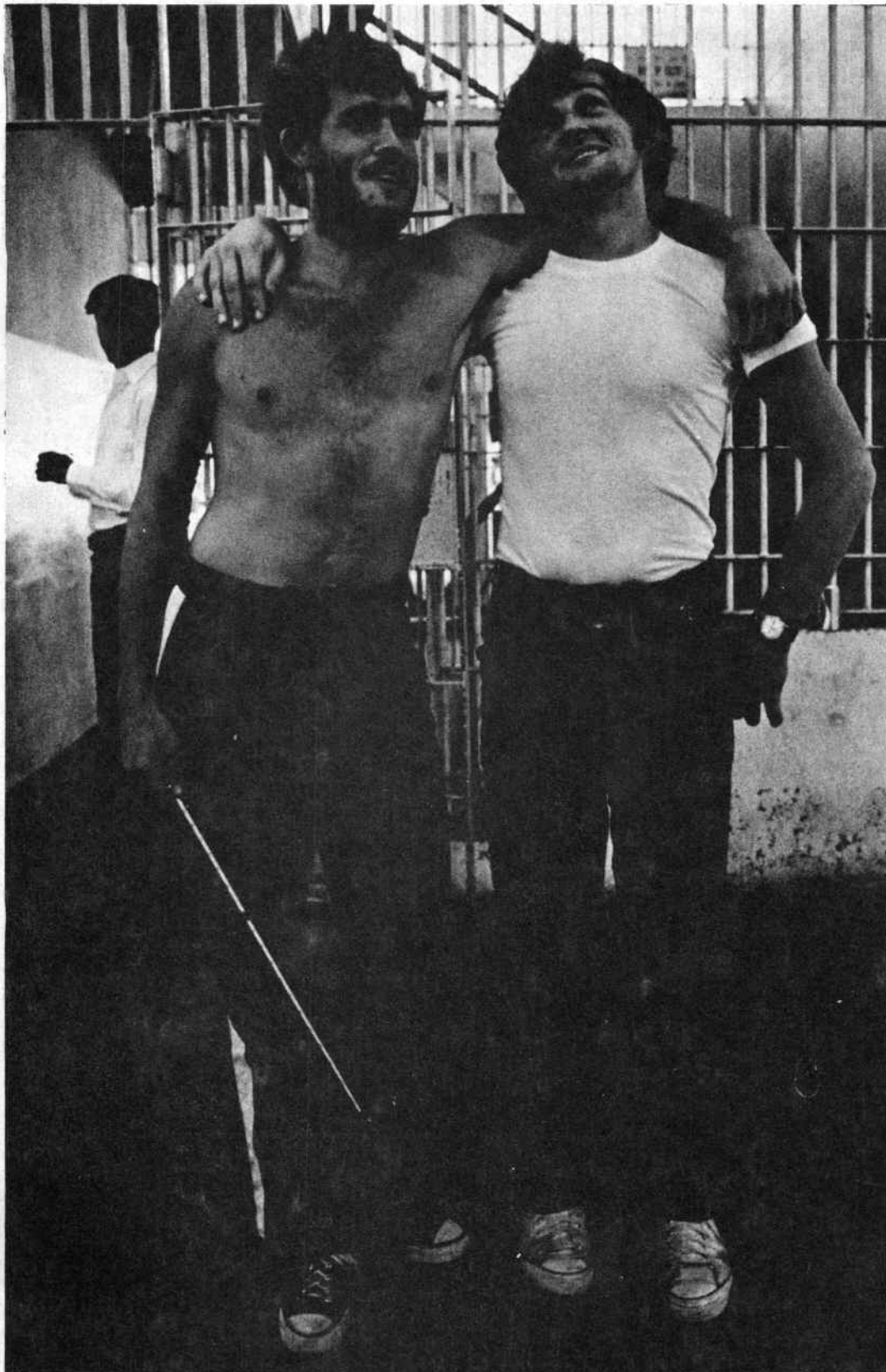


February 1976

GPU NEWS ^{50¢}

Vol 5, No 5



**Gay and
in
Prison**

Page 16

Photo: South Carolina Department of Corrections, Collective Violence Research Project

POPE DAMNS GAY LOVE

The Vatican—On January 15 the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith of the Roman Catholic Church issued a Vatican Declaration on Sexual Ethics, dated December 29 and having the approval of Pope Paul. The document has stirred controversy among Catholics because it repeats and strengthens the Church's traditional stand on pre-marital sex, homosexuality and masturbation.

After stating that in the present period the "corruption of morals has increased," the document states that man "cannot make moral judgments according to his personal whim." The document then shuts off any debate by stating that "... Christ instituted his Church as 'the pillar and bulwark of truth.' With the Holy Spirit's assistance, she ceaselessly preserves and transmits without error the truths of the moral order. . ."

Roman Catholics are then told of the "urgent need to oppose serious errors and widespread aberrant modes of behavior."

The document warns that pre-marital sex is "contrary to Christian doctrine, which states that every genital act must be within the framework of marriage."

Homosexual acts are described as "intrinsically disordered and can in no case be approved of."

Masturbation is called a "grave moral disorder" and chastity is described as a "virtue."

Finally the document calls on the bishops and priests "and their collaborators" to alert the faithful against the erroneous opinions often expressed in books, reviews and public meetings.

The document bears the signatures of Franjo Kard. Seper and Fr. Jerome Hammer, O.P., Titular Archbishop of Lorium.

Dignity, an international organization of gay and concerned Catholics, responded the same day with a press release deploring the document on sexual ethics and reaffirming its



Drawing by Glen Platts reprinted from Gay News, London

position that "constitutional homosexuality is a natural, irreversible variation of sexual behavior." They further maintain it is "intrinsically good when it is expressed in an ethically responsible, unselfish, and Christian manner. . ."

They charge that the scriptural condemnations cited in the document are based on "misinterpretations and mistranslations, cultural

limitations, and a simple lack of understanding of the existence and reality of constitutional homosexuality."

Dignity then reaffirms its call to the Church and the U.S. Bishops to appoint a committee of theologians, social scientists and gay persons to more adequately study the question of homosexuality, its implications for Church and society.

WHITMAN TV SHOW

New York, N.Y.—CBS television has announced that on Tuesday, March 9 it will broadcast in its **American Parade** series a special program titled **Song of Myself**, based on the life of poet Walt Whitman.

The special was written by Jan Hartman and produced and directed by Robert Markowitz with Joel Heller as executive producer. It stars Rip Torn as Whitman and Brad Davis as Peter Doyle, Whitman's youthful working-class lover.

Whitman's homosexuality is central to the script, marking hopefully, an end to erudite literary discussions excusing Whitman's sexuality for various reasons and denying his gay-

ness.

Pre-screenings of the show have resulted in rave reviews and Martin Duberman, well known gay activist in a review in the **New York Times** called it a "triumph."

CBS has taken a giant step forward and will undoubtedly receive criticism from Whitman scholars who have refused to admit Walt's homosexuality.

Gays are urged to watch the show and send their comments to American Parade, c/o CBS-TV, 51 W. 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019 with copies to Tom Swafford, vice president, Broadcast Standards (same address) and their local stations.

LESBIAN FIGHTS RESERVE

Milwaukee, Wi.—After approximately two years experience with the 84th Training Division of the U.S. Army Reserves of Milwaukee, Miriam ben Shalom is being considered for discharge as unfit for military service due to homosexuality.

Candid about her lesbianism from the beginning, Ms. ben Shalom has insisted that the topic of homosexuality be discussed in military human relations classes. Her co-workers and acting commander in charge were aware of her sexual orientation and several have agreed to testify on her behalf.

After completing her training with the 84th Training Division, she graduated as a drill sergeant on Dec. 1, 1975, receiving local television and press coverage.

On December 11, 1975, she was notified that formal discharge proceedings were being initiated and she was to report for medical and psychiatric examinations on Jan. 7. On advice of counsel, she declined to undergo the examinations on the grounds that homosexuality is not a sickness.

The Army responded that while such examinations are not required, failure to take them "will be the basis for the board (of officers) to proceed with its findings and recommendations." Additionally, in such cases, "the member may receive a discharge under other than honorable conditions."

On January 10 she was verbally informed that because of her refusal to submit to the examinations a "flagging action" had been obtained which prohibits any further active duty until hearings are completed. Hearing dates have not yet been set, but Ms. ben Shalom has indicated that she will contest any discharge filing court suit if necessary.

Ms. ben Shalom is a member of the board of directors of Gay Peoples Union, Inc. (GPU) and is a past president of the group.

Because GPU's charter forbids



MIRIAM BEN SHALOM

"political" activities and the group is trying to get tax-exempt status from the IRS, they are unable to act on her behalf, although many members support her individually.

Accordingly, she has set up a legal corporation called **Miriam ben Shalom Foundation for Minority Rights, Inc.** as a non-profit Wisconsin

corporation to handle the funds she believes will be needed to pursue her case through the courts. The board of directors for this foundation are Jeanette Eichorst, Will Orris and Linda Stich. Mr. Orris is acting as her press agent. Contributions can be sent to the foundation at P.O. Box 12030, Milwaukee, Wi. 53212.

INSURANCE RULES CHANGE

Madison, Wi.—On Dec. 17, attorney Mark Frankel, representing Madison Gay Activists Alliance, testified before the Wisconsin Insurance Commission on a proposed rule banning discrimination in auto and property insurance. The proposed rule prohibits the rating, cancellation, or denial of this insurance on the basis of past criminal record, physical condition, age, marital status, and educational and occupational status. GAA presented evidence showing the need for the inclusion of sexual preference as another protected class.

Commissioner Harold Wilde, although noncommittal as to his final decision, indicated he saw no reason not to include it.

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If you wish to place an ad in future issues, write to us at the above address for rates and information.

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.

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To Members and Supporters of the Gay Community:

Within the next several weeks the Wisconsin Legislature will consider several proposals to expand the rights and legitimacy of gay people in Wisconsin. Unfortunately, unless you speak up now to your State Senators and Representatives none of these proposals will have the slightest chance of passage this session. At this point there is no visible public interest or support for these reforms. It is crucial that you make yourselves heard.

These are the gay rights bills and amendments being considered:

Assembly Amendment 1 to Assembly Bill 209. Protects gay people against discrimination in housing.

Assembly Bill 269 (Comprehensive Sex Reform Act). Legalizes private sexual activity between consenting adults regardless of marital status, gender or sexual preference.

Assembly Amendment 1 to Assembly Bill 358. Protects gay people against discrimination in public accommodations.

Assembly Bill 1265. Protects gay people against discrimination in public accommodations.

Assembly Amendment 4 to Senate Bill 14. Revision of the state Criminal Code. The bill amends existing law to legalize fornication in private; amendment will legalize "sexual perversion" in private as well.

Senate Bill 498. Removes "sexual preference" as a barrier to licensure and public employment.

Please contact me immediately if you would like copies of any of these proposals or information on how to write your legislators. A personal visit or letter from you indicating your support for specific proposals will show your legislator you mean business.

I will appreciate your prompt personal action on this appeal.

Sincerely,

DAVID E. CLARENBACH
Representative

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SAN ANTONIO CONFERENCE

San Antonio, Tx.—Gay in San Antonio—A sense of Belonging? is an official part of the bicentennial celebration funded by the American Issues Forum Committee of San Antonio under the auspices of the National Endowment for the Humanities with the cosponsorship of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. A conference and an accompanying display entitled *Voices/Images* is scheduled for April 30–May 1, 1976.

The Forward Foundation of San Antonio whose executive director is Mr. Jim Egging is also a sponsor.

The conference purpose is to ex-

plore how gay women and men relate culturally with non-gay women and men.

Featured speakers will be Karen DeCrow, president of **National Organization for Women (NOW)**, Gene Legett, local suspended Methodist minister who is seeking restoration of his credentials, Elaine Noble, gay activist and Massachusetts State Representative and Dwight Oberholz, editor of the book *Is Gay Good? Ethics, Theology and Homosexuality*.

For further information contact: Bettie Naylor or Kathy Deitsch, Box 2036, Universal City, Texas 78148.



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THE HAUNTED HOST a play

by Robert Patrick - reviewer: Jeffrey Lant

For one month each year, the New Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, located inside Harvard's prestigious Hasty Pudding Club, is the scene of the world's most expensive and exclusive transvestite show. In March, a bevy of winsome undergraduates—preppies and fops—cavort in extravagant costumes through shows composed of execrable puns, sophisticated lyrics, and catchy tunes (Alan Jay Lerner was launched in the Pudding's orchestra pit) and a kick-line featuring the hairy legs and muscular bodies of some of Harvard's best and beefiest.

To inaugurate the festivities each year, well-known celebrities submit to being paraded through the streets of Cambridge accompanied by the gaily bedecked and bedaubed cast and by the raucous Harvard Band. In 1974, John Wayne arrived on a tank, pelted by snowballs thrown by belligerent admirers; last year, television's Valerie Harper was selected to receive the Pudding's Bean Pot accolade as well as the inevitable bouquet of giant rhododendrons.

Until recently, the site of these well-publicized antics sat vacant for the rest of the year, redolent of memories of past triumphs (and some notable turkeys) and mustiness. Then someone had the bright idea of capitalizing on the fame of the boards and renting out the old theatre for the remainder of the year.

Crusty old grads (who gather in the upstairs bar after either the Yale or Dartmouth game—whichever is at home—to drink heavily and reminisce about their own roles in past shows) grumbled, of course, and muttered about "tradition," and in speeches of often eloquent pomposity invoked the names of the five American Presidents who have been members of the Club. What would the Adamses, the Roosevelts, and John F. Kennedy say, they asked?

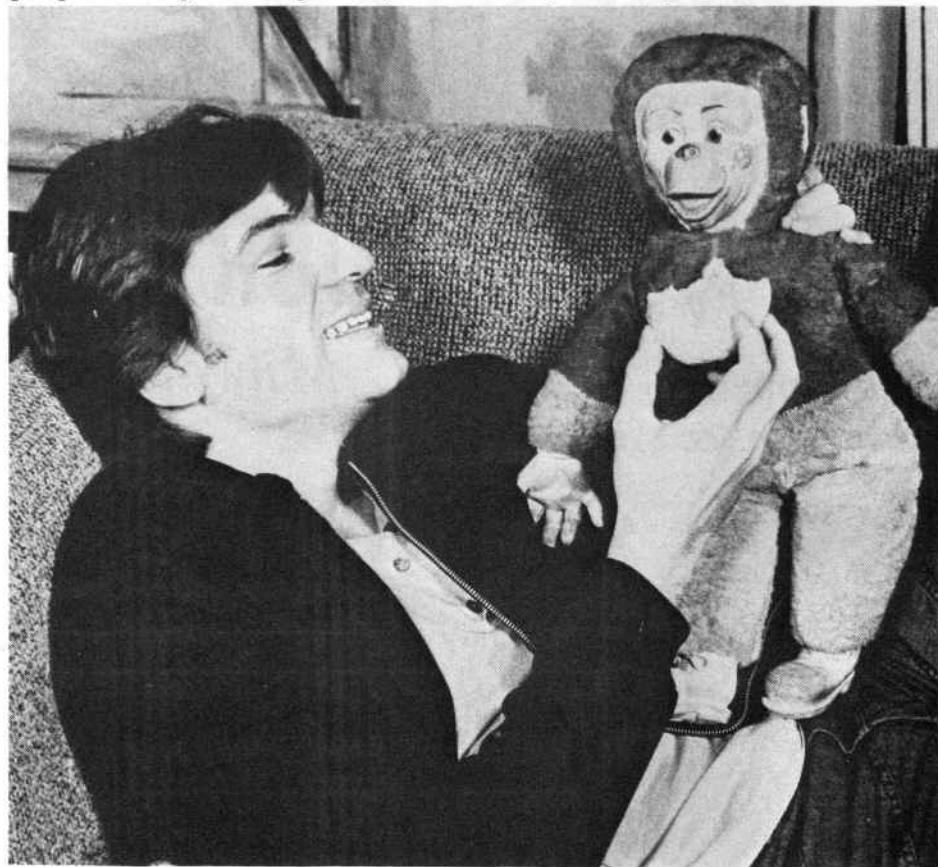
Since no one knew, these eminent personages could not impede the establishment of the theatre which was duly opened on a year-round basis. And this is how Robert Patrick's play "The Haunted Host" comes to be produced in such an unlikely place as the exclusive HPC.

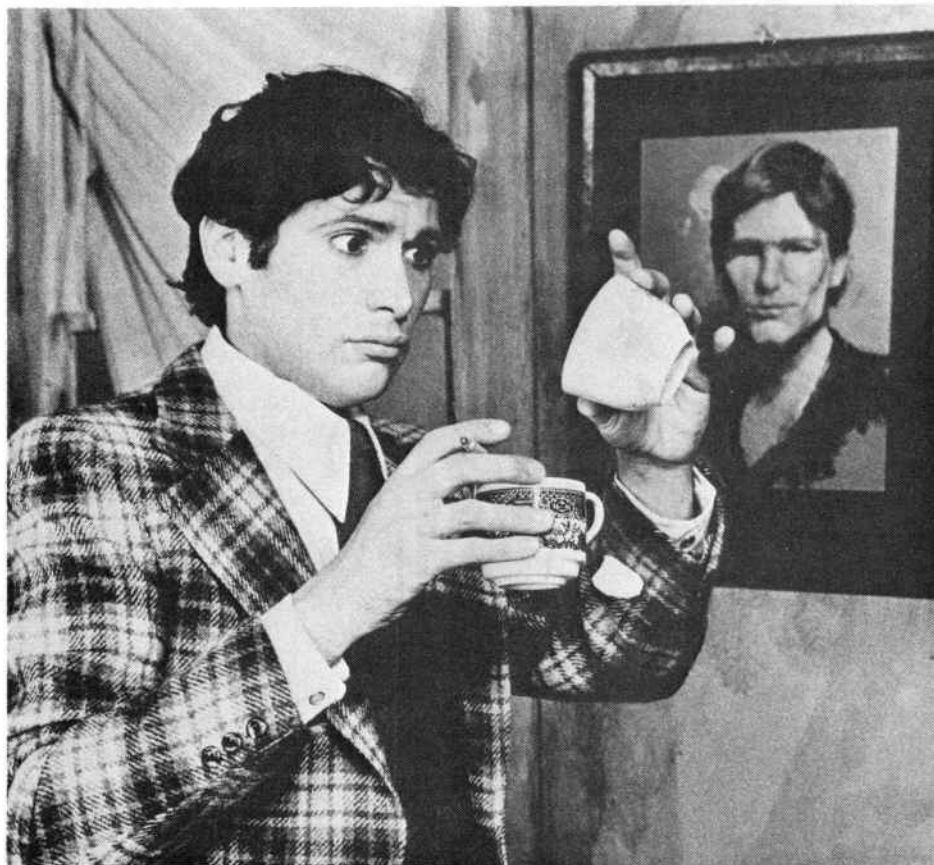
Patrick's is a name which people are beginning to recognize; he's the latest American playwright to break out of obscurity, in his case via a circuitous route leading through London's West End, where his plays (particularly the deservedly well-received *Kennedy's Children*) played to rave reviews and considerable audience acclaim long before they were at all accepted in America. Now in his late thirties, the craggy-faced, amiable Patrick, a native of rural Kilgore, Texas, is plainly enjoying his newly-acquired celebrity status, which includes as one of its perks a string of hangers-on, who

might well have stepped out of a typical Patrick play about human debris, a subject which fascinates him and which is a major theme of *The Haunted Host*.

The Haunted Host, which is actually Patrick's first play, written in the mid-sixties and previously produced in England, is now being introduced to American audiences to take advantage of the playwright's rise to public visibility and incipient fame. Except for such notice, it would not otherwise be produced, since, as a play, it is dated, overlong (a common Patrick failing: *Kennedy's Children* had to be cut fully ninety minutes or more between its Boston and New York runs) and irritatingly unbelievable.

Indeed, though Patrick has a reputation for hard-hitting realism (and there are moments of it even in this play), *The Haunted Host* is really nothing more than a dreamy





Photos by Len Barlow

fantasy, perhaps written to buoy up the depressed playwright (who is quite clearly "Jay Astor," the leading character of the two-man play) through one of the many bleak periods which existed before he attracted any popular recognition.

The play takes place in one cluttered room of Jay Astor's cold-water flat in Greenwich Village in about 1965. The only notable object in a room strewn with the disordered remains of a life in progress is an arresting pastel portrait of a blond youth. This is Ed, who has committed suicide before the play begins for unrequited love of a Jay who would have responded had he only known. He lingers on, however, as a ghostly presence represented by throaty laughs, the whistling of "Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho," and patches of bluish light in odd places at unexpected times. Almost insignificant in the development of the play, the presence of ghostly Ed does help to set up some of the situation comedy on which the action largely depends.

Much of the first scene (which

takes place after Jay, an aspiring though as yet unproduced playwright, is asked to lodge Frank, a straight boy from Iowa who also cherishes hopes of a writing career) is comprised of drawn-out situation comedy. Harvey Fierstein, who began his acting career as a transvestite for Andy Warhol and who plays the effeminate Jay, prances and minces about the stage, bantering with Ed, soliloquizing in his deep, raspy voice about life in New York, and laboriously squeezes laughs from the audience by showing the holes in his socks, fighting to open a cigaret carton, following the cord to locate a telephone ringing at the bottom of a drawer full of trash, killing a cockroach with a hot water bottle (does anybody really use hot water bottles any more?) and sniffing Raid. Not even his posing in a pretty lavender baseball cap askew on his head saves these early minutes from being dull. Things slightly improve when Frank arrives, although Patrick's contrivance is too glaring to enable one to

approve the change.

When an unsuspecting Jay opens the door to let Frank in, he immediately slams it in his face and pretends to become hysterical. As he places the picture of Ed in the closet and runs about the room recreating the chaos he has just been attempting to put down, we may begin to speculate as to why such a transformation is occurring. When at last an unruffled Frank, evidently used to having doors slammed in his face and in no way affronted by Jay's rather curious behaviour, walks in and reveals himself to be the spitting image of Ed, we wonder no longer. It is obvious that Frank has come to exorcize the haunting spirit.

He has, however, no easy time in doing so. Deeply ill-at-ease, provocatively defensive, comfortable in his resignation to being alone, Jay pops pills and lashes out with rude, vindictive, and tormenting lines to which a pathetic Frank, heavily out-matched in this contest of seeming wit and intelligence, can only respond, "I think that people and homosexuals should try to understand one another." Less apparent beside this abuse is Jay's growing infatuation with Frank, though as it grows his attacks become more vehement and crude. Love, no matter how transient or how superficial, threatens him.

How any truly straight man would have handled this situation is not hard to imagine: he would have walked out, leaving Jay to his bitter memories and his even more bitter future. But, of course, the delicious and naive country boy with a heart even more golden than his hair is not straight—or at least can be straight no longer. Jay's ranting tirades, egotism, venom, and acidity have proven an irreversible aphrodisiac. Though he runs away for a few hours, he comes back just as Jay says he would and not only to pick up the suitcase he has left behind. Returning, he flings himself into Jay's arms and con-

(Continued on page 9)



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HOST *(From page 7)*

fesses that he needs him to help with his writing career but more importantly because he loves him. At this unlikely turn of events, there was an audible groan from the audience, and quite rightly.

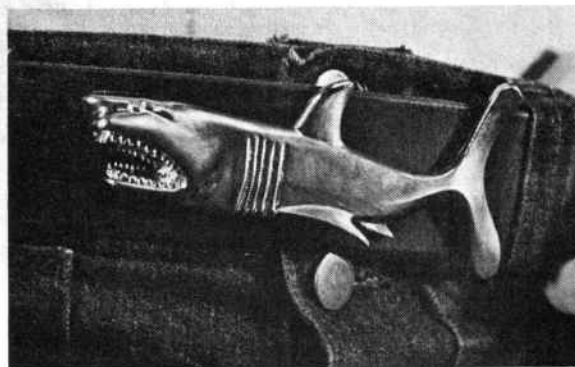
Jay, however, does not return the embrace and let the curtain drop on such a saccharine happy-ever-after scene. Instead, he freezes, unable to respond, and actually forces a by-now very confused Frank to leave. Why? "I recoil from affection," he says. To remain in control, he must be the one to give love but cannot accept it. This is why his isolation is so complete. As the curtain finally falls, a triumphant Jay, now utterly alone, throws Ed's picture out the door and again strides about the stage wise-cracking, strutting and posing, having never paused a moment to shudder or wonder at what he has done or what a thoroughly depraved individual he has become.

Yet despite the jarring moments of often desperate reality and tragic insight (as, for example, when Jay tells Frank, "I never wanted to buy you; I wanted to be you"), the play remains little more than one of Patrick's daydreams now staged. Its significant proposition is that all men are gay men and that each one is vulnerable to the deadly games played without remorse by fast-talking would-be intellectuals disenchanted by their fading chances for fame. Only in fantasy would anyone so healthy and sane as the boy-next-door Frank throw himself at the feet of anyone so offending and brutalized as Jay. In actual life it is

Except as an example of the homosexual wish-fulfillment genre, this play is best forgot. Though Harvey Fierstein as Jay and the attractive Perrin Ferris as Frank play their roles well enough (tho there is little in Frank's part to spark much interest), they cannot redeem a play so flawed and artificial.

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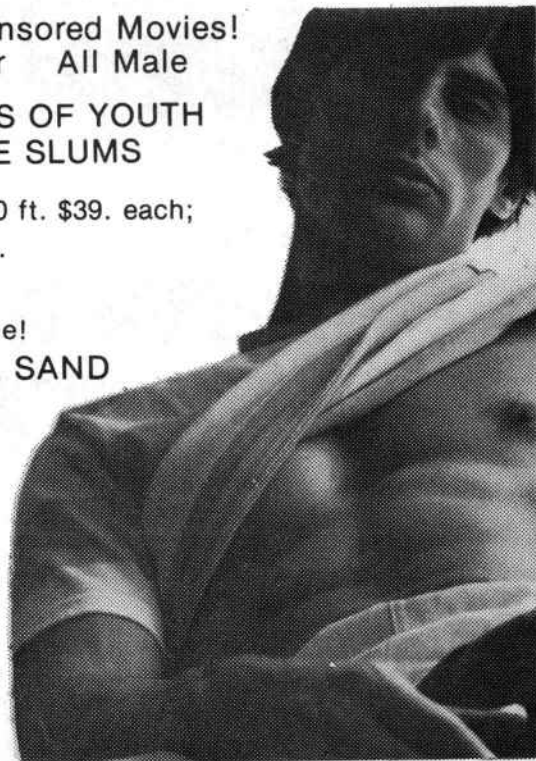
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AFTER YOU'RE OUT

Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Lesbian Women
Edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young

"Enormously exciting, extraordinarily helpful and valuable
in ways I could not have imagined."—Merle Miller



REVIEWED BY WAYNE JEFFERSON

After You're Out: Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Lesbian Women. Ed. by Karla Jay and Allen Young. New York & London, Links Books, 1975. Pp. 296. Paper, \$4.95. (Links Books, Quick Fox Corp., 33 W. 60 St., N.Y.C. 10023)

"... and we are euphoric, high, with the initial flourish of a movement." Carl Wittman wrote that way back in 1969 in his classic "Gay Manifesto." What's happened since then? A complex maturing, as this milestone anthology shows and tells.

Its 37 articles reflect two trends, identity and survival. First there's the withering-away, so to speak, of the early "Movement." It now seems at best an indispensable blooming of proud awareness, and at worst a cadre of humorless heavies spouting radical rhetoric with which not all gays could identify. Much of this sparkled the pages of these editors' first anthology, *Out of the Closets* (1972). How different the tone of this second book. How satisfying to read, at last, stuff of more substance and heft than the Movement material we began to weary of even as we knew that its spirit, however incomplete, was necessary. (And, how nice to be spared, at last, everyone's coming-out story, the carbon-copied Let Me Tell You About My De-Closeting Operation.) Even as the movement has muted down from confrontational zaps into slogging reformist work, so the rhetoric of the first book—vital, but short-lived inflammatory tinder-sparks—has gone to the lower, log-fire statements of this second collection. The articles here speak not with the tinselly rhetoric of untried hopes masking as plans, but from the heftier weight of actual field-experience.

As for identity, gays have passed beyond that first "gay pride" (when sheer spirit was sufficient bond) to find remarkable diversity among themselves—which both enriches gay community and complicates it. And as for survival, they've learned a host of practical (not utopian) techniques of enduring, if not prevailing, as what Wittman called "refugees from Amerika." These articles discuss not so much what to do until the revolution comes, as how to live a liberated life in an oppressive society. The editors feel that there must be a "realistic and clearly un-

derstood notion of survival by gay people"—individuals, couples, and groups—and that this book “represents for us a logical follow-up reflecting the development of the gay liberation movement to a more pragmatic view, toward a commitment to the long haul.” Three sections represent this. The first is on identity and life-styles (who gays are besides just “Gays”), the second is on survival in a “hostile world,” and the related third on “creating community and helping ourselves.”

SPIRITUAL MANUAL

Minority-group self-survival manuals are nothing new, of course. The famous feminist anthology **Our Bodies, Our Selves** is now nudging the million mark. But this is a needed first for gays. So how well has it been done? Excellently. This is scrupulously-selected, no mere cut-and-paste job. No elitism, either. Diverse sub-groups, many major issues, are present. A heavy and competent emphasis on lesbianism, also co-sexuality, is gratifying; it was about time. The editors regret having to omit the back-to-the-rural-land movement; communal living; gay art and humor; and the subworlds of “transvestites, sado-masochists, and transsexuals.” (One also notes only skimpy evidence on the totally-upfront gay, the condition of “ultimate outness,” about which more below.) The editors have also given all possible tie-in references for further information.

Note this book's many uses. For all, it's admissible evidence, documenting something utterly new in human history, by the way—not the birth, but the later growth, of gay experience in a negative environment. For gays, it's practical in two ways. For the spirit, it's keeping in touch, it's letters-from-us-to-us as we travel. (It's also armchair travelogue to be peeked into in the closet library in case you're not making the trip Out this year.) And for survival, it's literally instruction-manual on the law, parenting, etc., packed with hints more helpful than Heloise ever gave.

But not for every gay reader, perhaps? Coming out has a million steps, but three main stages, perhaps? Focus here is on gays in a middle stage, beyond that of mere furtive-shameful sex-in-the-bushes, but short of that rare bird the ultimately, totally-out-and-open person. Focus is on those in a middle, those who are surely self-accepting, also significantly out to other gays, friends, perhaps less so to family and at work—but who find this hemi-liberation doesn't insure survival. These people exist. Even as the flashy Movement faded, “more and more gay people rallied to the ideas and feelings behind” the movement which “created ripples that are still expanding outward. Gay people with a sense of self-identity are ‘liberationist,’ whether or not they are activists. . . .”

The book shows them as marginal strangers in their own native land—just like all minority groups. They “stand at a slight angle to the universe,” as Auden reports Forster saying of the poet Cavvy. More specifically, they are still “disorganizers of family pride,” they are “the people their parents warned them against.” For even as they find oases of gay community, they carom like billiard balls off that stubborn monument they are (or seem) at odds with, the Heterosexual Monogamous Procreative Nuclear Family Unit. And it's to the editors' credit here that the selections identify accurately the root-problem, the real villain in the case. Satisfyingly, no longer is the blame being placed, shrill and simple old-style, on the political system of “fascist imperialist capitalism,” or whatever. Rather, it's being placed squarely on target—on the socio-cultural attitudes and actions of heterosexism and homophobia. There indeed is the rub.

SELF, SOCIETY, OTHERS

Is there life after Outness? The section on “identity and lifestyles” is by far the most nuggety.

There are perhaps three major reasons for coming out as openly as

possible. They are all radiantly vindicated here (no stories of furious re-closetings). Coming out speeds personal growth; improves relations with non-gay family and friends; and helps free homophobic straights and still-closeted gays alike. But—an old philosopher once said that closets were warm, but stifling; being decloseted is exhilarating, invigorating—but chilly too at times. So it is here. Problems range from gross firings and disownments to being stereotyped as the Local Gay, plus subtler pressures.

“Coming out is great, but it isn't everything.” It removes logjams so one is “free to get on with the important task facing all people, to develop my ‘real me’,” as Louie Crew said, with no more waste of energy on needless shame and evasion. This is fairly obvious, but then gays especially, perhaps, can move on toward a really role-free life-style. (Of course, this can be hard; firmly belonging to society may constrict the individual through norms, but it does give support through recognition and response.) An entry from Gary Alinder's journal shows this. Is its apparent vagueness, a pathological drifting in an identity crisis—or is it the opposite, birth-pangs of awakening to a Selfhood beyond social expectations? It seems a journey toward unique identity, must always be made without roadmaps. How many heterosexual suburban fathers—proportionately—would be as challenged to this?

My life seems to be a series of hops from one surprising place to another. I'm bewildered...I'm becoming yet another person, not having understood what I was before. It's a little dizzying. I have no strong beliefs, no ideology. I'm confounded by my inability to describe, to rationalize this newest self. Just as one skin begins to be familiar, I lose it. How to define or situate myself, that question is at the heart of my restlessness....

Then there's the large, complex, changing society out there. One issue is of course common to everyone today but especially poignant

for minorities. That is the new political-economic mood, a looming storm-cloud for all who have eyes to see. Jeanne Cordova warns of "the sudden reactionary shift in this country's atmosphere as brought about by inflation, tight money, and the return to survival, as opposed to quality and equality, life issues." Fine, but obviously the oppressed, the non-SWASPM's (straight WASP males) have to worry about both at once, nutrition and spirit.

Then there's just being gay in straight society. Coming out can make one feel closer to humanity, but also more aware of separateness (though without militant separatism or the earlier "Gay Anger" always). Isherwood recently said that when he is too long away from gay company he feels as if deprived of oxygen. True; but Allen Young is both drawn to, and weary of, both the gay movement, and straight society at large. Dual allegiance between gay and human identity can be a problem. For, a completely "homosexual lifestyle" and a totally "gay liberation mentality"

can place one in a very small box. Where the political category is not recognized ("we're all people"), there can be oppression. But where the category is emphasized above all, there can be dehumanization.... On the one hand, we want to affirm our oneness with the human species, while on the other hand we insist on our separateness for good reasons....

And most of the book tilts toward separateness. We're still Different. Don Mager puts it simply: "But

make no mistake, because I am out in one work environment and therefore feel an increase in my personal freedom, in no way does this make me as a gay person free in this society free—no way!" George Whitmore suggests how coming out subtly excludes one from society (even while freeing one too):

...coming out is doing considerable violence to the straps, hinges, hooks, and rivets that connect you to the rest of the world. You sever yourself sometimes from your own history. You are unmoored, then.... You can see the medieval condition of the rest of the world clearly now, with all its superstitions and its hunger for heretics.

Then what of one's gay self and other gays? In a nutshell, gays have moved from early pseudo-solidarity in Gay Pride, to later recognition of each other as variously psychosexual. If roommates can't always be lovers, "gay sisters and brothers" can't always be personal friends. Yet we are all gay-in-America-today. So the trick is to relate tolerantly to people the same as us and different from us.

For we do differ. We differ in our sexuality—from asexuality, celibate but gay, masturbation, promiscuity, serial or life-long coupling—and permutations thereof our mothers never told us of. We differ in living arrangements, all the way from the bachelor flat through straight marriages on to gay communes. Wittman, so shrill-and-simple at points, is still right on target six years later:

We have to define for ourselves a new pluralistic, role-free social structure for ourselves. It must contain both the physical space and spiritual freedom for us to live alone, live together for a while, live together for a long time, either as couples or in larger numbers; and the ability to flow easily from one of these states to another as our needs change.

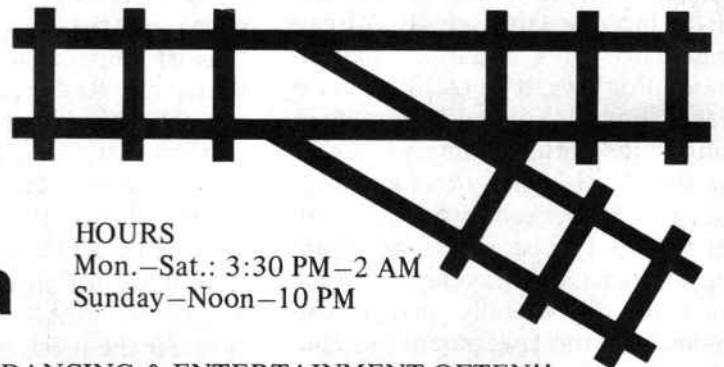
(My, that's asking a lot.) We differ in our commitment to the Movement—and are even torn between different movements, as Jeanne Cordova notes:

Does a lesbian belong working in the gay movement? The feminist movement? Both of the above? Neither?...This year I don't see any real place in the male-identified gay movement for the feminist-identified lesbian. Yet this year I still question, "What is a lesbian-gay-queer woman's responsibility to the thousands of her sisters who still suffer under anti-gay as well as anti-woman prejudices?"

We also differ in how much true solidarity, real support we do give each other when the chatter is over and the chips are down. We differ in whether we play or abandon old roles, assume new ones or no. Last, we differ in how far "out" we are in terms of explicit openness. And that can be a problem, as Jane Rule shows. She notes that a lesbian wearing "boots and a jeans jacket" may seem a threat to one who feels she's "just like anybody else"; a lesbian with a husband plus a woman lover may seem a threat to another lesbian with a woman partner who

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is "tempted by the safety of a heterosexual marriage"; the lesbian who chooses to be "public in every circumstance" may seem a threat to the lesbian mother, schoolteacher, or nurse.

There's also an article on that mulatto-minority, bisexuality (talk about completeness); and its comment on the minusses-and-plusses of that lifestyle also catches the complexities of authentic relating to other gays as well as of simple coming-out in the first place:

I personally find my lifestyle more exciting, more satisfying, more fun than being exclusively hetero- or homosexual. But it is also so complicated and more stressful. It is difficult to try to integrate the two contexts. The rewards of being able to love both women and men are far greater for me than the strains, but bi-sexuality is not an "easy" lifestyle.

But it can be done. Being out is a bouncy ride, but if you can hang on you get the complete tour—in multiplex, as it were. As a psychologist had elsewhere said:

Homosexuals are usually marginal to society and this marginality... seems to have something to do with a creative person's ability to tolerate ambiguity, project varying points of view, and strike out in new directions.

BRASS TACKS, NUTS & BOLTS

But how to survive together? If anyone doubts that gays face many problems, or that five years have produced many ways of coping with them, let him glance at the diversity represented here.

Prostitutes are welcomed—both female (queer fish) and male (a boy for all seasons). So are prisoners, in a stunning series of letters by a (now-deceased) inmate annotated by the group Join Hands. Law is especially well-covered. There's information for couples, on how to confront and/or circumvent the statutes on all the matters of marriage; insurance; wills; hospital rules; child custody; and homes for gay children. There's a "pocket legal guide" of nasty things we should

know beforehand. There's "Lesbians and the Law," which predicts both backlash and liberal acceptance ahead. And Rita Mae Brown writes rather persuasively on the high advisability of investigating what the F.B.I. may well be up to.

Ageing? An all-too-brief piece on this emergent issue which, it is said, most of us will face someday. Psychotherapy? Some good points on how to protect yourself from the helping professions. Coming out to parents? A hilariously-effective Gradual, or Nationalization, approach—so much more considered, self-sure valid than those earlier-style confrontational moves. And something newer, the problems of gay parents. A lesbian mother writes, of her daughter: "I realized that if she doesn't get a strong sense of my values she'll be left vulnerable to the male world values that will teach her contempt and loathing for me as a lesbian." Even newer yet, the problems of "fag-got fathers," those males who must "persevere through the dense bigotries which define men as generally inadequate for the raising of chil-

dren"—or as uninterested in doing so, one might add.

And more. Gay community centers? The Los Angeles one is reported on in careful detail, seems a model mecca. V.D.? Here's a basic health-care info-blurb, and then (talk about completeness)—something entitled "Bottoms Up: an In-Depth Look at VD and . . ."—well, sodomy. But like in helpful detail. Alcohol problems? If you're gay, stay away—from straight A.A. groups, perhaps. Information on gay alternatives. It is a problem. "Drinking becomes part of the bar pattern—drinking to relax the search and numb the wait." Gay journalism? A good report on Boston's Fag Rag notes internal, and external, problems and progresses. This is important even as the gay press becomes more and more important, for obvious reasons. A media blackout in the majority press prevents transmitting information—and spirit too. Finally, even a note on gay archives—important for identity and survival. The editors touched virtually all bases.

Interpersonal relations are dealt



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with too. Gay-straight relations? Don Mager tells How To Talk About that funny button you've chosen to wear on your sweater. A dismal bulletin from darkest New Hampshire reports homophobia rampant, shows how that erodes gays and straights alike. "If he [a student] begins to believe he is a faggot because he paints, how can he ever come to any true realization of his own sexuality, heterosexual or otherwise?" More important here, I'm afraid, are gay-gay relations, especially between lesbians and gay males. An interview finally probes this crucial, sticky issue at last. (Unfortunately there is nothing from a "men's liberation" view as to how males—even if gay—do tend to stand subtly off from each other.) Once again, post-"Movement" complexity:

Is a male homosexual the ultimate male supremacist? Or are gay men likely to be among the males most supportive of the goals of woman's liberation? Both ideas have been expressed by feminists.

Then, there's inter-racial relations. The piece "Nigger in the Woodpile" is piercingly good because it combines 1960's-type intensity with latter-day calm contact. The picture definitely is not good. Third World gays are double-buffed not only by homophobia from society, but also by white racism still rampant within the gay community:

If you are black, brown, or yellow, and you are out, you experience it daily. Each time you enter a bar, go to a party, attend a group meeting, read the gay press, or deal with white faggots on a social level, it is there. It is, outside of us, like a large beast....Internally, like a crab....

Finally, Karla Jay wrote a good think-piece on the problem of the dualism between ideology and fantasy, that is, between a head that is "liberationist" and a body which still has fantasies supposedly "oppressive".

UNTIL YOU'RE OPEN....

So the book's full. I'd wish more only on outness-vs.-openness, on

how things stand with those few up-front people in that third stage of "ultimate outness." This is the gay who always makes it clear that s/he is gay—always, all 24 hours—unoffensively, of course, but unmissably. This person also probably always "zaps" or criticizes gay oppression whenever s/he meets it—again, calmly but effectively. And this is the logical goal (if not the practical probability) of liberation, of coming out—make no mistake about that. Louie Crew's article does talk to this topic somewhat. Would you like to be him? He's an English teacher—at a state college of 2,000 in rural Georgia. He is also completely out and open—totally "decloseted." He is also the white half of an integrated same-sex couple. And as if this weren't enough, he's also a persistent and vocal campaigner against queer-fear behind the Cotton Curtain. How much energy, strength, courage this must take:

I am often exhausted by taking on this role, by the internalized pressure to feel a credit to my race, my tribe. Still, I consciously fight to preserve, to integrate....my identity while my colleagues and students come to terms with their homophobia....I shall keep on being as friendly as I have always been, even if this means I must sit by those who do not want me, that I must share my oppression until there is indeed no back of the bus.

In a remarkable article not, however, included in this book—"Throat-Ramming"—Gerald Hannon in *The Body Politic* warned recently of the danger of "The New Closetry." This is a sort of still-born coming out, of indeed Telling family, friends—but then of permitting "that subject" to slide back into silence as before, to be talked about never again, let alone often and easily now. Hannon also reports what happened when he and his lover decided to make a practice of walking hand-in-hand wherever they went and all the time. They survived; but this simple natural act continued to freak out everyone, including their "close" neighbors. Eventually they dropped back to linked-arms only, instead....

The moral? Perhaps gays are still too much straight peoples' "worst fears made flesh" ever to be tolerated while behaving naturally, breathing free. Yes, handholding is important, not just "political." Still, **After You're Out** shows that today is much brighter than those earlier decades when human beings sat riddled with self-hate and either "thought they were the only one," or else just did silent tearoom trade all their lives. No more. As Gary Alinder said, "don't be bitter, don't fear, keep moving." And pack this resourceful handbook as you do keep on trucking onward and upward—and outward.

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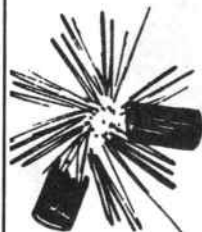
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REVIEW

Angels of the Lyre: a Gay Poetry Anthology. Ed. Winston Leyland. San Francisco, 1975: Panjandrum Press. Pp. 236, paper, \$4.95.

"I have been, like Jean Cocteau, a life-long Angelophile," confesses the editor in explaining the title of this new gathering of gay (male) poetry. This concern shows in his work, and may indeed be part of the problem here.

To answer The Question of every book-review—yes, the volume is worthwhile. We've only just begun; slightly-green apples are better than no apples at all. Later, larger than the 126-pp. **The Male Muse** of 1973, this flowering-of-words includes a variety of 57 poets. Some are unknowns: newcomers, up-and-comers (many of whom have already appeared in GPU NEWS); also some why-bothers and best-forgottens. Others are the old hands of the trade—Duncan, Field, Ginsberg, Goodman, Lacey, Mariah, Norse, O'Hara, Spicer, Wieners, Young. These are the facts of the book; what are the truths about it?

Just because a poetry's broken free from old traditions doesn't insure that it's found new conventions to develop richly in.

It's perhaps not too macho to complain that the reader (or, this reviewer) "can't get a grip on" many of the purely-angelic mood or tone pieces which bulk (or shimmer) large here. Not really June/moon/lagoon, they still seem vague and abstract in a bad, not good, sense.

For credit, there's a good stab made at presenting poems with "Gay Sensibility." This was one of the editor's two criteria (the other being sheer quality).

As hard to define as poetry itself, a gay **elan vital** does exist. "Gayness extends far beyond physical sexuality," as the editor says—yet the lyre strumbles with honest-to-goodness fuck poems. But Gayness is more like Male Love, a role-


free (or, freer-rolled) dovetailing of Eros (lust) and Philia (brotherhood) in a fond fraternity not dreamed of in locker rooms. Gayness goes beyond the militant-political, but the lyre does twang out protest now and again.

Gayness is partly Camp; and the lyre does twinkle with that "saucy dissonance." Second-generation camp can appear in specific lines

("How ashamed they are of us! we hope"), and between-every-line. It can inform specifically gay subjects (as here, Stillman's Gym; a drag queen's toilette; a meet with Mae West) or indeed any general topic.

Gayness is also minority-group status, that wry-ironic stance of the alien, the insight of the excluded, the heightened sensitivity of the
(Continued on page 32)


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Gay and in Prison

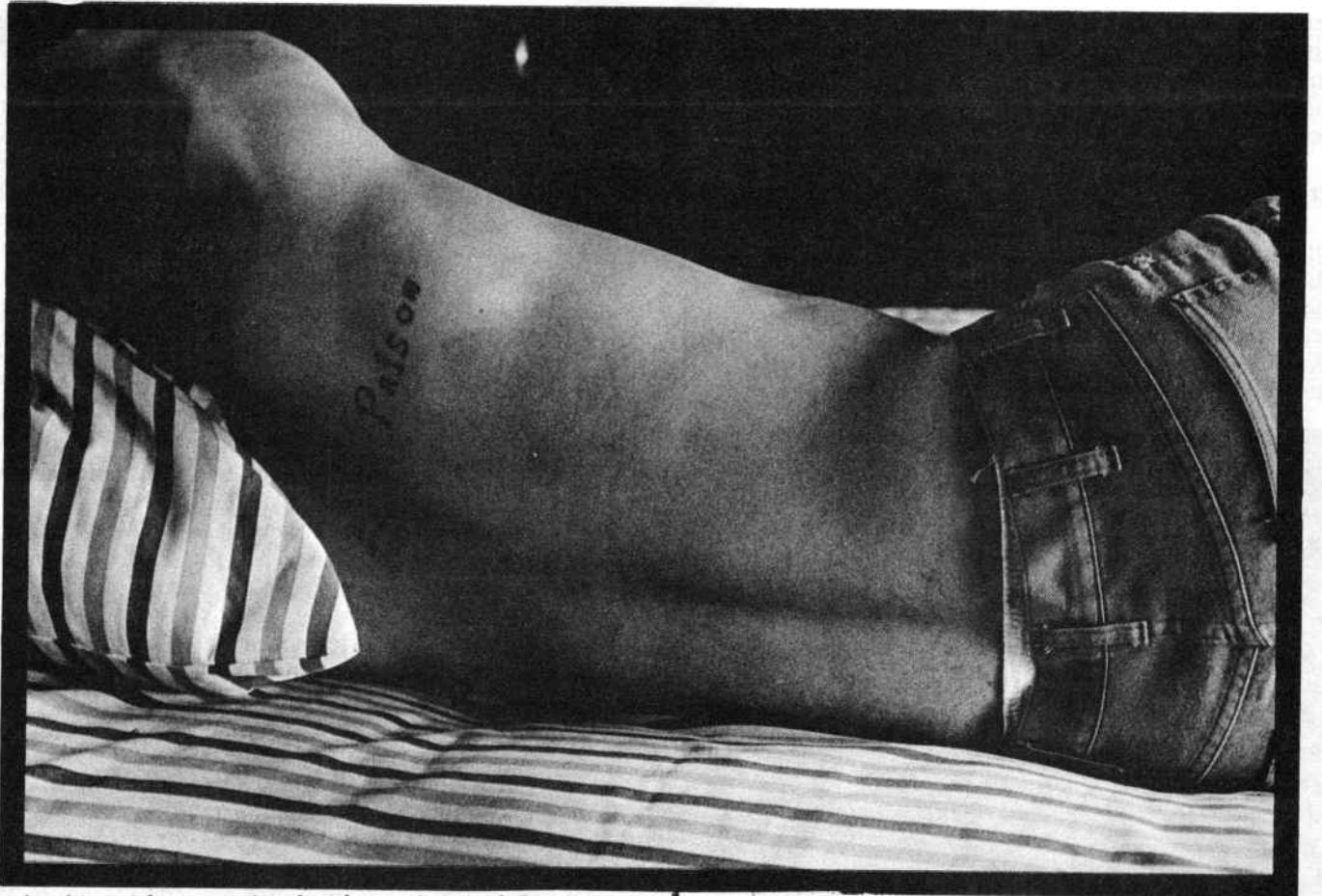
Article by PETER H. DUNHAM

It began innocently enough. Dale and I were sitting in my semi-darkened cell talking when I felt his hand on my crotch. That simple and beautiful gesture marked the inauguration of a fulfilling life as a homosexual and signaled a relationship that would span many years and result in additional years of imprisonment, culminating in a stipulation on my parole that was both inhumane and illegal. It would result in our separation and brutal treatment; in transfers and humiliation; in stolen moments of pleasure in an underground rendezvous where we consummated our love away from the watchful eyes of the guards.

The year was 1965. I had just been transferred from a mid-California institution to a minimum security facility in Southern California. Dale, who I met only after my arrival at the minimum facility, preceded me by only a few weeks. I first noticed and spoke to this beautiful young man of 22 several weeks after my arrival. It would be a long six months until that night in the cell when he first conveyed to me his sexuality and opened up a carefully guarded desire which I harbored and feared.

We forgot about our incarceration that first night and many nights thereafter, as we enjoyed the love and warmth of each others person and body. Since we both suffered from extreme paranoia that our love become known to our imprisoned peers, we went to great lengths to keep our relationship hidden. Like the thieves who surrounded us (Dale and I were not in prison for theft), we jealously guarded each moment, each touch, each act of love with a ferocity unknown to us.

To understand the barriers we both had to over-



Photos for this article are reprinted with permission of South Carolina Department of Corrections, Collective Violence Research Project.

come to consummate our love relationship, let me tell you briefly about both of us. Dale, an only child, was suffering his first term of imprisonment for being an accomplice of another young man who hailed from his hometown in a suburb of San Diego. He had maintained an on-again-off-again homosexual relationship with another his age for 6 years beginning at the age of 15. He was shy, introverted, painfully bashful and extremely ashamed of his sexuality. Coming to prison only reinforced his same and added a new dimension: fear. Fear that he would be exposed through some act gesture or word as a homosexual to his fellow prisoners.

Fear? Yes. . .justifiable fear because of the strange double standard that prevails between gays and "straights"; double standards and often violence.

Passive, female-role-playing gays in prison—those who are generally labeled queers, fruits, sissies and other absurd names are the objects of verbal and physical abuse at the hands of the male-role-playing "aggressive" homosexuals. Why? The catch is, all too often, the "aggressive" gay in prison, often a man who began practicing homosexuality in prison by letting a "queen" suck his rod, denies his sexuality and insists both to himself and his peers that he is straight.

This brings me to my background. I began as a "heterosexual-who-refused-to-accept-his-sexuality" because I was young and rather attractive when I entered prison at 18. Rather than become forced into a passive sexual role which scared me to death, I immediately

adopted a macho image. I swaggered when I walked. I ran with a group of toughs. I sought out the companionship of an effeminate gay and let it be known in all circles that "she" was my "old lady." I was not gay; my "old lady" was. And I would fight anyone who even hinted that I might be gay.

For ten years I continued to participate as a "spectator" rather than a "participant." I kept this distinction in my mind as my various effeminate partners continued to commit fellatio on my or while screwing some young, attractive known homosexual. I never consciously desired, for years, to actively commit the act of fellatio or be the recipient of anal intercourse. I made it clear to my peers who was fucking who!

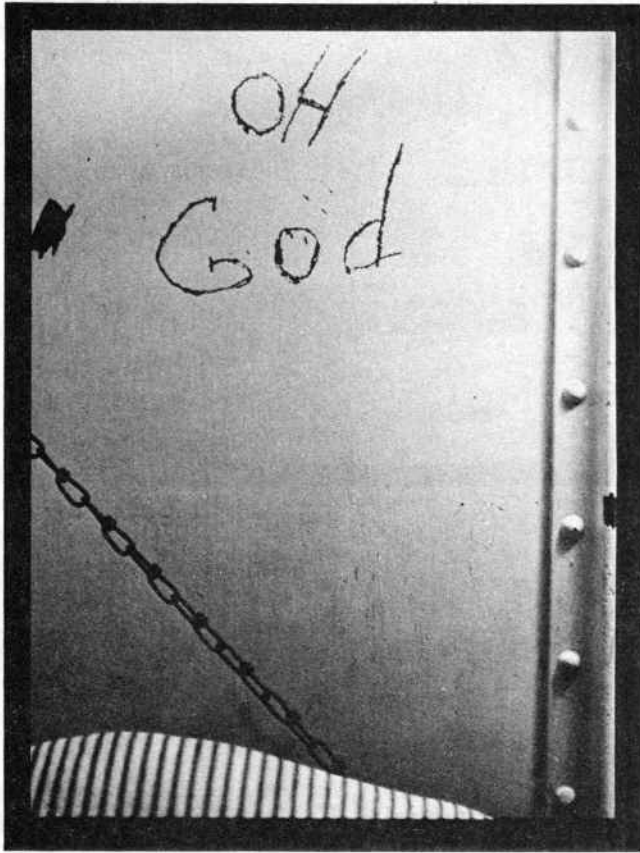
Then I met Dale. I was ill-prepared, because of my being paranoid with prison-bred hand-ups, to enter into a two-way relationship with either male or female.

Over the months that followed, in which my newly discovered emotion of love slowly eroded my hang-ups, I was able to gradually divorce myself from my aversion to participating mutually in a sexual act. I still retained some modicum of my old self in disallowing anal intercourse to be performed on me by Dale although we mutually engaged in fellatio.

Suddenly it happened! We were discovered one night having sex in my cell by a guard who was barely able to disguise his glee over catching us in a compromising position. We were quickly locked up in

separate cells and taken the next day before the disciplinary committee. We were adjudged guilty and told to cease seeing each other; an impossible request. It was impossible for the prison administration to legislate whether we loved each other.

We took our love underground. The prison had a large boiler room with a labyrinth of tunnels carrying the pipes throughout the prison complex. We would separately walk to the boiler room and when none of the inmate or civilian staff working there were looking, we'd descend into the tunnels where we continued to enjoy each other's company. We continued like this for many months and it was only the act of one of the so-called "straights" who wished to force



himself on Dale that resulted in the dissolution of our relationship at that institution. A letter which I had sent via courier to Dale while recuperating in the prison hospital, was turned over to the authorities and we were again charged with "immorality." This time, the institution staff acted swiftly and barbarously by transferring me to another institution.

We were physically separated but I wasn't deterred. I promptly sought out a fellow inmate working on the prison newspaper at the institution to which I had been sent. I cajoled him into placing letters to my lover in each week's edition of the prison paper which was then sent out with the regular subscribers. This continued for nearly 3 months until a check was made of the mailouts against the subscription list and our underground mail system was discovered. I was quickly placed in solitary and transferred to the

state's maximum security institution for punishment.

Since it was impossible to correspond with Dale directly, I enlisted the assistance of several wonderful friends who acted as both mail receivers and forwarders for both incoming and outgoing letters to Dale. We were able to maintain contact this way until his release some six months after my initial transfer from the institution where our relationship had been exposed.

But our problems weren't over yet.

Prison regulations forbade a prisoner writing an ex-prisoner, so attempts to communicate by mail directly with Dale were rebuffed. My letters were all returned by the officials. In desperation, and with the aid of an attorney friend, we were able to work out a female pseudonym under which Dale and I were able to express our love for one another without arousing the suspicion of the mail censor.

A year later, with good behavior, I was transferred from the maximum security institution to another less restrictive one. Personal family problems dictated that I escape from the prison's farm unit where I was housed and after some strenuous planning and careful execution, we were together.

Together! It had been four years since that night in the cell and the tender caress. Much had happened to both of us, individually and collectively. But our union was spoiled by the awareness that I was a fugitive; hunted by every law enforcement agency in the State. We knew that our dreams for permanency and settling down would one day be marred by my arrest and return to prison. That day came early in 1970.

I was arrested and returned to prison. Again we continued to correspond with each other by having Dale use the female pen name. We spoke of our dreams for the future. We made plans that hinged only on my release from prison at an unknown date.

The day finally arrived. I was granted a parole. Bubbling with joy, I placed a special phone call to Dale to let him know I was being released legally. He shared my happiness; a joy that was his as well as mine. We would be together again.

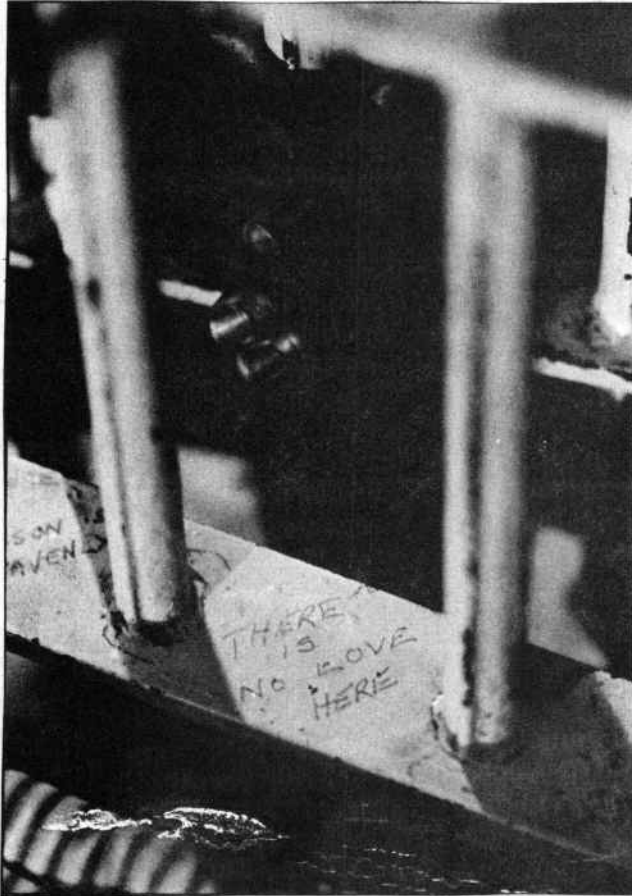
The months crawled by as the release date approached. Slowly the weeks passed, one long day at a time. Long, long days. Days full of longing and desire. Of anticipation and love. Two weeks remained until my release when the guard passed my cell one evening and delivered a letter. It was addressed to me and carried the familiar pen-name Dale used in the upper left-hand corner.

Excitedly I opened the letter. As I read the words my eyes began to blur; my sight impaired by tears. Dale was telling me in the kindest possible way that although he had been waiting for me for months—no, years—he had recently met someone and he wanted us to become merely friends. He and the other man were now sharing the love relationship that we had enjoyed. I was numb with disbelief as I continued reading where he said: "And I hope we can remain friends. You mean more to me than anyone."

The rest is history. We had discovered love. . . . happiness. . . and, most important. . . ourselves in

the 5 years we were intermittently together. We shared some beautiful moments. We had overcome tremendous odds and obstacles in the propagation of our love. We had discovered, in a prison cell, what many people never find: genuine love.

Everyman should be so lucky.



EPILOGUE

1972. I was released and frequently visited Dale and his new lover. A metamorphosis had occurred during the two years Dale and I were apart. He had discovered a new identity and was no longer the shy, self-effacing person I had met in 1965. He was more masculine and aggressive. His lover had many of the qualities that Dale had when I first met him. They were happy and in love and I wished them well.

In the two years that followed my release from prison, I sought that special someone. I wasn't free to do it openly, however, any more than I was able to in prison. The reason? The State's Department of Correction placed a stipulation on me that ordered I not "knowingly associate or reside with homosexuals." It was necessary, as it had been in prison, to keep my sexuality disguised; to constantly deny to my parole agent that I was a practicing homosexual. I felt the parole stipulation unjust and it wasn't until I was accused of violating that condition of my parole in concert with several other equally inane "technical violations," and returned to prison in July, 1974, that something occurred to change it.

While a Superior Court Judge in San Diego ruled

the condition "unconstitutional," it remained a part of the record that has resulted in my imprisonment; imprisonment that will continue until March, 1977, unless an appeal before the State's highest court results in my being released before then. Oral arguments were heard from my attorney and the State's Attorney General's Office on December 3 and an opinion should be forthcoming in a few weeks or months.

The subject of that parole violation is a sensitive, attractive 24-year-old male who waits for me outside the high wire fence and concrete and steel walls that surround me. Andy, whose separation from the Navy was predicated by our relationship; the papers of which separation were used as documents to "prove" I had violated the condition about "residing or associating with homosexuals," joins me in again marking the months, weeks, and days off our respective calendars. It is not necessary for us to disguise our correspondence. He is beyond the pall of the prison system's capacity to dehumanize and crush the free expression of love manifested by gays in prison, and I no longer worry about sheltering my sexuality from the prison administration although I still remain discreet about this matter with my peers.

I'm confident that laws protecting sexual conduct between consenting adults will protect us once I am released, regardless of when it occurs. A group of attorneys and fellow writers are ready and willing to challenge any attempt to burden me with archaic and illegal parole conditions.

For those still seeking a love and a relationship in a California prison, the harsh dictate of the Director's Rule No. 1105 makes it clear that a new State law notwithstanding, the practice of homosexuality in prison is still verboten. The Director's Rule reads:

"You must not participate in illegal sexual acts. You must avoid situations which might lead to illicit sexual conduct."

Gay and in prison. A type of living purgatory that can prevail outside of prison walls.



Peter H. Dunham

POETRY

BY
j. c. jeffery

We are the hollow men.
T. S. Elliot

We have been told a thousand times,
The bankruptcy of our souls.

This bar is a mirror of the emptiness of our minds,
The separateness of our souls.

Trapped each in his own ego trip,
Not knowing how to ask his brother for help.

Not knowing what in himself to offer his brother
For fear of it being insufficient

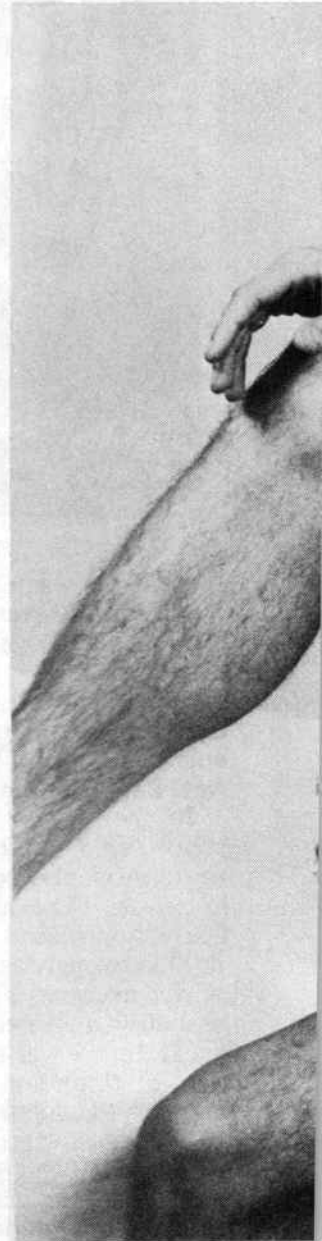
And by fear
We are insufficient
"We are the hollow men."

What a trite rap. . .
A widow's lament
To talk of empty lives. . .

I sit and watch
The blond boy. He
bores me
with his
insistant chatter
about how much
he knows
and
I
wonder why
I have so little
to say to him
and I walk
away and
he
follows. God,
can't he dig
that I don't want
to be
bothered
and
he makes
me
feel guilty.

I want to touch you.
I want to feel the heat of your body
next to the heat of my body
I want to watch you pull up your blue jeans
and put on a work shirt and
I want to see how good you look and
I want to put my hand on your ass and feel
the jeans stretched over the curve
of your flesh and
I want to hold you before we go out and
know that your blood's flowing
all inside my arms around you.

I sit in the kitchen.
Preparations for a meal.
Waiting for guests.
I think of you.



I know the difference now between men and animals.
If we were horses

who had once frolicked in
the same meadow and then
our masters parted us,

I would not stand by the gate
imagining what we
would be doing if
we were together,

Or how handsome we would be running
through the green pasture.

If we were horses, we would have enjoyed
each other's presence

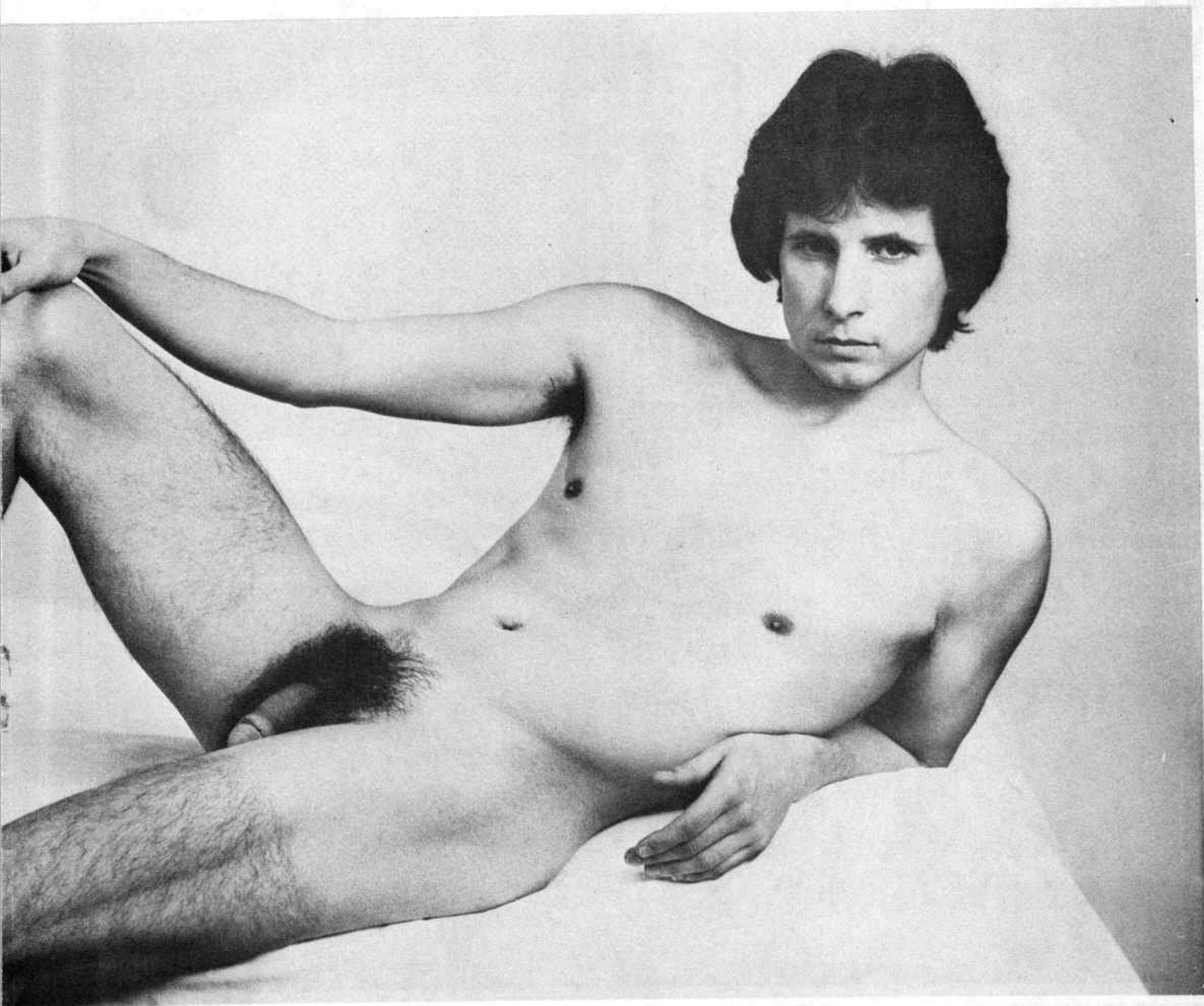
But never have fallen in love.

I will enjoy tonight.

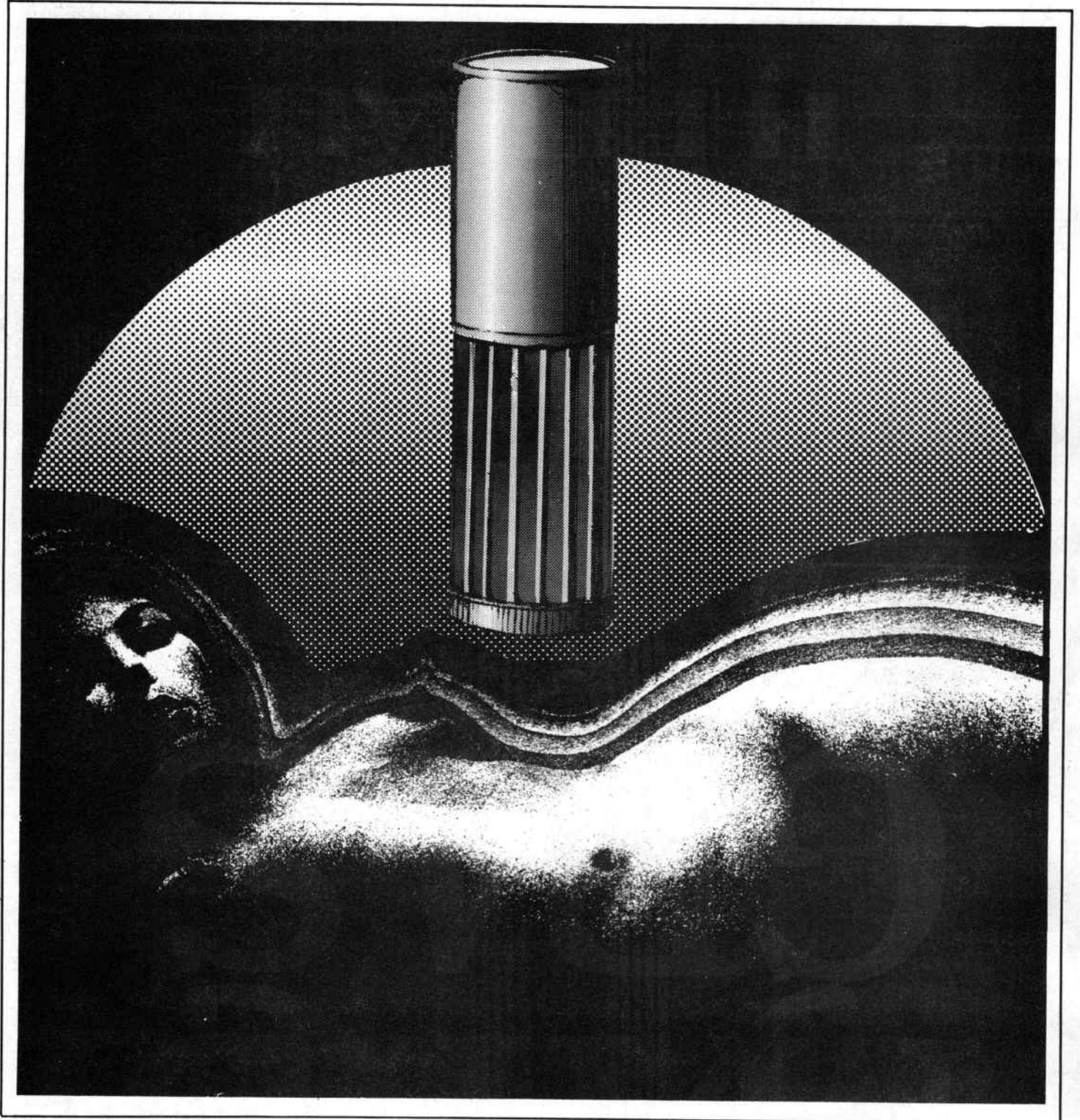
I will enjoy preparing the food.
I will enjoy the conversation.
Perhaps there will be an intimacy
Surrounding the table.

I am beautiful, tonight. I am myself.

But in the corner of my mind
Is the wish
That you were here to smile with me.



ANNIE



"Cromwell, this is it! The American dream. The dentist is the American dream, Cromwell!" Marie flippantly spouted her philosophy to Cromwell and the big, grey tabby stared at her blankly.

"People visit every six months for him to patch them up—like a tune-up! And he makes them beautiful outside, no matter what's inside." She spritzed the remains of the water through the slight gap in her squeaky-clean teeth, wishing her father was still alive, eliminating this ritual. Her father's being a dentist meant there was never a need to brush and rebrush, or to make an appointment, or to take the subway.

Marie hated subways. She'd just decided last week that the current network of distractions and defenses she'd set up to get her through subway rides was working. Today she even felt confident. Last Monday had marked a whole year since her last subway incident and she was proud. Friends always asked why she simply didn't move out of the city if subways bothered her so much, but she'd lived on 103rd and Third for so many years now, she just couldn't imagine living anywhere else.

"I'll see you later, Cromwell," Marie called to her contented cat. "When I'm beautiful!" She laughed and locked the door behind her, a minute later pushing through the subway turnstile with an air of confidence. She immediately began whistling Springstein's "Born to Run," her favorite these days.

Marie felt good. She'd worn her new jeans and her Salvation Army fur coat. The coat gave Marie good vibes. So did the promise of ice cream she'd made herself after the dentists. She called it self-bribery.

Marie's constant dieting made ice cream a rare treat. Not that Marie was fat, but she liked to keep her weight just under 100 pounds. That was the weight she'd decided a 5' 3" woman should maintain.

The subway rumbled into the station and Marie began rushing, wishing for the millionth time she had long, gamely legs, rather than her short, stubby ones. But long legs were something Marie knew she couldn't buy like good teeth.

She slipped through the silver doors just as they were slamming shut and slid onto the grey, plastic seat. As the subway jerked to a start, Marie conscientiously ran her eye to the first advertisement on the opposite wall. She was still whistling Springstein, building her distractions. "Meet Miss Subways." Marie's eye slipped to the photo. An uncontrollable shudder ran through her body. Miss Subways looked exactly like Annie.

Marie began working her defenses. "Read the next sign. Move your eyes. . ." she repeated over and over to herself. After she'd forced her eyes to the next sign, they shot back to the dark, beautiful Miss Subways. Her mind instantly filled with the memory of Annie.

"Oh God, I should have taken a cab," she thought to herself as the frantic feelings encompassed her.

She pulled a copy of **Rolling Stone** from her leather satchel:

the next of her defenses. She turned to the article on Pat Boone.

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. . ." the article began.

It wasn't working. The train pulled into the 96th Street station, doors opening and shutting quickly. Marie was thankful for that. Time was most important right now to her. She still had four more stops. She pressed her attention back onto the article as the train plunged through the long, dark tunnel.

The rattling rhythm touched off the tingling sensation in her toes. The photograph helped the sensation creep through her legs. Marie pressed both feet flatly into the filthy kentile floor, gritted her teeth and tried once again to force her attention onto the article.

She pressed her feet harder and harder until her face reddened and her calves ached, but the sensations continued creeping up her legs. Marie had described it a long time ago in her journal as "a tingling sensation, almost as though all my nerve endings are suddenly being activated. It demands my attention and acquiescence."

She completely lost track of the article and her surroundings as the sensation eased into her thighs. She could feel the moisture accumulate on her now clammy palms.

"No!" she repeatedly commanded herself almost aloud. But her body began fidgeting on that cold, grey plastic seat. "No! No! No!" By now she was only thinking of Annie. Beautiful, beautiful Annie. Her face loomed before Marie's mind's eye.

Annie sat opposite Marie at the kitchen table. They were all alone, waiting for the coffee to finish perking to warm their frozen bodies. It was winter and they'd been outside building a snowman.

"God," Marie suddenly realized. "That was ten years ago!" Ten years ago when her mother left that huge plate of cream puffs in the center of the table, before she'd gone shopping.

Marie had been eyeing the cream puffs as she and Annie sat and waited. "Wanna split one while we wait?" Annie asked.

"Mmmm," she answered, taking a knife from the drawer and handing it to Annie. She carefully cut through the flaky crust. The cream oozed out and clung to it.

Annie handed Marie half and Marie bit into the pastry. The sweet, cool cream rolled over her tongue and slipped down her throat. The contrasting consistencies tickled her palate.

She looked across the table at Annie. "Clean your lips," Marie giggled at her.

Annie's big brown eyes sparkled as she slowly ran her tongue across her thick lips, gathering in the cream.

Marie watched. Annie was beautiful.

The train screeched to a halt at 86th Street. Marie knew she had to get off the train. "I'll grab a cab the rest of the way," she pretended to herself as she rushed through the door and slammed her pelvis through the exit turnstile.

Standing in the long, dim corridor, Marie frantically tried to

focus her attention on Angela's love for Eddie in fuchsia displayed on the grim, mustard-colored tiles, but all that came to mind was Annie. Annie and Marie at that moment of recognition.

Marie forced her body to stand still. She would not lose control today. She pursed her lips to whistle but they would not purse. She forced her eyes to look at her watch, but they wouldn't focus. She knew now she wouldn't make her appointment with the dentist. She tried to steer her body to a phone booth to call him, but her mind was too preoccupied with thoughts of Annie.

She felt frightened and alone. She'd never mentioned these urges to anyone. There was no one to tell. Marie lived alone and kept her friendships at a distance.

Her skin titillated as she began to feel the urgency of embracing and kissing. Goosebumps popped up as Marie recaptured that moment of recognition in her mind—Marie and Annie together.

It was Marie's most beautiful recollection—the joining of hands and the excited climb to her bedroom.

Now, Marie rushed up the littered subway steps and onto the cold, grey street, picturing Annie lying next to her on their warm bed. The memory: Annie's long, auburn hair, slightly tangled, spread around her full, olive face was beautiful. . .

Dusk had settled as Marie reached the street and glanced at the concrete, trying to force herself into a cab and home. But the memory of the bedroom door flying open and her mother standing shocked before her and Annie overwhelmed her thoughts.

The memory of her mother entering that room sometimes thwarted the sensation. Marie hoped for that today. But nothing returned her control. Her whole body was vibrating as she felt herself walking up the street, rushing. . . through the doors into the sudden gust of heat from Gimbel's lobby.

Beads of perspiration started accumulating on her upper lip and forehead.

She threw open her coat. The heat only encouraged her already advanced state of agitation.

Marie's stomach was knotted, her thighs throbbing. She tried to turn her body around, back out onto the street and into a cab. But the uncontrollable urge pushed her further into the crowded store.

Her mother's face with that horrified look flashed before Marie as she made her way through the men's department. She glided gracefully across the floor, forgetting her short legs and small stature, remembering only the desperate realization that she had to tell her father what had happened before her mother did.

The retrospective humor soothed her body momentarily as she stood before the multi-colored ties trying furiously to gain control. She remembered, so distinctly, jumping from the bed, throwing her blue chenille bathrobe around her tiny, naked body and running next door to her father's office.

A smile crossed her now flushed face at the memory of the scene. She saw herself, an eighteen-year-old kid, half dressed, brown hair disarrayed, out of breath, standing in the doorway, shouting at her father who stood, drill in hand, patient open-mouthed, in the chair, "I must speak with you. Now!"

He knew it was an emergency and mumbled something to that poor old man lying there. They went into the consultation room.

Marie recalled explicitly the arduous conversation.

"I have always tried to be a good daughter. To make you

proud," she'd begun. Her father listened to every word.

"Today something happened to me. I'm not sure why—or what, even—but you must understand, it will never happen again. I promise you. . ."

Her mother banged on the door. "Stan, your patient. . ."

"We'll be through shortly."

"I. . ."

"Calm down and tell me exactly what happened." Her father listened attentively to every detail. For forty minutes Marie cried and agonized with guilt and shame. But her father understood.

"You've given in to a desire and it's not the action or the desire that's bad. It's the reaction, the guilt, that ruins the pleasure. If you can't live with the reality, deny the desire. . ."

Marie understood. Her father had forgiven her, accepted her, and given her the freedom to choose.

Marie had chosen to patch up the outside—to deny her desires.

They emerged, her father apologizing profusely to his patient. Marie and her mother returned silently to the house.

Annie was gone.

The memory of her having been there, however, never left. Today it activated the tingling sensation now rushing throughout the nerve fibers of her body. Instinctively, uncontrollably, she turned around and moved toward the make-up. It was always the same.

The heavy odor of perfume assaulted her nostrils and sent a thrill up her spine. The woman at the Max Factor counter was busy with a customer. Marie hardly noticed. She saw only the brown and blue display tubes of bright colored lipstick. She was seized by that uncontrollable impulse to have one. Right then. It was all she needed, she knew, to relieve the frenzy—to gain control.

Not that she needed the lipstick. She had had hundreds of tubes at one point—two years ago—and had never used one of them. She never wore lipstick. She had \$20 in cash and three charge cards in her wallet. She earned more than enough money as a fashion designer.

No, there was no need, yet her hand reached out, fondled momentarily and then quickly dropped a brown cylinder into her satchel.

She felt the initial wave of excitement rush through her body as she turned from the counter. But, in turning, she saw the salesgirl look up. "I know she saw me. I'm caught now. Oh God. . ." But this only embellished the excitement. Her breath was short and the perspiration profuse.

Marie strode quickly from the department, heading for the door. Her adrenaline was pumping. She wanted to look back to see who was following her but she didn't dare. "How will I explain. . . What if I'm caught. . ."

Her body was vibrating. Her blood was pumping, pulsating, pumping. Fast. Furious. Her face was covered with tiny beads of perspiration gradually enlarging and combining to trickle down her flushed cheeks.

She was sure the salesgirl had seen her, sure the store detectives were behind her at this very moment. She started running. Faster, faster, and then her hand slammed onto the cold, metal handle and the door pushed outward.

Marie ran onto the street. The night air hit her face. She ran to the left.

No one was behind her. She had succeeded. Her body tension relaxed and she felt relieved, gratified. Marie rested her

exhausted body against the grimy glass of Cake Masters. She stood in the mellow orange and lavender reflection and eagerly reached into the satchel, groping for the lipstick.

Her tiny fingers felt the cylinder and pulled it out. She clasped her hand around it, closing her eyes momentarily.

But only momentarily. Suddenly the tumultuous feelings of guilt overcame her. Marie longed to return to the store and replace the lipstick on the counter, but knew she couldn't.

She started walking, her feet pounding heavily, ungracefully. But walking wasn't enough. God knows she'd tried walking and walking so many times before. Down empty streets where there was nothing to take, no one to see her agonizing. But it never helped. She always found something to steal and it always managed to be lipstick. And the ecstasy was always followed by guilt.

It encompassed her; knotted her stomach; stiffened her neck. Her fingernails dug into the flesh of her palms as she wandered over the cold, grey cracked cement, watching it slip under her feet, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. She noticed nothing through her tear filled eyes.

Time ceased. Marie lost track of her direction. Her head hung down. Memories flashed into her mind, but not of Annie. Marie could never think of Annie now. Instead she thought of her mother who had never been the same after the incident. She thought of all the people who had invested so much in her and how she'd let them down. She thought of those recurring questions, "You're so petite, Marie, so pretty, so cute. Why don't you get married?"

To the day she died, two years later, Marie's mother never mentioned what had happened to anyone.

To the day he died, last year, Marie's father always understood her dilemma, yet never again mentioned the incident.

To this day, Marie had never been with another woman or with a man because she'd never resolved the guilt and remorse.

Annie and Marie never lived together; never saw or spoke to each other after that one beautiful day; never enjoyed the pleasures they had to offer each other.

And still Marie thought of Annie, longed for Annie, lost control. . .

A filthy, mangled, begging, old woman sat on the sidewalk. Marie handed the tube of lipstick to her. She stared back blankly.

"It's the American dream!" Marie spouted at her. "Look beautiful outside, no matter what's inside!"



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HERE&HERE

Chicago, Il.—Chicago gay persons with impaired hearing have formed a new group: The Windy City Rainbow Society of the Deaf. The group is not limited to deaf persons because "we wish to seek rapport and social interaction with hearing individuals and organizations wherever possible," organizers announced.

Anyone able to use the manual language or interested in doing so is invited to join the group which can be contacted at Man's Country any Sunday evening at 7 p.m. or write to them c/o Man's Country, 5015 N. Clark, Chicago, Il. 60640.

Chicago Gay Crusader

Ottawa, Canada—A wreath was laid at the Canadian National War Memorial on Nov. 11 by Marie Robertson and Denis LeBlanc of Gays of Ottawa as part of ceremonies commemorating Canada's participation in past wars.

The wreath was inscribed with a pink triangle, the symbol used to identify gay people in Nazi concentration camps. In a letter to Canadian officials, it was emphasized that tens of thousands of homosexuals were interned in Nazi concentration camps. Consigned to the lowest position in the camp hierarchy and later used as cannon fodder at the front lines, most of these gays perished. It was also stated that many gay people served in the Canadian Armed Forces during both world wars. Gays of Ottawa plans to make the wreath-laying an annual event.

Body Politic

New York, N.Y.—The National Gay Task Force has recently prepared a packet of informational statements by leading psychologists, psychiatrists and human sexuality experts supporting the efforts of gay parents to obtain custody and visitation rights for their children. The packet is available from NGTF headquarters at a cost of \$1.00.

It's Time (NGTF)

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Gay Alternative, a nationally distributed gay journal of the arts and literature, has been awarded its second grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, part of the National Endowment for the Arts.

The grant of \$1,720 to the Gay Alternative is nearly four times the amount granted by the council last year to the magazine. As a matching funds grant, it is required that the magazine raise an equal amount of money in private contributions before the funds will be made available. Any donations may be mailed to the Gay Alternative, 232 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19147.

Pittsburgh Gay News

New York, N.Y.—Two New York City gay activists, Loretta Lotman and Owen Wilson, are compiling a national resource list for gay theater groups, scripts, performance spaces, and others interested. They wish to know about available scripted material (copies or descriptions), information on past production, any performance restrictions, names and addresses of gay theater groups, material in progress, and future plans and hopes for gay theater.

Information can be sent to: Lesbian and Gay Male Theater Resources, c/o Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher St., New York, N.Y., 10014. Contributors will receive a finished copy of the resource list.

Chicago Gay Crusader

London, England—Recently, letters and early poems written by the English novelist, E.M. Forster, were sold for \$1,200 by Christie's of London. In these writings, Forster reveals his homosexuality to his confidante, Florence Barger, and refers to his first physical affair. "Yesterday, for the first time, I parted from respectability. Perhaps it may be better for the next generation, even for the men and women in it who are like me."

Milwaukee Journal

Los Angeles, Ca.—Allan L. Rock, a gay man whose security clearance is being challenged by the US Defense Department, has been granted a stay by Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan. Justice Brennan ruled that Mr. Rock, an electronics engineer, has the right to keep both his job and his clearance, pending the results of a November hearing.

Gay Community News

New York, N.Y.—Thanks to Esquire magazine (January 1976), we learn that, in a matter of speaking, there's a link between the author of the "Calamus" poems, Walt Whitman, and the upfront modern gay poet who penned "Howl." Sexual genealogists have it that Walt bedded down with poet Edward Carpenter, who then got it on with presidential grandson and astrologer, Gavin Arthur, who made it with beat hero Neal Cassidy, who slept with none other than Alan Ginsburg.

The Advocate

San Francisco, Ca.—A group of ophthalmologists at the University of California have discovered that herpes simplex type 2 venereal infections can also infect and permanently damage the eyes. Pain, redness, and even a discharge of the eyes are all symptomatic of the virus. Treatment, as in all venereal diseases is vital; left untreated, it could later lead to blindness, or at the very least, reduced vision.

Pacific Coast Times

Geneva, Switzerland—Twenty-three experts from fifteen countries have called for a major change in attitudes toward human sexuality. The report issued by the World Health Organization, an agency of the United Nations, supports the idea that sex is just as valid for pleasure as procreation. The report also denounced machismo and the subjugation of women.

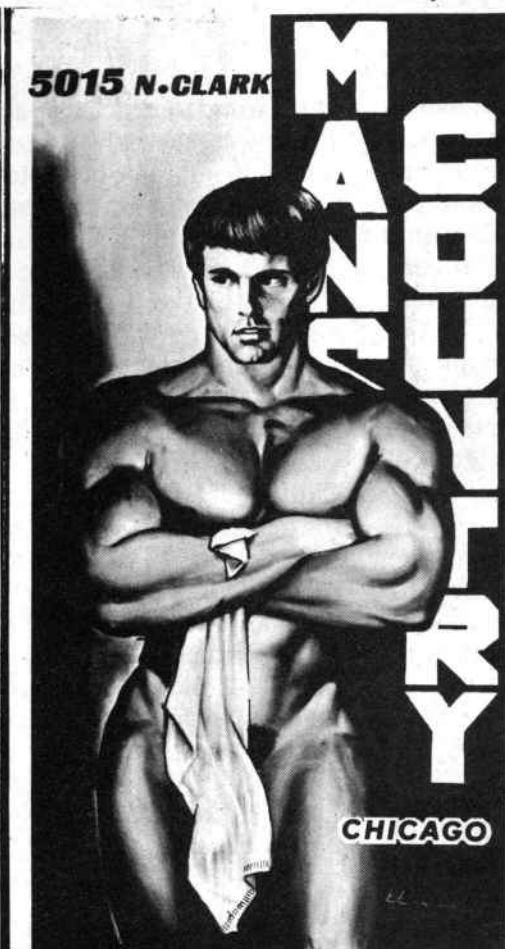
Gay Community News

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HERE&THERE

Washington, D.C.—A document is now circulating among Commissioners of the Equal Opportunity Employment Opportunity Commission that proposes that the Commission lacks jurisdiction to entertain complaints based on sexual preference. The Commissioners will vote on this in the near future. Gay people are strongly urged to write to each Commissioner registering disapproval of the proposed action. The address of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is Suite 5222, 2401 East Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20006. Commission members are: Lowell Perry, Chairperson; Colston A. Lewis, Ethel Walsh and Raymond L. Telles.

Gay Community News

Adelaide, South Australia—House-painter John Nash caused several hundred residents to take flight from the city when he predicted that God would destroy it by tidal wave and earthquake on January 19 around lunch time. God's vengeance on the state capitol was to come because South Australia's laws on homosexuality have been liberalized.

State Premier Don Dunstan, in order to prevent panic, announced that he would be on the beach at lunch time. He was and a large contingent of gays and sight-seers joined him. The sea remained tranquil and the refreshment stands did a lively business.

Gay News

New York, N.Y.—John J. Soldo, professor of English at Columbia University in New York has announced his intention to run for the presidency this year. He met with reporters last month to announce his candidacy, and introduced his lover. He stated that his mother, who was present at the press conference, will be the "First Lady" of the White House, in the event he is elected.

Chicago Gay Life

Hollywood, Ca.—Singer-actor Elvis Presley was recently offered two and one half million dollars to take the starring role in a film about the late film idol Rudolph Valentino. When researchers working for his manager Colonel Parker found that Valentino had been known as gay, Presley sent the contract back unsigned on Parker's advice.

The Milwaukee Journal

Chicago, Il.—Papers are being sought for a panel "Towards a Healthy Gay Presence in Textbooks and Classrooms" for the next convention of the National Council of Teachers of English, scheduled for Chicago, Nov. 25-27, 1976. For more information send inquiries and statements of your interests to panel organizer, Prof. Louie Crew, Department of English, Fort Valley State College, Fort Valley, Ga. 31030.

Gay Community News

Buffalo, N.Y.—A major, national gay demonstration at the 1976 Democratic National Convention is being planned by the New York State Coalition of Gay Organizations.

"We will be at the Convention to demand that convention delegates and the public recognize the rights of lesbians and gay men, and to say that we, the gay community, will not accept second-hand citizenship," said spokesperson Madeline Davis. Ms. Davis may be contacted at 270 Potomac Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14213.

Charlotte Free Press

Baltimore, Md.—Four bikini clad male go-go dancers who entertain women at a straight bar have been ordered by the county liquor board to cover their bare chests.

Joseph J. Hess, chairing the board, ruled that the male dancers must adhere to the same rules as female dancers and "conceal the entire nipple area and lower breast."

Gay News

Philadelphia, Pa.—On December 4, **Dyketactics**, a collective of lesbians appeared in Philadelphia's City Council Chambers to protest the Council's failure to move on Bill 1275, the gay civil rights bill. The bill has been locked in the Law and Government Committee for twenty months.

When it became clear that the bill would not leave committee, the women led all gays present in chanting, "Free 1275."

They were forceably evicted from the chambers by guards and the city Civil Disobedience Squad. They were again attacked by the squad as they prepared to leave the building. Six members of Dyketactics required medical attention and all members are bringing suit against the Civil Disobedience Squad.

Amazon

Boca Raton, Fl.—The **Gay Academic Union** of Florida's Atlantic University has filed a complaint against the local police because they are using entrapment tactics at a gay beach. The arrests are continuing in spite of a pending hearing before a Citizen's Police Review Committee and the group is now contemplating more militant action.

Gay News

New York, N.Y.—Ellen Marie Barrett an open lesbian and co-president of **Integrity**, an organization of gay Episcopalians, has been ordained as a deacon at New York's St. Peter's Church. In a statement issued after the service, the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Bishop of New York said, "Historically many of the finest clergy in our church have had this personality structure, but only recently has the social climate made it possible for some to be open about it. I believe that this openness is a healthy development in our culture and in our church."

The Living Church

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
 Friday is Bacchus' night - any full bottle of Wine costs \$1.00 less tonight.


 Saturday is party night. Let us help you plan yours.

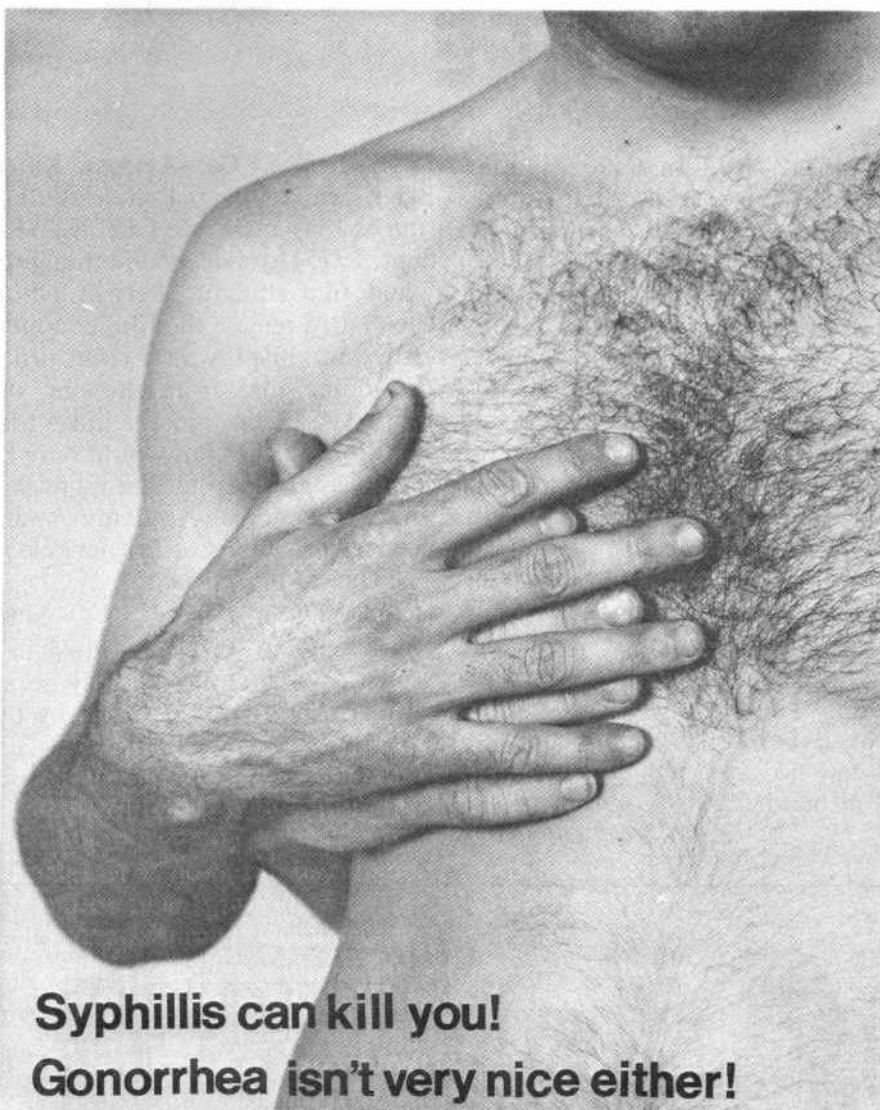
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The GPU VD Examination Center is operated by concerned gays, so that you can be assured of absolutely no hassle and complete confidentiality. The Center is located at 1568 N. Farwell and free examinations and tests are given every Friday and Saturday 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
1568 North Farwell

(This ad prepared and donated by GPU NEWS)

HERE&THERE

New York, N.Y.—In a 90 minute NBC television special, *What America Thinks*, which aired January 4, results from a nationwide public opinion poll were broadcast.

Among the questions asked of the 2,800 person sample was one which asked if the respondent would object if their child were assigned to a homosexual teacher. Forty per cent said they would not object. Forty-eight per cent said they would object and 12 per cent said they were not sure.

A similar poll conducted in 1970 by the Institute for Sex Research asked whether homosexual men should be allowed to work as school teachers. Seventy-seven per cent responded no, and only twenty per cent responded yes.

The Advocate

Los Angeles, Ca.—Actress Karen Black who appeared in a student film as a gay male (see GPU NEWS—Sept. 1975) has had second thoughts. When film student Sherwin Tilton decided to release the film commercially, Ms. Black won a court order forbidding him from showing the film. Ms. Black told the judge that she thought the film would only be shown in classes and that its release might damage her Academy Award chances for an Oscar for her role in *The Day of the Locusts*.

Gay News

San Francisco, Ca.—According to a report of a survey of the gay population of San Francisco taken by the U.S. Department of Justice, 140,000 gays reside here out of a total population of about 700,000.

NewsWest

New York, N.Y.—Sgt. Leonard Matlovich who is fighting the Air Force because of his discharge (see back issues of GPU NEWS) has now retained a recognized professional agency to book his speaking engagements. The agency is: Harry Walker, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

The Advocate

Provincetown, Mass.—Pennsylvania's Governor Milton Shapp, has promised that, if elected to the presidency, he would set up a National Council on Sexual Minorities. He also promised to issue a presidential order barring discrimination against gay people within the federal government.

Gay Community News

Lansing, Mi.—Michigan's Governor William G. Milliken has said that he cannot endorse a gay civil rights bill because other groups such as women and the handicapped do not have full civil rights. He said that gay civil rights legislation might "burden" the state's civil rights commission.

The Advocate

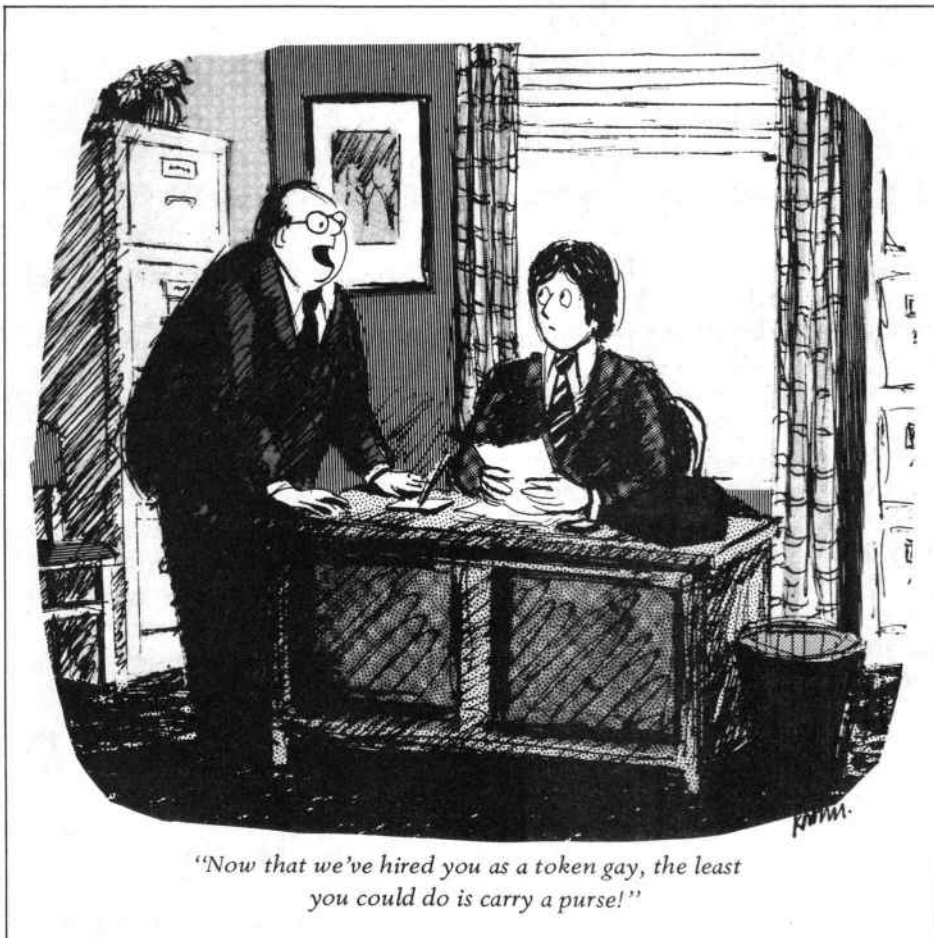
New York, N.Y.—NBC Television recently rejected a homosexual story for one of its daytime serial melodramas, but says it is in the market for other gay soap opera plots. The network also said there is a strong possibility that it will produce a documentary on gay liberation.

NewsWest

Boston, Mass.—Democratic presidential candidate R. Sargent Shriver told a Boston audience that he would support the federal gay rights bill HR5452. "Its fine with me. There is no argument, there is no reason to deny homosexuals civil rights."

His 1972 comment was, "To hell with gay people."

The Advocate



"Now that we've hired you as a token gay, the least you could do is carry a purse!"

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PYRAMID

The Butterscotch PRINCE

A searing novel of suspense set among the very special people of New York—where beauty stands on the outer rim of terror

Richard Hall



Reviewed by Sam Edwards

The Butterscotch Prince, by Richard Hall, Pyramid Books, New York, N.Y., 1975. 159 pp., paper. \$1.25.

Richard Hall has always made his living as a professional writer, having worked in films, advertising, publishing and journalism. His work has seen print in *Village Voice*, *Saturday Review*, *Nation's Business*, *This Week*, *Opera News*, etc. A versatile writer, he was (like Merle Miller) much in the closet.

Hall was living in San Francisco in 1969 when the Stonewall riots occurred in New York. The event had a profound effect on his life. He says, "Gay liberation in 1969 hit me like a tornado—I had a tremendous sense of homecoming, as if this were an event I had been preparing for all my life."

Although he marched with the **Committee for Homosexual Liberation**—an early lib group in San Francisco—in the fall of 1969 in one of their early zaps, he didn't come out of the closet professionally until the publication of *The Butterscotch Prince*. "It was knowing I would put my name on this novel that, in circular fashion, enabled me to write it. The tremendous cleansing effect of truth-telling, the release of latent creative powers—these were proved out by the ease with which I wrote the novel."

The Butterscotch Prince is a suspense novel set in the gay ghetto of New York City. The hero, Cord McGreevy is a very believable, ordinary gay school teacher who takes on the task of tracking down his lover's murderer when the police show little interest in the death of just another homosexual.

Cord had met Ellison Greer at the Lyric Theater, a sleazy, cruisy porn movie-house (obviously a description of New York's Metropolitan Theater on East 14th Street). They were initially attracted to one another because they looked almost exactly alike. Except for the fact that Cord was white and Ellison was a light skinned black, they could have been twins.

Although sex was a disappointment for both, primarily because Cord was unable to let loose with his feelings, they found other things in common

and Ellison became Cord's "Butterscotch Prince." They lived and tricked separately, but otherwise were lovers for several years, each filling a large need in the other's life.

Their happiest times were their annual summer trips to Europe (Ellison was also a school teacher). Cord sensed a change in Ellison during their last summer abroad and the relationship began to deteriorate. "Its not you and me, Cord," Ellison explained. "Its sugar and salt." No matter how much acceptance he seemed to have, he still felt like a lump of salt among the sugar cubes.

One week after their return from that unhappy trip, Ellison was found murdered in his bed. He had been stabbed in the heart.

Numb with grief, Cord went about the duties of arranging the funeral and disposing of the furnishings and effects in Ellison's apartment. While cleaning out the apartment, he found an unusual sex device that Ellison had obviously used the night he was murdered. It was a plastic sheath, like a double open ended condom and had been overlooked by the police in their half hearted investigation.

Armed with the knowledge that such devices are not commonly used and a couple of other seemingly unrelated clues, Cord decides to track down the killer. Aware of the danger to himself, he places ads in the underground papers in an effort to meet persons who would use such a sex device. The manhunt is on and it is an exciting one, leading Cord through the bizarre gay sex world of New York.

Each chapter of this book is named after a character. Although Hall never lets the fast paced action slow down, each character we meet is carefully studied and vividly brought to life. These character studies are perhaps some of the most truthful and most revealing in gay fiction to date.

Some of the characters you have met; for example Cord's "I don't want to get involved" friends who offer no help when the chips are

down. Others are way out compulsives which you probably haven't met unless you are a "sex with raw liver freak." The important thing is that all of these types exist in our gay sub culture and I for one am glad to see these truthful, if all too brief, characterizations.

It is also good to see a plain, ordinary gay school teacher as a hero for a change. We need our "front runners" (*The Front Runner*) and our over bright, well heeled doctors (*Consenting Adult*)—people who are bigger than life—but we also need books that simply entertain without heavy doses of message. The message is there in Hall's book, but it is muted. (Except for the last chapter which he could have easily dropped.)

I'll leave the twists and turns of the plot and the solution for the reader's pleasure, for if you enjoy suspense novels you will love this one. There have been other murder mystery novels revolving around the gay world (*A Jade in Aries* by Tucker Coe comes at once to mind) and other suspense novels with a gay theme (*Other Side of the Wind* by Thomas Swicegood), but for a really believable thriller read *The Butterscotch Prince*. Caution—make sure you have time to read it through before beginning, because once you've started you won't want to put the book down until you've finished it.

However, if you're looking for a sex novel, forget it. While there are some sex scenes in this novel, they are necessary to the story and not intended to titillate. That's good, too, for we have had all too many exploitation books about the gay scene. But then, again, what is a gay novel without some sex? For that matter, what is a novel without some sex?

All in all, Richard Hall can be proud of his "coming-out-of-the-closet" novel. People in the movement can take time out from the serious day to day gay lib hassels, sit back and read solely for pleasure. And—if you've never explored some of the seamier sides of gay life, here's your chance to do so vicariously.

Non-gays may think that we all live like that, but that's their problem.

Richard Hall has informed this reviewer that he is working on another novel which will be based on the life of Magnus Hirschfeld, the pioneer in the early German gay movement. However, he has currently put that work aside because he has sold the film rights to *Butterscotch Prince* to a major film studio and is currently working on the film script. Wow! I can easily visualize Harry Belafonte as Ellison, but where will they get someone who looks like him to play the part of Cord?

REVIEW

(From page 15)

outsider. Indeed, there's Black, Chicano, Indian sensibility—why not gay? Above and beyond all this, gayness is a butterfly of spirit hard to catch in the net of definition. But it does live in these lines.

But poetry itself is more than the angelic lyricism here. It's also social realism—images, scenes, satire. It's ideas—if not The Truth or "morals," yet the higher morality of Truths. It's psychology—the expressive stamp of the style of "the man himself," his very flavor. It's also pure art—that play of Aesthetic Form as subversive as sex-for-fun. Above all it's attitude, a mood-music both delicate and powerful, with many opposing tones at once all showing concern (from sage to reverence) and always vague in a good sense, more suggestive than precisely definitive. It's complex.

This is what gay poetry—like all poetry—is heading toward. It is both perfectly itself (a supremely crafted thing) and more than itself (eminently re-readable, waking echoes of generality, ripples toward infinity).

Here's the finale from Tim Dlugos' "Night Life:" "You learn/what you mean when you talk out loud/. . . In strange cities./we discover the way we can be./We learn that we have always/been talking to ourselves. People/lead their lives all the time.

REVIEW

The Male Homosexual in Literature: A Bibliography. By Ian Young with essays by Ian Young, Graham Jackson, and Rictor Norton. New Jersey: Scarecrow Press, 1975. 251 pages, \$9.00. (Order from: Scarecrow Press, Inc., P.O. Box 656, Metuchen, N.J. 08840).

The rise of the gay liberation movement and the new pride which it has occasioned among gay women and gay men has produced a stirring of interest in gay literature on the part of the scholarly community. Only in the past decade has gay culture even made first steps toward being seen as a serious and necessary study, of importance not only to gay persons but to society as a whole. Like gay history, it had been until recently dismissed as trivial due to the passive neglect of scholars, or even actively suppressed due to the efforts of homophobes. Our present situation is gradually shifting from the problem of homophobia to that of lack of access to information. Remedying this second problem will have to be a cooperative effort: scholars can surely produce the books and references, but getting them into libraries and reference repositories is a task for all of us, scholars or not. If the reader checks her/his local library to find next to nothing, requesting the acquisition of the present volume would be a good place to start.

The Male Homosexual in Literature provides a basic reference guide to 2921 items of English language fiction, drama, poetry, and autobiography dealing with male homosexuality or having male homosexual characters. Entries are listed alphabetically by author, numbered, designated as being of primary or secondary significance, and also cross-referenced in a title index at the end.

Not included in this volume are foreign titles (except where these exist in English translations), pulp fiction (paperback pornography), or works appearing in the periodical

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literature. A fine and updated bibliography of female homosexuality already exists (**The Lesbian in Literature**, by G. Damon and L. Stuart, 2nd. revised edition, Reno: The Ladder, 1975), so the present bibliography does not reduplicate existent references. Finally, biography, critical, historical, and scientific studies have also been neglected; since there are presently available four extensive and up-to-date bibliographies of homosexual nonfiction.

Ian Young is perhaps best known as a poet and author of **The Male Muse**. His poetry and articles have appeared in many anthologies throughout the United States, Canada, and Britain; and the past few years have seen him active

in the gay liberation movement and an avid collector of gay literature generally. His essay in this volume, entitled "The Flower Beneath The Foot," provides a brief historical survey of the gay novel. Three additional essays—"The Theatre of Implication" by Graham Jackson, "The Poetry of Male Love" by Ian Young, and "Ganymede Raped" by Rictor Norton—provide thumbnail accounts of gay male drama, poetry, and literary criticism as well.

A great deal of careful and painstaking work has gone into this volume, which deserves a place of honor in every library of reference collection which aspires to be representative of the main currents of twentieth-century literature.



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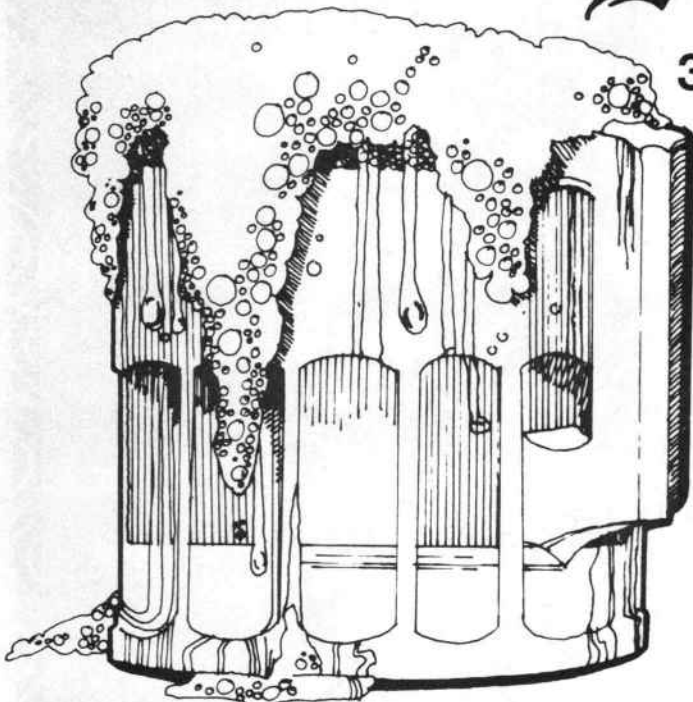
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Lesbian Switchboard

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We are the hollow men.
T. S. Elliot

We have been told a thousand times,
 The bankruptcy of our souls.

This bar is a mirror of the emptiness of our minds,
 The separateness of our souls.

Trapped each in his own ego trip,
 Not knowing how to ask his brother for help.

Not knowing what in himself to offer his brother
 For fear of it being insufficient

And by fear
 We are insufficient
 "We are the hollow men."

What a trite rap. . .
 A widow's lament
 To talk of empty lives. . .

I sit and watch
 The blond boy. He
 bores me
 with his
 insistant chatter
 about how much
 he knows
 and
 I
 wonder why
 I have so little
 to say to him
 and I walk
 away and
 he
 follows. God,
 can't he dig
 that I don't want
 to be
 bothered
 and
 he makes
 me
 feel guilty.



I want to touch you.
 I want to feel the heat of your body
 next to the heat of my body
 I want to watch you pull up your blue jeans
 and put on a work shirt and
 I want to see how good you look and
 I want to put my hand on your ass and feel
 the jeans stretched over the curve
 of your flesh and
 I want to hold you before we go out and
 know that your blood's flowing
 all inside my arms around you.

I sit in the kitchen.
 Preparations for a meal.
 Waiting for guests.
 I think of you.

I know the difference now between men and animals.
 If we were horses
 who had once frolicked in
 the same meadow and then
 our masters parted us,
 I would not stand by the gate
 imagining what we
 would be doing if
 we were together,
 Or how handsome we would be running
 through the green pasture.
 If we were horses, we would have enjoyed
 each other's presence
 But never have fallen in love.

I will enjoy tonight.
 I will enjoy preparing the food.
 I will enjoy the conversation.
 Perhaps there will be an intimacy
 Surrounding the table.

I am beautiful, tonight. I am myself.
 But in the corner of my mind
 Is the wish
 That you were here to smile with me.

