

# Grand River Rainbow Historical Project

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*celebrating the lives and times of rainbow folk in Grand River country*

## ***OUT!***

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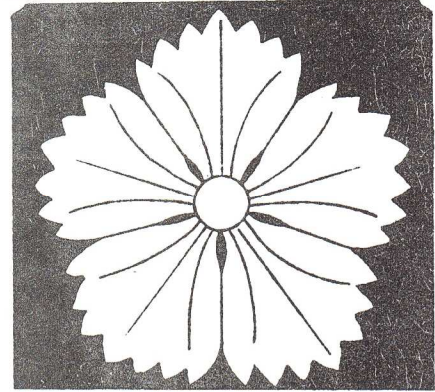
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# OUT!



DECEMBER 1978

Vol. 1 No. 2 KITCHENER-WATERLOO-GUELPH-CAMBRIDGE

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# Editorial

In our first editorial we outlined some of the reasoning that went into producing the paper and calling it **OUT**. As was said in that introductory *raison d'être*, we cannot see any successful end to the fight for gay rights, if that fight is attempted from within the confines of the closet.

The recent victories for gay rights activists in the U.S. provide excellent examples of what can be achieved. In California, where Proposition 6 (otherwise known as the Briggs Initiative) was proposed as an anti-gay referendum question in last month's elections, a highly visible campaign by the gay community was successful in crushing the forces of ignorance and intolerance. In urban centres, where the gay community is more effectively organized for political purposes the vote was especially lopsided. San Francisco went anti-Prop 6 by 75% and Los Angeles by 59%. Had people opted for the security of the closet and feared to run the risks involved in living as an "admitted homosexual" it is likely that the half truths and illogic of Briggs and Bryant would have carried the day.

Fear and sensationalism are the favorite tools of these reactionaries in their efforts to deny basic rights to various groups in society. Preying on the poor knowledge most people have on issues such as gay liberation, they are often successful in whipping up hysteria in the general populace. The only manner in which this can be effectively dealt with is through open confrontation. There is no more effective means of debunking lies and distortions than meeting them face to face and kicking the pins from under them. We cannot see any way of doing this anonymously.

It must be appreciated that we are not alone in facing these trashy assaults on liberty and human dignity. The same people who would force second class citizen's status on homosexuals are active opponents of equal rights for women and racial minorities. In fact, on close inspection, it becomes apparent that the prime movers in these campaigns are actively involved in many organisations dedicated to halting and rolling back social change on all fronts. Typically they attempt to play off the objects of their righteous wrath against each other. The obvious response to this tactic is co-operation, and to build this co-operation, we must be visible.

The destructive effects of paranoia and frustration are at least as insidious

as the potential damage of harassment and familial strife. At least the latter can be dealt with to some effect by mutual assistance on both the personal and social levels. We hope this paper will serve as a forum for discussion and promotion of efforts to achieve this end as well as providing an outlet for gay artists and a source of information for the gay community. Our rights to a happy and productive life free from discrimination, and the freedom to express love and sexuality in the manner and the company we choose is on the line. We urge you to join the fight for these rights, and to do so you must come **OUT!**

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OUT

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## NO ON 6

### BRIGGS INITIATIVE FLOPS

In a close but decisive vote on November 7th, the controversial Briggs Initiative, also known as Proposition 6, was defeated by California voters. The measure, which would have resulted in the firing of any openly-gay teacher, or any teacher discovered to be supportive or even neutral to the gay rights issue, was supported by 41% of the electorate and opposed by 59%. Public opinion polls prior to the election had indicated that up to 2/3 of the state voters supported Proposition 6.

The campaign by state Senator John Briggs to have the measure passed was an expensive and dirty one. To date one of his workers has been convicted of fraud for falsifying signatures on a petition to have the Initiative included on the November ballot. Other charges are pending.

Legal authorities have expressed the view that the measure contravened both state and federal Constitutions. Briggs attempted to use the issue of child molestation to advance his political career, and would stop at nothing to denigrate his opponents. Despite repeated evidence that child molestation is a predominantly heterosexual offence (at least 95% of cases), the ignorance of the general public of this fact has been used by leaders of many right-wing groups including Anita Bryant in the U.S. and Mary Whitehouse in Britain.

Opposition to Proposition 6 came from a diverse group of gay, women's, labour, teachers and civil liberties organizations, as well as from entertainers such as Ed Asner, Carol Burnett and Joan Baez, and from politicians including Governor Jerry Brown, Ronald Reagan (talk about strange bedfellows!) and former president Gerald Ford. Their opposition was based on the premise that Proposition 6 was an unworkable, possibly illegal and unnecessary incursion into the private lives of citizens in the state. The majority felt that codes of ethics for the teaching profession adequately protect students from teachers who try to use their position to promote certain political beliefs or sexual lifestyles.

The defeat of the Briggs Initiative marks a major step in the move for gay rights, and especially the rights of gay teachers. It will certainly not be the last such battle, but it proves that there is a growing public awareness and support for the rights of gay people. It



also proves that we have reached the stage where we can join with our supporters to wage serious political battles. But the struggle is costly—each side in this struggle spent well over a million dollars.

The issue of gay teachers' right to teach is on the forefront of the whole gay rights issue, and there is no getting around it. Locally, M.P.P. John Sweeney (Liberal-Kitchener-Wilmot) has stated that his principal objection to protecting gays under the Ontario Human Rights Code is that he feels that openly-gay teachers should be barred from the schools. Meanwhile, the Ontario Gay Teachers Caucus is organizing support for their right to teach. (For information, contact O.G.T.C., Box 543, Stn. F. Toronto. M4Y 2L8.)

The Briggs Initiative once again confirms that gay men and women must be prepared to battle to preserve the few rights we have in this society, and to gain equal rights. Closety backroom bargaining won't help us on this one. Our greatest challenge over the next few years will be to let people know who we are. Our present invisibility will ensure our defeat unless each of us moves to change that. The necessity of this situation can be seen in the Briggs Initiative. Briggs centred out several openly-gay teachers in the state for personal attacks. However, students and parents rallied to the support of these teachers, because they knew them personally.

Jim Dougan



Graphic by Jill Durkin

## LETTERS

Hi there, I just reread your first issue and thought I'd drop you a line and let you know how wonderfully nice I found it. I especially liked the nice poems about nice people doing nice things in the sack, and the nice photographs of just plain nice folks mugging for the camera.

Some publications print disturbing articles about queer bashing and abuse of women. Others satirize (or downright lampoon) societal attitudes - perpetuated by the press, government and their bosses - that encourage discrimination against those who express their sexuality and share their love in ways that you and I know are very nice. No you, though - no siree. You exemplary contribution to the state of the journalistic art has succeeded where thousands have failed. You have produced a paper that will go far in advancing homosexuality's acceptability in the eyes of all those bigots out there - the nice ones I mean.

The full measure of your perspicacity is evident in your apparent decision against linking your cause to those of such well known commie fronts as welfare mothers, anti-racist and anti-poverty organizations, and labour and tenant groups. Identification with these other scapegoats for the mistakes and frustrations of our betters would only damage your credibility with the militantly wishy-washy.

So keep up the good work. I read my last issue to my plants and they thought it pretty darn nice too.

We are all looking forward to your next issue especially the venus fly trap and a rather limp cactus which I suspect are in the closet.

Have a nice day, Love, Mr. Nice

WE WELCOME YOUR LETTERS!

KITCHENER-WATERLOO  
GAY MEDIA COLLECTIVE

P.O. BOX 2741  
STATION B  
KITCHENER, ONT.  
N2H 6N3

Helping out with this issue were: Wayne Bell, Cindy Butcher, Jim Dougan, Jill Durkin, John Livesey, Wiz Long, Lynn McInnes, Pete Meisenheimer, Jim Morton, Nicole, Susie, Joe Szalai.

**Waterloo Universities**

**Gay Liberation  
Movement**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
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★ **X-MAS** ★  
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**Friday December 15th**

**Math & Computer  
rm. 5136**

**5th floor lounge**

**doors open at 8:00 p.m.**

**Live Entertainment  
by Willow**

**self serve bar**

**members \$1.50**

**Non-members \$2.50**



# GAY NEWS & VIEWS



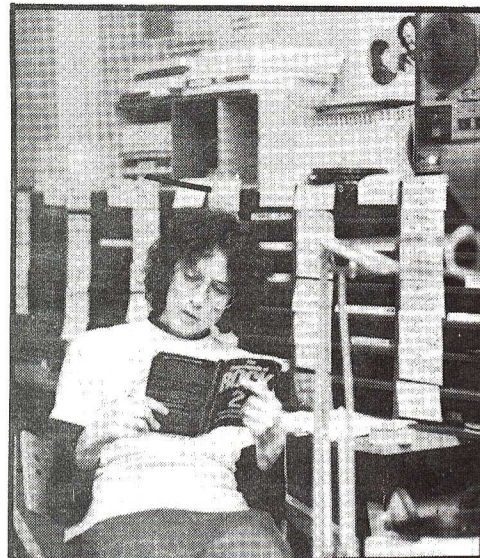
Cindy relaxes in studio P.

"The times they are a changin' "

A recent program shuffle at CKMS (94.5 FM) has resulted in a time change for the popular radio show, Gay News and Views. We feel that the new time slot of 6:15 - 7:15 will prove advantageous for both the radio station and the people who bring you the show.

As of Sunday, December 3rd, Gay News and Views will come on air immediately after the evening news, followed by a continuous flow of music. Many listeners who have commitments in the evenings may now be able to catch the show. In addition, it frees the members of the collective for commitments they may have made.

We hope you'll continue to tune in on Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights for Gay News and Views!



Wiz explains ways of smashing the state.



Wayne cues a disc.

## NEW TIME

SUN. TUES. WED.

6:15pm - 7:15pm



Situation normal.

CKMS FM STEREO 94.5



# POEMS

## A RHYMING STORY OF PERSONAL Gay Lib

I used to get bad headaches, So I said  
DOCTOR! whats the cause?"  
He said "They're caused by tension - you've  
got bad nerves, of course!"  
"Bad nerves!? You must be kidding. What  
causes THAT?" I said  
"You mean I need a 'shrink' to probe and  
pry inside my head?"  
"Oh no" said he "four walls will do it if  
you don't get out."  
He wrote a scrip and sent me home  
with this to think about:  
"Tension causes headaches, its from  
nervousness and stress."  
"Stress is from frustration. Take two pills  
for pain and rest."  
"Frustration and four walls." you say  
and me a closet gay!  
So I came out - yes it took time -  
but now I'm out to stay  
And the moral of this story if a  
moral there must be  
Is 'Every closet has a door and knowing it is the key.'

The little caterpillar - on her belly  
crawls  
Her life is one big struggle - and  
many times she falls  
A cocoon she builds - and hides there  
from the world  
And there within the closet - are her  
wings unfurled  
Then one day she ventures forth  
-to greet the light of day  
She's learned to fly so high you know  
and now she's out to stay

Lynn McInnes



Graphic Jill Durkin

## "COUNT DRATYOU COULDN'T CARELESS"

You eat of human flesh  
You drive it, soak it,  
Make love to it for your own love gain -  
Selfish, pitious weasel of the gutter.

.....Human flesh is so accessible.

NICOLE OF H2O LOO

A Quebec ont sait faire!  
Lezzie-faire---savoir faire.  
Who could care?

Meanwhile back in Ontario  
-That is Toronto-  
They're screaming  
"Holy fellatio"  
Let's continue to support our american noses  
And bring in the hose of all hoses  
Anita - Chicita Orangea  
To dictate peace, love and no brother/sisterhood  
For that is too immoral  
That I love my neighbour  
She's a woman  
What have I done?  
Anchored the Florida Sun  
My way -  
Just because I'm gay  
Doesn't mean I need someone  
To tell me that it is not God's way.  
Did the anti-gays  
Ever try and figure out  
The fact that Adam and Eve only had two sons  
-My goodness, incestuous thoughts  
Masturbatory plots  
HANDLED  
To us on a silver platter  
But what could be the matter?  
Had they had two daughters  
The bible would have stated  
That woman was the ruin of all man  
Cus' it was up to Adam to propagate  
An incestuous, oedipal, asking for it mate.

Oh, I'm so pleased to be a dyke  
Don't make life so difficult to like  
Give me the gay city  
With our own gay team  
The Holy Roller Derby Queens  
I'll show you a show  
That Barnum and Bailey couldn't top  
My God the roller coaster wouldn't stop  
The children of Hamlin  
Pied Piped dreamed in  
The existence of Utopia  
A land of magic and fairies  
Pan and the boys  
Sappho and the girls  
All trying to be  
Without humility.

NICOLE



## Interview

With

Quentin Crisp



Photo  
Wiz Long

Joe: You say you are here to cure us of our 'freedom'. How does one do that?

Quentin: To cure you of being bewildered by the number of options. Every parent knows that children cry as often from the bewilderment of too much choice as they do from frustration. Someone said to me, 'Well, you're saying that people should do their own thing.' This is the opposite to what I am saying. You don't discipline yourself. Doing your own thing is a way of not disciplining yourself. and saying, 'That's the way I felt at the moment.' Now this is exactly what I want to avoid. I think there is no good in making serious or pointless defiant gestures. What we need is to know exactly who we are and to reject the impulse to do any old thing, and wear any old clothes.

Joe; How do you know exactly who you are?

Quentin: You don't in the beginning. You work at this and you have, of course, during the years to think, 'These are the things which recur in my life, these are the things on which my life is obviously founded.' And, as I said, you also have to reject day-dreams. Now everyone has day-dreams. You could be quite unmusical but the moment you hear a piano piece being played with a great deal of flourish you think, 'Ahhhh, I too could have been a great pianist if only I'd been given a greater grant.' This is not true. You have to say to yourself, 'This will not do.' Now, you must strike out of your heart this idea that there are no edges to your character because there are edges and you must embrace your weaknesses.

Joe: You say that the greatest freedom exists in not working. You said in your talk that you were against gay militants.

Quentin: Well, yes, I am worried by gay militants because the Anita Bryant situation is exactly what I said would come. I said there would be this great reaction to the militancy and, of course, it must come. By now everyone is so frightened of militants that they're saying, 'Where will it all end? How many of them are there? Are they making their nests under the stairs?' Because they feel that the enemy is among them; this works against weaving yourself in. I would have thought that homosexuals wanted a world where when you say 'I'm a homosexual.' They say, 'Yes, I rather imagined you were.' But, if you're going to rush up to them and say, 'I am queer and I have my rights', then they think, 'Well God! What does he want from us? What are they going to do to us? What happens if they all rise on the same day?' And, 'How many of them are there?' Which is a terrible mistake. After all, integration consists simply of living your own life in spite of everything.

Joe: Except if you're not an effeminate homosexual, people would never know unless you did go to the streets.

Quentin: That's right, and how wonderful, cause they don't need to know. They needed to know about me.

Joe: But isn't part of our oppression and part of the reason we don't have rights in our society because a lot of homosexuals are invisible.

Quentin: Nobody has rights. You fall out of your mother's womb, you stagger across open country under fire, you grab at what you want, and if you don't get it, you let it go, and you fall into your grave. Nobody has any rights.

Joe: Well I'm talking about certain human rights - where you can be fired from any job if you're gay but you would not be fired if you're heterosexual.

Quentin: But you see, you have to ask yourself why should I employ anyone that I don't like. If I had two sec-



retaries, I'm almost certain that within three months I would have learned to like one of them and I would get rid of the other. If they say, 'I have my rights.', I would say, 'You have your right to be a secretary but you are a nuisance. You have to have the work explained to you, you can't head up, you can't spell while this woman looks nice, takes me seriously, cuts the back of my hair off duty. This is why I employ her.'

Joe: You mentioned on the stage that you don't say things that people don't want you to say. Are you easily intimidated?





Photo: Wiz Long

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Quentin: No. 'Intimidated' is not quite the word. There is nothing that I am afraid to say but since my function is to entertain, I try to find things that audiences wish me to say. If things turn out to be unsatisfactory, and people don't like them, or they're shocked, or offended, or bored, I try not to say them because that is my function. Or to put it in your terms, since my fare has been paid to America, my employer has the right to know that I am working for him.

Joe: Have you had any hostile feedback from militant gays?



Photo: Wiz Long

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Joe: You mentioned on the stage that you don't say things that people don't want you to say. Are you easily intimidated?

Quentin: In the papers (Gay News) they said that it would have been better if the book had been published posthumously, which is a way of saying, 'Drop dead!' So they obviously feel that I am a sad person's idea of a gay person - and I am. There's no denying that. It's possible to say, 'If you go on like that, you'll end up like Quentin. You'll be in one filthy room, you'll have wages that would cause a seventeen-year-old boy to strike, you'll be ostracized. And therefore I am an object and this, of course, they don't want. They want to be able to

say that they live in the world as good as other a moment than other people.

Joe: You are bet this hostility?

Quentin: Well, I have no wish to live a possible on in some extent I've to me very kind list of the bars in I never go into taken there by in New Haven regard as strict taken to two: one exclusively very nice time. all talked; but I out the gay sp know people ar be in a situatio that this is a se age it wo. I rous. Even whe did not want.

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Photo Wiz Long

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say that they are real and that they live in the world and that they are just as good as other people. I've never in a moment thought I was as good as other people.

Joe: You are better. Do you still sense this hostility?

Quentin: Well, I'm never with them. I have no wish to live in a ghetto. I want to live as far in the world as possible on my own terms. And to some extent I've done this. People say to me very kindly, 'Oh, I'll give you a list of the bars in some place or other.' I never go into a gay bar unless I'm taken there by someone. When I was in New Haven, which a lot of people regard as strictly provincial, I was taken to two: one gay restaurant and one exclusively gay bar and I had a very nice time. I had a drink and we all talked; but I can't imagine seeking out the gay spots of a city. I want to know people and I don't ever want to be in a situation where it's assumed that this is a sex quest because at my age it would make me seem ludicrous. Even when I was younger this I did not want. I want a social life.

Joe: I found out that you were coming to Toronto through the Globe and Mail and through a newspaper clipping in the Kitchener-Waterloo Record. Did you attempt to avoid the gay media in Toronto?

Quentin: No. In my life, I decide virtually nothing. I have an agent who came with me and while he was here I was taken around. Now my agent has gone to America but I have a stage manager and I am pleased with him to tell me what to do because then I don't have anxiety at all. This is why I'm here. I must always be nodding, smiling, available, because this is my function. This is what I am paid for.

Joe: Do you like the stage because it gives you recognition?

Quentin: I like the stage because it puts me in communication with great heaps of people at a time.

Joe: What was the greatest moment in your life? Or have you had it yet?

Quentin: I would think that at the age of 70 I must have had it. I don't think there was just one great moment. But certainly when I say to people, 'Isn't it amazing that I've gone into the public speaking racket?' They reply, 'When did you ever do anything else?' So obviously going into this racket is a kind of fulfilment.

Joe: Do you have any regrets?

Quentin: Not really, because you can only regret something if you look back on that day I turned to the left

when I should have turned to the right. I have lived my life in a tunnel and have simply moved forward to whatever event I could manage.

Joe: Where are you going after Toronto?

Quentin: I am going to Washington in a mad effort to become President. And if I don't succeed, then we go to New York. I appear in a theatre called the De Lis. And I hope to find that it's another village theatre - that there will be people's faces into which I can actually look.

Joe: You have been, more or less, beaten up or roughed up in your lifetime for being yourself. Why has that not intimidated you to the point where you couldn't carry on, or to the point of returning to the closet?

Quentin: Because there was never any chance that I would pass full out. I know a man who works for Gay News in London, which is the voice of the homosexuals of London, and he looks just like a person. So, in working for Gay News, in having his photograph, and in signing his articles, you could say he has thrown away his life. I'm sure that his mother and father know about this and have said, 'What a pity you have done this.' They might even have added,



Photo Wiz Long

'No one would have known.' Whereas, with me, there was no hate. I was lost, absolutely. From the age of six people have said to me on occasion, 'When did you decide to be a homosexual?' It's such a weird question. I could have led my entire life without the word homosexual ever being used because my difference from other people isn't sexual. It does not require any sexual fulfilment but mainly requires that I live at peace with myself and the world.



Joe: In the film, 'The Naked Civil Servant', you said something to the effect that a homosexual man will never be quite happy because a homosexual man will want a real man and unfortunately a real man does not sleep with other men.

Quentin: Yes, I should have said, of course, that a certain kind of homosexual is in this predicament. That is to say, the nature of human relationships is such that it is absolutely a waste of time getting to know anybody unless they can be bamboozled into propping up your monstrous view of yourself. This is what other people are for. Women know they are women so they don't require any proof whatsoever. If they are alone, they go and fill the coal shuttle themselves. This you can never do if you are an effeminate homosexual. The fire has to be allowed to go out because you must be in a position to say, 'I couldn't fill the coal shuttle.' So you require this great dark man who looks after you and cherishes you and who does everything. Of course, no such person exists. When I was young, I knew any number of men who paraded their masculinity before me. They were bolstering me up and I was bolstering them up. This is more extreme in the case of women who are not, in fact, women but men and, therefore, never an hour must pass in which they confirm their femininity. Of course, this is built on an exile's view of reality. This desire to live a quasi-heterosexual life - my hubby - all this is nonsense. It means they've never been able to acquire a real view of the world.



Photo: Wiz Long

Joe: Is this like saying you are not a real woman until you have a child; or you're not a real man until you father a child.

Quentin: That's right. All that ritual, all that idea of getting fixed up with a bloke, and parading a pseudo-marriage. It's all a waste of time. They're just two men living together, that's all. They do this because there is the world which they feel they have lost, or have had snatched from them.

Joe: We are all exiles aren't we?

Quentin: We can all be exiles of a kind but outsiders in the very nature of things feel, 'If only I had been white, my life would have been easier.' And it would. And homosexuals think, 'If only I had been heterosexual, my life would have been easier.' And it would. What staggers me is those people who have THE operation, and then walk about the world deliberately as freaks. I mean, I'm a freak. I'm stuck with it. If I would have had the operation when I was twenty, I would have simply gone and lived in the middle of a little town and no one would have known who I was; I would never have mentioned it. So I would have been able to mingle in real life and step into the stream instead of standing on the bank. But now I feel I'm giving an imitation of someone who is alive.

Joe: Who's that?

Quentin: Well, anybody.

Joe: What is the one thing that you have wanted most in life?

Quentin: I can't imagine. I don't think I wanted anything that I haven't had. I wanted above all my social freedom, my opportunity to live and give expression to my entire nature. If I would like anything now in ambition it would be in a really big, wide, technical screen - first feature, even if it was to say, 'You carriage awaits.' To see how all the stars get all this apparatus on their own terms.

Joe: I'll give you the last word. What would you say to militant gays?

Quentin: Try to adopt a stance in which you neither confirm nor deny your sexuality.

## LOVE IS A MASTURBATORY PROCEDURE

Love comes in little snatches  
Momentarily committal  
Until the uncontrollable sigh release  
Then it is gone.  
Goodnight dear!

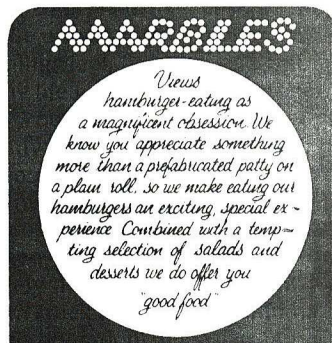
Until the iris blooms again  
The field of wavering clits  
Scream and squirm  
In junkyards of whoring masses  
To erode  
To untempered climax  
Created by wandering wind fingers  
That only touch.  
Illusionistic sensuality  
Love tokenism  
Dulling sensitivity.

I exorcised by love  
And now,  
I am trembling in  
Lonely captivity.  
Love tragedies  
Love trilogies  
Gypsy crystal balls  
Love potions  
Palm readings  
Tarot predictions (warnings)

False illusions of companionship  
No vacancy  
No soliciting  
No parking  
No children permitted here!  
Signs of our times?  
Subliminal intrusions  
On love attitudes  
Life living (a paradox)  
Bankruptcy (a headache)  
Void (a vacancy)  
Tilt (too much pressure)  
n.s.f. (the bank hates you too)

Maturing humility  
A right hand and a pauper  
Jocular incest  
A quaker cheek attitude  
Taken in 5th  
Behold the heroine  
Enterring on her veiled cloud  
Marijuana carpet ride  
Only sliding into first ump! Honest.  
Apathetic pathos really  
That love has to be recycled.

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# The Last Dance

by John Livesey

They were the first two into the bar that evening. There was only the barman and a bare floor. They stood up at the bar together. At first there was a silence between them. The Man had come to the bar without baggage; no hope, or expectation. He only wanted to have a calm evening, drink a coffee or two, and perhaps dance.

The Boy turned and looked him in the face, and said "I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"Have you?" asked the Man, and felt his heart give a little jump. He laughed to himself. Boys like this don't happen to me. The Boy was olive-skinned. His mouth was solemn and heavy-lipped. He looked almost a man, but when he opened his mouth he was a boy.

The Man was grey-eyed, tall and athletic. His friends told him that he looked ten years younger than his age. In a dim light, he could pass for twenty, but when he spoke he was a man.

The Boy smiled, showing white teeth. "Yes, you asked me the time in here one night."

The Man thought, and smiled too. "Perhaps I wasn't looking at your face" he said. Then the Man remembered an evening when he had been in the Bar and had become interested in someone very like the Boy. The Man had privately thought it a bad idea. "That Boy is refined" he had said to himself "He will take me up, chew me politely, and then regretfully spit out the pieces." He smiled at himself for forgetting.

"Well, anyways" said the Boy, and the phrase grated, "I'm really glad that we did meet at last." and his hand gently brushed that of the Man as it lay on the bar. The skin of the boy's hand was smooth and brown; and warm.

The Boy smiled again, an eager smile. "Do you know?" he said, "I only came in here the first time because I saw you outside. When you went into this bar, I wanted to follow you, but I was afraid of being seen. I live with my parents, and I really don't want to hurt them. If they found out....." Then he smiled again, and placed his hand over the hand of the Man. The hand of the boy was hot. The Man felt his head begin to spin. His heart was pumping. He noticed it for the first time.

As the Boy continued to talk, about himself and his family, the Man marvelled at the kind of parents who could produce one so young and yet with perfect manners; cultured, and yet warm and open. He looked into the deep brown eyes set in the flawless olive skin, and he imagined that he saw alternate flashes of passion, and of pain. He ceased to hear what the Boy was saying.

"I come from a family all of brothers, and my parents have never been able to reach out and touch any of us. I have never heard them say, 'I love you'. Even so, I really don't want to hurt them." He looked up at the Man.

"I would like to be able to tell them that I am happy the way that I am, that it's good to be like this and that it's not their fault."

The Man laughed, and the Boy fell silent and seemed to the Man to be displeased. The Man was puzzled.

"But don't you see the contradiction?" asked the Man, and thought "I'm killing myself here. No one ever forms a relationship with someone who gives them good advice. In any case, this whole thing is crazy. Here I am, with this beautiful boy coming on to me, and it's not even Friday. What am I setting myself up for?"

The Boy smiled. Quietly, he said, "I would like to make love to you". The Man's head spun again, "But not tonight. I would never go home with someone on the first night I met them. I don't want just to jump into bed."

"Of course," the Man said gravely.

The Boy then asked the Man where he lived, and, when it turned out that they lived just streets apart, he cried "Marvellous! Then we can visit each other often."

"I agree," said the Man evenly, "It would be unwise to see too much of one another at first, but it would be nice to be close enough to see one another whenever we both feel like it."

There were other people in the Bar now. The juke box started playing the "Last Dance", and the Boy tugged gently at the Man's sleeve. They moved away from the bar, took hold of one another, and danced slowly to the gradual introduction to the song. The Man felt the Boy's hand on his back, tentatively visiting each muscle. The music quickened, and then they were apart again, flying in step to the

music, around and around.

The Boy danced stylishly, but mechanically, and his expression was distant. The Man looked in vain for the Boy's eyes, but they eluded him. The face of the Boy showed oceanic sadness, and the Man felt emptiness quivering in himself.

The music stopped, and there was no more. Then, in the now-filling Bar, the Boy strained upwards on tiptoe and hissed the Man full on the lips. It seemed to the Man that the room faded, and that the kiss went on and on. The familiar heat infused his face, and he closed his eyes as if he were tripping. The Boy's hair on his cheek was wiry and springy, and it smelled of sandalwood.

When he opened his eyes again, it seemed to the Man that the Boy had lost concentration again, for his pupils were small and he seemed a hundred miles away, and not conscious of the Man at all. The Boy shook himself as though coming out of a trance.

"Well, anyways" he said, and the coarseness of the phrase contrasted oddly with the perfect accent and the perfect smile. His voice was harder now, and more forceful. "In any case, I'm not really sure that I am a hundred percent gay. I would like to have a relationship with a woman as part of my self-development this year. I am attracted to some women, and it would be nice to see....."

"Of course!" said the Man; to himself it sounded as though he said it eagerly. "I felt exactly the same way myself until I had my first relationship with a girl; unfinished, incomplete. I believe that many gay people feel the same, although of course I don't know that."





Just then the door of the Bar opened and the Boy called out to a young newcomer. The Boy's face, which had been so grave as he spoke, lit up. Suddenly he seemed eager and happy. "Will you excuse me for just a minute while I talk to someone?"

"Certainly," said the Man. "I'll be here."

The Boy went over to join the newcomer, and then two other youngsters joined them. The Man observed, with some bitterness, how animated the Boy's face became as he talked to them. There did not seem to be the heavy intensity of sexual interest, but a brightness and gaiety. The Boy's eyes flashed and sparkled in the Bar lights.

From time to time the Boy would look in the Man's direction and smile a polite smile, but he stayed with the others, and the Man did not have the courage to go over and join them. Instead he diverted himself by studying the boys and inventing backgrounds for them. This one was clearly a shop-assistant, the other perhaps a schoolboy.



The Bar was full now, and noisy, and the cigarette smoke hung limply around the lamps in misty sheets. Suddenly the Man realised that he felt bitterly sad and alone in the busy Bar, isolated from the happy group with which he felt he had nothing in common, nor wanted to, but in which his beautiful olive Boy seemed to be at home.

He caught sight of himself in a mirror that hung behind the bar. He seemed to be older and graver than ever. He tried a smile but it came out twisted.

He spoke to himself inwardly.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Nothing, I suppose. I thought I was with someone, but now I'm not sure."

"Oh, him! Can't you see? He's trying to avoid you."

"Is he?" asked the Man, annoyed at the interference, but curious despite himself.

"Of course," he said. "He's probably embarrassed by his friends seeing him with someone over twenty."

Anger entered the Man, and he stood very still for a few minutes bringing himself to a point of choice. One half of him cried out "No! Hold on. Wait till he comes back. Wait till he tires of his pals. He'll come back. He needs you." And the other half of him said gleefully "Yes! Tell him to go to hell. He's only out to humiliate you in front of all these people. An older guy chasing a cute kid."

He had still not decided between them as he walked across to the Boy. When he reached him, the other boys fell silent. He simply said "I'm going. I expect that I'll see you around."

He thought that there was momentary shadow of dismay on the face of the Boy, but then, it quickly lightened, and there was relief as well.

The Boy smiled politely. "Yes, that's best, I think. I'm sure that we shall meet in here again, and then perhaps we can be friends."

"I agree," said the Man, "although it would be ironic if we had more time for one another as friends than as lovers."

The Boy suppressed a flinch, and smiled a polite 'Goodbye'.

The Man did not leave the Bar immediately but stood by the door looking out at the rain. The music started. The "Last Dance" again. Looking back, he saw that the Boy had begun to dance with one of the others, and he felt the most unutterable pain, a physical sensation that gripped his heart near the breastbone and squeezed until it seemed that his whole chest ached.

"Dear God," he thought, "must it be this way again? How many times do I have to do this to myself? And he thought of the many times that he had given himself up to some stranger, just so long as they were young, and had breeding, and no heart. He also thought bitterly about all the people who had offered themselves to him, openly and warmly, and to whom he had been unable to respond, simply because they couldn't hurt him. Oh God. Why is there no love for me without pain?"

But then he remembered from somewhere that there is also no pain without anger, and he tried very hard to find anger in himself. He looked again at the young dancer, his dancer, and all of a sudden he found it. How dare he! How dare that young punk play with him, and head him on and then throw him politely away as though he was of no account. How could he dance 'our' dance with someone else so soon? At that, the

anger grew, and it seemed that his eyes burned. Then, as the anger died, he realized that the pain was gone too, and he laughed, tentatively, and a little foolishly. He turned away from the dancers and looked out again through the window. On the other side of the road a figure was walking along under a street light. It was a schoolboy and the Man wondered if he was walking home from a jolly evening with friends, or if he was alone and sad, the kind of schoolboy who is rejected, maybe because he is gay, or just different.

Before the figure reached the corner, a gentleness came into the Man's face, and he smiled. "That is what attracts me." He turned back and searched for the figure of the Boy in the crowd at the bar. "He is the me who never was. The me who was never accepted and loved. I am in love with myself." He smiled. "And yet I carry me around with me everywhere."

The Man laughed aloud, and a nearby conversation stopped. A Stranger turned curiously and smiled. The Man smiled back and left. He stepped out into the street. Outside, the rain had stopped.

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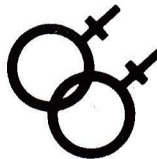
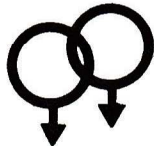
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Donations for John's personal subsistence would also be appreciated. A policy conference to plan strategy as the case comes to court will be held on Tues. Dec. 12, 7:30 pm at the Gay Community Centre, 29 Granby St. Toronto. Everyone is invited to attend.

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