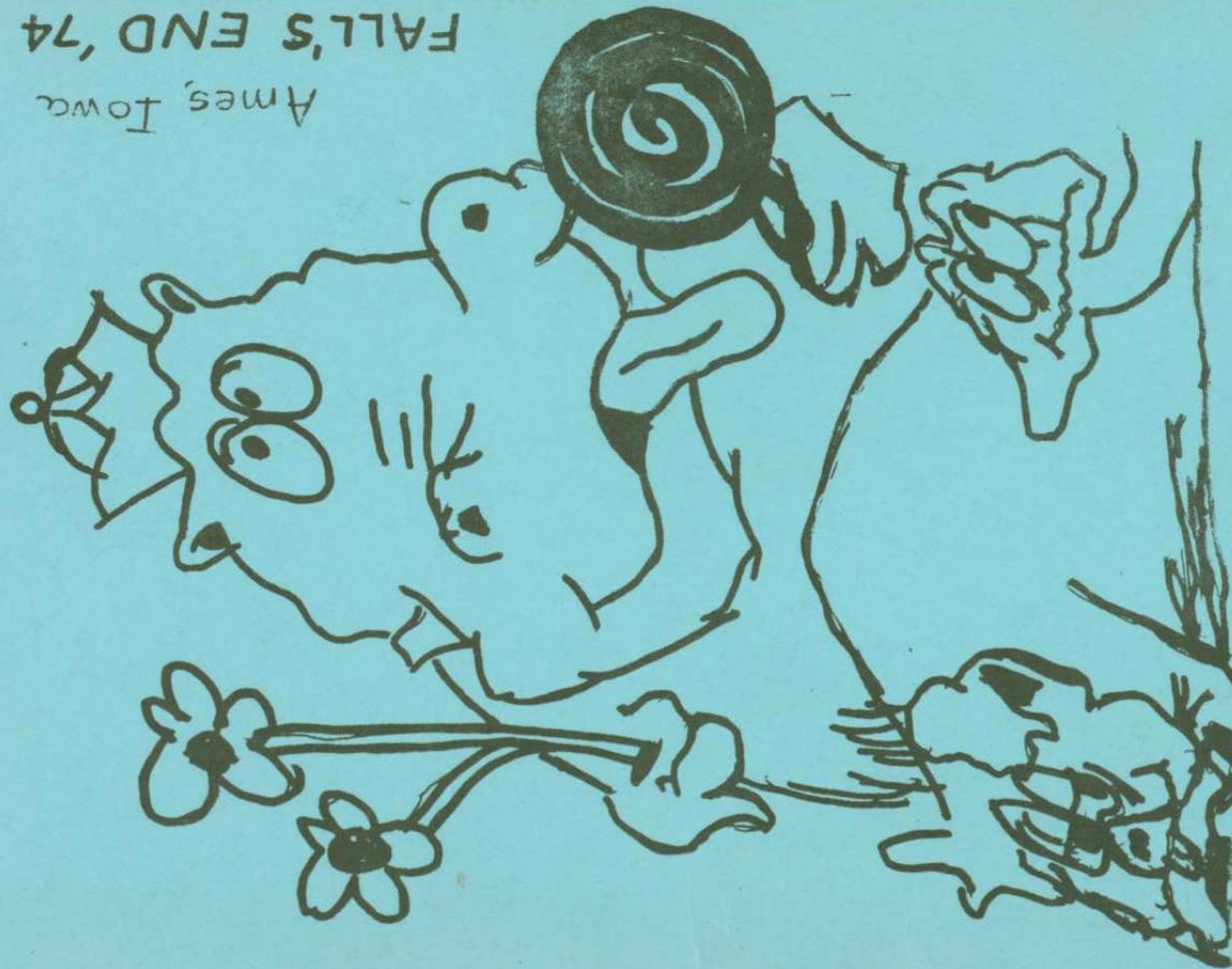


FALL'S END '74

AMES, IOWA



COLEUS & DOG BREATH
TOO

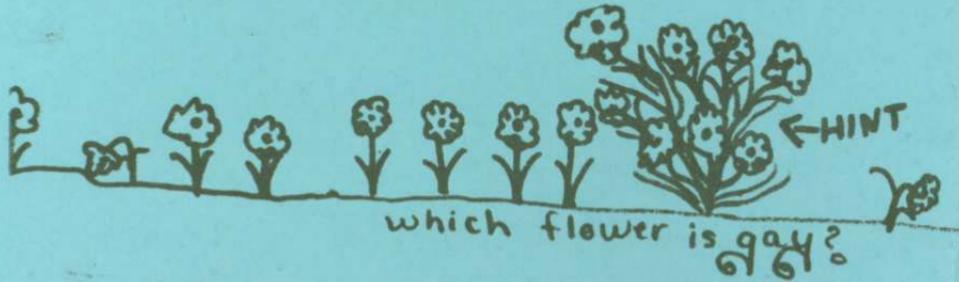


editorial statement

We are the editorial collective, members of Gay Peoples Alliance; we were not appointed, we are volunteers, an open membership.

Coleus and Dogbreath Too is an open forum for Gays in the community to express their opinions and ideas. Our editorial policy is as follows:

- 1 - Any Gay person may submit articles, criticisms, poetry, etc. to the newsletter. Any literature printed will not be censored or edited. All literature will be printed as long as our allotted space holds out.
- 2 - No articles or opinions are the opinions of anyone except the author's, unless signed by a group. Unsigned articles are the product of authors who do not wish to be open, or associated with their articles.
- 3 - Anonymity of authors is guaranteed for those who wish it.
- 4 - Criticisms are encouraged.
- 5 - Anyone with complaints is encouraged to participate in the next issue's publication.



This newsletter is funded with money from the Government of the Student Body (GSB).

BETTY LOU'S MAGIC CLOSET DOOR

Hopefully the gay community of Ames has embarked on a new era. We have come out on television. In response to our objections to the airing of "Marcus Welby, M.D." on October 8, WOI-TV in Ames granted gay people time on their talk show, Dimension 5, hosted by Betty Lou Varnum. The viewing audience (which is central Iowa, not just Ames, mind you) is allowed to call in questions to the panelists (4 gay men and 4 gay women). And guess what? There were more phone calls for our program than for any other discussion they've ever had; somewhere around 250 calls, in a 2 hour period.

Who called? Well, judging from the questions, many of the viewers had still the basic misconceptions about homosexuality (Why aren't you dressed like homosexuals?) and not a whole lot of consciousness on the subject. Basically the only negatively-implicative questions seemed to be coming in about religion, i.e. Christianity. Of course the segments about the Bible and homosexuality could fill an entire program in themselves, and since they seemed to be from fundamentalists, it is unlikely we would change their minds or they change ours. We kept our answers fairly concise on this particular subject.

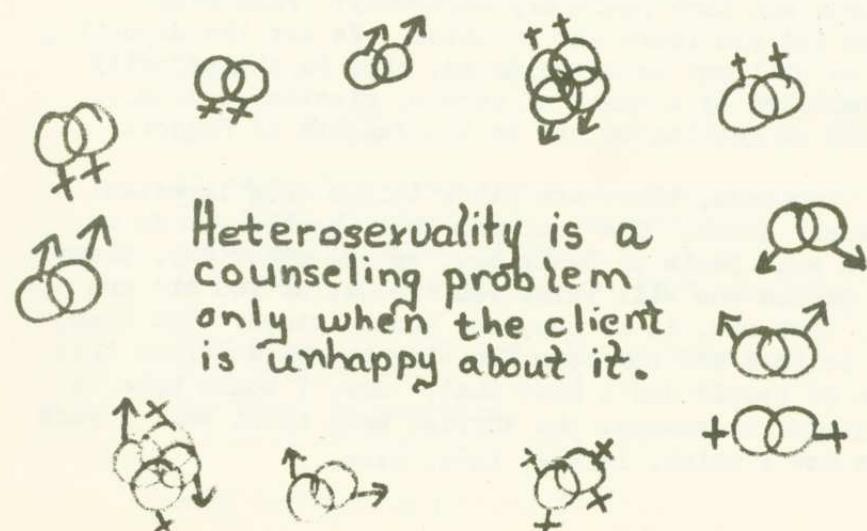
The station did not make us feel as welcome as we'd hoped; they wouldn't let all eight of us on camera at once, so 3 women and 3 men were all we could put on camera. One woman and one man switched midway through the program so we could all experience being on camera; hopefully in that sense it was a learning experience. In another sense, I hope the intellectual voyeurs all got their kicks by watching the "real live queers" on TV.

The informational aspects of the program should not be denied. Perhaps a few people (who happen to be straight) learned some things about homosexuality and gayness and as a result changed some attitudes. I hope this is not wishful thinking, for the program would have accomplished positive public relations then.

But I'm more inclined to think that we cannot fight years of ingrained bigotry in two hours. Instead I would hope that we can help isolated unhappy gay people feel better about themselves and give them some sort of hope for gaining positive self-concepts. If we succeeded at that, then the program was worthwhile in my estimation!

Where do we go from here? The gay activist population of Ames is not the Gay community of Ames. I would like to see the day when the general gay population understands better the political consequences of their oppression. A day when they might stand up and fight that oppression. A high level of consciousness in a large number of gays would create a lot more social change a lot more quickly than what the small number of "activists" we now have can accomplish.

I don't think this day is far off for Ames.



Denim Dayze

Radical femmes and dykes, oh, my! Militancy on the Iowa State Campus; middle-class mediocracy forbid. But Something happened Halloween 74. Just what did happen? I don't know, and does anyone else?

What did happen was the middle-class Amerikan thing. The majority of 20,000 "educated people" allowed themselves to be led by the nose by five paid voting members of the G.P.A. Amerika, land of the free and home of the timid.

And then some people seem to have forgotten the very recent past. The Guy Fawkes Day edition of the I.S.U. Daily carried a letter from three females(?) who complained that Denim Day had infringed upon their personal freedom. "Who wants to wear dress pants to class?" No one except a faggot. It wasn't that long ago that the female population of this questionably great institution didn't have the choice of denims or dress pants; they had the choice of skirts or dresses. And there are bars, popular amongst the college crowd I've heard, where they openly advertise that their dress codes will be strictly enforced. Actually I think it's rather refreshing to see some color on campus. This sea of blue-jeans can get monotonous.

I would like to induce...

What can I say. Were you one of those thilly persons who took Denim Day seriously? Poor baby. Where did you learn NOT to think. We are the minority, and we will not be intimidated. Why is the majority intimidated by a bunch of queers, sissies, queens... Afraid of getting burned in the faggots of Faggots?

You know, there are other things more important to worry about. Did you know that whether you do or don't wear Denim on Denim day, or any other day, there are people who will think you are Gay or you are not Gay. You see, it is you, not your clothes. But then, the letters and comments floating around do prove that lots of people don't know that. God, I would hate to be judged by someone who worried more about what I wore than how I think, relate, love, care...

I'd like to sit here and ramble all night. I'd like to say a lot of things. I think dressing up is nice. I really like to see people take a little time and effort to put themselves together. Yes it is possible to look put together in blue-jeans, but too often it gets easy to put on last week's dirty shirt.

Obviously Denim Day didn't do a whole lot to help the G.P.A.'s p.r. But it sure showed and is showing where some people's intelligence isn't. I personally don't care what is thought of the G.P.A. The group serves its purpose.

Oh, yes. I don't think the Daily has its stuff together. Why did they want the names of everyone in the group for a letter that is tentatively scheduled to be published later this week? Do they condone the harassment of a minority exercising their right to the "pursuit of happiness?"

To someone very special: jeg elsker dig.

Cecil Lee Lloyd.



FEB. 14, A POEM FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

--G Menard

It seems that love comes and goes as the sun.
The first sight--greying awareness,
A low golden glow infuses,
And softly magically day and love are born.

When they die, day and love go out.
With violet anger, vermillion pain,
And tears of sapphire
A sunset of startling emotions.

Only darkness and night follow.

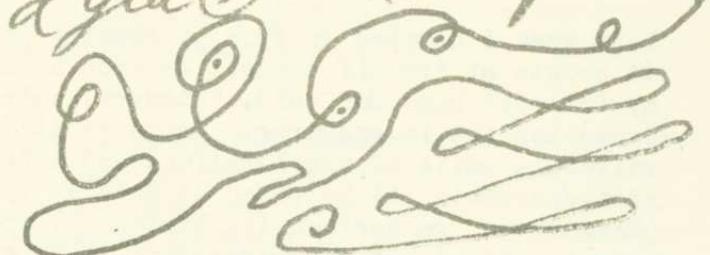
9 Things for Bored
Faggots to do!

1. Learn to knit, sew, weave, paint, draw, crochet, etc. Don't be a man, be creative instead!
2. Plant a pansy in your window (the flower, sweets!).
3. Send letters to psychiatrists thanking them for volunteering to be subjects in aversion-therapy studies. Sign the letters "THE GAY REVENGE SQUAD" or "DEATH TO SHRINKS CADRE".
4. Send letters to churches informing them that they had better cancel Easter this year because you've found the body.
5. Send flowers to ROTC classes with a card signed "Love and Kisses."
6. Break into the armory and paint the guns pink.
7. Stencil lavender flowers on military jeeps, cars and trucks. It will present a delightful contrast to the olive drab.
8. Send the football team a Valentine.
9. Blackmail a straight pig. Pick someone important like the Pope or the President. Not only is it fun, but it can also be profitable. (Donate all funds to the Gay movement)
10. Infiltrate the Jesus Freak movements--then "come out." With luck they'll be so demoralized that maybe they'll leave the country.
11. Learn quotations from the Bible to use on Jesus Freaks.
12. Make up your own quotations from the Bible (they never read it anyway).
13. Read handbooks on Guerrilla Warfare, just in case. Then practice what you've learned--blow up your dorm.
14. Get campaniled! Then have a jelly-bean party all over campus.
15. Divorce your husband. Or your wife.
16. Make obscene phone calls to fraternities.
17. Make some Alice B. Toklas opium-baked lasagna.
18. Send your mother a "Do-your-own Divorce Kit."
19. Complain to the police when a mixed couple (male/female) shows affection in public.
20. Make earrings out of your I.D. cards.

10

21. Create a name to use such as Stunning, Lyla Butch Pompadour, Manitoba Lola, Ethelbert. Use your imagination.
22. Experiment with make-up, nail polish, jewelry, exotic clothing, feather boas, high-heeled shoes, glitter, sparkles, body paints and other such sleazy things. Liberate your mind, body, and soul.
23. Learn how to dance in the garden. After all, fairies do dance in the garden.
24. Learn the words to "There's a Fairy in the Bottom of my Teacup."

*Love and Kisses
Lyla Butch Pompadour*



MARCH 20, A BORING POEM

--G. Menard

The weariness of this commonplace existence has gotten to me.
The endless repetition of faces with lukewarm personalities,
The flat drabness of the bars,
The mose-eaten, well-worn themes of love have hackneyed me into
A state of lethargic, indifferent, insipidness.
Even this poem is boring...

THE CLASS "QUEER"

How many of you reading this had (or have) a kid in your high school who was supposedly "queer"? All of you, right? And it was almost always a guy, right? Right. And how many of you were uneasy around him? Hmm? Especially if you were "queer", too. That's the idea you know--keeps you in your place.

I can remember what it was like in my high school. This one guy was all the stereotypical things--he was effeminate-looking; effeminate-acting; lousy at sports; the whole masculine-identified trip. So, naturally, he was the key for the celebrations of Amerika's sick god of Butch. The straight guys used him to prove their "masculinity". And the straight girls tormented him to win the approval of "their guys". Meanwhile, the closet cases just freaked out whenever he came near.

That's right--freaked out. We saw how he was teased and ridiculed by the straight kids and we knew damn good and well that if they found out about us we could expect the same treatment. Unless, of course, we acted super-straight, you know, "a real man" and validated their lives and actions by mimicking them. What Bullshit!

That's what he was being used for. To keep us all divided and to show us what we could expect if we were "that way." We were all so afraid of being found out that we couldn't even bear to be near him. I remember one time when he came over to ask me about a problem in class. My voice shook and my face turned red--I could hardly wait to get away. I was aware of what would happen if I acknowledged his existence as a human being. The taunts, the threats, the physical harassment would be extended to include me, too. Another casualty of the Amerikan public school system.

And don't suppose the teachers helped him any. While they couldn't publicly participate, they made their feelings known in private. They either condoned the straight kids or pitied the gay one. At least the ones that knew what was going on, which most of them didn't. And these people are guiding the children of Amerika. Sort of frightening, isn't it?