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# Ä GPU NEWS

April 1976

Vol. 5, No. 7

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The Household God  
fiction by Richard Hall —page 22



# HIGH COURT UPHOLDS SODOMY LAW

Washington D. C.—The Supreme court ruled on March 30, that a state may constitutionally prohibit private homosexual acts between consenting adults.

The court by a 6 to 3 vote upheld a decision by a special three judge federal panel in Richmond Va., rejecting a challenge to Virginia's sodomy laws.

(Wisconsin statutes on sexual performance provide for fines and/or imprisonment for persons committing abnormal acts for sexual gratification.)

Thirty-six states and the District of Columbia make homosexuality a crime in all circumstances.

The justices affirmed the panel's decision without hearing arguments or issuing an opinion explaining their reasoning. The three dissenters—Justices William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and John Paul Stevens—voted to hold a hearing before acting.

At the same time, the justices declined to review the conviction of a Jacksonville (N. C.) man on a charge of engaging in oral sex in his home with a willing male partner.

In both cases, American Civil Liberties Union Lawyers argued that the state laws were an unconstitutional invasion of privacy and discriminated against homosexuals.

The Virginia law was challenged

by anonymous homosexuals who sought an injunction against it. The law prescribes a sentence of up to five years or a fine of up to \$1,000, with either a male or female partner.

The Jacksonville case involved a proprietor of a massage parlor, Eugene Enslin. He was convicted under a law making it a felony to commit "the crime against nature." He was sentenced to one year in prison.

Enslin was accused of performing oral sex on Herbert P. Morgan, a member of the Marine Corps, who was not a homosexual but had been instructed by a policeman to entice Enslin into the act. Morgan was 17, which is the age of consent in North Carolina.

The lower court in the Virginia case upheld the law on the grounds that homosexual conduct "is likely to end in a contribution to moral delinquency."

Disappointed, Homosexual rights activists vow they will continue efforts to have state laws prohibiting private homosexual relations between adults declared unconstitutional.

Dr. Bruce Voeller, executive director of the National Gay Task Force in New York, said his group would seek different avenues to bring the question before the highest court again.

As a practical matter, the decision may have little impact in terms of increased arrest of homosexuals. Antisodomy laws are not often enforced against consenting adults who act in private—probably because, as one lawyer in the case, John D. Grad, put it, "the state doesn't find out about it."

However, according to Grad and others, the ruling could have a strong psychological effect on homosexuals.

One of the things that makes the homosexual an outlaw in this society, Grad said, is that his means of sexual gratification is illegal.

## PRIESTS BALK ON SEX VOTE

Milwaukee, Wi.—The Milwaukee Archdiocesan Priest Senate by a vote of 22 to 7 with one abstention, tabled the resolution that would have backed the Vatican declaration on sexual ethics. The action came even though the archbishop had stated in a February chancery office newsletter that the declaration was to be implemented and that "all instruction and pastoral practice throughout the archdiocese is to conform to it."

The declaration reaffirmed traditional church teaching against premarital sex, homosexual acts and masturbation. The document which was signed by the pope, said that "every genital act must be within the framework of marriage."

Father Martin Pable, a psychologist who teaches pastoral psychology at St. Francis School of Pastoral Ministry, the archdiocese's major seminary here, said the resolution had put him in a "bind."

Pable moved that the resolution be tabled stating, "it seemed negative and lacked sensitivity to the complexities of human sexuality and the people who struggle in this area."

Archbishop Cousins, who was not present at the session, said that silence on such matters was interpreted as a negative vote and "that bothers me a heck of a lot."

## MARLON BRANDO TOO!

Paris France—Marlon Brando has publicly announced that in the past he has had homosexual relationships.

Brando, Married now for the second time and the father of three, said in a top French film magazine: "Homosexuality is so much in fashion it no longer makes news".

"Like a large number of men I too have had homosexual experiences and I am not ashamed."

"The film-star, with a 28 year movie career behind him, added: "Deep down I feel a bit ambiguous and I'm not saying that to spite the seven

out of ten women who consider me, perhaps wrongly, to be a sex symbol.

"According to me, sex is something that lacks precision. Let's say that sex is sexless."

Brando, who is 52, said, "I know that people are saying my latest film, *The Missouri Breaks*, is pervaded with homosexuality.

"I have never paid much attention to what people think about me.

"But if there is someone who is convinced that Jack Nicholson (his co-star) and I are lovers, may they continue to believe so. I find it amusing."

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# GAYS TO SPEAK AT JOB CORPS

Washington, D.C.—At a meeting held here Friday, March 12, the U.S. Job Corps formally invited the National Gay Task Force to participate in two large, three-day meetings on sexuality, which the Job Corps will sponsor this spring. The invited participants, Ms. Jean O'Leary and Dr. Bruce Voller, staff members of NGTF, will be flown by the Job Corps to conferences in New Orleans (April 28-30) and San Diego (May 26-28).

The announcement came following the most recent in a series of meetings between NGTF Executive Director Bruce Voller, NGTF Board member Dr. Franklin Kameny, and Job Corps Director, Mr. John T. Stetson. During earlier meetings Stetson agreed with NGTF criticism of the Job Corps' discriminatory policies and issued orders forbidding discrimination.

Dr. Voller said, "Mr. Stetson and his staff have been splendid to work with. If all people in government were as responsive to legitimate claims for reform and improvement as Mr. Stetson and his agency have been, the government would be held in very high regard by Americans."

"The initiative to have lesbian and gay male input at the sexuality con-



Dr. Franklin Kameny, Mr. John Stetson and Dr. Bruce Voller

*photo by Bill Bland, Man's Image*

ferences came from the Job Corps, not from us. We take this to be a very serious earnest of their commitment to reform and to reedu-

cate the staff of the Job Corps towards full equality in the treatment of heterosexual and homosexual women and men.

## METHODISTS STRUGGLE OVER GAYS IN CHURCH

Milwaukee, WI—At their March meeting members of the Milwaukee District of the Methodist Church listened to speakers argue that the homosexual was not a "sick person."

The topic will come up at the denomination's general conference this month in Portland, Ore.

A United Methodist "Gay Caucus" which would like to see the homosexual not only accepted, but ordained to the ministry announced in a recent statement that it would not press for changes in the Methodist Discipline permitting ordination, but would support the establishment of a study commission on human sexuality for the 1976-80 quadrennium.

The topic threatens to split the 9

million member denomination, the second largest in American Protestantism.

In Wisconsin, a letters to the editor battle on the "gay lib" proposals has filled the columns of *Dimensions*, the publication of the Wisconsin Conference.

Stephen Webster, of Madison, a homosexual, stated, "As near as I can tell the Holy Spirit moves as actively in our group as in any other kind of group. We pray and some of us are evangelically orientated and we experience answers to prayer."

He added that, "It is a false notion that every homosexual relationship is lust without love. We're no more in bondage to that than are

heterosexual Christians."

Harding Van Schaack of Wauwatosa, felt the topic was a waste of time for the church and if homosexuals wanted laws changed he said they should go to the legislature. He added, "I don't see why Methodists have to be dragged through the mud about this. Let's not make the United Methodist Church synonymous with homosexuality."

The Rev. David L. Rogers, of the First United Methodist Church of West Allis, said he finds nothing in The New or Old Testaments that "sees the homosexual relationship as the positive or redemptive way of life."

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United States  
of America

# Congressional Record

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 94<sup>th</sup> CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION

Vol. 122

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1976

No. 46

## PRIVACY AND SEXUALITY: "THE STATE HAS NO BUSINESS IN THE BEDROOMS OF THE NATION"

GPU NEWS reprints this page from the Congressional Record. Mr. Koch's words speak for themselves.

If you wish to support the federal legislation which will prohibit discrimination against gay people, we suggest that you write your Member of Congress today saying that you support HR 166. If you cannot sign your name say why!

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**Mr. KOCH.** Mr. Speaker, yesterday, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled by a vote of 6 to 3 that States may prosecute and imprison consenting adults for participating in homosexual acts. The decision of the Court affirmed without comment the 2 to 1 decision last fall of a Federal district court in Virginia which upheld a State law prohibiting consensual sodomy.

Every person without regard to his or her sexuality, heterosexual or homosexual, should be outraged by this decision. Outraged, first because the Court summarily ruled on this matter, without hearing arguments or issuing an opinion. This was an insensitive handling of an issue affecting the lives of millions. The fact that the Court closed its doors to arguments of law may suggest to some that the Court could not adequately justify its decision by law or reason.

And second, all citizens should be concerned with the failure of the Court to protect the privacy of citizens. In the future, other citizens will be affected by other questions of privacy in matters such as birth control, other sexual practices between husband and wife, or abortion. The failure of the Court to recognize the privacy issue surely undermines the groundwork of privacy protections handed down by the Court since 1885, beginning with Griswold against Connecticut, the decision forbidding a State to interfere in the decision of a couple to employ birth control devices.

Yesterday's decision affects a significant portion of the population. It is estimated that at least 10 percent of the population engages in homosexual acts, and Kinsey in his famous study found that an even larger percentage of the population has had at least one homosexual experience. Does the Court seriously intend to allow all such persons to be considered criminals?

The Court's decision will not convince homosexuals to become heterosexuals. But, it will make it more difficult for those who believe in individual freedom to change State laws to provide equal protection for homosexuals in housing, employment, and public accommodations, as well as to repeal the State sodomy laws. Some 13 States have already repealed sodomy prohibitions, and

while these States will continue to be free of criminal sanctions for acts between consenting adults, the Court's decision will make it much more difficult to obtain repeal of existing criminal statutes in the other 37 States.

Civil libertarians had hoped that—in view of the Supreme Court's right-to-privacy rulings since 1965 striking down restrictions on the sale of contraceptives, allowing citizens to have pornographic literature in their own homes, and protecting a woman's right to an abortion—the Court would in appropriate cases protect consenting adult sexual conduct in private as part of a person's right to privacy.

But now, not only must civil libertarians pursue changes in the criminal laws to overcome this horrendous failure to act by the U.S. Supreme Court, they must redouble their efforts to enact legislation on a Federal and State level to bar discrimination against homosexuals in the areas of employment, housing, public accommodations, and Federal programs. There is legislation now pending in the House, H.R. 166, of which I am a cosponsor, which would do exactly that. That legislation is cosponsored by Ms. ABzug, Mr. BADILLO, Mr. BINGHAM, Mr. BROWN, Mr. JOHN L. BURTON, Mrs. CHISHOLM, Mr. DELLUMS, Mr. FAUNTROY, Mr. FRASER, Mr. HARRINGTON, Ms. HOLTZMAN, Mr. KOCH, Mr. McCLOSKEY, Mr. MINETA, Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. NIX, Mr. RANGEL, Mr. RICHMOND, Mr. ROSENTHAL, Ms. SCHROEDER, Mr. SOLARZ, Mr. STARK, Mr. STUDDS, and Mr. WAXMAN.

Sponsorship of controversial legislation is generally avoided by those running for election. But indeed, Mr. Speaker, that is the time when the public can ascertain which of their legislators have the courage to stand up and be counted in support of the rights of persecuted minorities. No one has ever improved upon the statement of Prime Minister of Canada Pierre Trudeau, who years ago stated:

The state has no business in the bedrooms of the Nation.

Regrettably, the Supreme Court has allowed the Government to intrude into the bedrooms of our Nation, and that decision must be reversed judicially or by legislation.



# EDITORIAL

Two days prior to April Fools Day, six members of the United States Supreme Court confused their black judicial robes with those crimson vestments of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

Pulling their cruel joke on the gays of America two days prior to the traditional spoof day with a decision as archaic as the Vatican's recent declaration on sexual ethics is, unfortunately, no laughing matter.

In defeating a Virginia challenge to the states's "sodomy" statute, has cast an aspersion on 80% of the population. While such "sodomy" laws are commonly associated with homosexuality, we can only imagine the clamor that would occur if some heterosexual were carted off to jail for confusing which hole he was placing his penis (either intentionally or accidentally) while dabbling in a bit of copulation with his wife.

Since they failed to review the conviction of Eugene Enslin from North Carolina it is hoped that they at least instructed the United States Marine Corps to comply with present statutes and drum that Judas, Herbert P. Morgan from their midst and thereby clear up the matter of his homosexuality. Present Naval Establishment regulations clearly brand our young elf queer.

One cannot help but wonder if not more than one eyebrow was raised in bemused wonderment at what these six disciples of St. Paul consider, "is likely to end in a contribution to moral delinquency."

A few questions flashed through our minds. Does Byron White occasionally get bound up in his jock strap as he sashays around in his robes? Does Justice Renquist give us a celestial sneeze as he dusts off his Boy Scout merit badges? Does Chief Justice Burger give us a benign smile as he oils his phallic shotgun to get ready for the hunt as bosom buddy Blackmun nods in approval. Will the Bohemian Club of

San Francisco demand Justice Stuart return his membership card? Do fellow Virginians now breathe a sigh of relief to know Justice Powell never had an accident aboard the saddle?

Oh well, Gore Vidal has put these paeans of virtue in proper perspective for all time.

While it is the history of this august group to move off dead center on the matter of human rights only when it involves matters of race or religion (as the aged and women can attest to only too well) we agree with Bruce Voeller of the National Gay Task Force when he states, "bigotry has temporarily won out over constitutional equality," and concludes that this decision will not stand.

The decision does give us a chance to see the importance of Supreme Court appointments. For if Abe Fortes had not had his own fling with "moral delinquency", and Arthur Goldberg hadn't been shunted off to the United Nations, we would today be dancing in the streets, if if not frolicking in the sack—legally.

Who says males aren't oppressed by epithets—by dirty labels? We're aware that it's oppressive, these days, to call women, Blacks, and gays by such derogatory terms as "chick," "nigger," and "faggot"—or "dyke." But men?

Harper's magazine, in a recent squib entitled "Accusatory Case," has noted that when a man personifies the masculine ideal, other men call him a he-man, a man's man, or possibly a stud. Beyond this we seem to have run out of synonyms. But such is not the case for the opposite; here, men have invented all sorts of synonyms and epithets. All of which perhaps points up the fact that the male role is not voluntary for, but is enforced onto, men, under threat of otherwise being called some of the following terms. The whole practice also implies that

a male either is or isn't a "man," that womanish is bad, and that gay is weak—three notions which seem rather unliberated indeed.

Here, then, is what the male who is not a Man can be called or seen as:

Sissy, prig, queer, milquetoast, milksop, pussy, chicken, chickenshit, goody-goody, namby-pamby, cream puff, powder puff, weak sister, old woman, old wife, lily, softie, twerp, twink, twit, tool, wonk, baby, pantywaist, smockface, sweetheart, pansy, melon, worm, tenderling, tenderfoot, mother's darling, mama's boy, henhussy, Little Lord Fauntleroy, molly, Miss Molly, mollycoddle, percy, wimp, ladyfinger, dandy, fop, sop, sap, fairy, darling, lady, pretty boy, candy-ass, longhair, pointy-head, bleeding-heart, creep, jellyfish, squirrel, marshmallow, fruitcake, loser, real winner.

Anyone for Tennyson?

The National Coalition of Gay Activists encourages the wearing of the Pink Triangle as a reminder of past oppression against Gay people and as a symbol of support for today's gay liberation movement.

The Pink Triangle—which Homosexuals in Hitler's death camps were forced to wear for identification purposes—still lies buried as a virtual historical secret.

Just as the Jews of Europe had to hide or perish, so many homosexuals today must hide to avoid the penalties of "coming out:" loss of job, harassment and abuse, even rejection by family and friends. Millions of gay women and men are subject to severe social, economic, legal and psychological oppression because of their sexual orientation.

During the war no king, no premier, no president, no prominent citizen came forward wearing a pink triangle. Today, let not only homosexuals, but also those who believe the tolerance of good people is what permits bigotry don the symbol.



# Bette Midler & The Hasty Pudding Club

BY JEFFREY LANT

Two days following the Divine Miss M's foray into Cambridge, Massachusetts to receive the Hasty Pudding's "Woman of the Year" award, the officers of the club held a cocktail party to introduce prospective new members to its facilities. The atmosphere was again bluff and hail after the exuberance and hoopla of Tuesday, February 17, but there was an edge to it.

Groups of casually elegant young men, blue blazered and khaki trousered, were passing the word about the diva's visit between social sips of gin and tonic. And though the feeling was perhaps a little tentative at first, by the end of the evening it was generally acknowledged that Miss M was, uh, perhaps not quite a lady. Even the bartender, less inclined to censure the peccadilloes of the general public than the usual run of club factota, thought she was, uh, just a little tawdry and even pathetic.

Poor Miss M! "Woman of the Year" though she was, the triumph scarcely lasted out the day she received her award.

However, this result was not to be predicted on Tuesday.

Though the day itself was overcast and threatening, a crowd of the idle, curious and some of the hardcore committed Midlerites began to gather after 1 pm to await Miss M's appearance at 2. But until one thirty or so the crowd's critical mass was too low to create the kind of expectancy which is a crucial and necessary prelude to any significant event.

Then a loud speaker system began blaring out some of Miss M's tuneful hits, reporters and photographers began to join red carnationed members on the porch of the Club, and

some more of the idle and curious joined the crowd. Things looked a little more promising.

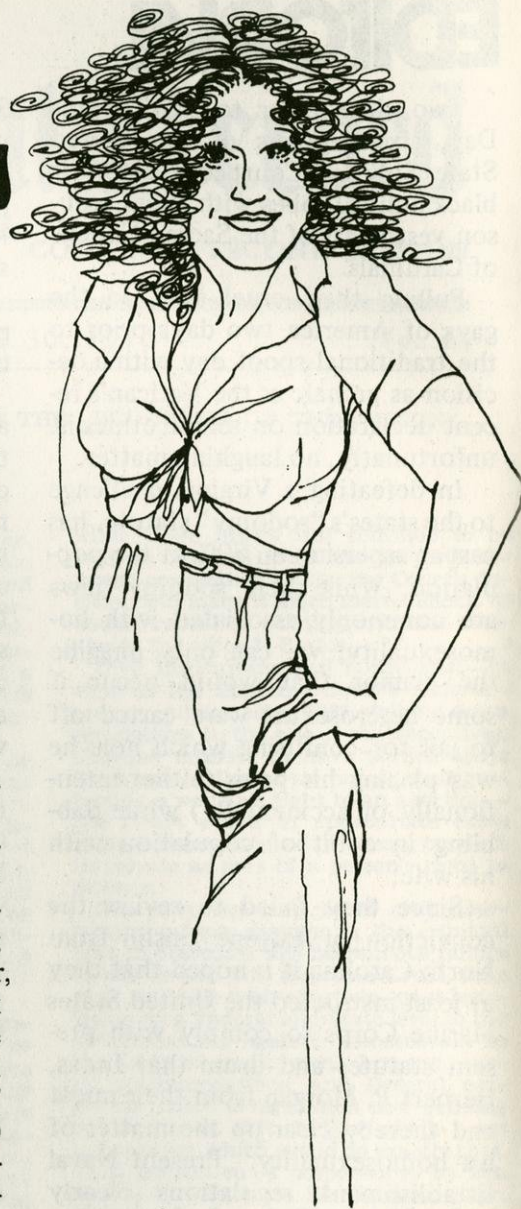
However, when Miss M emerged from the interior of the Club a little after 2 to begin the traditional parade through the streets of Cambridge, the crowd still wasn't very big. Awash in balloons, confetti, and tinsel, attempting to keep her coat over her shoulders as she was quickly maneuvered to the waiting rolls royce, she may well have been too distracted to notice that the cheers were pretty feeble. May have been.

Once in the rolls, however, she became the central feature of a bizarre entourage which included the Harvard Band, national baton-twirling champion of America Lou Frackler, mounted police, and a city fire truck on which the heavily transvestite cast of the Pudding's 128th annual production, "Tots in Tinseltown," (which was to open on February 26) rode bedecked and bedaubed in motley finery in the design and production of which cost (and taste) had been no object.

By the time this curious procession had wound its way through Harvard Square and back to the Pudding, the crowd had grown substantially and so had the expectation and enthusiasm which had previously been lacking.

Miss Midler's return to the entrance of the Pudding was greeted with waves of cheers and a press of bodies against her car. She responded with blown kisses (and a grab at her coat), moues, hearty waves (and more grabs at her coat, and giggles.

As usual, the crowd control measures adopted by the Pudding staff for the occasion were haphazard and



inadequate. This time, however, a young man with a bullhorn had been added, his function being to urge the crowd back jokingly. Most of what he said, though, was lost as the roaring crowd surged ahead. But at least the situation was not as bad as it was the year before when Valerie Harper had come to a truly tumultuous reception which was marked in part by the free samples of yoghurt one well-known company gave out and which were turned by the local delinquents into fruity and viscous bombs.

Pulled and tugged by one or two beefy undergraduates up the stairs of the club, Miss M finally managed to get inside, her coat now off one



shoulder. Cheeks aglow, her milk white skin suffused with healthy color, she paused for a breath in the entry corridor, after which she turned to one of the beefies and asked, "Was I wonderful?". Without bothering to wait for his answer, she swept upstairs into the bar where a bank of lights had been set up for the first of the day's media interviews.

While Miss M was before the cameras, the Pudding's Theatre began to fill up with a strangely variegated audience: press, preppies, and public.

To amuse the crowd, two of the jugglers who had walked the parade with Miss M's entourage mounted the stage and performed. But the members of this unlikely audience were more interested in watching—and listening to—each other. It really was a better show.

For most of the year, the Pudding is a sedate, exclusive, occasionally pompous establishment, where members can withdraw from the world to take comfort with their kind. For about a month, however, while the annual production is playing, its members perforce mix with the public, who, for an only slightly exorbitant charge, are allowed to drink and dine there and see the show. For all concerned, it is an odd, almost unnatural rubbing of elbows.

This temporary emulsion begins to exist the day the "Woman of the Year" award is presented. Inevitably, the process begins with a certain amount of mutual suspiciousness which usually wears off somewhat as the season progresses.

Today, however, it is different.

When the Harvard Band members in their crimson jackets and college ties begin spontaneously to sing "Ten Thousand Men of Harvard" in dog Latin, an exercise which causes that fraction of Harvard Men present to smile and cheer, the media remains unmoved. Jay Scott, one of the television personalities of Boston and at 22 scarcely older than the undergraduates in the Band, sits stonily silent in his three piece suit,

fiddling with his omnipresent pipe. But, then, of course, he has no college tie.

Later, when Miss M finally comes down to the proceedings, it is the preppies' turn to sit disapprovingly, as the photographers leap onto the seats to take the pictures that will appear next day on the front pages of a string of newspapers across the nation. To stand on the seats of the Pudding Theatre, you see, is not the done thing. The carnationed ushers force the photographers down.

But Pudding members and media personnel can at least agree on one thing: when the willowy little gay boy who has come in his cruising togs, denim jeans and jacket and workman's hood, begins lisping too loudly to an equally fluttery friend about the time he saw Miss M in the Continental Baths of New York, there is general agreement on his unfitness to be present. Poor little thing! He evidently hasn't seen the recent issue of *People* magazine in which Miss M considerably softens her pro-gay stand.

At last, however, caressed by a medley of her own songs, Miss M enters the Theatre where she is met by a pandemonium, a paroxysm of applause and an explosion of flash bulbs. No wonder she looks so contented as she floats daintily across the stage on the hand of a beefy who then escorts her to a chair in the audience. She is the Divine Miss M indeed!

Inevitably, the program begins with a series of silly, callow undergraduate jokes, the kind of jokes which in fact characterize the annual production. A gigantic transvestite male, for instance, in outrageous garb is presented with an award for the "Actress Whose Measurements Most Closely Resemble The Speeds on A Phonograph Turn Table."

But the audience has waited long enough. The people want Bette. And finally after a long, dull speech by Mark Kiely, President of the Theatricals, extolling her virtues and reminding the audience that Miss M has won the award because her

"style is so close to that of the Pudding," she is recalled, amidst renewed pandemonium, to the stage, where she is presented with the golden Pudding bean-pot as "Woman of the Year." Given it, she sheepishly places it on her wrist and says, "I got all dressed up to get a crock." The audience howls. "I accept gratefully and with no humility at all." She is then prevailed upon to sing.

"I don't know how many of you white boys know the blues," she says as she chooses "Acapulco" for her selection. "It's a nasty number." And then provocatively she belts out the suggestive little ditty about a dentist named Longjohn whose specialty is drilling the aching cavities of willing women, a little smut which was wildly received by the "white boys."

At the end of the number, she twirled across the stage with her dress, slit to the waist, flying exhibiting a substantial piece of her celebrated flank. And so the performance of the ribald, earthy, and bawdy Miss M came to an end.

Afterwards, two numbers from "Tots in Tinseltown" were presented, but a good many members of the audience walked out, having already seen what they wanted. Besides, the pieces were pallid by comparison with Miss M, and the show hadn't yet been in rehearsal long enough (despite its impending opening) for the dance numbers to be polished or for the star to perfect his singing. Miss M, however, uttered the expected polite compliments as the performance ended.

She could afford to be generous.

Miss M's forte is the music hall presentations; as she says, "my best work is done on the live stage." Assailed by poor reviews of her third and latest album, *Songs for the New Depression*, and perhaps stung by critics who have greeted it as the latest of the indications that Miss M is being sanitized for mass consumption and as preparation for the supper club and film circuit, she has again gone on the road to do what

(Continued on page 9)





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## MIDLER (From page 7)

she does best: arouse a live audience through quick-paced, vibrant, often gross and vulgar antics.

Unfortunately, however, whatever the Pudding officials might say about her style being close to that of the annual production, the similarities are more apparent than real. Bette Midler's presentation really doesn't have much in common with the amateurish, transvestite frolics built around a male kick-line and an avalanche of exorable puns. Yet this is the kind of show that graces the boards of the Theatre each spring. That's why Miss M's compliments on the pieces she saw were probably more polite than not.

In any event, Miss M didn't stay the heroine of the Pudding for very long. By Thursday evening, the negative reaction to her performance was general. Rather like husbands who have enjoyed a strip show and some dirty jokes while convention-eering but who feel guilty about it when they get home, members now felt that her performance had, uh, gone a bit far and had not been quite suitable, don't cha know.

Next year when the boys get together to choose a "Woman of the Year," whatever they may say about choosing one with the style of the theatricals, they'll pick someone with whom they really have more in common, someone like the recipients of the past—Mamie Eisenhower, Faye Dunaway, and Mary Tyler Moore—, celebrating to be sure but contained and even genteel.

And when she hears who has won, Miss M can congratulate the winner by adding a verse about her to that rather cutting song "Samedi et vendredi." L'Hasty Pudding, la, la, la.

*Jeffrey Lant holds a Ph. D. in history from Harvard, where he can often be found in the Hasty Pudding Club.*

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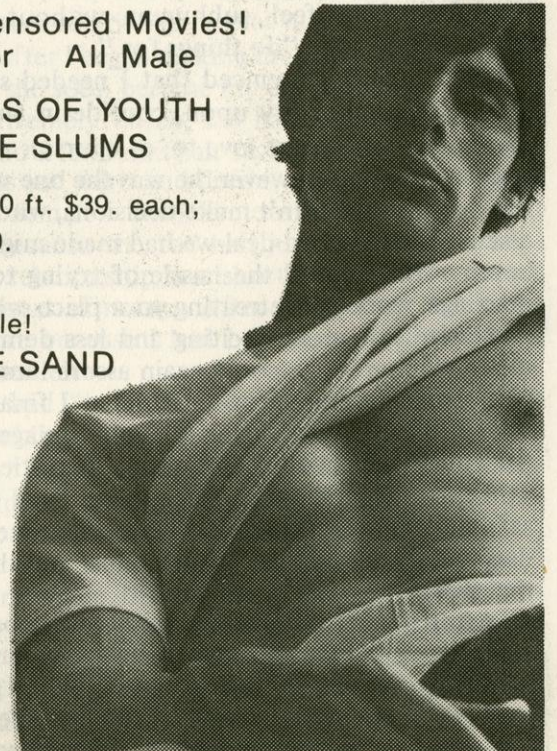
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by Kelley O'Day

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When the current women's liberation movement began some 10 years ago, I was just above the line for making vain attempts at getting myself together to discover if I was a real person. Becoming a "liberated woman" never entered my mind, and definitely not a "liberated person." My consciousness was being raised, however, probably because of the input from the media, but regretfully, I was not computing the messages—if I had been I would never have married the man I married—or, probably never married. But I was drowning and when "the last chance" came along I grabbed hold knowing I was marrying a man whose greatest accomplishment in life was having accomplished little of true value.

I married him and I know why, now. I was taught that to be a woman meant being "fulfilled" by a man—a husband—and without this status one risked scorn and ridicule and absolutely no hope for "real" happiness. Each time I think of this, I recall what Elizabeth Taylor was quoted as saying when Mike Todd, her third husband, was killed in a plane crash: "I feel like a half pair of scissors." Not original, but what content! She expressed how women have been programmed to feel subhuman without a man to "take care of" and "do things for."

I had myself convinced that I needed someone—a man—to lean on, rely upon, confide in and be made love to by (not make love to, of course). As the marriage continued, however, he was the one who leaned, the one who wouldn't make decisions, who refused to discuss how the bad deal we had made might be made better. He escaped the hassle of trying to make the marriage work by retreating to a place where the atmosphere was more exciting and less demanding: to other women so he could again assure himself that he was charming and super-masculine. I finally realized one of the reasons for his several marriages (ours was his fourth)—he could not relate realistically to another person—a woman—because he lived in his own safe and private world, but at the same time he needed desperately to appear "respectable" to those in the real world.

After his departure I felt as if I were back where I had begun, relying on myself but now having to deal with bitterness, guilt, and failure. When I came down with my case of the crazies, I sought relief and assurance through relationships with the very source of my

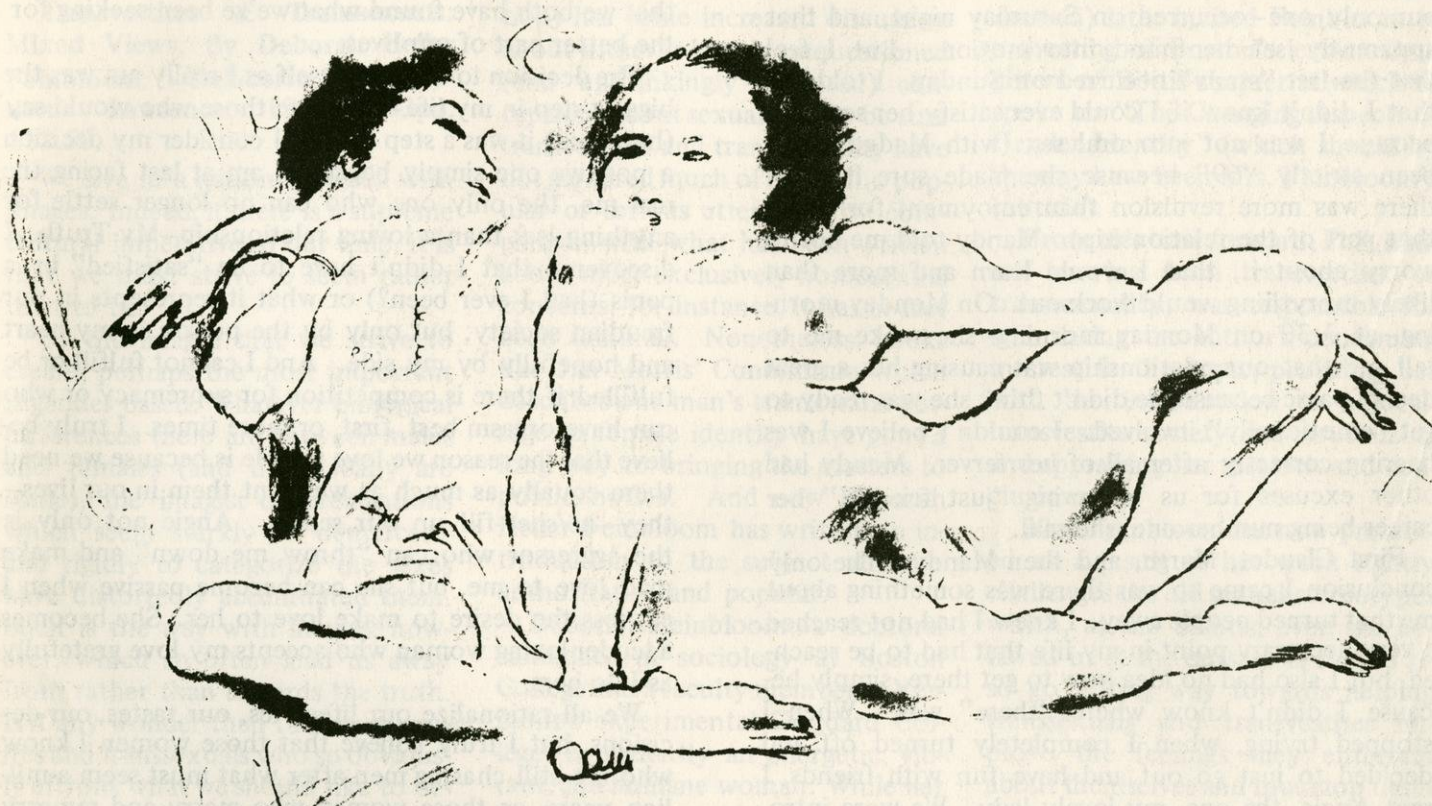
problem—men. Through them I hoped to make myself oblivious to my despair, but this brand of therapy provided only temporary relief—it was somewhat like taking aspirin each time I felt ill, but ending up suffering more from the remedy than from the illness.

At this point my consciousness still lay tragically dormant. I truly believed I missed not cooking, cleaning, or being the willing bed partner of just one man, often pretending to be orgasmic, because if I didn't his ego would be irreparably damaged.

For six years my misery was sustained by unrewarding relationships with men and then a new me was discovered. Claudet walked into my life. She had wit found only in sensitive, intelligent people, and she was one of those people we instantly like because we pick up exciting vibrations. The night arrived that we made plans to socialize. She came to my apartment and we drank and talked nonstop. At some point that I cannot recall, she asked me if I had ever had a bisexual relationship. She didn't say homosexual, but her meaning was clear. Without weighing my feelings on the subject, I said, "Yes, I have." Then I laughed after speaking the words. I had told no one about Laura's and my sexual encounter some 14 years previously because no one had ever asked, and Christ, it had all happened so long ago. Given that to chew on she told me she was bisexual. I had heard already about her five-year marriage that had ended for various negative reasons, and at that moment I was being told about her lover, a woman, and the unhappy note on which the year and a half relationship ended. The reasons given seemed to be no different than in any relationship involving Homo Sapiens. I explained all too vehemently that her lifestyle was not my thing. I was "straight"—a word that I have since discovered is definitely a misnomer.

For awhile after that night, our contact was limited to our work spaces and my being slightly uncomfortable because of her "confession," yet hoping very much that she knew that her sexuality was her own affair if it did not collide with my own. Then she began telephoning me at home adding to my discomfort yet knowing I really did not want her to stop. Even though I was suffering from a bad case of "internal ickies," I knew quite well that I did want her in my life—one of my empty spaces needed filling and she was the one I wanted to fill it.





Drawing: *Les deux amies* (The two friends) by Pascin, 1926—Yvon Lambert Collection, Paris.

My evolution had begun, or should I say had been reignited and what I touched upon completely undid me, but it was not an unhappy undoing. Claudet came to my apartment on Friday evening—one week after her revelation—and I did a confession number on her. I had begun to fantasize about her and the look on her face when I told her was stark incredibility. She was less than receptive and after a brief but heavy pause, she said she was not upset. It was apparent that she was, however, so the conversation was brief and when it ended I was diminished. I decided I had definitely screwed up, which wasn't a virgin run for me, nor would it be the omega of my screw-ups.

To make a very long story short, Claudet's and my relationship did not work and the loss I felt had great impact on me. She had never recovered from the breakup with her former lover and could not honestly develop a loving relationship with me. So, there I was again, giving of myself because I needed to love and be loved, and there I was again being rejected by the one I wanted to have my love. There were moments when I wished I had never entered this life and often regretted not having died in my former one. I even threatened to go straight, but knew I could not do so with honesty, and knew too that playing the games I had played so often would surely destroy me and those I

would become involved with. My recovery period was not brief, but the hurt began to heal more quickly than former hurts and I was able to leave my mind open for other relationships that might develop.

Shortly after I began making the gay bar scene I met Marge and she soon became my second lover. Though she was extremely butch, she had a pretty face, wore make-up and a feminine hair style, but she wore boots men's pants and shirts and definitely came across more male than female. Initially, our affair was a loving one, but because she too had just broken up with a lover, our relationship was short-lived and we parted on the sourest of notes. After it was over, I felt like a real whore because I had been used until she could find someone else.

I felt I had "had it" once again, but like an imprinted duckling, I seemed unable to accept reality and stop to get my head together. I blamed my seeking relationships on anxiety and the desperate need to become comfortably integrated into my new life. A short time later I met Mandy at "my second home," the bar, and from that night on she was in hot pursuit of me. It was constant togetherness—either with each other or talking on the telephone. She bought me cartons of cigarettes, took me out to eat, picked up the bar tabs (with few exceptions) and before too

(Continued on next page)



many such evenings passed, I was invited to spend a weekend at her apartment. I was there from Friday night until Monday morning. Our sexual encounter—our only one—occurred on Saturday night, and that apparently set her mind into motion. But I feel that the last “straw” occurred on Sunday. I told her that I didn’t know if I could ever satisfy her sexually because I was not into oral sex (with Madge it had been strictly “69” because she made sure it was—there was more revulsion than enjoyment for me in that part of the relationship). Mandy told me not to worry about it, that I would learn and more than likely everything would work out. On Monday morning—at 3:30 on Monday morning—she woke me to tell me that our relationship was causing her a great deal of panic because she didn’t think she was ready to get “emotionally” involved. I couldn’t believe I was hearing correctly after all of her fervor. Mandy had other excuses for us becoming “just friends,” her career being number one, she said.

First Claudet, Marge, and then Mandy. The only conclusion I came to was there was something about me that turned people away. I knew I had not reached a very necessary point in my life that had to be reached, but I also had no idea how to get there, simply because I didn’t know where “there” was. When I stopped trying, when I completely turned off and decided to just go out and have fun with friends, I met Angie, the one, my lovely lady. We were introduced by a mutual friend, Billie, and at this time I was turned off to getting emotionally involved with women or men and our relationship for a while was strictly telephone conversations.

Angie and I became lovers and to explain our relationship is a complete joy. We not only make love with our bodies, but with our minds, our hearts, and though I know that homosexuality is an abhorrence to those who do not, cannot, will not understand it, I have never before received, or extended, such love. I have never felt so loved. Our love grows and though we know there are obstacles—more than a few—we

feel that we are both mature enough, have been through enough of life’s shit, to make it, mainly and particularly because we do love each other, and know that we both have found what we’ve been seeking for the better part of our lives.

The decision to accept myself as I really am was the biggest step in my life—there are those who would say (have said) it was a step down. I consider my decision a positive one simply because I am at last facing the real me, the only one who can no longer settle for anything less than a loving relationship—My Truth. I discovered that I didn’t have to be “satisfied” by a penis (had I ever been?) or what it represents in our freudian society, but only by the person in my heart and hopefully by my side. And I cannot fulfill or be fulfilled if there is competition for supremacy or who can have orgasm best, first, or more times. I truly believe that the reason we love people is because we need them equally as much as we want them in our lives—they—he/she—fill up our senses. Angie not only is the aggressor who can “throw me down” and make mad love to me, but she can become passive when I express the desire to make love to her. She becomes a tender loving woman who accepts my love gratefully as I do hers.

We all rationalize our lifestyles, our tastes, our decisions, but I truly believe that those women I know who are still chasing men after what must seem a million years, or those women who marry and remarry over and over, or those women who have never really loved a man deeply, might be a great deal happier with a loving woman in their life. Women know where to touch, not only tactilely, but psychologically, they know each other’s hurts, sorrows, and pain as no man could ever understand. To at last be able to make love to my lover, rather than always having love made to me, is probably the most wonderful thing that has ever occurred in my life. I am fulfilled for the first time. I am truly acting out who I am with one who knows who she is and our joy increases with each wonderful day.



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# REVIEW

**Transvestites & Transsexuals: Mixed Views**, By Deborah Heller Feinbloom. Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1976, 303pp. \$12.50.

We live in a nation obsessed with images. Indeed, if there is a supreme cultural imperative of our time, it is that we must strive to seem rather than to be.

Of the images that we strive to create, perhaps the most important is gender based. Whatever biological differences there are between males and females (and there really are some), the imagist differentiations which seem starkly to demarcate and rigidly to categorize the sexes have distortedly accentuated them. Such is the way with images, however, which so often lead us away from rather than towards the truth. Is it any wonder then that transvestites and transsexuals who so obviously affront what we should like to believe ourselves to be (and have worked so hard to appear) generally disgust and appall us or that they are forced to lead lives often despairing and frustrated. However, it is time to insist that our disgust and the despair we force on them are due to cultural values and not to moral or biological absolutes inherent in mankind.

Lately, however, there have been indications that their unhappy situation is changing somewhat. In the

wake of the woman's movement (which has always been the key aspect of the so-called sexual revolution) has come increased discussion about hitherto largely unquestioned (and unthinkingly accepted) conceptions about sexuality. To be sure transvestism and transsexuality have not garnered much of either the popular or serious attention; by comparison with what has been written about more exclusively homosexual concerns, for instance, it has in fact been minimal. Nonetheless, books like Jan Morris' *Conundrum* which describes one man's transsexual passage to female identity have gone a long way to bringing the matters to public notice. And now Deborah Heller Feinbloom has written an introduction to the subject at once authoritative and popular.

Deborah Feinbloom, a doctoral candidate in sociology at Boston College and a faculty member at Vermont's experimental Goddard College, is evidently an energetic, vibrant, and humane woman. While her work with transvestites and transsexuals began by accident (as scholarly work so often does), she has carried it on rigorously and at length aiding not only in the process of public awareness but in such actual reforms as the creation of the Gender Identity Service which she heads.

Her interest began after she met a fellow teacher on the staff of a Boston area junior college who was shortly thereafter summarily dismissed having been discovered in his

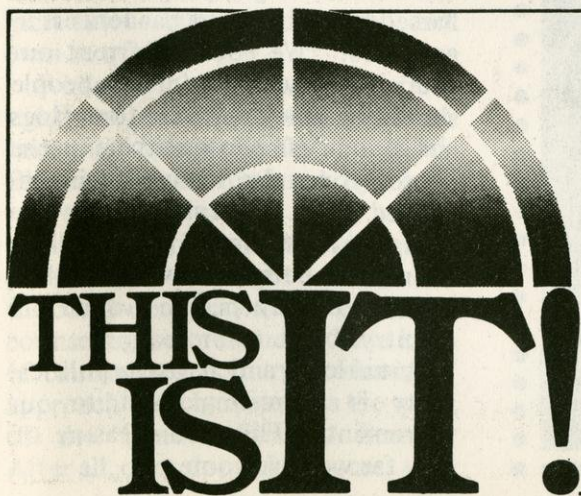
own home by some other faculty members while wearing women's clothes. Phil (known as Helen when dressed) later invited Feinbloom to a meeting of Boston's lesbian Daughters of Bilitis chapter at which he spoke on "The Changing Aspects of Gender Identity" (which should by the way have been Mrs. Feinbloom's subtitle).

From this time forward, Phil, himself moving from transvestism to transsexuality, was responsible for stimulating the author's continuing interest in the topic, providing her with the introduction to a local transvestite society and scrutinizing and appraising her research and conclusions.

What Feinbloom has now presented as a result of her work rightly challenges the old sexual stereotypes which, as she admits, even she believed in at the outset. It should also go a long way towards helping transsexuals and transvestites improve the feelings they entertain about themselves and thus stop them from considering themselves deviants. Their behavior may seem odd to the rest of us, and what they do will always be the resort of a tiny minority of the population, but it does not justify such characterizations as "perverted," "bizarre," or "sinful."

Nonetheless, it would be incorrect to suggest that Feinbloom's book is an uncritical look at the worlds of the transvestite and transsexual. It

*(Continued on page 15)*



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# REVIEW

**Gay Rights: A Libertarian Approach** by Ralph Raico, Ph. D., 12pp., paper  
Available from: The MacBride for President Committee, 1516 P. Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. 25¢

Reviewed by Alyn W. Hess

The general public may be astounded by it, but the Libertarian Party's campaign committee went right ahead and did it anyway! Long known to its members as being sup-

portive of basic equality for gay people especially in their dealings with their government, the party has just published a booklet openly stating their position.

Robert H. Meier, chairman of the committee, said while visiting in Milwaukee in March that the party has lost some much needed money from wealthy conservatives who can't see how the economic freedoms they want are related to the social freedoms gays seek.

The author, Ralph Raico, received his Ph. D. in Social Thought from the University of Chicago and now teaches history at the State University College at Buffalo, New York.

His background is reflected in his presentation of the history of how the antihomosexual laws originated and what has been done to get them repealed. Some gay liberationists may want to argue with Raico about the role of the church uniting with the powers of the state, but no one can deny that these repressive anti-sex laws do exist now and that they deny gay people their full rights.

Professor Raico has pointed out that since the gay liberation movement got under way neither the Socialists or Communists, nor the Republicans or Democrats have been able to bring themselves to openly support gay rights. Many of the legal repeals have been hidden in larger, more comprehensive criminal code reforms. So with this booklet, a political first has been scored in the gay liberation movement.

But Libertarians, while being protective of gay individual rights, are unusually careful not to infringe on the rights of other individuals who hate homosexuals. Thus, they will anger some gay people because they do not support enactment of open housing and accommodations laws nor right to employment in private businesses. Raico points out that under a quota law we gay people would be forced to hire straight bar tenders in gay bars! We could not rent our property only to gays. Gay people should be able to see that one does not get one's freedom at the expense of someone else having theirs infringed upon. This should prove to be a provocative idea, but it will remain to be seen how well it will be received by gay people around the country.

But at least, and at last, a political party is addressing itself to our movement. This is a measure of how far we have come.

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# REVIEW

(From page 13)

is not. Indeed, there are indications that she worried about how her practicing friends would regard her opinions. (As it turned out they were generally favorable.)

Nor can it in any way be construed as an endorsement of their life styles. The scenes she describes at the meetings she attended at a secret Boston hideaway, for instance, were not unadulteratedly happy ones. Quite clearly the members of the Argus Society lead lives obsessed by their transvestism. For these heterosexual males (Feinbloom has a little to say about homosexual transvestism but she rightly recognizes it as different from what she was studying.) Their transvestism has a significant and continuing influence on their home and family lives, jobs, social life and political thinking. Indeed, though the actual act of transvestism may be very occasional, the fact that they are transvestite hangs over their entire lives with a quality both compulsive and irresistible.

In the same fashion, transsexuals, oppressed by the knowledge that they "have been born into the wrong body," find each aspect of their lives colored by what they regard as a colossal error of nature. This feeling is so powerful that it leads them, both men and women, to take steps which cause most people to be not only incredulous but also disgusted and even fearful.

While Feinbloom suggests (and rightly so) that those who decide to take this strange odyssey to self-fulfillment not be hindered by obsolete and obstructive laws, unjust medical restrictions and excessive costs, she is also right to advocate the continued existence of extensive counseling beforehand and the kind of cautious, even chary professional approach that characterizes the work of the Gender Identity Service. After all, once done the process can-

not be again reversed.

Withal, Feinbloom's book is a sensible and intelligent contribution to a wider understanding of the whole problem of gender. It manages to avoid the Scylla of excessive sociologese on the one hand and the Carybdis of a focus on the titillating and freakish on the other. It is not definitive to be sure, but as the author properly points out there are many, very many, aspects of the subject which still need to be investigated. Indeed, Mrs. Feinbloom herself is writing a doctoral dissertation on transsexuality after having done a master's on transvestism. No doubt she will therefore later update her own work and thus further contribute to the growing understanding of how fatuous sexual types and categories really are.

As Jan Morris has written, "There is no norm of sexual constitution, and almost nobody has ever conformed absolutely to the conventional criteria of male and female." The conundrum is that we ever thought we did.

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## REVIEW

Parents of Gays, Edited by Betty Fairchild. Third Revised printing, February, 1976. Paper, pp. 26. Single copy price: \$1.00 plus 35¢ per order. Bulk order rates on request. Order from: Lambda Rising Bookstore, 1724 20th St. N.W., Washington, C.C. 20009.

Parents of Gays of Washington, D.C., came into existence in May of 1974, when four parents met in the hope of sharing and learning things which would be of help in dealing with their gay children. The present group now numbers about thirty parents, and meets fortnightly in Washington. This booklet, which has come out of the continuous group experience, attempts to offer insights and assistance to parents in relation to their own gay children. The first sixteen pages utilize a question and answer format. Some are related to the matter of organizing a group of parents of gays, and still others deal with parent-child relations: all answers are to the point and draw upon past experience of the POG group. There follows a no-magic answer list to two \$64 questions: "How can I tell my parents that I'm gay?", and (for Mom and Dad) "Now that we know—What?". An annotated list of useful reading materials follows, which offers titles generally accessible and eminently readable for both gays and their parents. Finally, a list of telephone contacts for parents of gays in many large cities is included. There are a number of novels and longer books which gays can give to their parents; but, as a beginning (or for the gay whose parents are not readers by habit), the present booklet strikes an ideal balance. Within the gambit of a few pages, easily read in one sitting, it packs its punch in a clear and straightforward manner. It deserves a place of honor in homes of both gays and their parents.

Reviewed by Lee C. Rice

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## CALENDAR

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

- April 6—Business Meeting—Gay Peoples Union—Farwell Center, 1568 N. Farwell, Milwaukee—8 PM.
- April 7—GEM Foundation Board Meeting, Farwell Center.
- April 9—Rap Group Meeting—Gender Services of Chicago, 2745 N. Clark.
- April 10—UWM Gay Community—Film—“We’re Not Afraid Anymore”  
Show for the benefit of Miriam benSahlom Foundation—\$1  
UWM Union, Room West 151, Milwaukee  
Shows at 6, 7, 8 PM.
- April 11—Palm Sunday—Protestant Worship Service—2PM Farwell Center
- April 12—GPU Meeting—Film—“We’re Not Afraid Anymore”
- April 17—One of Chicago’s 12th Annual Banquet—Como Inn—Chicago  
For tickets call George at 278-1679 or Ernie at 342-3865.
- April 18—Easter—Protestant Worship Service—2 PM—Farwell Center
- April 19—GPU meeting—Book Review
- April 25—Protestant Wroship Service—2PM—Farwell Center
- April 26—GPU meeting— 8 PM—Farwell Center
- April 28—Rap Group—Gender Identity Services—Chicago
- May 14, 15, 16—Silverstar M.C.—3rd Anniversary (Wreck Room?)

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# Fourth Annual Academy Awards

Milwaukee's **Fourth Annual Academy Awards Ball** was presented at The Sky Room of the Plankinton Hotel on Sunday evening, March 21. The event was sponsored by **The Entertainers Club of Milwaukee**, a new group formed last autumn.

The awards show was preceeded by a full dinner and marked the first time the event had ever been held at a public hotel instead of a gay bar.

Nominations for the awards had been held by the entertainers themselves and then the public voted at two shows held for the purpose at **The Inferno Bar**. All ballots were sealed and given to an impartial, outside board (which included a member of Gay Peoples Union) for counting. Sealed envelopes containing the results were presented to the M.C., Mother Kris, as the show began. Several production numbers were scattered through the program of presentations.

The following awards were given:

- Best Newcomer:** Pat Carney
- Best Live Dance:** Frankie
- Best Live Vocal:** Gary
- Best Live Musician:** Dawn Koreen
- Best Comedy Single:** Ronnie Marks
- Best Comedy Group:** Winnie, Peaches and Ted
- Best Dramatic Single:** Mamma Rae
- Best Duet:** Mel and Mike
- Best Trio:** Frankie and the Boys
- Best Male or Image:** Ronnie Marks
- Best Female or Image:** Peaches Toy
- Best Production Show:** Tiger Rose
- Best Production Number:** Tiger Rose
- My Way Award:** Ronnie Marks
- Best Costume and/or set for a Production show:** (costumes for No No, Nannette by Mel, Jerry and Gregg
- Best Costume and/or set for a Theme Show:** The Japanese Show with costumes by Tiger Rose and set by Didi Darnell
- Best Costume and/or set for a group:** Costume and set by Peaches Toy.
- Best Costume and/or set for a single:** Bette Midler costume by Di Di

Darnell

**Best Choreography for a Production Show:** Mel Powell for No, No, Nannette

**Best Choreography for a Theme Show:** Winnie Storm and Tiger Rose for Japanese Show

**Best Choreography for Group or Duet:** Pat & Dianne for Fantastic Rythm

**Best Choreography for a single:** Pat Carney for I Gottcha

**Best Director:** Tiger Rose

**Hats Off Awards** were presented to outstanding persons who have furthered the cause of live entertainment in Milwaukee. These awards

were given to Cleo Stafford, Chuck Balistreri and James Zingale.

The **Entertainer of the Year Award** was won by Winnie Storm who then presented her version of **Climb Every Mountain** for the audience.

Trophies (**Oscarettes**) were presented to the winners by Miss Gay Wisconsin and Mr. Groovy Guy.

The **Entertainers Club** will have three more events this year. In July they will participate in Chicago's Gay Pride Parade, in the fall they will present a Children's Toy Drive Show and they will again sponsor The Miss Gay Wisconsin and Mr. Groovy Guy Contest in October.

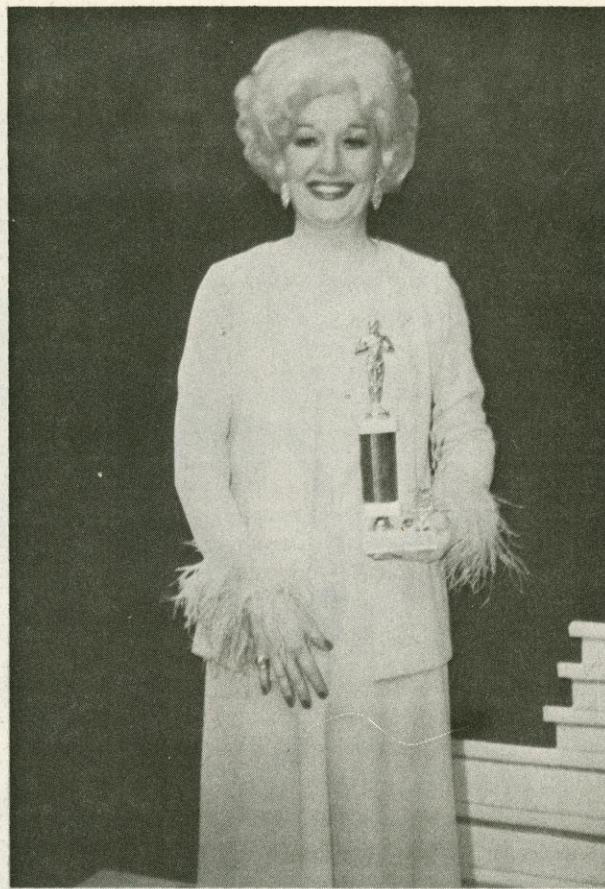
**Winnie Storm—Entertainer of the Year.**







Pat Carney —Best Newcomer

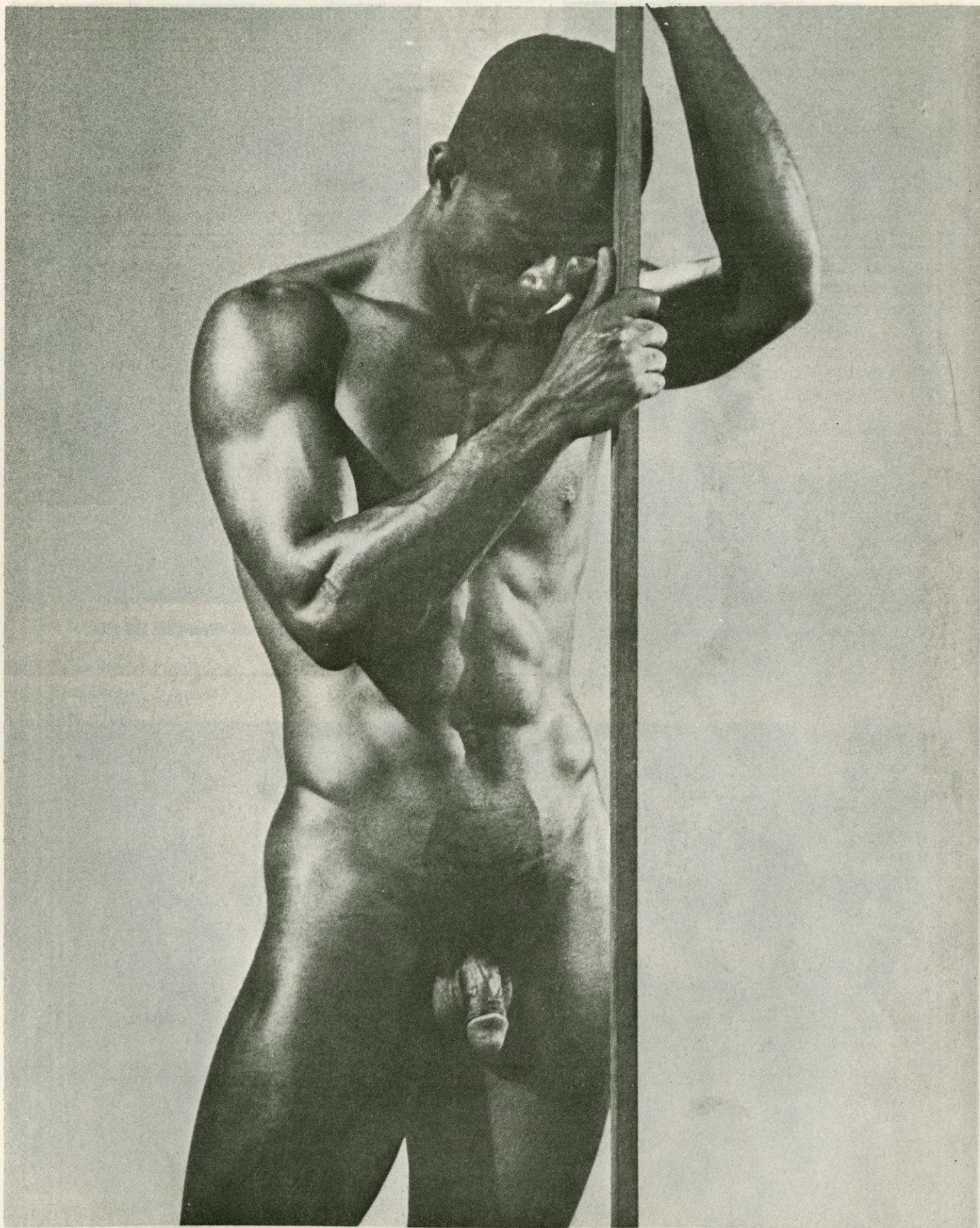


Dawn Koreen—Best Live Musician

*(Photos by GPU NEWS)*









# Algernon Charles Swinburne 1837–1909

## FRAGOLETTA

*O Love! what shall be said of thee?  
The son of grief begot by joy?  
Being sightless, wilt thou see?  
Being sexless, wilt thou be  
Maiden or boy?*

*I dreamed of strange lips yesterday  
And cheeks wherein the ambiguous blood  
Was like a rose's—yea  
A rose's when it lay  
Within the bud.*

*What fields have bred thee, or what groves  
Concealed thee, O mysterious flower,  
O double rose of Love's,  
With leaves that lure the doves  
From bud to bower?*

*I dare not kiss it, lest my lip  
Press harder than an indrawn breath,  
And all the sweet life slip  
Forth, and the sweet leaves drip,  
Bloodlike, in death.*

*O sole desire of my delight!  
O sole delight of my desire!  
Mine eyelids and eyesight  
Feed on thee day and night  
Like lips of fire.*

*Lean back thy throat of carven pearl,  
Let thy mouth murmur like the dove's;  
Say, Venus hath no girl,  
No front of female curl,  
Amont her Loves.*

*Thy sweet low bosom, thy close hair,  
Thy strait soft flanks and slenderer feet,  
Are these not over fair  
For Love to greet?*

*How should he greet thee? what new name,  
Fit to move all men's hearts, could move  
Thee, deaf to love or shame,  
Love's sister, by the same  
Mother as Love?*

*Ah, sweet, the maiden's mouth is cold,  
Her breast-blossoms are simply red,  
Her hair mere brown or gold,  
Fold over simple fold  
Binding her head.*

*Thy mouth is made of fire and wine,  
Thy barren bosom takes my kiss  
And turns my soul to thine  
And turns thy lip to mine,  
And mine it is.*

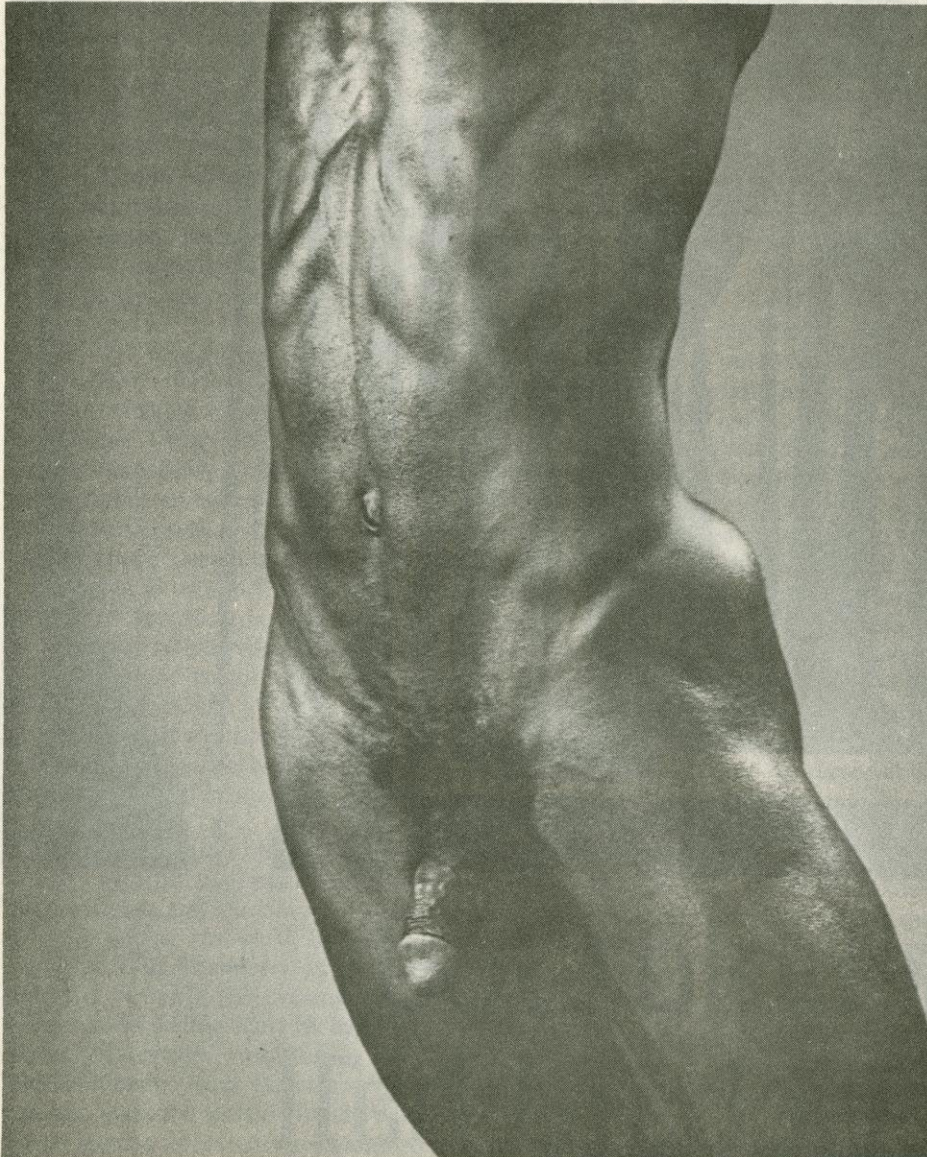
*Thou hast a serpent in thine hair,  
In all the curls that close and cling;  
And ah, thy breast-flower!  
Ah love, thy mouth too fair  
To kiss and sting.*

*Cleave to me, love me, kiss mine eyes  
Sate thy lips with loving me;  
Nay, for thou shalt not rise;  
Lie still as Love that dies  
For love of thee.*

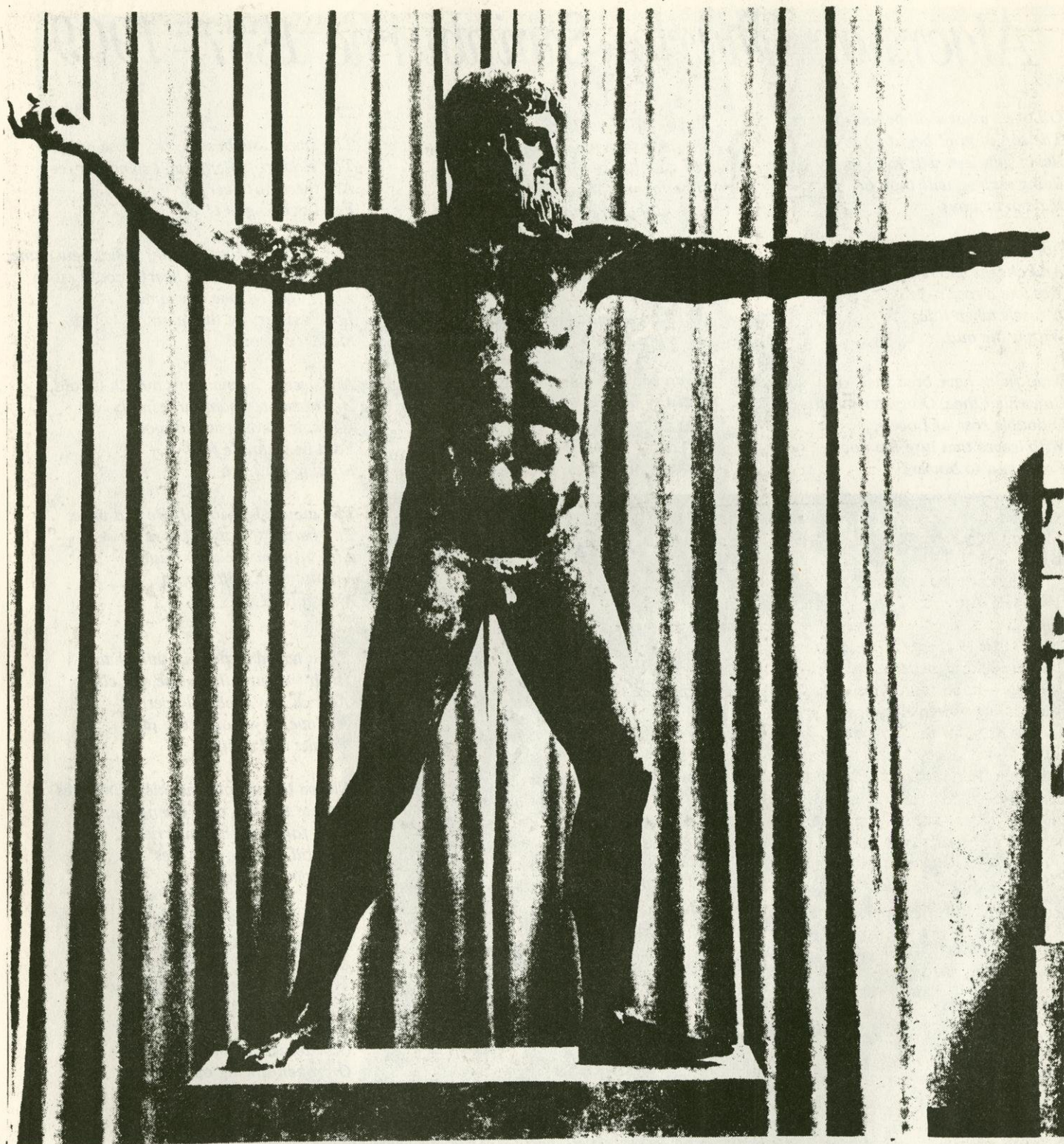
*Mine arms are close about thine head,  
My lips are fervent on thy face,  
And where my kiss hath fed  
Thy flower-like blood leaps red  
To the kissed place.*

*O bitterness of things too sweet  
O broken singing of the dove!  
Love's wings are over fleet,  
And like the panther's feet  
The feet of Love.*

For an article on Swinburne and  
some of his other poems, see  
GPU NEWS September 1974







# The Household God

fiction by richard hall



Albert always picked up the mail himself, or he would not have answered the ad. He arrived home from school at four, a good two hours ahead of Scott, who kept office hours for patients from four to six. Even so, as the time for a reply drew near, Albert found himself getting nervous. The thought that Scott might arrive first and find the letter gave him a jolt of panic. The whole thing was a breach of faith—faith in Scott, in their life together. By mailing the application to New Friends, Inc., by putting his desire down in black and white, he had released something new in his life. He didn't really like new things. At forty-six he understood the value of routine.

Several times, as he and Scott were eating dinner at the big oak table (too big for two people, really), he had been swept by the desire to confess. It would have been so easy. Scott would have nodded his craggy head with the jutting chin, and his mocha eyes would have darkened as he touched his moustache. How well he knew that quick nod, the look that said, you can't surprise me, Albie. There was no secret they couldn't share. Sharing put everything in its proper place, like an item on the whatnot shelf in the parlor.

Yes, he could have told Scott everything. What hadn't they talked about! Their infidelities, for instance—in twelve years they had both succumbed to temptation at regular intervals. Still, their bond remained strong, unbroken. It couldn't be broken simply because it could always be brought up for inspection—its sturdiness tested, its frayed edges mended through the healing power of honest talk.

But now, for the first time, he didn't want to share the secret. In fact—the thought struck him as he watched Scott ladle peanut soup from the Spode tureen they had bought in St. Thomas last year—talking it over would have ruined it. They would have found a place for it where it didn't belong—in their restored Victorian house on Pacific Heights, among the candelabra with the crystal pendants, the prints from Godey's Lady's Book and the side-chairs upholstered in red velvet. As he pulled the tureen toward him, the traitorous thought struck him that it was to escape from these beloved things that he had written to New Friends, Inc. in the first place.

The reply arrived the following Wednesday. Driving home from school—he taught social studies at a high school down on the peninsula—he had gotten caught in a massive traffic jam and been delayed. It was almost six when he opened the front door and saw the envelope lying on the floor. His stomach tensed convulsively. Ten minutes later and Scott would have been the one to pick it up.

He took the letter into the library at the back of the house, a room with tall bookcases overlooking the garden, where he did his reading and schoolwork. It was an orderly place, full of precious things. As usual, his glance went first to the small model of Zeus Thunderer on the desk. The old god seemed stern and powerful this evening, the empty eye-sockets full of menace in the fading light. He had bought that reproduction in Athens last summer, after seeing the original in the Archaeological Museum. Now, glancing at the muscular figure with the sightless eyes and poised thunderbolt, he repressed a tremor. There seemed to be an unpleasant connection between that

statue and the envelope in his hand.

As he slit the envelope open, he heard the distant creak of the garage doors. Scott was putting his Mercedes away. He just had time to scan the letter. The typing was neat and professional.

"We have run a computer match with our subscriber list and we are happy to inform you that we have found an exciting New Friend for you—someone who meets your physical specifications and shares your special tastes. His name is Jim."

The front door slammed. He called out a hello. Scott's reply was mild and tired.

"Clipped to this letter is the insignia which will identify you. Please wear it in your lapel to your first meeting, which will be on Saturday at 5 p.m., at the Lioness on Folson Street. Jim will wear the same insignia."

He just had time to glance at the red metal disc and to note the two joined hands before Scott's heavy footsteps reached the door of the library. He folded the letter and slid it quickly into a Greek lexicon on the lower shelf.

"Hi." Scott's kiss was perfunctory.

"How are you this evening?"

Scott shook his head. "Whole goddam city has the flu." He looked around the room without interest. "Any mail?"

Albert shook his head. "No, nothing." He pushed his glasses back nervously. The lie had taken him by surprise.

"What about eating out?"

"Suits me just fine. I was late getting home."

After Scott had changed, they went to a vegetarian place on Polk Street. They both ordered tabbouleh and a spinach quiche. As he watched Scott eat—he was wearing a Guatemalan poncho with an intricate design—it occurred to him that Scott looked quite worn, older than forty-eight. The seams in his forehead were deep, the skin around his eyes folded in layers. Of course, Scott had been working too hard lately—at the hospital before eight in the morning, on a mayor's committee for VD control, a volunteer at a clinic in the Mission District on weekends. All this was in addition to his private practice. But there was nothing he, Albert, could do. His warnings would be shrugged off. Scott seemed to need the heavy routine, as if it were a disguise of some sort. And it had been getting worse in the past half year—thicker and more impenetrable.

Again he thought about telling Scott of his contact with New Friends, Inc. It struck him that it wouldn't be too hard to put the responsibility onto Scott. They hadn't had much fun together recently—in bed or out of it. Scott's fatigue had curled around their life like the fog that oozed under the Golden Gate bridge each afternoon. But again he let the opportunity pass.

After dinner they took a walk up Polk Street. Neither spoke much. It seemed quite uninteresting to Albert. The few attractive people they passed gave them only frief glances. It was clear how they looked—a middle-aged married couple. When they reached home, Scott flipped on the TV and sank into the gentleman's chair. As Kojak came on, he lowered his eyelids. Albert could see he was getting ready for a nap. Not so long ago, he wouldn't have minded. Now he did.

Stifling his annoyance, he went back to the library. A pile of New Yorkers had accumulated. Perhaps he would make a



dent in them. He began flipping through the glossy pages without reading, aware of the comfort that the ads transmitted. How well he knew this beautiful world! How soothing was the sight of all this well-ordered luxury!

But even as the magazine smoothed away his irritation, he was aware of another impulse. The promise of these pages was a fraud—it could provide no real satisfaction. He had a sudden image of the *New Yorker* as a map to a territory that didn't really exist—a place as ideal as Montsalvat, as elusive as Shangri-La. Allowing it to influence him all these years, years of buying furniture and clothes and books, had made his life as slick as the pages themselves. As slick and orderly and as boring.

He threw the issue angrily aside and glanced at the Zeus. The thunderbolt had caught a gleam of light from the lamp. The metal point seemed tipped with fire. For one mad instant the whole construction came alive and it seemed as if the old god might hurl the metal shaft. Almost on cue, the hotel room on Miltiadou Street came back to him. He saw again the high ceiling and sepia walls and heavy furniture. He and Scott had arrived in Athens at night, exhausted from the long plane trip. But when they reached their room, they had found a sight waiting for them that had refreshed them instantly. It was the Acropolis, floodlit for summer, framed in the window of their room. Albert's breath came short now, remembering. They hadn't bothered to unpack—just sat at the window, staring at the white marble columns, the bleached bones of Greece on their ancient catafalque. Then, without speaking, they had moved to the bed, undressing as they went. The time had come to celebrate something they could not name.

Scott's body seemed harder and firmer that night, in spite of the extra weight around his middle. Perhaps it was a trick of the reflected light, but when Albert skimmed his fingers over the skin, he felt he was touching a statue sculpted by a master. As they lay down and he took Scott in his arms, the bones seemed longer, the chest deeper, the arms and legs more massive. Albert had the feeling he was holding a stranger—someone whose contours were unfamiliar and full of unexplored mystery.

They had lain quietly for a time, soaking up the presences in the room, and then it had started. Slowly at first, then building gradually until they had both given way to it—the same deep urge in each man to impose his will on the other. Over and around they went, twisting and grunting as they scrabbled for a hold, struggled to gain mastery, while their breath came hoarse and their faces turned red. Perhaps it was the fatigue of the plane trip, or the time change, or the sight of the Parthenon, but Albert had never felt like this, had never seen Scott so possessed, had never duelled with him on this kind of battle-

field. It seemed, as they rolled over and over, that they were fighting to find something they had always missed, some final truth that only the aching flesh could reveal. Finally, Scott straddled him and stared at him from a face that was dark and unreadable. Then Scott reared back and, as Albert struggled to a half-sitting position, gave him a powerful blow on the cheek with his open hand. Albert had gone limp at that—limp with pain and shock—and then he had thrown himself at Scott, knocking him backward and shouting curses as he forced him down, down, under his chest, under his belly, his groin. . . Then suddenly, at the same instant, the anger left them. "My God, Albie," Scott struggled to a sitting position, "what happened?" His eyes were full of grief. He himself had been too shaken to answer, just moved aside while a shudder of remorse went through his body. They had gotten up without speaking again and gone to sleep without reaching orgasm.

The sound of the television intruded into his thoughts. He could imagine Scott slumped in the chair, deaf to the commercial. How long ago that night in Athens seemed! Did he really imagine that Scott was full of unexplored mystery? That they might pummel their way through the doors of the flesh to some new revelation—at their age?

He shook his head, then glanced toward the statue. Suddenly it struck him that Zeus was really like the ads in the *New Yorker*—fakey and slick. A slight depression seized him. He had brought home not a household god but another piece of furniture. Their trip to Greece had actually been a failure. They had spent the ten days doing all the right things, but nothing had caught fire. It had been a disappointment. They had missed, right from the beginning.

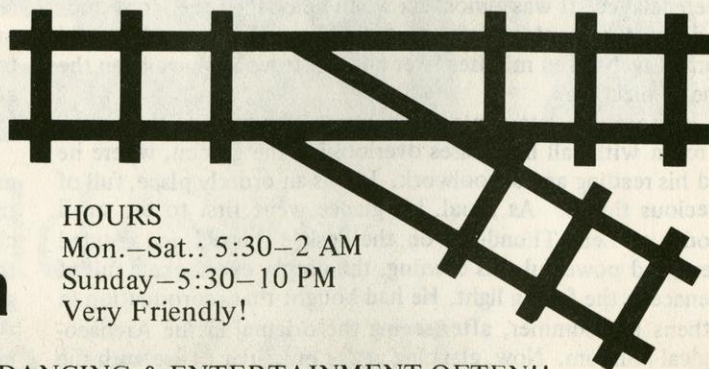
He went to bed that evening with the depression still on him. His tongue tasted like a bathing slipper. He slept poorly, dreaming that he was in a foreign country and had lost his way.

On Saturday morning, he mentioned casually that he had been invited to another teacher's home for drinks that afternoon. He knew that Scott wouldn't come—he hated shop talk about education. But he needn't have lied. Scott's schedule at the Saturday clinic had been changed. He had to be there all afternoon.

Albert chose his clothing for the afternoon date with great care. He didn't want to be typecast. After much thought, he put on a pair of worn jeans, a stud belt and a white St. Laurent shirt with a muted star pattern. He checked his appearance in the *armoire à glace* he had bought at the Spreckels auction. Not bad—not bad at all. His face was firm, his chin line strong, his blue eyes clear behind the contacts. Only the eyebrows, prematurely white, gave a clue to his age. He had often thought

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about dying them the same sandy color as his hair, but had never gotten around to it. He didn't put the insignia—the red button with the joined hands—into his lapel until he got in the car.

As he drove, he noticed that his hands were shaking, which surprised him. A few minutes later, he realized he was having trouble controlling the wheel. He slowed down, thinking this would help. Then, unaccountably, reflected in the windshield, he saw the first page of the application form from New Friends, Inc. He tried to look around it, but the page moved with his vision. It seemed to be accusing him.

**What is your preferred sexual type? Please be specific about age, height, weight, complexion, body hair, etc.**

He twisted his gaze away, but the page followed him again.

**What parts of your body are most sensitive? Least sensitive? What parts of other bodies turn you on the most?**

He jumped the light at Market and another driver cursed him, but he paid no attention.

**What kind of action do you prefer? Genital? Anal? Oral? Other? If Other please describe.**

As he looked for a parking spot on Folsom, his hand-written answers flashed into his mind. I prefer men of medium height, strongly built, with facial hair. Age in unimportant.

His answer to the second question had been brief. My whole body is sensitive, from head to toe.

But it was the third question that gave him the most trouble, as he knew it would. Before writing his answer, he had looked into the empty eyes of the Zeus for a long time. Then the words had slid off the tip of his pen as if they had been waiting there for ages. **I want a partner who will be my opponent. I want to struggle with him until we arrive someplace we've never**

**been before. I think a certain kind of anger can turn you into a god.**

He had sealed the envelope quickly after that, and run out to the mailbox before he could change his mind.

Now, as he pushed open the door of the bar, his nervousness intensified, accompanied by a feeling of futility. How silly he had been! How childish! He was really too old for this kind of thing.

The interior was checkered with afternoon light. There were only a few patrons, squinting to look at him. His gaze went quickly to their lapels. No red buttons.

He went to the end of the bar and ordered a beer, chugging it at once. After the third swig he checked his watch. It was exactly five. He would give it five minutes and no more. Five minutes to prove he hadn't copped out, then. . .

The front door opened. A bearded man of middle height with a square head entered. He was in his early forties. He was wearing an Air Force jacket and levis. Albert heard a thin drum-beat start up in his chest. As soon as the man stepped out of the light he would be able to see his lapel.

"What are you doing here?" The voice came from another direction—behind him. He hadn't noticed anyone back there.

He turned quickly. The red button winked at him malevolently. He moved to cover his own lapel—too late.

"My God," the familiar craggy face stared at him. "It was you."

"You should have used your own name," he replied. Then he waited until he heard the sound of a thunderbolt being loosed in the depths of his mind. After that he put down his beer with a trembling hand and said, "Let's go home. We've wasted too much time already."

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# HERE&THERE

**Peoria, IL**—President Gerald Ford has made what are believed to be his first public comments on gay rights. Campaigning in the Illinois primary, Ford answered a gay rights question by saying, "I recognize that this is a very serious problem in our society. I have always tried to be an understanding person as far as people are concerned who are different than myself." The President also told the Bradley University audience that "I just would be dishonest to say there is a pat answer under these very difficult circumstances."

*Chicago Gay Life*

**New York, NY**—An NBC News poll has revealed that 48% of Americans would oppose gay people as school-teachers but 40% were in favor of the idea. The question, part of the "What America Thinks: An NBC News Poll" asked, "Do you think that homosexuals should be allowed to become schoolteachers?" NBC commentators stated that they "deliberately picked schoolteachers as this is one of the most sensitive areas in talking about homosexuals," and added that the 40% figure supporting gays in the schools was a "surprisingly large number."

*Gay Community News*

**Des Moines, IA**—Sex law reform in Iowa seems close to being enacted. A crime code reform bill passed the senate and is now under consideration by the lower house. Rep. Bob Kramer tried to amend the reform measure to reinstitute penalties for gay sex, but his amendment failed by a vote of 60-32. Governor Ray has been urging the legislature to speed up passage of the crime code bill and has promised to sign the legislation.

*The Advocate*

**Chicago IL**—Zolar, a popular Chicago disco was struck by fire attributed to faulty wiring. The future of Zolar is unknown at this time.

*Chicago Gay News*

**Philadelphia, PA**—Gov. Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania, who actively solicited the gay vote has withdrawn as a presidential candidate.

Even as one candidate sensitive to the problems of gays was dropping out of the race, another pro-gay candidate was entering as a "favorite son." California Gov. Jerry Brown, who recently signed a bill legalizing sex between consenting adults in that state, announced that he would be a candidate in that states primary in June.

*Gay Community News*

**Chicago IL**—Alderman Clifford P. Kelley re-introduced his proposed ordinance to ban discrimination against gay people. The measure would add "sexual orientation" to civil rights laws pertaining to housing and public accommodations. The bill has been referred to the committee chaired by Edward M. Burke, a vocal opponent of gay rights. A similar bill was voted down last year.

*The Advocate*

**San Francisco, CA**—Young men think about sex six times as often as old men do, a Honolulu sex therapist told the California Medical Association. Dr. Jack Annon quoted a "major study" showing that young men have a sexual thought every ten minutes, middle-aged men every 30 minutes, and old men—once per hour. "Some people have sexual flashes all day long," the doctor revealed. "If that is not causing problems in their behavior, that is all right too."

*—NewsWest*

**Iowa City, IA**—A Lesbian Conference will be held April 23-25 featuring workshops, dances, a talent show, art exhibit, and a concert by Alix Dobkin from the Lavender Jane Album. For information write Grace & Rubies, 209 N Linn, Iowa City, IA 52240

*Lambda Letters*

**San Francisco, CA**—The Hastings Gay-Law Students Association is establishing a collection of legal briefs filed in cases affecting gay rights. These materials, collected in a "brief bank", will be housed at the Hastings Law School Library and will be available for use by individuals and attorneys fighting for gay rights.

Topics to be covered by the collection will include: Custody rights of gay parents, employment and housing discrimination, and defenses to lewd conduct and solicitation charges, as a few examples. Donations of such legal materials are sought to make up the collection. Memoranda of points and authorities, appellate briefs and other legal papers are needed.

Materials or requests for information should be sent to: Hastings Gay Law Students, 198 McAllister St., San Francisco, CA 94102

*Press Release*

**Bloomington, In.**—Building the Lesbian Nation" is the theme of an upcoming midwest women's conference. Lesbians from many midwest states have been meeting since last November to plan this conference, which will be held in Bloomington, Indiana, July 3—5. They hope that this conference, which is for women only, will contribute to the rebirth of the matriarchy. For information write: LFU, P. O. Box 3764, Louisville, Ky., 40201.

*Lesbian Connection*

**Memphis, TN**—Herbert Streicher, **Deep Throat** co-star (better known as Harry Reams) has joined 10 other defendants in federal court for trial on obscenity charges. His co-star Linda Lovelace, is scheduled to testify against him.

Appearing in over 300 sex films, this is his first obscenity trial. Reams said the films are "hard work" and stated he received \$100 for **Deep Throat**.

*Pacific Coast Times*



## North-of-the-Border Tacos

Well-known to cooks are the “classic combinations,” those few long-time bedfellows in their lasting marriages—such as ham-and-cloves; lamb-and-mint; turkey-and-sage; even sauerkraut-and-caraway—and tomatoes-and-basil. Lesser-known are other seasonings which, tuneful enough solo, really sing symphonic with others in concert. These are such as dill; caraway; paprika (all zested by Lemon) and, in the limelight tonight, our new star—will you welcome, please, Rosemary!

Used sparingly, this piney herb is the maypole around which other seasonings swing to create tacos with that authentic Mexican tango (or else why eat tacos)—plus that extra “certain something” (or else why print this recipe? elitist snobs, that’s us). And, as with all good recipes, this one is both safe Platform, to guide the neophyte cook—but also take-off Springboard, to inspire the cordon bleu/black-belt type chef to further, er, “deviate.” (Aren’t you glad you read this column? Don’t you wish fewer people did?)

1 pound GROUND BEEF

1 medium ONION—chopped **fine**

1 Tablespoon TACO SAUCE—or more!

1 teaspoon WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

1/4 teaspoon ROSEMARY—**crushed!**

2 teaspoons CHILI POWDER

1/2 teaspoon PAPRIKA

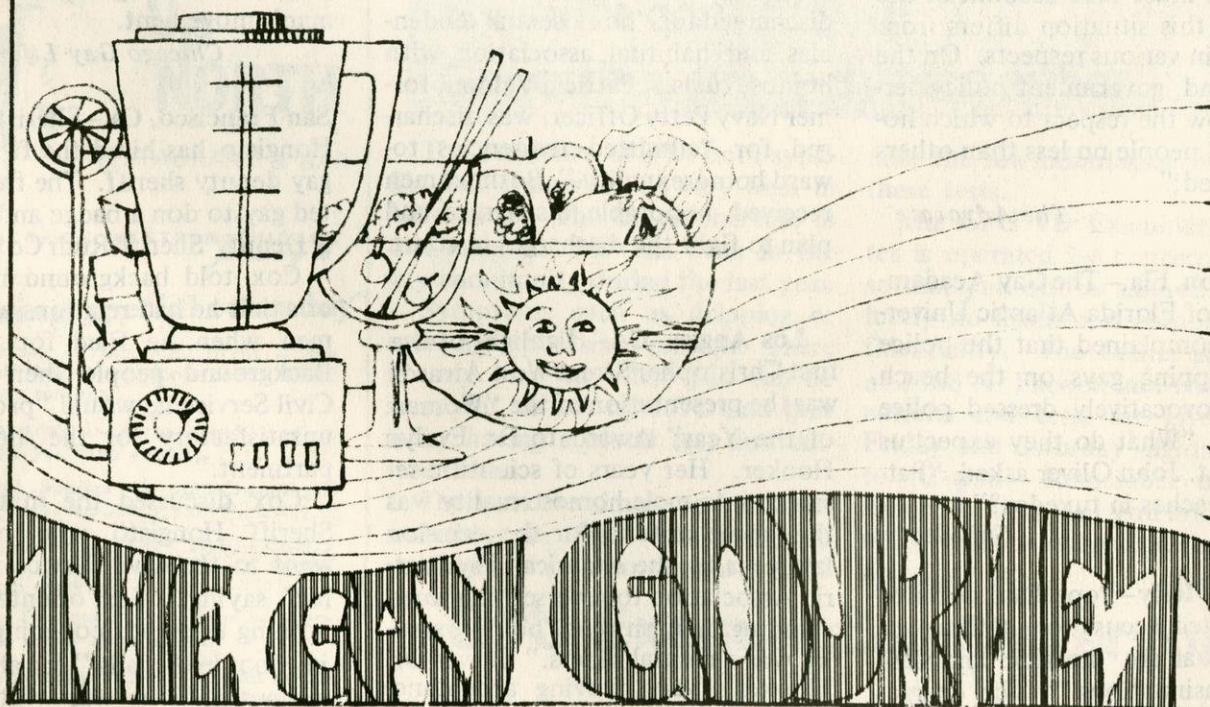
1/2 teaspoon OREGANO

1/4 teaspoon PEPPER

1 teaspoon SALT

Brown meat in skillet. Mix all seasonings and add. Blend well and heat through. Stuff into crisp TORTILLAS along with shredded CHEESE, LETTUCE, TOMATO bits.

**ALTERNATE LIFE-STYLE:** Hey there—pressed for time, want a Less-Involved Encounter just now? Right, then just shelve all the above assemblage and simply add to the meat instead, one 8-ounce can of TOMATO SAUCE (not paste), 1 Tablespoon CHILI POWDER, and a hefty dash or 3 of TABASCO SAUCE. Presto, you’ve a different, but an equally-valid, flavor-slant—and in but a demi-minim of the time!





# HERE&THERE

**Iowa City, Ia.**—A Midwest Gay "Arts and Skills: The Gay Experience" will be held in Iowa City April 30 through May 2.

This year's conference focuses on developing ourselves as individuals. Those who plan to attend are invited to share their special interests such as artwork, poetry, music, crafts, or handiwork. For registration information write: Gay Liberation Front Student Activities Center, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA 52242.

**The Hague**—The Dutch Society for Integration of Homosexuality reports that the government has officially recognized the organization. Prime Minister Joop den Uyl, following the debate issued the following statement: "How are we to value other forms of relationships? There is a wide range of forms and I am now speaking about the homosexual nature. I think that in legislation and administration on the one hand you must take account of the fact that this situation differs from marriage in various respects. On the other hand, government policy serves to show the respect to which homosexual people no less than others are entitled;"

*The Advocate*

**Boca Raton, Fla.**—The Gay Academic Union of Florida Atlantic University has complained that the police are entrapping gays on the beach with "provocatively dressed police decoys." "What do they expect us to do," Lt. John Oliver asked, "Patrol the beaches in tuxedos?"

*Gay Scene*

**Rome, Italy**—Pope Paul declared that printed accusations that he is a homosexual are "horrible and slanderous insinuations." The charges were made by a French Author in an Italian weekly magazine. Police have seized the magazine.

*The Milwaukee Sentinel*

**London, England**—British Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe, who has been the target of accusations that he once had a homosexual relationship with a male model, has found a defender in Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

Wilson stated that "very strong and heavily financed South African interest" were behind the Thorpe accusations.

Attention has focused on a South African journalist, Gordon Winter, who knows Thorpe's accuser, Norman Scott. However, both the writer and the avowed ex-lover have hotly denied that they were part of any "plot to discredit Thorpe or other Liberal leaders."

*Gay Community News*

**Key West, Fla.**—The women who decided to fight a military purge at the Naval Air Station have been discharged. Carmen Banos, once a radio monitoring specialist in Spanish and Russian, with a top security clearance from the Air Force, was discharged for "homosexual tendencies and habitual association with homosexuals." Patricia Veldon, former Navy Petty Officer, was discharged for "admitted tendencies toward homosexuality." Both women received honorable discharges and plan to fight the discharges in court.

**Los Angeles, CA**—Highlight of the first Christopher Street West Awards was the presentation of the "Woman of the Year" Award to Dr. Evelyn Hooker. Her years of scientific research into male homosexuality was the prime criteria for the decision last year by the American Psychiatric Association to reverse their longstanding opinion that "homosexuality was a mental illness." It was Dr. Hooker's very moving acceptance testimony that put the entire affair and our pride on a level of unparalleled dignity.

*P. C. Times*

**New York, NY**—A new national monthly magazine for gays is expected to hit the streets in a matter of weeks.

The publication is being put together by a group of writers and editors in New York who say they want to leave behind the pornography which is the mainstay of most gay publications for more serious articles. The publication will be called Christopher Street, after a New York gay haunt.

*The Bugle American*

**Brussels, Holland**—An international meeting of women ended its meeting in Brussels earlier this month by urging women all over the world to unite in support of the old and young, single and married, political prisoners, and lesbians. This unofficial tribunal on crimes against women included more than a thousand delegates from 27 countries.

In affirming support for lesbians, the group's manifesto stated that they "are an integral part of the woman's movement."

*Chicago Gay Life*

**San Francisco, Ca.**—Sheriff Richard Hongisto has hired the first openly gay deputy sheriff. The first admitted gay to don a badge and uniform is Deputy Sheriff Rudi Cox, 31.

Cox told background investigator's that he had relations with other men when he filed for the post. Background people then told the Civil Service he would "probably be unsatisfactory for the sheriff's department."

Cox discussed the matter with Sheriff Hongisto who personally went to the Civil Service in his behalf saying, "Sex orientation had nothing to do with opening or locking door in the jails." He also pointed out that he was white (Cox is black) and straight (non-gay) he'd have no problem getting the job.

*San Francisco Examiner*



# gay liberator

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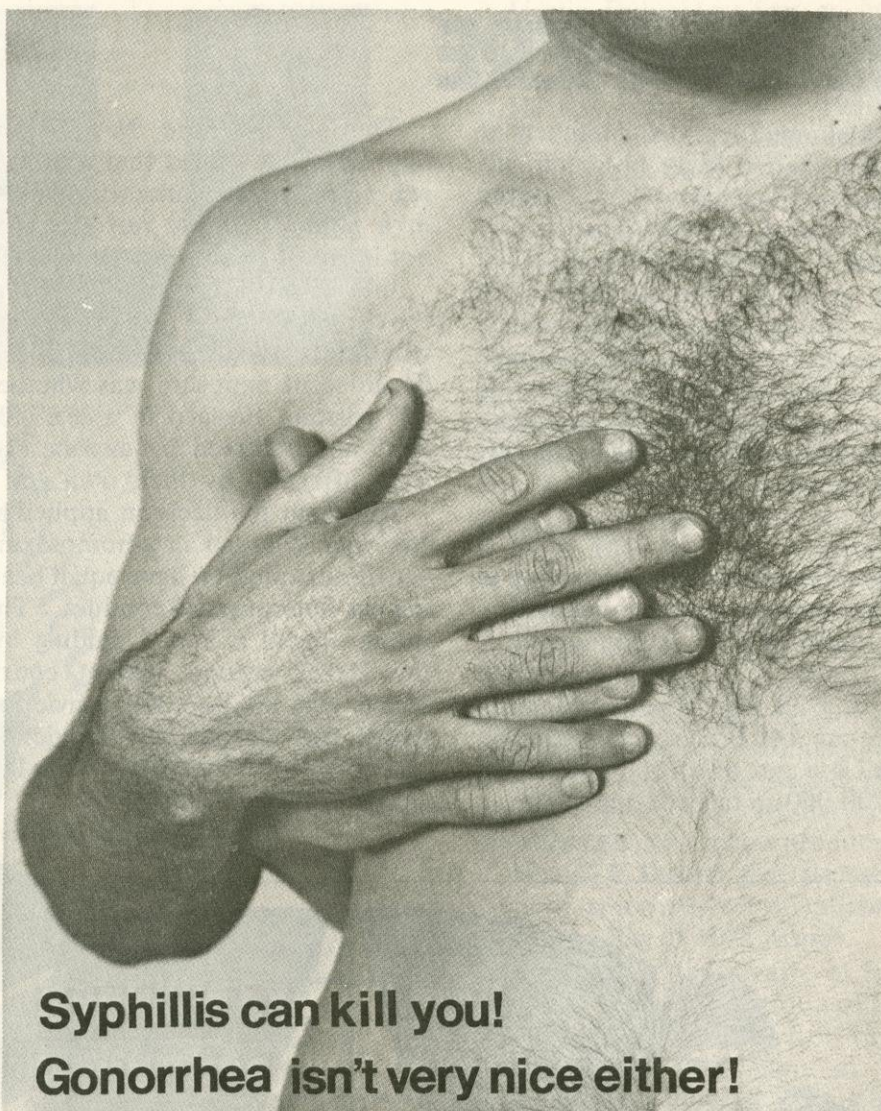
On Tuesday, join us for our popular \$2.49 Steak Night.



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The incidence of VD, both syphilis and gonorrhea, is very high in Milwaukee. The largest increase in incidence for VD has been in the gay community during the last year.

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take the few minutes necessary for these tests.

The GPU VD Examination Center is operated by concerned gays, so that you can be assured of absolutely no hassle and complete confidentiality. The Center is located at 1568 N. Farwell and free examinations and tests are given every Friday and Saturday nights from 8 to 12 p.m. Remember that you cannot be sure that you are "clean" unless you have been tested. Help us help you!

## GPU Examination Center for VD

### 1568 North Farwell

(This ad prepared and donated by GPU NEWS)



# HERE&THERE

**Oklahoma City, OK**—Members of the Libertarian Party (a liberal, but minor, political party) announce the formation of "Libertarians for Gay Rights." An important goal of the new group is "the elimination of laws which directly discriminate against homosexuals and homosexual activity." For more information write: John R. Vernon, president, 1206 N.W. 40th St., Oklahoma City OK 53118

*Press Release*

**San Francisco, CA**—According to the results of a survey conducted the results of a survey conducted the results of a survey conducted by the U. S. Department of Justice, there are 140,000 gays living in San Francisco out of a total population of 700,000—a ratio of one in five.

*News West*

**Trenton, NJ**—The New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that a private sex act between consenting adults in a public highway rest area was not indecent exposure or lewdness.

In a 7 to 0 ruling, the court said the correct standard for determining whether a private sex act constituted indecent exposure was whether the persons engaged in a sex incident not observed by anyone else were offended by their own act.

Although the decision applied to two men engaged in a homosexual act, it appeared to have equal bearing on heterosexual conduct. The ruling upheld a 2 to 1 finding by the state's second highest court, which had reversed the conviction which had reversed the conviction of two men for violating a state law against private lewdness;

*The Milwaukee Journal*

**Seattle, Wa.**—The State Patrol will not allow gays to become Commissioned Officers even though a Circuit Court judge ruled that it must rehire a radio technician who had been fired because he was a homosexual.

Chief Will Bachofner says he will not appeal the court's ruling since the radio technician does not deal with the public and his gayness will not affect his job. However, he stated that homosexuality would affect the job performance of a trooper and that for this reason gay people would not be allowed into such positions.

*Chicago Gay News*

**London, England**—Doctor Ivor Felstein, writing in the British medical journal *Pulse*, reports that the bigger a man's ears are, the more sexy he is likely to be.

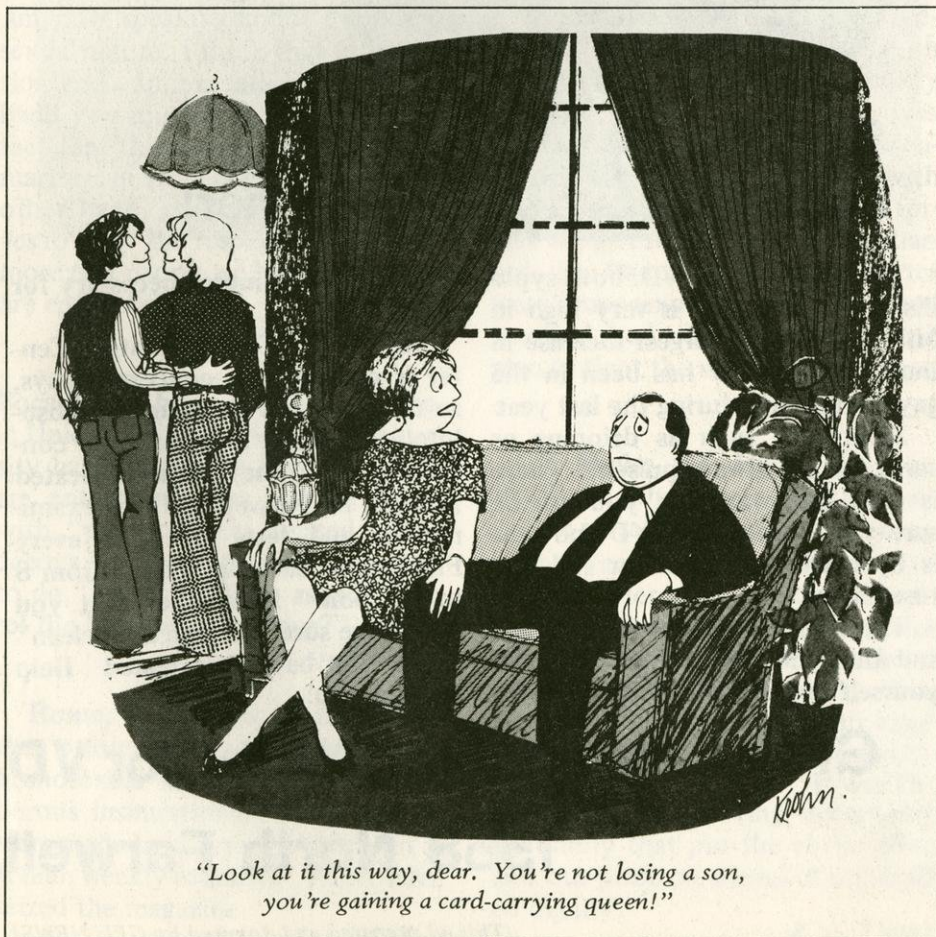
According to the doctor one of the oldest and surest male sex symbols of all times is a large set of ears. In his article, he revealed that the ear as a sign of male virility dates back thousands of years to Sumerian times when statues of fertility gods were all fashioned with overgrown protruding ears. Modern Dumbos? Felstein points to Clark Gable, Elton John, and Telly Savalas.

*Playgirl*

**Tampa, FA**—A Florida research team has announced that it has produced an experimental vaccine to fight syphilis. Team leader Dr. R. Jones looks forward to the day when it would be used to give immunisation against the ravages of the disease.

British doctors said those who would benefit most from the new vaccine are male homosexuals as: "Eighty per cent of syphilis is now found in homosexual men who often do not know their partner's full name."

*Gay News*



"Look at it this way, dear. You're not losing a son, you're gaining a card-carrying queen!"



# MALE

# ARMOR

Selected Plays, 1968-1974

Martin Duberman

REVIEWED BY

ROGER DURAND

*Male Armor, Selected Plays, 1968-1974* by Martin Duberman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1975. 352 pp., paper. \$8.95.

Martin Duberman lives an interesting life, for he is both a successful playwright and professor of history.

He was born August 6, 1930, in New York City, educated at Yale, where he took his B.A. and received his M.A. and Ph. D. from Harvard.

As a historian he has had a most impressive career. His *Francis Adams 1807-1886* won the Bancroft Prize in 1962 and four years later his study *James Russell Lowell* was a nominee for the National Book Award. After work on several essays he received a prize from the National Academy of Arts & Letters for his contributions to literature. His most recent book is *Black Mountain: An Experiment in Community*.

In *White America* was Duberman's first play. It had its first performance at the Sheridan Square Playhouse on October 31, 1963 and ran for over 500 performances, winning the 1963/64 Vernon Rice Award, given by the Drama Desk. He has subsequently had other plays produced.

Now E. P. Dutton gives us a selection of seven plays by Duberman under the flag of *Male Armor*.

The phrase "the theatre of fact" has been coined by a group of German playwrights led by Rolf Hochhuth, who in such plays as *The Deputy* and *Soldiers* has sought to give dramatic form to historical, on occasion controversially historical, facts and suppositions.

Heretofore historian Duberman was fascinated by such possibilities as Duberman the playwright. No more!

He is now enamored with "What does it mean to be a 'man'?" The jacket and introduction tells us each of these plays shows how men in our culture have learned to protect themselves by adopting stereotypic masculine roles, their "Male Armor."

That they do not do this is not nearly as distressing as the supposed main line for this concept. Mr. Duberman is obliged to inform us in his introduction that, *Male Armor* is deliberately meant to recall the concept of "character armor" from none other than Wilhelm



Reich. That Herr Reich has been dead (dying in prison) for close to twenty years and that most of his controversial (to say the least) theories were spawned in the shadow of an expert of male armor of another text, Adolf Hitler, (those that find solace in the fact that he was later anti-facist ignore his communism) does not seem to bother Mr. Duberman. The simple truth is that he has decided that his characters fit the mold after the fact. By his own admission most of the plays were written long before he had ever read Wilhelm Reich.

These are not plays I wish to attack. They run the gamut from excellent to . . . more of that later. However, none of them seem to tell us what it means to be a man, and, thank God, none are Reichian.

Sandwiched between three one act plays and the two full-length dramas in the collection, **Payments** and **Elagabalus**, are two works that were presented as a double bill Off Broadway: **The Memory Bank** comprised of two short plays, **The Recorder: A History** and **The Electric Map**.

As the recently slain Sal Mineo brought his **Fortune and Men's Eye** in for a run of 231 performances, and **And Puppy Dog Tails** was closing after 141 nights, **The Memory Bank** opened at Tambellini's Gate Theatre. While critics such as Clive Barnes found the plays to be "one of the season's better moments," the public did not agree and the bill closed after twenty-five performances. A London production three years later fared even worse, folding after an even dozen.

If you feel the ultimate insignia of New York professional theater achievement is not the instant popularity of a hit but selection as part of a best play volume, **The Recorder: A History** made it, appearing in Stanley Richards' 1970 edition of **The Best Short Plays**.

In this collection Duberman has chosen to drop **A History** from the title. When the play was produced he stated that his point was "history is how you elect to see past events,"

and his point is admirably proven in **The Recorder**. Perhaps he still feels the same as he does not tell us of his reason for including it in this collection.

The elusiveness of truth and the enigma of history are the pervading themes of the double bill. In **The Recorder** the relationship between a young historian and a great man become confused, and even interchanged, during an interview. **The Electric Map** is an argument between two brothers, one who presents an electric map staging of the Battle of Gettysburg. With a little work it could be a great spoof of our Bicentennial. If there is anything about "what it means to be a man" it not only escaped this writer, but every major critic on both sides of the Atlantic.

The first play in his sketch, **Metaphors**, a sinisterly shaded account of an entrance interview at Yale. It was given as part of **Collision Course** a dramatic anthology by some of the best young playwrights in the country. For this volume he extended (I almost said padded) the work.

Following the second selection, **The Colonial Dudes**, is a clever work titled **The Guttman Ordinary Scale**, a one act farce about sex research. It is this "cartoon" that Duberman toyed with regarding publication in this collection. Nonetheless it does offer comic relief (if there is one thing lacking in most of the works, it is humor) and fits the dominant connecting theme far more than **The Recording**.

Which brings us to the first full-length drama: **Payments**. I assume Duberman made his selection with the script itself as the primary consideration for inclusion in this work so I have given little weight to production values. However, it should be noted that nowhere more than in stage design is the matter of expense the decisive one. Costs are so high that some of the best ideas have to be dropped. I am sure that is the sole reason for this play not having been staged.

Although I am a homosexualist from way back, I am no longer stirred as I once was by homosexual themes. Since **Boys in The Band** we have had so many imitations, and so many excellent gay themes have marched under the bridge, that, for me, the excitement has worn off. I point this out because **Payments** rekindled that excitement. Mr. Duberman has put an enormous amount of thought into this assembling, but not until I reached **Payments** was I turned on.

Imagine a young housewife from a small community marching her handsome hetero husband off to the big city to be a homosexual prostitute! Running into a former high school classmate that is now a "dynamic young executive," our housewife, Nancy, discovers there is hope for her unemployed husband, Bob.

While the above is the base of the play, characterization is his trump card. At the end you know Nancy, understand Bob, and can relate to the other characters. From Bob's fellow hustlers to the scores, each is alive.

Duberman tells us that a minor character is "caustic, down-to-earth, brilliant." So is his play.

While the humor is in the **Boys in The Band** vein, the wit is sharper.

There is a little bit of everything in this work: loneliness, rebellion, incest-lonings, emotional starvation, escape mechanisms, terror fantasies, sadism, schizophrenia, and of course, homosexuality.

Unlike Tennessee Williams, Duberman treats not only the personal problems of his characters but the social forces that underlie them.

While it is not quite as new as Duberman would like us to believe, it has not been published before and is the pillar of this collection.

That several actors are to play two or more roles and the rather elaborate staging direction the author suggests are matters dealing with production that we will not go into here except to say it may distract some readers. It is a fine work and de-



serves to be read if not seen.

The final work, *Elagabalus*, (whether he is alluding to a minor Roman Emperor or a Syrian Sun God and/or both is of no importance, believe me) is the worst bit of claptrap I've been exposed to in some time. While the historical facts bandied about by the central character, Adrian, may interest some, it just adds to the total confusion. The surprising thing is not that this play has not previously been published, but that it's been published at all.

Also, I doubt that the suggested nudity of male and female characters would be titillating enough to lift this diabolical script on stage.

If the "Spanglish" dialog doesn't drive you up the wall nothing will. I agree with Duberman that Adrian is "playful and daring." I do not know if he fits into Dr. Reich's theory, but he would be an excellent candidate for his Orgone Box.

All in all, it is a sordid bit of trollop and it is regrettable that Duberman would choose to include it in *Male Armor*, let alone cap it.

It is valuable to try to understand the detailed selection of these plays. It seems the theme is not fully thought out—the various plays have only a vague connection: in each men and/or a man is the central character. Only in the *Colonial Dudes* is much attention given to "What does it mean to be a man." The jousting of Wayne (19) and Foley (45) eventually mold their generations in a sincere bond. There is much "Male Armor" in this excellent short work.

But there does not seem to be anywhere where the male triumphs. Little conflict between the sexes occurs. Nor does he ever answer his own question.

Perhaps he is trying to convince us that each play has more than its apparent extension and meaning. But then this is a curious contradiction for he tells the theater world a great deal about his thoughts concerning many of the works, not once hitting on a quest for a defini-

(Continued on page 35)

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# ARMOR

(from page 33)

tive for masculinity.

What is Duberman up to? This was a puzzler. I gave this as much thought as Newton and Satan gave the apple. Perhaps his straightforward admission in the introduction, "I wanted to get work into print which I thought had deserved but hadn't been able to find production." is exactly what he is up to.

Alas, it is all secondary. Martin Duberman is an important spokesman for the gay community and is currently writing a book on sex and society. His work deserves our attention. **Male Armor** gives us a chance to examine Duberman the playwright. He gives us a varied view of homosexuality in the clothier's mirror. We can bask in the reflection.

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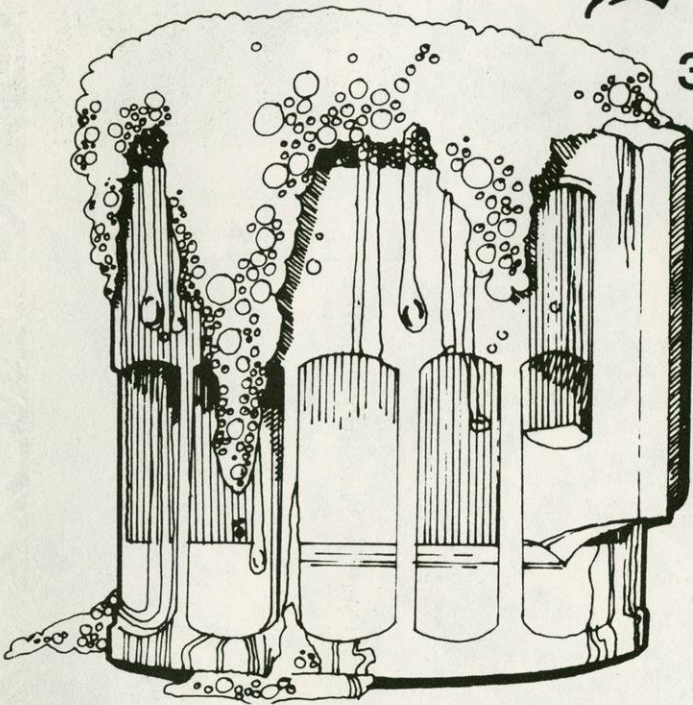
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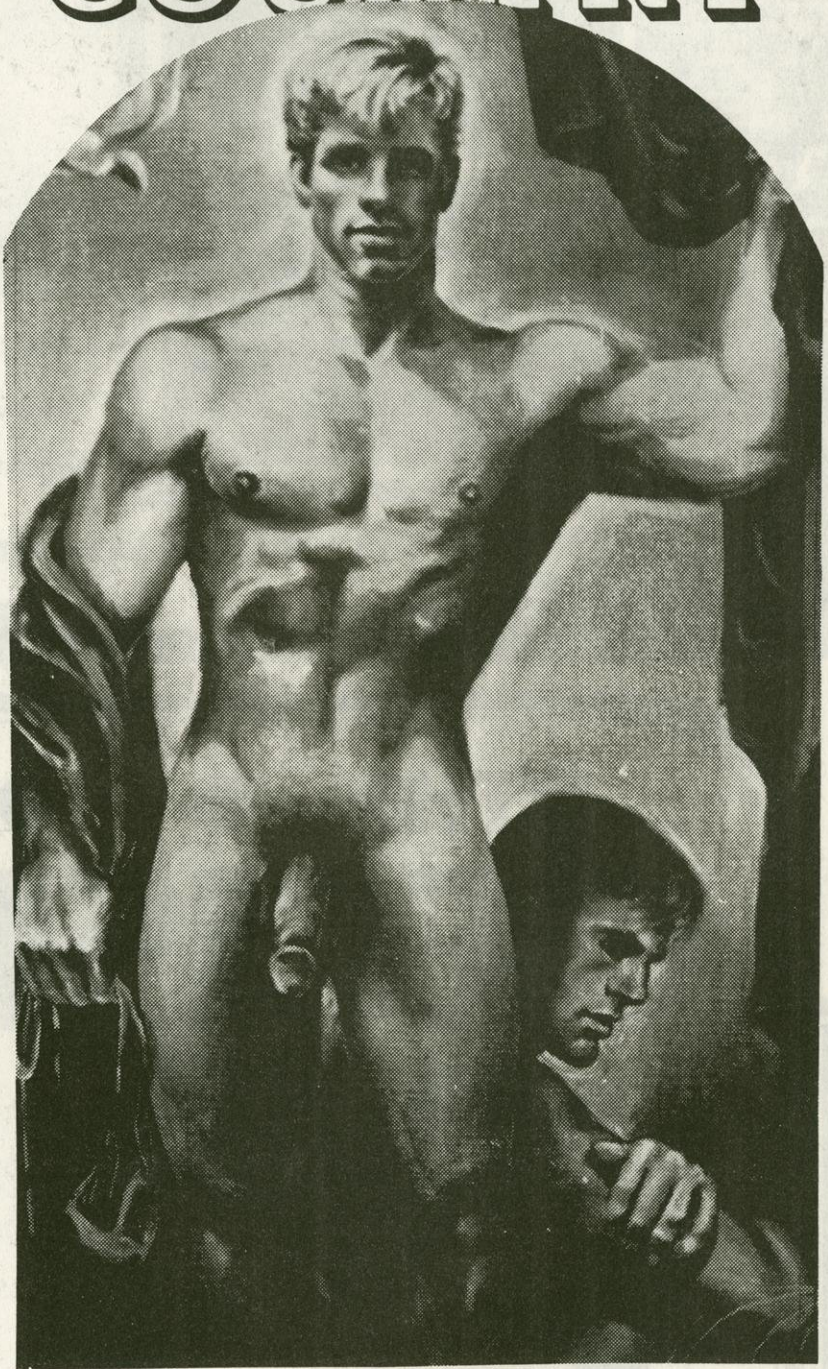
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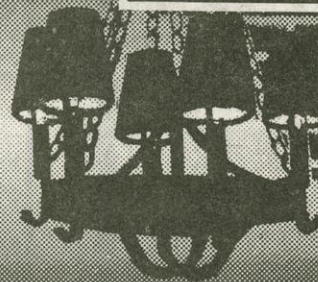
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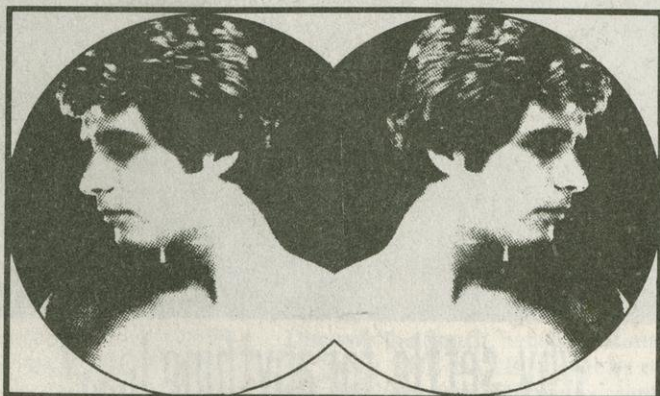
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