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GPU NEWS

December 1976

Vol. 6, No. 3

60¢



IN THIS ISSUE

DAN CURZON LOOKS AT GAY LITERATURE
LOOKING FOR A GOOD WOMAN—Fiction by Donna Martin
PLUS: POETRY/CARTOONS/REVIEWS/NEWS & MORE

CLUB BATHS CONTEST

FOURTH G.A.U. CONFERENCE HELD

New York, NY—The fourth annual conference of the **Gay Academic Union** got underway the day after Thanksgiving at Columbia University with about 650 delegates in attendance. Unlike other GAU conferences, this one had no general theme.

However, because this is a presidential election year, the keynote session followed the theme of "the role of Lesbians & Gay men in politics." Jean O'Leary, co-executive director of the **National Gay Task Force** told the delegates that, "The gay issue will be the major civil rights issue of the 1980's." Ms. O'Leary, a delegate to the 1976 Democratic Convention and a member of Carter's 51.3% committee, pointed out that the gay movement has moved faster than any other civil rights movement and reminded her listeners that there are now over 1300 gay organizations in the country. She listed five major goals for the movement to work toward in the coming years. They are: (1) The building of a strong national movement; (2) introduction of legislation in every state in the next five years; (3) introduction of piecemeal legislation on issues other than sex law revision and amending civil rights laws; (4) working towards closer coalition with the more than 200 existing civil rights groups; and, (5) using national polling organizations to get more accurate ideas of public opinion concerning gay issues.

Jim Owles, president of New York City's **Gay Political Union** also addressed the assembly. Owles is better known as a founder of **Gay Liberation Front (GLF)**. He later co-founded and was first president of **Gay Activist Alliance (GAA)**. Both of these groups were early gay activist in nature. He deplored the decline in the movement of radical and militant action and called for "a revitalization of our radical and militants." He sees the movement as being a diverse one still trying to de-

cide on basic issues such as alliances and coalitions with nongay groups vs. single issue gay groups, political orientated groups vs. social service groups and strong local groups vs. a strong national movement. He called for a development of special interest groups at the same time urging a coalition with nongay civil rights groups.

During the three day conference work shops, panels, and seminars were presented on 35 different topics. Douglas Kimmel and C.A. Tripp presented papers on homosexuality and aging. Robert K. Martin led a seminar on thoughts about literary criticism. Other sessions dealt with: Recent research on lesbianism, transsexuality, topics in gay history, lesbian mothers, and sado-masochism. Films and video showings were presented throughout the conference and a dance and brunch were featured social events.

GAU was founded on the structural principal of separate women's and men's caucus. They have had serious problems over the issue of lesbian separatism in the past few years. This year the woman's caucus voted 34 to 7 to disband the women's caucus to allow those women who wished to withdraw from the New York Chapter to form a separate woman's group. The men's caucus also agreed to disband. These actions represent a profound structural change which most remaining New York members, both men and women, view as a constructive step.

At the business session it was decided to try to hold next years conference somewhere in the middle west and a committee was formed to select a location. An additional committee was formed to print the proceedings of the past three conferences (similar to the proceedings of the first conference).

In the closing session, Jim Levin, newly elected president of GAU, promised to continue the group's



Jean O'Leary

struggle with the IRS for tax exemption and to promote new approaches to the group's stated goals with academia.

ARIZONA LAWMAKERS CONSIDER ANTI-GAY BILL

Phoenix, AZ—Arizona lawmakers are proposing a repressive Homosexual Conduct amendment to a proposed Penal Code revision that is expected to pass easily.

Gay people are being urged to mount a protest drive to the so-called "sexual conduct" portions of the measure.

The amendment would penalize gay sex by establishing a maximum one-year jail term and a \$10,000 fine for persons who "intentionally or knowingly engages in sexual intercourse or oral sexual contact with a person of the same sex."

The code also forbids men to have an erection in public if the penis is discernible through his pants.

Letters of protest should be sent to state senators and representatives at 1700 W. Washington St. Phoenix, AZ 85007

HOOVER FILES DWELL ON HOMOSEXUALS

Washington, DC—The Justice Department has released heavily censored summaries of the secret files of J. Edgar Hoover giving us a glimpse into the mind of the late FBI director.

The files reveal that he was a voracious collector of rumors about the sexual escapades and problems of prominent Washington personalities. In particular, a preoccupation with homosexuality runs through the files. Reference after reference is made to allegations that various politicians, government officials and other widely known people were homosexuals.

Several of the memos from FBI subordinates advise Hoover, a lifelong bachelor, that certain people had said or implied that he was a homosexual.

Typical of the material in the files was a 1967 memo noting that one of Hoover's deputies had been advised by an informant that (deleted) was a homosexual. The memo adds that Hoover ruled against a recommendation by Clyde Tolson that the

allegation be reported to the attorney general.

Two memos refer to talks with three Eisenhower administration officials about (deleted's) "admission to the CIA that he was a homosexual and had been compromised in Moscow by the Soviet police."

Their release was in response to a Freedom of Information Act request from Morton Halperin, a former staff member of the National Security Council.

After prolonged legal maneuvering, it was agreed that he could have access to the summaries, provided that they were censored to delete the names of persons mentioned unfavorably and other material that would "constitute an unwarranted invasion of personal privacy."

The documents as finally released offer an intriguing hint of scandal. But, in each instance of an allegation with especially sensational overtones the hint becomes lost in deletions that frequently make the summaries read like gibberish.



J. Edgar Hoover

new sponsor

New York, NY—Daniel P. Moynihan, newly elected senator from New York, says that he will co-sponsor the National Gay Rights Bill.

Moynihan wrote the National Gay Task Force: "Feeling as I do, I endorse the aims of HR 5452 and will, at the appropriate time, co-sponsor a Senate equivalent which endorses legislation at the federal level which would prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual or affectional preference in the areas of employment, housing, public accommodation, and all publicly-funded programs."

KEEP GAY FRIEND? GALS POLLED

Chicago, IL—Chicago Gay Life reporting on a national telephone survey conducted by **Womenpoll**, notes many women would be hesitant to continue a friendship with a man if they discovered he was a homosexual.

In response to the question "If you found out that one of your male friends was a homosexual, would you continue or discontinue your friendship?" only 50% said they would continue. 30% said they would not. 15% said it would depend on the circumstances, with the remaining 5% saying they did not know what they would do.

Geographical local played a fact-

or. Most in the East and West said they would continue, while 48% in the Midwest said they would do so. In the South 85% said they would discontinue the friendship.

Two-thirds of the single women would continue, and 52% of the married would also, but only 46% of the women who were previously married would continue a relationship with a gay male.

The younger the woman, the more likely she was to continue the friendship.

Education also had an effect on the poll. The more education, the more likely they would continue the friendship with 67% of the col-

lege graduates saying they would continue.

A young single college graduate from the East summed up the feelings of the accepting group by saying, "I had a few homosexual friends in college where the entire subject was pretty much out in the open. No one made a big deal about it. The fact that a friend would feel comfortable enough with me to confide something like that would make me respect him even more. Anyway, if a guy is just a friend, what difference does it make if he is gay or not?"

APPLETON LIBRARY TO CARRY GPU NEWS

Appleton, WI—For some time the Fox Valley Gay Alliance has been working with local libraries within the Fox River Valley in an effort to make available to both gay and non gay residents, a more expanded and contemporary selection of materials related to the gay theme.

The FVGA reports a modicum of success with the agreement of the Appleton Public Library to carry GPU NEWS along with the library's other periodicals. Previously, the Milwaukee Public Library was the only library in the State of Wisconsin to carry a gay periodical. Assurances have also been given by the Director of the Appleton Library that more materials reflecting an honest view of the subjects concerning homosexuality and the gay lifestyle will be purchased and made easily accessible to the public.



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ELECTION RESULTS

Madison, WI—Gay and pro-gay candidates fared fairly well in elections across the country.

Both of the nation's openly gay state legislators won reelection easily. Elaine Noble was returned to the Massachusetts House with a 4 to 1 margin. Alan Spear trounced his opponent and returned to the Minnesota Senate despite some grumbling from the gay community that he had not worked hard enough for gay rights legislation.

Wisconsin gays were generally pleased with the results of the election. Over half of the candidates on record in favor of gay rights were elected, and all of the candidates actively supported by gays won.

GAYS RESPOND TO WFMR'S PLIGHT VIA GPU NEWS

Milwaukee, WI—The gay community responded to a GPU NEWS editorial concerning the plight of Milwaukee's classical-jazz radio station, WFMR, with accolades; and, more importantly for the station: money.

Members of Gay People's Union and other readers applauded the community service attitude of the editorial and contributed money directly to GPU NEWS so the station would be aware of the gay community's response. GPU NEWS has purchased a charter membership in the WFMR Listeners Guild on behalf of Gay People's Union.

With a month to go, WFMR has only reached 36% of their goal. Elsewhere in this issue we again provide an announcement on behalf of the station. Readers wishing to join the Listeners Guild are urged to use the coupon provided.

The Winners: ☒

STATE ASSEMBLY

John Norquist
Michael Kirby
Robert Behnke
Marcia Coggs
James Moody
Peter Bear
Jonathan Barry
Richard Flintrop
Stephen Leopold
Mary Lou Muntz
Marjorie Miller
David Clarenbach
Steve Gunderson
Bernard Lewison

STATE SENATE

James Flynn
Warren Braun
Ernest Keppler
Fred Risser
Lynn Adelman

GPU ELECTION

Milwaukee, WI—Gay People's Union will elect four new board members at their business meeting on Monday, December 6 at 8 pm. Nominations for officers for the coming year will also take place with their election to be held during the January business meeting.

Vying for the four vacancies on the Board of Directors are: Robert Johnson, Paul R. Safransky, Dean H. Slater, Carol Stevens, Louis Stimac, and Persia Straub.

The constitutional questions surrounding the candidacy of Mariam Ben-Shalom have not been resolved as we go to press.

Other activities at GPU for the month of December include an open house with refreshments on December 27, a General Rap Session on the 13th, and a presentation on Homosexual Rape by Alyn Hess on the 20th.

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

SILVER STAR THANKSGIVING DINNER

Milwaukee, WI—Silver Star Motorcycle Club, Inc. held its fourth annual Thanksgiving Dinner party at Nantucket Shores Restaurant in the Astor Hotel on November 21. About sixty members and friends of the club enjoyed a superb dinner with wine.

The highlight of the evening was a leather and western fashion show presented by **Male Hide Leathers** of Chicago. Approximately a dozen handsome models paraded in fashions ranging from authentic cowboy styles to custom motorcycle outfits of fine leather. Mr. Bob Maddox of **Male Hide** introduced the "mistress" of ceremonies, the exceptionally funny Wanda, who kept a delightful banter going as "she" introduced each model and described the outfit. The audience cheered a master and slave duo who wore body harness and leash.

Roger Deeley, president of **Silver Star**, welcomed the guests in a brief address. He asked **GPU NEWS** to convey the club's sincere thank you to those who co-operated to make this event a resounding success.

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Catholic Acceptance? No Change

Washington, DC—The Catholic bishops of the United States approved a pastoral letter on morality that strongly reaffirms the church's traditional teachings on sexual ethics in the face of rising discontent within the church.


On homosexuality, the document reinforces the view that such sexual acts are wrong, but that homosexual orientation itself is not sinful.

The letter ran into unexpectedly stiff opposition from bishops who argued that the document lacked sufficient compassion for those Catholics who experienced difficulty obeying church proscriptions.

The recent **Call to Action** conference in Detroit, under the auspices of the bishops, called for many alterations in church policy, including homosexuality.

While spokesmen for the bishops emphasized that the pastoral letter was not a response to the Detroit proposals, because it was written over a period of two years, some of the criticism clearly stemmed from the desire to be sensitive to those suggestions.

The document also stands firmly against extramartial or premartial sex, maintains opposition to divorce, artificial birth control, and reiterates the church's antiabortion position.



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Researchers find children of lesbians no different

Los Angeles, CA—Researchers at the University of California have concluded that young children of lesbian mothers do not develop the 'deviant traits' judges have been warned about in cases involving child custody and lesbian mothers.

The researchers found no evidence to support accusations customarily heard at court cases involving lesbian mothers—that the children will become gay or learn the role of the opposite sex.

Since the study is the first of its kind it contains a few flaws. However, it could give defenders of lesbian mothers some solid psychological evidence to put before the courts.

The study was conducted by UCLA School of Medicine associate clinical professor Martha Kirkpatrick with UCLA child psychologist Ron Roy, and doctoral candidate in psychology Katherine Smith.

The findings were based on interviews and tests conducted with 20 children aged 5 to 12. The mothers ages ranged from the early twenties to early forties. The mothers represented a wide spectrum of economic and social backgrounds. Most were living with their lovers. All but one were white.

"It looks to us as though no features about these children are specifically related to the mothers sexual choice," says Dr. Kirkpatrick. "We see some problems in some of the children, but what we're finding are the types of difficulties very commonly seen in the children of divorced parents—conflict of loyalties, a guilty concern as to the cause of the parents' split-up, and anxiety about whether or not they will face further loss."

The results of the study were published in **Human Behavior** magazine.



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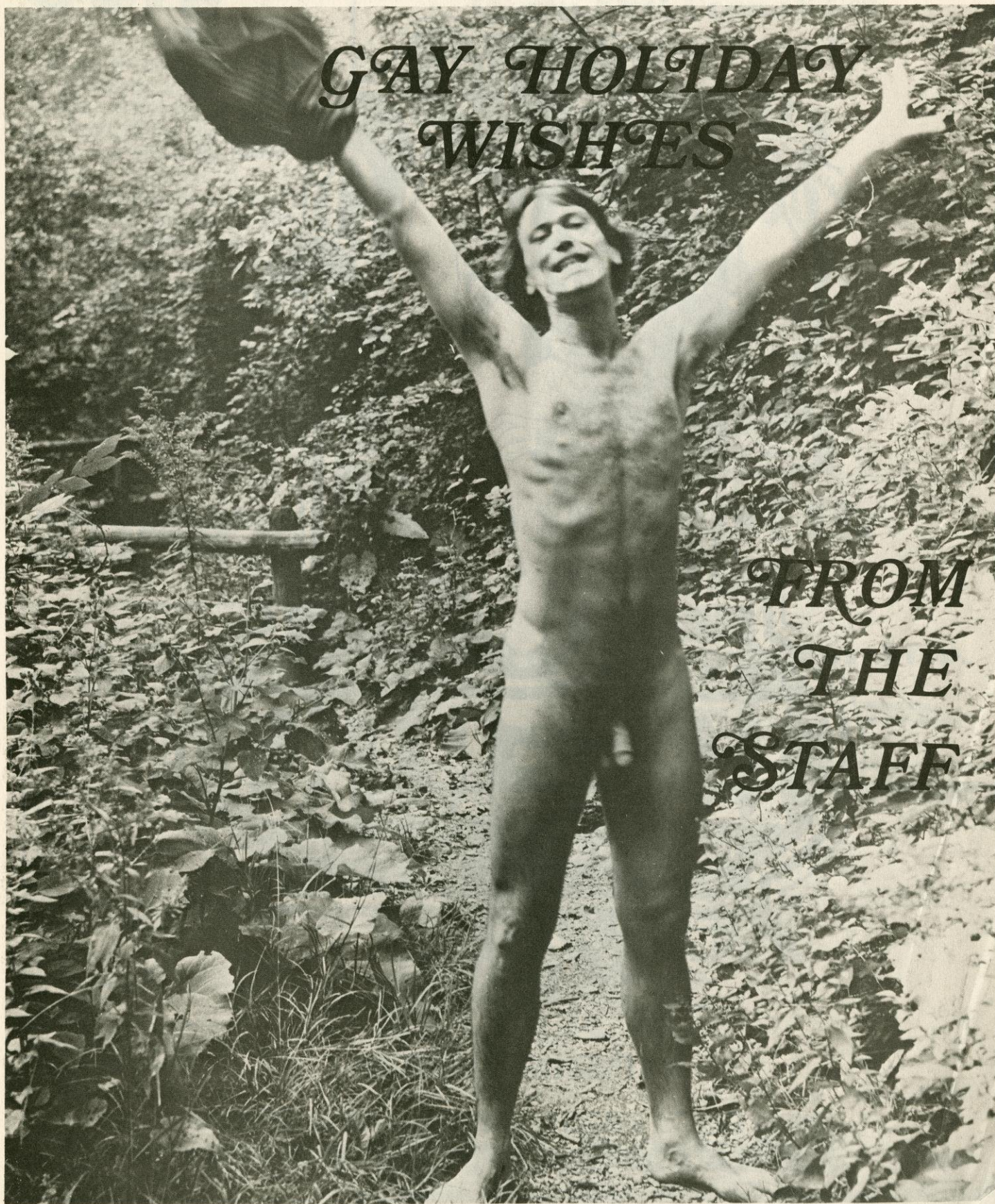
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EDITORIAL

GAY HOLIDAY WISHES

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THE
STAFF





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OOPS

In our November issue (page 9) we advertized a gay publication **Dateline**. While we ran this ad in good faith, it has come to our attention this publication folded after one issue.

In our August issue (page 26) we reported that prisoners at Menard, Illinois had formed their own gay group. We now learn that there is no such group, and the pages of **GPU NEWS** may have been used to fleece concerned gay citizens.

In the past five years the pages of **GPU NEWS** have been remarkably free of misinformation. We apologize to our readers for the above errors and trust no one was inconvenienced.

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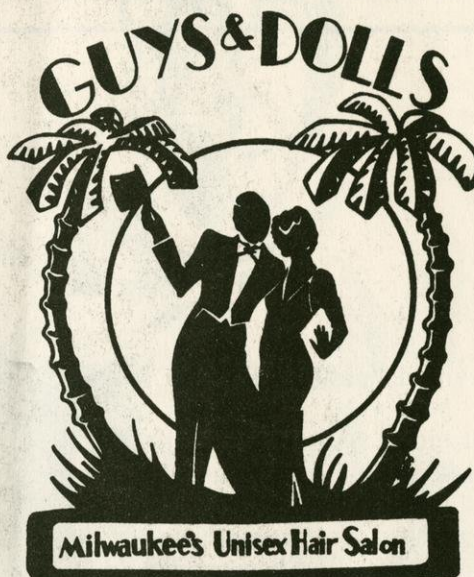
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The Heartbreak of Anal Warts, or Gay Junk

by Daniel Curzon

I wish I were in a better mood as I begin this article. But I'm not. I'm angry. I'm angry because I believe in the importance of serious literature, especially gay literature—and I mean literature **now**, right this minute, not in some vague future. I think those who know how to read well—and **do** read—have an obligation to speak up for serious writing and to say some unpleasant things about what passes for “gay literature” these days. Otherwise, any literature of the gay community that we can point to with pride in that future won't exist. (Rod McKuen is not our Poet Laureate. First of all, he's not a poet.)

I deplore the “pop” sensibility of gay readers. By “pop” sensibility I mean the celebration of the journalistic, the trendy, the schlocky, the shallow, the simple-minded, the uninformed, and the dumb. I'm talking about the mentality that makes Bette Midler stand for gay “culture.” I'm talking about discussion of **The Front Runner** as a “serious” book. I'm talking about the attitude that the best gay novels these days are published by the large New York publishing houses. I'm talking about the remark someone made to me very recently—that books are published by small presses only when they are “artistic failures.” This is an egregiously misinformed remark!

Most people don't have the faintest idea where literature comes from or how editors decide to publish which books or how companies decide which books will Sell Big. The uninformed reader simply buys what's available. Well, the fact of the matter is that the big publishers of New York are being swallowed up by conglomerates, whose sole purpose is to Sell Big. That means **Jaws**. That means mass-market material. Mass-market material is invariably third-rate, if not downright trash. And yet I know from teaching college students (and they are supposed to be better than the “average reader”) that many people don't even know the difference between a “pop” book like **Jaws** and one like **Crime and Punishment**. They believe that a book is a serious work of art because it

sells a lot. How incredible! If anything, it's the exact opposite!

The truth is that writers interested in serious books have increasingly turned to small presses, leaving the Biggies behind, because they don't want to compromise their artistic integrity in writing shoddy work for shoddy commercialists. (I recommend Richard Kostelanetz's **The End Of Intelligent Writing** on this topic heartily.) In a few more years a serious writer will be **embarrassed** to be published by a Big Press because it will mean, to anyone who knows anything about literature, that he's sold out. Even now, writers of any literary merit, unless they're already established, and thus hardly avant-garde (if they ever were) are ashamed to sell a large number of copies of their books. They realize that if they're best-sellers, they must have cheapened their work.

Fortunately some good writers, like Doctorow and Updike, can still manage to do well in the marketplace and in the esteem of those whose profession is literature too, but these days are about over. The next stage is for McDonald's to start selling junk books along with junk food. (Have you ever **tasted** a McDonald's cherry turnover? If you have, you know what Rod McKuen's poetry is like.)

What has happened is television, I guess. Television is so pervasive in the lives of most people, like my students, that they don't realize how corrupt, how low, their aesthetic tastes are. No doubt most people have never deeply liked serious literature, can't stand Shakespeare, have never heard of Milton. They find real literature too “difficult,” but at least they used to feel ashamed of their ignorance. Now it appears that people seriously believe that television programs in America—the vast bulk of them—contain ideas, contain humor, contain art! My God!

I see it in the themes my creative writing students hand in as possibilities for stories—“An adolescent boy becomes a drug addict because he lacks his parents' love. Later on his parents understand, and the boy

stops being a drug addict.” This is offered as a serious idea by a college student. Why? Because that reductive, pseudo-Freudian baloney is what he sees on TV shows. Such students don’t read. (Not all of them of course. But many.) They read only westerns and science fiction and mysteries. In other words they don’t read.


People with this sort of reading taste think that **The Heartbreak of Anal Warts** would make a serious headline in an advertisement. No doubt these are the same people who think that **Let’s Make a Deal** is sane. (Yet I wouldn’t knock **Let’s Make a Deal** completely because it’s such thorough, unredeemed pulp that one has to watch its vulgar greed in awe, whereas all those coy quiz shows in which the wife tries to guess what her husband said he would do if the two of them were stuck in an elevator together for eight hours—titter, titter—merely make you shake your head, or fall asleep at two o’clock in the afternoon.)

When it comes to books, how many gay readers bought **The Lord Won’t Mind**? 50,000. Surely that must be one of the most dishonest books ever written. In that novel, the black maid, who says those immortal words about homosexuality to the gay hero—“The Lord won’t mind”—later becomes an opera star. An opera star. Not only is she not prejudiced against gays; she’s a singer too! In that two gay heroes fight off paper obstacles (with their ten-inch cocks of course) and wind up fulfilled. How peachy. How simple-minded.

Pulp writing means that lies are offered as truth. It means that inane themes (such as “All that gay people really need is ‘trust’ in order to find themselves”) are presented as dramatic revelations instead of the nonsense they are. Pulp means that cardboard characters (Evil Men who want to Conquer the World with an Army of Puppets, black maids who become opera stars!) are presented as characters anybody with a critical intelligence can take seriously.

Sometimes gay writing nowadays is of a higher level—slick writing. **The Front Runner** is the perfect example of a slick novel. I found it immensely readable, and won’t deny it, but I don’t take the book seriously. It doesn’t tell the truth, about love in particular. It is a very calculated book that gives us two goody-goodies as protagonist, makes them as loyal as Boy Scouts, wanting only to Be Left Alone With Each Other, and then the book gives us the satisfying death of one of the goody-goodies—shot by an assassin. We weep. We have a good cry (matinee style), because the hero’s dead, but of course through no fault of his own! (It’s not fashionable now in the gay world to have a character kill himself, though of course some gays still do.)

The Front Runner was written by a woman who works for **The Reader’s Digest**, and that says everything. **The Reader’s Digest** is middle-brow to the nth degree. It doesn’t have a single idea in it that isn’t at least twenty-five years old, or totally, completely safe.



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And for gays to think that their literature is represented by a book like **The Front Runner** or **The Lord won't Mind** to me is a damning comment on the state of gay consciousness and the state of the ability to read.

Yet there are better books, there is better art possible. And we don't have to keep pointing to Auden or Proust and other dead writers for proof. I edited a journal called **Gay Literature**, and so I know absolutely that much quality writing is being done these days. But of necessity it has to appear in small-circulation publications, not in the mass media. No doubt in time the gay "classics" will be recognized—and then journalists will review (or re-review) these works and do interviews with the brothers or friends or cousins of the writers. (Unfortunately the writers themselves will be dead and unavailable for interview.)

But I don't really believe that writers should have to wait for recognition, for death. All they need are the following—readers who know what words mean, readers who know a nuance when they see one, readers who know when the subject agrees with the verb,

readers who can pick up an allusion to **Les Miserables** or **MacBeth** when they run across it, readers who don't sigh over Rod McKuen or Patricia Nell Warren, readers who know when they are in the presence of intelligence, readers who know philistinism when it hits them in their anal warts, readers who can recognize a literary tradition (like the picaresque) and see why and how a writer is working within (and against) it, readers who can tell the difference between "pop" books and the use of "pop" materials for artistically serious purposes (like Marilyn Monroe movies as comments on sexuality, on cultural mores.)

I am not an old fogey who believes that "serious" literature means only heavy and ponderous books. Far from it. It means intelligent comedy too. And I certainly don't want modern gay writers to ignore "pop" culture, because they can't and still be alive to what's real for our time. But I can ask that readers know something about literature so that they'll stop praising junk. I can ask that readers know the difference between pulp, slick, and quality writing. And they don't.

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"You and Me Against the World"

Cedar Rapids, IA—Pride of Lambda, Inc., held a Halloween fund-raising show on 29 and 30 October at the **Side Track Lounge** in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The variety show, entitled **You and Me Against the World**, was presented on both Friday and Saturday evenings, drawing record crowds from Iowa and surrounding Illinois communities on both showings. The door receipts (\$1.00 per person) went to the **P of L** General Fund to support ongoing activities and new projects, women and men participated in the show and its staging. The masters of ceremonies were the recently re-elected co-moderators of the organization: Sharon Burrows and Carl Garrels. As in their previous benefit, comedy, costumery, and mimicry were interspersed with serious offerings and original songs, some on various themes of gay liberation. An earlier benefit show was held in July and reported in the August issue of **GPU NEWS**. These first benefits have met with such success that **P of L** has decided to continue them on a regular trimestrial basis in February, July and October of each year. Present projects of the organization, which has just entered its second year of existence, are described below.

P of L's crisis line service for gay persons is also entering its second year of existence, and the number of calls continues to grow. It is presently the sole gay crisis line in the State of Iowa. Crisis line volunteers are shortly to begin a series of ten group sessions with a counseling psychologist at the University of Iowa. The volunteer group is to be limited to fifteen volunteers, and will explore general and special problems in handling crisis calls from gay persons. The **P of L** crisis line is now listed in various social and referral service directories throughout Iowa, and greater publicity is planned for the coming months.

P of L received its charter of in-



corporation from the State of Iowa several months ago. Applications are now pending for a nonprofit 501(c)3 status with the Internal Revenue Service. Since the IRS remains one of the most homophobic of federal agencies, **P of L** is working closely with an attorney in preparation of all materials requested by IRS. Future fund-raising projects will be planned to provide funds for additional legal service needed to see these federal applications through their various stages.

Application is also pending with the State of Iowa for gaming license which would enable **P of L** to sponsor fund-raising bingo games. Since **P of L** has already achieved nonprofit corporate status within Iowa law, the gaming license is not contingent upon eventual IRS approval of the 501(c)3 status; and, as soon as this license is received, projected bingo sessions will fund the legal counsel for the federal applications.

P of L has also recently distinguished itself as the first gay organization in the State to establish a gay chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous as part of its general outreach to the gay community. A library funding project is also underway, and the

group has begun to accept contributed volumes dealing with all areas of gay liberation (fiction and non-fiction). If a permanent gay community center can be established within the coming months, it is hoped that the library acquisitions can be made available on loan to all persons as part of **P of L's** educational outreach.

Fundamental of **P of L's** outreach to gay persons is its continuing effort to establish other local organizations in neighboring cities, and to forge a cooperative network of these. A chapter of **P of L**, **Pride of Lambda** in Waterloo, was established in July and is continuing organizational and publicity efforts. **P of L** is also working with **GUQC** (Gay Union of the Quade Cities) in the hope of extending this network to the neighboring regions in Illinois. **GPU NEWS** readers in the quade cities area may write directly to **QUZC** at Box 444, Rock Island, IL 61201. Those interested in **P of L** in Waterloo may contact **P of L** in Cedar Rapids (Box 265, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406).

Mention should also be made of **P of L's** monthly newsletter, **Lambda Letters**, now in its tenth issue and growing continually in size and scope. The publication offers news and views, and provides information on other gay organizations and activities in Iowa.

This was **GPU NEWS'** second visit to Cedar Rapids and **Pride of Lambda**. **P of L** has continued to distinguish itself in its unification of many segments of the gay community which in other areas and organizations are often disparate: men and women of varying lifestyles and directions, bound together by a sense of commitment to the group in its own outreach to the gay and nongay communities throughout the state. **GPU NEWS** readers, especially those in the Iowa area, are strongly encouraged to contact **P of L**, whose programs are continually in need of time, talent, and support.





MR. CLUB BATHS INTERNATIONAL CONTEST



Chicago, IL—The Club Bath Chain (CBC) 1976 Contest-Convention was held in Chicago at the Sheraton Hotel on November 27-28. Hosted by the **Club Chicago**, the convention was under the supervision of **Gotcha Productions** of Chicago. CBC national executives as well as representatives from the 36 clubs throughout the US and Canada attended. Contestants were the winners of each of the local CBC contests held earlier in the year. Not in attendance were the contestants from **Milwaukee (Johnny Diamond)** and **Pittsburg (Al Roosa)**.

The convention banquet was held on Saturday, preceded by a cocktail party in honor of the thirty-four contestants. A leather fashion show, sponsored by Chicago's **Male Hide Leathers**, followed the dinner and was hosted by the inimitable Wanda Lust.

The Sheraton

The Sheraton is located within easy walking distance of several dozen of Chicago's most celebrated gay bars, clubs, and restaurants. **Gotcha Productions** provided complete guide service to out-of-town conventioners; and following the banquet, everyone received a booklet crammed with discount coupons for most of the bars and clubs.

Sunday evening marked the CBC Contest, which was preceded by a cocktail reception during which display booths from many gay organizations and publications were open for inspection. Entertainment at the contest was also lavious and well received. The **Gotham Trio** (Gary



*Art Karopoulos
Club LaGrange Baths—Boston*

Herb, Michael Pace, and David McDaniel) provided a bountiful variation of music and snappy comedy. Together for over three years, **Gotham** are already superstars on the cabaret circuit; and, best of all, they are gay and proud. They are good singers, superb comedians, and razor sharp wits. **Gotham** were also appearing the same weekend at **Man's Country**.

Frannie Goide also contributed to the musical offerings. In the diversity and range of her songs, Frannie bears some similitude to Streisand; but her style is all her own. Also adding to the rich array of music and merriment were Tony Lewis and Company, and Pam and Jan. Mr. Ray Diemer, National CBC President, delivered the opening salutation at the contest; and the CBC Executive Committee functioned as the panel of Judges. Dr. Bruce Voeller, Co-executive director of the **National Gay Task Force**, also spoke following the first intermission.

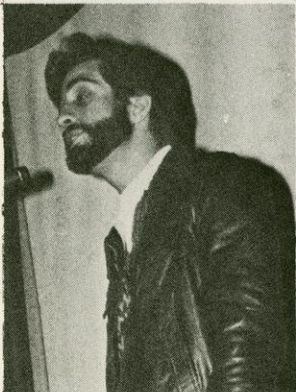
The judging of the contest was based on three presentations of the contestants. The first appearance was in swim wear, for judgement of physique, the second appearance in evening wear; and the third appearance, at which finalists were announced, was a question-and-reply period designed to display knowledge and reflections on matters of concern to the gay community.

The awards presentation ended the evening. **Mr. Club Baths International '76** is Mr. Art Karopoulos from **Club LaGrange Baths, Boston**. First runner-up was **Richard Bernard** from **Club Miami Baths, Miami** with **Robert L. Jones** of Dallas coming in third.

The winner will receive an all-expense paid cruise to Casa-Blanca. The first runner-up receives an all-expense paid trip to **Bunkhouse** in Colorado, and the second runner-up receives a round-trip flight to anywhere in the United States.



*Richard Bernard
Club Miami*



*Robert L. Jones
Club Dallas*



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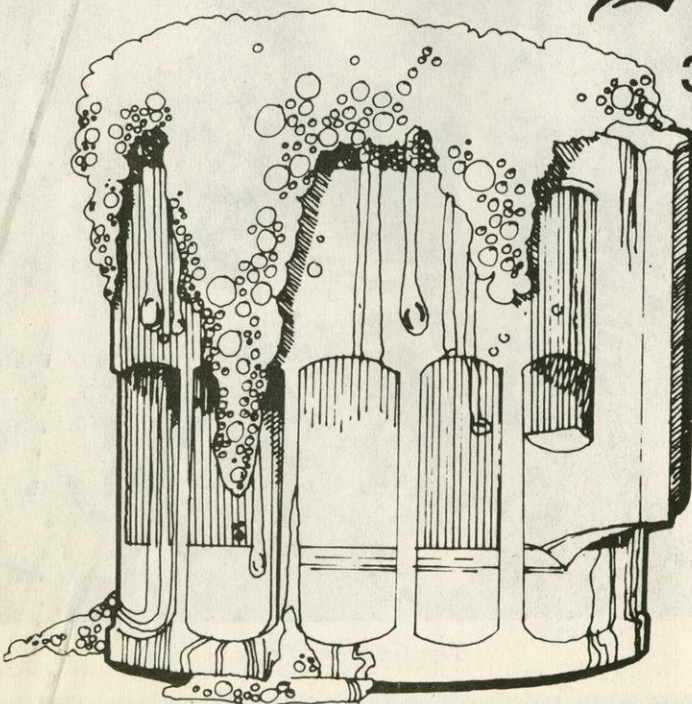
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LEAVING BYZANTIUM-- A REVIEW

BY PETER PEHRSON

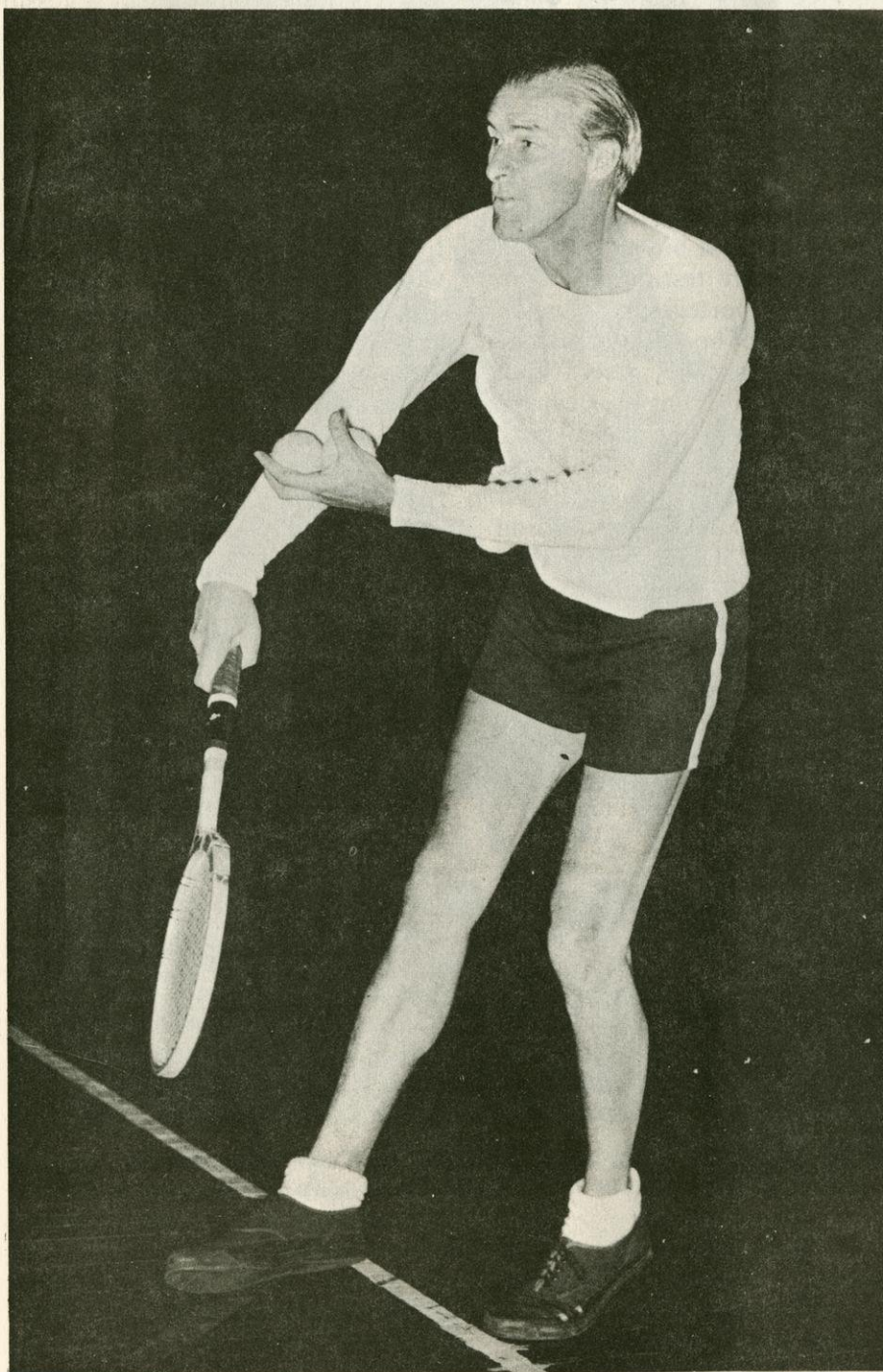


Photo: Daily News—New York

Big Bill Tilden, *The Triumphs and The Tragedy* by Frank Deford, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1976, 286 pages, Illustrated, \$8.95.

What charmless swill. **Sports Illustrated** staffer Frank Deford tries to make it anything but; and oh how he fails. It's simply the wrong cart for the wrong horse, the wrong fish, gun, and barrel. No doubt there's enough material on the life of Bill Tilden to make an edifying sports tract for the Sixth Grade Library. The kind of written on the careers of Babe Dedricksen and Whitey Ford. The kind where everything was minutely detailed from wind speed to bat length. Just the kind a prepubescent sports devotee might pore over instead of memorizing the principal argicultural and mineral products of South America after school. But to attempt a "major biography" instead of a Junior Classic from the knockings about of a confused pederast is truly low-commercialism—although it's never been a publishing precept to deny material print when the subject is **now**. So it is with Big Bill Tilden and his chubby, blond ball boys.

The man himself deserves better shrift. Tilden was a brilliant hero-player and theoretician. He never lost a major game in seven years. Tilden played for thirty-seven, even retiring a particular trophy with his victories. His boo, victories. His book, *The Art Of Tennis*, is still read and worshipped today. It was teething material for current stars Ashe, Riggs, and Everet. In the Golden Twenties and early Thirties, Tilden equalled Tennis.

Despite the author's lead-handedness, all is not dross. The tennis sidelights are a trivia maven's delight. It is gratifying to pin down why only light-colored clothing was worn on early lawn tennis courts. The

game began as a diversion for the wealthy effete who were duly concerned with Edwardian propriety. Only the purest, whitest, snowiest material showed patches of unsightly body moisture the least. (From the period: Ladies glow, men perspire, but darling, only horses sweat.) This often meant playing in July humidity waves robed with flannel. And at last, the source of the insidious green crocodile which so many endeavor to wear on their Ban-Lons is pinned down. One of Tilden's favorite playing partners was the French enthusiast, Rene Lacoste who discovered the pleasant fact that folks would pay outlandish prices for shirts emblazoned with a carnivorous reptile. Snobbism added another fingerbowl to the table and we have Frank Deford to applaud for telling us. We also find the surprising fact that not only did Tilden actively endorse Camel cigarettes in his role as a sports figure, (Predating Chris Everet and Helene Curtis Everynight Shampoo), but smoked excessively the six months of the year he wasn't involved in championship playing. Lastly, chapees (sic), Tilden's favorite tennis rackets had a plain wooden handle and weighed in at precisely sixteen ounces. All of which is amusing but hardly enough whole cloth here from which to cut a book.

The pleasures of indignation call on and on in a strong voice. But it's outrage and consumer alertness among gays which will condemn this stuff to the seconds bin. When the author attempts the Brave New Liberal by quoting Irving Bieber, he stumbles over himself for chapters: "Boys (who are to become homosexuals) may isolate themselves from their playmates because of felt inadequacy and a deep shame about their over closeness to the mothers, which includes unconscious guilt about incestuous feelings." Tell that to Dave Kopay. In the next sentence, feeling perhaps the good doctor's words are a bit harsh, Deford extrapolates, "Homosexuals appear to be especially anxious about play

ing baseball; the hard thrown pitch poses a castration threat, and failure with the bat can mean humiliation, a fear of impotence." Sentence this poseur to a life term on the **National Inquirer** staff covering incestuous lepers and be done with it.

The reader is led around this dizzying track as a prelude to the long exercise in contradiction. Regarding precisely what sex there was between Tilden and his numerous young proteges, we hear, "Since people now recognize that Tilden was a homosexual there is a tendency to snicker or grin smugly when talking of his tennis porteges, but in fact he never once seems to have made a pass at any of these boys." Offered as verification are testimonies from some of those porteges, now grown men and heads of boards of directors and civic leaders. They deny it too. Could they do anything else, even if Tilden had approached them about something other than tennis? It would put someone the age of your grandfather in an uncomely position to say now that Tilden had fiddled about with him. Almost two hundred pages later, as if the previous quote never existed, we see "... he looked hardly fifteen and was blond, chubby, just the type Big Bill liked, particularly as he got on in life." And, "Just being next to a round-bottomed little boy would make him all fidgety and handsy." What we see Tilden really enjoyed was sex only "rarely and discreetly. Mostly then he seems to have slummed: newspaper boys, bellhops, and so forth." I'm happy to see an example of the slum class. Although Deford might be hard put to call the young Joseph Pulitzer, who supported himself for years as a newsboy, a member of a class to be slummed, regardless of what Pulitzer became in later life.

Tilden as human being is just as serpentine. "Basically, Tilden was lonely, and a loner as well. . . cocktail parties, where strangers came to inspect Big Bill both unnerved him and brought out his worst." From a **New York Herald-Tribune** story of

the time, "And yet there was never any humor with him. And more than just a lack of humor, there was no joy, no satisfaction, nothing pleasant in his company." Five pages earlier Deford quotes Barbara Hutton, who remembers a typical Tilden evening in Berlin where Tilden spent a period: "Bill was always the center witty, amusing interested in everything from the latest gossip to the latest modern art."

Which Tilden is the real Tilden—it really doesn't matter for the author's purpose. He leans heavily on the sad and broken Tilden, the loner, the lonely, living in Los Angeles at the end of his career, going around to different clubs begging for a game with **anyone**, only to be quickly dispatched from their doors as lewdness incarnate. It was in Los Angeles where Tilden was twice arrested and twice convicted on morals charges. The first sentence was for a year, after which Tilden was discovered in the front seat of a car with his hand in a young boys fly. "But. . . so manfully did he serve his time that . . . Judge Scot. . . gave Tilden an early release." Always we get the strong sports hero marred by his tragic flaw of queerness. But nevertheless, in spite of his deep scar, he rises above himself, serving "manfully." The second conviction was again on a molestation charge with the added offense of parole violation. The heavy irony is that as Tilden was being released from his second term in 1949, the **Associated Press** had just conducted its poll of the half-century. Tilden was voted the top athlete in his sport beating out other contenders by as many as ten times the votes. His competition was Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, and Red Grange among others.

Tilden, the author would have us believe, would have been a great, lasting athlete, "only if. . ."; but the author thinks Bill Tilden was a tragedy because he thinks homosexuality is a tragedy. **Sports Illustrated** is the proper place for Frank Deford and his dated, macho prose. He's capable of nothing better.



Cavafy, a Biography by Robert Liddell, Schocken Books, New York, 1976, 222 pages, Illustrated, \$8.95.

Reviewed by
sam edwards

In his *Alexandrian Quartet*, Lawrence Durrell gave us a fictionalized life of the famous Greek poet Constantine Cavafy (1863-1933). There have also been several minor and often inaccurate biographies in Greek. Now, Robert Liddell follows his fictional portrait of Cavafy, *Unreal City*, with the first major biography of the poet to appear in English.

Unlike some biographers, Liddell does not deplore (or gloss over) Cavafy's homosexuality. Indeed, he finds the fact to be central to the poet's work and "a cause of its unique quality." He further states: "Had he allowed a psychiatrist to interfere with him, it would have been an outrage on his mind worse than any those who wish to change their sex can allow to be inflicted on their bodies."

On the other hand, Liddell feels that, since Cavafy's homosexuality is so well known, many have exaggerated its importance, even reading homosexual meanings into some of his poems where none are intended. Liddell has tried to counter some of these misinterpretations, particularly those of one biographer who read strong political beliefs into most of his work. Sensibly he chooses not to show Cavafy as a man against himself, but rather as a straightforward human being who wrote powerful verse.

The Greek of Cavafy's verse contains deliberate archaisms, but comes close to the spoken idiom (demotic Greek). Still it is not as limited as the demotic since he uses classical words and phrases whenever he thinks them necessary. He wrote without rhyme, but was very careful about proper punctuation, using commas and periods for partial or full stops. His poems, for the most part, are very short and are presented in a free and relaxed iambic form without the ornamentation of similes and metaphor.

Cavafy is thought to have written about seventy poems a year, but he saved only four or five and destroyed the rest. Even those four or five

were under constant revision for he was never quite satisfied with any poem. He circulated his poems among his friends for comment before allowing the best to be published.

His first book of poems was published in 1904 when he was forty-one and contained only fourteen poems. In 1910 his second collection added seven more poems to the original fourteen. He published no more books in his lifetime, but his poems did see frequent print in magazines in many languages. In 1935, two years after his death, his "canon" was published. It contained about 150 poems, some of which had seen print and some which were previously unpublished, but circulated by the poet.

Consider the fact that 150 poems constitutes a small output for a lifetime. Also consider the fact that poetry is always difficult to translate into other languages and Cavafy's mixed Greek is no exception. Add to this the fact that the majority of his poems are historical in nature, dealing with events and personages of ancient Greece, sometimes carefully fictionalized. Then, just what is there in his work that distinguishes him as a master poet and sets his work apart from others? What is it that makes him unique?

One thing that sets a poet apart from others is a personal quality sometimes called "tone of voice." It is hard to describe, but the poems of Whitman, for example, are instantly recognizable as being only Whitman's because of his personal tone of voice. While it is true that a great poet's tone of voice can be copied or parodied, such work is clearly an imitation at best.

The continuity of this tone of voice throughout a poet's work also sets the work apart. As T.S. Eliot wrote, "a whole work which consists of a number of short poems, even of poems which, taken individually, may appear rather slight, may, if it has a unity of underlying pattern, be the equivalent of a first-rate long poem in establishing an author's

claim to be a major poet." Cavafy's simple, direct and unornamented style is consistent and overwhelming whether he is writing historical or contemporary poems.



CONSTANTINE CAVAFY
circa 1900, Alexandria

Whitman's tone of voice has been described as "singing." Cavafy's work has been called "sensual" or "erotic." Both poets were homosexual and both wrote a substantial body of personal and erotic poems. Where Whitman pictures "universal brotherhood" and "manly love," Cavafy depicts another side of gay love—the erotic world of casual pickups and short lived affairs. He finds beauty in "desire" and the "universal passion of love" where others might see only shame and depravity.

There is still another quality that many great poets share. Dealing in universal ideas, they are frequently in advance of their time, recognizing human truths before their contemporaries. Sometimes a generation or two must pass before these truths become a part of the mainstream of social thought.

When called a "futurist", Cavafy denied it, but his work belies the

statement. In defending his position against capital punishment he said, "It doesn't matter if no one agrees with me. My words are not in vain. Someone will take them up again and they may reach the ears of people who will listen and be encouraged. And of those who now disagree, someone—in favourable circumstances—may remember them in the future, and by the coincidence of other circumstances he may be persuaded, or his contrary opinion may be shaken. And so in other social situations, and in some where action is above all required."

Certainly Cavafy was far ahead of his time in one social situation where, it seems, "action is above all required" if change is to be effected. I refer, of course, to those poems of his that celebrate gay love as being a natural and desirable thing, at least for some people.

In his youth he wrestled with his inclinations, trying at times to overcome "temptations." However, he returned again and again to the low dives of Alexandria where his desires were easily satisfied with poor young men of the laboring class. In later years he saw this youthful period as being important to his character and to his poetry. In his poem **Perception** written in 1918 he said, "Amidst the loose life of my youth/ The projects of my poetry were forming./ The circuit of my art was being drawn./ Therefore my remorse was never lasting/ My resolutions to control myself and change/ Held good for two weeks at the very most."

Slowly he dropped the neuter pronouns that hid the gender of those he wrote about. As he came out of the closet he began to speak openly and lovingly of the beautiful young men in his life. In his later years many of these poems were trips down memory lane, poems which recaptured the moments of bliss from his youth.

Even though the Greek-Egyptian culture in which he lived in Alexandria was quite tolerant of homosexuality, it took some bravery on

his part to be so open about being gay. Some of his poems are almost militant in tone. For example, his *Days of 1896* is probably the first militant gay liberation poem ever to see print. The poem is too long to include in this review, but I strongly urge my readers to acquaint themselves with it as an early example of gay pride. In the poem Cavafy describes the humiliation and scorn heaped upon a gay man by a "puritanical" community and closes with the chastisement: "But the community that was/ so puritanical made stupid comparisons."

Gay liberationists who also happen to be interested in the development of modern poetry have additional reason for acquainting themselves with the work and life of Constatine Cavafy. Several famous modern poets, including T.S. Eliot and W.H. Auden have been influenced greatly by Cavafy's work. Auden openly admitted his debt to Cavafy when he said, ". . . Cavafy has re-

mained an influence on my own writing; that is to say, I can think of poems which if Cavafy were unknown to me, I should have written quite differently or perhaps not written at all."

Robert Liddell's biography, therefore, is an important contribution to the current movement for the social change and it also deserves to be read by those interested in modern poetry. Liddell sheds light into the dark corners of this enigmatic poet's life. He has carefully gathered the few facts that are available concerning Cavafy's life in an effort to give us an accurate biography, free from conjecture. Other writers have spent a great deal of time offering "explanations" of the poet's homosexuality. Some of these theories are far fetched, indeed. We can be grateful that Liddell spares us this foolishness since he sees Cavafy's gayness as simply another fact, albeit an important one.

Although Liddell did not set out

to write a critical biography, often the man and his poetry are inseparable. Therefore, he does discuss the poems insofar as the poet's life affects them and vice versa. He makes no catalog of poems, nor does he attempt to show where or when various poems were first published. Neither does he attempt to discuss style or poetical development.

Liddell has confined his book to the known events in Cavafy's life and he presents them on the backdrop of Alexandrian social life of the time. In removing the confusion, contradiction and outright misrepresentations that surround the little known details of the life of Cavafy, he has done a great service. He has provided a strong foundation upon which other scholars can build their castles of critical theory concerning the poetry itself. Hopefully these works will not be so long in coming to us as was this first biography in English and hopefully they will be put together with as much care.



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POETRY

by robin lou hiersche

you are my
woman on the flying trapeze
I see you stretch and reach
flying for a moment hot and cold
and reaching the solid swing once again
we both catch our breath—
I in my amazement
and you in your performance
(which has stolen my heart quite away).

you turn and move and I can hear
the gentle complaints of our trapeze.

The frostbite aphrodite
bites me cool & white
in her coldblood embrace

the icicles of her fingers
arch my back with the chill

she's a golden explosion—
a silverscaled fish growing legs
in the moonlight
to creep up on land and steal me

she with me & alone with herself
a sunball floating full speed on the waves
colder than ice;
she's frozen flames
that melt into goldust and shattered mirror
when I warm them in my hands.

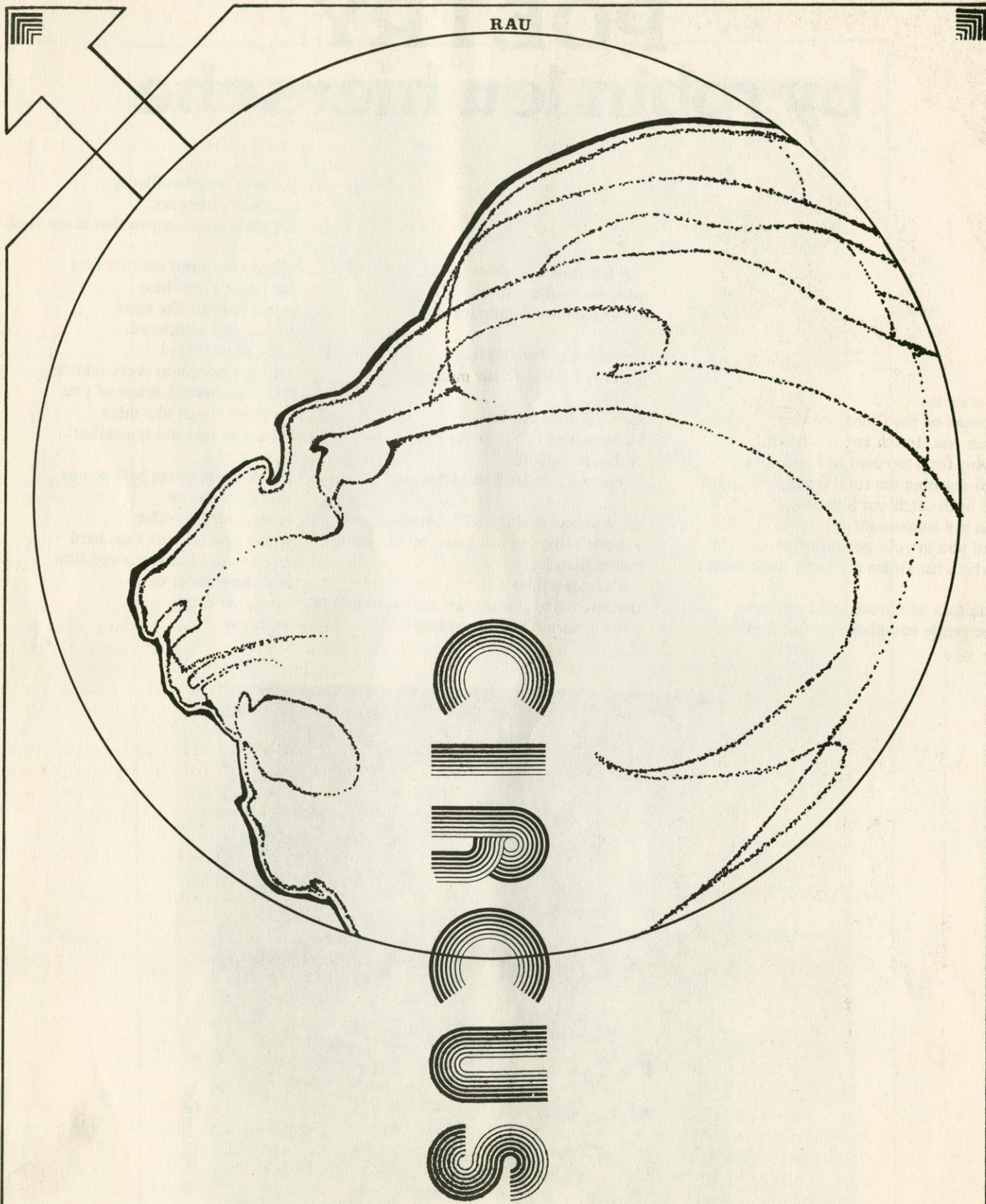
it's your very familiarity
that is my bondage:
it's the woman in you that is my chains.

you do not need another face
for the one you have
is just enough like mine
to keep me interested.
what more, I find
I do not need you every minute
to remember the shape of you
for it is enough like mine
for me to feel and remember.

it's the differences between us
that draw me on
from vanity to value
where you are soft I am hard
and where I fail you stand firm
and the wonder of it
keeps me living
with you.



Photo by Lisa McDonnell



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Looking For A Good Woman

FICTION BY DONNA MARTIN

This particular evening was singularly distressing, even for a city (my hometown, alas) whose wretched weather and lack of civilized facilities have earned for it in my mind the unlovely name, Mudville, U.S.A. But being of a rather phlegmatic nature emotionally (not, heaven forbid, intellectually), I let neither the monotonous drizzle, nor memories of similar excursions in the past discourage me. Driving through that dismal ooze of the elements, such a dirge-like ending to a remarkably benign summer, I approached that dowdy appendage of the commercial-

industrial dynamo of the city, its unlovely warehouse district. The hazy beacons of a small cluster of bars, night flowers in an otherwise sleeping landscape, signalled my arrival at the plau-ground of the outcast.

Too dramatic—Yes, for I have long ceased to see “our” position in so dramatic, so romantic a configuration: not that I deny its truth, simply that the everyday life of the deviant is, like everyone’s, so cluttered with undramatic trivia that he/she gradually lose their initial conception of themselves as coequal with their sexual identity. I guess it’s that the prospect of congregating with my fellows in a place which would probably be bombed by the silent majority if they were aware of its existence occasionally reactivates my realization of just how exotically I’m viewed by the respectable citizenry.

I parked in an already half-full lot, a sign at this early hour that the summer slump was over—the women were back from their vacations and weekend safaris to softball tournaments: the social season had begun! After extricating myself from my car, I dashed through the mist wondering what the evening would be like. It all depended on who would be there. It was a minor adventure in an otherwise blandly predictable existence. So I ventured into Marty’s—something of a minor ordeal if one is stark sober and unaccompanied, because there’s always the gauntlet of appraising looks from those affixed to the bar stools that must be endured. Safely beyond that hazard, however, I began to settle into the atmosphere.

I might not meet the love of my life tonight (and the odds against that are far too large for anyone concerned about his mental health to dwell on anyway). But when you’ve existed all week, or for many weeks, in the straitjacket of the working world, with its compulsory attendant routines, when you’ve been stockaded for endless, dreary days in a maze of deadening duties, Saturday night at the bar becomes the foreign clime promising frolic and freedom. And when belonging to a sub-minority, the release, even when undramatic, is marvelously therapeutic. For a few brief hours, you can relax totally—never mind that most of the natives would fail to appreciate your hard-won talents and insights, even if it were appropriate to display them. What’s perhaps even more significant is that they probably wouldn’t be turned off by them, wouldn’t immediately tally them against their own and then arrive at a precise assessment of you. For when, as a Lesbian, you so obviously declare your membership in the bizarre subcategory of that already disadvantaged majority, womankind, you have entered the incomparable fellowship of the underground.

It was about 9:30, early yet for a Saturday night, so only about half the bar stools and tables were occupied. I made my way over to a seat on the short arm of the L-shaped bar, welcoming the warmth, but not so happy about the throbbing blast from the juke box (surely, somewhere, I keep hoping, there exists a lesbian bar with civilized music, music that soothes rather than anesthetizes the sensibilities—but I’ve not even heard of one).

As I ordered my usual Scotch on the rocks, I began to take in the new decor, for though the music, like some immutable species, seems fixed forever, bar locations and decorations in this city seem propelled by some mysterious process of mutation. Actually, the reason is quite simple. It’s simply a matter of basic economics. Unlike so many of the businesses in this country which proclaim allegiance to this free enterprise system while actually operating as partial monopolies abetted by all sorts of special government privileges, the bar situation here

is a marvelous case study of pristine *laissez faire*. There are so many of them that they are constantly competing with one another for customers, who in turn are both distressed to find that their familiar haunt has either changed or closed, and intrigued about a new atmosphere which promises all manner of possibilities for excitement, adventure, and, who knows, perhaps some new faces.

Anyway, what I saw I rather liked. In the month since I'd been here last, the old, rather bleak, black and what coloring has been replaced by warm reds and browns, and the chrome and plastic furniture by wood and soft vinyl tables and chairs. I was also interested in the new artwork—Come to think of it, I remember hearing something about a protest by some local lesbian/feminist group to the large painting that had been hanging over the cash register: a three-quarter frontal view of a rather stern-looking, long-haired female, shirt teasingly open to mid-cleavage hands half thrust into jeans pockets. Now there was a somewhat smaller poster-photograph of what's called a "tasteful nude" type: a distinctly nubile woman in profile, leaning forward over her knees in quiet harmony with the field and flowers surrounding here.

As I lit my first cigarette, I took a look around—Is there anyone I know or even recognize? (My perch allowed me a pretty full overview of the place, though, my back to the entrance, I couldn't see people as they first came in). No, there were only a few vaguely familiar faces—You know, the habitués who've been coming to Marty's for years, even at its old location (in an even worse neighborhood). What's interesting about these old timers though, as I realized again with some surprise, is the mellowing effects that the liberation movements seem somehow, at tenth remove, to have had on them. Gone is the dyke uniform of the fifties and sixties—the ducktail, crisp men's shirts, and men's pants. Now the hair is longer, less severe; the shirts are women's, the pants either jeans or some unisex sort. They don't seem to swagger either anymore, or express themselves in raucous shouts to their buddies (though, I'm told, the decible level can still get pretty high during fights—which, somehow, I always manage to just miss out on). Well, I wouldn't say they've exactly become "feminine", but for sure they aren't strutting about anymore in some plastic pretense of masculinity.

By the time I was down to the dregs of my first drink, I was starting to think this evening might turn out to be another dud like a few of the other times when I came in here, had a few drinks, and left without talking to anyone. Too often the women come, stay, and leave in their own small groups, while the unattached like, myself, are often too untrained in aggressiveness to make a first move (I've long been waiting for someone to work up a *Cruising Guide for Shy Lesbians*). Or it could be worse—like the time a few years ago when I came in, wasn't approached by a single female all evening, but had two firm, insistent offers from two men (yes, there are still men who never learn—who persist in thinking that, regardless of whatever else they have or haven't got going for them, they've still got something to offer any woman that beats out by a lot anything another woman could possibly offer her.)

So, about to order another drink, I noticed an old acquaintance from my years in Lakewood where I'd gone to graduate school. June was a "townie" (not a student), and we'd met at a few parties there. Now she'd moved here and bartended occasionally because she liked it and liked the extra money.

"June," I said, glad for someone to talk to, "how've you

been?" And how about another Scotch?" So we filled each other in on our lackluster lives of late, she about her part-time job with a catering service, me about my taining position with a large insurance company.

By now the bar was filling up and June took off in a frantic effort to provide instant service to a newly arrived party of six. Meanwhile, a tall woman in a beige pantsuit had settled next to me. Her neat, short brown hair and firm features contributed to an aura of self-assurance, and when June had slowed down a bit, she called out to her, "Hey, June, over here. I'm in need of some refreshment."

So over June came and eventually introduced us. Betty Falk was her name, and it turned out we had a few things in common: she was just finishing up a special Master's program concentrating on the teaching of English composition (that might mean, I thought to myself, that she also enjoys reading as I do), and, surprise of surprises, we were both nurtured in the bosom of the Methodist Church. Well, it turned out that she really wasn't the bookaholic I was hoping for (you know, the usual excuse—"I'd like to, but don't really have the time"). but we did enjoy comparing our experiences with the Church, touching a bit on our feeling of schizophrenia about still having one hesitant foot in church life while the other was becoming more and more firmly attached to the lesbian world.

When Betty asked me to dance I was pleased, but also, typically for me, nervous. I hadn't had enough booze yet to feel at ease about touching a stranger. And then there's the perennial problem for lesbians about who is going to lead (yes, this was one of the few slow dances on the old music box). Well, she was a good six inches taller than me, so it seemed natural that she should lead (you know, 'be the man'). That settled, we proceed to execute a rather still version of the two-step, little different from out limited high school gym class model. I think we both felt some constraint because of the consciousness of our earlier religious background which had been so censorious of dancing as an occasion to 'sin' (would you believe?).

The number over, we drifted back to our places. But over new drinks, the conversation lagged, and soon Betty excused herself saying she had just noticed some people she had to talk to. Watching her getting herself absorbed into a group at a table near the fake fireplace, I thought to myself—Well, so much for that—Just another relationship that barely made it through the first wicket when Wham! it was knocked out of the game altogether. So, "a good man is hard to find"—well, by George, it sure as heck doesn't seem any easier meeting up with a good woman either! Betty and I seemed to have some important things in common; yet there wasn't either the ease of excitement there to energize us into a marvelous mutual exploration that just might lead to something

While trying to figure out what it was in my past attractions that had initially gotten them moving (some common ingredient), I was startled by a hand on my shoulder and the quasi-greeting, "Well, if it isn't old Carol." Sure enough, it was my long-time buddies, Marge and Liz, whom I'd seen only last weekend at a small party at their apartment. Both were grade school teachers, in fact, had met at work, though they weren't at the same school anymore. They'd been together for years, and we'd all known one another for years. We'd been good but not terribly close friends; in fact, they'd been real life savers during my present long stint of celibacy.

Here I'd been home from college for nearly two years and

still hadn't made any new, good friends (outside of a few nice, but "hetero" women at work). At the back of my mind I knew that probably wouldn't happen until I got myself in gear and joined one of the feminist or gay organizations in town. But, alas, one of my besetting sins is lethargy compounded by a real reluctance to get myself embroiled in the welter of interpersonal hassles that seems to be the warp and woof of most activist organizations.

Anyway, it was good to see Marge and Liz again; how nice of them to appear just when I needed rescuing from my somber musings. We exchanged our week's experiences for a bit, and then they suggested I join them in the back room where they were to meet some friends. A few small tables hugged the walls, the focus of the room being a full-sized pool table. Normally a beehive of activity, this evening it was like a beached whale, large and lifeless. The word was that some well-oiled klutz had banged the overhead light last night; the light was out and a slab of plywood had been placed over the table. Though dimmer than usual, the room was cozy. Seizing the chance, we joined some other women sitting on top the table.

This unusual situation seemed to prompt a kind of camaraderie among those of us on board this stationary raft, and soon I found myself slipping into light banter with the person to my right. Tall, slender, blond and young, she was both earnest and charming. She introduced herself as Denise, and with slight prompting, proceeded to talk at length about some small, radical fringe group she was active in. I tried (valiantly) to follow her rather muddy, convoluted defense of a natural harmony of goals between her diluted Marxist ideology and gay liberation. Meanwhile, I was a tightly-wound spring of attention, enthralled by the sweet mix of innocence, a partially unbuttoned shirt, and a sibilant, June Allison-type voice.

When Denise slipped off the table and reached out her hand to me in a gesture of invitation, I'd already put my drink down by the time she said, "Hey, we can't miss this one. Michelle is one of my favorites." So, delighted, excited, I glided out to the dance area. (Why was I always reluctant to risk myself by asking someone to dance?) Without fumbling or hesitancy, she (again taller than myself) softly took the lead while we eased into the first steps.

What had been awkward, over self-conscious with Betty was with Denise as smooth as honey. My head resting lightly on the denim of her workshirt, the music seemed to be guiding us through a precise pattern of delicious tension. Though we hadn't engulfed each other in the suffocating embrace of so

much lesbian dancing, by the end of the piece my body was limp. To say I was "turned on" would be a monumental understatement; I was "tuned up" with every fiber of my being.

Somehow managing to make it back to our "home roost", I had barely hoisted myself back onto the table when Denise leaned over my way and whispered, "Say, how about getting out of here?" only nodding in assent, I followed her through the press of people and out the door into a muggy, oppressive mist.

In my car, uncertain about the next turn of the plot, I turned to Denise saying, "Would you like me to take you home?"

"Well, yes," she said. "I hitchhiked down. The problem is that my roommate will probably be there." Roommate—did that mean lover? My heart sank—but not presuming to pry, I simply asked for directions to her place. On the way over, though, she volunteered an explanation. Her roommate, Ann, had indeed been her lover for three years, but, attractive, lively, had been given to many flirtations. Now, in the past two months, she'd finally begun relating intimately to a fellow-artist, a jewelry-maker whom she'd met in class. Denise was desolate, but couldn't as yet make a final break with Ann, who wasn't adverse to continuing the impromptu menage.

Would Denise be open to an invitation to my place? I could offer her comfort and tenderness; she could begin to fill the dry places of my being with saving sustenance. But, as had happened on occasion before, I was suddenly overwhelmed with the weary weight of the tangled moral morass of so many lesbian situations. Did I want, could I permit myself a one-night-stand? For it might be only that. How much did we, in fact, have in common? Yet our mutual insistent needs might well precipitate us into lovemaking when neither of us was ready for any kind of commitment. All of my moral conditioning, together with my negative experiences with the easy sexual standards of men militated against such "self-indulgence".

We had pulled up in front of the old wooden house which Denise said she and Ann were renting. I longed to say more, but as Denise moved toward the door, I reached over to her hand, and touching it lightly to my lips, said, "Goodnite, sweet Denise."

Haltingly she responded, "Goodnite, Carol." Numbly, I watched her slowly walk up a rickety porch, a bittersweet feeling overcoming me. Was that the end of the episode? Or could it be just the beginning? Full, yet depleted, I resigned myself to weariness, and to another day, the determination of any possible move in the interest of my heart and its welfare.



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OFF THE RECORD

Two new offerings from Olivia Records: Berkeley Women's Music Collective. Windbag Records 81-81 (distributed by Olivia Records 33 1/3 rpm, stereo).

Be Be K'Roche. LF906. Olivia Records. 33 1/3 rpm stereo.

Mail Order Information: Descriptive brochures and ordering information on all records produced and distributed by Olivia may be obtained by writing to: Olivia Records, Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070. Prices quoted in the Olivia catalogues are for domestic shipments only. Foreign purchasers should add \$2.50 for the first three records and 60¢ for each additional, and send payment as a foreign draft on any US bank.

As of fall 1976, Olivia has produced four albums, two songbooks, and a single; and the national women's recording company also distributes three further albums made independently by other groups of women. Their first two releases—Meg Christian: *I know You Know*, and Christ Williamson: *The Changer And The Changed*—were favorably reviewed in earlier installments of GPU NEWS' Off The Record, and have received a tremendous (and well deserved) response from women throughout the United States. Distant plans for Olivia include the purchase of their own studio, and of acquiring eventual control over the entire process of recording, production, and distribution of their recordings. Those plans remain somewhat remote, but the past year evidences many steps forward. The days of releasing one album annually are now over, for the two new al-

bums are the first releases of a number still in the pipeline. Three Gypsies, by Cassee Culver, is a forthcoming release of Urana Records the all-women label which last year produced Kay Gardner's *Moon-circles*, also reviewed earlier in the pages of GPU NEWS, and also available through Olivia. Three Gypsies will also be distributed by Olivia.

Olivia is also in full swing with the recording of its own next LP, featuring Teresa Trull, lesbian/feminist singer, songwriter, and guitarist. This album should also be available in early 1977. At the same time Olivia will begin recording an LP with Linda Tillery, a singer and percussionist who characterizes her music as political-black art which speaks to women and Third-World issues. This album is scheduled for

release in the summer of 1977, to be followed by the release of offerings by a latina band and a second album of Meg Christian's music (summer or early fall of 1977).

The Berkeley Women's Music Collective consists of Nancy Vogl on acoustic guitar and tenor sax, Debbie Lempke on electric and acoustic guitar, Susann Shanbaum (bass, harmonica, and electric and acoustic guitar), and Nancy Henderson on piano. All compose and arrange original material. BWMC is a group of lesbians now in its third year of touring and composition. The present album is a document of past successes in performance and of ongoing work. While not offering a unity of direction or stylistic enterprise, the album has a unified spirit and a thoroughgoing professionalism. The songs are varied, all characterized by a strong beat, some pensive and some driving. Side One offers *The Bloods, Take the Time* (a meditative reflection on sisterhood), *Fury* a protest against corporate hypocrisy), *No Thanks, Miser*, and *We're Hip* (a set of gut reactions to the multi-faceted direction of women's music). Side Two



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offers **San Francisco Bank Song**, **Janet's Song** (a journal of coming out set in the high school context of pain and discovery), **Mercy Me, I'm Lonely Tonight**, and **Gay and Proud**. This last number is a good example of a song whose message somewhat overwhelms the musical medium, a temptation to which a number of gay male recording groups have earlier succumbed. Fortunately, it is in this case only a shady spot on an otherwise bright and musically sensitive panorama. The musical juices, the soul, and the sentiment are usually complementary and right on target.

Be Be K'Roche is a women's band from the San Francisco Bay area. Their music is a carefully thought out blend of latin rhythm, blues and jazz. Perhaps more importantly, it is also exciting music: it fills the need for women's dance music, but it is always more than just dance music. The band is made up of four women: Virginia Rubino (key-board), Jerene O'Brien (electric guitar), Peggy Mitchell (Fender

bass), and Janet Lampert (drums); and all instrumentalists are also vocalists in a variety of the numbers. Various backup artists from the **Olivia Group** also provide musical variation. The individual numbers are longer than those of the preceding album, and this, together with their rhythmic structure and tone, evidences their preoccupation with dance. Side One offers **HooDoo'd**, **Gotta Make Something of my Life Understand**, and **Kahlau Mama**. Side Two also presents four numbers: **Strong and Free**, **I Got The Rhythm**, **Smile**, and **Alone**. The vocals are eager and mixed with the casual and happy atmosphere on the dance floor. The rhythmic disco-like expansiveness of each number is the bottle into which the wine of jazz, latin, and blues are blended. Combined with superb performance, the overall result is tantalizing and (for non-dancers) eminently sensible for listening. In this album, by contrast to its predecessor, the medium is the message, spontaneity is omnipresent; and, even where the numbers smack

of familiar musical materials, they are presented in ways which are adventurous and totally lacking in fastidiousness. Encore please.

Olivia Records stands as the one towering monument of gay musicianship in the recording industry today. Sadly, there is no similar expression of gay music within the male spectrum. Fine gay artists (such as Chris Robison) are to be found, but their efforts seem to be suspended in the limbo of either inactivity or unavailability. Only **Olivia** appears to have been able to rise above the external pressures of corporate U.S. record-dom, and the internal pressures of trivialization. If the reader has not yet sampled these treasures, she or he should do so; and, if they have been sampled, don't stop now, for there are more good things in the offing.

GPU PHONE

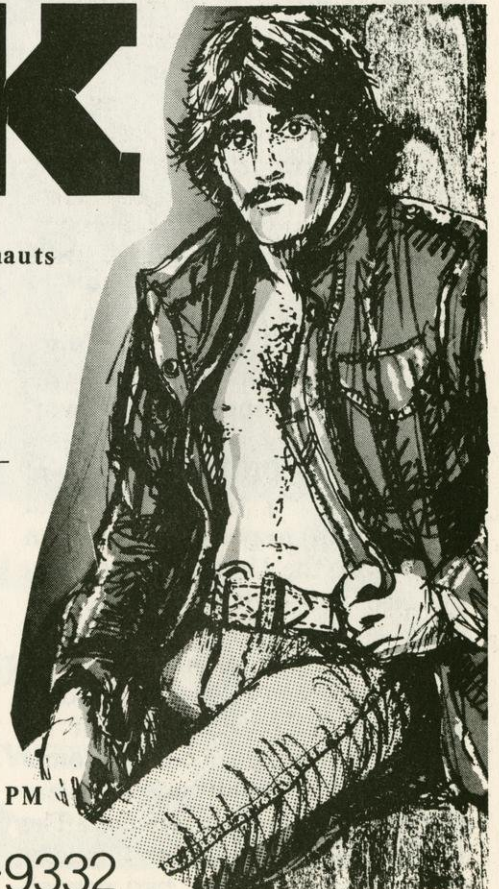
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HERE&THERE

West New Guinea—Anthropologist Karl Heider has found a culture where followers of St. Paul should be right at home.

The British anthropology monthly, *Man*, reports that the Dani Tribe of New Guinea is almost devoid of sexual drives.

Quoting Dr. Heider who watched the tribe for two years the magazine says the tribe "is not interested in sex" or less formal sex alternatives like homosexuality, bestiality or masturbation.

Heider says couples do marry, but copulation is rare and children are born as much as five or six years apart.

The Bugle-American

Reidsville, GA—Corrections officials said trouble between black and white homosexual inmates apparently triggered a riot at Reidsville State Prison that killed three black prisoners and injured 15 others.

The riot was sparked by an incident a day earlier in which two convicts were beaten up.

Officials said the earlier case involved homosexuality. A white homosexual told some white inmates that some blacks had attacked him and in turn the white inmates attacked a black, possibly sparking the troubles.

The Milwaukee Journal

Los Angeles, CA—Clinicians at UCLA have been using behavior modification techniques to "treat" boys aged five to thirteen diagnosed as "effeminate" and "gender disordered." Some parents report their sons are now less inclined to "cross dress, play with dolls, or imitate girls."

The San Francisco Sentinel

Winchester TN—Rev. Claudius Vermilye has been indicted on 16 charges that he produced films of homosexual orgies at his Boys Farm Inc., a home for teenage boys.

The Milwaukee Journal

San Francisco, CA—The Folsom Street Barracks was gutted by a four alarm fire in late October. The cause of the \$175,000 blaze is under investigation.

Gay Crusader

Pittsburgh, PA—In what is a first for Pennsylvania, a 15-year-old-lesbian girl has been placed with a gay woman. The placement was effected through the mediation of the committee on criminal and juvenile justice of the Governor's Council for Sexual Minorities.

Gay News (Pittsburgh)

Chicago, IL—Lavender Woman, one of the longest running lesbian publications in the United States, has ceased publication.

News Release

Belvidere, NJ—The Saturday Review has rejected an ad for The Lambda Book Club, a book club aimed at gay readers. SR told them the rejection was on economic rather than discriminatory grounds.

The Oxford Advertising Agency, the agent for Lambda, turned to the National Gay Task Force for help. SR told NGTF that they didn't "feel that it was a good enough deal" for the \$10.00 required membership.

When Harry Dorman, president of the club informed them the fee was redeemable toward the purchase of books, the magazine replied that the Lambda Book Club was "not in the best interests of our readers."

Gay Community News

Los Angeles, CA—Saying he is becoming more and more upset and frustrated over the attitudes of Gov. Jerry Brown toward sex, drugs, and crime, Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis confirmed he is giving "serious thought" to running for governor in 1978.

Newsweek

Richmond, VA—The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Virginia has ruled that the Gay Alliance of Students at Virginia Commonwealth University must be granted all privileges enjoyed by other campus organizations. The court ordered the University to register the gay group, give it official recognition, and grant it the opportunity to apply for funding and receive financial counseling.

The Appeals Court overruled the same court which was recently upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in its controversial sodomy ruling.

NGTF News Release

San Antonio, TX—Forward Foundation, Inc. is seeking federal funds for a coffee house geared for gay teen-agers.

The organization sponsored a controversial gay conference in May.

The director of the group, Jim Eggeling says gay tax money now only goes for heterosexuals. Therefore the group is preparing a grant application to be submitted to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

The coffee house is the first of a three-phase program aimed at gay teens.

The San Antonio Evening News

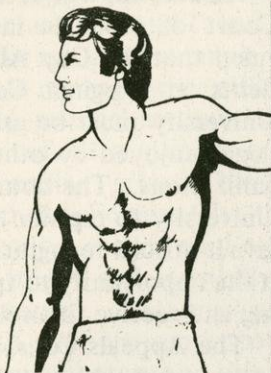
New York, NY—Did you know you have disease number 302.0? The World Health Organization lists homosexuality as a disease under that number.

Gay News (London)

New York, NY—Now that the election is over and Mr. Carter is on his way to the White House (assuming recounts in Ohio and Wisconsin don't send the country into utter chaos) everyone is claiming credit for the victory. Gays are no exception. The rational is that without New York he'd still be shucking peanuts; and, since he carried Greenwich Village, and since Greenwich Village is a gay ghetto. . .

News Release

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HERE&THERE

New York, NY—The first woman president of **Gay Activists Alliance**, Joanne Pasaro, has resigned.

Elections for a new president will be held within a few weeks.

Newsweek

San Francisco, CA—When a cute number in a gay bar on Polk Street in San Francisco was told he resembled Bobby Sherman he blandly replied, "I am Bobby Sherman."

Additional trivia. . . Jayne Mansfield's son Zolton, (Zolton?) has come out of the closet.

High Gear

Chicago, IL—The **Gay/Lesbian Pride Planning Committee** has formulated preliminary plans for **Gay/Lesbian Pride Week—1977**. They are asking for suggestions and input for planning the week's activities.

Contact them at PO Box 11483, Chicago, IL 60611

News Release

New York, NY—One out of every five prostitutes arrested in New York City is male. Captain Jack Wilson of the Los Angeles vice squad says 40% of the prostitutes arrested in Hollywood are men. Dave Mosee of the Chicago police says only 5% of those arrested for prostitution in his city are males.

Gay Scene

Seattle, WA—Professional tennis player Patricia Bostrom has advocated the creation of three categories for tennis pros: men, women, and "Others". Ms. Bostrom is worried over the possibilities that the circuit will be flooded with people following the example of Dr. Renee Richards, the now famous transsexual.

The San Francisco Sentinel

Tappan, NY—A new crossgender counseling group has been formed by **Confide**.

Interested persons can contact them at Box 56, Tappan, NY 10983

News Release

Chicago, IL—Tiny Tim has filed a \$15 million suit against Hugh Hefner and Playboy Publications Inc. for saying his sexual practices were "unnatural."

In an interview in **Oui Tiny's** estranged wife said, . . . nothing happened to us sexually for the first six months. Women didn't really turn him on.

"I didn't realize it at the time," she said, "but whatever was going to happen was up to me. He had never been with a woman before, but he wasn't sexually pure—you know what I mean."

Gay Scene

Chicago, IL—The **Miss Windy City** contest will be held Sunday, December 19, at **The Germania Club**.

This year's contest culminating in the crowning of **Miss Windy City** will take on a new name—the **Snow Ball**. Also, some new categories have been added in which contestants will compete: Street wear, hair-do and, of course, gowns. In addition, prizes will be awarded for the best winter costume.

For additional information write Frank Gotthard 420 N Dearborn, Chicago 60610 or Carol 3510 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657

Buenos Aires, Argentina—Arcadie, the French gay publication, says the military government is arresting gays on such a scale that there appears to be a massive roundup of homosexuals in the country. Reports indicate that up to 200 gay men and women are arrested at bars and private parties everyday.

The San Francisco Sentinel

New York NY—Allen Rosko has been appointed to the office of special counsel to Controller Harrison J. Goldin. He becomes one of the few open gays in a key position with the city.

Commenting on adding Roskoff to his staff, Goldin said, "Mr. Roskoff has been helpful to me and other public officials for a period of years on an advisory basis, and I am pleased to have his continuing assistance as an official member of my staff working on important issues confronting the city."

Gay News Chain

Alexandria, VA—A federal court has awarded \$50,000 in damages to a young man who had been raped in the Fairfax County jail.

He had sued the sheriff, James D. Swinson, for violating his Constitutional right to be free from cruel and unusual punishment.

His attackers were convicted of sodomy, but he received no assistance from the jail guards. "He had no way out. He was in a cellblock his screams were stifled by a blanket. No guard came to his aid. Even prisoners are entitled to basic human rights," his lawyer said.

Gay News Chain

Washington, DC—On November 12, the Industrial Security Clearance Review Office of the Department of Defense issued a Secret-level security clearance to Don Kimberling an open gay employed in private industry.

News Release

Dayton, OH—Air Force Staff Sgt. Jack Tyler has discovered that you can get bounced from the military simply for associating with gays.

The Air Force discovered that Tyler, married and the father of four, had been writing to another member of the Air Force who is gay. They then discharged Tyler, who claims to be straight.

The San Francisco Sentinel

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HERE&THERE

New York, NY—Bantam Books has announced a comprehensive package of books dealing with sex roles and relationships that includes a section on homosexuality. Designed for high school students, any secondary teacher can order it by sending \$11.00 to **Bantam Books**. Along with a teacher's guide you will receive copies of the following books: **The Front Runner, Gay World, Lesbian Woman, Man Without a Face, Run Softly, Go fast, and Trying Hard to Hear You.**

The series includes sections on sex and identity, myths and social pressures, sex roles and jobs, and social relationships. Interested teachers should write Learning Ventures, a Multi-division of Bantam Books, 666 5th Ave., NY, NY 10019.

Chicago Gay Life

San Francisco, CA—A study of homosexual men and women 60 years of age and older will be conducted over the next two years at San Francisco State University.

The study, financed by a two-year grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, will attempt to determine the impact of sexual orientation on the life course and on aging.

Research findings will be used to improve public health and social services and develop "community support systems" that meet the needs of older gay men and women.

San Francisco Chronicle

Moscow, USSR—A *Gay News* (London) reader wrote to Moscow News (a paper published by the Union of Soviet Societies for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries) asking for the attitude toward gays in the Soviet Union.

Their answer: "Homosexuality is not in the least a problem. And should there be any individual cases they are dealt with strictly. Under Soviet laws homosexuality is punishable by up to eight years of imprisonment."

Gay News (London)

London, England—In an interview appearing in the *London Evening News*, Elton John reflects on his coming out.

"Ever since I had that interview in which I said I was bisexual," says John, "it seems twice as many people wave at me in the streets."

"I'm amazed at the reaction I got. After I said it, I was worried that it might work against me."

"People seem to be even friendlier towards me since I said it."

Gay News (London)

Washington, DC—The Supreme Court refused to hear the case of Paula Grossman, the New Jersey transsexual who was fired from her teaching job after her operation.

A lower court decision stating that the Bernard Township Board of Education had a right to fire her stands.

The Milwaukee Sentinel

Newark, DE—The problem of sexual harassment—students pressured into sexual acts with faculty members—was brought out of the closet last month at the University of Delaware when President E.A. Trabant reported that "between 30 and 40" such acts have occurred there in the last year.

Based on anonymous letters from parents, the alleged cases of sexual harassment have occurred between "man and woman, woman and man, man and man, and woman and woman," according to Trabant.

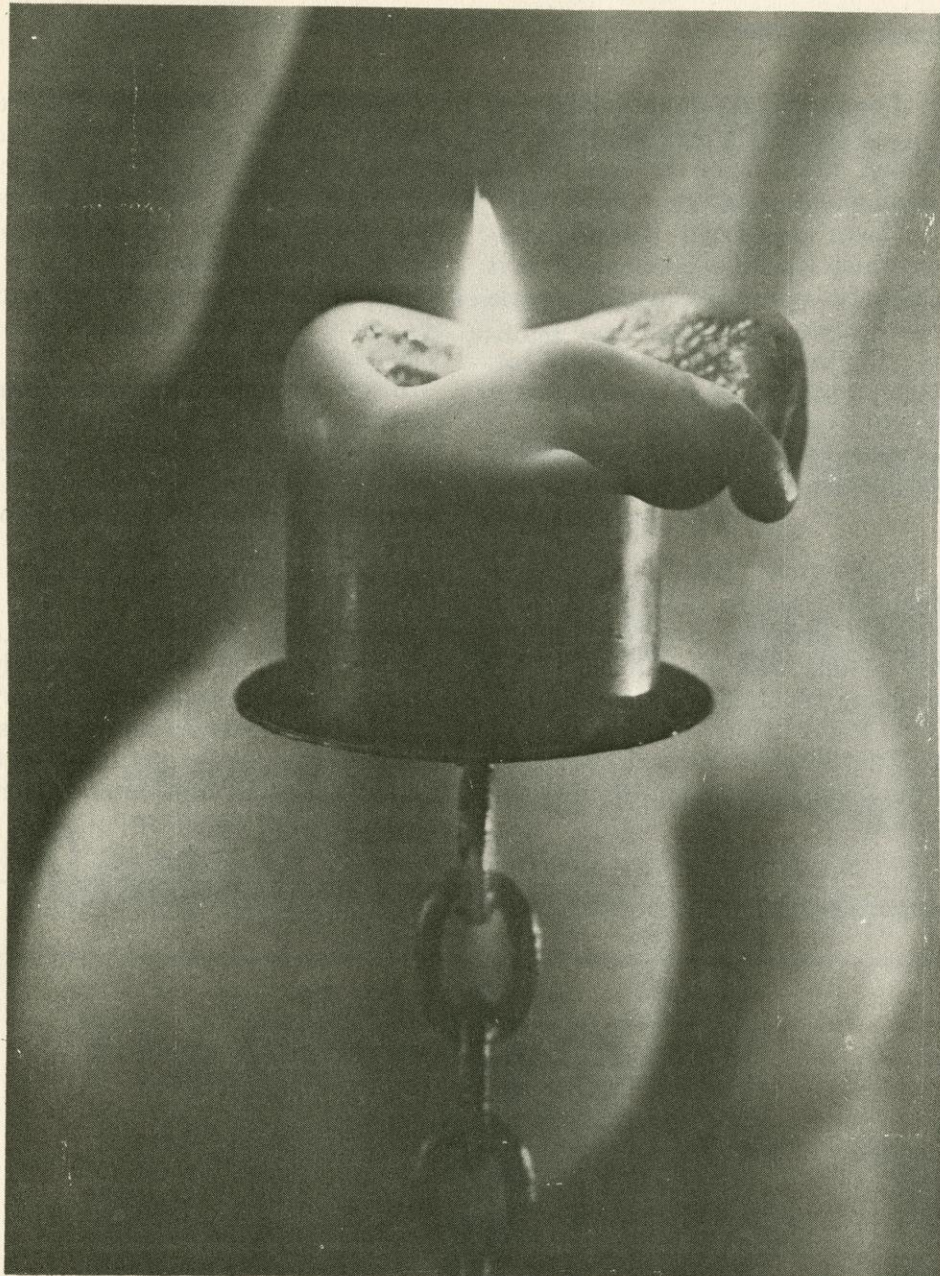
The Marquette Tribune

Miami, FL—Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis, nationally known for his opposition to gay rights and perhaps America's best known homophobic, has been elected president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

NewsWest



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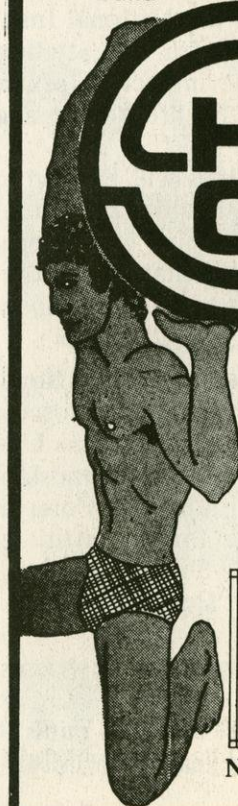


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REVIEW

Sexual Experience Between Men And Boys: Exploring The Pederast Underground. By Parker Rossman. N.Y.: Association Press, 1976. 247 pp. Hardcover. \$10.95

Reviewed by Lee C. Rice, Ph.D.

Professor Rossman, former dean of the Ecumenical Continuing Education Center and Associate Professor of Religion in Higher Education at Yale, is an ordained clergyman who has lectured widely at institutions in Europe, Latin America, and Asia. His wife is also an educator and lecturer, and they are the parents of three children. All of the author's research efforts have been directed to the exploration of undergrounds—religious, sexual, criminal, and political. His primary vision of the underground is that of an association (loosely or tightly knit) of persons who are outcasts because of the failure of society to assist persons to cope with basic needs. Two general and pervasive characteristics mark the present study: it is exploratory (offering tentative suggestions at best), and it eschews moral considerations within the limits of the possible (though some evaluative suggestions are made in the closing sections). Within these predetermined limits it offers some marked successes, and some distinctive failures.

The data around which the central chapters revolve come from

questionnaires answered by 215 pederasts and by written materials provided by 800 more, as well as from interviews with 300 adolescent males who had been sexually involved with these. The pederasts themselves were located by letters sent to a cross-section of persons who had ordered pederast materials through European commercial mailing lists (there was a response of 50% to these letters.) There are some general limitations to this sampling technique which I should note, and these should be carefully distinguished; since some are inherent to the research area, whereas other represent failings in Rossman's own approach. The inherent limitations are as follows. First, we have no reasonable projection for the percentage of pederasts in the male population, nor any reliable guide as to how representative the mail-order purchasers are of the (presumably larger) population. Also, even with the sample space itself (mail order listings), the fifty-percent respondents may not be typical of the remaining fifty percent: the fact that one is willing to respond in the first place may be indicative of distinctive psychosexual traits not shared by the non-respondents. These are inherent limitations, and any study is subject to tentative qualification in their light.

Not the same can be said, however, of Rossman's approach in collating and presenting his materials. The reader is not given any sample of the questionnaire used, nor in-

formed whether the techniques were projective in nature; though I suspect that they were, due to Rossman's occasional flirtations with psychoanalytic models. Secondly, as Rossman himself concedes, those selections of the correspondence which are interspersed through his own exposition have been made in order to underline and establish patterns and paradigms. It would be desirable to know whether the patterns are imposed on the data or emerge from it. By way of a single instance, Rossman's own estimate of the percentage of pederastically inclined males in the entire male population is 8%, and here he cites the projection of one psychoanalyst; but the psychoanalytic literature is notoriously sloppy and ill-informed in its handling of empirical data. Similar remarks can be levied at the taxonomy of pederasty which the author offers: substitute pederasty, tutorial, the sports comrade, the adventurer, the sensuous pederast, the exploitive, and the fantasy-fetish pederast. The reader is not informed as to the origin of the continuum. Has it emerged from the sample space? And if so, what percentages within the space were typified by each category? That the typology itself is an a priori one is suggested by the remarks concerning sublimation which follow it in the opening chapter.

Several chapters are devoted also to biographical details for some "typical" pederasts. As typical or paradigm cases Rossman selects Roger Peyrefitte (Chapter 8), Andre



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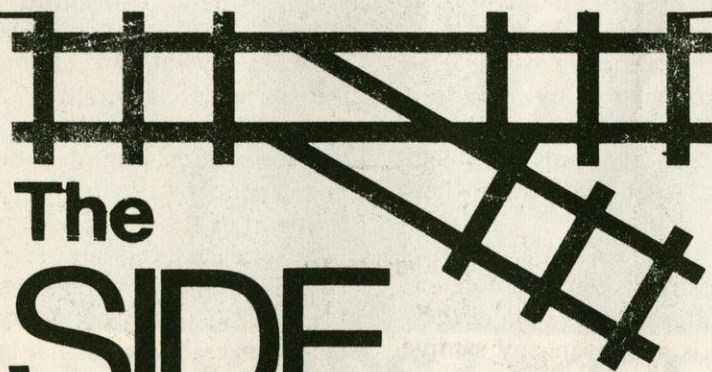
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Gide (10), and Paul Goodman (6). Though all of these are writers of outstanding merit, one may well query to what extent their literary preoccupations have shaded the autobiographical detail; and, that question aside, what makes them typical in any interesting sense of that much overworked term.

All of the above remarks are offered in the spirit of qualification rather than wholesale criticism. That Rossman has succeeded in offering a sympathetic and rational account of his problem is itself a cause of wonderment. And he has much to offer in his account of problems and lifestyles. At most 1% of pederasts are even in trouble with the law (though of course the results are quite disastrous for that 1%), from which Rossman concludes that the law is an ineffective instrument for the modification of consensual activity within society. "Consensual" is an important term here; for, as the author notes, most pederastic activity is by mutual consent, and most frequently the younger partner offers positive encouragement if not outright initiation. Is the adolescent or pre-adolescent partner effected by such activities?—or, in the spirit of the popular mythology, does pederasty breed pederasty (or homosexuality) among its younger participants? Seldom if ever, in fact; and there is little if any evidence of effects (permanent or residual, physical or psychological) on the younger partners. Does this mean that Rossman favors pederastic activity, even granted his position that its criminalization is a useless venture? No, though we are not told exactly why. I suspect that his attitude springs from the following reasonable consideration: consent is a valid justifying clause for an action only where it is informed consent, and society has a vested interest in denying rights of consent to those below what has traditionally been called the "age of reason". None of this is to suggest that American law is wise in setting the age of consent at eighteen, or Swedish law at thirteen. It is only to indicate

that some line is rightly and properly drawn. Irrespective of the haziness of boundaries; and that, below that line however drawn, society has every right to exercise pre-emptive controls. Rossman is surely correct, however, in his suggestion that social reaction against the pederast is wildly exaggerative and emotionally overlaid. How, then, does the author propose that social controls be implemented? Here we find him falling back on rather vague rehabilitative devices. We are told in the closing pages that, if we knew more precisely what caused pederasty, then intelligent programs of prevention might be devised. The suggestion that there is a single cause of pederasty is about as useful as the claim that there is a single cause of crime. Moreover, even if we know what the causes (plural) were, it would be difficult to see what use could be made of such information. The present reviewer would suggest that, in a society which is gradually moving toward pluralism and openness with respect to sexual life-styles and proclivities, pederasty is (like homosexuality) here to stay. Prevention might better give way to considerations of intelligent control.

The pederast is perhaps particularly cursed among our minorities. Attacked and vituperated by the dominant culture, he or she finds no support within the homosexual subculture. Gay organization, as Rossman notes, usually call for stronger laws against pederasty, partly to protect themselves from the frequent and groundless charge that gays seduce and corrupt the young. Scapegoating is a device which gays have learned from their own oppressors, but apparently they have learned (individually and collectively) to use it well and to their own profit.

Rossman has produced what is in many respects a pioneering study. Like any such study, it often raises more questions than it can answer. Perhaps this is its striking value, for seeing one's way clear to the questions is to be well on the way to their eventual resolution.

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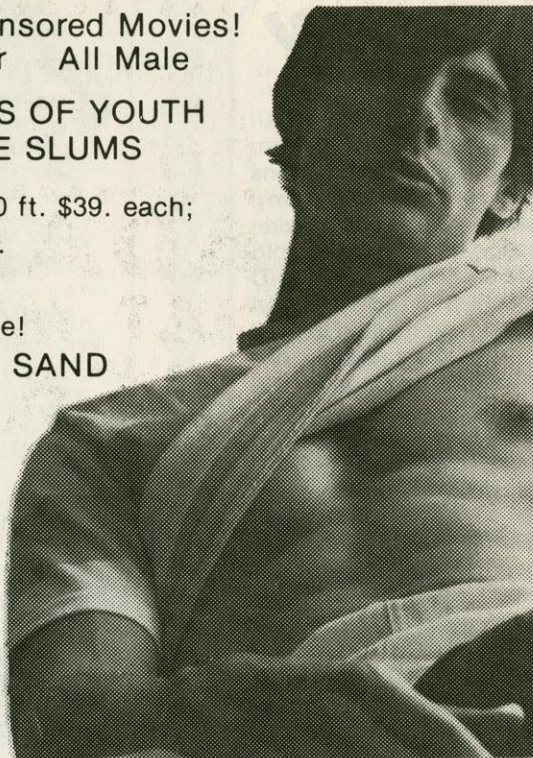
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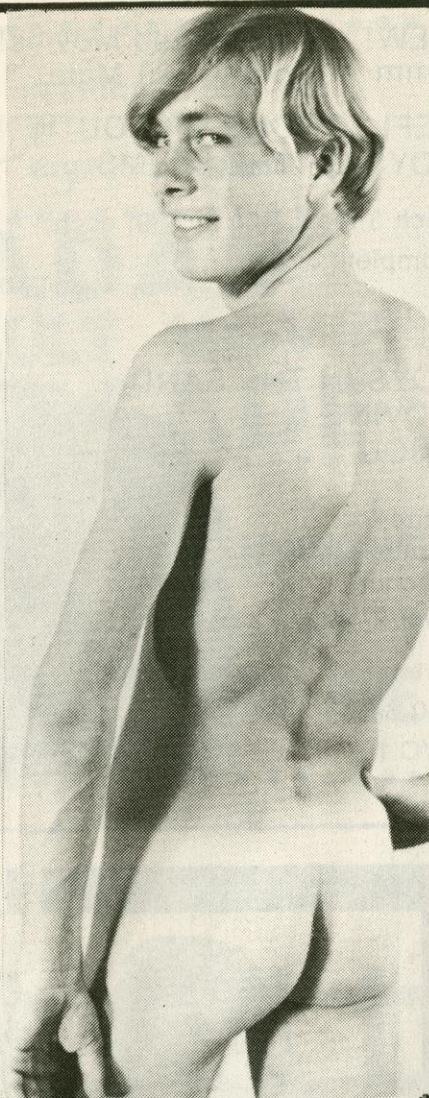
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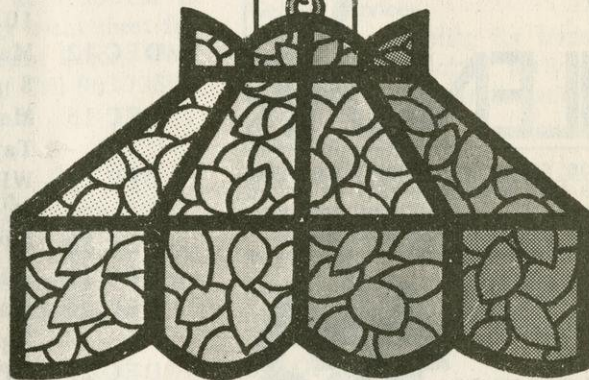
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