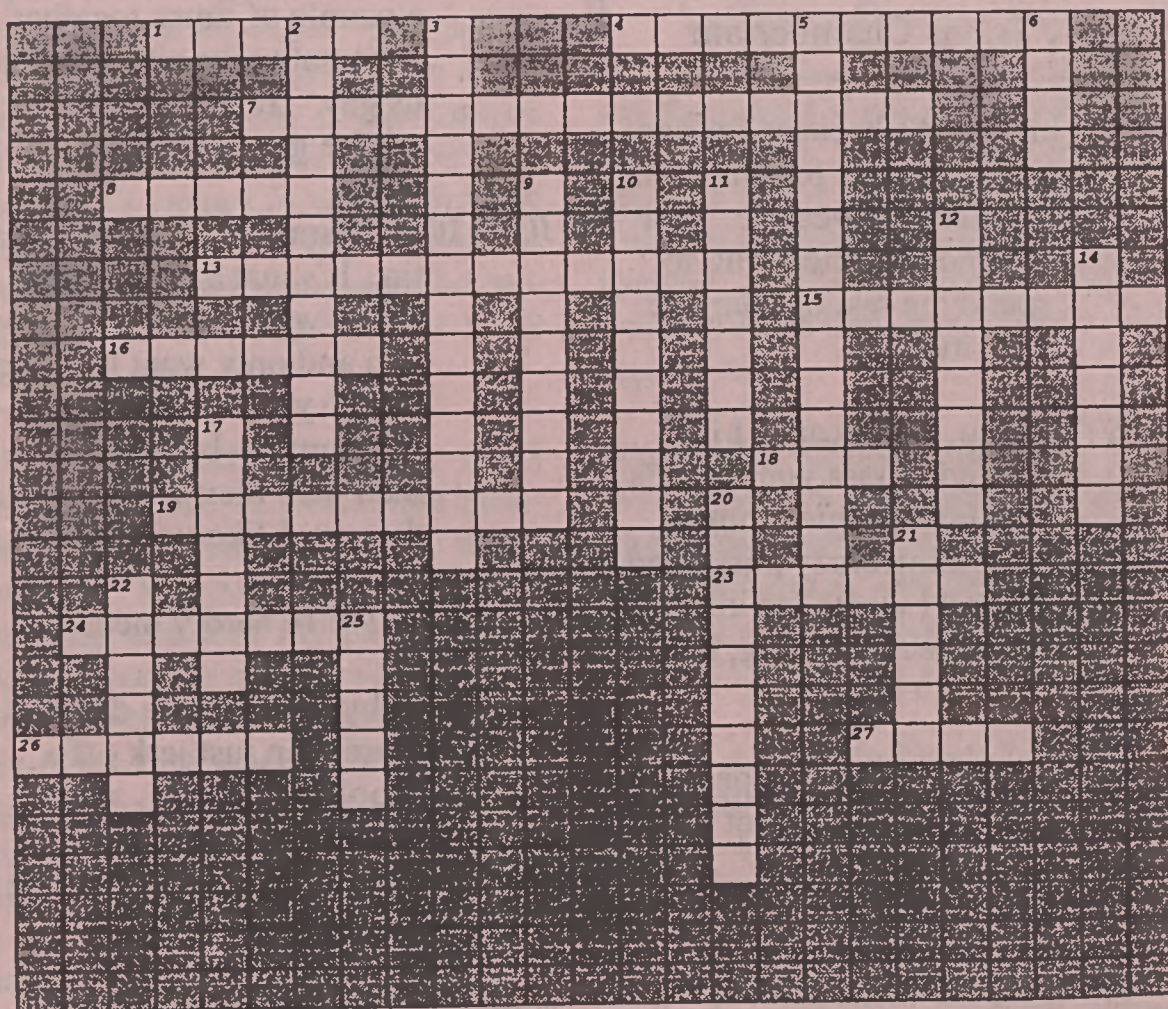


Big Gay Crossword

by HC and KC

Down

2. an older man who prefers chicken
3. another way of describing a top and a bottom
5. FOD
6. term used for lesbians
9. a queen who enjoys, and maybe earns a living, doing drag
10. BOG
11. a heterosexual
12. a queen in the making
14. flamboyantly effeminate, busy
17. a younger gay man, usually slender and smooth
20. an older man of means who supports a younger man of motives
21. symbol of the Gay Rights Movement since 1970, also the name of B-GLAD's newsjournal
22. in bed, one who believes that it is better to receive than to give
25. an unattractive older gay man

Across

1. masculine
4. close gay friend, often used as a form of address
7. female homosexual that dresses femininely and wears makeup
8. someone you end the evening with, but did not start the evening with
13. a symbol of the Gay Rights Movement
15. a fag hag
16. a straight woman who spends a lot of time with gay men
18. in bed, one who believes it is better to give than to receive
19. a gay man who emphasizes mass over motion
23. the instinctual ability to ascertain that another guy is gay even in the absence of tell tale signs
24. to come to terms with and accept the fact that you are gay
26. place person is said to be if they are not open about their sexuality
27. exaggerated gestures, styles, and emotions that are humorous

Most of the terms used in this crossword were taken from *The Unofficial Gay Manual*. The terms used are not necessarily representative of the authors' thoughts or word choices.

Iguana

by Naree Sinthasek

*Surrounded by the shallow walls, an eye
Stares out, pale hazel glinting towards the night
Where shadows fall crookedly backwards, this,
My clumsy face, so weak and soft a kiss
Could crumple it. Like worn out, broken leaves,
The patient breathing of this monster heaves
Wayward tunes, floating briskly, rasping clear
As old men's hands, which beg the warmth draw near;
Reverses his stance, thumps awkwardly far,
The rhythm of an eager jig still marred
By vast and dusty sheets of skin, once tight,
Which fly and fall, to rot beneath his height.
He winks in time to loud incessant sounds,
The sounds of heartbeats, full and round, surround
The light that is his cage. he leaves the corners
Untouched and naked. These tattered mourners
Of rope, frayed and sagging, so long embraced
By tiny hands will fall like other waste,
Like skin, like glances meant for windows who,
In their bright clarity, exposed green, blue,
And brown, reflections of my own tired eyes
Which hunt for other gloamings in this night.*