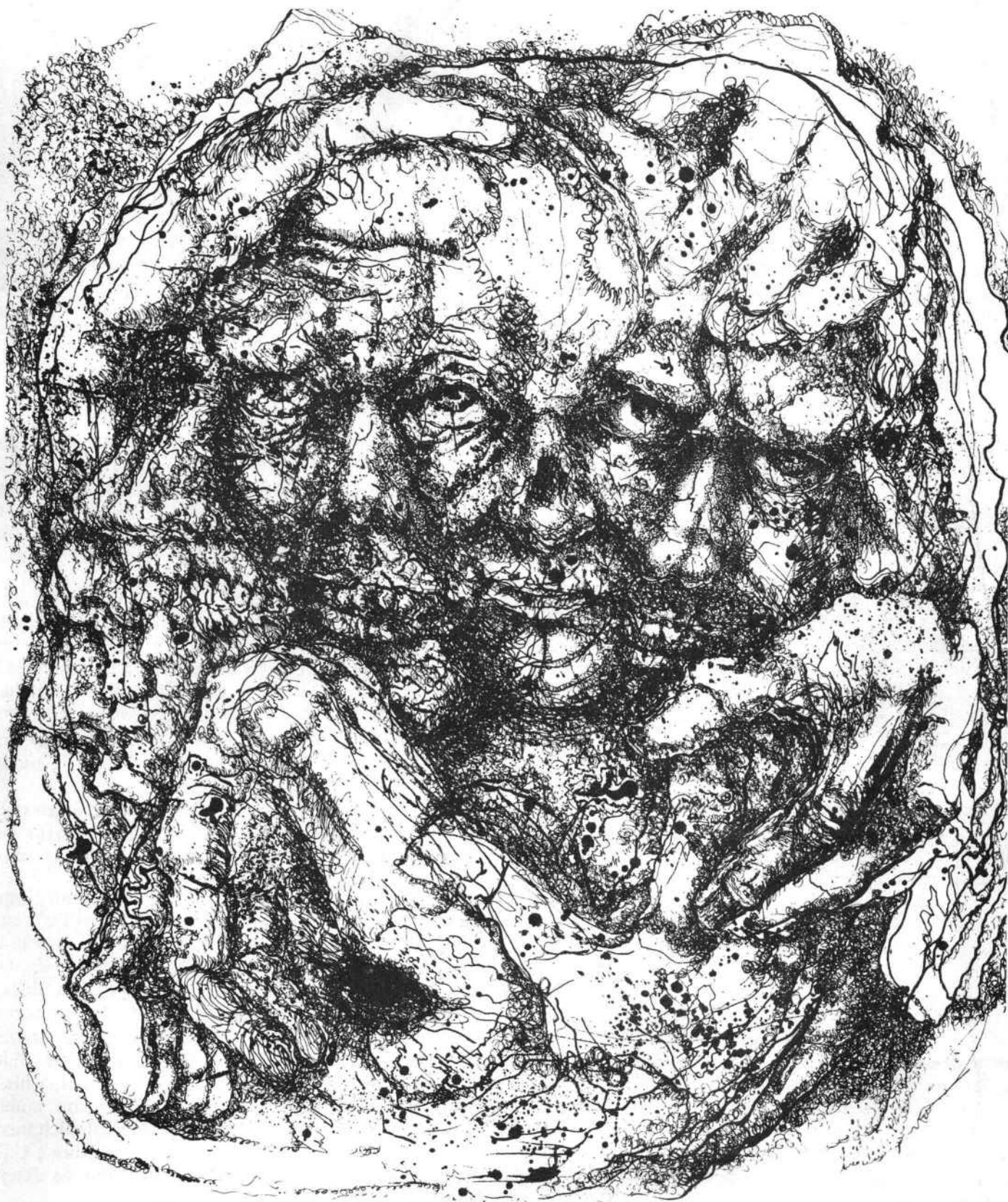


May 1975

GPU NEWS 50¢

VOL. 4, NO. 7



"SOCIAL MAN"

ONE OF CHICAGO BANQUET

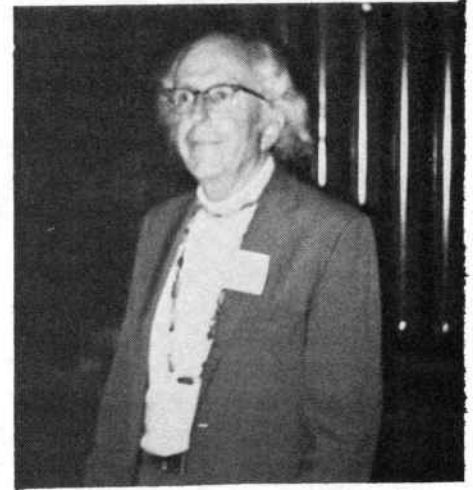
Chicago - About 250 persons attended the 11th annual banquet of One of Chicago, Inc., held this year at the Como Inn on April 12. The invocation was given by the Rev. Kenneth Martin, pastor of Chicago's Metropolitan Community Church.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. Joseph L. Norton of the National Gay Task Force. Dr. Norton spoke of the joys of being an open, out-front gay. Dr. Norton, 56, did not come out until he was 51 and says that he is now "making up for lost time." After sharing many delightful personal experiences, he recommended that everyone take a few steps toward being an open gay.

Dr. Franklin Kameny of Washington, D.C., last year's feature speaker, was able to attend this year's banquet and was asked to give a few words about what is happening on a national level in Washington. Dr. Kameny has just been appointed to a position as a member of the D.C. Mayor's Commission



Ms. Valerie Taylor



Dr. Joseph L. Norton

GPU NEWS photos

on Human Rights (see article elsewhere in this issue). Dr. Kameny pledged that as commissioner he would see that everyone, gay or straight, would get a fair hearing.

The Paul R. Goldman award, given each year for meritorious service to the gay community, was presented to Ms. Valerie Taylor,

lesbian author and speaker. The presentation marked the first time the award has been presented to a woman and Ms. Taylor modestly accepted it "on behalf of all lesbians." She received a standing ovation as she urged gay women and men to work together "for our rights as human beings."

MORE GAY WEDDINGS

Boulder, Colo. - Two female and four male couples have successfully obtained wedding licenses from Boulder Colorado's County Clerk, Clela Rorex, in the last few weeks. Ms. Rorex simply crossed off the words "female" and "male" on the application and substituted the word "person." She said that she issued the licenses after getting a favorable opinion from William C. Wise, the county's assistant district attorney.

Others, including J. D. MacFarlane, the Colorado Attorney General, have disagreed with the decision of Mr. Wise, saying that a valid marriage can occur only between a man and a woman. However, Mr. MacFarlane said he is not planning a court challenge to the licenses already issued.

Homophobic citizens of Boulder are fuming and planning to attempt a vote to recall Ms. Rorex from of-

fice. Last year the city successfully recalled a councilman and nearly recalled its mayor over their advocacy of an equal rights law for homosexuals. Ms. Rorex says that according to law she can't be recalled for six months and that she doesn't really care.

"I don't profess to be knowledgeable about homosexuality or even understand it," she said. "But it's not my business why people get married. No minority group should be discriminated against."

Both Rorex and Wise have received a barrage of obscene telephone calls and one cowboy arrived at the County Clerk's office with a request to marry his favorite horse. The request was denied on the ground that the 8-year-old mare was underage.

Meanwhile Boulder has become a mini-Nevada for gay couples seeking to be married. The most recent

wedding took place at the First Unitarian Church of Denver on April 18. Anthony Sullivan, 33, of Australia and Richard F. Adams, 28, of Los Angeles exchanged vows before the Rev. Robert Sirico of the Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles.

After the ceremony, Sullivan said that the psychological benefits of their union were "absolutely phenomenal."

National experts in family law expect that the validity of the marriages will be challenged as was a recent same-sex marriage in Phoenix, Arizona. The Arizona wedding was declared void in the courts. However, gay rights counsel argues that such licenses are defensible under the 14th amendment, which guarantees equal protection under the law. The outcome of such marriages may ultimately require a U.S. Supreme Court Decision to determine their legality.

MIDWEST GAY PRIDE CONFERENCE

Iowa City, Ia. - The second annual Midwest Gay Pride Conference, sponsored by The University of Iowa Gay Liberation Front, was held here April 11 - 13.

Some 400 people from 20 states representing 30 different gay groups, heard the keynote speaker, Tommi of Philadelphia's **Radical Queens** explore the conference theme of "Alternative Lifestyles." He spoke on "The Sexual Politics of Manhood," asking his audience to unite against the common enemy -sexism. He drew applause when he said that "effemophobia--what our fathers are suffering from--has made effeminate males and transvestites an oppressed minority within a minority."

Each of the 30 groups presented a report containing the group's philosophy and current work projects. The groups ranged from feminist separatist to co-sexual and from small radical groups to large liberal groups.

The second day of the conference was devoted to workshops on the following topics: Bisexuality, Coming Out, Health Care, Handicapped Gays, Use of Media, Body Awareness, Growing Old Gayly, and Non-separatist Lesbian Feminism. Women's workshops were separatist, being neither announced to nor open to males. Several non-scheduled workshops also emerged: Marxism, Gay AAs, Gay Studies and Transexuality and Gender.

Professor Louis Crompton of the University of Nebraska delivered an illustrated address titled "Gay Genocide: From Leviticus to Hitler." Originally presented by Dr. Crompton at the National Gay Academic Union's annual conference in New York last fall, the address documented the "deliberate, systematic measures towards extermination" of gays throughout history. Every case of terror and murder was carefully documented.

Brian McNaught, president of **Dignity/Detroit**, then addressed the

conference stating bluntly that "the church today is the strongest foe of the gay movement." Recently elected as **Dignity's** new National Chairman of Social Action, McNaught says he intends to stay in the church and fight to change the church's position on homosexuality. He announced that **Dignity** plans to confront a Holy Year meeting of Bishops in Washington, D.C. next November 16 through 21.

Saturday evening, Rita Mae Brown, author of **Rubyfruit Jungle** and other books, issued a call in her address for gay art to be a rising star and force in the movement. In a brief question and answer period, she also suggested "reformist tactics for revolutionary ends," and told gay males to "reclaim the femi-

nine in themselves to become feminists, at the same time realizing that a male-female buffer zone may be needed." Then she read several of her short personal-political poems and a selection from her novel. A balloon festooned disco-dance followed Ms. Brown's address and a separate all-women's dance was held elsewhere.

On Sunday Metropolitan Community Church offered a worship service and a brunch and the group convened again to see Andy Warhol's **Women in Revolt** and the more recent film, **A Very Natural Thing**. (For a review of the latter, see GPU NEWS, December 1974.)

Another Midwest Gay Pride Conference is scheduled for next spring.

ENTERTAINER AWARDS



Milwaukee - The annual Gay Academy Awards presentation was held April 6 at the Marquee Show Lounge of the Factory Bar. The nominees, performers who had appeared on stage during the past year as entertainers in the gay establishments, had previously appeared in a performance on March 9, each giving a performance of the routine for which they were nominated.

The winners in each category were: Newcomer of the Year: Brad; Comedy: Along Came Jones skit; Dramatic: Mama Rae for "Somewhere"; Best Duet or Trio:

GPU NEWS photo

Mel, Ron and Jerry for "Spanish Dancers"; Best Male Image: Mike for "What Kind of Fool Am I"; Best Female Image: **Mama Rae** for "Best Thing That Happened"; Best Production Number: "Spanish Dancers"; Best Production Show: "Hair"; Best Director: Tiger Rose for "Hair" and Entertainer of the Year: Tiger Rose. Special awards were given to Kenisha and P. T. Vail for Technical Crew and a special award was given to the Poynter Sisters for Most Outstanding Act of 1974.

ACTIVIST APPOINTED TO D.C. HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION

Washington, D.C. - On March 25, in a precedent-setting step, Mayor Walter E. Washington of Washington, D.C., announced the appointment of Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, a well-known gay activist, to a position as a member of the D.C. Commission on Human Rights. The appointment represents the successful culmination of a vigorous effort by the **Gay Activists Alliance of Washington** to have an openly gay person appointed to the Human Rights Commission.

The 15-member Human Rights Commission was established by Mayor Washington in 1971 to replace a previous human rights body. It receives complaints, holds hearings and issues orders relating to the District's comprehensive human rights law. The Commission also holds hearings and makes recommendations for additional legislation or actions needed in the field of human rights. Dr. Kameny's appointment is for three years.

The swearing in ceremony on March 28 at the Mayor's office was attended by government officials, members of the GAA, the MCC and Dr. Kameny's family. Dr. Kameny said that "with the full force of government and law" at his command, he intended, and expected to be able, to continue the fight far

Madison Rights Bill

Madison, Wis. - Without even a question, the 22-member City Council enacted a sweeping revision of Madison's Equal Opportunity Ordinance. Besides gays, the law protects transvestites and transsexuals from discrimination in housing, employment, public accommodations, public facilities and credit. There will be a \$500 maximum fine for discriminating in this city on the basis of age, handicap, marital status, economic status, physical appearance, political beliefs, student status or sexual orientation.



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny and Mayor Walter E. Washington

more effectively and vigorously, and to be able to take initiatives not heretofore available to him.

The effect of his appointment became apparent the next day at the City Council hearings on the police department budget. During a discussion of the department's anti-gay entrapment activities and employment practices, one of the Councilpeople pointed out to D.C. Police Chief Cullinane, that the Mayor's appointment of Kameny as a commissioner symbolized the change in attitudes of the community and government towards homosexuals and indicated that the police department had better be prepared to follow suit. Kameny later pointed out that he intended to see to it that the police department upheld the law prohibiting employment discrimination against gays by any agency, including the police department.

Dr. Kameny will continue to serve as president of **Mattachine Society of Washington** and continue his activities with **Gay Activists Alliance of Washington**, **The National Gay Task Force** and **The American Civil Liberties Union**.

NEW GAY HOTLINE

Oshkosh - A Gay Hotline has been established here by the **Fox Valley Gay Alliance (FVGA)**.

The hotline began operating in March. Hours are limited to evenings and weekends, but an answering and recording device donated by an FVGA member enables callers at any hour to leave a message or to obtain call-back information.

The hotline allows local calls for Oshkosh area residents only at (414) 233-2948. Gay rap and information, limited counseling, and information about the Fox Valley Gay Alliance is available to callers.

A similar operation for the Appleton-Neenah-Menasha area has been thwarted, at least temporarily. The FVGA had made arrangements with an Appleton helpline to have gay-related calls referred to an FVGA phone number in Appleton. The plan fell through, however, when helpline directors refused to allow the FVGA to advertise the gay referral service with the helpline's name and phone number included.

Gay Alliance officials are now watching progress of the Oshkosh Gay Hotline before proceeding with further plans for the Appleton area.

The hotline is part of a new outreach emphasis being undertaken by the FVGA. Another phase is the massive mailing of information about the Alliance's speakers bureau. The information is being sent to all organizations, university departments and clubs, and high schools in the Fox Valley. The speakers bureau has existed within the FVGA for more than a year, but to date there have been only occasional requests for the service.

The Executive Committee of FVGA has also started planning for sexual identity counseling and monthly gay rap sessions for members and the public.

The FVGA address is P. O. Box 332, Menasha, Wisconsin 54952.



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REVIEW

We'll Do It Ourselves: Combatting Sexism in Education. Edited by David Rosen, Steve Werner, and Barbara Yates. Lincoln (Nebraska): Study Commission on Undergraduate Education and the Education of Teachers, 1974. PP. xvi 321, paper binding. Available from The Nebraska Curriculum Development Center, Andrews Hall, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68508

by Lee C. Rice, Ph.D.

The roles which are played by women and men in relation to one another within colleges and secondary schools may be the principal "education" which children and college students receive on the exercise of power within our society. It is perhaps one of the greatest failures of American higher education in our days that academe pre-

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If you want counseling about a homosexual problem or would like to have a speaker on the subject for your group, contact us at the above address or telephone 271-5273.

Yours in Liberation,
THE PUBLICATION
COMMITTEE

sents no counter image of the "role of women" significantly different from that proffered by industry, the media, or even the military. Sexist discrimination within academe is not so much a matter of conscious decision as it is the result of the integral place which the American undergraduate institutions and secondary schools play within the existing social order. And what Noam Chomsky once called the serious moral need for radical social inquiry within higher education has been virtually ignored by even the most "liberal" of institutions. Changes are occurring, however; though, like all change in academe, they are slow in pace and piecemeal in approach. Recent federal legislation, with the prospect of more to come, may generate further impetus toward change. At this time, in education the non-gay male reigns supreme: schools and colleges are established to train him for the power and wealth to which he has been programmed to aspire. In the classroom, as throughout society, he gains his privilege at the expense of women and gay persons.

The essays which make up this collection document well the oppression experienced by women and gays; and, more importantly, they attempt to describe ways in which an alternative future may be built. The concept that women and gays must "do it themselves" forms a central theme running through all essays. In "Channelling" Walt Senterfitt describes the process whereby sex roles are developed and the means by which these roles are integrated into education to limit the lives of women and gays. There follow two essays which offer graphic depictions of the interrelationship between racism and sexism: "The Portrayal of Women in Children's Books on Puerto Rican Themes," by Dolores Prida et al., and "A Question of Survival: The Predicament of Black Women," by Dorothy Parrish. Barbara Yates offers

(continued on page 32)

FEEDBACK

Dear Staff,

Thank you for reminding me in such a pleasant way that I had allowed my subscription to expire. Enclosed is your renewal form and a check.

In the year past your publication has indeed improved. Would enjoy further gourmet recipes. Have found many tasty treats. Keep it up. More pictures?

Continue to grow. Best wishes for an even better issue. It's in your hands. And they seem capable.

In faith,
M. K.

Dear GPU NEWS,

We appreciate the good review of Michael Cohen's new record. I would like to clear up a couple of points.

Folkways Records was started in 1947. We keep all our records in print indefinitely, no matter how many copies they sell. So there won't be any problem getting Michael's record in the future.

Michael has no contract with Folkways, as we never sign artists to recording contracts. They record for Folkways because they want to, and we do not censor them, exploit them, or insist that they perform in any specific way.

Michael has been working on new songs for a half-year, and hopefully he will record them soon.

Finally, the correct price for Michael Cohen's record (No. FS 8582) is \$6.98. The correct address for Folkways Records is 43 West 61st St., New York, N.Y. 10023.

Thank you for publishing such a good magazine!

Sincerely,
Ron Norman

GPU PHONE

271-5273

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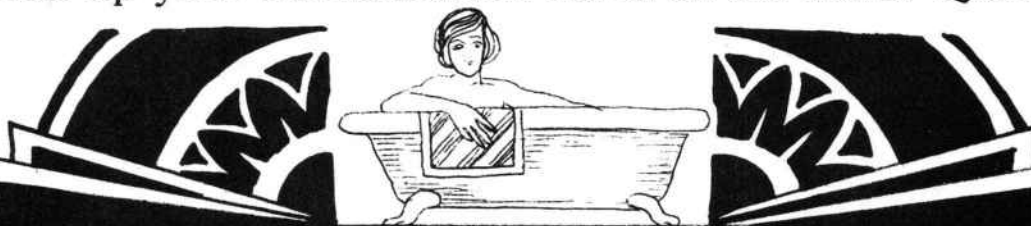
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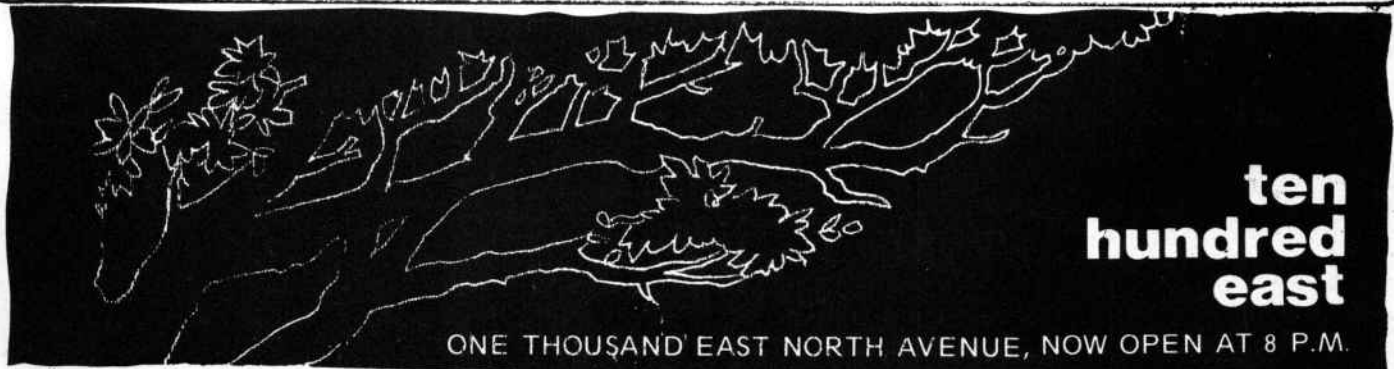


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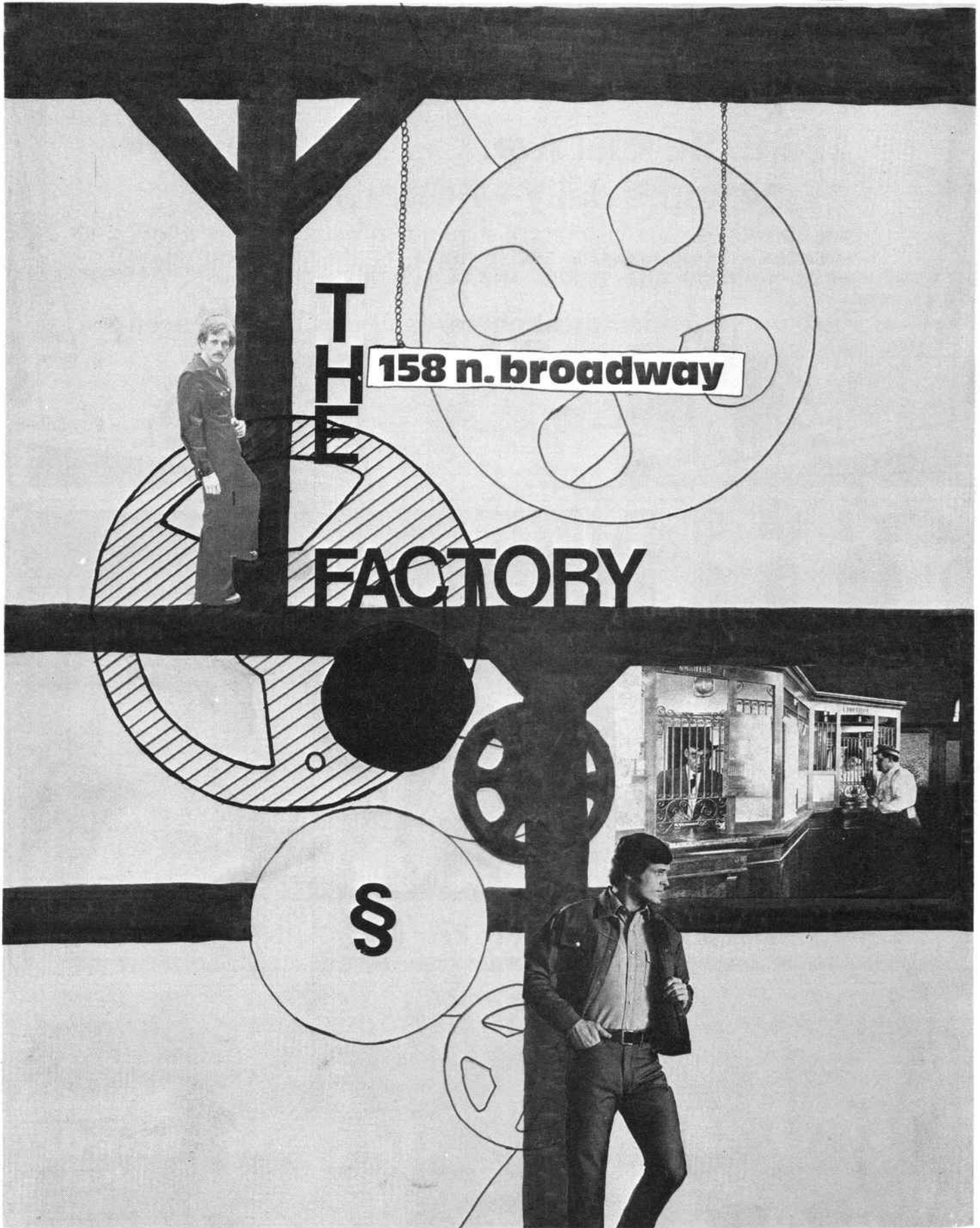
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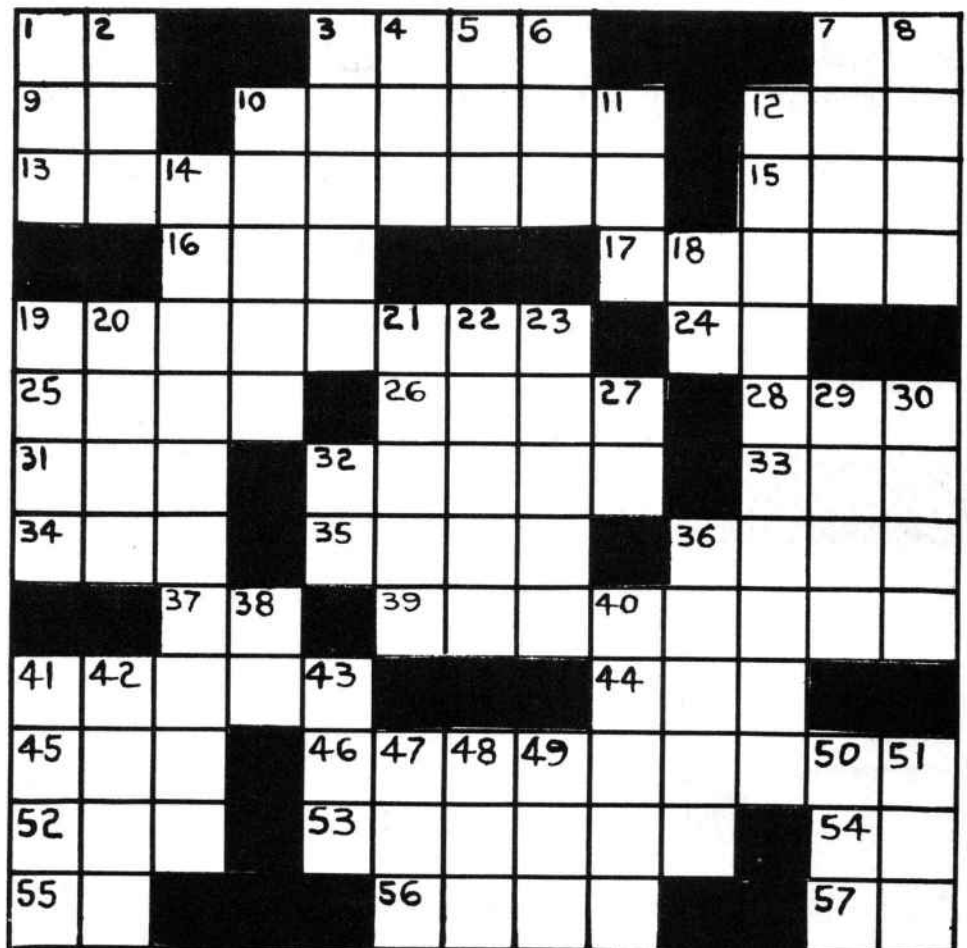
ACROSS

- 1) Railroad: abbr.
- 3) Tripoli measure
- 7) Verbal order: abbr.
- 9) In the meantime: Latin
- 10) --- County
- 12) Spanish hero
- 13) Film capital of the world
- 15) Conjunction
- 16) Palm leaf
- 17) Bargain events
- 19) Little Old Lady from ---
- 24) Hello for short
- 25) Exclamation for concern
- 26) Top condition
- 28) California fruit
- 31) Male nickname
- 32) Catches
- 33) Tahitian National God
- 34) Powder ---
- 35) Border
- 36) Dressed in high ---
- 37) Electrical engineer: abbr.
- 39) San --- Valley
- 41) Beverly ---
- 44) Comb. form for egg
- 45) Chem. comp. ending
- 46) City with a naval base near L.A.
- 52) --- Angeles, --- Alamos
- 53) Climbs
- 54) United Artists: abbr.
- 55) Low Latin: abbr.
- 56) Domesticated
- 57) Norse God of War

- 12) Land of fruits and nuts (--- or bust)
- 14) City of the Angels
- 18) Exclamation
- 19) Griffith ---
- 20) East Indian tree
- 21) C and D, ---, G and H
- 22) Without a time period
- 23) Rage or wrath
- 27) Einsteinium: abbr.
- 29) Biblical name
- 30) --- girls, and --- boys

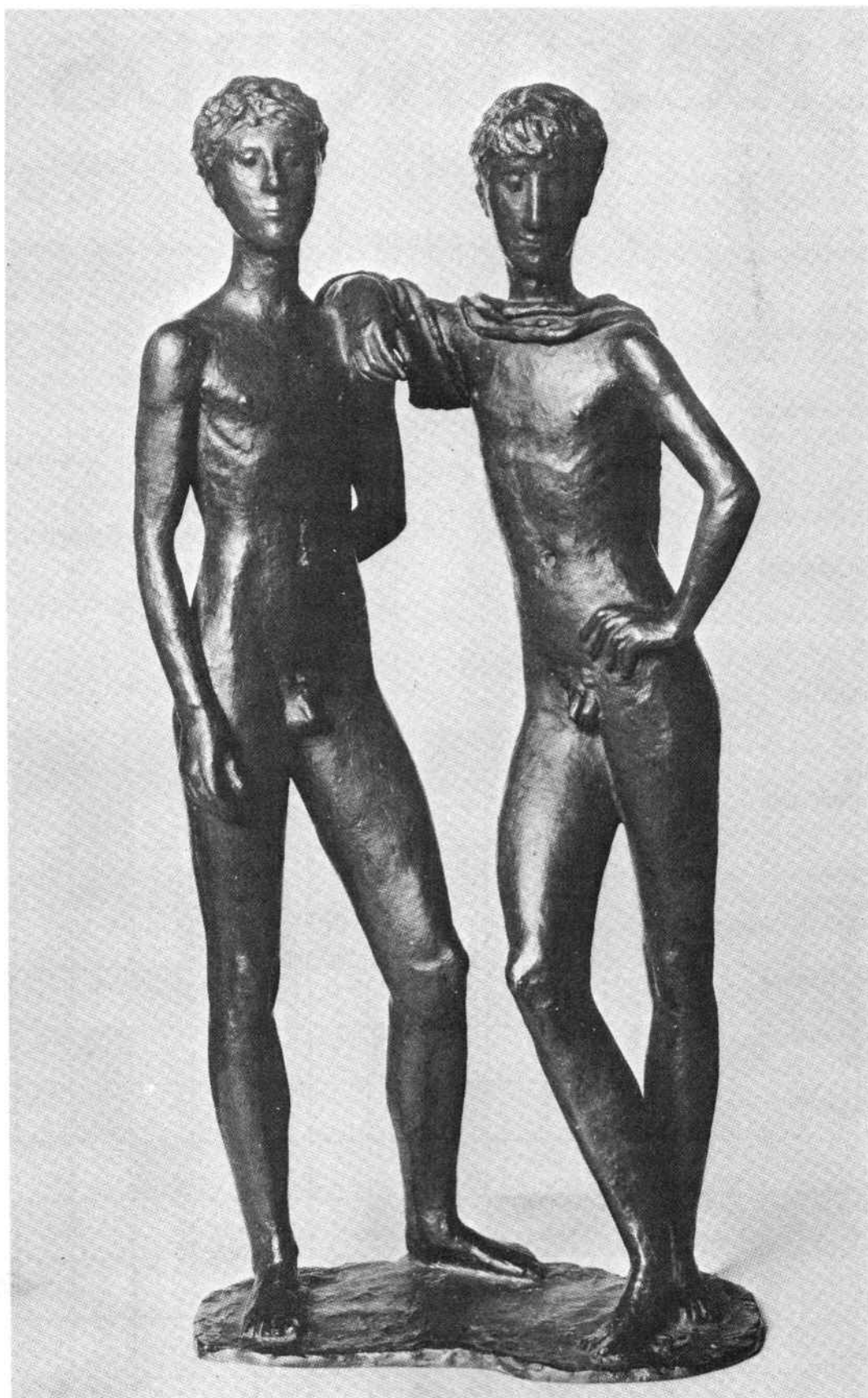
- 32) South East: abbr.
- 36) Male nickname: pl.
- 38) --- Segundo, --- Monte
- 40) Of high rank or birth
- 41) Signal --- (part of Los Angeles)
- 42) False god
- 43) Sea levels: pl.
- 47) Select
- 48) Teachers organization: abbr.
- 49) Precious stone
- 50) Sever
- 51) Make --- While the Sun Shines

Solution on page 29



DOWN

- 1) College cheer
- 2) Spanish River
- 3) Wood nymph
- 4) Not cooked
- 5) Tropical bird
- 6) Past
- 7) Hollywood and ---
- 8) Evens and ---
- 10) Earthenware jars
- 11) Editors: abbr.



MARCKS, GERHARD, 1889—, German. *Friends*, 1934
Bronze. *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

A Rap on the Bars & Cruising

by wayne jefferson

"... the bars. Everyone just standing around and standing around—it's like one eternal intermission. . . . All that cat-and-mouse business—you hang around staring at each other all night. . . ." (M. Crowley, The Boys in the Band)

Then there are the fantasy creeps. . . . They'd rather not get to know you too well. . . . (P. Brass, "Cruising: Games Male Chauvinists Play")

Sex. . . is both creative expression and communication: good when it is either, and better when it is both. (C. Wittman, "A Gay Manifesto")

"Can't we forget about all this mutual respect and meaningful relationship and just go ahead and ball?" (cartoon in Playboy)

It's not "what's new" in the old bar-and-cruising scene. It's the new and different approaches people have to this—this favorite hobby, obligatory ritual, or whatever it be. A dozen people wondered aloud together about this very topic recently. And, this being the age of, maybe Aquarius but certainly Watergate, we therefore have, hm, Evidence on those musings (tho of course with "phone numbers deleted"—alas).

People speak for themselves. Studs Terkel recently built his book **Working** from his skilfully-taped chat-sessions with folks. Its subtitle ran "people talk about what they do all day/ and how they feel about what they do." Clear enough. Consider the following a virtual transcript, then, of what actually transpired one evening recently when twelve gay men rapped informally about—in effect—what some of them do a bit of, some evenings—and, definitely, how they feel about what they do, about the downers and the delights both. It's intriguing—you don't have to be an ideological voyeur to pick up on the feelings of others in this area, or arena, of "the hunt" where we've all been. One can empathize ("aha, you too?!"), one can disagree ("get HIM"), one can learn, one can simply enjoy—besides, the topic of Sex itself raised its lovely, rugged head during the evening. . . .

—I'm always "cruising" in the sense of being aware of male bodies, but not always to act on it.

—Sometimes I recognize afterwards that it was a

cruising situation.

—Or that I maybe missed out on something nice by not moving on it, turning it into one. Sometimes you have to rev yourself up so fast, out of that little residue of inhibition.

—Or just out of unawareness, due to the double-life. That shifting-gears, off-and-on.

—I LIKE the bars. Coming in, I get a high, I feel I'm coming home among my own people.

—I feel proud to go in there with my lover. Whether that's flaunting or not!

—I DON'T like the bars. Too depressing; too many lonely faces. That macho bit—cold, hostile, why people run out of the bar in tears. They're rejected. Then uniformed cops come in and everything tightens up. But where else can you meet people?

—Yes, you have to be another person. Aloof and all that. Holding your stomach in, not breathing. Primping for two hours beforehand. Grooming for battle. It destroys the self.

—Not only that, but still all the role-playing. Being at all femme—that's out. You have to be slightly rough, sort of hard-to-get but of course available too.

—Funniest thing—sounds a little like the straight bars I used to know.

—Too many gay people are still on some fantasy trip or guilt trip.

—Joe Java and Floradora Femmadora and never the twain shall meet.

—Except of course later on, in bed, and with the roles probably switched.

—Hey, isn't that NEXT week's topic?

—Well anyway, the bars are a helluva lot better vibes than they USED to be.

—True, but I prefer straight bars to relax in. The bartender helps people feel together.

—NO WAY. I'll take any gay spot over some plastic straight joint. It's not my turf.

—Then there's still the emphasis on youth. Even more than straight bars. The ideal of the beautiful teen-age beech boy and all that. If you don't fit in, you're out.

—The older guys, or the loners standing in the shadows—everybody puts them down. But I think what they're really doing is putting themselves down, when they do it to others.

—You mean projecting or transferring self-hatred onto a brother, displacing it?

—Why IS that, anyway?

—Well that's a little heavy. Maybe not self-hate but just frustration at the pecking order. But anyway some of those cute young kids are pretty dizzy and vacant themselves.

—Hey, isn't that "ageism" in reverse, putting down YOUNG gays?

—No, all I meant was that it takes awhile for gays to get their heads together.

—Yes, I feel I'm becoming properly "seasoned" myself. But nobody seems interested!

—Actually I've been having a tad more success than before. And I think it's because I really do feel more open and out. Because it's true, people do tend to take you at your own self-image. If you're really saying "kick me," they will. And if your vibes are good, they'll pick up on that. Anybody worth it will anyway.

—Not any BODY worth it, not always.

—You're lucky. I know that's the big secret for success but I'm still the original shy wallflower.

—Join the club. I don't like to go to the bars alone. I don't go unless it's with friends or I know there'll be someone there I know.

—It's no place to meet friends or lovers, just tricks.

—Well that's true, but that's partly because if you go looking for something specific, you're not going to find it, because you'll be imposing some pre-set pattern or demand of your own, upon a relationship which might be its own unique and different thing instead. Maybe valuable in itself but you just can't go and get love, you've got to come across it.

—Ah so; that's heavy. But you CAN meet new friends in a bar through old friends. It's easier that way, than if two people alone have to bear all the burden of conversation.

—In a group it's not as obvious you're cruising.

—That's good, but it's bad also. In a group, people don't know what your status is. So as for cruising, for sex, it's better to go out alone.

—Unless you meet somebody new through friends and then trick with him later. "Deferred gratification" one might say.

—One might INDEED. But there's still the mystique of the fresh meat. If you're seen around too much, you're old-hat.

—A friend of mine says he goes out some nights for cruising and other nights for "prospecting," that is, to meet new friends.

—Does he have a two-sided sign on him that he flips over?

—Then there's just watching people. Which is not the same thing as cruising. Sometimes you can

have warm feelings for a person you don't even know. Someone you see around time and again.

—That's a nice thought. But then it's hard to get to know them further. There's that sort of pattern established. A sort of non-cruising eye-contact only.

—And the cliques. That bit is still active too. They're so cold. They'll talk to you in Gimbels maybe, but not back in the bar.

—Why IS that, anyway?

—Actually I have rarely "tricked" if that means a purely impersonal encounter. And they were all bad. Impersonal sex is pointless to me. I'd just as well masturbate. Even a beautiful person, just my type, is nothing if it's just skin only. I found that out one weekend when I got my hot fat little hands on just exactly the type I'd always wanted and found out after all that I wasn't missing what I thought I'd been missing all along, if you follow me.

—Expressed with your usual clarity. But I agree. I have to get to know a person better first. I tell them that, and sometimes they tell you to go to hell, sometimes they are nice about it and we become friends or at least acquaintances.

—That summer I came out, I took to cutting a swath and racking up scores. The numbers game. For fun, for experience, for sheer relief, and also I think to prove that I could do it. And I value those honeymoon encounters even now. I remember them—perhaps better than they actually were, I don't know. But it's over. I eased off. After a while the newness wore off and they all sort of blended into each other.

—No, for me pure tricking is valuable. In two years once I must have had seventy to a hundred fifty people. Of course that was from off the street, where it's more simple and direct, where you don't have to play those games you do in the bars. But that sustained me, kept me sane. Those were redemptive moments. And I think this is good for an oppressed group of people.

—But wan't that subtly using another person, to relieve your own tension?

—Who the fuck cares? Maybe HE had tensions to release too. Sex is sex!

—I do believe we have, uh, shall we say disagreement on lifestyles here.

—So who's keeping score or voting? It's just "different strokes" that's all.

—For sure. Some of my tricking was just minimally satisfying; some was fantastic and maybe we became friends too; and some was just plain good sex and fun for its own sake.

—In the bar you can tell whether you click with someone, by the vibes, in minutes.

(continued on page 19)

GAY SPIRIT

A Guide to Becoming a Sensuous Homosexual

BY DAVID LOOVIS

A Strawberry Hill Book, published with Grove Press, New York, 1975, 172 pp., \$6.95.

Find a pigeon. Yes, I said pigeon, the bird kind. As it walks, observe closely the movement of its head: back and forth, back and forth. Go home, take off your shirt, and imitate the pigeon's head movement. It is the particular exercise in preparation for sucking a penis. Try it in a series of five sets, then stop, five more, stop-until you are able to do the exercise with ease a hundred times.

A hundred times? One wonders if David Loovis fucks like a pigeon. Apparently not . . . in fact, he has some descriptions which convince me he's observed everything from dolphins to praying mantises. A clever book, an amusing book, a fatuous book afflicted with an overdose of common sense. Brush your teeth. Use a deodorant. Buy clothes appropriate to you. Stand up straight. Speak clearly. Wash behind your ears.

The author obviously loves sex and likes people, at least men. But *Gay Spirit* is a misnomer, as Mr. Loovis says not a word about women other than that it's rather sad if gay men cannot enjoy the pleasure of their company. He simply does not include women when he speaks about homosexuals. Unliberated.

Most of what is said is witty or

cute, a tone that persists for the full forty-five minutes it takes to read the 172 pages of large print that comprise this "mini-encyclopedia of everything the gay lover needs to know."

Some of the author's hints have got to be spoofs: "Got a match?" and "I've seen you and I've always wanted to tell you how much I like your socks," just cannot be serious suggestions for openers, though they are proffered as such in his chapter on "How to Meet a Friend for the Evening." If you need a book to give you those lines, you



Photo: D. McKee

DAVID LOOVIS is a former advertising copywriter and the author of two previously published novels. He is currently a freelance writer who lives in New York.

need to read the whole thing twice.

Bed scenes are written with delightful, joyful abandon, but remain pretty basic. If you are a virgin or have had an unimaginably sorry series of encounters with inept sexual cretins, you might pick up a point or two. I must admit I share his redneck sentiment about "69": "I find myself either too far up or too far down from where my mouth ought to be . . . I have almost dislocated a shoulder trying to balance my body . . . I have risked broken ribs . . . and I cannot concentrate at the sucking at hand while my partner . . ." And he really can be zany; simultaneous anal penetration indeed.

"How to Keep the Lover You Already Have," a later chapter, is sensitive, mature, full of Ann Landers-like homilies on the rewards and virtues of an enduring, loving relationship. Seriously, it - more than any other section of this otherwise facile non-book - contains statements that reveal some of the wisdom the author has purportedly gained "through painful trial and error."

Gay Spirit is not all painful, just a trifle embarrassing, even if read as a take-off on all those dreadful "How to be a sensual . . ." handbooks that have made their authors wealthy of late. Grove Press could have done us a favor.



Tommy

the Movie

A Columbia Pictures release, starring Ann-Margaret, Oliver Reed, Roger Daltrey, Elton John, Eric Clapton, Tina Turner and The Who. Written and directed by Ken Russell.

The record album of the rock opera *Tommy*, written by Peter Townshend of *The Who* and performed by the group, was released in 1969. It has sold over 10 million records. Now Columbia Pictures has released a lavish movie version of *Tommy*, directed by Ken Russell who gave us the unforgettable *Women In Love* and more recently *The Boy Friend*.

Russell is said to have called the original recording "rubbish," but was persuaded by producer Robert Stigwood to write his own version of the opera which occupied him for over a year. In the process, he discovered a lot about rock music and learned that such pop stars as Elton John, Tina Turner, Roger Daltrey and Eric Clapton were naturals for his flamboyant film-making style.

Russell's version expands the original plot about

a deaf, dumb and blind boy who becomes a pin-ball champion and a pop culture messiah to include extravagant satire of the foibles of modern society. The very extravagance of some of the production numbers is a social comment in itself.

For example, the first time we see Tommy as an adult, his mother (Ann-Margaret) has taken him to a religious church service, hoping for a faith healing. Eric Clapton, as a high priest of a rock love cult, leads a procession in which acolytes carry a large plaster idol of the modern love goddess "Saint Marilyn Monroe." Hundreds of crippled, maimed or blind worshippers come forward to kiss the feet of the statue as Clapton sings "Eyesight For the Blind."

Ann-Margaret and Oliver Reed, as Tommy's stepfather, vacillate between being concerned and exploitative. As they pursue pleasure, they leave Tommy to be cared for by a series of freaky relatives, including sadistic cousin Kevin and sex-freak Uncle Ernie (played by Keith Moon, *The Who's* drummer). The relatives, of course, use Tommy



viciously, but the treatment is supposed to be funny. When cousin Kevin drags Tommy down a hall by the hair or turns a fire hose on him, the audience howls with laughter.

Uncle Ernie's scene is also played for humor. He appears in a long coat, which he opens to reveal an assortment of weird sex-fetish props ranging from rubber gloves to plungers and women's undergarments. Most of the scene is mercifully played in the dark with only moans and slurping sounds. When the lights go on Uncle Ernie is seen peacefully reading a copy of *Gay News*. Gay people had every right to be angry at once again being the butt of the stereotype sex fiend joke.

A relative also takes Tommy to visit a hooker-pusher called the Acid Queen, portrayed by Tina Turner, who uses sex and drugs to try to bring Tommy back into the world. It doesn't work, but the symbolic drug scenes are really very effective. Tommy is placed in a large molded form much like a modern mummy case with hypodermic needles sticking out. The case is closed and the Acid Queen pushes the needles frantically.

Tommy finally finds himself when he enters and wins a pinball contest with the Pinball Wizard, played by Elton John. John's number "Pinball Wizard" is, as it was in the original musical, the strongest musical moment in the film. The camera work in this crowd scene is also very well done.

As the new pinball champ, Tommy becomes a messiah figure and is in turn worshipped by an adoring public. His relatives are quick to exploit



the money possibilities of this change in Tommy's life also. He is commercially exploited at every step and his parents become rich on his earnings.

Russell here turns from the original story again to take satirical swipes at consumerism, particularly the power of TV commercials on the average housewife consumer.

Ann-Margaret is shown enjoying the "good life" made possible by Tommy's riches. The entire lavish apartment is decorated in pure (sterile?) white. Ms. Margaret is also expensively dressed in white and is drinking champagne while watching TV in utter boredom.

After watching soap, baked beans and chocolate advertisements, she throws her champagne bottle at the tube, shattering it. Soapsuds cascade from the broken tube, filling the room. The tube then belches forth a torrent of baked beans and finally floods of gooey chocolate.

Far from being fearful of such a monster tube, she wallows in this excrement-like filth with great erotic pleasure. Russell has made his point, but one wonders if such heavy-handedness is really necessary.

Actually the entire film belongs to Roger Daltrey. He is the only person who has ever played the blind kid-pinball champ-messiah-free man and his personality shines through.

He is especially good during scenes showing Tommy's emergence from sensual isolation. His rendition of "I'm Free" during a swimming pool scene is particularly good.

In the final scenes, Tommy's kingdom is destroyed in Russell's version of *Goetterdaemmerung*.

As everything around him is being destroyed by fire and quake, Tommy goes through his transformation to become a free man. He climbs a hillside as the "Listening to You" chorus swirls around him. He joins the chorus as he triumphantly

reaches the top of the hill.

While the film has many weak spots, it still remains a triumph for Russell and will undoubtedly set the pace for many future musicals.

The R.C.A. Quintaphonic sound is capable of blasting you out of your seat and to get the true impact of the stereo effect a center of the theater seat is suggested. The recording is remarkably static-free and the quality of the sound is superb.

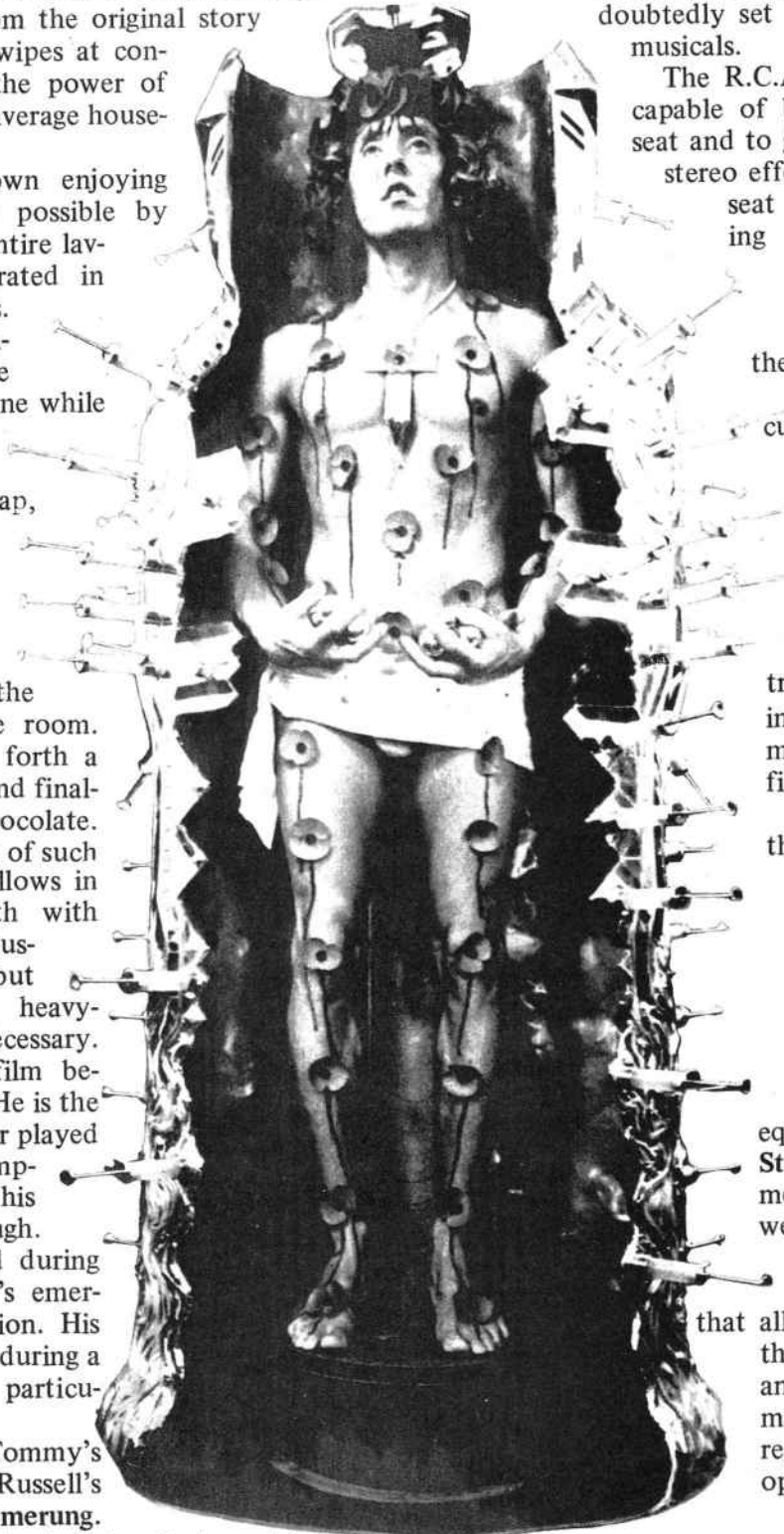
The sexual overtones the lavish use of violence and blood seems to be the current rage and Russell is known for giving his audiences more than they expect. We can damn him for his bad slams on gay people in *Tommy*, but we must remember his fabulous treatment of homosexuality in *Women In Love*. The famous wrestling scene in that film did more to further understanding by straights than millions of words or speeches.

One must not forget to give credit to *The Who*, a group that has not been given the status in rockdom that it deserves. They prove in *Tommy* that they are at least the equals of the *Zeps*, the *Stones*, etc. It is to be remembered that *The Who* were the first real showmen in rock. This film is certainly a vehicle

that allows them to continue in their tradition of spectacle and proves that the showmanship of rock is not dead regardless of David Bowie's opinion.

Tommy also proves that the film as a medium can give us much that television can never equal. All in all, then, *Tommy* is a trend-setter that deserves the financial success that it is attaining.

-- by Sam Edwards



Homosexuality & Christian Morality

by henri perreau

This article is a translation of an article titled "Une autre morale" that originally appeared in the French homophile publication Arcadie, issue number 251 (November 1974), to whom we give thanks for permission to reprint.

Arcadie, the French homophile organization, is one of the oldest gay organizations in existence. Their monthly magazine, Arcadie, is now in its 257th issue. It is a literary and scientific publication, offering short stories, critical reviews of books, films and foreign publications, news items and poetry. Those of our readers who read French may inquire about subscription rates by writing Arcadie at 61 rue du Chateau-d'Eau, 75010, Paris, France.

In this review, which monthly deals with almost every variety of gay life in all of its permanence and ubiquity, generally a rather large number of pages are devoted to the problems of Christian gays; and problem there is. I am hopeful that these Christians would not blame *Arcadie* for presenting in what follows the faint echo of a way of thinking which is different from theirs.

In a recent issue of *Arcadie* a priest made it known that he could scarcely believe in the possibility of happiness for homophiles; and it is this sort of pronouncement, all too commonly made, which has led me to write this brief essay.

The priest who wrote is indeed an eminent thinker who has a doctorate in medicine and one in theology as well; and he declares that his own clinical experience led him to the conclusion that, except for rare exceptions, there is little possibility for stability in any gay partnership. He added, taking an attitude which is surely characteristically Christian, "The gay lifestyle is only one among many aspects of human weakness and disease." I can only raise my voice affirmatively and with force against this negative and depressing conception of humanity, whether it be gay humanity or not.

Without being an eminent specialist, or perhaps even because I am not, being content simply to look at the world about me, I can affirm quite confidently that I know few gays who are not happy. Indeed it is with those who are that most

of my time is spent; as I make every effort to avoid others who are unstable, disturbed, tortured, and confused - in a word, Christians.

Consider only the moral suffering, the many divisions among the Christians, and especially those Christian gays who torture themselves with the question of whether they have the "right" to make love with another person of the same sex. These appear not so much a source of moral greatness as a sort of legalistic reasoning which is a perversion itself of the human spirit. There are indeed other sources of greatness not rooted in denial - not just of personal satisfaction, but the denial of health, the refusal to be human. The troubled consciences of Christians, which are continually paraded before us, arise really out of an ethics of sadness, of purchasing human rights, of human incapacity, finally of human disease: these thoughts plunge me into a strange universe which has never been mine. Christian phrases like "human despair forces one to repentance," "I am a wretched sinner," or "one must share the agony of Christ at Gethsemane," seem to be part of a language which I do not even understand. My own constitution is sound and healthy, and because of it I avoid the traps and pitfalls of this mystical faith in human weakness. In fact, I suspect that one cannot really be human if he or she is forced each morning to strike his or her chest with a plaintive cry, "I am a sinner." In fact, what a wonderful mental cure this is! To humility I prefer human dignity. Christianity, Nietzsche once declared, is itself an abortion.

It is not really a question of anticlericalism, nor of contesting the amiability of many clergy, or even the salutary effects of ceremonial. Even though there are many clergy who simply fail to be in touch with present realities, there are also many marked with moderation and urbanity. But one must admit, from a point of view which is coldly historical, that Greco-Roman civilization suffered a setback of two-thousand years because of this religion, which was the most monstrous enterprise of human enslavement recorded in human history.

The figure of Christ - it makes no difference

whether as a reality or only as a symbol - was in fact the pretext under which oriental other-worldliness and distress entered the heart of western thought and succeeded in corrupting the Hellenic morality of equilibrium and order. The love of beauty and of life gave place to original sin and the condemnation of the body. Life on earth was confiscated for the sake of a hypothetical existence in another world, and persons who were sane and strong have been turned away from the most legitimate joys of human life. Homosexuality, once marked by joy and simplicity, was made into a complex and distressing problem.

To stay within the limits of this present essay, I claim only that homosexuality, far from being a problem, far from being "an aspect of human weakness and disease," is one of the principal means of incomparable human enrichment - for those who are gay, to be sure, for it is not a matter of proselytism. What are gay friendship, sympathy, fellowship, tenderness, love, if not merely different forms and varieties of human happiness - and there is nothing demonical in this happiness, let alone anything for which apologies must be offered. Within the gay relationship all barriers are potentially abolished: class, race, and even cultural differences. Homosexuality has been found among all varieties of human thought and experience, all types of citizens, all cultures. This act must be seen as evidence of the "normality" of the gay "situation," which is only a situation in the first place because of certain religious and political doctrines which themselves are neither natural nor normal. The entire problem lies there.

We can indeed dream of a world which is more just, more human, and of a more enlightened moral order. I can appropriately conclude with a quotation, drawn not from Scriptures, but rather an excerpt from the morality which is offered to us by Montherlant: "Happiness is a state at once more noble and more refined than suffering: when human beings had healthy minds, the gods which they created, they made them happy."



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bars & cruising

(from page 12)

—That's why I like dancing. It not only means I'm out of the closet, but dancing tells a lot about people. The styles of passiveness and aggression you feel comfortable with.

—Eye contact is so important. Even before approaching the person but all along too.

—Often there's eye contact for a while and then a mutual fade-off and that's all there is to that. Oh well, you didn't want THAT number anyway.

—Well, but then sometimes you cruise a person and then there's a while when you both just talk and then that cruising really starts up again.

—I'm never the aggressor. I never to up to the other person. I balk, I can't make the move. My cruising was so super-subtle, I'd look away immediately. It wasn't guilt, just that old fear of rejection.

—Listen, that's fatal. Gotta move right ahead. I must have initiated 95% of my encounters.

—Once I stood there with a rose between my teeth and two separate people came up to talk to me and we DID hit it off well—I thought—and then both excused themselves. If you want to feel totally worthless for three days afterwards. . . .

—Aw, their fantasy was probably of a Strong Silent Type or something.

—Maybe it was those thorns on the rose.

—Each person will now list his tested secrets of successful cruising.

—Alcohol helps. I was very resistant to even walking into a bar in the first place.

—Who wasn't. It's amazing what aggressive urges come out with a few Manhattans.

—Yeah, but if you're sloshed it sort of spoils the whole thing. Blunts the sex, too.

—There seem to be three styles of sex. Where the orgasm is the goal, where heavy necking and foreplay and afterplay is the thing, and where MANY orgasms is the goal.

—I have a problem, Doctor. I have a relatively low sex drive itself, but a real high need to touch, to be sensual. And so that has resulted in entirely too many mismatched mutual bummers between me and other types who just wanted it quick. I'm a "sixty-minute man."

—I'm a four-way man myself. . . .

—I too hate that pressure for an orgasm. That's a very male thing. I wish things could just take their course, even if we just end up talking and lying naked.

—You CAN control it. I'll tell you, if I get with a "quicker" type, I control the situation and they soon enough learn that this isn't going to be no

slam-bang encounter. You simply have to bravely lead the way, redefine the roles and create new ones if the old ones are oppressive to you. No one else's going to initiate change if you don't.

—That's good. Most of the people I've gone with, I've made it clear that what I really wanted to do was talk with them. A few said get lost, but I think many of the others really appreciated that. They were lonely, and they were satisfied whether we finally MADE it or not.

—Bravo for you. I just can't bear the fact that you can't just TALK in a bar without it implying cruising. Or just talk and see where the road leads, to sex, to being friends, or just to that talk, period. I think I'm gonna go get drunk.

—Hang on. You sure never do know what's going to happen. It's like a dice game of chance but that's just the old excitement of the hunt. It's tricky to manage, but worth the effort.

—Part of this is just the dilemma of all sex: don't do anything you don't feel comfortable doing, but do satisfy your partner's needs also. And that may be contradictory.

—Yes, you know the only really bad thing is either objectifying the person or being objectified by him. Of course using him as a sex-object is bad, just to get your rocks off. But there's also using, or being used, as a "love-object" too. You know, the one-and-only, we-found-each-other trip. In either case there's no chance just to relate awhile.

—Listen, there's nothing at all wrong with impersonal sex for its own sake. And it's puritanistic to criticize that. In fact the only thing wrong there is when both parties don't work to enjoy just THAT to the fullest, and not just waste it.

—I like your Puritan WORK ethic there.

—Yeah, "go ahead and TASTE it, you don't wanna WASTE it."

—No, he's right. Even pure lust can be tender and sophisticated, and still stay impersonal at the same time. The only thing is that both parties must be into this, open to it, and also ready to sort of learn each other's erotic personalities fast, in a short time.

—I say, that's a good title for a book: Learning Your Erotic Personality.

—In thirty days or your money back.

—No, it's true. Just so both people are into it. I've met too many sleepwalkers, people who are off somewhere else all the time, like you said that guilt-trip or fantasy-land or whatever.

—That's why so many one-night stands are a sour experience. Deposit your load, then get up and rush off. Leaves ashes in my mouth—like an emotional hangover.

—Did you say ashes?

(continued on page 35)

POEMS BY J. D. BUTKIE

FAIRY TALE NO. 36

I refuse not to believe in gnomes—
tango down to the private beach
marked off with blue and white striped
triangular flags. Unbolt your
arms from the chosen partner—
loosen your steel crotches—
When there
scan the shore as you loosen up
and you're bound
to glimpse a bunch of animal cookies iced pink
arranged in a sloppy sandcastle. Near
the water, unzip your knuckles and knees
and nudge the glazed beasts off
to the hot dog stand where you can still buy a cup
of cold chocolate milk for fifteen cents.
Nibble off the elephants' tusks and
I'll conjure up a crisp unicorn for transportation
back to the seaweed strung palace
now being lapped by incoming waves.

UPON A REFUSAL TO LOWER HIS TROUSERS

Out of order
urinals
signaled us to the enclosed
black toilet seat beaded with piss—
even a door hook for your convenience.
Then quite unessential
for a short-sleeved
bus driver unzipped
coming.

Grey slacks black-belted—
with this front seat passenger
fingering wrinkles
hidden above warm calves tensed: smoothed
by my free hand.
The other
stashed in an open fly.
2:30 A.M. rest stop.

BEWARE: GAY POETS

By edict,
from now on,
only love
lyrics
will be permitted: of
man/woman
type
(non-variety)—
within marriage bonds.
Exclusively.
All others banned.
This poem
emerges with the strain
of a twisted turd
released,
splashing
cold water.
Result: a blue wad
of clean
bathroom tissue
flung,
wasted.
And with the price of
toiletpaper . . .

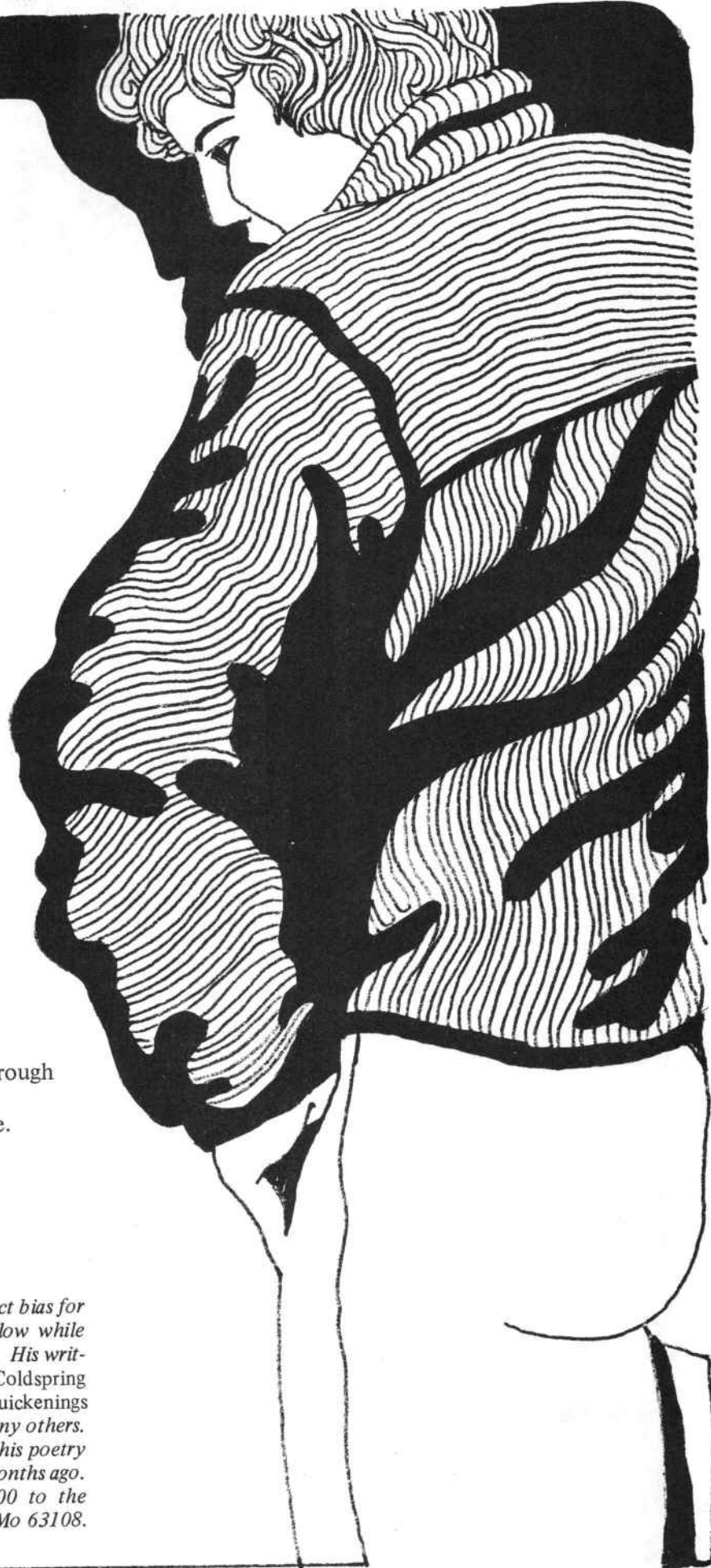
SACRAMENT NO. 8

Measure its wingspan
with a clean toothpick. Toss
some day-old crumbs. But quickly
anoint with chrisem
and a dash of salt
the hummingbird flitting about
your left nostril,
being careful not to damage
its tailfeathers in the process.
And for a finale say a prayer for the fag
in heat
atop his dead grandmother's feathertick.

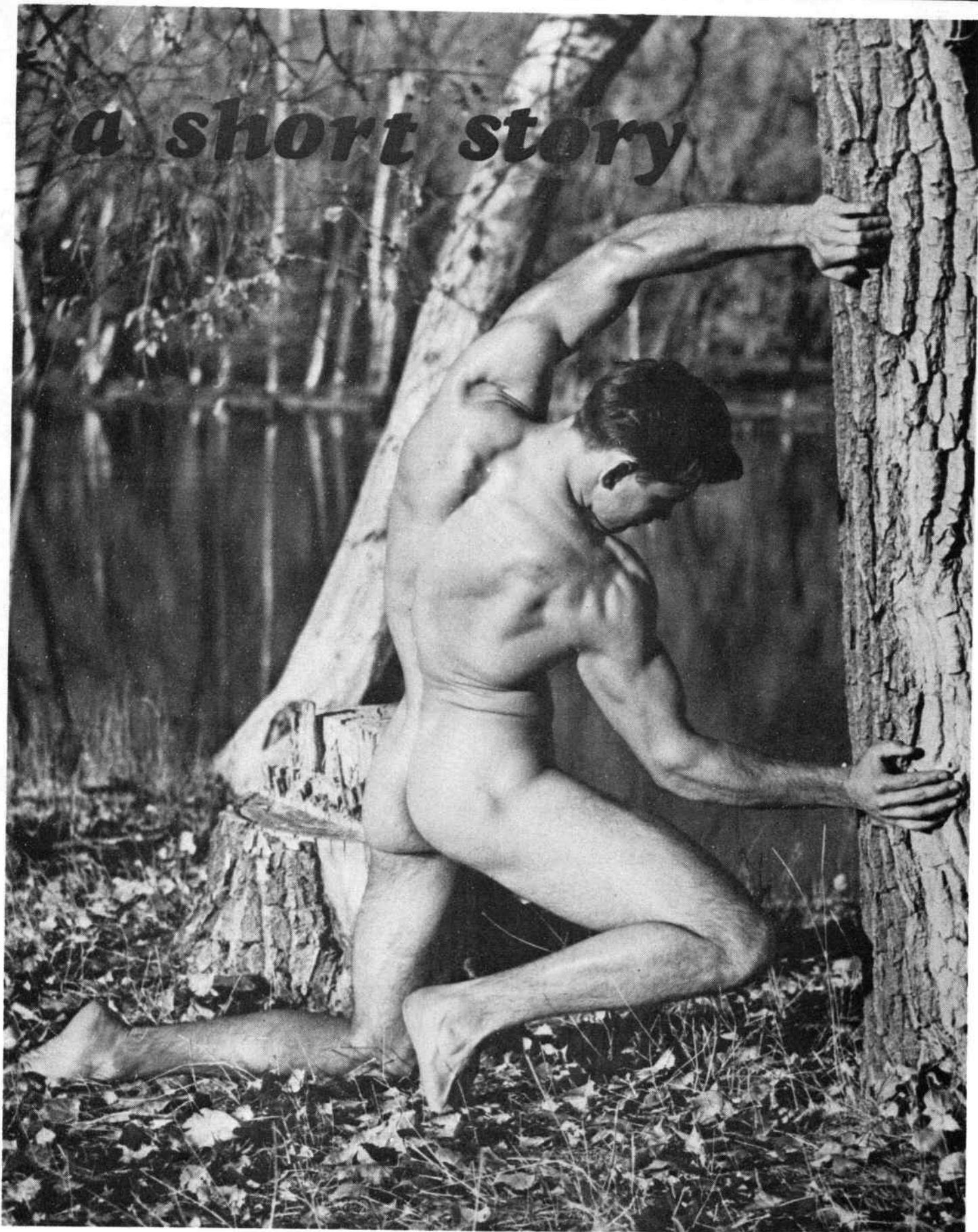
AGAPE

The method was wrong:
I should have warmed his dick first
with both hands cupped.
Phalanges, joints,
hangnails, print swirls, sweaty skin
all joined in preparation.
Snowflakes drifted
into my mouth, ice glazed
my gums and a wisdom tooth pinched through
a frozen crust.
Should have crossed myself and said grace.
Jim's cock nestled
on my slippery tongue in a bed
of thawing spit.
He cracks a grin.

Joe Butkie is a Bronx born gay poet with a distinct bias for the East coast. He is currently a teaching fellow while working on his doctorate in English in St. Louis. His writing has appeared in Mouth of the Dragon, The Coldspring Journal, New Voices, Fag Rag, Gay Sunshine, Quickening in Trillium Land, The Berkeley Barb, Ally and many others. He has been anthologized in Among Friends and his poetry chapbook Painless Surgery was published a few months ago. The chapbook can be secured by sending \$1.00 to the author at 4208 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo 63108.



a short story



PICTURE SHOWS

BY BILL WOOD

An earlier version of this story appeared with the title "The Farmer" in the Hunter College quarterly, THE INK SPOT, Volume 1, issue 1, April 1973.

My grandfather was a farmer - a sharecropper - in Kentucky, who tended the farm of a rich man. He worked hard from early morning till sundown, but he could not save money. It was 1932 and very few people could do so. My grandmother was fat and often ailing and could not help him much to run the farm. My uncle, their only son, went away to work in a town that had a picture show and a saloon and he only came home once a month.

My mother, Annie, who ten years ago had married a man Grandfather did not approve of, now came back with five children and no husband. Home half unstrung from war, Daddy had drunk himself, over the years, into a sullen self-pity from which he could shake himself only when his rage mounted from time to time in a sudden blind paroxysm.

After he had threatened Mama with a butcher knife one evening for some imagined wrong, she had him committed to a mental hospital. Released two months later, he returned to Nashville, where he had grown up, and settled into a furnished room with a Bible and a bottle.

Mama went home to Grandfather because how could a simple farm girl support five children without help? Grandfather was not happy at the prospect, but he had no choice, because, Grandmother had said, if he didn't let her, what would people say? And so he put out of his mind, as best he could, his longing for a farm of his own. But he was not happy and everyone knew it.

In the evening, after we had gone indoors from the yard, where Grandmother told us stories as darkness fell and crickets throbbed and lightning bugs blinked over in the tobacco patch - then we often heard Grandmother and Grandfather in violent argument and, though we couldn't hear the words, we knew what they were about.

Upstairs in the attic where we slept, I teased my sisters while Mama changed my brother's diaper and powdered the inflamed creases of his fat little body. From time to time, when the frolic became too uproarious, Mama screamed at us to be quiet for God's sake.

Sometimes then I would leave my sisters to shriek and whine among themselves and go down the steep unfinished wooden stairs without bannisters to the screened porch at the side of the house.

I would go out and stand for a while on the stoop and look over the fields and beyond the river to the sparse feeble lights of the town. It seemed so far away and yet Grandfather went there two or three times a week in the funny little Model T that snorted and spluttered over the pitted roads, up the hill and out of the valley and even through the riverbed where the water ran shallow.

There was a picture show in town. How I missed it. At home, back in Lebanon, I went every Saturday afternoon with the boy next door whose name was Bruce. In the early evening, while there was still light, we sometimes re-enacted, with another boy or two, scenes from the Western we had seen that afternoon.

Bruce was three years older, was thirteen, and something

funny was happening to his voice. It excited me to be with him, and now and then I would be a heroine from a Western and Bruce would rescue me from attacking Indians that he drove away with his cap pistol.

Sometimes he insisted that I be a cowboy or an Indian because he was embarrassed. But my heart was never in it and my war cry differed little from my scream as Alice in "The Last of the Mohicans" as she was dragged away by Indians.

Then it would happen sometimes that one of the boys, losing the patience with which he had restrained his disgust and aggression, would yell, "Sissy! Fucking sissy! Let's cut him!" "Cut" meant castrate, and if I didn't run fast enough across the lawn into our house, they would soon have me pinned under them, menacing me with a drawn penknife.

Nothing in life has ever frightened me so much as those attacks. I was never quite sure they would not, could not, do what they threatened. Yet time after time it happened, sometimes through my own perverse foolhardiness, and at others, swooping like eagles to a dazed field mouse, three or four boys would fall upon me as I returned from school.

And so the early habit of shrinking into hiding from bullies and mockers led me in time to believe that because solitude was then so sweet it could never become loneliness. Alone in those times, I could fantasize that I was a person of dignity and attractiveness - usually, I now realize - a female person.

I was not aware of that then. I never thought, "I would like to be a girl." But I simply didn't know a man I liked and wanted to be like - and only an occasional boy. Now and then I developed a crush for a boy which lasted only until he joined the forefront of my tormenters, and he invariably did. For when I at last betrayed my feelings for him, his budding manliness must have been threatened unbearably.

For half a lifetime afterwards I attempted to delude myself that aloneness did not have to mean loneliness. Somewhere I had read that and I clung to the belief but distorted it to mean that one could dispense with friendship and love altogether if only one were strong enough.

At school in Lebanon, I had tried for a time to play ball.

But it was no good. I could neither throw the ball far enough nor catch it and was such an embarrassment to the side that was luckless enough to have been stuck with me that the other members of the team were glad to send me far into the outfield where it was possible to forget me. Somehow though I was desperate to keep up some pretense of involvement in the game. When the ball was batted I would run frantically towards it, following it carefully with my eye so as not to get too near, careful always to let another player get there for the catch. When my side was up to bat, I soon struck out. The others winced and sneered but were relieved to be rid of me for the inning.

Finally, I realized the futility of such pretense and

found excuses to talk to a teacher, to do an errand for one of them (for teachers who tittered among themselves about me), to read in a classroom, pretending to study, and even at last to make friends with one or two girls who were ugly and ungainly and not comfortable with their sisters.

But these, I learned, were not dependable friends, for if they could find an occasion to join the others in taunting me, they seized it avidly. Thus I discovered early there is no honor among outcasts, who are quick to betray their fellows to ingratiate themselves with the pack. I determined then to fight loneliness as the one weakness for which I was ashamed.

At Grandfather's there were no picture shows close by and no boy next door - only meddling, tattling little girls who were irritatingly in my way most of the time. And only when I could entice them to work with me at my puppet theater, with Mama and Grandmother as audience, or when I could shift the blame to them for something gone wrong - a broken vase, a dirtied floor - only then were they of any use at all.

Yet Grandfather seemed fond of them, particularly the youngest, Frances, with yellow curls and a quick temper. It was, I came to believe, her temper for which Grandfather loved her most.

"She's got more spunk than all the others put together," he said once to Grandmother.

I had yellow curls too and a temper as quick as any, except when Grandfather was near. I had discovered by the end of our first week that Grandfather did not like me, so I effaced myself as much as I could when the old man was near.

Mama came to me with scissors one day and said, "Your hair is too long. Papa says he can't take us to town for a long time, till berrying time is over."

On the screened side porch she put a pail on a chair and I sat on it sined with rage as she snipped and the girls giggled at the kitchen door.

"You all go away now!" Mama called, but I turned and saw she was biting her lip not to laugh too. (Why was I funny to Mama?)

I looked at the shining curls rolling down the towel about my shoulders. I would not be able now to twist my forelock when I was lost in daydreams nor throw the curls back defiantly when there was nothing else I could do. My hair had been a screen, a veil and a banner. It could be coquetry and flung contempt. I was not goodlooking, Grandmother once had said, "But when you are clean and with that hair . . ."

Grandmother had gramophone records of a man counting in time with music. They were for reducing, she said, but she had not used them much and I could not imagine the huge woman bending to touch her toes or kicking her great legs rhythmically. When Grandfather was not in the house she would sometimes let me listen to the records and to another of Galli-Curci singing *Sempre Libere* and another of *American Patrol*. And sometimes she read to us, but the girls would not listen and soon fidgeted away for which I was glad and I listened alone. And she taught me to count to twenty in French.

In my grandparents' bedroom where the Victrola was, there hung, above the oaken chiffonier, a large photograph of a young man with abundant blond hair waving across his

forehead, light eyes with a faraway look, and full curved lips. I found it hard to believe the young man was now my grizzled, unsmiling Grandfather, but neither could I comprehend how Grandmother could once have worn the plaid taffeta blouse with the leg o' mutton sleeves she showed me one day. Why it was hardly too large for me. When I tried it on, Grandmother giggled and said, lowering her voice, "Take it off, honey. Don't ever let your grandfather . . ."

When she put it back in the cedar chest, I glimpsed several photo albums and I said, "Oh, are those old time pictures? Can I see them?"

"I haven't looked at them myself for ages," Grandmother said.

"Oh, let's look at them, Grandmother, and you tell me about them."

Mama, my sisters and the baby napped upstairs. Grandmother and I were alone in her bedroom. Together we poured over the old snapshots and each had its history and some made us laugh and some made me laugh but not Grandmother. And then we came to photos of two young men, each posed squatting before a tent or leaning against a tree and Grandmother said,

"This is your grandfather and this man was his friend . . . when they were on a camping trip."

"That was Grandfather?" I asked incredulously, pointing to a photo of a slim smiling young man lounging against a tree.

"Well, it was a long time ago," she said and turned the page.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

One of the snapshots showed a back view of a muscular and nude young man standing on a river bank.

"I had forgotten this one. A friend of your grandfather's . . . whose name I have forgotten."

I looked at her quizzically.

"Well, the human body can be very beautiful and this young man was a fine specimen of manhood. It was not wrong to admire a beautiful body. Someday you . . . Oh, look!"

She had turned the page and now there were pictures of a large picnic with many ladies and one very pretty and slim one sitting on the grass was Grandmother. She was smiling again now and there was a story and it seemed to both of us the best she had yet told.

When Grandfather brought back the mail and the newspaper from the post office in town, he left them on his desk and went out again to wash before lunch. Sometimes I could not wait to see the funnies and I took the paper. If I forgot to put it back and fold it just as it had been, when Grandfather came back for lunch, he was certain to yell, "Has the boy been at the paper again?"

"Oh Lord, Nathan," Grandmother would intervene, "I had the paper! Annie called me to help in the kitchen and I forgot to put it back."

"How many times have I told you to leave the paper alone till I'm through with it? The next time, if your mother won't handle you, I will!"

Grandfather grew strawberries and raspberries and that summer my oldest sister and I had to help pick them along with the hired women from town. I hated stooping for hours over the vines in the blazing sun, but Mama had said,

"Your grandfather says you have to help earn your keep." So I bent or knelt in the hot clods until my overalls were wet and my back ached. And sometimes I found the courage or the desperation to go to Grandfather who was loading the pails of berries on the wagon and beg, "Grandfather, I've picked ten baskets. Please let me go."

And the grim man spat tobacco juice a foot from me, snarling, "Go on then!"

And in shame and hate I went back then to the house and helped Grandmother shell peas or fed my chickens.

Grandmother had set a hen for me in early summer and when the eggs were nearly due to hatch, I went each morning to the nest and, poking away the enraged hen with a broom, I looked at the twelve warm eggs . . . still intact. Then, finally, one morning I could hear from the chicken house door as I went in, a feeble peeping at the back in the dark where the nests were. Ten of the chicks lived to grow up and they were mine. I could sell them when they got big and I could keep the money. Grandmother promised me.

"But . . ." I had stammered.

"They are yours," Grandmother promised, "and no one will take them from you nor the money either."

When Uncle Martin came home to visit he liked to play with us and sometimes he took us for a ride in his car. Once there was a movie magazine a girl had left on the back seat and on its cover was a photo of a woman with oily, drooping eyelids and wet, parted lips.

Uncle Martin said, "Go ahead and take it then, but what do you want with it?"

"She's so beautiful," I said, "I wish . . ."

That evening I sat across from Uncle Martin at table. When Mama brought a second lamp to the table and paused at my side to make room for it, I leaned back my head, as she stood near me, and I felt the light press down on my lids languorously and I wetted my lips and parted them. Uncle Martin turning from Grandmother saw me and grinning said, "Hey, Marleen, throw me a kiss!"

They all laughed except Grandfather and I looked down at my plate and hated my uncle forever and after dinner I went out to the car and put the magazine back. But after that not even Grandmother could stop Uncle Martin from calling me Marleen and throwing back his head to heehaw. "Just like a damned old horse," I thought, "like a crude hillbilly! That's all he is!"

One Saturday afternoon at the end of summer a lady from town came to visit and brought her two little girls. I helped Mama drag chairs from the porch out to the big maple tree where it would be cooler, Grandmother said. The lady's husband went off to the barn to find Grandfather and the women sat under the tree talking, turning from time to time to shriek at one of the children romping in the grass. After a while I got up from where I sat leaning against the maple tree watching the girls.

I said, "Mama, I'd better weed the lettuce like Grandfather said."

"Well, go on then," she said, annoyed at the interruption, and turned back to the guest.

I went into the house and looked at the new Sears, Roebuck catalogue on Grandfather's desk.

When I came to camping equipment I remembered the photograph album and Grandfather and his friend. I went

into my grandparents' bedroom almost on tiptoe, my heart jiggling wildly. Opening the first album I found, I sat in Grandmother's rocking chair and gazed at the faded old pictures of women in long dresses with elaborate coiffures and enormous hats and the men with high stiff collars and bushy moustaches, picnicking or sitting on porches, standing awkwardly at the beach or on riverbanks. Grandfather's camping pictures were not in the album and I took out the next one.

I heard Mama step onto the porch and call to the others, "I'll be right back, you all!"

So I sat very still, trying not to breathe deeply and strained not to rock the chair. Then I heard the back door slam and in a few minutes, still cautious, I opened the next album.

I turned the pages rapidly without lingering over the pictures until I came to those of the young men before the tent by the river. And then there was the young man standing nude on the riverbank. I sat back and rocked gently in the squeaking old chair. Was it really Grandfather who had taken the picture and was one of the young men really Grandfather? I studied the handsome smiling face trying to find some resemblance to the one I knew.

Suddenly, from directly behind the chair, which faced away from the door, Grandfather spoke.

"What are you doing in here?"

I slammed the album shut, leaped up and tossed it into the still rocking chair from which it pitched to the floor. Grandfather was white and his voice shook. He walked toward me, and I backed away till my legs pressed against the cedar chest. Then he slapped me with such force that I fell back into the chest upon the clothes and quilts. Grandfather's steel-rimmed glasses fell to the floor and his hair was shaken down over his forehead.

I looked up at him and Grandfather's eyes were very blue and I recognized the man in the snapshots and the portrait. Picking up his glasses, he turned away and stood looking out the window and said, very low, "Get out!"

That evening Mama sent us all upstairs early and sat for a long while on the front porch with her parents. The others were asleep when she came up, but I lay facing the wall and glanced over my shoulder as she came in.

"Everett, you may have to live with your father for a while. It's costing Papa a lot to keep us all here and it isn't fair. You'll love living in Nashville. You'll make friends soon with other boys and think of the picture show. You can go real often . . . and I'll come to see you or you'll come here and . . ."

"It's all right, Mama," I said.

Then she pulled the sheet over my sleeping brother and blew out the lamp.

That night I couldn't go to sleep and I guess Mama couldn't either. I waited and when at last I heard her slow sleepbreathing - it must have been long past midnight - I got up and went down the attic stairs to the side porch and out to the stoop.

I leaned against the door listening to the crickets and the frogs. There were lightning bugs in the moonlight but no lights now over in town. Then I smelled smoke from Grandfather's pipe, and around the corner of the house, on the front porch, his cane-bottomed rocker creaked as he rocked slowly.

HERE&HERE

Los Angeles - The Gay Rights Summer Project of the National Lawyers Guild will focus on the elimination of racial and sexual discrimination by gay business establishments, and discrimination on the basis of "affectional or sexual preference" by nongay businesses. The Project will combine legal action with community education and organizing. For more information: Steve Schliefer, Project Coordinator, 4118 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles, California 90027.

--National Lawyers Guild

Philadelphia - Susan Saxe, who was a part of the lesbian community here under the pseudonym Val Woolf, was apprehended by police and identified by the FBI as one of their 10 most-wanted fugitives for over four years. She and her still-at-large companion, Kathy Powers, allegedly took part in the murder of a policeman in 1970. Eight gay activists remain jailed for refusing to answer questions by the FBI concerning the two women.

--Gay Community News

Colorado - According to the House Judiciary Committee there is nothing in Colorado law that says a judge should rule against a homosexual parent in a child custody case, so there doesn't need to be anything that says the judge can't. On this reasoning the homosexual child custody bill was killed in committee. One member of the committee felt homosexuality was a "problem of evolution."

--Big Mama Rag

Houston, Texas - Anyone interested in working on the creation of a Gay Peoples Bicentennial Committee which hopes to organize this summer, or anyone with suggestions contact Jay Miller, Prof. of History, Univ. of Houston at Clear Lake City, 2700 Bay Area Blvd., Houston, Texas 77058.

--N.Y. GAU Newsletter

New York - The Gay League for Responsible Broadcasting is a newly-formed non-profit organization whose aim is to further standards for the fair portrayal of gays by the mass media, and to provide a constant, on-going agency to monitor the media and hold them to answer for what they broadcast. GLRB is most concerned with the need of all gays, especially young gays, to see positive portrayals of gay women and men with whom they may identify and thereby bolster self-esteem. For more info, write GLRB, 370 Lexington Ave, Suite 416, New York, N.Y. 10017.

--Advocate

Leamington, England - After a 16 year old youth picked up Richard Lyttle in a local lavatory, he suggested to Lyttle they go to a nearby dark tennis court. There the boy threatened him with a metal comb. Lyttle then told the boy his full title, Detective Constable Lyttle. He was watching the tearoom following reports of attacks on gays there. The boy was sent to Borstal.

--Gay News

Boston - Fag Rag, a gay male journal, has been awarded a \$1,500 grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, an organization dedicated to supporting American literature through grants to noncommercial literary magazines. To receive the grant, **Fag Rag** must produce matching funds through new subscriptions or donations.

--Advocate

Ottawa, Ontario - Robert Andras, Canadian Minister of Immigration, has recommended to the Cabinet that laws prohibiting entry of gay men and women into Canada be relaxed. The immigration issue was brought up by John Kyper, a Boston gay activist, who was denied entry into Canada because he is gay.

--Advocate

Scotland - Pie, Scotland's new organization for paedophiles, has just recruited its first woman member. "It has always been a known fact that many males are attracted to the young, but for some unknown reason it has never been admitted that there are also many females," she wrote. She suggested that Pie could find more members by advertising in lesbian magazines.

--Gay News

United Kingdom - Scottish Young Liberals have demanded an apology from BBC interviewer Brian Widlake for using a term which is "highly derogatory and offensive to male homosexuals." In interviewing a football fan who dyed his hair to match his team's colors, Widlake asked, "Aren't you afraid people will think you're a poof?" Widlake was asked to "apologize to the 3 million or so male homosexuals in the United Kingdom whom the term 'poof' denigrates." "I was concerned about the person's safety," Widlake explained. "You know what football fans are like."

--Gay News

Cuba - The new underground Puerto Rican gay newspaper, **Pa'fuera**, reports that Fidel Castro was recently confronted by his good friend Alicia Alonso, leading Cuban ballerina, who protested because several of her gay male dancers had been thrown out of the national ballet company. The dancers have since been reinstated, and a gay club has opened in the theatre where they perform.

--Gay News

Norfolk, Va. - A modern-day witch hunt appears to be forming at the Women Marine Company at Camp Elmore. Officials are "officially" investigating lesbian activity here. In 1974, the Marines discharged 40 persons on homosexual "charges."

--Ohio East Gay News



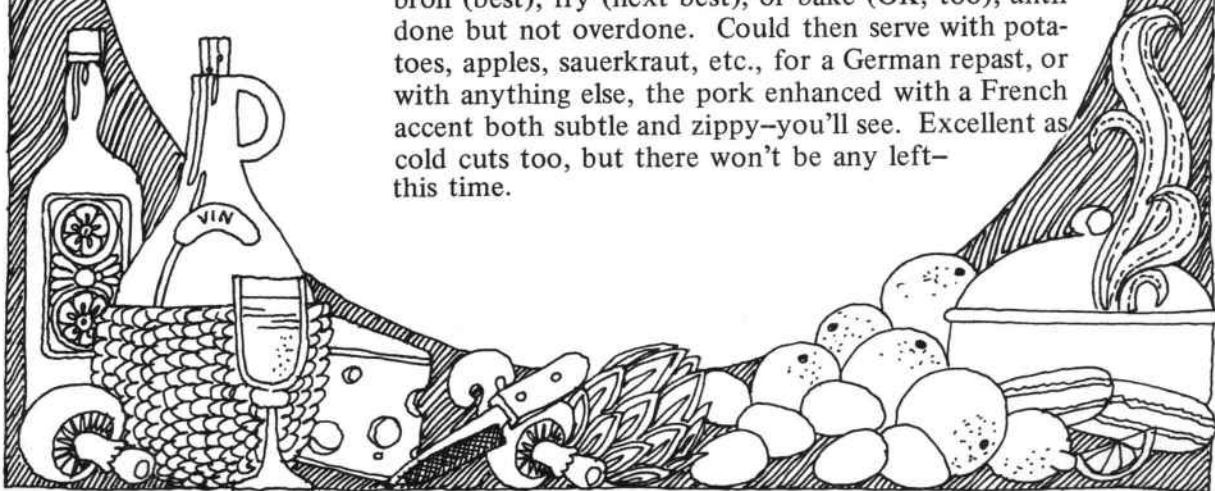
THE GAY GOURMET

Quick Beef and Pork

Whatever your opinions about "quickies," they do often have their place in the kitchen, at least. So herewith, two ways to get the best flavor with the least to-do - one for beef, one for pork.

"BITOQUE" (FRENCH HAMBURGER). Fry your hamburgers in your usual way. Remove them (keep warm) and also pour off from the pan some, but not all, of the fat. Then add to the pan equal parts of sour cream and canned beef bouillon or consomme—or from beef cubes (say 3/4 to 1 cup of each, depending). Then slowly "reduce" (simmer down) this mix to, at most, half the original amount. Scrape in the meat bits too. Never boil this; slow patience is the secret here. Taste it; when flavor is concentrated and blended enough, pour this gravy-become-sauce over the burgers, and serve them (with vegetable and potato, but not in buns).

FRANCO-GERMANIC PORK. Acquire pork steaks (which are not pork chops). Really drench each, on both sides, with freshly-squeezed lemon juice. Then sprinkle generous (and equal) amounts of thyme and garlic salt (or, garlic powder plus regular salt) on each side, and rub this into the meat. Then let the steaks sit out and think about this for a while, at least 15 minutes (it's called "marinating"). Then cook; either broil (best), fry (next best), or bake (OK, too), until done but not overdone. Could then serve with potatoes, apples, sauerkraut, etc., for a German repast, or with anything else, the pork enhanced with a French accent both subtle and zippy—you'll see. Excellent as cold cuts too, but there won't be any left—this time.



HERE&THERE

London, England - The British government recently lifted an 86-year-old coverup of a late 19th century sex scandal known as the Cleveland Street Scandal. The case revolves around a homosexual brothel in London staffed by post office messengers and patronized by some from the highest ranks in Victorian society. Lord Arthur Somerset, an equerry to Edward, Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) was so involved he fled the country to avoid prosecution, despite the efforts of Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence and Queen Victoria's son, whom historians believe was Jack the Ripper, to protect him.

-*Advocate*

Los Angeles - A burglary suspect in custody since February 3 has been identified as a prime suspect in the nine "slasher" murders which occurred in December and January. The arrest came after two men were attacked in their home by a knife-and-hatchet-wielding intruder. Vaughn Greenwood, 31, was apprehended the next day as a follow-up to tips from an informant. Greenwood, a black, bears no resemblance to composite drawings and descriptions released by police in January. They believed the "Slasher" to be a white man with stringy, dirty blond hair.

-*Entertainment West*

Stockholm - For the first time a Swedish lesbian and her foreign-born lover have won approval from the Swedish immigration authorities to live together. The 26-year-old foreign woman, who was given residence and working papers, had been living with her 28-year-old Swedish lover for three years. Her application was approved on the standard grounds that the two were "living together as if they were married."

-*Gay News*

Redwood City, Calif. - Two San Francisco men were found guilty of mayhem, robbery and kidnaping after castrating a 16-year-old hitchhiker. Attorney Thomas Nolan said that he would ask that one of the defendants, William Johns, 35, be declared a mentally disordered sex offender. Johns, who had removed one of his own testicles while in high school, testified that he "wanted to fulfill my fantasies which had been building up for six months."

-*Advocate*

Tokyo, Japan - German neurosurgeons report that 3 homosexuals, who had been sentenced to more than 10 year prison terms each for child molestation, are now leading relatively "normal" lives after stereotaxic surgery. These results were reported to the Sixth Symposium of the International Society for Research in Stereoecephalotomy.

-*Gay Scene*

Berkeley, Ca. - The Pacific Center for Human Growth has announced receipt of an unrestricted grant of \$44,935 from the San Francisco Foundation. It is the largest grant ever given by a private foundation to an organization specializing in providing charitable and mental health services to homosexuals and other sexual minorities.

-*Bay Area Reporter*

Columbus, Ohio - The Ohio Supreme Court ruled unconstitutional a Columbus city ordinance that makes it illegal to dress in the clothes of the opposite sex. In a 7 to 0 decision, the court said the ordinance, which forbids appearing in public "in a dress not belonging to his or her sex," is too vague in light of modern fashions.

-*Milwaukee Journal*

San Francisco - A two-year-old suit is still waiting to be decided whether it is unconstitutional for the California Department of Corrections to prohibit weekly Metropolitan Community Church services in the state prisons. MCC attorney John Wahl has contended that the state prison ban on gay services violates religious rights. Asst. Attorney General Sanford Svetcov presented affidavits from prison officials saying they "found homosexuality has been a source of violence." However, Wahl argued that gay church services have been held at the Atascadero State Mental Hospital for three years and have not resulted in violence.

-*Advocate*

New York City - More than 70 gays demonstrated outside the **Village Voice** office, calling for a halt to the **Voice's** stereotypic portrayal of homosexuals, for serious coverage of women's and gay movement events, and for an end to gay ad quotas and word changing.

-*Gay Community News*

Apple Valley, Calif. - Last fall the school board of this desert town voted to fire high school gym teacher Lou Zivkovich because he appeared nude in **Playgirl's** centerfold. However, he appealed the decision and the states appeals panel admonished him for a "mistake in judgment," but ruled he could not be fired. Zivkovich called the ruling a "national victory" for the rights of teachers.

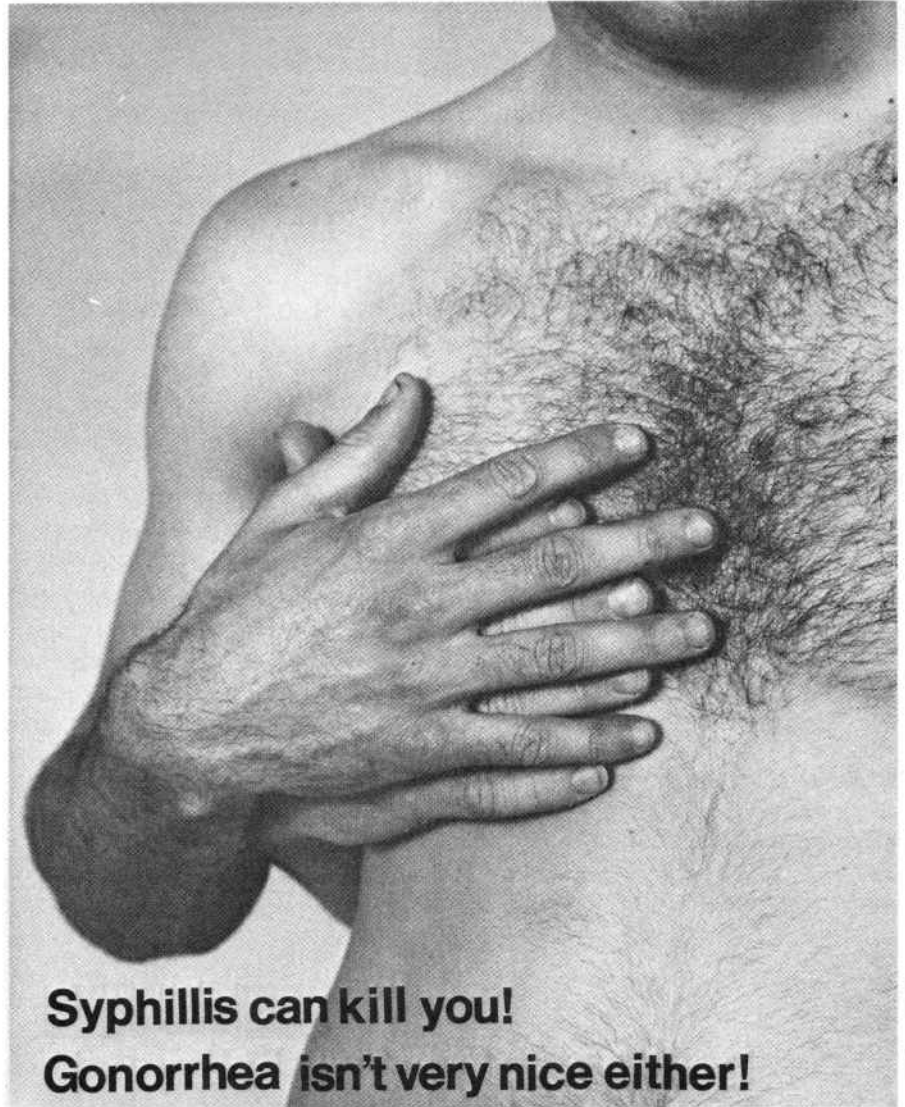
-*Pacific Coast Times*

Lawrence, Kansas - A group of gays here have announced their new publication, **Wheat Dreams**, "a mid-west journal of spontaneous overflow in fairie feelings recalled in tranquility." Subscriptions are \$2 for 5 issues. For a sample copy, send 45¢ to Wheat Dreams, c/o 1000 Ohio, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

-*Press release*

SOLUTION
TO
CROSSWORDS
PAGE 9

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**Syphilis can kill you!
Gonorrhea isn't very nice either!**

The incidence of VD, both syphilis and gonorrhea, is very high in Milwaukee. The largest increase in incidence for VD has been in the gay community during the last year.

Symptoms such as dripping or sores are not always present. There is only one way that you can be sure you do not have VD and that is by having a blood test and culture taken.

The tests are simple and painless and they are free. You owe it to yourself and to your sex partners to

take the few minutes necessary for these tests.

The GPU VD Examination Center is operated by concerned gays, so that you can be assured of absolutely no hassle and complete confidentiality. The Center is located at 225 E. St. Paul and free examinations and tests are given every Friday and Saturday nights from 8 to 12 p.m. Remember that you cannot be sure that you are "clean" unless you have been tested. Help us help you!

**GPU Examination Center for VD
225 East St Paul 347-1222**



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And Sunday is our Champagne Brunch. NOON to 5:00 P.M. - \$2.95



Monday is our \$1.50 Chef's Special with a different entree each week.



On Tuesday, join us for our popular \$2.49 Steak Night.



Wednesday you are treated to our \$2.49 International Supper.



And then, in addition to our full menu, we offer a \$2.49 Meat Rack Special on Thursday.

HERE&THERE

Baltimore, Md. - The Baltimore County Liquor Board has ordered scantily clad male go-go dancers at a Dundalk, Md., tavern to wear something to cover their nipples. The Board also advised that women in the audience should no longer be allowed to stuff money into the male dancer's briefs. The ruling was handed down after Liquor Board officials discovered there was a regulation which prevents any "person, waitress or performer" in a licensed establishment from appearing topless.

--Bugle American

Los Angeles - Police Chief Ed Davis told the city council that allowing gays to become policemen would cause constant problems, such as the possibility they would get sexually aroused searching suspects.

--Gay Scene

Los Angeles - Warner Bros. will film a story about the 1972 robbery of the Chase Manhattan Bank in Brooklyn, which made national headlines because the three robbers were gay and had tried to get the money for a sex-change operation for the transsexual "wife" of one of them. *Dog Day Afternoon* was reviewed by Ron Gold and Loretta Lotman of the National Gay Task Force and commented it was "sensitive and tasteful." Al Pacino will star as Little John Wojtowicz, the "husband" of the transsexual.

--Advocate

USA - A forthcoming biography of actor Charles Laughton will reveal his homosexuality, with the authorization of his widow Else Lanchester. Author Charles Hignams will disguise the names of Laughton's paramours.

--Pacific Coast Times

New York - The West Side Discussion Group has issued a plea for financial support. In addition to other expenses, the WSDG may incur large legal expenses as they have received one summons and one violation from the City of New York for showing films without a license and for not having a Certificate of Occupancy which permits a large group of people to assembly. The staff of WSDG feel they may be facing some organized harassment. Send contributions to West Side Discussion Group, Box 611, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

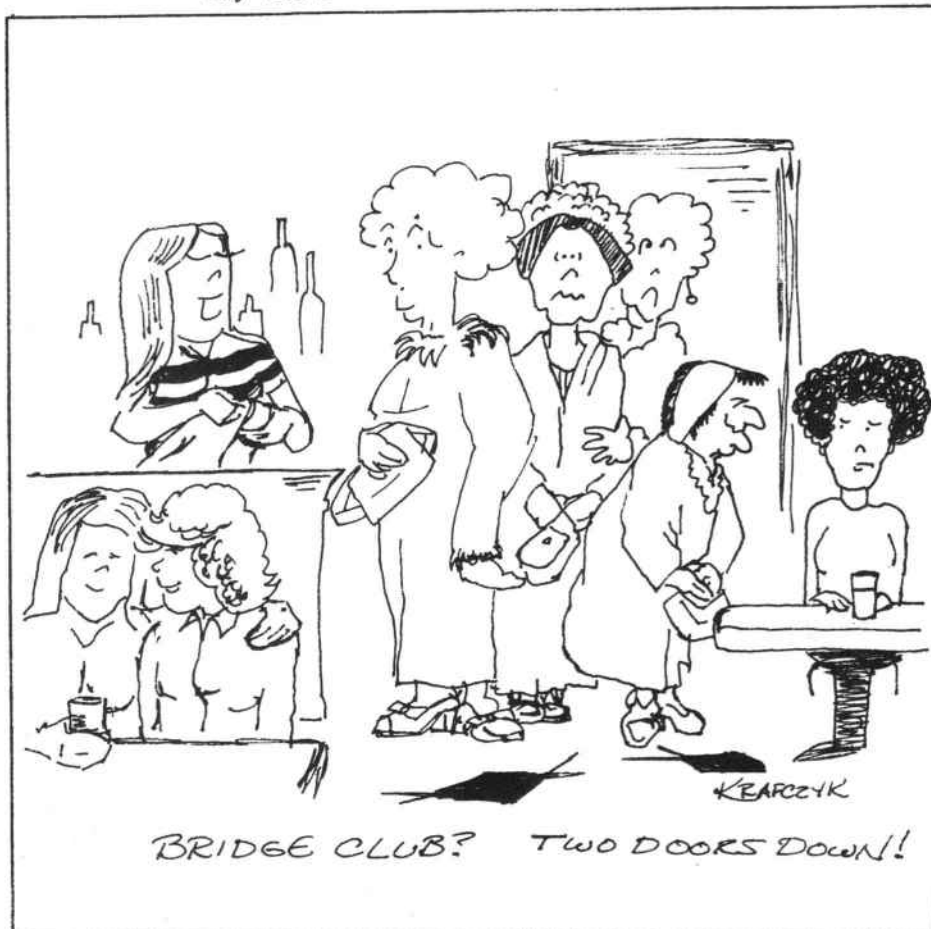
--Press release

Washington, D.C. - The American Psychological Assoc. has issued a policy statement declaring "Homosexuality per se implies no impairment in judgment, stability, reliability or general social or vocational capacities." Further the APA urged "all mental health professionals to take the lead in removing the stigma of mental illness that has long been associated with homosexual orientations." The action of the 37,000-member organization brings it into line with the American Psychiatric Assoc., a victory for the Association of Gay Psychologists, which sought the statement.

--Advocate

London - Islington Council and the Home Office have jointly awarded nearly 40,000 pounds to a gay counseling and befriending service. The grant will be paid at the rate of 7,900 pounds a year for 5 years. London Friend applied for the Urban Aid grant last year, explaining their most crucial need was for a full-time worker and for premises. Friend had been financially supported by a small section of the gay community, but stated that "it is unrealistic, unjust and socially divisive to expect the gay community to foot the bill entirely and forever."

--Gay News





OFF THE RECORD

The first reviews in this series appeared in the March and April issues of GPU NEWS (Vol. 4, Nos. 5 and 6), and appeared with an historical survey of the recent appearance of discs by gay artists dealing with gay themes. At that time I bemoaned (GPU NEWS, April, p. 19) the absence of works by women artists; a situation which, happily, is now partially remedied by the present offering - and the promise of more to come.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

I Know You Know, by Meg Christian. Olivia Records LF 902. Price, \$5.50 (add 50¢ for post and handling). Order direct from Olivia Records, P.O. Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070.

Olivia Records is a national women's recording company, one of whose purposes is that of giving women musicians access to the recording industry, with decent pay in non-oppressive conditions. Its owners are women, and it is a non-profit corporation: money raised from record sales will be re-invested

in future productions.

Meg Christian is a feminist singer, song-writer, guitarist, and auto-harpist. After graduating with a degree in music from the University of North Carolina, she performed in nightclubs in and around Washington, D.C., for several years. Since 1972 she has devoted herself exclusively to music for women, and has toured a variety of cities throughout the United States. Meg's record is Olivia's first album - an auspicious beginning. Though some of the songs are recorded in live concert, with autobiographical commentary, and not without some well-placed humor, the engineering is highly competent; and audience response even adds a dimension of vitality to performances which are compelling in their own right. Texts for all of the lyrics are also thoughtfully provided - an added bonus, since the lyrics, even those few which are adapted from other sources by the artists, are no less

Women who worked on Meg Christian's Olivia Album--

front row: Meg Christian, Chris Williamson, Joan Lowe, Margie Adam;

second row: Judy Dlugacz, Ginny Berson, Aleta Greene, Aneke Earhart, Shelly Jennings;

third row: Sandra Michael, Lilli Vincenz, Amy Barse, Marian Kaul, Cara Alfano.

Photo by JEB



impressive than the music.

The opening cut of side A is a dramatic entry ("Hello Hooray") which is at once engaging in its dynamic guitar figures and its feminist consciousness: "Hello Hooray/Let the lights grow dim/We've been ready. Ready for the rain to fall/Just to fall again/Ready for a woman to be born/Only to be born again, and again, and again, and again." "The Hive" (A3) is a lyrical allegory which simultaneously compares the ceremonies and institution of marriage to a beehive and the sacrificial slaughter of a virgin. "God bless our happy cubicle/Keep it safe and sanitized/Homogenized and pasteurized/There's no place like numb. Behold the formal female/Disappearing through the doorway/She has dreamed of this since she was only nine/She's never really fought it/And now by god she's got it/And the altar crouches silently/Waiting for the virgin to arrive/You can almost hear her screaming in the hive."

A4 ("Valentine Song") and A5 ("Scars") are openly gay in orientation and in feelings provoked, as is the tender opening of side B ("Song to My Mama"), which is actually the title song for the album. "Mama, Mama, do you understand/Why I've not bound myself to a man? Is something buried in your widow's mind/That blesses my choice of our own kind? Oh Mama, Mama. Mama, Mama, I know you know/But you couldn't survive/If I told you so. I understand the bounds that you've set/I'll talk of the car and the cat at the vet/But maybe once a year/When I'm a little tight/I'll feel fresh regrets and write/Some cryptic thank-yous for giving me the space to find/Such safely unspecific things/As my strength, my freedom, and my life." B2 ("Goodbye Joanna") offers a poignant and introspective account of parting love, with a refrain whose urgency becomes increasingly imminent: "Goodbye Joanna, you can stay with Ann/Give her your keys please because she's a real good wo-

man."

The two songs following (B3, "Morning Song," and B4, "Ode to a Gym Teacher": both written and composed by the artist) present autobiographical flashbacks into the early development of gay feminist consciousness. Finally (B5, "Freest Fancy/Kemp's Jig") the brief closing song is as much instrumental as vocal, permitting the guitar skills of the artist to emerge forcefully, with lyrics which are fully romantic without being pretentious. "I have spent so much of my life waiting/Looking for a dream that could never be/Lifting up my song/Thinking I was strong/You got to be blind before you see... I hold you very dear/You made it very clear/You are my freest fancy, my craziest dream/I hold you very dear/You made it very clear/You are my freest fancy."

More than just a collection of songs from a competent artist, the present album constitutes a cohesive whole. Without being overwhelmed by the message, the music is an apt and well-tuned vehicle for it throughout; often gentle, sometimes violent, and frequently with a solid and insistent beat, but unified and connected through all of its diversity of mood and figure. The ten selections are accompanied by other vocalists and instrumentalists; whose talents, like those of the principal artist, range all the way from the ebullient to the petulant. Overall the disc is appealing, uncluttered, and should emerge in the future as of considerable historical and documentary interest as well. Few things give a listener more pleasure than the process and results arising from a group of people who know what they are doing, and who do it as well as it can be done. Thanks.

GPU PHONE

271-5273

REVIEW (from page 6)

four essays on the predicament of women: "Differentials by Sex," "Women and Child Care," "Women and the Law," and "Women and Health." In this same area a pragmatic set of guidelines on curriculum reform is given by Nesta King under the title "Organizing Women's Studies."

Three well written and lengthy essays are presented on gay themes. Warren Blumenfield ("The Oppression of Gay People") offers an historical case study of the problems of gays in higher education, replete with references to the existing court decisions. At the end of the volume the editors have wisely included the entire text of the courts' memoranda and opinions in the Acanfora Case (United States District Court, Maryland); which, perhaps unfortunately, is liable to constitute the core of judicial precedent within the foreseeable future. In "Literature and our Gay Minority," Louis Crompton deals with the distinct problems of gays in literature and gay literature. Finally, Steve Werner ("The Gay Student Group") offers procedural guidelines for the establishment of gay student groups against the background of an historical survey: a solid list of resources is also provided.

Perhaps what is the most significant defect of the volume is treated in a postscript ("Lesbians as Gays and as Women") by Del Martin and Sally Gearhart: the preceding articles on women take the nongay women as central, and articles on gays are devoted principally to the male situation. Sexism is a subtle force, one hardly to be excised by simple goodwill and honest intentions: the feminist and gay movements have been equally guilty here. Whether this entails, as the authors suggest, a kind of separatism as appropriate for lesbians the present reviewer doubts: my own experience tells me rather that the gay male can be-

come conscious of his own sexism (and conscious awareness is half the problem).

Worth mentioning is that every article in this volume offers bibliographical guides and resources, so that it is a veritable research source in its own right. One small but glaring defect should be noted. If once is not enough (and I suspect that it is too much), twice the gay bibliography of the Task Force on Gay Liberation of the American Library Association is reprinted (though in different versions). While this bibliography is updated occasionally, so that it is not more (nor actually less) than five years out of date, it is still inadequate, and some of the entries are simply incorrect. Five years ago it may have been the best we had, but there is no excuse for reprinting it here.

This volume will surely be absolutely essential for those working in higher and secondary education. For the woman and/or gay who simply wants to have at hand a ready reference source for the problem of sexism within our educational systems, the volume is highly recommended as well. I can think of no better closing for this review than to quote the definition of cultural pluralism offered as a working goal by Professor Olson in his Preface: "Cultural-social-economic pluralism is the situation in a society where individuals and groups can function successfully in one, two, or more languages and cultural styles; where individuals can abide by and function successfully adhering to different customs and religions, adhering to less crippling class and sexual stereotypes than those accepted today, and where no one race, sex, culture, or class is preferred over another."

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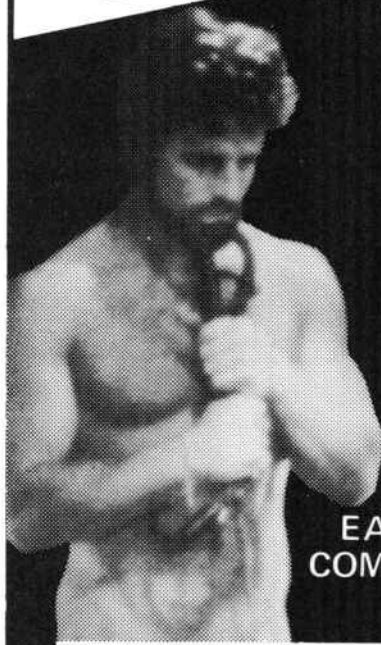
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SUNDAY BUFFET 2-7

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cruising

(from page 19)

—Often those are one—HOUR stands or less. We have more new options than we use, from the two-minute tearoom tango to the life-time romance. I like what I call a twelve-hour stand. You meet someone, talk, adjourn to your place or his, take your time, have afterplay, fall asleep together, have breakfast together in the morning. Whether you meet again or not. A rounded encounter, and time to know a touch of that person to recall later.

—Like your summer of cutting a swath? A mini-affair for your memory-album!

—Well at least it's a gain of some sort. I once got relieved of a clock radio.

—It's nice if you can stay awake. I wish things got started earlier in this town, like after work at the cocktail hour, like in some other cities. I'm not a night-owl by choice.

—Well it all sounds better than MY usual tricking. I'm usually at a loss for words. It's a strained silent situation.

—Most of the time they say "see you again" and then of course they never do.

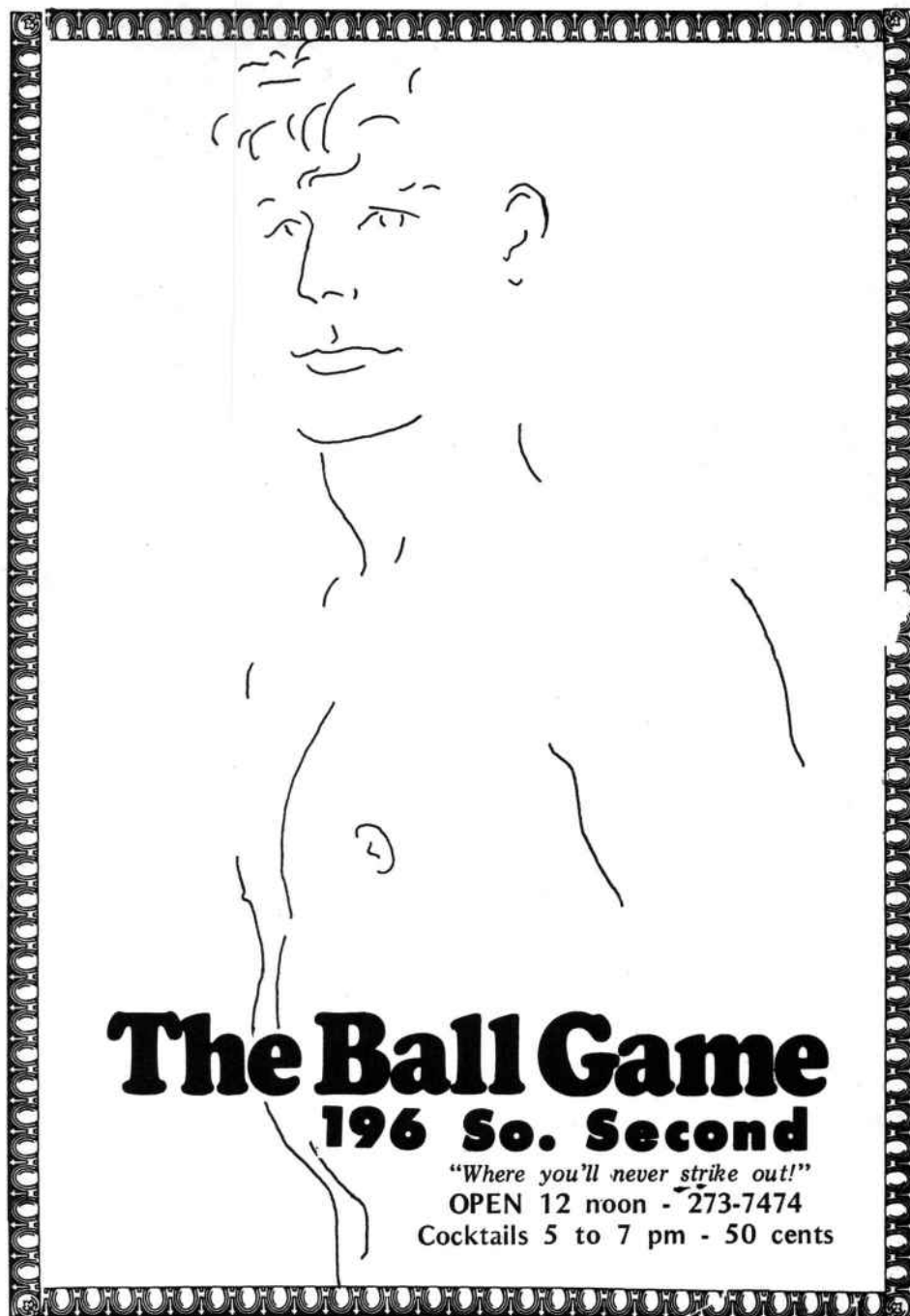
—Or worse, they glimpse you in the bar or on the street and madly avoid any recognition.

—Or worse yet is when we had good sex and I felt there was also some sharing and then in the morning—if they stay that long—they don't ask your phone number but just leave. It's then I get depressed and seek out my friends. Friends make it bearable.

—I think a lot of people would like to have more than a one-night stand, but can't.

—And the whole bit of segregating your tricks and your friends, that's another topic.

—As is the parks, the streets, and the baths, which sort of is, but it's late



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A Very Natural Thing, the widely praised gay love story (reviewed in GPU NEWS, December 1974) will be playing in Chicago for two weeks beginning May 9 and running through May 22 at Marina City Cinema Two, 300 North State St.

Two performances will be given nightly, plus a matinee on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. Tickets are available now for \$3.00 each, good for any performance during the two-week run.

You are encouraged to buy your tickets now, since all advance ticket sales will benefit the Gay News and Events telephone line, a worthwhile service project for Chicago gay people. One dollar of each three dollar sale sold in advance goes to the newslines. If you wish to order by mail, send a check or money order to Gay News and Events, c/o Free Spirit Fellowship, 343 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60604, along with a self-addressed stamped envelope. Your order will be filled promptly.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GAY PEOPLES UNION, INC.

Until further notice, Gay Peoples Union, Inc., will hold their meetings at the GPU VD Examination Center, 225 E. St. Paul, at 7:30 p.m.

Topics for Upcoming Meetings

- May 5 Monthly business meeting
- May 12 "Male Liberation" - Moderator: Wayne Jefferson
- May 19 Why Tension between male/female homosexuals?
- May 26 Who's Straight? Who's Gay? - Dealing with Heterophobia in the Gay Community

Presbyterian Gay Caucus (PGC) has submitted to the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. required documents for official recognition. The Presbyterian National General Assembly will be held May 13 to 21 in Cincinnati. PGC will provide a hospitality and information room at the convention. For further information contact the Rev. David B. Sindt, coordinator at Presbyterian Gay Caucus, P.O. Box 2073, Chicago, Illinois 60690, or telephone 312-528-3064.

Chicago's Up North bar, 6244 N. Western Avenue, has announced a benefit flea market on Saturday, May 10, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Proceeds will go to the David Welsh defense fund. Tables will be rented at \$5 each. For further information call 312-761-6660.

Lee C. Brewster, founder of Queens Liberation Front, has announced a series of T.V. parties to be held at Mothers, 267 W. 23rd St., New York. Donations received at the parties will be added to the group's legal fund, which will attempt to change New York's loitering law. The May party is scheduled for May 23. For further information, call 212-489-1348

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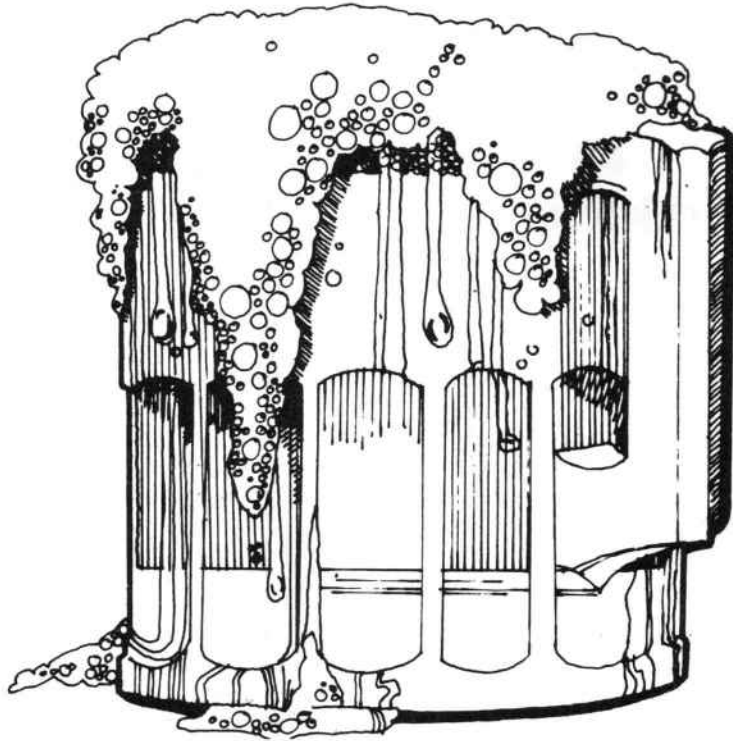
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Elderly Man wants to meet, correspond with and live with elderly white man. Send photo in first letter. Let's get acquainted. I can relocate if suited. Write T. Schultz, General Delivery, Post Office, Denver, Colo. 80202.

Horny, handsome male seeks males for mutual pleasures. Well off. Can travel anywhere, anytime. Fred A., Box 232, Babylon, N.Y., 11702.

GREECE ANYONE! ONE World Travel Club (a division of ONE Inc) will be taking its 12th GAY tour this September - 22 exciting days in Greece. For further information on this and other gay tours write ONE World Travel Club, Dept. C, 2256 Venice Blvd., L.A., Ca. 90006.

INSTITUTE FOR HUMAN RELATIONS. Gay Peoples Counseling and Education Center of Chicago. Individual, group and couple counseling. Weekly alternative to the bar, drop-in encounter experience. Innovative personal growth and sexuality awareness programs. Men's Weekends. Sexuality attitude reassessment workshops. Speakers and consultation services available on human sexuality. For info call (312) 337-5772 or write 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611.

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PORNO COLLECTORS - S.S.M.C. is starting a library. If you are cleaning out your collection and do not know what to do with this material, please donate to the club. Contact SSMC, Dept B, P.O. Box 90878, Milwaukee, 53202, or phone 344-5883.

Wanted - Young man 18-25 (looks, skin color not important) to share house in country for summer. Call (414) 743-3234 after 6 p.m. or Sundays.

Girl or guy to share nicely furnished apt. Own room & phone. Heat & parking included. Call Bonnie 476-3864 or 464-7670.

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Woman seeks female friend, companion around 40. Love to dance, have own car. Will also consider accepting roommate. Call 342-8576.

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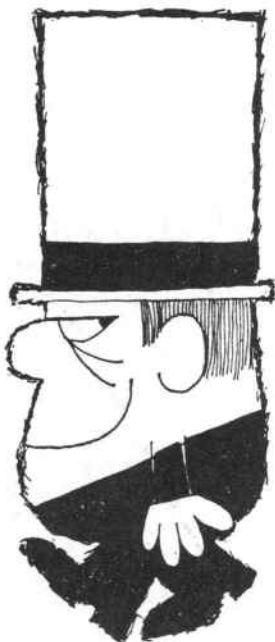
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"A Men and Women Riding Club" Meetings every second Sunday of the month. For more information write 5816 W. Carmen Ave., Milwaukee, Wi. 53218.

Gay Alcoholics Anonymous

Meetings Sundays at 5 pm and Wednesdays at 7 pm in the social hall of the Newman Center, 2528 E. Linnwood. Call 271-5273 and ask for Group 94.

Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at 7:30 pm, GPU VD Center, 225 E. St. Paul until further notice. Business meetings the first Monday of each month. Call 271-5273 or write P.O. Box 90530, Milwaukee, 53202.

GPU Examination Center for VD

Free V.D. screening. Open Friday and Saturday, 8 to 12 p.m., 225 E. St. Paul. Telephone 347-1222. Total confidentiality

Grapevine

A lesbian/feminist action core. Meets Thursdays at 8 pm at Women's Center, 2211 E. Kenwood Blvd. Dances every 1st Saturday of the month at Center. Call Women's Crisis Line 964-7535 for more specific information.

Milwaukee Gay Community Services Center

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263-4110

Peer Counseling Services

Silver Star Motorcycle Club

Business meetings every 2nd Sunday of the month. Affiliated with W.B.C. Write for specifics to PO Box 90878, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202.

Club night every second Friday at the Wreck Room.

UWM Gay Students Association

Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 pm, Student Union 309 East. Write Box 10, Student Union, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, 53211.

Milwaukee Health Department

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841 N. Broadway, Room 110
Phone: 278-3631

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WISCONSIN

Fox Valley Gay Alliance

Meets alternate Tuesday evenings in members' homes. Write for specific info and directions to PO Box 332, Menasha, Wis. 54952.

Madison Gay Center

1001 University Ave.
Madison, Wi. 53715

(608) 257-7575

Lesbian Switchboard

306 N. Brooks (UYMCA)
Madison, Wi. 53715

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CHICAGO

Beckman House Chicago Community Center

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Chicago Gay News & Events

Dial Operator and ask for the Chicago Enterprise number 5486. Tollfree phone service provided by the Free Spirit Fellowship, 343 S. Dearborn St.

Metropolitan Community Church Good Shepherd Parish

Sunday worship 7 pm at 615 W. Wellington. Call new phone (312) 549-3114 or write PO Box 9134, Chicago, Ill. 60690.