



Welcome to *Union Street* #55  
(Obsessive Press [JG] #157 and  
Peerless Press [SC] #57), the zine with  
the transmogrifying masthead (July 3–  
August 11). It comes to you from Jeanne  
Gomoll and Scott Custis, whose address  
is coincidentally 2825 Union Street,  
Madison, WI 53704-5136. Phone 608-  
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Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, August 1994,  
for Turbo-Charged Party Animal APA  
#98. Members FWA. This APA supports  
the baseball players' strike.

## General

[SC] We are including a reprint this month. This article showed up on the freebie table at Readercon and we thought some of you might find it of interest. It is the original Orson Scott Card article attacking homosexuality. We don't know why someone set a stack of copies of it out at Readercon except as a response to the sexual politics of many of the panels, guests and events of the convention. But if you ever had any doubts about how Card really feels about gays, let this set the record straight.

I would like to offer an official welcome to our four new members who will receive *Turbo* #98 as their first issue: Sandy Taylor, Martin Smith, Georgie Schnobrich and Don Helley.

## Bill Bodden

[JG] Beautiful cards and cover, Bill, although the cards kept trying to jump off the page. I finally taped them down, more or less permanently, so I hope you're not about to announce some sort of match-and-exchange game with them here in the apa.

[SC] You did a very nice job on the cover.

## Kathi Nash

[JG] Have you and Kim exchanged type styles? It seems to me that you used to have the serif font.

Unfortunately there are still plenty of women who would not fall into that "smart and paranoid" description you cited as most contemporary women's *modus operandi*. An acquaintance of mine—a University cop—tells horror stories about her annual encounters with college freshmen women, many of whom have never heard of and balk at some of the most simple self-defense measures she suggests. She worries about the many young women she knows she hasn't convinced.

## Jim Nichols

[JG] I like your use of the phrase "obsessed about something" to describe generic, fannish behavior. In fact, my very first apazine, for *A Women's Apa*, was entitled *Obsessions*, and my press name derives from that title—Obsessive Press. I like interacting with people who willingly devote big chunks of their time and energy to something they love, regardless of whether it brings in a paycheck or not. (I strive for a combination of the two, myself: both the obsession and the paycheck in one.)

I should try to find you a fannish glossary somewhere. "Coa" means Change of Address.

The Milwaukee airport's used bookstore is a branch of the larger Milwaukee bookstore, Renaissance, which "feeds" the airport store with used books. The airport bookstore is smaller (though more attractive) than the enormous, three-floored downtown store, and I suspect it brings in a sizable income for the company. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if the smaller store collects the greater part of the company's income.

Your conclusion to Jae's story about being attacked, and general ruminations about widespread rape in our culture was, "Oh, hell, why do we hate ourselves so much?" which seems an unlikely summation. The question is not why we hate *ourselves* so much. It is why do so many *men* in our culture hate *women*?



James Kirk of the original *Star Trek*—an anachronism? No kidding! In fact you could even call him the ultimate on-the-job sexual harasser. Not only did any woman who got sexually involved with him run the risk of losing her job, most often she lost her *life!* [Joke. Heavy satire.]

Excellent point (in your comment to **Lisa Freitag**) about classical and popular music being merely marketing categories which say nothing about the music's style or artistic merit. That said, I prefer music which is not constrained by the one or two-minute format required by top-20 radio stations. I like the length of an opera or symphony in which the composers have the time in which to develop musical themes. I also like very emotional music, Puccini, Verdi, Vaughn Williams, American musicals, Khatchaturian, Copland, Bernstein. My favorite Beethoven is the second movement of the 7th symphony.

[SC] I was glad that you made the comment at the end of your zine that you were feeling "obnoxious" when you wrote this. I noticed. I had a number of irritable reactions to some of the things you wrote, but decided to give you the benefit of the doubt at the end.

I liked your MadMediaCon report, particularly your advice at the end. At first I thought you were going to try to define "Media" fans as being a broad enough category to include all SF fans and end your piece preaching peace and harmony because all fans are more alike than different. Thankfully, you didn't do that. Instead you wisely concluded that all the different types of fans (whatever they were) had their own "obsessions" and that MadMediaCon would do well to focus more on Media obsessions and dispense with irrelevant activities. Good advice, Jim. Good for any reasonably focused convention (including WisCon.)

YCT Lynne on ST:NG, I think Paramount had legitimate concerns about how well Star Trek NG would hold up against network fare when they started out. They were taking a big risk and didn't want to be canceled too soon. But I think it became clear by the end of their run that the show was one of the most popular on TV and could stand up to any network competition. Why they never changed to a major network is a good question. Maybe Paramount would have had to relinquish too much control and money?

YCT Michael on unions, how much do you really know about what your union is doing for you? I've found that office workers often have less connection with their union than shift and institutional workers. There are many reasons for this difference, but the point is that you might be surprised at what services the union provides if you find yourself in trouble at work. As well as what your contract provides for you in addition to wages. One thing I can think of offhand that applies to you was your union's fight against a residence requirement for city employees that Mayor Soglin was pushing.

## Kim Winz

[JG] Congratulations on the new house! Welcome to the club.

In connection to your story of the atheist Unitarian minister, I recently heard a story on NPR about an Episcopalian priest who was excommunicated for stating that he didn't believe in god. Most religions have bottom lines about these things. Certainly I admire the Unitarians' open-

mindedness about moral ambiguity; I usually figure that Unitarians are mostly people like me who have a greater need than I for formal spiritual organization. But I wonder how the Unitarian approach will answer your original concern about your kid's ability to communicate with other more religiously raised kids.

I hope you don't think I'm being too argumentative on this subject. I realize that many people here think I am too argumentative. If you object, I will drop the subject of religion here, because this is obviously yours and Pete's decision alone to make; it will have no impact on me whatsoever, and I don't want to make you uncomfortable about talking about religion here in the apa. (In my own defense on this argumentative business, I feel that I owe my survival as a thinking, independent person to my tendency to turn things over, to examine assumptions, and to discard ideas and behaviors if I decide they don't work for me. It's not something I wish to suppress in myself.)

[SC] Congratulations on the house. I like Spud. I see an apa cover in his/her honor in the near future and "Spud" could come in handy.

## Jae Adams

[JG] Interesting analysis of *Beauty and the Beast*. // But I don't think I understood your analysis of meetings in SF fandom (especially this sentence of yours: "Social engineering of a rough beast, called so crudely from the individuals assembled, it springs to life; but then so delicately responsive to adjustment, wildly swinging to overcorrection, out of whack again."...?).

I nodded and made a check-mark next to your comment to **Jim Nichols** that you wish schools would just not "discourage the kids too much...and then turn them loose." This jibes pretty well with my feelings about my own grade school experiences: I learned to love to read in those years *in spite* of the teachers who mostly felt I was either reading the wrong things or reading at the wrong time. Reading science fiction, for me, was an act of rebellion. The further along in the educational system I got, though, the less I felt that my own interests conflicted with the system. With more teachers in high school and college, it was easier to find sympathetic mentors who valued enthusiasm and obsessiveness, more than grade school teachers had.

What do you think of Teresa Nielsen Hayden's book, *Making Book*? I've been meaning to find and read it.

You write: "The unworthiness of Frank Lloyd Wright's work is only that his roofs don't keep out the rain—and what else are roofs for?" I still love those roof lines of his which so beautifully echo the midwest landscape, but Wright sure was weird on the subject of *function*. Did you know that he purposely designed very uncomfortable chairs for his buildings? He didn't want people getting comfortable sitting around; he wanted to encourage them to get up and *do stuff*. So, his chairs are made to be looked at more than they are designed to be sat upon. And what are chairs for?

Scott and I went to see the first Madison Repertory Theater production of the season, *Consumer Affairs*, which is very good, very funny, and we both recommend it to all Madison members of *Turbo Apa*. One of the characters (a young, Valley-type) in one of the series of skits about



relationships, makes a comment about a symphony concert. I remembered her line when I read your comments about the degradation of concert manners. I think the writers of the play are equally bemused by the situation you describe. The young character offers a pair of tickets to a performance of Mahler's 9th Symphony to a friend, who she thinks will enjoy it more. "And look!" she says, trying to convince her friend to accept the gift: "Your seats are in 'Orchestra'! ... You get to sit with the band!"

[SC] This is the delayed comment I promised for your "Constant Stranger" piece in #96.

I was interested in the wide variety of responses people had to your piece. I think in some cases people came to exactly the opposite conclusion that you intended. Many people expressed horror at your experience and went on to agree that we live in a terribly violent and dangerous society for women. But I think you were trying to say that the danger for women here in Madison was somewhat exaggerated and that women should not be so quick to cast themselves as victims (Gaitskill's view.) I think you were hinting that women are themselves somewhat responsible for the climate of fear they live in. After all if everyone behaved a little more responsibly ("Boys, don't startle people on the street, ... Girls, don't be afraid to kick up a ruckus.") women would no longer be "locked inside."

I have already written that I had problems with the Gaitskill article because she tends to blame women for being victims. In light of the discovery this week of a missing local woman's body in the trunk of a car parked on a street in Chicago, I think there is plenty of danger for women even in a relatively sedate community like Madison. I don't think women are overreacting to the threat of violence here. All this is predicated on the assumption that I am reading your piece accurately. Am I? Or have I once again missed your point?

## Tracy Benton

[JG] Thanks for the compliment, Tracy. I try very hard to do what I promise to do, and not lead anyone to expect what I can't.

Marge Piercy, Suzy McKee Charnas, John Irving, Joan Vinge, Octavia Butler, Le Guin, Alice Munro, Vonda McIntyre, Garrison Keillor, and Marilyn French, are some of the writers that I try to buy in hardcover. Not only do I want to own their books in a more permanent form, but I feel that this is one, powerful way I can support the work of writers I most admire. They get more income from hardcovers and more respect from their publishers if their hardcovers do well.

So, you noticed the Amazing Shrinking Typeface, hmmm? There's nothing wrong with your eyesight. What happened with *Union Street* 53, was that we overflowed four pages by just a few paragraphs. Rather than publish a mostly blank sheet of paper, I reduced the width of the type by 10% to squeeze it all into four pages. In #54, however, the opposite thing happened. We ended up with one column's-worth of space short of 6 pages. So I actually enlarged the type and leading slightly to fill out the extra space, which I think made it one of the more readable zines Scott and I have published in this format.

Indeed, you and I do agree on the idea of invisible, revolutionary changes, and judging from what you said

about it, you will like *Illicit Passage* just fine. Unfortunately, I don't think that either Room of One's Own or Borders has gotten it yet. I know that Gerald (Borders) has ordered it and that Karen (ROOO) *means* to order it, but both of them are uncertain about whether they will be successful. I have an idea though. I'm in e-mail contact with Lucy Sussex, an Australian member of the current Tiptree judging committee. She actually notified Alice Nunn of her book's inclusion on last year's short list. Lucy gave me the name of new distributor for *Illicit Passage*, and I've passed it on to Borders and Room of One's Own. In the meantime, Lucy says that Dreamhaven has ordered it, and you can order it from Greg Ketter if you are desperate. Or, you can borrow my copy. But finish *Conduct Unbecoming* first. I want to talk to someone about that book.

Sorry, no Readercon report from me. I'd actually written all my comments for *Union Street* before we left for Boston (more than two weeks before deadline, imagine that!), and since then, Scott and I collaborated on a Readercon report for **Andy's Spent Brass** and—assuming Andy wants to publish it—I think I will leave my comments to that forum.

[SC] If **Andy** decides not to do anything with our Readercon report, we will publish it here in *Union Street*.

Congratulations on your new independence and your new zine.

Good comment to **Pat** on community.

## Vijay Bowen

[JG] I went to San Francisco in January for a Photoshop conference and ate a few meals in Chinatown. While strolling through that neighborhood, I stopped at a tea shop, where I sampled and bought a box of a really wonderful tea—Hibiscus Spice. Although it has no sugar or anything like that added, it's a subtlety sweet tea, and has become Scott's and my very favorite variety for making sun tea. Unfortunately we went through the box of tea bags very quickly indeed, and now I'm beginning to look for it elsewhere. No one would call my search an exhaustive one, but so far, no luck. I recommend the tea, however; it's very different and very tasty, if you can find it.

[SC] A disconcerting experience you had with the young Irishman. You noticed that you were the only black person in the audience for the Aslan shows and that you now pay attention to this at concerts. You wrote, "*This is something that I now do almost automatically—just in case it might be important.*" What did you mean? Under what circumstances would it be important? Do you often find yourself in uncomfortable situations in fandom because it is so white? Or is fandom more ethnically diverse on the coasts than it is out here in the midwest?

## Heather-Aynne Brooks

[JG] We had good intentions about sending you a postcard from Boston; we even bought a postcard. But we didn't have your address with us on the rainy afternoon when we wrote out postcards in an ice cream shop on Harvard Square. And then suddenly we found ourselves back in Wisconsin. We might have sent it from here, but again, events intruded and we forgot, and now you are



probably getting ready for school. Ah well, one of these days we might just hand you a postcard.

I'm confused by what you mean when you say that Keanu Reeves usually plays the same role. Have you seen *Little Buddha*? How about *Dracula*? Neither provide him with the typical cop-who-can't-follow-orders role.

[SC] I like "Kickin' It Up Production."

YCT **Jim B.**, I can see you missing him after being gone for two months (especially harassing him, which I'm sure you do with gusto) but I can't see missing his bad jokes and puns. His puns are really terrible. Sometimes I wonder about you, Heather.

## Lisa Freitag

[JG] Sorry, the Suzette Haden Elgin catalog didn't come from me. All I did was ask **Jae** to send you the stack of *Lonesome Nodes* I had lent to her with a huge pile of other fanzines. But you should consider subscribing to *Lonesome Node*. It's always got very interesting stuff in it, and usually has material related to the medical profession and language.

Let us know if Greg does in fact get Alice Nunn's *Illicit Passage*, one of my favorite books on the Tiptree shortlist. As I said in a comment to **Tracy**, the local bookstores seem to be finding it difficult to run down this book, but I hear that Greg has already contacted the new distributor. I've talked about his book on four or five panels now—at WisCon and Readercon—each time leaving behind a trail of frustrated readers. I tell them that this is one of the best gender-bending books published recently and they eagerly run out to the dealers room or bookstore ... and can't find it.

[SC] I have heard many good things about Fourth Street. I've never been much of a fan of fantasy other than the occasional horror novel. Years ago I read and enjoyed *The Lord of the Rings* and figured that most fantasy would just be bad versions of that. More recently however, I've changed my opinion. Le Guin's *Earthsea Trilogy* and *Tehanu* and Robin McKinley's *Deerskin* show fantasy to be a much more interesting genre than I gave it credit for. Maybe there is a Fourth Street in my future after all.

## Jim Frenkel

[JG] Welcome to the apa, Jim.

[SC] Welcome, Jim. Welcome also to your "occasional" columnists. I'm afraid you came in at an odd time for *Turbo*. Your first few issues may be a bit thin because of the sudden turnover. We may not get back up to our usual heft until all our new writers begin contributing.

I thought you wrote us a fine, brief intro. zine. Thank you. I think you will find plenty of writers who share your primary fannish interests (SF, baseball and film) as well as writers with quite different interests (stockcar racing, calligraphy and leather bars.)

You wrote, "...and we moved to Madison to become more a part of fandom, as well as to live in a nicer place for our kids, and cheaper place than New York." I know Madison is cheaper than New York, but how about the other goals? You've been out here a while, have you been satisfied with this location for your kids and Madison fandom?

## Karl Hailman

[JG] Maybe you're talking to the wrong women, Karl. I read Heller's *Catch 22* in a graduate literature class in college. The class was fairly evenly divided between women and men, and all of us really enjoyed discussing this book. I am more proud of the paper I wrote for that class about *Catch-22* than I am about anything else I wrote in college.

The reason I keep going back to it and re-reading it, is to watch Yossarian explore, sample, and even test-drive the survival schemes of those he meets in his life. He knows that as a bombardier, his own expectations of survival are limited, and so he is very interested in how other people cope with their own precarious lives. His search for a different approach to life is like that of a reader, who examines published biographies, fictions, and histories for role-models. ...Which connects on a personal level with my own inclination to question authority and assumptions (see my comment to **Kim Winz**).

And then of course, *Catch-22* is probably the funniest book I have ever read in my whole life.

Why did you like it? Were you suggesting that a war story tends to interest more male readers than female?

This has been a blatant attempt to tempt you into writing a longish essay-like comment in your next zine, Karl.

[SC] You're already trying to teach Forrest to say "Iowa sucks"? That confirms what I have long suspected about native Wisconsinites' hostility toward their Iowa neighbors—it's brainwashed into them at an early age. How else can such an irrational attitude be explained?

## Pat Hario

[JG] I would have liked *Wolf* a lot more if they had dispensed with all the special effects—Jack literally changing into a wolf, etc. To me, the most interesting part of the story centered around the dog-eat-dog business of book publishing. Jack metamorphosing from wimp to a (sort of good) corporate wolf and his assistant turning into a (really bad) corporate wolf—minus all the fangs, makeup, hair, and murders—would have made for a much more interesting story in my opinion. Nicholson's acting outshines any makeup job, any day, and would have been more impressive without the props.

I agree with you that the demonizing of Jack's wife—as an excuse to let him jump into the sack with Michelle Pfeiffer—was irritating. I guess we're actually supposed to believe that Jack would never have allowed himself to be tempted by Pfeiffer had his wife stayed a good, faithful wifey. When she does turn however, it's pretty amazing how fast our hero gets over his sense of betrayal and reorganizes his priorities!

And, yes, *Widow's Peak* was wonderful, though the media's warning about a plot twist kept me more alert than usual, and—like you—I figured out the ending early—during the boat race scene, in fact. I liked the various levels of meaning for the title, and thought the acting was just terrific.

Sorry we missed the party for Lorelei and **Michael**. The play at American Players Theater (*The Beaux Strata-gem*, by George Farquhar, very very funny!) ended after 11 pm and we didn't get back to Madison till 12:30, extremely



exhausted. Scott had only had three hours sleep that day, since he got up early to join Steve Swartz at Camp Randall to watch the Packers play. I hope you all gave Lorelei and Michael a great send-off.

[SC] We both also liked *It Could Happen To You* which should have been called *Cop Gives Waitress \$2 Million Tip* It was a rather sappy story I admit, but it was well done.

We went to see *Jamon, Jamon* at the Majestic because Jeanne liked what she had read about it and it was on a very brief run here. You may recall my complaining about going to movies at the Majestic awhile ago. Well, we didn't like this movie and should have saved ourselves sitting through it because circumstances (a.k.a. the Majestic) were conspiring to keep us from seeing it.

The movie was in alternate play rotation with another film so it was only showing twice a day, at 5 and 9:30 pm. We decided to go to the 5 pm show on Monday because it was cheaper and close to Jeanne's office. At 5, a little crowd of us showed up outside the theater to find it locked up and dark. The marquee had the movie times at 5 and 9:30 "every night" but a check of the fine print of a copy of the theater's schedule revealed "except Monday, August 8th" when it would only be shown at 8:30 pm. The crowd gave a collective groan as I read this information aloud.

Our VCR was in the shop that night and we had no alternate plans so we decided to go home, have dinner and come back. We showed back up at the theater at 8:30 along with a few people from the earlier group. We were about to go in when the ticket person stopped us. He said our film didn't start until 9:30. What about the printed schedule? "Oh, that's a misprint," he said. Another groan.

I was ready to give up, but Jeanne talked me into coffee and dessert next door. Finally we saw it. We were both disappointed. It was a Spanish film that looked like it was going to be a sex comedy with interesting complications. It turned out to be a tragedy with the sexual relationships all twisted up with old fashioned machismo. It was a very frustrating evening.

Incidentally, Jeanne and I went to *Clear and Present Danger* earlier this evening. I think I see the next hot movie trend. Nicolas Cage's *Cop*, Harrison Ford's *Jack Ryan*, Tom Hanks' *Forrest Gump* all have something in common. They are all truthful, forthright and scrupulously honest. Almost unbelievably honest. Is this what America is searching for these days? Honest role models who stick to their principals and speak only the truth? I think our disenchantment and distrust of our elected leaders is finding an interesting expression in the movies.

## Bill Hoffman

[JG] Good comments to **Lynne Ann** about expectations in relationships. I agree: explicit is better.

## Bill Humphries

[SC] I was particularly heartened by your comment to **Ellen** on *Work Culture*. It's about time someone spoke up for the idea of enjoying your work, but still not wanting to constantly put in 60 or 80 hour weeks doing it. In this apa group there often seems to be a dividing line between the obsessed

workaholics and the uninspired jobholders. Nice to find someone who is a happy professional who wants a life, too.

For a last minute butt-saver, your zine was well done.

## Hope Kiefer

[JG] The way I deal with that intimidatingly blank screen is to think first about what I want to draw, and then figure out the best way to use the electronic tools to get what I want onto the screen. You can certainly do interesting stuff by just playing around with the tools of Superpaint (or of any other graphics package), but I find that it works better for me to think of the computer as a tool, and not an end in itself. You might try doodling on a piece of paper until you come up with something you like, and then check out the toolbox and figure out how you could do the same thing cleaner or better on screen. After a while I find that it's the piece of paper that feels two-dimensional and very, very limiting. (You can't undo. You can't change that line's thickness. You can't redirect the curve of that space. Etc.) With familiarity, the computer screen achieves extra dimensions....

On the question of whether age differences or the ages themselves make for powerlessness—my first question is: if you think older people on the committee didn't think you were capable of doing the job of WisCon coordinator, why do you think they elected you to that position?

[SC] YCT me, "slapped-together-last-minute-minac" should be read as one word. As I noted to **Whump** above, not all zines done at the last minute are minac, or poorly done. I was referring specifically to writers who repeatedly send in bare minimum minac.

## Diane Martin

[JG] Would you like that room up in Frederick just as well if you had purchased the furnishings new and for more money at some department store? Or do you relish the "deal" as much as the self-made design?

I wonder if Margaret Atwood's *The Robber Bride* strikes the funny bone of more women in their 40s than women in their 20s.... It seems to me that more than half of the dark, ironic humor of this novel lies in its perspective: Tragic destruction of youthful relationships acquire other, self-illuminating levels of humor with age and experience. Or maybe I'm completely batty and it turns out that Liana has read it and thought it was hilarious. But I keep recommending this book. It's wonderful.

[SC] YCT **Ellen**, I tend to take the view that "young" people today are no worse than "young" people of any generation, including ourselves twenty years ago. Perhaps some of us have always been serious about our work, but I think every generation in power makes the same complaint about every up and coming generation. Certainly our parents had plenty of reason to be leery of turning things over to us. To complain that "kids these days think the world owes them a living" sounds very familiar to me.

Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll  
18 August 1994



# The Hypocrites of Homosexuality

By Orson Scott Card

from the Mormon journal *Sunstone*, February 1990

When I was an undergraduate theatre student, I was aware, and not happily so, how pervasive was the reach of the underculture of homosexuality among my friends and acquaintances. After a while I stopped being shocked to discover that someone I had known well, or whose talent I admired, was either moving into or already a part of the not-so-clandestine network of gay relationships. I learned that being homosexual does not destroy a person's talent or deny those aspects of their character that I had already come to love and admire. I did learn that for most at them their highest allegiance was to their membership in the community that gave them access to sex. As a not-particularly-pure-minded heterosexual adolescent, I understood the intensity of sexual desire; as a student of human communities, I have since come to understand how character is shaped by—or surrendered to—one's allegiances.

One thing is certain: one cannot serve two masters. And when one's life is given over to one community that demands utter allegiance, it cannot be given to another. The LDS church is one such community. The homosexual community seems to be another. And when I read the statements of those who claim to be both LDS and homosexual, trying to persuade the former community to cease making their membership contingent upon abandoning the latter, I wonder if they realize that the price of such tolerance would be, in the long run, the destruction of the Church.

We Latter-Day Saints should know that we are eternal beings who must gain control of our bodies and direct our lives toward the good of others in order to be worthy of an adult role in the hereafter. So the regulation of sexual drives is designed not just to preserve the community of the Saints but also to improve and educate the individuals within it. The Lord asks no more of its members who are tempted toward homosexuality than it does of its unmarried adolescents, its widows and widowers, its divorced members and its members who never marry. Furthermore, the Lord even guides the sexual behavior of those who are married, expecting them to use their sexual powers responsibly and in a proportionate role within the marriage.

The argument by the hypocrites of homosexuality that homosexual tendencies are genetically ingrained in some individuals is almost laughably irrelevant. We are all genetically predisposed toward some sin or another; we are all expected to control those genetic predispositions when it is possible. It is for God to judge which individuals are tempted beyond their ability to bear or beyond their ability to resist. But it is the responsibility of

the Church and the Saints never to lose sight of the goal of perfect obedience to laws designed for our happiness.

The average fifteen-year-old teenage boy is genetically predisposed to copulate with anything that moves. We are compassionate and forgiving of those who cannot resist this temptation, but we do not regard as adult anyone who has not overcome it; and we can only help others overcome these "genetic predispositions" by teaching them that we expect them to meet a higher standard of behavior than the one their own body teaches them. Are we somehow cruel and over-dominating when we teach young men and young women that their lives will be better and happier if they have no memory of sexual intercourse with others to deal with when they finally get married? On the contrary, we would be heartless and cruel if we did not.

The hypocrites of homosexuality are, of course, already preparing to answer these statements by accusing me of homophobia, gay-bashing, bigotry, intolerance; but nothing that I have said here—and nothing that has been said by any of the prophets or any of the Church leaders who have dealt with this issue—can be construed as advocating, encouraging, or even allowing harsh treatment of individuals who are unable to resist the temptation to have sexual relations with persons of the same sex. On the contrary, the teachings of the Lord are clear in regard to the way we must deal with sinners. Christ treated them with compassion—as long as they confessed that their sin was a sin. Only when they attempted to pretend their sin was righteousness did he harshly name them for what they were: fools, hypocrites, sinners. Hypocrites because they were unwilling to change their behavior and instead attempted to change the law to fit it; fools because they thought that deceiving an easily deceivable society would achieve the impossible goal of also deceiving God.

The Church has plenty room for individuals who are struggling to overcome their temptation toward homosexual behavior. But for the protection of the Saints and the good of the persons themselves, the Church has no room for those who, instead of repenting of homosexuality, wish it to become an acceptable behavior in the society of the Saints. They are wolves in sheep's clothing, preaching meekness while attempting to devour the flock.

No act of violence is ever appropriate to protect Christianity from those who would rob it of its meaning. None of us are without sin—the casting of stones is not our duty or our privilege. All that must ever be done to answer them is to declare the truth, and to deny them the right to call themselves Latter-Day Saints while pro-



claiming their false doctrine. Even as Christ freed from her accusers the woman taken in adultery, he told her, Go and sin no more.

No community can endure that does not hold its members responsible for their own actions. Being human, we try from childhood to put the blame for the bad things we do on someone or something else. And to one degree or another, we do accept plausible excuses—enough, at least, to allow us to temper our judgment. The American polity defines the crime of second degree murder to allow for those whose anger was too greatly provoked, as distinguished from those who coldly kill for gain. Also, we are willing to alter the terms of confinement of those whose unacceptable behavior clearly derived from mental illness. In short, we recognize the principle that those who have as little control over their own behavior as small children should be treated as compassionately—yet firmly—as we treat small children.

What we do with small children is to establish clear boundaries and off swift but mild punishment for crossing them. As their capacity to understand and obey increases, the boundaries broaden but the consequences of crossing them become more severe.

Within the Church, the young person who experiments with homosexual behavior should be counseled with, not excommunicated. But as the adolescent moves into adulthood and continues to engage in sinful practices far beyond the level of experimentation, then the consequences within the Church must grow more severe and more long-lasting; unfortunately, they may also be more public as well.

This applies also to the polity, the community of citizens at large. Laws against homosexual behavior should remain on the books, not to be indiscriminately enforced against anyone who happens to be caught violating them, but to be used when necessary to send a clear message that those who flagrantly violate society's regulation of sexual behavior cannot be permitted to remain as acceptable, equal citizens within that society.

The goal of the polity is not to put homosexuals in jail. The goal is to discourage people from engaging in homosexual practices in the first place, and, when they nevertheless proceed in their homosexual behavior, to encourage them to do so discreetly, so as not to shake the confidence of the community in the polity's ability to provide rules for safe, stable, dependable marriage and family relationships.

Those who would be members of a community must sacrifice the satisfaction of some of their individual desires in order to maintain the existence of that community. They must, in other words, obey the rules that define what that community is. Those who are not willing or able to obey the rules should honestly admit the fact and withdraw from membership.

Thus, just as America, a democratic society, is under no obligation to preserve some imagined "right" of citizens who wish to use their freedom to overthrow that democracy and institute tyranny, so likewise the LDS church, which is founded on the idea that the word of God as revealed through his prophets should determine the behavior of the Saints, is under no obligation to protect some supposed "right" of those members who would like to persuade us that neither God nor the prophets has the authority to regulate them.

If the Church has not the authority to tell its members that they may not engage in homosexual practices, then it has no authority at all. And if we accept the argument of the hypocrites of homosexuality that their sin is not a sin, we have destroyed ourselves.

Furthermore, if we allow ourselves to be intimidated by our fear of the world's censure into silence in the face of attempts by homosexuals to make their sin acceptable under the laws of the polity, then we have abandoned our role as teachers of righteousness.

The repentant homosexual must be met with forgiveness. Even hypocritical homosexuals must be treated individually with compassion. But the collective behavior of the hypocrites of homosexuality must be met with our most forceful arguments and our complete intolerance of their lies. To act otherwise is to give more respect to the opinions of men than to the judgments of God.

Tolerance is not the fundamental virtue, to which all others must give way. The fundamental virtue is to love the Lord with all our heart, mind, and strength; and then to love our neighbor as ourself. Despite all the rhetoric of the hypocrites of homosexuality about how if we were true Christians, we would accept them fully without expecting them to change their behavior, we know that the Lord looks upon sin without the least degree of tolerance, and that he expects us to strive for perfection.

That we must treat sinners kindly is true; that we must courageously and firmly reject sin is also true. Those whose "kindness" causes them to wink at sin are not being kind at all, for the only hope of joy that these people have is to recognize their sin and repent of it. True kindness is to be ever courteous and warm toward individuals, while confronting them always with our rejection of any arguments justifying their self-gratification. That will earn us their love and gratitude in the day of their repentance, even if during the time they still embrace their sins they lash out at us as if we were their enemies.

And if it happens that they never repent, then in the day of their grief they cannot blame us for helping them deceive and destroy themselves. That is how we keep ourselves unspotted by the blood of this generation, even as we labor to help our brothers and sisters free themselves from the tyranny of sin.