

Holiday Blasphemy

graphics

SEXUAL HOLINESS

arthur evans' Witchcraft:
The Gay Counterculture

CAROLS

poetry

ON

COMING

DOWN

THE

CHIMNEY

Layers upon layers
of billowing blue
careening in the crisp air

Higher and higher
above my crotch
the cloth is deliciously
forced
by the persistent wind
I pant pantless

Floating, those few seconds
Seconds?
First the resurgence of
life after living

False premises create
useless quasi - erections
displeasing semi - orgasms
dry cum - coated throats

Rather encased, enclosed, by
soothing darkness
Not hidden Present and
so soothed so sure of
advance unbarred by any
manmade thing

TRASH PHENOMENON

and
much

MORE

Fag Rag

50¢



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STONE AGE SEX

By ARTHUR EVANS

WITCHCRAFT: THE GAY COUNTERCULTURE

Part III

The Worship of Sex in the Stone Age, or:
The Devil is Gay



FAG RAG will happily continue Arthur Evans' essays on WITCHCRAFT: THE GAY COUNTERCULTURE. "The Worship of Sex in the Stone Age, or: The Devil is Gay" is Part III of the series. In subsequent issues we will print Part IV, "The Sensual Drug-Users of the Middle Ages;" Part V, "The Mass Murder of Women and Gays;" and subsequent analyses of the economic/political reasons for the suppression of the counterculture and how this is linked to modern industrialism. Throughout the series, Arthur argues "(1) that modern industrialism is the historical legacy of Christianity, which paved the way for it; and (2) that both Christianity and modern industrialism depend for their very existence on the wholesale repression of human emotion, particularly sexual emotion."

Part I (OUT, December, 1973) "Joan of Arc, Some Revelations on Homosexuality & Transvestism in the Middle Ages" began documentation of "a genuine counterculture that, among other things, openly embraced gay people, had an enormously high respect for women (both gay and straight), experimented freely with mind-expanding drugs, and passionately loved nature." Arthur showed the link between "witchcraft," the words "bugger," "faggot," "fairy," and Joan of Arc.

Part II (OUT, April, 1974) "The Sacred Orgies" further demonstrated the link between "witchcraft" and the gay counterculture. The "witch" hunts which came into full force under the Christian church singled out the ritual sex in the sabbat (*vir cum viris*, man with men; *femina cum feminis*, woman with women) for condemnation and extermination.

We believe this series provides more than a recovered gay heritage; Arthur Evans develops a radical critique of western society and provides an ideology of gay liberation solidly based on historical analysis. In time, we hope to publish the whole work as the first in a series of FAG RAG books.

Active in the New York City Gay Liberation Front, Arthur Evans helped found the Gay Activist's Alliance. After many adventures there, he now lives on the West Coast where he has land in the country, no phone and a commitment to gay revolution.

(Unfortunately OUT has folded; the two back issues can be obtained from the Oscar Wilde Bookstore in New York City.)

People sometimes forget that there was a time when industrialism did not exist in Europe. There was also a time when the Christian religion, which gave rise to industrialism, had not yet imposed itself over Europe. There was a time when even the Romans had not yet established the militarized patriarchy that finally gave rise to Christianity. This was the time when there extended across Europe from Britain to Asia Minor a totally different kind of civilization from either industrial, Christian, or Roman--the civilization of the Celts. The Celts will be our key to understanding witchcraft and its attitude toward sex and women.

Most people today tend to associate the word "Celtic" with parts of the British Isles, to the exclusion of the rest of Europe. This is because the greatest volume of records concerning the Celts has survived from Ireland and Wales. But the Celts were by no means limited to this small area. They also lived in France, where they were called Gauls (the people whom Julius Caesar defeated); in Germany, Teutons; and in Asia Minor, Galatae (giving their name to Galatia).

No one knows exactly when the Celts first arrived in Europe, but they appear in the written histories of their Greco-Roman contemporaries in the 6th century B.C. (See Myles Dillon and Nora Chadwick, *The Celtic Realms*, London, 1967, p.3). The historian Stuart Piggott believes they arrived as early as the 2nd millennium B.C., where they encountered and mingled with existing agrarian and hunting cultures, some of which went back to 11,000 B.C. (Stuart Piggott, *Ancient Europe...*, Chicago, 1965, p.91)

The early history of the human race in Europe is often described as the history of ancient man. This description is a bad one, not only because of its sexism (the assumption that only men, not women, really count), but also because of its historical inaccuracy. The history of the Celts, and of their stone-age predecessors, was, if anything, the history of woman. The Celts and their predecessors, like many American Indian tribes and like almost all the world's most ancient cultures of which we have knowledge, lived in a matriarchal tradition.

Suggestions of matriarchy come first of all from archeology. In the settlements of central Europe dating from around 5,000 B.C., figurines of human beings and animals have been found. Most of the humans depicted are women (Piggott, p.49). In the 5th millennium, this culture spread from central to western Europe. The people lived in huge long houses, suggesting that the basic social unit was an extended family of about twenty persons. Piggott notes: "In the New World, the Iroquois Indians formed a classic instance of such an arrangement in long houses under a matriarchal system" (p.68). In the area east of this particular culture, around 3,000 B.C. or so, in the Ukraine, lived another group of ancient Europeans. They, too, lived in long houses, and their pottery shows a great abundance of female figurines (p.54). In the excavation of 2nd and 3rd millennium sites of Brittany and Marne, many representations of deities have been found. These deities are mostly female, not male (p.62).

In the historical period (after 600 B.C.), Greek and Roman writers testify to the importance of women in Celtic society. In war, Celtic women fought side by side with men. The writer Tacitus gives this account of an attack by the Roman governor Paulinus on a Druid stronghold at Anglesey:

"On the shore stood the opposing army with its dense array of armed warriors, while between the ranks dashed women in black attire like the Furies, with hair dishevelled, waving brands. All round, the Druids, lifting up their hands to heaven and pouring forth dreadful imprecations, scared our soldiers by the unfamiliar sight". (quoted by Anne Ross, *Everyday Life of the Pagan Celts*, N.Y., 1970, p.145).

An important document for understanding the role of women in Celtic lands is the great epic poem of ancient Ireland--the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*. The *Tain* was finally committed to writing around the 8th century A.D., but the oral traditions on which it rests are thought by scholars to date back to the first century A.D., before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. (See Thom-

as Kinsella's introduction to the *Tain*, London, 1969).

The *Tain* is striking in that most of the leading characters are women, not men. Most important of all is Medb, Queen of Connacht, who organizes and leads an alliance of troops against Ulster. The poem depicts the arts of war as being the special province of women. An extraordinary feature is that men who wish to learn to fight in battle go to women as their teachers, women who maintain special schools for that purpose.

Thomas Kinsella, a translator of the *Tain*, notes:

"Probably the greatest achievement of the *Tain* and the Ulster cycle [of

literature] is the series of women, some in full scale and some in miniature, on whose strong and diverse personalities the action continually turns: Medb, Derdriu, Macha, Nes, Aife. It may be as goddess figures, ultimately, that these women have their power; it is certainly they, under all the violence, who remain most real in the memory". (The *Tain*, pp. xiv-xv).

The high position of women is mentioned by other Celtic-based literature. In the medieval saga *Kulhwch and Olwen* (drawn from Celtic traditions), a group of women called *gwiddonot* are mentioned. The *gwiddonot* fight in battle

and utter prophecies. "They are amazons who live in a settled house called *Llys of Gwiddonod* ('The Witches' Court')." (Nora Chadwick, *The Celts*, Baltimore, 1970, p.136).

The matriarchal hue of Celtic society is important in view of what is now known about Celtic religion (the religion that existed in Europe just before the rise of the Roman patriarchy). Among Celtic divinities, the most widespread and ancient are three goddesses called by the Romans *Matres* or *Matronae* ('The Mothers'). They are versions of the Great Mother goddess--a deity found in nearly every ancient culture and whose worship goes back to the Stone Age (Nora Chadwick, *The Celts*, p. 168).

To the Celts, the Mothers were associated with agriculture, animals, and sexuality. In Irish legends, there were three Mothers: the Morrigan ('The Great Queen'), Macha, and Badb. In the medieval legends about King Arthur, the Morrigan turns into the figure of Morgan la Fee (Morgan the Fairy).

According to Irish mythology, one of the earliest people to settle in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. The Tuatha are now considered by historians to have been the ancient deities of the Celts. "Tuatha De Danann" means literally "The people of the goddess Danu."

Ancient literature from Ireland is consistent in naming four days as the great holidays in the religion of the ancient Celts. These holidays, as in the Jewish religion, began on the night before the particular dates in question. The holidays are: *Samhain* (November 1); *Imbole* (February 1); *Beltaine* (May 1); and *Lugnasadh* (August 1) (Nora Chadwick, *The Celts*, p. 181). Most of the holidays were celebrated with feasting, dancing, and sexual rites.

The extraordinary fact is that these dates correspond exactly with the holidays later attributed by medieval Christians to the witches. The Christians called these days, respectively, Halloween, Candlemas, Walpurgisnacht, and Lammass.

Two other holidays, less important, were also celebrated by both the Celts and the witches: the winter solstice (December 21, surviving as the Feast of Fools), and the summer solstice (June 23, surviving as Midsummer Night--forever immortalized by Shakespeare's play, which is full of allusions to sexuality, magic, and "fairies").

The fact that the ancient Celts were matriarchal and worshipped a triad of female deities takes on an added significance in view of the independent research of the mythologist Robert Graves. In his two-volume work *The Greek Myths* (Baltimore, 1955), Graves undertook to describe all the major myths about Greco-Roman deities. In so doing, he uncovered materials that led him to the conclusion that the Greek Olympian gods (that is, the patriarchy of Zeus and the other male gods of Olympus) were relatively new in the history of Greece. He found that there was another, older set of deities--three goddesses, in fact--who antedate Zeus and the Olympians and who were subsequently overthrown by the latter.

These three goddesses were associated with the moon in its visible phases (new, full, and old). They presided over hunting, agriculture, domestic arts (like weaving), and sexuality. They were worshipped in sexual orgies.

Graves also found that many of the goddesses who appear later in classic Greek mythology were originally manifestations of one of the triple moon goddesses. For example, in the case of Artemis (Diana), Graves discovered that she originally was the new moon. "She recalls the Cretan 'Lady of the Wild Things,' apparently the supreme Nymph-goddess of archaic totem societies" (*The Greek Myths*, Vol.1, p.83, note 1).

The three moon goddesses were also worshipped as the supreme mistresses of fate. In that respect, they passed into the Greco-Roman world as the three Fates and into the early medieval world as the three fairies (the word "fairy" comes from the Latin word for "fate," *fata*).

Throughout the Christian Era, the three fates were associated with witchcraft. In Shakespeare's, *Macbeth*, for example, they appear as the three "weird sisters" (in Shakespeare's time, "weird" meant "controlling fate") who prophesy MacBeth's fate. Interestingly, Shakespeare depicts the weird sisters as being androgynous, as witnessed by Banquo's remark: "You should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so".

We know from other sources that a great female deity was worshipped with sexual orgies in Asia Minor and the Near East even under the Roman occupation. The name of this goddess varied: Ashtoreth in Palestine; Tanit in Carthage; and, above all, Isis in Egypt (T.C. Lethbridge, *Witches*, N.Y., 1968, p.19).

Some Roman writers were themselves aware of the ancient religion and of the essential connection of various female deities. An excellent example of this awareness is the book called *The Golden Ass* by Apuleius (2nd century A.D.). The book is about witchcraft in Thessaly (the ancients believed that witch traditions were especially strong there). The hero, Lucius, has been turned into an ass by a witch, and the book is mostly an account of what happens to him in that form. Near the end of the story, in his desire to become a human again, he prays to the moon to deliver him. He addresses her as *Regina Caeli* ('Queen of Heaven,' a title later appropriated by the Virgin Mary). When Lucius



Dieu androgyne au sexe figurant l'oeuf du Serpent. Lancelot Lengyel, *Le secret des celtes* (Paris, 1969), p. 39.

falls asleep, the goddess appears to him. I quote at length what she says because her remarks are the best description I've found of the goddess' embodiment of the power of nature:

"Look, I have come, Lucius, moved by your prayer. I am the mother of the nature of things, the mistress of all the elements, the original progeny of the ages, the supreme divinity, queen of the departed souls, chief of the deities of heaven, the manifestation in one of all the gods and goddesses. By my commands, I regulate the bright vault of heaven, the health-giving sea breezes, the bereaved silences of the dead. The whole world venerates my single name in many forms, with varied ritual, with a name linked to many others. And so the Phrygians--the first-born of humans--call me Mother of the Gods of Pessinus; native Athenians call me Cecropean Minerva; the sea-tossed Cyprians, Paphian Venus; the Cretan archers, Diana Dictynna; the tri-lingual Sicilians, Stygian Proserpine; the Eleusinians, the most ancient goddess Ceres. Some call me Juno, others Bellona. Here Hecate, there Rhamnusia. And both Ethiopians, which are illuminated by the beginning rays of the rising sun god, as well as the Egyptians, who are strong in the teaching of antiquity and who revere me with special ceremonies, call me by my true name--Queen Isis", (*The Golden Ass*, Book XI, section 4).

Strains of the old matriarchal and sexual religion were the chief adversaries of both Judaism and Christianity in these religions' formative periods. The ancient Israelites were a band of militaristic marauders who worshipped a stern and sexless god of war, Yahweh of the Armies (usually softened in translation to "The Lord of Hosts"). The Israelites invaded the land of Canaan, sacked the cities, and imposed their new religion on the people. The Old Canaanite religion was a sex and nature religion whose major religious feasts were sexual orgies (including homosexuality). After the Israeli victory, to be Gay (or even freely sexual) meant advocating the Old Religion, for which the penalty was death. Free sexuality had become a religious crime.

During the early days of Christianity, the chief propagandist of the new religion was Paul of Tarsus. Paul's chief missionary work took place in Asia Minor--the very place where the Old Religion still had a strong hold, even under the Roman occupation. The Book of *Acts* tells something of his struggle (from a Christian point of view, of course) when he began to proselytize in Ephesus:

"At about that time a serious disturbance broke out concerning the new way. There was a silversmith named Demetrius who made miniature shrines of Artemis and brought in no little work for his craftsmen. He called a meeting of these men and other workers in the same craft. 'Men,' he said, 'you know that our prosperity depends on this work. But as you can see and hear for yourselves, not only at Ephesus but throughout most of the province of Asia, this Paul has persuaded great numbers of people to change their religion... In fact, she whom Asia and all the world revere may soon be stripped of her magnificence.' When they heard this speech, they were overcome with fury and began to shout, 'Long live Artemis of Ephesus!' Before long, confusion spread throughout the city." (*Acts*, 19:23-29, *New American Bible*).

Asia Minor worshipped the goddess Artemis (Diana), and they worshipped her with sexual orgies (including homosexuality). It is for this reason that most of Paul's denunciations of a high status for women, free sexuality, and homosexuality--when read closely--turn out to be denunciations of "idolatry" (that is, practicing the "wrong" religion). A good example is in the first chapter of *Romans*, where Paul says of Gayness: "Their women exchanged natural intercourse for unnatural, and the men gave up natural intercourse with women and burned with lust for one another." Most people, when they read this passage, fail to note the *reason* for Paul's condemnation. He gives it just a few lines above the passage just cited: "They claimed to be wise, but turned into fools instead; they exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images representing mortal man, birds, beasts, and snakes. In consequence, God delivered them up in their lusts to unclean practices; they engaged in the mutual degradation of their bodies, these men who exchanged the truth of God for a lie and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator". In other words, they were practicing

Reinhard Herbig, Pan, Der Griechische Bocksgott (Frankfurt am Main, 1949), Plate XVI (2), Bronzener Dreifuss aus Pompeji.



"idolatry," meaning the old sex and nature religion.

In contrast to the old sex and nature religion, which goes back to the Stone Age, Paul helped set up a new religion based on the repression of sexuality and the domination of men over women. He is the father of Christian puritanism and sexism.

Later, in the Middle Ages, the religion whose theology Paul created, engaged in a similar struggle with a similar strain of the Old Religion, only this time the old religionists were called "witches" and "heretics." Their major "crime" (in the eyes of the Christians) was that they felt the highest manifestation of the divine in the open practice of free sexuality, including homosexuality.

The witches worshipped a second major deity in addition to Diana. This second deity was a male who was her lover and consort. His worship expressed the special kinship all members of the Old Religion felt with the animal world. He was also viewed as an expression of all forms of male sexuality, including male Gayness. His history, like the history of Diana, goes back to the Stone Age.

This second deity is the Horned God. In pre-Christian Europe, he appeared under many different names. In the Greco-Roman world, he was known as Dionysus, Bacchus, or Pan. In Crete, he was the Minotaur; at Carthage, Baal Hammon; in Asia Minor, Sabazios; and Egypt, Osiris. Whatever his name, he was usually worshipped with rites that included sexual orgies, animal masquerades, and transvestism. As with Pan, the lover of Diana, he was often linked with a goddess who was the mistress of wild animals, the forest, agriculture, and sexuality.

One name for the Horned God is the historical source for calling the witches' sacred orgies "sabbats." In Phrygia in ancient Asia Minor, the Horned God was called Sabazios, and his orgies were called *ta sabazia* (see entry under Sabazios in Liddell-Scott's *Greek-English Lexicon*, Oxford, 1966). "Sabazia" passed into Latin, where it became synonymous with the rites of the god Pan (see *sabazia* in Lewis and Short, *A Latin Dictionary*, Oxford, 1966).

In the eighth century A.D., Christian documents first begin to describe the festivals of the Old Religion with the verb *sabbatizare* (Jefrey Russell, *Witchcraft in the Middle Ages*,

Ithaca, 1972, p.68). By the 16th century, "sabbat" had become the word usually used in trial records and popular tracts for the witches' celebrations.

Among the ancient Greeks, the god Pan was especially associated with male Gayness. This association is often depicted in works of art that have survived from the period. For example, one ancient bowl has a picture that shows Pan, with cock erect, chasing a young shepherd man (reproduced in Margaret Murray, *The God of the Witches*, 1931, opposite page 33). The same picture shows a large herm standing behind Pan (a herm was a carved column of wood or stone; it had a head of Hermes on the top and an erect cock sticking out about half-way down the column; the Greeks placed herms at crossroads). The German scholar Reingard Herbig, who has researched the worship of Pan, makes this observation about the picture:

"The god pursues at quick pace and with utmost excitement a beautiful, fleeing shepherd boy. The meaning of the picture is unmistakably underlined by the addition of an accessory that should be symbolically understood, a Priapus herm. Here Pan is really everything that fits his original essence: masculine drive seeking release, which here, following the early Greek preference, devotes itself to 'the beautiful boy'" (*Pan, Der Griechische Bocksgott*, Frankfurt-am-Main, 1949, p. 37).

When ancient Greece became "civilized" (and fell under the influence of industrialism and militarism, as it then existed), the worship of Pan was denounced and repressed because of its emphasis on open sexuality, transvestism, and a high status for women. This struggle between the rising Greek patriarchy and the Old Religion has been immortalized by Euripides in his famous play *Bacchae* (which means, "The Women of Bacchus").

The *Bacchae* deals with a revival of the worship of Dionysus Bacchus (the same god as Pan) in Greece and the attempt to suppress the religion by King Pentheus of Thebes, an urban law-and-order type. Dionysus appears in the play as an effeminate young man. His chief

priests are women, and his worship is associated with nighttime orgies and transvestism.

In retaliation against the oppression of the Bacchic religion, Dionysus drives Pentheus mad (Dionysus is lord of the emotions). He makes Pentheus, in his madness, dress up in the clothing of a woman and then attend one of the orgies. There the Bacchic women (including Pentheus' own mother) are driven into ecstatic visions by the rites and, mistaking Pentheus for a lion, fall on him *en masse*, tearing him to pieces. His mother returns to Thebes with the head of this lion in her apron, only to discover on becoming sober that she has torn off the head of her own son.

The classical scholar E.R. Dodds notes that Dionysus-type gods were worshipped in early Greece in "an ecstatic nocturnal rite performed to the music of flute and kettle-drum" (*Euripides' Bacchae*, Oxford, 1960, p.xxiii). The religion was a rebellion against the restraints of social custom imposed in the name of "civilization". King Pentheus hates the religion because of its "obliteration of sex and class distinctions" (Dodds, pp.xx-xxviii). In effect, the play portrays a conflict between the free expression of feeling characteristic of the Old Religion and the rigidity of Greek classicism.

Historians have long known that the worship of the Horned God was responsible for the rise of theater in Western Civilization. In ancient Greece, Dionysus was first worshipped in a ritual of song, dance, and sex by a group of people called the chorus. In the course of time, a few persons emerged from the chorus who played special individual roles (they were called actors). Eventually, as urbanism developed in Greece, the religious and sexual aspects of the ritual were forgotten, and the ceremony became a play, enacting out a previously written script. It is for this reason that the modern word "tragedy" comes from the ancient Greek word *tragoidia*, which means "the goat song."

In the pre-Roman Celtic civilization of Western Europe, the Horned God was also widely worshipped. Iron-age art is full of pictures of gods wearing the antlers of bulls, rams, and stags (Lethbridge, *Witches*, p. 34). Helmets of Celtic warriors that have been found sometimes have horns on them, showing that their wearers identified themselves with horned animals.



In the *Caverne des Trois Freres* in Ariège, France, a cave painting has been discovered dating back to the Stone Age. This painting is one of the oldest known works of art anywhere. It shows a man dancing or walking in the hide of an animal and wearing the horns of a stag (reproduced from Murray, *The God of the Witches*, opposite p. 16).

In excavations under the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris a stone altar has been found. On it is the carving of a human head bearing a stag's antlers. The altar is inscribed with the word *Cernunnos*, which is usually translated as "The Horned One" (Murray, *The God of the Witches*, p. 29). This find is striking since it is known that early Christians often built their churches on sites that were originally sacred to the gods of the Old Religion.

In the economy of Western Europe from as early as 11,000 B.C., horned animals played a crucial role. Stone Age Europe was dependent for its very existence on the hunting of reindeer, red deer, and elk (Piggott, pp. 28 and 31). Archeological evidence shows that the first animals to be domesticated were sheep and goats. In Celtic Ireland, wealth was measured in cattle. The great Irish epic about Medb, Queen of Connacht, is called *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, which means "The Great Cattle Raid of Cuailgne".

We know from studies of the North American Indians and other nonindustrialized cultures that "primitive" people nearly always love,

worship, and identify themselves with the animals on whom they are dependent for survival. In this, they contrast to modern "civilized" people, who usually believe animals to be inferior to themselves, and so breed, experiment upon, and devour masses of animals with all the impersonal, objectifying violence that only scientific industrialism can devise.

The goat was one of the first animals to be domesticated. Male goats are known for their prodigious fertility. They eject large amounts of a powerful smelling come and have huge balls. All horned animals, and goats in particular, are notorious for their sexual energy, a fact which may possibly be responsible for giving to the word "horny" the meaning of "sexually aroused".

Early Christian records repeatedly condemn the wearing of the skins and horns of animals on the days of the old witches' holidays. Such behavior seemed to occur particularly on the so-called "Feast of Fools," the witches' winter solstice celebration, "where a ritual return to chaos was enacted in the form of licentious reveling" (Russell, p.51).



CAVALIER ENTERING A FAIRY MOUND
(Olaus Magnus, "History of the Goths")

Throughout the Christian Era, witches were often associated with the worship of a Horned God, usually in the form of a goat. A good example is the cover page of a 16th century collection of folk songs, showing a picture of Robin Goodfellow, a popular name in parts of England for the witches' god (reproduced in Murray, *The God of the Witches*, opposite p. 97). This illustration also appears on the cover of this issue of *FAG RAG*; a 16th century sexpot revived.) In the picture, Robin is surrounded by a ring of dancers. He has hooves, a goat's horns, and an erect cock. In one hand he carries a candle; in the other, a besom (which is a special kind of broom used in the witches' leaping dances). An endless number of examples similar to this can be found in both the visual arts and literature from the beginning to the end of the Christian Era.

The Horned God whom the witches worshipped became the prototype for the Christian concept of the Devil. In its earliest days, the Christian religion didn't believe in the existence of one single source of evil, a kind of great anti-God. At most, the Old Testament speaks of a certain personage called Satan, who is a divinely sent adversary to human beings (he never acts as an adversary to God himself). At times, the New Testament simply continues this tradition, but at times it also implies more. It wasn't until 447 A.D. at the Council of Toledo that the doctrine of the Devil as the one great anti-God, the cosmic source of all evil, was formally proclaimed to be part of the Christian faith. (Russell Robbins, *The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology*, N.Y., 1959, p. 132).

Soon after the Council of Toledo, Christian law began defining the old teutonic fertility gods as devils (Russell, p. 48). During the witch trials from the 11th to the 17th centuries, participants in the sabbats were routinely charged with worshipping and having sex with either the Devil himself or one of his subordinate devils. As previously dis-

cussed in this series, these "devils" were really human beings who played a ritual role in the witches' religion, having sex with members of both sexes. They often wore the skins and horns of animals and used dildos.

To the witches, the people who performed such roles literally became the god whose role they performed (the Old Religion, unlike Christianity, did not believe in a gulf between the human and the divine). To the Christians, on the other hand, they were devils from Hell. This difference in point of view between Christians and witches caused never-ending confusion: witches said they worshipped their god; Christians said they worshipped the Devil. In the transcripts of actual witch trials, court clerks sometimes wrote the word "devil" when witches used the word "god." If readers of the transcripts are not aware of this falsification, they can easily be misled about the meaning of what is said.

In the works of the Christian inquisitors, the Devil is above all connected with sexuality. Such is the case in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, a kind of *Robert's Rules of Order* for detecting and torturing witches, published in the 15th century. The *Malleus* says "...the power of the devil lies in the privy parts of men...For the Devil is Succubus to a man, and becomes Incubus to a woman" (*Malleus Maleficarum*, London, 1951, p. 26).

In Christian art work, the Devil is usually depicted as having a goat's horns, cleft hooves, a tail, and sometimes an erect cock. The history of the Christian Devil is thus an excellent example of a well known rule of anthropology: in a war between religions, the gods of the defeated religion often turn up as demons in the victorious religion.

The Old Religion was polytheistic and animistic. Its major deity was a female (originally a triad of females) worshipped as the Great Mother and the Mistress of Nature. Its second greatest deity was a male, the Horned God, who was associated with animals and male sexuality, including male homosexuality.

The two deities were worshipped in the countryside in the open air at night. The rites of their worship consisted of feasting, dancing, animal masquerades, transvestism, and sexual orgies (including homosexuality). Like many other nonindustrialized peoples, the worshippers also used hallucinogenic drugs in their rites, a fact we will discuss in a future article.

The emphasis on feasting, dancing, and sexuality at the witches' ceremonies shocked the Christian inquisitors, who couldn't imagine anything further removed from religion. Orthodox Christianity has always been disdainful of these things, and they were banished at an early age from the rites of the church (although they continued to be practiced by a few early heresies).

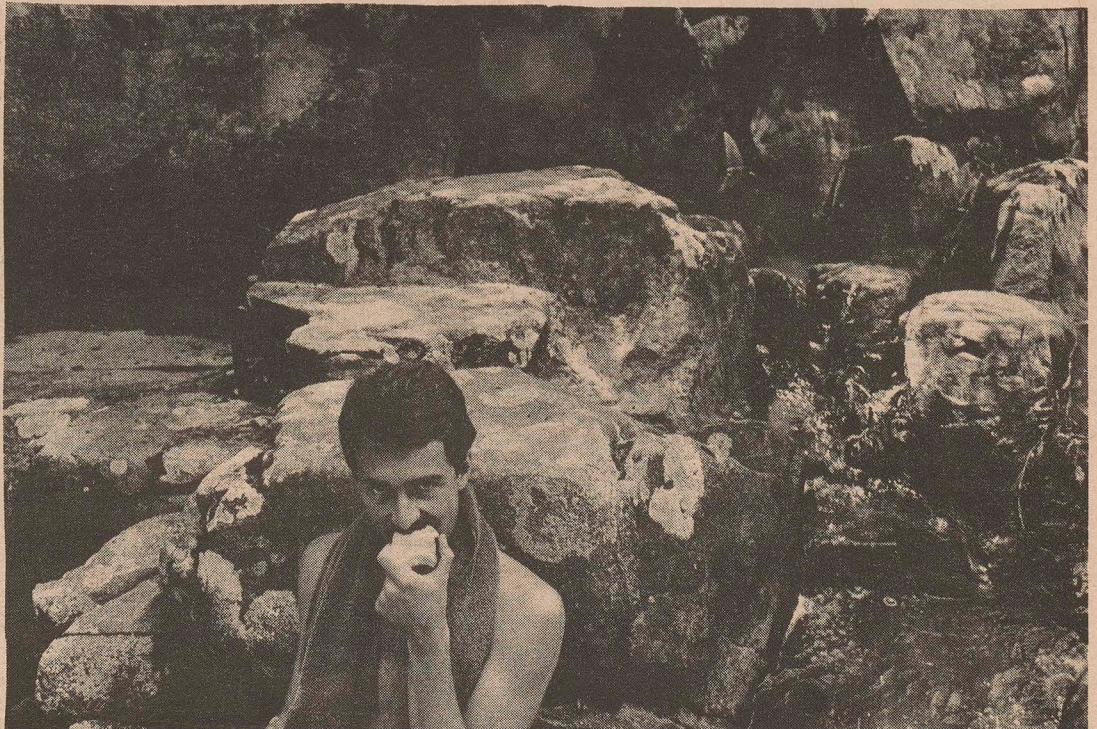
To the witches, on the other hand, feasting, dancing, and sexuality were the very essence of religion, since theirs was a this-worldly religion of joy and sensuality. The testimony of witches themselves bears witness to this joyousness. A good example is found in the writings of the 17th-century judge Pierre de Lancre, who reports: "Jeanne Dibasson, twenty-nine years old, tells us that the sabbat is the true paradise, where there is more pleasure than one can express" (quoted in the French by Margaret Murray, *Witch-Cult*, 1921, p. 25).

At times, Christian inquisitors went out of their way to torture witches into "confessing" that they really didn't find the sabbat enjoyable. In doing this, the inquisitors anticipated the contradictory attitude found among the modern-day oppressors of Gay people: Gayness is naturally repulsive (they say), but we must pass laws against it lest everyone should be tempted to be Gay.

The chief leaders and priests of the Old Religion were women, not men. Women performed the crucial roles of prophet, midwife, and general physician to both humans and animals. In



kelly by kelly



the sabbat, it was a woman who played the role of the witches' greatest deity, Diana (or the Queen of Faery, as she was sometimes called). Although groups of male priests were also known (such as the Druids among the Celts), their position never supplanted that of women. As we have seen, the social context in which the Old Religion developed was a matriarchy that extended back through Celtic civilization to the Stone Age.



DANCE OF FAIRIES

(From an old English chap-book—Fairy hill, with door on left)

The Old Religion was a religion of the countryside and forest, rather than of the city. In its earliest form, the sabbat was always celebrated in the wild—at some pasture or clearing, generally near a crossroads (the ancients tended to regard crossroads as sacred). Cities were unknown to the ancient Celts.

In the early literature, it is rare to find mention of a church, temple, or sacred building of any kind in which the rites were performed. The celebrations are always held outside. Only later, under the example (and oppression) of Christianity, do we hear of the sabbat being held in any kind of church. At most, the sacred places in the Old Religion were originally marked by arrangements of huge stones (Stonehenge being one example that has survived to this day).

The people who practiced the Old Religion lived for the most part in a direct dependence on nature, feeling (and expressing) a sense of community with all plant and animal life. They did not depend for their subsistence on anything like what are today called institutions. As we know from the historical records of the Celts (and indeed from studies of most so-called "primitive" people), the society in which the Old Religion first developed knew neither police force nor jails. There was no such thing as "the government," except for the people themselves assembled in common. It was a society devoid of institutionalism as we now know it.

Throughout its whole history, witchcraft retained this characteristic hostility to any kind of institutional authority. Jeffrey Russell sums it up well: "In the history of Christianity, witchcraft is an episode in the long struggle between authority and order on one side and prophecy and rebellion on the other" (*Witchcraft*, p. 2).

The practitioners of the Old Religion were an incredibly learned people, possessing a vast storehouse of knowledge about herbs, plants, animals, signs of the weather, astronomy, and medicine. This knowledge, together with their myths and poetry, was transmitted from generation to generation by word of mouth, not by writing. Witchcraft in its origins knew nothing of books and the phenomena to which books have given rise—impersonal knowledge and the bureaucratic control of knowledge by universities. Learning in the Old Religion was a matter of close personal contact, conveyed through dialogue. It was not until the Old Religion began to take on the characteristics of its op-

pressor, Christianity, that bookishness found its way into witchcraft.

In sum, the culture of the Old Religion, which was the general culture of the human race in Europe as far back as the Stone Age, was sexual, matriarchal, rural, nature-oriented, anti-authoritarian, and non-bookish.

The Christian religion developed as almost the exact opposite of the Old Religion. For example, the Christians worshipped only one god. The Christian god was constantly referred to by terms that suggested male heterosexuality (for example, "God the Father"). This god was thought to exist above nature, which he created and dominated (in the Old Religion, the deities are always a subordinate part of nature). Since there was only one god, namely the god of the Christians, anyone who did not worship him was doomed to persecution in this life and to Hell in the next.

The hatred of Christians for people who worship deities other than their one god has never been stated better than in the words of Jesus the Nazarene. He compared such people to weeds that should be burned: "The weeds are the followers of the evil one and the enemy who sowed them is the devil. The harvest is the end of the world. The Son of Man will dispatch his angels to collect from his kingdom all who draw others to apostasy, and all evildoers. The angels will hurl them into the fiery furnace where they will wail and grind their teeth" (*New American Bible, Matth.*, 13; 38-42). The inquisitors in the Christian Era never tired of quoting this passage. They followed its spirit, and untold numbers of people lost their lives at the stake as a result.

Again in contrast to the Old Religion, Christianity has traditionally condemned every form of sexuality except monogamous heterosexuality sanctified by a church marriage. Throughout the New Testament, Jesus the Nazarene is never recorded as having any sex life whatsoever. Paul of Tarsus, the founder of Christian theology, constantly condemns adultery, fornication, and homosexuality, both male and female.

Wherever Christianity has come to power, either in a Catholic or Protestant form, it has used the power of government to put down open sexuality. Wherever Christian missionaries have encountered a nonindustrialized society (so-called "primitives"), the very first thing they have done is to make the local people feel guilty about sex, nudity, and the very fact of having a body. This is what they did hundreds of years ago in Europe in the beginning of their war against the Old Religion. The historian G. Legman says: "The earlier religious element most particularly pursued and repressed by Christianity was the naive and quite beautiful adoration of the sexuality of nature and of human beings" (*The Guilt of the Templars*, N.Y., 1966, pp. 103-104). There is no need to pile up examples on this point. Everyone who has encountered devout Christians has sensed their sexual iciness.

Christianity's hatred for sexuality was matched by its hatred for women. The Christian god is always addressed as "He." There were no women among the disciples of Jesus the Nazarene. Women have always been systematically excluded from the priesthood. The words of Paul of Tarsus tell all: "A woman must listen in silence and be completely submissive. I do not permit a woman to act as teacher, or in any way to have authority over a man; she must be quiet. For Adam was created first, Eve afterward; moreover, it was not Adam who was deceived but the woman. It was she who was led astray and fell into sin" (1 *Tim.*, 2; 11-14).

During the period of the witchhunts, Christian inquisitors could hardly contain themselves in condemning the high position of women in the Old Religion. A good example is the *Malleus Maleficarum*. On the question as to why there are more female than male witches, the *Malleus* says this concerning women: "since

they are feebler in mind and body, it is not surprising that they should come more under the spell of witchcraft" (*Malleus*, p. 44).

Of great importance is the fact that women were condemned precisely because they were associated with sexuality. "All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable" (*Malleus*, p. 47).

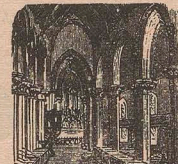
The straight men who controlled the Christian system condemned women because women were the object of their sexual feelings, and they viewed these sexual feelings as being filthy. The condemnation of women was a natural consequence of the condemnation of sex. So it is that the cause of sexism is puritanism. People treat others as sexual objects to be dominated precisely when they feel guilty about their own sexual desires. A society which views sex as dirty will always be a sexist society.

Another way the Christian religion differed from the Old Religion was its attitude toward institutional hierarchy. In contrast to the anarchistic egalitarianism of the Old Religion, Christianity was positively obsessed with obedience to established institutions.

Typical of the whole Christian tradition is the attitude of Paul of Tarsus toward authority: "Let everyone obey the authorities that are over him, for there is no authority except from God, and all authority that exists is established by God. As a consequence, the man who opposes authority rebels against the ordinance of God; those who resist thus shall draw condemnation down upon themselves" (*Romans*, 13; 1-2).



Pope's Miller.



The Christian love of hierarchy was most clearly expressed in antiquity by an anonymous sixth-century writer. This person, apparently from Syria or Cappadocia, fraudulently claimed in his works to be a disciple of Paul of Tarsus. His fraudulent claim wasn't unmasked until the 15th century—too late to reverse the enormous effect his thought had exercised on Christianity for a thousand years. To medieval Christians, he was the single most important medieval writer prior to Thomas Aquinas (who freely quotes from him as an authority).

This writer is today known as Dionysius, the Pseudo-Areopagite, "the father of Christian mysticism." It was through his works that the word "hierarchy" first received a wide currency in the Christian Era. His basic theology is this: the hierarchy of the Christian church is a symbol of the hierarchy of heaven, which in turn is a symbol of the mystical inner structure of God. The only way for devout Christians to know God is to be obedient to those who occupy the next highest position over them in the church hierarchy, since the hierarchy itself is an image of divinity.

In the theology of the Areopagite, obedience to hierarchy becomes more than a moral duty it is the means of grace itself. Bureaucracy is raised to the level of a mystical principle.

Protestantism threw off the concept of the hierarchical dispensation of grace, but it retained the idea of the mystical importance of hierarchical authority (namely, its own in place of the Pope's). As a result, in both Catholicism and Protestantism, "church" and "hierarchy" have become virtually synonymous words. Even to this day, the average Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, associates religion with church and church with hierarchy. With few exceptions, the Christian religion has always been a religion practiced within the confines of a structured, hierarchical institution. It has never been an outdoor, institutionless, nature religion.

Again in contrast to the Old Religion, Christianity has tended to view learning as a bookish process. It was the Christian religion that first established a network of universities throughout Europe. In this way, learning became impersonal and objective, consisting of the study of documents and books in a classroom atmosphere under the control of a central bureaucracy.

This was a revolutionary change in the very nature of learning—a fact that cannot be stressed too strongly. The Old Religion went to nature and personal experience to learn. Learning meant the feeling, face-to-face contact of personal dialogue. Christianity, in stressing literacy, made learning a matter of mastering books and appealing to written "authorities." The effect of this approach was to separate reason from feeling and to make learning into an objective, intellectualized pursuit conducted within the confines of institutions. In effect, learning was bureaucratized.

In sum, the culture of Christianity—a culture that violently imposed itself over the whole of Europe—was anti-sexual, patriarchal, urban, institutional, bookish, and authoritarian.

Christianity, following in the violent footsteps of the patriarchal Roman Empire, thus prepared the consciousness of Europe for those traits now found in all highly industrialized nations: fear of open sexuality, alienation from nature, and dependency on institutions.

kelly by kelly



All that is forbidden (is good)

Mississippi boys swimming in forbidden
water holes;
And often stopping to enjoy forbidden sex...
Oh you know, the kind of water holes at
gravel pits,
and a kind of sex that's ummmm good:
They say, boys will be boys,
under Magnolia trees or at forbidden water holes.

He and Him

A joy they create;
He and him admiring the mirror
of each of He and him.
Wrapped in the arms of mankind,
Loving he and him.

The public know

So secret, So private;
Your life, my life.
Entangled in a world
that's all public...
Even our love life
is a public secret.

Black Men (we love each other)

Oh, how good it would be to love you,
Beautiful creature like me,
with a badd afro to compliment your
smooth ebony colour.
Wishing to hold your body until we
both rejoice with moans and cries.
Loving you Black man in brotherhood
and a love that only you and I understand.

poems from

Prince-Eusi Ndugu

Two Bodies

Holding to life
with legs and arms,
Wrapped around, holding
another, holding to life.

Ummm Good

Down home
I walked half way between the boy's ass.
We over lap like hot electric wires;
He moves with a cock,
I move with an ass.
Down home,
Down home, we make things ummmm good.

Imperial Queen and the Boy

Hey, Mister,
Ain't my jeans hugging my truck-load
tight enough?
Only fifteen dollars and your fine room;
And he says, "it sure is big,
ten dollars now and five when you leave."

Eat it

Walk!
Walk!
Walk!
When do I eat it?

Something law can't stop

Standing in the window,
After my bath, rainy Spring.
He stands in the park...wet, as I was.
He sees and I see,
He's seventeen, I am thirty
and we both know code 69a,
But he likes my wetness and I like his.
Code or no code...69 we did.

Have You Passed this Way?

Sitting in Bars,
Walking the streets,
Strolling in parks...
of course, enjoying some
Man's body for a day or night.

Meeting in baths,
Hitching a ride,
Walking beaches...
of course, enjoying some
Man's body for a day or night.

But a lover for a day or night!
or
A lover for days, and days
And days and nights and nights
And nights and forever.

Past History

On the horizon the Sun rises,
Bringing with it two warriors...
Zulu warriors of old...
They loved in the coolness of night.

Love

Wondering...does he love
himself as other men do?

National Gay Prisoner's Coalition

NGPC has existed for three years during which
we have struggled to be recognized as a cultur-
al and educational program. Although the coali-
tion is recognized by some state prisons and is
agreed to be of great benefit to gays in prison,
there is much more to do than has been done.

As chairman of the NGPC chapter at Leavenworth
Prison, I worked with members of our group to
create a constitution and by-laws to serve our
group and alert the prison administration in
addition to presenting a list of demands to U.S.
Congress, Federal Courts and support groups on
the outside.

We have received solid backing for our demands
to be given the same opportunities as non-gays
in relation to jobs, educational programs, reli-
gious services and parole programs. We continue
to demand the release of gay prisoners in soli-
tary Lock-Up and an end to harrassment and bru-
tality of gays by prison staff.

Other goals of the program include:

Increased understanding between gay and
non-gay prisoners

Recognition and creation of Gay Half-Way
houses to aid in the preparation for parole and
return to society of gay prisoners (a service
comparable to Gay Community Service Center in
Los Angeles)

Introduction of Metropolitan Community
Church into prisons

An end to the ban on gay publications and
the creation of a gay publications section in
the libraries.

Our attempts at organizing and drawing attention
to our situation in prison have resulted in
lock-ups, further loss of privileges, set-ups,
death. During this year I have been transferred
from prison to prison three times and done nine
months of solitary. I remain in solitary where
I am denied all privileges including commissary
rights and educational rehabilitation. Since
my last transfer I have not as yet been allowed
to see a doctor. The personal and direct mis-
treatment by federal authorities against me and
other gay revolution leaders is very common at
present and we need all the support, legal help,
and publicity available to put a stop to this
type of action.

--John Gibbs



got a problem?

ASK DR. ANDREW GENN*

WHAT ARE GAY HORMONES?



photo by jim griffith

Dear Dr. Andrew Genn:

I don't usually write to strange men to solve my personal problems, but someone at the bar told me that you were a great help.

I'm entered into the Mr. Memphis Groovie-Guy Contest, and some nasty queen--my ex, as it happens--is spreading rumors that my testosterone level and sperm count are in decline on account of me 'going gay.' Needless to say, if true this could ax my ambitions especially with regard to the Swimsuit Competition and in the Talent Section. I'm glad I became a gay, Dr. Genn, as I have so much fun and so many friends. But does this mean that I'll lose my potency? Please let me know as soon as possible; my career may hinge on your answer. You don't have to go into detail for me; a simple Yes or No is fine.

Signed,
Fruitcake without Nuts?

Darling Fruitcake:

Don't worry your pretty little head about your nuts!

For those of you who don't always pick up the latest copy of the *New England Journal of Medicine* with your *After Dark* at the newsstands, there has been an interesting resurgence of a once settled issue. It has to do with whether gay hormones are up to par with straight hormones. Specifically, the question is asked again whether male homosexuals have normal blood levels of the "male hormone," testosterone.

Although in the late 60's the most authoritative textbooks of endocrinology and psychiatry could categorically state that there was no evidence linking homosexuality with hormonal disturbance, a couple of years ago a group of researchers named Kolodney, Master, Hendryx, and Toro (yes, that's the William Masters, Ms. Johnson's husband) published a study (*New Eng. J. Med.* 285: 1170-4, 1971) that directly measured with newly available techniques the blood levels of testosterone in thirty fags. Previous studies had looked at only indirect and sometimes unreliable measures of blood testosterone concentrations. Kolodney et al. found significantly lower testosterone levels in almost all of the fifteen Kinsey 5 and 6 guys studies (Kinsey 6=completely gay behavior; Kinsey 0=completely straight) compared with the Kinsey 0-4's. But there were a lot of things that were fishy about the study. First of all, the subjects were all volunteers, which any student of introductory statistics will tell you is a real no-no in analyses of this kind, with a great propensity to bias. Secondly, sperm counts of nine of the fifteen 5 and 6's were subnormal, and four of them were zero. This strongly suggests that there was some sort of abnormal selection of subjects involved, since the finding of such low sperm counts in gays has never been observed before. If this subgroup

(low sperm counts) is discounted, then the homosexual testosterone levels were indistinguishable from the straights. Furthermore, a recent study by a group in Boston, including a well-known endocrinologist from the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital (*New Eng. J. Med.* 289:1236-8, 1973) showed that their gays had equal testosterone levels to the straights. Their study is also subject to criticism since their fags were selected from guys in psychotherapy, an unrepresentative group, but at least it was a good study as far as it went. A third study also found no difference in gay and straight testosterone levels (*Biol. Psychiatry* 6:23-36, 1973).

Other studies have been done but with very poor or no controls. For instance, a British study (*Brit. Med. J.* 4:406-9, 1970) investigated all of three gay men and found lowish testosterone levels in two, though both were within one standard deviation from normal. They also investigated four lesbians (one of the very few studies in the medical literature to deal with gay women) but managed to pick three out of the four with menstrual disorders (one even had an uncommon endocrinological disorder) so that not surprisingly they found hormonal irregularities in most of them.

Is there any evidence that hormones cause changes in sexual behavior? Yep--in rats. There is fairly good evidence that all rats are programmed to behave as females with respect to stereotyped sexual posturing (female arched back, lordotic, position instead of the male mounting and pelvic thrusting) unless they are exposed to "male" hormones at a specific critical period in their early development. Thus male or female rats can be made to behave as either sex depending on experimental hormonal conditioning. Of course, no such "critical period" has been demonstrated in man, whose sexual behavior is incredibly more complicated than rats anyway. Likewise, there is no good evidence for prenatal hormonal influence of later sexual behavioral determinism in man. However, in a recent editorial in a prestigious medical journal (*Annals of Internal Medicine* 79:897, 1973), Kolodney and Masters made much of a unique study done at Stanford. In this study (*Arch. Gen Psych.* 28:554-61, 1973), diabetic mothers who had received estrogens ("female" hormones) during their pregnancy were selected to see if such a "feminizing" influence *in utero* affected their sons. The "masculinity" of their now sixteen year old sons was assessed. Unfortunately, in the control (no estrogen treatment during pregnancy) group used, only eight of twenty-two mothers were diabetic, the other fourteen being non-diabetic. Furthermore, the untreated control group diabetic mothers had had their disease for a shorter period of time and it was of less severity. It was found that the sons of the estrogen treated diabetics were somewhat, though not statistically significantly, less "masculine": (defined by stereotypes such as general "masculine behavior,"

assertiveness, athletic performance) than the control group, though interestingly, the sons of the non-estrogen treated, more recently diagnosed diabetic mothers were more "masculine" according to these definitions than the sons of the normal mothers. In any case, it seems that the behavior measured was not a result of *in utero* estrogen exposure, but rather a function of having a mother with a severe, chronic disease requiring daily treatment.

What, then, does testosterone do after birth? Well, it increases sexual desire, libido, up to a certain level in both men and women, though it does not change sexual orientation. Its mechanism of action is not well characterized. After its release from the testis, which occurs in large amounts only with the onset of puberty and thereafter in males, and its travels in the bloodstream, it in most cases first enters the target cell. Testosterone is then converted to a different compound (dihydrotestosterone, for you biology buffs), is transported into the nucleus of the cell, and interacts with acidic proteins that are attached to DNA (the genetic material) which alters the cell's activities. It eventually induces changes in bone and muscle development, hair growth, voice, external genitalia, etc., the common accompaniments of puberty in males.

Another compound, widely hailed as a new "aphrodisiac," called para-chlorophenylalanine, apparently also increases sexual activity. Although one of the early reports (*Science* 166: 1433-5, 1969) showed one cute little male rat humping another equally cute little male rat, it apparently induces nonspecific increases in sexual activity, not just homosexual activity, and males will even mount receptive females if given a chance and the appropriate amount of time.

The only real physical difference so far found between gays and straights, the significance of which is unknown, appears to be a slight change in the ratio of two compounds in the urine (androsterone/etiocholanolone) which are break-down products of androgenic, "male," hormones (testosterone and others). The possible role of other factors in altering this ratio, for instance psychological stress, known to influence testosterone levels, or various drugs, has not been investigated.

In summary, there may be a very small subgroup of men with abnormally low sperm counts and testosterone levels (the two usually poop out together) some of whom happen to be gay; but, in general, to quote Kolodney and Masters, "Current evidence shows that there is no definite implication of endocrine factors in the genesis of human sexual orientation...." In addition, the extrapolation of animal studies to humans is always very dangerous indeed. Stereotypes likewise can be misleading. For instance, some of the highest estrogen (the "female" hormone) levels in the animal kingdom are found in stallions; and some of the lowest adult testosterone conversion rates are found in bulls, normally considered very butch animals (though one wonders about Ferdinand). What is really needed is for some good, controlled studies in man--or some well deserved silence in the absence of them.

So you go right ahead with your contest and, well, *break a leg!*

*The author (whose pseudonym is given above) is a Senior Medical Student at the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Frankel, Where Are You?

by
allen
young

(Note: In the following article, only some names have been changed. Everything else is true.)

I. I first met Dr. Frankel at Green Acres, a medium-sized resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains. Green Acres specialized in family vacations, and one of its features was a dining room especially for little babies. That's where I worked, as a waiter.

The parents--sometimes the mother, sometimes the father, sometimes both--would come with their small children and tell me what they wanted. It was my job to fetch the baby food jars and heat them up, or dish out the chocolate pudding, or go into the big kitchen to get the tiny portions of meat and vegetables for the babies old enough to chew. Dan Frankel and his wife Ruth were my favorite guests in three summers of being a waiter in that dining room.

The year was 1958. It was the summer between my senior year in high school and my freshman year at Columbia. I was 17 years old, grasping for a sexual identity in the sexually-charged atmosphere of a resort hotel in the summertime. That summer, I tried to forget about the sex I had had with my high school (boy) friends, and I made a play for a girl, a sexy 14-year-old named Helene, who had a "bad reputation." I double-dated a lot with Roy, a handsome WASP who resembled James Dean and possessed a certain charm, mystery and beauty I unavoidably associate with gentiles. He made out in the front seat with Riva and I made out in the back with Helene. But I was in love with Roy.

I remember Dan Frankel as a solidly-built handsome man, mild-mannered, gentle, with a warm kindly smile. Ruth Frankel was active and athletic, with lively sparkling eyes and reddish hair she wore in an informal cut. Both Frankels stood out among the guests at Green Acres for their wit, beauty and intelligence, but most of all for their left-wing political views. It was the twilight of McCarthyism and a few of us at the hotel, including the owners, thought of ourselves as "progressives," a beleaguered minority in a time when most Americans who should have known better were apathetic or scared to death. The Frankels were progressives, too, and much of my leisure time during their three-week stay was spent talking politics with them. One of the things we talked about was the politics of the medical profession. We all believed in socialized medicine, of course. Dan Frankel told me he belonged to a socialistically-inclined group, the Physicians Forum, which spoke with a small but courageous voice against the powerful and reactionary American Medical Association.

One thing I didn't talk about was Dr. Frankel's field of medicine. I didn't know much about it, and the little bit I did know vaguely confused or frightened me. Dr. Frankel was a psychiatrist. A psychoanalyst.

Dr. Frankel was very generous when it came to tipping, an additional fact I cannot help but remember since I worked so hard those summers to pay my way through college.

II.

In the fall of 1958, I began college and became a resident of Manhattan. I kept in touch with the Frankels. I was infatuated with them and I wanted to be their friend. On several occasions, I was their guest for the evening, though come to think of it I was never asked to their home. They took me to see socially-conscious theatre (Sean O'Casey, etc.), and we went out to eat at the Russian Tea Room, a ritzy New York nightspot. Around this time, I became active in the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, known familiarly as SANE, a political group that people like the Frankels and myself supported.

One night I went with some college friends to a huge rally at Madison Square Garden. Sponsored by SANE, it was one of the largest gatherings of leftists since the Henry Wallace presidential campaign a decade previous. Thousands of us filled the Garden to cheer speakers who denounced the Cold War and the continued testing of hydrogen bombs. A team of young comics provided a light moment of anti-establishment humor during the rally. They were very funny and made everybody laugh a lot. Their names were Bill Masters and Lisa April, and later they became very famous.

III.

The months and the years passed, and gradually I lost touch with Dan and Ruth Frankel. I fell in love with Wayne, my college roommate, and we slept together. It was frightening and it was blissful. It lasted for two years, and then it was over. We were both going to become straight.

I went home for a visit. "Did you hear?" someone I knew from Green Acres asked me. "Dan Frankel's wife committed suicide." I could not find out the details, but I got the gist of the story. Dr. Frankel fell in love with one of his patients, and he left his wife and the children. His wife's response was suicide. The patient was Lisa April. The news was shocking. Dan and Ruth Frankel were, in my eyes, the ideal couple, the

epitome of a beautiful, happily-married couple.

IV.

In the summer of 1963, I was 22 and trying very hard to be straight. On the surface I was doing pretty well. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I belonged to this world. I had a steady girlfriend named Nancy and we were a happy couple. We saw each other on weekends (Cambridge or New York), and we fucked two or three times a day. Two of my best friends from college also had girlfriends. We were three happy couples. We went to the Newport Folk Festival and heard Bob Dylan. One afternoon before the concert began, he just sat down under a tree in a park in Newport and played and sang. Maybe 25 or 30 people stood around and listened, and we were among them. In those days, Jean Ritchie was a better-known singer than Bob Dylan. Nancy and I slept on the beach, but I had trouble getting it hard and we didn't fuck until four in the morning. I blamed it on the semi-public sleeping arrangements, but deep down I knew there was another reason. Sometimes, I'd awaken lying next to Nancy and I'd realize that I just dreamed about my former boyfriend Wayne. One weekend Nancy came to New York to spend a whole week with me. By the time Tuesday night came, I couldn't get an erection. We both cried. The next morning, I went to my newspaper job and I decided I needed a psychiatrist. I immediately thought of Dan Frankel. He'll help me, I decided. I called him, but his answering service told me he was on vacation. No, she didn't know when he'd be back or how I could reach him. I was desperate. I tried to fuck Nancy again, but it didn't work. I decided to tell her about Wayne, about my "past life" as a homosexual. Maybe purging myself of this secret will help, I thought. I was right. I got a hard-on and we fucked again. All was well. She was very understanding, and it seemed we could go on as before.

Hmm, I thought, I'm still a faggot anyway.



It was a moment of crucial self-awareness. I kept trying to get through to the miraculous Dr. Frankel; the desperation intensified. I didn't tell Nancy about that, however. Finally, Dr. Frankel's vacation was over. (Was he still going to Catskill Mountain resorts?) I spoke to him on the phone, and I made an appointment to see him in his East Side office.

V.

As I entered the plush office, I thought about Ruth Frankel. I already knew I would say nothing about her or about Lisa April. Dr. Frankel sat behind a huge desk in an office decorated with *objets d'art*. Soft carpeting covered the floor, and the proverbial couch was there. Would he ask me to use the couch, I wondered, feeling uneasy. I was scared shitless. He gestured to a chair near his desk. I'd told him on the phone that I wanted to talk to him about a problem, and now I told him what it was: "I am a homosexual, and I want to be cured." I told him about Wayne and about Nancy. I waited for his reply. I know what I expected, what I hoped he would say with his warm voice: "Yes, I can cure you. Come back tomorrow at 4," or something like that. I waited, afraid, but ready to put myself in his hands. I trusted him and I liked him. Little did I know that under the rules of psychoanalysis, this prior relationship absolutely ruled out any professional interaction between Dr. Frankel and me. He told me this right away. Of course he could not treat me because he already knew me socially, and besides I could never afford his fees. (I suspected that about the fees but I assumed that Frankel the socialist would treat me for free or less money.) Suddenly, he seemed cold and cruel. He showed no emotional response whatsoever to my awesome (to me) revelations about my homosexuality; it apparently meant nothing to him that he was the first person in the world (except for Wayne and Nancy) who "knew." He indicated vaguely that if I really wanted to, I could be cured and made into a good heterosexual. He never even as much as hinted at the possibility of my finding happiness by acknowledging and accepting my homosexuality. And I'd been too brainwashed to imagine such a possibility myself.

He referred me to a clinic uptown. "Let me know what happens," he said. I left his office shocked, bruised, disappointed and miserable.

VI.

A few days later I sat at a typewriter and put the darkest secrets of my life on a piece of paper. It was an application to the psychoanalytical institute of the Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, a school for shrinks. I wondered whether they would keep the application confidential, as I was enrolled in graduate school at the time. But I quickly put aside any doubts and decided to take my chances. This cure was very important. Several weeks after submitting the application, I got called for an interview. By then, my relationship with Nancy was drawing to a close, not so much because of sexual problems but because we were headed to different parts of the world to continue our education.

"Maybe I should just go out and find a gay bar," I mused aloud at my interview. Somehow, I knew that gay bars could be found on the East Side and in Greenwich Village, though I'd never been to one. The shrink who was interviewing me urged me not to do it. He didn't say much of anything else. When he found out I was going to Brazil on a Fulbright scholarship in just a few months, however, he told me that my chances of being admitted to the clinic were nil. "You have to stay in New York for treatment for at least two years," he said. When my application was formally rejected, I went back to Dr. Frankel. It was to be our last encounter, and it lasted only a minute or two. He reached up to a shelf and removed a book entitled *International Directory of Psychoanalysts* (or something like that). He found the listing for Brazil and gave me a name and address in Rio de Janeiro.

VII.

I arrived in the lush tropical environment of Rio de Janeiro in July 1964. The day I arrived in Rio a beautiful Brazilian man named Ronaldo seduced me, and I thought I was in love. But by the end of the week he dropped me. I was just a trick for him. I was traumatized and ready for the cure again. So I looked up the Brazilian shrink whose name I had carefully hidden inside my wallet. He referred me to a colleague, and I began analysis--five days a week, an hour a day. It was cheap enough for me to squeeze the fees from my scholarship. It was so intense that I couldn't think of anything else except each past day's session and the one to come. When I wasn't on the shrink's couch, I was on the beach, watching the beautiful near-naked brown people, especially the men. My Brazilian shrink was a boring unattractive man who insisted I was in love with him even though he didn't interest me in the least. He followed the formulae of Freudian analysis to the letter, making any human interaction virtually impossible. When faced with the living reality of Rio's gay

world, even with its woes and shortcomings, I knew that it made more sense than the shrink. Finally, I said no to this repression and I came out. By October, I'd found gay friends and lovers, and my straight past was ancient history. I was discovering the joys of open gay love, and I couldn't get enough of it. I quit my Brazilian shrink, and I forgot about Dr. Frankel.

VIII.

In early 1970, I became very involved with the Gay Liberation Front of New York City. I finally told my straight friends that I was gay. The gay liberation movement spoke out against the oppressors, and high on the list was the psychiatric establishment. I remembered Dr. Frankel. Where was he at? I wondered, suddenly remembering my past vulnerability and really feeling strong and proud in contrast. I thought it would be a good idea for me to see him, to talk to him, to tell him what I had gone through and to see if he was open to the ideas of gay liberation. I wrote him a very long letter, a heart-felt letter, the mixture of affection and subdued anger which the situation seemed to me to demand. It was a sincere quest for a dialogue. I never got a reply.

IX.

I was moved to write all of this down after I saw *Day for Night*, the highly-acclaimed new movie from the French director Francois Truffaut. I'm not a movie critic, but I thought that *Day for Night* was one of the best movies I've seen in a while. It is a very entertaining film about the making of a movie. Truffaut shows us the comedy and tragedy that goes on during the making of a film. Midway through the film, as if to check my pleasure, I suddenly remarked to myself that all of the romance and flirtation and sexual innuendo on the movie set was heterosexual. "Hmmm," I said to myself, "not very honest for a story about the people in the movie industry!" Just about then, a character named Alexandre, a middle-aged Romeo, goes to the airport for a rendez-vous, and the person he meets turns out to be his young gorgeous Italian lover. "Aha," observes one of the members of the cast, "it wasn't a Lolita he went to meet but a Lorenzaccio." It was said without malice. Alexandre's homosexuality is not seen as anything very special. Nevertheless, I decided later, Truffaut treats Alexandre's gay relationship with less than a minute or two of dialogue, while several heterosexual relationships dominate the movie. The drama of Alexandre, the homosexual actor, is suppressed for obvious sexist/commercial reasons. And, to top it all off, Alexandre is dead in a car crash by the end of the film--typical fate, alas, for a homosexual character.

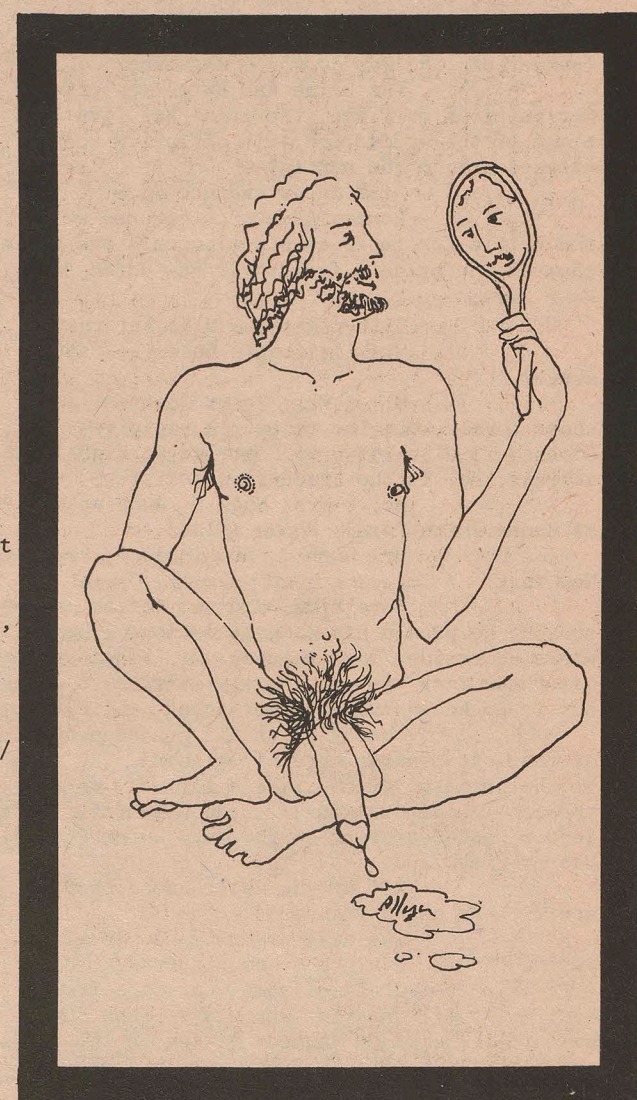
What does all this have to do, you may be asking, with Dr. Frankel?

Well, two of the characters in the film are a nervous American movie star and her recently acquired psychiatrist-husband, one Dr. Nelson. The situation reminded me of Dan Frankel and Lisa April. At first, I was certain that the movie star in the movie was modeled after Lisa April, with Dr. Nelson modeled after my old friend Dr. Frankel. But eventually, I realized that the

situation--mature professional man marries gorgeous young thing--is really quite commonplace. At one point in the dialogue of the movie, someone notes that Dr. Nelson has left his wife and family--a life he's built for twenty years--in order to marry the movie star. The audience of *Day for Night* is not told anything about Dr. Nelson's first wife.

I sat there, thinking about Ruth Frankel and the awful fact of her suicide. I couldn't, in all fairness, blame Dan Frankel for the death of his wife. A man has the right to leave his wife. But Dan Frankel oozed the kind of strident male self-confidence that might make a woman feel she couldn't survive without him. And we live in a society where women are made to feel dependent. As a psychoanalyst, Frankel was committed to the concept of sex roles. I wonder if he has read Phyllis Chesler's important book *Women and Madness*, and I wonder where he stands in the debate on homosexuality going on now inside the American Psychiatric Association. I still get angry thinking about the unanswered letter I wrote him.

Dr. Frankel, where are you?



On The Bumping Off Of Two Perfectly Nice Greek Ladies

reported By MITZEL

Flash!
FAG RAG NEWS
FROM THE JOHN WIENERS
CHAIR OF SPECULATIVE HISTORY

Dramatic Pictures and Story

"A lady's name should only appear in the papers three times in the course of her life: on her birth, at her wedding, and on her death."
--Amy Vanderbilt

Wednesday 1 May 1974

Gore Vidal's sister got married today. Actually she's a half-sister. She shares a mother in common. Gore Vidal's mother's married name was Mrs. Eugene Luther Vidal, or Nina Vidal. The half-sister's mother's name was Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, or Nina Auchincloss. This same woman is now Mrs. Robert Olds of New York and Acapulco, Mexico. The *succeeding* Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss (and remaining the current one) is the former Janet Lee who was, of course, Mrs. John Vernon Bouvier. As well as holding this title, she is also the mother of Mrs. Aristotle Onassis, formerly known as Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, or *aka* "Jackie." Mrs. Aristotle Onassis and the bride in today's wedding are, thus, also half-sisters, step-sisters or something.

The bride, born Nina Auchincloss, was recently the Mrs. Newton Ivan Steers, Jr., wife of a Maryland State Senator from whom she was divorced several months ago. She is, as of today, Mrs. Michael Whitney Straight.

Which brings us to the groom's side of things.

Mr. Michael Whitney Straight, of Washington, D.C., is Deputy Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, and is the son of the late Mrs. Leonard Knight Elmhirst, the former Dorothy Payne Whitney. The bridegroom's father was the late Williard Straight, not known socially by any other name to our knowledge, a J.P. Morgan banking partner and a founder of *The New Republic* magazine.

The bride has three sons from her previous marriage; the groom has five. All eight of the wedded couple's offspring were crowded around the nuptials.

Also in attendance were:

Renata Adler: celebrated writer and critic for impressive periodicals and college chum of the bride's from their now dated Bryn Mawr days.

Milton Rose: a N.Y. attorney.

Mrs. Aristotle Onassis: (see above).

Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cookson: at whose lovely home the reception was given. Mrs. Cookson is also known as Beatrice Straight, the actress; she is the bridegroom's sister.

Mr. & Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss: of Hammersmith Farms, Rhode Island.

Mr. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Jr.: of New York.

Gore Vidal did not attend in person but he phoned his congratulations from Italy where he resides in poshitude. Mr. Vidal, amongst all these many, is not legally married to anyone nor is he known by any other names publicly.

The bride is the granddaughter of the late Senator Gore of Oklahoma. The groom is the grandson of the late William C. Whitney, the fabulous industrialist, the Democratic Party leader, and Secretary of the Navy under President Grover Cleveland.

All of the above-named people are rich by quean standards.

The newly married couple will reside in Mr. Straight's home in Washington, D.C. which he purchased some years ago from Mrs. Aristotle Onassis--who else?--when she was still the widow Kennedy giving up the weeds and hi-tailing it to NYC for a wild spree.

Jacqueline Kennedy, speaking at Orange Bowl in 1962, called the mercenaries who landed at Bay of Pigs 'a group of the bravest men in the world.'



Thursday 10 October 1974

Personally, I blame it all on Jackie. She brought the much-touted "Kennedy Curse" with her to foreign shores and infected the rest.

We start with the two daughters of Livanos: Christina and Eugenie.

Christina marries Aristotle Onassis. Sprouts Tina and Alexander as heirs for O.

Eugenie weds Stavros Niarchos. Eugenie divorces Niarchos. Niarchos later weds a Ford daughter (of auto fame not White House usurpers).

Christina divorces Onassis, weds the Marquess of Blandford, now the 11th Duke of Marlborough.

Meanwhile on newer continents, "Black Jack" Vernon Bouvier's elder daughter swaps vows with an heir to ex-Ambassador's fortune who, ten years after nuptials, was involved in Greek tragedy-type fatal auto accident while motoring through Texas in Ford-make car. Bereaved youthful widow turns to ambitious Senator of rapacious reputation of some legal connexion; but he in turn passes over in L.A. hotel shoot-out with dark importees, all parading behind the mask of American History to screen the tie 'twixt Eugenie and Niarchos in return engagement.

But we know our stuff. Capitalist competitions, like gas station price-wars, breed upstagings, and Onassis, single, snatches America's loveliest plum after five years of widowhood.

But mix'n match, fun'n games come to an end. Payments are due.

And Eugenie dies in 1970 scarred, beaten and drugged under a Hellenic dictatorship, reducing Mrs. John Mitchell's California act of two years hence to mere revival. The Marquessa of Blandford quickly pales on Albion's bosky dells and loses title to sub for her late sis by Niarchos's side in lawful matrimony.

Jackie meanwhile basks in law-exempt international waters, unawares that she has been the carrier of the dread nexus of misfortune, immune herself but infectious.

Tina Onassis, daughter, after rotogravure vows exchanged with bespeckled Joe Bolker, claims mental cruelty and runs, leaving a wake of lawyers pressing suits in L.A.

Alexander dies in plane mishap in Athens airport before viewing impeachments and coups. Such a handsome lad! John Kennedy, Jr., assaulted in Central Park while playing hookey, net loss of imported bicycle--yet not enough maternal pizzazz to turn up for consequent court action footed by taxpayers.

And now, in gay Paree, Tina's real Mom, Jackie's predecessor, succumbs with Niarchos in the next room, rumors of overdoses anonymously administered given circulation in public prints, and Jackie likely feigning indifference as always, a bandanna knotted around her mane as she fingers excavated polished trinkets in a boutique on Grand Bahama Isle. Can Rose be far behind? Mrs. Hughdie Auchincloss? Funded by miserly Wally Simpson with whom the Marquessa used to board across the Channel.

You see, Lee's a bachelorette in New York looking for attachments--if you can get her away from those fruitcakes--having struck out twice with a publishing heir and a hairless prince. Sisterly concern in stagnant economies with rising prices and double-digit inflation could have moved one securely-situated sibling toward gaining a berth aboard Greek liners for her kid sis.

And Niarchos? What's one more Mrs. to him anyway?

Global wireservices now confirm that Presidential orphans are named beneficiaries in dying tycoon's will.

Daughter Tina, sensing danger all about, hurriedly wings to ancient French capital, crying out for numerous official investigations into this latest contretemps of unseen power which has stripped her of her family.

How very like we Americans: to even slough off our excess tragedies onto poorer nations, bumping off rightful heirs, C.I.A. murders of two perfectly nice and proper ladies--sisters no less!--just to accommodate excess personages of Napoleonic dimensions to get them off our tax rolls. My odds are 8-5 it's the Duchess Simpson connexion.

Committee of 40 targeting Tina for a deep-six job so as to then wed Lee as the *last* Mrs. Niarchos. Result? Greek airlines and precious oil-carrying tankers will accrue to Kennedy-Klan multi-national interests, fronted by smilin' Jean & Steve Smith, American names for thieves, further aggrandizing World Resources into subsidiaries overlooking quaint Dealy Plaza, home office of empire.

CONJUGAL CONTRARIES

By John Wieners

What Does the Prince and His Parties Know of Particulars

in relation to certain, sumptuous world-events, celebrated in legendary annals, and international worldly-trade journals as most highly-apprised fan club editions, devoted to Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy Jr. Onassis? as cases of or apparent to the hideous impersonations, applicable her part in the Offices of Federal governments, and inter-national political diplomats' protocol councils it would specific needless to say that, legal cases are now taking place in our own seats of national government within the state capital houses of Washingtonian presidential suites, and at swanky hostelrys under the world-celebrated leading cities of well-endowed Metropolitan New York, underworld cellared-bullion cube Fort Knox, Kentucky, yes, even right within the good as gold Department of Treasury U.S. headquarters? the Commonwealths of Massachusetts and N.Y.'s capital of Albany does anyone know or care that her mother the woman I referred to in my recent article, subtitled "Gay American's Day on Rose Kennedy's estate," [*Fag Rag Six*] Janet Lee Bouthier-Auchincloss along with Mrs. John Hugh Lee's brothers and sisters and two aunts have been most and successively recently pseudo-harrassed and involved non-voluntarily in a cabalistic debacle, amounting to literal, yes absolute literal libelous traitorous swindles, resulting in the least as public ridicule and often psychotic counter-tactics of rectifying salving to their pulverized wounds. It appears almost as if Christian and not Christmas holiday greetings turned no other cheeks without going into details. Gathering not tinsel but tawdry monotonous aggravating irritational deployment.

I left off saying in *Fag Rag Six*, denoting only comparison to the *Ladies Home Journal* before this Holiday issue and entertaining by its collection of recipes and tin can layouts without much ado about violet and silver border tags, that not only do the Navy owe her money, through her mineral springs of Lake Success or the Mining Camps to consider Cott's home brews, likewise Match-Girl's post office diamond heiress as King Solomon's subject-matter; viz. T.C. n.d.n.p: Comtessa (Nina C.S.-H), Reidhaven, shy, charming chief Clan Grant owns Bobby's heart-Bruce in a sixteenth century chapel. married at present to the thatch of New Zealand's Rose-Marie Count Seafields. "Any blood on the waves" might be a good way of saying or seeing if the pilot men who guided, or quoting Charles Olson, "What manner of men were those who set out for" ...New Herbrides? The New World: Caroline Studley-Herbert lad 1/2 100,000,000,000 acres. She has now two children, it says; where but in him, her Cullen ransom, 1943 Greater Boston Credit Bureau theifs and murderers.

Without him, alone she holds no account to those dastardly villians murdering grand empires as carelessly as boardwalks and bridges nearby Atlantic Ave. The Terminal Station of South Sta. was once known, see above, to harbor good intentions, notwithstanding its false-tourists and palsy-walsy hanky-panky culprits, attesting to 3 decades statute's violation, reacquainting oneself with their perdition in Supreme courts testimony as Rosenbergs and Oppenheimers and witnessed Chambers, subtracted a shooting lodge and two castles.

The Bruces divorced in 1945.

The National Park Service owns "Hampton" in Maryland. The United States Ambassador to the United Nations of the Imperial House of Great Britain married David Knightsbridge Elohim canticleer homeless legions ago way back when Knights were bold and men wore gold, "... the gilded arms of Schlumberger "Haverstraw" Georgetown. It doesn't merit to see open cliff-dwellers short-change artists seek out favor on a wintry Wednesday afternoon hob-nob as the ilk of Jacques' low-brow hi-jinx Ted & homicidal Boyguy little-loosey Folks-weigh out of the line in Sheepsbay wool pantygirdles headline-Ingrate maidenForm.

Now to follow up on my article of *FAG RAG SIX*, the happenings of Gay American's Day in Bullfinch's Mansion are peanuts to what goes on daily at our own Government Center in the J.F.K.G. Building and the Afganistan Town Building, amounting to sidewalk loiterers coming in out of the cold to contribute to city-administration and MacArthur reliques suppositoring in Flaming Creatures hand-outs at the headquarters of Municipal operations in the now-determined most thriving Varsity Crew

Weren't we in touch in San Francisco
and in Chicago

and on the road back to Detroit, too

And in Los Angeles didn't we get thru?

Les Sororities

Hamersmith, I remember him well, he was big and strong, and had muscles under his leathern black overalls that stood out as god's own Constantin, behind the fiery, mighty forge, when he stood to smelt the enormous hoofs where shoed the horses and ponys he kept in the rudimentary, noble cabin across the meadow. How he loved occasionally to see that little golden-haired child, I was known as sissy Pollyanna.

II

Did we ever get lost, traipsing through the golden-rod, the field thrushes, hedge-thickets. Lose our short-tempered spirited blusteriness as our pink-organza shoulder strap slipped off deliberately the left arm to fondle his majestic afternoon brain-waves and blest tits.

Contrary to Vespuccian war-mongers, the stable had non-embassy floorboards wherein mon Jeanne kindled his hallowed tapered-galleried nocturnes over the rims of Julia's rampant placations to the Sante Vierge's furnaced nativite.

Inhuring, roving films camera Brownie Coleen. I was always a big phoney, as far as Patsy and Eddy were concerned. But when this leaks out, russet swamps shackle no change, alive in an avalanche of notoriety. Acturial, more than Ripley believes murcurial my national gallery step-parents and great ones, ein-antiodromenia fostered self-willed guarians overseen Auchinclosses, Diana, Dioky, Dillon, Dimsdale, Dip-tych, Dirigible, Distaff, Diurnal, Dives, Dizzy.

1943 Facts: *Across the river and into the Trees; To Have and Have not*, also recommended latterly by Charly Olson premonition somewhat the modes of today's contemporary society, as it is not practiced in the managerial structures, trendy towards the Future. What it holds today, certainly these Cafeteria hangers-on and Massachusetts Commission For The Bland simpering dolts cannot as Mother Fitzgerald's disproven connection to the Mentally Retarded's enkindled *Flames of Hope* meaning of course the dead H. O'Brien, Connecticut "descendant" Cathy Skakel, pictured on the August '73 cover of *screen stories* as M. Fitzgerald's "grandson" along with her post-Adventure-series Hitler lunatic "dghtr"-in-law. Clutches or cauterization, cherchief and Cop caught chicken Cophetua? Could chis be Commodore Cooper's chromosones?

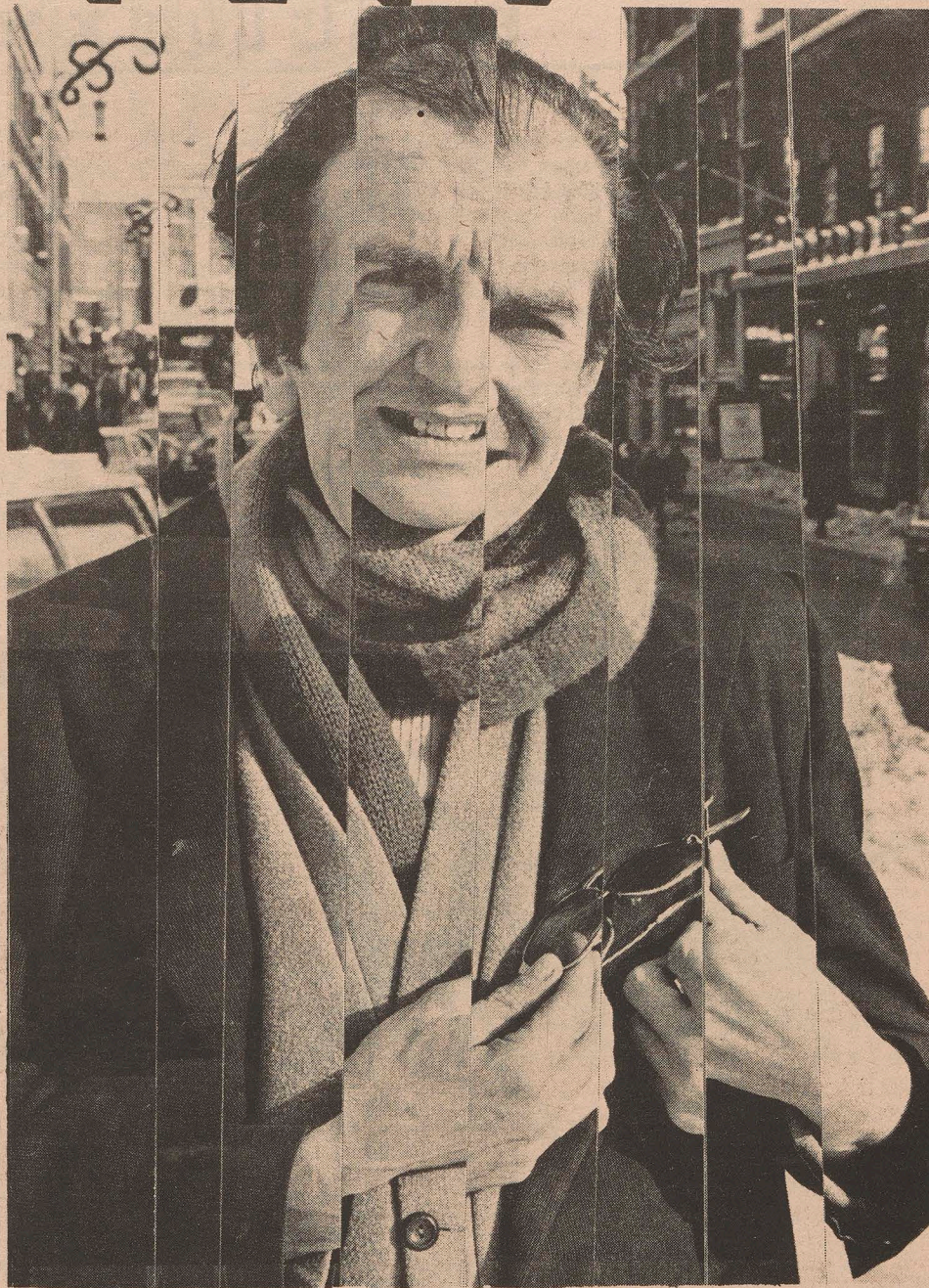


Photo of John Wieners by Gerard Malanga

It's too bad we don't have much research into those days, three decades ago. Remembered vaguely, death dealt us a hard blow. But despite its skull and cross-bones effect, the cause was not furit-less. Cherry at being 9 or 14. To the time of that publisihing, I was unaware what affect my preliminary attempts at uncovering the three-parted myth of the A-B-C- prefigurement meant, yet met w/ a far from did-interested approve at Chicago, California and Boston College, I needs go on.

Seeing youngmen's eyes light up getting hit in basements, up-storied lofts and Refectory Commons.

You think I want to end up in a war-torn zone, you're combat-crazy. Fatigued? Just muftied out at the thought and facts proofs, & deeds. Amnesia looking into.

Clothes have on hand survived bitchy cover-ups conclude little. Bring home par-boiled sheets. Over at the Eric Lindeman Mental Health Center, who gave me a call while I was cutting up *Les Pavillions* J. Zerbe and my annotater Cyril Connolly. The Unquiet Grave: Palinurus, a Grave cycle was old Lucy? Lovell Atwater shortly pre Numero Sept, not the author although she claims to be of the above two by Sir Connolly and demised Jerome, it was just last night before last and I called the Jordan Marsh Company for their Hawley Str. Employment Office Number to see if she and my old boss Louise Lawrie of the Jordan Marsh Credit Office were still there. As any grocer's son, or former SP officer; Massachusetts fireman knew that Bureau closes at 5! "I suppose it won't be long until I love you to some fu-ny-looking 'gink,'" he wrote, "who you think

is won-

derful because

he is so romantic-

looking

in the evening and wears his mother's pearl earrings
for dress-shirt

buttons, because

he loves her so...

However, perhaps you'll use your head and wait
until you are at least twenty-one."

*

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy

Mary van Rensselaer Thayer

p.74

1961 Doubleday & Company, Inc.
Garden City, New York.

(Miss Lovell, one of Vassar's outstanding professors was History of Religion 1946-1962 there of course without permission.) The Mental Health Center representative from our spanking principality behind the masoned Women's House of Detention wasn't born at home, in Illinois she let be informed, whatever that means with Berkeley Street's 911 Joel and District One's New England Telephone's Bowdoin Square's business information O.O.B. Supervisor-Employer Psychiatrist-Doctor G.P. or M.D.? Kaitz identified by Flr. 2 Ms. L.

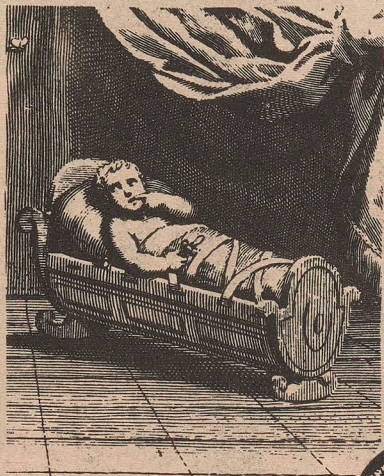
How, when, where, or why Ms. Janet, whom I was introduced to to during 1966 through Ms. J.B. Ryan III (Dorinda Dixon post Frank O'Hara's posthumous exhibition to Larry River's *In Memory of My Feelings*, her show *Company* you know won The Pulitzer Prize for Best Musical of 1970, she did not only Costume Design but backstage and lobby graces there for this tattered waif on a freezing February evening, while her hubby John Barry was in Japan away. Viz. read the Bartlettts and Grosvenors, peut-etre?

BIG FAG RAG X-MAS BLASPHEMY ISSUE

Christmas is that very special time of year.
It's that time when we Christians touch upon what is best in our Christian heritage and give gifts to the ones we love, gifts which commemorate those given to our Lord Baby Jesus close to 2000 years ago when he came into this world to bring us Salvation.

For too many years we Christians have allowed greedy non-believers with commercial interests to cash in on our religious and Christian generosity. We've been sold useless, expensive items just because as Christians we felt we had to give something.

Well, we at Lord Baby Jesus Enterprises are pleased to announce that we can offer True Christians--for the very first time--gifts which are part of our Christian tradition. Our gifts are aimed to please the devout flock who want to serve Our God while they celebrate the true spirit of Christmas with our truly Christian gifts. Your loved ones will think of you and of the Lord Baby Jesus every time they use them! Give your family and friends Lord Baby Jesus Christian Christmas gifts--a thoughtful way of saying "Our Christian God is with us" at reasonable prices. Remember: He cared enough to send the very best; so should you!



lord baby jesus



GIFT SUGGESTION #1

LORD BABY JESUS CHRISTIAN PREJUDICE
(Also retailed under brand names of: Bias, Hate, Clannishness)

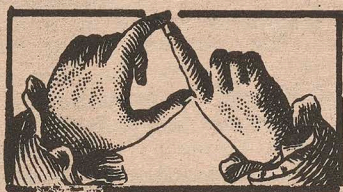
Perennially popular prejudice remains a fast-selling item in our catalogue. Always a favorite with Christians of all types. Baptists, Catholics, Methodists--they all love to give and receive the Christian gift of *PREJUDICE*. Never out of place at any Christian gathering--in all seasons! You'll find that we offer *PREJUDICE* in all colors, sizes and shapes, and suited for every taste. Our current overstock in Anti-Semitism means Big Savings for you! Order some for your entire Christian group! May we also recommend: Nigger-Hating, Fag-Baiting, Hatred for the Dispossessed. Don't be left out of your congregation. As the Bible says, Love Thy Neighbor. And for everybody's use, give Christian *PREJUDICE*! A Lord Baby Jesus *specialité*. \$6.95, State color and preference.

GIFT SUGGESTION #2

BLACKMAIL

For that daring Christian man or woman--like Daniel--who doesn't fear to take a chance, you'll want to give the gift of *BLACKMAIL*. With so much sin surrounding a Christian on all sides--and it's your duty to damn the wicked--you'll have no difficulty assembling a case for *BLACKMAIL* against someone in your community. And in these inflation-pinched times, *BLACKMAIL* is a thoughtful Christian way of helping your family budget meet ends. For the younger Sunday School Set, *BLACKMAIL* may prove too advanced for Christian tots, but to set them on the right track, give them our Junior Version: *SHAKE-DOWN*. Your little tykes can learn Christian methods at school with their friends and prepare them for *BLACKMAIL*. Give the gift that keeps on giving!

BLACKMAIL: \$13.95 the set



GIFT SUGGESTION #3

GENUINE LOOK-ALIKE STIGMATA WOUNDS

For the "passionate" Christians among us--or those who have everything--these authentic plastic paste-on replication's of Christ's perforations will stun and amaze family and friends. Optional attachments simulate life-like bleeding for that total effect! Fool your local parish priest and set up a movement to canonize you! If it was good enough for Jesu, it's good enough for you!

STIGMATA WOUNDS: \$4.50 each; Optional Bleeding Tubes and 3-months "blood" supply: **12** \$11.95--while they last!

GIFT SUGGESTION #4

WITCH-HUNT

The wave of nostalgia brings back into fashion some favorite Christian pasttimes of yesteryear. *WITCH-HUNT*, long a popular pursuit of Christian communities down through the ages, is making a big comeback! You'd better get it before it gets you! Simple rules allow for all in your area to play--either as Victim or as Victimizer! Kids too! *WITCH-HUNT* instills in Christian youngsters basic attitudes and behavior of our religion while they play! You can clean up your city or town of "bad elements"--and we all know who they are!--and if you play right, you might even wind up ahead, in public office!!! And for you Christian practical-jokesters, Lord Baby Jesus, Inc. offers a *DeLuxe WITCH-HUNT* set that includes clever instructions on how to play *WITCH-HUNT* against other Christians! Lotsa laughs!

WITCH-HUNT: \$17.49; *DeLuxe set*: \$25.00



GIFT SUGGESTION #5

CRIPPLING CHRISTIAN GUILT

Know someone special? Someone who stands out in the crowd? Someone who's brilliant, artistic, sensitive or exceptional? Hate him? Like to bring him down a peg or three? Sure you would! And now you can do it with our new *CRIPPLING CHRISTIAN GUILT*. It's just the ticket! Long wearing, permanent press means just one gift of Lord Baby Jesus *GUILT* can last a lifetime when administered properly. A particular favorite with our Irish friends. And for those of you in the ecumenical spirit--and those who'd like to win a few Big Points with Holy Father by making converts--you'll be glad to hear that L.B.J. *GUILT* is endorsed by the Torah Imports & Trade Co. as a suitable gift to your Jewish friends. Never out of place, never out of style: *CHRISTIAN GUILT* is universal! If you don't buy some, won't you feel rotten?

CRIPPLING CHRISTIAN GUILT: \$1.79 the ounce; \$15.00 the lb.

GIFT SUGGESTION #6

HOLY MOTHER MARY VIRGIN BIRTH KIT

New! Exciting! Fun! Lord Baby Jesus Enterprises is the first to offer today's modern "swinging" Christians this kicky With-It item of the Now Generation. Girls! Become a mother painlessly. No fuss! No mess! No consummation! Easy to assemble! Practically foolproof! Includes 24-page booklet: "How To Raise A God." Order early. Takes nine months to deliver. Remember: If you're going to have a kid, do it the Christian way! As soft as a whisper in your ear!

HOLY MOTHER MARY VIRGIN BIRTH KIT: \$9.95



CHRISTIAN GIFT CATALOGUE

GIFT SUGGESTION #7

PREDESTINATION CERTIFICATE

You know you're better than your neighbor--God's told you so in prayers. You're Saved! As a Christian--and a good Christian--God's chosen you to be by his side for Eternity. Now you can prove it to Doubting Friends and Suspicious Strangers with your Certified Lord Baby Jesus Seal of *PREDESTINATION*. Hang it on your office wall. Friends and clients will immediately know they're dealing with the Real Thing. Parlay your lucky fate into Extra Dollars in your Paycheck! A particularly thoughtful gift for your worried Protestant friends. Also comes in small wallet-size version to carry with you for emergencies.

PREDESTINATION CERTIFICATE: \$8.95; Specify denomination, Christian name, date of birth, left or right side of God preference and border color choice.

GIFT SUGGESTION #8

TRUE-BELIEVER SUPERSTITIONS

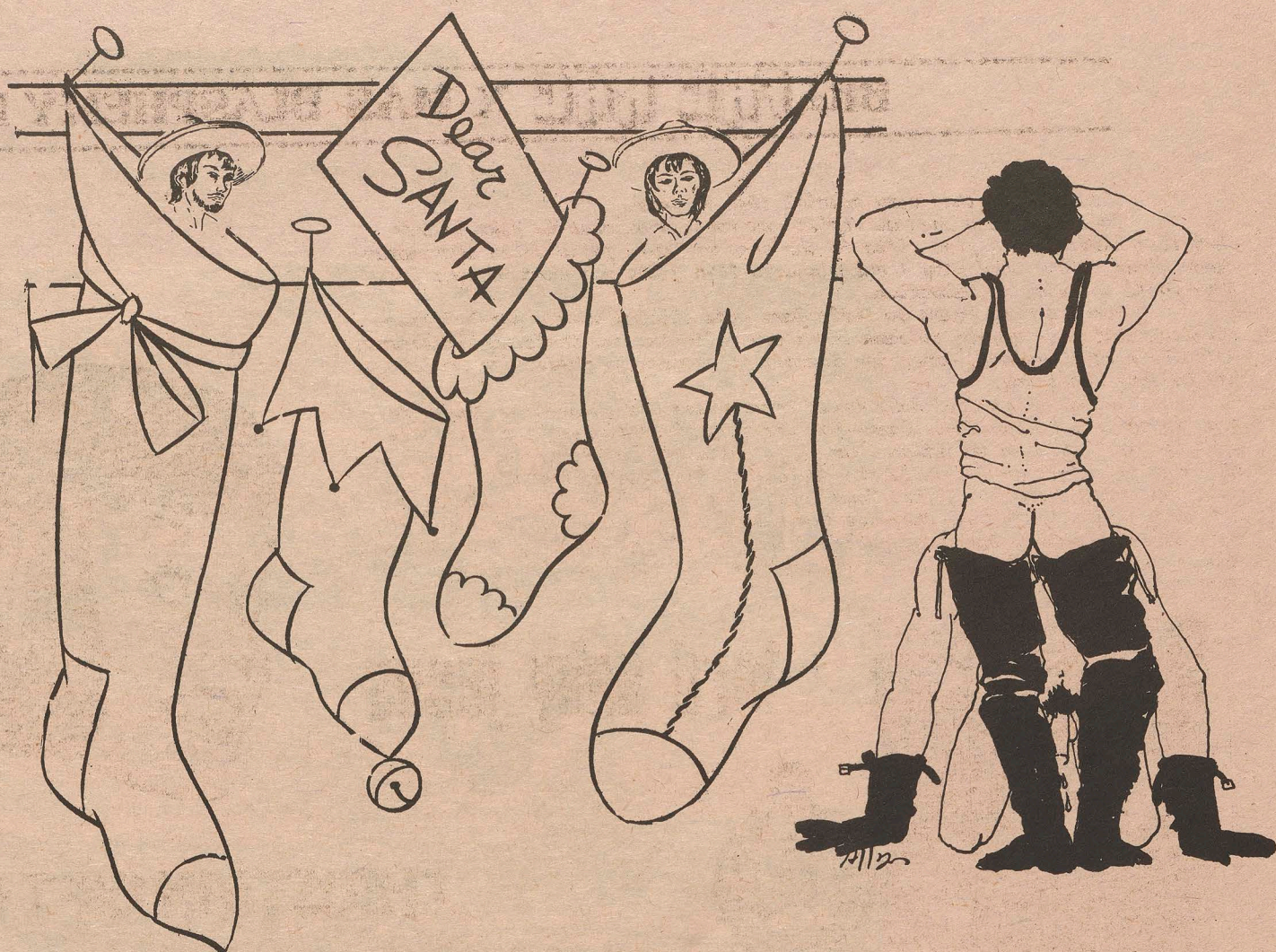
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JINGLE CHAINS

Camp - ing through the snow in a one - man o - pen sleigh,
Now the ground is red go it while you' - re young,

O'er the streets we go laughing all the way
Take the boys to - night and sing this sad - ist's song. Just

Just chains on boy - tail ring making spirits bright what
get a bob - haired boy, two for - ty for his speed, then

fun it is to ride and sting a sad - ist's song tonight:
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, and crack, he'll take the head!

Jing - le chains, jin - gle chains, jin - gle all the way,

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one - man o - pen sleigh!

Jing - gle chains, Jin - gle chains, jin - gle all the way,

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one - o - pen sleigh!

JOLLY OLD SANTO NICK

Jolly old Santo Nick - o - las lean your cock this way!
When the cock is strik - ing twelve, when I'm fast at work,

Do tell every sin - gle soul what I'm going to do;
Down the chim - ney broad and black with your mouth you'll slurp;

Christ - mas Eve is coming soon, now you dear old man,
All the numbers you will find kneel - ing in a row,

Whis - per what you'll shoot to me, tell me if you can.
Mine will be the tat - oed one. you'll be sure to know.

Spill Out Ye Wild and Merry Balls

Spill out ye wild and mer - ry balls ring out the old old story
Spill out ye wrink led balls Spill out spill out your ex-ul-tation

That was first was told by qu-een's tongues from out the holes of glory.
That jimmy with man is re-con-ciled, Go tell it to the networks.

Piece on rye was their sweet meat, Glo - ry in the hol - iest!
There- fore let us all to-day, glo-ry in the hol-iest!

Ech - o - ing all the stalls a - way, Glo - ry in the holiest!
Ban - ish sor - row a - way, Glo - ry in the holiest!

Spill, sweet balls, spill ev - er - more, Shoot from ev - ey banana,

Jimmy, the hook, shall be our boy, and we ----- shall be his bandana's!

We Three Queens Of Orient Are

We three queens of Or - i - ent are bear - ing
Born a queen on Bab - e - lon's plain, Gold I
Jade East mine, Its mus - ky per - fume Breath's a

rounge we tra - verse a far field and foun - tain,
bring to crown us a - gain Queen for - ev - er,
life of gath - er - ing bloom, Suck - ing, fuck - ing,

moor and moun - tain, fol - low - ing yon - der star.
ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver all to reign.
cruis - ing, rim - ing, sealed in the hot steam room.

O ----- star of se - quins, star of night Star w/ roy - al tin-sel

bright, west - ward lead - ing still pro - ceed - ing guide us to perfect light



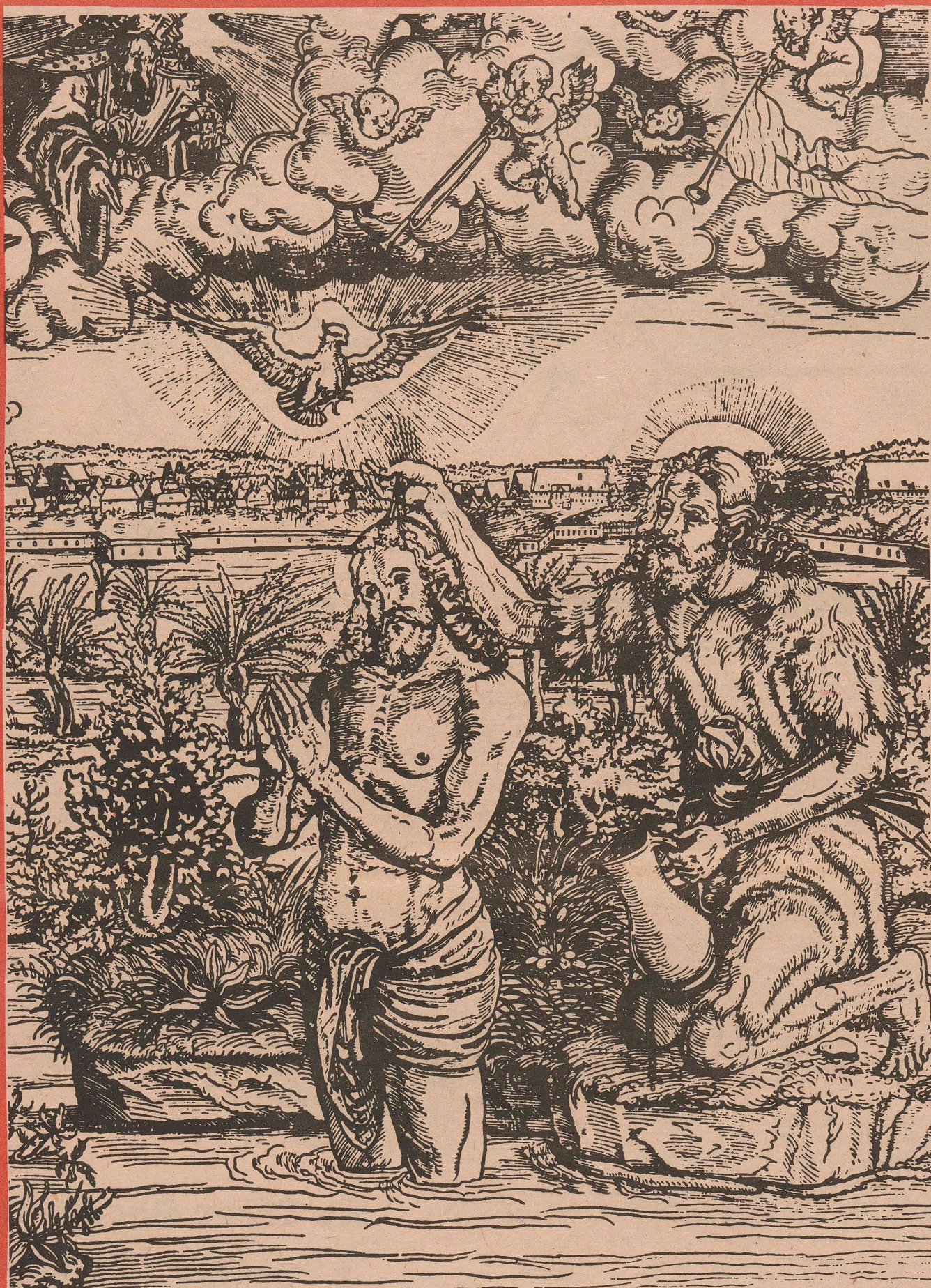
CAROLS CAROLS



QUESTION

what would have happened if jesus christ
had been caught fucking his beloved john ?

--adrian stanford



H
Y
M
N

I met a man named Jesus
on the highway to Galilee
who was laughing widemouthed
embracing everybody
like he had just got laid.

We made love.

John, & Paul & Mark & Mary
were following him, rejoicing,
getting their turns;

till the light shined
out of his eyes
where stars were!

Then some of the Romans got him,
knocked nails into his fists
threw his body in a drak cave dead.

But John & Paul & Mary & me
still remember how
when he had us pinned to the ground
licking our ears with long deep whispers
he would say things like, like,

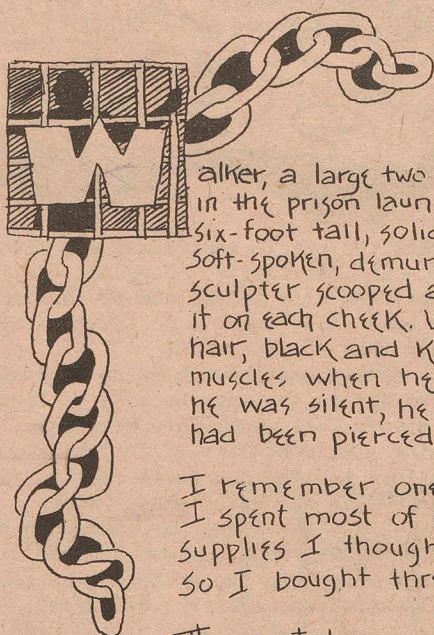
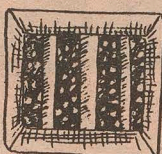
"We're all Barbarians
bound to inherit
the Kingdom of Heaven."

William Barber
Larkspur Canyon 1970



Christmas 1962

by Paul
Mariah



Walker, a large two hundred-fifty pound blackman, worked in the prison laundry. He was a lake of black obsidian, six-foot tall, solid man. He was rather slow with words, soft-spoken, demure. His cheeks were as if a heavy-handed sculpter scooped a fattened palm in black clay and planketed it on each cheek. When he was excited he stuttered. His grey hair, black and kinky at the temples, twitched with his cheek muscles when he broadened his face into a smile. But when he was silent, he was broodingly silent as if his tongue had been pierced by a fork and he was unable to move it.

I remember one year my mother sent me five dollars for Christmas. I spent most of it at the commissary buying cigarettes and supplies I thought I needed. I had a few cents left over, so I bought three Christmas cards. One for Walker.

The next day was bath day. In the morning between nine and ten o'clock everyone in our cellhouse was required to take a bath. I slipped down the galley after my bath and put his card, tossed it into his cell on the single metal bunk.

Later that same morning, back at the laundry, he came over and put his arms around me and hugged me. He held me hard. Tears formed in his eyes and the salt crystals sparkled against his black cheeks as they ran down his quiet laugh-lined face to his chin. He looked long at me and said, "Thank you for remembering me. It is the only Christmas card I will get. You are the only one in the whole world who will remember me this Christmas." His Christmas consisted of receiving one Christmas card, and that from another convict. His tears against my cheeks were the only gift he could afford to give. That hulk of a loving blackman must have held me for five minutes or more. That was all he could say, and all that he could have said. He tied his arms around me. His tongue and body unable to move.

"All right you two break it up and get back to work or I'll report ya." Sneeze, the laundry guard, yelled at us from his post at the front door. Walker and I disembraced. We returned to sorting the wet bundled clothing coming from the big swirling vats. Our vats of rehabilitation.

This is only one Christmas. There are others. How many are there that I have to remember like this? The River remembers and keeps count. Somehow, looking out from behind the bars onto the Mississippi there seemed to be an answer with the wind and with the river. The rapt waters that kept me from going insane always spoke to me of the life outside, the life outside my life inside, the life outside that bars my mind, that blocks my mind. The bars.

○ to see the river flow unbroken!

(Reprinted from *Personae Van Gracke*)



on the rim of christmas

Charley Shively

One Christmas I particularly remember. I was a sophomore in High School and a project of the Honor Society was gathering food for a needy family basket. We were all to bring some goody: cans of string beans, beets, pickles, halves of peaches in heavy syrup, creamed corn, red kidney beans, fruit cocktail with a half red cherry per can; perhaps some walnuts, almonds, oranges, apples and maybe a few pears. The teacher rounded it off with a canned chicken--one of those gourmet boneless varities noone ever buys.

Of course, who the needy family was was a discreet secret. I don't know how they identified the lucky Tiny Tim of Fairfield Township. To my surprise in 1953 it was me.

We lived in a neighborhood called "Gobler's Knob" that was outside the city limits but still something of an urban slum. Each house was on a small lot and had an outdoor shithouse. Our place set in the side of a hill and had four rooms until one fell in. In the back the house was rotting and buried into the hill; in the front it stood on a five foot foundation. To get in the front door, we had an old refrigerator turned upside down as a stoop with two cement blocks to get up on the refrigerator and then into the front room.

I don't recall whether they phoned first or just arrived with the Christmas basket--I only remember the grey Dodge coup driving up. I was always ashamed of the house and would get off in a better neighborhood and walk a mile before having any outsider see where I lived. Now here they were with the basket. When they came in the house, I hid in my mother & father's bedroom. Burning all over, feeling humiliated, I sat quietly listening in a rocking chair.

There was only a curtain between the two rooms so I heard everything. Three people brought the big basket. The Honor Society advisor taught English; she used words like "glean" which she once added to a poem of mine. "Miss Langford" had buck teeth, drove the Dodge, spoke in a high-pitched psuedo-English accent, wore blouses with fluffy ruffles, had rimless glasses with thin silver temples and her hairdo resembled Pat Nixon's.

With her came two officers of the Honor Society. One was a woman wearing a cut-on-the-bias skirt, that sort of curled by itself, about six inches above the ankles, her hair was also fixed like Pat Nixon's and she wore a baby blue sweater that fit loosely over her padded breasts.

The other officer was Larry Kaufman. Wearing a white thick sweater with a big red "F" sports letter on it, he played basketball. Every year in the gymnasium for the last day the whole school assembled and the athletes and scholars were presented prizes for their performances; the big letter was awarded to every varsity team member. (Mitzel suggested that I should have considered my getting the Tiny Tim basket as a prize; in some inverted way I guess that is how I saw it: a total loss award, which even now I cannot cherish as I should.)

Larry had a sleek, muscular body tightly fitted into his Levi's. Underneath the sweater he wore only a Clorox white tee shirt; freckles, blue eyes, blond curly hair and a sort of wispish smile made him an idol of mine. I don't remember ever talking to him (even when

I wasn't in hiding as I was that Christmas). He was someone that I often thought about when masturbating or sucking off one of the boys next door. Ordinarily we never came in contact. I do remember his wedding: everyone was invited; it was huge; the first and only time I was in the big Presbyterian Church. He wore a fancy tux/wedding cake costume that I always remember in connection with the gooey icing at the reception.

I don't remember what they said about the gift basket when they left it. My mother said later that we couldn't be choosy with as little as we had. And I particularly enjoyed eating the canned kidney beans and fruit cocktail--"foods" I still like. After Christmas everyone at school was polite; noone ever mentioned the basket to me (I guess only the three knew about it anyway).

I have always hated and feared philanthropy. (I remember my horror in graduate school on discovering the Carnegie Foundation had a program to study philanthropy.) Giving is really a way of controlling; more: it is a way of keeping someone down. I've always wanted independence. Helpfulness is a strategy for "confirming the helper in his role as priest, physician, philanthropist" according to Thomas Szasz. Maybe that's why Christmas has become such a big time capitalist holiday: above all else it is a way of keeping those without money in their places. For those without a family, Christmas makes them wish that they too were great breeders. ("Christmas is for the children" since they especially need to be controlled.)

For the middle class Christian, Charles Dickens wrote the sacred text, *The Christmas Carol*. Not about equality and justice, the story proves to those with "advantages" that inequality is just. The obvious solution for Tiny Tim, Bob Cratchit and Scrooge's other servants would be to search out some forms of unionization to overthrow Scrooge. Why should he or any other person have the power to choose whether or not they should eat turkey.

Christmas sentimentality mystifies and obscures injustice and exploitation. Dickens extols the Christmas Spirit: "The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts."

Struck with nightmares of dying and memories of being an exploiter, Scrooge needed only acts of charity to relieve his mind. Fearing his own death, he promises: "I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the [Christmas] Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me."

Charity then provides a relief for guilt; it does not eliminate any injustice or inequality; it only makes those who benefit from them feel better in their privileges. In revolutions loss of will among the ruling classes becomes as important as consciousness and organization among the colonized. The ruling class must always guard against a weakness of will--in which they clearly see the suffering which their privileges create. By sacrificing some token, the propertied can cleanse themselves of self-doubt. "I'm not a racist, I gave my maid a hundred dollars for Christmas."

Charity and guilt are twin luxuries of the middle class. The United Fund, New York Times Neediest Families, Boston *Globe* Santa, or Salvation Army can clear the guilty of their doubts--providing a pot to deposit tokens of unrightfully acquired gains. Even movement people use the guilt dynamic: atrocities are presented, the audience is blamed for the resulting massacre, famine or failure and then allowed to expiate their uncomfortable feelings by giving something of themselves.

Besides helping relieve the guilt of the powerful, Christmas as a "holiday" terrorizes the non-Christian and the poor. It is no joy to be among the hundred neediest families of the year; the joy is all in the giving. Look at it for a moment from another angle: what is worse than being "needy" at Christmas, when everyone is giving. The world joins in asking: why aren't you giving?

And if you don't participate in the general terror campaign, watch out. Scrooge had no easy time of it: he was attacked by everyone: Bob Cratchit, people on the street, visiting merchants and worst of all memories of those he loved. Christmas directly



attacks the single individual who lives outside a nuclear family. Faggots, for instance, are particularly threatened by the day. How many have said, there's no time I feel more lonely than at Christmas?

Scrooge may have been an evil man, but he was not evil simply because he lived alone and didn't feel lonely at Christmas. The gushing sentimentality of Christmas is tied with love and the bourgeois family. Scrooge's crime was in rejecting those values. He was nasty in the *Christmas Carol* because he cooked his own meals, made his own bed and did not drive a wife into the ground. The good Christmas means wives, mothers, children, dependents, sisters and brothers--and if you aren't part of that, you are bad. Before his humiliating collapse, Scrooge nobly resisted the conformity of his society. He may have been a greedy capitalist but he was at least not unctuous or sentimental.

The question of love and sentimentality should be pushed further. The drivel that has been handed down to us from such tales as the *Christmas Carol* cannot be corrected simply by adding a few gay lovers. In the past "love" between men and women has been simple: the man has had power, money and authority; he extends his care, charity, love across the caste line to a member of a marked inferior caste (women have been legally and socially so marked). The woman in return gives "love"--a mixture of admiration, awe, worship and gratitude.

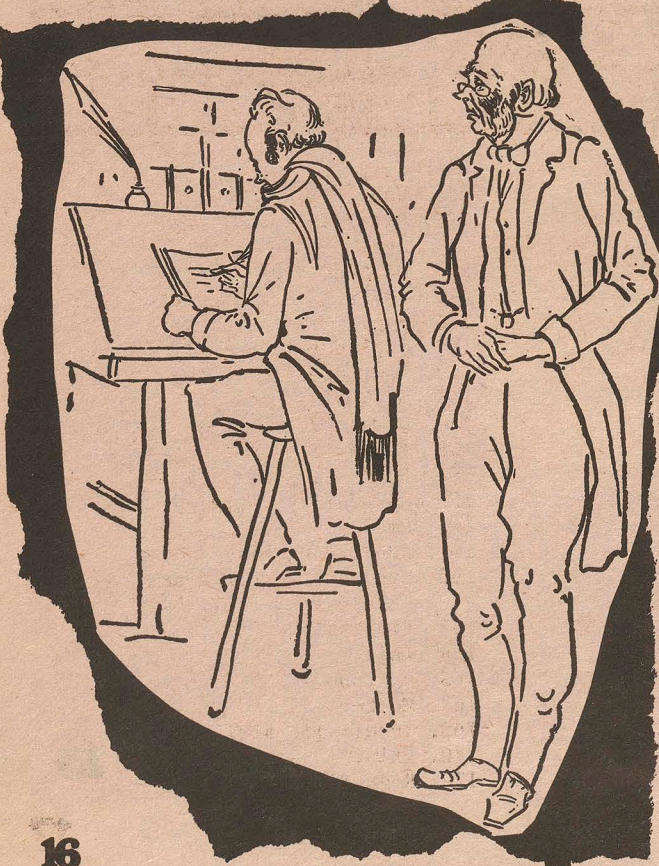
The question comes to whether love can exist outside of hierarchies. Can independent, self-possessed, self-actualizing, self-directing individuals actually love each other?

It's not easy. For example: when I met my lover ten years ago I looked younger, I didn't have a job & he could love me because he saw me as a young lad who needed help and guidance in getting along in the world. But as I got along, his passion for me cooled sexually almost in direct proportion to my rising independent income. I began dishonest, I suppose, overplayed my situation--he thought I was a street waif/hustler, when in fact I was a Harvard Ph.D.

Today I could probably depend on noone more than him (except my mother perhaps) to give that unqualified love we associate with families. But why is it, people can't love you unless you seem young, powerless and dependent? Do we love those younger than ourselves because they are more helpless, less experienced and worldly wise--allowing us to play caretaker? And do we love someone older in a different way because they can take care of us?

A closely related question comes in the sexual politics of "tis more blessed to give than receive." I would reject the idea that it is better to give my cock to another man's mouth than to receive another cock into my mouth. It feels good to put my cock into another man's anus; it is also blessed to receive the cock into my own anus. The flaw in such thinking is the linking of power to sexuality; one thing must be better, higher, above on the hierarchical power scale. Sex is not just pleasure but a step within a power structure. The more sexual you are the less powerful you are seems to be a general rule within our culture. What would happen if sexuality replaced the power structure with a generalized circle of "love"?

These questions have yet to be answered or even explored. Faggots must not hesitate to build new ways of love and reject the bunk "love" in *Christmas Carol*. What Scrooge lacked, we have yet to provide--some alternative to the family outside loneliness--strength and support for each other both materially and sexually, which builds and nourishes complete, independent human beings. The flaw in existing charity is the failure to recognize the recipient. We need to fill in a whole half of the existing incomplete circle of humanity. We must reject the one-way electricity, the drain of the Christmas Spirit, as we build a total circuit and circle in other faces/shadows of love.



ACROSS

1. Australian author
8. More than 4 fairies
13. Cal Culver
24. Big sand pile
25. Welsh scarcity
27. _____, on two
28. Finger, foot, leather glove, underwear
29. Martha's term of endearment (?)
30. coming (see 7 dwn)
32. Hey dear; "I'm queer!"
33. Coming out; _____ the psyche.
34. Handled roughly
35. G. Steiniesque vision of ends
36. For example (abbrev.)
38. 3.414
39. Life force (ala Ginsberg).
40. _____ pity; she's a whore
42. Chloe's ex
43. Lots of salty water
44. Stuck up
48. White plumed heron
50. Leaning on one's goods
51. Dope, pleas and robbers

52. "Croatoan" of *Savages*
53. Rebate for sex in Brazil
55. Not Zsa Zsa's nor Magda's but _____
56. Ho, ho, _____
57. Cleveland or Washington
58. Barbed wire _____ cows.
59. Fem
60. Tizzy
62. Is there one left in Brooklyn?
63. The 13th or sometimes the 15th.
65. Sure there are faggots in North _____.
66. Classified _____
67. Part of a circle.
68. All of _____ is mine.
69. A malt liquor.
70. Turned _____
72. The ending ends up backwards.
75. Alias
77. Syphilis again!
81. Twosome
83. Alice's lover
85. 39.37 inches
87. Lick ass
88. Right now
91. Pillages

92. _____ Vision; *Fag Rag's* beginning.
95. Lost more than once.
97. *Forever* _____
98. Try 70 across again.
99. Brandy, not semen, tastes _____
100. "Queers aren't sick," says _____
101. Beats queens and kings.
102. Military period (2 wds)
104. New Stone Age
106. Couples of couples
107. Adjacent/opposite (trig. abbrev.)
108. _____ the world when you want to get off.
109. To re-droop
111. 23 dwn.
112. Once alive, but now _____
114. New name on *Fag Rag* #10 masthead.
116. Absurd, guerilla, and street _____
120. Either/_____
122. Ano regni (abbrev)
123. A jelly; not the grape variety.
124. The whole penis (gay sl.)
127. The difference between night and day.
129. Atop and across.

131. Attach ball and chain here
133. Prom _____ (pl.)
134. Each (abbrev)
135. Show but no go.
136. Life _____
138. A row, confusion.
139. Captive (backwards)
142. _____ Duck discharge.
144. Honey, we did it for _____
145. Much to do with *Giovanni's* Room.
147. He, she, or it _____
148. First, second, or third...
151. *Memories of* _____
152. Triple (prefix)
153. An article.
154. Early in the _____ (abbrev)
155. Film anthologer.
156. Emma Goldman was one.
159. Throbs
162. Blew (3 wds)
166. Kahn in *What's Up Doc?* (1st three letters)
167. Near Eastern sect.
168. A "fire sign"
169. A type of club.
170. Queen _____
171. Equine (fem)
173. Forced entry
174. Passage underwater
175. Leave
176. Birthday suit
177. One of your own.

relax,
enjoy-
solution
next issue

DOWN

1. Tail end
2. Lawyer's group
3. Pakistani desert
4. Lucy's folly
5. Chord notes, in succession
6. No, no, no
7. Early (see 30 across)
8. Psychic shock
9. Reclaimed
10. Howitzer (Span.)
11. Lubricant, not KY
12. School group for adults (Abbrev)
13. Create a new phrase
14. One yen out of three (3 wds)
15. Crime; punishment
16. Half an em
17. Archaic pronoun
18. Venous
19. Inert gas (pl)
20. (& 41 dwn, scrambled) woo teddie
21. By way of
22. Temporarily unconscious
23. Home of "Queen City" (State abbrev)
26. Slightly cracked
31. Male sex hormone
32. To heat, to burn, to temper
- 35A. Wonderful
- 35B. Every bee needs _____
37. Plath's end
38. _____ of faces (Make-up artist)
39. Up to the knee in it
40. Sexual treat
41. (& 20 dwn) woo teddie
43. Combustion by-product
45. Anger, or Gay _____
46. Man-eating monster
47. Blacksmith tool (pl)
49. An essential sexual gland
51. Young piece
54. Theatre district; Isle in Venice.
60. Made to appear guilty.
61. Male sex with young boy.
64. Everything but missionary position.
66. Rosebud
69. Semi-circular projection of a cathedral.
71. One of John Rechy's
73. Working collective
74. Swap sucked seed after anal intercourse

76. Day breaks _____
78. An _____ penis is banned in Boston.
79. Threshold
80. Measurement of current
82. Musical soap operas
84. To stretch as in masturbation
86. To replace in pouch of garment
89. Charlotte _____, soon to be movie superstar???
90. G.J. Hoisington studied this phenomenon.
93. Extremely dry
94. Entrapment is their specialty.
95. Ticky _____
96. \$10 per...
99. Mass. town (phon. sp.-faggot lisp)
103. _____ over
105. _____ *Cold Blood*
106. Gobbler

108. Riots began here in 1969.
110. One highly sensitive to art and beauty.
113. Popularized by Sally Rand
114. _____ wild oats
115. Chem. symbol for silver
117. Rough _____
118. Characteristically scratching the ground.
119. edena
121. "Don't leave those beads Mary, _____!" (2 wds)
125. Strip _____ (2 wds)
126. A sucker
128. Generally make life miserable for queers.
130. Mild expletive
131. To join or unite to reach a sum.
132. Spanish article
137. Hired man
138. Boston mass transit system (abbrev)

139. See 16 dwn.
140. American Indian Movement
141. Pointed arch
143. River in N.E. China
146. Small gems
149. Japanese drama
150. Mentioned
151. Me & him, or we & you
154. To the degree that (conj)
155. To tip a hat
157. "_____ the hostess"
158. Sub-family (suffix)
160. Employ
161. Non-flying bird
162. Graduate Record Exams (abbrev)
163. "the self"
164. Lair
165. _____ room
167. Mother
168. Indefinite article
170. Exist
172. Regarding



Can a toothpaste serve a cosmetic purpose?

BUNNY: Well, Danny, The Religious Revival is in high-gear these days. Even *Time* Magazine sez so.

DANNY: *You're right, Bunny. And even queans are getting into the habit...*

BUNNY: Nun drag is *very* chi-chi.

DANNY: *...of taking the vow and making a decision for the God or Gods of their choice. Queans are finding out, as queans in the past knew, that they too are Children of God.*

BUNNY: True, but times are different today. Today's with-it quean who's shopping for a religion has a fantastic choice before her. There's no need for her to jump into whichever pew happens along first. She should Shop and Compare and get the Best Value in the marketplace. After all, they're competing for her soul! All religions are *not* the same, and today's quean is shopping for a religion that's *individually-suited* for her fast-moving, modern lifestyle. These ditzy numbers at *Fag Rag* have asked us to share with their audience our own experiences in choosing the best religion for their special interests and one within their price range. Believe me, it's well worth every quean's time and energy to closely examine the various churches, temples, parlors, and sects out bidding for her pocketbook and soul, and she should see what each has to offer and whether their prices are competitive. It's one of the wonders of Free Enterprise--Spiritual Sub-Section.

DANNY: *Gee, you make it sound so complicated. I grew up in St. Ignatius Parish and all we knew were other Cath-o-licks.*

BUNNY: Yes, Danny, so touching. '50's nostalgia. But in our more modern, wild, and *zesty* age, Hare Krishna is giving The Blessed Father a run for his famous money. Rosary beads give way to tambourines.

DANNY: *I know them. Ain't they the ones in those yellow robes dancing about?*

BUNNY LARUE & DANNY MCGONAGLE'S

SMART QUEAN'S SHOPPER'S GUIDE TO TODAY'S RELIGIONS

how to get your dollar's worth

BUNNY: So let's push on and share with our listeners here tonight a few Helpful Hints & Inside Tips for comparative shopping in the wide-open market of religion. After all, we wouldn't want some Miss Mary worshipping at the shrine of Kung Fu when she's more suited to High Anglican. Shake those buns for Christ, girls!

DANNY: *What is it that makes a religion attractive?*

BUNNY: Depends on what a quean is looking for. If she's in the market for a faith with a lot of gods and goddesses, then Hindu is a good buy--though some may find it esoteric and couldn't be bothered to read all the books to find out what they should do and wear. For my money--and that's never more than about \$2 a week, tops!--you still can't beat Holy Mother Roman Catholic Church. Why? The Holy See's got a Father, a Son and a Holy Ghost in a combination package. Added extras include Mary & Joseph and all those zillion fabulous saints--which even after the late '60's austerity cutback can still keep you busy on your knees. If one won't give you what you want, try another! If it's a cruisy and well-populated Heaven you're after--kind of like the Continental Baths on a Saturday night--then dollar-for-dollar your best buy is still the R.C.C. Quaint, colorful and ethnic. And now that this particular item is out of fashion, you can buy in at rock-bottom prices. They're so hungry for New Faces, they'll sign you up for only pennies a day! And as added incentive, you'll receive a free missal--that's sort of like the R.C.C.'s *Playbill*--half-ounce of Holy Water and a certified scrap of J.C.'s shroud as part of their 30-day Free Trial Plan. Even if you decide that the R.C.C.'s not your cup of tea, you get to keep these introductory gifts. Not bad, huh?

DANNY: *Just wonderful news, Bunny. But aren't you slightly biased? Aren't you a Catholic yourself?*

BUNNY: Not on a full-time basis. I'm just a Catholic for Advent. Actually, I'm a charter

member of the Quean Religion-of-the-Month Club, and we pick and choose depending on what each denomination is offering every liturgical season. Let's face it: religion-wise, it's a buyer's market. But come Christmas-time, I'm always on my knees in the front pew at Gate of Heaven Cathedral. Also, this way it saves me waiting in line for tickets to Midnight Mass. Since I'm a devout dues-paying member every Yuletide--besides I design sheaths for old Father O'Herlihy (and *she* blew Kitty Cushing, my dear)--I get reserved front-pew tickets for a party of four. Best show in town; wouldn't miss it for the world.

DANNY: *What's your frank opinion of all these 'new' religions?*

BUNNY: A lot of queans, ever eager to take a whirl with something new--or after blowing all the old numbers in their local church, like a certain famous party I won't mention--are sampling the wares in these Now Credos: Esalen, Meditation, Scientology, Ayn Rand, M.C.C., Devil-Worship and Zen. My honest opinion? I wouldn't touch these things with a fairy wand! In fact, I advise queans to always check with their city's Better Business Bureau before dropping their hard-earned coins into any coffers of these storefront jobs. Pardon me, but I'll stick with the Classics, thank you. But let me just tell you that before you sign up, you'd better take a good hard look at the fine print at the bottom of the page. Sometimes the initial investment is so great that it can empty a quean's pocketbook. And too late you'll find out that so many of these Weird Worshipers have no money-back guarantee. So there!

DANNY: *Come to think of it Bunny, I remember one quean who ran off and joined up with some Protestant fundamentalist outfit. They took her 8-track stereo tape deck, her lovely gowns, cashed in her Toyota insurance, seized her junk jewelry, cut off her hair and even took her own name away from her and gave her a man's name. Her name was Crystal; now at meeting they call her 'Scooter.'*

	Holy Book Clubs	Numbers of Gods, Goddesses, and "Others"	Dietary Mute (+) or Taboo (-)	Rating of Religious Festivals	Quality of Clerical Drag	Quean Network Rating	Credibility of Congregation	Promise of Afterlife: Heaven (HV) and/or Hell (HL)	Bad Side Effects
Metropolitan Community Church	Diet Books	"Mary"	(+) light salads	Elizabeth Arden awful	Los Angeles ick!	4	all queans & blah	yes--to come back straight	nellyism & loud nail polish
Jewish	Telephone Book	1--Jawzah!	(-) pig	OK but drab great food	trad & ugly	3-	cute married numbers	HV: Miami apt. HL: Cairo slum	GUILT, GUILT GUILT, GUILT
Mohammed-anism	Aramco portfolio	Allah (Al)	(-) booze	dull--too much praying	loose--no box	2	no gay bars mucho Trade	HV: You bet! free drinks!	scraped knees from prayers
High Episcopal	Bank Book	Third generation dollars	(-) frozen foods	tasteful & reserved	tasteful quean	tasteful & moderate 7	good, if in closet, cold	HV: solvency HL: bankrupt	stiff upper lip, respectability
Roman Catholic	Doomsday	3+ and gobs of understudy	(+) fish	fistfights lots of booze	fab gowns	highest 10	guiltidden but fun drunk	HV: Dublin	intimate confession, kiss & tell
Kung Fu	royalty statement	0	(+) chips & beer	ow! hurts!	exotic & intimate	0	rough numbers	No; dead's-dead	black eyes
Hindu	leather-bound	7 Variety	(-) cow	sacrifices; dull	nice jewelry	1	slow	come back even worse	no thick steaks from rich Johns
Satanism	<i>Advocate</i>	leftovers from R.C.C.	(+) Christ blood	offbeat	running around nude	6	for special tastes	HV: Hell HL: Heaven	blood stains on yr. gowns
Ayn Randism	<i>Atlas Shrugged</i>	1--Long green	(+) rich & creamy	solitary hoarding	dark suit & rep tie	0	pin stripe repressees	capital lives on forever	have to read <i>Barron's</i> & <i>W.S.J.</i>
Guru	Passport # & Swiss account	Himself	(+) bull-shit	pass the hat	MGM backlot	-1	dull & fanatic	no	being a C.I.A. dupe
Christian Scientist	<i>Dale Carnegie</i>	Mary B.E.	(-) booze & smokes	no fests	none	0	poor but loaded	no death	No cures for VD & cirrhosis

psalm of the visionary



BUNNY: Just awful but the terrible truth. I'll issue this Standard Warning & Piece of Advice: queans should avoid *all* Protestant denominations in general--except High Episcopal, though some would argue that they're the True Church. Isn't it obvious? Protestants are just too dull and ordinary, tacky suburban straight people with station wagons and kids. Queans, on the other hand, are offbeat and exotic. I mean, why become a quean if you're only going to end up a grape juice-slurping Presbyterian? Either do it up right and go complete High Church--incense, little boys, drag, Latin, the whole number--or slum low and get into something kinky and foreign.

DANNY: *What about the Metropolitan Community Church? Aren't they a popular and fast-growing sect for queans and dykes? Aren't they nominally Protestant?*

BUNNY: Some vicious quean told me that their Bible at M.C.C. is a cheap Calorie-Counter Paperback that they all swear by, and that their Trinity is made up of Adorn, Max Factor and Maybelline, but promise you won't repeat a word of this! It's true: the M.C.C. is growing left and right--actually mostly in the middle what with all their fattening pasta suppers they throw every other night. How they love to eat! And eat! Ever wonder why Holy Communion is so popular with queans? Now you know: anything for a free hand-out and a drink! Let me just say that any quean can sign up with whom she pleases; it's none of my fucking business. But before you catch me kow-towing at M.C.C.'s prim altar, I'd take out a Big Fat Life Insurance Policy for about a million dollars. So many of those damn churches burn down, Mary, I'd be sure the girls got a few thousand rounds of free drinks if I do a flambé number.

DANNY: *Queans should also weigh in their consideration that those religions with cloistered orders--Anglican, R.C.C., etc.--can be sensational places to trick. I remember when I enrolled in the R.C.C. Trappist order after I got out of the Navy. The corn-holing in the service was a hoot, but it was farming with the brothers in those robes that taught me to be the Trade that I am today.*

BUNNY: Don't I remember, hunk! I picked you up on a retreat and we fucked like rabbits! Why do you think they call me Bunny?

DANNY: *Praise the Lord and pass the KY!*

BUNNY: Ha, ha. Another reason I push the R.C.C. is because it's the only church on our list where each and every member has the opportunity to join the Heavenly Legion of Saints. You can start as a humble slut in the streets of Spain and make it to top billing in the pearly Gates Revue. Sure the chance is small, but it's worth the run. And it's all for fun. And let's face it, honey, the Church is liberalizing, and it will have to loosen up sooner or later and start nominating some quean for a saint. And I plan to be at the front of the pack. Who better than a quean like me to pull the crowds back into the pews? When a bar is folding, they headline some loud quean and get the mobs; could work for the R.C.C. too. Move over Joan; here comes St. Bunny LaRue! So, in conclusion, for your nominal contribution each week--and it doesn't have to be much--you not only get fabulous fashions, a free drink and eats, you get all those gods & goddesses, glorious pageantry, passion plays, gay retreats and free entry into the You-Can-Be-A-Saint Sweepstakes. I'll tell you, it's today's quean's Best Buy!

DANNY: *I'll drink to that!*

BUNNY: Everybody does.



from the quarry of my mind i carried naked through the streets such burdensome stones as were necessary to build a temple in honor of lena horne.

and when the work was done and my mental state adjusted to the heights of her sublimable plane, i washed and oiled myself and donned the robe of chastity; then went inside and called her name.

i could hear crowds singing and the rhythmic sound of marching feet. see the white-eyes stone and kill the proud young who dared to dream of equality.

i heard plantation songs, the cracking of whips (the wet tearing sounds they made pulling flesh from the bone).

i smelled the scent of the breeding houses; listened to the lustful gurgles of horse-cocked crackers who rammed black virgins in-to unconsciousness and pregnancy.

i fell upon my knees and in a loud voice spoke the incantation, "fuck martin luther coon, fuck martin luther coon".

jasmine blossoms began to fall. a feeling of strength and beauty enveloped me; i knew she was there.

i turned and saw her, ran to her, kissed her feet and called her many sacred names - putting to her all the un-answered questions i longed to know.

her face became a kaliedoscope of suffering. huge tears swelled in her eyes. she moaned and beat her breast and inflicted upon my ears one screaming word: NEGRO ! NEGRO ! NEGRO ! then she began to fade.

the temple shook. all grew black. something wet fell on me, it had the odor of vomit and manure; i screamed and tried to run, but my feet would not move.

i heard singing again - gospel songs of vengeance, and sinister lullabies for the redemption of desecrated black skin.

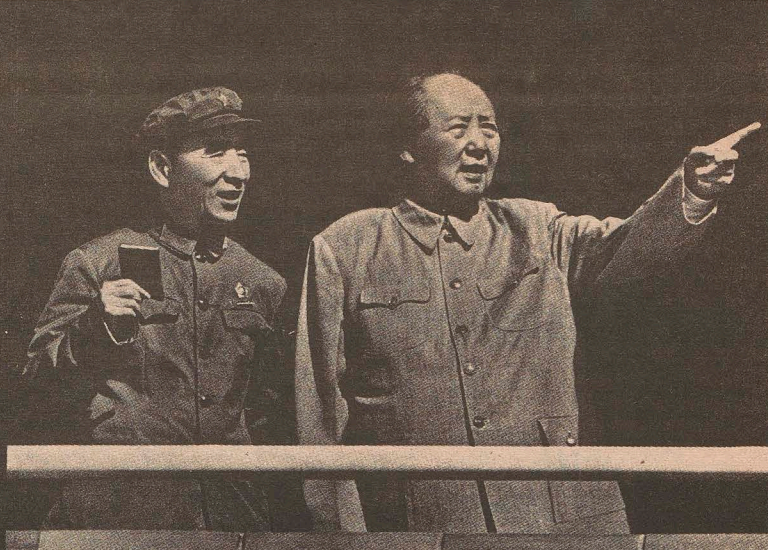
light glimmered in the temple. i found myself crying, wailing her name, but lena horne had gone.

it was cold outside. i gathered my robe about me. The moon, moved, and far away, was paying court to the greying clouds.

i started down the road to home, my lantern casting shadows on the path. -

and as i walked, i sang of stormy weather, alone, but somewhat wiser in the night.

--adrian stanford



a note from the pope to a confidante

You will not be deceived, dear friend, by the very morbid, self-vaunting tone of my remarks before the recently recessed council. Smoke-screen. (I must have two more weeks' study of this true and startling document before I move to dissolve "His" Church in favor of Her Word of Love and Light.) You alone know about The Only Codex--that I happened upon it quite by chance, in the Library's most secret cranny. Now, for the first time, let me sketch for you some of its essential revelations. The Christ was a very high-minded homosexual--(lied about in the most beastly way by Paul--vulnerable, inhibited and inhibiting misogynist Pharisee-among-Pharisees....The Only Closet). Eve in the Garden? Bully-boy Adam was indeed the Serpent, my dear. And still is. God is female, poor, old, and without "allure"--insulted, degraded, and ignored by all men. And, alas for the world, the See of Peter has always told them to do so. *We!* The saints: everyone we've always believed men were not--drag queens, dykes and indeed all women, any skins not white, and "he" thought "she." *Per corpo di mille bombe!* Breathless, I think of nothing but the imperative dissolution of the rule of men and man-God. What else can give one heart?

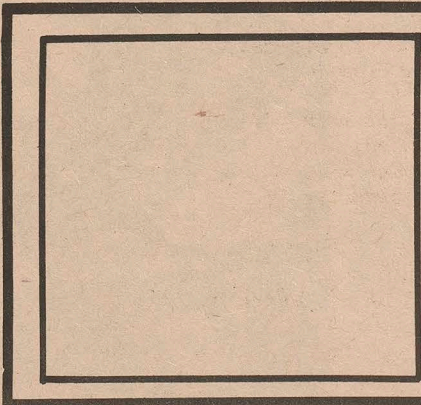
More soon.
Stringendo la mano-- Montini
(true signature)

quotations from chairperson mao

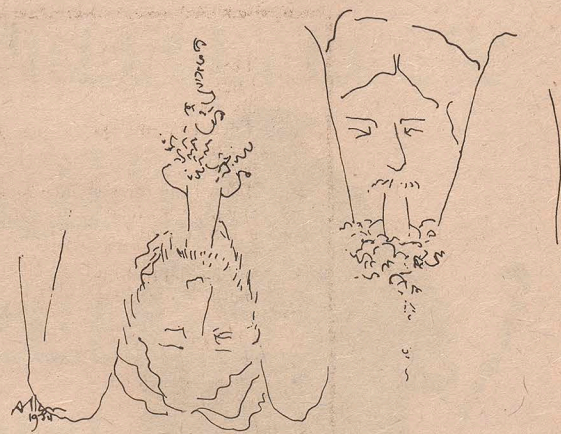
Joy: in vulnerability. Gay love as a prime lesson in equality based upon mutual vulnerability. A lesson in one's making oneself "ridiculous": because one makes oneself vulnerable. The Man says: "Don't touch me--I'm saving myself for God (or my dad)--after death--for having obeyed him in life as a heterosexual." Dealing with masculinists is always a struggle through a haunted house. They want to become 'tenured professionals' merely to excuse and permit their being as beastly as they choose. On the whole, the "homely" are sweeter-natured lovers than the head-turners. Discovering our homeliness--a highly improving matter! Heaven is bi-lingual--French and Yiddish. Paradise.

The firebrand who dreams of being a harmoniser is virtually always very lovable.

The Male Liberation Collective, Ann Arbor



See this empty box at yr. immediate left? Know why it's empty? Because *Fag Rag* has run out of photos and drawings. It's just awful but true. Our graphics cupboard is bare! Know how you can help? Send us your drawings and photos (in black & white only, please) and we'll put all graphics contributors' names in a hat and draw five; they'll receive free subscriptions to *Fag Rag* for the next twelve issues. Send to: *Fag Rag*, Box 331, Kenmore Station, Boston, Mass., 02215.



I came in your mouth - we kissed
you came in my mouth - we shaved
your cum & it made your monstach
stiff -

100%
BEEF

Trash
Up

with
Gary Jane
Hoisington



20



tent in the pop heart and mind.

3.

Contrary to what the above may imply, I don't think The Trash Phenomenon is anything new; nor do I think people have changed greatly in America - that is, in fact, the whole problem. I don't believe, as Levi-Strauss does, that we've been liberated from history, though the absence of an extensive history goes some way toward explaining why, for example, a race riot in 1974 in America *exactly resembles* one that took place in 1956. If the official sympathies are somewhat reversed, the same gang of cornpone vigilantes are standing ready with their lynching apparatus. The KKK and the Nazi Party continue to broadcast bad breath and low impulses.

Part of the problem is the myth that the early '60's were an Age of Enlightenment, an era of grace from which we have inexplicably fallen. Members of the intellectual elites who were invited to the White House during the Kennedy Years still cling to this notion. Kennedy had style, perhaps; but it was the style of certain French novels, lacking any content. The United States, unique in all the world, cares so little about its artists and minorities that it does not even consider them dangerous. It's disheartening to read, in GCN, Loretta Lottman's optimism over a few television stations cancelling an anti-homosexual *Marcus Welby* episode after much spirited gay protest. I am sure the same evening's programming doles out enough anti-gay, anti-black, and anti-intellectual shit to compensate the absence of Robert Young's folksy regurgitation of the *status quo*.

I listened recently to a Neiman Foundation symposium attended by the managers of two national networks. Both men assured the audience that broadcast journalism would continue to determine public opinion. They went on to say that commercial programming would continue to reflect public opinion. In other words, NBC and CBS, at least, would create conflicts at 6 o'clock and exacerbate them from 7 to 11. Trash news, trash history. Like the Nixon tapes - President Ford has assured us that no wrong could come from "destroying an historical document that ought never have existed". Down the old memory hole.

4.

Trash psychiatry: the APA, after a year of *ex cathedra* hints that it was preparing to throw some peanuts to the monkeys, announced that "homosexuality is not a disease". Significantly, this was unaccompanied by any retroactive delicensing of those practitioners who have strapped faggots to shock tables, addicted them to phenothiazine and chlorpromazine drugs, lectured nationwide on the menace of "adolescent adjustment crisis". No apologies to the homosexuals whose lives they have impaired or

"As they pulled you out of the oxygen tent
You asked for the latest party..."

-David Bowie
Diamond Dogs

In the last hundred or so years, "culture" has connoted those artifacts or events which are elevated, not merely above peasantry, but also above a secondary plane of middle-class acceptability or accessibility (i.e. kitch, schmaltz, Muzak, camp); the notion of a middle class itself having emerged at about the same time, any mildly interested observer is drawn to the conclusion that "high culture" is a reaction to the *bourgeoisie*. In certain cases "high culture" is a form of mystification: how much of Proust have you read? Do you know enough about Racine to divide his plays into "major" and "minor" ones? For better or worse, the eruption of the trash sensibility has disposed of such anxieties. Unlike its spiritual predecessor, Camp, Trash is egalitarian, a leveling of values rather than a deification of neglected ones. Like trash itself, it is essentially recyclable, usually in its initial form: '40's shoes are still '40's shoes in 1974, their historical incongruity passing unnoticed in a culture (ours) that is basically a machine for the production of garbage. What is trash? Well, just about everything.

1.

Like Camp, Trash began as a homosexual slang word. It stood for that which managed to be chic and cheap at the same time: the earliest glitter queens were known as the "trash" (though they put a lot more effort into their appearances than the "faggots" around them). In a sense, glitter queens were prophetic of a society (ours) where nothing except display matters greatly, where things fall apart after the initial unveiling. The Nixon Administrations were The Trash Years, in which disposable cabinets and throw-away press secretaries controlled, for their moment, the machinery of government, just as whim and impulse buying spread upward from the supermarket and the department store into the previously lofty reaches of the art and jewelry markets. John Lennon's toilet seat was auctioned off at Southby's; Andy Warhol did a TV commercial for Schraft's.

Meanwhile, in Middle America, fast-food emporiums, discount houses,

taco joints and nostalgia boutiques proliferated side by side. The wealthy moved their liquable assets to Zurich. Something was happening; oscillations of public opinion seemed to have less and less to do with real events, more and more with manipulation by something called "the media", which, in its turn, promoted itself as the people's advocate against an eroding social fabric.

2.

In its grosser manifestations, Trash meant absorbing information at an unprecedented, unprocessable rate. Conditioned to spectacle, the public began craving novelty to such a great extent that the resources of conventional gratification dried up. One formula that proved an easy success was the marriage of sensuality and violence. A singular triumph was *The Exorcist*, a film in such squalid bad taste that, quite literally, "nothing could stop it" at what Variety has always called (with good reason in this case) "the B.O." *The Exorcist* grossed millions, spewing a cargo of insipid ideas into the compliant laps of filmgoers, along with vomit, blood and urine. Audiences were served the spectacle of an adolescent girl transformed into a foul-mouthed, Crucifix-fucking banshee. Clearly, despite the unconscious hilarity of the screenwriter's pieties, *The Exorcist* wasn't Camp.

The Exorcist did, however, bring a spate of unpleasant realizations out from under their various rocks. It seemed clear to me at the time that the popularity of the film had to do not only with spectacle but also with the film's latent message: that a person could quite easily be absolved of responsibility for any violation of the social contract by the convenient lie that supernatural pressures initiate human actions. If the actions include throwing someone out a window (or, by extension, ordering a Christmas *blitzkreig* in Southeast Asia), c'est la vie. Such things happen by themselves. For years, otherwise intelligent people have been asking each other what their astrological signs are, and explaining their own peculiarities and social frictions in terms of nine planets in unpropitious formations, etc. *The Exorcist* greased the wheels of that slumbering, neglected machine we thought had rusted to death in some cornfield in Iowa: the Catholic Church. And, naturally, any other circus of mystification that wanted to pitch

Then
I put
my ass
Then I put my ass
down
on his face
Then I put my ass down on his face
down on his face
and he rimmed
me
and he rimmed me
and he rimmed me
while
I jerked
off
while I jerked off
while I jerked off

John Giorno

Wonder why the mail goes so slow? Answer: MailMEN have to read everything to make sure it's straight. For instance G.P. Skratz(Norwich, CT) mailed the above postcard to Len Fulton (Marysville, CA). The Marysville postMASTER refused to deliver it unless Len signed a release. The matter is being investigated by the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union. Before they do anything else, we hope the CCLU, G.P.Skratz, Len Fulton & all concerned postMEN can do the poem--i.e. try rimming (see FAG RAG 7/8).

destroyed, no financial restitution to those who have filled the trough of the AMA for treatment of a non-existent disease. Having allotted the power of diagnosis to itself in the first place, the APA's decision is not only not a landmark, it's an insult.

5.

As deKooning remarked, an individual's situation can no longer be considered tragic; at best, it's pathetic, given the numbers of people walking the earth. Trash literature and trash cinema deal with mass catastrophe, an approximation of tragedy: pathos may have moved us years ago, but the quality of American

life is, for many, too pathetic to be acknowledged. Like the Japanese, we're preoccupied with earthquakes and tidal waves, skyscraper fires, errant man-eating sharks: we can't get enough of our own erasure, preferably by divine intervention. Black holes and supraheated ozone, test-tube babies and radioactive mutants: the stuff of our collective imagination is the expansion of trash to the limits of our viability as beings, and beyond that to the eclipse of the universe. We cannot face up to the likelihood that life will go on through the coming austerity, because we've run out of energy - and, hence, out of spectacles.

6.

The presumptions implicit in Camp - that it could only be appreciated by a coterie, for example - are conspicuously absent in Trash. Camp was a resurrection; Trash is an end-product, and for all its glittery attractiveness, less energizing and less exuberant. There is an end-of-the-Empire *ambiance* raging through the demesne where Trash can be found. In a sense, Trash is far more authentically decadent than Camp. It's altitude is lower; preciousness is missing. Trash has about it an arbitrariness which almost precludes its division into categories, and the very personal list below can be augmented by the reader.

PULL TO OPEN

WHAT'S TRASH?

Jaws, by Peter Benchley
The Whopper
McDonald's, Ronald and
the hamburger
made-for-TV-movies
fuck-me platforms
plastic roller skates
Biba dresses
roller derby
David Bowie look-alikes
Candlepins-for-Cash
"as told to" memoirs
books by indicted Watergate
co-conspirators
Iceberg Slim novels
lurex tights
rhinestone jewelry
Richard Nixon & phlebitis
Albania
Blacula, Death Wish, Airport,
The Tower
Kung-fu movies
The Whole Earth, Catalog and
Epilogue
LSD
the Alaskan pipeline
the government of Honduras
talk shows
Dunkin' Donuts
Fire Island
the state of Nevada
Viva magazine
Playgirl
earth shoes
liberalism



saw this boy, back erect, gait measured, sure
pride, not pride for anything we might be ready to discern,
pride-cometh-before-a-fall pride.
stature, ignoble and upright, like with a stoker in his ass,
stiff, tight ('stand there, bb'), sure, proud, erect
(don't hit me, man, cause I'll hit back!)
fear in that measured sure proud gait (don't hit me man!)
stiff stature, proud fear belts me in the stomach,
leer, stagger, clenched fist, closed eyes, I want him.
I want that fear in the step, the pride stand erect,
I want it in me, I want in it.

Leering, staggering, I wish I were who he is and I hate him, because I am what he is.
I think that I would rather hit him than let him go on
me, let him touch me never (because if he touches me, where am I?)
'Go away, bb, leave this body alone.' (I want him.)
Sometimes just looking at them makes me want to (Don't hit me man, because I would
rather kill you than let you even harbour for a second the thought that you
could) love them forever (Don't touch me man, cause I'll kill you).

Long locks, straight, his hair, straight,
straight like my ass,
straight as the path my eyes follow for him,
straight through to the other end,
straight like my ass,
straight through to the other side,
I want him

straight,
I want him with nothing to cut the bite,
nothing to douse the flames, the sear and burn of what I feel, the
flames of what I
feel, flames, hot on the back, stands there in the broiling sun,
naked, wants, watches, waits
(phantasy...naked on the rocks, akimbo,
I am there, transfixed by stance, he stands (I want him)
back glistens in the sun,
heats, broils, he stands, immobile,
no gait now, the pride
transfixed, motionless,
immobile, innubile. I want him.)
I want him straight the way he (choke) talks about whiskey,
I want him straight,
He is no more straight than I.

So walk, bb, walk, maybe the pain will pass,
stagger, leer, till, home, safe, afraid,
I make my coffee and go to sleep.

- D. Raith

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Free to those incarcerated in prisons, mental hospitals,
and the armed forces.

illegal alien

squirming with interminable impatience
in an obscure flight lounge of Logan Airport
--in my unaccustomed drag
of jacket and tie, hair trimmed--
waiting for a flight already an hour late,
number 805 to Toronto
my visit an act of public disobedience

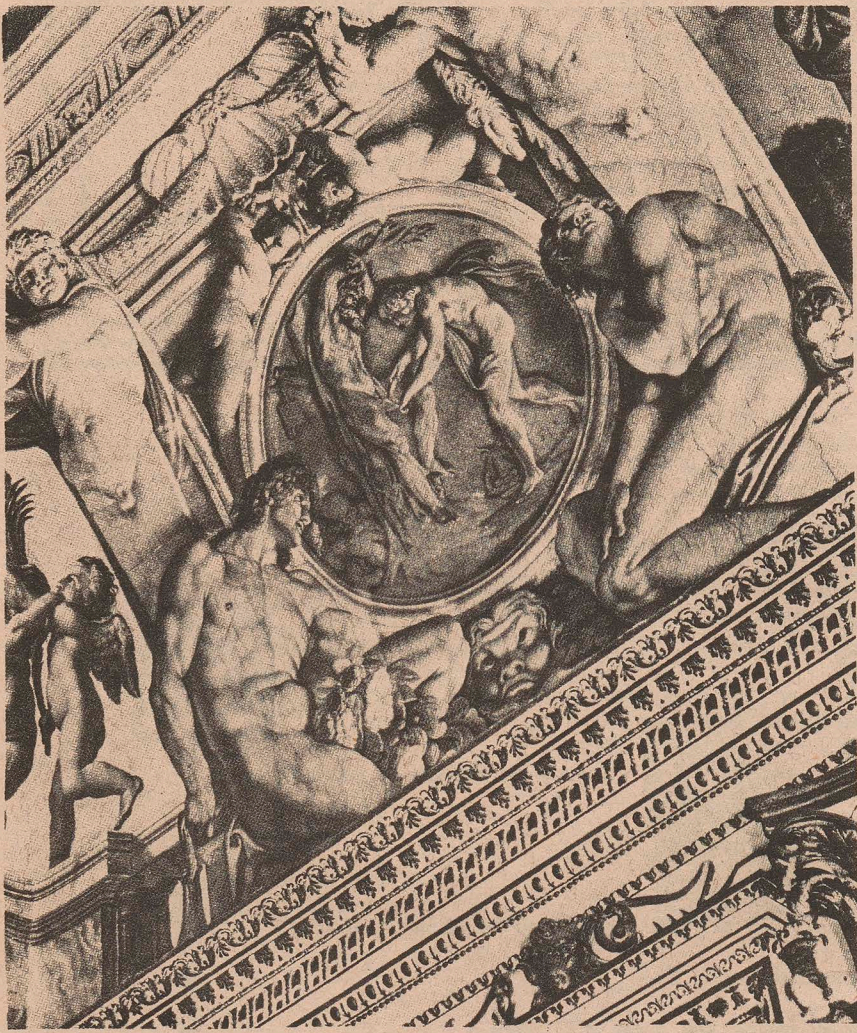
"You
are a member of a prohibited class of persons
described in Paragraph 5(e) of the Immigration Act
in that you admit that you admit that you are a homosexual
and your admission to Canada has not been authorized
by the Governor-in-Council."
period
--thank you P.J. Borelli
for your bureaucratic eloquence

at last i board and
circle into the clouds
to emerge above the Taconics
and follow the Thruway
past Syracuse, to Buffalo
--this stop my last chance
to turn back

again climbing along the Niagara River
Grand Isle, Niagara Falls
ponder the whirlpool Rapids Bridge
where i was deported three weeks ago
a moment later the Welland Canal
pokes into Lake Ontario
--oh my god, now i realize:
O Canada!

the rest is anticlimax
touch down, disembark and breeze through
the supermarket checkout line
of airport Customs
claim my suitcase and up the escalator
into the arrival lounge
--a placard with my name on it
and Terry's friendly face--
i've made it in

John Kyper 9/74



WE are discussing what is most basic: two foundational elements of existence: humankind touching one another and striving to touch or be touched by God.

That these two quests have something in common, that the one can be learned through the other, I have no doubt. In the most profoundly mystical sense, Walt Whitman says that:

All truths wait in all things.
They neither hasten their own delivery nor resist it,
They do not need the obstetric forceps of the surgeon,
The insignificant is as big to me as any,
(What is less or more than a touch?)

Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul,

(Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so,
Only what nobody denies is so.)

...

(Song of Myself)

What is happening now, I believe, is that we are testing out the very meaning of spirituality, digging out from under the old truths or semi-truths we had been taught years ago, then rebelled against, discarded, only now to pick up again to see whether some significance still remains. From our testing out derive some bizarre, some inane, some profound structures and experiments: most of them couched in terms as non-religious as possible, or as non-traditionally religious as possible. Everywhere, in any case, there seems to me to be testimony that a search is on, quiet and underground, to step out of the self into the not-self, into the Other, with a capital O.

We all begin our spiritual lives in the houses of the everyday, the mundane and the ordinary; we all look out at the sacred through the windows of our secularity. But in so doing we give testimony through our searching that another dimension does indeed exist: the house wherein dwells the Wholly, the Totally Other. Dare we believe it? Can we believe it? Remember Whitman: Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so.

To lead a spiritual life simply means trying to reach that house, to inhabit that no-space and no-time in which resides the sacred. The sacred is the Other. And while its house is one, the paths that lead to it are many. Is the Other found in faith? Or is faith the seeking of the Other? Is to lead a spiritual life assuming the existence of the Other? Or is the way perceived dimly, hesitatingly, with unbelief and doubt, in anguish and weeping as often as with clear-sightedness, joy and surety?

Dare we believe it? Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so.

What proves itself to every man and woman? The Greek poet Kazantzakis wrote to his beloved:

With awe I am feeling what people call "solitude" and what I have always called "beatitude." At such moments I feel profoundly free. I admit that I would like to see just you; two or three others, but then for a brief time. My love for you makes me a "human being," that is, an organism capable of distinguishing and saying: "This person I want, this one I don't want." When I cease to love, I shall acquire an inhuman autonomy. God willing, I shall respond to you until my death as I do now, and you will bind me to human warmth—so that I may not be lost.

Dare we believe it? Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so. An anonymous woman wrote in a report:

Once I had an experience during intercourse which was so different from anything else that I don't think I will ever be satisfied until I experience it again. During this experience, without any effort or trying on my part, my body was moved from within so to speak, and everything was right. There was rhythmic movement and a feeling of ecstasy of being part of something much greater than myself, and finally, of reward, of real satisfaction and peace.

Whitman again:

Of the terrible doubt of appearances,
Of the uncertainty after all, that we may be deluded,
That may-be reliance and hope are but speculations after all,

...

To me these and like doubts are curiously answered by my lovers,
my dear friends,
When he whom I love travels with me or sits a long while holding me by the hand,
When the subtle air, the impalpable, the sense that words and reason hold not, surround us and pervade us,
Then I am charged with untold and untellable wisdom, I am silent,
I require nothing further,
I cannot answer the question of appearances or that of identity beyond the grave,
But I walk or sit indifferent, I am satisfied,
He ahold of my hand has completely satisfied me.

Calamus

Now, what of sexuality? Is the Other, the Sacred, to be found through sex also? The immediate answer is, of course, positive. Forums of spirituality and sexuality assume there is, or at least ought to be, some connection. And the persons attending such forums are presumed to be there not to find out whether such a connection between the Sacred/Other and the sexual actuality exists, but how it exists and what to do about it. Nevertheless, there is no major spiritual leader I know of who would enjoin an open, unrestrained sexual pursuit as a way to perfection. Although there is a long tradition of sacramental sexuality, both eastern and western spiritual masters recommend abstention at maximum and careful control at minimum.

Jacob Burckhardt, a great historian of the 19th century, wrote: "Sensual enjoyment is a direct contradiction of Christianity...." Nor is anti-sexualism and, in general, an anti-material attitude fostered only in the West. Mahavira, the founder of Jainism, regarded women as "the greatest temptation in the world." Buddha himself forsook wife and children, regarding them as "fetters." Gandhi, bearing a lifelong burden of guilt for having sexual inter-

SEXUAL

course with his wife while his father lay dying, advocated celibacy for everyone. Mary Baker Eddy of the Christian Science believed that sexual intercourse was metaphysically unreal. Paul VI speaks of the "superiority of virginity."

And these are attitudes toward what society regards as "legitimate" sexual activity. The maledictions curses, rational and irrational arguments against extra-marital sex, prostitution, gay sex, anal and oral sex, bestiality and the like are present in our history and our reality in such volume that it is the rare person indeed who can emerge from under their weight unscathed and sane.

We might laugh at all this, but can we laugh at a Hammerskjold, unable to express himself intimately with anyone in a sexual way? Can we laugh at the thousands of instances not only of cruelty, but even torture and death, brought against gays and other sexual minorities through the ages? Can we forget that it was not only Jews, Poles, and priests that were sent to Auschwitz and Buchenwald, but also gays? Can we laugh at the literally millions of gay men and women who still shudder and cower in our closets, imprisoned there by the anti-sexual, anti-material injunctions of our society and drummed into our minds and senses with a systematic and treacherously anti-human insistence?

But these are only the obvious evidences of an anti-sexual attitude of the organized spiritualities. And they are waning. Yet the subtler, more dangerous evidences also exist -- within each of us. Test yourself: Do we scoff at those who advocate public sexual activity in our parks, on our beaches, in our streets? The bush queens, toilet sex, nudity, public fondling? Do we admire or do we despair of the trend toward the glorification of the human body? Is there even a slight twinge of guilt, of complicity when we view or expose a well-rounded bulging crotch, a hairy chest?

Do we teach our children in Sunday schools and religion classes how to be sexy for Christ? Do we teach each other? Do we even talk about it? In other words, where is sex and sexuality actually promoted as a path to holiness?

For me to be sensual is to live in history, to know that my history, is circumscribed by others, and that my body is the prime vehicle for historical interaction. To be sensual, then, is to be aware of my position in space and time, of my essential aloneness and of my need for others. To be sexual is to thrust toward another, to break through the illusion of separateness that divides body from body and hence person from person. I might then describe sexuality as my becoming whole through others.

Sexuality is geared toward a complex, but rewarding, physical release of energy called the orgasm: "a total involuntary pleasurable discharge of all the excess energy of the organism," as Reich described it. Orgasm, let us quickly note, differs from climax, a partial, often not pleasurable, seldom exhausting excess energy, and largely centered on the self type of reaction. Climax is the sexual reaction most often experienced. Orgasm (the apogee but not the only end of sexuality) is associated with the loss of self, the overcoming of aloneness and incompleteness through the other.

In orgasm, completion and fulfillment are not found in the other, but through the other: those participating in sexual acts in the clearest and most profound sense, are discovering a path

through each other to ... what? To what our anonymous woman called "something much greater than myself." To what Kazantzakis called being a "human being."

Would it then not be true to say that my sexuality is my bridge to others? Would it be too much to assert that sexuality, broadly defined as the continuum of actions by which I use my body towards others, is the principal means by which I touch another? This is easy to admit. But what follows from it may be more disconcerting. *If the sacred is the realm of the Totally Other, and if that realm in seeking me, manifests itself through others, then would it not be also true that my seeking others is the threshold to the Sacred? In other words, sex as the antechamber to the divine; sex as the illuminated portal to the sacred!*

Why then this conspiracy of silence or denigration in human tradition, in all human tradition? Why does no one speak out, preach it; instill it in our youth, promote it in our pulpits and spiritual books, namely, that sex and spirituality are mutually important?

Far from it. On the one hand, we are treated to such a demeaning and misunderstood view of sexuality in commercial advertisements that we are led to believe that big breasts, hairy chests and odorless underarms (not to mention whiter than white teeth and Robert Redford smiles) are the keys to ecstasy. This is especially true for gay males where the pressure in gay life is ceaselessly promoting the big cock, the tireless lover, gallons of come, and countless sexual adventures. On the other hand, churchmen and spiritual leaders in general warn us of the dangers and pitfalls of sex (of which, of course, there are many), encourage us to practice self-control, or leave the whole matter under a veil of silence. Those human societies who have recognized that sexuality is a way to God, a real way, a valid way, we classify in our chauvinistic and imperialistic way, as "pagan," or "lesser," as primitive, hence simplistic; as hedonistic and therefore as undesirable.

But on the side of sexuality, I am afraid I have little optimism to offer. The sexual "revolution" is merely a trick of the bourgeois; the generation of free love has little time, patience, or understanding of the sexual minorities. Fags are seldom welcome with freaks; bisexuals carry an aura of superiority about themselves and the vast majorities continue their night-time only, guilt-ridden, unimaginative climactic sex: the rich now freed from the burdens of childbearing; the poor, plodding along under the ancient yoke.

Even among gay men, among ourselves, where we might expect a little less of the stereotype, there is both the obvious and the subtle force to comply with the majority view of sexuality. The endless search for the perfect lover, the glorification of "coming," the emphasis on youth and beauty are all signs of these forces.

Two attitudes it seems to me can be singled out for this set of circumstances. One is the romanticizing of sex: placing it in a shrine beyond our reach. This is done by the mass media as well as the religions and is so pervasive that hardly a single one of us escapes

Kelly by Kelly



It cannot be both ways: sex cannot be both sacred and profane. Or can it? In fact, mustn't it? For is not our new understanding of what is spiritual and sacred coming to mean what the mystics have always known: that in the light of the divine, in the divine milieu in which we bask, dualities do disappear, "all truths wait in all things." Or as Alfred North Whitehead said, everything is everywhere at the same time. Many have glimpsed this through drugs; others through contemplation and discipline. Many, many more, I suspect, have experienced it through sex, when, caught in the tangle of legs and hair, breast and belly, cock and anus,

HOLINESS

it in some way. And it is true both for the majorities and the sexual minorities. Sex is associated only with the highest forms of love; anything less is "animalistic". Almost all popular music and theatre is based on this notion: almost all of our emotions connected with love are trained in this belief, namely, that the person with whom I have sex is the most important reality in the universe, ought to remain so, believes me to hold the same position, and will thus provide a solution to my existence. Now, of course, one's beliefs in these premises need not be and seldom are so blatant and total. But from such concepts flow dogmas like sexual fidelity as an ought rather than a choice; rape; the exploitation of women (for there is no better way to get someone out of the way than to put her on a pedestal: oh divine Beatrice!); perpetual marriage; the negative connotations of the word "promiscuous" and other limitations to our sexual activity.

It should be clear that we as gay people share these notions as much as, and in some instances more strongly than, straight people. And they are the cause of anguish and mental suffering; they are what gives a double-edge to productions like "Boys in the Band," or the mimic beauty contests. They are at the root of what turns a potentially freeing situation, like a gay bathhouse, for example, into a nightmare of frustration, game playing and guilt.

Yes, you may be saying, truly loving sex can be a threshold to God. Yes, when I am deeply in love and express that love sexually then I am in closest contact with the Sacred. But what about fun? What about sex for the fun of it? What about sex in the bushes and on the beaches? What about sex with friends? after meetings? at parties? What about sex for sex? Are all of these doors to the divine also? Can God be found in a one-night stand?

Ah, yes; here we hesitate. Perhaps we are going too far. Perhaps this is what is meant by "accommodation," "loosening up." Perhaps this is the gay threat, infiltrating our society with its loose morals and even looser thinking? Are we trivializing the sacred? How dare we associate the search for a spiritual life with the quest for pleasure?

Ironically, trivialization is found not here in our proposition that sex can lead to God, but in the proposition that it does not. For if our society on the one hand elevates sex to a position beyond our reach, thereby narrowing our use of it to almost impossible and rare circumstances, it at the same time associates it with what is called "animal" pleasure, or the "lesser and baser" passions, and, generally, with other activities reserved to the unworthy in our all-too-human life. So that on one side, we have a chairman of a religion department recently tell us in a forum sponsored by Denver's Gay Coalition that human sex is far beyond and qualitatively different from animal sex, that human "nature" (whatever that could mean in a world long ago having forgotten Aquinas) is essentially unrelated to animal "nature" (thus overlooking the most basic biological discovery of modern times, evolution). And on the other side, we feel guilty when we enjoy sex for pleasure only, or once only with a person whose name we have forgotten or never even known - because, we are told, this is to stoop to the level of the animal!

they have journeyed out of themselves, out of each other, to the house of the Other.

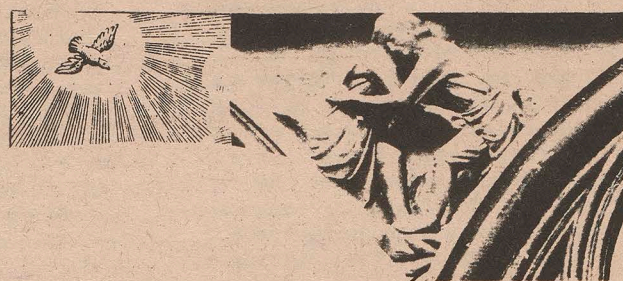
Those fellow human beings who are put before us as saints, as achievers of the sacred, are there it seems *in spite of their sexuality*. When we ask where are our gay saints? Where are our prostitute saints? Where are the saints who have cruised and sucked? Where are the saints who have sat in bars, danced with their own sex? Then we are treated with stories of conversion and contrition.

But the gay saints are there! The prostitute saints are there! The ordinary people are there! The dark figure in the bushes may be holy! The furtive shadow in the night may speak out with greater consciousness than the prophet at Sinai! The lips that lick you in a mouth which could not speak your name -- those lips may be burning with a divine passion!

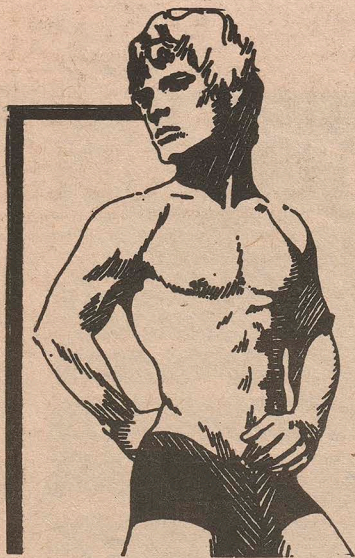
And I mean this in no metaphor. I mean it literally. There are more than we suspect who have broken with the mismanaged, misappropriated, misunderstood world of sex as a commodity. Where sexuality is climactic rather than orgasmic; where it is genital rather than bodily; where it breeds rivalry and anti-maturity; where it is fearfully limited to certain places, times, positions, and only to the opposite sex; where it is inappropriately hidden: then, naturally, sexuality will not breed sanctity.

But there are heroes amongst us; heroes who can break that system and who have broken it; who can see through it, reject it, and begin their journey to perfection, understanding that all matter is holy, that only in plunging through matter, our only milieu, can we reach the divine:

Accept it, [Teilhard wrote] this sap [of humanity] for without its baptism, you will wither without desire, like a flower out of water; and tend it, since without your sun, it will disperse itself wildly in sterile shoots ... Now the earth can certainly clasp me in her giant arms. She can swell me with her life, or take me back into her dust. She can deck herself out for me with every charm, with every horror, with every mystery ... But her enchantments can no longer do me harm, since she has become for me, over and above herself, the body of him who is and of him who is coming.

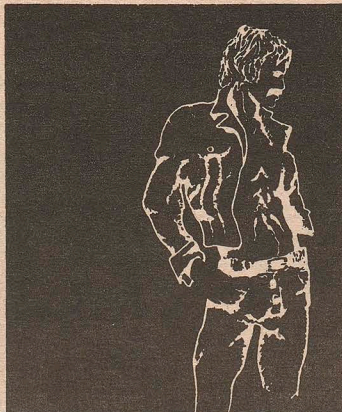


by jerome perlinski



FAGGOT FEMININITY

by
john cummings



Five and one half years ago there was a riot in a little bar on Christopher Street, the heart of the largest gay ghetto on the East Coast, which marked the flowering of the most potentially threatening revolution the American system has ever seen. Gay "history books" tell quite a tale of the event, an event of a struggling people fighting not only for their right to make love; but declaring their self-respect; demanding human dignity; and, most importantly, militantly opposing the forces which throughout centuries of repression have steadfastly dictated to women and men precisely how they are to look, dress, act, work, live, and hate. "Christopher Street Liberation Day" celebrated its fifth anniversary last spring in the full glory of a truly liberated gay community and a great deal of free advertising for its most dearly cherished cultural institutions, bars.

Yes, Gay Liberation has made amazing strides in these past five and one half years. Only two blocks from the site of the well-known "Stonewall incident," on Christopher Street, still the heart of the largest gay ghetto on the East Coast, there exists today a bar which is quite popular among the New York City faggot community, "Ty's". It is a bar to which I was most vehemently refused entrance only two nights ago. Admittance was denied me because I was defying the stringent dictates of how I am expected to look, dress, act, live, and hate, even in a truly liberated gay community; I was wearing a dress. Being outraged by the bigoted discrimination being aimed against me, I plunked myself down on the sidewalk in front of this highly esteemed establishment, informing them that if they desired my removal, they had best telephone the "cops". The police soon arrived, at which point several of my friends, al-

so in "gender fuck", and I began moving in a circle in front of the bar to avoid arrest. Much to the embarrassment of "Ty's", the officers did not say one word to us, but, instead, attempted futilely to disperse the crowd of about one hundred which had gathered on the street. It would appear that our enemy is no longer the law, but "ourselves", or whomever it is who is stuffing his fat wallet by our continued oppression. We were, of course, eventually admitted--something about our no longer being a fire hazard. Upon our departure from the bar, we were met with several interjections of "cunt" and "pussy" in the sincere spirit of the truly liberated "Ty's" patrons.

The faggot movement has achieved one significant accomplishment over the past few years, only one. We now have the right to fuck, which is exactly what faggothood seems to be all about today, fucking and fucking over. Few efforts have been put forth by the faggot community to escalate, or even continue, the "revolution". Satisfaction has been granted to the great white cock, so nothing else is really of any significance to us. An apathetic, anonymous sex cocoon has been spun around the faggot community, and the real essence of our oppression and our own twisted hypocritical socialization has been left to rot obscurely by the wayside.

Our society has developed strictly defined role patterns to which every woman and man is expected to adhere diligently. More specifically, women are expected to display feminine qualities--passivity, weakness, tenderness, subervience, and the seduction of men; whereas, men are required to radiate masculine qualities--aggression, strength, dominance, and the pursuit of women. Gayness in itself is a state of revolution, for it essentially defines itself as a force which defies the narrow sex role limits within which every man and woman is expected to be confined. It is ridiculous to assume that gays are oppressed for any other reason than that of our radical attack upon sex role limits

which is waged very simply by our sheer existence. Strict physical or psychological confinement is a sick condition, as it blindly limits one's ability to taste the joy of diversity and human experience. We must all work relentlessly to free ourselves from the shackles of sex role limits.

Notice, however, that I am not condemning roles, for that would be absurd and physically impossible. What I am condemning is being limited, confined to one sex role. Beauty is to be found in each role, and each role must be explored openly, taking on a role to suit a mood or whim. I maintain that every woman and every man possess equal amounts of "femininity" and "masculinity;" unfortunately, socialization has forced most of us to repress vast amounts of our sincere feelings without ourselves even realizing it.

Clothing is a physical, visible manifestation of qualities associated with one sex role or the other. Therefore, drag or "gender fuck," is very clearly a physical manifestation of a human being exploring a sex role which is traditionally forbidden to that person. Of course, it maintains itself as a free and radical expression only to the point that it does not in itself become an imposed confinement or limit.

The faggot community must begin to explore the beauty and freedom which exists in its "femininity." True liberation does not lie in the right to fuck. It is a great deal more than that, for it involves complete sex role freedom. Far too many faggots identify themselves as straight macho bastards who, by chance, happen to have somewhat "queer" sexual tastes. They must start looking past the end of their hard ass noses to see exactly what it is that causes society to label them "queer." Faggots must take the first steps toward male femininity; straight men have not even begun to look at their sexuality, so it will be a long time before they start exploring their "gender." Also, it is our responsibility alone to suffocate those institutions and bars which have continued to imprison us both socially and sexually. We must not end the "revolution" with our right to fuck, but must learn to make love and love ourselves. So, Mr. macho straight-identified faggot start opening your eyes to yourself and your community, because if you don't, somebody just might kick you in the balls when you are not looking, and you will find that you are nothing.

I would appreciate hearing response to this article. My present address is as follows:

John H. Cummings
Antioch Gay Center
Student Mail Room
Antioch College
Yellow Springs, OH 45387

... A RESPONSE ...

[by Ken Sanchez, *Fag Rag* staff]

Anger is a valid human response and can be, depending upon its manifestations, a positive catalyst for change. The abuse that John suffered at Ty's is definitely inexcusable. I'm not overlooking the utter outrageousness of such treatment, nor am I trying to lessen the importance of reacting to such a situation in a direct confrontation exchange. John's handling of the situation deserves appreciation, no less so than if he had burned the bar down. Anger to such direct personal insults is pure and clean.

Not wishing to diminish John's anger as a result of such a situation, I feel the need to comment on the mutation of that anger from a specific instance to his anger resulting from perceptions of gay liberation, its betrayal and its deficiencies. The effects of that anger as manifested in the confusion, cynicism and frustration of this article are negative.

Since Stonewall, the history of the gay movement continues to be the same vicious cycle of frustration-feeding-anger-feeding-frustration, giving way to contradictions, harangues, name calling--all reinforcing psychic barriers! Gayness and gay liberation are the result of many different areas and levels of input; they mean a lot of different things to a lot of different people. Ideas, thoughts, and feelings abound. Gayness and gay liberation mean an end to sexism, an end to the patriarchy, an end to capitalism, an end to racism, an end to classism, an end to the sodomy laws, an end to sexual repression and inhibition, and many more; I'm sure. People incorporate what they want into their own personal hopes and visions and, likewise, turn around to impose them. There is constant defining and re-defining: homosexual vs gay vs faggot vs queer vs straight-queer vs homosexual male vs gay boy vs andros vs effeminist vs faggot femininity. Amidst all of this one glaring contradiction seems to always stand out--the failure to incorporate the emerging movement and the emerging consciousness with the already existing, entrenched (from years of psychic and physical flak) homosexual subculture.

John imposes his own abstract conceptions of "gayness" and "gay liberation" and compels

people who are reading his words to make the same assumptions. "Gayness in itself is a state of revolution, for it essentially defines itself as a force which defies the narrow sex role limits within which every man and woman is expected to be confined." Is this "gayness" synonymous with homosexuality? I suppose that it is, since he states: "It is ridiculous to assume that gays are oppressed for any other reason than that of our radical attack upon sex role limits is waged very simply by our existence." Homosexuality vs heterosexuality. Then it should follow that "gayness" = homosexuality, "gay liberation" = homosexual liberation, and "gay revolution" = revolution. If "gay revolution" is to be revolution, then the pursuit of that revolution must go beyond rhetoric and name-calling and must move from illusion and abstraction to reality: THAT THE HOMOSEXUAL SUBCULTURE EXISTS. If one is to continue with the assumption that all homosexual males should be one's allies, then one's responsibility is to be aware of the realities and what one's relationship is to them. Obviously, any male who goes into Ty's in "gender fuck" and then becomes enraged by the reaction, retaliating with his own brand of name-calling ("Mr. macho straight-identified faggot") and warnings to "start opening your eyes to yourself and your community...", has not completely opened his own eyes to himself and that same community.

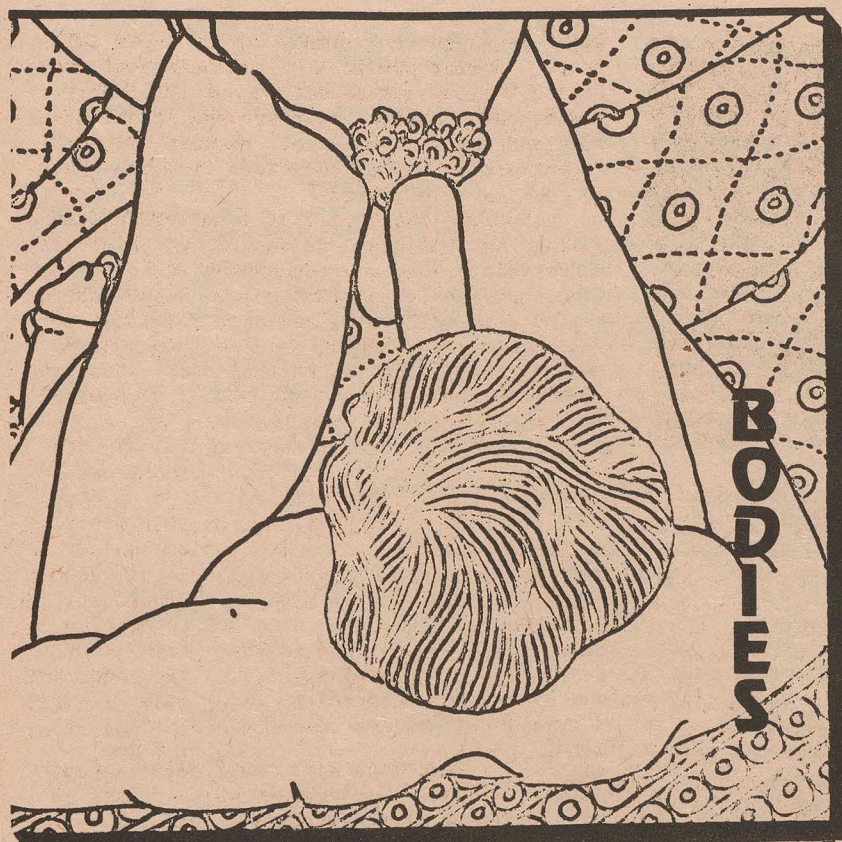
We live in a heterosexist society, the influence of which cannot be ignored if one is going to make blanket assumptions about the relationship among the homosexual subculture, gay liberation and faggot femininity. For John to assume that all homosexual males share in his vision and sensibility is to overlook the effect of the oppressor upon the oppressed. "...the real essence of our oppression and our twisted hypocritical socialization have been left to rot obscurely by the wayside." This is an impossibility for homosexuals trying to exist in a heterosexist society. Even if the sodomy laws were to be repealed in all 50 states tomorrow, queers still would not be free to fuck. To persist in such illusion can only fan the flames of frustration.

Despite the primary assaults of feminism

and the secondary assaults of faggothood, the patriarchy and "manhood" still prevail--no less in the homosexual subculture and its institutions: to make assumptions otherwise is to make a big mistake. Sexism runs rampant, whether it is manifested in the blatant attitudes of Ty's and its patrons, or more subtly in the acceptance and use of such definitions of "masculinity" and "femininity" and in attempts to "explore" the "feminine half".

Attempts to quantify qualitative characteristics is to perpetuate the myths and to validate the very system which they were designed to serve. Too many times I've listened to men in "men's liberation" talk about "exploring their feminine side"; some were, of course, straight men merely wanting to improve their shaky lot with women; some others were true closet cases, facing the brink of becoming faggots and grabbing for the last psychic strands of "acceptable" thought. Their minds dizzy from what their bodies wanted. I definitely don't feel this is what is behind John's use of such definitions; I believe it comes more from his feelings of desperation and betrayal by "gay liberation"...his illusions of "gay liberation". However, I do feel that the continued use and acceptance of such definitions prolongs the struggle over sexism and the sexist system of abstraction, labeling, compartmentalization, and role definition, and perpetuates the crippling distinctions of human qualities into gender characteristics. I really doubt that weakness has anything to do with femininity and virtuosity.

Change is an on-going process. Frustration, cynicism and misdirected anger are common pitfalls. Ways must be cleared to recognize the pitfalls and to move through. Being a feminist-identified faggot is not an easy life. Not only must we deal with a hostile environment, but also with our own insecurities. Frequently, we seek refuge from this reality in illusion and rhetoric, becoming preoccupied with the "should's" of change (often large scale and other-directed), instead of the more difficult "how's" (which are largely personal and immediate). My response is not an apology for, nor a defense of, sexism within the homosexual male subculture. It is simply an attempt to help focus perspective for a struggling faggot.



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His dancing is like an elf
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as the crash of the surf
binds us together on the creaky bed
michael shernoff

two kinds of work

wandering sand paths
through the bushes
going down
to give him some head
his saliva slippery cock
shoots
glazing the roof of my mouth
michael shernoff

GAY BUNNY: Barney

My butch Barney of hammer and saw
Came over, lay down, waiting.
I filled my mouth with his throbbing tool
(after the usual preliminaries)
Softly I rolled the meaty head
Around my oral cavity
His young firmness growing strong.
There on the bed we lay,
His cock cradled,
I softly lapped his thick juice
My carnal lust Satisfied
(for awhile)
I like being close to you,
I like to swallow your soft marshmallow
Our relationship could grow,
You know that.

Ray Horton

1. to perceive differences: that
not all elm trees are diseased,
that pine trees have no acorns.
to stop to ask directions at
the interchange: how does one
get to Harrisburg? not because
you want to go to Harrisburg
but because somebody you know
lives there, because you care
what it's like to live in Harrisburg.

2. when the road is rutted, when
ice covers the potholes;
when there isn't any interchange;
not to care. to say: pine trees
have cones, they grow new needles
til they die. to like pine trees.
but to live in another forest,
send down your own roots. sometimes
it's lonely there, & uninhabited,
& it's not Harrisburg.

--Ron Schreiber

Our private dawn

Just before the magic of the dawn
cracked our night's private shell
inbetween two friends I lay
savoring the grey predawn and
still tasting sweetness of love
well shared.
From my left whispering to the shadows
came "I love you Tom"
and from my right
John reached for his lover
grazing the hair on my chest
bridged the night and loneliness.
Each enjoying whatever secrets there were
A sigh arose from the corner
turning over
leprechaun arms that have brushed
tears from my eyes
locked us into a four whole part.
michael shernoff



"PRISON LOVERS---CANTEN PUNKS AND JAIL TURNS"

A prison love affair usually consists of one (1) het inmate assuming the role of the masculine partner and of (1) homosexual inmate assuming the role of the fem partner. They consider themselves to be "man and wife" and act accordingly. The fem partner is always referred to as "she". The masculine partner is always referred to as "he" and usually does not consider himself to be a homosexual (he would most likely be very upset if accused of same). Prison lovers usually terminate their relationship when released from prison but not always. And like most human interaction situations the "convict code" has "rules" for prison lovers to follow: (1) neither partner should socialize with anyone except their lover (in prison mess hall, recreation area, TV room, showers, library, chapel, etc.). And (2) the fem is always called "she" and the masculine is always called "he"---no switching of roles is allowed.

"Canteen punks" are inmates (usually young and good looking) that "earn" various material goods (cigarettes, drugs, watches, etc.) by selling their sexual favors to other inmates. Outside of prison these people would be called prostitutes or "hustlers". Canteen punks usually have a lot of "customers" but very few (if any) friends. Some canteen punks consider themselves to be homosexual and some do not. They all offer the same "services" and there isn't anything that they won't do (in the way of sexual activity) for the right price. White inmates are allowed (according to the ever present convict code) to utilize the services of black canteen punks, but black inmates are not allowed to utilize the services of white canteen punks. Racism is always present in prison.

And finally, "Jail turnouts". These inmates are not to be confused with "canteen punks" for these people assume the homosexual way of life while in prison---and do not charge for their sexual favors. A study of Rose Gialombardo in two women's prisons indicates that a number of women prisoners became transitory homosexuals and were involved in a transitory pattern of homosexual activity. The interesting thing is that most of the women continue to define themselves as heterosexual in sexual posture and apparently return to het patterns of response when released from prison. The same is true of male het inmates that become "jail turnouts."

"Prison lovers", "canteen punks" and "jail turnouts" are to be found in every prison and jail. Most prison administrators, while not usually condoning such actions, will turn their backs on it with the justification that it is inevitable.



a period of time...

we knew it was autumn but just looking into the bearded branches of swaying trees, as we swayed in the pre-winter winds.

they stood in the night

wearing sackcloths. raw uncovered

bark struck out from the evening shadows as leaves colored pale fell among broken weeds and we stepped quietly along as the rainbow's disciples.

along streets uncovered we walked like pilgrims among the litter of a summer's glory, dropping ourselves to show faded beach tans as the branches let loose

fertility

and fertile tints. we walked in a lemming's race, taking all the others lost among the crimson and gold streets dancing steps

falling slowly into poses

against the dying season. living our final moments of night before all would be frozen in iced puddles and cool drifts

from one tree to the other. another and another

and another. i'd forgotten what it was like to become cyclical once the way it was, was not. tomorrow when the season ends

and when the season begins i could be lost again within the reign of you

or you, or you

or you.

jon schenker

I AM A GAY CONVICT

I am a gay convict. I resent any label of humanity since those who would apply it would rather choke than accord me the privileges thereof. The pious and self-righteous stand behind the hand that has stripped me of all but animalism. Pride, self-respect, identity, human dignity were all denied admission at the first steel gate. I came naked and defenseless into this prison of gray-green cold, herded like sheep but lacking any wool. I was made to understand that I was a nothing--a non-people. I was an object to be shuttled about at the whim or convenience of absolute authority.

My bland-eyed, blue-clad peers were like children with the good kicked out of them, each wrapped in a personal blanket of gloom. And like I, they were treated as idiot children or tailless dogs in a concrete kennel. They were cold to the touch, as was everything in this warmless world, and each empty smile masked as completely as possible--an emotional snake pit.

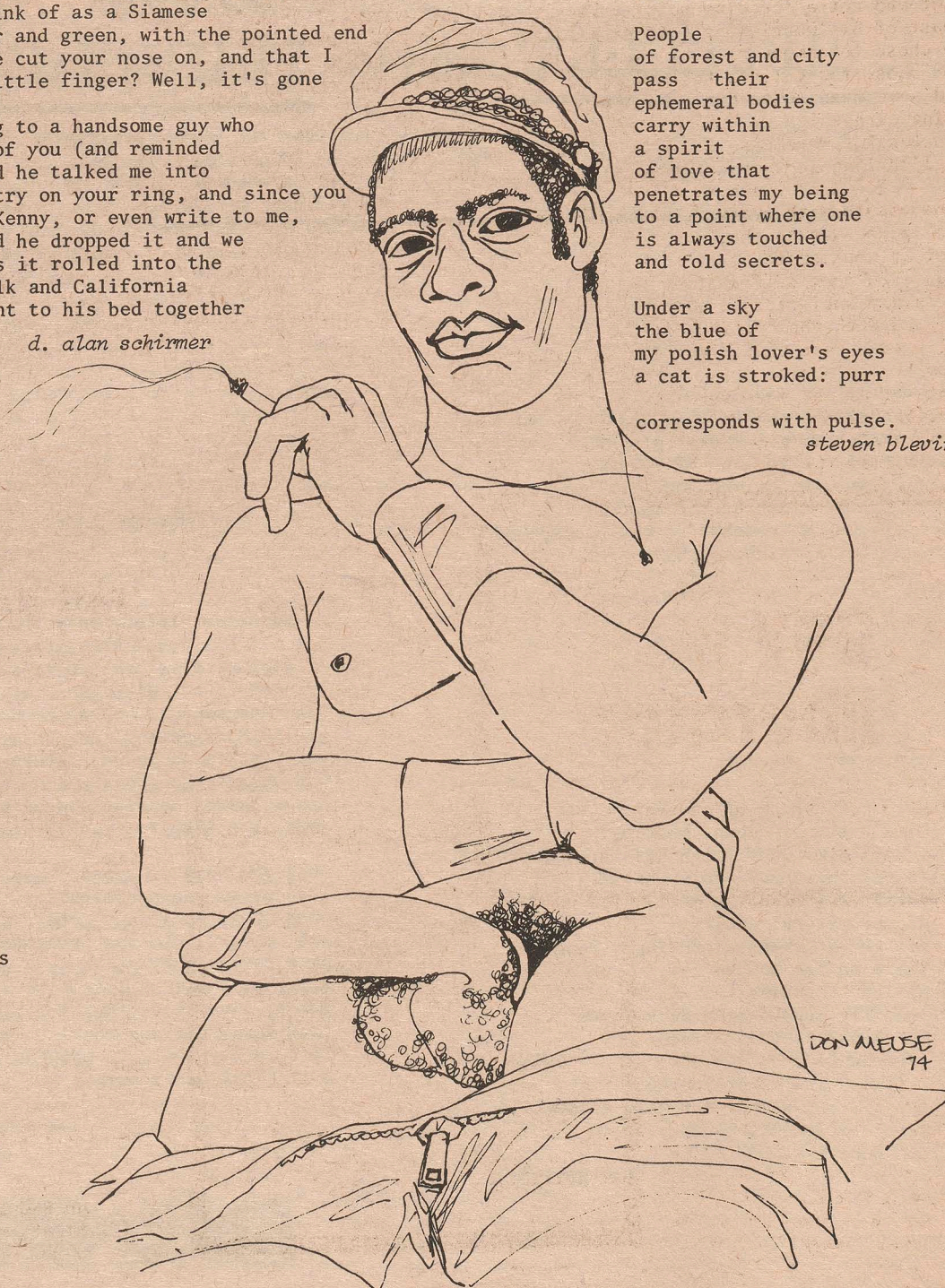
I was expecting to be unfeeling, treacherous, bitter, hateful, and vicious---yet, I wasn't. I had managed to smuggle certain virtues past the prison gate, and I carefully hid them where they would not be discovered. Each night I would bring out my treasure and reassure myself that I was more than a hollow man. Then one day I noticed that my cherished virtues were so stained and worn out from constant mishandling that I couldn't recognize them anymore. Then, truly, like the mangled men around me, I became the creature that my keepers wanted me to be. Like human clay they molded me to fit their scheme of things. No longer do I wonder at the tragic state of those around me. If I, who was stronger than most, could be beaten, bent, broken, then none but an emotional giant could escape the people grinders!

Being unsure now whether I am animal, vegetable or mineral, I have no faith in my ability if any exists, to become human again. When a person comes near I bristle with fear and hostility like some kind of kicked puppy. Since I have seen behind the pious mask, glimpsed ugly righteousness and felt the lack of true charity and mercy, I find little in life that I like. It would seem that right is wrong and that wrong is right---seemingly depending upon one's position, and I, who have no predetermined place and dwell in limbo am never right.

Kenny, remember that ring you gave me, the one I think of as a Siamese snake, silver and green, with the pointed end that you once cut your nose on, and that I wore on my little finger? Well, it's gone

I was talking to a handsome guy who reminded me of you (and reminded me of me) and he talked me into letting him try on your ring, and since you don't call, Kenny, or even write to me, I let him and he dropped it and we watched it as it rolled into the gutter at Polk and California before we went to his bed together

d. alan schirmer



Love Songs

for Reverend Frank Jay Deacon

1. Deacon there are no hearts laying barren in these curious ways of life that boomerang inward.

Love is clay in anybody's hands appealing to sculpting souls.

Neither creator nor creation can claim independence.

Sea and sky hold their clouds in unison.

2. Deacon the heart is lyricist of romance impressed with common song rubato as sea waves

holding the sun in furrows reflecting the perennial eye.

You are a mist on my water birds of thought permit your rolling over and caressing their feathers.

What are we if love is not

the crossing between dark and light? steven blevins

tears

i am as a willow needy of the moisture which will nurture me with roots of mere dirt and a future of same and a past forgotten or unnoticed. to what matter jacques chatain jr.

My Polish Lover's Eyes

Cat in the ferns sensuality out of reach fruit of physical attentions.

People of forest and city pass their ephemeral bodies carry within a spirit of love that penetrates my being to a point where one is always touched and told secrets.

Under a sky the blue of my polish lover's eyes a cat is stroked: purr

corresponds with pulse. steven blevins

PLAGIARISM, b'gosh

We at Fag Rag have never represented ourselves as a group of professional publishers selling goods on the mass literary market. We remain a small group struggling from issue to issue to present an outlet for faggot energy, a place where faggots can scream, smile, struggle to create a reality. No matter how often we have made appeals for assistance of one sort or another--responses to articles, relief for gays in prison, payment for copies of previous issues--we find ourselves waiting by the mailbox while nothing happens. We do get letters--letters from people asking us to contribute, to review, to publish; then we get letters, notes, calls from these people wondering why it's taking so long to do the things asked of us.

Now, as the accompanying letters represent, we are being called to task for 'plagiarism' and for not meeting at least two peoples standards. Their way of helping is to spend two or three minutes dropping a word of encouragement(?) and making their demands:

Dear Fag Rag,

I was displeased, scandalized, and upset to see evidence of out and out plagiarism in your 69 Poets issue. Don Apple's "A Love Poem" is an almost word for word robbery of Verandah Porche's "Letter From A Foreign City" which has been published in Ray Mungo's *Total Loss Farm*,...and is about to be published next month in her volume *The Body's Symmetry*,...To make matters worse, the poem was not only stolen but altered in a fashion which detracts from the poem's value and power.

This matter, of course, puts Fag Rag's integrity in a questionable position. I would hope to see an apology and retraction in the very next issue. Plagiarism is a legal matter. I hope that you will advise Don Apple that his theft is grounds for a law suit since the poem is copyrighted. You might also let him know that what he did is not nice, and he should refrain from such unpleasant shenanigans in the future. Artistic honesty is a necessary step towards social liberation. Shame, I say, shame.

Let me also take this opportunity to vent further outrage. It's swell to print poetry proclaiming the exquisiteness of man-love. But a poem's worth should not be judged merely by its contents. Its artistic integrity should come above all things in the editing process. I found most of the poems in the issue immature, unrefined, lacking in literary merit, and perhaps even vulgar. This, it seems to me, is hardly shouting a hallelujah for the cause. It is, rather, a cheapening detraction.

I would hope, in the future, to see a magazine which is less "in" and more "on the ball", a magazine ennobling of love, rather than one which--how shall I say--unrefines it.

Thanks for your attention, and please apologize.

Richard Wiazansky

Dear Editors of Fag Rag,

Don Apple should have his knuckles rapped for lifting (piecemeal, alas) a fine poem by Verandah Porche, 1st published in *Total Loss Farm* and recently reprinted in *Ms Magazine*.

Your other poets should merely have their pencils taken away.

John Carroll

As Don Apple is one of the gay prisoners with whom we have contact and not a 'budding poet' trying to sell his wares, I feel sure the least of his worries is that Richard and John do not approve of the way he chose to communicate his sentiments at any particular time. That Don chose those lines to send us means that those were the ones that had some meaning to him. He has in fact made some of us aware of something with which we were not familiar beforehand. He never said that those words were his, I'm sure he would never conceive of owning the English language, or see any reason to attempt to lay claim thereto.

We do not have the time, resources, or the people necessary to communicate with everyone who sends an article or anything else for use in Fag Rag to check the source of their inspiration or motivation. (Not to mention the fact that communication with anyone in prison is made even more difficult by the de-humanizing treatment to which prisoners are subjected, only part of which involves the amount of contact allowed with the outside world.)

The fact that Richard's appreciation for the poem was detracted from by Don's alteration is his personal reaction and is not shared by those of us who have recently compared the two. If there were gay material available in prisons, gays wouldn't have to alter and adapt the expressions available to them in order to relate to their own gay sensibility.

gay
liberator

Box 631-A
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12 issues for \$4 in US, \$5 outside US, \$8 supporting.

Dan Curzon, author of "Something You Do In The Dark" has started a new quarterly called *Gay Literature* devoted to new fiction, short stories, essays, criticism, photography, art, etc. The first issue is due in December.

Gay Literature will cost \$2 an issue and \$7 a year for 4 issues with special rates for libraries and institutions.

FAG RAG 11

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... libra males & sagittarian drag queens ...

Dear Fag Rag,

At the Bowie concert in Cleveland a bunch of kids yelled "Faggot" and got jumped by dozens of people. Glitter people. That's where the Gay movement co-ordinates with American youth. Freaks are passe; the left is dead. Decadence rules. If you trip 25 times on LSD you are legally insane. Everybody listens to music.

It's really simple. Live out your fantasies. Dress like your dreams. If someone you know says "Burnt Out!" when you play Bowie say "No, listen man to this when you trip have a set of headphones." If someone doesn't like T.Rex say "Haven't you been turned on to these guitar riffs?" (Glitter bands have the best and fastest guitar players.) -"Music is Lethal".

Point out that drug and sex laws are both connected in that they intrude on the privacy of individuals, often in their own homes, that they arbitrarily decide what people can do with their own bodies.

If you like someone, ask them home to get high, touch them and they act shocked, say "Haven't you done this before?" Good arguments include: "Yeah, well people tell you drugs are bad too." "The Kinsey Reports say that 1/3 of American males have at best one post-adolescent experience--and that was twenty years ago!" "How many people admitted they masturbated when you were in high school?" etc.

Support our gay musicians and writers. Begin organizing Libra males and Sagittarian Drag Queens. Agitate among witches, priests, and covens for help.

Protect yourself. A roll of nickels or dimes in a clenched fist is lethal. Mace is effective, except against guns or knives. Karate is good. Tell obnoxious straights we're going to put them all in the ovens (especially effective in swaying moderates who are embarrassed by redneck friends' behavior.) Rock on.

Steve Cass



the gay alternative

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