

2 Memphis Km



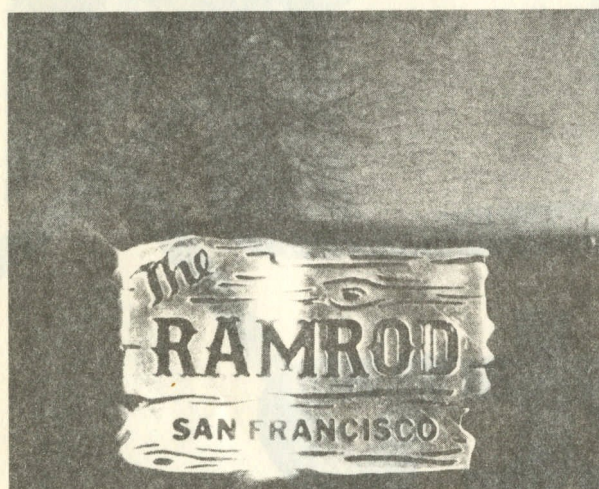
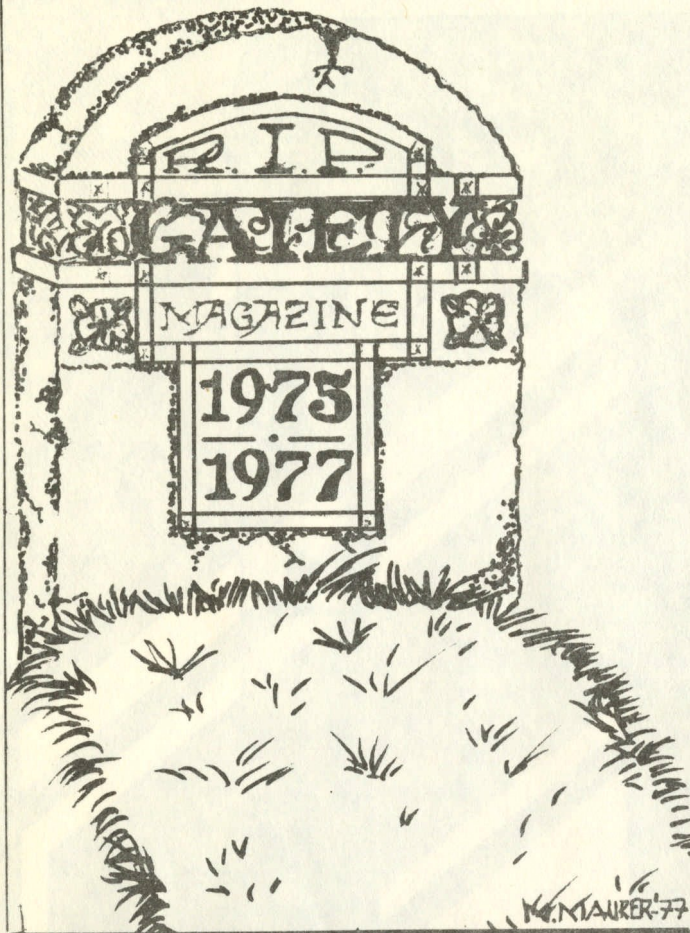
# gaiety

spring 1977

50¢

Czar and Czarina I of Apollo-Memphis





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## THIS LITTLE LIGHT

Once a forest called MemFizz grew on the banks of a great river. In the forest dwelt a meek and timid Faire people. They feared the sunlight, preferring to live in the dark, grey woods...away from the eyes of others and unaware that many other Faired lived about.

But some were not afraid. They wanted to band together to fight the wolves that roamed the forest eating little Faired. "Come, join us and fight together." But few heard because the land was dark and misty.

One man, called Pooh, said, "I have a plan. We'll build a light to shine into the forest and lead the Faire to us. We will see ourselves and come to love one another. United we can defeat the wolves." So they built a light on a tower. When it was lit, others came to see its brightness. These too helped and the light grew and became brighter.

The light did not please all of the Faire people: "The brightness hurts my eyes." "I don't care for everyone seeing me, thank you." "The tower is ugly, decorate it with 'pretty' pictures." "It takes too much time."

But the light burned on. People forsook the darkness forever. Others returned to the shadows. When only a few were left, some wanted to leave MemFizz and go where there were many lights and Faired were free.

Pooh was sad. His dream must now die. "Wait, he said, 'let there be one more glow. One more beam of love and concern focused into the murky Forest MemFizz. "Just a handful agreed and helped charge the battery. Pooh despaired because there were so few who cared.

Finally one day, with a tear, he threw the switch. A beacon began to pierce the gloom. The Faire people looked out from their holes. "What is the light?"

"It is but a folly."

"Don't worry, it will be gone soon."

And it was.

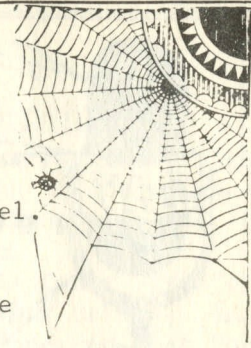
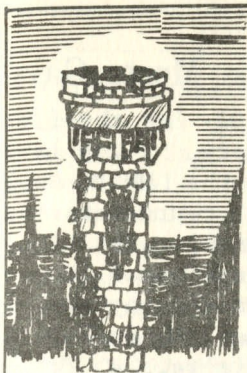
## gaiety

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## From My Ivory Tower



The first Mardi Gras ball of the Memphis Krewe of Apollo was held January 8 in the ballroom of the Hyatt Regency Hotel. Working with a theme of "the winter palace of Nicholas and Alexandra," the Memphis krewe presented a dazzling pageant of glittering white and silver against a red background. The highlight of the occasion was the presentation of the Czar and Cazrina of Apollo Memphis. The royalty was flanked by the Captain, six dukes and duchesses and six debutants with

their escorts. Don Rossignol of George's served as Master of Ceremonies for the evening. The Krewe wishes to thank the gay community for supporting their activities all year.

THE METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH will host a nationally known gay leader

in April when the Rev. Troy Perry visits Memphis. Rev. Perry is the founder of the international fellowship of MCC which he started in 1968 with a small group of people meeting in a home. Special services are planned for Monday night, April 11. This is an opportunity to hear an important gay leader and a dynamic man. For times and more information call the church at 725-HOPE.

BENEFIT SHOWS TO FUND GAIETY were presented recently. The Butterfly Cabaret helped with a chili dinner (donated by Mike Rollins) and at the Front Page we all had fun playing the Gong Show (won by Betty Tiller) and the Dating Game (Loretta had her choice of four handsome, eligible young men and she still picked a missionary.) Later in the month, Christine presented a fund-raising show along with Malina (see, I didn't forget you), Loretta, Laura, Rachelle, and Rickie. The entire show was well organized and came off beautifully raising \$126.75 to help put out this issue of GAIETY. I want to especially thank Christine for all the help and concern. Also thanks to the performers who gave so generously of themselves.

THE MISS GAY TENNESSEE CONTROVERSY still rages. In December, George's lost their bid to prevent Nashville's Other Side from doing "The Official Miss Gay Tennessee Pageant." Lawyers argued that George's had been presenting Miss Gay Tennessee shows for years but Chancellor Robert Brandt ruled that since George's service mark did not use the word "official" the Nashville club could have it. George and Don say that they will be back in court soon.

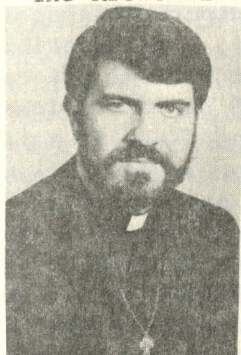
REMEMBER THE FACE AND PLACE...how about the Back Side? Well, forget them. The bar at 38 South Willett has been bought by a young man from New Orleans with a lot of new ideas. The new name is the Eye-Ball Disco. Terry (the owner) has some hot disco tapes and he's rigging up a new "beam of light" show for the dance floor. Grand opening is Friday, March 4 with bar hours til 3 on weekdays, til five on Friday and Saturday.

THE ENTREE NUIT, the oldest name in Memphis gay bars, is now the ENTREE. When health problems forced John Epps to sell out, Chris Arnold was the perfect choice to buy it. Chris admits that he has "always wanted to own it," and he hopes to "restore some of the old days" with a somewhat quieter bar. First thing, he promises, is to "get rid of the roaches." Shows won't be a big deal at the new Entree, "probably 3 or 4 shows a year plus occasional benefits." Opening is scheduled for March 4.

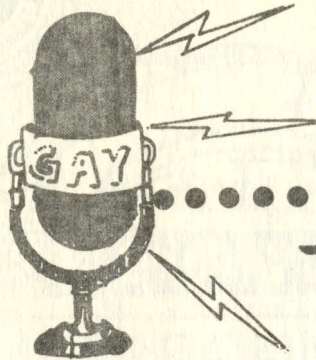
REMEMBER THE TRUCK STOP? When George Wilson and Don Rossignol took over the Procape and made it a cruise bar they did a beautiful job of decorating, but apparently something wasn't right. Now it is closed, but within weeks it will become the cafeteria/restaurant that George has wanted for months. There'll be some changes next door too, they're hiring a DJ to incorporate dancing with shows to create what Don calls a "disco show bar." It'll start in early March and there's a good chance Wednesday beer busts will return too.

AT THE FRONT PAGE, Juicie has installed a piano bar for early evening use. The hours are not definite yet, but people seem to enjoy the alternative to loud music.

FINALLY, A NEW OLD FACE AT THE PSYCH OUT. Welcome back to bartending, Bette Hefner. - GP







# News .....Service

## Trial Delayed for Priest

WINCHESTER, TN- No trial has been set for Rev. Claudius I. Vermilye, who was indicted last November on charges that he used his rural Boys' Home as a center for a pornography operation. Judge Paul Swafford granted a delay in the trial after the defense attorney, Joe Bean, asked for time to "let the issue die down." "We'd have to do to Australia to get a fair trial in this case," he said. Vermilye, whose Boys' Farm, Inc. was licensed by the Episcopal diocese of Tennessee, was charged with committing "crimes against nature" and using minors in the production of obscene films. The farm is now up for sale.

## Radio Host Comes Out

MIAMI, FL - Listeners to the talk show on radio station WKAT were used to hearing popular host Neil Rogers tackle controversial subjects like homosexuality and the gay liberation movement on his program. But it was still a surprise when Rogers announced his own homosexuality on the show.

Rogers said he was persuaded to come out by the National Gay Task Force reasoning that prominent people who "go public" have a positive influence on other gays. The announcement attracted media attention all over the south. "I've found that the people who respected me before still respect me," said Rogers, "and the people who didn't respect me still don't."

## Carter Aide Meets Gays

WASHINGTON, DC- For the first time in history, a top level official at the White House has met with representatives of our second-largest minority... the estimated 20 million Lesbians and gay men. At a two-hour meeting on Feb. 8, Margaret Costanza, a Presidential aide, met with Jean O'Leary and Bruce Voeller of the National Gay Task Force to discuss discrimination in the military, immigration, treatment of federal prisoners, and IRS tax deductions.

O'Leary and Voeller said, "This meeting is seen by us as the first step in fulfilling President Carter's campaign pledge to make sure that all policies will reflect his determination to oppose all forms of discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Ms. Costanza and her staff will hold another meeting with representatives of the Lesbian and gay communities on March 26 at the White House to discuss discrimination issues in greater detail.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Nightclub War Suspected

ATLANTA - Police have charged Robert Llewellyn, manager of the Locker Room Bath and Disco (it's owned by his mother) with the murder of Peter Winokur who owned another gay club called Mother's. Calling it a "nightclub war" the police assert that Llewellyn hired three "hit men" to kill Winokur, who was found with two teenage roommates in a deserted field bound, gagged and shot in the back of the head.

This is the second arrest for the murders. Several months ago another man was arrested on information from his ex-lover. Those charges were later dropped.

Christine's

the  
**ENTREE**

it's  
**NEW!**

265 S. Cleveland



## Anita Bryant Outraged

The owners of Blueboy are now in the gay resort business having purchased the Lauderdale Beach Hotel in Fort Lauderdale. They say it's the "ultimate all year playground for the discriminating male." For more information call toll free, 1-800-327-8398.

### Tucson Passes Rights Bill

TUCSON, AZ- In early February this city became the 39th community in the United States to pass a gay civil rights ordinance. One of the most comprehensive of its kind in the nation, the measure bans both public and private discrimination in the areas of employment, housing, public accomodation, credit, lending, and insurance. The ordinance empowers the city attorney to prosecute offenders. In many other cities, those discriminated against must appeal to the local Human Rights Commission.

The Tuscon Gay Coalition, which spearheaded the fight for the bill, said that one factor spurring the community to action and influencing the commission to support gay rights was the recent murder of a gay man by a gang of teenagers and the controversial sentencing of the culprits to probation and what amounted to a reprimand from the judge.

for Gay Women:

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Annual discreet pocket size international bar/club guide and complete directory. This fourth edition: All USA plus 40 other countries. 3000 listings. Centers, switchboards, publications, resources, services, retreats, restaurants and much much more. \$5.00 only from: GAIA'S GUIDE, 115 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105. (discreet mail order only — two weeks delivery on all orders). Also at Gay and Feminist Bookstores everywhere.



## Miami Outlaws Gay Discrimination

By a vote of five to three, Miami became the first southern city to pass an ordinance banning discrimination against gays in housing, employment, and public accommodations. The ordinance did not become law, however, without a heated battle. Anita Bryant, of orange juice fame, was one of the more outspoken opponents of the measure. She said, "As an entertainer, I have worked with homosexuals all of my life. My attitude has been to live and let live." But the mother of four told the commission that she "will never allow (her) children to grow up believing that homosexuality is morally acceptable."

Chicago Cubs coach, Alvin Dark, brandishing a Bible in his hand, told the commission that homosexuality is "an abomination to the Lord." Joseph Fitzgerald, an attorney representing the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Miami, said that allowing gays to hold teaching posi-

tions or recreational jobs dealing with children would be like "putting a fox in the chicken coop."

The commissioner from the suburb of Coral Gables, Robert Blake, conceded that "homosexuals are perfectly free to go into their closets, into their bedrooms, in their privacy and take care of themselves there."

Bill Oliver, a 42-year-old Carpenters' Union chief, who is also a "Born-Again Christian", remembered back when people used God against blacks by saying that if God intended for all people to be created equal, he would have made all of us white. Oliver looked at the angry eyes of the crowd and said that he could not condone discrimination against any human being and voted to support the measure.

Because of Anita Bryant's emotional opposition to the measure, gay bar owners all over Florida have begun posting signs warning, "No Florida Orange Juice Sold Here."

### THE ONLY THING THE ESTABLISHMENT UNDERSTANDS IS THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

Consumer boycotts, although they show little immediate result, are one of the most effective ways to hit the rich straight rulers of this country where it hurts the most—in the pocket.

I firmly support the gay activists of Dade County, Florida, in their boycott of all products of the Florida citrus industry.

Since I heard of Anita Bryant's attempt to browbeat the citizens of Dade County to repeal their new gay anti-discrimination ordinance, I have stopped buying these products. I urge all of you to do so.

**DON'T BUY FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE.** Don't buy any commodity in any way connected with this industry.

And further support these efforts by attending a rally on March 12. Memphis gays are planning to rally in front of a major supermarket to encourage consumers to stop buying Florida orange juice. Call the Gay Switchboard for more details.

----- Martha Brummett





# GAIETY

## Love Notes

Jimmy, Clint loves you. Come home.

Kaydee Olson, guess who still loves you. Mary Nell Gooch.

Hello Chief Nellie Running Water. Jeanette is an Indian. - The Chief.

Smudge, I love you. - Grumpy.

Jucie....your bed is on fire!

Eat your heart out Phyllis and Michelle.

Bob - For a straight roommate you've developed quite an interest in Vaseline.

Happy Valentine, Mommy. Love, Mitzie and Jon Jon.

Shelia, Let's go to Florida AAP.

If you do, someone will fill your shoes.

I love you Dave, I know you love me, but there's been so many lonely nights without you. Where are you, how are you? I love you, come home while the fire's still burning. -TRG.

I love Dot and Jeanette. - Guess Who.

You've got the pillow cases but I've got the sheets.

Mitzie and Jon Jon, I love you. - Mommy.

Gene at the Butterfly. Drop in and see me anytime. Leave number if not in.

The nearest Hargrove's been to Israel is Anita Kaminsky!

Four days and still counting ...TOOT TOOT, Bruce.

Love is giving and sharing;an appreciation of others' feelings and desires! Love ya, Turner's Cafe.

I love you, Elvis.

MCC - My Chosen Church.

Bob- Thanks for putting me to bed...I just wish I could remember it.

I love GAIETY - any kind.

Guess we'll stay together at least one more year. "Singing in the Sunshine" I love you.

Still smoking in bed Jucie?

Lily - Coconuts 2, Oranges 0. Love,Martha.

I love you bitch. 5/11/75.

I'm glad you got your drivers license. I love you like a bunch of grapes. And I like your glasses. Yours, Douglas.

If you have any trouble at the P.O. just call Action-Please.

Pottsie beat Brenda 3 out of 4 on the pin-ball machine. I love you, Brenda. - Pottsie.

Love is what you want,love is not what you give- but do not try to render that which you do give- unless your heart is in the spirit of giving. Turners Cafe.

Now we ALL know why they call it the Back Side...poor Ed hasn't been the same since that night.

Larry - I know you'll never see this and it really doesn't matter now...but could it have made a difference in October?

Life is a beautiful gift that needs to be treated gently.

When the cat's away the mouse will play...eh Jucie?

Danny Ray photographs SO well

Debbie - See where heterosexuality will get you. -Martha.

Hey! R\_\_\_\_\_ My name is not Lordy, it is \_\_\_\_\_ Holiday Inn is always open. Tongue in cheek. M.E.

Rik - There has been communication from Atlanta. Details later (M).

Peter Pan! Where were you when the lights went out!!! Me too. - Mommy.

To be happy and be able to love and to live you must first die.

K.H. Who was that lady I saw you with?

I thought I had everything - a job, friends, food, shelter, ...until you. Now the most important space is filled.

I love and enjoy all of our friends at the Butterfly. We wish them all a Valentine. I love you, Mickey. - EMC.

I hear the Queen's Men are thinking of having the ball at the Psych Out this year.

Dorrie -If you do it again... FOUR PIECES.



# TIRADE

So I'm supposed to write about love. Well, if you really want to know, I don't feel much like it. Love's not something I can get into easily right now. I see so little here.

Margaret Anderson said, "Real love is when you want the other person's good." I've tried that kind of love. It's made me feel good. I've felt as though I had some control over my more selfish feelings, as though I've been capable of feeling a real, altruistic love for many women and men. I would not care to relate to sexually and affectionately.

In conventional Christian terms, I've been feeling agape, the love of comrades and fellow victims of this pig society.

Yet I have been betrayed, because with all this love I've put out, I've never got anything back, no feeling that I may have influenced someone or even have opened some doors in anyone's mind.

Let me lay some history on you- can you deal with anything that happened before your own puny awareness? In 1971, I tried to start a chapter of Daughters of Bilitis here and later found that, a few years before, another woman had tried the same thing. Neither of us had any success.

We were trying, when it was harder and more risky, to help give other women some way to relate to the growing Lesbian/Feminist movement. We thought it was very important, and hoped other women would feel the same way and join us.

As I've said, we had no success.

I'd like you to tell me why.

Why didn't you- why don't you- stand up?

Why do you refuse to support so-called criminals, victims of this society, women who have fought their rapists and been caged and killed by "twelve honest men"?

**YOU ARE A CRIMINAL.**

You, dancing there. Do you know you could be put in jail, simply for dancing with another woman?

It can and has happened in Tennessee. If existing laws are enforced under a more repressive government, it can happen again.

As long as you give your implicit approval to the way this society is run, you are a

criminal. You can be put in jail. And the law is against you.

The law is against you and you support it by your silence.

You support it by your lack of courage.

You support it by your fear.

You support it by your cowardice.

You support it by your apathy.

Yes, you say you are liberated. I hear you telling me this. But until you are able to take real action, and that an action taken deliberately and openly, you are a fool and a coward.



Margaret Anderson

A fool- because you blind yourself to the realities of this patriarchal society.

And a coward- because you think of yourself as free and care nothing about preserving and extending your own freedom, or of acquiring freedom for others.

You are not free. You are a criminal, under moral law as well as under the oppressive laws of society.

**YOU ARE A CRIMINAL.**

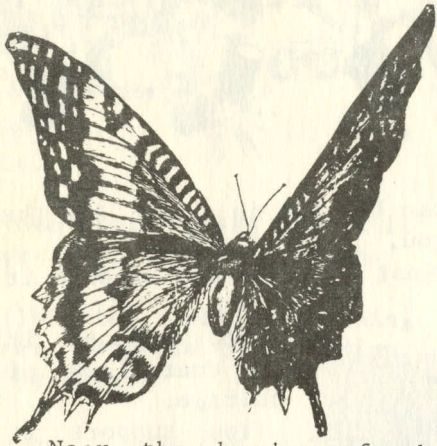
For years I've asked you to fight. I've begged you. Well, I don't care anymore. You can go your own way and you can make of your life what you choose.

This is your fight now. I'm leaving it to you. I'm through fighting for you who don't care enough for your own freedom to fight for yourselves.

You can shake your booties off that dance floor and into the streets fighting, or you can die there, under those red lights flashing your heartbeats, as though to remind you that you do live.

----- Martha Brummett





# The Legend of Lunangula

## by Bernhard Frank

Near the border of the Belgian Congo in Africa, surrounded by thickly grown jungle, is a small patch of barren ground. Neither trees nor flowers grow there, except for the dead trunk of a palm tree in the center of the field, and the ground is covered by a fine, yellow-green dust. The natives call the place Lunangula, the Land of the Green Butterflies. Like so many places in that part of Africa, it too has derived its name from a legend, and this is the legend.

Many years ago, when the earth was young, Lunangula was neither waste nor barren; no dead trunk stood in its midst and no ghost-colored dust lay on the ground. Instead, Lunangula was a flowery meadow-- the home of the green butterflies.

Now the butterflies were gentle creatures, exquisite to look at as they fluttered in the mellow sun, fanning their slender bodies with light green wings. They lived in flowers and fed on mamula seeds which they gathered on the neighboring hills. Each morning they flew away, competing with each other to see who could fly the straightest line the fastest, and each evening they returned, carrying the mamula seeds and what other luxuries they might have found.

Only on Thursday, which was the butterflies' sabbath, did they fail to gather seeds. Instead they would fly in their hundreds and thousands towards the tall palm tree sprouting in the center of the field. There they would be inspected by the king of the butterflies who lived in his palace in the crown of the palm.

Each Thursday the king surveyed his subjects and if everything was in order, as it usually was, for the butterflies were peace-loving creatures, the king would flap his wings twice in approval, beckon to his guard to follow him, and return to his palace. The tension broken, the green butterflies would start their Thursday dances when they would fly in a dozen different and complicated formations. Then, by evening, exhausted, they would fly back to their homes.

It was a happy, carefree life the green butterflies led, and would still be leading in the meadow of Lunangula, were it not for one sad fact. The green butterflies, strange as it may seem, when born were not green but yellow. Now if there was one thing the green butterfly hated, it was a yellow butterfly. The truth of the matter is that the king had even issued a law

against the yellow butterflies declaring their offense a crime against nature punishable by death. Therefore, the newly born butterflies would stay in their flowers until the sun had ripened their wings and greened them. Only then would they venture forth and mingle with the crowd.

Unfortunately, some of the newborn butterflies lived in tiny flowers that were overshadowed by their taller, broader companions, so that the sun never quite reached their tender young bodies and their wings never ripened, remaining yellow for the rest of their days. All day long the yellow butterflies would stay locked in their flowers, and only by night, when it was impossible to distinguish between the green and the yellow, did they emerge, meeting their equally unfortunate brothers in secret groves where the earth soiled their wings and often broke off their fragile feelers. Then, as soon as dawn was hemmed against the sky, they disappeared stealthily into their homes.

This state of matters might have gone on indefinitely, had not one of the yellow butterflies longed for the daylight so much that he felt he could stay in hiding no longer. Knowing the danger

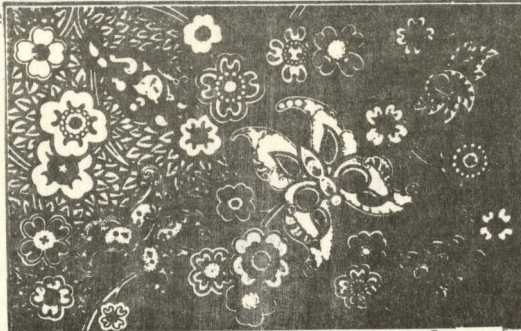


of venturing forth in the daylight, the butterfly finally, after much meditation, had an idea. Chopping a few leaves into tiny pieces, he sprayed them over his wings, and, to his delight, looked like any of the other green butterflies.

And so, on a lovely Thursday morning he joined the crowd that was flying to the palm. The daylight was magnificent and the butterfly's body drank it gratefully. He was frightened at first of being recognized, but after a while, when no one seemed to pay attention, the yellow butterfly relaxed and forgot that he was different; as a matter of fact, he started thinking of himself as a green butterfly, and when a yellow butterfly quickly retreated into a flower as he flew by, he felt very superior. Nor did it take the yellow butterfly long to become quite friendly with those next to him.

Then, having arrived at the palm, everyone suddenly stood still and curtsied, lowering their right wings to the ground as the king descended. The yellow butterfly, who had never curtsied before, became flustered, and almost wished he had not come out into the daylight after all. Still, he imitated the others as well as he could, and when the king finally flapped his wings twice, beckoned to the guard and returned to the palace, the yellow butterfly breathed with relief.

Another moment and the dances had begun. Happily the yellow butterfly danced in the shimmering air, faster, lighter than any of the others. So lovely was he in his flight that the green butterflies began to wonder,



as they looked in envy after his beautiful body, who this delightful creature was that had never been seen before and that danced in such perfect angles.

Yet by noon time, when the sun stood high, becoming hotter and hotter, the chopped leaves began to dry on the butterfly's wings, and, falling off, revealed spots of yellow. Still the butterfly noticed nothing and kept on dancing merrily. Bigger and bigger became the spots of yellow on his wings, and soon the crowd saw that the lovely dancer they had so admired was a yellow butterfly.

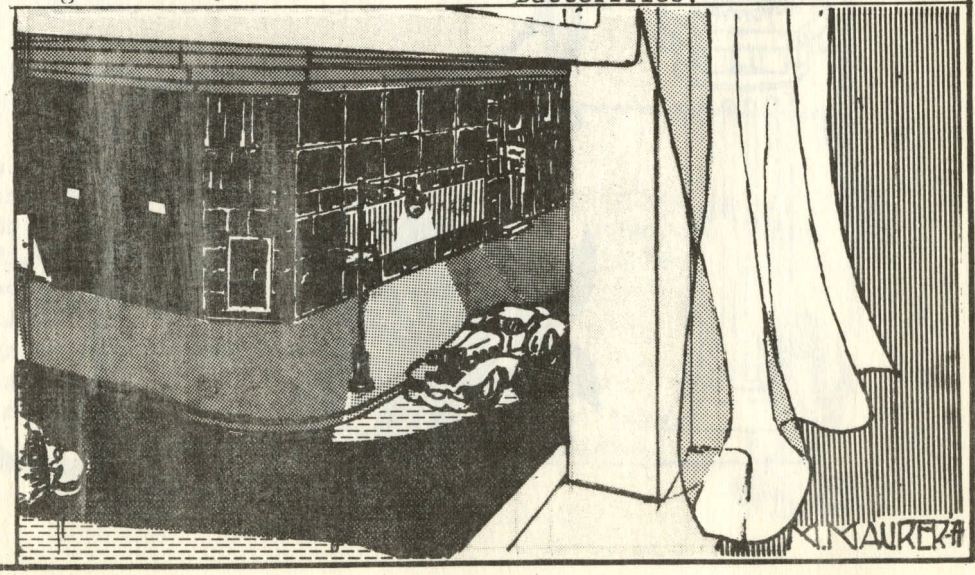
A wild fury possessed them when they saw they had been duped and as though by one command they swarmed round the guilty creature which was still dancing in the sun. Another moment, and its torn fragments lay scattered at

the foot of the palm; yet the rage of the crowd had far from subsided. From flower to flower they flew, and bringing forth each yellow butterfly they found, tore him to pieces. The king and the guard who had been summoned tried to stop the crowd but, seeing that they were quite powerless, soon gave up and joined the masses.

All day long they destroyed the yellow butterflies. Then, night came, and suddenly they could no longer tell between the green and the yellow, and each attacked his neighbor, thinking he too might be yellow.

Towards dawn, the meadow was scattered with thousands and thousands of bodies, and there were neither yellow butterflies nor green butterflies left. Only the morning breeze played with yellow-green powders that stifled the grass and flowers till they wilted in the dust, and the palm tree, deserted, slowly died away.

And thus, says the legend, Lunangula is waste land now, but it's still to this day called the Land of Green Butterflies.



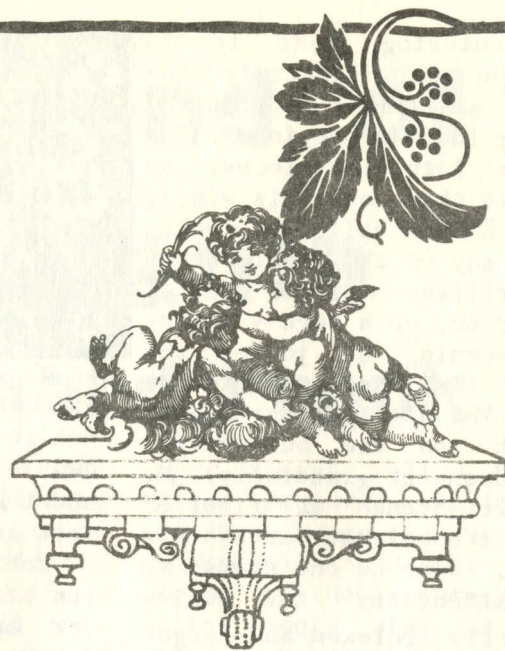


Cool Waters

Come, sweet mermaid-  
 Take me, to where cool waters  
 Bathe a feverish brow  
 Burning with idyllic thoughts,  
 Like a fuse-box, with overloaded circuits,  
 About to smolder-  
 Unable to release pent-up energies  
 That must be carried  
 By the imposition of an outside world.

Take my hand and guide me,  
 For I am weary, and the way is unclear  
 To a fogged mind-  
 Filled with incomplete truths  
 And countless decisions to be made.

- a friend.



A SMILING WOMAN

The face of a smiling woman  
 Beams gently 'cross the room-  
 Soft as candlelight at evening time,  
 Warm as the rays of a log-burning fireplace.

The twinkle in her eyes draws me near  
 As crackling logs draws a handwarmer on a  
 cold day.

Eyes meet  
 Thought subsides  
 As two bodies nestle  
 in a moment of tranquility



THE TWELTH STEP

Silent gestures  
 becoming so hard to linger on.  
 without a trace  
 without a doubt  
 paper holes  
 this time  
 many years ago  
 I know the same name  
 can take over...

--- Gary K. Carman

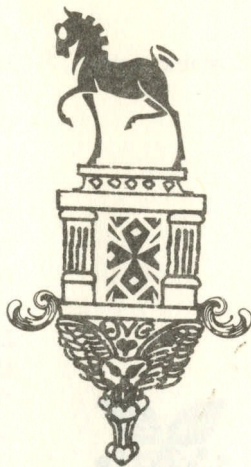




I found before me  
 An age of hell  
 Man has never seen  
 Dreams and schemes  
 Beasts in flight  
 Above my mind's image  
 In a private hell  
 While still a child  
 In demand of an audience  
 But cartoon faces  
 All too real  
 Took away  
 Beasts that fly  
 And the magic died  
 As I cried  
 And  
 Named the tragedy  
 Humanity

by

Rusty Schlessinger



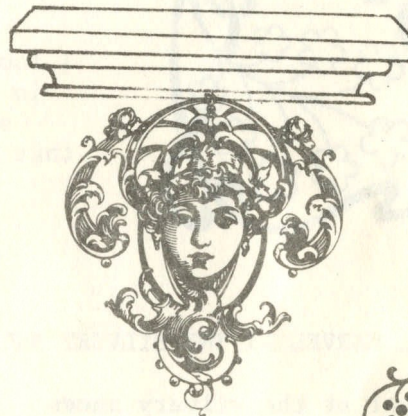
TO CHARLENE

Hold me  
 hold me tightly  
 my love  
 Then release me  
 Let your love  
 hover about me  
 your precious  
 wholesome  
 divine  
 enlightening  
 love

- Dorrie Forbes

the roses I've still got  
 the blissful morning of our awakening  
 shared laughter yet silent screams  
 growing together-- living each fury  
 and madness  
 we had to grow apart-- live the other world  
 we gave all of ourselves  
 and that wasn't quite enough---

--- Gary K. Carman



NO END

Moment to moment my love for you grows,  
 Like drops of water that expand an ocean,  
 Like seconds that expand a life.  
 There is no recalling

There is no end

--- Jay Comintius





## DYING INNOCENCE

You lie there in your innocence, Beloved.  
 My eyes grow moist, remembering.  
 You look but twenty,  
     full of hopes and dreams.  
 Little crowsfeet mark the corners of your eyes.  
 You yawn and stir.  
 Then crashes in reality and death.  
 Goodbye, my sweet one.  
 May the angels love you more for  
     the love we once shared.

--- Jay Comintius



I look at myself  
 in the mirror a lot  
 smiling the smile  
 that says hello to you

--- Dorrie Forbes

## I MARVEL AT THE SILVERY SHEEN

I marvel at the silvery sheen  
 Of Mark Twain's meandering Mississippi  
 Sliding under the nose of our river outpost  
 Rippled reflections thrown from May's late sun  
 Into your slender body stretched out  
 Below my concrete stillness  
 The currents of your destiny  
 Nibble at my concentrated gaze  
 At distant barges pushing hard  
 In their tow against the river's grain  
 The scars of your rain clouds  
 Dash out claps of cautious rumblings  
 Across my horizon, testing my terrain  
 As I marvel at the silvery sheen  
 Of your stormy soul meandering before me

- Rod

## PRISM

You sparkle caution,  
 A precise prism  
 Refracting untraceable eyes  
 Down the dawn  
 Of my dark curiosity.  
 Like an instinctual moth  
 I hover around the aura  
 Of your mysterious smile  
 Enchanted by the colors  
 Of your kaleidoscopic revelations.  
 Your fluid complexities fly before me  
 Like vanishing wisps of day dreams  
 Worshipping the inner sanctum  
 Of your restless mission.  
 I grasp  
 Only fragmented facets  
 Of your unmapped geography  
     YET I PERSIST,  
 A greenhorn miner  
 Staking out dubious claims on  
 Feelings,

your  
 rarely  
 relinquished  
 jewels.

-Rod

Like grandmother's fine crystal  
 I know that you'll crack  
     if I'm not gentle  
 So clinging adoringly  
 I'll fill you  
     with precious love  
 and cherishing  
 I'll spill not  
 only appreciate all that you pour-

---- Dorrie Forbes

