's just the way Al was. Totally free. Totally uninhibited. A person who viewed his body and sex as wonderfully beautiful gifts. A basis for pride. To Al, sex was not something to be used for ego-gratification, bribery, power-seeking, or material gain. It was

just an intimate method of communication. Something to be spread around. Something to make people feel better. And as was the prevalent mood of the country at the time, Al desired to communicate and "expand his horizons" in as many ways, with as many people, as he felt the Spirit desired him to do. I always wanted to meet Al's parents. They must have been one helluva pair.

Al returned from the shower, picked up his towel, and began drying his lengthy locks of glistening ebony hair. During this time, we chatted casually. Carrying on the conversation was difficult for me, attempting to look in Al's direction as I spoke, but not desiring to be "caught" staring at his naked majesty. By the time he got to drying his dick, tossing the big flaccid chunk of flesh from side to side, I could no longer stand the pressure and suddenly needed to appear preoccupied with some other activity.

Al was standing near the head of the bed, so I sat down on the floor of the room, with my back against the foot of the bed, and began rolling a joint, thus conveniently facing away from Al. Al's body. And face.

Just as a person who is sexually liberated can be easily spotted within a crowd of non-sexually liberated people, so to, a person who is not sexually liberated, can be detected by one who IS sexually liberated. Looking back on the incident, I know that Al realized that his nude presence was causing me inner turmoil with my sexual frustrations. A state of affairs Al considered folly. Sexual frustration was beyond Al's scope of conception. He thought sexual freedom was for everybody and, like a liberating crusader, he set about his joyful task.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you, too." I replied, carefully saying it in such a way that it would be interpreted as the "I love you" comradery of flower children, rather than anything too personal or sexual. Yet Al continued to press his attack.

"Can we try an experiment?" he asked. "I think it's something that you'll find useful later down the road."

"Sure." I responded, trying to appear academically nonchalant while hiding the deep breathing my racing heartbeat demanded.

"One other thing." He continued.

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Ed & Jeff

fantasy

"There are a lot of things that society says we should feel guilty about, that we should make excuses for, apologies. I don't buy that. So for your own enjoyment, I want you to promise me that you won't say a single word during this experiment. I make this request just so you won't feel the obligation to say anything. To make any apologies. Is that okay?"

"If that's the way you want it, that's the way you've got it," I responded, nervously trying to be clever.

"But also, if at any time you want me to stop the experiment, just say so and I will. No ill feelings. But until you want me to stop completely, I don't want you to feel like you're obligated to say anything. Just relax and enjoy."

I nodded my head, indicating "yes," just in case my period of expected silence had already begun. Al grinned at my literal interpretation of his rules. Then, the grin slowly moved from his face, as though it never existed. He moved around to the foot of the bed, standing directly in front of me as I sat on the floor. I was so nervous I could feel the sweat on my back soaking through my work shirt and onto the sheet covering the foot of the bed, against which I was propped.

With my head at crotch level, Al stood about three feet in front of me. Stark Naked. Muscled masculinity. Flesh mounds deeply chiseled. Shimmering black body hair emphasizing his body contours. And hanging from his solid torso, between his corded thighs, that soft sculptured salami with the oval, bulbous dick head.

"Stare at my dick," he instructed. My first inclination was to act shy and coy, to say something like "Do what?" But I remembered Al's admonition that I remain silent. And I was glad. My promise to remain silent prohibited me from masking my true feelings. That was Al's purpose. He wanted true openness. Pure, unfettered communication. Sexually uninhibited.

I stared at his cock, as instructed. Slowly, very slowly, he took his hand and began pulling on his dick. Stretching it. Caressing it. Twisting the head of his dick in his fist. Then, he moved toward me, placing his dick right in my face as he

rubbed and tugged on it. With his knees firmly placed against my shoulders, he took his hand and gently placed it on my forehead. Pushing gently, he pushed my head back and downward, until the back of head rested on the bed. Squatting down a bit, he placed the head of his cock against my hairline. Then, pulling back slowly, he let his ponderous meat-tube flow gently down my face, until the tip of his dick plunged off the edge of my chin. He repeated this process several times.

Taking his dick in his hand, he lay it upon my face, and began pressing down firmly, but gently. His large, calloused hands rubbed the topside of his dick, as though trying to "smear" the bottom side into my face. Into my eyes. Into my nose and over my lips. With his dick still being pressed into my face, he instructed me to unbutton my shirt and pants. When I had done this, he removed my shirt from my shoulders and, moving backward, he pulled my Levi's by the cuffs until they were free of my body. The growing hardness of my own dick was easily evident.

"And now, step two." He said., resuming his straddling position above my face. He began beating his dick, which was now growing firm, against the side of my head. Swatting my cheeks with the giant, flesh billyclub.

As Al's dick grew toward maximum hardness, my cock was likewise becoming engorged with hot blood. Al noticed this and told me to start pulling on my own dick.

"Grab your dick," he instructed. "Pull that cock head. Pull on your dick. Make it feel good. Yank it. Tug it. Rub your thumb across the head of your dick. Flick your thumb over the slit at the end of your dick. Make it feel good, baby."

Never had the skin over my body tingled so. Each skin cell quivered with heated sensation. Having Al's hard dick being smeared into my face while I pulled and probed the depths of pleasure contained within my own cock. As his cock pounded my head and face, I stared up at the arched beauty and magnificence of Al's body. His legs bent slightly, his dick stretching outward, towering over me, while his chest arched backward, as though offering the counter-symmetry necessary to keep the weight of his dick from causing his entire body to collapse

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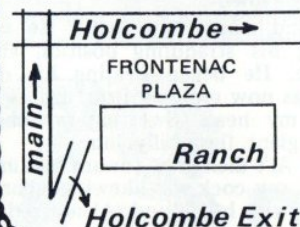
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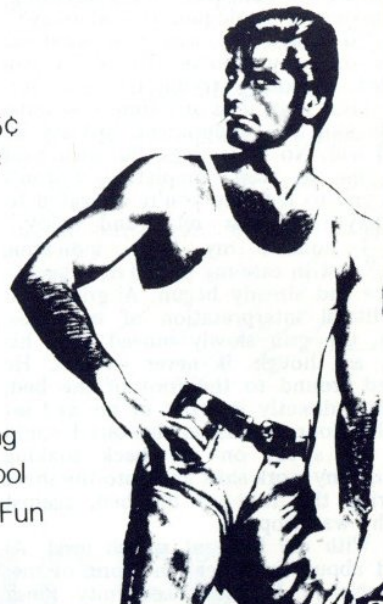
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fantasy

forward. His muscular stature seemed designed just for the purpose of counterbalancing the positioning of his fat, hard shaft in space.

He placed his middle finger in my mouth, as though exploring, feeling the hard, ribbed surface of the roof of my mouth, and then going downward, to nestle alongside, and beneath, my tongue. Then, he pressed downward on my lower teeth, indicating I should open my mouth wider. I did so. He brought the red, velveteen-skinned head of his circumcised shaft to my lips. He locked his knees, preparing for a forward movement of his entire body. Al was going to put his dick in my mouth. In soft, yet firm, tones, he began giving instructions for the sucking of his dick, and the jacking-off of my own.

"Take it easy, baby. Just let it glide in. Let it gently wedge its way down your throat. Feel that dick rubbing against the inside of your mouth? Feel that cock head crammed against the roof of your mouth? Feel the end of my cock getting closer to your throat?"

Inch by inch, I stared at the big dick of one of God's most beautiful of creatures as it slowly entered the oral cavity of my body.

"Now you've got it. Let that big dick of mine dredge down into your throat. I want my cock down your throat. All of it. Down in your throat. I want it to wedge completely down into the warm mucus of your stretched throat. Feel the ridge of my dick head rubbing against the inside of your throat? Wrap your lips tight around the shaft as it goes in, baby. Control your breathing. It's not difficult. Breathe easy. Take it all, baby. Take it all. It feels good to suck dick. It feels so good to suck dick. It feels good to have your dick sucked. I like you sucking my dick. Pull on your cock, baby. While I drive this fat dick of mine down your throat, beat your own meat."

"Scratch your balls, baby. Pull on your shaft. Hard. Harder. Pull so hard that your balls begin to be forced up inside your body. Rub your inner thighs. Pound your meat, stud. Pound it. Feel my balls? Feel my balls slapping against your chin? Suck that dick! Suck on it,

baby. Suck on it, stud. Suck that dick of mine. Beat your meat. Grab your dick. Hard. Up and down. Up and down. Watch my dick go in and out of your mouth! In and out all the way. Watch it come out, inch by inch. See it all? Eight inches. Now watch it go back in. Back in. Down into your throat. Down. Down. Inch by inch. Feel it? It's going deeper. Four inches of my dick into your mouth. Now six inches. Here, baby, suck on all eight inches of my dick. Suck it! Suck it! Feel my crotch hairs crammed against your nose? It's in you, baby. All of it. All of my hard dick crammed down into the deepest part of your throat. The head of my dick is deep down inside your body, baby. Feel the head of my dick deep down inside you? That dick head! That big shaft! All down inside your throat, baby!"

I sensed that Al was getting more and more excited. The pace of his in-and-out movements began to quicken. Each time he crammed his meat into my mouth, he tried to achieve deeper and deeper penetration. Often putting the weight of his entire body onto my face, forcing his dick deeper and ever-deeper.

"That's right, baby. Squeeze your throat. Squeeze your throat. Squeeze it around my dick. Hard. Hard. Feel that giant cock ramming down. Into your throat. Feel the skin of my dick as it goes across your lips. Feel that mouthful of man's dick sliding in and out of your insides. Tighten your lips! Press the veins of my cock down hard with your lips! Pound your own dick, stud. Pound it hard. Eat that meat, baby! Feel how hard it is? How fat it is? How long it is? All that male meat, baby! All for you! Inside your body! Jack-off. Keep jacking-off, baby. Make it feel good. Make your own dick feel as good as you're making mine feel. Beat your meat! Suck my cock! Take it deep. In and out. In and out. Take my dick deeper. Take it all!"

As Al plunged his dick in and out of my mouth, he looked over his shoulder, watching me jack-off.

"Grab your cock, baby. Harder, harder. Pull on your dick with both hands. Make it reach to the sky. Back and forth over the shaft. Stretch that skin on your dick. Pull on that dick. Pull so hard you think your balls are going to explode. Bounce your big balls up and down, stud. Beat your meat. Beat it.

fantasy

Both hands. Pull! Harder! Faster! Feel that *come* building up in your balls, baby? Yank on your dick, stud."

Al turned back to again watch his dick going in and out of my face. He liked looking at his dick. He liked seeing it pump in and out of my mouth. With each of his thrusts, my lips pressed harder against his shaft, while my throat constricted to apply constant pressure to the head of his dick. The dick being rammed in and out of my throat.

"Eat that meat, stud. Eat that meat. Suck that cock! See that dick sliding in and out of your mouth! Feel that cock going across your lips. Suck that cock, baby! Suck it! Suck it, stud! Suck me! Suck me! Suck that axe-handle cock of mine!"

Never had I experienced such excitement. That dick being crammed in my mouth, my hands tearing at my dick as I yanked and pulled with heated fury. Again he turned to watch me pounding my cock.

"You're going to shoot. Feel your balls swelling? Get ready. Pull that cock! C'mon kid, harder! Faster. Hurt it! Pound that shaft! That dick of yours! Get ready to shoot your load, stud. Beat that meat! Make your muscles work. Grab it hard with your hands. Get ready! You're about to shoot! Shoot that big wad of *come* out of your balls. Those big, hairy balls. That's what they're for. For men to suck on and to make big globes of *come*. Make that *come* explode down the length of your thick dick! Feel it? Feel it? Keep pounding baby. Pull on that dick!"

"Look at my cock ramming your face! I'm gettin' close, baby. Ready to ram this dick all the way down you. I'm gonna fill your guts with hot *come*. *Come* that's going to come out of my big balls. *Come* that's going to travel down my dick. Inch after inch. To explode out the end of my dick head and into your waiting throat. Here it comes, stud. The first wad of *come* you've had in your whole life. The first of many. Enjoy it! I'm a cocksucker. You're a cocksucker. Suck on that cock, stud. Suck on it! Enjoy it, cocksucker. Here it *comes*! It's going to shoot out of my dick and fill your throat with thick

streams of hot *come*. Get ready to swallow my *come*, baby! Gushing out of my balls! Constrict your throat. Give me a tight fit on my dick. Here it *comes*! Here it *comes*! Big spurting blobs of *come*! Up through this giant shaft buried inside you. In your throat. Out of my big dick head. It's building up."

It was near. Mutual orgasm. We both shook with repeated sexual spasms as the end neared. Alternating between watching his dick plunging in and out of my mouth and watching me beat my meat, Al writhed in ecstasy. He loved the "watching" and the "doing."

"I want you to *come*, baby. Shoot your wad! I want to see big blobs of *come* shooting out of the end of your dick head. It's building up inside you, baby. I can tell. Feel it. Feel your *come* about to shoot? Feel that *come*? It's getting ready to shoot out of the end of your dick. Feel those spasms, baby. Another spasm. More! More!"

Suddenly I felt the sensations Al had guided me into. My balls seemed on fire. And with a sudden series of violent spasms, I could feel my *come* moving through my shaft. Exploding through the length of my dick. Suddenly, my body quaked with violent lunges as a steady stream of *come* exploded in spurts from the end of my dick! Al was watching.

"Good, baby, good. Feel it stud, feel it. You're shooting it everywhere. That *come* is shooting out of your balls! More *come*. More *come*. Shoot, baby. Shoot more!"

Observing I needed no further guidance, Al's attention returned to his own dick. The dick in my mouth. With animalistic lunges, Al began the tremors of orgasm.

"Oh, baby! My *come* is shooting. I feel it! It's exploding out of my balls! Suck hard! I'm ramming it deep now, baby! I'm gonna ram it deeper than ever before! Feel the head of my dick ramming into the base of your neck! You're getting it, baby! You're getting it all! Take it, baby! Take it! I've got my dick deep inside you. Here it *comes*! Here it *comes*!"

So fat was Al's dick that I swear I could actually feel his *come* moving down his shaft. Almost as though the bulk of it were stretching my neck, as it neared the head of his dick. Then heat! Hot! Like molten lava, I felt large globs of *come* pouring down into my insides. And with

each explosion of his *come*, Al seemed to use that *come* as lubricant, to dredge even deeper into my throat, for the next *come* explosion.

"Suck that *come*!" he groaned. "Suck that *come*! Take it all! Take it all, baby! It's exploding deep inside your throat, stud. Keep your lips around my dick! Keep my dick warm for the final bursts! It's exploding in you, baby! It's exploding!"

With one final lunge, Al shot the last of his *come* from his dick head inside my neck. His body shook with post-orgasmic spasm.

We were both spent. Exhausted. Keeping his dick safely nestled in my throat, Al leaned forward, resting the upper half of his torso on the bed. We lay silent for several minutes. Al lay on his stomach on the bed, his softening dick still in my mouth, his legs hanging free from the end of the bed.

"I hate to do this, baby," he said "but I'm gonna have to take my dick out. Susan's probably wondering what happened to me."

Al returned to his feet and slowly withdrew his slippery, fat, now-spent cock from my mouth. As he pulled it free, a thread of *come* stretched from my lips to the end of his dick.

"Next time," Al said, "I want the *come* connected to YOUR dick. And MY mouth. I want us to get together now and then. To keep in touch. Refresher courses, so to speak. I loved this experience. I hope you did, too."

As he walked across the room, he picked up his towel and put it on. He noticed a quizzical expression on my face.

"Oh, yeah. After I leave the room, you are freed from your promise to remain silent. Next time, we won't need such rules. I'll want you to talk to me. I want us to share things. Share sex. Share life. I'm dividing my time between you and Susan."

He reached the door and prepared to exit. Then, he turned to me and grinned a wide smile.

"Incidentally, your secret is safe. Let's just hope Susan never finds out about your secret view."

I had never been so embarrassed. Al knew I had been watching him fuck Susan. I started to say something but Al interrupted.

"You promised. Remember? You can't say a word until I leave. I don't

want you to be embarrassed that you watched us. I kind of got off to it. I'll enjoy fucking Susan more, knowing that you're watching me. Watching me in action. I like that. I love you, man. That's why Susan and I have started doing it in the living room, instead of the bedroom. I told her it was just for variety. But I just wanted you to be able to see. To see better. To see my dick. And mark my words, I plan for you to see a lot of my dick in the future. And I plan to see a lot of yours. A lot. Everywhere. It's me and you, babe. Gotta run. Susan'll be raising hell. Bye for now. I love ya."

Al exited. I was overcome with feelings of love, desire, and joy. My life would never be the same again. Al had known that. That's why he changed it. Forever.



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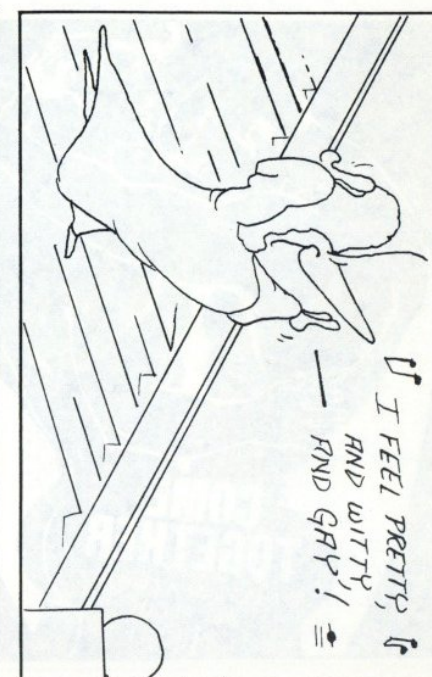
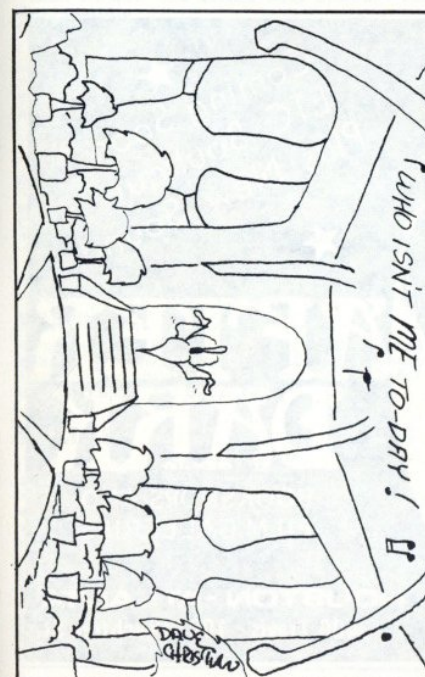
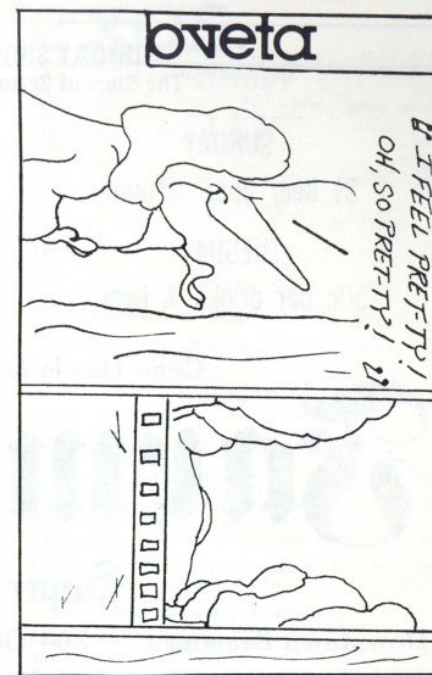
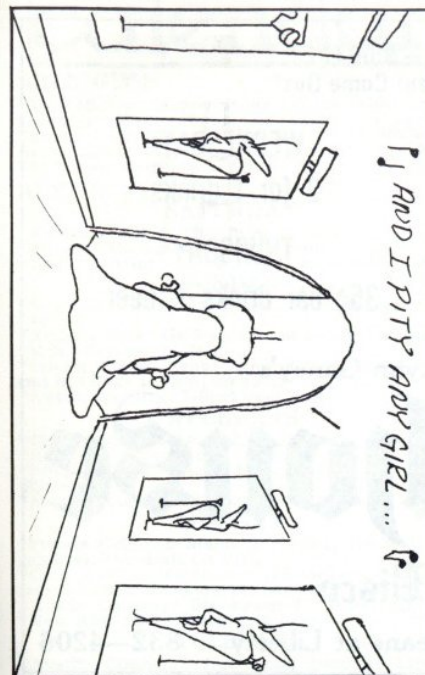
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ARLINGTON

*Mad Hatter: Happy Hour 1-7pm, Mon thru Saturday; Wed. Night, all drinks 1/2 price; Thurs.; Special show with Lynn Christopher, Bette Sheba and Trudy Tyler; Sun., 3-7pm 75c bloody marys & 25c beer.

AUSTIN

*Austin Country: after hours 2-4am
 *Private Cellar: happy hour 2-8pm
 *Club Austin: \$2 lockers 8am-4pm daily

SATURDAY

*New Apt.: bloody Sunday, all tomato drinks 75c
 *Ramsey Park: GCS-sponsored volley ball 3pm
 *MCC: Services at 2pm
 *Private Cellar: happy hour 2-7pm, free beer, and hot dogs at 7pm, no cover
 *Austin Country: 7-9pm beer bust.

SUNDAY

*Austin Country: Big screen TV, 8pm - ?
 *Club Austin: lockers \$2, 8am-4pm
 *New Apt: happy hour 4-8pm, \$1 bar, 50c beer
 *Private Cellar: happy hour 2-8pm, 95c well, 50c beer
 *Austin Country: Big screen TV, 8pm - ?

WEEKDAYS

*Club Austin: lockers \$2, 8am-4pm
 *New Apt: happy hour 4-8pm, \$1 bar, 50c beer
 *Private Cellar: happy hour 2-8pm, 95c well, 50c beer
 *Austin Country: Big screen TV, 8pm - ?

MONDAY

*Private Cellar: 9:30pm til closing, 50c well & can beer, 10c draft on patio
 *Club Austin: Movie nite, \$3 lockers, 6-10pm free popcorn (Lockers \$2, 8am-4pm daily M-F)
 *Austin Country: Big screen TV nitely 8pm-?
 *New Apt: 10-11:30pm free beer

TUESDAY

*Austin Country: free draft beer 10-11pm
 *Private Cellar: 10pm pool tourney w/prizes
 *Club Austin: free locker with discount card, 4pm-midnite
 *New Apt.: Western Nite, 1st drink free

WEDNESDAY

*Club Austin: buddy nite, 2 for 1, 4-12pm
 *New Apt: Pool tourney \$25 cash prize
 *Private Cellar: free beer call 10pm
 *Austin Country: free beer 10-11pm

THURSDAY

*Club Austin: age 18-21 free locker, 4pm-midnite, ID required.
 *Austin Country: 10pm show with Kitty Litter, Miss Riki and guest star Ernestine & Hot Chocolate.
 *New Apt: 1/2 price drinks with club colors

FRIDAY

*After Hours: 2-4am Austin Country
 *GCS: men's rap 7:45pm, call 477-6699

BEAUMONT

*Farmhouse: Open 7pm-2am daily, Sunday beer bust 7-10pm, also at 9:30pm Beaumont Drag Show, 50c bar & beer; Wed. 2 for 1 drinks; Thurs, 35c bar & beer.

DALLAS

SATURDAY

*The Maidenhead: Disco, \$1 cover
 *TJ's: happy hour 4-7pm, 50c bar & beer
 *The Nail: free bust 4pm til ?
 *Chuck's: 3-6pm 40c beer/well
 *One Way Inn: happy hour 1pm-7pm
 *Crews Inn: Crazy Hours 4-8pm, 50c well/beer
 *Ram Rod: happy hour 5-9pm
 *Wild Crowd Inn: free beer 3pm, Barn Dance 9-2am 50c beer & well for all cowboys in hats
 *After Hours: OP & Chuck's Truck Stop

SUNDAY

*Maidenhead: disco, \$1 cover, plus special entertainment & drag shows
 *Bell Pepper: Brunch \$4.50
 *The Nail: Beer bust 8pm
 *Old Plantation: \$1 cover, 45c well/bottle beer
 *Dimension III: Special Guest Ethel Bailey plus all-star cast
 *Tex's Ranch: free beer bust 5pm
 *Crews Inn: Ernie's Crazy Hours 4-9pm, 50c well/beer
 *Ram Rod: happy hour 5-9pm; bottomless champagne glass \$1, 5pm til ?
 *TJ's: happy hour prices 50c bar & beer free draft beer, 7-8pm
 *Wild Crowd Inn: screwdriver special all day, 45c
 *Throckmorton Mining Co.: mining special, marys & screws 35c, 1-7pm
 *One Way Inn: Happy Hour 1pm-7pm

WEEKDAYS

*Maidenhead: happy hour 1-7pm, 60c well & bar
 *Chuck's: Open Mon thru Fri., 4pm-2am, Sat & Sun, 1pm-2am
 *Sundance Kids: happy hour 5-8pm, Mon thru Fri., 60c beer, 75c well & gun drinks, 10% disc off regular prices for customers wearing club colors/leather hats or western hats
 *The Nail: 4-8pm, Budweiser draft 35c, well and beer 50c
 *Villa Fontana: happy hour Mon-Sat, 9am-7pm
 *Tex's Ranch: happy hours 7 days 2-8pm 50c beer & 70c well
 *Club Dallas: \$3 locker, 10am-2pm
 *One Way Inn: happy hour 1pm-7pm
 *Crews Inn: happy hour Mon-Fri, 4-7pm 50c well/beer
 *Ram Rod: happy hour Mon-Fri., 5-8pm & 12:00 midnite to 2am
 *Service Station: happy hour 7 days 10pm-noon, and 4-7pm
 *OP: \$1 cover, 45c well/beer, M/T/WT/Th
 *Boot Camp: happy hour 8-12am and 4-7pm 50c well & beer, Mon-Sat.
 *Wild Crowd Inn: Open 1pm-2am 7 days a week; happy hour 2pm-7pm 7 days; 50c beer & cocktails
 *Throckmorton Mining Co.: happy hour 4-7pm
 *TJ's: happy hour 4-7pm, well/beer, T-Fri.

MONDAY

*Wild Crowd Inn: Margarita Day, 75c each
 *Maidenhead: no cover, 40c draft, 85c well
 *The Nail: free beer bust 8pm
 *Sundance Kids: happy hour all night, 50c beer, 75c well liquor & guns
 *Boot Camp: pool tourney 8pm, w/prizes
 *Crews Inn: happy hour prices 4-7pm
 *Dimension III: 55c well & beer
 *Throckmorton Mining Co.: well Scotch 75c

TUESDAY

*Maidenhead: 40c draft, 85c well, talent show 9:30pm; \$1 cover, disco
 *Sundance Kids: Scotch Tuesday, 90c well scotch all night
 *The Nail: bareback night well & beer 25c 4pm-2am
 *Bachelors Quarters: "Dollar Night"
 *Club Dallas: 2 for 1 buddy nite, 6pm-2am
 *Dimension III: 55c well & beer
 *Throckmorton Mining Co.: Frozen Fruit Dacquiri \$1

WEDNESDAY

*Wild Crowd Inn: Cowboy corral nite, 50c beer & cocktails all nite for those in hats
 *The Sundance Kids: Leather & club night 50c beer, 90c well liquor & guns
 *Maidenhead: free draft, \$1 cover
 *The Nail:odka & Gin drinks 75c
 *Service Station: "Jockey Shorts Contest," 10pm prizes

THURSDAY

*Dimension III: MCC Fellowship Follies
 *Sundance Kids: 50c vodka, well & gun
 *Club Dallas: midnight - 8am leather special
 Lockers \$3; chicken night 4-12pm, 18-21 get free lockers
 *Maidenhead: Disco, \$1 cover
 *The Nail: Scotch & Bourbon drinks 75c
 *Bachelor's Quarters: buddy night 2 for 1
 *Chuck's: Go Go Boy Contest, \$25 cash prize

FRIDAY

*Maidenhead: Disco, \$1 cover
 *Throckmorton Mining Co.: Vodka & Gin 75c

FORT WORTH

SATURDAY

*Other Place: Disco 8pm-2am
 *Tender Trap: Cowboy Kemo Nite; 25c draw with cowboy hat, 9-12pm
 *Aubs: Raina Lee Show, 10:30pm

SUNDAY

*MCC: Services at 11pm and 7pm
 *Other Place: Casey Starr Show, 10pm
 *Tender Trap: 25c draw with cut-offs, noon-7
 *Aubs: 4pm pool tourney, Tonya Lynn Show 10:30pm

MONDAY

*Aubs: 35c draw, can 45c, well 50c, open 7 days a week
 *Tender Trap: super sippin', 4-7pm

TUESDAY

*Other Place: draw beer, all you can drink \$1.50, 10pm-midnight
 *Tender Trap: super sippin' 4-7pm, and Paula's Party 9pm-midnite with 10c draw
 *Aubs: draw beer 35c, well 50c all night

WEDNESDAY

*Aubs: Barbie Doll Show 10:30pm
 *Other Place: \$1 cover, 45c can & well
 *Tender Trap: super sippin' 4-7pm

THURSDAY

*Other Place: \$1 cover, 45c well, 35c draw
 *Tender Trap: super sippin' 4-7pm; erection nite, 25c draw with hard hat, 9-12pm
 *Aubs: draw beer 35c, well 50c all night

FRIDAY

*Aubs: Alice Phallus' Fur-Burger Follies 10:30pm
 *Other Place: disco 8pm-2am
 *Tender Trap: super sippin', 4-7pm

GALVESTON

*Kon Tiki: Bar open 3pm-2am, disco nightly at 10pm, happy hour 8-10pm. Baths open 7pm-9am, except Tuesday.
 *Mary's II: Open 8am-2am, happy hours 5-7pm & 10-12pm M-F; Sunday \$1 beer bust 2-6pm
 *Robert's Lafitte: Open 10am-2am daily, Noon-2am Sunday.

HOUSTON

SATURDAY

*Ramrod: live western band, 9pm.
 *Club Houston: Anniversary week, see centerfold for details
 *Dirty Sally's: happy hour 7am-noon & 4-7pm
 *Brazos River Bottom: well & beer 50c 4pm-7pm
 *Exile: live band with Jim B on guitar and Ron C on piano, 9pm-1am
 *Old Surf: 9pm show
 *Venture-N: happy hour noon-3pm
 *Locker: beer bust 3pm - ?, \$1 cover
 *Soixante Quintze: disco and dining, 8pm-4am, special breakfast buffet 1am.

SUNDAY

*Club Houston: Anniversary week, see centerfold for details

*Old Surf: 9pm showtime
 *Soixante Quintze: Early Bird Buffet, 9:30-11:30am; champagne brunch 12:00-3pm; movie at 8:00pm, with hamburger buffet at 7pm, \$2.50 cover
 *Midnite Sun: 6pm show with Charlie, Darla Child, Cheree and guest Dixie Hart.
 *OP: OP Follies 10:30pm w/Ernestine, Hot Chocolate, Naomi Simms and Carmelita
 *Silver Bullet Saloon: patio open noon til 2am (weather permitting)
 *Galleon: beer bust 5-10pm
 *Dirty Sally's: happy hour 4-7pm.
 *Hi-Lite: 5pm buffet with 50c well & beer
 *Ramrod: free beer bust, 4-7pm
 *Venture-N: happy hour noon-3pm
 *Countryside: Mustang, 5-9pm
 *The Exile: Alabama Revue 7pm
 *Locker: \$1 beer bust 3-9pm
 *Cuddles: \$1 beer bust 9pm-midnight
 *Montrose Mining Co.: Coal Miners Special noon-7pm, bloodys & screws 35c
 *Barn: Jambalaya, noon til ?
 *Inside/Outside: 1973 prices all day: 90c singles and \$1.55 doubles with happy hour prices of 50c singles and \$1.00 doubles. Beer 60c and 50c at happy hour.

WEEKDAYS

*Montrose Mining Co.: happy hour daily 4-7pm
 *Brazos River Bottom: happy hour 4-7pm 50c well & beer
 *Midnite Sun: happy hour 7am-7pm, 50c beer and 75c drinks
 *OP: \$1 cover, 55c beer & well M/T/W/Th
 *Barn: open noon-2am, happy hour Mon-Fri. 4-7pm, 50c well/wine
 *Galleon: open 4pm-2am, happy hour everyday 4-8pm
 *Soixante Quintze: happy hour 5-9pm
 *Tues-Fri., Tommy Babbitt at piano, 6-10pm
 *Exile: happy hour 4-6pm, Mon-Fri; 75c well & 50c beer
 *Briar Patch: happy hour 7 days 4-7pm
 *Midtowne Spa: sun worshippers/body builders special 8am-8pm, Mon-Fri., \$2.50 lockers
 *Venture-N: happy hour 2-8pm
 *Dirty Sally's: happy hours 7am-noon and 4-7pm
 *Hi-Lite: happy hour 7 days noon-4pm
 *85c bar: happy hour 4-7pm, 50c bar & beer
 *Silver Bullet Saloon: patio open 4pm-2am (weather permitting)
 *Club Houston: Anniversary week, see centerfold for details
 *Ramrod: happy hour 4-6pm, 55c beer and wine

MONDAY

*Inside/Outside: 1973 prices all day
 *Midnite Sun: 50c beer 7am-2pm

TUESDAY

*Soixante Quintze: 10c beer, non-members welcome
 *Cuddles: 50c bar & beer
 *After Dark: no cover with After Dark T-Shirt
 *Brazos River Bottom: Steak Nite, 7pm

WEDNESDAY

*Ramrod: free supper 7pm til ?
 *Midnite Sun: 10pm talent nite.
 *Soixante Quintze: live entertainment, "Pizazz."
 *Cuddles: 10c drinks, 2 cover
 *After Dark: pool tourney 9:30pm
 *Inside/Outside: 1973 prices all day

THURSDAY

*Ramrod: pool tourney
 *Soixante Quintze: happy hour all nite, 2 for 1, \$2 cover for non-members
 *After Dark: no cover with After Dark T-Shirt
 *Cuddles: 50c bar & beer

FRIDAY

*Wilde N' Stein: KPFT 90.1 Show 7:00pm
 *Old Surf: 9pm showtime
 *Ramrod: live western band, 9pm
 *Soixante Quintze: happy hour 5-9pm, dining room breakfast buffet, 1am

hot tea

by Chuck



DIRTY SALLYS opened last weekend with super business from the start. The bartenders are Mike, Jerry, Lulu, Larry, Chet, Gary Paul, Ray and Wayne. Daily happy hours are 7am-noon and 4-7pm. The grand old house (photo above) at 220 Avondale has been tastefully reddecorated and a back patio bar will open soon. Meanwhile, the crowd

on the porch looks like the old Roundtable. It's nice to have the old girl back!

FIESTA HOTLINE: San Antonio's weeklong Mardis Gras style celebration winds up to a redhot finish this weekend, a busy climax of events and shows. And when it's over, many will return home with a hangover, a new lover, or a speeding ticket through a rest area.

FIESTA SHOWS at the Alamo City's leading disco and showbar, the glamorous, shiney Sunset Boulevard, includes all the top stars from all over the state, says John Beasley, show director. Friday night: The OP Follies with Ernestine, Naomi Sims, Hot Chocolate and

Carmelita. Saturday night: The We-4 from Cuddles with Kandi Delight, Jessica Landa and more. Then, Sunday night: Miss Gay America — Jimmie Dee, Miss Gay Texas — Donna Day, Miss Gay Austin — Tragedy Ann, and Miss Gay San Antonio — Paulette Leigh.

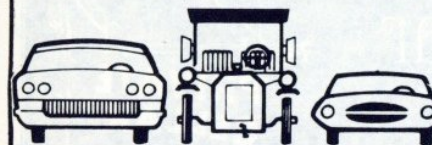
SUNSET BOULEVARD is obviously the place to be all three nights for star-studded red-hot, live, drag shows. Have a Festive time at Fiesta!

FIFTIES SHOW: It was a trip in the Midnite Sun time machine, back to those carefree 1950's of the twist, at the recent "Fifties Reborn" show. Winning the twist contest was Benny and Wayne. And the winners of the best 1950 drag were Tracy and Jessie. Sha-na-na!

BONG SHOW: Entertainment night at Soixante Quinze gave way to gonging acts off stage, with Ernestine doing the emcee gig, as Bette Midler. So stoned was the competition that there was a dead-heat tie for first place between Tug Wilson ("Maybe This Time") and Traci ("Lovers").

BARTENDERS SHOW: Meanwhile, the same night, across town at the Midnite Sun, another Bong Show was going on (without a gong) called the annual Bartenders Drag Show. What a Hoot! Manager John Pegram in a dress as the show opener . . . Scott was Dawn Michelle, too good for it to be his first time on stage . . . Duffy as Deisel Dolly doing "Funny Girl" . . . Ray Neeley doing a strip to "Let Me Entertain You" . . . And former TWT cover boy (and Mr. Michigan) blonde Mike Koth, with cute Keith Karyworcishenko, kicking up their legs, dancing arm in arm.

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WE FOUR CLOSES: The last regular Cuddles Drag Show Thursday opened up with the WE-4 doing "Big Spender." Jennifer George sang "Thank You Baby" while receiving flowers and more flowers from Naomi Sims and Howard Neese of the OP. . . . Kandi Delight closed with "I Got The Music In Me" before returning to D-III in Dallas. . . . Kicking a tambourine above her head Janet Page did "NY, NY" . . . And in basic chic black, Jessica Landa did "Nobody Does It Better." The We-4 put their all into that final show.

ERNESTINE surprised simply everybody with a surprise visit as Dolly Parton to that farewell Cuddles Show. Randy (Ernestine) says it was his way of thanking Robert (Jennifer) for getting him started in drag. It's hard to keep a secret among the girls, but Randy did it by sneaking in the side entrance and dressing in manager Paul Lewis' office. Shonda! At Saturday's Jennifer Garage Sale at Cuddles, many were seen leaving with a Miss George gown. So if some queen appears on stage sometime looking like Jennifer we'll know where she got her attire. Stir, stir the tea!

CARMEN DEL RIO: This Las Vegas show girl did three shows in Houston this past weekend (Cuddles, Midnite

Sun and OP). Looking like Charo (Hootchy-Kootchy) with pink feather boa, red Latin satin dress and a four-foot-tall head dress, she tap-danced her way into call backs. Nice to have you in Houston and to see you dancing at Tom (ETC Botique) and George's party in River Oaks, on Piping Rock. She was on stage at the Sun for twenty two minutes, doing "Once Upon a Dream" — later being fanned after exhaustion. . . . Before heading for the OP Follies at 10:30pm.

TORCHY & EARTHA: They're back from Florida after doing a farewell with Tiffany Jones at the now-closed Warehouse Eight. Torchy Lane pulled a surprise appearance on Eartha Kitt this past Sunday, at the Midnite Sun Matinee, doing "Honey Bee."

BIRTHDAYS: Jeff and Ed of the Inside/Outside are rolling back the prices to five years ago when the club opened in honor of the I/O 5th year. The number 5 also applies to the Club Houston, where Glenn and staff are giving away free passes, tricks, etc., as a thank-you for 5 years of support. Incidentally, this week's cover was staged by TWT photographer Ken Towle on the Club Houston Patio. And in Galveston, Robert's LaFitte is gearing up for their 8th anniversary.

the guide

(Listed here are bars, bookstores, baths, retail shops, and services which THIS WEEK IN TEXAS recommends to our readers.)

GAY HOT LINES

Texas Gay	-	P.O. Box 2036
	Universal City, Tx 78148	
Austin	-	(512)477-6699
Bryan/College Station	-	Gay Student Services
P.O. Box 8109 zip 77844	-	(713)846-2469
College Station	-	Alternative
P.O. Box 8109 zip 77884	-	(713)846-2469
Dallas	-	(214)748-6790
East Texas Gay Task Force	-	P.O. Box 101
321 Montgomery	-	Gilmer, Texas 75664
Houston	-	(713)228-1505
San Antonio	-	(512)733-7300
Lubbock	-	GPWT/Dignity Hotline
Mon-Thurs, 7-10pm	-	(806)795-7825

AMARILLO LOUNGE

Old Plantation - 1005 N. Fillmore - 372-5081

ARLINGTON LOUNGE

Mad Hatter - 735 N. Collins (157) - 469-1781

AUSTIN ADULT BOOKSTORES

All American News - 2532 Guadalupe - 478-0222
Mr. Peepers - 213 E. 6th Street - 478-0243
Stallion Bookstore 706 E. 6th St. - 477-0148

AUSTIN BATH

Club Austin - 308 W. 16th Street - 476-7986

AUSTIN CHURCH

Metro Community - 614 E. 6th St. - 477-7747

AUSTIN LOUNGES

Austin Country - 705 Red River - 472-0418
New Apartment - 2828 Rio Grande - 478-0224
Pearl St. Warehouse - 1720 Lavaca - 478-0176
Private Cellar - 709 E. 6th St. - 477-0387

AUSTIN ORGANIZATION

Gay Com. Services - 2330 Guadalupe - 477-6699

BEAUMONT LOUNGES

Farmhouse - 304 Orleans - 832-4206

DALLAS ANTIQUES/FLEA MARKETS

Mike's Things - 3136 Route/No. 104 - 748-0210
8 Days AWeek - 3906 Cedar Springs - 526-9334

DALLAS BATHS

Bachelor's Quarters - 3116 Live Oak - 823-0432
Club Dallas - 2616 Swiss - 821-1990

DALLAS BOOKSHOP

Lobo - 3917 Cedar Springs - 522-1132

DALLAS CHURCH

Metro Community - 2701 Reagan - 526-6221
United Community - 4402 Roseland - 827-5088

DALLAS CLOTHING

Eagle Leathers/Maple Ranch Wear at Sundance
Kids or Club Dallas or Tex's Ranch
Emporium - 3921 Cedar Springs - 528-7241
Union Jack - 3918 Cedar Springs - 528-9600
also at D-III 745-9144

DALLAS HAIR SALONS

Tonsorium - 2900 N. Henderson - 823-1410
Union Jack - 3918 Cedar Springs - 528-9600

DALLAS HEATING/AIR COND.

Day & Night Air - 5710 Marquita - 826-8300

DALLAS LIQUOR STORES

B&W Liquors - 4044 Cedar Springs - 526-5820

DALLAS LOUNGES

Boot Camp - 2508 N. Fitzhugh - 823-0138
Chuck's Truck Stop - 3019 Haskell - 526-9329
Crews Inn - 3220 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9320
Dimension III - 2617 N. Pearl - 741-0300
The Maidenhead - 4516 McKinney - 526-9328
The Nail - 1804 N. Harwood - 742-0350
Old Plantation - 1807 N. Harwood - 651-1988
One Way Inn - 2509 N. Fitzhugh - 824-9063
Ramrod - 3224 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9110
Service Station - 3215 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9025
Silver Streak - 1800 N. Harwood - 745-9175
Single Shot - 3218 N. Fitzhugh - 526-9283
Sundance Kids - 4025 Maple - 526-9173
Tex's Ranch - 4117 Maple - 526-9302
Throckmorton - 3014 Throckmorton - 526-9227
TJ's - 3307 McKinney - 526-9368
Villa Fontana - 1315 Skiles - 823-0372
Wild Crowd Inn - 2515 N. Fitzhugh - 824-9158

DALLAS OPTICAL BOUTIQUE

Scentsible Outlooks - 3521 McKinney - 526-3531

DALLAS ORGANIZATIONS

D.A.I.R. - 3116 Live Oak - 824-8355
GPC - Bx 22333 Zip 75222 - 528-4233

DALLAS PICTURE FRAMES

Coddington Studios - 3527 McKinney - 521-7911

DALLAS RESTAURANTS

Bell Pepper - 3411 McKinney - 521-9035
Boot Camp - 2506 N. Fitzhugh - 823-0887

DALLAS TWT DISTRIBUTOR

Michael W. Eggen - 651-1089

DALLAS TRAVEL AGENCIES

Alpha Travel - 2828 Forest Lane - 243-5931

EL PASO

Old Plantation - 219 S. Ochoa - 533-6055

FORT WORTH BOUTIQUES

Bell Book & Candle Shop - 705½ W. Magnolia

FORT WORTH CHURCH

Agape MCC - 5404 E. Lancaster - 429-5375

After Hippy Hollow Hour

second annual

at the

Private Cellar

Sundays, 7pm 'til ? ?

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CELLAR

477-0387

FORT WORTH LOUNGES

Aubs - 1308 St. Louis - 927-9220
Bailey St. Warehouse - 259 Bailey - 335-0232
The Other Place - 1036 N. Henderson - 335-1901
651 Club - 651 S. Jennings - 332-0745
Tender Trap - 1815 E. Lancaster - 335-0031

FORT WORTH PHOTOGRAPHER

Perry Photos - 7108 Green Meadows - 451-5191

FORT WORTH RESTAURANT

Aubs - 1308 S. Louis - 927-9220

GALVESTON BATH

Kon Tiki - 220 23rd St. & Tremont - 763-9786

GALVESTON LOUNGES

Kon Tiki - 214 23rd & Tremont - 763-9031
Mary's II - 2502 Q 1/4 Street - 763-9334
Robert's Lafitte - 213 Kempner - 765-6896

HOUSTON ADULT BOOKSTORES

Adonis II - 1407 Richmond - 523-0494
After Dark - 3400 Travis - 528-9922
Studz News - 1132 West Alabama

HOUSTON ANTIQUES AND FLEA MARKETS

The Great Exchange - 9102 West Park - 789-0590

HOUSTON ATTORNEY AT LAW

Mort Schwab - 526-9139

HOUSTON ADULT MOVIE THEATRES

French Quarter - 3201 Louisiana - 527-0782
Gay-O-Rama - 1831 Richmond - 528-7838
Mini Park - 2907 S. Main St. - 528-5881

HOUSTON ADVERTISING SERVICES

TWT Graphics - 711 W. Alabama - 527-9111

HOUSTON AUTO PAINT/BODY SHOP

Brazos Paint & Body - 2500 Brazos - 522-0722

HOUSTON BATHS

Club Houston - 2205 Fannin - 659-4998
Midtowne Spa - 3100 Fannin - 522-2379

HOUSTON CHURCHES

Christ's Communion - 908 B Winston - 868-4590
MCCR - 1214 Joe Annie - 526-8233

HOUSTON CLOTHING

Eagle Leathers - at Mary's
Union Jack - 4025 Westheimer - 622-3100

HOUSTON CONSTRUCTION

Wheeler - 523-9382

HOUSTON DISTRIBUTORS

Bullet - P.O. Bx 3513/77001 - 526-8081
Ozzo - P.O. Bx 4316 - 526-0006

HOUSTON ELECTROLYSIS

Avante' - 3837 Richmond - 877-8787

HOUSTON FLORIST

Guenther Flowers - 2030 W. Alabama - 523-2828

HOUSTON GYM

The 2306 - 2306 Genesee - 528-6235

HOUSTON JEWELRY BOUTIQUES

ETC - at Cuddles - 522-7988
Hodge-Podge - 1338 A. Westheimer - 522-6585

HOUSTON LIQUOR STORES

W. Alabama Liquor - 608 W. Alabama - 528-2306

HOUSTON LOCKSMITH

Reed Keys - 1612 Westheimer - 523-2927

HOUSTON LOUNGES

The Barn - 710 Pacific - 528-9427
Brazos River Bottom - 2400 Brazos - 528-9192
Briar Patch - 2294 Holcombe - 665-9678
Cuddles - 4714 S. Main - 528-5054
Countryside - 1322 Westheimer - 527-9071
Dirty Sally's - 220 Avondale - 529-7525
Exile - 1011 Bell - 659-0453
Galleon - 2303 Richmond - 522-7616
Hi-Lite Ranch - 6800 S. Main - 528-8730
Inside/Outside - 1318 Westheimer - 527-9071
Locker - 1732 Westheimer - 528-8844
Mary's - 1022 Westheimer - 528-8851
Midnite Sun - 534 Westheimer - 526-7519
Montrose Mining Co. - 805 Pacific - 529-7488
Ms. Take II - 2047 Marshall St. - 528-3533
Old Plantation - 2020 Kipling - 522-2353
Old Surf - 2909 Main - 528-9164
Ramrod Lounge - 5110 Airline Dr. - 691-9928
Silver Bullet Saloon - 1-5 California - 528-9653
Tessie's Villa - 109 Tuam - 528-8245
Venture-N - 2923 S. Main - 522-9019

HOUSTON MEMBERSHIP CLUB

Soixante Quinze - 6015 Westheimer - 783-7002

HOUSTON ORGANIZATIONS

Dignity - P.O. Bx 66821/77006 - 528-7644
Episcopal Integrity - 526-0555 or 521-0690
Gay Political Caucus - 1310 McDuffie - 526-2668
Lambda - 5210 Fannin - 433-8380
Lambda Center (for alcoholics) - 521-9772
Montrose Activities Center - 526-2668
Stand Up Now - P.O. Bx 3513/77006 - 528-7648

HOUSTON OPTICAL BOUTIQUE

Specs of Houston - 4709 Richmond - 626-1161

HOUSTON PET SHOP

Pet Shop & Bird Clinic - 3118 Smith - 529-7266

HOUSTON PHOTOGRAPHER

Ken Towle - 526-2835

HOUSTON PLANT SHOP

Pampered Plant - 1225 Campbell - 932-7505

HOUSTON RECORD STORE

Record Rack - 3109 S. Shepherd - 524-3602

HOUSTON RESTAURANTS

Auntie Mame's - 2278 W. Holcombe - 661-5970
Chapultepec Mex. - 813 Richmond - 522-2365
Don's Le Patois - 428 Westheimer - 523-5595
Soixante Quinze - 6015 Westheimer - 783-7002
Somewhere - 1525 Westheimer - 528-8474

HOUSTON RETAIL BOOKSHOPS

The Bookstore - 1728 Bissonnet - 527-8522
Wilde N' Stein - 819 Richmond - 529-7014

SUNDAY FREE BEER BUST

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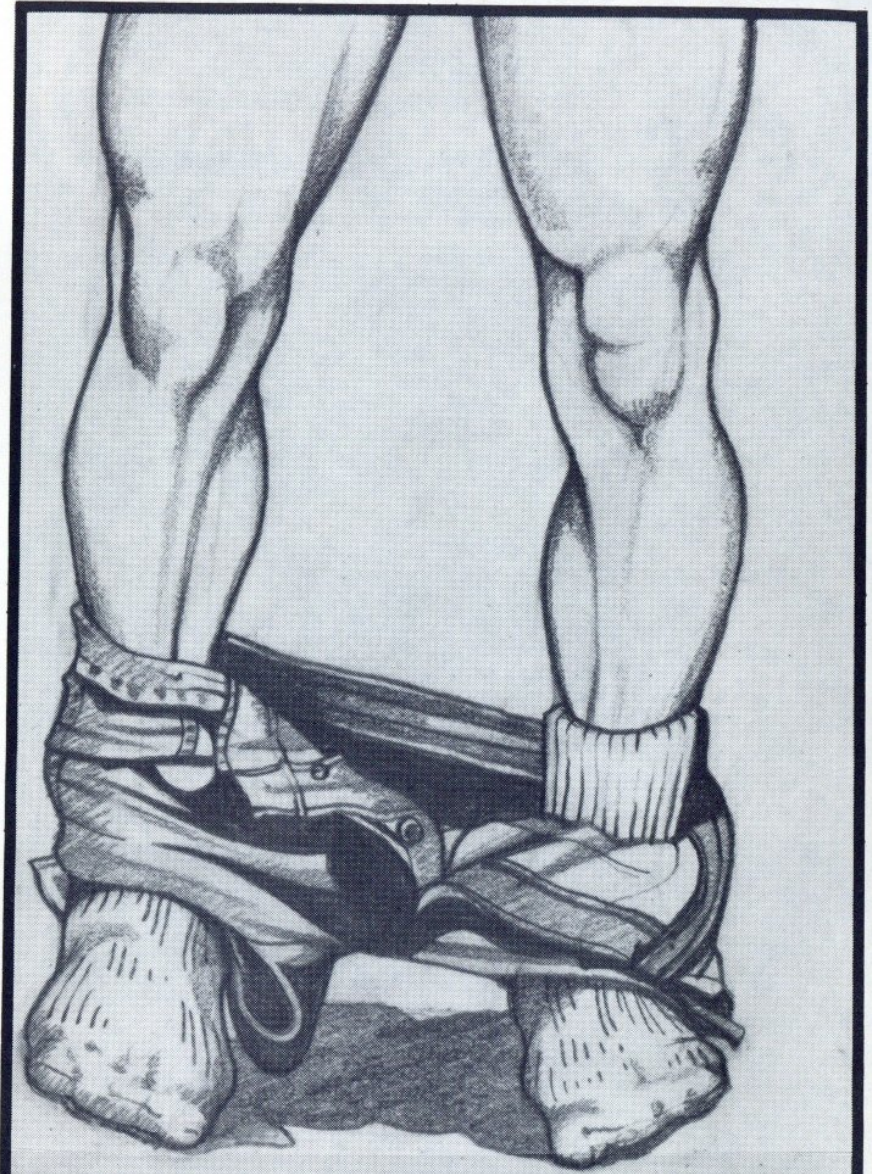
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AUSTIN - 308 W. 16th St. / 478-7988