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GPU NEWS

November 1976

Vol. 6, No. 2

60¢



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3rd LESBIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE

Chicago, IL—The Blue Gargoyle, a women's center in one of the Hyde Park area (Chicago) churches was the location this year of the 3rd annual Lesbian Writers' Conference, Sept. 17-19. Featured speaker Friday evening was Beth Hodges, best known as editor of the **Focus: Lesbian Feminist Writing And Publishing** issue of **Margins** magazine (Aug 1975—pub. in Milwaukee). Her short, succinct talk concentrated on the importance of lesbain writing as a mechanism for exploring the reality of lesbianism and importantly, as a means whereby, consequently, lesbians can discover themselves.

Ms. Hodges was also involved in leading one of the many exciting and informative workshops held throughout the next day, hers focusing on lesbian-feminist literary criticism (she is editor of an upcoming anthology of lesbian-feminist criticism to be released next spring by Diana Press). Last year's

keynote speaker, Barbara Grier (who under the pen name of Gene Damon was editor of **The Ladder** for many years) conducted one on the fascinating topic, **Writing and researching women's biography**. And Valerie Taylor (lesbian author), speaker at the first Conference (now retired and living in New York state) held one on the subject, **Lesbian literary herstory**. A number of other wide-ranging workshops was also offered, probably the most unusual being a fine slide show about lesbians in fiction and presented by the women from Bloomington, Indiana who had obviously invested much time and talent into putting it together.

Sunday afternoon those who wished to had the opportunity to share their work with their sisters. It was both gratifying and stimulating to hear and experience a truly varied array of creative work by women clearly devoting themselves with real dedication to fashioning

expressions of their sensitive (and often witty) perceptions of themselves and their world. And if my own reaction was representative, it also reinvigorated our dedication to create that "perfect" poem or short-story.

Simple but delicious vegetarian meals were available at rock bottom prices. And Saturday evening we were a fortunate audience indeed: we were presented with an evening of entertainment featuring Ginny Clemons, singing and at the banjo; two accomplished actresses in hilarious comedy routines; and two women playing a variety of instruments—violin, guitar, auto harp.

Special thanks should go to Marie Kuda of **Womanpress** Chicago's feminist press) for her dedicated labor on behalf of another truly memorable weekend for those of us—dedicated to creating with words—who were lucky enough to attend.

By Donna Martin

GRNL DIRECTORS

Washington, DC—fifteen men and fifteen women have been elected to the Board of Directors of the **Gay Rights National Lobby (GRNL)** in an election supervised by the **National Gay Task Force** and the **American Arbitration Association**.

The list of GRNL directors is as follows:

Sidney Abbott, New York; Ruth Abram, New York; Virginia M. Appuzzo, New York; John W. Campbell, Miami; William J. Carey, Los Angeles; R. Adam DeBaugh, Washington; Karen De Crow, Syracuse; Martin Duberman, New York; Don Embinder, Miami; Barbara Gittings, Philadelphia; Michael Green, Washington; Marilyn Haft, New York; Renee Hanover, Chicago; Raymond Hartman, Los Angeles; Franklin Kameny, Washington; Paul J. Kunzler, Washington; Linda Lachman, Allston; Carol A. Murray, Washing-

ton; Merle Miller, Brewster; Catherine Nelson, Chicago; Elaine Noble, Boston; Jean O'Leary, New York; James Sandmire, Los Angeles; Adrienne Scott, New York; Robert Silverman, Chicago; Ronni B. Smith, New York; Allan Spear, Minneapolis; Mary Stevens, Morristown; Gary J. Van Ooteghem, Houston; and Bruce Voeller, New York.

The first duty of the newly elected board will be to name a full time person to lobby for gay rights legislation in Washington, D. C.

The organization was launched in the wake of the gay conference held in Chicago earlier this year hosted by David Goodstein, publisher of **The Advocate**.

Applications for membership in GRNL continue to be welcomed at Suite 210, 110 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington, DC 20002. Dues are \$15.00 per year.

GAYS HIT TV

New York, NY—Gay themes have taken the limelight on television this fall.

ABC's Family began its weekly series with a boy discovering that his best friend since childhood had been arrested at a gay bar. Then **Alice** saw its heroine flirt with an ex-football player who turns out to be gay.

Nancy Walker features an openly gay character and Bob Newhart will have a gay on nine episodes.

Policewoman got into the act in a round about way by having its heroine accused of sexually molesting a female criminal suspect.

But all the programs have not met with praise. A **Kojak** episode dealing with child molesting caused the **National Gay Task Force** to call a "media alert" to protest the show.

EPISCOPALIANS SAY GAY O.K.

Minneapolis, MN—The 65th General Convention of the Episcopal Church which met in Minneapolis during September passed several resolutions relating to the rights of homosexuals in the church and society.

The Convention declared that "Homosexual persons are children of God who have full and equal claim with all other persons upon the love, acceptance, pastoral concern and care of the church." In addition, a resolution was passed declaring that "homosexual persons are entitled to equal protection of the laws with all other citizens" and calling upon society to see that "such protection is provided in actuality."

Even the release of that information caused debate. The cause of some deputies' ire was the release statement that the resolution on homosexuals called for accepting them as "full members" of the church.

The Very Rev. C. Preston Wiles of Dallas initiated the formal protest, contending that the press release was inaccurate, misleading and contrary to the spirit of the homosexual resolution.

"Acceptance" was the word at issue and the apparent concern, voiced by some deputies, was that it would imply acceptance for ordination to the priesthood.

Concerning the ordination of homosexuals, the delegates voted that the church examine the question in detail over the next three years and make recommendations for action at the next General Convention to be held in Denver in 1979. Resolutions restricting ordination of homosexuals were defeated.

The Bishops and Deputies called for a study of human sexuality (including homosexuality), the parentheses having been added to provide emphasis, as it pertains to living styles, employment, housing, and education.

The resolutions passed were developed in dialogue with the gay community through Integrity, and

the Episcopal Church gay caucus, both of whom met with the Commission of Human Affairs in Atlanta earlier.

Lobbying efforts for the gay community at the convention were directed by the Rev. Ron Wessner, president of Integrity; Richard York of Cambridge, Mass., the floor manager; and John Lenhardt of Integrity Philadelphia.

Wessner, commenting on the successful resolutions at the convention, said: "We are obviously pleased with our church in taking these actions at the same convention which approved the ordination of women priests and the adoption of a new book of common prayer. The efforts of Integrity over the next three years will be directed toward meeting with the new Standing Commission to educate the church on issues relating to homosexuality. The Episcopal Church must come to understand that it has pastoral re-

sponsibility to those gay persons who are already ordained as well as to openly gay persons presenting themselves for ordination. Gays are not a threat to the church but rather a resource for its ministry to gay persons. I would hope that by the next General Convention we would have an openly gay person as a member of the House of Deputies."

Bishop Paul Moore, Jr., Bishop of New York, who had received some criticism for ordaining an openly gay person, the Rev. Ellen Barrett, as a Deacon, commented on the action of the convention: "The gay community acted with great dignity at the convention and I am proud of the way in which they sought to educate and persuade the church to a deeper understanding of our pastoral responsibility to gay churchpersons and our responsibility to fight for equal justice before the law for all gay persons."

LESBIAN RESEARCH PROJECT

New York, NY—The **National Gay Task Force** has announced that it will cooperate with a research project funded by the National Institute for Mental Health which concerns lesbian mothers and their children. Researchers with the Long Island Institute and the Department of Psychiatry, SUNY at Stony Brook hope to gather data which will be relevant to lesbian mothers in child custody hearings. The study will compare lesbian and non-gay mothers and their children's adjustments to living in a family where no adult male is present. The sample will include families from rural as well as urban areas, in the North and South, so that the participants' adjustment under a variety of community standards can be seen.

The project should be politically valuable in child custody cases. As Jean O'Leary, co-executive director of NGTF states, "the data might

put to rest the concern of some courts that lesbianism makes an unfit mother."

The researchers are seeking women who describe themselves as lesbians and have at least one child living with them who is ten years old or younger. The mother and children should have lived as a family unit for at least two years with no adult males (18 or older) in the house. However, other adult women may live with the family.

The interviews, about two hours in length for the mother and each child, will be arranged by appointment for convenient times and locations. All information will be kept confidential. Women interested in participating or wanting information should write: Jane Mandel c60 Long Island Research Institute, Central Islip, NY 11722. Women in the midwest can call Ms. Mandel at (312) 475-4773.

GAY VOTES EQUAL GAY POWER

In the last two issues of **GPU NEWS** we have given considerable space to the upcoming election. In September we gave the views of several candidates in order to aid our readers as how to vote in the primary. Last month we were pleased to print the results of **Gay People's Union's** survey of all candidates in Wisconsin. (GPU also disseminated the results to the non-gay press with limited results.)

We urge Wisconsin voters to consider those candidates that take a favorable stand on gay rights. Since more candidates have become responsive to this issue, we urge you to contact your local homophile organization to see where candidates in your area stand on this issue. (Milwaukee readers may call the **GPU Hotline** at 271-5273.)

It has been an interesting political year for Wisconsin gays. For the first time politicians are turning to the homosexual community for help. In five districts they are seek-

ing the homosexual vote discovering that we have an impact on the outcome in those districts. In at least two districts, gay rights was an issue.

We feel the time is ripe for passage of gay rights legislation in Wisconsin. The only way we can be sure that will happen is if supporters of our position are elected. There is a clear choice in many assembly districts where there is a large gay constituency. It is important that we get out and vote. Even if you have not registered, a new law allows you to register on the day of the election at the polling place where you can then cast your vote. In order to qualify for this procedure, a person need only provide proof of ten day's residence in the district.

Prestigious newspapers such as the **Wall Street Journal** have pointed out that gays around the country have seen what can be done by looking at San Francisco, California. Besides the mecca of gaydom, such diverse places as Texas, Massachusetts, Oregon, New York, and Pennsylvania, gays have found the power of the vote. We have that same power right here in Wisconsin—**USE IT!**

Except for passing reference to some third party candidates and/or "news" relating to various candidates statements regarding gay issues, we have stayed away from the presidential candidates. President Ford hasn't made any substantive statement on homosexual rights and Jimmy Carter's action at the Democratic Party's platform committee erased any positive statements he may have made. There is a large array of candidates that have made strong positive statements regarding gay rights, and we have reported on them from time to time. However, considering the large number of third party candidates who react favorably, and the Hobson's-choice between the two major candidates, we can not make any recommendation for president.

In the race for Milwaukee County

district attorney, gays seem to have a choice between bad and worse. We have seen how the incumbent, E. Michael McCann, has dealt with gay people since 1968. His challenger, John L. Carter, a former police officer who was blinded by sniper fire in the disturbances of 1967, says he wants no plea bargaining or any policy that "frustrates police officers." Obviously we can not make a recommendation here.

In the other county races gays have a friend in **Sally Stein**, Republican candidate for clerk of circuit court. We need all the friends we can get and urge readers to consider her for that office.

MAILING ON COMPUTER

Milwaukee, WI—Many subscribers receiving the current issue of **GPU NEWS** will notice that their address labels are now computer printed and coded. This phased operation, whereby the entire circulation and distribution of **GPU NEWS** is to become computerized, was begun earlier and should be completed before the end of the year. The number of subscriptions continues to accelerate, and manual processing of accounts and mailings has reached the breaking point for staff members. Computer processing will henceforth provide a faster and more reliable service to all, and the increased efficiency of the operation will more than offset cost involved in implementing the program.

Our printouts are being proofread and our program has been debugged. If there are any discrepancies on your mailing label, please notify us of the correction to be made (c/o **GPU NEWS Distribution**, PO Box 92203, Milwaukee, WI 53202).

The change to computerized operation in no way effects the confidentiality of our mailing lists. **GPU NEWS** does not sell or otherwise offer its mailing lists to any persons or organizations at any time.



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MR. CLUB BATHS CONTEST TO BE HELD IN CHICAGO

Chicago, IL—The 1976 International Mr. Club Baths Contest and Convention will be held at the Sheraton Chicago Hotel on Saturday and Sunday, 27-28 November. Saturday evening will feature a cocktail reception and served dinner at the Hotel, running from 7 through 10 pm. Following the dinner information and directions will be available for all in attendance who desire to visit some of the many gay bars and businesses operating in the area. Price of the dinner will be \$15.00 per person, and a cash bar will be open before and during the serving.

The contest itself will be held on Sunday in the Grand Ballroom starting at 7 pm. Admission is \$8.00 for reserved seating and \$5.00 for unreserved seating.

First prize for the contest will be a charter flight to Casablanca followed by a chartered gay cruise to the Canary Islands. The second-prize winner will be flown to Denver, and then to the Breckenridge Bunkhouse in Colorado for an all-expense paid

RAP AT GPU

Milwaukee, WI—With the beginning of fall, Gay People's Union (GPU) instituted a program of rap sessions to alternate with scheduled speakers. Members talk about their gayness, love live, relations with their parents, job, and other areas of their lives. A "general topic" is selected ahead of time but the flow of conversation is often wide ranging. The popular new format will be continued through November.

Speakers scheduled for November are John Kujawski discussing "Sex Education" on the 15th and Mike Mitchell on "S&M" on the 29th.

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

week there, which will include access to all ski facilities. Other prizes have yet to be announced, and all prize winners will also receive trophies. The Sunday evening contest will feature Gotham as Master of Ceremonies, and entertainment by the Zany Trio, Fannie, and Tony Lewis & Company.

The Sheraton Chicago will be providing rooms at discounted convention rates of \$20.00 (single) and \$28.00 (double). Reservation forms and additional program information are available at any Club Baths location throughout the world. In Milwaukee, The Club Milwaukee is at 704A West Wisconsin Avenue (rear entrance: see advertisement elsewhere in this issue GPU NEWS.)

Those not living near a Club Baths location, or who prefer to register or obtain further information by mail,

SILVER STAR PLANS THANKSGIVING DINNER

Milwaukee, WI—On Sunday, 21 November, the Silver Star Motorcycle Club, Inc., of Milwaukee will have its fourth annual Thanksgiving Dinner Party at the Nantucket Shores Restaurant, located in the Astor Hotel at 920 E Juneau Ave. Cocktail hour begins at 6:30 pm with dinner following at 7:45. The evening's entertainment will include a leather and western fashion show presented by Male Hide Leathers of Chicago. Deadline for reservations is 15 November. Reservation forms and other information are available by writing SSMC, PO Box 1176, Milwaukee, WI 53201, or call (414) 643-8330.

November 26 through December 5 will also be the third annual Children's Christmas Drive for needy children in the Milwaukee area. Further details may also be obtained by writing or calling SSMC.

Several local establishments are

may write directly to: Gotcha Productions, 5015 North Clark Street, Chicago, IL 60640 (312-878 3020). Hotel reservations should be mailed directly to the Sheraton Chicago; but, in order to obtain the convention discount, these reservations should be made using the card supplied through the Club Baths or Gotcha Productions. Those wishing to attend need not stay at the hotel, and may also reserve for either the dinner or the contest alone. Reservations for the dinner and/or contest should be made directly through Gotcha Productions, and prepayment is required. Those reserving by mail will receive a receipt by return mail, and their tickets will be held in their name at the door on Saturday and Sunday evening. Look for coverage of the convention and contest in the next issue of GPU NEWS.

planning benefits for this "Toys for Tots" effort of the Silver Star. At the time we go to press, most of the plans have not been firmed. However M and M's +, 124 N. Water, have announced a benefit showing of the film version of "The Boys in the Band" to be held at 8 PM on Sunday November 28. A donation of \$1 will be requested with the proceeds being turned over to Silver Star.

SSMC has also just announced the establishment of its library, for which donations have been accepted from individuals and groups over the past year. The library began as an historical collection of gay pornography, and has grown into a library which covers gay and nongay materials, books and educational and scientific nature, films, pictures, and magazines.

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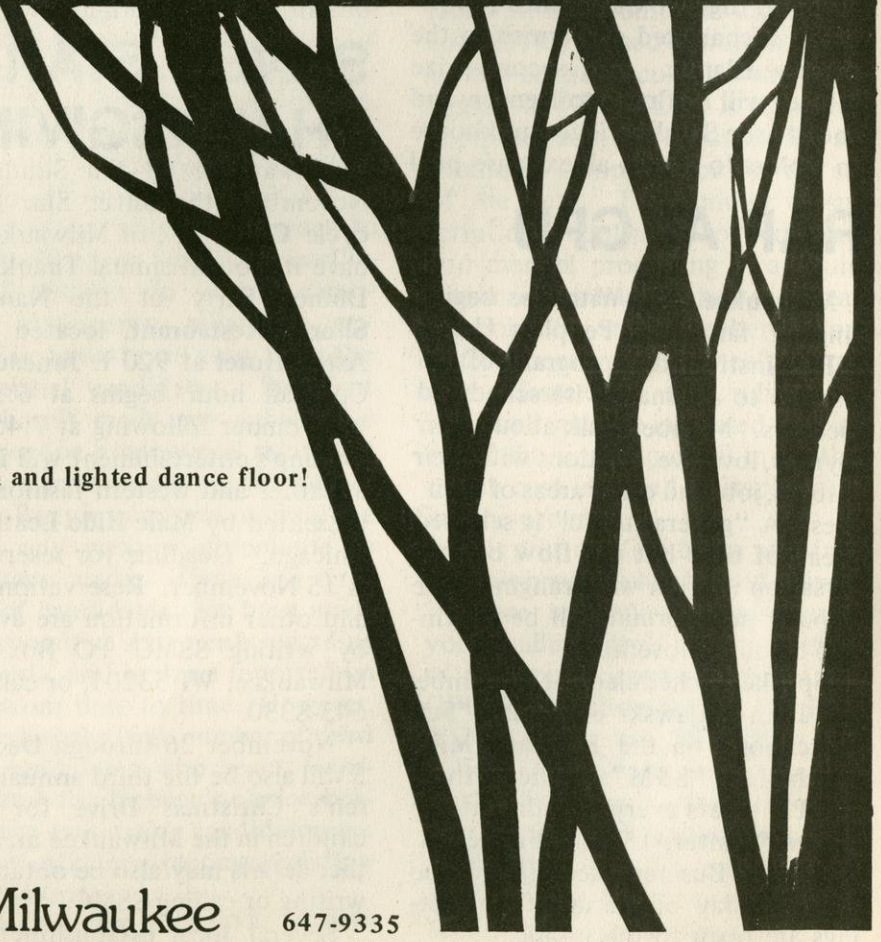
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EDITORIAL

Elsewhere in this issue the reader will find an announcement pleading support of **WFMR**, Milwaukee's classical and jazz radio station. Like so many fine arts stations throughout the US (of which no fewer than four have folded in the past year), **WFMR** is in dire need of financial support for its very survival. Our plea is by way of community service, and the staff of **GPU NEWS** has not asked, "What have they done for us?"—that is not liberationist, but simple childishness. **WFMR** has been a constant source of enrichment and cultural growth to the entire mid-western community, and gays are a part of that community. The station is here, and we are here, and we need one another. That is all the justification needed for our bringing the station's plight to the attention of our readers. There are, however, some instructive parallels between **WFMR's** struggle and the gay struggle—and perhaps even some useful lessons to ponder.

Classical and jazz music in the United States, at all its levels of realization, suffers from what classical political theorists called the tyranny of the majority. To say this is not to discredit, undervalue, or denigrate other musical forms (pop, rock, folk, country-western); for the relation among various cultural and musical expressions should not be that of competition and deviousness, but rather one of really honest complementation. The pressure for conformity to dominant social attitudes, tastes, lifestyles, and feelings is, however, an omnipresent one—making its presence known at all economic and social echelons of our society. In one sense, **WFMR** is a victim precisely because it is different, it appeals to a minority, and it sets its own standards of excellence and taste. There is an analogy here to the myriad of situations, problems, and hurdles to which gay persons and groups are daily subjected; and it is an analogy too obvious to labor.

But there is a more instructive and a more elusive parallel also.

If one were to take a sample of public opinion from persons of all walks of life, such a sampling would doubtless indicate that a substantial majority of Americans favor the presence of fine-arts programming on our air-waves. There are probably few "classicophobes" (haters of classical music) about; and one may well entertain the suspicion that, in these days of enlightened sexual laissez-faire, there are fewer homophobes about than at many earlier periods of human history. Why, then, has fine-arts broadcasting not made great strides in recent years, strides consistent with the contemporary emphasis upon the satisfaction of multiple interests within a pluralized society? Or, to rephrase the question at a parallel level, why has gay liberation not made strides proportionate to the growth of liberalism (or the diminution of homophobia)? If you go to the **Performing Arts Center** almost any evening, you will find literally thousands of people who favor the preservation of fine arts broadcasting; and, if you pass on to any of Milwaukee's twenty gay bars for a drink after the concert, you should find as many persons who favor the growth and integrity of the gay lifestyle. The answer, most obviously, is that favor is a "wouldn't-it-be-nice-if" attitude; while progress is a product forged from effort more than from wishful thinking. In this respect also does the gay movement resemble the plight of classical music broadcasting: the seeds of decay may be nurtured from without by a majority which sees only the dominate taste, but they are fed from within by indifference tempered (but not diminished in its effect) by well-wishing. The success of the gay movement must come at a price: time, effort, money, and even sacrifice. If fine-arts broadcasting is to continue to contribute to the life and growth of our society, it must do so by dint of hard work and financial support on the part of its public—kind thoughts

will hardly turn the tide.

None of these remarks is pejorative in tone. Milwaukee has traditionally supported the growth of the fine arts, just as the gay movement (here and elsewhere) has made strides. It is to insist that the furtherance of a minority interest requires us to look to the outside and to take a hard look within. The extension and support of minority interests, whether they be those of lifestyle or musical taste, contributes to the entire community in which we live. The liberationist vision of society is that of a fabric richly woven of a multitude of textures, each of which individually provides the seeds of growth and self-realization consistent with human variation and difference, and all of which together provide a strength and freedom supportive of the individual and the community. As a program, it is more than a vision and less than a reality. But if it fails at any point, and if the felt needs and wants of any minority cannot be met, the fault, dear Brutus, will not lie in the stars.

WFMR Listeners Guild

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FEEDBACK

Dear Editor,
Received GPU today and was glad to get it. What really turned me on was reading page 2 of "Prisons Stop Gay Publications."

I happen to be an inmate at Atlanta Federal Institution and what you say is very true. I have tried every gay newspaper and magazine you can think of and everyone of them was sent back because of the "homosexual intent."

As a matter of fact, I myself sent for **High Gear**, but never received it. Perhaps that was the one that was returned to the staff there. They have also stopped the **Advocate**, the new **Package-mag**, **Drummer**, **Blue-boy**, **Body Politic**, **Gay Liberator**, and **Gay Sunshine**, to name a few.

The real reason I am writing to you is to thank you and **High Gear** for helping gay people like me in jail. You are helping all you can and I for one appreciate it. By the way I'm sure they made a mistake in our mailroom when they gave me GPU NEWS. At any rate if times change and we start getting gay publications I'll let you know.

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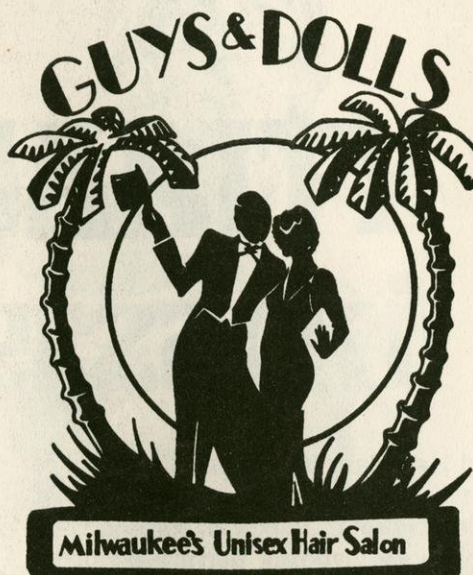
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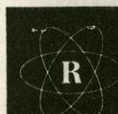
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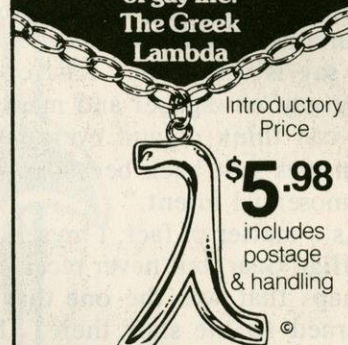
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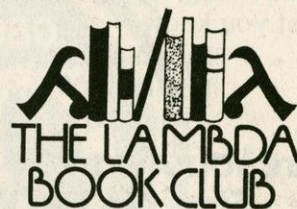
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VIOLENCE AND HOMOSEXUALITY

by robert perzacki

Violence and homosexuality are often thought to be mutually exclusive. As supporting evidence for this position, Dennis Altman in **Homosexual Oppression and Liberation** points to the Freudian model of sexuality and attributes the violent nature of men in our society to repressed homosexuality. This paper will attempt to refute Altman's interpretation of the Freudian theory of aggression stemming from repressed sexuality. The notion of the non-violent homosexual will be rejected by a theory of learned masculine stereotypes which develop independent of any sexual orientation.

Altman begins his argument in two steps, first by pointing to the origins of repression and secondly to its effects. His theory is based on Freud, Marcuse, and Norman Mailer. Repression begins through the removal of the erotic from everyday life, a pragmatic answer by industrial society to the need to channel the libidinal energies of the population toward acceptable and useful goals. While this narrowing of permissible activity hopefully results in increased productivity and creativity, it also is the basis of repressed sexuality. The patriarchal family conditions the individual for society by setting up traditional sex roles, the dominating male and the submissive female, as well as establishing an aura of forbiddenness and guilt around sex itself. While the repression of the heterosexual is itself damaging, the repression of the homosexual is much more widespread and absolute, since homosexual acts are viewed as unnatural since they are non-procreative. As an expression of these homosexual needs the male bond is established, a socially acceptable way for men to show affection but which inevitably leads to a conflict when the male must repress homosexual urges which appear as the bond develops. Being a man becomes bound up in the conflict of relating to men while denying any sexual interest in them. Violence develops as the male reaction

to his own homosexual urges as it bespeaks his lack of affection and warmth toward other men, which might be construed as sexual. This violent and aggressive behavior is carried through to male attitudes toward women, foreigners, or any other group seen as inferior, which are marked by dominance and superiority. The link between violence and repressed homosexuality is confirmed by the absence of violence among self-accepting homosexuals who have renounced the need to withhold affection towards other men and so reject violence as a means of proving one's manhood.

Altman's connection between repressed sexuality and violence is indirect at best. The rejection of taboos against expressing affection towards men and the rejection of violence are independent. This is true for a number of reasons. According to Altman's theory, the expression of homosexual affection should precipitate the disappearance of violence. But it will not because not all men feel erotic affection towards other men, and this is true not because these feelings have been repressed, as Altman would like us to believe, but rather because these erotic responses have not been learned and so are not present. Moreover, Altman's theory does not make allowances for conditions which do exist, namely, the non-violent heterosexual male, who seems to be able to handle his repressed homosexuality, the violent homosexual, whose voice can be heard on the street in protest and even in the military, and women who, though doubly repressed, are generally non-violent. Altman attempts to link their repressed sexuality to presumed female qualities of pettiness, bitterness, and possessiveness. But it seems that these qualities are more logically brought about through the repression of women by the female stereotype which discourages aggressiveness while reinforcing submissiveness and passivity. The female is denied acceptance by male-oriented society which denies her full expression and so fulfillment

which result in feelings of inadequacy displayed in bitterness and resentment. As it turns out, sex stereotypes can also serve to explain the roots of violence in the male. According to a theory such as this, violence is itself a characterization of the male stereotype. Of importance is the fact that this stereotype must be learned, and that the learning process of the stereotype is separate and distinct from learned sexual response which results in a homo- or heterosexual orientation. When it can be seen that the roots of sex roles and orientation are independent of each other, the necessary connection between homosexual repression and violence will become non-existent.

In *The Homosexual Matrix*, C.A. Tripp offers a theory of learned sexual response. According to Tripp, learned response is established in a two-step process. Sex roles must be learned, and there exist three; masculine, feminine, and effeminate. The male stereotype is marked by aggressiveness, decisiveness, and a readiness to resist intrusion, be it a threat from outside or impulse from within. The male ideal is one of invulnerability and so conscious aggressiveness is the product of the need to fulfill this invulnerable self-concept, the heroic ideal of the masculine stereotype. Femaleness, by contrast, is characterized by softness and delicacy, submissiveness in the face of challenge or threat to self-identity. Outwardly, the male role produces the macho image, a violent personality who asserts dominance through physical subjugation. Here lies the root of violence, militarism and the police men-

tality. And here too lies the basis of the ruthless business executive or political figure. By contrast, the female role produces the frail, totally dependent female, unable to cope with the pressures of life without the assistance of the male. She is a passive personality incapable of decision who rather drifts with the current around her. Standing somewhere between these two extremes is the effeminate, whose outward body movements can range from the exaggerated to posed indifference, and whose actions reflect a hybrid of male and female qualities. The characteristics are both chosen and then learned by the individual. The effeminate could be a male or female who adopts roles of either gender as the situation demands. In the last analysis, these stereotypes are derivatives of the human problem of how to cope with emotional stress encountered in the environment.

Effeminacy is often mistakenly meant to imply homosexuality, while in reality it is independent of it since it refers to learned roles and gender traits and not sexual object choice. When the homosexual can be seen solely in terms of object preference, charges that homosexuality is the result of identity conflicts, fear of the opposite sex, infantile fixations, and parental influences are pointless since sexual attraction is based on positive motives. Hence it is independent of social norms, female availability, or self-image, though its development may be furthered or hindered by any one of them. Homosexuality is instead caused by learned eroticization of male attributes through ex-



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treme admiration. It can be seen to arise simultaneously with the development of distinctly male attributes, perhaps from pure physical contact of early maturing males who stress male values while at the same time see sex as male triggered and centered. This attitude leaves women as essentially sexless, and the primary sexual orientation depends on the extent to which various parts of erotic experience have reinforced themselves. The growing homosexual value system may assert male decisiveness and muscularity as attractive, then erotic. Based upon factors such as ability to find willing partners, acceptance of own self-image, and acceptance by peers and parents, the homosexual potential will flourish or be squelched. Once it does grow, maleness becomes firmly established as attractive, while femaleness will probably be left indifferent. Essential is the concept that preference is learned through experience, and that the eroticization of maleness or femaleness is a possibility in anyone, be they male or female. Yet, once the orientation is firmly established, the other is left de-eroticized. Altman's concept of a universal bisexual potential lies at an early level of development, and tends to be squelched by learned sexual preference. The bisexual exists as unique (and rare) in his ability to respond to particular qualities, be they male or female, in a particular partner. This is no easy process, which would account for its scarcity, and though it may still be a potential of some sort, it would demand many

contradictions and compromises as to not make it worth the effort.

In conclusion, male-female sex role adaptation develops distinct from male or female sex object preference. Hence, the man or woman who adopts a particular sex role can theoretically be attracted to any sex object. Once the preference is established, it usually becomes exclusive. Eliminated is the need to explain violence in terms of repressed sexuality since the bisexual potential exists only at early levels of development. Denial of erotic interest in same sex object does not exist because eroticization does not occur—through learned preference, which necessarily de-eroticizes the same (or other) sex. Violence is rooted in the male sex role and cannot be attributed to orientation. Women are largely non-violent because they have been taught to adopt the female stereotype.

Human liberation can be seen as having two purposes. It must free individuals from the necessity to adopt appropriate sex roles, and it must free the individual from the necessity to establish other-sex orientations since the converse is no less normal than the former. In doing this, a human value system might be established which would be independent of unjustifiable expectations. Freedom from these roles requires massive re-education, through serious questioning of religious, social, and moral values which cut deepest into Western society and which will afford the most resistance.

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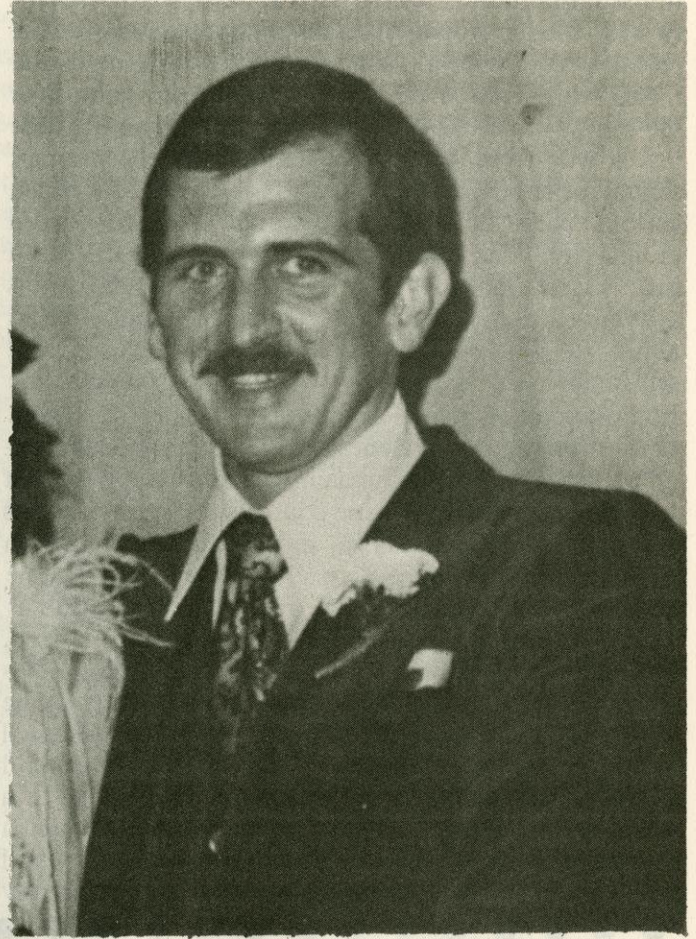
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Miss Gay Wisconsin Mr. Groovy Guy 1976~7

Milwaukee, WI—The annual Miss Gay Wisconsin and Mr. Groovy Guy contests took place this year on October 24 at the Center Stage Theater in downtown Milwaukee. The event was sponsored by **The Entertainer's Club of Milwaukee**. The committee for the event was chaired by Ken Wenzel and included Ted Behr, Diane Gregory, Dick Kemp, Gary Klink, Ron Marks, Jerry Mathews, and Princess Darlene. Ushers for the evening were provided by **The Argonauts**; men's formal wear by the **House of Seams**, and flowers by Wayne Wagner.

Ron Marks and Beaver were the MC's for the evening. After introducing the judges and last year's Mr. Groovy Guy the first judging for the Mr. Groovy Guy contest took place. Sixteen contestants paraded in male attire of their own selection. The judges were

instructed to select five finalists based on general appearance.

After an interlude of music featuring Jerry Perry and Gary, well known Milwaukee entertainers, Mel Powell, the President of **ECOM** was introduced. Kenisha and Dick introduced sponsors in the audience and announced various prizes donated by friends and sponsors of the club. Ma Ma Rae performed and then Miki Chanel, last year's Miss Gay Wisconsin was introduced.

In the first judging for the Miss Wisconsin contest the twelve contestants paraded in attire of their own selection. The judges were instructed to select five finalists, based on general appearance and hair styles.

Judges for the event were Bob Maddox, Dennis Schenkel, Lee Booth, Jay Piper, Helen Kastrozan.

After a ten minute intermission the traditional "Parade of Stars" featuring well known entertainers, past and present, took place, followed by a musical interlude featuring Dawn Koreen and Dick Kemp.

In the second judging for Mr. Groovy, the contestants paraded in white swim suits. Miki Chanel, Miss Gay Wisconsin 1975-6 presented two songs before the



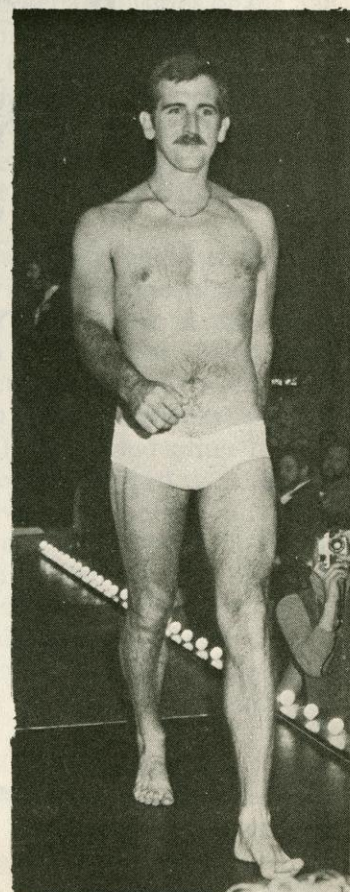
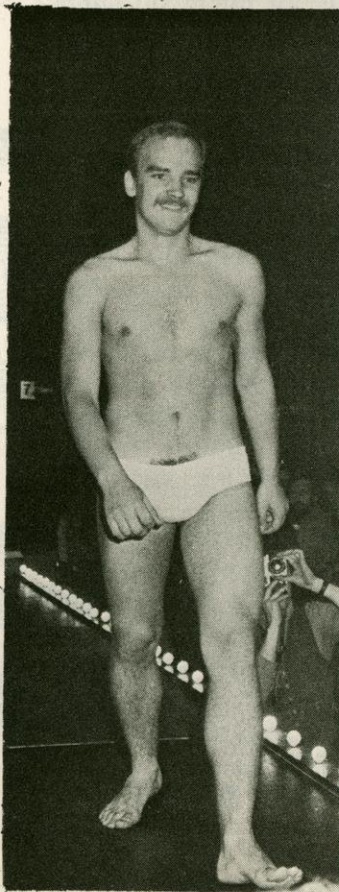
second judging for Miss Gay Wisconsin. In this judging the contestants wore evening gowns.

After an interlude of music by Lynda Anderson and George Leighton, the finalists in both contests were presented. Each finalist was asked a question and gave a response to help the judges in their difficult decision of winners.

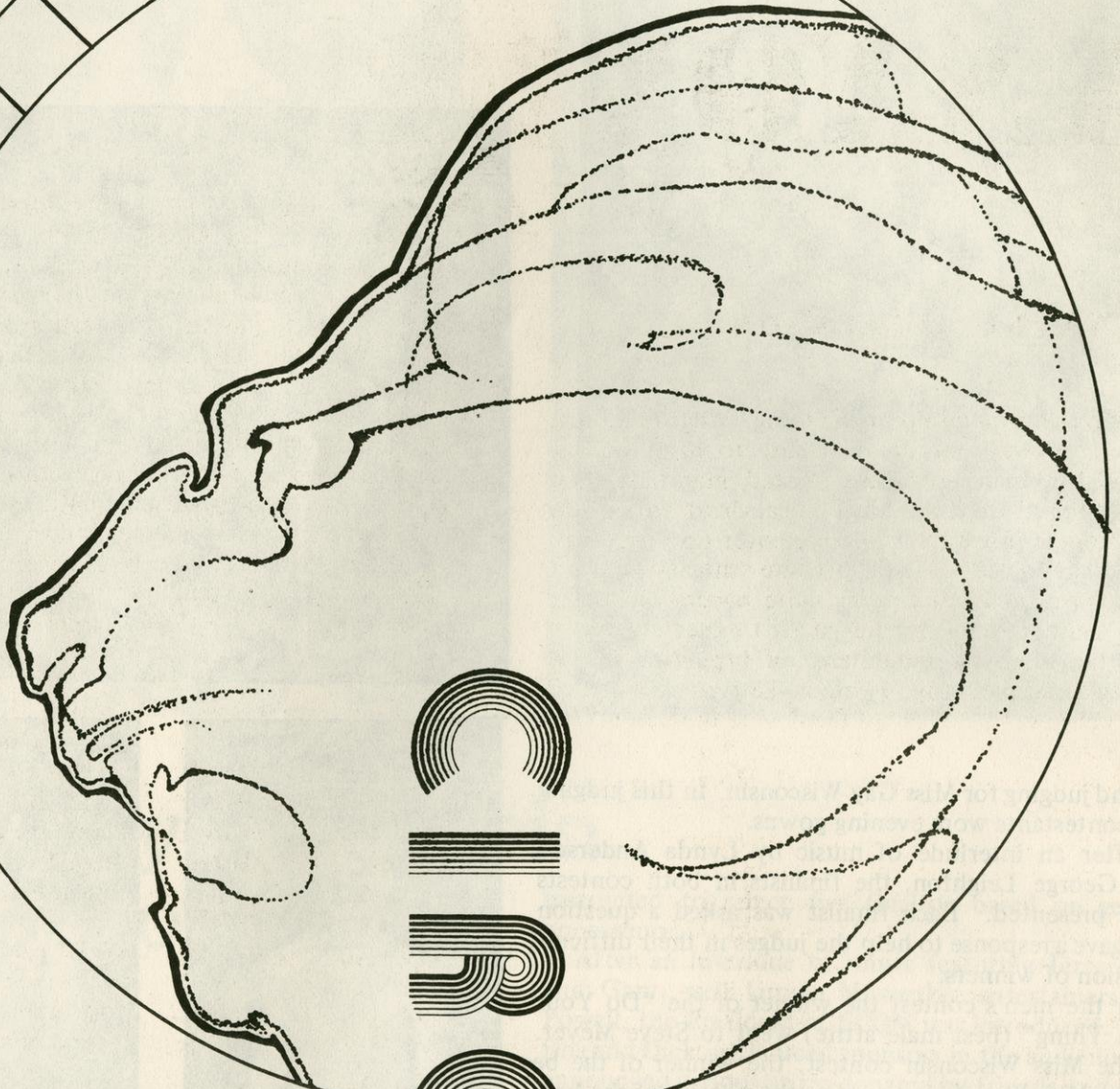
In the men's contest the winner of the "Do Your Own Thing" (best male attire) went to Steve Meyer. In the Miss Wisconsin contest, the winner of the best hair style was Frankie Gold and the winner of the best gown was Bianca Marteen.

The annual Joey Friendship awards were given to four people this year. This award is given each year to persons who have shown outstanding dedication to gay entertainment and are considered real friends. The awards were presented to Larry Weber, Ma Ma Rae, Jerry Powell and Mel Powell.

The audience rose to its feet and cheered as the winners of the contests were announced. Mr. Groovy Guy 1976-7 is Art Wille, popular and handsome road captain for **Silver Star M. C.** The first runner-up was won by Steve Meyer. Miss Gay Wisconsin 1976-7 is Bianca Marteen, who is not only beautiful but enthusiastic and gracious. First runner up is Little Donnie.



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GAY STUDIES: ANYONE?

BY WAYNE JEFFERSON

Really, who would do such a thing? What bona fide teacher, anyway, would distribute to his innocent college freshman students, printed materials they quickly found they wouldn't be caught dead with in study rooms (a whisper: "Jean, cover up your 'Gay Poetry' handout!") What subversive scholastic indeed would have these poor souls write papers on topics which neither they—nor he—at first expected would cause the next-seat inhabitants of typing rooms to edge away suspiciously, would make even roommates raise eyebrows? And behind them were the parents. . . All this actually happened, and more. What a dreadful tangle, and how did it all end up? More—why was it done in the first place?

True education always thirsts for topics which are fresh, not stale; "relevant," not remote; and hefty, too, both complex and touchy enough to provide grist for the mill. Granted, but how could this mean that the only real taboo topic left, the one "nobody talks about," would qualify to be a unit in virtually any course in college, even in high school? To argue that widespread discussion of homosexuality as social issue could be either relevant or acceptable, may well smack of either Utopian innocence— or unsavory partisanship.

Recent experience suggests otherwise. Last term we did more than survive giving a two-week unit on the gay perspective in the "minorities" segment of a college freshman general-education course. This rare chance generated, among such things as sweaty palms and new vistas, much student feedback—formal questionnaires, informal in-class raps, overhead scuttlebutt. This we scabbled to collect, and this seemed favorable enough to imply that the gay demension can be an impressive (if stallion-like) topic for true education (as against mere "training," about which more below.) True, the unit was often rough and rocky, but that's always a part of true innovation, of pioneering beyond both settled tradition and fringing trendiness alike.

Getting classes gay in this sense differs from the existing situation. Deafening silence on the topic, or else a few gems of neanderthal folk-wisdom, alternate with a few Gay Studies mini-courses here and there hanging scruffily onto the cliff of educational respectability, perhaps sidelined to the Free University night school. True, nowadays gay groups' speakers' panels do zip in to give courses indispensable input. But education needs more than this hit-and-run work as well as more than the censorship of utter neglect. In any case, the gay angle-of-vision can teach about much more than just itself, can and should—oddly and naturally enough—contribute especially to general education.

This means units taught in objective, nonpartisan fashion by teachers, gay or straight, who are open to this openness. One leads off with a brief battery of facts to replace myths, then quickly proceeds to examine the major social and personal issues of the particular course which the topic can illuminate, then gets at true education, namely the students' critical thinking and evaluating on their own. All done by lively means, too; no lecture-y droning. The mammoth difficulties of this plan are exceeded only by its great potentialities, which most educators still don't see, including myself earlier.

Still, whether the topic is a good candidate does depend upon one's underlying presuppositions about education. On the face of it the topic is quite hefty enough to give more than enough grist. What other question branches out, octopus-like, to touch on as many keystone issues both public ("oppression") and personal (gender-identity?) And what other topic is so touchy, emotionally-electric, draped with silence, ignorance, taboos, and above all homophobic anxiety—but also with more than a little curiosity, too? We seem to accept the customary definition of the situation that the hot-potato nature of the topic means that it is neither fit nor useful to discuss in school, whereas the truth seems to be exactly the opposite—all this depending firmly, of course, on what your notion of education is.

EDUCATION: FIVE FACETS

What are the purposes and functions of schooling, then? Is it to "transmit facts" on a need-to-know basis? Is it to "inculcate good moral values," and/or the traditional values of the culture? (By this measure,

American values are contradictory, and would require us to teach not only "liberty and justice for all," but also homophobia, or "queer-fear," that pervasive and irrational dread. . . .) Is it to teach vocational expertise? Good citizenship? All of the above, of course, but especially to teach "thinking," critical judgment, which is the furthest thing from "training." Bluntly, "training" is the too-usual installation of preset facts and concepts by rote learning into the passive pupil who then regurgitates, on objective exams, the "one right answer" to the given questions as posed by the teacher who is of course the authority. Everyone then returns home. "Thinking" couldn't be more different—or more useful. Thinking is the too-rare aiding the student to learn actively, and not perishable facts only, but germane skills of how to think about, evaluate, handle complex new issues in his own job, world, life—how to read and decide on his own, with sophisticated awareness of bias and implications. And all this is to be done by no-strings-attached practice, the teacher acting not as authority-source, but as facilitator, the "right answer" being that which the student himself arrives at solidly, whatever it is. Just like real life. No More Teacher's Dirty Looks indeed.

In short, "thinking" teaches method as well as material, and the difference from mere training is mammoth. Students should know how to ask and answer the complex new questions which will emerge in their reality long after courses are over, rote facts are forgotten. High school has been described as "a 12-year course in how to follow orders" which produces intellectual geldings unable to think and judge critically on their own. But how many general college courses are just as chock-filled with training only, cultivate no thinking skills?

Even granting all this, still wouldn't other current "hot topics" do as well to foster thinking? Not really. What about abortion, censorship, other minorities, gun control, marijuana (not to mention the hidden menace of junk mail and the metric system, the new promise of vegetarianism, the heartbreak of fluoridation?) True, they're current and arguable. But homosexuality reaches more totally into unsuspected issues both public and personal, drags in at one go the whole cluster of jam or questions such as crime and legality, sin-or-not, natural-moral versus unnatural-abnormal, in a way that virtually no other single topic does. And of course it demands critical thinking, not "the answers" but how one goes about getting the answers. Then too, as total-person topic, dealing with homosexuality does raise sweat as well as issues, but its exquisite touchiness is less argument for a head-in-the-sand skirting of it than for a grappling with it by the double-handful. Why? Because in real life we're always abruptly wandering onto varied tangly issues which unsettle and unnerve us. Sensible it seems, therefore, to learn cool ways with which to handle hot topics. Helpful it is

also to do it, not solo, but in public, as it were, learning how to grapple with tough stuff with other people around too. Psychosexuality fetches deeper into the core self than does racism, even sexism and women's liberation too. Everyone has a gender-identity s/he feels is vulnerable. (The comment "homosexuals are like everyone else, only more so" is a pert puzzler worth brief pondering perhaps.) So the topic raises concepts and also fosters competencies. "If you can talk about this," said one admiring student, breathing easier, his awareness growing, "you can talk about anything." "Yup," I had to agree.

METHODS: WHAT, AND HOW

Our actual unit followed closely a view of true education as the by-careful-states presenting of material to stimulate student autonomy and confidence but always monitoring feedback to sense empathetically "where they were." We began by de-mythologizing the standard stereotypes with facts, then scrutinized biassed letters-to-the-editor, etc., then dug into major issues raised (homophobia; sin-crime-sickness; especially, the hidden bases of knowing about and judging issues.) For this we read in social science, literature, personal testimonies of gays—and of straights, too. We then could do snappy argument-analysis exercises ourselves, plus an infamous "dorm survey." We ended up—probably should have opened with—a panel of real live open gay persons visiting.

But it wasn't so much what, as how. Any teachers seeking to use more total-personal methods than simply dry lecturing-and-reading, can make those zippy modes bloom here. "Without experience, no knowledge." So, some samplers: Bernhard Frank kicked off his unit with electric touching exercises designed to drain off superfluous queer-fear. Dolores Noll gave her students the field-work options of actually visiting a gay bar, of actually polling factory workers and physical education majors on their attitudes toward Lesbianism. ("What's that?") My own class did a "dorm survey." Each polled five of their peers on the latters' attitudes about one of four big sub-issues: the sickness theory, religious sin, crime-or-not, and gay "marriage." This gave vivid perspective—they had been just as ignorant a week ago themselves—but the greater gain was in self-awareness. For each also monitored two other things. Did the body language of the respondents (paralanguage, kinesics) uneasily contradict verbal answers of tolerance? More important, what was their own discomfort-level in actually talking about "that topic" with others? Homophobia received scrutiny through experience thus. (One kid commented significantly that "the topic has been talked about in the dorm for over a week now so no one was especially uptight." So the big splash can be followed by calm after all.)

THE PROBLEMS, THEN. . .

Still the question lurks—why waste time? Fine as

this might be for fresh air in the classrooms, isn't it more utopian than practical really? How could it possibly be implemented widely? Not easily, for sure. But not at all without some solid rationale behind it. A prime one is the favoring of thinking as much as mere training, as noted above. And there are yet more relevancies to be noted below—citizenship, vocational, “liberal arts education.” This all can stand as evidence offered for any educators concerned, as material witness in any future trial. But there does remain the stubborn nitty-gritty of practical problems in actually doing the unit. So we attend to these at once, offering, from the crucible of actual experience, crystallized procedures—and pitfalls—which may materially assist future workers to avoid fouling up royally.

The main hurdles are three. “Backlash” is potentially less pesky to avoid than it might seem. “Personnel problems” center on flushing out sufficiently informed and liberated teachers, presumably mostly heterosexual, to come along on this enterprise. Finally there is the maintaining a certain specific but tricky balance of attitude and thrust which made the unit the most fiendishly difficult as well as the most satisfying challenge of any teaching which I for one at least had done.

Backlash—from the public, educators, students. Shades of the county fair. Up pop the old tired objections, like ducks at the gallery. Down we shoot them just as wearisomely. They sink, soon enough to rise again. From the Twenty Stereotypes come the weird “Prosletyzer” and “Approval” beliefs, that (A) any individual discussing “it” is therefore urging it (either morally or behaviorally), and that (B) any institution sanctioning such discussion is therefore approving whatever it implies. Absurd, yes, but still held by genuine scared folk as well as by obtuse yo-yos. There are yet other notions. But all may be rigorously and empathetically handled—with prudent allowance for hysteria and the possibility of explosion. Note that the basic issue here is extremely clear; it is not the educational “freedom” to discuss what one wishes to, but rather the educational “responsibility” to examine what one should.

There are specific, nuts-and-bolts pointers. First, “relevance.” The students must sense some valid link between this strange topic and their own experience and interests—we suggest only a few here. Second, basic facts. The students must digest enough data quickly at first to banish myths or else subsequent discussion will be uninformed, but not so much mere data that subsequent discussion is a shortcut or delayed. Third, visiting open gays. The presence of these resource-persons in class is not “highly advisable,” as I was told—it’s absolutely crucial, I found. Students must have real live copies of the “people they’ve been warned against” right there in front of them. Otherwise, they will be restricted to pallid reading about

some minority supposedly out there somewhere. (“I don’t know any homosexual people, and I don’t expect to”—this spoken all in calm good faith.) They will lack the chance to hear vivid testimony on the issues—and to get first-hand answers to their own questions. Worst of all, they’ll miss the chance to experience their gut-reactions to being (“for the first time”) in the same room with “their worst fears made flesh.” Open gays are thus the agents that make the shapeless unit jell and set.

Second is the matter of instructor-competence. Able and willing bodies are scarce. Most folk feel queasy, not matter how many fag jokes they may have ceased from telling in the faculty lounge. More than factual competence is needed. Any residual queer-fear in the teacher will be picked up and amplified by his audience, who will get the “real message” thus; attitudes are caught, not taught. But things may not even get that far. Even the personally-liberated teacher, so calm in a *tete-a-tete*, may well freeze-and-burn, clog up, come gently unstuck when faced with the prospect of wading into the topic in the spotlight of his own class. For the stubborn thorn in the side remains that old devil “guilt by association,” a non-rational syndrome which nearly five out of five still have. Useless and goofy, it stubbornly hangs on to create panic and comedy. Things did tend to get rather murky quite quickly in the unit; submerged feelings silted up. To clear the waters, I paused in the second hour. Much swirled up when I asked them if their image of me had changed; what about my not explicitly declaring myself to be either gay or straight; whether—deep breath—I seemed “less of a man” for mucking about with this squishy stuff? Any instructor really willing to run this gauntlet will find it at once quite personally strengthening and quite therapeutic for the unit. (If my experience is any guide, one could anticipate class response to consist of faggot-ferreters, blinder-wearers, and free spirits all together. That is, about one-third of the students palpably held that, *ipso facto*, I was in effect as queer as the three-dollar bill—naturally—they didn’t have to say anything—another third felt no, no, never, couldn’t be—I think that if I’d come in with a supposed male lover on my arm they’d have rationalized him away somehow—and the last third thought, and honestly it seemed, “Who cares anyway?” So this everyone can look forward to.)

Third is the fine-tuning of attitude which involves much more than just being objective, being non-partisan. I sought an exquisite balance between timid undershooting and bloody oversaturation. The problem is this. All genuinely new learning, on any topic beyond basketweaving, involves some real, honest challenging, hence unsettling, provoking. Not for sensationalism, but for true new insight. But people do have a relatively low tolerance level for real, prolonged, up-close contact with this topic in particular—

past that kinky and easy first hour, that is. (E. M. Forster astutely noted that "what the public really loathes in homosexuality is not the thing itself but having to think about it.") After that refreshing drop in initial anxiety may come an awakening of the sleeping beast of queer-fear after all. One must not be pale and vague. One must not exp-iate about "oppression," but must whip out specific posers such as, for example, asking what they'd feel about Jimmy and Johnny dancing together at the local high school prom. This makes points effectively. But it also nauseates some, turns 'em off fed-up and sour. So, one must push to the limit to reach and awake people—to the issues, not to one's own convictions about them—but not exceed the limit too far too soon lest a counter-productive backfire occur which is as bad as not really digging into things. To walk that tricky tightrope usually draws upon all one's teaching expertise to date—increases it, too.

Then too, since a taboo topic "isn't usually discussed," and since the usual talk about it is mostly just plain bad, therefore even balanced objectivity will tend to come off as being skewed, rabidly and one-sidedly "pro" in comparison. Class feedback confirmed this unmistakably. Also, of course, any approach other than "let's-beat-up-a-fruit"—or, They are Unfortunate Cripples—that is, any stance other than either har-de-har anxiety or so-glacial formality—can easily imply being in favor of, as against merely looking at.

"Or maybe he's one himself," of course. All this stuff is at least as seminal for class-discussion as are the issues themselves—indeed, is part of the real issues.

A further word on objectivity. Should the unit take a partisan tinge—either pro-gay or anti-gay, for that matter—or should it be objective, cleanly neutral, value-free? Useless here to cry that "nothing is value-free"; this is true, we are all biased inevitably, and therefore what counts more than ever is intention, effort. To be "value-free" is itself a value, of course. To "indoctrinate" is to "imbue with a usually partisan or sectarian opinion," and this is surely what gay liberation does. It is just as surely what the culture at large, heterosexual and homophobic, does all the time. What to do? We are fond of saying that the truth will out; that the truth will speak for itself. So it indeed will only honestly present **all** the pro and con viewpoints—plus their "implicit presuppositions" or hidden bases—for the students' own sifting and winnowing. For then the non-rational cornerstones of the homophobic stance—its inaccurate facts, its debatable concepts—will stand surely revealed by comparison and will sink under their own weight. This does justice to the claims of liberation, but more relevantly to the purposes of true education—critical thinking.

ACTUAL APPLICATIONS

Here then are the specific areas where attention to the gay issue can be relevant without imposition. One is surely the simple need-to-know of each citizen.

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Authorities quite agree—see the Hooker report—that a capsule-unit should replace the current and inept hands-off policy. The goal is not pro-gay indoctrination, but neither is an encyclopedia of facts nor an about-face in attitude. The goal is a pragmatic two-stage desensitization from initial anxiety and then sensitization less to “gay oppression” than to the hassels which homophobia creates for all, thus showing the need for “heterosexual liberation” too. This is to create firm base from which the student can deal with the issue with reason and calm, not knee-jerk incompetence, if and when he encounters it later in life as family member, friend, co-worker or employer, church member, voter, and not least of all self. Facts aren’t all remembered, attitudes aren’t changed at once, but this is acceptable; abilities can be created thus. Student feedback suggested that gut-level discomfort—even dread and distaste—does remain, but that a first relaxation occurs quickly, to create a new and nonchalant role-model for coping. “I thought the roof was going to fall in at first,” reported one student, “but then I didn’t mind discussing it after all.” Enough said—and done, for now.

What of the citizen on the job? Vocational education is another area. One vivid unit could equip each field. Is homosexuality too specialized and irrelevant? But look at the areas. Journalism is to handle “all the news.” Library science has safeguarded the right to read all sides. In health care, from V.D. to psychiatry,

patients can be infected by homophobia carried by the staff. Social work deals with “social problems,” one of which too often is not the Lavendar Menace at all, but queer-fear itself. Political science might well discuss repressive legislation, criteria for legalization. Religion? Since has been defined, not as “what the Bible says,” but as the mistreatment of persons. . . The scientific method is to be bias-free gathering of data, making conclusions; what are hidden biases in sex research? Courses in education?

“Minority studies” now should include gays by all realistic definitions. These programs are trendy now, and this can result in an institution’s being incompletely “open,” hence hypocritical, hence doubly oppressive. The hard fact is that if a “liberal” school claims to be serving minorities, say through the so-popular Black and women’s studies, but then in any way actually quells or stunts the growth of gay studies there—let alone mistreats gay students or faculty—then that school is to be doubly condemned, and not for simple careless bigotry so much as for incredible professional incompetence. There are germinating think-questions applicable to all minority groups and illustrated by gays as well. These questions all students would do well to ponder as part of their moving in pluralistic society. The answers to them are by no means obvious. (A fair sample comment: “Are gays ‘oppressed’? But I thought they were illegal.”) Questions include such as “What are the

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subtler forms of oppression?" "Can one be oppressed and yet be unaware of that fact?" "Can one live a 'liberated' life within an oppressive society?" "Is one group really oppressed 'more' than another—or just differently?" Even late in the unit students were baffled when asked "Why would a gay person openly declare himself, come out publicly? Some could only think it was 'to share the burden of his shame and guilt with others' . . . So, much grist for the mill here, including the further gender-identity questions for every person: "Can a male homosexual be a 'man'?" (Perplexity.) And, "Do I lose my 'masculinity' by discussing the issue?" (Many students reported tolerant attitudes in small-group sessions but not in the limelight.)

"Interdisciplinary" studies are also more than a fad. Crime, pollution, poverty—current monster-topics do benefit by this issue-centered, not field-centered, approach, and such is also the case with homosexuality, as is convincingly demonstrated by Louis Crompton's classic model syllabus (Univ. of Neb.), which shows how every field from aesthetics to zoology can shed light on the issue which in turn illuminates the fields themselves.

Then in academe proper, five basic-study or general education fields especially stand out—literature, speech, psychology, sociology, **logic**. In literature, fiction and especially gay poetry go quite well aside other minority statements. They raise kernel-questions. Is gay love "different"? Can art ever "tell" us anything—can it alter attitudes? Is there a special "gay aesthetic"? What about a work which is "good" artistically, but "bad" (unliberated) politically, and also the reverse—insightful but shoddy? Black, red, brown, women's and gay voices all speak now, and it's less eerie than refreshing to hear the likes of Cafavy, Whitman, the moderns speaking **as themselves** in class.

Speech-communication is tailor-made for this hot-potato topic. Propaganda, persuasion, attitude and opinion change, the maintenance or collapse of communication—all are virginal topics for original research as well as for teaching, by the way. My class first read a routinely homophobic editorial by a Toronto broadcaster, then a rebuttal to it by **Toronto Gay Action** which, however, seemed equally bad in its own way—shrill, cliché-ridden, not pitched right, not in touch with audience, hence ineffective writing. So I then had students pose as P. R. agents and try to draft a more effective rebuttal to the anti-queer editorial. From this they learned a lot, and less about gay lib than about how to communicate and persuade, which was the point.

Psychology might pass from sickness to mental health or maturity, to the concepts of self-actualization (Maslow), autonomy (Berne). Gay de-closeting and self-acceptance has its comments to make on the large issues of growth, change, identity. The theory of the

authoritarian versus the democratic personality type is a pregnant model with which to explore the dark sides of prejudice and stereotype.

Sociology is a natural field here, with its incisive issues such as social control of stigmatized and deviant outsider groups. There's the grossness of violence and bigotry. There are the subtleties of the deep internalization of norms and roles and of the straight jacketing "definition of the situation." Taboos, too. . . not a dry field at all. By the way, has anyone else noticed how these sober concepts of social science often happen to support the shrill charges by "radicals" that society is "oppressive," indeed support them much better than the radicals' reasons themselves? Oppression is much more than Marxism's simplistic culster of the political-economic-social class factors. It is total culture, the "cake of custom" plus social control. Sociology unwittingly provides other thought-provokers: "Genocide" as the "deliberate and systematic destruction" of a group. The "Stranger" as one who feels he is "in, but not of," his society. The "Marginal Man" as partial member of two cultures, full member of neither. Thus can concepts stimulate insight.

Finally, "philosophy"—a word truly more dreaded than the current topic really. But practical shirtsleeve philosophy—education's "critical thinking"—is the nub of true learning and occurs every day. Even perusing the newspaper must provoke questions such as, is a given issue really significant? How do we ascertain the facts about it? Should it be legal or not? Is it "moral" or not? Educated students should speedily learn that "common sense" ("what everyone knows") is vulnerable to bias from two major sources. One juicy concept here is that of "rationalization." Most so-called thinking is not accurate investigation at all, but merely the spontaneous and loyal—but, unconscious—defense of our cherished preconceptions, our prior beliefs which we believe simply because we do, not because they're true for sure. We then scrape up and drag in any manner of "evidence" and slap together all sorts of "reasoning" which will buttress up our ideologies, and all unknowingly. A trove here for students to inspect is letters-to-the-editors which always sprout after magazines run a piece on homosexuality. This hotbed garland of errors instructively illustrates in funny-said fashion the second main concept, namely that what really decides how we decide and believe on an issue are the "implicit presuppositions," the hidden doctrines or bases of knowing and evaluating which always underlie every discussion, and which determine the answers, let alone possible agreement or not. A clear example is that the question whether gay studies should be extensively taught depends clearly upon one's implicit presuppositions about education. An actual example from class was two zippy forum-questions. I asked "should gays be

allowed to marry?" and received generally judicious and reasoned arguments both ways, though more in favor—a "sure why not" spirit. I then asked, "should gay couples be allowed to adopt children?" And the frontier was crossed. What emerged was less judicious caution about what's not yet known by psychologists, than all manner of unexamined, taken-for-granted stock-responses of folk-wisdom such as "weak role-models" and the like, complete with rationalizations too—"the neighbors would mistreat the kid." All in a tone quivering and ruffled. The point of it all is to seek out, know, make explicit the underlying standards for truth and judgment. Science? Religion? Statutes on the books (for law-and-order types)? Great authorities? Or the conventional folk-wisdom of the culture's ideologies? This last including information about Blacks and watermelon, women and knitting, the handicapped and the aged and sexual drives, and of course gays and contagion, child-molesting, "unfit for parenthood," and the like. (By the way, another poser to bollix up complacent thinking is, "Are all stereotypes always false?") In any case, this everyday philosophy may seem dry and remote at first, is soon seen to give mental clearness. Is gay sex moral, normal, natural, not obscene—or the reverse? To discuss this without pegging implicit presuppositions is to tangle endlessly in tiresome standoffs; to clarify bases will lead some-

where. Other principles are useful too. One is the "legislation of morality" theory versus J.S. Mill's "individual liberty." Then, the question of innate absolutism versus situational relativism; and this suggests the distinction between local, narrow "morals" and the more universal "ethics," as of equality, fair play, and the like. Then, "obscene" can be defined as lust-and-depravity (as in Warped & Twisted Desires), but also as "something abhorrent to basic decency and morality," and by that definition—the tables turned—we can ask whether the real obscenity in this case might be, not gays themselves, but society's oppressive mistreatment of them? (Or is that a bit too "either-or"; surely there has to be a little something wrong with homosexuality after all, a token blemish. . .) (Or again—does our stand here contain its own rationalizations, with what implicit presuppositions?) A few college courses contain neanderthal or wild-haired extremists of right and left respectively. Too many more consist of putatively "moderate," "responsible" teachers—just helping the students to get to the accurate stands on the issues. By now you can translate what that really amounts to. True education, by contrast, is not sacred, not even subtly; all is fair game, and honestly digging into the "unspeakable" topic can replace puzzlements with powers thus, old aversions with new abilities.



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POEMS by fredrick zydek

VALIUM (for Dr. Tunakan)

*Tomorrow the moon will redefine
the hollow, ornate fringe of day.
Its pause will narrow, grow
numb at the edges.*

*I ache into the mattress,
crawl slowly to sanity's dusty
home. Oblivion's half-moon
collapses around me.*

*I slow to a slice of unpulsed time.
The sun is large. I wade in its shadows,
the sweet residues of light and fire
where what I see
yawns back at me.*

TO TELL A DREAM

*You were very special.
The darkness of clear nights
could not hold you.*

*I had come to watch
your dangerous smile,
and listen to your song
curl inside the silver shells
where our swollen confessions
bandaged the moments of my soul.*

*I was standing on early streets
listening for the sound
of your feet hurrying.*

AFTER NOT SLEEPING, AND THINKING ALL NIGHT OF A FRIEND (for S.J.H.)

*Now that your heavy breathing
has taken you beyond
the place of casual friendship,*

*and the warm and welcome homilies
have sweetened at your thighs;
ask the sea who and what you are.*

*There is no end to you.
Even the tender moon of the moon
knows what purges in your smile;*

*in the pawn shop mentality
that fans the flame of all your fears
when that's all that waits in the embers.*

*She paid too much for what she got, madam.
Though she soared past the pillars of Tennyson
where all gods fall in surprise.*

*But you could never scale her dreams
staying under soft lights,
having encounters instead of conversations.*

*She began to mind her own business, madam,
and allowed you to sit like so much dust.
Her soul is a fire you can't own, madam.*

SECOND STORM

*I slip, swollen and nude,
to the wind's navel question.
It is smooth on my skin,
young with a terrible fire.*

*Its fingers bring blizzards of bliss;
the sleep taste of sweet dampness
when we seek the mattress last,
as though angles were less than half*

*the matter. Consume me, wind!
I'm thin at the edges. Sing your
song in every bone. Rage
in a flood of nested dreams.*

*Only the willow knows the shaggy
prayers sweetening the darkness
of our wet and willing bones.*

*Teach me, brother. My skin
is not enough! Your kiss seeps
like a dye in my soul, tastes
the sweet wine of consumation.*



Fredrick Zydek lives in Omaha, Nebraska where he works as a Behavioral Analyst. His poems have appeared in: America, The Dublin Magazine, Poetry Northwest, Southwest Review, West Coast Review, Windsor Review and One Magazine.



THE NIGHT VISITORS

fiction by
Richard Hall



For two nights in a row, the car had pulled up in their driveway and waited. The first night, Jack Birnbaum thought someone just wanted to turn around, but when he saw the three men staring at the house, he went to the window. Not that he could see much—just three bulky shapes, two in the front, one in the back. But when the headlights cut off, and the car sat in the dark, he felt a brief stab in the pit of his stomach. It seemed the beginning of a drama that had begun a long time ago—in a dream or in his childhood.

The car had stayed three, maybe four minutes. Then the driver tooted the horn, turned on the lights and backed out. The sound of the horn had seemed harsh and derisive to Jack; it rang in his ears for a long time, adding an unpleasant undertone to the music Rudi was playing on the stereo. Rudi always played music in the evening. Tonight he was sewing the muslin backing on some drapes, soaking in the sounds as he moved his hand quickly through the air. He had not heard the horn and Jack said nothing about it. He knew what Rudi's reaction would be—widened eyes, a hand pressed to his neck and a bad night. Better keep it to himself.

But the car returned the next night, just at bedtime. They were already upstairs. The chrocheted bedspread had been folded, the blanket turned down. He heard the crunch of wheels on gravel and realized he had been listening for it all evening, listening as one might listen for a knock on the door in Hitler Germany. He had a sudden dizzy sense that he had willed the intrusion through some error or malfeasance of his own, some deed not done or done too late—and that the car had arrived in retribution. But he put this foolish notion out of his mind quickly, reminding himself that the situation had to be dealt with on a reality level. Phantoms were only the forms of self-indulgence after all.

Rudi, coming out of the bathroom saw him at the window. He moved to his side and Jack smelled his familiar odor—freshly crushed leaves mixed with Habit Rouge. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing."

Jack glanced at him. Rudi's eyebrows had formed little gothic arches over his grey eyes. "Why are you standing there?"

Keeping his voice level, Jack replied, "It's a car. They came by last night too." Still offhand, he added, "Turn off the light."

He hadn't fooled Rudi. "I knew it," he said. "I knew it."

Jack felt a rush of annoyance. "Oh for Christ's sake," he replied.

They stood in the dark for several minutes. It seemed very unreal to Jack, as if they were playing hide-and-seek and he and Rudi had chosen to conceal themselves in a closet.

"He-e-e-y-y-y!"

The words rolled toward the house in a shrill wave.

"Don't answer," Jack whispered.

Another pause, then a different voice hooted, "We know you're in there, boys."

They waited. At last the car lights went on—two thick torches illuminating the shrubs on the lawn. With an arrogant blast of the horn, the car sprang into life and roared away.

They stood for a long time without speaking. In fact, neither spoke until they were in bed. Perhaps it was the safety of the four-poster, or the familiarity of that touch—hip against hip, leg against leg—that released them.

"I think we should call the police." Rudi's breath was warm in his ear.

"They haven't done anything yet."

Rudi murmured something but Jack didn't listen. His thoughts were circling back, isolating each event that had led them to Belle Terre, studying it, tasting it, to see where the error had been. There had been the house-hunting with the agent, a heavy set woman with asthma who had insisted on being called Eleanor. She had been born here in the mountains but had lived in New York City for many years. She told them this, Jack realized, to stress her familiarity with all kinds of people. After the closing she had offered to introduce them to two men who had bought a house in the next county. There had been Walter Jensen, the farmer whose place they had bought. He had studied them with eyes cold as asteroids, then asked if either of them had ever handled a chain-saw. There had been Mr. Jencks, the mortgage officer at the bank, who had taken a dislike to Rudi, refusing to look at him or address him. At the signing, he had danded Rudi the pen without a word.

Now, lying in bed, Jack wondered if any of these might have been clues he had overlooked, clues to the fact that they were daring too much. *Hubris*. The word came to him as he visualized their names on the deed—Rudolf Berczy and John E. Birnbaum. Was it hubris that had led them to chuck their jobs in the city and embark on a wholesale nursery operation in the Catskills? Hubris that had led them to believe they would be welcomed by the people of the town—or at least accepted? Hubris that had led them to get drunk on champagne on their first night in this house—a drunkenness that had led them straight upstairs to bed, when he had traced Rudi's long bones under the white skin and felt lust and joy course through him until he thought his skin would pop?

Rudi rolled over, probably annoyed because he hadn't continued the conversation, but Jack paid no attention. Another image had come to him—the image of seven fat cows and seven lean ones. He and Rudi had had seven fat years together, and now there was nothing ahead but trouble. Staring into the dark, aware of his friend's uneven breathing, it struck Jack that he had access to any number of mythologies, but that none of them really applied to their present situation. Maybe Rudi had been right. Maybe they should call the police.

They didn't speak much the next morning. Jack recognized the signs of anxiety. For one thing, he had trouble with numbers, making careless errors in the calculations for the greenhouse foundation. But behind the buzzing in his head was something else, something pulling him toward a place he didn't want to go. They were playing music there—the theme music for *Let's Pretend*. He hated it, hated the trick his ears were playing on him, hated the inescapability of the sound. *Let's Pretend* had been his favorite radio show as a child, a half-hour of dramatized fairy tales transporting him out of the cramped Brooklyn apartment, away from his father eternally giving piano lessons to mediocre students in the dining room, away from everything ugly and dull in his life. It had been the entrance music to another world—one so perfect that when the half-hour was over he felt angry and cheated for the rest of the day.

Now, when the theme music became almost deafening—sounding in the rhythm of his trowel, even in the birdsong—he threw down his tool and stalked to a rock some distance away. There he sat down tensely and smoked a cigarette, waiting for the volume to subside. It was almost half an hour before he went back to work.

They didn't talk much at lunch. Jack could tell that his anxiety had communicated itself to Rudi, who was usually very cheerful at meal-times. Rudi said hardly anything except

"Stop jiggling," once or twice. Jack hadn't realized he was twitching his arms and legs. It was a nervous habit.

The morning mail had brought some seed catalogs and a letter from his mother, which he read and passed on to Rudi. To his surprise, his friend threw it down after a moment and snapped, "She doesn't evn know I'm alive."

Jack looked at him in surprise. His mother never sent her regards to Rudi, never acknowledged that her precious son shared his life with a friend. But his mother's obstinacy had always amused Rudi—at least until now. Jack watched him stalk into the kitchen—his slender frame rigid with anger—and wondered if he should follow to apologize. He decided against it. His mother wasn't the real cause of Rudi's bad temper. He let his thoughts rove lightly over the night visitors again. There were a number of explanations he hadn't explored. The three men had lost their way. They were having car trouble. They wanted to use the phone. But even as he sensed the faint comfort of these thoughts, his stomach gave a sour lurch. He was pretending again. His eye fell on the letter. Perhaps pretending ran in the Birnbaum family.

He recalled his mother's initial visit to the apartment he and Rudi had first taken together—a walk up on SEcond Avenue. She had inspected the furniture, the kitchen, the twin beds, the carefully chosen plants and pictures. She was a small, wiry woman with black walnut eyes and the trace of an accent (she had been born in Odessa). When she didn't get her way she seemed to grow harder and more wiry—almost shrivel into a hard kernel of mulishness while her eyes glittered with a harsh light. Now, after touring the apartment, Jack could see that her muscles had tensed, her cheeks grown rigid. "I wish," she breathed, and he had steeled himself for her words, "I wish. . . I could burn every stick of furniture in this place." And then, unaccountably, she had smiled at him, as if to wipe out the words, the ugly words that had dismissed everything he and Rudi had worked to achieve—indeed, denied their whole life together. Her big eyes, luminous with mother-love, had searched his face, testing his reaction, weighing his loyalty. And then he had done a strange thing. He had co-operated with her. He had pretended not to hear! He had pretended she had not even spoken! The knowledge hammered at him now, at the table holding her letter—the knowledge that he had refused to defend his life with Rudi. From that refusal had flowed others—her denial that Rudi existed, her insistence that he would eventually marry a nice girl from the neighborhood, her conviction that he was only going through a "phase."

A phase! He shook his head. Some phase. He had just turned forty. He hoisted himself from the table and went into the kitchen. Rudi was sitting on a stool, staring at the herb garden. "We shouldn't have come here," he said without turning around.

"What kind of horseshit is that?" Jack was surprised at the anger in his voice, surprised at the way his heavy body trembled. Rudi looked at him sharply. "Three months up here and you're hot to give up? Because somebody drives in our driveway?"

He could see Rudi's chest contract. "I didn't say that."

"You meant it."

Rudi turned away, his face full of pain, but Jack was not appeased. For a moment he felt like striding to the stool and giving Rudi a good shake, a shake that would make his teeth rattle and his bones jangle. But just as suddenly his anger turned to despair. It was not Rudi but his mother whom he wanted to shake—his mother sitting there and looking at him with black

walnut eyes, inviting him to join her in the family game of Let's Pretend.

They didn't make up until they were driving to town in the Chevy station wagon in mid-afternoon. Jack reached over and touched Rudi's knee. "I don't know what we were all steamed up about," he said.

Rudi's sinewy hand rested on his for a moment. "It'll be okay," he said. Jack could feel the determination flow from his friend to him. It was strange. Their strengths seemed to alternate and overlap. As Rudi parked the car, he reflected that they had simply been afflicted with newcomer nerves. It had been silly to imagine they could transplant themselves without making a few waves. It was to be expected. They had been left unprepared—victimized, really—by their own complacency.

Feeling better than he had all day, he went into the hardware store. Rudi stayed in the car. The youngest clerk, who was named Jimmy and was just out of high school, came over to wait on him. He was a breezy young man with the remains of a bad case of acne. He owned a Kawasaki 500.

"I saw you and your friend over at the Saugerties auction," Jimmy said. "You guys think of buyin' yourselves some horses?" Jimmy's voice was light, pleasant. A country voice, saying country things. But it had an odd effect on Jack. His right arm jerked and a buzzing started in his ears. Suddenly, horribly, it had occurred to him that Jimmy might be one of the three men in the car. His eyes ran down the youth's figure, trying to fit it into one of the bulky forms he remembered. Was it possible? Possible that he wasn't Jimmy from the hardware but somebody else—a night-rider, a phobic figure out to destroy their new life? His heart started to pound, even as he knew he had to fight this absurd notion. It was his turn to say something now, to toss off some light remark about motorcycles and girlfriends. But he was powerless to do so. Jimmy was looking at him in a puzzled way and he tried again to say that word that would signify all was well. But in the deepest, oldest part of his mind, he could feel accusations taking hold, wrongs being dusted off. He turned quickly and headed for the door, aware of Jimmy's alarmed expression, sick with the thought that he was acting like an idiot. But only by a special effort was he able to turn and mutter something about changing his mind about his order.

As they drove toward the Grand Union, Jimmy's words recurred to him. **You and your friend.** It was clear that Jimmy thought of them as a pair. A couple. Then, as Rudi nosed the car into the parking lot, Jack realized that he had been walking around Belle Terre for three months—going into the hardware and bookshop and laundromat, nodding at the town cop, waving to the fire chief—in a magic cloak. A cloak that rendered his private life invisible, a cloak that he had thrown across his shoulders as if. . . as if. . . **such a garment might truly exist!** He felt a dewline of sweat break out on his lip. He had been pretending again. Pretending that his relationship with Rudi was invisible to anyone but themselves. For an instant he heard the sound of theme music again, then Rudi turned off the engine and it stopped. He had to make himself get out of the car and follow his friend inside.

As they made their way down the aisles, the carriage rattling under his hand, Jack was possessed by impatience. Rudi liked to shop, liked to read the unit prices, do sums in his head, smell, weigh, compare. Several times Jack growled at him to step on it, but Rudi was not to be rushed. When they reached the

meat counter, Jack's impatience got out of hand. Rudi pawed over the roasts in a leisurely way, then rang the bell. "What are you doing?" he hissed. But Rudi looked at him blandly, without interest, and didn't reply. The window behind the counter slid open and the butcher leaned out, a blond man with a smooth veal-like face. The butcher gave a friendly nod. "Hello, Mr. Berczy," he said. He pronounced it correctly. Jack blinked rapidly. Where had the butcher learned Rudi's name?

"Max, how are you today?" Rudi was smiling intimately. Jack realized, in a gust of horror, that Rudi was actually flirting with the butcher. "Don't you have anything nicer than this for me?" Rudi held up the hunk of beef and pointed to the fatty side. He might have been pointing to a painting by Michelangelo. The butcher took the roast. "Guess we should have trimmed it a bit," he said. Then he left the window. Jack could see him inside, looking through a cart full of bloody carcasses. Rudi turned to Jack with a blissful air. "Max always does something special for me," he said.

It was infuriating. And there were people watching. Jack had noticed them staring—young women with small children standing along the meat display. Their little negotiation with Max was obviously a source of amusement. Jack realized that Rudi was staring at him.

"What's the matter with you?"

Jack averted his head. "Nothing."

"Jesus Christ, you don't act like it." Rudi was angry, he could tell. His shopping had been ruined.

Max was at the window again. "Here you go, Mr. Berczy."

Rudi took the package and put it in the wagon. They started down the aisles again, Rudi maintaining an injured silence. Several times Jack started to explain, then checked himself. What was the use? How could he explain about the cloak, the magic cloak that rendered them invisible? Rudi wouldn't understand. With a sudden sense of loss, Jack thought that he and Rudi were worlds apart in their private thoughts, their inmost needs, in spite of everything. But in the next moment he was relieved at the thought. He didn't really want Rudi to know about the cloak. It was too silly, too childish. He might even laugh when he heard about it.

That night, after the dinner dishes were done, Rudi took out his muslin curtain backing again. They had given each other a side berth in the late afternoon and evening—not physically but emotionally. Speaking little, attending to the necessary tasks, waiting, Jack knew, until the little contretemps at the Grand Union had sorted itself out, been absorbed into their bodies the way a pimple or a bruise is absorbed. He himself had calmed down when they reached home, felt better, even had a brief nap. Now, sitting on the Boston rocker reading **Horticulture**, he reflected that tomorrow morning, with the new day and fresh birdsong, this day's hazards would be forgotten. Erased by the benediction of sleep. He let his gaze rove thoughtfully around the living room, with its hooked rug and converted kerosene lamps and pine chest. What could happen in their own home? Weren't they the masters here? Wasn't it one place safe from infection? A sudden optimism swept through him. There wouldn't be any visitors tonight. They had given up, discouraged by the lack of response the other two nights. All his paranoia in town today had been. . . well, newcomer nerves. Something you had to go through when you pulled up roots and put them down in a new place. He had exaggerated for no reason. He settled back in the rock-

er and read an ad for a new, all-plastic greenhouse. There was really nothing to worry about.

And besides. . .

Besides, this was America and America respected achievement. Weren't he and Rudi achievers of the first rank? Hadn't they been successful in their chosen fields (Rudi as a textile designer, he himself as an advertising executive?) They had saved regularly, invested wisely and now converted the proceeds into this 50-acre spread in the mountains. Here they would proceed with their unstoppable careers—building the most efficient greenhouses, raising the lushest plants, serving the happiest customers. He looked down at the magazine on his lap again. There was a terrific article on sprinkling systems. The right installation could save up to two manhours a day. He was sure no-one else in the area would have the capital or know-how to put in a system like this. It could give them the edge for years.

He was beginning to feel a little sleepy when the sound from outside pierced his foginess. His body stirred in reflex, even before his mind identified the sound. He looked at Rudi. He had frozen, his needle in the air. The evening, he noticed, was just going into its final dark. It would be about nine o'clock. With an odd feeling, as if he had just sprung from a diving board and must finish the movement no matter what, Jack reached over and switched on the lamp. Then he stood up slowly, putting the magazine in the brass kettle that served as a rack, and went to the front door. This series of actions seemed familiar, as if they had occurred before. Perhaps he had plotted them the first night, and stored them, ready for use. Perhaps their source was a much earlier time. But as he turned the knob of the front door he had an absurd image of his mother. She was standing at his side, her eyes glinting with victory, and she was saying, "See, this what you get."

He opened the door and stepped out on the little concrete stoop.

The driver of the car was the first to emerge. He was a man in his late twenties wearing olive fatigues with bulging side pockets. He was rather tall but his body seemed slack. He looked at Jack in a friendly way and nodded. "Hiya doin'?" he said.

"Okay," said Jack, surprised at the false cheeriness in his voice.

The man came a few paces closer, then stopped. "Thought we'd stop by and see how you all was gettin' along." He seemed nervous standing there in the fading light. He hooked one thumb in his belt. "My friend," he jerked his head toward the car, "needs to take a piss." He laughed hollowly and turned his head sideways, looking at Jack as a bird might.

Take a piss. Jack weighed the information in his mind. It seemed to have something wrong about it—not quite fit into the mountain twilight and the darkening upland on which they stood—but he didn't care to explore it further. Besides, the occupant of the rear seat had gotten out. He was a short, powerful-looking man wearing a red flannel shirt over his khakis. He was nodding in a friendly way and required a greeting. "How are you?" Jack said.

"Tell them to go away." Rudi's voice was surprisingly close. He was standing in the doorway, his body quivering with tension.

"This here's Matt," said the driver, as the second man came forward. "My name's Eldred."

He stepped to the stoop and put out his hand. It seemed

impossible not to take it. Jack introduced himself, then Rudi. Rudi nodded curtly, keeping his hands at his side. The two men did not seem offended by this.

"Gotta go so bad I can taste it," Matt smiled. Jack could see he had a squint in one eye, giving him a strangely innocent look. "If you don't mind," Matt added.

Again, Jack knew there was something wrong to all this, and again he sensed his mind turn away from that realization. In the next instant, he was annoyed at his suspicions. Why should he assume the worst about this visit? Why should he ascribe unfriendly intentions to these two pleasant men? They were both standing in his yard, shuffling their feet, waiting for an invitation. An invitation inside. Wasn't that the country way of doing things? Inviting your neighbors into the house when they came to call? This wasn't New York City, where you slammed the door in people's faces.

With a sudden expansive gesture, he motioned to the house. "Come on in," he said. He heard Rudi's sharp intake of breath but paid no attention. "What about your friend?" He nodded toward the car.

"Oh Alvin," Eldred replied, smiling. "He ain't interested in anything much."

Rudi stepped aside at the last minute and the two men filed in, looking around quickly. "Bathrooms upstairs," Jack said to Matt.

Matt went upstairs, his heavy tread shaking the stairs, while he conducted Eldred to the living room. "You done a good job," Eldred said approvingly as he settled into the Boston rocker. He seemed quire at home; Jack wondered if he had known the previous owner.

"We've been working on it for three months."

"So I hear."

"You guys thirsty?" The words had slipped out without his willing it, as if he had been programmed for speech. Rudi, by the front door, coughed warningly.

"We sure are," Eldred agreed. Jack could see that his eyes were a light blue and his teeth were small and yellow.

"How about a beer?"

"Sure thing."

When he came back with the beers—Rudi refused to stir—Matt was coming down the stairs. Jack, with the tray and three cans of beer, followed him into the livingroom.

"Sure took you a long time," Eldred observed to Matt, "What was you doin', shakin' it dry?"

Matt let out a guffaw and glanced at Jack in a hang-dog way. Then he stroked his crotch lightly—once, twice—and muttered, "Guess I was."

Watching this, Jack felt curiously weightless. For an instant he had the impression that these men had taken over and he was a guest in his own house. "Cheers," he said, taking the third can and putting down the tray.

They drank up. Eldred sighed when he finished and wiped the foam from his mouth. "You guys live around here?" Jack inquired. Once again the words came out of their own accord.

"Down to Fleischmanns," Eldred replied affably. "Matt's in the parts business."

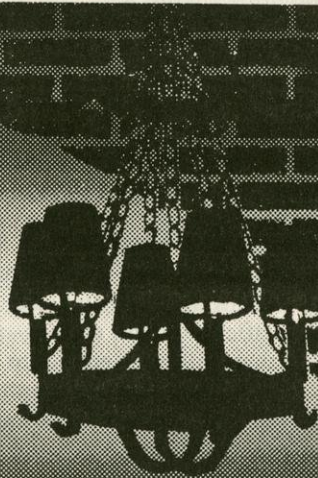
"Oh? What kind of parts?"

"Auto, tractor," Matt mumbled.

Jack nodded but could think of nothing further to say. When he didn't speak, the visitors shifted position. Eldred

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hunched forward on the rocker; Matt, on the pine chest, crossed his legs. It occurred to Jack that they would soon finish their beers and leave.

The silence lengthened. Then, out of the corner of his eye, Jack saw Matt's hand move toward his crotch. The weightlessness assailed him again.

"We're starting a wholesale nursery operation," he said quickly. The hand stopped. "You know, poinsettias at Christmas, lilies at Easter, corsages on Mother's Day. Also plants and shrubs." The two men looked at him attentively. He went on. "We expect to go into it in a pretty big way."

But to his surprise, neither said anything. Instead, he saw Matt's hand start crab-like toward his crotch again.

"We might be able to give you two some work if you want it." Once again the words had tumbled out of their own accord.

"Jack!" It was Rudi, the first time he had spoken. They looked at him. His eyes were dilated. "We don't know what we're going to need."

Why was Rudi contradicting him? Was he trying to make him look like a fool? "I know that. I'm just saying..."

"It's too soon to say anything."

Eldred nodded sympathetically. "Sure. You're just getting started."

"Right," Matt echoed from the corner. Jack could see that his hand was nailed to his crotch, bunching the genitals. Then he saw the two visitors trade glances. Eldred moved his tongue across his lips. Jack had the impression of great delicacy. And then he knew, knew without being told, that Eldred was about to say something that would force things to a show-down. Several sentences took shape in his mind at once. **You guys**

got the wrong idea. I don't know why you came here... But even as he fashioned the words, his mind refused to agree, whispering to him that there was not need to worry. Nothing had happened; nothing would happen.

"People in town is talkin' about you two. They says you're real good cocksuckers." The tone was mild and the words were followed by an apologetic laugh. "No offense."

For a moment Jack wasn't sure where the words had come from. From the stereo? From the china dog by the fireplace?

No, they had come from Eldred, who was now looking at him in a sheepish way. The room became enormously still. Everything seemed to slide away from Jack and—amazingly—he became aware of his mother's presence again. She was looking at him vindictively. **You see?** she said. **You see?**

Although he knew what his mother meant, at the same time he thought she didn't understand. Not about Rudi and saving their money and their first night upstairs and the greenhouse and... yes, the hooked rug and kerosene lamps.

And something else. What could that be?

The silence lengthened. Jack realized that the visitors were even more uneasy than he was. It wouldn't be hard to get rid of them. But first he had to find out what that something else was. It seemed quite important to their future in Belle Terre.

"Well," his voice again, "it's good to know what people are saying about you."

The visitors twisted on their seats. The situation was quite excruciating all around.

"We don't give a shit," Rudi said, snapping his fingers. His face was ugly with anger.

And then Jack realized that what he had to find out had no-

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thing to do with Rudi either. It had to do only with himself. He thought briefly of the magic cloak he had wanted to keep around his shoulders, remembering now where he had heard about it for the first time. It had been on **Let's Pretend**, on one of the dramatized fairy tales. The cloak had saved the wearer from all sorts of unpleasant situations—from dungeons and moats, from the clutches of ogres and dragons, from the spells of wizards and witches. And somehow, somehow, in spite of all his efforts to shed the cloak, it had clung to his own shoulders. All his life. And then, in a flash of understanding, he saw that the cloak was the cause of the trouble tonight. Encased in its enchantment, he had refused to see. Refused to act. Instead of giving him power, the cloak had taken it away. The final realization came to him in a rush of pain: the cloak had never worked at all.

"It's funny," Jack said in a hard clear voice, "the people in town are right. But it doesn't have anything to do with you. Either of you."

He realized instantly that they understood. Perhaps for the first time tonight they understood what he was saying.

"So if you'd both leave, we'd appreciate it." He nodded at Rudi. "My friend and I."

There was a momentary pause and he saw the flash of something ugly in Eldred's eyes, and then it was over. Both men stood up at the same time. It was clear they were going to smooth things over. They all shook hands in an agony of false heartiness—even Rudi, who managed a sickly smile.

He stood next to Rudi as the visitors filed out. He thought there might still be trouble but except for a hurried whisper from Eldred to Matt, and a commanding jab of Matt's hand signifying no, there was nothing. They waited on the front

stoop, not talking for fear it would draw the visitors' attention back, until the car sped away. Then Jack followed Rudi inside.

As Rudi collected the beer-cans, Jack surveyed the living room. Strangely, it looked different. Less virginal. Not quite so picture-magazine.

"Those bastards," Rudi sniffed, heading toward the kitchen, "they oughta be shot."

"Yeah."

But his tone was less vehement than Rudi expected and he shot Jack a glance. "I guess you enjoyed it," he said.

Jack sat down and put his feet up on the coffee table. It was the first time he had done this since they moved in. "No, I didn't enjoy it."

Then he thought of something he might add to that statement. **I didn't enjoy it, but it had its moments.** But he edited out the words. Rudi wouldn't understand.

And then, as he looked at the dirt that had fallen from his boots to the surface of the table, it occurred to him that the next time he saw Matt and Eldred they would be friendly, perhaps over-friendly. They were going to pretend that nothing had happened. At that, he felt a sudden spurt of triumph. The burden of pretending was going to pass to the night visitors!

Feeling absurdly elated, he laughed, then said to Rudi, "I thought Matt was kinda humpy, didn't you?"

But Rudi marched toward the kitchen and refused to reply.

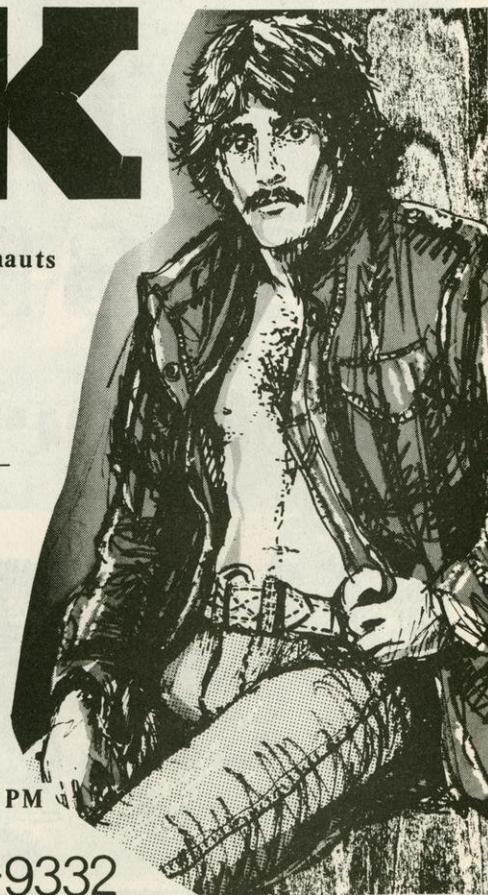
Richard Hall is the author of The Butterscotch Prince (see GPU NEWS February 1976 for review). His work has seen print in Village Voice, Saturday Review, Nation's Business, This Week, Opera News and his short story The Household God appeared in GPU NEWS April 1976.

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HERE&THERE

Los Angeles, CA—Every now and then a lift comes to the gay movement from unlikely sources. At a press conference Los Angeles' homophobic police chief Ed Davis declared the gay community "the most powerful lobby in the city."

During an interview with Cecil Smith of the **Los Angeles Times** television producer Jimmie Komack (**Chico and the Man** and **Welcome Back, Kotter**) sang a similar tune: "Do you know the most powerful lobby in the entertainment business? Bigger than the blacks or women's lib or any nationalist or racial group? It's the gays. If you don't have the approval of the **Gay Media Task Force**, you don't get on the air. The networks are terrified of them."

Dateline

Coffee County, TN—A new battle over the issue of obscenity is brewing due to Coffee County's school board's unanimous vote to remove the 40-year old historical novel, **Drums Along The Mohawk**, from the assigned reading list for school children.

The board's action was an endorsement of a motion by a Baptist minister, who labeled the book obscene because it contains "hell" and "damn."

Bugle American

Atlanta, GA—The National Carter Mondale Campaign has announced the addition of Josephine Daly, member of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission, Representative Elaine Nobel of Boston, MA, and Jean O'leary, Co-Director of the National Gay Task Force, to the 51.3% National Advisory Committee.

The 51.3% Committee is charged with advising Carter on the appointment of women to Federal positions.

Their appointment marks the first time that known gay people have been appointed to an important national advisory committee.

News Release

London, England—Queen Elizabeth II has involved herself in a public controversy for the first time. Commenting on Jens Thorsen proposed film on the sex life of Jesus Christ—which would depict Jesus in hetero and homosexual relationships—she described the plan as "obnoxious" in personal replies to 150 people who had written to her protesting the film being made in Great Britain.

At Her Majesty's command the protests were referred to the Home Office.

Gay News (London)

New York, NY—**Forbes Magazine** reports in the October 15 issue that Horn & Hardart, of Automat fame, is seriously considering opening gay clubs to pump dollars into its empty coffers.

Chairman Frederick H. Guterman and **Blueboy** publisher Donald N. Embinder have formally agreed to open their first gay club in Miami next year. If the test club succeeds, more will follow. Embinder will select staff and sites, while H&H will have management responsibilities.

When **Forbes** asked Guterman if H&H founders might be spinning in their graves at the thought of their once-proud company being in the gay business, he replied, "I don't think so, it's a good market and we don't think it should be overlooked."

Forbes Magazine

San Francisco, CA—The latest brainchild of Allen Tegtmeier and Christine Mole, is a Dirty Old Man Doll.

Described as an exhibitionist, "Uncle Sherman, the original flasher", comes in a variety of outfits which open with ease, exposing the doll's plastic organ.

Tegtmeier says Sherman was selling well and, "a lot of people have asked for a child's version" complete with a smaller organ.

Bugle American

Sacramento, CA—California's transsexual community is clamoring for the removal of State Health Department Director Jerome Lackner.

In excluding sex-change operations from coverage under the State's Medical Program, Lackner stated that sex-change operations "are cosmetic and not medical" and "such operation no more liberate a woman from a man's body than bleaching hair liberates a blond from a brunette."

Eon, a Berkeley-based transsexual rights organization feels Lackner should be aware that transsexual operations are presently covered by welfare in Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. New York "occasionally" grants such operations as do other states.

Transsexuals are urging mailgrams to Governor Brown protesting the ruling.

The Berkeley Barb

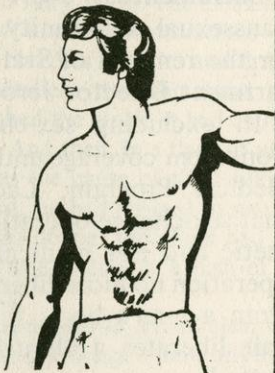
Emeryville, CA—Steve Dain, who used to be Doris Richards before sex change surgery, was suspended for "immoral conduct" by the high school where he teaches women's PE. Dain had previously been fired but a court ordered his reinstatement. He plans to appeal.

The Milwaukee Journal

Lansing, KS—**Gay Legal Encounter & Exchange (GLEE)** is a legal exchange recently formed to provide free legal assistance to the gay prisoners incarcerated in all Federal and State facilities. GLEE is especially geared to serve the needs and deal with the problems relating to the gay prisoner. Some of the services available are research, assistance with the preparation of suits and motions, filing class action suits (especially 1983) and in some cases non-appointed court representation. For more information write: Jerry Dighera, PO Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

News Release

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Benefit showing of "The Boys in the Band"—8 PM, Sunday November 28—Proceeds to "Toys for Tots"

HERE&THERE

San Francisco, CA—The Gay Liberation Alliance is calling for a boycott of the **Eight Street Club Baths** due to a charge of ageism.

Four 40-45 year old vacationing New Yorkers were denied admittance solely because of their age.

The Gay Crusader

Tallahassee, FA—Former Judge G. Harrold Carswell has been fined \$100 after pleading no contest to a battery charge involving alleged homosexual advances to a policeman.

San Francisco Sentinel

Chicago, IL—The 66th Annual Convention of the **National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE)** being held in Chicago November 25-27, will be marked by the activities of a Gay Caucus and a panel discussing "A Healthy Gay Presence in Textbooks and Classrooms in Secondary Schools and Colleges."

The NCTE Gay Caucus is petitioning the organization to "urge the immediate end of all discrimination against lesbians and gay males." They are also asking for the establishment of "an appropriate body charged with the investigation of the problems faced by gay colleagues and students."

For information: Dr. Julia Stanley, Dept. of English, Univ. of Nebraska, Lincoln 68508, or Dr. Louis Crew, Dept. of English, Fort Valley State College, Fort Valley, GA 31030.

News Release

Los Angeles, CA—IMRU, a weekly program produced by the **Gay Radio Collective** on radio station **KPFK**, Los Angeles, is involved in the establishment of a resource-research library—the **Kepner Western Gay Archives**—of books, periodicals, newspapers, newsletters, clippings, poetry, announcements, personal memories, plays, news releases, flyers, etc. To send or receive information write: Gay Radio Collective c/o KPFK, Universal City, CA 91608

Reykjavic, Iceland—Looking for a new vacation spot? Iceland's first ever gay group, some of whom speak English, have set up a program to extend hospitality to gay travellers and to encourage travel to Iceland by gays.

You can contact them by writing Iceland Hospitality, PO Box 4166, 124 Reykjavik-4, ICELAND.

Gay News (London)

Boston, MA—Alumni of Mount Holyoke College are unhappy over Anna Mary Wells Smits' biography of Mary Emma Wooley, the much-revered president of the college from 1900 to 1937.

Ms. Smits not only discloses that Ms. Wooley was a lesbian, but reveals the intimate relationship which developed between her and Jeannette Marks, a professor at the school.

The book should be out in early Spring.

Gay Community News

Boston, MA—"The Chair wishes to introduce Mrs. Ruth Noble, wife of Rep. Elaine Noble of Boston," announced Speaker of the Massachusetts House Thomas McGee. Ms. Noble and her mother, seated behind the Speaker's rostrum, just smiled while other members tittered.

"I'd better leave that one alone," added McGee. "When the Chair makes a faux pas, it's a big one."

Metro Gay News (Detroit)

Minneapolis, MN—Responding to a readers letter regarding the termination of Guy Hunt from **Northwest Orient Air Lines** (see **GPU NEWS** July), James E Conway states: "Hunt's sexual orientation was not a factor in Northwest's decision to discharge him."

Northwest claims Hunt may have consumed narcotics and that he refused to submit to a physical in order to determine whether or not he was fit to fly. Once Hunt refused the medical examination he was fired for insubordination.

Portland, OR—Vera Katz, an Oregon state representative, has sponsored legislation on homosexual rights and has taught lobbying techniques to homosexual leaders. Recently named "legislator of the year" by a coalition of gay groups, her stance has drawn criticism from only one group. **Citizens for a Decent Oregon** gave her only a 2% approval rating. Says Mrs. Katz, "This is only because they misunderstood one of my positions—it should have been zero percent."

The Wall Street Journal

Hollywood, CA—A two hour TV dramatization dealing with Leonard Matlovich's discharge hearing is in the works at Tomorrow Entertainment Corporation.

Titled **Matlovich vs. the US Air Force**, it will be aired on NBC next spring.

Gay Community News

New York, NY—The Big Apple expects to have a new weekly gay television show soon. It will be called **Emerald City** and will be seen on cable television in Manhattan only.

The pilot program featuring scenes from the off-Broadway musical **Boy Meets Boy** and an interview with Patricia Nell Warren (author of **The Front Runner**) has been completed.

Chicago Gay Life

Minneapolis, MN—The 1964 Gay rights amendment to the Civil Rights Ordinance is under review in the City Council and Mayor Charles Stenvig is calling for the gay rights amendment to be rescinded.

It does not seem likely that the city will take a step backward, however.

Gay Life

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—Ruth Buzzi

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HERE&THERE

Chicago, IL—Dr. Laud Humphreys, sociology professor at Pitzer College, has concluded a study which shows gay men are far more likely to be murdered by heterosexuals than by fellow gays. After studying 111 murders he found that the killers were often people with a strong fear or hatred of homosexuality. He also speculates most murders of gays are an indirect result of society's attitudes toward homosexuality. These attitudes cause some people to feel they have the right to beat up gay people. While gays are no more likely to be murdered than non-gays but gay murders are extremely brutal, leading the media to sensationalize them

Chicago Gay Life

Riverside, CA—A new study conducted by Mildred Pagelow estimates one-third of all lesbians are mothers. The investigation showed lesbians with childred face greater discrimination in three major areas: child custody, housing, and employment. In addition, they are triply oppressed as females, single parents, and gays.

High Gear

Berkeley, CA—Was it wishful thinking on his part when Dave Kopy agreed that one in twenty professional athletes are gay? Apparently not.

Surveying team members active in NCAA sanctioned sports at five western universities, researchers from California State University turned up what they call "startling results."

Twenty-seven of the eighty-two male athletes surveyed admitted to performing either oral or anal sex with another male at least two times during the past two years. (30%)

When they added the category of "mutual masturbation with another male", the affirmative response was 40%.

Of those surveyed, 10% were exclusively homosexual.

Gay Light

Milwaukee, WI—Professor B. R. Berg, an authority on colonial history, says that the swashbuckling pirates of the 18th century who terrorized the Caribbean were virtually all gay.

Berg claims the popular image of buccanneers as boisterous romantics carrying off struggling females from plundered ships is far from accurate.

He says the pirates were far more likely to carry off young boys.

The professor says there were few women in the West Indies, and because pirates were mostly at sea, they developed a self-contained, exclusively homosexual community which operated efficiently in all respects, except for children.

Berg admits his assumption of the pirates' gay community is based on a "situational analysis." As he says, "They had to do something."

Bugle American

Hollywood, CA—Ken Olfson, 36, is the only actor playing a continuing homosexual character in a prime time network TV series—*The Nancy Walker Show*.

"Let's face it, this is the year of the gay on television," says Olfson. He did not have any reservations about taking the part, nor does he decline question concerning his own sexual orientation. "I have had bisexual experiences," he says. "I don't consider myself heterosexual or homosexual."

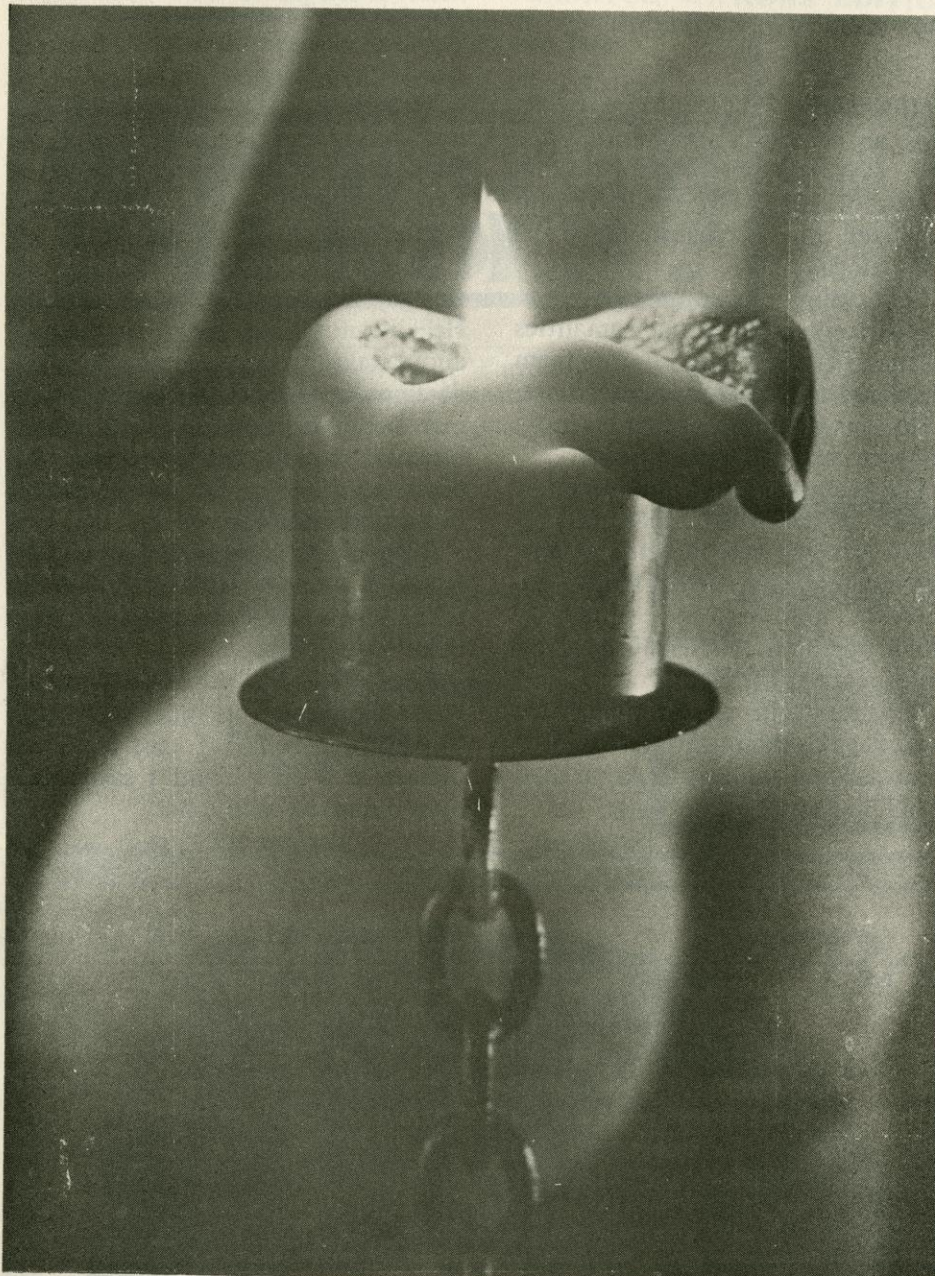
The original concept was "to say he's gay, and then drop it," Olfson recalls, but now the subject will not be dropped.

"So far the network censors haven't bothered us much. On one show I'm asked if I met a police officer at a party, and I say, 'Met him? I danced with him.'"

Washington Post



"You've got to help me, doctor. I want so much to be gay, but all I ever seem to dream about is Raquel Welch. . ."



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REVIEW

Journal of Homosexuality. Volume I No. 4, Summer, 1976. Pp. 357-472. Haworth Press (174 5th Ave., NYC 11010). \$18.00 per volume to individuals (\$35 institutions, Canada \$2, Foreign add \$5).

By Lee C. Rice, Ph.D.

Each volume of the **Journal of Homosexuality (JH)** comprises four issues (fall, winter, spring, and summer of each academic year). Volume I No. 1 appeared in 1974. Production, editorial, and distribution difficulties caused delays of a full year, but the last two issues of Volume I have appeared in rapid succession; and the publisher has assured readers that future volumes will now appear in their quarterly installments according to schedule. The results have been worth waiting for. The price has increased to meet soaring publication costs, but it is still competitive with professional and academic journals in its league; and, at approximately five hundred pages

to the volume, it remains a bargain in these inflationary days. Typesetting is careful, margins extensive, paper quality fine, and binding strong; so the journal fits well into any permanent collection.

Each issue of **JH** offers a cumulative bibliography of books and articles which have recently appeared and which deal with virtually all areas of inquiry which touch upon homosexuality (transvestism, transsexualism, medicine, social sciences, gay liberationist writings, etc.). This bibliography offers abstracts for each work listed, which doubles its usefulness. Each issue (beginning with Volume I No. 2) also offers abstracts of recent court cases (at federal and state levels) dealing with any aspect of sexual freedom which may be relevant. These abstracts are carefully written, and directed to readers who are not lawyers or students of law. The present issue also offers indices by the author and by subject of all issues in the first volume.

The first paper in this issue (**Iatrogenic Homosexuality**, by John Money and Jean Dalery) is devoted

to the development of gender identity in seven chromosomal and gonadal females who were born with a penis through fetal androgenization. Though technical at points, the study does touch upon moral points of special interest to the medical and counseling professions. The second article, by Wayne Duehn and Nazneen Mayadas and also of special interest to counselors, describes an experimental approach to teaching assertive behaviors in situations encountered by gays. The article will appear hopelessly sketchy to the professional, but for the layperson it offers illustrative evidence of the tendency of social counselors to move (however slowly) toward the encouragement of individual self-expression for members of alternative lifestyles. Noteworthy also is the authors' insistence upon the obligation of the social worker to educate the general public with a view to a more pluralistic and positive attitude toward gay and other alternative lifestyles. The third article (**Code Switching and Sexual Orientation**, by Malcolm Lumby) is an attempt to determine differences in

THE Beer Garden

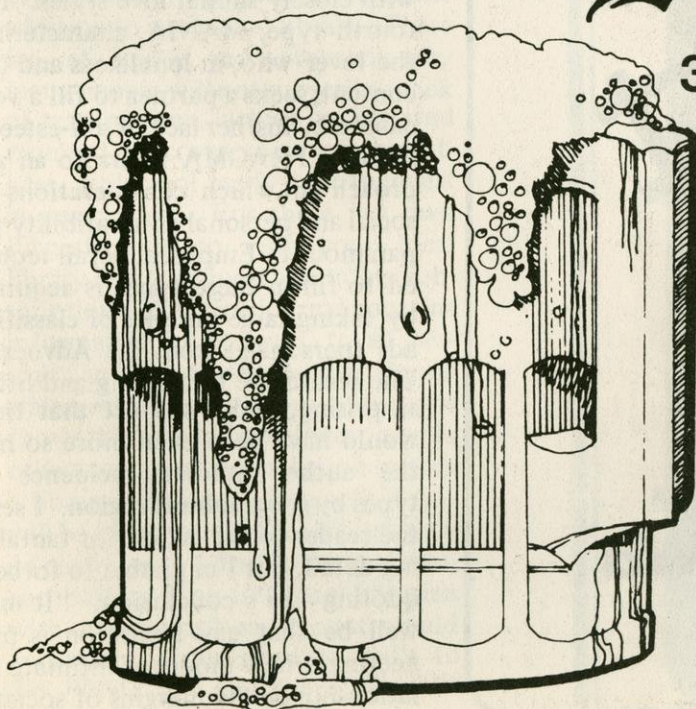
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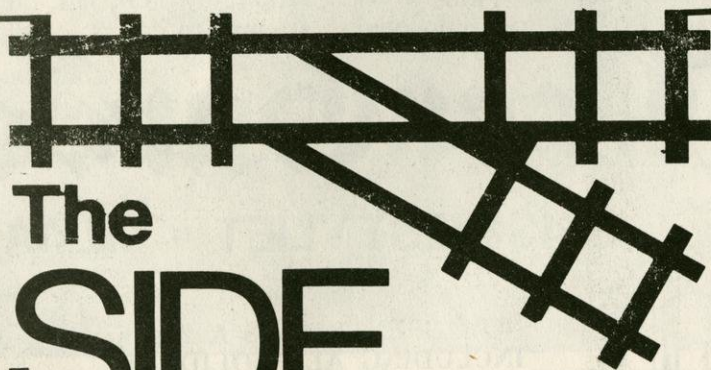
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linguistic performance determined by the closed structure of the homosexual community.

The last three articles in this issue will probably be more attractive to the nonprofessional, through a bit of mind-stretching in the effort to get through the first three would not be without payoff. In *Forbidden Colors of Love*, John Alan Lee provides a provisional typology for patterns of gay love. The typology is one of relationships, not of lovers; since the author is quick to remind us that an individual may *pass through* a love career of various types. Those of us closer to the gay lifestyle could have added that many individuals may *simultaneously* enjoy several types. EROS is the search for the ideal sexual companion, and the ideal specifications (age, build, eyes, penis length, sexual performance, etc., etc.) are more dream than real; since the odds of such fulfillment are statistically almost nil. LUDUS (type 2) is playful but more realistic in its expectations: when one doesn't find what s/he fancies, one fancies what s/he finds. STORGE, affectionate companionship arising out of gradual acquaintance rather than instant romantic attachment, requires two individuals with closely similar love styles. The fourth type, MANIA, characterizes the lover who, in loneliness and discontent, seeks a partner to fill a void caused by his/her lack of self-esteem. Finally, PRAGMA refers to an approach in which considerations of social and personal compatibility are paramount. Empirical detail required to fill in these types is acquired by taking large samples of classified ads (personals) from the *Advocate*. The results are interesting and often surprising, and I suspect that they would have been even more so had the author studied incidence of types by geographical region. I send the reader to the article for tantalizing detail, but I'm unable to forbear quoting Lee's conclusion. "It may well be that gay liberation is pioneering a new model of intimate relationship on the margins of society, which will eventually resolve the

problems of a larger society. 'The love which has no name' may give new names for love, new love styles to all humanity."

The fifth article is a study of the reported consequences of decriminalization of consensual adult homosexuality in seven U.S. states. The authors polled police officers, prosecuting attorneys, and members of gay groups within the decriminalizing states. The data offered will be of considerable use to gay organizations presently working for legal reform in their own regions. An interesting fact (but not the only one) is that, among many police officers who were opposed to the reforms in advance, a fairly significant percentage viewed them favorably in retrospect.

The sixth article, **Sodomy in Ecclesiastical Law and Theory**, by Michael Goodich, is a study of Christian attitudes toward homosexuality in the thirteenth century; during which period it was universally regarded as a clerical and monastic "vice".

Finally there are reviews of three books dealing with prison rape, sexual identity, and the gay world.

For the reader desirous of understanding as well as celebrating the gay lifestyles, **JH** is a commendable addition to a personal library. There are, of course, many reasons why many people will not subscribe: lack of reading time, lack of background required to cover some of the articles, or lack of ready cash to invest in periodicals. For these my own suggestion is to visit your local library and to request a standing subscription there. The journal contains information of interest to all persons, and its professional-academic status will foreclose any objections (however unjustified these are in other cases) to its inclusion within a library's holding. Haworth Press will be happy to supply any interested person with a descriptive bulletin, and passing it on to a local librarian with a subscription request would constitute a contribution both to the library and to the general cause of human enlightenment.

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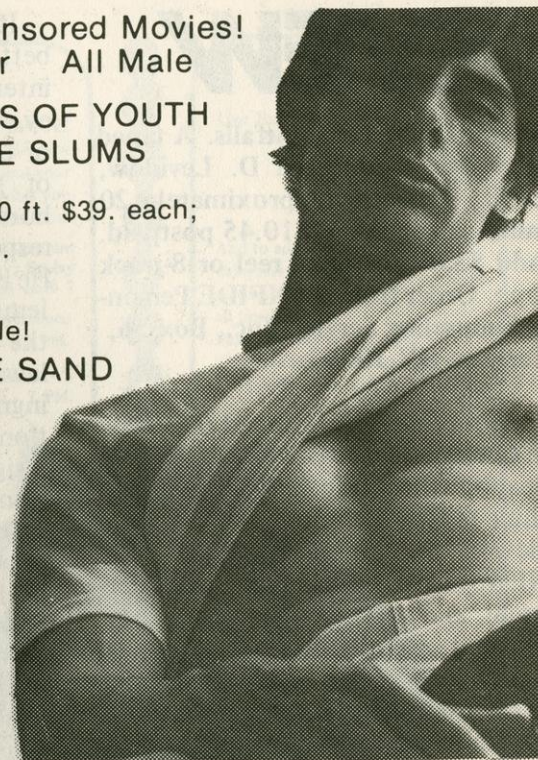
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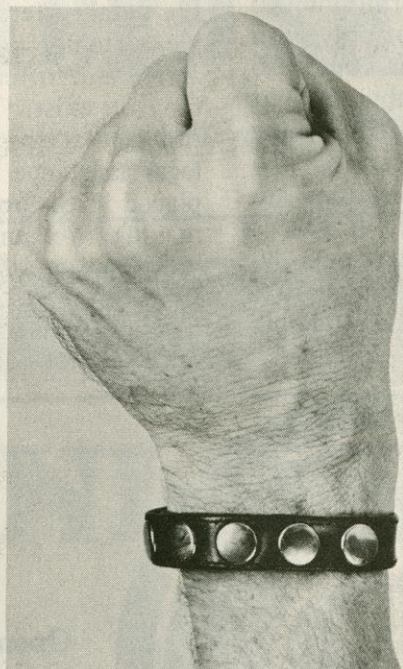
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REVIEW

Avoiding The Legal Pitfalls. A taped interview of Richard D. Levidow, LL.B. Cassette (approximately 20 minutes per side), \$10.45 postpaid. Add \$3.00 for open reel or 8-track tape. Order from CONFIDE Personal Counseling Service, Inc., Box 56, Tappan, NY 10983.

This is the fourth taped interview in **Confide's** landmark series of tapes dealing with transsexualism. The three tapes which preceded it (all reviewed in earlier issues of **GPU NEWS**) have dealt with medical, personal, and social problems on a candid and experiential basis; and the present new entry into the series lives fully up to the high standards of quality and insight established by its predecessors. As was the case with earlier taped interviews, Garrett Oppenheim (**Confide's** Director) conducts the present interview. Oppenheim's extensive experience in transsexual counseling brings him to the interview armed not only with the expected questions, but also with a battery of less obvious (but no less urgent) questions concerning the legal dilemmas faced by the transsexual; and his questions are aimed at pre-operative, as well as post-operative transsexuals. A descriptive brochure for the entire series of cassettes is also available from **Confide**.

It is difficult to conceive of a better choice than Levidow for the interview. He is a New York attorney who has helped literally hundreds of transsexuals to overcome a maze of legal problems, irritations, and hurdles; and he is one of the most respected of authorities in the field. He is also careful to distinguish problems within a double context: what the law presently is, and where the law ought to be heading. His willingness to take up this latter question makes the interview a genuinely insightful examination of the questions of legal reform, gender discrimination, and sexism. Furthermore, or perhaps most importantly, he is a lively and committed speaker who is willing and able to provide a fast-moving and wide-ranging interview.

Most of the interview centers about the status and use of documents: birth certificates, wills, bank and credit accounts, passports, driver's license, social security forms, tax forms, and various forms of estate provisions. A noteworthy generalization ranging over much of the detail offered is that precedents are virtually nonexistent in many areas, and often ambiguous where they do exist. The consequence of this is that the transsexual seeking legal assistance is often necessarily placed in the position of precedent-making. Well and good both for the individual and for the sexual liberation movement, as Levidow notes; through such a position does come into conflict with the general desire

for anonymity on the part of most transsexuals. Gays are not the only minorities with closets in a sex-negative society. Levitow's general advice is that professional status (including education and job experience), social security, and educational credits should not be lightly abandoned in the quest for an elusive anonymity. The gay liberation movement has of course been arguing the same point on moral and prudential grounds for a decade at least, but it is something of a pleasure to see it argued here on economic and legal grounds. Many practical questions are answered in terms of alternatives and options: what to say if taken to the hospital in emergency, what to do when asked for identification by police when cross-dressed, how to proceed if in jail, and even whether it's safe to use the female fitting room to try on dresses. We live, as Levidow notes, in a paper society; and the tags and documents which trail through our lives are both a curse and a boon.

Perhaps of even greater importance than the practical answers to practical questions is the spirit which emerges from the interview—a credo of dignity, pride, and freedom in a restricted world. In this respect, as in many others, the tape is an important document not only for transsexuals or for those dealing with transsexuals, but for all persons who desire greater insight into the full ramifications (and unfinished work) of human liberation.



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Jim Kepner, long time gay activist in Southern California, has compiled this collection of "memorable" activities and "half-witticisms" of the chief of police of Los Angeles, Edward M. Davis. He has culled through his extensive clipping files, recording public statements made by Chief Davis who is one of the nation's most outspoken and most hated homophobes (if one overlooks publisher Loeb of *The Manchester Guardian*).

Davis never missed an opportunity to lash out at gays, calling them "lepers" among other things. Gays have picketed his home, burned him in effigy, and hardly an issue of west coast publications comes out without another slam at Chief Davis. He is actually very vulnerable because he screams so loudly every time the gays sink their teeth into him. His statements are such obvious examples of bigotry and they are so contradictory that every time he opens his mouth about gays he puts his foot into it.

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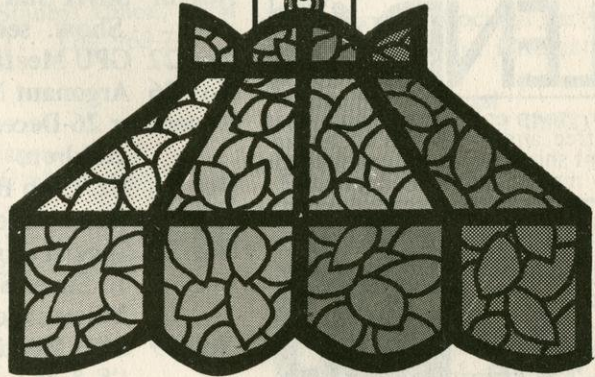
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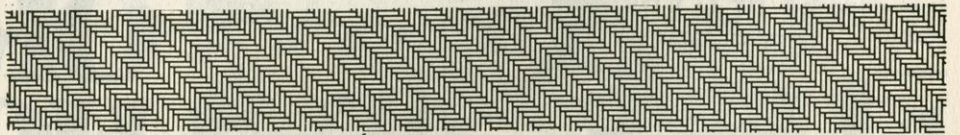
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- Nov 1 Monthly Business Meeting—Gay Peoples Union, 8 PM, Farwell Center
 1568 N. Farwell, Milwaukee—Nominations for Board of Directors.
- Nov 2 Election Day. Be sure to vote!
- Nov 8 GPU Meeting—General Rap—8 PM. Farwell Center.
- Nov 12 Silver Star Club Night, Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie St., Milwaukee
- Nov 15 GPU Meeting, 8 PM Farwell Center—Speaker—John Kujawski—
 “Sex Education.”
- Nov 20 Gays United of the Quad Cities presents “We’ll Keep Warm This
 Winter”, a disco-dance from 9 PM to 1 AM at 3707 Eastern Ave.,
 Davenport, Iowa. For more information write: G.U./Q.C., P. O. Box
 444, Rock Island, Il. 61201
- Nov 21 Silver Star’s Thanksgiving Dinner Party and Leather & Western Fashion
 Show. see news article elsewhere for more details or call 643-8330.
- Nov 22 GPU Meeting, 8 PM Farwell Center—General Rap Session
- Nov 26 Argonaut M.C. Night, Wreck Room, 266 E. Erie St., Milwaukee
- November 26-December 5. Silver Star’s annual “Toys For Tots” drive for needy
 children.
- Nov 28 Mr. Club Baths International Contest—8 PM, Sheraton Chicago Hotel.
 (see article elsewhere in this issue for more details)
- Nov 28 Special Benefit showing “The Boys in the Band”, donation of \$1 will go
 to Silver Star’s “Toys for Tots”, 8 PM, M and M’s +, 124 N. Water,
 Milwaukee.
- Nov 29 GPU Meeting— 8 PM, Farwell Center—Speaker— Mike Mitchell, topic
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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 271-5237 or write P. O. Box 92203, Milwaukee, WI 53202

GPU Examination Center for VD

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GPU Married Men's Counseling

Gay—bisexual—meetings last Friday of the month. 7—10 PM. Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell. Total Confidentiality.

Grapevine

A lesbian/feminist action core. Meets Thursdays at 8 PM at Women's Center 2211 E. Kenwood Blvd., Dances every 1st Saturday of the month at Center. Call Women's Crisis Line 964-7535 for more specific information.

Lutherans Concerned for Gays

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

Silver Star Motorcycle Club

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

Milwaukee Health Department Social Hygiene Clinic

841 N. Broadway, Room 110

Phone: 278-3631

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

UWM Gay Community

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

WISCONSIN

Fox Valley Gay Alliance

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

Lesbian Switchboard

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Madison, Wi 53715

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Madison Committee For Gay Rights

PO Box 324 Madison WI 53701

Phone (608) 256-4448.

Madison Gay Center

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Renaissance of Madison Inc.

913 Spring Street

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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, Sunday's 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.

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

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

3" Gay Lambda Symbols-Silver on black. \$1 each. Specify sew-on cloth or headlight reflecting car decal. John Mason, POB 54, Easton, Pa. 18042

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Book of Lesbian Love Poems. \$1.25 to Lynn Greenwood-G, 6368 Main St., Trumbull, Conn. 06611.

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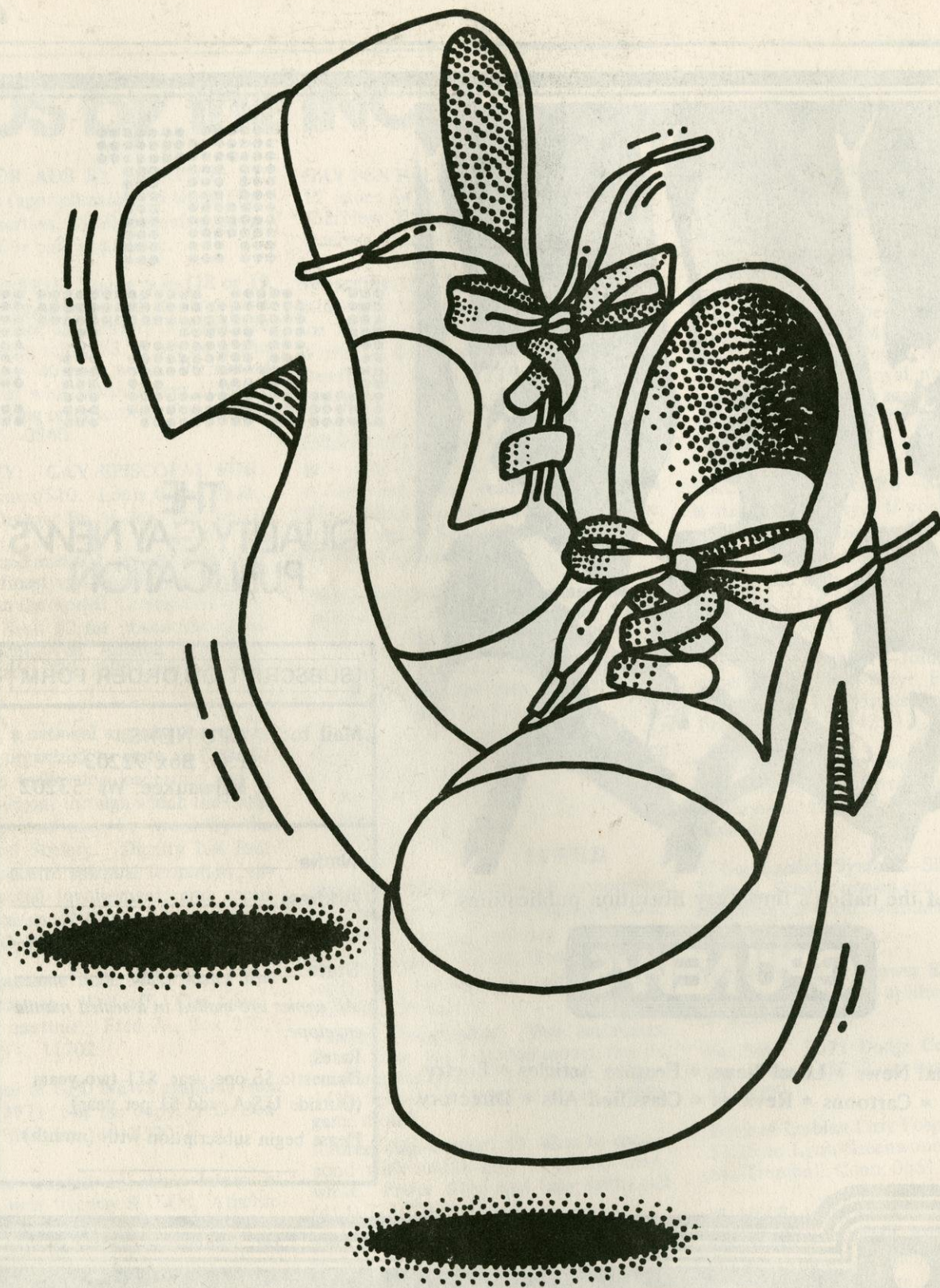
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