Associated Press reporter Eric Newhouse stood nervously on the front steps of the Metropolitan Community Church Monday afternoon, wringing his hands and grimacing as he asked whom he could interview about the fire at the Up Stairs Bar the night before.

Members of the fire-stricken congregation eyed Newhouse with equal, if somewhat dazed and weary, reserve. After staying up all night together, after contacting friends and relatives of two dozen dead and missing (including their own minister, the Rev. William Larson, the much-photographed body burned in the Chartres Street window), they found Monday's news coverage turned largely on the indelicate phrase "hang-out for homosexuals." They found their tragedy compounded by an unprecedented Police Department statement in an equally unprecedented article in the Monday States-Item that alleged that "thieves" hung out with those helpless homosexuals, all of them trapped together in a burning hell on a Sunday afternoon that left their charred bodies "stacked like pancakes."

But Newhouse persisted, worming his way into the faded turquoise double-parlor of the shotgun double near Coliseum Square that MCC calls its New Orleans home. Under a faded religious print over the mantle, seated on two aluminum and green plastic lawn chairs facing the rest of the occupants of the room, Newhouse had his interview with Courtney Craighead, senior deacon of the MCC congregation and one of the surviving escapees of Sunday's blaze.

"Well, what kind of a man was he," opened Newhouse, probing for the real story about William Larson, deceased clergyman of the only Christian denomination in this country that dares openly minister to gay people.

"Well," began Craighead, "he believed in freedom and love, because he wanted the right of the individual to make his own choice." Deacon Craighead's remembrances continued for a sentence or two before Newhouse broke in for another question—"What was he doing at the bar?"

Suddenly aware he had stepped a bit too far, Newhouse lamely retreated: "Had he made arrangements to go see friends?"

Craighead recollected: "Oh . . . ." he paused.

"I don't know . . . ."

The interview didn't last much longer, because soon WWL was also knocking at the door. There was a noticeable increase in tension.

No cameras inside, please, pleaded Craighead. (One survivor had already lost his job as a result of the inflammatory publicity.) And please, no film or snapshots of our memorial service at St. George's Episcopal Church later that evening, either. The congregation, its friends, and mourning lovers would prefer to remember their dead with no further damage or losses.

Monday morning, in one of the bars along Iberville Street that caters to hustlers and sailors and an occasional conventioneer, a drunk and tattooed witness of the fire has just hustled me for a whiskey and coke. "Once again we've been used," he muttered, tottering on his bar stool and staring wet-eyed at the tourist throng crowding the glass-strewn and bloodied sidewalks of Iberville at the Chartres Street corner. "That's okay," he snarled, "it's just faggot that's dead."

He turned, slowly: "Gay people just got ripped off for 45 lives." And then, a bit more angrily, looking toward the crowds again, "You can go into any goddamn place and find a ho-moosexual."

He stumbled with the States-Item page open to the burned body in the window, moving it back and forth in front of himself as if the picture might suddenly change or go away.

"He caught the windowwall on fire."

Looking up at me again: "The smell of that flesh . . . ."

And pausing, looking down again, pulling up at his shirt. "I've been stabbed," he pointed, "and shot," he pointed again, "and you can outrun those mothers. But you can't outrun flames."

He slumped over the bar again, gripping his whiskey almost enough to break the glass.

"Hey . . . look . . . ." he began anew, leaning near.

---

by Bill Rushton

"Well, what kind of a man was he," opened Newhouse, probing for the real story about William Larson, deceased clergyman of the only Christian denomination in this country that dares openly minister to gay people.

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Dallas

GAY PRIDE PARADE 73

Leaders, participants and spectators termed Dallas' second Gay Pride Parade a success. Everyone had a great time; there was no violence; and the demand for Equal Civil Rights was strongly presented.

However, there were disappointments. More participants had been expected because of last year's triumph, but there were only 200 marchers as compared to last year's 300. Some felt the "novelty" had worn off.

Last year's marchers had proven it could be done, even in Dallas. So it could be done, even in .Dallas.

But despite the small turnout and spectators, the parade and all the Gay Weekend activities were successful in every way.

The Parade route was twice the length and the marchers stretched for eight long blocks with considerably more cars and floats than last year. A lavender dragon bearing the words "Dragon of Discrimination!" single-filed down the street. Cars and banners carried bold signs proclaiming gay love and pride of it! and protesting blue against gays in dance and housing. There were many more signs and banners. Someone read "We'Demand an End to Employment Discrimination Against Gays," "I'M Not Prejudiced I Still Like Heterosexuals," and "Lesbian Mothers Demand the Right to Retain Custody of Their Children."

"Vice Squad, Get The Hell out of My Bedroom."

Nine States Have Consenting Adult Laws, Why Not Texas?" and "Homo-Sexuality: Neither Sin nor Sickness."

A wreath, in memory of those who died in the New Orleans fire, was donated by Abilene and was carried just behind the flag leading the parade. Many marchers wore black arm bands in reverence.

Last year, many gays standing on the sidewalk, found their guts and judged their gay brothers and sisters marching in the street. This year, for some funny reason, they marched on the sidewalk abreast with the parade. It was explained that sympathizers (both straight and gay) were reluctant to join the throng in the street, which only attests once more to Dallas' suppressive anti-gay atmosphere.

The march came on the fourth anniversary of the "Stonewall Riot."

This occurred when police routinely raided a small bar in Greenwich Village in Manhattan. Gays, for once, dared to fight back. The barricaded the police inside, defended themselves when more police reinforcements arrived, rallied around the incident, and have been marching in cities across the nation every since. Will there be a Gay Pride Parade III? That depends. A whole bunch more gays had better start doing their share, or those who are active will get real tired, real quick. Nine states have passed "consenting-adult-in-private" laws. It would be a shame to stop now.

After the parade disbanded, many marchers and their sidewalk allies quickly rushed to Flag Pole Hill to share their sandwiches and drinks, joy and triumphs with each other. Three policemen on horseback watched the fun from a distance. When invited to join the picnic, they declined. After a couple of hours, when it became apparent that whatever it was they expected to occur, wouldn't it gallop away. The Dragon of Discrimination was auctioned off for almost $20.00. This money will be used for a future event to advance gay equal rights. Tired, hot and happy gays particularly enjoyed the two huge barrels of beer donated by Bud- dio 9.

The Teddy Bear's Follies

The day came to a climax with the Metropolitan Community Church Thespian Player's premier performances at the Eschore, one of the cities most popular bars. The program consisted of 11 acts and was enjoyed because of its variety - serious, pica in-the-face comedy, magic acts, interpretive dances, and for a finale The Varsity Five doing a frantic Charleston. The most expressed comment was how "different" from the usual entertainment found in gay bars, in that instead of men impersonating women all the time, this show mostly featured men as men.

About $200 was collected at the door. The show had to be stopped three times to sweep mon­ ey from the stage and the owners...
of the Enchore contributed $50.00. All these monies went to help pay for the church’s badly needed air-conditioning system. The show brought in enough so that when added to other monies members had worked so hard for, the goal was reached, and the church will be air-conditioned before this paper comes off the press.

A cast of 15 dedicated performers practiced mightily to make the show a smash, but special thanks must go to Scott, who not only performed, but directed and MC’d the show.

GAY PRIDE WEEKEND COMES TO A CLOSE

Out of town guests were from Houston, Austin, El Paso, Waco, Galveston, and Abilene. Others came from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, San Antonio, Wichita Falls, College Station, and Florida. Many grabbed their swim suits and romped in the waters of Queen’s Point, a small sandy beach guys have been leaving Dallas to return to and claim for more than a decade.

By early afternoon, many gays began leaving Dallas to return to their homes. Those who could stay, endured Texas’ heat to attend the MCC’s Special Memorial Service for those killed in the Fire at New Orleans. Reverend Richard Vincent gave a beautiful service.

So many old friendships were renewed, and so many new friendships were made that parting was difficult and often tearful. As we embraced for the last time, we whispered “next year”!

New York

This past Sunday, I went to the Christopher Street Liberation Day Gay March with a group of my friends. Thousands of beautiful people turned out for it. I'd go as far as to say it was the best yet, except for one major problem, which I'll come to later.

My friends and I arrived on time, and the march started on schedule. Four different streets off Central Park West, from 61st to 64th, were filled with people of every description: drag queens, gays, priests, a drag nun, a dyke hoe, groupies, chicks, blacks, whites, chinese, oldsters, youngsters long-hairs, short-hairs, no hair. Everywhere I looked were balloons, banners, flags, and flowers. It was a colorful, gaySchmorgasbord.

As each different group joined the march, Central Park West reverberated with more and louder chants. “Two-Four Six-Eight-Gay Is Good-Gay Is Great” “Three-Five-Seven-Nine Lesbians Are Mighty Fine” “Masturbate And Smash The State” “Hi-Ho - Hey-Try It Once The Other Way” Believe me, those apartment dwellers knew we were around.

The column proceeded fairly quickly to Columbus Circle, around it and then down 7th Avenue, passing only at various intersections to let loads of curious cars and buses through. I’m sure we could have caused quite a traffic jam if we had wanted to, but that
A Window In The Orange Glow

from 1

"See if you can't find out something about my friend
Leon for me. Uhh, he's about 28 or 29, and he's from
Florida, and he has a missing finger." He grabbed
my hand. "And I was going to the Up Stairs with him yest-
erday. But some guy offered to buy me a drink
on the way, so I didn't go."

He squeezed his eyes as tight as his fist, making
one enormous tear that trailed down his still unshaven
cheek. "Leon was the kind of guy that if he only had
$3 left, he'd buy you a beer."

He looked at his whiskey again, and then back at
me: "Leon, he was a hell of a nice guy."

... Sunday afternoon at the Up Stairs was much like
Saturday evening at any bar—another two dozen
or so other gay bars. An afternoon for quiet friends
and cheap beer and conversation not necessarily cen-
tral to cruising for tricks.

In the mid-quarter gay bars on Bourbon Street
and surrounding gay restaurants, it's the "beautiful
people" who have their bow ties and bloody Marys
and maybe brunch sneaked in somewhere in between.

On Rampart Street, it's countless refugees from small
Southern towns, red-headed, bald-haired and deco-
tions on their beard and their johns stagnating in sun
from the night before, carousing at only a slightly
subdued key.

As for the Up Stairs on Iberville. Since it first
opened in November of 1969 (after being sold by re-
fugees Wanda Long, who moved to San Bernardino),
the Up Stairs set out to give Iberville Street a new kind
of anchor.

A small community of regulars grew up around it,
and their Sunday beer busts for a dollar would draw
a motley crowd of tolerant and community-seeking
men and occasional women. When the Metropolitan
Community Church wanted to organize its first mis-
All along the way, \textit{through} the streets all the way down 7th/
Washington Square. Some hung out of their apartment windows,
car windows, bus windows, truck windows, store windows, and cer-
tainly, a lot of closet windows. More chants went up: "Off the
sidewalks-into the streets." "Out of the hotels-into the Streets.""}

As we neared Washington Squa-
the excellent in the show, unbelievable. At that moment
in time, all of Greenwich Village, at least, was gay. Everyone
into the famous old park, where some of the parade marshals, who
had been there all morning, setting up a huge stage in front of
the grand arch, and thousands of others, were already waiting.

It was now about 3:30. We had been parading since Noon, and
welcomed the chance to rest our weary bones. As the different
contingents from all the different cities arrived, they were an-
counced, and their banners and flags placed on and around the stage
for all to see. GAA of New York of Philadelphia—of Washington, G.
L.F., LFL, STAR, Queens Liberation, Mattachine, Daughters of
Bilitis, M.C.C. They all checked in.

At about 2:15, the programs' M.C.C., Vito Russo, announced that
the festivities would begin exactly at 4 o'clock, as scheduled. The
people from the press settled themselves down in front behind
canvas started rolling, and the show began.

Phil J. like so many of my gay brothers and sisters am not
particularly Politically oriented. Imagine my joy when it was an-
nounced that the show would not consist primarily of political
echoes, but rather would entertain
all of us.

To kick off the program, Bar-
bara Gittings, a famous Lesbian
Speaker from Philadelphia, spoke

to the assembled mass about free-
dom, rights, and happiness. She
really got everyone on their feet with her statement directed to,
"All the closet ones. Rest easy, for the"... and what we're doing here today, the hinges
of the closet door will be well-
cleared!"

Women for Action

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DALLAS, TEXAS 75222
How did the local news media handle the first major tragedy involving New Orleans’ usually unmentionable homosexual community?

Though mere deaths were involved in this tragedy than in the Rault Center fire and the Howard John­son’s fire and shooting, coverage was compar­
ibly subdued—except for an occasional outburst of tasteless sensationalism. Initial accounts avoided the word “homosexual” altogether. But by Monday morn­
ing Channel 6 was calling the bar a haven for homo­sexuals, and by Monday afternoon the State-Item had identified the Upstairs as a hangout for “thieves” and homosexuals. With almost 24 hours to prepare the story (and gay staff members who should know better), the State-Item’s induction was inexcusable.

The police official quoted in the State-Item saying that homosexuals carry no identification later a poleo­
good to gay community leaders, saying he meant that “the ‘transient’ lifestyles of many of the bar’s patrons might make identification difficult. (As identification on those bodies was also beyond cognition, the entire issue was spurious.)

For all the uproar, the State-Item’s attention span had lapsed by Wednesday, when the story stayed off page 1 until the “History of the 28 Dead” story an­
tivated and biography revealed their mundane play while the 29 don’ts were merely stacked in index cards. The story was front page Times-Picayune and Daily Record for three straight days, and banner DR headlines for two. All editorials denudied only five laws.

The infestation media’s worst reporting job was Al­
Cidean’s discarded “scoop” Monday night about an alleged terrorist plot. Had Gifford checked out his crank call before going public with it, he might have found at least one serious flaw in the claim that his callers were victims of homosexual “attacks.”

Any police authority, for example, could have sold
Cifford that gay people usually are the victims of those attacks rather than the perpetrators. Strong social prejudice of homosexuals and gay cica­
charts as “homophobia”—usually sanctifies such anti-homosexual attacks. Had Gifford been seriously interested, he could have opened the story and probed the coincidence that the fourth Sunday in June (this year the 23rd) is the traditional anniver­
sary of the Christopher Street Day Parade in New York City that started the Gay Liberation Movement.

Television also failed the local community in the announcements of the hastily-planned memorial services for the victims Monday night at St. George’s Episcopal Church. After the Metropolitan Community Church insisted that television camera be barred from the service in order to protect mourners’ privacy, the local channels apparently decided to ig­
nore the services completely.

By Tuesday, coverage of the disaster had begun to regain some measure of balance and compas­s
sion. For the first time, the word “gay” came into use, in a T.P. editor story. And, curiously enough, the two most sympathetic accounts of the week emerged from the only two women reporters assigned to the story. Simon Swindall’s account of a visit to the headquarters of the Metropolitan Community Church in the Tuesday Daily Record sought an hon­
est explanation of gay panic and community misrep­
resentation and reinterpretation.

W.W.L. Rosemary James, whose Monday inter­
view had made her the first face and voice of a per­
son at the gay leaders’ Tuesday press conference, went on the air Tuesday night with a story quietly com­
plaining the purely ordinary and common mor­
tality of those who died at the Upstairs and reporting for the first time the crippled children’s benefit—
planned there for June 30—that will now not be held.

How The Media Saw It
the official on stage announced they were going to let Sylvia speak. It took quite a while to settle the large audience down. People were very confused. Sylvia, tear-eyed, mascara running, took the microphone and, finally, had her say.

She explained that this Christopher Street Liberation Day was the result of the riots at the Stonewall. That at these riots, drag queens were very instrumental in accomplishing what was finally accomplished. That this fact was never mentioned by the "new" gay libbers. That they were always putting drag down, when, in reality, drags are men too.

She went on to talk about STAR how it helped street kids in prison—how she had been in prison, been beaten, raped, and degraded unbelievably. How STAR was one of the few organizations to do any of this. And why, why she wanted to know, did the rest of the gay world constantly put them down?

Needless to say, the audience was in an uproar. A number of dykes were threatening drag queens, but her guys were pushing drags around. It was getting entirely too scary, Sylvia was screaming "What does it matter what you wear? Isn't all this about freedom?"

All sorts of obscenities were being shouted all around at this point. I suddenly realized that not only the gay press, but certainly all the straight press were taking note of all of this, and I felt embarrassed for the whole movement.

Still crying, hoarse from all her screaming, Sylvia collapsed in a sobbing heap on stage, and had to be carried off. It was getting entirely too scary.

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Crying now, and removing her crown, (my use of both pronouns is on purpose) Lee went on to say that Queens Lib also had tried to help all gays from the very beginning, only to be forgotten and laughed at. That, to hear, is on purpose. Lee went on to apply to drags. That the hinges of the closet door Barbara Gittings referred to were also being oiled by her tears. Openly crying and shaking now, Lee announced that she had had enough. Wishing Gay Lib goodbye, heaved it into the audience, and stormed off.

Efforts to settle the crowd down didn't do much good, it was not one of our prouder moments. Sides were taken, tempers were flaring up, people were leaving. Some more entertainment appeared, but people were still walking out. Then, a miracle. The only name that could hold any crowd still. Over the loudspeaker came, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Bette Midler! A wonderful songstress from the 'outside' world. And people said she was unhip. Poppy! She was here wasn't she? Better' opening line was, "When you're asked how you are, don't just say fine, say Getting Better!" Then, with Barry Manilow at the grand piano, she did her incredible rendition of "Fever!" Washington Square will never be the same. The park rocked.

Bette, all henna hair, tied-up red blouse, black tecedor pants, falling arms, and that Midler smile, made the speaker system climax. But once certainly wasn't enough for her fans. More! More! They screamed. Okay! She sang her famous opening number again, and the audience loved it. Then literally disappeared. Again cries of More! abound, but, alas, she really was gone. Quickly, the next act was brought on, Chris Reitan and his Many Hand Band kept the crowd swaying with some great hard rock. The tall, blonde, attractive singer let everyone know what he and his music were about with his opening number, "Looking for a Boy." The songs that followed got people up and dancing.

I thought this was a good sign, a sign that we could all still "be together". But what's this? More confusion on stage? Now what? Chris Robinson wants to sing some more songs for us and Vito Russo won't let him. Says there's no more time. Other acts to bring on. Says it's after six. What's this for? The singer is chasing the MC around the stage still playing his guitar, trying to sing into the microphone Vito is holding. The audience started bothering for more, and he was allowed to sing one more number. Another band was beginning to set up. I had had my fill of everything. I left. Perhaps I had seen too much I wasn't supposed to be there. Perhaps not enough. As I left the park, assorted gays and straights approached me, as they had been doing all day, to ask me about what I was wearing. I realized now that these people needed an answer, a label for me. I answered that I put on body work and repair

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Advice Young Gays

Gay young men and women who can't or don't wish to attend the traditional four-year college, for financial or other reasons, might do well to consider vocational or technical training as an alternative. Why? Very simply, in the decade ahead it is predicted that nearly three-quarters of all annual job opportunities will not require a college degree. But most job openings will require some sort of vocational or technical training beyond high school. This may be on-the-job training, special job pre-training programs, or vocational school programs. Most employers tend to favor vocational school training over on-the-job training.

Of course, the purpose of college is to develop the whole person, not merely to prepare one to "bring home the bacon." But those with traditional college degrees are now realizing the importance of more practical skills. When compared with the standard college programs, vocational and technical training programs are short and less expensive. Federal grants, scholarships and loans are available for vocational training. There are more than 11,000 businesses, trade, and technical schools in America. These schools usually require a high school diploma, but special arrangements can be made to waive this requirement.

How to avoid making decisions

Walter Kaufmann, writing in PSYCHOLOGY TODAY advises those fearful of making their own decisions to consider religion. For "Religion says: Do this and don't do that! Or: Thou shall, and thou shalt not. Instead of inviting us to evaluate alternative standards, it gives us norms and tells us how to apply them. Religions have also evolved traditions that shield us from situations in which tragic choices might become inevitable. The most obvious illustration is monasticism, which requires one great decision -- to renounce the freedom to make major decisions in the future. Those who become monks or nuns no longer need face such fateful decisions as how to live, what to do, and what to believe. As a rule, a person does not even decide to submit to the authority of religion. He is born into the fold and then confirmed at the threshold of adolescence before he has had any chance to explore alternatives and make a choice. He does not so much decide to stay as he does not decide to leave."

Good News for Gays

The Gay Movement is 23 years old. It started out with a mere handful of Gay citizens fearfully meeting in a private home in Los Angeles in 1959. Thus Mattachine Society was born. Most Gays in those days, who could have helped, instead hoo-hawed. "This won't last six months." "Who are they kidding? You'll never get a bunch of Queens to unite on anything." They'll never give us Gay kids a break. No, I'll just sit quietly and take my chances, thank you.

Despite this, the movement managed to plod along. After Mattachine, came the first Gay publication, ONE MAGAZINE. Almost immediately, the United States Post Office tried to suppress it. ONE dared to sue. While many Queens were sitting on their butts and taking my chances, thank you.

Hence we now have a Gay National Holiday with parades in the major cities of our country. Of what importance is this? Well, straightists can no longer pretend we don't exist. They may not like us, but they know we are here and don't intend to disappear. But more important, it proves to everyone that Gays ARE uniting -- and what ever happened to those little fairies in 1950 who cried, "They won't last six months"?

Illinois became the first state to pass a consenting-adults law in 1961. (Eight others have since done so.) Slowly magazines became aware of us. Then movies and TV. The media found that we weren't there a lot of us.) The first Gay newspaper, THE ADVOCATE, came into being. Troy Perry, the man who publicly and proudly admits to being gay, founded the Metropolitan Community Church. Imagine! Again, the Queens said, "A bunch of fairies playing church." "I don't need to go to church to enjoy." But the gay church became the fastest growing church in America.

In June 1969, the police ripped their drawers, so to speak. They made another ho-hum/routing illegal raid on a tiny insignificant bar in New York's Village. Finally, enough Gays were made mad enough to do something. Something they'd never done before. They fought back. And won! They confronted Mayor Lindsey. And won! Hence we now have a Gay National Holiday with parades in the major cities of our country.

The Movement is like a stream moving towards the sea, the same civil rights that everyone else enjoys. It was stagnant, but it's becoming a roaring torrent.

Now comes perhaps the best news in the 23-year struggle. Straightists are joining our fight. Read the following carefully. It may be a milestone in Gay History.

Dear People:

I have recently been appointed as the director of the new American Civil Liberties Union National project on Sexual Privacy. The purpose of the project is to coordinate a national effort to remove all laws which proscribe private consensual sexual activity among adults and to eliminate discrimi-
Delaware has new sex law

On July 1, 1973, consenting sexual relationships, in private, between adults (of consensual sexual activities included) became law of the First State of the Union, Delaware. (To me, that is as surprising as if the Southern Bigot Convention were suddenly to advocate the use of heroin, Nonetheless, it is true. But, a little background of Delaware has always been the unusual State, for this is the only State to have been concerned. Many years ago, most of the States and Commonwealths were beginning to formulate laws concerning the legal processes of homosexuality and the Commonwealths had a maximum of a four-year-old delinquent law, to be legal to incorporate a firm. Delaware stood alone in permitting any group to incorporate for any reason (i.e., unlawful purpose). Among the major businesses today incorporated in Delaware, one of the first of the major groups to be incorporated in Delaware was the A.I. du Pont de Nemours Corporation. Their second revised edition, which was followed quickly by the new Ford Motor Co., Charles Motors, General Foods, etc. Believe it or not, each of these companies maintains a small "home office" in the cities of Wilmington or Dover (the Capitol) for the purpose of maintaining their corporate status. Despite the seeming progressiveness of Delaware Law, many old pre-revolutionary laws were kept on the books. For example, the whipping post law still exists today. If a person breaks into a car, is convicted of grand larceny, and several other specific offenses, he may be sentenced to, "twenty lashes with a cowhide into, well laid on by a strong man." (If that's your bag, move to Delaware and become a cruft, but be sure of your offense—you may get a lenient judge.) The constitutionality of the above law is being contested under the proviso of the Bill of Rights by Gay, Israel and unusual punishment."

Marilyn G. Haft
Director, Sexual Privacy Project
American Civil Liberties Union
22 East 40 Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

The fourth revision will become effective July 1, 1973. (The reason for the delay in the effective date of the revised Delaware Penal Code is due to typographical errors in the printing of the fourth revision of the Original Report.) As things stand now in Delaware, the following offenses remain a part of the Penal Code. The following list is restricted to those offenses which might be of concern to homosexuals.

Section 761: Sexual Assault. The following is not an exact quote from Sect. 761. The section reads essentially that a person is guilty of sodomy if he engages in sexual relations with a person of the same sex who is under age 16 if the former is over the age of 20. Exception: If a minor (defined in Delaware as a person who has not reached the age of 20 ... not 21 as in many States) engages in sexual relations with a person no more than 4 years younger or older than himself, no crime has been committed, provided that the act occurred in private. For example, if a 16-year-old man were to engage in sexual relations with a 13-year-old young man, no offense has been committed; no investigation may issue; and no court hearing is required. The defendant, in the above case cannot even be arrested.

Section 765: Rape. (This section should be self-explanatory as it resembles the statutes of the remainder of the States and Commonwealths of the Union.)

Section 766: Sodomy. "A person is guilty of sodomy if he engages in sexual relations with a person of the same sex who has not consented to such a relationship." Sodomy is a class B felony.

Under Definitions:

Section 1341: "A person is guilty of an act which the does any unlawful act in any public place or commits any act which he knows is likely to be observed by others.
ON THE SOAPBOX

Prejudice / Discrimination Among Gays

There is reason to believe that actions by some of our State Gay Organizations for the benefit of changes. The NUTHTS has a tendency to absorb with the actions of these organizations and their progress but without the progress and being a one-man-staff makes it even more difficult.

Harry of D.

Jaguar Productions' latest release, A Ghost of a Chance, is a witty film that uses an ingenious plot to poke across its splitting sex interludes.

Once again, filmmakers are intent on creating a work where sex is part of the story, in an isolated moment. The more the trend continues, the faster the ripples arrive, the gay flik market will disappear.

Knight knows what he's doing, and he has a fine sense of erotic design combined with technical knowledge. Two sets are eye-catching. There's a fantasy romp in a greeny bower that could be out of a Robert Follett or Zeffirini. The lovers (Roy Clark and Toby Willis) make out handily while the camera roams around the foliage like a Peeping Tom. And there's an all-white segment with Tom Winston and Ralph Martin whitening and churning on two enormous snow pillows.

Knight's trademark of using the over-the-should-shot when the body screen begins to rise is excelling at all haul.

This time out, the prolific Hall has come up with a Plate Sport type of yarn. Glen Brock loses a lover in a car accident. Not for too long, however. Couple of years later the astral dude returns to bug his earthly ex-partner. At times, we're never quite certain whether we're watching the ghost in action or someone who looks like the horny (Roy Clark and Toby Willis) of Fellini or Zeffirini. The ectoplasm, the astral dude returns to bug his watch while the ghost in action or it does. It's done by our own brothers and sisters - well - a stab in the back couldn't be much worse.

How do Gays discriminate because of prejudice?

I'm a member of MCC. I love my Church, and my religion. I also love the bars, and yes, Virginia, even the baths. Contrary to widespread belief, MCC doesn't preach hellfire and damnation, nor do we attack or condemn the bars or the baths; and yet, as an active member in MCC, I go into the bars wearing my cross... and then the feeling of love and acceptance surrounds me...

When delivering our Church paper, "The Channel", a friendly bartender gave us the usual interrogation as to how we could possibly be Christian and Gay. Then after the discussion had everybody's attention - the stage was set, the lights went on, and the resident bar personality walked up to me, carressed my leg, and said: "Let's go home, it's time for some sex romp.

Gena Powers has a fine sense of erotic design, and the cast perform well, seen in their varied aspects, not just for the sake of variety. Two scenes in Jaguar Productions' latest release, a chance comedy, the film is sophisticated in what it's trying to do. Its doing so smartly.

The film is witty, clever sex romp

In some bars, we, as members and friends of MCC, have been welcomed, but not always. MCC has been seen as a group of eccentrics, or at least members of a cult. We are not critical because we can only relate mentally and physically, but because we can love each other spiritually as well. We love, regardless of race, color, sexual preference, religious affiliation (if any), or regardless if you care to smoke, drink, or how you relate sexually. We are not prejudiced at MCC.

We don't walk into the bars or baths with a 'holier than thou' attitude and yet, some people, when they discover that we are from MCC, automatically assume we have a 'holier than thou' attitude. When delivering our Church paper, "The Channel", a friendly bartender gave us the usual interrogation as to how we could possibly be Christian and Gay. Then after the discussion had everybody's attention - the stage was set, the lights went on, and the resident bar personality walked up to me, carressed my leg, and said: "Let's go home, it's time for some sex romp.

The five movies in "Ghost of a Chance" are well done, but the cast is interesting. Larry (Larry Burns) is just getting six bricks of sex from his dealer, an innocent country boy, Bob (Robert Rikan). Bob is a nice hop-headed guy with a check.

Quadrigale! The two gay friends, the tea-dealer, and his child. There's material here for sex and scenes. The obligatory sex looks like sex in most sex flicks. But the New York scenes and the Woodstock locales have real feeling behind them, and the way the salesmen are used to outside of sex sex sex.

The slight story continuing of our watching (hearing) Ray's "left-handedness" (deviancy) via phone calls to his old antique shop, and as "dignified as a hip hep-cat, as he hops about the Woodstock locales have real feeling behind them, and the way the salesmen are used to outside of sex sex sex.

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Left-Handed

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Dear Sirs,

I am a Senior in high school in a small town in Iowa, and I need help. 1. How do you make your parents realize that being gay is not a sickness, evil or anything wrong? 2. How can I meet a guy who is not interested in only himself. Can you help me?

Phil

Dear Sir,

Recently I experienced a rude, uncalled for, brutal mishap at Dallas' so-called finest gay club. If I may I would like to relate this story to you and your readers in the interest that we may change this situation so it won't occur to anyone again.

One recent Saturday evening six of us planned on going to the Bayou Landing. Before going we stopped off at a newly opened club. At the new club we had an enjoyable time and were surprised at the large crowd in attendance.

After an hour or so we departed for the Bayou Landing. As we were entering the Landing the cashier at the door asked us if we had been to the new bar. We said we had and he asked how their business was. At this point I jokingly said they were doing great, they'll probably put the Bayou out of business. Everyone realized I was joking and laughed, including another Bayou employee, but the obese cashier didn't laugh and in a rude manner remarked, "If I wanted shit from you I'd scrape it from your teeth.

It seems to me he should have realized if I had licked the new bar so well I wouldn't come to the Landing to spend my money, but unfortunately he does not have that foresight. Anyway, as I protested his vulgar remark he said the door at "this" club swings both ways and to get out. He gave me my money back along with my friends' money. He said "he" didn't need our business. However two of my friends had gone into the crowd and it took a few minutes for another friend to find them. Meanwhile I waited outside. As I was standing outside the door was standing outside the door waiting for my friends, this crude, disordered cashier charged out the door with a night-stick after me. He screamed he wanted us away from "his" club at once and rammed the stick in my side. At that time my friends came out the door and we departed.

To me, personally, this was the most uncalled for mishap I've ever experienced at any gay club. I cannot justify the action of the Bayou Landing in their arrogant nature. Don't they realize it is our money that keeps them in business? Do they really believe they are doing us a favor by taking our money? If so, I disagree. They may not want my money but my feelings are they don't deserve it.

Just because they are the largest gay bar in town doesn't mean they have to act as though they're the only one.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Jerry Edwards
Garland, Texas

Dear Jerry,

Dear Sirs,

Bar owners and those who support MCC regardless if they attend, know that I'm not preaching to them, I'm not treated like an outcast in every Gay establishment. MCC members (and I'm a member) things will be different. After we removed the prejudice and discrimination out of the remaining heterosexual bigots, then we can rid the same among ourselves. You should believe it exists! What about the Gay Pride Parade? I marched proudly with my "I'm not Prejudiced, I like Heterosexuals." Why am I afraid? Because I believe in Gay Liberation. MCC does too. If I may I would like to relate this story to you and your readers in the interest that we may change this situation so it won't happen again.

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Phil
Dear Sir:

We notified you by letter and phone in January to discontinue the ad for H.K. Kemp. The ad is not up to date and has not been for some time. Please stop the ad now until we can bring the information up to date.

Very truly yours,
Dr. Ronald M. Butler
Dear Dr. Butler,

I am sorry for the misuderstanding and I understandings such as this happen, but did you take a bill for you to correct the error. Your account at the Nuntius will be charged off along with the many others that have not paid or paid by NSF checks. Have made every effort to find other correspondence and listened to the memoed tape of all calls and find nothing other than what is here.

By the way, do very much enjoy your restaurant and the show is the finest I have seen anywhere.

Phil Frank

March 28, 1973
ATT: Mr. Phil Frank

(Certified - Return Receipt Requested)

Dear Dr. Butler,

I am sorry for the misunderstanding. We may be thankful that homosexuality is no longer a prohibited topic for discussion.

The problem does exist and it involves literally millions of people. We simply cannot ignore it or its effects upon our society.

It is particularly unwise for parents to ignore homosexuality since they, themselves, dramatically help or hinder the sexual development of their children. Studies indicate that a prime factor leading to homosexuality relates to the family context in which the homosexual grows up.

Confusion of parental roles and the dissolution of family structures appear to be behind this social and moral problem. Parents concerned with the sexual development of their own children should actively seek to strengthen and stabilize the family unit.

Although there is no magical cure for homosexuality, strong and stable families provide for the best sexual development of children. In particular, parents who embrace biblical Christianity might to once the centrality of the family unit in the Scriptures and attempt to reflect this emphasis in their own lives.

WALT BARRETT.

Gene Harlot (at left) is the lead singer with New York’s maddest and most determined to-succeed glitter-band, The Harlots of 42nd Street. Gene, who is a leather salesman on New York’s Wall Street by day, is turning on the love-lies who hang out in local discotheques by night with his songs of sado-masochism and the marketing of hard drugs. Gene and the Harlots have their own fan club and newsletter even though they are far cry from the ideas of David Cassidy and Donny Osmond. Photo by Zachary Freyman.

CHOW MEIN

Chinese Food, Mandarin Style, the sign read.

It’s been a long time, why not?

The waiter guiding me to a seat is not oriental:

six feet, gleaming black wavy hair,
a smile, long legs moving rhythmically,
tingling voice: “this corner table, just right for you.”

Huge pot of tea and tiny cup

six pages of menu

I’m left alone.

My eyes follow the smooth dance-like movements
among the tables

to and from the kitchen
beautiful . . . desirable

His eyes meet mine . . . smile
then beside my table,

“Have you decided what you want to eat?”

“Yes. Yes, I have.”

Pad in hand, pen poised, “What
Pad in hand, pen poised, “What will you have?”

“YOU!”

Only a hint of surprise, a second’s hesitation: “I’m not available tonight, not till Tuesday. You see, I go to college and work every night except Tuesday . . . it’s the only free time. I should rest but . . . if you want me?”

“Yes, I do. Now, bring me something in which to drown my disappointment.”

He called Friday and Saturday and Monday . . .
then, “Pick me up in front of the Science Lab tomorrow about four . . . I can hardly wait!”

Face glowing, eyes talking, hungry lips exploring, strong arms drawing me close: “I usually charge fifty back an hour but, for you, I’ll make it twenty.”

“Here’s your clothes. I wouldn’t pay you fifty cents!”

Laughter. Hands moving over my body . . . a long kiss . . .

“Confuse say, When customer will not pay wise lay will say, this is bargain day.”

I reach for my clothes.

Strong young arms push me back upon the bed, “I’ll pay,” he says, while carefully encircling my erection (which would not obey the mind’s command) with six ten dollar bills. His eyes

“All I’ve got. Is it enough?”

I brush them away. “Not for sale!”

“Bullshit! Everything’s for sale!”

“Did you ever hear of something called LOVE?”

Yeah, that’s the stuff they give away because it’s not worth paying for.”

Dear Phil,

Please reduce the size of our ad to about a 1/4 page. I need to cut down on some of this expense.

Thank you,

Happy New Year
Ron Butler

12-28-72

Peace and Gay Love!
Henry S. Lucas
#B-016350
P. O. Box 747
Harke, Fl. 32019
A Clever Sex Romp

July, 18 - 24

For mature adults: a feature length homosexual love story with original music in full color

LEFT-HANDED

Mini Park
2007 Main
Houston
528 5881

$1 Discount between 5 & 7 p.m.
Free Coffee
Student Discounts

OPEN 11 A.M. 'til 12 A.M.

CHECK THE BOX OFFICE FOR SPECIAL MIDNIGHT SHOWS
I stuff the ten dollar bills into his jacket pocket.

"As I drive, he protests."

"I don't get it. You want me, I want you, but you kick me out."

"A very wise man once: 'Man does not live by bread alone."

"What's the matter?"

"I've got to find out about this."

"Confucius says 'Chow Mein becomes great feast when it is made.'"

"Physical sensations aren't worth the effort."

"So, you think Chow Mein and love are synonymous?"

"Must be... what else... some of the best of everything mixed together into a great feast?"

"What's to say?"

"So, come pick me up after work tonight."

"I'll skip school tomorrow... and, we'll try out the love bit."

"I'm not available until Tuesday... and, skipping school might cost you too much."

"Damn you!"

(The youngsters know everything and if I weren't so damned butt-headed, I'd learn how Chow Mein is made.)

W.E.B., 1/17/73

**Mad Capping and Night Capping in Dallas**

June in Big D has been a month of celebrations -- birthdays etc. Sabra Garth of Ronnie's is one year older along with Sal Al Marie -- Gary you'll never know it the way the girls carry on and keep their legs in the air!! Miss Chelsey also had one (birthday that is) and Big Mable -- MC for RonSus' at all Big Mable had!! Girl -- what did you try to get that extra large hooter from Louisiana to do to your body? I'm a dummy, but I heard yours almost never touched down on terra firma. Is that how you got rid of all your fleas??

Still with Big Mable -- she did a dress up bit at Ronsue's on a recent Sunday night show -- and that was a hoot! It's hard to fit a big woman like Mable, but her dressmaker shopped for days at Dallas Tent and Awnings and finally found enough material -- she was gorgeous! That was one of the best shows I've seen for some time long ago, but what else can be expected from Ronnie's.

It's time again for Ronnie's annual benefit for underprivileged children and that should bring a large turnout. Last year they sent 125 children to camp -- this year they will be working with crippled children. It makes me very proud to be a part of a community that can care about their fellow man.

Mother has visited most of the Gay Bar scene this month -- except for the few places that practice public exhibitions -- on pool tables and in T-rooms etc. If Mother ever gets another husband, she'll find herself in more comfortable places than a pool table to do her number!! These days she's been spending a lot of time at the location 5462 Denton Drive cutoff is a beautiful bar, and I understand that the management is getting tremendous crowds. Go by and say Hi to Buddy and new woman you like the place. They're good hosts and that is a couple of doors away -- good luck to both clubs.

The Sundance Kid -- a very nice pleasant little Bar -- near the Red Rose at Maple. Since I'm not a beer drinking woman, I'll have to take a little bottle of Old Charter out some night and have a few! Mother never has a couple--

The Big Mable Family Album is coming up this Saturday at the Villa Fontana -- all live, it should bring about a full filled evening -- Madame Fertilizer will be making a guest appearance -- she is also MC for Ronnie's Benefit show. You can't keep that girl out of a dress.

To Miss Palmer, the Fins plus... I know you've got a new car, a new panky ring etc., but you know Mother and Miss Exxon are around. Well don't feel too bad dear -- Mother lost out at RonSus' pool tournament to Good ole Carol -- and that was for the consolation prize. It wasn't too surprising since Mother only plays pool about once a year and that is at RonSus' pool tournaments.

The Bayou Landing had their outing with fried chicken and there was a lot of burned bodies -- from the heat that is -- Heard J. Carrol and Miss Kaufman made the scene, but Miss Kended up almost drawerless and moneyless at the gay Ramrod -- just tell Mother how you got home honey. I already know your condition.

The Lake of the Lady made a flying trip to LA over the holiday, but has returned -- guess we'll have to get together for a few trips, and you can tell all. I want my Care Package from Good Ole George (the bartender at the Dance in LA) My God, they say he could forget her!!

Bertha, I know you have a weight problem, but it ain't where you told me it was. I have a diet for you, but it doesn't have any servings of veg soup and corn bread.

In closing I would like to voice all our concern over the fire in New Orleans. Our hearts went out to the kids who lost their lives and those who had to witness such a horror. I know that many prayers were said and that all the gay churches have tried to do something to help these people through their suffering.

There is in. Tonight I start on a new project -- Mother is going to open a boarding house! (Mother -- 'Is this commercial paid for?')

Won't that be a hoot -- of course they've come up with a few names to put up in RED neon lights - - he, we'll talk to you next month. Mother of Dallas

P.S. Ronnie's benefit ran $500 -- ain't that just great?
Confusion seemed to reign. Yet tightly woven into the mesh of helterskelter was a delicate pattern—a pattern of doctors and nurses racing against time to save the lives of fifteen victims whose injuries ranged from broken fingers to multiple fractures and third degree burns.

Nurses divided themselves into teams. Some gathered blood, others tried to get names from those who could talk, and still others checked for vital signs of life.

Once every few minutes a nurse or a doctor went out into the main hallway, where other patients from other "less important" accidents patiently waited.

One victim, who was able to move about somewhat freely and talk, asked for assistance in making a telephone call. He finished:

"Naturally, everybody panicked. They ran to the windows. My God, I'm so lucky I was the first one out. But it was terrible! There were steel bars on the windows and nobody could get through!"

"He began to sob again.

"My best friend was upstairs on the third floor and I haven't heard from him or seen him yet!"

**Special Offer**

**The All New J. B. Series**

200' Color Film $16.50 ea.

WITH THIS AD

**Bellaire News**

5807 Bellaire

665-9711

Largest Adult Section in Houston

Out of Town Papers

Over 200 Publications Displayed

**Discount News**

609 LaBranch Downtown

at Texas (across from Grayhound Bus)

226-8152

Open Till 1 A.M.

Featuring Booth Type Movie Arcade

Machines with 24 Inch Screens

**Arson Possibility Is Raised**

**By John Laplace and Ed Anderson**

At least 20 persons were killed and 16 others injured—six seriously—when a flash fire swept through a three-story building housing three bars and some apartments in the 100 block of Chartres Street Sunday night.

The dead were either killed in the blaze or were mangled in the chaos to escape the searing flames which destroyed the second and third floors of the building.

New Orleans Fire Department Supt. William M. Crossen called the holocaust "certainly as far as the death toll goes, one of the worst fires in the history of New Orleans."

Police were investigating a report of a firebombing at the Uptown, 604 Bourbon, one of the three bars housed in the building located at the intersection of three streets.

A man allegedly was being questioned in connection with the incident shortly after the fire was placed under control.

Witnesses at the scene said the man being questioned allegedly was ejected from the Uptown Bar shortly before the fire broke out.

A security guard at the Marriot Hotel—located across the street from the building—said he heard a hotel guest wanted to burn down the Jouanni Bar.

**No Stranger to New Orleans**

**Arson Possibility Is Raised**

**By John Laplace and Ed Anderson**

**Horrified**

Lindy, Queen of Houston, Tex., told her friends at Chartres Street fire, "My friends are up there." Gladie Breville and Chartres Streets.

said he and a group of friends were around a piano in the Uptown Bar when they heard a big boom and the fire swept over them.
Another tragedy

A number of questions must be answered in the wake of Sunday night's tragic second floor French Quarter fire. The questions have to do not only with the fire that took 29 lives but with the future of the city's fire prevention effort.

First, was the lounge complying with the city's fire regulations and, if so, are those regulations tough enough?

Burglar bars on the windows blocked one avenue of escape and, according to a Fire Department spokesman, "practically all of the contents (of the building) were flammable — that is, combustible."

The bar was built with a suspended ceiling which, according to the experts, allows an air space to feed oxygen to the flames.

There was a way out of the upstairs room, other than the stairwell consumed by flames, but most patrons apparently couldn't find it. A bartender led 20 persons through the passage to safety.

Could these persons have found the fire escape on their own?

There was no sprinkler system, but this is not unusual in New Orleans buildings and, in the case of the Iberville Street lounge, sprinklers were not required by law. Would a sprinkler system have saved lives in this case? Should sprinkler systems be required where large numbers of persons congregate?

Retired Fire Chief Louis J. San Salvador, for one believes so. He made a strong pitch for required sprinkler systems following the Rault Center tragedy, and he repeated the plea for a strict sprinkler system requirement in the aftermath of the Iberville Street holocaust.

For the future, does the city really know how many business establishments are not complying with fire regulations?

Apparently not. Mr. San Salvador believes that there are many fire traps that the city does not know about, simply because there are not enough fire inspectors to ensure compliance with regulations.

It is not possible to follow up on inspections. He believes the city is full of fire hazards that have not been detected.

The residents of the city react with horror to each new fire tragedy, but feelings never seem to translate into action.

There was an outcry for sprinkler systems following the Rault Center fire. Legislation was introduced to require sprinkler systems, at least in passageways offering chance of escape from burning buildings.

The sprinkler bill was gutted. In its place the Legislature approved a resolution asking the governor to appoint a fire safety study committee to formulate legislation for the next session. Gov. Edwin Edwards yesterday indicated he will name such a committee. How many tragedies will be required before the city and the state decide to do something more about fire prevention?

Fire Tragedy Should Teach Lesson

If a flash fire in minutes can claim 29 lives in a walk-up Vieux Carre bar, are there other potential fire traps about the city?

Or will the ghastliness of Sunday night's fire be dimmed by passage of time, accusations and counter-accusations, committee reports and, finally, no solid action to spare a repetition?

Magnitude of the fire toll, possibly the city's worst, should dictate still another examination of fire prevention requirements in the city although practically on the heels of investigations growing out of the spectacular Rault Center fire of seven months earlier.

If the fire was the work of an arsonist, one of the realities of fire prevention is dealing with deliberately set blazes by planning to reduce their effect in terms of preserving life and property.

The hindsight of one hideous occasion can be converted to another day's foresight if New Orleans learns a lesson from the tragic Up Stairs bar tragedy.
Gay Liberationists Plan National Mourning Day

Will Honor Victims of Orleans Disaster

By CHRIS SEGURA

Morris Kight, a founder of the national Gay Liberation Movement and president of the Gay Community Services Center in Los Angeles, said a "national day of mourning for our dead brothers and sisters" killed in Sunday's catastrophic French Quarter fire would be held next Sunday.

In a telephone conversation with The Times-Picayune's Beat Troy Perry, pastor of the national Metropolitan Community Church for gay persons, would declare the day of mourning "in all gay churches".

Gay Liberation Movement statements contained in New Orleans, New York and Los Angeles said national and regional leaders were flocking to New Orleans for observances. Local leaders said a service will be held Monday night at St. George Episcopal Church, 300 St. Charles Ave., for those killed in the mishap. The service was "aimed" to the local Metropolitan Community Church for the service, they said.

The pastor of the local church, Rev. William Larsen, perplexed in the blaze, according to eyewitness accounts. Later Monday Orleans Parish Coroner's office employees had not received Larsen's name as one of the victims.

Kight said his Los Angeles organization had received several telephoned reports from New Orleansians who said they saw the Rev. Mr. Larsen engulfed in flames.

Among those coming to New Orleans are the Rev. Mr. Perry, Kight, Marty Manford of the Gay Activist Alliance of New York and others, Kight said.

Kight also said his Los Angeles organization had "suspended" all other service capacities to devote full time to the New Orleans catastrophe.

He said the Uptown bar, 6th Street, where the 29 victims were burned and mangled to death, "was a gay bar."

Kight replied vehemently to a statement by Maj. Henry Morris, chief of detectives of the New Orleans Police Department.

Morrise had said, "We don't know these persons (found in the bodies of the victims) belonged to the people we found them on. Some thieves hung out there and you know that was a queer bar."

Replying, Kight said, "Yes. I'm terribly sorry the detective has made such a prejudicial statement at a time when gay people all over the nation are in mourning over their gay brothers and sisters.

"And at a time when everyone needs a little more understanding.

"We are indeed human beings in this society. We're trying to eliminate that kind of prejudice."

He added there was "absolutely no justification to believe" gay persons are in the habit of carrying false identification papers.

"Surely there will be confusion in identifying the badly burned bodies," he said.

Kight said the "absolutely no error..." instead we will attempt to be as loving and helpful as we can be."

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1. radiate; shine
2. yes votes
3. dim
5. Roman garb
7. regard
8. cherished
10. slide
11. smile
13. baby bed
16. plane
17. naked

DOWN

1. --- is good!
2. heaven
4. head cover
6. request
7. pan cover
9. discuss
10. droop
12. grab
13. weep
15. deteriorate
16. joyfulness

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