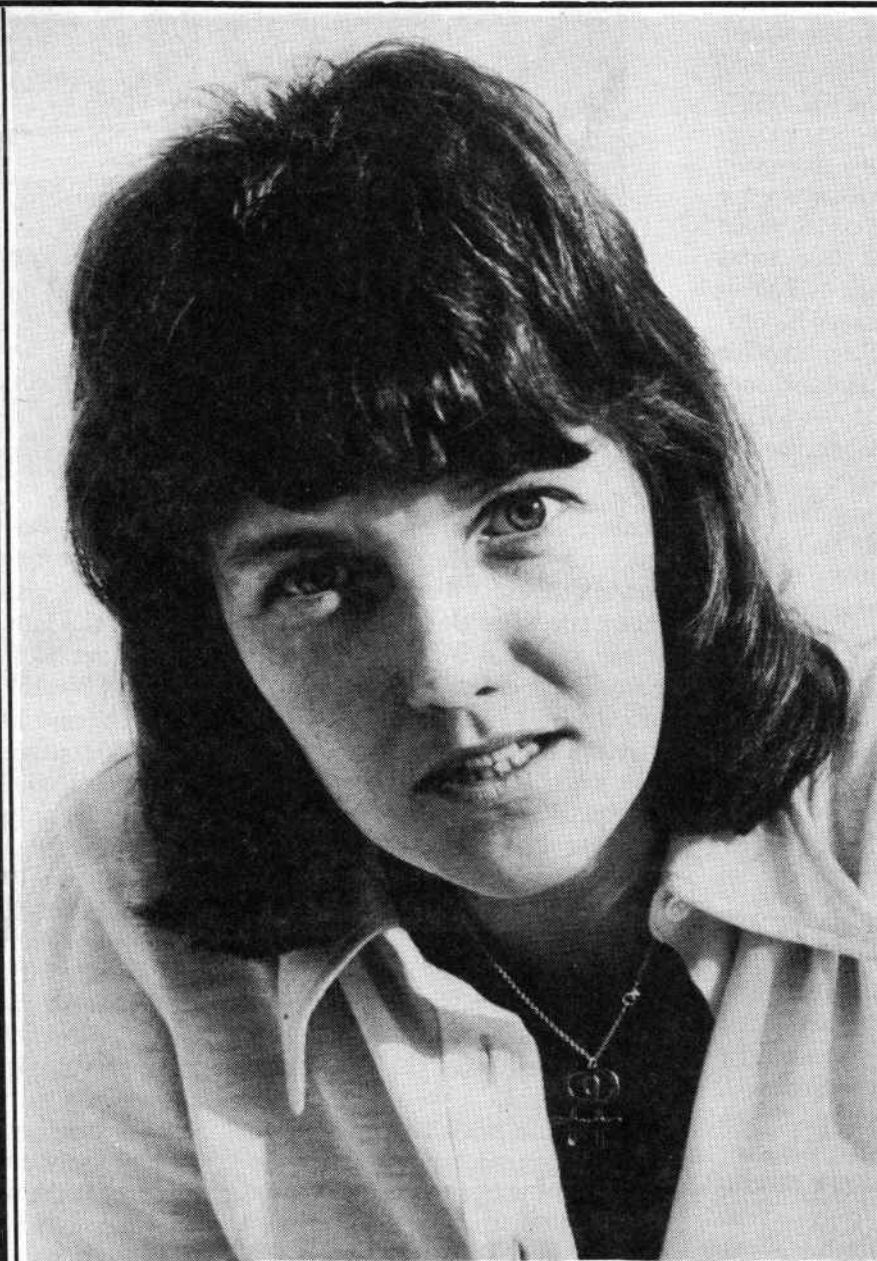


# GPU NEWS

January 1977

Vol. 6, No. 4

60¢



**Gay Person of the Year-Elaine Noble**

# COMPOSER BENJAMIN BRITTEN DIES

Aldeburgh, England—Benjamin Britten, 63, generally regarded as Great Britain's finest composer since the 17th Century, died at his home in Aldeburgh, England, on December 4, 1976. Britten had never fully recovered from open-heart surgery performed in 1973, and had been bed-ridden for several weeks before his death. He was survived by his lover of nearly 40 years, the singer Peter Pears, for whom Britten had written most of the leading tenor roles in his major operas.

Benjamin Britten and his colleague Ralph Vaughan Williams were the first English composers since Henry Purcell to break free from total European dominance of British musical style. Vaughan Williams, however, was more concerned with maintaining traditional English motifs; Britten combined these with a personal language to produce works that were both individual in style and universal in their appeal. His opera **Peter Grimes** (1945) is virtually the only opera written in this century that has been able to break into the so-called "basic repertoire." Although he wrote many other notable works, (including the famous **Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra** (1966), it is on Britten's operatic output that his reputation mainly rests. Following the international success of **Peter Grimes**, Britten went on to write other operas covering a wide range of theme and style. Among these are **Albert Herring**, **The Rape of Lucretia**, **Billy Budd**, **Gloriana** (written for Queen Elizabeth's coronation ceremonies in 1953), **The Turn of the Screw**, **A Midsummer Night's Dream**, **Owen Wingrave**, and **Death in Venice**—produced by the **New York Metropolitan Opera** in 1964 only a year after its debut in Aldeburgh.

Britten, who never particularly hid his homosexuality, incorporated this theme into several of these operas, the most noticeable examples being **Billy Budd** and **Death in**



United Press International

**Venice.** The former, based on the short novel by Herman Melville, is less about the title character than about the struggle that takes place within Captain Vere and the first mate Claggart upon being confronted with Billy. Claggart's insane jealousy of Billy, that brings about both his own and Billy's deaths, is a fearful manifestation of the repressed homosexual personality. **Death in Venice**, based on Thomas Mann's novella, is about an artist who feels mysteriously drawn to a beautiful male dancer, and must come to terms with this attraction.

The gay motivations of Peter Grimes, Peter Quint (in **The Turn of the Screw**), and Owen Wingrave, although more muted and less essential to the understanding of these operas, are nevertheless present. A number of Britten's song cycles, especially the **Nocturne**, also handle the homosexual theme. (It is worth noting that **Billy Budd** may be the only opera in existence that contains not a single female voice).

Tenor Peter Pears created the

roles of **Peter Grimes** and other major tenor roles in Britten's works. The two artists had lived together since the late 1930's, had emigrated together to the United States when World War II broke out, and returned to England in 1942. After settling in Aldeburgh, the two set up a concert hall/opera house in the town, where many of Britten's smaller works were premiered. Britten and Pears often gave lieder programs at the hall, and the two also frequently toured or recorded together.

Whether Britten "anticipated" his own death in the writing of **Death in Venice** will probably become a popular controversy—just as Tchaikovsky is supposed to have "predicted" his death in his tragic **6th Symphony**. Although this interpretation of the work is not to be taken seriously, several critics have commented that the opera seems more of a personal statement than any other work of Britten's.

Upon learning of Britten's death, Queen Elizabeth II sent Peter Pears her personal condolences.

## COMMITTEE SAYS "CHANGE LAW"

Madison, WI—The Special Committee on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals of the Wisconsin Council on Criminal Justice has recommended that private sex acts be legalized along with gambling, decriminalization of marijuana, and recommended that the Legislature should examine whether prostitution should be legalized.

The recommendations on gambling, private sex acts, marijuana and prostitution came after heated debate. The committee was given about 7500 petitions against the proposals.

"I believe the philosophy of this committee is sick, sick, sick," said the Rev. Conrad Jacklin of Cudahy. "Our society is built on morality.

## GRNL GOES REGIONAL

Washington, DC—The Gay Rights National Lobby (GRNL) held its first meeting December 4-5, and acted to squelch cries that the Board was too "Eastern" in its make-up.

The directors voted the approval of setting up a Regional Board of Directors. It was an important move to broaden the representation of the entire nation. Seven regions will be set up throughout the country.

Of the current thirty board members, representatives from the Midwest include Allan H. Spear of Minneapolis, Renee Hanover, Kathy Nelson and Robert Silverman, all of Chicago. GRNL records show there are only four members from Wisconsin.

Ginny Apuzzo of New York and Gary Van Ooteghem of Houston were elected as co-chairs for the year. Other officers selected were Adrienne Scott of New York, Treasurer, Linda Lachman of Mass., Secretary, and Ray Hartman from Los Angeles as Member-at-large.

The meeting ended without any provisions set for the new organization to issue official press and media statements.

We can't afford not to enforce these moral laws."

However, not all the speakers were against the proposals.

"I believe in God and I believe in sin," said Sister Dorothy Wood of Milwaukee. "I believe in morality, but I don't believe you can legislate it."

Barbara Kahn of Madison said: "I commend the committee for taking the state out of my bedroom."

Members of Gay Peoples Union

## CONFERENCE ON WOMEN AND THE LAW TO INCLUDE LESBIANS

Madison, WI—The Eighth National Conference on Women and the Law will be held March 24-27, in Madison, Wisconsin. The conference will feature a Lesbian Law Section and a Third World Women block.

The Lesbian Law Section will concentrate on lesbian legal problems in hope of developing some effective solutions. One need not be a lesbian to attend but panel members will be people who are concerned and have experience in the area of lesbian legal rights.

The Third World Women will explore the compounded discrimination problems experienced by women who are Asian-Americans, Black, Chicana, or Native American.

Guest speakers at the conference will be Elaine Noble, state representative from Boston; Professor Herma Hill Kay, tenured professor at UCA-Berkeley Law School; and Repre-

## A CASE OF BLASPHEMOUS LIBEL?

London, England—British anti-pornography campaigner, Mary Whitehouse, has persuaded a High Court to allow criminal proceedings against *Gay News*, Britain's gay tabloid and the world's largest circulation gay newspaper.

*Gay News* (GN) Editor Denis Lemon and the distributors have been charged under the Blasphemy Act of 1697. It is the first such case

were happy with the recommendation, but noted this is not the first time the committee had made the proposals to the Legislature.

Percy Julian, head of the subcommittee that made the proposals said the proposals were made because the criminal justice system spends too much time pursuing crimes in which there are no victims. The council distributes federal anti-crime money in the state.

sentative Elizabeth Holtzman from New York. Entertainer Margie Adam, a feminist pianist, vocalist, and composer will be the featured entertainer.

After encountering discrimination at universities and when seeking careers in law, women banded together in order to establish a communications network to support and encourage women in the legal field. The first conference was held in 1969 at New York University Law School with fewer than 100 in attendance. There were over two thousand people at the Seventh National Conference.

The conference is open to the public. For information and/or a registration form write: Eighth National Conference, University of Wisconsin Law School, Madison, WI 53706. (Phone (608) 263-2100) Forms must be returned by Feb. 15 or a late fee of \$10 will be added.

in 54 years and carries a possible maximum life sentence.

Ms. Whitehouse brought the action because of a poem that allegedly blasphemes the life of Christ. The poem—a fantasy in which the speaker imagines a series of homosexual acts in which Christ is accused—was written by J. Kirkup of Amherst, Mass. His work has appeared in *Fag Rag* and *Gay Sunshine*.

# PRISONS STILL DENY GAY PUBLICATIONS

Gay prisoners incarcerated in federal correctional facilities across the country continue to appeal the decision by the US Bureau of Prisons not to permit gay publications, including GPU NEWS, in prisons. (See GPU NEWS' October)

Congressman Ed Koch (D-NY) appealed directly to Norman Carlson, Director of the US Bureau of Prisons, on behalf of all gay prisoners. Responding to Koch in a letter dated December 10, Carlson said:

"The reason for this decision focused exclusively on the fact that homosexuality is a major problem in correctional institutions. As you will recall, the recent investigation into eight murders at Lewisburg revealed that five had homosexual overtones. Unfortunately, Lewisburg is not atypical of the problems in most institutions. We agree with the philosophy of limiting an offender's access to literature or publications only in cases where there is clearly overriding institutional in-

terest. In this case we believe that such is the case as publications advocating or supporting homosexuality exacerbate a major problem. Publications which call attention or identify inmates who accept homosexuality can, in our opinion, be detrimental to their safety as well as to the safety of others. For that reason we have concluded that such publications should be prohibited."

Since the involvement of Congressman Koch received nongay media coverage, the **National Gay Task Force (NGTF)** "learned" that gay publications were being prohibited in federal prisons. The "gay press" has been running accounts of the censorship for over three months.

Prisoners have used a Request for Administrative Remedy procedure in attempts to get their own wardens to reverse this trend. All have failed. Most read pretty much the same, so we provide one such appeal and the response to give readers an idea of the rationale of prison officials:

#### REASON FOR APPEAL:

"In the response from my institutional remedy, Mr. Strong states that these newspapers (copies enclosed) tend to encourage Homosexuality. I do not believe this as I am the one who reads them and they do not encourage me as well as the fact that they do not encourage others that I know. They sell many magazines here at our commissary with nude women such as Playboy and Penthouse and many of these magazines have pictures and centerfolds of two women together in many poses (copies of Penthouse enclosed) I believe these pictures speak for themselves. Yet these magazines do not encourage homosexuality. So why the newspapers I read? Is it because the word Gay or Homosexual is on them? Or is it because it is about them? The only thing I can say is that these newspapers are low on the scale of sex compared to many other magazines allowed or sold here. The Advocate, Blueboy, Gaytimes, the Gay Weekley and Body Politic were approved at the institution I was at before transferring here to Atlanta that is how I payed for the subscriptions to be sent to me. I was even getting them

here from Oct. 1975 till March 1976 when someone happened to notice them either in the mail room or Education Dept. and had them stopped, and that is why I am writing to you in the hope that you will take the time to look into this matter."

#### RESPONSE

"I have now completed my review of your administrative remedy appeal in which you request that you be permitted to receive certain "gay" magazines. In your appeal you have sought to compare the sexual content of magazines such as Playboy and Penthouse to the publications GPU NEWS and Advocate, among others. I am in agreement with you that the sexual depictions in the magazines of the Playboy-type are far more explicit than those in the "gay" magazines you have enclosed. The rejection of publications is not based upon their sexual content alone, but involves an analysis of the impact a publication would have on the institutional population. It is the professional opinion of the administrators of the Bureau of Prisons that in an institutional setting, homosexual activities are a major cause of the assaults of many prisoners. We concur that most assaults are perpetrated by non-gay aggressive individuals who prey on the weaknesses of others and especially those prisoners who identify themselves as being gay. The identification of a prisoner as being gay has shown by experience to be the trigger to initiate many of these assaults. It is my judgement that steps must be taken to reduce and where at all possible eliminate the identification of inmates as being gay. For the most part, this proscription takes the form of preventing those inmates with gay persuasions or even those inmates who are merely curious about gay matters from possessing publications and other paraphernalia which would serve to give other inmates the impression that they are gay. I regret that the protection of inmates from assaults does at times necessitate restrictions upon them that might not otherwise be demanded in a free community." For the above reasons, your request to receive "gay" magazines must be denied."

With the support of **The American Civil Liberties Union** and various gay publications prisoners continue to appeal through the courts, but no action is expected until later this year. Another possibility is that President-elect Carter will appoint someone to replace Carlson who will rescind the policy now established.



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## Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

P.O. Box 92203 • Milwaukee, Wis. • 53202 • Phone: 414-271-5273

To the elected officials & Legislature of the State of Wisconsin:

There are now on the Wisconsin Statute Books several laws which pertain to, prohibit, and criminalize the performance of sexual acts between citizens in the privacy of their homes.

Whereas, these laws constitute an infringement of the personal privacy of the citizens and their homes;

Whereas, these sexual affairs are of a personal nature and harm no other citizens, they should *not* be matters of concern to the state;

Whereas, there is no complaint when these acts are between consenting parties, these laws can only be enforced by the state conducting criminal invasions upon its citizens' privacy;

Whereas, these laws have been discriminatorially enforced and used to oppress persons who perform only the homosexual acts not heterosexual;

Whereas, the origins of such prohibitions are religious, such laws can be construed as the establishment of a state religion and thus are in violation of the Federal constitution;

It is, therefore, important to note and to inform the legislature that:

Many religious denominations have changed their views against homosexuality to recognize it as a valid expression of love.

Medical opinion no longer views homosexuality as a sickness.

Many other states and municipalities have not only removed similar sex laws from their books, but also enacted new laws which guarantee civil rights regardless of sexual or affectional preference.

The Federal Civil Service Commission no longer will allow such anti-gay discrimination.

Many private corporations which have operations within this state have their own private policies guaranteeing equal treatment to all people regardless of sex or sexual preference.

Whereas, our neighbor state, Illinois, fifteen years ago removed from its statutes similar laws prohibiting private sexual conduct, and that state has not suffered the collapse and fall of its society, government or civilization;

We, the members of **Gay Peoples Union, Inc.**, call for and urge the swift repeal of those laws which forbid the private consensual sexual acts between adult citizens of Wisconsin.

Such repeal should be followed by passage of new laws which guarantee the civil rights of all citizens regardless of their sexual or affectional preferences.

Approved by the Board of Directors December 1, 1976

Approved by the general membership December 6, 1976

By: *Allyn W. Hess*

ALYN W. HESS, President

Gay Peoples Union, Inc.—  
GPU Examination Center for VD—

GPU News—  
GPU Hotline—

GPU Library—  
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## GPU ELECTS BOARD & OFFICERS

Milwaukee, WI—During their last two business meetings, **Gay Peoples Union** elected members to their Board of Directors and officers for the coming year.

Elected to the Board to serve for two year terms were: Robert Johnson, Dean H. Slater, and Carol Stevens. Persia Straub was selected to serve out the term of a member who resigned.

Allyn W. Hess was re-elected president. Other officers elected were: Roger Durand, vice-president; Si Smits, treasurer; Roger Lee, corresponding secretary; and, Bill Straub, recording secretary.

The new Board elected Pat Batt as Chairperson. He is starting his second year as a member of the Board.

Events at GPU for the month of January include a psychiatrist as guest speaker on the 17th, representatives from Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) in Chicago, on the 31st, and "General Rap" sessions on the 10th and 24th.

GPU meets every Monday at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell at 8:00 pm. Business meetings are the first Monday of the month. Meetings are open to the public.

## FEEDBACK

Dear Editor,

I wouldn't miss GPU NEWS. I like the pleasant and fraternal tone of the magazine as well as the fact that you don't look for beauty and truth in Port-O-Lets. Also, GPU NEWS provides some measure of contact with the gay community—somewhere.

There doesn't seem to be anything going on here in Cincinnati. This town has been "cleaned up" to the point that sex is used exclusively for reproductive purposes, or so it appears. So my copy of GPU NEWS is like a letter from a friend.

Your promotion of WFMR shows that you're my kind of people! I'd like to see more features like "the decline and fall of Rome" (you know what I mean) and more drawings or photos. I know you would print pictures that are neither uninteresting nor vulgar, because that is the way of GPU NEWS.

Anyway, keep up the good work!

Sig Janes

Cincinnati, OH

Dear Editor,

I have just finished reading your Dec. issue and found it stimulating and rewarding. Your editorial was my favorite Christmas Card.

But I would like to take issue with Daniel Curzon and his attack on **The Front Runner**. I agree that it is not great gay literature but I think it, as well as **The Fancy Dancer**, serve a useful purpose in the gay liberation movement. Because they were written by a **Readers Digest** Editor and published by a major publisher and widely advertised and sold, they will probably reach far more people than any classic of gay literature and people who would shy away from gay material. The point of view: the acceptance of the gay life style; the non-pitying equating of this way of life with the mainstream can well advance our cause and make a point with people who would not otherwise be exposed to it.

Dick Kellogg New York, NY

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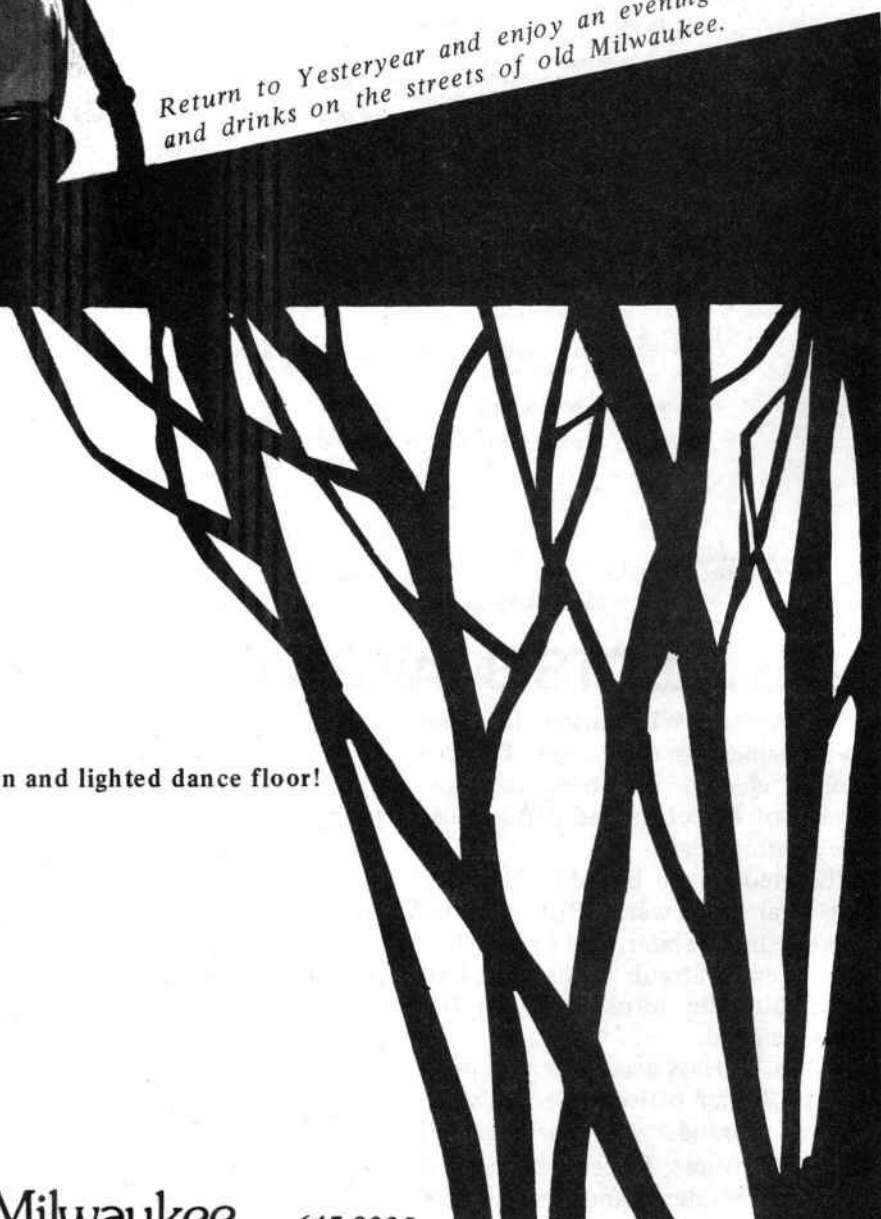
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# EDITORIAL

The December 1976 issue of GPU NEWS established three milestones which we hope will not be precedent setting: (1) the wrong photos were printed of the CBC Contest winners, (2) the issue contained an abominable number of typographical flocks, and (3) it went into the mail just at the height of the opening holiday mail onslaught (which meant that our geographically distant readers probably received it very late). We can make neither apologies nor excuses—since we were aware of the printing errors, and reasonably expectant of the photo mistakes, before going to press. The unfolding of this drama may provide some insight into the workings of GPU NEWS.

The last two weeks of November were hectic for the staff. Our Editor left for New York at Thanksgiving to cover the GAU Convention there, and at the same time one of the Associate Editors was in Chicago to cover the CBC Convention. This left the Associate Editor and a skeleton staff to cover all bases of operation in Milwaukee (advertising, editorial, typesetting, mailing; and in their copious free time, proofreading and layout). Both the GAU and CBC conventions ended on 28 November, and the December issue had to go to press on the 29th in order to be in the mail by the 3rd of December. The Editor phoned in his story from New York, which was typeset on Sunday; but the CBC situation was complicated by the fact that we needed photos, as well as the fact that the Chicago contest did not begin until Sunday evening. Two staff members attended the CBC Contest and photographed all contestants, hopped into their car at eleven pm (the contest was not yet over—it lasted until close to four am), and drove back to Milwaukee where a photographer was waiting to develop all photos at about 2 am Monday. The photos in hand did not correspond to the order of contestants because of problems with the camera

during the contest. We phoned back to Chicago Monday morning, got the names of the winners, and did our best to match names to photos before setting them into the issue. This meant at least even odds that some (or all) photos might not match.

Typesetting for the issue was completed Monday morning also, at about the time that our IBM Composer began to smoke. Proofreading had turned up errors; but, without the composer, all that we could do was to wave at them in passing through the near-finished pages.

Two options rose with the sun on Monday morning:

(1) Wait for IBM to repair the Composer, and send the CBC photos to Chicago for verification, finish the issue Tuesday, go to press Wednesday or Thursday, and mail it one week later at the height of the Christmas mail volume. . . Or

(2) Ignore IBM, The Composer, the typos, and the possibility that the photos might be wrong; but go to press on time so that the issue would be in the mail by Friday.

Option two is what we call our December issue; and, if it's any consolation to the interested reader, if we had the same decisions facing us again, we'd probably do just what we did. Closing some lecture remarks on necrophilia, a psychologist once remarked that any sex is better than none at all. The staff of GPU NEWS, in perhaps the same spirit, thought that a flawed issue might also be better than none at all. A more perfect issue sent one week later would have been submerged in a mountain of Christmas cards and other holiday frivolities, and would probably have still been sitting in all its perfection on the postoffice docks when the New Year arrived in some areas.

If you are one of many subscribers who wrote to us about photos or typesetting falling below our usually high standards, you will notice that the present issue has us back in form. Christmas, we are happy to say, comes once a year.

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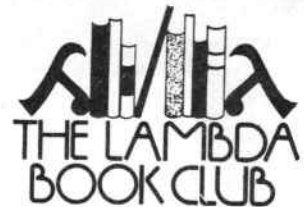
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# Gay Person of the Year-Elaine Noble



Gay Community News Photo by Bonnie D. Unsworth

*Editors note:—Once the Board of Directors of Liberation Publications and the Editorial Board of GPU NEWS made the decision to have a Gay Person of the Year, it was no contest as to the choice of that person. As one of the two openly gay state legislators in the United States she has drawn the attention of the entire country. While understandably concentrating her efforts in her home state, she has given much of herself in time and energy on behalf of the gay movement (Ms. Noble will be the featured speaker at the Eighth National Conference on Women and the Law to be held in Madison on March 24-27). Gays have not always been considerate to her needs and wishes. Nonetheless she has fulfilled her role as the "public" lesbian again and again. The contagiousness of her spirit is a tribute to her dynamic personality. We are pleased to have this proud woman as our Gay Person of the Year for 1976 and present this profile of her penned by a close friend—Jeffrey Lant.*

When she was elected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1974, Elaine Noble became the first self-avowed lesbian to achieve office in the United States. It was a notable victory, the more so because it had not been an effortless one.

True her constituency encompassed some of the best-known gay areas in Boston, including 'the block',

four contiguous streets off the Public Gardens, where the nocturnal action was both quick and expensive, and the Fenway, where those with a taste for furtive—and often dangerous—meetings could indulge their predilections in a verdant and aery vegetable setting.

But the individuals who frequented these locales were generally unlikely to be political activists, much less *gay* political activists, in part for the curious reason that they adjudged such activism to be too incautious a pursuit, in part because they thought politics too dull and uninteresting to bother with.

However, it was not for such folk that Elaine Noble ran for office, for all that they may have shared a homosexual preference in common with her.

She did so because of her well-known and long-demonstrated interest in a district exhibiting the full panoply of big city problems: high rents for marginal or substandard housing, minimal service for the large elderly population, chaotic school conditions which left too many adolescents disenchanting and embittered, and, significantly, a full agenda of discriminations against homosexuals, an agenda which she had begun to deal with years before running for office herself.

And it was her activist record—not the fact that she was a lesbian—which made her a viable candidate and was the grounds on which she asked for support. But it was her homosexuality—perhaps inevitably—and not her activism which focused attention on her campaign and muddied its waters.

It may have been her sexual preference, for instance, which caused the local Democratic ward committee to balk about giving her its unqualified endorsement in the September, 1974 primary. Instead this very cautious, rather insubstantial body split its recommendation, giving its blessing not only to Noble but to liberal Helene Johnson, who was a much safer and more orthodox choice than her opponent.

And when Noble won the primary (usually tantamount to election in largely Democratic Massachusetts), it was undoubtedly her homosexuality which brought local singles bar owner Joseph Cimino to declare against her as an independent in the November general election.

If the candidacy of an avowed homosexual was perhaps to novel to be allowed to succeed without further opposition, what was in fact done to block it is nonetheless particularly illuminating about the circumstances of gay life in Boston. This is not so much because of Cimino, who was a lackluster and unimaginative candidate, but because of the support of his candidacy by Henry Vara, then as now the rich and powerful owner of a string of *gay* bars.

But why would the owner of such bars—who one might suppose to desire good relations with the gay

community of which Noble was an outstanding part—in fact prove so anxious to defeat the first viable homosexual candidate for office?

The reason for Vara's support of Cimino and indeed much of the reason for that candidacy generally came about because of Noble's well-known opposition to the kinds of places he operated; they were slick, expensive, and exploitative to be sure, but, more importantly, they were a haven for traffickers in drugs and prostitution and were renowned for the frequency of brutal and unsettling incidents, most recently the murder of a young man in a particularly grotesque and revolting fashion.

This last event would very likely have resulted in the closure of two of Vara's most lucrative properties—**Jacques** and **The Other Side**—by the pressure of aroused local citizens (supported by Noble—were it not for the baroque legal maneuverings instituted by the owner's lawyers, which have insured their survival and perpetuation of a situation most people think a city scandal.

Given the motivation of the candidate's chief backer—to subdue and rival before she could aggrandize her own power and assume a position more threatening to his interests—it is not surprising that Cimino's campaign should have proven a shoddy one.

He impressed the personnel of his own singles' bars

into service, often against their wishes and generally without enthusiasm, to bolster the cause. Without issues, his platform consisted of the frequently-reiterated statement that homosexuality was not an issue, thereby continually calling attention to it in a way he—and Vara—thought would play on the latent homophobic fears characteristic of so many Americans.

It was an obvious, clumsy, and malicious device (which is to say it was well within the mainstream of the American political tradition) and no doubt cost Noble some support she might otherwise have taken for granted as the Democratic nominee. But it was not sufficient to prevent her from being elected.

Once having taken her seat, Noble quickly came to discover that her presence alone—by forcing her fellow legislators to confront homosexuality in the flesh, generally for the first time, coupled with her own aggressive style of personal outreach made gay civil rights a more vital and compelling issue than it had been before she arrived in the State House.

She was therefore immediately able to promote such progressive legislation and bring it to wider public attention in a way which had not been possible in previous years, even though the subject had hitherto been a (low priority) concern of several members of proven liberal credentials. This low priority is the reason why she is now adamant in saying, "We can



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never expect other liberal people to speak for us (gay people). It is our responsibility to speak for ourselves. Nobody is going to do it for us."

Her sensible feeling that gay people must themselves be responsible for promoting their own ameliorative legislation naturally leads to the necessary corollary that homosexuals organize themselves, back candidates, raise money, and seek to influence the processes of power, in short to join the political system as to influence it. "Power," she says, "is what it's all about. And that is why I think it is important for more gay people to get involved in the political process."

With these beliefs, it is not surprising that Noble has spent a good deal of her time in organizing not only homosexuals but other significant urban populations, partly through the **Fenway Community Center**, which she helped to found (*n.b.* to avoid conflict of interest charges she now serves in an advisory capacity only) and through a myriad of other inner-city organizations, activities which have brought her close to her constituents and their concerns; she also makes it a point to hold open office hours at the intriguingly-named **Cafe Absinthe** about once a week.

Naturally, too, a good deal of her time has been spent in fundraising activities, for "money is the key to the political process." And some of this money has been funnelled into the campaigns of like-minded candidates such as the newly-elected black feminist state representative from Cambridge, Sandra Graham, and Edward Markey, a young liberal congressman from working class Malden.

Through such help and assistance she has added to her list of friends and thus has made it more likely that the progressive changes she favors will be brought about. And she has not limited her support to in-state campaigns, either, referring, for instance, to her recent venture out west on behalf of the ill-fated senatorial bid of Tom Hayden in California.

Such activities, however, are subsidiary to her major interest, which involves securing the passage of wide-ranging homosexual civil rights legislation.

This legislation now consists of three distinct parts: the first (which as a legislative issue predates Noble's presence in the chamber) is designed to end discriminatory treatment of homosexuals in respect to housing, employment, loans, mortgages, and related matters; the second would end discrimination against homosexuals in the Massachusetts state civil service, and the third (and newest) aspect is a "consenting adults" bill designed to insure that certain kinds of so-called "lewd and lascivious" behaviour such as adultery, fornication, and sodomy (obviously not all applicable to homosexuals only) shall not be unlawful when practised in private, though the strictures against such behaviour in public shall continue (with Noble's concurrence). It is obviously a very complete and complex package, and one which will be difficult to pass

into law, and difficulty, however, which Noble is not underestimating.

What are the chances of passage?

On the first two items of the agenda, passage in the near future seems quite likely; indeed, the House of Representatives approved the civil service bill in the last session, after which it went on to a marginal defeat in the state Senate.

The first measure (general civil rights) having been passed by the full house shortly after Noble entered the legislature had its heart taken out by a coalition of white supremacist representatives from Boston's racially troubled Southie (South Boston) district, who acted against it (so they said) less for their opposition to homosexual rights than because Noble had supported the black caucus in its attempts to integrate the metropolitan schools.

As for the third bill, being a new piece of legislation recently introduced, it has not yet faced a vote, but, having been drawn up with the advice of the state's Attorney General and powerfully supported both in the House and Senate, it seems likely to have a favorable reception, and, like Noble's other bills, is virtually certain to gain the favorable notice of the committee-men asked to pass on it.

What this means, then, is that in her second term in the Massachusetts House, Noble will have been primarily responsible for securing passage of basic civil rights legislation which might well have languished unpassed for years without the presence of such a dynamic force for change to promote it.

Having thus nearly achieved a (possibly *the*) primary goal enunciated in her first campaign will she then retire when it is realized?

Frankly, no.

"I have no intention of getting out," she says, "I didn't work as hard as I worked to be a two-term legislator. . . I have no intentions of running for higher office at this time or probably ever. This is the level of government I enjoy working at."

Elaine Noble thus seems determined to stay in the Massachusetts House and having just survived the latest attempt against her seat (a now-inevitable reduction of one third of the membership threatens to telescope her district into that of fellow liberal and neighbor Barney Frank, who has now generously decided that, if necessary, he will retire in her favor) will probably do so.

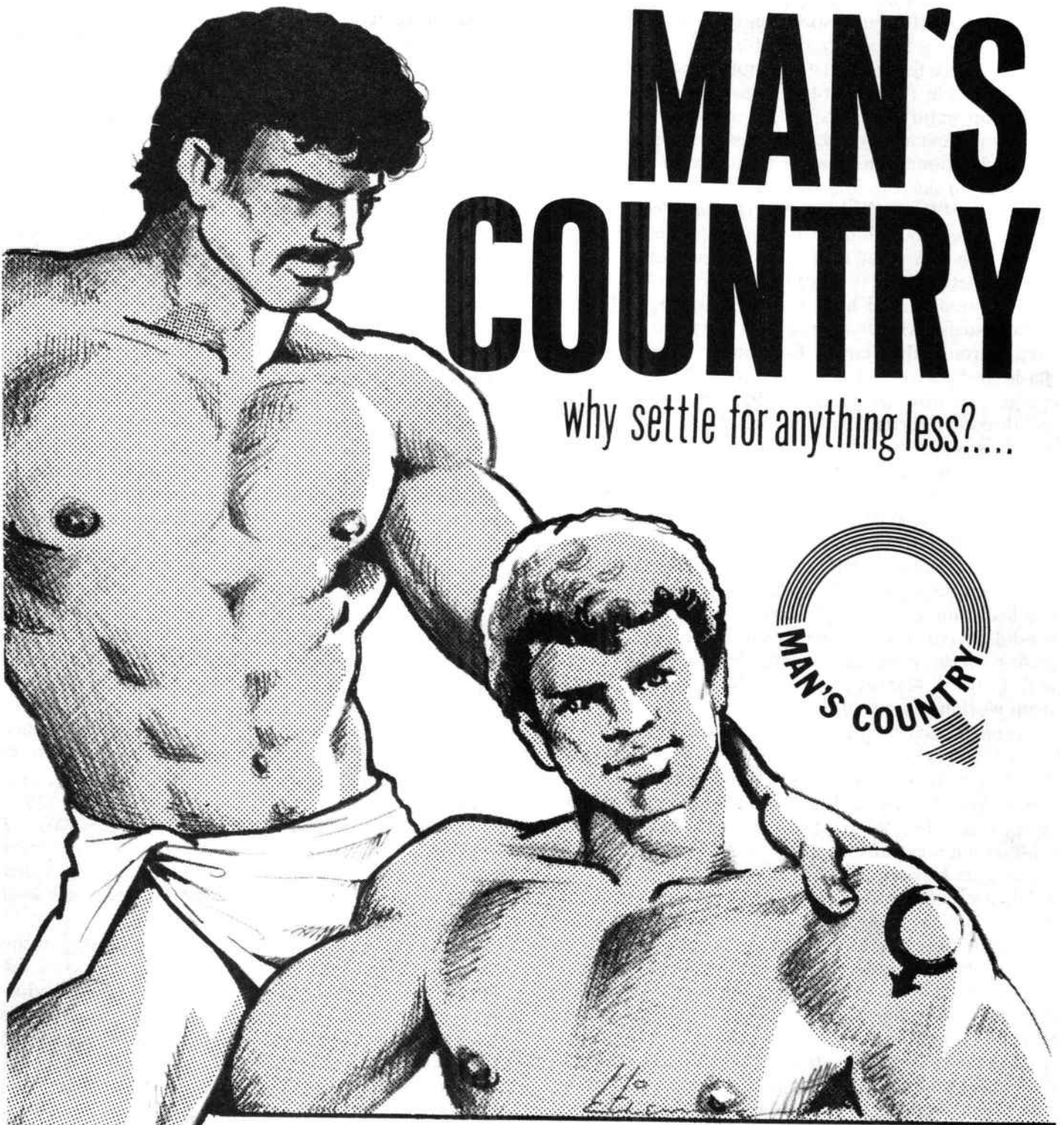
Good for her.

Tart, abrasive, often foul-mouthed, hard-driven, and very-nearly unrelenting, Elaine Noble is yet one of the truly creative and humane people in state politics today, a progressive force for the revitalization of the political process at a time when it is much challenged. a strong advocate of wide-reaching societal changes brought about through peaceful, legal methods.

It is not hard to admire her.

# MAN'S COUNTRY

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## NOT JUST ANOTHER LOVE

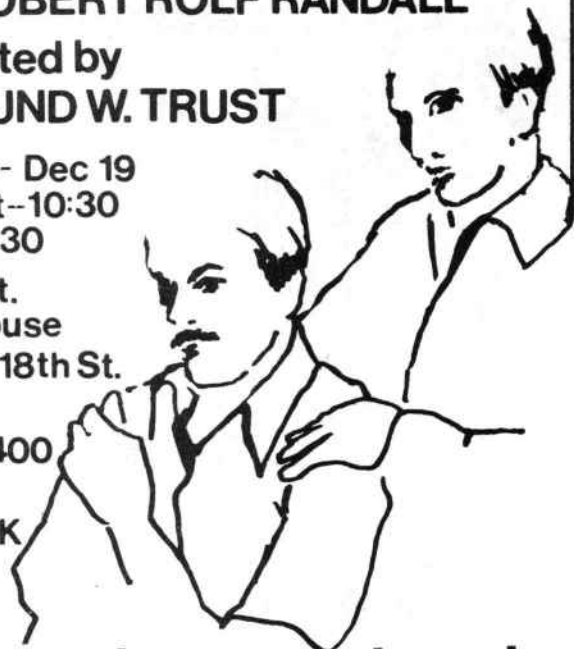
By ROBERT ROLF RANDALL

Directed by  
EDMUND W. TRUST

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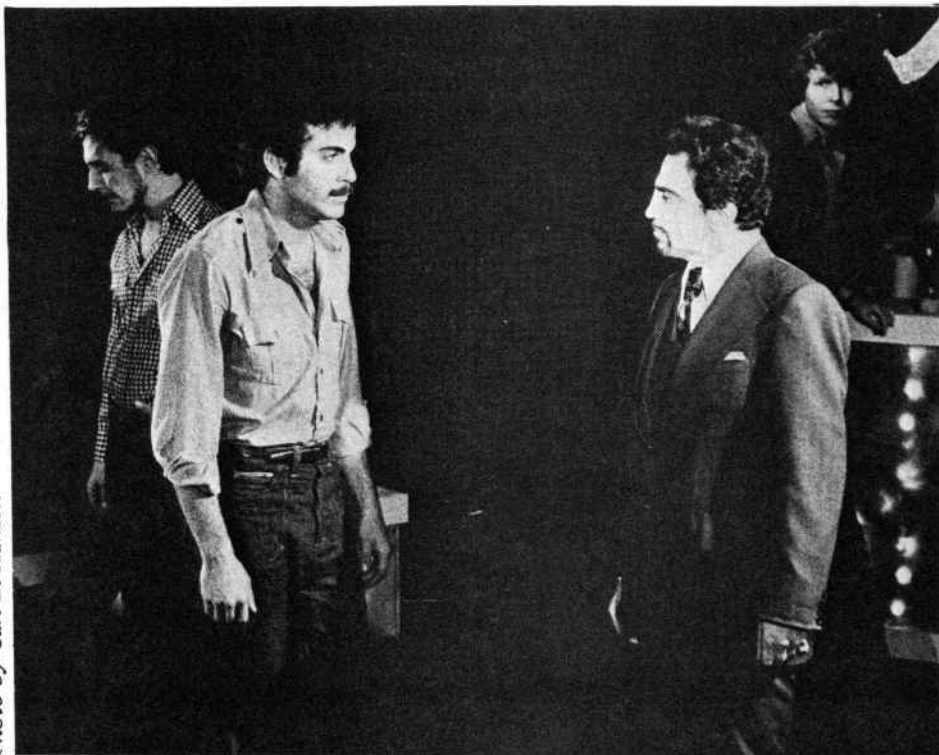
reviewed by sam edwards

According to Edmund W. Trust, founder of New York's Manhattan Lambda Productions, Inc., the goal of the non-profit group is to promote good gay theater by presenting well structured plays with fine acting. Lambda Productions is a spin-off of the West Side Discussion Group and is now in its seventh year.

Joe Gasper, Lambda's vice president (and in his words the group's "Jack of all trades") sees gay theater as a place to educate people, both gay and non-gay, about gay life. While Lambda gives gay actors an opportunity to sharpen their skills, he admits that the group is not prejudiced and that some of its members are non-gay.

Lambda Productions operates in a small rented theater, The 18th Street Playhouse at 145 W 18th St. in Manhattan's warehouse district. Show times are at 10:30 PM on Fridays and Saturdays and 7:30 PM on Sundays.

Photo by Carl E. Hansen



Their most recent production, which played from mid November through mid December, of a three act drama **Not Just Another Love** by Robert Rolf Randall was directed by Mr. Trust and featured a cast of 15 talented people.

The plot of **Not Just Another Love** revolves around 28 year old Billy who has only been out two months. He already has his first lover, Jack, who is his own age, but has been out longer. Billy is torn between his feelings for Jack and his desire to sample the love making of others to whom he is attracted. He is particularly attracted to a pretty young chicken named Mark who has an older lover. Billy vacillates between the two, playing havoc with Jack's emotions. Their friends, while trying not to choose sides, inevitably do so with one making caustic remarks about "Colonel Sanders." However, when push comes to shove, Mark prefers to stay with his older lover who supports him financially and emotionally. Billy returns to the ever patient Jack and everyone is sadder, but wiser.

Several scenes take place in a gay bar and the "show within a show" features Joey the Friendly bar tender and a drag called Madam X. I understand that this business was added to lighten the production, which at this point, with all due regard to the acting abilities of the actors, was beginning to bore. Joey's monologue about "auto sexuality" and his friendly "right hand" was amusing without being in bad taste and Madame X's record-mime number had just the right touches of costuming, subtle posturing and gesture to remind the audience to every drag record-mime performance they had ever suffer-

ed through.

**Not Just Another Love** is one of the first efforts of playwright Robert Rolf Randall and needs to be reworked considerably before it is again publicly produced. The first act, which takes place at Billy's home with his parents, should be scrapped or heavily revised. The ending, albeit a happy one that sees the young lovers back together again, leaves something to be desired. No real change has taken place. Billy still is mixed up about his feelings and Jack is so forgiving as to appear almost masochistic. Will he be firmer with Billy in the future? The viewer doubts it. Will Billy take off with the next pretty chicken that comes along? Probably. Oh, well, that's the way those faggots are—they hardly ever form stable relationships.

In spite of the weakness of the play and the poverty of the group which does not allow them to properly mount a production with adequate sets, lighting, sound etc., the sincerity and dedication of the acting group shows through. In addition, most of the acting is surprisingly professional. Of particular note in this production was Ed Iwanicki who played Jack with an aplomb that put character into a role that could easily have been a disaster. John Nichols made his New York debut as Joey, the friendly bartender. The program notes asked us to believe that he studied "the osmosis method with Wun-Lung Sii at the Loepper Institute in Grover's Crossing." Be that as it may, his talent for comedy is quite apparant and perhaps Mr. Trust can replace Mr. Sii's lessons by casting him in light comedy roles in future productions.

The group is constantly looking for material suitable for production. If you have written a play with a gay theme you may send it to Mr. Edmund Trust, Manhattan Lambda Productions, The 18th Street Theater, 145 West 18th Street, New York, NY. Mr. Trust will see that the script is read and considered for production.

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# An Open Letter to May Sarton

by Donna Martin

I was in the audience when you spoke at the Bookfellows-sponsored luncheon in Milwaukee on November 30—a bitterly frigid day, as you may well recall. But inside the quietly ornate Regency Room of the Marc Plaza all was warmth and chatter as some of your Midwest devotees drifted in to enjoy a brief time with one of their favorite authors.

How the swell of popularity for your books began and then slowly grew to a tide I can't really speak to. But I do remember how I was introduced to your work. As an overage graduate student in Madison some ten years ago, through a close friend I was introduced to a faculty member in the History of Science Department. Though he was considerably older than myself, my amateur's interest in his field prompted brief intellectual friendship. Naturally, he knew of your father, George Sarton, the great pioneering synthesizer of that discipline. Professor S. and myself also shared the condition politely known as "deviant sexuality." And like so many of us thus alienated from the rest of society, he sought some sense of belonging, some tie of dignity and relatedness to people like himself. So being a scholar and an amazingly skillful sleuth in the University library stacks, he'd managed to ferret out some really unusual and gratifying testimonials to the fact that significant achievement and human dignity are clearly not incompatible with homosexuality.

Professor S. it was then who suggested your books to me. As I recall it was your early **Tender are the wounds** which seems to have alerted his antennae, or though it isn't an issue in your novel, the scholar upon whom it focuses was in real life homosexual. Little enough to go on—but I was mildly curious and so began dipping into your work and enjoying it. Then came the delightful shock of the general ambience and



May Sarton

implied revelation of **Mrs. Stevens hears the mermaids singing**. My reaction is undoubtedly no longer surprising to you, though I would guess that similar early thankful expressions were most welcome—a marvelous antidote to those fearful trepidations you had about revealing anything at all of this nature.

By the time I came across announcements for your more recent and autobiographical **Journal of a solitude** I had been working as a librarian and been involved in gay liberation and feminist organizations for some years. Though I'd never felt conflicted about my sexuality, the spirit of these causes heightened for me (along with many others) the desire to let the world know that women and homosexuals were bona fide members of the human race—not secondary citizens, or worse, repulsive pariahs. Thus the importance to homosexuals of the unveiling of the sexual nature of such important figures as Willa Cather and Walt Whitman, and contemporaries like Malcolm Boyd and David Kopay. Like other minorities we too deserve the respect that accrues in part from a general awareness of our pantheon of heroes(ines).

The ads for **Journal** suggested that you might be slowly moving toward inclusion in the pantheon, for they stated that one of its themes was the breakup of a love affair—and my

guess was that the other person was a woman. Imagine my disappointment then when upon reading it, the "other person's" sex was deliberately concealed by being referred to simply as "X", along with careful avoidance of revelatory pronouns. Of course such scrupulosity could only mean that the disintegrating relationship had been with a woman—not with a man who, clearly, could be openly acknowledged. Yet, for the great masses who prefer not to know certain "unsavory" truths until they are writ large, you were still enveloped in a protective ambiguity.

Even then, however, my pique was somewhat mollified by your brief referral in the book to the travail that the veiled fictionalized accounts of lesbianism in **Mrs. Stevens** had cost you. I could only empathize with the struggle as you felt it between your integrity and the probable alienation of your audience, so slowly acquired over the years. Many of us, I conceded, even those active in the gay liberation movement (including myself), are similarly constrained to various expedients of "discretion" so as not to offend our families or threaten our livelihoods.

Thus during November while looking forward to the luncheon, I had no great expectations, only warm feelings about seeing a writer whose sensitivity to the human condition and, more specifically, to human relations had found much resonance within myself. And indeed your talk proved a marvelous extension of your prose and the topic one I've long felt strongly about myself—namely, the importance of friends in one's life, the richness which they provide, along with a realistic recognition of the obligations and inevit-

able tensions of honest friendships. But—I was also atune to your early remark about the greater difficulty in writing your latest book, *A world of light*, with the portraits of the women over those of the men included: the reason you gave, namely that the intensity of your feeling for women has been greater than for men, was indeed noticed and appreciated by myself and my friends.

Little did I know that a marvelous anticlimax awaited me. The next day I came across the *Milwaukee Sentinel* article by Dorothy Austin in which you publically admit to having written about your own homosexuality in *Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing*. And you put it so well when you continued, "It took tremendous courage to show that you can be that (a lesbian) and be a distinguished person, a whole person, a sensitive person, and lead a decent life, and this has been really rather important, and the books is now used as a text in colleges."

I'm almost tempted to descend to the trite and say, "You've come a long way, baby", but that would only convey the tip of the iceberg

of my appreciation. I'm now more in touch with some of the hazards of being an artist who has become a public person and the conflicting allegiances this often entails. It's one thing to have one's private life disintered after one is no longer around to protest—or feel the repercussions. But it's quite another to voluntarily reveal parts of yourself that are likely to offend many among your faithful following, and coincidentally, lower your stature as an artist in their eyes. For traditionally exposure of an artist's homosexuality in our culture has greatly diminished him/her in the public's esteem.

What you, Ms. Sarton, have somehow managed quite spectacularly is your debut as a lesbian which, it is my calculated guess, has lost you few of your fans. Through a mix of changing circumstances, careful planning and, I would venture, some plain dumb luck, you've very probably effected the blunting of harsh—ly negative reaction among your public.

You've timed things well: your impulse to honesty closely coincided

with the somewhat greater toleration of homosexuality engendered by the gay liberation movement. You've pulled back the curtain very slowly—rationing unpleasant truth in driblets usually makes it more digestible, gives the organism time to absorb it and adjust accordingly. And you're older—hardly a flaming young radical, the type whose pronouncements, regardless of actual worth, are generally suspect.

But over-riding all else is the person you are, the sum of your life experiences and creative effort. It would indeed be difficult to imagine any of your readers, exposed as they've been to the insightful rendering of the human condition in your books, turning around and vilifying their creator. Difficult as it might be for some people to credit, the possibility for respectable, fulfilled humanity has absolutely no relationship to sexual preference. And you, Ms. Sarton, are clearly one of the best living examples of that fact.

Much continued happiness and good work—and thank you,

Donna Martin, 1976

# THE Beer Garden

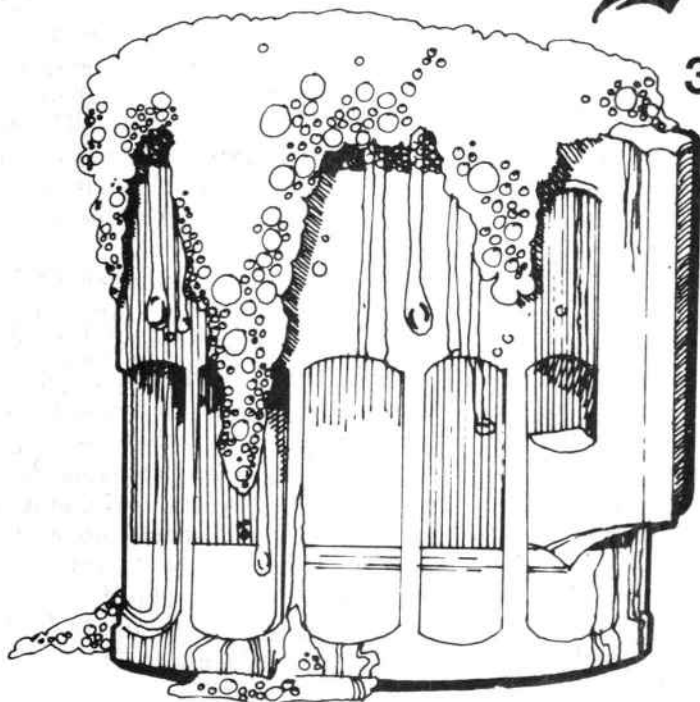
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# FAMILIAR FACES — HIDDEN LIVES

## REVIEWED BY WAYNE JEFFERSON

**Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives: the Story of Homosexual Men in America Today** by Howard Brown, M.D., Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1976, 246 pages, \$8.95.



photo by John Hustad

**HOWARD BROWN**

"I did the best I could—a forties jitterbug to rock." It about sums up the book. We see Howard Brown, M.D. swung out indeed at a gay student's dance in Albany. There at age 49 he "felt like a student for the first time." After his years of stop-time, you believe him. At least he made it, got to dance the gay lib blues after the scars of a social disease maybe not limited to his own closeted generation after all. That's the question here, for he does imply that yesterday was terrible but today is now OK and as for tomorrow... which remains to be seen.

On the face of it he swung far indeed. Of America's 334,000 physicians, only 13,000 can be gay statistically. Of these, only 20—mostly young—have come out publically, have admitted or in Brown's juster word "announced." He tells how and why he did it. But is there anything new here beyond another everyone's coming-out story? Awareness at age 18, first lover at 22, to the bars at 28, a long-term lover for awhile during his years as Commissioner of Health of New York City. Then in 1973 a heart attack serious enough to jolt him to come out and become a timely role-model for the gay community. It was time; a second, fatal attack came in 1975.

Yes there is new stuff, and even beyond the case-history

package he gives us by his adding the stories of other men to his own to create a 3-D report of the way it was—and is?—regarding the whole bit of living gay in America. What's new is his twin concepts that coming out fully takes a shade longer than we'd thought and that homophobia (queer-fear) crimps and erodes gays themselves in insidiously hidden ways. Actually neither notion is truly new to everyone, but Brown's treatment of them is; he cinches them in blood.

Meanwhile confessions combine to gratify every audience. The armchair sociologist or voyeur gets a tour of unrespectable subworlds far from church socials. The empathetic non-gay can climb out of his own dark closet with this volume. The gay can learn too—especially the young gay, many of whom seem anathematized to history. Want to learn what it was like, then, back in the medieval generation? Or is it mausoleum-work, and who cares any more? We can try it on for size. He sidestepped himself elegantly—"I remained unconvinced that I was a queer because I did not find myself sufficiently disgusting." He did say that, and this sums up the book and the book's plea for non-wierd role-models for gays. He froze in the Village restaurant when his straight co-workers spied him dining with Other Men—all Unmarried, too. What luck. There was protective coloration in high office. The office phone checked for wiretapping. The absurd worried—if he came out, what would his secretary think? Finally he took the big plunge. "To hell with the bank," he said, as he signed his name to a check to the—the Gay Activists' Alliance. The check shuttled along contributions from his rich but still-closeted friends who would never ever write such a check—it was out of the woodwork into the closet for them. So what? No more such quaint games today, right? The answer would seem to be yes and no—no more games for some, while the beat goes on for others.

Meanwhile the book's an ethnography of a little-known tribe—us. Parents? Back then, he says, nobody ever told anyone anything. Even now, he claims, most non-political gays don't announce to their parents. And when they do tell? "Immediate acceptance, when it is given, is usually more an official pronouncement—a declaration of good will—than an emotional fact." Then there's the still born half-coming out—all is told, everyone "knows," but no one ever says anything ever again. Parents can be angry that the mother "didn't have an abortion eighteen years ago," or angry that "you didn't feel free to tell us sooner." You play family roulette. Gays in small towns? Brown pinpoints the dilemma: "If he conceals his nature, he will remain unfulfilled; if he comes out, he will be looked upon as a freak." To say the least. And zooming off to the fruited plain of Gotham or Frisco is at times easier wished than done; all you have to lose is roots. Workplace hassels? A gay rights demonstrator was arrested by a policeman who the zapper knew was a brother under the blue and who was terrified that the radical would blow his cover. But brotherhood prevailed. Brown turned down a fine job in

Minneapolis because even there—then—he couldn't live openly gay after hours. What if straight friends dropped by and saw that two and two make five? Straight-married gays? Most stay married even after awareness, Brown felt. A wife speaks: "It's a whole different world. We could be walking down the street. . . I would be looking at the men and *he* would be looking at the men. His gayness was something I understood and I didn't understand." People, not loving people, were the loneliest people Brown knew. The delicate fabric of half-truths wearing thin between them. Long-term gay lovers? One-third of the couples Brown knew were tightly monogamous, a bottom third were open-endedly promiscuous, and the middle third faithful but with that sidewise twirl now and again. Just like folks. Then, the terrible trio of law, religion, and psychiatry. The last was the worst in his case. His analysis cost him 15,000 clams, four years of meandering stagnation in stop-time, and worse, 20 years to regain his shrivelled self-respect. So inept psychiatry is sick-making indeed. He gives a hideous roster of how truly nasty the shrinks thought—think?—gays are. (It was bad. I once read the sacred texts of one Edmund Bergler, surely the worst of the lot. I alternated incredulous amazement with sniggering. I surely would have been the sickie he pictured if I'd swallowed his stuff whole. The book's still around.)

#### OUTER HASSEL OR INNER HATRED

Brown does answer two advanced-course questions. First, gay is not sick, but is a gay person never troubled therefore? Half the populace has neuroses at times, and many also have sexual problems. Brown admits he had both. But these are crisply distinct from gay sexual orientation, which as such is no longer a no-no, is okay. So gays are human too, heirs to ill of psyche and libido just like folks. Now this can be said; earlier, one had to stoutly defend "gayness as health," period. Second question: why do people react differently to the common oppression, some surfing over it to self-acceptance, others swamping in depths of self-hate as Dirty Queer? Frank, Brown's college lover, zoomed out to a quick self-acceptance even way back when. Why? Later, in 1974, "Dr. T.," a 50-year-old husband and father, sought Brown's counsel. This terrified man loathed his emerging gay self, rejected all solutions. It was his own nature—a rigid brittle self-denying one—which stymied any truce. So it's self-image as well as society which tells if and when you will come out, come out to whoever you are. In between Frank and Dr. T. was Brown himself. He actually shows strength in confessing that "I still cannot help seeing myself as inherently inferior to others: it is very hard to outgrow a belief that so many voices have reinforced for so many years." This is staunch because American males in role are not supposed to admit any weakness. Or does no gay ever feel inferior any more? Freedom now?

The difference between being hassled externally and being hampered internally is crucial in understanding gay oppression. And Brown's book now creates a neat scheme which at last explains gay liberation to gay and non-gay alike. Tell your friends. Two themes recur: after coming out there's still more coming out. And even then, queer-fear can truly erode you. One's life hangs in the balance. "In resisting gay love, I avoided loving and living at all."

The scheme goes thus. (1) GAY IS O.K.—indeed, is the only way—for gays, for whom heterosexuality is definitely not valid. (This firmly comes first.) (2) To gain true mental health—happiness, productivity—one must nature one's real self, in-

cluding the true sexual self. Otherwise is a dry-run sham only. (3) So, trying to evade one's gayness, by marriage, psychiatry, ostrich-like celibacy, will only cause the waste of stop-time, a freeze-frame moratorium on one's growth. And this stunts not just one's art of loving, but one's whole self. (4) But every day in too many ways, powerful forces operate to retard one's awareness, and acceptance, of one's gayness. These include garden-variety hatred/fear-of-queers, plus the stereotypes of all gays as (A) hyper-femme Flaming Faggots and (B) basically innately worthless, truly rotten people. And faced with this climate, who ever would say—or, even know—that he's gay? (5) What can result is not just this stop-time denial of living in a cocoon, but also a sort of half-outness, maybe wordlessly active in bars and baths only, and blunted from fuller jubilation with self and brothers. (6) Two remedies to this dismal all-fall-down are (A) more "gay community" in general, and (B) especially more positive open gay role-models for young gays to identify with. Which is exactly why Brown came out beyond out. And these models are needed. Ideal would be open eighth-grade teachers; these would help timorous gay kids and hostile-fearful nongay kids alike. Evidence is all around. In my men's rap group, a gay man said that when he first came out, he not only swished and screeched a lot for a while, but thought he now had to give up his real interest in auto mechanics. From carburetors to crepes perform? And only last week, while writing this, I heard a friend tell me that for years he just never thought of the possibility of having a long-time lover. Didn't despair about getting it. Didn't explicitly reject it for himself. Just never thought in those terms. . .

So the goal is to have Daniels, not Cecils. At age 17 Daniel escaped to New York City after a grisly living hell of ostracism in his small home town. But he refused to bow to leper status—or to change his spots. "I just prefer sex with boys," he said. Wise Daniel; now openly gay in Gotham, he's quit defending himself and has moved on to explore himself. City air is cleaner. Then there's Cecil. At age 56 this friend of Brown's reported a life of terror. Ever since some gay sex in high school he'd throttled his actions and feelings. After a life of "deprivation and loneliness and fear and hiding," he faced his submerged self. He will never catch up fully, of course. Perhaps many folks are complexly in between Daniel's lyric and Cecil's stifled states.

Brown's revelation of the subtly corrosive effects of homophobia is relevant, for, what gay man has not, at times, looked upon his brother and indeed on himself with homophobic eyes, if we will only be honest about that?

Brown's definition of coming out is oddly oversimplified:

*Back in 1947, when my relationship with Frank broke up, "coming out" meant letting a few other homosexuals know that you were one, too. You had come out of the closet and into, if not the world, at least the shadowy subworld of the gay bars. Nowadays, coming out means giving up any effort to conceal your homosexuality.*

By that lofty standard, few are indeed totally out, yet. But coming out has a thousand stages. Gay behavior can come before gay identity; one can be doing it for some years before the light dawns—"So that's what I am." Also, neither doing nor knowing insures self-accepting. Of which there are also subtle stages, beyond just some audible click. A case in point: in his teens, Larry moved through girls to boys, knew he dug guys much more. then lived with a man for ten years. Brown

asked Larry—then 38—when he finally “decided” he was gay. His reply: “I’m not certain I ever have.” Decided, mind you, let alone “accepted.” In another case, Patrick, divorced from Joan, then had only gay sex, but “does not yet feel that he is permanently, totally gay. He speaks from time to time about eventually sleeping with women again. . .” What’s the problem? Isn’t this just that chic trendy bisexuality you hear about? But Brown shows it’s that lethal heel-dragging after all. Out, out. . .

#### WE KNOW WHAT THEY’RE LIKE

Brown was his own worst enemy, hence his own best example, of the internal corrosiveness of stereotypes. His inner guilt plus a dose of the only-myths-in-town about deviants potentiated to mess him up extensively. It spoiled the good thing he had with Frank. Shall we see the doctor as non-typical oddball after all? Just as some sickie masquerading as a gay-lib leader? “My feelings ranged from wanting a sort of formal engagement to wondering whether we should seek therapy.” He might have bought the “suicide-if-discovered” script, a la **Advise and Consent**. He surely bought the sick-sick-sick script, and tried to get Frank to a shrink “by establishing that I was emotionally disturbed, then leading him to admit that anyone who could love a man as disturbed as I was must be disturbed too.” What jazz. When this didn’t take, he decided that “healthy and happy as Frank might appear to be, he was simply too disturbed to realize how disturbed he was.” Frank was too healthy for this lunatic, catch-22 logic; he split. But this notion that all gays were “emotionally impaired” dogged Brown’s heels to the Big Apple and seriously dented him there:

*I was hyperconscious and painfully oversensitive; the tiniest slip (a letter I forgot to mail, an appointment for which my lover was late) meant that we were doomed. Everything my acquaintances or I did was a sign of some psychiatrically unsound quality. . . Naturally, with this tension and suspicion always in the background, my relationships were not the happiest or most successful.*

The brainwashing lingered. Even while edging toward public outness in 1972, this physician still bought the myth of gays as “emotionally impaired individuals who could never love as fully as heterosexuals, and were innately superficial and irresponsible.” The classic Dizzy Queen image, and it could only smudge up his view of young gay activists and older-generation homophiles alike:

*And as I stood alone, between two seemingly opposite groups of homosexuals, my sense of the inherent inferiority of homosexuals was reinforced by the behavior of both groups. Didn’t the fact that many of the young activists couldn’t or wouldn’t hold down jobs and lived on welfare prove that they were irresponsible? And didn’t the inability of my older, established friends to see the crucial civil rights issues involved in the gay liberation cause show them up as shallow.*

With friends like these. . . Such inanities efficiently postponed his taking a stand. And indeed, with such oppressive junk within gays, what need has society of harsher methods of controlling them?

Brown shows how the flood of stereotypes and scarcity of good role-models can mar even those who are out to the Gay Life. Some can do the merry go-round of bars, tricks, friends,

lovers, fending off one’s family, hanging onto one’s job, keeping squeaky-clean from Social Diseases and avoiding tangly brushes with Lily Law—but all under a pall. This blighted his whole generation, and explains why they don’t come out politically or even think political. “One must believe in one’s own worth, after all, before one can fight for one’s rights.” (Brown joins a growing company of gay liberals who were li-be-ral before they were gay. Another one was Merle Miller, who defended 23 separate causes before he defended his own. Minnesota Senator Allan Spear, a student of minority studies, suddenly saw that all that pertained to *him* too. Brown himself felt—at first—that he should “earn” his rights, a la Uncle Tom. That meant in coat and tie and of course respectably—no public affection, etc. He was through all that as merely self-oppressive. His work was blunted; any physician who felt unworthy was also less “alter, compassionate, skillful.” And after hours? The heart of the matter is a certain “doublethink.” Is it still around?

*We may have had countless homosexual experiences—certainly we had countless homosexual desires—and we may have managed to go on leading productive, even creative lives. But on some very basic level, we were unable to reconcile these two things and accept ourselves as worthwhile individuals who happened to prefer sleeping with men to sleeping with women.*

Does it really matter, having to play the Double Life of straight by day, gay by night, so long as one is fully self-accepting? But Brown shows shrewdly there is poison in grease-paint:

*It is impossible not to be affected by one’s own actions. Even if those actions are undertaken solely to deceive outsiders, no human being is sufficiently compartmentalized to resist the implications of his own behavior. By bowing to the constant, needling reminder that no matter how happy and natural they feel, theirs is a socially unacceptable union, homosexuals themselves undermine what could be the most rewarding aspect of their lives.*

In short, freedom now. Some may claim there are priorities, such as poverty and pollution in general, removal of anti-gay laws in particular. But this is just anti-gay doublethink only one step from don’t-rock-the-boat. Emotional smog exists, too.

#### FREEDOM AT NOON TOMORROW?

Thus then Brown’s testimony. The book’s clearly useful. Is it to be criticized? No and perhaps. Brown clearly did dislike effeminate gays, the “limp-wristed shabby gaudy” ones who sent “shivers of dread” down the spines of homosexuals who were straight-fronting it. But Brown just as clearly knew that street queens and their ilk helped launch gay liberation and were even a sort of role-model for him. So this shouldn’t fault the book any more than the fact that it is a man’s world here. But Lesbians are totally absent only because they were absent from his generation. Lack of gay co-sexuality is the fault of the times, not of the men.

But problems do arise concerning the subtitle—“**The story of homosexual men in America today.**” Today? At first it does sound good. Brown says things are looking up. Last generation was lost generation, but oh tomorrow:

*From the reactions of many straight people to my coming out publically and from my meetings with*

*young gay leaders from Maine to Hawaii ever since, I have good reason to believe that our future will be very different from the damaging past.*

But find the fallacy in the puzzle here. The soft spot is the either-or, flip-flop logic of "yesterday, all bad; today, all good." Straights and gays together? Brown came out to applause, but he does see that sophisticated New Yorkers reacting officially to a doctor-professor-official is hardly a reliable gauge as to how it's gonna go in darkest Middletown even now, which is where most live. Public tolerance, yes; but private acceptance also? Not even in Brown's own life as he tells it. The sorry facts: he and his lover spent a squirming, hot-under-the-collar social evening with his sister and brother-in-law—who "knew"—and then an even more tightrope time with his lover's parents (who "didn't"). The upshot was that they opted to keep their social life totally gay. Goodbye, mom and pop. Meanwhile, back in the gay ghetto, what about the more important matter of gays as truly more together now? Brown found that the "new gays", the young activists on and off campuses, were self-accepting, therefore natural, open, and likeable, in contrast to the "predominantly inward-looking, self-doubting, guilt-ridden and frightened" gay students of his generation. But Brown seems to be comparing ALL gays of the past with just a FEW gays of the present. This does serve up the equation of Yesterday Oppression, Today Liberation. But will it wash? In fact, in arguing thus, might Brown be committing a sampling error just as gross as the old-style psychiatrists, Socarides and Co., and fetching an equally skewed conclusion? We know now that those shrinks peered at only a handful of neurotic gays, and then over-generalized from that skimpy sample to conclude that ALL homosexuals were sick. In short, there's been a change, but just how much?

The media won't tell. It overgeneralizes thus, but not inten-

tionally, just because it's flashy newness that gets aired even though quiet silent struggle is news too. (A bubbly *Esquire* article once said that "The New Homosexuality" was here. Yes; the old-style deviate was now deceased, that "thirty-fiveish semi-neuter," "curioshop proprietor" replete with Yorkshire terrier and the rest. Born in his place was "an unfettered, guiltless male child of the new morality" and so on. Just like that?) True, the staid prim sepulchres which were the wrinkle rooms of that time have given way to jubilant trendy discos. But the rest of it? Brown is probably closer when he claims only that "recently, although perhaps only in isolated instances in a few areas of the country, young homosexuals have found it somewhat easier to accept their sexual identity." It depends on who you talk with. How can we know? A door-to-door census, though a fascinating idea, is definitely out. . . we won't know until the next generation, when amid more pollution and people, and fewer resources and liberties perhaps, Brown's spiritual heir will write Volume Two to let us know what it was like right now. Wherever you are now, dear reader. . .

But this book can help the day. It joins the small shelf of working classics. There is found Wittman's *Gay Power* manifesto, still shrill and one-sided, still indispensably incisive. Peter Fisher's *Gay Mystique* is a Brown with the young radical edge. Martin and Lyons' *Lesbian/Woman* give both of those perspectives, hence is required reading for all. Weinberg's *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, though a sloppy sell-out conceptually, may still be the best for the parent problem. Merle Miller's *On Being Different* is Brown-like too, but really emits too much of the pall or murk of that very generation to provide a sparkling model of new attitude. Brown's book, with its medical warning that closetry may be dangerous to your health, can help everyone boogie or jitterbug or whatever to that less-distant drummer.

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# POEMS By Dennis Cooper

## ART By Ralph Hall



### JEFF MADE LOVE TO BY MEN

*After all our work  
he is drunken  
and wants to spend  
the night with us.*

*Fuck all the girls  
he's screwing, and  
his friends who'd  
skin him for it.*

*While Dave carries  
him bedward  
and both of them laugh  
I kneel down in the low light.*

*"God, let him be soft  
and unencumbered  
as a stream  
under beard and lips.*

*"To just lie there  
turned over and over  
as though by waves,  
his hair caught on everything."*

*Meanwhile Jeff's  
tumbled out  
of his clothes,  
skinny and pale as we'd figured.  
He's stupid with booze  
and falls backwards  
into our arms;  
his kiss lands on my nose.*

*Then Dave and I  
slide our hands down  
his back, with  
the same thing in mind.*



## NO PLACE ON EARTH

*I come to your bed  
with my cock straight up.*

*So dark, you mistake me  
for someone you love.*

*I am not even drunk  
and you're tired of sleeping.*

*The rest should be dreamed  
by a fine wine.*

## TWO WHORES

*His neck was stiff  
from watching the street  
for men  
who'd buy him.*

*I came by around  
4 a.m. "No luck?"  
"It's been slow all night,"  
he said.*

*I couldn't see why.  
He was blond  
and maybe twenty  
with eyes you could steal.*

*Not like the ghosts  
on most corners,  
guys so bored  
they beg to be beaten.*

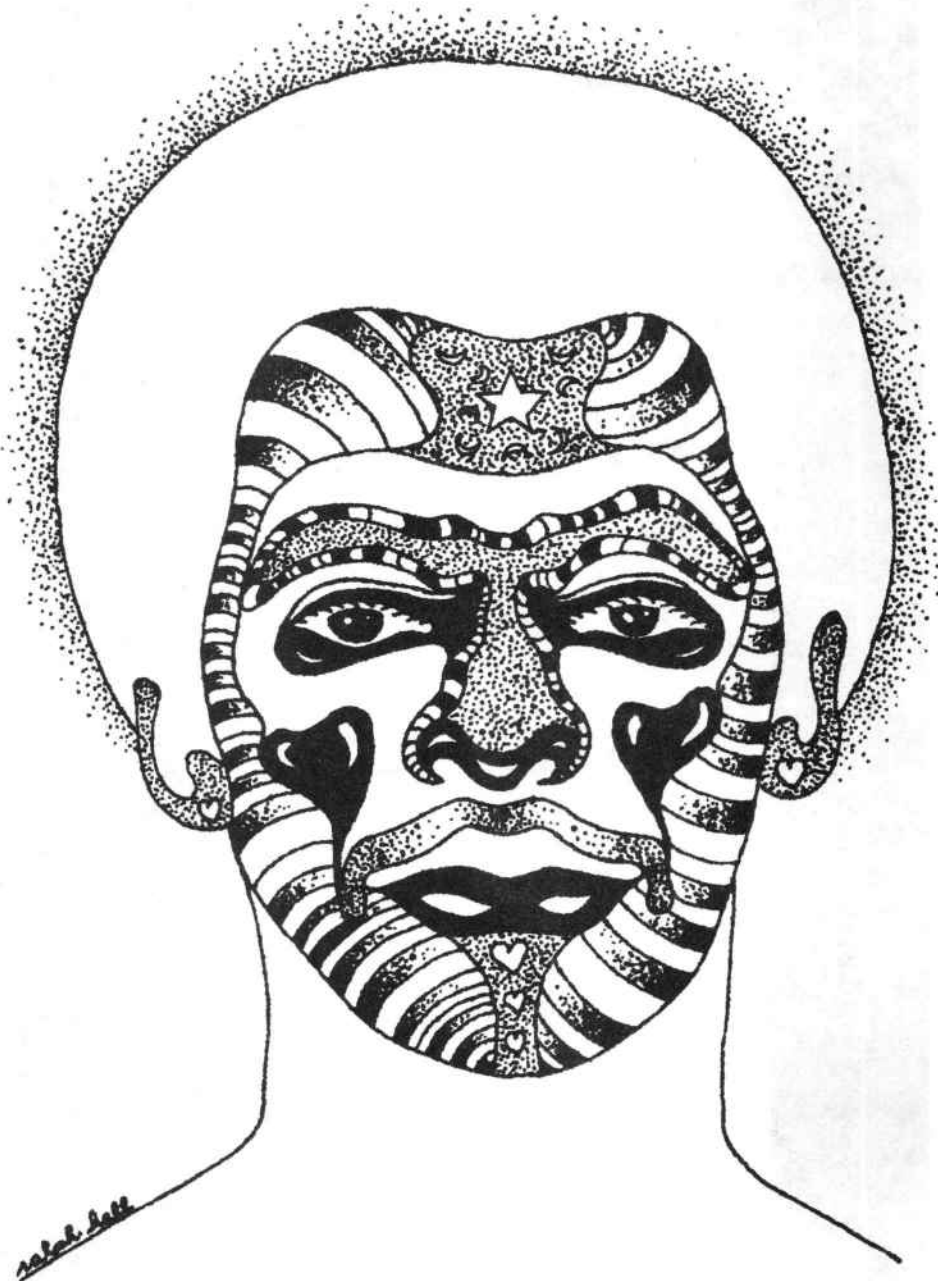
*I woulda bought him  
but he needed  
more than I had  
for less than I wanted.*

*We stood in the dark  
approached by no one,  
while creeps were  
snatched up like teens.*

*I smoked his cigarettes.  
He leaned back;  
and the sun crept up  
on our weight and our age.*

*There was an hour  
to daylight  
and some chance  
for big money.*

Our centerspread brings together the work of a California poet and an artist from New York City. The poet, Dennis Cooper, lives in Monrovia, California, just outside of Los Angeles where he co-edits a literary magazine called *Little Caesar*. The artist, Ralph Hall is also a co-editor of New York's *Gay Post* and *Gayzine*. Cooper will soon publish a long poem/prose piece entitled *Boys I've Wanted*. Hall has just published a limited edition of 12 prints (two of which are shown here) 5 1/2 X 8 1/2 on heavy colored stock suitable for framing. The entire set is available for \$3.00 by writing Mr. Hall at PO Box 227, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.



*Ralph Hall*

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# Till Human Voices Wake Us

Fiction by  
Arnie Kantrowitz



He met him at the baths on Twenty-Eighth Street in New York. The first "he" was forty-three and growing wistfully conscious of his age. He wasn't ashamed of it—he didn't want to be any younger if it meant reliving his repressed youth—but his sense of what lay ahead had begun to diminish, and his sense of the past had grown too complicated to be clear. His hair was thinning, his waistline thickening. He was no longer a child. He accepted the limitations of life. He had been lonely, sharing parts and snatches of himself with this or that person: sex with one, poetry with another, politics with someone else. His friends were all getting attached, and he found himself an extra at dinner parties, or facing an empty chair at a restaurant table when he ate with a couple, or having a hasty sandwich from the delicatessen on the corner near his brownstone apartment in Brooklyn Heights, alone with a book propped up and his cat, J. Alfred Prufrock.

His first love was writing stories, but for a living he taught English at a junior high school in Brooklyn, with the theory that culture should be carried like a torch to the masses. He tried to interest the fourteen year old children of day laborers in the lyrical decline of von Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*, dying with cosmetics painted on his cheek in pursuit of a perfect princeling's beauty. But they didn't know what Thomas Mann was talking about. He tried not to complain when he spoke of his students. They were culturally deprived.

The other "he" was twenty years younger and not at all conscious of the fact. His blond hair curled above a smooth brow and clear eyes. He had a lean torso and sturdy arms that ended in capable looking hands. He spoke with gentleness and trust about his art studies in San Francisco, soberly announcing his preference for intense abstraction rather than easy prettiness in his pictures. He lived a student's life in the Haight-Ashbury, in the faded remains, the older man imagined, of the flower generation's day-glo iconography.

They met in the hallway, which ran like a dim maze lined with doorways, some of them open, where in gloomy or bright or red-lit rooms, men presented themselves to each other for sex, sometimes outrageously implying their fantasies of idyllic love or master and slave or bunkhouse buddies, all voluptuously male. The younger man leaned against a vacant wall while the older man passed several times, checking the contents of various doorways: and each time he passed, he eyed the young man, who was not quite an exact replica of Michelangelo's David, but who exuded an undeniable appeal anyway, perhaps that of a shepherd boy. The older man stood next to him in the hallway, and in the brusque manner typical of such conversations (as if anything longer might betray the truth behind his suggested

image) he asked, "Watcha doin'?" enunciating a little less clearly than was his custom. Good grammar, he knew, was not considered sexy.

"Waiting for a bus, of course," the younger man answered clearly, with an inviting smile.

They made love. That's not what the baths are usually for. But they didn't "ball" or "fuck" or bump bodies impersonally. They made love. They enjoyed each other, receptive of each other's strength. They talked for several hours, even while united in shamelessly comfortable sex, their bodies and minds joined in alternating dialogues.

When he tried to remember, the older man thought they had finally ejaculated at the same moment, but perhaps he was romanticizing it. He knew he had a tendency to do that. He couldn't actually remember the young man's features very clearly, except something in his eyes—perhaps sincerity—and something about the hands. Yes, a certain firm gracefulness about the hands.

"We do this well," the hound man offered as praise.

"It's a shame you have to leave for San Francisco tomorrow," the older man mused. "Otherwise we could see each other again." But he rarely saw anyone more than once. Second times were always disappointing, spoiling perfect memories.

"I like San Francisco," the young man said. "It suits my head better than here." He was visiting his family. It was holiday time. That was the occasion that had brought the older man to visit the baths. He didn't keep much contact with his family. He had moved several states away from them, leaving them in Indiana and in ignorance out of deference to what he was sure would be their feelings about his unorthodox sexuality: they wouldn't understand. There was no point in trying to explain. It would only hurt them. Besides, what business was it of theirs? He visited every few years. Otherwise a Christmas card sufficed. "I like San Francisco because it's away from my family," the young man continued, "I mean, I'm not in the closet or anything, but I get along better on my own in a mellow atmosphere."

"I like your thighs," the older man answered.

"I like your head," the younger man said.

"I like New York in June," he replied. Glibness was a defense. The three thousand miles was a barrier to possible feeling that he didn't want to hurdle.

"I mean I like your character," the young man pressed.

The older man didn't remember too much else of their conversation. He told the young man about J. Alfred Prufrock, his cat; the younger man told him about his dog, Abel. He went to the theatre; the young man liked music. He couldn't remember it all. They never talked about the things deepest inside, about God and childhood and poems. He had a volume of Keats in his bag. He especially loved *Ode on a Grecian Urn* with its painted lover pursuing its painted maiden, perpetually on the verge of fulfillment in an eternal moment, with no disappointments of real flesh, while a painted musician piped unheard perfect melodies. The teacher had pointed out the obvious conclusion that his mind was probably more verbal while the young art student's mind was probably more graphic.

"A picture is worth a thousand words. They're equal!" the young man chuckled. The teacher remembered that because it had been followed by a pulsing of the young man, who, during the conversation, he remained embedded inside him. He remembered that response with delight, that and, "I like your character."

The art student had had two lovers. The English teacher had had one (not counting the face-saving engagement to a woman, which he had mercifully broken). His lover had gone mad, pursued by his own unburied demons, and was dead.

"I like your character." it echoed in his memory like a perfect melody. He realized that he liked the young man's character too.

"I'd like to send you a linoleum cut from San Francisco," the young man offered. "I'm leaving tomorrow, and I have to get to my folks' house to pack. I think it's the best thing I've done, the linoleum cut I mean."

They traded addresses. But that could mean nothing. It was the way to say a polite goodbye in a world of promiscuous contacts, where sometimes there wasn't so much as a thank you at the end of an encounter. The teacher had a large pile of addresses and telephone numbers at home, most of them more local than San Francisco, but he rarely called people back. He almost always preferred his memories, though some of them had grown yellowed and stale.

They shook hands, a flicker of consternation crossing the older man's face as his traditionally proffered grasp awkwardly encountered the thumb linked clasp offered by the student. And then the young man had gone.

The older man finished his night at the baths. There was sex—some of it more sophisticated than the young man had had time to learn—in which the teacher acted out his fantasies of power and powerlessness. But none of the anonymous sex satisfied as much as the memory of the young man.

The teacher liked bearded artists. And the young student had a beard. In fact, they both had beards. But the teacher had dreamed of meeting someone his own age: an artist already independent, not a fledgling young enough to be his student. He wondered how they could relate to one another. He wondered if he could share some of the literary beauty that had sustained him through the quietness of his fastidiously discreet life without seeming to patronize the young man. Could he treat him as an equal? Would he be too academic for the young man's taste? He knew that sometimes he even approached pomposity. Yet in some new way, the young man seemed to be competent and self-sufficient. He seemed like he could survive.

The old man wasn't so sure he himself could survive many more decades without some sort of help. Self-containment might create an emotional implosion eventually. But he didn't allow himself thoughts like that very often. Only at midnight on New Year's Eve, when he had been the second person all his friends had kissed. A moment of indrawn breath in which the need was heard. He didn't allow himself those moments too often. He preferred dignity to self-pity. He didn't indulge himself too often in the human contact that leads to pain. Only when someone drew him outside of his books for a vulnerable moment. Books were dependable. The more he re-read them, the more loudly they reaffirmed themselves. People were inconsistent. He rarely called those phone numbers. Second encounters were disappointing. He tried to forget.

But the memory wouldn't go away, the thought of the young man, his head of dense curls, his pillar thighs, the sex pulsing inside him. He wanted to see the young man again, wanted to know what had actually passed between them, if there was really something there. He wanted to know about love. He wondered if there was still a chance for such innocent feelings to flourish. That was what he had liked about the young man:

his innocence. It gave him a kind of strength. The older man wanted to share that strength. Yet it didn't seem quite real. He wasn't even sure what the young man looked like. They had never seen each other in the full light, had never seen each other's clothing. He wished he could see the young man again, to be sure of what he was like, to avoid the disappointment brought on by an embroidered memory.

He imagined the young man might call to say goodbye. But perhaps the finality of their departure had been more certain for him. He imagined calling the airlines and finding out what flight the young man's name was listed on and rushing to the airport to ask him to stay until they could see what they really felt about each other. But it sounded like a Bette Davis movie. He imagined calling San Francisco, but he would have to wait another day to say what he wanted to say, and its brightness might fade. He imagined flying to San Francisco to visit the young man, but he was afraid he would be disillusioned after all that effort. Second times were so disillusioning. He imagined himself returning in defeat, condemned to his life, ruing the air fare he had invested.

At last he resolved to write a letter. No! He would write a story. He would write about their encounter as he had seen it and explain his feelings in his narration. And he would leave it unfinished and mail it to San Francisco for the young man to conclude. He began immediately. He wanted to capture his ardor on paper. He wanted to know his fate as soon as possible.

As he wrote, he began to envision the practical problems posed by the distance of three thousand miles. Certainly he couldn't be expected to dig up his carefully planted roots and move to San Francisco. He imagined giving up his job—dreary, but secure in a time when jobs were not so easy to come by—and living a hippy's life. He imagined giving up his sophistication, his little indulgences: the better wines, the finer sweaters. There was no sense even considering it. He was too old to change. It would be easier for the young man to change, to come to New York and finish school while the older man supported them. He was a little afraid of putting that into the story. He sounded a little bit like prostitution, but he wanted it to be clear that he was willing to share, not to be exploited.

He thought of the young man's love for San Francisco. He knew San Francisco to be a gentle place, misted in illusion, a kind of valley of charm and fantasy, while New York was a more brutal environment in which to live. But Brooklyn Heights is something of an enclave, not so different from San Francisco, a little more substantial perhaps, brownstone instead of clapboard. The young man might like it. And there

was Cherry Grove on Fire Island in the summers. That place had its imaginative charm, a little heavy on the sugar, yes, but it had a San Francisco touch. He thought of the young man's thighs.

He wondered if there would be more competition from better off, handsomer, younger men in New York or San Francisco. He wondered if he could hold the young man for long. He thought of the young man's thighs again, of their firmness. He thought of having no recourse but to answer anonymous advertisements in the personals columns or purchasing sex from the unyielding hustlers of Third Avenue. He thought of the sincerity in the young man's eyes. He thought of sitting in a restaurant across from an empty chair. He thought of the grace in the young man's hands. He thought of being rejected and how that would feel. In his imagination it could be a perfect life together, and he, after many decades of devotion, would be the one to die first, the young man at his side until the end.

He looked over the story he had written. He hoped he had not been too pedantic. It had a quest for the sublime in it, von Aschenbach's quest. Would that be clear to the young man? Certainly it asked a question. It needed an answer, a resolution. Any ending would fit, though they wouldn't all feel the same. In his imagination it was, "They lived happily ever after." In his fears, it was himself and a sandwich and his cat, J. Alfred Prufrock, all curled up together around a volume of Keats. Would life with the young artist be as tolerable? Or would it at least be tragic? He wasn't sure if he wanted to know, not if it meant disappointment. He thought of the perfect beauty of imagination, the painted lovers on the Grecian urn, the ideal moment of waiting, eternally uncertain, the chord unresolved, which might resolve in perfect harmony, but which, then again, might not. Could he trust a mind less refined than his own to envision the grandeur or the tragedy of ideal love? After all, it was his story. If he had nothing else, he had his story. It was his decision alone.

He thought of the firmness of the young man's thighs. He thought how disappointing second encounters were.

He decided he wouldn't mail his story, at least not for the present. For the present, he would wait.

**Arnie Kantrowitz is Assistant Professor of English at Staten Island Community College. He is a former Vice President of Gay Activists Alliance of New York and is a regular contributor to The Advocate. His articles have appeared in the New York Times, Village Voice, College English, and his poetry has appeared in Mouth of the Dragon, Gay Literature.**



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# REVIEW

**Loving Man: A photographic Guide to Gay Male Lovemaking**, by Mark Freedman, Ph.D. and Harvey Mayes  
Hark Publishing Co., NYC, NY, 132 pp. \$11.95.

Reviewed By Alyn Hess

There is probably a real need for a gay male "how-to-do-sex" guide, judging from the questions people ask during counseling. This book makes an attempt at providing much information a person will want to know. But this book is far from being the *last* word or the complete guide that it might have been.

What would you want "a photographic guide to gay male lovemaking" to be? If 16 photos of sucking and 36 of fucking with written descriptions that may be three to five pages away is your ideal, then you can have this book. If you think it should only concern Openers, Technique, and Medical sections (which are not even listed in the table of contents) then this is for you not me.

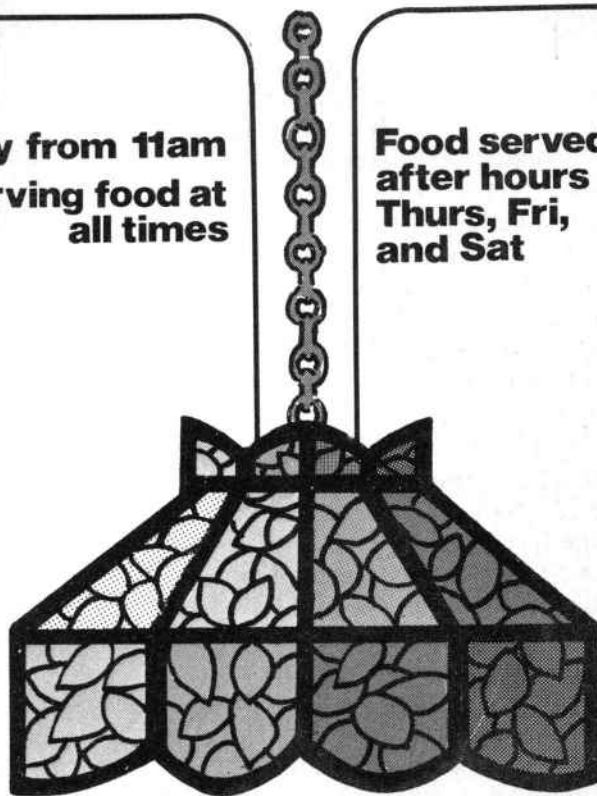
This book emphasizes cruising, casual sex, first encounters and their medical problems. There are only a few references to long term affairs or lover relationships, let alone how to deal with the sexual problems that can develop during them. However, communication between partners is emphasized as it should be.

For a book that has so much information in some chapters (cruising, sucking, and fucking), it has what would be less than an introduction, by comparison, in others. This imbalanced approach could lead readers to distorted impressions.

For example, the "chapter" on masturbation (the most common type of sexual release in the world) is only one page in length and has no photos. The "chapter" on Body Rubbing is only one and one-half pages without any photos. Orgies get only two and one-half pages and no photos. And to top it off, there

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is not even a chapter on rimming!  
(oral anal contact)

The chapters on medical problems are good, but cannot match much better and more thorough presentations elsewhere, and again lack photos. The same is true of cruising, and drugs. The Toys chapter does not even mention the S&M use of the word nor attempt to explain what those toys might be. It omits the adjustable cock ring for tight fit and easy removal. And again, no photos.

For a book that purports to be "a photographic guide", this one leaves much to be desired. I suspected that the subtitle was added to appeal to the purient interests of potential buyers. In one way they try to but in others they fail.

There is no one over 30 or under

20 years of age, nor over 180 or under 130 pounds. No model has acne, flab, appendicitis scars, a pot belly, full beard, long hair, any jewelry or adornment. So welcome to the antiseptic fairyland where everyone is close to perfectly built, white, male, and a young adult. Oh, they let one Negro in, but no others.

Because the photos are taken in an all white, barren room, the antiseptic unreal quality is further emphasized. Photographer Ed Dundas has left out all those surroundings that can have such an enriching effect on sexual relations. Where are the stereos, candles, movie projectors, liquors, smoking apparatus, photo magazines, mirrors, etc.? Even when the text describes the use of warm and cool fluids for lubrication

tion, these are not shown. Frankly, many popular, male nude photo magazines have more, better, larger, clearer photos and show a wider range of sexual acts (except maybe fucking.)


The untimely and tragic death of author Freedman may well have accounted for the unbalanced and uneven quality of this book's current condition. But it also can be blamed on the sloppy editing of this new publisher. One gets the impression that they just threw the manuscript as-it-stood right into print to cash in on the death of the author. (Sick!) The type face is nicely solid, but set in lines too long for easy reading. Two narrower columns would have been better than these 76 character lines, with two and three-quarter inch margins.

According to a letter from the publishers they have gone through 3 printings in 4 months. (Note they did not disclose how many copies constitute a printing). So despite all of these short comings, some gay guys must be reading this book and think it is the best thing since puberty. I, however, will disagree.

It boils down to this: If you don't know how to suck and fuck, and want to learn from a *book*—instead of a *person*—this book can give you a good start. But remember techniques are certainly not all of what sex nor gay liberation are all about. As the authors themselves say, "Much depends on some technical information, but even more depends on the way in which that information is employed."

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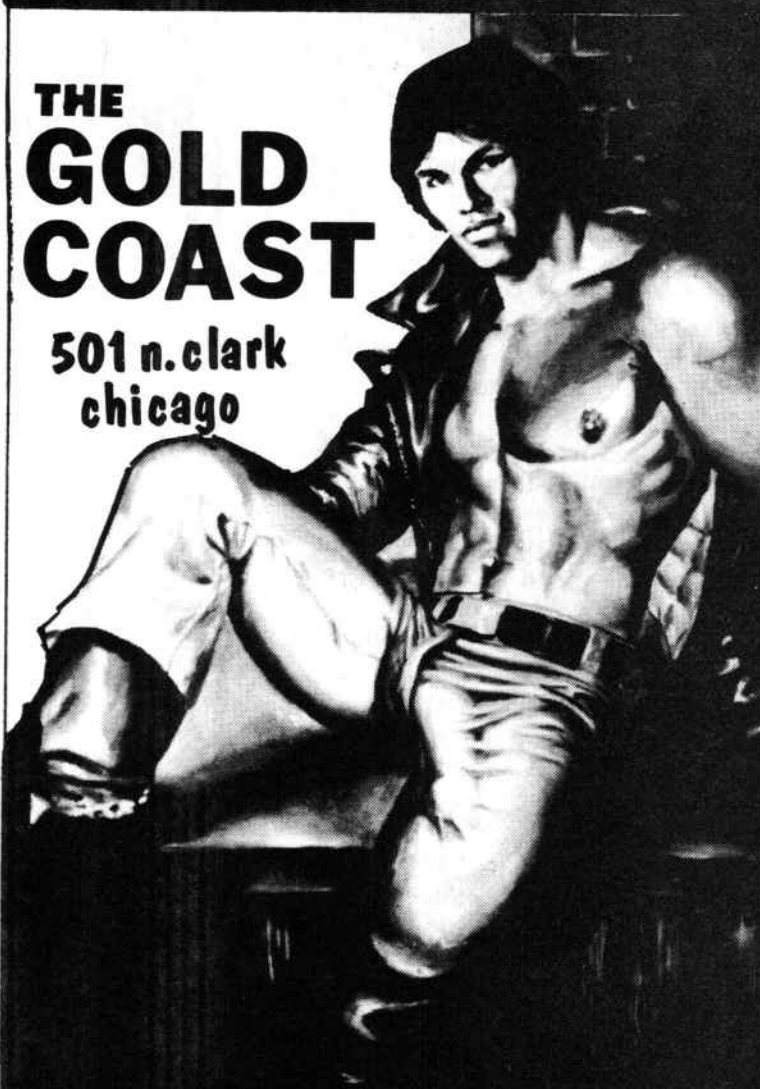
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# HERE&THERE

**Chicago, IL**—Ebony, the best selling black orientated magazine, has an article in the November issue written by Winston E. Moore, Executive Director of the Cook County Illinois Dept. of Corrections, that has raised the ire of gays everywhere.

Some of the things Mr. Moore has to say: "People wonder what becomes of rapists, arsonists, armed robbers, etc., once they go to prison. It's simple. Most of them become homosexuals. As a result, the majority (some 60%) of prisoners in the nation's penal institutions are latent or overt homosexuals. I am speaking here of the hard core criminals. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that the number one cause of murder in prison is not gambling, as one often reads, but homosexual involvement. This is because practicing homosexuals are basically promiscuous. . . frequently leading to love triangles and jealousies that end in violence and murder." Moore goes on to say that many people involved in corrections work are homosexual "with sadistic and otherwise perverted inclination." Only by keeping "them" off the staff can "we" begin to end the "Sodoms and Gomorrhahs of our prisons. . ."

*Gay Community News*

**Hartford, CT**—The largest Protestant group in the state of Connecticut, the **Conference of the United Church of Christ**, has passed a resolution not only endorsing civil liberties, but also calling for lobbying efforts.

The resolution came in the aftermath of educational and consciousness raising efforts by the **UCC's Committee on Homosexuality**.

*GC News-Journal, Chicago*

**Emeryville, CA**—Charging it suspended him illegally and humiliated him, transsexual teacher Steve Dain is seeking \$1.7 million in damages from the Emery Unified School District.

*The Milwaukee Journal*

**Sunnyvale, CA**—Coast magazine reveals that one of the popular new enterprises on the west coast is the male bordello—a house of prostitution catering to women.

The magazine says that successful houses offer the customers "the gamut from Latin lovers to Robert Redfords."

One male bordello identified as "the house of happy solicitation" advertises itself as "the Sears-Roebuck of male prostitution," and charges about \$30 a trick.

The article describes a wide-range of female customers, but does not tell us if other men are welcome to the houses.

*Bugle American*

**New York, NY**—Women of the **National Gay Task Force** are cooperating in the preparation of a lesbian resource book being edited by NGTF media director Ginny Vida. The book will be published by **Prentice Hall** in the fall of '77 or Spring of 1978.

It will include about 35 articles on a variety of subjects.

An appendix listing groups which have an active, significant lesbian membership or which offer services to lesbians is also being prepared. For information, write, NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10011.

*NGTF News Release*

**Washington, DC**—The annual FBI Crime Reports shows forcible rape increased 1% over the year. One rape was committed every 9 minutes.

*Big Mama Rag*

**Los Angeles, CA**—Plans are underway to celebrate the 25th anniversary of **One**. January 29 and 30 have been set to mark the Annual Meeting of the longest continuing organization in the Homophile Movement.

**GPU NEWS** congratulates one of the most stable, prestigious, and highly respected Homophile groups in America on their Silver Anniversary.

**Wolf Creek, OR**—Mother Earth News has refused an ad for RFD magazine. Their proposed ad identified RFD as a magazine for "country faggots." They assume that is the reason for the rejection, however, **MEN** has not offered an explanation.

This is not the first time **MEN** has rejected an ad for RFD. However, they changed their tune after the protests they got in 1974. Now gays can be included in the positions & situations listing, but an ad for a country gay men's magazine is getting pushy!

We should all protest this discriminatory policy.

*News Release*

**San Francisco, CA**—Male Rape Studies is interested in interviewing male rape victims. The project's ultimate goals are to educate both gays and "straights" as to what male rape is, how it happens, what it means to both the victim and the rapist, and to create means to overcome its effects.

If you have been raped, the project can use your help.

Please write to **MARS**, 537 Jones St. Number 400, San Francisco, CA 94102. They will send a numbered questionnaire on which the recipient's name never appears.

*Gay Community News*

**Washington, DC**—Jack Anderson has revealed that the Justice Department carefully monitored and may have illegally assigned some of its personnel to infiltrate gay groups during the Republican National Convention. According to the syndicated columnist, eleven persons were yanked from Justice's Community Relations Service, which was established to resolve civil rights disputes, and assigned to spy on "gays, yuppies and other protesters," during the convention.

*The San Francisco Sentinel*

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# HERE&THERE

**Chicago, IL**—The National Council of Teachers of English passed a resolution on discrimination against gay men and lesbians at its annual business meeting on November 27.

The resolution barely passed, 102 to 96, and had to be submitted from the floor by Louis Crew after members of the Resolution's Committee were split two for, two against and one abstaining on the question of submitting the resolution to the membership.

*High Gear*

**Chicago, IL**—A Chicago Tribune reader wrote to Stan Delaplane asking "Are gays (male) frowned on in Tahiti?" Responding in his **Around the World** column, Stan says, "No. Though local girls giggle about it. There are native homosexuals in all the Polynesian islands. It's not a product of cities and modern civilization. Early explorers and trappers in the United States reported that the Plains Indians had—and accepted—homosexuals. Same among the Aztecs of Mexico."

*The Chicago Tribune*

**London, England**—John Curry, Olympic gold medallist, is known around Fleet Street as Gay Blades.

It doesn't seem to bother him, however. John told **Daily Express** columnist Jean Rook that he is against all forms of prejudice, but is not a "militant gay." He leads a private life devoted to ice-skating and new techniques in his art.

"I don't talk about sex," he said. "There is a lot of rubbish about gays being extra artistic. I don't think sexuality has anything to do with sensitivity. For every great gay actor there is one who isn't."

He hopes people come to see his show for his talent and "not to find out if I'm what a Montreal reporter called 'not sufficiently virile.'"

"I'll admit it does hurt when the **Sunday Times** has the poor taste to hope I don't turn up in pink skates."

*Gay News (London)*

**San Francisco, CA**—San Francisco police have charged three men with the 35 gay murders that have plagued the city over the past three and half years.

In custody are Lawrence Robinson, 22; Gary Myskiw, 29; and Rodrick Vanderwall, 25. Police are also checking records of The Doodler murders to see if Robinson may have been involved with those four murders.

*The San Francisco Sentinel*

**Streamwood, IL**—The Fox Valley Gay Association has achieved non-profit status (510(c)) from the IRS. See, it can be done.

*News Release*

**Washington, DC**—Charles R. Butler III has been advised by **The Wesley Theological Seminary** that he could only be accepted for its non-ordination training.

Butler, who's candidacy was sponsored by **Metropolitan Community Church**, said he made it clear to school officials that he did not intend to seek ordination in the Methodist denomination.

The Church's General Conference voted against permitting the ordination of acknowledged gays.

*Newsweek*

**Milwaukee, WI**—Friday, January 7 at 9:30 p.m. Channel 10 will air **Sweet Land of Liberty**, an award-winning half-hour film documentary focusing on the attitudes of the Moscow, Idaho and Pullman, Washington gay population and the community in which they exist.

The program is being broadcast nationally over the Public Broadcasting Service.

When aired originally, the documentary produced a storm of controversy over the existence of the gay community in Moscow/Pullman, and the right of the television station to examine the issue. (See **GPU NEWS**, July, 1976.)

*News Release*

**Houston, TX**—Two members of the Houston Police Department have been making the rounds of parents groups informing them of the dangers of having their children molested by homosexuals. These two cops claim that 90% of gay males are sexually interested in children and that they were seduced during childhood by an adult.

May we suggest they take a glance at the **UCLA Law Review** of 1966? The review exploded this oft-repeated myth, but then distressing as it is, it does not surprise us that the Houston Police Department is ten years behind the times.

*The San Francisco Sentinel*

**Sacramento, CA**—Following a suggestion of the American Civil Liberties Union, Governor Jerry Brown has promised to screen all candidates for state boards and commissions in order to weed out those with prejudice against gays.

He has asked a team of sociologists, psychiatrists, and psychologists, headed by Dr. Wayne Placek to devise a questionnaire to detect "latent homophobia."

*Newsweek*

**Detroit, MI**—Donald Mazzola and Richard Gronan, ordered out of their Grosse Pointe Park home after neighbors complained that the presence of two single men would ruin the neighborhood, will have another chance to argue that they should stay.

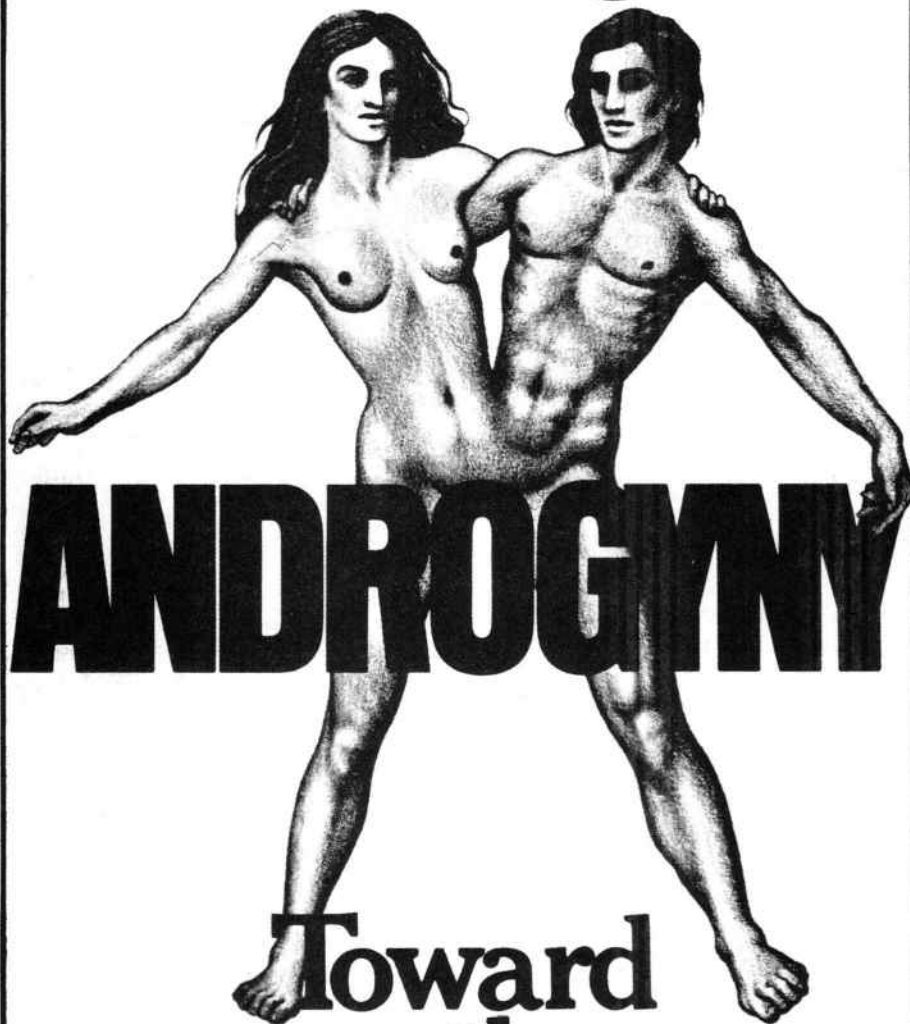
Mazzola and Gronan ran afoul of a city ordinance which forbids occupancy of single-family homes by persons not related by blood, marriage or adoption.

Reports of the pair's plight have been carried in newspapers across the country and when they appeared before the City Council they had a CBS network news team in tow.

They have been allowed to stay in their home while the City Council re-examines the matter.

*Detroit Free Press*

# June Singer



## Toward a new theory of sexuality

Reviewed by  
Lee Rice, Ph.D.

**Androgyny: Toward A New Theory of Sexuality.** by June Singer, with an introduction by Sheldon S. Hendler. Garden City (NY): Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1976. pp. 375, \$8.95.

Androgyny is the outcome of Singer's concern with unfinished business in her previous book, **Boundaries of the Soul**. There she offered a Jungian vision of the inner images of women experienced by men. She summarizes the intent of the new book in the following manner: "The dynamism inherent in the masculine-feminine interaction is born not only of the embrace of the two within the one, but also of the germ of opposition within the opposites. Worlds within worlds, worlds, embracing worlds. . . We are dealing with Eros here, and Eros—the double sexed god—knows no boundaries." The androgynous soul is the personality which partakes of all of the benefits of the masculine and the feminine (Jung called them 'animus' and 'anima')—and, if all is well in the world of Jungian psychology, partaking of the disadvantages of neither. The journey to which we are beckoned by Ms. Singer takes us through Tao, Gnosticism, Kabbalah, alchemy, astrology, Tibetan Tantra, Kundalini Yoga, as well as the works of Plato, Freud, Jung, and a legion of minor luminaries en route. Samplings of modern science and molecular biology ("the interplay of opposing energies") are generously offered at various points where the reader might slip into the belief that s/he is reading an anthologized version of Bull's Mythology.

Homosexuality is covered in chapter 20, entitled **Androgyny Experienced in Homosexuality, Bisexuality, and Heterosexuality**. Subsequent chapters also make it clear that androgyny can also be experienced in masturbation, celibacy, marriage, widowhood, creative living, old age, and in "the way of the flowing stream." What is right with Singer's book is its open espousal of pluralism regarding lifestyles. What is wrong with it is that, far from offering a new theory of sexuality, it offers no theory at all. Perhaps this is the ultimate curse of the Jungian psychology now so much in vogue, and which is apparently replacing

*(continued on page 39)*

# HERE&THERE

**New York, NY**—Members of Congregation Beth Simchat Torah will host an international gay Jewish convention in New York, set for April 21-24.

Workshops will discuss various topics including homosexuality and Judaism, gay liturgy and ethics, Jewish education, and organized gay Jewish life.

Further information, and application blanks, may be obtained by writing to: Convention, Cong. Beth Simchat Torah, PO Box 1270, GPO NYC, NY 10001.

*News Release*

**Hollywood, CA**—Rona Barrett quotes Paul Lynde in her Hollywood Magazine column: "My best fans—and my best friends—have always been women. My following is straight—not gay and I'm glad. Y'know, gay people killed Judy Garland—but they're not going to kill me!" They might just let you die at the box office dear Paul.

*Hollywood Magazine*

**San Antonio, TX**—Raymond P. Romo worked 14 years as a secretary at Seeman Supply Co., before his sex change operation last month.

"He was a good worker, highly efficient, and nothing has changed at all," said Erwin Seeman, owner of the company.

In short, Romo still works for Seeman in the same capacity.

"My associates have been most considerate and understanding," says Romo, now a female in every sense after the operation.

She had her name legally changed to Elisa RaChell Romo and plans to move to Houston very soon to start a new life.

"By my ex-wife still living in San Antonio, I have a 10 year old boy, and I'm thinking of him as well as myself in deciding to leave. Some people in this world, unlike my co-workers here, simply are not ready to accept transsexuals."

*The San Antonio Evening News*

**Los Angeles, CA**—The LA Police Department released a report on **Sexual Abuse of Children in Los Angeles** recently that has gay leaders across the country up in arms.

Making national headlines, (including the **Milwaukee Journal**) the report said, among other things, that 15,000 adult males sexually molest 25,000 boys annually.

Gays have condemned the report and branded it as "pure fiction."

*News West*

**Ipswich, England**—Shades of Oscar Wilde! After being sentenced to **eight** years in prison for committing "a serious sexual offence involving two 15 year old boys", Brian Ross collapsed in the dock.

The boys were described as "male prostitutes" and Justice Willis had accepted the fact that Rose had not "corrupted" the two youths.

*Gay News (London)*

**Washington, DC**—To give you an idea of how things stand in Congress these days, they voted to prohibit the City Council from revising its criminal statutes until 1979. Repeal of anti-sodomy laws in the nation's capital went down the tube with the action.

*The San Francisco Sentinel*

**Rome, Italy**—1200 Italian athletes were asked about their sexual habits by a research team.

One in sixteen said they take part in homosexual sex, often during training sessions.

6% of the men and 6.4% of the women surveyed said they took part in homosexual sex.

The survey showed that the more successful competitors were usually very active sexually. 60% of the men and 40% of the women said they had sex on the day before competition.

*Gay News (London)*





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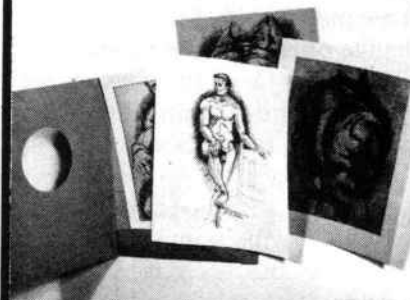
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## ANDROGYNY

(from page 36)

the old Freudian aphorisms in the cocktail party circuits.

What Freud urged was that the human engine could be regarded as driven by a certain limited quantity of psychic "energy" (the term is clearly a metaphor). Since the stock of energy is limited, channeling it into any one activity amounts to its diversion from other possibilities. The other Freudian mechanisms merely explain the restraints imposed on the channels through internal combustion ('sublimation' and 'repression' as Freud called them) or environmental conditions (family, society, etc.) But Freud was enough a physiologist to recognize that talk about psychic energy would quickly degenerate into empty metaphysics unless the energy could be tied to recognizable organic conditions—sex was his candidate. Jung went on to argue that Freud's theory was a bit oversexed, and divorced the concept of psychic energy from that of sexual drive. The divorce carried through, but psychic energy moved from programmatic science to poetry—good poetry perhaps, but poetry nonetheless.

Ms. Singer's problems are of the same ilk. What she has produced is an inspiring compendium of personal reflections—useful surely to the person who is attempting to find him/herself, but no more a theory of sexuality than a phonebook constitutes

a theory of population growth. Authenticity is a contemporary slogan among existentialist thinkers, just as androgyny seems to be becoming so among today's Jungians.

I do not intend to be too critical of this book, for Singer has recognized a crying need—the need for a vision and theory of human sexuality which is both open and evaluative. Perhaps the achievement of this theory is decades away, and perhaps also the quest for it will have to begin with more personalized and metaphysical meditations in the style of the present book. Such a qualification would still not excuse the author from her rather heavy-handed introduction of Jungian terms and metaphors in the absence of explanation or definition. The function of explanation, after all, is that of shedding light rather than obscurity.

The reader in need of personal meditation and reflection in a somewhat poetic vein will find that this book, however hard the going at points, has much to offer. Ditto for the reader who wishes to become more aware of the problems which must be overcome before we begin to achieve some understanding of human sexual behavior. The reader, however, who wishes to make a beginning on that long journey of exploration and understanding would be better advised to turn from both the Jungians and the philosophers toward the more solid works of the behavioral sciences.

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## Gays and Food Stamps

by Adam Starchild

Many gay couples who need and can use food stamps, may be eligible. What is not commonly realized is that the food stamp program, unlike the income tax, will treat a gay couple living together as a household. They don't care if you are gay, straight, married, lovers, or whatever you do or call yourselves, as long as it is a common household and you meet the income requirements and live as a single economic unit.

Although the program is federally funded, applications are made through the county welfare office. is the same throughout the country (with some special provisions for Alaska and Hawaii because of extremely higher costs there). If you already are receiving welfare payments, then you are automatically eligible for food stamps. The maximum income for other households to participate is \$215 for one person, \$300 for two, and so on up the scale, depending upon the number of household members. Groups of college students have been able to pool their resources and be counted as a household when living together, so there is no reason why a gay commune couldn't do the same thing.

Besides the income limitations, there is a limit on resources. If a single person has more than \$1500, or a household of two or more has more than \$3000, they are not eligible.

In determining income for food stamp purposes, there are a number of deductions that can be counted to determine net income. There is a 10% deduction per household, not to exceed \$30. Withholding taxes, social security, union dues, and retirement payments deducted from paychecks are excluded. Medical expenses if over \$10 a month, tuition and required fees for education (but not books, school supplies, school meals and transportation), court-ordered support and alimony pay-



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ments, unusual expenses such as fire loss, and shelter costs which are more than 30% of household income as calculated after all other deductions. Shelter costs are rent, mortgage payments, real estate taxes, and utilities.

All household members over 18 must be registered for work, with exceptions such as students, mothers or others taking care of dependent children, incapacitated adults, persons who are employed at least 30 hours per week, and persons in drug or alcoholic rehabilitation programs. In most areas of the country this isn't very meaningful. Some require the person to also register with the state employment service, some only register with the welfare office. Like unemployment, you are supposed to accept a "suitable" job if one is offered.

If your income is extremely low, food stamps can be free. But extremely low means \$20 for one or two persons. This might happen of course if you are flat broke and staying with a friend. In such circumstances it might be better for one to apply alone instead of as a household, if one person is making an income. In such a case, there would be no rent and no income, so the benefit would be far greater than a household application.

Assuming you have some income, the food stamps are sold to you at a discount from their face value. If you are a marginal case, there could be a point of diminishing returns where you would be legally eligible, but not find it worth the time and trouble to apply.

The maximum allotment of food stamps is \$48 for a single person, \$90 for two, on up to a maximum of \$278. There is a sliding scale of prices, depending upon your income. For a single person with \$210 to \$299.99 in income, that \$48 in food stamps would cost \$38 in cash. This is the maximum price for a single, it works down from there. For a couple the maximum for the \$90 in food stamps is \$70 at income levels from \$270 to \$309.99.

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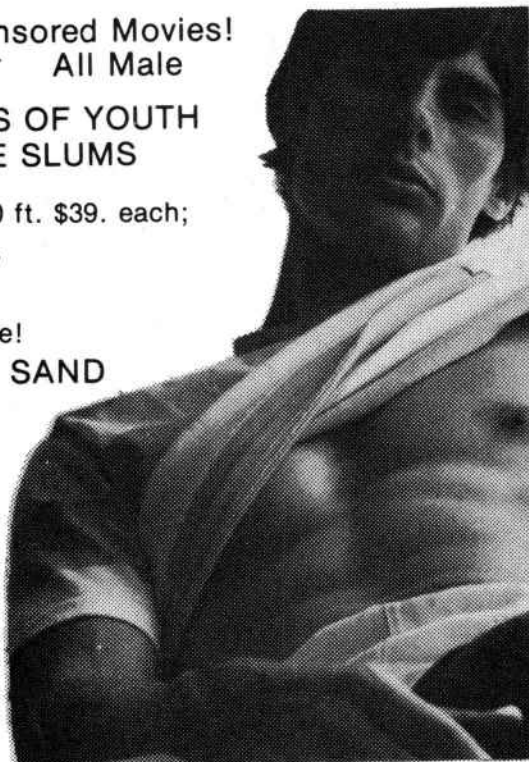
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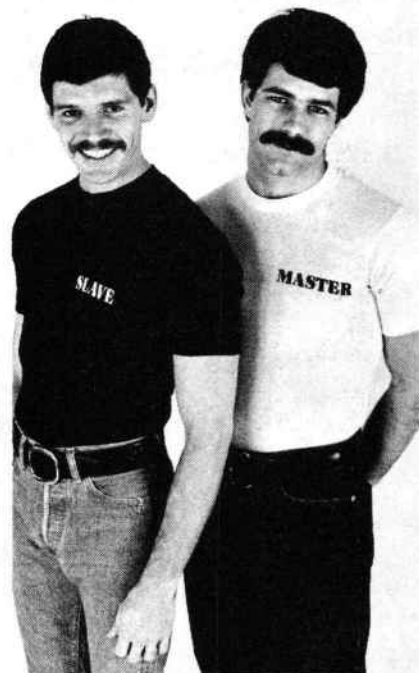


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# REVIEW

Journal of Homosexuality, Volume 2 No. 1 (Fall, 1976) NY: Haworth Press. Price per volume (4 issues): \$18 (individuals) \$35 (institutions) Haworth Press, 174 Fifth Avenue, NYC, NY 10010

Reviewed by Lee Rice, Ph.D

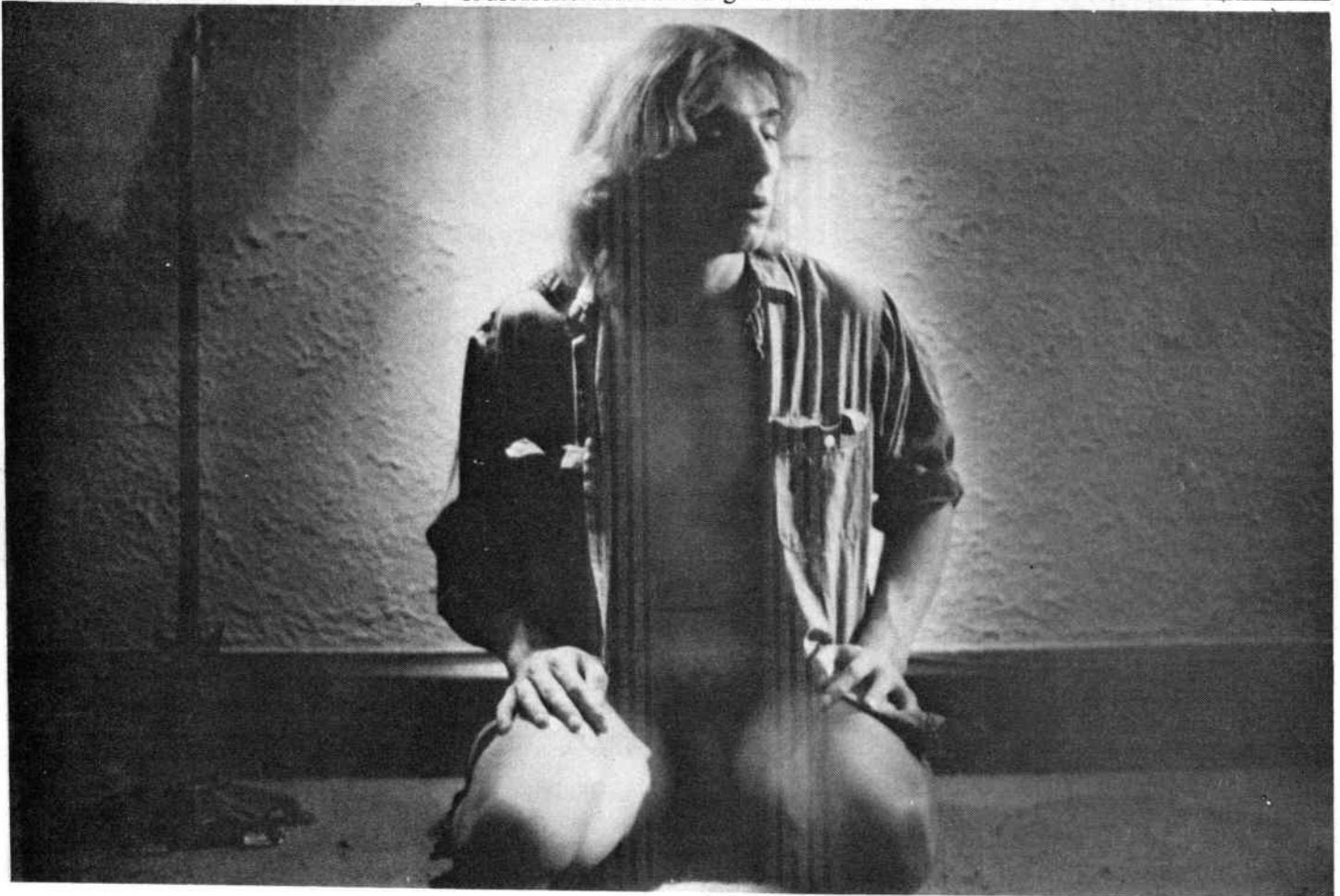
This first issue of the second volume of **JH** will be of greatest interest to the social scientist or clinical psychologist, since most of the articles in it are of a clinical or attitude-sampling nature. One hopes that subsequent issues will see the return of some articles of an historical or normative bent. The opening article (by J. Millham, C.L. San Miguel, and R. Kellogg) provides a brief survey of the complex variables which influence the beliefs and behavior of the general populace toward gays. It is followed by a study

which hypothesizes on the causes of aggressive attitudes toward gays (and provides assessment of the ever-popular "personal threat" and "scapegoat" hypotheses). Thirdly, Kenneth Nyberg offers a study of the effect of the gay community upon sexual aspirations and behaviors; and concludes that, while effects of the gay community upon men may be negligible, the effects upon gay women are considerably greater. Malcolm Lumby presents some exploratory research designed to produce a more adequate scale for measuring homophobia. The remaining two articles deal respectively with gender incongruity in childhood and lesbian-feminist orientation among male-to-female transsexuals. The issue concludes with several book reviews and the continuing annotated bibliography of the current periodical literature dealing with homo-

sexuality. As religious myths and Freudian metaphysics continue to lessen their iron grips upon the social sciences, it is a pleasure to see more scientists turning from the old chestnuts about the 'nature and causes' of homosexuality to the more promising (and socially important) questions about the nature and cause (dare I say 'cure?') of homophobia. It would be madly optimistic to believe that the articles in this issue of **JH** are generally typical of what is going on in the higher echelons of the social sciences. Even a small ripple in the pond, however, indicates that its waters are not wholly stagnant.

GPU PHONE

**271-5273**



# CALENDAR



Photos pages 42 and 43 by Pat Batt



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

- JAN 5** Man's Country (Chicago), movie night. *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. 8 PM
- JAN 6** Little Jim's (Chicago), movie night. *How to marry a Millionaire*. 3 & 9 PM.
- JAN 7** PBS presents *Sweet Land of Liberty* a award-winning documentary focusing on the gay community in Moscow, Idaho. 9:30 PM on Channel 10 in Milwaukee. (See local listings elsewhere)  
Gender Services of Chicago, cocktail party. Phone 281-0686 for info.  
One of Chicago meeting. Phone 372-8616
- JAN 10** Gay Peoples Union Meeting (General Rap) 8 PM at The Farwell Center. Everyone Welcome.
- JAN 12** Man's Country, Showtime in the Music Hall. Pam & Jan with Tony Zito. 10 PM & Midnight.
- JAN 13** Little Jim's, Chicago, movie night. 3 & 9 PM
- JAN 14** Congregation Or Chadash, Second Unitarian Center (Chicago) 656 W Barry. 8:30 PM.
- JAN 16** Gay Activist Union meeting. Student Center at 7:30 PM, Muncie, IN.
- JAN 17** Gay Peoples Union. Guest Speaker (psychiatrist). 8 PM The Farwell Center. Everyone Welcome.
- JAN 19** Man's Country, movie night. *The Boyfriend*. 8pm.
- JAN 20** Little Jim's, Chicago, movie night. 3 & 9 PM.
- JAN 21** Maturity Chicago (for those over 40) meeting. Phone 372 8616 for info.  
National Conference on Government Spying (Chicago call 939-2492 for info.)
- JAN 24** Gay Peoples Union General Rap Session. 8 PM Farwell Center. Everyone Welcome.
- JAN 26** Man's Country, Showtime in the Musci Hall. Linda Glick. 10 PM & Midnight.  
Family Hospital present "Cultural Diversity in Health Care" 9 AM - 4 PM. Holiday Inn-Mid-Town, Milwaukee.
- JAN 29** Man's Country - Linda Glick (see above)
- JAN 27** Mattachine Midwest meeting, Chicago, 100 F Ohio Rm 236, 7:30 PM  
Little Jim's Movie Night. 3 & 9 PM.
- JAN 31** Gay Peoples Union Meeting. Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) presentation 8 PM at Farwell Center. Everyone Welcome

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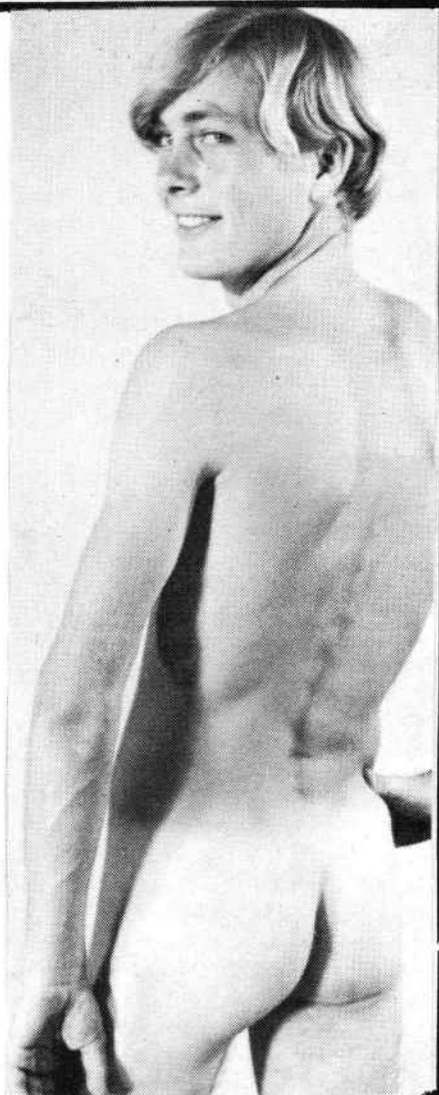
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# DIRECTORY

## MILWAUKEE

### Amazon

A feminist journal published monthly. 25¢ each. \$3 per year. c/o Women's Coalition, 2211 E. Kenwood Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53211.

### 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 272-3081 and ask for group 94.

### Gay People's Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell. Meetings start at 8:00 pm. Business meetings the first Monday of each month. The Farwell Center now open every night from 7:30 to 11:00. Call 271-5237 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.

### GPU Married Men's Counseling

Gay—bisexual—meetings last Friday of the month. 7—10 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.

### Lutherans Concerned for Gays

Meets at 3 PM on 4th Sunday at the Village Church, 1108 N. Jackson. Service and social hour follows.

### Silver Star Motorcycle Club

Business meeting every 2nd Sunday of the month. Write PO Box 1176 Milwaukee, WI 53201. Club night every 2nd Friday at the Wreck Room.

### 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.

### UWM Gay Community

Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 PM in the Union (check daily event sheet for room) Write c/o Student Union, UWM Milwaukee, Wi 53211. Call 963-7359.

## 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 Committee For Gay Rights

PO Box 324 Madison WI 53701  
Phone (608) 256-4448.

### Madison Gay Center

1001 University Avenue  
Madison, Wi. 53715

### Renaissance of Madison Inc.

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

## IOWA

### Pride Of Lambda

Meetings held at the People's Unitarian Church, 600 3rd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids. Monthly newsletter, regular meetings. Call 364-0454 or write: PO Box 265, Cedar Rapids, IA 52406.

## CHICAGO

### Beckman House

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

### Dignity/Chicago

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

### Fox Valley Gay Association

Serving Chicago and Suburbs. Gay hotline (312 695-3080), counseling, monthly newsletter, weekly meetings and rap sessions. Phone hotline or write: FVGA, Box 186, Streamwood, IL 60103.

### Gay News and Events Line

Daily recorded news message. 236-0909

### Gender Services

Help and counseling for transvestites & transsexuals. Cocktail party 1st Friday. Call 281-0686 for information.

### Mattachine Midwest

Box 924, Chicago, Il 60690 337-2424

### Maturity.

For those over 40. Germania Club. 108 W Germania Pl. 3rd Fridays. 372-8616 (days) for information.

### One Of Chicago

615 W. Wellington. 1st Fridays. Call 372-8616 for information.

### VD Testing & Treatment for Gays

Howard Brown Memorial Clinic, 2205 N. Halsted 7—10 PM, Wednesdays. Call 871-5777 for information.



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### LOVE TIMES

Gay-Bi-Straights Application 25¢ Box 15607G Honolulu, Hawaii 98615

Gay mellow W/M seeks same to search/share house. Call Rick 453-2617 after 9:30 pm weekdays.

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

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**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.

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

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

**Top NYC Fashion Photographer is now in Chicago,** and doesn't know a soul. Would like to meet good-looking, together young guys for what's above the belly button as well as what's below. No hustlers, S&M, or fems. Please include photo and phone no. when you write: Penthouse 7C/651 West Sheridan Road, Chicago, IL 60613.

**Rummage Sale.** Gay kids looking for rummage? I'm have rummage sale Jan 14-21. Lots of interesting things, including: antiques. 2252 S. 68 Street, West Allis, WI

**Go bananas at the 7 rm 3 br restored** Victorian flat for rent. Available now—\$200 per mo includes heat-parking. Call John at 342-2757 after 6 pm.

**GAY PEN PAL CLUB,** published monthly 12 issues \$4 (Can.). 30 word ad for \$2. Join Now. Chasers Club, Box 423, Verdun Quebec, Canada H4G 3G1.

**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.

**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.

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**G/W/M, 22, is seeking new employment;** preferably in a pleasant atmosphere where "machoism" is not apparent. Would like to work where at least a few people are gay. I have a pleasant, neutral personality am not feminine, but not "macho" either. I'm in good physical condition, have a good work record, a variety of experience; and am very ambitious and willing to learn whatever is necessary to do the job successfully and for the betterment of the organization. If there is anyone out there who feels a sensitivity to my plea, please contact me in writing. Unfortunately, I do not as yet have a college education. Minimum salary, part or full time would be \$150 gross per week. Please write if you think you can help. David, PO Box 17475 Milwaukee, WI 53217

**Roommate to share house and expense;** self-supporting; able to re-locate. Race no barrier. Phone 608-356-6125 after 4 pm or write Ira, 835 12th St., Baraboo, WI 53913

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

**Polish man, 35 years old,** student of English, looking for gay pen-pals. Write: Jan Kluczynski, PO Box 4, G2-050, Mosina Poland.

**Relaxing Massage in your home,** apartment, hotel or motel room. Call 281-9281 for appointment.

**Wrestling-fun/fantasy, winner takes all;** nude, jocks, briefs; no heavy S&M, under 160 lbs. Stud, Box 92872, Milwaukee, WI 53202

**Wrestlers—Looking for partners (18-30)** who have wrestled or desire to learn collegiate style wrestling. I am 27, 167 lbs. 5 ft. 11 in. No fakes, fats, write: Jerry, PO BOX 820, Milwaukee, WI 53201

**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 PO BOX 1176, Milwaukee, WI, 53202 or call 643-8330

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

**Direct Action Via Fascism.** Wanted W/M's to age 23 to help form independent revolutionary movement. Send age, photo and interest and SASE: David Webb, Rt 4 Black River Falls, WI 54615

**PCP—Physical Culture Penpal Club** is for men interested in bodybuilding and in contacting other bodybuilders. Membership \$3. Alan Tuck Associates, POB 1532 Dept GPU, Union, NJ 07083

**Male 25-30 to share Victorian house.** Call Greg—921-0982

**Gay fat male 23, seeks sincere male under 30** for love, friendship. Send address or phone no. Mark PO Box 19814, Milwaukee, WI 53219

**Roommate wanted to share house in Glendale,** near freeway & UWM. Athletic type person desired. Write: Jerry, PO Box 820, Milwaukee, WI 53201

**Europe's Favorite Gay Newspaper** has something for you! Handsome Studs, Tender Chicken, and lots of Male Nudes! Plus 100's of "Outrageously Personal" Classified Ads from gay guys around the world! Turn on with the Amsterdam Gayzette (International Gay Newspaper) Send \$1 for big current issue. Amsterdam Gayzette, Dept GPU, 704 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Ca. 90401.

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