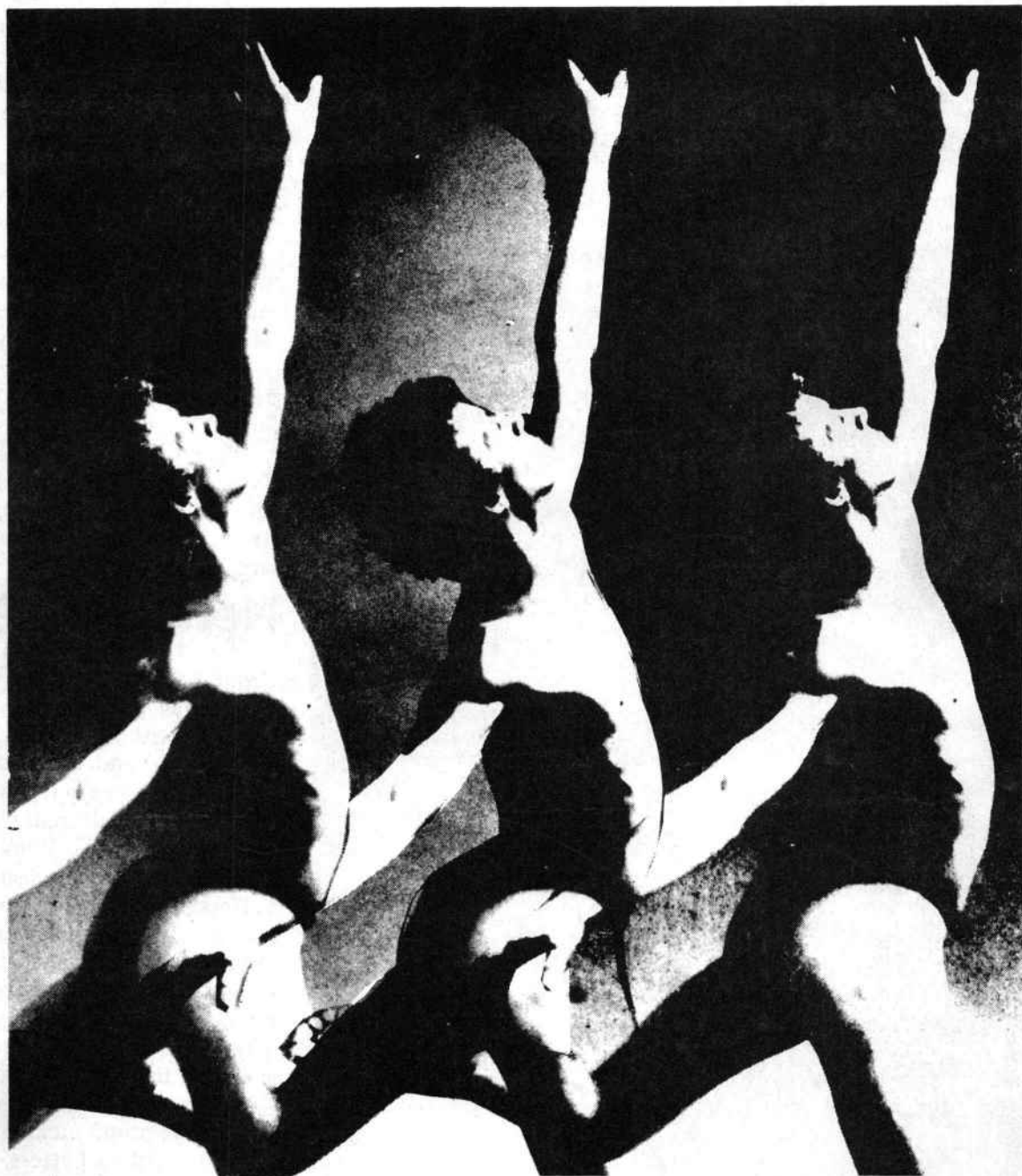


Ä GPU NEWS

March 1976

Vol. 5, No. 6

50¢



ACTOR SAL MINEO SLAIN

West Hollywood, CA—Sal Mineo was buried in Mamaroneck, NY on Feb. 17, following his senseless slaying in West Hollywood on the 12th.

The 37-year-old movie and television performer was found stabbed in a parking area about 20 feet behind his apartment by a fellow tenant, Ray Evans, who said he heard someone yelling, "Oh, no! Oh, my God! Help me, please!"

Mineo was returning home after rehearsal for the Westwood Playhouse edition of "P.S.: Your Cat Is Dead." As of this writing, his killer is still at large.

Sheriff's deputies, who at first

described the prime suspect in the killing as a young man with long blond hair seen fleeing the scene by neighbors, later revised the description to a dark-haired white man in his twenties. There are still no known motives for the slaying.

His first picture role was in "Six Bridges To Cross," in which he played the juvenile role of a character that Tony Curtis portrayed as an adult.

Mineo's big break came in 1955 when he starred in "Rebel Without A Cause," playing the role of troubled, murderous Plato with a sympathy and brilliance that won him

an Academy Award nomination that year.

A second Oscar nomination came a few years later for the similar role of Dov Landau in "Exodus."

As a delinquent in "Dino," he won a television Emmy in 1955.

In the late 1960's, with his career in eclipse, Mineo returned to stage work, starring in a Los Angeles production of the prison-homosexuality play "Fortune and Men's Eyes." He also directed the Coronet Theatre production in which Mineo's brief nude appearance in a rape scene attracted widespread attention apart from the merits of the show itself.

He later mounted an off-Broadway production of another gay-oriented play, "The Children's Mass," starring Courtney Burr, who was to remain Mineo's friend and roommate throughout the rest of his life.

Mineo was born Jan. 10, 1939, in New York City. He is survived by his mother, Josephine Mineo; two brothers, Victor and Mike, and a sister, Sarina.

New Iowa Group

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Pride of Lambda which has been meeting for some time has announced it's official incorporation and now holds regular meetings throughout the month at the People's Unitarian Church, 600 3rd Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids.

P of L has also established **Lambda Letters**, a nonprofit monthly publication, whose first issue appeared in February. The newsletter, in addition to news and views of gay liberation, also offers poetry, commentary, recipes, and a calendar of events in the Cedar Rapids area.

Membership dues for P of L are \$12 per year and include a subscription to Lambda Letters, which sells for \$6 per year. For more information write to P of L, P.O. Box 265, Cedar Rapids, Ia. 52406.



FIRE DAMAGES CLUB BATH



Marquette Tribune Photo by Art Kelleher

Milwaukee, Wi.—A severe fire gutted the east wing of the Seven Hundred Building (7th and Wisconsin Avenue) on Saturday evening, February 14. The first alarm came in at 7:17 pm, and within the half-hour four additional alarms had been issued, bringing to over 160 the total number of fire-fighters on the scene, which was cordoned off by all available motorcycle policemen as well. It took until shortly after midnight to bring the fire fully under control, since the flames spread through the upper floors through a rear freight elevator. The Seven Hundred Building was originally two buildings, and the west building currently houses the Club Milwaukee, a branch of the national Club Bath Chain which opened in 1974.

The manager of the Club Milwaukee was on the scene, and moved to safety all of the membership and other records of the Club. Since the Club was in the west building, sepa-

rated from the east by fire walls and concrete reinforcements, it suffered no direct fire damage. Smoke and water damage (the latter from fire-fighting equipment and waterline backup) was extensive, and the water level reached well over 12 inches throughout the Club. A major loss to the Club was its water heater, the sole piece of equipment housed in the east building. A few days following the fire condemnation orders for the east building were issued by city authorities, since this wing was gutted beyond repair; and demolition work has already begun. The east building housed Don Les Sporting Goods (underneath which the fire began, Radio Shack, and several hundred offices. Demolition work will not effect the west building (The Daily Reporter, Ardney's Furs, Mom's Restaurant, Schroeder's Books, several law offices, and the Club Milwaukee), all of whose businesses expect to reopen following

cleanup and repairs.

Arson was deemed a near-certainty by police investigators, who interviewed a number of Club Milwaukee attendants, and who have also announced (without naming) a suspect in the case. Contrary to some suggestions by the **Milwaukee Journal** and other local papers, the police see no connection between the arson and the Club Bath operation, especially in light of the fact that the fire was started in the other building.

A member of the GPU NEWS staff visited and interviewed the Club Milwaukee manager, who expects to have the Club back in operation by mid-March. (See ad elsewhere in this issue) Since the Club was closed for repairs anyway, it was decided to do some additional remodeling during this period. By the first week in March, it was entirely repainted, new floor tiles had been installed in the shower and

(Continued on page 4)

ARE GAY POLICE OFFICERS O.K.?

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia based Gay Raiders have released the results of a survey of Police departments including that of Madison, Wisconsin, concerning employment practices towards gay police officers and prospective officers. The results indicate an increasing acceptance among police officials of gay women and men as prospective recruits.

Madison indicated that their department was following employment guidelines in barring discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Only one response, from St. Paul Chief of Police Richard Rowan, showed resistance to equal opportunities for gays. (The survey covered only cities which have passed fair employment laws which include

gays.)

Chief Rowan stated "if testing identifies persons with abnormal tendencies, they are encouraged to seek employment elsewhere."

Chief Rowan also said he hoped there was "zero" gays in the St. Paul police force and that if a gay officer's sexual orientation "came to attention, the department would have an obligation to bring the matter to the Civil Service Com-

mission."

Mark Segal, Gay Raider's Director, undertook the survey as the result of a recent controversy over regulations forbidding discrimination in the Los Angeles Police Department on the basis of "sex conduct in private between consenting adults."

L.A. Police Chief Ed Davis objected to Los Angeles becoming the "first city to hire gays as police officers."

HEARING HELD ON SEX LAWS

Madison, Wi.—On March 8, hearings were held before the Assembly Judiciary Committee on Assembly Bill 269 which would change the law to permit persons of the same sex to marry, remove criminal penalties against incest except for minors, repeal all abortion laws, repeal laws against the advertising and sale of contraceptives, repeal all obscenity laws, repeal laws prohibiting prostitution, repeal all laws prohibiting consensual sex acts in private and lower the age of consent to 14.

The bill was introduced jointly by Rep. Lloyd Barbee (Milwaukee) and Rep. David Clarenbach (Madison).

Only five members of the Judiciary Committee were present for the hearings.

Clarenbach spoke first in defense of his bill. Then the head of the Legislative Committee for Wisconsin Civil Liberties spoke to defend only the consensual sex part of the bill.

The lead-off speaker for the gay community was Harvey Darnell of Madison who spoke eloquently, backing his statements with dozens of documents of support.

A representative of the Lesbian Switchboard of Madison then spoke primarily on the gay marriage part of the bill.

Louis Stimac from Milwaukee supported the gay part of the bill and Miriam ben Shalom from Milwaukee said, "I obligate the members of this committee to see gay people as human beings." Both

Stimac and ben Shalom spoke as individuals.

Alyn W. Hess, the last to speak, represented the Wisconsin Libertarian Party in support of the entire bill.

The only opposition was voiced by Mrs. William Hilt of Madison's Women's Club and Rainbow Masonic Board. She spoke only against the reduction of the age of consent.

Since Wisconsin's Legislature will close its current session in a few weeks, the bill is unlikely to reach a vote in the Assembly even if it is reported out of committee.

FIRE (From page 3)

steamroom areas, plumbing and telephone service were restored, all electrical work was completed and inspected, and installation of a new water heater had begun. All new furnishings had also been ordered and were in transit, and a tentative target date of 19 March for reopening had been set. The Club Milwaukee has been a popular meeting place for gays during the entire nineteen months it has been in Milwaukee and expansion plans within the same building had been announced in late 1975. Present repairs and renovations have caused a temporary postponement of these plans.

Editor's note—As this issue of GPU NEWS goes to press we have been informed that Club Milwaukee Baths has re-opened.

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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.

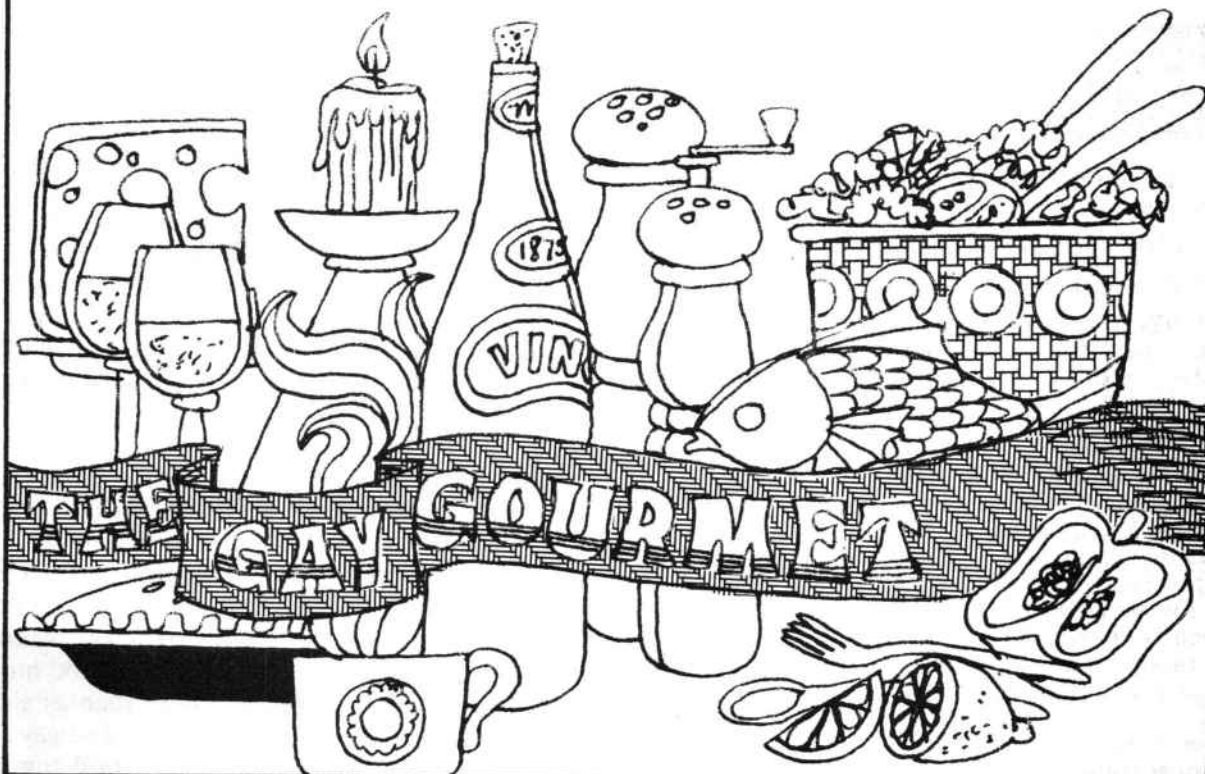
FOUR-COLOR RICE

FOR a simple-but-elegant luncheon or supper from 1 of the world's 3 greatest cuisines. This isn't the saucy French—tho it has *eclat* & *elan* both. Nor is it the spicy Indian—tho it does possess pizzazz, & you're getting warm. East of Eden, it's the delicate Chinese, which often ranks as not only the oldest, but also the best, cookery-complex on the planet. [Which is anyway not ageist, even if still elitist....] Chinese cookery is aesthetically poly-sensual, it plays with Harmony, Contrast, Accent, & Variation. Beyond Taste, there's also Texture, Size, & Appearance (the eye spots the chromatone-medley of white/green/yellow/red). & it's not only economical, but substantial too—you aren't hungry a ½-hr. later! [Yas, another stereotype blown outta the water....] To serve approx. 3 foreign devils, then:

- (A) *PREPARATION's* half the job. In a flotilla of small bowls,
- (1) Have 6 cups **COOKED RICE** at the ready—either leftover, or cooked-then-cooled, but anyway **un-sticking-together**.
 - (2) Dice up 1 cup **COOKED HAM** into quarter-inch cubed bits.
 - (3) Soak 2 cups **FROZEN PEAS** in hot water just until defrosted.
 - (4) Slice 4 **SCALLIONS** ("Green Onions") thinly, using six inches of them up the stalk, i.e. use the **green part too** (you'll see).
 - (5) Scramble 2 **EGGS**, remove & reserve them, & cut them up into matchstick-thin strips or shreddy bits (you'll seeee).
 - (6) Oh, and to do it up brown, put on some water for **TEA**.

(B) *PERFORMANCE's* now possible. Guests ready? O.K., just heat up a wok or large-deep saucepan and splash 1 tablespoon **OIL** into it. Dump the **RICE** in and stir to heat thoroughly—don't mash or mangle, please. Do the same with the **HAM**. Then enter the **PEAS**. Add ½ teaspoon **SALT** at this point-in-time. Then add those patiently-waiting, inscrutable **EGGS** at last. Ascertain definitively that the whole mass is sufficiently hotted up and intermingled, and then and **only** then, at the last minute, fold in the **SCALLIONS**. But serve at **once**, before the onions can wilt & lose their sparky zip. Eat at once, listening to the warm; with **TEA** if you do so choose.

Pedigree-wise, this dish is of course crypto-latently akin to the world's rice dishes such as the Spanish *paella*; the Creole *jambalaya*; the Italian *risotto*; the Indian *pilau*. But it's less gooey, gunky, and generally inundated than these other Production Numbers, walks cleaner from their mundane grease towards a more aethereal sphere. Welcome to Cloud Nine! To avoid gummy rice, *plop a dab of butter* in its cooking water. Zut alors!



The Vatican's Statement on Sexual Ethics: Some Wayward Reflections

BY LEE C. RICE, Ph.D.

The recent Vatican pronouncement on sexual ethics, to which much press has been given, has caused much deep dismay both within and without the Roman Catholic Religion, and apparently no less dismay among nongays than among gays. For the nongay the statement represents a tired reiteration of the condemnation of birth control and masturbation along lines identical to those proposed in the 1968 encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*. For the gay, some new distinctions are drawn, though the end result is the same also as that offered in the encyclical. Beyond a few random quotations from the new statement, in what follows I shall presuppose some familiarity with it on the part of the reader—a reasonable presupposition in light of the fact that large chunks of the statement have been reprinted ad nauseam over the past month in both the gay and the nongay press (confer, for instance, the February issue of GPU NEWS for some generous excerpts relating to homosexuality). In what follows I want only to offer some brief and admittedly disjoint reflections of a threefold character: the new categories proposed by the Vatican for homosexuality (including their pastoral consequences), the arguments offered, and the consequences for the gay liberation movement. It is to be noted in advance that any rational investigation of the first two will reveal that their practical consequences are simply awful, and that arguments provided in defense of them are equally bad.

First, the new distinction. The Vatican claims that there appears to be some good reason for distinguishing between homosexuality which arises from malice, bad education or example, and poor habits, and “homosexuals who are definitely such because of some kind of innate instinct or a pathological constitution judged to be incurable.” Since it’s difficult to conceive of an instinct which isn’t ‘innate’, one can regard the first phrase as a redundancy and center on the second. One wonders in reading this paragraph what psychological sources are being utilized these days by the Vatican. Even psychologists of an extremely anti-homosexual penchant (such as Bieber in the U.S.) have long ago

abandoned the theory of innate disposition as a means of accounting for much of anything in human sexual life. The social learning model of sexuality (whether pathological or not) has been the predominant scientific model for well over two decades now. One can perhaps overlook the Vatican’s inattention to the 1975 decision of the American Psychiatric Association that homosexuality is not pathological of itself; since, after all, the Italian Postal System is reputed to be the slowest in the world, so perhaps the news has not yet reached Italy. But a gap of two decades cannot be explained in any such fashion. Use of theories long since rejected by science is, accordingly, not excusable: apparently nothing has been learned in this respect since the Galileo case.

The distinction, apart from the murky psychological fantasies which are offered as its justification, is that between transitory homosexual activity and dispositional homosexuality. Catholic ethics has traditionally emphasized acts at the expense of agency, and the present distinction does not alter the situation one iota. Homosexual acts, we are told, are intrinsically sinful and disordered of their very nature. Given the sinfulness, the only mileage which can be extracted from the distinction is in allocation of responsibility. With respect to pastoral judgement of the dispositional homosexuals, “. . . these homosexuals must certainly be treated with understanding and sustained in their hope of overcoming their personal difficulties and their inability to fit into society. Their culpability will be judged with prudence.” Note that it is the gay who is unable to fit into society, so that the thrust of pastoral guidance will be toward adaption to the game, not to changing its rules. There is little prospect of joy here for the gay person. Personally, I should much prefer to be treated as a happy sinner than as a pitiful incurable. If psychology, sociology, and gay liberation are correct, the last thing in the world the gay needs is pity.

Arguments of support in the new statement are few in number, and what little is offered here relates back

to the principal argument of *Humanae Vitae*. The crucial premise of this argument is that sexual intercourse and procreation are **universally** and **indivisibly** conjoined. Let's call this the inseparability thesis. From the thesis it follows that all sexual activity which is non-procreative (i.e., homosexuality, masturbation, heterosexual intercourse using some means of birth control) is unnatural, which in turn is supposed to imply that such activity is morally wrong. The move from the 'unnatural' to the 'evil' is one which there is good reason to question, but I pass over it here; since it would require a treatise on moral philosophy. Even if that hurdle could be gotten over, however, the inseparability thesis itself cannot be justified. About this thesis a number of points should be made. First, it is without any rational foundation. Second, it is false. Third, the denial of it is perfectly consistent with the more extensive doctrines of the Catholic Church concerning marriage (heterosexual). Fourth, it betrays an instrumentalist view of human sexuality which is both unwholesome and perverted. Fifth, it is a premise which is contradicted by the church's own position concerning licit birth control ('rhythm'). Justification of each of these points would also take me far afield, but the interested reader will find a detailed account in an article by Carl Cohen ("Sex, Birth Control, and Human Life") in the journal *Ethics*, Volume 79 Number 4 (University of Chicago Press, 1969).

The fourth point bears some brief mention. Embedded in the Vatican position is a view of sexuality as an aspect of human life fundamentally unworthy in itself because instrumental in character. The argument that every sexual act must be open to conception implicitly supposes that all sexuality, and every act of love which is sexually toned, is at bottom a tool for the accomplishment of something else. With respect to homosexuality and masturbation, this supposition creates the concept of 'perversion'. For heterosexuality, the consequences are equally grim: sexual acts must lead to procreation. Indeed the Vatican view of womanhood stems directly from this attitude, for women are here conceived as ambulatory incubators whose principal function is that of providing for the early development of a ravenous combination of complex proteins. The disastrous consequences, not only for women's liberation but also for population control and the prevention of mass starvation of millions of humanity in years to come, lie quite near the surface of this silly doctrine.

And what support can be offered for the inseparability thesis? There is none forthcoming from the biological or social sciences, as indeed there could not be. No justification whatever is offered in the new statement, and *Humanae Vitae* we find only brief mention of past teaching and the magisterium of the Church. 'It's true because we tell you it is; and if you doubt us, note that we have been telling you the same thing for

a very long time.' Few of us would be able to offer an argument of this sort and keep a straight face.

Little that I have said above would be faulted by many of the Roman Catholic theologians, great numbers of whom have bemoaned the Vatican statement as a major setback in the evolution of Christian moral thought. The consequences within Roman Catholicism have been well documented within the past ten years. Church attendance has fallen by at least thirty percent in most areas of the U.S. (far more than that in Europe), far more than that in many dioceses; and, of these fallaways, recent surveys indicate that well over sixty percent relate their decisions to a general disillusionment with Vatican attitudes toward sexuality. Another way of characterizing such a disillusionment is that of the triumph of common sense. Those gays still within the Roman Catholic persuasion may perhaps take some comfort in the fact that more enlightened attitudes toward human sexuality are at work, however slowly, within this branch of christendom, and even among the American bishops. Those outside Catholicism or institutionalized religion may find comfort in the facts as they stand. The track record of religion in alleviating the suffering and needs of mankind has not been an impressive one in any case. The present situation of being out of date and out of touch is not a new one, for the Vatican has indeed always been such. The gay community was around long before Christianity came on the scene; and, if present trends continue, it will be around long after Christianity leaves the scene.

A number of specific consequences for the gay liberation movement follow from these remarks. In terms of practical decision and action, the Vatican pronouncement will doubtless be ignored by gay and non-gay alike, just as have its predecessors. This is not to deny the contemporary quotability of religious statements as a means of justifying positions in present society, but it is to suggest that this use of religious authority is for the most part by way of rationalization for positions reached by other means. Talk about the religious context of sexuality is best consigned to the domain of pithy aphorisms offered in Sunday sermons in suburban churches, for it has little formative influence upon the social trends of our time. The lesson for the ongoing work of gay liberation is as simple as it is important. The work of human liberation is a political and social task requiring vast resources of time and energy, and time committed to religious or theological argumentation or homiletics is time which is ill spent; for it detracts from the important work of our day. The newest Vatican statement may be read and criticized, but thereafter it is best placed in the historical limbo from which it originates and promptly forgotten, so that the important moral task of human liberation and enlightenment may be continued without interruption.



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FEEDBACK

Attention faggots:

I read the b.s. on queers in prison in the Feb issue of your fag rag the Guppy News and I want to say it was all a bunch of shit because fags can fuck one another all day and suck on cock and the guards don't care.

And also cocksuckers are raping young straight kids all the time and making their asses bleed. So most prisons are fun houses for fags.

And I want to say too that you queer bastards have gotten out of hand and there's going to be a backlash soon and you're all going to get your unclean peckers cut off and we're going to make you eat them.

You slimy faggots got too much freedom now sucken and fucken at your fag bars and b.s. health clubs and what not. No way are you gonna be allowed to turn this society into a nation of faggots. You're gonna get slapped down soon you slimy animals!

Prison Guard, Milwaukee

Backlash is coming, faggots!

Editors Note—We assume that this unsigned letter is real—it does bear the same postmark zip as the state prison. We print it because it proves that gay prisoners do have to worry about bigot guards!



CALENDER

Any person, group or business who wishes to have a free announcement of an upcoming event should send copy before the 25th of any month for the next issue.

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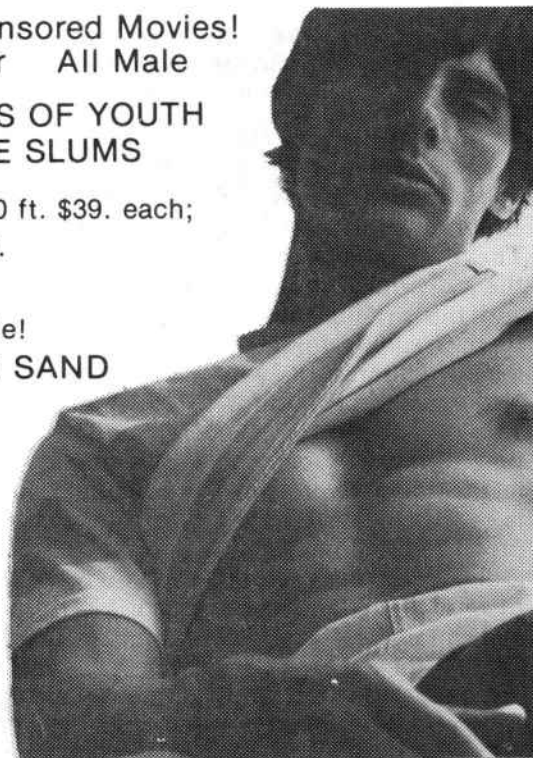
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MINORITY TESTIMONIES

by wayne jefferson

Brevity's the soul of wit, and this is true of "testimonies," vivid personal-specific statements worth a thousand heavy-dull explanations.

Testimonies abound in minority writings today, if by "minority group" we mean not just racial-ethnic, but also oppressed, stigmatized. A classic example is "Barbarous Rituals," a series of 84 sentences beginning "woman is—." These pithy images (from the anthology *Sisterhood is Powerful*) do chronicle what it's really like to be woman in a man's world. They're notable themselves, are even better as companions to testimonies from other minority groups, especially the (male) gay world, including a gay version of "Rituals" written—at some expense—by a student in a Wisconsin college a couple of years ago.

Why testimonies? They can aid both "report" and "rapport." They report vividly in a way science just doesn't do; and, they can create understanding among peoples. This is vital today since liberation needs to reach the majority, to build liaison between different minorities, and to solidify specific groups themselves. Plus, testimonies are fun, are literature-on-the-run. At least the "better" ones are, those which are deft, neat, sparkling. It's one thing just to talk about, say, liberation-hopes, ignorance and self-help, guilt-in-isolation. It's quite another to show the actual experiences which created these concepts. Here are nuggets by a Black, a woman, and a gay male respectively. The tones are varied, are militant, calm-solemn, wry-sly, or whatever:

—Utopia: brothers, brothers everywhere—and not a one for sale (Black poem)

—chasing the slippery diaphragm around the bathroom as if in a game of frisbee the first time you try to insert it yourself.... ("Barbarous Rituals")

—I remember how many other magazines I had to buy in order to buy one physique magazine (poem, Joe Brainard)

What testimonies really tackle are, of course, the enduring "universal themes" of the Human Condition. These are growth toward identity; love, vs. alienation; the individual both in and versus society; Good & Evil; and the shining ideal vs. the grubby real. And yet, there is such a thing as the minority condition. This includes oppression, which is unjustified mistreatment both gross and subtle. Here lies the legal-physical area of violence and bad laws. There's the occupational-financial and civil-rights areas. Third is the institutional oppression (in religion, education, media, medicine). There's also the evasive but ever-present "socio-cultural" oppression, the majority-group's (abusive) actions, and (stereotyped) attitudes, toward the stigmatized minority—from ridicule to banishment—as well as the oppressive roles assigned (as of Chick, Nigger, Faggot). Fifth and last is "self-oppression," wherein all the above crud gets internalized and "the enemy has outposts in your head."

Beyond all this, the minority "world-view" as

actually lived is that of being an alien exile, a foreign stranger—but all while living in one's own native land. (Not, of course, that this is all bad; Outsider-status does give insights, even amusements.)

Here someone always pipes up, relevant and naive, "Well aren't all people the same really," and also "Well isn't everyone oppressed in some way after all?" Yes and no, of course. A wise old anthropologist once said that "Every person is in various respects like ALL other persons, like SOME other persons, and like NO other person. One could remember that. True, oppressed minorities don't have an exclusive corner on the market of suffering-plus-sensitivity. Of course gay males are "like all others," put their pants on right leg first (normal ones do anyway). Of course Lesbians "eat with a fork. . . ." And yet, looking at that list of "universal" topics, one notes how all are tinged for better and worse by one's minority-status. One-and-society? Love? Personal growth? "Aliens" do have a special angle-of-vision thus. As testimonies can tell.

BLACK IS BACK?

No zippier testimonies exist than some recent brief Black poetry. These, along with womens' and gays' voices, can freshen dry concepts. They can also show how one minority's experience both is and is not the same as that of another group. We're all in this together and yet we're in different sub-worlds.

The obvious concept of work-oppression is given tones of anger and irony in the poem "Auditions":

*How many niggers did you say were out there? / Four.
Give classic ballet as a starter.... / If they can do that/
Make 'em walk on water!*

A "Barbarous Ritual" says that woman is "finding that almost all jobs open to you pay less for harder work than to men." Gay analogies, too: "by the way, I'm gay. . . ." "Oh, uh, well that's all right but I forgot, can you also type 300 words per minute?" Or: "working well for months, then being found to be gay, only to find then that some co-workers suddenly see you as an unfit leper." Then too what's this "classic ballet" for Blacks? It may suggest cultural disenfranchisement—that is, of downgrading jazz as art; of prohibiting powwows; of neglecting the "saucy dissonance" of Camp; and so forth.

Many oppressions glitter in the gentler-toned "For A Lady I Know":

She even thinks that up in heaven / Her class lies late and snores / While poor black cherubs rise at seven / To do celestial chores.

Yes, and all women, black and white, shall still be Servants and Chicks. And gay males? In charge of the decor, no doubt.

Minority people get scars early. The poem "Inci-

dent" shows how. The 8-year-old Black girl smiled at a white child; he, however, stuck out his tongue and called her "nigger." And the last stanza ends simply:

*I saw the whole of Baltimore / From May until December; /
Of all the things that happened there / That's all that
I remember.*

"Too over-sensitive," some white readers have insensitively claimed. Sticks and stones. . . . gays (and some non-gays also) remember how they used to wound, those verbal lashes Fag! Fruit! Queer! Fairy! Homo! Roles, too, are bolted on early. From "Barbarous Rituals": "Being confined to the Doll Corner in nursery school when you are really fascinated by Tinker Toys." And what of the male—gay or non-gay, by the way—who liked dolls, not war-games?

The minority "world-view" is that sense of being an exile at home. In a poem "1968 Winters" the Black dude gets up "feeling good and Black," he thinks black thoughts, does black things, "played all my black records," puts on his best black clothes, walks out his black door—and the poem ends: "And, Lord have mercy: white snow!" Gentle irony. Can any white person grasp this really? Perhaps better if s/he is also a minority person. Gays step out onto Straight St. after an evening in a ghettoized gay bar. A gay testimony read: "Driving back from my first gay pride conference, where for the first time I saw fellow gays at ease in public and in daylight—and feeling I was re-entering some distant land far from home, far from my own people, from gay space."

All this can lead to rising awareness of oppression and rising expectations for liberation—to militant anger and pride both. Langston Hughes' famous poem asked, "What happens to a dream deferred? / Does it dry up / Like a raisin in the sun?" Or fester, or stink, or crust and sugar over—or just "sag, like a heavy load?" The poem ends asking "Or does it explode?" This here is minority anger. This then is like Nat Turner; like the early suffragettes, who dared risk much, at least as much as gay protesters have risked today; like saying "Custer had it coming!"; and like June 28, 1969, date of the Stonewall riots and the official birth of gay liberation.

NOT THAT SIMPLE

We've talked as if we can always understand each other (in easy "rapport"), also as if all minority experience is basically similar (the same "report"). Actually this is untrue.

Can testimonies or indeed anything else short of direct experience, help (A) majority persons know minority life, and—stickier yet—help (B) different minorities know each other better? Probably not too much. For the fact is that each person lives isolated. Even in a good thirty-year marriage this is so. How much truer for minorities. To say "you have to be Black to know what it's like" is no haughty separatism. Who indeed can understand? A white sociologist dyed his skin deep enough to "pass," and only then got a really heavy dose of Black oppression, which he then conveyed to us in his book **Black Like Me**. Who can understand women? Transsexual Jan Morris wrote, or testified, in her own book **Conundrum** how, as

James became Jan, she had the sense of passing between two absolutely separated, mutually unintelligible worlds. The aborigines? I myself knew a Native American well, and only then began slowly to sense how a sacred realm of his people was now vanishing forever for red and white person alike. The gay dimension? Well, non-gays could always wear that "Gay Power" button openly for the next 48 hours, and indeed learn from that—but they don't and they won't, and in any case they didn't grow up gay in straight society, come up from the back-of-the-bus closet.

Still, good testimonies can at least telegraph faint hints of "what it's like" toward those majority-persons who do care to know more, empathetically.

But what of rapport among different minority groups? Problems do exist here. Blacks have at times been hostile toward women and gays. Straight feminists (females) have seemed queasy about gay women. The gay movement itself has been topheavily male, and many gay males, though not chauvinist pigs, still have not become instant feminists themselves. And Lesbian-feminist separatists? Well, separatism can be valid, but when continued, it does seem to crimp easy interchange.

The statement, "Group X is 'more' oppressed than Group Y," is itself oppressive, of course, being oversimple. Still, aren't there ways in which a given group is oppressed more than, or uniquely differently from, any other group? Yes indeed. But, again, the minute one tries to say this about (say) Filipino-Americans, someone else always can come up with amazing parallels. For example, women are indeed especial victims of sexism, yes. But exclusively? So also are gay males—at least more so than are non-gay males. This "paralleling" of groups—"we're all oppressed"—can of course usefully increase minority togetherness in face of common enemies. But it can also dangerously "wash out" the unique experience of the group, dilute it toward the fallacies that "everyone's oppressed really" or that "we're all just people after all." True, but. That's what could be called the Romeo and Juliet syndrome. At panels, gays have mentioned that society causes them problems in finding, meeting, and staying with one another. Inevitably some well-meaning non-gay up and says something like "Hey, yeah, I see—in fact, just like those unfortunate, star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, whose families cruelly kept them apart!" Yeah sure, no he does not see. (And in Act Four Romeo takes Julian—not Juliet—home to meet his parents? And Juliet and Julia go home—staying together? Uh-huh.)

BARBARITIES INDEED

Why examine women here? To give more than a trendy nod to the idea of co-sexual rapport, to give insight into responsible feminism, into what "all the fuss is about" if you wish. Listening critically but empathetically, one can hurdle two barriers, the over-militant separatism of some women, also the residual (but often unintended) chauvinism indeed present in many males.

Ask Middle America, "are women oppressed?" The

answer flies back in carbon copies. "Wull, I'm for equal pay for equal work, but as for all the rest of it . . ." But women might be oppressed more by "role-assignment" than in the purse-and-career areas. They face six stereotypes the culture often expects them to face six stereotypes the culture often sees them as, expects them to be—makes them become. These "Rituals" can give the feel of what it's like beyond the gross (and now-outlawed) "it's a man's job, sorry."

—seeing grownups chuckle when you say you want to be an engineer or doctor when you grow up and learning to say you want to be a mommy or a nurse, instead

—finding that the career you've chosen exacts more than just study or hard work—an emotional price of being made to feel "less a woman"

—wanting to go back to school, to read, to join something, do something. Why isn't home enough for you? What's wrong with you?

This is woman's province, domain of the stereotyped Chick, the ooh-ah playgirl, the intellectual featherweight. There seem no male parallels here. (If anything, the male role urges the opposite—strive, fight, compete, achieve, win, and defend—even if it kills you. No nursing or hairdressing for Joe, either.

Are there any oppressions unique to females, then? Perhaps the second, "Earth-Mother" stereotype:

—[when pregnant] having men on the streets, in cabs, and busses, no longer (at least) regard you as an ogle-object; now they regard you as the Carrier of the Species

A third image is that of the adams-rib "Servant," woman as nigger of the world indeed. A study shows that working women still do 80% of their home's housework. So it is:

—coming home from work—and starting IN to work: unpack the groceries, fix supper, wash up the dishes, rinse out some laundry, etc., etc.

At an early gay-lib meeting, the men said, "Why don't we invite woman's liberation; and they can bring the coffee and cookies. . . ."

Another semi-unique problem for women is this double-bind: if a woman is "properly womanly," she's often simply ignored, not listened to, not taken seriously. But then if she's necessarily forthright, aggressive, she's tagged with a fourth label, that of "Witch/Bitch" (or Castrating Female):

—learning to be VERY TACTFUL if you have men working "under you." (More likely, learning to always be working

under men)

Then there's sexuality. Here we have the pure sexless "Goddess," revered on a pedestal—and also the animal "Sexpot," the torrid temptress who, however, is adjudged a slut. Both of these distort natural sexuality. Again, there seem no male parallels; "old ever, is adjudged a slut. Both of these distort natural sexuality. Again, there seem no male parallels; "old goats" are accepted, but who's ever heard of a "loose man"? True, males were to be "Super-Stud" or else were thought of as a candy-ass pussy or even—ah—Not A Real Man. . . . But note women's double-bind:

—being bugged by men in the office who assume that you're a virginal prude if you don't flirt, and that you're an easy mark if you are halfway relaxed and pleasant

—brooding about "how far" you should go with the guy you really like....it never occurring to him that YOU might be climbing walls, too, which you maybe don't dare to admit

SEXUALITY THROTTLED

We all grow up as sexual beings. But young women do seem more downplayed here. There's a sort of micro-Goddess image, of sugar, of spice, of nothing not nice:

—being told nothing whatsoever about menstruation, so that you think you are bleeding to death with your first period....masturbating like crazy and worrying that you'll become insane, sterile, a whore, or deflowered; getting more information any way you can and then worried because you've been masturbating clitorally, and that isn't even the "right way"

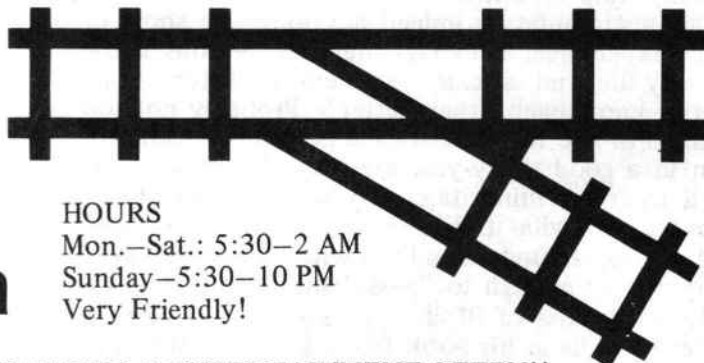
Young males by contrast are to be lusty and randy young goats. Indeed, men's lib might well testify:

—judging from all the locker-room bragging of all the other fellows, that you must be some sort of pantywaist cream-puff wimp just because you don't want to Do It All The Time with a stainless-steel rod ever at the ready, so to speak, with every chick that comes along; what's the matter with you, aren't you a man?

Of course, more's afoot here than just the "Goddess/Goat" images. Beyond the culture's new permissiveness still lies a residual Puritanism, the marrow-feeling that sexuality is vaguely nasty for girl and boy alike. A friend of mine (It's Not Me, Doctor, It's A Friend) this friend once said that when he got his first hard-on (oops, "experienced genital tumescence"), he thought that there was something wrong (got stuck in the "on"

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position?), until all was explained to him by his father, who was clear, calm, open—and more than a bit nervous, too.

It doesn't seem the same for gays. For, if heterosexuality is more relaxed now though still a bit inhibited, gay sexuality is still thought of as perhaps a pitiable second-best—those Poor Cripples Can't Get Full Satisfaction—but just unthinkable; unspeakable. When the gay college student wrote his own "Rituals," he unknowingly spoke right to this point. Here he is, a child of our own times indeed:

—hearing your parents, teachers, and friends say that homosexuality is sick and perverse—and finding yourself worrying that you really are sick and perverse

—reading everything you can lay your hands on about homosexuality to try and find out the truth—but having to do it in a clandestine manner so no one will suspect you....going to the library to ask for a book and finding out they keep the books on homosexuality locked up—and getting a funny stare from the librarian when you ask to have it

—finally trying your first experience with a man, worrying if you did it right, if he had V.D., if anyone saw you

Would non-gay readers instantly see all that there is here? There's the "obsessive concern," or sort of social paranoia which is a trait of deviant minority groups in general—Puerto Rican street gangs, marijuana smokers. . . . Then there's gay alienation—isolation from one's self and non-gay peers as well as—less realized—from other gay people. (Perhaps no other minority group lies as profoundly, uniquely separated from its own self.) There's also institutional oppression, specifically education (recalling the library-card files that read "See Under Deviations & Perversions"—yuh, okay). And medical oppression too; half those books were probably like the one a gay college student secreted in his dorm room, a "disease-theory" book which—sick, sick—should have been de-selected instead. (P.S.—his roommate unearthed the volume anyway. Oh well. . . .)

Young people are a minority group. The fact-of-life is that kids are sexual beings earlier than the culture often cares to admit. Their drives are often either denied, or over-shielded. Especially among young gays. The stereotype of gay adults is that they "molest and seduce youths." But how can a gay youth

offer candy to an older person, should he choose?

—at age thirteen: looking at myself naked in the mirror; knowing, "at last," what I really did desire; but not, of course, knowing where to turn; wishing, simply, that some man would come and take my growing body; it was ready for him (portrait of the gay youth as adult-molester?)

Once grown up, however, we meet sexism, which is relating to a person as a sex-object only. It's okay to groove on beauty, of course, and sexism's bad only when it's one-sided or incomplete. Also, sexism is not "sexual chauvinism," which is the ranking of one gender, male or female, as absolutely better than the other, and then as maybe more privileged too. Male (or female) chauvinism is like white (or Black) racism, like "heterosexism" or straight chauvinism, even gay chauvinism, also classism; ageism-and-youthism. Ism, ism, ism; but all are elitist or supremacist.

Sexism does seem to hassle women more than it does straight or gay men. What male has to endure the cosmetic body-rituals which barber many women into Chick-dom?

—tweezing your eyebrows/bleaching your hair/scraping your armpits/dieting/investigating vaginal sprays/biting your nails

We men—we barren, naked nomads—are freed from all that; just a shave 'n shower and a spritz of deodorant and we're off on the Hunt. But sexism is rampant in the gay male community, and gay males might well empathize with these "Rituals":

—feeling basically comfortable in your own body, but gradually learning to hate it because you are: too short or tall, too fat or thin, thick-thighed or big-wristed, large-eared or stringy-haired, short-necked or long-armed, bowlegged, knock-kneed, or pigeon-toed—SOMETHING that MIGHT make boys not like you

—dreading summertime because more of your body with its imperfections will be seen—and judged

Only gross deformities hamper the non-gay male in his trail of quail. But the gay scene has its "meat-rack" mentality ("Hmn, fair biceps, but. . ."). This odd ranking-and-rating may project self-hatred outward, may also numb and manage frustration too. In any case, a gay male once spoke thus:

—being rejected 3 times in 1 week at the bars and feeling totally worthless; then tricking out but being "used" by some number who just wanted to get his rocks off (or to



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cheat on his wandering lover); wondering whether more women than men go through this?

Sexism extends beyond bar-and-bed into social intercourse. Can males "feel into" this Ritual?

—swinging down the street feeling good and smiling at people and being hassled like a piece of meat in return

In the gay scene there's also the "Heavy Cruising" atmosphere; here, sexual insinuations blunt easy interactions among males. (How about wearing a button reading "I'm not necessarily cruising...."?)

TUNING THE TONES

Harsh and dismal? Humorless, over-complaining? Some of the "Barbarous Rituals" may well seem thus. Too bitching-and-moaning—at times too radical-militant? Actually the Rituals show loving compassion for still-oppressed sisters. Also, anger can be personally healthy, and socially useful, one face of pride. Of course, the career-anger of the professional discontent is incomplete. Writers must know exactly when to keep up the solemn pressure and when to break for a saving smile, with easy humor. Testimonies can denounce oppression, but also celebrate liberation and in between can reflect the wry-ironic stance of the Outsider, who can gain the more-inclusive view of one excluded from the society which he hence sees as absurd, arbitrary, a social circus.

Still there is a time for say-it-loud denouncing of the enemy, of social injustice, of maltreatment which is inconsistent with preached ideals and hence is hypocrisy, a major vice. Some "Rituals" speak loud-and-clear here:

—discovering you need an abortion, and really learning for the first time what your man, your parents, and your society think of you. Frequently paying for that knowledge with your death

—finding out how difficult it is to get hold of "easily accessible" birth-control information....wondering why we can have live color telecasts of the moon's surface, but still no truly simple, human, safe method of birth control

One may feel, she's one-sided, things are better now! As indeed they are—except, of course, for the poor women still caught in those social traps. . . . Here also are the gay issues of health care, that is, valid therapy; with-it V.D. info, and hassel-free treatment; and safe-and-sane attitudes of health people.

Actually, gay analogies emerge on the gap between the country's "official" policy of liberty-&-justice for all, and actual mistreatment. Some things can rile,

—hearing from every source (family, school, church) about how bad, immoral, nasty it is to lie, to pretend, to be hypocritical. But then being forced to play the "double-life" game every day, not only cramping yourself, but also perjuring yourself to those near and dear to you.

—seeing school systems promote teachers for advancing Black and woman's studies, but knowing that they would either ignore, or demote, teachers who would add Gay Studies too. Yet all the while hearing the systems yawp piously about educational "freedom" and "responsibility"

—hearing some gay-libbers tell it loud how in 1776 all 13 colonies prescribed the death penalty for gays. Finding you're somehow unimpressed. That was then. This is now. What about the actual "psychological genocide" still

practiced on gay youth today—and this in a nation justly noted for its humanitarianism in other areas....

—remembering how you dared cling limp one second to an adored classmate in high school wrestling class. Realizing that that was your only real loving human contact your whole junior year. Then suddenly seeing how society keeps gays apart from each other, steals their growing-up time....

But there's also time out for comic relief, the sheer fluff of mere humor. The gay student reported:

—sitting in the Union with your straight friends, they're all saying "Boy look at that girl" and you respond by saying "Yeah"—but really looking at the guys coming in

—running into an old friend, classmate or professor at the bars and laughing that "I never suspected you!"

Then there's irony—the difference between expected, desired results and the actual outcome. Irony mocks absurdities. Through it, the writer can even healthily mock, or deflate, himself. Irony shows that, paradoxically, people and societies do change, and yet don't change; and also that liberation is quite possible, and yet never really achieved. "Rituals" show how gender-roles stubbornly keep women Servants in the most unlikely places:

—becoming a woman EXECUTIVE, for God's sake, and then being asked to order the delicatessen food for an office party

—"dropping out" together to a "hip, groovy" commune—and cooking brown rice instead of Betty Crocker

—trying desperately not to repeat the pattern, and catching yourself telling your daughter one day that she "isn't acting like a lady," or warning your son "not to be a sissy"

So also life at the Gay Edge has its own little ironies:

—really feeling you're getting liberated, but then wondering why you suddenly jolt and shuffle so madly to cover up your gay-liberation materials when straight friends drop in!

—having a great rap-session with "brothers" on male closeness—then leaving with that old "hearty handshake" again, instead of a nice warm hug all round

—finally telling your friends and parents—great! But—feeling that subtle veil or distance still present after all—until you learn how to be easy about their still-remaining uneasinesses, to reduce those by relaxing....

YET OTHER VOICES

It's good to get reports from different minorities, and useful to build rapport with each other.

All groups have their stories to tell—not just the "favorite" Blacks and women, the "upstart" gays (and, the doubly-neglected Lesbians). There are others too—oppression ranges farther afield than just "chick equals nigger equals faggot/dyke." There are the handicapped; prisoners, and mental patients; there are children, students. There seems no end to it; "Asian-American," for example, actually includes three very distinct peoples—Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino. (They're not all "alike.")

A very leaned-on group is the "neglected" minority, that 10% of society over age 65. The Grey Panthers protest against shabby mistreatment of old people, from laws-against to laughs-at. What of the ageing

woman? "Rituals" reports:

-being widowed, or divorced, and trying to get a "good" job—at your age

-still wanting to have sex but feeling faintly ridiculous before your husband, let alone other men

-being patronized and smirked over by your own children during the agonizing ritual of widowhood dating

Gay ageism remains the skeleton in the gay closet. The student wrote:

-wondering what you're going to be like when your thirty-five and your youth and looks start to go.....seeing old gay men, and thinking "will I be like that?"

Straight males escape unblemished, or are only "seasoned" by that "distinguished" touch of grey at the temples. Women seem on display at the auction-block, gay men to be poked and prodded at the meat-rack:

-wondering why some gays come alive only in their late teens (if then!), then stumble through their twenties, then are supposed to be "through" at thirty.....

-seeing here and there those sad patient resigned prim drab wan beaten-down ones of age fifty or so, in the shadows if you see them around at all anymore, and feeling that you'd do anything, you'd kill, to help them somehow.....

If gays are the "invisible" minority, the "forgotten" minority might be that 1% of Americans who got here first. A fine article in *Akwesasne Notes*, a Native American paper, testified:

-in reservation school, we were asked to write an essay on "why we are all glad the Pilgrims landed"

That's almost sick humor. But it reveals educational oppression. If the schools have dealt with the Indian paternalistically, it's dealt with gays not at all really—a few Queer Images, perhaps, but mainly the megaton censorship of expurgation or a thundering silence:

-seeing the schools trendily welcome women's studies, Black history, but usually never Gay Studies; realizing that none of the supposedly with-it and liberal teachers know anything about the Stonewall rebellion; the pink triangles of the Nazi regime; the Zuidhorn massacres (now called the gay equivalent of Wounded Knee); worse, realizing that probably none of the gay teachers either know or ponder much about this, either, so complete is oppression.....

Another insight from the "Indian Land" article:

-I remember how, as a child, I watched cowboy-and-Indian movies—and actually cheered the cowboy to win!

This is the subtler self-oppression, much as Blacks tried to straighten out their hair for years. And gays? Emory, a stereotyped character in the 1969 play *The Boys in the Band*, said (lisped?) at one point, "Oh Mary, it takes a fairy to make something pretty." But the above cowboy comment reveals the oppressiveness of "media blackouts":

-finally seeing an honest, real gay relationship on T.V., and feeling a fine relief, wow, great, about time; hoping that gay kids across the nation will see and be helped by this good thing—without TOO much sniggering, and channel-changing by their parents—or by their own selves—

INTEGRATION?

We've talked of Blacks; what about whites? An article "What It's Like Being White" reads as pure testimony. It led off with the obvious fact that women and Blacks today sometimes (or supposedly) receive

preferential treatment in many social areas. Gays? Not quite there yet; most have much more to lose than to gain by claiming even token status. Then the article states these poignancies by whites:

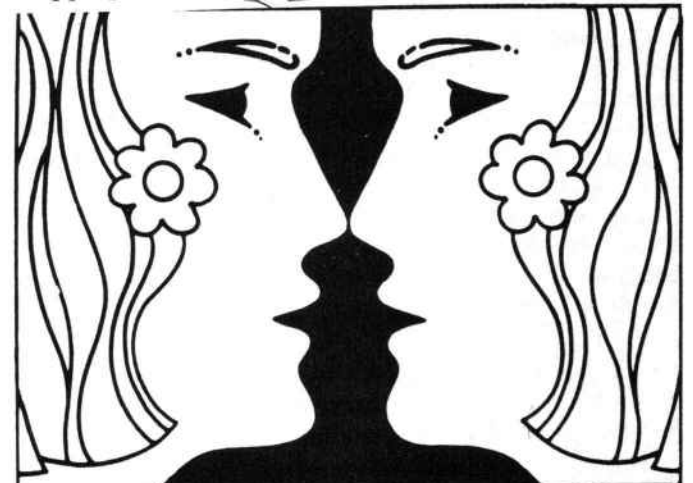
-having a Black nurse be extremely rude to you during a stay in the hospital, while she is very kind to the Black woman who shared your room.....being told by a Black nurse that only a white woman would kill her unborn child by abortion.....having your 7-year-old son's lunch money ripped off by a group of Black peers.....

These things do happen. (Of course whites do them too. To say there's no truth in any stereotype of a minority is as naive and over-simple—"liberal innocence"—as its opposite, saying—a la "redneck bigotry"—that "yeah, they're all-ways like that.") Some gays, for example, are indeed flippant, sinuously bitchy, even cruisy-leering—"Hello There, Young Man. . . ." But do all gays "Flaunt" themselves brazenly? (It's often called "hand-holding" when straights do it.) And, do they demand "Total Acceptance?" (Gay-lib really only says, our freedom-from-mistreatment, please! Your grudging tolerance is enough!)

But white-black relations suddenly seem like gay-straight relations in that both can involve the confusion-and-impasse arising between any two groups when one of them is a stigmatized one. One finds gay analogies everywhere in the "White" article:

-watching your mother sterilize the dishes after she graciously agreed to your having a Black dinner guest

(Can one believe it? The gay equivalent is probably shipping the attractive younger brother out of the



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house the evening gays are to be there. And the plain younger brother. And the dog. All to avoid "Contagion." It's been done, in effect. Then:

-inviting your black friend to your party and having your white friends boycott the event—with parental encouraging (Gays were probably present at the party all along, of course, simply unrecognized by all.)

-being married to a black man for eight years and still having a father who refuses to speak to you

(Enough said! Or, how about "turning 'black'—that is, gay—yourself and getting ostracized." Also, there's gay couples' "maintaining that second, false-front bedroom," also "going separate ways at Christmas"—at least until that longed-for family acceptance at last.)

-having your dearest friends shake their heads sadly as you introduce them to your newly-adopted black son: why?.....

(Well, and what of the cruelties inflicted on children of known lesbian mothers—plus, of course, the very real, but unpredictable, kindnesses from others?)

The "White" article concludes:

-BEGINNING to understand "what Black is".....

(Perhaps. Of course, heterosexuals still ask such questions as "Why do gay men hate women?" "Do you want to be a woman?" "How can you stand not to be able to attain full sexual satisfaction?" [Come again?] And "Why ever would a gay person reveal himself voluntarily?" Clearly it's as former pro footballer Dave Kopay said; he's come a long road, and yet it's surely just begun.

SINGLE MALES

Gay males are often single. And the single person is yes, yet another minority. There are the lighter moments of singlehood here:

-receiving in the mail the presumptuous mailout from your Congressman, er, Congressperson, invariably addressed to "Mr. and Mrs."

But the darker truth is that, in our couple-culture, any singleton, gay or straight, is truly the "fifth wheel on the horse." How many times, the following:

-when you're with a woman, oh how people greet you team-warmly with open arms, "all together now"—but just let you be alone—or "only" with a (same-sexed) friend—oh how the fires burn lower, and the same people either just ignore you, or shuttle you to the side psychologically as a Broken or Incomplete Set

Finally, it's still semi-news that males are also, yes, oppressed. They're top dog in all areas but one. At times the heavy Male Role is still enforced. That calls for strength, aggression, invulnerability, non-emotional "coolness," constant defense of that citadel of masculinity-identity. Thinking about testimonies, I sat down and dredged up some out of my own life, a sort of male version of "Barbarous Rituals" in effect:

-as a kid, being told not to hug and kiss my father good-night any more—but not being told WHY it was verboten

-liking sports that were cooperative or self-expressive (such as volleyball, square-dancing, ice-skating, even the impossible ballet), but being forced ineptly into the competitive crunch all the same (baseball, football, basketball, phooey)

-as a high-school senior, simply talking and laughing naturally with a bunch of ninth-graders and promptly being

tagged a "fag" for this by the Big Boys, jeered at falsetto from then on.....From this, realizing how the culture really closes men off from each other, discourages relationships which are "too" open, deep, close, affectionate (= "too" mature, real?)—even though all this is usually quite totally non-sexual in fact!

-laid off the job I loved, finding I'd lost more than the pay, had lost (absurd!) part of my "manhood," "identity"

-speaking up at a woman's liberation meeting; was told I'd come on a bit chauvinistically; feeling, who, me? nah!! (then realizing I'd REALLY felt, underneath, that "they're just women; they can't threaten me, teach me anything, take over from me.....")

-getting clear: copying recipes without fear; being gentle with children; liking women friends who are sprightly, men friends who are gentle; quitting the role of "male impersonator" at last.....

GAY MALENESS IS.....

In the gay male world at last, is there anything unique there? Perhaps two facts shape the gay experience. Gayness is stigmatized (as unthinkable). It's also potentially invisible (concealable). From this, three things may result. There are the tragedies (and comedies) of the "Double Life." There are the alienations of the gay from his self, other gays, straights. And there's the complex journey from being In The Closet to Coming Out. (Of course these conditions are for good as well as ill; the Outsider possesses an insight, and, as Laud Humphries said, "abrasion heightens sensitivity.")

Many gay testimonies are "coming-out stories." They do tend to xerox one another. Yet they should be told and re-told, for there does seem to be one life-experience which every gay person undergoes, but which no straight person does. All humans must decide how to deal with their sexual NATURE; but only gays also have to discover, realize, and accept their sexual ORIENTATION. Further, gays must do this all on their own, quite unassisted by the culture, even hampered by it. Old-hat to many gays, this is usually unfamiliar to non-gays at first. The college student spoke out on this:

-finding yourself more and more attracted to men than girls, and thinking that there's something wrong with you

-wanting to be able to talk to someone you can trust about your being gay, having no one, not even your "best friend" for fear of him turning away or exposing you

-finally realizing that what you're doing is neither wrong nor degrading—accepting your homosexuality—coming out of your closet

Another alienation is that of the gay from other gays. The stigma-plus-invisibility has resulted in little or no "gay community"—as distinct from some Black solidarity, for example. Though gays are everywhere—in all other minority groups too, by the way—they've swallowed the straight stereotypes and expectations. But if white is not right for all, then how can straight be epidemically great? Yet gays know not each other. Coming out, the student found this:

(continued on page 22)

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

A Narrative
of "Decadence"
in England
After 1918



Reviewed by
Jeffrey L. Lant

Children of the Sun: a Narrative of 'Decadence' in England after 1918, by Martin Green. New York, Basic Books, 1976, 470 pp., \$15.00

America with its pervasive cult of the serious and practical has always been an unfriendly land for the dandy, who finds the first decidedly bad form and who makes it a point to understand nothing of the second. Preoccupied with creating another, equally distinctive mode, worshipping Adonis or Narcissus, luxury and beautiful young men, dandy devotees have largely been forced to go elsewhere for protection and sustenance.

Even in our own enlightened times, the dandy is usually most comfortable as an emigre, either in Europe or in the dark recesses of the inner city. Witness the recent flight of that authentic American dandy Tennessee Williams, who withdrew from this philistine country to a Europe he felt would surely be more appreciative of his last resoundingly bad play *The Red Devil Battery Sign*.

Stylish on the tarmac, he left with a moue and with dear Fifi cradled in his arms. Exhausted from his public display of prearranged petulance, he then sank back into the luxurious comfort of his first-class seat, secure in the knowledge that his denunciation and gesture of disdain would be reported throughout the nation. And so they were.

Although dandyism is not the major style anywhere today, Williams' public flouncing and fluttering make us awake that its adherents still exist, expectantly awaiting the return of happier and richer seasons, such seasons, in fact, as author Martin Green now celebrates in his new book on interwar English decadence.

Decadence, it is necessary to remind people since so many habitually misuse the word, is not so much a statement in its own right as a response to a statement. Defined as a "process of deterioration," it can only exist in relation to a more important and more influential period against which the dandies necessarily rebel. Dandies are thus essentially defined and limited by and dependent upon the style they are attacking.

Although they are naturally rebels

and wish to bring about cultural change, such change implies the consequent demise of the dandies themselves. Inherently irresponsible, they are followers, not leaders; gadflies, the dandies feel uncomfortable when they must rule rather than attack The Establishment of which they are usually a part. Even their conversational style suggests a clue about them: their forte is repartee and retort.

It therefore follows that Green's title (and all it implies) is wrong. He calls the interwar dandies "Children of the Sun" or *Sonnenkinder*, and he offers anthropological data in support of his choice for so doing. Alas, he's mistaken. Instead, he should have chosen the moon for his title.

The sun shines by direct light; the moon by indirect. The sun is Apollonian; the moon Dionysian. Not surprisingly, therefore, dandy literature is rife with lunar imagery, not that of the sun. Oscar Wilde, for instance, (a patron saint of all dandies) uses it often; indeed, his *Salome*, for one, begins with lunar symbolism which is carried throughout the play.

Moreover, even Green cites examples of the use of the moon by the dandies. Critic Peter Quennell wrote a poem which begins "If the moon laughed at me/I should extend my fingers. . .", and Brian Howard, one of the two chief figures of the study, once wanted to write a book with the characteristically dandy title *The Cow Jumped Over The Moon*. It is characteristic not simply because of the use of the word "moon," but because it evokes the dandies' love of nursery rhymes and nonsense verse and also the comfortable, blissful irresponsibility of childhood, which they were keen to perpetuate through the rest of their lives.

Not surprisingly, with such Victorian virtues as duty and responsibility still in the ascendant, the dandies were bound to encounter opposition, if not from their own fathers, then from all the collective fathers of the culture at large. As reb-



English fops attend a fancy dress party in the 1920's

els, however, they took a firm stance and resolutely refused to grow up. Youth and adolescence they rated their pivotal and most cherished periods, the passing away of which would be forever mourned. And consequently they regarded the activities of youth as supreme. Schooldays above all others were prized.

The characters of Green's study—Evelyn Waugh, W.H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Stephen Spender, Cecil Beaton, and the rest—were all part of Britain's ruling elite and as such attended public (i.e. private) schools. None, however, no matter how attracted they were to dandyism in later life, had quite the successful schooldays of Harold (later Sir Harold) Acton and Brian Howard, the Anglicized Americans whose careers are the principal focus of Green's work.

Both came from families of a certain prominence and means, at home in the international society which characterized Edwardian Europe. Harold Acton came from a cadet branch of a prominent Neapolitan

family which included the famous historian Lord Acton; his mother was an American and his father an artist-dilettante friend of Bernard Berenson.

Brian Howard's father was an American, as was his mother, a portrait painter and gallery manager (one of them the celebrated Grosvenor Gallery). His mother Green vaguely describes as a woman of "aesthetic interests."

In any event, with such backgrounds, neither boy was likely to become the typical Etonian, and neither did. In fact, their careers at Eton were nothing short of flamboyant, openly provocative of what they tauntingly called the "bourgeois macabre," which was, of course, the style epitomized by the other boys.

Precociously sophisticated, they startled not only their classmates but their masters by the ease with which they donned evening dress and took themselves off to visit the studio of Augustus John and to openings of the *Ballet Russe*, then considered the acme of High Culture and intelligent taste.

They also shown to advantage when speaking on a wide range of esoteric subjects. At the advanced age of 15, Harold Acton amazed an unwary aunt by remarking, "I think the velvets of the Cinquecento are to be preferred to those of any other period."

And if neither quite captivated the Eton boys by their transvestite antics as much as Cecil Beaton did shortly afterwards when he was in school and sang "If you were the only boy in the world" so charmingly that (as Cyril Connolly remarks) "the eighty odd boys in the audience felt there could be no other boy in the world for them," their performances were yet widely noted—scarcely ever approvingly.

It is therefore no wonder that the earnest and deadly serious (for good reasons) George Orwell (who was also an Etonian of the period) should have been driven to exclamations of almost sputtering fury, when he recalled those days and his frivolous contemporaries, who could, despite "hunger, hardship, solitude, exile, war, prison, persecution, manual labor," still look back to those "five years in a luke warm bath of snobbery" as to an eventful and important period.

Even their years at Oxford (for they all did go on to Oxford) were comparatively less significant, though the dandies were quite as prominent there as they had been before, as Evelyn Waugh has so brilliantly captured in **Brideshead Revisited**, the opening pages of which are so compelling and so accurately descriptive of the Oxford of the interwar period.

Unfortunately, when so many of the dandies left Oxford (particularly Brian Howard and to a lesser extent Harold Acton), their carefully contrived and artificial world collapsed. They were thus left to wander through often long lives more and more consumed by nostalgia and by a frenetic attempt to avoid adulthood by eschewing all adult commitments.

Having become at age 50 "the



Two views of Brian Howard, English aesthete

most desperately unhappy man" W. H. Auden had ever met, Brian Howard finally committed suicide beside the body of the lover he had usually taken for granted and generally disdained, his life chaotic and despairing, ridiculously unproductive.

Sir Harold Acton, still alive, has managed to avoid this grisely fate, dawdling his days away pleasantly and trivially at his family estate La Pietra in Italy. Still a dandy, his style is less influential than ponderously amusing, his reflections on life drawn solely from reminiscences of a world now gone and from answers to such weighty questions as "I trust you do not object to royalty?" which he put to an unsuspecting Martin Green.

Without strongly perceived, smugly superior and complacent Victorian father figures to react against (and to protect and support them, of course), these men too often faltered and came to lead largely abortive existences.

Notwithstanding this condition of affairs, author Green, growing "actively disloyal to decency" with age, has come to support the dandies and their cause with the more fervor because he is a convert from the apposing camp of Orwell, D.H. Lawrence, and F.R. Leavis (with whom he once studied at Cambridge). And

with the conglomerate of issues subsumed by the word "Watergate" so recently behind us (if they are behind us), intelligent Americans may well be sympathetic to such a point of view. After all, the gullibility of decent Americans and the villainy of those who catered to it by mouthing their platitudes have caused much turbulence in the republic.

Nonetheless, Green, though having written a fine book of social history and intelligent literary criticism, has not offered a convincing case. He has not managed to provide an alternative, acceptable or otherwise, to the despair which seems inextricably linked with dandyism which can only flourish among gilded youths during an adolescence marked by precocity and whimsical immaturity. After such a beginning, what then? Orwellians, not decadents and dandies, have the answer.

Decadence will, of course, always amuse those of us who can be. It also has its uses, for it can affront pomposity and jolt the complacent. To suggest, however, that it offers a satisfying mode of living or any real answer to the problems which assail us is fatuous, as the tragic and twisted fates of Green's exemplars of interwar decadence amply prove. ■

POETRY by Dr. Robert Mittenbühler

ENCOUNTER

Between neon and dawn
We touched and danced.
Did we like the disc?
Was beer on our breath?
The music spun us, too loud
For your lips at my ear.

Your name is Tom. It rings
Of sun-filled slender wheat. We danced
And touched. Your hair is lazy blond.
And smells of swimming pool.
My pointed need, pressing your thigh;
Your fingers spoke "Yes" to my waist.
!!!!!!!!!!

Before you slept, dawn scraping at the pane,
Your Tom tongue, still black, wetted my nose.

TO TOM ON THE MORNING AFTER

Percolator chuckle, snap of Armour swags
That spat and writhed in pan-full bliss;
Your yawn appeared, fat at the door,
Your nubby toes, sockless, whitely curled
On the kitchen's cold linoleum.

Your flaring belly's soft, one-eyed gape
Surveyed the feast my hands were hexing forth.
Unshowered lout, you grinned and stretched,
Your sleepy sex still sagging toward the floor.
I said your name, and then, oh then. . . .
You lamb-like pranced the skinny space between us,
Unbrushed both tooth and floppy hair,
And gave to me three seconds of your mouth
Fair, square on my astonished rump.

Dr. Robert Mittenbuhler grew up in the Milwaukee area. . . Shorewood High School,
then Whitefish Bay and finally Fox Point. He now lives in Salzburg, Austria.

Appolon et Cyparisse



*Apollo and Cyparisse, painting from the Louvre, Paris by Claude-Marie Dubfe
Painting size 1.88m by 2.28m (approximately 6 feet by 7½ feet)
Displayed at Paris in 1790 and at LaCelle-Saint-Cloud in 1864.*

Cyparisse, who had killed a young serf whom he had raised with much care, was so afflicted with remorse that he wished to kill himself. Apollo, touched by the sorrow of the young man, took pity on him and changed him into a cyprus tree.

A critic of the period wrote: "This tableau, one of the most agreeable of the exposition, is distinguished by the elegance of its forms, especially in the figure of Cyparisse, by the soft textures of its coloring, and the lightness of the brush-strokes."

TESTIMONIES (from p. 16)

—expecting the gay bars to be different places with all sorts of lewd goings-on, but finding it no different than a straight bar.....seeing men/women dancing with each other for the first time and finding yourself thinking "how queer" yet then thinking about that statement a second time

—going home with a guy for the first time and feeling scared, but good about it, but wondering if it's true about all those stories you heard about homosexuals being "perverse" "child molesters" doing kinky stuff—all the while you're driving to this guy's place.....expecting to enter into an apartment all covered with lace and lavender, but finding it instead to look a lot like your own home, a "normal" pad

—seeing some stereotyped ultra-feminine gays, but realizing the majority of the people would pass as "normal".....

Then there are the assigned roles some gays play, like the shuffling Black, the brainless woman, the ironclad macho male. The "fairy princess" syndrome?

—carrying on in overt ways and over-reacting your role because you just came out

—finding some of the gays are worse than women when it comes to scandals or gossip

(Yes, there does seem a touch of male chauvinism in that last one—"worse than women," indeed!)

There's then the alienation from straight people, notably friends and family. The student:

—when my younger sister mentions at the supper table that her 8th-grade teacher was going to invite a "gay" in but that the principal ruled against it, hearing my mother say, "Boy, I'm glad someone over at that school has sense." Feeling shame, but then indignation; and feeling that my being gay is not my problem, but others if they can't accept

GAY DAYS

So you're out; so what then? Being gay day-to-day produces various vignettes which can be met with bitterness, a chuckle, or a shrug. Here in effect are some things people have testified to here and there:

—feeling a certain clench or chill when uniformed cops happen to stroll through your favorite bar—hell, it's any-way better than the "invisible" Vice Squad!

—having to drive miles to the Social Hygiene clinic of the nearest large city simply because you can't very well ask your good old hometown family doctor for as complete a V.D. checkup as you, a gay male, really do require.....

—secretly spying your trick of the evening secretly stashing away his wallet and watch in his car before joining you in the hotel.....really great trust there.....

—making VERY sure the suburban living-room drapes are buttoned shut ironclad tight before you and he simply sit down properly, not improperly, close together.....laughing about this with some people, but seeing how this police-state sort of thing does bad things to other gays

—seeing the harvest of letters resulting from a friend's placing a personals ad—the menagerie of oddball kooks, the good people there also—

—when one of your friends finds a "special someone" at last, and it's going well for them, feeling a certain special warmth, fondness, gladness for them which—somehow—you think you wouldn't feel so strongly for a straight couple, not even if you yourself were straight.....

Different subcultures of the gayworld exist. For report and rapport both, we need to hear of the inner lives of drag and leather people; of gays in other minority groups; of the "mulatto" bisexual; of parents of gays too. One sub-group is the gay-lib person, the more activist one, whether militant or not:

—seeing there's only one thing more terrifying to a deeply-closeted brother where you work than exposure and ridicule—and that's your own semi-open, relaxed, gay self

—finding that the folks in Gay Liberation aren't all that liberated themselves at times (so what else is new)—having to shift back and forth between the bar and the liberation scene, bored with dreary roles in both places

—hearing straight "liberals" rattle on so about injustices to Blacks, women—then when you calmly mention gay oppression too, seeing their eyes cloud over, their bodies become tensed, in rigid-polite "uh er oh yes of course....."

Yet another sphere is that of the really open gay, he who'd wear the "Gay Power" button 24 hours a day, not to "flaunt," just to be. Coming out-front can mean coming closer to one's self and other people, also helping other gays by one's (non-)horrible example. But it's a kicky trip:

—going on your first public gay-lib panel to speak with straights, seeing them look at you as if they were at the zoo, and discovering suddenly that it don't matter no more what they think—you're in charge, you're O.K., you're you

—liberating a small-town supper club with same-sex dancing; seeing everything calm down after the initial consternation; realizing—why can't things always be this free? But still knowing you were lucky that evening, also that what you did won't help the gay kids of East Bend dance together at their high school prom any sooner

There are still other areas—for example, new dimensions of the monogamy-vs.-promiscuity question. But what has it all meant? For many who have been there, pain and lost living-time, but also unexpected benefits. Minority-experience can help "make" one if it doesn't break one first. It can even intensify living. This is the last frontier; dealing with this one, helps one to handle anything. To mine and refine one's minority experience can be valid indeed. It can help one become stronger, wiser, more able, more aware of complexities. This may sound a bit like the Boy Scout Oath, but to observe carefully, to think critically, to decide intelligently aren't bad skills. Nor need this be done in the semi-sour-grapes spirit of "I did it myyyy way." One might end with a testimony which might perhaps have a touch more meaning for gays than for others. (But, then, just who could ever tell about that for sure?)

—sitting on the sofa in the evening close to the one you love, with head on shoulder, gentle hands on each other, and feeling that tonight, at least, you are safe, you have arrived, that after a longish journey you are home at last.....

THE ULCER

by Daniel Curzon

He came back from the bar alone, surprised to discover it was only 10:35. He'd hoped to be kissing some trick by now or ushering him into the bedroom, but the bar had been almost empty. Where was all the "debauchery," all the "perversion" he'd heard about? He might as well go over and change the dressing on Mr. Harnell's ulcerated leg. That was guaranteed to get sex off anybody's mind. Who knew—he might even pick up somebody off the street! He picked up the bottle of hydrogen peroxide and the tube of ointment at his trailer first and then walked over the four rows to the Harnell's trailer.

He stood at the door, the tube of ointment in his hand, cold in the slight chill. Why wasn't it a tube of K-Y, he thought. Now that was an ointment!

"What d'ya want?" Mrs. Harnell said suspiciously through the door.

"It's me, Doug."

"Oh, come in, Doug!" she said, opening the door, still suspicious at first, but turning all smiles. "Come in, come in!"

"I just thought I'd see if your husband needs his dressing changed."

"He's watching TV," she said, pointing toward the bedroom.

"I can come back some other—"

"No, no, you're so nice to come over here all the time and change his dressing. I don't know what we'd do without ya, Doug." Her eighty-year-old face grew soft with affection, the spotted wattles at the neck juggling as she clasped his hand. "Such a nice boy, such a nice boy."

Doug snorted. "Yes, a nice thirty-three-year-old boy!"

"Some girl's gonna be real lucky to get you!"

"Lucky is right!" Doug said, with a double meaning. "Shall I go into the bedroom," he added to change the subject.

"You go right ahead, son, and I'll go on stuffing my envelopes."

Mrs. Harnell led Doug into the small bedroom—chubby and jolly and solicitous like a television grandmother. "Euell, guess who's here!" he said.

The old man looked up from the bed. He'd been dozing, his teeth taken out and laid on a kleenex on the nightstand beside the bed, his bad leg raised on a pile of blankets. He tried to straighten up against the pillows. "Well, well, well, if it isn't my very own doctor."

"Nurse," Doug corrected. "I don't mind being called a nurse."

"A male nurse, though," Mrs. Harnell added quickly. "Roll up your pantleg, Euell, so's Doug can change your dressing."

"I'm doing it! I'm doing it!" he said, a little exasperated. "Can't I even say hello first?"

"We can't be taking all Doug's time! With him coming over here for free all the time for months now. Can we?" She looked over at Doug standing near the doorway, as she went over to the dresser in a huff and got some bandages.

"I don't mind doing it," Doug answered, sitting on the edge of the bed, still not used to the way the Harnells always snapped at each other. He looked down at the soiled bandage on the old man's leg, just below the kneecap. Slowly he unwrapped it and looked at the moist, discolored ulcer with the red circle around the edge. "It looks better than last time," he lied. Actually the ulcer looked yellowed with pus and cracked where some of it had dried.

"I've been keeping off this leg pretty much," Mr. Harnell said.

Painting of Daniel Curzon by Don Bachardy



"I told him not to walk around too much," his wife said, plumping up the slightly soiled pillows behind his back, then turning down the television.

Doug poured the hydrogen peroxide on the ulcer and watched the pus foam. "We'll just keep changing the dressing every other night until it heals," Doug said. **It's never going to heal**, he thought to himself.

"I'm going to take care of it, you watch!" Mr. Harnell promised.

You're eighty-one and your body's giving out, and you're going to die, Doug thought.

"Need me to help?" Mrs. Harnell asked.

"That's all right," Doug said. He looked over at the woman, wobbly when she moved, her thick hands trembling unless she kept them busy.

"Well, I'd better be getting back to stuffing my envelopes, then," she said.

"Oh, you and your envelopes!" Mr. Harnell said.

"Somebody's gotta do it!" she said indignantly.

"What're you stuffing?" Doug asked, blotting the pus, then putting the ointment on the ulcer.

"Oh, it's the Family Lobby," she said eagerly. "We're going to get that awful Consenting Adults Bill repealed—you know, that one for those awful homosexuals!"

Doug's hand stopped over the ulcer for a moment. "Oh, are you?" he said, not looking up.

"Oh yes, we've got to stop those terrible homosexuals!" Mrs. Harnell said.

Doug didn't say anything, didn't meet her eyes, just finished the dressing. **I'm such a nice boy**, he told himself; his heart throbbed with a deep, hot ache as though it were an ulcer itself.

Celibacy: a Perversion?

A Lesbian's Experience

by Donna Martin

The Church has been with me as long as I can remember. Both of my parents came out of German Lutheran farming communities, and thus it was an integral and basic thread of my life throughout my formative years. All of this was further reinforced by my attendance at a Lutheran grade school and university, as well as by involvement in Lutheran social groups. So naturally, the dogmas and pronouncements of the Church came to be of second nature to me—including those concerning sexuality.

Actually what this amounted to when I was an adolescent in the fifties was pretty much of a blanket of reticence about the whole subject. The only explicit mention in my high school youth group was a strange preoccupation with social dancing: it was proscribed, of course, but for reasons never made clear—temptation was stressed again and again, but what this awful danger was, no one had honesty and courage to spell out. Beyond that there were just the very generalized, very sugar-coated sentiments about the desirable qualities of “the Christian marriage”—accompanied by appropriate quotes from The Bible, e.g., the one enjoining husband and wife to have a relationship analogous to that between Christ and the Church, but with no specific, useful advice about anything as specific as, for example, choosing a compatible mate, or problems in the sexual area both before and after the ceremony.

Now while in the midst of a rather introverted, unhappy adolescence, I felt somewhat different from high school acquaintances who were dating—though not painfully so. As it turned out, I did spend a pleasant year going out with a pre-ministerial student—an amazingly un-sexual experience by today's standards (hand-holding represented the limits of our physical contact). College didn't advance my experience much either; I went out for brief periods with a few fellows, but my poor social record wasn't really that unusual at Valparaiso University at that time; many of my sorority sisters went out no more than I did, often find that necessary date for some party a distinctly difficult problem.

It was only after I had returned to Milwaukee and settled into a job that my involvement with some religious young adult groups finally resulted in some longterm dating relationships with men. This was very satisfying to me in an important sense; I was finally proving both to myself and the world that I had worth by the standard deemed most significant at that time—that is, the fact that men found me interesting and attractive meant that I must be so (in a way that none of my academic achievements had validated), and also, meant that I probably could, if I so chose, participate in the only truly sanctioned life for a woman, i.e. marriage and child bearing and rearing.

But this dating experience, while very ego-gratifying and identity-settling, was, though to some degree enjoyable, also troublesome. I never seemed to find any of my dates really comfortable to be with, nor was I finding myself reciprocating with the ardor that a number of them were, in various ways, proclaiming to me. I was able to satisfy myself pretty much that this was because my dates weren't very interesting people; they were mostly into engineering, or physics, or business—while I was already a budding intellectual (though I would never have described myself with such a fancy term then). They were fun, alive people, but I also wanted someone with whom I could discuss ideas and books. So to a large extent I was thereby able to camouflage a basic problem within myself, the fundamental reason for my distinctly tepid response to men, and also, importantly, to provide an excuse to family and friends for my continued disinclination for that “natural” culmination of the dating game, namely the grand ritual of marriage.

Meanwhile, during this long, frustrating period of seeking for emotional fulfillment in men, two mental/emotional themes were slowly impressing themselves into some separate citadel of myself. First, chronologically, was that I was having crushes on women, beginning with my 9th grade Science teacher, then with various other teachers, fellow-students,

and fellow-workers. Never did I indicate by overt word or gesture the nature of my feelings, though their intensity greatly overshadowed any of my responses to the male sex. It was not just that I'd been raised in an enveloping aura of sexual prudery (engineered so well by a barricade of silence for which home, school and society were all responsible), it was also that absolutely no where was homosexuality a topic of consideration. How then could a conventionally brought up, religious young person like myself ever make the connection between those insistent impulses and the love and sex of the real world, defined by it as manifest only in heterosexual love and marriage?

The other factor which finally, in my early twenties, intruded itself into my psyche, was the insight and knowledge gained from reading a few lesbian novels and one or two non-fictional accounts of homosexuality. How I first came to stumble across them is shrouded in murky mystery, but once started, I sought to read all I could find which, in the late fifties wasn't much and not surprisingly, wasn't especially encouraging. Yet even though the heroines of the novels almost always ended up as suicides, or embittered and lonely, this sketchy, slanted reading did tell me a lot about myself, did in fact give me a tentative sexual identity. And that was a great deal! As surprising and mysterious to me as it probably is for you, I neither "freaked out," nor became frantic at the lack in my own life. I was just quietly satisfied to have finally figured out

what all that subterranean tumult was all about, and determined to try to find some fulfillment beyond the fantasy world.

And indeed what could I do—but wait and keep myself open to any opportunities that might, just MIGHT arise. So when I went off to Madison for graduate school in 1959, I continued in my old pattern, i.e., seeking out men to date. In a sense this proved rather useful, for I was now meeting a few men who shared my pleasure in exploring the world and ideas—but even so, no corresponding emotional excitement was being engendered on my part. Thus was rather definitively varified for me the strong suspicions about my atypical emotional preference arising from my earlier reading. No longer could I in any way interpret my faint feeling for my escorts as a case of a lack of a meeting of the minds.

But as far as I could determine, women got together only in fiction—this never seemed to happen in real life (or perhaps only in New York City or in Europe, although there were strong rumors about two women in college, the possible significance of which I realized only much later). Finally, however, my luck turned: during my second year in Madison I met a woman at a graduate student party who, after a month of disguised courting and subtle probing, "brought me out" (in the jargon of the homosexual world). Yes, it was strange, kissing and holding another woman after years of

(continued on page 27)

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HERE&HERE

Caracas, Venezuela—A wing in a prison in the Venezuelan capital is devoted to homosexuals. The 820 inmates are allowed to wear women's clothes and to mix freely. Homosexuality is not a criminal offense in Venezuela and any homosexuals detained have been convicted or accused of robbery and other crimes. The gay inmates are allowed to have long or dyed hair, wear make-up, women's clothes and high-heeled shoes. The supervisor of Caracas's prisons said that gays were kept in a special wing because their lives would be endangered if they were mixed with heterosexual criminals. He said that homosexual prisoners were often badly beaten by other inmates.

New York Times

Middleboro, Ky—J.R. Hoe and Sons are now referring to their products as "personholes" and "peoplehole covers."

Wall Street Journal

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Father Richard Ginder has been suspended by Bishop Vincent Leonard of Pittsburgh. A spokesman for Leonard said the prelate had removed Ginder's priestly faculties because Ginder had said "things diametrically opposed to the teachings of the church." Ginder, who has been appearing on television talk shows in various cities, has taken issue with the recent Vatican document on sexual ethics and is the author of *Binding With Briars; Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church*, recently reviewed in GPU NEWS.

The Milwaukee Journal

Chicago, IL—A national meeting of lesbian legal workers, law students, and lawyers is scheduled April 9-11 in Chicago. For information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Renee Hanover, 54 West Randolph St., Chicago, IL 60601.

—The Advocate

Oslo, Norway—The Social Ministry of the Norwegian government has set aside 40,000 Norwegian crowns for the study of "homosexuals' living conditions and attitudes." The study, to be executed this year by two sociology researchers will be based on detailed interviews with members of the Norwegian gay organization, Federation of 1948. The results will be published in 1977. Norway is considered to be generally far more conservative on sexual questions than Sweden or Denmark, although a similar proposal in Sweden was recently turned down by the Swedish parliament, probably owing to upcoming elections.

London Gay News

Boston, MA—A specially convened Ecclesiastical Council of the United Church of Christ voted 28 to 18 to dismiss Revs. Edward and Margaret Hougen from ministerial standing.

Hougen, presently the minister of MCC/Boston, gained wide publicity last fall when he came out as homosexual to his congregation in Orange in Massachusetts.

Two weeks later Margaret, his wife and a minister in Whately, stated that her own sexual life was "non-exclusive."

Both the Revs. Hougen intend to apply for ministerial standing in the Metropolitan Boston Association of the U.C.C.

—Gay Community News

South Africa—The South African branch of the Dutch Reform Church has condemned the church in Holland for taking a soft line on homosexuality. Professor Buys, of the Potchesstroom Theological College, told the Church's National Synod that homosexuality was clearly defined as a sin in the Bible and there was no more to be said on the matter.

London Gay News

Los Angeles, Ca.—A film company here is presently doing research and fund-raising for a film about lesbian mothers and child custody, to be produced in the summer of 1976. The company, **Iris Films**, is eager to hear from women who have been or are now involved in Lesbian Mother's child custody cases. Anyone interested in participating or in contributing funds to the starting of the film should contact Iris Films, P.O. Box 26463, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

Gay Community News

New York, NY—Whittaker Chambers, the onetime Communist agent whose testimony sent Alger Hiss to jail in 1950, voluntarily admitted to the F.B.I. that he had been homosexual in 1949 because he feared that Hiss' defense lawyers would uncover his homosexual activity and use it to discredit him when he testified. His secret was kept until it surfaced among papers made public as a result of a suit under the Freedom of Information Act.

His homosexuality never surfaced in the trial, but both he and the FBI heard reports that Hiss hoped to use it to impeach his testimony.

Chambers died in 1961.

—Milwaukee Journal

Washington, D.C.—A House resolution commending San Franciscan Oliver Sipple for helping save the life of President Ford (see GPU NEWS, November 1975) has been introduced by California Congressmen Barry Goldwater, Jr. and John and Phillip Burton.

After citing Sipple's rejection of the use of "violence and murder as legitimate elements of a free and open society," the resolution reads in part: ". . . The House of Representatives, in behalf of the people of the U.S., express their complete gratitude for his heroism and resoluteness and selflessness."

Gay Scene

Celibacy

(from page 25)

programming and performance of these activities with men only; but it was overwhelmingly also my fruition as a whole person. I had been allowed the opportunities to explore and develop my hobby, sports, and intellectual proclivities; now at last I was able to realize my true emotional/sexual nature. "Ah ha!" I said to myself as one does when recognizing fully the meaning of something hitherto vague and tangled—this is natural and right for me; all the pieces of the puzzle had finally sorted themselves out and their configuration had stood the test of everyday reality.

Oddly enough then, in spite of strong programming to the contrary, in spite of nearly 28 years of dutiful acquiescence to the dictates of religion and society, I experienced no trauma from this compelling demonstration of my atypical sexuality. Why I will never know when so many others go through periods of being the locus of sharply conflicting value systems. But nonetheless I never ceased to be aware of the opprobrium of society and the Church—it's just that I could never **really** understand it.

True, as I've already mentioned, I was a longtime and dutiful disciple of the Church's vision of the proper expression of sexuality in the life of the Christian. And of course I saw it expressed all about me—my girl friends were, one by one, getting married, or else mightily striving toward that happy denouement. But though I too persisted doggedly in trying to fit myself into this pattern, very gradually over the years I came to see that something basic to my nature prevented such a convenient outcome for myself.

What then were my choices, given the Church's dictates (buttressed by society's), and my persisting feelings for women and disinclination for men? Was I to trammel my strong attraction for women which simply would not go away and, in accordance with the Church's commandments, link myself with a man in a lifelong, religiously approved union? In fact, for better or worse, this is just what many homosexuals have done. For me, however, such a decision would mean true perversion. Marriage, as ideally envisioned, is the relationship of greatest intimacy in life—involving the total union of two heretofore separate individuals and encompassing the total range of their selves: their hearts, minds, and souls. Clearly, such a bond between me and a man was impossible. How then could the Church enjoin the appearance of such a union when the substance was not possible?

My other choice, and the one in fact most often proffered, was that I remain celibate. Indeed, as one clergyman (who only in his middle years came to the

full realization of his own homosexuality) summed it up. "In the Church's view, in order for a homosexual to be saintly, he must be celibate." But as even that supreme Puritan among the apostles, St. Paul, grudgingly conceded, though preferable, celibacy is a vocation attainable by only a select few. Or, to put it in words of that great wit and wise man, Samuel Johnson, "Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has few pleasures." What then can one say about a pronouncement which would deprive anywhere from 5 to 10% of the population, not just of the pleasures of sex, but importantly also, of the attendant emotional satisfactions of a deep relationship of intimacy? Surely, one would have to conclude that this is an incredibly high price to exact of people who after all have had no choice about their atypical sexual orientation, but who share with the overwhelming majority of people (including the non-Catholic clergy) the insistent instinct to find fulfillment and succor in a close emotional/sexual union with another human being. In short, I can view it only as an inhumane judgement, that is, one which would demand of others what is not demanded of oneself.

As to the Biblical passages which are so oft cited in condemnation of homosexuality, the most reasonable way to view them is as conditioned by prevailing societal norms, as well as by the sexual practices of neighboring pagan societies. The Church may be reluctant to admit it, but it has in fact changed or even completely reversed its stance on a number of significant moral issues over the centuries. Slavery, accepted as a fact of life by the early Church, is now deemed an intolerable practice nearly everywhere in the world and certainly by the Church. Usury, condemned for centuries by the medieval Church, was eventually approved by the Church after it had become a *fait accompli*, i.e., practiced to great profit by "good Christian capitalists." Finally, women, enjoined throughout the Bible and by the Church for millenia to a subservient status vis a vis men, are now in some Protestant denominations at least, being accepted into the ministry (in fact, the enrollment in some of Boston's theological schools is 30-40% female).

Surely then when both the testimony of homosexuals themselves and of the scientific disciplines studying them are telling us that homosexuality is both as ineradicable and as mysterious in its origins as heterosexuality, it behooves the Church to examine its tradition-encrusted stance and to strongly consider giving its imprimatur to the homosexuals in its midst, allowing them the full scope of their humanity and sexuality.

HERE&HERE

New York, N.Y.—Writer Gore Vidal is suing writer Truman Capote, *Play-girl* magazine and writer Richard Zoering for \$1 million, claiming that he was libeled in a September article which said he got drunk and was ejected from the Kennedy era White House.

The Milwaukee Journal

New Jersey—A study is currently underway on stereotypes in dealing with the problem of alcoholism and rehabilitation, re-education, treatment, and prevention programs geared to gays. This is a follow-up to "The Alcoholic Gay—Stigma and Sobriety," presented last year at the National Council on Alcoholism Forum in Denver. Information or leads on such programs is needed. Please write to Gay Alcoholism Research Project, PO Drawer J, Cedar Grove, NJ 07009.

—*The Blade*

Rome, Italy—A psychological examination of Giuseppe Pelosi, the admitted killer of internationally famous film-maker Pier Paolo Pasolini, has found that the 17-year-old youth is "immature." Legal sources say that this finding could lead to a light sentence or even an acquittal in his murder trial. Pelosi admitted killing Pasolini after the director had made homosexual advances toward him.

—*The Blade*

Harrisburg, PA—Governor Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania issued an executive order last week establishing the Governor's council on Sexual Minorities. The council, composed of 17 gay and 6 non-gay people, is the first such commission ever appointed by a chief executive of any state in the nation. It will look into discrimination against gay people in the state government and forward recommendations to the governor.

—*Gay Community News*

Washington, DC—"Special Approaches to Juvenile Assistance," a social-service cooperative is open to placing children with gay foster parents. SAJA's main requirement is parental flexibility, the willingness to be open to the problems of an adolescent. SAJA is affiliated with the Jewish Social Services Agency in Rockville, MD. SAJA's example has been followed by other agencies in the Washington metropolitan area (the Prince George's County MD Social Services Foster Care Unit and the Fairfax County Foster Care Unit). Unlike SAJA, these latter agencies have not as yet reported having placed any children in gay homes, nor having dealt with any gay children. Prospective gay foster parents are urged to contact these institutions to make their availability known.

—*The Barb*

London, England—The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Coggan, has criticized the Pope over his recent stand on homosexuality, pre-marital sex and masturbation. His criticism is viewed as an indication of the strength of the Church of England's disapproval of the Vatican decree. The English Church usually remains silent over such matters of controversy, insisting that they are internal matters for Roman Catholics to work out for themselves.

London Gay News

Campo Goande, Brazil—Jose Paulo Moura, mayor of Campo Grande, recently banned soccer in his town because he took offense at the "exhibition of hairy legs." Now, however, he has relented and will permit the sport, provided players wear long trousers. He is quoted as telling the press that "if a cowboy can ride the range properly dressed and catch the bull, which is a difficult thing, I don't see why soccer cannot be played in decent clothes."

London Gay News

Washington, D.C.—The ACLU Board of Directors has updated and expanded their policy on the rights of gays. Their new policy specifically opposes criminal restraints on public solicitation for private sexual behavior between adults of the same sex as well as discrimination in all areas of employment. Previously, the ACLU had allowed that the state might refuse employment to a homosexual on the basis of job sensitivity and had not specifically supported the rights of adults to solicit sexual partners openly.

High Gear

Des Moines, Iowa—Governor Ray of Iowa signed a bill recently which will allow persons who have their sex changed surgically to obtain new birth certificates in Iowa effective July 1, 1976. This bill was requested by the State Health Department which had been receiving three to six requests of this nature annually in recent years. Previously, the department could make changes only if a mistake was made when the certificate was issued.

Lamda Letters

Madison, Wi.—A May, 1974 conviction of a 39-year-old man for prostitution has been overturned by the Wisconsin Supreme Court. The reversal of David Sears' conviction was based on the fact that state law did not make it illegal for men to engage in prostitution.

The Milwaukee Journal

Los Angeles, CA—A woman police officer fired after accusations that she made sexual advances to a woman drunk-driving suspect is suing Chief Ed Davis to get her job back. Colleen Clenney, 23, also named the police dept. and the city of L.A. in a suit filed to seek restoration of her job and back pay.

—*The Barb*

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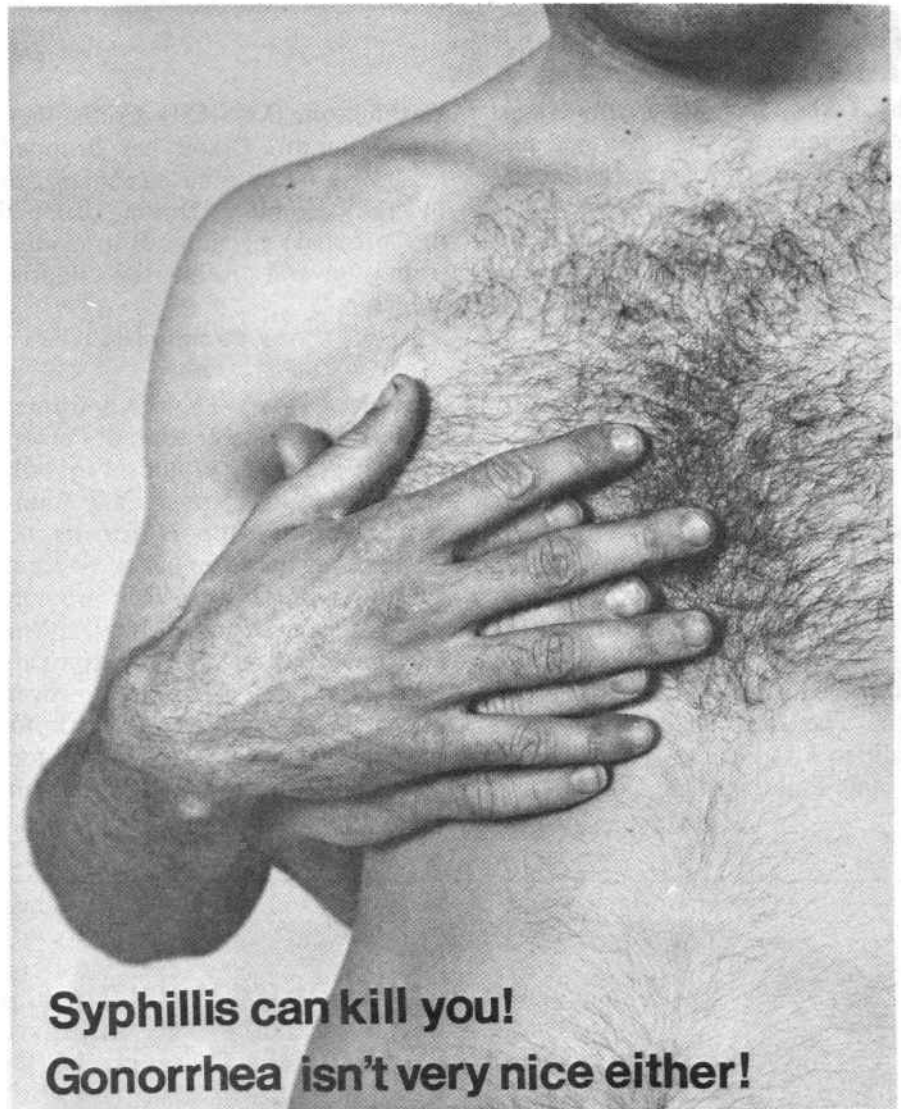
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(This ad prepared and donated by GPU NEWS)

HERE&HERE

Tulsa, Okla.—Evangelist Billy Hargis who has repeatedly condemned sexual “sins” in what he called an increasingly lax American society, has resigned his position as college president after allegations that he had had sexual relations with five students—four of them male.

In his resignation Hargis had cited ill health and he has emphatically denied any sexual misconduct.

The Milwaukee Journal

West Hollywood, Ca.—The **Paris Theater**, one of the world’s largest gay male movie houses was destroyed on January 23 by a fire which took 30 county and Los Angeles fire units nearly three hours to bring control. The fire started in a short circuit in a radio in a dress shop in the same building.

NewsWest

Washington, D.C.—City Councilperson Arlington Dixon has dropped his bill to allow same sex marriages in the capital. Dixon dropped the proposal because of pressures from “several influential Baptist ministers.”

Gay Community News

Jerusalem, Israel—The newly formed Society for the Protection of Personal Privileges, a gay group set up only last year in Israel, has already found parliamentary support for its demands that homosexuality be legalized. At present, the law provides for sentences of up to 10 years imprisonment, though prosecutions are said to be rare. There is, however, likely to be a prolonged battle for the bill against the religious blocs represented in the Israeli parliament.

London Gay News

Kearny, NJ—President Ford probably doesn’t know it, but he gave a Presidential Sports Award to an openly-gay business consultant. Adam Starchild, of Kearny, received the award certificate signed by the chief executive for his canoe expeditions through the Quetico-Superior area of Minnesota and Ontario.

—The Advocate

Hollywood, Ca.—Rory Calhoun was before the NBC **Jigsaw John** cameras recently portraying a Hollywood actor, known for hard fighting, macho portrayals, who admits being a homosexual.

The role, says a network executive is not patterned after anybody but is just a part of the “mosaic of types a homicide investigator runs into.

The Milwaukee Journal

Seattle, WA—A Superior Court judge here ordered the Washington State Highway Patrol to reinstate a gay officer, characterizing the employee as a “victim of his own honesty.” The ruling for Douglas Wyman apparently is the first time an American court has ordered a police agency not to discriminate against gay people.

—The Advocate

San Luis Obispo, CA—The Gay Students Union has won a 3½-year battle for official recognition on the campus of Calif. Polytechnic State Univ. The school’s president, Robert E. Kennedy—who had longtime opposed officially recognizing the organization, said he did change his mind on the advice basis of a legal opinion by the state’s attorney general. Official campus recognition now gives the G.S.U. the same privileges of operating on the Cal Poly campus as accorded any other recognized student club, privileges such as using state facilities and equipment.

—San Francisco Chronicle



“Really, Arnold, you’ve got to come up with something better than ‘I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours.’”

COMMON —OR— GARDEN GODS

by IAN YOUNG

reviewed by
bruce mikel

Common—Or—Garden Gods by Ian Young, Catalyst Press, 315 Blantyre Ave., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada., 1976, 79pp. paper, \$3.95. May be ordered from Margins Reader Service, 2919 N. Hackett, Milwaukee, Wi. 53211. Include 25 ¢ for postage and handling.

A rather oblique blurb on the jacket of this, the most recent volume of Ian Young's poems characterizes his writing as "a large achievement for a younger poet, especially in Canada." Perhaps the reviewer did not expect a great deal from either a young poet or from a Canadian poet. Ian Young is Canadian, perhaps even quintessentially so. His poems have appeared in publications, including GPU NEWS, both in Canada and the United States. He has received grants from the Canada and Ontario Arts Council. He has been translated into German and Swedish. I doubt that this attention is based simply upon his being either young or Canadian, but on his merit as an artist.

As a poet, his craft reflects maturity and confidence. He writes lyrically, tersely, as this haiku in the midst of a longer, descriptive poem attests:

*Darkness all around:
tonight, just one traveller
on this winter road.*

Robert Frost? An evocation of our singularity, ultimate aloneness? A touch of Weltschmerz? Perhaps all of these.

Young is a gay poet and a poet who writes well of his feelings as a gay man. This volume is being dedicated to "Richard," whether an actual or fictive lover being a moot point. The point is that they portray with uncanny clarity his feelings about his lover, his observation of those moments that *in toto* comprise that discontinuous experience we call love.

Many of his poems evince a sensibility acute nearly beyond belief. At the same time, Young maintains a distance from his experiences that enables him to form them, re-create them for the participation of anyone who reads them: aloud, alone or to a lover.

One image recurs: the poet as photographer, as camera, recalling through the alchemy of the poetic process the past, once present, we would all retain:

I wait for trees to slowly reappear,

*for my two friends
to join me again.*

*They are coming now;
I lean toward them.*

*Their image floats between my hands
Again, I am in the world,
a man with a photograph,
a man watching,
an invisible man.*

Throughout his writing there hangs a certain wistful air, a sadness that life cannot, any more than a lover, be contained. Change is all we do have; our difficult task is to renounce desire, but not life:

*"Life is pain. The cure:
give up desire, abandon striving."
It's no text for the living I thought—
let them die who still believe it.*

.....
*speak no renunciation
but a following through.*

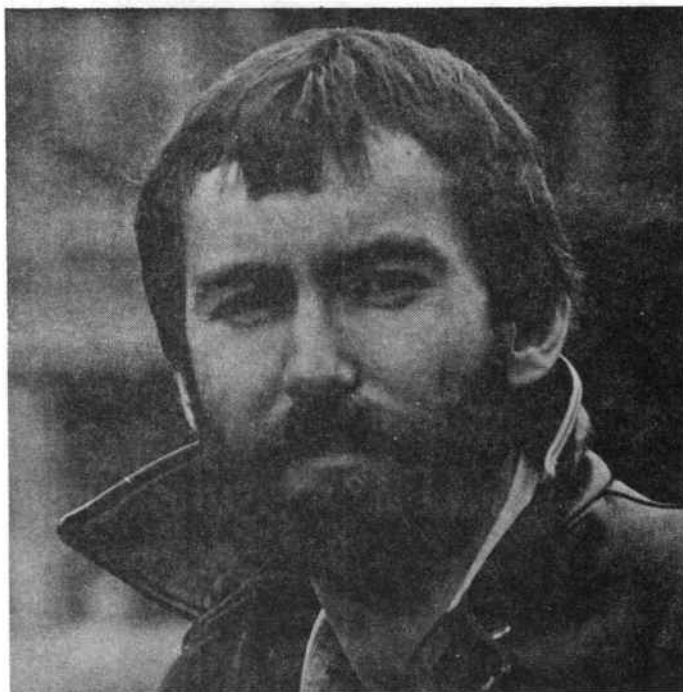
His sensibility is clearly Taoist and his aesthetic fitting: the poet as medium, the dis-stiller of vision, the observer once removed. His mentors Tu Fu and Li Po. The landscapes are Canadian, not Chinese, the poet an alien:

*Looking
across the pond to the school,
grey and stiller than any picture—
rain falling on lawns,
stones wet with rain—
wrapped in my coat,
quiet as a visitor,
watching.*

*This place is always the same,
the world changing, and me,
and this place never changing but
moving slightly and
very slowly like a place in a dream.*

Too much remove would soon estrange us from this highly aestheticized experience of reality, for we cannot long maintain the meditative vision without a loss of intensity. Young has retained this; many of his poems have a vitality that is surprising after lines as reserved as those just quoted.

While nearly all his poems are sensual, his most erotic must surely



IAN YOUNG

photo by Michael Conway

he:

astride your back

*your shoulderblades
made for wings*

where will you carry me

There is nothing remotely sentimental here, nothing of the ephemerality of the sexual moment, but an emphasis upon its remove from the quotidian, its timelessness.

And this from the same poet who can usher us into quiet concentration upon his lover:

*Waking
to a slant of lemon sun
from the familiar window,
turning
to the now familiar body
beside you on the bed,
wanting to draw him out of sleep
letting him sleep,
you think of those days
when afraid to show your love
for fear of losing,
the too-sweet hurt
of wanting him
grew in the heart like a flower
wanting the sun*

An oriental critic once expressed the notion that good poetry con-

firms our experiences, great poetry enlarges them. Young is, by this standard, certainly a good poet, though his greatness may depend upon his reader. He may well be willing to accord his readers that assessment. More wryly, one could say that he is a good poet of gay love: the heightened eroticism, the gulf between desire and fulfillment, the tension between friendship and love. For non-gays, he may well serve as a great poet.

That is not meant to be a comment as oblique as the critic's quoted at the beginning of this review. Ian Young's range and perception extend beyond gay themes and his talent demonstrates more than well-executed exercises in chinoiserie.

As all fine poetry, his invites reading and re-reading, as a close friend invites continual intercourse. **Common or Garden Gods?** All right, though I would have preferred **Lions in the Stream:**

*Brought
even to lion strength
we cannot hold
our life about us
but
like lions in the stream
as it flows by us
drink of it.*

REVIEW

Wisconsin Women and the Law, published by The Governor's Commission on the Status of Women, 30 West Mifflin Street, Madison, Wi. 53703, University of Wisconsin Extension Press, Madison, 1975, paper, free.

reviewed by Jeanette Eckelberg

The Commission on the Status of Women in responding to the challenge of Governor Patrick J. Lucey to "continue its efforts to bring us closer to full rights for women, in life and on the lawbooks," has recently published Wisconsin Women and the Law. The handbook focuses on the unequal treatment of men and women under the law, how recent legislative and judicial actions remedy these inequities, and further proposals for changes in laws.

This handbook is a valuable resource book for any woman who has questions about her legal rights in the areas of marriage, divorce and legal separation, parental rights, legal change of name, employment, child care, education, family planning, taxes and social security, business practices, criminal law, and welfare rights.

Each of these chapters discusses the past status of women under the law in Wisconsin and what specific laws effected changes for women and the present legal rights of women under Wisconsin and federal law. The handbook also informs women how to exercise their legal rights.

The Directory of Services lists a number of agencies women can contact if they have legal problems in any of the areas discussed in this handbook.

Anyone who is interested in obtaining a free copy of this handbook should write to: The Governor's Commission on the Status of Women, 30 West Mifflin Street, Madison, Wi. 53703.



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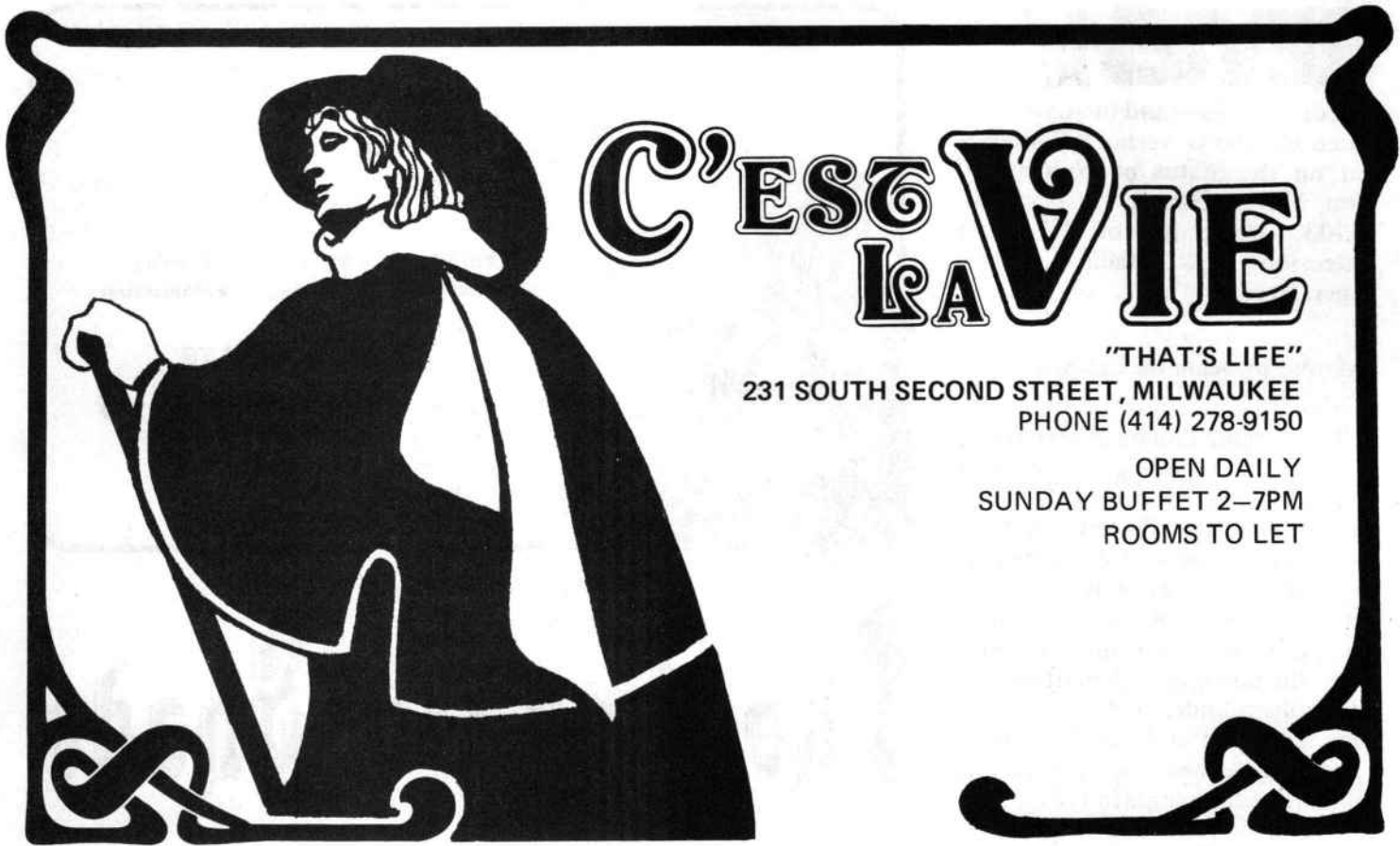
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Classes enter each September and January.

For more information, write GAY CAUCUS, c/o PCL/NLG, 2228 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, Ca. 90057



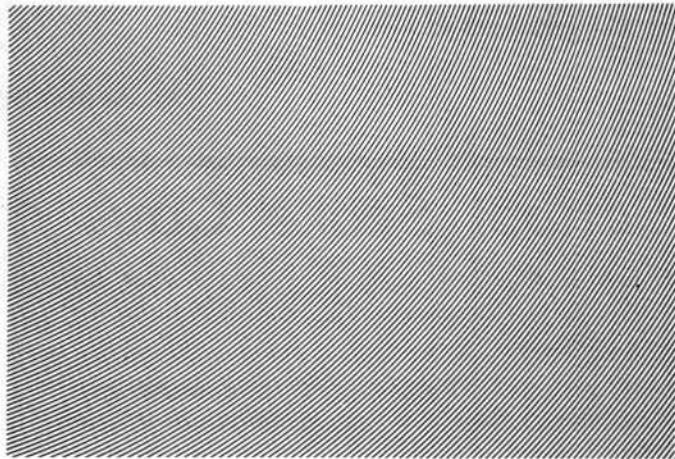
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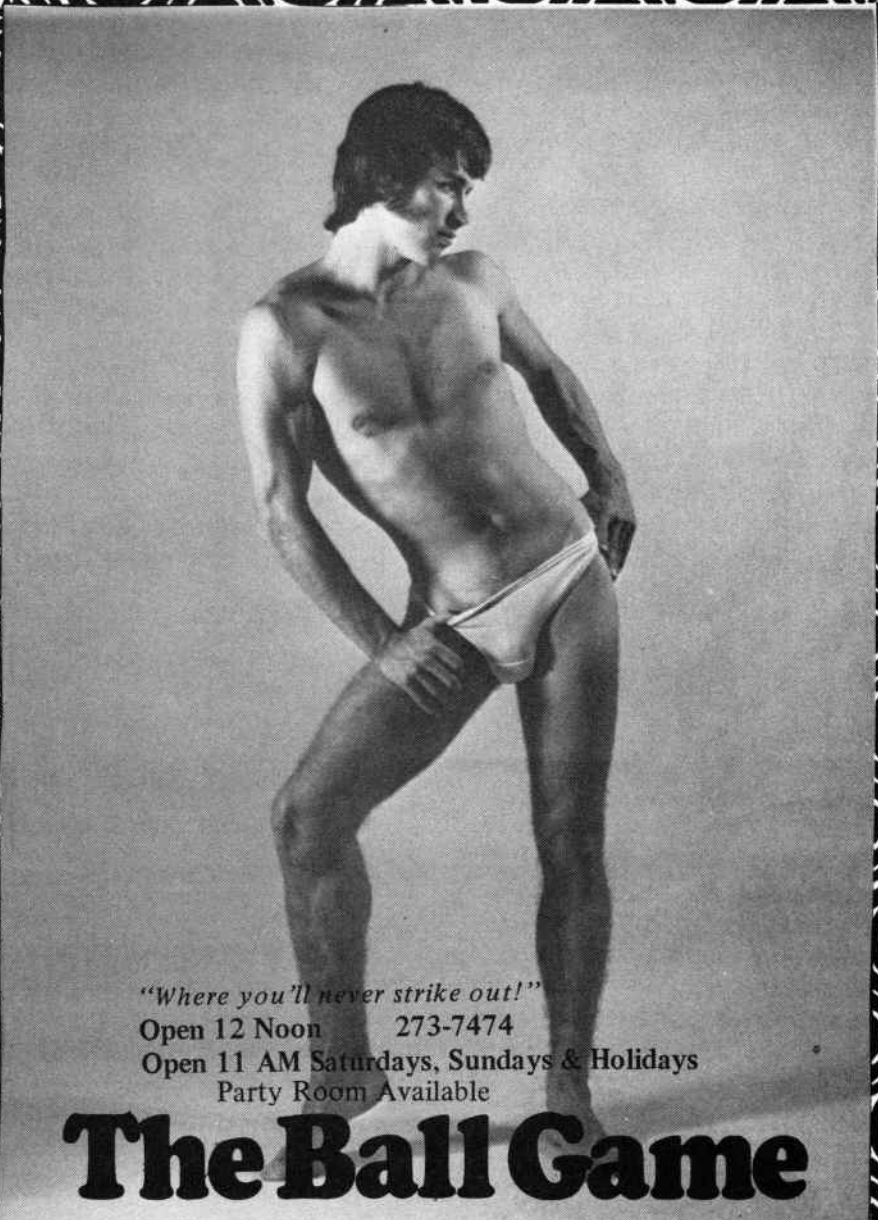
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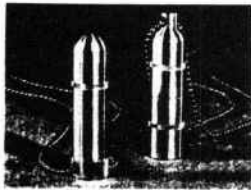
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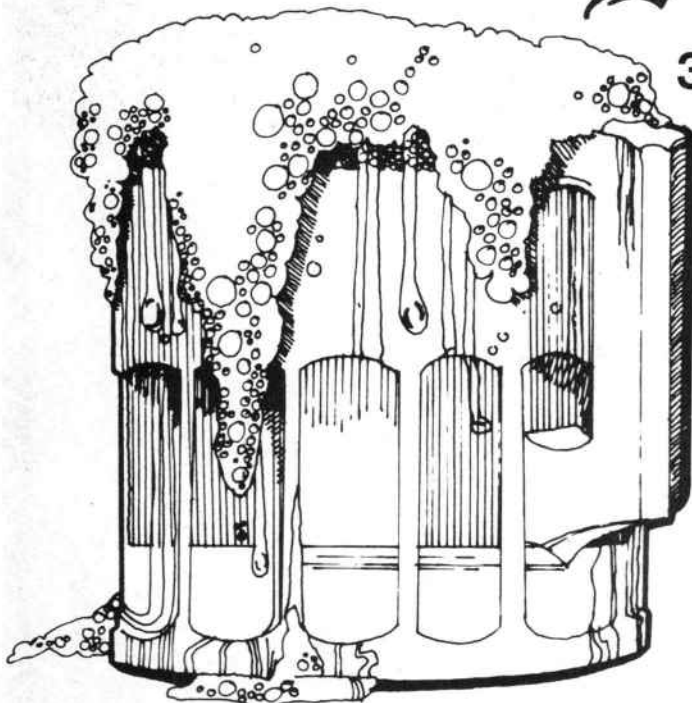
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Gay Alcoholics Anonymous

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Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

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Grapevine

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Business meetings every 2nd Sunday of the month. Affiliated with W.B.C. Write PO Box 1176 Milwaukee, Wi 53201
Club night every 2nd Friday at The Wreck Room.

UWM Gay Community

Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 PM in Union E260, Write c/o Student Union, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milw. 53211.

WISCONSIN

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Lesbian Switchboard

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Madison Gay Center

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Community Center/Switchboard, 3519 N. Halstead St., 929-4357 Daily 7-11 PM.

Daughters of Bilitis

Lesbian group. Box 2043, Melrose Park, Ill 60164

Dignity/Chicago

Catholic Mass, Sundays 7PM, 824 West Wellington, Phone 525-3564 or write Box 11261, Chicago, Ill 60611.

Gay News and Events Line

Daily recorded news message. 427-1234
343 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill Rm 1719.

Gay VD Clinic

Diagnosis and treatment
Every Wednesday evening 7PM at
1250 W. Belden

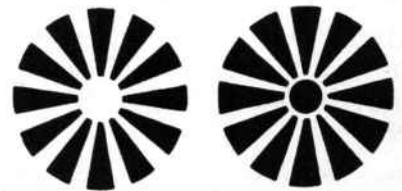
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AMSTERDAM GAYZETTE, Europe's favorite gay newspaper! Printed in English & published monthly. Enjoy world famous "outrageous" classified ads from Gayzette readers in Europe, USA, plus lots of male nudes! Send \$1 for sample copy. Amsterdam Gayzette, PO Box 893, Amsterdam 1000, Holland.

March 16-UWM Gay Community will have a bake sale—UWM Union concourse from 10 AM.

April 10-UWM Gay Community will sponsor the film We're not Afraid Anymore. Show for the benefit of Miriam ben Shalom Foundation. \$1—UWM Union, Room West 151—Shows at 6, 7, & 8 PM.

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WANTED: Full time Health Services Coordinator for Gay Center. Should have experience &/or training in mental &/or physical health area. \$75-80/wk. Send resume by April 15 to: Gay Community Services Center, Box 975, Ellicott Sta., Buffalo, N.Y. 14205, Attention: Health Committee.

For Rent: Wanted—non-smoking young man to share Wauwatosha home. \$95 mo. 475-6389.

DIGNITY, a national organization of gay Catholics, organized to unite all Catholic gay people to develop leadership and to be an instrument through which the Catholic gay person may be heard by the Church and Society. Dignity has four areas of concern: spiritual formation, education, social involvement, and social events. Interested? Contact Dignity/Milwaukee, P.O. Box 597, Milwaukee, 53201.

Personal ad listing service. 100's of personal non-coded ads of young persons. send 50¢ for a sample issue with complete information. Write BSJ, Box 337, Milliken, Co. 80543.

Birmingham (England): Young Man (26 yrs., 6'2" tall, 161 lbs.) desires American pen-pals. Will exchange photos. Write: Robert M. Cole, 36 Heathmere Avenue, Yardley, Birmingham B25 8RQ England.

Switzerland: Desire to correspond (French or English) with and receive Americans. Write: Gordon Cantrelle, Birkenhog Bunt, CH 9442 Berneck SG, Switzerland.

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PORNO COLLECTORS —S. S. M. C. is starting a library. If you are cleaning out your collection and do not know what to do with this material, please donate to the club. Contact SSMC, Dept B, P.O. Box 92281, Milwaukee 53202 or call 344-5883.

FRANCE: Jeune Francais (ne comprenant pas l'anglais) voudrait correspondre avec des americains francophones. Echange de photos possible. Ecrire: Dominique Massegli; 47, rue Camille Jullian, 13004, Marseille, France.

Discover the South, become intimate with it. Read: THE BARB, the news monthly for Southern gays, Lifestyle commentary, personal ads, entertainment cols, comprehensive regional & national news: Subs. \$5/yr (12 iss) Sample 50¢. Master charge accepted. The Barb, PO Box 7922-WES Atlanta, Ga. 30309.

Nationally published gay, w/m, mid 30s, desires to correspond from his prison cell with artistically inclined gays 18-30. All letters promptly answered. Pete Dunham A-49040, P.O. Box 686, F111, Soledad, Ca. 93960.

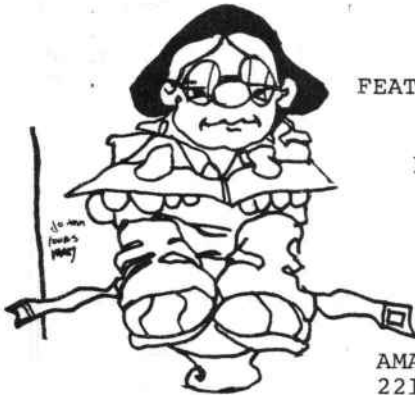
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Back issues of GPU NEWS available from October 1971. 50¢ per copy. P.O. Box 92203, Milwaukee, Wi. 53202.

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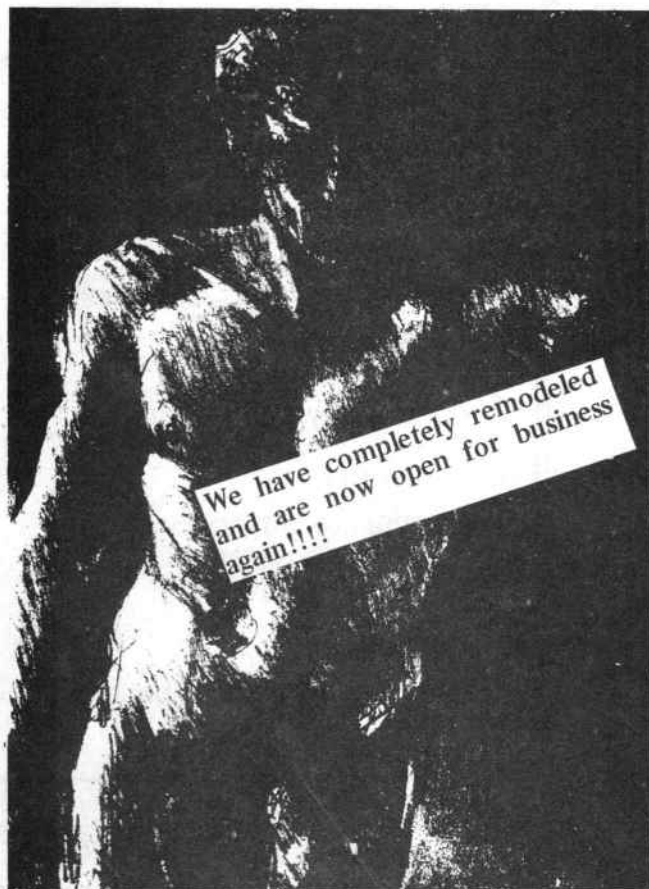
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