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# The Brass Rail

HOME OF THE TRADESMEN

**FRIDAY, DEC. 5**

The Tradesmen sponsor Sweet Charity Night  
Bring A Gift Or Canned Food  
For The Tradesmen's Group Of Charities

**MONDAYS**

All The Canned Beer You Want At 75¢/Can  
Schnapps \$1.50 All Night

**TUESDAYS**

Free Pool ■ \$1.50 Schnapps ■ 90¢ Bottled Beer

**WEDNESDAYS**

Pool Tournament: \$20 Bar Tab To Winner  
Schnapps \$1.50 All Night

**THURSDAYS**

All The Canned Beer You Want At 75¢/Can  
Schnapps \$1.50 All Night!

**FRIDAYS**

Leather Night ■ Schnapps \$1.50 All Night

**SATURDAYS**

Schnapps \$1.50 All Night

**SUNDAYS**

All House Drinks \$1.50

Mon-Sat 5-2:30 ■ Sun 1-2:30

Visit Club South After Hours At 1708 South Boulevard  
333-3859 ■ Open 24 Hours Every Day



Even the bartenders got into the spirit of the QCC Halloween Ball at Charades where camp drag was the order of the day for almost everyone.

## Grandmother's Story: Warm Fuzzies All Over

Reprinted from the newsletter of the Philadelphia chapter of Parents & Friends of Gay Men & Lesbians.

My 74-year-old mother was planning to visit for three weeks. Since she didn't know about her grandson's homosexuality or about our involvement in Parents & Friends of Gay Men & Lesbians, my wife and I decided to make everything as free as possible from raising the possibility that this visit would be the time of her enlightenment.

That meant writing to a few people to remove "Parents of Gays" from their mailing envelopes to our home (since we are both employed outside the home), not being able to answer the hotline, and telling a few folks that when they call we may not be able to talk freely. It also meant boxing up all the materials — books, pamphlets and newsletters — that clutter my study.

We went to this extent not because we are ashamed of our son or unwilling to discuss the matter with my mother, but because we had promised Michael that this topic with family members was to be raised at his initiative and on his terms. In fact, during the past 4½ years, there have been numerous times I've wanted to be more open and honest with my mother. On the one hand, I had the feeling that she would understand, that her love for her grandson and our family could sustain her through any family crisis.

But — to be perfectly honest — there was that nagging doubt: What if she finds out and rejects our wonderful son? Over the years, then, our visits with her have always created for me this mental game of ping-pong.

Before Mother's arrival, I said to my wife, "There's one letter addressed to Parents of Gays that comes into the house two or three times a year that I can't change. The Internal Revenue Service will not send their tax exemption correspondence to a post office box; they send it only to a person's home. We'll just have to take that chance. If it comes in and she asks about it, we'll tell the truth and take it from there."

Things went well for two weeks. My anxiety level reduced with each passing day.

One day I came home from work to find the mail stacked on the kitchen counter — and the IRS letter was on top. My heart raced.

From the living room I heard, "Tom, there's a letter that came in today that raises questions. Will you tell me about it and tell me the truth?"

Her tone was soft, yet firm; one that I have known for almost 50 years.

"Well, Mother," I said, "Sue and I are members of a wonderful group of parents who love and support their homosexual children. You have a gay grandson."

I sat down and we talked for about

two hours. It was evident that she was willing to try to understand. She asked many questions. I had so much to tell her that at times it just poured out. We agreed that in the remaining week of her visit she'd do some reading and we'd do more talking together. All this was so new to her.

As we talked, I began to realize that she hadn't said that she still loved her grandson. (I've always expected too much too soon from my parents.) I needed to hear those words now. When they didn't come fast enough, I began to choke up.

With tears in my eyes, I blurted out, "Mother, it will be like putting a knife in my heart if you reject Michael. We love him so much."

She reached over to hold my hand and assured me that she would never turn her back on him.

A little later we went to pick up Sue from work. Shortly after she got into the car, I told her that the IRS letter had arrived that afternoon.

There was silence. "It's alright," Mother said. "There's no tragedy where there is love."

## Atlantan Sells Mail-Order Disco Mixes

A new Atlanta business is offering disco mixes on tape by mail order.

Tommy's Tunes sends members tapes mixed by Tom Johnson, former owner of T's & Things, an import record shop which served many gay club deejays in the Southeast. Johnson was former deejay at Weekend's Warehouse in Atlanta.

The company's brochure calls the tapes "perfect for parties or a pick-me-up" with all selections recorded on high bias 90-minute cassettes.

Charter membership — limited to 75, according to the brochure — is \$20. Members and others on the mailing list receive a monthly menu of current tapes and a quarterly announcement about specialty formats including "Dance Classics" and "Dancing in the Sheets."

Club members pay \$25 for the first selection and \$15 for additional selections offered that same month.

The first club announcement detailed the cuts on each of four tapes: "Hi-NRG," "Sleaze," "EuroBeat," and "Combinii." In addition, the five-tape set of Johnson's Labor Day appearance at Fire Island's Pavilion was offered for \$75 (non-members, \$150).

Interested? Write for brochure and announcement to Tommy's Tunes, 1029 Peachtree St. NE, Suite 179, Atlanta, Ga. 30309.