

GPU NEWS

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50¢



DR. MARK FREEDMAN DIES

San Francisco, CA—Dr. Mark Freedman, well known gay psychologist, died July 21 due to complications arising out of a severe case of hepatitis. Dr. Freedman was respected world wide as an author, researcher, clinical practitioner, lecturer, and teacher.

He received considerable attention when, as the first openly gay psychologist, his **Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning** appeared. He also co-authored (with Harvey Myers) **Loving Men**.

Colleagues in New York hope to see two additional unfinished works published and plan to set up a foundation to do this and other work. Proceeds from the sale of his works will go to the **Freedman Foundation** who in turn will help aid researchers continue Dr. Freedman's work and help libraries improve their collection of books on homosexuality.

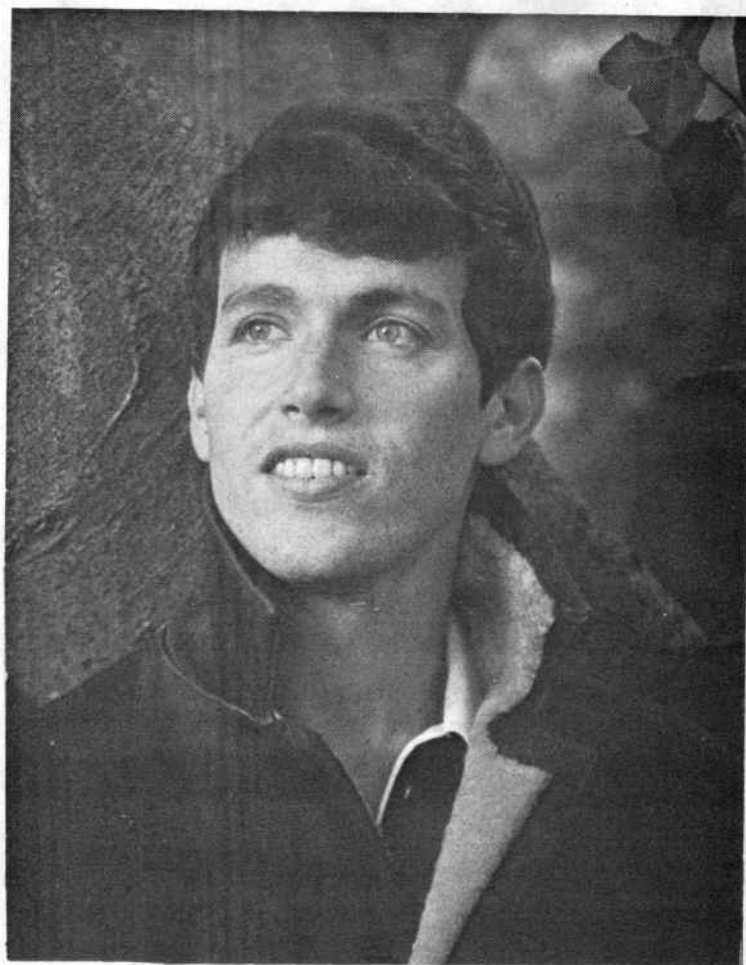
Openly gay, Freedman tried to establish a gay research center, but funding from government and other sources never materialized.

In addition to teaching at San Francisco State University, Dr. Freedman spent two years teaching in Japan, Okinawa, Thailand, and Australia.

While he was the first open gay to write an article for **Psychology Today** in March 1975, his contention that gay people may in fact be healthier mentally than nongays created a furor in both gay and nongay circles.

Dr. Freedman believed that people showing hostilities toward gays were socially sick. His recent article in **Blue Boy Magazine** reflected: "Homophobia (Fear of homosexuals) is a real problem which interferes with effective functioning. Therapists would do well to focus on the issue rather than the pseudo-problem of 'latent homosexuality' or similar matters."

The 33 year old Freedman was one of the founders of the **Association of Gay Psychologists**, and also a member of the **Gay Academic**



DR. MARK FREEDMAN

Union.

A native New Yorker, he received his Bachelor's from Brown University

and was awarded his Master's and doctorate from Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

DYKES MARCH IN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, PA—On July 4, **Dykes for an Amerikan Revolution (DAR)** staged a three part demonstration to protest against the church and state for their role in the oppression of lesbians and all women. The protest incorporated guerilla theater, slow-motion walking, witch rituals and the reading of the **Lesbian Feminist Declaration of 1976**, a document written by the DAR.

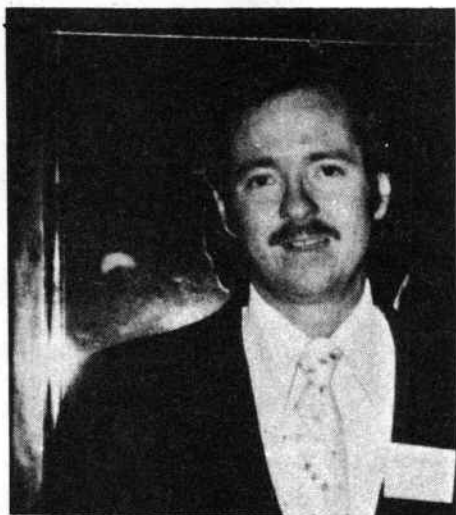
Supporters of the **July 4th Coalition**, the women concentrated their efforts against the churches. First they gathered at the home of John Cardinal Krol, Archbishop of Phila-

delphia. Moving to the suburbs, they appeared at the First Presbyterian Church in Ardmore, and ended up at St. George's Episcopal Church in Haverford.

In each case they read their declaration which reads in part: "We are calling for the destruction of patriarchy, the rule of men over women. The interdependent institutions of church and state, promote the degradation of women through government controlled by the Man"

Police kept close tabs on the women but no one was arrested.

MATLOVICH LOSES-WILL APPEAL



Washington, D. C.—Former Air Force Tech. Sgt. Leonard Matlovich lost another legal battle to remain in the U. S. Air Force on July 16. Many feel this may be the final rul-

ing in the case.

Federal District Judge Gerhard A. Gesell upheld the Air Force's right to discharge homosexuals, stating that the military has the right "to establish standards of behavior."

However, Judge Gesell was not happy with this decision and relied on opinions of previous rulings from high courts. "This is a distressing case, a bad case," he said. "The homosexual problem should be re-examined by the military," the judge said. "It's impossible to escape the feeling that the time may have arrived."

The judge had high praise for Matlovich who was aware at the time that regulations exist which bar homosexuals from the right to serve their country in the military. However, Matlovich still requested that

he be retained, under the provisions of a little-known "exception provision." Matlovich felt that he qualified as an exception on the basis of his outstanding service record—having twelve years of "absolutely superior" Airman Performance Reports, and being the recipient of a Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and Commendation Medal from three tours of Viet Nam.

Judge Gesell stated that Matlovich had provided a "most commendable, highly useful service with the Air Force." But added, "The court reached its decision as a judge must do, on the law. It is now clear from recent (Supreme Court) cases that there is no constitutional right to engage in homosexual actions."

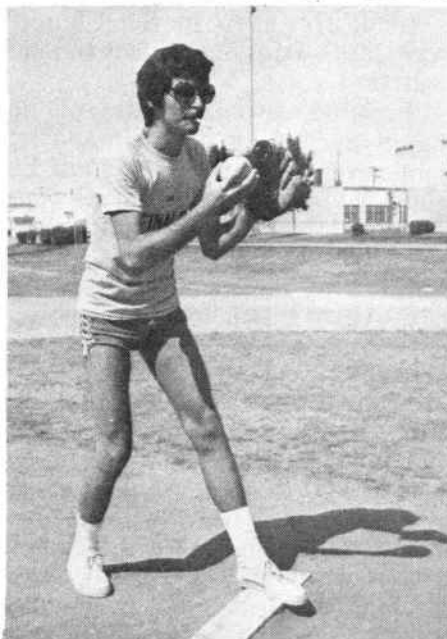
Matlovich now has 60 days to decide whether to appeal.

WOMEN BEAT MEN AT SOFTBALL

Milwaukee, WI—"Play Ball" was the cry at Merrill Park on Saturday afternoon, July 24, as the guys from **The Finale** teamed up against the girls from **The Beer Garden** in a softball game. The lead switched back and forth in a very close game, but the girls "out played" the guys with a final score of 17 to 10. Time was called on one occasion when a player on **The Finale** team appeared to have collapsed from heat exhaustion. The "medical team" was prepared, however, and rushed onto the field in their surgical gowns and caps, with a first-aid kit complete with oxygen mask (oxygen supplied by a bicycle tire pump.)

An enthusiastic crowd of about 60 spectators cheered the players on, with an occasional "boo" for the home plate umpire when they didn't agree with a call, and a loud applause when they did. The umpire and the players on both teams did a great job though, as did the coaches, and both teams celebrated with a keg of beer and a buffet at **The Beer Garden** following the game.

The guys have challenged the girls



Pitcher Curt Eckel (left) and batter Dick Krebowski (right) of **The Finale** softball team. (The women of the **Beer-Garden** team requested no photos because many of them play on regular league teams.)

to a re-match, and they have agreed, on a date to be set for the near future. It might even wind up being a series of three as the guys have taken an oath that they are going to win the next one.

Plans are well under way for the formation of a Bowling League and a Pool League. Anyone interested in joining either League (or both), please contact Ken at **The Finale** or Sally at **The Beer Garden**.

FRENCH DEFEND SPANISH GAYS

Now that Spain has a more liberal government, **Arcadie** (the French Gay Liberation Organization) has taken the initiative in writing to the Spanish Ministry of Justice to urge abolition of the scandalous 1970 "*Ley de Peligrosidad Social*" (Law on Social Perils)—a law which uniformly condemns gays to so-called "social rehabilitation" (i.e., prison).

Below the text of **Arcadie's** letter (written in Spanish, published in the monthly review **Arcadie** in French):

"Dear Minister:

Having read the program of the new Spanish Government, according to which "a special attention will be directed to the rights of citizens, especially to rights of association," and also the proclamation of His Majesty King Juan-Carlos I that Spain, since it is a part of Europe, would act accordingly henceforth, we draw your attention to the fact that these declarations have excited great hope among all Spaniards who suffer from the discriminatory measures of the "*Ley de Peligrosidad*

Social" enacted 4 August 1970.

According to this law, homosexuals in Spain are considered "a danger to society"; while all the conclusions of contemporary scientific research (in Europe and elsewhere, notably in the U. S.) show clearly that gays are neither more delinquent, more dangerous, nor more mentally disturbed than their heterosexual brothers and sisters.

Even in Spain this truth was recognized by several Court Procurators when the law of 1970 was under discussion, and more recently psychiatric and psychological associations within the U.S. have also voted to strike homosexuality from their own lists of diseases or pathologies. These groups have also recognized that gays are healthy persons, no less from psychological than from physical standpoints.

The Catholic Church insists on continuing to consider homosexuality a sin, though this in no way indicates that the law should be concerned; for, even in the Church's view, not all sins are subject to penal sanction.

For this reason, with the sole unhappy exceptions of Spain and Ireland, every country of western Europe has suppressed from its penal code all laws condemning homosexual activity.

In all of these countries—Germany, Austria, Belgium, Luxemburg,

Denmark, Finland, France, Great Britain, Italy, Norway, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Switzerland—adult homosexuals (the age of majority varies from 16 to 18 years) are totally free in their behavior and have attained equality with all other citizens, with the sole and understandable condition that they avoid public outrage or violence. They are free, in short, to meet one another, to express themselves openly in public, to form associations under the protection of law, to publish reviews or newspapers; and, again by law, no one is permitted to take against them any discriminatory measure because of their gayness.

In all of these countries, the right to be gay is identified with the right of belonging to a minority—racial, religious, or sexual.

We have confidence that the Spanish Monarch, which in times past was one of the most liberal in Europe (notice that the Spanish Penal Code of 1822 practised no discrimination against homosexuals), will now come to the same liberal and reasonable conclusions as have all other European monarchies: Belgium, Denmark, Great Britain, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden.

In the name of hundreds of thousands of Spanish homosexuals now suffering in silence, we implore you to make no delay in suppressing the anti-gay dispositions of the "*Ley de Peligrosidad Social*" of 1970; and, at the same time, we express our own confidence in the European conscience of the Spanish Monarchy.

Arcadie"

Editor's note:—The age of consent in Denmark is 15.

Our cover design is a sculpture by Antoine Denis Chaudet (1763-1810) entitled *L'Amour*. The winged boy is in the Louvre Museum, Paris.

Chaudet studied in Rome.

GPU PHONE

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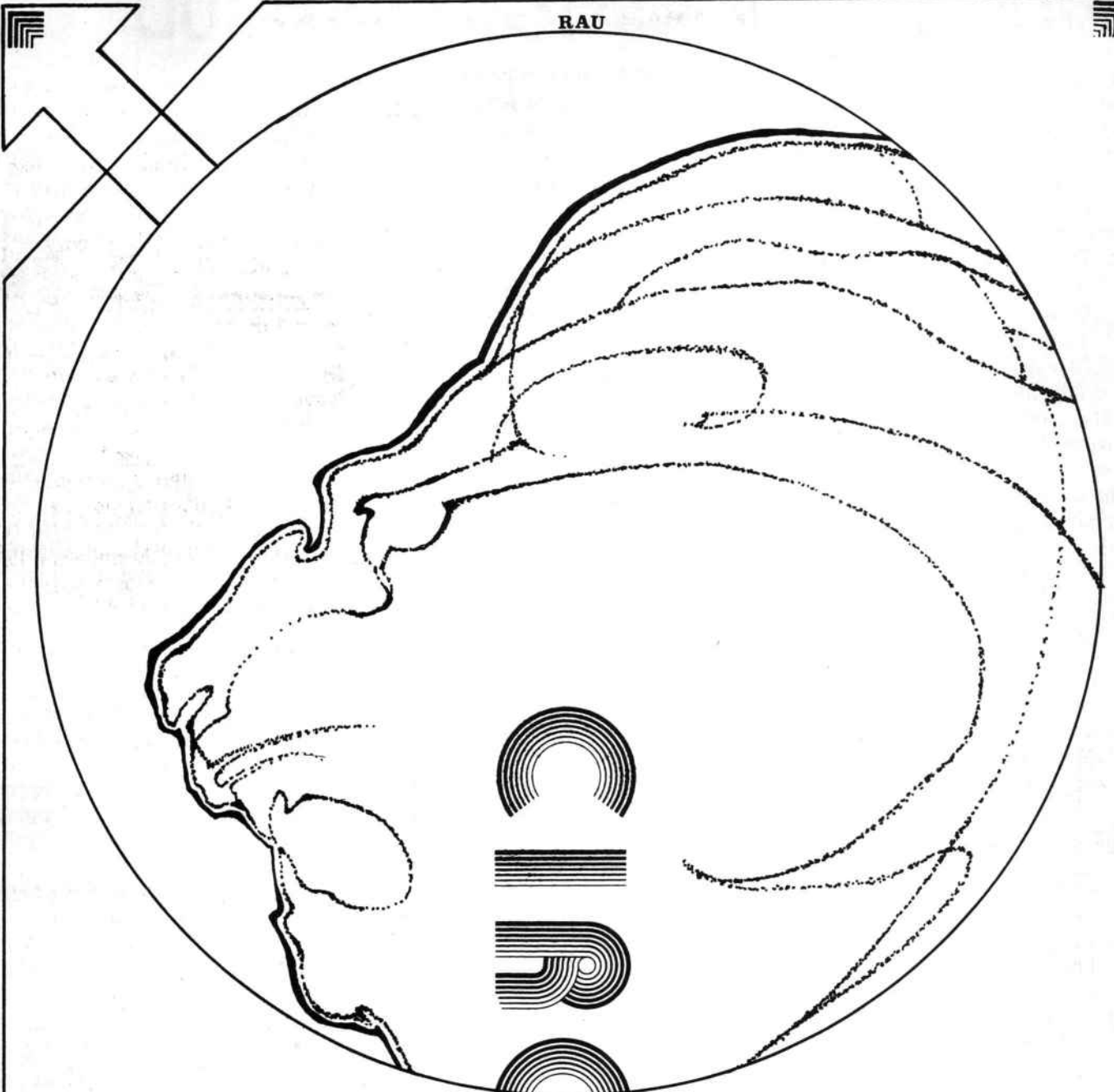
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PRIDE OF LAMBDA: GAY & PROUD

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, population 110,000. Breakfast cereal box reader enthusiasts will recognize the name as the home of Quaker Oats. Others, after registering surprise at the number of inhabitants, will fantasize some other picture relating to corn. Throw in a reference to a railroad track, and one might envision a grain elevator.

While a railroad track does in fact run right smack through the middle of the city, it is not a grain elevator perched along side that draws our attention, but a bar—a gay bar no less.

The **Sidetrack Lounge** is for all practical purposes the only gay bar in this very cosmopolitan city. It is also the second home of their gay organization: **Pride of Lambda**.

The editors of **GPU NEWS** traveled to Cedar Rapids to help a long time advertiser celebrate his first anniversary and observe a planned Bicentennial gay show. We were not overly enthusiastic.

After our initial surprise at the size of the city, we were astonished at the warmth, the openness, and sophistication of our Iowa brothers and sisters.

To enter a gay bar anywhere (let alone a strange city) and encounter two uniformed police officers playing pool is unnerving. Demeanor and decor told us we had not wandered into the wrong bar, and yet. . . We were soon to learn that there was not only no difficulty with the police, but that visitors could seek directions to the gay bar from any officer and/or the police station itself.

A non-homophobic police department, a state wide consenting adult law, (their new state code neither prevents or allows such acts) Republican, and in the heart of the "bible belt." Hardly the atmosphere for a lively active gay organization. After all, even in Iowa, there is no discrimination of anyone in the closet. Discrimination enters the picture

only when someone comes out or is found out. But that fear of being found out creates the very need for a viable activist group. Cedar Rapids, Iowa has one of the finest.

Remember, gay life in a medium-sized city is not nearly as open or diverse as that in a major city. Of necessity the gay bar will often cater to both male and female homosexuals. This is far less common where there is a large gay population. This is one of the few situations in which the paths of gay men and women are likely to cross outside the gay movement, and it is here that they are most likely to understand and sympathize with one another. An enormous number of options are open to the young homosexual who grows up in the big city or who comes to it in search of the gay world that does not exist for the gay in a mid-sized city. However, large cities do not have a lock on discrimination.

A year ago Iowa City gays posted a small notice at a local gay bar in Cedar Rapids soliciting interest in forming a gay activist group. This spawned **Pride of Lambda**.

While larger organizations in the "big" cities seem to struggle with each other over sexism, purpose, and goals, **Pride of Lambda** is busy with the business of gay pride. They are educating their local, state, and national representatives. Local business and industry are being made aware of individual abilities and talents of gay people.

These are no hucksters. In the short span of twelve months they have formed a "crisis line", publish a respectable newsletter, and have raised the consciousness of their community. POL still tends toward social activities but this fulfills a need in their area. While the size of their city may be a factor, the fact remains that they have molded the energies of men, women, and business into an organization that would make many larger organizations envious.

Although membership has decreased since the initiation of dues, (\$12 per year) they still maintain an active membership in excess of 100.

They are, of course, suffering growing pains. As many gay groups do throughout the country, they now meet in a church (People's Unitarian Church, 600 3rd Ave. S.E.) and aspire to have their own community center. POL is developing a library and plans to support one of their members in his goal toward a Nobel Prize. Boasting a treasury in excess of \$1500 they continue to hold large and varied programs to raise additional funds.

Having the total cooperation of the owner of **The Sidetrack Lounge**, Leo Bopp, Jr., many fund raising events are held at the bar.

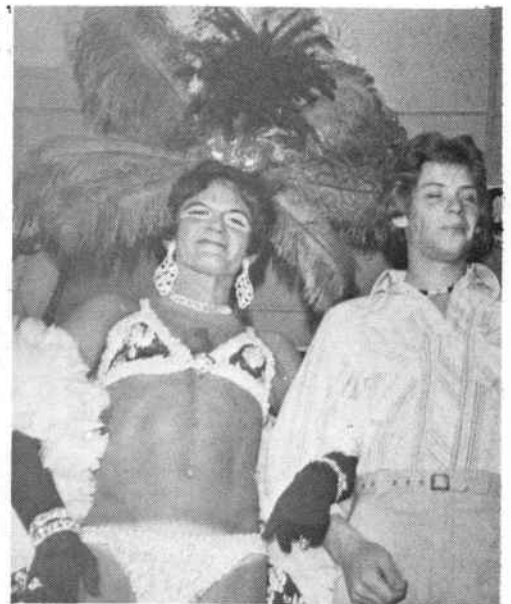
Having seen many a "drag" show (and finding them just that) this vivacious group of gays continued to astound me. **Red, White and Gay** was crisp, bright, funny, and totally entertaining.

POL's salute to the Bicentennial was a perfect mixture of comedy seriousness, and demonstration of gay pride.

This spectacular show was followed the next night by a Bicentennial Salute and The Mr. and Ms. Gay Cedar Rapids Contest.

As we go to press elections are being held, but officers who led this organization through its growing pains of the first year are: Co-Moderators Sharon Burrows and Carl H. Garrel, Treasurer Joyce Kurt, and Secretary James Moldenhauer.

It is the feeling of **GPU NEWS** that the fight for gay liberation will be won in the small and mid-sized cities of America. While large gay organizations can set the tone, we can learn much from such groups as **Pride of Lambda**. Togetherness and unity could well be their motto. Believe me—we were impressed. If there is one thing that stands above the tasseled corn it was the gay pride exhibited by **Pride of Lambda**.



GPU NEWS photos taken at Pride of Lambda's show: Red, White and Gay!

Happy Birthday Pride of Lambda!





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FEEDBACK

Dear Editor,

It has been estimated that it costs the state over \$5000 a year to keep a man in jail. (Something like 90% of this goes for guards pay, repairs, etc.)

This breaks down to \$100 per week per prisoner. Take now the poor person arrested on a minor charge; the actual cost to him to post bail might be anywhere from \$25 to \$100. (A professional bondsman charges 10¢ on a dollar.)

For the sake of illustration, say it costs the man \$25 to \$100 to make bail. This may sound like a reasonable amount of bail for a man charged with petty larceny, drunk driving, reveling, etc. We are speaking of minor offenses now, but what if the person is poor, just about making ends meet or even is on welfare.

Let me give you one example—a man spent three months in jail because he couldn't raise the huge sum of \$25. Finally, another inmate put up the necessary money to get him bailed out.

After being out four months, the man went to court and received a thirty-day suspended sentence. Without the generosity of the other inmate, this man would have spent seven months in jail waiting to receive a thirty-day suspended sentence.

The three months this man stayed in jail cost the state about \$1200. If he had spent the whole seven months in the jail waiting to receive the thirty-day suspended sentence, it could have cost the state something like \$2800. To say this is fiscal irresponsibility is putting it mildly.

Something can and should be done for men being held in jail for the lack of a few dollars. This can be done without interfering with either the power or the discretion of the courts.

Adam Starchild

(Mr. Starchild is a gay business consultant and a volunteer jail and prison counselor for the Church of the New Revelation, Kearney, N. J.)

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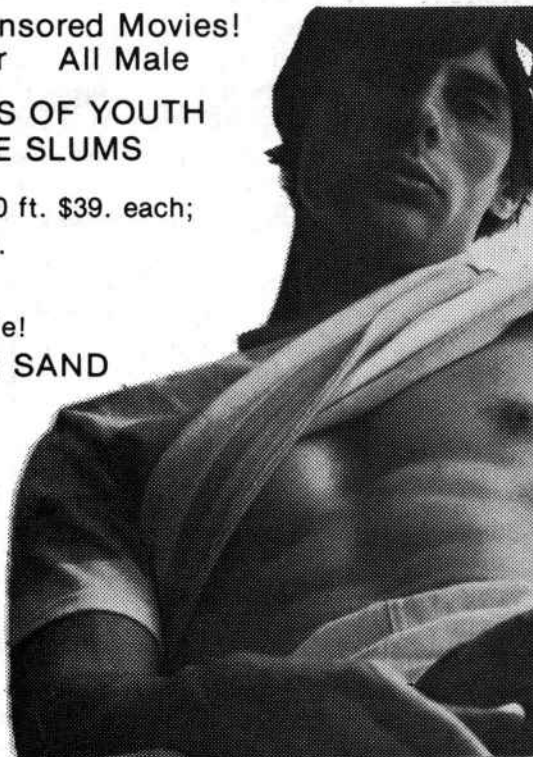
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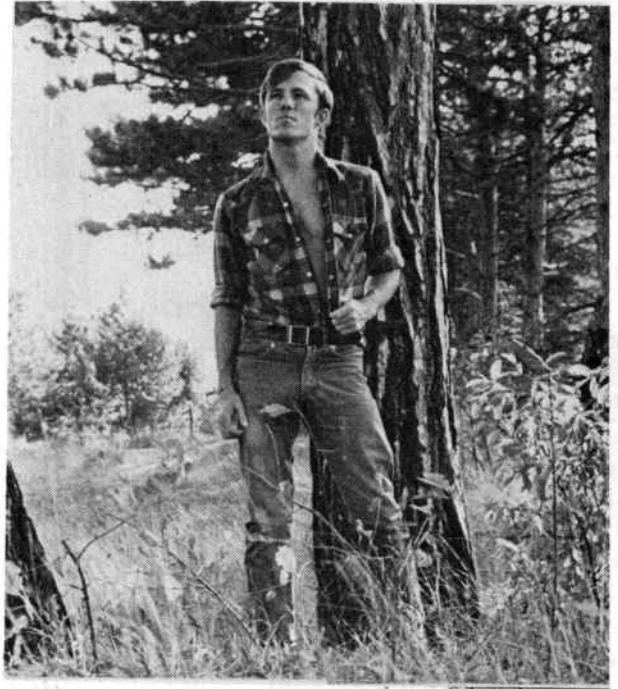
BY MICHAEL J. MITCHELL

The ritual of inflicting and receiving pain is perhaps one of the oldest rituals in recorded history. It has known a sanctity and pageantry equal to that which surrounds birth, death, marriage and sex. It has risen to the height of a religion and descended to the depths of a social mania. It is universal in its scope and application as it knows no limitations except those imposed on it by the parties involved. It contains the potential to enlighten, challenge and profoundly alter the lives of both the dispenser and the recipient. No other expression of passion and intellect can match it in its capacity to reveal both the saint and the sinner in each individual.

Without an understanding of the above statement and its implications, there is less chance of understanding the philosophy which it heralds. Without a comprehension of the philosophy, there is no true understanding of its routines. Perhaps nowhere would it be more mistaken to judge or evaluate a practice solely on the basis of what can be observed. There is probably no practice which is more feared and less known, particularly as regards its erotic implications, than that form of expression known as **ritualistic pain** or **sado-masochism (S & M)**.

While the practice is ancient, its modern name is relatively new. The first half, "sado," is taken from the name of Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, otherwise known as the Marquis de Sade, a Frenchman of the Napoleonic period. The other, "maso," is derived from the name of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, an Austrian writer of a slightly later period. Popular myth and ignorance have singled out both of these men for far greater attention than they deserve. In fact, the linking of these two names with the practice of ritualistic pain has probably done more to obscure a true understanding of the practice than any other single factor.

De Sade, the far better known of the duo, was not particularly unusual in his practice of ritualistic pain. However, he did make one mistake which singled him out for special retribution. Not content to confine his pursuits to the realm of party games and orgies like so many of his contemporaries, de Sade, in works like **The 120 Days of Sodom** and **Justine** sought to transform his ideas into a single body of **social theory**. In doing so he came to a head-on confrontation with both the government of Napoleon and most of all, the Roman Catholic Church. It is de Sade's philosophy which is most noteworthy, but least studied. The series of imprisonments, trials and judicial adventures which he was put through by the church, government and his own family makes for better reading than most of his narratives of his experiences with ritualistic pain. Most



Michael J. Mitchell is a native of Milwaukee who now lives in Chicago. His articles have appeared in publications both in the U.S. and in Europe. He has written for QQ Magazine and for GPU NEWS. Reprints of his articles have appeared in several gay publications including California Scene. In addition to serving on the publication committee of GPU NEWS for two years, Mitchell also served two terms on the Board of Directors of Gay Peoples Union. He enjoys body building, swimming, and travel. His favorite author is H.G. Wells.

of de Sade's adventures in the field of pain seem tame and somewhat laughable to today's non-practitioner. It has been established that much of what de Sade wrote was fiction of the most sensational kind. What does ring true is his sense of social satire for which he found plenty of material in the events of the first French Revolution. Regardless, his works and those about his life are still banned in France by the official censor.

Ritualistic pain has been with us since the earliest civilizations. The plays of ancient Greece and Rome are filled with masochistic overtones and implications. Monks in numerous church orders openly used ritualistic pain in their acts of repentance and in symbolic remembrances of Christ's crucifixion. Henry V, king of Saxony, walked all the way to the Pope in his bare feet as an act of contrition and to beg forgiveness after he had been ex-communicated. For centuries medical practice included deliberately painful treat-

ments in order to expel "evil spirits," "bad blood," etc. Even today, intermuscular injections of water are administered, painful but harmless though they are, to some patients with amazing results—all psychologically induced, of course. In New Guinea, natives construct 70 foot towers, secure thick jungle vines between themselves and the tower platform and then throw themselves off into space, landing only inches above the ground, unscratched—all to demonstrate their courage. Similar acts, equally as dangerous and elaborate, are common to almost every known society, past or present. Our own fraternity initiations are perhaps the most familiar examples. Scientists have even published studies of animal rituals involving painful, but non-fatal battles and courting activities which they see as stimulating sexual responsiveness.

What separates emotional and sexual sadomasochism from the forms of ritualistic pain that we have been discussing is that emotional and sexual sadomasochism is personal and the already mentioned examples are social. Sadomasochism, as we intend to discuss it, involves the exploration of pain (sometimes on a ritualistic basis) by the individual for whatever value that person might derive and not as a social institution where the values are imposed by decrees which may have little application to the individual. There is a second distinction. Sadomasochism, properly practiced by persons who are mentally healthy, is a positive experience. Since there are no creative limitations on its expression except those imposed by the individuals involved, the same act involving two individuals can have totally different meanings to each person. The act can have important significance to one partner and be less significant to the other, but both partners can measure gratification according to personal, not social values.

Before any more is said, it should be pointed out that there are **no, absolutely no, authorities on sadomasochism**. There are only individuals with varying ranges and degrees or experiences from which they have tried to pull silver threads of universal truth based on observations of themselves and others. Any serious reader of sadomasochistic literature, theoretical or practical, would be wise to ignore half of what is written and instead concentrate on those suggestions and ideas which seem to have positive application to the reader's own particular needs, background and associations. This article is no exception.

What then can be said about a practice which is misnamed, ill-defined, lacking in clear and widely accepted terminology and denied public acknowledgement? Perhaps nothing except to correct major misconceptions and to relate elementary and familiar examples. As we move into some of these ideas and examples you will discover that the practice of sexual, erotic and emotional sadomasochism is very complicated and has an extraordinarily wide range in practice.



Many sadomasochistic fantasies make extensive use of clothing, dialogue, and setting.

The one thing that almost all erotic S&M acts have in common is the extensive use of fantasy. Perhaps the single most useful asset a person into S&M can possess is an inquisitive imagination. The acting out of a sexual fantasy (which is one of the basic ideas behind S&M) almost always takes sexual gratification out of the purely physical realm and places it to a great extent in the mental realm. It is imagination which makes constantly new or improved associations out of our past experiences.

Fantasy could be described as the mind's bending of a moment's reality, forcing it to conform more closely to what an individual wishes it to be. Fantasy for the sadomasochist becomes the stage on which an individual acts out desires and urges which might be misunderstood if they were not in the form of play acting.

Anyone who knows children well or remembers their own childhood will agree that children use play acting extensively in their self-expression and relationships with each other. Many adults are surprised and sometimes shocked at the seriousness and intensity of these "sandbox dialogues." Although the play situation is very fanciful, the characters and dialogue are easily recognizable as part of the child's past learning experience. This exercise of imagination is encouraged by adults as a necessary part of the child's development of creativity and originality.

Adults are expected to communicate their emotions by verbalization and rationalization. Most societies discourage play acting by adults except under strictly defined conditions which are acceptable to that society without regard for the values or needs of the individual.

Ordinary sexual encounters frequently make use of fantasy (nicknames, baby talk, role playing, roughhousing, etc.). Sadomasochists carry the fantasy much

further, frequently shifting the focus away from immediate sexual release. In order to accomplish this shift the S&M practitioner will often make use of physical pain (or the threat of pain) to prolong the drama being acted out. Ironically, this pain—under controlled conditions—can take on a pleasure aspect of its own, giving sadomasochistic activities a strange, but often exciting sweet and sour quality.

Pain. The minute the word is mentioned most people recoil to a defensive position, having experienced pain only within a limited range and only in an unsought situation. Pain, for most persons, runs counter to their physiological drives of the moment and has little or no constructive emotional meaning to them.

Our vocabulary is filled with words which differentiate in minute degrees everything from an itch to a mortal wound. Most of these words describe not only the degree of pain, but also something of its form: scrape, cut, bruise, etc. Those same words are extremely poor when describing what happens when we manage to bring our emotional, intellectual and physical drives together, using any pain present as a source of positive stimulation.

The serious athlete is an excellent example of a person who experiences substantial physical pain in training and competition. If pain were not present, the athlete would be concerned because pain, in this case, is associated with the development of increased stamina, endurance, and strength. When the sportscaster talks about the agony and ecstasy of sports, that is not just a reference to the emotional aspects of winning or losing.

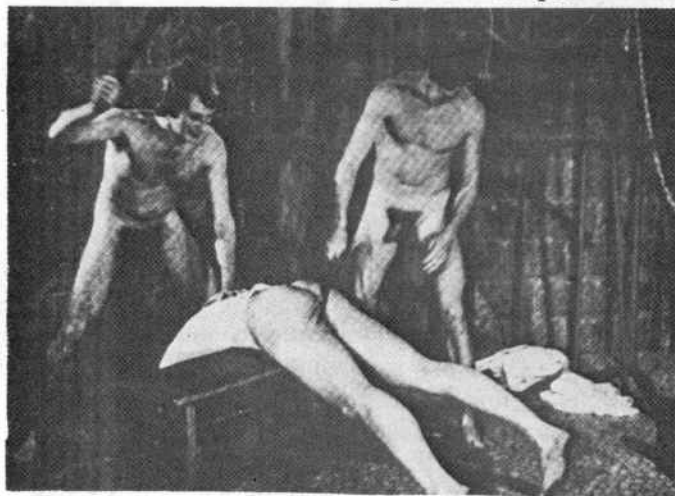
Pain, therefore, is just another form of physical stimulation to which we assign our own emotional values. Learning to accept, overcome, and/or direct pain is a very important ability which most people develop as they mature. In this process of "growing up", we learn that initially painful experiences can often become enjoyable experiences when repeated later in life. Turning pain from negative to positive stimulation is often dependent on how much we know about the source, extent, potential and consequence of our pain. The more we know about our pain, the better we are able to direct it and thereby attach positive associations.

While it is true that pain or the threat of it is used in our society to gain compliance with social mores and norms, it takes on a totally different significance in the sadomasochistic relationship. As we examine some of the more popular and common fantasy dramas that are acted out in the S&M world, you will begin to see how pain or its threat is molded into an emotional and erotic force.

Let it be made clear that erotic S&M "scenes" as these dramas are known are not the exclusive property of the homosexual. S&M also flourishes as a heterosex-

ual practice. The difference is simply that the players in the dramas are of opposite sexes. The heterosexual male, for example, may remember a strict woman who punished him when he was bad because she loved him. He might try to recreate this scene with a woman willing to play the role, both persons frankly enjoying the erotic implications of a spanking or switching.

Some authors feel that sadomasochism is especially attractive to gays because gays, already living outside the body of majority values, have an easier time making the shift from those values to more personal ones. This does not mean, however, that there are more gay people into S&M than non-gays, nor that a higher percentage of gays practice S&M. In fact, because sadomasochism doesn't always allow gender to play a predominate role, many gays, non-gays, and bi-sexuals have found S&M to be an ideal "middle-ground," free from the social labels and pressures which have otherwise driven them into their respective camps.



"Scenes" may involve more than two people and usually involve numerous activities, both non-sexual and sexual.

Some common gay scenes involve "father and son," "mother and daughter," "military police officer and recruit," "coach and athlete," or the highly publicized "master and slave." All of these scenes make special use of pain or the threat of pain and some form of subjugation. However, since the scene is being played for its erotic values, the pain and/or subjugation is far removed from that which we know as a social tool for compliance.

Critics have dismissed the S&M relationship as being more than a caricature of the oppressive male-female role playing. There aggressiveness is the male role—and therefore admirable—and passivity is the female role—and though necessary, not particularly rewarding. Let it be noted that **there is no such thing as passivity in sadomasochism.** Submission is never considered passivity by those who properly practice S&M. Both partners are actively striving to please each other. Both participate fully.

Psychologists have separated the sadomasochist into two separate character types—the sadist and the masochist—simply because the relationship is bi-functional. They did this in order to construct study models with which to develop and test theories concerning psychological behavior of persons with sadomasochistic feelings. They were looking for the “causes” of these desires in much the same way they looked for many years for the “causes” of homosexuality. The results of the studies were a disaster as far as bringing about any real understanding of S&M. But this failure did not prevent many of them (including Sigmund Freud) from using incomplete models and data to support general, ambiguous and inaccurate statements concerning sadomasochists and their relationships.

Although the terms “dominant” and “submissive” have been substituted for “sadist” and “masochist” by some people, even these terms are misleading. If the terms “initiator” and “respondent” were used it might be easier to understand the purpose and functions of S&M rituals and routines (scenes). It is relatively unimportant who does what to whom if one remembers that the goal is to achieve the greatest possible fulfillment of the partner’s mutual fantasy. Given this, it is easy to see that while sadomasochist may appear impersonal or indifferent in their activities, in actuality S&M is an extremely personal form of communication and interaction. Such equality, rapport, and intensity is seldom found in ordinary love making where each partner is striving for self satisfaction.

Most of the vitality in S&M relationships can be directly attributed to a self discipline which enables each partner to direct and control the mind and body within the fantasy.

The result is an ultimate impersonal psycho-sexual gratification. It is this self discipline that most sadomasochists see as the true measure of the individual, the ultimate attainment. Contrary to popular belief the S (initiator) does not instill this discipline in the M (respondent).

It is true that the S is usually responsible for controlling the direction, intensity, and length of a scene, primarily according to the responses of the M. The M however, generally sets the scene before it begins and indicates the limits that must be respected as to the amount and type of pain. Indeed, some scenes are totally without pain, relying instead on some form of bondage and or humiliating dialogue.

Generally speaking, a “good” scene revolves around several basic suppositions. First, and foremost, there must be mutual trust and respect. This insures that neither partner loses control of reality in exchange for the fantasy and thereby inflicts or invites excesses which might be regretted later. The M must also have confidence in the technical ability of the S. This is particularly important when using inanimate objects or when directing blows to various parts of the body.

Thirdly, each action should be deliberate, not accidental or carelessly executed. Nothing should be done in real anger or fear even though anger or fear may be part of the dialogue. Last, but by no means least, limits must be respected at all times. Any liberties without consent violate the responsibilities of both functions and are outside the realm of true sadomasochism. Many practitioners make use of code words or signals that stop a scene before it becomes a “bad” scene.



Equipment or “toys” used in S&M may be simple or complex, but the principles governing their use remain the same.

Obviously, a great deal of trust, respect, confidence, and responsibility is involved in an S&M scene. Rarely is a scene between persons who have just met staged until both parties have satisfied themselves on these points. A good M knows the danger in having a scene with an irresponsible S. A good S wants an idea of the M’s desires and limitations in order to act in a responsible manner, refusing a scene that does not fit his own capabilities or desires.

Sometimes these probings for trust and responsibility go on for weeks before any scene happens. Bars, social clubs, and correspondence publications make up most of the social outlets through which S&M people meet each other. However, within the S&M circle, referrals are not an uncommon way to meet. And a good S or a good M can achieve a “good” reputation.

Only the major cities have true "leather and levi" bars where persons into S&M gather. The reference to leather has evolved from the popularity of leather clothing with many sadomasochists who find it erotically appealing to all five senses. This dress style also includes western or denim clothing, probably because it is less costly and more comfortable especially in hot weather. Many S&M people have spent large sums of money on leather jackets, boots, pants, and S&M equipment which they call "toys".

Just as clothing can help to set a scene, toys or equipment can also enhance a scene in the same way props are important on the stage. A visit to an S&M toy shop will acquaint the reader with a wide variety of belts, studs, whips, handcuffs, chains, ropes, harnesses, dildos, and other assorted gear used in various scenes. The S or initiator is expected to be familiar with this equipment and its proper use. Incorrect use of restraints, dildos, blindfolds, gags, etc. can result in unwanted permanent physical damage to the M or respondent.

S&M scenes range from the very "light" to the very "heavy." The former may be as simple as a wrestling scene or one with light bondage from which escape is easily effected. The latter can include total restraint and the extensive use of pain. It is wise for not only the novice, but the experienced person to avoid the

trial and error method of setting a scene. A little homework, a little common sense, and a gradual approach to "heavy" scenes will not distract from the thrill of discovery, but will enhance the chances of a good scene. While one is considering the physical consequences of a particular act, one should not forget the mental and emotional consequences.

Perhaps the easiest way to determine what separates sadomasochism from acts of brutality is to ask whether the relationship is being established by consent or by force. If the answer is force then it is not S&M, but only brutality. Even in the most intense or heavy scenes (although it might not appear so to the observer) license is given, never taken in a true S&M relationship. This issue of force versus consent has probably been the biggest single hurdle that S&M has had to clear in order to achieve knowledgeable public acceptance as a valid form of psychosexual expression.

If S&M is to be considered a valid form of psychosexual expression, what are some of its values to the individual? Many persons are puzzled by its philosophy, and rituals and have difficulty separating the social and individual values involved. Remember that erotic S&M is a personal, not a social experience. Some reject out of hand the fact that pleasure can be found through pain or its threat.

It is perhaps a fear of self discovery that leads some



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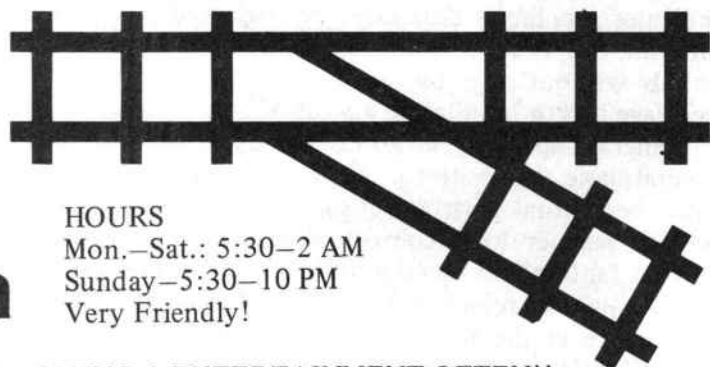
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people to reject sadomasochism totally—not the practices themselves. One part of this self discovery involves admitting to oneself that people have both the need to control others as well as the need to be controlled. S&M offers an opportunity to exercise both sides or either side of this dual characteristic under highly controlled circumstances. The highly emotional implications of this dual need often stand as the biggest barrier to accepting S&M even in principal.

In submitting all psychosexual needs completely to another (in a fantasy context) the M learns a new and fuller meaning of the word **trust**. This in turn enables the M to overcome fear of scorn, rejection and abuse so that deeper and more personally meaningful erotic expressions are possible.

In controlling the psychosexual needs of another the S learns a deeper and wider meaning of the word responsibility. This new insight enables the S to see both himself and other as being capable of wielding great power, a power that challenges the concept of good and evil, in a totally responsible manner.

In addition S&M people tend to be intensely loyal to others who understand the philosophy and rituals they share. S&M social clubs are found today in most major cities. Many of these clubs were originally formed as motorcycle clubs and some still remain so while others now pay only token allegiance to biking. Such clubs range in membership from a dozen to over a hundred persons. Most are male/male orientated, but some are female/female and a few mix the sexes.

Most clubs have regular meetings and build a fraternal spirit with a wide range of social activities. Many of the social activities now are city or regional affairs and sometimes span several days, attracting persons from all over the country.

Persons into S&M are a closely knit group, and seldom discuss their much misunderstood subculture except with close friends. Sexual scenes and personalities are rarely discussed because every sadomasochist knows that tonight's dominant player may be tomorrow's submissive player if the conditions are right.

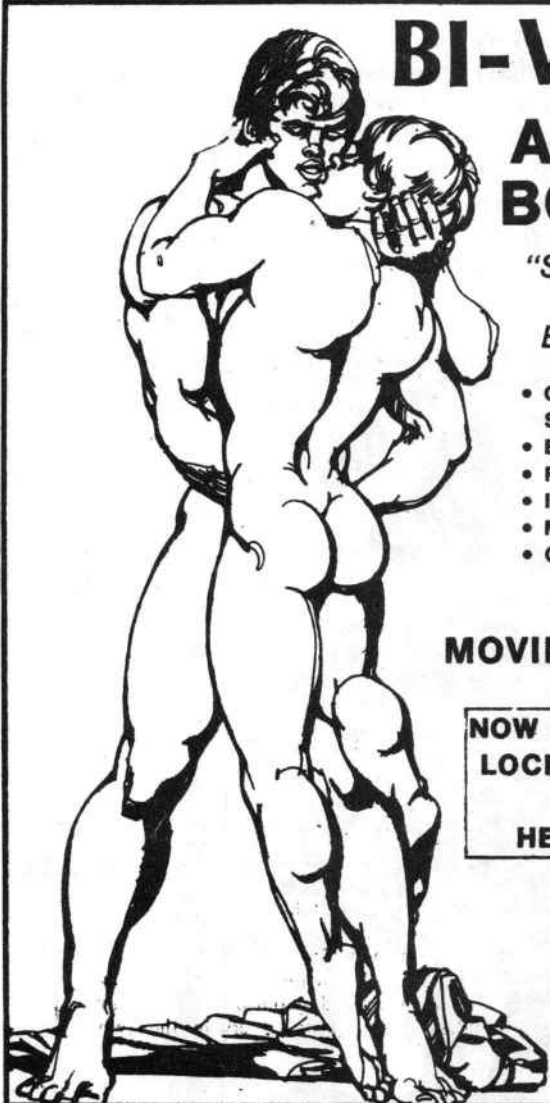
It is entirely fitting that this article should end with a few words of advice and warning to those who are considering breaking into the S&M subculture. There is a lot of loose talk, erroneous information and uninformed opinions available to fill the willing ears of the uninformed. It is best to get several opinions from informed persons before getting too involved. There are real dangers if trust is misplaced and if one is not ready both physically and mentally for either role. Move slowly into this world, a world that might not be for you at all. On the other hand, if you take your time and move wisely, you might find a world where you can recapture or find many years of pleasure. You might even find a freedom that will allow you to become a healthier, happier and more self directed individual.

Editor's note: It is not the object of this article to encourage the practice of S&M, nor is it intended as a handbook for those wishing to explore S&M. Rather it is presented in the hope that a better understanding of the basic philosophy and rituals of S&M will lead to a greater sexual freedom for all persons.

The article presents the views of the writer and not necessarily those of GPU NEWS or its staff members. It is presented solely for informational and educational purposes.

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The by-line that appeared under the article **Moscow, Idaho—Sweet Land of Liberty** in last month's issue should have been **ROBERT BISHOP, JR.** We apologize to Mr. Bishop, and any readers that may have been confused.



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REVIEW

Lost Among The Found, by Brian Allen Goodrich. Rothgar Publications, No. 445, 102 Charles Street, Boston, Mass. 02114. 85 pp. \$3.95

Reviewed By Jay Edwards

Hustling is typically American, whether it's done on Madison Avenue, in Washington, D.C., or on the back streets of any small town. Since (in Calvin Collidge's pithy expression) the business of America is business, it's no surprise to find thousands of relatively enterprising young people (for by comparison with the buyers, the sellers are usually younger) who take to the oldest profession *con brio* (*not amore*).

And why not?

Using an elementary degree of intelligence, they have understood that their bodies are assets—generally their principle and even frequently their only asset. And in the best capitalist tradition they have set out to exploit themselves for their own advantage. Any orthodox Marxist would cringe, of course, but nothing succeeds like success and in America hustling is a multi-million dollar

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affair.

To be sure (and despite the sanguine and persistent myth among hustlers concerning the ones who have made it to affluence and easy street), most of them are nickel and diming it in abject circumstances.

What is more, with a worsening world situation (which no Carterism will explain away) and a population problem that can only get worse, we may expect to see a good deal more hustling in the future and in even more abject circumstances as a growing horde of those without take to the streets—in one fashion or another, at home and abroad. Only a few of those who do will make it, of course; nearly all will be pretty and sometimes even hauntingly beautiful cannon fodder.

One of those who has seen something of this futile existence and lived to tell about it is writer Brian Allen Goodrich. What he does now is anybody's guess (there's no biography accompanying this slim volume.) But as his first book makes perfectly clear, he was once very familiar with New York's most likely hustling hotspots—Needle Park (Washington Square,) the dark and dangerous trucks off Christopher Street pier, the anonymous and fast-moving meat market of 42nd Street.

In this book of a few short stories and a series of very assorted poems, he gives us a taste of what he then daily experienced. From this fleeting glimpse into an odd and private universe, we know, first, that

Goodrich speaks from often intense experience and out of a jolting remembrance of old wounds and psychic scars.

We also know that he has talent as a writer, but that it's a talent very like to atrophy unless he learns to discipline himself and to develop a keener sense of self-criticism. In short, there's a larger percentage of chaff to wheat in this book than anyone could possibly approve.

The world disclosed by Goodrich is inhabited by shadowy nighttime characters—young and sometimes attractive, more often frightened and abused. But also (and this is their tragedy) listless, unintelligent, and, alas, uninspiring.

One of the reasons these boys have not been the subject of much significant comment or attention hitherto is not because they are too outre or because it is socially unacceptable to speak of them, but rather because the vast bulk of hustlers, dull and insipid, are bad copy. Some might point to the character of Phil Andros (appearing in the novel *Stud*) as an exception, but he seems to me to be utterly unbelievable.

How many hustlers of doctoral calibre with a detailed knowledge of Modigliani or Bishop Jeremy Taylor are there? I'm tempted to answer none, for surely Andros is some high school English teacher's midnight fantasy blown overlarge. Bulging muscles, heart of gold, and MLA membership to boot.



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Goodrich gets closer (indeed very close) to the reality of hustler's lives: in **Tools of the Trade** he straightforwardly tells the story of his introduction to hustling at knifepoint, a brutal lark organized by his first "john" and lover "Joe"; in the first poem in **The Street** section (it is annoying the poems don't all have names,) he introduces the reader to "the angels" who slouch, leer and grope along the street, preferring this kind of a life, he rightly notes, "to the harder task of flying."

In such a line he has approached their reality, for the hustlers are the creepers, aimlessly shuffling, making up a hollow and too often sadly beaten legion of lost souls in young bodies. They will never fly, except on a whiff of powdered poppy.

No wonder Goodrich returns from his nights on the street to write, no matter the dreary circumstances in which he must do so. He sees it as a means—one of the few available to him—of salvation and escape. "I am writing/to be found."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book concerns what Goodrich tells us about the relationships of hustlers to each other; surprisingly, we come to know much less about their relationships with their "johns", although this may simply be because there is so little to them either of interest or significance.

In any event, the hustlers never turn to them for more than money or drugs, surely never for comfort. To remain alive and sane, the sexual act must become as purely mechanical and dehumanized as it can be; any trace of humanity that might jerk the hustler (or the "john" for that matter) back into reality is to be avoided, for it could only result in the pain that comes from sudden recognition of one's own sordid circumstances and the emptiness of what one is doing.

No, the hustlers turn instead to each other—tentatively, cautiously, never extending themselves very far, never moving in on each other very

Continued on page 19

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REVIEW

From page 17

quickly. Among the legion of the lost (for they are lost: Goodrich's use of the word "found" in his title must be purely ironical) any kind of human contact is suspect. Having reduced sex to a commodity, the hustler comes to feel that everything else is subject to sale as well. Under the circumstances, he quickly comes to distrust and suspect the free gift of friendship. [

Friendship, however, is badly needed by the hustler. And Goodrich makes us feel the pangs that result from trying to get it; there is his lamentation, for instance, about the "ignorance of possibilities" in one beautiful boy which dooms them to distance. Then, too, he is able to move us with a poem about "the sharing of an/unshared night" in which he has attempted to come close to a would-be lover but failed.

Adept at conjuring certain moods of wistfulness and loss, Goodrich can

also nearly make us believe he has come close to love in his often gross and horrible hustling circumstances. But it is love which creates the greatest panic and fear in him.

Poor Goodrich! Love frightens him. The daily dullness and casual brutality of the streets he comes comfortably to handle; but love effectively spotlights the poverty of his human emptied universe. "It was not that he loved me imperfectly/but that he loved me at all/that made me run."

Brighter and more sensitive than his fellow hustlers, Goodrich seems no more able than they truly to break out of the vicious cycle of lovelessness and deep alienation, though perhaps we are meant to deduce from the publication of this book that that desolate period of his life is history and nothing more. I hope his brutish past is not an equally brutish present.

No doubt Goodrich means to write again (his work, after all, does appear from time to time in gay publications.) Let him therefore

take note.

There are enough good pieces in this anthology to warrant praising him, even substantially. There are, for instance, movingly beautiful lines in *Song To An Absent Lover*, and *What Your Mother and Father Taught Us*.

More importantly, however, there are fleeting moments of real insight from this man (for he is no longer the sixteen year old of Washington Square, as his rugged, faintly arrogant cover picture shows.) In a piece such as *Americana* (which is probably the best in the volume, crisp and incisive,) this is very apparent. "Our hells/are only/midly uncomfortable/and our heavens/indecently accessible."

If he is truly the poet he claims to be then this stifling condition which he correctly perceives should cause revulsion in him. And if he learns to break through such insularities to an enhanced vision of reality, we can expect from him a better second book than we have had from him at this time.

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SASKATOON SNOW

(appointment in an hour)
the wall heater goes off,
fresh tea steams from the mugs,
side of my hand
traces
the bed-clothes' impressions of
creases
on your back
"tea, Rick"
not the smooth 17-year old body I
(glimpsed 8 years ago)
light hair now on your
chest & belly,
inviting sinews
stretching
the body's moorings
into the room in sun
young man's body now, a
young man's room
quiet
dog sniffing, curious, at the door,
wall heater goes on,
I
off with my jeans &
into bed
image
of a window of white
birches, black & white birches
in snow
slipping beside you



This photo of Ian (left) and Richard (right) was taken recently in Saskatoon. They met in a sidewalk cafe in 1967 and have written three books together. Young's latest book of poetry Common or Garden Gods (reviewed in GPU NEWS, March 1976) also contains three of Richard's poems.

out of my shirt
the half hour before I should go
we are here
again with tea &
each other's light
I am still yours
every time, every time to be
that much
surer of the calm,
my arm around
your belly & under
your balls. . .
a sleepiness,
the books in the room,
wall heater every so often going off or on
years &
times
for my head to rest
on your back,
for you to lean
again on one arm,
sipping,
heat from the tea against your handsome, aging face. . .

IY

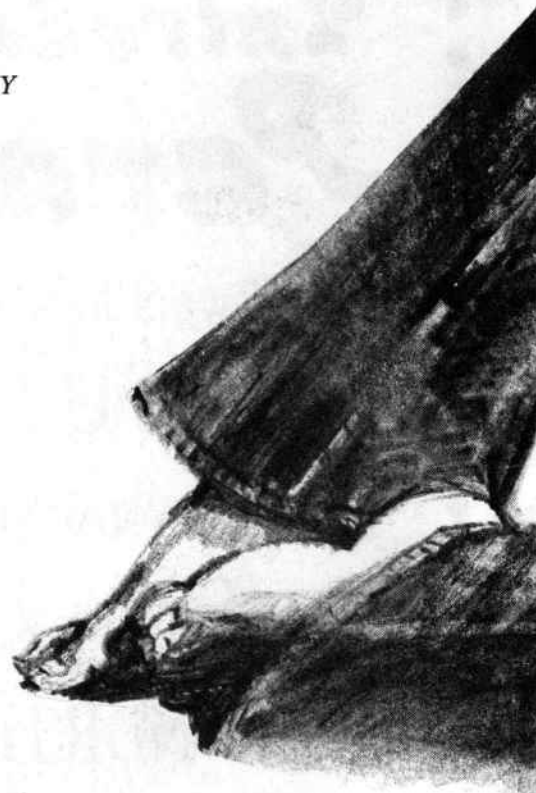
DARK

"Sometimes I see my face in your face" — Richard
And I sometimes
half-waking at night
feeling your hair on my brow
a hand by my chest
not knowing whose hand it is

IY

still
falling in love
leads to love or
love
leads to love
&
here we are
(the walk
from town to house)
quietly talking

IY



LIONS OF LAST

Weaving
the vanishing trail
here
through some scattered ephemera
the fire dragon
from when
into where
did we not just become lions
and already
reckless
we hunt yet
this other skin

RP

MYSTICAL MARRIAGE

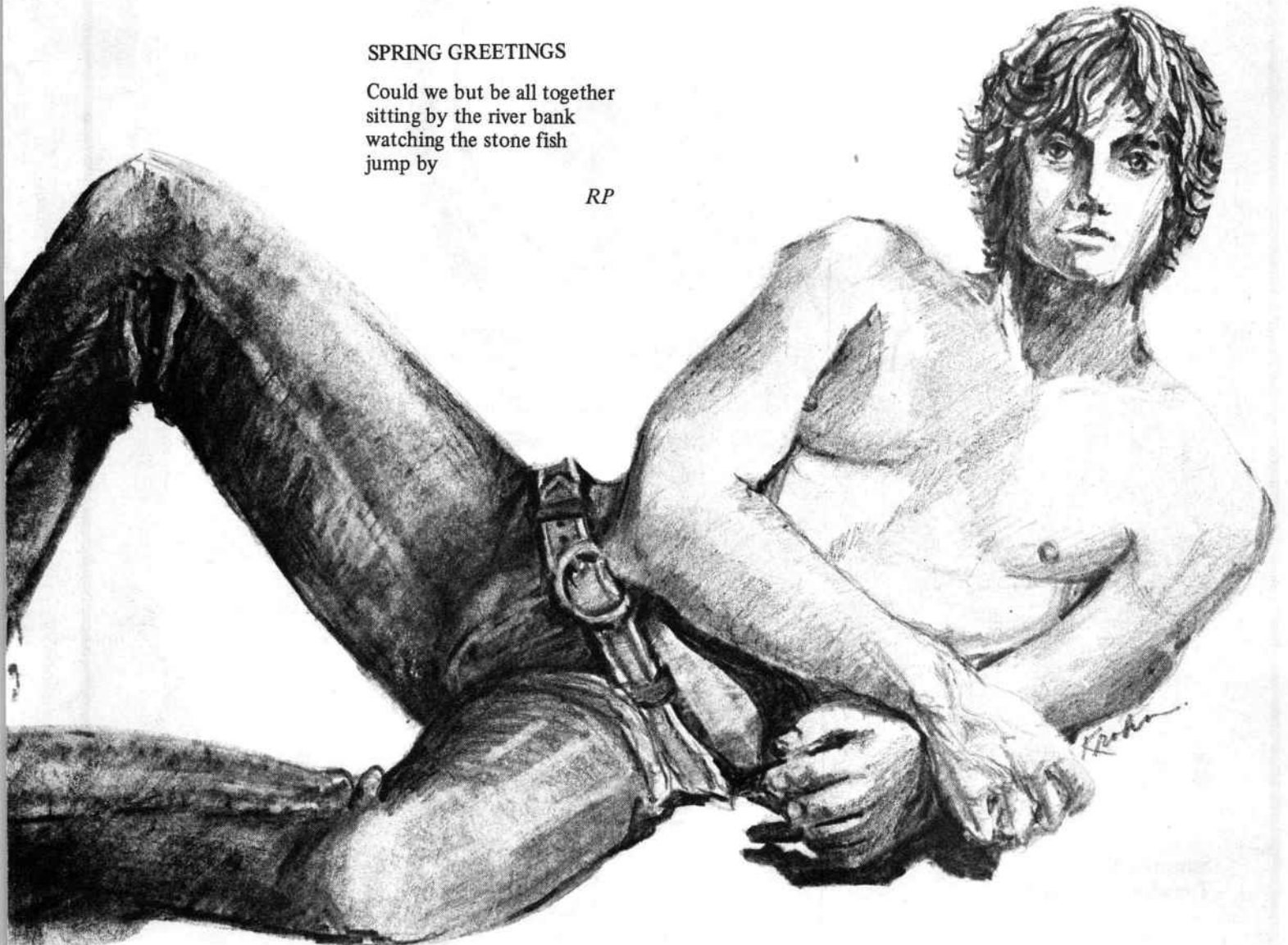
Two travellers
you and I
then realizing
Yes this very moment
now for you
now for me
in all its fullness
utterly complete
two travellers
entering deeply

RP

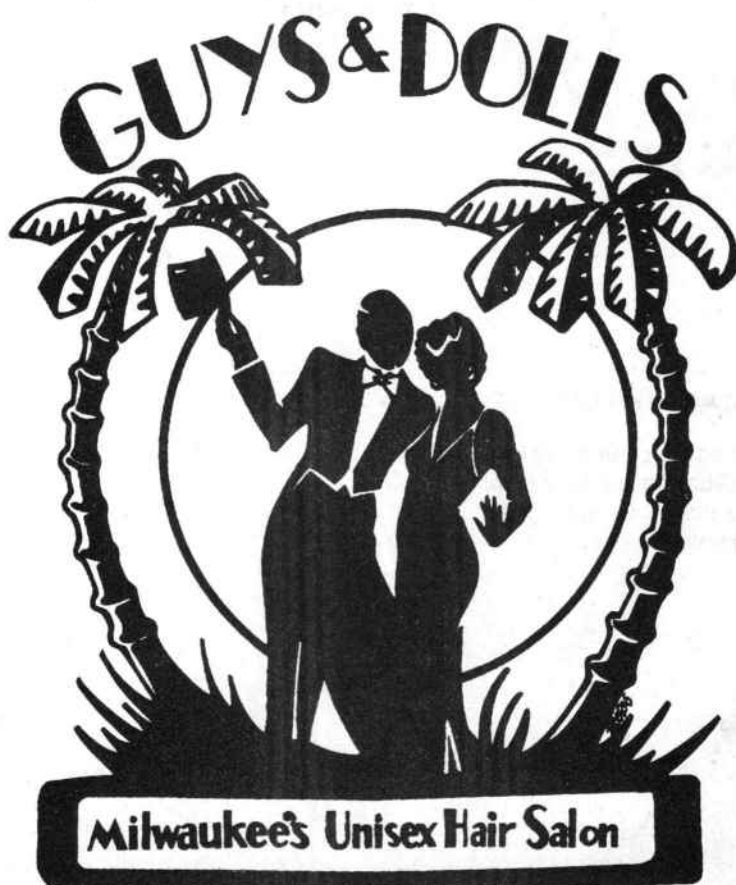
SPRING GREETINGS

Could we but be all together
sitting by the river bank
watching the stone fish
jump by

RP



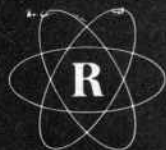
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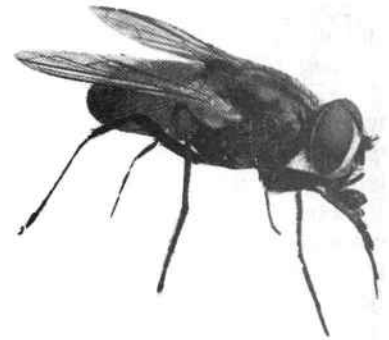


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THE FLY

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Jean perched on the picnic table and crossed her bare knees. "I figure we should start the fire in about fifteen minutes. What d'you think?" she asked Joan, tying her long, light brown hair back.

"Sounds OK to me." Joan was painting her toenails, for lack of anything else to do. She'd always found camping boring, but everyone had loved this July 4th weekend camping tradition, so she went along.

"How long has it been since the girls left?"

"Half hour, I guess." Joan switched feet and brushed the fine sand from her toes.

"My God, this weekend's flying by," Jean lied. She'd brought a book out of the tent to read while she sat up on the wooden table waiting for the two women she and Joan had raised as sisters, to return. But she felt like talking, not reading, though she had nothing at all to say.

They'd known each other since, well, since their daughters were born and they'd both been stuck at home with babies and nothing else to do. They also both happened to live on the same block and owned identical homes. Only Jean's was early American and Joan's Mediterranean.

They soon learned they had much in common, other than the above, to wit: they both were terribly bored. So they began watching the "soaps" together. . . then shopping together . . . then socializing. . .

Today was part of a tradition that had grown over the years "for the kinds" but lingered on even though their daughters were twenty-nine.

Twenty-nine years. They knew everything about each other. Everything.

"There's a fly on your leg," Joan looked up and said to Jean. Jean waved her hand and it flew off. Onto Joan's freshly painted big toenail. "Thanks."

"Any time. Want me to spray? It's the hour for the bugs to come out anyway." It was dusk and the Jersey shore cultivated mosquitos and flies.

"If you wait three minutes, I'll help you."

"Don't be silly. I think I can manage a spray can by myself." Jean stepped into the tent behind the table and a moment later emerged with a can of Raid.

"Hurry. That same God-damned fly is back." Joan waved her now wet fingernails at the fly.

"I can't believe you're polishing your nails on a camping trip!" Jean said as she sprayed the ground under the table and benches and then followed the outline of the sandy campsite. She was a bit annoyed because she knew she'd wind up making the fire alone.

"God-damn it!" Joan shouted.

Jean turned to her, still spraying. "What happened?"

"That fly bit my knee."

"Maybe you should put your long pants. . ."

"Where's that fly swatter?"

"Behind you. On the table. Over there." Joan twisted her body to the right, her clipped black hair jerking free and falling to her shoulders.

She turned back and grinned sardonically. "Alright fly, I'm ready for you."

Jean laughed. "You feel like smoking a joint before we light the fire?"

"Come on baby light my fire. . ." Joan sang.

"What brought out the clown in you suddenly?"

"The fly. Sure, I'd love to smoke a joint. Any way by the time we finish, my nails'll be dry and I can help with the fire."

Jean slipped her slender, firm forty-nine year old body through the narrow tent slit and reappeared a minute later with the lit joint. She climbed onto the table and sat next to Joan, passing it. In her other hand, Joan still held the fly swatter.

As she inhaled, the fly cruised low over her knee and shot away before she could swing at it. She passed the joint back to Jean, turning her head slightly to check for the fly. She hadn't reclipped her hair because she didn't want to smudge her fresh red nail polish. The fly dove at her thigh from the right. She raised and slammed the fly swatter down onto the fly. . .

"That reminds me. Did you hear the one about the Italian ditch diggers who got together and decided to ask the foreman why Irishmen were always foremen and Italians always the diggers. . ."

"Ha, ha. Y'know this really stings. I got sunburned today." Joan blew a fine stream of cool breath onto her stinging thigh.

"C'mon, let's start the fire."

"I'm gonna spray one more time first. Wait for me." Joan picked up the can of Raid from the table.

"Jesus, this is good dope. I could've sworn that fly just flew past your ass. . ."

Jean began spraying. "Yeah, my God we're making such a fucking big deal over a fly." She put the can of Raid back on the table and walked over to Jean, envying her her slender body. Joan's round figure and full breasts had always made her appear heavier and older. Of course she was five years older than Jean, but what did five years mean at their age, really? "Let's build the fire and forget about the God-damned fly. This is that paranoid dope. I remember it now. C'mon."

They dumped briquettes into the two hibachis and smothered them with lighter fluid.

Just as Joan struck the match, a fly landed on her finger and she burned herself.

"Bastard!" she shouted.

"Let me see. . ." Jean reached out and took Joan's hand into hers. Joan had noticed a new brown age spot on the back of her hand yesterday and didn't want Jean to see it. The sun-burn on her pale skin accentuated it's color.

"Forget it." She pulled away, lit another match, and threw it into the hibachi, watching the fluid ignite. She threw another lit match into the other hibachi. Jean's hair glowed red in the firelight.

"God, am I getting paranoid. I just had a flash that that fly is probably some new kind of police dope detection program. You know, they train flies like they train dogs!"

"Here, have a little more," Jean said, handing Joan the burning roach.

As she inhaled, a fly silently landed on Joan's shoulder, stinging her.

"Ahhh," she shouted, exhaling and coughing.

"What now?"

"Where's that oil bug repellent stuff? That God-damned fly bit me again."

Jean found Joan's behavior very funny. "You're too much. I can't believe you. You really think it's the same fly?"

"I know it's the same fly!" Joan wasn't sure Jean wasn't ridiculing her. She strutted across the sand to the table and, opening the bottle of bug repellent, smugly smeared the oil on to her bare, freckled shoulders.

"Why don't you change your clothes? Long pants really help."

Joan darted her head back and forth. "No, I'm not gonna let it get the best of me. I am of far superior intelligence than it."

"Yes, we're all aware of your superior intelligence. . ." It was an old argument.

When they'd decided to leave their husbands and move into that big old, half Mediterranean, half early American apartment together, the girls were only four. They'd decided it would be best if one of them stayed at home. Jean's return to her former social work position a few months prior to their decision had determined her role in the family. Like most housewives, she felt a constant need to have her intelligence reaffirmed.

But the irony, of course, was that when the girls were grown and it was no longer necessary for her to stay at home, she'd returned to school briefly, dropped out, and never bothered to look for a job.

Jean resented this sometimes, but realized Joan was still somewhat uncomfortable with her sexuality. She knew Joan could never bring herself to tell anyone she was a lesbian. Even after all these years. Jean, on the other hand, had accepted and adjusted to her lesbianism with an ease that marked her entire life.

She understood Joan's discomfort and had never pushed her, still. . .

". . . Marta thinks I should find a job. . . I mean Dan thinks I. . ."

"Who's Marta?" Jean asked.

"Oh, just someone I know. But I meant to say Dan. . ." Joan emphasized her therapist's name, but Jean interrupted.

"You never mentioned her before. . ."

At that moment, a fly landed on Joan's left shoulder. Jean

impulsively grabbed the can of Raid and sprayed it, soaking the denim workshirt Joan had just slipped into.

"Yeah, so like you were saying before, one Italian guy goes up to the Irish foreman and says to him, 'How come Italians always have to do the work while the Irishmen are in charge? . . .'"

Jean laughed. "Touche. So, anyway, who's Marta?" She could feel the uncontrollable jealousy welling up inside her.

"Oh, just someone I know. So what do you think about my getting a job?"

"You must know her pretty well if she's giving you personal advice. . ."

"Look, I met her about three months ago. And it was Dan who made the suggestion. . ."

"How male of him. I'm just surprised you never mentioned her before."

"I guess I just. . . Shit!! That fly is driving me crazy." Joan started scratching her back.

Jean grabbed the half-empty red can. "Alright, here's the plan. You sit real still and we'll talk about something like we're not paying any attention to the fly. But I'll keep a close eye on you and as soon as I see him coming, I'll spray him with the Raid."

"Ok." Joan stopped scratching as she shifted her weight to face Jean. Jean held the can of Raid in her right hand, her index finger resting taught on the red spray button. "What should we talk about?"

"Let's talk about Marta. Where did you meet her?"

"In the supermarket, but really I. . ."

"Foodtown?"

"Yeah. Where else do I shop?"

"I don't know. I mean you have this friend for months and never even mentioned her to me, so God only knows what else I don't know about you. . ."

Joan wanted to change the subject. This was neither the time nor the place for discussing Marta. She wished the girls would return, but knew it would still be a while.

This was another part of the tradition—they would arrive in the evening, set up camp, go to the beach the next day and then that night the girls would drive to "town" to buy food for dinner. They always tried to come up with something really unusual, so it took them a while.

"Why do you think neither of the girls ever got married?" she asked, but Jean's face had tensed as she saw the fly coming toward them. "Just keep talking in a normal tone. I don't think he can understand what we're saying, so. . ." Her eye never lost sight of the fly as she tensed her finger on the spray button. The fly kept coming directly at them, heading for Joan's shoulder.

"So, where does Marta live?"

"Look, I said. . ."

"Why can't I know where she lives? What's with you tonight?"

"I just don't feel like discussing Marta. That's all."

"Why not?"

Joan's eye was throbbing. The burned, tender skin on her cheeks and neck continued stinging from the spray. "Do you have another joint?"

"Sure. Here." Jean pulled a joint from her pocket and lit it. As she passed it to Joan, she heard the buzzing of the fly. Darkness had settled, so she couldn't see him. "You hear him?" she asked in a rough whisper.

"Forget about him. Ok?"

"The only thing that'll keep my mind off him. . ."

A cold wet sensation hit Joan's foot. "Ouch. . . What're you doing now?"

"Just spraying so he won't get our feet. Now, as I was saying, the only thing that will keep my mind off the fly is your telling me all about Marta."

"There's nothing to tell. I met her in Foodtown a couple of months ago. I've been to her apartment four times." She's never been to our house. Ok? The end."

"What did you do when you were with her?" Jean heard the buzz of the fly and began spraying indiscriminately.

"Will you. . ." cough, ". . . stop. . ." cough, cough, ". . . I can't breathe. . ." cough.

"Sorry. I'll get him yet."

"Yeah, either him or me."

"Ha, ha. So what's this Marta like? What'd you do while you were visiting her?" Jean couldn't control her jealous rage.

"We talked," cough. Joan's throat felt like someone had done a fine sanding job on it. Her eyes were scratchy and tearing. "Could you please stop spraying that shit already? Isn't it bothering you?"

"No. Not at all."

"I don't know, maybe it's this dope, but I feel like you're exterminating Marta rather than the fly. Or me. I mean, what's with you tonight?"

Jean recognized the truth in what Joan had said, but would never admit it. "Nothing's with me tonight. I just hate that fly."

"So forget about him."

Jean heard the familiar buzz. She sprayed.

Joan started choking.

"I'm sorry!" Jean was obsessed by the fly. She continued spraying.

Joan caught her breath. "Stop!!!" she shrieked, getting up. She felt dizzy and staggered. "Give me that can," she shouted at Jean.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Here, I'll put it on the table. Come back up here. I'm really sorry."

Joan wiped her eyes with the face cloth and climbed back onto the table. Jean pulled Joan's face to her breast and hugged her. "I'm sorry. . ."

Joan pulled away. "Don't be sorry, just don't do it any more. Christ you're as bad as the Italian guy running back and shouting, 'I got it, I got it. . .'"

"Ok, you're right." Jean felt the obsession dissipating, now that the fly was gone. She hoped she'd killed him.

"I wish the girls would get back."

"Yeah, I'm getting hungry. What do we have to munch on?"

"There's a bag of potato chips."

"Want some?" Jean asked as she got up and slipped into the tent. She emerged a few minutes later with a bag of potato chips and another can of Raid.

"Jesus, what're you doing with that?" Joan pointed at the can with real fear. She didn't even notice that Jean had changed into the new pink and green terrycloth beach outfit she'd bought for herself just before they left.

"Oh, just in case. Here I'll put it back with the other one," Jean said as she climbed onto the table again. "So, what do you think of the new me? I'm really glad I bought this outfit. It's really comfortable. You're sure it looks ok?"

"It looks great. Or at least, it did when I could see." Joan's

sarcasm was punctuated by her eyelashes fluttering in the darkness.

"Did you learn that from Marta?"

"What?"

"The eyelash flutter."

"I don't believe you, Jean. . ."

"Shshsh." Jean's hand shot for the full can of Raid behind her.

"Oh no you don't!" Joan grabbed, trying to pull the can away from Jean.

The fly swooped down, brushing Joan's dark hair and Jean began spraying at it. Joan's slightly weaker arms were unable to overcome Jean's strong grip. They instinctively gave up and covered her face as she tried to get up.

"Don't get up! I'll stop if you tell me whether you ever slept with Marta."

The question seemed to Joan to come from nowhere, but she was choking and couldn't think clearly.

Jean let up on the spray.

Tears slid down Joan's grease-slicked face. "Yes, yes. Oh, God, yes. Now stop. Please. . ."

"Do you love her?"

"No, I love you. You know that."

"Then what is it?"

"Purely physical." Joan's voice was weak and raspy.

"But. . ."

"Let's just say, you haven't been totally satisfying lately."

"What. . ."

"There's nothing specific. It's probably been as much my fault as yours, but. . ." Joan wished the girls would return, so they could forget all this.

The fly's buzz broke through Jean's hurt, frantic, jealous thoughts. She had to get rid of that fly. Then everything would be ok again.

With all her tense, angry strength, she pressed the plastic trigger. But the fly continued to buzz, circling Joan's head.

Joan tried to shout for Jean to stop, but the mist overcame her, filling her mouth. She tried to get up, to escape, but she could no longer open her eyes. . . And her legs had turned to rubber. . . and her head was whirling. . . whirling. . .

Still Jean uncontrollably continued to spray. Even as Joan's limp body collapsed onto the dirty, wooden bench.

But Jean could see only the fly. "I'll get you! You God-damned fly! You've ruined my weekend. . . my life. . ."

Even in the total darkness, Jean could see the fly heading for Joan's mouth, which now hung open. She knew she had to kill it before Joan swallowed it.

She jumped from the table and bent over the head of her lover, seeing not the unconscious face, but instead, the arrogant black fly diving into Joan's mouth.

"No, no! God, no. Not her mouth!" She knew the fly was laughing at her. She knew she had to kill it. She was blinded by her need to kill it.

With all her enraged might, she pressed the plastic top of the can to the lips of the woman who had given her so much love—and so much pain. Her tense curled finger pressed harder. . . harder. . . She had to kill the fly.

I know an old woman
Who swallowed a fly
I don't know why
She swallowed a fly
Perhaps she'll die. . .

Continued on page 29

HERE&HERE

Iowa City, IA—The Iowa Civil Liberties Union has agreed to take the case of two Iowa gays who were refused a marriage license.

Kenneth Bunch and Tracy Bjorgum applied to be married in Johnson County. The County Attorney advised the Clerk of Court to refuse the license stating, "The marriage Code of the State of Iowa is replete with references to male and female."

Upon advice from the ICLU, they applied again in the state capital and were refused again. A writ of Mandamus has been filed asking a judge to order the Clerk of Court to issue the license. As Iowa has one of the most liberal marriage codes in the nation, the ICLU is very hopeful for a favorable ruling.

Tracy Bjorgum is a student at the University where Ken Bunch is employed.

News Release

San Francisco, CA—Gay men and women are invited to submit manuscripts of quality work for a new quarterly magazine of gay fiction to be published in San Francisco next year. The emphasis will be on literary excellence and a balance between lesbian and gay male work will be maintained in each issue. Innovative, experimental and erotic material will be considered and foreign works in English translation will be welcomed but no poetry will be published. Graphic art is also being sought, especially line drawings in black and white. All work to be returned should include a stamped self-addressed envelope and sent to Gay Fiction Magazine, 631 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

News Release

Spokane, WA—The criminal code passed by the voters last fall went into effect July 1. The code legalizes sex acts between consenting adults and lowers the age of consent to 16.

The San Francisco Sentinel

San Antonio, TX—A San Antonio man has failed to recover \$90,000 he says his sister willed to her lesbian roommate.

The brother has alleged that the roommate was the male partner in the relationship and completely dominated his sister and forced her to leave her estate to her.

However, a jury found the woman's roommate did not exert any pressure on her when the will was made.

The brother had also charged his sister was not of sound mind when she signed her will. The jury, however, found the woman was mentally sound when she signed her will.

San Antonio Express

San Francisco, CA—Jimmy Carter's 29 year old nephew, in prison for two armed robberies, has been told by his family to "live his own life." William Carter Spann was interviewed by the San Francisco Chronicle after he testified at the trial of his lover. Spann stated he started the homosexual relationship with the man while in San Quentin prison.

Carter has confirmed that the man is his nephew, and said, "He's been in constant trouble all his adult life."

Spann, who claims his life is in danger, says, "I don't want Uncle Jimmy to do anything except get me out of the state. But my family won't even communicate with me."

The Milwaukee Journal

Newark, NJ—Paula Grossman, the New Jersey music teacher who lost her job after undergoing a sex change operation, has failed in her sixth attempt to win reinstatement. Ms. Grossman's suit contended that the firing was due to sex discrimination, but Judge George Barlow ruled that Grossman was dismissed not because of sex discrimination, but because she had undergone the sex change.

Image

Chicago, IL—The 3rd Annual Lesbian Writers Conference will be held in Chicago September 17, 18 and 19, 1976 at the Blue Gargoyle, 5655 South University Avenue. Advance registration for the entire Conference weekend is \$5.00. For further information and registration forms contact Marie Kuda, Woman Press, Box 59330, Chicago 60645

News Release

Lomita, CA—A would be rapist's intended victim turned out to be a transvestite. Discovering his error, he fled. However, witnesses photographed his car, including the license plate, and threw a brick through the rear window. Arrested, he was charged with assault with the intent to commit rape.

Gay News (Pittsburg)

Menard, IL—Gay prisoners at Menard, Illinois have formed their own group called **Gay Pride Union**. Comprised of 65 members, the group has elected officers and is busy getting organized. As funds are limited in this environment the group has set up two funds. One a **Benefit Fund** for cigarettes, toilet items, etc.; and the other a **Letter Fund** to be used to purchase stamps and items to correspond with. Any donation to this group should be in the form of money order only and state the purpose of the money. For further information: Douglas D. Thompson 51367, The Gay Pride Union, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259

News Release

Jackson, MS—The Jackson Council on Alcoholism is promoting the formation of a group composed exclusively of gay people who have drinking problems. The aim of the organization is to help gays solve their drinking problems. For information: Eddie Sandifer, Mississippi Gay Alliance, Box 8342, Jackson, MS 39294

News Release

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HERE&THERE

Washington, D. C.—Frank Kameny, noted gay activist, has revealed that the late J. Edgar Hoover was a life-long subscriber to the **Mattachine Gayzette**. Hoover did not request the Mattachine Society's newsletter and even asked to be taken off the list through an intermediary. Kameny informed him that Mattachine would stop sending the newsletter if he would give assurance in writing that all references to the Mattachine Society be removed from FBI files; designate some other official to receive the newsletter; and, allow the Society to send him occasional issues or articles of particular concern. Hoover never replied and for nine years continued to receive the newsletter.

Gay Community News

Madison, WI—The School of Social Welfare at the University of Wisconsin has passed two resolutions regarding hiring policies and placement of graduate students. Along with the now common race, religion, etc., the resolutions include sexual and/or affectional orientation.

News Release

Providence, RI—The Rhode Island Bicentennial Commission has been ordered by Federal Judge Raymond J. Bettine to allow an ad hoc group calling itself Toward a Gayer Bicentennial to participate in the state's bicentennial celebrations.

The commission said the group could not use the Old State House because the gay movement advocates sexual practices which are illegal. They also claimed there was no connection between gay people and the 200th anniversary of the U. S.

The judge stated: "I cannot help but note the irony of the bicentennial commission expressing reluctance to provide a forum for the plaintiffs' exercise of their First Amendment rights because they might advocate conduct which is illegal."

News West

Milwaukee, WI—The quote of the month comes from Dr. Walter Freeman, known in some circles as the "dean of lobotomy."

Freeman says he has found that women who have had lobotomies make good housewives: "Women of all ages make up the great majority of the caseloads and the successes of psychosurgeons. From the available clinical evidence it would appear that it is difficult for a man to support a family after a lobotomy but it is easy for a woman to do housework."

The Bugle American

London—John Curry, Olympic, European, and British figure-skating champion, was made an Officer of the British Empire in the annual list of honors announced on Queen Elizabeth's birthday.

Curry, who came out of the closet recently, was one of about a thousand English subjects to be honored. Others were composer Benjamin Britten and BBC newsman Richard Baker.

Now living in the United States, Curry is negotiating with ice shows for a starring spot next season.

News West

Philadelphia, PA—When the 41st International Eucharistic Congress meets in the United States for the first time in 50 years during the week of August 1-8, the expected 1 million participants will be met by representatives of **Dignity**, the international organization of Gay and Concerned Catholics.

With the seven day theme of "hunger," participants of the Congress will be sensitized by a public outdoor Mass, several thousand leaflets and an hour-long vigil to the hunger felt by gay men and women for justice and freedom in the Church and in the secular world.

News Release

Los Angeles, CA—A deputy District Attorney requested and received a delay of the preliminary hearing for the Mark Four to August 23.

The four defendants face felony pandering charges filed after the raid by police on a charity fund raiser being held at the Mark IV Health Club in Hollywood.

Defense attorneys are speculating the four may never go to trial.

News West

Whitley, Northern Ireland—Irish gays now have an Irish Peer who has come forward with an offer of support for gay law reform in Northern Ireland. They look forward to the issue being raised in the House of Lords this fall.

On the House of Commons side, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland Merlyn Rees, is "reconsidering" extending gay law reform to Northern Ireland.

Gay News

Ottawa, Canada—The Ottawa City Council unanimously passed a resolution incorporating the clause, "there shall be no discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation", into its collective agreements with all unions representing its employees. This makes Ottawa the second city in Canada (Toronto being first) to prohibit discrimination against gays in municipal employment.

The Body Politic

New York, NY—Gay rights resolutions brought to the Democratic National Convention by the National Gay Task Force were passed by the Women's Caucus and the Youth Caucus. The Women's Caucus adopted the resolution unanimously.

Four members of the Democratic National Committee, as well as California Senator John Tunney, seven other members of Congress, and state and city officials from around the country were among the signers of the gay-rights declaration.

NGTF News Release

THE FLY *(From page 25)*

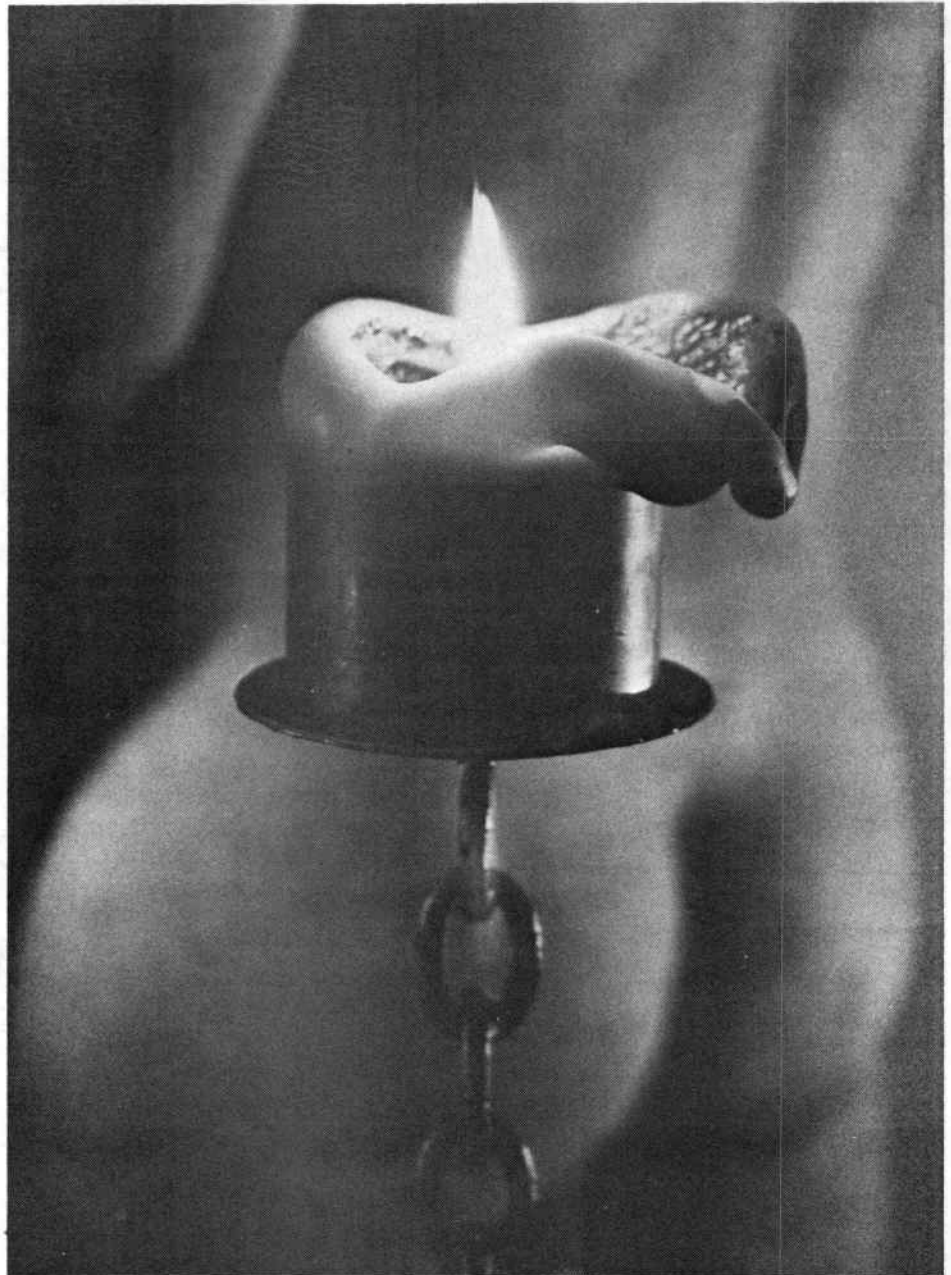
Nurse Green chanted the children's song every morning as she pulled back the grey curtains and woke the woman. She'd been doing it for five years now, ever since they'd brought her in. At first there'd been tight security (she was, after all, a convicted murderer) but the security had laxed as she continued her catatonic state.

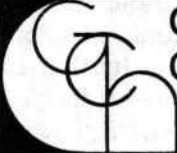
She swallowed the frog
To catch the fly.
I don't know why
She swallowed a fly
Perhaps she'll die. . .

This willy song was the only thing that had elicited any reaction from the crazy old bat in five years.

And that reaction was rather perplexing. She would smile, place her hand over her face and shout, "Hit-a my hand."

Claudia Lettieri is a professional writer who lives in New York. GPU NEWS has published several of her stories. The January 1977 issue of *Writer's Digest* will carry an article by Ms. Lettieri explaining how she researched and wrote the short story *Annie* which originally appeared in the February 1976 issue of GPU NEWS.





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HERE&THERE

Ringsted, Denmark—The filming of a pornographic on the life of Christ already banned by Italy, France, and Libya, has reportedly received the backing of a number of Swedish atheist groups, according to the **Nation Wide Festival of Light (NFOL)**, a British group supporting Christian standards in social life.

Unable to obtain finances in his native Denmark, producer-director Jens Joergen Thorsen has now established a special company with a capital of some \$458,000 from Swedish sponsors.

The film will have scenes such as those showing "our Lord lying with street whores and engaging in homosexual activities with numerous men," the NFOL reported, and added that the project "has created considerable controversy in the Swedish newspapers, churches, and parliament."

The Living Church

New York, NY—Episcopal bishop Paul Moore said that the ordination of avowed lesbian Ellen Barrett as a deacon "is a healthy development in our culture and our church." He noted: "Historically many of the finest clergy in our church have had this personality structure, but only recently has the social climate made it possible to be open about it." Moore asserted that homosexuality "is not a question of morality."

Awake

Seattle, WA—Claiming he was fired for being gay, Guy Hunt, a Northwest Orient Airlines pilot, has formed The Gay Airlines Pilot Association with six other pilots. Hunt, who is trying to get his job back, says, "The image pilots try to portray is that of a *saucy* male stud. They assume a gay pilot is a liability to that image."

The San Francisco Sentinel

Louisville, KY—License plates issued for McCracken County include three-letter combinations, beginning with GAA. After about 300 motorists were issued plates with GAY the clerk stopped issuing them and said motorists with GAY plates could apply for new plates.

Gay Scene

Plymouth Meeting, PA—Mark Segal famed Gay Raider has sent letters to all the presidential candidates asking for their position on gay rights. A spokesman for President Ford replied: "We would like to state the absolute truth, which is that President Ford has not taken any position on gay activity at the present time. . ."

News Release

Des Moines, IA—June saw two more states repeal laws which criminalized sexual behavior between consenting adults in private. Iowa and West Virginia brings the number of states which have repealed their "sodomy" laws to 17 and represents one third of the states and one third of the nation's population.

Although the West Virginia repeal legislation was signed June 10, and the Iowa legislation June 28, there has been no national attention to this continuation of a major trend.

NGTF News Release

Norfolk, VA—At their annual convention the Southern Baptist, the largest Protestant denomination in the U. S., approved a resolution urging its churches to refuse ordination and employment to gays.

Gay Scene

Dallas, TX—Notorious right-wing spokesman, Major General Edwin A. Walker, (U. S. Army Ret.) was arrested on charges of public lewdness in a public park restroom.

Police claimed the 68-year-old retired general had fondled the arresting officers genitals.

He was released on a \$200 bond.

Gay Community News



"My wife really doesn't understand me. She thinks I'm seeing another woman. . ."



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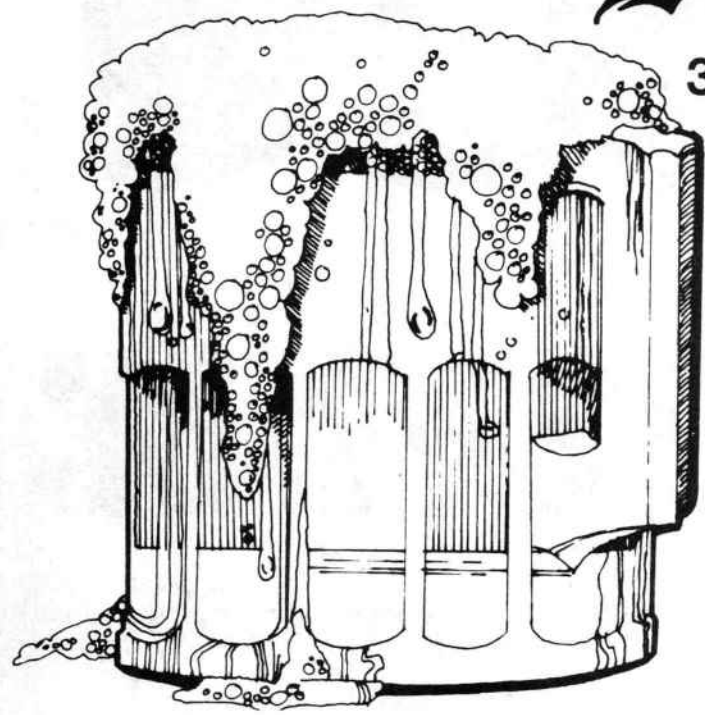
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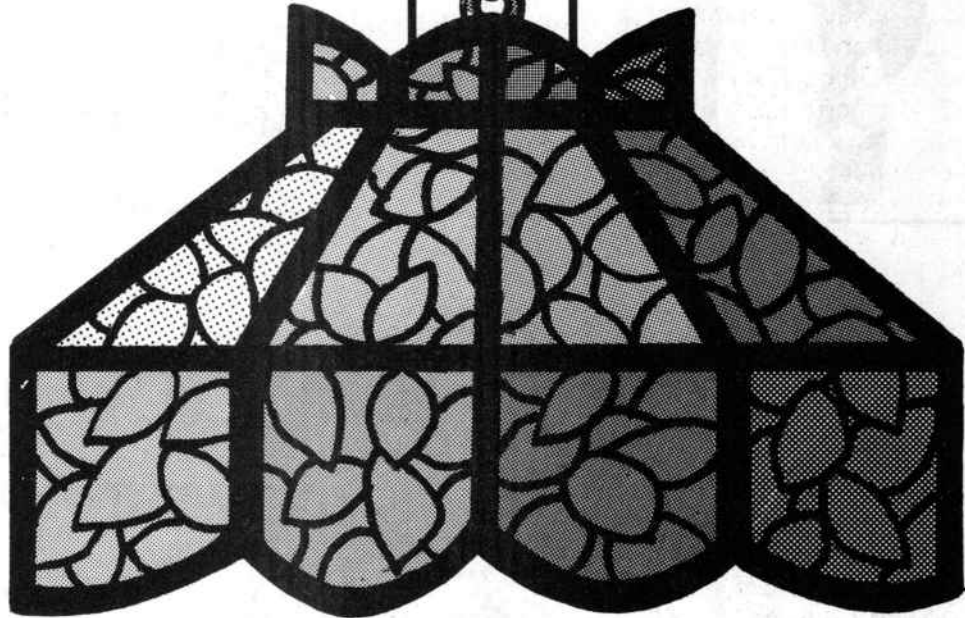
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REVIEW

Come Out, Come Out, Sung by New Freedom, Music by Bob Tye, Lyrics and Production by Nick Curto. 45 rpm stereo disc. \$1.50 postpaid from New Freedom, P. O. Box 387, NYC, NY 10028.

Come Out, Come Out was the theme for Channel 13's three-hour television show, **Outreach: Lesbians and Gay Men**, in New York. As a result of a large quantity of enthusiastic letters, the show was broadcast a second time in April by Channel 13. **Come Out, Come Out** is a joyous and spirited tune. The song itself is performed by six members of the **New Freedom** group with instrumental backup comprising drums, piano, guitar, flute, and tambourine. An instrumental version of the same song is performed on the flip-side, with the flute carrying much of the melodic line previously assigned to the vocalist. The chorus is recapitulated at various points: "Come Out, Come Out, wherever you are. Freedom is here, and there's no reason to fear. Come Out, Come Out, wherever you are, and walk in the sunshine again, my friend." The lyrics are pleasant and carry the message of gay liberation without pretension or didacticism. The third verse is a good example: "Life is too short to live a lie, so look the world right in the eye. Love is too beautiful to lock inside. Love whomever you want, and walk with pride." Considering the format (45 rpm), the sonics are good overall, with little distortion or crackle. If **New Freedom** will be recording more liberation songs (as well it should), one hopes that they will move into the 33 rpm format. Curto is the art director for New York's **National Gay Task Force** and an active member of the **Gay Media Coalition**. This is his first song, and he is quoted in the record blurb: "Isn't it great we've come such a long way in so short a time. Let's hope this is only the beginning." The motion is hereby seconded.



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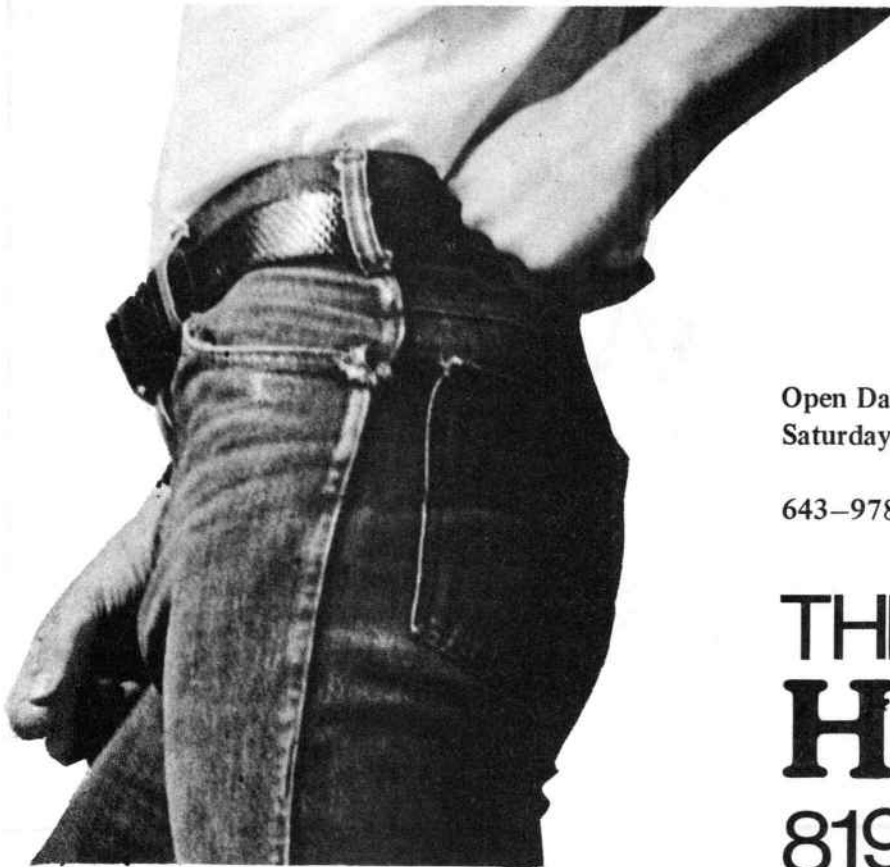
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- Aug 1-8 Lesbian Pride Week in Chicago. For info see July GPU NEWS.
 Aug 1 Gold Coast Movie-501 N. Clark, Chicago-5 and 10 PM. "Fortune and Men's Eyes."
 Aug 2 Monthly Business Meeting—Gay Peoples Union, 8 PM, Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, Milwaukee
 Aug 7 Go Go Contest- 10 Pm, Saugatuck Lodges, Saugatuck, Mich.
 Aug 8 Gold Coast Movie—"Dial M For Murder."
 Aug 9 Regular GPU meeting.
 Aug 10-15 Seventh General National Conference, Metropolitan Community Churches, Washington, D.C. various events- for info call 202-543-2260.
 Aug 13 Silver Star Club Night, Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie, Milwaukee
 Aug 13 Congregation or Chadash, Gay Jewish Group, social hour 8:30 PM, Second Unitarian Center, 656 W. Barry, Chicago
 Aug 15 Gold Coast Movie— "Some Like It Hot"
 Aug 16 Regular GPU meeting
 Aug 16 Gays at Republican Convention, Kansas City—daily events. For info call 816-921-4419
 Aug 18 Gender Services of Chicago—benefit for Dignity-Chicago. For info call 312-281-0686
 Aug 21 Mr. Jockey Shorts Contest, 10 PM, Saugatuck Lodges, Saugatuck, Mich.
 Aug 22 Gold Coast Movie—"Prince Valiant"
 Aug 23 Regular GPU meeting
 Aug 26 Chicken and corn roast at Women's Coalition, 2211 E. Kenwood, Milwaukee from 3 to 8 PM. Benefit for Mary Jo Risher, lesbian mother from Texas who needs funds to appeal child custody case.
 Aug 28 Congregation or Chadash—social hour-see Aug 13.
 Aug 29 Gold Coast Movie—"The Illustrated Man"
 Aug 29 GPU Rummage Sale—11 AM to 4 PM. 1568 N. Farwell, Milwaukee
 Aug 30 Regular GPU Meeting.

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Dignity—Milwaukee

Catholic Mass with discussion group following—Every Sunday at 7:30 PM., Newman Center, 2528 E. Linnwood.

Forker Motorcycle Club

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

Gay Alcoholics Anonymous

Meetings Sundays at 6PM in the social hall of the Newman Center, 2528 E. Linnwood. Call 271-5273 and ask for group 94.

Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at 7:30 PM at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, Business meetings the first Monday of each month. Call 271-5273 or write P.O. Box 92203 Milwaukee, Wi 53202.

GPU Examination Center for VD

Free V.D. screening. Open Wed. Fri. & Sat. 8 to 11 PM. Farwell Center, 1568 N Farwell. Total Confidentiality.

Grapevine

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

Milwaukee Health Department

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

Clinic hours: Monday & Thursday from 11:30 AM to 7:15 PM; Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday 8:30 AM to 11:15 AM and 12:45 PM to 4:00 PM.

Silver Star Motorcycle Club

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

UWM Gay Community

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

WISCONSIN

Fox Valley Gay Alliance

Serving Appleton—Oshkosh area. Meets twice monthly, operates Gay Helpline (414-233-2948) For information write: PO Box 332, Menasha, Wi 54952

Lesbian Switchboard

306 N. Brooks (UYMCA)
Madison, Wi 53715
(608) 257-7378 -7-10 PM

Madison Gay Center

1001 University Avenue
Madison, Wi. 53715
(608) 257-7575

Renaissance of Madison Inc.

913 Spring Street
Gay V.D. Clinic. Free screening and treatment every Tuesday evening 7:30 to 9:30.

CHICAGO

Beckman House

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

Daughters of Bilitis

Lesbian group. Box 2043, Melrose Park, Ill 60164

Dignity/Chicago

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

Gay News and Events Line

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

Gay VD Clinic

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

Mattachine Midwest

Box 924, Chicago, Il 60690 337-2424

One of Chicago, Inc.

Box 537, Chicago, Il 60690. Meets 2nd Tuesday 8PM, 4221 W. Irving.

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INTEGRITY: GAY EPISCOPAL FORUM. 10 issues/\$10. Louie Crew, Ph.D., ed., 701 Orange, Ft. Valley, GA 31030.

3" Gay Lambda Symbols—Silver on black. \$1 each. Specify sew-on cloth or headlight reflecting car decal. John Mason, POB 54, Easton, Pa. 18042

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

Stockholder and business partner wanted for gay boutique. Must be reliable and have previous management experience. Send resume to Box 92155, Milwaukee, WI 53202

FRENCH STUDENT of English seeks pen pals. Age 21 (1m65, 59 kgs.), interests in architecture, music, reading, and athletics. Write to Jean Luc Revest at: Nelson House Royal Hospital School, Ipswich JP9 2RX, Suffolk, England.

Visiting Philadelphia? Two landmarks: Drury Lane, sophisticated crowd, fine Fr. cuisine, great drinks, 1302 Drury; Allegro, 1412 Spruce, 3 floors of disco, drinks, game room!

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Would like to share your 2 bdrm apt. White male 24. Prefer around Wisconsin Ave. Must have parking space. 931-7294, Aug 9th between 5 & 7 pm.

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

Free: 3 month old male kitten needs good home. He would be happiest if home had another cat, small dog, and/or children. Call Ellen 344-7565 after 6 pm.

Subscribe to Chicago Gay Life, the midwest's leading gay newspaper. \$6 for 13 issues, \$10 for 26 issues (1 yr) Write to Chicago Gay Life, 343 S. Dearborn, Suite 1719, Chicago, Il. 60604.

Responsible, neat, individual wanted to share 2 bdrm flat near 66th & Bluemond. Close to freeway. \$95 each. Available after Aug 1. Call Keith 259-0455 after 5 pm.

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

Nocturnal Emissions—songs for NY melodies, poetry by Norman Richards. Has the essence of NYC oozing out of it from start to finish. Now available in a limited-edition (signed) at Milwaukee poetry outlets.

Roommate wanted: GWM between 25-35 Responsible person wanted to share 3 bdrm flat in Marquette area. Some references needed. Masculine person preferred call 344-6382 after 4 pm.

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

Brownsville/Mata-Moros, Mexico. Need guide, fly in from Dallas. Can do? Hank Box 64902, Dallas, TX 75206.

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

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

Gay Prisoner Support—Join Hands News- paper. Bi-monthly—\$4/yr. Free to prisoners. Write to Join Hands, Box 42242, San Francisco, Ca. 94142.

For money or love: Boy Prostitution in America. Introduction by Senator Bayh. \$8.95 + .75 post & handling from Athena Books Limited, Box 26, Carlstadt, NJ, 07073.

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

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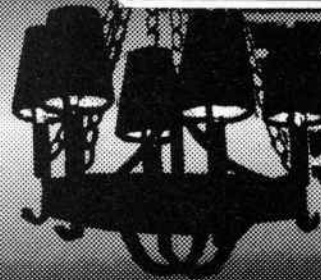
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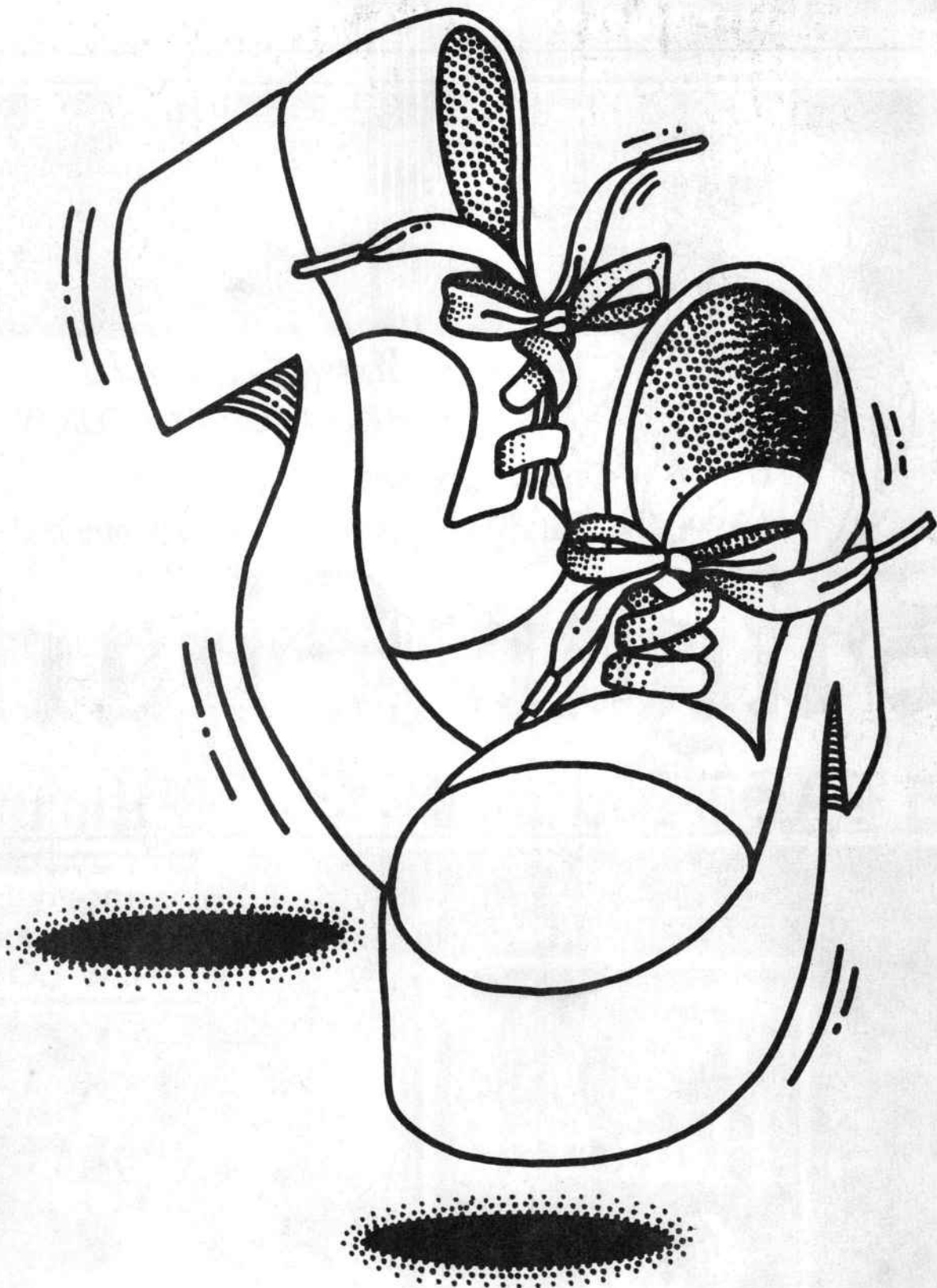
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POEMS by IAN YOUNG & RICHARD PHELAN

SASKATOON SNOW

(appointment in an hour)
the wall heater goes off,
fresh tea steams from the mugs,
side of my hand
traces
the bed-clothes' impressions of
creases
on your back
"tea, Rick"
not the smooth 17-year old body I
(glimpsed 8 years ago)
light hair now on your
chest & belly,
inviting sinews
stretching
the body's moorings
into the room in sun
young man's body now, a
young man's room
quiet
dog sniffing, curious, at the door,
wall heater goes on,
I
off with my jeans &
into bed
image
of a window of white
birches, black & white birches
in snow
slipping beside you



This photo of Ian (left) and Richard (right) was taken recently in Saskatoon. They met in a sidewalk cafe in 1967 and have written three books together. Young's latest book of poetry *Common or Garden Gods* (reviewed in *GPU NEWS*, March 1976) also contains three of Richard's poems.

out of my shirt
the half hour before I should go
we are here
again with tea &
each other's light
I am still yours
every time, every time to be
that much
surer of the calm,
my arm around
your belly & under
your balls. . .
a sleepiness,
the books in the room,
wall heater every so often going off or on
years &
times
for my head to rest
on your back,
for you to lean
again on one arm,
sipping,
heat from the tea against your handsome, aging face. . .

IY

DARK

"Sometimes I see my face in your face" — Richard
And I sometimes
half-waking at night
feeling your hair on my brow
a hand by my chest
not knowing whose hand it is

IY

still
falling in love
leads to love or
love
leads to love
&
here we are
(the walk
from town to house)
quietly talking

IY

LIONS OF LAST

Weaving
the vanishing trail
here
through some scattered ephemera
the fire dragon
from when
into where
did we not just become lions
and already
reckless
we hunt yet
this other skin

RP

MYSTICAL MARRIAGE

Two travellers
you and I
then realizing
Yes this very moment
now for you
now for me
in all its fullness
utterly complete
two travellers
entering deeply

RP

SPRING GREETINGS

Could we but be all together
sitting by the river bank
watching the stone fish
jump by

RP

