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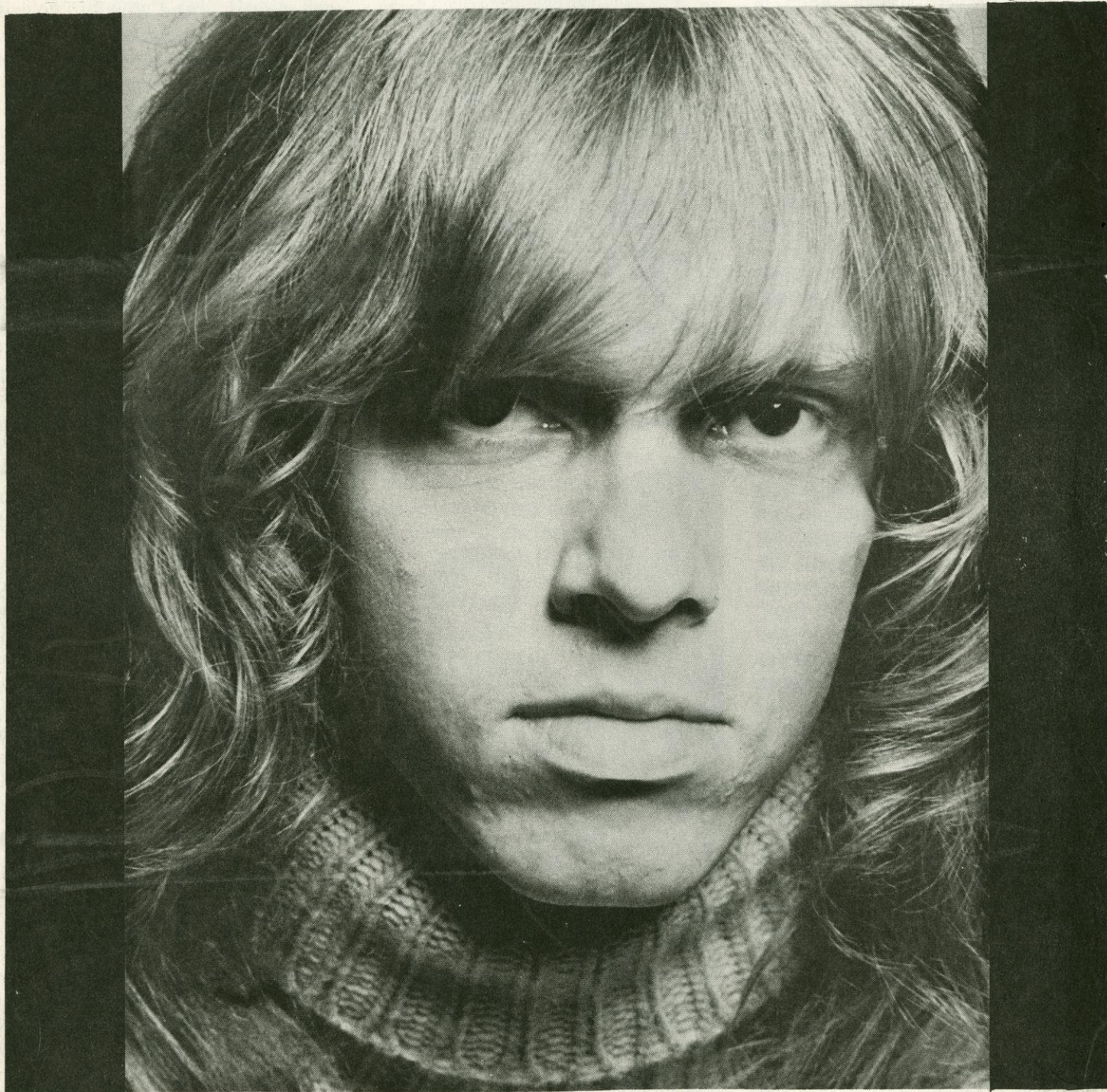
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March 1975
Ä GPU NEWS 50¢
VOL. 4, NO. 5



chris robison

LOCAL DIGNITY GROUP FORMED

Milwaukee - A chapter of the National Association of Gay Roman Catholic women and men called Dignity has been formed in Milwaukee.

Aware of the fact that the efforts of the Church in ministering to the Gay Catholic were most inadequate, an Augustinian priest based in San Diego first formulated the Dignity idea in 1969. In 1972 groups of gay Catholics in other cities began affiliating with Dignity. National Dignity was formally organized at a convention held in Los Angeles over the 1973 Labor Day

weekend. Presently there are over 30 established chapters in cities throughout the United States and Canada, four affiliated chapters in Australia, and five chapters in formation.

Dignity's position and purpose statement encompasses four major areas of concern. Spiritual development for gay Catholic women and men. Education about the realities of gay people and gay liberation directed toward the Church, society and individuals. Social development to help channel gay Catholics' energies to issues of oppression

both within and outside of the gay community. And finally, social events for gay people to recreate and experience an atmosphere where friendships can develop and mature.

Dignity/Milwaukee will be meeting each Sunday evening at 7:30 p.m. at the Newman Center at 2528 East Linnwood Ave., Milwaukee, Wi. There will be a liturgy from 7:30 to 8:30 and gatherings afterward from 8:30 to 10:30 p.m. For more information call 276-5218 and ask for Dennis or 962-2659 and ask for Grant.

STORMY BATTLE OVER RIGHTS BILL

Philadelphia - On January 27 the Law and Government Committee of Philadelphia's City Council held a second day of hearing on bill no. 1275 which would amend the city's Fair Practice Code to end discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation in employment (both public and private), housing and public accomodation. The first day of hearings was held in December. The committee must now send the bill to the floor of the City Council with a "pass" or "do not pass" recommendation.

About 100 persons attended the hearing and many were surprised at the unexpected supportive testimony of Deputy Attorney General Barry Kohn of Pennsylvania's Attorney General's Office. Kohn said the bill would not violate the states criminal code regarding sexual behavior and in urging its passage he said he was also expressing the view of Attorney General Robert P. Kane and Governor Shapp. He added that his department is working on possible state legislation to afford homosexuals protection against discrimination. He said, "All people, no matter what their personal sexual orientation, have certain basic human rights. The right to have a safe place to live,

as well as the opportunity to earn a livelihood should be fundamental in any society."

City Council President George X. Schwartz clashed with the proponents of the bill. Refusing to use the word gay, he used instead the word homo and provoked the rage of gay activists by continual clinical questions about what homosexuals do in bed. He asked, "What do you think homosexuals do—hold hands?" Then he asked Kohn if he thought "they use an ear or have a parakeet?" Catcalls, boos and hisses greeted many of his abusive remarks.

Several fundamentalist ministers also opposed the bill. The Rev. Charles Evangelus Phillips of the Deliverance Evangelistic Church, 4732 N. Broad St., warned City Council that should the bill pass, "your own homes will be affected. You won't be able to confine the spreading cancer of homosexuality to center city."

He emphasized his remarks with denunciations of "sodomites" and "ministers of Satan." "Don't trust these men with their collars turned on backwards," he said, referring to other clerical testimony. To a chorus of "Amens," the Rev. Phil-

(continued on page 4)



Photo: Len Lear - Philadelphia Tribune

Brother Grant Michael Fitzgerald of the Salvatorian Gay Ministry Task Force and Byrna Aronson of the American Civil Liberties Union and Lesbian Hotline. Seated: Ken Orth, left, seminarian at Harvard Divinity School and chairman of the United Church of Christ Gay Caucus, and Louise Rose, right, chairperson of the American Baptist Gay Caucus.

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ACTIVIST DR. HOWARD J. BROWN DIES

New York - Dr. Howard J. Brown, New York City's first Health Services Administrator during Mayor John Lindsay's administration and one of the founders of the National Gay Task Force died here on February 1 at his Greenwich Village home of a heart attack. He was 50 years old.

Dr. Brown was born in Peoria, Illinois. After attending high school there, he won a scholarship to Hiram College in Ohio. His studies were interrupted by World War II army service as an enlisted man. He received his medical degree in 1948 from Western Reserve Medical School in Cleveland. During his internship he served as staff physician at the United Auto Workers clinic in Detroit. This work was his first experience in the field of public health.

In 1954 he moved to New York to accept the position of Director of Professional Services for the Health Insurance Plan and in 1961 he took over the ambulatory care unit at Gouverneur Health Clinic on the city's lower east side. This unit became a model clinic, specializing in high quality, personalized health service.

In 1966, when he was named to head the newly-formed New York City Health Services Administration, he envisioned a complete change in public health care. He said that the system suffers because it is "geared to the professional needs of the physicians, not to the medical needs of the patients." For example, he cited the fact that specialists only looked for symptoms in their own specialty, overlooking symptoms outside of that specialty. As a result, patients had to make many trips to the clinics in order to have adequate medical care.

When he resigned seventeen months later because of a heart attack, he admitted that he had not



The New York Times
Dr. Howard J. Brown

made the progress that he wished and that the traditional methods of patient interview and care prevailed. A factor in his resignation decision was the rumor that the late Washington D.C. columnist Drew Pearson was about to reveal the names of several homosexuals in top positions in the Lindsay administration. Brown later said that he was "terrified" that he would be one of those named.

In 1968 he became Director of Community Medicine at Fordham Hospital and later began a career of full-time teaching at New York University's School of Public Administration and its School of Medicine. He held professorships at both schools at the time of his death and was one of the most admired teachers and counselors at NYU.

After a second heart attack in 1972, Dr. Brown said, "If I were going to leave some legacy to the gay cause I had to act as soon as I could. So it was really during that period that I decided it might be useful if a physician announced his homosexuality."

Accordingly, he asked the Public Health Association to set up a committee to combat anti-gay

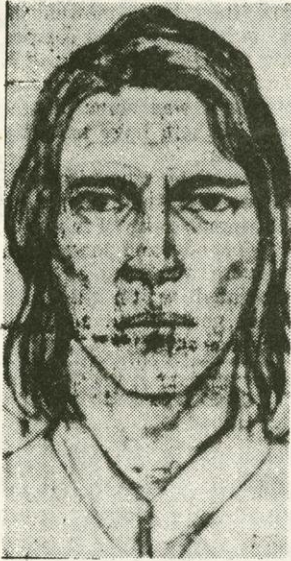
discrimination against homosexuals in public health. He admitted his homosexuality to the board of directors and asked for the chairmanship if such a committee were formed. Both requests were granted, but no publicity resulted. He even marched in a Christopher Street Day parade and later commented, "I didn't see anyone I knew."

Then in early October 1973 he spoke before a group of 700 doctors who were having a one-day conference on homosexuality at the New Jersey Medical Society. In the middle of his speech he astonished them all by saying, "Really I was invited here not as a medical scientist but as a street homosexual. And from now on I'm going to tell you what the real problems of homosexuality are." After the speech he was given sustained applause by his fellow doctors and a television interview was arranged. The *New York Times* ran the story on page one and he appeared on every television network in the city. He was praised for his candor in the media throughout the country. (See GPU NEWS November-December 1973).

Within a month, together with Bruce Voeller and other gay leaders, he founded the National Gay Task Force (NGTF), serving as co-chairperson until recently. Through NGTF and the Gay Academic Union of which he was a member, he has given many speeches and interviews emphasizing the positive aspects of gay life. His autobiography *Homosexual Lives* will be published in April.

Memorial services were presented in New York on February 12 by New York University and February 17 by NGTF.

Dr. Brown is survived by a sister, Mrs. John Sibley of New York and millions of gay brothers and sisters who have taken heart from his example and work.



Los Angeles- The "Skid Row slasher," who has cut the throats of nine men in two months, is a husky blond homosexual in his 20s who may be driven by impotence or hatred of his father, police said. The latest victim was discovered on January 31.

He is "a jackal, an animal who

RIGHTS

(from page 2)

lips shouted, "We are wrestling with demon spirits!"

Brother Grant Michael Fitzgerald of the Salvatorian Gay Ministry Task Force and Milwaukee's Gay Peoples Union gave eloquent testimony. He said, "I am a gay from birth. I am dedicated to celibacy. It isn't right to think because a white heterosexual rapes a 22 month old baby that all whites are rapists, or if five black boys terrorize a home all blacks are terrorists. There are responsible homosexuals, and there are irresponsible ones—just as there are responsible heterosexuals as well as irresponsible ones."

When Schwartz objected to his use of the word gay and asked him to say homo instead, he said, "I object to the use of the word homo and will not be called nigger or homo."

When Philadelphia's Baptist Mi-

L.A. KILLER SOUGHT

preys on weaklings and cripples," but not a vampire, a police spokesman said, denying reports that the slasher drank the blood of some victims.

As part of one of the greatest manhunts in the city's history, a composite drawing of the suspect has been distributed and a psychiatric profile was drawn up by a panel of psychiatrists and psychologists.

The man was described as white and between 20 and 30.

"We think he's a sexually weak and deficient person who is being driven to a frenzy to commit these murders as a substitute for the normal heterosexual relationship," said Deputy Police Chief George A. Beck.

Five elderly men described as derelicts had their throats slashed during December and January, all out of doors and downtown. In the final weeks of January the killer moved west to the Hollywood area and two of the last four victims

nisters Conference took a stand against the bill, Brother Grant and other gay religious leaders were interviewed by the **Philadelphia Tribune** in rebuttal. Their statements and a photograph appeared on the front page as they labeled the Baptist's charges as "unchristian, bigoted, and untruthful." Brother Grant was quoted as saying, "As a Black minister myself, I say this attitude is ungodly."

The **Philadelphia Daily News** supported the bill in an editorial headlined "Shut up George." They attacked Schwartz by stating "The People Paper believes the non-discrimination bill should pass. Alas, no better discrimination case against this minority has been made than by President Schwartz himself with his sneering, vulgar inquiries. They are demeaning to Schwartz, an insult to petitioners and hold Philadelphia city government up to ridicule."

were found in their own apartments.

After the last killings, the media widely quoted the above statement from the police department. Jim Kepner of One, Inc., issued the following statement: "Gay people here have been distressed by repeated media statements that the 'slasher' is homosexual. Whatever the orientation or motivation of the unknown killer of nine older men may prove to be, the allegation that the police are looking for a homosexual has no factual basis."

Commander Pete Hagen of the Los Angeles Police Department admitted that authorities had made conjectures, but that the police had no evidence which would point to the orientation or identity of the killer.

GAY WEDDING LEGAL?

Phoenix, Az. - Tony Secuya and Sam Burnett, ages 39 and 25, had their blood tests taken and handed over \$3 for a marriage license January 7. Fully aware they were both men, the Maricopa County clerk, Wilson D. Palmer, gave them the license, later explaining he saw no legal basis for refusing the pair a license. Maricopa County Attorney Moise Berger, in an attempt to correct the "error", urged the clerk to seek an injunction to prevent a wedding ceremony, but before the injunction could be served, the men were married by Rev. John Paul Stevens of the Gay Church of Christian Fellowship. Now, in a legal ploy to invalidate the marriage, the county attorney has charged Secuya with "filing false documents," a felony, reasoning that Secuya filled out the section of the marriage license application reserved for the woman—though he had done so at the direction of the clerk, who knew he was a man.



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REVIEW

by Wayne Jefferson

George and Gordon are back together again! That was the clean-cut ending in a recent version of that show some think sordid, **HOT L BALTIMORE**. This odd couple—for those who don't know—form part of the menage, or menagerie, of a tacky, run-down, non-respectable residential hotel in Norman Lear's latest situation comedy. The joint is populated by a harlequin assemblage of genial hookers, grouchy old men, and its quota of assorted oddballs.

In this version, the show "came out" to this couple, who previously have been limited to a walk-through at show's start and end, a sort of cameo set-piece. Now George decided to split up because Gordon,

MEMBER COSMEP

COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
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Yours in Liberation,
THE PUBLICATION
COMMITTEE

a shoe clerk by day, wanted to take law-school courses two nights a week to improve himself, become his own person. George was jealous. And there ensued a garden-variety lovers' quarrel.

With center-stage floodlight on them, the reactions of others to them had to be spot-lit also. And these were true-to-life, satisfyingly varied as always—from the old grouch who treated them much as he did everyone else (Bronx cheer to all), to the owner's son, who after the hold-your-breath moment overcame his queer-fear and gingerly shook George's hand, to the hookers' matter-of-fact, mother-hen approach ("many of our clients have domestic problems"), right on to the Right-On, non-homophobic response of the desk clerk and the young Black—"love is love, wherever you find it." (Or as was said by Rod McKuen—though one would wish he'd be more explicit!—"It is not who we love or how we love, but that we love.") That was the universal message that emerged—love, versus loneliness, and admitting the need.

So Lear did it again, "handled that subject"—as he did with Archie Bunker and that butch-appearing ex-football-pro, through Maude's "knee-jerk liberal" uneasiness—after all, and now this. Were the characters stereotyped? No, no hairdecorators here. Oh, perhaps a bit of old auntie, fussy bitchiness suggested—but aha, George's peevish and petulant pouting was more a universal reaction-to-loss, and also a male thing of control/competition/dominance, than just gay role-playing. (Best line in the show, from one of the happy hookers to George: "Why, you male chauvinist pig, you!")

Will **HOT L BALTIMORE** last its season out? There's doubt; the ratings teeter toward its extinction. How about George-and-Gordon, however? Well, it's happily as the desk clerk said: "I'll give them another thirty years."

FEEDBACK

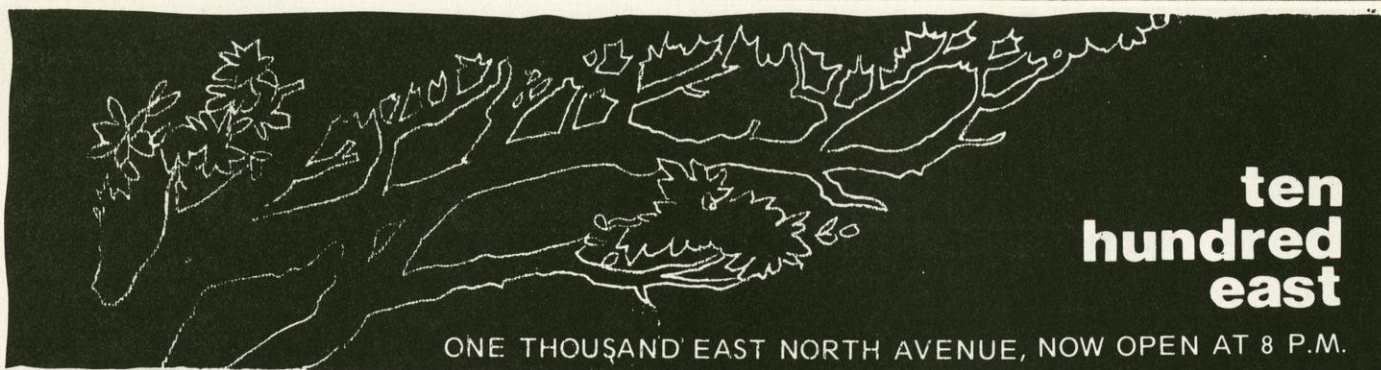
My dear GPU NEWS,

Many thanks for the (Jan.-Feb.) issue of GPU NEWS, which I received yesterday evening. It is truly well put together - edited in a tone which is, one could say, objective: at least without the tears and sentimentality which only too often characterise the rose-water literature frequently produced by writers within the (gay) milieu. I think in fact of the efforts of a number of European publications in this respect, because their appeals to the "faithful" have an air of sweetened sentimentality which is often quite distasteful. In contrast GPU NEWS possesses a tastefulness not even displayed by a number of relatively new Scandinavian periodicals, which too easily permit themselves to slide into simple-minded porno-

Frankly the rather gushy blatherings of most publications in this branch leave me personally rather unmoved, and those from Northern Europe where pornography is exclusively the order of the day are just a bit too idiotic. For the latter is merely giving a sugar-coated pill to children, instead of going about problem-solving, as one infers the writers, the editor, and these organisations do. Of course, I must admit that the cover of the GPU journal rather shocked me, but then again if one understands it in the light of being a collage of the "language of oppression," then it is well and good.

Also, one must point to you that a country, or perhaps only a state therein, which allows the publication of such as well as the proliferation of those establishments whose adverts are in that review, must be fairly liberal. Therefore, perhaps you'll further grasp why at least parts of the U.S.A. seem rather like a paradise to one who hardly dares whisper his name, even though no law forbids it.

(name withheld) Switzerland



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FACTORY

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CROSSWORDS

ACROSS

- 1) Fastener
- 2) Corporal: abbr.
- 8) Post script: abbr.
- 10) Forbidden: var.
- 11) Part of boot
- 13) Employ
- 14) Incite
- 15) Identification
- 17) Revised statutes: abbr.
- 18) Black and --- (California uniform club)
- 20) Slender finial
- 21) Male nickname
- 22) Tightly tailored
- 26) Stud horse
- 29) Bitter vetch
- 30) Poem
- 31) Partial boot soles
- 32) Small flap or loop
- 33) Greek god of war
- 34) Highest note in scale
- 35) Club
- 36) Type of helmet
- 37) Leather-covered shields
- 39) I am - contraction
- 40) Illuminated
- 41) Small globe
- 42) Boots/breeches: abbr.
- 44) Riding pants
- 48) On the ocean
- 50) Male nickname
- 51) War is ---
- 52) Requirement
- 53) Revised statutes: abbr.
- 54) Chinese leader
- 55) Appointment

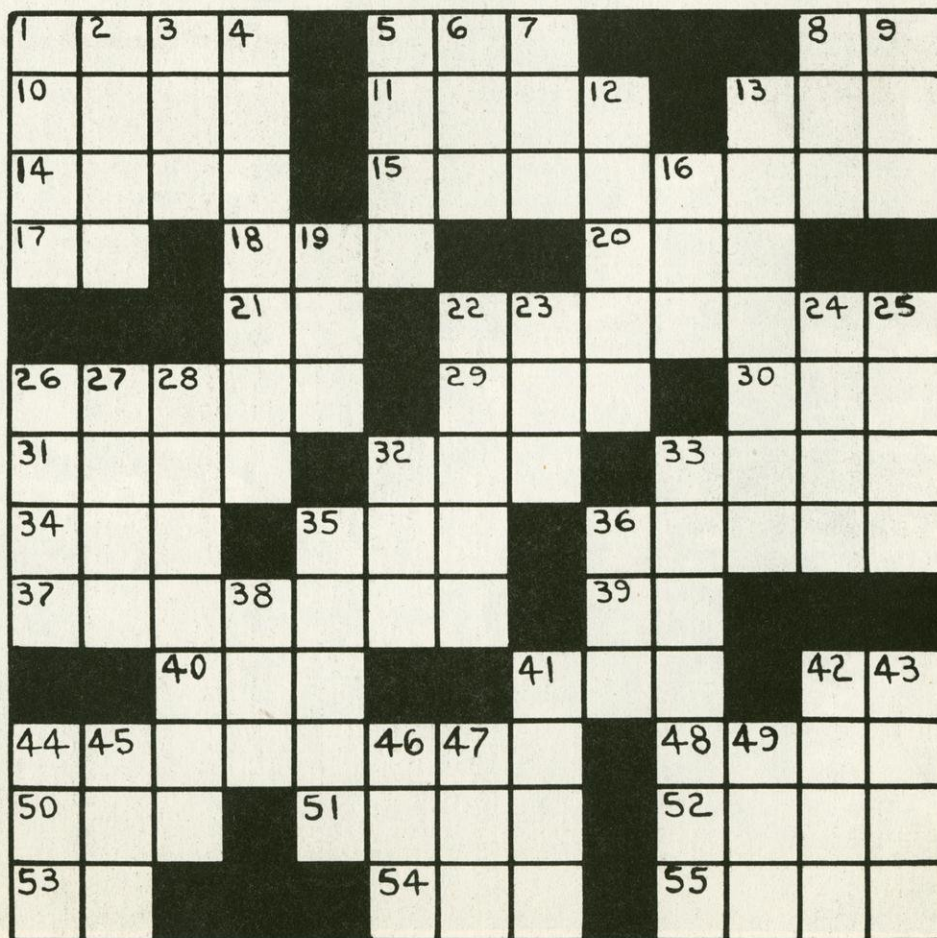
- 7) Male nickname
- 8) Greek letter
- 9) Ocean
- 12) Those who wait in ambush
- 13) Prescribed apparel for a group
- 16) Gallons per minute: abbr.
- 19) Sum
- 22) Accomplishments
- 23) Same as 41 Across
- 24) Idea: var.
- 25) Exam
- 26) Saints: abbr.
- 27) Powder

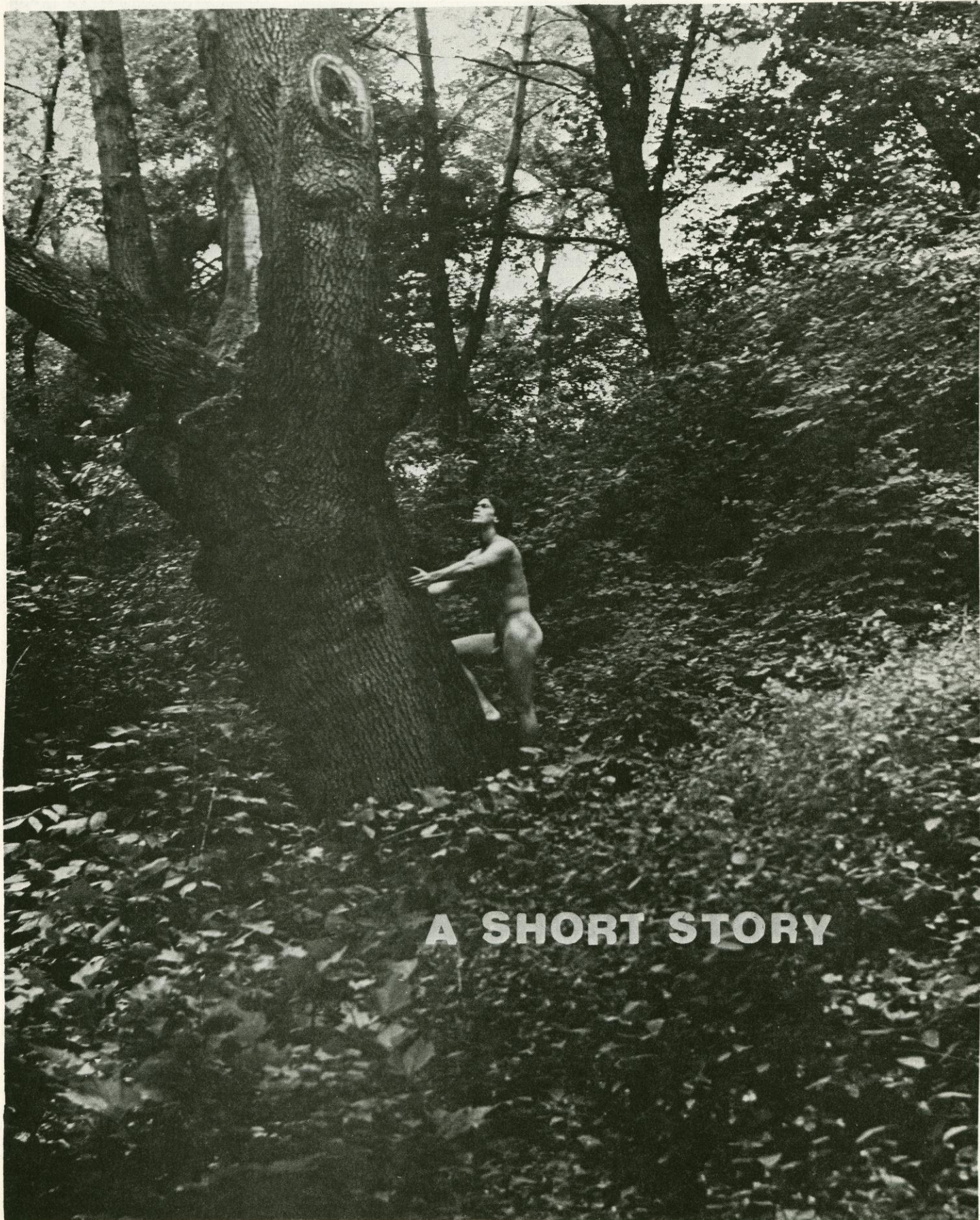
- 32) Scottish hat
- 33) Sleeve insignia
- 35) Very masculine
- 36) Army --- corps
- 38) Neck ---
- 41) Capitol of Norway
- 42) Sugar --
- 43) Bid - past tense
- 44) Gold ---
- 45) Railroads: abbr.
- 46) Bottom of dress
- 47) Same as 34 Across
- 49) Ocean

(Solution on page 29)

DOWN

- 1) Five --- general
- 2) Grabs
- 3) --- Lincoln
- 4) Leggings
- 5) --- strap
- 6) Sty





A SHORT STORY

"BOBBY"

by John H. Davenport

*I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a kite on the Fourth of July,
And if you'll excuse
An expression I use,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy.*

These are the words to a song from Rogers and Hammerstein's musical *South Pacific*. They are reprinted without permission because they keep running around in my head (without permission) every time I think of Bobby.

I've had trouble getting this story printed. Several editors have refused it; one with a tart note. . . "too self-indulgent to print." "You indulge yourself too much," said Don Juan to his faithful scribe. Well, why in the sacred name of Pulitzer shouldn't I indulge myself? No editor can stop me from writing about--or remembering--Bobby.

Another editor said the story is too corny. Of course it's corny, but I know my readers. I know every one of you. There's not a one of you who hasn't fallen in love. Oh sure, you turn up your electric rock to full volume until the meaningless--meaningless if not downright unintelligible--words come booming out to turn off all the old folks within earshot. But in the quiet hours of the night, when they've all gone to sleep and you are all alone with your beloved stereo, I know the lonesome love songs you put on. I know the lovelorn lyrics you memorize and hum along with the recording artist, be it Janis Joplin or Donovan. I know you. When you're all alone with no one to hear or see you, you think of someone like Bobby.

So, I know you'll excuse an expression I use and probably smile indulgently and hum along with me as I sing: "I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love . . . with Bobby."

I don't remember the exact date that I met Bobby. I know it wasn't the Fourth of July. I'd remember that because that's Vivian's birthday. Vivian is this friend of mine who lives in Brooklyn, but that's another story. I do remember that it was a sunny summer day around noon. I was on my way to my favorite secluded sun spot where I regularly went to sunbathe. It is a beautiful spot up on a ridge in the hills overlooking the city, a small grassy clearing among the pine trees with an icy brook nearby that flows from the high country.

I had stopped briefly at the University Student Center on some now forgotten errand and was having a rather desultory, semi-serious discussion about politics with a young man who was trying to convince me that "politics is not rational." "You can't really believe that," he com-

plained. "You're not being serious with me." He was partly right. I wasn't paying too much attention to the conversation. The sun was calling. I wanted to get to my sunspot and, besides, the attractive boys and girls lolling in the sun's rays around the fountain were too distracting.

At that point I turned around and saw him for the first time. Had he been listening? I don't know. We looked at each other. He was half smiling. I didn't notice it then, but I had already fallen in love with him. I had fallen into his large, deep-blue eyes and was floating around in them. I did notice the lapel button bearing the sign of the two circles, each with an arrow pointing up and to the right, linked together in the love of one man for another man. I also saw the earrings--not one, but two--one for each pierced ear. I remember thinking how strange it is that this fashion, started by hardboiled, two-fisted World War II marines, back from the sunbathed, anti-personnel-mined sands and reddened waters of some South Sea island, should have been taken up by love children.

As I looked at his radiant face I was caught in his clear, open gaze and suddenly I knew that I had fallen in love. How can I explain that very extra-special kind of joy that was filling up within me and overflowing? I had to speak to him, but I didn't know what to say. Then I saw his yellow rucksack firmly anchored to his back.

"Are you just passing through?" I stuttered.

He laughed and said that he was and our conversation, so difficult to begin, started to flow. He told me that his name was Bobby and that he had slept under the stars the night before somewhere up near Rollinsville. I mentally noted that he was not of the common herd, but I didn't tell him that. I only told him that I was on my way up to my hilltop sun spot.

"I'll give you a choice," I said. "You can truck on up there with me now or you can follow my directions and come up later. I'll be there as long as the sun is."

He wanted to find some decent food first, so I told him where the natural food store was located. "You can bring me a sandwich when you come up," I said, handing him a buck to buy one for me. He agreed and I gave him directions to the sun spot. I was so elated I could hardly keep from touching him. I wanted to beg him not to forget, but I couldn't. He had said that he would come to me and for the moment that had to suffice.

I left him and floated, dazed, past cars and streets and people. It was then that the song from *South Pacific* began to work its way into my head. "High as a kite on the Fourth of July." "That's me," I thought. "High as a kite!"

After a kite gets up high enough, it stops diving down and zooming up again. It just hangs there, far above everything below, a tiny dot in the blue. No more wild changes--just the balancing pull of the string against the seductive

whispers of the wind on its skin. High, very high, but not going anywhere, certainly not independent, but just floating.

I found my way to the pine trees and the small, silent wilderness sounds, allowing the string to unwind slowly. I came to rest and wait. Almost to rest, that is, because waiting is so difficult. It's only us poor lovers who can't wait. The pine trees wait. They bend in the wind and under the snow, but they wait. The hills wait. They will still be waiting when the last Kodak snapper in the final tourist season has come and snapped and gone. Even the ants underfoot and the flies and jackdaws overhead are busily waiting for their appointed ends.

I tried to keep busy, too, as I waited for Bobby. I stripped and dipped my body once or twice into the icy waters of the brook that came from the high country. I dried myself in the cooling breeze and the warming sun, but I was impatient. I cursed and slapped at the bluebottle flies and I tried, without success, to write a line or two in my notebook.

I lost all sense of time and began to worry. "He should be here by now. Maybe he missed a turn." I couldn't stand the tension any longer, so I posted watch where I could see the trail below. Then, after what seemed eons, I spied a tiny form miraculously bobbing far below. The glint of a yellow back pack! Bobby!

I began to float again as I watched the tiny figure grow larger as it moved up the steep trail. His pace was strong and he came onward and upward without a pause. Just as he rounded the last turn I scurried back to the privacy of the grassy spot and pretended to be resting, asleep.

I couldn't feign sleep because I was so eager to see him. I opened my eyes and watched him as he entered the clearing. He strode to the edge of my blanket where he unbuckled and unslung the back pack. It dropped to the earth with a thud and lay there, a bright patch of yellow. He silently removed his shirt and sat down to take off his shoes. There was a pause before he rolled next to me on the blanket that covered the pine tree needles and raspy dried up grass.

He curled his body up into a yoga plough position, holding the pose long enough for me to sketch, in my mind with stark Picasso strokes, the curves of his half-naked body. Then he uncurled, arching his back and stretching the muscles of his chest, shoulders and fuzz-brushed belly. He spoke now, a sighing groan: "That pack gets heavy, man." Then he stood and stripped his pants and shorts away and looked down at me.

"You don't have a white stripe around your waist like I do," he said. "You must have really worked on that tan."

I had to laugh. "Oh, no. It's very easy. Sometimes a deer or two will wander through and wonder why I'm here, but humans who come by keep to the trail and never see the world around their heads."

We faced each other, seated, while we rapped. I held a semi-lotus pose, but he stretched out his legs, then bent his knees and put the soles of his feet together. The arches formed an oval and I flashed--we had no weed, but you can flash without it--bending over in a wild impulse, I put my head down and licked the oval's sides.

We talked some more, of life, and him, and me, the

world, the puffy clouds, the sun, and--well, whatever people talk about who feel the timeless moment grow and bud and burst to open out in petals of a flower that sways when summer breezes blow it on its stem.

As our flower bloomed, it lifted us up on our knees and we put our arms around each other and moved our fingers up and down each other's backs. We warmed our faces in the breath we breathed into each other's hair. The sun beamed down upon us and--so it seemed to me--gave its benediction with its rays.

At last, he laughed and said something like, "You can stay here as long as you want, but my knees are killing me." We broke away and talked some more, floating in each other's eyes. A few times, too, we kissed and as the sun began to wane we dressed and made our way slowly down the trail, hand in hand.

We spent the night making love on the cool sheets of my bed, tasting the joys of our manhood and our brotherhood. The next morning, before the sun had a chance to boil off the little rainbow drops on the grass, I watched him pack his odds and ends neatly into his shiny yellow nylon backpack. Lying in bed in a kind of early summer morning haze, I played around like a kitten with the thought--"He's leaving, he's taking off." I even found--"We'll never see each other again"--and I cuffed that thought around for a few moments as I watched him prepare to leave me.

"That's what the *I Ching's* all about," I thought. Everything changes and it all boils down to a lot of comings and goings. And Shakespeare echoed the thought with his lines:

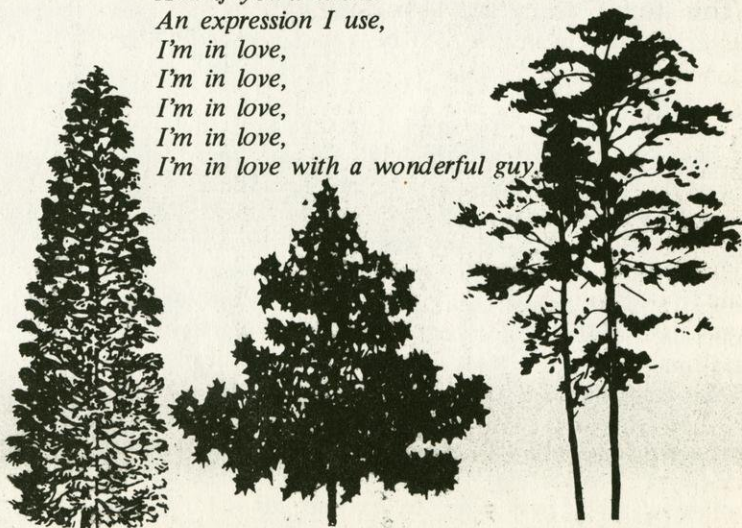
*Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.*

Everything changes, and there I was, firmly rooted in time (Time's fool?), feeling the eternal changes--actually *feeling* them--going on before my eyes and being a part of them.

From my front door I watched him, trudging sturdily with that yellow pack on his back toward the main highway. He never looked back. As I watched, he disappeared beyond a building. I could have followed him, but my place was there in the doorway.

And then--the song came back into my head.

*I'm as corny as Kansas in August,
High as a kite on the Fourth of July,
And if you'll excuse
An expression I use,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love with a wonderful guy.*



A Gay Views Male Liberation

Part 1



by Wayne Jefferson

Can you imagine a straight male willingly smoking an Eve cigarette in public, or chauffeuring his buddies to work in a car named a Ford Daisy or a Dodge Pansy?

"No way," you say. But what about this, then? Can you imagine a straight, married male willingly sharing both the housework and the child-raising, fully, with his wife? Or putting on his job resume: "1972-74, I took care of our children"?

The Eves and the Pansies—that's hardly serious. But are you aware of what happens when liberated wives suggest these other two things to their husbands? That's right. Something "breaks loose" or "hits the fan." In spite of how it may seem, the topic of male liberation is relevant to all of us, not just Joe Straight in Suburbia.

This tough topic is relevant to all, although many may not realize it at first. The Male Role or "Code" can, in American tradition, foul up politics, damage a male's relationship with wife and children as well as male friends, and—worst of all—damage his own self image. Strength, aggression, male-chauvinism, "cool" control—all these roles can backfire. Men's liberation, working with women's liberation, says Warren Farrell in *The Liberated Male: Beyond Masculinity*, can heal (heal?) male chauvinism and create better couple and family relationships.

"So what?" you say. That seems irrelevant to us, the gay outsiders who cliffdwell cozily on the Social Edge with its breathtaking if chilling vistas. "That" being the green-lawned "Snakepit of Suburbia" (heterosexual/familied) with its panoply of

Bar-B-Qs, Barbie Dolls—and bickering. Freer in life styles, we do seem un-ruled from the tight little island of Hubby and The Little Woman.

So what's the "male role" to us? We can just watch the game from the sidelines (through our opera glasses, perhaps) as Joe Straight lumbers and slogs head-long down the Gridiron of Life-Career. Let him defend his precious ball-cargo as he thuds through the obstacles of his foe-fellows in pursuit of the Goals, finally spewing himself ejaculate into the end-zone. We can simply watch with the tiniest tinge of envy, coupled, of course, with a smug and knowing smile. (The outsider's trip is a whole nother one; as from *Alice in Wonderland* "and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it's all feasting and fun!" But that was in another country where the turf was less plastic than Astro turf.

The above exaggeration does have a point. Straight and gay do live in segregation, in psychic apartheid. More important, however, is the fact that gay males are just that, both gay and male. Even as we were "raised straight" and had to cope with our gayness, so we were "raised male" and must still cope with the bear-hug of the "masculine straightjacket." But you say, "Gay males have escaped male chauvinism by being gay." Let's take another look at that one. Men's liberation turns out to be practical, even for gay men. It can improve gay males' relations with (1) other gay males (in sex, love, friendship), (2) one's self in personal growth, and (3) women, straight and gay. Farrell, like most of the writers on men's lib, doesn't go into this—so we will have to do it ourselves.

Male Oppression: Yes and No

At first glance the notion that the heterosexual male is "oppressed" seems laughably absurd or irritatingly insensitive to those who are indeed oppressed minorities. Who is the kingpin if not the straight white male? He is as free and in charge as we minorities are not. The roster of oppression is five-fold: (1) Legally-physically—he's not oppressed by sex laws and queer bashing. (2) Occupationally-financially—he's not fired because of his sexual orientation. (3) Institutionally—he is welcomed by our institutions—Psychiatry—Marriage is

(continued on page 16)

FLESH GORDON

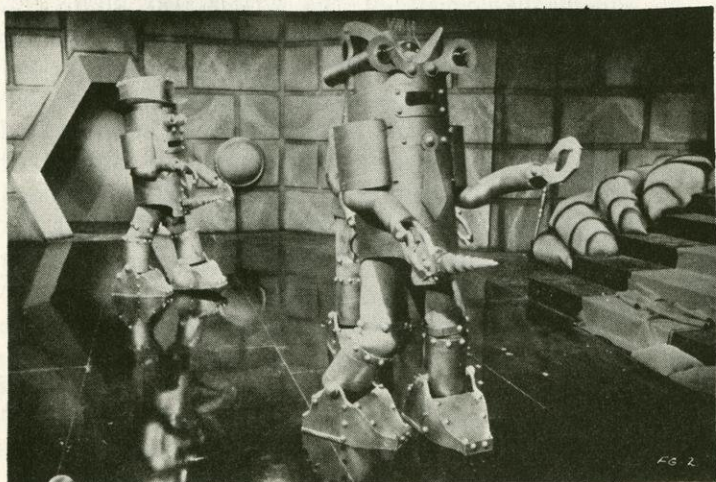
A Mammoth Film release by Graffitti Productions; produced by Howard Ziehm and William Osco; directed by Ziehm and Michael Benveniste; screenplay by Benveniste; photography by Ziehm; starring Jason Williams, Suzanne Fields, Joseph Judgins and William Hunt. Rated X (adults only).

by Sam Edwards

Ads for the film *Flesh Gordon* boldly announce it as "an outrageous parody of yesterday's super heroes!" and explain that it is "not to be confused with the original Flash Gordon." To make doubly sure that his audiences understand (and possibly to give the film the "redeeming social value" necessary to get around the anti-porn laws) producer-director Howard Ziehm presents a written preamble right after the credits. The preamble (also spoken in case you can't read) pays homage to the once popular screen serials of the thirties and states that it was done "with the spirit of the old and the outrageousness of the new."

As a matter of fact, the film was originally made as a hard-core porn flick, complete with explicit sex scenes which were later cut out. In addition to spoofing the super heroes of yesterday and the serials of the thirties, the film ridicules science fiction and the skin flicks of today.

As the film opens, the world is being threatened by a sex ray from outer space which causes humans to suffer from uncontrollable sexual



frenzy. *Flesh Gordon* is summoned to Washington to see if he can find a remedy before the population screws itself to death. *Flesh* meets Dale Ardor on the plane just before it is hit, in mid-flight, by the sex ray. The passengers rip off their clothes and begin the first filmed airborne gang bang, being joined by the crew who abandon the controls to join the orgy. The plane crashes, but *Flesh* and Dale extricate themselves from the wreckage and make their way to a nearby cottage owned by a scientist, Dr. Flexi Jerkoff.

Dr. Jerkoff has built a penis shaped spacecraft and the trio take off in it for the Planet Porn. Porn is ruled by Wang the Perverted who



has usurped the throne from its rightful occupant, Prince Precious. The evil Wang controls his people by using the sex ray and has directed its beams to Earth in an effort to control it also.

From this point on it is all imaginative camp, replete with King Kong type sex monsters, sexy robots, and lots and lots of sex. Dale Ardor's clothes are ripped off her so many times in sexual attacks that the viewer loses count. *Flesh* has a drawn out sexcapade with Queen Amora and after having his life saved from a monster by Prince Precious, he willingly rewards him by having sex with him. Ah, yes, for once, the gay guy is the good guy. He doesn't even mince or lisp. He's just a very nice man who happens to be gay.

The lesbian portrayals are not so benign, however. The lesbian leader is an exaggerated characterization of every lesbian stereotype known. She has an artificial leg, a patch over one eye and over one breast, a hook for a hand and she chomps on a cigar as she swaggers her way through a scene where Dale is strapped to a table and forced to eat out a lovely black lesbian. The exaggerations are so wild as to be totally beyond belief. They are obviously not intended as put downs



to lesbians, but as put downs to the stereotype images people have of lesbians.

Using Queen Amora's power pasties (Dr. Jerkoff wears them), the trio overthrow Wang, destroy the monsters and the sex ray and restore the throne to Prince Precious. Then they, somewhat regretfully, board the penis shaped space craft and return to Earth.

The acting in this film is passable even if the actors did take acting

lessons from Linda Lovelace. The people are attractive and natural and even though the film suffers from the cutting, the audiences seem to enjoy it. I, for one, think that it is high time that sex is taken off its pedestal and brought down to earth. Even though almost all the action in *Flesh Gordon* takes place in outer space or on another planet, it's earthy! It's also fun and that's one of the things sex should be. We hang entirely too many serious things on sex and we sometimes forget that it can be and should be the most enjoyable thing in life.

Flesh Gordon is the most expensive and ambitious "dirty" film I've ever seen. The special effects and technical stunts are worth the price of admission. It is an enjoyable evening of funny camp, but I am

left hoping that someone saved those sexy parts that were cut out. Perhaps one day we can see an unexpurgated version. I hope so, for I'll bet that the best parts were left on the cutting room floor.

Editor's note: *As this issue of GPU NEWS goes to press, we are informed that *Flesh Gordon* will be cut even more by its producers in order to secure an R (restricted) rating so it can be shown at drive-in theaters this summer.*

Male Liberation

(from page 13)



“normal”—Government—he runs it and runs us out—The Church—“be fruitful and multiply,” which means non-fruity—The Media—ah, those warm family shows on prime time! (4) Socio-culturally—he is not mistreated by the culture and the majority with bad (a) attitudes and stereotypes and (b) actions, discrimination and abuse. (5) Ego-destructive—he never has to decide that he is deviant (queer) and experience the shame, guilt and pain of fighting the feeling that he really is what the culture says he is. The straight male is oppressed? “Balderdash,” you say.

Wait a bit. There’s one more oppression I didn’t mention, a social one called “role assignment.” Culture and custom assign limited roles thought “proper”—and they become so—narrow roads of conduct and identity from which one wanders (deviates) only at the peril of informal social control. An invisible cop enforces these unwritten laws by means of self-censure in identity and self-esteem and the disapproval and ridicule of peers.

The Masculine Straitjacket

Most people don’t realize that role assignments are both pressuring and poisonous. The unwritten laws of “masculinity,” through tremendous subtle pressures, force men (gay men too?) to conform. These roles damage, blunt and dehumanize men (even gay men). Here, then, is the code (as handed down presumably by John Wayne on tablets):

STRENGTH—both physical and job/leadership. “Invulnerability” is vital; a man can never be wrong or even uncertain, appear weak, cry or show fear, be dependent, or even ask for help. “Self confidence” is a must. Note that, unlike femininity, this male identity is both harder to achieve and then never secure, but must be continually reproven.

AGGRESSIVENESS—includes leadership. A male must compete with other males and also be “superior” to women, perhaps even showing disrespect and contempt for other “inferior” males and women. “Control” is vital. A male not only initiates, but guides all actions, even sexual actions. A Real Man chooses the topics for talk,

talks articulately (but doesn’t listen well, especially to women), answers questions (doesn’t ask them), finds fault with others, solves the problems, and makes the decisions.

INTELLECTUALITY—includes being logical and practical. A male is not emotional (feminine). Real men are “mature” and “cool” even cold and callous if need be. In Farrell’s vivid phrase, men are “emotionally constipated.” Sensitivity, intuition, involvement, and understanding are all “off limits.”

ACTION—readiness: sexual and general. A male must “strive” for quick, goal-oriented, tangible results. He must “act” for Power and Success, which is not always humane worth or real value and inner growth. If a woman is a sex object, a man is a success object.

QUICK GENITAL SEXUALITY—none of that slower, whole-body sensuality (more about this fascinating topic later).

Pink and Blue Blankets

You say you’ve never met a male who followed all of this code? And, in any case, so what? Gay males have escaped this trip because they are more “sensitive, perceptive, intuitive, etc.” Ask a few perceptive women about the still male traits in many gay males (of course, what do women know, anyway?). And what’s wrong with traits like aggressiveness, force, independence, etc.? Nothing—except where culture and custom both limit them to and require them of males, even when inappropriate for person and situation, and deny the same traits to women. If gender A **must** be aggressive and **can’t** be gentle and gender B **must** be emotional and **can’t** be forthright, then something’s amiss. The old sex-role assignment or gender-role-identity trap is the opposite of the new “androgyny” which strives for a so-called mixture of male and female traits within each person, the proportions varying as appropriate. (Note: Simple role reversal isn’t liberation, a total “househusband” or a total “female executive” is still role-bound in new clothing.)

The male role is impoverished of these, not feminine, but **human** traits:

EMOTIONALITY—real openness to feelings, spontaneity, enthusiasm.

COMMUNICATION—intuition, sensitivity, compassion and empathy to others—the ability to listen.

INTROSPECTION—thoughtful pondering, humility, the freedom to question oneself and thus to grow.

OPENNESS WITH OTHERS—being warm, affectionate, tender, gentle, without worrying about who’s looking.

Peter Fisher in *The Gay Mystique* said, “Men are to be hollow fortresses, safe from attack or loss of status from without, safe from inappropriate emotions and uncertainty from within.” Michael Weiss said men are “dominant, callous, devoid of gentleness, unable to express feelings, and desperately

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BETWEEN ME AND LIFE

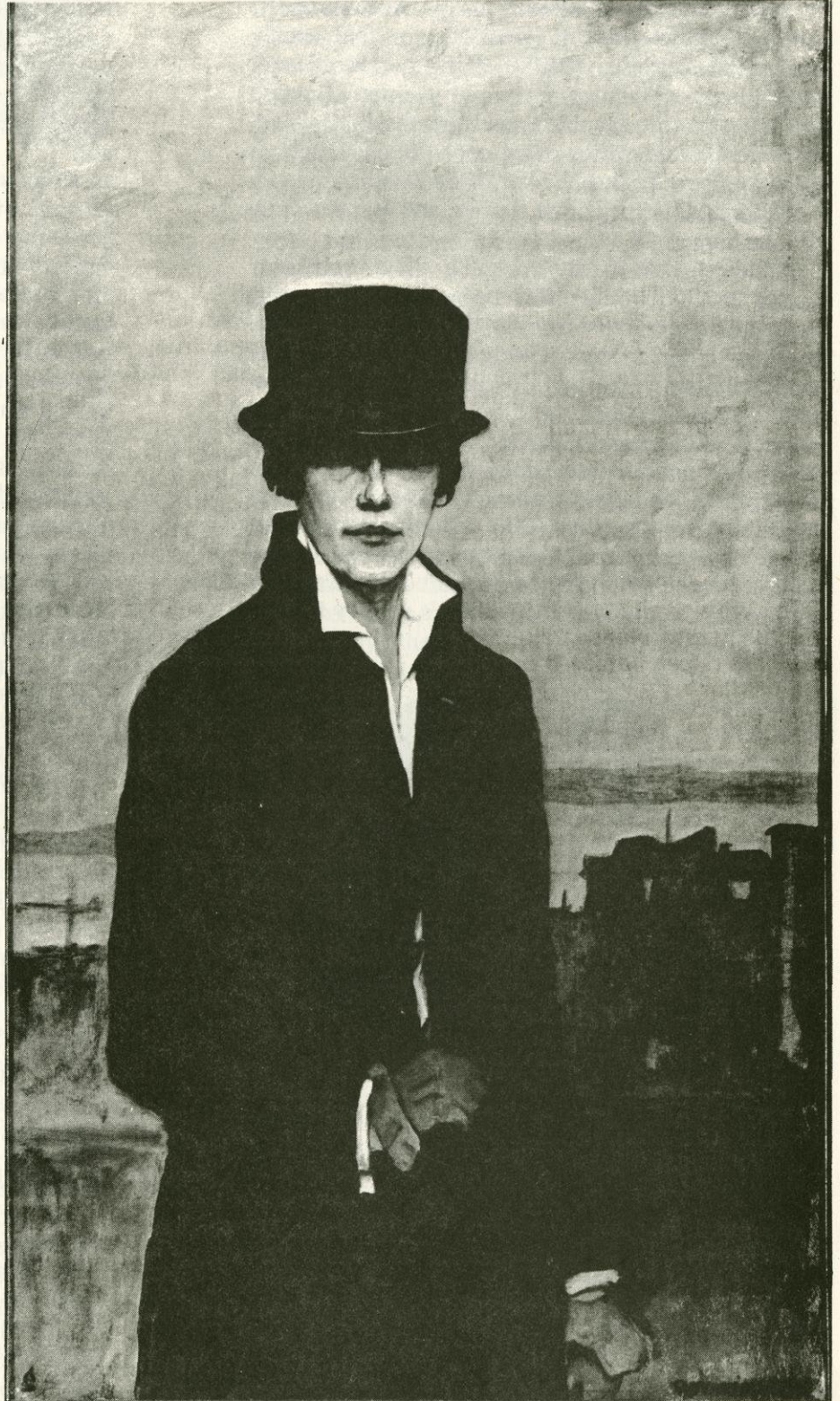
a biography of Romaine Brooks

by Meryle Secrest, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1974, \$12.50

by Donna Martin

Imagine, if you will, a Friday afternoon in Paris between the wars. The scene is a seventeenth-century house on the Left Bank with its miraculously preserved, rambling garden. Inside anywhere from twenty to a hundred people talk and mill about the densely decorated but comfortable salon, or are eating sandwiches, cakes, fruit and liquid refreshment from a large hexagonal table in the dining room. The atmosphere is subdued and warm, and the light an aquarium green from the curtain of ivy on the exterior walls and the huge tree in the courtyard. The guests range from the very proper monied and titled French elite; to a wide variety of artists, writers and musicians (both aspiring and arrived); to the simply surious and unconventional, hanging onto the fringes of this glittering society.

Presiding over this salon is Natalie Barney, before World War I something of a social outcast—a Bohemian—her circle of friends being largely homosexual. But by 1915 she had gained acceptance from the



"Self Portrait" by Romaine Brooks (1923)
Courtesy of the National Collection of
Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution.

artistic and intellectual elite through her friendship with Remy de Gourmont, poet, novelist, and spokesman for the Symbolist movement. Indeed he wrote a series of elegant essays, *Letters to the Amazon*, which were inspired by her, and widely read. And for the next fifty years an extraordinary assemblage of famous men and women came to the house on rue Jacob to meet this fascinating woman (and each other, of course). Such people as Colette, Ezra Pound, Dolly Wilde (Oscar's niece), Ford Madox Ford, Djuna Barnes, and Isadora Duncan, to name just a few.

Natalie's lover/friend of some fifty years, Romaine Brooks, would often be present also, acting as co-hostess. But she really hated these large gatherings, often suffused with intrigue and lack of camaraderie. ("All sorts of famous men and women would be lined up along the wall, and one might be introduced for the fifth time to Gertrude Stein, in a thick tweed suit and heavy boots and her knees wide apart, without a flicker of acknowledgment from her" p. 325). She preferred small groups where her usual demeanor of elegance and reserve would give way to animated conversation. Above all she preferred to Natalie's society friends, artists like herself.



Natalie Barney and Romaine Brooks about 1915

For she was indeed an artist of rank and renown in the Paris of the early part of this century. Beginning with her first exhibition in May 1910, she was accorded recognition as a significant and troubling interpreter of the human form. **Between me and life** is the life story of Romaine Brooks, but it is also an attempt to relate her early psychological trauma to Romaine's unique and disturbing artistic vision, as well as to her life script.

As Meryle Secrest makes abundantly clear, the single most important, indeed the event of overwhelming impact on Romaine's life was to be born, a daughter, to one Ella Goddard. She was the last child in a disintegrating marriage, and so her mem-

ories are of life with her mother, an heiress, and an older brother and sister. It was the emotional triangle emerging between herself, her mother, and her brother, St. Mar, which branded itself on her deepest self for life. Ella could not forgive her daughters for being healthy and talented, while her only son was sickly and demented; thus she rejected them and lavished her love on an indifferent son.

Romaine was sent away from home for extended periods (to schools, and to stay with other people), and when at home was immersed in a bizarre, indeed distinctly Gothic maelstrom. Ella, caught up in the late nineteenth-century vogue for spiritualism, frightened her already intimidated daughter with her morbid forebodings, her belief in ghosts, her participation in seances. At times Romaine was convinced her mother was going insane. Then there was her rival, St. Mar, who surely was insane, along with being physically ill from early childhood on. In the grip of religious and sexual obsessions, his appearance degenerated to unkempt chaos when left to his own devices, and his behavior in company was often totally unpredictable. Hostile to his doting mother, St. Mar would allow Romaine to do things for him: to normalize his appearance, to keep him company during meals and over endless card games, to ease him out of his most bizarre behavior. In short, she became his keeper. Even though she deeply resented being rebuffed in favor of a physical and mental cripple, longed fruitlessly for maternal love and acceptance, yet Romaine felt a kind of maternal pity for her unfortunate brother.

Romaine made a break from her family when she was twenty-one, living on her own in Paris and Capri, and doing her apprentice work in painting. Then she was summoned home after the death of St. Mar, December 1901; she stayed to witness the anguished death of her mother just ten months later. So at twenty-eight, Romaine not only found herself an heiress, but seemed, finally, freed from the grotesque emotional labyrinth of her family. Or so it might have appeared. In fact, the psychic damage sustained during her formative years was to have profound effects throughout Romaine's life. That she was acutely aware of this is evidenced by this statement of hers made at age eighty-five: "My dead mother gets between me and life."

Although in her middle years she executed a fine body of drawings, it is for her oil paintings that Romaine was primarily known. And these mirror the crucial influence that her early years had in shaping a rather bleak philosophy of life.

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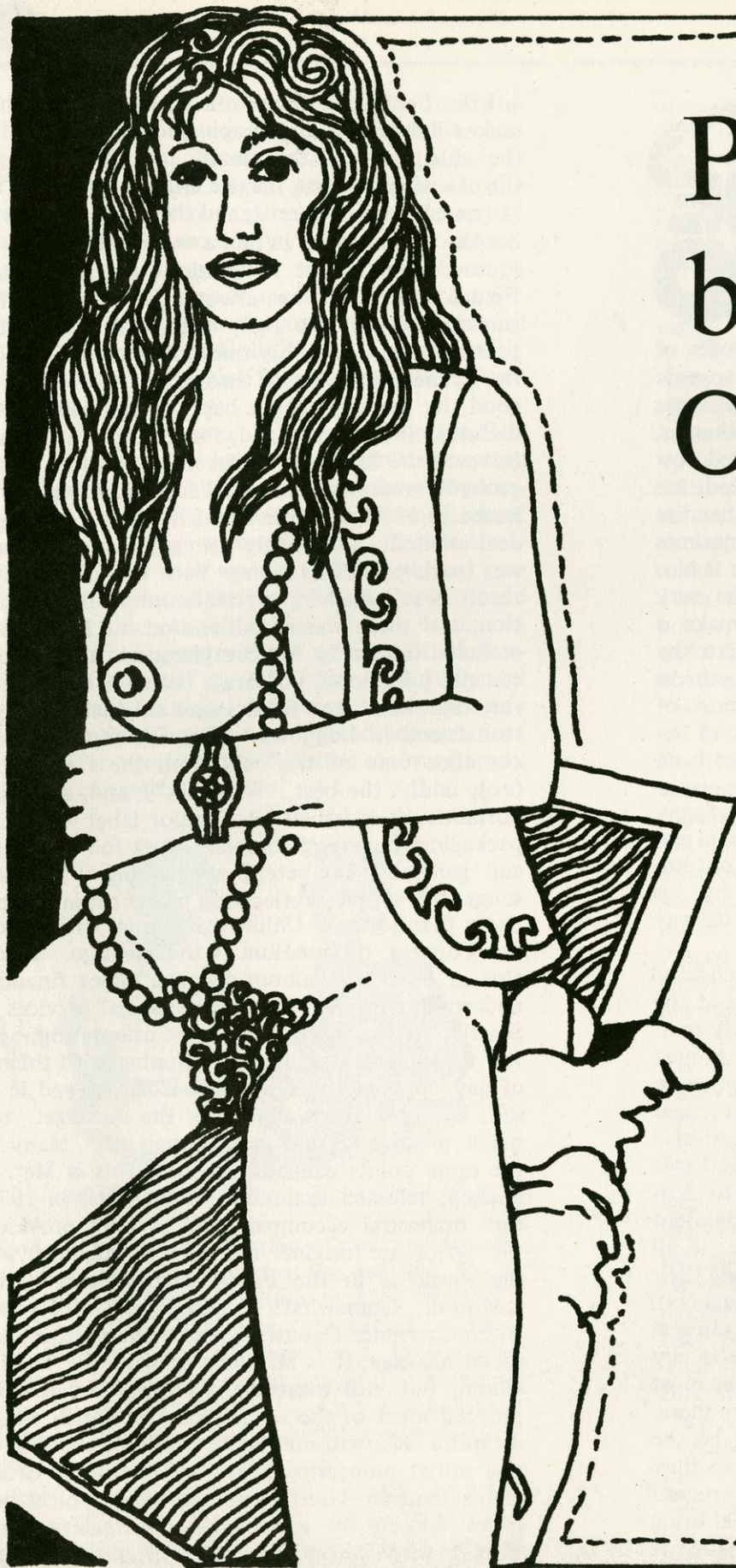
OFF THE RECORD

For gays who are avid readers, cinema buffs, or theatre-minded, it will be a commonplace to note that these media have had no lack of gay offerings for at least the last twenty years. Gay themes, whether artistically or commercially exploited, low camp or high, well done or poorly executed, are well entrenched; and, even where the merchandise is lacking in quality or inspiration (and sometimes both), the point is that it is there. There is also plenty of art of a homophile nature, and very recently gay ballet has even begun to make a strong showing. Classical music? Tchaikovsky comes immediately to mind - closeted perhaps; but, even with their programs suppressed, much of his program music carries its message close to the surface. Uncloseted classical music has also been around for many years. Benjamin Britten's operatic output is obvious in its utilization of gay themes, gay characters, and even an occasional gay innuendo; without mentioning his ballet output, much written for, and widely performed by, his lover. And virtually all of this has found its way into the record catalogues and shops.

So where then is gay rock? If the classical record companies, which are almost always at the brink of economic disaster, can find a ready market, where are the exponents of gay rock? Almost invisible to date, though that situation appears to be gradually changing. Before me are eleven recent discs dealing openly (if not always exclusively) with gay themes. They range from hard and soft rock through folk and country-western to outlandish comedy. Most are on small independent labels, a few are produced by major labels: in all cases, the artists have no qualms in accepting their gayness, nor in saying so (on the record jackets). Most of them are not destined to make musical history, though three of them will do so in my opinion; and, as with theatre and cinema, the most important thing at this time is that they are there. This is not to say that getting them will be the easiest task, especially in Milwaukee, where they are less than likely to find their way into record racks at local shops; but perseverance should bring success. Some ordering information is provided at the end of this brief introductory essay, which is intended as a general survey of the repertory.

Eric Bentley's *Queen of 42nd Street* barely makes it into the discography; for one song only, the title track of the album, is devoted to gay themes. Bentley is a theatre critic, known also for his translations of Brecht, and the author of several books. The album is in fact a collection of Jacques Prevert's poetry set to music. In the original French, the *Queen* was a woman; but Bentley has transformed her into a gay male, with a few other pronoun changes in his translation to tidy things up. The performance throughout the album is good, its one gay song is happy (even delightfully decadent in its way); and, for it alone, the album is worth the listening. Michael Cohen's first album probably represents the real historical beginning: issued in 1973, it is the first (of which I know) to deal explicitly and openly with gay themes. Cohen was (perhaps still is) a New York taxi driver. The record was issued by a private nonprofit corporation, and there was no address on the label. It is included here only for completeness; and, if you can dig up a copy, you are a better person than I (my tape was taken from a used original belonging to a friend in London). *What Did You Expect?* contains some of the cuts from the first album (not, oddly, the best, "Ward Six"); and, more importantly, it is issued on a major label with slick packaging (including complete texts for the lyrics) and generally competent engineering. His best songs are simple, reflective, more often melancholy than joyous. Unlike this album, with *Lavender Country* the medium is the message. Issued also in 1973, this album was the major financial undertaking of Gay Community Social Services of Seattle. It is country-western in orientation, activist in politics, and literally dripping with themes of gay oppression. The music is hardly bad in itself, but it is overwhelmed by the message: too much propaganda and not enough art. Many of the same points can be made for *This is Me . . . Mickey*, released again by a small label in 1974. Full orchestral accompaniment is here provided, the lyrics are original and gay throughout; and the music is in the Frank Sinatra/Dean Martin tradition (somewhat nondescript otherwise). Where *Lavender Country* stressed the political and social message, it is all personal with the Mickey album, but still overdone: poignant recitations proceed most of the songs, many of which would do quite well without them. Perhaps the best of this initial pioneering group of records is Grossman's *Caravan Tonight*, an autobiographical and lyrical album by a musically competent New-Yorker who knows the gay tempo of his city. Grossman is bothered by promiscuity, the truck

(continued on page 22)



POEMS

by KAYE
O'REILLY

I need you to share the little
quiet secrets we both have.
I need the experience of you and
your briefly realizing your essence.
I need to give and whatever gift
you return is needed. Even a
smile, thought or hesitant willingness
to meet - just the wondering you.

I need to be real . . .
you need being real and
real is love and love is real
with all its funny fringes still is
the core of us all.

I need to hope that you know
my real with you is not just another
thread to further sew you in,
rather, that it may be one of the
life lines that you can always be sure
exists so if you need it—reach out and tug.

I am woman and i am you and you
are me and we are all women and
all women are we - so, it was good,
it always is no matter how strained
because we always come back to one
another, more important - to ourselves.

To A Straight Woman

Now you hurl yourself
like a bullet
 into my sanity
once you led me
 now who's
 leading
What night did
 you
have to
 carnage my
 mind
fuck it around
 until i
 believed you
were reaching out to
 the
 other side . . .
 me

From the frantic way we made
love in every way
 you lulled me
into a false belief that you really
knew where it was at.
Never did believe your figure
didn't matter - maybe after a
few more women like me
you'll understand breast, hip, thigh,
sizes don't count if
there isn't any passion under or in them
Perfect body never happened - so
remember it's useless - just turn on
as there aren't any sighs if no sex
worse yet - no memories.

Your nails scratched the hell
out of my back
 but then
you're probably aching and sore
from this passion filled woman that
never wanted to stop responding
to passionate you.
Miss that familiar feeling,
times i can still smell you on
my fingertips -
 that's when
it bite my lip and cross my legs

Like a snowflake
 another design
every time
 my body
 floats
down to your warm pane
 pain?
Melted down now to
an
 evaporated tear
It always snows again
yes . . . then drawn
like moth to flame
ascending, descending
 me
will press
 against
your still warming pane,
 unknown shame,
 to
experience a different
 pain
never the same
Everyone knows flakes
aren't identical or
 honest pain
imitatable -
Where is my next
 snowflake?

The clouds and stars
are your face and
 eyes and
my pillow for the night.
Grass is dead but i remember
summer sadness and sunlight.
To the sea i fly where maybe
nothing can hurt me and
sadness can't be reflected.
A sea whose gentleness will
take me and there will be
no sun or moon to light my
way, only a place that won't hurt
and i won't need you to rest my head
upon - never did
 anyway -
 your
 pillow.

RECORDS *(from page 19)*

scene, muggings, the police, and his lyrics are painfully honest and introspective, but without sacrificing musical detail.

Brief mention should also be made of the comedy albums. **God Save the Queens**, issued and widely available in 1974, found a wide nongay audience: it is high-camp stuff, complete with all of the stereotypes a la **Boys in the Band**. **Rocket to Stardom** is a more recent attempt to attract a more narrowly gay audience. Its lyrics are pure porno, and here again the medium is the message; though occasionally the music does have a bit of charm.

In all, then, an auspicious beginning of what one hopes will be a continuing tradition in times to come. None of these albums, however, for several reasons intimated above, leaves one fully satisfied. Even where the message fits the medium without blunting it, something is surely missing. Surely the gay lifestyle has more than its share of pathos, reflective uncertainties, recriminations, and even downright physical pain on occasions; but it is not without its joys, its pleasures, and even its well-earned freedoms. As Grossman and Mickey both chant, a night of tricking may end with empty hands, empty heart, and (most importantly) empty bed; but it may also lead to joyous sexuality, new friends, and even a retrospective sense of self-satisfaction - and surely that's what it's all about in the last analysis. Where are the joys and the exuberance of the gay life??? Enter Paul Wagner and Chris Robison. Neither artist is unaware of the problems and difficulties of being gay, but both of them know what they want; and, for each, gayness is fundamentally a celebration of life. Wagner has dedicated his album to his lover, excepting the title song, which is dedicated to his father (don't show this album to your psychiatrist: gays can't love their fathers). **To Be A Man** is pure folk idiom, soft-spoken and smooth; but Wagner has a fine voice with good range, and he is no amateur at the guitar. Even if you don't like folk idiom (I for one do not as a rule), you will find this an infectious album.

Chris Robison is in a category all his own. **Many-Hand-Band** was released in mid-1974, with **Manchild** following toward year's end. All of the vocal tracks are his, and he plays all of the instruments: all of which make these albums collectively a tour de force of engineering and musicality in their own right. Robison studied at the New England Conservatory, and has performed widely on stage as well; so what could easily have been a one-man-disaster turns out to be nothing short of

magnificent. There is not a single filler on either album, so it is difficult in the individual review following to select highlights (any one is almost as good as any other). My choices have been guided by pure personal preference, and the unchosen could as easily have been chosen as well. Musically Robison is a master of rhythmic and tonal complexity. Personally he has a beautiful and earnest sense of male-to-male sensibility which makes his compositions the happy and positive things that they are. The idiom ranges from the softest to the hardest rock, from smooth and reflective quietude to violent and outspoken upbeat. A listener, even one not devoted to rock, would have to be nothing short of stubborn (or deaf) in his resistance to beauty not to respond affirmatively to these performances. Hal Wilson, President of Gypsy Frog Records, informs me that Robison is presently preparing a third (and primarily acoustical) album; and that material for three additional albums is in the works. If the reader should order these first two discs directly (and, however you get them, you should have them), he should ask for future bulletins on new releases. If you are to buy only two records this year, these should be the ones; but keep any possible budget openings available for the Paul Wagner album as well.

Getting hold of any of the albums reviewed here will probably, as I noted earlier, amount to a bit more than walking into your local record shop. The major labels (Mercury, A and M, Folkways) can be ordered through virtually any distributor or shop. Where I have had it, I have provided mail order information below as well, but before sending any prepaid orders, it would be best to drop a short note asking for further information (inventories do change, stocks become deleted, and mailing or handling charges are always subject to change). Still another possibility for those preferring mail orders is the Oscar Wilde Bookshop (15 Christopher Street, New York City, N.Y. 10014), which has some of the records in stock; and which may be willing to order others on a prepaid basis. Lastly, Rose Records on South Wabash Avenue in Chicago advertises that they will order any record available on a mail order basis, and at discount prices to boot; and my own continuing experience with them indicates that they are willing and able to make new customers and to keep the old ones happy.

Finally, a more pragmatic note. If you do order any of these discs, by mail or from a shop, why not mention that you saw them reviewed in GPU NEWS. The Editor's future ability to provide reviews of records will depend upon the willingness of producers and distributors to keep him posted.

The Queen of 42nd Street, by Eric Bentley. Folkway Records. \$5.98.

Performance: good.

Recording: variable (miking sometimes on the distant side).

The musical setting of the poems is by Joseph Kosma. Only the title song is directly at a specifically gay theme: "This is the way I am. Yes, I'm just made this way/And, when I want to laugh, why then I laugh all day/I dig the guy that digs me, so how am I to blame/If the guy that digs me is not every night the same?" Overall performance is generally competent if not always inspiring. For the collector, the title song will probably be worth the price of the album. Track separation for stereo was not always clear, and in some cuts the mikes seemed to range from too near to too distant. Also a little bit of surface noise in the pressing of the second cut on side B.

Lavender Country, by Lavender Country. Issued by Gay Community Social Services of Seattle, Inc. (Ordering information should be available through the Oscar Wilde Bookshop.)

Performance: country-western, inspired, not always inspiring.

Recording: good.

All things considered, this disc is an important documentary, not only of gay activism, but also of the beginnings of a gay discography. Collectors with a penchant for completeness, as well as historians of the gay movement, will have to have it; while those with purely musical interests may entertain strong second thoughts.

Rocket to Stardom, by Mickey's Seven. New Atlas. \$7.49 postpaid (\$6.49 via fourth class mail). (Order from New Atlas, 256 South Robertson, Beverly Hills, California 90211.)

Performance: high-camp porno.

Recording: adequate.

The cover of the album features a penis-shaped spacecraft, and everything is uphill from there. Song titles include "Do It All Over You," "I Got My Right Hand," "Rock Around the Crotch," "Stroke My Spoke," etc. (enough said?). No musical history is here in the making, but those who take pleasure in visual or photographic porno may well want to expand into the audio field.

RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

Chris Robison and His Many-Hand Band, by Chris Robison. Gypsy Frog Records. \$5.90.

Manchild, by Chris Robison. Gypsy Frog Records. \$5.90.

(Both records for \$10 postpaid from Gypsy Frog Records, Suite 400, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N.Y. 10019.)

Performances: star in ascendancy, pleasant to glorious.

Recordings: pure gold.

Chris Robison is a natural, born to write, to sing, and to perform - and, one hopes, to continue to produce records. He appears totally comfortable in his art, as though he had been doing it forever. Well over half of the songs on the first album (**Many-Hand Band**) were written, arranged, and performed by him. The album is virtually an extended rhapsody of tonal and rhythmic sensuality. The artist moves from song to song without imposing any extrinsic unity or direction. The first cut ("I've Got a Secret," A, 1) is as musically subdued as it is lyrically subtle: "I've got a secret, known to no one else but me/I've got a secret, won't you share this one with me . . . I've got a lover, one like I've never had before/I've got a lover, now I know I won't cry no more." It is a fitting opening, whose haunting simplicity

lingers in one's consciousness throughout the torrent of tonal exploration which follows. I should note that texts are supplied with neither album: any errors in transcription are mine and not the record producer's.

A5, "Wait for Me," is more sexual in both its lyrics and its shifting and imposing texture. "Youngest knight of knights/I'm waiting for you, can't you see/Come on into me/I'm on my back now, don't you see/What I'm doing for you/'Cause I know that you'd do it for me too." Repetition of the continually more anxious chorus ("Wait for me, wait for me, wait for me, won't you wait for me.") leads to a concluding stanza: "Youngest knight of knights/Please stand before me gracefully/Warm you are to me/And soon to be adrift at sea/Floating through the salty waters next to me/Sliding through your childhood stories/Told unto me." Perhaps only the gay listener will appreciate the continually moving images, but the music is there for all to appreciate.

The last cut on side A perhaps best summarizes Robison's own appreciation of his gayness: "I've known girls, and I've known boys/Kellogg's flakes and tinker toys/They try to tell me it was a sin/But don't you believe them/Don't let them move you in." And its recurrent and romantic refrain: "Feel the love that's all around you/And every day it will astound you/Ride your rainbows through the air/And you will find your castle there." It is reasonably obvious that, at the end of this rainbow, there awaits something more eminently satisfying than the empty bed so much bemoaned by Steven Grossman (for instance).

The first cut on side B perhaps says it better than anyone to date has managed: "I'm looking for a boy tonight/I know to some of you out there/It may not seem quite right/But I am not the only

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THE SECRET VICE

SELF-POLLUTION.

There are various names given to the unnatural and degrading vice of producing venereal excitement by the hand, or other means, generally resulting in a discharge of semen in the male and a corresponding emission in the female. Unfortunately, it is a vice by no means uncommon among the youth of both sexes, and is frequently continued into riper years.

Symptoms—The following are some of the symptoms of those who are addicted to the habit: Inclination to shun company or society; frequently being missed from the company of the family, or others with whom he or she is associated; becoming timid and bashful, and shunning the society of the opposite sex; the face is apt to be pale and often a bluish or purplish streak under the eyes, while the eyes themselves look dull and languid and the edges of the eyelids often become red and sore; the person can not look any one steadily in the face, but will drop the eyes or turn away from your gaze as if guilty of something mean.

The health soon becomes noticeably impaired; there will be general debility, a slowness of growth, weakness in the lower limbs, nervousness and unsteadiness of the hands, loss of memory, forgetfulness and inability to study or learn, a restless disposition, weak eyes and loss of sight, headache and inability to sleep, or wakefulness. Next come sore eyes, blindness, stupidity, consumption, spinal affection, emaciation, involuntary seminal emissions, loss of all energy or spirit, insanity and idiocy—the hopeless ruin of both body and mind. These latter results do not always follow. Yet they or some of them do often occur as the direct consequences of the pernicious habit.

The subject is an important one. Few, perhaps, ever think, or ever know, how many of the unfortunate inmates of our lunatic asylums have been sent there by this dreadful vice. Were the whole truth upon this subject known, it would alarm parents, as well as the guilty victims of the vice, more even than the dread of the cholera or small-pox.

Preventive Measures—When the parents are satisfied that their child is indulging in this habit, *take immediate measures to break it up*. It is a delicate matter for parents, especially for a father, to speak to his son about. It is different with the mother; she can more readily speak to a daughter upon subjects of that nature, and if guilty, portray to her the danger, the evil consequences and ruin which must result if the habit is not at once and forever abandoned. If persuasion and instruction will not do, other measures, such as will prove efficient, must be resorted to.

In case of a son, perhaps the better way will be for the services of the family physician to be engaged. He can portray to the misguided young man the horrors and evils of the habit in their bearing, and his caution and advice will have weight.

How to Detect and Prevent Secret Vice.—Examination of the linen is usually conclusive evidence in the case of boys; the genital organs, too, receive an undue share of attention. The patient should be constantly watched during the day until he falls asleep at night, and be required to arise directly he wakes in the morning. In confirmed cases the night-dress should be so arranged that the hands cannot touch the genital organs.

Under no circumstances should nurses ever be permitted unnecessarily to *handle or expose the genital organs of children*, and children should be taught at the very earliest period that it is immodest and even wrong, to handle the parts. When at school, as well as at home, *every boy should have a separate bed*. The neglect of this

The left-hand column of this article is a facsimile reproduction of several pages from Dr. E. H. Ruddock's *Vitalogy*, an *Encyclopedia of Health and Home*. The second edition of this home medical encyclopedia was published in 1926 after the first edition sold nearly half a million copies! The book's influence then was wide, but we must be fair since the author was simply following the medical thought of his colleagues who regarded masturbation as one cause of a near endless array of diseases, including homosexuality.

Today we can look on this purple, non-scientific prose and obviously retouched photos with amusement. It is all high camp. Did people really believe that nonsense? They really did, and other medical authors of the same period even recommended outrageous "treatments" to prevent or stop the "vice." F. R. Sturgis, M.D., in his book *Sexual Debility in Man* published in 1900, recommended that a nickel-plated safety pin be inserted in the foreskin of young boys who masturbate. Any attempted erection would, thus, cause pain and effectively prevent masturbation. Dr. Jacobus Sutor in his *The Abuses, Aberrations, and Crimes of the Genital Sense*, also published about 1900 in Paris, admitted to having cauterized a young woman's clitoris with a "red hot iron" to cure masturbation, but the "cure" didn't work. He also cited the case of a young girl who "indulged in masturbation and became subject to epilepsy." When an American, a Dr. White, amputated her clitoris, both the epilepsy and the masturbation ceased!

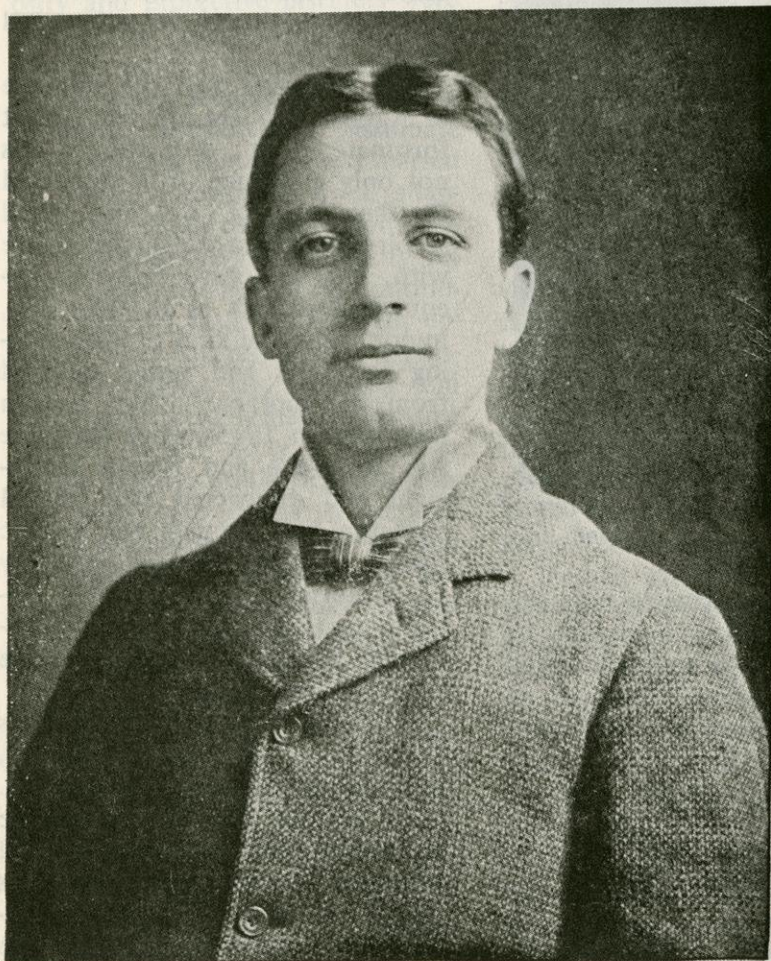
Thank God we don't do things like that anymore! Oh, yeah? Dr. Alfred Kinsey of the famed Kinsey Institute for Sex Research cites the speech given by a Dr. Hawks in 1950 to the Illinois Academy of Criminology in which he described the effects of the castration of 330 male patients at the Kansas State Training School by a Dr. Pilcher. Dr. Pilcher "conceived the idea that castration might help control excessive masturbation and pervert sexual acts." Dr. Hawks concluded that the castrate is "physically a better organism."

important advice is a frequent cause of bad habits being taught and practiced. In addition to a separate bed, he should be able to dress and undress apart from the observation of others. The necessary privacy may be secured by partitions placed between the beds, but not extending up to the ceiling, so as to interfere as little as possible with the ventilation. One of the few articles necessary in the sleeping-room is a *sponge bath*. This, with a good-sized piece of honeycomb sponge, and a large towel or sheet, complete the outfit. The regular daily use of the sponge bath conduces greatly to the cure or prevention of self-abuse. The too free use of meat, highly-seasoned dishes, coffee, wine, late suppers, etc., strongly tend to excite animal propensities, which directly predispose to vice.

A Terrible Evil.—*In the City of Chicago in one school, an investigation proved that over sixty children under thirteen years of age were habitually practicing this degrading, health and life destroying habit, while among the older ones the habit was even worse, though not so easily detected.*

In a country school in Black Hawk Co., Iowa, one bad boy secretly taught all the rest until the entire school practiced this private vice during the noon hour when the teacher was away.

In New Orleans nearly all the pupils in a large female boarding school were practicing this horrible vice and the scandal of the fearful discovery is not yet forgotten.



D. S. BURTON.

The above is an illustration of D. S. Burton of Harris, Pa., before the habits of secret vice had begun to tell on him.

The illustration on the following page shows the same young man three years later taken when he had become an inveterate victim of the vice.

In recent years sexual self-stimulation has been studied and tabulated in depth by the sex sociologists. Kinsey found, for example, that between 85% and 95% of all males, depending on educational and other factors, engage in this activity. Robert C. Sorensen's *Adolescent Sexuality in Contemporary America*, published in 1973, revealed that 58% of boys and 39% of girls between the ages of 13 and 19 have masturbated at least once and 51% of all masturbating adolescents never express feelings of anxiety or guilt about it.

Masturbation has been finally placed in its proper perspective—as an almost universal and harmless activity. Textbooks no longer warn of profound dangers to health and life, and parents are encouraged to overlook it (when discovered) as being “normal.” Many myths, however, still circulate about the “harmful” effects of self-stimulation and autoerotic phenomenon among adults is still condemned by many physicians as symptomatic of “emotional immaturity” and “psychosexual repression.”

On the whole, then, masturbation is taken lightly today by almost everyone. Philip Roth devotes one whole section of *Portnoy's Complaint* to remembrances of “Whacking Off.”

It was at the end of my freshman year of high school—and freshman year of masturbating—that I discovered on the underside of my penis, just where the shaft meets the head, a little discolored dot that has since been diagnosed as a freckle. Cancer. I had given myself cancer. All that pulling and tugging at my own flesh, all that friction, had given me an incurable disease. And not yet fourteen! In bed at night the tears rolled from my eyes. “No!” I sobbed. “I don’t want to die! Please-no!” But then, because I would very shortly be a corpse anyway, I went ahead as usual and jerked off into my sock. I had taken to carrying the dirty socks into bed with me at night so as to be able to use one as a receptacle upon retiring and the other upon awakening.

Aside from the fact that homosexuals, like everybody else, masturbate and that we now know that masturbation does not cause homosexuality, what has all this to do with gay liberation? Keep in mind that the very word homosexual, according to H. L. Mencken in *Supplement One of The American Language*, was so taboo that it

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ME AND LIFE

(from page 18)

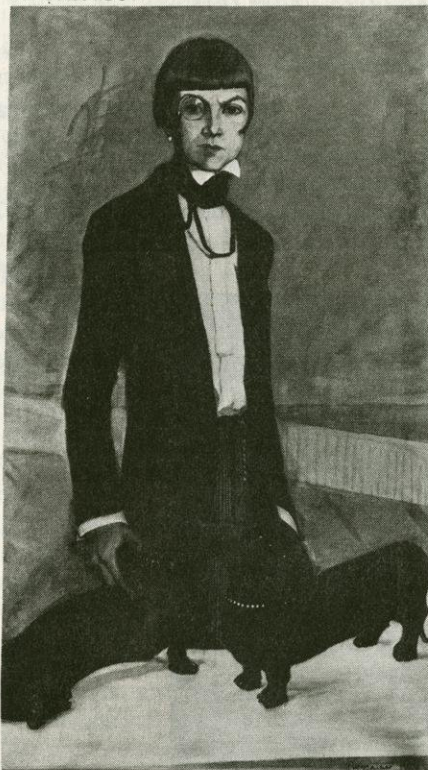
In 1903 she moved to London where the pervasive thick fog resulted in focusing her artist's eye on gray—a far more congenial hue for Romaine than the blazing colors of Capri. Then the next year she went to St. Ives, an artist's colony on the Cornish coast where mist, rain and wind provided a reflection of her inner moods and memories. D'Annunzio, in a poem in praise of a self-portrait of Romaine, recognized that such a setting had come to symbolize for her her own unflinching ability to endure. Out of this period of experimentation emerged Romaine's color scheme for life: black, white and gray. She wore those colors, she decorated in them, and she painted so faithfully within its limits that it came to serve as an artistic signature.

The subject matter and style of her paintings also contributed to create a total tapestry of restrained gloom. Romaine's portraits and female nudes are generally strong, austere—and cold. The faces register a pensive introspection often verging on resigned anguish that is clearly a projection of the artist's inner state. Thus while Romaine's work was impressive for its strength and severity, it was also limited, as Meryle Secrest points out:

Her stylistic method necessarily limited her to the portrayal of a certain range of moods, but it would be more accurate to say that her limitation came from within. She saw her subjects filtered through a pervasive melancholy which never completely left her and which tinged everything she saw like a delicate wash of color, subtly deadening the emotional tone and giving a hard edge to the outlines of her figures, so that the final impression is less elegant than limiting, confining.

Romaine's restricted artistic vision had a counterpart in her reactions to other people. If they didn't meet her standards, she could be

quite intolerant, as she was of Radclyffe Hall for her book, *Well of Loneliness* (which she called "ridiculous," "trite" and "superficial"), and for her progressively masculine dress. Indeed, she took rather cruel disadvantage of Una, Radclyffe's lover. Liking her, Romaine decided to paint her portrait, but since Una had begun to wear rather mannish clothes, the final effect is that of caricature.



Lady Una Troubridge, 1924, courtesy of the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution.

Yet it is interesting to note that Romaine sustained a liaison for about a year with a woman whom many considered a "freak of nature," a man born into a woman's body. Renata Borgatti, a concert pianist, startled people with her handsome appearance (she looked somewhat like the young Lizst) and masculine behavior, including open attractions to other women (most of whom found her irresistible). But she could also look disarmingly feminine, and it was perhaps this aura of androgyny that Romaine found attractive for awhile. At any rate Romaine immortalized Renata

in a spare, dramatic portrait of the pianist at a moment of complete absorption in her music.

Very likely it was Romaine's unrequited longing for unconditional mother love that resulted in another of her requirements in friends. Unlike Natalie who asked little from her friends, Romaine expected her close friends to be all things to her, inevitably feeling cheated if they disappointed her. Sometimes she even dropped them, as she did the young Cocteau, just entering society. They met in 1914 and she painted his portrait with the Eiffel tower in the background. But convinced that he was spreading malicious gossip about her, Romaine dismissed Cocteau from her life and would never agree to a reconciliation, though he attempted several.

For Romaine then the entrance of Natalie into her life was a most fortunate event. For Natalie was not only a woman to be respected for her learning, wit and social savoir-faire, but a woman to be safe with, one who gave Romaine unequivocal respect as an artist and, importantly, the kind of all-accepting love she had never received from her mother. They met in maturity (in 1915) when Romaine was forty-one and Natalie thirty-eight and discovered they shared common backgrounds and artistic tastes. Each had emerged some few years previously from scathing, tortuous love affairs, but were sufficiently healed to be able to give much to one another.

Romaine's was with the famous Italian poet, playwright, politician, and patriot Gabriele d'Annunzio. Alas, he was also an incorrigible womanizer, and although he and Romaine began and ended as friends, he seems to have been incapable of commitment to any one woman. There is the mystery of why Romaine, who at thirty-six was a lesbian, should have fallen deeply in love with a man. The author can only suggest the poten-

tial bisexuality of most people, which in our present state of ignorance, is probably the best available guess. (Another lesbian also occasionally involved with men was Vita Sackville-West.) In fact, Romaine flirted with deeper involvement (than friendship) with a number of other men, including Lord Alfred Douglas (who was also later briefly engaged to Natalie). Such are the mysteries of human sexuality!

Natalie's tempestuous and often bizarre love affair was with Renee Vivien, a poet of extraordinary promising gifts, whose work is presently enjoying a small revival. They met in 1897 when both were twenty, and though Natalie at first found Renee superficial, her curiosity and protective instincts were aroused by this young innocent-looking woman whose chief poetic theme was a longing for the peace of death. Inevitably, a passionate affair ensued, though it was marred by Renee's desire for total abandonment of self to their union: she wanted them to be constantly together, and for her to be continually praised, courted, fondled, desired. When this proved too oppressive for Natalie, she withdrew—and with great effort Renee would then wrench herself away. But after awhile Natalie would begin to miss her, write love poems to her, and go to excessive lengths to see and be with her. Undoubtedly her strangest ruse was to dress herself in white and, holding a white lily, have herself carried to Renee's house inside a white coffin.

Then Natalie discovered she had a rival, a rich Dutch baroness who "kept" Renee and sent her exotic and expensive gifts (such as a collection of ancient Persian gold coins). It was she who intruded with finality on the tiny paradise Natalie and Renee established on Mytilene with the intention of founding a new colony of lesbian poets in honor of Sappho. Her deluge of letters and telegrams

threw Renee into agonizing indecision about Natalie: a line from her poem *Cri* expresses her ambivalence—"I hate you and I love you abominably." Renee died by her own hand in 1909 at the tragically young age of thirty, yet a kind of logical ending to many years of self-destructiveness with alcohol and drugs. Nonetheless, Natalie felt a kind of responsibility for her death as these words indicate:

Separated, then once more irresistibly drawn to each other to fall in love all over again, our persistent love affair went through all the stages of a deadly attachment which, perhaps, only death could end.

But purged, perhaps, by these earlier harrowing relationships, Natalie and Romaine embarked on a long relationship of shared friends, long meals with good conversation, dancing, swimming, and long walks. They exchanged gifts and some six hundred letters (written between 1920 and 1968), the latter because while Natalie had no taste for travel, Romaine was often on the move, living and buying houses in various parts of Europe. They even shared a basic life-view, namely that life had short-changed them. And their commonly felt regret and sadness probably was instrumental in their being able to collaborate on a poem, "The Weeping Venus" and a book *The one who is legion*, Romaine contributing the drawings.

Though each had a passion for privacy, they did build a house together in the early 30's (set in pine woods outside Beauvallon) where they spent many harmonious summers. But it was decidedly unusual: separate living quarters joined by a common meeting room and loggia (they called it "The Hyphenated Villa"). They would spend their days apart involved in their separate interests and come together for meals. Natalie makes an interesting defense of this living arrangement:

For me, to live alone as my own master is essential, not for egotistical reasons or for any lack of love, but in

order to better give myself. To bathe in passionate intimacy on a daily basis, while living together in the same house and often in the same bedroom with the loved one, has always seemed to me the most certain way to lose somebody.

By this point in their relationship, both felt that it would last to the end of their lives. Indeed they were so sure of each other that Romaine could tolerate Natalie's infidelities and even tell her about her own occasional strays. And Natalie's flirtations were interminable, her urge to conquer and relate to exciting new personalities being as vigorous as in her younger days. So well known were the activities at rue Jacob that Natalie's circle of friends were considered by many to be disgusting and decadent, though they were merely acting naturally and fairly openly about their lesbianism. As the author remarks:

Far from acting like the social outcasts they were, she [Natalie] and her friends were openly seducing all comers and were most skillful at satisfying their lovers, a quality that would seem to recommend them to our sexually more tolerant age.

Natalie also had the dubious distinction of being satirized in a book by Djuna Barnes entitled *The Ladies Almanack*. Natalie is Evangeline Musset, leader of a burlesqued lesbian circle. Here is a representative passage—a description of Evangeline (Natalie):

This scandalous figure was by now "a witty and learned Fifty." She was far from pretty, but "so much in Demand, and so wide famed for her Genius at bringing up by Hand, and so noted and esteemed for her Slips of the Tongue that it finally brought her in the Hall of Fame..."

Interesting, Romaine was also the model for a fictional character, Olympia Leigh in Compton Mackenzie's *Extraordinary Women*, but is a detached, self-sufficient character meant to illustrate the inanities of the other women with their convo-

(continued on page 35)

HERE&THERE

Los Angeles - The Los Angeles Police Department has come up with a list of acceptable words to be used when dealing with gays in the line of duty. It was deemed Unofficerlike to call a gay a sadist, but perfectly permissible to call a gay a 'Fruit Hustler.'

-Maverick

San Francisco - The Teamsters Union Local 888 Beer Drivers have asked the gay community here to join their boycott against Coors beer due to their refusal to adopt the Affirmative Action anti-discrimination policy.

-Bay Area Reporter

Ohio - Dr. E. La Monte Ohlson, a psychologist at Ohio State University has concluded on the basis of two separate studies in Denver, Colorado, that female gays are more alert, responsible and self-confident than their nongay counterparts, and that male gays show the same capacity for establishing deep emotional bonds as male heterosexuals.

-Advocate

Miami - The Transsexual Action Organization has retained attorney David Javits of Miami to explore the possibility of legal action against "Female Impersonator News" which is affiliated with the United Transvestite and Transsexual Society. TAO may bring legal action as a result of false and libelous statements appearing in F.I. News, charging the TAO with having convicted individuals, businesses, governments and organizations of "fostering the genocide of transsexuals and transvestites." TAO said that with the exceptions of singer Jeff Lynne, Time Magazine and the National Gay Task Force, none of the others mentioned in the article had ever been charged by TAO of anything.

-The Barb

Montreal - Funds have been received by the Loyola campus of Concordia University to finance a \$200 bursary to be awarded annually to a gay student. The bursary was established by an anonymous donor in memory of a relative and is to be awarded to a gay student, male or female, who shows academic merit and financial need. It is believed the first scholarship restricted to members of the gay community ever offered by a university.

--Body Politic

Worthing, Sussex, England - A lesbian couple, aged 27 and 29, who have been living together for the past six years, may receive the blessing of the church for their union. As a result of an appeal made in local newspapers, one minister of the United Reform Church agreed to meet the couple and possibly conduct the ceremony for them. He explained he is not answerable to a Bishop and so can conduct such a service.

-Gay News

Philadelphia - Rev. Myron Judy, Director of Student Life at Temple University and a Chaplain of Dignity/Philadelphia, recently announced the results of a survey of this city's priests toward homosexuality. Done by a Temple sociology student, the study employed mail and telephone polling, but lacks many professional statistical safeguards. However, the study found that 71% of the priests felt homosexuality should not be punishable by law; 51% felt it wasn't their responsibility to convert homosexuals to heterosexuality; 88% said they would not encourage a homosexual desirous of a sex-change to do so; and 51% felt the gay liberation movement was contributing to a better understanding.

-Dignity

Missoula, Montana - The University of Montana is now offering the state's first gay studies course. The 3-credit course "The Gay American: An Introduction to Gay Studied" is being offered by the sociology department and is geared to senior-level students. The teacher of the course, Bob Kus, has asked organizations or individuals having materials they would contribute for his students' use to write him at 740 S. Higgins Ave., Missoula, Mt. 58902.

-Advocate

South Brunswick, N.J. - Debra McKimm, 21, was found guilty of murder for shooting a man who had been dating her lesbian lover with a bow and arrow. McKimm denied both the arrow shooting and the lesbianism.

-Lesbian Connection

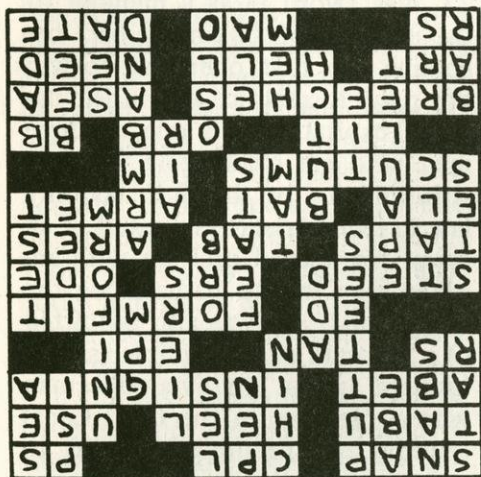
Dublin - The Irish Gay Rights Movement flew Dr. Frank Kameny, leading gay activist in the U.S., into Dublin in January for a 3-day tour of meetings and lectures. Dr. Kameny met key figures in Irish political and legal circles along with representatives of the press. Favorable coverage appeared in the **Irish Times** and **Sunday Independent**.

-Gay News

Chicago - The 17-member governing council of the American Historical Association has stalled a resolution to affirm the rights of gay professors to undertake research into and teach courses on gay history. The council said they agreed with the resolution in principle, but ordered a modified version be taken up in a mail-ballot of the 18,000 member organization. The AHA's Committee of Gay Historians feels the resolution will fail, just as it had in 1973, because only a few of the association's members respond to mail-ballots.

-Advocate

SOLUTION
TO
CROSSWORDS
PAGE 9



HERE&THERE

Washington, D.C. - President of the Washington Gay Activist Alliance, Cade Ware, has met with D.C. Mayor Walter Washington to open communications between city government and gays. Since their initial request in 1971, the mayor had refused to meet with gay leaders. Now he has agreed in principal to most of GAA's requests, including the hiring of at least one openly gay person for the city's Human Rights Commission.

--The Barb

Chicago - The Board of Education has approved a plan which, for the first time, allows teachers to answer students' questions on homosexuality and contraception in the public school's sex education program.

--Advocate

Los Angeles - After rejecting an episode for a new dramatic comedy series **The Bob Crane Show** because "it might offend the gay community," NBC-TV program standards chief Jack Petrie agreed to okay the script if it were cleared through the Gay Media Task Force. Los Angeles psychologist and Task Force member Newt Deiter was asked to revise and personally sign a letter of release for the script, which dealt with the discovery of the hero (Crane) that an old college friend had become "a liberated gay." This was the first time such recognition was given the Gay Media Task Force by network television. "The language of the release statement shows how far we have come in our effort to educate the media," Deiter said.

--Advocate

Washington, D.C. - Joseph Stewart, 27, was sworn in as a member of the District of Columbia bar, becoming the first open gay to win the right to practice law in the nation's capital. He is one of three men who are challenging the constitutionality of the D.C. sodomy law in federal court as a result of an arrest for alleged oral sex with another man in the paths along the C&O Canal. He was also acquitted of a separate charge, simple assault, brought against him by a policeman whose presence in the C&O Canal cruising area prompted Stewart to warn gays in the area.

--Contact

Harrisburg, Penn. - The state of Pennsylvania moved to end discrimination against gays in bonding and insurance. The revised Pennsylvania code is a model in the field of civil rights, banning discrimination by law against anyone on the basis of race, creed, color, sex or sexual orientation.

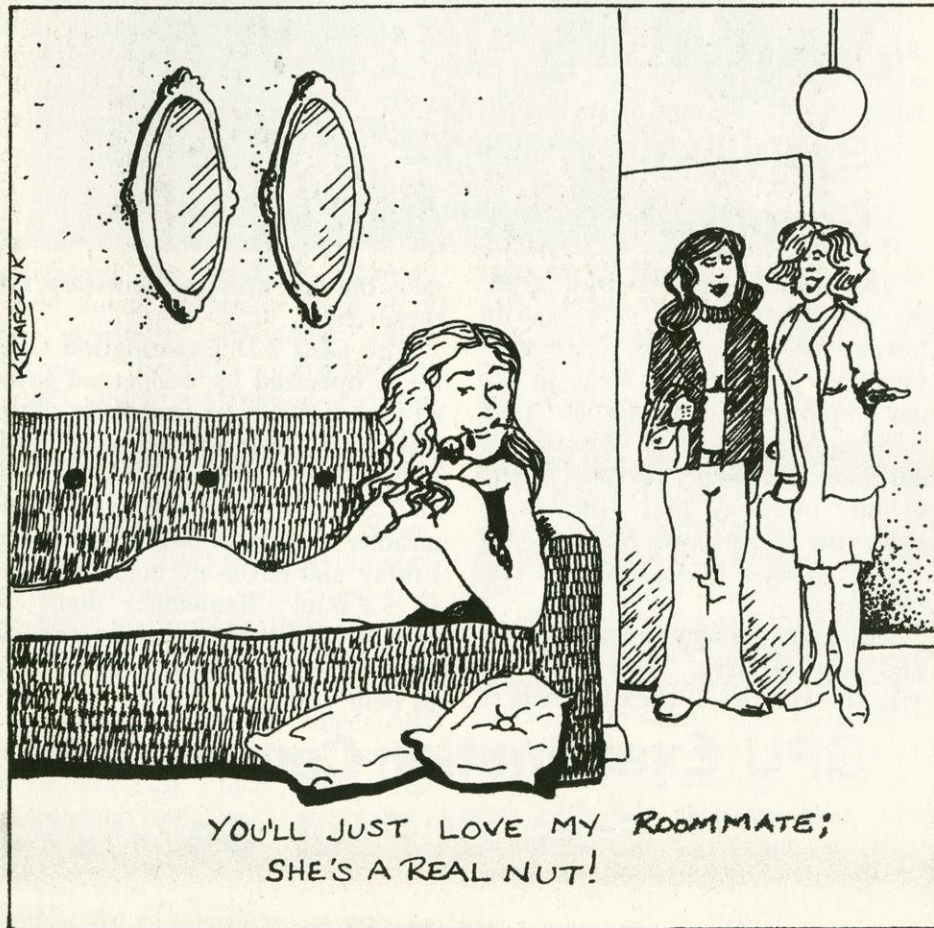
--The Barb

New Jersey - Paula Grossman has filed suit in the Federal District Court in Trenton in her attempt to be reinstated in her music teaching job. Ms. Grossman was fired about three years ago from her 14-year job because of her sex-change operation. Ms. Grossman is still living with her wife and children.

--Gay Scene

Los Angeles - Troy Turner, a gay father of three children, ages 4 to 7, was awarded the right to unsupervised visitation privileges as a result of his successfully passing the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory psychological test. The test was ordered after Turner attempted to take the children from the home of his ex-wife. They were divorced in 1972. Judge Manly Calloff commended Turner's character and interest in his offspring.

--Advocate



RECORDS

(from page 23)

one/To know your own sex can be fun/That's why I'm looking for a boy tonight." More than anything else it is the sheer pleasure which the artist permits to issue from his own personal gayness which is unique. He offers no apologetics to nongays in his audience (beyond the implication that they don't know what they're missing); and, both musically and lyrically, he moves along lines dictated only by his creative and expressive powers.

If the first album is rhapsodic in structure, the second (*Manchild*) is almost symphonic structurally and texturally. This is post-Sergeant-Pepper music, explosive and varied in its dynamic range and rhythmic pulses, but mindful throughout of an overriding musical unity; and, like Sergeant Pepper, it makes ultimate sense. Also unlike the first album, other instrumentalists are brought to bear at various stages in the unfolding (saxophones, bass, drums, guitars, voices and noises, and trumpet). Here again, however, the songs were written, arranged, and produced by Robison himself. The opening cut (A, 1, "I'll Be Your Man") exploits a sort of violent sensuality which cannot fail to call to mind the Rolling Stones. "Death in the Family" (A6) is another song which perhaps drew some of its incipient inspiration from the early Stones.

The violent pulse of the first side is subdued by the quiet and gentle beginning of the second. "I act like a child, I think like a child/I laugh like a child, every time you're around/And I wish I were a child/To hold you so warm and mild/To be with you all the time."

The second cut exploits dominant trumpet, counterpunctal harmonies, driving drumbeat, and moving lyrics to boot. "Hey, my pretty one/While you're waiting for your world to begin/Let me take you in my arms/Circle you with a love so

warm and strong/Let me be your brother so kind/I'm your warm coat when the snow winds blind/You know it won't be wrong/If it feels so right, it must be love." For me this constituted the most remarkable cut on the album. Trumpet and drums announce the opening theme, followed by a vocal recap and immediate change of theme by the singer. From juxtaposition trumpet and voice move gradually into unison, and the two themes are then played off one against the other. I am personally reminded of the opening solo aria in Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; and cannot help but feel that, were Handel around today, he would be pleased with Robison's results.

The title song brings this album to a close, and it is rich in acoustical exploration: it will doubtless be a fitting transition to Robison's announced (but not yet available)

third album, which will contain primarily acoustical pieces.

Chris Robison must be a fiendishly hard worker to have accomplished so much on these first two discs; and, if the music is the man, he must be a beautiful person as well. He has my respect and admiration for two incomparably first-rate pieces of work, and my heartfelt enthusiasm and encouragement for more to come. Recent communications from Hal Wilson of Gypsy Frog indicate that there is some possibility of his touring (including the Midwest) in the near future. If a tour should materialize, it would surely be something to look forward to. In his first two albums he has produced documents more relevant to the gay experience than anything which is likely to be forthcoming in the foreseeable future.

Next month: More records, including some mentioned in introduction.

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Male Lib

(from page 16)

afraid of losing control." To cap it all, a woman once complained that too many males are "wary and moose-like," an apt aphorism! (Women are always complaining!)

Androgyny as Maturity

It would seem, then, that our Real Men are, ironically, near to psychological immaturity. For example, how masculine are these men? Abraham Maslow's "self-actualizing person," who has more "acceptance of self, of others; spontaneity; autonomy, and resistance to acculturation; freshness of appreciation, and richness of emotional reaction; creativeness." Or Eric Berne's "autonomy" meaning the release, or recovery of "awareness, spontaneity, intimacy." All of these things come hard if you're emotionally constipated. The culture's femininity is equally incomplete; strength and competence are mature traits and the coy, sugar and spice "Pussycat" who is Feminine Forever is a Person never.

Good old straight-laced, school-approved Wisconsin author, Edna Ferber would be astonished to find herself being quoted over here at the Gay Edge. But of all I've read, her vignette of the "whole person" still stands for me as the nugget best capturing it all. In *A Kind of Magic*, she writes that "100% male or female" is to her an "irksome bore." This means a "massive two-fisted, barrel-chested he-man" or a "fluttering itsy-bitsy, all-tendrill female." By contrast:

The man who is masculine with a definitely female streak of perception, intuition and tenderness is a whole man; he is an interesting man, a gay companion, a complete lover. A woman who possesses a sufficient strain of masculinity to make her thoughtful, decisive, worldly in the best meaning of the word; fair; self-reliant; com-

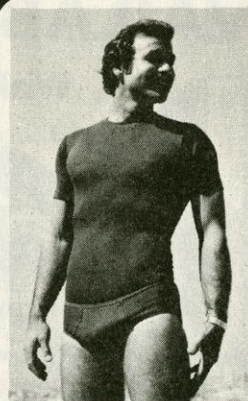
panionable--this is a whole woman. The feminine in the man is the sugar in the whisky. The masculine in the woman is the yeast in the bread.

The Mask Becomes the Person

What's to prevent everyone from hopping on the androgyny bicycle and stroking away to easy wholeness? Many people fear and reject the whole idea. Some honestly believe that there are "innate differences between the sexes" (given by God or nature) and that if these are not held to and respected, there shall ensue a wake of personal maladjustment and social instability. This thinking is dangerous. Rigid socialization into a narrowed male role actually creates more anxieties. For example, the role-fluid Scandinavian countries are peaceably stable, while the role-tight Latin American and Arab countries abound in macho turmoil.

It is not easy even for those who accept role-free androgyny. Any "deviant" knows that we are all free to do whatever we want to do--until we actually start doing it. Informal social control begins at that point. First, we internalize our roles and depend on them for our identity and self esteem. (Act like a man or you're no good.) Second, there's the external peer group persuasion/ridicule/avoidance/and career damage. (Occupational-financial oppression again.) Nobody loves a non-man, let alone a--well, er... Can a man, then, live a liberated life in an oppressive society? Yes, but he must have growth potential, a strong self image and some supportive peer reference group. (Does that sound like gay liberation to you?)

The male code is all pervasive which is why it is so damaging and hard to shake. Some people try to



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wear the role mask only during work hours at Ulcerville, thinking they can discard it after work becoming warm and tender with family and friends. This is almost impossible because the role gets "internalized." It gets under your skin. Socialization marries the mask to the inner core of selfhood stamping your very identity permanently. No area is exempt. It percolates into all of them, the work world, the love world (male and female; one-to-one and general) and the play world (the creative, self-expressive, time-out time).

Queer Fear Again

Nowhere is the male code seen more sharply than in the area of—you guessed it—homosexuality. Homophobia (queer fear) pressures the male into super-straightness in all the areas—self, work, others, love, and play. The culture has assigned "male" traits to men, then ranked them "better" than women's traits. Then to make matters worse, the culture inaccurately equates homosexuality with femininity. It even types gay men as *ultra* or *hyper* women in the bad sense—"mean, petty, bitchy, etc." Lastly, the culture dreads and fears homosexuality. Put them all together and you have got the worst thing a man can be—a well, you know—a sissy, er, a —.

This unholy trio of chauvinism, plus role-assignment, plus homophobia conspires to enact a few more unwritten laws into the male code. Here are some of them:

1. Don't get too close to other males. Don't really touch them either physically or emotionally. (So what if your friendships are impoverished as a result. You're a Man!)
2. Keep "your" women in line. (So what if this warps an equal and open relationship. You're a Man!)
3. Don't do sissy or feminine work or play. (So what if nursing or cooking might have enriched your personal growth. You're a Man!)
4. Don't slack off being a stud in bed.

(So what if you just plain didn't want it that night, perhaps because of work pressures or perhaps you just wanted tenderness. You're a Man!)

5. Don't even get near the queers because you might be labelled one or "catch" it. Don't even tolerate them. (So what if both your friendships and your moral responsibility suffers at the hands of a hang-up. You're a Man!)

So homophobia is the hidden skeleton in most straight men's closet (so to speak). It's obvious in Archie Bunker, but subtly present in too many liberals. It is also in too many gay closets. The average Joe is just not free to be—you and me. Here are a few examples that

are amusing at first, then depressing.

A woman observed that if you ask many men what they think of the beauty of a painting or a flower or the delicacy of a piece of music, they will reply gruffly, "I don't know. I didn't notice." The point is that they *actually* half-didn't. From blue-blanketed cradle to grave most men stump along the straight and narrow stone Wall Streets of the city (not Stonewall) and never deviate to wander widely, feeling the beauty around them.

Farrell actually asked employers how they would react to a job applicant if his application read "1972-74, I took care of our chil-

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dren." The response was usually (are you ready for this one?) "Oh, he must be a fag." One does wonder just how he got his kids—was he a latent heterosexual? Perhaps he caught his faggotry later among all those aprons and diapers. Actually many men reported that they would like to do "fathering" but lacked the requirements for successful deviation—ego-strength—peer-support and job security. (Sounds like gay lib again!)

Then Farrell asked whether newly-liberated men would freely express in public their new freer attitudes about women. One man replied that he would indeed protest racist comments, but that "if you start talking about women's lib, there are a lot of guys who'll think you're queer, a homosexual." (Women's lib, mind you, not the odder men's lib, let alone the blue-hot gay lib.)

For gays it's **always** been 1984, but maybe, just maybe, they can get free easier than straights. Once we gays free ourselves from that fifth oppression of self-hate/shame/guilt, what can harm us? We can opt from the other oppressions or accept them as the price of our freedom, except for the one big fat hassle of job-work-employment. By contrast, the straight seems more solidly embedded (stuck) in the System with the cake of custom. His family is a hostage to society.

However, even gays have been contorted by the same male code. Unlike blacks and women, but like Jews, gays can usually "pass," but at a psychic cost. A California psychology teacher, Marty Rogers, vividly tells of his earlier days at being what I would label as a "male impersonator."

For example, when I first began teaching, one of my greatest fears was that my students would discover that I was a queer. I wore a jacket and tie in those days and before each class I would remind myself to watch my inflection, to control any excessive hand

movements, to flirt with the women students, and to never, never let my eyes drop below belt level on a man. I had to stop after a month. Acting the stereotyped male role was tantamount to becoming a robot for me. The cost of that travesty was the very excitement and spontaneity which makes me the unique being I am.

Poor Professor Rogers obviously suffers from a "compulsive male genital fixation" which could perhaps be cured by aversion therapy or surgery. (Nobody tries to change you if you have a female breast "fixation.") Seriously, he had been sick, but with the oppression sickness of the Double Life. There's a practical warning here. Other people can handle integrity in a person, it seems. A friend told me that when he butched it up at work for protective coloration, everyone raised eyebrows. It was simply that they sensed something amiss. When he decided to "cut that crap," others accepted him more easily and things went from "chilly to Cool, man!"

Gay Roles: Mince Baby

We have talked about the masculine straightjacket. What about the gay straightjacket? There is one, you know. (I'm not competent to discuss lesbian role-assignments, an unmanly thing to admit since we men are supposed to have all the answers.) Look around you in any gay bar on any evening. The role of "passing" is not in evidence, but several others are quite visible. Many of these roles are warped away from or toward the straight models. Thus, Arno Karlen speaks of "the three chief male homosexual roles" as being the Swish (a petulant, flamboyant woman), the Butch (a swaggering tough), and the Boyish Type (an appealing little boy, "precisely defined, with its meticulous Peter Pan grooming and absence of stereotyped male aggressiveness.") By the way, the last one isn't androgynous, it's epicene—

a neither-gender image. Well, here we are, pinned and wriggling on lepidopterist Karlen's wall, as precisely displayed as helmets in a leather bar.

Some gay roles are dying out. We don't today see as much of the Butch-Femme distinction among the leather and drag coteries as we used to, but then again what happens in bed? Rarer yet today is the Fairy Princess Syndrome of some older gays—"a tired old fantasy world peopled by bitchy male hairdressers, snobbish antique dealers and effete ballet masters...selfish, petty and vain little men" who lived in a sort of Hollywood of pink gins, poodles, and Judy Garland forever.

Other gay roles are with us yet. We all know the Nellie, one which many young gays assume, however briefly, when they first come out. Whether due to a lack of role models (I thought that's the way a homosexual is supposed to act) or just a sense of sheer relief (No more games!), they wax **tres femme** for an orbit or two. A friend confided to me that when he first came out, he became femme for those reasons and thought that he had to act on the notion that "there's no straight guy who can't be had." Worse yet, he thought he had to give up his interest in auto repair! That is as bad as school primers: "Boys invent things, girls use what boys invent." Happily, my friend got his head back together fast and became gay, not fey. This is not to criticize a flamboyant queen or a hard-as-nails leather type who is honestly that way by their own choice. Role playing, straight or gay, can give personal security, but it can also crimp personal growth and true relating, particularly when not understood and when not self-imposed.

Editor's note: Part 2 will discuss how the masculine code affects the gay male's relationships with other gay males, with self in personal growth and with women, especially gay women.

ME AND LIFE

(from page 27)

luted love lives.

Generally, Romaine put up with Natalie's adventures with amazing good humor and would even twit her about her latest conquest in letters (for example, "I miss Nat-Nat a lot of times, but am glad she is getting over her honey-moon etc., while I'm away"). She even tolerated *menage a trois* for many years, Natalie making it clear that she would not give up Elisabeth (Lily), the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnette.

But one of them did indeed threaten their union seriously. Natalie met Dolly Wilde in 1927—beautiful, witty, but at a loss about dealing with life. Living in the shadow of her brilliant uncle was the albatross around the neck that made her life something of a rerun of Renee Vivien's (drugs and alcohol devastating her also). For Dolly their involvement was a dream fulfillment. And she assumed that between Natalie and Romaine the passion had passed, but she was quite wrong about that. Romaine was becoming increasingly upset: this affair was not like the others—it was lasting too long and Natalie who detested having people living with her, was actually letting Dolly stay in the spare bedroom. So Romaine sent her an ultimatum, which had the desired effect. For Natalie did consider her *affaires du coeur* as essentially frivolous, minglings of the flesh not comparable to the great love she bore for Romaine.

Alas, the enduring partnership was to have a sad end. The two women had spent the war years living together, and Natalie wanted to continue the arrangement. But Romaine didn't, settling down instead to live alternately in Nice and Fiesole. The later pattern of their lives took shape: many letters, interspersed with visits nearly always organized by Natalie (strangely, over the years, Natalie had very gradually become the lover and Ro-



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maine the courted one).

Meanwhile, the trauma engendered by Romaine's early years seems to have flowered again in her old age. Her incipient paranoia surfaced and she was not only cutting more and more people out of her life, but taking a seemingly perverse pleasure in misunderstanding others' good intentions toward her. Thus it is not terribly surprising that when a new friend, Janine Lahovary, appeared in Natalie's life, she used it as a pretext to break with Natalie forever. Romaine simply refused to understand that Natalie was both psychologically and, now, physically dependent upon others—disregarding also her own refusal to live with Natalie. Natalie tried valiantly to penetrate the hostile barrier of silence erected by her beloved Romaine, but to no avail. Ella Goddard had again succeeded in imposing her perverted self between Romaine and live and love....

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GAY PEOPLES UNION, INC.

Until further notice, Gay Peoples Union, Inc., will hold their meetings at the GPU VD Examination Center, 225 E. St. Paul, at 7:30 p.m.

Topics for Upcoming Meetings

- March 3 - Monthly open business meeting - but the next three meetings will be devoted to taking the first steps toward a community center.
- March 10 Community Center - Writing proposals
- March 17 Community Center - Development of fund-raising ideas
- March 24 Community Center - Community outreach

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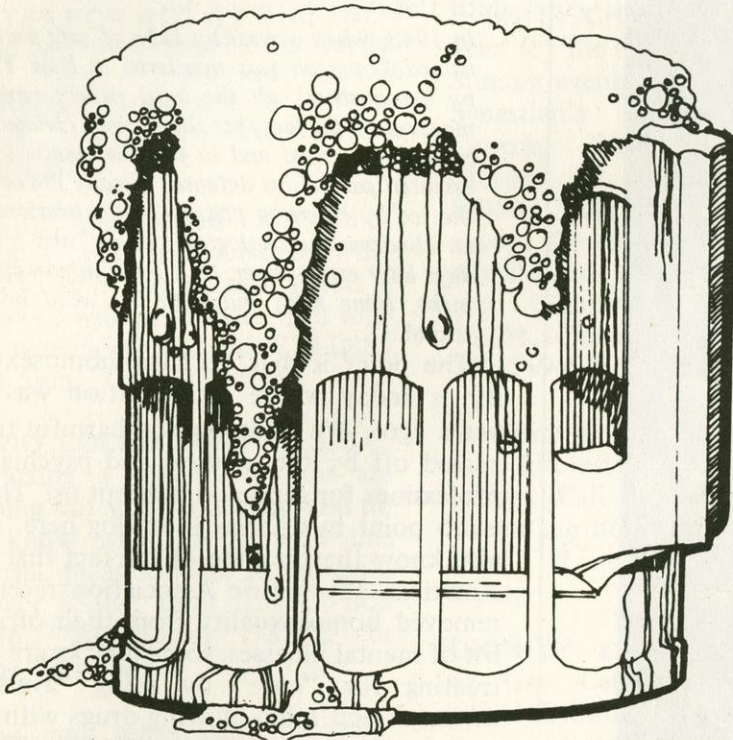
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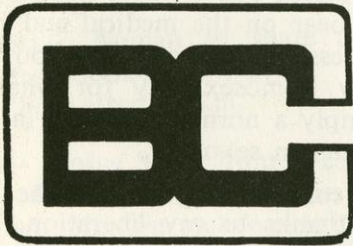


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SECRET (from page 25)



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The point is that, perhaps, homosexuality is today where masturbation was 50 years ago. We all know the harmful tripe passed off by the medical and psychiatric professions for generations about us. There is no point in offering a catalog here. We also know that in spite of the fact that the American Psychiatric Association recently removed homosexuality from their official list of mental illnesses, some quacks are still treating for "cure" by using "aversion therapy" and mind-blowing drugs with occasional forays into brain surgery. These are as outrageous as the old "treatments" for masturbation, but as more pressure is brought to bear on the medical and psychiatric professions, perhaps they too will finally show homosexuality for what it really is—simply a normal variation in the pattern of human sexuality.

We have come a long way in the last few years, thanks to gay liberation, but we still have a long way to go before the old, outdated views about homosexuality are placed in a proper perspective. The views on homosexuality will change just as the views on masturbation have changed.

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DIGNITY/CHICAGO sponsors a Mass for the Gay Community every Sunday evening at 7:00 pm at St. Sebastian's Roman Catholic Church, 824 W. Wellington, Chicago, Ill. Coffee Social Hour follows Mass every Sunday night except the second Sunday of each month. For more information contact Dignity/Chicago, P.O. Box 11261, Chicago, Ill. 60611 or call 312-769-6386 or 312-248-0678.

Students in Marquette University area interested in Gay discussion group. Call Brian at 224-8182 between the hours of 4:30 and 7:30 p.m. If not home, please keep trying.

DIGNITY, a national organization of Gay Catholics, organized to unite all Catholic Gays to develop leadership and to be an instrument through which the Catholic Gay may be heard by the Church and Society. Dignity has four areas of concern: spiritual formation, education, social involvement, and social events. Interested? Contact Dignity/Chicago, P.O. Box 11261, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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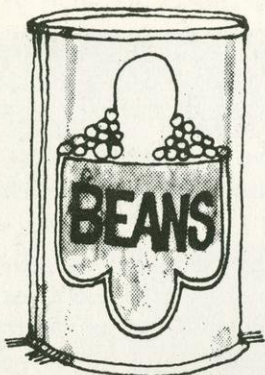
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Madison, Wi. 53715
(608) 257-7575

Lesbian Switchboard

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

CHICAGO

Beckman House Chicago
Community Center

3519 N. Halstead St. Open week-
ends 1 pm to midnight. Open
Wednesday to Friday 7 to 11 pm.
Call Gay Switchboard 929-HELP.

Chicago Gay News & Events

Dial Operator and ask for the Chic-
ago Enterprise number 5486.
Tollfree phone service provided
by the Free Spirit Fellowship,
343 S. Dearborn St.

Metropolitan Community Church
Good Shepherd Parish

Sunday worship 7 pm at 615 W.
Wellington. Call new phone
(312) 549-3114 or write PO
Box 9134, Chicago, Ill. 60690.