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# GPU NEWS

April 1977

Vol. 6, No. 7

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# ANITA GETS SIGNATURES

Miami, FL—The Miami Metro Commission has set June 7 as the date for a county-wide referendum on the county's gay civil rights ordinance. The vote is expected to have wide national ramifications on the gay rights movement.

Anita Bryant and her **Save Our Children from Homosexuals** organization collected 64,300 signatures forcing the vote. The commission had the choice of rescinding the ordinance or calling the special election. They opted for the election on a 6 to 3 vote.

The special election adds a new twist to the controversy. One everyone understands: money. A special election will cost the tax payers of Dade County \$400,000.

A coalition of gay-rights groups has offered to try and raise the money and pay the cost of the special election. Robert S. Basker, executive director of the Dade County Coalition for the Humanistic Rights of Gays, said the fund-raising was made in response to public objections to the county spending taxpayers' money on the election.

"The added controversy of the cost of the election only serves to cloud the real issue," said Basker describing the issue as equal opportunity and human rights.

Ironically Anita Bryant also sees the issue as a matter of civil rights. After the board's actions she said, "By its action, the commission, for better or worse, has made Dade County a national battleground in the fight for civil rights for parents and their children."

Commissioner Ruth Shack, who sponsored the ordinance said the voters will "see that the measure deals with a simple issue: that of human rights of a minority. . ."

There is a possibility that the Metro Commission could reconsider it's latest action. Any member of the majority side could ask for a new vote. They could rescind the new law pending a study of similar laws and their effect in other com-

munities, and then call for a ballot on the issue during the next regular election at no cost to the taxpayers. Such action seems highly unlikely, however.

Miami gays are not taking any chances. They have started a national campaign to raise funds and plan future newspaper ads throughout the country.

"We are beginning a massive nationwide campaign," Basker said.

"No Dade taxpayers will be forced to contribute to the cost of this election," he said.

Although the coalition couldn't "guarantee" that it could raise \$400,000 they feel "pretty sure" that the money can be collected. They have raised about \$20,000 so far including a \$5,000 donation from gay businessman, Jack Campbell.

The coalition has invited Anita Bryant and her group to come up with half the total cost since it was their petition initiative that necessitated the election. Neither Ms. Bryant or the groups lawyer Robert Brake have commented on the fund-raising proposal.

The commissioners will have to

## RIGHTS LAW FOR IOWA CITY?

Iowa City, IA—The Iowa City Human Relations Commission began several months ago to work on revisions of the existing human rights laws of that city. The seven members of the commission who were appointed by Mayor Mary Newheuser held several meetings with the city council to work out the provisions of the proposed amendment that would change the law to cover civil rights for gay people for the first time.

On March 21 the commission met with the council members in a public meeting and after being urged by several city council members, the commission voted 5 to 2 to delete certain sections forbidding discrimination because of "affectional preference" in private housing. How-

ever, the sections of the proposed amendment forbidding discrimination in employment and public accommodations because of "affectional preference" remain. Thus, the first public "reading" of the amendment has now been accomplished.

Three more public "readings" at weekly intervals are required before the city council will vote on it.

In an interview with GPU NEWS, Father John Smith of the Catholic Student Center of the University of Iowa, stated that although at least one councilperson is unhappy about the deletion of rights in the private housing sector, the proposal will likely pass. Passage would make Iowa City the first city in Iowa to pass civil rights laws to protect the rights of gay people.

decide whether or not to accept the money according to assistant county attorney Robert Ginsburg. Checks are already coming into the group at their headquarters at 5390 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, FL 33137. The checks are being made out to the Metropolitan Dade County Board of County Commissioners. Contributions to the election fund are tax deductible. Ms. Bryant also had a comment concerning gays meeting at the White House. "Behind the high sounding appeal against discrimination in jobs and housing—which is not a problem to the "closet" homosexual—they are really asking to be blessed in their abnormal lifestyle by the office of the president of the United States."

But President Carter's chief spokesman said the meeting "is the essence of what America is all about." Press Secretary Jody Powell said on CBS' **Face The Nation** that any group who feels it's not being treated fairly should have a right "to put that grievance before the high officials of this land and say, 'We want redress.'"

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# GAYS MEET AT WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D.C.—On March 26, ten members of the **National Gay Task Force (NGTF)** met at the White House with President Carter's assistant for public liaison, Margaret Constanza to air grievances and discuss administrative policy concerning gay issues. Ms. Constanza, former vice-mayor of Rochester, N.Y., was joined by her assistant, Marilyn Haft of the **American Civil Liberties Union** and Bob Malson who is on the president's domestic policy council. An issues person from the Democratic National Committee also sat in on the conference, as did Charlotte Spitzer, a representative of a parent's of gays group in California and Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church. The delegation was headed by Jean O'Leary and Bruce Voeller, co-executive directors of NGTF, whose February 8 White House meeting with Ms. Constanza laid the groundwork for this meeting.

Other delegates were: Charles Brydon, Seattle, Wa., Ray Hartman, Los Angeles, Ca., Charlotte Bunch and Franklin Kameny, Washington, D.C., Elaine Noble, Boston, Ma., William Kelly, Chicago, Il., Betty Powell, New York, N.Y., George Raya, San Francisco, Ca., and Myra Riddell, Los Angeles, Ca.

Each delegate presented a five minute verbal presentation and submitted a written report on a particular area of concern such as Defense Department policy, Immigration and Naturalization, U.S. Civil Rights Commission, Internal Revenue Service, and Prisoner's rights and legislation. In addition, the gay civil rights bill introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Ed Koch and a similar Senate bill to be introduced by Senator Alan Cranston was discussed.

The meeting lasted for over two and one half hours and Ms. Constanza agreed to facilitate high level meetings with various government agencies responsible to the White

House. One such meeting with an assistant to the Attorney General has already been arranged. It is understood that Attorney General Bell has agreed to attend this meeting. In addition, every report presented will be studied and responded to by Carter's domestic policy staff.

Ms. Costanza agreed to relay two urgent requests to President Carter—one to upgrade less than honorable military discharges on homosexual grounds, the other to end discrimination by immigration authorities against gays who wish to enter the country.

In a press release concerning the historic meeting, Jean O'Leary said "This is the first time in the history of this country that a president has seen fit to acknowledge the rights and needs of some twenty million Americans. The meeting was a happy milestone on the road to full equality under law for gay women

and men, and we are highly optimistic that it will soon lead to complete fulfillment of President Carter's pledge to end all forms of federal discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation." Bill Kelly, the only representative of NGTF from the midwest at the meetings, told a **GPU NEWS** reporter: "The atmosphere was one of a great deal of receptivity, frankness and openness." Kelly presented information concerning the Internal Revenue Service and specifically discussed the refusal of the IRS to grant tax exemption to **Gay Peoples Union of Milwaukee**.

Although the president's son Chip Carter had been expected to join the meeting, he was called out of town at the last minute. President Carter and his family were also away for the weekend at Camp David, Md., but Ms. Costanza said the president was well aware of the meeting and most willing to have it occur.

## COURT SINKS NAVY'S CASE

**San Francisco, CA**—The United States District Court of Northern California has ruled the Navy's policy of mandatory discharging of all gay service people is unconstitutional.

The court ruled that the armed services' treatment of homosexuals is not keeping with the services' "traditional position in the vanguard of providing equal opportunities. In fact, the Navy's policy of discharging homosexuals without considering all relevant factors pertaining to their fitness to serve violates the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment."

The court also noted that "processing for discharge is mandatory if Navy personnel are found to be engaging in homosexual acts." The only types of "misconduct" which are subject to mandatory discharge are homosexual acts and drug trafficking. "For every other class of misconduct, the discharge decision

is based on the merits of the particular case. The court finds no basis for a policy of singling out homosexuals for mandatory exclusion, regardless of the fitness of the particular individual."

Ruling in the case of Saal vs. Middendorf, the court noted that the "discharged servicewoman's record was exemplary. The Court does not hold that the Navy is constitutionally required to enlist homosexuals, nor does it hold that the Navy may not discharge this servicewoman if it determines that her homosexual activities render her unfit for service. Due process merely requires that this woman's fitness to serve be evaluated in the light of all relevant factors, free of any policy of mandatory exclusion."

This is the most sympathetic decision to date on the rights of gays in the military. The Navy can appeal the case.

# Gay Arts Festival Set for May Day in Madison

By Jacob Stockinger

Madison, WI—May Day, the traditional day of celebration of revolutionary and minority movements, will be of special interest to gays this year. On Sunday, May 1st, the first annual **Gay Arts Festival** will be held in the Great Hall of the Memorial Union on the campus of the University of Wisconsin-Madison, from 2 to 7 pm.

The festival will be sponsored by the **Madison Committee for Gay Rights** in cooperation with all other local gay groups and several other organizations, including **The May Day Coalition**, **Women's Permission Theater**, the **Arena Repertory Theater**, and **Wisconsin Women in the Arts**.

Planned activities include all facets of the visual and performing arts, and it is hoped that both well known artists and unknown artists will participate. Most of all, it is the hope of the organizers to involve artists who do not have the time or incli-

nation to participate in "politics as usual" in the gay community.

The event is an outgrowth of a very successful gay film series which started this semester on campus and is still running. It is, moreover, time to strengthen the gay sense of community, and especially to bridge recent divisiveness by bringing lesbians and gay men together in a way that will produce good feelings and good results. Although the directors encourage the presence of non-gays at the event, the primary thrust of it is aimed at gays in the desire to present a positive self-image.

## Assembly Bill 323 Hearings Held

Madison, WI—As we go to press, the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly is holding hearings on AB 323. This is Wisconsin's version of a "consenting adults" bill. (See GPU NEWS, March '77).

While a majority of the thirteen member committee is known for their conservatism, supporters of this legislation remain optimistic that the bill will be reported out with a favorable vote. Committee members will vote on the issue at a later date.

The **Wisconsin Alliance for Sexual Privacy (WASP)** is spearheading the effort to get the bill passed. Roger Durand, a spokesman for them, said while a negative vote from the committee would be a serious blow to their efforts, "the bill would not be dead by a long shot."

As we have reported before, Chairman Rutkowski has agreed to report the bill out regardless of the committee's action.

In addition to Durand, persons scheduled to testify in favor of the bill were: Alyn Hess, President of Gay Peoples Union; Drs. Robert and Lee Alvarez, Wood Hospital; Rev. Judith E. Michaels, Campus Ministry; Rev. Tony Larson, Unitarian Church of Racine; plus representatives from **NOW** and **WCLU**. Several police officials and attorneys were also expected to testify.

The **May Day Gay Arts Festival** should be of particular significance to Madison gays, for it will mark the seventh anniversary of the founding of the **Madison Alliance for Homosexual Equality**, the first gay activist organization here, in 1970. Yet it is hoped that all forms of participation will be larger than city-wide.

If you would like to exhibit a work of art, perform in some artistic capacity, or obtain more information, contact the **Madison Committee for Gay Rights**, David Smith, 133 East Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703 or call (608) 251-2937

At this time there is no known spokesmen against the legislation.

**WASP** has initiated a strong letter writing campaign and is also circulating petitions in support of the bill. They urge you to write your State Representative at the State Capitol Building, Madison, WI 53702 in favor of the bill.

They are also seeking contributions to help cover the substantial costs in getting their task accomplished. Mailing and print costs are staggering. Checks can be sent to them at **WASP**, 2211 E Kenwood Blvd., Milwaukee, WI 53211.

## GPU - 7th Year

Milwaukee, WI—1977 marks seven years of an active gay liberation movement in Milwaukee and **Gay Peoples Union** is planning an appropriate celebration. All of the active gay organizations in the city have been invited to join this effort.

Although a complete schedule of events has not been completed yet, a banquet is being planned during late June or early July.

GPU is seeking suggestions to make **Gay Pride Week '77—Milwaukee** a memorable occasion. If you have any ideas, or would like to help with this effort, contact them. GPU meets every Monday night at 8 pm at the Farwell Center, 1568 N Farwell.



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# EDITORIAL

After Assistant District Attorney Douglas Munson was quoted as saying, "We attract more junkies, misfits, winos and homosexuals here than anywhere else in the world," in a speech stating the cause for the rise in crime, San Francisco gays demanded—and received—a public apology.

Last month saw Indiana's Gay Peoples Union pressure that state's lower house Judiciary Committee into killing a proposal to reinstate criminal penalties for consenting adults.

While it would be comforting to think Mr. Munson had a change of heart, and that six members of the Indiana Legislature were 100% behind gay rights, the truth of the matter is these politicians were reminded of the only raw power they understand: votes. In both of these cases, gay votes.

Wisconsin gays have only just begun to understand this power. Several Assemblypersons would not be in office today without gay support. More could be added.

Wisconsin gays in general and Milwaukee gays in particular have a chance to flex their political muscles in the April 5 election. The turnout at Spring elections is traditionally light. This year there is no "hot" issue to bring out a complacent apathetic electorate.

State-wide we will choose a Supreme Court Justice and the State Superintendent of Education. Both positions are important to gays. What an unfriendly Supreme Court Justice could do boggles the imagination. We have a clear cut choice here, and GPU NEWS endorses Judge Robert Landry without hesitation.

The only issue that seemed to spark any interest in the race for State Superintendent of Schools was whether or not we should have sex education (heterosexual, no less) or not. While there are certainly other reasons, the stand of incumbent Dr.

Barbara Thompson on this issue alone when compared to her opponent, gives her the nod.

It is also our opinion that gays have an important stake in the election of Milwaukee School Board Members. If we are ever going to get such things as gay studies, rights for gay students and teachers, it will have to come from this group. Yes, we are concerned about our tax dollars (politicians tend to forget that we also pay taxes) being squandered in useless court battles over integration and appalled at some present board member's positions during labor negotiations with the teachers. But it is the gay issues that concern us most. Several candidates have been approached on this issue. We therefore endorse and recommend several candidates most enthusiastically: **Charles Perry** for the two year term and **Jim Koneazny** for a full 6 year term. Several other candidates may not be the "best" but are better than their opponents. We recommend **Harvey Cooper** and **Peggy Kenner** for 6 year terms and two incumbents: **Clara New** and **Doris Stacy**.

A large turnout of gay voters would make the difference here, especially in Chuck Perry's race against a strong incumbent (Busalacchi). Wouldn't it be nice if we could go to the school board and say, "Put a protective clause for homosexuals in your general contract, or we'll get someone who will," and be able to back up our claim? We can if we just show elected officials how much power we really have. Good Gay Vote Power—USE IT!

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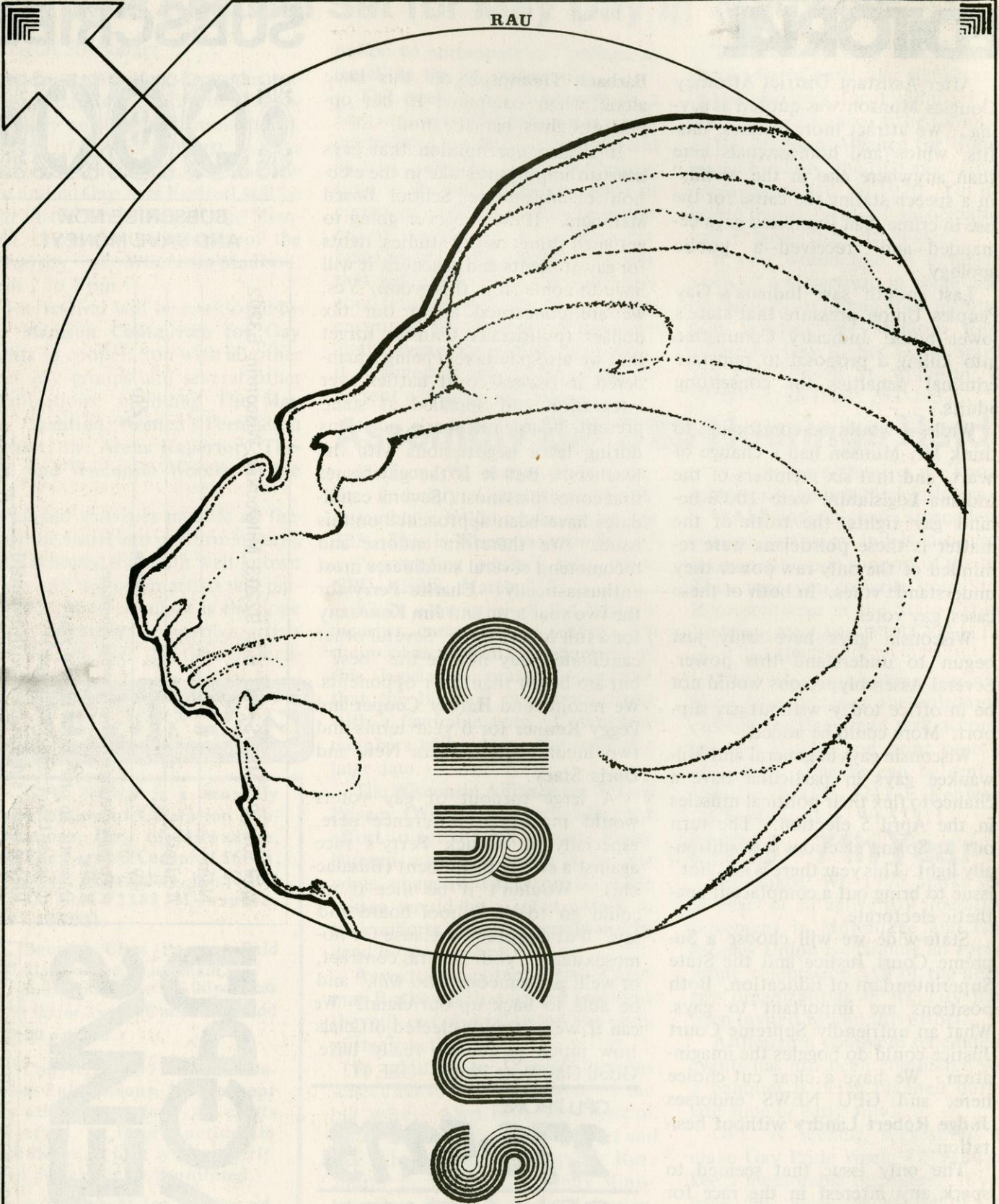
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# FEEDBACK

Dear GPU NEWS,

This letter may prompt a "so what" from the gay community, but one thing that has upset and saddened me about the gay movement is the viciousness with which a few gays verbally attack the ignorant, but nevertheless well-meaning straights of society. "Well, let the ignorant bastard crawl out from under his boulder," I heard on one occasion when trying to defend a good human. And that good human walking away baffled and embittered, who never before met someone proudly admitting he was gay, had just gotten verbally crunched: because in his apprehension, loss for words and semantic ignorance, he asked: Why don't you like being called homosexuals?"

It seems to be an unfortunate reaction of persecuted people to im-

mediately judge personally detractive remarks without first sifting for intent.

Now I'd imagine that after having publicly declared your orientation, it must be difficult in dealing conversationally with the total fallacies and half-truths you know will come. I'd further imagine that "sifting for intent" has to take a shelving to emotional self-preservation. The anonymous quote of a frustrating time period: "Many who are ahead of their time have to wait for it in uncomfortable quarters," may seem like heterosexual rhetoric. But, you're regrettably trapped in this period of time where people still fear what they don't understand.

To whom this might apply—If your contribution to a better gay future is nothing more than assorted snide remarks used to hammer 'gay' into unsuspecting foreheads; then your past, present, and future grief

are at a waste. And if you must look upon us as "Herds" then do so. Try though, to infuse into your private lives a bit of the brotherhood-sisterhood you effuse at your consciousness gatherings.

Cazz C. Cabot  
Lincoln Park, Michigan

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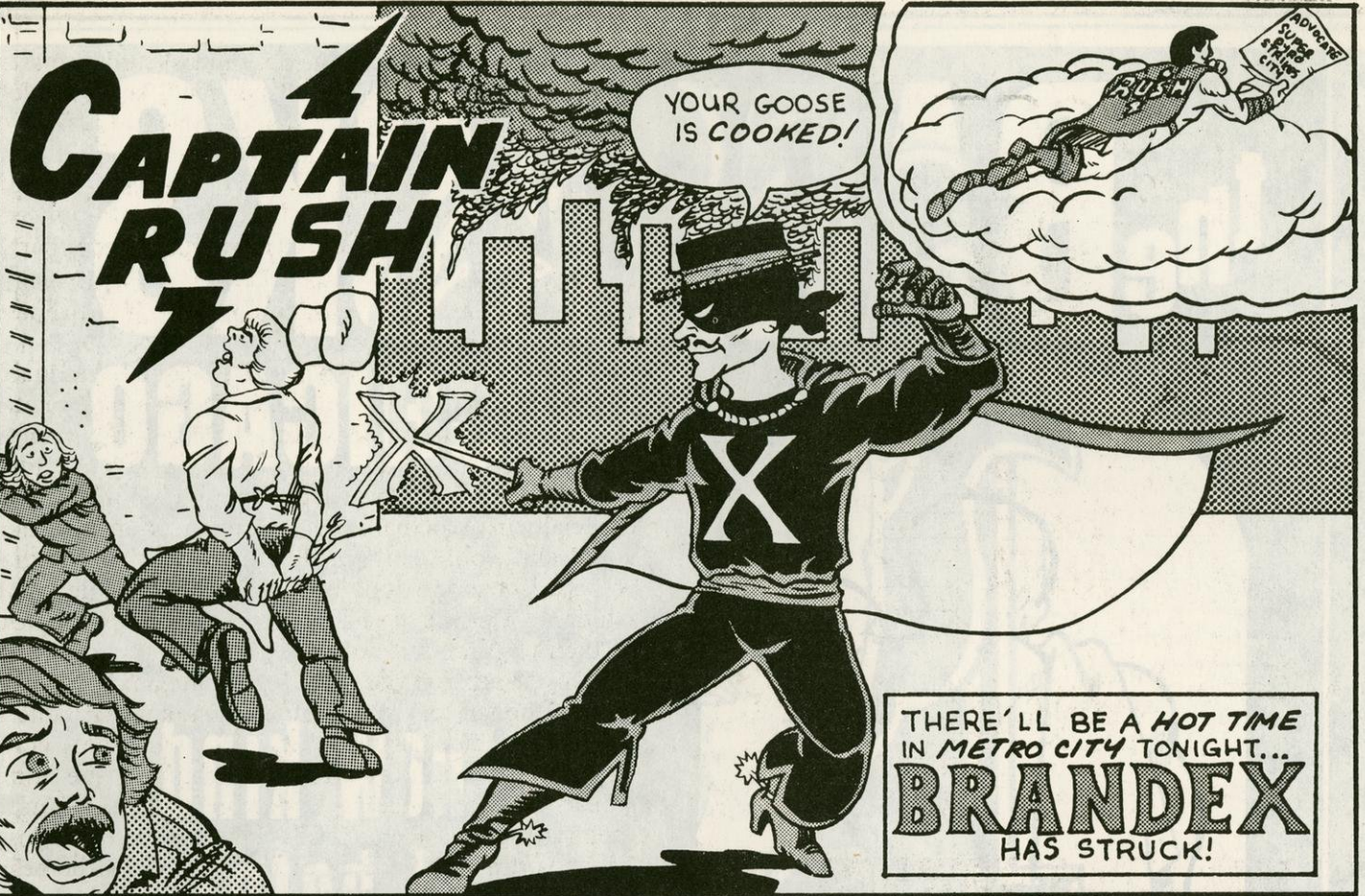
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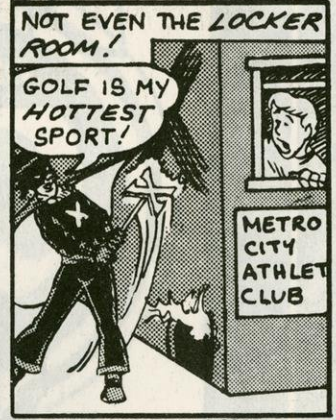
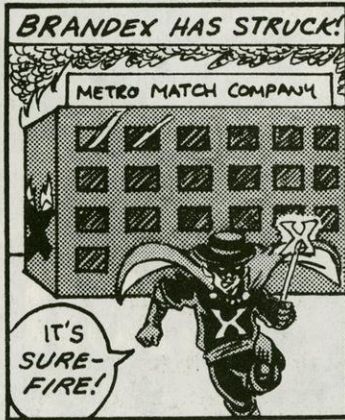
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# BRYANT'S

## Bible-Beating Bigotry

By Wayne Jefferson

Amazing news, sort of: Anita Bryant isn't even anti-gay, perhaps. Nor is she even pro-religion for its own sake, it seemed, even though chapter-and-verse flow freely from her mouth as if she were programmed. No, her hates and lusts seem to run deeper than those specifics, in ways that could endanger non-gays too. It's her type would do in *all* deviants—they're "deviates"—or so it seemed after a zippy **Phil Donahue Show** on TV the other week. Then her root-motivation seemed to emerge which led her to dispense venom with the orange juice, but all unawares. And the whole show seemed to say something about certain hidden roots of homophobia, or "queer-fear."

Ms. Bryant—can I call her Anita?—has of course been laboring diligently in her own vineyards against a Florida civil rights law to protect gays in employment, housing, and public accommodations. (She also of course veered near to losing her new job in her own TV series as a result of all the adverse flurry.) And all of a sudden there she was, fully screened. You had to see her to disbelieve her. Both demure and articulate,

most gracious, and with the very nicest smile, smartly tailored and coiffed, so-o-o "American", and complete with semi-silent-partner husband; Anita did most of the talking. But was she also like one gravely ill with homophobia, or perhaps rampant "dislike of the unlike", an intelligent child whose pain at the uncertainties in existence created a raging need for order via fixed external "laws"—any laws of any System—which could result in monstrous, inhumane things, though all unintentionally.

At first, on the face of it, she seemed reasonable enough indeed. She didn't "hate" gays; merely hated the sin, loved the sinner. "The Bible says it's wrong," and the recurrent point of her whole spiel seemed simply to ban open gays from being hired as teachers, especially in parochial schools. For she presumed they could and would talk openly there about their sexuality, also act as "role-models" to impressionable young children. Parents have a right, she said, to be "jealous of their children's atmosphere."

Okay, fine; this was quite legitimate anxiety on her part—although of course quite mistaken, and therefore utterly needless after all. But then she'd grade and drift on into even grosser distortions. She firmly spread the word that gays "recruit" new members to their ranks, that "Rome fell" because of such carryings-on, and ultimately seemed to approach all "otherness" with the ironmaiden fist indeed under the velvet glove of demure pleasantry. Soft-core fascism we don't need.

Phil was good; he tried. He'd insert gadfly-questions such as: wouldn't non-gays also be fired if they discussed their own sex life? What kind of work would you let gays do, then? ("They're in everywhere now," she replied, utterly glossing over the fact that even closeted, non-"flaunting" gays—that word again—still regularly lose their jobs.) Phil emphatically suggested gay oppression existed—"I'd be terrified if I were gay"—and, in a claim all could understand, condemned closetry if only because it might cause a straight-fronting male to try to marry his daughter, hence producing a domestic tragedy all round.

Thus far the forces of light; but to no avail. There was no calming the fever of her gracious fervor. At least no one squabbled over whether the Bible was final or not; all recognized that there was no common ground between the liberation, or liberal-situational-relative views and Anita's religious—or deeper—fundamentalism. In a nutshell, the Bible says it's wrong, and the Bible is fixed and final word on all. She spewed out chapter-and-verse with the speed (and the empathetic sensitivity) of a computer, and thus showed in action how the buckshot-broadside blast of the Letter can kill, if that rat-tat-tat is not soothed and muted by the Spirit of understanding, to give new life to old laws. And yet there was more. She didn't seem religious for its own sake, but only for what it could

do for her. At one point seemed to emerge her root-motivation at last. We need laws, she argued in genuine fear it seemed, in order for there to be order, not—chaos.

So she wasn't homophobic, nor religious per se, but a certain human type, the absolutist. Everyone needs order in their daily chaos, a coherent view of booming buzzing reality. But the absolutist needs this so much—no one knows why—that s/he gloms onto some answer giving System—any system in a storm, really—which is (1) fixed and unchanging, and (2) external, not depending upon personal feeling—and judgment. Religious fundamentalism qualifies as just dandy thus, but so also does rabid political “isms,” whether right or left. Also giving “all the answers” is folk-wisdom also known as cultural conventionality, belief in “what everyone knows is true,” as about god, capitalism, the nuclear family, effort-and-optimism-bringing-progress, and of course, the nature of womenfolk, the coloreds, the homos. Systems will give you all the answers thus. Whether the answers are either correct or harmless is another question. Opposing absolutism is relativism, or situational morality, whose only absolute is not the laws on the books or the parchment, or supposedly in “nature” but simply the command always to treat human beings humanely. Here, the only fixed “sin” is the mistreatment of persons, as means not ends, the debasement of the human quality of life.

There's a name for people like these, a dirty scientific name. Psychology recognizes the “authoritarian personality type” of person as a rigid, dogmatic, single valued worshipper of force and order and seeker of simplistic, black-white, categorical views of reality. These folk are intolerant of complexity, and insecure underneath. Archie Bunker is a benign example, though they can be radical as well as reactionary. Erich Hoffer wrote about the “True Believer,” the person who is so unable to remain in the doubts and uncertainties of reality that he must irritably reach after overcertainty, hysterically fly into faith, thus embracing promiscuously and compulsively any system around. And Erich Fromm defined a “religion” broadly as anything which gives “a frame of orientation and an object of devotion.” Obviously this includes far more than supernaturalism (from fundamentalism to atheism). It includes political systems (communism or fascism), ideologies (Freudianism, or the new “faith” of behaviorism), and life-styles (the intoxication of “natural” drug-free living, and the like).

A former friend of ours is a poignant example. First he and his wife were into liberationism, complete with frank sex education for children; that would purge out all the old hangups. Then came the “commune” and civilization was all nasty (more than it actually is), and back-to-mother-earth was to be IT. Suddenly entered born-again fundamentalism, as if a bolt from heaven; and now they drive past me the sinner with their fen-

ders plastered full of “One Way” bumper stickers. (Beep-beep. I think they might be there for quite awhile yet.)

So a prime cause of homophobia—among other variables, of course—may well be this single-valuedness of the absolutist-authoritarian. (Other causes of queer-fear, such as one's gender-role being a central part of core self and hence felt vulnerable, are fascinating, but off the point here.) In their rage for order, authoritarians distrust complexity—plurality, diversity—so much that they must stamp out the bloom of otherness, spray the pesticide of their dogmas upon the hundred flowers in the garden of human variety, including the exotic strains, which they venomously dislike, do not delight in.

Admittedly, Systems can be mighty satisfying. “I found it!” Who does not remember the sudden hot flashes of order they can give? I remember how as a ninth-grader visiting churches, Christianity suddenly seemed to say it all. Later, politically naive, I ran into rightist conservatism, which seemed seductive because unbalanced by the balanced picture. Later, liberationism seemed the answer, though not to much, not “all.” Arthur Koestler told how converts to Communism experienced this sunburst of completeness—before the sober disenchantment set in. But, no one System can explain all of reality. Then too, relativism is really more satisfying, to be the “democratic-tolerant personality type” who's easy with complexity, indeed even savors diversity, nothing human foreign to him, or threatening either. It's a relief to break the mold and see people as persons, not in categories. Do you have to be gay, or in some other minority, to value alternatives and differences, to see how lethal monomania can be? No, but it helps; being different from the mainstream in *any* way gives the insight of the Outsider.

And there's a real new danger from the authoritarians of today, with their siren song of simplicities. In an age of increasing uncertainties, more and more folk are turning toward simple answers—witness the religious Moonies, the drift toward the political right. Absolutists—like Anita?—could seduce them further. Certainly the Donahue hour could only harm gays and non-gays alike. (And, sadly, she does mean well in it all. She even hopes to open a “gay” church for gay “sinners.” Does she have thunderbolt-insurance, one wonders.) For the true terror of the narrow approach is not so much the mush that is said, but the much that is left unsaid.

Anita's one-sidedness paradoxically does not reduce, but actually aggravates, “the homosexual problem.” Much was left misunderstood by the audiences—the studio-full of quizzical matrons, and the nationwide viewers of God knows how many impressionable innocents. The major rebuttal to her view is, of course, the scientific-and-liberationist stance that (1) gayness

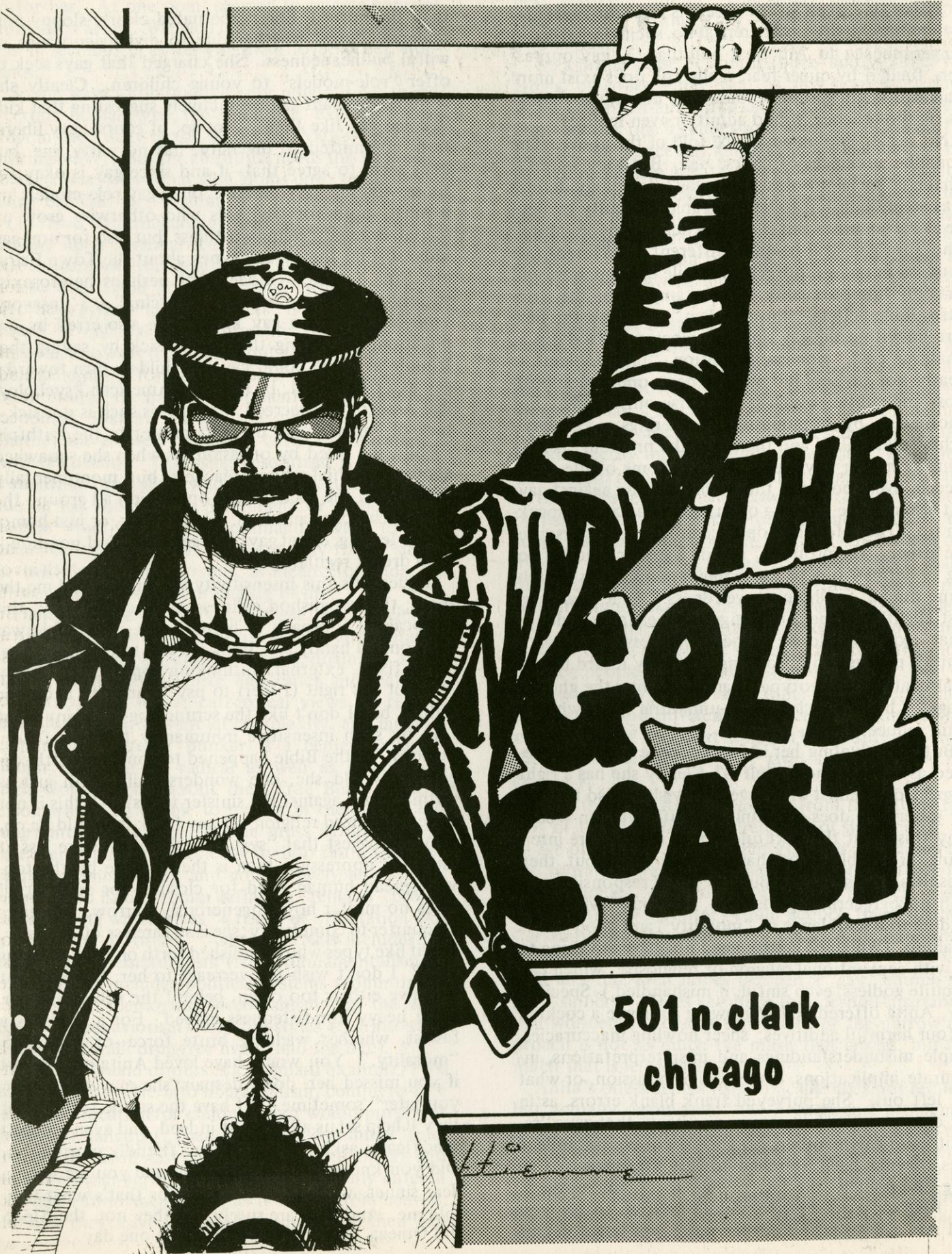
is neither sin nor sickness, in fact is OK—for gays; (2) that homosexuality, is no, repeat no, social threat-harm danger-menace to America; but that (3) gay oppression, fuelled by queer-fear, really still does exist more than Anita and spouse, appalled by densely-gay pock-ets on the beaches, would admit or even realize.

No reader here needs to be told of the above. The Donahue audiences of course did. But they weren't. What is a "social problem," anyway? Sociology defines it as something felt to be a solvable difficulty by people at a given time. But even then definitions are plural; "the" problem will be quite different to different factions, as in racism, poverty, juvenile delinquency, and certainly homosexuality. For example, for the absolutist Bible-belters, "the problem" is clearly the deviant sin within the gay sinners, to be cauterized out at whatever cost. For gay liberation, "the problem" is clearly not gayness but anti-gayness, oppression both gross and subtle, which is of course only fanned, not smothered, by homophobic blusterings. For civil-rights folk, ACLU and the like, "the problem" is anything crimping anyone's basic freedoms of life-style, speech, livelihood, and this includes static against gays, but also anyone quelling or firing Anita too for speaking up. Then, for the populace at large, the person in the street, "the problem" stands a good chance of being re-defined out to no-problem-at-all, from "loathsome threat" to "ho-hum weirdness." that is, gays as just slightly warped, no longer unspeakably hideous. That alone would be gr-r-eat progress, but clearly Anita's pokings and proddings can only retard the natural death of stereotypes, can keep alive the ghostly image of homos as sick-sinful-unnatural types who recruit, seduce, flaunt. . .

But in evaluating her, do we become as shrilly one-sided as we feel she herself is? Clearly she has a right to speak out against whomever she wishes, also to keep her job as she does so. Only an authoritarian would deny this. But the next question is much more interesting. If a public figure has a right to speak out, then doesn't s/he also have a duty to speak responsibly, on such nitroglycerin-type issues? Especially when pretending to a semblance of "morality" and good values all along. (Which of course need not have anything to do with conventional religion or religiosity, which can be quite godless, even sinful, if mishandled.) Specifically, Anita offered to her growing audience a cocktail of four harmful additives: sheer howling inaccuracies, simple misunderstandings and misinterpretations, inaccurate implications, and errors of omission, or what she left out. She purveyed frank blank errors, as in her charge, recited as often as a litany, that gays "recruit" non-gay members. It ain't so, of course; indeed gays, having been starched toward straitness for so long, are usually the last people to pressure others, the first to say everyone should be free to be—you and me. (Minorities are often more, not less, tolerant

than the norm.) She perpetuated clearly-sloppy misunderstandings, whether due to divine ignorance or wilful bullheadedness. She charged that gays seek to offer "role-models" to young children. Clearly she feared this meant gays seductively suggesting that kids become gay like them. Not so, of course; gay liberation, committed to diversity, has no party line, but does seem to agree that—if and since gay is okay for those who are gay—positive, open gay role-models are a must, both for gay kids who otherwise grow up scared, isolated, feeling worthless, but also for non-gay kids, so that their stereotypes about the Town Fairy, etc., are broken. (Indeed, it's perhaps heterosexist society which is every day "forcing" *it's* unsavory "role-Model" onto gay kids.) She also erred by implication, in hinting that gay is sick by saying that trouble at home could cause a child to turn toward a gay as a role model. In 1973 the American Psychological Association decreed that gay as such is not sick—but, of course, what do facts matter to the faithful? Finally she erred by omission, as when she squawked about parochial-school teachers but monumentally overlooked the facts of gay oppression all around the so-open beaches and bars. God-fearing, or just homophobe fearing, closet gays still get fired, and non-hired with dreary regularity.

I guess it's this insensitivity which troubled me the most; this roughshod callousness to complexity, this novocained approach to human pain. The Bible was thus only a handy rule book for her true-believer need for a fixed, external, unthinking approach to things. It's not my right (I feel) to psychoanalyze people in public, but I don't like the scrunching-up of innocent folk by such insensitive inhumanity to one's fellow persons. If the Bible happened to condemn lefthandedness, would she, one wonders, sally forth just as unthinkingly against the sinister types? All this is not to let organized religion off any hook it should be on, only to suggest that "systems" themselves are less at fault for oppression than is their misuse by the too-widespread human need for closure, for order at all costs no matter how ungenerously narrow. She gives no quarter to complexity; she is so careless of diversity. Was it like types who brandished forth on past religious wars? I don't wish to overreact to her, but let's not be naive either; too often, behind the velvet manner, some heavy iron-fistedness indeed. For a fascist is a fascist, whether wielding brute force—or supposed "morality." You would have loved Anita on TV, but if you missed her, don't despair; she may still 'catch you later' sometime. . . I have the subtle feeling that they'll help set us all straight indeed, and even without specifically asking, whatever our friendly persuasions. Did you know that they are right and you are wrong, dear sinner, wherever you are? For that's what they told me. And they are surely, are they not, the Alpha and Omega, come to judge the earth one day. . .



# THE GOLD COAST

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# Homosexuality, Promiscuity, and Adultery

By Lee C. Rice, Ph. D.

Much of the contemporary discussion of gay and alternate lifestyles which takes place within the moral context focuses upon the question of determining those values (social and individual) which can be realized within these possible lifestyles. Values within such a context can be seen as forming a network or mesh within which human choice operates in a selective and not always conscious fashion. No lifestyle can realize every possible human value; but, in order to be feasible, any lifestyle must realize some. Compensation for values not attained can be achieved by amplification of those values which are found. So the parenting and consequent rearing of offspring constitutes a genuine human value, and one which may be realized only within one or another species of heterosexual (or perhaps bisexual) lifestyle. The gay lifestyle would not in general realize such a value, though there may be other values which can be realized within gay lifestyles, and which are either not within the scope of the nongay, or at least are only so to a lesser degree. Ferreting out these values is a primary task of the moral or social thinker. Since any sexual lifestyle (or almost any, if narcissism be left out of consideration) involves interpersonal communication at many levels including sexuality, any attempt to explicate the values implicit in gay lifestyles will involve some (at least implicit) theory of the meaning and structure of such interpersonal relationship.

It is only natural that talk about interpersonal relationship begin with the heterosexual lifestyles as paradigms. By 'natural' here I do not mean 'good' or even 'proper'; but only that, since heterosexual lifestyles are more common, historically more accessible, and considerably more talked about, it is only natural to begin with what is easily at hand. Even those of us without heterosexual proclivities have been saturated with talk about heterosexual values from an early age. The approach to gay values using the interpersonal models within nongay lifestyles can take one of two considerably different forms. First, I may wish to argue that certain values which are realized within nongay lifestyles can also be achieved within the gay, to a greater or at least not to a lesser extent. I'll call this the standard argument form. Another, which I'll call the radical form, is the claim that particular nongay lifestyles have **disvalues** (pitfalls) which can be avoided within gay lifestyles. This paper argues for two inter-related claims. First, the decision as to which sort of argument to use, standard or radical, already involves some rather important moral deliberations. Secondly, in order to be clear on any claim, some clear-minded reflections on nongay lifestyles must precede talk

about values of the gay life. My example will be extramarital relationship, promiscuity, or adultery. These three concepts tend to merge within gay lifestyles in any case, so there is little need for establishing nice distinctions among them.

Much, if not all, recent moral discussion of sexual behavior appears to take for granted the immorality of certain types of behavior. The focus of discussion is on whether such things as homosexuality, prostitution, or adultery ought to be decriminalized **even if** they are immoral. Given the great need for legal reforms within many western societies, it is easy enough to understand this emphasis. When talk shifts from nongay to gay partnerships, however, certain confusions occur. These confusions seem to be omnipresent within religious discussions, but they are not absent elsewhere. Within those christian sects, for instance, which are becoming favorable toward the approval of at least some gay lifestyles, there is often the implicit assumption that such lifestyles will be mirror images of their nongay counterparts (e.g., exclusive relations which involve legal and affectional commitments). Notice that this argument typifies what I called earlier the standard form: from the assumption of certain values already present in nongay partnerships, one merely moves to the claim that these values can (must?) also be realized in gay partnerships. The argument is fallacious, however, on two counts. First, it is not clear that, even if exclusivity is a value within nongay partnerships, it will remain a value within the gay; and, secondly, what is even less clear is why exclusivity must be deemed a value within heterosexual context.

Arguments for exclusivity are arguments against adultery. Some of the traditional arguments against adultery have to do with the identification of, and legal or moral obligations to, offspring. These would clearly be irrelevant to an extension to gay lifestyles; and, perhaps of equal importance, modern technology (birth control, abortion, blood tests, etc.) has taken most of the punch from them even for heterosexual relations. There are two common arguments of a different sort and not connected to procreation. One might go something like this: adultery is immoral because it involves the breaking of a promise, and it is seriously immoral because it amounts to the breaking of an important promise. This argument is contextual in nature, for it implies the existence of institutional (social, legal, economic) commitments to exclusivity. Because of this, it does not readily extend to gay lifestyles without playing hard and loose with the notion of promising. Of equal importance is the fact that, even within the heterosexual context, it avoids one



rather important question—can any moral reasons be given why nongay partnerships should involve promises of the sort required? Without answering that question we can reach two conclusions about the first argument: it does not extend to gay lifestyles, and it is incomplete.

Another argument against adultery would focus not on the existence of a promise of exclusivity, but on the connection between adultery and deception. On this count adultery involves deception; and, since deception is always wrong (*prima facie*), so is adultery. Deception may be of two sorts, both different from promise-breaking. First (active deception) I may simply lie to my partner concerning sexual contacts; and secondly (passive deception), without lying I may engage in an increasingly complex manner of living devoted to the concealment of facts from a nonparticipating partner. This argument is a sound one and an effective one. Sound because, if the connection between adultery and deception (active or passive) is correct, the conclusion (adultery is wrong) is also correct. Effective because, if the conclusion is correct, it extends quite easily to gay lifestyles. Any weakness in the argument will have to be turned up in its putative connection between nonexclusivity and deception.

It is important, in analyzing this connection, not to confuse it with the earlier (and rejected) claim about promising. Adultery (promiscuity, extramarital relationship) will always involve at least passive deception, so the argument goes, because sexual communication or activity always carries a deep message of commitment (not 'should carry', but 'does in fact carry'). The argument is partially incomplete even in

this form; since unanswered is the problem, given that sexuality does carry such a message, whether it should carry it. Or one might wish to ask whether, in this age of pluralistic lifestyles, sexuality does carry such a message. It should be noted that there are two problems here and not one. How one answers these problems will produce two differing views of human liberation.

One view of sexual liberation claims that sex should be separated from love and affection. Sex, it is claimed, may be better when the two partners have a genuine commitment and deep feeling one for the other; but sex is more basically an exciting, intensive, and sensuous activity which can be enjoyed in a variety of settings with a variety of partners. Sex in this context could be seen as something like eating (no pun intended). I may choose to dine only with close friends, but dinner with casual acquaintances also offers its respective satisfactions. A full course dinner at a French restaurant with a close and dear friend is an event to be treasured, but hopping into McDonalds for a snack with a casual acquaintance is hardly out of order. A possible reply to this could point out that enough trips to McDonalds will have me in the same situation as the army cook whose tastebuds were shot off in the war—unable to appreciate anything better. A certain mileage can be gotten out of this sort of consideration. The model of sex as eating must eventually take into account the notion of culinary insensitivity.

A second liberationist view of the relation between sex and love drives the wedge in a different place. On

# THE Beer Garden

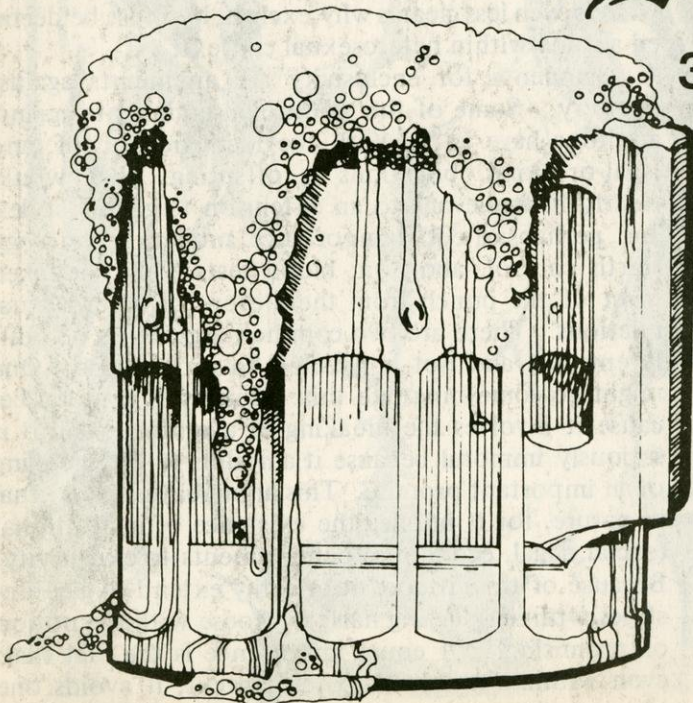
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this view, it isn't the connection between sex and love which needs to be fractured, but rather the connection between love and exclusivity. This argument would accept the claim that sexuality involves deep feelings and commitments but could argue that it is mistaken to claim that any 'normal' adult would have such feelings toward just one other person at any one time. On this count it is the notion of love which needs a bit of sanitizing treatment; whereas, in the former view of liberation, it is the concept of sex which requires demystification.

The issues which are raised by these arguments and counterarguments are worth exploring in greater detail. Indeed a mature view of human liberation will require some tentative positions to be taken. More importantly, taking these positions will require some rather deep moral thinking about sex and love generally—outside the rather myopic contexts of gay versus nongay. Is there something called 'sexual love' which differs in kind from parental love or the affection for friends? Is there something about love which links it (at least in the human animal) to feelings of exclusivity, or at least makes these feelings especially fitting? These clouded issues are conceptual, moral, and scientific all at once; and perhaps that is what makes them so difficult. What is human love, human sexuality, and how are they related to one another? Could they be differ-

ent, or differently related? Would it be a good or bad thing if they were different? The present essay makes no attempt to answer these questions. The important lesson, however, is that, if gay liberation is to make good its oft-mentioned promise to contribute to human liberation, the questions must be honestly raised and intelligently discussed. Liberation in this view of things must be more than the unshackling of oppressive laws; it must also free the mind from encrusted and ill-thought-out traditions and customs.

The reader who began this essay with a view toward getting some answers will probably have arrived at a point of dissatisfaction, for there are more questions than answers. My argument, however, has been that, unless we are quite clear on what the questions are, we cannot begin to evaluate possible answers. There is one point which does emerge from all the questions, and it is this. Much contemporary talk (or presupposition) about the desirability of exclusive partnerships ("marriages") for gay couples is at the very least incomplete, and at most a conceptual shambles. It would be an irony, perhaps even a tragedy, if in the construction of their own lifestyles gay persons were to unconsciously and without question adopt precisely those norms of the heterosexual lifestyle which are coming under more and more critical reflection within nongay contexts.

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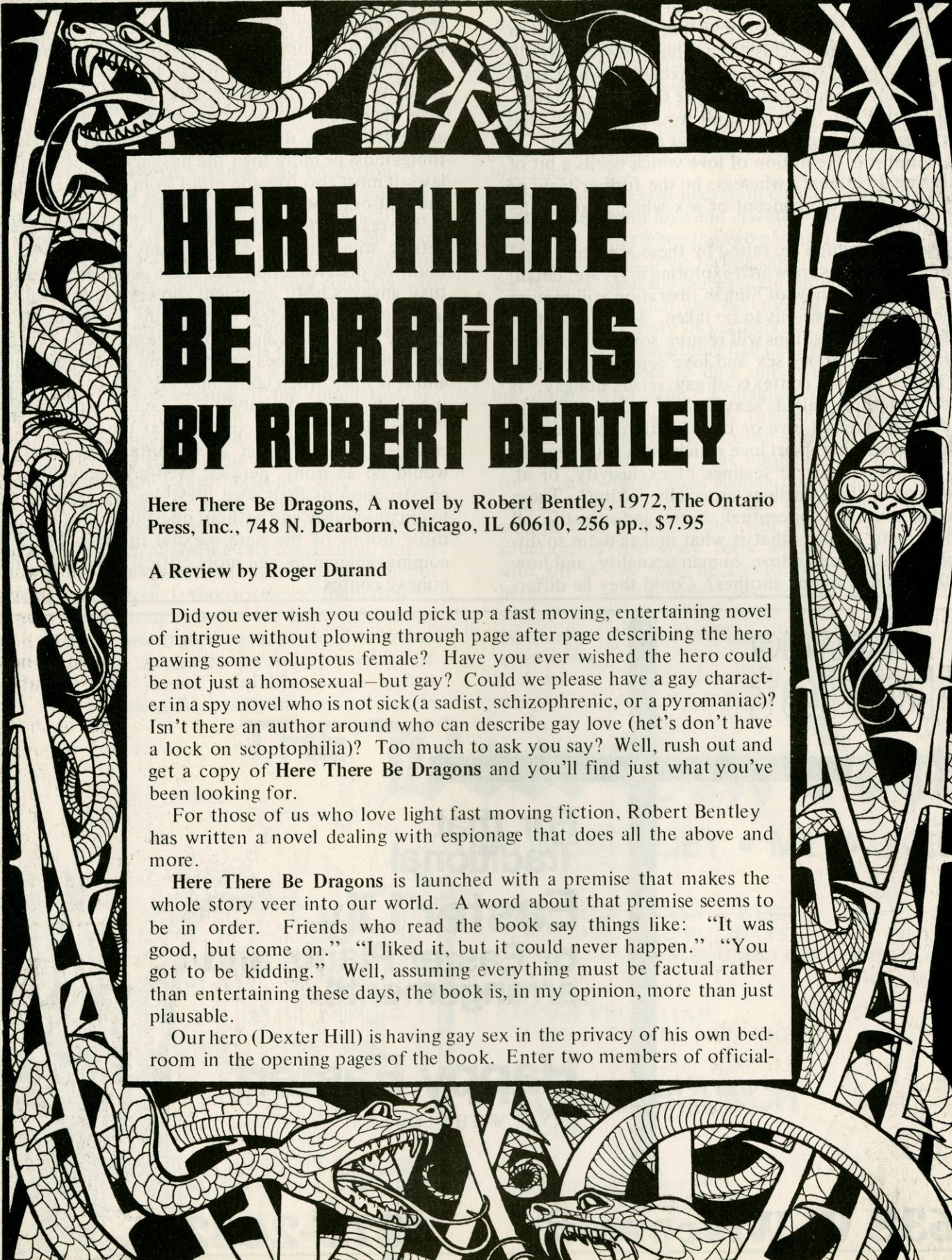
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# HERE THERE BE DRAGONS BY ROBERT BENTLEY

Here There Be Dragons, A novel by Robert Bentley, 1972, The Ontario Press, Inc., 748 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60610, 256 pp., \$7.95

A Review by Roger Durand

Did you ever wish you could pick up a fast moving, entertaining novel of intrigue without plowing through page after page describing the hero pawing some voluptuous female? Have you ever wished the hero could be not just a homosexual—but gay? Could we please have a gay character in a spy novel who is not sick (a sadist, schizophrenic, or a pyromaniac)? Isn't there an author around who can describe gay love (het's don't have a lock on scoptophilia)? Too much to ask you say? Well, rush out and get a copy of **Here There Be Dragons** and you'll find just what you've been looking for.

For those of us who love light fast moving fiction, Robert Bentley has written a novel dealing with espionage that does all the above and more.

**Here There Be Dragons** is launched with a premise that makes the whole story veer into our world. A word about that premise seems to be in order. Friends who read the book say things like: "It was good, but come on." "I liked it, but it could never happen." "You got to be kidding." Well, assuming everything must be factual rather than entertaining these days, the book is, in my opinion, more than just plausible.

Our hero (Dexter Hill) is having gay sex in the privacy of his own bedroom in the opening pages of the book. Enter two members of official-

dom, not to bust him, but to seek his services. It turns out the members of officialdom represent the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) and the FBI. Our man from ONI apologizes for waltzing in and spoiling Hill's romp in the sack, but explains that they need him for a job—"A sensitive job which requires a homosexual." They elaborate a little. "The Other Side" wants to find out something. We know what they're after, so we'll give them some false information. The whole idea is to put Dexter into a highly sensitive office in the Navy where the information "The Other Side" wants is kept. He is to get "caught with his pants down," will be blackmailed into providing certain information, and will feed them the false info instead. Impossible? Improbable? In an age when our intelligence gathering agencies are working hand in hand with the likes of Howard Hunt and Giviona Marscone, I think not. The interesting thing is that Bentley wrote the book long before we all oiled our Watergate shreaders.

That Dexter snaps at the chance without being given a great deal of information, and that he must make his decision on the spot is a little hard to swallow, but forgivable because it is essential to the plot.

The time setting is 1968. The fuse that ignited the explosions of gay liberation in June of the next year is still smoldering. The Establishment has not had ten years of consciousness raising. Len Matlovich

was a Tenderfoot—not a sergeant. With that in mind, Bentley moves us into an extremely well written highly believable, albeit frightening, scenario.

While our hero is not totally preoccupied with sex, he has just as many sexual encounters as James Bond (if you can buy some of those 007 plots, you certainly won't have any problem with **Dragons**). He even falls in love. Remember, he *has* to have sex because he has to get caught! So, he's not "just having sex", and Bentley handles the sex scenes with compassion and good taste rather than as tacky porn.

It is only fair to advise the reader that I am very prejudiced when it comes to this book. It was like a trip down memory lane for me. Portions of the tale deal with Drake University (my alma mater). As an ex-naval officer I could identify with much of the jargon, and I could appreciate how an admiral would pale at the thought of having an open homosexual in his command. More importantly, I love a good spy story—and this is a damn good one.

The villains are hets. The Establishment *has* to accept this "queer". That he turns out to be just as good at espionage as he is at cocksucking galls some, infuriates others, and brings out a begrudging admiration from those who put the fate of an entire defense system in this fagot's hand. I loved it!

The importance of homosexuality is not the only unique factor in this

book. Robert Bentley not only writes very well, he has done his homework. Where facts are important (or unimportant, such as correct street identification in Des Moines, Iowa) he has seen to it that they are correct. The accompanying love story is more than just a subplot. It is poignant to the point where even a non-gay could understand and feel its impact. The gay reader will find it a refreshing change from the likes of **The Lord Won't Mind** and **The Front Runner**.

It has all the suspense needed to keep you up half the night reading it when you should be sleeping. It has some clever twists that would have turned Ian Flemming green with envy without all the hokum the king of the spy novel employed.

That Bentley had trouble getting this book published is an unfortunate reflection of our time. Dexter Hill will not become a household word. **MGM** will not launch a worldwide search for just the right man to portray him in an up coming movie. **Dell** will not brace themselves for the on slought on the newsstands. Too bad. It's the public's loss.

It will make it's mark on the gay community if you buy it, read it, and tell a friend about it. I recommend all three. Better yet, if you like to curl up with a good spy novel, turn off that boob tube, call a friend, curl up with him and read this book together. The **Dragons** won't get ya, but pleasure will.



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## Cryptogenic Chicken Salad

Many famous dishes in haute cuisine actually arose from humble and forgotten origins far away and long ago. In western Europe, elegant fondue grew from the Swiss' need to use up hunks of dried up bread and cheese during their long mountain winters. To the south, what became the subtle, complex curries of India evolved from the stark need to use spices to preserve meat from the Siva-like sun of that torrid sub-continent. To the north, ritzy Beef Stroganoff is sliced wafer-thin because that's the way meat slices when frozen solid on the tundra. And to the east, the uniquely-Chinese method of "stir-fry"—that five-minute-only quick-sauteeing of finely-diced meat and vegetables—developed from that treeless country's perennial shortage of cooking fuel of any kind.

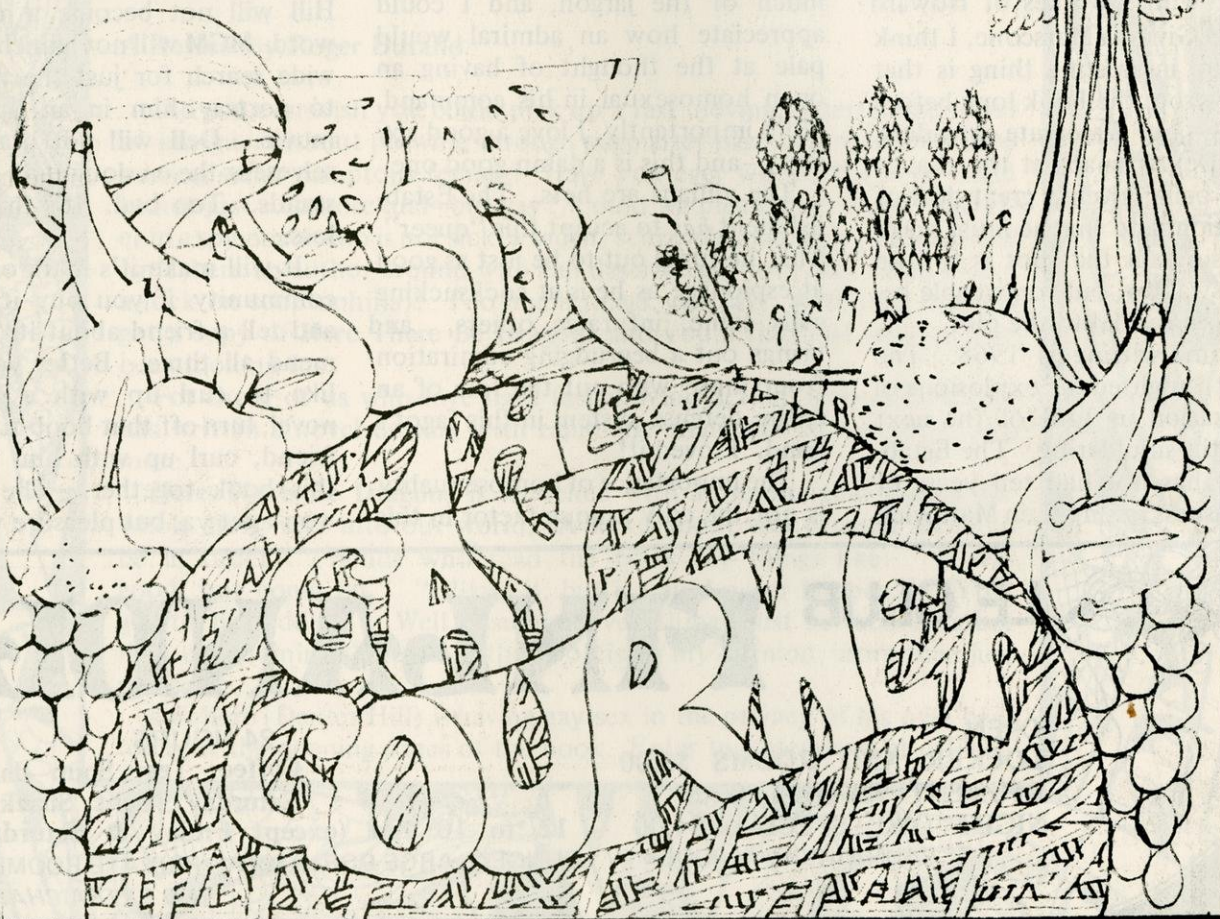
From whence, then, comes the following prescription for CHICKEN SALAD? From no cookbook on land or sea. It evolved from warring factions of my ancestors, one side bohemian-peasant, the other side high-toned pretenders. Which is logical; the dish is rich and simple both, truced to balanced perfection. So, indeed, why futz around with tradition?

The secrets here are first, in a mixing bowl, to absolutely drench and drown the CHICKEN with more sqozen LEMON JUICE than you'd think, until no more is absorbed. Sprinkle with SALT, add the CELERY, then whip in the MAYO. Whence the second trick; use not too much mayo (=too greasy), nor too little (=a Dry Run). Feel it out. Then just spoon on beds of LETTUCE and serve. It does sparkle a diamond-emerald luncheon.

That's all, Folks. No grapes or walnuts or "& etcetera," please. Oh, some family-members do then make a low-flying pass over the dish with a crop-dusting of either PAPRIKA or—India again—TURMERIC. You surely may, too. I almost never do. (Classic Simplicity, remember.....)

2 Cups COOKED CHICKEN—diced up  
1 Cup CELERY—diced up semi-fine  
MAYONNAISE (not "salad dressing")

1 fresh LEMON (or more; see below)  
SALT, to taste  
LETTUCE—to form the platform



# REVIEW

**The Young in One Another's Arms,**  
a novel by Jane Rule. Garden City,  
New York: Doubleday, 1977. \$6.95

Ruth Wheeler is an American who drifted to Canada many years ago. Past fifty, she now runs a boarding-house on Canada's west coast, and is host to an interesting and varied assortment of people, whose common bond is that of being outcasts and drifters. A broken marriage is only one of the elements of a past which Ruth prefers to forget; and, consequently, she doesn't ask questions of her own boarders. When her boarders learn that Ruth's house is to be torn down to make room for a high rise, they begin to realize that, despite bickering, political dissension and sexual rivalry, they have become a family. Since Ruth has provided the first home that many have ever known, they resolve to stay together, convincing Ruth to move with them to a coastal island, where they set up a diner.

The last Christmas in the old house also marks the arrival of Boy in the group—a fugitive, black (or, as he prefers to say, "nigger"), cynically apolitical, and openly (but not vocally) gay, Boy stands in sharp contrast to Ruth's other boarders. It is, however, a family of contrast and complementations, and Boy adds one more facet to its complexity and its bonding strength. One

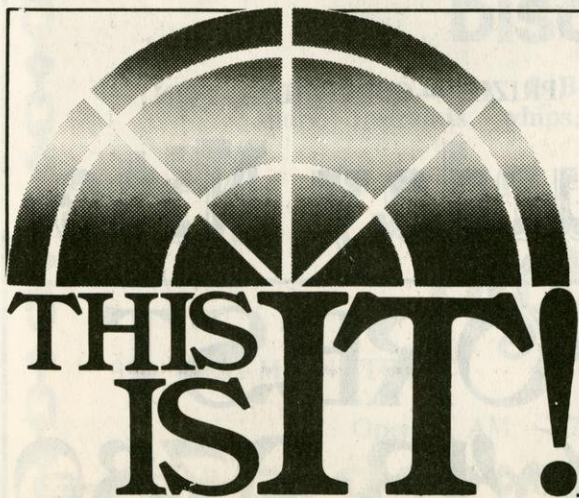
other member, Mavis, has apparently had lesbian contacts or fantasies; but, whether from fear or mere disinterest, her present gay feelings remain shrouded in ambiguity. The move to communality represents not a contrast of sexualities, but an experiment in living, and one which extracts trust, co-operation, and deeper inner reflection. It is the unfolding of this experiment which comprises a gentle and sophisticated novel about love: between generations and across the established lines of race, background, lifestyle, and habit.

This is Jane Rule's sixth book and fifth novel. One of her earlier works, **Lesbian Images** (Doubleday, 1975), deserves a place of high honor in Lesbian literature; and her **Desert of the Heart** has been reprinted recently in Arno Press' landmark collection in gay literature. It would not be unfair to rank her among the finest writers (not just gay writers) in America (she lives in British Columbia) today. Her language displays a convincing and sustained artistry, and she is at her best in the cool but low key unfolding of the relationships between persons: men and women, women and women, men and men, children and parents. Permeating the analysis of these complex and multilateral relationships in the present novel is a general mood, which is that of a community to which the outside world has become both external and virtually autonomous. Painted in incise

strokes is the social counterpart of the physicist's isolated system: understood through the internality of its interactions, and neither understanding what is external to it nor seeking to be understood by it. Imagery is often Proustian both in its simplicity and its essential inwardness. When one of the group is slain by a trigger-happy policeman, Boy sounds a theme which is subsequently woven into the descriptive texture of the development. "...it's a natural disaster, that's all, just like a flood or a fire, and you don't blame nobody. If you start hating what hurts and breaks us, you'll end up hating the waters of the earth. You'll end up hating the sky. Nobody intended nothing."

**The Young in One Another's Arms** is not a gay novel by a gay author, but rather a fine novel some of whose characters are gay by an author who is also gay. Less still can it be construed as didactic or even consciousness-raising. Rule knows people and she knows human love and bonding, but she crusades for nothing more than the intelligent awareness of variety and complexity in affairs human. The result is a literary tone poem, evoking feelings and insights, and one which compares favorably indeed with the best of contemporary fiction.

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# AMAZON PEAK

FICTION BY CLAUDIA LETTIERI

The unacknowledged grain of sand began growing the moment Sarah finished the letter and handed it to the concierge. She received a fistful of mail in return.

As she headed toward the dining room, she ruffled through it: A flyer for the dance tonight. A letter of introduction from the new yoga instructor, Vicky, who would begin classes this week. A questionnaire from the chef about last week's food. A reminder that the beautician was on call from 8 a.m. 'til 8 p.m. every day, now that July was here.

No letter from Deborah-Lee.

As she reached the dining hall and stood in the doorway, silently watching the women bustle about, Sarah felt different—somehow removed from these tan women sporting bathing suits and tennis shorts, all bristling with the excitement of Amazon Peak: the ultimate resort for women, whose lavish meals, sensuous rhythm and shimmering lake atop the sun-drenched mountain peak demanded enjoyment.

And yet, she felt nothing. Empty.

... Until, standing there, she felt the tiny grain of sand growing. Unconsciously, she'd sensed it all along, as it grew to pebble size. But now it demanded acknowledgement. Perhaps she could explain it in a letter to Deborah-Lee.

Her appetite vanished, she decided to skip lunch and walked back to her white, lakeside cottage in the pines, alone, to write yet another unanswered letter to Deborah-Lee. That had been the condition of her stay. . . .

Actually, it had all been Deborah-Lee's idea—an anniversary present, to celebrate their glorious, happy year together, when everything else in Sarah's life had collapsed. "It'll be your time alone. All alone. No letters from me. No phone calls. Just Sarah, getting her shit together."

And she had to agree. She really did need some time alone. To sort things out. To think. And then, after losing her nursing position for no reason, two days after she'd signed a petition demanding the hospital give equal employment to gays, she had the time.

Time to get in touch with her feelings about the events of the past year: her parents disowning her when she tried to explain her love for Deborah-Lee to them; her car that was stolen; her closest friend Marlene's cancer diagnosis; her cat Audrey who fell to her death from the window. . . .

She'd carried these tragedies inside. It would've been an unbearable year, if not for Deborah Lee.

Here, she could work it all out, plan for her future, control her anger, and possibly prevent the end of a beautiful relationship, broken up by her own waves of depression.

Deborah-Lee had driven her up and they spent a wonderful first weekend playing tennis, eating, dancing, swimming, making love. . . .

Then Deborah-Lee had returned home and Sarah remained, isolated, with a marble now growing in her stomach.

By midweek it was a full-fledged rock, rough and heavy. She pictured it as quartz, semiprecious and pure white.

On Sunday morning, she awoke to the sight of many women sitting at the lake, the sun rising behind them as she faintly heard their voices, wafting in and out on the wind, singing hymns to Jesus, who she had rejected many years before—with all her other male heroes. She looked down. Her stomach had begun to protrude. Not noticeable enough that anyone here would be aware of her condition, but Deborah-Lee could tell. . . . It was best she didn't see Deborah-Lee.

Pretending to herself the bulge was from overeating, Sarah went back to sleep, skipping breakfast.

At three that afternoon, she finally awoke. Good. She'd missed lunch too. Slipping into her bathing suit, she ran to the lake for a swim before the mountain air became too chilled.

But the rock weighed her down and swimming became a chore, exhausting her long, lanky body. After three or four minutes in the clear, cool water, she heavily shook herself dry on the sand and plodded back to her cottage. The pine needles, ordinarily providing a cushion, today were a mass of individual thorns, pricking the soles of her feet. Finally inside, she stood profile before the full length mirror in the bedroom. Yes, the rock was visibly protruding now. She'd skip dinner tonight as well.

To keep her mind from hunger and the discomfort of her new weight, she curled up on the couch before the empty fireplace and began reading.

At five the next morning, she awoke with a start, curled stiffly on the couch, the book lying on the floor beside her, where it had fallen, the light shining in the otherwise still darkness.

Oriented, she now became aware of the rock, double-fisted in size, which had begun spinning, churning the contents of her stomach. Her body was drenched with perspiration as she staggered to the bathroom and vomited uncontrollably.

After an hour of languidly lying across the toilet, she mustered the strength to crawl to the bedroom and into bed. The sheets felt rough, the blankets heavy on her tender, shivering body.

The rock stopped churning and exhausted, she slept through until after sunset when she opened her eyes to Vicky wiping her forehead with a cool, damp cloth.

Vicky smiled. "Wow, lady, you sure got yourself some bug. You ok?"

Sarah nodded, too weak to speak, and slowly brought her gaze to her stomach. It was even larger now—she could see it pushing the blankets up. Had Vicky noticed?

She turned back to the young yoga teacher who was babbling about how lucky she'd been to have decided just to stop by because Sarah had missed class two days in a row. And how she'd found her so sick and sat with her all afternoon. . . .

No mention of the rock and Sarah didn't have the strength to determine whether Vicky hadn't noticed or wasn't saying, but she felt a sense of relief and slipped back into sleep.

Her dreams were vivid and horrifying. Deborah-Lee came to see her and climbed into the bed. She had a cigar box and every few moments would open it, allowing several large black spiders to escape and crawl freely across the bed. Sarah begged Deborah-Lee to stop, trying frantically to explain that she hated spiders, slapping at them as they crawled across her body. Deborah-Lee only laughed and said these were her friends—that Sarah shouldn't be afraid.

But she was. Suddenly she began screaming with fear, waking up to the dark room and Vicky rushing to her side.

"It's ok. It's ok. It was only a dream." Vicky repeated over and over, moping her cold, wet forehead. But Sarah looked down at her stomach, distended, protruding through the covers and knew it was not.

The rock began spinning again, slowly now, because it was so heavy and large. She could feel it churning the tea and crackers Vicky had forced her to eat earlier.

She panicked, knowing she could never lift her weighted body from the bed. "Bathroom. Sick." She had strength for words only and Vicky understood, slowly helping her up.

Sarah's legs collapsed under the weight of the rock, but Vicky held her and together they staggered across the room. Sarah's long rubbery legs wobbling in opposite directions made her think back to Martha Green who had called her "Olive Oil" all through grammar school. She laughed aloud. If only Martha Green could see her now. And then she fell to the floor, demanding that Vicky leave her alone.

Vicky left the room, promising to stay within earshot for whenever Sarah needed her. Sarah reached up with every ounce of her non-strength and locked the door. She was sure Vicky had seen her stomach and, humiliated by her condition, she wanted to be alone. Hanging her head into the toilet bowl, Sarah vomited violently.

Her head reeling, she gave her body to the rock which now sapped nourishment from her inner organs. She fell onto her back, losing control of bladder and intestines. The remaining bile dribbled from her mouth onto the cold white tiles beneath her. A shiver ran up her spine.

Looking down at herself, Sarah could only see the huge lump that had become her body. The rock, a boulder now, churned up through her throat, the bile gurgling. . . strangling. . .

She felt herself lift out of that alien body just as Vicky began banging on the door. She was up on the ceiling now, looking down, laughing at the puffed-up body of a panicky human blowfish.

She saw Vicky and the doctor, who had just arrived, break through the door, repulsed by her overblown body. Didn't they know they could not help her?

Sarah moved to the bedroom ceiling and watched as now they lifted her bulk onto the bed. The doctor was injecting it

with something. . . .

And then Sarah saw her body as a tunnel—an endless tube—a vacuum. . . .

She stood at the top of it and saw a brilliant yellow-white light many miles below. She felt herself being sucked into the tunnel, ordinarily a frightening sensation, but free of her body, she enjoyed letting herself go. . . whirling. . . Until suddenly her mother's face was before her. "Mama," she started to cry out, but remembered her mouth remained with her body.

Miraculously, her mother seemed to know exactly what she wanted to say. "Sarah," she softly answered. "My daughter. . ."

Sarah abruptly turned away. "I'm no longer your daughter. Remember, Mama? You told me that yourself. When you told me I had disgraced you, humiliated you. . . because I loved a woman and not a man. . . Remember, Mama?"

"But here, Sarah, there is no place for all of that. There are no rules to break. Here, we can love each other again. . ."

Sarah felt the pudgy arms that had comforted her through so many childhood crises, surrounding her now and filling her once again with the warmth of love.

And then she tumbled from her mother's arms, further down the tunnel until Angela's face loomed before her. Beautiful, beautiful Angela. She longed to reach out and stroke Angela's pale, smooth skin; to run her fingers through Angela's dark long hair as once she had done many years ago. Suddenly she was overwhelmed by sadness, feeling, seeing the things Angela had taught her. Yes, she'd been her first woman and had guided Sarah with her experience and skill, but there was more. Angela had taught her the art of loving.

She saw clearly now, why she'd left Angela behind: because she was not ready to love. Then, just as now, she slipped from Angela's embrace into the arms of Peggy.

Peggy giggled her silly, childlike laugh and Sarah remembered the day they'd met—Peggy was walking next to her, both on their way to Psych class, when a bird shit on Peggy's head. After she knew Peggy better, she understood that things like this happened to Peggy all the time, but on the first occasion, she was startled and intrigued and laughed all the way back to the dorm where they headed, cutting class to shampoo the black and white shit from Peggy's hair and get to know each other better. . . .

But they never really did and so they'd lost track of each other after graduation.

Now she felt herself falling through the tunnel once again, heading for Maryanne whose obese body appeared before her. Maryanne's face was still covered by the black lace veil she always wore, in mourning for a woman she'd lost many years before. But the veil prevented any closeness, as did her religion which kept her in a constant state of guilt and Sarah avoided her embrace now as she had two years ago, just before she left.

As she floated down further, away from Maryanne, Marlene stepped out before her. Sad tears sprung into Sarah's being, but Marlene stopped her. "There's no need for tears here. Only a need to know that you're with me. . . that when I need you, you will be here. . ." And then she was gone. Sarah dropped down through the black abyss.

She felt herself tumbling faster now. Faces came at her from the black walls. Some of them were nameless—lovers of one night, satisfying a need, fulfilling a fantasy. And others she remembered. . . Laura who'd turned her on to coke, so she'd learned what intense desire was all about. . . Marta who'd taught her yoga and helped her get in touch with her own body—the body

that still lay immobilized by the boulder that had overtaken it. . . Susie who made her laugh. . . Fran who made her cry. . . one night stands. . . two week romances. . . a nameless taxicab driver. . . a sexy waitress. . . propelling her down, closer now to the indescribably brilliant light at the bottom of the void.

Suddenly Deborah-Lee's face was before her. They were driving up the winding, gravelly road to Amazon Peak, giddy with anticipation of the upcoming weekend and Sarah's summer away.

They saw the hand-painted sign, BEWARE—FALLING BOULDERS and they both began laughing then and now too, at its silliness.

She watched as Deborah-Lee pulled the car to the side of the road, just past the sign, still laughing, grabbing a red magic marker from the dashboard, calling, "I just can't resist. C'mon. . ."

Sarah had no idea what she was up to, but suddenly realized that this was precisely what she loved so about Deborah-Lee—her unpredictability, her total enjoyment of life. . .

She eagerly followed as once again Deborah-Lee called to her. "Wait there 'til I'm finished." Sarah watched Deborah-Lee brush her long auburn hair away from her eyes as she leaned forward and began lettering. Her tongue unconsciously slipped out onto her upper lip as it always did when she concentrated and Sarah was overwhelmed once again by her sophisticated beauty.

Deborah-Lee finished and stepped back, laughing, "Ok, come look. . ."

Sarah ran to the sign and saw the signature in red.

"Sisyphus." They both laughed and hugged lovingly. Even now, Sarah could feel the warmth of Deborah-Lee's affection. And, as always, began wondering why Deborah-Lee was attracted to her, why Deborah-Lee loved her. She was. . . She was. . .

She was suddenly plummeting toward the light. Faster. . . faster. . . Its brilliance would have blinded her, but her eyes remained on the bed with her distorted body, still encumbered by the boulder. She glanced at that body once again, and then down into the brilliant light. . .

She saw herself emerging from the light. . . looking upward. . . She looked into her own face and realized for the first time that it was beautiful—her eyes no longer squinted, they sparkled. Her smile had broadened, her cheeks were flushed. . .

And then she saw the boulder controlling her body, growing rapidly, starting to expand into her throat. . . her mouth. . . toward her brain. . .

She looked back at herself receding once again into the light and knew she had to jettison the boulder.

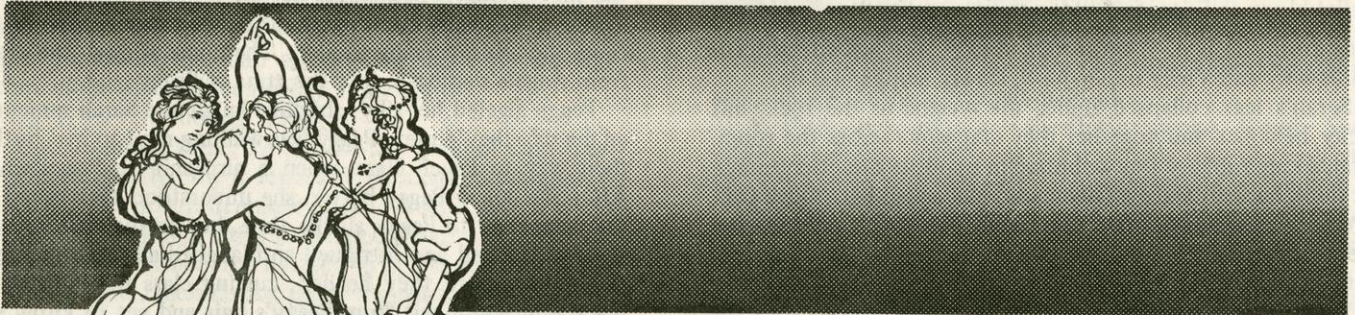
Returning to her body, she tensed each of her muscles, gathering inner strength, concentrating intensely on her abdomen. Then she started contracting her muscles. Expanding. Contracting. In waves of energy.

The boulder began to dislodge.

The pain was intense. She was screeching. . . moaning. . . as she pushed with all her adrenalized strength. The boulder was moving. . . down. . . out. . . her body becoming lighter. . .

Until at last she opened her eyes.

The sun was just rising and Sarah smiled, weak but strong, knowing now she was free to love.



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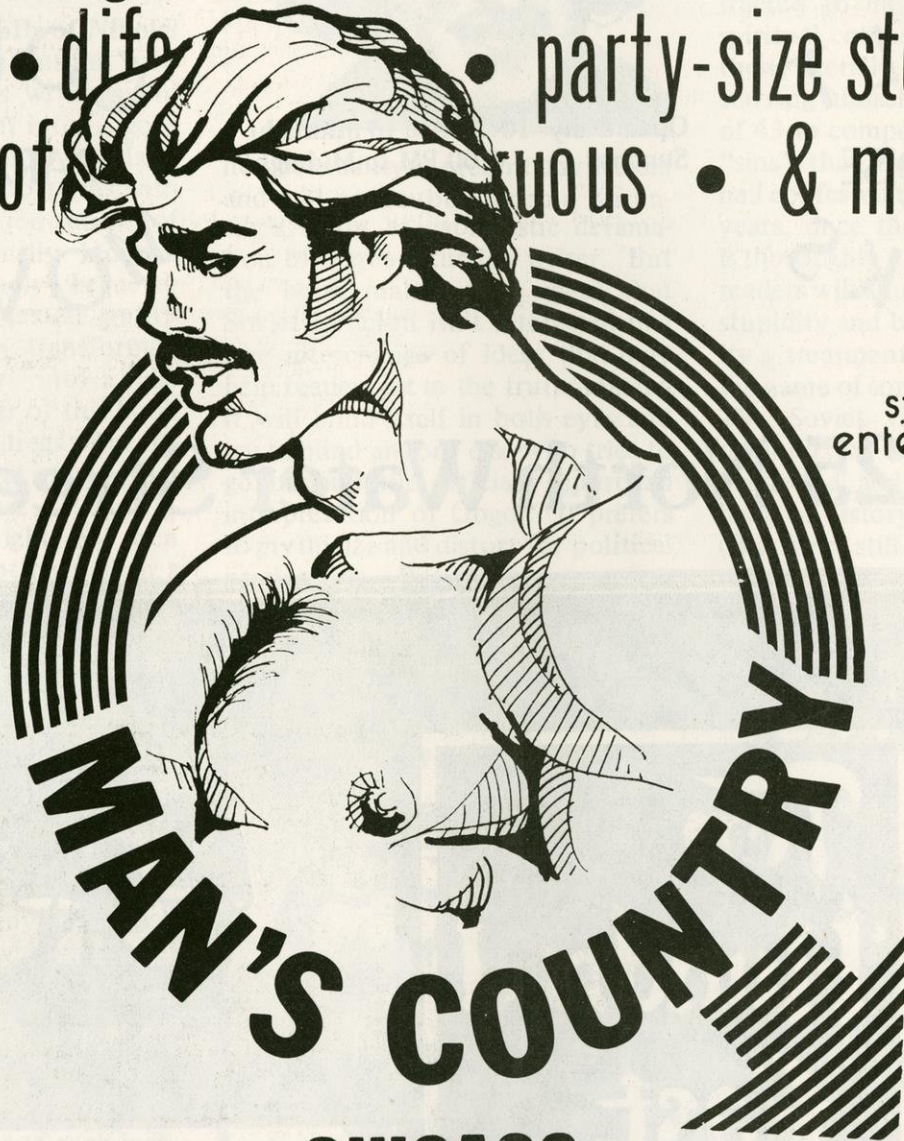
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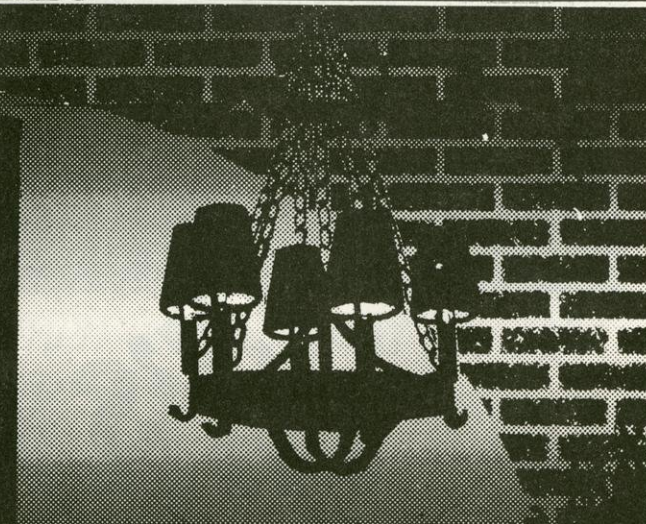
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# REVIEW

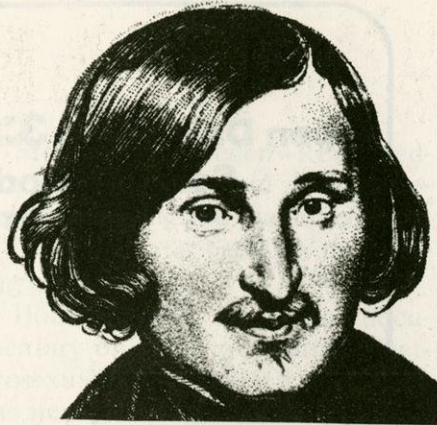
The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol by Simon Karlinsky, Harvard University Press, 1976, 333 pp.; \$14

Reviewed by Daniel Curzon

The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol is a look at the Russian writer's mind through his writings and biography, with insight into Gogol's probable homosexuality—at last. Gogol couldn't come to terms with his inner self and suffered agonies of guilt and psychologically induced intestinal upsets. Sadly, he never managed to achieve sexual gratification, and ultimately transformed his sexual "perversity" into a fake spirituality. The reader of this book is left with the bitter dregs of heart-break and anger at what yet another gay person has suffered.

Our sympathy might be even greater had Gogol not been such a harsh arch-conservative, who thought that **nothing** in the status quo should be changed. How could one who suffered so much from the status quo want to preserve it? (Makes one wonder about the relationship of homosexuality and conservatism. Has fear of discovery made some gays embrace their oppressors' customs? Of course there are radical gays too. Another study might very well be done on just what dynamics go to drive one "pervert" into the camp of the revolutionary and another "pervert" into the camp of the tsar.) Happily, Gogol's works have often been misinterpreted and read as condemnations of such institutions as serfdom when in reality they were not. (This too makes one wonder what a writer's purpose is if his goals are so decidedly mis-read, however good the mis-reading may seem to contemporary eyes.)

I can recommend the book heartily for its fearless exposure of the deceitful Soviet criticism that exists to this day, exposure of the stifling and brutal mentality that still punishes



homosexuality in present day Russia and will no doubt condemn Karlinsky's study as capitalistic defamation of a great Russian writer. But the book makes quite clear that Soviet criticism isn't interested in a free interchange of ideas that may help readers get to the truth; instead it will blind itself in both eyes and try to blind anyone else who tries to go beyond the officially approved interpretation of Gogol. It prefers to mythicize and distort for political propaganda. But I'm naive enough

to believe that truth will out, even if it takes a very long time, and books like Karlinsky's can only help.

Just as Karlinsky's book makes clear the Inquisitorial nature of Soviet society, he makes clear the inhumanity of punitive Christianity, which made Gogol suffer such torments of guilt because he was attracted to men sexually. Gogol's spiritual confessor, Arch-priest Matthew, literally browbeat Gogol into starving himself to death at the age of 43 to compensate for the terrible "sins" that Gogol in all likelihood had confessed to the priest. In a few years, once the homophobic taboo is thoroughly crushed, as it must be, readers will shudder in horror at the stupidity and barbarity of Christianity's treatment of human beings in the name of some higher "morality." The Soviet Union's similar cruel orthodoxies hopefully will also be destroyed and placed in the trash heap of history where they belong. (But we're still a long way from such enlightenment, as the hatred of



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sexuality of certain Christian sects and the revamped fascism of Father McNeill's recent **The Church and the Homosexual** show.)

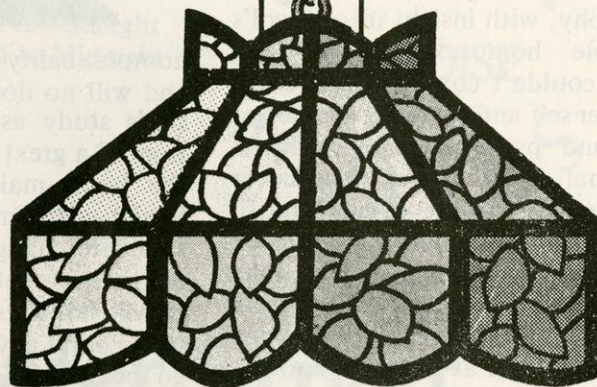
Karlinsky's book is of principal interest to those concerned with close literary analysis, since the author goes into much detail about themes and techniques in Gogol's works. But Karlinsky writes with such clarity, economy, and verve that all but the most rabid literary-criticism haters will find the work vivid and informative.

My only criticism of the book is that it may help perpetuate the idea that gay men necessarily hate women. Karlinsky goes to such pains to show how Gogol disliked marriage and denigrates it in his writings and how he depicts women unsympathetically that the non-gay reader may come away with the impression that a gay male must necessarily share these Gogolian attitudes toward women. Gay men know this isn't true, but straights may not—and thus think that all gay males are women haters. Gogol's peculiar problems in facing his homosexuality—in putting down men who seek heterosexual fulfillment and in relating to women—should not be construed to say something about homosexuality per se. From my own experience I know that gay men very often have close relationships with women, both gay and non-gay. Karlinsky doesn't generalize about all gay men, but somehow he left me with the impression that Gogol's antipathy to women is something essentially homosexual. But it doesn't follow that because one is a man-lover he must be a woman-hater. One may be indifferent sexually, but excited emotionally or mentally by the opposite sex. I could have wished that Karlinsky had made this distinction clearer to non-gays, who probably are not well informed on this subject.

But by all means read this book; it's bound to cause an uproar in Russian literary studies, perhaps will even have profounder general effects—hopefully enlightening ones.

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# HERE&HERE

**Washington, DC**—The Gay Action Coalition is planning a massive demonstration at the Supreme Court on May 21 to mark the first anniversary of the Court's decision upholding the right of states to govern private, consenting sexual conduct.

A spokesperson said, "We must not be quiet, we must be good faggots and dykes, in our profoundly human sense of outrage, we are proud and we are beautiful."

*News Release*

**Memphis, TN**—Larry Parrish, the nation's number one anti-porn crusader, is about to lose his job. The successful prosecutor of Harry Reems is a Republican and will be replaced by a Democrat.

Mike Cody who will be the new US Attorney has not said who will replace Parrish, however he has made it clear he wants no part of the porno hunter. Parrish has offered his assistance on pending cases but Cody said, "No, thank you. Parrish is a hard-working attorney, but I feel we have a staff in the federal office that can handle cases without his assistance."

Cody also refused to comment on Parrish's most celebrated cases—**Deep Throat** and **School Girl**. "That was their red wagon and they will have to live with it," he said.

*Gay Community News*

**Austin, TX**—The nation's only city with a nude living apartment complex, is now the nation's only city with two nude living apartment complexes.

Organizers of an 18 unit complex that began allowing "clothing optional" living last July, have opened a second 78 unit apartment building.

Each member of the complex is asked to sign a "physical aggression treaty," promising not to harass their often nude neighbors.

*The Bugle*

**Stockholm, Sweden**—Revolt editor Michael Holm said during a recent visit to England that his country is facing a moral backlash threatening gay rights.

Holm said that a television documentary on child prostitution (heterosexual) caused such a furor that the new government is looking into the questions of rape, pornography, prostitution and the age of consent.

"Everyone thinks we are very free in Sweden," says Holm. "We are free—in law. But very few prominent Swedish gays dare to come out and people tolerate gays so long as they don't talk about it. We had the so-called sexual revolution much earlier than other countries but gays weren't part of it. Open homosexuality came years later and it is still a loose end that hasn't been tied up.

"Now just as gays were achieving complete equality, the rug has been pulled from under us, mainly by fears about heterosexual freedom. It's kind of depressing because we were going forward and now we're taking a step backward."

*Gay News (London)*

**New York, NY**—The appointment of the "first gay activist" to serve on the New York City Human Rights Commission was announced last month by Mayor Beame.

Robert L. Livingston, a former publisher of **More** magazine and on the finance committee of the **National Gay Task Force** was one of 6 new appointments which the mayor said "represent the city's unique diversity."

Livingston said, "I don't want to be known as the gay member of the commission—I want to be known as the commissioner who happens to be gay." He described his appointment as "timely recognition of the large number of homosexuals in New York City," which he estimated at "at least half a million."

*The New York Times*

**Cambridge, MA**—Harvard University has become one of the first universities in the country to issue a statement of non-discrimination in employment against gay people.

*Gay Community News*

**Los Angeles, CA**—A University of California psychoanalyst says all little boys start life by wishing they were little girls.

This thesis, voiced by Dr. Robert Stollar, contradicts the theory of Sigmund Freud, who concluded that all little girls subconsciously wished they were little boys.

Stollar told the meeting of the **American Association for the Advancement of Science** that it was "only natural that all babies would want to be girls because the mother, not the father, is the parent with whom they identify first."

Stollar says he has treated hundreds of male patients who had trouble switching their "gender identity" as they grew older. Earlier in life, they had all wanted to be girls, he said.

*Bugle American*

**Ottawa, Canada**—The **Canadian Broadcasting Company (CBC)** was zapped in 6 cities across Canada by the **National Gay Rights Coalition** in protest of the network's policy of refusing public service announcements from gay groups.

As a result of the picketing, **CBC** promised to review its policy.

*Gay Community News*

**Lawrence, NY**—The district attorney's office of Nassau County is investigating why three policemen fired *eleven* bullets into a man dressed in women's clothes.

The victim, Harvey Aberle, was wearing a shoulder-length blonde wig and a woman's white robe. Police claim he threatened them with a gun, however, it turned out that the gun was empty.

*Gay Community News*



# HERE&THERE

**New York, NY**—Paul Lynde and his party of five men were visiting a new NYC gay spot (is this the same Paul Lynde that wanted no part of Gay audiences?), **The Cowboy**, when a heckler began to taunt him. Not one to take anything from anyone, the comedian tossed a plate of french fries at the perpetrator and went on with his business until the place closes.

*High Gear*

**Fort Lauderdale, FL**—Anti-gay incumbent Mayor Clay Shaw easily won re-election getting almost 5000 more votes than he did in the last election.

Roger Luckett, an open gay who had announced his candidacy, was kept off the ballot on residency requirements.

*Gay Community News*

**Bloomington, IN**—The **Bloomington Human Rights Commission** has ruled gays and same-sex couples have no right to dance together.

In a 5-1 decision the commission found that "gays are an invisible class" and said since same-sex couple dancing does not indicate sexual orientation, there is nothing they can do to force discos to lift a ban on same-sex couples dancing together.

The commission also held that they had no jurisdiction over bans which forbid persons of the same sex from hugging or sharing an apartment.

The city has an ordinance banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. The commission stated that bans on same-sex couples dancing or sharing apartments are "neutral" rules and thus are not covered by the ordinance.

Indiana gays have protested that the ruling effectively destroys the non-discrimination ordinance.

*News Release*

**Dallas, TX**—Edwin A. Walker, 67 year-old former leader of ultraconservative causes has been arrested a second time on charges of trying to fondle a plain-clothes officer in a park restroom.

It was the second time in nine months the former Army Maj. General has been charged with public lewdness. He was released on \$400 bond.

"It's more of the same, but with some further clarification of poses and setups of mutual interest which can be worked both ways," Walker said when asked about the new charge. "That's all I've got to say."

*The Milwaukee Journal*

**Dallas, TX**—A liaison between the Dallas Police Department and gays has been established by mayor pro tem Adlene Harrison.

Capt. James Everett was specified as the departmental liaison in hopes of reducing tensions between gays and police in the city. Everett is director of vice control units.

*News West*

**Long Beach, CA**—An \$800 donation to the Long Beach Police Association widows fund from the gay community got quick response from Police Chief Ralph Kortz.

"It's their business," Kortz said, referring to widows fund directors, "but I'm sorry it happened. (Accepting the donation) hurts the reputation of the police department."

Sgt. Michael Tracy, president of the Long Beach Police Officers Association, termed the chief a "bigot."

The donation was from "a legitimate community group, although they are gay," Tracy said. "Being a bigot and discriminating against certain segments of the community—that hurts the department's reputation." He added he was "very disturbed" by the chief's remark.

*I-P-T*

**Annapolis, MD**—"You don't have strong enough stomachs for me to tell you what takes place. It is the most savage, animalistic, heinous crime that takes place," said former State Supreme Justice Charles D. Harris in asking the Maryland State Senate for legislation to punish both prisoners who attack fellow inmates and guards who permit it to happen. "I don't think many of us realize the extent to which rampant, forced homosexuality exists within prison walls," he told the solons.

He is proposing legislation that would mandate minimum 10 year prison sentences for inmates convicted of sexual assault with the same sentence for guards who knowingly allow such attacks.

*Gay Community News*

**New York, NY**—Most lawyers expected an increase in the number of prosecutions on obscenity-related charges after the United States Supreme Court redefined the test for obscene material. And, the highly visible prosecutions of the star of the movie **Deep Throat** and the publishers of **Screw** and **Hustler** magazines, seemed to bear them out.

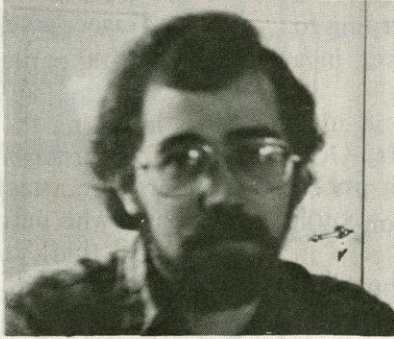
However, a survey just completed by members of the **New York University Law Review** says "no way." Of 542 Federal and local prosecutors who answered their questionnaire, only 13% said they were giving obscenity prosecutions a high priority, and the rest said there had been no change.

*The New York Times*

**Ottawa, Canada**—**Loving Man** and **Men Loving Men**—two explicit but high quality books about gay male sexuality have been prohibited in Canada by the government.

The government has branded the two books "immoral and indecent," and banned them from Canada.

*Gay Community News*



# POEMS

## Les Wright

TO TED AND TOM

Was it the third or fourth night  
of cruising and speeding?  
Surrounded by the American Gay myth  
in a hundred variations,  
hoping to turn a trick,  
Denny and I together  
in America for the first time  
together

riding from the dream outside  
and hurled into another  
as he walked in, walked around  
in his masculine beauty,  
came around, joining us in pinball,  
thinking, this is a pick-up?  
as he began narrating his life story,  
sounding as if it were ours,  
in a '56 Olds, thinking, my god, my god,  
ready to worship his full, ripe beauty  
as his lover kisses us at the door,  
no longer thinking,  
as four shirts and four pairs of pants  
are stripped away  
amid conversation and grass,  
poppers bursting my body  
inside out in the ecstasy  
of touching, hugging, loving, fucking  
these men together,  
coming into the endless night,  
and waking in the morning  
to the dream still warm and breathing  
and soft to the touch.

### RHINESTONE COWBOY

The American Dream screeched to a stop  
In a shiny new Lincoln Continental,  
The radio blaring insanities,  
Unused miles still in the dash.

He was a gorgeous youngman  
In scuffed boots and leather fringes,  
With \$10 bills hanging from his pockets,  
A smile always on his face,  
And he strode with the assurance  
That he'd make it  
Through a squeeze or second thoughts.

He lived in a Hollywood novel,  
Paid his rent, communed with nature  
In the parks and in front of the TV set.  
He'd never lost a fight  
Nor found himself out of place.

But I see the lines in his face  
And a sagging at his waistline.  
He listens to my questions now,  
No longer remembering where  
He's been or wants to go.

Shifting ill at ease, put on the spot,  
He backs away, shaking his head.  
When he drives off, I wonder  
If we'll meet again  
As friends.

*Les Wright is originally from upstate New York, but now lives in Tübingen, West Germany where he is doing graduate work in German. This poem was written on a recent tour of the United States made with his lover who also lives in Tübingen, but was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota.*



# HERE&THERE

**Franconia, NH**—A page from *The Front Runner*? Franconia College has placed ads that actively seek gays: "We are seeking active, politically-aware Gay students, who are interested in involving themselves with the dynamics of a changing college community." The small school is isolated among the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

*Gay News (Cleveland)*

**Wilmington, DL**—Are most body builders gay? Arnold Schwarzenegger tells anyone who will listen they are "straight as can be."

Meanwhile, *Delaware Today* says in a feature story, "There is no doubt that homosexuals follow the sport," the magazine stated. "The (straight) American male is usually so hung up on gender identity that he is too uptight to appreciate his own body, let alone the bodies of members of his own sex."

*Gay News (Pittsburg)*

**Arlington, VA**—Ex-gay evangelist Guy Charles, who claims to have "saved" several young men from homosexuality, is now protesting a made-for-television movie about ex-Sgt. Leonard Matlovich.

The organization he works for, **Liberation in Jesus Christ**, has sent a letter to NBC criticizing the project.

The letter is being circulated to other fundamentalist groups urging them to use it as a guide to protest the movie.

Stating that NBC "has a responsibility regarding morality" and accusing the network of "forcing" homosexual themes on the public, the letter goes on: "Why doesn't your network present the other side of the homosexual picture, namely those who are able to change their sexual life-style, rather than attempting for force it upon others?" They also threaten to boycott all sponsors of shows with gay themes.

*News Release*

**Milwaukee, WI**—A multiracial group of gay men met in late Feb. at the Farwell Center to form a new group based on the needs, interests and problems of people who are open to inter-racial and/or multicultural gay relationships.

The meetings have continued on a weekly basis at 8 pm each Tuesday. Discussions have covered what to do about discrimination by gay bars against black people and women, personal problems and family hassels and how to handle them, social situations where racism is evident, etc.

The meetings are open to new members.

*News Release*

**Concord, NH**—Attorney General David Souter has said he will oppose any effort to reinstate sodomy laws saying such laws are "virtually unenforceable and unenforced."

*Gay Community News*

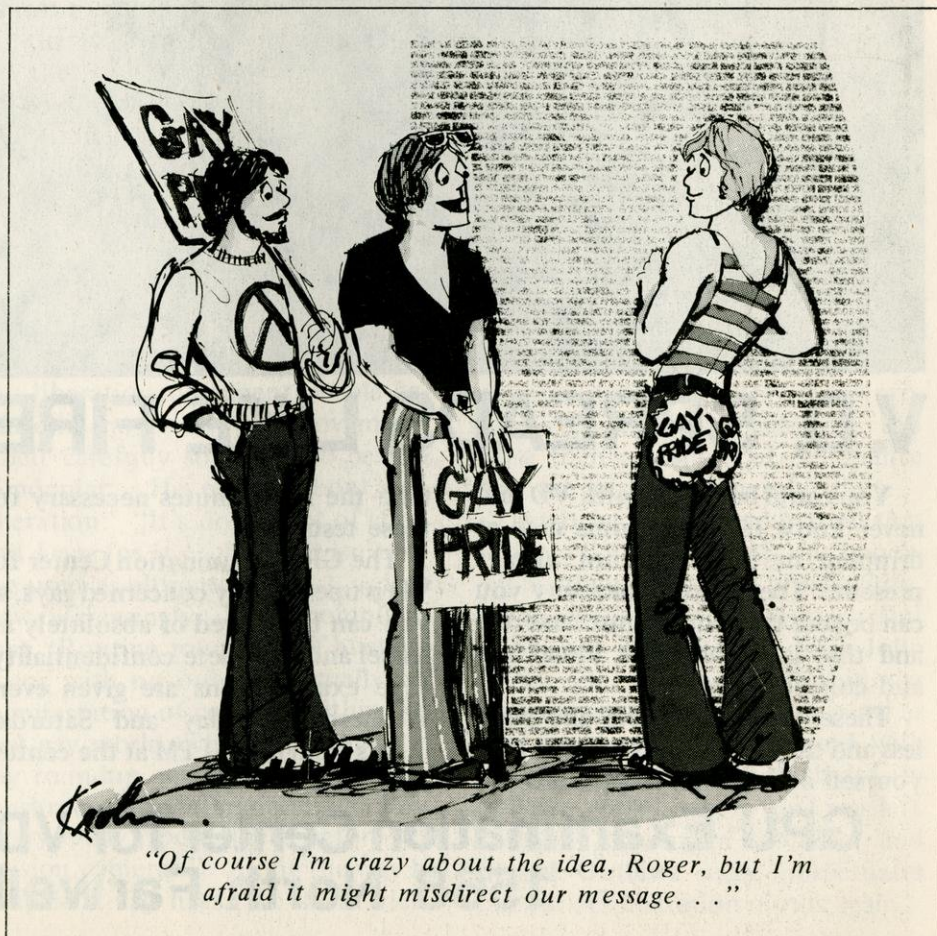
**Hollywood, CA**—While everyone is paying attention to Anita Bryant and her campaign against gays, Rona Barret has her own witchhunt going on. The gossip columnist wants to stamp out drugs and homosexuality and says, "I won't rest until I do!"

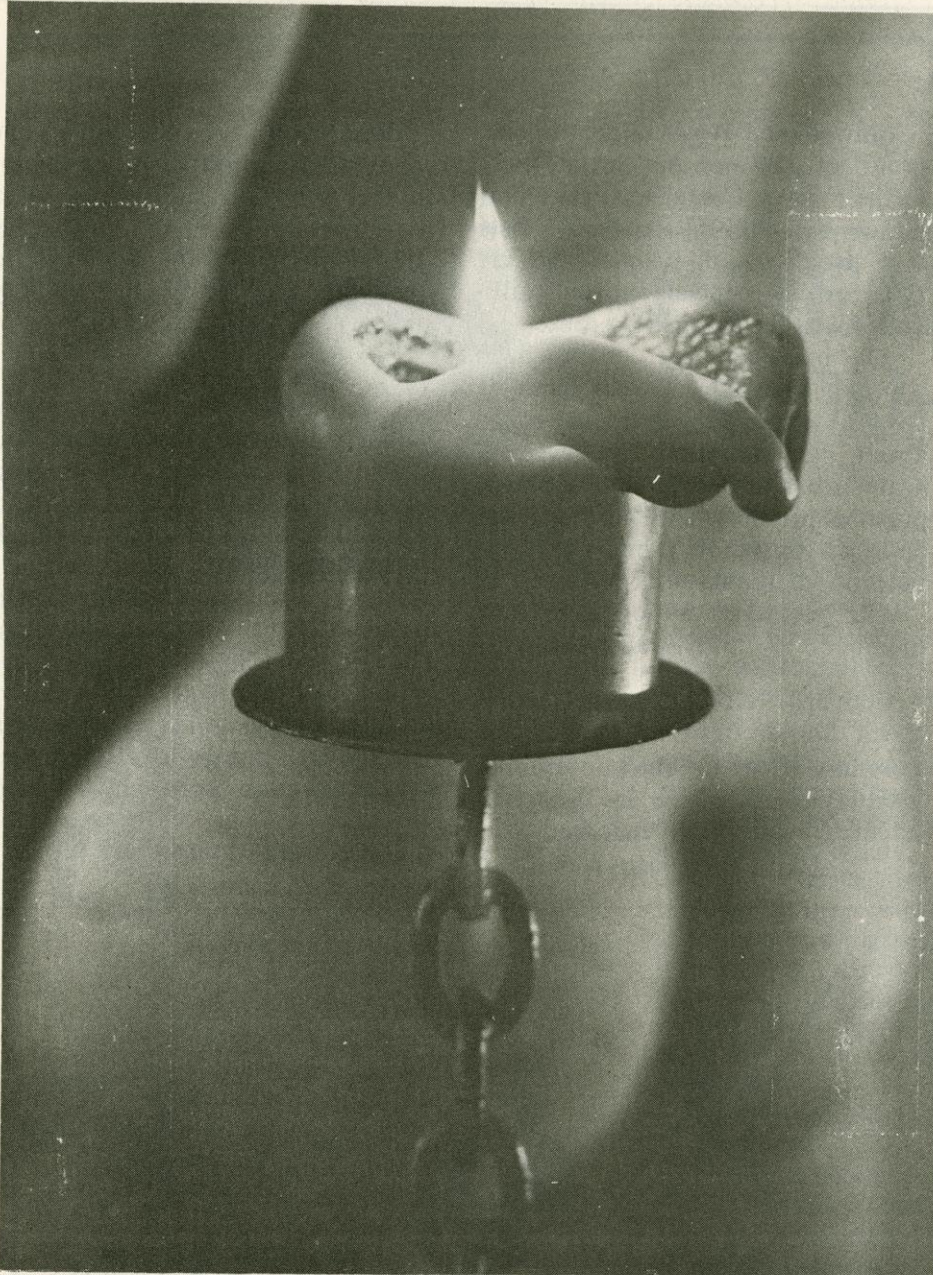
*Gay Scene*

**San Francisco, CA**—One man was critically burned and two others and four firemen were sent to the hospital as the result of a three-alarm fire that swept through the **Rich Street Baths**.

It is the second bath fire in San Francisco in the last five months. **The Folsom Street Barracks** was gutted last October. Fire Chief Andrew Casper said arson was a "possibility" but doubted there was any connection between the two fires.

*Gay Community News*





## V.D. SPREADS LIKE FIRE

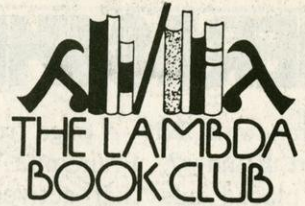
You could be on fire with VD and never know it. Symptoms such as dripping or sores are not always present. There is only one way you can be sure that you do not have VD and that is by having a blood test and culture taken.

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# REVIEW

The Sexual Outlaws, A Documentary by John Rechy, Grove Press, New York, 282 pp., \$8.95, publication date: April 15, 1977.

Reviewed by Sam Edwards

Readers of John Rechy's *City of Night* will remember it as a fictionalized account of the author's days and nights as a male hustler (prostitute). His accurate portrayal of the hustler's outlook on life and lifestyle as seen in various cities in the U.S. was hailed by literary critics as a "masterpiece." In *Numbers*, Rechy chronicled the lifestyle of the homosexual sex-compulsive known in the gay world as a "bush queen" (one who has sex in the bushes at parks, beaches, etc.). Again the accuracy of the portrayal hit home—the number of sexual contacts being more important than the actual sex acts. One suspects that one of the reasons the critics praised both books so highly was that Rechy was writing about lifestyles that are little known to the average person and lifestyles that are charged with considerable emotional shock value.

Rechy describes his new book, *The Sexual Outlaws*, as "a non-fiction account, with commentaries, of three days and nights in the sexual underground." It is a warmed over version of both *City of Night* and *Numbers*. To make his ragout a little more palatable, Rechy has spiced it with "commentaries" which offer his personal self-justification for both the hustler and the bush queen. Unfortunately, when everything in the stew boils down, these self-justification spices leave a bad taste because they are so thin and flavorless, being more rationalization than fact.

That the male hustler is some sort of role model commanding the respect of the average gay male as Rechy claims, is simply self delusion and wishful thinking on his part. When speaking from the point of view of the hustler, we must accept

his word, since he admits that even when *City of Night* was selling like hotcakes, he continued to hustle as an ego trip. In fact, he says that is what hustling is all about for the hustler, speaking fondly of the "high" that comes from being so desired that others are even willing to pay for one way sex with him. When he speaks of the typical hustler's contempt for his "john" or customer he is believable, but then he says that the john "romanticizes" the hustler and he passes over lightly the "possibility of reciprocal contempt." Does this begin to smack of rationalization? You bet.

Turning to the bush queen (he never uses the phrase, preferring the word "hunter"), we find the self-justification for anonymous and "loveless" sex even thinner. He claims that the compulsion (he does not use this word either) stems from the oppression of society and that the public sex hunters are in rebellion. In fact, he recommends mass public sex demonstrations in the streets to "liberate" the public. Exhibitionists and public sexhunters are the true revolutionaries according to Rechy. He even idealizes the "sexhunt as an art form too. The beautiful abstract choreography, balletic, symphonic..." In other words, "I'm not mixed up—everyone else is. I'm a revolutionary, an artist." Rationalization? Yep!

Apparently Mr. Rechy must have been taken to task at sometime by gay liberation movement people because he carves into the movement, albeit carefully so as not to be too unpopular. He opines about gay liberation: "It's done a lot of good and I am for it. . . . When it isn't being used as ultimate cop-out, as it is now, increasingly. . ." He complains that "Routine roundups of hustlers occur with no outcry, virtually no manifestation of concern within the vast gay world, while a comparable gay roundup anywhere else will see mushrooming conferences, called by every-ready 'spokesmen' before television cameras." Along the way he swipes at fag hags, the silent rich,

the closeted politicians, the cozy students, the "quiet" couples, claiming that the outlaw (his word for the hustler and the bushqueen) "absorbs the hatred that would otherwise swallow them."

But Rechy saves his real venom for the S&M crowd, calling the proliferation of sadomasochism the "major internal threat to gay freedom, comparable only in destructiveness to the impact of repressive laws and persecution by cops." He sees the motivation for both sadism and masochism as being self-hatred and after much exhortation about S&M being the "ultimate degradation" he says: "I believe that the energy produced by this hatred turned inward dissipates the revolutionary energy. Redirected, refueled, that inward anger would be converted into creative rage against the *real* enemies from without." Maybe you should try to organize and redirect the self-centered energies of the hustlers and the bush queens, Mr. Rechy. The movement could then quit apologizing for them and cleaning up after them. Most gay groups are service groups as well as political action groups and most gay groups spend incredible amounts of time with the problems of the bush queen—from helping them when they are arrested to cleaning up the VD which runs like wildfire through the sexually promiscuous crowd. Rechy talks about the physical dangers in S&M, but conveniently forgets about the physical dangers of VD for the promiscuous. Methinks S&M gets too close to his position of dominance over the john when he is hustling.

Let it be clearly understood that I am not defending S&M, nor knocking hustling and sexual promiscuity. There are justifications for each, but I do not like spoilers like John Rechy who try to justify their own preferences by putting down other gay preferences. I disagreed with the critics who praised Rechy's *City of Night* and *Numbers* for I was left with only a feeling of desolation and *Sexual Outlaws* sadly perpetuates the old pre-liberation myths again.



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## REVIEW

Two Strand River by Keith Maillard.  
Ontario: Press Porcepic, 1976.  
267 pp., \$9.95.

Reviewed by Sheila Sullivan

Those unfamiliar with West Coast Indian magical rites may leave this novel feeling, as I did, that somehow they missed the key word. However, since the author must be aware that such knowledge is scarce, I don't feel too guilty writing the "what this book means to me" review.

*Two Strand River* is the story of a young man and a young woman, both caught in the confusion of gender ambiguity. The book's strong point is not in the story itself, but rather in the author's insight into such confusion—especially into the questions one asks oneself.

The most developed character is Alan, who is relieved to label himself a "heterosexual transvestite" and is struggling with the paradox of being a "male lesbian." Unfortunately, the descriptive handling of Alan's situation ultimately becomes laughable, eliciting memories of *Miss High Heels*. Alan begins as a closet cross-dresser, indulging privately in his partitioned-off bedroom and bathroom—veritable heavens of feminine frivolity in which everything seems to be "tiny," "dainty," "mirrored," and "baby blue." Therein, Alan is "selecting" two baby blue ribbons for his hair and "choosing" the silver bedroom slippers with 5 inch heels and black maribou feathers at each toe. Alan turns himself over to a slovenly 60-year-oldish woman who smells like "sour moldy bread." She serves him tea that makes him vomit repeatedly into a bucket, and makes him strip to bra and panties and whips him with a sharply-needed tree branch. At this point, I am sorry to say, any camaraderie I felt toward Alan was lost to the "oh, come on!" stage. Finally the woman

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leads him into a forest where two geese snatch him up into the sky. He flies around for a while and after he lands, he is the perfect androgyne, male and female, "free."

The parallel story concerns Leslie, a female not much into the female scene. Maillard has not developed this character nearly as much as Alan. In fact, Leslie struggles more toward the straight and narrow. She is terrified of her attraction to other women, plays the dating game with a boring man from work, is horrified at the boyish haircut she gets, and escapes into children's fantasy stories for comfort. Leslie's high point comes when she attends a straight masquerade party as a page. No one can decide whether she is male or female, and Leslie definitely comes out of this one on top. I found this episode the best part of the book. And then: Leslie goes into a forest where two geese snatch her up into the sky. She flies around for a while and after she lands, she is the perfect androgyne, male and female, "free."

If only it were that easy!

While Maillard offers a magical solution to the gender conflicts, he does not try to hand us happily-ever-after characters. Instead, Alan stares into a mirror and "For the first time in my life, he thought, I like my own face. I'm not comfortable with it. . . no, and probably never will be. . .but I like it. . .It's me." For someone into cross-genderism, that can be a difficult point to reach. It was too bad that the big pinnacle of self-awareness for Leslie was getting the courage to tell the pesty man at work that she's not the woman for him—I'd hoped more for her.

If you don't take Alan's obsessions too literally, and can get around the stinky old lady who is supposed to know something we never find out, **Two Strand River** does keep your interest: Will boy-girl ever meet girl-boy? (Though, I wonder what practical use they would have for each other.) The book does have something to offer. But like I said before: somehow I think I missed the key word.

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# OFF THE RECORD

**Three Gypsies—Casse Culver.** Olivia Records. 33 1/3 rpm, stereo. Wise Women Enterprises, Inc., Urana Records. Mail order information: Olivia Records, Box 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070.

Reviewed by Persia Straub

Is there a woman who, at one time or another, hasn't dreamed of hitting the road, dreamed of the space to express her real humanness untouched by the restrictions of society? It takes lesbians to speak out about this road, real or symbolic. Lesbians cannot afford to feel hesitancy about the road's adventures,

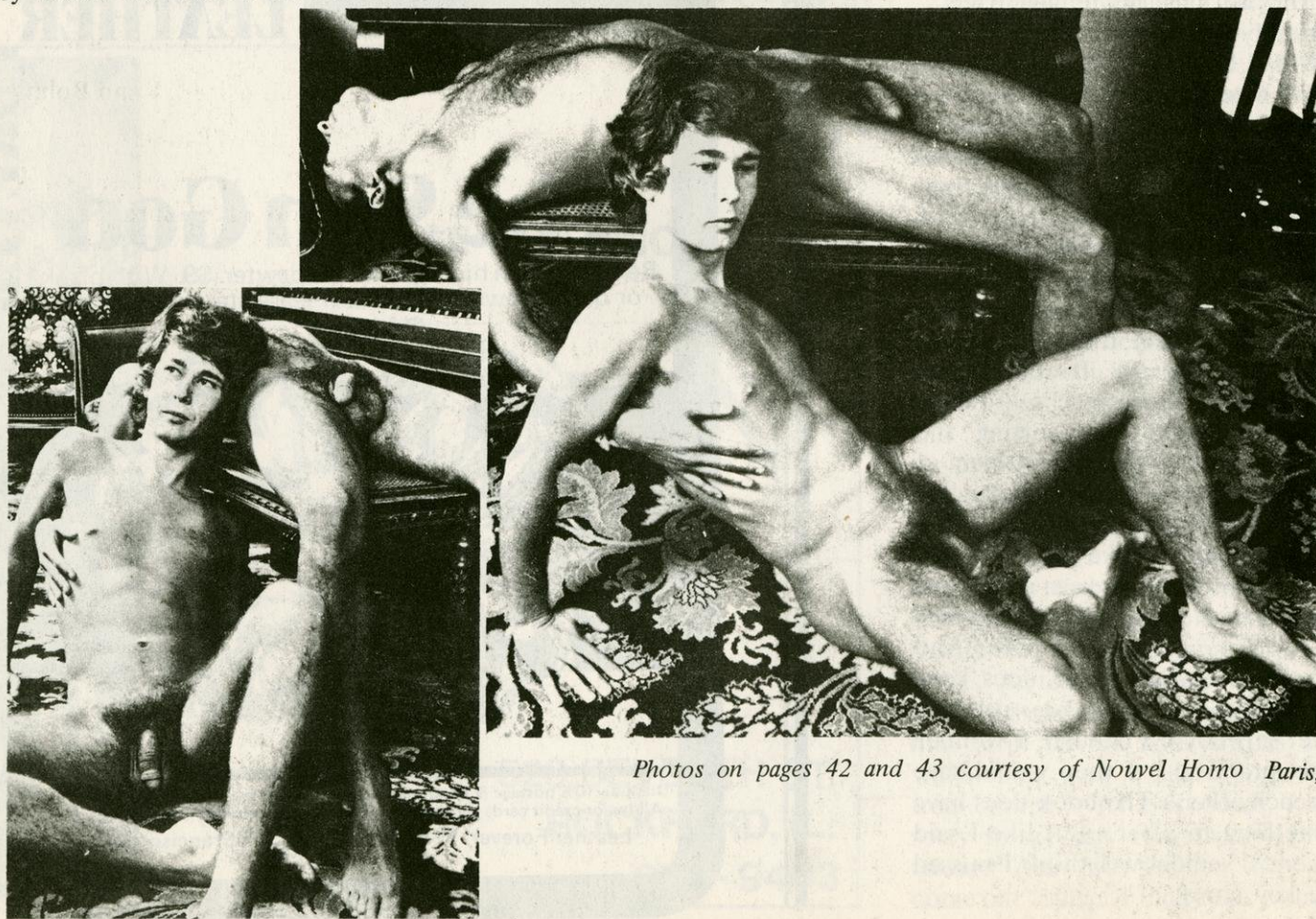
for they share a real and valid imperative to create a dignity for a lifestyle that has existed, until now, buried within the skirts of womanhood. Throw off those skirts, clad yourselves in clothing appropriate for the adventures of the road, and listen to the music Casse Culver and her fellow musicians have created in the recording, **Three Gypsies—Casse Culver.** Here is an honest statement of the emancipation that the road holds for us. The music and lyrics of **Three Gypsies** cavort their country/mountain beat pleading the woman's cry for self.

The quality of the musicianship represented by Casse Culver (guitar,

autoharp, harmonica, vocal), Kay Gardner (flute, vocal), Margie Adam (keyboard), Willie Tyson (12-string guitar, vocal), Barbara Edwards, (french horn), Betty MacDonald (violin, fiddle), Martha Siegel (cello), Mary Wings (5-string banjo, spoons), Paula M. Spiro (percussion), Robin Flower (electric and acoustic guitar, vocal, fiddle, mandolyn). Susan Abod (Fender jazz bass, vocal), and Maxine Feldman (vocal) blends into a consistency that models a sense of community that must exist in the lives of us all if we are to succeed in the fight for liberation!

There isn't a cut on this record that doesn't have real appeal. The urgent call to follow the true spirit of personhood is reflected beautifully in each selection, and it is difficult to draw out a favorite. The guitar strumming, banjo picking, clicking fingers, piano keys flying-country beat makes you feel like you are out there, free, doing all the things that

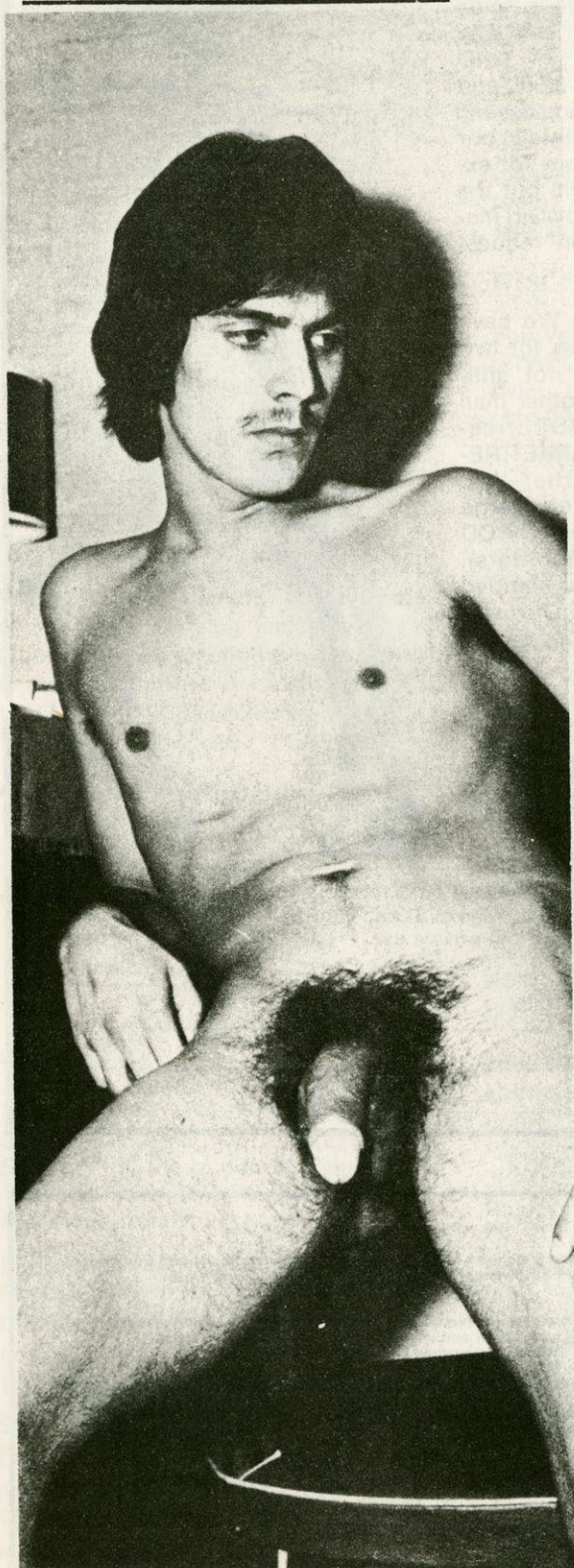
*Turn to page 44*



*Photos on pages 42 and 43 courtesy of Nouvel Homo Paris,*

# CALENDAR

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



- April 3: Celebrate Mass with Dignity at the Newman Center at 7 pm at the Newman Center  
Gay Alcoholics Anonymous, 6 pm at the Newman Center.  
Movie at the Gold Coast (Chicago)—“The Rocky Horror Picture Show” with Tim Curry at 5 & 10 pm  
JoDee’s (Racine) Girls Pool Tournament 5 pm \$3 entry fee—Cash prizes
- April 4: Gay Peoples Union monthly business meeting at 8 pm Farwell Center
- April 5: Election Day (Wisconsin) get out and VOTE!
- April 6: Man’s Country (Chicago) movie “Jesus Christ, Superstar”, with Ted Neeley
- April 7: Movie at Little Jim’s (Chicago) “Carousel” 9 pm
- April 9: “Bonnet Breakfast” at Little Jim’s (Chicago) free breakfast from 9 am—\$25 cash prize for best bonnet  
Party for Interracial Gay Men’s Group. For invitation call 271-2568
- April 10 M&M’s+ Easter Cake Bake-off and Hat Contest—Cash Prizes  
Movies at The Gold Coast (Chicago)—“Paper Moon”
- April 11: Gay Peoples Union 8 pm at The Farwell Center
- April 12: Interracial gay men’s group 8 pm at the Farwell Center
- April 13: Man’s Country (Chicago) puppeteer Rand Bohn
- April 14: Little Jim’s movie night—“Easter Parade” 9 pm
- April 17: JoDee’s (2139 Racine St, Racine) “Darleen” (a musical experience) starring Layla, Misty & Capri. \$1.50 at door 10 pm
- April 18: Gay Peoples Union meets at 8 pm at The Farwell Center
- April 19: “Little Jim Roasts Gloria James” Jim Grooms of Gay Chicago.—Little Jim’s (Chicago) at 10 pm  
Interracial Gay Men’s Group 8 pm at The Farwell Center
- April 21: Move night at Little Jim’s (Chicago) “W.C. Fields Festival of Shorts” (The Dentist, Barber Shop, Fatal Glass of Beer, and The Pharmacist) 9 pm
- April 20: Man’s Country (Chicago) movie: “The Four Musketeers, 1975 version with Faye Dunaway & Raquel Welch
- April 25: Gay Peoples Union meets at the Farwell Center 8 pm
- April 26: Interracial Gay Men’s Group meets at 8 pm at the Farwell Center
- April 27: The Brown Family Dancers at Man’s Country (Chicago)
- April 28: Movie Night at Little Jim’s (Chicago) “Call Me Madam”

## OFF THE RECORD

From page 42

hold meaning for you. "I'm Late Again" rolls off the record like a person walking down that old road with her hair flying and arms swinging easily at her sides—left behind are the conformities of the job ethic to choose instead the warmth of her lover's arms. "Crystal Skies" swings out cowboy; the violin cries of the heartbreak that accompanies the deterioration of a relationship and the emancipation that a motorcycle can allow a broken spirit. "Good Old Dora," "Don't Put Her Down," "First Unto This Country" conjures up a barn dance with the accompanying sounds of feet stomping and hand clapping to country music. The listener feels compelled to find a partner who loves to dance, to move swiftly to the rhythms of the unrestrained beat, and to break free in abandon and enjoy!

Side two bids, "Stop, listen." "Three Gypsies", a sensitive, highly lyrical musical poem, messages the aspirations and hopes of the lesbain lifestyle. The elements of person: mystic, rebel, and lover are explored in an exciting, refreshing combination of lyric and music. "Sacred River" combines violin, flute, cello, and guitar in a mutual cry which backs up the lyric, ". . . join our gentle journey. . . reaping all that our freedom will allow." "She Said Sun" screams the great struggle to exist honestly: ". . . I'm not gonna give up, girl, there's no race to run. Come on, watch the world roll by in the sun, for freedom lies in the taking of a hand." "Desert Eyes," eyes of a lover, calls all to answer the challenge of lesbian love and join in a conspiracy to create a life of mutual caring.

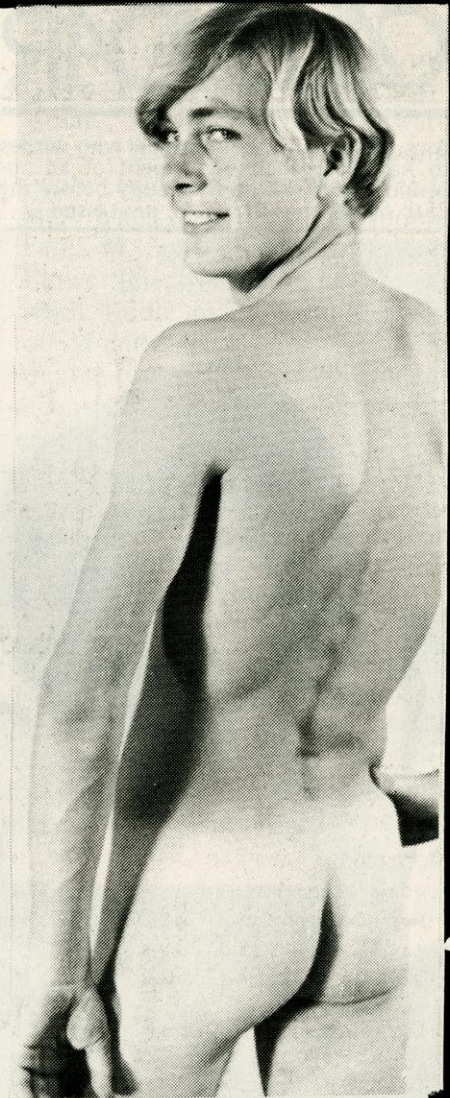
The finely executed musicianship evidenced on this record speaks of all the creativity that is woman standing shoulder to shoulder with her sisters. All of the gay world can look to these women and say proudly, "Oh, yes, these are my sisters. . . may they inspire more of us to fulfill."

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### Dignity—Milwaukee

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### Forker Motorcycle Club

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

### Gay Alcoholics Anonymous

Meetings Sundays at 6PM in the social hall of the Newman Center, 2528 E. Linnwood. Call 272-3081 and ask for group 94.

### Gay People's Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell. Meetings start at 8:00 pm. Business meetings the first Monday of each month. The Farwell Center now open every night from 7:30 to 11:00. Call 271-5273 or write P. O. Box 92203, Milwaukee, WI 53202

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### Lutherans Concerned for Gays—Milwaukee

Meets at 3 PM on 4th Sunday at the Village Church, 1108 N Jackson. Service & Social hour follows. For information write: PO Box 92872, Milwaukee, WI 53202

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

### UWM Gay Community

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

## WISCONSIN

### Fox Valley Gay Alliance

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

### Lesbian Switchboard

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

### Madison Committee For Gay Rights

PO Box 324 Madison WI 53701  
Phone (608) 251-2937

### Madison Gay Center

1001 University Avenue  
Madison, Wi. 53715

### Renaissance of Madison Inc.

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

## IOWA

### Pride Of Lambda

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

## CHICAGO

### Beckman House

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

### Dignity/Chicago

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

### Fox Valley Gay Association

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

### Gay News and Events Line

Daily recorded news message. 236-0909

### Gender Services

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

### Mattachine Midwest

Box 924, Chicago, Il 60690 337-2424

### Maturity.

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

### One Of Chicago

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

### VD Testing & Treatment for Gays

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



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

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Cliff Loves Joshua  
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LaCrosse, WI  
54601

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**NEW PHOTO BROCHURE.** Photographer Darrel Hale has created a brochure showing the beautiful men of Fantasy Models. Complete photo sets can be ordered of any model. For brochure send \$1.50 to Legit Studios, 266 W. Jackson Blvd., Suite 612, Code L-11, Chicago, IL 60606

**GPU NEWS Back issues.** Please send for price list of available numbers. PO Box 92203, Milwaukee, WI 53202

**Nude boys and men all types, ages & shapes** Largest & finest selection of gay films & magazines in the world! Guaranteed USA delivery. Send \$2 for photo illustrated catalog. Henk Van Amstel, Box 219, Vesterbrogade, 208, 1800 Copenhagen V, Denmark

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

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

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

## CHICKEN! CHICKEN! CHICKEN!

At Euromag we search the world for fine chicken magazines and offer only magazines already through Customs and ready to go. Fat illustrated catalog, \$2. Sample of BOY magazine from Denmark's COQ \$8. EUROMAG, 167 W. 21st St. (Downstairs-G), NYC, NY 10011

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**Models needed—Male models needed for fashion, and nude figure photography.** Excellent rates. Apply in person. Fantastic Voyages, Inc. 6th Fl. 436 W Wisconsin Ave. Wed 1 pm to 4 pm. Thur 3 pm to 7 pm.

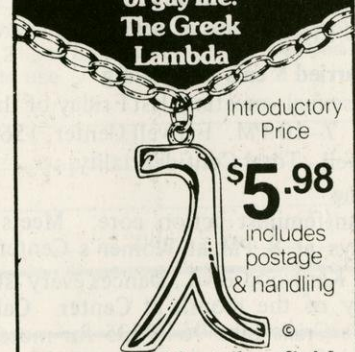
**Horney 25-155-male seeks male for mutual pleasures.** Also want young male models for top pay. Occupant, Box 411 Austin, Minn 55912

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

**PORNO COLLECTORS —S. S. M. C.** is starting a library. If you are cleaning out your collection and do not know what to do with this material, please donate to the club. Contact SSMC, Dept B PO BOX 1176, Milwaukee, WI, 53201 or call 643-8330

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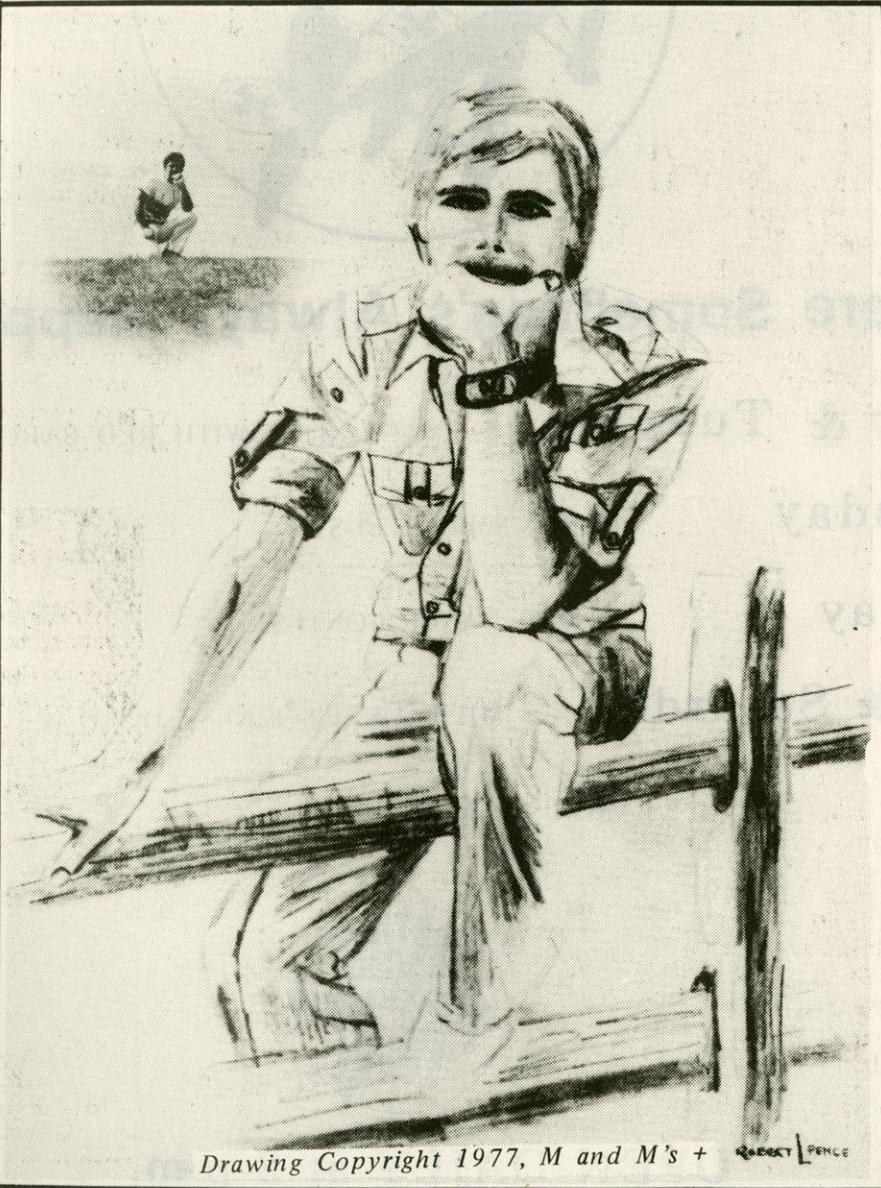
Cocktail Hour  
Mon. - Fri.  
5 PM - 7 PM

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All drinks reduced

BEER NIGHT  
Every Wednesday  
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HOURS  
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2 PM - 2 AM  
Saturday  
1 PM - 3:30 AM  
Sunday  
1 PM - 2 AM



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