

## **GPU news. Volume 5, Number 10 July 1976**

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# Ä GPU NEWS

JULY 1976

Vol. 5, No 10

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# SWEDEN MAY CHANGE LAWS

**Stockholm**—In 1971 the Minister of Justice appointed a committee to examine the effects of existing laws regarding sex relations. In March of this year the committee published the results of the examination and proposed a new bill. Here is a brief summary of the committee's statement as provided in an English supplement in the Swedish publication **Revolt**:

The Chapter re sexual crimes in our Criminal Code should be modernized and changed in accordance with modern tolerant attitudes to sexuality. Notions of "decency, moral, immoral" should disappear from the law and punishment only be possible when there is question of evident assault. Actions, which might be considered immoral but are no direct assaults, thus should not be punishable at all.

The present age limit for heterosexual relations should be lowered from 15 to 14. The quality of the relationship shall be of greater importance than the actual age of any of the partners, if the court has to take a position.

"A categorical prohibition of sexual relations to youngsters under 14 would be in contrast to modern,

less rigid, opinions on early sex debuts," says the committee. "It is also contrary to the positive attitude to sexuality, which is the basis for modern sex education in schools."

The committee has considered to abolish age limits completely, but found it practically impossible at the moment. Instead courts are given a possibility to refrain from punishment, independent of the age of the partners.

The present criminalisation of sexual relations with youngsters in exchange for payment, should also be abolished. Prostitution is a moral question and has nothing to do with laws.

The committee suggest an age limit of 10 years for sexual relations which do not include intercourse. All new laws should apply equally to both sexes and no difference should be made between homosexual and heterosexual relations. The committee has found no reason to maintain any discrimination of homosexuality. Neither has the committee found it proven that incestuous sexual relations are harmful. Thus the criminalisation of these also should be abolished.

The committee stresses the im-

portance to improve the situation for homosexuals. Knowledge and understanding must be spread more efficiently. Homosexual contacts should be facilitated and homosexual togetherness should be established more openly and naturally than what is now possible. Society must fight the feelings of alienation and of being discriminated against, which is now common in homosexuals. Society should in every way help homosexuals adjust to their own inclination.

## VOELLER SPEAKS AT GPU



**Milwaukee, WI**—Dr. Bruce Voeller, co-executive director of the **National Gay Task Force (NGTF)**, spoke at the regular Monday meeting of **Gay Peoples Union** on June 21.

His speech stressed the importance of local groups throughout the nation working together to achieve common goals.

"Every gay group will have to work on their Senators and Representatives," he said, "if we expect to see favorable legislation at the national level." He also urged groups and individuals to support the newly **formed Gay Rights National Lobby** which hopes to fund a full time lobbyist in Washington, D.C.

He also covered the accomplishments of NGTF and stated their next efforts would be to co-ordinate the fight by several groups to win tax exemption from the Internal Revenue Service. Voeller promised that NGTF would support GPU in their fight with the IRS.

## METHODISTS SUPPORT GAYS

**Green Lake, WI**—The Wisconsin Conference of the United Methodist Church disregarded the anti-gay stance of the recent national General Conference of that Church and took positive actions toward a better understanding between gay persons and the Church.

After a long debate starting at 9:30 p.m. Saturday evening, June 5 and ending at 1:00 a.m. the next morning the Conference passed the following resolutions:

—Recommended a conference-wide study on human sexuality.

—Appointed a task force to study the question of the ordination and appointment of self-announced homosexual persons.

—Recommended legislation that will guarantee each individual's rights regardless of sexual orientation and the decriminalization of private, non-commercial sexual acts between con-

senting adults.

A small but persistent anti-gay minority badgered the conference with substitute motions and other devious parliamentary maneuvers in a vain attempt to wear the patience of the majority, correctly pointing out that although they were a minority on the conference level, they were a majority on the grass-roots level. They threatened that local church members would leave the Church or withhold financial support; nevertheless, a positive spirit prevailed on the conference floor.

The more positive attitude of the Wisconsin Conference this year was due to the hard work of a Conference Task Force on The Church and Gay Liberation. The committee held workshops throughout Wisconsin with the help of speakers from Milwaukee's **Gay People's Union** and the Madison Gay Community.

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# CONFAB SPARKS STATE LOBBY

By Alyn Hess

**Madison, WI**—Bruce Voeller and Ginny Vida of the National Gay Task Force (NGTF) gave inspiring keynote speeches at the June 19th and 20th symposium on Gays and the Law in the University of Wisconsin Union at Madison. The symposium was organized by the Madison Committee for Gay Rights with money provided by the Gay Law Students and The Student Government of the Madison Campus. Nearly 50 people attended from around the state.

By the end of two days of workshops and speeches a new ad hoc, statewide committee was ready to try and weld together an effective gay political lobby in Wisconsin. Its name and organization are to be decided at a meeting in Madison Saturday, July 10th at 1 p.m., but its immediate goals have already been generally agreed upon.

First efforts will be to focus on one or two legislative races for either state assembly or state senate in order to demonstrate the strength of the gay vote.

The second effort will be to get sponsors lined up to introduce new legislation to change the states sex laws. The group hopes to locate legislators willing to introduce the necessary bills at the start of the next session of the legislature. This effort will need the support of gays throughout the state. Every member of the legislature will have to be approached, educated, and pressured into supporting repeal of the sodomy laws and enactment of gay rights laws.

The various workshops of the symposium provided detailed methods on how to be an effective lobby. Madison Democratic Assemblyman David Clarenbach conducted the session on politicians and lobbying. He told how the gay vote would likely make the difference in his district.

Ginny Vida told the conference of how effective NGTF was becom-



From left Mark McNeary, unidentified, John Lindert, Harvey Darnell, John Young, John Meyer, Bruce Voeller (NGTF) Photo by GPU NEWS

ing as a means of getting the gay liberation message through to the various media. By using the American Psychiatric Association's recent statement that gay people are not mentally ill, the Task Force was able to get gay liberation into virtually every paper in the country and nearly all the broadcast radio and TV stations. Local groups could then walk in and tell their story about the local situations.

Bruce Voeller stressed how the NGTF was creating a better cooperative working arrangement with all the local groups around the country. He gave a detailed summary of how effectively gay people all around the country had worked together through the coordination and information provided by NGTF concerning the now well known Marcus Welby **Outrage** episode. "We made the network lose a lot of advertising money and they are now listening to us." Said Voeller.

There are now available several new booklets of ammunition to use convincingly which have been printed for the Task Force by the **Play-Boy Foundation**. These contain

photo-copies of progay policy statements from industry, local ordinances, religious bodies, etc.

Harvey Darnell told of his efforts at lobbying this past year in the assembly and what he had learned that would make him even more effective next session.

A local television newsman and a prominent newspaper man gave insight on how the media can be handled to get the gay message across to the public. Steve Webster told how the nearly two year long effort to educate Wisconsin Methodists had paid off when they recently voted support of gay rights right after their national conference had voted them down. (See June GPU NEWS)

Alyn Hess and John Lindert told how to get a new gay group started, problems to avoid, and how to set goals. There is a strong possibility that new groups may form in La Crosse and Beloit. One is needed in the upper Wisconsin River valley also. In a brief session covering how to build support among non-gay people, Hess told of his efforts in Milwaukee.



# EDITORIAL

This issue of GPU News is being sent to selected libraries throughout Wisconsin in a concerted effort to reach the gay population of our home state. Equally important is that we reach and educate the non-gay public, a public that must be informed if we are to achieve the goals for which we are all striving.

Why libraries? Their popular image is one of staid, middle-of-the-road institutions that never rock the boat lest they incur the wrath of some zealous citizen group or cautious board of directors. In part, this image is justified, but only in part. In reality, public libraries have a long tradition of freedom of infor-

mation that is probably equalled by no other institution in our society.

The American Library Association, whose 100th anniversary we salute in GPU News, was one of the first professional organizations in the country to protest the abuses of McCarthyism in the now strangely hallowed '50's. It was also the first professional group in the country to establish a task force for waging an educational battle on behalf of gay people and gay rights: its Task Force on Gay Liberation. The TFGL statement of purpose, adopted in September, 1970, resolved: to work toward the repeal of laws which oppress homosexuals; to work towards changing social attitudes and social stigma attached to homosexuality; to support and encourage gay organizations in their efforts to accomplish those goals; to provide bibliographic resources for libraries, individuals and organizations.

Public—not to mention most private—library collection cannot be said to reflect a conscious effort to implement these goals. While many libraries have a reasonable assortment of books on homosexuality (including the inevitable and grossly distorted articles found in most encyclopedias) not one public library in the state of Wisconsin save the Milwaukee Public Library carries GPU News or any other gay periodical. The reason for this can hardly be budgetary—\$5.00 per year is a bargain by any standard. More than likely, it is a sign either of benign neglect or outright censorship.

The case that censorship is involved is fairly strong. Studies have shown that most libraries do, in fact, cling to the middle of the road and do hesitate to include more controversial materials in their collections, particularly of periodicals. No book, however, can be as timely as a monthly journal. No book takes lively account of recent events or reports the active dialogue occurring within the gay community and society at large on homosexuality. And there can be no question that most books simply do not offer their readers the variety of services that a periodical such as GPU News affords: book reviews, record reviews, news from abroad and across the country, poetry, classified adver-

tising and coverage of local events. Need we even mention that the non-gay press virtually ignores all of these topics in what is tantamount to a blackout of gay news?

On a more theoretical level, libraries have a clear responsibility to their public, of which gay people constitute 10% by accepted estimates. The service that GPU News offers is a service to the libraries themselves and will aid them in fulfilling their function as centers of information on all issues, even relatively controversial ones.

Libraries may not be obliged to tell people what to read, but they are—in the words of one of their most articulate spokespersons—obliged to assume responsibility for what readers think about:

“... the library should make it impossible for adults to miss the socially significant materials of their time and—as a corollary—the library takes no responsibility for telling people what to think, but does take responsibility for proposing what they shall think about.”

That statement was made before the American Library Association in 1962 and hailed as a seminal principle of library collection-building. It's time that it be implemented!

The inclusion of GPU NEWS in public, not to mention private—even prison—libraries could not help but foster their image as institutions responsible to the needs of their communities, institutions that do speak to the issues of the day, and of librarians as professionals cognizant of their significant legacy of freedom of access to information, a legacy not lightly refuted or dismissed—least of all by librarians themselves.

We urge all our readers, both in Wisconsin and elsewhere, to contact their local public library and request that a subscription be entered to GPU NEWS. Demand plays a vital role in their selection policies; let us be heard—and seen—take this copy of GPU NEWS along! If necessary, perhaps some of you would consider entering a gift subscription for your library. It's proven to be an excellent means of opening doors that might otherwise remain jammed.

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# IN MEMORIAM

On the evening of June 6, Judith Ann Garland, well known and loved gay leader, died in a motorcycle accident on Milwaukee's freeway. Witnesses said she lost control of her motorcycle as she looked back over her shoulder before merging into traffic near the Marquette interchange.

Jay, as she preferred to be called by friends and fellow workers, knew that she was gay early in her life and never ran from that fact. Without being self consciously aware of it, her strength and courage was used as a model for many women in the area.

For the past twelve years she had worked as a machinist in a factory. She secured her position of set up person, being responsible for the set up and repair of nearly 100 machines after a long battle to prove that a woman could do this traditionally male work. Her right, as a woman, to this job freedom was won after lengthy hearings before the State Labor Relations Board long before such decisions became common. Her fellow workers, almost all male, resented her at first, but came to respect her skills and to genuinely like her outgoing personality.

When **Gay Peoples Union** was formed in the city, Jay was determined that the group should be co-sexual and she worked tirelessly to that end. After **GPU** was incorporated, she was elected to the vice-presidency and devoted her energies to increasing the membership, particularly encouraging women to assert themselves by becoming active in the group.

In addition to these duties, she found time to prepare all of the mailing labels for subscribers to **GPU NEWS**, a task that has grown to major proportions over the years as the circulation has increased.

She served on various committees of **GPU** including the **GPU** hotline, but perhaps her most valuable contribution to the gay community was her constant availability as a peer counselor for gays, both women and men, with problems. Her common-sense, no nonsense approach to problems helped many people find the

courage to reshape their lives.

Jay was one of the founders and current president of the Forkers Motorcycle Club, which she helped to form as a co-sexual riding club after a newly formed gay cycle club decided to be exclusively male.

In spite of severe health problems in the last few years she continued her busy work schedule and her health was beginning to improve at the time of her tragic accident.

Jay's strong spirit and her loved ones helped her overcome epilepsy, diabetes, arthritis, loss of hearing, and even suicidal thoughts. Her

accomplishments were many.

The members of **GPU** are left with a deep sense of loss, but with a sense of great pride as they remember the indomitable spirit of this beautiful sister who loved cycling, beer, cigars, practical male attire, but most of all her friends to whom she gave so much of herself.

Funeral services were conducted by Brother Grant Michael Fitzgerald, Chairperson of **GPU**. Friends have suggested memorial contributions to **GPU** or to the Gerald E. Meyers Foundation (**GEM FUND**) which operates the Farwell Center.



JAY GARLAND

AUGUST 8, 1938—JUNE 6, 1976



# THE FANCY DANCER



Another unusual love story  
by the author of the bestseller

**THE FRONT RUNNER**

**PATRICIA NELL  
WARREN**

The Fancy Dancer by Patricia Nell Warren, William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, 1976, 287 pp., \$7.95

**REVIEWED BY  
PETER PEHRSON**

In Cottonwood, Montana, where Ms. Warren's third novel is placed, there are Elks, aged Victorian homes, cow ranchers who gather at Tina's Cafe for thier morning frijoles, and beans, and most importantly to us, Father Tom A. Meeker. In that town also, most importantly to Fr. Meeker, is Vidal Stump. For Vidal read: one-quarter Blackfeet Indian, "the biggest queer in Montana," rough and tough, and the town thinks, married to Patti Ann. Vidal Stumps roars around town on a motorcycle wearing a biker jacket studded with steel bumps that spell "ME." He works in a garage. Father Tom works in the local R.C. church, coyly named by Ms. Warren, St. Mary's, as a parish priest-about-to-be. The young curate is tall, tough in an ecclesiastical way, and blond. He doesn't know the precise reasons for his vague sexual feelings, but guess who gets to bring him out.

There are many more things right with this book than things wrong with it. Some of the criticism applied to Warren's first novel that dealt with two gay men, *The Front Runner*, however, still works here. The characters are distant and it's hard to identify with a priest or a small town ruffian, unless you happen to be one. Father Tom and his honey-man, Vidal, are perfect physical specimens of young manhood—one suspects either will eventually end up posing for the skin studios should hard times come. It seems in Warren's fictional environs there is only one way to be gay and that way is tall, rippling with muscles, and acceptable in heterosexual physicality.

Both male ingenues are appealing and have built-in personality traits designed to hook the reader from the start. Tom is the lone liberal in a town of organized would be book burners and conservative ranchers. He organizes a town-church council, assists the town's Bicentennial celebrations (even in fiction they don't leave us alone) and is well-liked as a moderately subdued whippersnapper. Until one day, and you can al-



most hear the Wurlitzer wrenching out soap-chords in the background, a half-drunk street punk appears on the other side of the confessional lattice. He wears silver necklaces tarnished by sweat around his neck, he's part Indian, his eyes are mismatched and cute as hell even though his skin is colored with different patches: "... a pigmentation fault common in mixed bloods. . . these flaws gave his face great character like the pockmarks on Richard Burton's face."

They talk, they touch, they have lunch on a hillside outside of town, and later sneak away to a Holiday Inn where they make love on the red carpeted floor. The guilt Tom carries with him shouldn't happen to my worst enemy. Yet guilt is the finely-honed blade heterosexual society has applied to our throats for centuries. Add sexual repression inherent in Tom's seminarian background and the load is almost killing. Vidal Stump hides it with drinking and living with a half-wit woman and a small child he tells everyone is his. Tom Meeker gets by with doing good works and pounding away on the church's old pipe organ at odd hours. What little time they do have together is spent in fifteen minute chunks when Father Meeker goes to the Stump house to counsel or have dinner and they are able to make love on a broken down mattress. Patti Ann, Vidal's supposed wife, never speaks and as a barely functioning human, will not give away the secret.

Eventually, of course, in the way of small towns and prying do-gooders, they are discovered. Tom is hauled before the regional bishop, presented with the rumors, and asked to explain himself. In a pleasant turn-about the bishop wants to use Tom on a newly-created council to act as a liason with the gay Catholic community. Vidal has meanwhile cleaned his act and plans on returning to college or something equally as healthy. They cannot be lovers because Tom is a one man guy and Vidal wants the world's men bet-



**Peter Pehrson is a former Illinois plow-boy, raised with corn and wheat, now enjoying the diversions and entertainments that New York City has to offer. Loves men. Lives in a large apartment in Spanish Harlem. Gay activist. No pets. 23 years old. Smokes too much. Encourages non-monogamy. Favorite author: Gertrude Stein. Latest accomplishment: cleaning his kitchen. Doesn't drink scotch. Dislikes: people who write sentiments in year books; sauerkraut; fountain pens. Wants to: ride horses along a beach with a man he loves, pass New York City gay rights bill, have some time off.**

**Works in a restaurant as a waiter on week-ends. Good sense of humor, although cannot be counted on to be the life of the party. Thin body, has been called lithesome, ordinary eyes.**

**Present projects: Forming New York City's first gay newspaper, called Gotham; writing wherever he can get published.**

ween his legs. They part, friends, each to begin a newer life.

What's important in **The Fancy Dancer** is Ms. Warren's detailing of the consequences when a homophobic America applies itself. There are lies at every turn to cover one's feelings and living/loving arrangements. "Discipline and split-second timing and original thinking are very important." Whether in a small town where unwanted eyes are almost certainly on one, or in a large city where the company boss might just happen to see you coming out of the wrong

bar in the wrong section of town with the wrong person on your arm. There is also a brave advocacy made of being honest, because that, in the end, works best. And a lot of people, even the Helena, Montana bishop who interrogates Tom, are not shocked when people admit and exult in their gayness. What Patricia Nell Warren gives us is a needed primer of being gay in a heterosexual world designed for the heterosexuals to read. In her way, Ms. Warren is one of our better gay activists.





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# FEEDBACK

Dear Friends:

Your **Here & There** column in the May issue includes an unfortunate misinterpretation of a recent U.S. Court of Appeals decision which upheld the dismissal of an openly gay employee of the federal government.

The story states that a Seattle gay activist was fired from his job as a clerk-typist for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission for "flaunting his homosexuality" through his dress and manners and through his public statements and actions. While this much is true, the story errs in linking this case to the July 1975 Civil Service Commission guidelines, which abandoned the old policy of discharging any and all known homosexuals. The Court of Appeals explicitly stated that its decision deliberately ignored the impact of the revised guidelines, since the Seattle case had been heard **before** the new regulations went into effect. Thus, there is no reason why federal employees should now have to fear loss of their jobs if they want to come out either in the office or to the general public.

It may interest your readers to know that I came out on my federal job two years ago, after earlier court decisions had effectively neutralized the old anti-gay policies of the Civil Service Commission. A recent issue of the **Washingtonian** magazine on the local gay scene identified me both as an economist with the U.S. Department of Labor and as President of the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington. I have not suffered any discrimination or other adverse results because of my activism.

I am free today to speak and work for my beliefs thanks to the dedication of numerous gay rights and civil liberties leaders, such as Washington's own Dr. Franklin Kameny. I hope many more of my brothers and sisters in the federal government across the country will join in the struggle to win full civil rights for all gay citizens.

L Craig Howell

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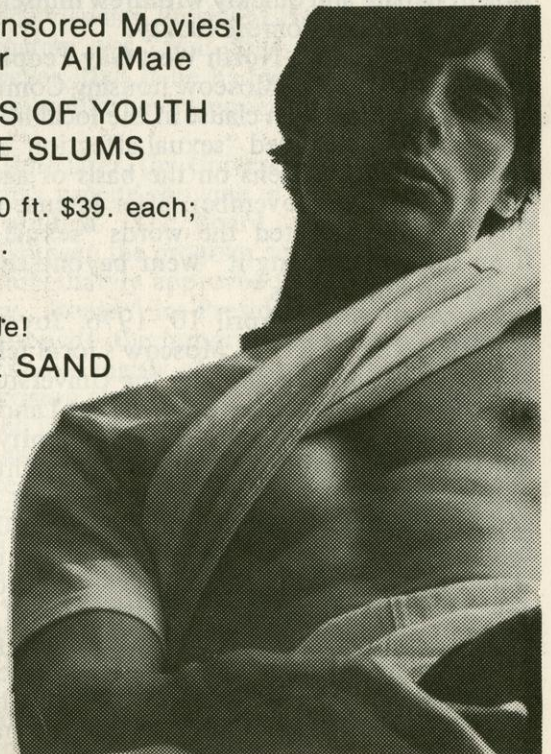
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# MOSCOW, IDAHO ==

## SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

*Editor's note:- Important events in the gay liberation movement are frequently not written up in the gay press simply because they happen in small communities. This article details a fine example of the work that is going on in small communities throughout the nation, proving that the large coastal cities no longer have a monopoly on activism. The gay liberation movement is alive and well and thriving in grass roots America!*

BY GUY BISHOP-PIZARRO

Moscow, Idaho (pop. 15,000), first began to realize the existence of a fairly large gay community when the **North West Gay People's Alliance**, which headquarters itself in Moscow, sponsored a regional gay conference in April, 1975, in a rented hall at the University of Idaho, followed by a public showing of the movie **A Very Natural Thing** at a local movie theatre. The shocked straight citizens of this somewhat provincial area became concerned. They responded with letter writing to the local newspaper damning homosexuality, mostly on the grounds of religious objections.

The debate ran at fever pitch for about two weeks, culminating in the shotgunning of a local church before service began. The local police reported there was insufficient evidence to file charges. Some straight citizens charged the gays with the shotgunning, while other citizens countered it was somebody trying to heat the issue. The minister of that church, who had been a vocal critic of the gay movement, pled for non-violent debate and quickly withdrew himself from public discussions of homosexuality.

Later in the year, **North West Gay People's Alliance** (NWGPA) asked the Moscow housing Commission for an anti-discrimination clause in the local housing code. The Commission added "sexual affection" to the code which protects citizens on the basis of age, race, sex and religion. In November, after intense debate, the City Council rejected the words "sexual affection" from the code, saying it "went beyond the necessary Federal requirements."

On April 6 and April 10, 1976, Joyce Campbell and Mike Kirk of KUID, Moscow's local television station, owned and operated by the University of Idaho, presented a documentary called **Sweet Land of Liberty . . . The Moscow/Pullman Gay Community**. The documentary dealt with the legal and civil rights problems of the gay members of the communities of Moscow and of Pullman, Washington (pop. 25,000.) These two towns are located 8 miles apart. Seen in the show were members of the NWGPA, President of the Moscow Housing Commission Chairperson of the Idaho Commission for Human Rights, a local anti-gay preacher, and a masked gay school teacher whose identity could not be revealed since it would cost him his job. KUID's multi-award winner Mike Kirk narrated the unbiased documentary.

The anonymous high school teacher talked of his fear of coming out of the closet: "I would like to stop being a dual personality. I would like to accept myself 24 hours a day and not worry about whether I was going to be fired, or that my parents would disown me, or that my friends would leave me. It's a lonely life."

In discussing the possibility of legal protections for homosexuals, Liz Sullivan, the Chairperson of the Idaho Commission on Human Rights, said, "I can't imagine asking for it in the next five years. We asked for coverage of the handicapped this year and couldn't even get it out of committee in the legislature. So, when they can't even cover the handicapped in employment, I can't see them covering homosexuals."

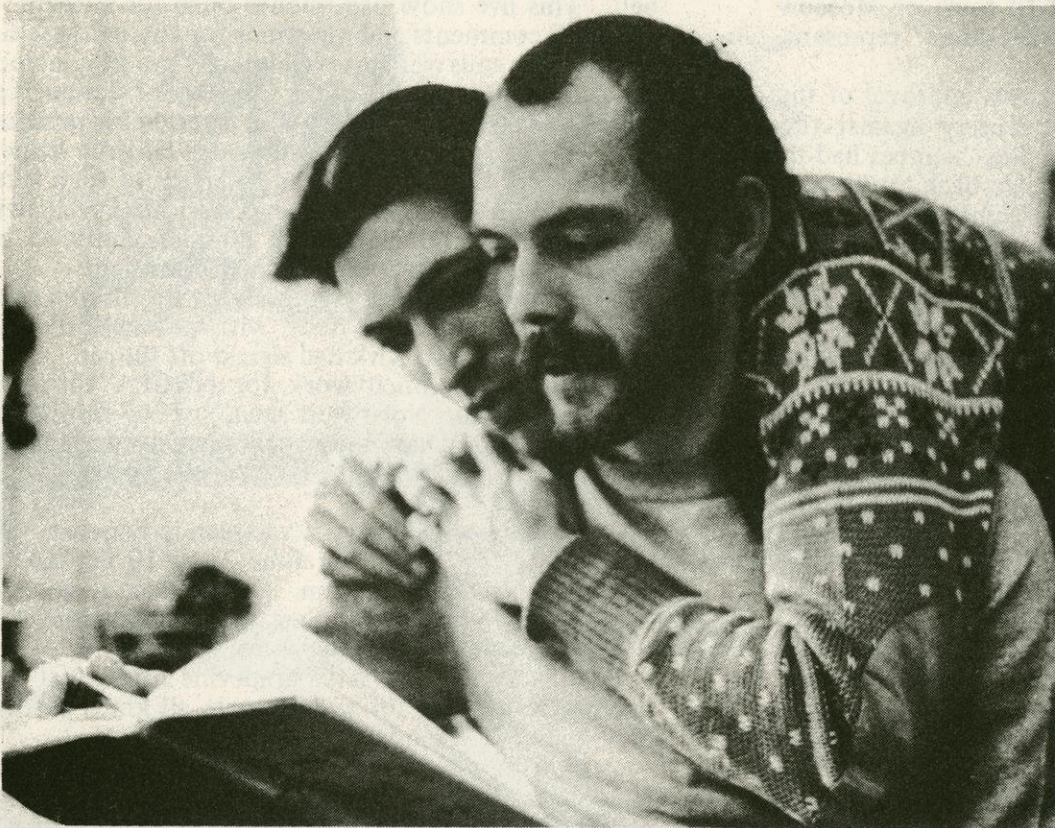
David Bliss, Secretary of NWGPA, and Gib Preston, former NWGPA President, ran down the litany of rights unavailable to area gays: difficulty in qualifying for credit; high insurance rates (gays are much more likely, according to insurance investigators, to commit suicide); no legal tax status; acts of lovemaking and/or affection are a felony and can result in stiff jail sentences, etc.

The local anti-gay minister, Melvin Frank, countered with his feeling that homosexuals often point out how abused they are by society. He went on to say, "I know a murderer is abused, but just because we abuse a murderer doesn't mean I should accept his behavior—it is still wrong." He further said he could never accept homosexuality.

Crowning the show, local author Guy Bishop-Pizarro drew the analogy for the community that was perhaps most persuasive. He asked members of the straight community to imagine, just for a week, that heterosexuality is defined as unnatural and immoral and that the straight citizen could lose his/her job and go to prison for that affection. "Imagine, then," he said, "every time you want to touch your mate in public, or to give that proverbial lingering look, you can't because you will get stares of hatred, be called names and possibly be arrested. I think that if you do that you will realize how wrong and stupid it is to hate somebody for having a different affection."

Producer/narrator Mike Kirk concluded the documentary by asking for understanding from the people of Moscow and Pullman. He said, "All of these things—the bleak employment picture; the lack of civil rights and government protection; the housing problems; the religious objections—these are all areas gay people in these communities will be trying to define for years to come. And they are areas each of us





Chuck Pizarro, a dancer with the Ballet Folk, reads over the shoulder of his lover, writer, actor Guy Bishop. Both contribute their talents and energies to the University of Idaho where Bishop is the new president of North West Gay People's Alliance. To indicate their love relationship they now use the hyphenated name form: Bishop-Pizarro.

*Photo by Lenore Garwood*

will have to address in some way—either through our elected officials or on a purely personal basis.”

Fourteen days after the first showing of **Sweet land of Liberty**. . . , due to both the reaction to the documentary and to the hard and consistent work of Dennis More, President of Washington State University's Gay People's Alliance in Pullman, Pullman's City Council unanimously passed a resolution to amend the city's affirmative action ordinance to include banning discrimination in city employment on the basis of sexual preference.

In Moscow, however, the reaction was quite different: **Sweet land of Liberty**. . . created quite an uproar. After the program's television premiere, the Moscow Chamber of Commerce called an emergency meeting in which they voted to petition the University Board of Regents to (1) review all films before release by the station, (2) refuse to release **Sweet Land of Liberty**. . . to other stations, (3) refuse to program the documentary again at KUID, and (4) reveal the source of income for the documentary and its advertisements in the local newspapers (insinuating NWGPA had paid the station to produce and advertise the program). The reasoning given for these measures was that if this show were to be distributed, Moscow would be deluged with gays seeking the safety of this “haven for homosexuals.” Even though the Moscow City Council had failed to ban discrimination on the basis of sexual affection, the Chamber members repeatedly used the term “haven for homosexuals.” Also often repeated was the statement that the documentary made homosexuality an attractive alternative to heterosexuality. This was said despite the fact

the program dealt with homosexuals' problems. Several of the Chamber members later admitted they had not seen the documentary.

The Chambers request was immediately acted upon by University of Idaho President Ernest Hartung, who asked for a private screening of the documentary. Following the viewing, President Hartung indicated he felt the program was “well done and unbiased.” He noted, however, that if he had judged the program as “biased,” he would have stepped in and stopped distribution.

A short time later, the University Board of Regents gathered for a private showing of the documentary at the KUID studios. The Board, many of whom had not previously seen the program, approved of the show itself and immediately approved funds for a follow-up of the show. Board Vice President A. L. Alford indicated he thought the program was “professionally done” and spoke highly of the importance of the University television station handling “controversial topics” of public interest.

Local newspapers were swamped with letters to the editors protesting the Chamber of Commerce's actions and supporting the documentary as well as NWGPA and gay individuals. Some of the community members felt the documentary went a long way toward generating honest debate within the community. Many, for the first time, felt they understood the special dilemma facing gay people. The University of Idaho's newspaper, **The Argonaut**, included a pictorial essay on two of the show's participants, Guy and Chuck Bishop-Pizarro, two artists who are lovers. Though the article didn't specifically mention their gayness,



it did imply it and, in the small town of Moscow they had already become "public figures" representing the gay community.

Because of the Board of Regents approval of the show and especially the public outcry against the Chamber of Commerce's actions, the Chamber had to rescind its petition and decide to "go back to the business of business," though they maintained a rebellious attitude by requesting to review the advertising budget for the documentary.

KUID's follow-up came on Friday, May 7, when *Sweet Land of Liberty*. . . was reshowed, followed by a live show with three members of NWGPA and three members of the anti-gay community. Members of NWGPA on the program were Guy Bishop-Pizarro, the new President; Jennifer Nielson, Executive Consultant; and Vicki Rishling, Vice-President, all of whom had appeared in *Sweet Land of Liberty*. . . the anti-gay faction consisted of Al Deskiewisz, the member of the Chamber of Commerce who had led the opposition to the documentary, who was quoted in local newspapers as saying, "Any stand against a queer is a good stand," and who had tried unsuccessfully to form an Anti-Gay League to "run the queers out of town on a rail" "he admitted on this show that he hadn't been able to find enough people to participate in the League); an ex-City Council member, Larry Kirkland, who had voted no on the sexual affection anti-discrimination bill because God had told him to do so; and Terry Posey, a local fundamentalist Baptist preacher. Mike Kirk again narrated and co-produced with Joyce Camp-

bell. This live show had phones open for viewers to call with comments and questions for any of these six people. The calls were overwhelmingly pro-gay, including a call from a member of the Chamber of Commerce. During this show, Al Deskiewisz reversed his position and took back his former comments. He even helped the pro-gays by informing the audience of such facts as the 1973 decision of the American Psychiatric Association's renunciation of homosexuality as an abnormality and psychological maladjustment.

The live show was so successful it ran fifteen minutes over the scheduled hour, with viewers' calls still coming in after Mr. Kirk had signed off the air.

There is still much work for NWGPA to do in Moscow and the Northwest area, but the results of this documentary have shown that Moscow's residents, gay and straight, stand up for people's rights, gay or straight.

*Sweet Land of Liberty*. . . was seen in Phoenix, AZ and Albuquerque, NM, on June 21 at 10 PM on the Public Broadcasting Station. Other stations, such as Denver, San Francisco and Seattle, now have copies of the film and are considering showing it.

Rumor in the TV media grapevine has it that this documentary is up for and will win all kinds of local national media awards.

Let's hope there are more Joyce Campbells and Mike Kirks in this nation prepared to follow the example of Moscow's Campbell and Kirk in bringing gay news and problems to the attention of local communities!

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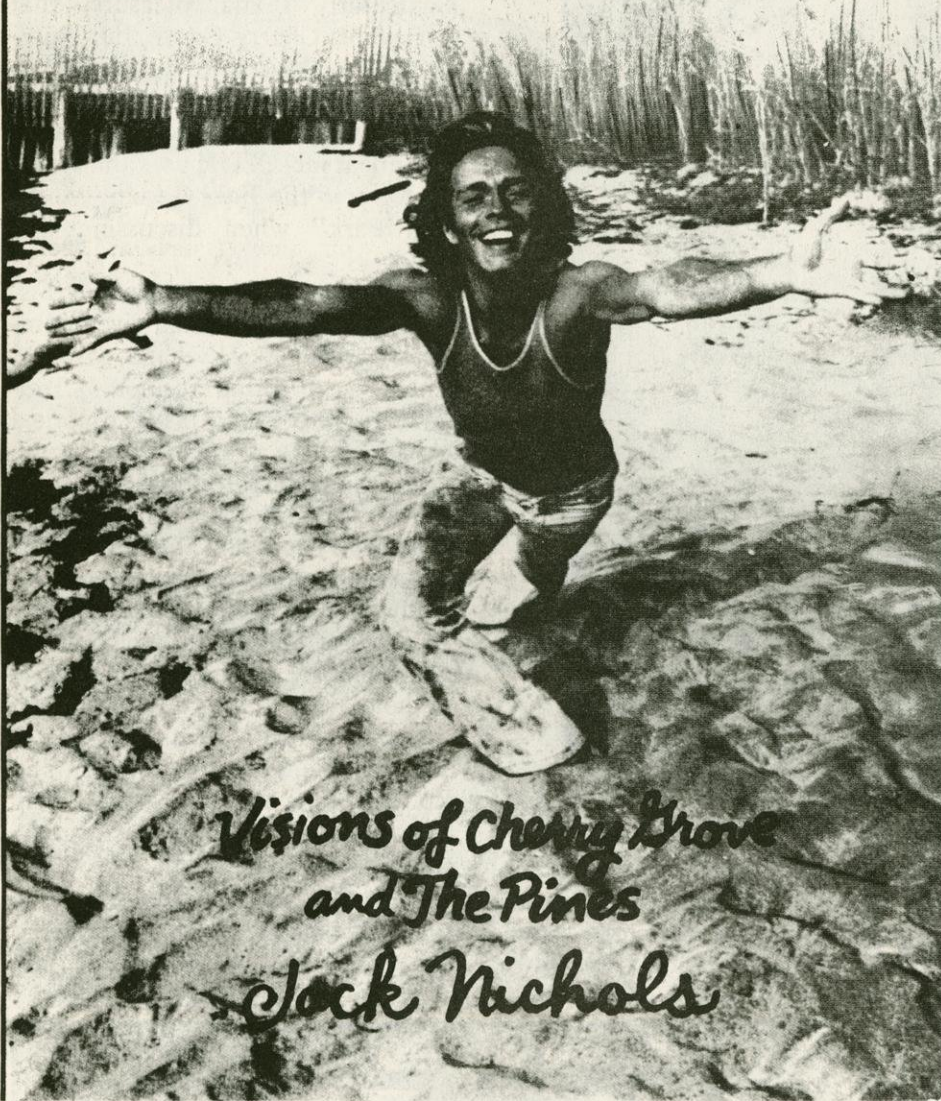
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# Welcome To Fire Island



*Visions of Cherry Grove  
and The Pines  
Jack Nichols*

Welcome To Fire Island, Visions of Cherry Grove and The Pines by Jack Nichols, St. Martin's Press, New York 1976, 148 pp. Illustrated, \$8.95

## Reviewed by Sam Edwards

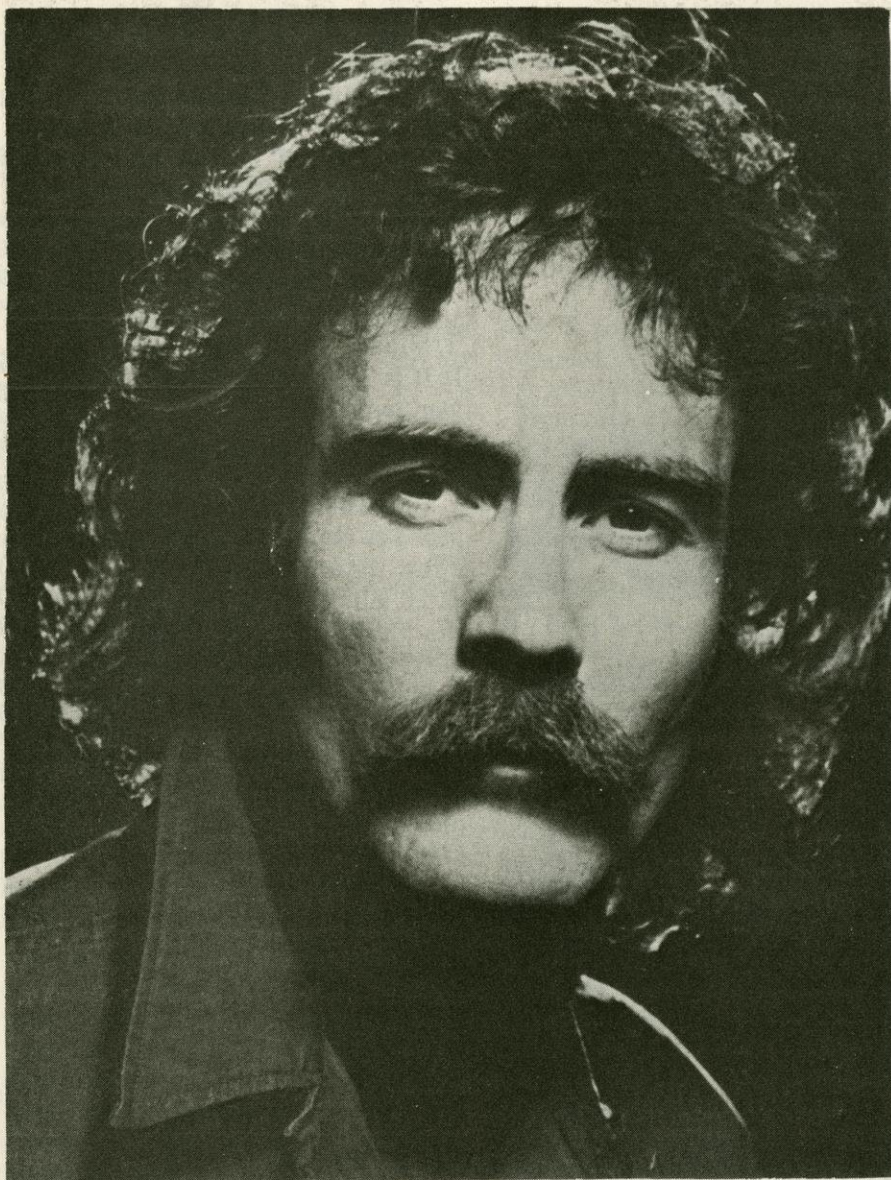
Smart New Yorkers often confuse "outlanders" with their snappy "in" abbreviations. For example, assume that you have just dropped a compliment about a friend's beautiful tan. If it is in the wintertime, "suptan" will probably say, "I just got back from the islands." The "islands," of course, are those in the Caribbean: Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Trinidad, or perhaps St. Thomas. If it is in the summertime, the answer will be the same except that "island" will be singular and refer to only one place—Fire Island.

Fire Island is, indeed, a singular island as anyone who has spent even a few days there will tell you. Located out from Long Island, across the Great South Bay, it can be reached from the mainland only by ferryboat (or private yacht or seaplane.) Its isolation from the hectic city and its famous white sand beaches are two of the many reasons for its popularity as a summer playground among the more affluent.

Cherry Grove, one of the small communities on Fire Island has been popular with gay people since the 1920's. Indeed, it has become so exclusively gay that it has been called "the summer capital of the gay world." Its neighboring community, The Pines, is more posh, more pretentious and more closeted. However, as the social climate changes, with swinging bisexuality (pansexuality?) becoming the smart thing in the jet set, even The Pines is opening its closet doors.

It was inevitable that someone would write a book about Fire Island and concentrate on its two well known gay communities. Considering the sensational treatment that could have easily prevailed, it is a good thing that this task was taken on by Jack Nichols, gay leader and author of *Men's Liberation* (1975) and co-author with his lover Lige Clark of *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody* (1972) and *Roommates Can't Always Be Lovers* (1974.) When Lige was gunned down by Mexican bandits near Vera Cruz in early 1975, notes for a book





**JACK NICHOLS**

*Jack Nichols was raised in Chevy Chase, Maryland where he graduated from Somerset Elementary School. After a job as an assistant to the Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Post, he became editor for several magazines and newspapers. His books include Men's Liberation: A New Definition of Masculinity. (See GPU NEWS June 1975 for review.)*

blood stained satchel. Nichols took up the uncompleted task and so in a sense **Welcome to Fire Island** is a memorial to Lige who loved the island so much.

Nichols has done a sensitive study of the phenomenon of an almost entirely gay community that operates in a democratic "live and let live" environment. He does not gloss over the hedonistic search for pleasure, particularly sexual pleasure, that dominates Cherry Grove, but neither does he overstate or sensationalize the nude beach areas or the bush sex area that used to be called "the meat rack." (He uses the camper term: "the Judy Garland Memorial Park" when discussing this area.)

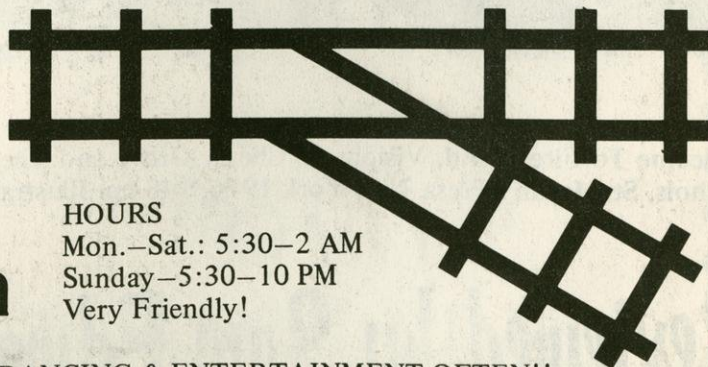
In addition to an interesting history of the area which jives completely with talks I've had with old timers, year round residents, **Welcome to Fire Island** offers practical advice on how to get there and prepares the reader for local customs such as the gathering for the arrival of the ferryboat and the noon whistle. The volume is illustrated profusely with excellent photographs by Steve Yates, many of which catch the sensuously romantic atmosphere of the place

Cherry grove is at its best one of the most delightful experiments in modern living that I have ever seen. At its worst the atmosphere can be very self-destructive.

Nichols fails to mention that prices have skyrocketed at Cherry Grove and that those bushes also teem with poison ivy.

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# CHICAGO'S GAY PRIDE PARADE 1976

*Photos by GPU NEWS*





# REVIEW

Bill W. By Robert Thomsen 373 pp.  
Harper & Row, \$10.95

Reviewed by Jeffrey L. Lant, Ph.D.

Alcoholic son of an alcoholic father, Bill Wilson was also the co-founder and leading light of Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization of such significance in these liquory days that Aldous Huxley proclaimed its creator "the greatest social architect of the century." If such praise is exaggerated, what Wilson did is unquestionably important.

Unfortunately, this new book by Robert Thomsen, who worked with Wilson for the last twelve years of his life (Wilson died at age 73 in 1971) is not much assistance in establishing how the critical transformation occurred between Wilson the drunk, quaking from the destructive effects of punishing binges, petrified by the slimy snakes and vague reptilian creatures which slithered over the walls during his frequent

d. t.'s, and the hard-driven, relentless activist who succeeded in forming an organization of many tens of thousands of members scattered throughout the United States and a number of foreign countries.

The principal reason for this failure is that Thomsen, adoring and forever respectful, has not been able to approach his subject in a detached, historical fashion. His problem is apparent at once; in the author's note, for instance, he writes, "It is an act of presumption for any man to write the life of another." And when he continues by saying that it was his "privilege—my blessing, if you will" to have worked with Wilson, the thoughtful reader will understand that what follows is neither thorough-going nor rigorous:

What it is is rather authorized history of the usual kind in which the heroic dimensions of the subject are meant to be confirmed by well-chosen anecdotes, a suitable and rather bland account of his life highlighting the good deeds, and an overall tapering of events so that Wilson's

ultimate and inevitable success is never in doubt.

This approach may satisfy uncritical members of Alcoholics Anonymous and members of Wilson's entourage who want to remember the founder as a man larger than life, but it cannot fail to disappoint those who are interested in real humans and their more complicated, less ordered affairs.

This book is therefore an injustice to Wilson.

In his early years, he was a decided ne'er do well, ambitious to be sure, but without a sustaining goal to strive for. Alcohol became a means of firing his determination and steeling it against the doubts which so often assailed him, while at the same time decreasing his ability and desire to perform. For a man who had talent but saw no way in which to use it, being drunk was not entirely unpleasant.

Becoming so constantly and debilitatingly drunk, however, that he became physically dependent upon alcohol and came to exist in a deadly, unreal world of fantastic terrors was something else. Daily dying by inches, Wilson was increasingly desperate for a solution to his problem; he found it one night in the Towns Hospital in New York City, where, the country around him sunk in Depression, Wilson had the significant religious experience of his life. "If there is a God," he wailed, "show me. Show me. Give me some sign." He got one.

Naturally, the exact nature of his experience will always be open to doubt and question. Sceptics will say, and possibly rightly, that a man who had been so consistently hallucinating for months could scarcely be considered an unimpeachable source. Nonetheless to Wilson himself the experience was crucial: he did not drink again.

After the incident, however, Wilson's career was by no means mapped out. It took him some time to come to the determination that alcoholism was a medical rather than a moral issue (thus putting him at

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odds with the Oxford Group with which he had once been associated.) It took him even longer first to establish and then to popularize Alcoholics Anonymous. And had it not been that this organization caught the eye of a reporter for the **Saturday Evening Post** and then other national media, it would have taken even longer for it to grow, if it had grown at all.

Nonetheless, once Wilson had found a cause to which he could dedicate himself as he did to the rehabilitation of drunks, his own life took on a purposefulness which it had hitherto lacked. Thomsen is therefore quite right in saying that the organization was probably more important to Wilson than Wilson was to the organization. But Thomsen's rendition of events, superficial, uncritical, a twentieth century saint's life, need not be given too many other compliments.

What is more, now that Talent Four Artists in New York is producing a film based on this book, one may rightly wonder whether it will be any more successful in portraying a real man, his struggles and his by no means to be predicted success than Thomens's account of a fated man who brushed with God and who was sustained throughout his tremendous trials by the courage and loyalty of a good woman. Lois Wilson (whose own autobiography will shortly appear) had her own burdens to bear as she watched her husband's insistent self-destruction and then his time-consuming dedication to alcoholic rehabilitation, but it is doubtful whether her forbearance was as continual and sweet-tempered as Thomsen portrays.

In any event, if the forthcoming film is simply devotional, it will be as disappointing as the book on which it is based.

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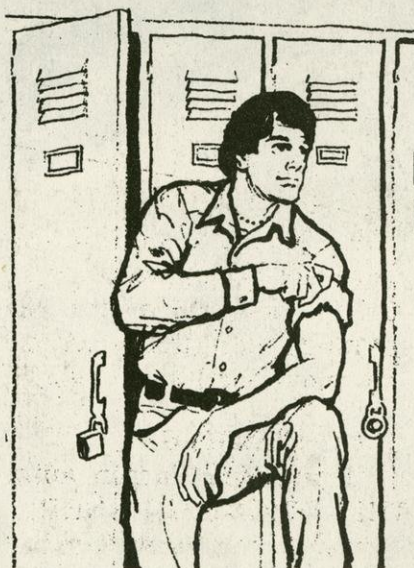
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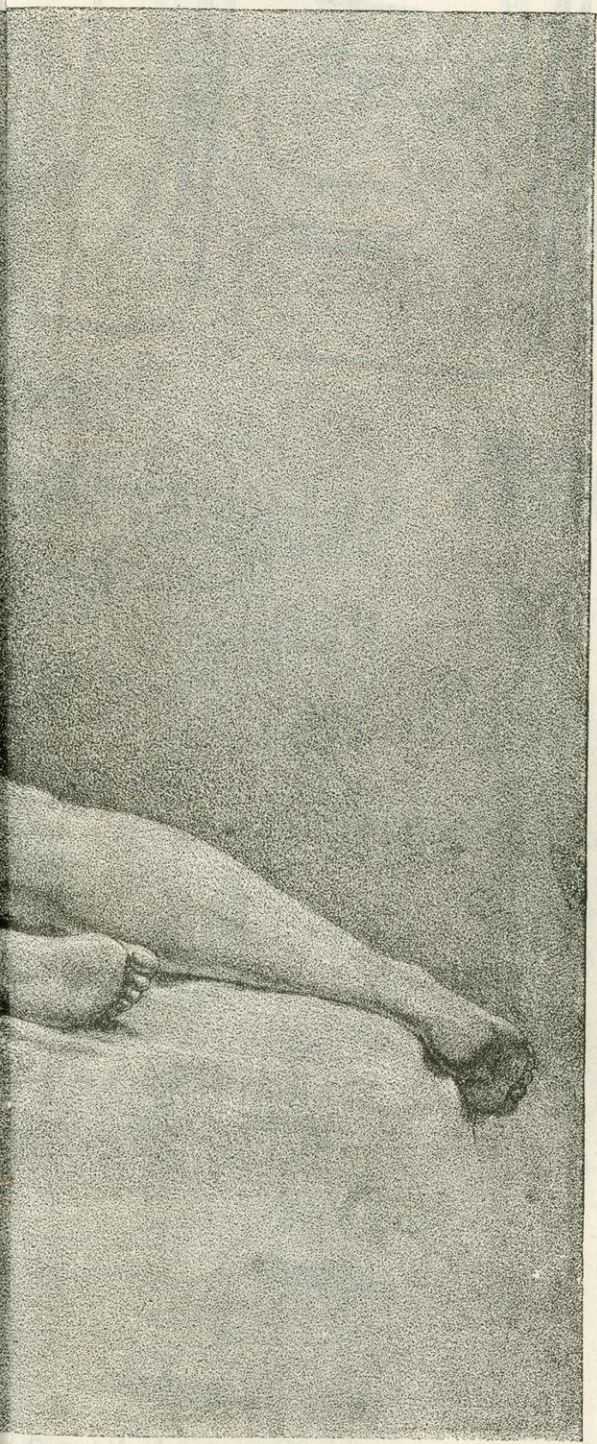
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# POEMS BY SERENA FAE MORGAN







## WOMAN

Loving you  
Is loving myself.  
You are my mirror,  
My twin;  
We are extensions  
Of each other.  
To feel the sweetness  
Of your soft body  
Is to revel in the pleasure  
Of my own.  
With our women's minds  
We see things the same  
Yet subtly different.  
Loving you  
Is loving myself:  
You are my mirror,  
My twin;  
We are the same soul  
In two close and  
Tender bodies.

## LAMENT

We are discreet  
In our affections;  
To the world  
We must appear  
As sisters, not lovers.  
Your mother considers us  
As friends;  
She sees not the passion  
Hidden in our embrace.  
How I long to speak the truth  
To her—  
For she, too, is our sister.  
I loathe the necessity  
Of keeping her unaware  
Of our happiness.  
She persists in her worried  
Questions  
Of men and marriage;  
How I long to set her mind  
At rest.  
We are discreet  
In our affections;  
How I long, that someday  
It might not need  
Be so.

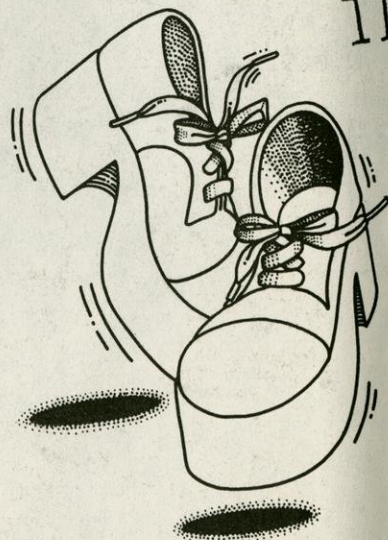
Serena Fae Morgan is 25, lives in Seattle and is currently seeking employment. She has three crazy cats, a few fish and lots of books. She draws, paints and does macrame and is suffering labor pains over two book ideas (both fiction). She says, "I am well on my way out of the closet and at the point where I can tell friends and acquaintances—but not my parents."



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# NEXT TIME - MAYBE by Bill Burton

He slumped on the seat, draping his forearms heavily across the wheel, dragging the car through the late afternoon traffic. Fatigue shoved his head down into his shoulders. His mood matched the bleary, wet, cold scene flashing past the windshield. "Damn, I'm tired," he thought.

Almost as if the confession had cut his mind loose from the task of driving, he immediately drifted back forty-five minutes to the controlled chaos of practice. Fifteen players, three managers, two trainers, an assistant coach, and assorted camp followers filled the gym in his head. He reran play patterns, studied shooting drills, checked defenses, gave equipment instructions, inspected injuries, and talked to sports writers. He yelled, cajoled, demonstrated, and generally psych'd the assorted crowd toward tomorrow's game. Then, with the clipped exactness which had come to be the professional trademark of Coach Tris Bayne, he made mental notes for tomorrow's squad meeting. Then he released his mind to wander again. "Guess I just wasn't ready to leave yet," he mused as a balloon of emptiness expanded in his gut.

The hitchhiker reflected his mood exactly—standing particularly alone in the cold backwash of a continuous stream of unyielding traffic. Tris didn't decide to stop. He just didn't decide not to. The kid was sixteen or so. It was hard to tell. The army surplus parka covered everything except thin wrists which pushed out of frayed cuffs three inches too soon. Worn baggy jeans clung damply to the slender legs and the scuffed boots suggested feet to match the large hands. What could be seen of the face under the hood looked quite ordinary. The kid slid into the seat and glanced sideways at Tris in the thin light.

"Hey, You're Coach Bayne ain't you?" The voice was a surprise. Cocky and brash. No hesitant awkwardness in his question to match his appearance. The contrast shoved Tris into an abrupt answer.

"Yea. Where you going?"

"Martin Street. It's just a few blocks, but it's too damn cold to walk. Hey, you're a heavy. I never got a ride from a heavy before. Thanks for picking me up."

"I used to thumb too."

"Ya know, I already saw the Trojans play twice this season. Was going tomorrow, but the game's already sold out."

Tris let the comment hang for a minute, considering his response, then asked, "You a basketball player?"

"Not at the school. I play a lot at the Boys' Club though. Better guys there anyway. The school team is shit. You gotta be from Forest Hills to get the Coach to let you play."

"What's your name?"

"Jed—Jed Meekins."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen. Finally old enough to quit school if I could just get my old lady to let me."

"School that bad?"

"Shit yea. I never learned anything except how to get away with skipping."

"You said Miller?"

"Yea. Three more blocks."

Again, Tris hesitated. The shiny pavement rolled beneath

the car until there was only one block to go. Finally, the decision was squeezed out of him by the disappearing distance to the next corner. "Tell you what. Come by the gym tomorrow morning if you've got time. Tell the Manager I said to let you in and give you a ball. Bring some friends to work out with if you want. I'll be in about 10 or so and I've got some tickets to tomorrow's game in the office. You can pick up a couple."

"O.K.! Damn right. I'll be there."

"Know where it is?"

"Sure."

"Go to the door just around the corner on the right side of the building. It's the only one that will be open."

"O.K. See you in the morning." The car door slammed on the "thanks-a-lot" and the emptiness balloon blew up again.

Tris glanced at his watch. "Oh, hell," he thought, "trouble again," and pushed the car faster through the approaching suburban gloom.

When the car finally stopped it dumped Tris into the warm evening confusion of family sounds and smells. He waded through piles of wet outerwear, breasting tides of over-volumed afternoon TV cartoons, and found Fran just finishing up dinner.

"Hi, Love," he whispered into her neck. "How's it going?"

"A little ragged," she replied over her shoulder. "Jeremy had a fight with Ted and Terresa's boy. A real zinger. I tried to patch it up but all I got for my efforts was a wild eight year old kid screaming how much he hated me and a slightly disgruntled mother who used to be my friend. When you have time, I wish you'd talk to Jeremy about it."

A light kiss which had been pressing out of Tris melted. He turned instead to the liquor cabinet. "Want a drink?"

"No thanks. Could you make it a short one? Dinner's almost ready and the kids have been yelling for food for an hour."

Tris tipped the bottle back into the cabinet and closed the door just loud enough to be emphatic. "O.K. I'm ready for dinner." Fran glanced at him expectantly, then went back to putting peas into a serving bowl. Tris knew what was on her mind and wanted it out in the open. "And I'm properly chastised for being late," he muttered.

"Come on Tris," she chided. "Nobody's chastising you. And you're not late. I'm a little early with dinner, but it's been a hell of a day. I'm exhausted and just wanted to get it over with and sit down for a while. She handed him two bowls of food to seal her remarks, but Tris wasn't satisfied.

"Come on, yourself, Fran. I walk in the house and you tell me immediately how I wasn't here to take care of my son's problems and how I'm starving the kids by being late which all adds up to how my neglect of the family is exhausting my wife—but I'm not supposed to feel chastised. Who are you kidding?" He strode into the dining room with the bowls to cut off her reply.

"Oh, Tris, damn it. It's not a big thing. I was just making conversation. You asked how it was going and I told you. Now go on and have your drink," he heard her yell over the TV noise.



He didn't answer. He knew from the angry tight feeling that if he did the argument would really get serious. Instead he concentrated on adjusting the table settings into absolute precision as a way of maintaining a balance between rage and recovery. Fran's appearance with a bowl of rice interrupted.

"By the way, I'm going to take the kids skiing tomorrow. Jill and Al said they'd go along to help out. You'll be at the gym all day won't you?"

Tris felt himself sliding into the void. He fought it, lost, and slammed a handful of silver into the wall. "Yes! Damn it! I'll be at the gym all day. I am a basketball coach and it's a game day. I don't get weekends off. I know it's all very hard for you to understand, but that's how it is. If you're going to plan things on Saturdays then you'll have to plan them without me. At least during the season. And you know damn well that's the case." He turned and fought through a tide of kitchen bound wide-eyed children and into his study. The balloon returned, settled in, and stayed until sleep blanked it out.

Nothing changed much in the morning until Tris arrived at the empty gym. He felt better as soon as he came into the arena. The skinny figure looked all the more nondescript alone in the empty cavern. Four lights created an island of playing space under one basket where Jed was shooting. Tris stood quietly in the door and watched.

The boy was good. Not championship good, but good. He moved his long frame with the angular grace which suggested a lot more growth to come. He had quick sensitive hands, and the timing that makes a fine ballhandler. His shot was crisp and strong for such slender arms.

Tris continued watching as Jed played himself an imaginary game, won in the last seconds, and collapsed on the floor to rest. "Pretty good," he said into the shadows and echoes.

"Hi, Coach!" Jed scrambled up and jogged toward Tris. He was wearing what looked like the same jeans, ragged black sneakers, and a film of sweat. He missed a behind-the-neck dribble on the way he recovered easily. "The manager said he had a lot of work to do downstairs. Told me to work out if I wanted to. Hope it was okay? He gave me the ball."

"Fine. Come on up to the office when you're through and pick up the tickets."

"I'll come up now. That way I won't disturb you while you're working."

"No problem. I won't be working. Just hanging around the office. Go ahead and finish your workout." Tris turned as he spoke and walked toward the stairs. The unwelcome slap of leather on wood told him that his suggestion had been accepted, but he had to wait a mercifully short time.

He was slumped in a leather armchair well into the day's first pack of Marlboros and fondling a warm coffee mug when the knock came. "Come in."

Jed closed the door behind him and looked around admiringly. "Damn, what an office. It's half as big as the gym."

"It works. Tickets are on the desk. They're all mid-court first row so take any two. You'll have more fun if you bring a friend."

The boy dropped his parka on the floor then carefully placed his damp shirt on top of it. "Had to use my shirt for a towel. It's wet. O.K. if I don't wear it up here?"

"Sure."

He walked to the desk, looked down at the tickets, and almost mumbled, "I won't need but one."

"O.K. Whatever. Stay a while and talk if you like."

Jed picked up a single ticket from the desk, walked back and slipped it into a parka pocket, and drifted over to the wall of pictures, plaques, and assorted meaningless memorabilia of nine successful coaching years. Tris watched him as he studied the action shots. His flat shapeless chest fell from slumped shoulders into a belly rounded by rolling under hips. Poor posture accentuated his round buttocks from which his jeans hung beltless. An inch of greying knit showed above the jeans matching rather well the grey tone of the skin underneath. The loose wavy hair missed being an attractive auburn by only an overdue shampoo and the large well-shaped hands showed a similar lack of attention. In short, a damned fine looking 16 year old who didn't know it, and so wasn't.

"It must be really fun being a coach." He dropped onto the couch under the pictures, over by the door, flipped a long leg across the arm, and became part of the place. "I used to think I'd like to be a coach but you have to go to school too long."

"Where do you go to school?"

"Dewey."

"Don't like it?"

"No shit. It's really bad."

"How are your grades?"

"Not so hot. Not really bad. I'm not flunking anything. But not so hot."

"And you live on Martin?"

"Yea. Hey—you remembered."

"How far down from the Mill?"

"Six blocks."

"Close to St. Michaels?"

"Two building past."

"You know many kids from St. Michael's?"

"Sure. Most of the guys I play ball with are from there. Most of them are on the team. Almost all of the Catholic kids in the neighborhood go there. It costs a lot less if you're Catholic because of scholarships."

"Ever thought about going to school there? It's a lot closer than Dewey."

"Sure. I've thought about it lots of times. But do you know how much it costs? My Mom could never get up that much."

"What about your Dad?"

"He left a long time ago. Nobody knows where he is."

"Would your Mom let you go to a Catholic school?"

The boy laughed fully. "She wouldn't care where I went—just so I went. She's mostly afraid I'm going to reform school for skipping."

Tris paused and thought through what he was about to say—thought of all the reasons he was going to say it—then let it out. "It's almost semester break. They'll be accepting new kids in about three weeks. The Coach's name is Ray Bradwell. Stop by and talk to him if you want to. Tell him I said you were a good kid—a promising guard—and ask him to take a look at you. Can't ever tell what will work out."

"I'm as good as some of the kids on his team, but they don't give athletic scholarships. Just for Catholics and grades."

"Stop by anyway. Ray's a good guy. He's got a lot of pull with the school. It's worth a try."

"O.K. If you say so. Maybe I'll go by Monday afternoon."

Tris eased out of his chair and walked to the desk. On an otherwise empty **Monday** he scribbled a phone reminder. Jed



picked up an ungiven cue and bounced off the couch. "I'd better be going," he said as he scooped up the pile of clothes.

"Somewhere special?"

"Na. . . Just don't want to get in the way."

"If you get in the way, I'll tell you so. If I want you to leave, I'll let you know. You won't have to guess what I mean. I'll tell you very clearly. Unless I tell you so just assume that I like having you around and stay as long as you like. O.K.?"

Jed smiled, signalling that he understood. "Funny thing about you. You sound really tough, but you're really saying nice things."

"It's an old coaching trick. Still leaving?"

"Not if you don't. . . Na! I'd like to stay a while. Hell! I'd like to stay all day."

"Fine."

The room became Jed's again. He moved around it. Looking. Touching. And finally dropping back onto his sofa. Tris stared out the window onto the brown campus, thinking equally brown thoughts.

"If I'm gonna stick around I ought to shower—or at least clean up a little. Alright if I use the locker room?"

No need to make the trip downstairs. There's a shower right through that door. You'll find soap and towels in there. Some shampoo too if you want it. If you're going to be around for an hour, take some clothes out of the locker to wear and I'll get your stuff washed up."

"That's okay. I don't want to be any hassel."

"Jed! Are you going to be around for an hour?"

Tris watched as the boy hesitated, then completely abandoned his defenses, smiled shyly and said, "I know, you'll let me know if I'm a hassel. Sorry. Yea. I'll be around for as long as you like. I got no place to go."

"Throw out your clothes then. There's a laundry room down the hall for the coaches. I'll start your stuff."

He disappeared into the bathroom and, almost immediately, a slender arm dropped a damp bundle outside the door. Tris picked up the clothes, retrieved the shirt, and walked off down the hall enjoying his usefulness. He heard the shower stop shortly after he returned. Jed yelled through the door, "Hey Coach, which clothes should I wear?"

"Any of them. They'll all be too big, but they'll do until yours are dry."

Jed eased embarrassedly into the ensuing silence. He was wearing a short white terry robe with "Coach" stamped on the left breast. "Didn't see any reason to mess up your clothes. This okay in here? I'll go in the bathroom if anyone comes."

"That's fine—and nobody else is coming up here."

"I thought the place would be jammed. You know, TV reporters and everything."

"It's sort of a standing rule. I don't see anyone on game days. Anyone, that is, that I don't want to see. And I invite anyone I want to see up here. No one but you was invited today."

"Oh," he said as he moved easily back to his same place on the couch, assumed his same position, and tried to recapture the secure feeling he had lost with his clothes. He failed, and sat looking honestly uncomfortable.

Tris spent some time taking in this new person. The soft terrycloth folds set off the adolescent angularity perfectly, displaying the boy's best features. His legs were fuller—stronger—than they had appeared encased in the old jeans. And despite his embarrassment, he seemed to be carrying himself with more pride, and with more than a touch of elegance.

Jed watched Tris back with grey eyes which the shower seemed to have made clearer. "You this nice to all kids?"

"No. All kids don't thumb. Or shoot 18 foot jumpers as well as you do." More important, all kids are not nearly as pleasant to be with as you are."

"Shit. Any kid in town would be nice to you. You're the only thing in this town worth having. Except the team. But you make the team."

"See what I mean. You just keep on complimenting me."

Jed had no answer, so he said nothing. Their smiles met in the center of the room and vanished into each other.

"Want a Coke?" Tris asked.

"Sure."

He got two from the hall, returned to the sofa, handed the cold bottle over and leaned against the wall. He cupped the back of the boy's neck firmly and said, "Thanks for being here. It's made today a lot better for me."

"You're really strange. I ought to be thanking you. I didn't do nothing."

"It's not what you do that makes me happy, Jed. It's who you are. And you are exactly the person I needed to make this day worth something." Tris leaned over and brushed the damp hair with his face, then walked back to his chair.

It was a mistake. Tris knew it as soon as he sat down. He was further away from the boy than he wanted to be. The closeness had been shattered and Jed had no conversation to fill the gap between them. Tris tried to recreate the feeling with words.

"Being a heavy, as you call it, Jed, is worthless. It's just another good way of being lonely—a very good way. People



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stop thinking about who you are. You're just someone important to be seen with. They don't give a damn what you're really like or what you think about. Pretty soon you even stop worrying about what you're really like yourself."

"We'll probably win the game tonight, Jed. And when we do there will be a hundred people trying to jam in here to tell me how great I am. But what they will really be trying to do is get their picture taken with me by the news photographers. Not a damn one of them will care how I'm feeling. They'll all assume in their simpleminded way that I'm just like them and happy as hell to have won a basketball game. I'd lock the whole damn bunch out for the chance of spending an hour with you."

Tris had watched the boy becoming confused during his little speech. He knew he ought to stop, but couldn't. It was too gut true not to be said. But he knew that in the real world success, like other "good" things, was only worthless to those who had a chance to try it out. Now, he knew, he had just stuffed the boy further back into wordlessness. But he was wrong.

"I care, Coach. I really do. You care about me—and I care about you."

"Thanks," Tris blurted out. "Then you can do two things for me. My name is Tris. I'm not your coach. Please call me Tris. That's one thing. The other is that you can go two doors down the hall on the left and put your clothes in the dryer. Set it on fifty minutes. That'll be enough". The speech left him empty, so he walked to the window.

When Jed returned Tris noticed that he was limping slightly.

"What's the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing much."

"It's enough to make you limp. What happened?"

"Oh, I got a cramp while I was in the shower. My calf's a little sore."

"Not enough salt. You were sweating a lot. I'll get you a salt tab and another Coke." Tris brought them to the sofa, then knelt in front of the boy. "Let's see." He ran his fingers over the extended calf feeling for the knot. It was there, but small. No real trouble. He began to massage.

Jed leaned back and stretched his leg. "That feels good." Thanks. I always seem to be saying thanks."

Tris continued to stroke the gradually loosening muscle. He looked up as he worked—along the smooth thigh, quickly past the auburn patch showing through the slightly opened robe, up the rib-ridged chest to the grey eyes. Jed looked back with almost no embarrassment. The massage finished, Tris stood, then sat beside the boy. He dropped an arm casually along the sofa back, curled lightly around the surprisingly strong-feeling

shoulder. The two leaned together in a quick hug which Jed prolonged by dropping his head into the pillow of Tris' upper arm.

"Thank you for being here, Jed," Tris whispered into the boy's hair.

They sat together for a long time, enjoying the warmth, not moving except imperceptibly closer. Tris lifted Jed's hand and traced the long fingers with his own reflectively, squeezed once, and then stood up. "We'd better check your clothes. They're probably dry."

As Jed stood Tris could resist no longer, and wrapped the boy in his arms. The response was an immediate, strong, and unexpected embrace in return. The surprise jolted a murmured, "I love you" out of Tris, followed almost immediately by a snapped "Clothes!" as he pulled away. Jed moved off to do his bidding, and Tris walked once more to the window.

When Jed returned Tris struggled to acknowledge his presence by turning back to the room—but couldn't. It didn't matter, though, as the boy joined him at the window. "Nobody ever treated me the way you do," Jed said to an unresponsive back. "And nobody ever said he loved me."

"It's not important," Tris said to the campus. "I just meant that I liked having you around. Forget it. I'll stop pushing."

"I didn't mean stop," Jed said, his voice beginning to break. "I just don't see why you did it. I'm not anybody special."

The words helped, but it was really the hand lightly touching his arm that finally gave Tris the strength to turn. Having trusted, there was no reason not to envelop the boy in his arms again. They stood for a moment, then walked to the couch together. There was no hesitation as Tris tugged the boy into a sitting embrace and began soothing Jed's almost tearful tightness to a responsive quietness. They sat together for a long time without moving. The tension of closeness grew and they struggled to find a more comfortable position without sacrificing the security of contact. Their struggle became more acute, and then dissolved.

Tris leaned to kiss the closed eyes, then to brush the thin lips with his own. "Maybe I just need you, but I think maybe I really do love you," he said in a rush.

The answering "me too" was much more measured.

They celebrated the conversation by remaining still for a time longer.

"Still frightened?" Tris asked.

"Not so much."

"Time to get your clothes on again," Tris said lightly.

*continued on page 32*



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# HERE&THERE

**Princeton, NY**—The American Library Association is preparing a "mediagraphic essay" on the gay experience and is looking for some gay input in the selection of books and audio-visual materials on homosexuality. The media list being assembled by the Media Selection and Usage Committee will be tailored for public and school librarians who work with junior and senior high school students. The ALA encourages anyone with recommendations to contact the committee's chair, Donald Reynolds, 44 Lower Harrison Street, Princeton, NY 08540.

*News Release*

**Chicago, IL**—The Gay Rights National lobby is postponing the deadline for establishment of its board of directors until Sept. 1. The deadline set at the Chicago conference that founded the GRNL was July 1, but the interim board of directors decided this early deadline did not allow enough time for full participation by the gay community. Nominations for the board, which must be made by GRNL members, close July 1. Membership in the organization, which will establish a gay lobbying office in Washington, D.C., is \$15 per year. Their address is: Suite 210, 110 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

*News Release*

**New York, NY**—The State Senate in an apparent effort to clean up male prostitution in New York, has passed an anti-loitering bill that is drawing fire from both gay and civil liberty groups.

The bill grants police wide discretionary powers, allowing officers to arrest anyone hailing a vehicle if that person is a "known prostitute."

David Thorstad, president of the New York City Gay Activist Alliance, says, "It's part of a whole campaign to clean up the city before the convention."

*The Advocate*

**New York, NY**—Jean O'Leary, who has served in several posts for the National Gay Task Force, has been named Co-Executive Director. She now shares the gay-rights organization's top spot with Dr. Bruce Voeller, who has been Executive Director since NGTF was organized in October, 1973.

Her appointment was made by the newly-expanded NGTF Board of Directors at its first meeting. For the first time, the NGTF Board contains representatives from all parts of the United States. And, also for the first time, some non-gay individuals were elected.

*News Release*

**San Francisco, CA**—Faith Healer Ruth Carter Stapleton, Jimmy Carter's sister, while appearing on a California television program told listeners that she has "cured numerous ailments, including homosexuality."

*The San Francisco Sentinel*

**San Francisco, CA**—A panel of San Francisco Human Rights Commission has found Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company guilty of discriminatory employment practices against gay people. This upheld an earlier decision by the Commission's executive director.

PT&T claims that they have in fact changed their policy and feel that they conform to the city ordinance on gay rights. The ordinance bans anti-gay discrimination and forces cancellation of any outstanding city contracts with companies which are found guilty of such discrimination.

*Gay Community News*

**Los Angeles, CA**—Orange County authorities are trying to seize custody of the five-year old daughter of a lesbian, claiming the mother sexually molested her.

The complex case involving openly gay Cynthia Forcier and her daughter just went to trial.

*The Advocate*

**New York, NY**—The National Coalition of Gay Activists, an organization with members throughout the United States, has disclosed plans for protests against the Democratic National Convention in New York City the week of July 12th.

The demonstrations are in response to the Democrats' failure to advance the rights and liberties of tens of millions of Lesbians and gay men in this country. Actions will include picketing the hotels of Democratic delegates, a candlelight march, and a Celebration of Gay Love.

The Coalition has opened a storefront headquarters near Madison Square Garden in order to coordinate the gay protests. It is located at 304 W 39th Street (at 8th Ave) and will be in operation through July 20th.

*News Release*

**Philadelphia, PA**—Governor Milton J. Shapp of Pennsylvania proclaimed the week of June 12-19 as Gay Pride Week in his state. Thus Pennsylvania becomes the first state to celebrate the events growing out of the 1969 New York Stonewall rebellion.

*News Release*

**Chicago, IL**—The Illinois Department of Insurance has ruled that Illinois insurance companies may no longer discriminate against gays and single women. The new ruling went into effect July 1.

*Chicago Gay Life*

**New York, NY**—The Staten Island Ferry has come out of the closet. It's now OK to hold hands with someone of the same sex on this fabled vessel. The Marine & Aviation Dept. has issued a memorandum banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. Last year a Gay Activists Alliance member had been threatened with arrest for embracing a friend while aboard the ferry.

*The San Francisco Sentinel*





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# HERE&THERE

**New Orleans, LA**—Members of the gay community of New Orleans have formed a committee to organize a Gay Service Center for the metropolitan area. The purpose of the Center is to provide service to the gay community of New Orleans, initially by providing a space for events to be planned and happen in, and by providing the concerned people to work to make things happen for the gay community.

Meetings are held on Tuesday nights at 2006 Burgunday at 7:30 p.m. and are open to the public. Anyone who feels s/he can contribute their time or talent is encouraged to call 947-GAYS or write: Gay Service Center, PO Box 51315, New Orleans, LA 70151

*Closet Door*

**Chicago, IL**—Donald Bain's new book, **The Control of Candy Jones**, Claims there's more to Gerald Ford's past than football. Says Bain, "With a matching investment of \$500 from a young male model who was also his roommate, Gerald Ford, currently the President of the United States, (Harry) Conover, had formed the nation's most prestigious modeling agency." Four chapters latter we learn that, "Harry Conover was bisexual."

*The Advocate*

**Rome, Italy**—The papal crown on a statue of Pope Alexander VII atop St. Peter's Cathedral in the Vatican has been struck by lightning. A lightning rod mounted on the cupola of the cathedral completely shattered the crown, sending splinters flying as far as 600 feet.

In January, Paul IV, issued a statement reaffirming the sinfulness of homosexuality. The pontiff spent part of March denying that he himself had a male lover while he was Archbishop of Milan.

Can this be a confusing sign from on high?

*Body Politic*

**Milwaukee, WI**—Tab Hunter, who will perform in the Melody Top Theater's **Bells Are Ringing** in mid-July, discussed living with his friend and secretary John Donaldson and his relationship with Joan Harvey in an interview with Sally Quinn.

About Joan Harvey he says, "I'll see her when I go back to California." But he also thinks her friends and his will never get along. She is in her mid-50's (Hunter is 45), conscious of her age, says Hunter, "and she runs around with a group of people who are unhealthy for her head. I finally just said to her, I probably shouldn't tell you this, but, oh heck, I said to her, 'Joan, you concern yourself with your faggots and I'll concern myself with mine.' "

*Milwaukee Journal*

**Cleveland, TN**—Rick Russell, President of United Gay Alliance, has urged the defeat of Congressperson Marilyn Lloyd (D) of Tennessee's Third District. In a letter to Russell, Lloyd made it clear that she will not support gay legislation in Congress saying that she does not "condone homosexuality because I am a Christian and the Bible specifically condemns this."

*The Barb*

**Washington, DC**—The first hint of homosexual involvement in the growing Washington sex scandal has been brought out by Colleen Gardner.

According to Ms. Gardner, who quit her congressional staff job and has since revealed an involvement with Rep. John Young of Texas, gay men on congressional staffs have been compelled to have sex with congressmen.

"The men are affected by this system, as much as the women are," Gardner says. "Some men are oppressed sexually and other men are oppressed in different ways. They are often treated as servants."

*The Milwaukee Journal*

**Appleton, WI**—A controversial resolution removing the stigma of "sinfulness" from forms of sexual activity including homosexuality was approved 310 to 49 by delegates to the Wisconsin Conference of the United Church of Christ.

*Milwaukee Journal*

**Houston, TX**—Undercover police arrested three men on charges of aggravated promotion of prostitution. The three, aged 18, 20, and 21 were allegedly part of the **Houston Boys** service catering to affluent gay and bi-sexual customers. Officer Martin Erhagen was quoted as saying, "I've never seen anything like it and I've been chasing pimps and whores for years."

*Gay News*

**Tallahassee, FA**—G. Harrold Carswell, rejected for a seat on the Supreme Court in 1970 because of a segregationist speech in made 20 years earlier, was arrested on charges of striking an officer, police disclosed recently.

Carsell, 56, was arrested in an incident involving several member's of the vice squad who were watching the men's room of a shopping mall. Police refused to say what brought about Carswell's alleged attack on a plain clothes officer.

Carswell was not jailed and was later admitted to Tallahassee Memorial Hospital with a nervous condition.

*The Milwaukee Journal*

**Montreal, Canada**—Due to extensive police harassment resulting in nearly 150 arrests, gay baths in Montreal will be closed for the Olympics. The decision to close the baths until after the August Olympics was made by gay bar and bath owners following a series of police raids beginning in late January.

Police have stated their intention of harassing "undesirable elements" until all gay bars and baths close.

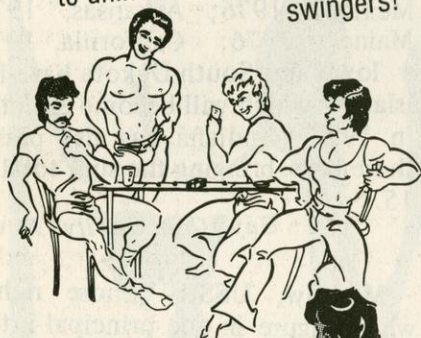
*The Advocate*



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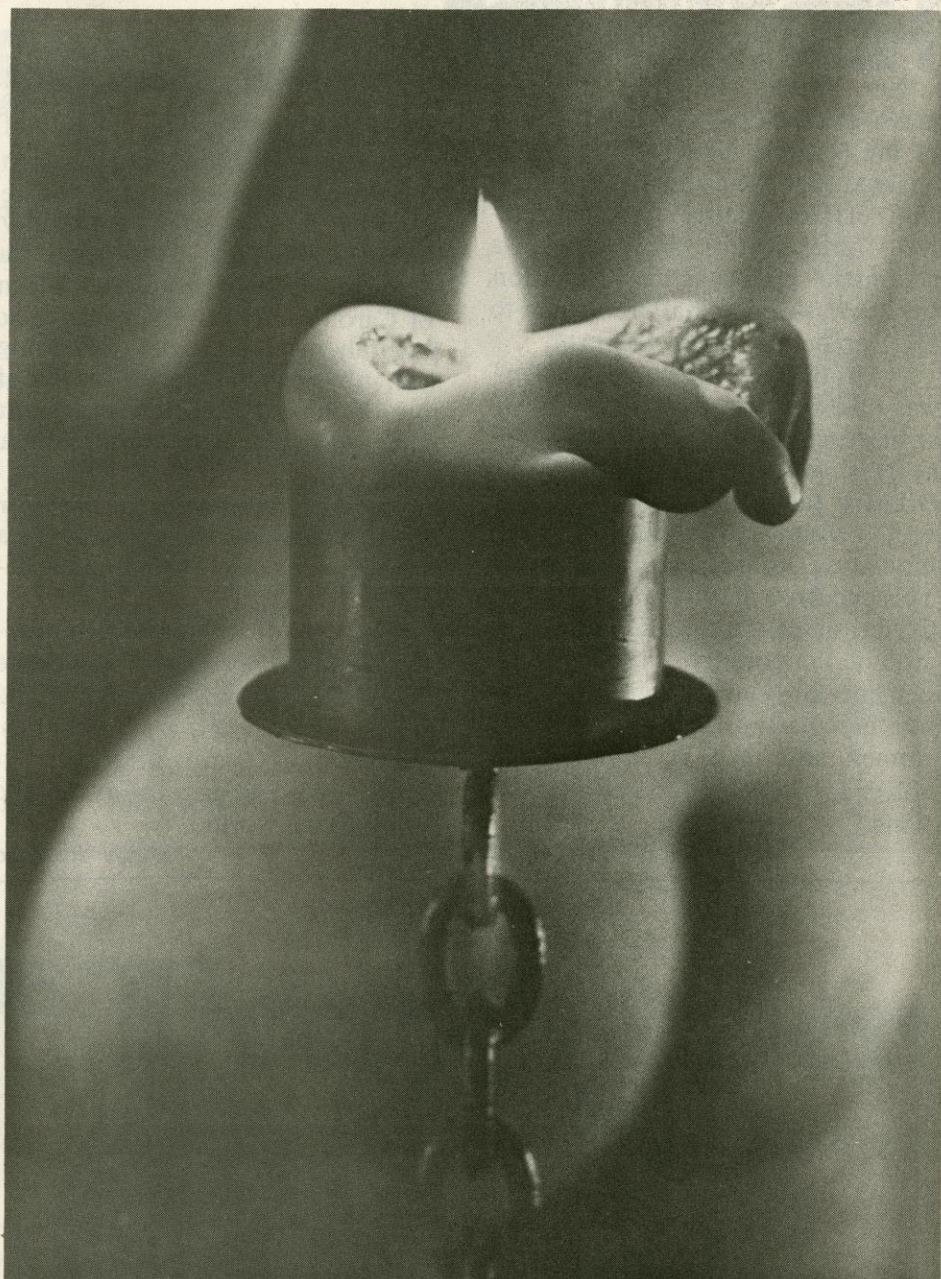
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# HERE&THERE

**New York, NY**—Jean O'Leary, newly elected Co-Executive Director of the National Gay Task Force has charged that the campaign organization of Gov. Jimmy Carter effectively blocked the effort to add a statement apposing discrimination on the basis of sexual preference to the Democratic Party platform.

"Although the gay-rights matter was raised as many as a dozen times at meetings of the platform subcommittees over the past few days," O'Leary said, "the Carter organization used parliamentary manipulation to silence all discussion. This occurred despite statements by Carter, made during campaign stops around the country, that he would sign into law Federal legislation prohibiting discrimination against gay women and men in employment, housing, and public accommodations."

*News Release*

**Portland, MA**—A self-avowed 35 year old lesbian has won custody of her two children in a court decision considered a precedent for future cases by the state's gay community. A Maine Superior Court said the home life at the North Berwick farm of Carol Whitehead "appears to adequately meet the social, psychological, physical and moral needs of these children." Lesbianism is not a crime under the state's new criminal code.

Ms. Whitehead said the decision "gives you faith in the system. It's a marvelous kind of Bicentennial present."

"I'm tired of seeing people grouped together," she said. "We don't judge heterosexuals by rapists and not all homosexuals are psychotics. There are as many differences in personalities among us as in the heterosexual world."

*News Release*

**Boston, MA**—An up-date of those states having consenting adult laws was provided for a person new to the gay environment by the **Tell Me, Joey** column in GCN. For newer readers here's the list:

Illinois, 1961; Connecticut, 1971; Oregon, 1971; Colorado, 1972; Hawaii, 1973; Delaware, 1973; Ohio, 1974; North Dakota, 1975; New Mexico, 1976; Arkansas, 1976; Maine, 1976; California, 1976;

Iowa and South Dakota have legislation which will become effective in 1977. Indiana has also passed these laws, bringing the sum total to 15.

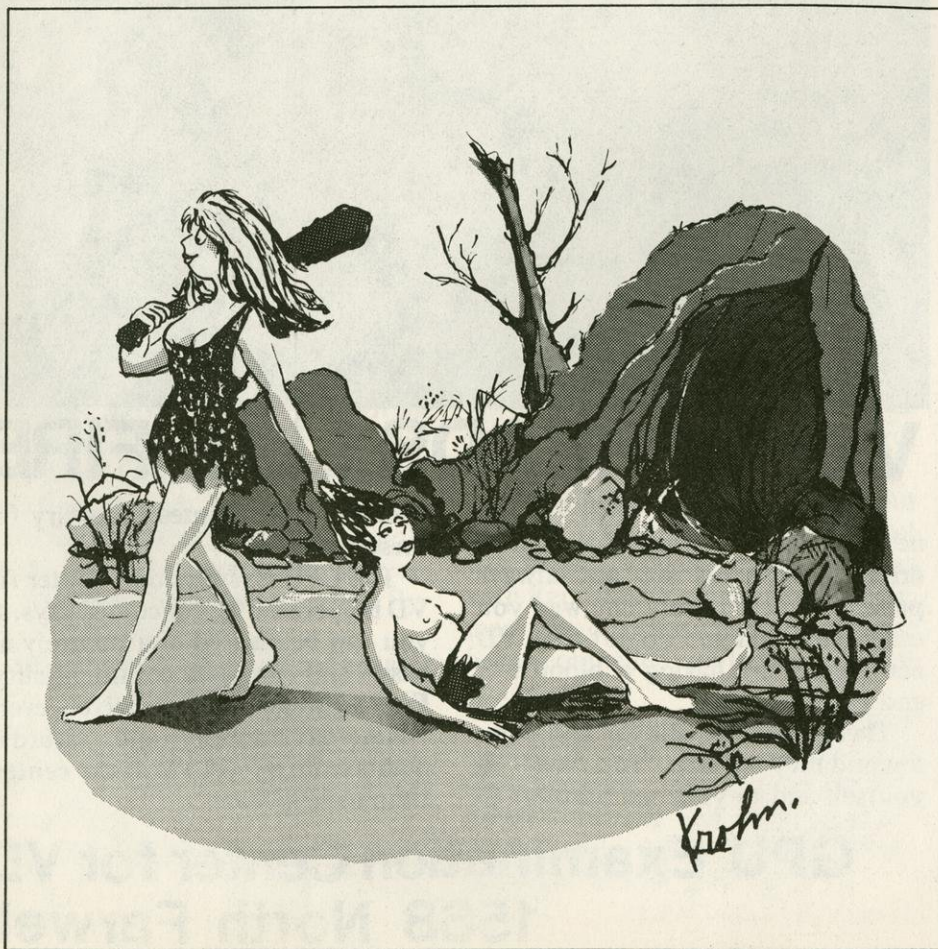
*Gay Community News*

**Moscow, USSR**—"Those rights which figure in the principal international documents of our own day are also a reflection of the rights enjoyed by all citizens of the USSR."

So spoke Mr. Alexander Soukhariev, first Soviet Vice-Minister of Justice, in an interview published in June in the Moscow weekly **Nevoe Vremia**. Mr. Soukhariev was concerned with film on prison camps at Riga—a film widely circulated in Europe, and which gave rise to a request for explanation made by the Communist Party of France. Soukhariev explained in the interview that "certain honest persons in the West had been taken in by deliberately falsified information concerning political prisoners in the USSR." With respect to the recent condemnations of dissidents, he added that their punishment "was motivated not by dissidence, but rather by concrete acts against the State, such as collaboration with foreign subversive organizations."

The Soviet Minister mentioned also a list of persons "considered in the west as defenders of human rights or as martyrs to the law," and explained that these are in fact condemned for different criminal actions, among which he cited "homosexual activities" as an example.

*Arcadie*







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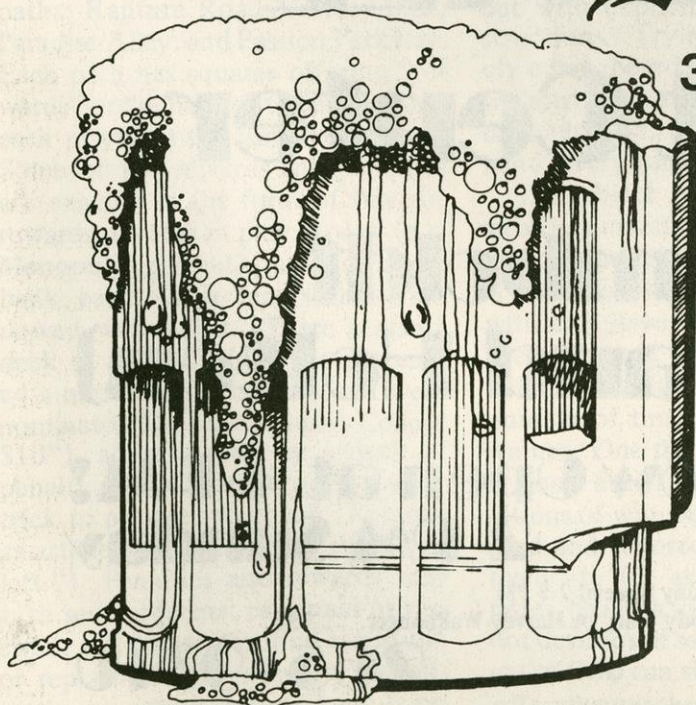
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# NEXT TIME - MAYBE

(from page 25)

"Back in a minute."

The minute turned into four or five—enough time for Tris to find the security of his chair, light a cigarette, and wonder what form the judgement would take this time. He never doubted that it would come.

Jed pushed through the bathroom door, back into focus for Tris, announcing, "I ought to go home and get something to eat."

"You ready to leave?"

"Not really, but I'm hungry. You gonna eat any lunch?"

"Sure. Let's go."

"Can't. Don't have any money. But I could. . ."

"I can probably afford to pay for both lunches."

"That's okay, I can just go home. There's stuff to eat there."

"Tris looked at the boy cautiously, then said, "Jed, what's wrong."

The reply was quick, edged with bravado. "I'm not taking any money from you. You've done enough for me already."

Tris heard what he had listened for, and accepted it in silence. Jed tried to erase the silence by saying, "I can make it back in an hour or two if my Mom doesn't have anything for me to do and she probably won't."

"No reason to make a special effort. I have some things to do anyway."

"O.K. I don't want to be in the way if you're going to work or something. Maybe I could come back some other time?"

"Yea. Maybe I'll see you at the game or something."

"Tris, you mad at me?"

"No. At myself."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"What's wrong is being thirty-four years old and not acting it. Sorry for lousing up your day."

"Hey. . . I don't. . ."

"You don't have to explain anything, Jed. Just go ahead and leave. Take care of yourself. Maybe we'll see each other around." His tone was too final to leave Jed much room for response.

Parka retrieved, Jed stopped for a moment at the door, his grey eyes wary. "Hey Tris. Whatever you say. You're the heavy. But you ought to know that nobody loused up my day." The door closed on the last syllables.

Tris stood, hesitated, then shook his head and turned back to the window. Jed appeared on the walk below striding away. Something about the boy's cocky walk didn't fit. The misfit was a starting place for Tris' reflection.

"Nobody loused up my day." "I'm not taking any money from you." "Me too." "I care." "Oh, Tris, damn it. It's not a big thing." An image of the first row seats directly behind the team's bench floated through Tris' mind, then dissolved as he turned away from the window. The balloon was back but smaller. He felt almost good.

"Shit," he thought, "It's only twelve-thirty. I can make Snow Hill in forty-five minutes." The almost good feeling stayed with him as he packed his gear in a dufflebag and started out. But he realized just as he reached the bridge that he was exhausted.

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# REVIEW

**Gay Strip-Down.** A board game by Fun-Mates, Available for \$10.95, plus postage from Fun-Mates, P.O. Box 6466, San Francisco, Ca 94101 (See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.)

The introduction of **Gay Strip-Down** by **Fun Mates** follows by several months the introduction of a similarly motivated board game for gays, entitled **Camp** in the United Kingdom. **Camp** has been quite successful in England. Both games arise out of a specific need; since, while the nongay community has a wide selection of games many of which contain heterosexual undercurrents, no such gay-oriented games have been available to date. In this review I shall attempt to evaluate the game within its genre, which is to say that I shall assume that the reader is interested in board games generally and does not take objection to sexual themes.

In the great tradition established by **Monopoly** and its many imitators **Gay Strip-Down** (hereafter **GSD**) presents an outer and primary path of travel, and four inner (secondary) paths: Rapture Road, Ecstasy Exit, Paradise Alley, and Passion Parkway. Each path has squares offering "rewards" or "penalties" to be taken by each player as the game progresses. Some of the rewards and penalties are exacted in the form of fines or rewards payable in play money (a la **Monopoly**), payable out of or into a bank; each player being initially endowed with \$500. There is also a deck of reward cards ("You attended a nude beauty contest and were nominated 'Mr. Funny Buns'. Collect \$10"), accompanied by a deck of penalty cards ("You introduced your trick to a nude rap group. Remove an article of clothing from player on left.") Penalties and rewards may take several forms: cash paid or received, articles of clothing taken off or replaced, turns missed ("Go directly to police station," etc.), or cards for penalty or reward drawn

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from the stacks provided.

An additional component of the game worth mentioning is the incorporation of zodiacal signs into the plays. When a player's marker lands on a square containing his own zodiacal sign, he receives for instance a bonus of \$500; and the signs figure in a few other rules. If the reader has followed up to this point, and now feels the game to be hopelessly complicated, I should note that one read-through of the instructions will suffice, since the board is well laid out with explicit easy-to-follow instructions. Trying to learn **Monopoly** or any board game from a review without a board would be similarly difficult; but, once the board is at hand, everything falls into pattern.

The object of **GSD** is to amass wealth (simulated money only) or to become totally nude first. A winner is awarded five minutes privately with the player of his choice. **GSD** is endless and can continue indefinitely, since there is no limit to the number of times a person may be a winner. One thing which is strikingly good about the game is that conditions of win and loss may be modified and tailored by players collectively—to fit, as it were, collective tastes, hangups, or proclivities. Those not desirous of sex as a real component of **GSD** can simply alter the pay-offs, whereas those seeking more sex and less of everything else can alter

them conversely. The creators of **GSD** have encouraged this through the availability of a package of unmarked penalty and reward cards, on which the players may inscribe their own penalties and rewards.

A few minor points worth noting. **Price.** If eleven dollars seems a lot for a pile of cardboard, check the cost of **Monopoly** at your local department stores. **GSD** is competitive in this respect. **Luck.** On the debit side of **GSD** is the fact that it is wholly a game of chance so far as I could determine: no skill is involved. This does distinguish the game from **Monopoly**, and those of us who prefer poker to the latter may be more rebuffed. **Flexibility.** A point mentioned above, and certainly to the credit of **GSD**. **Fun.** Having taken a trial run through the game with some friends (good friends, it must be added), I can attest to the fact that the game is a pleasant diversion with moments of hilarity and campiness.

One feels constrained to add a short philosophical note also. Is the game liberationist? Beyond remarking that the habit of injecting liberationism into everything one does is a rather dreary practice, I can only say that I don't know what the question means. One of the great and enduring aspects of gay culture ("camp" if you prefer) is the ability of gays to laugh at themselves. Opposed to this are heterosexual war games (real or simulated).





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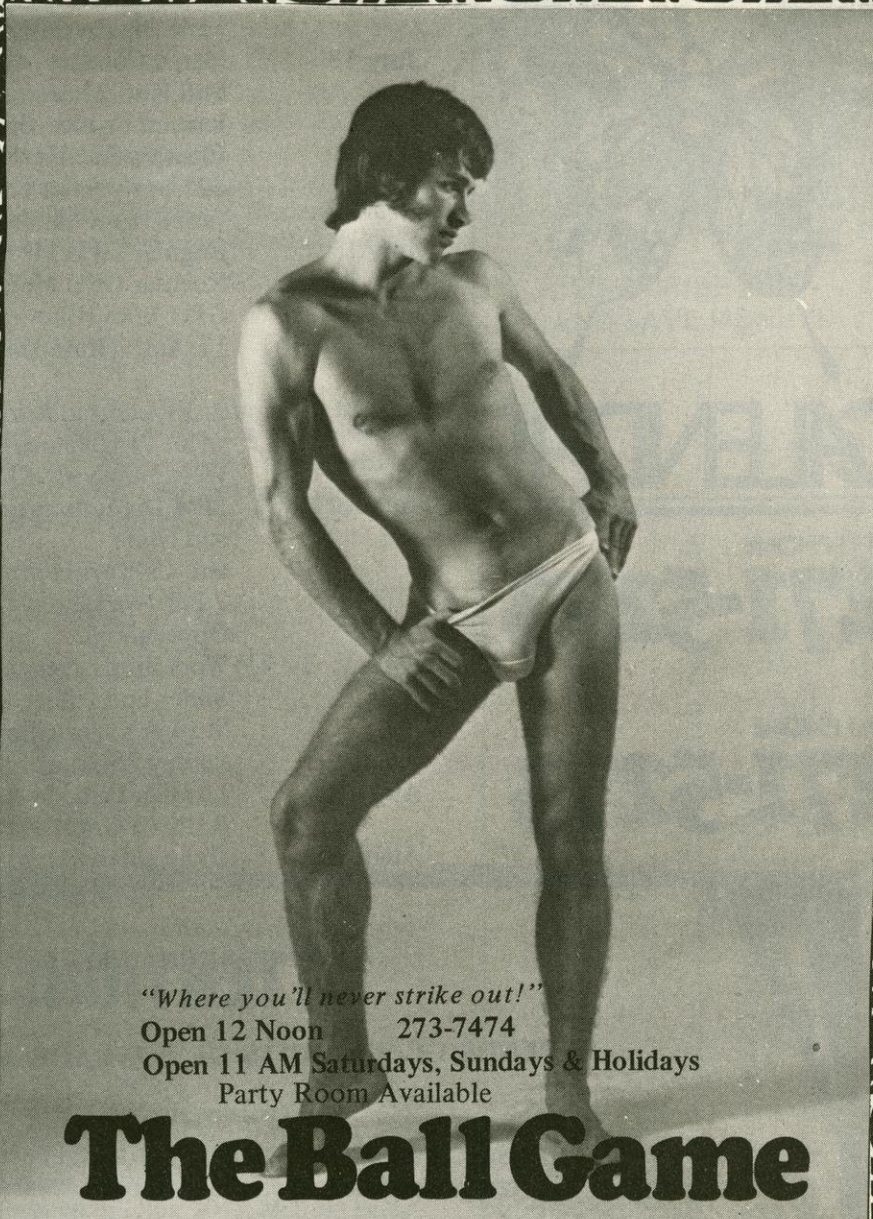
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# CALENDAR

GPU PHONE

## 271-5273

GPU PHONE

## 271-5273

July 5

No GPU Meeting

July 12

Election of officers at regular GPU Meeting, Farwell Center 1568 N. Farwell, Milwaukee, 8 PM.

July 13

Man's Country, Chicago will sponsor a chartered bus trip to Mill Run Theater. Dinner at the Millionaire's Club with unlimited drinks, then on to the Mill Run where Wayland Flowers and Paul Lynde will provide an evening of comedy. \$25 per person covers entire event. Tickets available in advance from Man's Country, 5015 N. Clark, Chicago.

July 19

Regular GPU Meeting—Farwell Center, 8 PM

July 26

Regular GPU Meeting—Farwell Center, 8 PM

July 31

GPU Bike Hike—20 miles round trip—Meet at Farwell Center 11 AM. (Rain Date—August 1 same time.)

August 1 through 8—Lesbian Pride Week in Chicago—For more information write to Lesbians For Equal Rights, c/o D. Harmon, 842 West Newport, Chicago, 60657.

August 1

2PM Demonstration at Women's House of Corrections at 26th and State

and California in support of women prisoners.

7 PM Workshop—The U.S. Bicentennial: 200 Years of Lesbian Oppression.

August 2-5

Workshops every night: Health and Self-Defense, Lesbian Slides and Films, Musician's and writer's night, Lesbian Mother's workshop.

August 6

Poetry Night at Lesbian Feminist Center at 3523 N. Halsted

August 7

Lesbian Pride March and Rally. Assemble at State & Wacker Rally in Grant Park.

August 8

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### Amazon

A feminist journal published monthly. 25¢ each. \$3 per year. c/o Women's Coalition, 2211 E. Kenwood Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53211.

### Dignity—Milwaukee

Catholic Mass with discussion group following—Every Sunday at 7:30 PM., Newman Center, 2528 E. Linnwood.

### 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 271-5273 and ask for group 94.

### Gay Peoples Union, Inc.

Meetings every Monday at 7:30 PM at the Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, Business meetings the first Monday of each month. Call 271-5273 or write P.O. Box 92203 Milwaukee, Wi 53202.

### GPU Examination Center for VD

Free V.D. screening. Open Wed. Fri. & Sat. 8 to 11 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.

### 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.

### Silver Star Motorcycle Club

Business meetings every 2nd Sunday of the month. Affiliated with W.B.C. Write PO Box 1176 Milwaukee, Wi 53201  
Club night every 2nd Friday at The Wreck Room.

### UWM Gay Community

Meetings Wednesdays at 7:30 PM in Union E260, Write c/o Student Union, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milw. 53211.

## WISCONSIN

### Fox Valley Gay Alliance

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

### Lesbian Switchboard

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

### Madison Gay Center

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

### Renaissance of Madison Inc.

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

## CHICAGO

### Beckman House

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

### Daughters of Bilitis

Lesbian group. Box 2043, Melrose Park, Ill 60164

### Dignity/Chicago

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

### Gay News and Events Line

Daily recorded news message. 427-1234  
343 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill Rm 1719.

### Gay VD Clinic

Diagnosis and treatment  
Every Wednesday evening 7PM at  
1250 W. Belden

### Mattachine Midwest

Box 924, Chicago, Il 60690 337-2424

### One of Chicago, Inc.

Box 537, Chicago, Il 60690. Meets 2nd Tuesday 8PM, 4221 W. Irving.

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**For money or love: Boy Prostitution in America.** Introduction by Senator Bayh. \$8.95 + .75 post & handling from Athena Books Limited, Box 26, Carlstadt, NJ, 07073.

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**DIGNITY, a national organization of gay Catholics,** organized to unite all Catholic gay people to develop leadership and to be an instrument through which the Catholic gay person may be heard by the Church and Society. Dignity has four areas of concern: spiritual formation, education, social involvement, and social events. Interested? Contact Dignity/Milwaukee, P.O. Box 597, Milwaukee, 53201.

**Nocturnal Emissions—songs for NY melodies,** poetry by Norman Richards. Has the essence of NYC oozing out of it from start to finish. Now available in a limited-edition (signed) at Milwaukee poetry outlets.

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**Back issues of GPU NEWS available from** October 1971. 50¢ per copy. P.O. Box 92203, Milwaukee, WI. 53202.

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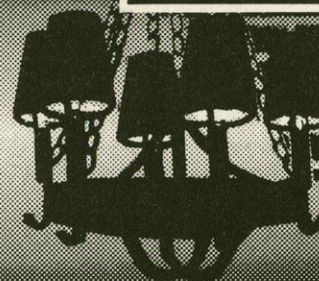
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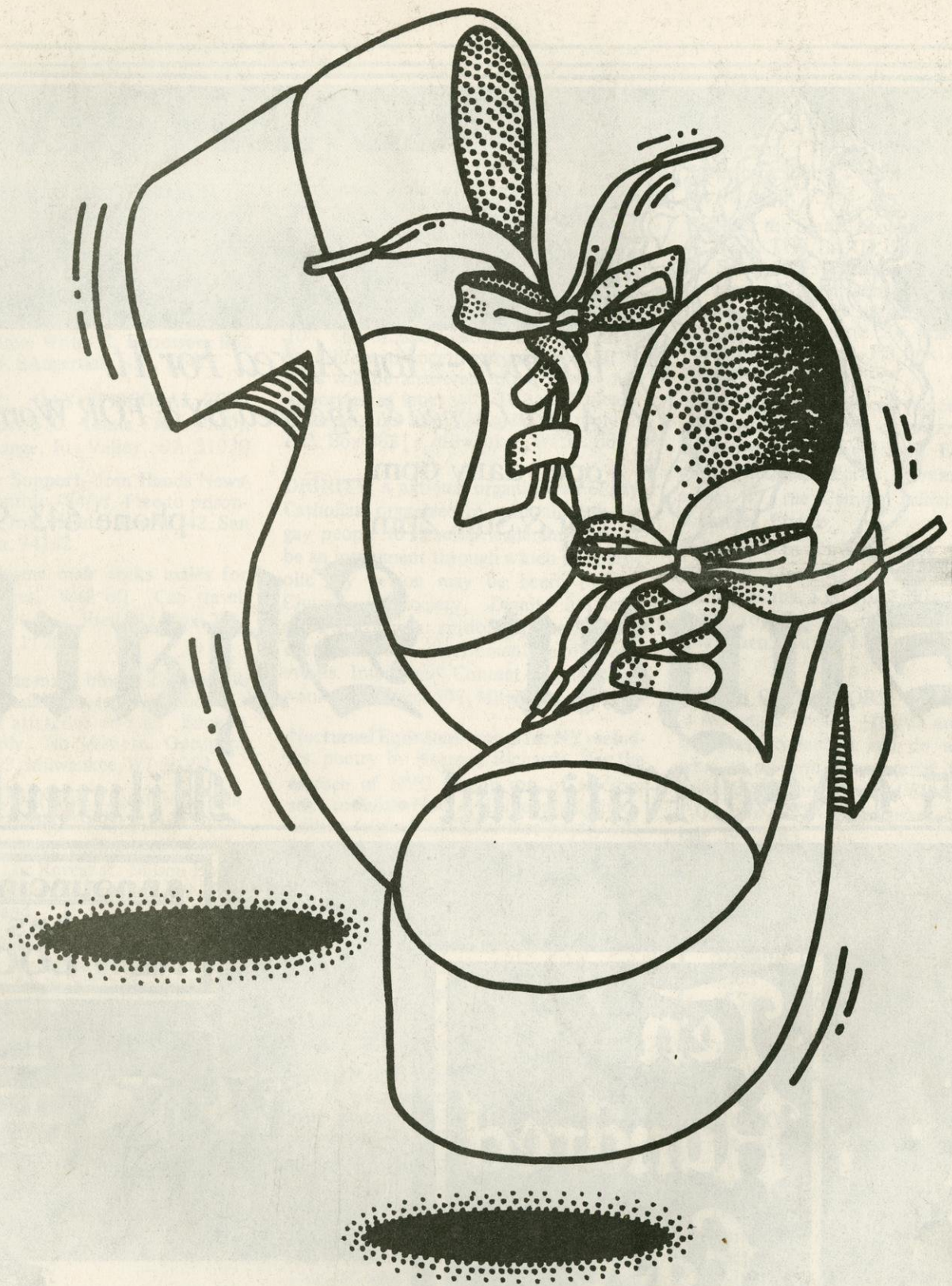


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