

STONECLOUD: You've been accused of being blatantly anti-homosexual. Is there any truth to that?

BUK: I've got to be frank about homosexuals, like I am about black guys. When I pass a black guy on the street or a Chinaman, I get this reaction; I draw back, like it's another animal. With a homosexual, I get the same feeling. I really think they're different. I don't say hang them on the cross, or murder them, or anything. I just have this strange reaction to them, which I'll admit. I think a lot of people pretend to be liberal-minded about homosexuals or blacks, but they're not honest. I don't know if they're putting up a strange flag, or what. Homosexuals just disturb me. They're a different sex that I can't deal with. What can I do with a homosexual?

STONECLOUD: But, unlike somebody who is black or Oriental, they choose their life-style, so the situation is a little different.

BUK: Well, to answer your question about being blatantly anti-homosexual, I will admit that maybe ten years ago I really hated the bastards. I couldn't stand them. I wanted to strangle them or kick them in the ass. Even now I almost feel that way. But I really believe that I'm wrong, because I know they've got a problem just like a cold. Or maybe it's not a problem, but whatever it is, I know I should be broader-minded. Now when I meet one I try to be more human. Once I really was down on them, but I think I've grown out of that. In my poetry ten or fifteen years ago you might find some anti-homosexual sentiment, but I don't think it's there today. Once, about ten years ago in Santa Monica, during my great anti-

homosexual period, I got all drunk up in a bar, got kicked out. I was waiting for the bus, and I missed the last bus out or some crazy thing so I'm standing out there hitchhiking a little beyond the bus station. Then came this yellow Cadillac; he draws up, it's a homo: "Want a ride, fella?" I said "Hell, yeah, I'm freezing to death." "Going to L.A.?" I said "Yeah, let's go." We were driving along, suddenly he reaches over on me. I said "Goddamnit, cut it out." A little later he reaches over again- like I say, this was in my great anti-homosexual period, I don't know what I'd do now, let him hold it? What's the liberal thing to do? How do you treat this problem humanely? Anyway, then I wasn't so human, so I kept him off me for a while and he drove along and he said "By the way, don't you feel like making some wee-wee?" and I said "by the way, I think I do feel like making some wee-wee-" I didn't know it was a trap. So we both went out, behind a wall, pissing away, and he said "You know what? You know what we ought to do?" "What?" "You hold mine and I'll hold yours." And I said "WHAT! You son of a bitch!" And I hit him, I knocked him down. He just lay there, and he was real still, and the moonlight was coming down. He was like a dead man. I said "My God, I've killed him!" Poor guy, he looked so pale. I walked on about three blocks to the next bus stop, hoping a bus would come along. Then I sat down. About twenty minutes later here he comes by, and he sees me, steps on the gas. ZOOM! Those were my great anti-homosexual days. We better go to the next question.