

Go in: Round the Roses with Aunt Sally

Dear Aunt Sally:

Last week I saw this awfully cute boy at an SHL meeting. I'd like to get to know him, but I'm very shy. Aunt Sally, what can I say to him?
Timid.

Dear Timid:

"My place or your place" will be superfluous and lead to any amount of nasty complications.

Dear Aunt Sally:

My parents are coming up to visit next weekend and I want to introduce them to the guy I'm living with. What would you suggest I call him, my husband or my lover?

Undecided.

Dear Undecided:

Your mother probably had a husband.

Woman in bad French novels had lovers.

Gay boys have tricks and that's all they have. If your chintzy little love nest lasts through the summer, you'll be damned lucky--so don't go running out to buy china, silver, and matched towels. You'll only have to shlep it with you when you break up in September.

Dear Suintie Sal:

After last week's SHL meeting I tricked with this really groovy Harvard boy. We spent the whole weekend together, but now he won't even talk to me. I've already changed my toothpaste, mouthwash, hairspray, deodorant, and cologne, but he still hangs up whenever I phone. Aunt Sally, what am I doing wrong?

Heartbroke.

Dear Heartbroke:

I don't understand your problem. He fucked you, didn't he? What the hell else do you want? This isn't Little Women and you aren't Katherine Hepburn, and the sooner more gays realized that the only way their prince is going to come is up their ass or into their mouth the less hassle they'll make for themselves and everyone else.

Lately a certain SHL member has been making a lot of noise by criticizing you beloved Boston gay institutions in public print. Aunt Sally has a thing or three to say to this number.

For the gay swinger, the bars and the baths are the grooviest places going. Where else can a stud have sex, sex, sex without hassling over any messy emotional hangups? Admit it guys, nothing is more tacky than getting sentimental and sloppy over an old trick, and at the bars and baths you know you're never gonna want to see your number again once you've finished having him.

At SHL meetings all anyone ever does is talk, talk, talk and listen to those really thrilling officer's announcements. Who needs it? At a bar you cut all this talk shit and get right to what the guys really want--meat. And the baths are even better, you can do your number there and then cut the hassle of throwing it out of your pad when it asks to spend the night.

So listen you noisy number, next time you feel like opening your big mouth, put a piece of meat into it.

Aunt Sally gives straight answers to gay hang-ups. So come on round the roses and send your questions to Aunt Sally, c/o SHL Liberation News.

TO DANCE

We are people.

At MIT we're dangerous psychopaths. At Harvard, who knows? At BU, we are people. Not perverts, inverters, names, numbers, bodies. People.

The BU administration has given its approval for the holding of gay dances.

Again BU's administration has set a precedent. It was the first Boston school to allow and approve a homophile club, the first to allow public meetings of homosexuals. And now it is the first Boston university to allow a gay dance.

BU's administration has agreed to allow BUHC to sponsor gay dances, on university property. (Other college groups, in New York, Michigan, etc., have held dances, but usually off

campus; BUHC's dance will probably be one of the first gay dances held on a college campus.)

A few months ago the administration would not have approved a gay dance. After eight months on contact with gays, by allowing BUHC-SHL social meetings, by seeing what student homosexuals are: not freaks, but people--the administration has realized that gays have just as much right to hold a dance as any group of college straights.

BUHC members, constantly in contact, with BU's psychiatrists, counselors, and deans, have shown by their arguments and by their persons that gays are an unfairly discriminated minority.

Because on members' consulting with BU officials, the mayor's office, the Cardinal's office, etc., there will be a dance.