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July
June 1975

GPU NEWS 50¢

VOL. 4, NO. 9



MARCHER IN NEW YORK'S GAY PRIDE PARADE photo by Peter A. Melillo

6th BIG APPLE PRIDE PARADE

by Robert W. Imlah

New York—Sunday, June 29— The 6th Annual Gay Pride Celebration and parade was a glorious success in spite of threatening rain and the protests of a Christopher St. church in cahoots with the local police, forcing the participants to assemble on an alternate street.

About 75 groups and organizations marched up Sixth Ave. from Christopher St. to the Bandshell in Central Park—more than 50 blocks.

An estimated 25,000 gays marched or followed the parade.

Among the groups were contingents from more than 10 cities in N.Y., cities in N.J., Penna., Conn., Washington D.C., San Juan P.R., Maryland, North Carolina, Virginia, Mass. and New England. Many area

gay bars had floats or cars. Religious groups such as the Beth Simchat Torah Synagogue, Metropolitan Community Church, and the Church of the Beloved Disciple were in full regalia. University groups included New York University, Columbia, University of Maryland and Penn State.

Other groups included Parents of Gays (who led the parade), Gay Teachers, Gay Youth, Gay Democrats, Gay Poor People, National Gay Task Force, "Shampoo" (a group of hair specialists), Gay Vets, Eulenspiegel, Bisexual Women's Liberation, Youth Against War & Fascism, Identity House, Gay Action Caucus, and Socialist Worker's '76 Campaign.

Some highlights were a very high

spirited group from Syracuse with a Kazoo Band sporting Firemen's helmets. A big crowd pleaser was a float sponsored by New York's waterfront bars and carrying a six-piece rock band called "Jellyroll Soul."

At the Bandshell, Grand Marshall Mama Jean DeVente MC'd and introduced various singers and speakers including Sara Montgomery, WACs Debbie Watson and Barbara Randolph, Air Force Sgts. Leonard Matlovich and Skip Keith, all of whom are fighting the military over discharges relating to their gayness. The program was cut short as the rain finally hit, drenching gays, but not their spirit or pride.

(New York photos by Peter A. Melillo on page 18)

CHICAGO ALSO HAS GAY PRIDE

by Alyn W. Hess

Chicago, Ill—Chicago's 6th Annual Gay Pride Parade consisted of forty units strung out to an eight block length. The parade, held on Sunday, June 29, passed an estimated 8,000 spectators.

Marchers came from as far away as Ohio, Purdue University in Indiana, and from "Normal" Illinois State University.

Gay Peoples Union, Inc. of Milwaukee had four decorated cars and 30 members marching behind its new lambda flag. Most of them also wore the GPU double lambda symbol tee shirts. Members once again sold hundreds of gay balloons.

This year's Gay Pride Planning Committee was chaired by Patrick Townson. The parade was not dominated by throngs of marchers as in past years, but by large floats. The Chicago Gay Crusader float was awarded the first prize of \$25. The float had "Gay is Healthy" as its theme, featuring many well known medications, but turning their advertising slogans into gay ones. The Gay Horizons V.D. Clinic float won an honorable mention.

In the commercial category, the winner of the first prize loving cup was the Man's Country float which featured a quote from Bozie's poem to Oscar Wilde in 1870. "The love that dares not speak its name." A second quote from 1970 commented on the idea. The trophy will travel to each new winner every year. The Snake Pit Bar's float won second place.

The parade ended at Lincoln Park with a rally. Marc Segal of the Philadelphia Gay Raiders was the featured speaker. He told the crowd about the new executive order issued by Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp that ended discrimination against gay men and women. Even though Shapp had received letters two to one against the order, he continues to make strong statements for gay rights.

Segal also noted the tendency for faction fighting among and within gay groups. He said, "We should not act as moral dictators to our gay brothers and sisters." This statement drew prolonged applause.

Shortly thereafter, the spirit of unity was broken when Nancy Davis of the Gay Worker's Party

tried to explain the theme of her soon to be published book **Heterosexual**. Questions and comments interrupted her speech and she was openly jeered as she tried to explain the "revolution" she sees as necessary.

The Rev. Kenneth Martin, pastor of Chicago's MCC Church, told the crowd that he was suing the Illinois Department of Corrections because they have refused him permission to enter Illinois prisons to carry out his ministry to prisoners.

George Alexander displayed the specially designed flag of the Stonewall Nation. The flag features a lambda in a field of lavender in the right hand corner and alternate lavender and yellow stripes.

The Rev. David Stint spoke for the National Taskforce on Gay People in the Church. He announced that ten religious denominations now have gay caucuses.

As the speakers continued, more and more of the GPU gay lambda balloons floated up over Chicagoland carrying the message of gay pride week.

(Chicago photos by Alyn W. Hess on page 19).

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G.P.U. STARTS NEW CENTER

Milwaukee - The Gerald E. Meyers Foundation, Inc. (GEM Foundation) has announced that it has leased a large six-room former residential flat for use as a community center. Located at 1568 N. Farwell Avenue, it will be called **The Farwell Center**.

In a separate but related press release, Alyn W. Hess, chairperson of the board of directors of **Gay Peoples Union, Inc.** announced that GPU has made arrangements with GEM Foundation to use **The Farwell Center** for its regular Monday evening meetings. The newly-refunded **GPU Venereal Disease Examination Program** will also use the facilities (see separate article).

Hess said that other community groups such as Silver Star Motorcycle Club and Milwaukee Area Teens (MAT) are also negotiating with the foundation to use the facilities. A schedule of groups using the center and their allotted times is being prepared.

Gerald E. Meyers, chairperson of the foundation, said, "According to our stated purposes, we can provide a rent-free meeting place for community groups that do not carry on propaganda, that do not attempt to influence legislation, and do not contribute to political campaigns. We hope that members of the medical, legal and counseling professions will donate time so that fully quali-

fied help may be offered to the public from our new center."

The Farwell Center has a large meeting space suitable for a meeting of over 50 people. Other smaller rooms can be used for smaller committee meetings, counseling rooms or special interest group meetings. A kitchen will serve as a refreshments area. A large outside garage could be used for fund-raising events during the summer months. An unfinished basement offers potential expansion if needed.

Hess told a GPU NEWS reporter that considerable fixing up, painting and cleaning needs to be done before the center is in prime condition. He said that the first Monday meeting in July will be held in the new facilities and that anyone who wishes to donate money, material, furniture, time or services should call GPU hotline at 271-5273 or send a note to GPU at the center. He reminded potential contributors that donations to GEM Foundation are tax deductible.

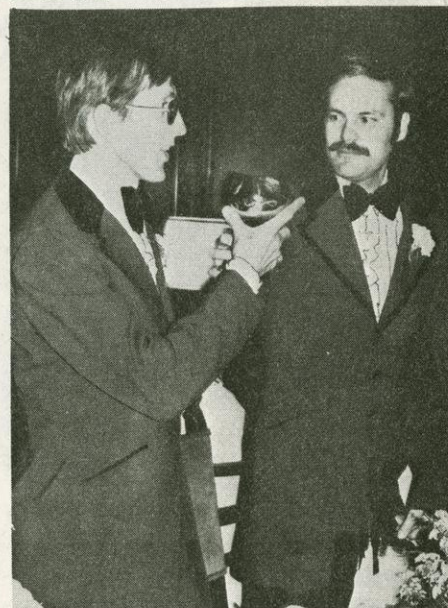
GAY COUPLE REPEAT VOWS



Milwaukee—About 60 relatives and friends of Kenneth A. Baumeister and Timothy L. Hancock gathered at Freidens United Church of Christ on Saturday, June 19 to witness a ceremony uniting their hands and vows of unity in the blessing of a holy union. The ceremony, following the special offices for gay unions prepared by Integrity, the Episcopal gay caucus, was performed by an ordained Episcopal priest.

The church sanctuary was decorated with large bouquets of summer flowers and the pews were garlanded with greens. The ceremony was held in the early evening and was illuminated by candlelight.

James Herman and Eldon E.



GPU NEWS photos
Murray acted as ushers and official witnesses. Randy Marker served as ring bearer and a close friend provided a brief organ concert before the ceremony. The couple wore blue tuxedos and the attendants wore business suits.

A reception, following the ceremony, was held at the Kenwood Conference Center on Lake Drive. Refreshments and a full dinner was served to the guests which included parents and relatives of both men. After toasting one another from a silver loving cup, they cut and served slices from a three tier cake that featured two grooms on the top. The couple will continue to reside in Milwaukee.

Dr. Comes Out

Atlanta, Ga. - The chief psychiatrist at Emory University Medical School has come out publicly via a front-page interview in the May 12 **Atlantic Journal**. Dr. Stuart Stenger, 33, stated "There comes a point in most people's lives when the discomfort in denying what you are is greater than the risks involved in coming out." Only a month before, friends, colleagues and his ex-wife were told. "I want my (3-year-old) daughter to know," he said. "I don't want her finding out from someone else."

WACS FIGHT ARMY DISCHARGE

Ft. Devins, Mass.—Pfc. Barbara Randolph, 22, from Jeffersonville, Ind. and Pvt. Debbie Watson, 20, from San Antonio, Texas have become the first women to challenge military regulations on homosexuality. They did so by informing their superiors of their homosexuality and indicating that they wish to remain in the service, fighting any effort by the Army to discharge them.

Both women were members of an honor platoon in training for the Army Security Agency. Pfc. Randolph had only recently been honored as WAC of the Month and Soldier of the Month, being awarded an accelerated promotion and a security clearance.

The women disclosed the fact that they are gay after finding out that a number of women were called into the Army Security Agency Office for questioning. "For six months they go after drug addicts and then they go after gay people," said Randolph. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I'm not a good soldier."

The couple, now lovers, were both married and divorced before entering the Army. They did not know that they were gay until after entering the service.

A spokesperson for the Army at Ft. Devins said the regulation dealing with homosexuality in the military conduct code is exact and leaves no room for interpretation. He said that a dishonorable discharge was a possibility (discharge proceedings have begun), but that the final decision was up to an administrative board and would be based on individual cases.

After being interrogated by the Security Division of the Army Security Agency and the Criminal Investigation Division of the Army, they were detached from their regular assignments and put on security hold. Both have been assigned menial labor around the post.

Both the American Civil Liberties Union and the Legal In Service Project of the Unitarian Universalist Association have joined the women in their battle to remain in the Army.



— AP Wirephoto

Debbie Watson (left) and Barbara Randolph

John W. Roberts, executive director of the Massachusetts chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, called the Army's move against the women unconstitutional and an invasion of privacy.

"For the United States Army to punish these women, or discriminate against them because of their private sexual activity, is outrageous and must be opposed by a society

committed to the fundamental right of privacy," he said.

Jerry Cohen, ACLU attorney for the two women and several other gay women at Ft. Devins who have chosen not to make their cases public, urged that "everyone who is concerned that the military is invading the privacy and the rights of individuals write to their Congresspeople and Senators."

VD PROGRAM GETS NEW FUNDS

(Special to GPU NEWS)

Milwaukee - Dr. Constantine Panagis, Commissioner of Health for the City of Milwaukee, has announced that the GPU Venereal Disease Examination Program originally funded by the city and state from October of 1974 to July 1, 1975, will be funded for another year beginning July 1, 1975.

Program Director Dennis Younger said that his request for over \$3,000 to cover the year's expected expenses was approved in full. Additional funds and donated time will be provided by Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

The GPU program, which pro-

vides free tests for syphilis and gonorrhea, is directed primarily toward the gay community. The V.D. program has moved from its former location on St. Paul Avenue to the new Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, and expects to be ready for use by the second weekend in July. The V.D. screening program's hours will remain the same: 8 p.m. until midnight every Friday and Saturday. Mr. Younger urges all gay persons who are sexually active to come in for a free and totally confidential examination. He said, "The only way you can be sure that you do not have V.D. is to have a blood test and examination."



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EDITORIAL

This issue of GPU NEWS is one week late, appearing on the second Friday of the month instead of the first Friday. There are several reasons for this delay, other than the fact that the first Friday was the Fourth of July holiday.

First of all, we delayed the issue in order to bring you special photographs of both the New York and Chicago Gay Pride Parades, held in both cities on June 29. You will find them on pages 18 and 19, together with brief commentary.

The most important reason for the delay, however, was the fact that we received our long-awaited typesetting equipment, and are busy familiarizing several persons with its use. We are very proud to announce that we now own our own IBM Composer which is exactly like the machine we have been leasing for over a year. Before you leap to the belief that GPU NEWS must be

making a lot of money to be able to afford such an outlay (approximately \$5,000), let us hasten to tell you that we have simply made a down payment on the equipment and will be making regular monthly payments for several years. Money that we have spent in hiring our typesetting and later in leasing equipment will now go towards our own equity in the machine.

Having the machine readily available at all times will lighten our work load considerably. This is particularly true since Shelia Sullivan, our loyal typesetter, is leaving the city. The editor and staff of GPU NEWS would like to take this opportunity to thank Ms. Sullivan for the many, many hours she donated every month for over a year. Without her help, GPU NEWS would not be where it is today. By the way, Ms. Sullivan is also the author of the gem of an article starting on page 10 called "A Bicentennial Gem—The True Story of Deborah Sampson," which we heartily recommend that you read.

Another reason for our joy about having our own equipment is that, once a short shake down period is finished, we will be able to make the equipment available to other gay organizations for very modest fees. Many organizations need type set for brochures, fliers, notices, etc. We will be able to do this at fees that will be only a fraction of what commercial typeset outfits would charge. Several organizations have already been in contact with us about this service. If your group needs typeset work please let us know.

GPU NEWS has never asked for donations. We are non-profit and expect to remain so. In spite of this, several of our subscribers and friends have from time to time sent donations in appreciation of our work. Our staff consists of unpaid volunteers and such donations are always welcome. We have committed ourselves to a long-term contract to pay for a typesetting machine, which means we expect to be around for a long time, and we hope to serve our readers with an even better publication as time passes.

FEEDBACK

Dear GPU NEWS:

Your lengthy, exhaustive review of Men's Liberation was exhilarating to me, natch. I'm the (if you'll kindly excuse the image) author. I'm an elementary school grad. Somerset Elementary School. Chevy Chase.

GPU NEWS' review focused on some super-duper philosophical notions and its mention of imagination lifted me far beyond the rainbow where I have been doing a jig on the yellow brick road. Incidentally, Pinnocchio is a Men's Lib fable.

I agree, surely, with your reviewer's statement that rationality and feeling aren't opposed - only apparently so because of convention. Intellect suffers in a half-witted fashion being separated (by sex-role expectation and training) from feeling. But we can re-unite ourselves.

Your reviewer also cleverly surmised that it was Penguin Books, Inc. which edited my controversial bio in the book's frontispiece. I delivered those more unsettling biographical details to The Washington Star (as in "When You Wish Upon" one) on Sunday, May 18, 1975.

I affirm on plenty of occasions how good it feels to draw close to men, to feel, communicate, quite intimately, even passionately, perhaps - to hug, kiss, and if the stars impel: to tune in with men and turn on, so to speak. I ought to know. I'm experienced. But don't misconstrue this fact as a model-for-hire ad.

My little contribution to a continuing philosophical tradition needs not praise, but continuation and amplification by others. I'm just a different - to some, new - focus—but now the view needs to be celebrated and translated through thinkers who see its ramifications in their own lives...but who give them their own peculiar genius.

One last point: I did not use the word "paedophilia" in Men's

(continued on page 27)

MEMBER

COSMEP

COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
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BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94101

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Yours in Liberation,
THE PUBLICATION
COMMITTEE

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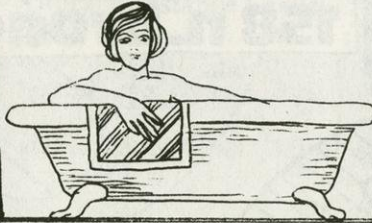
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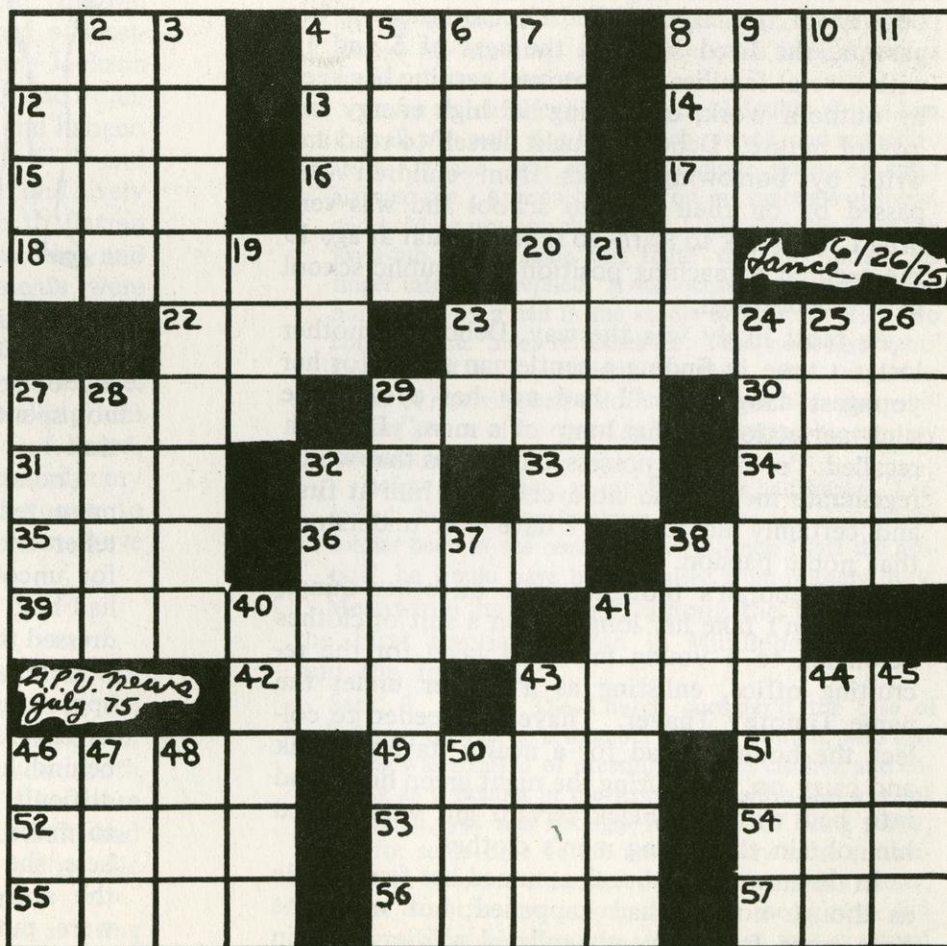
CROSSWORDS

ACROSS

- 1) Traffic And Toe
- 4) -- Stadium
- 8) Mid, Down and Up--
- 12) High Note
- 13) Length of Time
- 14) Mars Name
- 15) Decimal System
- 16) Storm
- 17) F.M. Radio Station
- 18) N.Y. City "U" Is One
- 20) Scottish Sheepfold
- 22) Snake
- 23) Greenwich --
- 27) N.Y. Baseball Team
- 29) Rear
- 30) -- Squad
- 31) Museum of Modern --
- 32) Father: abbr.
- 33) Equally
- 34) Wooden Pail
- 35) River Inlet
- 36) Debts: abbr.
- 38) Cotangents: abbr.
- 39) --Park and Grant --
Station
- 41) My Gal --
- 42) Oxford English Dictionary:
abbr.
- 43) N.Y. City and Metropolitan
- 46) F.M. Radio Station
- 49) Caterpillar, N.Z.
- 51) Delaware: abbr.
- 52) Of The Ear
- 53) Biblical Tribe
- 54) 100 Sq. Meters
- 55) Filthy --
- 56) University: New Haven Conn.
- 57) -- Town

- 10) Tiny
- 11) Direction
- 19) Office of Strategic Services:
abbr.
- 21) Wapiti
- 23) Veterans Administration: abbr.
- 24) N.Y. City before 1664 was New --
- 25) Strong Arm Man
- 26) Greek Resistance Group
- 27) Fruit Residue
- 28) N.Y.'s Great Lake
- 29) Theatre District
- 32) -- Island
- 37) Underwriters Labs: abbr.
- 38) N.Y. magazine
- 40) Statue of Liberty Carries A --
- 41) N.Y. Leather Bar
- 43) Done by Mouth
- 44) Air: comb. form
- 45) Winter Vehicle
- 46) A.M. Radio Station
- 47) Royal Training Institute: abbr.
- 48) Victor For Short
- 50) Last Queen of Spain

Solution on page 29



DOWN

- 1) N.Y. City Football Team
- 2) Fish Sauce
- 3) -- Island
- 4) Razor --
- 5) Mend
- 6) Energy Unit
- 7) Avenue of The --
- 8) Continental or Club Bath Item
- 9) To Each One's --



A BICENTENNIAL GEM

THE TRUE STORY OF

DEBORAH SAMPSON

by Sheila Sullivan

Everyone's climbing onto the bicentennial bandwagon and so we've used this excuse to offer you a soldier you won't be reading about in other 1976 regurgitations.

I submit to you Robert Shurtliffe, who served as a Continental Soldier in the American Revolutionary War for 1½ years—and whose real name was Deborah Sampson.

Coming Out

Accounts of Deborah Sampson's early life create the picture of an independent and enterprising young girl. She was born the youngest of five children in Plympton, a small village in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 17, 1760. Because of the impoverished circumstances of her parents, she lived between the ages of 5 and 18 with several families and patrons, earning her keep by outdoor work, cultivating her high energy and love of nature. Deborah taught herself to read and write by borrowing books from children who passed by on their way to school and was very bright and quick to learn—so much so that at age 19 she secured a teaching position in a public school in Middleborough.

As most likely was the way, Deborah's mother lost no time in finding a gentleman suitor for her youngest daughter. "I had not her eyes to see such perfection in this lump of a man," Deborah recalled, "or that he possessed qualities that would regenerate me. I had no aversion to him at first, and certainly no love, if I have ever understood that noble passion." *

But Deborah's thoughts were on other things, for it didn't take her long to don a suit of clothes belonging to a young man and head for the recruiting office, enlisting as a soldier under the name Timothy Thayer. Thayer proceeded to collect the bounty, head for a nearby tavern, drink and carry on, and during the night creep home and into bed with the black servant girl who helped him obtain the young man's clothes.

In the morning Deborah resumed her female role as though nothing had happened; but when the time came for the newly-enlisted soldiers to join



Massachusetts Light Infantry Uniform as described by Deborah Sampson in her biography. From: *Uniforms of the American Revolution* by John Mollo, Macmillan, N.Y., 1975.

their regiment, Timothy Thayer could not be found. Deborah Sampson was ultimately exposed and obliged to refund the bounty-money she had not spent, and warned to keep out of sight for a time.

Undaunted, Deborah experimented often. She presented herself as a young man to a fortune-teller and was told she had a natural inclination for uncommon undertakings—and asked why she had held back for so long. She visited her mother dressed this way and was not recognized.

Deborah had ample opportunity to weigh her approaching fate as a young woman against her adventures as a young man. With her experiments behind her, her decision must not have been too difficult. She spun and wove cloth, hiring a tailor to make up a suit for a young man—a relative of hers, she explained, who would soon be leaving for the army. The other articles, hat, shoes, etc., were purchased under similar invented pretexts.

Robert Enlists

On the appointed evening, Deborah rose at midnight and put on her male clothes. He took off on foot toward Rochester where he spent the evening, seeing some of his townspeople but remaining unrecognized. The next day he reached New Bedford where he enlisted on board a privateer, but abandoned that idea on hearing of the captain's bad treatment of his men. He passed through Roxbury, Dedham and Medfield, all on foot. In Uxbridge he met a recruiting officer and, by this time nearly penniless, enlisted on May 20, 1782 for three years as a Continental Soldier under the name of Robert Shurtliffe, his elder brother's name.

Worcester May 23, 1782

Received of Mr. Noah Taft — Chairman of Class No 2 for the town of Uxbridge — the Sum of Sixty pounds Money as a Bounty to Serve in the Continental Army for the term of three Years —

Witness my Hand

Robert Shurtliffe

Shurtliffe embarked on the 10-12 day march with about 50 other soldiers to West Point. The soldiers were detached into companies: Shurtliffe into the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment (the old Ninth) commanded by Col. Wm. Shepard of Westfield, but soon afterwards by Col. Henry Jackson of Boston. He was given the uniform of the infantry, a gun and bayonet, a cartridge-box and hanger.

It is said that Shurtliffe stood about 5'7" and had regular features, clear, flushed skin, and lively penetrating eyes. He wore a bandage to flatten his breasts. His aspect was rather masculine and serene than effeminate. His movements were erect, quick and strong; gestures mild, animating, graceful. His speech was deliberate, with firm articulation, his voice not disagreeable for a female. His comrades came into the habit of calling him "Molly" in playful allusion to his lack of beard, though this did not stir any real suspicion as many other Revolutionary soldiers were too young to shave much. But how Shurtliffe must have cringed!

"A Deathwound"

About the 26th of June a detachment of troops including Shurtliffe encountered the Tories in the Tappan Bay between Sing Sing and Tarrytown. The enemy commenced the attack and soon both were met by reinforcements. The Tories were compelled to a hasty retreat, but Shurtliffe had been wounded in the left thigh just below the groin.

I considered this as a deathwound, or as being

equivalent to it; as it must, I thought, lead to the discovery of my sex. Covered with blood from head to foot, I told my companions I feared I had received a mortal wound; and I begged them to leave me to die on the spot; preferring to take the small chance I should in this case have of surviving, rather than to be carried to the hospital. To this my comrades would not consent; but one of them took me before him on his horse, and in this painful manner I was borne six miles to the hospital of the French army, at a place called Croon Pond. On coming in sight of the hospital, my heart again failed me. In a paroxysm of despair, I actually drew a pistol from the holster, and was about to put an end to my own life. That I did not proceed to the fatal act, I can ascribe only to the interposition of Divine Mercy.

The French surgeon, on my being brought in, instantly came. He was alert, cheerful, humane. "How you lose so much blood at this early hour? Be any bone broken?" was his first salutation; presenting me and the other wounded men of our party with two bottles of choice wine. . . . My head having been bound up, and a change of clothing becoming a wounded soldier being ready, I was asked by the too inquisitive French surgeon whether I had any other wound. He had observed my extreme paleness, and that I limped in attempting to walk. I readily replied in the negative: it was a plump falsehood! "Sit you down, my lad: your boot say you tell fib!" said the surgeon, noticing that the blood still oozed from it. He took off my boots and stockings with his own hands with great tenderness, and washed my leg to the knee. I then told him I would retire, change my clothing, and if any other wound should appear, I would inform him

In his watchful eye I plainly read doubts. I told him that all was well; that I felt much revived, and wished to sleep. I had slept scarcely an hour, when he again alarmed me. Approaching me on my mattress of straw, and holding my breeches in his hand, dripping from the wash-tub, "How came this rent?" said he, putting his finger into it. I replied, "It was occasioned, I believe, on horseback, by a nail in the saddle or holster. 'Tis of no consequence. Sleep refreshes me: I had none last night." One-half of this, certainly, was true. But I had less dread of receiving half a dozen more balls than the penetrating glance of his eye. As I grew better, his scrutiny diminished.

Before the wound in my thigh was half healed, I rejoined the army on the lines. But had the most hardy soldier been in the condition I was when I left the hospital, he would have been excused from military duty.

Meanwhile back home, among the Records of the First Baptist Church in Middleborough, we find the following:

Sept. 3, 1782. The Church consider'd the case of Deborah Sampson, a member of this Church, who last Spring was accused of dressing in men's clothes, and enlisting as a Soldier in the Army, and altho she was not convicted, yet was strongly suspected of being guilty, and for some time before behaved very loose and unchristian like, and at last left our parts in a sudden manner, and it is not known among us where she is gone, and after considerable discourse, it appeared that as several

brethren had labour'd with her before she went away, without obtaining satisfaction, concluded it is the Church's duty to withdraw fellowship untill she returns and makes Christian satisfaction.

This was equivalent to a vote of excommunication.

One of Deborah's brothers journeyed to the seacoast of Maine in search for her among relatives. Deborah's abandoned suitor set out to the West and came upon the troops . . . Shurtliffe saw him, and was careful to elude him. His comrades told him of the traveler's inquiries and by this means Shurtliffe heard that his mother and friends were well, and about the stir his disappearance had caused.

On the march to Collebarack Shurtliffe obtained permission to stay behind and nurse a dying soldier, thereby also allowing time for the healing of his undetected wound. However, they inadvertently had been left in a shelter occupied by Tories, and Shurtliffe used both their guns to hold them off until his comrade died. Upon returning to his company, Shurtliffe was put in charge of a raid upon the shelter, and without bloodshed his party captured fifteen Tories and nine horses.

In November 1782 a large detachment was ordered to proceed to Johnsbury in Warren County to suppress Indian attacks on white settlements. Though still not fully recovered from his wound, Shurtliffe volunteered to go. There they fought desperately until the Indians were put to flight, except for one who, under Shurtliffe's bayonet, was discovered to be a whiteman disguised as an Indian and therefore taken captive. At Albany, Gen. Schuyler sent for Shurtliffe and complimented him for his bravery in this expedition.

The Discovery

Peace was announced in the spring of 1783, though Shurtliffe's peace was soon to end. A malignant epidemic went raging through Philadelphia, particularly among the troops there, and Shurtliffe was seized with it. Carried to the hospital and thrown into a bunk from which a corpse had just been removed, he soon fell unconscious.

It was not long before I came to some degree of consciousness, when I perceived preparations making for my burial. I heard the funeral-undertakers quarrelling about some part of my clothing, which each of them wished to possess. One Jones, the only English-speaking nurse in the hospital, coming in, I succeeded, by an almost superhuman effort, in convincing him that I was still alive. I well remember that he not only threatened these monsters, but used actual force to prevent their dragging me to the Potter's Field, the place of burial for strangers. The undertakers at length withdrew, when Jones informed the worthy Matron, Mrs. Parker, that Robert Shurtliffe, a soldier in bunk No. —, who had

been supposed to be dead, was actually alive. This she was inclined to doubt. It was said that they came to ascertain the fact. But I knew it not; for I had sunk once more into a state resembling death.

The surgeon, Dr. Binney, informed of Shurtliffe's partial recovery, thrust his hand into Shurtliffe's coat to detect a heartbeat. But he also found what he was not looking for: Binney removed the inner vest binding Shurtliffe's breasts.

The soldier was immediately moved to Mrs. Parker's apartment, she the only other person to whom Binney confided his discovery. From that time Shurtliffe was nursed with the greatest care and, as soon as he was able to ride, was taken to Dr. Binney's home.

Mrs. Parker and Dr. Binney carefully concealed their knowledge of the secret, but now he began to suspect he had been discovered - what other reason for this special treatment? They were too attentive, too concerned, and it became evident to him that they did not expect him to resume his military attire. They were mistaken.

Binney introduced Shurtliffe to his family as a young, gallant soldier who had risen from the bed of death. In their company he strolled the streets, attended public exhibitions and was guest in many wealthy families—still known only as a Continental Soldier. It was during this time he attracted the attentions of a 17-year-old Baltimore girl, who sent anonymous gifts and affectionate letters to him until finally she sent for him and confessed her love.

How would I feel, on receiving such a declaration from such a heart? I could not act the hypocrite with such an artless girl, nor could I refuse the affection so warmly proffered, and so delicately expressed. But I could not then disclose to her the secret I was so anxious to conceal from all the world beside. In this state of embarrassment I continued the most of two days . . . Shurtliffe, though drawn to the young lady by an "irresistible attraction," was unable to dissuade her until he ultimately found it necessary to disclose his secret, removing all doubt by an actual inspection. The girl was astonished and upset, but the final parting, on both sides, was felt satisfactory.

"What will be my fate, sir...?"

On my return to the hospitable mansion of Dr. Binney, in Philadelphia, I told him I had called on him . . . to bid him adieu, while hastening to rejoin the army preparatory to my discharge and my return home. The silence that was observed in reference to my sex created doubts in my mind whether the doctor was altogether satisfied with the discovery he had made; and I trembled lest I should be obliged to undergo another personal examination.

When about to depart, the doctor, surrounded by his

family, bestowed on me his parting counsels in a manner so tender that I must have been from that moment a convert to virtue, had I previously been otherwise.

The doctor now put into my hand a large sealed letter, addressed to Gen. Patterson, saying, 'Fail not to deliver this: it contains a bequest for you and for him.'

On the journey from Elizabethtown to West Point, Shurtliffe's boat overturned during a storm, resulting in the disappearance of his journal—a great loss to us!

He arrived at Gen. Patterson's quarters, the next morning hesitantly delivering the letter and, fearing its contents, hurrying away. About an hour later, Patterson sent for him, asked him to be seated, and addressed him thus: "Since you have continued in my service, always vigilant, vivacious, faithful, and in many respects, distinguished yourself from your fellows - I would only ask - Does that martial attire which now glitters on your body conceal a female's form?"

Attempting to rise from my seat, in order to reply, I lost the control both of body and mind, and had nearly fainted away. Recovering, I made out to say, 'What will be my fate, sir, if I answer in the affirmative?' - 'You have nothing to fear,' he replied. 'If you confirm the statements of this letter,' - still holding the letter of Dr. Binney in his hand, - 'you are not only safe here, but entitled to our warmest respect.'

'Sir,' I said, 'I am wholly in your power. God forbid that I should attempt to conceal what I suppose is now fully known. I am a female. But, oh, sir, now that I am weak and helpless, withdraw not your protection!'

'Can it be so?' he exclaimed, after a short pause, as if still in doubt.

'Sir,' said I, 'I have no desire to deceive you . . .'

Having furnished the gentlemen with an account of my home, my relatives, and the motives which led me to assume the character of a soldier, I requested them to make the strictest inquiry into my manner of life since I had been in the army. This was accordingly done. The result was a general surprise, and, on the part of many, a total disbelief. An apartment was now assigned for my use, and garments of either sex provided. But, in general, I preferred my regimentals, because that in them I should be more safe from insult and annoyance. Many of the soldiers, and many of my own sex, were desirous to satisfy themselves as to the truth of what they had heard; but, of course, it was impossible to gratify their curiosity.

Return to Civilian Life

On the 25th of October, 1783, at West Point, Shurtliffe received an honorable discharge from Gen. Knox. Many testimonials of faithful performance of duty and of exemplary conduct in the army were given to him from, among others, Gens. Patterson and Shepard and Col. Jackson.

About a week later Shurtliffe arrived in Massachusetts. He still wore his military uniform and went not to Middleborough, his hometown, but to

reside with an uncle in Stoughton, under the name of the younger of his brothers, Ephraim Sampson. He passed the winter doing farmwork and flirting with the girls of the neighborhood, and it was during this winter that he became acquainted with his future husband.

Meanwhile an article in a New York paper dated January 10, 1784, reported his story, though discreetly withholding his name, and was copied in other papers in Massachusetts. In part it read: "The cause of her impersonating a man, it is said, proceeded from the rigor of her parents, who exerted their prerogative to induce her marriage with a young gentleman, against whom she had conceived a great antipathy; together with her being a remarkable heroine and warmly attached to the cause of her country."

On the approach of spring, Deborah resumed feminine apparel and employments, and on April 7, 1784, became the wife of Benjamin Gannett, a poor young farmer of Sharon, and had a son and two daughters. Little is known about this period of her life, other than it seemed a constant financial struggle. She incurred heavy medical expenses on account of the wounds she received and found it necessary to seek aid.

A Resolve of the General Court of Massachusetts, approved by John Hancock, awarded Mrs. Gannett the soldier's pay she never received, and is now on file in the Archives Division of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts House of Representatives Jan 19th 1792

On the petition of Deborah Gannet, praying compensation for services performed in the late Army of the United States.

Whereas it appears to this court that the said Deborah Gannet inlisted, under the name of Robert Shirliff, in Capt. Webb's company in the 4th Mass. Regiment on May 20, 1782, and did actually perform the duty of a Soldier in the late Army of the United States to the 23rd day of October 1783 for which she received no compensation.

And whereas it further appears that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful gallant Soldier, and at the same time preserving the virtue & chastity of her sex unsuspected & unblemished, & was discharged from the service with a fair & honorable character. Therefore

Resolved that the treasurer of this Commonwealth be & he hereby is directed to issue his note to the said Deborah for the sum of thirty four pounds bearing interest from October 23, 1783.

In Senate Jan 20, 1792

Read and concurred.

Saml. Phillips, President

Approved John Hancock

Sent up for concurrence

D. Cobb, Speaker

She also applied for and received a pension from the U.S. War Department in 1805. She had made the friendship of Paul Revere, who wrote a letter to Congress, now preserved with the Massachusetts Historical Society, hoping to aid her pension application.

Canton, Feb 20, 1804

William Eustis Esq
Member of Congress
Washington
Sir,

Mrs Deborah Gannet of Sharon informed me that she has endorsed to your Care a petition to Congress in favour of Her. My works for Manufactureing of Copper, being at Canton, but a short distance from the Neighbourhood where she lives: I have been induced to enquire her situation, and Character, since she quitted the Male habit, and Soldiers uniform, - for the more decent apparel of her own Sex, & since she has been married and become a Mother - Humanity, & Justice obliges me to say, that every person with whom I have conversed about Her, and it is not a few, speak of Her as a woman of handsom talents, good Morals, a dutifull Wife and an affectionate parent. - She is now much out of health; she has several Children; her Husband is a good sort of a Man, 'tho of small force in business; they have a few Acres of poor land which they cultivate, but they are really poor.

We commonly form our Idea of the person whom we hear spoken off, whom we have never seen; according as their Actions are described. When I heard her spoken off as a Soldier, I formed the Idea of a tall, Masculine female, who had a small share of understanding, without education, & one of the meanest of her Sex. - When I saw and discoursed with her I was agreeably surprised to find a small, effeminate and conversable Woman, whose education entitled her to a better situation in life.

I have no doubt your humanity will prompt you to do all in Your power to get her some relief; I think her case much more deserving than hundreds to whom Congress have been generous.

I am Sir with esteem & respect
Your humble Servant
Paul Revere

Deborah Sampson Gannett died at her home in

Sharon April 29, 1827, at the age of 67. Her husband became the first American to be granted a pension as a soldier's widow. The Committee on Revolutionary Pensions' Report read, in part:

The Committee are aware that there is no Act of Congress which provides for any case like the present. The said Gannett was married after the termination of the war of the Revolution, and therefore does not come within the spirit of the third section of the Act of 4th July, 1836, granting pensions to widows in certain cases; and, were there nothing peculiar in this application which distinguishes it from all other applications for pensions, the Committee would at once reject the claim. But they believe they are warranted in saying that the whole history of the American Revolution records no case like this, and 'furnishes no other similar example of female heroism, fidelity, and courage.' It is not . . . to be presumed that a female who took up arms in defence of her country, who served as a common soldier . . . fought and bled for human liberty, would, immediately after the termination of the war, connect herself for life with a tory or a traitor. He, indeed, was honored much by being the husband of such a wife; and as he has proved himself worthy of her, as he has sustained her through a long life of sickness and suffering, and as that sickness and suffering were occasioned by the wounds she received, and the hardships she endured in defence of the country; and as there cannot be a parallel case in all time to come, the Committee do not hesitate to grant relief.

Dedham, December 10, 1791

This Certifies that Mrs. Deborah Gannet inlisted as a Soldier on May ye 20th 1782 for three years and was Muster'd ye 23d of ye Same Month at Worcester and sent on to Camp soon after and as I have been inform'd did the Duty of a Good Soldier.

Pr. Elipht. Thorp, Capt 7th M. Regt.

M. Master

N.B. Robert Shirtlief was ye Name by which Mrs. Gannet inlisted and Muster'd.

*All quotes from Herman Mann's *The Female Review: Life of Deborah Sampson*, with intro. & notes by John Adams Vinton (1797; rpt. Boston: J.K. Wiggins & Wm. Parsons Lunt, 1866; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1972).

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REVIEW

CONSENTING ADULT by Laura Z. Hobson. Doubleday, New York, 1975. \$7.95

Reviewed by Vito Russo

One of the most personal and devastating issues of the gay movement today has little to do with marches or zaps or militancy on a picket line. Although it is a political issue, it is not one which is discussed in political terms and is often a topic left to late night talk between friends. Gay activists who have done everything from sitting in at the White House to marching in gay parades find this issue difficult to deal with and it often comes as a shock to us to find that our friends who are open and positive about their gay lifestyle have still not done anything about it. I'm speaking, of course, about the not-so-simple act of telling your parents that you're gay.

Somehow, when it comes to this very few of us are ready. Think about the lines you've heard over and over again. "Why should I hurt them?"

"They're too old to understand. Why force them to accept something they can't handle?"

"Oh, well, they KNOW, really; we just don't ever discuss it."

And then all the cute stories come pouring out about how your brother once said "faggot" and your sister-in-law gave him a dirty look and wasn't that nice of her and how somebody at the dinner table said something that made you think that perhaps he or she "knew" and wasn't it exciting to speculate.

The real issue is, of course, that our parents have been lied to about us and don't know that it's allright for their children to be gay. Old teachings die hard and some parents still believe that left-handed-



LAURA Z. HOBSON

Photo by David Gahr

ness in their children is a bad sign. So naturally if they can't cope with a left-handed child, how are they going to cope with a gay one? Well, with education, dear. That's how. And who better to educate them than their children? Well, the thing about it is that we aren't really equipped to do the job. I think often about the difference between gay people and other minorities and how the difference relates to our family relationships. When a black child came home from the movies crying because somebody said "nigger" or because there was something about the film which was insulting or bigoted, mama and papa sympathized and told the child about the day when such things would change, saying that it was necessary to fight against such things. This type of family reinforcement was indispensable and very valuable as a reinforcement of the positive nature of being black.

Gays have no such family reinforcement. The family, along with the rest of straight society, has traditionally been just another enemy

camp. The family of a gay woman or man would turn away a child fighting for her or his rights. They would not comfort; they would not understand; they were ignorant, mis-informed, misled. A gay child is a disgrace to parents, something to cure or hide. They turn away from us. And so it is not difficult to see why most gays are afraid to confront their families. They don't want to lose their only straight friends. Also, they love them and can't bear the pain of the confrontation which would certainly result. What they do not see is that there would be no hurt involved if only their parents knew that it was not a bad thing to be gay. What their parents don't know has hurt them, and by extension, their children, immeasurably. What they don't know has caused all of our problems and reinforced the fear of the unknown which causes hatred and bigotry. And no one is going to tell them, either. The world will keep it a secret unless we tell them about it. We're the only ones who can tell them because we know.

For a very long time now, we've been hoping for an easier way. Often we wish that someone would write a book for parents which would explain everything in non-offensive terms so that our families will realize who and what we are and how to make the adjustments. Well, gang, the wait is over. Laura Z. Hobson, author of *GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT*, has written a book called *CONSENTING ADULT* which because of its pure emotional appeal and sense of love and duty, will change the face of society forever with respect to the parents of gay people.

CONSENTING ADULT is the thirteen year odyssey of the parents of a gay man, his mother in particular, who moves from a position of total ignorance and fear to support and even zeal for the cause of gay people like her son and the parents of other gays. It is an achingly familiar book, filled with the turmoil and indecision of parents whose world is summarily destroyed one day when a letter comes from their 'seventeen-year-old son announcing that he is a homosexual. Although the character of Jeff Lynn is central to the book, this is the story of his parents, Tessa and Ken and their journey with him from 1960 to 1973, the year in which he accepts his homosexuality fully for the first time.

The book hurts a lot. It is the synthesis of what we all have in common. Tessa's first impulse, to reach out to her son and help by sending a telegram of support to him at school and her subsequent struggle with herself about telling her husband is moving and brilliant. Her husband Ken's reaction is the reaction of the father of every gay. His world turns ashen and he will not speak of it. Jeff is sent, with his own agreement, into analysis, a costly and devastating series of encounters with doctors who feel that there is a 25 percent chance for a cure, holding hope before Jeff's parents like a carrot to a donkey who doesn't know

that the carrot is an inedible toy.

Holidays at home become nightmares of recrimination and accusations, of battles, silences and uneasy truces between father and son. Then at the Thanksgiving table, a brother-in-law, a journalist for a New York newspaper, brings up the raid in a gay bar in Greenwich Village and we freeze along with Jeff who had never heard anyone discuss the subject before in his life. It helps us to see, in this sequence of the book, how even though we have always talked about gay people "thinking that they were the only ones in the world," this is really true. The enormity of someone discovering for the first time that there are others like himself and that there are advocates who think that it isn't wrong to be gay, is a staggering revelation, shocking us out of our complacency with its message. Jeff's brother-in-law had heard of the Wolfendon Report and was interested in gay rights as a civil liberties issue. Although Jeff is still too terrified to discuss the issue, his mother becomes his intelligent, probing, curious champion, dedicated to uncover all the research she can about homosexuality. At first she does this as a duty to her son, feeling that her knowledge may help to cure him. Our hearts beat faster, though, as she discovers more and more which make her see that something is not right about what the world has been told.

We live with her through her realization at both of Jeff's graduation exercises, that if there are 4,000 graduates, then there must be 400 other gays and 800 parents of gay sons and daughters sitting in this auditorium with her, all coping with this unspoken secret, all afraid. We see them through her eyes as comrades who must be awakened to her ignorance so that they may once again have their children back. We begin to break down as we see her through a session with her family doctor who tells her that there are some psychiatrists who are beginning to ad-

vance the theory that homosexuality is not an illness but simply an alternate lifestyle and we feel her helpless anger at the analysts and doctors who have kept her son coming for all those years, certainly aware of these changes. We get a feeling of pride and beauty as she begins to change, her attitudes being formed by her new found knowledge. We live through Stonewall in New York City with her and realize that she is secretly hoping Jeff was there to see the birth of a new movement - one she hopes will crush the monster of bigotry and fear.

I'm sure you will all respond to different things, particularly familiar to you. What we will all respond to together, however, is the intent of this book, to make our families see us for the first time. I read the book and sat up the rest of the night, sometimes crying and reading parts of it again. Then I sent it to my mother. My lover read it and at 3 a.m. left the house and walked down to Greenwich Village to sit in front of the old Stonewall and stare, remembering. The next day he sent it to his mother.

This is the genuine article. Forget that some activists will say we don't need the "respect" of a phony world. Forget that some of us have forgotten that our parents are people who have been fucked over by our system and need our help. We remember. They are our friends and now they need us to re-educate them; to tell them who their children are so that they will fear us no longer. Laura Z. Hobson may have given our parents their children back, but she will also have given us back our parents, those people we love and need. The people who were torn from us because they were lied to. I can't bring myself to tell you the details of the book, how it ends, and the emotions which triggered my primary responses. Read *CONSENTING ADULT*. Then buy a copy, take a

(continued on page 36)

REVIEW

GAY LITERATURE. Issues No. 1 (Winter, 1974) and 2 (Spring, 1975). Edited by Daniel Curzon and Tom McNamara. Quarterly publication. \$8 per four issues, \$2 per single issue, \$10 library rate. (Order from GAY LITERATURE, c/o Dr. Daniel Curzon, English Department, State University of California, Fresno, Ca. 93740.) Reviewed by Lee C. Rice, Ph.D.

Devoted to the belief that there is a gay renaissance upon us, the announced goals of this new quarterly are those of presenting "...in enduring forms, the specific issues and problems of homosexuals... At the same time this magazine wants to present universal issues in terms of the gay people who experience them." The appearance of this quarterly, as well as that of the "Journal of Homosexuality" (reviewed in an earlier issue of GPU NEWS), constitutes a most welcome addition to the growing list of regularly available gay materials of substance. Notwithstanding the great strides made by the gay liberation movement in the past decade, the gay experience yet encounters enormous taboos among established publications, whether of scientific or of literary bent. Just as JH established the prospect of a respectable forum for the scientific study of gayness and its history, so "Gay Literature" offers the promise of a medium of expression for both established and prospective gay writers who are producing materials of a longer and more experimental nature than can be accommodated by other gay publications. Disassociation of the journal from any specific gay organization or political movement also makes of it an ideal repository for the ongoing development of the multifaceted gay literary consciousness.

The first issue contains a memoir by Allen Young, short stories by

Daniel Curzon and Robert Bentley, photography (of the 1974 Gay Pride Day in San Francisco) by Robert Hopkins, a novel-in-progress by Dan Allen, poetry by a variety of authors, and a review of the popular literature in its dealing with gay people by Tom McNamara. The second issue offers a short story by John Mitzel, an historical overview of attitudes toward homosexuality in renaissance Italy, fiction by Daniel Curzon, photographs by Robert Hopkins, a play by Maurice Kenny, poetry, and reviews by Tom McNamara and Roger Austen. All of these are seasoned authors, some are academics and some not, and for some the materials represent their first work from an openly gay perspective.

If the cost should appear a bit dear, it is on a par with other academic publications which contain no advertising; and the paper and cover are of a sufficiently high

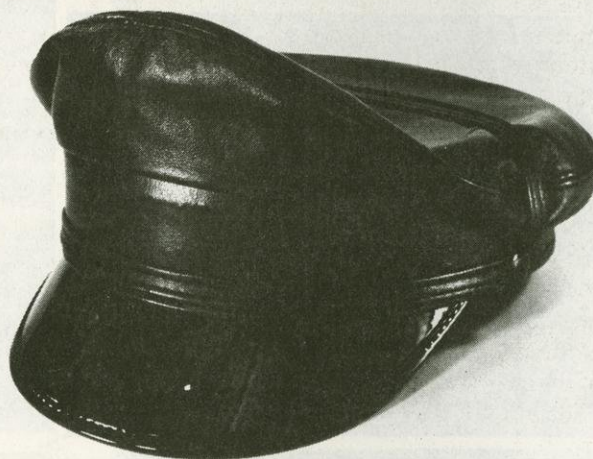
quality and durability to figure as a permanent part of one's own library holdings. In all, then, a sound and polished beginning, with a promising future: this quarterly deserves the attention and support of all those interested in the growth and development of contemporary gay consciousness.

In addition to serving as editor of **Gay Literature**, Daniel Curzon teaches creative writing and American literature at California State University, Fresno, California. He is the author of the novel, **Something You Do in the Dark**, which was made into a film. His short stories have appeared in **The Gay Alternative**, **Vector**, **Gay Sunshine**, **Quorum**, and elsewhere.

GPU NEWS is pleased to announce that Mr. Curzon will make his debut in this publication with two short stories to be published in the August issue.

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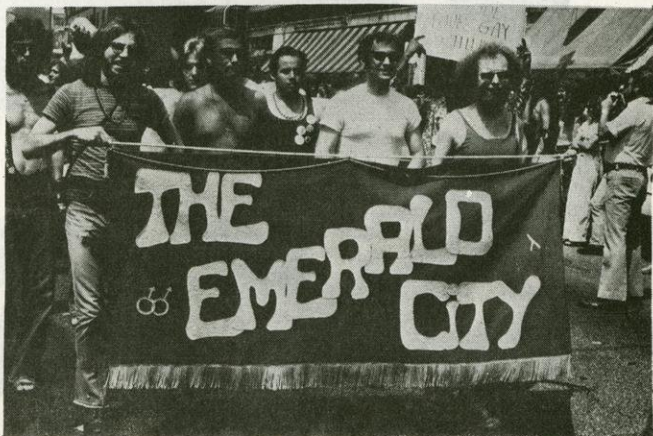
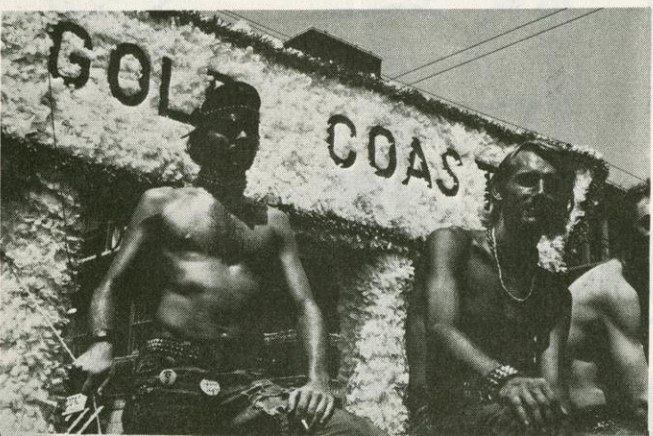
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NEW YORK'S GAY PRIDE PARADE, JUNE 29, 1975

photos: Peter McIllo



CHICAGO'S GAY PRIDE PARADE. JUNE 29, 1975

photos: Alyn W. Hess

POEMS by VALERIE TAYLOR

EACH CELL GLITTERING

I should like to tiptoe to your bed
and wake you with love
while the disregarded sun rises to zenith.

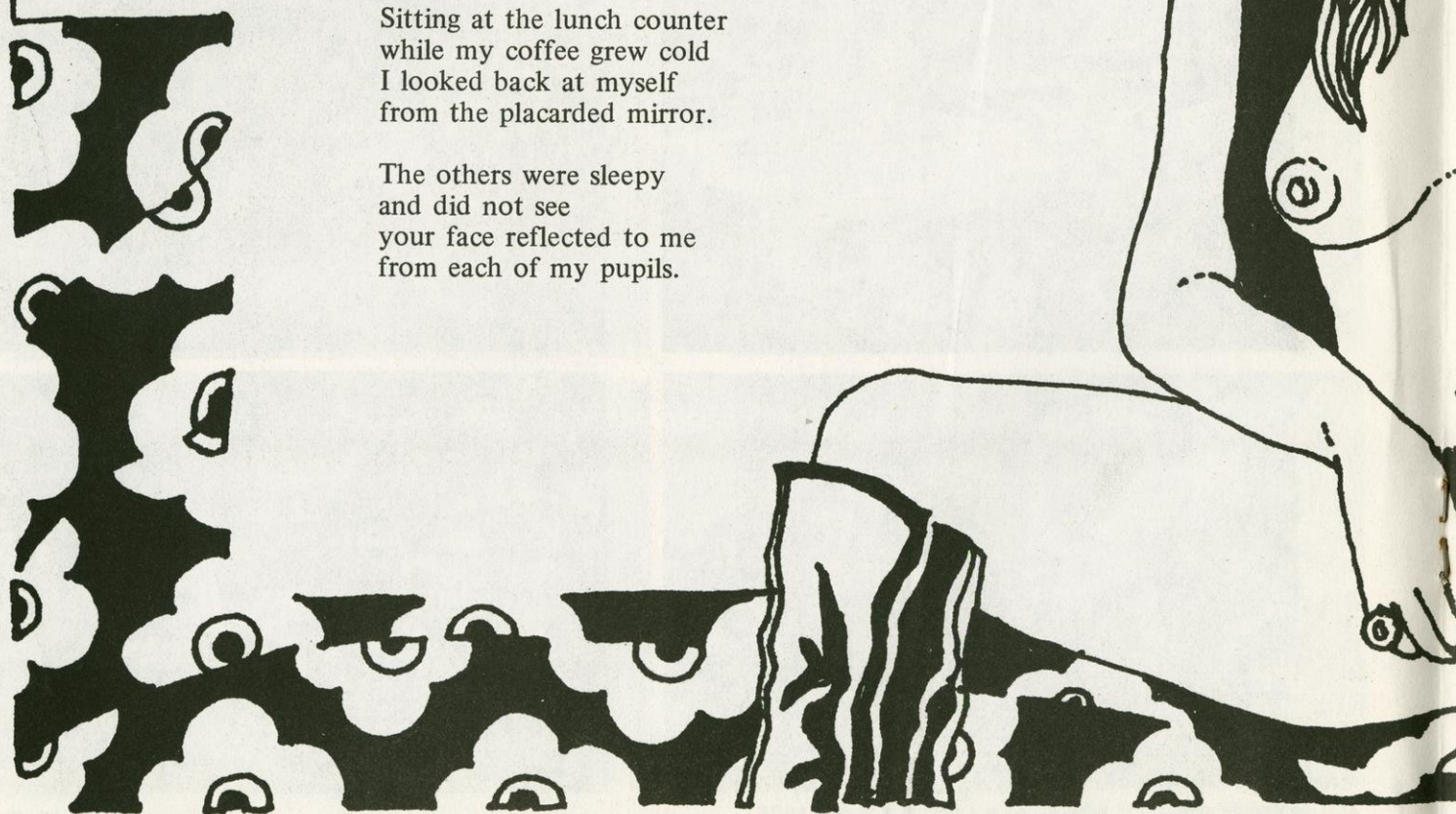
I must compose my face
and walk among others—
at least in the daytime.

I put on my office dress
and turned the key in the front door.

The air crackled with autumn.
The sidewalks and trees and houses had all been
laundered and starched.

Sitting at the lunch counter
while my coffee grew cold
I looked back at myself
from the placarded mirror.

The others were sleepy
and did not see
your face reflected to me
from each of my pupils.



I THINK OF HER ON THE BUS

Double row of young girls
like hard little seeds
waiting to be planted--

Lawrence's frost flowers.

I know a woman
like a great tree
spreading leafy branches
over the poor and troubled,
bringing forth blossoms
after the winter-kill.

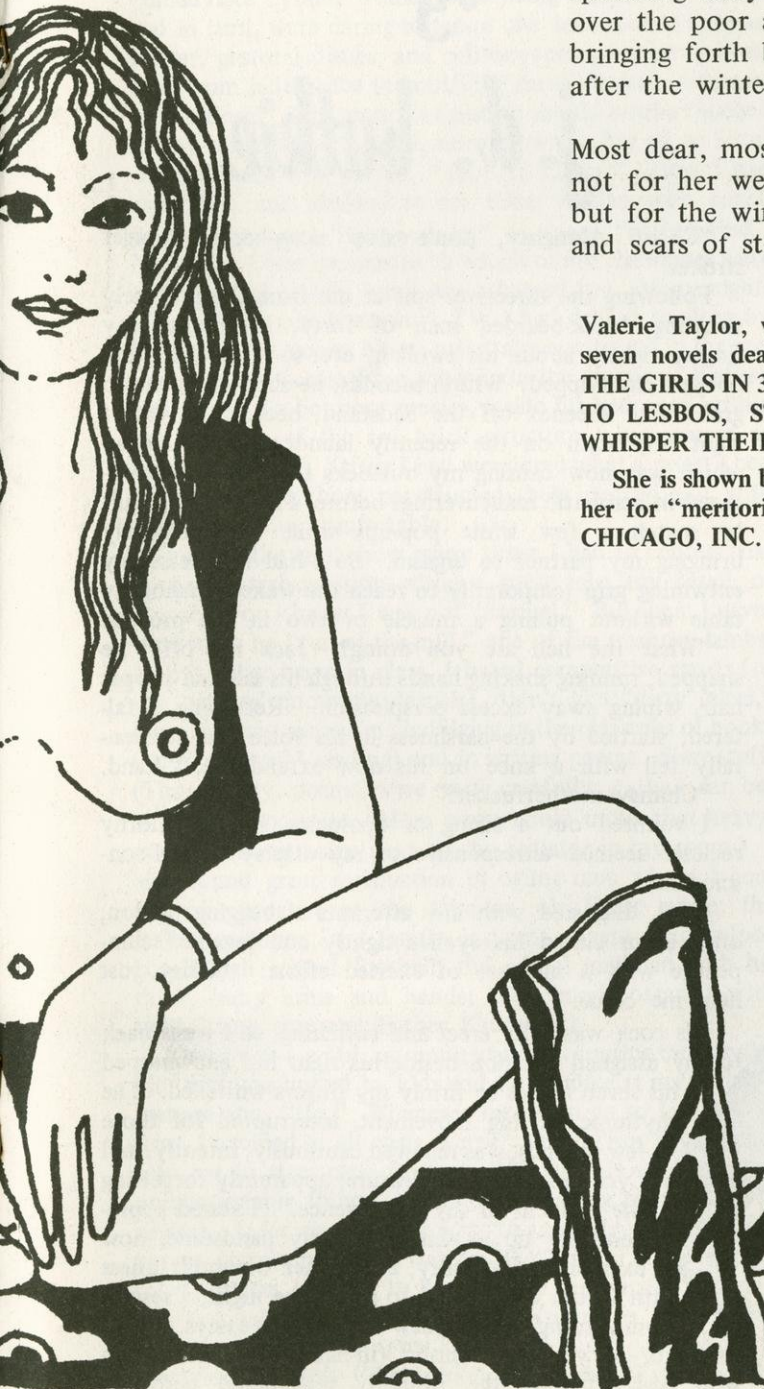
Most dear, most precious
not for her weight of ripened fruits only
but for the wind-bent boughs
and scars of storms forgotten.

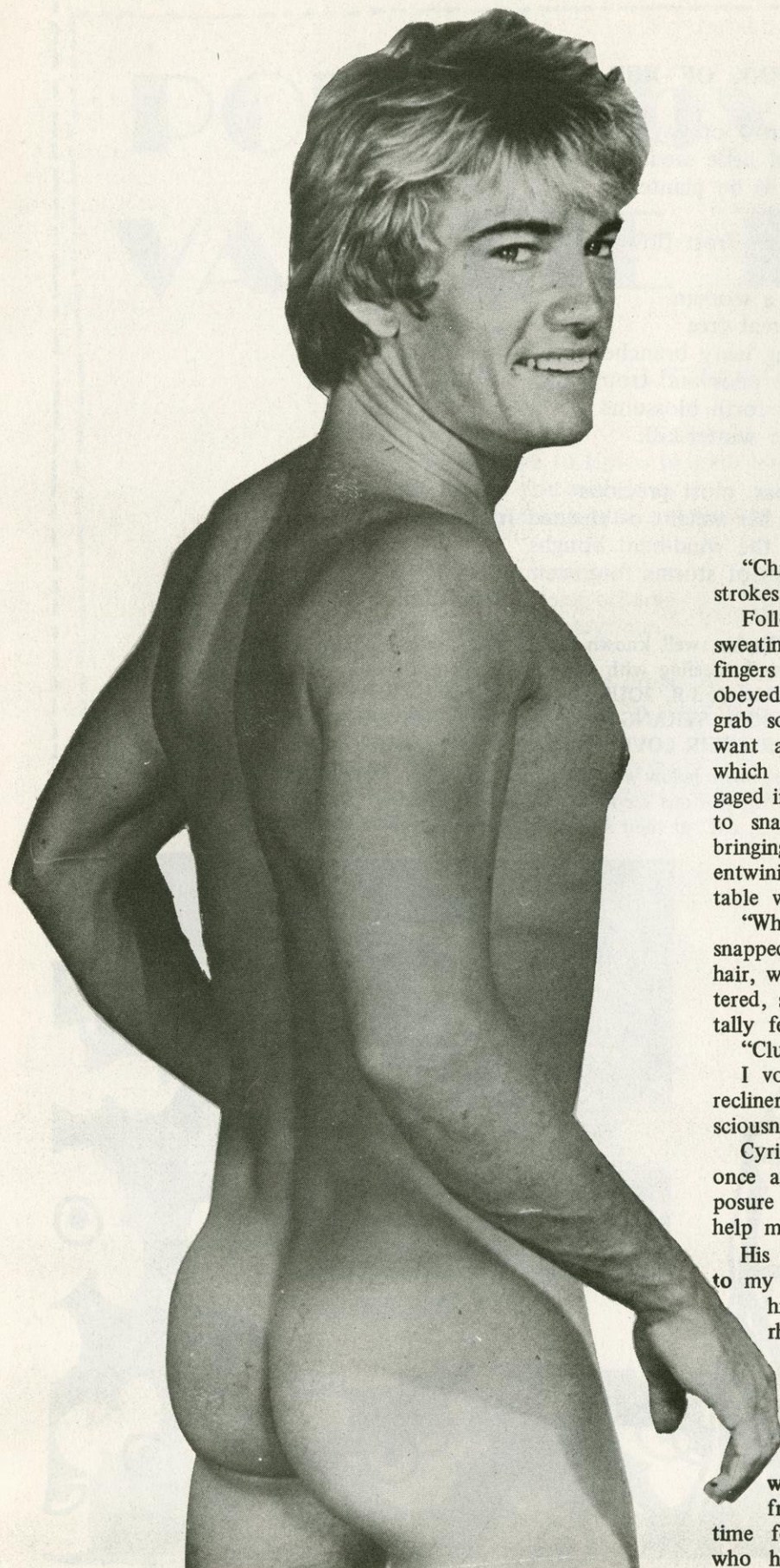
Valerie Taylor, well known author and lecturer has published seven novels dealing with the lesbian theme. Their titles are: **THE GIRLS IN 3-B, JOURNEY TO FULFILLMENT, RETURN TO LESBOS, STRANGER ON LESBOS, UNLIKE OTHERS, WHISPER THEIR LOVE, and A WORLD WITHOUT MEN.**

She is shown below with the Paul R. Goldman Award, given to her for "meritorious service to the gay community" by ONE OF CHICAGO, INC. at their annual banquet in April of this year.



GPU NEWS photo





NOTHING DIRTY

by
j. d. butkie

"Christ Almighty, don't stop now--harder, longer strokes!"

Following the directives spit at me from the profusely sweating, black-bearded man of forty, I squeezed my fingers tightly about his swollen, ever-so-veiny shaft and obeyed close-lipped. Within seconds, he shouted at me to grab some Kleenex off the bedstand, because he didn't want any stain on the recently laundered blue spread which was now causing my buttocks to itch. Never engaged in acrobatic maneuverings before, I found it difficult to snatch a few white pop-ups while simultaneously bringing my partner to orgasm. So I had to release my entwining grip temporarily to reach the waxed, mahogany table without pulling a muscle or two in the process.

"What the hell are you doing? Jack me off," he snapped, running shaking hands through his salt-and-pepper hair, wiping away excess perspiration. Returning, I faltered, startled by the harshness in his voice and accidentally fell with a knee on his now extended left hand.

"Clumsy motherfucker!"

I vomited out a string of apologies, but the horny recliner seemed unresponsive to my display of self-consciousness.

Cyril, disgusted with any attempts at begging pardon, once again closed his eyelids tightly and regained composure with a measure of exerted effort: "Okay, just help me come."

His cock was fully erect and twitching, so I went back to my assigned position beside his right hip and grasped his seven inches so firmly my fingers whitened. The rhythmic, sliding movement, interrupted for those few seconds, was renewed cautiously, intently, and Cyril moaned with pleasure, apparently forgetting the incident of my "negligence." I stared apprehensively up at the undeniably handsome, how extraordinarily hairy, and rather well-built priest with whom I was going to spend the night, a respite from grading another slew of freshman essays. It was time for a young, Catholic (in-name-only) gentleman who had attended the properly regimented parochial

schools and Jesuit institutions of higher learning to appear unflustered and give release to one of Christ's representatives on earth. What would Sister Felecissima, my eighth grade teacher/principal of St. Bratislaus, say to such "demonic" behavior? (That nun in particular never had spoken of "sins" but rather of "demonic impulses" during religious instruction period every morning, beginning promptly at nine o'clock.) Once, Sister reprimanded certain unruly girls ("they know who they are") during class session. Certain young Sodalists whom she couldn't help but notice "pawing away" at Father Krushinski! Sister was direct and forceful in uncovering fearlessly what she considered serious lapses in deportment. Those "unladylike" young women were being tempted by Satan, and in turn, were daring to tempt one dedicated to a life of prayer, pastoral duties, and celibacy--purity--chastity--freedom from indulgence in gratifying carnal desires, "excesses of the flesh." The pastor's assistant should not be touched in any provocative fashion, since he was, after all, as Sister stressed with lips pursed, "another Christ." How I had shuddered and blushed to see Sister redden with anger, to hear her give "fair warning" to those "so involved." Naturally, I was curious as to which of my classmates were under verbal attack, but I was ashamed too. Many nights after a little post-homework TV, I had drifted to sleep by imagining the young blond priest alone with me in the rectory directly across from school, on the corner of Wabash and Race. To be more precise, inside his bedroom, within the confines of the red brick structure I had passed so often needlessly. Often I had wondered what a priest's bed would be like, how constructed, how decked out with coverings, how comfortable.

Impure thoughts--how many times I had to confess that particular transgression--without going into any detail, of course. For I knew I was not "normal." But then, I never wanted to be "run-of-the-mill," one of the unshorn lambs. Unlike other boys in class, I hated competitive sports (to my parents' unceasing despair), didn't like "dirty jokes," but spent my spare time indulging in the pleasures of books ("not required" reading) and in writing poems. Sissy stuff. (Those early poems were very carefully stashed far beneath my bookcase. Mom never could move that heavy, wooden monstrosity next to the radiator in my room.) I also found great satisfaction in ogling men whom I considered attractive at the time--an Air Force uncle; the Italian milkman; the family insurance agent who helped coach high school football; the school mailman with his thick, hairy arms and hands; the church organist with tight-fitting trousers; Father Krushinski.

There was a word, an unpleasantly sounding monosyllable, that was hurled by kids and adults alike at my barber's teenage son, "fag." Whenever forced to go to Len's for a trim, I avoided at all costs, Terry, the only boy my parents told me to steer clear from at all times. He did "terrible, unmentionable things" to children, making them "dirty," sinners. I, for one, did not want to associate with any such person--simply because I was not like Terry; I never precipitated distress. I went to kneel inside the purple-curtained confessional once every two weeks (never to Father Krushinski, for he must never know my faults), received the sacrament of Holy Communion every Sunday with family and on the first Friday of each month with classmates and

Sister in honor of some now-forgotten virgin saint to whom the Blessed Mother had appeared in a vision. Never would I go to bed without first kneeling in prayer and then kissing my brown scapular blessed at Rome, Grandmother Reis's gift.

Grandma favored me above all the other grandchildren; she would take me to farmers' market downtown with her every Saturday morning, rain or shine, to purchase potted plants for her own backyard garden and flowers freshly cut and bundled for her parents' and brother's graveplots in the cemetery a few short blocks from my parents' house. Every week, Grandma Reis would accompany me to Smollett's Book Shoppe and allow me as much time as needed to choose whatever hardback I wanted. She was a staunch supporter and could prove that her eldest daughter's grandson was not a troublemaker, a sickie, a "fag."

When a student at the local Catholic high school, I fell "madly in love" with two gym instructors, a history/problems of democracy teacher, a math instructor at work on his Ph.D., the principal who was once the Bishop's personal secretary. How I worshipped the physiques and/or (yes) minds of those males. Wetdream after wetdream, my attraction to those special people intensified, never feeling pangs of disgust or frustration. After all, most of the lay teachers hired at Our Lady of Perpetual Help High were married--family men--providers--Catholics in good standing. There was no possible way for me to approach any of them with my "secret," for they would not be open to my proposition. That I knew, and thus, I accepted the facts of life. So I studied diligently, time after time making the honor role, once winning an Armed Forces' Day essay contest on the formidable topic of "Freedom's Strongest Defense," and finally, receiving a number of scholarship offers to continue studies in college. My decision was to attend an expensive, academically-sound secluded Jesuit college--one that happened to be exclusively male.

An awareness of what I was "supposed to be," and not, grew tremendously in those post-high school years in coal-mining Pennsylvania. By and large, the professors, when confronted with a question pertaining to homosexuality (which wasn't frequent) would attempt to hedge any clear response with some snide remark concerning those "strange boys who don't like girls and really need help," those queers. Their students could then comfortably snicker in unison, dissociating themselves from "limp wrists," "pretty boys," "fairies." (Fortunately, I learned that the word "gay" could be appropriated by me, if I so desired to categorize myself in any way. *Fag Rag* and *Gay Sunshine*, among a few others, raised my consciousness to the fact that I need never cringe at verbal put-downs from the bigoted and uninformed--I could be "Gay and Proud." I was so, but *in private*, sharing camaraderie with a small circle of professional men who worked and lived in that anthracite coal-mining town of 15,000 inhabitants "in toto.") I let my brown hair lengthen to my shoulders, disgruntling my not-too-distant parents who vividly recalled that clean-cut lad who was at one time "sensible."

Anti-Vietnam War protests helped me both to express my disgust with official, governmental policy and also to become "one of the guys" at school, partially accepted regardless of the fact that I didn't "lay any of the chicks"

from our sister school a few miles across town. In my junior year, I had the good fortune to take a poetry course from one of the most handsome, intelligent, creative, demanding, happily-married, and Catholic men on the faculty. He received every day in chapel at 7 a.m. Mass. I know--when I discovered his habits (as I knew I must), I made certain to make myself available at every possible chance to gorge myself with his presence. We became good friends during my final year as an undergraduate, even meeting privately once a week to discuss new directions in poetry. Poetry and Sean O'Fallon were the two most important and formative forces in my life, then and now. After graduation, I decided to pattern my life so as to coincide with Sean's, going on to pursue graduate work in literature, hundreds of miles away though--in New England. We managed to correspond, and I cherished every single letter (the three) he sent, even going to such absurd lengths as running my tongue over the once-gummed area where the envelope had been sealed with his saliva.

Upon receiving a Master's, I flew back to Pennsylvania immediately to visit Sean (I mean, Dr. O'Fallon) for a final meeting, to disclose my "secret," my concealed poem, the love that dared no longer not speak its name. Having memorized his teaching schedule, I had relatively little trouble deciding upon the best time to "run into him" for a get-together. During spring exam week at my former alma mater, I peeped into his assigned classroom in the course of an evening testing session. Upon glancing up from his desk to discourage any potential cheaters, Professor O'Fallon sneezed, and while stretching for a handkerchief from a back pocket, noticed my unexpected attendance, responding with a broad grin and a slap of his thigh. Within a matter of seconds, he had hurried to the half-open door--not having seen me for over a year. An approaching handshake. The students were too intent with ballpoints in hand or in mouth to react to their proctor's noisy movements. His cool hand sliding effortlessly into my sweaty palm signaled the reunion of friends--not merely a professional courtesy. No visible weapons in our hands!

"Great to see ya, Bill! Here, take my keys; let yourself into the office upstairs. I'll be up in about another thirty minutes, as soon as the exam's over. . . . Hmmm . . . gained a few pounds!" Whispering stole his attention, redirecting Sean back to the stuffy room of white cinder block, crammed with the examined.

Sean's office had not changed either: cluttered, dusty, spare in furniture. Such is the plight of the untenured and under-forty. I settled down in the same uncomfortable chair reserved for visitors. But now, I romanticized (not unusual for me) and decided to take over, liberate, the professor's swivel seat, hoping to force Sean to remove me in playful fashion upon his return. Glancing somewhat nervously over his messy desktop, I took note that he had kept the birthday (gag) gift plaque I had once given him giftwrapped unprofessionally, attaching a wooden flap of sorts behind the "ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" message, so as to have a handy paperweight. He cared--that was certain, and I, in turn, loved him now more so than any other man I had ever grown accustomed to.

The half-hour passed quickly, and before I realized it, Sean was rapping gently on the closed door, requesting

permission to enter. I acknowledged. As soon as he had tossed with obvious distaste a stack of tests onto his desk, I started to excuse myself, now overly self-conscious for having plopped myself into his chair. He smiled and told me to continue sitting there and be assistant professor of literature and speech for the night. Sean took hold of the splintery student seat and moved it close to me for a chat, close enough to make me feel titillation and discomfort.

We talked of my course work, life in Boston, my new degree, my writing of poetry, my lack of a job, my plans. After a three hour marathon of gab centered about "me," Sean started to stifle yawns, and I realized the polite action to take--thank him for his time and prepare to leave. But never to return. I had no courage now to reveal to this imposing, lovably ingenuous, Irish-American Adonis how I felt. There was so little trouble in spewing forth my knowledge about matters academic, but I was handicapped, unable to express that most perplexing of emotions, to communicate unabashedly, without greeting card sentimentality: love.

"I really must be on my way, Dr. O'Fallon. I have an early flight to catch tomorrow back to Boston and should try to get some sleep beforehand."

Sean glanced non-chalantly at the gold-banded watch clutching his wrist, "Bill, you know it's eleven. Damn, we've been talking for . . ."

"I know and apologize."

"Apologize . . . for what? Hell, I enjoyed myself--being with my prize student, the writer, the Plath and Berryman fan. Come on, I'll drive you wherever you're going." And Sean arose, a bit sore, unraveling his rolled-up white sleeves which had exposed muscular, fuzz-layered arms.

"Oh, no, I'll phone for a taxi--no trouble."

"Listen here, Mister Wendolowski, no cabbie's a better driver or conversationalist than yours truly. You're coming with me."

"But . . ."

"No squabbling. Understand? Name the place."

How I yearned to intone in a hush--the Hilton Inn (out near the airport)--with you, darling, for the night. But I was staying with a former roommate who had entered an outlying seminary a few miles away. That was a good enough rationalization against taking action.

"Bishop Burns's, on the outskirts of Taylor?" But I recalled having mentioned to Sean beforehand in his work cubicle what my accommodations were while in the vicinity. Had he forgotten my prattle so soon?

"Fine, it's not out of the way anyhow. And even if it were . . ."

I knew better. He lived within the city limits--there was so very little I didn't know about Sean and so much he had yet to learn of this steadfast admirer, half his age but twice as designing.

As Sean hit the light switch before locking up, I took a final glance about--texts strewn, papers stacked uncorrected, ESCHEW OBFUSCATION, a wall crucifix, two chairs side by side. My final visit there--no doubt about it. I couldn't stand continued mental anxiety; I had become extremely nauseous and felt a headache coming on besides. With my luck, it would be a migraine by morning.

"Could we hurry, Doctor? I don't want to keep my host waiting up too long; he's going on retreat tomorrow."

Sean maneuvered his ten-year-old olive green Ford out of the faculty parking lot onto University Boulevard gracefully, deliberately, in no hurry whatsoever. From there, we proceeded to the intersection that led to the high-rise dorms and turned off, heading west. I glimpsed my abode for four years—Glennon Hall—now, a co-ed “experiment in living.” Little traffic and dialogue during the ten minute drive.

“Well, almost there.”

“Yea, nearly . . . Sean?”

It suddenly struck me that this was the first time I had spoken my secret beau’s Christian name aloud to anyone. Not very discreet of me. And who was the first to hear it? He wasn’t even taken aback by my slip of the tongue, an impropriety.

“What, Bill?”

“I have to tell you before I leave . . . umm . . . how to phrase it suitably . . . a bit of news I’d like you to be aware of, something you should find interesting, more so than our conversation tonight.” I had no idea what now possessed me, eliciting this avowal.

“Sure, anything,” he said with subdued concern in his usually carefree, fluid tone of voice.

“Only a very few intimate friends know I’m gay. You’re the first ‘straight’ to hear it directly from me. I figured you should know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but.” A belch of stomach acid burned my throat, proof of gastric excitation plus an already diagnosed condition of spastic stomach.

My chauffeur displayed no overt sign of change at the disclosure. He continued driving his family car at the same leisurely pace, hands gently gripping the split steering wheel covering, dashboard Madonna magnetized, separating us. The ensuing silence, in fact, began to stimulate me sexually.

“Bill . . .”

“Listen, you don’t have to reply now. I meant to tell you before in the office; I had to follow through—call it a ‘pop quiz’—to determine if you’re sensitive enough to understand somehow the ‘real me.’ No more phony disguises, Sean; masks tossed away. I don’t give a damn anymore. . . . Now, rush on home to the Mrs. and kids; they’ll be worried, missing you.” Jealousy and scorn hissing, coiling and uncoiling.

The car edged near the curb next to the Champion Hall residence too closely, a lack of driver judgment, producing a grating sound. In the meantime, I prepared to exit as quickly as possible. Just as quickly, though, Sean grabbed me by the arm and held on tightly, much too tightly.

“Sit here!”

Sean had never been rough to any of his students before—as long as I had known him. “Bastard, now you listen; I do care. You’re not going to believe this, but thanks for letting me in on it. I’m proud you thought enough of me to tell—no, ‘honored’ is the word. But don’t demean me for being a ‘family man.’ Alright, I admit ignorance; I don’t comprehend as you must, but I’m not about to turn off the respect either. Frankly, it’s increased. You mean a lot to me. For two years now, we’ve been close—not just teacher and student—you know that. I’ve respected you and always will, I’m glad to say. Remember that when the going gets rough.” Sean gripped both my

hands firmly, and I felt that familiar clamminess. No change. I shook loose, ready to be a crybaby. So I exited promptly, slamming the door behind. There’d be no adieu, no thank-you, not for one who addressed me as “bastard.” I raced up the weathered concrete steps to Champion, deliberately entering the side door, with no lights to guide the way. A lit Coke machine on the ground floor was my resting spot, but no tears came in front of the “out-of-soda” apparatus. And I was damn thirsty too. For a few minutes, Sean waited with headlights still on, but he soon pulled slowly away into the Friday night/early Saturday morning darkness. Fuck “respect”! In his parting speech, Sean hadn’t even mentioned my own name once. Or the word “gay.” (I always had been a stickler for details.) Was he attempting to keep a “safe distance”? Trying to be objective? Fearful of contagion? The son of a bitch.

Shutting my eyes, I envisioned Sean resting on his back, with my uncalloused hand massaging his sex erect. Caught in such reverie, I haunched excitedly over the man’s legs and slid his dick into my warm mouth of fillings now watering to excess. I was sucking off Sean; finally, I was blowing that beautiful “mick”; I was making love *freely*, without any hesitation or qualms, for the first time in my life. Cyril shouted abusively with anger, horror, disgust.

“What the fuck are you up to?”

Fantasy-splinters lodging beneath my skin.

“Making love,” I retorted, though barely audible.

“Cocksucker—typical! Do you know how full the mouth is with disease—countless germs, bacteria, viruses. Stop sucking my prick; wipe off that spit! I told you to jack me off; that’s all I want from you. Get it? No more than that, or call it ‘quits.’”

Cyril snatched three or four Kleenex from me to dry his penis, slippery and glistening in the light from my mouth juices, cursing all the time. What he actually wanted (he kept repeating) was a woman, some curvy brunette—not a faggot. (He had neglected to mention that in his ad.) But he couldn’t get entangled “that way” yet. Finally, when rubbed dry, he ordered me back to work. I complied, fully realizing with whom I was involved. He wanted a “hand-job,” nothing more. No soothing kisses, no sucking, no rimming, no fucking—nothing “dirty.”

Within a matter of minutes, the naked pastor was ejaculating copiously, groaning as gism spurted in the air, falling onto his sweaty abdomen and thighs, on my tired right hand, and even into my stringy, brown hair. After wiping himself clean with the spit-soaked tissues on the side of the bed, Cyril fell asleep, but not before informing me where to find a bar of soap and a freshly laundered towel. The perfect host.

I shit, showered, and dried off as best I could in the small, heavily steamed bathroom. After combing my tangled hair and brushing my tea-stained teeth, I slipped into the now noiseless bedroom and saw a satisfied man asleep on his stomach, arms spread above his head, legs wide apart. Shutting the door softly and flipping the light switch, I sidled slowly and calmly over to the bed, lay next to Father, patted his firm ass (just because it happened to be there), and started to masturbate, submitting myself to reflections upon Sean’s irresistibly steady, clutching hands. He respected me. And I he.

HERE&THERE

Los Angeles - Concerning that rumor that *Playgirl* magazine would discontinue their male nudes, Phil Paladino, the magazine's publication representative, says it's "absolutely untrue. *Playgirl* will always have a nude male centerfold and there will always be the nude male discovery." He also said the mag is aware of gay male support, though quickly added that surveys indicate only 20 per cent of the total readership is male.

-Advocate

Kent, Ohio - Senator Thomas Eagleton, U.S. Senator from Missouri and former vice-presidential running mate with Sen. McGovern has stated that House Bill 166 (now 5452) is not necessary since gays should work through the 14th Amendment. He could offer no comment when asked why blacks didn't work through the 14th Amendment, but rather for the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Asked outright if he would vote for House Bill 5452, he answered "probably not."

-Pittsburgh Gay News

Los Angeles - After two years, a three-judge Federal Court announced a unanimous judgment that would allow the Metropolitan Community Church to minister to prisoners in California state prisons (see GPU NEWS, Here & There, May 1975). The court ruled explicitly that MCC is a bona fide church and meets every test for a true religion, and that denial of MCC religious services to prisoners is a serious infringement of their constitutional rights.

-Gay Community News

California - In a precedent-setting decision by the State Board of Cosmetology, a pre-operative transsexual was recently given permission to take the beautician's state licensing examination.

-EEF Newsletter

Australia - The Australian Capital Territory Legislative Assembly will soon consider a draft ordinance legalizing homosexual acts between consenting adults in private. It would give effect to a motion passed by the House of Representatives in October, 1973 which said consensual homosexual acts between adults in private should not be subject to criminal law. Attempts in South Australia to alter the laws failed.

-The Australian Scene

Argentina - In the wake of the growth of right-wing power here, *El Caudillo*, a magazine of Argentina's Ministry of Social Welfare, recently published an article entitled "Put an End to Homosexuals," denouncing homosexuality as a "Marxist plot" and calling for the internment of gays in work camps. The article called for the formation of street brigades to "go out and comb the streets and hunt down these characters who dress like women, speak like women and think like women." The article concluded, "Put them in jail, or kill them."

-Gay Community News

New Zealand - Members of Parliament have agreed to give a second reading to a bill which would legalize homosexual acts between consenting adults in private.

-Gay News

Miami - County Judge Morton Perry has ruled the sole remaining Florida law against private sex acts between consenting gay adults unconstitutional. He dismissed charges against 21 men arrested in a police raid at the Club Miami steam baths, calling the law against "unnatural and lascivious behavior" unacceptably vague. Charges against the rest of the 64 men were dropped for lack of evidence.

-Contact

Torrance, Ca. - Linda Chaffin, a lesbian mother who lost custody of her two children in a court of appeals case (see GPU NEWS, Here & There, Jan/Feb 1975) was awarded custody after she applied for a modification of the original court order on the grounds that the circumstances in her case had changed since the decision - her children ran away from their grandparents in Seattle, their then legal guardians, to live with her. The grandparents and Chaffin's ex-husband decided not to challenge the issue.

-Advocate

New York - A new organization called "Parents For Gays" has been formed to make it easier for parents of gays to adjust and for gays to tell their parents. They can be contacted in care of the Metropolitan-Duane Methodist Church, 201 W. 13th St., New York, N.Y.

-Gay Scene

Missouri - A Midwest Women's Festival is being planned by a working collective of gay and nongay women for Sept. 5-11 at Camp Derri-cotte, located at Cuivre River State Park in Troy, Missouri. For info, write Midwest Women's Festival, P.O. Box 602, Sullivan, Mo. 63080.

-Lesbian Connection

Jacksonville, Fla. - Wes Fortner intends to remain in the Navy, despite Navy regulations insisting upon the "prompt separation" of Navy "members involved in homosexual acts." The regulations state that homosexuals "are military liabilities who cannot be tolerated." Fortner was chosen Serviceman of the Quarter for the hospital group at which he is stationed, and both his supervisors testified before the Navy Administrative Board that he was a credit rather than a discredit to the Navy.

-The Barb

FEEDBACK

(from page 6)

Liberation but "offenses against children" instead - by which I meant force or coercion. Some children, we must not forget, seduce adults - as I did after graduation from Somerset School, a government institution.

GPU NEWS is a breath of fresh air to me, and it appears that I may be the same to some on your staff. If some do not think I smell like fresh air - I must admit that I'm guilty of dabbing my moustache with scented oils.

I also appreciated your reviewer's recognition of Lige Clarke's part in the creation of my work. It was Lige, actually, who embodied the values toward which I have always gravitated and who taught me that they work...for me, at least - and, I hope, for others.

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Jack Nichols



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HERE&THERE

Melbourne, Australia - Political commitment to the radical feminist cause could lead to an increase in lesbian relationships, an American psychiatrist, Dr. Zira de Fries, told the recent inaugural Pacific Congress of Psychiatry here.

-*The Australian Scene*

Cleveland, Ohio - Five men were found guilty by jury trial of raping a man who was being held at Cuyahoga County Jail. Their defense rested largely on the fact that the victim had voluntary sexual relations earlier that day with another prisoner, who testified for the defendants. The guilty verdict resulted in a courtroom riot, initiated by two of the defendants and lasting 20 minutes, which Judge Perry Jackson termed "the biggest uproar I've seen in more than 30 years on the bench."

-*Ohio East Gay News*

Atlantic City, N.J. - Dr. C. Q. Wolf of the Lindsley F. Kimball Research Institute has announced results of a scientific study which shows that homosexuals are significantly more prone to be carriers of hepatitis than heterosexuals. He suggested the infection might be linked to "promiscuity" but declined to say whether the virus might be transmitted through sexual relations or just close contact with an infected individual.

-*Pittsburgh Gay News*

USA - The Mattel Toy Company is out with a new female doll equipped with a special arm which, when twisted, causes the doll to grow breasts. Mattel says the doll, "Growing Up Skipper," helps teach children about puberty. Next, perhaps, "Growing Up George"?

-*Bugle American*

Washington, D.C. - In a keynote address to the Police Foundation National Conference on Productivity in Policing here, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley urged departments to "examine the relevance of our traditional assignment of police personnel to the whole range of activities...described as victimless crimes. This ranges from penny ante-poker to surveillance of gay bars." Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis, a homophobe of long standing, refused to comment, simply saying, "Our Mayor is always right."

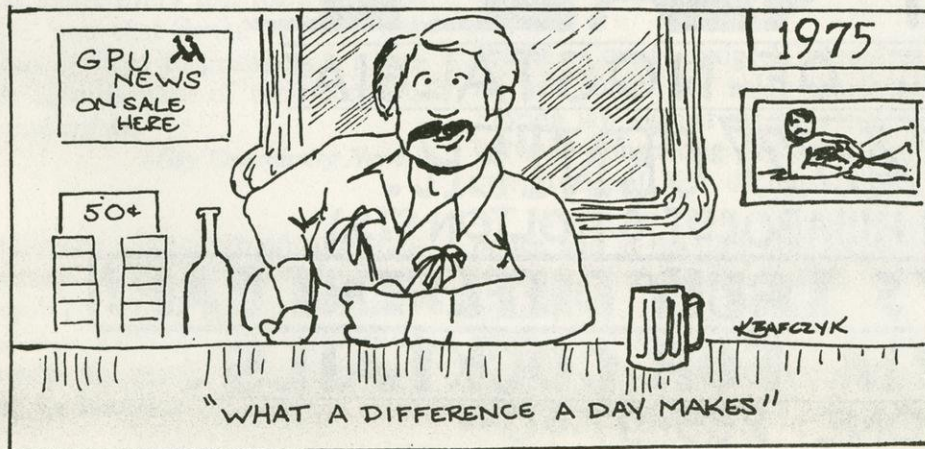
-*Entertainment West*

Chicago - County Judge Saul E. Epton dismissed indecent liberties and other charges against David Welch, 23, after the preliminary hearing. Welch proved he couldn't have taken liberties with a teenaged hitchhiker because he was visiting his parents in Michigan at the time. Meanwhile, Welch's trial in another case, involving the son of a millionaire suburban Chicago newspaper publisher who is a close friend of the states attorney, was postponed because no one could find records of a medical examination of the boy after he alleged rape. The two boys involved in bringing the charges are schoolmates.

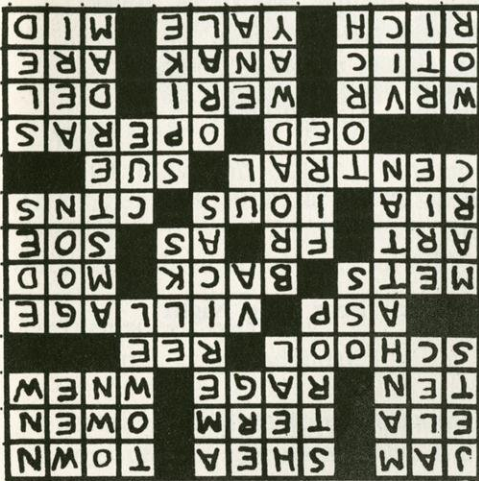
-*Contact*

United Kingdom - A photographer caught two male soccer players kiss and make up after a midfield collision in the First Division match, and the photo splashed over three British newspapers. Said one of the couple, "There's too much seriousness in football these days. If I can give the fans a bit of a giggle I will. Mark you, it's not everyone that I'd invite to give me a kiss. But Tony's a mate of mine and when we both fell flat on our backsides in the penalty box, I turned to him and said 'Give us a kiss then ducky.' It was all over in a second."

-*Gay News*



SOLUTION
TO
CROSSWORDS
PAGE 9



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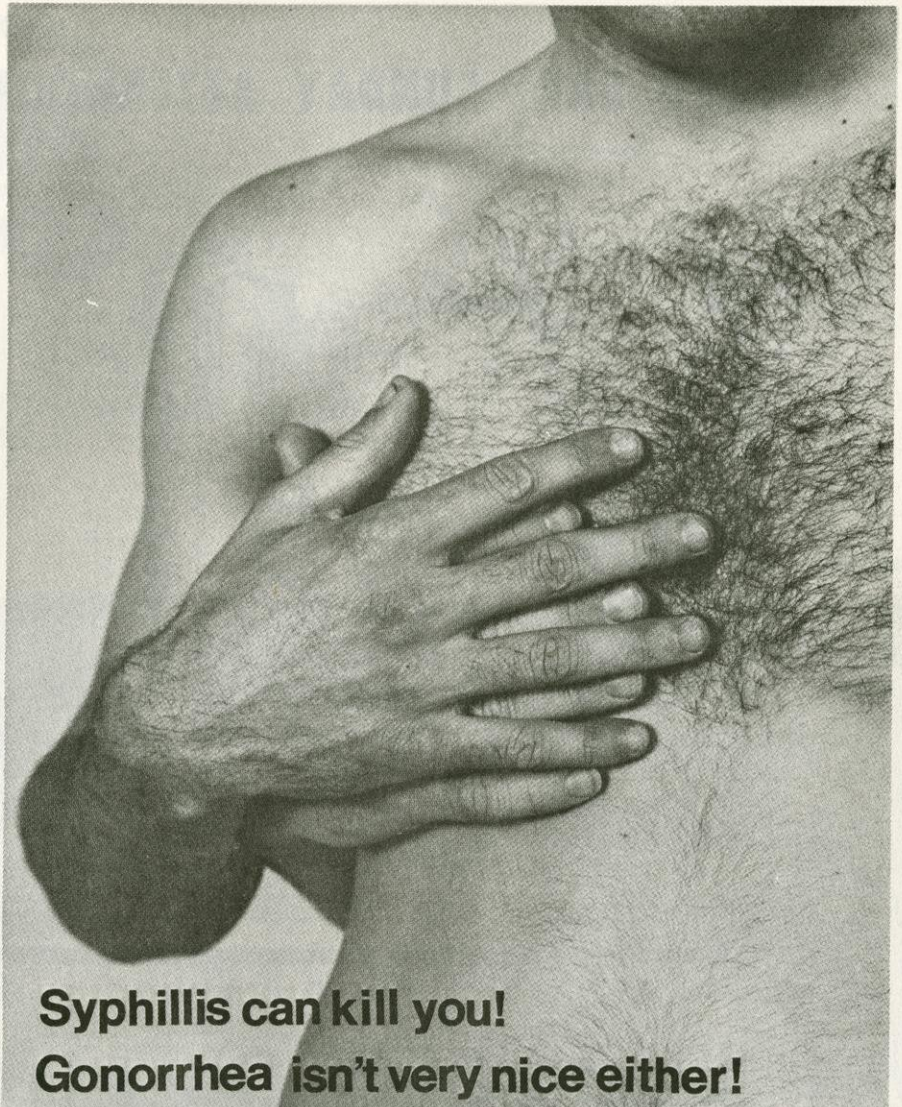
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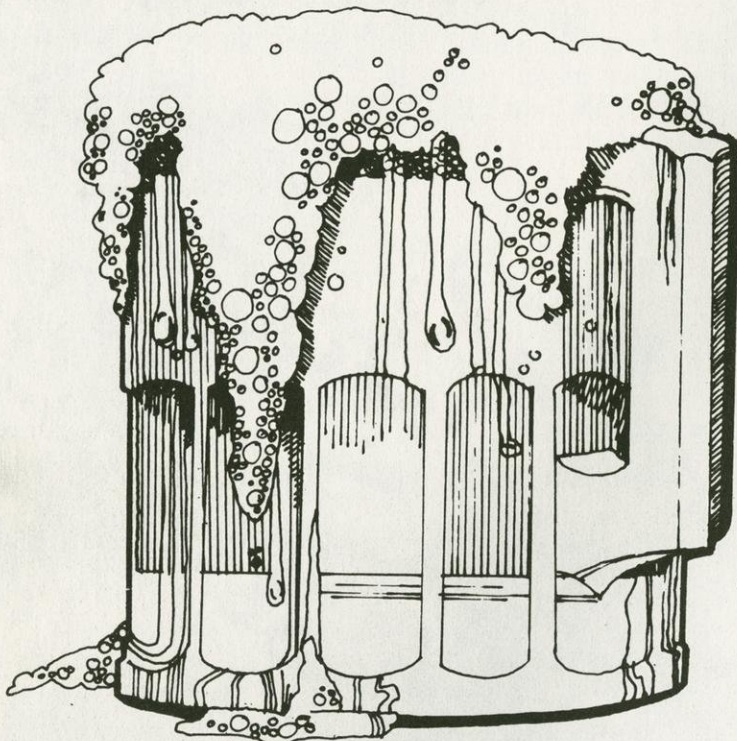
take the few minutes necessary for these tests.

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OFF THE RECORD

LAVENDER JANE LOVES WOMEN by Alix Dobkin, Kay Gardner, Marilyn Reis, and others. Women's Wax Works A001. \$5.25 postpaid (NY State residents add \$0.40 sales tax). Order directly from Project No. 1-WMN, 210 West Tenth Street, Box 17, NYC, NY 10014. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue of GPU NEWS'

Performance: sparkling.
Recording: crisp and clear.

Another addition to our ongoing discography of gay recordings, and the second by a woman's group: it is a fine and worthwhile addition, and one which belongs in any serious gay collector's library. There is simply no way that I could give a bad review to an album whose first side opens with a song entitled "The Woman in your Life is You." It would be too much to ask that the rest of the album measure up to the first gem, though the songs which follow it are all unquestionably scintillating, and none fails to merit many subsequent replays.

The songs range from original lyrics and composition (of which "The Woman in your Life is You" is a fine example) to gay feminist arrangements of more traditional fare. "Eppie Morris" (side A4) is a Scottish song dealing with the forced courtship of Eppie. In the version by Ewan MacColl, the last verse sees Eppie consenting to marry someone called John Forsythe, but in the present version she most certainly does no such thing. Cut A5 ("Joavanno") deals with Joavanno's love affair with another woman and difficulties with her mother: all set to the tune of a traditional Macedonian woman's dance, and a spirited guitar accompaniment throughout. "I Only Want to Be with You" (A6) has been recorded (no less successfully by Dusty Springfield. Finally (A8)

Photo by: Donna Glickman



"Her Precious Love" is a religious tribute to the Mother-Goddess of life, love, and joy: complete with guitar, flute, bass, cello, violin, and viola.

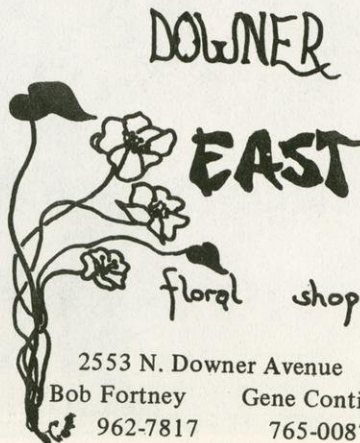
The second side opens with a song ("Fantasy Girl") which quietly traces the evolution of the singer-composer's lesbian consciousness; and adds a piano accompaniment to guitar and bass melody figures. The following cut ("Quartet": guitar, vocal, flute, bass, and cello) presents a melange of traditional lesbian themes. Two cuts later (B6) the general theme of lesbian social consciousness is pursued further in "Talking Lesbian". The final three selections ("A Woman's Love", "View from Gay Head", and "Hug-ee-Boo" revert to more personal themes and reflections. One of the major strengths of this album, in fact, is its ability to present social commentary and documentary without preaching or politicizing: much of this is accomplished by interspersing documentary with more introspective texts and lyrics, and its effect is to provide a plausible and listenable unity to the album as a whole.

Alix Dobkin has been writing and performing for a good many years. In the present album she remains innovative and energetic throughout, and what she plays and sings is as uncompromising as anything currently available in this modern genre: each statement, even those on the most familiar of gay or feminist themes, is like a breath of fresh air. The rest of the group, an impressive gathering in all is also very much tuned in to the leader's wavelength: and everyone makes a substantial contribution to this fine album. If you like a well-worked guitar with respectable instrumental accompaniment, all fused into a thoughtful whole of gay and feminist theme development, you won't do better in today's market than this album.

Two closing notes, the first regarding the distributor. Project No. 1 is a collective of women attempt-

ing to market musical offerings for a feminist or gay context within a recording medium which is not exploitative of the artists involved. It deserves the support of all of us, and GPU NEWS will make every effort to provide future reviews of its offerings. In a tightening economic market, major labels are not likely to venture often or heavily into the gay or feminist media, so the future of gay music may well lie in the direction of collective efforts accompanied (need I add) by collective support of the gay community.

Finally, a number of readers have taken the time and trouble to send us leads and suggestions for review (the location of the present album in fact came to us through one such letter); and we hope that you will all continue to do so, since it is often a difficult task to locate the records and their distributors. One word of caution is in order, however: OFF THE RECORD does distinguish between gay "records" and gay "performers." Gay performers and artists are no less common in the recording than in any other industry—and probably no less commonly closeted. Those gay artists who choose not to celebrate the gay experience in their music are amply reviewed in the major discographies (Hi-Fi Review, Stereo Review, Rolling Stone. OFF THE RECORD is directed toward discs which do celebrate the gay experience: and which, by this very fact, are often deprived of recognition or review in the usual sources.



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REVIEW

EDCENTRIC MAGAZINE, Issue No. 31-32 (November, 1974) : "Sexism" (Order from Edcentric, P.O. Box 10085, Eugene, Oregon 97401)

The editorial board of Edcentric, the journal of educational change, has devoted this double issue to the problems of sexism in education and society. Its lead article by Herbert Marcuse, "Socialist Feminism: the Hard Core of the Dream," provides an attempt to relate the feminist movement to the quest for a socialist society. Much that is said here is a summary of materials more fully treated in Marcuse's "Eros and Civilization", a pioneering work in the area of sexual politics. Judy MacLean's article, "Women in China," is followed by a review by Caryl Weisberg of Arlene Bergman's "Women of Vietnam." A number of other reviews of books dealing with sexism in education are also found throughout this issue, as well as poetry and a play ("Dreams of the Tunes Women Tap To") by Cathy Cochrell.

Of special interest to the gay reader is Robert LaRiviere's article, "Bundles of Twigs in New Hampshire," which offers a sensitive account of a gay teacher's frustration in trying to sensitize small-town high school students. Allen Young, in his brief review entitled "The Press as an Institution of Gay Oppression," presents some lively examples of sexism by the press in its current portrayal of homosexuals. In "(Hetero)Sexual Politics" Su Negrin presents some thoughts on personal liberation and world change. There are also a number of articles on women's studies in the United States and a reprint of the "Berkeley Men's Center Manifesto" dealing with males and sexism. Finally, a movement resource section (pages 59-62) provides a list of groups, publications, and other ref-

(continued on page 35)

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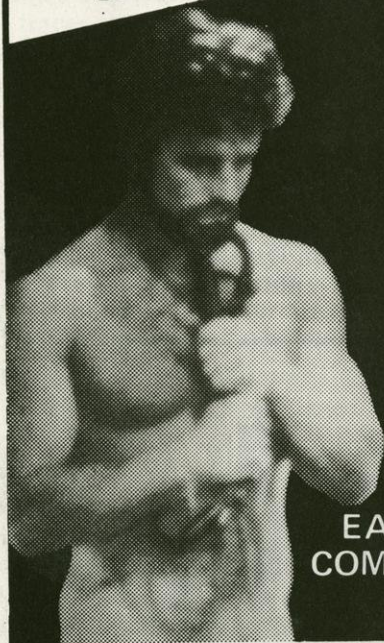
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Congratulations to Matthew and Buddy of Glendale, Calif. on their 4th Anniversary

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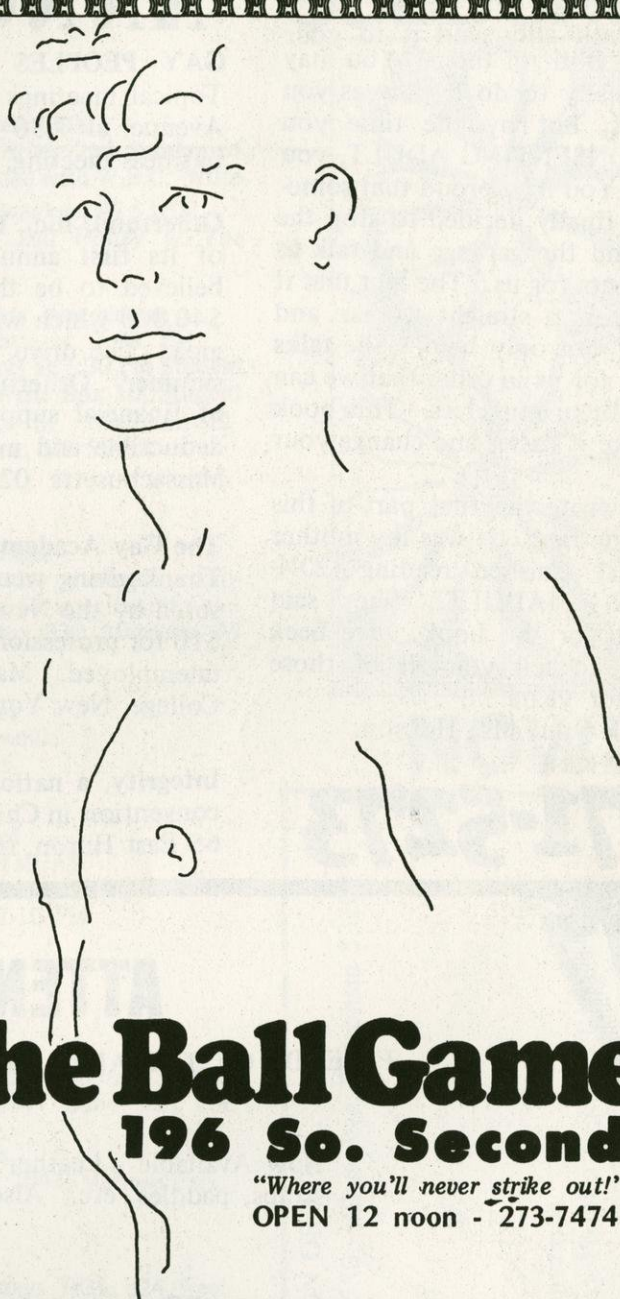
REVIEW

(from page 33)

erence sources for additional reading, complete with annotations and evaluative comments on each listing. Though a number of articles are in fact reprinted or excerpted from other sources, the majority of them were written for this volume.

More careful proofreading would have produced a more useful volume. Marcuse's article is continued on page 43, breaks off in mid-sentence on page 44 without annotation; and I was unable to locate the rest of it in the issue until I found it on page 45, which follows page 28—whereas page 29 is facing page 44. To note that most of the contributions lean toward the political left is not so much to criticize as simply to note that the issue presents one direction only within a wide spectrum of opinion on sexism in education. Some of the articles also tend to be a bit on the thin side—editorializing without presenting the hard data which deserves more of a place in a collection of this type. In all, however, this collection represents a useful initial resource on a variety of topics in sexism and education. The resource listing appears particularly useful; and, for the reader desirous of getting the lay of the land in the area of sexism and society, the collection offers a provocative and stimulating introduction.

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(from page 16)

deep breath and send it to your parents. Both of them. You may not be ready to do it now as you read this, but by the time you finish **CONSENTING ADULT**, you will be. You'll be proud that someone has finally decided to stop the games and the garbage and talk to our parents for us. The fact that it comes from a straight woman and a parent can only help. She talks to them for us in order that we can talk to them ourselves. This book will make it easier and change your life.

As I wrote the first part of this the phone rang. It was my mother who just finished reading **CONSENTING ADULT**. She said "Thanks for the book. I've been wanting to tell you all of those things for years . . ."

Thank you, Ms. Hobson.

GPU PHONE

271-5273

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GAY PEOPLES UNION, INC.

Topical meetings every Monday at The Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell Avenue, at 7:30 p.m. The first Monday of every month is the monthly business meeting.

Otherfund, Inc., the Boston area gay united fund, announced the kickoff of its first annual fund-raising drive, **OTHERWAY '75**. The group, believed to be the first of its kind in the United States has a goal of \$40,000 which will benefit seven different projects in the greater Boston area. The drive, which began April 15th, will continue throughout the summer. Otherfund, Inc., is the first step toward meeting the challenge of financial support for gay oriented projects. All donations are tax deductible and may be sent to Otherfund, Inc., P.O. Box 1997, Boston, Massachusetts 02105.

The Gay Academic Union announces its **Third Annual Conference** during Thanksgiving weekend, November 28-30, 1975 in New York City, sponsored by the New York City chapter. Pre-conference registration fees are \$10 for professionals and others employed, and \$7 for students and others unemployed. Mail to Conference Committee, GAU, Box 1479, Hunter College, New York, N.Y. 10021.

Integrity, a national gay Episcopalian group, announces its first national convention in Chicago, August 8-10. More details from Integrity/Chicago, 65 East Huron, or telephone (312) 386-1470.

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Forker Motorcycle Club

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Gay Alcoholics Anonymous

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

Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at 7:30 PM at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, Business meetings the first Monday of each month. Call 271-5273 or write P.O. Box 90530, Milwaukee, Wi 53202.

GPU Examination Center for VD

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Grapevine

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Milwaukee Area Teens

For more information call 271-5273.

Milwaukee Gay Community Services Center

2211 E. Kenwood Blvd.
Phone 263-4110
Peer Counseling Services

Milwaukee Health Department Social Hygiene Clinic

841 N. Broadway, Room 110
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Clinic hours: Monday & Thursday from 11:30 AM to 7:15 PM; Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday 8:30 AM to 11:15 AM and 12:45 PM to 4:00 PM.

Silver Star Motorcycle Club

Business meetings every 2nd Sunday of the month. Affiliated with W.B.C. Write PO Box 90878, Milwaukee, Wi 53202. Club night every 2nd Friday at The Wreck Room.

UWM Gay Students Association

Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 PM.
Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 PM Student Union 309 East. Write Box 10, Student Union, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wi 53211.

WISCONSIN

Fox Valley Gay Alliance

Meets alternate Tuesday evenings in member's homes. Write for specific info and directions to PO Box 332, Menasha, Wi 54942.

Madison Gay Center

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

Lesbian Switchboard

306 N. Brooks (UYMCA)
Madison, Wi 53715
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CHICAGO

Beckman House

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Daughters of Bilitis

Lesbian group. Box 2043, Melrose Park, Ill 60164

Dignity/Chicago

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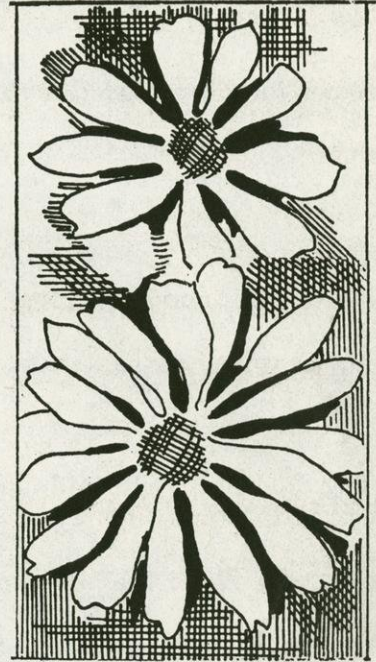
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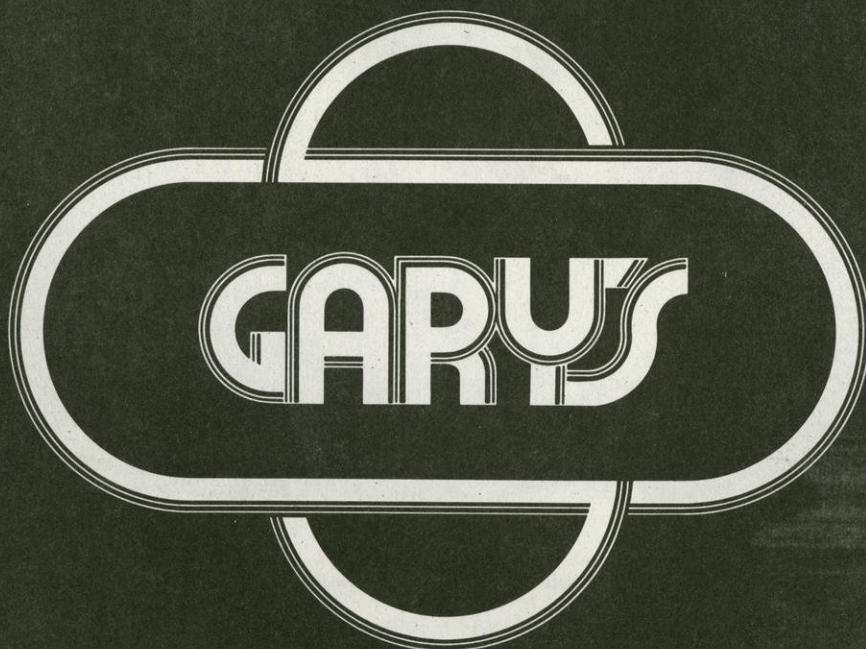
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