

HOWARD MALCHOW: Uh, well, in the interest of getting to our speaker, I'm not going to unravel the thirty years of his career before you—we'll save that book for another time. I will point out that Howard came to us—well, he did a PhD at Northwestern in the late sixties, came to his first teaching job was at NYU in 1968. Must have been a remarkable year to begin teaching. I was a graduate student on the other side of the continent in 1968 and I can just imagine what it was like to step in front of a class for the first time—particularly teaching French history (laughter) on the heels of what was happening. He came to Tufts in 1971, scholar in early modern print social intellectual history, early modern crafts. The seventies were, in fact, an exciting time of ferment in early modern scholarship, particularly in the social history, getting to the lives of inarticulate classes—the poor, the marginal came center-stage. And this was certainly incorporated in Howard's teaching in the seventies—especially known for his course in Social Deviance in European History, which was also known by the students as a History of Nuts and Sluts (laughter). This dealt with the poor, the insane, Jews, witches, sexual mores, and with carnivals, festivals, games, and the institutions of policing and social control. And this was a—became, in fact, a bread and butter course for Howard in the seventies. And then he had that particular intense form of life cycle crisis that we all grapple with, or maybe we don't, of facing middle age as an academic, and maybe it's also a typical late seventies crisis, you know, is this all there is? Grinding out books written on dead people (laughter) no one except people like yourself read (laughter), and teaching—whatever that means—the privileged few. In short, he decided to leave history and become an administrator (laughter). This was the beginning of the new Mayer regime, there were great changes underway—the promise of great change—and Howard became the founding dean of undergraduate studies and administrative affairs in 1978. The enthusiasm, perhaps, did not survive the reality of middle-level management (laughter), and he came back to us after four years. In the eighties, Howard threw himself back into teaching, and this, of course, by this time, Reagan era kids, who perhaps presented more of a challenge in opening eyes to his view of marginality and hegemony (??). And his courses evolved somewhat. Social Deviance became Marginality and Power, with—along with the Jews, the poor, heretics, witches, and criminals, now appeared more explicitly, sexual minorities. By the mid-eighties, when he also became chair for three years, the evolution of his courses and his role at the university was clearly intertwined with his own personal evolution and commitments, something I'm sure he'll want to talk about. His scholarship, as well, was informed by this. He wrote at this time an important piece on stigma in Western culture. In the nineties, Howard emerged as, I think it's fair to say, the most important faculty—the most important university faculty resource that we know on issues of sexuality and prejudice. He became mentor, counselor, friend to a decade of gay and lesbian students, many of whom faced their own coming out crisis right here at Tufts. Howard's teaching became more explicitly focused on issues of sexuality and prejudice, putting today's homophobia and anti-Semitism into the broadest, deepest cultural-historical context. And as evidenced in his course the Historical Construction of Sexuality. And now, another life cycle crisis? Question mark. Not retirement but an investment of these interests and his purpose beyond the privileged world of Tufts into the real community he and his partner David have lived in for some years, and next year Howard will take up the challenging role of scholar in residence and lesbian and gay archivist at the University of Southern Maine. We regret his going, but wish him well (applause).

HOWARD SOLOMON: Thank you. Thank you very much. It's great to see such good friends here in this room, all in one place. This is going to be a two bottle, at least two bottle—we'll start with the bottles here and see how the evening goes. What am I going to do in retirement? Howard said some of the things. First of all, I will not officially retire until 2004, August 2004.

This is all a ruse. Just to get you all together, and sell you aluminum siding, I guess (laughter). I will retire in August 2004. For the next two years I will be on sabbatical and research leave. I will be back next spring to teach one course. As Howard said, we live in Maine, fifteen minutes from Brunswick, there's at least—there's a couple people here who know where Brunswick is—for the academics in the group, Brunswick is where—our little town of Bowdoinham that we live in—typical Maine village—Martha Stewart meets Stephen King (laughter). We are about fifteen minutes north of Brunswick and about—for the rest of you, about twenty minutes north of L.L. Bean. So you'll all come and visit. David's worried that I'm going to spend my time in front of the TV all day eating bonbons and watching *Oprah*. That is not going to happen. If I could snap my finger and do anything I wanted to do in retirement, it would be to become a backup dancer for Tina Turner (laughter), but that's not going to happen either. So I've got this connection at the University of Southern Maine, where, as Howard said, I'll be adjunct professor of history and scholar in residence of the lesbian/gay archives of the Jean Byers Sampson Center on Diversity at the University of Southern Maine. There's a direct relationship between the length of the title and the amount of the money (laughter). If it were any softer—well, that's another story (laughter). I'm looking forward to it. The university is only thirty minutes from home—only thirty-five miles, as opposed to the hundred and forty-three miles that I currently commute. And I'll talk about that later. University of Southern Maine is a quite different place than Tufts—sixty percent of young graduates are women, close to seventy percent are first-generation college students. I'm looking forward to being in a working-class institution for the first time in my career, and that will show up here as we do this talking. So I'll do that for a couple years and see what happens.

What I want to do tonight is—this started out when Sonia said, Will you do this? I said I had a lecture on the history of coming out as a concept, an idea, and so on. And as it got closer to this event, as I got more frantic, at the thought of doing that, and also realizing how many important people are in this room, and also the importance of the history. And it particularly struck me a couple of days ago going across campus in front of the chapel on the board outside it said, Why do we celebrate Tufts history? Well, there's Tufts's history, and there's Tufts's history. And there's also Tufts history and Tufts history. If there's anything we've learned in women's studies it's that there are multiple voices and multiple histories. And so what I want to do tonight is talk about—under the guise of nostalgia and recollections—my sense of what this institution has been the last three decades plus, since I arrived here in September of 1971 to begin teaching. I want to start not in 1971, but on June 27, 1969.

June 27, 1969 is an auspicious day. There are even some students in this room, hopefully, who know what happened on June 27, 1969. It's a Friday night, I'm in New York City, just a couple of blocks away from the NYU history department where I had been teaching for one year. That's right, I started teaching in 1968. There was a lot to celebrate. I was with my friend Wendy, I had just ended my first year as an instructor at NYU, I was a new PhD just three months before, April first. These dates in my life, somehow have some bearing. April first I defended the thesis (laughter) successfully, I think. And now here I was, celebrating among other things the end of summer school. I was off the next morning to Paris, where I was going to do research in the archives turning my thesis into a book. And also celebrating the fact that now that I was a PhD and had a contract to come back as an assistant professor at NYU, my salary was being raised from eighty-five hundred dollars a year to the king's ransom of eleven thousand dollars a year! Eleven thousand, count 'em. And making it all sweeter was the fact that it was my birthday—June twenty-seventh. I was as if my life was beginning a new phase, doors were opening, that new and different possibilities were about to happen. June 27, 1969.

Just a few blocks and a few hours away, on Christopher Street, at a place called the Stonewall Inn, events were about to happen that night which would represent quote, if you will, the coming out of the modern gay rights movement. The Stonewall Inn, like a lot of other gay bars, which had for years and years endured the periodic busts of police and thugs, for the first time—at least in the mythology—the patrons of this bar refused to put up with it. A group of drag queens, hustlers, Latino, black men—hardly the image of middle class respectability. Many of the gay groups which emerged in the seventies and eighties and used the mythology of Stonewall as the birth of the modern gay movement to legitimate their own interests. These people refused to collude with the bust, they started throwing bottles, chairs, so on and so forth back, and for the next four days the streets of Greenwich Village engaging four hundred policemen, several thousand gay people, gave birth—at least in the mythology—to the modern gay rights movement and in its wake, the emergence of political organizations and the emergence on the public agenda for American social and political thought, the issue, along with race, gender, class, and ethnicity now, the issue of the politics of sexual identity.

As (unintelligible) had said, you've heard this before—sodomy, which for thousands of years had been called the crime that dare not be speak its name, could now, in the seventies, not shut up (laughter). For gay people, this is certainly a watershed in our history. June 27, 1969 was the founding moment, the day of creation—14 July 1789, the end of the old regime. The event itself would be the archetype, writ large, of individual coming out stories as issues of celebration, rebirth, and would emerge in the mythology as the founding moment in a shower of gay writing, gay music, gay music festivals, T-shirts, bumper stickers, posters, records, effluvia of consumerism, and that inevitable question which people would ask for years later: Where were you on June twenty-seven? All the people who said that they were at Stonewall on June twenty-seven the fact that they—well that's the same thing as all the people who said they were on the Mayflower—you get the picture. And, in fact, part of what we now understand—we understood then, but we now understand in terms of the revisionism of revisionism, is that obviously a lot was happening long before June 27, 1969 at Stonewall, and the scholarship that some of my students are studying hopefully bears that out.

This was a tremendously liberating time for a lot of people. It was also a threatening time. Not only to the straight society, but also to closeted people like me, for whom the word homosexual was a very frightening word. June 27, 1969 I was twenty-seven years old. I was twenty-seven years old. I'd been brought up in the Ozzie and Harriet 1950s, where the only media—the only queers—we didn't even use that word—the only sissies in the media were Francis Pangborn [sic-Franklin Pangborn]—those of you who are buffs of old movies—and maybe Edward Everett Horton. They always played the hotel clerks, "May I help you, sir?" et cetera, et cetera. The only people, the only drag queens on TV or anywhere was Milton Berle. Christine Jorgensen was treated quite legitimately as the first transsexual, but that word was not used, it was "sex change," and, in fact, Christine Jorgensen became a freak act. Christine Jorgensen was playing Las Vegas. Christine Jorgensen was not on the talk shows in the late fifties and early sixties.

This was also a period where the Cold War equated communists and homosexuals. J. Edgar Hoover was writing in *Redbook* magazine, in *Cosmopolitan* magazine the dangers of raising your kids as homosexuals, class, slash a communist. This was the period of the McCarthy hearings, watching that on TV. With Roy Cohn—you know Roy Cohn—sitting next to what's his name? McCarthy, thank you—G. David Schine and the rest of them, pretending as if, or these people who were engaged in a homophobic campaign against anything that was off-center, were themselves extraordinarily—at least in the case of Cohn—extraordinarily closeted

homosexuals. Classic pattern that we see in history and that we're going to talk about a little bit this evening. This is also a period where medical consensus, or at least a large body of medical legitimacy, said that homosexuality was inseparable from illness. Irving Bieber, for example, one of the leaders of mainstream psychoanalytic thought in the 1960s, did a study of a hundred and six men who were in treatment, they were all his—and this was part of the bogus nature of much of that research proving that homosexuals were sick and ill—they were all in his treatment. He said—and he published this—and this is good scientific evidence here—ninety percent of these people were, quote, “eager to conceal their sexuality” and, quote, “and sixty-four percent wanted to be cured,” end quote. I was one of those people, one of those young people who believed that there were cures for my sexual attraction to men rather than women. I was lucky, because I didn't even have the words for it. I was not like some of my friends who endured endless therapy, shock treatment, hospitalization, institutionalization, and even cases of one friend of mine, couple friends of mine in Canada who in fact lost their—it mucked up their deportation—their immigration status. But all of this also relates—related to not only this issue of my coming out as a gay man, or my closet as a gay man, but it also related to my professional identity as a working-class Jew in academia.

What was NYU like in the late 1960s? I was in Paris in 1967, when I came back in 1968, there was a sea change in American and Western European middle-class culture. Vietnam demonstrations, civil right demonstrations. My very first class at NYU I got a contact high walking into the classroom. There was this, (laughter) in retrospect lovely, cloud of marijuana smoke in the air (laughter). But the department at NYU was filled with old lefties, a lot of Jews. My very first faculty meeting two members of the faculty—two old Jewish lefties who had been raised in the twenties and thirties—were swearing each other in Yiddish calling each other “collaborator,” “*Judenraten*”—which is the German word to describe those Jews who were head of the Nazi-imposed organizations in the ghettos—it was an absolute madhouse. The chairman of the department and the head of the undergraduate program were both extraordinarily closeted gay—homosexual men. They ran the department. Part of what I remember, when I try to think, what's an example that I can give you that hopefully will nail it for you: in 1971, shortly before I came to Tufts, Martin Duberman, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright, historian, gay scholar was at Princeton, living in New York City—he wanted to get a teaching gig in New York, obviously. Any straight thinking—any clear thinking history department would have been delighted to have him. He came for an interview to talk about this new agenda of gay studies—the most critical put-down remarks of the (pauses) lack of value of that area was coming from these gay men. I looked around me and certainly I didn't know much—well, I didn't know as much as I subsequently learned about my identity, but I certainly know, If this is what it means to be a gay man in academia, get me out of here quickly as possible. The anxiety here was not based particularly upon experience. At that point in my life I had not had any physical sexual experiences with any man. And so these anxieties were free-floating, they were involved also with the issues of working-class guy expecting at any minute for people to find out that I really didn't know the difference from one sherry to the next. And sooner or later, Frank Manuel, who was one of the senior men in intellectual history on the planet, who happened to be at NYU, and in many ways became my mentor—he was going to find out that maybe I didn't know as much as I could carry off in a public lecture.

My colleagues at NYU as well as my family understood my move to Tufts, where I subsequently came in 1971—here I was moving from a huge graduate program in which I was the youngest member of the graduate faculty, moving to a tiny PhD program that catered to people stuck in the Boston area who either couldn't get into Harvard or, even worse, women,

who had come to study with Nancy Lyman Roelker, who was the senior person in the history department, since no one else would take them seriously. They understood my decision to leave NYU and New York City as an absolutely irrational decision based upon personal rather than narrowly professional factors. I was a small-town kid from Pennsylvania who couldn't cope with New York City. You can't make it here, you can't make it anywhere. I'd been terrorized by being mugged three times in three months—that was true, and I was a little shaky about that (laughter). My friend Wendy, whom I had had that celebratory drink with, was breaking up with me and I was desolate. Frank Manuel, the senior man in the department, who was raised in Roxbury in the 1930s said to me, "Solomon, you're going to Medford! We used to bury people in Medford!" (laughter). Ten years later when I was dean he came back to receive an award from the Unitarian Universalist Historical Society and I welcomed him back to Medford—these lovely little circles that go round.

All of this was true, but it makes it sound so irrational—in fact, I was running away. More than the terror of the muggers, I was running away from the fear of becoming just like the closeted men I saw in my department. Their self-hatred, their drinking, their gossiping, their self-loathing. *Boys in the Band* had just been made into a movie and I was living it. This was a bad production of *Boys in the Band*. After I had made the decision to leave Tufts [sic-NYU], a couple of these men invited me to dinner and drinks—they had already started long before I arrived—and in one of their apartments in the very—at that point—luxurious faculty housing in Washington Square, it was about ten thirty, eleven o'clock at night, one of them sort of bounced over to the bar and said, "Howard, how can you leave all of this?" Well, it was very easy. I was experiencing my own homosexual panic. I now see typical of homosexual panic that other people have experienced, that at the times, the way in which other identity issues—working-class issues, Jewish identity issues, religious issues—are all overlaid. The personal is political. We know that in this room as members and supporters of the women's studies program. And that's what I want to continue in this talk. Examining how LGBT history since Stonewall, here at Tufts and in my life, and through my own experience and coming out, how those issues have intersected.

I've spent virtually my entire professional and personal life here since those three years at NYU. And so the natural question to ask is, How has Tufts from the early seventies to the present reflected these changes and these promises? In the cab from Logan airport, the day of my interview—this was October 11, 1970—for those of you who collect gay dates, October eleven then became the date of National Coming Out Day (laughter)—when the taxi driver took me from Logan airport, to the bottom of the Memorial Steps on October 11, 1970, what did I see? What was I coming to see? What is the same now, what is different three decades later? How is this place, and how have I, with it, come out together? I should just say as paranthetic, looking through some old items and so on and so forth, Tufts reimbursed me for my expenses for that trip from New York. The cost of the subway ride from where I was living to downtown in New York and then the bus out to the airport, and then the airfare, and the taxi here, and then the taxi—forty-three dollars and twelve cents (laughter).

What did I see when I came to Tufts? When I walked up those stairs into Braker Hall? The first person I met was Pierre Laurent, who had just arrived the year before. Second person I met was the person I was succeeding—or hoped to succeed—Nancy Lyman Roelker. She had just taught a class, and Nancy was removing a hat and gloves. Those of you who remember or know Nancy Lyman Roelker of the Rhode Island Roelkers—seventeenth century. She was an extraordinary woman, and she greeted me and subsequently became one of my important members. My important mentors. But I also was coming and I found what I was looking for—a

department without any Jews. Without any ethnics. Other than George Marcopoulos, who Bowdoin and Harvard had produced. No non-whites. No queers. Campus was beautiful. It looked like the set on a beautiful October day from a June Allyson van Johnson movie. So unlike NYU. Not psychedelic, no hubbub, no concrete—I mean, how long ago was this? This was so long ago that Davis Square had no one-way streets and no traffic lights (laughter). I'd come to a place without turmoil. Yes, there had been the free-for-all demonstrations a year before in 1970, there had been demonstrations at Lewis Hall—hence the name free-for-all for all the activity for contractors who were not, who were violating the university standards on hiring minorities. There had also been in 1968, three years before I arrived, demonstrations on the part of Jackson College women to demand Coca-Cola machines in their dormitories (laughter). The men already had Coca-Cola machines, but the women's constitutions, according to much of the received ideology as late as the sixties had, is more threatened by Coca-Cola than the men's were. In 1970 at commencement, the student speaking at commencement announcing that he was homosexual had the microphone shut off by Robert Meserve, chairman of the board of trustees, in mid-sentence. So a little turmoil here. But there were no in-your-face Jews, there were no gay people to challenge me—I had lucked out here to avoid my own homosexual panic. I was reversing the archetypal pattern of leaving a little town to go to the big city.

I started teaching at Tufts in '71, with an even larger king's ransom of twelve thousand dollars per year. I came with a contract and a completed book on Théophraste Renaudot who was a seventeenth-century figure who was—founded the first French newspaper, he founded a popular academy before the *Académie Française*. He's sort of a French Ben Franklin. I published the book, the book was the hottest thing in the field for fifteen minutes (laughter). And, as some of the reviews said, as also I recognized, the one thing people kept saying was, Solomon now has to do is to take the pieces of the book where Renaudot establishes this academy and develop that into a full-scale book. I'd said, This is something I want to do and that will be the next book. Well, I never quite got around more to that, there was a lot more to be done, et cetera, et cetera. I taught Renaissance and Reformation, the old regime, French Revolution, but my real passion, as Howard said, was introducing the new social history. The writings of people like Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie, Robert Mandrou and, of course, Michel Foucault. My courses have been riffs on Foucault for years. This was the first generation with historians exploring (unintelligible/French), opening up the possibility of hearing the different voices that we had not, we had chosen not to hear before. *Les marginaux*—the marginals, as they were called. In Paris, also—when I wasn't teaching, I was in Paris. I would drop my grades off and take the next plane to Paris. I liked the Louvre, but I liked the flea market in the Puces de Clignancourt much better. The Sorbonne and Pantheon were historically significant, the Rue Mouffetard and its sword swallows was much more alive. One of my favorite pastimes in the evening after I'd have my five—when I would splurge, a five franc meal—four courses—sit in the café along the Boulevard Saint-Michel and watch the Rat Man of Paris. Paul West wrote a novel about this in the 1970s. This guy, this street guy, who had a rubber rat, and he would just go up to people and go “Wooo! Wooo! Wooo!” (laughter). Fascinating. Absolutely fascinating. As someone who identified with these people. My subject matter and the style I was living in Paris were inseparable. The room that I lived in in '67-'68, and subsequently for several years—I'd been living in this small hotel for several months and finally *Madame*, when she realized that I was going to say, she said to me, “*Vous-êtes Américain?*” and I said, “Yes, I'm an American,” she said, “*Est-ce que vous connaissez Jimmy Baldwin?*” Jimmy? Oh, Jimmy—James Baldwin. Well, I don't *know* him. She said, Come here. She entered—she took me into their combination living-bedroom-sitting room and above on the mantle were all these pictures of Jimmy Baldwin,

all his original books. I then went back and read *Giovanni's Room*. I was living in Giovanni's room (laughter). It was quite—the first year there, '67-'68—was a terrific time to be in Paris. I remember in spring '68 LBJ announcing that he would not run for a second term. I remember going out early in the morning to get my coffee and seeing the news headlines that Martin Luther King had been assassinated. Three weeks later during, the *événements de mai*, the student and working—the union opposition to the de Gaulle regime which shut down the newspapers, the subways, the trains—all of French life. The assassination of Bobby Kennedy. And the way we knew something had happened was for nearly a week the ORTF did nothing but play music and they broke that silence to announce that Bobby Kennedy had been shot. But I also was fascinated by cultures in Europe in which the American stereotypes of how men are supposed to behave seemed to have other alternatives—men walking arm in arm was extraordinary to me.

I introduced a new course in '73, Social Deviance in Early Modern Europe, or Nuts and Sluts. It was also called Crimes Through the Times (laughter). In which, as Howard said, I only had a couple lectures on sexual variation. Actually, there wasn't a hell of a lot available to talk about sexual variation. It was good news, bad news. I took, at that point, a biographical great man approach. You know, Plato, Michelangelo, Verlaine, Proust, Mishima, Tchaikovsky—all these suffering gay men. Paralleling, in fact, what Gerda Lerner was referring to at that time as the woman worthies approach to women's history. Women's history was going through the same thing. The first generation teaching women's history was these famous women. Sappho, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth I, Charlotte de Corday, Eleanor Roosevelt. And most of the stuff that was available in '73, four, five, had a very apologetic tone to it. For example, A.L. Rowse, important historian, fellow of All Souls Oxford, wrote a book published in 1977 called *Homosexuals in History*, subtitle: *A Study of Ambivalence in Society, Literature, and the Arts*. And the very first sentence of his preface, typical of this historiography that was available then, is "this book is decidedly not pornography" (laughter). Decidedly underlined in italics. Betraying, perhaps—perhaps—betraying his own anxiety as a respected academic historian taking such a subject seriously. It's no accident at this time that much of the important scholarship, foundational scholarship on what subsequently we would call queer history—is coming from amateur historians outside the academia. Including people important to me like Jonathan Ned Katz, Allan Bérubé, and others.

By the early eighties there had been a sea change. Two books in particular. Nineteen eighty John Boswell publishing his book *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, Osubtitled *Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the 14th Century*. And also, three years later, John D'Emilio's book *Sexual Politics, Sexual Communities: The Making of a Homosexual Minority in the US 1940-1970*. Michel Foucault published his *History of Sexuality Volume One* in '76 and a year later it was translated into English. Couldn't get more legitimate than this! A professor at Yale, published by the University of Chicago Press—there now was something called gay historiography that academics could actually use—excuse me—use and teach in the center of their work. It's hard to believe for many people—we go into bookstores today—Borders—and there are entire areas on queer studies, women's studies. There was a time when there—those labels not only did not exist, but there were no books in those areas. There was a time when that was true.

As this was all happening, other things were brewing for me. For the first time in my life I was coming out as a gay man, and I was also coming out professionally—midlife crisis, as you incorrectly put it—as an administrator. First of all, coming out as a gay man. Before '74 I didn't know any homosexual men among my circle of friends—how did I get through that period? Well,

I read everything I could get my hands on. Trying to make sense between the pathological stuff, the J. Edgar Hoover, Irving Bieber stuff from the fifties that I'd read during high school and college, and the emerging stuff of a growing body of psychologists, psychiatrists in the United States—physicians, who eventually would be part of the movement that would lead to in 1972-'73, the American Psychiatric Association removing homosexuality from the *DSM-II*—the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*—of labeling homosexuality as a pathology. What did I read? I read popular literature like Nell Pat Warren's [sic-Patricia Nell Warren] *The Frontrunner* and *The Fancy Dresser*. I read the *Gay Community News*, which was very important to me. Neil Miller, who's in the audience, was responsible, among other things, as editor of *GCN* in the seventies, for establishing its bedrock foundation for our community and for our history. I listened on Saturday mornings to WBUR. Elaine Noble, who had just been elected as the first out lesbian to a state legislature, had a talk show. And on Saturday mornings, I think from ten to eleven, she answered questions. And there was a voice out there that said, Hey it's okay to be gay. You can do this. There's light out there. I saw her a few years ago, and was happy to thank her. And there was pornography. Yes, there was *Boys in the Band*, but at an AHA meeting—American Historical Association—meeting in 1971 in New York City—we had our sessions at the big midtown hotels and then there was this movie playing. The first big-budget gay porn called *Boys in the Sand* (laughter) was playing at a porn theater. And I went to it. And of course, there were a lot of people wearing AHA buttons, you know (laughter) and the remarkable thing about that film was, for the first time in my life, here were men engaging in sexuality that did not look pathological. It wasn't from a medical diagram, and it was absolutely fascinating and liberating to me.

And I also at this time, '73, '74, '75, began to frequent gay places, identify other gay men—some of them even Tufts gay men—who were as middle-class and mainstream as I. We met in gay bars and gay bathhouses. Safe places, insofar as everybody who was there was there for the same purposes. I'll never forget somewhere about '76 or so, in a gay bathhouse, downtown, which long before AIDS—these were magical, special places where gay men could be safe. And there I was with my towel around my waist, cruising. And I came around the corner and there in front of me was another Tufts colleague. Who I knew was gay. I mean, already I had gay-dar. And I knew he was gay. He—and he looks—let's just call him John—and he looks at me and he nearly fell over, he said, "Howard, what are you doing here?" (laughter). The same thing you're doing, John (laughter). And so we met—these were—Michel Foucault referred to these clubs and these—as laboratories of desire. They were that, they were also safe places in which men like me, particularly speaking for myself—men who had felt alienated from sports, physical activities—learned to feel at home in our bodies. Many of us were not close friends from those circles, but we began to recognize—I began to recognize there were other men out there. Some of them at Tufts. This was also part of 1970s gentrification of Newbury Street. I was living downtown in Back Bay. Those were the days when there were secondhand clothing stores—not Second Time Around but I mean really nasty sort of second—used book stores and junk shops all the way down to Berkeley and Clarendon, a-b-c-d-e. And the gentrification started about '73, '74, '75, so that by about '75, '76, '77, the fancy shops were happening. This was also part of the emerging of a gay culture that was directly related to and embedded in a commodity culture, a middle-class culture. What David Halperin would call the normalization by commodification. To be gay meant, for a lot of us, having the right look, the right stuff, et cetera, et cetera. When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping is what a lot of gay middle-class life is about.

And what was happening professionally? Bernie Harleston, the senior faculty, wanted to improve the quality of undergraduate life, and end the separate worlds in which there was a

dean of Jackson, who took care of the curriculum, and the advising, and the counseling, and the student discipline for the Jackson students, and then there was George Saltonstall Mumford who did the same thing for Tufts men. Bernie wanted to put this all together. And, secondly, it's not only to minimize the split, but also to improve the quality of undergraduate life. He asked me to do that. In 1978 I became dean of undergraduate studies and academic affairs. With the job description—I said, What do I do? He said, Have fun.

First day on the job, first day on the job I took the Jackson files that were buff—they weren't pink, they were buff—I took them from Nancy Milburn's office, put them in my office, and then I went over to George Saltonstall Mumford's office and took the men's files and moved them over and we (unintelligible) them. Barbara Kidder, who was the secretary to George Mumford nearly had a heart attack. Second day on the job, I sent a letter to all faculty announcing that the matriculation ceremonies—which had nearly disappeared in the haze of student protests in 1969-seventies and had turned into more of like a Medford Rotary Club welcome—there was no academic procession, there was no caps and gowns, there was no music—we're going to go back to tradition. Caps and gowns, academic regalia, line up, music, et cetera, et cetera. Sent that letter to all faculty and said, Get back to me and let me know. Third day on the job I get a call from Jean Mayer's secretary saying—she didn't say this, but essentially, the president wants to see you. I said, When would he like to—Now (laughter). I went up and he begins with—Whose Mickey Mouse idea—whose bonehead idea is this? Well, sir, it's my bonehead idea. And he said, I can't do—he says, We can't do this. He says, I feel like an idiot in the academic regalia talking to the parents. And I said, Well, I thought—parents are important, but isn't this about students and faculty and tradition and so on and so forth. He says, Can we cancel it? I said, No. He just says, he says, Well, we'll cancel it next year, we'll do it this year. Well, we did it this year, it was a great success, and it's a tradition I'm very proud of having reintroduced.

This was a wonderful time for me, but it was also a terribly difficult time because there were no models. Some examples. A dinner party where a senior Tufts administrator and spouse—now not here—talked at length about how disgusting they found homosexuals, especially lesbians, to be. My friend Saul Slapikoff was at that party, and I remember just knowing at least there's one person in this room who I know doesn't have these attitudes. At a reception with trustees, another senior administrator was putting down the emerging interest nationwide of gay scholarship—this was the same senior administrator I had seen a few months before at several gay bars cruising. Nineteen eighty there was a national meeting of NOMAS—National Organization of Men Against Sexism [sic-National Organization for Men Against Sexism]—that was going to be held at Tufts, and they came to me for money. The person who came to me was a gay man that I knew from the bar. We didn't know each other's names, but we knew each other, and we did this charade as if (lowers voice), "Hi, I'm John Brown." "Hi, I'm Howard Solomon," and this kind of craziness where we could not, as it were, come out to each other. Adrienne Rich in that year, 1980, coined the term "compulsory heterosexuality and lesbianism"—take out the "and lesbianism" and that's the way that I felt. That I was living this compulsory heterosexuality. No models in my personal life. My two cultural—so I met—a little bit of bricolage—I made my models. Fred Astaire—when in doubt, keep on dancing (laughter) and Groucho Marx, who said, Don't belong to any organization that would have you as a member. I had to do a fair amount of black-tie events and do a lot of pretending. And someone suggested to me, find someplace where you know you're safe. Well, a few years before—actually during the events of 19—(tape cuts out for a few seconds)—that underneath my black-tie getup I wore these hammer and sickle braces (laughter) and when the heterosexism was getting heavier and

heavier and heavier, I just reached and (snaps suspenders (??)), just to know. I was not out to anybody I worked with, but the love and generosity of people like Bruce Reitman, Bernie, Nancy Wilburn, Bobbie Knable, Liz Toupin, Marian Connor, friends like Sherry Fein, got me through those years. And it was some of the richest time in my life. I see, in retrospect how much of what that was about, was, and these are about, is that combination of internalized homophobia, the internalized classism, and so on. Sooner or later they were going to find out who I really was, and I was not yet ready to be who I needed to be.

I returned to teaching in 1982, succeeded by David Maxwell, who was then succeeded by Walt Swap, who was then succeeded by Charles Inouye, to a much different world. What was different about that world can be summed up in four letters. Nineteen eighty-two: AIDS. This phenomenon called AIDS had just been named AIDS. It had been known before as GRID: Gay-Related Immune Deficiency. In some quarters, it was—it would eventually become known within a year or so as the 4H disease: homosexuals, heroin addicts, Haitians, and then the good, innocent victims, hemophiliacs. America had a difficult time putting a face to AIDS. *20/20*, which was the hottest news story of the—news program of the time took three years, until 1983, to do a story, and they only did it when they heard that there were pediatric cases. Ronald Reagan would take years to say the AIDS word and the c word, the condom word, publicly. AIDS outed a lot of us. And it took a face to make it real for us, and for us here at Tufts that face was Fred Shepler. That face was Fred Shepler. Fred was—when we think about the history—and this has been such a kick the last couple of weeks, emailing and finding stuff out—there certainly were—I presume there were other people in the Tufts community who may well have died before Fred. But Fred, Fred was a remarkable man. Fred was the first recipient of the Leibner Award. Fred was in the French and the Romance Language Departments, he died in 1984. In the eulogies and the acknowledgments of his partner Michel, his friends, daughter, chaplain—there was no mention of the g word, that he was gay. Fred was my first close friend to die of AIDS, and his memorial service in the chapel was the first that would be too many. I tried to count them at one point a few years ago and after twenty, I stopped counting. And that's not unusual. Nineteen eighty-five, millions of Americans were dealing with the specter of Rock Hudson, quintessential American male, dying of AIDS, and now putting a face in other sort of ways. Nineteen eighty-six was the first campus-wide program on AIDS with the experimental college. Lee, I think you were involved in it—Lee Edelman, Saul Slapikoff I know was involved. You don't remember—I remember. I think Rosemary Taylor was and I remember introducing a panel and saying, I said that, Closets were great places to keep clothes but terrible places to live a life.

Our curriculum was responding. The ExCollege taught a couple courses in 1972 on changing attitudes towards homosexuality, and in the curriculum in the faculty there were at least three of us who were teaching lesbian-gay-related issue—courses. Laurence Senelick during the seventies and eighties teaching his course on drama, drama for—modern drama. The lesbian-gay content was there constantly. In '93 he would teach courses on gender performance in gay and lesbian theater and film, but he was doing the work a long time before that, and those of us who knew, knew. And a lot of students knew. In his productions at the Arena Theater—in '74 he staged Christopher Hampton's *Total Eclipse* about Rimbaud and Verlaine. Male prostitutes showed up along with the whores—the heterosexual whores—in *Threepenny Opera*. Antonio and Bassanio's relationship in the *Merchant of Venice* was portrayed as an erotic relationship. And he also tells me in 1975, when he was at Tufts in London teaching his course on popular entertainment, the day the report was to be given on English theatrical crossdressing, all the men dressed up as women, and all the women dressed up as men. So there was Laurence.

There was also Lee Edelman. Lee began teaching his Sexuality and Literature in Contemporary Criticism in '84-'85, and then his first course in lesbian and gay literature in theory—in literary theory in '86 or '87. But long before that, he was doing the work. My own course, Nuts and Sluts, Crimes Through the Times, and then it became known as Queers Through the Years (laughter). In '85, '86.

In so many ways, students were our best teachers. There was a gay support group at Tufts as early as 1972. In '83, the group became the Tufts Lesbian and Gay Community, and in 1990—1988, the Tufts Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Community. Transgender was added in 1997. Nineteen ninety-eight, student senate provided money for part-time coordinator of LGB issues, an LGB center—Donna Penn, who was a graduate student in history at Brown University, was the first paid staff. She was followed by Heather Wishik, then Charlene Waldron. The center had space in the early 1990s—I remember a pizza-strewn room down on Whitfield or Teele, that was one of the first spaces. Judith Brown became the first full-time director and started in December 1997, and when I asked Judith by email when did the work—how did the center finally receive its modern name—the Tufts Transgender, Lesbian, Gay—TTLGBC? (someone else speaks indistinctly) what the—(someone else speaks indistinctly) —LGBT Center—when the word transgender showed up, in a brilliant stroke of administrative leadership she simply ordered new stationary and a new sign (laughter). That's good, I like that. Jonathan Strong, for a period of time, was also doing—and he's always been doing (indistinct).

Increasing pressure in the late 1980s for more to be done. We had allies in the faculty, people like Susan Ostrander, Liz Ammons—people who are really important to me. Liz and Susan, Zella Luria, Francie Chew, Saul Slapikoff, Gery Gill, people who integrated issues of sexual orientation in their work, and through AAUP and EEOC's encouragement began to speak up for sexual orientation to be included in the university statement. These were the Mayer, the late Mayer years and the Rob Burtron (??) years. Thank god we don't have to say the early or late Rod Burton (??) years, there were so few of them (laughter). And in the classic pattern experienced nationwide as gays came more out of the closet, so did our resistance. At the height of the AIDS panic in 1986, when we had that college-wide program, we wanted to offer a program called—for safer sex workshop for gay men—Janice Irvine I think was offering it, and it was going to be called Hot and Horny. They had to remove the name Hot and Horny. It was okay for gay men to be gay, but not sexual. We formed an informal faculty-staff group in '88 and '89, Kathy Keegan [sic-Kathy Camara], from child study, and I became the cochairs.

This is the kind of place—and this isn't all that long ago—where in 1992, lesbian sophomores collecting signatures for Massachusetts' gay right bill were verbally assaulted by a senior professor, who referred to them at the top of his voice as, quote, “genetically inferior and a threat and menace to society,” end quote. The students did not file a formal complaint because they didn't think that the administration would support them. It's a place where a handful of lesbian and gay students demonstrating against the Roman Catholic Church's silence about same-sex practices had a silent vigil and walkout of a mass celebrated in Goddard Chapel. Scotty McLellan, who was a lawyer and chaplain, as well as Jean Mayer, went ballistic. That's a technical word—ballistic. Students' freedom of speech, albeit silently, they argued it violated others' freedom of religion. Very interesting—which is an argument that Scotty reversed two years ago in terms of (unintelligible)—somehow free speech trumped. This was a time when a scholar of cross-cultural issues, a Latina, a lesbian, found her tenure case, even the process, terribly—in fact she, as I understand it, withdrew her tenure application because it was clear that there was not support. In fact, there was denigration of anybody who recently—who had to do with anything as insignificant or personal as lesbian or gay issues. And Jean Mayer as we told

him about this publicly said, If it ain't broke, don't fix it. This is also the period of the notorious bathroom notebook affair. One of the student fraternities, which I think is still on campus—yeah?—members of Tufts fraternity contributed homophobic, racist, and misogynistic entries in a bathroom notebook. It was used in the bathroom, it was used by members and the public during parties. A gay student who was a member of that fraternity criticized this and other forms of what he called systematic reinforcement of homophobia and resigned from the fraternity after being harassed by the other members. This was a time when one of the leaders of the gay community on campus was named Wally Pansing and there were signs all over campus—people would —"let's play Wallyball"—in other words, hit his head around.

A story that—a couple other stories and then we'll move on. Jonathan and I were talking before. In 1990, the lesbian/gay student organization and Donna Penn had a meeting of representatives from the various campuses here at Tufts on a late Friday afternoon—this was a big deal. So we have a senior administrator at the university, who I approached to invite to come and welcome everybody. He came, he stepped to the front of the group, welcomed everybody to Tufts and talked about its long history of liberal things, and then went on to say, You know, in some issues in history, sometimes—in terms of what you people want—sometimes a glass of water is half filled, and sometimes it's half empty. Perhaps all you can hope for is that it be half filled. Welcome, have a wonderful session, and good afternoon. Well, we looked at each other aghast, Donna and I, Jonathan's there and others, and three hours later we were having a conversation with the senior administrator about his insensitivity and how important these—these were not unimportant issues.

This is the also the period of ROTC. Students who were receiving scholarships to Tufts do not lose their scholarships if they come out as lesbian or gay. If you're receiving an ROTC scholarship—the Department of Defense, in those days, pre-Don't Ask, Don't Tell—you could lose your scholarship. So any number of us, led by the students, petitioned the university to end its affiliation with the Defense Department, if, within a period of time, the Defense Department did not end that discriminatory policy. President Mayer, some students said that, While I'm not particularly, quote, unquote, "While I'm not particularly in agreement with the Department of Defense policy, I'm not in total opposition." He then went on to say, "We would not deprive students from doing ROTC," and then he went on in response to student question that the possibility of sexual attraction between military would be hazardous to health, to morale, and that he would not oppose a policy that barred both women and homosexuals from wartime command positions. In October 1990, I introduced a motion to the faculty—the lesbian/gay faculty staff group supported one of these—the EEOC and AAUP to the arts and sciences faculty—to stop accepting ROTC scholarships and it passed overwhelmingly. It was one person—fifty-nine people voted yes, one person voted against, and one abstained. We would not accept these scholarships if the Department of Defense within five years would not change its antidiscrimination policy. That then became a moot issue because in 1992, Bill Clinton was elected and then it was Don't Ask, Don't Tell, and we all know how successful that's been. Lee Edelman, to his credit, giving voice and shape to the principle of speaking truth to power used the occasion, I believe, in the acceptance of the Leibner Award at the honors convocation to speak against this, and was later excoriated by some senior members and officials for identifying himself as gay and for talking about such an inappropriate topic.

John DiBiaggio at Michigan State University was one of the leading university presidents petitioning the Department of Defense to end its discriminatory policies. When he came here I remember the first Coming Out Day when he stepped to the microphone and welcomed us and didn't—there wasn't that momentary half a second glitch before the gay word came out.

Certainly in terms of Mel Bernstein—whatever one wants to say about Mel Bernstein, at least he was politically astute enough to know that issues of—LGBT issues are significant. And hence we persuaded him—I'll be done in a couple minutes—we persuaded him to establish the task force in 1992. Marilyn Glater and I, with some other people in the room—Gary and others were on that task force. Marilyn and I cochaired it. The recommendations: we set up a single nondiscrimination policy, increase training regarding heterosexism and LGBT issues, and so on and so forth. Said that this is important. Margery Davies and Jean Wu and the kind of work they've been doing for the last several years is not an outgrowth of that specifically, but is part of that spirit. You know, this is not about leveling the playing field as much as elevating it for everybody.

And then I moved to Maine. And then I moved to Maine. We moved to Maine when my partner in those days contracted AIDS and we decided to get out of the big city. After he died, I decided to stay in Maine. Through the generosity of my colleagues and a flexible block schedule, which also made me a historical relic—I was able to put a practice together where I had three long days a week. And where, living in Maine I've done a lot of public speaking, public outreach, and workshops. It's great being a big frog in a small pond. And realizing how hungry people are out there for the expertise that we have as scholars and (unintelligible). And so my work for the last eight years—my publishing has been at Kiwanis clubs, church basements, student groups, and so on. In 1993, I gave a workshop to about five hundred high school students and afterwards one of the teachers said to me, she said, You should have been a high school teacher. I thought that was the neatest thing. I reported that to a senior administrator at Tufts and this administrator said, Oh, what an insult (laughter). Which reminds us about how we denigrate much of what is happening in the outside world, when they need us as much as we need them.

Some other issues. In 1995, I answered a dream here in the *kishkes*, which is a technical term—here in the gut—of wanting to re-experience a sense I had for many years that maybe I should have been a rabbi. I was told early on, Don't be a rabbi, it's not a good business for a Jewish boy (laughter). But now I had the opportunity to do that, and I took a sabbatical in Philadelphia in 1996 with the most radical group of Jews on the planet—Jewish Renewal people. A number of things came out of Philadelphia. Number one, I learned I didn't need to be a rabbi. I already was a rabbi all along. I also got the clarity to teach Jewish issues and gay issues absolutely seamlessly. And thirdly, I met David Rappaport. And we've been together ever since.

To conclude, what do I worry about? I worry that gender studies and queer studies are becoming so theory-laden and insular that it can't be understood by people outside. George Bernard Shaw once said that all professions are conspiracies against the laity (laughter). And we need to think about the language—are we in such an insular world where our language separates us from people who are desperate for our expertise and our experience? I'm worried about that. I worry about a culture in which, if I were coming up to the culture—two cultures—if I were coming up for tenure today I probably could not get tenure today, based upon my experience the last—within ten years of my book (??), in terms of the kind of publishing, how we've upped the ante, upped the ante, upped the ante. And issues of collegiality, issues of service, issues of teaching, perhaps we're only saying—or perhaps it's more—it's less real than it used to be. I worry about the fact that I got an email and (unintelligible) from Judith Brown just this morning indicating that people are being bashed on and off campus. Because people presume them to be fags. I worry about that. I worry about the increase in HIV and AIDS infection among young people, especially young gay men, who are coming out in a world which

they can't conceive of anything but the reality of where they are. They can't conceive—not only young gay men and women, but all—many people in this room—that there was a world before Judith Brown. There was a world before TTLGBC. There was a world before antidiscrimination clauses, there was a world before *Will & Grace* (laughter).

But I also feel good about leaving. I've accomplished everything I've wanted to do at Tufts. There's only one thing that I want to accomplish, and that's get into the office in the morning before Jeanne Penvenne (laughter). And I know if I stay at Tufts another twenty years, I will never be able to do that. But I've also learned the last couple weeks that a number of things have come full circle. That first class of graduate students doing new social history at Tufts, among them was a woman named Carole Levin. Carole went on to get her PhD—she's one of my two PhDs at Tufts—Carole went on teaching women's studies, she published a number of very important books on sexuality and gender in the reign of Elizabeth I and she has just been named Willa Cather professor of history at the University of Nebraska, which is the outstanding humanities and social science chair of (unintelligible). I also learned that a scholar named Kathleen Wellman—who several years ago had asked me, Are you really ever going to do that book on Renaudot's *conferences* I said, No. (unintelligible/French) (laughter). It's an old French expression. I said, Go do it! She's publishing her book on Renaudot, so that's coming full circle.

One of the things I learned in Philadelphia is the Talmudic injunction, we're expected to take up the cause, and join the struggle, we are not expected to complete it. Part of what we can do is let go. And know that in (unintelligible) work there other people out there.

PS, what ever happened to my friend Wendy, with whom this coming out story began? Soon after I left New York, Wendy left New York too for an academic job in Ireland. She came out as a lesbian in the mid-seventies (laughter), and for the last twenty-five years or so has been with her partner Dee. David and I saw Wendy and Dee this last summer, we went to see them (unintelligible).

Couple of other points and then we'll let you go. October 11, 2002. Candace Gingrich, Newt Gingrich's sister, who's head of the National Coming Out Day celebration said, Let us everybody, this year because of September 11, there would not be national celebrations of Coming Out Day. And I asked the question, and maybe this is a sign, maybe we no longer need national coming out days. I think of a student named Jay Hardy (??)—many of us remember, from five or six years ago—we're used to talking—always talking about coming out, coming out, coming out. Here's this freshman who arrives at my door, demands to be in my upper-level lesbian/gay course, looks about twelve years old, and I—and we started talking, and I said, When did you come out? He said, What does that mean? Jay had always been out! So, what is coming in, coming out? Here's a quote with which I'll end. This is from Arlene Stein, who was a scholar who wrote a wonderful book about five years ago called *Sex and Sensibility: Stories of a Lesbian Generation*. When you hear the word lesbian, hear also the word gay, straight, bisexual, transgender—hear the word human. Arlene Stein says, "a de-centered conception of identity is emerging. Individuals are comfortable in multiple contexts. If we simply identify on the basis of race, class, or sexuality, you cannot make sense of the used to be working class, now professional. The woman of mixed-race parentage who appears white, the divorced mother, now lesbian, or the former lesbian turned straight. Many of us experience ourselves as between, rather than within existing categories"—remember Gloria Anzaldúa, two years ago, about living on the frontier—"as part of this process, coming out may be losing its appeal as the guiding narrative of lesbian self-development. This de-centered mode of identity development mirrors the de-centering of lesbian culture and communities, making it possible for us to imagine identities and communities that are more inclusive, less demanding, less confining, and more

able to satisfy our desires for choice and autonomy. Today these emerging forms are broadening the range of possibilities for all of us. The future will undoubtedly bring yet new and different possibilities." New and different possibilities. May Arlene Stein's words come to pass for all of us. Thank you. (applause).

FACILITATOR: Do you want to do any questions at all?

H: No.

F: Okay. Thank you all for coming. Howard will engage your questions and comments over the weeks and months and years to come, we hope. Thank you (applause).

End of recording.