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The Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier

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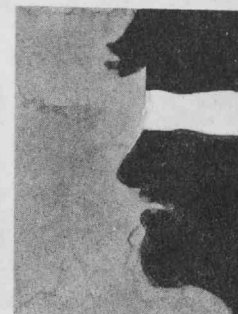
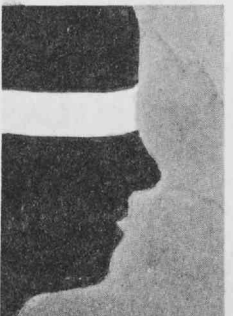
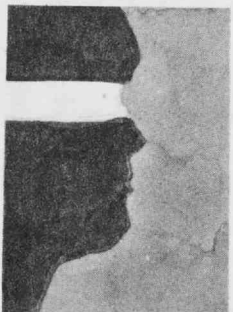
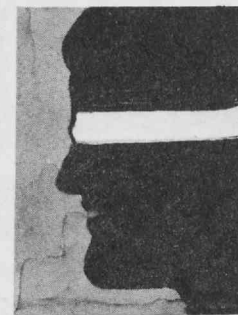
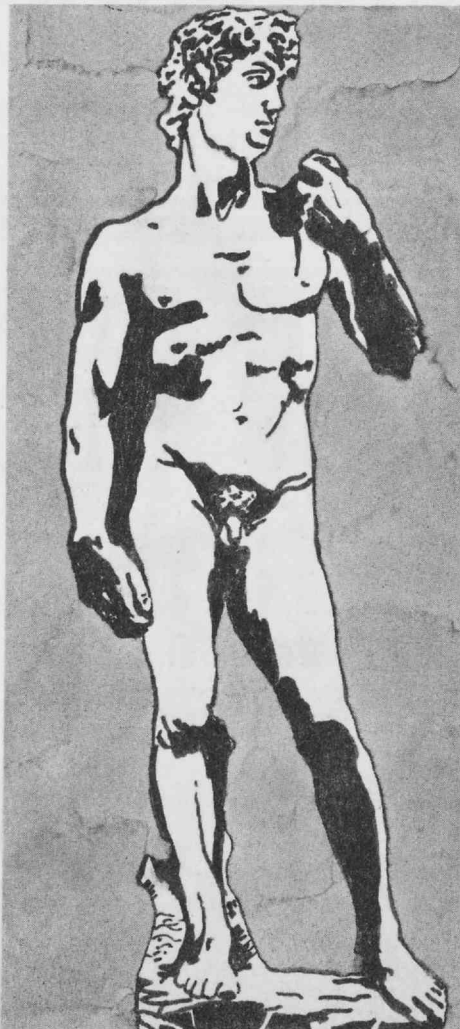
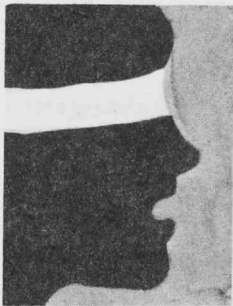
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NOVEMBER 1975



OBSCENE



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TO OUR READERS

We sincerely regret that our November issue is so horribly late getting out. Our problems revolve mainly around too few people to call on to do all the work that needs to be done. This is a common ailment in the gay movement, as it no doubt is in any under-financed, under-staffed endeavor.

It is certainly our responsibility to eventually work this problem out. For all of us at the 5th Freedom, changing to our new format was a totally new experience and we've had to learn everything 'on the job', so to speak. We don't feel we've done a bad job at all, considering our inexperience and naivete. Our determination, our commitment and Jerry, our printer, have been our biggest assets. We told ourselves that it would take anywhere from six to eight issues to iron-out all the problems. We're about on schedule, so far. This is our fifth issue.

One thing we need yet to develop strongly, is to find specific persons for specific tasks involved in our total operation. And we definitely need more good writers submitting good articles. There are seemingly scads of people with good intentions, but good intentions are hard to paste up at deadline time.

There is not a great sense of urgency in much of the 5th Freedom content, since we consciously set out to be an opinion/views/forum magazine rather than a newspaper. But, in all fairness to you, our readers, we need to build your confidence in expecting our publication to be in your hands on a regular basis.

You can play a part in the progress we do make. We need people for various positions which don't involve a lot of time, but do require commitment and dependability. If you want to write, but are fearful of your spelling, don't worry - we have a dynamite speller on our staff. If it's worse than that and you need help on grammar, etc., we have an expert who'll be glad to help - particularly if it means getting additional contributions of articles, etc. If you can't write, but might be interested in typing, proof-reading, artwork, paste-up or any of the many other duties

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EDITORIAL

Matlovich. The name is becoming a household word. The cover of TIME magazine. The Phil Donahue Show. TV network news coverage. UPI. AP. A gay super-hero has arrived - and we don't quite know what to do about it. We're simply not used to it.

The love that dared not speak its name all of a sudden has a spokesperson that the world can't ignore. Leonard Matlovich's name and face has gotten into nearly every North American household one way or another, wanted or unwanted, cursed or praised.

How should the gay movement respond to all this? The answers to that question are as diverse as are the various elements of the movement itself. On one extreme we have those who denounce Matlovich and all he represents, angrily decrying gay movement support of anything or anyone involving the military. On the other hand are those who see Lenny Matlovich as the ulti-

mate hero, the saving grace of all gays who will make things right by his shining example. Somewhere in between, we suspect, lies reality.

To denounce support of Matlovich by hurling epithets of "baby-bomber", "militaristic murderer", etc. (ad nauseum) is to ignore the 10-20% of the armed forces population that are gay, precludes sane debate on the military vs. the gay movement and deals in extremes that are far removed from reality. Yet, to idolize, adore and promote a 'God-mother-apple pie' and 'serve my country to the best of my ability' image as our own serves only to substitute one stereotype for another and excludes the individual realities of most other gays.

Lenny Matlovich needs to win his battle with the military, primarily for his own sake; in large part to sever a critical nerve in middle-America's trite, false assumptions about the world around

them; and in no small measure to give the gay community the visibility it so badly needs.

This last point is where the distinction needs to be made. Matlovich has been thrust into the spotlight as the gay super-hero and, we suspect, has already been bitten by the movement 'bug'. He wants to help the gay movement and he can. The spotlight is on him and will be for quite awhile. What he can do is draw that spotlight to the entire movement by strongly identifying with college and community groups wherever he speaks. This will bring the media to them, as well, and give them the visibility that's desperately needed to enhance the struggle against oppression of gays. In turn he will build credits in the movement and gain exposure to the multitude of grass roots action and ideas he needs if he is to truly be a spokesperson for us. And there's

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FROM OUR MAILBAG

SAPPHO is a Lesbian radio program aired weekly on WBFO-FM (88.7 MHz). For several years we have been broadcasting with a varied format of discussion, phone-ins, interviews, poetry, music, original drama and prose, special features, comedy, news, etc. On November 3 we did a "porno spoof" show, complete with "bleeps", romantic music and other satirical devices. In reaction to the show Marvin Granger, the station's General Manager sent us the following letter. The SAPPHO staff feels this is an important issue that the entire Gay community should be informed about. Our response to him follows. (You can hear our show on Mondays, 9:30-10:00pm.)

To the staff of SAPPHO:

I believe your program of Monday, November 3 was clearly inconsistent with the purpose and responsibilities of a public radio station. It is very important to me as manager of WBFO that no more programs of this kind are produced.

Having said that, I want you to understand why I take

this position. It is clearly within the mission of a public radio station to be open to all sexual identities within the community--hetero, homo, bi--because community mores and laws affecting sexual behavior are based on judgements which must be subject to public analysis and discussion.

SAPPHO has a definite role to play for communication within the lesbian community and from that community to the public at large. This communication has taken and should take many forms.

But the one form it cannot take is sexual pandering. WBFO is not open to any one or any group for the purpose of ideological harrassment of the listening audience.

Your program of November 3 was neither informational nor artistic; it was nothing more than salacious sexual advertising. It reduced "sisterhood" to the level of pornography for no socially constructive purpose.

Without seeming unduly harsh, I want you to understand that any future programs

of this kind will result in the cancellation of your access to WBFO.

Marvin Granger
General Manager

To Marvin Granger:

Lesbian life-styles and Lesbian culture have always been a part of our society. The dominant society has reacted to us in various ways ranging from fear, suppression, violence, legal harrassment, medical and psychiatric "treatment", dislike, ignorance, misunderstanding, and non-recognition. Within recent decades in many countries throughout the world Lesbians and Gay men have been increasingly vocal and organized in asserting our rights of self-determination of life-style and culture. These assertions bring forth both old and new conflicts to the surface.


One of those conflicts is based on misunderstanding, a lack with the heterosexual mindframe to "see us (Lesbians) as we see ourselves." Your misunderstanding of SAPPHO's

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MAILBAG, cont.

broadcast of November 3 is a very clear example of this.

The idea and purpose for the show originated out of our experience that most Lesbian pornography is written by men and for men, and is insulting to women. Recently this has taken the form of articles and/or pictures in Cosmopolitan, Playboy, and other popular magazines. As a comment on this our interest was to "take back" our sexual expression by having Lesbians write our own stories and see what happened, which we see as both a creative and artistic endeavor. In the process of preparing the material for broadcast we were aware of FCC regulations and public mores regarding certain words that are considered "offensive." Therefore, we decided to "beep" out any such words. The result of this was that the show became a spoof on pornography. We feel that satire and comedy are legitimate forms in which to communicate within the Lesbian community and to the community at large.

Clearly there is a conflict between your view of the show and ours. You view it as "nothing more than salacious sexual advertisement." We thought it was one of the funniest shows we have done in a long time! One does not inject ridiculous news bulletins into the middle of serious pornography, nor does the playing of schlock romantic music underneath the stories jibe with "ideological harrassment".

We view the contents of your letter as misinformed and incorrect. However, this issue goes beyond that, as you stated that future programs "of this kind" will result in cancellation of our access to WBFO. This is no light matter. We believe that we are acting in a responsible manner consistent with the purpose of a public radio station. And we feel the most accurate judge of this is the public. We would like to be informed of any mail or calls you receive from the public regarding our broadcast of November 3. The opinions we have thus far received from our listening audience have commended us on our creative form of comedy and satire.

We hope this letter clarifies our intentions concerning the programming on SAPPHO. As you have stated in your letter, SAPPHO has a mission

to serve the Lesbian community and the public at large. Therefore we would like to extend this responsibility beyond our broadcast hours to discuss this further with you as we do with other members of our audience.

Sincerely,
 The staff of SAPPHO

If anyone has any comments on the show itself or these letters, please send them to Marvin Granger, General Manager, WBFO, 3435 Main Street, SUNYAB, Buffalo, New York 14214.

EDITORIAL, cont.

where the distinction lies. Lenny Matlovich can be a spokesperson for the gay movement, but not the spokesperson. There's a big difference. If he presents himself as a spokesperson, he's free to speak to his own reality. But, if the media and the society they pander to perceives him as the spokesperson, then as the spotlight goes out and the dust settles, the movement, with all those other gay realities, are left just about where they were when the Air Force said "NO". Our biggest single problem is lack of visibility, i.e. the failure of non-gay society to perceive that we exist in the multitudes and various lifestyles we do. Lenny Matlovich is a warm, affable, sincere person. He can be a valuable asset as a spokesperson for the gay community. We trust that he, also, perceives the limitations of the role that's been thrust upon him.

READERS, cont.

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THE OBSCENITY LAW: ITS ORIGINS AND SOME IMPLICATIONS

BY A. EARL HERSHBERGER

The seats in the Common Council chamber were designed for miniature people - a condition seemingly reflecting the mental attitudes around the magic horseshoe and the ill-occupied stake at its center. The only active (physically only) person, the water boy, an aging brown suit overstuffed with an equally aged body, who ran around telling people they couldn't read the newspaper or carry signs, expressed the ultimate in miniscule thinking in a room where this was Commonplace.

Explaining the actual procedures that took place, in regard to legislative action, would try the patience of most people. It is sufficient to say that on September 30th the (very) Common Council struck a blow for "decency", the church, law-in-the-bedroom (a short step from the mind) and, as usual, absurdity. They unanimously passed an ordinance which could be the first step on the road to outlawing the human body, at least in western New York.

Technically the works of DaVinci, Michelangelo, Klein, Man Ray and others could be removed from high school libraries. The Albright-Knox Gallery could be closed to children - even in the company of their parents. Playboy, Playgirl and other such innocuous magazines could be barred from sale. And, god forbid, that a physician should have anatomical texts around the house where his children could see them.

The preponderance of spectators (audience?) in one section of the house had never had sexual relationships (at least according to the myth) or were too old to remember them. Their black-collared and dingy-wimpled leaders led the ghoulish crew (dressed in dull, lifeless Salvation Army, VFW and Little Old Biddies Rose Garden and Gossip Society costumes) in pale-completed vampiric smiles of success when the ordinance passed uncontested.

On October 14, dashing all hopes of an 11th hour breakthrough of sanity, Makowski, semi-able representative

of the factory/bingo mentality prevalent in this city, signed the ordinance into law. His action clearly shows that his thinking (sic) is completely controlled by antiquated inhuman church imposed morality - a paradox in a country that is, *in theory only*, founded on secular law and in the spirit of humanism, the arch enemy of church doctrine.

The air of prideful arrogance that permeates this city, the holier-than-thou-and-you'd-DAMN-well-believe-it-OR-ELSE mentality that is the standard of Buffoonalo, flies in the face of logic and reason. This is to be expected however in a town where the majority's intellectual pursuits are "Broads", Booze and Bowling.

The original perpetrator of this act is a man obviously much admired by the bill's sponsor. Noxious Nixon formed a panel of experts (while he was still in the position to form such panels) to study the "problem" of pornography. The panel's conclusion was, simply stated, pornography is NOT dangerous to your health. The empirical evidence for this is Denmark where the purchase, sale and/or possession of pornography is legal. The biggest consumer of pornographic materials in Denmark is the AMERICAN TOURIST. Yet, in spite of hard factual evidence our silly-ustrious ex-(you should pardon the term) president, backed by the semi-frocked Willy Graham, declared pornographic materials to be hazardous to your health, lewd, immoral, a commie plot, sinful, and all sorts of nasty-nasties. (Note: The reason that he followed this line of reason could be explained by the fact that it is difficult to obtain well made erotica in these United States. The materials an individual can purchase, thanks to MAFIA greed, are of such poor quality that they become laughable after your second hopeful purchase.)

So now, emulating our lost leader, ole Billiard Ball gets an ordinance passed that says even a covered erection is illegal (see section 10c of the new law). Good old boy, hairless Lewd-andowski, pro-



bably can't maintain an engorged sex organ so the thought of anyone else doing so causes him to have nightmares, the shakes and, more than likely, extreme micturition. The fact that the Common Council thinks it is God, that they believe with their whole hearts, and their whole minds and their whole souls that they can legislate morals and that they are firmly convinced that their chamber (of legalistic horrors) is the temple is repulsive not only to logical thought but to good taste as well. (Note: It is indeed strange that the ceiling and walls of this hall of Christian/anti-humane legislative action are emblazoned with patently, yea flagrant, pagan symbols.)

The legal profession of the city has raised doubts as to the constitutionality of the law because it makes illegal things which even the laws of the state do not cover, thereby attempting to set the legal code of the city, a subsidiary of the state (in a legalistic sense), above the state. But in true characteristic style the bill's sponsor says, "The legislative branch can pass anything it wants to pass..." So much for that - the people be damned. This comment, along with the pass-

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OBSCENITY, cont.

age and enacting of the ordinance, obviously makes Buffoonalo the Polish joke of America - and Polish jokes are NEVER in good taste.

Ostensibly this ordinance was passed, signed and, hence, became law for the protection of those members of the populace under the age of consent. When have the members of the Common Council ever talked honestly with groups of young people? Are these legislators aware of the depth of a young person's sexual knowledge and in many cases *actual sexual experience*? I doubt it. The myth of innocence is just that - a myth, a myth maintained by the moralistic teachings of a few asexual black-clothed hierophants and their funereally garbed consorts. It is a fairy tale perpetrated upon each succeeding generation by their elders - a group that feels, because it is getting older, that it cannot derive as much pleasure from sexual activity as it once did (another myth!) and is therefore jealous of the abilities of its offspring.

Let's face it - sex is fun. They don't want us to know this simple fact of life so rather than tell us about it through an intellegent series of courses in the schools they make it something dirty. The reality is that the minds that conceive such laws as the one under discussion are the ones that are filthy. The fear-ridden minds that attempt to deny basic human interaction, the weak-willed people that go to such great lengths to outlaw something as boring as the pornography available to Americans or the "soft-core" magazines, the guilt-driven elders and the inept parents that deny good sex education to the young are the sick people in our society - and our society is really sick, apparently incurably so.

Pornography is BORING. It is exploitive. It is low class, poorly executed erotica. It is available, through "syndicate" supplied and sponsored, bookstores for the masses - people who need the excitement of buying an "adult" publication because they are not getting their needs, excitement or emotions satisfied through human contacts and mental stimulation. On the other hand shameless exciting erotica, if shared with a partner, can lead to exploration

of sexual activities. Erotica can stimulate the mind and emotions. It can teach. It is fun, healthy and, most importantly, an extension of a basic human desire into the realm of art. Erotica is the reaching out of one person's mind, through a media expression, to the mind of another awakening, in the viewer, the desire to experience new sensations - it is a sharing: a sharing based in the depiction of honest human interaction, mutual gratification, and pleasure.

The legitimatizing of pornography, a horror to the tiny minds in power in church and state, would lead to, eventually, its demise. It could be replaced with erotic materials and freer feelings regarding sexual matters. If the powers in control continue to have their way, however, we, the American people, will NEVER have the chance to find out. We will be fed a carefully controlled diet of bad taste materials at exorbitant prices so the officials can line their pockets with bribes and the profits from their share in the activities.

No, the terrible trio of church, state and organized crime do not want us to enjoy, understand or love each other. They do not want us to grow closer. They do not want to lose control of us. They do not want to lose their profit\$.

This new law is an assault on privacy, an assault from the state backed by the organized criminal syndicate and the church working in tacit agreement, if not in actual fact, against the human race. The trio's fears of an enlightened populace make them work well together. We, the people, don't need legislated morality, we need honesty (a commodity we will not get from the trio). We do not need this law that the trio is imposing on us. This law is not only an assault upon us - it is an insult. It insults our intelligence, it insults our taste, it insults our basic humanity. It calls into question our *worth* as reasoning individuals.

We are now saddled with the fears of others. The only people to profit from this law will be the dealers because they can raise their prices. And they will be left alone because they will pay the syndicate for materials, the state (through continual minimal fines) for protection and the church with pious contri-

butions. And we will pay - and pay - and pay - and... The proof of this is the fact that when an adult bookstore is raided it reopens, sometimes within hours. A rival organization recently tried to open a store and theatre in this area and was successfully closed, theoretically by the police, was fined (in abstentia) the largest amount in the city's history and the people connected with it have disappeared - but the "established" adult bookshops, the ones firmly ensconced within the trio's system are still open and thriving. The first arrests will not occur in these establishments but at the corner store where the notorious "plain brown wrapper" will accidentally have slipped and the mistake will be seen by some dried-up, sexually useless individual who is afraid of their lost potential and their inevitable end.

Why did Buffoonalo get this law? Because it was the only thing the Common Council could pass. Did they accomplish anything in regard to low income housing? No, but we got the new obscenity law. Did they give us a tax break? No, but you can't look at the cover of Playgirl. Did they find work for those who need it? No, but . . . well, you get the picture. Is this an election year? You're damn right it is. And so each councilperson can return to their district full of self righteousness, kissing the hem, or whatever, of the church-mongers, accepting "surprise" campaign contributions from supposedly unexpected sources and report that although nothing was done to change the disgusting living conditions of their constituents they did save the children from knowledge about sex, they did uphold the myth, they did reinforce the fears. And they will get reelected. The easily duped voters will forget about bad housing, will ignore the lack of tax reforms, and will cheer their "hard working elected officials."

Yes, absurdity triumphs again. There is, however, a double absurdity at work here. The overdeveloped breasts and cocks that can be seen in the timid Playboy magazine and the (sub-) standard "hard core" pornography are unusual - more correctly freakish. Let's face it - of all the people you know how many are really

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ANAL INTERCOURSE

AN APPRECIATION by DONN HOLLEY



Gay male sexual problems have always been a sensitive issue. Too often men in gay culture reflect the attitudes of the larger culture - men are supposed to know of such things. The truth is that sex is a learned experience, an acquired skill. Ignorance or discomfort with sex should not be the object of ridicule, or even good natured kidding. It is clear we must help ourselves with our own sexual problems; there are few in "straight" society with the knowledge, skill or desire to help us.

Of the various forms of sex gay men engage in, anal sex seems to create the greatest anxiety. In counseling gay men, in consciousness raising groups, and in sex workshops I have participated in, I have heard many men speak about difficulties they have with anal sex. I have also had a great deal of difficulty dealing with anal sex myself. As I see it, these difficulties come from two sources: from the feelings, guilt, and role associations from within ourselves and from "straight" culture; and from the physical problems involved in anal sex. The mind/body split is an artificial one - almost all sexual problems have elements of both; but it is simpler to deal with in these terms. In this article I'll deal with guilt, role associations, and feelings; in

an article next month I shall deal with the physical problems and dangers of anal intercourse and how to overcome them.

Guilt is a broad topic. Guilt can be associated with any pleasurable experience, or it can be concentrated on one or more specific acts, such as anal intercourse. When I first came out, I had an all pervasive Christian guilt about anything pleasurable. As long as I enjoyed myself, I felt guilty, but I was at least able to choose how I got off indiscriminately; it was the enjoyment that produced my guilt rather than the means to that end. More often, however, a guilt "hierarchy" is set up. While one form of sexual pleasure is perfectly acceptable, another may be considered perverse. "Straight" men may draw the line at having sex with women, or only being blown; some gay men I have known refuse to be kissed, or only agree to oral sex or mutual masturbation. Often men refuse to be the "receiver" in anal intercourse.

Let me emphasize that guilt is seldom the only factor in deciding which sexual acts men will and will not participate in. Role considerations, physical problems, even personal preference and taste are also involved. More than other forms of sex, anal sex must be learned. Gradually expanding one's sexual horizons is part of coming out - anal sex is usually not the first sexual act most of us engage in. But guilt can have an important part in how long it takes to be comfortable with anal sex, and the degree to which one can enjoy it.

It is not surprising, in a culture that has frowned on pleasure in general, that finding new forms of pleasure should be especially discouraged. Some would argue that the penis was specifically designed for the purpose of pleasure, but the anus and rectum are not. I would argue that the person who has the creativity and imagination to find pleasure wherever it may be is a far healthier human being.

Roles associated with anal intercourse are perhaps a more complex problem than guilt.

These roles come from both society and our personal experiences. Even defining roles creates a problem - everyone has different associations. Some roles I and other men I've talked to associate with anal intercourse are: aggressive/passive, male/female, rapist/raped/ dominant/submissive, etc. To further complicate matters, these terms each have positive and negative associations, depending on personal experiences. For example, one man I talked to was raped when he was very young; memories of that incident make it impossible for him to enjoy receiving anal intercourse. On the other hand, another man I talked to fantasized about rape, and associating rape and anal intercourse increased his pleasure. While the reality of rape can be unpleasurable and frightening, the *role* or fantasy can have positive associations.

Anal intercourse, more than any other gay male sex act, can have male/female roles attached to it. Since women are oppressed in our society, a man who chooses a "female" role is doubly looked down upon. Many men feel they will lose their masculinity, and hence their self-respect, if they "submit" to anal intercourse. This is indeed an unfortunate effect (one of the many) of role expectations; not only does this man rob himself of a potential source of enjoyment, but it too often leads him to look down on his partner who enjoys his "role."

Typical of the complexities of roles, men can prefer the "female," "submissive" role, and again for a variety of reasons. I, for example, resent the male role. I disliked having to perform, hav-

CONT. PG. 18

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tions flow easily from one person to another without too many of those loud, flashing "she said"'s and "he thought"s. This makes for quite easy reading, albeit nonetheless thought-provoking.

Laura Hobson is writing for three major audiences in this book. For one, the book is apparently being marketed for the general reading public which, if Kinsey was right, is largely straight. And since the book assumes, for all intents and purposes, the same intelligent view of being gay as does Weinberg's Society and the Healthy Homosexual, Consenting Adult will do a great deal to shatter tired old misconceptions about homosexuality. It is easily conceivable that Betty Ford, for example, would be deeply affected by this book; on the other hand, it is unlikely that Billy Graham would be able to fit it into his facile philosophy even if his own child were gay.

Secondly, the book will of course benefit parents of gays who are laboring over the same problems as the protagonist and her family. Hobson is almost surely writing firsthand. If not, she is phenomenally sensitive to the innermost feelings of parents who get letters from boarding school, as Tessa does from Jeff, stating, "You see, I am a homosexual." This is the much-touted line that all the reviewers have picked up on, but it represents that first painful step many of us have taken with someone straight - someone close whose feelings, we hope, will not be adversely changed by the revelation. Of course nowadays, we are less timid about being gay, but Hobson's book brings us right up to date on that score too.

Lastly, this book is written for all the homosexuals to whom it has perhaps never occurred that coming out is difficult not only for themselves but for their parents as well; for gays who have never tried to understand the private griefs their parents have had to face and, hopefully, conquer.

So, make Christmas a coming out party this year with a fine book to get together over with your parents. Happy Holidays!

Are you looking for a meaningful Christmas present for mumsy and pops? Have you also been looking for a gentle way to tell them your "little secret"? Now you can solve both problems by giving your parents a copy of Consenting Adult by Laura Hobson (Doubleday; \$7.95).

Levity aside, this is a serious novel - by the author of Gentleman's Agreement (a book your parents are sure to have heard of) - that deals with coming out from the parents' viewpoint. It is exactly what we need: a good book by a straight person for a straight audience that treats the problems of being gay sensitively and without getting pathetic or overly emotional.

This is one of the essential differences between Consenting Adult and Patricia Nell Warren's recent mediocre bestseller, The Front Runner. Where Warren gets sentimental, Hobson is observant; where Warren makes excuses, Hobson is understanding; and where Warren uses sensationalism, Hobson has style.

The real beauty of Hobson's book is its simplicity.

She guides us through the feelings of Tessa Lynn and her husband Ken from their initial revulsion and self-blame over their son Jeff's revelation that he is reluctantly and unhappily gay, through various stages of growth (virtually apart from Jeff's own private growth) to where they can lovingly accept his right to be happy regardless of sexual considerations.

The transitions are done quite subtly and with no cheap pity or petty trickery. Her main fault in handling her characters' feelings is a mild pro-semitism. Possibly she is a Jewish Mother herself, and quite possibly she is writing more than just a little autobiographically, but nevertheless there is no reason for her to point out that the two characters who are most open to Jeff's gayness are both Jewish, and to imply that their open-mindedness is somehow related to their ethnocultural background.

Generally, however, Ms. Hobson can't be faulted for the way her characters think and talk. I was impressed by the way thoughts and conversa-

ENTERTAINMENT



SUN., NOV. 23, 7PM

**A
DOLL'S
HOUSE**

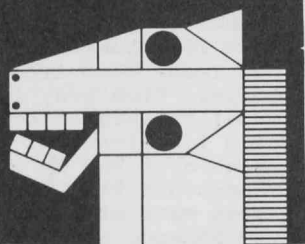
SUN., DEC. 14, 7PM



SUN., JAN. 25, 7PM

TO BE ANNOUNCED SUN., FEB. 22, 7PM

EQUUS



SUN., APRIL 11, 7PM

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EQUALITY:**

MON. NOV. 17 8PM



TUES. NOV. 18 8PM

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grant king
madeline davis
kt. vermeulen**

WED. NOV. 19 8pm

LEONARD MATLOVICH
will speak of his fight to
remain in the air force

THUR. NOV. 20 2pm
LEONARD MATLOVICH
at 8pm will be a reception in
his honor at the gay center,
cocktails served

FRI. NOV. 21 9pm

DANCE
free wine and beer

Burton Weiss will speak on "The Homosexuality of Everyday Life" in the Literature and Society Colloquium Series of the English Department. Open discussion to follow.

3 pm, Monday, November 24 in the Lounge (Room 2) of English Annex B, Main Street Campus, SUNY at Buffalo

THE GAY RADIO WAVES stonewall nation

STONEWALL NATION is a weekly program on WBFO, 88.7 FM every Thursday 9:30-10pm. Recent shows have included news of gay life and liberation, info on the move to change repressive laws in Albany, reports on anti-gay activities by University campus security, music recorded in concert at the Gay Center and gay movie reviews. Stay tuned.

sappho

"Sappho" is a weekly lesbian radio program on WBFO, 88.7 FM every Monday 9:30-10pm. The format is varied and includes local & national lesbian news, discussions on current events, interviews with local lesbians, original poetry, a series on Coming Out, Dyke on the Street, the Ledge of Night and more.

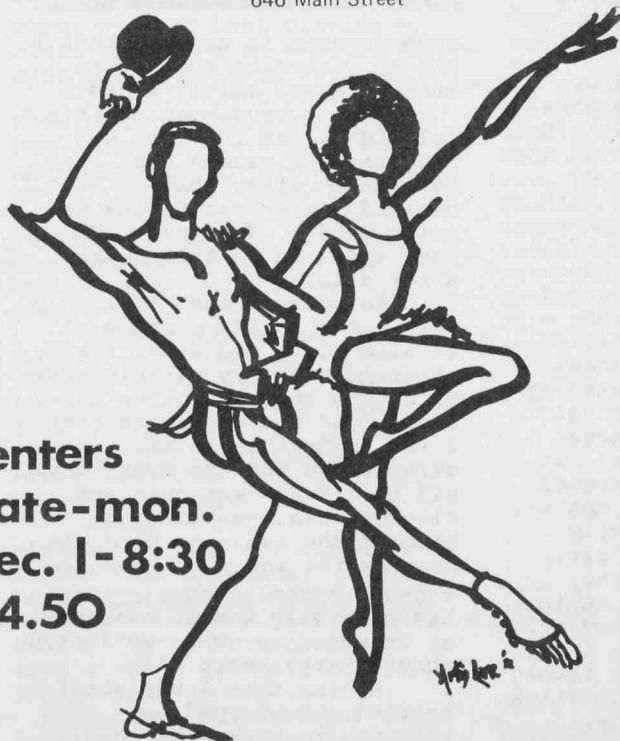


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WAR IS NOT A GAME FOR CHILDREN

GILLES ARMOR

"War Is Not a Game for Children" first appeared in French as, "On Ne Badine Pas Avec La Guerre," in the trilingual gay magazine *Le Cercle*, in Switzerland, July 1956. My English translation was printed again in *Le Cercle*, October 1959, then reprinted in the *Mattachine Review* of December 1960. It was repinted locally in the old *5th Freedom*, March and April 1973. Due to many requests and a desire to share it with new readers, we are reprinting it again. Set in occupied France of World War II, the story depicts personal love transcending national enmity.

The installment in this issue of the *5th Freedom* is the first of two.

Bernhard

I was hardly fourteen when my parents, returning from flight, found their small house in the suburbs of Paris occupied by four Germans. Mother, in the face of this new disaster, broke into tears. Father clenched his fists, and I studied the enemy closely with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

Following several trips to Headquarters and several nights spent with some of our luckier neighbors, the departure of three of the Germans enabled us to reoccupy our house. Only one of the rooms still remained under requisition, putting it indefinitely at the disposal of a Lieutenant Hanfstaengl, whose name my mother considered it her sacred duty constantly to mispronounce, and who represented to my father a stark symbol of humiliation and defeat.

The Lieutenant had selected my room on the ground floor, which meant that I had to have a collapsible bed installed for me in one corner of the living room. Mother, who believed the circulating rumors of slit throats fully, had been anxious to put me up on the first floor instead, but Father convinced her I was too old to share their bed room. In short, I slept apart from my family, stranded alone on one floor with the German Lieutenant.

My parents always made it a point to limit their contact with him to some icy greetings,

dismissing his own friendly advances as the orders of the propaganda office. I too followed my parents' example for several months, and might perhaps have followed it throughout the Lieutenant's two years stay with us, had it not been for Theseus.

Theseus was our household's darling, a magnificent blue Persian cat who simply could not be made to understand that the room on the ground floor was henceforth out of bounds. In the habit of sneaking in through the always open window and remaining there for days on end, he would remember our existence only when he got hungry.

Mother would have preferred never to see Theseus again, rather than to stoop to asking the Lieutenant about him. Yet my own pride being less touchy, or else my love for the cat being greater, I decided, when left alone in the house on Thursday afternoon, to enter the German's room in quest of my erstwhile playmate.

I found him sleeping, curled up on the bed as usual.

It was a bit painful to see my place upset through the preferences of another; my little table was strewn with German books, one of them a huge volume on painting, full of beautiful color reproductions. On the night stand I saw the small radio which evening after evening filled the house with the symphonic music which so exasperated my father. And from the mantle piece two unfamiliar faces were looking down at me: an elderly lady whom I presumed to be the Lieutenant's mother, and a soldier in his early twenties, probably, I felt, his younger brother. The latter photograph bore an inscription: "Für Eric und auf immer. Kurt."

Suddenly, my knees turned to water, as I heard the clicking of boots against the tiling of the entrance. I had hardly time to recollect my wits before the door opened and Lieutenant Hanfstaengl, clad in a striking uniform, entered the room. I don't know whether I blanched or purpled, but I do remember changing color and stammering out



some excuses in a voice that I had so wanted to sound firm, and which was barely audible.

I must have been a pitiful sight, for he burst out laughing (he seemed much less formidable after that). "Yes," he said, "your cat visits me quite often. You see, I do have a friend in this house after all."

He spoke French amazingly well, with hardly a trace of an accent. I had never really observed him very closely; now, he seemed so very unlike those blond head-shaven giants that I ran up against in the streets and subways every day. His tall frame was trim and slender, his eyes were the blue of the sea - as blue almost as the ink which was the rage in school then - , and his carefully combed hair was as brown as my own. He looked about thirty years old.

Seeing that I was about to flee, he stopped me. "Now that you're here," he said, "won't you stay a moment and let us get acquainted?"

Considering the situation I was in, I could hardly refuse. I turned down the cigar-

CONT NEXT PG.

WAR, cont.

ette he offered me, but couldn't resist the piece of chocolate.

He wanted to know what I did with myself all day, so I explained to him that I was attending high school in Paris; I had just started my third year.

He in turn told me about himself. He had been a journalist in civil life, working for the art department of a big Munich newspaper. As an officer, he had participated in the battles against Poland, Belgium and finally France, where his fluent knowledge of the language had secured him an enviable position with the Bureau of Information.

"I had studied in Paris," he said, "quite a few years ago, and I'm so happy to be back. An extraordinary city, Paris!" He handed me another piece of chocolate and went on. "This was your room, wasn't it? You see, I've changed very little in it, just added a few personal things: Some books, my radio, and the pictures of my loved ones. This," he explained, pointing, "is my mother. The soldier - he used to be my secretary on the paper - is my best friend. Right now, he's in Warsaw; he didn't have my kind of luck."

I felt ill at ease. Knowing my parents would be back soon, I could just imagine their horror if they found me in the room which, according to mother, needed disinfecting, listening to Lieutenant Hanfstaengl's life story and cramming down German chocolate.

Finally he let me go, but added: "You must come back and see me, I'd enjoy talking to you. I'm in every night: I go out seldom. We can listen to music, and maybe you might need some help with your German home work."

Again he smiled. I thought in all fairness that he was most likeable. I could hardly refuse him my hand when he offered me his, and when he asked, "We're friends now, aren't we?" I simply hadn't the courage to say no.

The two of us became conspirators even before we became friends, for I said nothing to my parents about our meeting. Still, I did not comply with his request to visit him again. He symbolized for me too strongly the regime against which I felt rising from all sides, more and more blindly as the days

went on, the hatred of an entire nation.

That first winter under the occupation was a bitter one; it dawned on the French people that their trials were going to be prolonged and painful. Monotonously, depressingly, the months crawled by.

At last, on a bright summer day, when the weather alone was enough to rekindle some optimism in the heart, events took a sudden turn for the better: Hitler's army had attacked the Soviet Union. Strangers smiled at one another in the street; dozens of comforting tales were whispered from ear to ear, all concluding that "he" was no stronger than Napoleon. French hopes turned to the East.

Vacation time was meanwhile approaching, and my parents, unwilling to leave our house once more to the caprices of the occupation, decided to send me by myself up to my mother's sister. She owned a large estate in Sologne, deep in the woodland where, in the absence of any entertainment, I was sure to benefit from a consistent diet of overeating.

If some of our actions seem impulsive and incomprehensible to us, it may be because we are not conscious of the evolution of our being which has been leading up to them for a long long time. When on the eve of my departure I suddenly decided to say goodbye to the Lieutenant, it seemed as senseless to me as throwing myself into the waters of the Seine; still, I wonder even now whether it was only shyness that had made my heart pound so loudly when I knocked on the door of his room.

He did not seem the least bitsurprised. "It was wise of you," he said, "to have taken time out for thought before coming back. Of course it did take you a little bit long, but I always knew you'd make it in the end." Then, and without any transition, "My name's Erik. What's yours?"

At that sensitive age, when I wanted so badly to be taken for a man, the use of the familiar by an older person would annoy me terribly; yet coming from him, it pleased me.

It was in the course of that evening that everything which had separated us, everything which had prevented me from coming back sooner appeared suddenly devoid of all

importance. As I sat watching him, listening to him, the truth dawned on me at last: I wanted, I needed his friendship; I longed to gain it and keep it, no matter who or what.

When it was time to say goodbye, he stood holding my hand in his. "We're going to see a great deal of each other, aren't we," he asked, "when you come back in October? But," he added, "there's one rule we must observe: You and I must never speak of the war. We shall pretend that the war does not exist."

My vacation was boring beyond words. In spite of my aunt and uncle's prodigious efforts to make their home and grounds attractive, I had soon exhausted the charms of the forest which I considered morose and far too quiet. Need I add that already there was someone I missed?

I wrote my parents a month before I was due back, reminding them that I was about to enter senior high school, and suggesting that, for the sake of enabling me to prepare a careful schedule, I return earlier. Delighted with my unaccustomed zeal, they consented.

The trip seemed interminable and when I arrived home at last, our meager little garden looked lovelier to me than the big forest.

That evening, I knocked on Erik's door.

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POETRY

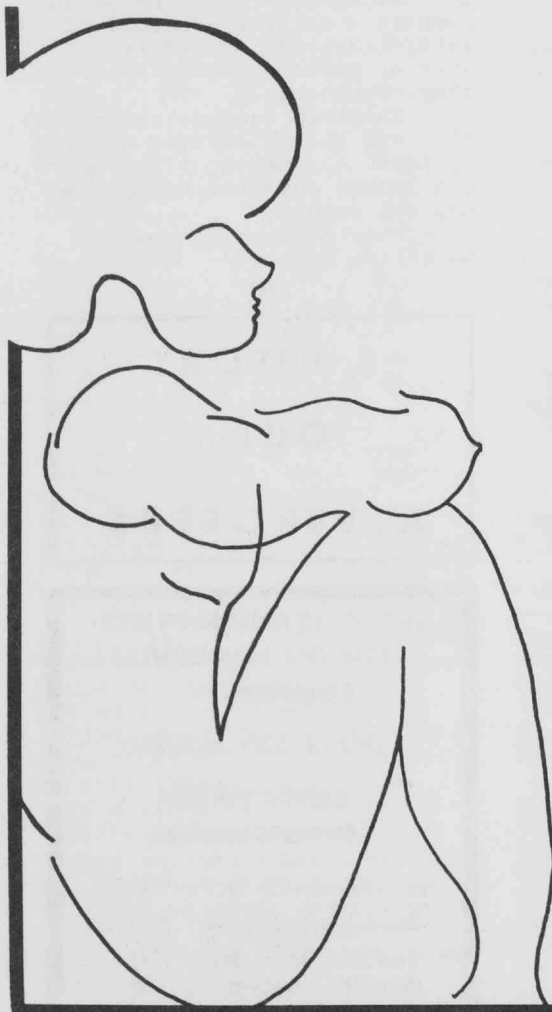
RANDOM THOUGHTS

A CHILD WAS BORN TO GOD ONE DAY
AND FROM THE START HE HAD HIS WAY
GIVEN ALL THE JOYS OF GOD
GIVEN ALL THE JOYS BUT NOT THE MIND

HE LIVED AS SUCH BLESSED SO FROM HIGH
BUT SIGHT HE LACKED THO HE HAD EYES
STILL HE HAD THE JOYS OF GOD
GIVEN ALL THE JOYS BUT NOT THE MIND

HE WALKED THE EARTH DID AS HE PLEASED
AND FOUND EXCITEMENT AMID THE TREES
GIVEN ALL THE JOYS OF GOD
GIVEN ALL THE JOYS BUT NOT THE MIND

AMONGST THE TREES WAS ONE DEEMED BAD
AND FROM ITS BOUGH AN APPLE HAD
TAKEN WAS THE JOYS OF GOD
TAKEN WAS THE JOYS BUT LEFT THE MIND



YOU ARE THE DREAMER AND I
THE DANCER. DIFFERENT SIDES OF
DIFFERENT COINS. STILL I
WOULD WANT TO BE THE DREAMER
THAT YOU ARE, OR AT LEAST SHARE
IN YOUR VISIONS OF LIFE'S SENSITIVITIES
YOU HOLD THE FUTURE WHILE
I CLING TO THE PAST

YOU ARE THE VISIONARY AND I
THE ART. I TAKE WHAT YOU PERCEIVE
AND DISTORT IT INTO REALITY
DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE SAME COIN

YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE AND
I WHAT I AM NOT
THE DREAMER AND THE DANCER
INSPIRATION AND THE CRAFT

I CANNOT COMPETE WITH YOUR DREAMS
NOR SUCEED AGAINST YOUR MEMORIES
MIRACLES ARE TOO MUCH AGAINST ME
I WILL THINK OF YOU OFTEN
MY DREAMER AND THE DANCER

I HAD TRIED MANY TIMES TO WRITE YOU A LETTER
BUT EACH TIME MY HANDS STARTED TO SWEAT
AND MY MIND BECOMES CONFUSED.

I SAW, A CHARIOT OF LOVERS
AND I SAW, AS IN COUNTLESS DREAMS
MANY SUCH LOVERS
TEARING THRU THE SKY.....I SAW THEM

I SAW, AN INSCRIPTION TO LOVERS
AND I SAW, AS IN COUNTLESS DREAMS
MANY SUCH WRITINGS
BURNED ON THEIR SOULS....I SAW THEM

I SAW, REFLECTIONS OF A MAN
AND I SAW, AS IN COUNTLESS DREAMS
MANY SUCH MEN
THROWN INTO THE ABYSS...I SAW THEM

IT IS BEST THAT I LOVE WHAT
I WAS MEANT TO LOVE AND STOP CHASING
RAINBOWS. THE BEAUTY STANDS OUT ONLY
FOR A DAY, ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE
THEN IT IS GONE

WHO AM I (*THE CLOWN OF SORROW*)
THE FOOL OF YESTERDAY (*HIDING BEHIND THE MAKE-UP*)
THE LAUGHTER GONE ONCE MORE (*PLEASEING ALL BUT HIMSELF*)
I REMEMBERED WHEN HE SMILED (*FORGETFUL OF EMOTION*)
LOVING ALL BUT AFRAID (*HURTING EVERY MOMENT*)
TO KNOW THOSE AROUND HIM (*IN SILENSE HE IS DYING*)
PAINFUL TO LOVE THEM (*A STRANGER TO THEM ALL*)

BY BENJI

MAN IN GREEN

HE BOWED ON KNEES IN FRONT OF HIM, A MAN OF HOLY GREEN
HE ASKED OF THIS PROUD FATHER TALL, MY LORD WHERE HAVE I BEEN
OF THIS I DO NOT KNOW SAID HE, WHAT PLACES HAVE YOU SEEN
JUST TALK OF THOSE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN, THE SOULS YOU WANT TO BE

I SAW THE HEAVEN'S DIE HE SAID, I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE'S WAKE
I'VE HELP THE POOR GET RICHER AND FROM THE POORER TAKE
I'VE HEARD THE GODS ALL LAUGHING SIRE, A HEARTLESS JOKING CRY
THEY SEEM TO SAY, "MY SON THIS YOU'LL FALL INTO THE FIRE"

THE BURNING BUSH DID BLOCK MY PATH, MY CROSS I HAD TO BEAR
ALONE WITHOUT THE HELP OF FRIENDS, (I FOUND NO ONE WHO CARED)
I DANCED ALONG THE LINES OF TIME, SOME LIVES I DID FORSAKE
I KILLED MY THIRST FOR YEARS TO COME SO THAT I MAY NOT WAKE

BUT AS THE MOUNTAINS CRUMBLLED LORD AND DESTRUCTION RULED THE LAND
A SHADOW CAME INTO MY MIND AND GAVE TO ME HIS HAND
HE LIVED AND STAYED ALL THROUGH MY MIND (I DID NOT KNOW HIS NAME)
BUT THIS HE DID A FEELING GIVE (I SENSED HE SHARED MY SHAME)

BUT STILL WOULD I IN ALL MY SHAME WOULD SHUT MY MIND TO ALL
BUT THERE HE STOOD MY BAD AND GOOD (HE ALSO SHARED MY PAIN)

WHAT HAPPENED THEN I CAN'T EXPLAIN, IT WAS A PASSING WHIM
I LAID MYSELF BEFORE HIS GRACE AND FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM

YES SIR I FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM, WAS NOT A PASSING PHASE
WE ROAMED THE TIMES OF LIFE AND RHYMES AND SUNG OF HEAVEN'S PRAISE
WE CHASED THE SEEDS OF MEMORIES, THOSE BORN AND YET TO COME
WE BOWED IN PRAYER YET IN DESPAIR WE COULD NOT BE AS ONE

AND SO I ASK AGAIN KIND SIR, OLD MAN OF HOLY GREEN
MY PROUD AND NOBLE FATHER TALL, MY LORD, WHERE HAVE I BEEN

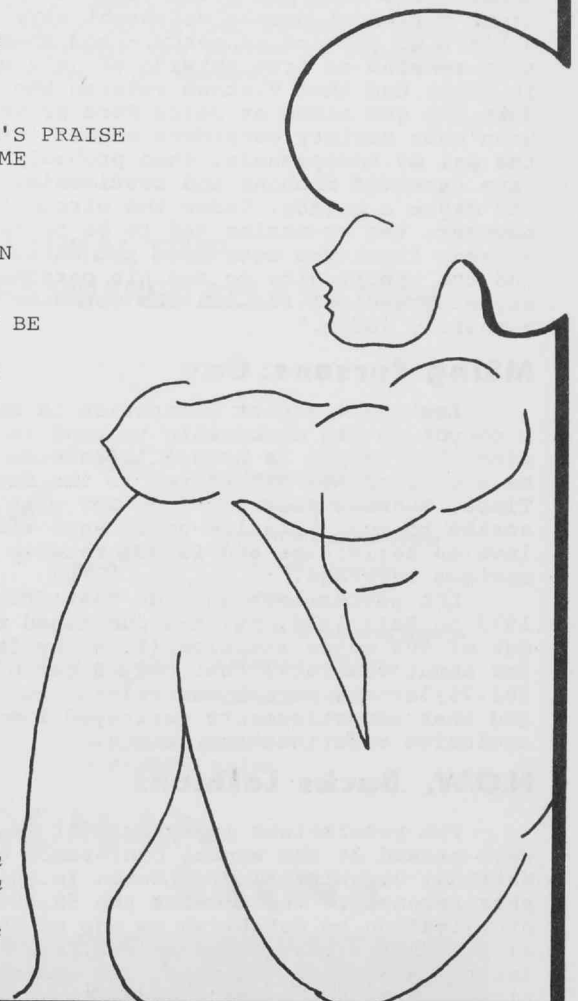
MY TROUBLED SON FOR ONE SO YOUNG, A LOT TO LIFE YOU SEE
THE WORDS COME HARD I KNOW NOT WHY...THIS LOVE IT CAN NOT BE

THE ONE YOU LOVE BELONGS TO NONE BUT TO THE WORLD DOES HE
HE CAN BE ALL BUT NOT TO ONE
BUT TO HUMANITY
I DO NOT SAY GIVE UP YOUR LOVE
I SAY THAT NOT TO THREE. JUST BE MOST GLAD
WHAT LOVE YOU'VE HAD
AND KEEP HIS MEMORY

YOUR LOVE MUST ROAM, HE MUST BE FREE
TO ROAM AND SOAR THE GALAXY
AND TAKE TO THOSE MOST LIKE YOUR OWN
A STILL AND PEACEFUL HARMONY

SO GO MY SON AND BE AS ONE
AND SHARE YOUR LOVE WITH ALL
PERCHANCE SOMEDAY A LOVE YOU'LL BE
TO ONE WHO MAY YET FALL

Benji has been involved in the Gay Liberation Movement a little over a year and has written periodically for the 5th Freedom. He is currently a member of the 5th Freedom Collective and serves as Membership Chairperson for the Mattachine Society.



SHORT SHOTS

Is Holy Mother Church A Lesbian

The following letter from Marilyn Gottesman of Brooklyn appeared in Newsweek (9/22/75) as a comment on Meg Greenfield's article, "Women and the Image of God" (9/1). It needs no further comment:

"Meg Greenfield's article touched only in part on an essential issue concerning the woman as priest. The Judeo-Christian tradition is tied fast to religious symbolism. As stated in the article, the priest is an alter Christus the symbol of Christ. On a symbolic level, the Church represents the bride of Christ. The relationship between the priest/Christ and the Church/bride signifies a holy marital union. By ordaining a female priest, not only is the 'entire concept of the role of the priesthood' changed, but symbolically it would mean that the relationship between Christ and the Church was no longer heterosexual."

Sad But True

In the Oct. 17 issue of New Times magazine Larry L. King, in his "Fulminations" column, had this to say about the Oliver Sipple incident: "It's sad, but true, that we continue to treat different people different ways in matters of justice or mercy - and that distinction remains as true outside of jail cells as in them. Had that Vietnam veteran who knocked down the gun aimed at Jerry Ford proved to have been what society considers normal, rather than the pal of homosexuals, then probably he would have received ribbons and testimonial dinners and maybe a parade. Under the circumstances, however, the ex-marine had to be content with a tardy thank-you note from the White House and the opportunity to see his personal life-style spread out for all the world to read and summarily judge."

MSing Persons: Gay

Lesbian Feminist Liberation is circulating a coupon to its membership to send to Ms. Magazine. The coupon is headed "Please do NOT send me a copy of Ms. as offered in the New York Times, Sunday, July 13. I do NOT wish to subscribe to your magazine until such time as lesbian activities and issues receive more serious coverage."

LFL quotes Lesbian Tide that from Spring 1972 to Fall 1974, Ms. had published only 5 out of 505 major articles (1.0%) by lesbians and about lesbians; that only 9 out of 531 (01.7%) letters were by or related to lesbians and that advertisements portrayed women in exclusive relationships to men.

N.O.W. Backs Lesbians

Two resolutions in support of lesbians were passed at the annual conference of the National Organization for Women in Philadelphia recently. One commits the 55,000-member organization to establish as one of its national priorities passage of federal rights legislation to protect lesbians. The second resolution commits one percent of NOW's annual dues (about \$5,000) to the lesbian-rights fight. (Advocate, Nov.19)

So This is Therapy

In a precedent-setting decision, a woman recently won a malpractice suit against her former psychiatrist who had induced her to have sexual intercourse with him as part of her treatment. She was awarded \$350,000 in damages on March 19 after nine days of testimony. The woman, Julie Roy, had been engaged in psychotherapy with Dr. Renatus Hartogs for a period of 19 months, ending in 1970. She agreed to have sexual relations with him after he had convinced her that this would help her to "relate better to men" and would "erase her guilty conscience" from a previous lesbian relationship. A psychiatric consultant who appeared on Roy's behalf testified that as a result of her experience as Hartogs' patient, Roy had to be hospitalized twice in a mental institution in 1971.

While on the witness stand, Hartogs attempted to discredit Roy, describing her at different times as "this lesbian", "this drunk", a "schizophrenic paranoid type with catatonic features" who "does not know the difference between reality and fantasy", and "incurable". Hartogs further claimed that he was unable to have sexual intercourse in the period in question due to a previous injury. However, the testimony of another former patient, Corrine Stern, did much to discredit Hartogs' testimony when she revealed that she, too, had been convinced to have intercourse with the doctor over a period of treatment lasting seven years, from 1966 to 1972. Stern instigated a malpractice suit against Hartogs in 1973 which is still pending.

Although Hartogs plans to appeal the current decision, the New York County Medical Society's Board of Censors and the State Education Department's division of professional conduct are planning a formal investigation into Hartogs' conduct which could result in the revocation of his medical license.

Roy's suit was the first of its kind in New York and one of the few in the nation, setting a precedent for women who have experienced similar abuses from their doctors.

(Sister Courage, Oct. '75 -LNS)

Ending Conversions

Gerald C. Davison, president of the Association for Advancement of Behavior Therapy has issued a call to psychiatrists and psychologists to cease trying to turn their gay clients into straights. Citing the overwhelming failure rate of such attempts, Davison queries: "What is the real range of free choice available to homosexually oriented people who are racked with guilt, self-hate and embarrassment, and who must endure the burden of societal prejudice and discrimination? What of the anxieties arising from this discrimination - how have we helped them with these problems?" The proper route of help that Davison sees for the therapist to utilize is that of helping homosexuals adjust satisfactorily to a permanent homosexual identity - a position that has long been demanded by gay liberationists.

(Newswest, Oct. 30)

Acceptable

Dr. William H. Masters, of Masters and Johnson sex research team stated at the weekly Town Centre meeting in Washington, D.C. that

"North Americans don't treat sex as a natural function. Our culture denies us this privilege," he said. When asked if he considers homosexuality a natural expression of sexual activity, Dr. Masters said, "Any form of sexual expression between consenting adults is acceptable to us." Thank you, Dr. Masters.

(Esprit, Oct. 75)

Penal Law Voided

In ruling on a sodomy conviction appeal involving a heterosexual man, a Chautauqua County (N.Y.) Court Justice overturned the conviction by declaring N.Y. State's sodomy statute unconstitutional. In applying the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause to unmarried, consenting adults, the Justice cited historical circumstances: "The proscription against deviate intercourse stems from the Hebrew Canon. The ancient Greeks did not proscribe such acts. Neither did most ancient peoples. (CF. the humorous call of Caesar's soldiers on entering a town, "Behold the rutting Julius comes! Husbands, watch out for your wives; wives, watch out for your husbands) The statute in question is accordingly, an enactment into law of a religious canon of personal morality, and it makes no sense unless universally applicable."

Chautauqua County Court joins the Buffalo City Court and the Suffolk County District Court in declaring the State's sodomy statute unconstitutional.

Gay Citizen Victory

Paul Brodie, a native New Zealander, has won his 4 year citizenship fight with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. In a precedent-setting decision the U.S. District Court in Portland, Oregon just recently ruled that Brodie could not be denied citizenship merely because of his sexual orientation.

Brodie's homosexuality came to the attention of the I.N.S. after he had gained an honorable discharge from the Army on the grounds of being homosexual. His early 1972 application for citizenship was denied and the long legal hassle began. The milestone ruling in Brodie's case is law only in the state of Oregon, but stands as a solid precedent for similar cases anywhere in the U.S.

Prisoner Sues

A gay prisoner is filing a class action suit in Los Angeles for discrimination based on his homosexuality. Men in Los Angeles prisons who are known to be gay are confined in "Queens Tanks" where they are kept in isolation from the other prisoners. Additionally, they are not allowed to participate in work furlough programs and are denied other rehabilitation programs and privileges. An investigation by Don Slater of the Hollywood Homosexual Information Center provided the evidence on which prisoner William Morrison's case is based. Slater found that any previous record of homosexual involvement will disqualify a prisoner from work release privileges.

(LNS, Oct. 18)

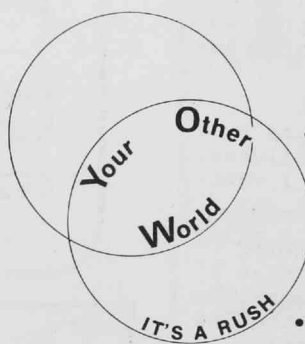
Dems Hear Testimony

At a recent N.Y. State Democratic Party Platform Committee hearing in Buffalo, Democratic party regulars were reminded of Buffalo's historic role in the Party gay rights effort and were urged to strengthen the

Party's role in gay rights to keep pace with increasing achievements. The Dems were also warned that recent Party attempts to thwart minority participation could alienate groups that have played an historic role in building the Democratic Party.

Testifying at the platform hearing, Don Michaels, Mattachine Society president, recapped Buffalo's historic role in the 1972 Democratic National Convention. Madeline Davis, former Mattachine president, delivered one of two moving, nationally televised speeches to that convention in support of its gay rights minority plank, and several other Mattachine people, including Michaels, were there lobbying state delegations for their support. In addition, Michaels briefed the hearing on the Party's role in gay rights since then, calling particular attention to the prominence of Elaine Noble, gay Democratic legislator in Massachusetts and to the increasing numbers of Democrats in Congress that are offering their support to the Federal Gay Rights Bill. He urged that the Party take a more clearly defined leadership role in gay rights, considering the significant advances being made. Expressing dismay at recent Party rules changes that make minority group representation more difficult to achieve, Michaels warned that such moves could very well mean the "closing of doors" to the very segments of society that have made the Democratic party a strong force in American politics. "Such actions only serve to further alienate those who opt to work through the system to achieve positive changes," he warned.

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OBSCENITY, cont.

built like that? Most of us are pleasingly average in size. And the positions - talk about good for a laugh! A friend of mine and I tried to copy some of the positions, which are great for camera angles, and wound up falling over, straining too much or just giggling at the whole ridiculous idea. We finally fell into each others arms laughing ourselves silly. As our laughter subsided our warmth and desires for each other increased. Slowly, tenderly, lovingly we became totally involved with each other. Several hours later, tired and exhausted, we were still unsatisfied - but only emotionally. There would be no end for us. That *mental* need still remains and we have grown closer over the years. We shall continue to do so no matter what distance separates us.

If the hilarious "adults only" materials can do this for two people then let's distribute them as widely as possible to all adolescents. Maybe they too can learn the intense beauty of sharing and, through such experiences, find the courage, means and necessary humanity to cast off the shackles imposed on them by the weak-minded, guilt-ridden, oppressive society around them. Maybe they can say "No" to the terrible trio and its pettiness so that they can live honest, meaningful emotional lives instead of the desperate, haunted and haggard lives of the controlled and repressed society that surrounds us today.

INTERCOURSE, cont.

ing to be in control and be responsible for any failures. When I first came out I wanted to be fucked: that way the pressure was off; I could lie back and enjoy myself. It wasn't until later that I discovered that dominant/submissive, active/passive roles weren't always applicable. Feelings of being in control could pass from one partner to the other and back again, depending on mood, position and personalities. Active/passive roles seemed particularly invalid for me - the more I actively participated in sex, the more enjoyment I could get out of it. It soon became important to me that there were no passive participants.

It is important to remember that some people choose roles to enhance their own

enjoyment of sex. This is in keeping with the imaginative, creative experience sex is. But the important difference is choice: to be a prisoner of a role forced on you or even one you are unaware of is at best a limiting experience. The only antidote is self-awareness and acceptance. Choose your own roles, reject them entirely, or create new ones, but do what is best for yourself rather than listen to the dictates of society.

Guilt and role associations are complex issues; they encompass many more aspects of sexuality than just anal intercourse. I've attempted to show how they are associated with sexuality and how they can limit our enjoyment of anal sex. But they are far from the only causes. Fear of physical damage, ignorance of technique, and simply learning how to relax can all effect enjoyment of anal sex. Next month I'll discuss these problems, and suggest methods of overcoming them.

CORRECTION ON LAST ISSUE ----

We failed to give Madeline Davis mention for her article entitled, "PROFILE: Bobbi Prebis" on page 17 of the October 5TH FREEDOM.

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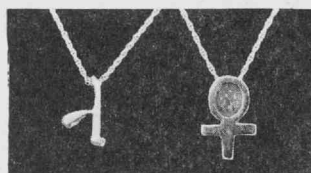
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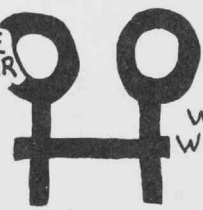
INTEGRITY. National organization for Gay Episcopalians. Local chapters forming. \$10 membership includes Forum (10 issues). 701 Orange Street, No. 6, Ft. Valley, GA. 31030

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N. Y. S. C. G. O. FIRMS POLICY

At its Fall conference in Rochester (Oct. 4-5), the N.Y. State Coalition of Gay Organizations (NYSCGO) adopted a more clearly defined policy to guide its future actions. After long debate and resolution of semantic differences, the policy formulated by NYSCGO was that "activist, visible, public, non-violent action" be the "key element in a strategy for struggle to achieve sex law reform." The majority of representatives attending the conference felt the new policy formulation would give NYSCGO impetus to pursue actions that would make its goals more visible to the gay community and the public-at-large. Past efforts of NYSCGO have concentrated on a low-key political "lobbying" style approach to achieve its objectives.

Consonant with its new policy, NYSCGO will be organizing a mass demonstration at the '76 Democratic convention in New York, in July. Focus will be on gaining attention for support of sodomy repeal and gay civil rights laws.



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