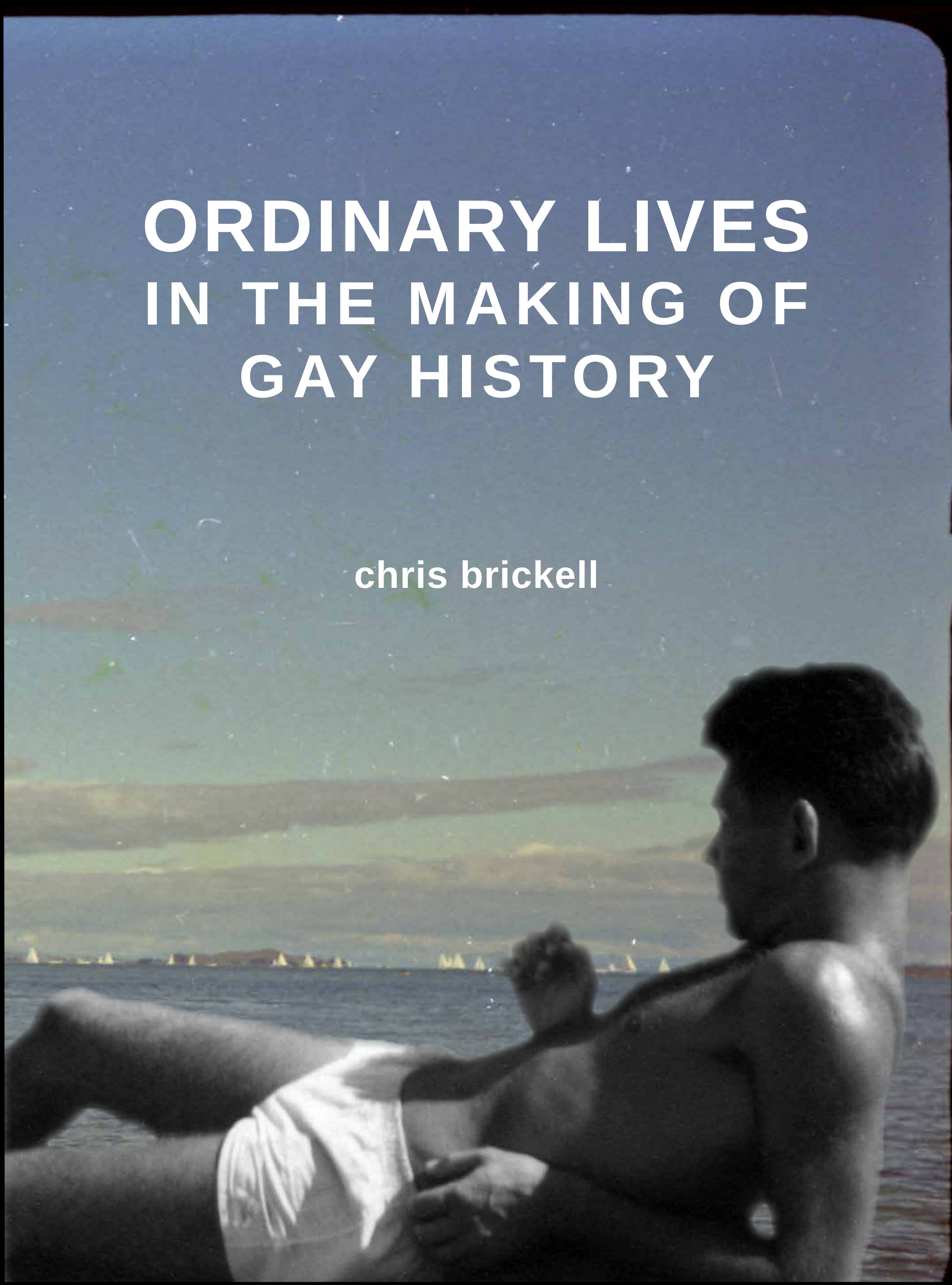
ORDINARY LIVES IN THE MAKING OF GAY HISTORY

chris brickell



THERE ARE MANY WAYS to approach the history of same-sex sex and intimacy. One is to trace well-known lives, those of artists, literary people, social reformers. This can be highly profitable. Often these people publicly articulated their sexual self-understanding, and they tell us about the preoccupations of the time in the context of individual lives and particular social circles. Even if these men and women did not express their innermost desires in a public way, some bequeathed their personal records to libraries and archives. I have enthusiastically followed this path of enquiry. My 2008 book *Mates & Lovers: A History of Gay New Zealand* explores the lives of scholar Eric McCormick and novelist James Courage, alongside others: Samuel Butler, Frank Sargeson, Hector Bolitho.[1] The personal records of McCormick and Courage provide especially rich insights into our male homoerotic past.

It is also important to look at the lives of men who had no, or little, public profile. Some of them made it into the public record in sad, fleeting circumstances: arrested for sex with another man, an act illegal until 1986. Bound in faded pink ribbons, their archived court files sit alongside the recorded misdemeanours of bigamists, swindlers

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and murderers. Other men—most, in fact—escaped arrest. Aspects of their lives leap out from the photographs, postcards, diaries, letters and scrappy notes that someone thought to save from the dustbin or the backyard incinerator. They tell us a lot about the history of sex and intimacy in our own country, and the tensions between local and global settings. The ordinary is important. To muck about with a phrase, this is not so much about ordinary people doing extraordinary things, but ordinary ones. The warp and weft of everyday life tells us much about our intimate worlds; their shape, pattern and overall character, how they work, change and stay the same, and the meanings they contain for those who forge their lives in them.

To explore these issues, we need to draw upon more than one academic discipline. As sociologists constantly point out, individual lives are always woven into social institutions and wider social patterns. This is as true for sexuality as it is for other sites of experience: work, family and education, to name just three. Like work, family and education, sexuality is an everyday matter, not an exceptional one. Sexuality is profoundly social; it reflects and refracts broader social processes. The 'truths' of sexuality, then, including those of the individual, are sociological phenomena, constructed and reconstructed under particular social conditions.

Geographers show that sexual selves are constituted through, as Andrew Gorman-Murray puts it, '"grounded" connections to spaces, places and people'. There is a substantial academic discussion of sexuality and its political and experiential relationships with a whole range of spaces: the home, the street, the city and the rural settlement. Recently, sex acts have been analyzed in close detail, as 'embodied geographical encounter[s]'.[2] As Gavin Brown shows us in his recent exploration of gay male sexuality, 'sex [is] a spatial practice'.[3] It takes place in spaces that both shape and are shaped by it.

For some time now, historians have been paying close attention to 'history from below', building up an analysis of continuity and change by looking at the significance of everyday lives and practices. Dunedin's Caversham project—a long running and well-known enquiry into the social history of South Dunedin—explored 'the ways in which the practices and meanings of gender relations, and the performance of gender identities, were played out in a variety of social sites in one urban setting.'[4] Like their English counterparts in the History Workshop movement, these Dunedin historians presumed that the lives of ordinary people tell us something important about broader socio-historical processes.

Gay history also takes up this mantle. Beginning from the presumption that sexual lives and identities have changed markedly over time, George Chauncey's famous treatment of same-sex desire in New York examines the ties between individual experience and social meanings and materiality.[5] So too does *Men Like That*, John Howard's sensitive history of rural Mississippi.[6] Matt Houlbrook's lucid and engaging *Queer London* looks at everyday gay life in that metropolis in the first half of the twentieth century. Houlbrook begins with one man's—Cyril's—letter to a lover, and maps Cyril's encounter with the city and its queer life. ('I have only been queer since I came to London about two years ago, before then I knew nothing about it'.[7]) Houlbrook examines the 'productive relationship between space, the social, and subjectivity', and reminds us that 'geographical, temporal, and subjective movements blend together'.[8]

As Houlbrook and the others show, we make ourselves in time and place. On the next page we meet David Wildey, a gay man who died in 2012, photographed in about 1950. He arranges himself on a rock wall near his bach in Redcliffs, Christchurch. David announces his

physical precedence before the camera. While seated, he accessorises with a packet of cigarettes and three imported magazines: *Music and Musicians*, *Courier*, and a barely-discernable dance title. Here David performs an identity for himself and his friends. He is handsome, fit, urbane, stylish, self-composed and cultured. David taps into and rearticulates a range of tropes and influences: the physique movement and the artistic world, with their coded gay meanings and significances. He brings together the local and the global, shaping and revealing his body in ways particular to his time. As we look at these photographs of David, we begin to see the connections between everyday life and the wider society in which it takes place.

This essay investigates the ways individual lives are made from and sewn back into the social fabric; the ways the local rearticulates the global along a range of scales; and the ways ordinary lives give us valuable insights into the sociological, geographical and historical construction of male same-sex desire.

Colonial worlds

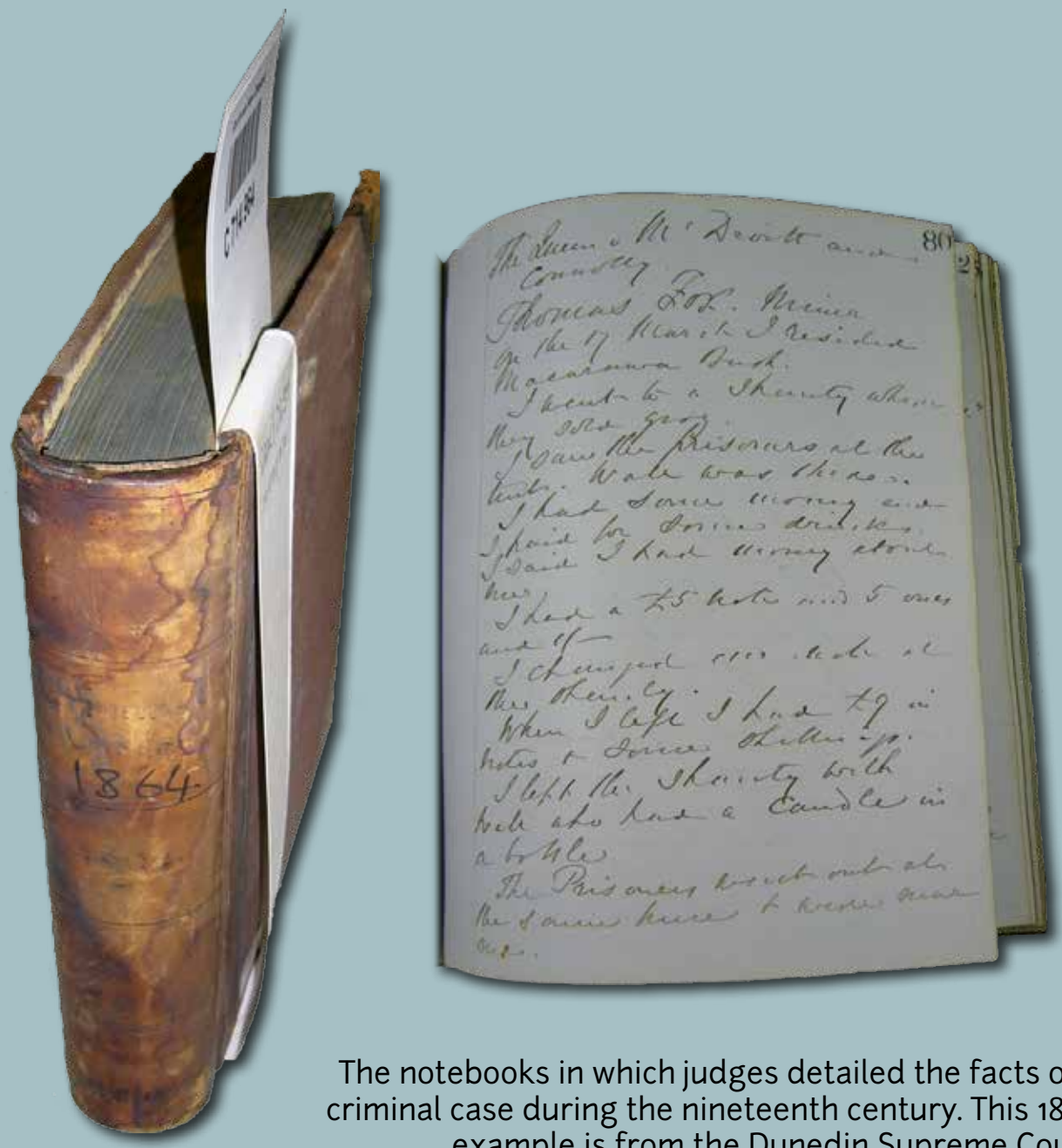
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY is widely regarded as an important period in the history of male homosexuality. A new language of homoeroticism emerged under the twin influences of European psychiatry and early efforts at emancipation and, at the same time, the homoerotic and the homosocial became more closely aligned. By the end of the century, officials blurred the distinctions between romantic friendship—that ostensibly platonic but intense attachment between men—and male-to-male sex. Until then, intense emotional connections between members of the same sex had their basis in sex-segregated societies and the assumption that carnal desire could be distinguished from 'pure' and 'spiritual' love.

Meanwhile, in 1895, in the small New Zealand village of Henderson near Auckland, two men checked into the Falls Hotel and went up to their twin room. Beverly Pearson and Walter Lydiard had made each others' acquaintance earlier in the year, outside an Auckland boarding house, and this was their sixth visit to the Falls Hotel. Hotelier Michael Kavanagh became suspicious. Thinking he might need to make a silent entry to Pearson and Lydiard's room to check up on them, Kavanagh sneaked upstairs and oiled the hinges on the men's door. He even called police, and settled them into an adjacent room. Sure enough, at five o'clock the next morning the detective heard 'a low conversation', the noise of a bed shaking, and

then an exclamation ('oh ah!') indicating a 'person under pressure'. The police officers gently opened the door of Pearson and Lydiard's room, walked over to the bed in which the bodies of both were moving, and turned back the bed clothes to expose the pair.

Upon discovering the couple 'lying on their left side and facing the wall, Pearson's face to Lydiard's back, Pearson's two arms clasped round Lydiard's body', and the 'persons' of both men erect, the detective charged the pair with an attempt to commit sodomy. Pearson retorted: 'Do you for a moment believe I would commit such an abominable offence? I will prove there is no foundation to this charge.' In his own defense, he continued, 'I am fond of nice boys. We were only kissing each other after waking up. It was not such a serious thing against nature at all. I came out here for country air. Walter came with me 6 or 7 times.' Pearson turned back to Lydiard and added: 'I understand it all Walter, I am accused of using you as a woman.' Unfortunately, Lydiard's response was not recorded for posterity.[9]

This fragment of a situation survives among the dusty court records in the Auckland branch of Archives New Zealand, scrawled in fountain pen on the pages of a leather-bound judge's notebook. Incomplete as it is, this record evokes a particular time—the late nineteenth century—and spaces of various scales: New Zealand, Henderson, a boarding house, a hotel, a hotel room, a bed. The textual fragment recalls other spaces, too: a courtroom, and the prison to which both men were eventually sent, Lydiard for one year and Pearson for eight. It also tells us a little about sexuality and subjectivity. We can see that these two men desired one another enough to share both a bed and their bodies on more than one occasion, and that they scripted their encounter—and their responses to being caught—in particular ways. In Pearson's explanation, a kiss meant one thing and

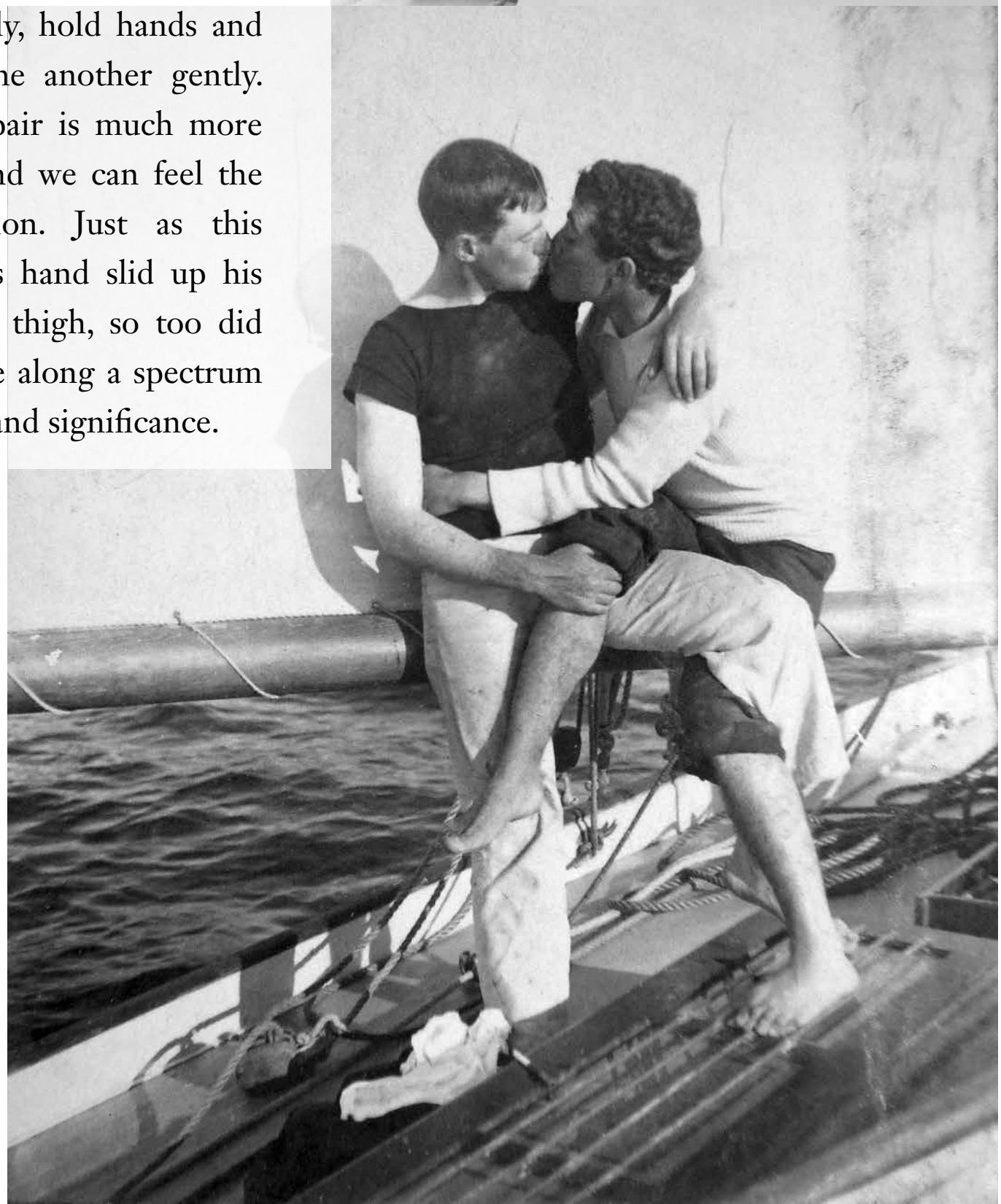


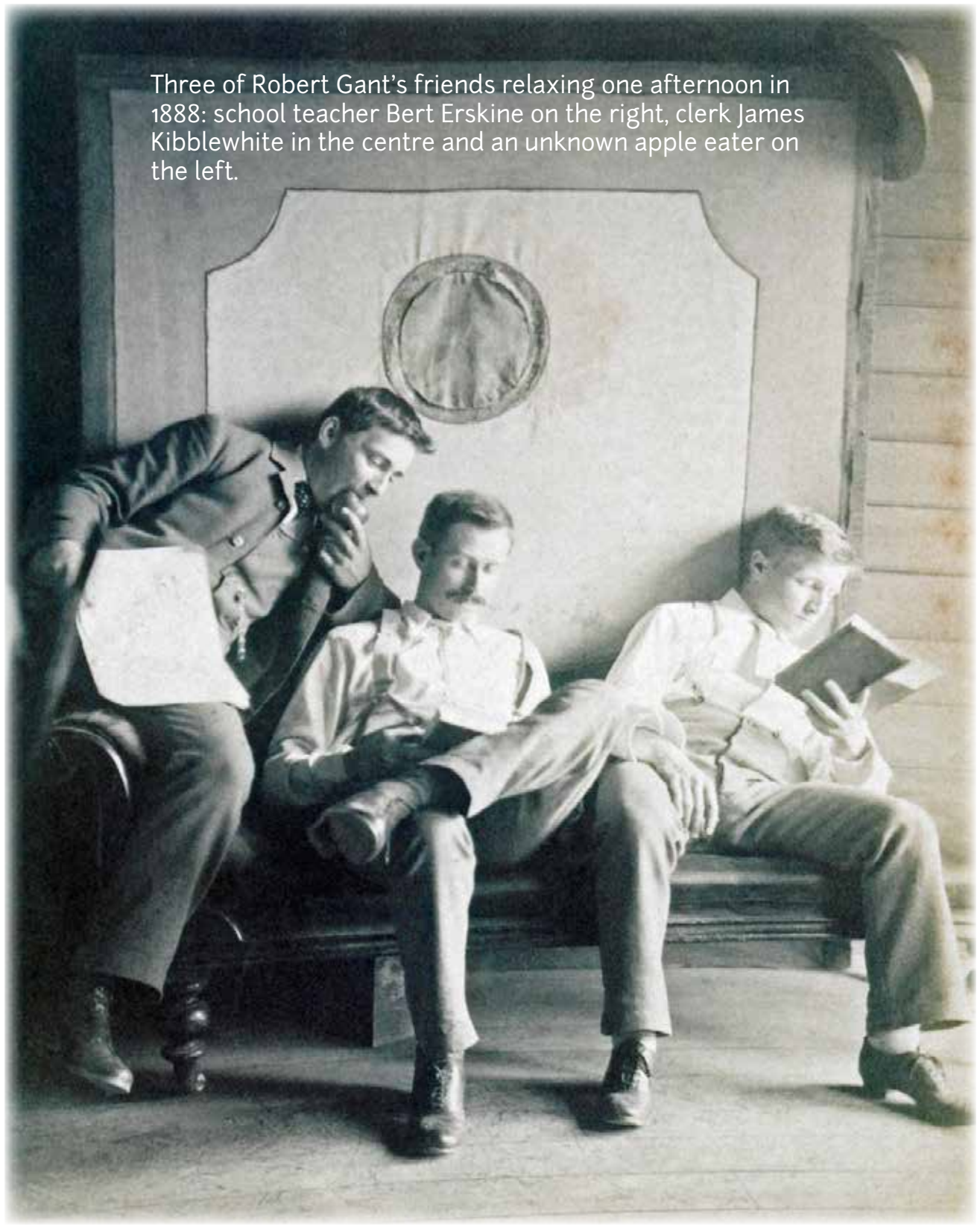
The notebooks in which judges detailed the facts of a criminal case during the nineteenth century. This 1864 example is from the Dunedin Supreme Court.

an ‘unnatural’ connection another. In this case, Pearson used the language of romantic friendship in an attempt to preclude further trouble with police. As far as he was concerned—or as far as he let on, at any rate—a kiss signified an attachment to a ‘nice boy’, but not a sexual interest.

A kiss between two men could be viewed in various ways, and cases like Pearson’s and Lydiard’s give us reason to pause. What does a kiss mean in a particular time and place; what is its wider significance? How might we interpret two men kissing, given this was a socially ambiguous act? I will return to this question in the twentieth century context, though—of course—Pearson and Lydiard were not the only two men to kiss in nineteenth-century New Zealand.

Here are four men from the Auckland region on board yachts during the 1890s, tasting the salt on each others' lips. Of the pair at the top, one is said to be sailor and photographer Henry Winkelmann. The two kiss delicately, hold hands and lean into one another gently. The other pair is much more entwined, and we can feel the sexual tension. Just as this young man's hand slid up his companion's thigh, so too did the kiss slide along a spectrum of meaning and significance.



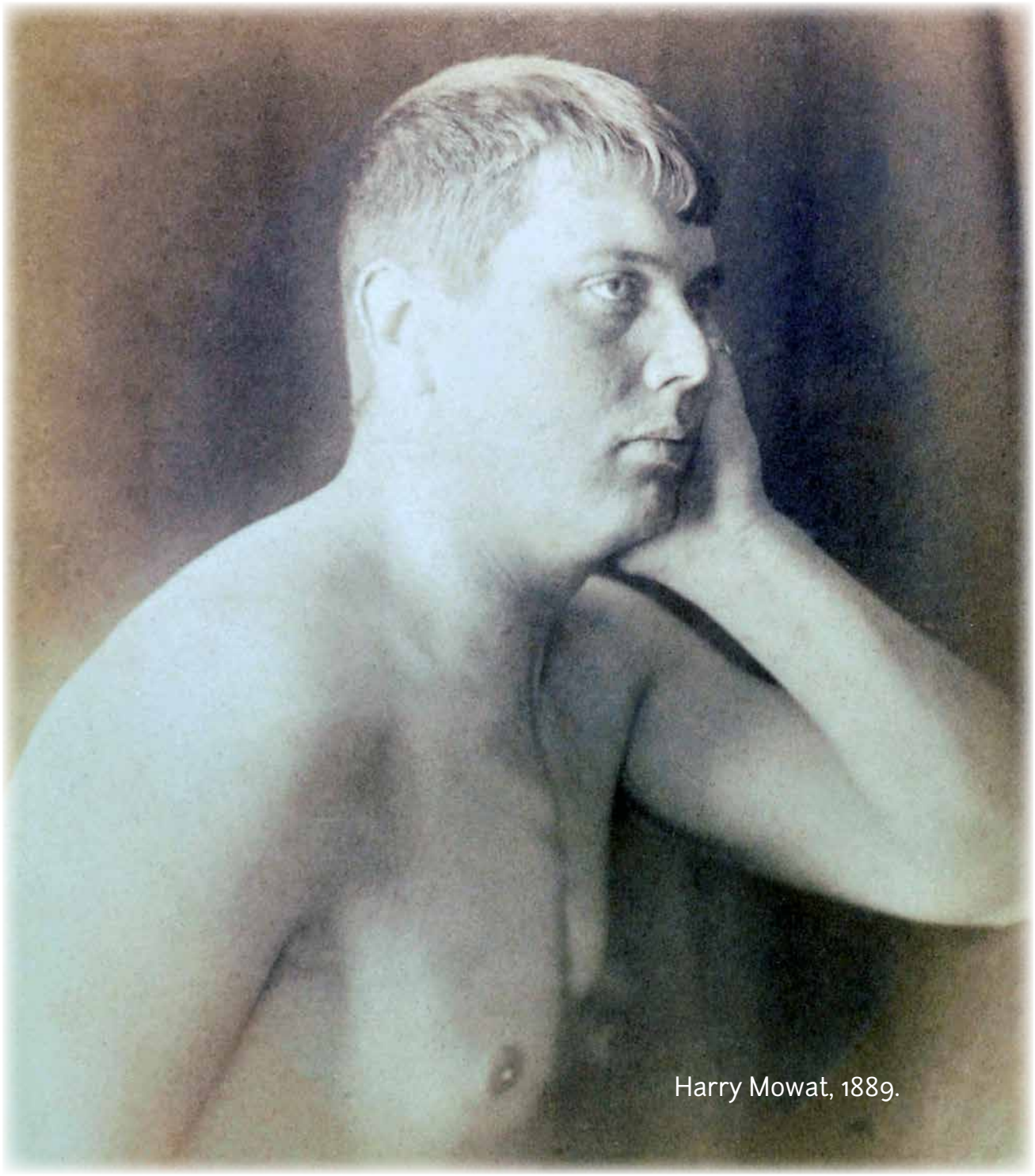


Three of Robert Gant's friends relaxing one afternoon in 1888: school teacher Bert Erskine on the right, clerk James Kibblewhite in the centre and an unknown apple eater on the left.

Then there were Robert Gant and his companions, whiling away the hours in the backyards and byways of the Wairarapa district north-east of Wellington. Two albums of Gant's photographs were acquired by the Alexander Turnbull Library in 2007, having been carefully passed down the family line of Charlie Blackburn, one of the men who appears in them.

Robert Gant's friend Charlie Blackburn in Hellenistic mode.

'The Old Maids of Lee': Gant on the left, Blackburn on the right.



Harry Mowat, 1889.

Born and bred in the London borough of Woolwich, Robert Gant, a twenty-one-year-old son of a doctor, decided to make his fortune in the antipodes. In 1876 he set sail for New Zealand on the *Lord Warden*.[10] Gant worked as a chemist in Wellington and Greytown, and in his spare time he played in theatres across the centre of the country. Wherever he went so too did his camera, and his albums document settler masculinity in elaborate detail. That Gant desired men in a sexual sense seems indisputable; he certainly had a keen photographer's eye. There are taut thighs, bodacious buttocks, and Greek imagery. He captioned his photographs, too: here is Harry Mowat, 'Plenty of Him', a soft light gently caressing the rugby player's torso.

This is not just a story of same-sex allure. Gant's photographic story is one of comradeship, mateship and romantic friendship. It tells of fun; of men giving everyday life the slip; of playing with gender and genre. Even though its contrivances seem Victorian, the fluid intimacy and sexuality is not something we usually associate with life in that period. These images also speak of the global as well as the local, of their creator's movement across worlds—from Europe, with its Hellenistic references and theatrical cross-dressing —to the antipodes, with its male cultures and rural idyll. Like others among his countrymen, Robert Gant was a conduit through which ideas and practices passed, and his photographs are a record of their rearticulation in a few particular contexts. Even though we know little about Gant's sitters' sexual desires, when we examine the traces of Gant's life we begin to see how one individual's sexual, emotional and companionable world emerges at the intersection of representation, subjective interpretation and social interaction.

The early twentieth century

WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT GENERATION OF MEN? The romantic friendship model lost its currency as the century turned, and doctors and prosecutors began to suspect that closeness between men might mean rather more than friendship. Given the evident shuffling among the bedclothes, the policeman did not believe that Pearson and Lydiard were just friends, but in 1928—by which time the experts had begun to speak of 'homo-sexuality'—a kiss was enough to get a man arrested. One evening Walter Craddock, a shop assistant, hugged and kissed a young plumber in a Dowling Street doorway. 'You kiss nicely', Craddock told his new friend, just before a constable interrupted their tender moment and led him away.[11]

These three WWI soldiers appear more relaxed than the trio mentioned below.

The records of other men's interactions reveal that the relatively fluid cosmologies of the nineteenth century gave way to new identities. Some talked of 'inverts' and 'men of the cities of the plains class', and as the First World War dragged on the 'queen' appeared. There was the nineteen-year-old military policeman who arrested two defaulters—brothers—from Featherston camp in 1918, and tried to persuade his charges to have a bit of fun before returning them to camp. According to the court records, one unwilling prospect said 'What the hell game are you up to?', the policeman cheekily taunted 'Won't it rise this morning?', and the aggrieved party told his brother 'I think he is a queen'.[12] According to police in 1936, an arrested Auckland hotel cook was 'known among men in the city as a "queen", and associated with other men of the same class who it is alleged commit sodomy among themselves.'[13]

The early decades of the twentieth century gave rise to a whole mélange of ideas about male same-sex desire, picked up from international sources and recirculated in the New Zealand context. Medical notions made their way from the doctors' consulting rooms and into the press, most often when editors reported on court trials. From there, local men took up such ideas. A Dunedin labourer, arrested for having sex with a man down by the wharves in 1934, told police: 'I cannot give any explanation for committing these acts other than that my nerves are bad.'[14] As late as the 1940s, some

men internalized Benedict Morel's nineteenth-century ideas about 'degeneracy'. Morel supposed that mental 'weakness' passed from generation to generation, becoming more severe with every cycle. A farmhand charged with indecent assault against another man volunteered that 'all members of my family possess mental weakness [and] close relatives have committed suicide. I feel at times I am not quite normal'.[15]

New Zealanders constantly adapted and reworked prevailing cultural influences in the context of their daily lives and encounters. They picked up medical and moral ideas from the newspapers, and some read religious or sectarian books on sex. During the 1940s, one Wellington chap took solace in Leslie Weatherhead's *The Mastery of Sex*, published in 1931 by the Student Christian Movement. He came to the conclusion that his 'innate inversion' was 'alright in the eyes of God'.[16] The ports were critical gateways for sexual knowledge and experience, and many locals met seamen off the visiting ships with their racy photographs and uncensored literature. Trips overseas were significant: here, in another photo album, New Zealanders head off to Europe via Suez, and return through Panama.

Via Panama: an album bought at auction and now in a private collection.

Mid-century subcultures

AS THE INHABITANTS OF AN ISLAND NATION, we cannot overlook the importance of the maritime. One Auckland court case from 1941 has the Ferry Building as its backdrop, the navy a key attraction. Having received a complaint of indecent behaviour, police went on to accuse labourer Bert Simkins of picking up men for sex, and Simkins went before the Auckland Supreme Court. Police persuaded three men to speak against Simkins and apparently offered them immunity from prosecution. In court and under questioning from the Crown Prosecutor (CP), grocer's assistant Victor Andrews told of his involvement with a number of other fellows, including Simkins and shop assistant Bruce Millar. This is a segment of Andrews' (A) courtroom testimony:

CP: How long have you known Millar?

A: About 18 months. I know that he does the same sort of thing as I have done. He told me about it. We have walked a lot together and sat down together, but [done] nothing improper.

CP: Why not?

A: [silence]

CP: You knew he was easy game?

A: He didn't like civilians. He likes the navy. There are others round town doing the air force. I am telling the truth. Millar and I had nothing to do with the army.

CP: You do this as a matter of love more than anything else?

A: Yes. There was no money [involved].

CP: The conversations between you and Millar must have been fairly filthy?

A: Yes.

CP: Were you brother practitioners?

A: [silence]

CP: Were you two queens?

A: That will do. I was known as a bitch. I am not. I haven't been out with anybody [for a while]. I am fighting against [it] and I hope to win.

CP: You used to size men up?

A: Yes.

CP: You used to go round looking for men and picking them up?

A: Yes. [The accused and I] have talked but we never had contact together. I told him about my conquests.

CP: You know, when the Police interviewed you they said they would not prosecute you?

A: Yes. I would not get a shock if I were prosecuted now. I suppose they wanted me to spill the beans.

CP: Will you tell the Jury the names of any other men that you have told the police?

A: I have been with a doctor. There is another chap who is now away in prison. There is a chap working at the post office. There were various sailors. There were lots of chaps who I don't know where they are.[17]

We start to get a sense of a queer subculture emerging here, something that is absent in earlier court cases. Here Andrews revealed details of a community of men with shared erotic interests. On one occasion Simkins saw Andrews outside the Ferry Building 'and said he had been to a party and met a marvellous thing'. The 'thing' turned out to be a ship's steward: 'We asked where we could meet him, and the accused said he would take us off and introduce us to him.'

There are tensions, too, introduced by the exigencies of the courtroom. Initially, at least, Andrews sought to limit the evidence of his involvement with other men, even as he revealed details of his and his friends' erotic adventures. Andrews admitted knowing Millar, but not to having sex with him, even though he conceded their conversations were 'fairly filthy'. At another point in the examination, when asked by the crown prosecutor 'How long have you been going in for this class of thing?', Andrews claimed the defendant in the court case—the man he was called upon to implicate—was 'the first person' although, at the end of the excerpt, Andrews admitted to previously having had sex with a number of men.

While Andrews tacked backwards and forwards between admission and denial, in other respects his testimony paints a clearer picture. There was mention of conversational and sexual intimacies, and links between civilian and military worlds.

Near Auckland's Ferry Building, a popular cruising spot during the 1940s.

This in-court exchange also gives us a sense of how men in trouble with the law might resist the imposition of other people's agendas in some ways, while giving way to them in others. Andrews, for instance, vehemently disagreed with the presumption that he was a 'queen' or a 'bitch', both of which implied sexual passivity. At the same time, he adopted the language of social disapproval of homosexuality. 'I am fighting against [it]', he said, 'and I hope to win.' Homoerotically inclined men jockeyed for position among themselves as well. While Victor Andrews claimed Brian Millar 'didn't like civilians. He likes the navy', Millar contested Andrews' interpretation. 'I do not confine my attentions to the navy and if Andrews says that I do it is incorrect', he claimed. 'I like civilians'. This assertion seemed to have little to do with the exigencies of the court room, and rather more to do with Millar's standing within his own group of friends.

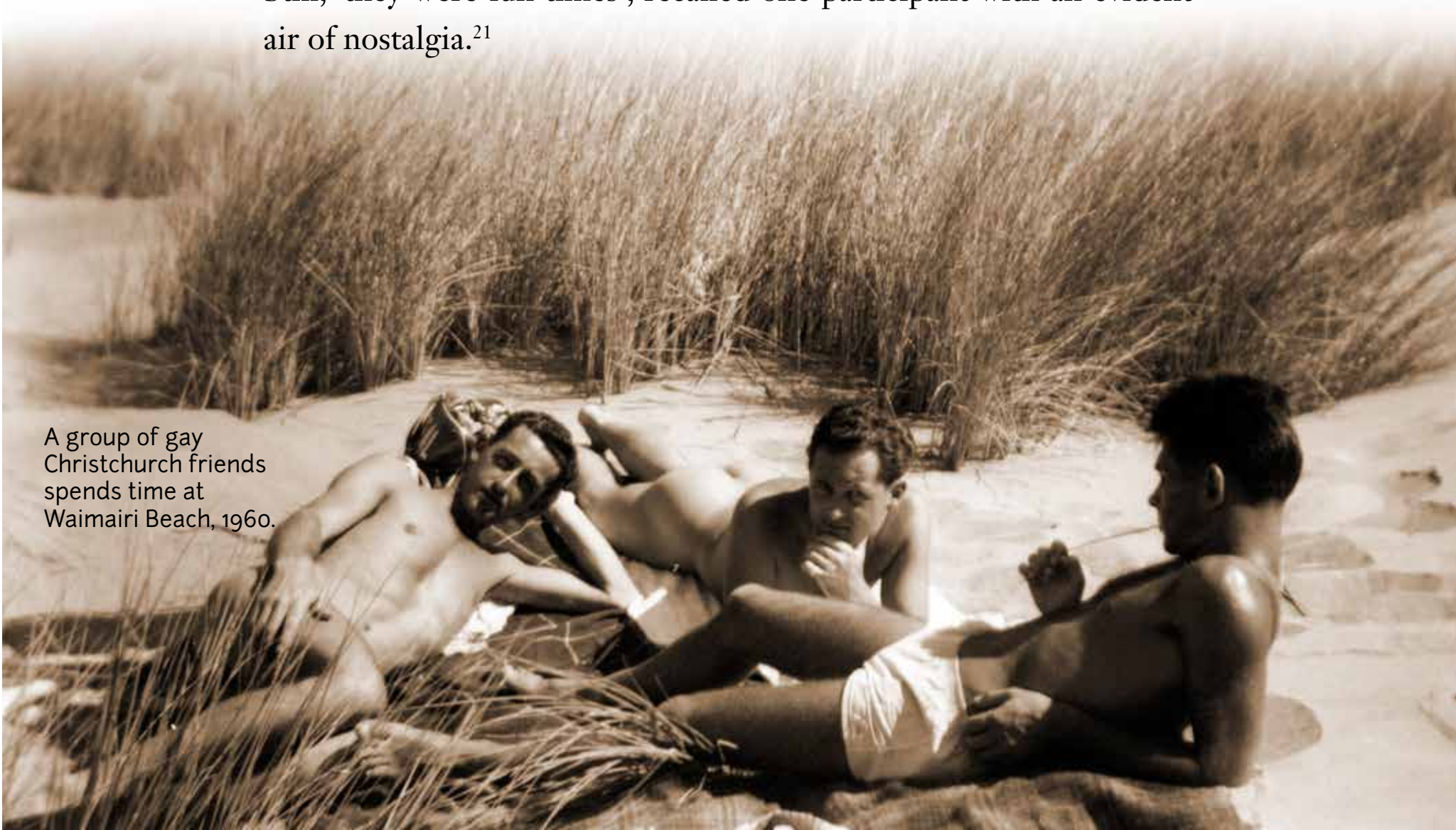
When all is said and done, men managed their self-presentation in a legal setting while in the process revealing a lot about their reference points and social worlds. We see how men accounted for their own lives, and, at the same time, how homoerotic social worlds expanded. And expand they did, fairly rapidly, in the decades after the war.

One particular quote by writer Bill Pearson has received rather a lot of publicity. It's this, published in his 1952 essay 'Fretful Sleepers': 'there is no place in normal society for the man who is different'.[18] This was a time of 'unforgiving puritanism', adds Paul Millar, Pearson's biographer, a desperately unhappy decade for those who felt an attraction to their own sex.[19] Without a doubt, questions of gender and sexuality were fertile grounds for social anxiety during the period. During the late 1940s and '50s the newspapers complained about the 'gangs of homosexuals who live together for the sake of perversion', and reminded their readers that 'normal,

healthy, heterosexual New Zealanders regard "queers" with amused scorn or outright distaste.' A journalist for the *Observer* pursed his lips and said: 'It is high time for the community to take a determined stand against this offensive behaviour'.[20]

But this is not the whole story. While rapid post-war urbanisation generated a moral panic, this same urbanism gave rise to large and complex networks of homosexually-inclined men. A rich and variegated 'gay world'—to use George Chauncey's term—took hold in New Zealand's cities, and set the scene for the collective activism of the decades that followed. The 1940s and '50s were important years in the consolidation of the homosexual male subculture, a subculture no moral panic could successfully suppress.

Ordinary men's photograph albums, personal letters and reminiscences flesh out the picture. The beach features repeatedly. Groups of gay friends sought the holiday vibe—not to mention the semi-privacy and freedom—of the coastal settlements. Christchurch men had fun at Redcliffs, Sumner, Scarborough and Leithfield Beach; Dunedin locals at Mapoutahi, in a railway ganger's house perched high above the sea. This was a parallel private world. It ran alongside the public lives lived most of the time, where discretion was the byword. Still, 'they were fun times', recalled one participant with an evident air of nostalgia.[21]



A group of gay Christchurch friends spends time at Waimairi Beach, 1960.

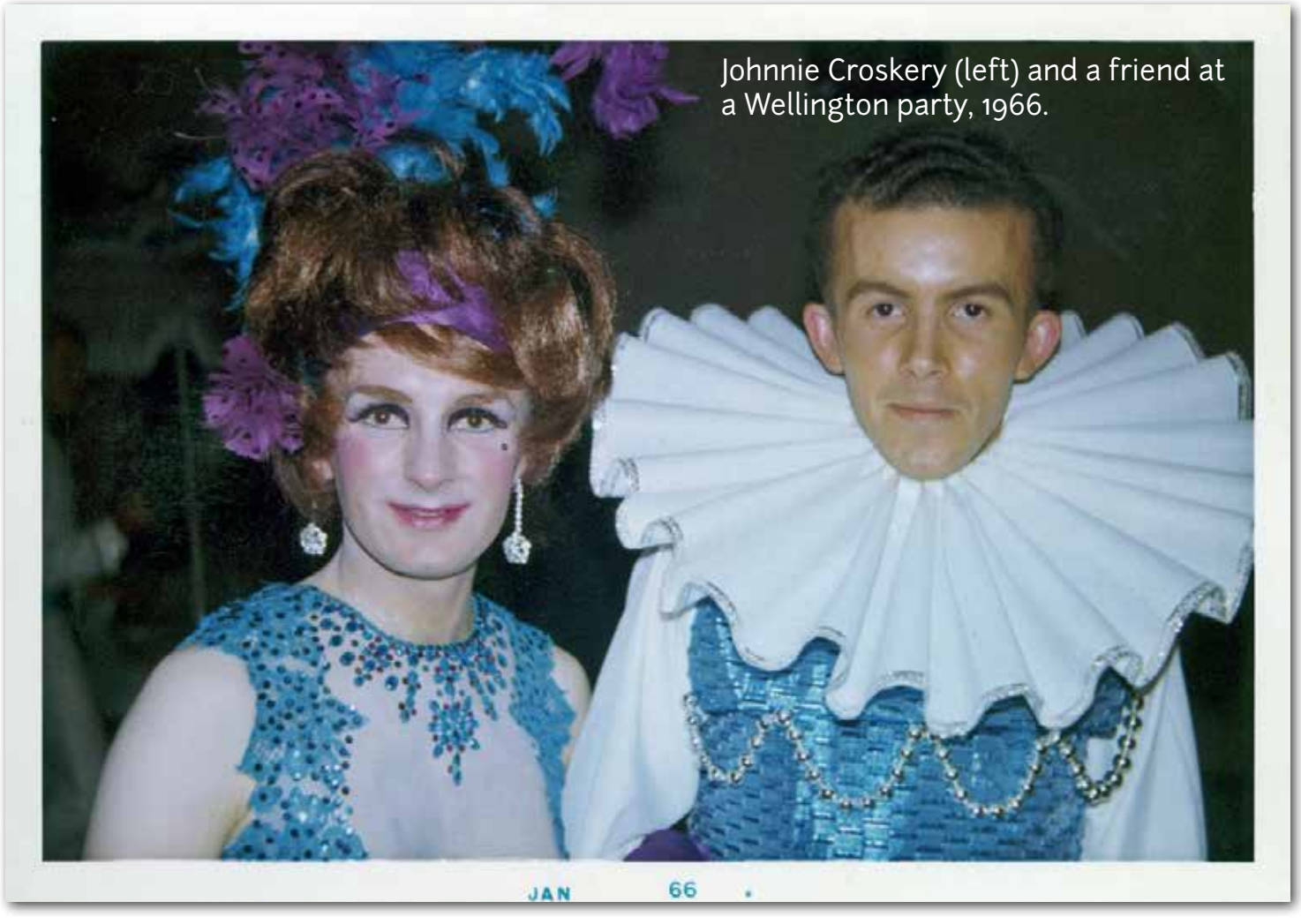
More Canterbury relaxation during the middle of the century.

There were other leisure options too. Private photos show that men headed out of town for picnics, hung out and partied in domestic spaces, and held mock weddings. Auckland friends decamped to the beachside settlement of Piha for weekends. There they spent days

on the sand and nights in a holiday house with plenty of 'charades and camp numbers'. 'On the weekend you'd throw caution to the wind and drop your curlers, as you'd say', an interviewee told me. In 1954, when the camp movie Carmen Jones came out—the tale of a wartime parachute factory worker who tried to seduce her soldier acquaintance—'everybody wanted to be Carmen', he added, and 'you trotted about with a rose in your mouth and an old shawl'.[22]

There are many such stories of parties and impromptu drag performances in private homes and workingmen's clubs, of nights at the pictures, the bars and the tea-rooms, of men connecting socially and sexually. We learn about the more camp occupations: ships' stewarding—with parties at each end of the overnight run between Lyttelton and Wellington—and department store work. The DIC, Milne & Choyce, Smith & Caughey, John Court, Rendells, Ballantynes were 'gay old men's homes', as one man put it.[23] Work spaces, as well as leisure spaces, contributed to the postwar gay culture.

To explore this terrain is to see how closely individual lives intersected with the cultures that reflected and enabled those lives. Individuals give us access to the context, and what a rich context it is. It would be wrong though to suggest that urban 1950s cultures were crucibles of organised and explicit political activity. Instead, we see that queer men constructed spaces and identities that sustained them, their friends and lovers. Their resistance to social norms was creative but quiet, informal and implicit. Still, the organised gay liberation movement could not have happened without the consolidation and expansion of the 1940s, '50s and '60s.



Johnnie Croskery (left) and a friend at a Wellington party, 1966.

The global and the local intersected continuously. David Wildey's beachside posing, alone and with friends, were but two of his engagements in a wider homoerotic culture. David tapped into international networks by sending pictures to, and advertising in, physique magazines in the UK, France and the US: *Man's World*, *Adonis* and others. Penpal relationships developed, several of which lasted for years, and some penfriends visited David in New Zealand. The surviving correspondence is evocative. Here are letters from Guilio and 'Blackie', contacts from *Man's World* magazine:

> I love this [photo] on account of the lovely sweep of your line from shoulder past slim waist to the luscious curve of your hip. I like this pose —full of elegance and grace. What a nice shape you are! … Now David write me soon please and please say "yes" to everything.[24]

> The beach shots revealed a rugged looking guy, certainly a pleasant chap, "sexy looking" indeed. Is one of the swimsuits gold? The pose you assumed in it was most inviting—sort of a "come hither pose".[25]

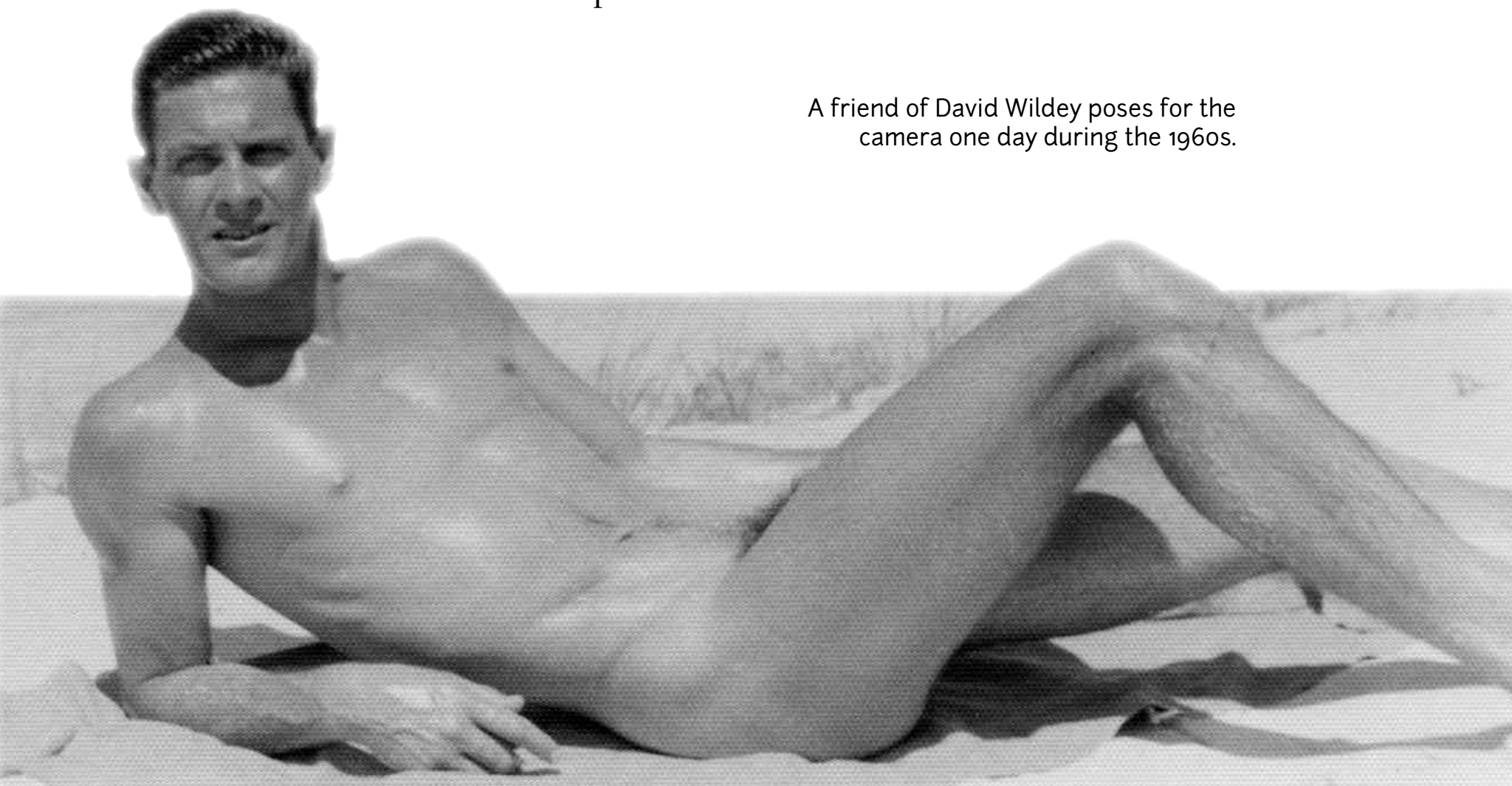
ABOVE: Guilio, in the photo he sent to David in 1955.

RIGHT: David, his gold swimsuit and a 'come hither' pose on Waimairi Beach.

In planning an itinerary, David and his international friends lay down their shared interests, both cultural and corporeal:

> [When I visit] you'll have to take me out somewhere where we can indulge our love of naturism and whilst lolling or lazing in the sun—gabble away about opera and sandwiched in between all that—shoot at you with my camera! Is that okay by you?[26]

Once again, New Zealanders' lives reflected their own antipodean culture as well as gesturing towards international connections and social movements. Their correspondence slides from bodies and pleasures to politics. 'Blackie', one of David's correspondents, enthused about sunbathing, nude sailors and the 'wild gay set', before talking of his involvement in the Mattachine Society, an early North American gay rights group. 'The society had gained a fine reputation among professional people', he wrote in 1966, while 'the new breed are composed of young irresponsible people who cannot but hinder all the good we have worked for so long for by their militancy. We simply aren't strong or numerous enough to protest too openly yet.'[27] From one side of the Pacific to the other, these letters mark the development of identities and the transfer and transformation of ideas across time and space.



A friend of David Wildey poses for the camera one day during the 1960s.

Conclusion

INDIVIDUAL LIVES stand at the centre of gay history. From Beverly Pearson, Walter Lydiard, Robert Gant to David Wildey and his friends, we begin to see how men instantiated and worked with the contexts and ideas their culture provided. Men rearticulated wider social themes—sometimes from overseas, sometimes from their own neighbourhoods—in their own search for pleasure and meaning. Their experiences, in turn, alert us to these themes' wider forms, and to the social forces from which they emerge. This is a reflexive process, not a deterministic one. Men picked up, sorted through, and interpreted these cultural materials, and wove them into patterns partly—although not wholly—their own.

Men engaged in a dynamic field of play, in more than one sense. First, many had fun, even though some—like Pearson and Lydiard—ultimately suffered for it. Pleasure and suffering are not mutually exclusive in our history. Second, this was a constantly changing world. David Wildey's life, for instance, traverses wartime, post-war queer cultures, and the politically ambivalent '60s. Later, in the '80s and '90s, David involved himself with a more formally organised—and politicised—gay community. By looking at lives like his, we learn about identities, practices, cultures and the shifting social pattern.

A life is a thread that runs through periods in a history of sexuality and ties them together. The historical sociologist Jeffrey Weeks suggests that 'debates about sexuality are debates about the nature of society'.[28] If this is indeed the case, then these men's erotic and intimate experiences reveal something about New Zealand life in general as well as gay culture in particular.

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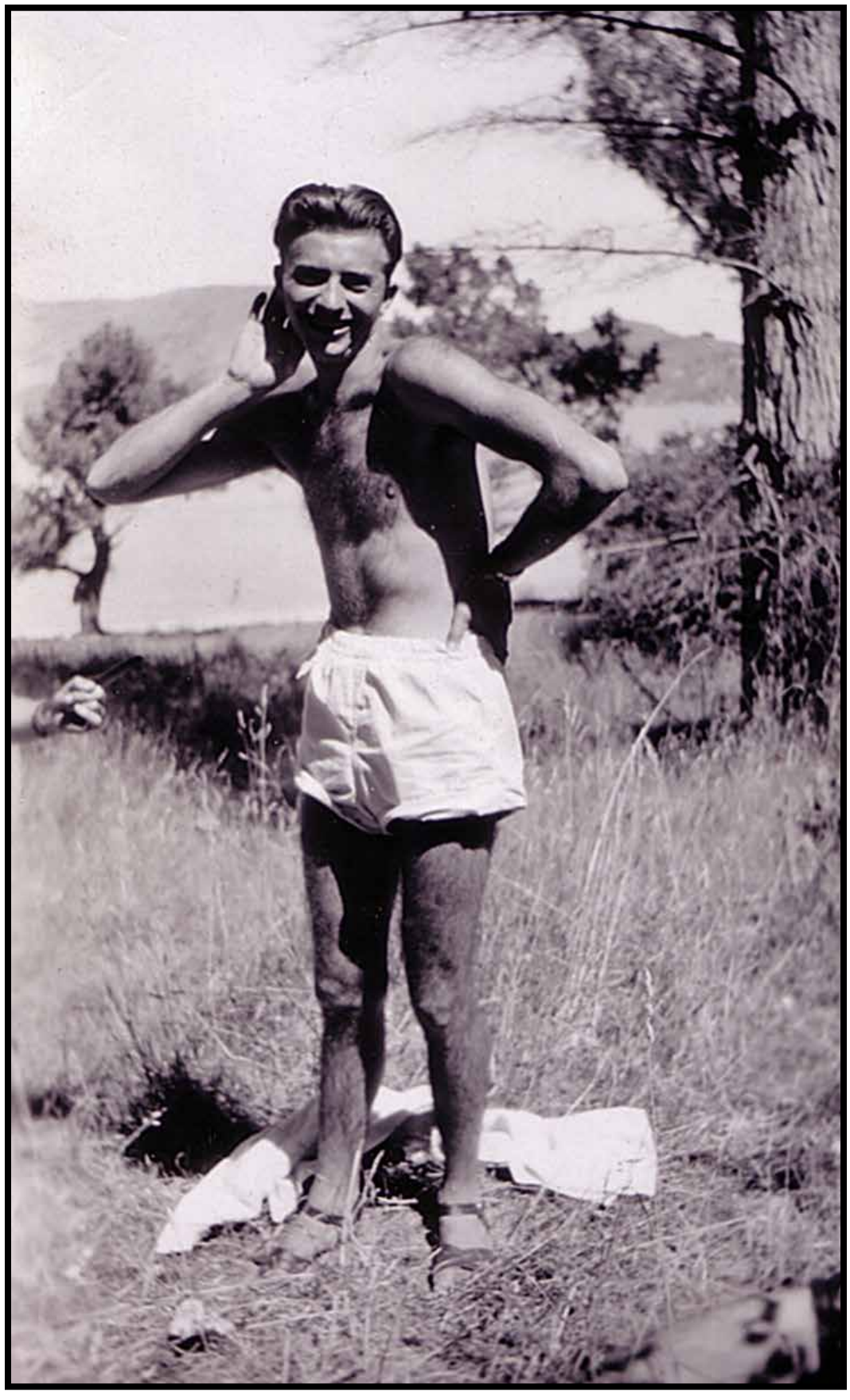

Joe, Diamond Harbour, 1949.

Notes

1 Chris Brickell, *Mates & Lovers: A History of Gay New Zealand* (Auckland: Random House, 2008).

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Picture credits

p. 1: Author's collection.

p. 5: Author's collection.

p. 8: Author's collection.

p. 9: *Top*: C30503, Auckland Museum; *bottom*: private collection.

p. 10: PA1-q-962-38-3, Alexander Turnbull Library.

p. 11: *Top left*: PA1-q-962-43-1; *top right*: PA1-q-963-11-3; *bottom*: PA1-q 962-34-1; *shoes*: PA1-q-963-12-4, Alexander Turnbull Library.

p. 12: PA1-q-962-16-1, Alexander Turnbull Library.

p. 14: Author's collection.

p. 15: Private collection.

p. 16: Private collection.

p. 18: F68183-1/2, Alexander Turnbull Library.

p. 20: MS-3549/035, S12-281e, Hocken Collections.

p. 21: Author's collection.

p. 22: Author's collection.

p. 23: Author's collection.

p. 24: Author's collection.

p. 25: MS-3549/023, S13-023, Hocken Collections.

p. 27: Author's collection.

p. 30: Author's collection.

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