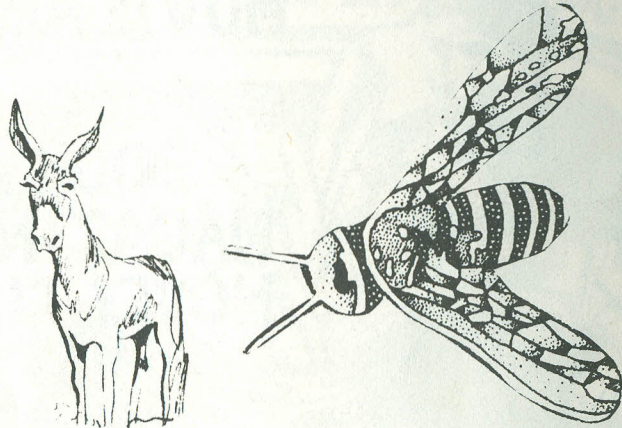


LOCKER STINGERS vs. THE LOFT



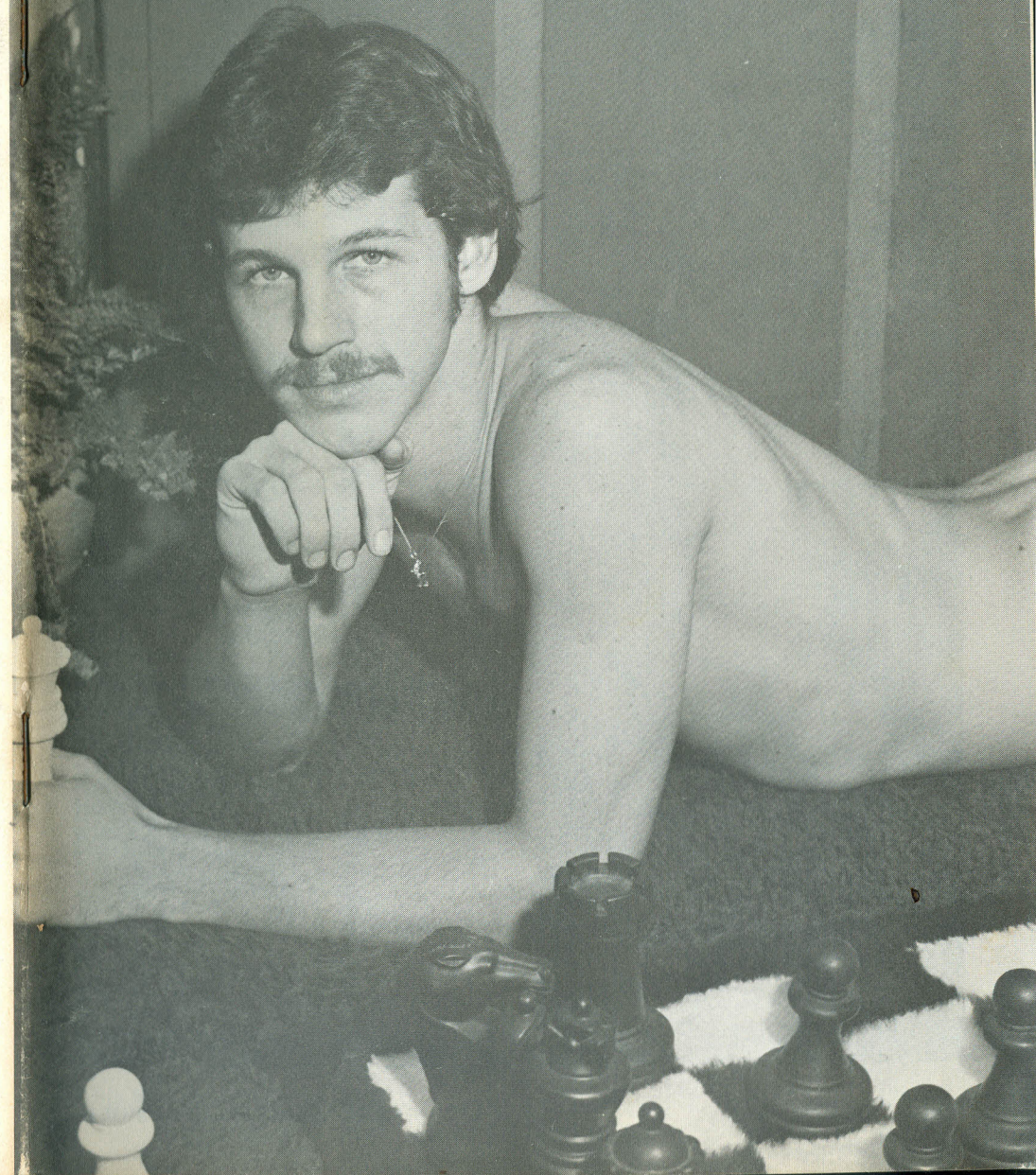
Softball in the park
at Fairview and Yupon

Sunday, August 1, 2 p.m.

FREE BEER
Courtesy of the Participating Bars

Cheerleaders

Band



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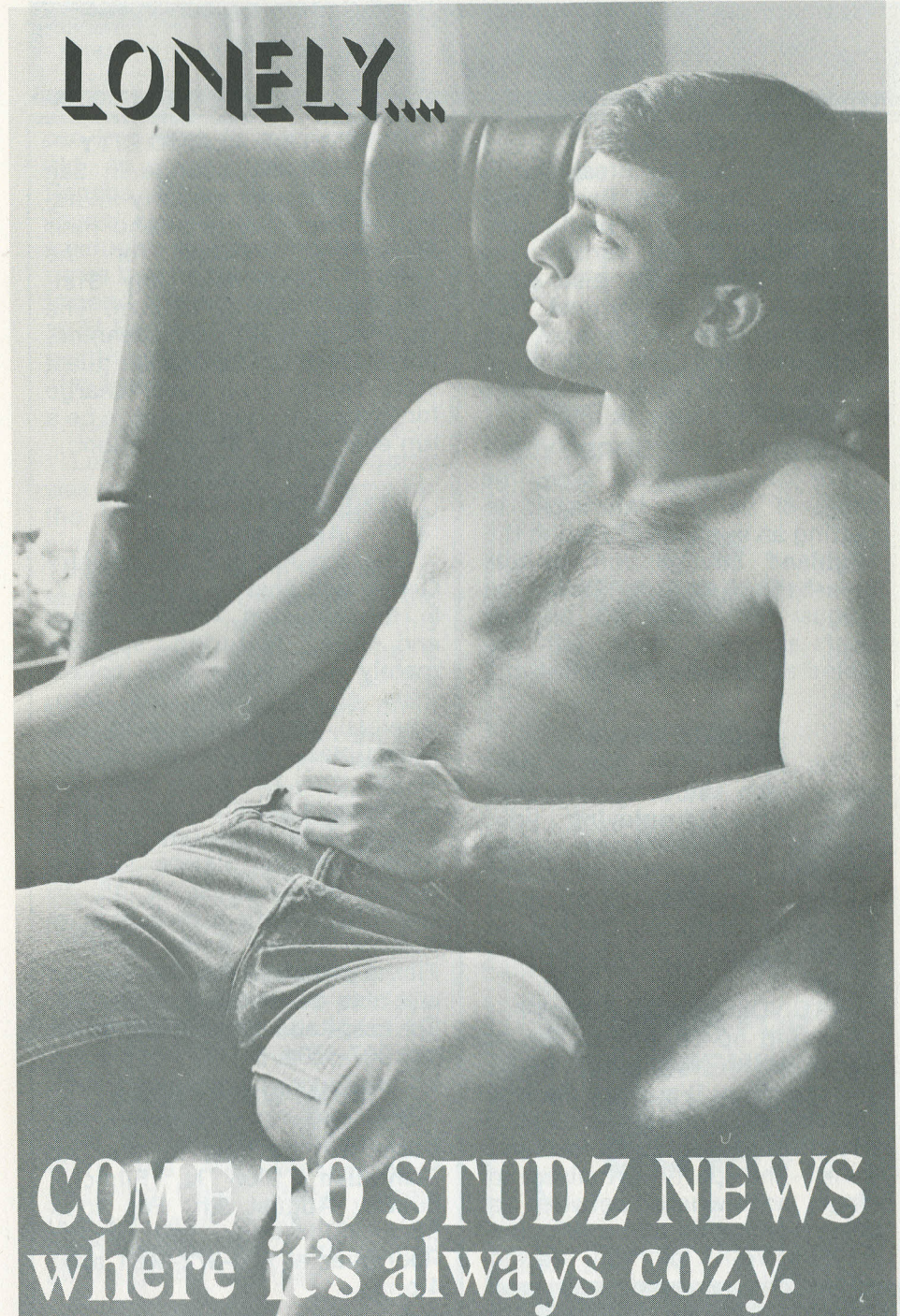
COVER PHOTO

Van, bartender
at the Inside Outside

photographed by
Sam Osuna

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LONELY...



**COME TO STUDZ NEWS
where it's always cozy.**

NEWS UP FRONT

HOT MEAT

Chuck's Sunday Steak-Out is now in full swing. Bring your own meat between 6 and 8 p.m. and **Chuck's** will furnish the fixin's. **Chuck's** has also scheduled a show for August 10th featuring Miss Kitty and Her Cathouse Girls. The \$1.00 cover charge will be good for one free drink on Thursday, August 12.

FOR THE OUTDOORS TYPE

For the outdoors type, or those of us just interested in getting an even tan, **TJ's** and the **Highland Lounge** will co-host **Splash Day** at Lake Dallas on August 1st. There will be free beer and hot dogs (all the weiners you can eat) starting at 2 p.m.

BOOGIE NEWS

The **Entre Nuit** has a new super disco sound system with their own DJ playing your favorite dance tunes every Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night with after hours on Friday and Saturday till four in the morning.

ARE YOU READY FOR IT?

Coming up on August 9th in Dallas is an event not to be missed. Big D's own **Service Station** will celebrate Gary's birthday party with free food and drink. The party promises to range somewhere between a quiet celebration and a drunken brawl. We'll let you decide where. (Hurry, sundown!)

FROM THE ALAMO CITY

The **Friendly Lounge** in San Antonio extends a hearty invitation to everyone to attend their supershow, "Reach for the Stars," being held July 31st, Saturday night at 10 p.m. The show's cast will include Jeanine, Lorey Lane, and a special guest star! There is no cover charge for this event. It promises to be a fun evening for all who attend.

YOU CAN HELP THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS MUSEUM

Houston Antique and Jewelry Center will host on August 6, 7, 8, the Houston Antique Show and Sale, featuring approximately 62 dealers with collections of art glass, art deco, nouveau, furniture, jewelry and collectibles. Tickets are on sale at the door for \$1.75 with the proceeds to benefit the Contemporary Arts Museum disaster fund. Also, an Estate Auction will be held August 14, 15, 16 and will feature a collection of Colonel James Bates Griffith. Ticket proceeds for the auction will also be donated to C.A.M. For ticket and show information, call 667-8704.

FROM WEST TEXAS

The Miss Gay Amarillo Pageant will be held in the **Old Plantation**, 1005 N. Filmore, Sunday August 8th. For additional information call George Rodriguez at 806-372-5081 after 4 p.m.

FIND OUR TWIT REPORTER

TWIT's roving reporter who, unlike his hardworking editor, can find time to rest and relax, did so most recently at **El Rancho Vista** in Glen Rose, Texas. He found the setting so conducive to relaxation and good times that he called and asked us to send him his termination pay at El Rancho Vista and never to mention the word "deadline" to him again.

LOFT LEADS LAMP POST

Last Sunday's softball game was a runs, hits, errors romp for the lads of the **Loft** as they buried the **Lamp Post** 31 to 7. This game comes on the heels of last week's narrow defeat by the **Locker**. The next game—this Sunday at 2 p.m.—will be a battle of the champions as the Loft and Locker meet head on in the ball diamond at Fairview and Yupon. Free beer, cheerleaders, sunshine, noise, and free parking provided by the Locker and the Loft. TWIT's Cruise Camera will catch the action so if you want your picture in the weekly magazine, get there early.

CURTAIN GOING UP

The lovely Michelle of Houston's **Our Place** on Richmond reports to TWIT that the crowds have been very encouragin for their delightful Sunday night drag shows. This Sunday will mark the 4th weekly event featuring Cher, Stacy, Casey, Giovanni, and Paula—who has been working very hard pulling all the glitter together.

Continued on page 7



WARRYS

1022 Westheimer

HOUSTON

— AND —

GALVESTON



Home of the Houston Motorcycle Club

news

TANGIER CLOSES

On July 22nd, around midnight, bar patrons and employees alike were caught by surprise with the announcement that the **Tangier**, a recently-opened disco bar, was no longer gay but a straight single's bar. An orderly dispersal was consequently made by Houston Police as bewildered customers were led out of the building and into its expansive parking lot. Manager Will Jezek tells TWIT that the decision to reverse the bar's clientele came about as a result of the sale of the facility to Jet Set International, operators of many "swinging single's" bars. It puzzles us as to why most bars outside of the Montrose area have so much trouble getting established. (Remember the ill-fated **Pisces** last year?) Too bad, too. The **Tangier** was a beautiful bar.

MAN STABBED

On Saturday morning, July 24th, about 7:00 a.m., Jack Herzig was brutally stabbed and robbed at **Carter's Book Store** on Louisiana Street while working as cashier there. Suffering multiple stab wounds, he was rushed to Ben Taub Hospital in critical condition. After a crucial period, Jack's condition is gradually improving. Carter told TWIT that the police arrived promptly and were very sympathetic and courteous. However the assailant had already escaped in a Green Chevrolet with a black top. The man was described as weighing about 160

lbs., age mid twenties, black, afro hair cut, neatly trimmed beard, and well dressed. All persons should be on the lookout for this person and report any suspicions to the Houston Police Department. From those of us at TWIT, a "get well quick" goes out to Jack Herzig.

MISCONCEPTIONS DISPELLED

Recently published accounts (not in TWIT) of two incidents — one at the **Venture-In** and one at the **Horn-It** lead the reader to believe that the situations were considerably worse than they actually were. First, there was police activity near the **Venture-In** recently. However, it was **not** a raid, not did it involve the **Venture-In** in any way. Police entered the bar only to confirm the identities of two men involved in a scuffle near the establishment. Bill and Jim, owners of the bar, report that the police were courteous to their customers and proceeded about their questioning in an orderly and professional manner.

At the **Horn-It**, Sandy and Sharon report that their drag show, "Entertainment on Parade," on July 10th took place before a calm and appreciative audience — not one disrupted by fights, knives, and guns. Two minor disturbances involving disorderly customers were quelled without disrupting anyone's enjoyment of the show (which, by the way, was very good).

Continued on page 8

SHOW TIME

Norma of Houston's **Lamp Post** tells us that the incomparable Miss Naomi Simms will be their representative at the upcoming Miss Gay America Pageant. And, speaking of stars, the **Lamp Post** will resume its weekly shows this Sunday night at 9 p.m. The show will star Erika Lane, Nikita, Casey Starr, Shawna, and Rickie Rochelle. No cover, No minimum! Reservations are suggested.

DOG DAY LOST

Lost: Female Cockerspaniel. Her colors are brown and white. She answer to the name of "Fretchen." Reward. Contact Jay Mills at 216 Marshall, Apt. 10. 528-2362.

ADVICE COLUMNIST CONSIDERS GAYS "SICK"

Ann Landers, in response to a letter from an estranged guy, didn't help his mental attitude any by assuring him that gay people are definitely sick, and although some gays are sicker than others, they all suffer from severe personality disorders. Why don't we all write Ann Landers c/o Houston Chronicle, 801 Texas Ave., 77002 and let her know how sick we think she is.

SAN ANTONIO POLITICS

Anyone interested in forming a Gay Political Caucus in San Antonio should call Gay Switchboard at 733-7300 and leave your name, address, and phone number. Someone will contact you.

THE MONTROSE ACTIVITY CENTER IS COOPERATING WITH A MEDICAL STUDY FOCUSING ON

ANXIETY & DEPRESSION

Participants will receive a COMPLETE medical examination, periodic re-examination and treatment. The time required is 15 to 30 minutes per week. No cost to participate. Any person suffering from symptoms of anxiety or depression is welcome to participate. All interested persons please call the Montrose Activity Center at 526-2668.

POETRY BY WENDY

Wendy Stevens, a lesbian-feminist poet from Washington, D.C., will be visiting Houston this week. She has been traveling around the country this summer, and she has news about feminists to share with us as well as her poetry.

Wendy will be doing a pair of readings here. The first will be at Just Marion & Lynn's (Fairview at Converse), Wednesday, August 4th at 9 p.m.

The second reading will be at a fine old Montrose house, out by the pool if weather permits. This reading will be Friday, August 6th at 8 p.m. at 215 Westmoreland (near Garrott).

Both readings are presented by Pointblank Times, and they are free, with donations welcome for Wendy's expenses.

COMEDY BY IVY

Ivy Bottini, nationally-known feminist comedian (she's also a lesbian but that's not nationally known) will be performing at University of Houston on Thursday, August 5th at 8 p.m. in the University Center's Houston Room. Admission is free. Ivy knows women, and she knows humor. If you have the opportunity, don't miss seeing her.

BIG BEN COMETH

And he cometh to Club Dallas to help celebrate their newly added "deluxe rooms" with double beds, mirrors (for those of you who like to watch), and carpets. Club Dallas affectionately refers to their new rooms as "bridal suites" and invites all love-hungry Texans to come and try them out. And be sure to ask

about Big Ben. (We're told by reliable sources he's got 48''.)

THE BARN

THE country western

beer bar

Houston

710 PACIFIC, 528-9427
open 1pm S&S, 4pm M-F, close 2am



CREWS INN II

OPEN 8 A.M.

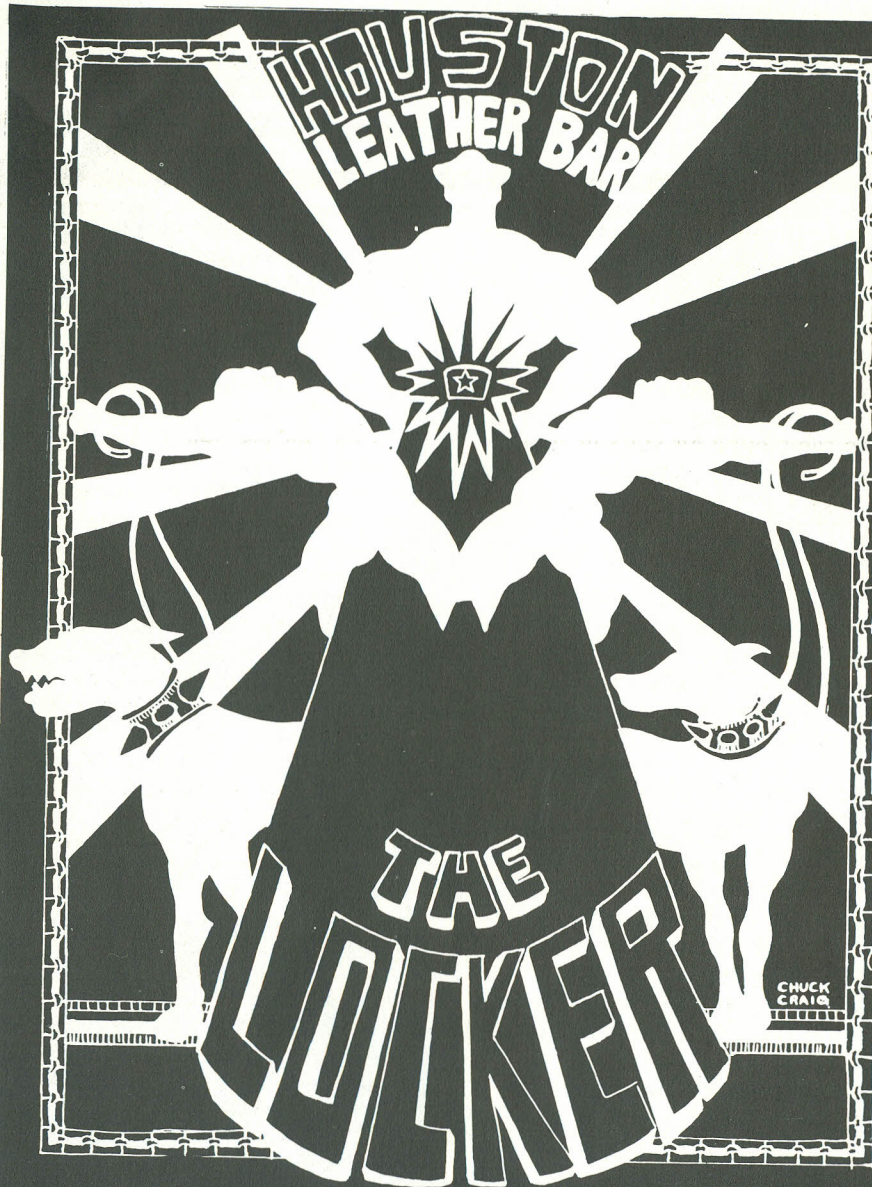
2 NEW HAPPY HOURS

10 A.M. - 12 Noon

5 P.M. - 7 P.M.

"Come Have A Cocktail With Helen"

3115 LIVE OAK
Phone 824-9043



Tuesday night — Free Movie

Wednesday — Hat & Color Night, 1/2 price drinks

Sat.: Bar doubles \$1.25 1-6pm.

Sunday — Beer Bust \$1

LIFE WITH VERA

A Soaper by John Gardner

Vera sat quietly in the office of the Texas Unemployment Commission. He had no choice. Everybody else in the room was busy filling out application forms to collect unemployment payments and not a soul seemed interested in engaging in sparkling conversation. Vera had long ago given up on completing his stack of applications, deciding it would be easier to charm the bureaucrats into giving him the money, rather than worrying about all those pesky questions on paper.

"Next!" came the voice of the gruff-looking man in the \$35.00 suit sitting behind the desk in the interview cubicle. "I said 'next!'" he shouted again, staring straight at Vera with a look that would crack rocks.

Vera hurried and took a seat beside the desk, having realized that perhaps a stunning, sweeping Loretta Young sashay would not be appropriate after all.

"How do you do?" Vera began. "I can't tell you how charmin' it is to be here today. I think the decor of your office just yummy. And everyone seems so . . ."

"Quiet please! Talk is not necessary. I'm Mr. Potter. I just need to study your form."

"Well," Vera said, "I'm a perfect size 40. That's in Brooks Brothers. My waist is 32 and my . . ."

Your form! The papers in your hand. Give them to me!"

"Oh! Those forms! How silly of me! I though when you said 'form,' you meant . . ."

"Quiet please!" Potter warned sternly. He slowly shuffled through the red, blue and yellow sheets that

Vera had mutilated with a ball point pen. Vera knew immediately that he was not as impressed as Vera had hoped.

"Why didn't you fill out all the blanks?" Potter probed. "You didn't even fill out the personal history sheet. What about your age?"

"I've always felt," Vera began again, "that age is really one of those things that you can't measure with numbers. It's more a feeling of spirit, the way . . ."

"How old are you!" Potter screamed.

"33!" Vera blurted out. A deep-dark secret that came out only when facing a crisis of being overcome with stark fear. This was one of those times.

Potter angrily began a barrage of questions that normally would have gotten him a slap across the face. Were it not that Vera was so desperately in need of money. And a job.

"What do you do? What kind of work do you want? We don't give out money to able-bodied men, unless we can't find them a job!"

"I'm sure you meant that as a compliment," Vera retorted. "Actually, I had hopes that you could find me a job that paid a lot of money—but won't take up a lot of my time. I have a tennis lesson Thursday and I sure would hate . . ."

"We don't have a lot of jobs like that!" Potter screamed. "If we did, do you think I'd be stuck in this rat hole. What do you expect—banker's hours!"

"Oh no," Vera injected, "not that. I've already tried working in a bank. It was terrible. They get so picky if

every little thing doesn't balance out at the end of the day."

"Let's try this another way," Potter pleaded. "You tell me what skills you have. And I'll tell you if there's anything we can do for you."

"Really! That sounds easy enough. To begin with, I've always had a flair for entertaining. Everyone says I'm a great host. Even Miss Burt . . . eh . . . eh . . . even Burt agrees I have a special knack of making people feel at home. My mother . . ."

"No, no, no." Potter interrupted, as the little veins around his temples began to throb. "Do you do anything a little more conventional. Do you type?"

"Type! Oh, no. Cracks my fingernails when I get them caught in between the keys."

"Can you cook?"
"Only with a microwave and two assistants."

"Can you do construction work?"
"Oh, my, my, my. No!" At that point, Vera began fanning himself with the application folder.

"Can you paint?"
"Paint! I paint divinely! I studied art for three years at the Institute For Fine Arts in New York. They all said if Picasso ever had a . . ."

"Houses! Can you paint houses!"
"I suppose. But why would anyone want to have a fine painting on the outside of their house. If it started to rain, the finer textures of the . . ."

"With a roller! House paint! You know. Sherwin Williams type painting! Can you do that?"

"No. I guess not. I never studied Sherwin Williams. Was he one of the Old Masters?"

Vera's applications were then placed in mid-air by Potter. For a brief period of time. Within seconds, they came crashing down to the desk and scattered onto the floor. Vera had sensed that this was, perhaps, not the place for him after all. And had given

Potter the finger, told him to "Cram it!" and made a sweeping Loretta Young exit. All before the application forms had hit the ground. If nothing else, Vera knew how to move. And how to move fast. But he was still without a job. Our poor hero.

Continued Next Week

HOUSTON'S LARGEST WESTERN BAR

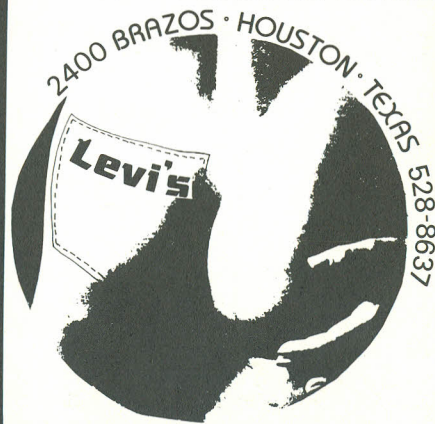
**THURSDAY:
HAPPY HOUR PRICES ALL DAY**

**9-12 P.M. FRIDAY:
\$1 BEER BUST
(only 75c for those with western hats)
Plus Cartoons and Movies**

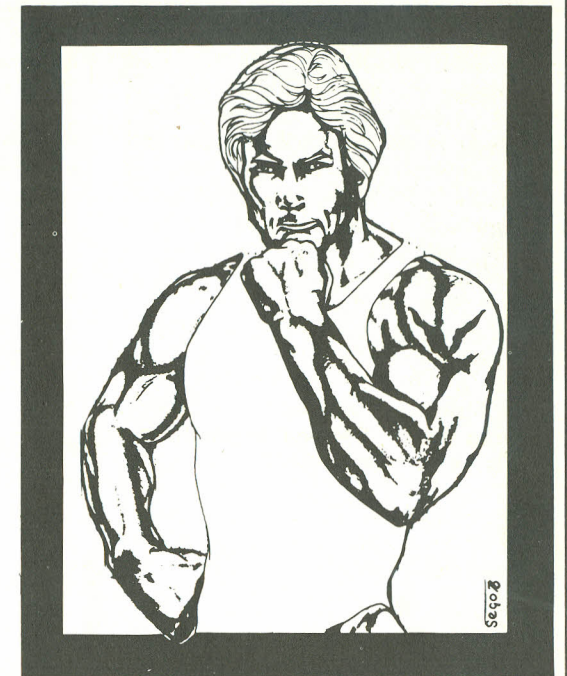
**FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
AFTER HOURS: 2-4**

**3-6 P.M. SUNDAY:
\$1 BEER BUST
(but only 75c for those with western hats)**

**NEW HOURS:
12-2 DAILY
FRI. & SAT. AFTERHOURS 'til 4 A.M.**



**Terry's
MAIL
BOXX**



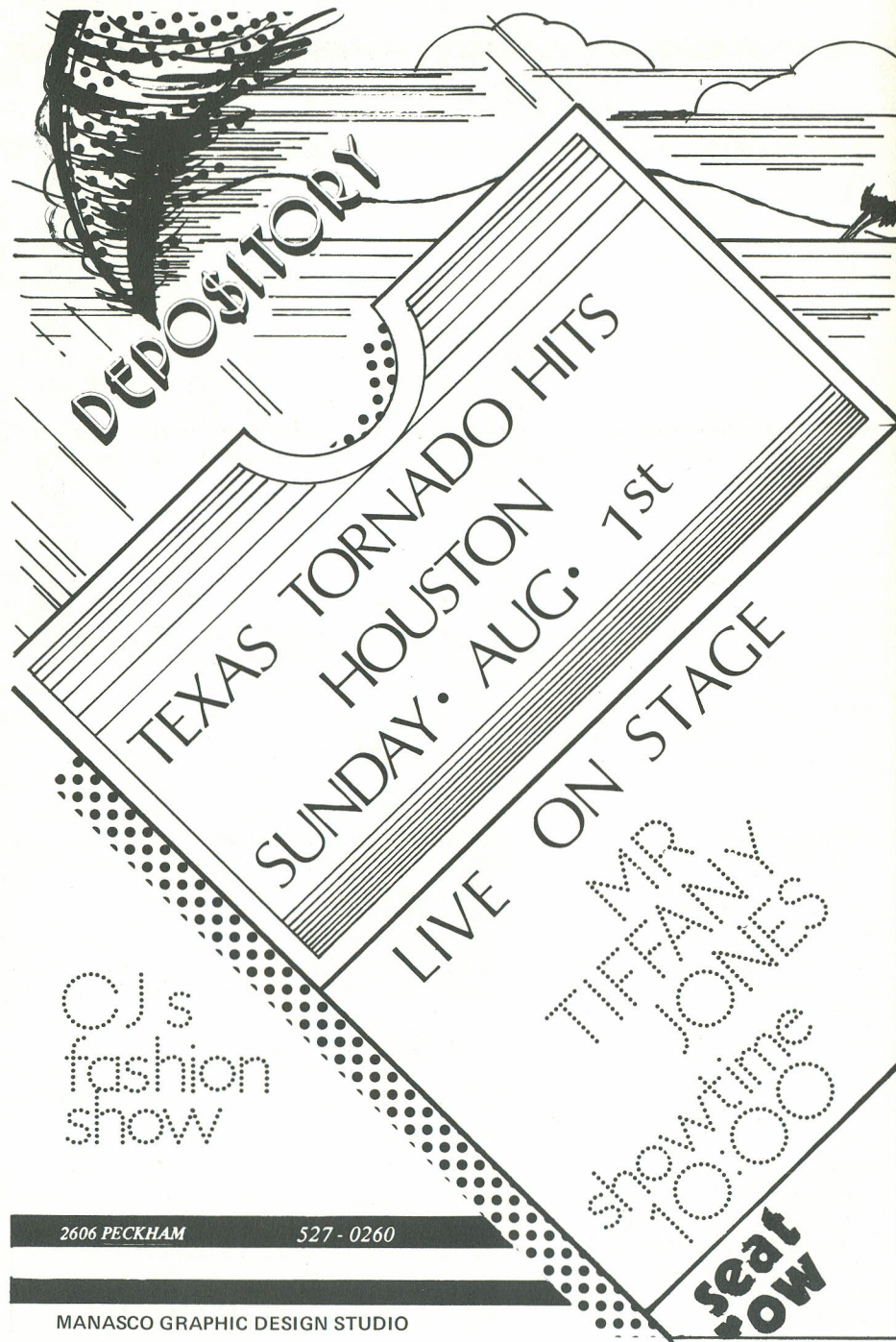
NOW OPEN

**2515 & 2517 N. Fitzhugh Ave.
Dallas**

**Thursday, August 12
Grand Opening**

**with free drinks
from 8 p.m. 'til 11 p.m.**

**Fitzhugh's Newest Cruise Bar
with Dancing, Games, & Patio**



2606 PECKHAM 527 - 0260

MANASCO GRAPHIC DESIGN STUDIO

INTERVIEW

We will use this space occasionally to publish an interview with a prominent personality of particular interest to the gay community. This week, the TWIT reporter caught that superstar of the drag circuit, Tiffany Jones, in a candid moment.

He presented a portrait of self ease, relaxation and honesty—a more subdued person than we remember. Some of us know him as Ken. Others know him as Tiffany Jones. TWIT talked with him Sunday, July 25th, and found him to be, if not overtly friendly, at least polite and informative.

TWIT. We realize this is a rather obvious question, Ken, but do you ever feel homesick for Texas? Or do you even consider Texas your home?

TJ. Yeah. I always consider Texas home. I've moved away about five times, but I always move back to Texas . . . to Houston, preferably.

TWIT. Were you born in Houston?

TJ. No. In a very small town. Laporte, Texas. (small laugh) But Houston's definitely home.

TWIT. Could you give us a general outline of your activities since leaving the lone star state?

TJ. Well . . . living in Cleveland, being in that part of the United States, I'm playing like New York City and places I never really had the chance to go before. I'll be going to Fire Island labor day to work. I'm, ah, still taking some voice lessons. July the Fourth I did a take off on Marilyn Monroe when she sang happy birthday to JFK. And I sang happy birthday to America. And the Lambda Awards, which is in Ohio . . . I sang "Falling In Love Again" and won Entertainer of the Year. I also won the Diamond Lil Award. That meant a lot to me.

TWIT. Let's reminisce awhile. I was nineteen when I first saw you at the

Red Room and at that time you were doing a show with two other greats: Jerry Vanover and Kitty Kee. Have you kept in touch with them through the years?

TJ. Oh, yeah. First of all, I have to say, Jerry Vanover in my opinion has to be the funniest . . . I've . . . I'll be the first to admit. I started doing all that comedy because I learned a long time ago that people in the audience get tired of seeing one serious number after another over and over and all you're really doing is changing dresses and doing a different voice. I learned a long time ago that it's better to mix comedy with serious. I enjoy comedy. But most of my comedy is copied from Jerry Vanover. And I think he's undoubtedly the funniest . . . he just fascinates me. And Kitty Kee. Course Jerry is a good, good friend of mine. I haven't kept in touch with Jerry like I would've liked.

TWIT. Where is he now?

TJ. He's in Dallas, if I'm not mistaken. At the Bayou Landing. And Kitty. Kitty. I just love Miss Don. I brought him to Houston many years ago. (an embarrassed laugh) Many, many years ago. I consider Don one of my best friends, I think he's just terrific.

TWIT. What about your stay in Dallas? How was it, compared to Houston.

TJ. Well, Dennis Sisk brought me to Dallas. To the Bayou Landing. He brought me from Miami. Dallas is fine, but Houston and Dallas are to me two different cities. I grew up in

Continued on page 18

THE POOL AND PATIO ARE NOW OPEN Club Houston

2205 Fannin (713) 659-4998



STARSCOPE

FOR THE WEEK OF July 31 - Aug 6

This weekend the moon, which spends approximately 2½ days in each sign, is poised in Libra. This is the sign of partners and therefore a favorable time for meeting a new love. Additionally favorable is our recent New Moon making this a good period to start a new partnership for a fruitful ending.

LEO (July 24-August 23): The new moon in Leo last Monday and the Sun now in Leo for a month combine to give the lion a temporary new lease on life. Since you haven't been feeling up to par lately, this positive interlude is most welcome.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23): The maiden of Virgo now finds oneself bogged down in travel, study and, of course, cleaning. The Moon in your 12th house this weekend causes you to be even more withdrawn into your inner self.

LIBRA (September 23-October 23): The Moon in your sign, Libra, makes you feel in a light-hearted way like changing your hair and buying some new clothes. Go ahead—this is your weekend to successfully bowl 'em over!

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Sexy Scorpions who need to touch anything or anybody they love, are not feeling as well as they would like this weekend. The windmills of your mind are conjuring up thoughts of an old love.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): The sign that is half man and half animal is more man than animal this weekend. You may find your animal urges pinned up, giving you more freedom to help people you like and to talk of philosophy and the big picture.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Although Capricornians tend to worry a lot about things that never happen, this weekend nothing bad should happen. Relax for a change and socialize. And quit worrying. It's a nice weekend for you.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): You'll be more than your usual independent self this weekend. In fact, you may even make a trip somewhere by yourself. But friendly Aquarius can't seem to go anywhere without bumping into another friend.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Be careful of those you love for this weekend they may be overprotective of you. To escape all this, you may find yourself out looking for a bargain on something typically Pisces like music, art, or antiques.

AIRES (March 21-April 20): Jupiter's favorable vibrations could produce some sort of monetary increase; maybe the boss will give you a raise. Saturday night is good for going out on the town. If you are married, watch what you say or do as your mate will be unusually jealous of you.

TAURUS (April 21-May 21): The usual cautious bull should not be so practical this weekend. Let yourself go and jump into something impulsively. You might be surprised at how much fun you will have. If you are traveling, be careful of your fellow travelers.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21): This weekend your highest priority is having fun but somehow the mundane chores of home are bogging you down. As much as Gemini hates to be caught in a rut, that rut is where you belong at the present time.

CANCER (June 22-July 23): It should be a most pleasurable weekend as July comes to a close. In fact "stay at home" Cancerians may even want to get out and take a trip to the water. After all, Cancer is a water sign.

Houston, more or less. I love Houston. To me the people are a lot friendlier than they are in Dallas. I'm not knocking Dallas, because I had a very nice time there. But I was very homesick for Houston.

TWIT. There was quite a turmoil here between the Old Plantation and the Depository as to who would have you when and how long they would have you for. Can you shed any light on that subject?

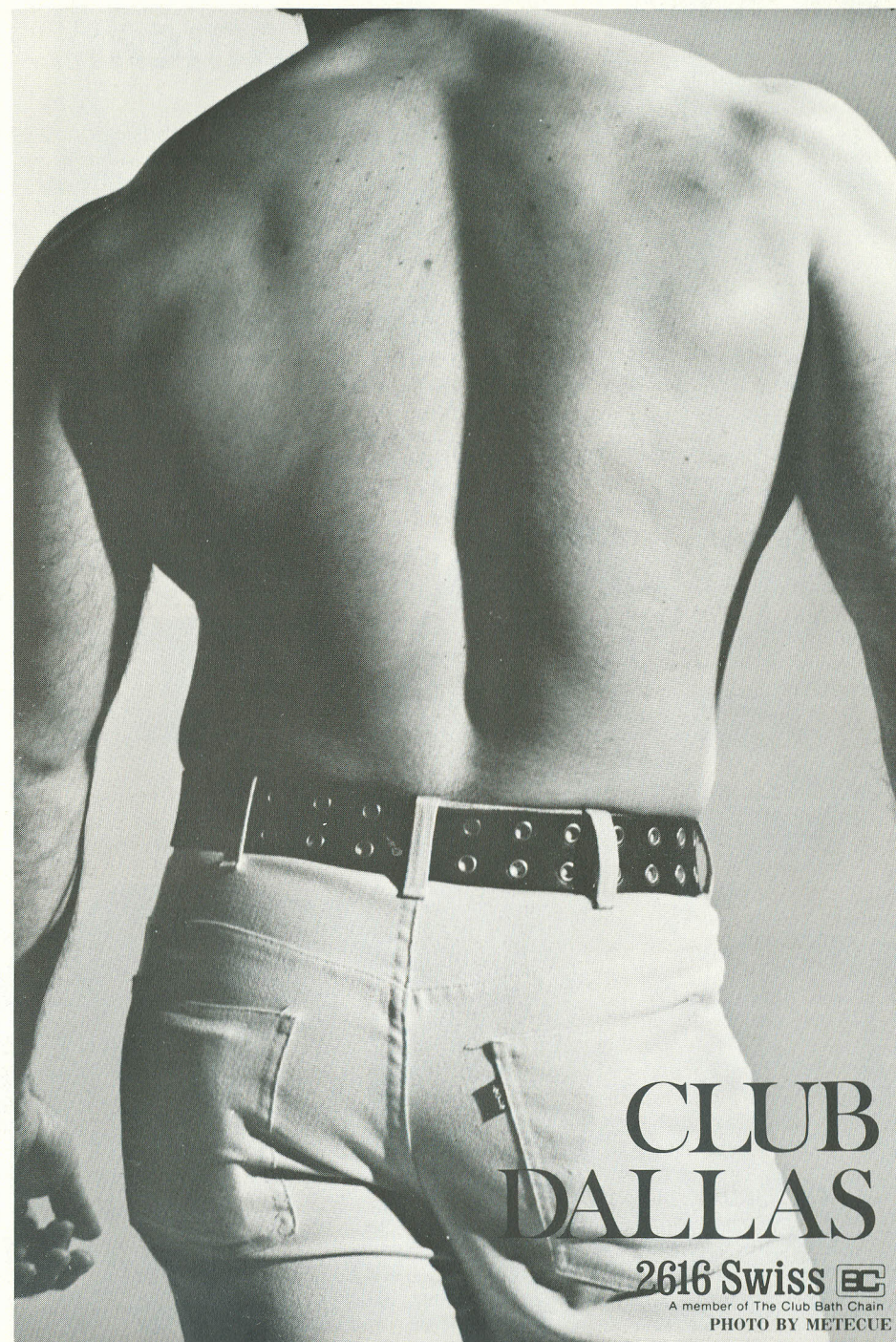
TJ. Ohhhh. (big laugh) I'm glad you asked that question. I . . . ah, don't know the manager of the Old Plantation in Houston. Maybe it's best I just not mention any names. (another laugh) I don't know the manager at all. As far as I know, I've never met the man. When Wayne Schrebe of the Club Baths discussed the contest with me, they were actually planning on having it at the Depository. I talked them into having it at the Old Plantation. Unfortunately. Now I'm sorry I did. They have the facilities for a show. You know, with the stage and the dressing rooms and everything. Then the manager of the OP found out that I was going to do a show at the Depository on the 25th and the contest was at the OP on the 27th and he called and raised a big stink and said that he was in the bar business and the only reason they were gonna have the contest there was because I was part of the package deal. He said he did not want me playing any other places first. Which, I can see his point in a way. I didn't realize that's how he felt at the time or I would never have planned to do the show here. The reason I had to cancel the show at the Depository was because he had threatened to pull the contest if I worked anywhere else. So. In order not to cause any hard feelings with the Baths and the Old Plantation, I said, "Okay." I called and cancelled my show. By that time the ads had already come out and I felt like a complete ass. But there was nothing I could do because of the contest. I feel

that they were wrong because the OP did not pay for my plane fare here. They're not paying me personally; the Club Baths are paying me. I don't feel they had the right to tell me where I could work and where I could not. So I told them "fine," I wouldn't do the show at the Depository. That was it. But I made arrangements to come back here August 1st, which is actually after I had left town and gone to Dallas, to do a show for the Depository. They were gonna fly me back. Well, the Old Plantation found out I was gonna do a show here and AGAIN they threatened to cancel the contest. Well, the Club Baths just kinda got fed up with it and said, "you know we just really don't need this hassle." So here we are. And the Depository has been so nice to us. They've done everything. HOWEVER! (a laugh) I will say that Frank Caven, the owner of the Old Plantation, was in the Depository the other night and he came over and I explained the situation to him because I had not talked to him. I'll be honest with you, when I worked at the Old Plantation before, they were nothing but nice to me. And I explained to him that there were no hard feelings because I felt that I had done what I had to do. Frank was very nice to me. So far as the Old Plantation and myself, there are no hard feelings with the owner.

TWIT. So where will you go from here?

TJ. In September, I do Club Boston, Club Washington, Club Philadelphia. Ah, I've already done Club Toronto, Club Miami, Club New York. Anyway, you know I've got a lot of bookings. And like I said, I'll be going to Fire Island Labor Day. I've played New York three times. So I have some big things lined up. An I'm still interested in life.

Ken indeed appears interested in life. We found ourselves liking him, and wishing him well.

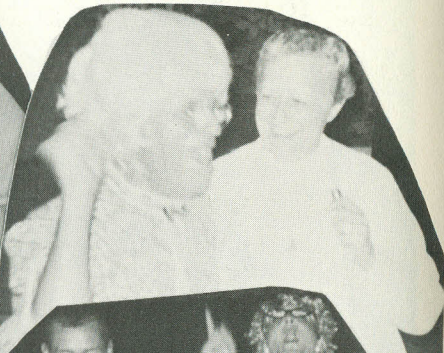
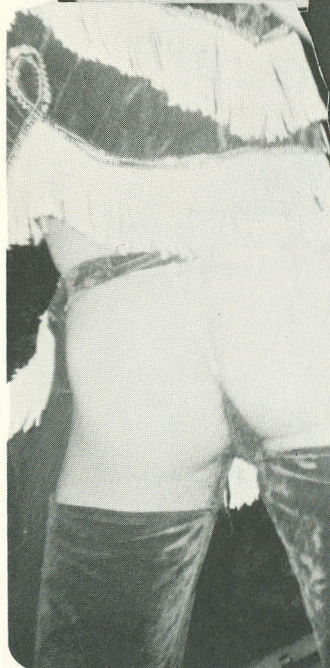


**CLUB
DALLAS**

2616 Swiss 
A member of The Club Bath Chain
PHOTO BY METECUE



This Seat
RESERVED
for
FRANK
MANN



CRUISE CAMERA

Out on the patio behind The Levi, under the stars, the stars of Houston's bars came out on stage during the annual Bartender's Show Fri., July 23. The event was a benefit for the Metropolitan Community Church. Pictured here are some of the leading bartenders and bar owners as they performed on stage before

the hundreds of Houstonians who jammed the Levi Patio. Special thanks go to Marion of Just Marion and Lynn's and Tom of the Levi for their time and work. The show was hosted by Peaches and included such professionals as Jan Russell of Dallas. Show stoppers of the evening were a strip performed by Ricci Cortez and a super rendition of "Mame" by Granny of Mary's II in Galveston.

"MR. 13 1/2 INCHES"

**first run
ALL MALE FILM**

**"GAY DEEP THROAT
OF '76 - MR. 13 1/2
WOW!"**

- EVENING REVIEW,
DAVID DAVIDSON

JOHNNY WADD

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The fire escape through which undercover agents entered the baths.

The agents allege that they entered the club and hid in the orgy room.



Doors broken in to by the police as they arrested individuals in private rooms. The locks on all doors were busted, whether the doors were locked or not. Obviously the invading "peace officers" used an axe or heavy hatchet to destroy the doors. The manager of the baths reports that it will cost his company over \$3000.00 to repair the damage done to the doors.



Police broke windows at random and for no apparent purpose throughout the building.

BOX 22104

Do you have a complaint, a question, a comment, or even a compliment? If so, write to TWIT at P.O. Box 22104, Houston, Texas 77027. As space permits, we will print and answer your letters.

Box 22104: The officers, board of directors and members of the Galveston Gay Society would like to express their appreciation to all who helped to make the benefit show at Robert's Lafittes a success. A total of \$169.00 was taken in at the door for the defense fund for those "victimized" by the Kon Tiki Baths raid.

To Robert and his staff, our appreciation for having the benefit show at your bar, and for your generous pledge of a percentage of the till to go to the defense fund.

To those in the show—Jan Russell, Tanya Turner, E.D. Lloyd, Kandi Delight, Lonnie, Micheal Micheals, Honey Hassel from the Detour in Houston, Bobby Penn of Houston, Billy, Walter, and Granny from Mary's Too, Richard from the Kon Tiki, and Dee—our appreciation for being in the show, and for generously giving your tips to the fund, a total of \$148.00. We love you.

To those who attended the show, our appreciation to all who contributed at the door the following night at the Kon Tiki Club—a total of \$302.00. Many were present at both bars and gave willingly to help us

fight the unjust charges leveled against gays as a result of this raid.

The Galveston Gay Society is sponsoring the fight to end harassment of gays on our island. The harassment has been against not only the local gay community, but also against gays who have come from out of town to visit our beaches. It will be a long, hard and expensive legal battle, but the time has come to end the humiliation and indignities suffered at the hands of bigoted law enforcement officers. We need everyone's help in this battle. God bless you all.

Galveston Gay Society
P.O. Box 1272
Galveston, Texas 77553

Editor: Pictures and a comment on police harassment in the Houston/Galveston area appear elsewhere in this issue. The leaders of the gay community in Galveston deserve our support for their diligent efforts to see that our cause does not go down without a fight. So if you can help in any way—financially or with moral support—contact the GGS at the above address. NOW!

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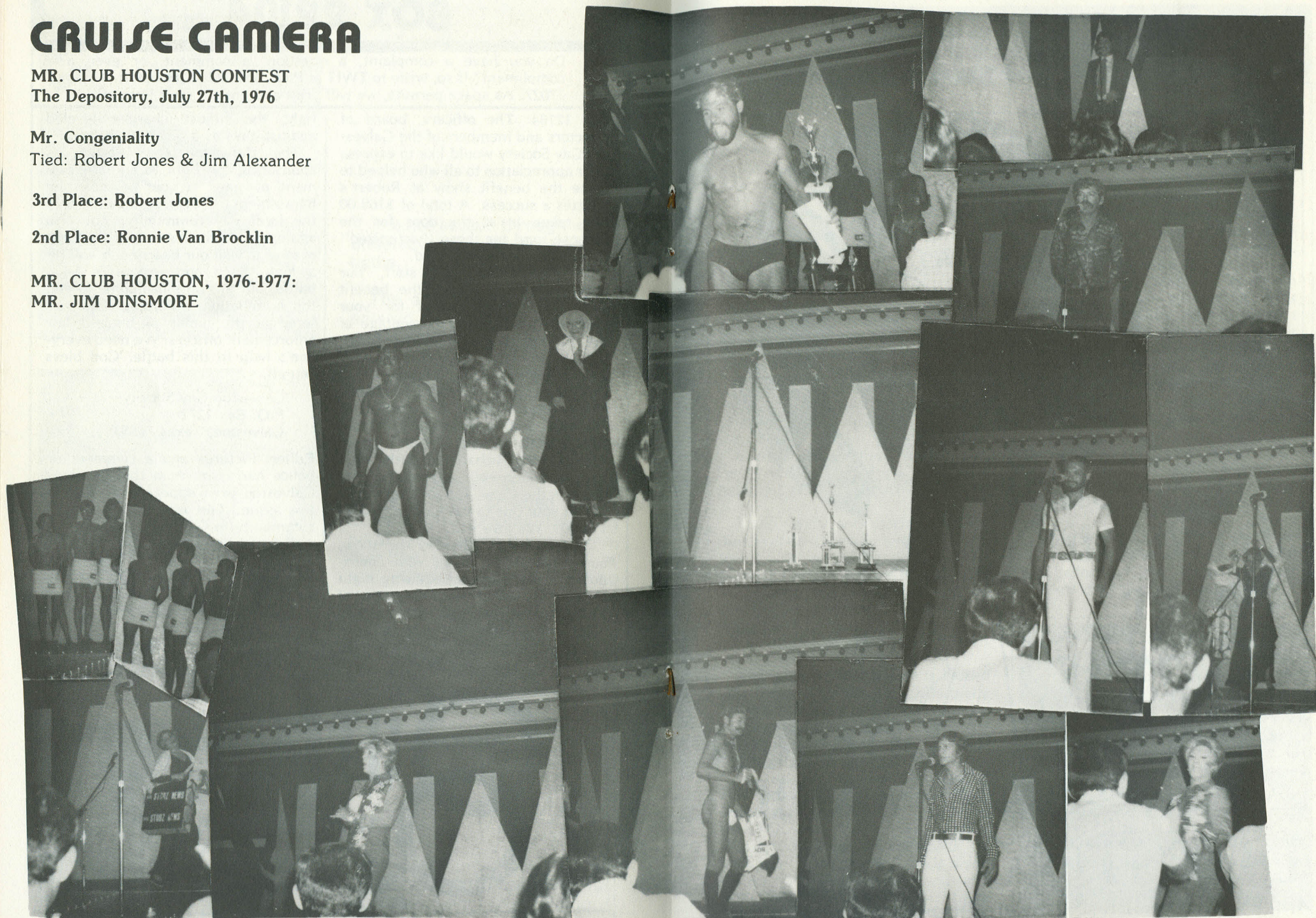
Mr. Congeniality

Tied: Robert Jones & Jim Alexander

3rd Place: Robert Jones

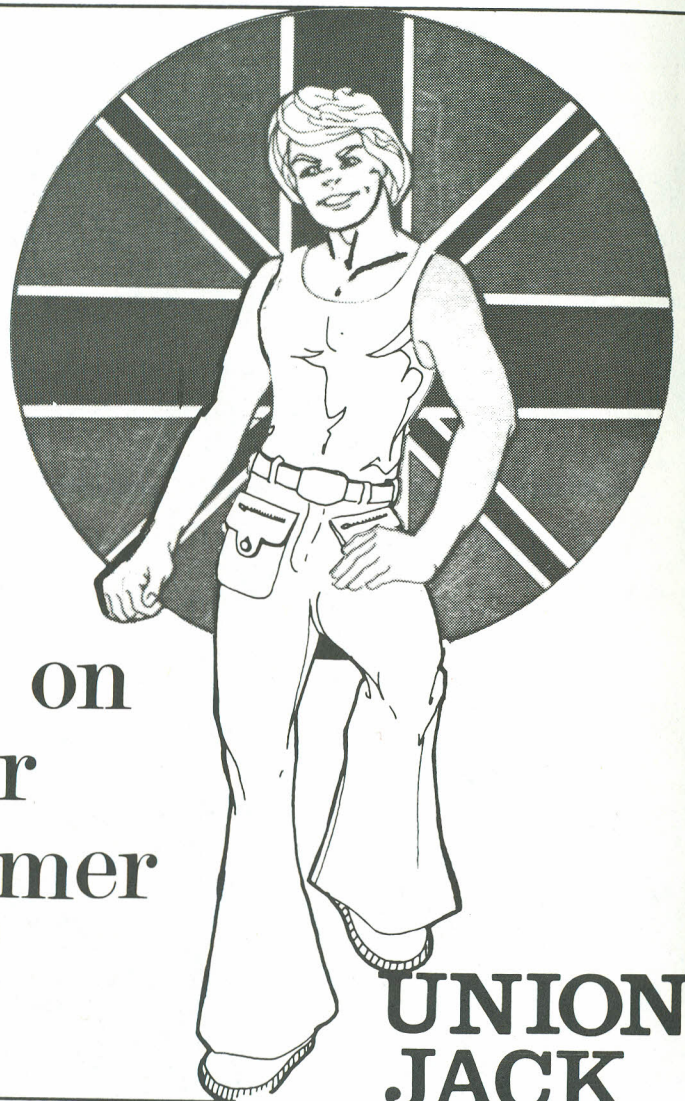
2nd Place: Ronnie Van Brocklin

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REVIEWS

THEATRE PREVIEW

Behind the Lavendar Curtain will premiere August 5 at Theatre San Antonio's Cellar Playhouse at 8:15 p.m.

The play takes an incisive look into the very private backstage world of a semi-professional theatre. The theatre is owned and ruled by its complex and demanding leading actor, one Phillip Taylor.

Phillip's world includes his beautiful wife, his handsome ex-athlete lover, and assorted friends and co-workers. The world is an orderly one, at least until the arrival of Janet Donaldson. Janet is a curious young woman who begins to raise questions which have a profound effect on all lives at the theatre.

Michael Zak, Lynne Judge, John David Killian and Judy Lehberg head the cast of the Richard Ballard play.

Biting, witty and moving, **Behind the Lavendar Curtain** promises to be a memorable theatrical experience. The play will run thru August 8, and ticket information may be obtained by calling the One Penny Pub in San Antonio.

by Charles Williams

Mel Brook's **Silent Movie** is indeed very funny. The fact that it's virtually without dialogue (Marcel Marceau has the only line: "No.") should not keep you from seeing the film. But there are other facts that might.

Set in an unusually glamorous Hollywood, the plot is generally weak and affected: A film producer (Brooks), once ruined by alcohol, attempts a sensation comeback by making a "silent movie." He is aided by two sidekicks (Marty Feldman and Dom DeLoise) who make a bumbling

attempt at being Three Stoog-ish. Determined to thwart his return to the industry, a large and sinister corporation (Engulf and Devour) hires the very sexy Bernadette Peters to "pre-ten to be in love with him" and even writes the heartless memo on her paycheck. Alas, Brooks ultimately discovers the ruse and returns, disenchanted and pitiable, to the bottle. And so on and so forth.

Brooks, in the lead role, is not an effective comedian. He lacks Wilder's style and sensitivity, and he doesn't make use of the subtle, dry humor which he continually exploits in the other actors. DeLoise and Feldman remained refreshingly polished throughout most of the 1940-type antics. But Peters gave us less than we expected. And even the cameo appearances of James Caan, Liza Minelli, Paul Newman and Anne Bancroft seemed only to serve as vehicles for Brooks' contrived slapstick.

But we laughed at it. And we enjoyed it. And we suppose with apologies to the discerning film viewer, that that's all that matters.

by Tom Goreman

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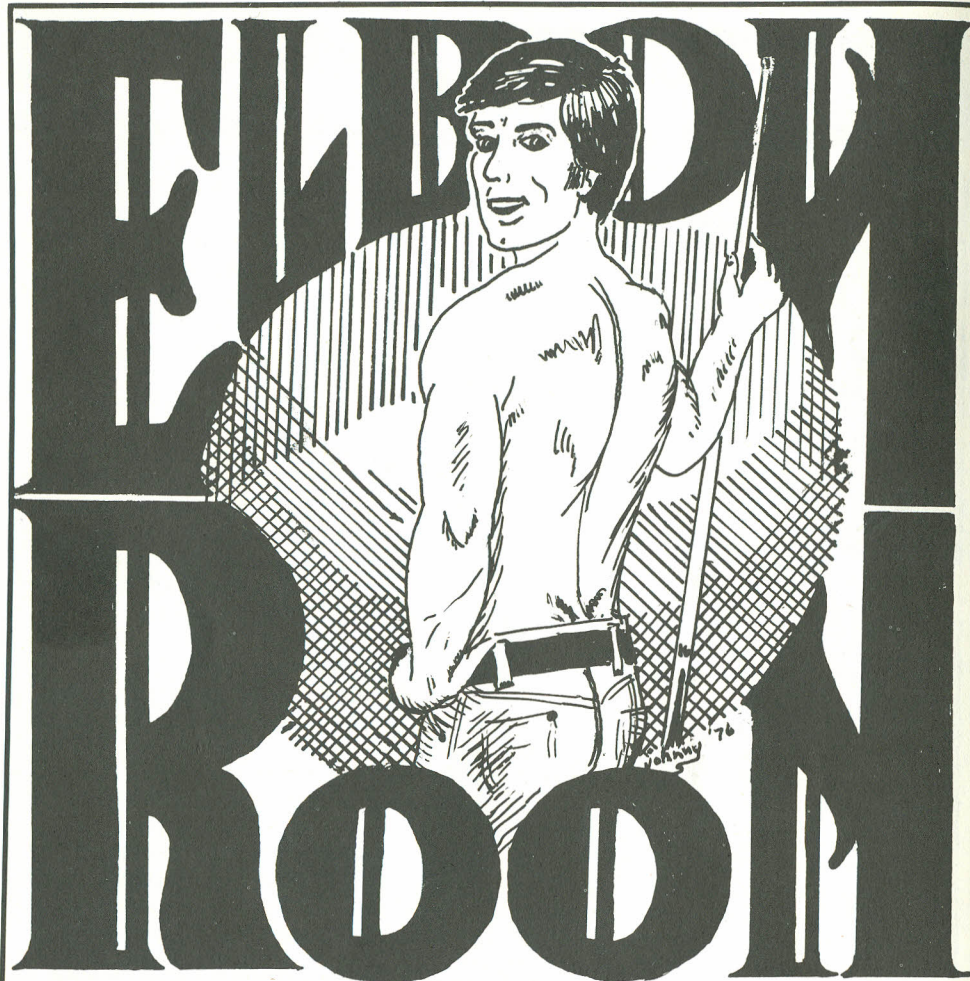
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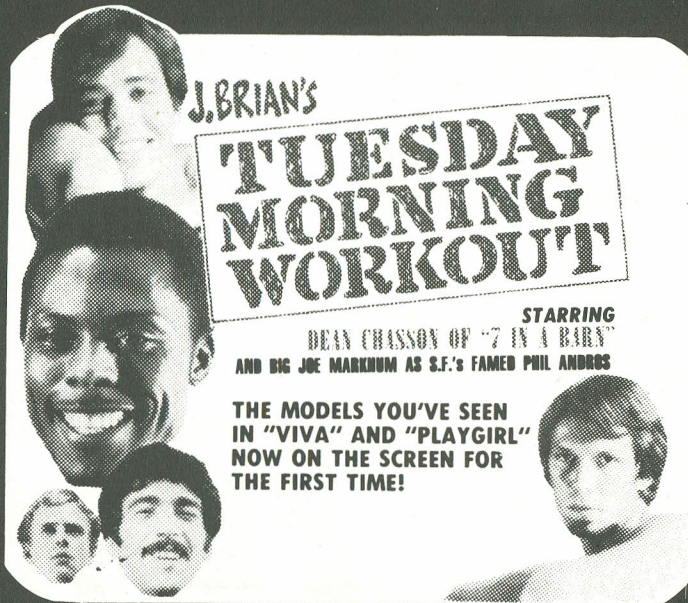
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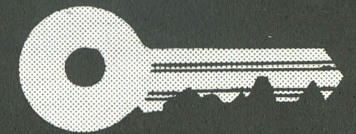
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Sunday, August 1st

- Chuck's Sunday Steak Out, between 6 and 8 p.m.
- Drag shows at the Entre Nuit, Old Plantation, Bayou Landing, 10 p.m.
- Pool Tournament at the Olive Branch Saloon, 6 p.m.

EL PASO

Wednesday, August 4th

- Benny sings and plays the piano at the Apartment.

Saturday, July 31st

- Benny sings and plays the piano at the Apartment.
- Discotheque with Angie at the Apartment.

FT. WORTH

Tuesday, August 3rd

- Free food with special drink prices at the 500 Club, 8-10 p.m.

Wednesday, August 4th

- 500 Follies present "Midweek Madness" at 9:30 p.m., 500 Club.

Friday, August 6th

- Country Western night at the 500 Club. Special Drink prices if you wear western hat.

HOUSTON

Saturday, July 31st

- "Saturday's Child" rap session from noon 'til 2 p.m. at the MCCR.

Sunday, August 1st

- Tiffany Jones appearing at the Depository, 10:00 p.m.

- Jambayala at The Barn, 1 p.m.
- Beer Bust at Levi's, 3-6 p.m. \$1.00, 75c if wearing western hat.
- Drag shows at the Old Plantation, Lamp Post, and Our Place.

Tuesday, August 3rd

- Free movie at The Locker, 9:30 p.m.

Wednesday, August 4th

- Poetry by Wendy at 9:30 p.m. Just Marion and Lynn's.
- Midweek drag show at the Old Plantation, 9:30 p.m.
- Beer Bust at Levi's, 9-12 p.m. \$1.00, 75c if wearing western hat.

Thursday, August 5th

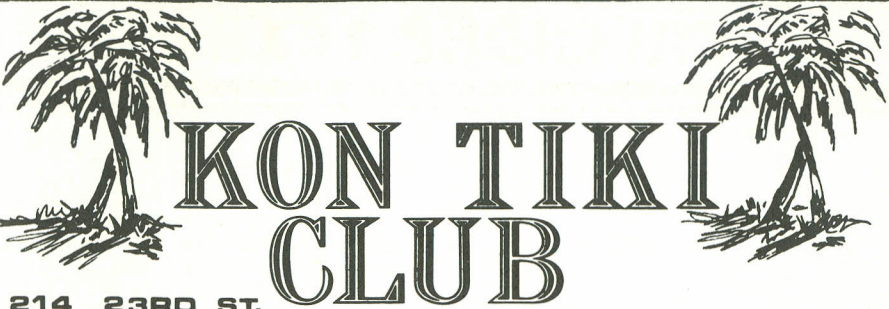
- Comedy by Ivy Bottini, University of Houston (University Center's Houston Room) 8 p.m. Admission free.
- Country and western band at Just Marion and Lynn's, 9:30 p.m. No cover, no minimum.

SAN ANTONIO

Saturday, July 31st

- "Reach For The Stars" drag show at the Friendly Lounge, 10:00 p.m.

"I won't sleep in your bed because your sheets don't match."



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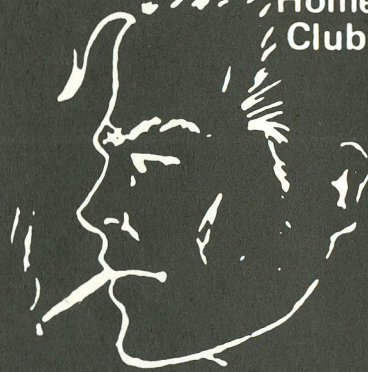
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and Doc — Aug. 10, 9 p.m. \$1.00 cover.
Tickets to the show will be worth a
free drink Thursday, Aug. 12.**

FICTION

BACK AGAIN by Max Baumgardner

My teacher, Demosthenes, has asked me to keep a journal of all that happens, to write it down as best I can remember. To relate it back to him on every third day of the month and later bind it in a volume for posterity. In strictest confidence Demosthenes holds me, I have no limits on what I may or may not inscribe. He trusts me, as I trust him, and has on more than one occasion taken my father's wrath upon himself to spare me a beating.

My name is Antinous Scaurus. My years are fifteen. I live in the Hellenic settlement of Pompeii with my father and sister. My father has been transferred here from a rather prestigious job in Rome after falling at odds with the Emperor. One night last month at a banquet he was caught rimming Fabius Creo's young son, Luscius, behind some draperies under the musicians' booth. Fabius, who is the Emperor's right hand man (or so they say), was in his usual drunken stupor and naturally pitched a fit. Two days later we were sent packing. My mother, tearful and embarrassed. My father, sly and arrogant throughout. I've been told that Luscius' small behind has somehow managed to find its way onto more than one tongue in the Senate. But I didn't relish the idea of leaving Rome and resented even more the fact that this assinine little flirt could cause it all to come about.

The journey to Pompeii was an unpleasant one. It rained almost every day. My mother came down with a fever outside of Odessos and died. My sister Plotina cried and bitched all the way. I developed a sore throat when we camped by a river and

have not fully recovered since. The horses were nervous. The roads were rocky and lined with beggars. As we entered the city our caravan was attacked by a swarm of wasps and two guards were stung to death. When it happened my father cocked one eyebrow and said, "It could be worse. We could be in Egypt. They have locusts there."

The house which was to be ours rested on the side of a grassy hill overlooking the harbor. It was an attractive house, large and simple, typically Doric, with pale green columns which glistened in the hot afternoon sun and a black slate porch with an enormous statue of Dionysus overseeing the garden. It was more beautiful than our residence in Rome had been with its gaudy scrollwork and delicate fountains. Our new home was peaceful, inviting. The housekeeper who greeted us on that first day was a kindly old Thracian named Scilla with big painted eyes and thick, sagging breasts that reminded me of cows' udders. "Welcome to Pompeii! The House of Xerxes has been empty for too long! It saddens me to see it empty."

We were taken inside of the house and given a brief tour, Scilla sweeping from this room to that, gesticulating, smiling, frowning when the need called for it, emphasizing her stories with assorted faces. Plotina took an immediate disliking to her, but my father seemed pleased with her animated ways and I could have cared less.

My room was located at the end of the hallway, upstairs, inaccessible except through a narrow passage between my father's room and the library. "I can't follow you around all day long," my father had said, "but I won't have you dragging home every

fiction

piece of trash in Pompeii to disgrace me in front of the servants. Servants talk. They tell dirty stories about us. Some of their stories are true."

Pompeii was not famous for its attractive young men. Stories had reached us in Rome that most of them were small boned and hairless, and generally effeminate. And although I'm usually not one to judge a man's worth by his looks, I admit with painful honesty that I have no use for painted boys with assholes like jelly-fish.

As evening drew near I looked forward to a romp in the wine taverns along the harbor. I thought perhaps the rougher, more base trade of the sea might discourage the dancers and hairweavers of the city from venturing out that far. I was wrong.

My father was sleeping soundly that night, too exhausted from the journey to worry about locking me up, and Demosthenes was immersed in his books and letters, so I had little trouble sneaking out of the house. At one point I remember stopping near Scilla's room as I passed through the kitchen to listen to the strange sounds coming from inside. There were

groans and giggles and little tapping noises that seemed vaguely familiar. I pressed my ear to the door.


"You are huge," Scilla suddenly moaned, "Bigger than anyone. Bigger than Xerxes. You are a man. Big. Strong. A man." She howled in pain and then cried out, "Thrust it like a spear, Proteus!" This made me laugh. And I heard myself laughing in a silence. Footsteps. "Who's there. WHO IS SPYING ON ME?! Proteus, go and see who it is. GO AND KILL WHOEVER IT IS!"

My blood froze. There was commotion inside the room. Squeaks and whispers. I ran and hid behind the ovens. After a moment or two the door to Scilla's room opened and a large sleepy head poked out. The head surveyed the empty hallway awhile, then turned in and said, "It's nothing, Scilla. No one is here. You heard the wind."

Scilla burst through the half open door. "THE WIND?! THE WIND?! I'LL SHOW YOU THE WIND!" She stood there, staring into the darkness, feeling of her breasts.

A short while later I found myself walking along the docks of the city. The first tavern I entered was reminiscent of the Winecup (near the Senate bathhouse in Rome) with its

Continued on page 41



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loud music and marble floors and special drink prices (you got an extra measure of wine for an exposed hindquarter.) I didn't stay there long. One youth with yellow hair came up to me almost immediately and asked me to dance, but I replied with Medusa's glare and he went away murmuring something under his breath. As I left the tavern I heard him call out after me and giggle to his friends, but for what it's worth, I don't remember what he said.

The next tavern I stopped at was of more interest. There was no music, and only about twenty or so seamen who sat at square tables here and there that spilled outside into the street and were lit by large yellow candles with foul smelling wax. The wineserver was a small toothless woman who spoke to me with the courtesy of one stranger to another. "You are new to the city?" she asked. "Yes."

"You must be from Rome. I noticed your sandals. Come and sit down. Here." She motioned me to a small table away from the others. "You don't want to sleep with any of them," she said darkly. "They have fleas. They're all from Corinth. Corinthians never bathe." She smiled and winked at me. "What will you have?"

Then the earth shook. Literally shook. Suddenly. Moved. I realize how strange this must seem to my reader but of all I hold sacred, I swear to it. Candles toppled. Winecups fell. Bottles broke. Some of the men laughed when it happened. Others looked worried.

"What is it?" I asked the toothless old woman.

"It's nothing. It happens often lately. Sometimes the mountain smokes." continued on page 42

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My head began to spin. Something made me suddenly afraid, but the fear vanished when a warm hand touched my shoulder and a deep voice said, "I am buying the boy's wine."

I turned and stared into the eyes of the most beautiful man I have ever seen. "My name is Terentus," the man said softly. I couldn't speak. "May I sit here?" I nodded. "You must be from Rome. I noticed your sandals."

"What wine will you have?" the old woman said impatiently between her gums.

"House wine," the man said and took his place beside me. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Antinous," I smiled and looked deep into his eyes. They were blue. Blue like the sea.

"How long have you been in the city?"

"Just one day." We talked. He told me that he worked for a slave merchant whose ship was moored in the harbor. He said that he had never been to Pompeii before and was surprised to find the men so unattractive.

"I don't understand it," he said thickly, "Romans are generally very sexy."

"But these Greeks," I replied. "Greeks have oily skin. There are only a few Romans in Pompeii."

The conversation continued but nothing of importance was said until the fifth cup of wine was brought and he asked me if I would like to make love to him. I said that I would like that very much and he invited me over to his ship.

I was quite drunk by then and thought little of the consequences I would face by spending the night away from home. As we stood to leave the earth shook again. Harder. This time no one laughed. Everyone looked worried. An old man without any arms ran wildly through the streets screaming. The wineserver began

closing her tavern, securing whatever she could manage in haste. Dogs barked. There was movement. Terentus took my hand and led me out of the tavern and into a small crowd which was forming in the streets.

"Don't lag, Antinous!"

In the streets, people were shouting at each other. Cursing the gods. "Hurry," Terentus said, and drug me across a narrow sewer that emptied into the bay by the wharf.

We approached the docked vessel. Terentus seemed to know the ship's watchman and so we had no trouble boarding so late at night. The guard

winked at him as we passed. Their eyes met, and for a moment I felt strangely isolated from the scene. I caught myself swerving. We stood on the deck in darkness for awhile. The moon had passed behind some clouds, and the only torches lit were those outside the captain's cabin. Terentus touched my cheek with his hand. "We are leaving the city," he said. "Something's happening. Look at the mountain."

I turned my back to him and staggered over to the side of the ship. I began to vomit. My thoughts were jumbled, mixed with fear and specu-



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lation. Terentus was holding on to my arm, trying to steady me when I tripped on a piece of rope and fell. Faces loomed over me. I heard laughter. The mountain rumbling. Shouts. Screams. I was alone. I could see Terentus busy with some line and found myself curling up behind a sack of grain praying to the gods for a little peace and quiet. I smelled smoke. I coughed. And then I passed out.

There are times in every man's life when he wishes he were dead. For me, the next morning was indeed one of those times. Before I could open my eyes I felt pain. I was bent double in an awkward, cramped position. My

feet were chained to a post, my hands bound behind my back with cord. My throat was parched. My head burned with a fever.

"Good morning, little Antinous." Through blurred vision I recognized the handsome face of Terentus smiling down at me. "You should listen to your father and not go home with strangers." Tears welled up in my eyes. "Now don't cry about it. Accept your fate. If it's any consolation to you, I have a wife and three children in Corinth."

"CONSOLATION!" I shouted. "Bastard." Memory. "What happened. The city. I don't remember." Terentus knelt beside me and

shrugged. "We were out of the harbor and the sky became red. Pompeii was destroyed, I suspect. The mountain caught fire, and the fire spread to the city."

I began to cry. "Stop crying," Terentus snapped and hit me in the face, "SHUT UP!" Then he softened, "It's not so bad, being a slave. Perhaps some handsome man will buy you and make you his lover."

At that particular moment, the thought did not appeal. I closed my eyes and slept.

When I opened my eyes I felt thirst. There was a tall, slender man nearby and I asked him, "Listen, you got any coffee?"

The man turned and smiled. "Hungover?"

"No, I'd just like some coffee to help me wake up."

The man moved into the kitchen area of his small efficiency and put some water on to boil. "You said some very strange things in your sleep last night," he called out to me.

"Oh, yeah? Like what?"

"You spoke in Latin." He paused.

"You didn't tell me you spoke Latin." "I don't."

I won't sleep in your bed because your sheets don't match.

Exile

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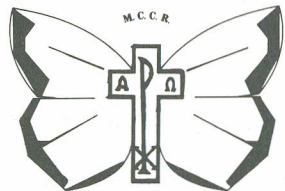


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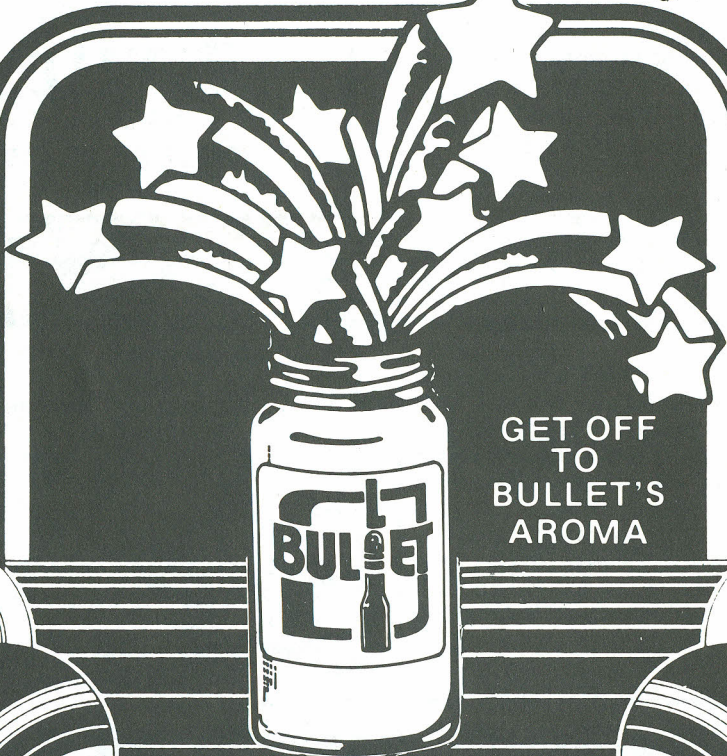
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