

GAY PRIDE WEEK '72

June 17-25

HELLO—DURING THE WEEK OF JUNE 17-25, GAY PEOPLE IN BOSTON WILL CELEBRATE GAY PRIDE WEEK AND THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE GAY LIBERATION MOVEMENT WHICH GREW OUT OF THE CHRISTOPHER STREET UPRISINGS IN 1969. THOUSANDS OF GAY MEN AND WOMEN THEN TOOK TO THE STREETS IN PROTEST AGAINST CENTURIES OF OPPRESSION; WHEN THE POLICE ATTACKED THEY FOUGHT BACK! THIS IS A TIME FOR US TO COME TOGETHER, MEET NEW PEOPLE, TALK ABOUT OUR PROBLEMS, AND ENJOY OUR LOVE. ALL GAY SISTERS AND BROTHERS ARE INVITED. TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

JUNE 17
SATURDAY

JEWISH GAY WORKSHOP

Our families, our sexuality, our identities as Jews—maybe even our politics as Jews and whatever we can give each other as Jewish gays, at 2 pm 375 Norfolk Street, Cambridge (off Cambridge St. near Inman Square)

JUNE 18
SUNDAY

HOMOSEXUALS AND RELIGION (postponed until after Gay Pride Week)

GAY YOUTH MEET AND MIXER

Problems we face with our families, our high schools, etc. How can we get together?

5 pm at St. John's Mission Church 33 Bowdoin Street, Boston

GAY COMMUNAL MEAL (BRING WONDERFUL FOOD TO SHARE)

7 pm at St. John's Mission Church

SINGING IN THE RAIN a great musical for free at 9 pm South Station Cinema

23 South Street, Boston

JUNE 19
MONDAY

GAY PEOPLE AND THE LAW, WELFARE

What are the laws? How can we stay out of jail? Welfare for gay people,

74 Joy Street on Beacon Hill at 7:30 pm.

JUNE 20
TUESDAY

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM an excellent 1930's German movie about lesbians in a girls' school. FREE at 7:30 pm Charles St. Meeting House 70 Charles St. Boston

Followed by men's and women's workshops on their gay relationships

JUNE 21
WEDNESDAY

GAY PEOPLE VS. INSTITUTIONS—PRISONS AND HOSPITALS

What happens to homosexuals in these institutions? What can we do about it?

7:30 pm at Arlington Street Church 355 Boylston Street, Boston

GAY CANDLE LIGHT MARCH TO THE JAIL

10:30 March from Arlington St. Church to the Charles St. Jail to support gay prisoners.

JUNE 22
THURSDAY

I WANT WHAT I WANT a film about the changes of a transsexual

TRANVESTITES AND TRANSSEXUALS getting together to talk about our uniquely

beautiful life and the problems we face. Other gay people interested will be getting

together at the same time to talk about our relationships, gender roles, etc.

7:30 pm at Old West Church 131 Cambridge Street, Boston

JUNE 23

FRIDAY

JUNE 24

SATURDAY

GAY PRIDE WEEK DANCE

WOMEN'S BAND 8:30 pm at Charles Street Meeting House \$1.50 Donation.

GAY PARADE AND RALLY

1:30 pm the parade begins at Copley Square and will go around the Boston Common with stops at various places (bring beautiful banners and signs and music makers)

Rally and Picnic on Boston Common Arts and Crafts Fair (bring your art) Bake Sale

WOMEN'S DANCE—SATURDAY NIGHT (more information later)

JUNE 25

SUNDAY

GAY PRIDE/CHRISTOPHER STREET CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK CITY

Buses will be leaving Boston early Sunday morning and returning that night. Tickets \$10.

The workshops listed are merely suggestions and will be open to a lot of possibilities. Each night there will be small discussion groups for anyone interested in just talking—about coming out, problems, questions.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 2621592 days and 492-4489 in the evenings

Everyone Invited

Fag Rag^{#3}



GAY MALE NEWSPAPER

SUMMER OF '72*****BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS*****25¢ (35¢ out of town)



Fag Rag Blues 2

WHAT DOES NOT CHANGE/ IS THE WILL TO CHANGE

After a long winter, we finally have FAG RAG 3 and hope every faggot will like it and every straight man will come out or drop dead on reading it.

Many men have asked from time to time why we appear so irregularly. Why not a predictable, exact schedule? If we were a straight paper, or if straight men were working on FAG RAG, it might be out every month, every week, or even every day. (Some day perhaps it will.) But we are faggots with a lot else to do. Making love, learning to love one another, our selves, our bodies, and making revolution. We are not a bureaucracy nor a hierarchy nor even quite an organization.

We are almost a paradigm of the gay liberation community—at least what's left of gay liberation fronts. Everything is open, transitory, subject to change. Not more than two or three people who worked on LAVENDER VISION 1 (the faggot section), FAG RAG 1, and FAG RAG 2 are still in Boston. We have moved on, building our lives and the new life wherever we can—Chicago, Lawrence, New Orleans, New York City, San Francisco, Madison, Seattle, New Haven, and so on. Others have come to Boston.

We reject the pig state and all its values of predictability, schedules, "work," etc. We'd just as soon be travelling or living marginally on our own than be owned by GM, USMC, GE, UCLA, GD, OSU, USA, etc. "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose." After deconstructing our lives, we are not about to restructure them (at least on a straight line, hierarchy basis) for GLF, GML, GAA or even FAG RAG. (All this is not to say we are happy that more doesn't get done that needs to be done.)

We've spent a lot of time since last fall planning FAG RAG 3. We wrote in the first issue, "the movement for the liberation of Gay People should not belong to a small group of people with exclusive ideas." And since then we've continued looking for ways to bring Gay Male Liberation closer together with faggots in bars, parks, the block, tearooms, rest areas, and other of our traditional institutions. To such an end, we had planned FAG RAG 3 as an issue devoted entirely to faggotry in Boston. We met enthusiastically; prepared an interview with Sylvia Sydney, but beyond that we haven't been able to move.

We have partly filled our promise to "serve the people" by working closely with Boston's Gay Pride Week Planning Committee. A whole series of our

articles—gay youth, legal change, gay women, mental patients, gay prisoners, and transvestism—provide background for the workshops between June 17 and 24.

In the meantime, we have FAG RAG 3—living within the schisms and chasms of Amerikkkan faggotry. The paper and Boston GML survive—whether as a saving remnant or a historical anachronism, we're not sure. Everywhere across the country, the remaining pieces of the Gay Liberation Front have continued to split and fall apart. At first we said it was only a reorganization process, in which people were leaving organizations and going to live their liberation in gay communes and collectives. But several communes (that drifted out of the GLF's in Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston and other places) have since broken down and scattered into individual or at most two or three people living together.

All the splits we face in Boston continue as described in last issue's "Fag Rag Blues" editorial. In this issue a lot separates the consciousness among the various articles. Differences appear, but they are not simple ones—say between political and cultural revolutionaries or between sexual liberation gays and Red Book gays. These splits are not really between groups within GML so much as splits within ourselves. Each of us is fragmented—figments of some whole we are as yet unable to form.

Occasionally we have been able to break down the barriers and individualism that cut us all apart. For instance, the section on poetry represents the work of the Good Gay Poets who have been developing their work together in weekly meetings. The Hoover article results from several drafts by about four people and was read and discussed by many more.

In the past we have not used any by-lines, because each article has been the result of long discussion, writing and rewriting in which all of us were involved. Inevitably, our spirit might be expressed in one particular voice, but that voice has in the past only articulated the medium of which we have all been parts. We have also hesitated to "credit" articles, photos, or drawings to certain individuals because that would seem to imply that those who edited, typed, layed out and distributed the paper were less noteworthy.

Despite our divisions, GML has not lacked energy or activity. We have had dances (October, March, April and May); at our pot luck dinners we

have been able to get away from machination and diatribe in order to eat and relax together. The Gay Work Group has provided a way for us not only to work together but also to support ourselves without succumbing to the usual capitalist institutions. The Gay Phone continues to ring and ring and ring; we don't have all the answers but we are always answering the phone. The Good Gay Poets have their first broadside on the street—free poetry for the people. We have organized and participated in demonstrations against the war, against the prison system, the psychologists, and the politicians.

Despite all this activity, GML and FAG RAG have not worked out all the contradictions that everyone faces living within a capitalist-imperialist society. In fact, in putting out FAG RAG 3 we have had to by-pass quite a few. Obviously this is faster and more efficient in the short run. And this has generally been what has happened across the country: Gay Activist Alliances have called for us to forget all those troublesome contradictions contained within individualism and inequality. They ask us to overlook the divisions between black/white, men/women, transvestite/butch, and get on with the struggle against our oppressors. At least three groups in Boston expect to push for forming some sort of Activist Alliance during Gay Pride Week; it is now only a question of time before Boston has its own alliance. GML has long ago been rejected by the New York GAA who refuse to even give the FAG RAG away for free. How we will or can relate to a similar group in Boston is still unclear.

What then is the future of Boston's GML and FAG RAG (so far the two have been completely joined)? Perhaps we will fill our promise of really going into a deep and full representation of all levels and aspects of Boston's "gay community." Perhaps we will rejoin with lesbians for an altogether new format. Perhaps we will become a collective like *Radical Therapist*. Perhaps we will become a general "newspaper" for all Boston's gay groups. Perhaps we will become a magazine like the *DOB Focus* (we don't have to be tied to a newspaper format). Perhaps, we'll go the way of the Gay Revolution Party's *Ectasy*. They are now the *queer blue lights* (see p. 22) putting gay dreams into video tape. Whatever or wherever we will be, you won't be able to ignore us angry, sassy faggots.

FAG RAG, 91 River St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139, was written and put together by Aaron, Allan Berube Allen Young, Andy Kopkind, Bob Nalli, Bob Collins, Bob, Bruce, Chuck Bevitt, Charles Draper, Charley Shively, Craig Smith, Erick, George, Giles Kotcher, David Harvey Blume, John Wieners, John Murray, John Mitzel, John LaPorta, Ken Beck, Larry Martin, Little John, Louis Landerson, Mauricio, Mike, Patrick Haggerty, Richard, Ron, Paul, Sylvia Sydney, Ted, Tanye, Tony, and more whose names I can't remember right now.

LOCAL GAY GROUPS

CENTRAL N.H. GAY LIBERATION FRONT

No phone— we live way up in the woods. Please write Jeff Keith and Eddie Widdows, Box 92, Salisbury, N.H. 03268. We want to meet other gay people in N.H. to discuss problems of being gay and how to fight for equality.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

262-1592, 419 Boylston St., Room 406, Boston, Mass. 02116. Open to all women. Rap sessions every week on being gay, occasional suppers, parties, sports, forums; public education; political activities; publishes a monthly journal *FOCUS*.

GAY MALE LIBERATION

354-1555, 354-1556, c/o Red Book, 91 River Street, Cambridge, Mass 02139. GML is premised on consciousness-raising around sexism towards the goal of sexual liberation for all. It seeks a perspective for revolution based on the unity of all people—i.e. there can be no freedom for gays in a society which enslaves others through male supremacy, racism, or economic exploitation (capitalism). Puts out *FAG RAG* has prison and mental hospital committees, consciousness-raising groups. Pot luck supper-get together; 7 pm every Wednesday at the Charles Street Meeting House.

GAY CO-OP

536-3233. A group of gay men and women formed to promote intergroup cooperation, to coordinate and focus activities in meeting the needs of the gay community.

GAY PHONE

354-1555, 354-1556. General raps on phone, information on gay community events and groups, legal aid, medical and psychiatric referral, V.D. information.

GAY SPEAKERS' BUREAU:

266-5477 or write c/o DOB or HCHS, 419 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116. The speakers' Bureau co-ordinates the public speaking efforts of all Boston's gay groups.

GAY WAY

A radio program for the gay community, every Friday evening from 8:30-9:00 pm, WBUR-FM (Boston University), 90.9 mc.

HOMOPHILE COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICE

266-5477. 419 Boylston St., Room 403, Boston, Mass. 02116. A professional counselling service. Individual and group therapy, religious counselling, medical, legal, and employment referral. HCHS's attitude is that homosexuality is a valid lifestyle. Fees based on ability to pay. Confidentiality assured.

HOMOPHILE UNION OF BOSTON

282-9181. P.O. Box 217, Dorchester Station, Boston, Mass. 02124. A social, educational, civil rights, and service organization for male and female homosexuals. Office at 1514 Dorchester Ave., Dorchester, open evenings and Saturday afternoon (call first). Regular meetings.

LESBIAN LIBERATION

354-8695 (or 354-8807). c/o Women's Center, 46 Pleasant Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. LL is a group of radical feminist lesbians committed to radical changes in this society and to building a community of gay women who can help meet each others survival needs. We have introductory meetings every Wed. night at 6 pm at the Women's Center. Every other week at 8 pm a discussion on some topic (e.g., racism, class, legal hassles, personal relationships). Meetings open to all lesbians. In process of opening lesbian hot line (354 8695).

NORTHSHORE GAYS

354-1555, 354-1556. A group in Danvers, Peabody, Beverly and surrounding towns are now organizing. Call Gay Phone for more information.

STUDENT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE

288-8765, 776-7454. A social organization for male and female homosexuals. Meets every Friday at 7:30 at St. John's Church, 33 Bowdoin Street, Boston. Call SHL for numbers and contacts at various local colleges (MIT, BU, Harvard-Radcliffe, Tufts, Brandeis, Boston State, etc.)

letters

Dear Friend,

Many thanks for sending us the two extra copies of *Fag Rag* containing our photos.

For a long time, I have wanted to say something in answer to what was said in the editorial, re: the fact that the two covers, front and back, containing "the romantic 'pretty' boy" and Hal and myself as the "older gay people." was reflecting a view that "flaunted" ageism.

Firstly, your photographer took our picture unasked. Ageism was not asking to be exhibited. Hal and I did not ask to have attention brought to our happy trip along the gay-way march. And as it was, we chose to walk alone without being in any of the organizations we had been identified with.

And finally as a sort of echo to it all, we were almost persuaded to be interviewed, photographed again and dissected by one of the smoothest talkers of the movement, all for the glory of GAY and the randy whose pseudonym is wicked, nay wicker.

Older gays do feel left out, so we are grateful that we were kept in. Please remember we all grow old, and many of us are still active and full of good spirits. So kindly send this to the writer of the editorial or the one who was the photographer.

RIGHT ON TO THE GAY MOVEMENT!

Sincerely, B. L.

Fag Rag,

I hope you get it together and continue to print your paper. I was very impressed with the sincere and responsible attitudes so intelligently expressed by the writer of "Fag Rag Blues" in your no. 2 issue. I can imagine the conflicts of interest you people have putting out the paper. The most important point made in the article was the wide range of individual opinions on the subjects of "liberation" and "revolution," and of gayness itself. The gay community will not become unified under these politically oriented banners any more than peace marches have stopped the war in Asia.

Having a newspaper to present news concerning the gay community and to present individual opinion and articles is vital to the gay liberation movement here. Fag Rag can provide the gay community with a free exchange of ideas and actions. I suggest you go to the bars and report on what's happening from person to person. Granted they're oppressive institutions but right now they're where the gay community lives and grows.

Dig it, Fag Rag! Get it together now!

Tony Vella

Fag Rag People,

I really dug this issue [no. 2], especially "Fag Rag Blues" and "To Be 27, Gay and Corrupted." They contained a lot of feeling from the reality I've denied in myself and only lately have been able to relate to in a good way.

I'd really like to help with the plans for the Gay Growth Center. I've done some farming, so if there are plans for a garden or something in that line, I could be of help. Call Marty at 625-7879. Smash sexism!

Hello,

I just got your current copy. I dig it very much. We have no bread, but I would like to contribute. I am sending two pamphlets, one on the draft, one on military resistance. Please print them in the next issue.

Many of the articles are very true. "I Am 27" is really there. "Fag Rag Blues" hits me where I live. Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front is no more, and the same kinds of internal warfare killed us that did in other GLFs like San Francisco and Berkeley.

The answer is for gays to stop their macho power trip, "I am more revolutionary than you" and get down to organizing all the other 99% of the gays that are outside the little haven.

I used to leaflet for our dances. I would hit the Selma Street scene -- "hustlers" etc. -- and then would report back to the meeting. Well, we don't want those etc.

Fuck it, man, I hope the pure ones (all two of them) have it good.

Love, Peace,

Pete S.

READING MATERIAL

BOOKS

Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation, by Dennis Altman, Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, distributed by E.P. Dutton, 1971, 242 pp., \$6.95 hardcover. No paperback edition yet. This is really the first gay liberation book that outlines our political ideas. The author, an Australian professor of government, places the gay revolution in the context of women's liberation, black liberation and the counter-culture.

Homosexual Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation, by Wainwright Churchill, Prentice-Hall Prism paperback edition, 1971, 347 pp., \$2.45. Reprint of 1967 Hawthorn Books hardcover edition. The author, who died a couple of years ago, wrote this book before the birth of the gay liberation movement. It is a sound, rational response to the sickness and sin theories of clergymen and psychiatrists. Dr. Churchill unfortunately projects certain male chauvinist assumptions in his analysis.

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues: A Year in the Homosexual Liberation Movement, by Arthur Bell, Simon & Schuster, 1971, 191 pp., hardcover. Inside dope on the founding and first year of New York's Gay Activists Alliance (GAA). Reads a bit like a gossip expose. Good descriptions of gay actions in New York City.

Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View, by John Murphy, Praeger, 1971, 182 pp., \$5.95 hardcover. One man's experience coming out and getting involved in the gay movement. Pleasant account of author's experiences with New York's Gay Liberation Front (GLF). Contains excellent chapter of literary criticism.

The Gay Militants, by Donn Teal, Stein & Day, 1971. Detailed journalistic and documentary account of gay liberation's background, beginnings and first year of action and consciousness.

The Gay Mystique: The Myth and Reality of Male Homosexuality, by Peter Fisher, Stein & Day, 1972, 258 pp., \$7.95 hardcover. The author, a member of New York's Gay Activists Alliance (GAA), offers a straightforward, unapologetic, detailed, not-very-critical description of the world of the male homosexual. His apparent refusal, however, to deal with the relationship between gay liberation and the feminist and third world liberation movements makes this book often seem like a plea for white male homosexuals to obtain the privileges and position of white male heterosexuals.

Out of the Closets: Voices of Gay Liberation, edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young, Douglas Books, distributed by World Publishers, 1972 (mid-summer), out simultaneously in hardcover and paperback. Contains about 50 selections by lesbians and gay men, including reprints from gay periodicals and many original articles. Photo illustrated.

The Gay Liberation Book: Gay Men's Anthology (tentative title), edited by Len Richmond and Gary Noguera, Ramparts Press, 1972 (autumn). Contains writings by gay liberation activists as well as by famous gays such as Paul Goodman, Gore Vidal and Allen Ginsberg. Dozens of entries including some from overseas. Illustrated with photos and drawings.

Sappho Was a Right-on Woman: A Liberated View of Lesbianism, by Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love, Stein & Day, 1972 (summer or autumn).

PAMPHLETS

Sexism, Racism and White Faggots in Sodomist Amerika, by Nick Benton, 16 pp., 25 cents, order from The Effeminate, Box 4089, Berkeley CA 94704.

Come Out Anthology, \$1.25, order from Times Change Press, Penwell, Washington NJ 07882.

PERIODICALS

COME OUT! Box 233 Times Square Sta., New York NY 10036. Quarterly. 50 cents for sample copy.

GAY SUNSHINE Box 40397, San Francisco CA 94140. Monthly. 50 cents for sample copy.

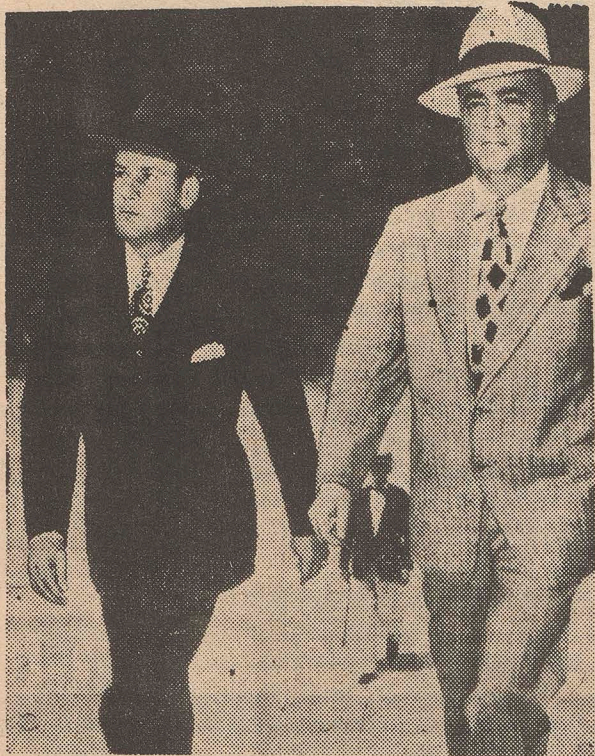
THE ADVOCATE Box 74695, Los Angeles CA 90004. Every other week. \$4 for 13 issues.

FOCUS: A JOURNAL FOR GAY WOMEN c/o Daughters of Bilitis, 419 Boylston St., Boston MA 02116. Monthly. \$5 a year.

PROUD WOMAN Box 8507, Stanford CA 94305. Monthly. \$5 a year.

THE BODY POLITIC 4 Kensington Ave., Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada. 50 cents for sample copy. \$2 for 6 issues.

Hoover goes Underground



Clyde A. Tolson, Associate Director of the F.B.I. and close personal friend of J. Edgar Hoover, walking his usual respectful step behind the chief during an investigation in 1942. Mr. Tolson, like Mr. Hoover a bachelor, was part of Mr. Hoover's strict schedule and had lunch and dinner with him six times a week beginning in 1920's.

—Photo caption in The New York Times, May 5, 1972

And now he's dead. I was really happy and relieved when I heard about it. I know some other bad guy will take his place, but at least he's gone. In the bar that night after his death -- the usual crowd cruising, laughing, playing around -- but every now and then somebody yelled out, "He's dead!" and everybody cheered.

We all know about Hoover being a "bachelor," the rumors about him and Clyde Tolson (who inherited Hoover's house, dogs and money), and how careful Hoover was in selecting his F.B.I. agents (men only, and with certain specified physical characteristics). We'll probably never know for sure if he was a homosexual, but I think we can be pretty sure it's true.

But we have to get beyond the smirks of some liberals and radicals who seem secretly pleased at the fact that they can associate Hoover and fags. It's important for us as gay people to figure out what Hoover's life was all about. He was a homosexual (even if a total closet case), and he also was the head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, one of the most destructive and oppressive agencies in America. How does that fit in with "gay is good"? In some ways we'd like to pass it over ("he was an exception"). But I don't think we should.

Forgetting about Hoover for a minute...I think about the typical sex ad: "white, straight-looking gay male 21 seeks same -- please no feds, freaks or druggies." Or the bars -- I'm always chasing after the good-looking, strong men. And how do most of us faggots feel about women and black people and transvestites and feds and all the people who don't have the kind of beauty and power -- straight beauty and power -- that we desire?

It connects up to the whole concept of straight male power -- the phenomenon of control and domination. Isn't it clear that the F.B.I. or Nixon, the typical high school principal or college dean, and most men in the roles of "father" or "husband" are into the same thing?

Try to look at it this way: Examine the big institutions, the F.B.I. and the White House, and the two men associated with them, Hoover and Nixon. Think about how they possess power and how they use it...it reminds me of us. Think about how we relate to other gay people or how people relate in general, about how our choices are focused on the basis of who has power. Either we use power to get what we want or we cling to someone else's power because we feel we don't have any power of our own.

Everything gets perverted in this kind of system where the quest for power is central. Queers -- who pretty much lack most of that power (I think my earliest sense of identification was probably with the word "sissy") often grab for that power when it's available. Hoover -- the misled queer in the extreme -- got drawn into all that male supremacy and grabbed after that gorgeous power and used it over and over again, never caring about those in his way.

Every time a new sex-power fantasy. Aren't a lot of us after this same fantasy? Reminds me of going home from a bar with a boy after spending the whole night cruising him -- and he is so beautiful, cool, aloof. Getting home and him saying, "I really want to fuck you." And all this incredible fucking energy coming out of him and me just getting fucked. And then him getting up and leaving. No words. We don't talk when we see each other again in the bar -- we're too busy doing the same thing with new

fantasies. And it seems most other people are doing the same thing.

What goes on in gay male bars is sort of a caricature of the action going on in elite, primarily male groups (like the F.B.I.) These groups function for the preservation of all the basic structures of American society -- capitalism, puritanism, racism and sexism. The list goes on forever: the F.B.I., the president and his close confidantes, the congress, the Church of Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal Cushing, the police, sports teams, rock bands, prisons, corporation heads, college trustees, the Green Berets, the entire military (more about these groups later).

In the long run of course, we get hurt. We're merely used. As a gay high school student I got the job of "manager" for the basketball team. This was a powerless position (glorified towel boy) but it put me in close and friendly contact with the powerful straight men, including the star athletes and the coach. My own sense of being an isolated sissy and my desperate desire to be part of the athletic world made me subservient to those powerful straight men, and yet I was an integral part of the male supremacist sports world of my high school -- which in high school society is the institution which focuses most clearly on male power and competition, and points up the "basic inferiority" of women, faggots and other weaklings.

How many homosexuals are attracted to a military career or the priesthood searching for a little bit of power? The idea of a world filled with strong young men, in the case of the military, or a world where marriage isn't a requirement for respectability, in the case of the priesthood, can be attractive to homosexuals. We can't be "embarrassed" (as Peter Fisher wrote in *The Gay Mystique*) about homosexuals in the military. We need to understand why they are there.



The straight world gives us a chance to have a little bit of power and it's so precious. We won't give it up. It's just so crazy, our choosing to maintain all this "normalcy" (men and power on top) when it's that same "normalcy" that keeps us "abnormal."

Hoover was living proof that straight society provides a male supremacist outlet for homosexual men and that such men, if they function within the scheme of male dominance, are an integral part of that straight society. We recognize that such homosexuals may choose such a role out of the need to obtain the power that they feel is not really a part of their own selves. But we also realize that to act upon these feelings is not only self-defeating, but also fucks over other people. Thus we realize the temptation and the danger of male dominated institutions.

This has a lot to do with the way a lot of gay people relate to straight society. It explains homosexual prep school teachers, football coaches, F.B.I. men, and so on. There are other gay people who relate in a different way to a male dominated society. Their participation in male supremacy is different -- they get satisfaction out of serving the men who wield the power. This explains the hairdresser who must uphold sexist beauty standards. This explains the artist who seeks approval of the male public (Tennessee Williams, Andy Warhol). This explains the many teachers and bureaucrats who get satisfaction from serving heterosexual parents and straight society. And just like everybody else in this society, gay people get fucked over by trying to serve The Man, rather than themselves.

As I've already noted, male supremacy also relates to the way gay people deal with others, on a one-to-one basis. Ma-

ny gay men are very oppressive to women: they say they are boring, superficial, weak. Many gay men like to assume the role of John Wayne in gay relationships. For us all, male chauvinist behavior patterns have become a part of our style. We talk, but don't listen. We see the world through masculine eyes only. We sexually objectify one another. We are constantly on power trips with one another.

It isn't all that simple, of course, especially when it comes to our work. Much of what we do comes from our need for economic survival. It's hard for faggots to find jobs. Oppressive "gay jobs" often provide us the only means to make money in a society where money is essential for food, clothing and shelter. Part of saving ourselves and creating a decent life, however, is giving up those jobs (or relating to them with a better understanding of what they do to us), and seeking new ways to survive.

We have yet to create enough satisfying alternatives which meet our economic needs and allow us to be openly gay. Some things have happened, however. Across the country, faggots are creating new alternatives -- gay communes, for example. Communal living, with people sharing their things, breaks down a lot of alienation. We can live together; we don't have to remain isolated. Some people are working toward gay mental health groups (learning new skills and supporting ourselves financially), gay theater, poetry and art groups. Not enough yet, but as more people leave straight-defined work jobs and organizations, viable alternatives will be created with their release of energy. Gay brotherhood -- which depends on people being out of the closet -- is part of that attempt to survive in a new way, without yielding to all those male power values and what's called "normalcy."

It isn't all that easy, but luckily for us, "normalcy" is being destroyed on many fronts. We're catching on to all the lies about America -- about Vietnam, about black people, about "good" jobs and "happy" homes and families -- and the lies about ourselves which still circulate in our fantasy worlds (about how ugly and wimpy we are, and how beautiful and together they are).

We've accepted that of course we're after the manly types because we've been led to believe that that's what's beautiful. And we've never questioned why we end up being hurt with that kind of clutching love. We've accepted a lot about love and pain and losing out, too. We've accepted a lot about being losers. Caught up in so many lies about love. But I think I understand a little more about why I do that and why it fouls me up. Because that image of love is all tied up with power and it stands in the way of full and equal love relationships not based on power trips.

It's the lies that keep us separated. One of the many ways people in power hold onto that power is by keeping most of the people isolated into little powerless groups and maintaining tension among these groups. For example, there's the "silent majority" against the "creeps" (just about anybody you don't like. Black/white, rich/poor, straight/hip, straight/gay, old/young) -- and just about everybody gets hurt. We begin to live on those separations instead of breaking them down and trying to help each other. We support them out of a need for self-defense -- defending ourselves from "the other side" -- instead of confronting the people on top who are really hurting us.

Maybe if I tell you about Mom and me, you will have a better sense of what I mean when I talk about this process of separation. She lives in a small town, pretty isolated from things. She knows about the war and what's happening in this country from the TV, and she votes for Nixon. The whole area where she lives is economically depressed because of the war. Everybody including her is getting wiped out. And me -- I left a long time ago because I could not stand the place and I was gay and small

(continued on page 23)

GAY PRIDE WEEK

● GAY JEWISH WORKSHOP ●

Be Gay, Be Jewish (if you're Jewish)

I've had two experiences with Jewish gay workshops, both of them good. The first was in Wash., D.C., way back in October, at a broader conference of young Jews. I had come out just recently, and was far more in touch with feelings of who I was. The workshop and the conference in general released a lot of gay, Jewish feeling. In that first strong surge of feeling about my identity as a Jewish homosexual, I began to feel love, love, love for a Jewish boy with whom I went to the conference. And it had a world to do with an awareness of him as a Jew, and a bond of sensitivity that evolved between us because of that. If it sounds tackily overstated, it felt as gushily new as all that. He and I still live together and are usually somewhere on the borderline between friends and lovers, (without meaning to deny the time left over for tension and/or growing pains).

The second workshop was in Madison, at the Gay conference last Thanksgiving. Ten or so people came and it was the workshop with which I identified most. I think most of the people in it felt that too. It ranged from talks about our families, our sexuality, to feeling most comfortable with each other in dealing with the political issues that arose at the conference, (such as black men's feeling that their identity and culture was being squeezed out of the conference), to plenty of nice Jewish campiness.

When I think ahead to Gay Pride Week, I know I want an opportunity to be with other Jewish faggots. I don't have many preconceptions of what such a get-together would be. I know some things I would like to talk about, but feel that pretty much anything that happens would be good. I suppose one of the few failings of the Madison workshop was that people had so much to say and there really wasn't that much space for it at a busy conference. If you feel like talking before Gay Pride Week, Harvey and Richard can be reached at the Gay Phone, 354-1555. Mazel!

» TRANSVESTITES «

We transvestites have to take care of ourselves, because, as past history shows, no other homosexual is going to do it. With all of Boston's gay organizations, there are none that speak to us. Some are tokenly open to us but they don't do a damn thing for us.

Most gays either hate us, are scared of us or, at the very most, see us as entertaining or amusing. They should be proud that we are members of the gay community. Looking back on the events of the last two years, it was half-sisters and upfront faggots who started the Stonewall riots which heralded the birth of the gay liberation movement. It wasn't the butch numbers but the screaming queens.

Even when other gay people can get jobs and secure apartments, we find it impossible. Because of a lack of understanding of our innermost feelings and our valid life-style we have lost our jobs, homes, family and friends.

Drag is a valid life-style for me and my half-sisters and half-brothers. We're told that drag is a frivolous, unnecessary, counter-revolutionary act. Why is it so normal and "revolutionary" to look like a man? As a faggot, I hate manliness. I hate butchness. I hate cockpower and I don't want to masquerade as something that wants the extinction of me and other gay brothers and lesbians.

I've been forced to be a man for too long already. I'm tired of apologizing for my existence. I can't hide me. You can't hide me either.

"Revolutionary" gay men mock transvestites. Their rhetoric tells men to wear a dress to smash manhood—"Be a fiery femme." You can't make yourself into something which you are not. This mockery oppresses us. They can flaunt revolutionary drag for the theatrical effect and wear their "man" drag to be safe. If I dress as a man, I feel very uncomfortable and out of place. If I can't relate to myself and other transvestites and transsexuals, I can't relate to anyone else. And if the gay revolution can't relate to us, you'll drown in your own rhetoric. We're gonna be liberated, so educate yourself, world. There's really no holding us back.

Some of us thought, what with gay pride week coming up, we'd have a get-together of transvestites and transsexuals to celebrate our uniquely beautiful life-style and to talk with one another.

In cooperation with the Gay PRIDE WEEK committee, FAG RAG is publishing background material for some of the workshops. A full schedule of these and other planned events is on the back cover. In printing material for the Tuesday night workshop (or any other), we do not necessarily put this forward as a part of FAG RAG itself. An article on Homosexuals and Institutions (relevant to Wednesday's workshop) is on p.6.

GAY WOMEN

Over a year ago, I wrote a letter to the D.O.B. FOCUS in which I pointed out the separation which existed between gay women and gay men. Further, although gay people were attempting to dispel straight fantasies and misconceptions about us by confronting them with our thoughts and feelings, gay women and gay men seemed unwilling to confront each other.

With Gay Pride Week approaching, I experience a renewed desire for strength and unity among gay people, yet also I wonder how much we have accomplished in that direction. Many gay women identify and align themselves more strongly with Women's Liberation than Gay Liberation. This is due in part to the fact that Women's Liberation has become directed toward concrete goals and has established forceful, articulate leadership. There is, however, another possibility that is somewhat disturbing—gay women have dealt with their feelings of oppression by directing them at male chauvinism and Women's Liberation has become the buffer between them and straight society. Most gay men seem content for the women to remain there. From gay women I have heard sounds of anger, hostility and distrust towards men, gay men included. But these feelings have been largely articulated *among themselves*. Gay men, faced with the charge of male chauvinism, have discussed, *among themselves*, what they might do to become less oppressive and less motivated to respond to women in culturally conditioned patterns of behaviour. Little has been heard concerning their feelings about women and whether these statements are validated by the reality of their own experiences.

When the Gay Pride Week Committee was discussing plans for proposed workshops, one of which is to be centered around the film *MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM*, there was a general feeling that discussions might best be conducted with men and women in separate groups because "the women feel uncomfortable talking with the men." I must ask just *who* will be feeling uncomfortable? And secondly, is comfort the most important consideration?

Fear, impotence, and guilt can all be embodied within anger. Anger is much feared and maligned within our society. It is to be kept hidden within individuals, within groups. Each of us has perfected certain emotional gymnastics to keep from divulging our anger at other people—particularly those we love. If women are angry at men, why

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~ GAY YOUTH ~

The draft is one of several problems of particular concern to young gay people. During Gay Pride Week, gay people under 21 will get together to discuss these issues and to share some common ground—perhaps for the first time. The Gay Youth workshop will be held Sunday, June 18, at 5 p.m. at the St. John Mission Church, 33 Bowdoin St., Boston. Possible plans for an on-going Gay Youth group will be discussed. For further information, call the Gay Phone, 354-1555.

To: Local Board no. 71
and All Gay Persons in Amerika

Greetings;

Having received a lottery number of eleven (2/18/53), and being unwilling to lend my services to, or expose myself to danger for, a society which has defined me as sick and immoral, I am motivated to claim the exemption indicated by the enclosed letter.

I further wish to state that should my draft classification remain unaltered and I find myself entering the armed forces in 1973, I will not recognize any law, ruling, or preventative measures against overt homosexual behavior to have any validity, and that on every opportunity, in the true spirit of the Gay Liberation Front, I will attempt to intimidate the armed forces and persons within to an acceptance, condonement, and involvement with homosexuality.

Be warned!

Gay love to all,

Charles Bevitt
SS no. 19715343

~ GAY LEGAL ~

At the workshop on Gay People and the Law, we hope not only to answer questions about the laws oppressing us but also to organize some relief. The laws aligned against us are many and formidable.

Remedial action will be discussed for several problems: The GLOBE's refusal to print advertisements from DOB, HCHS, GML, and other gay groups. Police enticement at the rest areas on Rt. 95 and 93 (lawyer R. Rubino will speak on progress in legal defense there). Being either a faggot or lesbian on welfare. Problems of child custody, adoption, police and court brutality; discrimination in housing, employment and other areas.

We hope to launch a campaign to repeal present discriminatory laws against sodomy, solicitation and lewd-lascivious conduct. Presently "whosoever commits the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or a

(continued on page 21)



GML ZAPS Witchdoctors

Twice this spring we have confronted professional psychologists – at the Eastern Psychological Association, April 27-28, and at the Massachusetts Psychological Association, May 12-13.

At the EPA we presented four demands:

I. We demand the EPA and other such associations use their influence to put an end to the use of all drugs and experimentation (lobotomies, electroconvulsive shock treatment, castration) developed by psychology as instruments of coercion and punishment used on homosexuals and others (3rd world, women, poor) locked in prisons and mental hospitals.

II. We demand an end to similar practices in outpatient therapy.

III. We demand that this EPA convention publicly repudiate all psychological and psychiatric theories, studies and literature which aid in sexist oppression.

IV. We demand that members of the EPA and professional community seek forms of counseling in existing institutions which call into question the principles underlying oppressive, sexist attitudes, and forms of therapy which conform more fully to the real needs of all "patients" involved.

Along with members of the Mental Patients Political Action Committee, we demanded \$1,000 for GML and MPPAC in order to organize mental patients.

After we presented the demands, there was scattered applause. Then several speakers from EPA complained about what they called the "poor wording" of the demands and asking whether this was a resolution presented by an EPA member. Several EPA members then offered to sponsor a resolution supporting the demands, and after a very brief discussion, a vote was taken, with the demands defeated 221-120.

We then walked up to the speakers' table, ripped out the microphone, threw water on the presiding officer, and left, shouting "Bullshit! Bullshit!" along with representatives from Radical Therapists, Science for the People, MPPAC, and other sympathizers.

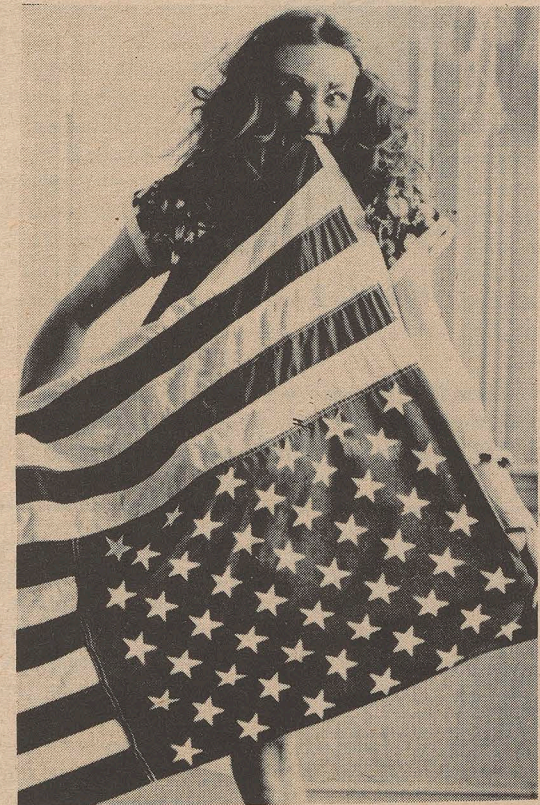
At the MPA we decided not to bother with the formal business meeting; instead we questioned the Commissioner of Mental Health about shock and drug therapies. He replied by urging us to come see him and "talk it over." In the pamphlet we passed out, we challenged three of their assumptions:

First: We find any analysis insidious which defines legitimate political rage as pathological. Any system which would define and control the expression and level of dissent is terrifying; it would cap all future struggles for liberation and lead us to stagnation. Can we trust any society to dictate the terms of its own dialectical alternative? The racist implications of such a system are clear; for its first victims in prisons and ghettos would be Black and other Third World people.

Second: We cannot accept an analysis of human sexuality which divides people into two camps -- heterosexuals and homosexuals. The gay liberation movement has been dedicated to the elimination, not the reinforcement, of the distinction between heterosexual and homosexual, masculine and feminine. As long as human beings are forced to channel their sexual energy into rigidly defined roles, there will be repression. As long as there is repression there will be violence and oppression. It is important to note that such repressive channeling of sexual drive has been based, in our society, upon a contempt for those characteristics most closely associated with women and femininity: tenderness, sensitivity, etc.

Third: We find inadequate the clinician's common view that, because of professional ethics, he or she must comply with any homosexual patient's desire to be "cured." When patients come to a therapist and

ask to be "cured" of homosexuality, they are acting, most likely, upon the prejudices which have been ingrained in them (and us all) and which teach that homosexuality is a sickness, perversion, unnatural, etc. All individuals must understand better the role that social indoctrination has played in the development of their feelings toward themselves. Consequently, any therapist who interviews such patients and who does not help them discover the nature and origin of their desire to be "cured," is doing such patients a great disservice.



Gays Confront Dems

Several representatives of gay organizations appeared at the New England Regional Hearing of the Democratic National Platform Committee in Boston May 30 to make a political presence and to tell the Democratic Party what they wanted.

The scene was Faneuil Hall, the red brick building at the edge of Boston Harbor where 200 years ago agitators like Samuel Adams and John Hancock urged their sisters and brothers to throw off the shackles of a tyrannical rule. The title of the hearing, appropriately, was "Rights, Opportunities and Political Power."

Among the speakers was Elaine Noble, a representative of Boston's Daughters of Bilitis, who suggested that anti-homosexual prejudice is rooted in our nation's puritan tradition. She quoted the author H.L. Mencken, who once defined American puritanism as "the lurking fear that someone somewhere is happy." She said that we are ruled by an "archaic family structure," and she proposed that the Democrats support a review of Federal Civil Rights legislation adopted in the 1960s to extend to gay people provisions guaranteeing equal housing and equal employment rights.

Ernest Reaugh of Albany, N.Y., appeared as official spokesperson of the National Coalition of Gay Organizations, which drafted a Gay Rights Platform when it met in Chicago last February.

The representative of Boston's Gay Male Liberation, appearing in a long robe/dress, told the austere assembly of delegates that the procedure was farcical. GML's list of ten demands presented to the delegates is printed below. Despite their discomfort at seeing a male wearing a dress and hearing a faggot using the word "faggot", the delegates listened attentively and politely.

Two of the delegates in particular were sympathetic enough to the gay presentation to stop to rap with the gay people. They were Chris Arterton, a McGovern delegate, and Jim Pitts, representing Shirley Chisholm.

+ + +

LIST OF GML DEMANDS

We urge that the following principles be incorporated in the 1972 Democratic Party Platform:

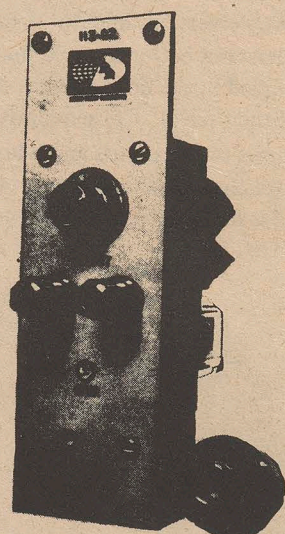
1. We demand an end to any discrimination based on biology. Neither skin color, age nor gender should be recorded by any government agency. Biology should never be the basis for any special legal handicap or privilege.
2. We demand an end to any discrimination based on sexual preference. Everyone should be free to pursue sexual gratification without fear of rape. Governments should neither legalize nor illegalize these forms of gratification. And no one should be restrained in movement (either immigration or emigration), in employment, in housing or in any other way for being a faggot or a lesbian.
3. The United States Government should not only end discrimination based on dressing habits but should positively encourage more imaginative clothing. No member of the armed forces or other government agency should be forced to wear a "uniform" to conform to either biological gender or hierarchical position. For instance, if they prefer, women should be allowed to wear short hair and pants; males, to wear long hair and dresses.
4. All economic discrimination against faggots and lesbians should be ended. We should not be denied either employment nor promotion because of our sexual preference or dress habits. We should have the same tax advantages as heterosexuals living in nuclear families. And like all people, we should have free access to sufficient food, housing, medical service and transportation in order to lead a full and rewarding life. We specifically support a guaranteed annual income of \$5,500 for every individual, and we call for a redistribution of the national wealth. Resources and power must be taken from straight, white, heterosexual men and redistributed among all the people.
5. We call for an end to all government (or other) research on "homosexuality". Our preference is no disease; all chemical, electrical or hypnotic "treatments" to "cure" us should be outlawed. Government funds now being used for "mental health" should be given to groups of lesbians, faggots and other "mental patients"

so that they may organize themselves in counseling and community centers to administer to their own needs.

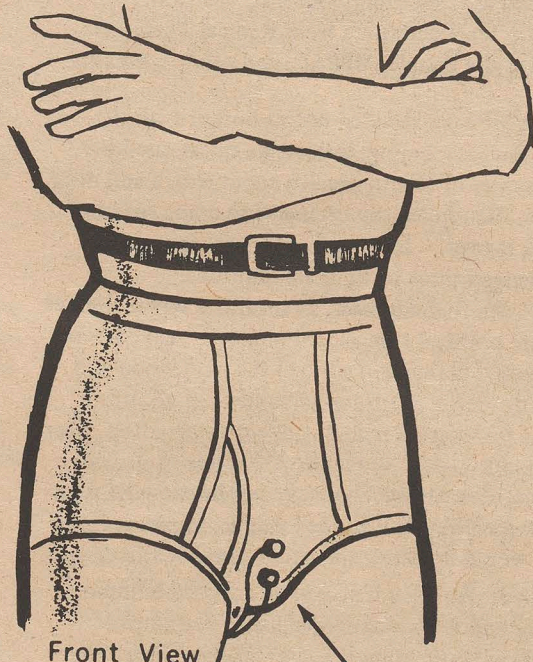
6. Rearing children should be the common responsibility of the whole community. Any legal rights parents have over "their" children should be dissolved and each child should be free to choose its own destiny. Free twenty-four hour child care centers should be established where faggots and lesbians can share the responsibility of child rearing.
7. All lesbians or faggots now imprisoned for any "sex crime" (except rape) should be released immediately from brigs, mental hospitals or prisons. They should be compensated at \$2.50 an hour for each hour of their confinement and all records of their incarceration should be destroyed. Lesbians and faggots imprisoned on other charges should be protected from beatings and rape at the hands of their jailors or inmates, and no one should be denied quick release or parole for engaging in "homosexual acts" while confined.
8. We call for an end to all aggressive armed forces. We support the Vietnamese people's Seven Point Peace Program and call for the total withdrawal of all United States and United States-supported air, land or naval forces from Vietnam. Moreover, we call for the return of all United States troops to within the United States borders as the most effective way to end American imperialism.
9. Within the United States, we call for a disbanding of all armed forces, secret police (FBI, CIA, IRS, Narcotics squads, etc.), and uniformed police. Arms should be used only to protect the people and to prevent rape. For this purpose we call for the formation of a people's police to be organized by those now most subject to police brutality: third world groups, women, lesbians, faggots and poor people generally.
10. We call for the self-government and self-determination of all peoples irrespective of national, sexual, party, race, age or other artificially imposed categories. Our liberation cannot be complete as long as any person is the property or the slave of another in any way. All coercion and dominance must end, equality must be established and we must search together for new forms of cooperation.

Homosexuality and

PSYCHIATRY: CURE OR DISEASE ?



SHOCKER



Front View

Snaps

These illustrations come from catalogues and operators' manuals of LEHIGH VALLEY ELECTRONICS, Box 125, Fogelsville, Pennsylvania 18051, (215)285-4211.

Recently, there has been a great deal of heated discussion concerning the use of objectionable forms of psychiatric treatment with prison and mental institution inmates. Within the last six months, articles have appeared in the *Congressional Record*, *Radical Therapist*, *The Los Angeles Advocate*, *Gay Sunshine*, *Medical World News*, and *The Boston Globe*.

This question was the subject of a symposium, sponsored by the Medical Committee for Human Rights, the American Civil Liberties Union, which took place at the UCLA Medical Center on April 8. Almost all of these discussions mention homosexuality, and yet amidst all the righteous indignation that emanates from them, there has been no detailed account specifically concerning homosexuality and no discussion on the significance of the inclusion of homosexuality with other forms of "psychiatric problems" treated thusly: drug addiction, schizophrenia, frigidity, anxiety.

These objectionable forms of psychiatric treatment include psychosurgery, aversive conditioning therapy, and drug therapy. Dr. Peter Breggin of Washington, D.C., in his entry into the February *Congressional Record*, asserts that psychosurgery is becoming quite popular. Promotional articles are appearing in *Newsweek*, *Medical World News*, and *Psychiatric News*, and Breggin cites a number of doctors who report a steady flow of patients undergoing psychosurgery. This operation, as defined by Dr. Breggin in a *Radical Therapist* article, constitutes "a deadening operation that involves deliberate, irreversible damaging of an individual's brain for the purpose of altering behavior that others have deemed undesirable." Among the victims of this operation are depressed middle age women, drug addicts, and very young children. It has also been reported as a method of "treatment" for homosexuality.

In an article in *Confinia Neurologica* (1966) a certain Dr. F.D. Roeder, of Göttingen, Germany, reports having performed psychosurgery upon a "case of intractable pedophilia." There is no further reference to the patient's psychiatric history. The effect of the operation is stated as follows: "Potency was weakened but preserved." The 2-page article concludes by saying that the "aberrant sexuality of this patient was considerably suppressed without serious side-effects. One important postoperative feature was the patient's incapacity of indulging in erotic fancies and stimulating visions. This might be one of the factors responsible for the disappearance of further homosexual impulses..."

Don Jackson, of the *Los Angeles Advocate*, reports an article written by Hans Orthner for *Science News* (which I have not yet located) that describes a new method of psychosurgery, particularly "effective" with homosexuals. The method involves the insertion of an electronic probe into the right ventromedial nucleus of the brain which controls the sexual and aggressive drives. When the target area is reached, the brain tissue is coagulated with an electronic charge. This process allegedly destroys the sexual drive. Jackson, in *Gay Sunshine*, states that Orthner claims to have "cured" seven cases of homosexuality in this way.

An article in *Medical World News* (Jan. 15, '71) reports that Dr. Robert G. Heath, of Tulane University, claims success in a limited number of homosexuals by turning "repugnant feeling toward the opposite sex into pleasurable feelings" by means of electrical stimulation (through implanted electrodes) of the septal region of the brain.

An editorial comment in the *British Medical Journal*

(1969:4) praises German investigators for destroying portions of the brain of three male homosexuals, resulting in a "distinct and sustained reduction in the level of sexual drive" and all other drives, of course, though they are unmentioned," comments Peter Breggin.

Don Jackson again writes, in *Gay Sunshine*, that Dr. Walter Freeman announced at a Press Conference in Berkeley, California, that he had "severed the frontal lobes of Gay inmates at Atascadero" (a state prison-medical facility). According to Jackson, these comments were reported in a January, 1972, issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The *Radical Therapist* article mentions a Dr. Hunter Brown of Santa Monica, California, who is supposedly performing psychosurgery on "sexual psychopaths." Dr. Hirose of Japan, according to Peter Breggin, recommends mutilating the brains of "delicate, warm-hearted, conscientious, enthusiastic, perfectionistic" people. How many of these are partial euphemisms for homosexuality?

Aversive conditioning therapy, no less popular than psychosurgery, is fast becoming a standard in the repertoire of the New Psychiatrist. The medium used to induce the conditioned response varies from drugs to electricity. Jackson's article reports the use of electricity in the "Errorless Extinction of Penile Responses" which is used as a "cure" for homosexuality. This treatment consists of wiring the penis and giving the patient an electric shock if he responds by erection to photos of naked males. A similar process is the subject of an article by N. McConaghy in the *British Journal of Psychiatry* (Nov. 1970).

Dr. Lee Birk of Harvard Medical School reports, in the *Archives of General Psychiatry* (Oct. 1971) notable success in "suppression through punishment" of homosexual behavior among a group of eight men given mild shock treatments and group therapy.

Dr. Nathaniel McConaghy reports, in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* (March 1971) the use of electricity in "aversion-relief" therapy. "14 slides were made for each pa-

tient of words and phrases he considered evocative of aspects of homosexuality that he found exciting. These slides were projected at ten-second intervals. The patient read each one aloud. As soon as he finished reading he received a painful electric shock through electrodes attached to his fingertips. Following the 14 slides, one was projected that related to aspects of normal sexuality." (emphasis mine) Each patient received a total of 1,050 shocks during treatment.

MacCulloch and Feldman report a different method of treatment (*British Medical Journal*, 1967:2). With this method "the patient viewed a slide of a man and was instructed to leave it on as long as he found it attractive. After eight seconds he received an electric shock if he had not removed the slide by means of a hand switch with which he was provided. The shock continued until he removed the slide."

As the pharmaceutical industry grinds out new and better drugs, these are rapidly being absorbed into aversive conditioning therapy programs. This is the case of succinylcholine, and apomorphine.

Succinylcholine as a modifier of "acting-out" behavior at Atascadero was the subject of an article in the July, 1970, issue of *Clinical Medicine*. The article suggests that the use of this drug is an economical and time-saving method of controlling aggressive behavior. Succinylcholine is ordinarily used before electroshock treatment to decrease the danger of injury to patients through bone breakage.

"The general psychological effect is production of a decidedly unpleasant and fearful sensation. Succinylcholine offers an easily controlled quick acting, fear-producing experience during which the sensorium is intact and the patient rendered susceptible to suggestion." Within 34 to 40 seconds after the injection, the drug causes paralysis of, among other organs, the diaphragm.

"After respiration stopped, the talking phase of the treatment began. Both negative and positive suggestions spoken in a confident, authoritarian manner were made by the male technician. The negative suggestions concerned the obliteration of unacceptable behaviors such as fighting and stealing. Positive suggestions focused upon the patient's becoming involved with patient government, taking individual responsibility, and increasing constructive socialization. These suggestions continued throughout the period of apnea (asphyxiation) until the patient could verbally respond to the technician."

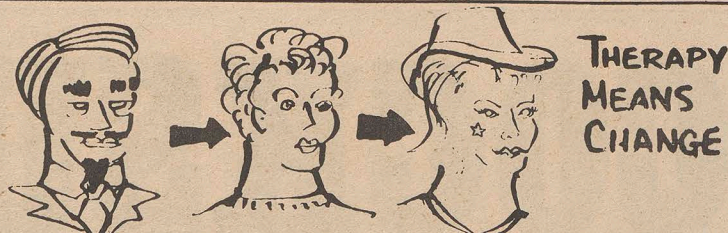
Succinylcholine was administered to 90 male patients at Atascadero State Hospital. The criteria of selection varied but included persistent physical or verbal abuse, deviant sexual behavior, and lack of cooperation and involvement with the individual treatment program prescribed by the patient's ward team." According to Clinical Director Dr. Michael Serber, the drug was used "as a punishment."

Dr. Nathaniel McConaghy discusses, in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* (March, 1971), the use of "apomorphine aversion" with 40 "voluntary" outpatients. With apomorphine aversion, the subject was initially given a subcutaneous injection of 1.5 mg. of apomorphine. After a variable interval, usually about eight minutes, he began to feel nauseated.

"Severe nausea lasting ten minutes without vomiting was aimed for and the dose was constantly



Institutions



adjusted throughout treatment to maintain this response. (italics mine) The patient timed the onset of the nausea. One minute before its expected onset he switched on a slide projector and viewed a slide of a nude or a partly nude man. Before the nausea reached its maximum he turned off the projector. Twenty-eight such treatment sessions were administered at two-hour intervals over five days. Each patient was hospitalized for this period."

Drugs and hormones have been used in more direct, less imaginative ways to "curb" homosexuality. This is the case of Prolixin Ethanate (at least according to some sources) thioridazine, anti-testosterone, and female hormones.

Dr. Michael Serber, Clinical Director of Atascadero State Hospital in California, describes prolixin, according to Jackson, as "one of the common tranquilizers." He describes the effects: "You just sedate the hell out of somebody to the point where they can't move very well." "You get dried out, you might develop some side reaction such as ataxia, difficulty walking, a tremor, blurred vision, dizziness, low blood pressure."

A letter to the *Berkeley Barb* offers a different description of the effects of the drug, from the perspective of some one who has felt them: "After two days on this drug, I became very nervous. I couldn't sit still, lay down, or walk with any steadiness. I would try to write a letter but could not keep my thoughts straight, and my concentration was completely lost. Sleep was impossible, and I was constantly tired and very confused. In a seven month period, I never slept more than three hours on any given night."

John Lastala, a former Atascadero patient, offers another personal perspective: Prolixin "seems like it is destroying your mind." The experience is "like you're dying... They tell you if you're ever caught having sex in here again, you won't get the anti-dote."

Dr. Serber does not favor prescribing this drug. However, before his arrival at Atascadero, in 1971, 706 injections of Prolixin Ethanate were administered, according to Dr. T. L. Clanton, Assistant Superintendent of Psychiatric Services.

Dr. L.J. Litkey, et. al., discuss, in the *International Journal of Neuropsychiatry* (Jan-Feb 1967), the use of thioridazine as an approach to "the control of homosexual practices." According to Dr. Litkey, "The absence of accepted sexual outlets often leads to forms of deviant behavior, notably homosexuality, in which the strong take advantage of the weak. Homosexuals are of two kinds, the active homosexual playing the male role in the sexual act and the passive homosexual playing the role of the female..."

"Efforts to curb such aberrant behavior have generally



involved restraints, isolation or sedatives, but none of these has been more than a stop gap." (!) Litkey suggests thioridazine. This drug "was known to be effective" in the treatment of schizophrenics, and anxious depressives and, because of its ejaculation-inhibiting effect, an effective treatment for premature ejaculation and nocturnal emissions. Because of its effect of "strong inhibition of sexual preoccupation and activities" Litkey proposed that it would be effective in controlling homosexual activities.

Thioridazine was administered to 12 male homosexual inmates of the New Jersey State Hospital in Trenton. These inmates had been transferred from state prisons and reformatories because of "mental illness complicated by troublesome behavior." Within a week after the administration of this drug (three times daily) the number of reported "homosexual acts" greatly decreased.

"Each patient referred spontaneously to a diminished sexual preoccupation and while some of them welcomed the change, others resented it." Litkey lists several cases, one of a 20 year old schizophrenic who, when interviewed, said, "It changed my nature." When asked to explain further, "he admitted that in the past he had experienced a pleasurable sensation from intromission when he assumed the female role but that this was no longer true, and he was glad to be able to avoid the practice."

Once again according to Jackson, Dr. Seymour Levine of Stanford University spoke at the MCHR symposium in L.A. about the use of anti-testosterone and female hormones with male inmates. The effect of the first is an irreversible atrophy of the testicles and is thus called "chemical castration." The second causes the beard to fall out, fatty tissue to develop, as well as large mammary glands. Both are used in California prisons to curb aggressive behavior associated with strong sexual drive and homosexuality.

This almost endless list of atrocities raises some very important political and ethical questions about psychiatry.

Firstly, it is to be noted that a great deal of the treatments described here were used in connection with male prisoners. (As is usually the case in professional journals, discussion of female homosexuality is rare.) It has become quite the vogue, in certain professional circles, to devise various and brilliant techniques for solving, by incapacitating those incarcerated in one way or another, the management problems of state and federal institutions. One group of doctors would like to see these techniques extended to the society at large.

(continued on page 22)

ABC's

OF THE

AMERICAN CREAM MACHINE



In the last issue of FAG RAG we called for correspondence from prisoners and happily received the following from an inmate at the Billerica House of Correction. The author gives neither an intimate sex diary nor an expose of prison oppression but rather a general analysis of sex (and specifically homosexuality). Hopefully in printing this we will encourage other prisoners to write us.

In the past ten thousand years we have learned how to lengthen human lives but we have found no way to delay human puberty. As a result, between the economics of the city and the taboos of society we have created a monstrous sexual ethic. To mention the most notorious paradox: It is not economically convenient for the adolescent to marry; it is not morally correct for them to have sex outside of marriage. Solutions to this man-made problem range from insistence upon total chastity to a vague permissiveness which allows sexuality if those involved are "over 21" "mature," "sincere," etc. Until this generation, moralists could argue with perfect conviction that there was only one correct sexual equation: man plus woman equals baby. All else was vice. But one-half of the world lies in famine and if Pope Paul's yet unborn guests are allowed to attend the "banquet of life," the equation has been changed to read: Man plus woman equals baby equals famine. If the human race is to survive, population will have to be reduced drastically, if not by nuclear war then by law. In any case, it is no longer possible to maintain that those sexual acts which do not create a child are unnatural; unless, to strike the eschatological note, it is indeed Nature's will that we perish through sheer numbers.

Homosexuality is now being taken for granted. Yet though there is considerable awareness nowadays of what people actually do, the ancient somewhat ambivalent hostility of society persists; like *Time* magazine's diagnosis of homosexuality as a "pernicious sickness"—like influenza or opposing the war in Vietnam. Yet from the beginning, social attitudes on this subject have been confusing. On the one hand, nothing must be allowed to deflect man the father from his procreative duty. On the other hand, man the warrior

is more apt than not to perform homosexual acts. What was undesirable in peace was often a virtue in war, as the Spartans recognized in inventing the "buddy system" In general, it would seem that the more warlike the tribe, the more opportunistic the sexual response. "You know where you can find your sex," Frederick the Great said to his officers, "in the barracks." Of all the tribes, significantly, the Jews alone were consistently opposed not only to homosexuality but any acknowledgement of the male as an erotic figure. But in the great world of pre-Christian cities, it never occurred to anyone that a homosexual act was less "natural" than a heterosexual one. It was simply a matter of taste. From Archilochus to Apuleius, this acceptance of the way people actually are is implicit in what the writers wrote.

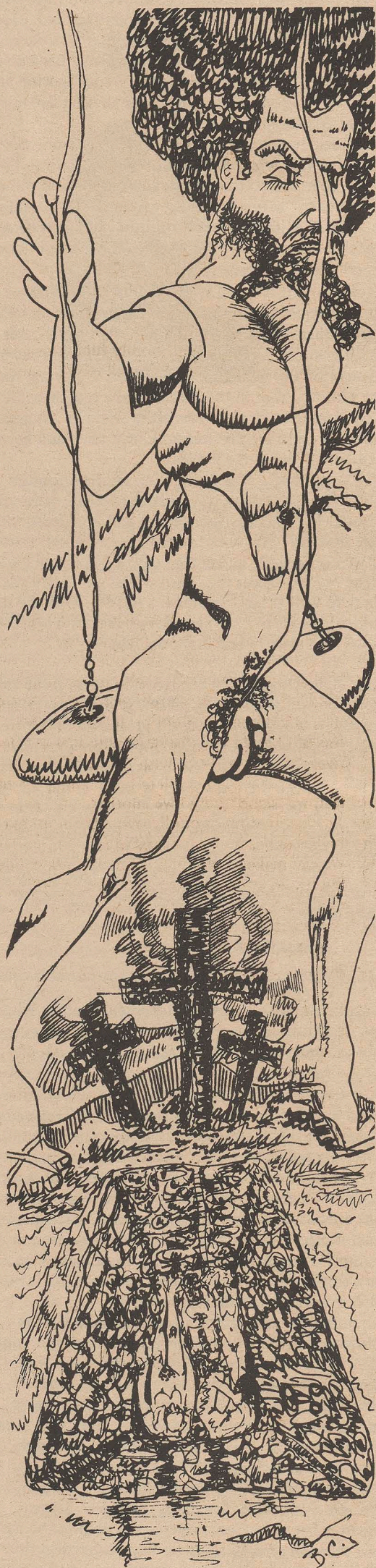
Opportunity and habit incline us toward this or that sexual object. Since additional children are no longer needed, it is impossible to say that some acts are "right" and others are "wrong." Certainly to maintain that a homosexual act is antisocial or neurotic is nonsense, of the sort that psychiatry purveys when it claims that it can "cure" homosexuals, as if this was somehow desirable, like changing Jewish noses or straightening Negro hair.

In a single generation, science has changed many old assumptions. Economics has changed others. Sexual experiment is becoming more open. Yet despite the new freedoms that the pornographers reflect, the world they show, though closer to human reality than that of the moralists, reveals a new illness: the powerlessness that most people feel in an overpopulated and overorganized society. The will to prevail is a powerful one, and if it is not fulfilled in work or in battle, it may find an outlet in sex.

Meanwhile, effort must be made to bring what we think about sex and what we say about sex and what we do about sex into some kind of realistic relationship. Indirectly, the pornographers do this. They recognize that the only sexual norm is that there is none. Therefore, in a civilized society law should not function at all in the area of sex except to protect people from being "interfered with" against their will. We must be as we are, like those Fun house mirrors which, even as they distort and mock the human figure, never cease to reflect the real thing.

COCKSUCKING

AS AN ACT OF
REVOLUTION



One thing clearly separates faggots from men: we suck cock and take it up the ass. (We share this practice with quite a few women--particularly those outside the middle class such as prostitutes.) Along with lesbians many of us also use our tongues as often as we can to kiss and caress the erotogenic zones of our lovers. My tongue in another mouth ("French-kiss") or ass ("rimming") communicates love more concretely than (tongue breaking air) words can.

Yet attend a gay male liberation meeting, lecture, read a gay male book, newspaper, or broadside; go to a gay male bar, see a drag show, cruise the block, park or movie. Go anywhere among us faggots and our most common experience is the least talked about thing. Or if talked about, we do so in a guilty, ashamed way--as though we're doing something "naughty," shocking or nasty.

In part our silence is only good sense. Sexuality, sensuality and love can be destroyed by too much talking (tongue tiring, muck making words). But this silence also comes from two things laid on us by the nuclear-family, straight-world system: power-hierarchy and puritanism.

POWER HIERARCHY

We often accept the straight man's assumption that our sex acts in themselves express subordination. Straight men consider our love and sensual expressions as debasing, menial, declassing, servile and degrading. We sometimes share their values and mix our love and sexuality with power.

In the power system, the paragon of power is the straight man (usually white, always middle class). We are expected to ask him for sex before he would ask; at least this is the presumption in a lot of places. The laws against solicitation, fine only us for asking; and social custom backs up these laws. There are many "manly" declarations that if a faggot touches me, "I'll punch his teeth down his throat," "He'll be sorry," etc.

We are, nonetheless, oddly the object of rape. For a man to make another take his cock is considered the most utter form of submission that can be exacted. And it is often exacted. Older boys will often force younger ones; frat houses will sometimes make pledges fellate members. And I have seen gangs of college students from Northeastern go into the Fenway to gang fuck and beat faggots. Then in prison, *Fortune in Men's Eyes* and all that is fairly accurate. Prison amplifies outside society: if you receive another man's penis in your mouth or ass you are declassed.

Among ourselves, we fall into a similar power game, pecking order, hierarchy. In a faggot bar, a cocksucker is considered less honorable than a cocksuckee (our language doesn't even have a word for it--nor a single word for "a male who takes it up the ass" and "one who puts it up the ass of another male"). Living within a capitalist bourgeois society, we tend to compete not to be best at our thing (cocksucking, etc.) but to seem most straight.

Asking first is always considered lessening: some people will not go with someone who asks them because they assume the person is much too inferior. In *Come Out*, Perry Brass wrote: "Cruising is one of the great male chauvinist games: I can be tougher than you can be. I can hold out longer than you can hold out. I don't need you. I can't open up to you until you open up to me.... there are always the same roles.... We could begin with the extreme caricature of masculinity who believes that it is below his masculine dignity to ever approach anyone else. He will usually stand like the steadfast tin soldier for hours on end, wondering why this isn't his particular night. Next to him is the aggressive animal, the tiger stalking his way through the situation, looking at everyone but not looking at anyone. He is really looking for that perfect fulfillment of some adolescent sex fantasy (referred to as his 'type')...."

The "type" is invariably straight--some version of Tarzan, John Wayne, Mick Jagger, or Che Guevara--and usually "first world" (pink with blue

eyes). Even if your "type" isn't of the bourgeois ruling class, he usually has been formed from the image of a ruling person--a big brother, father, cousin, first sex partner or other "male identification" figure.

Rhetoric about femme-identification never matches practice. Within either the faggot subculture or the gay movement, femme identified males are least listened to, least sought after and least loved.

In being conditioned to love men, we tend to despise ourselves and other faggots. We are often super-critical of our "sisters" or peers. We rarely ever resort to fighting, and when drunk we are markedly less aggressive than straights. But *Boys in the Band*--dishonest and unrepresentative in so many ways--nonetheless presents an honest picture of how some faggots can "read each other's beads." Even the quotation of Perry Brass above has a note of this (like so much of our movement writings and meeting). We censure one another eagerly--our bars, meetings, customs, etc.--but toward straights we often show the most remarkable compassion, understanding and love. Our compassion is our strength and should be extended. But we have to stop putting each other down; that is not the way out of our oppression. At best we might become lace curtain rather than shanty faggots, but we won't be free. We must extend more love toward ourselves and other gay brothers and sisters.

The male identification with the hierarchical and power tripping world destroys love itself; the sensual and pleasurable tends to be forgotten. Sex, sensuality, our bodies, and their parts should all feel wonderful and beautiful. But our power hungry, ego-tripping male civilization teaches us that everything is power. The desire for power over others, the will to "rule," subject or enslave has curdled and nearly destroyed sexuality and sensuality. Particularly for men love becomes almost impossible as every act tends to be measured out in some pecking order.

Men tend to measure themselves by their power--not their ability to love. They order their lives by force--not by cohesion, togetherness or support. Their sexual politics takes its purest form in rape. In "forceful" rape, men use their muscles, power or some weapon (knife, club or gun) to make another person submit to their will. We faggots too often tend to lust after such men: uniformed killers (soldiers, sailors, marines, etc.), construction workers, musclemen, sportsmen, etc. All become identified with their use of force; and this force is measured in our society by their ability to rape a woman.

We faggots escape rape only by straight-fronting--that is, trying to pass as straight men--in other words, we try to disguise ourselves as rapists. Transsexuals, transvestites, "known"/"obvious" homosexuals and young boys (in descending order) share with women either first hand knowledge of rape or continual fear of attack.

Because of our culture's anti-intellectualism, we respect intellectual power less, but wit and thought are no less a means of power and rape than brawn and muscle. Men use their minds to manipulate women and weaker men to submit to them. The art of "love" for men (see Ovid's *Art of Love*) is exactly the same thing as the art of ruling (see Machiavelli's *Prince*). Men use their wit and skill to maneuver another person into an under-position (subordinate). In our society, women are forced to remain less wise than men; they are tracked on a channel from nursery to old age which weakens their intellectual (as well as their physical) capacities. Likewise, "effeminate" men are encouraged to pursue poetry, hairdressing, music, dress design, dance, libraries, nursing, or a similar field. Like women, we are thus made all the more vulnerable to men.

In seeking partners (usually subjects for rape), men always seek those seemingly dumber than they are. Young women and boys are particularly appealing because the older man just by his age has picked up a few tricks and some experience that allow him to subdue the younger person. And women know that to "please" a man, you have not only to be shorter but also seemingly stupider. Men "love" to "teach" but

LICK DICK IN '72

THE NATIONAL COALITION OF GAY ORGANIZATIONS (Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 22213) has issued a call for gay people all over the nation to come to Miami Beach to present gay demands to the Democratic Platform Committee July 13. They have organized a national network of Greyhound buses which will converge in a caravan on the beach. Those planning to go from Boston are expected to reach New York City by July 7 for an 8:30am departure. They warn that, "The Greyhound people are not gay, and they are used to doing things ON TIME!!"

they fear at all costs learning or listening because knowledge for them is only power--not something good in itself but a tool for rape. Valerie Solanas says that "The male, although able to understand and use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to grasp them emotionally; he does not value knowledge and ideas for their own sake (they're just means to ends) and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potentialities of others. On the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignorance; he knows that an enlightened, aware female population will mean the end of him."

When we complain about over-intellectualization, abstraction or ideology within the movement, we faggots (like women) are not saying, let's all be incompetent, stupid and untrained--we are saying to straight men and to straight-identified faggots: DON'T RAPE US.

Our society considers sex and love much less important than power and prestige (a mark of ruling); consequently, we tend to look down upon sex and everything connected with it as inferior. Both straight men and women seem to agree that sexual objectification degrades the object. Men giggle and believe they are making women less worthy in perceiving them as sex toys, and women feel put upon by such male chauvinist, power, ego-tripping behaviour. Straight men likewise prefer not to be seen as sexual objects--particularly not as sexual objects for faggots.

Of course, straight men like to appear strong and powerful to other men. The parts of their sexuality which they cherish are their marks of power--big cock, hairy chest, bulky muscles. But they try to repress or hide any joy they might have in being "beautiful"--particularly for other males. They fear homosexuality with such depth in part because it unmistakably involves their being sexual-beauty-love objects.

Gay males have internalized our culture's fear of sex. Although we generally like to be seen as sexual objects, gay men often ask the question of why other men only love them for their body and never themselves. Besides underlining our self-doubts about our bodies, such a question uncovers our feeling that the body is less worthy than the mind. For instance, we usually identify people by their face because it holds the brain--our organ of administration and ruling. (Some pink people, however, can't tell other colored faces apart because they can only conceive of pink people ruling; likewise some gay men can't tell one woman from another.) We need to get away from this authoritarianism. Why not diffuse our admiration to the throat, bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and many other flaps, crevices and parts of the body. Why not remember other faggots by their cock or ass; for some the latter all look alike, which means not that they look alike but that those people don't look at these parts very much. Some in shame even hide them.

As faggots the burden of this puritanism is very great. One of our responses is to continuously deny these dirty parts and the things we do with them or that straights fantasize we do. They say we are dirty; we act super clean. The order and cleanliness in many a gay house is often astonishing (although not always, a friend claims he is both a slut and a slob), and there is a stereotype (partly accurate) about our obsessive fear of dirt and disorder. I have been criticized for my fastidious standards in washing dishes.

Another related response is to perfume it up: with flowers, velvet, brocaded laces, lamps and other art, art-nouveau objects. There is a partly true myth about our being such good hair-dressers, clothing designers and interior decorators.

A contrary response--the super-"dirty"--springs from the same source as our "prissiness." Sex becomes as filthy as Puritans say it is; we grovel in it as though committing some horrible, forbidden unforgivable crime. We use cocksucking, rimming, taking it up the ass, licking balls and other physical acts less as means to pleasure and expressions of love than as ways to contaminate ourselves.

In our culture we are taught to belittle if not fear and loath any interact between mouth, cock, shit, semen, tongue, piss--or any body parts and secretions. The bourgeois have even invented a code language so they don't even have to say the words in English. The bourgeois expectorate, never spit; they urinate, never piss; they defecate, never shit; they intercourse, never fuck.

They have built a whole industry (one among many) to overcome sweat (or perspiration in bourgeois). Body odor in so many other

animals arouses love; lovers get off, get hot on each others' smells. *Right Guard, Seven Day Deodorant Pads, Mum for under the arms, Arid, Brute, and Ban.* Then for the mouth--filthy orifice--*Scope (who would dare tell you), Listerine, Lavis, Micrin, Colgate 100.* Now we even have crotch-spray and probably on the way, ass-sprays. I have sucked cocks and balls dusted with Johnson & Johnson's Baby Powder (smells sweeter than it tastes) and other such disguises.

Our anal culture that values money and possessions so much obviously cannot stand body secretions. Shit seems to be the worst thing of all. You shit-head, you shit, shit on you; tough shit, shit list, don't shit on me; don't expect me to clean up your shit; I've taken enough shit; the shit really hit the fan; the shit's coming down.

Our discomfort about sex and shit come not from their inherent qualities--but from our culture. Fourier, the French socialist, recognized that many people (particularly children) are quite attracted to shit and provided for this feeling in his phalanx. I've always felt a little uncomfortable about sucking someone's cock after they had been fucking me in the ass, especially when they demanded it in a "degrading" way. Yet after doing it a few times; and after a few spontaneous rimming--both being rimmed and rimming--I found most of the feelings about shit came from the taboo, not the actual physical presence of shit itself. And once in a memorable experience I really got into shit and sex with another man; we shared our secretions--sweat, shit, semen--and made them part of our love--through passion and feeling without either demand or coercion; I found our loving both meaningful and sensuous. Who's to say, what we did was wrong?

Shit you might say is dirty, smelly and germ carrying. True, but so also the rest of our body. Many common diseases spread through mouth to mouth contact but we still generally kiss without revulsion. And much of the tabu against semen has no biological or other "scientific" basis. Semen itself comes out clean relatively tasteless and odorless, a little sticky but otherwise inoffensive to touch. Yet how little we love it. I've never known anyone comment on the distinctive taste between the semen of a sober and drunk male; we generally don't talk about it. I have had another man passionately make love to me, suck my cock, but when I climaxed in his mouth, he ran to the bathroom and gargled. I felt somewhat squeamish myself when I had reached an orgasm in someone else's mouth and he held it and french-kissed me and we swallowed the semen together. I guess he sensed my uptightness because he caressed me gently and we relaxed; the experience became very warm (the semen, our tongues, our bodies) memorable. Wherever he is now, I love him for what he gave me.

Our anxiety and fear about these things drives us into obscenity and pornography. I don't condemn porno bookshops with their picture after picture of nude men bulging muscles and penises; these publications are generally more interesting than the *National Geographic* or *Reader's Digest*. Better to at least recognize what

(Continued on p. 20)

A REVOLUTIONARY

APPROACH TO OUR BODIES

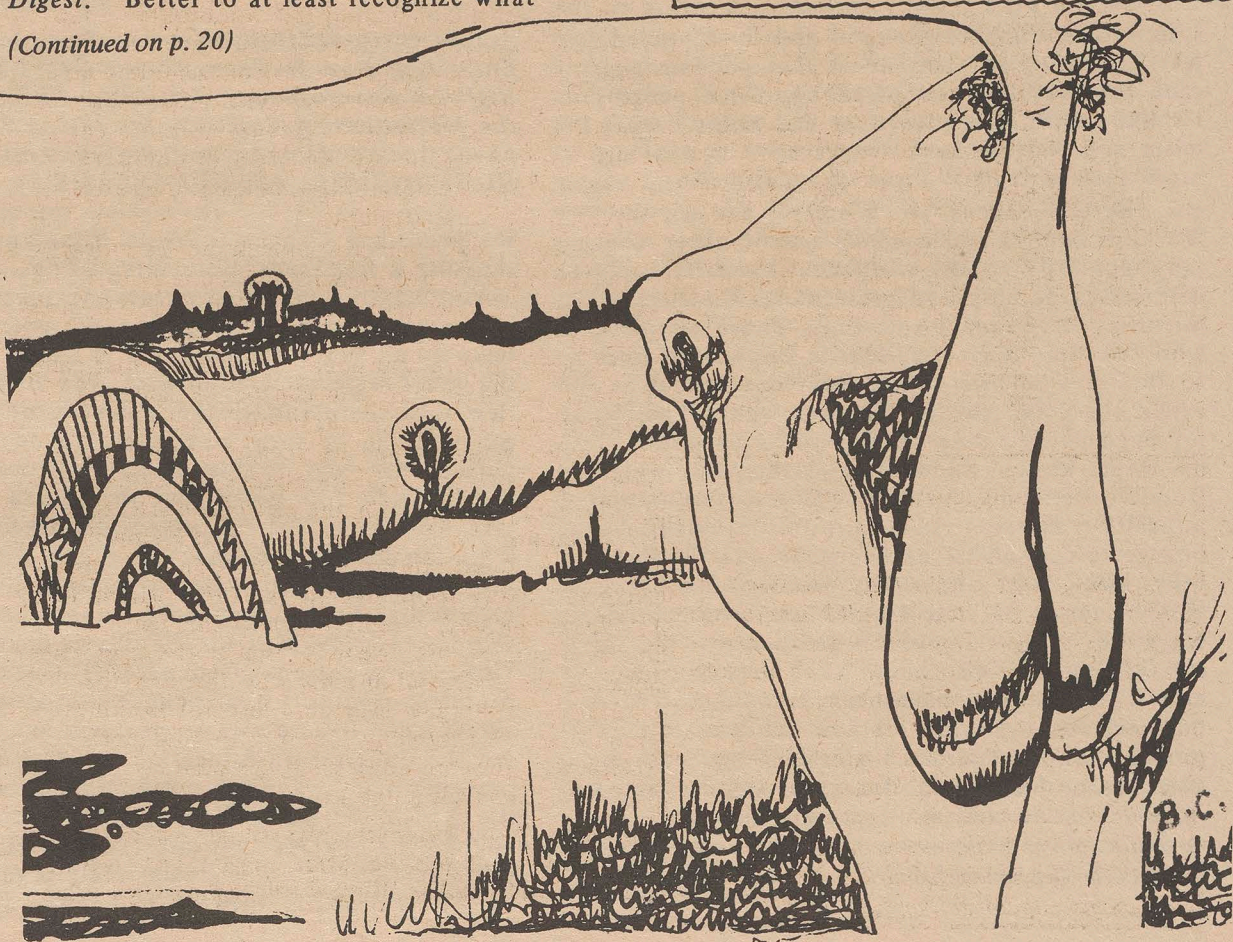
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SEX

We have told the world that Gay is proud and have smashed the self-hatred so often associated with Gay culture. We all hope that this change is permanent. Yet on another level, self-hatred is still with us. We Gay males, like all human beings, have a basic contempt and disgust for our bodies, our bodily functions and especially our sexuality. We hide our bodies, especially our genitals, with cloth. We are revolted by our organic by-products (piss and shit) and hide behind closed doors when it becomes necessary to dispose of them. Sexuality still carries the greatest shame. With the exception of actual sexual encounters, we go to great lengths to conceal a hard-on--even if it is not associated with sexual desire. Most of us would be extremely embarrassed if observed masturbating and still feel some guilt when physically loving ourselves. We deny our physical love to our friends because they may not have the physical appearance which we passionately seek to make us forget the hatred of our own bodies.

The process of dealing with physical self-hatred will not be as simple as lifting our heads high and proclaiming our pride. But surely this self-hatred must be dealt with just as effectively as we have dealt with the other. Until we love ourselves completely, including the physical, we cannot truly love another.

Examination of our lives in relation to our bodies exposes a wide range of positive actions. We can make a conscious effort to remain nude in our homes where the function of clothing (warmth and protection) is not needed. Open bathroom doors could become the habit rather than our closed door tradition. Fear of being observed masturbating can only be overcome by having it happen a few times, not that we should make a public display but that the cautions we take to maintain privacy could be abandoned. The same is true of our sexual relations with lovers. Lastly we can begin to broaden our sexual experience and change our patterns of ego-building and ego-supporting relationships by taking advantage of opportunities for group sex within already defined groups such as collectives, roommates, consciousness-raising groups or circles of friends. More thought and especially action will yield many more possibilities.



"Out, Out, Damn

A very dramatic letter, in five acts of gross indignity, presented in open forum, for the edification of the Venceremos Brigade folks.

Cast of characters (in order of appearance):

Patrick Wiggleknife, a lowly Faggot Who Fortunately Knows How to Type

Red Bird McThane, Great Red Bird of Right-on Revolutionary Rhetoric

Gail, Bestest Machetera in the West Witch Lois, Woman Witch Which Saved My Ass Sandy, Witch of Blackness and Sorceress of Light Jackie, Witch of Blood and Spitfire

Assorted Friends and Many More Assorted Enemies of Gay Revolution

Dear Venceremos Brigade Folks: "A prologue Told By a Lowly Faggot, Full of Sound and Fury, Signifying Plenty."

My name is Patrick Wiggleknife. Like most of your imaginary stereotypes of theatrical people, I am a homosexual. Let me make it clear what I'm talking about. This letter is not a statement *against* anything -- you, Cuba, "The Revolution," Marxism, or any of those words. It is a specific reaction (mine) on a specific topic (homosexuality) in a specific situation (the 4th Contingent, Venceremos Brigade). I definitely have a bone to pick with you folks. I was selected to participate in the Venceremos Brigade, Fourth Contingent, by the Seattle Regional Committee. I was in Cuba from March until June of 1971, and I cut one fuck of a lot of sugar cane to "express my solidarity with the Cuban Revolution." I don't really much care at this point what your prejudices are about homosexuals or the Gay Movement. I'm not responsible for the fact that you haven't done your homework on the subject. As a bona fide homo sapiens who was a worker in a socialist society, I *assume* I have a few rights. My Marxist theoretical perspectives may not be up to snuff according to your standards, but I don't recall Karl writing about liberation for some oppressed peoples. I believe that, if for no other reason than I was a homosexual with the Brigade, I can speak as someone who has experienced oppression. You folks are a little slow cleaning up your messes, and I'm getting a little tired of smelling that mess since it seems to have ended up in my laundry. I definitely think it's time to do the wash.

Act of Gross Indignity Number One, scene i: "I Come to Drink to the General Joy of the Whole Table."

I arrived in Cuba bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, just itching to cut *arobas* of that goddam sugar cane for the liberation of all oppressed peoples. I'd like to criticize myself at this point. Optimism and Naivete have always been two of my more serious faults. I saw the Third World caucus, the G.I. caucus, the Women's caucus, the Worker's caucus and a whole list of other cauci (any similarity to the word cock-eyed is purely deliberate) develop and grow under the careful nurturing of Cuban leadership. Those people who felt that they experienced oppression due to their sexual orientation formed a caucus called the Gay caucus. The very word "gay" inflamed every thane on the island to wield his magic knife. Suddenly evil chants appeared from nowhere in a deluge. "Divisive, unnatural, unhealthy, *maricon*, sick, cultural imperialism, bourgeois capitalistic decadence" and a host of other two-, four- and six-bit words came flying at the caucus. I wasn't quite sure what all them big words meant, but the witches whispered to me that nobody else knew what they meant either. We faggots have been kindling for witch burnings for centuries. It was not therefore surprising that the witches I met in Cuba were my consorts, and sisters in struggle. At any rate, we rapidly got the message that particular elements in camp were interested in denying us our rights to speech and assembly.

Act I, scene ii -- Enter Gail, Bestest Machetera in the West Witch. "Barefaced power swept her from my sight."

I really didn't think too much about it until a few days later while cutting cane with Gail as my partner. Gail, five foot and stout though she might be, had a reputation for being among the fastest and most hard-working cutters of us all. Why, she was known to have cut alongside the biggest, broadest, toughest, fastest male cane-cutters on the Brigade and beat them to the end of the row. When she cut with me, she was invariably ahead. That's why it surprised me so to look up and see Gail's row uncut. Gail was nowhere in sight, until I looked behind me. I found my beautiful and diligent sister sitting down by herself in the cane fields crying. "What's wrong?" sez I. Sez she, "I can't stand it. They won't even treat Gays like they are people." Then Gail and I had a good cry right there, but it was a short cry because we were afraid people would see we were not cutting cane and think we were interfering with production or something. The last thing we needed was another accusation hooked on us, so we dried up and started whacking cane real fast-like. It was then that the odor of shit first hit my nostrils.



3RD BRIGADE 1970

Act of Gross Indignity Number Two, scene i -- Enter Red Bird McThane, Great Red Bird of Right-on Revolutionary Rhetoric. "Bring forth the Machoterrors, Children, for thy undaunted power should compose nothing but real males." UUGGGGHHHH, BBLUUUCCCKKK

We got a few Cubans to begin listening to us and showing a few seeds of understanding. The Gay caucus began meeting in earnest to plan for a presentation to be given in general assembly, the same as all the other caucuses in camp. Before the plans were even underway, Red Bird McThane flew into camp (under the influence of evil magic, you can be sure) and uttered a decree dropping all over our freshly laundered work clothes. Cuban leadership stated that the Cuban delegation would not "be interested" in hearing a presentation by the Gay caucus. When we asked, just for clarification, you understand, if this meant that no Cubans would be allowed to attend the presentation, Red Bird McThane answered, "Yes." The reasons given were: 1) Cuba had no problems regarding homosexuals. That one really threw me. If there was no problem, why in hell did the Congress on Education and Culture spend precious time away from production to address the question? I will be talking, you can be sure, about the Congress a bit later. 2) Gay Liberation failed to fit into either a class analysis or Marxist theory. No one is sorrier than I that Karl was so

entrenched into sexist society that he failed to predict the birth of Gay Liberation or outline the full nature of sexist oppression. Alas, he did fail, and quite miserably, too. Just ask Mrs. Karl Marx for the inside dope on that one. His failure is not surprising, seeing as how he was straight. The class analysis threw me for a loop too. The G.I.s, the Third Worlders and the Women didn't exactly have the Good Housekeeping Seal of Working Class Solidarity embroidered on their underwear. At any rate, we didn't fit the theory you folks had rhetorated. Seeing as how Karl was a big important revolutionary theoretician and we were just a bunch of lowly faggots, it was much easier to adjust or change us than the theory, especially if all you had to do was deny us the right to a legitimate presentation. Red Bird McThane's shit was beginning to smell like out-and-out prejudice and discrimination, and that's a pretty bad smell for right-on revolutionaries to be a-dropping, now ain't it?

Nonetheless, the Gay caucus did get itself together enough to do a really fine presentation, complete with socialist analysis, platform statement, analysis of sexist oppression, original songs, skits and little fat Ronnie leading the group in some outrageously campy Gay cheerleads. Indeed, no Cubans were present, except

for two Cubans whom none of us had ever seen before. They sat quietly in the back and didn't introduce themselves or their purposes to us. At that point, I was paranoid enough, Gay ego mentally unbalanced enough to suspect collaboration of Red Bird McThane with counter-revolutionary magicians again. It sure did stink.

Act II, scene ii -- "All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this air."

The smell was beginning to be strong enough so as to be ever-present. It was particularly acrid about five in the afternoon, Cuban sun being what it is, and lingered heavily in my nostrils, increasing in intensity every time I took another goddamn swing at that goddam sugar cane with my goddam blistered hand. Somehow even Spirit of Collective Work Perfume was just a little too weak to cover more noxious odors. Splits? Division in the ranks? You bet, folks, splits aplenty. We had 'em a dime a dozen. The biggest of all was the split that started in the top of my little queer mind and ran all the way down to my Gay little toes. I was being split right down the middle. I had a choice. Either be one of them studly right-on revolutionaries and shut my mouth or continue being a little cocksucker with a mouth too big. At that point I failed to see any real options opening up for me anywhere since Xerox wasn't hiring faggots

Faggot»

the 4th venceremos brigade

on their executive board this year either. Yes, folks, that smell was really getting gross.

Act of Gross Indignity Number Three, scene i, —“The Congress was a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from conquistadores of oppressive Spain.”

But we weren't finished yet. Not even half-way around the track. Then came the grandest, biggest, brownest shitload yet, dropped square on the heads of every queer cane cutter in Cuba. This time, Red Bird McThane conspired with counter-revolutionary magicians in a fifty-gallon cauldron. He called himself the National Congress of Education and Culture. The witches stole the recipe and chanted it to me in secret. Here it is:

*Eye of maricon, blood of queer,
Add Song of Sappho, steeped in fear,
Spoon-feed Congress in dead of night,
Makes a bubbling batch of “Macho Delight”
Double trouble in the sugar cane stubble,
Faggot burn in Gaydom's rubble*

The hope was gone. The pass-off answers no longer worked. The contradictions blinked and

while, the Gay sons of macheteros who were cutting the cane themselves were stricken with fear and terror. I know. I was there. I talked at length with those Gay Cubans. I saw 18-, 19-, and 20-year-old Cuban Gay men go rigid with fear. I listened to the bitter, frightened stories, to the efforts they went through to remain secret. I saw the despair communicated in broken Spanish about what to do (nothing), where to go from here (nowhere). It was apparent that the Gay North Americans knew more about the problems of Gay Cubans than did the Congress itself. Yet to speak was to be a cultural imperialist. We did not know Cuban culture. We did not understand the situation of Gays in Cuba. We had no right to speak on the subject in spite of the fact that the line in Cuba was a very, very old re-run of the same shit we had been eating in the States for years, a line born and perpetrated in the minds of Western imperialists. You have been raping that line of shit ever since 16th Century imperialist Spain and before. It would appear that the oppressed Cubans have assumed the same characteristics and their former oppressors. Ruefully, an all-too-common male failing. It was definitely the same old song, eighty-seventh verse. The Congress sounded verbatim like my ninth grade health class in Port Angeles, Washington, good old U.S.A.

Cuba, First Free Territory in the Americas, land of my socialist dreams crumbling into so much dust

suitcases and split, then and there. I wish I had it to do over again. If we had left, the Venceremos Brigade would have rightfully been left to clean up every drop of shit that Red Bird McThane shat. Instead, we packed it up and carried it home with us in our heads and it's still sitting there in my dirty clothes hamper, festering and rotting. Yes, folks, we did the wrong thing. We should have told you where to get off.

ACT IV, scene ii — Enter Lois, Woman Witch Which Saved My Ass

Ugly things happened to us after the announcement of the Congress. Really ugly things. I came into my tent one night after hours of deliberation in the Gay caucus to find my entire tent was filled with cold staring straight men. My jefe was there, cold and staring, as were three Cubans from my work brigade. It was apparent that they had been working themselves up into a frenzy. Somehow, they had appointed one of them, a big tall six-foot-five tough-looking, acting and speaking one of them to be spokesman while the rest of them stared. Twenty silent eyes, silent mouths, as the leader proceeded to scream every indignity in the book. I was sick, puny, counter-revolutionary, disgusting, divisive, imperialistic, misinformed, the whole list from faggot to capitalist. I endured for a while as the entire camp woke up, wide-eyed, to listen to the tirade. I began to whisper, speak and finally shout. We would still be there shouting (or maybe I would be dead, I really don't know) if my good and braver than any of us comrade, Lois, hadn't come marching into the men's tent in her full fury of womanhood, and proceeded to break the whole fiasco up. I owe Lois one. A big one. The one ounce of Gay pride I had left I used feebly. I didn't leave the tent. I stayed right there in my bed all night, wide-eyed, very frightened and confused, but at least I hung on to my right to a cot to sleep in, having lost all others to the Venceremos Brigade. Oh, excuse me, I forgot one. I was granted the right to get up in the morning to face another day of sugar cane cutting. And folks, I did cut cane. I cut a lot of cane that day. Anger can take you down a long, long row of really tough spaghetti sugar cane.

Act IV, scene iii — Enter Sandy, Witch of Blackness and Sorceress of Light, and Jackie, Witch of Blood and Spitfire. “Treachery — fly good Sandy, grab your broom and fly, fly, fly.”

We had no Third World people in the Gay caucus until Sandy. All other Gay Third Worlders had been cut by the Brigade before we got there. One was my fine friend and very revolutionary comrade Larry. He had been cut by the Seattle regional committee. It was a good thing. Larry probably would have died in Cuba. The Third World caucus continually used our lack of Third World people to put us down, as if homosexuality were a white man's disease. Sandy was a fine Black Lesbian who had come to Cuba with Jackie, her long-time friend and lover. Sandy endured this whole ordeal without ever showing one sign of a crack. Her soul has to be made of cast iron. She was offered the choice of being Black or being Gay. The way it came down, she could not be both. As the oppression came down heavier and heavier on the Gay caucus, she swayed more and more of her support to us. After the Congress, she joined us. One Saturday night, the wachi pupa came. Jackie came up to me. I could tell she had had too much alcohol. She said, “I can't stand it. I'm forcing Sandy to deny her Blackness because of me. What should I do? I shrugged. What was there to do? Later that night, Jackie made an attempt on her life. She cut her wrists very severely with a razor blade. She called for me from her tent. I went. McThane wields a wicked razor. There it was, folks, blood. Running out of Jackie's arm right down onto her Cuban work boots. Talk about your contradictions! A picture is worth one hell of a lot more than ten thousand words! But then she didn't call out for you to come look at the picture, did she? Nope, folks, she did not. Nor did she call upon the revolutionary Cubans. Nor did she call out in solidarity with her class comrades. She called out for me, wherein lied the contradiction. But at that point, I was a single frightened scrawny little faggot. I

(continued on page 20)



GML's PROSPECTIVE 69TH BRIGADE

blared like a fifty foot neon sign. It was not true what we had been told. Cuba did indeed have the “Homosexual Problem.” Cuba was not too busy worrying about sugar cane production and feeding the masses to deal with the question as we had been told. The Congress did indeed deal with the question. We were sitting in the main dining hall when the announcement of the Congress came on the collective television set. Homosexuals had been pronounced “sick.” New efforts towards “rehabilitation” were to be instituted with the worst cases to be treated in rehabilitation camps. Homosexuals were to be purged from Cuban arts, were not to represent the Revolution at home or abroad. Gay Cubans in education were to be denied exposure to the youth, and purged from all educational circles. New efforts in sex education would teach the children “proper” ideas of human sexuality. The whole ugly, brown pile was dumped by Red Bird McThane on every Gay head in Cuba. Cubans in camp cheered and clapped, hooted and shouted hooray with many North Americans joining in on the fun. The Cubans and many North Americans, convinced that every Gay Cuban was directly out of the decadent ruling class, and spent all their time drawing pictures, drinking wine and putting down the Revolution (about on par with the old watermelon stereotype of Blacks), were convinced that justice had been done. Mean-

and false revolutionary rhetoric. There it was, O*P*P*R*E*S*S*I*O*N, systematic, institutionalized, as clear as a Cuban starry night, as subtle as a fucking freight train running me over again. There was no way left to hope, rationalize my coming or even struggle with the question. Clearly, we were not wanted nor had we ever been. “Get on down the road, faggot. We got no use for your kind here.” Red Bird McThane's third, gross, repugnant indignity came down and buried us in feces.

Act IV, scene i — “Aye, into the catalogue you go for he-men as hounds, mongrels, curs.”

The Gay caucus, pulling together with the bootstraps we didn't even have, went into closed meetings. It all becomes kind of a blur from here. What to do? What to say? Should we stay in Cuba and finish the tour? Should we go home? Clearly we were not wanted. We should ask to leave. What about solidarity? The Revolution? The political implications of splitting? We should stay. Back and forth, back and forth we went, stay, leave, stay, leave. The fifteen people in the Gay caucus felt every inch, every pound, every implication of the contradiction and the division at least five hundred times. We made the decision to stay. We were tired, confused, oppressed, afraid. I believe now we clearly made the wrong decision. We should have packed up our troubles in our

Gay Power

POEM FOR MICHAEL

an image
mirage
model man
grabs my neck
I falter follow him
watching him look back
faded blue jeans
tight ass
curly hair
silver belt

as he steps into sunset
quick to forget
I turn back
to my kitchen
and find

Greta Garbo
green shouldered
lavender skinned
eyelashed and gayly garnished
in a bean pot
and left over rouge
around teawater
on a gas range
when I was young
my white dotted chemise showing
reeds from Cleopatra's barge
and overblown clarinets
I remember
something so beautiful
I cried
fire in its orange
sunburst sting

a four-o'clock
bush revealing
reciprocating
my stare
I died then
what's left's a broken wine glass
dripping messages
across an English teapot
what've I got Daddy
burning my fingers
in Mommy's rhinestone grave
we were all brave
beauty's beasts twisting
silver chandeliers
scented sassafras
shrouds chosen for a kind
old lady
love and beauty
hurt and don't last
but who asks
pineapples, peaches
cherries or pumpkins
in their noonday sun
not to ripen.

I didn't retreat
into his arms.
He opened and I
folded in.
natural, easy.

So long since I've slept
on a man's chest.
slept sound.

HOT

You make me so hot
And I'm usually not

And I usually am at least once a week
And I'm usually weak and I go out and seek

The sex partner of the hour
And the last time I did

It was his mouth so hot
Where I'm usually not

That I came in a flash
Like a jackrabbit goes

But I felt so bad
When we nodded goodbye
Ignoring the sky
Above our dark eyes
And in yours
I mean his in that
Bathroom again

Him going undone
As I come and go most of the time

So I think I won't go there again
Ha, ha, famous last words
I haven't met you yet
But I think I will
I won't go there again
Until you come around

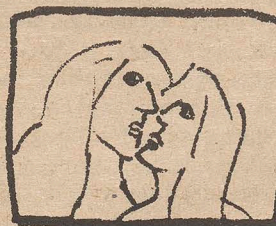
And then we'll be hot
Though we're usually not

I'm a frightened
animal, staring
into the barrel of a gun.
Scared to death but
deadly inquisitive.
I gaze at your body, ready
for it to explode.



THE DARK OF THE MOON. NOTHING

the dark of the moon. nothing
comes to fruition.
in the bars men
embrace,
their backs arching tight smiles.
the jukebox is too loud,
is laughter.
outside the trees are bare
and white, illuminated
by electric lamps.
talking to myself i hear
other voices. eight months
i have not loved another.



poem for my gay brothers

what we see nightly on our television screens is only part of it
interviews with fighter bomber pilots a newsmen dodging rockets
on the route to An Loc the secretary of state defending policy
to a panel of hypocrite senators who year after year supply money
to keep the bombs falling parades in the streets of Amerika
& commentators always note whether there is violence or non-
violence what we don't see is everything that happens there
where the bombs fall

or six of us sit together reading poems
the war again molasses in our throats setting like concrete till we lose our voices
we feel the distance among us in a safe room in a dangerous country
without control over our lives over our government over our planet
over our selves we talk to each other not knowing what to say
or what to do

it's not control we need we also don't need the little hets
who wave their cocks at us like gun barrels drop their shit like bombs
on our sisters and brothers maybe in Hanoi one of us gets up
"I need some daylight" he says "I'll come back if I can get my breath"
choking in that closed room it's not control we need we need each other
& space to breathe in alone & all together

I look around *this* room & see us
choking here or pretending to breathe when we can't it's hard to say to you
brothers & sisters we are all in this room together in this garrisoned
city where life goes on as usual & usual is more guns more
bombs more profits more competition more isolated individual souls
without control or power or peace or space to breathe & love & scream

lip cold
lip open
lip licked
lip swallowed

tongue warm
tongue extended
tongue swallowed
tongue tasting

cock limp
cock hard
cock extended
cock kissed

semen swelling
semen spurning
semen sprouting
semen swallowed

eye meets eye
sparkle meets sparkle
phone number meets phone number
meat meets meat



keep the mind out of this

not the marketplace standing in a line
beside bar stools or along the promenade
in Brooklyn Heights not wearing
just a towel in the bathhouse a body
for perusal & use not that auction
of clothing hairstyle crotchpadding cocksize

not the merging of spirits or contorted psyches
into a single butterfly acts of
consolidation of separate conglomerates
not the ecstasy the ascension
after 10 months of Fridays

only this physical act our bodies stripped
our souls wandering off somewhere else
bodies wet from lips & sweat
commitment to the animal in rutting time
the act gratuitous what there is to give
given without contract two imperfect physical selves
fleshly fronds brushed together in the night



The rest was sex.
the only real
love we made was
the tracing of
your thumb across
my bare arm.

WHEN ENVY

look at the shape of your fear.
touch it. polish its features
with the anxious knowledge
of the blind.
but do not compare.

when envy snaps the spine
and sparks short hate,
remember
what waits in the space
of two notes, coiled,
what strikes in that red silence.

like a lizard on the water,
lie and wait



the moon of the new arising

1.

it was a long winter
but the warm door
did open and
bring many friends
into human weather
it did do that and enclose a
certain creativity
this morning 7:22 AM
I felt it passing
through all of us

2.

can you see
flowers bloodless
for lack of real sun
all the houses empty
the funeral of the rose
in arrangements
these that symbolize their own death
a ghost town a hot wind
as i have seen
when the train comes
roaring out of the night
ghost train to ghost town
looking over that sacredness dreamscape
and finding peace
beyond in sunset sky
or no real charms
but that landscape
that we are alive in
allies in other living creatures
real
earth fire rain
fall

at least
what we stand on
firm on two feet
two legs body

fine wound spring of the sky
cycles,

He said his lover
would be jealous
but he lived with his sister
had sharkskin pants
a mustache
corderoy coat
we sucked each other
off-behind
an unmarked police car
we watched them
chase someone else
both of us lied
about everything
but we were clear on one thing
we enjoyed
each other.

"WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D"

There are times
When even the texture of the Rose is rough
Hole in the bottom of a Lake and water
all flowed out
I saw the shadow of a cloud
Flowing to the bank of dark

Lilac grown in clouds blown from wisteria
The flower
Purple by name and reputation
as the love our ancestor
Bore for a man with beard in black

"The Rain
the gift of nourishment
comes from above and
for it we must wait."

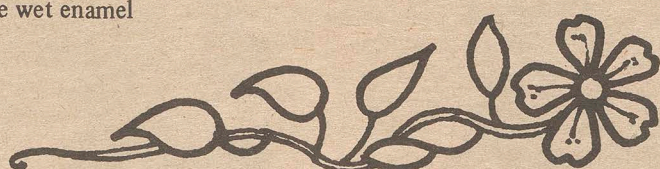
And when it falls
the sacrifices of the spring and fall
join us together
smoke and mist around the mountain

The star sets
And rises.

POEM

i do not have nightmares.
i dream of urinals
rising from dead leaves and mud,
cool, white and graceful,
reflected in small pools.

i am not afraid.
i feel a warm wind on my face and on my hands.
my hands turn like brown leaves.
they lay themselves on the wet enamel
and wait.



3.

or rather that
hopelessly degraded music
reaching out of earth-found things
come known as come
in the universe
learn lyric
of real mouth
that accepts all that love has
with words with lips
people are also of nature
cities not always so desolate
if you think that
people are also of that sexual form
and the land so free
and that when the laws
against love go out
their main objective the
masses
now in cities
few laws actually forbidding loneliness
and so we take advantage
and are lonely
but in cities
the sexual tension
is fluorescent and find
love in neon Ho Joes street light city
and find it while you can
for in consolidating
this revolution
we are on the frontiers of
a new sexuality
we are on the verge
my friend
of our love
that passes from one
to the others
and finds no
danger



A GUEST

You look at his mind
and what-the-hell
is going on.
You look at his hands
and choke on his life.

He says I would like to be hair
all over,
up to my eyes down to my eyes.
(bobbles his head
mutters and laughs to himself).

He says When I was in jail this cat
took someone into the bathroom
and slit open his lip held a cup and
filled it with blood.
He gave it to me.
I drank it. He asked me
What do you like and I said Blood.

His eyes peer at you
yellow and black.
Will he
murder you in your sleep, will he steal your
silver moon your magic robe?

He says These are the shaky limits
of your own sanity. I am
what you desired; what your desire is.

4.

no shore
my love
we can roll
my love
through the posies
that i aint never seen
because i can trust
your deep eyes
i can trust
and be and see
with your deep eyes

5.

and the honesty
knows no limits
clean filament
and an understanding of
that force
that makes a city run
it is
repressed
to look hard and listen
and begin to breathe again
you will hear its real heartbeat
and i shall have a garden of herbs and
mushrooms on the roof!
color so comes to a world
as such spring comes to it
my part at least
i dreamt once that
people had chlorophyll arms
and to eat they
just had to roll up
their sleeves
change reality
with what tools
they had
for now
and prepare for
spring thunder
cycle seasons
earth shadows

PUPPET SHOW

You are talking to me, very excited
yadda yadda yadda, words
skip from your mouth.
your eyebrows charge up, hands flutter:
all the signs of
a real interesting conversation.

Only I'm not listening.
I'm noticing how much your long hair
looks like a wig-a piece
stuck onto your face.
your face a puppet's-jaw moving
up and down, wood knocking wood.

I try to believe you're real (as you once were)
but I can't get beyond the little dance you do.
smiling, laughing, shaking your head.
you think I understand you.
I cover my face. You must not see
how completely love has left it.





Gay Liberation means to me the union of my mind and body so that I can transcend both of them.

In the following I trace my own struggle during my gay years (1967 to present). By so doing I hope to raise issues about gayness—my own and that of my gay brothers—that say something about what it means to grow up gay in America.

In my straight years, I repressed my homosexual feelings by ignoring my body. With gradual intensity until I came out at twenty-one, I considered myself only a "mind." The purer I could make my thoughts, the safer I was from the dark dirty feelings beneath my skin. As the years went by I did things that made my body seem more and more unimportant, like going to college where I didn't have to defend myself physically. I sealed myself into a library each night. At my metal table surrounded by bookshelves, my thoughts carried me into lofty realism. I wore loose drab clothes so people would recognize me by my head not my physique.

But there came a day when my eyes refused to focus on the words. My eyes turned from the page to the stretching, throbbing muscles around my library desk. My breathing got heavy and my cock hardened. I began to shake.

As if descending into hell, my body found its way that night into a bar called "Locker Room" (its name obvious enough for me to suspect) in Palo Alto. I went home with a Black who worked as a stock boy at Stanford. From that night on my body pushed myself out into gay life. Once having tasted freedom I refused to accept the enslavement to my mind which I had known for so many years. In gay bars in San Francisco, nude beaches in Santa Cruz, gay baths and library johns up and down the peninsula my mind kept protesting this indecency of my body. Tolerance, which I suppose is some kind of truce between mind and body, fell away from me. My gay body was winning the battle with my straight mind.

POLITICAL DIGRESSION

Of course myself and other gay people are not alone in having no union between body or mind. The cause is basically political. The powerless one doesn't often revolt and the powerful one does not give up his power because each one feels secure in the relationship. Specifically, the master sees himself as a mind, cut off from consciousness of his body and his bodily feelings. The slave identifies himself with his body, unable to mediate his senses to develop the mind.

But gay men live in that consciousness all the time. We cannot help internalizing a lot of straightness. We are brought up with straight parents and straight teachers and we watch straight TV. Heterosexual assumptions meet us everywhere we turn. As we grew up our best friends were straight. They filled our heads with their particular notions about what being a man is all about.

Gay Liberation emerged to join our divided selves. It may be that the real meaning of any liberation movement is to bring mind and body back together in a process that requires changing consciousness which must be supported by a changing community. Gay Liberation has initiated that process for me after my experiences in the gay world created within me an awareness of the division within myself. The following describes what my own split was like. It also traces the steps in the unfolding path that is leading me into mind-body harmony and beyond.

COMING OUT

I started acting out my split by leaving the library to go to the bars each night. I found that as I moved from day to night people considered me (and I considered myself) in two opposing ways at school and at the bars. At school when I walked into the student union cafeteria, to a group of people I knew, they would look up and see this Marxist (a set of ideas) or this expert on Latin American politics (another set of ideas) sitting down to join them who considered themselves to be other sets of ideas. Our ideas were our means of competition. In our own subtle way we would judge whose ideas were most logically consistent and precise or, in other words, who was the best person.

In the bars when I walked into a crowd of gay people they

GAY YOGA:

greeted me as this body (this frame, these muscles, this face, this hair), joining other bodies. Of course we would talk to each other but the conversation was only a secondary way of communicating who we were. The gestures and glances revealed another level where a new competition was taking place not unlike that between intellectuals. It was a contest of bodies. The sexual market place of ideas.

I responded to the new level of competition in a manner I had learned in school—the same energy I once put into books I now put into looks. The route to success in the gay world was not intellectual but physical development. I was determined to turn myself into the sexual fantasies of new friends. But library sitting had made me pear-shape. Through years of struggle I had learned an intellectual discipline (mine was called "structural-functional political science" in the jargon of my department). Now I needed a physical discipline. So I met the demands that gay life made on me by going on several body trips which turned out to lead me in a zig-zagging direction into body consciousness.

PHYSICAL CULTURE # 1: Body Building

I entered a body building class that met daily in the men's gym of the University of California when I enrolled there in 1967. That decision was a logical response to coming out into gay bar culture. One of the first things I learned in the bars was that the best way to fit into people's fantasies was to be masculine. In this case that meant being a kind of anti-woman, the opposite of the woman you suspected yourself of being.

Women tend to have soft, full buttocks, so you had better have a hard, small tight ass. Women have hanging breasts, so you should have firm, high pectoral muscles (called "pecs" in the Sado-Masochist gay bars where they are a part of daily conversation). The whole upper part of the woman's body tends to be weak compared to their legs, so this undoubtedly explains the emphasis on back, shoulder and bicep muscles in the gay male fantasy. It is not important to have real strength (including endurance, control and flexibility) because they would involve a mind-body-togetherness that the gay world puts no premium on. It is important rather to have the appearance of strength. What matters most is how you come across visually.

Body-building promised to turn me into an anti-woman more quickly than any other physical discipline. I didn't have to worry about being a part of an effeminate environment because the atmosphere was assuringly masculine. Each day I would go to the gym, put on black shorts and a white shirt (color would be too feminine) and enter the small weight-lifting room that always smelled of sweat. Lifting bar bells and pumping away at the weight machines, we checked out daily the growth of contracted muscles in the full mirrors. When other guys weren't looking I would catch a glimpse of the best lifters. I felt disdain for the guys who were clearly worse lifters than me. I usually tried to position myself behind the guy with the best build. Sometimes our eyes would meet and he would turn away quickly.

My muscles slowly began to thicken. But I never seemed to get into my body as I later understood that expression to mean. When I looked at my body it seemed like a caricature of someone else. The bulges in my T-shirt didn't give me any sexual happiness. It was true that I was able to sleep with more butch guys than I could have approached earlier, but that was actually the problem. I spent night after night disappointing my partner who was disappointed in me because our masculinity evaporated when we touched. The sexual excitement disintegrated when the Queens broke through the musculature. My mind-body split actually intensified while I was weight-lifting. I was still promiscuous by night and guilty the following day.

What was wrong? It was a while before I realized that my body building was merely an extension of the intellectual trip I was on before I came out. The problem was that my notion of development was one that came from my head which was thinking in a linear way. I had got involved with "developmental theory" which was the rage in the political science department. The theorists had a pre-determined notion of what a developed society would look like. It was

the same kind of linear industrial society that the theorists were a part of. We attempted to find methods to impose the American notion of development on underdeveloped countries.

Now in a similar way I tried to impose a pre-conceived model of the perfect body (Mr. Amerika's!) on my physical self. Just as the social scientists' schemes hold no place for transcendence or qualitative changes of consciousness in the process of development, I didn't allow for the fact that my notion of a perfect body would change as I knew my body more. As a developmental theorist, I never took that attitude of learning from the underdeveloped countries I was studying. Now I refused to learn from my body.

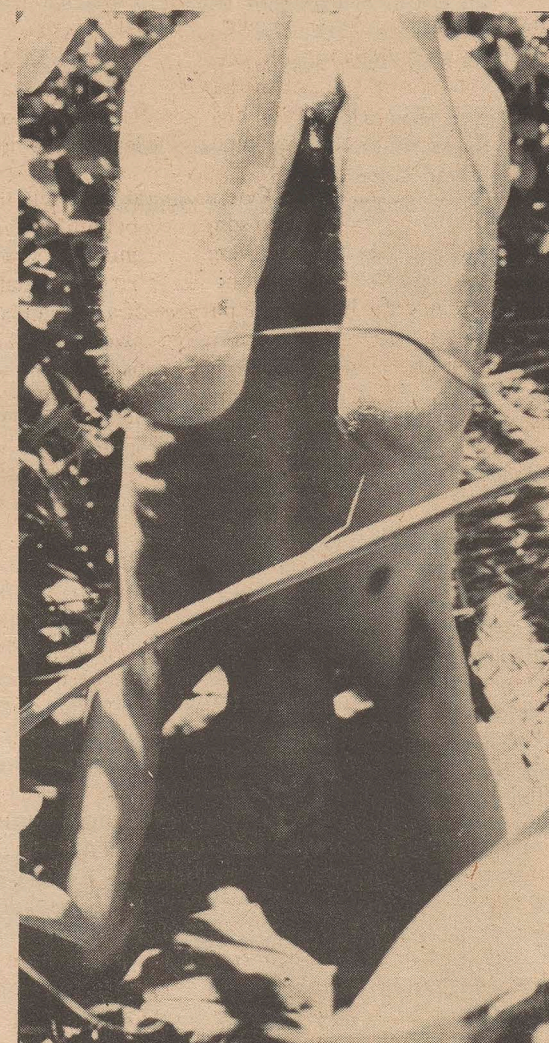
Body building was easily as one-dimensional as developmental theory. Everything we did was linear. Instead of rotating our muscles we moved them back and forth in one direction. The up and down motion of the bar bells actually trained the muscles along one of many paths. When my mind touched the pain, I quickly withdrew the bar bell (or held my breath and gritted my teeth) rather than move through the painful feeling. What happened was a thickening of my muscles rather than a lengthening of them. Thick muscles only move back and forth. Instead of increasing my body freedom, body-building actually made me muscle-bound, that is, bound up by my muscles. It was as if my head were still getting revenge on my body, this time for forcing it into a discipline which actually limited its range of movement.

When these thoughts occurred to me, I dropped out of the body building class.

PHYSICAL CULTURE # 2: Dance

When I stopped lifting weights I also stopped going to the leather bars where the body builders went. I went instead to a place called the Big Basket in San Francisco, which is a large well known gay dance bar. I hesitated to go there because the effeminate people threatened me. Now I was willing to associate with them since the opposite end of the gay world seemed so empty. So I started dancing again.

I went to the Big Basket because it was easier to cruise in than the "wax museum bars" where no dancing was allowed. The brutal realities of a sexual market place were less obvious while I was dancing. Judging other bodies and feeling my own body being judged was less painful. Dance bars gave me a chance to approach people ("Wanna dance?") without having to say something that gave me away. If someone says, "No, I don't dance," I didn't necessarily take that as a rejection because there was always the



ON BODY, MIND & POLITICS



chance that he really didn't dance. I could evaluate my partner much more accurately while dancing than standing and trying to make conversation. If he was a good dancer, that meant he probably knew his body well enough to have overcome a lot of straight hang-ups in bed. If his movements responded to mine that meant he was interested in me and that, if both of us went to bed, he wouldn't entirely structure the sex act. If he waited around to dance with me for the next number and continued dancing with me all night, that was an implicit pact to leave the bar together.

But as the months passed on the Big Basket dance floor, I realized that dance did a lot more for me than just facilitate cruising. It also made me understand being gay. It once occurred to me while dancing to Marvin Gaye's "Heard it on the Grapevine" that dance was for me the medium of the gay culture. Ever since that time I realized that it's the most important means I have to feel a part of my people.

When I first started dancing several things surprised me. The first thing I noticed was how controlled everyone's dancing was. I was used to seeing free-wind tribal hippies expressing themselves uncontrollably in straight rock concerts. But the Haight-Ashbury hippie movement was not a part of the gay world. Here even the White kids danced very much like the Blacks, isolating only a few movements at a time while keeping the rest of the body still. I hardly ever heard acid rock, the kind most San Francisco straight youth, were listening to in the Big Basket juke box. Almost every record was rhythm and blues, carefully manufactured soul music from Mo Town. The beats were unchangeable 1-2-3, 1-2-3. The dance form was predictable. The best dancers usually prescribed for the rest of the dancers the acceptable style. They were the recognized high priestesses who exerted a kind of coercion that got everyone dancing within the defined form.

The lyrics we danced to were unliberated. While the straight world was turning on to songs of rebellion by the Stones and freedom by the Beatles, we were still dancing to stories of romantic love. I remember that one song that was popular for months contained the lyric, "The purpose of a woman is to love a man and the purpose of a man is to love a woman." Almost all our songs were about possessive relationships between men and women. I wondered at first why any of my gay brothers put up with such bullshit.

But that was the old straight Craig wondering. As the hours passed we got so much into our bodies that we couldn't care less what words the music said. When 50 of us snapped our fingers and stomped our feet to STOP in Diana Ross' "Stop, in the Name of Love," we went through a body rite that bound us together. Our bodies were with the beat which meant we were with each other. The beat had a political meaning. I doubted if straight people could understand the meaning within the beat. They don't have the same need for communal dance because they have the secure rhythms of family, school, church—a whole powerful country giving them support for their straightness. They didn't have to return to body movement like we did to feel part of a community. Our bodies were expressing our collective kinship with nature even if our minds suspected we were unnatural.

We could alter hand and foot motions, make off-center movements, pirouette, combine and recombine lateral with horizontal movements in different ways. But we always returned to the beat.

After a couple of hours of dancing early one Sunday morning in an after-hours club, the tension from my body disappeared. The Blacks say that's the way the devil gets worked out. At the

same time good things happened to my mind. I forgot some of my pre-occupations with being gay: the fears that straight people would stumble into the bar and discover me, the lust for the guys who were unapproachable, regret that I had stooped so low to come to a bar in the first place. My mind felt empty. All I felt was coming from my body. It didn't matter why I had come into that bar, I was feeling dance as an end in itself. The effeminate bantering and exaggerated body postures didn't seem to bother me. I accepted my gay environment.

At times like those I started to see my body as a source of freedom. I wanted to feel more of my body and I wanted to feel my body deeper. When the bars closed I was still left with the split between thinking straight and feeling gay. I needed a method that would help me integrate consciousness of my body into my whole day. Again, the gay world provided an answer for me. Some of the best dancers also took modern dance classes. One day I went with one of them to a class that was based on the Martha Graham technique. Soon I was taking the class every morning from nine till eleven.

It was a kind of liberation just entering the class. In contrast to the weight-lifting room across the street, the dance studio was a feminine environment. Wearing leotards and tights, men were not only allowed to dress as women usually do but we could also wear any colors we wanted to. The movements we learned were mostly the kind that our society defines as "feminine": instead of the jerky motions of the weight lifters everything we did was expected to flow. While talking with the few other guys in the class, our communication didn't carry the assumption that we were heterosexual as do most male-male conversations in other environments. Nor did the women dancers put us into roles. Being a good dancer was more important than being a woman or a man.

The first couple of months were not only painful, but they also gave me the feeling that nothing was happening. I didn't even sweat or strain as evidence of my pain. But after a while I noticed that my movements were motivated from a place inside me, a center of my self, near the solar plexus. My arms and legs were coordinated in a new way. I felt more contained in my body. I seemed taller and lighter than before. I noticed for the first time the moving distance between myself and other objects when I walked. During the best times, everything seemed in motion and I was a part of that motion flowing along within or cutting through it in counter movement. I had spent so many years feeling unnatural for being gay that my occasional feelings of integration were overwhelming.

But as I progressed in dance those feelings became fewer and fewer and the disadvantages of modern dance mounted.

We dancers began to see ourselves more and more through the eyes of the Other. We wanted to look good to the audience rather than feel good from within. I found that skill in dance was still too much determined by a linear scale, like how high or how turned out one's legs were. Of course, professionalism meant specialization. After studying for x years, a dancer becomes a Graham or a Nicholai dancer, which means that he is imprisoned in a narrow vocabulary of movements. Professionalism also meant competition for incredibly few positions in dance companies. The competitive atmosphere bred tension and bitchiness in classes. Even though most other art media have managed to

loosen themselves from the tyranny of the metropolis, all roads in dance still lead to New York City where the "dance world" could be seen as a microcosm of that city's frantic individualism.

BODY POLITICS

Dance may be the most ignored of all American arts but it is still an institution of capitalist culture. No wonder it ultimately reflects the competition, specialization and lineality that characterizes our institutions. So maybe I was wrong to suppose that a successful dancer would be less fragmented than any other American.

At this point I had a political turn of consciousness. To bring mind and body together the system itself had to be changed. But that didn't mean that I had to wait until after the revolution. By 1969, communities began to be formed around the idea of sexism. First women formed separate communes. Then gay liberation collectives formed, the most visionary of all.

Seen in retrospect, the gay collectives represented yet another method of bringing mind and body together. This method, however, was considered a radical departure from both the straight intellectually-oriented political life styles and the pre-existing guilt-ridden gay life styles. The call was out in underground presses across the country, in our music and in our rallies; the historical moment had arrived for gay people to reject the straight paths and work out our own integration for ourselves. Gay liberation seemed just what I needed. 1970 became my year of immersion in the gay cultural-political experiment. My energy became less focused on body movement and more on the political movement but my goal was still the same.

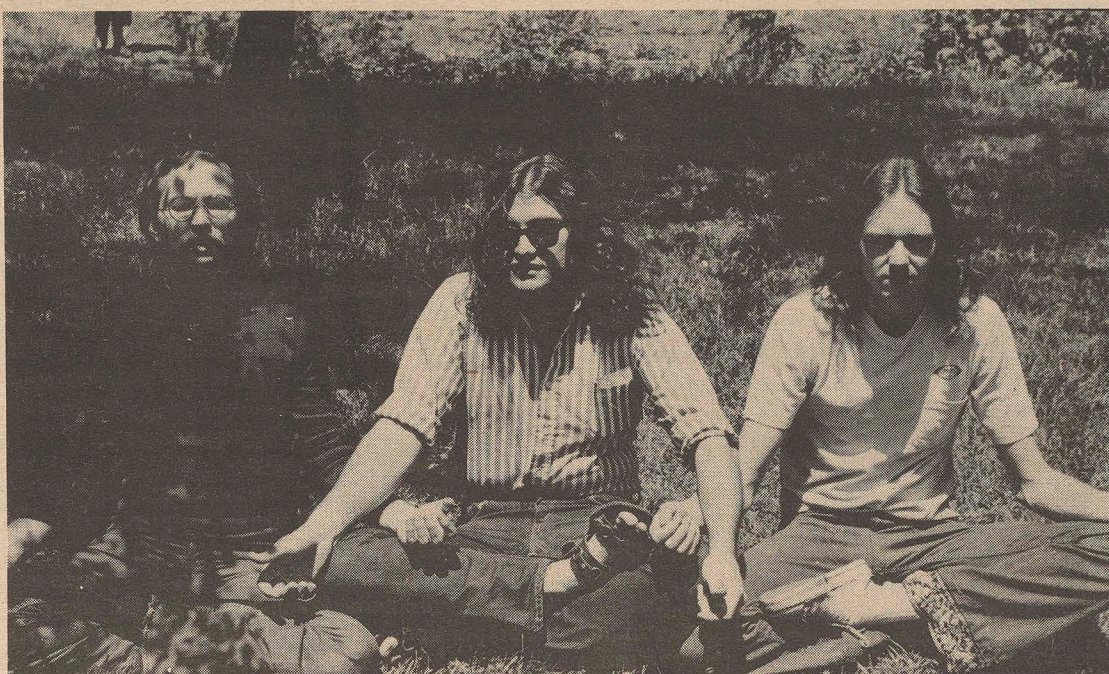
Rather than attend dance classes, I spent my evenings at "Gay Consciousness Raising Groups." By talking frankly about our experiences growing up as gay people, we discovered that much of our guilt and loneliness was caused by "straight attitudes" that our minds had internalized. The central attitudes that concerned us were those about sex roles. Most of us couldn't or didn't want to fit into the rigid American model of manhood. Masculinity was the bugaboo wherever we turned.

To root out sex roles we needed each other's support, more support than just weekly meetings could give. So we decided to live together communally. In 1970 I joined one gay commune in New York City and later another in Boston.

In the gay communes we gave ourselves the freedom to act the way we felt. For the first time in our lives we no longer felt coerced to act as masculine as possible. We all acted out different ideas about what it meant to discard, combine or unite sex roles. I experimented with all of them, went in bearded drag from time to time, wearing a bright red dress with a Che Guevara beret with a red star. Later, I thought the beard too masculine and shaved it off, wore make-up occasionally, and cultivated a softer voice. The lesbians we lived with went through changes from an opposite direction: many of them cut their hair, became karate teachers, wore men's clothes, and spoke loud and tough.

Most of us would have agreed that our togetherness depended upon each of us developing an androgynous personality that we felt comfortable with. Yet few of us succeeded before the

(Continued, p. 21)



"My name is Tangerine":



How long have you been in Boston?

All my life.

So you know pretty much a history of the bars?

I'm 22. I'm a young queen. I just act older....

Do you remember first coming out?

Well, in July-1946. I was watching the Esplanade concert, and I was standing there watching, and this man came over to me, and he said, Would you like to join our club? I said, What sort of a club? He said, Come on, you'll like it. Of course, I wasn't any better looking then than I am today, but I had skin-tight dungarees on, I was very thin. Sort of nelly, I guess. I said, well all right. You know. He drew pictures. I didn't touch liquor, you know, but one drink led to another, and when your're sixteen years old you're out in no time at all. And then he was doing things to me, and, oh it hurt. It was awful. You know I never did things like THAT. I did things sort of like that with my fellow school friends, but never with an older man.

Anyway, he did things, and-I don't know if you've ever had this in mind, but I always thought I was the only gay one in the world. Everyone gay thinks he's the only one. Because you don't meet anybody, until they come out. So I came out I guess that night.

I didn't even know what the word "brown" or "blow" meant. I was once in a theater when I was 15 years old and a man said, Can I blow you? I said, Blow? He said, Don't you know what I mean? I said, No. He said, Suck your dick. I said, Oh! I think I did it. Yes, I remember I did it. The old theaters in Boston, the Bijou theater, used to be ten cents in those days, in 43, 44, 45-I was 13 years old, the men would sit beside me and play with my leg, and I used to say, Will you pay me? I said, give me a quarter or fifty cents. And they played with me in the theater or downstairs or in the balcony.

So I used to play hooky all the time. Once I was with a man, I was ten years old, he took me to the park, Franklin Park, and I pissed in his mouth. He wanted me to piss in his mouth! Behind the rose bushes. I did it. I didn't know what it was about! And I told my teacher, I was in the 4th grade-I told my teacher Miss Cluck, I said Miss Cluck, Do you know what happened to me yesterday afternoon right in front of the school? She said, What Sidney. I said, Miss Cluck, I met a man in the park and he wanted me to make wee-wee in his mouth. She said, Young man will you stop making up such foolish, ridiculous stories! Who ever heard of such a thing! Now, you go back to your seat, Sidney, and sit down. Behave yourself. I said to myself, Well if my teacher won't believe me, nobody will. So I never told anybody. I never told my mother. And when I met other people, I said, they're never going to believe me if I tell them. So I'd better shut up. They'll think I'm crazy. Who ever heard of a man drinking piss? Especially in the 40's. Maybe today they drink it, baby.

How did you get the name Sylvia Sidney?

Well, it was given to me when I first came out. The man I told you about, said, do you ever go down to queens' row? I said, "Where's queens row?" to him and he told me it's on Beacon Street. In those days on the Public Gardens there were benches you could move and I was there in the afternoon, by myself, and those swishy queens said, "Oh, are you NEW?" I said, "I guess so. 'New'. What do you mean?" "Oh, come on, honey." (They had been there a few years.) "What's your name?" "My name is Sidney." "Oh, we'll call you Sylvia Sidney!"-the movie star. They named all the queens after movie stars. There was Dotty Lamour. She's dead now. She had black hair. There was Alice O'Brian. She's dead. Habana. She's dead. Marinka. She's dead. Who else was there. Paula. She's got about \$100,000, some rich woman left her a lot of money. And there were all these queens and half of them are gone now. Half of them are gone. —And before you knew it they called me Sylvia Sydney. And Sylvia Sydney stuck. You see. That's how I got the name. And I've never changed it.

Have you been with the Other Side since it began?

I've been there since October, 1968.

Has the bar's policy changed since then? Has it always been one night for queens, or cross-dressers?

Yes, yes. Just one night. Monday night.

Do you think that's a good idea?

In a way it is. In a way. Cause sometimes a lot of drag queens cause friction. You know, jealousy and things like that. Among themselves. Among other people. A drag queen comes in and there's another prettier one and a number is trying to make out with one of the drag queens and he goes into the men's room and one of the drag queens has to go to the ladies' room-and while that drag queen is out the other one is saying, careful with that one, honey, she's got a dose of something. And then the queen comes out of the ladies' room, "Hello, honey, how are you?" and the guy says, "You know what that broad just told me, you're gonna give me a dose of the clap." "WHAT!" You see-a fight starts. Right?

I've seen that happen, but I've seen it happen as many times with people who weren't in drag. Do you think they do it much more?

Oh, yes, there's always jealousy among drag queens. Always. Did you ever go to the drag queen ball in New York? My DEAR, two years ago a queen won first prize for hair-beautiful hairdo about eight feet high. Then another queen walked right up, slapped her in the face, took away the trophy, said Honey, that belongs to ME, and eight cops kicked them out. You see-jealousy.

What do you think we could do about police and some of the things they hassle gay people about?

Here the police very rarely bother the gay people.

They tell you to move, don't give them no backtalk, Move. You have to remember, they're told by their superiors what to do. Right? They have to take orders from somebody else. You see. So if they tell you to move off the corner, you move. Because I found out if you don't move, you get slapped around. Last year, one of the cops said to me, "You better move! Come on-get off the street, dearie." "I beg your pardon! I'm not a dearie, I work across the street—" He said, "Get your ass moving-you fag!" so he ran after me and I ran in The Other Side and he ran after me and he grabbed me and he said, "You-QUEER" I said, "I beg your pardon!"—"I don't care who you are." I said, "You'll care tomorrow who I am." And I'm yelling to the manager (he wasn't around). Well, anyway, evidently the policeman heard who I was-you know. After all, they can't lose me on Monday-that's a lot of cabbage they're gonna lose, you know. He came over to me and he says, "Oh, Sylvia, I knew who you were, I was just joking with you-I'm sorry if I scared you." I said, "Yes, I'm sure you are sorry, honey. You wouldn't have that badge on much longer if you had nabbed me." Now, he sees me: "Sylvia, let me hear you sing,"-and all that jazz. I just bide my time with them, you see. Sort of what they like to call, kiss their ass. You know I say, Yes, No, and all that.... of course, I do proposition all the police-the good-looking ones. But nobody's ever rung my bell yet-for any services. *How do you relate to other drag queens in the Other Side?*

A lot of those drag queens are my very good friends. A lot of them are going to have a sex change, you know. Have you seen C——? In about three weeks she's going to have a change. She had herself castrated. She has to wait three weeks and then she has the operation. The other night I had one up here for dinner. T——. Have you seen her? Oh,... big teats. She showed me the pussy. OH-it's amazing what they can do; you know, after they cut it off. But I wouldn't do it to myself. Cause after it's gone, honey, you can't sew it on in the morning. No. Can you? You stunned by my answers?

I'm sort of... Stunned is a good word. It's like the harassment-

Well, harassment, like what? I haven't seen the police harass anybody at the Other Side.

Really?

Never.

But the management wants it.

They want the customers to drink. You have to figure, they're there to make money. I'M the gimmick on Monday, Right? That's the only reason they have me there. When I first came in, they didn't want me there. The one that got me the job-she suggested me-they ran a talent show as a thing you know-when she had a show there in '68, and she suggested get Sylvia Sydney, she's got a big mouth and she can carry on. The owners all said, "Oh, no, she's too much. We don't want her, she's got a big mouth. She'll drive all the customers out." And Kiki said, well, give her a chance, what can she do bad? So, they tried me out-I've been going on every Monday for four years. So now they all love me-you see?

Yeah, but I think if the management's gonna make money Monday night off of queens and femmes-then they should tolerate-

On Monday they do tolerate.

Well, they should tolerate us the rest of the week.

What are we supposed to do Tuesday?

I AGREE with you. They should do a lot. But who am I? I'm nobody there. You see, I've spoken up, they ought to have drags Wednesday.... "Oh, no," they say. Some days they let them in-some days they don't.... But they want everybody to order drinks and drink because, if everyone just comes in and stands around, even if you pay your dollar, which pays the cops off (I imagine), If you just stand around even if you had a business you wouldn't want people just to come in and stand around cruisin. You'd want to make money, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you want to sell booze?

What do you think that either you or us or any gay person can do to make things better for gay people-particularly for drag queens?

I really don't know what you can do. What do you mean? Professional drag queens? There's very few... I'm the only professional drag queen in Boston. Isn't that right?

What about transvestites, though?

Transvestites? Well they leave people alone. But these guys who pick up guys for money and wear women's clothes.... there's a new name now, transsexuals, and "I'm a woman trapped in a man's

SYLVIA SYDNEY

body".... That's all bullshit—To me.

Any man who dresses up in women's clothes must have had a homosexual act one time in his life. Even Christine Jorgensen, who if I ever see her—I'll read her to filth, because I can't stand people who have had a sex change—"OH, I'm not a homosexual. I've never been with a man." HOW can a man have his dick removed and say he's never been with a man?

No man in his right mind would have his penis removed. Of course, if they had this operation perfected thirty years, twenty five years ago, I would have had it done in a minute. Because at that time I felt, "Oh, maybe I should have been a woman." But as you get older you realize how ridiculous it is. You know? After all, you can never marry, you can never have children. Right? All you can do is receive. You can't give. You can't brown a gorgeous number with your teat, honey. You can't really have a full sexual relationship. And so what do you wind up doing? You wind up blowing. So you might as well have left it there in the first place. Right? and half of them commit suicide anyway. Or die. Or become lesbians.

Imagine—having your thing removed and becoming a lesbian? Oh! what a waste! Why if I had mine removed I'd probably be a waitress at the Other Side. What an outlook on life. My dear, you'd go around all life as a freak of nature.

But I say if you look good enough as a woman, why bother having the operation. You know? But a lot of them have the silicone shots to make their teats larger and after they have that they don't bother with the rest. After all, why should they? They can fool anybody. That's the main thing.

You're a drag queen because it's your profession? That's not my profession. I'm a waiter. I just use that as a sideline. Most drag queens live out of suitcases, dear. What they call 'female impersonators,' and they work for very little money. It's just the idea of being glamorous. Wearing gorgeous gowns and jewels.... Of course they make a lot of money hustling on the side. With johns and old women, you know, things like that. They want to be beautiful all the time. I don't want to be beautiful. I just want to be me. Wild, bitchy, loud, cheap, vulgar.... I'm a different type of female impersonator. I don't even consider myself a female impersonator. Because you've never seen any female act like ME. Have you? I make fun of female impersonators. Ever notice the way I carry on? Because most drag queens only have four or five drags, because they spend so much money on them. I don't spend that much money on mine. I have over a hundred. See, I can change five or six times a night every week with different outfits.

You said you made all your outfits?

Yes, I made all my outfits. You see, so they're all glamorous and I'm just being bitchy and loud and still making more bread than they can count. And I'm not telling you what I make.

Do you wear drag on the street?

No. Only in my act. That's a real female impersonator. A female impersonator is really an illusion act. You're supposed to be made up to look like a woman. And when you finish with your show, you undress and you go home. Now that's what ruined it in Boston. I worked for the place called the Mardi Gras and the Ritz Cafe. I did what these queens are doing today, walking around in drag. But I worked in the club in drag. Hustling drinks, you see. Of course, it wasn't drinks or anything like that. It was water or Coca Cola. That's what I did years and years ago. But I didn't go on stage until '48 or '49. In the Ritz Cafe. Do you remember that? Oh, it's ripped down, anyway. They're all ripped down. All the places I worked are ripped down, burnt down.... And well, these queens from the College Inn used to parade around afterwards, in restaurants, and what not in semi-drag.... they were too open they were a little before their time. They didn't allow then what they allow today.

The other day I was in the Other Side—two fellas kissing each other—the policeman standing around like that. I said, my goodness, grief! If I had done that years ago they would have pinched me. Years ago if you were caught walking down hand in hand with a boy you'd be pinched. Why I was arrested in St. Petersburg, Florida, in 1953, 54.... walking down the street with a number. The police stopped me, they let HIM go, and they arrested ME and kept me in jail for three days!

Were you in drag then?

NO! I was a MAN! Walking down the street! And they said to me—why aren't you in the service? I didn't stop to think! so I said, I have syphilis of the brain. I never had so many blood tests taken of me! THREE DAYS they kept me

to see if I had syphilis of the brain! They said, there's nothing wrong with you. I said, well, that's what they told me when I was inducted (I acted real stupid). And I got out of that town and to this day I've never been back. Isn't that awful?

When I was working in St. Petersburg, I called myself Tangerine. I'd say, "My name is Tangerine. You have to peel me, section me, and squeeze me to get all my juice." I worked there in a bar and one night there was a raid. I had grapefruits for teats in those days. It was awful. I got out of that place—they grabbed me, as I was going through the ladies room window—I climbed on the toilet, stepped on the sink and wiggled out—I was thinner then—and I wiggled out the window. The cop grabbed my bloomers, he pulled my dress and bloomers right off! It was awful. I got back to the city—I don't know how I did it—I walked. And I walked across the main thoroughfare in St. Petersburg, bare-ass naked in high heels! You couldn't believe it, bare-ass naked! It was three in the morning. Not a cop, not a cruising car! I got back into the hotel. I don't know how I made it; it was a miracle.

Have you been out West at all?

Oh yes, I've been to California. I've never worked out there in drag. When I was young, my family didn't understand me, there were beatings all the time.... I left home when I was seventeen and I hitch-hiked to California and I made it out there.

I didn't have this belly then. I had johns keeping me. Oh, it was LOVELY. Of course, I didn't like to work in those days. I was very lazy until I was about 21. Then.... No, I was lazy until I was 18, yes, it was in San Francisco.

An old man wanted to go out with me and he said I'll give you \$5. I said all right. He wanted me to do what I didn't want to do but I did it. Ughh, it was so DISGUSTING. I said from that day on I'll go wash dishes, do anything. It ain't worth it. You know? It ain't worth it to go out with an old man.

My dear. I really never go out with old people. I don't go out with young people, either. I like my numbers to be rugged—truck drivers and butch numbers. Of course, every time I go out with them they all want to put on girls' clothes, and panties, and wigs, or else they want me to spank them or do something. But I don't laugh at those types of people. My God, they're no worse than I am. *How do you feel about the people in your audience?*

Oh, I LOVE them! Because every Monday it's different.

What I do is what you call a night club act, really. In a real night club, people change all the time. Right? But this is a gay place. Gay people go out there every Monday night anyway. And a lot of straight people come in. No advertising, and they still pack them in there every Monday. It gives me a kind of wonderful feeling to get up there after four years and know that I'm still bringing in three or four hundred people.

Of course, I'm nervous whenever I'm about to go on. All I need is a couple of drinks. And a few bitchy remarks. That's all. Then I'm ready for the night. Of course, I drink in between each set. You gotta drink, after all you

STILL RIPE AND LOOKING TO BE SQUEEZED

have to hear those bitchy remarks and those insults. You have to be able to come back. Of course I could do it sober, too. But it wouldn't be more fun. They say the more I drink, the better I am.

What do you think about straight people? or what can we do about them?

Darling, you can't do *anything* about them. I love straight people. You see I'm a different type of queen. I like broads... You know, you see a lot of people who say, "I'm bisexual, I go with girls." They use the word bisexual as a cover-up. They figure that if they get blown and they fuck a broad, that's bisexual, to them. But I dig broads, I dig parties with straight guys and broads, and I'm gay. But I consider myself a homosexual. I don't consider myself a bisexual just because I've screwed a couple of broads in my day. ...I like straight people who understand gay people. There are a lot of straight people who say, "Ooh that fucking queer," and all that jazz. But way down deep they'd like to go out with one of those queers. And I can't stand that word, *queer*. It's really sickening. I love the word gay, because we're not really queer. Just like retarded children. Maybe the retarded children, maybe they're supposed to be normal. Maybe that's normal to them. We think being what we are is normal to us. Of course, without a straight woman you can't reproduce other faries. Isn't that right? But there will always be homosexuals. From the time of Christ... I know a queen who has always said that Christ was a big drag queen. What an awful thing to say, but where is he? I believe in God myself, but where is this man they call Christ? Have you ever wondered where he is? And they say you can't come back from the dead but he can. Where is he? That's why there's a lot of atheists in the world. *Why do you say it's an awful thing for someone to say that Christ was a drag queen?*

Oh, I don't say it's awful. He might have been. He had twelve pieces of trade, one turned dirt. If anyone can walk on an ocean, dear, it would have to be a queen. Only a queen could walk on water.

You said that you only wear drag on the stage. I went to a public speaking engagement recently, and the reason I went in a long dress was because I wanted all those men out there to know that I wasn't like them.

I do those things but not in dresses. *Do you think your homosexuality makes you different from straight men?*

Oh yes, when I go among straight people, and I want them to know that I'm gay, I just carry on wild. Somebody comes up looking at me, I say, "what's the matter, you never seen a fag before, honey?" Go right up to them, you know. Most queens run if they know a guy's going to take a whack at them. But I don't. I just stand there... either get beat up or beat them up. One or the other. That's my motto. Don't run away from a fight!

What about lovers?

(continued on page 23)



La révolution des homosexuels

The FHAR (Front Homosexuel d'Action Révolutionnaire) was created on March 10, 1971, after a spontaneous uprising against the radio broadcast panel discussion "Homosexuality, this painful problem." The following month, members of the FHAR contributed to an issue of TOUT, a leftist newspaper, and initiated, in France, the appearance of the first significant discussion on sexual liberation and its political implications. The reactions of members of the traditional, working class-oriented left were very hostile.

These reactions were based, in large part, upon the Soviet, French CP and Cuban analysis of homosexuality as a "social pathology" indicative of "bourgeois decadence." The excerpts that follow come from articles I have translated that I found in the book published by the FHAR, Rapport contre la normalité, which includes most of the articles that originally appeared in TOUT.

The articles from which these excerpts have been taken, plus a more detailed discussion of the FHAR will appear in The Gay Liberation Book: An Anthology of Gay Men's Writings, edited by L. Richmond and G. Noguera, to be published this September by Ramparts Press, San Francisco, California.

RESPONSE TO ROLAND CASTRO¹

The countries of the West have finally arrived at a development of the accumulation of capital such that the critical re-evaluation of productive relations permits us now to realistically foresee the creation of a society where the principle of pleasure would no longer be in opposition to the principle of reality, where the individual finally could truly liberate him/herself in the context of an open collectivity.

The struggle of the FHAR defines itself in the cadre of a generalized struggle towards the establishment of THE GENERALIZED SELF-DETERMINATION OF LIFE, of the struggle against judeo-christian culture, and against the bourgeoisie and the bureaucracy, the traditional champions of the principle of authority.

It is necessary to reaffirm that the struggle which the FHAR is leading does not seek as its goal the recognition of homosexuality on an equal plane with heterosexuality. It is the opposite of an individual struggle: it is a struggle for the individual, that is, the individual stripped of his/her roles, of his/her labels, of his/her day to day mask, and of all forms of servitude and coercion.

We are against homosexuality as we are against heterosexuality; these are words which take reality only in a socially determined context; it is necessary to destroy this social context and the words will no longer have any meaning. It is just the same for relations between men and women, for the family and for the notion of power: we are against whoever presumes to seize power, whatever the ideology with which he defines himself; power is not for the taking, it is the notion of power that is to be destroyed. It is not a question of projecting one's inner self upon the world but of exploding the ego by introducing the universe into it.

¹This was written in response to an article on the FHAR written by Roland Castro which states that "the doctrine secreted by autonomous movements is normative" and leads to the state of "each one for himself, each one for his social group, his oppressed category, his narrowly collectivized identity". He ends by saying, "Leftist fascism takes the form of the projection of one's inner self upon the world."

OBJECTION

Even in a revolutionary, the vision of the world through homosexuality and especially through sodomy is a fragmented vision. Also, the struggle for gay liberation does not presently have any tactical usefulness.

ANSWER

No political program is complete and coherent if it remains silent on the matter of forbidden and even self-censored sexual desire. Certainly, a homosexual of bourgeois background must ask himself if the nature of his sexuality makes him closer to a homosexual worker than his class consciousness makes him distant. But he may also be indignant that, as a result of his sexual orientation, he may not participate in a maoist cadre, just as in the United States he would not be allowed

to work in a government position or at the Pentagon. The ruling class must be attacked on all fronts where it makes its oppression felt. The struggle for gay liberation perhaps did not have any public, tactical usefulness one hundred years ago, nor would it have any today in Pakistan. But in Western societies it is part of a cultural revolution which has become essential. Whether it be repressed, latent or avowed, homosexuality is present wherever human beings come into contact with one another. It is present in sports, schools, unions, prisons, war, capitalist competition, fan clubs, the militancy of revolutionaries, the individual relations within families and even in jealousy, as soon as a relationship goes beyond the realms of the couple. It is not a question of destroying all of the sublimatory mechanisms of repressed homosexual desire with one stroke of a magic wand. That would cause too much instability and too many anxieties. But it would be good to start by becoming conscious of what these practices replace. The gay movement is bringing into question the appalling idealization of virility, which uses women only as the basis upon which men can impose themselves on other men. It brings into question of the strongest tabus of bourgeois society, the tabu against excrement and the ass-hole. The continual defamatory use of words "shitty" and "up your ass" in popular



language, and the verbal persecution that this use symbolizes to homosexuals shows quite clearly that it is a question, not of a fragmented vision, but of a fundamental obsession: that of losing one's virility and of dirtying oneself. For virility and cleanliness are the two pillars of bourgeois psychology. Those who have had it shoved up their ass respond that they prefer to live out this anal obsession than to shrug it off, that they prefer to be screwed up the ass than in the head and that for them, at least, screwing has not become the synonym of deceiving, abusing, hurting, nor a symbol of cheating and of bad faith. When a revolutionary wants a class enemy to be publicly screwed in the ass (a big manager, a capitalist chief of state or a fascist dictator) it is because the image of sodomy is automatically associated in his mind with that of humiliation, ridicule, vengeance.

Practicing, with love, the tabu act of sodomy among men is more worthwhile than hatefully dreaming about it. In addition, this runs the great risk of eliminating all of the masculine behaviours of animosity and aggressivity which are only a sublimation of this act. The bourgeoisie must be bluntly asked: "What are your relations with your ass-hole other than the necessity to shit? Is it a part of your body, of your words, of your senses in the same way as your mouth or your ears? And if you have decided that the anus serves only to defecate, why does the mouth have uses other than eating?"

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: a queer song for my fellows on the green

here is a poem of the jock and the cock, of the hidden things in each man's locker room where he keeps his own down heavy and low in the thickening steam, the snapping towels, the the frustration of not wanting to know, in the touches that are punches, in the punches that are sore, in the sores that are wounds in the wounds that bleed in the war that kills us all off on the sunday afternoon of our hottest desire, at the yardline of ourself; does us in the green night parks of anonymous mouths eating one another ripping off seed from one another's cock in this rutting, fighting land. here then is the thrust, the come, the sticky taste of men who make my bed: here then is a queer song for my fellows. let it be song, let it be gay, let it not cry for men do not cry.

i have known it in the bushes
i have known it in the steam
i have known it in my own bed
where i have all my wettest dreams
(to the tune of "Sentimental Journey")

the dull pumping of alex karras
at my back, 250 lbs. insistent
in the shower as the horn of an ancient
ram struck insatiable with hard-on
for his fellow, hiding it by bending over
in the crouch of war on sunday afternoon.
alex opens his hidden door, his itching entry,
only to his team mates in the crouch, each man agrees
his eyes are not riveted to his mate's ass,
and that these are not pricks
in the tightest pants man ever wore.

rigid alex on my thighs.
his arms round me like vines,
his legs root me like pagan trees.
at my ass, poking at the door, nudging there
about the heated hair, is the reddest strawberry,
the most moist prickhead of a throbbing shaft
defying gravity up from hair that climbs his chest
like moss. at the literal root of my oppression, alex comes
beloved of the dull and throbbing at my groin.
what he needs from me
is very special, a thing he will never know or love,
but forget even as he relishes it
with his seed and leaves me limp
to water my own flowers.

gerry kramer, green at bay, cruising
in the shadow of your white continental, i could swallow
every inch of your football down my throat
till it awoke my vocal chords
to singing into you a new song
that would make you turn over on your belly
and go dancing in the flowers. i could blow
such love up your ass, your muscles
would finally breathe air
and you would know
there was nothing to do with hands
but let them touch
whoever was for touching.

if only lombardi, the final vicious auntie,
had fucked you or you him. if only vince
had led the orgy in the shower after the game,
counselling and modelling in the touching
and petting and sucking of men; if only he
had groped on the bench during the game, kissed
at the win, cried for the injured boy, then we would know
we were beyond all this.
but vince was into steam and training rooms,
into the power of one over the other
not the power of what many feel together
for one another. in the rings that surround
and connect us, the bull knows no choice
but to charge.

in the showers i shared, i was always very serious
and scared, quick back into my underwear.
i never looked, comparisons were unforgivable.
i was always picked last. i wanted my teach
to be mates. i was too loving: they kept away.
everyone avoids an eager boy.
what it is we passed up
with one another in the locker room
i will never know, but i miss it
every night and see what it has done
to each of us
every day.

* * *

TO the GAY ARTISTS.....
.....ALL of US!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This is about Gay Culture and our Role in Society.

WE HAVE SERVED THE LEADERS of the world,
the MEN, making their images into beauty--impressive
beauty, hypnotic beauty, the opiated sledge hammer...
BUT WE HAVE ALSO SERVED THE PEOPLE by
setting up images of beauty to which the leaders'
conduct must correspond if they are to have the faith
of the people...

WE RULE ART—non-gay artists, some straight, some homosexual, merely copy, copyright us, and cash in—they do not practice art, but deception, teasing us with images of a perfect world where we do not exist **AS GAY**—they freeze the world into an ideal symmetry, any of the ideal symmetries, the pyramids constructed by straights to preserve their power...

WE KNOW "ILLUSION"—we are queens, we are drag
 dragons, we are fiery femmes—gay women are lesbians—
 we KNOW the loving reality of GAYNESS which
 straights teach and are taught is "illusion"—the
 womanly woman and the womanly man, the GAY
 PEOPLE are loving reality. Straights in their
 "art"ificially imposed hierarchies turn nature into
 war or wor-ship, instead of showing us reality: love
 and struggle, uniting and dividing, being different and
 being the same, changing and continuing—we know
 that THIS is life—while straights teach and are taught
 that life is only RE-PRODUCING YOURSELF—a
 static image—a well-behaved child who never contra-
 dicts the parents...

BUT CHILDREN CHANGE—times change and with them their demands. So there are generation conflicts...

THE STRAIGHT MAN'S CAPTIVE (closet) gay artist or his straight copyists try to give him an image that will last—preserve him—carry on his power beyond his death...

AN IMAGE HOWEVER IS NOT JUST A PICTURE because every picture tells a story—and a leader's image cannot change his story—what he did—finally his story is his image, not the other way around—people remember what happens, what was done to and for us...

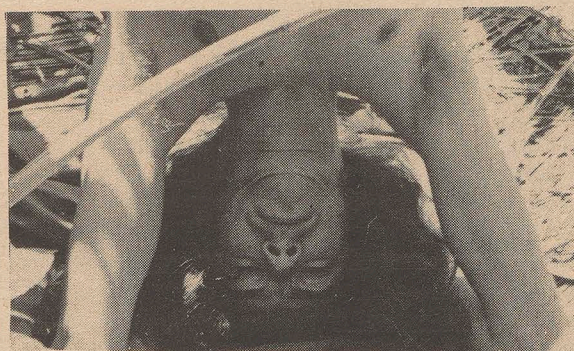
SO THE IMAGE DIES and the STORY LIVES ON,
to teach reality, not illusion...

TAKE MUSCLES for an example—big muscles are good for moving heavy things—but they don't make you healthy or good, by themselves—a body is healthy in itself—if the muscles and nerves and veins are in tune and in tone, and strong enough to lead whatever life the person leads, doing whatever work the person does to stay alive, and finding the enjoyment that makes life worth living—then the body, no matter how big or small, if it's healthy in itself and adequate to the life the person leads—if these things are there, then the story is a happy one, and the picture is beautiful...



IT IS THE SAME WITH ART—if it shows us how things really are, and how we can survive—if it opens to us ways of enjoyment that are not rare isolated moments of pleasure, but instead the continuing story of how we enjoy living and opening up to one another in pleasure—if it helps us change, continue, grow, increase our happiness, directly now by what art does now, indirectly all along by what art teaches. WHAT GAYNESS KNOWS—if art does this, no matter what form or standard it goes by—then the image is good, and we love to continue, develop and

CHANGE THE STORY.



dear
boy

MUSIC
AND
LYRICS

1st verse:

Dear boy I'll love you through the morning,
Dear boy I'll love you through the day,
Dear boy I'll love you through the evening,
I'll love till these feelings flow away.

2nd verse:

I may love you forever,
or it may last just one day,
but, length seems so very unimportant
when loving you makes me so very unimportant
when loving you makes me feel so GAY.

Middle 8:

There are those that bellow names of hate at me,
for my doing what they can't let themselves do.
But I don't care, if I seem queer, its in their minds.
while loving my brothers makes them seem like fools

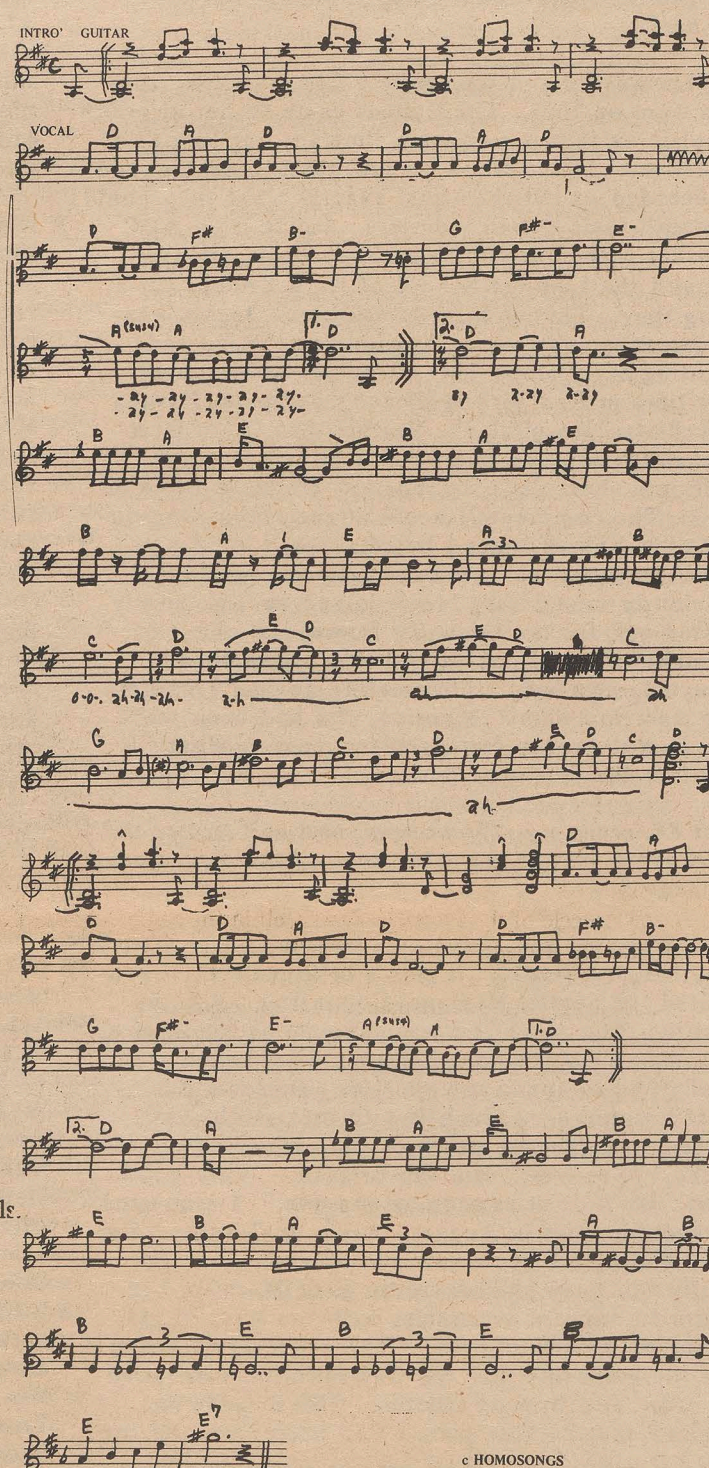
Ahhhhh.....

Repeat 1st and 2nd verse

2nd Middle 8:

To all you straights I know its not your fault,
Cause I've been brought up by the insane too,
Just take time to look at your true feelings
Although I hate you
I offer you my love too,
I offer my love to you.

TOO LOVE—TWO LOVE—TO LOVE



HERE FOR THE NIGHT



at 7 dollars for a single room's rest, and
asylum from the city's municipal officers,
often spending the night, wandering over by the river
in the city's parks and dumps, walking the streets, by-
ways and avenues Romantic-less dawn found me,
resting in some bookshop, that
opens early, or never closes, as it used to, the fresh
pranks, and hi-jinx of the stubborn generosity
that rests within heart of men.

Sunday evening, barely a sound, but the television
it's the image of a bed that sets off the sexual transgression
or retreat

's Paul Benzaquin 931-1640 asks, Station 7's announcer anyway
broadcasts
reports toward the viewer upon sexual relations, as far as the Y

the grey windows, rattling maid
diseased clients broach no new adv.
for the place today more than they did
two years ago, or ten when I was in love.

Only those memories sustain me now
outside the girl knocks
to make up my room, while Turbo jets glow
in the sky above Boston docks

I have settled in this town
I shall not play the painted clown
I shall seek the major release
to win the goal of my heart's need

Returning to the mood of a city,
where there resides only a single person, I could call
on, whom would welcome one at this hour, dirty
I return to this paper to write what I shall,

about the hammer above the courtyard, and the insistent sexual requirements forcing *un pauvre amour* out for decades to huddle up together in alleys, and dream the ideal structures Whitman's predictions or prophecies fortold would for the remaining three decades of my life.

DAMN FAGGOTS (continued)

couldn't do nothing except see. And I can tell you, folks, Jackie has very Red blood. She was packed off to the hospital shortly after.

Next morning, Sandy got up and cut way more than her share of *la cana*. She joined the Gay caucus at lunch for a meeting, Black as black, Gay as Jeanne d'Arc, and proceeded to calmly, rationally and with patience, rap the caucus on the knuckles for its liberal racism. Sandy, are you a witch, a woman or a fucking mountain? Whatever you are, the saints preserve my little Gay soul; I fell in love with you that day, body and soul.

Act IV, scene iv -- Re-enter Jackie. "But who'd 'a' thunk Jackie would'a had so much blood left in her?"

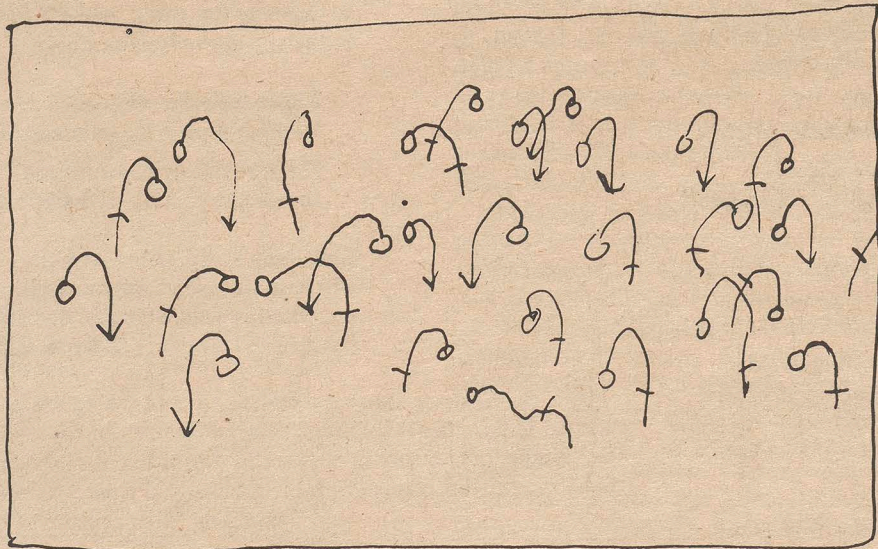
Jackie was up and screaming a day later. By then we were on tour. The Cubans came to her at noon, explaining that it was again time for her "shot" of sedatives. Jackie stood up tall, teeth gnashing, and proceeded to tell them just exactly what they could do with their Cuban sedatives. Jackie is an ADC mother with four children. She's been jamming around the Lumpen School of Hard Knocks for a long time. The air turned very blue. Jackie was physically carted away, howling, screaming and fighting every step. She spent the remainder of her time in Red Bird McThane's dungeon, Havana Psychiatric Hospital, the Bastille, San Quentin, a Rehabilitation Camp, whatever in hell they are calling it these days, no matter. We all know what it is. The comments I heard about Jackie were incredible. Three times I heard, "See, I told you homosexuality was a mental disease. Jackie is obviously unstable." Jackie joined us, righteously pissed off, for the boat ride home, just about as unstable as the Rock of Gibraltar. The fourth gross indignity came, plummeting down. This time we were too numb to notice. We had been wading in shit twenty feet deep for weeks. What's another ten feet or so?

Act IV, scene v -- "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps the petty pace of the Venceremos Brigade folks."

I could go on describing one gross indignity after another, but frankly, it gets a little painful. I contacted the Seattle Regional Committee upon my return. You asked if I was going to be involved in organizing for the next Brigade. I explained that I really had to spend my energies elsewhere, but that I would very much like to meet with you once to explain my position and answer any questions. "Yes, yes," said the Brigade. "Very good idea. We'll do it as soon as possible." I requested a meeting again in August. Again in October. I'm still waiting for tomorrow. Meanwhile, you are really too busy brushing up on your Marxism-Leninism to concern yourselves with the likes of me. After all, first things first. The other day I heard via the grapevine that the Gay question was raised in cadre at a Brigade meeting. The Brigade explained that no Gay people had been recruited for the Fifth Brigade. None applied, you said. Then came some standard shit about division, lack of class consciousness, blah, blah, blah. My, but Red Bird McThane even knows how and where to migrate. He followed me all the way back to Seattle, and swoops in for a bull's-eye bombing real regular-like. And folks, I'm getting really tired, weary and downright pissed off wading around in your shit.

Act V, scene i -- Yet to be enacted in Birnam Wood. "Red Bird McThane shall shit no more."

Look, like I said in the beginning, I don't give a rat's ass what your position is on homosexuality, if indeed you have thought about it long enough



to write a two-minute decree. It makes no difference whether homosexuality is a manifestation of Nirvana, communist love, or leprosy. That ain't the point at all, folks. The point is that you didn't treat me very nice at all when I came a-cuttin' cane. Boiled down, it's at least a case of extremely rude manners you folks have, and it works upward from there. We have a right to fuck, to congregate, express our point of view and have a list of rights as long as three hundred and fifty *very long* sugar cane rows which we cut by hand, all of which you are systematically and institutionally denying. I don't know what revolution you folks are fighting up there, but I'm for the one that's going to make the world a better, more human place for people, ALL OF 'EM. Now about my laundry. Your shit has been clogging up my washing machine badly since I first heard the words "*La Brigada Venceremos*." I'm getting very tired cleaning up after other people's shit, particularly people who obviously aren't too friendly.

If you think you can resolve the contradictions by simply cutting (my, but there sure as hell is a lot of cutting around you folks... cut the cane, cut Jackie's arm, cut Gay people from future Brigades, cut the freedom of every Gay Cuban), you are sadly mistaken. That's not the way we do things down here in Birnam Wood. The witches know that McThane is gonna get his. The Gay caucus left Jackie's very stained Cuban work boots right there in the middle of the cane row where she stopped cutting. They are buried under a two million *arroba* pile of you know what. The boots are labeled, Sorry-Folks-But-Somewhere-At-The-Bottom-Of-This-Huge-Pile-Of-Red-Bird-McThane-Shit-There's-Bound-To-Be-At-Least-One. Jackie would like those boots returned to her -- CLEAN!! And when Jackie says clean, she does mean spit-shined. It's the least you can do after what happened to our beautiful Gay love. Pick up a shovel, folks, and start digging.

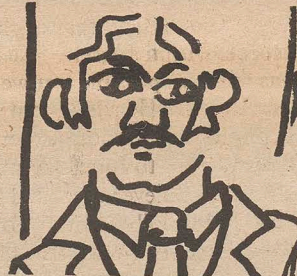
UP THE REVOLUTION.

* * *

(Footnote from the Fag Rag people: The conflict between the Venceremos Brigade and gay liberation continues. Gay liberationists were specifically excluded from the Fifth Brigade, which has already gone to Cuba and returned, and presumably we will be excluded from future Brigades. The Venceremos Brigade even issues an official policy statement justifying this exclusion. The policy of the Brigade has met with opposition from Gay Liberation people and from many other revolutionaries. Articles discussing the policy of the Brigade and of the Cuban government, including material written by Gay people, have appeared in a number of straight radical papers, including Win magazine, the Chicago Seed, the Berkeley Tribe, the Quicksilver Times and Liberation News Service [LNS]. After LNS published material sympathetic to Gay people and critical of the anti-gay stand of the Cubans and the Brigade organizers, it was barred from participation in a radical media conference held in Havana in January 1972. Since that time, LNS has declined to publish anything else concerning the conflict between Gay liberation and the Venceremos Brigade.)

Almeida (Wading in the Rain)

In the past few days
I've felt surges of identity
sweeping over me
soothing over much of my anxiety
yet life seems still
largely absurd
It's hard being an existentialist
Especially a responsible one.
Tomorrow I'll be riding
the bus to Athol
and watching a color TV
and talking to my parents
and my grandfather and his
girlfriend.
Back in Boston
will Sunday find me
and my newly formed caress
content?
Mellow.
I circle city blocks
racing to be made mellow again.
Oh the pain.
But I love you for it.
You make me real.
Don't leave for San Francisco
without me.
Why doesn't San Francisco
come here?
Dylan said "and he asked
me how does it feel
to be such a freak
and I said impossible".
At least the rats
don't rustle in the garbage bags
anymore.
For some reason
that big wind that came
before the thunderstorm
blowing through the corn
on Mission Hill
comes to my mind tonight.
So it goes.



COCKSUCKING (Continued)

we actually do than pretend we don't exist; if we are going to be cocksuckers and take it up the ass, we shouldn't be afraid of looking a cock in the face. These books are admittedly plastic and unreal, but their shortcoming must be seen in their being sexless not in their being too explicit about sex organs or acts. They encourage us to use only our eyes, when we should be feeling with our hand, tongue, nose, lips, toes and ears; they make us voyeurs when we should be participants.

Pornography and obscenity reveal more than we may want to see: they show how much our sex is

underlaid with guilt. Whether it be the picture or the "real thing," too much spice of looking is the feeling of sin and degradation found in doing something that inside feels wrong. We take cocks in subway men's rooms, back alleys, under trucks, and other fantastic places--but we would be "ashamed" to suck cock or be sucked in a sunny park with crowds around and watching--perhaps participating.

Our guilt ruins our pleasure. Our guilt abuses our love. We constantly are driven to search for some atonement for simple acts of love and kindness. Simply sharing our bodies makes us feel queer, outcast, unwanted; makes us despise ourselves, despise those like us and in the past has made us run after our oppressors for love, approval, support and justification. What must be eliminated is not our behaviour--it needs to be savored and multiplied--but our inside feeling of wrongness.

We must not belittle the interacts between mouth, cock, shit, piss, semen, tongue and all parts of our bodies. We must magnify these in order to get closer to ourselves and to one another, to expand our love, our gay love, to experience being with, being part of all the parts of ourselves, our bodies and others. Our love no straight man can define.

GAY YOGA (continued)

communes broke up. By the summer of 1971 most of them had already exploded, leaving scars of bitterness. Their failure is understandable if one takes into consideration all the tension-breeding factors: the constant "struggle" with each other over what constitutes liberation from roles, the anarchist principle of leaderlessness (hierarchy would have been too patriarchal) meant that people who took initiative often were attacked, the outside world was intolerant and drove us into a unity that was not organic, the fact that most of us didn't know each other very well before we started to live together.

When the Boston commune broke up I freaked out. The break-up of the communes coincided with the disintegration of the whole Movement as we had known it. Most cities were left without good underground media. National gatherings of the tribes broke into factional squabbles. There seemed no place to move politically. I felt completely alien to the culture and at the same time cut off from the possibility of working with my people to try to change it. The people I reached out to for support were also freaking out. At my best I was gloomy; at my worst despairing.

YOGA, HATHA AND BEYOND

I had known about yoga for years, and even started doing the hatha yoga postures two years ago as a means of making myself more flexible for dance. But I didn't let myself experience anything yogicly because I constructed arguments against yoga which changed but did not diminish.

While I was body building, yoga seemed as if it did nothing because it didn't develop me physically or even intellectually. Rather than a means to body-mind union, it seemed like an excuse for lethargy. While I was dancing, yoga seemed a thrust into loneliness rather than an aid to communication. It certainly didn't help one make a subtle physical response to another person as did dance. As a politico, yoga seemed an opiate that kept Indians from consciousness of the starving masses around them. I felt that those who practice it in America with their bells and sanskrit syllables were sentimentalists, trying to identify with an exotic culture and running away from our own. As a gay liberationist, I suspected any traditional cultural form to be oppressive to gay people because it seemed to sanctify the old male-female polarities that are a part of every agrarian civilization.

As practiced in the Boston area, most yoga classes confirmed my suspicions of sexism. While I was living in the gay commune, I would escape from the intensity sometimes in order to attend a large yoga class in Harvard Square. I argued to the teacher that I thought yoga meant "union" and that ought to mean union of male and female aspects within oneself. He answered that we try to unite ourselves as much as possible but we still remain incomplete, lacking a complement. He added that, just as our bodies are different from women's so are our experiences. Males and females therefore need to unite to form a symbolic union. (I wondered but didn't ask if he had ever extended his range of experience to include those acts usually reserved for women—like getting fucked.) Most of the students agreed with him, validating their theories with yin and yang and astrological charts. Women are everywhere seen as the "receptive force" and males as the "willful force." The notion seemed the opposite of my most cherished belief—that most male-female differences are cultural and thus illusory.

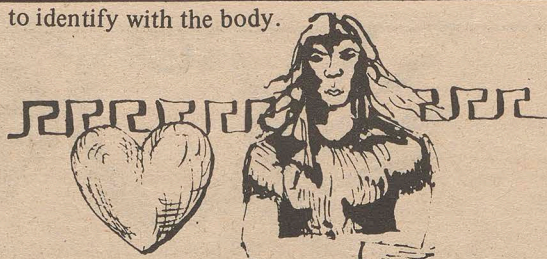
As a politico, I was thinking ideologically, and therefore I scrutinized yoga with my rational mind and saw it to be a complete ideology. Satisfied with my analysis, I rejected it as yet another straight trap and returned my allegiance to my brothers in the gay community. Of course there were unconscious reasons why I rejected yoga. The very idea of exploring inner space without even a foothold in the external world was (and is) very scary. I wasn't about to accept any doctrine that would claim that all my sexual preoccupations, all my political concerns, and all my suffering was the working of illusion.

But when I burnt out all my other alternatives, I went back to the classes not because I had overcome my objections to them but because I hoped the classes would calm my mind for a while and alleviate the despair. Sure enough, during the closing breathing and relaxation periods, I began to find a quiet place within me that existed apart from the political battleground. The problems that raced into my mind when I came into the class no longer bothered me when I left the class.

Hatha Yoga as a method of working on my body affected me in an opposite way than weight-lifting. Yoga stretched out thickened muscles to make them long and not well defined. The effect was not for the Other but for me. Whereas body building seemed to rivet together different parts of my body, hatha yoga isolated different parts so I could use them separately for the first time. I learned more about what they were able to do for me and what their limitations were. It's as if weight lifters work with a two dimensional body and yoginis work on a three dimensional body.

Hatha yoga also answered my objections to dance. Yoga made me understand dance's concern for audience approval which led to professionalism and other horrors. In the vocabulary of yoga, the problem of dance is that it ends in identification with the body. Before studying yoga it seemed to me that the self's identification with the body is the ideal mind-body relationship. But I saw in retrospect that when as a dancer I would feel "I am the body" I also sealed myself into separateness. If I am this body, I am obviously not that body. Since this and that are different, why shouldn't I compete with that and work exclusively for this. Perhaps the root of the narcissism that so many gay males (and especially gay male dancers—the ultimate body people) feel is that society pushes us into methods like dance where we learn

to identify with the body.



Through yogic practice one brings mind and body into harmony so that both of them are tools for the real Self. The Self is not the lonely western conceptualization. It is that which is united with the Other. But of course there is no Other, which dancers fail to realize. All is one. Different practices extend one's body into different places. Dance brings the Self into the body and keeps it there. Hatha yoga practice brings the Self to the body until it transcends the body.

On another level the changes that yoga put me through related to my politics. I no longer feel that yoga strengthens male-female polarities although it is sometimes practiced with that intention. In fact I see yoga as the contrary. It is a much better method of eliminating distinctions between men and women than gay liberation was able to come up with. When I was into hatha yoga enough to see how it actually affected us rather than believe some intellectual conception about it, it struck me that women's and men's bodies were really becoming more similar through doing postures. Women developed stronger upper bodies and tighter muscles. Men developed the flexibility in the legs and spine that usually only women have. Both women and men became thinner, and thus the different fat proportionment that often distinguishes them became less noticeable. On a more internal level, when women practiced yoga they gained willpower (considered a masculine virtue) while men learned how to surrender to a posture rather than fight it. Since much of a hatha yoga student's understanding of him or herself comes through his or her body, men and women thus have more similar consciousness of themselves. Many of the females whom I've met through yoga are the strongest women I know. And male yoga students are the only straight men I know who aren't overbearingly masculine. They are also the only group of heterosexuals who have been able to comfortably accept knowledge of my sexuality.

Even though yoga brings male and female bodies closer together, one could still argue that they are still different and thus the male-female distinction is still valid. But thus far we are only considering hatha yoga, where our consciousness is still on the body. The same is not true for the higher forms of yoga beyond hatha. Through practices of consistent non-attachment (that phrase deserves a lot more elaboration than I can give here) and meditation it becomes possible to cease to attach oneself to the body. To be out of the body also means being detached from one's sex, until one sees oneself as neither man nor woman. Meher Baba, an avatar of the modern age comments, "The experiences connected with the male and female form are both accessible and intelligible to the aspirant who has transcended sex-distinction. He remains unaffected by the limitations of either because, through understanding, he has freed himself from the limited obsessions characteristic of the sex-ridden imagination." (Discourses, Vol. III, p.82)

In this light yoga practices seem merely an extension of our dealing with sex roles in gay liberation. Furthermore, it makes gay liberation understandable in a yogic perspective. Meher Baba continues:

If a man is transcending sex duality and trying to understand the experience associated with the opposite sex, sometimes he actually exhibits the psychological traits

usually associated with the opposite sex. Thus some aspirants in the male body at one phase or another actually put on the clothes of females, talk like them, feel like them and take on their psychic traits and habits. But this is only a passing phase. When inner understanding of the relevant experience is complete, they neither experience themselves as male alone nor as female alone, but as being beyond the distinction of sex. (Ibid., p. 81)

It's certainly true that in my case gay liberation helped me work out my preoccupations with sex and sex distinctions which yoga has helped me move beyond.

But I still haven't answered all the objections to yoga's sexism. What about the fact that most yogis are men? Yoga aspirants are assumed to be male. Most *ashrams* in India, for example, won't even accept women. Many women who practice it here are assumed to be really interested in a relaxing form of "slimnastics" and not as spiritual seekers. For my satisfaction the sexism can be explained in a similar way as one explains the corruption in the Christian Church: Yoga, when applied to Oriental cultures, did not transcend the deeply ingrained anti-feminism of India. Similarly the Church abandoned the spirit of Christ as it adapted to a different culture. I don't have to "believe in" yogic sexism to practice yoga any more than I have to follow the Pope to be a Christian. The great statement of yoga Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* does not make male-female distinction in prescribing practices to realize God within oneself. Both women and men have the capacity to unite *shakti* (the feminine principle) which normally resides at the base of the spine with *shiva* (the masculine principle) which is in the crown of the head. When this is achieved both women and men enter into a blissful state. The ethereal body that is developed in advanced yoga practice is both male and female.

My final thoughts about yoga concern my gayness. Transcendence of sex identification means transcendence of attachment to my homosexual identification. Could it be that I'm moving in the direction of giving up my gayness? Yes and no. It's true that yoga practice has already moved a lot of energy out of sexuality and into other areas. It's also true that my need to be with other gay people (or anybody else at all) is not as great. But I'll always be gay in the way that it's always made sense to me: I'll always be part of any group that rejects the heterosexual institutions, from the possessive nuclear family all the way up to patriarchal politics. I've just changed my method into one that finally brings body and mind into harmony.

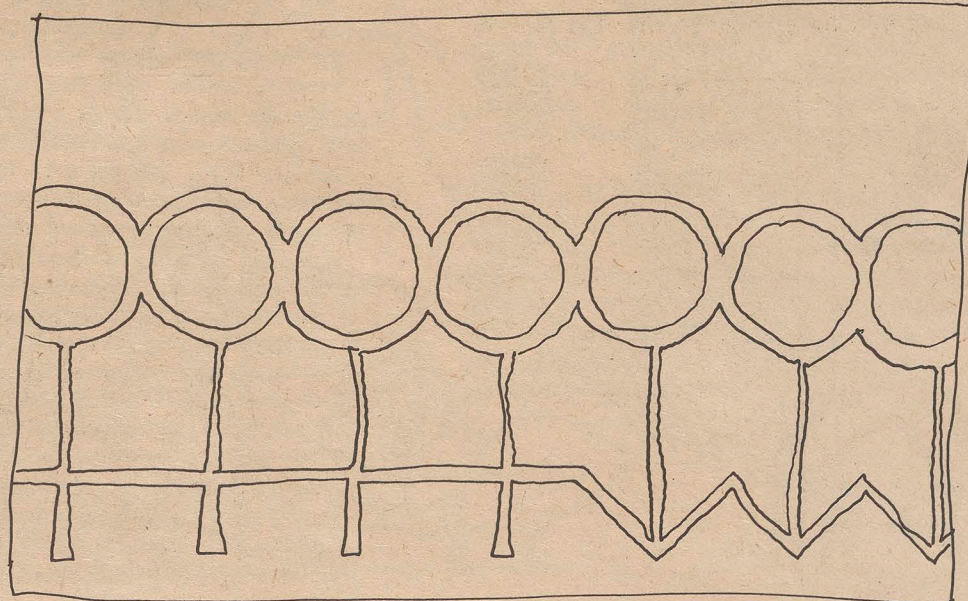
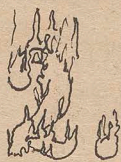
OM SHANTI OM

LEGAL (continued)

beast, shall be imprisoned for not more than twenty years and/or fined not more than five thousand dollars." There is a most inadequate law pending in the legislature (Senate Bill 200) which would reduce the penalty and exempt consenting partners over 21.

We hope to repeal all the Massachusetts sex laws and achieve a change more like the one in Hawaii. There the age of sexual consent has been reduced to fourteen and solicitation or lewd conduct has been dropped; prostitution has been reduced to a petty misdemeanor with a maximum thirty day penalty.

Beyond this we hope to organize some positive laws forbidding any discrimination whatever in the areas of housing, employment, education or any other right of citizenship.



INSTITUTIONS (continued)

Drs. V. Mark, W. Sweet and F. Ervin (all of Boston), for example, in a letter to the editor (*Journal of American Medical Association*, Sept. 11, 1967) suggest that the causes of race riots may be brain dysfunction, and that rather than dealing with these riots in a political way, authorities should consider surgery, that is, *psychosurgery*, as a solution. Two of these doctors have authored a book *Violence and the Brain* which also recommends surgery as a solution to "unacceptable levels of violence."

They have received a \$108,930 grant from the Justice Department, Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, for the following purpose: "The role of neurobiological dysfunction in the violent offender. Specifically, the grantee will determine the incidence of such disorders in a state penitentiary for men; establish and test the usefulness of electrophysiological and neurophysiological techniques for the detection of such disorders in routine examinations."

At the California Medical Facility at Vacaville, much controversy was created by the institution of an experimental program which attempted to carry out many of the proposals mentioned in connection with Mark and Ervin.

A conference held March 9-11, sponsored by the University of Texas Medical School, dealt with these problems under the title of "Neural Bases of Violence and Behavior" (see the *Washington Star*, March 12, 1972). And of course, not to be outdone, the Federal government is planning a Behavioral Research Center in Butner, North Carolina.

According to the prospectus issued by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, "The Center will serve the United States Bureau of Prisons as a developer of new treatment techniques to effectively modify criminal behavior. Center programs will accept especially selected groups of offenders from other Bureau of Prisons' facilities to develop new approaches for correcting various classes of offenders not reached by traditional correctional programs." More specifically, the Center will treat "patients who constitute a *management problem* beyond the capacities of the other correctional institutions." These patients will include "alcoholic felons, minority groups, overly passive follower types, sexually assaultive inmates, and high security risks."

The political implications of this new trend are very clear. Psychiatrists are categorizing as "mental illness" those behavior patterns which have developed as a reaction to political, racial and sexual discrimination and oppression, and the proposed solutions are devised with the advantage of correctional institutions in mind: the solutions attempt to control the particular behavior which is found to be objectionable (a "management problem"), with little regard for the "patient's" individual needs, creativity, humanity, etc. The ethical considerations are equally as clear.

To speak of the voluntary submission to these treatments is to push ignorance and insensitivity to the obscene. The pressures of institutional life are such that rational, unbiased and free personal decisions with regard to official programs of treatment are impossible to make. These treatment programs, then, are being used *without the consent of the patient or with his forced consent!*

Homosexuality within prisons is a very confusing issue. With the absence of members of the "opposite sex," sexuality becomes synonymous with homosexuality. Some homosexual relations in prison occur between consenting individuals; other relations, those most publicized, involve violence and at least one unwilling participant. Psychiatric treatment is prescribed for both these groups. To treat members of the first group is to act upon the assumption that homosexuality, regardless of its context, is a sickness. To prevent, rather than encourage, homosexual relationships among institutionalized men, is to impose upon them the Man's 'Heterosexual Ideal.' With the question of violence,



it is very difficult to tell just exactly who is "raping" whom, and it is clear that the most humane way of eliminating rape within prison walls (and Dr. Litkey has suggested just how difficult this has been!) is to eliminate outside prison walls the economic and political rape that forms an integral part of the structure of American society.

Outside institutions, the treatment of homosexuality takes on a different significance. Despite all the liberal assertions to the contrary, a great deal of psychiatrists and psychologists (particularly those mentioned here) consider homosexuality an aberrant form of human behavior: "the aberrant sexuality of this patient" (F.D. Roeder); "unhealthy learned patterns of behavior" (R.G. Heath); "deviant sexual behaviors" (L. Birk, p. 319); "normal sexuality" vs. homosexuality (N. McConaghy); "deviant sexual behavior" inclusive of homosexuality (an article in *Clinical Medicine*, July, 1970); "forms of deviant behavior, notably homosexuality...such aberrant behavior" (L.J. Litkey).

The issue that treatment of homosexuality raises, outside of institutions as well as within, is not whether the patients willingly or even enthusiastically submit (as indeed some have). This issue is, rather, that to comply with a decision to employ these treatments is an implicit commitment to the conception of homosexuality that serves as their foundation. And this conception is clearly contradictory to the fact that "Gay is Good."

I don't want to end this discussion without considering these questions from a personal point of view, which is something that doesn't always happen in this kind of a discussion. First of all, the fact that we are talking about incarcerated people, for whom misery and abuse have been institutionalized, is in itself a sufficient indictment against any of the forms of treatment I have described.

Secondly, as a gay person, I am outraged by the incredible cruelty and insensitivity with which gay people have been treated by straight psychiatrists. Roeder's article talks about the destruction of his patient's capacity to indulge in "erotic fancies and stimulating visions." Other articles mention the use of painful electric shock and drugs which induce severe nausea or terror. I wonder if Dr. Litkey or any of the others would achieve such great satisfaction through the successful elimination of the "pleasurable sensations" of heterosexual men.

Finally, the insidious character of experiments such as that of L. Birk, from Harvard, resides in the unquestioning compliance, undoubtedly for professional status reasons, with patients' desires that are quite obviously motivated by self-hatred. Isn't there something inherently evil about helping someone "repress through punishment" one of his most basic drives, thereby permitting him to lead a "happy heterosexual life" (and what about the patient's wife!), rather than helping him come to terms with himself, his homosexuality?

Isn't there something very wrong with a branch of medicine that uses its knowledge to destroy people's humanity, rather than to preserve it?

* * *

(If you want to give or receive more information, write Louis Landerson, c/o Fag Rag, 91 River Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

Gay video

gay revolution buttons
lavender spinning star on red background
with the words GAY REVOLUTION

25¢ each (15¢, 20 or more)

queer blue light
gay revolution video
post office box 410
old chelsea station
new york, new york 10011

communication is a vital part of the gay liberation struggle. we have long been isolated in this heterosexist society, cut off from one another and from our individual emotions and thoughts. there are still many sisters and brothers completely alone, unaware that there are other people in the world with similar feelings, similar dreams, similar thoughts. it is important that we reach out to them as well as to each other. we are now just beginning to explore our identity as a people. in our most optimistic moments we catch glimpses of a society where all will be liberated. through a constant flow of information, perhaps we can achieve a true revolution of consciousness.

videotape is a potentially powerful tool for change. it is a way of freeing ourselves from the tyranny of the straight establishment which uses television to insure conformity and docility. we no longer need to subject ourselves to their continual indoctrination. with proper equipment, a video tape can be played through any television set. this is now financially within our means. we can create our own images out of our own experiences. we can see ourselves not as straights see us or say they see us but in the ways we see ourselves.

the gay revolution video project began in new york about nine months ago. at that time we thought of it as a continuation of ecstasy magazine, reflecting some of the basic philosophy of the gay revolution party, but most of the people working in the video project were not involved in the party. more recently we discussed the name we first chose for the group which seems very heavy and serious. we've decided to call ourselves queer blue light-gay revolution video.

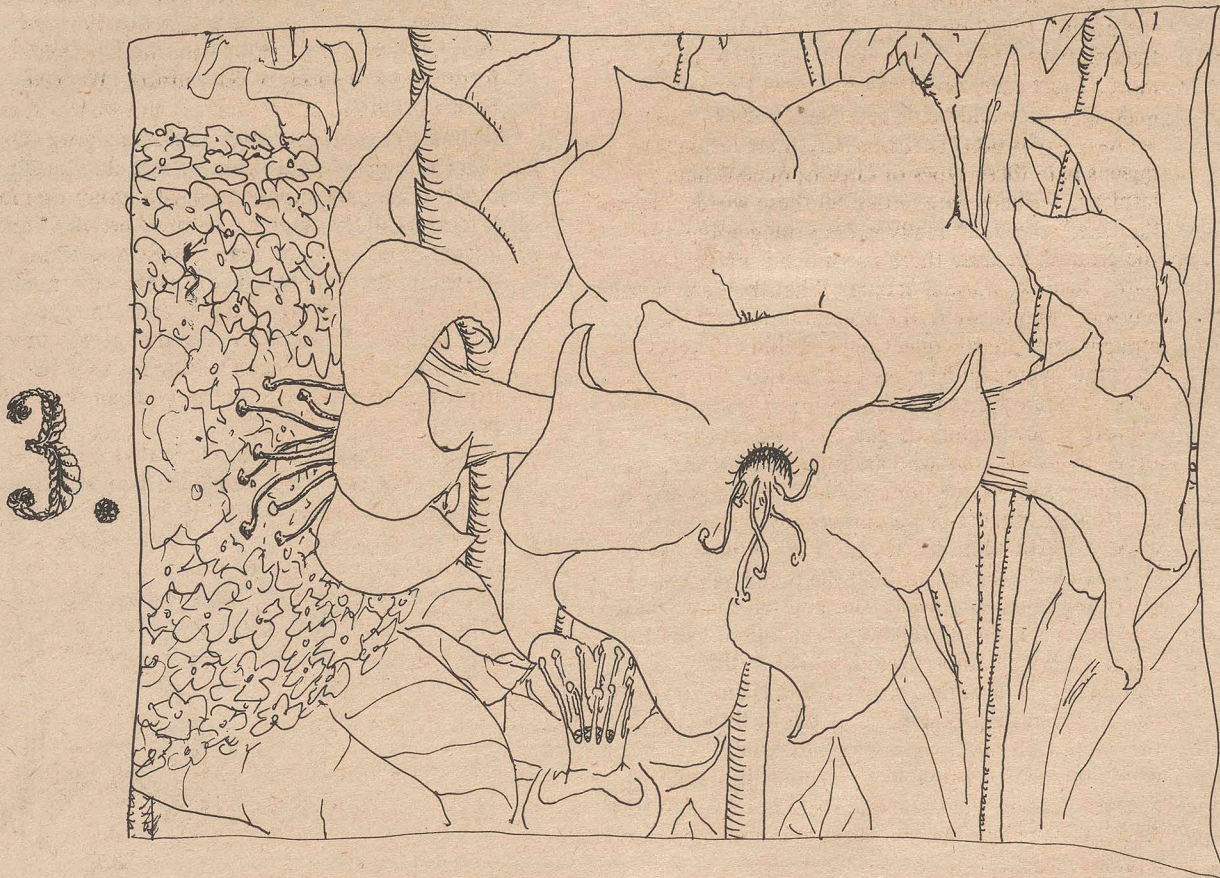
our prime concern is gay liberation rather than homosexual rights, though we see the need for both as long as lesbians and homosexual men are denied equal protection by the law and our people are locked up, beaten and murdered.

we feel a need to go beyond words. and we want to work with other gay people to explore through video what it means to be gay, to capture some of the reflections of our life style which we can share with the gay community.

lesbian mothers, a half-hour documentary directed by norma pontes and rita moreira, is the first tape we have produced and it had its premier showing in columbus, ohio last month during gay pride week at ohio state university. we hope to show this and other tapes to as many gay people as possible. we need to set up some system of tape distribution and find ways to get continuing funds for the group. one possibility, at least locally, is to organize benefit showings with gay organizations and splitting the donations received.

the sony half-inch equipment we have was donated to us but is not adequate for producing well-edited tapes. we need a thousand dollars just for another editing deck as well as money to buy more tapes. we make some money selling gay revolution buttons but not very much.

we are an all gay, non-profit, tax-exempt volunteer organization. donations can be deducted from your income tax if checks are made out to centers for change, inc., video project. our phone numbers are (212) 875-5997/6273.



HOOVER (continued)

towns aren't overjoyed about faggots.

And I got "educated" and started hating the war and all the other stuff in this country. But I saw things and lived ways that she doesn't see on TV. And so I didn't go to Vietnam, and she thinks I'm a traitor and I'm to blame, along with the Vietnamese, and so I yell at her and hate her for how she talks about the war and "the coloreds" and the queers. And so we're sitting there hating each other and we are both scared, because she knows I'm going to keep doing what I'm doing and I know she's going to keep voting for Nixon. And he's smiling because he knows that stuff like this is going to keep him winning while Mom and me keep on losing.

And it's the same kind of separation going on among us faggots. We get forced into the same sort of distinctions designed by power people to keep us separated—bitch/fem, straight/hip, black/white, old/young. Of course there are things about us that are really different, but as faggots we have a lot in common—especially the fact that we've all received some kind of punishment from the power people. That's who we should be dishing and ripping off and hurting—not each other.

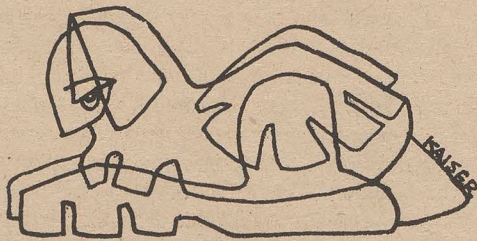
It's too hard to write about this stuff—what we should do, how we can help each other. I'm tempted to say something like; "We must recognize the contradictions in our community, analyze where they come from, struggle with the contradictions, and finally recognize the true source of our oppressions and deal with him, the enemy." There's a lot that's right in that sentence, but how it's said drives me crazy. It's so hard with these words be-

cause so many of the "revolutionaries" who use them have proven themselves to be false prophets, to be into the same type of power we're trying to get out of.

Revolutions have been fought in the past using that kind of power and after they were over, some of the bad things changed, but a lot of people ended up in about the same place they were before -- on the bottom. So we've got to try to do it better, and that also means expressing ourselves better. Right now I feel pretty inept about being any different, writing differently. Sometimes I feel like I'm just translating from one bad form to another form that might be just as scary. But it's the best I can do for now. Not doing it at all isn't an option.

We need to figure out how these power people and their power institutions keep us down and isolated because it's basic to our oppression. Our society separates men and women into "classes" in adolescence (if not before). Especially in that formative period, "homosexualization" occurs. Some boys get on the "right path" (toward becoming "real men") and others turn into faggots. For all males, not just those who later identify as gay, this "homosexualization" is destructive of our humanity. It's guilt-ridden, sadomasochistic, closey, alienated. It's a perversion of the natural gay experiences of that adolescent period, or what might develop freely and unobsessively beyond adolescence.

The segregation of the sexes "naturally" assumes the su-

**SILVIA SYDNEY** (continued)

Well, if you have a lover, you should have an understanding after a certain time in each other's life. If you're both homosexual say, "look, honey, I love you, you do what you wish, and I'll do what I wish, relating with other people, but we'll always have each other." That's the only way you're going to keep a gay marriage going because there's so much jealousy among gay people and so much friction and so much wanting. You know it's not legal anyway, even if you have a gay marriage.

Do you mean that gay relationships can be nothing more than what straight relationships are?

Well, some gay relationships can be wonderful. Young love is a lovely thing. And it can ripen and get older and you both can get older together. If you have something of interest to keep you at home and out of the bars. But once you have a lover and you go into the gay bars, forget it, honey, you lose, because there's always a better-looking pebble on the beach.

What do you think of women and what they have to go through?

Well, they're wonderful creatures; after all, they gave birth to us, dear. Right? What they have to go through is a sorrowful thing. I'm all for women's liberation. I think every kind of work should be open to them. Anything a man could do a woman could do.

Do you think they deserve all the brands they've gotten, like being called bitches and broads and all that?

Oh yes, they deserve that. I know a lot of women who deserve to be called bitches. Some of them are so nasty.

Why do you think.....?

They bring it on themselves. The way they act with a man. The way they act with anything. Some of them can be very nice. But, you see, you can't change anything or anybody. Time can only change it. A hundred years from now there will still be bitchy and nasty women. There will still be policemen and there will still be queens. I'd like to come back though in a couple of hundred years. The only thing I'll miss when I die, I'll miss all the gorgeous numbers. What else? Pornography, I love it. I love dirty books. I love those types of books and magazines and anything that's considered rotten and dirty.

What do you think about all those nelly queens?

Oh, I can't stand nelly queens even though I have a few friends who are nellys. Fudge queens, we called them in my day. They liked fudge and nellyness and carrying on. And swishy queens, I can't stand them—they're the ones they call "fags". They called me a fag once: I was nelly and swishy. And bitchy.

Why?

Why? Because I didn't know better. You see, when you're brought out in a different field, when you're brought out with a bunch of nelly bitches and screaming queens, you become that way. If you're brought out by some queens who hang around Napoleon's, you act reserved and piss-elegant. Now if I was brought out by those types of queens, I probably wouldn't be here today, I probably wouldn't be working in drag. I'd probably be working in an office and

making a lousy 65 dollars a week, isn't that what they make? Ribbon clerk, they call it. They think they're better than me. They think they're piss-elegant. Honey, I got more clothes and more money than the average queen. But I don't act elegant. I could dress up beautiful. I tried that once. Dressing up and being piss-elegant. I go to Napoleon's. That's the only bar I've ever been barred from. They love me in there. I love to read those types of queens. They're no better than anybody else. They suck. We all have to suck one way. There's no other way to do it but with your mouth. Right? White or black, honey, you've got to suck. I don't care if you put a white shirt on or a bow tie, or a drag on, or you're a flaming faggot, when you're undressed honey, the body is the same as everybody else.....

But you said if some queen is effete or nelly, you don't even care if she takes off her clothes.....

But there are some people who like nelly queens. There are people who like butch queens, there are people who like sick queens. Now years ago we never heard of S&M queens. S&M, that was in their own field, that was what we called queer. Sadist and masochist was a queer. To me a pervert. But now, it's a gay thing to get spanked or whipped and enjoy it. Then, years ago there was what people call "golden shower." My dear, today you mention it and it's nothing. To piss on somebody. I could never have it done to me. But it's the idea, that these gay people are all digging all these weird scenes. Of course, I guess what I do is a little weird, myself. But I've never done those weird things.

What about gay liberation?

I feel I'm liberated because I can tell everybody I'm gay. I'm a homosexual. I tell my bosses at all the hotels. I wait on tables, I let my hair down and they all have a ball. I even wind up with a few dollars more. I just carry on. But I tell them I'm gay. And making money and being gay is gay power. How can we have gay power? Lesbians hate these lesbians, queens hate these types of queens, queens hate lesbians, lesbians hate fairies, all these words, "fairies" "queers," you can't really get anything going, off the ground, because there's so much jealousy and hate. Just like normal people. What they call normal, anyway. Maybe we're the normal ones, and those straight ones are the queer ones. I think in years to come, there will be a gay city or two. There'll be a lot of broken dishes you see. A lot of jealousy. But I'd love to see a fabulous gay city. I'd love to see these big movie stars who are homosexuals with tons of money say, "I'm a homosexual." I would love to see Howard Hughes come out and say, "I'm a drag queen." With all his money he could build a city in Nevada on the desert, with all the bread he's got. I say if you're an entertainer and you tell them you're a homosexual, they love you just as much. And how can these female impersonators do everything to perfection and be beautiful women, and claim they're men? I mean their bodies are men, but they claim they're not, or never were, a homosexual. You are what you are. If people like you, they like you because you are what you are. And not a phony. And lots of people like me because I'm me and not a phony. Right?

premacy of men. It's the men, not the women, who are prepared in these separated "monosexual" worlds for the dominant positions in the society at large and in its various subcultures. The emphasis on masculinity in such all-male surroundings fosters a terrified closet loyalty to male supremacy. (At an earlier period in J. Edgar Hoover's life, significantly, he had planned to enter a Protestant seminary.) Under these circumstances, men's relationships to each other are based on competition. Men never really get to know women or are trained to think of them as servants and sex objects, or not at all.

Women trained for "female" positions -- as wives, waitresses, nuns, secretaries, telephone operators, nurses -- learn as basic training the virtues of passivity, obedience, and submission to all forms of sexual/psychological rape.

In these "monosexual" societies, all sexuality -- heterosexuality and homosexuality -- is perverted. And it isn't accidental that as gay men (especially in limelight fields such as politics, athletics or rock music), we are forced to, or choose to, hide our homosexuality. ("I'm no sissy!") We thus maintain our loyalty to the male master.

It's good to understand how we get roped into that stuff, but we've got to figure how to get out of it, too. Like racism -- it's easy to understand why we white people are racist but we've also got to get out of it. Women aren't interested in why faggots are still into male power -- they want us to get out of it because male power messes them up. Whatever we get out of male power -- a good job or a good trick -- hurts us in the long run -- and it hurts a lot of other people.

Just thinking back again to Hoover and thinking what a lousy life he must have had and how many people he hurt. He sums up a lot of our problems about getting together and creating something as faggots. Things about male power, staying in the closet, and clinging to male-defined roles. We've got to stop the Hoovers and we've got to get out of becoming Hoovers.

GAY WOMEN (continued)

cannot they tell the men directly instead of keeping their anger encapsulated among themselves? If men oppress women, wouldn't it be more productive to discuss this with the women directly? Perhaps we avoid anger because of a common fantasy—that anger must be destructive, i.e., it will kill us. There are thousands of people who are committing emotional suicide because of anger never directed at its appropriate object. This is not to say that all gay people are slitting their wrists from inarticulated anger, but it can stifle our growth as a gay community; it can sap our strength in fighting the institutions which do oppress us.

Each group finds a method to deal with what is hostile and threatening to it, whether it be women/men, white/black or straight/gay. It chooses to keep the enemy outside itself. We draw up the protective mantle of the group around us against the enemy *outside* and, God forbid, if it should be found *within*. What can be potentially counter-productive to us as a movement is the sense of enmity within ourselves. Once gay men and women confront each other face to face, we are no longer things or objects but persons (objectification is a human phenomenon) and our feelings can no longer be directed at non-persons, but each other. This may not be "comfortable" initially. But carried to the extreme is not insanity a means of seeking comfort in an ever-increasing hostile environment?

It is a reality that there are differences between women and men, most often apparent in the ways which we form and maintain our interpersonal relationships. These differences, however, are the external manifestations of what we have learned from the institutions of our culture. We have been working to effect changes and we can share this with each other. More importantly, we can share what is internal—how we feel about each other. From my experiences with group therapy I have found that men and women are very much alike in their common fears, anger, hopes and expectations. One member of GML said in a recent BAD article speaking of callers to the Gay Phone, "We've all felt like that at one time or another. The important thing for us is to express as much of yourself as you can to another person."

The comment has been made that we live in a "sick society." Gay people are a reflection of that society. Our growing self-awareness and pride has been the initial step towards becoming a healthy group of individuals. I can't help but feel that our confronting and dealing with our feelings towards each other is a further progression in that direction.

