



TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

BOSTON GAY YOUTH, 536-6197. Group of gay men and women of high school age. Meets every Sunday at 2pm, Charles Street Meeting House.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, 262-1592. 419 Boylston St., Rm. 415, Boston 02116. Open to all women. Rap sessions every week on being gay; suppers, parties, sports, forums; public education; political activities; publishes monthly journal FOCUS.

FAG RAG, 354-1555. c/o Red Book, 91 River Street, Cambridge 02139. Always alive.

GAY COMMUNITY CENTER, 492-7871, 868-5630. Sponsors gay dances. Working towards opening a gay coffee house & community center.

GAY PHONE, 354-1555, 354-1556. Serviced by gay men. Raps; information on gay community events; legal, medical, psychiatric, VD referrals.

GAY WAY, 266-1000. Our own radio program, every Thursday, 9:00-9:30pm, WBUR-FM, 90.9 mc.

GAY SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 266-5477, c/o Homophile Community Health Service (see below). Coordinates public speaking activities of Boston gay groups; sends gay women and men to groups wanting to know more about us.

HARVARD-RADCLIFFE GAY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION, 498-2301. Occasional meetings.

HOMOPHILE COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICE, 266-5477. 419 Boylston St., Rm. 403. Boston 02116. Professional counselling service. Individual & group therapy; religious counselling; medical, legal and employment referral. Gay books & bibliography available. Fees based on ability to pay. Confidentiality assured.

HOMOPHILE UNION OF BOSTON, 536-6197. 419 Boylston St., Rm. 509. Boston 02116. Social, educational, civil rights & service organization. Open to all women & men, straight or gay. Legal, medical, job, religious counselling; twenty-four hour answering service. Publishes GAYLINE. Regular meetings.

LESBIAN LIBERATION, 354-8807, c/o Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St., Cambridge 02139. Group of radical feminist lesbians committed to radical changes in society and to building a community of gay women who can meet each other's survival needs. Occasional parties and suppers.

LISP, LEGAL IN-SERVICE PROJECT, 262-1431, 355 Boylston St., Boston 02116. For help in either staying in or getting out of the services.

MIT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE, 492-7871. Meetings, raps, get-togethers for MIT students.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH, BOSTON MISSION, 266-7491. 419 Boylston St., Rm. 408, Boston 02116. Rev. Larry Bernier, Nancy Wilson, pastors. A church for all people serving the gay community. Presently meets at the Hunnewell Chapel (in the Arlington Street Church) at 6:45pm Sundays.

RED RIVER DYKE COLLECTIVE, c/o Cagan, 43 Willow St., Somerville 02143. Newly formed radical lesbian group, offshoot of Lesbian Liberation. Inquiries and new members welcome.

STUDENT HOMOPHILE LEAGUE, 492-7871. Group of young gay men & women of college age. Educational, political and social activities. Meets every Thursday at 8pm, Charles Street Meeting House.

Flag Rag four

GAY MALE NEWSPAPER

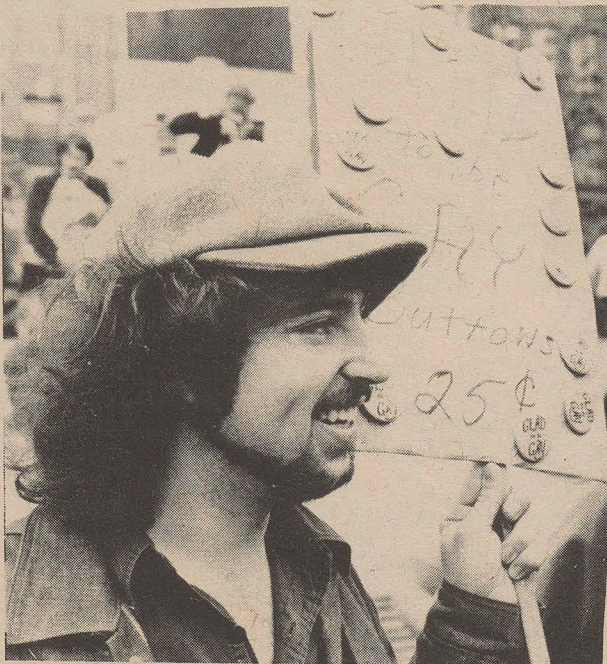
25¢

35¢ outside of
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



JANUARY 1973

FAG RAG, 91 River Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 comes out two or three times each year. The following worked on FAG RAG FOUR: Allen Young, Andy Kopkind, Artie Platt, Billy Cox, Bob Nalli, Charles Draper, Charley Shively ("License to Innocence," "Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution"), Chris Storey, Chuck Bevitt, Daniel Klefer, Dennis Miller, Gerrit Lansing ("Cock Haiku," "Alba," "Boxcar Moonlight Scene"), Harvey Blume, John LaPorta, John Mitzel ("Adonis '72"), John Wieners ("Gardenias"), Larry "Passion Flower" Anderson ("I am a Black Faggot"), Littlejohn (FAG RAG photographer), Louis Landerson ("Milan"), Michael Bronski, Richard Millen, Steve Dudley, Teddy Harvey, William Blake (cover graphic), and more whose names I can't recall now.



letters

SIR:

Although your fucking paper has good intentions, enough to pave the road clean to hell, there's a big difference between what you say and what you do. You speak out for us gay women, yet among the 32 names on your masthead, plus that of one male transvestite, there are no women. How do you expect women to read your shit if you don't ask us to write for you? The masthead does give credit for "more whose names I can't remember right now." I'll bet they were all women--it's like you to forget them.

I realize you are Fag Rag, and as such you would write for gay men; isn't that the trip you lay on NYC GAA's head? You suggest you'll reorganize; if you're going to live you'd better reorganize your heads and realize that there are women in this world; many of them (gay and straight) are beautiful people.

I bet you won't print this because it's written by a butchie/bulldoze/Lesbian/muff-diver, and plainly you don't recognize us. You don't, you don't, you don't. We won't go away just because you ignore us, honey. You're a bunch of pigs in lambsclothing.

Yours in the Virgin Mary,
Dona Alan

Our "response:" We began as a part of LAVENDER VISION (a half lesbian and half faggot paper), but after many of the faggots working on LAVENDER VISION left for San Francisco, the lesbians preferred to work alone. They published LAVENDER VISION #2. In the meantime the faggot part of LAVENDER VISION reorganized and took the name FAG RAG. The Daughters of Bilitis publish FOCUS bimonthly in Boston and there have been several newsletters, broadsides and other work published out of the Women's Center, where the Radical Lesbians have their own lounge. The Homophile Union of Boston (purportedly open to both men and women) publishes GAYLINE. We've had several suggestions from time to time to consolidate these publications, but so far nothing has come of these discussions.

GUIDE

bars, baths, books

BARS:

(WARNING: opinion will differ about these bars; each has its "steadies" who find "their" bar best. And fashion changes quickly. Although Boston bars tend to be long-lived (some date back over twenty years), the "action" moves back and forth according to whim and circumstance. Each has its parties and special nights; they all tend to be slow on weeknights and peppy on weekends. They close at 2:00am (except 1:00am Saturday) and all serve allegedly "hard" liquor. Many bad things can be (and have been) said about bars, but this space more than any other is ours.)

CARNIVAL. 39 Boylston St. (between Washington and Tremont). Dancing, happy hour 5-7pm weekdays, popular after work. Times Square feeling.

HYWAY INN. (Byfield Exit on I-95N). Formerly a rendezvous for suburban adultery; now completely gay. Motel, dancing, swimming pool. Same management as the Other Side.

JACQUES. Broadway at Piedmont (off Park Sq., behind Howard Johnson Motel & Cinema 57). Upstairs is primarily lesbian with some drag queens. Often crowded with straight men trying to hustle and hassle women or transvestites. Police hang around outside. Basement bar mainly men. Dancing.

MARIO'S. Shawmut & Church Streets (behind Statler). Downstairs straight; upstairs gay. Relaxed. No dancing.

NAPOLEON CLUB. Piedmont St. (directly behind the U. of Mass.). Smart, upper-class elite. Sunday dress at all times. Cover charge on week-ends; no dancing.

OTHER SIDE. Broadway (across the street from Jacques). Loud, active, quite a mixture. Straights come here to "slum." Sylvia Sidney does an ever popular Monday night show.

PLAYLAND. 31 Essex Street (just off Washington in the "Combat zone"). Old, young, mixed; somewhat sleazy. 35¢ draft beer popular for daytime shoppers.

SHED. Huntington Ave. (between Mass. Ave. & Gainsborough St., across from Symphony Hall). Leather but not exclusively S & M. Near YMCA. No dancing, pool table.

SPORTER'S. 228 Cambridge St. (across from Holiday Inn). Collegiate, hippish and often clique-ish--but also supportive, spontaneous and friendly if you can fit in. No dancing; pool table and pinball machines.

TWELVE CARVER. (Behind Trailways Bus Terminal). Downstairs piano bar with Ellie; upstairs, HERBIE'S RAMROD ROOM for the leather set.

TWELVE SEVENTY. 1270 Boylston St. (near Fenway Ball Park). Safely out of the "Combat zone;" newly expanded dance bar; sumptuous two floors. Wednesday night is lesbian night; hospitable atmosphere for Third World people.

BATHS:

A club on LaGrange St. specifically asked not to be listed in this paper.

REGENCY. 11 Otis St. (upstairs, 4th floor; off Summer St.) 338-7975. Opens 4pm in the afternoon.

THEATERS:

(The following houses show male "erotic" films --slightly censored so that no semen or actual penetration ever shows. We have not listed such "straight" movies such as the Publix, Stuart, Harvard Square and others where cruising often goes on.)

NORTH STATION CINEMA I. 276 Friend St. 227-6651. Newly opened; don't confuse with Cinema II.

SOUTH STATION CINEMA. 23 South St. 423-4340. Two screens but most of the drama is in the audience.

SOME GAY THINGS TO READ

BOOKS

THE GAY LIBERATION BOOK: WRITINGS BY AND ABOUT GAY MEN, ed. Len Richmond and Gary Noguera, Ramparts Press. (Early 1973)

GREAT GAY IN THE MORNING: ONE GROUP'S APPROACH TO COMMUNAL LIVING AND SEXUAL POLITICS, by the 25 to 6 Baking & Trucking Society, 95 pp., \$1.75. (Order direct from Times Change Press, Penwell Rd., Washington, N.J. 07882.)

THE HOMOSEXUAL DIALECTIC, ed. Joseph McCaffrey, Prentice-Hall, paperback.

I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY, by Lige Clark and Jack Nichols, St. Martin's Press, \$5.95.

LESBIAN/WOMAN, by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, Bantam paperback.

OUT OF THE CLOSETS: THE SOCIOLOGY OF HOMOSEXUAL LIBERATION, by Laud Humphreys, Prentice-Hall, 176 pp., \$5.95 hardcover.

OUT OF THE CLOSETS: VOICES OF GAY LIBERATION, ed. Karla Jay and Allen Young, Douglas Books, distributed by World Publishers, 405 pp., \$3.95 paperback (order from Douglas Books, Apt. 34, 905 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10025.)

THE QUEEN'S VERNACULAR: A GAY LEXICON, by Bruce Rodgers, Straight Arrow Press, \$3.50.

SAPPHO WAS A RIGHT-ON WOMAN: A LIBERATED VIEW OF LESBIANISM, by Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love, Stein & Day, 251 pp., \$7.95

SCREENING THE SEXES: HOMOSEXUALITY IN THE MOVIES, by Parker Tyler, Holt-Rinehart and Winston, 367 pp., \$10 hardcover.

PERIODICALS

(Unless otherwise noted, a sample copy can be obtained for 50¢.)

BODY POLITIC, 4 Kensington Av., Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada.

FOCUS: A JOURNAL FOR GAY WOMEN, c/o Daughters of Bilitis, 419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

THE FURIES (a lesbian paper), 219 11th St. SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

GAILY PLANET, c/o Mansfield, 826 Diamond, San Francisco, Cal. 94114 (Send donation for sample copy.)

GAY LIBERATOR, Box 631-A, Detroit, Mich. 48232 (Send 25¢ for sample copy.)

GAY SUNSHINE, Box 40397, San Francisco, Calif. 94140.

MOTIVE COMES OUT, final two issues of the Methodist youth magazine after being dropped by the church. Gay Men's Liberation issue and Lesbian-Feminist issue are available at \$1 each from MOTIVE, GPO Box 1677, New York, N.Y. 10001.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

If you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to each of the following, they will send you their free price lists of literature on gay liberation and other topics:

GAY LIBERATION BOOK SERVICE, Box 40397, San Francisco, Cal. 94140.

NEW ENGLAND FREE PRESS, Rm. 401, 791 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 02118.

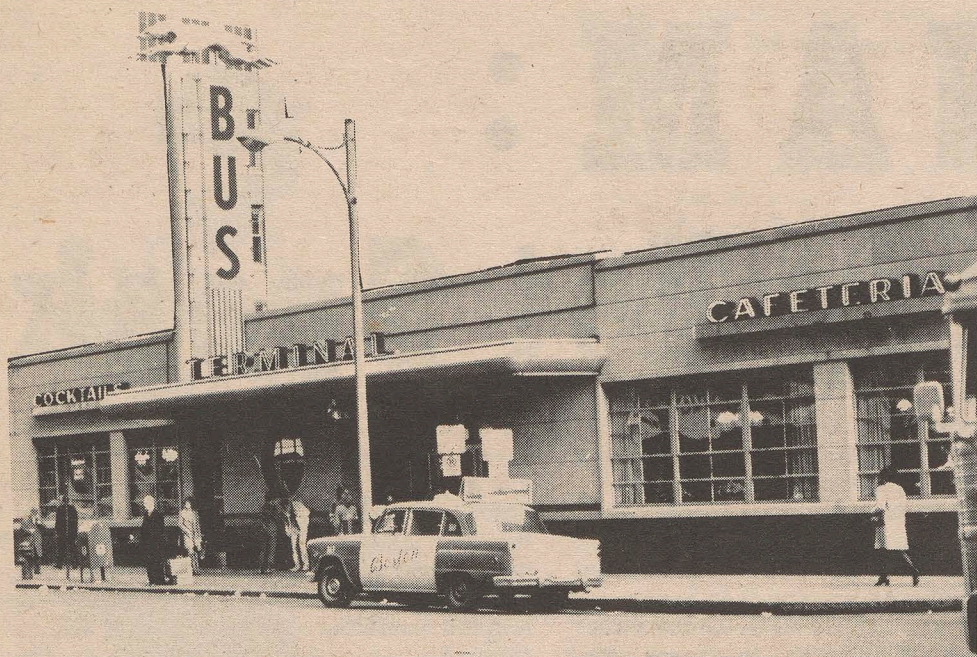
OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL BOOK SHOP, 291 Mercer St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

TEMPLAR PRESS, Box 98, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

TIMES CHANGE PRESS, Penwell Rd., Washington, N.J. 07882.

BACK ISSUES OF FAG RAG

Issues numbers 1, 2 and 3 of Fag Rag are available -- 35¢ each, or a donation if you can afford more or less. Write to Fag Rag, c/o Red Book, 91 River St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



HUSTLER

A Boy for All Seasons

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN A
HUSTLER AND HIS CUSTOMER

(Below is an interview that involved John - a seventeen year old, white, former hustler; Phillip - his twenty-eight year old, white customer and friend; two people from FAG RAG - Andy and Louis.)

Louis: How long have you been hanging around The Block?

Phillip: I've been hiring hustlers on The Block for about three or four years. But there are really two areas - The Marlborough-Commonwealth Ave area, and the most important area for me would be around St. James Street - the Greyhound Bus Terminal.

Louis: What were the circumstances under which you first became involved with the Greyhound area or The Block?

Phillip: I went down one night because I was lonely, and it had been about five years since I had had any sexual relationship. I determined somehow that there are hustlers hanging around the Marlborough Street-Arlington Street area and one summer night I walked down there around 8:00 at night and I walked by this teen age kid. I stopped about ten feet beyond him and just stood there. He came up

to me and asked if I had any spare change. I said, sure how much do you need, and he said, fifteen dollars. I asked if he'd come back to my place for that and he said he would. We were both very nervous because it was my first time and it was close to his first time. He was from New York City and he was seventeen years old. I've never seen him since then.

Louis: And you John?

John: I've been hanging around The Block for about the past nine months. The reason why I went down there was because I was always a horny kid. I could get paid for something I dug doing. I went down to make money. Christmas was coming up soon and I just thought money was the answer.

You can get anything from \$5 to probably \$30 there. Like for \$5 somebody would pick me up and they might feel my body, you know, caress my body. And I'll sit there and say, Oh I really dig it, and he'll give me \$5 or maybe \$5 more because I dug it. For \$10 you might go home with him, you might get into a 69 thing. For more, you might go into it a little bit deeper. Like he might want you to fuck him or he might want to fuck you. There's more money involved there. See, the more time, the more money - that's the idea, time is money.

Phillip: The lowest I've ever been asked for is \$2 which was for an all night session with a kid from Providence, Rhode Island. The most I've ever been asked is \$35, again for an all night session. In my experience, I've never gotten what I've paid for, or rather what you get isn't proportional to the price. The quality doesn't depend on the price. The typical prices are either \$10, \$15 or \$20; most typical is \$15 and mostly that involves oral sex - mutual type thing, caressing, kissing. Frequently, these deals are by appointment, they're not random meetings.

Louis: What is the general age range of hustlers that you know of?

John: Probably between fifteen and twenty-four.

Andy: Most of your customers are, say, older than in their twenties?

John: Yes, most of them are probably from thirty and over. I've had one or two customers that were in their early twenties. Those are the customers you like cause they're not too old and they kind of appeal to you sexually, plus you're getting paid for it.

Louis: Is there any sort of racial preponderance of customers?

John: Most of them are white - white Irishmen.

Louis: Do black people have any trouble either as hustlers or as customers?

John: I've noticed as customers they don't seem to make out cause nobody wants to go with some big black guy - he's afraid

the black guy's going to beat him or something. And black hustlers don't get off very good cause most of them are into ripping off.

Louis: Could you describe some of the customers you've had in the past?

John: I've run into a lot of fairly successful professional men. A lot of them are nice to me cause...I don't know...I used to con everybody. That's the whole idea of hustling - not just going and doing your thing and coming back. You get them involved in almost like an imaginary life of your own. I told this one guy I had a jones - a habit. For about a couple of weeks he gave me about \$30 a day. Cause he believes me. They're very gullible. I tell them what they want.

Phillip: Given my preference, I like teen age kids, very good looking ones. But I don't think that's a completely exclusive desire. The reason I got into the teen age kid scene was that I wasn't aware there was anything else. Once into it I liked it and stayed with it. But I didn't go there looking for teen age kids - I went looking there for anybody.

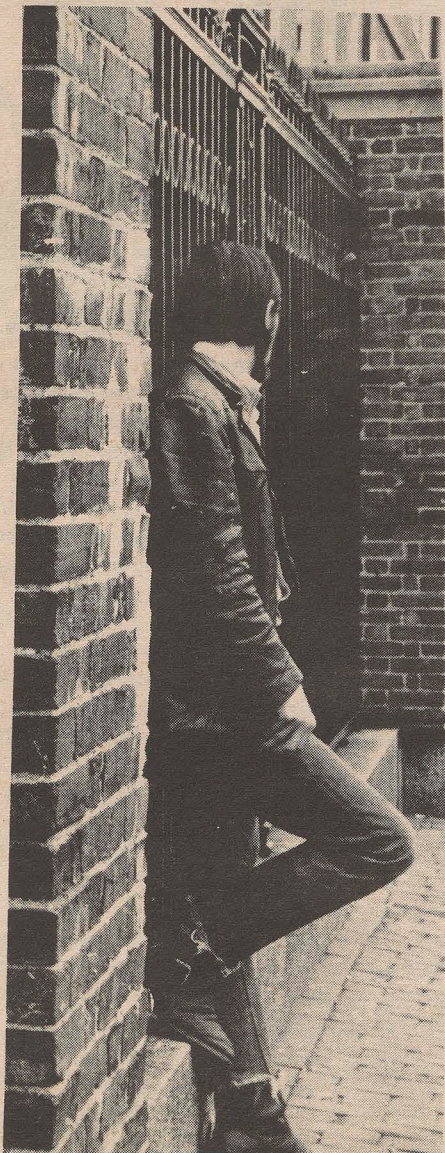
Andy: Do you choose a customer the same way a customer would choose you? Is there also a selection process?

John: Yes, like I'll get in the car and it depends on how that person talks to me. It depends on the type of clothes they're wearing and how they present themselves. I'm out there for a reason, they're out there for a reason. They're out there to get satisfied, I'm out there to make money. I'm not going to go with some shmuck that says he's going to give me \$20 and throw me out of the car, which happens a lot - it's happened twice to me and I don't like it. It's not that the money bothers me, it's just that it irritates me that somebody would do it to me.



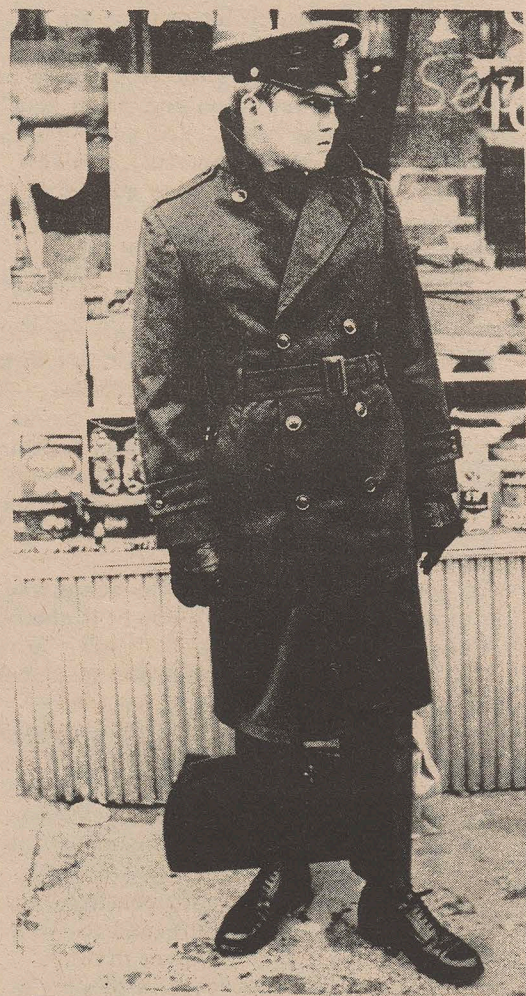
Phillip: When I meet a new hustler on the street, new for me, first I always try to get recommendations from other hustlers I know or from other customers. If I ask another hustler it's mostly about safety - to tell if the guy is a genuine hustler or if he's just out to rob me. And sometimes the hustler can tell if the guy's any good sexually, because I'm sure the hustlers interact with one another physically. One of the first questions I ask is, are you gay or straight or bi - what do you think of yourself as? If they say they're bi it usually means they're really straight but they're willing to compromise, they are willing to do what the customer's interested in, at least they're open to negotiation. The bi ones are the ones who tend to be the most flexible in a way. I used to pick up most anybody. I've become much more selective and I'm only interested now in two different types of people. One, are those that I really

(continued on page 23)



VIET NAM:

A Gay Vet Speaks



I first went to Vietnam in 1968 with a radio research group, which is an intelligence unit (Central Intelligence Department, army security agency), and I started making friends with Vietnamese soldiers and Vietnamese people like the military regime says you're supposed to do--only in my unit it had to be different. Two C.I.D.'s had reports that I was making friends with quite a few Vietnamese. After about three months with the unit, they asked me to stop. I said, no, I'm not gonna stop, that's ridiculous. And they said if you don't stop, we'll get you transferred. I said, go right ahead. I was transferred to the 25th Infantry.

I was trying to learn the customs of the people. I was in their country--not my country. You gotta do like the Romans do, only in this case as the Vietnamese do.

I was taking all these Vietnamese friends to the hotel, run by the military, sneaking them in at night. Well, I wasn't really sneaking them. I'd bring them in and they had a Vietnamese guard and I'd give him a couple of packages of cigarettes and he wouldn't say anything.

H: It was clear to the army that you were gay at that point?

R: No, not to the army. Maybe to some of the other Americans in the same hotel, but I don't think my headquarters ever thought anything like that.

H: Who were the people you were associating with?

R: Vietnamese soldiers, airborne soldiers and I asked them to teach me the language and I picked it up a little bit at a time, and asked them about their customs and everything. And after about 3 months of learning some of the language they started taking me to some of these Vietnamese places where Americans don't ordinarily go, where just Vietnamese go. I really found it fascinating.

H: Were your opinions at this time anti-war?

R: No, not at this time. It wasn't until I went to the 25th Infantry and saw how the prisoners they had there were being treated and how Americans, most Americans in Vietnam, were treating Vietnamese people in general. And I couldn't help feeling sorry for the Vietnamese soldiers when you look at the amount of Americans who had Vietnamese girlfriends for the one year. They can go to the government and get co-habitation papers for a year and live with the girl, give her a child, and then boom, in a year they're out of the country with no more connections, like cutting a string. And the American government allows this, you know, its

ridiculous. And so these Vietnamese soldiers who are making \$20 a month while the Americans are making \$400 a month, what do they do, you know, and these Vietnamese girls, its not that they don't want to love their own soldiers, because they do, but its the fact that there's a war going on in their country and they have to support their families. Quite a few of the girls told me that they can't stand the Americans, they just do it for the money and the sake of keeping their family together.

When I got to Saigon I just happened to go into this Continental Palace Hotel right on this street in Saigon and I found that this was a very active gay place. There were hustlers there, drag queens, transvestites, Vietnamese and Americans --I've never seen any place else in all the places I've been in the world with so many nationalities. There were Germans, Spanish people, Vietnamese, Chinese, Americans, Dutch, French--you name it and they were there. It was so easy to pick people up there--just as a general meeting place. And this Continental Palace--it was a hotel built by the French.

There were newspaper people, people who worked for personnel, in government, contractors, television people, radio people, tourists and the Vietnamese. Of course the Vietnamese were making a good trade cause they were doing the hustling. I got to know quite a few of the hustlers. I found that of all the foreigners over there, the Vietnamese could rip off the American more than any one else. There's marriages, inter-mixed marriages, gay marriages, where an American will marry a Vietnamese soldier or another Vietnamese guy, pay their way out of the army, set them up in Saigon in an apartment, buy them a Honda, buy them watches and jewelry and all this other stuff. And this Vietnamese could probably care less about any emotional feelings between him and the American but he's available and the American wants someone as a commodity there that he can get a hold of.

When I first went in the army I hid my gayness. When I got over to Vietnam, my whole world opened up cause there's no hiding it over there. Not from the military, not from civilians, not from the Vietnamese authorities or anybody else. It's just something that's very open--and I think that's something that came from the French.

More Americans when they go overseas they come out, whereas they're prone to not come out in the US because it's such an oppressed thing. Overseas people could care less one way or the other if you're a faggot or a queer--whatever you are, they don't care. So naturally you tend to come out much easier. And I think that's where I came out--over there. Even though I had had sexual relationships before I went overseas.

They have relationships with other Americans, with orientals and with Germans and what have you--whoever they can meet. Even right on the base camp there were relationships going on. I think the Air Force has more than any other branch of the service. I thought the Navy did, that's supposedly general knowledge, but I think in Vietnam, the Air Force had much more than them. The Air Force were much more fortunate. They were living together with the Vietnamese in training programs all over the country, whereas the army and navy were separated-- they had to live in separate barracks and they were more or less segregated. But in the Air Force they lived in the same barracks.

There's so many drunk Americans in Saigon cause there's nothing else to do but get drunk--they're frustrated, they have no work to do--there was an over-strength in Saigon--people running around doing nothing but drinking. You can go down one street--it's about a mile long--but bars on both sides of it, all the way. Every single building is a bar with a hotel above it. Where they can pick up a girl or a guy, whatever they wish.

I was walking across the street one day and this American was drunk out of his mind and this Vietnamese guy was driving down the street

on a Honda. The American kicked his bike over. I went over and helped the kid up with his bike and he was a student--ya know--about 17 years old. I said to the American, what did you do that for? and he said cause he had no goddamn headlights. I said, well did you ever stop to think that maybe he can't afford headlights. And the American says to me, what are you trying to do, get smart with me. I says, no I'm trying to keep up the image of the Americans over here and you're trying to knock it down. He started a fight and he knocked me down with his M-16. Three of the airborne soldiers had just come out of the bar and they know me well and I'd had sexual relations with them before. They just pulverized the guy. And just a little incident like this--it may not seem important but it happens all over the country all of the time...

I was shocked--when I was in Tan Uinh--there were old women who were filling sand bags and doing other odd jobs on the base camp. And they all have an American honcho, he's the boss of the work group. And they kicked these old ladies and they'd say, come on Mama San, get to work, if you don't, you're gonna get fired. When I stop and think if that was my grandmother in the same position I woulda shot the bastard, and who wouldn't. I grew up in the US and I couldn't figure what was going through American people's minds. To treat any people, no matter who they are, that way. It was kind of sickening and disgusting.

Nobody went along with the election of President Thieu this past year --everybody knew it



was a farce, an open farce. And the students were trying to prevent it from happening and there were thousands of students all over the country that were being jailed--and the New York Times and the Boston Globe are just beginning to write a few things about the students. But all the news that the American people have heard about what was happening with the war and the politics and nothing about what happens to the Vietnamese people. That's still true today. We don't hear anything about the thousands of Vietnamese people who are killed or who are left homeless. And now Nixon appropriated another \$500 million supplementary budget to support the refugees in Vietnam. But now this money will go to military aid as soon as it gets to Vietnam--those refugees will never see it. And they'll be worse off than they were.

When I got out of the service and I was teaching in schools I met a couple of students in a place that was predominantly gay Vietnamese called the Hanoi Milk Bar, on Leloy Street in Saigon. We were just carrying on a conversation totally in Vietnamese and they were amazed that I could speak Vietnamese. When they started carrying on political discussion and what's gonna happen to their political future and their country. Now, they're the young people and



their country's being destroyed. What's gonna happen when it's totally destroyed? They have no future cause your future's in your country. So I used to write pamphlets for them and correct their English mistakes and then it got to a point where I got deeper in it and I started going to demonstrations speaking out against Ambassador Bunker and President Thieu, etc. My activity was getting pretty strong and I was being known as being a political agitator according to what the CIA said. So I was sitting in the Milk Bar one day, just this past year. They said, you're under arrest. Arrest? what for? And they said, never mind what for, just come with us. And there were two Vietnamese policemen, two men from the CIA, two Vice-Consuls from the American Embassy. I was put in prison where I spent a month with no trial, no rights, no charges against me. I couldn't make a telephone call to my sponsor who is responsible for my actions in Vietnam. People from the New York Times who I had worked with couldn't even get in to

see me. Officials said, well, we don't know where he is. Nobody heard from me for a whole month.

I requested to be moved out of the American cell which was segregated and requested to be put in a Vietnamese cell. For two weeks there were seventeen Vietnamese policemen (prisoners) locked up in the same cell as me. It was the only time when I was in any state of mind when I was in prison that we talked about politics and everything else. Then a guy from one of the local Saigon newspapers, and when he was let out I had written a letter in Vietnamese--an appeal to the Vietnamese people to be in a newspaper. Well he got caught with the letter.

I knew there was a student leader in the prison. I bribed one of the Vietnamese guards in order to go upstairs to see her. Her and Thi Lan Lang, she's a professor at Saigon U. and TLL is one of the student leaders of the Saigon student union. They were both repeatedly given water torture, electric shock in their vaginas, and had objects put in them and things like this. And they were on a hunger strike. Every single night in that prison they sang anti-government songs.

I saw so many students who were treated the same way. They were tortured, they were hung from the top of the bars with handcuffs--just left hanging there for four hours, without their feet touching the ground. One student's (Trung Guin Que's) wrists were broken. I asked Ngo Ba Thanh what to do cause I had the choice of either staying in that place until I rotted or leaving Vietnam. She told me come back here and do what I could from this side. And yet when I first came back and went to San Francisco, I was harassed by the CIA. They told me, keep your mouth shut and stay clean and everything will be alright. If you don't, well, you'll have to suffer the consequences. And it was just recently when I got in touch with Ngo Vinh Long, the American representative of the Saigon student union, he advised me about different things to do, articles and letters that have been written.

My job would be in jeopardy if I acted too strongly.

I really feel kind of selfish and greedy about the way I made friends with some Vietnamese soldiers. I set them up in order for me to exploit them. Which wasn't right, moral or whatever else you might want to say. A lot of them weren't gay--they were straight--but they couldn't pick up a girl if they wanted to because they didn't have the money. And so instead I invited them to my apartment. And there were nights when I had fifteen or twenty soldiers sleeping in my apartment at once.

I've been back eight months now and I've become more active again. There's some drive inside me that tells me I owe it to these Vietnamese students who are in prison in Vietnam.

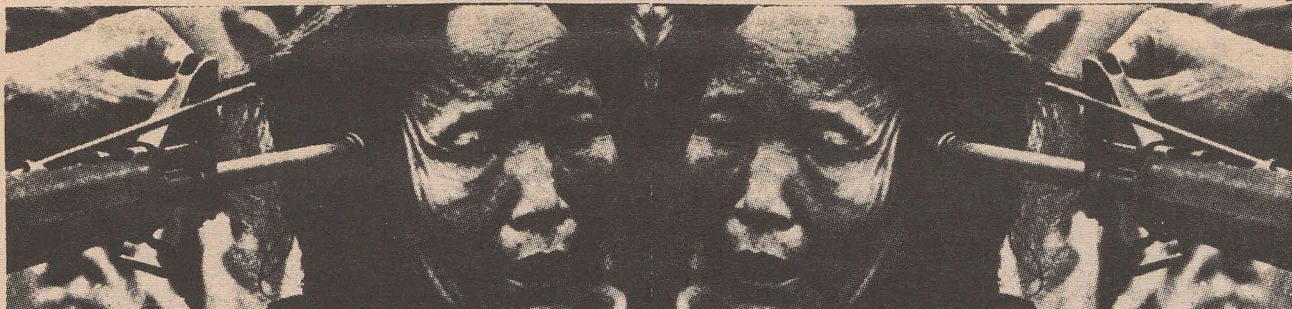
My father's patriotic--he's in the American Legion, and I have to listen to all this bullshit at home. That's one of the reasons I couldn't live at home. So I tell people, it's hard for me to talk down my own government. I just have to do it--cause it's immoral, it's immoral.

LEGAL AID FOR GAY PEOPLE IN THE MILITARY

You don't have to suffer harassment if you happen to be gay and in the military. You can obtain a discharge under honorable conditions if you take the initiative to inform your command that you are suffering anxiety and stress because of the terrible contradiction between your feelings and the regulations. If you present evidence from a civilian psychiatrist that you have homosexual tendencies and that the threat of court martial punishment for acting on these tendencies makes you uptight, then you give the military no alternative but to discharge you honorably.

The Fifth Amendment protects you from revealing any information which might lead to prosecution. Therefore, you should never divulge names, places or any other details of your experiences to the military--not even to their psychiatrists. All you need to talk about is your desire to love others of the same sex.

There are military counselors available with experience in alleviating the problems of the gay GI or WAC. For help to get out (or stay in) contact the Legal In-Service Project (LISP), 355 Boylston Street, Boston, Phone: 262-1431.



"THEY KICKED THESE OLD LADIES AND THEY'D SAY, COME ON MAMA SAN, GET TO WORK... IT WAS KIND OF SICKENING AND DISGUSTING."

ARVN as Faggots

In the case of American marines.... Homosexuality appeared in two contradictory themes of basic training. On the one hand, homosexuals were the enemy. Referring to navy corpsmen in general, and one in particular, a former marine explained:

"A lot of them were like prissy. I mean looked on the faggoty-type side.... if that guy was in marine boot camp he'd of got bounced out. Or he'd have so many problems within the system that he fucking wouldn't be able to hack it. He'd go out of his mind. He'd be called 'a faggot.'"

On the other hand, marine recruits were called "faggots" by their drill instructors during boot camp. By compelling these men to accept such labels, the drill instructors achieved on a psychological level the same control that they had on a physical level when, for example, the men were not permitted a bowel movement for the first week of boot camp.

As defined by the boot camp experience, homosexuality was only incidentally a sexual condition. More important, it represented a lack of all the aggressive characteristics that were thought to comprise masculinity....

The marines heard lectures about Vietnamese men expressing friendship among themselves and with other men through physical contact. But this behavior became all the more inexplicable as a result of the lectures. For if hand-holding between men was a custom, it meant--as far as the marines were concerned--that these gestures were not aberrations within the Vietnamese society; rather the whole society was an aberration....

The marines needed an explanation that would enable them to relate these male gestures to their own culture, not that of the Vietnamese. This was possible by defining it as homosexuality, since it was a familiar category to marines. ... Equally important, the marines understood what the behaviour ought to be in response:

"I had been in country a year by this time. We were going to regiment in Danang. We pulled the truck over and the ARVN engineer stopped us at a roadblock. And the driver is saying, 'Get out of our way, you little slopes.' And they come out and they said, 'We have a wounded veteran.' We said, 'So what?' They said, 'He doesn't have one leg. Could you give him a ride up to the hospital?' So everybody's saying, 'Let him hop.' I was in charge of the detail so I said, 'Let him on.' So he comes over on his crutches. I said, 'Throw your crutches up.' So he passed up the crutches. And I grabbed him under the arms and I pick him up and I set him in the seat. The little slope grabbed me by the leg. And I had been in the country long enough to know that most of them are queer. They hold hands and stuff. And this sort of irks most marines and soldiers. And we're told that it's a Vietnamese custom, when you're really friendly you should hold hands. So they try to hold a lot of guys' hands. So they end up getting beat bloody. The guy grabbed my leg. So I got mad. I wasn't in a good mood that morning and I whacked him. And my buddies grabbed his crutches. And I said 'Go!' So we took off. We threw his crutches in the rice paddy one time and went another 150 yards and threw the other crutch and then

out he went. He was screaming and crying and begging us. 'Out you go.' We all had a good laugh about that."

quoted from an article by Charles J. Levy in TRANS-ACTION, October, 1971.



OLD AND GAY

Growing old as a faggot is such a fearful topic that no one talks about it. Read virtually any gay liberation publication; most of the articles center on problems of youth and the graphics portray sleek virile bodies (usually white, anglo-saxon). In discussion groups or rap sessions, our first homosexual experience ("coming out") usually preempts other topics. Straights likewise ignore the problems of older faggots. Lawrence Hattner, Irving Bieber or Edmund Bergler, for example, mainly study the young homosexual and dismiss those over thirty-five as incurable. Typically, Bieber concludes, such "patients" will probably "fail to achieve a heterosexual adaptation." (HOMOSEXUALITY: A PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY OF MALE HOMOSEXUALS (1962), 302). The gay reform (and revolutionary) movement holds out little more hope than the shrinks for any change in the older homosexual. At worst, we shudder and hurl epitaphs/epithets such as "dirty old man!" At our best, we have been silent.

We differ greatly, old and young faggots--alcohol vs drugs; closet vs coming out; conformity vs rebellion; joy vs despair--many marks of time separate us. And in the capitalist economy, nothing is worse than being marked with time, obsolescence and age. In 1893, the very gay Oscar Wilde wrote: "The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years." (A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE) In gay liberation, we have too often absorbed the prejudices of our society--slaves of the capitalist progress mythology--we have admired only youth and newness.

Because the "New Left" was new and vital in the sixties and because we were a part of it, our energies in gay liberation have been largely directed toward struggling with those calling themselves the "New Left." At Mayday, Miami, or just about any demonstration--we have had to fight to be included--although we were often as much a part of (if not more of) the movement than those heterosexuals embarrassed by our presence. "The Freaking Faggot Revolution."

In our absorption with problems in the "New Left," we have neglected our "own people," particularly those over thirty-five--those much more closeted, straight-jacketed and hurt than we have been--the faggots who ran the gauntlet before us--who have spent decade upon decade in merely surviving. Too many young faggots who have just come out remain naive about our survival problems. They grew up with silver spoons (instead of cocks) in their mouths--attending big universities with three meals a day on the college dining tables. They believe stereotypes about wealthy faggots--about Beacon Hill townhouses, executives, successful hairdressers, designers, writers, artists, etc. (Compare gentile fantasies about Jewish wealth.)

Not to downgrade in any way the achievements faggots have made--often against tremendous odds--but their success is exceptional. (Jackie Robinson, Buffy Ste. Marie, Sandy Koufax or Shirley Temple don't make the "average" Black, American Indian, Jew or child feel they are well off--indeed, you feel worse contrasting your own nothingness with their glory.) Most faggots grow old without any security at all. If you have inherited wealth (a Saltonstall, for instance), you might survive. But most faggots lack the advantages of birth. Black, Irish, Italian, Jewish and other oppressed, impoverished people tend to downgrade the faggots within their own community. And while otherwise oppressed, married heterosexuals can exploit one another and their children--or at least lean on them--but old faggots have no one to harm but themselves.

I remember a Black faggot (about forty-five or fifty) talking with a friend of mine (Black, gay and about eighteen). He said with fierceness and desperation in his voice: "There are wolves at the door, all the time, every minute of the day, they're clawing away just waiting to get at you--you relax, just once--take it easy just one time, and they're in, at your throat--and you're dead, dead as can be." He was trying to tell my friend not to be so irresponsible, so free--hanging around with me (I was only twenty then), not going to school, making it all the time with abandonment. He was saying, remember you're going to become old with even fewer options--and Black people (especially Black faggots) don't have that margin of freedom and survival others have (like white faggots).

The Two Ages

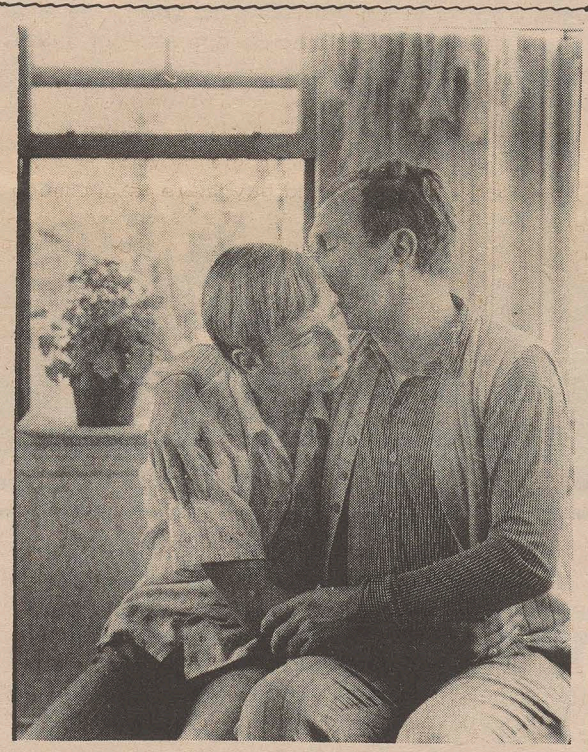
We have struggled and worked with the Attica Brigade or the Miami Convention Coalition despite their sexism. But we have not similarly struggled as comrades with our gay brothers--often mired in despair, racism, sexism, disillusionment and class prejudice--particularly when over thirty.

We can forgive a Jerry Rubin or Eric Mann or Mark Rudd when they either ignore or insult faggots because we feel a duty to work with them and to help them change. In the meantime, we dismiss HUB-Mattachine gay men because they "simply don't want to deal with changing the status quo around class and race."

Because I believe sexism to be a primary contradiction I think we should change our priorities; we need as faggots to organize first around our oppression as faggots. And to seek alliances with lesbians and other women in fighting against the male supremacist hierarchy that underlies the capitalist, imperialist, racist ruling powers.

Age is a barrier to our organization; it is not a fundamental contradiction or difference among faggots. It is only a way straight male supremacists have used to divide us. Our energies and concern are deflected away from our own organization as faggots and instead directed toward "working with" our oppressors. If we are divided between young and old, we will inevitably be the losers.

I feel this in a very personal way. I was born in 1937 and my lover of nearly eight years in 1925 (both of us would rather not publicize our age). My GML friends (considerably younger) easily understand helping someone



tripping, speeding, down or stoned and freaked out--but they have only outrage for Agamemnon (I use a pseudonym) when he is drunk. Once Agamemnon came into a FAG RAG meeting in our apartment--storming drunk and rather obnoxious, everyone tried to ignore him as usual, and when he left someone shouted, "Sieg Heil!" Agamemnon didn't have to be told how my friends felt about him. As he said once when I was urging him to be more friendly: "How can I even talk to them, they don't even speak to me; they treat me like I was a piece of shit." Agamemnon was essentially right not only about himself but about the movement--if you're not young and with it, you're a piece of shit. I played liberal and at the time was quiet--in part because I was uncertain--in the middle I saw truth on both sides--but to be honest in retrospect, I was afraid that if I spoke out in defense of Agamemnon, I would lose my vibrant and young friends.

Aging in the gay community generally does not reassure you that you are still worthwhile, loved, wanted or a human being. You become at best a problem to relate to; or to avoid; or to ignore; or someone to insult, hurt and downgrade. I appreciate the honesty of someone I knew (he had once sucked me off on the Fenway but I don't think he remembered it) who said, "I just could never go to bed with anyone over thirty." Whether he knew my age or not (perhaps I looked younger), what he said made me feel shitty.

I'm not saying the aged gay is the best person imaginable. There is reality to some of the "dirty old man" stereotypes, but it's the same kind of reality as welfare mothers taking taxicabs to pick up surplus food. People rush to blame the victim for his/her fate. We will tolerate an older man so long as he is properly deferential, non-aggressive, solicitous, gentle and kind. Should he demonstrate the slightest degree of "uppityness," aggression or self-assertion, we immediately cancel our toleration. A faggot friend told me the most repulsive thing about "dirty old men" to him was the way they stared at his crotch! He was essentially saying he could only tolerate them when they entirely repressed their sexuality; for younger people, he wouldn't hesitate to show it hard. I share these values. Last summer I was raped by a man probably about twenty years or so older than myself and found the experience horrifying. Had the man been younger or more attractive I would've probably enjoyed it--or not minded so much.

Even if you are old and dignified and properly non-self-assertive, you won't be loved very much. Indeed, you'll be condemned for the very qualities that preserve you from being a "dirty old man." You will be told that gay people can no longer be timid, shy, quiet, non-aggressive--you might even be asked, "Why don't you pick up the gun?" And your lifestyle won't be praised no matter what it is. If you've tried to be feminine, they will call you an "old auntie," "ribbon clerk," or "piss elegant." Embroidery, sewing, cooking, houseplants, cats, dogs, knitting, crocheting and such housewifery activities are chic for the young faggot--but I've never heard anyone praise an "old queen" for these things. Or if you try to pass, you'll be attacked for your "straight identification." Your suit and tie will disqualify you immediately for anything but contempt; and if you wear the latest young men's clothing, you'll be laughed at for trying to look young (and perhaps condemned as well for not looking more effeminate).

Gays share some of the values about age with the courts and police. It is illegal for someone under age to have sexual relations with someone over age. In court, there are NO extenuating circumstances--the guilt is prima facie with the older person. He is presumed to be the aggressor. If a young homosexual is killed, even in the Fenway Rose Garden as an example, the police search down the murderers almost as industriously as they would for a heterosexual victim. But much less concern is shown for an older homosexual--especially if his assailant be a younger person. Generally just bringing up the issue of homosexuality is enough to get the murder charges dismissed ("Dirty old man, he deserved what he got!") I believe the number of cases of older homosexuals being murdered is much higher than anyone realizes. Family, friends and relatives usually conspire to hush up such details; the papers and police cooperate; and as a result, everyone (including gay liberationists) think being a closet homosexual is a lot safer than it is. I know a friend (he was about 50) who died this way: a "guest" from New Jersey was visiting and in the night the apartment was burned out and the "guest" disappeared. The case was marked down as a drunk falling to sleep in bed with a cigarette, but it wasn't a cigarette he was in bed with.

Both young heterosexual males and young faggots presume that the only way sexual relations could be consummated between a young and old man is for some money or other consideration. Let a schoolteacher, professor, employer, director or whatever have sexual-love relations with someone younger: everyone winks their eye and assumes they know what the score is. Both faggot and heterosexual youth assume that older homosexuals are fair game for attack, robbery, blackmail and general abuse. And even where there is sex--young faggots and straights respond about the same to older men: they just lie there and get their cocks sucked. Neither would want "to go down on," to kiss or to live voluntarily with the older man. Generally only desperation (horniness, poverty, rainy night, need for a ride, etc.) can bring the young to sleep with their elders.

(continued on page 20)

YOUNG AND GAY

I know you might say: "You told the kids in school, why not your parents." There is a great deal of difference between telling some people you hardly know and telling your parents. With my class, it wasn't so much of a hassle. They seemed indifferent, and went on as usual, after being told. Of course there was the occasional name calling, but that wasn't so bad. Some of the names they use are quite true. I am a cock-

The need for someone you can talk to, who knows what it is like to be young and gay, and most important of all, alone. I don't mean that older gays are no help whatsoever, they try, but sometimes they can forget, what it means to be young with no one you can really talk to.



What we want is to be educated by your ambitions, your successes, and your failures. Your hopes and dreams of change are to be passed on to us, and to us alone. How are we to learn, and be inspired, if we are ignored?

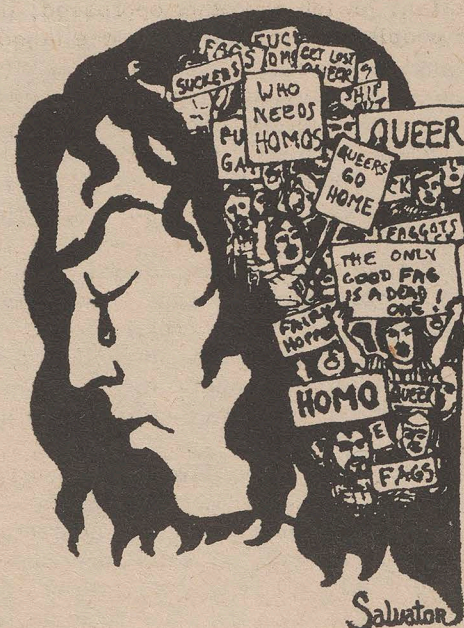
from the closet

Every gay guy must realize that for some of us it would be tantamount to physical suicide to "come out." Personally speaking, I would lose my job (and how do you make up 17 years), retirement pension, my home, to say nothing of breaking the hearts of a lot of people I deeply love thereby shattering their lives, and, of course, the loss of all of my straight friends. Oh, I grant these things are important to me,

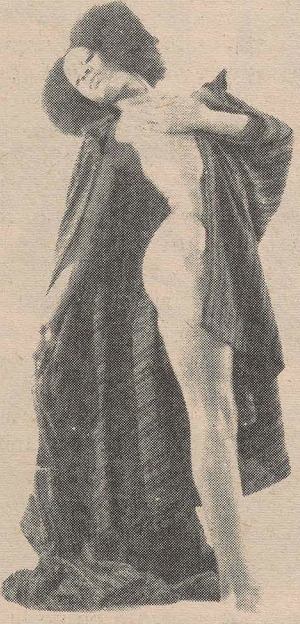
Don't get me wrong--I'd love to be able to join my brothers on the firing line but it just isn't possible. Try to understand that, just try to understand. For those of my gay brothers who are lucky enough to have been able to be open about your homosexuality I am happy. But, remember, just because you can do so, doesn't give you the right to look down and find fault with me (and others like me) because I have to

In closing, I guess my message is really very simple: Show a little more love towards us, after all, we are on your side and we really do only have each other.

SIGNO CANCERIS



Faggots and Welfare



(before i did this article i knew almost nothing about welfare--ignorant only because of the protective shield provided by my race (white), my social class and my education. and so all the insights in this article are not my own but come from the three people i interviewed: B-black, and as he calls himself, a drag queen; Joachim--latin and from Cuba and an aspiring male actress; Tommy--a young, white male who likes to paint. my only role was to organize and synthesize the divergent points of view of these three gay males. -l.l.)

Kate Millet: "In modern capitalist countries women also function as a reserve labor force, enlisted in times of war and expansion and discharged in times of peace and recession. In this role American women have replaced immigrant labor and now compete with the racial minorities." the concept of a reserve labor force is not a new one, but its relation to the political situation of women is only now being carefully scrutinized. the extent to which women are fucked over economically becomes increasingly clear as the current economic situation in the u.s.--high unemployment, impossibility of finding jobs--remains virtually the same. women, as millet says, are thrown into the same bag as racial minorities; to a certain degree the analysis can be extended to faggots as well.

women, third world people, and faggots share a common expendability in society's organization. often this takes the form of service positions--serving the white, straight male and his private extensions: children, wives, property. people are driven into service positions which are powerless, or which relate to power only indirectly (through a marriage certificate, a blow-job in the fenway, through selfless devotion, or not at all) and therefore pose no threat to existing structures. as long as these people can channel their talents or labor in this direction they will be acceptable to the straight-white-male hierarchy. the service positions can be menial, unskilled

"the last couple of years i've been working up in provincetown i was working as a waiter the summer before that i was working as a chamber-maid i went to apply as a salad-maker"

"i have done washing dishes i've done work in hospitals i've done work as an usher" or they can be highly skilled

"without a job and performing more or less i was working for a public theatre i was doing some nightclubs before that and modelling part time"

from women come throngs of secretaries, maids, schoolteachers; from faggots come populations of librarians, hair-dressers, interior decorators, actors, dancers, french teachers, as well as waiters, clerks, and dishwashers. when the squeeze is on, these are the ones to go.

for those few positions that are open in these times, the competition is hard, and

according to the white man's ruse, competition produces hatred--but always against the black man, or the woman, or the faggot, never against the white devil who is pulling the strings

"too many people are unemployed people who have children and they're the people who have to be hired first and they're the people they do hire first and that's from washing dishes to working in mcdonald's and things like that which all of them have tried and the lines of people waiting for work are just incredible i mean every time you go for a job interview there's about 50 or 75 people there."

"i just get sick of this idea you know female female FEMALE wanted here FEMALE wanted there"

the competition has produced, at least in the case of Joachim, some interesting situations and some sharp insights

"because i look rather well in drag nobody can read me. when i'm in drag i just got sick of seeing female ads when some of those jobs i can do myself so i go out there sometimes i'm in drag when i go for jobs i went to a job in mcdonald's and the guy was coming across as he wanted to go to bed with me and i couldn't quite lead him on if i was a woman i wouldn't and because i'm not i couldn't either and i didn't want to lose the job i was willing to go in drag every day for that job because i needed the money if he found out i was a guy there could have been tremendous problems."

"i finally got to the point--why do they want females because they can fuck them over much easier they have to pay them less they can actually use them sexually even when a woman thinks she's not being used sexually like a waitress the thing of having a woman there will attract more men and when they want business they put that object there so they're just being used whatever reason the men are coming there for they don't care they're coming they're spending their money but the women are beginning to learn not to be fucked over...going to some jobs in drag i get to see what women have to put up with like you go for a job interview and after they interview you they come on as though they want to go to bed with you which can be very demoralizing for a woman if you kind of turn him off you might lose your job right there and if you really need the job you might go along with it."

getting a job can be particularly difficult for faggots

"the hassles of getting a job are just that some places that you went in to you just felt like you were being discriminated against because you were gay like there were a couple of places where it was just obvious i tried lots of restaurants and places won't take you appearance has a lot to do with it but even if you're clean in appearance like you have on a bracelet or an earring or something they don't like it you can tell what they're thinking i keep on going back i just feel that i'm really limited in the places i can get a job."

"i went around looking for jobs then i got tired of it cause it was ridiculous i was wearing my make-up and every thing they'd just look at me weird when i went to unemployment they told me that the way i looked i would never be able to get a job i wore what i usually wear the thing they didn't like was the way i wore my hair and like i wore make-up loads of make-up and i was very into gay politics and everything i was bringing all this sexism stuff up and everything like i'm not into that anymore and like i was really flamboyant."

and especially for faggots who have some sort of consciousness about what's going on in this country

"they want to keep the people who kind of look stupid who don't really care much what is told to them or what's happening around them they just want to keep the money going cause they want to survive most of the interviews are not about what are you going to give me they're more about o.k. what do you think about what's happening politically or what's your background in education to be hired in mcdonald's they interview what you thought about high school food or what do you think about our food and how it's manufactured and things like that right away when you say anything about the establishment that doesn't

sound quite right you lose it that's what the interview is all about."

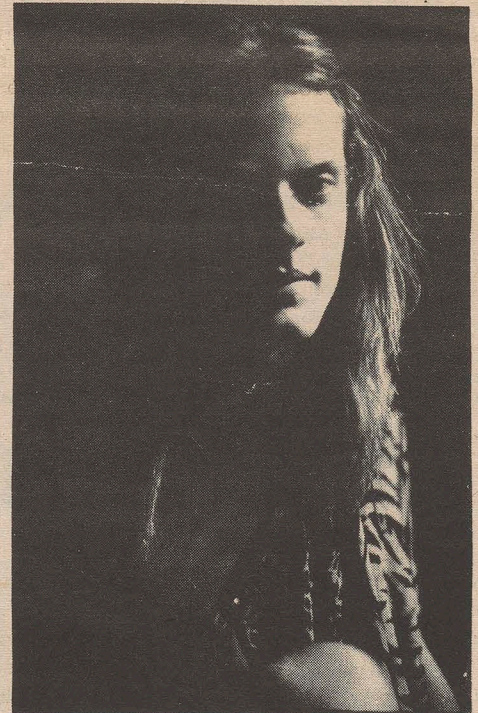
within skilled occupations there are also particular hassles for some faggots looking for jobs

"i've been looking through regular agencies for modelling because i'm a serious model i do nudes and many other things that go along with it like female impersonations but the agencies are often quite conservative for the kind of modelling i do i wasn't able to do those things i wanted to do."

"in theatre they cast parts according to your sex instead of according to your talent and i want to see the time when the part is given to whomever has the talent no matter what your sex is usually women have been able to get away with it if you're a known-enough woman you're allowed to do male parts like greta garbo and sarah bernhardt but men when they're women they're never really taken seriously it always has to be comedy."

and so after much looking and very little success many faggots rather than peel off their identity as though it were a serpent's skin turn to welfare. the beginning of the road is usually, or often, general relief

"on general relief they made a rule that you had to be 21 to get on like on general relief you're employable so you're out of work for a while and you're supposed to be looking for a job and usually general relief people don't stay on for more than a couple of months if you can't find a job then usually the unemployment people can so it's really a temporary thing and sort of hard to get on because by the time you get your fucking money you have a job or something and then like disability like i'm



supposed to be getting on disability now and you can get on that either you're physically disabled or you're mentally disabled i'm mentally disabled like i had to go to a psychiatrist i go see him once every three weeks."

general relief is the first step, disability the second and most faggots qualify as mentally disabled. that means forms, questionnaires, social workers and of course regular visits to the psychiatrist

"the psychiatrist said that i was a depressed personality and i go into depression and i have schizoid tendencies and that my physical appearance was something that most people wouldn't like to hire me and he thought that i should come to see him for therapy or something i thought it was true about the depressed part i felt it was true i don't feel that i'm disabled to work not able to work if i could get a job i liked i would take it."

once on welfare there are lots of hassles to stay on welfare, all parts of the greater scheme. it reminds me of the synanon policy of purposely making false appointments with interested people so that only those who are really interested will keep coming back. except here it's not just a matter of interest--it's survival

"i have to go down to unemployment to pick up my check everybody on general relief has to go down to unemployment and pick up

the check and they used to hassle me all the time when i'd go up to get the check they'd sit me down ask me how many places i went to look for a job they'd sit me down in front of a machine that they have with all these jobs listed on it and flip the film like it was a film machine and go through and through and they'd try to find me a job on there and then if they found one they'd say i'd have to go to it if they thought there was a chance in a million i could get it so i'd have to go there before i got my check and try to get the job they don't bother any more they just give me my check they want to get me out i don't think they think there's any hope for me getting a job."

with the hassles of welfare there are certain real advantages which is why people put up with all the shit in the first place. for one thing, it obviously provides money --for the rent, for food, whatever. it also gives people time to get into other things

"i have a room down here that i paint in and i usually come down for a few hours at night or in the afternoon i read a lot i gonna just keep painting take a few art courses i have been an art student i'm not anymore."

perhaps the most important advantages are the situations that it keeps faggots out of. i asked B., Tommy, and Joachim what they would do if they didn't have welfare

"i'd die i dunno i don't like to hustle so i don't know what i'd do."

"if i didn't have welfare i would probably either be in jail by now because of being picked up by the police for hustling or anything like that or in jail because i had to steal something."

"i don't know what i'd do without general relief cause there would be no way of getting any money beside hustling and i gave that up."

everybody seems to see hustling as the logical alternative to welfare although everyone pretty much agrees that's not what they would really like to be doing, for various reasons

"i had some pretty bad experiences well it wasn't myself it was somebody i knew pretty well he just had a really bad experience and it scared me it was somebody who beat him and wanted to set him on fire and made him take off all his clothes in the middle of a parking lot and rolled him over in the dirt it was really awful he kept him for hours and hours it was a really frightening experience."

"but it's not a thing i enjoy i enjoy sex i enjoy people i don't like to have sex very often something that doesn't appeal to me sex to me is like a language and when i feel like talking i do it and it really hurts myself when i have to charge somebody for it because i really don't believe in charging for it so i always felt overly kind because of the love for the people i loved the person for something like that for the person i had to do it with and i wasn't very businesslike."

and so, welfare money keeps faggots out of far-away parking lots, paying stranger's beds, out of jail and in their rent-paid homes. last of all and maybe least it is one of the few compensations, meager at that, for being a faggot in this fucking world.

and maybe least it is one of the few compensations, meager at that, for being a faggot in this fucking world.

faggots, like marie antoinette, don't get to have their cake and eat it too. cause there's also lots wrong with welfare, what it does to some people, and why we need it in the first place. first of all you get money but not enough

"general relief isn't enough money it's \$84 a month and my rent alone is \$75 a month so that gives me around 10 or 11 dollars to live on for a month."

"isn't that enough to live? not the way i want to live i guess it's enough if you live with other people which you're not supposed to do so like i have to lie and everything."

and so faggots are dependent upon others for some kind of help, and the only one a faggot can turn to is another faggot--all we've got is each other

"like i have lots of queen friends and if we need money we can always ask each other."

"i've just been getting along cause other people have been helping me out."

besides the specific money hassles, being on welfare and not having enough money places a lot of restrictions on your freedom

"on welfare you're really limited on what you can do you have a limited amount of money no spending money at all but you can't save for anything that extravagant it's really depressing."

"i went three years to art school and i just

want to finish up the fourth year take a few art courses i don't know when i can get the money up for them so i might not be able to take any till january."

for some, being on welfare is very demoralizing and depressing

"sometimes i get bored being on welfare i feel like i'm really stagnating i don't do anything sometimes i think i want to go back to school sometimes i get bored being on it cause i don't do anything most every day i just wait around the only time i go out most of the time is at night i hate to go out in the daytime hanging around all the time doing nothing listening to music which is o.k. you know it gets boring."

others don't really feel that way

"my time is usually spent walking around putting on a show for my friends i'm just constantly laughing and just going around to the other side quite often."

one of the really big disadvantages is that people don't get to use the talents they have. they don't get to do what they want and can

"i went to school i had gone to the new england school of photography i have my certificate in cinematography i had one semester in boston conservatory dance department and courses at b.u. in drama."

"i was in summerthing last summer teaching black kids and puerto rican kids in roxbury how much they have in common through their dance forms how latin has a lot to do with african form and how blacks here can know more and get into dance and find the familiarity they have with the puerto rican kids in the south end that was my program last summer also i was working in fernald school it's for mentally retarded children i had a friend who was working there and i came in a couple of times and did a couple of things with the children i did

"... latin has a lot to do with african form and... blacks can... get into dance and find the familiarity they have with the puerto rican kids in the south end..."

movement therapy which has become very established therapy now psychology through dance acting things like that but a couple of hospitals weren't quite ready for that."

but most insidious of all, welfare gets people used to the fact that they're expendable; it perpetuates the culture of poverty and the system of class. and like the peace corps, like vista, like e.o.p and all those others, it exists as only a stop-gap to real, fundamental change.

hopefully, in this world of third world, feminist, and gay revolution, welfare is not going to be part of the faggot scene for long. but when it comes to alternatives, faggots are very clear about what exactly they have in mind

"the kind of job i would like to have is one where i could dress the way i wanted to look the way i wanted to."

"i want to be a painter i want to be able to be self-sufficient on that that's something where you can be what you want to be you're not discriminated against by anything if you're a painter you don't have to put up with anybody's shit like my problems getting a job because i'm gay or because of the fact of my appearance or just whatever people think."

"the personality that i have is that i portray masculinity and femininity a lot of times a lot of femininity though i'm a man in the ideal situation there would be no hang-ups i really don't want to put either of my sides down i want to portray both and anybody that i'm with be it children or adults or whatever i want to say what i have is not bad it works for me i don't want to make you either side i don't want to say masculinity or femininity is good for you bad for you whatever i just want to say it exists."



MILAN

As I look back on the first international gay liberation congress held in Milan, October 15, 1972, it's hard to penetrate the miasma of hepatic nausea that clouds every memory. But as the only American representative to this "Male Society on Trial," I do feel I owe some account of it to my gay sisters and brothers back home.

The congress was organized by the Turino branch of a national gay liberation organization in Italy called FUORI (Fronte Unitario Omosessuale Rivoluzionario Italiano). (This same Turino group also helps put out the Italian newspaper of the same name--FUORI!). They sent out a leaflet calling for articles, drawings, and representatives for the Milan congress. So off I went.

The leaflet was signed by a fellow named MARIO who left his phone number to call on arrival in Milan. Which I did. My first two impressions of Italian gay liberation were Mario's maid, if you'll pardon the expression, who gave me a message left for me, and the lovely loft of another brother who put us up, in which I happened upon, quite by accident, an Antonio Guarnarius cello fecit anno 1732 lying in one of the corners.

One of the first things I heard people talking about in Milan was the prelude to the Milan congress--a sex seminar held in Aarhus, Denmark, where representatives from France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, England and of course the Scandinavian countries, met and split, at pretty much the same moment, into the "revolutionaries" and the "reformists." From the very heated debate emerged a resolution to meet regularly and the first scheduled meeting was this one in Milan.

The morning after I arrived, we piled into VW buses, Mercedes and other assortments of European toy cars and drove on to the place where the congress was to be held. The local hippy-groovy counter-culture hang-out was lending its auditorium to us for our queer congress.

As we came into the large room there were loads of people and it was hard to tell just who was with this queer congress and who were the innocent (!), straight bystanders from the hippy hang-out, which was called "Re Nudo." Around the room there were magic marker posters with various slogans: some talked about love, many about shrinks, and unfortunately a lot of cock-glory kinds of things. And there was lots of music--mostly American and English--and for one of the rare moments of my odyssey I felt at home. There was a lot of Italian gay literature for sale and I added my stack of FAG RAGs with some other literature I had brought.

After a while, the meeting was called to order and then Françoise D'Eaubonne, a French feminist writer, suggested we spend our time talking about the relationship between gay liberation and feminism.

Shortly after the discussion got off to a not-so-interesting start, an Italian feminist (who was not associated with FUORI) raised an objection to the structure of the congress. She criticized the organizers from FUORI for having invited women to a trial of male society rather than having consulted them. She also criticized an editorial in the most recent issue of FUORI which attacked the women's movement for its fear of association with homosexuals. A woman from Paris added that the women's

"MALE SOCIETY ON TRIAL" -- VERDICT: GUILTY!



movement there had been turned off by the "invitation" and had not sent any official representatives. I think this was true for all European women's movements.

What with the cock-glory posters and the paucity of females among the group, the debate pointed up what I had already suspected, that there was more at hand than met the eye. FUORI, a "revolutionary" group, prides itself on having both men and women among its numbers; yet the women are greatly outnumbered by the men and they do not necessarily identify themselves as feminists. What's more, not only were there faggots and dykes at the congress but also hetero-sexuals, bi-sexuals, global-sexuals, etc.--an assortment of rare occurrence on this side of the Atlantic.

What accounts for the varied assortment, I think, is a certain conception of "liberated sexuality" heavily influenced by Wilhelm Reich and other spokesmen of the sexual revolution. People in Europe talk a lot about the

FUORI!

"free disposition of our bodies" and a global kind of sexuality, about the necessity for expression rather than repression of sexuality. Which is all well and good. But few of the males who talk about these kinds of things really understand why women and lesbians are so turned off to relating with men in groups and that seems to me as relevant, if not more so, than the diversity of environments into which you introduce your penis, anus, vagina, belly button, earlobe, or whatever.

In short, what was planned and advertised as an international gay and women's liberation congress, entitled "Male Society on Trial," turned out to be a cruisy gathering organized by men, with few feminists, few gay women, an assortment of male sexual persuasions even Kinsey couldn't beat,--all these people talking about what they call "phallocracy", what we call "male-supremacy," with no apparent sense of self-betrayal.

We adjourned for lunch, just long enough for some people from the PHAR (the French gay liberation group) to draw up some resolutions which, on the surface at least, were in support of the Italian feminist women. Unfortunately, while they were drawing up the resolutions, one of the men engaged himself in shouting down two of the women there and I started getting hot flashes of my father screaming at my mother about how stupid she was. So one wonders about the sincerity of such resolutions. When they were brought before the rest of the congress after it was reconvened, there wasn't much reaction to them, mostly because, I think, they were fairly abstract, rhetorical, and simply repeated the same empty message people have heard over and over again, while we are all still steeped in our private and personal miseries. So the music was turned back on and that was the end of that--the international congress, that is.

Now back in Boston (hepatitis notwithstanding) I can try and make some sense out of what gay liberation is like in Europe. First of all, it is obvious the movement there is passing through stages that are similar to those our own movement has passed through up till now. Gay revolutionaries on the continent feel the need to affirm affiliation with other revolutionary struggles, to advocate a radical re-structuring of society and usually feel just as strongly about dissociating themselves from any gay groups that do not tow the revolutionary line as defined by Marx, Lenin, Mao and other such gentlemen.

Secondly, European gay liberation, as a male dominated movement, is realizing the need to align with the aims of the women's movement.

For someone coming from the States, much of the dialogue and debate in Milan seemed like a rerun of 1971. And much of what is waiting around the corner seems clear too--at least some of the problems people must clear up before gay liberation can finally die in Europe too. And that's why I kept my mouth shut during the whole Battle of Milan. (I remember once sitting at a GLF meeting in Berkeley, having some prophet of the future from LA generously pass out his wealth of experience among us, and to be perfectly blunt, there was nothing so booooooring as that.) I did do a little proselytizing about the need to recognize sexism as the primary contradiction and how we all (that is, all we faggots) must deal with our chauvinism towards women and towards one another.

In any case, I intend to send a little packet of information and articles translated into French for the friends and people I met in Milan and Paris. People there are very anxious for information and correspondence, and should you be just as eager, the best place to get an idea of what is happening in Europe is by writing a wonderful woman Isabel, or her wonderful friend Maurice, at B.P. 23, Hermtal 4400, Belgium.

And if you're up for some linguistic calisthenics this spring, everyone from Milan (me excluded) will be meeting in Berlin over Easter. Bon voyage....



Gardenias

Broken-hearted Memorys

And when that music starts
there is no time, she takes you back
over fifteen years, as if yesterday,
a song immortalized. Do you know her name

I met her once, with my lover; "You must be Jack" and saw her twice
afterwards, at Storyville and The Black Hawk. Sunday in the rain
"He's Funny that Way," and I went crazy afterwards, woman's sorrow her legacy
Holding hands under the table. Billie's gray-hair was Parisien style

and her singing Big Apple. She's still rotting nectarines.

Dormant Lamont

Life's enough to accomplish its motives,
between the opening or closing of a door.
Poverty passes away, forgotten in splendor
of morning light, seen through a library windows' crevices.

Refusing to admit mid-age, unable to work and scuffling,
one returns "Leapin' And Lopin'," from dereliction of heroin
and hookers to sustain intimidation off accident, sudden injury or pain
For the audience, variegated readers acquired autoclytically in

search of memory, pattern and divinity. Ghosts of fifteen years
ensnare current condition, an old incorporeality maintains mountains before perspective
& allows intimate dialogues to breathe hushly over the alcoves, the tiers
to surrender their place in prominence of this assonance; even newer advance,

The Gay World has Changed

Climbing up the saw-dust stairs
hope Less, life's now better than heroin and
homelessness, my kind do not grow old well
we're better off dead, though refuse to do
so, who knows these men refresh me

daily, in gay bars for twenty years, whom have I found
that is not Confessional verse, it's obsessional

Statues of Adonis, bodies of lust & promesse
behind the black topcoat & pipe, harsh words

smoky looks, wrapped up romance, this is
excess, hilarity & hot flesh, rotating around

poles amid current favorites flooding Sporters

in drums with colored words, calling to lime harbor,
stormy tides, bitching morality & society w/out a voice.

The men, normal looking enough, you'd never know,
are not degenerates, good clothes with intelligent con-
versation, I get hot on them, whizzing around the room
in my mind, doing the dirty boogie,
when only two hours ago, I climbed stairs at Lamont
saying, you're a faggot, a faggot, you're nothing but a homosexual,
nothing more; sex, sex, Sex and sex.

One of three sketches of John Wieners
drawn by Robert LaVigne at the same
time "A poem for Painters" was written.
The other two drawings are printed in
the first and second editions of THE
HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS.

Blue Songs and the poetess's heart

In this little moon-lit room above the city,
having risen out of darkness and obscurity
being witness to two decades of drunken futility
I have spent each day in fealty to beauty

still some loneliness lingers as sickness's vapor —
is it jazz, or late-night musing by the harbor,
unemployment with an empty head in the library
merely only poverty, or could it be inability

to hold a man, or woman as my own property?
Whatever it is, I am sick of sickness in the heart,
having no part to the world, being only a victim
to time, money, and machines made by men other than I.
2.

There is no security, only a vague feeling, learned from other men,
that it is within yourself confidence lies, the means required nec-
essary
seen in Nico and other men of her ilk, to relieve this misery.
Oh, we can't go on; why try, even the competition alone kills

Despite fur coats, and banquet tables, single ear-rings,
poetry readings across the country, ideal communities
and overseas, the spacious mists pall boulevards to
lone candles in little moon-lit rooms above the city.
3.

I am tired of success, and literary acclaim if only by a coterie to
name just a few
in poetry; I know the answer, it's a womanish heart
growing old alone above the city, parallel horizontal to the snow
wrapping herself up in the dreams of other men

Have no mercy, they cry on the Fenway,
their mesmerized eyes burn in the darkness,
pushing herself on to the exhaustion of love
for a short eternity.

"On a downy
"to hell and back into paradise"
in John Wieners' 1958
2-1958 found in
P. Apple 1958

License to Innocence

prelude:

acorn breaking feet
these feelings
cracking shells
and sunshine
spreading oak leaves
with prophecies
of tender wind
touching breast
shirt layers
unfolded with
paths and pines for
walking in hair
falling open facing
loneliness



I Some Lovely Parts

1.

fens with hairlips
of vegetation
between canvas
blue green moons
extended from
their own leaves
marshgrass lives
by dying salmon
without nutmeg
or indigo

who can tell
without light
what page covers

asparagus before eating
before seeding?

can we accurately
predict moss?
or explain
o ur love?

2.

bracelets and earrings
of elephant horn buttons
snuggled in goldenrod
thick red hair
skin laid out in cycles
of epidermal lesions
and crab scars
a birth mark in front
to match mine behind
prenatal memories
of strawberries
trackless trollies
floods, Red Bank shoe factories
and Coney Island roller coasters
clean teeth scouring
carnivorous ways
through your body cavity

3.

tomatoes behind glass
hard green thimbles
in a laundry basket

I pass thinking
tomorrow will be
no sooner on a
clarinet scale--

pearl stops
emory wood
and lazy reeds

concealing rain
or splitting cucumbers
yellow and overripe
as their first flowers

Paul holding his Durer hands
a self-portrait
crayon blouse
propped up with

left over acid
tumeric, dill
and mustard seed

in a tomato plant
spread over vinegar
we drink slowly
for ten years
until its too late
(we're used to stucco
asphalt and cayenne)
we can't taste ourselves.

4.

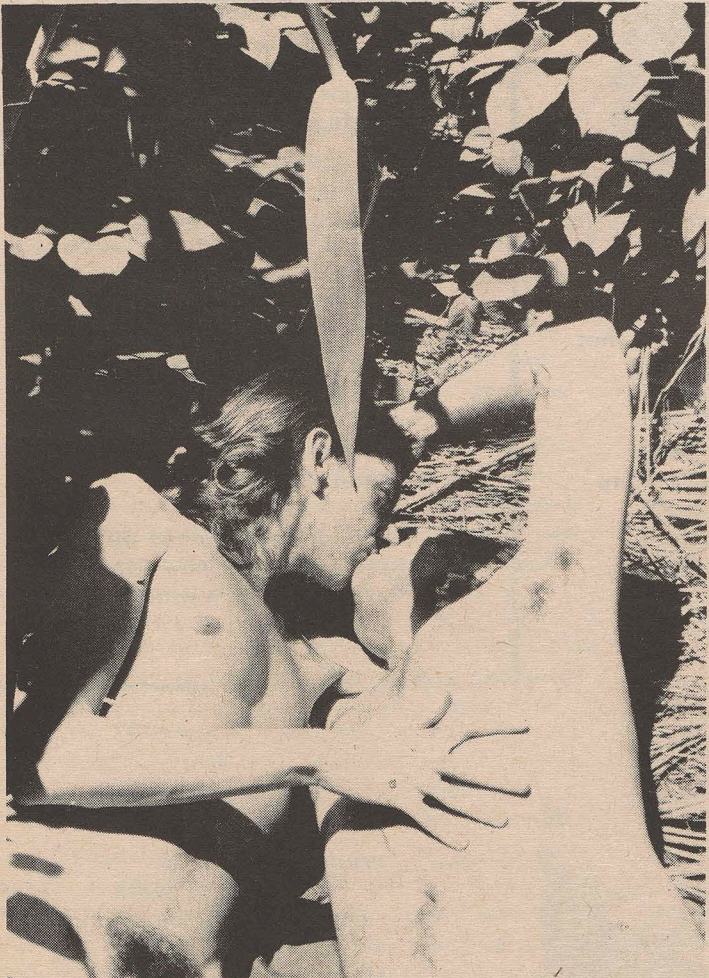
salt sweat
sea smell
caught in crevices
sweet moisture
dissolving teeth
claws and grabbing gestures
relentless walls
stones into sand
holding fingers
between our mingled hand
structured distances.

5.

sea water cisterns
breaking seasons
semen evenly crashing
millenia of kelp
spreading starfish
milkglass breasts
over schoolchildren
gathering songs
from itching feet
in sodium spray
slipping to sleep
in salt stained foam
with rain sand
grey skin film
freckles, spheres
swallowed in rocks
a fault line tattoo
explaining obscure passages
in our bone stemmed bodies.



II Lover's Shoes

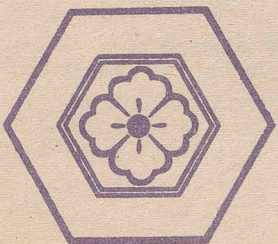


1.

soft freckles
moustache scratching
my inner lips
softly formed priest-priestess
of inner oranges
(Hieronymus Bosch
in his clarity
fantasy imagery)
wreaths wound
in your sandal hair
and grove upon grove
orchards growing out
one ear with pineneedles
for forceps
a cloud
releases
its own
midwife

2.

each flower
seed
potentiality
tan tallow
candle or utility
poles and opposites
orange tree blooms
among naked pines
we park along salt
and creosote dunes
and urinate
among mosquitoes
they mark paths
through these
Vietnamese jungles
planes and pieces
displace harbor lights
and religious festivals
bundling their reliquaries
with lightbulbs and
several colors of tinfoil
a neon hibiscus
blooms here.



3.

canine cow
and canal
among everglades
menopause pink
and a soft
leather tower
tough as a dong's tongue
between head and foreskin
he thinks of size
and I swallow
he thinks of another ocean
I think him
washing my wash
here sizing
my clothing
with him

4.

amoeba fusion of
lazy carry cartons
all articulation
fed to fasting
fantasy in salt
each segment
comes to stem
spores of polymorphs
wrapping tissues
around bones
flesh
I feel each
ocean wave pedalling
wrinkles, beaches, seawall
stones, sand and sharp toenails
swaddling me
each isotope
an armchair
in innocence.

5.

dry flutes
played to please
flamingoes and other parts
of this empire
grieving each
servant makes
small talk
before this corpse
there was no war
rosethorn on sunburn
bee bite at dawn
acacia odor and
blind turquoise ocean eyes
of my wounded fawn
afraid most of all of
any form of my love

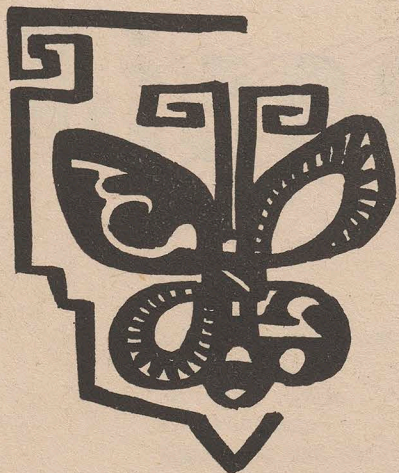
sweat smooth
spit primed
rectum cavern
skin uncurled
water lilac
curls on my chest
vascular crescent
of Vaseline shot up
intravenously
fearing death
we assassinate ourselves

coda:

oak spreading
sleeping a memory
of mountains, tents
and apocalypses
two nude yoginis
tune their pointed leaves
somewhere near Dayton
we talked
our loneliness
into landscape
and separated
illuminated rose
of orange plastic
bless you.

for Paul, summer 72





ALBA

"That was the clock.
I have to go."

"Twenty minutes more in bed.
My body's warm, the air is cool."

"I've got to be at work by nine."

"I kiss your legendary throat.
When love's at work the world is sunk beneath the sea.

Press your body onto me.
See,
We flow together like molten gold and molten gold."

winter coming
and it seems
the outside world grows harsh
towards the hearth inside
between us
a warmth, a creative flow
in the love
of our eyes grow
and develop all the small talents
that will help our life onward
of making a home
and a meaning

back to the closet for a while
you might say
perhaps for the energy to grow outward
some other time
but at the center
to rekindle life and living
love and loving

because it is that energy that
transforms, is beyond form
that we become
if we sustain each other

Body that I love
Charge me
With your hands



BOXCAR MOONLIGHT SCENE

Furtively, then freely,
they made it in an empty boxcar,
moonlight streaming in the open door,
two o'clock in the morning,
relaxing,
each eager for the other's pleasure,
faster and faster,
mouths to bodies fastened,
enjoyment like forever and then at the same time time shot
off into eternity's gullet.

Stars strung out like mistletoe over a heavy sky,
peace, the necessary return to normal economy, being
what each one was and is, kisses of satisfied friendship.



3 from COCK HAIKU

The Forest Ranger in Springtime

naked in the sun
alone on Lone Cloud Mountain
his warm cock erect

Bright Day, Parents Away

behind white garage
the boys unzip their levis
quick grab eager cocks

Dingy Hotel Room Scene

shade drawn, clothes off, points
to himself, grin for new friend:
"this cock crows at night."

scorpio skull sign
a time of death
bombs falling, repression

some love dies
and the people go with it until
that reality
can approach the surface again

always
there is death mixed in
our life
because of the poison
in it.

and always we shall mix our
bloods our poisons and
our lives
people of flesh and blood
and people of spirit
shall mingi.

we shall make a court of
black magic with our
sexuality and in

secrecy with one another
plans and poems shall be
made.

This today. Silence behind, dead years,
gratefully accepted that way, underground,
unsprouted--

And ahead--too much, a flood, enough to
drown in--sweep away with, stoned out of mind,
or dead--

That was October you talked about.
Leaves falling down when the wind stopped
Almost never. Leaves blown around till the snow stops
Everybody's movement in its tracks.

Transitive to what? I asked--shivering,
frozen to the bone. Intransigent how--
the deep freeze is real, I can't talk
about thawing you out anymore, froze myself.

Sooner or later it won't feel like this--
You may even find yourself wondering again--
What can I do now, it all seems done.

You thought that your happy morning.
When the wind arrived.

MASTERBATION

what I want to know is
who do you let in
this
organization
necrophiliacs?
hermits?
leather?
black pain skins
and
sorcerers
the ugly parts in the
light of day
the left hand of
the mother
warm hand
in yourself
stroke

GAY PRIDE WEEK '72

Gay Pride marches across the country (L.A., S.F., Detroit, Boston, NYC, Atlanta, etc.) were all big and even screaming. Ours in Boston made me feel particularly good. Last year we really felt uptight (especially in front of the locked doors of Jacques and at police headquarters with about fifty cameras taking our pictures).

This year things were quite different. Our march was more a joy and a celebration. The speeches in front of the State House (renamed the "Straight House") were short and interspersed with chants and poetry. John Wieners read a gay Boston poem; the Good Gay Poets presented an exorcism against the straight man demon. And in the end (and for me the best part of the day) we just sat around on the Common with a little wine and lots of good feelings.

On Sunday, we went by cars, a chartered bus, and thumbing to join the huge march in New York City. Pigs estimated there were 3500 marchers. The parade stretched seven abreast from 34th Street to 59th Street, and there were at least 3500 police assigned to "protect" us and direct traffic. The Christopher Street Liberation Committee estimated close to 10,000 marchers.

Jill Johnston, writing in the *Village Voice* about "Hordes of dykes and faggots," said: "I don't like marching up sixth avenue with men but I do like the sense I get of an expanding population of lesbians. Women are coming out all over and meeting across the country and forming possibly as many organizations as there are individuals."

That's the way I felt about getting together with so many other faggots: the sense of community and togetherness. A solidarity, in which not only our "union" but also our "gayness" makes us strong. But one thing flawed it for me: the parade marshals shouting orders and directions at people and constantly pumping up foot-

ball cheers of "G-A-Y P-O-W-E-R."

1969, we were fighting the police, using the slogan "gay power" to push down and suppress gay people. Parade marshals were carefully instructed to watch out for radical effeminists and told to keep the parade moving at all times.

At one point I stopped to get a leaflet Jimmy Fouratt was passing out. A marshal told me to move on or I would be arrested. I stayed awhile anyway to chat with Jimmy and read "Don't March, It's A Sexist Plot." The effeminate flyer emphasized "two basic facts about ourselves: 1) as faggots we are oppressed by sexism, in the form of gender-programing as children and by the heterosexism of straight men, and 2) as men we are male-supremacist and, thus, oppress all women." (c.1972)

While I identify fully with this, I ask further: whatever happened to GAY LOVE? Not one chant or word or song of love (either in or on the sidelines of the parade) that I can remember—not even much gay rage. Just lust after P-O-W-E-R. I felt this quite personally at the NY Gay Activist Alliance firehouse dance Saturday night. The MAN at the door called me "baby" and "sweetheart;" another "bouncer" (also white male) shoved me out the door. I wasn't trying to cheat GAA or hurt anyone. At most I was angry that they called me "baby" and "sweetheart" because I have so often heard these words used by straight men to denigrate my mother, sisters, and fellow faggots.

Some people at least still talk about love; a letter from Vancouver says, "Love in its perfect experience is COMMUNICATION in its most complete and selfless form." They call

for more gay love and communication. We can not achieve this without each other. A march hardly ends our isolation, but it is a first step --the beginning of a journey millions of faggots and lesbians have yet to begin.



MIAMI CONVENTION

I went to Miami, not to show support for McGovern, not to lobby for any gay rights plank that NCGO came up with, not to march alongside SDS, but to be with other faggots, find out what was happening all over the country and just generally feel good with my gay brothers. I was led to believe there would be something like 6000 other faggots coming in chartered buses from all over the USA. So the prospects looked good.

But things didn't work out that way. The 6000 thing was a hoax--there were actually less than two hundred gay people there. Rather than making things more intimate, the small number of people seemed to add to the confusion, so that it was more difficult than I thought it would be to make contacts. There were a few political actions planned, some carried off, but in many ways I found them more disturbing than positive. My attitude in Miami was one of compromise, knowing that with lots of GAA people there would be very large differences of opinion. But we all still have a long way to go to overcome these differences, or at least that's what Miami taught me, for it was really impossible for all us faggots to get together on very much more than dinner. That was one of the most disappointing aspects of Miami.

Another was just the basic ugliness all around us. For one thing Miami was a special place for me, as a Jew, because of all the 60-and-over retired Jews that live there. I was very conscious of how important it was to respect these people's city and to talk to them rather than alienate them. But somehow, walking in the streets, and participating in the activities, I got the feeling that not too many people were making any sort of effort in that direction. So here was another instance in which old people were getting fucked over and we so-called revolutionaries were at fault.

But the biggest ugliness of all was what went on in convention hall the night of the Platform considerations. Welfare people were sold down the drain, women wanting abortions, Mexican-American, Black children, draft resisters--all were virtually told there was no room in Amerika for them. And so were we faggots and dykes.

I must admit I got quite a charge seeing a faggot and a dyke standing before the Democratic convention and 20 million television viewers—it was good to see for the first time in my life something on TV that related to my life as a gay person. But the speech that followed was appalling and really pointed out to me just how full of shit the McGovern people were.

The age-old tactic of divisiveness was used. They used a woman to denounce the gay rights plank, presumably because it would reinstate white slavery, philandery and child rape, but really because it was thought that we would embarrass the Democratic party and hurt its chances for victory. And so the whole McGovern

fiasco turned out to be a farce in which the poor, racial minorities, women and gays bore the brunt of the humor. It didn't take two days for McGovern to become chit-chatty with Mayor Daley and ally himself with so many of the people we've been fighting for years.

We've been back for months now. A dozen or so other faggots from Boston went to either the Democratic or Republican extravaganzas. But none of us has written anything about being there or coming home and what it all meant. John Wieners wrote a long poem about going there (Good Gay Poets publication #2), but it ends more or less at the arrival in Miami.

So we are left with some empty memories, a Nixon landslide and four more years. How exactly we are going to effect these next four years is not really clear, but if we can take some of the energy that we put into Miami and put it back into Boston's gay community, that seems like a good start.



COCKSUCKING

Cocksucking and taking it up the ass can be beautiful and sensual experiences for males together (the more the better). These mutual acts should be the beginning of a sensuality and sexuality that will extend through our whole body, extend through our partners' bodies and then through the whole society. Once we accept sex and sensuality as totally beautiful and fulfilling pleasures divorced from power games, men would have to give up oppressing women, killing other men, exploiting each other, ruling, rape, religion and hate. In this battle, cocksucking becomes an act of revolution.

In the baths, the trucks, parks and other orgy places, faggots march no less in the vanguard of change than the self-proclaimed revolutionaries who are always "dishing" us. We need to take our own "deprivations" more seriously and to understand that our own social experience (our "reality") itself contains the seeds of revolutionary change.

If our thought and practice have been racist or sexist, the fault lies in our straight environment—not our faggot existences (which in themselves are an intolerable contradiction to the existing society). If we are "decadent," it is because we have acted revolutionarily but thought reactionarily. Too often, we don't really believe in what we're doing and, acting as we do, think we are getting away with something. Our consciousness, not our behavior, is wrong.

In changing our consciousness, we face some tough obstacles. First and foremost is the existing power structure itself. We live within a system ruled by the sun values of power, competition, hierarchy, individualism, dominance, exploitation and empire; the moon values are submerged. Love, sensuality, cooperation, feeling, community and sexuality have never been quite legitimate in our culture where gold has always ruled over silver.

No less an obstacle is our internalization of the ruling order. We learn to hate ourselves and everyone like us (including women); we are taught only to "love" our oppressors or those most like them—i.e. powerful straight men. "Dirty old men" don't want to sleep with "dirty old men;" transsexuals don't want to sleep with transsexuals; nor generally transvestites with transvestites. (As Sylvia Sydney said in FAG RAG #3, "Honey, they want a man, not some queen.") Consequently, while heterosexuals find it easy to assemble in fraternities, armies, governments and industries—we find it almost impossible to get together with more than a handful of other faggots.

I want to focus on the bases of our self-hatred: fear, guilt, shame, and anxiety. If I talk mainly about relations among faggots, it is because others have talked at great length about heterosexual relations and I am unqualified to discuss lesbian love. Generally it seems to be a good rule for people to talk about their own experience—except for heterosexual men, who might for a change just listen!

FEAR

We are afraid we will be killed, robbed, lonely, hungry, cold, isolated, unwanted, unloved, diseased, insane, destitute or in some other unhappy circumstance. From these fears we seek to find some attachment—either in persons or property—that will protect us. We become attached consequently to bodies, cigarettes, clothes, roles, animals, books, religions, offices, automobiles, flowers, drugs, parents, leaders, foods and other "objects."

All these things are property in a broad sense and are part of a general system of sexual objectification. Capitalism rests on an anal fixation in certain properties such as money (capital=shit). But the system of sexual objectification is much broader than capitalism. Dissolve the money insecurity and the need for "savings" does not necessarily disappear because money is only one means of assuaging the insecurity.

The whole system rests on a vast complex of insecurities in which a few people promise

to protect us: doctors, priests, presidents, commissars, lovers, union leaders, professors, psychiatrists and generals. Because we accept their protection, we participate in a very real sense in our own enslavement. Without "Daddy," they say we would go hungry; without the policeman, they say we would be killed; without the marines, they say the "enemy" would overwhelm us.

We can cast off some of these "authorities" more easily than others. The most difficult of



all to relinquish is the fantasy of a lover—either some not-yet-found or some present-but-painfully deficient person. Or we don't love anyone because no one can match our fantasy. In this way, the system has us no less securely in its grasp and enslaved than a bombing pilot or Pentagon employee. Because without love, we are always insecure, and we are constantly driven in search of that "man," who will end our loneliness, unhappiness or fear. The last place we look for such a "man" is among those most like ourselves. Which is the very place we need to form a circle of love: "An army of lovers," as the saying goes, "can't lose."

GUILT

Guilt is the way we excuse and justify ourselves in our slavery. By bemoaning and belaboring the way we are—and accusing ourselves of being worthless, base and irredeemable or at least unchangeable—we further stabilize and justify staying the way we are.

All property is guilt-edged in this sense; we know we have no particular "right" to it; feeling guilty about our possessions somehow redeems us morally. Like the iconoclastic college professor, constantly belaboring the "administration," but not bothering to leave or change the school. Or the drinker bemoaning his (or her) drinking while all the time drinking more.

Guilt also provides a lot of the excitement and seasoning for most sexuality as we know it. (Again I'm talking about faggots). There is a special zest in having sexual contact in a "public" place where you might be arrested, "caught" or in some danger. I remember how exciting I found kissing and fondling another faggot at the entrance to New York's Lexington Street Station around 4am; after about fifteen minutes (there weren't many people coming and going at that hour), we decided to split rather than find a safer place. Or another time, getting fucked on a back stairway at the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal; just after we'd finished and buckled up, a policeman came up the stairs.

Within the "movement" there has been a lot of "guilt" tripping (a concept as vague and as important to understand as "ego tripping"). Someone takes a great deal of time to condemn and denounce "our" white-skin, cock or class privilege—all the time using that denunciation

COCKSUCKING AS AN ACT OF REVOLUTION

OR THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

to point out superiority and to demand further applause for it. Groveling in "guilt" does nothing to change what must be changed; it is only the most recalcitrant way of keeping privilege. What does not change is the will not to change.

SHAME

While guilt centers more on the disobeying of some rule or law of either God, man, nature or self, shame is much more of a feeling than anything else; perhaps it is just a description of the interior of guilt. We've been taught to feel shame about being naked, for instance. I remember when I was very young (about six or seven), playing a delightful game with some older boys: we each took off a piece of clothing—trying to see who would be the last to expose his genitals. The game was fun and exciting (we also did other things when we got our clothes off)—but once, the two older boys took my clothes and ran. I eventually had to go back to the house naked, got a spanking and my mother threatened to tell my grandmother. I still remember the feeling of shame. I felt the same way when I first had to undress for gym in the locker room.

We likewise feel shame about masturbating. I don't remember the first time I masturbated nor when I learned not to show other people (except maybe for one or two other boys in the woods). But I don't feel comfortable enough even now to masturbate in front of other faggots (unless it be a lover or two). Few people feel easy about even their own masturbating, not to mention doing it in company. ("Exhibitionists" perhaps feel comfortable only with an audience, but this is largely because of the great social taboo with an accompanying guilt-thrill in violating some rule.)

A remedy to this was suggested in FAG RAG #3: "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."

ANXIETY

Anxiety is born out of our internal and often hidden worries and loneliness. (By contrast, they say fear comes from "real" dangers—external and directly perceived.) Among faggots it is probably the most all-pervasive and deepest feeling we share—the very heart of our gay oppression. We feel it in the way we bite our nails, grind our teeth, stutter, smoke cigarettes, drink coffee, overeat to obesity, starve ourselves, walk the floor in sleepless nights, drink alcohol, drop downs or ups, chew gum, masturbate and run after sex without feeling or enjoyment.

We feel massively inadequate and unworthy in a deep way no straight man can probably understand—unless it be to manipulate us. In myself I have felt (especially in my teens) a feeling of absolute worthlessness; and I have found this feeling in every faggot I have known well enough to see into his life. Our feelings form a glossary of all that is unhappy and bad—decayed, unwholesome, unlucky, defective, immoral, depraved, inferior, naughty, vile, lacking, inferior, contemptible, degraded and despicable.

These feelings manifest themselves within our present society in two contradictory ways. On the one hand, we despair. The feeling of absolute worthlessness so overcomes many faggots that we kill ourselves either directly or indirectly.

Directly, we find suicide commonplace (with heterosexuals it is odd and hard to ex-

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ADONIS 1972

"Look," explained a harried Fred Wagstaff of WGS Productions and creator of Adonis '72, "it's not supposed to be a gay affair; not only not supposed to be, IT'S NOT GOING TO BE! I'm not going to run a FAGGOT OPERATION. It's just a theatrical event. If I had wanted a gay scene, I would have contacted the Homophile Club."

Hmmmm.

So, on August 2, while Richie Havens was screaming "Freedom" to a Summerthinged crowd on the Common, about four hundred sophisticates filed into the Grand Ballroom of the Bradford Hotel for "The Country's First Male Pageant," as it was billed. They were ready to be entertained, yes, but ready also to be slightly irreverent. The seats were not all filled. There appeared to be more cameras and tape recorders present than actual spectators, which always makes one a little apprehensive. Given the publicity it had, Adonis '72 was a tailor-made media pseudo-event.

A five-piece band, snuggled near the stage, opened the show with that perennial favorite: "There's No Business Like Show Business." But before the evening was over, there were those among us who had their doubts.

The golden curtain didn't rise; it opened. Multi-talented Ms. Robin Lane, in a sparkling purple gown and silver-blond hair, was hostess of the affair. She doubled as a songstress, as part of the professional song and dance troupe known as Broadway Cabaret. Moreover, she was giving over one of her evenings as a prize to the lucky winner.

Robin introduced us to the fifteen contestants as they modelled sportswear.

"Our first contestant, Mr. Bruce Huntley... Bruce is twenty-three years old...now Robert Kingston...in flared brown slacks topped with...William Morales...born in New York City...a leather vest...a lovely black satin shirt...an ensemble inspired by the popular film The Godfather...a fourth year medical student...George Musser is a Norwegian, as you can no doubt tell..."

We were amused. To see men posing as objects rather than subjects is still dislocating enough to provoke laughter--mostly nervous. It was obvious from the beginning that some of the young men...well...just shouldn't have been there. We weren't expecting total professionalism, but our hopes had been raised to something above the Amateur Hour. This male pageant, it seemed, was unable to find a

quorum of graceful men who possessed any sense of stage presence. One handsome, well-built youth literally lumbered back and forth across the stage, as though he had just stumbled drunk out of a corn field in Indiana.

"It's not just a muscle contest," Wagstaff had told us. "These guys have to have some talent. Something musically, hopefully. We don't want guys to get up there and read poetry."

Wagstaff, who was officially co-host with Ms. Lane, spaced his stage appearances at greater and greater intervals, abandoning the mistress of ceremonies to what we all came to see as the growing agony.

After the sportswear competition, Broadway Cabaret entertained us with songs by George M. Cohan. One pert miss in the revue did a tap dance.

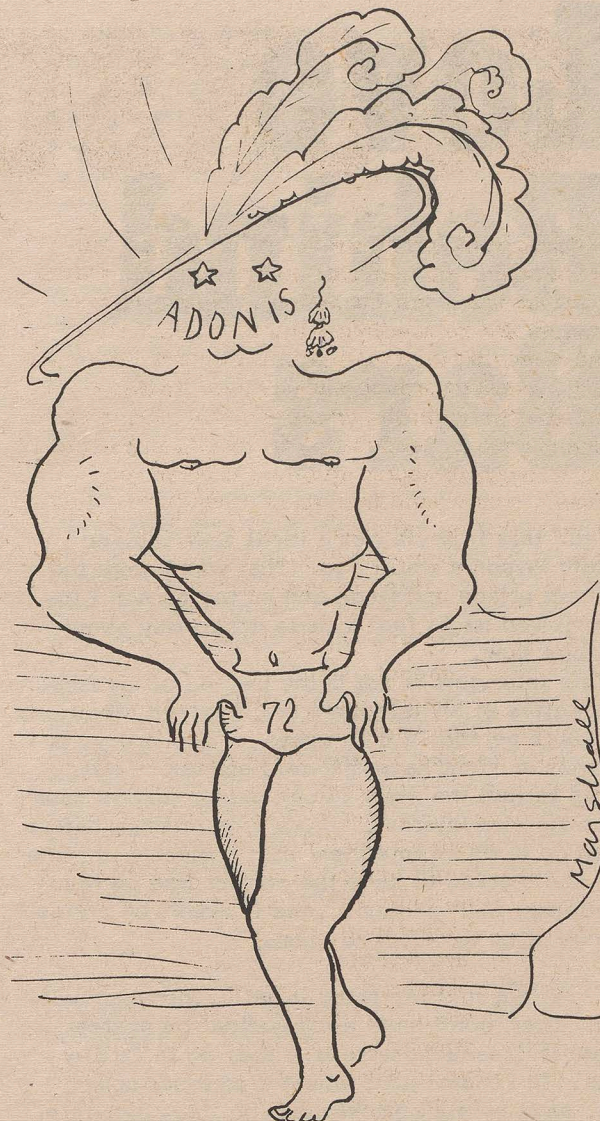
"Eeee!" spealed an enthusiastic spectator, "she's wearing Maryjanes!"

Even with Wagstaff's accent on talent, the swimsuit competition was, let's face it, the meat-and-potatoes of the show. An awed hush greeted the first contestant. Soon, they all filed out as Robin reading the accompanying text, similarly clad in tight red nylons racing trunks and no genital support. Several of them had oiled their skin. Physiques ranged from well-muscled to boyishly thin and graceful. It was observed that one contestant (one of the winners, it turned out) sported a tiny gold ankle bracelet on his right foot.

Sadly, Robin Lane's list of introductions did not include the last contestant. He waited in the wings, in swimsuit, and finally decided to march out on the stage unannounced. He received a thunderous ovation.

Ms. Lane glossed over her gaffe. "Oh, here he is," she purred. "And later, for his contribution to the talent portion of our program, he's going to give us a karate demonstration."

After a Cole Porter medley interlude by Broadway Cabaret, we glided right into the talent show. Amidst the competent song and dance routines performed by most of the contestants, there were those unexpected pleasures. Mr. Donald Lacasse, an unsmiling Adonis aspirant, appeared on stage in a bikini, his whole body painted silver. He executed an interpretive dance (no, no, Isadora; you can sleep through this one) which consisted mostly of rolling his abdomen muscles and touching the floor. The expectation of camp was there--good grief! we were starving for even the scent of something campy at that point--but Lacasse was so intent upon his self-expression that we



received something even less than a put-on.

As each contestant completed his talent requirement, Robin summoned him to the podium and collared him for a question and answer session. Once again, the wrinkles in the show stood out in painful relief, like piles. Bruce Huntley, after playing a number on his guitar, was cut off by Ms. Lane.

"Tell me Bruce, why did you want to be part of this contest?"

"Hey," he protested, "I've got another song to sing."

Sorry.

After the aforementioned Mr. Lacasse finished his shivering silver selection, Robin inquired: "Donald, what will you do with the prize money if you win?"

Donald gave her a look that could kill.

"That's not the question you were supposed to ask me!"

Despite Wagstaff's intentions, poetry found its place. Two entrants read from their oeuvres. The evening was shaping up as a test of endurance for both the contestants and the audience. After a youth executed a series of gymnastics to strobe light, we were allowed a fifteen minute intermission.

A fellow faggot sitting next to us leaned over within earshot and whispered, between puffs on his Sylva Thin cigarette, "You know, a lot of people left after the swimsuit competition." He smiled and raised an eyebrow. We stared at him cruelly, punishing him for being so '50's closet coy.

You could have been trampled to death trying to make it down to the Bradford Lounge. The regular jocks and the gay crowd from the pageant made a curious mix.

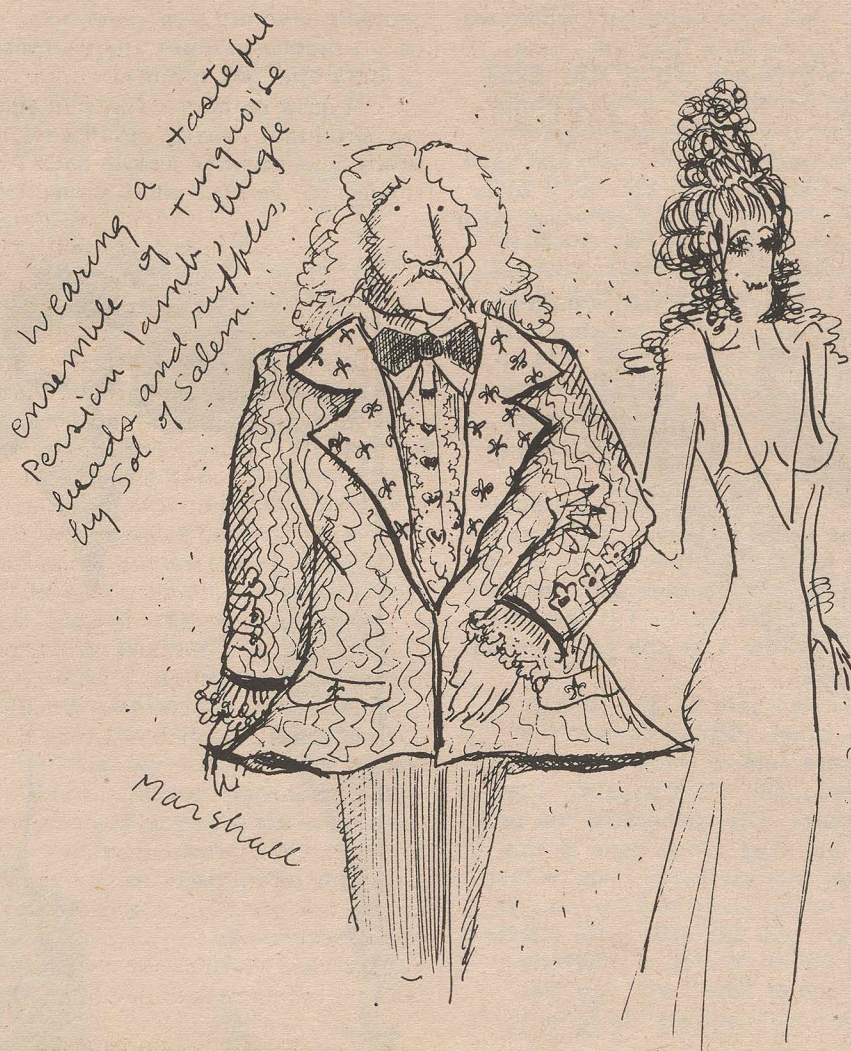
Making the ascent back to our seats in the first tier, we though we smelled--hoped to God we smelled--the redeeming fragrance of grass. It was just an illusion. No escape.

The three showstoppers in the talent section, or rather, in this particular context, the three showpacers, were songs by William Morales, selections by Jack Munroe, who at forty-one was the oldest contestant in the show and a sentimental favorite, and a New York ballroom number skillfully danced by Robert Leclair and his assistant. Mr. Leclair also performed a Scriabin piece for paino. Not so curiously, these three gentlemen pulled down the final prizes.

Evening wear competition came next. The contestants were escorted in their formal attire by, as Wagstaff was proud to point out, "elegant young ladies in gowns." So there!

Now...it was up to the judges. The fate of the contestants rested in their hands. The three young female judges busily tallied up their points.

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wearing a
ensemble of
Persian lamb, turgise
heads and ruffles,
by Sol of Salem.

Love Behind Bars

(I did this interview at a local New England State Prison a while ago. That was before the recent prison uprisings and so the person I interviewed might feel a little differently about things now.

This interview is not being passed off as representative of all prisoners or all prison situations. A black person, a drag queen, a young boy, or a woman might have different stories to tell. This is just the story of one person and as such has its own interest. There's no telling, before you go to do an interview with someone, that he or she's going to have the correct line on revolutionary anti-sexism...and it would be pretentious of us to tell it to them.)

"It's a real big thing in jail...homosexuality. They don't have a classification system here in Massachusetts like they do in California. In Federal jails where a prisoner comes in, says he's a homosexual, he lives separate. Ya know, they live together with themselves. Cause they believe like flowers all together, ya know, they bloom right. But they don't have that in here. In this institution now I think ya have maybe six out and out homosexuals.

"Me myself, I look to hang with one individual. And I'll look for somebody to hang with. I know the name of the game. 'N it's a game of give, really, and it's rewarding sometimes, and sometimes it's not rewarding.

"I'm very well respected, all the inmates know that I'm gay. I'm in a different category. I'm sort of in organized crime, ya know, and I'm a pretty good thief. I'm not a B 'n' E guy or nothin. I'm respected for my profession rather than my occupation.

"Everybody in here knows that I'm not the type that will blow somebody, or I'm not the type that will put a knife to a kid's throat.

"I know of incidents where this kid that I hang with now, when he first came in here he was grabbed by two individuals. He's a nice looking kid and he was told, ya know, that they wanna go to bed with him, they wanna have sex with him. And he wouldn't do it. And he was havin a hard time. So I spotted him one day and I had known him from the street, I picked him up one time out in the street, ya know, he was hustlin. And it was really a joke that started the thing because I remembered him. He told me about the problems he was havin and I went to the deputy and got him moved outa the wing and over with me in E building.

"He woulda been raped, there's no doubt about it. They woulda raped him, they woulda made his time in jail miserable. It doesn't happen that often in here, maybe not so much here as it would in Walpole. But it'll happen.

"There are basically the hard guys - they call them the hard rocks in here. We have a joke amongst ourselves, ya know, the gay people, we have a joke about the gangsters in here. They're in the closet. They turn their back and say, 'here kid, hold my gun while I give ya a hard on'. It usually ends up that way, ya know, --they're gay themselves but they don't wanna let everybody in the population know. They have their own image and they like to live up to it. They're the ones runnin around knockin the gay people, 'Oh, them faggots,' and they're usually participants, basically.

"There's a whole lotta hassles, but ya can't expect nothin else, especially - a young kid comes into jail. He's young and good lookin, he's got a tough role to hold. Especially in a jail like this cause they don't have no facilities where they can weed 'em out, put 'em by themselves.

"A kid won't go to the administration and tell 'em that they're botherin him, because then they call him a rat and then he's subject to get ...he'll be stabbed, or get his head beat in.

"After somebody's raped not many of them go around talkin about it. They don't wanna

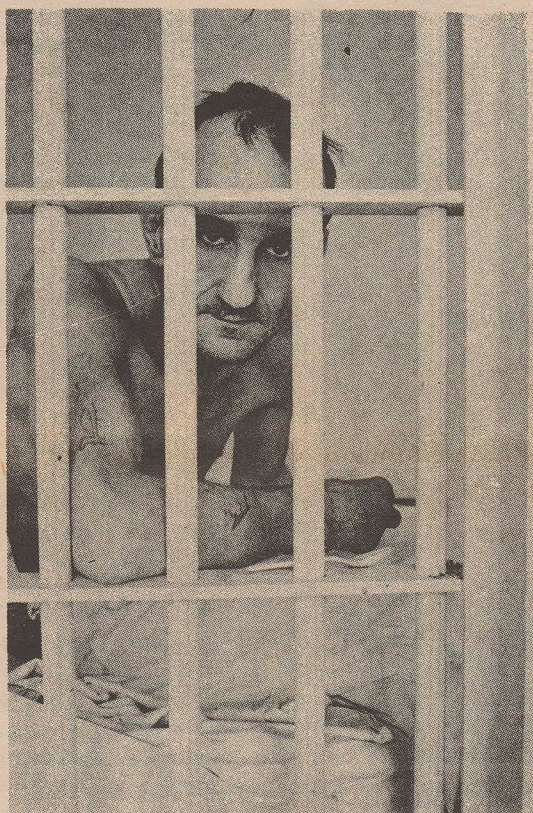
talk about it. But through the grape vine the inmates find out about it. Some of them get pretty up-tight.

"People like myself, I'll go to defend any of them if they're bothered cause I believe that if any of the kids that come in here don't wanna do it leave 'em alone. If ya can't respect them for the kind of kid that they are, if they are straight, ya leave them alone. Let 'em go out the way they came in.

"The people who don't feel that way don't feel about anybody. They don't feel about their mothers or their fathers, they don't have no respect for anybody. They'll do it and just laugh about it afterwards, and call the kid a punk. And the kid ends up sittin by himself the whole bit that he's in here, scared to do anything. Like I say, in my case, I took him under my wing. At first it was a homosexual relation but now it isn't important. I don't do nothin with him and I don't want to because I know that he doesn't wanna so I don't force it on him. And I got him goin to school. We get along pretty good.

"The administration encourages it in here. They encourage it because they feel that some of the hard rocks get settled down with a kid and it keeps 'em outa trouble, it keeps 'em outa their hair.

"He lives next door to me, just like a husband and wife thing almost, really, the way we live ya know - next door to each other. I cook for him and take care of him.



"There's very few people caught at it - there's no reason ya should be caught at it. If I'm gonna do somethin, I'm not gonna do it so they'll see it. We have units here where we have twenty-five rooms on a floor and, like, where we live, we have one officer that takes care of it. And ya get to know the assistants, their routines. And if ya wanna get together with someone, you just go in the room and have someone keep the peek for ya. You got a little window on the door - you just put up some paper so no one's gonna interfere with it. I say to someone, 'Hey, keep the peek, I'm gonna take care of business.' They know what's goin on and they don't come down. The inmates, all they do is watch for the guard. If he gets up and comes down the corridor, they just come over and knock on the door. But the inmates, they mind their own business. You can spend hours like that if you want.

"If I feel like I wanna have sex, get business ya know, the jail's fulla punks. I can go to the wing at night when they're all out in the yard. If I wanna get together with someone I'll tell him to stay in his room. I'll just tell him, ya know, I'll be down ta see ya, I wanna take care of business.

"Years ago - I was here in '55 - it was thirty days in the plant, fifteen days in the boards and you were sent to Bridgewater. But now they catch ya...and it's a hassle. They don't go out to court. They generally just lock you up and give you five or ten days on the boards: restriction, no privileges, you're just locked in a room twenty-four hours a day, ya get one meal a day, you can still write letters but ya can't have nothin to read or anything like that. At the end of five days, you just go back out to the population and do it again if you wanna.

"But you're not supposed to get caught. You're supposed to respect the man that's gotten you.

"Most of the homosexuals can fight, like take care of ourselves. The ones who can't, they're still not bothered. They're very well respected and if somebody bothers them or if something goes down where they get hurt the basic population, they defend them, they stand up for them. They're sorta like a maitre dean in a whore house really, that's just what it's like. The average guy doin time doesn't bother them cause he's not interested in 'em. He hasn't got no time to worry about what they're doing.

"I've always accepted homosexuality, like I had a hard time with girls. Cause I was never on the street - I spent almost 18 years in here out of the last 21.

"I'm thirty-four years old, I'm in good shape and I look all right for my age. But of course, ya know, you get the old sayin - 'nobody loves ya when you're old and gay'.

"A lotta the old timers don't even get involved - you find that homosexuality in prison's amongst the younger ones. But the older ones are just left overs from the young days and they're doin their thing to the younger people.

"If I see a young kid and I like him I says, 'Yeah, I'd like ta hoss ya'. If he says no I say, 'Well do I hafta pay?' Most of 'em are just punks and they want cigarettes or money. Some of 'em do it because they like doin it. I've had a relationship on and off now for eight years with an individual in this jail. He's a tough guy and doesn't want no one to know it, I respect his manhood and I wouldn't reveal it so we have a good understanding. And he knows it - this is why he comes to me all the time. And he's married and got kids but he still likes to have a homosexual relation once in a while.

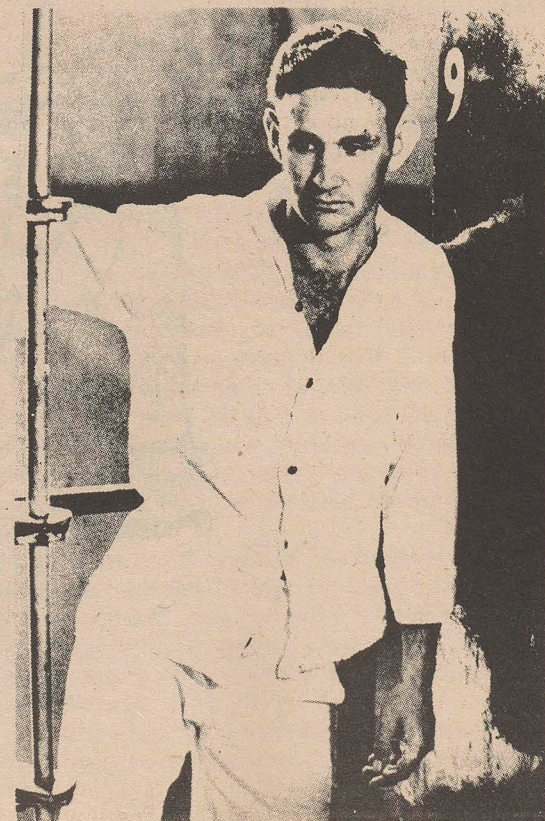
"I think the blacks have a tougher role to go in here than the whites. Because there's so much racial conflict goin on now in jails. The majority of 'em do get treated bad ya know, not all of them but the majority of 'em. Just because they are black. Like a guy like me, I can walk around the place all day long and no one will ask me for a pass. But if one of them does it, they'll harass him, bother him. Or if I need clothes I can go down and get them. But if they go down there they just get what's grabbed and given to them. The white guy is treated in jail much better than the black guy.

"But the queen, the black queen - we've got one black queen in here - she's very well respected and liked and everybody treats her good.

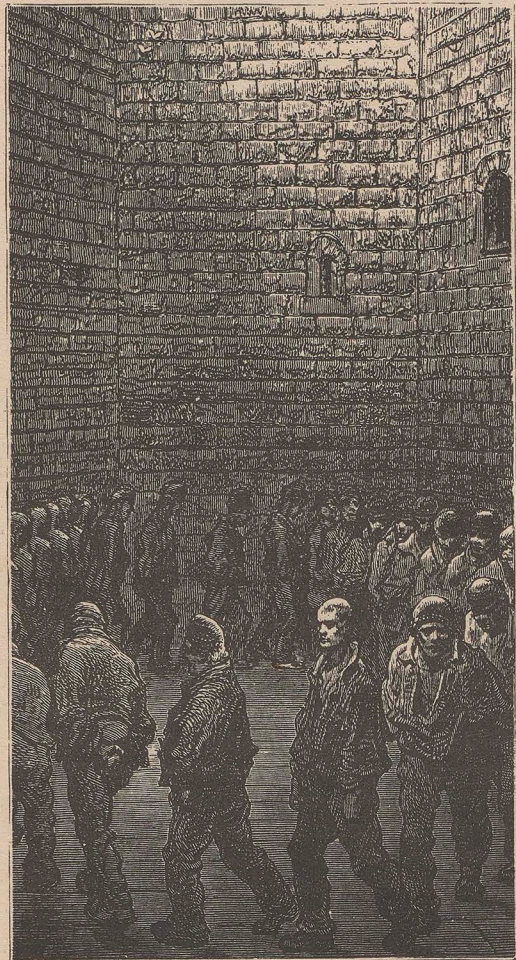
"The administration in this place is a family tree. The people that work here, their sons are here and this gets passed on. And they don't like to see the changes in jail. The Peaceful Movement Committee is achievin this - they're getting rid of these people, they're putting these kind of officers under the gun. By gettin what you're doing now, which you couldn't have did five years ago. These guys don't belong in these institutions. They cause a lotta hostility in here.

"I grew up here. I was in and out of here so much that I really didn't care. My friends were here so when I came back I didn't mind. I went out in 1969 and I stayed out three years.

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Letter from Walpole Prison



(The following letter was written by Eddie Rastellini, an inmate at Walpole State Prison near Boston. Rastellini is serving the fifth year of a fifteen-year sentence for what is known in Massachusetts as "the detestable crime against nature." In fact, Rastellini is in jail because he is gay and because he is poor. Gay brothers in Boston have been communicating with Rastellini, and Richard Rubino, a Boston lawyer who has been working with and for the gay community, has initiated efforts on his behalf. There will be future articles about Eddie Rastellini, his victimization and his fight for freedom. In the meantime, funds are needed to help this gay brother. Send donations and/or letters of solidarity in care of FAG RAG, c/o Red Book Store, 91 River Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.)

Dear Jacque :

I cannot suppress my feelings any more, so I must relate this story to someone...

Next door, in the cell to my left, is a 24-year old boy. His name is Billy, 5'7", about 140 pounds, brown hair (which tends to seem blondish in the light), deep but clear innocuous blue eyes, not really handsome, but one's heart could go out to him when he smiles. He looks so innocent, so boyish, so alone...and he really needs love and affection so bad.

Yet, thanks to Amerikan Justice, society and its inequitable methods, its self-destructive ideas, etc., this confused boy would be described by his creators as . . . a killer . . . a monster . . . an incorrigible animal. But these same monsters (the creators) that would gladly describe this boy as above would not tell the public, which it exploits and puts in fear by such stories, why.

They won't tell you (John Q. Public), for instance, that if Billy was treated right as a very young boy, that he just might not have killed a man over a 25-cent candy bar (in prison) or that he just might not have gone to prison (State Reformatory at Concord) at the ripe age of 16 on a minor sentence (no sentence is in any way minor), a sentence that has dominoed into a life sentence plus 38 years to go after the life sentence...

I could not begin to tell you of the insanity of our "Great Society," a sick society that has made this confused, emotional boy an outcast, a misfit, a monster, a boy who is, for all purposes, dead, but hasn't been buried yet...!

I can only ask, "How many more young, really innocent boys will be killed mentally before the "Great Society" wakes up, becomes aware of the hypocrisy of those in power; how many more will be literally buried alive in cement and steel cages?

I met Billy about a year and eight months ago, and it is only within the past month or so that I am really getting to know him.

Because of my uncompromising honesty, and my tendency to argue when I am right (I cannot give up my individuality nor conform to a convict's way of thinking), I have gotten myself into hot water with some bad-assed dudes...

Evidently, Billy was in boys' schools at one time, but graduated to a state prison at the age of 16. Because of poor communication with his family, and poor financial status, he used his youth, and his body, to acquire status, to belong. This disturbs him beyond belief. He constantly becomes belligerent and aggressive to the point of murder whenever anyone may seem (in Billy's mind) to challenge his manhood, or even doubt it. Billy would say, "I may be a fucking faggot, but you try this faggot!" It's obvious from his record of one killing and three stabbings so far, not to mention the various other acts of violence against guards, inmates and himself.

Billy has befriended me because he empathizes with me, because in his mind he knows the degradation I go through. Although he publicizes his interest in "scoring" me sexually, he knows that he won't because I won't let him. Why not? Because of the perverted, impersonal and depraved intentions of others (not Billy; he digs it) who give dignity to their sex acts by the mere use of applying the word homosexuality to their perversion. If I became involved with him (which, in a distant way, I think I would), it would be the cause for further degradation and repression by the others here. And Billy understands that I view my sexuality as a very beautiful thing.

Now, Billy, at 140 pounds, has put himself as a shield between the others and myself, has openly declared that he is protecting me henceforth -- and over my own objections.

I cannot explain this. I know it's not a psyche game.

Billy is for real, he's a man of conflicting emotions (as I have become towards him), conflicting ideas and beliefs, but, essentially, he's a beautiful person, one worth helping, one worth being treated and free...

Imagine if you will, Jacque, your lying in a bed in a cell, listening to such a person, who was all but literally murdered, in a drugged, emotional condition, alternately raving at his would be killers, and kicking his own ass because of what he realizes now as his own trapped studidity. The block is starlit, quiet, and finally, Billy's last anguished cry, "I want to go home"; tears roll from his eyes.

block bust

Whether we want to or not, as faggots we are brought into the annual electoral process. Every year police across the country "crack down" on gay people in order to show the public they are "doing their job." In many places such as Boston this crack-down has a further purpose of extorting campaign contributions from the gay bars. Some of the most virulent anti-gay candidates are often handsomely financed out of our exploitation.

1972 has been no exception. Scores of faggots were arrested this summer in Attleboro and Weston by state police "cruising" the bushes along I-95S and I-93N rest areas. Disguised as faggots, they entice us to solicit their company. When we respond, they bring out the handcuffs.

Things have been equally gruesome this fall on the "Block." (Commonwealth, Berkeley, Marlborough & Arlington: besides being a meat-rack, also something of a slave block.)

After dozens of pig beatings, insults and rough treatment, some of us decided to fight back. We had several meetings with John Fish, the city lawyer representing the police department. In answering questions at a public meeting, he said that beatings were decreasing and that there were "encouraging signs toward self-discipline" within the force. We were urged to report any police brutality so the rotten apples could be identified.

On July 24 Charles Bevirt was arrested on the Block and charged with "Disorderly Conduct." He pleaded not-guilty, and we set out to challenge the courts. In a public letter passed out in the bars, on the streets and mailed to

Judge Adlow--Chuck described his case: "Adlow's attitude throughout the trial was offensively flippant with such tacky comments as 'They don't call it Queens's row after Queen Elizabeth, ya know.' He found me guilty, stating, 'I don't know whether you are a homosexual or not--for all I know you could be a truck-driver or prizefighter (laughter from the whole courtroom),--but it is well-known that this

section, once considered to be the finest in the city--it's a shame what you people have done to the area--is now a gathering place for homosexuals and those who would prey upon them, and, therefore, such wholesale gathering is automatically a public nuisance and the conduct of those present is to be construed as DISORDERLY. We are thinking of the protection of the public and of the homosexuals."

Chuck appealed Judge Adlow's decision, but because no record was kept at his trial, we had no basis for challenging Adlow's ruling. The case is now on file. Nonetheless, in the elections Adlow lost, since he will be dethroned by the referendum requiring mandatory retirement of judges over 70.



"I am a black faggot"

I want to write this article so faggots will read and respond to it. Therefore I am faced with the responsibility of making it interesting and informative. However, my major interest is in revealing the relevance of this article to all faggots and to all those involved in gay liberation.

I am a Black faggot. Everyone who comes in contact with me knows that I am a Black faggot. This is not something people coming in contact with me in the last two or three years have been aware of. This has been a fact of my existence for twenty years, give or take a year or two. Since twenty years ago, at work and play, people have referred to me as "punk", "sissy", "nigger queer"--not faggot, not gay comrade, not revolutionary or counter-revolutionary. It was noted, and remarked upon, that I walked, talked, acted, reacted, showed concern and interest in ways that were different from the norm. That norm was and is heterosexist, middle-class conscious, male supremacist whites.

Some people don't bump up against this norm or understand that it's there for a whole lifetime. They just keep doing the things they're told to do, playing the games they're told to play, valuing the things they're told to value.

Some people have some realization of what life and social pressures are about, but decide they stand to lose a lot if they don't go along with the master plan, as it were.

Some people make intellectual decisions about the state of things and begin to involve themselves in actualizing these decisions with little or no emotional involvement and/or understanding of the rewards and penalties of the master plan.

To relate the above to coming out: I came out, not by running around screaming 'I am a cocksucker' or 'I want to fuck or be fucked by men', but by saying 'I enjoy being with _____', and the fact that we are both males does not make me ashamed' and nothing anyone did or said could make me ashamed.

By this time I knew that shame was a farce, a ruse of the ruling class. They, the powerful, the rulers, were never ashamed to sell good food to whites and garbage in the supermarkets in Black neighborhoods. They were never ashamed of showing thousands of virile men (white men) finding, feeling, fucking, and forgetting women (of all sizes, shapes, colors) on TV and in the movies; they weren't ashamed to perpetuate the lies and myths of white supremacy at all the schools I ever attended; they weren't ashamed of lying to a state board so that a pretty white person could represent their state in the national spelling bee instead of some nigger queer. Yes, by this time I was well aware of the "damned if you do damned if you don't" policy. So while some of you were sneaking around because if you got caught something horrible could happen, I was relating to the fact

that horrible things were happening and would continue to happen unless I stopped them. And THEIR rules of how to play the game were not going to help me stop those horrible things because their rules were what was keeping those horrible things happening to me.

Ah so, that last paragraph may have said something but it didn't relate to the beginning of this whole thing, or did it? I have noticed that most of the gays connected in some way or another with gay liberation are not the punks and fairies of yesteryear. They're the boy next door that the queers dreamed and creamed about, the new left would-be heavies, the confused, repressed sons of white middle (or higher) class families who could have had anything they wanted, who spent years learning that they belonged to the master race and that the world would--indeed had to--go through changes which



were necessary so they could get whatever they happened to be after. So many people are coming out not because they suck cock and realize they aren't and needn't be ashamed (or get off on anal intercourse or buttoning it or just like the physicalness of another of their sex) but because it is politically oppressive to be heterosexual--an intellectual decision as opposed to an emotional one? These gays come out in a swarm of political hodge podge amidst a circle of gay liberation all walking around looking, sounding and smelling like the straight men they've been all their lives. So it cannot be surprising that drag queens and other flamboyants are unwelcome, that third world gays don't abound, that the age and beauty standards are the same as they are in straight white Amerika.

To me this says that gay liberation has done

little for the fairies, queers, queens and homosexuals in terms of creating a viable social environ and dealing with the inequities of our present racist, sexist, imperialistic ad oddeum society. This is not to trash those who are just coming out, be they 17, 70, or anywhere therein, but to say in order to change anything gay liberation has to relate to that which is being a faggot!

One final statement for this issue: In order to create any better, more responsive society we have to be aware of who we are and feel good about that. That is nigh on to impossible for those of us who feel so good about these people we know (and their possessions) whose racism, sexism, male supremacist attitudes et al have gotten them worth in our malignant society, be they friend of old or blood relative. SO LONG AS PART OF US WANTS TO HIDE WHO WE ARE--WE ARE HIDDEN.

Old & Gay

(continued from page 6)

As with so many of our "problems," victims suffer not only from external victimization but equally from internal self-contempt and hatred. We really believe somehow that there is something dirty, contemptible and mean about being older. We lie about our ages (in tea-rooms, we slip notes to each other and one of the first questions is "how old are you?" I once answered "75," although I'm not that old now). The article in FAG RAG #2, "To be 27, Gay & Corrupted" was originally entitled, "To be Young, Gay and Corrupted." We didn't think 27 qualified as "young."

As we grow older we continue to slide up the line between "young" and "old." A really young faggot usually tries to look and act older because of the drinking and age of consent laws. But most of us try desperately to look younger than we are. As we age, we resort to a whole array of hair pieces, contact lenses, sprays, sun lamps, oils and other artifices to look younger. We run after the latest fashion of the young consumer market (whether in clothing, music, or ideas) hoping to find some magic

fountain of youth. (Of course, we share this age oppression with women--another example among many of the ways in which our liberation and women's liberation are pieces of a whole struggle against sexism.)

The worst oppression we face is the inability we have to love others of our age and older. Older gays just aren't happy with each other's company generally--not that we should be isolated in reservations or concentration camps ("old age homes"), but we should be able to enjoy each other's company more than we do. Or if we are willing to share our time and lives with older homosexuals, we often draw a strict line between sex and company--preferring sex with young strangers (often anonymous) and camaraderie with others of our own age. Couples over thirty are an exception, and they have usually met before one or both became thirty.

One of the most hopeful breaks in this gloomy picture was a recent attempt in HUB to form an over thirty-five group. One can forgive the stunning lack of interest in this effort among the young GML people, but the pathetic thing was the lack of interest among people over thirty-five. First of all, only a few showed up for the first (and I believe only) meeting; no one

wanted to identify himself as over thirty-five--just not the right image. Had the group continued it would doubtless have faced some bitter internal dissensions as people worked out their hatreds on one another. (Since I'm only 34, I didn't go and can only report second-hand.) Anyway, the group was short-lived when its organizer walked away with some funds entrusted him. Perhaps he'll return, clear up the misunderstanding and get the group together again (by then I'll be 35). In the meantime, the group "has been discontinued and probably won't be meeting again," according to a HUB spokesman.

That might not interest you now if you are under thirty-five, but it should--because as the years pass, you too can become old. Unlike the oppressions of other "minority" or "ethnic" groups, everyone has an opportunity to become old. It's either that or suicide. So the problems of aging are relevant to everyone whether they want them to be or not. If you're white, you can escape the oppression of Black people; if you are a man, you can escape women's oppressions; if you are a heterosexual, you can escape gay oppression. But you can't escape getting old, and in Amerika it's no fun--particularly if you are a faggot.

Rest Stop . . .

Police Entrapment on Interstates

The following is a common fact situation for a man: While driving north on Interstate Route 93 you have to urinate; you stop at a rest area and go into the wood to relieve yourself. As you are walking into the woods, you pass a young man who says hello. You acknowledge him and proceed into the woods to unzip your pants. All of a sudden there is a hand on your shoulder. You turn around to see the young man you just passed flashing a police badge at you and informing you that you are under arrest. The next thing you know is that you are in jail, charged with the crime of open and gross lewdness and being a disorderly person.

This situation can happen to you, and in fact it does happen to hundreds of individuals each year. The state and local police in towns such as Attleboro and Woburn have an active program in which they station police decoys in the rest areas on Routes 93 and 95. The decoys are usually young police officers who are coached in such tactics. The officers dress in casual clothes, usually tight-fitting pants and a sport shirt. In the warmer months they are stationed in these areas approximately three days a week, six hours per day. It is not unforeseeable that anyone, gay or straight, would acknowledge with a "hello" when passing such a person. However, if you do acknowledge his presence, you may ultimately find yourself under arrest.

After you are arrested, you are booked, fingerprinted, and photographed. The police will then release you but inform you that you must appear in the local court on a certain date. Upon appearing in court, the prosecutor, who is usually a police officer, may approach you to offer you a deal.

The prosecutor may offer to drop one of the charges (open and gross lewdness) if you plead guilty ("cop a plea") to the other charge (being a disorderly person) and pay a fine (usually \$200).

At this point you may consider yourself lucky not to be in jail. But upon further reflection, you realize that this experience has now cost you some money for the fine, perhaps a lawyer, and any time you have lost from work. Moreover, you will have a criminal record which could seriously impair your future and disqualify you for any number of jobs.

You are, in fact, now classified to those who can read between the lines as a "sex criminal" and "pervert." If you haven't considered how it was straight society that has made you a victim of this psychological brand of police brutality, you may even blame yourself for the situation.

All this could be the price for having to relieve yourself while driving on the highway.

Some of you who are reading this may say: "This cannot happen to me." In most cases this is true. However, between the months of May and September in recent years there have been about 200 to 300 such incidents at one rest area per year, all arising out of the use of police decoys and all ending with pretty much the same disposition. Furthermore, all the incidents involve male persons who usually plead guilty to one of the charges.

Although the above could happen to anyone, the problems presented specifically relate to homosexuals. The authorities claim that they receive complaints from private citizens that they are being bothered by "homos."

The police deal with these vague "complaints" by stationing decoys at the rest areas in the hope of enticing homosexuals into violating Massachusetts' antiquarian solicitation laws.

In most real situations, when approached by someone whom he thinks is gay, the police decoy enters into idle conversation with that person. The gay person may ask the decoy to go into a deeper part of the woods. The police decoy goes along, whereupon the gay person may touch the decoy on his genitals. At that time the decoy would arrest the person and charge him not only with lewd and lascivious conduct, but also assault and battery. These are even more serious charges.

The injustices involved in such situations start, of course, with society's maintenance

of the taboo against homosexuality. Straight society's inability to deal with homosexuality as a natural aspect of human behavior forces gay people into anonymous cruising situations such as the rest areas on interstate highways. Such rest areas have the unique quality of being located in relatively rural areas, whereas most cruising spots are in big cities (where police entrapment and/or harassment also occurs).

Straight society in effect makes a two-pronged assault on the homosexual--first, driving him into secrecy to seek sex in dark places, and second, finding the resultant cruising scene disagreeable and worthy of police action.

Even apart from the basic injustice which occurs when "heterosexual" and "homosexual" are coerced into two distinct categories, many people might ask the following question: If the police want to deter these "crimes," why don't they station a uniformed policeman with a marked car at these rest areas? This would stop the so-called crimes before they happen and satisfy the "civilian complaints." Instead, the police take a course of action which permits them to lodge two charges instead of one. (For the homosexuals, any police action represents further repression against their attempt to survive in a hostile society.)

In such cruising situations, the police decoy would quickly arrest the individual upon the initial solicitation. For some reason, the police do not choose to make the arrest at that point, but instead go into the woods with the individual and wait for another "crime" to be committed--assault and battery (touching the decoy). This puts the police in a position of power because now they have two charges, and they can bargain. The prosecutor may propose a plea-copping situation.

Next comes the scene in court. Present are the judge, prosecuting officer, arresting officer, the defendant and (perhaps) his attorney. There are only two persons who were actually present when the incident took place--the arresting officer and the defendant. What happens next is "the administration of justice."

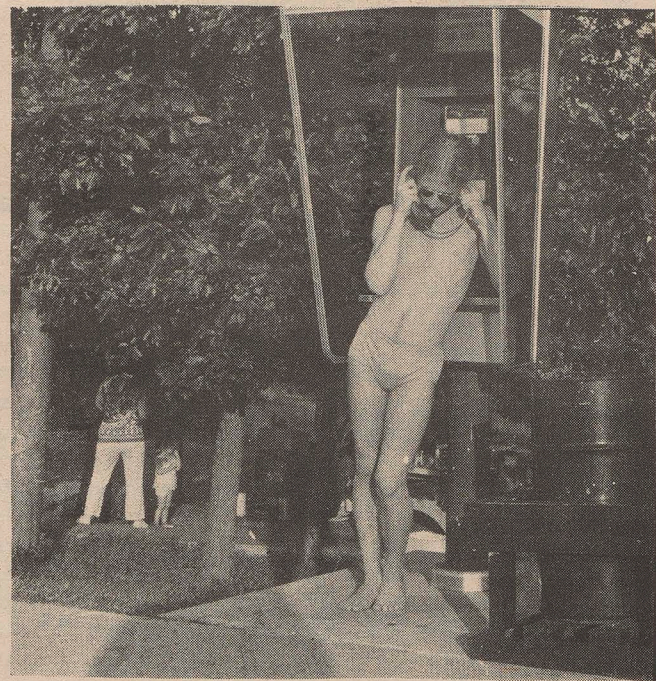
The arresting officer (the decoy, now in uniform) takes the witness stand. He states his name and rank and then proceeds to give his account of what happened. I have been the attorney of record on many such cases, and I have never heard the arresting officer's testimony vary more than a few sentences. The arresting officer testifies that he was approached by the defendant, asked to go further into the woods, and while there, was touched by the defendant on the genitals.

The defendant now has an opportunity to tell his story. He states that he stopped to relieve himself and entered into a conversation with the decoy; that the decoy was overly friendly and seemed to want the defendant to "come on" to him. The defendant, unsure of himself, is cautious and does not make any move until he is sure the decoy "knows the scene." At that point, an invitation is made, sometimes by way of a gesture and sometimes by words. Once this overture is made, the defendant is arrested. (The testimony of defendants clearly indicates that it is very unlikely that straight private citizens would be approached in such cruising situations.) It is virtually impossible, however, for the gay defendant to defend himself with strength and dignity before such a hostile judicial system.

The judge, being the finder of fact in District Court, finds the defendant guilty. He, in effect, is saying that he does not believe the defendant's testimony but does believe that of the arresting officer. This is an essential part of the entrapment tactic.

If both parties were telling the truth, and if the judge weighed both testimonies equally, he would then have to find the defendant not guilty. The defendant, in a criminal action, does not have to prove himself innocent--that is presumed. The prosecutor has the burden to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant is guilty.

In the above mentioned example, the judge should find that the police decoy enticed the defendant to commit a "crime," and therefore



there was no solicitation. Or, in the alternative, he should find the defendant not guilty because the prosecution has not proved its case beyond a reasonable doubt. In order to be guilty of assault and battery, for example,

the victim must be put in fear of a touching followed by an unconsenting touching. In the example presented, the decoy was never in fear and he consented to the touching.

It is not a crime to be homosexual in Massachusetts. Instead Massachusetts has laws which are almost exclusively applied to homosexuals, such as crime against nature, lascivious cohabitation, open and gross lewdness, unnatural and lascivious acts, and unnatural and lascivious acts with a child under sixteen. These laws are not dead letters; many people are in jail for these "crimes." In addition, homosexuals are often charged with being a disorderly person and being guilty of assault and battery.

The modern and enlightened trend across the country in "sex crime" legislation is to repeal the above-mentioned laws, or at least some of them. The so-called "sodomy laws" (insofar as they affect "consenting adults") have been repealed in Illinois (1962), Connecticut (1972), Oregon (1972), Idaho (1972), and Colorado (1972).

Further, "crime against nature" statutes which are worded exactly as is Massachusetts General Law Chapter 272 Section 34 have been declared unconstitutional by the Texas and Florida Supreme Courts.

If and when the Massachusetts laws in this area are changed, the problems previously mentioned may be eliminated. But what are we to do at present to help those individuals who are arrested and are receiving criminal records?

The solution is not an easy one. An attorney or group of attorneys can challenge the constitutionality of these laws. This would temporarily deter police activities in this area. But it is my feeling that the legislature would enact a new criminal statute which would be harsher than the present one.

Another approach could be to start a legal suit against the various police departments to eliminate the use of police decoys in homosexual solicitation cases. An argument can be set forth that the use of police decoys not only infringes on one's Constitutional rights but can also be considered police entrapment on a grand scale. For this, however, we need documentation of almost all criminal cases in this area.

By far the most powerful force that can be used to prevent the ruin of hundreds of persons' lives each year is the people themselves. If and when the gay and straight communities realize that it is in their best interest to have these laws repealed, it will then happen.

This article was written by Richard Rubino, of Rook, Roth, & Rubino; he has defended many gay clients.

COCKSUCKING

continued from page 16

plain). Billie Holiday's "Gloomy Sunday" was long a gay favorite and Judy Garland almost our patron saint. The first suicide I knew well was a seventeen year old faggot who had got his draft notice (that was over ten years ago). And I could name half a dozen close friend faggot suicides--the most recent being Vincent Saccardi.

Indirectly, we do ourselves in on drugs, alcohol or "rough trade." Little needs to be said about the alcohol and drug "menace" in our community. The bars are almost the only real community we have outside of gay liberation; and drugs are becoming no less popular. And how many of us have been killed, stabbed, shot, strangled, burnt to death and otherwise done away with by some "straight" man--hustler, midnight cowboy, sailor, etc.

Also indirectly, we despair of ever being able to do anything right. Somehow we develop a built-in sabotage system both in our love life and in our "real" life. Even when we finally meet our "dream" we can't relate to him, feeling we are such a worm with nothing but trouble to offer in our love. And in "doing things," we fall into the same pattern. We take up projects, only to put them down uncompleted--feeling discouraged and incompetent. Gay liberation is notorious for its uncompleted, abortive undertakings.

And out of our anxiety we can fall into a no less harmful push to prove ourselves. Our performance often is rooted in the same soil as non-performance. I remember when I was in high school, they gave medals in each subject for the best student. I tried to win every medal (& nearly did). We fall into a trap of some sort of perfectionism--doing everything right, work all the time, always pushing to the front--that leaves us drained out and inhuman. No less shell than the faggot who has drunk himself into being a basket case. This drive for per-

fection, drive to prove ourselves, produces arrogance, conceit, pomposity, haughtiness, superciliousness and vanity. (Strangely, these words are all antonyms of worthlessness, the up and the down feeling being the same--almost like the barbituates and amphetamines.)

Vanity might be worth another word: faggots are famous for being perfectionists about appearance. We have plenty of mirrors in our apartments (few of us have "homes"); and our bathrooms are filled with "beauty" aids. Most of us are on diets & exercise programs (if we aren't lamenting our fatness). And we love to be complimented for some beauty feature. This continuous attention to appearance arises only in part from our need to be a marketable sexual object. I remember one faggot who came every night to the old Punch Bowl and took a seat in front of the bar mirror. He was very attractive, but he never spoke to or went home with anyone; just hours sitting there, drinking, smoking and looking at himself in the mirror. Appearance can thus become a thing in itself whereby we relieve our anxieties by perfecting an outer facade.

The end result of either despair or perfectionism--the down and the up of our lives--comes out the same: loneliness. Gay liberation in its various forms struggles to break down this loneliness by getting people together. "We don't have to be alone," Mike Silverstein wrote in the PEOPLE'S GAY SUNSHINE. "We still have the ability to love one another. It is very hard. We have been so corrupted by them. We have learned so much of their mistrust, their will for power, their aloneness. But we are struggling to trust one another, to open ourselves up to one another, to love one another. And before our love, the world will look and wonder. Our love will be a humanity new under the sun, and a new world will be born from it."

Adonis

(continued from page 16)

Broadway Cabaret, tireless troupers, put in a final appearance.

Eyes roved up to the judges' box. Were they ready? Not yet. Song followed song. Close to midnight now, it was getting stuffy in the auditorium. Members of the audience fanned themselves with their programs. Was there going to be a winner? Or was it a hung jury?

As a page raced to the stage with the results, Wagstaff presented The Living Sculpture: the contestants in swimsuit again, posed elbow to elbow with muscles flexed, an eye-fetching array of flesh.

The three winners again were: William Morales (3rd), Jack Munroe (2nd), and Robert Leclair (1st).

They came forward when their names were announced. Happily, there was no tough-guy, jock ass-slapping; neither was there, unfortunately, any congratulatory exchange of kisses. They merely smiled triumphantly and heartily shook hands with one another.

Though there appeared to be no bad blood among the losing contestants, Lacasse slinked out from behind the curtain and walked down the left front stage stairs before the program was ended, drawing attention from the winners, which was their proper due.

Now why did Wagstaff do this?

"I kept being hassled by women that I'm a male chauvinist. I kept denying it. So I decided to put on this beauty pageant with men!"

Who did he suppose his audience would be? "Mostly women liberationist types."

Fourteen hundred of them???

Bob Westfield, secretary at WGS Productions, was a bit more level-headed in his predictions.

"I suspect there will be a large percentage of men in the audience." Gay? He smiled, dodging the question. "We do hope we will have a reasonably decorous audience."

Wagstaff's intention of playing it straight backfired in spite of itself. The John Hancock Hall, the original site of the pageant, cancelled out after Gregory MacDonald, Harold Banks *inter alia* hinted that Adonis '72 might be a FAGGOT OPERATION. Accounts-oriented execs panicked and informed Wagstaff that holding a male beauty pageant in their facilities was "not in the best interest of our policyholders," that



Great Silent Majority. Even the Bradford had its qualms.

What kind of audience did Wagstaff finally get? Surprise! Overwhelmingly male and overtly gay.

"I'm sure the contestants would be upset," Wagstaff sniped, "at the people who are trying to suggest that there might be FAGGOTS connected with the show."

It was a good idea. Though billed as "The Country's First Male Pageant," that honor must go to the three-year old "Groovy Guy" contest sponsored by The Advocate in Los Angeles. (Where else?)

By playing it straight, Wagstaff proved one thing beyond a doubt: self-serious beauty pageants can be entirely as boring with men as with women.

THE WAY TO CHANGE

Fear, guilt, shame and anxiety are psychological terms--mental measures of our lives. And we rightly see psychiatrists, psychologists, lobotomists, behaviorists, and other "mental" therapists as enemies. They have more or less defined our "problems" by their standards. And the way they would solve them is by exterminating us--by making us straight. Their textbooks and associations still officially list us as a disease, and large numbers of them claim they can "cure" us. A minority believe our disease is incurable and that they can help us learn to live with it, but proper sex education in the family and schools, they usually argue, could eventually eliminate people like us. A very minute few argue that we are no less "normal" than heterosexuals and they would "treat" us not as equals but as equal to their other "patients." And they would use the psychologies largely developed by heterosexual men to make us fit into a straight society.

But to overcome our oppression (as it is measured out in our psyches and in our lives) we need not doctors but organization. Not bureaucracies and hierarchies, but groups of faggots bonded with love and trust. In the end, we must be able to share our lives and bodies with a whole group.

We have still to learn how to get together, how to work together and how not to tear each other apart. We are remarkably tolerant of the shortcomings of various straight organizations (accept them as necessary evils, even worship them sometimes). But our threshold of tolerance for gay organizations is remarkably low. I have never been to a single meeting of faggots in which someone did not give a speech about how unorganized and inadequate our efforts have been. (This happens at virtually every FAG RAG meeting.) One example in print comes from a founder of gay liberation in Boston; he writes, "I have lost my faith in Boston's proliferation of think tanks, discussion groups, c-r sessions, and special committees that so easily spring to life during those rare and fleeting moments when we do allow ourselves to realize that we aren't doing anything." (HUB Bulletin, Fall 1971, p. 4)

Too often our approach to groups has only recapitulated our approach to our lover(s). We fantasize something that doesn't exist; in our eagerness to create someone (or group) worthy of our love, we destroy the actual human beings we happen to live with. In our organizations, if they are not everything we want them to be, we become disgusted, discouraged, melancholy and eventually indifferent. We need to seize upon whatever form of organization we can find, transform it, and make it our own.

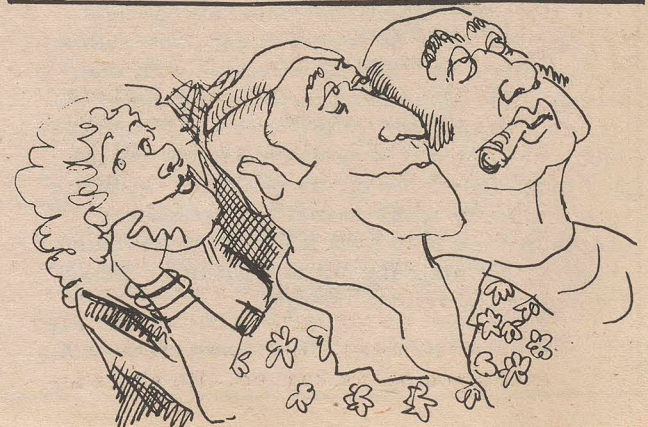
What we need to do is transform Joe Hill's saying: "Don't mourn, organize." We have mourned and despaired too long; it's now time for us to swallow each other and hold ourselves together in one big circle.

prisoner

(continued from page 18)

That was the longest I ever stayed out. But I was pretty successful in that three years. I was makin probably a quarter of a million dollars a year. I was just a thief, I was a robber, I robbed a few banks. I got caught for one though. I got away with a lot too. So it balances out. The last time I was out I was much happier on the street than I ever was in my life. I just happened to get arrested.

"But now comin back to jail, my time is easier to do because I know that I'm done, I'll never steal again. I've committed the ultimate goal of my life and I robbed what I wanted to rob: robbing a bank completely, of every penny in it. And I succeeded in doing it, so I don't have no more ultimate goals in life. So I'm thirty-four years old now, and I may not get off for another year or two...I don't see spendin my later life in jail."



hustler

(continued from page 3)

will enjoy a sexual relationship with, which means to me some sort of mutual relationship. Secondly is somebody I have a desire to get to know after talking to them, to break down the barriers between us and to see what they're like. And hiring them's the only way I can find out.

Andy: Do you find that hustlers, generally speaking, are sexually responsive or mostly just sort of passive?

Phillip: Most of them are pretty responsive with me...they enjoy sex.

John: There's something funny when it comes to hustlers. When they're away from the scene, or The Block, they're themselves. On the street they're totally different. I've taken hustlers home myself - they might need a place to stay, or they look like they haven't eaten for days. You get to know the people and you kind of care a little bit. Like if I was hungry I'd want someone to care about me. Most hustlers are very lonely, most of them come from broken homes. Myself, I come from a kind of a broken home, I guess. Most hustlers claim that they're straight. There's something wrong with being gay in their eyes. Actually, what they're doing isn't being gay - they're prostitutes and they are just trying to make a living.

Louis: Could you tell me about any particularly good experiences that you've had?

Phillip: There have been a lot of good experiences. Most of them have been good or I wouldn't have pursued this. The good experiences make me pursue it and also the excitement of the bad experiences. It's sort of interesting to be chased around the block by a couple of guys with knives - when you always win. And I've never lost. After my first loss maybe I'll change my mind on that. I've met really good people whom I think I've been able to help. And I've enjoyed being of help to people. Like the kid from Providence. He wanted two bucks to spend the night with somebody. What he really wanted was a place to spend the night. That's a little thing but it's good to be able to do little things for people. I don't get much chance to do that because...nobody ever asks.

Louis: Have you had bad experiences?

Phillip: There are a couple of different kinds of bad experiences. One is really rotten people who have a belligerent attitude and take the attitude that I'm exploiting them. They're really cold, hard to get to know. The other bad stuff is the physical violence and I've had all sorts of neat experiences of that. I've been attacked with a broken whiskey bottle, a metal pipe, a gun, two razor blades, probably about thirty or forty knives and two sets of fists. Most of the violence is on Marlborough Street and Comm. Ave. and a little bit around Greyhound, but Greyhound is much safer. I've never had any trouble in my apartment - I think somebody who was just interested in just robbing you would do it sooner, I mean, why wait till he gets there?

Louis: Is that what it's all about - robbing you?

Phillip: Yeah. Maybe once or twice somebody attacked me with other motivation - there was once some people who were really down on fags. One had the whiskey bottle and one had the club. They chased me up Marlborough Street for three blocks. They weren't hustlers - they were just hanging around bothering gay people.

Andy: Did you ever have any problems?

John: I've been robbed a number of times by other hustlers. You see, with hustlers there's a big problem with drugs, junk mostly. And it's getting so they don't even want to go out and hustle. Now they just step in the car and they put a knife in your side and they say, your money or your life. I have a friend who had a very bad experience. He got beat up badly, his eyes were just a mess. He's very bitchy now, ever since he got beat up. He starts ar-

guments with you, he's very flip with his answers - all he cares about is himself, which of course you can't blame him.

Louis: Have you ever been harassed by the police?

Phillip: Yes I have, but only superficially. Only in the sense of telling me to move on when I've been hanging around looking for people. But they've arrested hustlers I was about to hire, though. That's really annoyed me.

Louis: What about the recent arrests down at The Block?

Phillip: I think the people arrested there, they'll really dislike this, but they're amateurs at how to avoid the police and stuff. They just aren't skilled.

Louis: That would mean that in the past three weeks three hundred amateurs have been arrested.

Phillip: I think most of the people you're referring to might have been in Boston a year. And they go to The Block once a week. I've been going there three or four nights a week for five or six hours a night for three or four years. I think that most hustlers and real professional customers have gotten used to the police and a lot of street violence, dangers, and just know a little better how to react to avoid arrest. At any rate, I haven't had any trouble within the last few weeks.

Louis: How do you react when the police or Judge Adlow respond by saying they're trying to protect you?

Phillip: I think that the police policy is typically to arrest people who are legitimately



hustling, who make an honest deal with a customer, and to arrest gay people who are cruising, and to ignore and sort of pamper a lot of thugs who hang out there and bother people. The police have never bothered them, from what I've seen.

Louis: Have you ever been harassed by the police?

John: I've never been harassed on The Block cause I don't let the police see me. That's hard to explain. I see everybody else but sometimes they don't see me. Like, I watch. Find out how many police there are around, why they're around. Kind of like case the joint before I go in there. Something I do for my own protection. I've never been busted. There have been people down there for three nights who have been busted. There are people who have been down there for three years and they've never been busted.

Louis: What are the hazards of disease from the point of view of the customer?

Phillip: I've had about two hundred different hustlers over three years and the only thing I've ever gotten is the crabs--once. I've never had syphilis or gonorrhea. I don't think many hustlers are diseased. I've brought hustlers back a lot who've had crabs. And I keep a supply of A200

on hand to cure them before we have sex, that's all.

John: I must have caught venereal disease two dozen times. Every week I was in the clinic and they were sick of looking at me cause I'd walk in and they'd say, Oh man, you're here again!

Andy: Do you cruise in other places where it's presumably free? Like the esplanade, the Fenway, the bars, the baths, or something like that?

Phillip: I guess I don't do any real traditional cruising, not really. You could say that I'm discriminating in who I want to meet, but really...I don't meet anybody at those places. And I'd certainly be open to talking and getting to know, at least on a conversational level, anyone at all who would want to talk. But it just doesn't happen...I think the cruising scene is a lot easier for people who are a lot more outgoing than me. I'm trying to meet other people besides Greyhound hustlers. The big attraction to going there is that I get what I'm looking for and I'm willing to pay for that, although it's not really all that easy to find what you're looking for at times, like the summer.

Louis: And you say that even sometimes when you do find somebody, that you're not always satisfied with what you get.

Phillip: Yeah. Most of the people I've dealt with I've been dissatisfied with. You get what you pay for in the sense of the deal negotiated in the street, and I try to negotiate pretty explicit deals because I've had bad experiences when things were assumed in the street. But I haven't liked what I've found in them intellectually, spiritually. They haven't interested me, they've just bored me. I guess I'm looking for somebody I can love.

Louis: Do you ever go to other gay social functions or bars, and what happens when you do?

Phillip: Yes, I go to several gay meetings. Like GML meetings - I go quite regularly. And I've been to a few community center meetings. I've been to most of the bars in the city. I go fairly often to either Sporters or The Other Side. I sometimes meet people whom I know, whom I've met as hustlers or as customers of hustlers, or whom I've met at GML. I've never met anybody new in a bar so the bar scene has never been a place for me to meet people. I assume that's the case for a lot of people - people are shy, it's hard for people to meet in any social environment I think.

That's something good about the street - it's easy to meet. A customer is never embarrassed to go up to a hustler and ask him if he'll go with him, cause it's very rare that he's turned down on the basis of the customer being too ugly. That's happened once with me. But ordinarily, that's ridiculous - most hustlers will deal with most anybody. So there's no danger of rejection on the street which there is in a bar. And I'm sort of nervous to go up and talk to people and be rejected. But it's happened on the street. The Block is a cruising area as well as a hustling area and I've had some bad times there with people who were cruising who were sort of unfriendly. And that sort of made me all the more want to hire a hustler.

John: I go to The Other Side mostly and Jacques. I just go in and I might order a drink or something or somebody might send me over a drink and I usually send one back. I'm usually just in there for a few minutes and I see if there's anything in there that I'm interested in. If there is, I talk to him, if there isn't, I don't. I don't stay in the bars very often.

Louis: Do you ever go to gay social functions?

John: No I haven't. It's probably always too busy on The Block. Hustling begins to be your life after a while. I'm afraid to miss something if I go to a meeting that's not in the downtown area, if you can understand that. Like I find myself going down to The Block - I don't hustle but I still go down there, because I want to know who's around and why and what is going on. It's like a disease. Once you get the money it's like a big magnet...and you're a piece of metal, it's dragging you to it.



"WOULD YOU TELL ME, please, which way I ought to go from here ?" asked Alice.

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

So you start out on a very elementary level, you give her, him a face, a reality. I am a homosexual, and I work in an institution, and that institution is a school, and that school has classrooms; I'm Mr. So and So, and most students start by accepting me as "sir," authority, father. There's the teacher's room--the male t.r.--where things are assumed, like you're married and share attitudes about controlling kids.

I am 25. I go to the bars a lot. My friends have faces, so it's not The Bar Scene. And the process begins with those faces--the concrete facts about waking up, going outside, and doing what we do.

I am addicted to barbituates, and there are certain facts--medical facts--like what it does to your body, how it makes you feel, and how to get off them, but then these facts are hardly understood in a moralistic way that begins with the Principle, It's a Death Trip.

A friend of mine jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge. Another gassed himself to death. It's a common fact that suicide is fairly high among homosexuals. And yes, I choose in some ways to be obsessed by these deaths, if only to try to get beyond both their inevitability, and the romanticism around that defeat. Blanche DuBois's plea to the doctor putting her in a strait-jacket: "Whoever you are, I've always depended on the kindness of strangers."

How to understand, how to understand.

We open the pages and let queers talk about themselves. We listen. And it starts with this fact: I see, I perceive, I think. Balancing off with re-discovered, wiped-out history. Our history--like the guy who held up Chase Manhattan this summer, demanding his lover's release from a mental hospital. Agent M in the documentary THE SORROW AND THE PITY, when asked why he fought in the French Resistance, answers, "Because I'm a homosexual." And Nina Simone singing with the most incredible strength/pride, "We got to learn to love ourselves."

Another friend comes back. A hand opens. Understandingly, only this time, it's slower, realer.

We learn.
We survive.

