

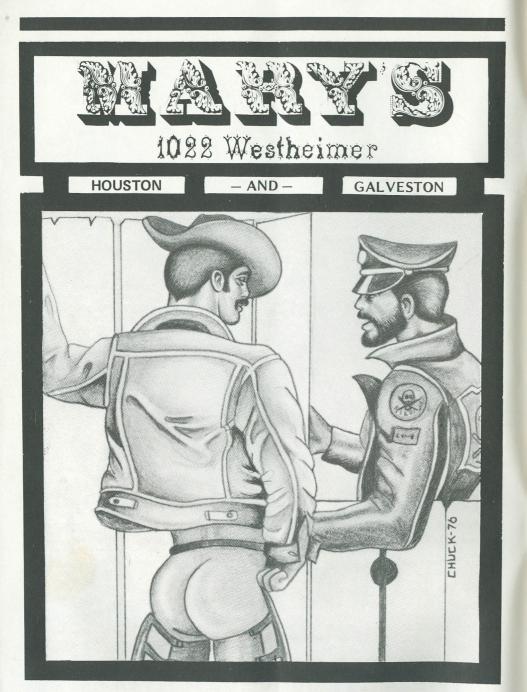
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Vol. 2. No. 16

July 17-23



Home of the Houston Motorcycle Club

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ACTION NEVER STOPS

This Week: July 17-23

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On the cover

CHARA' AND NORMA.

THE LAMP POST,

HOUSTON, TEXAS



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Listed here are Texas establishments that support This Week in Texas. Each week we are in touch with our supporters, so the list is both accurate and dependable. If you're visiting the Lone Star State, we sincerely hope This Week has assisted you in having a good time.

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NEWS UP FRONT

HOUSTON LAD FOUND DEAD

On Sunday, July 4, Jeff Schell was found dead under a high rise beach house near San Leon. Sheriff Sqt. Bruce Clawson said Jeff apparently died of a drug overdose. Jeff, age 21, was living in the Heights in Houston after having moved from Beaumont two years ago. Jeff, who played the guitar and wrote songs, has two songs to be published by Houston producer Ray Bush. Funeral services were held in Beaumont, Wednesday, July 7. We will all miss this tall sensitive Sagittarian. His two closest friends, Mike Brian and Jimmy Ledford, wish to thank the community for expressing their sympathy.

BIKE CHRISTENING & BLESSING

The Filling Station, which is fast becoming one of Houston's busiest bars, will present a bike christening and blessing this Sunday, July 18th, hosted by the International Roadmasters. All bikes are welcome, blessings are free, and free beer will start flowing at 6 PM. TWIT's roving reporter will be there with his "cruise camera", so peddle on over!

FOOD AND DRINK

Houston's Levi at 2400 Brazos now has its restaurant, the Chuck Wagon, open for supper and after hours breakfast every Friday and Saturday night and brunch every Sunday. The after hours breakfast is a real bargain - - \$1.50 gets you a hearty plate of delicious sausage or bacon and eggs. And on Wednesday nights you can get heaps of tasty spaghetti for only \$1.95.

By popular demand, Walter and Andre at **The Barn** have decided to serve their delicious Jambalaya every Sunday at 1pm. And you'd better get there at one because this delightful dish is always a fast mover.

And in Dallas this Sunday, you can get some good free food at **Club Dallas'** cookout from 2-5 pm.

NEW SHOWS COMING UP

On Thursday, July 22nd, Houston's Hollywood glitter bar, the Tangier, will premiere a new series of weekly drag shows. Utilizing Tangier's unique dance floor, the show will be developed on a theme of "Drag in the Round". Watch for next weeks issue of TWIT for further details.

Also coming up on Friday, July 23rd will be the Bartender's Show, a benefit for the MCCR, to be held at the Levi. The theme will be "Grand Ole' Opry Time" and will feature a cast of your favorite Houston bartenders.

G P C MAILING LIST

Don Hughes, chairperson of the mailing committee for Houston's Gay Political Caucus, again enlists your support and cooperation. If you are on the GPC mailing list and have moved, or if you wish to be placed on GPC's confidential mailing list, please contact Don at 626-2508. Don tells TWIT that since the start of the mailing list in September, some of you Montrose gypsies have relocated your pads as many as five 18th. The anniversary week winds up with Mary Ellen's first annual Western "S-Kikker" Barn Dance and Barbeque on Friday, July 23rd. Mosey on over for free beer and a super good time!

The Friendly has a great new bowling game lined up for your amusement. And on Sunday at 10:30 pm the Club Hypothesis presents "The Moods of Bazaar" hosted by Ruben and Bianca Starr.

The Habitat is planning a Funky Fashion Show coming up soon. Watch TWIT for further details.

TWIT has recently learned that a bartender at the EI Jardin left his rich sugar daddy in Las Vegas to come back to good old San Antonio. Now who could that be - the rich sugar daddy, that is?

CHAMPAGNE ANNIVERSARY

Houston's Venture-N on Main Street will be the main event this Sunday when it celebrates its first anniversary. Owners Jim Wisener and Bill Armstrong invite you to join them for a champagne party from 8 pm till ??? And, to help celebrate, that swingin' band, "Babbs Plus Baldy" will begin a six month return engagement at 7 pm Sunday.

BATS, BALLS, & BOOZE

The sports event of the season is upon us. It's the girls versus the boys (and we'll leave it up to you to decide who's what) as the Lamp Post meets the Locker in what promises to be a rollicking good time. The location is the ballpark at Fairview and Yupon, and they'll throw the first ball at 2 pm, Saturday, July 18. After the game the team members will relax with a picnic and beer bust. Galveston Guest House Air Conditioned Bunk Room 7.00 Private Room 14.00 up FREE Continental Breakfast Daily 2 Blocks from Beach 2101 Avenue 0½ 763-8283





continued Page 32

STARSCOPE

FOR THE WEEK OF JULY 16TH-22ND

Cancerians should now begin feeling more vibrant and ready to get it together since a month has now passed since the leaving of heavy Saturn in your sign where it had been dragging you down for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. These loving, sensitive Moon Children should find life improving now!

AIRES (March 21-April 20): Attention now centers more on your home life; unusual for the Ram who usually rams around away from home. But, the full moon is over!

TAURUS (April 21-May 21): Best keep your guard up, most especially around the 21st as there could be more trouble bubbling with your lover, or even a business partner. The 25th would be a good day to make up.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): Your second house of money receives stellar vibrations this week. So hold tight to your job and avoid expensive travel. Next weekend could be a better time for romance than this weekend.

CANCER (June 22-July 23): You are still under the favorable influence of July's new moon in your sign; but, now is not a good time to start any new projects, invest money, or begin a new love affair. Avoid arguments with your mate this weekend.

LEO (July 24-August 23): Some negative planetary vibrations are working against you and have been since Saturn entered your sign last month. So, if you don't have as much energy and enthusiasm for life, blame it on burdensome Saturn.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23): The 11th house of friendships catches good planetary energies mid-month, accenting a more active social whirl. But, don't whirl so fast you ruin your health or get hurt. LIBRA (September 23-October 23): Although you want to find a partner, your head isn't into that now as your career is more important. Even your best buddy could disappoint you suddenly.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Those 9th house long journeys may be thwarted this week by an unexpected (Uranus) happening. It's not a good time to sign a contract as there are hidden pitfalls.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): Don't travel away from home and don't neglect your health as these areas are under heavy heavenly stress. For a change, let your mate make the weekend decisions as to what to do.

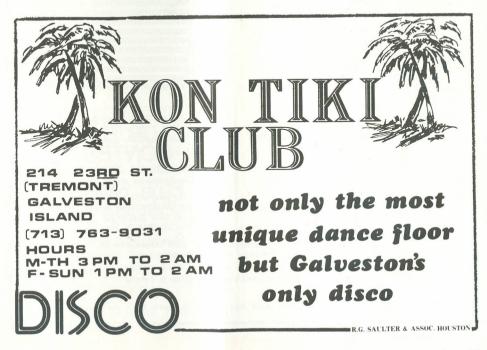
CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): The new moon favors your 7th house of marriage. But, that full moon opposes it . . so you have a tug of war. If you didn't meet your love early in July, the time has been lost until late month for him to present himself to you.

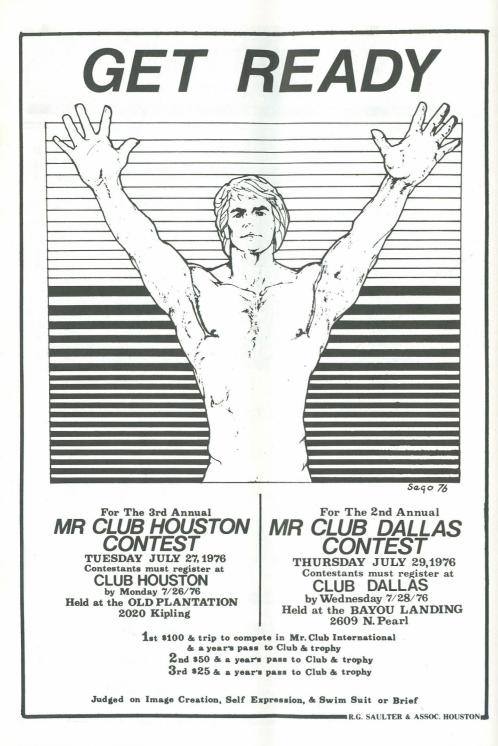
AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19) Job, employees, employers, co-workers and career - these are the mundane things occupying your time and thoughts now; and, damn it, friendly Aquarius would rather be out being friendly.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): The changing moon is keeping you in a creative tailspin as we approach mid month. Push ahead with ideas, but start no further new projects. Love is quiet.

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Thursday 50c Beer/70c Well (Western Hat Night) 3019 NORTH HASKELL PHONE 526-9329 Dallas, Texas Home of the Dallas Motor Cycle Club – meets every Wednesday





LIFE WITH VERA

A Soaper by John Gardner

Dear Diary,

First off, it's so good to see you again! I had you certified as "missing in action" weeks ago. How you got from the bookshelf to the bottom of the deep freeze is beyond me. If I hadn't suffered a vicious attack of the Sara Lee's, I might not have eaten my way to you for months.

It pains me to break this news to you, honey, but recent days have not been as pleasant as could be expected. By the time my ship finally came in, it had been reduced from the Queen Mary to the Tugboat Annie! And you know what an aversion I have to anything that tugs.

In a sudden, urgent quest for funds, I have been hitting the pavement so hard that my feet must be convinced I've taken up ballroom dancing again. Yes, dear diary, I have been engaged in the lowly activity of seeking gainful employment. For the first time in my casual life, I've got to get a job. But I've already learned one very important fact about the "real" world - - my Wednesday tennis and Friday afternoon bridge are now in jeopardy. You wouldn't believe it, diary, but when you go to get a job, they expect you to show up PRECISELY on time. PRECISELY! It's so hard to make a grand entrance when everybody has to arrive at the same time. I haven't met a single interviewer who believes in "fashionably late". And they're all so picky. All they ever want to talk about is "skills". How dull.

Studying the situation, I had decid-

ed that the best place to get a job would be at a bank. At least it's a place where you can get your salary in cash, none of that pesky check-cashing stuff. You know how lousy I am with figures and bookwork. I told those bank people that I had to have a job as a teller, since they don't seem to have to work with pencils and paper a lot. Just money. What could be easier!

But being a teller didn't work out so well at all. I thought the best way to show that I was doing a good job would be to have the longest line in front of my window, to show how popular I was with the customers. But I was promptly informed that a teller is not allowed to hold a "Daily Double". You'd be shocked, diary, to see how many people will come to your window when you start giving two for one. Besides, my drawer didn't have a slot for those troublesome new \$2.00 bills, so I wanted to get rid of all mine in a hurry!

I was immediately transferred away from the money and into the loan department, after a rather heavy lecture concerning the way banks work. Banks are much happier about money that is coming in, instead of money that is going out. Especially in the loan department, where I created a sensation on the first day. I set a new record for the number of loans approved in one day! And not a single one required collateral. I don't like to get too personal. But I did get every single one of them,



This Week: July 17-23

BOX 22104

Product Alotline JULY - 1976

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Colors!

Box 22104: Unless you give us "Life with Vera" five times a week, we can't stand being without "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" for much longer. Will the show be back next season? And what can you tell us about Mary's being arrested on charges of drug possession?

MARY HARTMAN

MARY HARTMAN

Editor: Mary, and sometimes even Vera, occasionally have to rest and try to get their heads back together. Production of new episodes of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" will resume the first week in August. The show will pick up where it left off in early summer. According to TV Guide, the hassle over Louise Lasser's possession of less than an ounce of cocaine was resolved by her agreeing to continue her weekly psychiatric counseling sessions. Vera's psychiatrist gave up long ago.

MARY JO RISHER

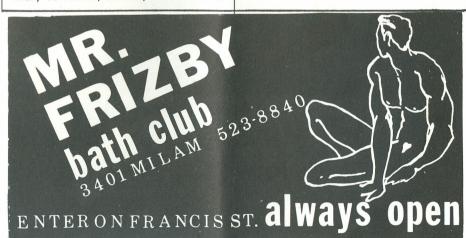
Box 22104: What ever happened to Mary Jo Risher, the lady in Dallas who lost custody of her little boy because she was gav?

Editor: A Dallas judge rejected Mary Jo's plea for a new hearing, so she is still blocked from gaining custody of her nine year old son who was taken from her last December. She and other up-front gave in Dallas are looking into an appeal from the judges decision.

TRAVELER FROM MISSISSIPPI

Box 22104: I just returned from spending July 4th in your state of Texas and want to say that without your magazine's list of supporters, I would have been lost. Thanks to your listings, my friend and I had one hell of a time. I wish our state had a similar magazine.

Editor: Thanks for the comments. We are now in our second year of publication. And, we are proud to say, all of the leading clubs, baths, and stores do carry THIS WEEK IN TEXAS every week.





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NEW SIZE INTRODUCED TO THE TEXAS MARKET

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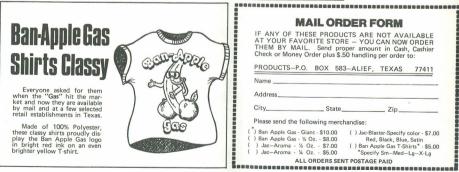
BAN-APPLE GAS NOW COMES IN GIANT SIZE BOTTLE

Introduced to the Houston area only two months ago, the now famous "Ban-Apple has become the favorite of a lot of Texans

With the publicity from With the publicity from Cat Steven's recording of the same name and both local and national recognition through the pages of Rolling Stone magazine, Ban-Apple Gas in-veded the market which, by marketed under one brand marketed under one brand names. The difference was the fantastic aroma — a hiend of names. The difference was the fantastic aroma - a blend of

Bananas and Apples . . .soo dubbed the "un-trite nitrite when test-marketed on the West Coast How can the best product

How can the best product on the market get better? hold on to your gord, folks.... Ban-Apple Gas is now bottled in a GIANT SIZED bottle at no increase in price! That's a fact. The Giant sized bottle sails for SIO, per bottle with thou of the sail the product has the sails to start the product has the sails to start the sail of the unon tize on the popular half, unon tize on the popular half, unon tize on the popular half, the stores throughout Texas!



This Week: July 17-23



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stores across the state The Jac-Blaster is available in Black, Blue, Red and Satin, and retail for \$7.00 each.

RETAILERS NOTE For information on wholesale prices

on any of these products, please call or write the Exclusive Distributor in Texas - The Woodstock Company-Post Office Box 583, Alief, Texas -77411 or call, (713) 783-7242

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NostalgiaVariety

 The Return Engagement of Babbs & Baldy

 Free Champagne Party 8 pm - ? Sunday, July 18

Babbs & Baldy

1ST ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Sunday, July 18th, 7 PM til ???

ENJOY COCKTAILS OR BEER WITHBILL & JIM10-2 DAILY, 12-2 SUNDAY2923 MAINPH. 528-9397

REVIEWS

Movies

As an art film, **Bijou** is quite tolerable. As pornography, it's stimulating and sexually precocious. But it's something more than that.

Director Wakefield Poole has given us a surprisingly taut and thought provoking gay movie that transcends the usual low budget mish-mash we've grown to expect. Bijou tells the story of a contemporary youth (Bill Harrison) who embarks upon a surrealistic journey through a maze of sexual fantasies with "himself and others". These fantasies, enacted by six rather virile looking young men, are as dramatic as they are arousing. Professionally filmed amid the strange lights, mirrors, and smoke of the mysterious 'Bijou', Poole's movie depicts their sexual encounters as methodically ominous experiences and couples them with an equally forboding musical soundtract. The end result is a provocative film that will (I suspect) be studied and revived for years to come.

Less can be said for Andrew Herbert's embarrassing adaptation of Richard Amory's classic Song of the Loon. The film stars Jon Iverson as the "Herculean pioneer . . . with the testicles of a bull", Morgan Royce as the city boy who "usually knew where he was going, but not always", and a cast of incredibly phony Indians who emerge from time to time with the stalest of platitudes. Filmed in Northern California's beautiful Trinity Alps, Loon makes a miserable attempt at being whimsically romantic. The sex scenes are clumsy, the dialogue vaguely reminiscent of 'Nancy Drew's Frontier Adventure', and as for the acting ... well, the acting is pretty laughable. All in all. Loon's only saving grace is that it happens to be co-billed with the hypnotic Bijou at French Quarter Theatre (Louisiana at Elgin).

Bijou and Loon are the first installments in the French Quarter's Wakefield Poole film festival which will include **Moving** and **Boys in the Sand** later in July.

by Tom Goreman

Magazine

After considering everything from "The Magazine You'd Buy A New Coffee Table For" to "We Do It Once A Month" as ad campaigns, an indecisive staff finally selected: "Christopher Street, The Gay Magazine For The Whole Family" as their publicity logo. It's catchy, certainly, but it's also a reasonably accurate description of the new magazine. Christopher Street, recently introduced in the Texas market by Studz News, has no nude men, no cheesecake advertising, no kinky classifieds, no soapbox editorials. What it does have is an admirable assortment of good reading matter for even the most discerning gays. Along with the usual fiction, poetry, and film sections of its contemporaries, Christopher Street also boasts articles on dance, theatre, and Washington politics. The cartoons are clever and original, the format inconspicuously attractive. It's the kind of magazine I'd be proud to show my parents, a gay periodical that's literary, informative, and unusually tasteful.

by Tom Goreman

Theatre

Mark Medoff's When You Comin Back, Red Ryder, powerful as ever, is currently running weekends at Houston's Country Playhouse (Town and Country Village) with a cast of locals as professional as any we've seen. Meticulously directed by Rachel Ann Mattox, Red Ryder is the story of a demonic young man who terrorizes a

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This Week: July 17-23



reviews

group of patrons in a small diner somewhere in New Mexico. He humiliates them, physically degrades them, and leaves them (after many gruesome episodes) totally broken and pitiful. Besides robbery, the hoodlums motive seems to be his disgust at the emasculation of today's men. He rebels against this social castration with his wits as well as his brawn.

In search of lost or forgotten American heroes, he has two of the patrons (at gunpoint) act out a scene which he invents between the legendary Red Ryder and his girlfriend. When the performance fails to meet his standards, he becomes frighteningly brutal and sexually assaults one of the estranged customers. And as the slovenly obese waitress asks, "When you comin back, Red Ryder?" we hold our breaths for the climactic answer: "Never! Never! I ain't never comin back!" CP's production left us drained. It is a unique theatrical experience and we recommend it to all.

by Tom Goreman

Superb! That's the exclamation describing the two week run of Mame at the Dallas State Fair Musical. This version was all new, revised, and better than the original. Mame was played most wonderfully by Angela Lansbury who exhausted a much younger chorus line, leaving them out of breath while she continued her performance with co-stars Jane Conell and Anne Francine. TWIT noted that practically everyone in the community attended the performance, as Mame quickly became "the thing to see!"

by Charles Williams

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This Week: July 17-23

CALENDAR TEXAS

DALLAS

Sunday, July 18 Free cookout at Club Dallas, 2-5pm Free draft beer at T J's, 7-8 pm · Free draft beer at Sundance Kid, from 7 pm till the keg runs dry Drag shows at the Entre Nuit, Old Plantation, Bayou Landing, 10 pm

Tuesday, July 20 • Free VD Clinic at the Bachelors Quarters, 9-11 pm Buddy night at Club Dallas - - two for the price of one, 6 pm-2 am

Wednesday, July 21 Bingo at the Olive Branch Saloon, 8:30 pm

Thursday, July 22 Free VD Clinic at the Bayou Landing, 9-11 pm

Friday, July 23 The Olive Branch Saloon's Dance Marathon, 8 pm

HOUSTON

Saturday, July 17

"Saturday's Child" rap session from noon till 2 pm at the MCCR

• Ralphie Gerdine's last day at the Briar Patch. Ralphie says, "Thanks".

Sunday, July 18

 First anniversary party at the Venture-N with the Babs Plus Baldy band from 7 pm - ? and a champagne party starting at 8 pm

 International Roadmasters host a Bike Blessing and Christening at 3 pm at the Filling Station; free keg beer starting at 6 pm

 The Locker versus The Lamppost baseball, 2 pm, ballpark at Fairview and Yupon

 Ernestine MC's a super drag show at the Old Plantation beginning at 9:30 pm. Reservations accepted

 Jambayala at The Barn, 1 pm The Exile presents special quests Sandy Taylor and Don Bagham, 7 pm

Monday, July 19 Free VD Clinic at Studz News, 4-7 pm

Tuesday, July 20 • Free movie at the Locker-Zeppelin at 9:30 pm

Wednesday, July 21 Midweek drag show at the Old Plantation, 9:30 pm

Spaghetti night at the Levi

SAN ANTONIO

Friday, July 16 Live entertainment at Mary Ellen's, 9 pm till midnite

Saturday, July 17

 Beginning of the new management's first anniversary fling at Mary Ellen's. The party starts at 9:30 pm

Sunday, July 18

 All the beer you can drink for \$1.00 at the Pub, noon to 6

 Ruben and Bianca Starr present "The Moods of Bazaar". Guests include Miss Hypothesis, Pauletta Leigh, Pointer Sisters, Sammy Lee, Mr. Miles, Mr. Tori, Therisha, Marsha, and others. Showtime is 10:30 pm

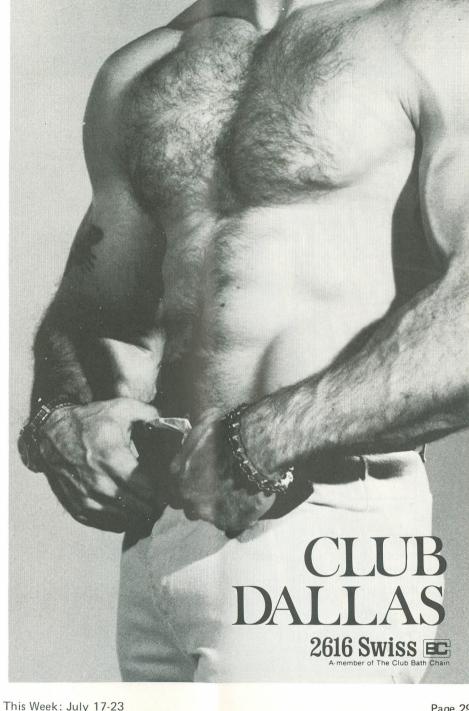
 Shishkebob and corn on the cob. 6-9 pm and live entertainment from nine till midnite at Mary Ellen's

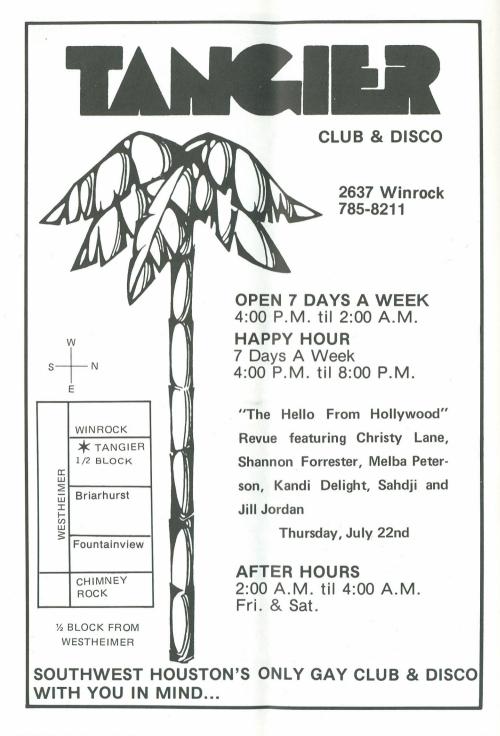
Monday, July 18

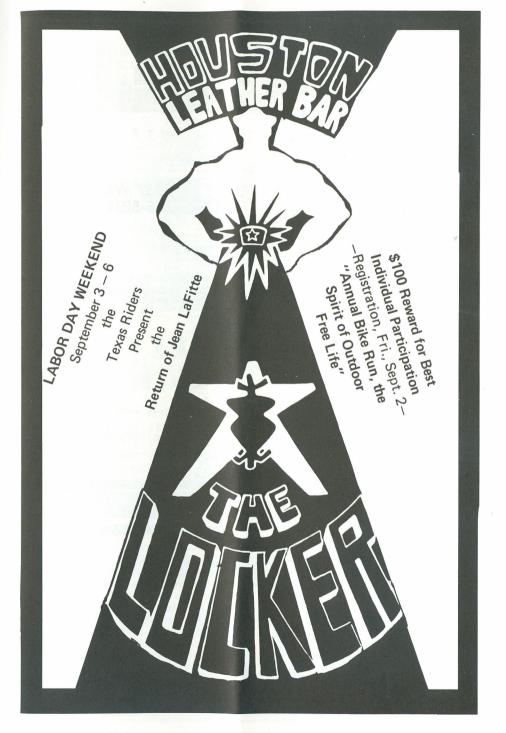
 Finals in the Mary Ellen Lounge pool tournament at 9 pm. Trophy and free beer.

Friday, July 23

 Mary Ellen's first annual Western "S-Kikker" Barn Dance and Barbeque. "Watch the blonde bombshell baste his beef!" Free beer, souvenir glasses, and no cover charge for those wearing western outfits.







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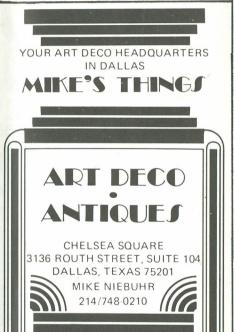
CLUB HOUSTON CONTEST

The Third Annual Mr. Club Houston Contest is slated to hit the boards on the night of July 27th at the Old Plantation. Few events are able to generate as much excitement and chatter in the Bayou City as this annual event - - and this year promises to be a real blockbuster!

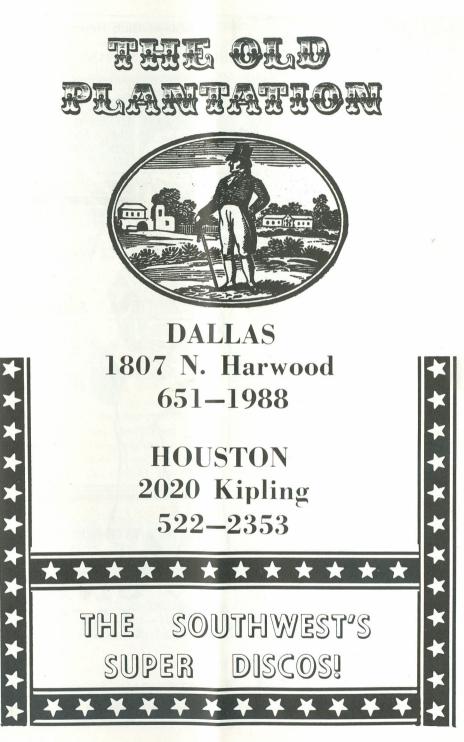
The Club Houston and the Old Plantation are working together to make this one of the really memorable events of the summer. Tiffany Jones, the Texas Tornado, is being flown in to share the emcee spotlight with Houston's C. J. Harrington. And Tif has promised that she's going to show the old home town a lot of new surprises.

Also, that hot new musicalcomedy group you've been reading about, "The Mixed Company," will arrive at the Old Plantation to do a special 30 minute version of their show before the contest begins. One reason the "Mixed Company" will be appearing at the Old Plantation is because of the friendly Houston audiences - since part of their performance in Houston will be recorded "live" to be put on their new record album which comes out later this year.

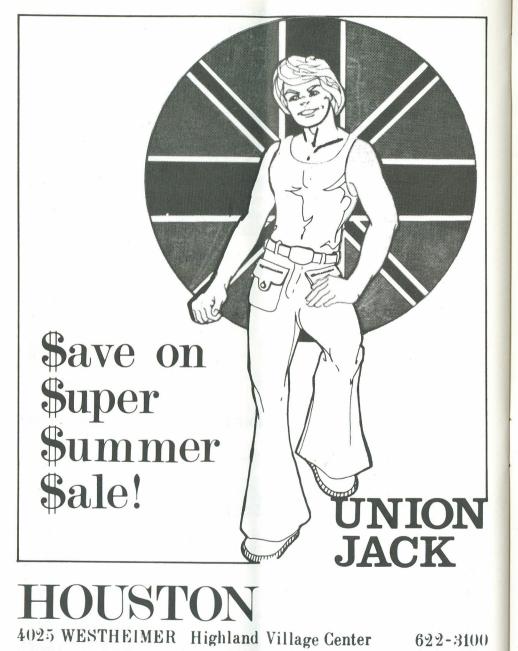
This year's Club Houston contest should also be a real spectacular in itself. Broadway director Edward Miller has consented, by special arrangement, to accept the burdens of staging the massive show. Be prepared for a fastmoving, every-minute-dynamite, spectacular showcase. Those desiring to enter should sign up immediately, to allow adequate rehearsal time for the cast production numbers. Applications are available at Club Houston. Local winners will receive cash and trophies, with the recipient of first place to be flown to Chicago over Thanksgiving weekend to compete in the Mr. Club Baths International Pageant. If you don't want to enter, but just want to see the colossal show, get your tickets soon. They're going really fast!



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COMMENT

Editor's Note: From time to time we will use this space to run articles or comments submitted by our readers concerning new organizations or events of special interest. All material submitted becomes the property of TWIT, and we reserve the right to alter the copy to fit our editorial and layout requirement.

If you are one of the hunky numbers currently making the rounds at the Houston bars, you've probably noticed a group of guys wearing black leather vests with American flags attached. These gentlemen are not members of any of the motorcycle clubs. They belong to Houston's newest gay social organization. The American Leathermen. But despite the leather and chains, the club (as such) is not S&M. As one of the charter members, I must say that I couldn't possibly get into being handcuffed to a toilet seat or paddled with ostrich plumes while chained to a wall.

In some ways it's an amazing club. For example, the first meeting was held on Thursday, April 22nd, and by the end of the meeting the next night, the club had been named, its constitution drafted and ratified, the club of-

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ficers elected, and a great quantity of beer and poppers consumed. And during the formative first month of the club, when meetings were held each Friday, every member was present at every meeting. (Pretty remarkable for this town, huh?) During the first month, the club held two car washes, designed and ordered the club colors, and adopted a tentative schedule of future events for the year. Among the events planned are a Back to School Sock Hop and a Columbus Day Roller Skating Party.

Since the Presentation of Colors dinner, American Leathermen is now open for new members, although there is a three month pledge period before becoming a member. A Leatherman can belong to other clubs while he is a member of Leathermen.

by Glenn Fennema



FICTION

A Day At the Zoo by Max Baumgardner

I'm trapped behind bars. They've put me here with the others. They've put all of us here. We're on exhibit. We make flowers. We design dresses. We have sex for their enjoyment. We act out fantasies that they write down on bits of paper and slip through the bars of the cage. They pay money to see us act out their fantasies.

My name is 609F. I used to be called John. My cagemate's name is 703C. His name used to be Dennis. We are not allowed to talk. Only eat, sleep, and masturbate.

But last night, after the lights of the zoo were switched off; after the spectators had left awe-struck and satisfied, when the laughter of the attendants had died down and the stillness of the evening set in, something out of the ordinary happened. We had a visitor.

"Shhhhh. Be very still. Be very quiet and very still and don't say anything."

"Dennis, who is it?"

"I'm right here."

"There's someone else in the cage."

"That's impossible."

"Would you two fools shut up and listen to me?"

"Who's there? Who's speaking?"

"Shhhh. Be quiet. They can't hear me, but they might be able to hear you." Blackness. Total blackness. I felt Dennis close to me, could sense the presense of another nearby.

"Please . . . who . . .'

"You two are supposed to be sleeping. Those little white things behind your ears are monitors. They can tell if you're sleeping or not." Not unaccustomed to taking orders, we sat mute. "My name is Cavaca. I am a member of the Havesthenes Movement to free homosexuals from the zoos. We are a national organization sponsored by the United Church to deliver those of your kind into the structured world of Social Progress." Dennis touched my arm and made a small clicking sound with his tongue. I grasped his ankle and held it tight. "Acceptable Social Progress," the voice intoned. "In your present state you are quite unacceptable. Unacceptable and dangerous. We are prepared to give you new names, new identification papers, and new faces. We are even prepared to treat those of you incapable of heterosexual activity at our psychological centers in Tampa. There's not much time to go into all the details. We're here to free you from this degrading way of life, which in our opinion is not much better than allowing you to roam the streets."

A cool breeze danced through the cage, delivering all the musty smells of the zoo on its nightly route. Dennis traced a question mark on my back with his index finger. "You must come with me now!" There was an urgent hoarseness to his voice, a slack sound. Tiring. Tense. "Come with me now or forget the whole thing. You're not the only queers in here, you know. There are others who would jump at the chance to escape."

"What you offer does not appeal," I said to the stranger sensing his frustration and ignoring it. "We're better off locked in this cage. You're not a liberator. What you offer is the worst kind of freedom."

Dennis slipped gently out from under my grasp and said, "I will go with you, Cavaca. I can't stand this treatment anymore."

"Dennis!"

"Go fuck yourself, 609F! I want out of here."

I felt strangely humiliated. Cut. Hurt,

"Here. Put this on. Wear it. You must not say anything. You must follow. Follow and obey." There was movement in the cage. Metal sounds. Then footsteps. Then silence.

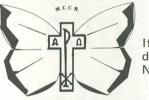
The next morning brought more surprises. My keeper a sandy haired youth of fourteen, had been found murdered the night before. He was discovered lying face down in a goldfish pond near the public restrooms, his throat sliced open with what appeared to have been his own knife.

Shortly after I heard the news, the curator of the zoo, an affable man in his mid-sixties had entered my cage and spoken to me with the warmth and love of father to son.

"Hello there, 609F. And how are you feeling today?" I backed away from him. "It's all right. I give you permission to speak." Silence. No words formulated in my mind. "But naturally you don't have to speak if you don't want to. This isn't a prison. This is a zoo." I flinched and drew my shoulders close together. The curator smiled. "I hope you change your mind. You see, there was a nasty accident around here last night. One of

our most attractive young attendants was heartlessly murdered as he made his rounds. Casey. That was his name. You remember Casey. He used to bring you and 703C extra rations of food and water. Such a nice boy. Clean. Dated a pretty little girl named Sue." The curator looked deep into my eyes and said in a low, confidential voice, "Your cagemate escaped last night. Isn't that a coincidence?" He put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it. "And we suspect ... that there was some kind of organized something or other that helped him escape. We suspect that they are out to help all of you escape." Here, a pause. "We've heard of organizations like this. They say they want to help you



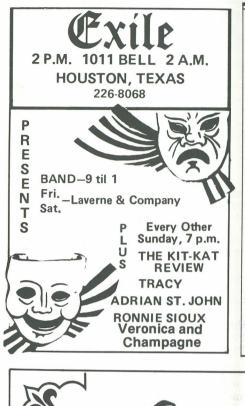


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people when in actuality they really want to harm you. Do you understand?" I nodded slowly. The curator seemed pleased and urged me to speak. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Curator Barnes." "Call me Dad." "Yes, Dad,"

"There, 609F. Isn't it nice that we're able to have this heart to heart talk? I mean, doesn't it do you a lot of good to get these things off your chest?"

"Yes, Dad,"

"We here at City Zoo are particularly concerned with the fate of 703C and yourself. You two are quite valuable to us. I've seen some of the fantasies you've enacted for our visitors. Genius. Sheer genius, Why, you bring in more money than the deviates' cage."

"Do we, Dad?"

"You sure do, 609F. You sure do. And it tears my heart out, I mean it really tears my heart out to think that we'll have to exterminate you unless you tell us who helped 703C escape last night." Curator Barnes was con-



cealing the hatred in his eyes with a dazzling smile. His teeth were beautifully capped and white. "Now, c'mon. Tell your old Dad who sneaked in here? Who was it? Mmmmm?"

I sat very still and tried to remember back that far, but could only recall vaque, indecipherable voices lost in a total void. It was always difficult remembering things after the breakfast pill. "Last night?"

"Last night you had a visitor. Who was it?"

"A . . . visitor."

"Yes." Curator Barnes seemed to sense my willingness to help, that my confusion was indeed genuine. He gently stroked my hair. "How 'bout a chocolate bar to help you remember?"

"Not chocolate!" his aide suddenly snapped, appearing from nowhere in a haze of white. "This one tends to break out."

"WellIIII, I think we could stretch the rules . . . a bit . . .

"No, Curator Barnes! Two weeks ago a visitor slipped this one a chocolate bar and he turned into a solid pimple."

The curator spoke quickly, irritated, between his teeth, "You'd think in this day and age, with medical technology what it is . . . you'd think they could find a cure for acne!" He turned his attention back to me, smiling again. "Well, maybe not chocolate. How 'bout an ice cream?"

I could hardly remember what ice cream tasted like, but I supposed it must be very good if Dad was offering it to me in exchange for information. "Yes, Dad, ice cream sound just fine."

Curator Barnes turned to his aide. "Mrs. Smith, go and get this young man some ice cream."

"I don't think I should leave you alone with him, Sir. He could turn on you in a minute."

"Nonsense! Turn on his old Dad? Nonsense, Mrs. Smith." The aide gave me a hateful, sideways glance and then left the cage in a huff. "She doesn't like your kind too much. She has a very closed mind."

The ice cream was indeed very tasty. It was cold and wet. Sticky. But in the hot afternoon sun it began to drip

down my chin and onto my chest, forming little rivers down the ripples in my stomach. A red light began to flash on Curator Barne's hand radio and he was suddenly called away on business; but before he left the immediate premises, he had an old man from the B & D Section sent over to lick the excess ice cream from my hairy middle.

A group of school teachers touring the zoo had gathered around to witness the scene. Dad's own slogan, NEVER MISS A MOMENT, was printed neatly on the cover of their programs.

I sucked on the cone and the old man licked off the excess. I sucked. He licked. Halfway through the ice cream orgy, an attendant walked into the cage and smeared what was left of the cold, gooey, sweet stuff all over my body. Down my thighs and between my legs. All over. Then we both began licking. Licking and sucking the ice cream from my sweaty body.

The crowd applauded. The attendant took a bow. I could see him. smiling and bowing as I licked the ice cream from between my toes. It was depressing.

Later that afternoon, after the school teachers had left and the old B & D man had been taken back to his own cagemate, Dennis was returned to the zoo. He was brought back in a body harness, his arms bound behind his back, and led into our cage with two pronged sticks. He was bruised, and heavily sedated. There was blood in his hair.

When the attendants had gone, he spoke to me. "609F, what did Curator Barnes tell you?" His voice sounded alien, distraught.

I moved away from my broken, bleeding cagemate and sat down in the corner of the cage near the food chute.

"What did he say, 609F?!" His voice trembled. He seemed beside himself.

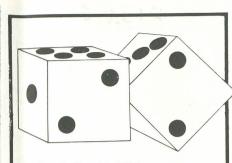
I shrugged. "Something about Casey being killed. Something about an organization. I don't remember. It was a long time ago."

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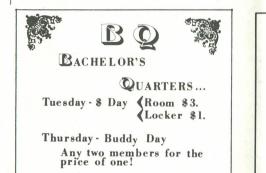
703C began to cry. His body shook violently. He sobbed like a woman and gasped for breath.

An old couple had wandered up by then and were watching the scene. The old woman whispered something to the old man and then the old man scribbled something down on a piece of paper and handed it to me. It read: FUCK HIM IN THE ASS BUT BE-FORE YOU SHOOT PULL IT OUT AND MAKE HIM EAT IT.

I looked across the cage at Dennis' small, shaking form. Through his tears I saw revulsion.

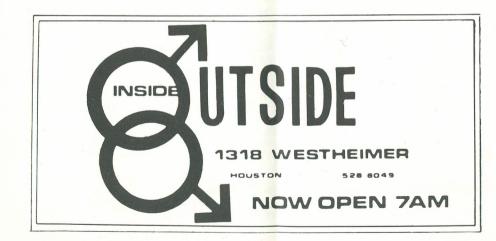


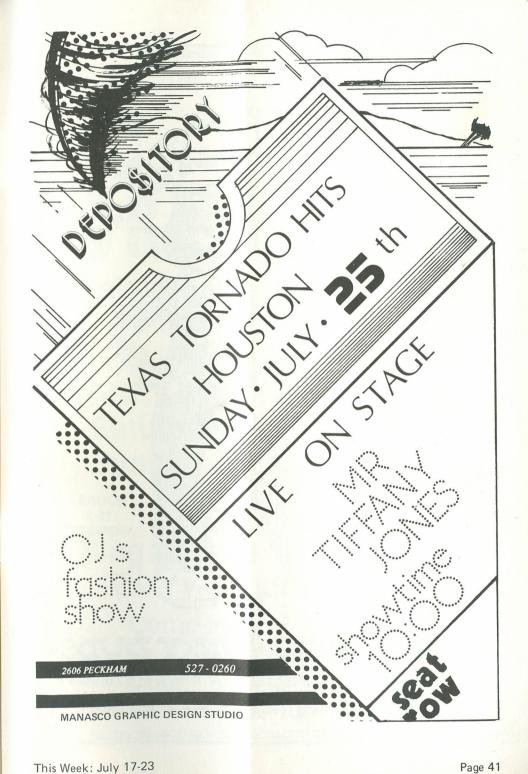
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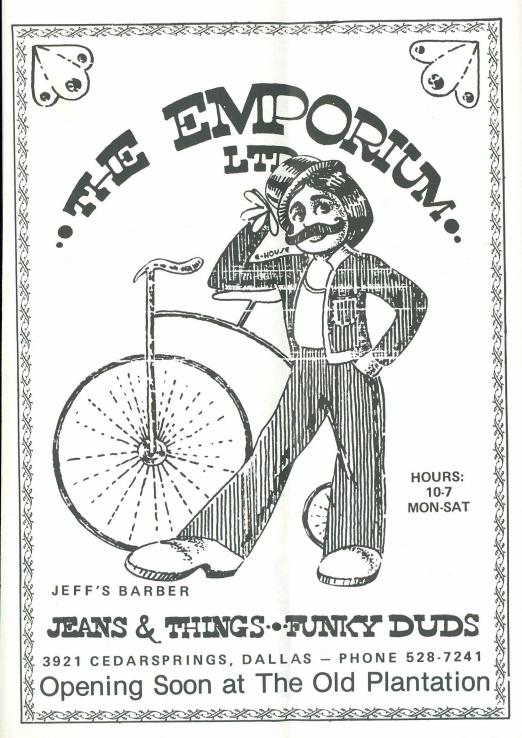


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