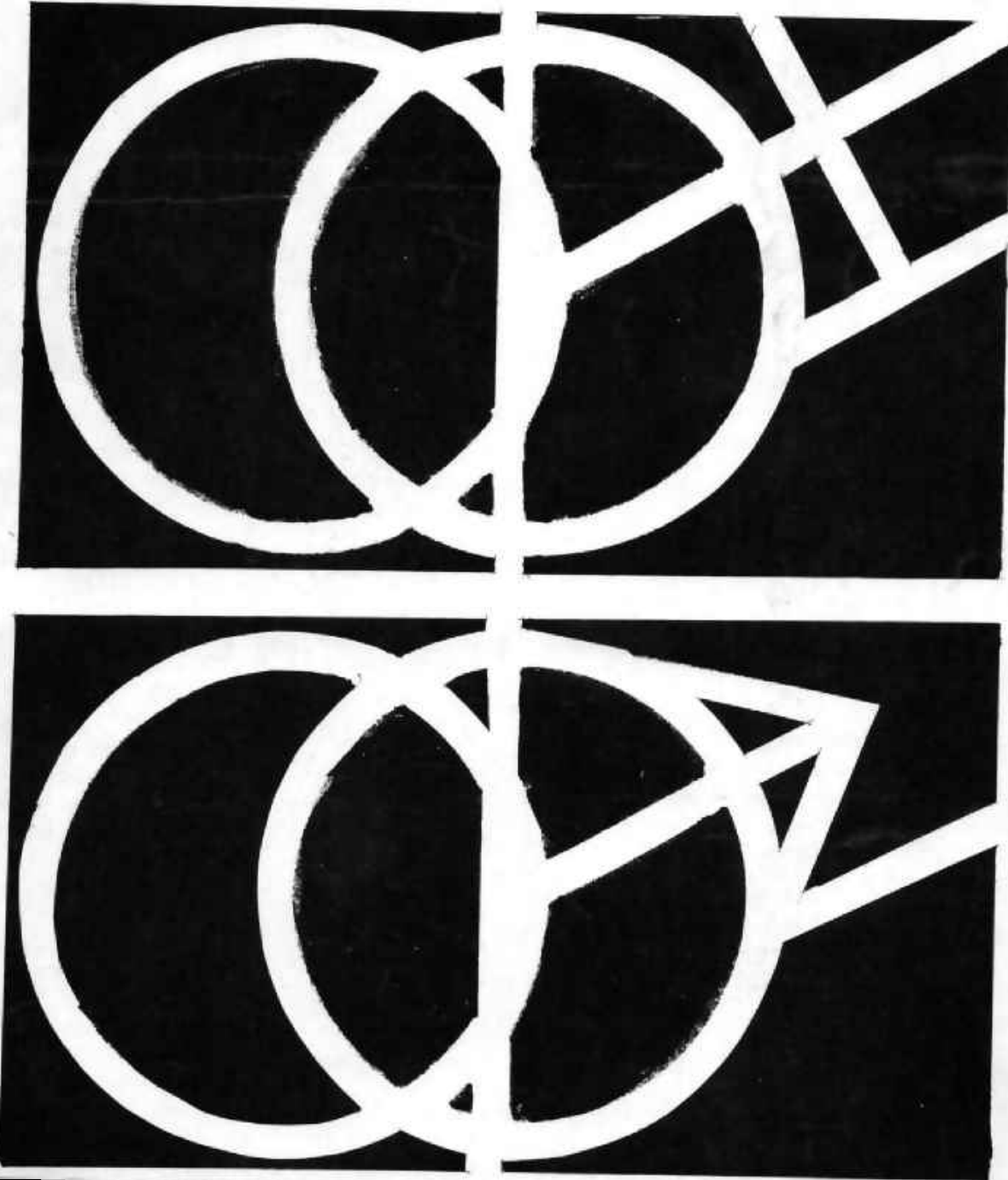


GPU NEWS

May 1976

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50¢



BENEFIT FOR BEN SHALOM

Milwaukee, Wi.—A benefit for Miriam ben Shalom, who is fighting her possible discharge from the U.S. Army Reserve because she is gay, was held on April 25 in the back room of *The Inferno Bar*. Bar owner Chuck Balistreri donated the space for the evening and *The Entertainers Club of Milwaukee, Inc.* donated their talents for a two hour show.

Ron Marks and Winnie Storm, co-directors, titled the show "I Believe" and emphasized military uniforms and the armed services in several numbers. Included was a scene from a WAC boot camp, a number by Queen called "Bohemian Rhapsody," "I'm Getting Married in the Morning," and the finale, featuring the entire cast was a parody on "I'm Private Schwartz from Rockaway" from *Funny Girl*.

Featured in the show were: Ron Marks, Winnie Storm, Jerry Powell, Mama Rae, Diana Grays, Dee Dee Darnell, Jerry Matthews, Shanan, Mel Powell, Ricky Vegas, Vernon Marks, Teddy Bear, and Princess Darlina.

Sgt. ben Shalom, in her uniform



Winnie Storm, Miriam ben Shalom, Ron Marks GPU NEWS photo

spoke from the stage after the finale. She explained that she is fighting for the right for gay people to be employed by the military. She said, "All gay people will be going into the court room with me."

Persons wishing to make contributions to the *Miriam ben Shalom Foundation for Minority Rights, Inc* should send their checks to the foundation at P.O. Box 12030, Milwaukee, Wi. 53212.

SLAVE AUCTION RAIDED IN L.A.

Los Angeles, CA—On April 10 *Drummer Magazine* and *The Leather Fraternity*, a leather oriented correspondence club co-sponsored a mock slave auction at the *Mark IV Bath* to raise funds for charitable organizations serving the gay community. Some 167 persons gathered in the enclosed patio of the bath and seven volunteer "slaves" were paraded before the audience and "sold" to bidders for modest sums. The "slaves" had agreed to do the bidding of their "masters" for 24 hours. Such mock slave auctions are frequently given by high school groups, fraternities etc. as fund raising events.

The Los Angeles Police Department arrived on the scene via helicopter and a bus load of officers ar-

rested 40 persons, including the seven "slaves." They were charged with violation of an 1899 anti-slavery law which allows for 1 to 10 years in prison on conviction. Bail was originally set at \$5,000 each, but after arguments by several gay activist attorneys about half were released on their own recognizance and other had bail set at \$500.

The next day, a Sunday, over \$2000 was raised at a Metropolitan Community Church service and those remaining in jail were bailed out.

On Monday the LAPD held a press conference giving lurid details of the alleged "mistreatment" of the "slaves" in an attempt to justify their actions.

The uproar of irate protest in the gay community is being echoed by non-gays who are protesting the raid as a waste of tax payer's money.

On April 14, over 400 gay people representing all factions of the community, from the most radical to the most conservative, met to form a plan of action.

Present in a show of support were representatives of Senator Alan Cranston (who sent \$600 for the defense fund of the arrestees), plus politicians from the state and local level.

Gay leaders promptly scheduled two more "slave" auctions (these were not held in a bath) to raise funds to fight the original charges through the courts. The LAPD did not attend these events.

ONE OF CHICAGO BANQUET

Chicago, Ill.—One of Chicago, Inc. held its 12th annual banquet on April 17 at the Como Inn. After a welcome by Jim Gates, One's chairman, the invocation was given by the Rev. Kenneth Martin, pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church. After dinner the 350 guests were entertained by Mary Clayton, soprano, of the Chicago Opera Club and Irv Brown, tenor.

The Paul R. Goldman Award for outstanding achievement was presented to Michael A. Bergeron, well known gay activist. Bergeron was praised for his tireless and innovative service to the gay community. Among other things he began the first gay telephone message service in the area, founded Beckman House, a gay community center now run by Gay Horizons and published *The Chicago Gay Crusader*. In 1972 Bergeron became the state's first openly gay candidate for public office when he ran unsuccessfully as delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention.

The feature speaker of the evening was Sgt. Leonard Matlovich who is currently fighting his discharge from the Air Force because he is gay. Matlovich outlined the events that led to his decision to inform the Air Force of his homosexuality and to fight the discharge. He urged his listeners to "Get involved in your country." He said, "You are either part of the solution or part of the problem. There is no in between." He then pledged to continue to fight for gay rights, saying, "For many years I lived for my parent's neighbors. I worried about what they would think of me. Now my parent's neighbors worry about what I think of them."

Matlovich spoke with an emotion and sincerity that moved his audience as he said, "I'm convinced that our love is stronger than their hate. Where there is hope there cannot be despair. . . We as gay men and women can teach people to love and not to



Leonard Matlovich and Michael A. Bergeron

GPU NEWS photo

that his case should leave the Air Force hate."

He told a GPU NEWS reporter

Force and enter the federal courts around May 2, although a postponement is always possible.

ITALIAN GAYS SUE THE POPE

The Vatican—New developments surrounding Roger Peyretiffe's allegations that Pope Paul had a gay relationship with a young actor include law suits by gays and excommunications by the Pope.

Four members of the Italian gay organisation FUORI! are suing Pope Paul VI for \$250,000 after he publicly denounced homosexual behavior claiming he had insulted homosexuals themselves, "using slanderous and spiteful expression."

The four, angered by the savagery of the Pope's reply, say that if the allegations were untrue, the Pope only needed to issue a simple denial.

In Paris three journalists decided

to prepare a which-type guide for Parisian priests after the Vatican published its edict against homosexuality.

Pretending to be gay, they visited a number of priests and confessed to imaginary "sex-sins" in order to compare the various reactions. They published the results of their survey in the *Quotidien de Paris*.

The Pope, it seems, was not amused. He excommunicated all three.

GPU PHONE

271-5273

BACKLASH IN TEXAS

San Antonio, Tx.—The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration received federal funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities to sponsor various events during the bicentennial year in the field of the humanities in six cities in the U.S. One of the cities selected was San Antonio and when they set up offices in that city to consider various proposals The Forward Foundation of San Antonio promptly submitted a proposal asking for funds for a gay conference to be co-sponsored by The American Issues Forum of San Antonio. The Forward Foundation, made up of both gays and non-gays, concerns itself with the needs of minority groups.

After numerous charges, a grant of \$5,000 was approved to fund a

conference titled *Gay in San Antonio—A sense of Belonging?* scheduled for April 30—May 1. (See GPU NEWS, Feb. 1976.)

When the American Issues Forum announced the grant, together with seven others in the area, the Dallas County Commissioners picked up the story from the newswires and passed two resolutions condemning the federal government for giving money to gays to hold a conference. Roy Orr, prominent in Texas Democratic Party circles, led the protest that resulted in the Dallas resolutions. Orr seems to frequently find a reason to make headlines in Texas.

Ms. Janie Koenig of San Antonio then got into the act. Ms. Koenig, who is running as a Ronald Reagan delegate for the Republican Convention, went before the Bexar County Commissioners demanding a resolution of protest similar to those passed in Dallas.

She was joined by four Baptist ministers. One of them, the Rev. William Forston said, "If the convention is allowed to be held here, San Antonio will become a sink of inequity and pollution."

The resolution was defeated when Bexar County Judge Blair Reeves indicated that the court would ignore it because the convention would not directly affect the county. Several commissioners, however, sent letters of protest to President Ford.

On April 19 the San Antonio Evening News carried the following banner headline: *Gays booted out of motel.* The story told of how the Oak Hills Motor Inn, planned location of the conference, had cancelled the conference, citing bomb threats.

Betty Naylor, conference coordinator, held a press conference explaining that the conference met every guideline set down by the National Endowment. She revealed that the FBI had investigated the American Issues Forum, but had not bothered individual gays. She said that the conference would go on as scheduled

but would not reveal the location until a few days before the event.

The conference (which featured such noted speakers as Del Martin, co-author of *Lesbian/Woman*, Elaine Noble, Massachusetts State Representative and Karen DeCrow, president of National Organization for Women) was in progress as scheduled when this issue of GPU NEWS went to press. The Ella Austin Community Center, which serves the black community, graciously opened its doors to the conference.

WOMAN SUPPORTS GAYS: LOSES JOB

San Antonio, Tx.—Barbara Ruland, a Jefferson High School senior, resigned her job as an intern for County Commissioner Tom Stolhandske because of the hassels caused when she supported a gay conference. (See above story.) Ms. Ruland was working for the commissioner under the school district's executive intern program when she said during a citizen's to be heard program, "If anybody else can have a convention, there's no reason why the gays shouldn't."

Although Commissioner Stolhandske denied it, San Antonio School District officials say he requested that Ms. Ruland be fired. Said the commissioner, "I disagree with what she said, but I definitely did not call to have her removed from this office."

In any event, after making the statement, Ms. Ruland was told to report to her supervisor's office at the school district. Miss Sharon Nester, coordinator of the intern program said, "She was given a choice on whether she would stay on the program with another job or go back to school."

Miss Ruland chose to resign from the intern program.

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

REACTIONS TO COURT DECISION

Spokesmen for homosexual and civil liberties groups continue to voice astonishment and dismay over the Supreme Court's affirmation of a state law against private homosexual acts, calling the decision a government step into American bedrooms.

"Insensitive," "shocking," and "highly destructive" were some of the terms used to characterize the Court's ruling.

One of the two anonymous homosexuals (who had not been convicted or even accused) that challenged the law released a statement through the National Gay Task Force saying, "I am deeply disturbed and depressed by the Supreme Court's insensitivity to the right to privacy of all Americans."

Bruce Voeller, executive director of the group, which helped to pay

some of the legal costs in the case, called the ruling "an enormous disappointment."

Aryeh Neier, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, called the Virginia law obnoxious and the ruling shocking. He said, "The Supreme Court has demonstrated a great insensitivity to claims for individual privacy. This is a typical of that trend."

Dr. Frank Kameny, a member of the Commission on Human Rights and a frequent spokesman for homosexual groups said such laws "create an aura of criminality" around homosexuals that he called "highly destructive."

E. Carrington Boggan, a New York lawyer who filed a friend-of-the-court brief in the case, said, "My reaction was utter shock that the Court

could render such a decision on an issue which they know would have widespread impact without even permitting oral argument."

Libertarian Party presidential candidate Roger MacBride sharply criticized the decision stating the law is "monstrous and totally wrong—that a nation founded on the precepts of individual liberty should allow such a statute to exist is inexcusable." "The state, MacBride declared, "has no business whatsoever violating each individual's natural right to choose whatever lifestyle he or she deems appropriate. It is a primary purpose of the Libertarian Party to see that all these intolerant, liberty-stifling laws are one day repealed so that homosexual and bisexual individuals will at last be granted their full rights as human beings."

COUNSELING CONFERENCE HELD

Milwaukee, WI—The Center for Social Services of the University of Wisconsin Extension sponsored a conference titled "Counseling and Homosexuality" on April 10

Dr. Ralph Blair, of the Homosexual Community Counseling Center (HCCC) in New York, delivered a 2 hour keynote address to over 200 people.

Blair said that, "Sparks still fly when the word homosexual is said. . . Our society does not prepare people for the range of sexual experiences that exist. It assumes that all our children will be heterosexual. Thus the Boy Scouts do not follow their own motto and are not "prepared" for homosexuality between their members and/or leaders. Parents are waiting for heterosexuality and overlook the obvious clues that their child will become or is homosexual."

The counseling Blair's HCCC offers is to help overcome the lack of preparation the homosexual person and their parents and lovers feel. They strive for a decrease of discomfort, not any "cures." He pointed

out that there are no cures.

In outlining how he deals with many common complaints and situations presented by his clients, Blair pointed out that most of them have perceptual problems. The client's view of the other person is not true to what the other person is or sees himself as. Thus the clients think they love the other person, when in fact they only love what they want the other person to be or think they can become. So, according to Blair, unrequited love is impossible.

Elaborating on this theme, Dr. Blair noted that rejection or acceptance is not really possible in a gay bar. All one deals with is merely a collection of visual and behavioral symbols that are desired or not. One doesn't really want all of the other person. Gay people said Blair get into the "if only" routine of hoping that "if only" the other person or themselves would change their relationship would be better. The "if only" obscures their seeing the real differences and working on them.

Blair believes that long courtship

patterns need to be built up in both gay men and women. He said, "Too much seeking after casual sex is evidence of diffuse personal anxiety."

Blair said that he has observed some basic differences between gay men and women: 1.) Women come out later than men. 2.) All men value youthfulness in their sex partners more than women do but gay men even more so. 3.) Gay men fear aging more than women. 4.) Some gay men don't think of themselves as adult men but rather as immature boys and reject responsibility. 5.) Women don't rush into bed right away as most men do. 6.) Sex confirms men's manhood more than it does a woman's womanhood. 7.) There are no random samples of homosexuals. All must be biased by the closet.

The conference included workshops on the family, professions, institutions, counseling, lesbian feminism, and religion. They were conducted by members of Gay Peoples Union and other local gay and non-gay experienced people.



reviewed by sam edwards

Gardens By Graham Jackson, Catalyst, 315 Blantyre Ave., Scarborough, Ont., Canada MIN2S6, 94 pp. paper, \$3.95 (Also available from Margins Reader Service, 2919 N. Hackett, Milwaukee, Wi 53211. Include 25 cents for postage and handling.

Canada's Catalyst Press, founded and run by poet-author Ian Young, received a grant last year from the Ontario Arts Council. The most recent work to be published with this financial assistance by Catalyst is a book of short stories called *Gardens* by Graham Jackson. The Arts Council should be pleased with the quality of the books being published by Young and *Gardens* proves once again that Young is not only a fine writer himself, but can recognize another fine writer.

Almost all of the flowers in Jackson's garden are gay ones; even those that are not bloom in haunting colors that evoke the gay viewpoint. For example, the title story deals with a fifteen year old boy's mixed emotions as he eavesdrops on the conversation of two male lovers over the garden wall.

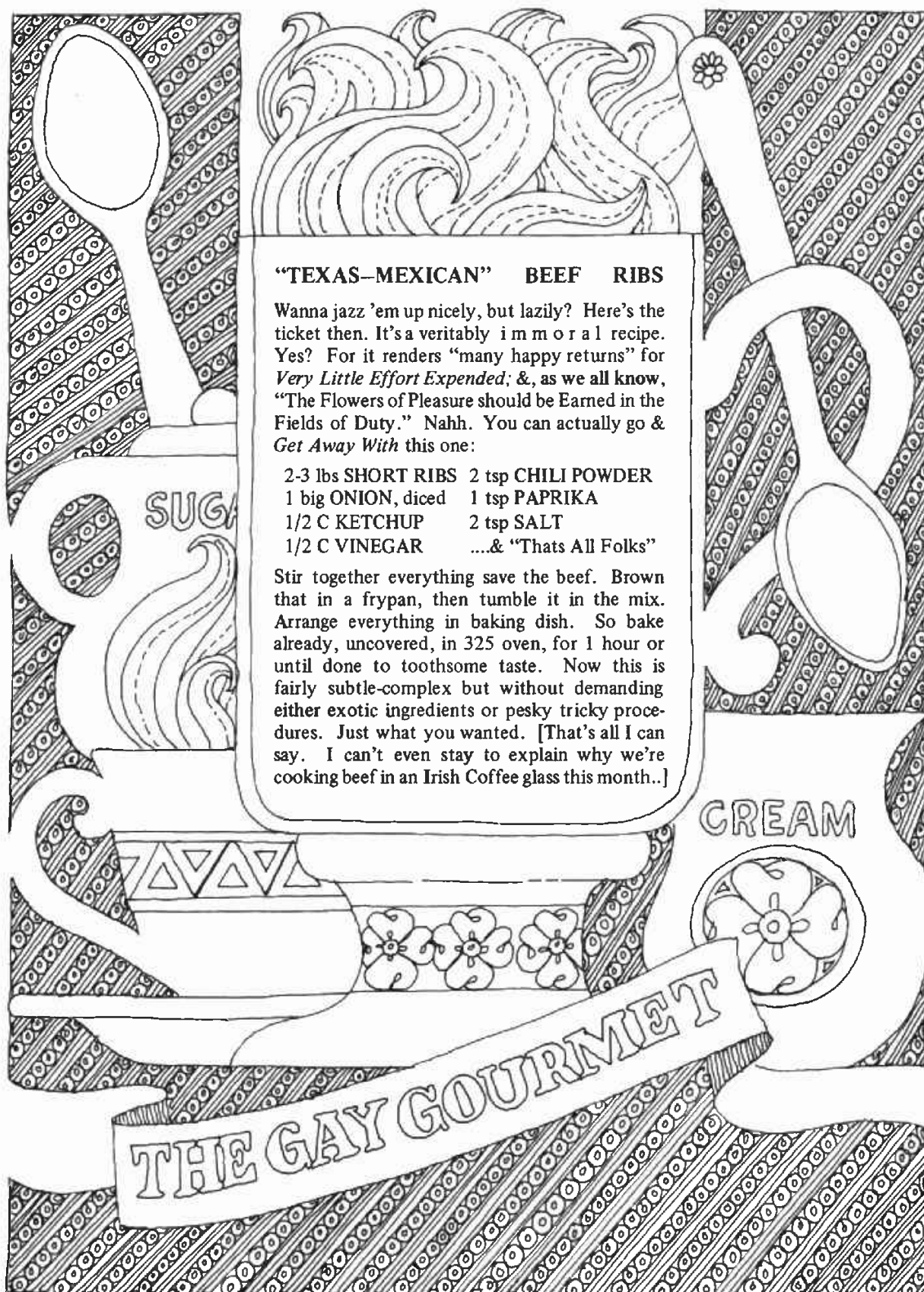
In the second story, "Another Time, Another Place," Jackson's youthful perspective flaws an otherwise exquisite flower. Two men who have loved one another for twenty years have struggled to come out of the closet far enough to live together in the same house. They have even shocked their friends by wearing identical rings (identical except for different stones). Both blush like pink roses when they see a pair of young men who dare to express their love by kissing and holding hands in public. Jackson seems to see the older pair, in their forties, as being near death, but he does manage to show that flowers that bloom in late summer can also be beautiful.

"The Death of a Loving Man" deals with two men who meet at the funeral of a third man who divided his love between them. Their rivalry for the "loving man" has made them hostile, but now they try to share their loss.

These three stories, probably the best in the book, are dedicated to "Don." The rest of the stories are dedicated to different friends but the collection is dedicated to "Michael."

The best of these, "Henrietta and the Green Man" is "for my Mother

(Continued on page 29)



"TEXAS-MEXICAN" BEEF RIBS

Wanna jazz 'em up nicely, but lazily? Here's the ticket then. It's a veritably i m m o r a l recipe. Yes? For it renders "many happy returns" for *Very Little Effort Expended*; &, as we all know, "The Flowers of Pleasure should be Earned in the Fields of Duty." Nahh. You can actually go & *Get Away With* this one:

2-3 lbs SHORT RIBS 2 tsp CHILI POWDER
 1 big ONION, diced 1 tsp PAPRIKA
 1/2 C KETCHUP 2 tsp SALT
 1/2 C VINEGAR ...& "Thats All Folks"

Stir together everything save the beef. Brown that in a frypan, then tumble it in the mix. Arrange everything in baking dish. So bake already, uncovered, in 325 oven, for 1 hour or until done to toothsome taste. Now this is fairly subtle-complex but without demanding either exotic ingredients or pesky tricky procedures. Just what you wanted. [That's all I can say. I can't even stay to explain why we're cooking beef in an Irish Coffee glass this month..]

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FEEDBACK

Dear GPU NEWS,

In response to a letter in Feedback, from the coward prison guard who didn't mention what prison he worked at or his name. His whole letter was B. S. If anyone is "slimy" he is. I have been in both prisons: Waupun and Green Bay and it's the same at both places. Gay people and young boys are the ones who are the victims. We are the ones who have to beware of the so-called tough guys. We are the ones who are being forced into sex and gang bangs, not the so-called straights.

There are some of us who already are oppressed just by being here, let alone being hassled by the guards and inmates.

If this guard is so worried about the gays in prison, he should feel fortunate that he knows us. We are humans just like he is. The majority of the "real" gays don't mess around with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. We are not the risks, or security risks. It seems to me that if anyone is sick it's the coward screw.

As the old saying goes, don't knock it until you try it. Letters like the one GPU NEWS printed should prove to the "free" gay brothers and sisters what we are confronted with.

Please print, but please omit my name because I am presently confined at the Reform School and I would only be hassled more if my name were printed.

Thank you for your time

Sincerely yours,

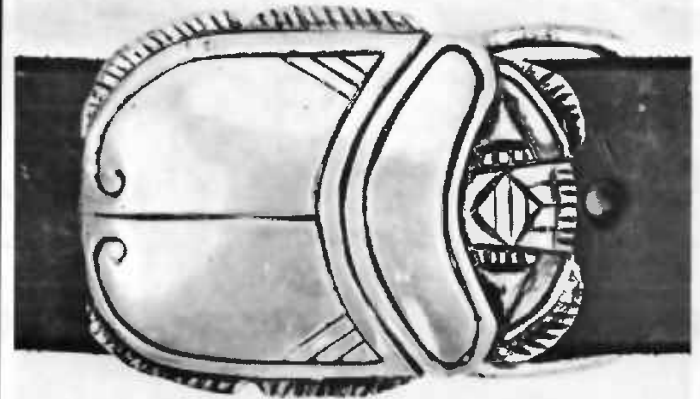
—A Prisoner—

Editor's Note: We have received several letters of this general tone from prisoners from various parts of the country since printing our article on prisons in the February issue. All confirm that gays in prison are victimized by both guards and fellow prisoners.

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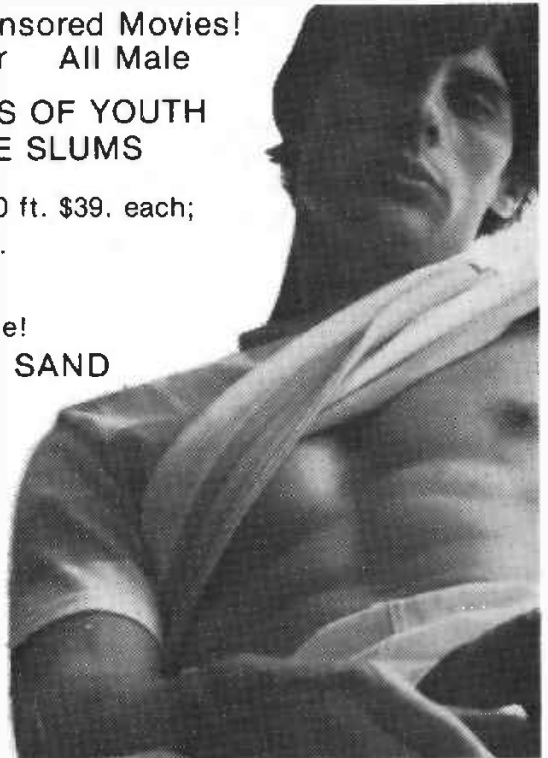
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GAY ALCOHOLISM: MYTHS & FACTS BY ROGER DURAND

Mention the Stonewall Inn or Christopher Street and enlightened people think of the Gay Liberation Movement. That the Stonewall Inn was a bar on Christopher Street indicates the importance of the gay bar to most homosexuals.

Peruse any book on the gay scene and you will find a section devoted to the bar. However, they deal with the social-sexual aspect and ignore the fact that bars are the temples of Dionysus where one is allowed to worship Eros or Sappho. Let's face it, regardless of the fringe benefits, the primary purpose of the establishment is to sell alcoholic beverages.

We must examine the role of alcohol in the bar setting for one reason: alcoholism. While this dread disease is ebbing it's way through America in general, it is galloping through the gay community.

Randy Shilts points to the only known study on alcoholism in a gay community in his excellent article on the subject in the February 25 issue of *The Advocate*. The findings are alarming. According to a study conducted by Lillene Fifield, M.S.W., for the Gay Community Services Center, one in ten gay people in the Los Angeles area is in the "crisis or danger stages" of alcoholism and in need of treatment. This coincides with the National Council on Alcoholism's estimate for all Americans. However, the Fifield study also points to a "secondary target group" which numbers 22 percent of the gay population. This group is considered to be in "high risk" of needing treatment for alcoholism. Add this group of 22 percent to the 10 percent who are in the "crisis stage" and you have one in three gay people who abuse alcohol and are either alcoholics or are slurping their way toward that destination.

If you think that's an exaggeration, consider the Barb's recent statement: "It has been estimated that 75% of homosexuals have a "drinking problem," the percentage of alcoholics has not been established."

The 75% figure may be off the wall, but professionals dealing with gay alcoholism don't have any qualms about the 32% statistic. Many judge this figure to be

an under-estimate.

"I should think it's easily 32 percent," says Rusty Smith, director of the San Francisco Alcoholism Services for the Homosexual Community.

"I'd say that was accurate," says Mary Houlihon, who works with gay alcoholics in Chicago.

"That's conservative," says David Baird, director of Seattle's Stonewall Therapeutic Center, which treats gay alcoholics.

"That would be a good figure based on our experience," says a spokesperson for the Kansas City Gay Alcoholics Anonymous.

Brenda Weathers of the Los Angeles Alcoholism Project for Women says, "If you added drug abuse with alcoholism among lesbians, the figure would be even higher."

Anything can be done with statistics. They can be used to prove drinking in the gay community is spreading in an alarming fashion or they can be used to shore up the contention that our drinking mores are just like everyone else's. A statement about drinkers in the gay world may be entirely valid but at the same time flagrantly tendentious.

In the Milwaukee area all you have to do is look around and you can see that there is no doubt that alcoholism is reaching pandemic proportions. The death of a popular bar tender was alcohol related. One-third of the gay suicides were committed during drunkenness. Who has not been touched, either personally or through a friend, either physically or financially, with drunken driving.

Generally, people who feel okay about themselves okay about their world, don't get into trouble with drinking. For most people, drinking remains a useful and acceptable social tool, only occasionally, if ever, abused. The ways in which alcohol is used and the reasons for which it is used go a long way in determining whether alcohol will become a problem.

Gays, as any other group, face tensions and conflicts which in some way need to be resolved or relaxed. But gays as a group hold the status of being an un-

accepted and concealed minority. With this comes specific and additional problems for the individual. There are numerous situations unique to the gay experience which most certainly cause tension and conflict. With each individual there is variance of approach and personal resource in solving this overall conflict; for some, that may include alcohol.

As if there weren't enough myths surrounding alcoholism, professionals had to throw in the "homosexual personality." The Father of Ignorance, S. Freud, set the tempo and his disciples have been beating the drum to death ever since. Just as every gay lib book has a section on the bars, every book on alcoholism has some reference to the fact that the "personality" of the alcoholic and the homosexual are identical. They further confuse the situation by pointing out that there is no such thing as an alcoholic personality. Alas, the same is not true for the "neurotic" homosexual.



Another favorite theory of some psychiatrists is rooted in "*In vino, veritas*" which freely translated means "In drink, man reveals his true self." The all-too-common observation of maudlin affection when a man is in his cups has led to the belief that some problem drinkers are repressed homosexuals. Don Birnham, the hero of Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend*, through his excessive drinking, appeared to arise from his failure as a writer. Using this theory, Birnham would be a homosexual.

Much to the chagrin of the non-gay alcoholic psychiatrists are bound and determined to make them into full-fledged faggots at the most or latent homosexuals at the very least. We gays know how much they know about homosexuality and can only conclude they know the same thing about alcoholism: nothing.

Although they do not agree on many things, experts in the field do agree that alcoholism is a three pronged sickness of the spirit, mind, and body. There are as many different reasons for alcoholism as there are experts. Some of the causes may be metabolic, physiological, psychological, or sociological, but it is likely that each of these factors has a share in causing alcoholism.

Alcoholism, very simply, is individual reaction to stress. Physically, you become alcoholic by drinking. No matter how neurotic you are, if you don't drink, you cannot and do not become an alcoholic.

Why then would there be a high incidence of alcoholism among gays? If you are having a hang-up over your sexuality are you a sitting duck for the disease? Should we agree with leaders in the gay movement who wring their hands and sigh "who wouldn't drink" and then scream for peer counseling? Should we buy the theories of the psychiatrist, and particularly the psychoanalyst, who expound the alky-homo personality structure? I think not. Descriptions and labels do little to explain why people drink excessively. And, clearly, sexual preference has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with alcoholism. You can have a fetish for ducks and still be alcoholic.

There is one area where gays differ from non-gays in the social world—the gay bar. It has a social role that doesn't exist in the straight world. The gay bar fulfills a vital function as an institution in the gay scene. Bar users use the bars for a variety of reasons: to meet new friends, to have good times, to dance, to relax, or to just be "around my own kind." Fifield's study indicated that bar users do one thing more than anything else. They drink.

Before I go any further, let me point out that I am aware that many gay people do not frequent the bars. In fact some never enter a bar. For others, participation in the bar scene is brief. However, it is estimated that 80% of the gay population spend much of their social time at some function where alcohol is avail-

able. The percentage of bar users is anybody's guess.

Statistics show, however, when booze is on the scene, it is used. Anyone who has had or attended a party lately can attest to that fact. And, common sense tells us that the bar is a likely place to find people with a drinking problem.

Fifield claims that the average bar user spends 19 nights a month at their favorite saloon while drinking six drinks a visit. It is obvious that if these people are prone to alcoholism they are headed for trouble.

The final responsibility for alcoholism rests directly with the individual. As far as we now know, there is no alcoholic type or personality. Anyone might become an alcoholic given an unknown combination of mental and physical disabilities in a social setting conducive to excessive drinking. Some researchers are convinced that alcoholism can develop only in a social climate in which drinking is an acceptable way to relieve tension and emotional pain.

Gay people enter a bar prepared with an assortment of hopes, and fears. A person full of fear of possible rejection, of not being desired, or just ignored, might very well reach for a drink to drown those fears. Another, however, might not.

Every bar in the country offers an alternative to liquor and beer. Non-alcoholic beverages are just as available as booze. No bar in this area discourages the ordering of such beverages.

The fallacies and misconceptions about what alcohol can or will do are almost as numerous as the warped notions about homosexuality.

If you still believe that alcohol stimulates sexual activity you haven't had a drunk trick lately. By narcotizing or dulling the high brain centers which control judgment and conventional patterns of behavior, alcohol in moderate quantities releases inhibitions. Instinctive behavior—including sex—which in the absence of alcohol is partially controlled by the high brain centers, seems to dominate alcoholic behavior; hence the belief that alcohol stimulates sexual activity. It does not put new thoughts of sexual act-

ivity into the brain nor does it stimulate those that are already there.

"This wonder drug will cool you off if you're hot and warm you up if you're cold. No. Alcohol (even in small doses) causes the blood vessels of the skin to dilate, generating a sense of warmth and even perspiration. It is an entirely false sensation, since alcohol does not increase the rate at which the body produces heat.

Alcohol has been blamed for everything from feeble-mindedness to epilepsy. Nowhere is more misinformation expounded about alcohol than when it comes to the brain. As part of the long term scare tactic, even experts still tell people it "kills" brain cells. Large quantities of alcohol can paralyze the various parts of the body. This paralysis is one of function, not structure. Brain or nerve cells—or any body cells for that matter—are not changed or damaged permanently by the direct action of alcohol. This statement may appear to contradict medical records showing severe neurological degeneration in many chronic alcoholics. Such structural changes are the result of long-standing nutritional deficiencies that usually accompany but are not directly caused by excessive drinking. The brain lesions observed in chronic alcoholics are identical to those seen in non-alcoholic patients suffering from vitamin-deficiency diseases.

The theory that certain "alcoholic" diseases result from nutritional deficiencies rather than from direct toxic action of alcohol meets nowadays with little resistance.

But there are many things that we know about alcoholism that are facts and yet we do not know the reasons. One thing is sure in alcoholism. Once you have the disease, it can only get worse. Alcoholism is progressive. You can arrest it, never cure it. Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic.

Misconceptions surrounding alcohol and alcoholism abound. Any Boy Scout can tell you never to administer alcohol in cases of shock, heat exhaustion, and



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snake bite. That same scout upon hearing the word alcoholic probably conjures up a vision of a man wearing the cadaverous look of the concentration camp lying in the gutter, his bony arms beating some imaginary horror in the air.

I can't be an alcoholic because I am not a skid row bum. This is the most common fallacy found among alcoholics and the general public. The so called skid row bum represents only three percent of America's alcoholics. The other ninety-seven percent are "ordinary" people.

Some people have the mistaken idea that no one is an alcoholic unless he has to have a drink in the morning. This is not true. It is not when one drinks, but whether one can control the amount one drinks that determines whether one has a drinking problem.

Many people mistakenly believe that the low alcoholic content of beer reduces the danger of intoxication or addiction. It is the chemical, ethyl alcohol C_2H_5OH , to which the alcoholic is "allergic," and this chemical is found in all alcoholic beverages. There is about as much ethyl alcohol in an average can of beer as there is in a four ounce glass of wine or one-ounce shot of whisky.

Many people believe that the only person who is an alcoholic is one who drinks great quantities everyday, or is drunk all the time. A man may drink only on week ends, but if he gets drunk every week end, he certainly has a drinking problem.

Age has little to do with alcoholism. It can attack a person at almost any age. A common fallacy about excessive drinking is that the person who becomes an alcoholic is in his fifties or sixties. Alcoholics don't live that long.

Many people feel they are "safe" because they can quit any time. When did you last "go on the wagon" and why? It was undoubtedly because your drinking was giving you trouble. A drinker who not an alcoholic does not need to go on the wagon. Many a gay person has quit drinking for a period of time after waking up one morning in a strange bed with a sleazy character they "normally" would not be caught dead

with, and not remembering how they got there. Black-outs (episodic amnesia) occur more frequently as the problem progresses. The point is, not whether you can stop anytime, but whether you have to start again.

There are many avenues to alcohol addiction. One of the most serious symptoms of alcoholism is the inability, refusal, or unwillingness to admit the existence of the disease.

There are many emotional causes for alcoholism, probably as many causes as there are alcoholics. But there is one emotional symptom characteristic of every alcoholic: self-pity. "Poor me!"

However difficult definitions are to come by, the symptoms remain rather stable—only the particulars vary. Alcoholics cannot control their drinking. They are powerless over alcohol and their lives have become unmanageable. When drinking, the alcoholic tends to have a marked personality change. Alcoholic thinking becomes self-conscious, unsure. The alcoholic is the victim of the world.

Alcoholism is an insidious disease that seeks out the best. It is usually the person who has a great deal to give life, who thinks more, who loves more, who feels more, who needs more—and who drinks more and destroys more.

If you are getting a modicum of happiness and satisfaction from your everyday life, you do not need alcohol. It is a substitute, an escape. Alcohol drops a curtain over fear, guilt, and reality itself. If you use alcohol to avoid coping with your problems, you probably will become alcoholic. It is so much easier to reach for a drink than to reach down inside of yourself for the courage to face life. But alcohol solves nothing. If you are alcoholic, there is no problem that one drink won't make worse.

In our world where alcohol has become second nature to us, we make jokes of alcoholism just as we make light of our life style. The humor is meant to ease the pain. Let's face it—the jokes on us.

Editor's Note: Next month we will present an article that will discuss professional treatment of alcoholism for gay persons.

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ARE YOU AN ALCOHOLIC?

The following questions are used by John Hopkins University Hospital in deciding whether or not a patient is an alcoholic:

1. Do you lose time from work due to drinking?
2. Is drinking making your home life unhappy?
3. Do you drink because you are shy with other people?
4. Is drinking affecting your reputation?
5. Have you ever felt remorse after drinking?
6. Did you get in financial difficulties as a result of drinking?
7. Do you turn to lower companions in an inferior environment when drinking?
8. Does your drinking make you careless of your family's welfare?
9. Has your ambition decreased since drinking?
10. Do you want a drink the next morning?
11. Do you crave a drink at a definite time daily?
12. Does drinking cause you to have difficulty in sleeping?
13. Has your efficiency decreased since drinking?
14. Is drinking jeopardizing your job or business?
15. Do you drink to escape from worries or troubles?
16. Do you drink alone?
17. Have you ever had a complete loss of memory as a result of drinking?
18. Has your physician ever treated you for drinking?
19. Do you drink to build up your self-confidence?
20. Have you ever been to a hospital or institution on account of drinking?

—If you have answered YES to any 1 of the questions, the chances are **YOU MAY BE AN ALCOHOLIC**
 —If you have answered YES to any 2 of the questions, the chances are **YOU ARE AN ALCOHOLIC**
 —if you have answered YES to any 3 of the questions, **YOU DEFINITELY ARE AN ALCOHOLIC**

THESE ARE THE EARLY STAGES AND SYMPTOMS OF ALCOHOLISM:

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| Great fondness for drinking. | Not caring about how you look. Or, conversely, being overconscious of how you look. | Enormous guilt feeling about everything. |
| Not eating; not eating with people who don't drink. | Not getting close to people so that you don't breathe in their faces. | Blackouts. If you've reached this stage and are still drinking, you are in real trouble. |
| Preoccupied with drinking; thinking about it constantly. | Lying to your lover about anything, but especially about your drinking. | Feeling sorry for yourself constantly. |
| Looking forward to parties and gatherings where there will be liquor. | Lying to your parents or employers. | Resenting everyone else. |
| Not going to parties where there won't be liquor. | Slacking on your work. | Very, very low frustration point. |
| Feeling you cannot function without alcohol; drinking before parties. | Foggy thinking. | Hating yourself. |
| Getting "high" often. | Spending too much money, and not caring. | Neglecting your teeth. |
| Lying about getting "high." | Personality change when drinking. | Taking pills. |
| Not having hangovers, or saying you don't. | Being defensive about your drinking. | Loss of jobs. (Quitting or fired.) |
| Making sure there is always a supply of liquor in the house. | RED ALERT: Drinking, for any reason, in the morning. If you sleep in the morning, and your morning is 3 P.M., drinking then. | Your lover leaving you, or threatening to. |
| Sneaking drinks. | There is an intermediate stage, which has its symptoms too. | Loss of physical control. |
| Watering the liquor when you have sneaked a drink. | Getting fat and jowly-looking. | Parents panicky. |
| Lying to yourself about how much you are drinking. | Nightmares and not sleeping, except when passed out. | Jealousy. |
| "Needing" a drink at a certain time every day. | Passing out. | Drunk on weekends—or every night. |
| Drinking when you shouldn't. | Complete loss of efficiency at job, home, school, everywhere. | Throwing money around. |
| Looking forward to drinking alone. | Inability to discern the truth. | Doing anything to get a drink. |
| Drinking to go to sleep. | | Waking up in strange beds. |
| | | Thinking of nothing else but drinking. |
| | | Suicidal thoughts. |
| | | The shakes. |
| | | Total feeling of hopelessness and worthlessness. |
| | | Lack of any concern about family, religion, morality, ethics, honor. |
| | | Guilt, guilt, guilt. |

There are also the late stages otherwise known as: why didn't I do something about this before now. Nothing concerns you but alcohol; you'll do anything to have a drink.

You see physical symptoms of the disease about which you do nothing. Fogged, confused all the time. Drinking cheaper and cheaper types of alcohol—cheap wine, vanilla extract, canned

heat, etc. Taking much less alcohol to get drunk. Visits to hospitals, sanitariums, institutions. Delirium tremens. Death.

A PLAGUE ON THE BRITANNICA!

BY BRUCE MIKEL

Only Senator Jackson, now ex-candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party, might be a less likely source of enlightened information on homosexuality than Robert J. Stoller, author of a lengthy article in the most recent edition of that venerable institution of middle-class parlors and public libraries, the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Jackson, as everyone knows, lacked humor, growing apoplectic at the mere mention of gays. Stoller at least is a riot.

Unfortunately, many an unsophisticated young woman or man might unwittingly turn to the Britannica as a source of unbiased information on sex. If they do, and if they are gay, they will probably hurl themselves off the nearest precipice in despair at Stoller's depiction of homosexuality. Jackson's idiotic remarks will soon be as deservedly forgotten as any of Spiro T.'s, but Stoller's, enshrined as they are between the covers of the standard American reference work, will haunt us for decades. A plague on the Britannica!

How could the editors of Chicago ever have let anyone write about sex who talks about "being sexually with a willing object" for what apparently is simply having sex with another person? And in talking about homosexuals, referring to us as objects "recognized as quite human." What did he think? Didn't the editors proof his article?

Imagine for a moment a nubile youth of impressionable age perusing the family volumes, proudly purchased on what the British aptly call the "never-never" plan for a

lifetime of indentured servitude. He will quickly grab the tome with the H's on the spine, retire to his room and find: nothing. Not a word. For homosexuality is, naturally, discussed under Sexual Deviations. Sexual Deviations! It already smacks of filthy and indecent acts, Pygmalianism, cannibalism, vampirism, hair-clipping and other assorted oddities luridly portrayed in less esteemed encyclopedias such as the Americana.

Alas, there is an index to the set that will lead him unerringly to the trove of misinformation that awaits the unsuspecting onanist. And with no warning, for the index itself, rather pompously called the Micropaedia, contains a rather enlightened column written by an unidentified soul that one can only wish had written the major article. In these introductory remarks our youth now reads "it may well be that a preference for one sex or another is the only obvious or even determinable difference between homosexuals and heterosexuals." Score one for the Britannica!

Alack, until one turns to Stoller's jibberish. He flounders hopelessly in even trying to define homosexuality and finally settles, rather clumsily, on a homosexual as "a person" (apparently recognizably quite human) "who in fantasy or reality habitually prefers sexual relations" (an improvement over 'being sexually with' at least) "with a person of the same sex." Why he had so much difficulty getting that out is something of a mystery, but he apparently felt obliged to differentiate bet-

ween persons whose realities don't live up to their fantasies or who don't fantasize at all or who aren't real.

Finally, after four paragraphs of facultative homosexuality, transient homosexuality, *faute de mieux* situations, bisexuality, drug addiction, alcoholism and "myriad other psychiatric conditions" he gets to the point: The male homosexual. He is obviously aghast at what he describes: "They dress flamboyantly and effeminately, with a few even resorting to women's clothes, as at 'drag balls' and beauty contests. The effeminate homosexual loves his penis and abhors penisless creatures. He is still so identified with the female role, however, that he can appear as a woman for a short time and enjoy being complimented on his feminine appearance. It is understood by the observers and himself that he has a penis under his costume."

Imagine our poor youth, perhaps reassuringly reaching for his own penis, reading those witless lines. He probably conjures up a vision of "costumed" men knowingly winking at one another, sharing their furtive secret as initiates of some secret rite. Fortunately, our youth might find some reassurance in the next paragraph describing most male homosexuals as "less effeminate, revealing their effeminacy only when safely with other homosexuals." Stoller's horror at the thought of any feminine qualities in any male is virtually palpable. He is trying desperately to make some sense out of a world completely beyond his comprehen-

sion. It's rather pathetic.

His depiction of female homosexuals is not pathetic, but vicious. Any young woman seeking counsel at this oracle had better be made of strong stuff, for he vents a torrent of spleen at the very idea of women who "dislike maleness, especially penises, and, in the extreme, state that men have value only as repositories of sperm." His rage causes him to sputter unintelligibly about bisexual lesbians (whatever that might mean) who appear "normally heterosexual" and yet "need masculine women (i.e. penisless men), finding sexual relations with men unappearing." He seems to be fixated on the penis, utterly ignoring the fact that two human beings are not simply having sex, but loving each other with more than genitals.

If our youthful readers haven't as yet searched the house for a vial of hemlock, they might read on. Unfortunately, it only gets worse. He or she will learn that homosexuals "may create organizations for social, scientific, and political action favouring homosexuality." He doesn't explain what he means by "favouring" homosexuality—perhaps voting on the relative merits of homosexuality over heterosexuality. A national referendum? Visions of the yellow peril lurk in those words.

Stoller reassures the readers, however, that the peril is effectively held in check by a benevolent police force who recognize the value of keeping a careful watch upon the bars, bathhouses, beaches, public toilets and other meeting places, acting against them "only when occasional public pressure is exerted for a 'cleanup'." He apparently is referring to the kind of 'cleanup' that so enraged the taxpayers of Los Angeles who had to foot the bill for at least one helicopter and several busloads of men in blue last month.

Need one say more? Does one have to be told that Stoller perpetrates every myth ever propounded about homosexuals? Did the Encyclopaedia Britannica really have to print the nonsense that "male homo-

sexuals dominate certain areas of the creative and performing arts, hair-dressing, interior decorating and fashion designing." Worse yet, that "no society, save perhaps ancient Greece, pre-Meiji Japan, certain top echelons in Nazi Germany, and the scattered examples of such special status groups as the berdaches, Nata slaves, and one category of Chuckchee shamans, has lent sanctions in any real sense to homosexuality." Isn't their one anthropologist among their editors?

Or a lawyer? Any run-of-the-mill ambulance chaser could have improved on a sentence as obscure as "laws regarding homosexuality may not always reflect public conscience on the matter or the degree of enforcement by authorities."

Or any current members of the American Psychiatric Association? They could easily have dismissed most of the thoroughly discredited views of Bieber that Stoller has presented and whose work he extolls as the "most extensive study published of the psychodynamics of homosex-

uality and of the usefulness of psychoanalysis in treatment." How anyone could say that "the treatment of choice is psychoanalysis and related psychotherapies," even if they view homosexuality as a mental illness, is inexplicable.

The entire article is indefensible. The previous edition of the Britannica, though hardly current in its thinking, presented a much more balanced view of the whole area than this much touted 15th edition, the first new one since 1929. It is indeed a shame, a travesty, that this distorted account will be available on the open shelves of our public libraries, university reference rooms and even private homes while GPU News, London's Gay News, if available at all, remain locked in protective custody in most institutions and rarely are seen in non-gay homes. The youth of our country will suffer for this and their impressionable minds will be the victims of a truly heinous deed. Were that not the case, it might all be dismissed as rather a joke, albeit in very poor taste.

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GROWING (UP) AT 37 JERRY RUBIN

reviewed by
allen young

Growing (Up) at 37 by Jerry Rubin, M. Evans and Company, Inc., New York, 1976. 208 pp., \$7.95

Jerry Rubin—one of those sexist egomaniacs from the late 1960's, right? Well, sure, but Jerry's decided to confess at least some of his sins in this new book and if Jerry's being sincere and honest with us, then he's gone through some changes and will be going through more.

Growing (Up) at 37 is autobiographical; it includes Jerry's re-evaluation of the 1960's which celebrates the rebellion of those times while making important criticisms of the movement and of his own part in it. Most of the book, however, concerns Jerry's experience with his personal growth through various forms of therapy, massage, and yoga. He focuses on body awareness and on the "human potential" programs of EST (Erhard Seminars Training). Arica, Rolfing and other "cosmic consciousness" movements.

Jerry argues effectively that spirituality and personal growth must be linked to political concepts of social change (and vice versa) if either of these human endeavors are to succeed. He jokes about and warns against the faddism, the authoritarianism, and the competitiveness of some of the gurus and spiritualists, but his enthusiasm for the basic thought of these new movements is unbridled. If you are already inclined toward these movements, you are more likely to enjoy Jerry's book. If you are convinced that this is all a bunch of "cosmic baloney," or if you are heavily influenced by Marxist dogma on religion, then you are likely to think that Jerry has sold out or gone bananas. For a skeptic like myself, it gets to be a bit much at times, but Jerry's personal account parallels the growth of many people, so part of me says that "There must be something to it."

Jerry goes into some territory generally unexplored by straight male writers. He has a chapter entitled "Meeting the Female in me," and one called "Sex." These are among the best chapters in the book, but also are the weakest because Jerry does not go far enough in exploring his inability to be a "receptive" per-

son. In these sections, Jerry discusses his fears of inadequacy about the size of his cock, admits he didn't have sexual intercourse until he was 22, shows how he learned from women, and describes his attitudes toward masturbation and homosexuality. Jerry isn't gay, but he discusses the problem of homophobia, including his own. It is about time some straight movement men told us about their fag-hating pasts. Some of what Jerry reveals will be painful for us to read, such as the time he helped the vice squad nab a gay man (fortunately, the man was freed). Jerry rejects his blatant homophobia, but he doesn't go far enough—he says nothing about how homophobia has affected his psyche or his attitude toward his body. For Jerry "asshole" is still a put-down.

Let me attempt a dialog with Jerry Rubin by quoting from his section on homosexuality and then replying.

Jerry: I am afraid of naked sexual contact with men. I love men as much as I love women, yet I never think of physically satisfying and being satisfied by men. Men do not turn me on because I was propagandized as a child to think that homosexuality is sick.

Me: We gay men got the same programming, so the propaganda is really beside the point. Jerry you don't tell us what happened to the homosexual feelings that were once inside you; it's a discovery you haven't made, perhaps because you're still afraid to make it.

Jerry: When I was sixteen, my favorite high school teacher and I went on a trip to visit colleges. We slept in the same room, and he spent the night trying to seduce me. After a while he fell asleep, but I stayed awake all night, fearful that he might jump in my bed and rape me. The next morning we both tried to act as if nothing had happened. When we got home I told my parents and they were upset. We considered taking the information to school authorities, but I loved the teacher too much. A few weeks

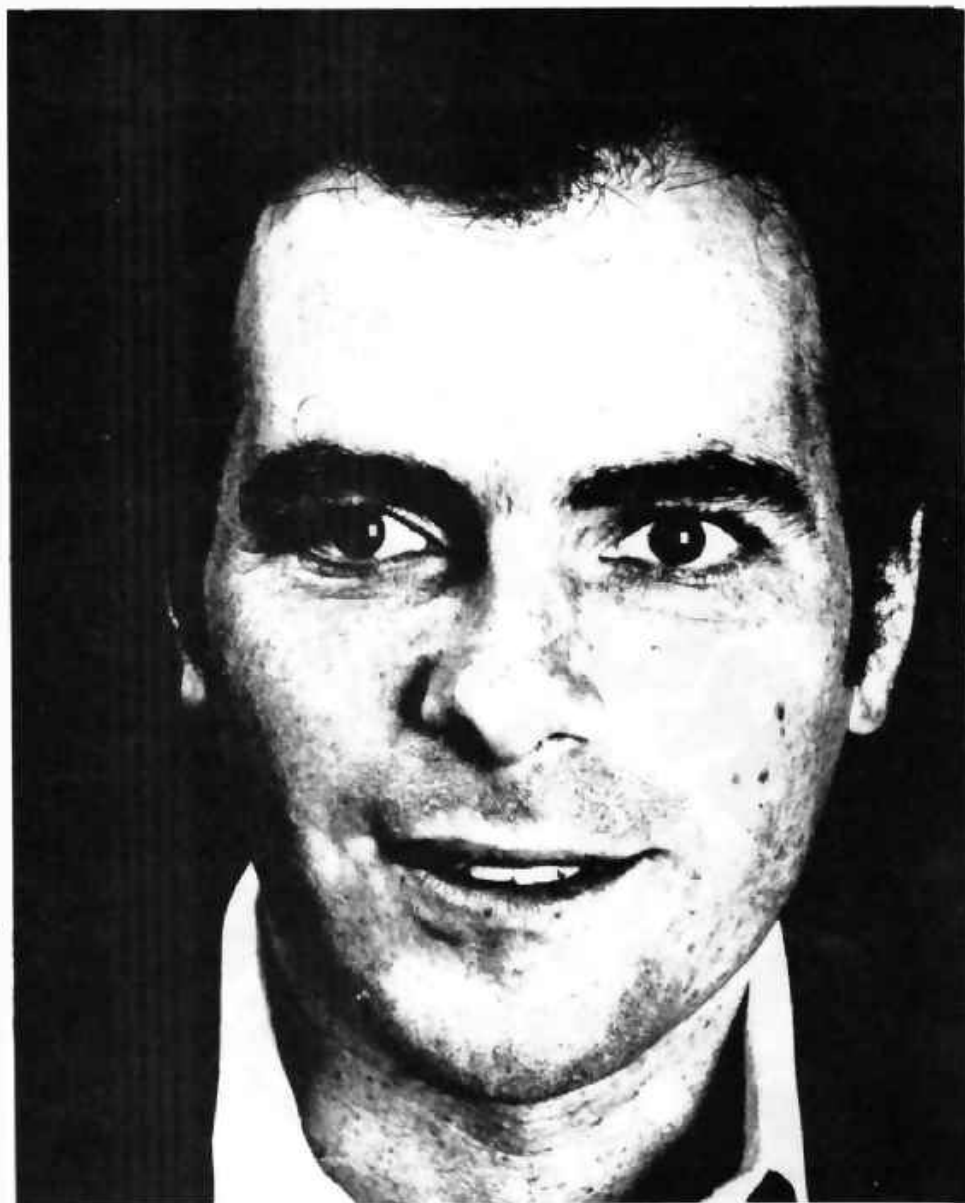


Photo by Robert Altman

JERRY RUBIN

later he called me into his office and apologized for the incident.

Me: Jerry, you still imply that you were "wronged" by the teacher. Perhaps the teacher was unfairly taking advantage of a power situation he had as an older male in a position of authority, but Jerry, as the adolescent straight boy, you had the ultimate male authority on your side. Your teacher's job hung in the balance. Don't you owe him an apology, for associating a homosexual advance with rape, for your own inability to interpret the attempted seduction as a mere expression of affection (which it may well have

been)? I wonder if there was ever a woman in your life who was frightened by you, who thought that your attempt at seduction might end in rape? Jerry, you assume that you are a gentle man who would never rape, but you make no such assumption about your high school teacher. The double standard is obvious.

Jerry: In *Do It!* I described homosexuality as sick. The gay community attacked me publicly, forcing me for the first time to examine my sexual bias. I began to see that I had been a victim of the American sexual lie against homosexuality. Sex between two men or two women

(or three) is as human as male-female sex. The thought of two men fucking still scares me, maybe because of my antihomosexual upbringing. To make love with a man would be like making love with a mirror image of myself, a legitimate aspect of general sexual self-pleasure. I now embrace, touch, and kiss men on the lips. I enjoy kissing and holding male friends, but I have never become turned on to a man's genitals. Me: I am glad to see you acknowledge the criticism you received from the gay community, but I am disappointed that you say nothing about the organized gay liberation movement—about gay activism, gay consciousness-raising, and the gay press. Many of the ideas you deal with throughout this book are ideas made available to me through the gay movement. For example, you have a good word for masturbation and cite articles in the feminist press which have liberated women from the taboo against masturbation. Hey, Jerry, articles in the gay men's press have been saying similar things about male masturbation for five years.

In his chapters on sexual politics, he has an interesting description of his relationships with two women, with insights into monogamy and jealousy that are interesting to read no matter one's sexual preference.

Growing (Up) at 37 is a book that tries to deal with human feelings and the human spirit. It doesn't have a "correct line," and even if it smacks of that excessive Jerry Rubin enthusiasm, it is a worthwhile introduction to the psyche of a straight man who says he is trying to change.

I told several gay people I was reviewing Jerry Rubin's new book, and the response I got included much sneering and comments like, "I never liked him," "I never trusted him," "I knew him; he was such an elitist." His reputation among sensitive people is terrible. Jerry decries his over-sized late 1960's ego, but what of that ego now?

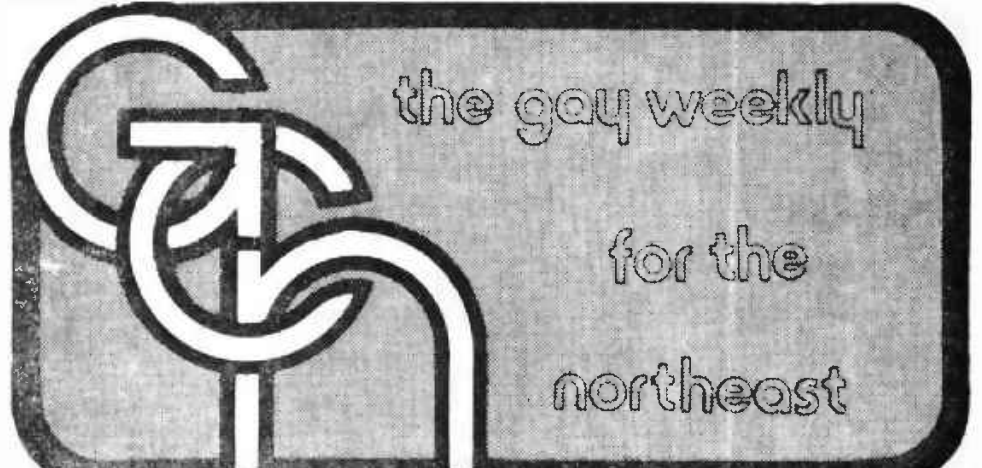
Any writer, especially one used to having his or her works published, has an ego involvement in this pro-

cess. For example, when I write something that is painfully personal and revealing, I get ego satisfaction from seeing the finished article in print, and even more so when people praise my honesty. Does that egotistical feeling dominate my personality and my way of life? If it does (and I hope it does not), then my expression of vulnerability and weakness is a shuck and I am a phony. The same holds true for any writer, including Jerry Rubin.

With the appearance of *Growing (Up) at 37*, Jerry and his publisher have launched an incredible publicity drive. Jerry wrote a sensational guest column for a Chicago daily saying that he and his co-conspirators

were "guilty" of organizing a riot in Chicago in 1968—this led to angry retorts from Tom Hayden and John Froines, who charged that the column was just a publicity gimmick to increase book sales. On the dust jacket of the book, it says that Jerry "today gives workshops and talks on psychological growth." With himself at the center? For high fees? If Jerry is sincere about what he says in this book, I hope his "sensitive psychological self-evaluation" has not come to an end.

Is *Growing (Up) at 37* just another expression of Jerry Rubin's old sexist egomania in a more subtle form? Well, possibly, but I'll give him the benefit of the doubt.



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A Poem of Protest

Court OK's Ban on Gay Sex
 -The Milwaukee Journal
 Monday, March 29, 1976

Black-tar court,
 lies exposed
 to the steady pulse
 of a balling sun,
 its gumming pitch
 skips glassy crystals
 for the sunlight's hue.

Over this
 ebony-robed judges
 preside,
 in taciturn's demeanor,
 mandating for the land:
THIS FOR ALL
 the common concern/supreme/the precedent.
TAKE TO THE SPORT!
 settlement's time is now.

Newspaper pages,
 herald of our earth game
 sheath of the blood-red dagger
 cry

LOVE all

And on the court
 the adversaries stand their place
 there
 captor of the farther side,
 pulsing restless expectancy,
 the square-egged voice of the special
 fidgets
 anticipating the serve of legislated morality.
 Opposed,
 the pure identity,
 untouched by deviation's scan,
 waves
 the uncompromising hand
 of prediction's paramour,
 the much-laid mean,
 to the approving crowd.

Then
 white-velvet pure
 whips the cold-edged serve
 to sing the streaming bullet's cry.
 The ball of argument
 strikes the hapless court
 placed to the line.

Retaliate
 the swift return
 and
 back
 and back
 and back
 and back
 then
 to the net
 and fatal death
 blows her wicked kiss
 to the loner's thwarted brow.

A Score! A Score!

Newspaper pages,
 herald of our earth game
 sheath of the blood-red dagger
 scream

5 love



by Persia Straub

The crowd undulates sadistic
and condoned identity
jades
the justice-smile
then pause
the moment's set
the racket swoops the circle round.
Flow the power play
Yahoo the tethered sameness
of the common beat:
 "ignore the unique
 let it lie,
 the embalmed delinquent."

Now here
the lob
and lob
and lob
then
one percentile lays a crash skim
to the net—
the unexpected return
whistles back
 far far far back
It's in It's in
and
five percentile forms a petered cry. . .

 Newspaper pages,
 herald of our earth game
 sheath of the blood-red dagger
 jubilate

15 love



Disdain
mingles gluttony
with the cool confidence
of just decision.
The fool, tolerant,
will not have this day.
Take the serving stance,
manikin of the ditto.
the sun beats to the eye
no matter
The serve lies low
hits the corner's tic
the return spits back
the again
again
again
and again
and
the misbegotten's sweat-smack hand
reaches long. . .
the miss.

Game! Game! Game!

The robed judges
raise
their adulterated gavels,
the purient gesture.
The law will stand
place the stamp
meter the package
set the thing
no voices now
justice for all
and. . .

there

we see
the gentle partisan of privacy
driven
from the court,
Potomac's sludge
dripping
down
that hopeheld countenance.

 Newspaper pages,
 herald of our earth game
 sheath of the blood-red dagger

 call again

for the agonized
and the silence.



AUTUMN DAYS
BY JOSE OLIVA

There were endless acres of fallen leaves which had lost their battle for survival against winter's forceful hand. Jim and I sat down upon a pile of the leaves that we had gathered. As I looked skyward at the white clouds in the blue sky, I saw the last leaf on the old oak suddenly leap from its branch and flutter upwards in the wind. Then it danced its way towards us, a tiny redish yellow leaf that having finally lost its battle with the wind, reluctantly fell to earth. I watched in fascination as it fluttered and pranced about until it finally touched the ground.

We were young then. Jim was sixteen and I was three years younger. We made love there on that pile of leaves that day for the first time and whenever it was possible through the passing years we returned to spend long summer and autumn nights and days upon this hill. It became our secret place and every year on our anniversary we made it a point to spend at least a few hours here to renew the pledge of our youthful years.

Jim looked at me and smiled. Oh, that smile of his. How often that smile of his had washed away all of my worries and troubles. Now he smiled and his blue eyes twinkled.

Then there was complete silence except for the occasional whisper of the wind through the now bare branches of the trees. I slid down into Jim's arms allowing the feeling of safety to overpower me. In his arms I always felt safe; safe from the condemnation of the world.

He was unusually silent today, but I didn't try to coax him into conversation. As I looked up at his smiling face, I felt a surge of calm float through my body. I felt his hands on my face and then he leaned forward and kissed me. In the warmth of his kiss my soul was lifted like the leaf in the wind. After all these years I still thrilled to every kiss from Jim. I wondered if he, too, still felt this magic.

"Jim?"

"Hmmm."

"Jim, do you still feel the way I do when we kiss? How do you feel right now?"

"Do you see those clouds flying in the wind?," he replied. "They are free." He paused for a second. "When we kiss, I feel free, free from care." He paused again as though he was searching for the right words. "You are my life. . . You. . . His voice became a whisper. "You give me the courage to face life."

His declaration was so simple, yet it left me with a chill. I tried to shrug off the chill, telling myself that it was only the autumn wind, but I had a momentary feeling that something was wrong. I felt the same way long ago just before my father's death. In my confusion I reached out to him and pulled his body tightly next to mine.

Wordlessly we fell into one another's arms. Our love making began as the dry leaves rustled beneath our bodies. The sound of our laughter and the voices of our passion was hidden by the endless miles of farm country. Quickly we removed our clothing. The chill wind went unnoticed by our flushed bodies.

I rolled over and I felt his hot body against mine. I could smell his deliciously sweet scent as he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer to his breast. In sheer ecstasy I submitted to his lovemaking and as he entered my body I felt again that warm feeling of safety that lifted my soul upwards. My spirit soared upward into the realm of the heavens.

Later as we dressed in the cool October wind, Jim became pensive and quiet. He looked at me intensely and a puzzled look crossed his face.

"Rob," he said. "Rob, there was something that I wanted to tell you. . . something I thought was important." He paused. "But now," he continued, looking at me tenderly, "I don't want to talk about it. I'm just too happy to talk now. We will talk later. Do you understand?"

I nodded in agreement. I understood. All of my feelings of doubt had been swept away in the comfort of our love-making and nothing could come between us, ever. I was safe in Jim's love.

Several weeks later we had something else to celebrate. My first novel had been accepted for publication and when I called Jim at work with the news, he excitedly suggested a party that evening to celebrate. He would call all of our friends and invite them and I could get started on the food and refreshments, he suggested.

"Some celebration," I teasingly chided him. "I'll be doing all the work."

"Well, I'll be home soon and give you a hand. Rob, I'm so proud of you. We've just got to celebrate."

By five I had the house in order and the food prepared. I took a quick shower and waited for Jim to come home from work.

When he arrived, I knew immediately that something was wrong. He seemed to be in a totally different state of mind. He was nervous and he looked tired and drawn.

"Jim, why don't you take a shower and lie down for awhile? That will relax you."

"Yes, I suppose it would," he said. As he showered, I pulled out his favorite casual wear for the party. As I turned to leave the bedroom I noticed him, standing in the bathroom doorway clutching his head in his hands.

"Jim?" There was no response. I walked towards him.

"Jim," I repeated. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head slightly and when I touched him I could see that there were tears in his eyes. "I have a terrible headache, but I guess it is just because of all the excitement," he said.

"Lie down, Jim," I said. "I'll get you an aspirin."

I had to help him get into the bedroom because he seemed to be in a daze. His movements were awkward and clumsy. As he lay down he once again grimaced in pain and clutched his head. When I brought the aspirin and water I had to lift his head to help him swallow them. He looked tired and completely exhausted. All of the color had drained from his normally ruddy face, leaving him with a pale ashen look.

I was frightened. I flipped a blanket over his body and dimmed the lights in the bedroom. Trying to keep the emotion out of my voice, I said, "Don't worry about helping me with the party, Jim. I've already got everything done. You just rest a few minutes and I'm sure you will feel better."

He nodded wanly and seemed to drift off into a fitful sleep. I quietly closed the bedroom door and hurried to the downstairs phone. Perhaps if I hurried I could still reach the doctor before he closed his office for the day. Fortunately the doctor was just leaving his office when I reached him. He said he could drop by on his way home.

The doctor arrived about fifteen minutes later, but by this time Jim was feeling better and seemed much more like his usual self. The doorbell rang as the doctor was examining Jim and I hurried to answer it. One of our guests had promised to come early to help with the last minute preparations.

When I returned to the bedroom, Jim and the doctor were conversing in very low tones. The conversation stopped and

Jim smiled at me.

"Tell him, Doc," Jim said. "Rob, you are just a fuss budget. It's nothing serious. You shouldn't have bothered the doctor."

As if by pre-arranged cue, the doctor smiled and said, "Well, Rob, I'm glad you called. It could have been serious, but this time it's not. He will be all right by the time your guests get here."

I went back to the bedroom after showing the doctor out.

"Jim, what's wrong? Are you keeping something from me?"

"Nothing's wrong Robby. The Doc says I've been working too hard, that's all. That and the excitement of your book being accepted."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, very sure. Now come here you sexy author. I want a kiss."

We held one another closely and when Jim kissed me, I felt safe again. All my doubts vanished. If Jim said everything was all right, then it was all right.

"I love you Robby. I'll always love you, even when you are rich and famous after you get the Pulitzer Prize."

"Oh, go on," I laughed. "Get ready before I rape you right in front of our guests."

The matter of any illness was dropped and Jim moved among our guests that night as though nothing had happened.

The rest of November passed quickly and in mid-December we had our customary early Christmas together so that we could both spend the holidays with our families. We would be separated from just before Christmas until just after New Year's day. I cut my visit with my family and returned home just before New Year's so that I could get some more of the work done on the minor revisions my publisher wanted.

New Year's day came and went and Jim didn't telephone. While this was unusual, I didn't think much about it. The house was quiet and I spent every minute on the revisions. By the end of the week they were finished and I mailed them off with a sigh of relief. Jim still hadn't called. He should have been back from Chicago by now, but since he rarely went home, I just figured that he was extending his visit. "If he hasn't called by tomorrow, I'll call," I thought.

The house seemed lonely and I had the nagging feeling that something was wrong. After fourteen long beautiful years, I still needed the safety of Jim's love. Would the book sell? Would I have to travel to promote it? If I missed him this much when he was just a few days late, how could I face being away from him during the promotional tours for the book?

I tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep. The wind moaned and cried in the branches of the trees outside the bed-

room window. It snowed heavily all night and when I crawled out of bed at six in the morning the countryside was covered by a thick blanket of snow. I was tired and angry with myself for allowing my self doubts to rob me of my sleep.

About seven as I was finishing breakfast, the phone rang. I leaped from my chair. "It's Jim," I thought. "He's coming home."

I grabbed the phone and sputtered a "hello" only to hear the voice of Jim's younger sister Sandy.

"Hi, Sandy. How was your Christmas?"

There was a long pause. Sandy broke into tears and her voice became inaudible between the gasps and sobs as she tried to speak.

"Sandy, what's wrong? Please try to control yourself." I was becoming upset. At first I thought that her father, who had been ill for sometime had died, but when I heard his rough voice come on the line I knew it had to be something wrong with Jim.

Jim's father spoke. "It's Jim. He's in the hospital and very sick. We thought you would like to know. He won't be going home for a while."

The rest of the conversation was a blur as I tried to control the panic and fear that welled up inside of me. I had to get to Jim immediately. He might need me. His family wouldn't know, couldn't know, how important it was. I don't know how I finished the conversation, but when I hung up I was numb with fear.

After about an hour my mind began to clear and I called the airport and checked the flights to Chicago. I couldn't get one until late in the afternoon. I passed the day in a fog and finally when it was time for the flight I realized that I hadn't even packed a bag. No time for that now. I must not miss the plane. I arrived at the airport with only minutes to spare.

On arrival in Chicago I was surprised to see Sandy standing at the gate. I had not called to tell her I was coming. A wave of fear passed over me. Why was she here?

"We tried to reach you. After a while we figured you were on your way here," she mumbled as she led me to the car.

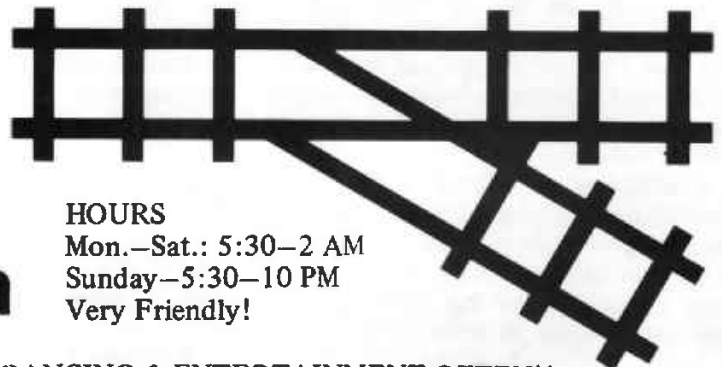
"What happened?" I asked. Sandy was silent. She lifted her head high and threw back her shoulders in a grim effort to control herself as she turned the car onto the freeway.

Her driving was erratic and suddenly she pulled off of the freeway at the next exit. We still had several miles to go before reaching our exit. She was fighting back the tears as she pulled the car into the first parking place she could find. She slumped over the wheel and her body shook with her sobs.

"Tell me, Sandy. For God's sake, tell me."

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"He's dead. Jim's dead. He died two hours ago."

"Oh my God," I thought. "This can't be happening." Sandy continued to explain, saying something about his having been ill for a long time and how he had had to go to the hospital right after Christmas.

"He wouldn't let us call you," she said.

My entire world was tumbling down and I could feel my heart, my soul being shredded apart. Somehow my mind kept a picture of his smiling face and it flashed by every few seconds. That day in October. He knew then. He should have told me. Why didn't he tell me? Why didn't he prepare me for this moment? I remembered his gentle touch. Only Jim could comfort me and make me feel safe and now he was not here to comfort me in my loss.

During the next few days I stayed with Jim's family who tried to make me feel as if I were part of the family. I was introduced to the rest of the relatives and friends who had gathered for the funeral as "Jim's friend." During those days before the funeral I had to pretend that we were, indeed, just friends. I tried to keep away from everyone for fear that I would say something to ruin the loving memory these people had for Jim.

I sent a simple bouquet of daisies. Jim loved daisies. I remembered that in the summer, when the wild daisies grew, he would have them all about the house.

It rained the day of Jim's funeral. In my haste to get to him, I had not brought either a raincoat or an umbrella. The rain fell silently at first, slowly and silently. I felt shivers running up and down my spine as I stood by the open grave. Cold and wet, I felt like an alien. I had loved this man who was now being buried; loved him with all my heart, but I could not show my feelings in front of these people who could not understand.

The heavens opened and the rain began to come down in

torrents. The minister read the service rather hastily and the mourners rushed back to their cars to get out of the icy rain. I remained alone now at the grave. Alone, at last, with the man I loved. Now I could allow myself the right to weep. Now with no one to see I no longer had to hold back the grief and pain. I fell to my knees by the grave allowing myself a few moments of agony. Silently my warm tears joined the icy rain.

I could see Jim laughing, his eyes dancing about as we lay upon the leaves atop our hill. I could feel his warm hands touch me. The warm sense of safety was there in my memory. I would have to hang on to this memory. It would sustain me in the months and years of loneliness that I knew stretched ahead of me. Getting a grip on myself I rose and whispered a silent farewell to the man I loved and turned to go back to the family car that was waiting.

"You loved him, didn't you?" Startled, I looked into Sandy's face.

"Jim told me before he died that you were lovers. He asked me to comfort you because he said no one would know what you would be going through."

"Comfort me?" I cried. "How?"

She put her arms around me. "Rob, he knew for several months that he was dying. He didn't tell you because he loved you and didn't want to add several months of pain for you. He wanted those last months to be happy ones. He couldn't hurt you with the knowledge of his death."

"But he's still dead, isn't he?" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "He's dead, but even death can't come between a love as strong as the one you had for one another."

She extended her hands and I took them. Hand in hand we walked away from the grave. With her help I was able to walk away without looking back.

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HERE&THERE

London, England—Even the gay press has ignored gold medalist John Curry's "coming out" story.

When reporters queried the figure skaters "un-masculine" style, and finally asked, "Don't you keep getting asked if you're gay?"; the British star responded: "I am."

Having broken the biggest taboo in sports he was deluged by members of the international press except for American reporters. He told them that one of the reasons competent skaters fell down so frequently was that coaches forced them to skate in presumably masculine appearing styles that weren't true to their natures. Curry said that he had been physically beaten by his former coach in an effort to force him to skate in a masculine style. He is now being coached in Colorado by the same man who trains Dorothy Hammel, but the American press talked about Ms. Hamel, not at all about Curry.

One

Washington, D. C.—Columnist Jack Anderson, on the David Susskind Show, told of the late J. Edgar Hoover's paranoid and illegal spying on American citizens. He singled out a file the FBI chief had on movie star Rock Hudson. When asked what it contained, Anderson would only say that the report dealt with an illegal sex act.

The Advocate

Rome, Italy—A juvenile court convicted 17 year old Giuseppe Pelosi of murdering movie director Pier Pasolini and sentenced him to 9 years, 7 months and 10 days in prison.

Pelosi, admitted bludgeoning the 53 year old moviemaker with a plank and running over him with a car after allegedly refusing to have homosexual relations with him.

Pasolini, a self-proclaimed homosexual, directed films that ranged from the bawdy to the Biblical.

The Milwaukee Journal

Chicago, IL—A series of three-hour weekend workshops for "helping professionals, gay or straight," who work with gay, lesbian, or bisexual clients is planned by the Chicago Counseling and Psychotherapy Center.

The counseling workshops will be led by gay therapists, male and female, and will focus on at least two kinds of obstacles facing many helping professionals: a lack of information about gay lifestyles, and their own personal attitudes toward homosexuality, bisexuality, and lesbianism.

More information on the counseling workshops can be obtained from 5711 S. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, IL 60637.

Gay Crusader

Washington, D. C.—While Sgt. Matlovich has almost become a household word, few recognize the name S. Sgt. Rudolph (Skip) Keith, Jr.

Keith, of Washington, D. C., received an honorable discharge from the Air Force on Sept. 22, 1975 for sharing the fact that he was gay in a race relations class and for participating in interviews along with Sgt. Matlovich during Gay Pride Week in New York.

Skip, an aircraft mechanic, had almost seven years of distinguished active duty without a blemish on his record. His case is similar to Matlovich's and will be appealed in the near future. At his hearing many of his co-workers testified that he was held in high regard and that the issue of his gayness was irrelevant to his ability to perform his duty.

Keith says, "There are thousands of gays in the various branches of the military and any discrimination against men or women because of sexual preference is a violation of human rights and contrary to current understandings of human sexuality."

Gay World

St. Paul, MI—By order of the state legislature, "Minnesota Man" has been re-named "Minnesota Woman." The name applies to a set of 10,000 year-old human bones found in Otter Tail County in the 1920's. They have long been referred to as the remains of "Minnesota Man" even though it was known that they belonged to a female.

Gay News

Los Angeles, CA—Iris Films is planning to produce a film about lesbian mothers and child custody this summer. They want to hear from lesbian mothers who are or have been involved in child custody cases, and are asking for contributions toward their \$25,000 budget. Contact them at P.O. Box 26463, Los Angeles, CA

Big Mama Rag

Madison, WI—Henry "Scoop" Jackson made his antigay civil rights position clear in response to questions from members of the Madison Committee for Gay Rights.

Opined Jackson: Gay acts are "corrupting you. They are bad, wrong, dead wrong."

The questioner thanked Jackson for his opinion and said that he would not get the gay vote that way.

Replied Jackson in an angry voice, "Sure, I don't want your vote."

The Advocate

Editors note—Jackson finished 4th in the Wisconsin primary receiving 7% of the vote.


New York, NY—The following statement was issued by Dr. Bruce Voeller, on behalf of the National Gay Task Force: "We wish to state categorically that to the best of our knowledge and information neither Pope Paul VI, Richard M. Nixon, Bebe Rebozo, Henry Kissinger, Scoop Jackson nor J. Edgar Hoover are or were at any time practicing homosexuals. It is our fervent hope that our information is correct."

News Release

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HERE&THERE

Madison, WI—"The rule is a good one," Center for Public Representation attorney Michael Pritchard said recently, "even though we didn't get everything we asked for."

Pritchard was referring to INS 6.54 adopted this week by Insurance Commissioner Harold Wilde which prohibits discrimination in insurance solely on the basis of age, past criminal record, past mental disability, physical or developmental disability, physical disability, sexual preference and moral character. "It would have been much stronger if the word 'solely' had been deleted from the language of the rule," said Pritchard. The new rule covers auto insurance and residential property insurance.

News Release

Copenhagen, Denmark—The Danish parliament has amended the country's sex laws to bring the age of homosexual consent into line with the age for heterosexuals.

Gay Danes may now consent at 15. Previously, the age was 18.

Gay News

San Francisco, CA—In Judge Gerald O'Gara's courtroom, the burning issue is a fight that took place between two gays in the Nickelodeon, described by a co-owner as "you know, a transvestite-transsexual hangout." Pressed by the bemused judge to elaborate, he went on. "Well, we were trying to run a real All-American gay bar but it just didn't work out that way."

San Francisco Chronicle

Urbana, IL—Gay students at the University of Illinois (Champaign-Urbana) now have the services of a gay switchboard operated every night by the campus Gay Illini group. The all-volunteer project is partially funded by the UI student government. (Phone: (271) 384-8040)

The Advocate

Seattle, WA—A recent ruling by a U. S. Court of Appeals has upheld the firing of an openly gay man by the Civil Service Commission. This case is important because of the distinction made between being gay and "flaunting one's homosexuality." According to a Civil Service guideline last July, an individual cannot be refused employment or fired merely because he or she is gay. However, criminal, dishonest, infamous or notoriously disgraceful conduct are listed as grounds for dismissal.

It is under this section that a Seattle gay activist was discharged from his position as a clerk-typist for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

The Civil Service claimed that the man had been flaunting his homosexuality through his dress and manners, and through public statements and actions such as an attempt to get a marriage licence for himself and his lover.

The court however, specifically mentioned that prior federal court decisions guaranteeing the rights of "private, discreet homosexuals" to federal jobs were not changed by this pronouncement.

Chicago Gay Life

Colorado Springs, CO—Either the Internal Revenue Service is not paying close attention to the tax returns or a major policy change is in the offering as the IRS thus far has accepted the joint returns from two gay couples.

The two couples—David McCord and David Zamora of Colorado Springs, and Tony Sullivan and Rich Adams of Los Angeles—both were married last year during the brief time that a Boulder, CO county clerk was issuing marriage licenses to same sex couples. In what may be a pair of historic firsts, the IRS promptly sent refund checks to the two couples who both filed joint returns.

The Advocate

Viva—The women's magazine says it will no longer feature photos of nude men in its pages. "It just doesn't mean anything to women," said editor Kathy Keeton. "Women get turned on by personality, not physique." However, at *Playgirl*, editor Marin Scott Milan said her magazine will add more pages to its male nudes. Said the editor, "Women want to see more male nudes. They love it."

Gay Scene

Washington, D. C.—Secretary of the Air Force Thomas Reed has rejected Leonard Matlovich's bid for reinstatement. He said Matlovich's outstanding military record is not reason enough to reinstate the acknowledged homosexual. Reed also stated that the Air Force will continue to discharge homosexuals.

The Milwaukee Journal

New York, NY—Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman is finally taking the gay plunge. Viewers are about to learn that Ed and Howard are more than roommates. Word is that the gay couple will receive the same cavalier treatment as Fernwood's other residents.

Meanwhile, at least two fall series will have on-going gay characters: *The Nancy Walker Show* and *Snip* (about a male hairdresser).

The Advocate

Boston, MA—Fulfilling a campaign promise to the gay community, Boston's Mayor Keven H. White has issued an Executive Order adding the word "sexual preference" to the city's policies regarding Affirmative Action. It is a supplement to the City's existing policy assuring that salaries and benefits are the same for all employees doing essentially similar work and that sex, race, religion, age, national origin, and now sexual preference are not factors in placing employees.

Gay Community News

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REVIEW *(from page 6)*

and Father 1922." Henrietta is a night blooming flower, a rare and deadly nightshade. A middle-aged piano teacher, Henrietta lives alone with a strange secret in her basement. She blythly goes about her daily life, entertaining her pastor and giving piano lessons without revealing her secret.

Various characters in or about gay life are studied in the other stories. They range from the girl who almost cuts down the ribbon she has used as a decoration in her apartment when her gay decorator friend smiles at it to a man who is dying from "a rare South Seas Infection" which could really be a fantasy caused by unrequited love. When an older man finds it almost impossible to approach a younger man whom he adores, the younger one senses the situation and firmly does the cruising necessary to get them together.

Jackson's stories are mostly of the short-short variety. He handles this most difficult medium with the skill of a poet, particularly in the descriptive passages. That he almost exclusively writes about the elegant and sensitive gay male does not detract though I for one think his garden would be even more beautiful if he could mingle some common wildflowers among his exotic blooms.

All in all, Jackson's stories make very good reading and are most appreciated by those of us who realize the need for good fiction about the gay lifestyle.



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HERE&THERE

Bloomington, IN—Because of declining attendance at dances and associated financial problems, the community center formerly operated by New Horizons, the local gay community service organization, has been closed.

New Horizons, now meets above the Kirkwood Bar at 212 W Kirkwood Ave.

Gay Crusader

Hollywood, CA—Paul Newman says he is not concerned about playing a homosexual in *The Front Runner*. Neither is *The Waltons* Richard Thomas. "My series image and happy marriage are proof enough of my masculinity," said Thomas who will play Newman's lover.

San Francisco Chronicle

The April issue of *Mademoiselle* featured a special article entitled, "Lesbianism: a new kind of sexism?" According to the article professional opinion concerning lesbianism or homosexuality is mixed, with some denouncing it and others calling it a perfectly legitimate preference. Most professionals, however, feel that it's too soon to say either way, it may be that for some, homosexuality is okay, but not so okay for others. The article also touched on lesbianism on college campuses, hinting that many college women feel pressured by the open discussion of lesbianism. Counselors report that they are repeatedly asked whether or not it would be considered a good idea to give sleeping with your roommate a try.

Mademoiselle

San Jose, Ca.—A year ago Danny Zezzo, a 5 foot 2 former jockey heard of a request for a male pastry popper for a bachelorette party and decided to fulfill it in person.

Now he's given up jumping horses altogether in favor of jumping out of cakes. As manager of "Dancers a la Carte" he pops out of pastries and packages at birthday or bridal shower parties several times a week. Sometimes, Dave Williams, one of his male employes helps him out.

Williams, a 6 foot student at San Jose State University, is delighted to be in the cake jumping business.

Each pop—performed with a strategically placed ribbon, or bikini shorts, or nothing on—costs \$50.00.

Using his experiences in analyzing men's and women's sexual attitudes for his masters degree, Williams finds: "Women are much more liberal than men. You see many a lady who gladly orders a female popper for her husband's party, but most men wouldn't think of returning the favor."

The Milwaukee Journal

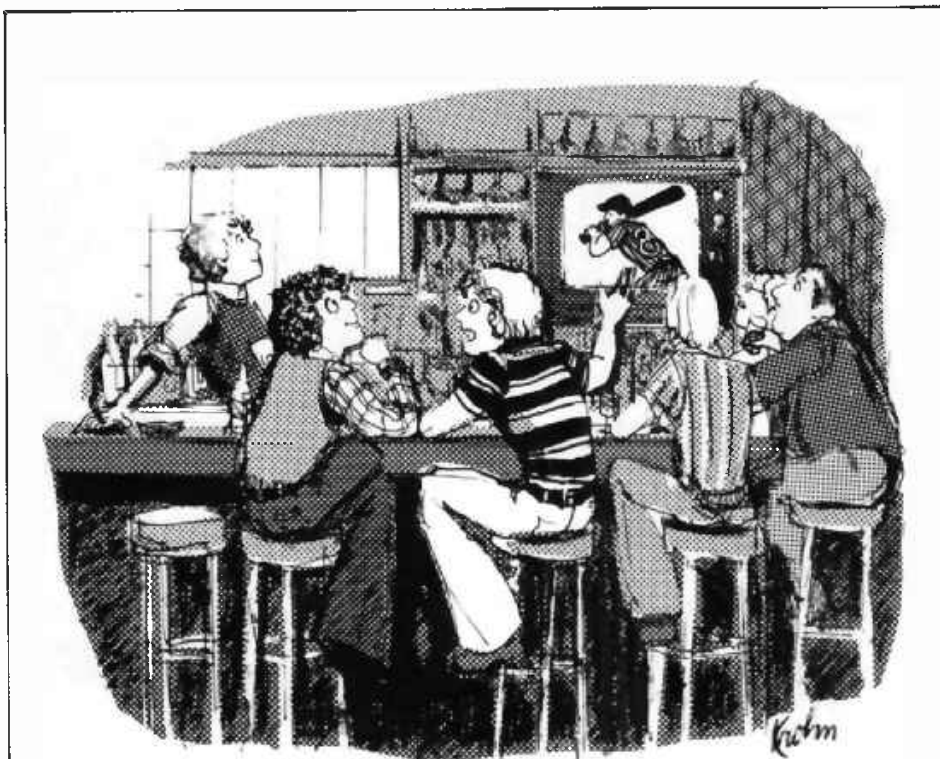
Topeka, KA—Two homosexuals can live together and take part in sex acts, but can't call their arrangement a marriage under two bills passed recently by the Kansas senate.

Gay Scene

Indianapolis, IN—Indiana, in a comprehensive reform of its penal code eliminated all penalties against gay sex acts, making consensual sex between adults in private legal when the bill goes into effect June 1, 1977.

The reform measure, which was signed by Gov. Otis R. Bowen, drew little media attention until the U.S. Supreme Court decision on sodomy laws was made. Assembly member Leslie Duvall, commenting on the high court decision, promised to introduce legislation prohibiting gay sex in the legislature's first 1977 session.

The Advocate



"It's the last of the ninth, two outs, the bases are loaded and all you can say is, 'He's cute?!'"

Hegel, Marx & Gay Liberation

Heterosexual by Nancy Davis and Jeff Graubart. New York: Vantage Press, 1976, pp. 143. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Lee C. Rice, Ph. D.

The problem of sexism (the subordination of women, gays, and sexual minorities) has had an interesting and spotty history in the development of socialist political philosophy. Hegel and the German idealists of the nineteenth century produced vast systems of political and social analysis, but systems in which the position of women and of sexual minorities remained both ambivalent and ambiguous. Marx, who adopted the dialectical expository method of the Hegelians while eliminating the poetic excesses to which their idealism led them, had much to say about the development of sexual roles in the family as a function of economic determinants. I suspect that much of Marx's teaching in this respect remains to be rediscovered since earlier interpretations have tended to mistake much of his criticism of the development of the family structure within capitalist society as a critique of family structure independent of that society. However that may be, the great socialist thinkers following Marx (in time if not in doctrine) recognized the need for sexual liberation and wrote much concerning, for instance, the liberation of women. Yet today, in the West, the problem has become at best a subsidiary, if not an invisible element, in socialist thought. Perhaps part of the explanation for the decline of socialist debate may lie in the weakness of the traditional discussions of the subject. While the great studies of the last century all stressed the importance of sexual liberation, they offered no theoretical solutions; and the limitations of their approach were never transcended by subsequent theorists.

The problem today is a twofold

one. First, the dialectical method (including, but not limited to, Marx's dialectical materialism) has not survived the radical empiricist criticism which opened twentieth-century philosophy. It remains an interesting museum piece in the archives of philosophical thought; but, in the arena of social analysis and political science, the more productive methods of sociology now dominate. Secondly, however, the philosophical or theoretical underpinnings of the new method have not yet been fully resolved; and, as in earlier socialist thought, the place of sexual liberation is neither secure nor without its own problems of scientific interpretation. Sorely needed is a new social synthesis which both takes into account the problem of philosophical underpinnings and does justice to the mature empirical methods of the social sciences. Altman's *Homosexual Oppression and Liberation* makes some moves in the right direction, but ultimately loses the payoff for want of a more detailed theoretical underpinning.

Davis' and Graubart's book represents an attempt, and a monumentally unsuccessful one at that, to pin down the concept of sexual liberation within a neo-Hegelian framework. The nonphilosopher will find the going rough, whereas the philosopher will probably not want to make the effort. The principal thesis of the book is offered in its introductory chapter. Homosexuality grows out of the contradictions of heterosexuality (the love of opposition), is qualitatively superior to it, must ultimately destroy both heterosexuality and its consequent sexism (the maintenance of opposition) in order to become pansexuality (the love of similarities) and communism (the striving toward new similarities). Since the dialectical method analyzes antagonism between opposites, and heterosexuality is a love of opposition, heterosexuality is in direct opposition to

the dialectic itself. The evils of heterosexuality unfold in all of their primeval splendor as the dialectic marches on. Not only does heterosexuality account for the oppression of women and gays, but it is also responsible for mind-body dualism, and even (if I read correctly a suggestion in the third chapter) wet dreams. Homosexuality as a social force is destined to lead the proletariat out of its closet. "Homosexuals, whether male or female, seek heterosexual partners. This is not due to any contempt for homosexuality among homosexuals. Rather, it is due to the historic role of the homosexual in converting the world." (page 86). The authors carry on a simultaneous polemic against Marxism (which fails to do justice to the originality of mind), Stalinism (which fosters a macho cult of the working-class), Maoism (which is just a dialectical mistake), and liberalism (which fails to be revolutionary in its commitments to sexual liberation). Occasional pastiches of neo-Hegelian triads (two opposing campy Venn diagrams with a synthesis below) serve to provide visual enlightenment to the unfolding of the cosmic scheme—retrodictively and predictively. The night in which all cows are black has become the social history in which all lifestyles are opposed.

From a philosophical perspective, the approach is hardly an acceptable method. Not even the most Hegelian of contemporary Hegelians would attempt to adopt dialectical method and terminology in a wholesale fashion, in the absence of argument or explanation. The whole assault on heterosexual lifestyle centers about a mistake common enough in this tradition—construing the social contingencies of an institution (marriage, child-rearing, etc.) with eternal truths of nature. The picture offered by the authors of the sexism, oppression, and injustice of heterosexual society is accurate enough in its general thrust, though a not-too-

different picture of the excesses and contradictions within the gay subculture could be drawn with no less effort. To elevate the errors of our forefathers, and the enviroing contingencies at the root of those errors, to the status of eternal norms is not new among philosophical thinkers (alas, we remain a primitive tribe); but it is surely less excusable than in centuries past.

From the viewpoint of social practice, the results of this particular application of dialectical method are somewhat frightening. The fundamental relation between gay and non-gay, man and woman, is here seen as that of opposition and conflict. Perhaps there is in human nature some bio-genetic principle of innate aggression, though I hope not. If such there be, however, a more enlightened approach would be that of attempting to breed it out, rather than to enshrine it as a philosophical and social norm for human interaction. We are, after all, both the creators and the creatures of our

social environment.

Perhaps I am being too hard on the authors' attempt. Both the black and the women's liberation movements have begun to enter a stage of social reflection wherein attention is being devoted to the construction of a more adequate social and political theory—one which takes the first steps toward a more liberated view of humanity. Such an approach is badly needed within the context of gay-liberationist thinking, for knowing where we are and how we got there is surely a necessary programmatic to getting somewhere else. That Davis and Graubart see the need for an integral and critical social theory is to be applauded; but such a theory, if ever it is to be acceptable both scientifically and programmatically, will require more than archival research into Hegel and Marx. It is both necessary and desirable to engage in the radical questioning of our contemporary social dogmas (including sexism). What is needed in their place, how-

ever, is not new dogmas, but a scientific and humanitarian understanding of both the potentialities and possible limitations of human change and development. The prospects of a gay liberation movement moored to the claim that heterosexuality is inferior or evil are frightening in their implications. Anti-gay stereotypes have had their own debilitating effects upon the non-gay world, and it is reasonable to believe that counter-stereotypes of non-gay lifestyles by gay persons will take no less a toll in human suffering and weakness. The prospects for growth and maturity of gay lifestyles are not augmented by making a frontal assault on other lifestyles whose potentialities for growth and adaptation are surely at least their equal.

(Editor's note: Professor Rice is the co-editor of a volume of studies in Hegel's philosophy, the co-editor of a volume of political and moral studies, and the author of a number of articles in the history of science and philosophy.)

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REVIEW

Mouth of the Dragon: 8, March 1976
(Published quarterly: Andrew Bifrost
Editor, Box 107, Cooper Station,
New York, N.Y. 10003, \$10 year)

Mouth of the Dragon has again brought together a wide range of poetry from a scattered number of gay poets: Will Aitken of Canada; Jack Anderson of New York; Robert Summers of Arkansas; Duff B. Kreitzberg of Maine.

Thematically, stylistically and qualitatively, the poems reflect this range. There are humorous poems, ditties, such as Lawrence Jones' "My Old Man.":

my old man's
an awful baddy
makes me feel
real laid-back catty
knows my heart
belongs to daddy

Jimmy Centola's "Its Getting Tighter" expresses in controlled refrains gay impatience and anger:

Tired of acting like a clown
Listen can't you hear the sound
Time to put the straight man down
So I can be me

Erotic poems of quiet joy, and quiet cruising and even one of violation are to be found. James Penzi's mysterious, spiritually haunting, "Love Poem," invites reflection:

with the bones of these white flowers
i shall reconstruct your voice
your voice will be darkness
as it filters through stars
in the silence
no one can name you

There is more than variety in this volume and many, in fact most, will please though the quality is uneven. Ian Young's contributions remain the standard in their reserve, their skill, their assured art.

It is a thoroughly enjoyable collection. Mouth of the Dragon editor Andrew Bifrost has gathered well.

Reviewed by Bruce Mikel

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- May 9—Mother's Day—Protestant Worship Service—Farwell Center—2 PM Milwaukee
- May 10—GPU Meeting—Farwell Center—8 PM.
- May 14—Indiana State Rep. John Day speaks at Gay Peoples Union of Central Indiana meeting—7 PM—Hunt Room, Stouffer's Inn, 2820 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.
- May 14—15—16—Silverstar M.C.—3rd Anniversary—Wreck Room Bar—Milwaukee.
- May 16—Protestant Worship Service—Farwell Center—2 PM
- May 17—GPU Meeting—Farwell Center—8 PM
- May 20—Social Meeting—Pride of Lambda—8 PM—People's Church, 600—3rd Ave. S.E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
- May 22—"Where Were You When the Ship Sank" party—for information write to Fox Valley Gay Alliance, Box 186, Streamwood, Il. 60103.
- May 23—Protestant Worship Service—Farwell Center—2 PM
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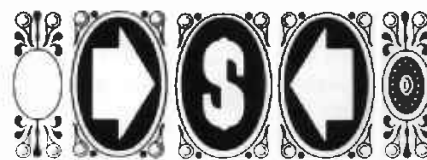
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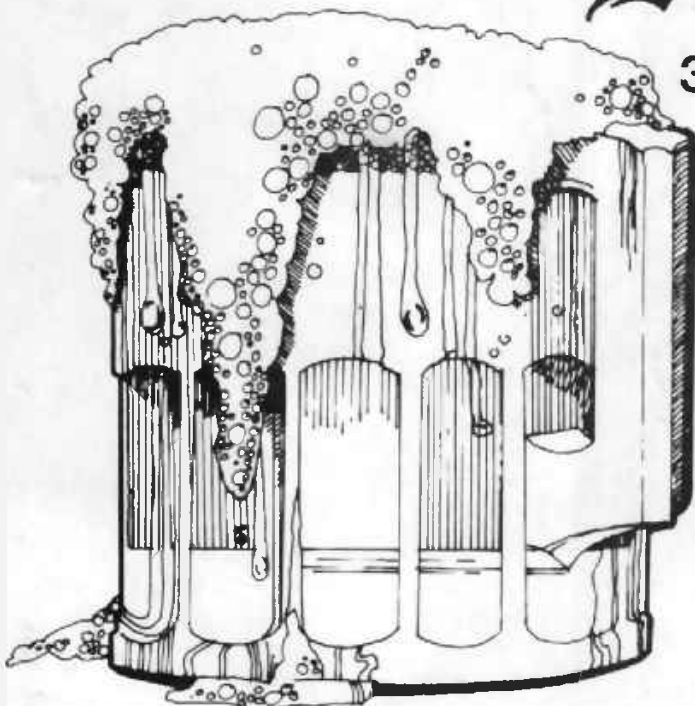
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