

DALLAS 3918 CEDAR SPRINGS 528-9600

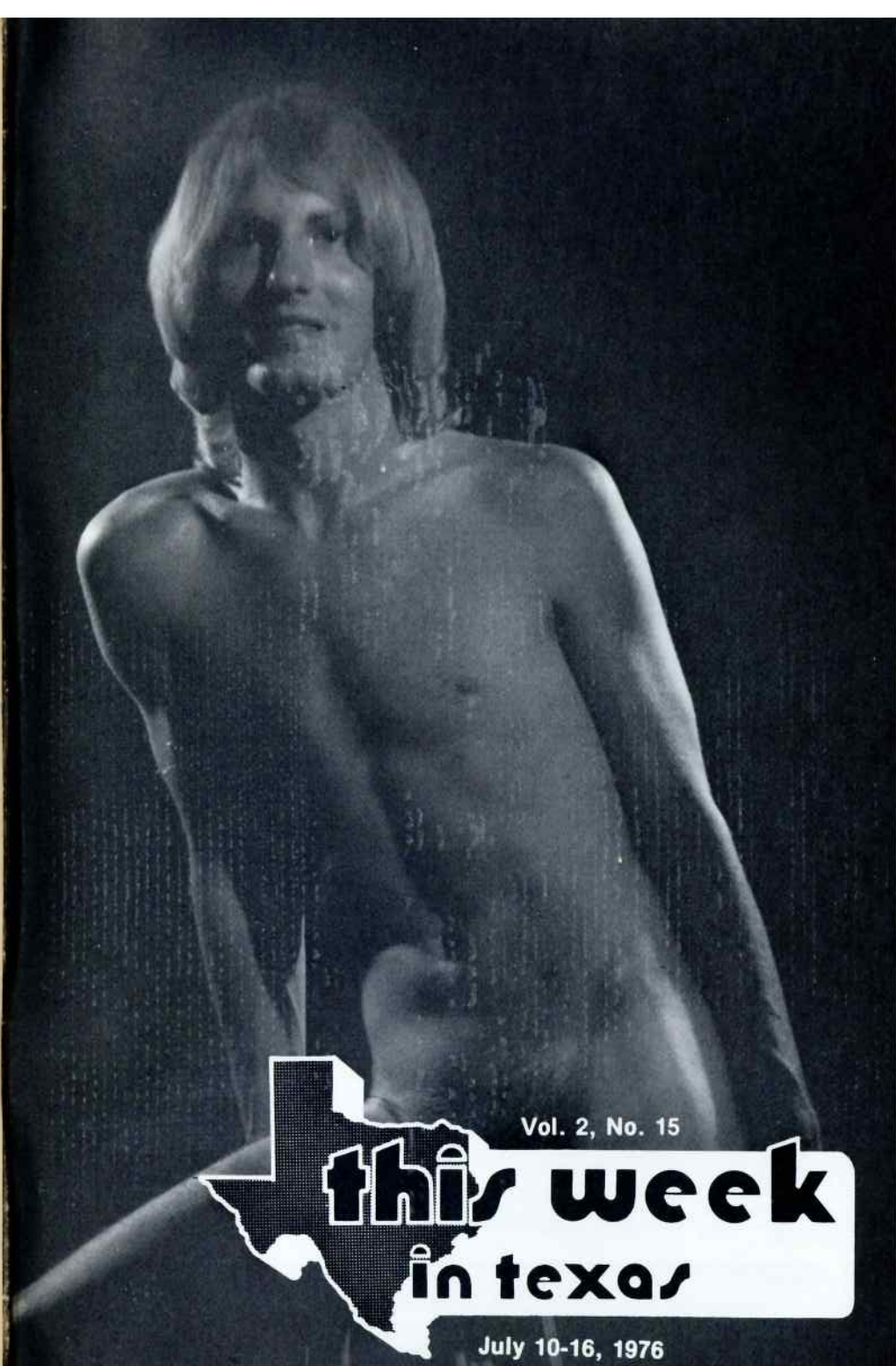


**Save on
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JACK**

HOUSTON

4025 WESTHEIMER Highland Village Center 622-3100



Vol. 2, No. 15

**this week
in texas**

July 10-16, 1976

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**1804 N. HARWOOD
DALLAS
748-2054**

GRAND OPENING — THURSDAY, JULY 8
FREE DRINKS FROM 5 P.M. to 7 P.M.
Free Hors d'oeuvres — Monday thru Friday
Sunday Brunch at 1 p.m.
Dallas' Newest Afternoon Cruise Bar
Outside Beer Garden
Across from the Old Plantation



Club Houston

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OUTDOOR POOL OPENING SOON

WATCH FOR SPLASH DAY

SUPPORTERS

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

AMARILLO LOUNGE

Old Plantation — 1005 N. Filmore — 372-5081

ARLINGTON CARPET & CLEANING

Germany's Carpet & Upholstery — 469-6439

DALLAS ADVERTISING CONSULTANT

Sego — 4519 Gaston Street — 821-9079

DALLAS ANTIQUES

Mike's Things—3136 Routh, Ste. 104 — 748-0210

DALLAS BATHS

Bachelor's Quarters — 1225 Skiles — 823-0432

Club Dallas — 2616 Swiss Street — 821-1990

DALLAS CHURCH

Metro. Community—3834 Ross Ave. — 826-0291

DALLAS CLOTHING

Emporium — 3921 Cedar Springs — 528-7241

Union Jack — 3918 Cedar Springs — 528-9600

DALLAS HAIR SALONS

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Union Jack — 3918 Cedar Springs — 528-9600

DALLAS LOUNGES

Bayou Landing — 2609 N. Pearl — 742-3269

Bon Soir — 4527 Cole Street — 526-9432

Chuck's — 3019 Haskell Street — 526-9329

Crews Inn — 3220 N. Fitzhugh — 526-9320

Crews Inn II — 3115 Live Oak St. — 824-9043

Encore — 4516 McKinney Street — 526-9328

Entre Nuit — 3116 Live Oak St. — 823-0423

Jugs — 3218 North Fitzhugh Street — 526-9283

Old Plantation — 1807 N. Harwood — 651-1988

Olive Branch — 2822 McKinney — 823-0921

One Way In — 2509 N. Fitzhugh — 824-9227

Service Station — 3215 N. Fitzhugh — 526-9025

Sundance Kids — 4025 Maple St. — 526-9173

Swamp Trash—3014 Throckmorton — 526-9184

Terry's Ranch — 4117 Maple Street — 526-9302

T.J.'s — 3307 McKinney Street — 526-9368

Tool Box — 1804 North Harwood — 748-2054

Villa Fontana — 1315 Skiles Street — 823-0372

DALLAS PHOTO STUDIO

Glenhall — P.O. Box 5915, Zip 75222 — 233-4362

DALLAS PICTURE FRAMES

Coddington — 3921 Cedar Springs — 528-7241

DALLAS RESORT

El Rancho Vista — P.O. Box 24731, Zip 75224

EL PASO LOUNGES

Apartment — 804 Mrytle Street — 544-7175

Pet Shop — 800 E. San Antonio — 532-9721

FORT WORTH LOUNGES

Aub's — 1308 Saint Louis Street — 927-9220

Bailey St. Warehouse—259 Bailey — 335-0232

500 Club — 506 West Magnolia St. — 335-0692

FORT WORTH RESTAURANT

Aub's — 1308 Saint Louis Street — 927-9220

GALVESTON BATHS

Kon Tiki — 220 23rd/Tremont St. — 763-9031

GALVESTON LOUNGES

Fruit Jar — 2214 Mechanic Street — 763-6319

Kon Tiki — 214 23rd/Tremont St. — 763-9031

Mary's II — 2502 Q½ Street — 763-9334

Robert's Lafitte — 409 Rosenburg — 763-9507

GALVESTON ORGANIZATION

Galveston Gay Society—P.O. Box 1272, Zip 77553

HOUSTON ACCOUNTING

Lambda Svcs.—800 S. Post Oak #7 — 629-8788

HOUSTON ADULT BOOK STORES

Action Bookstore—4613 Mt. Vernon — 524-5612

Adult Arcades—1201 Richmond & 6609 Westcott

Carter's Bookstore — 2819 Louisiana Street

Diner's News — 204 Westheimer — 528-8950

O'Topos — 2020 Richmond Ave. — 528-8005

R.U.1.2. — 900 Lovett Boulevard, Suite 104

Studz News — 1132 West Alabama Street

HOUSTON ADULT MOVIE THEATRES

French Quarter — 3201 Louisiana — 527-0782

Mini Park — 2907 South Main St. — 528-5881

HOUSTON ADVERTISING AGENCY

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HOUSTON ART GLASS STUDIO

Genesis — 3507 South Shepherd — 522-2950

HOUSTON BATHS

Club Houston — 2205 Fannin St. — 659-4998

Mr. Frizby's — 3401 Milam St. — 523-8840

HOUSTON CATERING

No-Sweat Catering Service — 780-7922

HOUSTON CHURCHES

Christ's Communion—908B Winston—861-0117

Metro. Community—1214 Joe Annie—526-8233

HOUSTON CLOTHING

Clothes Circuit — 900 Lovett Blvd. — 527-0553

Union Jack — 4025 Westheimer — 622-3100

HOUSTON DISTRIBUTORS

Ban Apple Gas/Woodstock Dist. — 783-7242

Bullet — P.O. Box 3513, Zip 77001 — 522-3921

HOUSTON EXTERMINATOR

Truly Nolen — 5716-A Clarewood — 666-6333

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Jim's(House With No Name)—716 W. Alabama

HOUSTON HAIR SALON

Marc I — 906 Westheimer Road — 523-7764

HOUSTON JANITORIAL SERVICE

Bradley Services — 713 Pacific St. — 526-8243

HOUSTON LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANING

Single Services—1621 Westheimer — 524-9560

HOUSTON LOCKSMITH

Montrose Lock & Key Company — 523-1423

HOUSTON LOUNGES

Barn — 710 Pacific Street — 528-9427

Briar Patch — 2294 Holcombe Blvd. — 665-9678

Depository — 2606 Peckham St. — 527-0260

Exile — 1011 Bell Street — 226-8068

Galleon — 2720 Richmond Ave. — 528-8787

Horn-It — 1430 Aldine Mail Rd. — 442-9459

Hi Lite Ranch — 6800 South Main — 528-8730

Inside Outside — 1318 Westheimer — 528-8049

Lamp Post — 2417 Times Blvd. — 528-8921

Levi — 2400 Brazos Street — 528-8637

Locker — 1732 Westheimer Road — 528-8844

Loft — 2909 South Main St. — 528-9337

Mary's — 1022 Westheimer Road — 528-8851

Old Plantation — 2020 Kipling — 522-2353

Our Place — 1419 Richmond Ave. — 528-8903

Sally's — 900 Lovett Blvd. — 528-8900, 523-3281

Tangiers — 2637 Winrock Blvd. — 785-8211

Venture-N — 2923 Main Street — 528-9397

HOUSTON ORGANIZATION

Gay Academic Union—P.O. Box 16041, Zip 77022

HOUSTON PHOTO STUDIO

Algren — 2110 Lexington Street — 527-8961

HOUSTON RESTAURANTS

Der Wienerschnitzel — 1303 Westheimer Road

Sally's Sidewalk Cafe — 900 Lovett Boulevard

Tooter's — 2203 Westheimer Rd. — 524-9327

HOUSTON SCULPTURED NAILS

Mona — 6455 Westheimer Rd. — 785-3831

LUBBOCK LOUNGE

David's Warehouse—2403 Marshall—762-9165

McALLEN LOUNGE

Duffy's — 5 South 16th Street — 686-9144

ODESSA LOUNGE

Elbow Room — 1009 Maple Street — 337-9734

SAN ANTONIO LOUNGES

El Jardin — 160 Navarro Street — 223-7177

Friendly — 622 Roosevelt — 534-0710

Habitat — 309 West Market St. — 223-0866

Hypothesis — 2012 Broadway St. — 225-0693

Mary Ellen's — 815 Fredericksburg — 732-9801

Penny Pub — 10006 Wurzbach St. — 696-9181

Precious — 1107 Nogalitos Street — 223-0413

Sagittarius — 3000 N. St. Mary — 732-0694

Spanish Harlem—349 W. Josephine—732-0110

Zoo Club—3240 Northwest Loop 410—341-4302

SAN ANTONIO MASSAGE

Amazon Studio—10,000 McCollough—349-6980

SAN ANTONIO MEN'S CLUB

The Crown — P.O. Box 182, Zip 78291

WACO LOUNGE

Other End — 2810 North 19th St. — 735-9195

WICHITA FALLS LOUNGE

Carousel — 703 Travis Street — 332-0832

Bulletin Board

Your message here will reach thousands of gay people throughout Texas. To advertise, send 20¢ per word to Weekly Bulletin Board, This Week in Texas, P.O. Box 22104, Houston, TX 77027.

FOR LEASE — GALVESTON

1200 sq. ft. air conditioned, near beach. Ideal for restaurant or boutique. 2101 Ave. O½. (713)763-8283.

HELP WANTED

Hairdresser needed for Men's and Women's shop in Montrose area. Should have a following. Good hours and commission. For further information call (713)523-7764.

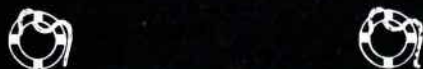
FOR SALE

'73 Honda 450. Good condition. Call to see. (713) 521-9754. \$650.

APARTMENTS

One bedroom unfurnished apartments near T.S.U. Reasonable. (713)527-5927.

On the cover: *Danger*, photographed by Algren Studios, Houston, Texas.



CREWS INN II

OPEN 8 A.M.
2 NEW HAPPY HOURS

10 A.M. - 12 Noon

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528-8637

NEWS UP FRONT

HASSLES IN THE SURF

If you find yourself on Stewart's Beach in Galveston on a Sunday morning, don't pop that top on your can of Coors until 12 noon. Like five gentlemen arrested recently on the beach, you may find that that can of Coors will be one of your most expensive drinks ever! Seems that in their unplumbed wisdom, our state legislators enacted a law prohibiting the drinking of alcohol on a state beach before noon on Sunday. The fine: \$104.00. In other waterfront hassles over the weekend, several gay youths were fined \$27.50 each for hanky panky in the surf off Stewart's Beach. A lifeguard with powerful binoculars spied the offending couples and alerted a police boat lurking nearby to pick them up. Ed. Note: If the amounts of the fines are representative of the gravity of the crimes, then drinking beer before noon on the Lord's day is more offensive than hanky panky in the surf. Really!

GAY AGGIES STRIKE BACK

Alternative, the gay activist group organized on the campus of Texas A & M, has been refused recognition by the university administration. But those clean cut All-American Aggies are not going to take this latest slap in the face lying down. They have further organized and gathered strength to sue the school! If you can help or lend moral support of this effort, contact Alternative.

GOING BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

As any patron of Houston's Briar Patch knows, one of the most likeable gentlemen around is Ralphie Gerdine. After some 2½ years as bartender/manager, he is leaving to follow his major love — painting and art. We will all miss this man who knows what we drink before we can order it. July 17th is exodus day for R.G. Go by and buy the man a drink.

JULY 4TH RAID

In a return to the Dark Ages, the Galveston Police Department decided to celebrate Independence Day by raiding the ever-popular Kon -Tiki Bath Club. Reports place the number arrested as high as thirty. The Galveston Gay Society has arranged legal representation for these victims of the current wave of repression in the island city. Formal charges were to be pressed in a court hearing scheduled for Wednesday, July 7. T.W.I.T. will report the outcome of this hearing in our next issue. In the interim, if you can help in any way, the Galveston Gay Society would appreciate hearing from you. Their address is P.O. Box 1272, Galveston, 77563. The Galveston bars and bath remain open for business as usual.

NEW BARS IN DALLAS

Oh, the excitement of a new face in town! In fact, big Dallas has two new bars scheduled to open soon. First, the **completely**

complete Tool Box at 1804 North Harwood will open **sans** hammers on Thursday, July 8th. Go by from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. and pick up some free drinks and tasty hors d'oeuvres.

Over on the growing Fitzhugh circuit another cruise bar is opening soon. Called the Mail Boxx and located at 2515 and 2517 North Fitzhugh Avenue, the bar will feature dancing, games, a patio, and many hunky Dallas men.

BI-CENTENNIAL SUPER SHOW

Talk about crowds! Houston's Old Plantation packed in nearly 2000 people to see Torchy Lane and Ernestine in one of the most professional shows ever seen in the Southwest. Sparklers, red, white and blue dresses, a fast-paced show, and Ernestine's superb wit held the audience to the final applause. The July 4th crowd has accelerated the Old Plantation's plans for expansion. Patrons jammed high onto the rafters crashed to the floor. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt and the show went on. Now the management plans a balcony to alleviate such problems with seating in the future.

TEAROOM TID BITS

When is some enterprising would-be carpenter going to put a drill and some sandpaper in her swimming suit tote bag and journey down the Gulf Freeway to the beach house at Gal-

continued Page 22

AROUND THE STATE THIS WEEK

Thursday, July 8th, Dallas

Grand **completely** complete opening of the Tool Box, 1804 North Harwood, with free food and drinks from 5 to 7 pm.

Friday, July 9th, Houston

Grand re-opening of C.J.'s Boutique at the Depository. Debut of the Depository's new, enlarged super light show.

Friday, July 9th, Galveston

Special guest star Chevy Chase premieres at Robert's LaFitte at 10 p.m.

Saturday, July 10th, Houston

"Entertainment on Parade" with Valerie Vaughn and Co., 10:00 p.m. at the Horn-It.

"Wilde 'n Stein" premieres on KPFT, 90.1 FM at 8 p.m.

"Saturday's Child," rap session from noon 'til 2:00 p.m. at the MCCR.

Saturday, July 10th, Galveston

Chevy Chase appearing at Robert's LaFitte. Show starts at 10:00 p.m.

Sunday, July 11th, Galveston

Chevy Chase appearing at Robert's LaFitte. Show starts at 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, July 11th, San Antonio

The Hypothesis presents Buns, Tisha, Jerry Strum, Miss Victoria, and Ricki.

Sunday, July 11th, Houston

Free well drinks, from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. at the HiLite Ranch.
Dollar Beer Bust from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. at the Levi.

Monday, July 12th, Houston

"Jesus Christ Superstar" free movie at The Locker, 8:30 p.m.

Tuesday, July 13th, Galveston

Galveston Gay Society meeting, 8:30 p.m. at the Fruit Jar.

Tuesday, July 13th, Houston

"Jesus Christ Superstar" free movie at The Locker, 8:30 p.m.
All the free booze you can drink with a \$3.00 cover charge at the Tangier.

Wednesday, July 14th, Houston

Will's birthday party at the Tangier.

Wednesday, July 14th, Galveston

Birthday party for Rita at the Kon Tiki Club at 10:30 p.m.

Wednesday, July 14th, Dallas

Crews Inn's annual Sara Lee Day with 50c cocktails and beer all day.

Thursday, July 15th, Houston

\$2.00 bill nite at the Tangier — your two dollar bill gets you four bar drinks.

THE OLD PLANTATION



DALLAS

1807 N. Harwood
651-1988

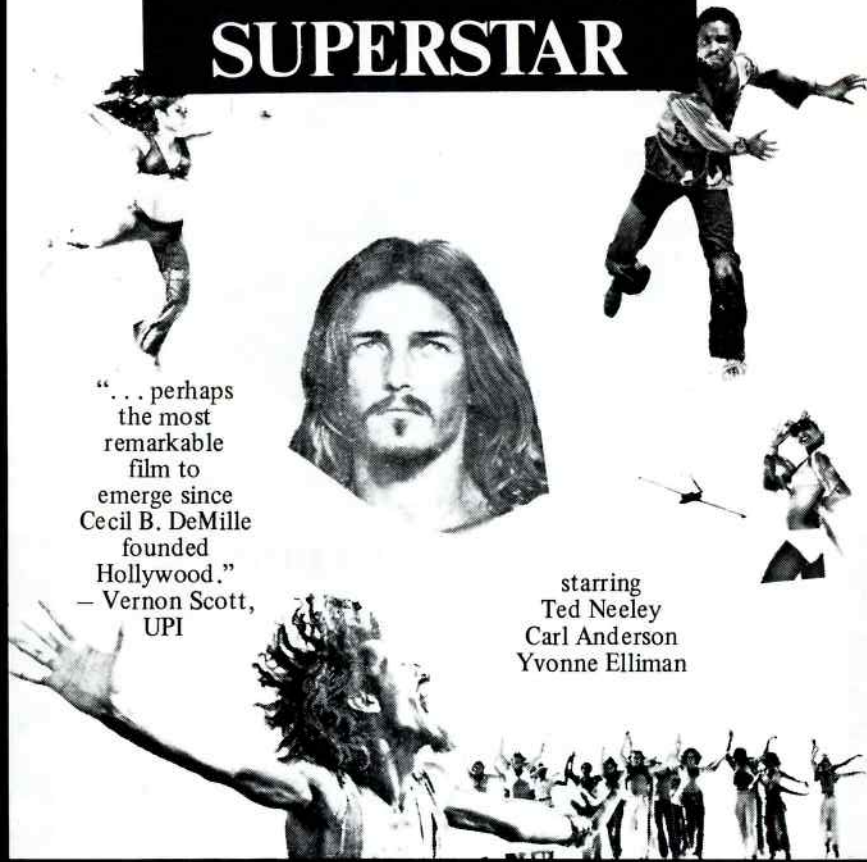
HOUSTON

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THE SOUTHWEST'S
SUPER DISCOS!

Universal Pictures and Robert Stigwood present A Norman Jewison Film

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR



"... perhaps the most remarkable film to emerge since Cecil B. DeMille founded Hollywood."
— Vernon Scott, UPI

starring
Ted Neeley
Carl Anderson
Yvonne Elliman

FREE MOVIE NIGHT
Mon., July 12 and Tues, July 13
8:30 p.m.
THE LOCKER
1732 Westheimer
Houston, Texas
528-8844

Life With Vera

a serial by John Gardner

The ceiling fan overhead turned in a slow, relaxed revolution. As Vera opened his eyes, he thought for a moment he was being attacked by a helicopter, but soon became aware that he had been placed in his bed — and then he remembered!

"Burt, Burt!" Vera yelled.

Burt emerged from the kitchen. "Well, I'm glad to see that you finally woke up. I thought for a while we were just going to have to put you in cold storage for a while."

"Is it over? Did he do it? Have they given me the money yet? Are the stores still open?" Vera queried impatiently.

"One thing at a time. One thing at a time. Calm down."

"Calm down! How calm would you be if they'd just put a tattoo on your hooter! Oh God, I'm afraid to look at it."

"Yeah," Burt patronized, "there's something you ought to know before you get too excited."

"It went okay didn't it? He didn't accidentally cut it off did he?"

"No, no. You do have a tattoo on your hooter."

"And does it say 'Remember the Alamo'?"

"More or less."

"More or less! What are you talking about! What happened!" Vera screamed.

"The guy who did the tattoo was Chinese and...."

"What happened! What happened! What do I have written on my hooter!"

"Some Chinese people haven't completely mastered the English...."

"What! What! What's written down there! Does it say 'Remember the Alamo'?"

"Almost."

"Almost!"

"It says 'Remember the Aramo.'"

"Aramo! What the hell is Aramo!"

"Chinese for Alamo."

"Oh God, I'm gonna be sick. Is this going to keep me from getting the seven million! Is it!"

"Relax. The mistake is not going to affect your getting the money."

"Aramo," Vera contemplated. "How could you let that happen! Where the hell were you?"

"Well," Burt stammered, sounding a lot like Ethel Mertz, "he was doing so good. I left the room for a while, just as he completed the 'A' in Alamo. Or, rather, Aramo."

"You left the room! What kind of friend are you!"

"Well, you didn't want me to miss 'All My Children' did you?" Burt explained.

"I'm going through the rest of my life with 'Remember the Aramo' tattooed on me!" Vera pondered. "Thank God I'm going to have seven million

dollars. 'cause I sure wouldn't be very popular without the money."

"You won't go swimming anytime soon. That's for sure. At least not nude."

"Nude, hell. I'm not getting near the beach again without a cast-iron Jantzen. I may drown, but nobody will see my tattoo."

"There's something you ought to know about your Uncle." Burt said in somber tones.

"Which Uncle?"

"What do you mean 'Which Uncle.' The one who left you seven million dollars in his will if you would get 'Remember the Alamo' tattooed on your penis."

"Oh, that uncle! What about him?"

"He didn't have seven million dollars! The will was just a bit of wishful thinking on his part. Are you going to start screaming and yelling?"

"No seven million! Oh well, I could never spend that much anyway. I can get along nicely on six million."

"Well, he didn't quite have six million either."

"How much! How much! Anything below five million is going to put a crimp in my planned budget. Do I get at least five million."

"A little less than that."

"Three million!"

"Less."

"One million. Surely I get a least one million! Don't I." Vera uttered, as tears began to form in his eyes and pain began to emanate from his crotch. Suddenly that damn tattoo began to hurt. "How much! How much!"


"Three hundred seven dollars and four cents."

Vera's mouth assumed a mammoth pucker, in preparation for the loudest scream ever heard in queendom. Even in Houston. But before the scream could leave his lips, Vera was, once again, out cold. And when he would awaken from this faint, there would be even a greater surprise.

To be continued

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Dancing



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CREWS INN

Ernie's Sara Lee Hours

4-7 p.m. Mon.-Fri.

50c Well/50c Beer

HAPPY HOUR —

Saturday 4-8 p.m.

Sunday 3-7 p.m.

50c Well/50c Beer

Singles Pool Tournament

Every Sunday 4 p.m.

Come Have A Cocktail
With Ernie

Under New Ownership
as of 6/15/76

STARSCOPE

FOR THE WEEK OF JULY 9TH-15TH

Uranus (the unusual) turns direct on the 10th in Scorpio (sex) after having been in retrograde for far too long. This, coupled with a full moon in Capricorn Sunday the 11th, makes for a weekend of unusually unexpected sexual encounters as a Full Moon always brings 'em out of the woodwork.

AIRES (March 21-April 20) The emphasis is on your career. That Full Moon opens the flood gate for some change with your job or money situation. Do it!

TAURUS (April 21-May 21) Any plans you've made involving another better be delayed as there are too many stellar patterns working up stream. It's a time to plan; not do.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) A very competitive week ahead and surely not a good time to travel. Continue to wind down old work. In your 2nd house, Jupiter is protecting your money.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) With the Sun in your sign until July 22nd, you should have more vitality, and this is a boost to bringing out your personality. With Saturn having left Cancer last month, you should be feeling more positive and personable.

LEO (July 24-August 23) It's still a good time to forge ahead with job improvements with beneficent Jupiter in your 10th house of career. However, Saturn's entrance into Leo may make your ego feel inadequate.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23) Romance which has been so long in coming may finally be coming to a head. Mars, which moved into your sign on July 6th, is giving you more energies and urges to travel and to make love.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23) With Venus, Mercury and the Sun all transiting your 11th house, friends are

wanting to surround you and keep you busy socially. And a recent new friend may become more than a friend.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22) That retrograde Uranus has been causing unusual havoc with your life for nearly a year. A winding down of this chaos is ahead since the planet will make a u-turn in the sky this weekend and begin a forward motion that should put your life in forward gear.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21) If someone owes you some money or a favor, keep close by over this full moon weekend. Watch your temper to avoid a showdown. Keep your foot out of your mouth to avoid a loss.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20) With both Venus and Mercury in your 7th house of marriage, such matters continue to be emphasized. And, with Saturn's 2½ year stay in the marriage sector of your chart now gone, wedding bells may already be ringing.

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19) The Sun in your 6th house of employment and health puts the keynote on things occupying your time and mind. The moon entering your sign this Monday restores your old self confidence.

PISCES (February 20-March 20) Obstacles and delays disrupt the early week but the Moon entering Pices by Wednesday makes the overall week rewarding. Your creativity is up front by midweek. Mars is helping.

Briar
B P
Patch

We Welcome You
To A Houston's Tradition
Cocktail Hour

Bar Drinks \$.85 10:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday,
Pool Tournament
starting 9:00 p.m. - Cash Prizes -

Sunday,
Bloody Marys & Screwdrivers \$.50
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DINERS NEWS / 240 Westheimer
EAST END NEWS / 7114 Lawndale
MR. PEEPERS / 5200 Telephone Road
MR. PEEPERS / 1427 Texas Street
MR. PEEPERS / 5406 Airline Drive
NO. HOUSTON ADULT NEWS / 5102 Airline
O'TOPOS / 2020 Richmond
PALACE BOOK STORE / 7636½ Long Point
PALACE BOOK STORE / 4538 North Shepherd
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The Screen Shop

By Tom Goreman

Murder By Death boasts a cast of eleven superstars including Maggie Smith, Peter Sellers, Peter Falk, Elsa Lanchester, David Niven, and Truman Capote. The ads claim: "By the time you figure out who-done-it, you could die laughing." This isn't necessarily so, although you'll probably get a few good yucks along the way. Neil Simon's script is anything but involving. Most of the laughs are derived from sight gags pulled off by a blind butler (Sir Alec Guinness) and the mute cook (Nancy Walker) working under him. The acting, we admit, touches on excellence. Ray Stark's direction is even rather inventive at times. But unfortunately, the film as a whole is just a little too slick and, along with its disjointed plot and two-dimensional characters, becomes stale before the murderer is finally revealed.

Nicholas Roeg's **The Man Who Fell To Earth** is not a film for sci-fiction buffs. Though the story tells of an extra-terrestrial visitor who comes to earth in search of water for his drought-ridden planet, the film deals more with the seemingly alien behavior of human beings than his own adjustment to our environment. Bringing several secrets from his advanced civilization, he enlists the aid of a patent attorney to transform these ideas into money-making ventures. A financial empire is built from these ventures, and before long, the red haired alien runs a multi-billion dollar organization.

Through all this, his ambitions remain simple. His only wish is to make enough money to enable him to return to his home planet and save the race of cat-eyed people still living there. Natur-

ally, these ambitions are thwarted by Earthlings who consider him a threat to "normal progress." And so the plot evolves.

David Bowie, as the melancholy space traveler, looks alien enough, but doesn't produce a character we can readily believe (He has the charisma of a hung over drag queen). Buck Henry, as his attorney/manager appears rather affable in places, but the limp script doesn't give him the chance to develop effectively. Rip Torn loses his appeal in the first fifteen minutes of the film after an interesting sex sequence with a young lady who takes snapshots during their lovemaking. A gem in the midst of it all, Candy Clark gives an endearing performance as an alcoholic southern girl who falls in love with Bowie.

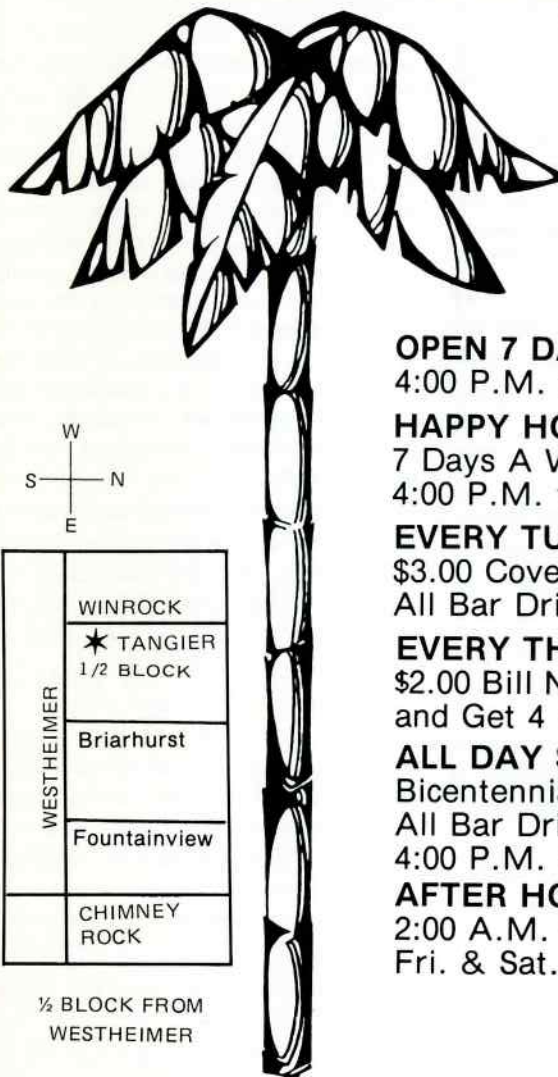
The film, by today's standards, is something of an achievement. There are enough bizzare special effects to make it visually exciting without being psychedelic. Its social comments are well made and subtle enough to transcend monotony. The dialogue, though predictable in places, is at times hard hitting and occasionally even campy. ("I think we should get Mr. Newton back to the car, he's not a well man.")

Not to be seen or appreciated by all, **The Man Who Fell To Earth** is (to say the very least) refreshingly different. At times, it succeeds in telling us something about ourselves. But we kept hoping for more of a story, and Roeg's direction, though strangely impressive, left many things vague and unexplained. Alas, the film never quite materialized beyond a promising contrivance.

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National Tea Dance: Dazzle, Dignity and Dollars

What may well be the most ambitious, potent and dazzling event ever to hit the American gay community is due to spring to life this summer. At six o'clock on a Sunday soon to be announced, and every Sunday thereafter, gay people from New England to California, from San Juan to Waikiki, will join together in one unified celebration. At discos, bars and on college campuses, thousands of gays can dance to today's most exciting sounds and at the same time participate in building a united front and a monetary war chest to help wage the most effective battle yet against the gross injustices that still plague gay people everywhere.

This massive project is called National Tea Dance. The term, "Tea Dance," originated in that bastion of gay liberty, Fire Island. At the end of the day on that sandy playground, along about teatime, hundreds of Islanders converge on a bar overlooking the harbor and dance to some of the best disco music to be heard anywhere. Thus the name, "Tea Dance." Over a year ago, a Sunday evening Tea Dance was established at the Eagle's Nest in New York to benefit the National Gay Task Force. It was an instantaneous hit and continues to draw hundreds of people (and make hundreds of dollars) every week.

Now, with the encouragement of the New York success, Tea Dance is going national. And as is the case at the Eagle's Nest, the proceeds will go to support the Task Force which is the largest and is considered to be the most effective gay rights organization in

America today. The Task Force is actively involved in seeking to change attitudes in society, in the media, in the courts and in legislative bodies concerning the rights and status of gay men and women in America. It is a membership organization incorporated in New York State as a not-for-profit corporation. Supported by members from across the country, NGTF serves as an information clearing house for the more than 1100 gay groups from coast to coast. The revenue generated from the \$2.00 door charge at the National Tea Dance will support a wide variety of NGTF projects and a portion of the funds will be forwarded to the Gay Rights National Lobby, Inc. (GRNL) in Washington. Conceivably, if National Tea Dance grows to the vast size that is hoped, hundreds of thousands, even millions of dollars, could pour into the NGTF coffers.

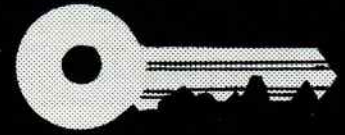
The idea for National Tea Dance was sparked by the recent Supreme Court ruling which affirmed that states may prosecute and imprison people for committing homosexual acts. This decision essentially upheld the laws of 36 states which classify such behavior as criminal. In the face of this ominous threat to the liberty of gay people, a large segment of the funds raised through National Tea will be used to finance further confrontations in the courts.

The producers of National Tea Dance, acting on behalf of NGTF, are the Islanders' Club and H. Wayne Bardy Entertainment, both of New York City. The Islanders are noted for New York and Fire Island community service projects, extensive summer season motor coach service between

Manhattan and the Island and for launching the highly acclaimed all-gay cruises aboard the liners Renaissance and Stella Oceanis. Mr. Bardy, formerly with the William Morris Agency, is a creative consultant on matters of conceptual planning, national coordination and development of entertainment-related projects. He was previously associated with the Islanders on the Renaissance project.

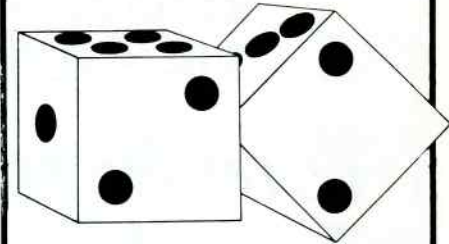
National Tea Dance has its headquarters in New York, with regional and local representatives throughout the nation. Additional representation is now being sought, and individuals or organizations interested in promoting the goals of National Tea and NGTF are urged to contact the Islanders at 322 East 34th Street, New York City 10016. The phone number is (212) 679-5810.

According to Blue Flettrich, president of the Islanders, one of the major challenges of the project is in letting people know that even though National Tea is ultimately a worthy cause, "participating in it will be nothing but sheer fun and excitement, especially at that moment every Sunday evening when it's 9:00 in New York and Boston and Miami, 8:00 in Chicago and Houston, 7:00 in Denver, and 6:00 in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and we know that we're all dancing together in one big united celebration of ourselves." National Tea will also be united musically since the same specially produced disco tapes will be used simultaneously at every NTD installation. To quote a soon to be released descriptive brochure, "If you think National Tea will take on the air of a grim crusade, forget it! Just ask anyone who's been to the NGTF Tea Dance in New York. The crusade stops with the dollars at the door. From there on it's all for fun. "And all you have to do it DANCE!"



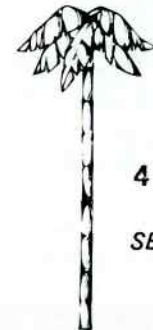
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veston's Stewart Beach and fondly drill another \$2.00 window so bets can once again be placed through the wooded walls between booths 1 and 2? If this were a marble wall T.W.I.T. could understand the delay in this architectural problem. Meanwhile, Houstonside, small peep holes are reappearing at the Galleria. And, some serious peeping has been going on behind closed doors.

LIGHTS, CAMERAS, & C.J.

The Depository has another big weekend coming up. First, the Grand Re-Opening of C.J.'s Boutique is scheduled for Friday, July 9. He has stocked all new merchandise in an all new location. So get on over there and shop! In other goings on at the Big D, manager Jay Allen plans Friday to throw a switch on their expanded light show. Twice the light, twice the watts — guaranteed to make us all look twice as good.

TUNE IN AND TURN ON

Ray Hill of Houston's MCCR reports that a weekly gay community affairs program will premiere Saturday, July 10 at 8:00 p.m. on the Mighty 90, KPFT-FM. Titled "Wilde 'n Stein," the program will zero in on news and topics currently affecting Houston's growing gay community. Weekly programming for the show will be handled by a collective. Any person or gay organization who would like to suggest a topic or participate in the program should contact Ray Hill at the MCCR (526-8253) or at his home (453-1143). So get all

your elaborate stereo rigs tuned in and stay glued to the speakers for all the latest.

REVEREND FALLS RESIGNS

The Reverend Bob Falls has resigned his post as pastor of the Houston Metropolitan Community Church. This Week In Texas joins our readers in wishing Reverend Bob Godspeed in finding new work and in thanking him for all the good things he has done for our community.

ANNIVERSARY & BIRTHDAY

In San Antonio, Mary Ellen's will be celebrating its first anniversary under new ownership beginning Saturday, July 17th. Watch T.W.I.T. for a full list of events. And down in Galveston, wander over to the Kon Tiki Club at 10:30 p.m. Wednesday, July 14th and help the crowd wish Rita a happy birthday. Rita, by the way, is the owner's daughter.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, MAE WEST!

Houston's inimitable Mary's is planning this summer's biggest splash to celebrate the birthday of one of Hollywood's grandest ladies, Mae West. Watch for your special invitation.

TWIT'S NEW LOOK

Those of you who haven't been reading this with your eyes closed may have noticed that This Week is different this week. Founding editor and publisher Lyle Black sold all rights of T.W.I.T. to Montrose Ventures

Incorporated — a Houston publishing firm headed by Jim Cagle and Jim Chappell. Lyle will continue with us through the month of July in an advisory capacity. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Lyle for the year and a half of hard work he put forth to provide the Texas gay community with a reliable entertainment guide and a credible source of news. Well done, Lyle!

Some changes are already in the works to expand TWIT's

coverage of news and entertainment throughout the Texas gay community. But we need the help and cooperation of both our advertisers and our readers. If you have any special events of news to report, please contact our distributor in your city or drop us a line to P.O. Box 22104, Houston, Texas 77027. Our weekly deadline for news to be included in Friday's edition is the preceding Monday afternoon. Thank you for your continuing support.

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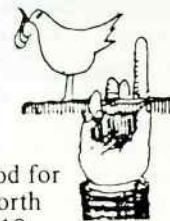
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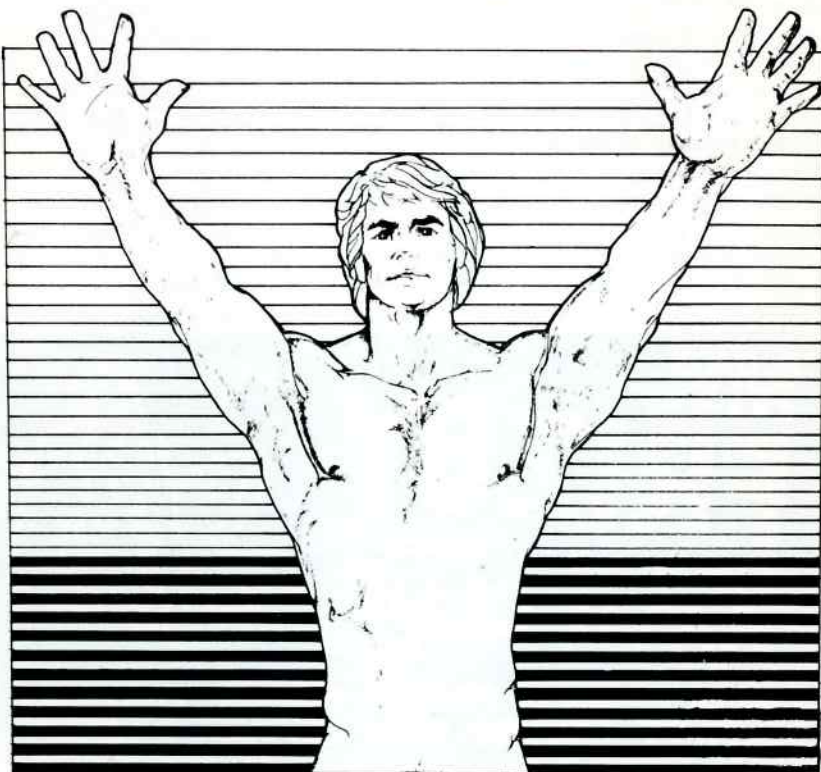
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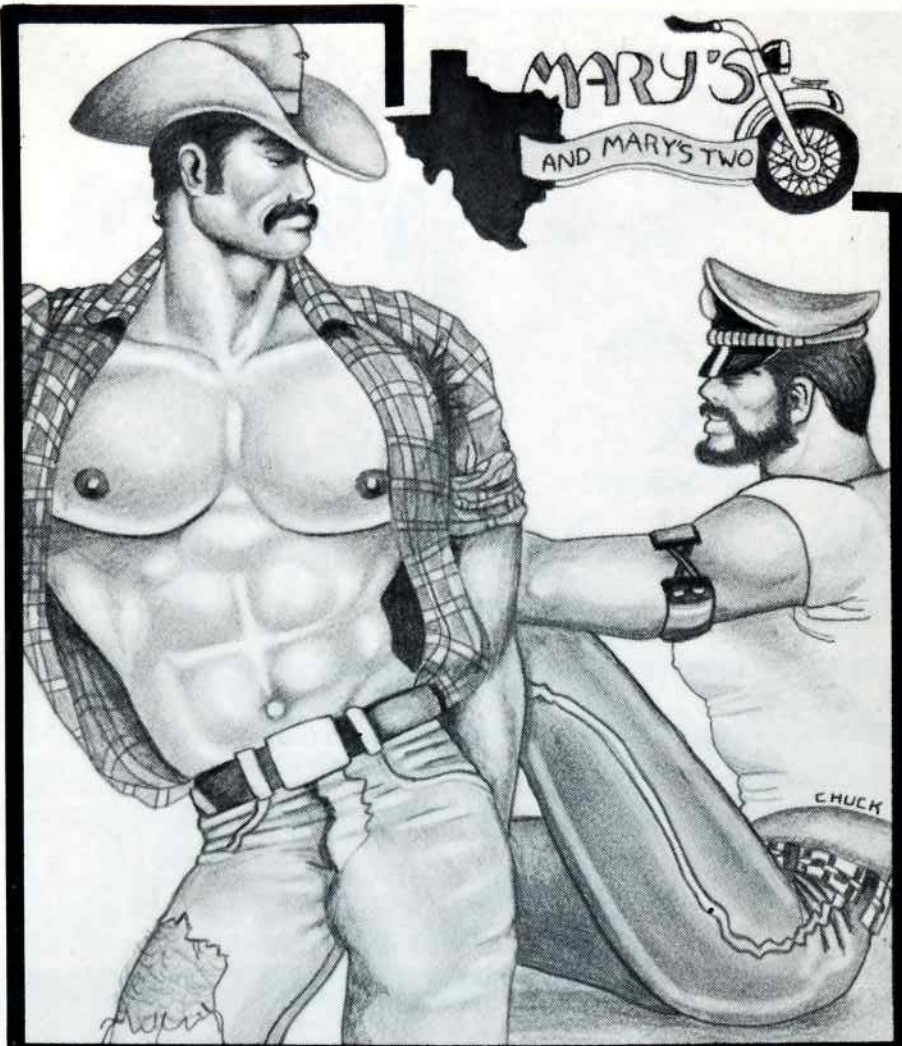
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Reflections on Estrangement and Encounter by Jan Hale

In spite of our unwillingness and reluctance to tell others who we are, there is in each of us a deep and driving desire to be understood. It is clear to all of us that we want very badly to be loved, but, when we are not understood by those whose love we need and want, any sort of deep communications becomes a nervous and uncomfortable thing. It does not enlarge and enliven us. It becomes clear that no one can really love us effectively unless he really understands us. Anyone who feels that he is understood, however, will certainly feel that he is loved.

If there is no one who understands me, and accepts me for what I am, I will feel "estranged." My talents and possessions will not comfort me at all. Even in the midst of many people, I will always carry within me a feeling of isolation and aloneness. I will experience a kind of "solitary confinement." It is a law, as certain as the law of gravity, that he who is understood and loved will grow as a person; he who is estranged will die in his cell of solitary confinement, alone.

There are many things inside every one of us which we would like to share. All of us have our own secret past, our

secret shames and broken dreams, our secret hopes. Over and against this need and desire to share these secrets and to be understood, every one of us must weigh fear and risk. Whatever my secrets are, they seem, more than anything else, to be deeply and uniquely a part of me. No one else has ever done the precise things that I have done, no one has ever thought my thoughts, or dreamed my dreams. I am not sure that I could even find the words to share these things with another, but what I am even less sure of is this: how would they sound to another?

The person who has a good self image, who really and truly accepts himself, will be greatly helped at this time of dilemma. It is not very likely, however, that someone, who has never really shared himself, could have the support of a good self-image. Most of us have experienced and done things, have lived with sensations and feeling, that we feel we would never tell another. To the other, I might appear deluded or even evil, ridiculous or vain. My whole life could appear as a hideous deceit.

A thousand fears keep us in the solitary confinement of estrangement. In some of us there is a fear of breaking down, of sobbing like a child. Others of us feel restrained by the fear that the other person will not sense the tremendous importance of my secret to

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me. We usually anticipate how deep the pain would be if my secret were met with apathy, misunderstanding, shock, anger or ridicule. My confidant might become angry or reveal my secret to others for whom it was not intended.

It may have happened that, at some point in my life, I took some part of me out of the darkness and placed it in the light for the eyes of another. It may be that he did not understand, and I ran full of regrets into a painful emotional solitude. Yet, there may have been other moments when someone heard my secret and accepted my confidence in gentle hands. I may remember what he said to assure me, the compassion in his voice, the understanding look in his eyes. I remember what those eyes looked like. I remember how his hand took mine. I remember the gentle pressure that told me that I was understood. It was a great and liberating experience, and, in its wake, I felt so much more alive. An immense need had been answered in me to be really listened to, to be taken seriously, and to be understood.

It is only through this kind of sharing that a person comes to know himself. Introspection of itself is helpless. A person can confide all his secrets to the docile pages of his personal diary, but he can know himself and experience the fullness of life only in the meeting with another person. Friendship becomes a great adventure. There is a continuously deeper discovery of myself and my friend, as we continue to reveal new and

deeper layers of ourselves. It opens my mind, widens my horizons, fills me with new awareness, deepens my feelings, gives my life meaning.

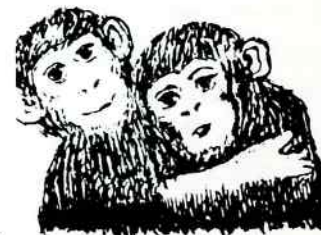
Yet the barriers are never permanently broken. Friendship and mutual self-revelation have a newness about them with each new day, because being a human person involves daily change and growth. My friend and I are growing, and differences are becoming more apparent. We are not growing into the same person, but each into his own. I discover in my friend other tastes and preferences, other feelings and hopes, other reactions and experiences. I must continually tell you who I am and you must continually tell me who you are, because both of us are continually evolving.

It may be that the very things which first attracted me to you now work against communication. In the beginning, your sentiment seemed to balance off my more intellectual inclinations; your extroverted ways complemented my introversion; your realism counter-balanced my artistic intuition. It seemed like such an ideal friendship. We seemed like separate halves that needed each other to become one whole. But now, when I want to share my intellectual vision, I am annoyed that you take no interest in my objective arguments of reason. Now, when I want to show you that you are not logical in your sentiment, it does not seem to matter to you at all. In the beginning we seemed to fit together so well. Now you desire



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to go out to others and my more introverted inclinations which seek solitude seem to be divisive.

Of course, our friendship can still be. We are standing within arms' reach of that which is most humanly rewarding and beautiful. We must not turn back now. We can still share all the things we once shared with such excitement, when first I told you who I was and you told me who you were; only now our sharing will be deeper because we are deeper. If

I will continue to hear you with the same sense of wonder and joy as I did in the beginning, and you will hear me in the same way, our freindship will grow firmer and deeper roots. The tinsel of our first sharing will mellow into gold. We can and will be sure that there is no need to hide anything from each other, that we have shared everything.

I am continually experiencing the ever-growing, ever-new reality of you, and you are experiencing the reality of me, and, through each other, we are together experiencing the reality of God, who once said that, "... it is not good for man to be alone."

E.E. Cummings wrote, "Your slightest look . . . easily will enclose me . . . though I have closed myself as fingers . . . you open always petal by petal . . . myself as spring opens (touching skillfully, mysteriously) . . . her first rose."

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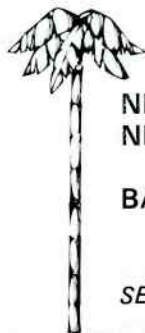
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The Matter

Fiction by Max Baumgardner

When my happy hour drunk had completely worn off and I sat wearily in front of the *Tonight Show* wondering whether or not it would be worth my while to go out again, a curious thing happened. My doorbell rang. It caught me by surprise, even frightened me. I was new to the city, knew literally no one, and had more or less safely isolated myself from past friends in past cities. (No one knew that Fred Hannah was living in Apartment 5D in the Wilshire District of Los Angeles. NO ONE.)

Well...

It wasn't the phone. The phone would have meant Mother. "Do you have a job yet, or what?"

"No, Mom."

"Have you been *looking*? Someone's not going to just walk up to you on the street and offer you a job. You know. You have to go out and interview. Have you been doing that?"

She knew. But *no one else*.

My doorbell rang. The landlord?

"Do you have any pets?"

"No, sir."

"We do not allow pets in this building. This is Wilda. She is not a pet. She is a person. I get lonely, and she keeps me company."

My doorbell rang. Fighting down the familiar urge to bellow out, "WHO IS IT?" I made my way shakily down the hallway and into the living room.

I've never been one to worry about burglars or mad rapists or anything; so I swung open my door with as much vigor as I could manage, an open invitation to anyone with dark deeds on his mind. What loomed before me could not be described in one sentence. Or one paragraph. Even a novel would be pushing it.

"Could I use your phone, please? I locked myself out of my fuckin' apartment, and I don't have a copy."

"A copy?"

"Do you mind, huh? Huh? You're standin' there lookin' at me like I was a piece of shit or something in the hall, and all I wanna do is borrow your phone. Could I please?"

I motioned the creature in with my head.

"Thank you. I'll leave a dime in your mailbox."

The creature was good-looking, but in a scroungy, unpleasant way. His movements were agile and trained (like a dancer), but they contradicted his general appearance: He reminded me of a suntan lotion ad that had seen its better days. A weathered billboard on the Ventura Highway. He was young, but certainly no baby. Muscular, but not muscle-bound. Blond. More sunburned than tanned. His face was taut and slightly lined from too many afternoons at the beach.

"Pisses me off. Can't stand stuff like lockin' myself outta my apartment and cuttin' myself shavin' and stubbin' my toe and stuff like that." I had noticed that his accent was Chicago-gangster-ish. Gruff and coarse. Guttural.

"Hello," I said. The creature just looked at me.

"You're gay, aren't ya?" he said with a sly smile. "I think I am. I'm not sure yet. I get picked up a lot. On the street. Sometimes I get money. Sometimes I don't. It don't matter to me one way or another, but sometimes I think these guys would be disappointed if I didn't ask for it. You know what I mean?" He was dialing the phone furiously. I opened my mouth to speak but didn't get the chance. "I like sex as much as the next guy, maybe more. I used to be real particular about what I'd stick it in, but these days..." The creature shrugged. "Things are different. I'm not a hustler, but I pose for pictures sometimes. It pays a lot of money, and I save it. I got a savings account." He hung up the phone.

"Fuckin' line's busy."

"My name is Fred," I said.

"Landlord's in the hospital. Did you know that? He's got cancer. He's dyin'. Cancer depresses me. It always has. My mother died of cancer. Do you have a Coke or anything?" I went into the kitchen as he continued talking. "I was little. So I don't remember much about it. I remember the hospital more than I remember my mother. To this day I get sick to my stomach when I smell disinfected stuff." His voice became hazy as I moved into the kitchen. I observed that he didn't attempt to raise his voice so that I might hear what he was saying. He kept talking in that same fast, uninvolved monotone that was obviously his style. I returned and found that he was continuing as if I hadn't left at all: "...except for the time I had this dog that died. He got poisoned. I think the landlord did it. Son of a bitch. Him and that fuckin' cat Wilda. I kept the dog quiet. He didn't make no noise at all. Thank you." I handed him the Coke. "How long have you been living here?"

"Three weeks."

"Three weeks, huh? You kinda look like Ken. Has anyone ever told you?"

This threw me off balance. "Like who?"

"Ken. Ken. You know. Barbie, Ken, Midge, Allen. You don't look like you ever had a pimple in your life." The creature sat down in a rented chair next to the phone.

"Actually, I did have a pimple," I said grimly. "Once."

"Once! Once!" The creature laughed. "That's hot. Ho. Ho. Ho. That's too much. Once!"

"Do you have a name?" This, as if to a child.

"Sure, I gotta name. Whatdaya think?"

"What is it?" I asked, with the patience of Job.

"It's Bernard," he said, still laughing.

"Bernie?"

His smile vanished. "My *friends* call me Bernard."

No retreat. I had hit a sore spot. "Oh." I changed the subject. "Is that all you do for a living? Pose for

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pictures?"

"No, I do lots of things. Bartender, painter. I was in a underground movie once." He was watching to see my reaction. "Tom's Hot Rocks."

"Were you Tom?" I asked, my face an impassive blank.

"No. No, I just had a small part."

For some reason this struck me as outrageously funny, and I laughed. Bernard tensed a bit, trying to decide whether or not I was laughing at him. He shrugged and grinned. "I made three hundred dollars for one afternoon's work. Not bad, huh?"

"No. Not bad. You can't beat it with a stick."

Bernard's eyes narrowed. "Funny you should say that particular phrase because in the middle of this flick Tom gets tied up to a tree with a piece of nylon cord and I step out of nowhere and start beatin' him with this stick. I beat him black and blue. All over. His balls. His stomach. His tits. It's a very important part in the film because it's at this point that Tom (that's the hero) decided he's not only homosexual but S & M as well." Here's a pause. "It colors his whole life."

"I can imagine."

Bernard began dialing on the phone again. "There's only one other key to my apartment running around LA that I gave to this chick who lived with my last summer."

"Who's taking care of the building while the landlord's sick?"

"Beats the shit outta me. It could be old lady Stanford in 2C. We don't have a super as such, and the maid won't be in till tomorrow." He put the receiver down. "Still busy. Sooo...that means, unless I get Helen on the phone, I'll be up the creek." His mouth turned down at the corners. "I don't have a place to stay tonight."

"Don't you have any friends you could stay with?"

"No."

This did not sit well with me. "Well, the bars are still open. Maybe you could..."

"No way I'm gonna walk to some dreary bar and stand around and wait for pot luck. I got pride."

"You could stay here." The words

were out before I knew it. They hung like ice in the air, and I hoped he wouldn't acknowledge them.

"You mean it? Could I? You wouldn't mind? I really hate to call Helen — she's such a cunt."

No turning back now, I thought. "No I don't mind."

"You got any grass? We'll turn on. Have a party. There's a great old Joan Crawford movie on TV tonight. You got a TV?"

"Yes. It's in the bedroom."

"We can fool around later if you feel like it. You like to get screwed?"

This was getting ridiculous. I didn't want this person to be in my apartment. I didn't want to smoke any grass. And I hate Joan Crawford. Who was this person. I stared at him.

Bernard bristled. "You're givin' me that look again like when you first opened the door. Is something the matter?"

"No, nothing's the matter, I thought. I'm just hung over, out of work, down to my last ten dollars, living in a strange city where people are murdered every day and old men with cats named Wilda die of cancer. What could possibly be the matter?"

"Would you rather I leave?"

Yes. Yes. Please leave. Let me go back to Johnny Carson and black coffee and solitude.

"I'll leave if you want me to."

I forced a smile. "No. Don't leave. Make yourself at home."

The creature took off his shirt and tossed it on the sofa. "You never answered me about sex. Do you like to get screwed?"

Get screwed! Ha! Me. Me, who throws a fit when the doctor prescribes suppositories. Me. Get screwed. Me, who buys Preparation H by the 15-ounce tube and eats bananas daily to ward off constipation.

"You hesitated. You didn't answer right away. You had to think about it."

"We'll see." (God only knows where that came from.)

Bernard took off his shoes. "I think I may have athlete's feet but I got some powder in my apartment if you get infected."

I went to the front door and locked it.

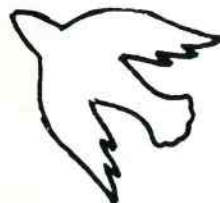
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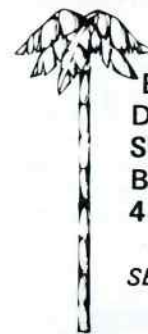
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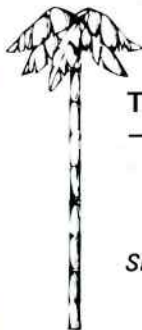
I walked into the bedroom and changed channels on my television set. Joan Crawford was looking pensive at some man in a tuxedo.

"WHERE'S YOUR BATHROOM? I GOTTA PEE."

I sat down on the edge of the bed and unlaced my shoes. Although the thought of going job hunting the next day did not appeal to me, I nonetheless set my alarm clock for 8:30 a.m. and turned on the skinny yellow lamp that sprinkled light across the room and into the hall. It was going to be one of those nights.

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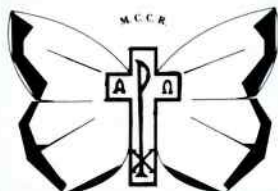
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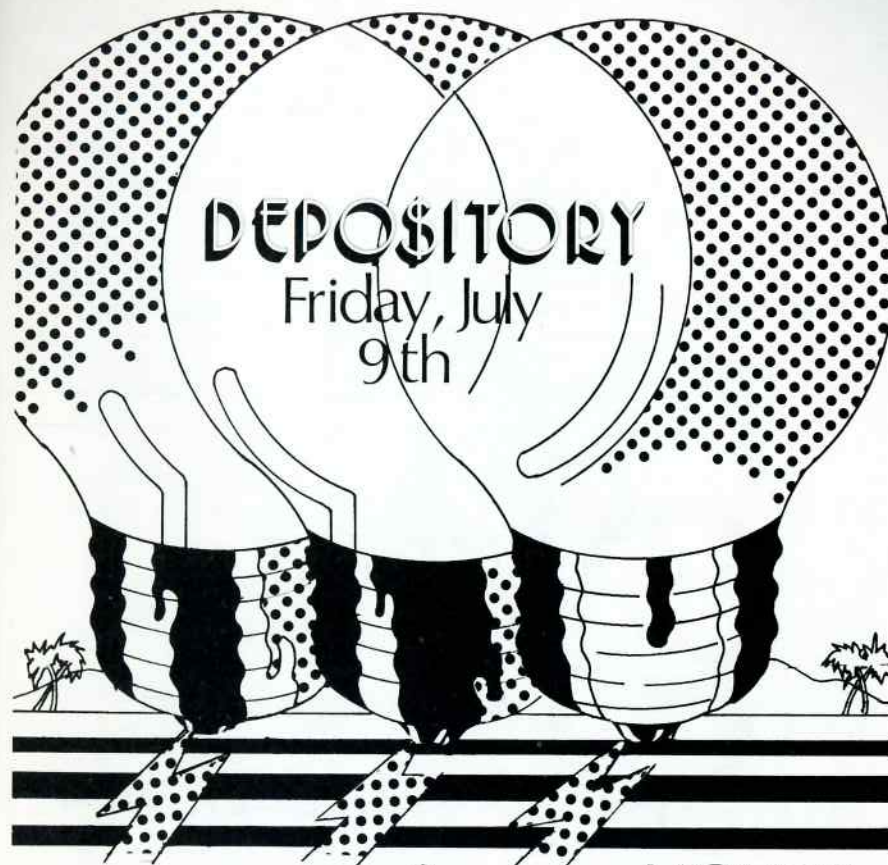


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