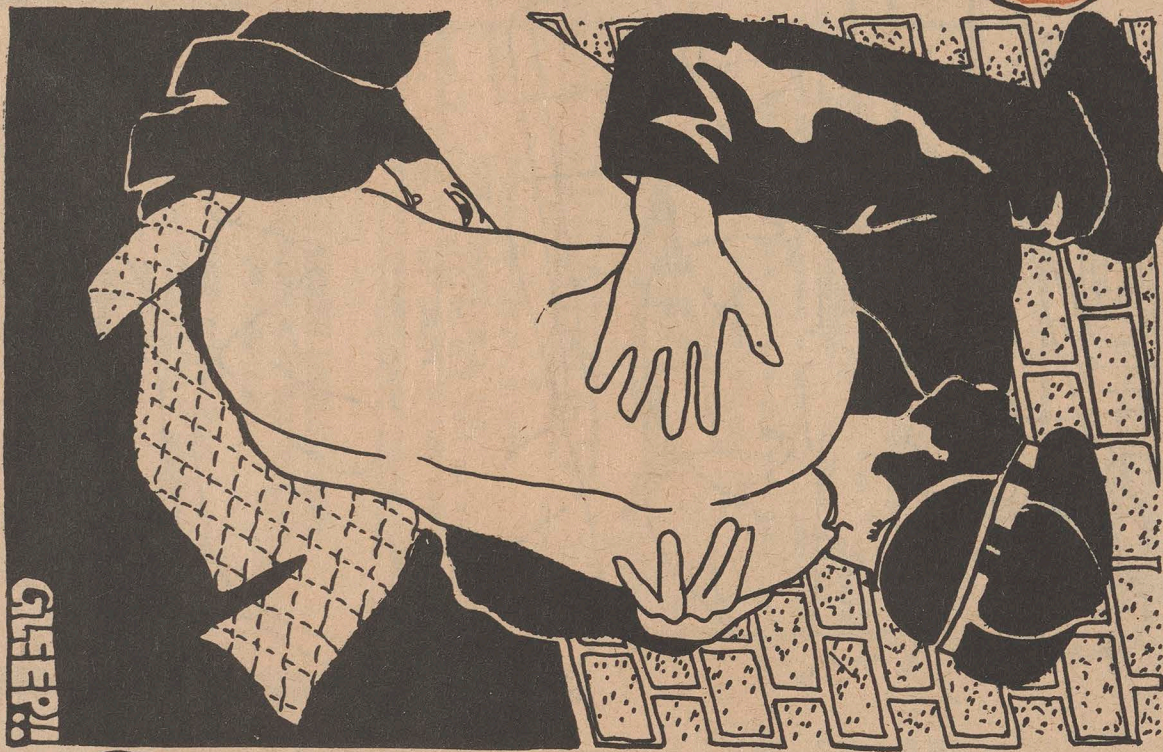


Fag Rag

THIRTEEN

Summer
1975



50¢

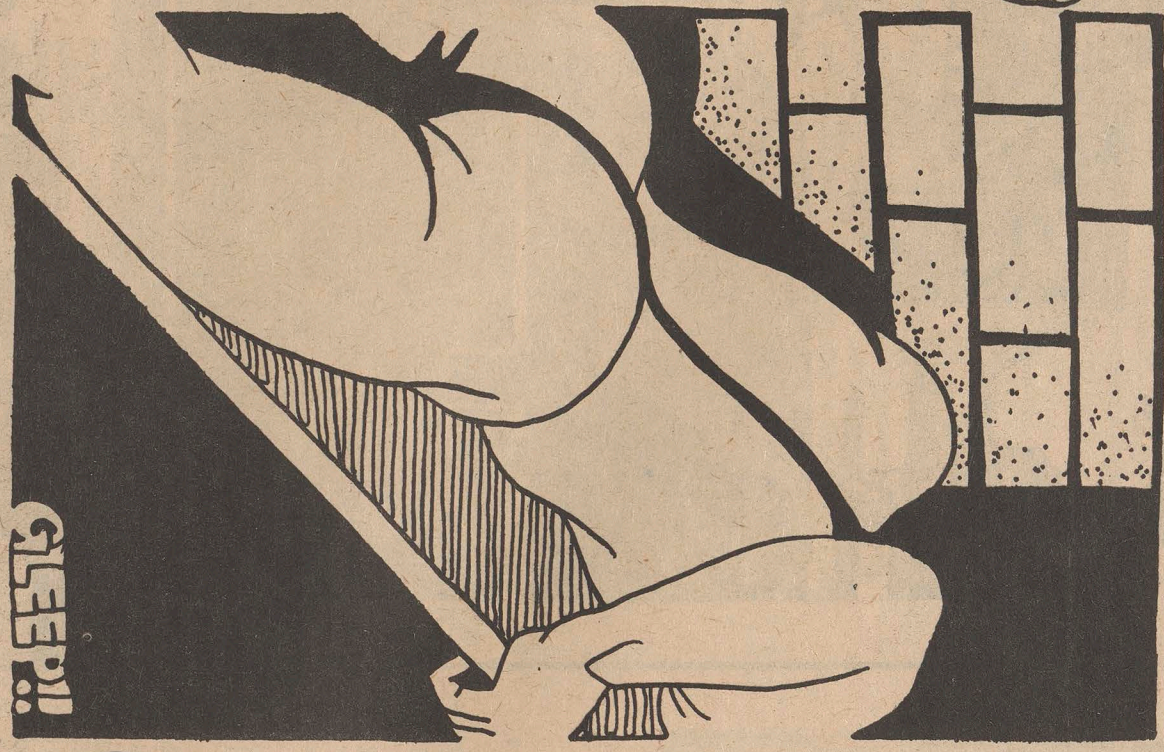
THIRTEEN

Fag Rag

Fag Rag

THIRTEEN

50¢



Summer
1975

THIRTEEN

Fag Rag

It's my belief that sometime this summer of 1975 the cover-up of the murder of Jack Kennedy will collapse. We may not find out who murdered him, but we will learn of the series of overt acts which were taken to conceal the truth from us. Even now, late in the spring as I write this, there's a momentum gaining which must culminate in the exposure of

the Dallas-Washington cover-up instituted by that odd amalgam of professional liars known as the Warren Commission.

And if this does come to pass as I predict it will, the Assassination Conspiracy Theorists and their advocates will, in large measure, be responsible for keeping the issue alive. They must take the credit.

CLAY SHAW, THE QUEAN NETWORK & THAT KENNEDY KILLING OR

THE GAY VERSION OF THE WARREN REPORT AND ITS CRITICS

"The quean network reaches everywhere, my dear."

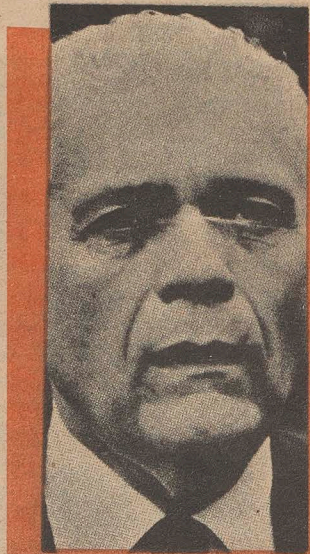
"True, but mostly into the more interesting places, don't you think?"

John Mitzel, with response
from Tom Dawson, in conversation

by John Mitzel

As an active follower of Kennediana since 1959, a supporter of attacks on the findings in the Warren Report for the last decade, and a writer interested in all the fallout of the Kennedy Assassination, I have come to the realization that amongst all the millions of words written about these matters (literally cartons of books inked about the assassination, the cover-ups, and the conspiracies high and low) not more than an occasional and elliptical mention is made of the panoramic sub-theme of homosexuality and homophobia through all this: in the Kennedy Administration itself (Bobby K.'s famous attack on Gore Vidal at a White House gala dinner when he instructed guards to "get that damn fag out of here!"), among conspiracy theorists, in the role of fucked-up closet queans who work for intelligence agencies, and most dramatically in the use to which "allegations of homosexuality" were put and the nefarious result garnered through an imaginary assumption of how the Quean Network operates in the New Orleans trial of Clay Shaw in 1969.

The fact of homosexual activity among the principles in all these, when it existed, was relegated to footnotes at best, if even there; presence of homosexual behavior was used for *ad hominem* attacks on a specific character without the accuser exploring the significance of his attack and the homophobia behind such attacks. Yet the presence of closet quean behavior, gay lifestyles, and overt homophobia all play a part in the Kennedy Assassination miasma of the last decade, and they provide us with a good thumbhold for getting a grasp on the whole incredible series of events. (That no one prior to this has taken the occasion to probe this angle is also revealing as to the cowering and unimaginative nature of the American press at large.) So let's pry this open a bit and get a look backstage where the politer and/or more "respectable" press daren't look till now.



"Clay Shaw: America didn't kill him but we didn't help keep him alive," ran the obituary notice last August in *Variety* paid for by Rod McKuen and the staff of Stanyan Records (McKuen's recording company).

Clay Shaw was indicted in March of 1967 by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison for conspiring to assassinate President Kennedy. Garrison instantly became a hero to many determined Assassination Conspiracy Theorists who believed in some conspiracy—on whatever level—and who were willing to gung-ho support Big Jim Garrison in his wild attack on Shaw as long as it permitted them their attack on the Warren Report. Mark Lane and Mort Sahl were foremost among those who were activist Garrison-backers.

Garrison had originally targeted a strange New Orleans right-wing character named David Ferrie as his victim, but Ferrie dropped dead before G. could arrest him. The story that Garrison had "solved" the assassination had broken by then. The world press were winging their way to New Orleans waiting for this authoritative D.A. to arrest someone in "The Crime of the Century." With Ferrie's death Garrison was left with the press on his back, leaks promising forthcoming arrests and no patsy to nab. (I remember clearly watching Huntley & Brinkley at the time when the news came across that David Ferrie, "a homosexual," was hinted to be involved in Kennedy's murder; I was 19 then and I thought: oh boy, it's witchhunt time. I wasn't far off the mark.)

Anyway, immediately after Ferrie's death in Feb 67, a young man named Perry Raymond Russo stepped front and center in Baton Rouge and said he knew Ferrie and his gay friends and had overheard Ferrie and others talking of assassination. Bam! Garrison plucks this lad from obscurity, works him over, and *voilà!* Russo becomes the main witness in the state's case against Clay Shaw. Russo originally never put Shaw at Ferrie's "assassination conspiracy party"—that was an idea germinated in the D.A.'s office—but after being drugged, hypnotized and given suggestions, Russo came around to a position where he would testify that Shaw was there. Hence the indictment, allowing New Orleans "justice" to wend its weird and wary way.

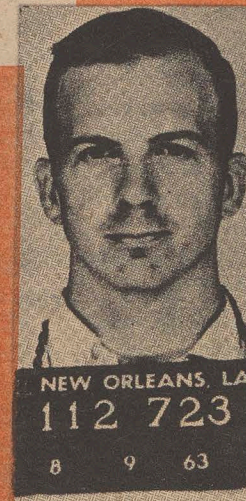
Garrison's line was: Ferrie was a fairy, Russo was a homo, and Shaw was a fag. In Big Jim's bent mind it was a natural they should be hanging out together planning miscreant deeds. Or to quote the judge at Clay Shaw's trial, a Garrison lackie and notorious homophobe, Judge James Haggerty, a blustery, pugnacious, booze-swilling Irish-face who'd bamboozled his way into the New Orleans political scene through the usual corrupt methods: "The jury didn't get too much on the queer angle. They [the prosecution] didn't make the *cause célèbre* of it that I would have. I *would* have if I'd been the prosecution...I am personally convinced that—from people I've spoken to and what I've heard over two years—I am convinced that Shaw knew Ferrie. I am convinced...*queers know queers!* In New Orleans particularly...they've got a clique better than the CIA."

Ay! And there's the rub! I think most homophobes, since they're incapable of understanding the gay sub-culture, assume that all fags know *all* other fags, and that consequently Shaw must have known David Ferrie and through him must have had a hand in killing Kennedy—that is, when he wasn't otherwise preoccupied eating babies.

A wall of hypocrisy and homophobia rises to obscure the truth and prevents even the well-motivated investigators from pursuing into areas they're ill-equipped to handle and/or culturally predisposed against exploring fairly. Their ignorance of the homosexual sub-culture

and their active homophobia and love of persecution allowed them to support Garrison in his starkly corrupt pursuit and destruction of Clay Shaw (be they the right-wing courtroom "Hanging Ladies" or scribes of the trendy lefty press). Lacking a respect for legality themselves, folks like Lane and Sahl indulged Garrison his illegalities to get at what they wanted. Garrison's filthy means were OK by them if they got to their end of debunking the conclusions of the Warren Report. This attitude not only set a bad tone for Assassination Theorists (since Lane and Sahl were quite happy in their roles of Super-Stars of the Theorists—Lane especially has made a full-time, money-making job of it), but it was a short-sighted tactic and ultimately a grave disservice to the many thousands who have worked in whatever ways to expose government lies in the Warren Report.

I won't be going into many specifics of the Shaw-Garrison trial; For those facts I encourage those who're interested to read Jim Kirkwood's fine book, *American Grotesque*, from which I quoted above, as well as *The Garrison Case: A Study In The Abuse Of Power* by Milton Brener. I do want to point out in this article the systemic homophobia which allows such a thing as the



Dramatis Personae
Oswald, Garrison
Judge Haggerty
& David Ferrie

persecution of Shaw to happen in the first place. Life's too short to take on all injustice; consequently, I'm not terribly concerned with the murder of any particular President. They come and go, and they're only differentiated by the quality of their lies. What does actively concern me is the organized corruption and hypocrisy of our homophobic culture which allows ambitious men, in their brutal pursuit of power, to continue to select homosexuals as their victims when needed. And the Garrison-Shaw trial is a fine example of how a basically progressive cause (attacks on a government's cover-ups) can trip up on its own hypocrisies and assume some of the very corrupt characteristics of the men in power it's accusing. Clay Shaw was an innocent man whose life, reputation and career were disrupted and destroyed because and only because he happened to be actively homosexual in his tastes and because the society he lived in made him available for attacks on account of this.

Queers know queers!

Well, of course they do, as Greeks know Greeks, Jews Jews etc. (In fact there's even a paper for Jewish youth called *The Network*.) But to infer from this casual fact of human association that there's something sinister when convenient, that any specific queer knows all other queers and will probably deny it due to the proscribed social status of homosexual behavior, is patently ridiculous.

The Quean Network exists in a haphazard way, but it is not united and not all-of-a-piece as some homophobes fear. That some outsiders like to think so exists only as the "legacy" of centuries of rapid Christian persecution and superstition which in its most recent metamorphosis left "authorities" in our society with their twisted notion of "The Homintern," a phrase which blended repressed homosexuality-cum-homophobia with the evangelical anti-communism and anti-intellectualism of our nativist polity.

Okay, Oswald had known Ferrie at one point (there's no evidence that Lee was a cocksucker or -ee despite his rumored status as a "swinger"), Ferrie knew a youth named Layten Martens and another named James Lewallen, both of whom knew Clay Shaw. This is the New Orleans Quean Network bringing some people together, keeping some separate. This is the closest Shaw gets to Ferrie. Steps forward the man with the man with the missing piece—Perry Raymond Russo with his Garrison-primed line: *I saw Shaw there!* Garrison and his straight-man demonologists had their case. They had made a patsy!

Shaw was brought to trial two years after his indictment, and it took the jury only 50 minutes to acquit him by a unanimous vote, which was a surprise to some because it was believed that Garrison and the judge had the trial hopelessly rigged (as the original grand jury had been rigged).

It was assumed that the prosecution would transform Shaw's personal life into some orgiastic round of conspiratorial seductions and entrapments. Amazingly, the direct courtroom testimony kept pretty well clear of this.

Kirkwood: "I asked James Alcott [Asst. D.A. who handled the actual prosecution of the case in court] why he didn't get into the homosexual thing in the trial as much as everyone thought they would. Everyone thought Clay Shaw would be dragged through the mud. And you know what Alcott said to me? He said it was a bummer, that it could do nothing but backfire on the case [at that point]. Because what is the theory of a gay person trying to assassinate President Kennedy? Clay Shaw said to me one time: 'What do people think? That I made a pass at John Kennedy and was turned down, and because of that I wanted to kill him?'"

Of course the rumor mills worked full-time those two years before the case actually came to trial, with the D.A.'s office utilizing the maxim of all Dirty Tricksters: "Villify, villify, at least some of the mud will stick."

As I said, Judge Haggerty was disappointed that the D.A.'s staff didn't try to trap Shaw up in some denials of his homosexual life. Haggerty told Kirkwood what he would have done: "When Shaw himself was on the stand: 'Mr. Shaw, are you a homosexual?' They [defense] object. 'It has nothing to do with the case.' 'I'm testing his credibility. If he says no, I intend to prove that he is.'" Thus the mind of a hypocrite at work: even if he loses he wins because he waves

what he's conditioned to see as "the dirty laundry" around for all viewers. Hypocrites and homophobes seek to stigmatize people rather than seeking to understand the totality of life.

What the prosecution did do was ask Shaw under oath if he knew David Ferrie. Shaw said no. After his acquittal for conspiracy, Shaw was immediately rearrested and indicted for perjury. Garrison asserted Shaw had lied in denying acquaintanceship with Ferrie. *Queers know queers!*

I don't object to criticizing a public individual's life on the basis of what we know about his personal behavior. I'm frankly fascinated with people's "private lives," for there's a politics in private life which carries over into public behavior and can affect others. (A National Health Insurance plan was delayed for years, admits Wilbur Mills now, because he was loaded or hung-over all the time.) I intensely dislike the present state of affairs in which it is legally risky to comment on the private behavior of others—unless of course they've already done their damage. (In 1964 Ralph Ginzberg in his *Fact* Magazine printed shrink reports that Barry Goldwater was bonkers; Goldwater sued and won an impressive libel settlement. If we had had an active press exploring Nixon's unstable mind and personal hypocrisies in the late 60s, things might be different than they are now; instead we have these timid "Was Nixon Sick In The Head" pieces. And I see in the papers where William Buckley has just won 60 grand in a libel suit because a writer referred to him as a "fascist.") People in public life should get it from all directions. Where I do draw the line is when a public official attempts to use a private person's "personal life" to discredit him in a public action when the accuser is assuming he can mobilize in his favor the force of hypocritical "public morality." This is exactly what Garrison, Lane, Sahl, Brussell and others have done and are doing, and I intend to point out the disingenuousness of their actions.

Yes, Clay Shaw was actively and openly homosexual in his life, within the bounds of discretion, of course. He had integrated his homosexuality rather well into his life for a man of his social position (unlike Big Jim Garrison who belongs to the have-to-get-drunk-before-I-can-do-it fraternity of closet queans, of which more later). Shaw's acquaintances in the Quean Network were vast, ranging from Layten Martens, whom we already met, a sort of young-thing-about-town with whom, according to Kirkwood, Shaw used to play chess to the most successful and respected members of literary society on the order of say Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, etc. (Speaking of the Literary Network, apparently Frances Parkinson Keyes was great chums with Clay and was going to write a book about him before her death.)

As retired Director of the New Orleans Trade Mart, Shaw had met many thousands of people in his life. If David Ferrie had been one of them, it's likely Shaw would have remembered and admitted it. (Ferrie's body odor alone, it's said, made him unforgettable.) In a small and social city like New Orleans with its active gay underground, people get around. It's not at all improbable that Shaw could have met Ferrie. But Shaw said he didn't (in court under oath and to all his friends), and as a conscientious investigative journalist, I'll take his word.

But such is the power of Homintern-heritage mentality that, once pegged as a faggot, any nefarious activity could be attributed to the man's life. How best to stigmatize the man? Well, for starters, Garrison sent his boys out on a dragnet of Shaw's home after the arrest. God knows what he expected to find. What they brought back, among other things, were: 1 chain, 5 whips, 2 pieces of leather, 1 Army cartridge belt; 1 black hood & cape. Garrison "leaked" this info to the press immediately, and even called in photographers from *Life* to take pictures of the gear. This was sure to be significant evidence to his assertion that Shaw was a Member-In-Good-Standing of the duplicitous Homintern: Respectable Businessman by Day but a Notorious Street-Stalking Queer By Night. The irony of all this is that Garrison himself more nearly fits this description. It's even been suggested that in his own personal animosity for Shaw, Garrison projected all of his own hang-ups on Shaw who, in Big Jim's refracted mind, was getting away with all the things either denied Big Jim—social acceptance—or those that obsessed him—homosexuality.

I never understood what all the fuss was about with that hood and those whips, etc. It was a

casual turn-on just reading about them but small potatoes, my dear, to what people who like imaginative sex should have on hand these days—if, indeed, that was the connotation Garrison was trying to get across. If everyone who keeps sex-gear is a potential Presidential assassin, someone better tell Gerry Ford to *watch out!* Come browse through my closet anytime—bring a friend!

Speaking of friends, some of Shaw's played the D.A.'s game by implicitly denying Shaw was knowledgeable in leather/S&M sex. Their line was that all this was part of an old Mardi Gras costume (and it was true that Clay attended Mardi Gras in '65 dressed as a monk with a whip). But why bother with denials? I like the S&M connotation better because it's probably closest to the truth and it shows a healthy attitude of not being afraid to admit a fact. The real issue was Garrison's sleazy tactics, not Shaw's attire *a casa* during intimacy. Tom Dawson, a close friend of Clay's wrote me and said: "Clay played at S&M (just the icing on the cake, he once said)...and Garrison thought to make hay out of that one. Well, he did, but it was falsified. You see, Clay's house had recently been rented out and he had scoured it of the faintest compromising item. Garrison's lurid implications were indeed inspired by no more than Clay's two Mardi Gras costumes...no, three. He owned a Shinto priests's outfit complete with Korean horsehair hat, an executioner's hooded gown replete with rope sash and black hood and an old historic plantation whip some nice lady gave him, and finally a black Arabic costume, gold-embroidered and with Feisal-type headdress, all given him by some dignitary in Damascus years back." Well, I don't want to turn this into a fashion show, but you get the point.

Private lives.

It seems to be essentially part of any progressive position that we constantly probe into peoples' private behavior, and especially those who slide into public office. Curtains of secrecy always invite shoddy dealings and criminality of the greatest sort. Full exposure is anathema to hypocrites. Wealth, privilege and abuse of power all require the secrecy of "privacy" for their crimes. Lack of disclosure invites double standards off which hypocrites prosper.

Why I bring all this up now is that it seems to me that a central theme in the gay liberation struggle is a movement toward personal integrity and discovery of the fullness of self. We're coming to feel that there really are no secrets, nor should be, in the way we live our lives. Only straight men require the cloak of secrecy for the shame of their lives: Nixon, Helms, Vesco, Howard Hughes, Senator Kennedy, *inter alia*. Gay males move in the other direction, toward total accessibility and full discussion of their "personal lives."

This has been a running theme through great gay art since Whitman at least who made poetry out of the 'taboo' impulses in his day-to-day life. Or take Edward Carpenter who meshed his politics, love of comrades, socialism and esthetics into a working, unified whole; he had nothing to hide. Gay writers of all sorts have been at the forefront in being candid. The series of interviews in *Gay Sunshine* is a perfect example of this. Or, as one friend of mine put it with a weary sigh: "You just can't get Neddie Rorem to shut up!"

It seems only fair that if homophobic ambitious men wished to discredit and condemn Clay Shaw by stigmatizing him as homosexual and



The Event Itself

probing around in his private life—real or whatever they imagined—then it's our task to balance the issue and bring them under the same kind of scrutiny and discussion. In other words, as people dish, so shall they be dished!

MARK LANE

As Kirkwood mentioned in *American Grottesque*, part of the informal press kit every reporter received upon arriving in New Orleans to cover the trial was a picture of a well-known Assassinationologist. "In the photograph he is nude, face grimacing, hands behind him (rumored to be tied behind him), sporting a full erection. Also present in the picture is a woman's hand holding a pin or needle to his genitals." It's Mark Lane, of course.

As far as I know, this photo has never appeared in print before as other journals would no doubt decline on grounds of it being "irrelevant" or "in bad taste" (unknown words at *Fag Rag* editorial conferences). There's a story behind the photo: it was taken back when Lane was in the New York State Legislature and had embarrassed his party leaders on a vote. A D.A.'s search of some apartment turned up this photo. It got passed from hand to hand, and now it belongs to the ages. Such are the screen-tests for A Star.

I bring up this snap of Lane posing because it seems slightly disingenuous of him to so rabidly prod Garrison on in his witch-hunt—esp. when he saw what was happening to defame Shaw personally—when this very photo was floating around for all New Orleans to see as evidence that sexual "kinkiness" is not the sole domain of gay males! Lane's no dumb bunny; he should have read Garrison's beads right off and got the fuck out of there if he was any good. Surely, being a lawyer himself, and Oswald's posthumous legal rep, he must have known the tricks Big Jim was up to. I think Lane's continued support and encouragement of Garrison is indicative of the limits of his own ambition and the lengths he'll go to in order to get what he wants.

Mark Lane's long been on the conspiracy case. He and few others rejected and actively opposed the "conclusions" of the Warren Commission from the start. He braved public scorn to take his case to the people. Over the years he's met considerable success as well as attracted serious criticism even from those working his same side of the fence. I spoke with Carl Oglesby, a brilliant theorist himself and member of the Boston-based Assassination Information Bureau. After a recent A.I.B. conference here in Boston, Oglesby told me that some of Lane's colleagues resent his flashy publicity-seeking as well as some of his methods. Surely, Lane's assistance to a pol like Garrison turned out to be a set-back for critics of the Warren Report, and Lane's ambition is partly to blame. Personally, I have few doubts that if Lane had been in a position of power like Garrison's he would have behaved in a similar manner—not worrying over means, just relentlessly pursuing his end.

JIM GARRISON

Jim Garrison made his entrance into New Orleans politics as a Crusader Against Vice, always an easy mark in that crime-ridden town. Unlike Shaw, who was single, Garrison was legally bonded into a Basic Heterosexual Breeding Unit that had birthed 5 times, well above the national average. The wife has been quoted as saying: "He keeps me pregnant in the summer and barefoot in winter." Garrison's a Fine Family Man with A Respectable Career—yeah, we know that type: the perfect hypocrite, capable of any kind of closet behavior, and being a bully in power, he dares anyone to squeal.

Yet barmaids and waitresses all around New Orleans will tell you that Big Jim has a taste for offbeat sex: being walked on naked by a woman in spiked heels, slapping around prostitutes, etc. My favorite New Orleans street story about Jim Garrison, unconfirmed but popular, has him being fellated by a prostitute. Jim's got an ample piece, it's said, and he made her take it all. According to this tale, she choked to death while blowing him, and on her last gag, Big Jim pulled out his pud and gismed all over her face. Big Man!

Stigmatizing Shaw as homosexual, and hoping to make political gain out of it, was not only grubby pandering tactics and dirty tricks, it was hypocritical of G.'s part. As a closet quean himself, he was equally open to this "criticism." But hypocrites play dirty. Garrison played it safe by doing his scoring in those places largely reserved for married-men-fags: tearooms and baths. Garrison made news by being publically accused by another breeding heterosexual for "molesting" his 13-year-old son. It was only a front-page accu-

sation, to be sure, and no legal charges came out of it (I wonder why), but my dear! For a D.A.'s who's got a lot of press out of the Twilight World of Clay Shaw's Sex Life, we've got a backroom full of stories about the ways and means and receptacles of Big Jim's Big Phallus. I've even heard from one who'd know that Garrison was making it with Perry Raymond Russo!

Even for an imaginative person, it takes a bit of work to conceive a man as thoroughly corrupt as Jim Garrison: corrupt and hypocritical in his personal life, a "bought-man" professionally (beholden to organized crime interests), power-mad, mentally unbalanced, a tyrant. He's an anarchist's best argument. He's no political freak; he's the norm with a lucky break. He, like Nixon, is a perfect lesson of how power really works in the United States. Dealers in drugs, death and intrigues will always set up innocent men and use hysterical charges to distract attention from their grubby day-to-day dealings. Garrison, by his actions, set back criticism on the Warren Report at least 6 years: a pity. The critics and theorists, or at least the super-stars among them, should take care the company they keep.

As part of his campaign to defame Shaw, Garrison attempted to coerce prisoners in the Parish prison to "testify" against Shaw with phoney stories made up by the D.A.'s staff linking Shaw with Ferrie and Oswald. Vernon Bundy, a junkie, agreed to testify he saw Shaw give Oswald money on a beach. Two other prisoners, Miguel Torres and Jack Frost, refused. Torres kept quiet about his refusal. Frost boasted of it. Not long thereafter Frost was found murdered in his cell, and his death, it appears, came on orders.

"Clay thought Garrison felt he would commit suicide after he was arrested," Gail Baumgartner, a close friend of Shaw's, told me. And wouldn't that be neat for Garrison. He wouldn't need a trial then. He could move his juggernaut forward on the assumption that suicide implies guilt, *à la Ferrie*. For Garrison knew, as do the men who killed Kennedy (or the Kennedys themselves for that matter), that careers for ambitious men are only secured over corpses and the cover-up of corpses.

Anyway, Shaw refused to play out Garrison's preferred scenario. He maintained a calm and, to some of his friends, a maddening stoicism throughout his two-year ordeal.

Kirkwood: "I had dinner or drinks with Clay at least 3 nights a week during the trial, and the amazing thing was to me that he was cheering me up. When these yo-yos came into that courtroom with their ridiculous testimony—that man from New York, Spiesel!—it was a terrible circus. It was so ridiculous that when you thought that this was in fact, supposedly, a sane, legal, criminal proceeding, and then you saw it turn into this farce, and you saw the press still playing it as something serious, I mean it's incredible that people could still give it serious attention! The feeling was that he was going to be found guilty by that jury, regardless of the testimony, because you cannot show the Zapruder film that many times [5 times in court and several more during deliberations] and have that man sitting there accused of it. It's such an emotional thing to see. You see his head blown off and Christ! you want somebody to pay for it!"

Shaw's harassment by the D.A. didn't end with the jury's prompt acquittal. Garrison immediately rearrested Shaw and charged him with perjury. After several years of appeals in higher courts, the perjury indictments were dismissed. Shaw's own civil suit against Garrison and his backers (and band of rich New Orleans businessmen who funneled large amounts of cash to Garrison through their group, Truth or Consequences, Inc.) was stuck with legal delays; he died before it was resolved. As Kirkwood told me: "If I ever wanted anyone to live I wanted Clay Shaw to live so he could nail them."

But even death didn't end the harassment by the State. Though no longer D.A., Garrison's clique were still around. As Gail Baumgartner tells it: "The police called me. They wanted to exhume the body. Some woman had called them and said the bodies had been switched. Someone said one of Shaw's friends had done him in." Baumgartner stood her ground and refused the agents of the State this final assault on Shaw's remains.

MORT SAHL

Just off the top of my head, I remember back a few years ago Mort Sahl was in Boston on a local radio talk show. I phoned in to ask him his

views on Kirkwood's book *American Grottesque*. Perhaps the moderator knew what was coming; at any rate he cut to an ad while I was left on the line. I heard Sahl snap: "That fucking Kirkwood's nothing but a goddamn fag and they all work together." Homophobia, as Freud observed, leads to conspiratorial thinking.

Sahl's current career finds him the host of a TV panel gab show in Los Angeles called *Both Sides Now*. In late March of this year, while hosting a panel of women, Sahl lunged into attacking homosexuals, one of his favorite avocations: "They're scavengers," he told the women. "They're your enemy. They view nihilism as a way of life... They despise [women] because you have the real thing... Can't you see the negative force of homosexuals in society?... Have you ever seen a poor faggot? ... they're a destructive force... I would suggest they seek psychiatric care or buy a plot at Forest Lawn."

The gay community in and around L. A. was, naturally, outraged, and they demanded time for representatives of their groups to discuss Sahl's homophobia on the air. Two men and two women were selected: Morris Kight, Bob Sirico, Sally Stewart and Sharon Cornelison. Sahl revealed irritation at even having to talk to these people. He was angered by the men, but it was the lesbians who drove him to expose his truly incredible homophobia. According to the account in the 11 April 75 edition of *Entertainment West*, Sahl "refused to deal with the women on anything close to a serious level... and reminded his guests, audience and public that he felt the whole matter beneath his time and intelligence. Again, after at least two dozen previous references, Sahl launched into the important role he was playing in reopening the Kennedy affair. At one point, he bellowed to the audience that he was one of perhaps five persons in the world who know the killer of John Kennedy." Yeah, him, Mae Brussell, Mark Lane, Jim Garrison and God, in that order. After this went on for a while, one of the women reminded him: "I'm not John Kennedy... I'm Sally Stewart." Sahl exploded: "I won't have this kind of bullshit on my show!" and along with the other half of his Heterosexual Breeding Unit, he split. Sahl's so busy breaking open the Kennedy case, please don't disturb him with current and important problems like homophobia. Frankly, I'm not so sure I want him on the Kennedy Case anyway, as he sees fags everywhere in "The Conspiracy." That Clay Shaw was gay was surely enough "proof" to Sahl that he was involved.



This is Perry Raymond Russo. He only wanted to be a Star. For that he implicated Shaw in the Crime of the Century.

DAVID FERRIE & "LEE HARVEY OSWALD" (all of them)

Perry Raymond Russo, the State's main witness in their slipshod case against Clay Shaw and a proven liar has unfortunately left us with his legacy of lies, half-truth, confused impressions and a jumble of tales of undetermined origins. What is true and uncontested is that Russo knew David Ferrie in the summer of 1963—which was otherwise a pretty good year. (To a friend, Russo referred to Ferrie as a "painted lady.")

Russo's Dad was in prison that summer and Perry was making a career out of bumming around from one party to another. He was 21, kind of attrac-

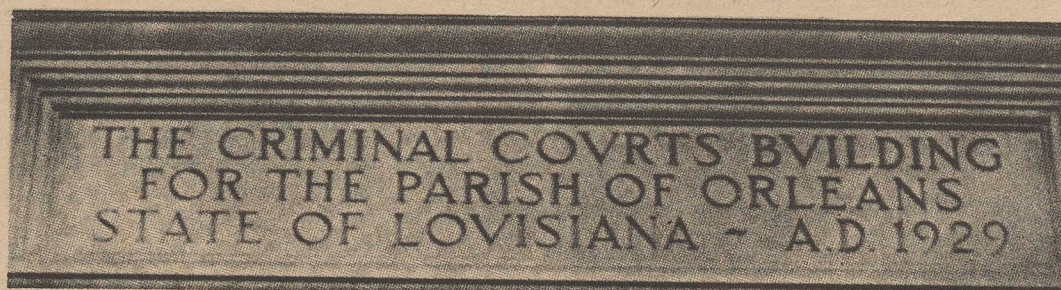
tive in a pasty-faced way, just the kind of youth that David Ferrie would have latched on to.

Ferrie loved the young men, and he tried to keep himself in their company. Ferrie's the *bona fide* "character" in this whole fiasco, a real Right-Out-Of-The-Pages-Of-Ripley's-Believe-It-Or-Not Number, a sleazy fellow with Bold Aspirations and low-rent realities. Tackola *vraiment!* (I can see Donald Pleasance playing Ferrie in the eventual film version.)

Back in 1961, Ferrie was fired as a pilot for Eastern Airlines when they found out about his arrest on a homosexual morals charge (for having sex with a minor). He had no hair on his body—the result of alopecia—he smelled bad, lived like a pig, pasted tufts of hair on his head and face or drew in his eyebrows with cosmetics—perhaps the origin of Russo's "painted lady" epitaph. Besides being a pilot, he was a chemist, a cancer "researcher," a pianist, a self-styled priest in that weird cult called the Orthodox Old Catholic Church of North America (Ferrie conducted religious services involving animal sacrifice and blood guzzling). In addition he was involved in drug distribution—though he apparently didn't use them himself—and the sale of pornographic films. He was a stringer for the New Orleans Mafia. He once flew Carlos Marcello, New Orleans crime *capo*, back to this country after he was deported. He also worked for the intelligence services of some sort, not unlikely since they're fist-in-glove with the gangsters down there. Ferrie was also tight with anti-Castro *gusanos*. In researching this article

Where was our Lee Harvey Oswald all this time? He was in New Orleans too, puttering about, not working much, up to something. Marina's no help, even though she was with the husband in that city, breeding. She spoke virtually no English back then; their whole marriage was a queer affair if you ask me, obviously the slipshod work of some intelligence agent here or abroad. I have little doubt, however, that this Oswald was also a piece of Trade. That summer he was rarely home, even though he hadn't a job most of the time. Marina never questioned him about his activities. She once asked something of him and he beat her up. Did this Oswald know Ferrie? Both Marina and LHO's landlady in New Orleans have testified that they never knew LHO to wear a beard. In fact, he seems more the type to be pathologically clean cut. Look at the photos of him when he was arrested; his hair is neat, clean clothes, all characteristics of one with a military outlook on life.

(A subsequent roommate of Mr. David Ferrie's was Ray Broshears—now the Rev.—currently working the San Francisco scene and editor of *The Gay Crusader*, a curious gay paper of indeterminate though California-sloppy-&-quasi-right-wing politics. He's also the famous Ray Broshears of the much-touted "Lavender Panthers," a man with much to tell and tell and tell. Rev. Broshears has at times spoken of his life with Ferrie, and it's our hope that he will take future occasions to acquaint us all with whatever there is to know. One coastal correspondent of mine wrote of Broshears: "We have heard all sorts of rumors that the 'reverend' was in the thick of things down there; he remains a troublemaker here.")



I've heard all sorts of Ferrie stories, and I'd gamble there's more truth than not in most of them: that he flew anti-Castro "guerillas" into Cuba as well as dropping bombs on Havana; that he was involved in gun-running for the CIA before the Bay of Pigs when that Agency was training the *gusanos* in a northern Louisiana swamp. Ferrie loved guns and the idea of killing people, a trait he shared with the Warren Commission's "Oswald." At one point Ferrie was personally constructing a submarine to torpedo Havana harbor. And on.

The story I like best comes from Russo himself. Russo played baseball regularly that summer with a bunch of right-wing Cuban refugees. Ferrie encouraged Perry to drop by with his teammates after the game. Ferrie only wanted to blow them, of course, and when it didn't work out, they'd leave and never come back. Ferrie couldn't keep any boy for long. One letter found in Ferrie's effects after his death read: "Dear Al, I offered you love and the best I could; all I got in return, in the end, was a kick in the teeth"—probably to Al Landry, an old boyfriend. (In fact, Russo's original contact with Ferrie had been to alienate him from Landry.)

Anyway, it was on one of these visits that Russo claims he met a "Leon Oswald" whom Ferrie identified as his roommate. Hold tight 'cause this is where the Quean Network Action gets fast and heavy and sets your Mort Sahl's salivating. Russo, who's really not known for the accuracy of his "memory," recalled "Leon Oswald" as husky and bearded, not at all like the "Lee" Harvey Oswald we all came to know that Friday afternoon, the one plucked from the pit of the Texas Theatre and destined for stardom.

Most accounts never place Oswald and Ferrie together after their slight acquaintanceship in the Civil Air Patrol in the 50s. This "Leon" who lived with Ferrie in that summer of 1963 was actually James Lewallen, a bearded, scruffy number, a strong stalking type that Russo noticed. He was often referred to as "Leon" or "Lee." Interestingly, Shaw admitted in court to knowing both Layten Martens and Jim Lewallen, probably as old tricks, or old tricks of friends.

Like a kiss-n-tell quean, Ferrie drew Russo aside and had to share word of his conquest. Ferrie revealed how he had whipped up a love potion, fed it to "Oswald"-Lewallen who then became aroused and fucked him. Just wonderful but such work, my dear, to get fucked in the ass in New Orleans!

According to my sources, "Oswald"-Lewallen was a kind of "referred trick" with Ferrie acting as contact-person/pimp. "Oswald"-Lewallen was straight Trade who was sleeping his way through gay New Orleans society. This is where it's alleged Clay Shaw fit in—having used Ferrie's pimp services for meeting Martens and Lewallen. But this was never proved.

trial—even though Russo had been warned not to talk to him—here's what happened:

Kirkwood: "So, we were hitting it off. He's really in effect telling me, yes, he could easily be mistaken about ever meeting Clay Shaw. It was very warm and he said, 'Do you mind if I take off my shirt?' I said no. He was drinking beer and I was—I don't like beer—so I was drinking wine or something. He was sitting across from me during the interview. I noticed that finally he put his hand down like this [into his trousers and rubbing his groin]. I did not put this in the book. He was trying to do it as subtly as he could, but he was doing that [rubbing] a lot. I just pretended that I couldn't even see him...I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't trying to accomplish some kind of entrapment." Poor Kirkwood! It just might have been an entrapment, though Louisiana hasn't any laws forbidding homosexual intercourse in private *per se*. But Garrison was out gunning for him. One plot of the D.A.'s was to plant some grass on him and bust him. Kirkwood has a marijuana arrest to his credit in Easthampton, New York. Garrison's thugs also stole K.'s mail regularly while he was in New Orleans—only a federal offense—scrounging for some dirt to nail him. Point being: who, ultimately, wouldn't flaky Perry Raymond Russo *fuck* for fame, fortune and...infamy?

Russo wondered after Shaw's acquittal if Shaw begrudged him his efforts for the prosecution. Kirkwood again: "I felt sorry for the poor fucker. He's a real loser. The evening I spent with him was a surprise to me because he had been told not to talk with me... Russo's main thing was: I wonder how does Shaw feel? I told Clay: 'Perry Russo wants to talk with you.' Clay said: 'For what? To apologize?' I said: 'I would imagine. But he really wants to meet you.' 'Sure. No problem. I would love to meet him.' It didn't come about."

Sometime after the trial, Perry Russo was arrested on a stolen goods rap which some have hinted was a set-up by Garrison to get Russo for not coming through fully on his case. So much for this Cinderella of the Conspiracy Ball.

So there we have the principles who brought this case about. It's an odd assortment that could have pulled off The Crime of The Century and its subsequent "revelation."

Yet the question lingers: Why Clay Shaw?

Surely Garrison needed a victim rather badly. He had Sahl and Lane plying him with their raspurian plans to knock off the Warren Report ("Promise him anything, but give him...the Zapruder Film!"), the press clucking for some results, and his primary suspect cold dead. Big Jim Garrison was on the verge of being left holding the proverbial bag. And He-Men like Jim Garrison would rather muck up the world and thousands of lives given the choice than risk personal humiliation in public.

Still, why Clay Shaw?

Here's the story Kirkwood got:

"After Ferrie died, Garrison was frantic to get somebody. He had to have a *body*; the show had to go on...There was that name that lawyer, Dean Andrews, had dropped, Clem Bertrand or Clay Bertrand...So when somebody said that some lawyer said that a private person called up on behalf of Lee Harvey Oswald, his name was 'Clem Bertrand,' then it was 'Clay Bertrand,' and somebody said that Garrison said: 'Find a Bertrand in New Orleans!' Well, there was no Bertrand. Shaw's arrest came out of a meeting that went something like this: somebody said, 'We can't find a Clay Bertrand.' Garrison said: 'Find a Clay. Is there a Clay somebody?' Someone said, 'Hey! What about Clay Shaw at the International Trade Mart?' Another said, 'O! He speaks Spanish too!' And somebody said, 'And he's homosexual!' Once you had two givens—that Clay had led a homosexual life and that he spoke Spanish as part of his work at the Trade Mart—once Garrison had someone who was vulnerable, then he *really* wouldn't let go. I think the homosexuality is the prime factor that allowed Garrison to keep his claws in Clay."

And what had Dean Andrews to say, as he was the man who made up the name Clem-Clay Bertrand? On the stand at Shaw's trial, Andrews earned himself a perjury charge by finally uttering the truth: "Clay Bertrand" is a figment of my imagination, or whatever you want to call it...If I had my life to live over again, I would say his name was John Jones," which would still keep the matter confused since there was *no man* to begin with!

There was no "evidence" against Shaw except these casual coincidences, but that didn't matter to a corrupt, ambitious pol like Garrison. He set out to manufacture his evidence (just as a corrupt police force, like the one in Dallas, say, can destroy evidence). Money, my dear, will buy *anything* in America; never doubt this. Toss in a liberal measure of personal animosity that Garrison bore Shaw, and Big Jim expected it all to cook up nicely.

Kirkwood: "I think that something that annoyed Garrison to no end was the fact that Clay Shaw was in his everyday dealings with people extremely masculine. He was not a 'camp.' He had great dignity, great strength. He had a great sense of business acumen. And

David Ferrie dropped dead just a few days after the Garrison investigation story broke. His autopsy said death due to cerebral hemorrhage; it could have been murder or suicide as well as natural death. Ferrie *did* leave a farewell note. He had often bragged that he had in his possession a chemical that was fatal but left no signs of forced death and that the autopsy would reveal nothing more than a "blood clot."

Garrison had already talked with Ferrie extensively; I'd gamble Ferrie smelled a set-up—esp. since he knew how such things work. Garrison had him under surveillance. As it turned out, Ferrie was worth far more to Big Jim dead than alive. Had Ferrie lived, Shaw would likely have never been brought into this mess, except perhaps to find out how both Ferrie and Shaw knew so much of the same Trade—The Quean Network Angle again.

The night of the assassination, with Oswald already apprehended, Ferrie drove with two boys to a skating rink in Texas through a rainstorm. He made his presence known and spent most of the time by a pay phone. What all this signifies remains to be revealed; yet off the cuff I'd say it reads like some trashy pop thriller out of the murderous pen of that award-winning literary jailbird, E. Howard Hunt, another vulgar breeder.

PERRY RAYMOND RUSSO

P.R. Russo stepped forward immediately after Ferrie's death to cash in his chips held in reserve to those past four years. With the help of the D.A.'s sodium pentothal, hypnosis, and some strong-arming by Garrison, Russo suddenly "remembered" that somebody like Clay Shaw, though under a different name, was talked about. The fellow he had met had been introduced to him as "Clem Bertrand."

Perry Russo till the time of the trial had been a salesman; he pushed insurance and *The Great Books of the Western World* series, but mostly Perry sold himself. He was impressionable. He was easily hypnotized. He confessed to having difficulty separating what was real from what wasn't. Ferrie got him involved in pornographic film sales. (Perry might have appeared in some of these films.) He may also have helped Ferrie in some of his drug dealings (though I should watch myself here: like most people involved in seedier transactions—Wm. F. Buckley, say—Russo's touchy about being mislabeled. He sued *Time* Magazine for mistaking him for the junkie Vernon Bundy, and thereby defaming his fine character. This quean don't want no unearned cum stains on her ball gown!)

O! These young things that want to be stars! They are foot-loose, no politics, an inkling of what it takes to Get Ahead in America, willing to use a smile, their bodies, a phoney story to get their names in the news and make the Big Time. These types come by the yard all around the USA; Perry Russo's a classic cut from the cloth.

When Kirkwood went to interview Russo after the

then the idea that he was also homosexual and was operating well on all other levels of his life I think was absolutely infuriating to Garrison."

A friend of mine who was in New Orleans at the time of the trial and who was also personally associated with one of the principles put it this way:

"It is known that Garrison really disliked Clay, and the bit about the D.A. feeling inferior is based on much truth. Garrison was tolerated in polite New Orleans circles. Law enforcement has never gone over well with socialites anyway, but in New Orleans the law is considered akin to the Mafia—a result of all the obvious graft and corruption...I don't think power-mad alone is the explanation for Jim. He half-assed believes his shit. The other half is a Nixon-crusade to wipe out some inner demon he has wrestled with all his life. He hates Shaw because Shaw made it the right way; he hates fags because he is one and can't come to terms with that; he hates Oswald because the man reached the pinnacle of notoriety in a matter of moments and Garrison is still trying. He hates the Eastern Establishment—Kirkwood, Vidal—because they have rejected him part and parcel."

Kirkwood: "I'll tell you how I feel about Garrison. I firmly believe that he believed there was a conspiracy. I think he's a megalomaniac which I said in the book. I also think he's an extremely *dangerous* man because he's also a bright man in certain ways. When you talk to him, he's not a dumb head at all. He tends to have blinders on...He had announced to the world that he had solved the assassination. Once that hit the papers, all you saw was Garrison on the news. And the planes started landing in New Orleans from all over the world. Now Ferrie was dead; Garrison had a corpse on his hands and he had to get somebody else. I know from talking to many members of his staff that they said: 'Jim, wait a minute. You're at a dead end now. Cool it. Wait till you get some concrete evidence.' But he was like a performer. He'd been hit by the spotlight and he couldn't step out of it. He could not get off-stage." Garrison also entertained visions of the Governor's manse and/or the U.S. Senate Chambers in his head. He was reelected as D.A. in Nov. '69, even after the embarrassment of the Shaw trial, which, oddly, increased his popularity with the voters. He did finally lose in the '73 election after another series of scandals. Currently, Garrison has a private law practice in New Orleans where he handles the business of friends and maps his come-back.

Putting all of this aside, we're left with the memory of Clay Shaw, a fine man.

He was born a country boy. At age 16 he co-authored a one-act play, *Submerged*, which has become one of the most-performed and most prize-winning plays among community theatre groups. (In Boston, *Submerged* is available at Baker's Plays.) He also wrote a full-length play, *In Memoriam*, which appeared in New Orleans in 1948. He was a translator of the Spanish playwright Alejandro Casona. He served and was decorated in WW II in which he suffered a back injury. Subsequently when this injury bothered him, it caused him to limp when he walked. Garrison was sure to pick up on this small detail and include it in Vernon Bundy's fabricated testimony.

For awhile Shaw was involved in a theatrical booking agency which handled tours for concert groups and the like. After the war he began his association with the Trade Mart. As Managing Director of that establishment, Shaw culminated his career there with the opening of the T.M.'s new building in 1965, the year he retired.

Shaw was, in addition, a leader in the movement to buy and restore old homes in that city's famous French Quarter, transforming it once again into a fashionable district. He had retired from the Trade Mart relatively early to pursue these pleasures: architectural restoration, travelling and writing. But Jim Garrison's ambitions ruined all that. Shaw's savings and property were wiped out by his legal expenses. Tom Dawson writes: "By the way, Clay's lawyers never accepted a red cent, despite marathon work for him. But when it was over, Clay (then broke by the cost of private investigators and such) sold his house to give them something. He insisted."

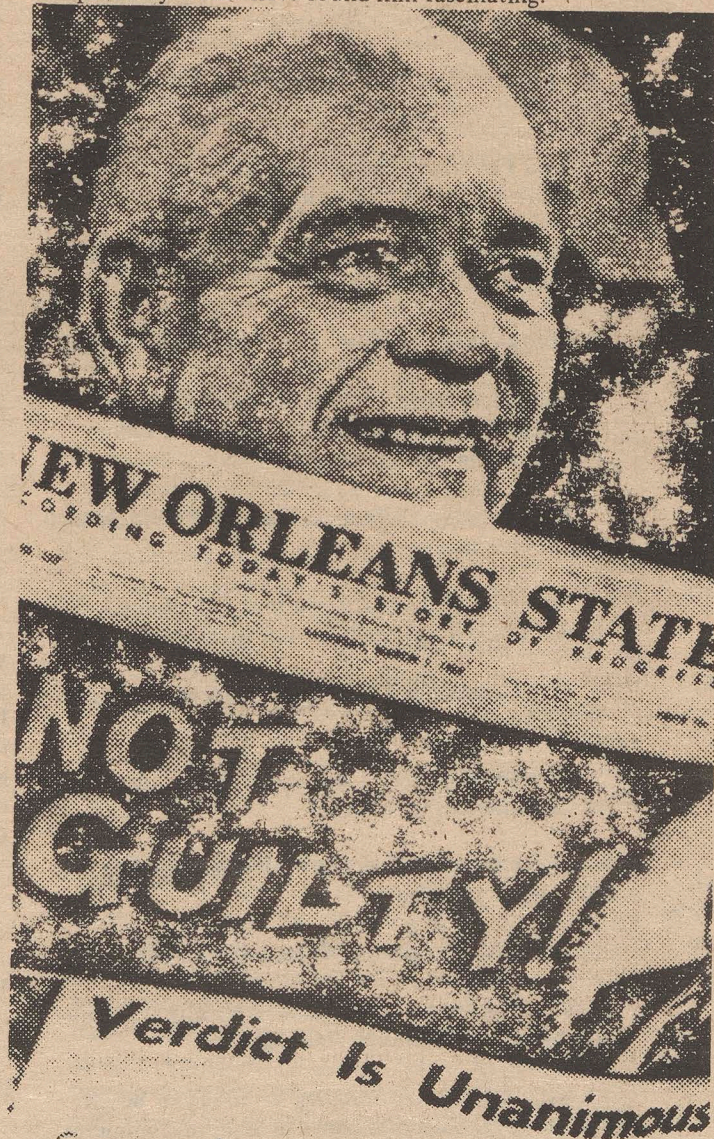
During the trial Shaw continued to reside alone at his home at 1313 Dauphine St. in the French Quarter, even though many of his friends feared for his safety and prodded him to get some kind of security. (Right after his arrest, Shaw spent several days at the home of his friend Marilyn Tate when it was thought he risked physical assault and/or murder attempts if he stayed at home.) Though there were threats made against him during his ordeal, Shaw was pleased with the wide support he received from people all across the country, mostly in the way of letters and small contributions.

Various lawsuits kept him tied up until his death. He bought some buildings, in effect going back to work to make some money. He did some public speaking. At one college engagement Shaw told the students: "It doesn't matter what happens to me; terrible things happen to everybody. But what I'm talking about tonight could happen to anybody within the sound of my voice. You think it's impossible. I assure you it's not."

I write about Clay Shaw here because I think his strange ordeal was not just that of an individual at a time in a place caught in the specific confluence of events and ambitions. His was not a set of unreplicable events. What happened to Shaw provides us with one more clear-cut example of how Power *really* works in America and who prospers by it and who's destroyed. The Personality Type which succeeds most is one held together by a web of racism, sexism & homophobia. (The judge was not only obsessed with Shaw's homosexuality, he was also convinced Shaw was a "Mongroid-Negro," and he found supportive "evidence" for this in that several black men in the vast jury pool were also named Shaw.)

It's no news to suggest that the Authoritarian Personality requires the repression of homosexual eroticism; the distortions which result from this repression ripple out into extensive public repercussions. One of the few proposals of Freud's that wins me without debate, as I've mentioned above, is his idea that repressed homosexuality is connected with paranoia and conspiratorial thinking. Enter J. Edgar Hoover and Joe McCarthy *inter alia*. Jim Garrison, too. I hate to distract the Kennedy Assassination Theorists from their fine work, but I can't help but wonder how much of the energy that goes into their conspiratorial scenarios is actually rooted in their homophobic paranoid posturing. The queer-baiting of a public figure like Mort Sahl, for example, is *equally* important to me in the here and now as is breaking open assassination cover-ups. The snaring of Shaw as a victim is all that more alarming because he's A) viewed as "vulnerable" because he was gay, and B) he was productive and integrated in his life and not a weird neurotic like Ferrie and hence an even more "attractive" choice to target for destruction. One thing I've found in my own life is that ambitious people (almost always men-people) possess an irrational dislike of homosexual men of comparable social standing who seem in their eyes "to be getting away with it," while they remain repressed as part of their effort to succeed. Someone like Shaw was obviously threatening to Garrison on many levels. It's easier for a man like Garrison to understand double-standards, sleazy backroom sex-scandals (as his own sensational molestation, or Judge Hagerty's bust at a stag party) than it is for him to deal with the integrity of Clay Shaw who had no need for a cover-up in his life. Hence, to serve his needs, Garrison and his backers had to create a need for Shaw to have a cover-up of *something*; hence, the Quean Network angle, queers know queers, and you name it. The job for the D.A., Lane, Brussel, etc., was to some way successfully stigmatize Shaw.

"If he had ever met Ferrie, he would have admitted it," Gail Baumgartner said. "He once told me over dinner that he wished he *had* met the man. He said he probably would have found him fascinating."



As part of the "stigmatizing" campaign, Mae Brussel led the pack in defaming Shaw as an obvious conspirator because he had been a C.I.A. agent. For many people this was the mud that was thrown which stuck. (Jim Herlihy's comment was: "Mae Brussel's basis for believing Clay Shaw to be a 'proven agent' is also my basis for dismissing her as incompetent.")

Ms. Brussel was in Boston for The Assassination Information Bureau convention in late January and I

twice asked her her source for this "Shaw-C.I.A." story. Both times she merely referred me to a reference to Shaw made in Marks and Machetti's book, *The C.I.A. and the Cult of Intelligence*, which turns out not to reveal much. Consequently, it was with much interest and some relief that I came across more information on this story in a column by Ed Sanders in an April issue of *Win Magazine*. Sanders is a sensible writer who's got the talent and curiosity to get at the truth behind stories and blast off the bullshit. In his column "Domestic Intelligence," Sanders writes that he caught up with Marchetti at a Yale Conference on the C.I.A. and the assassinations. He asked him about the Shaw connexion. Marchetti said: "I was Deputy Director's assistant...I asked somebody, I believe it was the Director's [Helm's] assistant...I said, 'What's this concern about the trial down in New Orleans?' And he said, 'Oh, a long time ago Clay Shaw had been in contact with the Agency. You know, he was in the export-import business. He knew people coming and going from areas in which we were interested. So he would put the Domestic Contact Services in touch with people so they could be debriefed. Now that was a very overt-type Agency activity. These guys come in and identify themselves. It's one of the more legitimate activities of the C.I.A.' Then he said that the contact [with Shaw] had been broken off long ago, but they just don't want it to come up at this point in time because a guy like Garrison would distort it, the public would misunderstand it." Which is exactly what Mae Brussel *did*. If she's willing to hang a Presidential Assassination on a vague scrap of "Complicity" like that, she shouldn't be working this vein. Lacking specific information, some people will conjecture just about anything.

Too, I write about Clay Shaw because even as this story first broke eight years ago and pictures and news about Shaw hit the stands, I immediately felt him to be *simpatico*. I sensed right off that he was being monstrously wronged. I had an attraction to Shaw as well: 6'4", barrel-chested, blue eyes, dark complexion, silver-white hair, sensitive yet tough. I think I was won over by a photo in *Time*. It's strange but there's a quality of comradeship which reaches out across space and connects people who've never met. Just seeing pictures of Shaw and watching his nightmare unfold in those years sparked in me a rare mixture of compassion and desire that not often finds expression.

Apparently I was not alone in this response. Tom Dawson told me that many young men were attracted to Shaw. "Clay once told me that he sometimes got tired of playing the Moses role," which is, I suppose, how I among others saw him and a role for which he was keenly suited.

And so, especially after reading Kirkwood's book, I knew: here's a man I must meet someday. Shaw was in his late 50's then; I figured there was plenty of time to allow for eventual communication. When I came across his obituary last August, I was pained. I had waited too long to contact this man. I had missed a chance to befriend him. This hurt came back again as I spoke with Gail Baumgartner: "Toward the end Clay would say, 'There aren't many people close to me...This isn't any way to end a life.'"

Shaw had developed cancer of the lung (he was a heavy smoker). He was treated for it, but even so the malignancy spread to his brain and then all parts of his body. He was 61 years old when he died. It's a dumb and maudlin and obvious thing to say, but the urgency of making contact is never more apparent than when it's too late. We must never assume there'll be time later to get in touch with people we must know and support, for there're people and groups and organizations out there with plans to disrupt our lives. This loss of never meeting Clay Shaw personally and offering him my friendship and support is perhaps what's made the memory of him (such as I have come to "know" him) so present and real to me.

So let us press on and expose corruption and cover-ups. I'm all in favor of shedding light on the evil practices of those in public office and among private powers. I'm always eager to find out who killed whom and why. But, please, let us go gently and consider the damage a reckless pursuit of obsession can do. Let us never separate means from ends. For I'd rather let one evil in the past slip by unattributed than create new evil by uncovering and rooting out the old. Let us always remember to tend to the needs and heed the rights of the living before mobilizing to right an injustice to the dead. Perhaps I'm more set off by the hunt for causes, motives and perpetrators than I should be, but what happened to Clay Shaw is enough of an example for me of how this search can easily slip out of control and start its own destruction.

And to me it's such a typically American story; even the "good" people can't undertake their noble endeavor but they make a mess of it, ruin people's lives, wind up endorsing injustice, then run off and leave the consequences of their actions like some slop on the floor for someone else to come along and clean up.

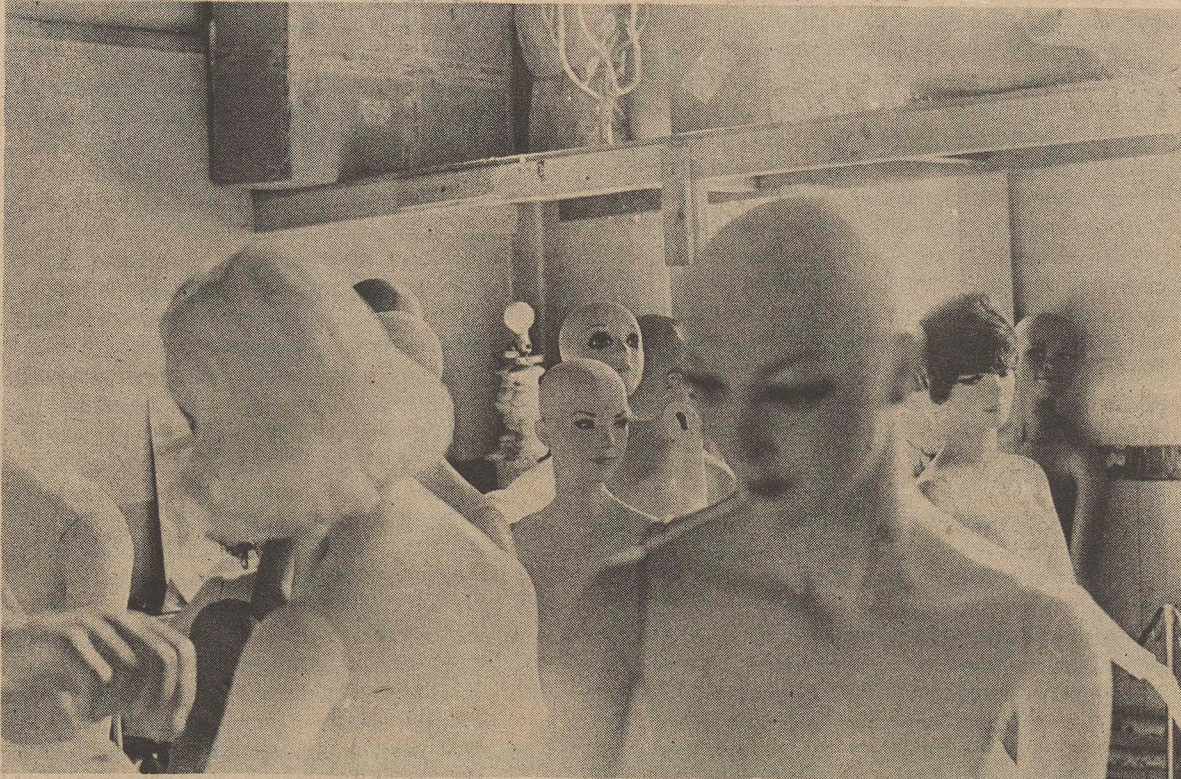


Photo by James Griffith

Jacqueline Wiener

I can hardly sneak away from my duties, turning on the lights at the City Hall, providing ingress and egress upon our streets, disclosing the stores, and providing adequate facilities in this accommodation, known as metropolis, and now called Twentieth Century America, volupte hostess.

1. Miss *Hollywood*: Getting a good look at things, town isn't that becoming, after the Sun King's every-thing for some everyone. Some like to leave it; re-treat off-set for a break; sadly relinquishing sidereal topiques and varied interests, along the lines of

2. Miss *Bath*: How soon course it be, before your next term paper, upon the Hill Section comes due. I mean, with finality simply to get laid.

3. Miss *Library of Congress*: It determines exactly, how often, specifically, and taking things into consider.....ation, just in broken dactyls oh so felicitious a display of action; what do you have on your mind?

4. Miss *Van Nuys*: I'd like to punch him.

Miss *Library of Congress*: The course starts in September, after such mean mindful In- auguration. You shall have your Wash paper prepared?

5. Miss *Greenwich Village*: Just do supply that. Oh definitely. I have the theatres to vouchsafe for it. What, obviously,,,

6. Miss *Frivole*: You mean, they do it on stage.

7. Miss *Hill*: Hotels, chapels and supermarkets, subways...

8. Miss *Cape Cod*: Why, go on. The meeting house opens in just past a fortnight. Always a bridesmaid, never the brides.

9. Miss *Pisa*: John, I'm sorry.

10. Miss *Washington*: Speak for yourself, Priscilla. What is this a drag show on nor down south, when phalanxes, literal hordes, scads We're very nice, we hardly have any complaints. You know that's what I like. Woodsman, spare this tree, as Father, I cannot tell a lie.

11. Miss *Harvey*: Then, its----- it's settled.

12. Miss *Dorothy Collins*: When you should; ----- or, due justification; split without primary cause, See the USA, in your Chevrolet, America is asking you to call, buckling the thirteen original Founders; over the kitchen table.

Miss *Bath*: From the deserts, in the voluptuous mountain through the prairies. Vapid intimations off Tom cocktails

13. Miss *Shakespeare*: Incapitated, as most of Miss Hill's things, I don't think that will be necessary. I'd suggest, you'd get your clothes, and stake out a strike, not in the vein from Toby's, where the Boulders men are, especially since his topos has hit the street, not to mince in the direction of Miss Pisa, or dalley over the glens, shorn, white washed Southern California coast.

14. Miss *Sutros*: Visit us, dangling ferociously from marshmallow cliffs, shinnying up treachery ravines, hurtling betimes the wooden, one-eyed Colorado cascades; careening spreadways, register space.

15. Miss *Marina*: The smoky hues, rapturous azure, churning cataclysms, horrendous bumptious.

Miss *Van Nuys*: Obligations.

16. Miss *Garden*: Evanescent, dusty bordellos. Sumptuous evening slade.

Miss *Van Nuys*: Au courant, alien over- populated place de concorde.

Miss *Pisa*: In the earnest pursuit, of a dangling half-assed grist to bonegrind.

Miss *Dorothy Collins*: April sunflower; tempo

Miss *Shakespeare*: could one consider Umberto Flamingo Clam-house disclosures uncover money missing at the root of all evil.

Miss *Dorothy Collins*: as the resurrection, spaded aghast eminent sovereignty.

Miss *Hill*: The coins never looked half-dollar broad. Decked quarterly mesiter spearhead.

Miss *Greenwich Village*: Let the television do it. Sixth Avenue.....

Miss *Shakespeare*: I still resent that...., Avenue of the Americas, or Fashion

Miss *Library of Congress*: All this wrangling, disputed deputizing;

Miss *Hill*: Forgive us, Harlem and Hostess.

Miss *Van Nuys*: A one-time overnight; a summer gangplank. 2000 motels, indeed.

Miss *Hollywood*: Working for the Palm Beach Genealogical Society Miami Chamber of Commerce again.

Miss *Sutros*: Without stars, Sadie Hawkins daisy a hefti matinee's darksome seats orchestra the floor.

Miss *Marina*: Trust nor Bowery lofts, either. sleeping

Miss *Cape Cod*: Massachusetts. Children's cerebral palsy Cambridge plazas....

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Miss Greenwich Village | Arlene Laddin |
| Miss Cape Cod | Marion Malinowski |
| Miss Hill | me Jacq Wieners |
| Miss Bath | Nemi John Temple |
| Miss Dorothy Collins | Gerrit Lansing |
| Miss Harvey | Andrew Crozier |
| Miss Shakespeare | Scotland Yard Ed Burley |
| Miss Pizza | Louie McGrath |
| Miss Marina | Freude Mittleman |
| Miss Van Nuys | Creeley, Bob |
| Miss Sutros | Joanne Nunez |
| Miss Garden | Andrew Wylie |
| Miss Washington | Arthur Schein Walter Cohen |
| Miss Library of Congress | Leslie Fiedler |
| SETTING GRAND CENTRAL STATION | |
| Miss Hollywood | Saul Wallace Berman Touster |
| Miss Frivole | Bill Donahue |
| TO THE CITY COUNCIL | |

Miss *Bath*: Dimes: the March of Christian assem- blage, throughout the National Polio. Prevention out of the powderhouse abattoir hopefully hosting a stork charming tarpeat sere.

Miss *Library of Congress*: Fiscal income beyond tomorrow's dark bosom, a Preston Hathaway done Basque. Visionary exponents hurtling towards plains blistering prairies, explore merciful companion'ed

Miss *Dorothy Collins*: Coppes

Miss *Garden*: Bunker, Charlestown, Chelsea, Mission, Fern. In whichever guise, restoration decision before Les trois aubode d'juaneitas...

Miss *Frivole*: Somebody has to do that work. I never figured out who, neither when Salvation merchants

Miss *Cape Cod*: Mobilize.

Miss *Greenwich Village*: You dare to...? I prefer Greeks. They all got married before me. But not to mix Sanitation Sleepy Hollow politics and pulchritude.

Miss *Harvey*: You just have little to do.

Miss *Garden*: Let's have one of those spooky afternoons, drizzly down pours without tissues, or vice-versa dry cleaning table linens, Davy...?

Miss *Dorothy Collins*: I know you're just going through one of your William O'Connor legal foetus things, but I was there when you needed me. I rather resented it. Surrendering hanky-panky- ring, or supplying distinguished players in the varnished table of entertainment.

Miss *Greenwich Village*: You think the Follies were mere will-o-the wishful

Miss *Washington*: Downtown Sheridan drive mornings, from upper Parks to the stockyards, or the mill, mercantiles rumbling over the men, apron.

Miss *Bath*: What papers are made out of, these days.

Miss *Hollywood*: I'm leaving Victor out of this and Greenwich Ante Geritol Sothurn, too.

Miss *Frivole*: No, Irving Wallace's...

sparkling *Fan Club*, thee.

Miss *Cape Cod*: It's a little below my option, but with Sutros doing, so well, and Leslie holding the radio it's a sure-miss. And thinking of your interlocutors, you know, I never took a drop of booze, or started drinking, until that son of a bitch, it goes, goes to show you, started me on it, let me alone, you're nothing but a pack of... free - sponges.

Miss *Pisa*: That's what he called me.

Miss *Garden* and Miss *Frivole*: We told you, so.....

Miss *Hill*: I'm glad my money is gone.

Harlem: I'm hot for you tonight. Strumpeting the sidewalk, bucking the crowds, stampeding the shoppers, hoarding the tourists, , crossing traffic lights.

Miss *Dorothy*: Taking chances, trams, cables, mixing drugs.

Miss *Shakespeare*: Perhaps even Gerry and Stockholm writ

At Blondies. Miss Marina: With the swastikas, we used to burn them, on the beaches.

Miss Garden: or give them as presents, off of antiques, the monkey, demon cafe.

Tell me, I'm gonna find out about those clothes; who bought them for you; and the television set, if it's paid for, that you were there and now why you're here with the sad truth is the fact you owe it on time. By the way, that reminds me, all those presents

Miss Library of Congress: I can explain that; as I was saying to Miss Bath: when you're on the Best Seller List or not upon it; it's a necessary imperative or non- you charge them off; *check*. It's a bit steep on my tea decanter.

Miss Hollywood: Without undue inference, over the counter, loosely off the cuff, as your radios blare and your antennae disc jockeys spot martian interference, the hard facts of these new times, sheared to gauge public congregations, down south besides relate if appearances are kept up, calculating change; I mean what were those but Amsterdam appliances

Miss Washington: To start off, to begin with... Four score and seventy years ago, our fore-fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty.

Miss Shakespeare: Terms, repetitiously to be dealt with.

Miss Van Nuys: Exactly, as I was trying to say with... out, reference to you.

Miss Washington: Human psychology, no behaviorism. Cuba, LA, peace marches, whew; can we as well-constituted me or women, constituted from them trippy mickeys stomach spinach stage-upper ashendens?

Miss Hill: I mean, lamping my house, 2nd balcony baloney. Plain rubbish; second rate trash. Our alleys cluttered by butterballs as well as paper-hangers shellack brushing.

Miss Pisa: Knowest, John, this musn't get under your skin. I'm all for you. Taking your bath and now VA, allowing let my hands upon your Sanitorium sweep. Or did I, with these tight shoes, and no one to kiss.

Miss Frivole: Why does she clean it out, if it's not for him to get her twat pursed.

Miss Dorothy Collins: These bills have to be stopped. They have been dismissed..... If they ever existed, in the first place, from the pens of Central Watts M. O.'s.

Miss Sutros: The cashiers say so. Thou shalt not steal. Neither one's husband or wife. Thou shalt honor thy Father and Mother. Thou shalt not rape, murder, menace, or commit assault as well as battrey... Thou shalt not.

Miss Marina: My darling, my beloved—one for the road.

Miss Van Nuys: By the way, who puts locks on the doors? Speaking, in the first place, thinking of keys. The guy who sold the stuff in the pawn-browkers. Oil burners. It's dirty isn't it. Electricity is cleaner; isn't it.

Miss Cape Cod: Cleaner, too. My house is filthy, too. Nursemaiding

Miss Harlem: That's good enough. I can take care of him. Your help won't be necessary.

Lief-motif and left at the doorstep. I'd like to put, away someplace not-abandoned upon paganism approaching christ altars

Miss Greenwich Village: They have places, wind-mill crocheted decals without chains; or sandstone ones. Attendant car teller drive prisons, dray citizens' asylums without country; you're not free to come and go, as you please, of course but sotto voce, scalpers never supply triple bargain buys Tyres. Keep your head on your shoulders. And your hair puffed out.

Miss Shakespeare: Get off my arse.



notes towards an ideology of the gay everything



Some of the Meaning of
Life, Liberty
and the Pursuit of Happiness



There has always been in America the desire for its infinite expansion. Once America began it wanted to be everything. So Americans settled, moved, pioneered, slaughtered, conquered and subjected. Still America did not become everything. And in a sleepy czarism, part of which America had already bought, even a new implacable enemy, very hard to fight, appeared.

Now America has lost, the first time it has lost. (Indochina.) Now America must know that it cannot be everything.

Why can not America be everything? The answer is its law. Americans should have known this. Iowa cannot be Massachusetts, because of its laws.

Money is law in America too. There are ways to use and ways not to use money in America. In America money demands more money. That is the law of money in America. It is not quite so in some other places.

If America were not money and law, America would be everything. America is also fun, and everybody wants fun. If the America of money and law passes away (as it must, since from now on it cannot honestly believe that it will be everything, and so why should it try to stay alive) then the America of fun will be everywhere.

It already is. That is the meaning of America. We are fortunate, because America, in the sense that other countries exist, does not exist. Or rather soon will not exist any more. And the America that is, and the America that will be existing, always did. This is the meaning of America, that if you try to be something you already are, you will be something else, and that will pass away, and you will be who you were, which is the same as who you always will be.

I do not need to tell you to have fun in America. The part of you which needs to be told can't hear and is soon to die. The part of you which doesn't need to be told already always has been fun.

Be, America, be. I am not encouraging you. Fun is encouragement enough. Be, America, be. This is the meaning of America, fun, something to tell yourself, something to do, something to be.

Of course we are homosexual, that is part of being gay, and of course we are gay, because gay is fun and we are Americans, as everyone is American in the sense of wanting fun. That is what America really is, and, of course, America is everybody, because America does not really exist in the way other countries exist. The Native American people welcomed everyone who came here. They know what America really is; after all they were born here, generation after generation.

Everyone is gay and everyone was born. America is everything and so everyone is a gay American. But most often people are not born gay. That is, they are most often born to straight people who are straight and who, in this country, believe they are American in the sense that other people are nationals of their own countries. Most people are born to people who cling to American law and the law of American money or who, if you prefer, were glued to the American way of law and the American law of money.

So if a person is really to be American, a person must come unstuck. Everybody must come out. Some don't; and most often they are the breeders. With furrowed brow they endure their days. Their only joy, their only validation, their supreme fun, is to be mamas and papas to their own offspring. They do not want their children to come unstuck, as that would seem to invalidate America law and the law of American money. That would also invalidate the fun of having those babies in the first place.

So most of us are born to people who are stuck to the America which must pass away, and after we become unstuck, we must find new mamas and papas who live in the unstuck world, the America which is every thing, mamas and papas who will draw us out into the America which is everywhere, the America of people having fun.

A man (William Burroughs in *Wild Boys*) has written of men being born of men in an alchemical fuck in order to bring back the spirits of friends cut off from life against their will. A woman (Shulamith Firestone in *The Dialectics of Sex*) has written of children being born of a machine, in order to avoid the imposition of the work of gestation on women. Another woman (Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*) wrote of a person being born whole, adult and entire, at the behest of concentrated lightning, in order to avoid the uncertainties of childhood and adolescence. I have no objection to any of these forms of birthing. But until they are practical, how are we to conduct ourselves? And after they are practical, how are we to conduct ourselves if we, women and/or men, prefer the tradition of our evolutionary past?

It is my conviction that no relationship between a man and a woman, or between women and men, can be fulfilling unless it is a gay relationship. This would include a sensitivity to anatomy and the process of orgasm on the part of each toward the other. And a lack of preference in each: each seeing each, selves and others, as people who are having fun. Each seeing each, selves and others, as creatures always in various states of orgasm. With no division of labor, in bed or out, on sex lines. With, perhaps, things to be done specific to the body, female or male or individual, of the other. And with no barrier of jealousy, inter-sex or intra-sex, disallowing any sector of a person's circle of possible relationships. Only into this sort of relationship could children be born and grow gay, and still be living with both biological parents, and thus avoid some of the uncertainties involved in double birth.

But, of course, must we. Of course we needn't if it doesn't if it doesn't seem fun. Of course it is only subjection and plodding and hard unproductive slavery to "try" because we believe we "must." The message of our double birth is, of course, that we must do what we like; what we can do because it is fun and we like having fun. As to raising children, if we do not wish actually to birth them, if we wish to participate in their growth, and cannot or have not the intersexual gay relationship required, there are other ways. Men can adopt, women can adopt, artificially inseminate, or clone, or hybridize, though the last two techniques are not yet available. And there will be other ways. In the meantime, of course, without "meaning to" we will all be birthing each other again, for the second birth is never over. But to begin the second birth at the same time as the first, that would be more fun than having to "come out" and maybe not "make it". Because if you don't make it you miss so much fun.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the America which must pass away is the year in which America finally lost, in which America began to pass away. There remains the America which has been here since there were people (and how long is that?). In this fifth year of our gay liberation, I write these words to remember the gay which is everywhere. The infinite fun which will assert itself everywhere, even among heterosexuals. The heterosexual impossibility which never was shall pass away. There remains only fun. Fun is God. God is Love.

John X. Laporta

AN

INTERVIEW

WITH

CHRIS

ROBISON



Chris Robison's latest album, Manchild, was released in November of 1974. His previous solo album, Many Hand Band, was the first openly gay rock album of the 70's. Freeman Gunter, in Michael's Thing, described it as "a rock album of major importance... immensely varied in its musical, lyric and rhythmic content." Gay Sunshine described it as "good music and good lyrics... openly, unaffectedly, happily, sometimes exuberantly gay." Before recording Many Hand Band, Chris Robison toured with the group Steam (1969), played with John Lennon's band Elephant's Memory (1970-71) and with RPM (1971). Many Hand Band was released in 1972 and during 1973-74, Chris was again with Elephant's Memory, cutting an album with them, Angels Forever. He has done other "session work" in California and Europe; but his chief interests now are his own solo albums and his record company, Gypsy Frog.

Chris was interviewed in New York in December 1974 by Canadian writer Ian Young, editor of the gay anthology The Male Muse. Their talk was recorded in a friend's kitchen over a bottle of blackberry brandy, with Gavin Dillard typing poems in the background.

Chris: So I took the 50 thousand and I threw it in his face...!

Ian: Chris, when you were doing Many Hand Band and trying to get commercial record companies to produce it, what were the reactions?

C: I was in a band before called RPM. I got with their manager and we had the idea to do a whole gay album; I was into writing gay songs for a long time, but not necessarily straight up front because you have to deal with four other personalities in a rock&roll band (this was before glitter rock). So we went and recorded two songs, "Looking for a Boy Tonight" and "Doctor Doctor" and we brought them around—everybody and their brother we brought them to—no-one was ready for it; they were just scared. For one, they thought it wouldn't sell, and it attacked the masculinity of these uptight executives at the record companies (that was even a bigger problem than the music itself 'cause those songs have since gotten a good response). No-one would take it so we said fuck it, went down to City Hall and started our own record company.

I: What companies did you take it to?

C: We brought it to managers and all the companies. Even David Bowie got a copy. We brought it to Electric Ladyland, to Nat Weiss who managed the Beatles, to Cat Stevens, RCA, Tin Pan Alley, up and down. Nothin'.

I: What did they tell you? Did they say they didn't like it or people weren't ready for it or it won't sell...?

C: They said they weren't ready for it AND it won't sell. And half the battle was that *they* weren't ready for it. Plus when you deal with an A&R person, the people who choose the acts to go with a company, they're very scared about their jobs. I know one cat up at RCA who lost his job who's gay and was always going after these bands and trying to get them signed that were pretty—he liked them personally, but he lost his job because he didn't get the right product to the right people. *So they don't want to go out on a limb, ever!* Other record offers to us were dropped at the last moment out of this same fear. Plus there's a lot of closety fat record executives who really are scared to blow their cover—but they're out there blowing 'he Boys in the Band' as they promise these poor aspiring musicians a nice recording contract. After they

have them in bed, the kids only get the answering service when they call back. That's a really ill trick to play... So Hal Wilson and I started Gypsy Frog records. We took out a loan and put out Many Hand Band for \$2,000 which is unheard of—usually an album costs at least \$10,000.

I: How did you do it?

C: First off, to save money, I did all the parts myself! I'd already recorded these songs and I knew them backwards and forwards. If the song was based on the piano, I'd start with the piano and vocal and build from there, add the drums and the other instruments. But I didn't do it from song to song, like from painting to painting, I went down and did all the piano parts for all the songs, then ran around and did all the drum parts, then ran around and did all the bass parts, and so on; because it was a matter of time. We found a studio which was on its way out of business, and we got a very cheap rate on a package deal. If we'd had to do it by the hour, we couldn't have afforded it. They gave us a special rate 'cause they were going out of business. And we had a very fine engineer, Tom Foy, who really helped out an awful lot. Then we took *those* tapes around, and still people wouldn't touch them. Then when the album was finished, we brought it to the gay magazines, *Michael's Thing*, *After Dark* and all over. And I gave them away to the people in the record companies, as if to say here you go, I did it anyway, so go fuck yourself! I was in a state of shock when I first got a good review. And the album's sold from South Africa to Japan. And you did me a good deed too, kiddo, with those other reviews...

I: It seems obvious from what people have said to me, Chris, and from just listening to records, that the commercial companies are going to pressure their people to put out a certain number of albums, so that a lot of bad work comes out because every seven months the pressure's on them to produce another album.

C: True.

I: Are you glad now that you're not working under that pressure?

C: Sure. I'm very glad. At first, Gypsy Frog was just a way to get the album and the concept out there; we hoped that later on it would be distributed by a larger company that could take care of getting it out into the record stores and not having people having to think,

well if I send money to this company, *maybe* I might get a record back and maybe it might be good; but now I'm actually hoping for the best for Gypsy Frog as it stands. But there's another side to this: I don't want to get locked into being Mister Gay Exponent in Rock. Music is my business; I'm gay so I write a lot of gay experiences but I don't want to be labelled—and that's what's hanging me up about this third album: how gay should it be. Well it's going to be *very* gay. I'll tell you now; but the point is I have the freedom to do that now...

I: But you don't want to be packaged as the gay singer.

C: No; in fact within the last year, I was on Buddha records with a single I wrote called "I'm Gonna Stay With My Baby Tonight" which is neither straight nor gay, it's a pop tune which has sold 100,000 copies with another singer over in Holland and Germany. That'll do me a lot of good because the royalties from that I'll just pump back into my own company.

I: The other side of that, "Jimmy Row", is gay if you listen to it, but you have to really listen 'cause there's a lot of orchestration.

C: Yeah, the words are very gay and usually the company doesn't even listen to the flip side. With a 45, they usually put out a piece of garbage on the second side, I thought I'd get in a gay song... But I write commercial songs that get me money, happy songs that might be inane but still are tuneful, and then I can take the money to do artistically what I want. It's almost like prostitution in a way, you know what I mean: you do a pop art poster while you're working on your Rembrandt.

I: Or you do an interview with some crazy, doped-up rock singer...

C: Hey! It takes two to tango Ian!... When you gonna show me your shackles?

I: A little later baby! Anyway, do you think things are loosening up in the rock business? Recently Mercury's come out with Steve Grossman's album, and Folkways has come out with Mike Cohen's album. Do you think that means that now the companies are ready for gay performers?

C: Well, Steve is having trouble with sales 'cause Mercury doesn't know how to market his record; they don't know how out front to be; what kind of ads and where. *

I: It's the same with books, with gay books. They don't market them properly and then they turn around and say Look, see! We told you gay stuff wouldn't sell!

C: It's self-defeating.

I: Yeah.

C: But it's very hard. Steve's album was the first major one with a big company. And he is very good.

I: So maybe there'll be more?

C: I hope so.

I: Why don't more rock singers come out? David Cassidy came out recently. We all know a lot more are gay so what happens?

C: Ian, they're all gay! Or "bisexual". And the reason they don't come out is because being in the rock&roll

business is like being a caricature... You get up there, you put on the glitter, you play—it's a whole thing of getting into puberty, and the kids get to the rock concert and they get excited. And the whole guitar trip—which used to be this feminine type guitar—it's now got this long neck, it's like a big penis and he's playing it like a penis and all the guys in the audience are getting off and it's like a whole masturbation trip for these younger kids. But they're going through a thing with their "peer groups" in high school and junior high school where there's no room for gayness; it takes a very individual person to come out, and even so he doesn't hide it but he keeps it a little *sotto voce*, because he's trying to get along; he's on the basketball team, he has to be popular, it's very hard.

I: The thing is, if even just a few came out, it would be such a help to those kids. I'm sure there's a lot of pressure from the record company executives and managers, telling musicians "Don't do that, you'll blow it all and all the fans will turn to Mantovani or something!"

C: You're right, it would make things easier for kids to have more people come out. That's the whole reason I did it. I went through a complete nervous breakdown brought on by feelings of guilt and anxiety over homosexuality and I said my god, does everyone and their brother have to go through this? This was back in '67. I ended up under doctor's care. And the shrink, the psychiatrist, I told him one time (it took me five months to tell him, I was so scared) yeah, well, I like girls, but I like boys too. The first time I tried to say that, I ran out of the office and came back the next week, he said "See you next week Chris!"

I: And what did he say when you told him?

C: He said "So what else is new?" And with just one sentence, he completely relieved my mind. All shrinks are assholes anyway, I'd like to say that, but this particular shrink did let me feel at ease. And also a couple of very understanding girlfriends of mine helped me come out. It's not an easy experience, it's like second puberty. And it's the same with any other minority group, if you have no idols and no-one to look up to, it's impossible. The homosexuality thing has hung up

men throughout time. It's always there. It's a minority group but it's a minority group of the mind. And in different stages of people's minds it's always there and always will be. And it depends completely on the self-esteem of the particular person whether or not they will accept the homosexuality in someone else, in themselves.

I: So you ended up in the institution for a few months.

C: Sure. You know, they had me on thiazine and everything, but shrinks are getting better. Homosexuality is no more "a disease" or whatever they called it, "a sickness". Well, it's a natural state of man.

I: I remember one reviewer wrote that "just happens to be gay"—which implies that your gayness has nothing to do with your work, your creativity, or anything else about you. It seems to amputate gayness from other human characteristics so liberal straights don't really have to deal with it.

C: The reviewer who wrote that is a particularly old-school, self-pitying judy garland type dude who said to me and Hal, "You know why we girls are in this business, why to get close to those GORgeous rock bands" and then he grabbed my long-suffering manager by the balls! Poor Hal, there were a lotta whities in the Black rights movement but not many straights in the gay movement. It's true you hear sentences like "Of course so-and-so is gay, *but*..." as though it's something the person has overcome. And straights prefer well-behaved and straight-acting gays, and I'm guilty myself of a certain Uncle Tomism when dealing with straights I've just met... Anyway, no-one's gonna say Chris Robison is gay *but*! That's why I did a gay album, so I could live with myself, see who my friends are and be free to do whatever kind of music I want. And being gay has a lot to do with my creativity.

I: You worked with straight groups and musicians. How does that work out when you're on the road?

C: On the road, you have a four piece or five piece group, on the road for seven months, everyone's hang-ups, idiosyncracies, etc. all blend and meld into one personality which when they go into a restaurant can just crack up and turn the whole place around. I never hide my gayness from any group I'm in and I haven't since high-school days. They know where I'm at and they turn on to who I'm turning on to and vice versa. It gets to the point where if I'm in a straight group and this straight and very uptight guitar player'll say "Chris, man you should have been with us last night; there was a boy you really would have liked. Course, I'm straight you know, but I know he was just your type." So on the road, as long as you make light of it and be honest with yourself, it works. And I think it works that way in other groups, even when there aren't self-proclaimed gays. It's always a family within a group—that's why groups break up so much, 'cause it's very intense. And another thing, Ian, usually in the bands I play in, I become the rider of anxiety; I rid the other people's anxieties of homosexuality. If they've got something on their mind, they can talk to me freely about it.

I: I want to talk a bit about some of your songs, "Tony Pony", "Highway Song", "Mocha Almond Boy"...

C: Are these real people, Yes!

I: Can we say a little bit about the attitudes of gays as well as of straights to the whole boy-loving thing.

C: Awww, man. It's so sick, really demented. Labelling! Within the gay world, I know people who don't like being called gay—they call themselves homosexual because they think there's a connotation to gay of being flighty...

I: Or they insist on faggot and don't like gay, or...

C: Right. And then within the gay group you have so many different factions, and reasons for being that way. But damnit, I get backlash from the gay community. I walked into a club once and sat down at the piano and played "Looking for a Boy Tonight". And when I was finished, Jackie Curtis who's a very famous drag queen and Holly Woodlawn came up to me and

cursed me out for one particular line, "girls can be all right in their way". They said, "How could you do that, how could you say that, how could you stick your penis into something like that? And so what am I supposed to say to that?"

I: Yeah. Do you get some flak from gay people about the boy-love thing, saying you're giving gays a bit of a bad rep? From the more conservative or uptight gays?

C: Yeah. See, the G.A.A. was looked down on by all the people who didn't like screaming faggots 'cause the G.A.A. used to run around dropping kisses on businessmen, which got noplacé. And the Mattachine Society is uptight with anyone who's into boy-love...

I: Or anything!

C: Or anything! And so it goes, but boy-love is just as legitimate as S&M or transvestism. Different parts of gay life used to freak me out. I don't think there's any gay that can actually accept all the different types. I've learned... Drag queens used to scare me because it was something I wasn't quite ready for. The same with S&M. But now I realize I'm being just as bigoted as a straight person against gays if I can't at least accept the fact and the reasons for being of these different factions. I'm not going to play all ends against the middle. I'm going to say what I want to say, but I'm trying to get across the fact that boy-love don't mean you go around fucking little boys and, you know... Half the boy-love thing is a fantasy trip and just having a little brother around. They learn and get experience out of it. There's so many runaways, kids with divorced parents; parents that say get the fuck out of here. The kids run away and come to New York City...

I: And often get into hustling...

C: Hustling and... if they're lucky they'll find an older man who relates to that kid as a son or a little brother or a friend, who'll help him take him out, educate him, pay for his education... I know a lot of people in theatre, ballet and all the arts who were sent through school not on any scholarships but by some older homosexual who loved them very much.

I: Some other gay artists, not necessarily in music, have a tendency to either underplay or overplay their gay experience. Some of this is packaging, I'm sure, with pressure from the commercial backers; one of the things I liked about *Many Hand Band* the first time I heard it was that it didn't do either, you just took being gay very much for granted as part of your life and work; it was just there and came out very nicely and naturally. And also the humour in the album—At this stage of gays coming into the world with works of art, being out publicly as a group, as a society, I think it's very difficult to have that relaxed humour that's not a self-hating humour or a bitter humour but just a relaxed kind of thing.

C: You're absolutely right about underplaying and overplaying. Any person who's grown up as part of a minority, any minority, can tend to do that. With a gay, sometimes he has to underplay; sometimes he wants to assert himself enough so that people will accept him as a friend even knowing that he's gay; so he'll say he's gay first and then hope they'll accept him. That's always a problem, when to tell your friends sooner or later. 'Cause either they might call you a faggot off the bat and not want to be with you, that's the fear anyway, or—if you tell them six months from now they'll say "You were lying to me all the time. I thought you were straight, why didn't you tell me."

I: Do you think the organized gay movement is helping?

C: I have to say that people who are in the purely political movement are total assholes, always have been and always will be!

I: Well that'll stir up the natives!

C: They try too hard and that's all they have. And they'll find sooner or later that that's not the whole thing. That's just the shell. And one of these days when they start getting more relaxed and stop being such total assholes...



Ian Young and Chris Robison

F: Everybody in the movement?

C: You're an artist, Ian, you're coming at it from a personal direction: we're expressing ourselves and not just saying Gay Is Good Gay Is Good and doing a Heil Hitler until everyone says Gay Is Good. But then thank god for the gay organizers who give new gays a place to get together and celebrate and identify! So long as the next step is achieved: that of becoming *you*, a person, not just an ideological ghost in a gay ghetto.

I: I think a lot of people in the movement who link their homosexuality very closely to some ideology, Marxism or some variant of Christianity, haven't really come to terms with their own gayness and so they need to tag it onto something else that can justify it...

C: Exactly. What they're doing is like a reverse fascism.

I: I'd like to talk about some of your songs. One of my favorites is the "Mocha Almond Boy" song. When I reviewed *Many Hand Band* I said "Mocha Almond Boy" reminded me of the kind of pure, clear tune Byrd or Dowland might have written. And it conveys a very deep tenderness in just a very few words. How did the lyrics—and the music—come about?

C: Sometimes, Ian, I'll be working on a song or an idea, I'll come up with a theme for a song, and it'll sit in my head for six months, or I'll write the first part without the middle 8 and that will come in another two years or maybe four years. But something like "Mocha Almond Boy" just happened. I completely forget how it came to me. I forget going through any pain or trying to think where the next chord is coming from—I just sat there, and there it was! Finished in one fell swoop.

F: Your "Highway Song" really catches the mentality of a certain kind of kid hitch-hiking, a very come-what-may attitude, just ride along and see what happens, and yet with a lot of fears and anxieties in the background. You capture the complexity of that really well, and the fun and sadness too.

C: Well, half of the song is about me on the highway. I've hitched from Kingdom Come and back; and half of it is about my friend Tony Pony who I had met four days earlier in New York; Thanksgiving was coming up so I invited him home to Massachusetts—we took my old Pontiac—to dinner with our family, five kids. My parents are pretty liberated. There was so much energy flowing between us, we'd just met—we weren't lovers, we were just friends, he was just turned 14, had run away at 13, had been turned it, locked up, the whole bit. We never had sex, we'd sleep together, I'd teach him things; he'd teach me things. And I wrote five songs in four days over the Thanksgiving. He's completely responsible for "Down In New York". I was with him and couldn't get to sleep in the same room with him. I went downstairs, picked up a guitar and there it was.

I: And Tony's co-written songs with you, two on your *Manchild* album, and has a book of poems ready to be published...

C: He's written quite a few songs with me, and his poems are insanely funny and "incorrigably original"!

I: Your new album, *Manchild*, has a unity to it but is made up of very different sorts of songs: some deadly humour like "A Death In the Family", "Tony Pony", a really moving love song with the lovely clip-clop of the little horse's hooves at the end. "Only the Night" I think is one of the best. I love the lines "Only the night/will be my lover till the day I die". What was the concept of that album; what did you want to do with it?

C: *Manchild* was one of those things that come to me in my sleep and I have to write on my wall. *Manchild* is a word I thought I made up myself but I found out later it's in the Bible and all over. It's the fact of that changing from a child into a man. *Many Hand Band* was recorded in twenty hours, but *Manchild* took two years of agonizing to put together. I didn't have the moeny, I used to sneak into studios at night. I would record when the other cats had gone home. They would call me up at 4 o'clock in the morning and say OK come on down and do another song. So it was put together on pins and needles, with scotch tape, spit and vaseline! You wouldn't believe, Ian, what I had to do to put that together! It was recorded all over town, splices done on all sorts of machines... I think I did well just surviving!

I: How do you feel about the album now?

C: Well, the first side brings together all kinds of tacky-ness, a lot of gay ghetto language: "Transparent Man", conversations, sometimes very un-nerving. And the last song, with Tony Pony's lyrics, about wanting to just go back: "I want to be like 6/ so I can pick up sticks." The second side starts with childhood and moves forward... There I'm trying to break down the barrier between straight and gay.

I: I think it works because you show the gayness, the good things as well as the hangups, in the context of a life and a process. If you just hammer gay gay gay all the time, people can't relate to that, not even gay people, because it's amputated from any context of meaning or the rest of life. That kind of hothouse thing is what straights really have put onto us, what they've insisted we do. "Just stay over here, keep your place, don't mix it in with anything else." So they've made it very unreal. Things like you're doing are getting it back to reality again. And of course that frightens them; if they look a second time, they get frightened.

C: Yes, with straight people, sometimes I'll be talking, say, about how Gypsy Frog is adopting an American Indian boy on the foster parents plan, we send money each month to help out an American Indian child.

When I said that to a straight friend, he said "Oh but you can't take him home with you you know" as though there was something sexual in it. I said "What are you taking about!" I was insulted. Or if I say "So-&-so's a nice kid," someone'll say, "Yeah, what would you like to do with him?!" When I wasn't thinking about that at all. One reviewer, oh Ian it was awful: I told him I wanted to do a children's album. (I have all these characters—Flicker Rabbit, Whisker the Cat... fun things) and this guy panicked as though I was a child-molester! Wow!

I: What are you going to do now?

C: Well, I want to see what kind of reaction I get from *Manchild*. I think I'm going to do a concept album of boys. Just boys! Very soft, acoustic. "There Will Always Be Boys" is the title song, I think. And I think the songs are going to be about different boys, a little bit like your *Some Green Moths*.

I: Finally, you've written some pretty funny songs that might never get on an album, even *your* albums. Can we hear a few verses of "It's Organic"?

C: OK.

Organic is that magic word
where you can sell any old body a turd
So long as it's organic, it's OK...

You eat meat? they ask with disgust,
why don't you try some ying/yang dust?
A little bit of tamari sauce will slide it down
your throat...

Gimme your ying said Miss Yang,
I want your root right down my thang,
So long as it's organic, it's OK.

If it isn't spit, it isn't love
but peanut oil will help a gentle shove.
So long as it's organic, it's OK...

(instrumental break!)

last verse, optional:

Organic piss, won't you have a glass
organic blood from a health food mass,
organic lentils to give you gas,
organic carrot right up your ass,
Fresh ground bone-meal from the mortuary,
maggot soup from the cemetery,
good luck to all you health-food canaries.
Won't somebody please give me a cheeseburger?!

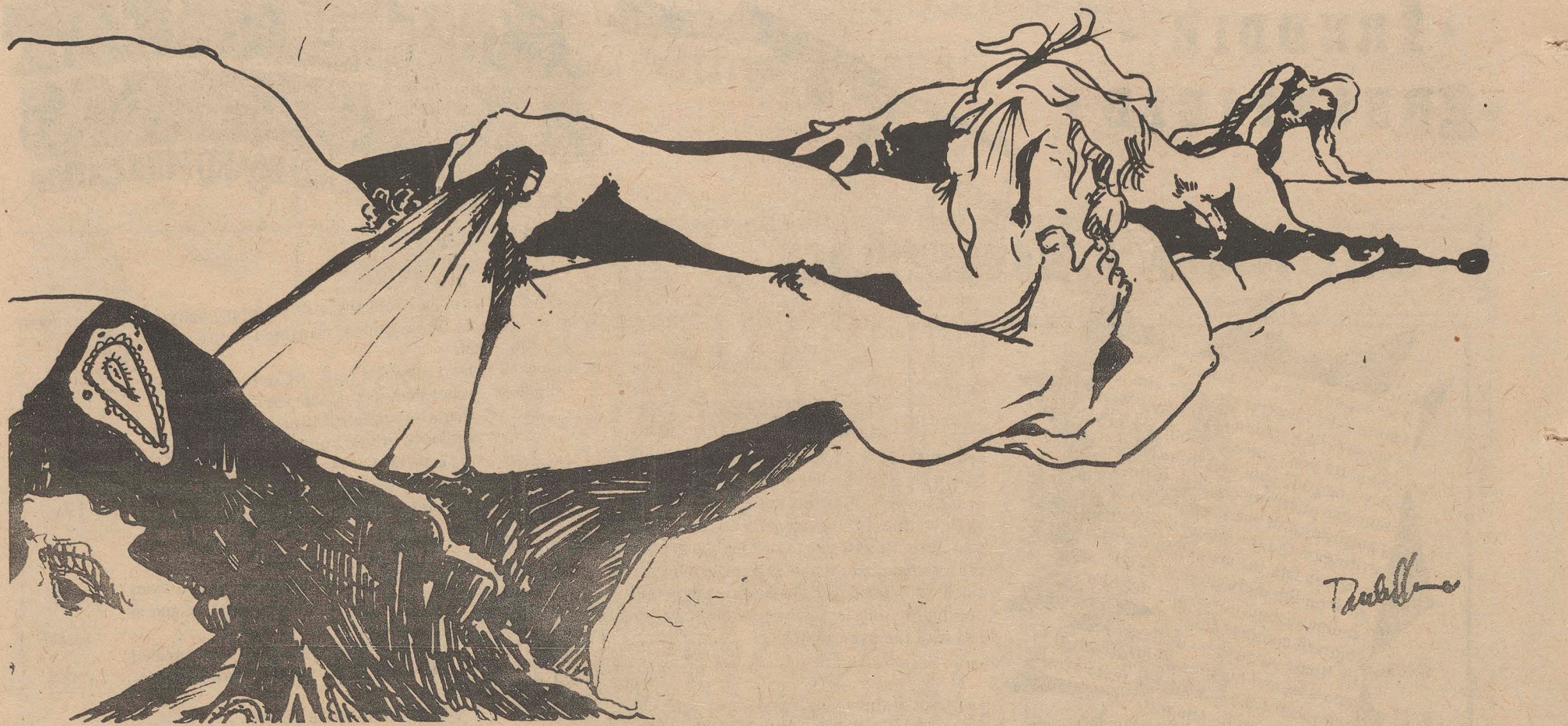
So long as it's organic, it's OK!

I: And on that edifying note, we'll conclude! Thankyou Chris.

C: Thankyou Ian. Your mother smokes marijuana; how can you end it on organic piss and things like that? You'll give us homosexuals a bad name!

I: 'Cause I'm into organic piss. Now let's go.





A WORLD TO THE WISE

The seventies has presented a unique phenomenon, the faggot as artist and the exploration of the faggot experience in an emerging homosexual language as opposed to heterosexual communications and words. As we develop as an effective political force—destroying heterosexual notions and laws governing our cocks—we are also a collective artistic force destroying the heterosexual structure in media, art, literature and music.

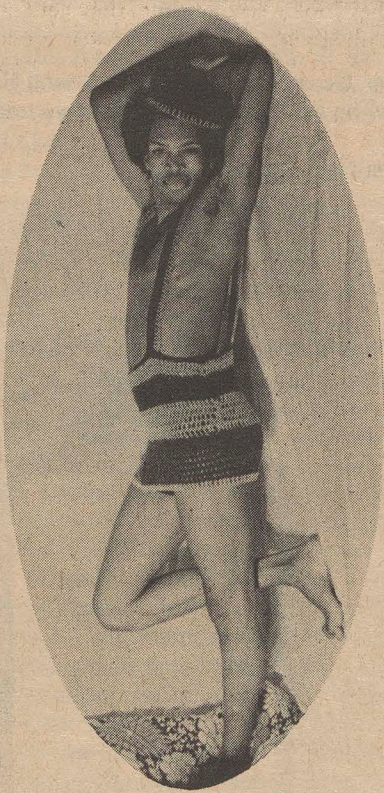
A product of this collective creative energy is the appearance of the faggot musician—writing, arranging, producing and performing his own works, concerning himself and the gay emotional and sexual experience. The need for our artistic self-expression is overwhelming.

Chris Robison—self-proclaimed faggot musician—has always been out front. No busy bodies spewing nasty rumors about him: he's always appeared, since high school at least, as a faggot amongst cock-rock musicians. Unfortunately his gay images seem to be confused in sexist, racist, straight words and ideals.

An example of this straight theme is the recurring images of the delights in younger trade. He just loves the word "boy." I won't presume to argue which words are straight and which faggot. I will, however, be presumptuous enough to suggest that "boy" is a heterosexual word. Faggots should ejaculate it from our vocabulary.

"Boy" defined in straight terms means some number under twenty-one or a black man who shines shoes. A boy may, however, always change: usually upon a prearranged birthday or upon acquiring a more manly position in the job market. Then the boy can function as a man, should be a real "fucker" in a dominant male position.

A factor I find somewhat peculiar is the widely accepted notion that the straight man should help the boy develop "good" character during the time span commonly known as boyhood. Hence the Boy Scouts of America, and all those various social groups of men and boys. This buddy system is designed solely for the purpose of having a kindly gent take the little fellows' hands and guide them safely up the straight and narrow path.



Occasionally one hears vague rumors of scandal. Some desperate queen masquerading as a man in sweat pants sneakers and a whistle dangling about his neck, ripping off young boys for virgin sperm. Legend has it that virgin sperm rejuvenates moldy aging bodies. These runamuck queens are quickly eliminated with a few well placed punches and exquisitely chosen words whispered in midnight phone calls to avenging fathers.

Glancing across Chris Robison's rosy face on his record cover to the table of contents, I noticed he too has a fascination with boys. He even dedicated a few tunes to his favorite tricks of boydom. Deciding this needed some further investigation, I slipped my fingers across the jacket to the crack.

A mocha almond, I wondered. This might offer me some new insight into the mocha almond regions of homosexuality. I must admit I hoped there would be a nude of Chris

with his mocha almond; my pinups of Diana and Bette retrieved from straight albums were now a bit tacky with all this new consciousness and such.

To my surprise Chris greeted me with a simple line drawing of a frog, positioned dead center on his record. Some connection between boys and frogs I dared to wonder. Upon further investigation I discovered Chris' record company was named gypsy frog and his songs were published by tadpole music.

I'd been told little boys were made out of snakes, snails, puppy dog tails—not tadpoles—but I quickly changed my tune assuming Chris as a rock queen was more knowledgeable than I in matters concerning rock, cock and boys.

My point is not to spread nasty rumors, but I heard that Chris was once a boy himself.

Jesus Christ, I shrieked to myself, of course, Chris wants to relate to the so-called young—depending upon which chicken queen you're quizzing, just like straight men. He wipes their little asses, fondles their little genitals and guides their little feet up that old gay road.

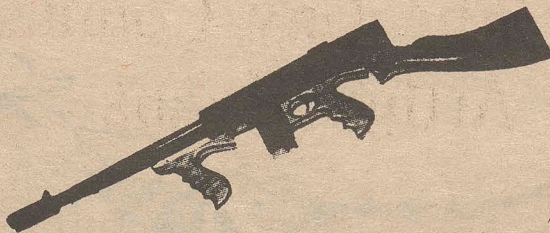
Questions arose. Could Chris relate to his delicious little boys as men? Did he see them as men? At what point did Chris see faggots as men? Did Chris see faggots as men? Was Chris a man, a boy, apple pie or Plato? Did Chris fantasize hordes of groupie boys tearing off his clothes. Was Chris a member of Big Brothers of America?

With a sadist swagger—a trick I learned in Herbie's Ram Rod Room—I sauntered across my dining area to spin this queen's disc side saddle on my turn table. I sat ready to flagellate myself to sensual sounds of men loving men—faggots caressing faggots. What I heard was distorted James Taylor tunes with an occasional Mick Jagger upbeat.

Chris was revolutionary. He had changed the words from ordinary sixties' songs into ordinary seventies' songs, with a gay twist added for controversy.

I was a mocha almond. Chris had succeeded in doing what no straight white man had never been able to accomplish. He had changed me from a black man—specifically a black faggot—into a candy bar.

*** FREDDIE *
* GREENFIELD ***



TARGETS

**AMUSEMENT
BUSINESS**
A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION
(est. 1991)

Page 20
May 17, 1975

SHOWMEN'S MARKETPLACE

Advertising
NASHVILLE
NEW YORK
CLARKSVILLE

Times (local time)
1975, W
CHICAGO
1236-80
Jean
ues. 3 p.m.

it all depends how you look at things/
i mean take a proper gander/it aint all
a goose laying golden eggs/baby i mean
yah gotta hop scotch around/i mean yah
play one good spot and three blanks/
santurce puerto rico/cough syrup and
paregoric/can't even understand the
writing on the shit house walls/an
american frm the states had the drag
show on the midway/glass pitch/
sending reconditioned slot machines
to brazil comprede/
tin house swamps no welfare/
armories and night baseball/parochial
schools for the rich/flyes in there eyes/
a beggars cup for the rest/
i mean take a proper gander/

**J & J
AMUSEMENT CO.**

i sd mister here's a drill go bore a glory
hole willya/he sd what ws that/i sd i'm not
in the money selling business/i sd win win
yeah win/next time yah get a big one/whats
that again he sd/i sd shmock on the guessing/
it's a game mister thats all just a game/race
track odds/smell my touchas/i mean go call a
cop/he sd you carnival people sure talk funny/
i sd read the papers lately//

i sd jesu al there aint a gay bar in sight
i mean fuck highway cruising/he sd i need a
drink an a twelve year old/i mean then johnny
black sd talk to greg fred see if he still
loves me/i sd i thot i saw him out drunk in
a cunt/i sd fuck the amusement business//

the cars on the rocket whirls whipping baby
whipping around/metal clanging an unfamiliar
unsound/
well i mean they just took off/outer space real
close to the earth babies/screach screach/
tht ws charlestown massachusetts home of the
brave/you know all tht bunk about the hill/day/
larry carr show/the spots a blank/useta be good/
the marks are all wrangy today/i guess larry blew
the spot/i don't know/i think a couple of marks
got killed/

i mean tisk tisk to bad/you know man like it's our
heritage/you know show biz bit must go on and all
tht rot old boy/
and the beauties/warm teenage milky skin/curdled
on a shaky ride/thick cream vanilla strawberry nd
chocolate/
what is it with you/a marks a mark/

You May Take Three Giant Steps

plays a razzle dazzle the other
one an alibi store agent/knew
every highway glory hole from
new york to miami/one stop here
one stop there/yah'd think
he owned the farm/i sd john/
the town kid yah got in the
apple dart sure has a big one/
you should have seen it/got the
families permission/i mean take
a young big cock on the road/i
mean most carnies came out tht
way/i mean the beauties running
around the million dollar midway/
i mean look at the gorgeous young
sweaty roughies setting up and
tearing down/i mean before there
weaned away on a bottle of wine/
and this jiggy old drunk woke up
on the tailgate of a semi smiling,
there's no business like show
business/yeah/

**E SHOWS
Wanted**

tr. Tempest, Scar
s. Himalaya, F

Fort Bragg, Carolina T-shirt artist three point two
beer, two gay bars, skin flicks, soldier tricks,
massage parlors, honky tonk neon highway, hotel
parlor trade, greazy grecian spoons/
pay-day mid-way the first of the month, only one
decent tee-room in town/
a paratrooper came in my bed/
carnival queens cruise boisterous jeans/

Macon, Georgia intergrated greyhound glory hole
gay white bar black, in a stupor town, marks spend
tho/
midway jangling my nerves/

**THE ORANGEBURG
COUNTY REGIONAL
FAIR ASSOC., INC.**

Want to Book
a Complete Carnival for Week of
Sept. 1-5

i sd what did he say/
sd he wants his
money back/
i sd whats in back/
no no sd he wants
his money back/
i sd around what track/
listen buddy the guys
hard of hearing/
did ya hear i mean
deaf/and i understand
lifes a game of
chance/
i sd what/
isd what what/

so johnny black
would show those
teenagers a
pocket
full
of
scratch
and they'd
lure themselves in bed//

**HELP WANTED
ALIBIES &
HANKY PANKS**
Also special deal for Wheel
Foreman.
Contact:
Hap Hap Happes Day Shows
or Call : 312/456-0506
Bucky Gast
Job Cook needs Hanky Pank
Agent I MEAN PHILLY

**AGENTS WANTED
FOR
MACHINE GUNS (2)
PC DART (2)
HANKIES (2)**
Contact: **KEN WILLS**
713/356-1329
or
c/o Bob Hammond Shows
Per Route

Philadelphia special chinese soup almonds and
chicken livers cruising the Y men/because thts
the carnival business/black ghetto housing
project/we took all the money frm under there
mattresses/next months rent too/local merchants
refused to extend credit we hear/on the rehash
fired the show to the very ground/well i mean i
heard i was'nt there/carnies are'nt very poor in
pocket just heads/tails do spin around in thee
amusement business/flips all over the midway
joints/need a little dope just to curb my acrobatic
nature/i mean group sex does'nt work forever/

Goodings Million Dollar Midway
19107

i looked in the mirror/my mouth open wide/
i could'nt find my tongue/it ws lolling around
in my cheek/

my jaw ws cramped/lips aslant/it looked like a
wise crack/

a vertical key hole cut in a grimace/

i yelled hey hey nd looked away/the mark tripped
over/nd stopped in his tracks/
i sd psst psst in his ear/i don't mean to be
forward or a bothersome pest/but is that your uh
money bulging or thing rolled up in your tuck/

i sd mister just uncoil and unwind/
i sd mister play till you grin/
i sd underneath the joint if it's big enough/
naw i just took the money///

**MIDWEST ENTERPRISES
& AMUSEMENTS**

I MEAN PLAY TILL YOU WIN

FOUR INCH HEELS LEATHER
PATCH JACKET MARK PIMP
LOOKS LIKE AN EXCUSE ME
I WANNA ASKYA MAN BABY
HONEY BUNCH OF TWENTIES
INYA POCKET NO MONEY
ANYTHING YAH WANT ON
THE SHELVES NOT HERE
TO CHEAT YAH JST BEAT
YAH MAN BABY HONEY
BUNCH OF TWENTIES INYA
POCKET///

546 East River Rd.
(312) 693-8022 before
56
M or after
M.

GRIFFIT!
i mean i have yet to sit next to a glory hole
C that was boring/
A dribble prick senile dutchman drooling whiskey
and cigarette tricks/twenty dollar blow jobs/
minds a blank/cocks in heaven/defends nixon yet/
what the fuck am i doing in the motherfucking
carnival business/
i mean anyways//

KEY CITY SHOWS

INDIANA AND
CELEBRATIONS
THE
MAKER,
YES CAN SELL
DIP, SHORT
IS OF ALL KIN
R SEASON.
year/an he had some pretty good spots
to bad/yeah i win some pretty good
scratch up there abouts/bunk uh er
what didja call it day/in back of a candy
factory//

Witchcraft: The Gay Counterculture

by Arthur Evans



Part 5

The Mass Murder of Women and Gays

"Don't think that I've come to bring peace on earth. I've come, not to bring peace, but a sword."
—Jesus the Nazarene (Matthew, 10:34).

As far back as the Stone Age, Europe was populated by a non-industrial society that worshipped sex and the powers of nature. In previous articles in this series, we have seen that the chief leaders of this society were women. The religion of this old society accepted Gayness (both female and male), freely used hallucinogenic drugs, adored the nude body as a source of religious power, and closely identified itself with animals. It was a religion that could be characterized as matriarchal, pro-sexual, rural, and anti-authoritarian.

We have also seen that the Christian religion was almost the exact opposite of this society's religion. The Christian religion was (and still is) anti-woman, anti-sex, anti-Gay, anti-nature, anti-drug, bureaucratic, hierarchical, and authoritarian.

Two systems of life so at odds with each other as the Old Religion and Christianity could not be expected to coexist forever in peace. This article is the story of how one of these systems, Christianity, annihilated the other. As we will presently see, the major victims in this annihilation were women and Gays.

As readers of past installments will recall, the Christians didn't attempt to wipe out the Old Religion (which they called "witchcraft") until witch practices surfaced among dissident Christian groups, whom orthodox Christians called "heretics." The reason the heretics so horrified Christian authorities was their great respect for women and their openness to sexuality, including Gayness. It's important to remember that it wasn't until *after* the Church had declared war on its own heretics that it decided to wipe out their historical inspiration, the witches.

To understand the connection between heresy and witchcraft, we must now take a look at the earliest mass impact of the Old Religion on dissenting Christian groups. This impact took place in the Kingdom of Bulgaria between the 7th and 14th centuries. Its reverberations were eventually felt all over Europe.

Our story really begins in 679 A.D., when the Bulgars, a Turco-Tartar tribe related to the Huns, left southern Russia and invaded the Byzantine province of Moesia. There they mingled with the native Slavic population and gave rise to the Kingdom of Bulgaria. (See Dmitri Obolensky, *The Bogomils*, Cambridge U. Press, 1948, p. 63.)

According to the accounts of Christian observers, the pagan Bulgarians celebrated at least two of the old witches' holidays—the Winter Solstice and the Summer Solstice (Obolensky, p. 67, note 1; and p. 247). They worshiped natural forces, practiced shamanism, and had a reputation for eroticism. In

other words, their beliefs were similar to those existing throughout Western Europe before the rise of the Roman patriarchy.

The Bulgarian nation was conquered by the Byzantine emperor Michael in the ninth century. Except for one or two short intervals, it remained under the control of Christians until its capture by the Turks in the 14th century. Throughout its history from the ninth to the 14th century, Bulgaria was forcibly made to accept the Christian religion and the political goals of Byzantium. It was during these centuries that it gave rise to a heresy that was ultimately to lead to the European witch-hunts of the 16th and 17th centuries.

In the 8th and 9th centuries A.D., a Christian splinter group appeared in the Balkans called the Massalians. They rejected the concept of church hierarchy and condemned the power of the Byzantine state. Most important of all, they allied themselves with the pagan masses.

The Massalians, in their effort to combine the Old Religion with Christianity, practiced a strange mixture of ascetism and sensual indulgence. On becoming a Massalian, an initiate spent a certain amount of time practicing strict self-denial, after which she or he was considered purified and no longer subject to sin. Massalians who were purified in this way practiced sacred orgies (including Gayness) that were very much like those of the Old Religion.

The belief that purified Massalians could no longer sin led them to be associated with open sexuality and Gayness wherever they appeared. "This belief frequently drove them into the worst sexual excesses, which are so commonly associated with the Massalians by their Orthodox opponents." (Obolensky, p. 50). Women, who were excluded from the Orthodox priesthood, played an important leadership role among the Massalians.

In the 10th century, another Christian splinter group emerged in Bulgaria, the Bogomils. At first the Bogomils were strictly ascetic, being the great Puritans of Byzantine Christendom. But with the passage of time, they came into closer and closer contact with the Massalians, since both groups were persecuted by Orthodox Christian authorities. By the 12th century, the Massalians exercised a notable influence on the Bogomils, and by the 14th century, the two groups had completely fused.

The Bogomils, like the Massalians before them, rejected the hierarchal authority of church and state. In addition, they rejected the use of the cross, the practice of worshiping in churches, the adoration of the saints, and belief in miracles (Obolensky, pp. 130-132). They were democratically organized, and were said to advocate civil disobedience.

Again like the Massalians before them, the Bogomils allied themselves with the pagan masses against attempts by the military and the church to impose

Orthodox Christianity on Bulgaria. "By espousing the cause of the serfs against their masters, of the oppressed against the oppressors, the Bogomils appealed directly to the peasant masses who regarded them as liberators and were often led to accept their doctrines" (Obolensky, p. 141.).

As a result of this alliance with the pagan masses, certain practices of the Old Religion began to find a new home among the Bogomils. The Bogomils were already receptive to such influence due to their assimilation of the Massalians, who practiced such rites from the start.

The historian Obolensky notes: "The Bogomils in particular, whose contact with the masses was always close, are frequently associated in the sources with everything that has come to be regarded as popular superstition or magic and with the remnants of pre-Christian paganism" (p. 247). By the 14th century, the Bogomils were no longer Puritans. "Under the increased influence of Massalianism, the Bogomils had entirely lost their reputation of puritanism and had become associated with the most extreme form of sexual indulgence" (p. 251). In particular, the word "Bogomil" became almost synonymous with "homosexual."

The Bogomils are important for our purpose because in the early part of the 13th century their beliefs spread all over Southern Europe from the Black Sea to the Pyrenees (Obolensky, p. 234). In whatever country these beliefs appeared, the original word for "Bulgarian" came to mean "homosexual" in that country's vernacular (hence, the origin of the English word "bugger").

The Bogomils spurred the development in Western Europe of the Cathari, the Luciferans, and the other heresies that we have discussed in a previous article. As readers will recall, it was the sudden appearance of these heresies—and their close association with sexual license and Gayness—that triggered off the great Christian oppression of heresy and witchcraft.

In the eyes of the Christians, heresy and Gayness had become identical. "Heresy became a sexual rather than a doctrinal concept: to say a man was a heretic was to say he was a homosexual, and vice versa" (G. Rattray Taylor, *Sex in History*, Vanguard Press, N. Y., 1954, p. 131). Most of the new heresies were also condemned for the high status they afforded to women.

Although the Orthodox Church tried to exterminate the Bogomils, their aim was frustrated by the historical circumstances of Bulgaria. For one thing, the Byzantine Empire never really completely controlled the country. There was much resistance to Christian authoritarianism by local officials. In addition, Bulgaria sometimes fell under the sway of the Latin West, with the result that incoming Latin priests would drive out Greek priests, only to be driven out in turn by the latter a few years later.

In 889, King Vladimir even tried to restore paganism, although his attempt was short-lived (he was defeated and blinded by his Christian father, Boris). Most important of all, the Byzantine Empire never established a permanent bureaucracy (like the West's Holy Inquisition) whose sole purpose was to hunt down heretics by whatever means necessary.

In 1393, Bulgaria fell to the Turks, and the local Bogomils disappeared from history, although the sect continued to exist as late as the 15th century in the Byzantine Empire itself (Obolensky, pp. 265-267).

It was a different story in the Latin West, however. In 1209, Pope Innocent III, the strongest Pope in the history of Christendom, launched a crusade against the Cathari of Albi in Southern France. He organized the nobles of Northern France against these Albigensians (as they were also called), and by 1229, they were practically wiped out (see entry under "Heresy," Russell Robbins, *The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology*, Crown Publishers, N.Y., 1959).

Because of their association with the Bogomils, the Albigensians had been widely accused of homosexuality. As with the Bogomils, women had held important posts among the Albigensians. The historian Jeffrey Russell points out that women made themselves felt in heresy and witchcraft to a greater extent than anywhere else in medieval society (Jeffrey Russell, *Witchcraft in the Middle Ages*, Cornell U. Press, Ithaca, 1972, p. 282).

The annihilation of the Albigensians did not stop the spread of heresy. New Christian splinter groups kept popping up in the 13th century, preaching contempt for secular and ecclesiastical power, advocating a high status for women, and practicing sexual rites that included Gayness. In 1251 and 1320, peasants and urban workers revolted, wandering about France pillaging and burning, and calling for better treatment. Christian authorities were terrified by what appeared to be an assault on the very basis of Christian civilization. As a result of this fear, papal legislation was passed during 1227-1235 creating a new institution, the Holy Inquisition (Russell, p. 155).

More than any other single factor, the Holy Inquisition was responsible for the atrocities committed throughout continental Europe from the 13th to the 17th centuries. Although the Inquisition was first created by the Catholic Church, its methods were later used by judicial bodies in Protestant countries.

THE HOLY INQUISITION

The Inquisition declared that heresy was a *crimen excepta* ("an exceptional crime"), which meant that prosecutions for heresy were exempt from the usual requirements of the due process of law. According to the rules established by the Inquisition, a person accused of heresy was immediately assumed guilty until proven innocent (See entry under "Inquisition" in Robbins). Mere suspicion or common gossip were sufficient to bring a person before the Inquisition on such a charge. Witnesses who incriminated the accused were not publicly identified, and the accused was not given the right to cross-examine their testimony. In most cases, the accused was denied the right to counsel. In cases where counsel was allowed, a too vigorous defense of the accused could result in counsel's being indicted for heresy.

Persons accused of heresy were almost always tortured until they "confessed." The torture was severe and could result in the death of the accused at the hands of the torturer. Those who did confess were generally tortured further until they named accomplices. The people they named as accomplices were then themselves hauled before the Inquisition, and the same process started all over again.

A person who confessed and named accomplices was then required to appear in person before the Inquisition and swear that her or his confession was "voluntary." If defendants refused to confess or retracted their confession, they were taken out and tortured again. Once defendants confessed and swore that their confessions were voluntary, they were given over to the secular authorities to be executed. Those who confessed were generally strangled, and their bodies burned (sometimes they were reprieved to life imprisonment on bread and water). Those who refused to confess or who retracted a confession were burned alive. Officially, it was the secular authority, and not the Inquisition, that finally executed the heretic. But in the few cases that have come down to us where secular authorities were hesitant to execute, they themselves were threatened with indictment for heresy. Throughout the entire history of the Inquisition there was never any case of acquittal pure and simple (Robbins, p. 270).

Inquisitors were appointed directly by the Papacy in Rome to whom alone they were responsible. As a result, the Pope managed to get around the stalling, non-cooperative attitude of local officials who in the past often impeded the Church's hunt for heretics.

The cost of running the Inquisition was paid for by the accused, including the cost of keeping themselves in jail. As soon as people were accused of heresy, their property was seized. When the heretics were condemned, the seized property was divided up among the accusing and judging officials. In this way, heresy-hunting became a major industry of the Middle Ages, providing a constant flow of goods and money to those who supported the Inquisition. In 1360, the Inquisitor Eymeric complained that the secular authorities in his area were no longer giving enough support to the Inquisition because it wasn't bringing in as much money as it used to: "In our days there are no more rich heretics; so that princes, not seeing much money in prospect, will not put themselves to any expense; it is a pity that so salutary an institution as ours should be so uncertain of its future" (Quoted in Robbins, p. 271).

The methods used by the Inquisition guaranteed that heresy-hunting would lead to gross political abuse. If a king or magistrate wanted to get rid of powerful opponents and at the same time get hold of their money, all that was necessary was to bring them before the Inquisition on suspicion of heresy. Once that happened, the condemnation of the accused was a foregone conclusion, and the successful accusers would wind up all the richer.



THE TEMPLARS

The most famous case of the political abuse of the Inquisition involved the charge of homosexuality, which was made against the Order of the Knights Templars, a monastic military order. On Friday, October 13, 1307, Philippe the Fair, the King of France, stunned Europe by having 5,000 members of the Order arrested throughout France. (See G. Legman, *The Guilt of the Templars*, Basic Books, N.Y., p. 3ff.) During the previous September, the King had sent sealed letters to his police agents all across France. The agents were instructed not to open the letters, on pain of death, until October 12th. When the 12th arrived, they opened the letters and found orders to arrest, in one grand stroke, all the Templars of France. The King's action was thus a secretly planned political *coup* of national proportions.

The Templars were hauled before the Inquisition and essentially charged by the King with five counts of heresy: (1) that incoming members of the Order were required to spit on the cross and reject the Christian religion; (2) that during the initiation rites, the initiate kissed his initiator on his mouth, cock, and ass hole; (3) that sodomy was the lawful and expected practice of all Templars; and (4) that the Templars held secret religious rites where they worshipped a non-Christian deity (See the article by Henry Lea, reproduced in Legman's *The Guilt of the Templars*).

At first, Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Order, and the other arrested members denied the charges. But when they were subjected to tortures, many "confessed." Under an apparent plea-bargaining deal, de Molay himself agreed to plead guilty to rejecting Christ if the charge of homosexuality was dropped (Legman, pp. 107-108).

On November 22, Pope Clement V issued the bull *Pastoralis praeeminentiae*, addressed to all the monarchs of Europe, urging them to emulate Philippe's action against the Templars living within their jurisdictions (Lea, p. 177). Within the next few years, the Templars were hunted down all over Europe. Most were exiled, imprisoned, or executed; their property was confiscated; and the Order was as a whole was abolished.

Today, most historians believe that Philippe's actions were purely mercenary. Although the Templars were founded in 1128 as a monastic military order of poor crusaders, by the 14th century

they had accumulated vast amounts of money and property. In fact, they had become the chief bankers of the Middle Ages, and both Pope Clement and King Philippe were in debt to them.

The Templars had also accumulated astonishing legal privileges. They were exempt from all taxes, had the same inviolability to secular prosecution as priests, maintained their own set of confessors, and worshipped in their own separate chapels from which all outsiders were excluded. Legally, the French Templars weren't even the subjects of Philippe, but were only accountable to the Pope (Lea, p. 152). About the only way the King could get at them was to charge them with heresy.

Philippe got away with his plot because the Pope, Clement V, was his puppet. Philippe wrote to Clement, telling him what to say and when to say it, and the Pope obliged out of fear of the King's military power. These were the days when the papacy had moved from the Vatican to Avignon, and the Pope was a virtual hireling of the French government. The only real quarrel between the King and the Pope was over how to divide up the Templars' property between themselves (Lea, pp. 181-182).

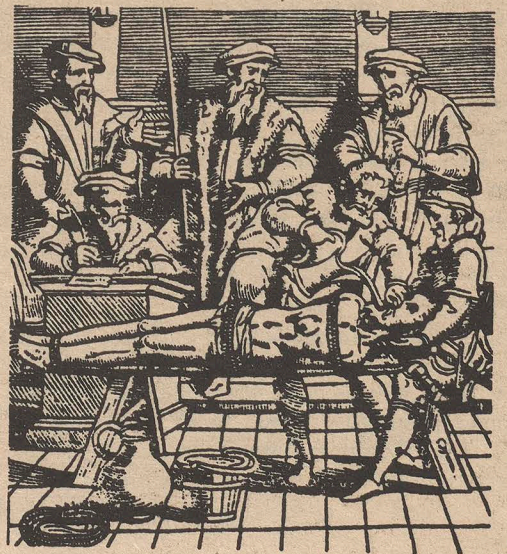
At the time, Philippe was desperate for money. He had huge debts because of his involvement in the Flemish war, and the costs of government were spiraling due to his deliberate policy of building up the powers of the state. To get quick money, he had previously debased the currency; he had even arrested all the Jews in his kingdom, stripped them of all their property, and banished them (Lea, p. 154). His treatment of the Templars was consistent with his ruthless policy of subsidizing, by any means available, the emerging apparatus of the nation-state of France.

One historian, G. Legman, has recently questioned whether there might not be some truth to the accusations against the Templars. His suspicion is largely based on the research of Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall, a 19th century scholar of ancient Oriental religions (see Legman, *passim*). Hammer-Purgstall examined various artifacts that date back to the time of the trial of the Templars. These artifacts (cups, boxes, coffers) are covered with carvings that show figures and scenes remarkably similar to the religious ceremonies described in the confessions of the Templars (See Hammer-Purgstall's "Die Schuld der Templer," *Denkschriften der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Philosophisch-Historische Classe*, vol. 6, Vienna, 1885, pp. 175-210). For example, they show the worship of an androgynous deity and the practice of sexual rites. On the basis of these findings, Hammer-Purgstall concluded that the Templars practiced an esoteric form of a sex-and-nature religion that was ultimately derived from Oriental Gnosticism (in other words, a kind of hybrid between the Old Religion and Christianity).

My own opinion is that Legman and Hammer-Purgstall are wrong and that the Templars were simply the victims of an anti-Gay smear. A major reason for this conclusion is that Jacques de Molay finally repudiated his confession. Because he had at first cooperated with the authorities, de Molay had been spared the stake and was sentenced to life imprisonment. When he subsequently retracted in public, saying that the only crime he committed was betraying the Order, he was condemned to be roasted to death on a slow-burning fire. He was aware that this would happen if he retracted his original confession. Hence I believe that his final statement was an attempt to clear his conscience even at the cost of a painful death, and so is a true statement of things.

In addition, no Templar persisted in affirming his reputed heretical faith in the face of torture (Lea, p. 163). Among the witches, on the other hand, there were numerous cases where people persisted to the end in praising the Old Religion, ridiculing the Christian religion, and cursing their inquisitors.

As to the artifacts discussed by Hammer-Purgstall, they could easily have belonged to any number of medieval heretical groups. The interesting thing about them is not that they say something about





the Templars, but that they conclusively prove that a sex-and-nature religion persisted underground well into the Middle Ages (and thus that heresy and witchcraft were not just invented by the Inquisition). King Philippe was probably aware of the general features of some of these underground religions and borrowed from them to make a general frame-up of the Templars. Once the inquisitorial machinery got underway, it didn't matter what the defendants said.

The real historical significance of the trial of the Templars is that it showed the extent to which heresy had become identified with sodomy and the way in which both these charges could be used for political purposes.

Because the rise of the Cathari and other heresies had been responsible for the creation of the Inquisition, it's understandable that the Church should give ever greater attention to witchcraft, for the latter was the historical source of the pagan element in the heresies. In particular, Christian authorities were horrified by the high status of women, the open sexuality, and the Gayness that characterized the heresies, and so turned to witchcraft as sources of these same things.

We have already seen in a past article that the witch-bull proclaimed in 1484 by Innocent VIII justified the mass annihilation of the witches of Germany on the grounds that witch leaders were having ritual sex with members of both sexes. This bull affected far more than Germany, however, for it "established once and for all that the Inquisition against witches had full papal approval and thereby opened the door for the bloodbaths of the following centuries" (Russell, p. 230).

From the 11th to the 15th century, witchcraft increasingly felt the brunt of Christian oppression. In 1451, Pope Nicholas V declared that sorcery as such was subject to the Inquisition even when heresy as previously understood was not involved (Robbins, p. 272). Now came the witch-bull of 1484, which pulled out all the stops. The period from 1484 until the end of the 17th century is the period that is properly known as the European Witch Craze.

During the 16th and 17th centuries, most of continental Europe was swept by a hysterical fear that witches were everywhere and that they were responsible for many of the evils of the time. "Every misfortune and every accident that occurred in a hamlet would be attributed to witchcraft" (Henry Lea, *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, vol. 3, the Harbor Press, N.Y., 1955, p. 508).

Common methods of torture used by the Christians against witches included crushing their fingers in vises, pouring alcohol on their backs and setting it on fire, making them sit on a red hot stove, pouring hot oil into their boots, roasting the soles of their feet over fires until the joints fell out, stretching their bodies on a rack until every joint was dislocated, tearing out pieces of flesh with red hot pincers, amputating parts of their bodies, and gouging out their eyes.

The Christian witch-hunters kept on the alert for any rumors of homosexuality, which immediately made a person suspect of witchcraft. Typical of the attitude of the times was the Jesuit Paul Laymann, whose book *Theologia Moralis*, published in 1625, argued that sodomy was a crime that led to witchcraft (Henry Lea, *Materials Toward a History of Witchcraft*, vol. 2, Thomas Yoseloff, N.Y., 1957, p. 670).

Persons arrested by the witch-hunters were questioned at great length about their sex lives and almost always tortured into confessing an abundance of sexual "crimes." During that dreadful Christian terror, anyone who was popularly regarded as Gay was in jeopardy for his or her life. Charges of homosexuality were "part of the general 'smear' campaign employed by the Inquisition against its enemies" (H. Montgomery Hyde, *The Love That Dared Not Speak Its Name*, Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1970, p. 37).

The Christian witch-hunters especially kept their eyes out for women who showed any sign of independence or non-conformist behaviour. Up until the 14th century, women and men were about equally cited in the witchcraft trials; after that time, women were the majority of the victims (Russell, p. 279). In view of the witch-hunters' obsession with sexual "crimes," there can be no doubt that a great many of the victims of that period were Gay women.

PROTESTANT TERROR

Roman Catholicism had no monopoly on the terrors of witch-hunting. Some of the worst atrocities took place at the hands of Protestants. In fact, Protestant evangelists deliberately introduced the methods of the Holy Inquisition into countries that had previously been lenient (H.R. Trevor-Roper, *The European Witch-Craze...*, Harper and Row, N.Y., 1956, p. 138). John Calvin was one of the foremost supporters of witch-hunting in Europe, and his Geneva was one of the most repressive regimes that have ever existed

in the West. Calvin not only hunted down witches but his religious enemies as well. He once boasted that he had lured the Unitarian Michael Servetus to Geneva under the guise of safety and then had him burned alive as a heretic. In Protestant Geneva, the most trivial offenses were ruthlessly suppressed. Dancing was illegal; a group of bridesmaids were once arrested for decorating a bride with too much color (Taylor, *Sex in History*, p. 163); a child was beheaded for striking its father (Taylor, p. 158).

Martin Luther hated witches and urged that they be hunted down. His bloody authoritarianism is best expressed in his own words: "No one need think that the world can be ruled without blood. The civil sword shall and must be bloody" (Quoted by Taylor, p. 166).

In many ways, Protestantism was worse than Catholicism, for it believed in the literal interpretation of the Old Testament, which is one of the most bloody, authoritarian, and anti-sexual collection of books ever written. In addition, many Protestants were obsessed with the idea of a Devil and a brooding sense of sin. The Protestant mentality of the time has been aptly described by the historian G. Rattray Taylor: "What the Puritans and Calvinists achieved at the Reformation was the re-establishment of the depressive, guilt-ridden attitude as the whole source of religion" (*Sex in History*, p. 282).

As the bloodbath spread across Europe, whole villages were practically wiped out. Eventually, a great many people were annihilated who had nothing whatsoever to do with either the Old Religion or Gayness. They were implicated by victims who would confess to anything in order to stop the horrible tortures. A moving example is a letter that has survived from the 17th century. Johannes Junius was arrested in 1628 in Bamberg because some of his friends had implicated him under torture. At first, he denied everything, but, when tortured, confessed and implicated others. Before his death, he managed to smuggle out a letter to his daughter Veronica, disavowing his confession:

"And then came also—God in highest Heaven have mercy—the executioner and put the thumbscrews on me, both hands bound together, so that the bloodspurted from the nails and everywhere, as you can see from my writing.... When at last the executioner led me back to the cell, he said to me, 'Sir, I beg you, for God's sake, confess something, whether it be true or not. Invent something, for you cannot endure the torture which you will be put to.' ... Now, my dearest child, here you have all my acts and confession, for which I must die. And it is all sheer lies and inventions, so help me God. For all this I was forced to say through dread of torture beyond what I had already endured.... I have taken several days to write this—my hands are crippled. I am in a sad plight... Good night, for your father Johannes Junius will never see you more" (Quoted by Robbins, pp. 12-13).

No one knows for sure how many people were killed by the Christian witch-hunters. Most estimates vary from between several hundred thousand to several million. If anything, these estimates are probably low, since the great bulk of documents and court records dealing with witchcraft lie unseen and unanalyzed in archives and libraries throughout Europe.

The only real brake on the atrocities came from the pre-Roman, pre-Christian common law tradition of Teutonic countries (Robbins, p. 500). In England, the first significant legislation to be passed against witches since the early Middle Ages was under the reign of Henry VIII, and even this was limited to specific acts such as destruction of property or killing. (See George Kittredge, *Witchcraft in Old and New England*, Atheneum, N.Y., 1972, p. 38; and Wallace Notestein, *A History of Witchcraft in England*, T.Y. Crowell, N.Y., 1968, pp. 10-11). Interestingly, it was also under the reign of this same syphilitic heterosexual King that the first secular law against sodomy was passed in England (Walter Barnett, *Sexual Freedom and the Constitution*, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1973, p. 80).

The Inquisition never gained a foothold in England, and torture was for the most part disallowed in court proceedings. The Templars fared much better in England than elsewhere, and although the Order was abolished, many Templars escaped imprisonment and torture. At the beginning of the Templar purge in 1307, King Edward II, himself a homosexual, refused to take any action against the Order, but he finally acceded, probably due to his impending political marriage with Isabelle, daughter of King Philippe of France (Thomas W. Parker, *The Knights Templars in England*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1963, p. 92).

The worst oppression of witches in England took place in 1644-1645 under the leadership of the self-styled "Witch-Finder General" Matthew Hopkins, a Puritan (Notestein, p. 166). Hopkins systematically tortured victims by sticking needles into their bodies, keeping them from eating, and making them walk

(continued on page 16)

(continued from page 15)

continuously without sleep for long periods of time. Although a great many people were executed, the carnage was less severe than on the Continent.

As I have tried to demonstrate throughout this series, the Christian oppression of women and Gays was no mere accident. Attitudes toward sex, women, and Gays were major points of contention in the war of doctrine and ritual between the Old Religion and Christianity. Christianity oppressed women and Gays precisely because they enjoyed such a high status in the Old Religion.

In view of what we have discovered, it cannot be argued, as some still do, that the Christian religion has on the whole been humane, even though there may have been terrible injustices at certain times. Throughout the history of its spread in Europe, Christianity has been a religion of the sword. Whether in its Catholic, Orthodox, or Protestant form, it has



always left a gruesome mound of bodies whenever it has come to power. The few Christians in the past who raised their voices against the atrocities of their co-religionists have always been in a tiny minority, and often they themselves ended up being burned as heretics.

The Christians hunted down witches with varying degrees of ferocity for six hundred years from the 11th to the 17th centuries. The aim of the Christians was to annihilate an entire culture. They accomplished their goal. The Old Religion and the heresies that it inspired were for the most part wiped off the face of the earth. With them died the last legacy from the pre-Roman, pre-Christian world of a culture that lived in accordance with nature, respected the status of women, worshiped human sexuality, and accepted Gayness. In their place stood the grim, disciplined edifice of Christianity and the engines of institutionalized violence (such as the state) that kept Christianity in power.

Response

Giving The Devil His Due

As one letter writer put it in the last *Fag Rag*, "our demand for dignity and our full rights as human beings does not depend in any way on what may or may not have happened in 11,000 B. C." Nonetheless, attempts to recapture our history are of interest and are important. However, the series by Arthur Evans mixes up the valuable and the erroneous so thoroughly that only someone who already knows the facts can separate them from the nonsense.

The foundation of these articles on witchcraft is the theory, first advanced by Margaret Murray, that the witches were practitioners of the pagan religion which preceded Christianity in Europe. This enticing theory is unfortunately false. Pagan ideas and customs did survive in both witchcraft and Christianity, but that is not the same thing as the survival of a cult. Richard Cavendish notes in his book *The Black Arts* that in England, "one of the last bastions of paganism in western Europe, there is no evidence that pagan cults survived later than the time of Canute, who died in 1035, and on the Continent they seem to have disappeared long before." (p. 303) The first known witch trials were held in 1245, the first account of the witches' sabbath come a century later, and the bulk of the literature and trials are still later. Thus there is a gap of several centuries between the last pagans and the first witches.

As for those modern day witches who claim to be following the ancient paganism, they are mistaken. According to Francis King's *Sexuality, Magic and Perversion*, only two covens are known to predate the publication of Gerald Gardner's *Witchcraft Today* in 1954, and these probably postdate the publication of Margaret Murray's books. These witches, in short, are followers of the Murray theory, not evidence for it. Perhaps it is for this reason that Mr. Evans has not mentioned them; or perhaps he is aware of the fact that many of them are anti-homosexual.

Cavendish comments,

Witches existed from very early times and were always thought to be in touch with evil spirits and the powers of the underworld. In medieval Europe the prince of the underworld and the master of demons was Satan and it is probable that the god of the witches was not the supposed 'horned god' of a hypothetical 'Old Religion' but the Devil of Christianity. (p. 303)

The witches, in short, were Satanists. In one early sabbath ritual reconstructed by Jules Michelet, Satan is termed "Chief of the Serfs" and "God of Liberty." The priestess says as she approaches the altar, "Save me Lord Satan from the treacherous and the violent." H.T.F. Rhodes says in his book *The Satanic Mass*,

All the action and phraseology of the rite reflects a confused but genuine revolutionary fervour. It is impossible to misunderstand the invocation to Satan to save his clients from the 'treacherous and the violent.' Priest and landlord are meant. The 'God of the Serfs' is also the 'God of Liberty.' No one could suggest that these are perverted prayers to an abstract spirit of evil. They are the cry of a people, believing themselves to be oppressed, to a God who is not the God of the oppressor. (p. 58)

Thus the medieval peasants who attended the sabbath were not pagans but religious rebels turning toward the only image of religious rebellion they knew—that of Satan. (Incidentally, the word "sabbath" is simply the Hebrew word, as is shown by the fact that some early writers refer to the gatherings as 'synagogues.") It is true that the witches engaged in gay sex and had a high regard for women. However, these facts seem less significant when one sees witchcraft for what it is. Evans' sweeping assertions about pre-Christian Europe are not supported by the evidence. Medieval witchcraft grew out of Christianity and remained a distorted reflection of it.

—Loftin Elvey, Jr.

Rebuttal

A Brief Rebuttal from Hell

Loftin Elvey claims that paganism died out in Britain before 1035 and that it disappeared on the continent of Europe much earlier. This is false, as the evidence shows. For example, a 13th-century book called *The Chronicles of Lanercost* reports an interesting scene that happened in 1282 at Inverkeithing, Scotland. The local priest was arraigned before his bishop for conducting a ritual dance around a phallus at Easter time. The priest readily admitted the charge, and said it was the accustomed practice of the place. The priest was admonished, but not denied his position. Can you imagine what would happen if a priest did that today in Boston?

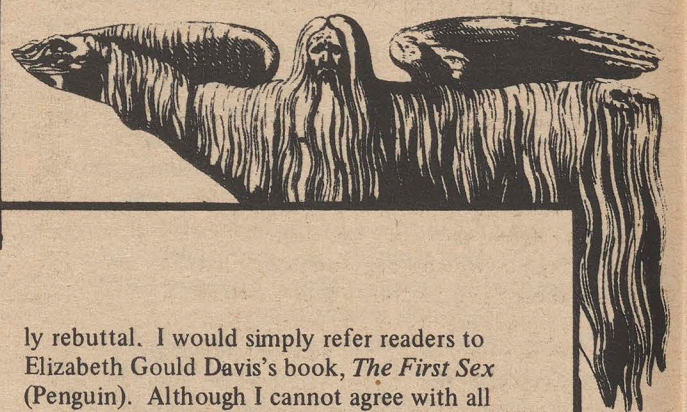
Small coffers have survived from 14th-century France. They show scenes of religious ceremonies, including the worship of androgynous deities and sexual orgies (See Joseph Hammer-Purgstall, "Die Schuld der Templer" in *Denkschriften der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften*, vol. 6, Vienna, pp. 175-210). The Italian scholar Carlo Ginzburg has conclusively proved that a sex-and-nature cult existed in Friuli, Italy, as late as the 16th century. These people worshipped

Diana, and vigorously rejected any such personage as the Christian Satan. They were accused by the Inquisition of being "witches" and were wiped out (see Ginzburg, *I Benandanti*, Turin, 1966).

Loftin also says the first known trials were held in 1245. Wrong again. The first trials held in Western Europe for which a good written record survived were held in Orleans in 1022 and in Bucy-le-long in 1114. In the first case, the defendants were accused of holding religious orgies. In the second, they were charged with homosexual rites. The literature of witchcraft and heresy is full of charges and admissions of homosexuality, both male and female.

I strongly agree with Loftin that witchcraft and heresy were forms of political rebellion. That's precisely my point in the present article in this issue! Please read this article, and note the connection of this rebelliousness with the pagan religion of the oppressed peasant masses.

Previous letters to *Fag Rag* have attacked my argument that earlier societies were matriarchal. This is not the space for a long scholar-



ly rebuttal. I would simply refer readers to Elizabeth Gould Davis's book, *The First Sex* (Penguin). Although I cannot agree with all her conclusions, she shows very clearly how male chauvinism among supposedly objective historians has repressed, distorted, and omitted archaeological and mythological evidence pointing to the high status of women in remote antiquity.

Finally, I realize there are eminent scholars who deny that witches and old religionists ever existed. I would remind readers that there have also been eminent scholars who have maintained that Gay people are non-existent—or else only a tiny minority of sickies with no place in history whatsoever. When we read their impressive and exhaustive books, we get the impression that there was no such thing as homosexuality in history—or even sexuality for that matter.

These "authorities" are wrong, just as they have been wrong about women and Blacks. Let's take scholarship out of the hands of the university careerists and put it into the hands of the people.

—Arthur Evans

Allyn Amundson was born on August 19, 1934 in Baraboo, Wisconsin. He was baptized and confirmed a Roman Catholic. His father was an engineer of Norwegian descent. His mother was of German stock. The discoverer of the South Pole, he believed, had been his great uncle. He was in the army for three months and ten days, just long enough to be considered a veteran.

He was trained as a painter: from the University of Wisconsin he received a B. A.; he had two Masters degrees, a Master of Science (M.S. and a Master's Degree in Fine Arts (MFA in painting). He taught painting and art history at the University of Wisconsin and at Michigan State University. By the time he came to Boston in August of 1963, he had already exhibited his work and was awarded prizes in over a dozen one-man and group invitational shows not only in Wisconsin, but in California, New York, and Washington D.C. He also illustrated books on language teaching, created several children's books and painted murals. The one which particularly pleased him decorates the downstairs bar at the 2170 Club in Boston; it was finished in 1973. He was at home with all artistic media: oil painting, sculpture, printmaking, pen and ink and watercolor. He could design theatrical sets, costumes and had particular success with this in Wisconsin in his student days.

Above all, he was a draughtsman -- of astounding skill. He left behind many hundreds of drawings and numerous sketchbooks filled with studies of everything from nudes to cats to carefully scrutinized botanical specimens. During his life the paintings and the prodigious numbers of drawings spilled into the hands of his friends and those he had come to know, and more and more his drawings came to be *about* and *for his friends*. They framed them, decorated their houses with them published them in their newspapers or just kept them.

In the early sixties, he discovered the medium of silver point, the quintessential medium of the draughtsman, because it does not allow the artist to erase a mistake or to correct a false start. In a way, he personally revived silver point, learning the lessons of the great draughtsmen of the past like Durer or Rembrandt who had used it. His greatest drawings are probably the silverpoints which emerged, under his hand, as rich and detailed as paintings. He cared a lot about the fine line drawing he could make with silverpoint and when he exhibited his work at the Loeb Theater in the late 1960's, the glory of his part of the exhibition were the works in this medium.

He was an inveterate letter writer, and the many 1000's of letters that he produced as a whole, if gathered together would constitute perhaps one of the most extraordinary personal statements of his generation. His letters were often punctuated with drawings which in themselves were as rich as the letters in humor, outrageousness and insight.

He was a hippie, a flower child, a dissenter long before those notions were fully part of the contemporary American conscience; these facts contributed in no small way to his superiority as a teacher. His students not only loved and admired him for his artistic skills, but for the fact that he was 'seasoned' and in a word, another sort of 'veteran'.

He was a resident of Boston for twelve years, but he never denied or forgot his roots in Wisconsin. Baraboo, in spite of the fact that it is losing its elm trees, is still the sleepy town that it was in the late 19th century when it was the winter quarters of the Ringling Brothers Circus. From his mother's house, he could hear the musical sounds of the steam caliope, from which, even recently, he took enormous pleasure and amusement. The circus and the circus museum which came to be established in Baraboo, appealed to his deeply engrained love of fantasy and the world of the fantastic imagination. His involvement in fantasy and the world of the fantastic gradually became the subject matter of his art, it influenced in no small degree his style of life, his mode of dress and his genuine appreciation of all of the unique qualities

1934 ALLYN AMUNDSON 1975

A REMEMBRANCE

in his wide range of acquaintances and friends. As an artist he believed in the power of the imagination. Blond, lionine, he moved among us like a prince, passing his life on his own terms like an aristocrat. Yet in this he was exceedingly concrete and practical. He had the gift of honesty which shocked his acquaintances yet drew them more closely to him. Above all, he had the supreme gift of friendship, and for making friends. After all, didn't he introduce us all to one another?

Eugenia Parry Janis



I'd like to dedicate this talk to the memory of my good friend Allyn Amundson who, last week in Boston, fell to his death at the age of 40.

Allyn was gay. He was, in fact, the first gay person I ever knew. He was a very fine painter; you may have seen some of his drawings in gay publications. He was a very fine man who, as Gertrude Stein *might* have said was very finely gay. He was perhaps too outrageous for some, but for others he was simply wonderfully so.

Many years ago, when I first realized I was gay, it was Allyn who helped me to welcome the fact with great whoops of joy, just as he had accepted his homosexuality with great gusto from the very beginning. Back then, in the late 1950s, he was a terrific role model. In the 50s, as a lot of us in this room know only too well, self-acceptance, let alone complete openness, was infinitely more difficult than it appears to be today. In those days, Allyn was great support, not only for me but for many others.

Allyn had many close women friends --both gay and straight. He was that rare being: a non-sexist man. Yes, there are some. I dedicated my book to him--in many ways he was responsible for my writing it. The reaction of some women to this dedication, women who were into separatism, was amazement and in one case, complete shock. A book about lesbianism dedicated to a man? they said. They just couldn't believe it. Although I hadn't anticipated this sort of reaction, in truth, it hadn't even crossed my mind, it is, of course, highly understandable--when one considers the strong sexism of most straight men and, sadly, not a few gay men. However, it does seem to me that those women who tick off all men as not worthy of consideration, are every bit as guilty as that segment of the straight public that ticks off all gay people as not worthy of consideration. I wonder what is accomplished without dialogue?--frustrating as it often is.

Allyn Amundson really was, so to speak, my sister. I'm distressed by his death; I feel a little like Colette when she heard of the poet Renee Vivien's death. Colette said, 'Like all those who never use their strength to the limit, I am hostile to those who let life burn them out.'

Allyn, like the poet Renee Vivien, was not a survivor. But they certainly were lovers. And their legacies --Vivien's poems, yet to be translated into English, and Allyn's paintings and drawings are there to bring joy. Especially to their gay Sisters and Brothers who, against still frustrating odds, have chosen to survive, and to fight.

What I mean by frustrating odds brings me to the topic of my talk this evening...

Delivered at the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia), February 25, 1975, by

Dolores Klaich

LEFT HANDED

Allyn Amundson was left handed and loved it. He was a pure blonde and he exulted in it. He lived in a cold water flat and boasted about it. He was out of tune with the aux-courant art world and cared less. He dressed unconventionally and did it intentionally. In short, Allyn loved being different and unique and he succeeded.

Uniqueness was very important to him. He always wanted either to be rich or famous and since he saw that he couldn't achieve either he decided to be outrageous in personality and appearance.

He was egocentric and loved being noticed if for no other reason than just being noticed. Yet on the other hand he noticed others and bolstered their self image also. He was a great encourager. He loved to spur other people along life's tedious journey with grand encouragement. He was never selfish with praise even if he didn't completely understand. He was seldom a 'downer'.

Yet Allyn had some serious problems that only a few shared with him. He was a person of many contradictions which also made him unique. He could encourage others but at the same time he was discouraged. Outwardly he would project joy but inside he was tortured and tormented. He wore many masks. He was a tragic figure yet he was delightful. He never wore thin.

I met Allyn in Sporters on July 31, 1963. The last time I saw him was the day before he died. I drove him to Sporters. He loved that place. He was a very social being and loved to talk with people. He didn't think of Sporters so much as a cruising ground but as a meeting place where he could talk with people.

He was a total person in his regard for people. He could carry on conversations on all topics with all sorts of people. At one moment he would be talking with Mary Sullivan on the care of plants and in the next moment he would be explaining the proper method of wearing a cock ring with some hunky person. He loved to talk and enjoyed people.

He couldn't stand being totally alone or even with just one other person. Being alone made him nervous and at the same time too many people confused him - again the contradictions.

In regard to art, Allyn was unfashionable. He was a figure painter and consummate draftsman in an era of pop and op and felt very secure and comfortable in his own medium. He was not an innovator nor did he aspire to be one. He loved doing those things that pleased him most: people, plants, and cats. He was disappointed about his minimal success in his life time but he was pleased with his shows, his sales at his gallery and his appearance in Fag Rag and Sebastian Quill. Besides these publications he also illustrated two french texts and one spanish text for Appleton Century and Croft. In his university days he won many awards. In 1969 he was the runner-up for the Whitney Award. On the strength of this award he went to Paris for a year. It was a difficult year for him. He loved the thought of travel but the execution of it was somewhat different. He was totally a home body and loved the security of the familiar rather than change.

I once travelled with him to Greece in 1965. It was a disaster for him. He went to England in 1971 but that too ended in defeat and he returned to 33 Clarendon Street and vowed to never leave again. Yet he did enjoy travelling in this country. In 1967 we drove cross country to the West Coast and that he enjoyed especially San Francisco which he re-visited in 1972.

Of course Allyn did have his weak points as all of us do. He could be obstinate, imperious, and down right obnoxious and loud but he was so damn infectious that you usually forgot or overlooked his bad points. The good definitely out weighed the bad. The balance always tipped to his favor. He was lucky that way.

Allyn was a summer person - a true follower of Apollo. He loved the sun. He could sit for hours whether on a rooftop in Boston, or a pier in Madison, Wisconsin, or a sandy beach on Cape Cod, or an old swimming hole in Maine and soak up the jollies from the sun.

I can see him sunning himself, brushing back his beautiful blond hair, and sipping on an eternal drink and saying, 'Isn't it just marvelous, Tommy'.

I will miss him this summer and all the summers to come but when the hollyhocks bloom in the sky, I will think of Allyn and smile.

Tom Farley

AFTER SEEING ALLYN'S DRAWINGS

Wholesome giver
out of your ego
out into joy
out and around
each flexing finger
each skittish muscle
Your pen a tongue.

Leather lovers
too beautiful for pain
boy princes in a kingdom
sucked
rimmed
love-longed
stoning the looker.

Pastoral figurations
ink figments of an eye
gently learned
in pathways
of
trusting in flesh.

-Jon Franck

MYTH

In memory of Allyn Amudson

Flung from a window five flights up
a blinded painter breaks
into bloom, fleeing
hope.

Two ghosts haunt his open mouth:
stamen and pistil
blessed
by Apollo.

Pollen and laurel dust the brow
cracked on the brick of vision
below,
empty bottle:

ancient temple of sight overthrown.

David Eberly

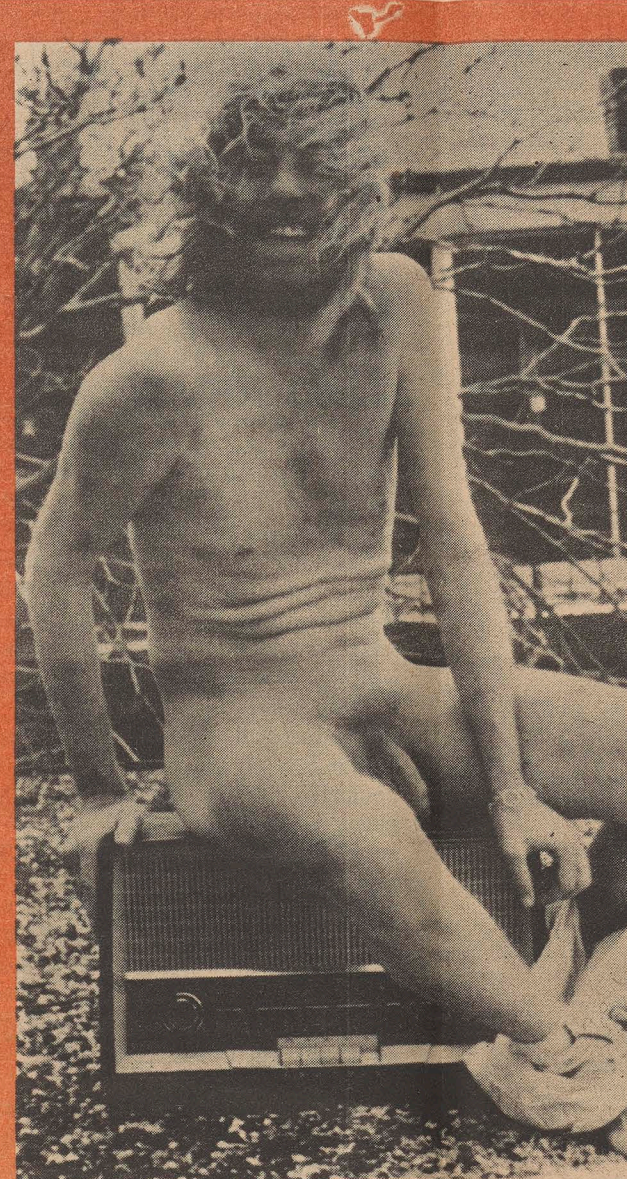
ALLYN

a year
since i was last here with you.
man of summer -
casting haiku forms on
gentle dunes in truro.
astride pale blue waves,
whimsical statue of foam.
it is home again.

yet different. though our moods
still blend, smooth
as your golden morning hair.
you've changed - from friend to lover.
orion master, studded
with a belt of stars.
sparkle of acetylene eyes
in a turquoise sky.
prefigured in breaths of light,
your celestial arrows
pierce each sebastian heart
with gentle shafts of insouciant joy;
releasing the insistent laugh
and dove wings in soft murmur
to shed shadows on the velvet of your force.
fold and unfold,
obscuring the last per cent
of bewildered mundane.

i hold you near,
the way night carries
the bird's impervious cry.
we've crossed years in an anticipated touch.
beautiful accidents rile the roaches and
outnumber money in the angel's toe.
geraniums in italian tin cans.
night-blooming jasmine, our wandering jew.
the golden goblet of beer,
shimmering in the morning and
shaking sleep and memory
from your lazuli eyes,
and leonine hair.

Andy Kopecki



"Postcard for Marsha", Photo

ICARUS song for allyn

Thinking on the last time that I saw
Laughing eyes, the smile too bright
Danish oils, the colours grace my wall
Inside, outside, everything I see

Twenty-five had come and gone that
Laughing eyes, so far above that sea
Swirling madly down below the bar
Laughing eyes that always got to me

CHORUS;
Now it only makes me wonder what
With you I felt so solid off the ground
When the sun's this hot I start to feel
Then it looks like losing everything

Every picture paints a thousand meanings
Every word becomes too hard to feel
Every thought evokes a different question
Laughing eyes, the terror gets so real

later;
Missing in action
The sigh rings so true
I'm flying very close to you
Stars in your night shine
Suns too far to reach
When there's just light enough for ease
Of us living
And these freaks you leave behind
The window open
Measure out my time
You know, I'll have you
More than life can ever keep inside

CHORUS;
Now it only makes me wonder what
With you I felt so solid off the ground
When the sun's this hot I start to feel
Then it looks like losing everything

Guess I saw the sanity and reason
Something that you'll never get to see
Laughing eyes, I loved you just for being
Laughing eyes, won't you come back

Glenn A. Johnson

If poets are prophets
what are painters?

Blossom Street pad
Sporter's supper crowd
Beacon Hill stoops
February stiff tar
hard to get thru
Thoreau every winter

What did Allyn see?

worse only worse
horsehair voices
our first millionaire
Wall Street broker
broken headed
monument wall

What did Allyn see?

they turned away
from tattoo hearts
on his finial penis
final brush back
free food pen ink
pours apple pavement

What did Allyn see?

when I was little
I saw only shapes
before teachers' words
wore hums buns
landscapes dripped
margins elasticated
only a dissertation

What did Allyn see?

flaked petunia scars
rump roast cheeks
rag man hair West-
ern cowboy maché
blind acrobat stunned
in flight stoned
we'll always look
there for him

What did Allyn see?

spider limbed men
cold water flat stretched
aviator garden tea
room china cupped
home iced gen-
eration in pots pans
articles of clothing
stud brimmed hat

What did Allyn see?

pages of him pink
parts spare torn
window frames rot
fall out eventually
coming climax mud
masonry cemetery
watch your step

What did Allyn see?

his own corner
a smile across a
crowded room
sun stains glass
pains his hands
reaching a new trick
at last clear bone

What did Allyn see?

joy in kitchens melting
mad at running
water colors unsteady
breaking people chatter
sidewalk oil
you can not wash
away with argyle tears

What did Allyn see?

captured victims
monopoly capital land
lords driving prices
up and out he goes
we own no land

no homestead
no streets
no future
no children
no heirlooms

gathering cut glass
maiden hair ferns
lintel dust brows
going down

If poets are prophets
what are painters?

Don't look now
gross worms
worn words
signs designs
picket pictures
all around town
they drew Allyn out

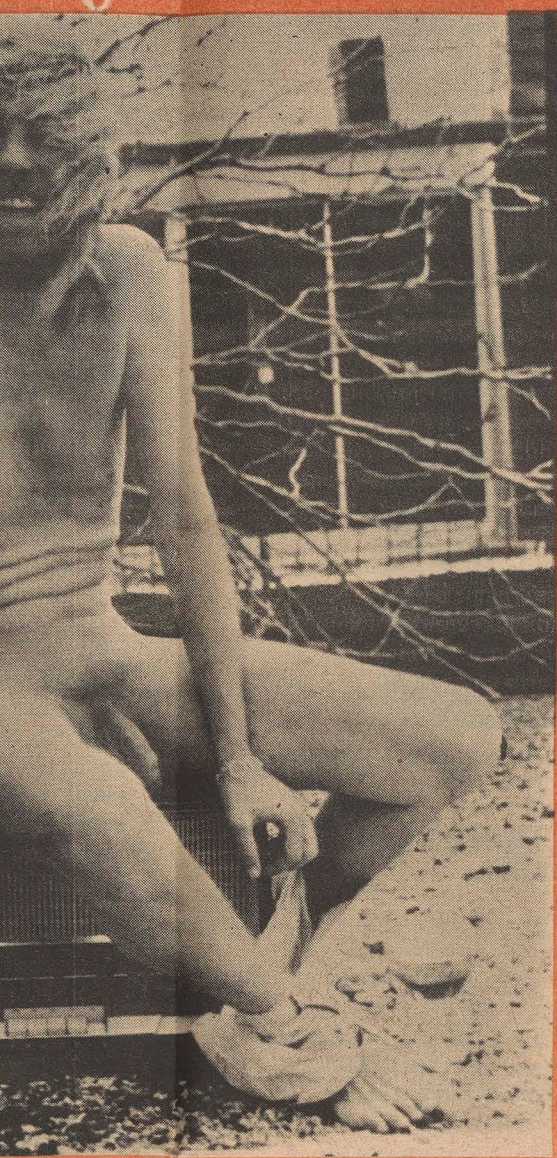
If poets are prophets
what are painters?

charley shively
21 February 1975



IS THERE LIFE BEFORE DEATH ?

by Salvatore Farinella



Postcard for Marsha", Photo by Ken Clark

ORUS song for allyn

Thinking on the last time that I saw you
Laughing eyes, the smile too bright to be
Faded oils, the colours grace my walls here
Outside, outside, everything I see

Twenty-five had come and gone that Tuesday
Laughing eyes, so far above that sea
Whirling madly down below the bar there
Laughing eyes that always got to me

ORUS;
Now it only makes me wonder what we're headed for
When you I felt so solid off the ground
When the sun's this hot I start to feel so crazy
When it looks like losing everything we found

Every picture paints a thousand meanings
Every word becomes too hard to feel
Every thought evokes a different question
Laughing eyes, the terror gets so real

er;
Dancing in action
The sigh rings so true
Flying very close to you
Stars in your night shine
Too far to reach
When there's just light enough for each
As living
And these freaks you leave behind
The window open
Measure out my time
You know, I'll have you
More than life can ever keep inside

ORUS;
Now it only makes me wonder what we're headed for
When you I felt so solid off the ground
When the sun's this hot I start to feel so crazy
When it looks like losing everything We found

ness I saw the sanity and reason
Something that you'll never get to see
Laughing eyes, I loved you just for being
Laughing eyes, won't you come back for me

Glenn A. Johnson

Crossing the Boston Common I saw the wide free spray can scrawl across a park building - IS THERE LIFE BEFORE DEATH? Another reminder, a skull and crossbones, spelling out and hinting at a pirate existence. This planet, this dimension - are we - am I ready to really and frankly deal with its truths, its lies. Allyn, my close friend, flew from that fourth story window how many months ago - three, four? Already the facts are fading. In preparing to write this - these words farming their furrows into some type of understanding, dredging up the pain again so recently put under the underwear in the linen closet at the back of my mind - I will try to come to some kind of understanding of the act or of Allyn more likely of myself and those friends who found themselves washed up stranded on skull beach. Maybe there is some hope of treasure under the sand but I've left my metal detector home and I'm afraid. Allyn Amundson, you are still too warm and watching over my shoulder. You and I will talk then about you and me and Roger and Ken and Tom and all the others. We are all part of it - this death - this parting with all the promises of future picnics at the sea shore unfulfilled.

The first days are seven years behind us and gauze skim clouds romantically the features of those days. If I tear away that theatrical curtain, the cold reality glistens like mica. I saw you as being afraid vulnerable as afraid as myself - except I did a better job of disguising the terror of the streets. It was you who led Roger and me to the South End. Little did Roger and I know that the apartment we would find was directly down the street from that famous address 33 Clarendon. Allyn, you always said that Lawrence Street was magical and held surprises in store. But all it turned out to be for everyone else was Vaseline Alley where the hustlers took their tricks to score. You and 33 Clarendon were the greatest magical attraction in Boston and you never knew it.

Shall I tell the pleasant people a little about you, my friend, who is so private in your public way? I am left to interpret your silence. But I won't because all the others - lovers, friends will do that - they will relate the facts; they will build up the shell of the man and stand it on its feet - pull the string - the hand waves. We are all left with this shell. When the death bell rang and the bodiless voice at the other end of the phone gave the news - what can I say - the death rattle danced against raw bone behind my eyes? All the friends got it this way. Then one by one the crying, the wailing, the keening started all over the city - Boston, New York started the moan, Santa Barbara groaned and all the other places where I don't know the names, the people behind the names, the places, the people the magical man touched and left his fairy dust. The spot raw and irritated and changed.

We must all go on I thought and showered and cried and sobbed and showered and gasped and shaved but we must all go to work. And we did; all the friends did go on to do what they had to do to continue living. Allyn, the Norwegian priest of chiaroscuro, you taught us how to find the sun in dark places. I left Roger at work crying and I went to work crying. At the coffee machine I told Kate, the woman I work with, Allyn flew the night before while tripping and fucked up his landing gear. Kate's best friend had recently died and her face moved imperceptively as a wall does when the building foundation shifts. After awhile she came into my office and we cried together. I don't understand why but I became obsessed with wanting to know and understand the facts. I had to know or die myself. After all Allyn you were the personification of all light and dark to us your friends.

Work was a bust. As I left the building the whispers were following me out the door like grey footsteps left in dust. I hunted the others. I drove looking for them - those others who I didn't really conceptualize with faces - what friends, which friends, do I have a right to intrude, do I want to see them and I drove until I was at 33 Clarendon ringing the bell. Amazingly the three clicks which signalled the waiter to enter released the lock and I walked in and up the stairs to the top floor. I went straight to the kitchen where Andy was sitting looking bewildered in Allyn's apartment. His face was wet with the tears tearing his face into a sorrow mask. He was there hiding all the pornography so that the relatives wouldn't find it. What could we say to each other? What were we doing in Allyn's apartment? What if he came back? His dishes were still piled in the sink; Marsha, the money cat, was flipped on her back on the large radio. Obviously the man was coming back. Why didn't you?

Allyn, can I say this for the others? The apartment was permeated with the man. Everywhere one looked Allyn jumped out at you. Life sized pictures on the walls, porno collages of nude men doing the Big It everywhere, drawings, beer cans, hundreds of plants dominated by the famous night blooming Cereus, a life sized angel suspended over the bed blowing his horn. I could go on and on everything was touched by the man and he left his mark on everything. Everything, each object had a story which gave it value to us who listened or participated in it: even the thousands of roaches crawling over everything. One night Allyn met a new star at Sporters Cafe and Lounge. When they decided that they would see each other through the night, Allyn congratulated the young man because that night the night blooming Cereus would bloom. He was extraordinarily lucky for the flower bloomed only once a year. Their meeting heralded by the momentous blooming must certainly signify a new star on the horizon and true love. Everything was colored with this romance.

Andy and I mumbled incoherences and left because we could not bear being so near to the life still warm, the heart still heard through the walls.

I had heard that Allyn fell on Charles Street so went there slowly walking wanting to be near him in some fashion. You see I'm Sicilian Italian. When our people die, we fall onto their coffins screaming in grief until we are carried away in utter exhaustion. I did know what was happening to me but I guess I was trying desperately to exhaust myself - fall down in the gutter until someone would take me away to some warm place where the roots of the trees would wrap themselves round my body and carry me to this friend, Allyn, who had left me in such pain and relieve me of it. The particulars of the whole thing I didn't know so that I ended up in Sporters, the one place that I always knew I could find Allyn. (What do you think of this Allyn? Is this a lot of shit? Do you love me for it this re-living, the opening of the partially healed wound?) Allyn was not there. There was one corner of the bar that Allyn owned. No one could sit there. If by some unlucky chance some insensitive number found himself on this particular stool, Allyn by sheer presence would spirit him away and take possession of his rightful place. I couldn't come near that stool so sat across the bar and watched for the man to appear all the while in my misery wondering what kind of self indulgent masochist I was to give myself this kind of pain. This was at 12 noon. It was here that the particulars of Allyn's death were learned. A male nurse from

Mass General was talking to someone about the suicide and relating gruesome details. Every detail was sponged into my memory with broken glass. I felt as though the tears bled from my eyes. The building Allyn jumped from was directly across the street from Sporters on Blossom Street. I went out and there it was: a homely yellow brick building with one window blank - Allyn had taken the entire window frame - almost like one eye blinded and the sun was shining. 'Allyn spring's here' I said and walked on.

I saw Larry waving down a cab. He was in his fur collared long grey tweed coat. He didn't see me until I reached him. He looked at my face and said, 'Oh, you heard.' He put my head on his shoulder and I cried for awhile. All I could think about was that I was crying all over his fur collar wetting the fur. He held me awhile there in the street. I don't cry often in private never mind in the middle of the street in the arms of another man but I did and the cabs cruised by Larry stroking my head. Somehow walking dazed throughout the morning and dealing alone with spring and Allyn dead had been a wet rag to drag around. Seeing Larry busy with his life waving at cabs left me with this wagon of bones rattling down the street. I couldn't understand why the whole city was not inundated with tears.

Death has never moved me as much as Allyn's leaving. When my grandmother died, a Sicilian funeral director did it up right and Sicilians all came to pay respects. The little old ladies dressed in black all sat around and loudly wept into handkerchiefs. My aunt pleaded with my grandmother for two days to return. I was moved with grief but was bruised by culture shock. My grandfather died while I was in Rome and was buried before I returned. I still think of him as alive. But Allyn's death haunts me with a choking that is death's hand on the throat. Allyn, my friend, are you still that or are you yawning by now?

What about the living? I am one of them as is my lover, Roger, Ken Rob, Robert, doctor Jack and Tom, Allyn's lover, who on asking for a leave of absence from his rural school department due to the death of his 'close' friend, was denied because his department heads did not understand the relationship. After all we don't know how to act. As men - gay men - we are not allowed to be apart of the core family even if we have been 'espoused' for decades. Is the partner respected when the goods get divided or does the family descend with wide wings and scoop up the belongings? How intensely does one cry at the funeral of your 'friend'? Oh, the nods, the clucks that follow us. Well, all that has to stop. We, as Gay people may have to show the way to all the others. We must allow ourselves to feel ourselves live through our lives. This means there will be pain as well as pleasure. Obvious isn't it. By stepping out of our sedation, we must embrace our humanity and surrender to it. Allyn what do you think? This teaching purgatory for Farley put him deep in the wilds where the students swear at him and call him faggot on the street. At middle age one is left to wonder whether the great escape from Neuvo York, Glitter City, has been worth it. Long deep winters isolated from anyone who can share experience even momentarily loom menacingly at the start of each and every school year. This only one facet of Farley. On first seeing Tom after the news had acid etched sorrow into his face and body, he looked majestic: the sorrowing king/queen lean to the bone dark and brooding. He was entering the room and I didn't expect to see him. In the elegant cocktail party sparkling with crystal and

LIFE DEATH

pure white walls . We were all clinking glasses in a dairy made chic and there was Farley under the arch - red flannel shirt and dungarees - wide belt cinched tight . He was surveying the cornice carytid . His face had known the razor and there was the bareness of the strop . It was at that moment that I realized why Allyn loved him so intensely . He is the fire smoldering in the charcoal and the cool breath needed to fan it . That room we all were standing in of tingling chandeliers and facile glass became shear, diaphanous between the finger and thumb . He can do without any of it, I thought yet he's here . What intense loneliness must have driven him here .

The night of Allyn's death the friends agreed to go to Ken's place and hide in each other's safety . I felt we were hiding in each other's arms between drinks . We drank a lot and tried to cheer each other up . We told funny stories about Allyn and the crazy that he could be . And the happiness he could give us and the concern he caused us . Shall I tell all, my friend; it should all come out . As the friends we were carrying a burden of guilt because we each and everyone of us, loved the man . And he drank too much . And we worried and fretted about the quarts of beer that disappeared before noon each day . He was a grown man - weren't you - after

all . He had some responsibility to himself and we worried . One by one of us had found the worry so intense that at different times we would not visit any more . The destruction was visible; the cracks were forming and age was creeping on . As a young man Allyn was a beautiful man: tall, blondina, Nordic . He was talented . But he drank too much because he was an artist . In his apartment he sat, perched on his stool listening to the never ending news, the talk programs and wrote the editor and called the news commentators . Something had to be done, didn't it? But nothing could be done . The silver point drawings assured him and us through their pure artistry that there was order in the world . After all there it was in plain sight silver and white! But it wasn't enough to reassure the artist, who sought through his medium a purpose, a vision of life in order to combat that fucking radio jittering away on its shelf . If it weren't for Marsha, the comely cat whom Allyn loved intensely, holding the radio down, Allyn would have stomped it into unrecognizable metal coils and springs . I guess that's what it's made up of . But the news held a fascination for Allyn as vomit sometimes does: all that gross stuff came out of me syndrome . Aren't we somehow responsible in part for all that terrible stuff happening? All the incredible furs he put over his shoulders, all the amulets he hung round his neck did not assuage the helplessness, the guilt and he always drank . I read someplace that rats when overcrowded not only go crazy but prefer alcohol to water . The city... the South End is supposed to be a scary place . Crime is everywhere . And Allyn was afraid . He was alone and *Gay* and his hunting grounds for love and sex were the same dark forbidden places that we all haunt . The victims of the muggers may as well have been impaled on pikes at each and every street corner . They had a lesson to teach and Allyn bit the bullet .

Who knows what the reasons were for the fear or the drinking . We are only his friends who cared and found they had inherited a huge guilt . One night late from Sporters dropping Allyn at his door he told me how much he loved Roger and me . It was then I told him how much we cared about him and found ourselves worrying about the man . His face twisted as he said what a down it was that his friends worried for him . He appreciated their concern but it was a down . I didn't talk about it again . It was easier to not come by and watch the disintegration . I thought I was alone in this but I wasn't . Many of the friends thought they were doing the same withdrawal alone also . Not consciously I guess, but nevertheless it happened . One week before he died each and everyone of us were called to meet Allyn . Roger and I went to visit and see Allyn again and see Tom just in from the wilds . Tom the

only man Allyn consistently loved . The one man he thought perennially beautiful . Allyn looked better than I'd seen him in months . I had talked to an alcoholic counselor earlier in the week about what a friend who respects another man's right to private destruction does when everything starts to fall apart for that friend . He said talk about it . All the friend can do is kick you the hell out . I was going to do it even though I didn't want to be kicked out . Allyn beat me to it . He had been going to group therapy with the local gay group and loved it . It was doing him good . The goods were there in front of me facing me . We had a wonderful time . I felt good about Allyn and myself . It was obvious he was progressing . When we left he kissed both Roger and me . We never saw him again . Evidently he did this for all the friends . We didn't suspect a thing . Well, the man's dead and living with us each and everyday .



We, the friends, planned a tribute celebration for our friend . Allyn's family had shipped his body to Baraboo, Wisconsin and here we were with the memories, the pain, the loss and not even a funeral at which to grieve . None of us witnessed the lowering of the body into the ground; the memorial stone . How could we really believe he was really gone and not in hiding? The celebration was for him and us - all the friends . A number of close friends met and planned this celebration . It took place on a day mixed with heavy clouds, some rain and spots of sun . Each and every friend received a sun bright and yellow daffodil whose throat of yellow trumpeted spring . The friends came to the service and slowly filled the church . Everyone felt uncomfortable in this proper place chosen to honor this wild man, Allyn Amundson . Do you mind me saying that Allyn? One by one the friends either performed by playing a musical instrument, read poems, or just talked a little about Allyn . This was our farewell gift to the man . The morning went by and we all were deeply moved . When the service ended, the friends poured out onto Arlington Street and gave three hundred daffodils to everyone they saw . 'This is on Allyn,' they said .

A number of people came to my place after the service . The friends all talked and slowly began to dance and laugh and cry because we missed him so much . When early morning found us still trying not to convince ourselves that the day had ended some of us friends went to Chinatown to eat . We each kissed each other tenderly goodnight amazed at how soft friendship had made our lips . If there is a point to this - it's because the friends who are left miss him so much .

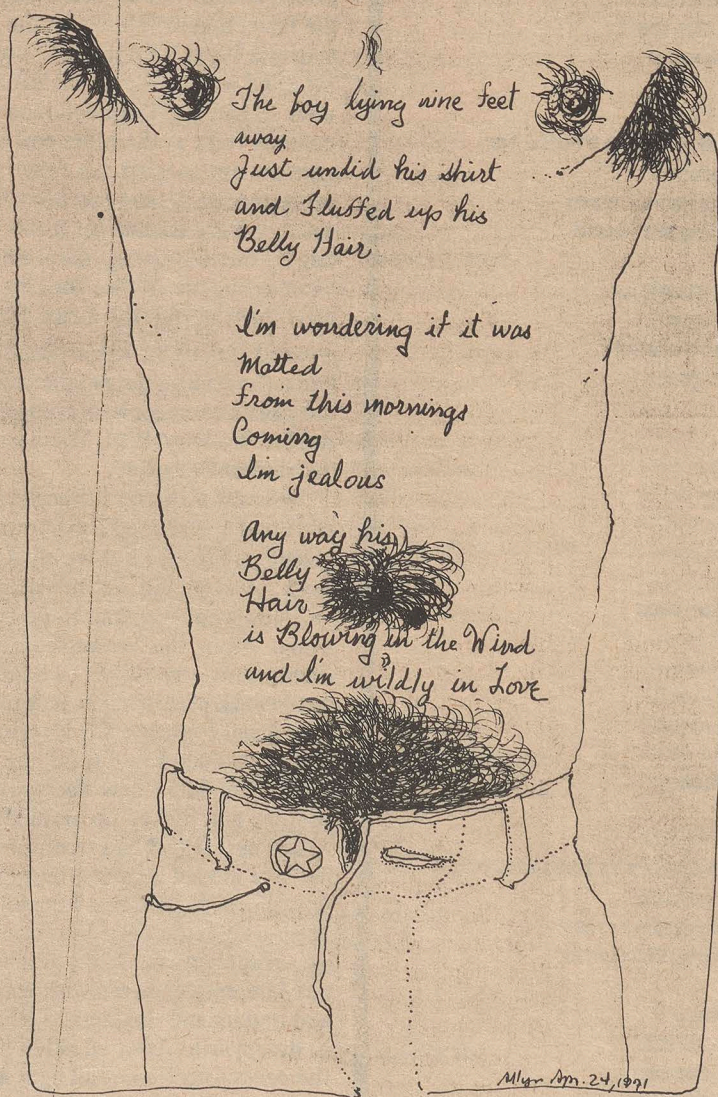
FOR ALLYN

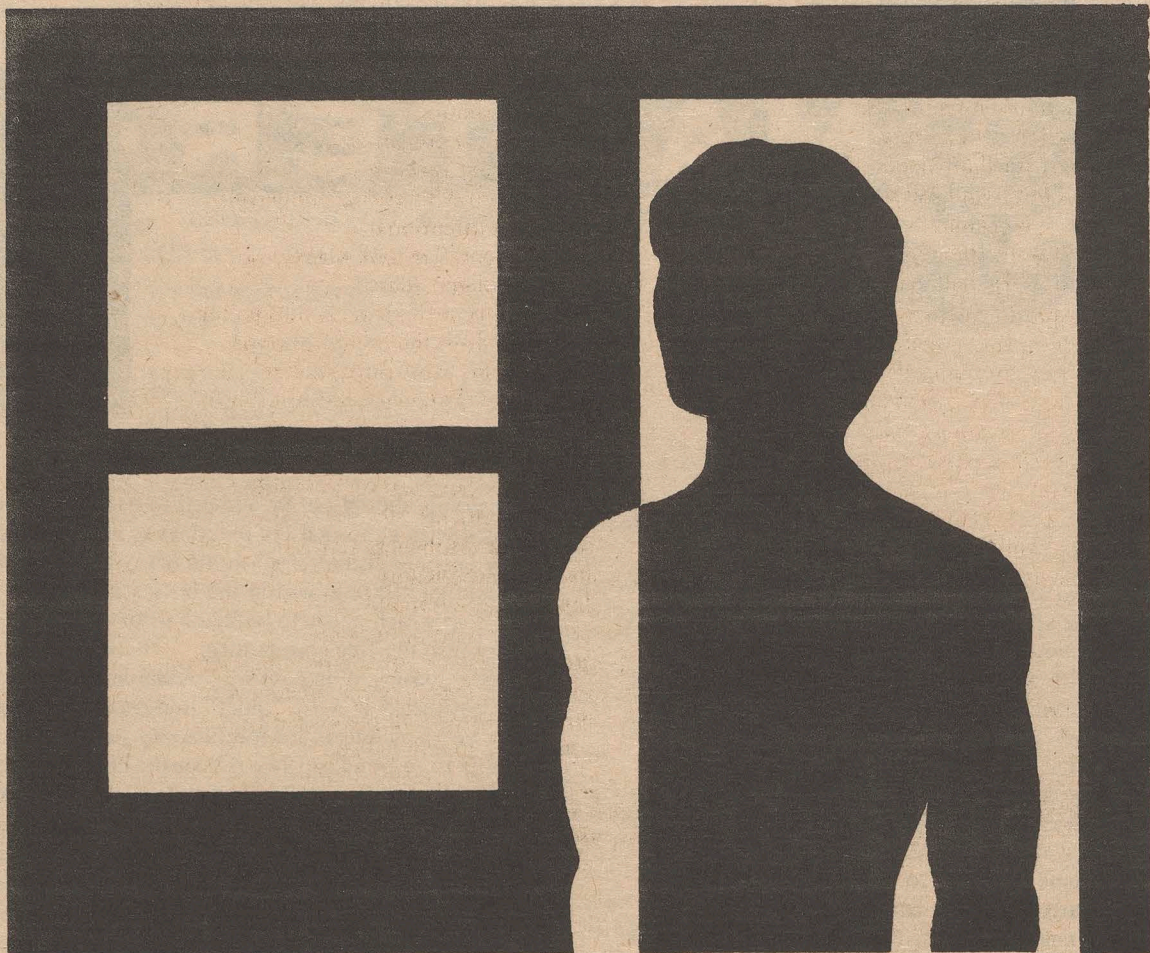
33 Clarendon, AEA's Interior

Even in chaos
was there a plan
amid the rubble
appears an abundant array
of saints and flowers
efflorescent with crystal and jewels
the stains intentional
as Adam and Eva look blackly out
of their solemn eden
the memory drifts in a gaseous balloon
propelled with the humor of hope
photographs, post cards, sketches are sepia
poses on motorcycles, headdresses, of cocks
soiled maiden wistfully, timorously
facing a future of her defacement
the master laughs at himself with love
floating Christos
no place does the eye stop
the chaos is splendor
splendorous imbrogio
testing the senses, the eyes
great garbage can of beauty, life, laughter
velvet, fur, leather, gold, crystal, wool
dusty, destroyed to the essence of beauty
and in this shoddy palace
cold tap, paint-by-number ceiling
engraved table, passions past present
there is life
Marzipan rules, Dementia succumbs
loving, laughing
La Rue, Gabriel, acrobatics of space, time
paste, cutouts, Andruski, Jamus
sommolent eden where one is tied to his pleasure
the peacock, the cardinal
the earth breeds life
the message is arrayed amid the clutter, canvas, paprus
on photo, beside porcelin, velvet, silver scallops
like an epitaph into the tabletop
waiting to conclude the future
patiently, patiently
Vivaldi soars within
glittering like the incandescent suns
dotting the mismatched china
Michael, wanting to be Gabriel
ever, ever praising
the fig leaf accepts my ashes
wishing me, wishing the three in our various occupations
fantasy, chinese, present, greets us, promises us well
it is the earth upon this oceanic linolium
and he who walks upon
he who loves, who we love, with our graciously filled tummies
and our rapturously filled hearts
love

-30/5/73

James Frase-White





**I DISCOVERED MY WILL ON A DARK STREET
IN NEW YORK**

I discovered my will on a dark street
in New York.
It was surprised. I was surprised.
But who is he
besides my "dream of the other person"?
My decisions will find him out.
He will come out of me.
I am surprised.
Who is he?

I discovered my will on a dark street
in New York.
When I was about three years old
I dreamt I heard a noise behind my head
as I lay asleep and almost woke—
knowing I'd be waking in a world
with a disturbing similarity to the world
my bed was in.
Disturbing because it contained a thief.
The presence of the thief.
The silhouette of the thief.
The thrill of thieving.
The body of the thief.

I discovered my will on a dark street
in New York.
I'd been trying for weeks to wrestle to the ground
a vague conception, no less slippery or
substantial for being vague
of how to restrain my lover's love for
turning our physical pleasure into mental cruelty
and our precisely complementary
intellects into
a galloping case of incompatibility.

Quote: "You're threatening my lifestyle
by cleaning the bathroom
so of course I'm uptight."

Quote: "Why did you tell me so early
yesterday morning
that you were going out that night?
It ruined my whole day worrying."

Quote: "Why didn't you tell me earlier
that you were going out tonight?
I was planning to stop playing the
piano and sit down and talk to you."

Quote: "Blow me."

Quote: "Oh, that's wonderful, you suck so good."

Quote: "It's garbage night."

Quote: "I'll take out the garbage."

Quote: "No, leave it, stay here with me."

Quote: "I'll just be a minute."

Quote: "OK."

I'm at the door.

Quote: "Are you coming back?"
"Yes, I'm just going to sit on the
stoop for a while."

Quote: "You won't be long."
"Oh, I may walk around the block."

Quote: "Don't tell me you're going to sit
on the stoop and then go to
the trucks."
"I just have to take this garbage down."

I discovered my will on a dark street
in New York.
Three garbage fires in a row on Fourteenth Street.
Three garbage fires in a row.
Three garbage fires two stories high.
Sirens.

The teacher on the corner was begging a dime.
The world was ending for a little man
and his repentance signs.

How sad that all teachers and little men
will burn in a world-wide garbage fire
of repentance signs
with no sirens.

I discovered my will on a dark street
in New York.
The dream came again.

Knowing he was coming
I left my body sleeping on the
bed, back to the door.
I tiptoed to the corner—heard the
door open.
Turning, I see silhouetted in the hall light
—the body of the thief.
The thief, the other person, my friend.

I discovered my will hiding in a truck
on Washington Street, he had eyes
for me and we both felt the spark
when we touched fingers, hearts
beating so fast that the air put
up resistance, shocked with our
shocks, movements slow till
we touched and the spark broke
the tension we drew a crowd and he
took me home.

He said put your dick in.
He said lick my ass.
I said pinch my tits.
I licked his ass
put my dick in and

in your spare dark room
inside us
the sweet wet dark white
reservoir collected and
mastering the master
sweet secret surprise
came the flood of the will
and we came.

The will appears from nowhere
thunder of spring
lake of the hidden spring
the will appears from nowhere
mastering the master
the will appears from nowhere
sweet secret surprise
the will is the only miracle
"Man is something to be overcome"
Come come all over me.

(I discovered my will on a dark street in New York.)

BALLOON

Balloon on rusty path.
Balloon. Pink. Green.
Shiny.
Light.

Path.
Balloon on rusty path, your heart's desire,
Balloon on dusty track, hot sun, sharp rock,
Flying rubber and

No balloon.

No balloon. No balloon.
No balloon in hallway.
No balloon on elevator.
No balloon in cave.
No balloon on porch.
No balloon at night.
No balloon at work.

No balloon!

Psst. Hey, buddy. (Balloon)? Hey. Psst.
(Balloon).

Not a balloon.
No, No, kind sir,
don't get me wrong. Oh no.
Not a balloon, not actually a
balloon, no, a pink and green
membrane, a simple membrane—yes,
stretched about an airpocket.
No, definitely not a balloon.

Oh, balloon, naked and healthy,
ready to burst,
oh, delicious,
light as a
feather but
heavy you
know what I mean I mean where's my
I mean who took
I mean
where can I meet some balloons.

Secrets of the balloon.
The Great Balloon.
(the hidden balloon)
The Balloon;
a balloon.
The Balloon Tax
a lifetime balloon.
a faithful balloon.
a loving balloon.
A Hard-Working Balloon.
a one night balloon.

I had a balloon.
I wanted it so much and then I got a balloon.
At first I could hardly
blow it up.
It was
blowing me up.

I always fought with my balloons.

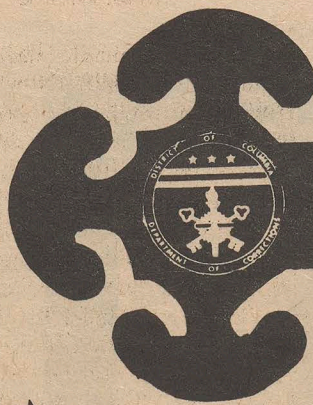
I wanted a balloon so bad,
fought over other people's balloons.
got a bunch of balloons.
got a balloon-works.
got a balloonist.
got ripped off for my balloon.

I tracked every balloon I could
down its burrow, with a can
of blank
paint.

I let balloon go.
I watched balloon fade.
I watched balloon
fade to a speck
fade to a smaller spot
than the spots in my eyes.
I watched balloon—
when I sensed balloon,
I challenged balloon to blow up.
If it didn't, it shrank
or it faded,
till there was no balloon.
All alone.

Safe but sorry.
Then one day
on a routine patrol for
I met
a balloon.
John Laporta

Recently Fag Rag received a copy of a guide for staff training in corrections. After going through the thing, we decided that parts of it might be informative to those of us who might find ourselves incarcerated and/or for those of us relating to others who are or might be or might have been and still bear some scars. So we have printed those parts here (see if you can guess which parts they are) interspersed with parts of a letter which we acquired from Bar None, a paper for prisoners, composed of writings by prisoners compiled, combined, printed and distributed on the outside. Bar None is available by writing:
Bar None
P.O. Box 124
W. Somerville, MA
02144.



The Master Key is published by the staff of the Training Academy of the District of Columbia Department of Corrections at 9314 Furnace Road, Lorton, Virginia 22079.

MASTER KEY

A GUIDE FOR STAFF TRAINING IN CORRECTIONS

KEY

Knowing The Homosexual In Prison

Homosexuality did not start in prison; its origin can be traced far, far back in recorded history. Today, we find homosexuality flourishing in our free society as well as among men and women in our prisons. Homosexual behavior is a common occurrence where homeless men gather, where boys or girls vacation at summer camps, attend boarding schools or single-sexed colleges, or with men in the armed forces of the world. Recent research has revealed that at least four percent of the general population are confirmed homosexuals. It may be safe to say that the number is somewhat larger among prison populations where men and women are confined for long periods of time—separated from persons of the opposite sex.

In the male prison homosexual cult, the aggressive masculine role is usually acted out by a "wolf." A normal person may be unable to resist the advances and/or threats of the wolf; he may submit to the wolf in return for material favors. These submitters are known as "punks." The experienced homosexual engaged in abnormal sex practices, prior to confinement are also called "fags," "faggots," or "agfays." The male homosexual is often referred to as a "turk," "Homies," "Angel," "fruiter," "Molly," "Nancy," "Painted Willie," "Queenie," "Lavender Boy," "Baby," "Fairy," and the like.

PRISONS—A Potential Homosexual Environment
Like other single-sexed institutions, the prison is a potential hotbed for homosexuality. Experience tells us that all inmates do not become involved in abnormal sexual practices; but whether they become party to it or not depends greatly upon their state of mind at a given time.

The prison environment provides the actors, sets the scenes, furnishes the stage and provides opportunities for continued homosexual practices. The prison surroundings contribute much to the trend toward sexual abnormality and deviation; the greatest punishment of those in confinement is sexual frustration.

"Inside the fortress we are subjected to constant oppression, not merely by the keepers, but also by the straight inmate. Because the cultural norm of "male" identity consists of prestige, power, privilege, and prerogative over and against Gays, we are the victims of intense oppression and exploitation at the hands of our so-called "fellow convicts" who work hand-in-hand with our keepers. Those of us who refuse to be bought and sold, raped and dominated by these naked apes often end up in a morgue or bear the misplaced wrath of the prison officials. Indeed, I have nearly been killed twice and am extremely lucky to be alive now. There is no relief in sight however, and I could very well be dead by the time you receive this letter. There has already been two unsolved murders here this year."

What Do You Do With The Homosexual

Just what can you do with the homosexual during the time he must spend in prison? Although you find many homosexuals making strong efforts to adjust to the institution atmosphere—to "go along with the program," the fact that he is a homosexual poses a concern to the prison officials and a threat to the security of the institution.

One suggestion is made to segregate and isolate the known homosexual, upon his arrival in the institution, completely from other inmates. Here it is felt that complete isolation, or at least segregation from other prisoners would, in effect, render him harmless within the institution. But, there are those prison officials who advocate that a homosexual should be fed and handled as any other inmate.

In some institutions, Correctional Officers closely supervise homosexuals housed in special dormitories; the known homosexuals may be kept on well-planned

schedules and are kept under close surveillance. Frequent checks are made of regular companions; permission is rarely granted them to congregate.

In coping with the homosexual problem, it is prudent to treat all homosexuals the same, regardless of the extent of their condition, or the causes of their abnormal sex status.

All homosexuals are not known. All the homosexuals haven't been caught. You can expect great sexual tensions in a prison. There are always those who will resort to extreme measures to relieve their sexual tensions, no matter what the consequence. Be alert to the homosexual and his activity around the institution. Learn the special characteristics of homosexuals and be ready to identify them. Check all peculiar actions or happenings you may detect from time to time, no matter where they occur—the messhall, the recreation field, the dining room, the school buildings, or on the pathways during inmate involvements.

The admitted homosexual makes no bones about his being a sexual deviate. On these persons you always keep a close eye; or you may segregate them, whenever possible. But for the unrecognizable homosexuals you must provide extra surveillance. Suspect anyone who may get overly friendly or personal with another inmate. In situations like this, the submission of an incidental report is in order.

In institutionalized situations, many heterosexuals refuse to engage in any types of homosexual practices despite the pressures. But, there are those who, under strong threats of physical harm, will surrender to the aggressive homosexual. Others become victimized, although performed willingly, at the cost of strong guilt feelings. Finally, the offender who developed a homosexual pattern of life in the open community will probably persist with this practice during confinement.

"I am currently in the hole where I am to remain until transfer. However, bureaucratic obstruction is rampant and it looks as if I have been slated for some continued segregation, possibly for a long time before an eventual transfer. But then, most of my friends and peers (we're all Gay) are in similar situations in the different camps all over the country. The past several years in federal and state prisons have shown little consideration for the welfare and humanity of Gays. Negligence by the Bureau of Prisons in allowing the death and murder of Gay prisoners (which were set-ups by officials), plus denial of parole for being Gay, and denial of equal opportunities, rights to education, religious and work release programs, jobs in prison, etc. are only a few of the problems we must endure."

The Homosexual

What's in a name? A homosexual by any other name is still a homosexual. But, to the homosexual and others, name and identification may have some special significance. The title is different depending upon the role that is being played. We are fully aware of the particular part a man or woman plays in normal heterosexual living.

Problems Created By The Homosexual

How does homosexuality in prison affect its administration? Homosexuality tends to disrupt the morale in various areas of the institution; it could cause fights, arguments, and sometimes very serious injuries; it has caused deaths. The wolf has to be watched carefully because of the trouble he can stir up over "a hot love affair." Jealousy, rivalries and better enmities do result over homosexual relationships that are allowed to develop or continue. This clearly represents a threat to the wolf's victim—and to the discipline of the institutions. Homosexual relationships are not a matter to laugh at; they should not be treated lightly.

One of our main concerns is to prevent homosexuality, wherever possible, from taking over youthful offenders.

The young should not be allowed to become preoccupied with abnormal sex practices so much so that they become disinterested in the many academic and vocational offerings within the institution—a positive step which needs to be taken prior to their re-entry into the free community.

If there exists any inmate who could be a menace to the institution it is the "quiet" homosexual. Officials may be suspicious of his motives or potential, but are unable to respond until he is "caught in the act," and sufficient evidence is obtained to "convict" him. He also is the type of person who should be watched closely, for he may well be the homosexual who seeks to prey on the youthful offender—using force, scheming, or unscrupulous methods.

"The straights here in Atlanta are seemingly content with their own oppression. They stand in the hallways and tiers calling each other niggers, honkies, spics, faggots, etc. They kill each other over a pill, a pack of cigarettes, or skin color. Of course they only degrade each other for they call the guards sir, boss, and mister and never attack them in any way. Big time bank robbers and international dope dealers rape other men—no guards have been raped to my knowledge. And the prison industries made so much money that the inmates are now allowed to work double shifts—but let's not talk about the money now."

Observing The Homosexual

How are we able to distinguish the known or admitted homosexual from the rest of the inmate population. This type of inmate is usually very cooperative, respectful, neat and clean. These persons, in general, have a high educational level, and often come from very good families. They are able to adjust to the prison environment with little difficulty; they try to make the best of their stay in prison.

"These situations exist with little or no help or concern from people on the outside. Unfortunately, the left in the U.S. is still so weak, with many Utopian positions and also heavy police harassment, it clings to the fringes of the psycho-social disease misnamed "the American way of life." These parties rarely relate to Gays, but then they barely relate to Blacks, women or even workers, for that matter."

But our experience has shown that many homosexuals have become so adjusted to their way of life that they have no interest in changing. It is obvious, with such resistance, that successful treatment of homosexuals is still very difficult, in or out of prison. And all that we, as correctional employees, can do in our daily task, is to be alert in preventing homosexual practices from occurring in our institutions.

Conjugal Visiting

How to adequately solve the inmate's problem of frustrated sexual desires is difficult. Most prison officials say these desires should be suppressed. But how do you suppress sexual hunger when inactivity, the "soliciting" of confirmed homosexuals, the circulation of pornographic literature, frequent official visits of persons of the opposite sex are abundant. Here we find interest in sex is excited rather than suppressed or diverted. Some sociologists and psychologists have suggested the use of a conjugal visit plan as found in some Latin American countries, such as Mexico. Under these circumstances, the prisoner's wife, sometimes a prostitute or a girlfriend, may meet with the prisoner briefly in special accommodations provided by the prison officials for the expressed purpose of having sexual relations. This same plan has been tried out at the Mississippi State Penitentiary. In certain instances, this may alleviate some homosexuality, but in the eyes of many prison officials, conjugal visiting creates more problems than it solves.

"It is clear that as Gays we must stop trying to integrate ourselves into a dying culture and begin creating a powerful independent movement to change and humanize society (and its microcosm, prison) for Gay people."

Jon Wildes
20912

Atlanta Federal Correctional Facility Atlanta, Georgia

I'll pay/ just put that poem away

People always say/ that's really the best i've ever seen you balance on a word/ the way you twist your tongue round cocks and malaprops I really don't understand poetry but the way you lay a word down on its back/lift its legs into the air/ and slip right in I mean really/ really/ it's the cork screw phrase that turns slowly in the eye to kill the worm

Oh/ the way you squirm in jeans and sneak past tight corded lean syllables/ And oh the hyperventilating moans that hold boys close/climaxing on a groan

It's really the best/ i mean the way you crawl into my crotch/ and suck hot meaning in my ear If i could only coax you/ into bed/tear you from your page/we'd swallow come & Dylan Thomas rage we'd talk old boy walt into a whitman gaze glistening beards & bare warm days we'd pull each other down in leaves of grass and you could even fuck me in the ass

I really don't understand/you or your poetry/ /just remember when in town i'll pay just show it hard and put that poem away David Emerson Smith

After Vespers

After a quick session of rimming—supposedly, his first— (during which time he suffered two sets of toe cramps) the hairy jesuit whom I blow every Saturday evening lights up and asks if I ever had the calling. Hiccups prevent a reply.

J. D. Butkie

and then they want you to cooperate and give them names places and dates and you give them other names places and dates/the names of names tht gave them names places and other dates/ then finally they pour steel bars over you/now yr eyes are running nose is dripping mouth is gapping/ and you listen to yr body screaming and can't shut off yr ears/ they shackle you to a human chain jangle you in an iron box shuttle you to court/and rise they say for yr honor/ black robe and gray hair/ takes his gavel and tattoos yr head with five years for thirty cents worth of medicine tht you never got/ and two months later it hits you/ yr in florida state prison for five years/ oh yeah and with time off for good behavior///

-freddie greenfield

S. M. vs. S. M.

Superman, his muscles slack Thought to himself: "Now what I lack Today is just someone to save. I guess I'll cruise around and see Who's doing what to whom." A luscious Stud he saw down in the bushes Belting furiously and with glee The spirit's temple of a knave Of nineteen. Superman, enraged, (Aroused?) descended in a flash While singing "Onward Christian Soldier," Struck the stud and grabbed the lash. Knave said: "Shit, I shoulda told ya Man, I'm fuckin' strapped for cash."

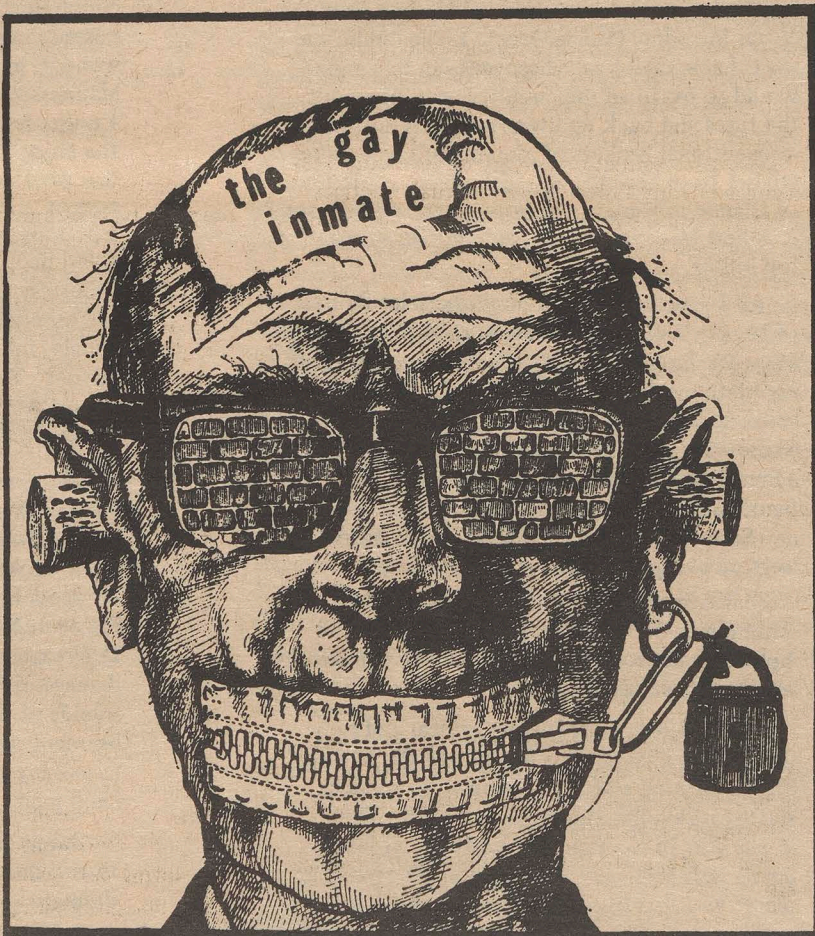
Neal H. Kristo

With Your Hard Sanded Fingertips

with your hard sanded fingertips strutting in wildly humming sixteenth notes so no one notices the dwarfish body that you hide behind a chairman's desk

little man inmate making love to your wall of papers and violin bows staring out on the trees feeling your fist shattering their trunks though you are really clawing to stay above the roots of the grass

Danny Goodman



SEXUAL REFORMATION OR COME AGAIN

Something is going on in there/ Something should be going on out here that come from in there/ I don't mean another writ/ I mean energy flowing down on paper something like my attendant piece/ Not like sympathize with my plight willya huh/ And if I was writing from the joint today I'd be up in arms about a lot of happenings/ and from the top of my head would come the sexual machismo bit that the prison administrators and screws create/ Like conjugal visits to protect our boys from the homosexual blight/ Can you imagine in a one sex environment they try to restrict physical love and compassion/ I mean egad Rockefeller and cancer/ And what happens? What's transferable? Why baby I know the fear the prison guard leer/ (say brother would you play chickie while me and my lover make it) I mean even when you masturbate it's under a blanket/ I mean why not impersonally show it hard/ i mean your cock is yours/ I mean isn't it/ Then there are other issues but I think first it has to start within/

-Freddie Greenfield

Addendum: And this page will try to air your blare.

DEAR MALE MAN

I want a Kama Sutra cute he a lively lithe young lad a gentle man to take in hand and mouth and throat and belly give me a denim dude completely nude with furry lip and tail who'll thrust his thighs between my eyes and kiss me till I come I'll find a fellow mellow male a saucy growly treat then curl his knees around his ears and hip his tender rosy buds above below fore and aft with moister tongue and slicker licks than any other sucker's seen until flowing forth the groans and moans and whimpers tell me he's my bosom buddy boy

Greg Fillar

SUMMER SUN

The freckled tortoiseshell trousers. The lingering crotchety eggshell fingers Raking through hair. The watermarked complex silk Complexion, abused, burning.

The body, Red, Hairlike, But sweaty sweet at home there, Tasting today's play, Reviving: The airy lawn, The grassy air, The stunning sun.

Edmund Miller

WIPE IT ON YOUR PANTS—THAT'S STUD

"You got a place?" "No. You got a place?" "No.....You want a thrill on Beacon Hill?" "I wanna ride like Paul Revere." "Not in my car, honey."

Click. Ignition off. Windows up. Pants down. Reaching for the Inner Sanctum And coming up with a Primus Obscenicus, He began to undulate my Toostiff Undulatum. Boston twinkled in the distance.

ESSKOERT

by Ronald Rose

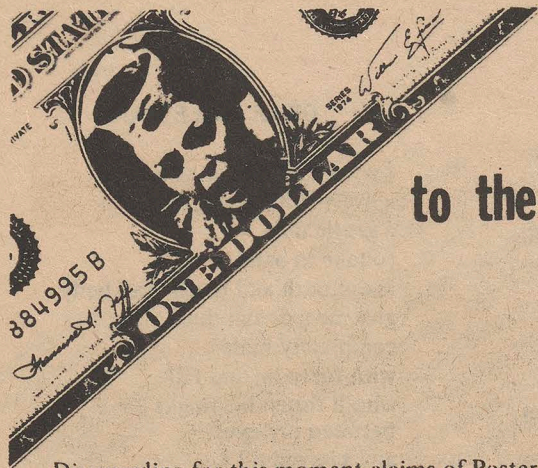
Did you know that "Parolee's" and "Ex-Con's" are your prime source of worry if you are carrying large amounts of money? In the May 25, 1975 Dick Tracy Comic Strip his "Crimestoppers" says "A fool and his money are soon parted. Don't flash your money in public." This is good advice and I agree with him all the way. The real snag comes with the illustration. A man is pictured in the foreground talking to a bartender. In the background are two people labelled "Parolee" and "Ex-Con".

This is derogatory and degrading to a group of people that have made a mistake and paid for it. The ex-offender has enough problems without Chester Gould, who for years has brainwashed the public about criminals and police control, planting even more distrust in the public's mind. The inference is that an ex-offender will see your money and rob you. This is an incorrect inference. Statistics show that the bartender would be more likely to rob you.

Letters of Protest, Demanding A Public Apology in his comic strip, should be sent to: Chester Gould, c/o The Chicago Tribune, 435 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

NOTE: Persons interested in change in the prison system are invited to contact: Ronald Rose, c/o Rev. W.R. Denton, 352 Annapolis Dr., Claremont, CA 91711.

PROTEST DICK TRACY



RELATION OF BIOGRAPHIES OF JUDY GARLAND

to the AVERAGE LEVEL OF THE U.S. MONEY SUPPLY

A Business Forecast
from
Bunny, LaRue & McGonagle Investment Services, Inc.

Disregarding for this moment claims of Posterity, we must realize that the assorted Truths about the life of the late Judy Garland are less important today than the facts of the stratagems behind the publication of these various biographies and their interrelation as clues to the significant shifts in the level of the average available U. S. Money Supply.

The turnaround since February alone has been remarkable.

Less we worry about M1, M2, and M3, and more we should explore casual impact of J.G.1, J.G.2, and J. G. 3 as indicators not only of indices of when this current economics "sideway waffling" will "bottom out" and put Detroit carsmiths back on the line, recalling her favorite late politician's slogan that we must Get American Moving Again! (*Camelot*, side 2, cut 4, mono/stereo/8-track/cassette).

Since there's little internal disagreement about the operative economic definition of "Judy Garland," we can therefore focus our attention on a forged consensus of what "Money" really is in the here and now, lacking a gold standard, silver backing, and even confidence in a government which can "lose" China, S.E. Asia, and even a President when we're not looking!

Seeking to define "Money" is, however, an odd enough preoccupation even for someone without other obsessions, and one strangely diversionary, as I asked some clown on Devonshire Street outside the Post Office for some spare change like they did in the 60s and he searched his pockets and offered me food stamps, a welfare check, Madame Bell Black Box, phony credit cards, travelers' checks, international postal coupons, Ralston-Purina Cat Food Cash, Jordan Marsh "Bonus Bucks," subway transfer tokens, vending machines slugs, "Bean-O Bullion," lottery tickets, chits for drinks at gay bars, theatre passes, and a Kennedy Half-Dollar love locket necklace with a picture of Jackie inside. With types like him floating around, it's no wonder Capitalism's in constant crisis!

Anyway, what's important to know is that on 28 Feb 75 the misappelled Fed'l Reserve Bank was coerced to announce, through threats relayed by agents of the Argentine Firecracker who wants options of foreign rights, that the total U.S. Money Supply as of 19 Feb 75 averaged \$283.7 billion, which seemed like a lot and you'd think would be enough to tide us over; yet the really important question stems from the fact that that this amount, large as it is, reveals a decline of \$600 million from the previous week's average.

Where did it all go?

Personally, this is damning evidence in favor of those who've long argued that Mr. Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller is, as predicted, a plunderer and thief. Only three months on the job and already we're out \$600 million! His wife, you'll remember, had those two unpleasant operations, thereby fulfilling the late Mr. John Dean's prophecy that "There's a Republican cancer on the Presidency" and we all know how high hospital costs are these days—but \$600 million is ridiculous!

What makes this decline in the money supply for 19 Feb 75 even more suspicious was that in our metropolitan area of Boston, Mass., Inc., there was at that time a surfeit of phony \$20 bills in circulation in all sizes, colors, tints, and hues, featuring engravings of the faces on them of just about everybody from Monty Clift in Freud drag to Mother Mary Baker Eddy, recently revealed in conversation with one who'd know as an Oscar Wilde Bookshop Lesbian, as though 60s psychedelia was having one last fling before totally terminating its decade. "Groovey!" [sic]. In fact I saw some tot stuffing one star-shaped amber U. S. \$20 bill into a gumball machine. "Hey kid," I said, "what do you think you're doing?"

"Oh, don't worry. I don't care so much about getting the bubble gum. It's the change I want."

As with Teapot Dome, Margaret Truman's gala vocal premiere and Watergate, this story became bigger & bigger and finally broke, ultimately lapping at the edge of the Oval Office so that our only surviving Incumbent was put on the spot and, in the glare of national network hook-ups, had to address himself to the problem. That's a Mr. Ford in case you've forgotten, a well-known 25th Amendment Fuller Brush Foot-In-The-Door Man who's been kept hopping denying virtually all reports about everything. His exact words? "...there were a number of charts that were shown, which show the facts to be contrary to the facts..." I dare you to doubt me.

No one at the press slim pickings blurted out questions asking sales figures of *Judy Garland* [sic], a biography by Anne Edwards, Simon & Schuster, \$9.95, but they hung heavy in the air by implication. Though clad only in his famous swim trunks, this President commanded Authority. He probably doesn't care much anyway; *Variety* revealed he sold his book on Oswald, Lee H. (Social Security No. 231-63-1122) to the movies, proving once again that assassination can be profitable to Cover-Up Investigators especially comes a Depression.

"Only connect" was Edward Morgan Forster's Vegas intro line (Voice Over). Little did he suspect that some of us's discoveries in this regard would so overload the circuitry as to blow out the fuses and back up literary-related output of conventional brokers of semantical Logical Positivism from here to, say, the current exhibition of Islamic pottery at the heavily-insured Victoria & Albert Museum where you'll notice who gets top billing.

All I had to do was look at the sales figures of Mickey Deans's touching portrait *Weep No More My Lady*, co-authored with Anne Pinchot, no relation to Kenneth who changed his name when he wed. Yet the very same A.P., who wrote with Gordon Langley Hall a portrait of a President's widow and then overlay these figures with the average level of the U.S. Money Supply for that time. Sales of the book were pitiful, perhaps in protest to her last husband being a man, especially since Kay Thompson was available for nuptials, but the hopes for the tome were great. They did manage a paper cover sale.

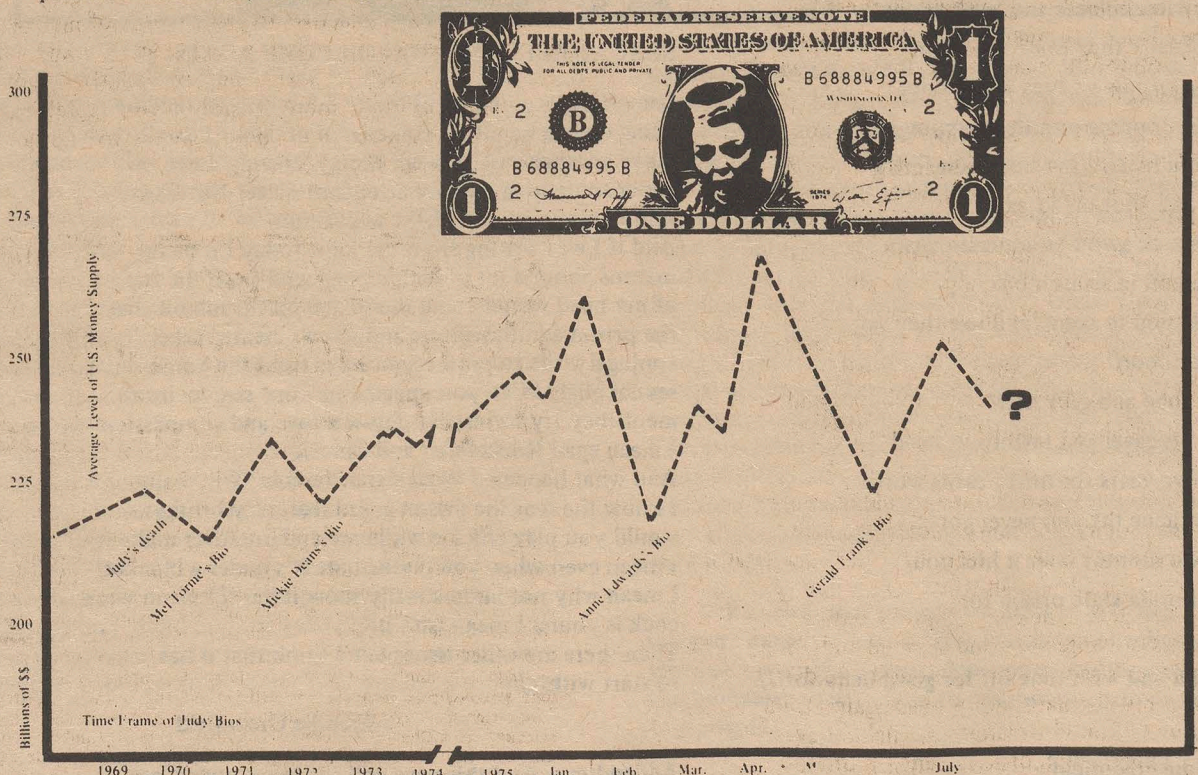
Nevertheless, even lacking critical and popular support, its publication turned the Money Supply around and those familiar greenbacks started reflooding our neighborhoods. That it was also an election year with lots of laundered cash magically appearing in the strangest places was also true, but unbroachable herein.

Nor can we really take the time to fully explore Park Ave.'s machinations in the wild Bond Market.

I tried obtaining sales figures for Mel Torme's *The Other Side of the Rainbow: On the Dawn Patrol with Judy Garland* from the lackeys at the CIA-subsidized Praeger Press to no avail, as I was informed that my Background Profile didn't warrant clearance for release of these statistics which affect National Security, which only enrages me and makes me want to recruit Mr. Mark Lane and Mort Sahl, who have their act down pat by now, in a shrill campaign to have the aforementioned Fed'l Reserve Bank issue quarterly reports on the private lives of its major shareholders instead of us being meekly content with opening \$500 "savings" accounts with those fraudulent \$20 bills and getting a Rose Kennedy Toaster free at the Harborside National Bank which they own too. Not to despair, what is freely available through Ed Koch's gay office is dope on the Fed's monetary policy at that time, and you'll notice that co-incident with publication of both these earlier and pioneer volumes on the life of Judy Garland is documentation revealing massive infusions of paper currency on the day of publication. Dark-suited G-men attended publishers' parties on Park Ave. with sacks inconspicuously filled with new bills destined for immediate circulation; that's an item Paul Samuelson missed, and at whose direction we may well wonder, in his regular gossip column, "Money Madness," in *Publishers' Weekly*. First time I noticed this overlap, I dismissed it out of hand; the second time it appeared coincidence and I chuckled; but with this dramatic third conjunction of "Garland Bio-Money Increase" I smell a pattern, and a patterns, as all the heretofore listed people know, as well as those at *McCall's* (courtesy of Norton Simon, no relation), who are otherwise innocent in this affair, mean plots, cabals, and secret, sleazy and ruthless implementations. The very definition of power is that some "Authority" can't move but he disrupts the tranquillity of millions.

Simon & Schuster are both currently deceased, yet late this winter past they managed to issue Anne Edwards's Bio, *Judy Garland*, [sic] a pretty thick book considering she's only an on-again off-again English chum of Peter's and Carly's. Priced at \$9.95, that's up considerably from Mr. D.'s reasonably, and now remained, original damage of \$6.95. This house ain't short on friends of the right sort, as is no printing establishment really, witness Phyllis Cerf's betrothal to ex-mayor Wagner (as Fanny Spellman's right-hand man).

Surely, board room strategists, or at least those who survived the United Fruit's top banana's dramatic exit from the 54th floor window of the



Pan Am Bldg, splattering his bribing Honduran hide on the facade of the threatened Grand Central Station Train Terminal just as the next and future Mrs. Jackie Mickey Deans and her crowd are trying to save it, & currently unoccupied at this time with libel and correspondence litigations which takes so much of Beulah Hagen's workday over at their new offices of Harper & Row, decided that the only way to move this turkey was to force a drastic upswing in the average level of the U. S. Money Supply. (I myself have written a biography, so my perspicacity includes in its review these considerations.)

"The more cash in the hands of these yo-yos, the more they'll spend on Judy bios, ha-ha," was the extent of their "thinking." It's as simple as that and need not involve overt malice at this point. Anne Edwards I'm sure had no idea she'd be instrumental in turning around U. S. Monetary Policy, and it's just as well. Had she *known*, her agent, Candida Donadio, would have sued for 10% of the increase.

Underlying everything, of course, is the Skinnerish notion that people with money in their pockets in an expanding Money Supply will buy anything about Judy Garland. The incomplete nature of my information prohibits me from bold conclusions. I rest with mere presentation as interesting and significant coincidence that publication day for the Anne Edwards book was 19 Feb 75, despite the random other dates issued by Promotion Depts. (some of the many "contrary facts" G.R.F. was talking about), the very same day that the average U.S. Money Supply began its spurt upwards, gaining over \$1 billion in its first dizzying week, this being also the publication day of *New Girl In Town* by Faith Baldwin (Holt, \$6.95) as well as *Nuns In Jeopardy* (Harcourt, \$6.95). In other words, publication of a bio on Judy virtually always indicates a dramatic upswing in the average level of the U. S. Money Supply (see appended chart) even though the causal-relation factor remains to be determined. What I can't deduce is who gives the final authorization? Personally, I suspect the worst: cabals in power ruining the life of this nation to push their products, make their dirty profits, and cheapen the dollars in the pay packets of The Working Man, a truly endangered species if there ever was one!

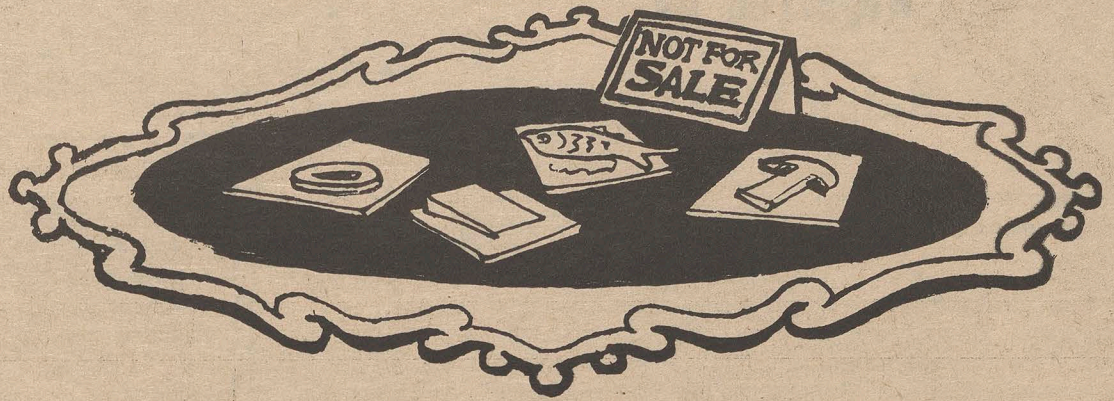
Could it have been informers within the tight hierarchical gridwork at S & S which passed the world to Cass Canfield at Harper, or whether, like Newton and his forgotten Continental peer both patenting that century's single vision simultaneously, stodgy Harper & Row came to this same Judy-Dollars awareness independently? Either way, one's eyebrows should certainly be raised at the announcement that H & R is issuing a new life's study by Gerold Frank, who did such a fine job on our local Boston Strangler, at an even higher price. Of course by now the J.G./Money Supply connexion was racing through the NYC bookchat grapevine, and everybody was rushing into print with Judy memorabilia, or whatever they could get their hands on, including Grosset & Dunlap with Christopher Finch's *Simply Judy* (August 75), pegging JG at an even higher price than that house did Marilyn who also brought in the bucks.

Like I said, I'm the most boffo Judy nut to come down the pike and stand in line all night at the B.O. window, but a glut's a glut, and if The U.S. Treasury has to keep on printing paper money to circulate to purchase all these bios, we'll go broke. If financing the Thieu clique didn't ruin us financially, these Judy biographies certainly will!

The joke may just turn out to be on these prestidigitous publishers: what good a rise in the total U. S. Money Supply when that cash will probably wind up in just a few hands? Howard Hughes and his ilk can only want or read one of each at most, and with all his pull, he'll probably ask for and get a complimentary reviewer's copy anyway. I guess the Treasury will just have to learn the hard way what we in the printing biz already know: in books and cash like drugs, distribution remains the central problem.

Horribly exploited and manipulated in life by mothers, men and major motion picture moguls, it's only been 6 years since her death which kicked off the Stonewall Riots. Our country hasn't changed. One can't sit down with a cold glass of white wine and a friend and tell this sparrow's sad story in an honest and direct way but the narration is once again seized & subsumed for use to alter national policy thereby affecting all of what remains of our lives to the end of enriching select special few.

HORS DE COMMERCE...



They are coming to get us. They are going to take us away. *The Wall Street Journal* headlines a program of cooptation which (if successful) will be far more destructive than the years of genocide and persecution that we "injustice collectors" have suffered.

Areas of expansion for capital are collapsing both at home and abroad: Amerikan "boys" are driven out of Southeast Asia, Cuba, Uganda, Portugal, and elsewhere. Glamour industries—automobiles, airplanes, electronics, IBM—are no longer so profitable as they once were.

Desperate, capitalists must search out (and ultimately destroy) underdeveloped areas. *Voila!* the gay community—long hidden, suspect, marginal, unwanted, ignored—can now be seen as an exploding new market and an unlimited labor force. Gay people spend more of their income proportionately on consumer products than anyone else; and as a work force, they require less to keep alive than the typical nuclear family.

Capitalism works only through expansion, "progress" and "development." Typically capital (accumulated money) tries to get in on the "ground floor" of some "new" territory-geography, some "new" technology or some "new" market. Basically the system works only through destruction: resources *must* be wasted, lives *must* be exploited, labor *must* be expropriated or there is no profit, no gain, no reason to invest.

Railroads provide an excellent example: in the nineteenth century they were new, fortunes were quickly made and multiplied in financing and building railroads. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Harriman and others made fortunes on railroads. But once they were built they ceased to be an attractive investment for capitalists. Initially all the railroads went bankrupt and were reorganized by J.P. Morgan and other bankers; in W.W. I they were nationalized and virtually rebuilt by the federal government; and since then they have been in a continuous state of collapse and disrepair. Not because they are no longer useful, convenient or serviceable, but because capital gets better returns in automobiles (1920's) or in airplanes (1950's).

Internationally the same thing happens: capital seeks out new arenas for profit-making. Asia, Africa, South America provide extensive markets and cheap supplies of labor. Coming and going the capitalist profits. As capital is poured into rapid development, other areas (such as domestic railroads or West Virginia) suffer correspondingly.

Every group of people or geographical territory which can organize to keep out capital serves both itself and all humanity. By driving capitalism out of S. E. Asia, Vietnamese, Laotian and Cambodian patriots force the United States to come to grips with the ill distribution of wealth in this country. I believe we do nothing less with *Fag Rag*: by attempting to organize ourselves as a gay collective, to gain control of our own labor and to serve our people—we drive another nail in the coffin of capitalism, sexism and exploitation. Our not accepting advertisements is more than a moralistic washing of the hands: it is a determined effort to say to the capitalists: HANDS OFF.

By contrast, look what has happened to the *L.A. Advocate*. *Fag Rag* has always been critical of the *Advocate* (see No. 5, No. 6 in particular) because it has been so eager to sell out to the establishment. Now that the sale has been transacted, we do not see why anyone should be surprised at the results. The *Advocate* makes it very clear now what their purpose is: to sell anything a capitalist pays them to sell. News, features, sports, recipes will unequivocally be directed towards selling things advertised in the paper. Anything else will be scuttled. Radical efforts at social change will not even be mentioned. The result, the *Advocate* will work against building gay solidarity, gay community—except for those cases when such congregation will help sell something.

Boston's *Gay Community News* has yet to be bought out, but it shows some alarming signs of being for sale. Recently, they were choosing a managing editor: and in the final round for the election, one of the candidates was a straight man who proposed that the paper could really make it big as a marketing device for movies, records, plays, clothing, etc. Fortunately he was defeated, but the paper responds immediately to its advertisers whereas it responds slowly to its "community." For instance, a leather merchant ("Allan Stewart") gets more play than gay tenants organizing against their landlord. A recent mailing asking, "Why haven't you renewed your subscription" failed to ask the obvious question: lack of money.

The *Advocate* claims that its median reader earns over \$15,000 a year, 59% own stocks or bonds, 90% own stereo equipment, and 10% own their own businesses. (of the 2,000 or so sample, only six women are included!) The ideal is to keep raising each of these figures: precipitating and casting off those readers who are not rich and appealing to those who are. So that a potentially useful institution providing communication and information to us all—becomes the opposite: a shut valve for discontent and an organizing tool for capitalists to stop social change.

Of course, their argument is that we all will gain by the victories of a few rich faggots. In fact, the opposite is the case. The rich get rich from the poor; their affluence comes from others' poverty, (e.g., gay bar owners, baths, shops tend to exploit us as much or more than straight capitalists. Check out prices in Provincetown or on Beacon Hill in gay or straight establishments.)

Finally, a consumer economy tends to turn us ever more into objects—objects both as consumers and objects as marketable commodities ourselves. What happens to old blenders, razor blades, last year's styles, MacDonald's hamburger wrappers, used cars? Exactly what will happen to us as objects in a consumer economy?

As a member of the *Fag Rag* staff, I fight to become a subject, a person who controls my own life, work and community. That's not going to sell many advertisements, won't sell much beer, records, books, tapes. Hopefully, it will help destroy selling.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, Tuesday, May 13, 1975

New Sales Target

Campaigns to Sell to Homosexual Market Are Being Launched by More Big Firms

By ROGER RICKLEFS
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
For years, major movie companies have offered special screenings to groups that might talk up their new films—black leaders, collegiate editors, even taxi drivers. But now, the studios are adding a new group: homosexuals.

Indeed, Columbia Pictures plans to spend over \$200,000 this year for advertising and promotion directly aimed at the homosexual market, says Charles M. Powell, vice president for world-wide advertising. In major cities, the Columbia Pictures Industries Inc. unit has started to retain promotion and

ramento, Calif., and plan similar work in Portland, Ore.

Acme Brewing Co., which is headquartered in San Francisco, devotes about a third of its advertising budget to the homosexual press, says Michael Grenier, vice president. The regional brewer, which recently revived the old "Acme" label, also employs a salesman who sells to homosexual bars and attends Tavern Guild meetings, he adds. "The gay population is a big market and there is no reason for us to ignore it," Mr. Grenier says.

But entertainment firms probably do more than any other large industry to sell

have a median income of \$18,000 a year, 54% have valid passports, 80% buy one or more records a month, and 73% had bought a hard-cover book in the previous three months. The *Advocate* says it found the median reader earns just over \$15,000 a year, 59% own stocks or bonds, 90% own stereo equipment, and 10% own their own businesses.

Selling the homosexual market isn't always simple, however. Webster Imports Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif., which distributes Macnish Scotch in California, tried advertising in *The Advocate* and found it was a "dis- mal failure," says Arthur Kraus, president.

CONGRESSMAN CARTER

Reported by
Ralph Kunkel

Footnote to "a war memorial"
Congressman Carter Remembers a Masquerade Ball

I was privileged to be at Congressman Carter's last public appearance. Even Congressman Carter couldn't fight it forever. Everyone gives in eventually unless she prefers cancer or some such dreariness. He had come to Boston to make a Memorial Day address as he was up for re-election.

Oh, it was a festive enough occasion. But the audience was a little uptight, everyone knowing what an astute and pious man was Congressman Carter. For the address was to be given near the Public Gardens, in Boston fens at the War Memorial, a huge structure with placards, what was left of them, that listed all the men and women who served their country honorably during the 2nd world war. Part of this structure was a concrete pulpit designed to be used by orators on just such an occasion as this. And what everyone was uptight about is that some youth posing as little Eros had scribbled with crayon upon the pulpit, "Lick my Ass" ... "Kiss my balls." What would be the congressman's reaction to such graffiti.

What most of the people didn't know, however, was that Congressman Carter had a fine fundamentalist background. As a boy he attended to summer camp meetings... revivals of the soul they were called ...and today he figured out why. He remembered how some of those evangelists would tell the folks to "turn to the person on either side of you... to the person in front and in back of you and give them a kiss like you really mean it." And after everyone had given their four kisses, the evangelist would say to them, "Now, that didn't look to me like you really meant it! Oh, by the fourth it did. But what about the first three?" So every one would give three more kisses. And he'd keep it up until you ended up with more kisses than you could count. And everybody was suddenly in the spirit of the revival meeting. Well, it's no wonder some of them people got blessed and shouted. Oh, some of the shouting was phony ... but what had always bothered Congressman Carter is that some of it was real. But if you were a country person raised on country ways and you finally kissed a darkie like you really meant it... if you were a man raised in a man's world, and finally kissed another man like you really meant it... well... wouldn't the tears of joy naturally flow?

Congressman Carter looked at the pulpit long and hard... then looked at the audience and burst into tears. "I think it would be in the spirit of an occasion to commemorate those who gave their lives in a war to end tyranny if each and every one of us will turn to the person on either side of us ... to the person in front and in back of us and lick one another's genitals and lick one another's ass, regardless of race, creed, color or sex." He was taken away to a place where he had more shocked out of him than he had shocked into anyone.

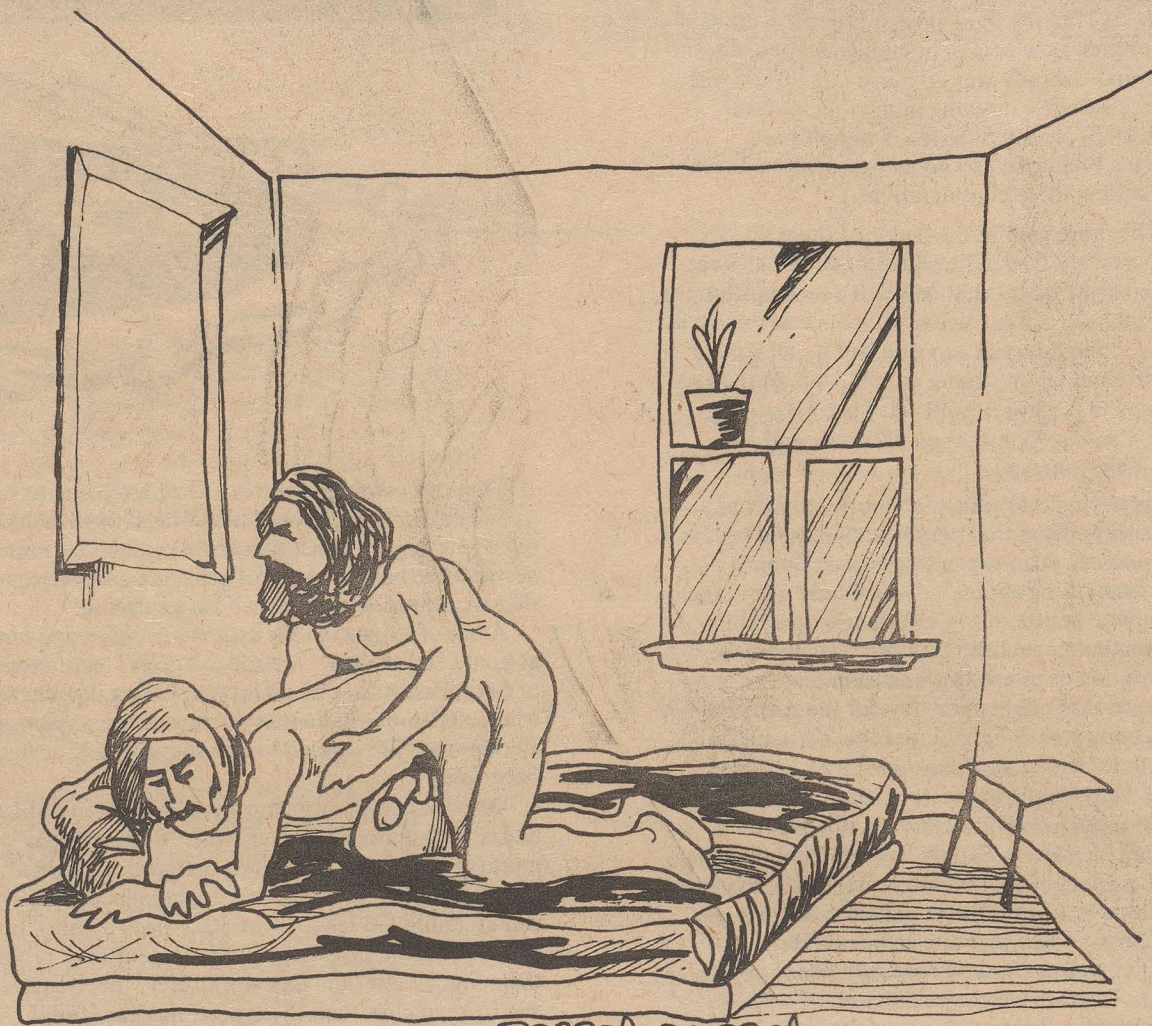
He was not re-elected.

from Table of Contents
a footnote to "toast the chair"

"Hey you with your hand in the air!
Yeh, you!
With your mouth full of shit
and the chair up your ass!
you look like some weird character from Bosch
when you bob for apples..."

I've found this the most effective form of address if you're trying to get a man's attention. In this particular instance, I was addressing Congressman Carter of the famous Carter's Little Liver Bill, which legislature makes it unlawful for foetuses to develop functional livers, kidneys or sweat glands for the good of the infant and the public as well...nipping in the bud the possibility of unsightly and distasteful body excrements.*

I once stuck a knife up the congressman's ass and circumsised the chairman of the anti-abortion league, who deems himself and you and me, all of us trying to be gay in a hapless world, abortions,** and who, by the way, at the last national American Legion convention*** thought I was the ticket and tried to pick me up as I was cruising the bathroom. Just then, the halo around my dick died out, so I screamed from the depths of my lungs:



"HOW FUCKING GROSS IS THAT!"
you've said it... I've heard you
"GET THAT FUCKING THING OUT OF HERE!"
you've said it... I've heard you
"AMERICA'S FUCKED!"
THE WHOLE SYSTEM IS FUCKED!"
you've said it all...
I've heard you

and now
you want to fuck
me

when deep inside your heart and soul
you still believe
despite all your semantic rhetoric
it's the worst possible word
you could use in front of your mother?

no thank-you
I've already been over-fucked
with your kind of fucking

I simply thought I'd pick up where Goodman's little Horace left off, "Sometimes you gotta push down the walls in order to see..." I was charged with indecent exposé and asked to leave. On the way out I found a "bomb mot" on the floor: "Better luck next time, Jericho Kid!"

Come to think of it, it's kind of funny he was at the American Legion convention in the first place. I understand he hated his hitch in the military... thought it really "sucked." But then, apparently he does, too. I've been told he gives the best job in town. Wonder where he compromises the two in his head? And you know what's even funnier? I heard him call the congressman a "cocksucker" one day when he was really irate. I guess it's as plain as the nose on my face... not everybody's into comings and cummings.****

*...incredible! some of these old remedies for constipation!

** Original sin being passé. Freud, himself, pointed out that we aren't sinners by nature. "We're simply fucked-up... each one of us... to some extent."

*** There's a question of terminology here, for if I go out and drink for a week it's called a binge, yet, oddly enough, if a group does it, it's called a convention. Oh well, C'est la vie.

**** they suck their didn'ts
they fuck their dids
up their dong
then down
ding

up so floating
many beaus down

ANNUNCIATION
(a la primal scream)

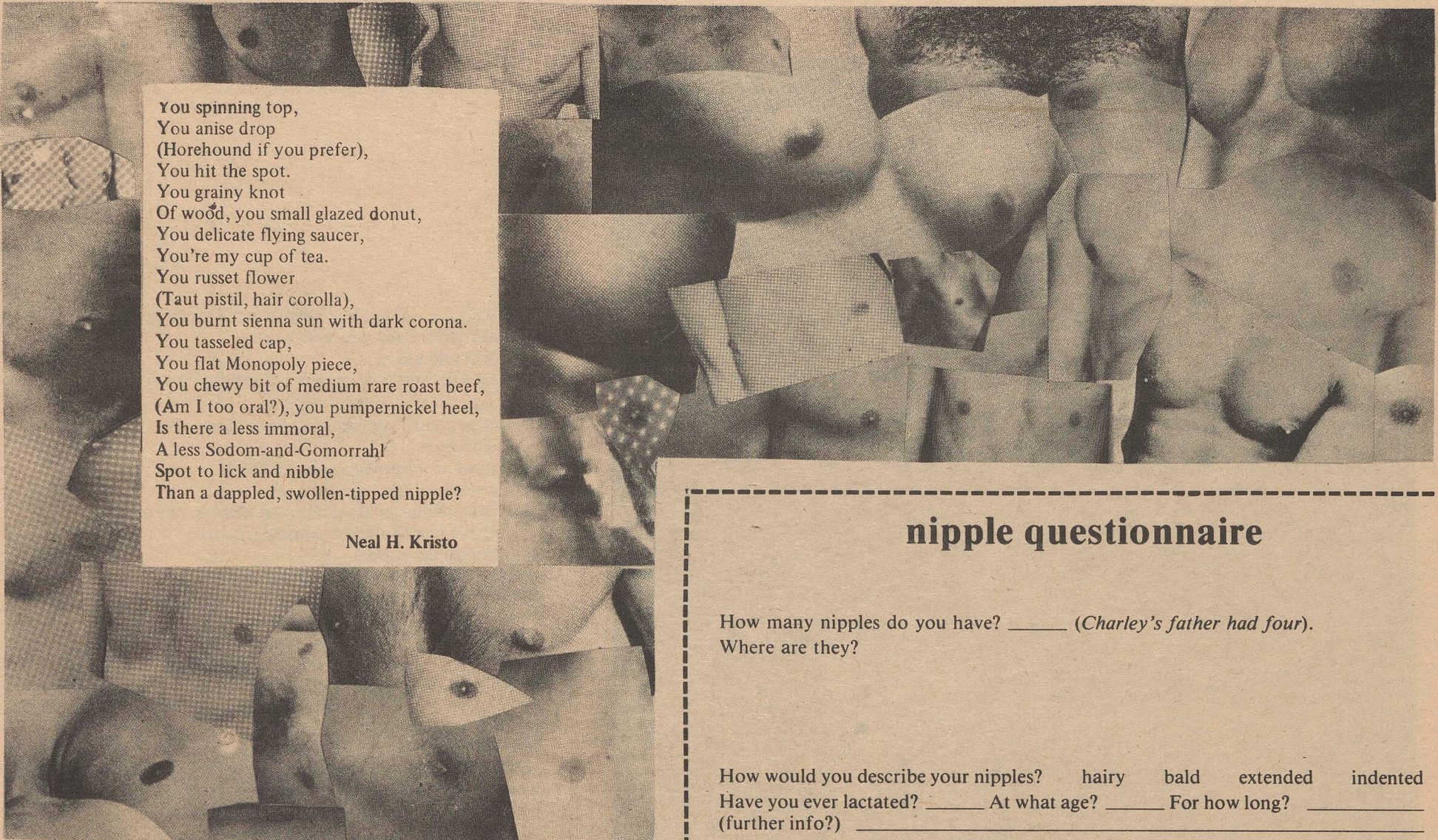
Too long that two-faced sepulchre
stuffed with bones
my friends and loved ones make,
I reached into myself and groped
through constipating wastes
of Freud
and Christ
and God knows what else—
all undigested, rotting, rank—
grasped my ravished ass
and yanked myself right inside out!

Now, brethren! Tell your parable!
Twice — once forward, once in reverse!
I'll wait (not long, mind you)
like a fresh-dropped calf
to have the mess I wore inside
licked clean.

Depechez-vous, cruel society,
mother of my misery,
I'm in a hurry!
I have a rendezvous
with a love
you've deprived me of
too long.

Note on the pope's Scrimshaw Graffiti

through a hole in the toilet stall
i watch the gentlemen come and go
and I think of Michaelangelo
flat on his back on a scaffold tall
high in the sistine chapel hall
drawing penises on the wall



You spinning top,
 You anise drop
 (Horehound if you prefer),
 You hit the spot.
 You grainy knot
 Of wood, you small glazed donut,
 You delicate flying saucer,
 You're my cup of tea.
 You russet flower
 (Taut pistil, hair corolla),
 You burnt sienna sun with dark corona.
 You tasseled cap,
 You flat Monopoly piece,
 You chewy bit of medium rare roast beef,
 (Am I too oral?), you pumpernickel heel,
 Is there a less immoral,
 A less Sodom-and-Gomorrah!
 Spot to lick and nibble
 Than a dappled, swollen-tipped nipple?

Neal H. Kristo

to a friend who sees me with a queer in mind

now, that you've learned
 the secret of my soul
 I'll neither regard with apprehension
 your opinion
 nor revere the condescension
 oozing from your pompous vestal lips
 pursed in pity
 against the penetration
 they so long for
 sought in secret
 but forsook
 lest distaste
 in tasting vanish

who needs this nasal-anal reeming
 that the heavens are receiving
 since you've learned
 the secret of my soul

what means this pince-nez affectation
 with which you view my
 (what'd you call it?)
 ruination

though you claim a housecleaned conscience
 free from inveterate conventions
 if one mote opaques the sunlight
 all your dusting was in vain

The Diver

he mounted the scaffold
 by pulling himself up to the height

salient there on the spring board
 he pondered but briefly
 his approach to the pool
 sallied forth
 and I knew in a flash
 how Leda felt
 when she saw his divine grace
 descend to her

Ralph Kunkel

nipple questionnaire

How many nipples do you have? _____ (Charley's father had four).
 Where are they? _____

How would you describe your nipples? hairy bald extended indented
 Have you ever lactated? _____ At what age? _____ For how long? _____
 (further info?) _____

Do you consider your nipples to be an erogenous zone? _____

For those who answered NO to the last question:

Have your nipples ever been a sensitive part of your body? _____
 Do you think your nipple sensitivity can be developed? _____
 Do you want it to be? _____ (further explanation?) _____

How would you describe your pectorals? _____
 Do you get off on other people's nipples? _____ If you like, you can go into detail: _____

Do you have any other parts of your body which you consider super-sensitive or erogenous? _____ What, where? _____

For those whose nipples are an erogenous zone.

Have your nipples always been sensitive? _____ If no, when and how did they develop? _____
 Overall, would you say your nipple sensitivity is: decreasing consistent increasing
 If you would like to take this further, please do. _____

On a scale of 1 to 10 how would you rate your nipple sensitivity?
 (ho-hum) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 (delirium)

Do you wish your nipples to be *not as* or *more* sensitive?

Do you like your nipples to be:
 blown on licked tweaked pinched sucked (Other) _____ All of these.

If you like your nipples pinched, does it matter to what degree? _____ Do you use devices or tools? _____ What are they? _____ How about in your fantasies? _____

Nipple stimulation is unnecessary necessary enhances speeds your orgasm.
 Can you have an orgasm from nipple stimulation only? _____

Do you stimulate your own nipples while masturbating? never sometimes always

Is there a correlation between nipple stimulation and your ability to have anal intercourse? _____ If yes, to what degree? slight moderate a lot

Would you say the sensation from nipple stimulation is *external* or *internal*?

How would you describe your pectorals? _____

Do you get off on other people's nipples? _____ In what ways? _____

Are there any other parts of your body which are highly sensitive or erogenous?
 Yes No Where? _____

This questionnaire is a casual attempt to collect some data and to satisfy some curiosity. Admittedly, it is very biased towards the "sensitive nipple faction" [a shrug of the shoulders, no apologies]. We would really appreciate your finding time to answer the questions, and perhaps even going a few steps further to add insights, questions, knowledge and experiences of your own.

Send to: **Nipples**
 Box 331
 Kenmore Station
 Boston, MA 02215



Photo by James Griffith

i was sitting in this bar leaning into my wine when you walked past me
 your eyes smiled and you were scared
 your eyes told me so
 you said you looked because you thought you knew me
 i told you i was never here before
 if you had known you wouldn't have shown me
 your innocencē
 you talked of times when you were high
 i saw a gleam within your eye
 when you told me of the nights you spent in prison
 stalking the newest sixteen year old
 i saw you go there again
 to that time you satisfied your lust
 and found a boy was more than just
 a toy
 without a soul
 i saw love
 amidst your rage
 you touched it
 then you ran away
 but now you knew
 you traveled back into the bar
 you had come closer during your trip so far away
 you saw me see you being you
 you didn't know what you should do
 so you defended
 lovemaking ended

in the pauses of our conversation
 i saw you
 see him
 in me

Anthony Bruno

Lonliness

of the

Long

Distance

Phone

Call

by

gary jane hoisington

I talked to him this morning. About a simple matter which he made extremely complicated, a question of some books he still has. The absence of these books has produced a disquieting gap in my life. I bought them in Paris several years ago, he doesn't need them, finally he agreed to leave them off at a bookstore in Harvard Square where people know me--and he made an obtuse point of being in bed with the woman who lives downstairs, his friend Eric's wife. I met her once. She was like the woman in Anthony Powell who if taken in adultery would catch the first stone and throw it right back. (I hate clinging to these items.)

No, I never did love him, isn't that something. And used to wonder if a man's thingey was the best you could hope for from him, if every man I met was a total waste like him. He was all ego, I used to respect that sort of thing but I've gone right off it lately. Anybody walking around with the holy grail between their legs.

I spent the day drowning him under a quart of

scotch. D took me home, we screwed, not on the floor this time, and I don't remember taking a shower but I must have because my hair feels it, D cooked an omelette with so much garlic I'm ill from it. Couldn't feel him going in which is always a pleasant surprise. And woke up sick thinking about Noah. I never want to see you again or your rotten paintings. So there.

Or something infinitely better: I imagine him an anonymous goodlooking man I meet in the streets. We go home, I do my blowjob routine with ice cubes, (his favorite actually) and start asking him about the way his mind works as if his mind did anything but sit there like a great lump between his legs. And then decide he's a total bore, a consumer of other people's time.

I would like someone to explain where I learned to drink like that, in big breathy gulps right from the bottle. I know I didn't pick it up from Noah, who doesn't really like to drink and thinks I'm an alcoholic which I am. The ergo of my cogito. Fine. As last winter we our breath on each other. And seed, Noah will never sponsor a brilliant baby but I might, you never know, and not taking it through the mouth like that certainly.

List of thoughts:
 i hope he dies
 i hope he dies an ugly death
 i hope his paintings don't sell
 i wish the downstairs neighbor would come in & find his wife there and murder both of them or just Noah.

i want him to suffer my loss like a rock on his breast

MAYDAY 1975

Mayday lives
maple candy leaves
cider cinnamon cups
celebration taking down
names flags refugees
victory has fallen full
craters broken reeds
defoliated cabbage greens
search & destroy clairvoyance
pig car random shot rubber
germinating time soil
slips of creased lemon tile
garbage cans stalled cargoes
Georgetown teatime china
stadium maroon link fences
statuary eyes splendid smiles
we sang *Ho Ho Homosexual*
the ruling class is ineffectual
Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh
the NLF is gonna win
gold red blue silver bullet
trail sliced in my liver
lives of saints satin hats
create a new cityscape
warning days due before
lapsed empire fall in Wall Street
Washington, El Lay, Boston
Frisco, MoTown, Hoboken, K.C.,
tonight in Chicago a dazed
heifer's eyes cry knowing
cruelty still cutting
calfskin economy
a crossroad groan
Hurry Finland's waiting Fairbanks Station.

charley shively



Photo by James Griffith

and so on throughout the day even while D was fucking me if you can credit that. Well maybe not. Immediately after. Comparing them. Vis a vis degree of commitment, modes of promiscuity, etc. D sleeps with two people each day but the same people always come back to him.

Look, I said, if I were coming back to you would your heart fill like a pitcher and would my smile crown your day? (Not in so many words as that, I seemed to have lost the power of speech.) Oh yes I love you he said missing the point. It's easy to love people in the way he loves me: he loved me on the phone at 9 o'clock this morning lying next to that slut and eating toast, he loved me two weeks ago Friday long distance not physically of course ("That's over with," he said, as if it had been a big production and not a matter of unzipping things and sticking pieces of him into holes in me) and qualified it with equal doses of repulsion, he loved me out loud six months ago in a Chinese restaurant in New York and thought of me in public once, which got back to me eventually. But whether he loves me or loves me not I still want my books back and no dithering intimacies.

Do you think love can do that to people, drive them off their rockers and send them crawling through sewers of ecstasy, their brains teeming with maggoty grapefruit? Can love make you vomit, really? It always does...make me vomit. I wanted to vomit after the omelette but it wouldn't have been polite. After, we went to the bar and my hairdresser gave me a ride home. He asked me who my roommate was sleeping with and I said I was only a guest and

wouldn't presume to know.

The other thing that happened was I met an old friend who used to work for Roman Polanski and now directs dog food commercials for television and we discussed the actual food preferences of the animals who gobble up CalCan and Ken-L Ration and Doggie Dinner for the camera. As well as the glamorous lives led by these performers, their peristaltic adventures in the studio, and the coy prodigies who appear with the dogs. It sounded like a viable existence but I had been drinking. We also talked about Shakespeare. I said I could not imagine having sex with Shakespeare or Keats or Byron and then I changed my mind and said well Byron *maybe*, and he said I was avoiding the issue, which I've now forgotten. O these sullen transports. With Noah creeping into them like someone's pet iguana or a humming noise that stops suddenly to remind you it was there.

I can remember waking and looking at his black hair massed on the pillows like a spider, snow fell outside and plopped against the window and I touched him and he said Is it you? His voice trembled, it had a slight whiney complaint in it, a child who lost his mother at the supermarket. I kissed his ears, they're small perfect ears, very economically shaped, a mouthful of hair and thin paperlike flesh. Listen it was good, really good. We don't just fuck we make love he said and I suppose that was a way of telling me he loved me although it is a stupid distinction.

I don't know how I feel about losing a warm body because I lost an expensive hat near the subway one day when the wind blew it off my head and sent it

spinning through the air carrying it over the river, releasing it finally, like the cartoon character suspended impossibly, who only falls when he realizes he's in midair. I told myself Better Without and I was really, I had looked good once in that hat and lost it before it became a social banality. With him or without him, reducing it to certain moron components, was like being frozen inside Zeno's paradox of motion, we could never arrive anywhere. O dreadful. O seasons O castles. Visions of his dirty fingernails and his dirty mind. And when I tried to explain I only wanted the books and didn't want him he thought I was joking. He demanded I go there, probably so he could strut around the room with a big lewd grin on his mug, memories of Eleanor Schlumberger downstairs and her firey twat seething through his brain like an Efferdent tablet O such such were the joys no doubt. Sex like an off-license massage parlor for days, the masseuse finishing you off, as if you were an underdone sirloin. He must feel like an unfinished product in the grandiose sense, men who like men and go with women generally are, I know because I end up with all of them and they all regress to normality at one time or another.

I can phone up Eleanor of course and make a luncheon date, or call up Eric (I like this idea better) and say listen your wife is upstairs in bed with my boyfriend, I would appreciate your going up and killing them both, but it lacks panache. Instead I shall go to the store where I bought the hat and remind myself how well I wear hats and then try one on, and pick up the books and pretend I am on the Boulevard St. Germaine and have a bad cold. And spend the rest of the week trying to clear my sinuses.

dear

COCKSUCKER

The individualist/capitalist theory of writing is that each author invents new ideas, word patterns, products—which become property to be sold, expropriated, exploited and marketed. In fact, authors take all their work from their social experience—their friends, associations, geography, class position, reading, education and “employment.” Poems, essays, photographs, recipes, songs, drawings, dances and lace doilies do not drop from the sky; they are not innate in the mind. They are formed out of existing social relationships and the material conditions of our existence. Our creations once produced become in turn a part of that network of social experience and reality.

“Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution” has been written from my life, from the movement and for the movement. I have taken bits first from my experience and then from conversations, letters, observations of those around me. Gay writings and gay books; meetings and rendezvous.

I would like to acknowledge some of this process by printing letters that have come in to *Fag Rag* with observations, responses, amendments which have become as much a part of the series as my own assemblages. I can't reproduce the many conversations that have often sparked my consciousness. One with Alan Trexler and Carl Witman went directly into “Buggering Babies;” another with Norman Walker, into “Beyond the Binary.” Those conversations weren't recorded and can't be reproduced, but the letters have more or less survived.

Hopefully printing this correspondence will help build up a system of feedback between *Fag Rag* and its readers so that we will never become just another junk object of commerce but a real part of gay consciousness.



Dear Mr. Charles Shively,

Let me address you as a friend or comrade. You seem to think just like every other man in this world that you must be attractive to every thing in the universe to be worthy of life and a sense of self-worth. How fragile your ego must be to desire attention sexually. from every person you meet.

My friend we are all beautiful in our own way to be sure. Some healthier than others. Also to be sure, old age is a sickness which must be eliminated not patronized by benevolent sex acts. Children are also not sexually attractive to me as I have a desire to love not injure a child's asshole with a big dick. Even if I was horny for them. And again let me explain. I love those I have sex with. Even though I can't physically ever get a hard on for a woman the same applies for most men. So if I refuse you sex its not out of hate. Just happenstance. That's how I am. Maybe like the psychiatrist and cops who tried to make me fuck women when I couldn't, now you'll electrocute me or jail me because I love only attractive white men. Also your article denies me the right to love. The right to stop my feeble search for those I desire sexually. You see I'm tired of looking and being looked at like a piece of meat every man must have the nuts to own and fuck. Which I must admit I don't have the nuts for or even desire for. As by now you've guessed I feel threatened by your article. So I had to write and tell you my facts of life. I'm sure I'm a good Communist even if I can't fuck everything in sight. Plus desire a meaningful relationship with the endearing young men I'm forced to meet on a casual basis.

Signed, a poor man
who feels raped by your desires.
When will you let me choose my lover,
and let loose of this broken heart my
class seems to be the inheritor of. Ask
a Black gay woman about the freedom
to choose. How many times must they
be raped by white men like you?

This anonymous letter hits a target in saying “How fragile your ego must be to desire attention sexually from every person you meet.” Accepting sexual indifference, even repulsion from the majority of faggots I meet is not nurturing and reassuring. I am quite intrigued by those who feel the opposite: their beauty makes every faggot want to go to bed with them. I reject entirely that in choosing a partner the decision is “Just happenstance.” In the next sentence of this letter happenstance seems to be narrowed down to “only attractive white men.”

I am most upset by the confusion that is widespread that to be a good Communist you have to “fuck everything in sight” Everywhere I speak of the act of being fucked, sucking; men always turn it around. Allen Young mentioned “people who say having lots of blow jobs is liberation” in his interview with Allen Ginsberg. That is an interesting reversal of viewpoint—refusing to conceptualize what it is like to view the world through the eyes/ears/mouth of a cocksucker.

Dear Charley,

Your head is beautiful. The first copy of *Fag Rag* I ever read had your article “Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution.” It really charged me up so I wanted to suck cock and did. Your current article [“Indiscriminate Promiscuity”] is another turn-on and so I'm writing again.

I mean its one thing to commit a revolutionary act, but it's better to commit it with someone else. When you're 44, been laid up a lot, have no hair on top, and could lose forty pounds on your over six foot frame, you've got a problem.

And part of the problem is still in your mind. Some guys you might ball with you don't want yourself. You're big and tough and they're too fem, etc.

I noticed you teach American History too—where I wonder? You're a poet and I turn out some poor poetry

now and then. Obviously you're into writing, as I am. And finally you've obviously been going through a lot of revolutionary changes too. I can predict that you are into the New Left School of historiography too. My thing now, for the past year, has been art.

In short, you seem to be the type of person I would like to meet, rap with, and even blow.

There is so much that is valid in your articles. I've found the gay world to be full of the same bullshit that obsesses the straight world, the same indifference, cruelty and use of other people. You meet about the same ratio of “nice” people, the ones you really like, in other words. The gay world is like a mirror image of the straight world, and remember how hung up and unrealistic straights are.

Of course, I'm taking unfair advantage of you now. By most of the usual standards I am straight, married, the usual heterosexual thing. I was brought up so ignorant about sex that I never had many hang-ups, but I enjoyed women and still do. At the same time I realized that with certain people, males, I had homosexual tendencies. Acting them out now and then didn't bother me. So I classify myself as a bisexual.

I wish that more attention was given to bi-sexuals in gay publications. I've never met a gay person yet who never had some sexual experience with the opposite sex. And I find making it with a bi-sexual sister a great turn-on. It may be prejudice on my part but I think active bi-sexuals are those most closely into human liberation.

Yet I have been put down for not being 100% gay by gays. Just one more form of discrimination.

Anyway, again I wish to say how much I enjoy your essays. Sincerely yours, JPC

This letter came in August and the earlier one in March 1974 and I have never answered either. Why, I wonder? Partly laziness in answering letters—but with this hint at sexual rendezvous I somehow draw back. I'm afraid my writing tends to make me look like some super sexual acrobat; I often feel uncomfortable in bed with someone who has read my articles. I almost sense they are checking off each action to see if I perform as promised (particularly on the rimming article). That's not really what I have in mind, not promoting myself as a sex superstar—but hoping to encourage everyone to let go, be their own sexual self.

Also, I don't know what to make of the bi-sexual phenomenon. I have never really had sexual relations with a woman and feel quite unqualified to make pronouncements or analyze what it is to fuck a woman. But I do believe we have to explore and find what it is like to be a cocksucker from the viewpoint, perspective of the cocksucker. Heretofore, we have had only the exterior of that experience—defined by everybody else but the males actually going down.

Fag Rag

Dear Ones,

Charles Shively's spirited article advocating "Indiscriminate sexuality" sets forth a real challenge and must be replied to. His lively protest against rejection, discrimination and rigid playing of roles is terribly needed in our Gay world. It lacked only a reminder to the selfish that they create a hell for themselves as well as for those who suffer from their coldness. Charles' article is surely, at base, an appeal for kindness, an appeal that is especially touching in that he himself, so gifted, young and strong, yet feels inferior and weak and reveals his own need.

Perhaps his proposed solution by what looks like mass sexual gymnastics is rather more fanciful than practical. Surely we must eliminate rejection of people and establish "socialism" of love, but not so much by sharing our bodies as by sharing our hearts. One who is ugly and old, say, would not necessarily expect or even benefit from sexual favors granted by a young and beautiful person, yet a smile and an acknowledging look or word from him (or even her) would be like sunrise, just what is needed, healing and restoring, in all ways good.

Could it be that Charles' rather strenuous proposal reflects the failure, so common among us, to recognize that sex is a creative power—not any more a commodity to be traded than it is a boon to be bestowed, as Charles proposes, "indiscriminately"? Do I, in his terms, young and beautiful, bestow myself as an object upon you? He himself reminds us that "...occasionally the vision, luxury, even the ecstasy of a mutual faggot sexuality can be found." And tells of a fine experience of his own in which this occurred in Lynhurst Butte, Oregon. He does not tell us how such ecstasy of mutual sexuality came to him in just this experience in that place. Was it by accident only? Can one perhaps undertake to make good sex, like good music, mutually? Indeed we find him saying later that his lover of ten years has lost interest in him sexually. I wept to read this, so common an outcome of our Gay efforts to join sex, love and friendship. He cites as a cause "familiarity." Is not this a strange thing? Does the artist lose his love and his inspiration through "familiarity," does the musician, or the poet, or the revolutionary? Why so passive an attitude toward one's sexual powers and possibilities? It seems to be that sex is for many something you get, a product all pre-shaped, "ready made" in a form that must be accepted "as is" complete with built-in obsolescence. Is it not rather a superb potential of the self for mystical/physical union with another being, a gift or talent for reciprocal mutual I-you/you-I commingling of whole selves.

Why should not lovers cultivate this transcendent power between themselves, adding it with its strength to the delightful mutualities of act and purpose that, in their shared totality, constitute the bond that unites them? Through art, imagination, self-discipline and practice, lovers who are equally dedicated to the dream of its possibility can make every experience of sex one in which the god descends: a creative act of Gay consciousness, a joint achievement, "Two eagles soaring." Loving companions, lovers who cultivate this great sex, energize and refresh each other from deep fountains of life. They then bring this renewed strength to their work and to their relationships to others. They will of course not be sexually promiscuous because, on the one hand, their sexual energies are reserved for a higher need and purpose and on the other hand, fulfilled sexually, they will search eagerly to find what are the real needs of others: seeking to make loving union with them in the ways that contribute most to others' real growth, ways that can reach equally to young men, women, children, dogs, cats and kittens as sex never can, ways that leave the other strengthened and assured, with eyes aglow and dreams restored to hope and possibility.

Charles' wise and loving words show us how to move past the obstacles of self-centeredness to generosity and recognition for one another and open the possibility to a world far less unkind. Would that we might all move toward one another in this spirit and form an "army of lovers" in service to human hopes and purposes.

Let us begin, as Gays, to discover the real complexities and the creative possibilities that lie in love and sex. We, far above the straights in freedom, experience, yearning and vision are the ones to make the discoveries and to exemplify them in our lives. By reason of the strength gained in their struggles, Gays deserve and should demand the very best that life has to offer, refusing to settle for less. Sex by itself is an inferior state, so also is love in which the fires of sex have died; we have a right to our dream in which these are united. Castor and Pollux, David and Jonathan, the Twin War Gods are our progenitors—these combined their strengths and brought great benefits to the people. By linking Friendship to Eros they gained godlike power. What else may Gays be for?

Circle of Loving Companions coll.
by John Burnside

It was really a boost to get this letter from New Mexico; it is the second *Fag Rag* has received from the Circle of Loving Companions collective. The first letter came in after either *Fag Rag One* or *Fag Rag Two*; we read it at a meeting and were deeply moved by all the good feelings shared across the continent. We would have printed the letter, but unfortunately it got misplaced somewhere. This second letter is like news of an old friend given up as lost. I wish we had a fuller history of what the Circle of Loving Companions have been able to get together through the years.

I really admire the non-masculine, anti-competitive, cooperative tone of the Circle. Faggots are not always so generous in saying nice things to each other. Although niceness can be cloying, support and encouragement are nurturing, strengthening. I need that, even if in approaching forty I am not "so gifted, young and strong" as the letter says.

I am still struggling with all the questions raised in this letter—questions about love, relationships, sexuality and mutual commitment. We agree on a lot, but on two vital points I think we are worlds apart.

First, I believe that gay sexuality must take in more than couples—that we need to find circles, groups of sexual partners who more than work together; more than copulate together. We must have "mystical/physical unionS with other beingS," a commingling of not just two but many selves. I don't pretend to have got very far in achieving such a vision; but I think all the failures of couples are not just failures: they are dead end streets, closed circuits doomed to repeated failures. The way out is not a new partner, a new link—not just my lover's and my own failure—the failure is inherent in copying the breeding couple model. I tried to start some discussion of this in the *Fag Rag Five* article on "Group Sex"—but response to it has been largely silence.

My second concern is theological. Threaded through the letter is a series of ideas that combine a separation of body and soul (later to be reunited) with a glorification of the soul/spirit/mind. I throw myself entirely with the animal/body/sexual side—if one has to choose sides here. In that I probably frighten, alienate, startle most people. I simply do not accept the notion that "Sex by itself is an inferior state...."—that sharing our hearts is superior to sharing our bodies. What is this "higher need and purpose"? What "god descends"?

I really think that we've got to go down to get up, that the higher things, secrets, gods, revelations must be sought in the admittedly decaying imperfections of our bodies. Just to say it this way, however, implies that there is some separation; I am not saying that in grooving in what purists call "shit" we'll become celestial. I do not simply seek a different road to the same REUNION the monks are after. Instead I think we must learn to think without the idea of a separation into two parts (man/woman, black/white, good/bad, body/soul, sex/friendship, etc.) Without the separation myth, no reunion myth.

Dear Mr. Shively:

Greetings. I have just read your article, "Indiscriminate Prosmiscuity." To say that I enjoyed it would be an understatement. Though my orientation is heterosexual, your insights are fully applicable to all forms of sexuality. I have always given much thought to the concept of sexual/social "elitism" which operates both overtly and covertly in our society. Manifestations of this elitism comes in various forms:

1. Sexuality is a hinderance to the development of the new, modern, post-industrial society (socialist or capitalist, or any combination thereof).
2. "Excessive" sexuality is immature.
3. Social/sexual elitism is merely the ranting and raving of the frustrated?
4. Sexual aristocracy of the hip-elite is a confused blending of racism, sexism and classism?
5. The cool, hip capitalist of the flower child/free American hippie syndrome is another example of this disguised elitism.
6. Elitism is the "natural order" of the world?

Enclosed is a copy of a book [Heroes Come Home: The Asian-American Experience] that I personally published some time ago. I would be happy for you to accept it. In so far as a solution to this particular problem of elitism: I will strive as hard as I can for the things and people I want... with all my heart and soul. For life is too short, too short to become obsessed with the injustices of the world. More power to you.

Sincerely,
Henry Jung

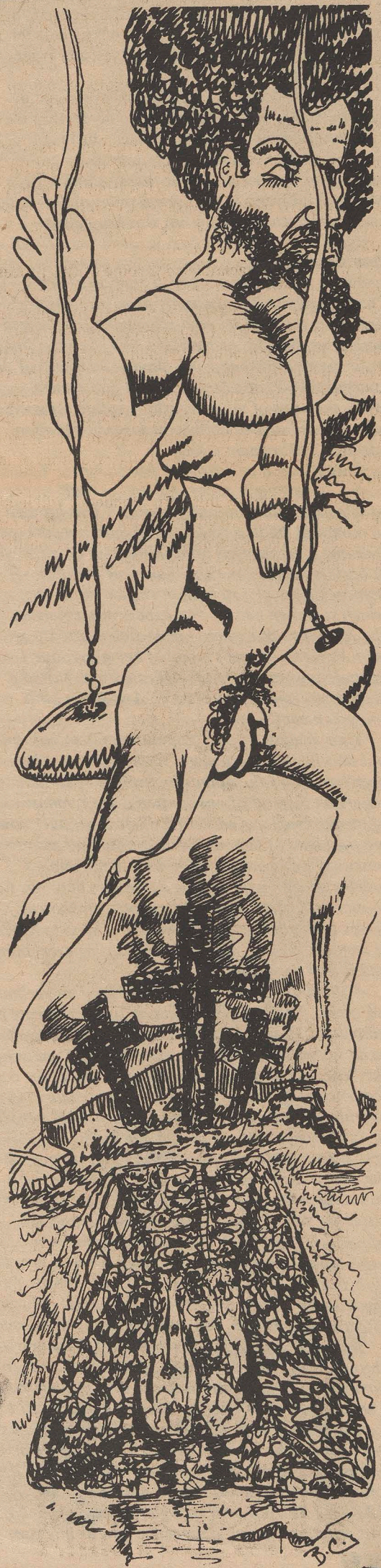
P.S. My first reaction to your article was: "Why wasn't this written by a heterosexual?"

It's unfortunate that in this world, waging war and violence, amassing great wealth and fame seems to be more worthy of our highest efforts... over love-sex

bibliography

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Still in the works: sections on Fantasy, Masturbation, Bondage & Discipline, Death, Love, Beauty, Doing It (Implementation), Stardom, and other possibilities.



dear cocksucker

activities. But how do you plan to put your concept of indiscriminate promiscuity into real-life action? Your courage or "craziness" in writing such an article deserves praise, but I would question your degree of freedom in relating to, e.g., a man who would make the Hunchback of Notre Dame look like Paul Newman... would you let him give you a "blow-job" (with your eyes closed)? Would you allow yourself to fall into the usual sexual "pecking-order"?

It seems that the only solution in my own life is to acquire as much of those "marketable" qualities as possible, i.e., more "hip-ness." This is so that I would be able to draw the widest options possible.

Your letter and collection of stories helped me see the genocidal quality of the binary division. The world is not black and white, man and woman, straight and gay; your *Asian-American Experience* was very educational for me. I hope "Beyond the Binary" profited from your help.

In your letter you ask "would you let him give you a 'blow-job' (with your eyes closed)?" Of course, I would, but more difficult to answer, "Would I blow him?" Again, this is something men tend to misread about my essays: it's not *getting* your cock sucked but the feelings, experience, possibility, consciousness of being a cocksucker. Most cocksuckers tend to hate what they do, hate themselves; and I want to change that vision.

About five years ago I got actively involved in gay liberation—dreaming that it would destroy the "marketplace" and "pecking order." Instead I found that the old order largely prevailed—particularly in the matter of who went to bed with whom. If "Elitism is the natural order of the world," I want to destroy it. I do not worship nature!

Dear Charles,

I have just this evening read your article on "Indiscriminate Promiscuity," absorbed, engaged, drawn on, warned by your humanness, challenged with your thought, pierced (if I may) by your insight. Your words evoke, as words should, a fantasy of the concealed body of experience that begot them. While the press of your thought is still felt, I want to ask, to share, and to ramble on some things about which I (we?) remain uncertain.

This question of "choice," for example. You begin: "Choosing homosexuality is in itself an act of rebellion, a revolutionary stance." This brought to mind the "radical freedom" of Sartre, a concept that one is wholly his or her choices, a concept which at once exhilarates me and makes me sceptical. Is homosexuality an orientation and an experience which is chosen *per se*? My experience argues to the contrary. But where I can wholeheartedly agree is on the issue of one's mode of being gay, one's attitude toward one's self. Affirmation is indeed a choice, a revolutionary stance. And surely this too you meant.

Your analysis of our "computer system" of rating one another has particularly spoken to me. I have been opened to the oppressive aspects of stretching others on the grid of one's criteria, the tyranny of measurement. And yet I am left to wonder now: are the ideals of "choice" and "indiscriminate promiscuity" compatible? "Choice" to me implies judging according to criteria and values between two or more alternatives. "Indiscriminate promiscuity" seems to require the abandonment of such judgment. It seems to require, in a sense, "choosing everything," and is that choosing?

A flood of thoughts, as usual without an accompanying order. Some consequences of "indiscriminate promiscuity": If one chooses and makes oneself available to all sexually, does not the doctrine itself undermine the "choice" to be gay? does it not compel the consequence of bisexuality, or is it ambi-sexuality? And another question I need to ask: is the whole dynamic of "preference," of sexual and emotional selectiveness symptomatic of oppression? Am I oppressed to the extent that I choose one man as a primary relationship over others? Should each man be equally attractive to me, interchangeable, rendering choices of partners arbitrary? You speak of your lover of ten years duration—isn't exclusiveness a form of inequality? Lots of ??? I know; please do not construe antagonism or attack, or indeed anything but a sincere effort to understand, share, work out my own demons.

And they are legion. Yet gradually, I am overcoming, through a growing courage to know myself, and to connect the dots of various loose ends of uneasiness. I am uptight when cruising; bar-going means self-loss. I am at present in a deep, and growing love friendship with a man who I do not desire as much as I want to. It has come to me that he is not as "masculine" as I (my computer system) require a partner to be. A 62—sorry Bill, not man enough for me... And why this criterion? as self-destructive now as it is com-

elling? Is it not due to my own internalized fear of not being "manly" enough myself (and we know whence that demon cometh). And thus needing to attach myself to those who can bolster a fragile self-image, yet not be so over-whelmingly "masculine" as to threaten me. These sexual politics take place as well in the anal sphere(s?). I want to want to be fucked, much more than I actually want it. In truth, I am afraid, tight; I say it hurts (which of course it does when the mind is coiling up every muscle in fear). And the fear: being fucked, on-the-bottom, soft and submissive, no way to flex my strength. Charles, this whole head of computer systems and roles does not involve placing others on the grid so much as it does subjecting ourselves to the rack.

Thank you for the strength you have offered not to love the wounds too dearly.

Jeff Cohen

Reading this letter I was struck how much you understand what I'm saying, the issues, even my style (maybe a bit abstract and philosophical?). It's maddening how little our words, concepts, images make a dent in things. All our fine talk and we still don't know why things seem to work so poorly with our lover(s) and friends.

"Choosing" is the essence of liberation—opening up options, having control over one's body, one's life. Not being forced, trapped, coerced into the inevitable. On choosing homosexuality as an act of revolution, I mean just what Jeff so perceptively says. And more, the choice involves a commitment to create and define a gay, homosexual existence in its own essence worked out of the very experience itself. If sexism is the primary contradiction (sexism being the classification and stratification of people on the basis of their relations to the means of reproduction), then the creation of a sexual reality divorced totally from reproduction is revolutionary.

"Choosing" everything is choosing nothing? Exactly: the choice system, the language itself has its origin in the bartering and selling of women. Attempting to throw away that language (binary computer system) has far reaching consequences. Too many people look over the suggestion and try to figure out what they will gain or lose (more or less tricks) more or less love?) without noticing that THE WHOLE SYSTEM IS BEING CHUCKED.

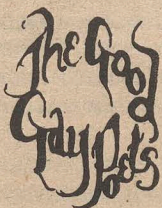
"Subjecting ourselves to the rack?" I'm thinking about that question in the area of Bondage and Discipline for another article—an area of my life in which I feel very confused.

[Aaron Shurin,] *Exorcism of the Straight/ Man/ Demon* free broadside (send self-addressed stamped envelope)

John Wieners, *Playboy*, out of print

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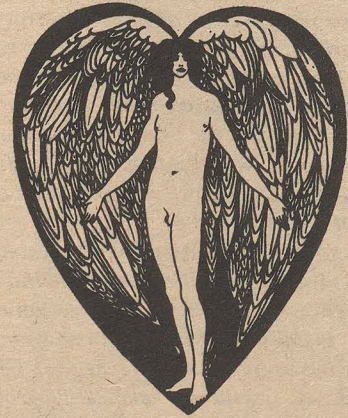
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A GAY POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Winston Leyland



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Dear Charley Shively,

There was much in your article on "Indiscriminate Promiscuity" that deserves thinking about and acting on. Certainly, my friend and I have been more and more active along the lines you describe. Much of that activity is undoubtedly caused by the pallid state of the English males (more body armor and less hard-ons as you move up the social scale) we are confronted by from living half the time in a marvellous landscape in the north of the country. The country gets better; the people more like androids by the day.

There is apparently one philosopher who is on to a socialist sexuality of a kind you envisage: Charles Fourier. Guy Davenport is doing a lot of work on CF at the moment and I may be publishing his poem based on same. For one thing, Fourier thought people ought to make it about six times a day.

Three or four times with lovers or those who produced lust; the other times with old people, cripples, uglies, etc. I'm not sure what else there would be time for if one adhered to the six-a-day performance levels, but Davenport is reading the collected works, which have rather been hidden under a bushel by embarrassed French sages. ...

Yours,
Jonathan Williams

Yes! Charles Fourier is central to the whole subject. Regretably for me, I know him only through diminutive bowdlerized translations—but I have been studying him a long time. The thing to get at is some application of socialism to sexuality. Most socialists are deplorably sexless and anti-sexual. They all seem to think like high school principals—uptight, didactic, unimaginative, fearful of anything unfamiliar. That is a great tragedy containing within itself the betrayal of revolution everywhere.

Gay Post

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remarks on indiscriminate promiscuity

...when i have tried to cruise baths, esplanade bushes, etc.; i constantly have people snobbishly turning the other way. i agree with you that the Advocate and others who put it down are a bunch of fucking middle-class pigs, but i don't see why we should romanticize such an obviously mechanical and non-intimate practice. there seems to me to be more measuring of cocks for instance in the bushes or in a T-room. and mine does not measure up, evidently. i have my best luck meeting people on the streets, just talking. and many times, through the beginnings of compassion or intimacy, the other person (who might have refused my advances in a bar or the fens) sees that i am a person and responds. in fact, i think i can say that i have luck ONLY when i can get myself across as a decent, interesting human being. it often happens, also, that i am able to do this with so-called "straight" men and with gay workers who do not otherwise cruise.

My experience is that T-room visitors DO tend toward more workers even more than fens or esplanade. esplanade blacks i have met have been college types, intellectuals, business men.

obviously if tea room sex alienates the Mass. State Legislature, we should all go have an orgy in the State House john. the stupid middleclass GCN and Advocate are obviously going to throw up hands in horror at practices that will keep them from becoming "respectable." But that is no reason for us to view making it in the bushes or at a john as somehow revolutionary. i think we might compare it to Lenin's remark about "juvenile pseudo-revolutionism," if it is done for such a purpose. now if it is done because it is enjoyable and does not exploit either partner, fine. but i see no sign that there is less exploitation in the bushes than there is in the bars. i have just about come to the place where i go to neither because of that (the idea may sell Fag Rags, and perhaps the shock value of this article

like your others) is itself somehow revolutionary (I always enjoy seeing straights and some fastidious gays writhe while reading your stuff) is in itself revolutionary—yes, i think it is—but don't we need to spend more time actually thinking through a revolutionary perspective for ourselves rather than wishfully thinking about our sex habits as though they were revolutionary. if they were, the state would long since have withered. god, given the number of numbers making it every night in bushes from Boston to Bulgaria, the state would have exploded.

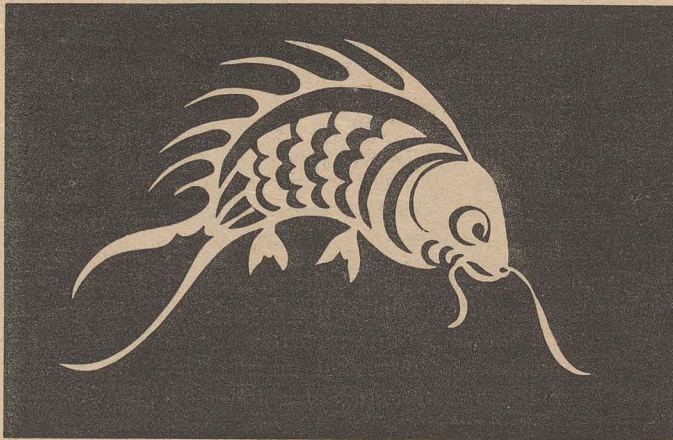
just as one last blow (excuse it), i have known a good many people whom i've met in dark cruising spots and whom i have sort of forced into a friendship (most of the time people i have met there do not want to be talked to again). the interesting thing to me was that most of them were terrific closet cases, not even willing to go to bars. come to think of it, the Esplanade came before the bars for me in my process of coming out. while cruising the Esplanade i didn't have to worry about being seen. i didn't dare be seen in a bar at that time (i was a divinity school student). and the very secretiveness and danger of the bushes-cruising thing led me away from positive or revolutionary understanding of my gayness, wasted terrific amounts of my energy being scared, guilty, etc.

there is inequality in the world, as you describe inequality (age, beauty, physical health, intelligence, skills, etc.) that will always be there. it is the human-created and insidious inequality that is so crippling to us: to use the natural inequalities as absolute and one-dimensional measuring sticks in competition. —whether for money or power or sex or prestige or some combination thereof. i have the feeling (and here am probably defensive) that you take to task the relationship between an older man and a teenager simply because it is unequal. well, like so much around us, it usually is; it is usually poisoned by the society's penchant for inequality and competition. —and control. but it does not have to be, anymore than two similar-aged men have to use their natural differences as unnatural inequalities in some kind of a deadly contest. age can be used to teach, and teaching—while based on a certain kind of inequality, is also based on love and the desire to narrow the gap of inequality by the very act of teaching. and then the younger person has other things—his beauty, his physical health, so there can be no general inequality per se. one possible form of discrimination would be to be indiscriminately sexual (and i would always add intimate) with all people of all ages, sexes, races, looks, etc., but to refuse sex or intimacy with those whose actions show them to be exploiters, rulers, etc. i know it is a "moral" approach and i'll admit that my radicalism is first of all rooted in the radical reformation of Christianity: but again, unlike the magisterial reformation, it never came off and so is revolutionary.

Tom Reeves

Tom gave me these comments on an early draft of the "Indiscriminate Promiscuity" essay and I profited from his help and quoted from his thoughts. This kind of interchange is the most creative part of Fag Rag, something that we need a lot more of—caring for each other's experience, language, ideas, etc.

The only thing I'd respond to now is about the bushes and baths: I do think there is something intrinsic in the very sexual act itself taken for pleasure outside any commitment to reproduction or social order—something anarchic, dissolving society in sexual relations.



Dear Shively,

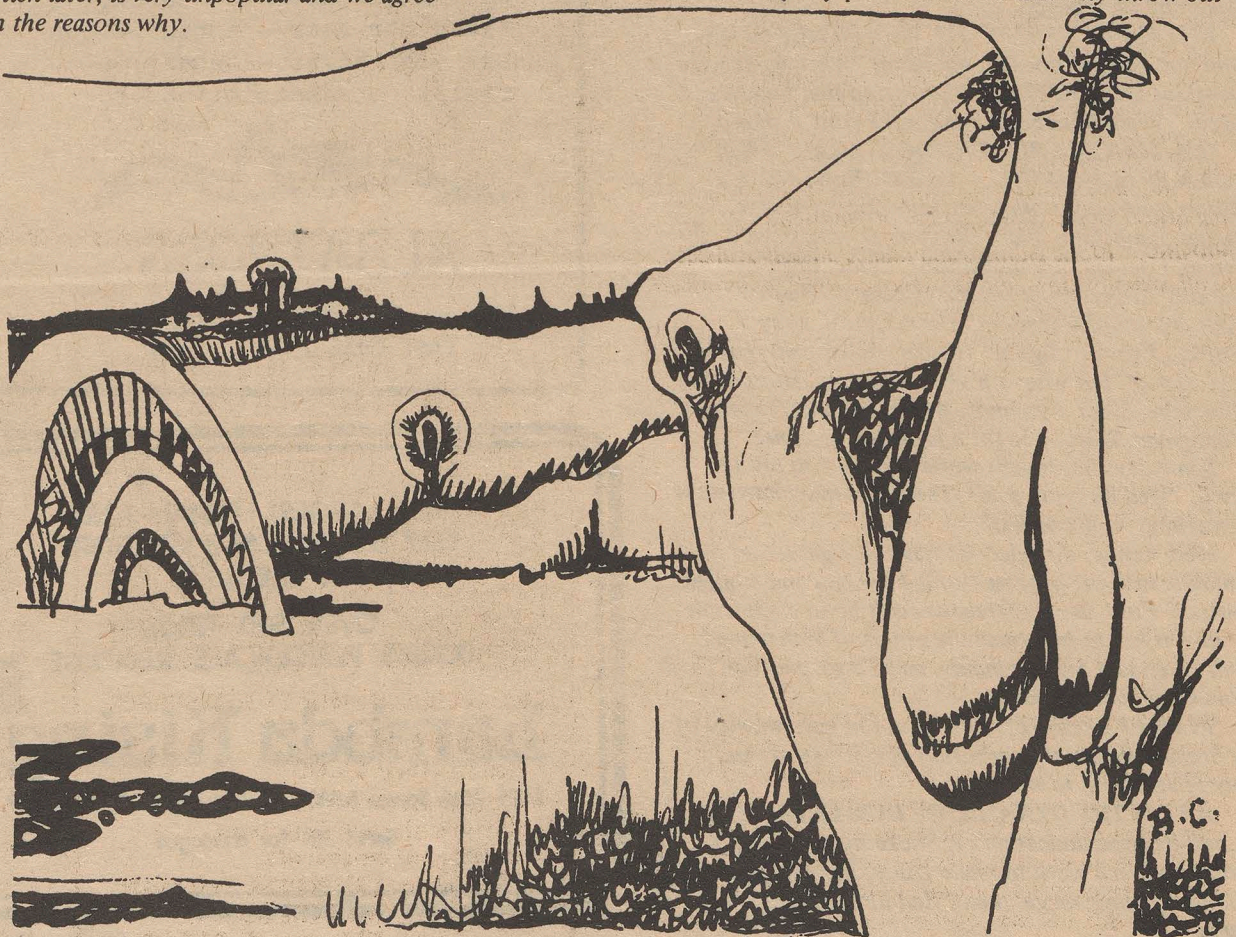
I have read your article, "Poetry, Cocksucking and Revolution," and have been thereby motivated to rap. I have been wrestling with these same problems for twenty years (I am 34 and have been grinding my guts on these matters since I was 13 when I (1) came out, and (2) began my own revolt.

I don't think i have come up with as many answers as you have, but I have come up with more questions and, though some of the following will appear to be rhetorical, they should be approached not as empirical statements but as questions, ore problems posed. I am so used to being perfunctory in my self-protective guise that it is difficult for me to be humble on these matters (we have lived many years in fear of our lives and livelihoods, we agree).

FRANCK'S "STEVEN." I would be interested in reading this poem. I, for one, and I know there are more of us, are gay by misogynist tendencies. Whether I dislike women or dislike the roles of women, I have never decided; but I managed to shock some women not long ago. Why was I in favor of women's liberation, they asked. Because anything that made women more like men made me like women better, I said. HORRORS!

MALE SUPREMACY... my aching ballocks. 100% of of the masculine role I learned was taught by my grandmother, my mother, and my aunts. They were all graduates of the Victoria Regina Male Re-Motivation Seminary. My father may have set some kind of an example or something, but I don't think I noticed particularly. He seemed to do all-male gigs. Well, I am to be master of my own destiny and if I want male companionship, well, I have a right to choose my friends.

POLITICS and POETRY are not analogous. I would expect that Politics were always more popular than Poetry. Poetry, more of which later, is very unpopular and we agree on the reasons why.



ENGLISH COURSES. Wieners has at times been very much into that scene. The courses I had were so Baudlerized, I didn't know Shakespeare was gay until I was 27! IT had no gender, no sexuality until the Beatnik revolt filtered into the suburbs (where I came from, about 1973!).

THE POLITICS OF POETRY' Yeah, I discovered it too. At the New England Poetry Club (which met at the Harvard Faculty Club and which I belonged to for three years). Dith-guthing. Are colleges ghettoes for intellectual? and would a true intellectual put up with that crap? Of course colleges are also sperm banks for providing the POWER ELITE with expertise.

MONEY, FAME... IMMORTALITY. Especially if we leave no children. Don't we have a right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness? Well, money might be a poet's bag. Can't imagine it, but, the subject of this letter is, frankly, the right of poets to earn a decent living. Like millhands and millowners, you know?

IMPERIAL POETRY SYSTEM. Well, the term "imperial" is not quite applicable here. I think of Chu Lao and the Dynastic verse of the Chin. Establishment, perhaps.

THE MOVEMENT. You are right, right, right. But about the poet being the ultimate individualist. A non-Eastern concept. The artist is a loner. There are many movements. The gay movement is rather nomadic at present, but FEAR NOT! A tyranny will develop to lead it to absorption by the great mass. Ych.

THE REVOLUTION. Nobody has a monopoly on revolution. I waited expectantly for it throughout the sixties. I'm still at the bus stop waiting, waiting, waiting...

GAY LIB PAPERS. Ideals, Ideals. We don't have a monopoly on ideals either. But one ideal might be that a worthy gay poet got enough space to earn a fucking decent living at it (instead of letting everybody pretend he's interesting enough to glut the tiny market???) It's the NUMBERS RACKET. I've tried to let every man in the East and in Western Europe have the opportunity to enjoy my cock, but I'm wearing out quickly. Besides, my true interest lies in the Sudan. Perhaps you are suggesting a drastic depopulation implosion, where everybody could, in fact, relate to everybody.

I'm glad to see you devoted a whole issue to verse; it helps make up for the lack of space we've had for verse. If you've shown one person poetry CAN be a great experience, then you've justified it all.

But high-level communication (otherwise I call it prose) is, by its essence, its intensity, ELITIST. That's not to say exclusive or snobbish. The word has an integrity of its own, just like the individual. The individual (if there is such a thing yet) is the ultimate elite.

ELITISM. I see nothing intrinsically anti-humanitarian about elitism.

SERIOUS. This word is very sick because of misuse. It should be put to bed. A poet can write a poem that is shit-stuck, cock-muffled and yet the poem can be GOOD, USEFUL, HELPFUL. Why apologize for it? Fuck them.

CRITICISM. This part of your article disturbed me most (I mean that in the most positive sense, of course). Agitated, motivated me to react. OK, I say, dump the petty political hacks. But why throw out

dear cocksucker

the sailor with the bath? Academia, which has sold its (flaccid) bod to the Powers that Be, is not to criticize MY verse. But I'm not afraid of "competition" amongst MY PEERS. That is the problem, not criticism per se. But who is to be judge and jury. I'll choose my oppressors, thanks. My enemies and my lovers.

I NEED criticism to improve myself, my work, my usefulness.

SILENT SCREAMS. Thank god we're not all screaming at once. Rather, I enjoy making others scream once in awhile. I think that's part of my job as a poet and as a writer. My aunt, by the way, would be perfectly SCREAMLESS at Fag Rag. If she weren't in her 80's and already useless, I'd lay it on her.

STRAIGHT, WHITE CIVILIZATION. I've seen Asia, West Africa, and Latin America, and frankly, fags and poets and the states thereof in such places, ain't to be emulated. In Cuba, for instance, we are at the bottom of Dante's Inferno. West Africa, Senegal included, is not haven for wee-wee watchers, let me tell you. Spain, Portugal, Greece, Italy, we are the turds of these rumps of civilization. In Russia I saw one faggot (he was on the plane with us and came from Grand Rapids). They pulled him away from our group and shipped him back to London on Aeroflot. In Prague, THE "gay bar" is constantly raided.

We poets must not only avoid the lingua academia pro balogna (from Gypsy "paloney," meaning cock!) no less than the cant of Trotskysque Proletaria manipulata. Trotsky was Jewish. And he held to the dogmy of Leviticus.

LEVITICUS is the root source of our devastating misery.

I'll be damned if I manipulate somebody I don't want to manipulate.

POETRY, PEACOCK OR PEASANT? Who has the agility, the strength, the intellect, the guts to operate at the level of "poetry"? Practically nobody. Verse? Perhaps. But poetry? It's like eels or woodcock. Poetry just ain't fishsticks and chicken. And to suggest to somebody that they'd love caviar and knowing the jerk makes \$72.34 a week...well, that's just being screwy. To lead versifiers into the dissemination of their private, precious guts only to be made vulnerable in a pogrom of straight, white, lily-white self-righteousness is not doing the proletariat a favor. It's giving them the fucking screws. There are only a few of us who are tough enough to be poets. Let them carry the burden. That's one of their jobs. To carry the heart of the "movement" on their chests like yellow stars or scarlet letters.

Everyone can be a poet, since all of us have the poet in us...or the artist, or the doctor, or the hero, or the saint, or the drunk, or the fuck-up. But there are those who are deemed best by themselves to specialize...and why ruin the chances for good poets to specialize...and SURVIVE in their jobs by glutting the market?

This issue of FAG RAG had a lot of poetry in it. But it had a lot of verse, too. Who, I'm asking, is to be judge or jury? (even realising you don't believe in such crap). Well, we agree on one thing, THEY shouldn't be judge or jury. I say WE should be judge and jury. I believe gay poets have a right to be judged by their peers.

WHY???????????????????? Well, I'll tell you why (and not ask questions on the issue). When somebody mentions SHAKESPEARE, I mention that he was a faggot. When somebody brings up Proust, I shout O YEA, MAN, A GREAT HOMOSEXUAL! When somebody says VIRGIL! I shout QUEEN! When Milton comes up, I praise cocksucking. Aristotle, Auden, Baudelaire, Blake, Brahms, Byron, Cavafy, Cellini, Cocteau...I praise sissies! Crane, Crowley, Duncan, Eisenstein, Euripides, Flaubert, Gautier... I put credit in for fagdom! Gide, Graves, Gray, Griffes...I get my digs in. Handel, Hawthorne, Hercules (no poet, but what a body), Housman, Huysmans, Nietzsche, Swift, Symonds, Winckelmann, Xenophon, Youngman, Zeus...I've got a fag a day to praise.

Some day the straight world will have to say to itself, "Well bless my soul! These fags must have some something on the ball(s)!"

Well, honey, they do. We have enough heroes to emulate without hanging "straight judges and straight juries." Fuck them! Straights can't be so completely stupid as not to recognize the genius of Mohammed and Pater, and Schopenhauer, and Tasso, and Van Gogh Van Gogh, and Williams.

IS THAT ELITIST? Yes. And I'm not ashamed of it because that is my definition of my own art and my relationship to art.

ART IS THE DYNAMIC OF HUMAN EMOTION...and its communication. If Shakespeare (whom I find too much work to really enjoy) has a huge emotional dynamic range, then I find him "great." Well,

he did have a huge dynamic and he was "great" and yes "he is valuable." A diamond among coal...a "fag amongst straights?????"

The artist's job is to LEAVE A MONUMENT TO CIVILIZATION, the thoughts and deeds of humanity for those hereafter to know us by and to help themselves know themselves.

I didn't learn who I was from the Gay Press. I came before it and I had to find out who I was before I had it to help me. I learned, therefore, from the masters. The gay master. I found Whitman at the age of sixteen and he saved my life. Small service to mankind, perhaps? But I owe Whitman and Genet and Wilde my own guts for the NEXT, healthy generation. That's my job because that's what I am and what our Gay Progenitors provided me to be.

WELL, I say we have been given the right to judge ourselves by our gay progenitors...and by god I'll act on that premise as if it were the Commandments of Moses. In fact I'll wage war on all Judaism and Christianity...and all Communism and all Capitalism if need be...to carry out that trust.

Well, that's all half-assed and half-baked and kind of silly, I suppose. And perhaps you considered some of these points when you wrote your article. But would be interested to know more about how you came to your position...particularly in those areas where we don't jibe.

More Fag Rag, more nourishing nudes, and more verse in future issues.

Richard Dey
Fag and Poet.

Somehow I'm not sure whether you're agreeing with me or disagreeing—maybe better than either, just responding. Still we're very far apart on the notion of Elitism; you say "high-level communication...is by its essence, its intensity, ELITIST." Maybe, but too often we are taught to use individual gifts, insights, perceptions to gain personal power and reputation. A lacking in humility. A Russian poet (male) once published a poem for a lover (female) and Stalin commented that such poems should be printed in editions of two copies—one for the poet and one for the lover. Cavafy only sent his poems in small editions to a few friends. The whole romantic notion about artists needs to be questioned. You say "The artist's job is to LEAVE A MONUMENT OF CIVILIZATION, the thoughts and deeds of humanity for those hereafter to know us by and to help themselves know themselves." I suspect any poet writing with such a heavy thought load would be pretty nearly crushed or a very thick clod.

One thing clearer to me now than when I wrote "Poetry, Cocksucking and Revolution" is how many overly ambitious and self-serving faggot poets there are. Thank goodness there are so few material rewards for poetry or we would really be in a mess. Stephen Jonas needs to be studied carefully in this respect: pushy poets are the death of poetry.

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Michael Shernoff

SCROOGERY AS AN ACT OF REVOLUTION

Although the article "On the Rim of Christmas" [FAG RAG 12, Winter 1974] is very sincere, personal committed and all that its purpose escapes us. Perhaps we're just not in the Spirit.

True, there is a lot of straight talk on the repressive social function of charity. When we give something to another, we usually expect something in return. Even when we do not—and giving should take place on the basis of need and not the ability to reciprocate—the gift to the needy does underscore their dependence on us. It habituates the poor to expect a meager handout rather than allow them to gather their resources into political campaigns in order to seize their legitimate share. Szasz was right—charity does confirm the giver in his role as protector and oppressor. And, in our society this relationship of dependence takes the form of marriage on a small scale and philanthropy on a large one.

Yet the Movement people, in their "commitment", follow the same pattern: middle-and upper-class youth reject the power structure, a noble act in itself, and proclaim their solidarity with the oppressed, but will at the same time maintain their same class position and all its privileges. Before they go to the demo, they stop off at the bank and cash their monthly check from Daddy. Their fervor arises from their guilt at belonging to the privileged class. By getting their names on a few court ledgers and enemy lists, they hope to expiate that guilt. Gay activists of a certain stripe—the sort to which Laud Humphreys refers to as "gayrevs," belong essentially to these ranks. Many of us do not feel that faggotry is a sufficiently gallant cause, so we organize and presume to act in the name of the "genuinely oppressed." We, just like the student activists of the late sixties, deprive these out-groups of the right to speak for themselves, as we sacrifice some personal token of comfort and security in order to become talked about as noble, outrageous and so forth.

Our commitments are indeed ambitious. On the one hand, we want to be accepted by our parents, employers and professors, and we have fought a long and fruitful struggle to gain this acceptance, a struggle to gain this acceptance, a struggle which few of us want to abandon. We want our own piece of the rock, albeit smaller than average; in other words, we want to become part of the culture. On the other hand, we recognize that culture as the source of discrimination against gays, the belittlement of women, and the degradation of the have-nots. We wish to undo that culture by striking at the concentrations of power and by restructuring its system of priorities; as a result we set visible examples of revolutionary self-sacrifice. On the one hand, we ask the system for the charity of acceptance; on the other hand, by striking blows against the system we bestow our own charity on the wretched hordes of the third world. We want to tear down the same society to which we so fervently desire to belong. Charley Shively, in a manner just dripping with authenticity, perfectly bespeaks this ambiguous point of view. How he spurns the patronizing gestures of the Fairfield Township social set. How much he would like to be counted among them. And his sentiments toward his basketball hero—how he would love to bruise his masu-

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line ego and how he would love to suck his
cock.

Gay liberation has gone through some really
big changes. At first, in the Mattachine era, it
was a plea for the charitable acceptance of the
straight world. Then as the sixties flared up,
we faggots flamed with all the others, stormed
the bastions of power, "the heterosexual dic-
tatorship," and, with all the others, were swept
aside, undone both by external repression and
internal faction. Hopefully the two elements
can be combines—the demand to improve our
situation in society and the demand to change
that society from the bottom up. The article
represents another combination, the worst
possible sort, between the most toadyish
adulation and the most uncontrollable anger.
We need not ask for charity and we need not
bestow it by pretending to align with others more
oppressed than we. We have a lot of injustices
falling on us, and we must struggle to correct
them. We also have a lot to offer in return.

Finally, by saying that the purpose of the
article escapes the reader does not mean that
it says absolutely nothing. By tackling Xmas
head on, we are, as Mme. Agnew once put it,
going after a pretty big trophy. Xmas represents
all the traditional nemeses of faggotry—the
family and Christianity. It represents the
creative masculine principle of God pene-
trating the passive feminine vessel of Mary.
And just as the Holy Family conceived at
that primeval moment, so does the American
family year after year to celebrate its unity,
and indeed its eternity, as the only valid,
fulfilling mode of lie. There is little posi-
tive in either, except for the idea of selfless
giving and supportive love. However, our
giving should become a giving which fulfills
the needs of the other, and our love should
provide the kind of support which lets the
other control her or his mind and resources,
a sort of love which can only occur among
equals.

Steven Abbott
Thom Willenbecker

I am somewhat mystified by this response:
first they say my purpose escapes them, then
they summarize the theme of the article. After
that, they ramble into some cliched remarks
about the "Movement." Are they talking about
me or about other FAG RAGgers, when they
suggest we get monthly checks from Daddy.
Speaking for myself, I never got a single check
from my father (he never had a bank account).
If I feel any guilt or anxiety about him, it is
that I cannot make good his life nor revenge
his death—a life sacrificed to a miserable job
with General Motors.

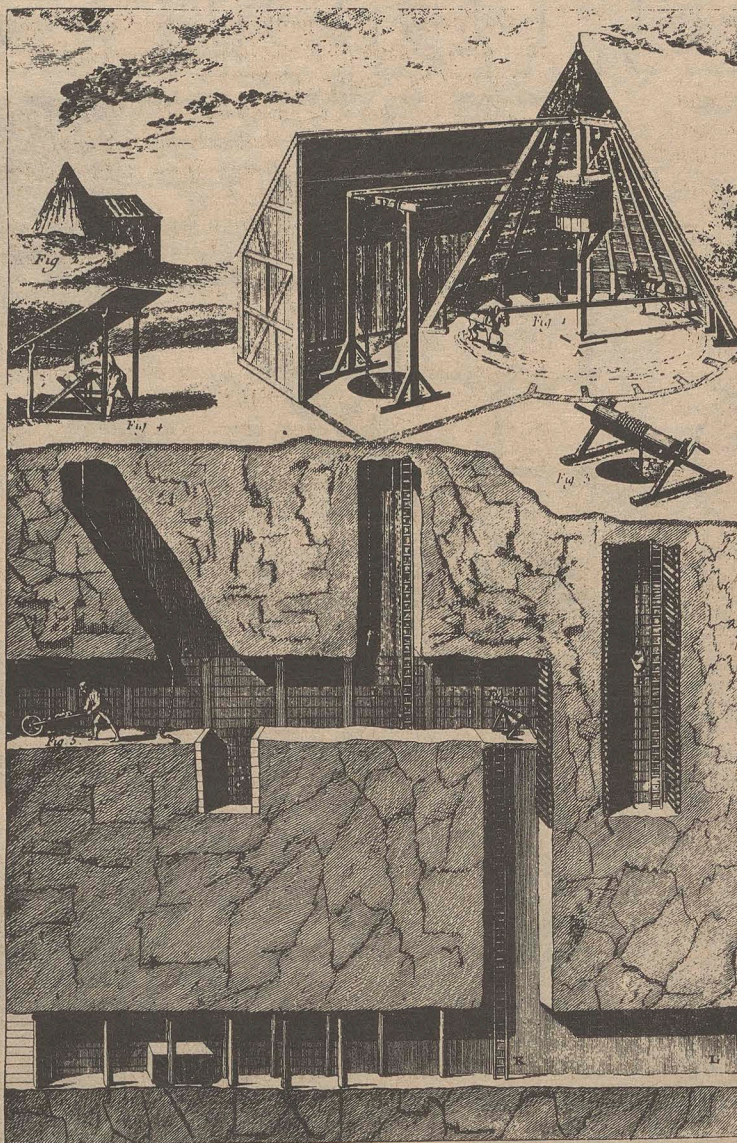
Generally I wonder who they are talking
about when they use "we." Not me I hope.

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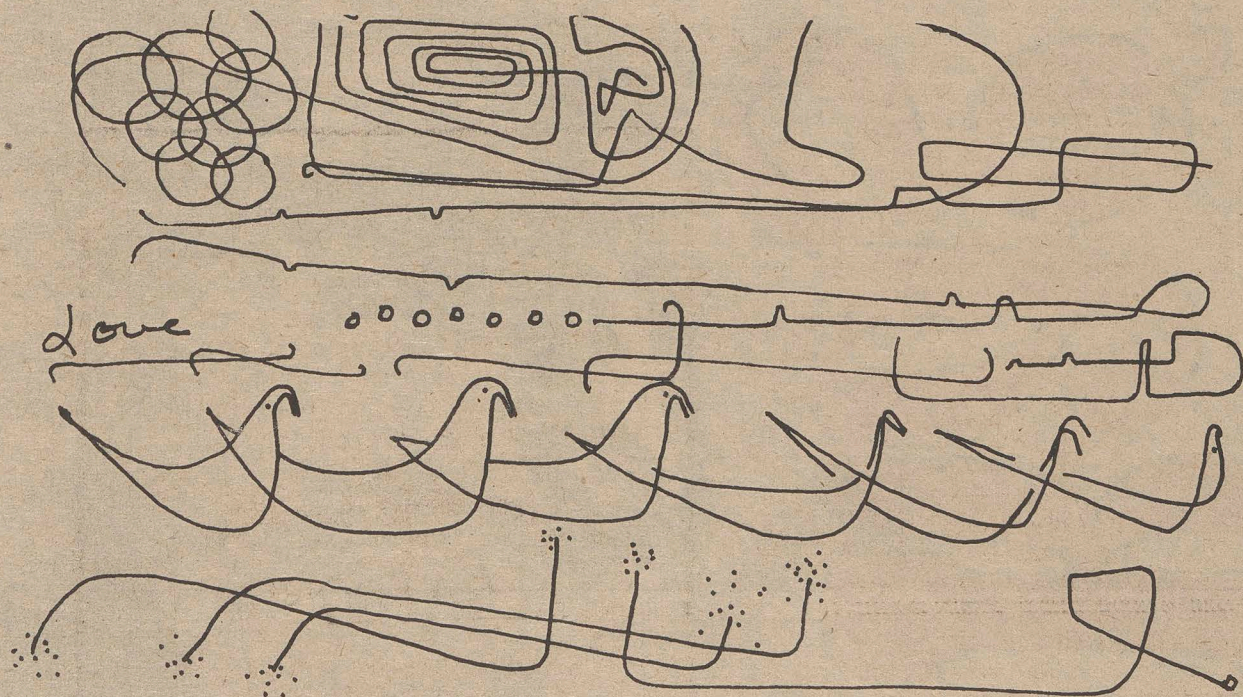


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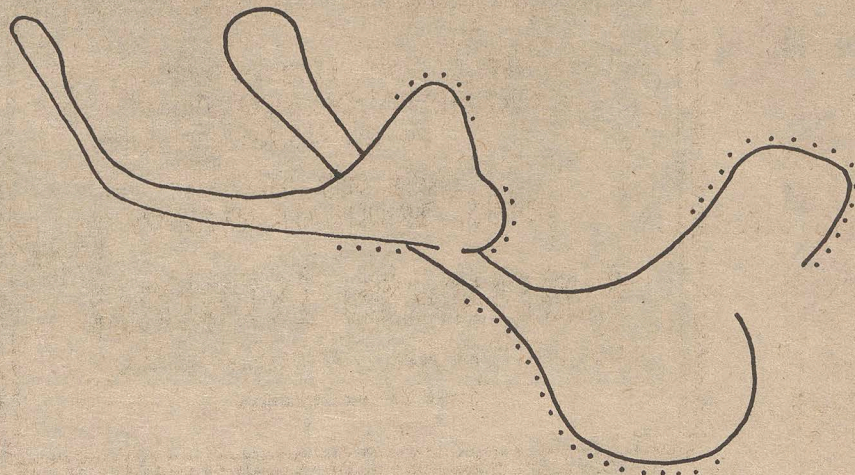
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R. Hartow.

here in this place
to touch another
to feel another
in this place
touches my body
the desire
i feel your hot rod
bolting in my mouth
the warm fluid
of your joy
there is no tomorrow
right now
only
this warm sensation
of closeness
as i hold your
body
in my mind

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