

mexico city



photos

sex magic

S + M

graphics

bestiality

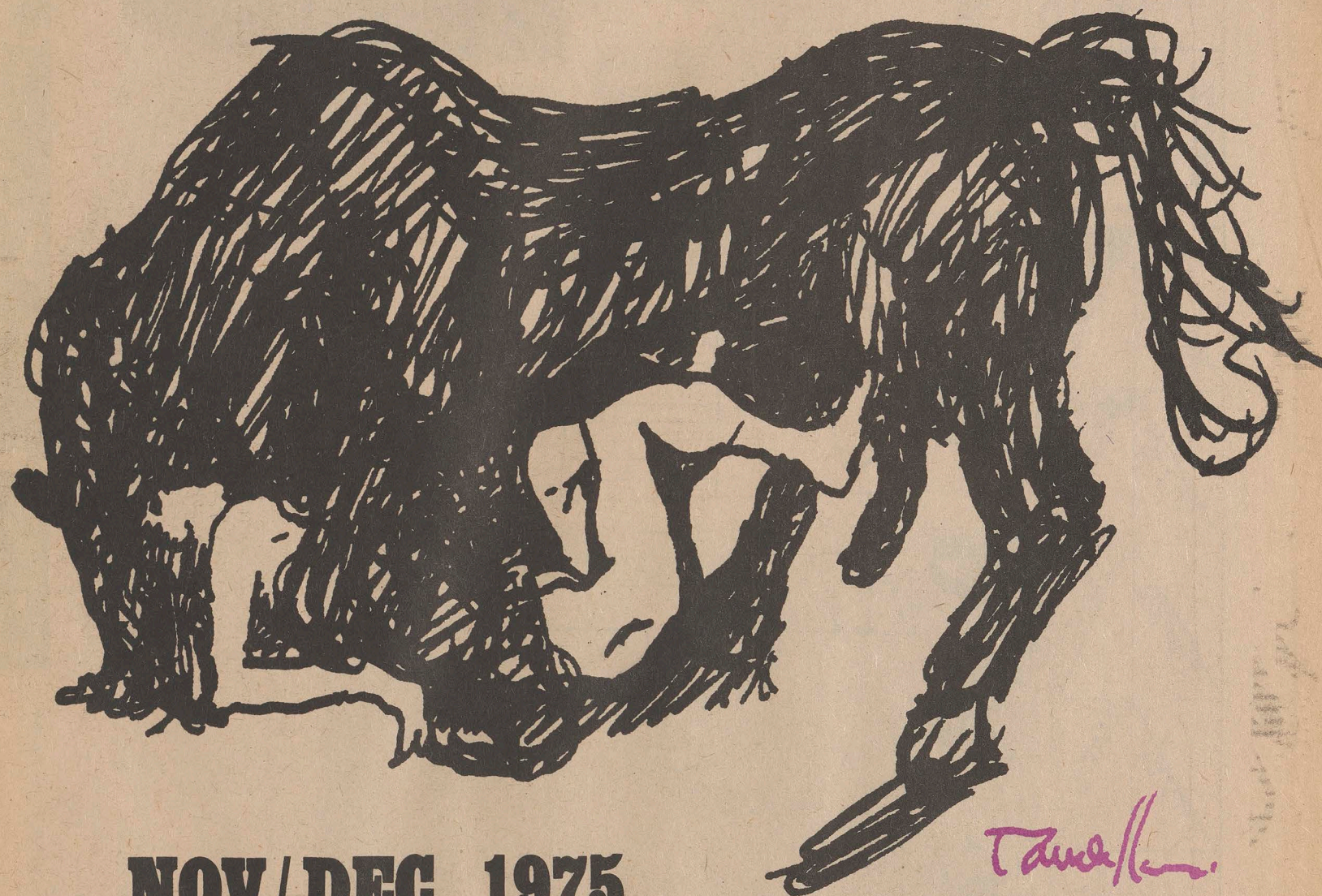
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wild poems

FOURTEEN

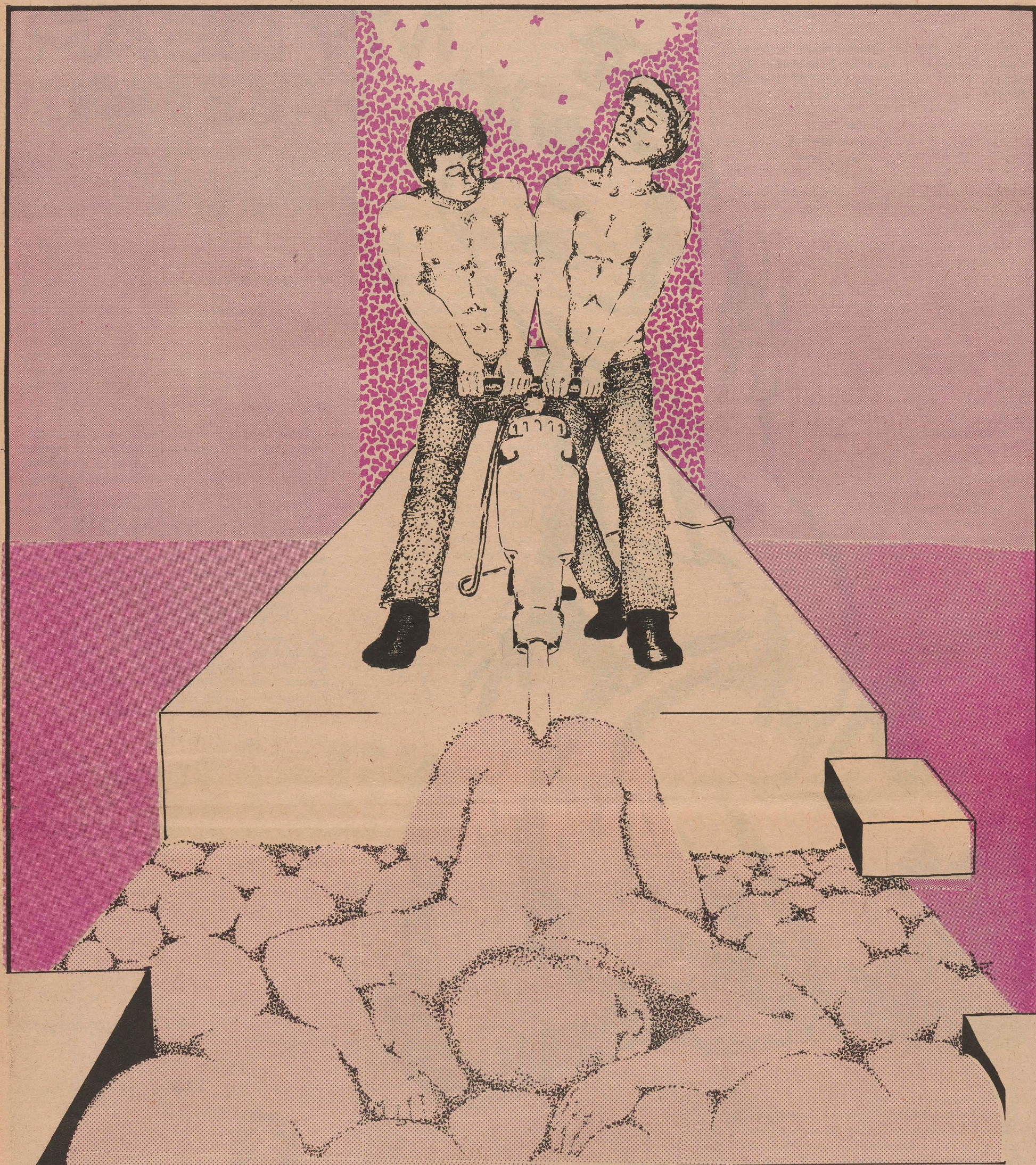
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Fag Rag



NOV/DEC 1975

Tavello



Shaded by thick oaks
two bronzed men stand,
torsos gleaming with sweat,
heads thrown back in exaltation,
hands holding their big jerking tools
between flexed thighs.
Who'd have thought
jackhammers could be so sexy!

Neal Kristo

Dear *Fag Rag*,

Thank you for printing the interview by Ian Young of me. [Summer, 1975, Issue 13] To the author of "A Word To The Wise", I enclose a PETER PAUL ALMOND JOY candy bar to keep him company.

love,
Chris Robison
July 15, 1975

[We noticed the absence of candy and/or bars in the envelope which brought this letter. Is the male department at fault?]



MY DEAR FAG RAG

Dear *Fag Rag*:

Why is there no "Q" on the phone?
Does Ma Bell want Queers left alone?
The "X" is less useful,
So dear, let's be truthful—
There's even Homophobia at home.

Tom Daley

Dear *Fag Rag*:

Thought you would like to have one of my latest poems. Am reopening at the **Carnival Lounge** Sept 8, am leaving Aug 22 for a 11-Day Cruise on the **Maxim Gorki**. No, it's not gay, but it will be when I get thru with it.

Thanks again for the past publication of this ole Bitch. Hope you can use this poem. Just wrote it today when I saw your deadline date in **GCN**.

Love, Mr. Sylvia Sidney.

Also: Doing a movie in Sept., and benefit on Oct. 4 **Your Father's Moustache** 3:30 PM-7:30 PM, West 10th Street, New York City, NY. Quite busy!

WHAT HAVE I DONE

by Mr. Sylvia Sidney

What have I done/My life is empty
Like its begun
Insults I throw, like thunderbolts
at people's hearts and souls/What have I done
Remorseful and in Sin I lay
Never to wake in Reality in this coming day
What have I done
Been a fucking fool/Like a prick in heat
I was used as a tool
A scapegoat and jackass to some/To reap in harvest
Like a load of come /What have I done
No one shall ever know
For I've been the fucking bitch
And say to all the cocksuckers in the Fenway--
Yes--Yes/On with the show/What have I done
Question me not/This fucking gay world is not that hot.
What have I done

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Dear Fellow Fags,

When *Fag Rag* Summer '75 finally appeared at the Madison Book Co-op in Madison, Wisconsin a few weeks ago, I took possession of an issue in a matter of moments. My delight was considerable when I discovered Dear Male Man on p. 23, upper right. In my opinion *Fag Rag* is one of the more interesting gay alternative press publications, thus having one of my morceau choisi included in an issue is nothing short of a pleasure.

I would gladly submit additional pieces for your consideration but I am dissuaded from so doing because of the typos I find in my piece. Understandably, typos appear in nearly all publications. They are a phenomenon of the printed page. Nevertheless, I am quite disappointed by the errors I find in Dear Male Man. Line 17 incorrectly reads "and hip his tender rosy buds", rather than "and nip his tender rosy buds". What you have printed causes a considerable shift in nuance not at all intended by me. Then on line 14 growly is spelled "growlly". You have printed my name next to a spelling error and a word I never chose. Needless to say, my initially gleeful state readily converted into one of dismay.

Again, I am very pleased to find my work and name among the pages of *Fag Rag*, and thank those who's diligent efforts make the paper possible, yet I also hope you can understand my feelings and attitudes in this situation. I am very interested in having some of my works printed, but I am not at all interested in having any of them misprinted.

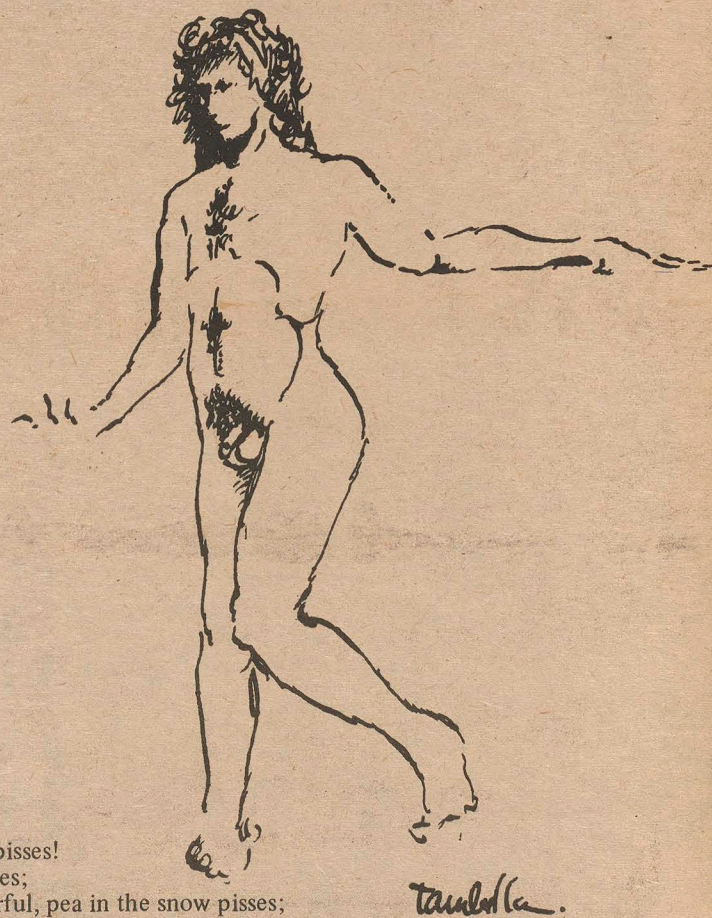
Sincerely,
Greg Fillar

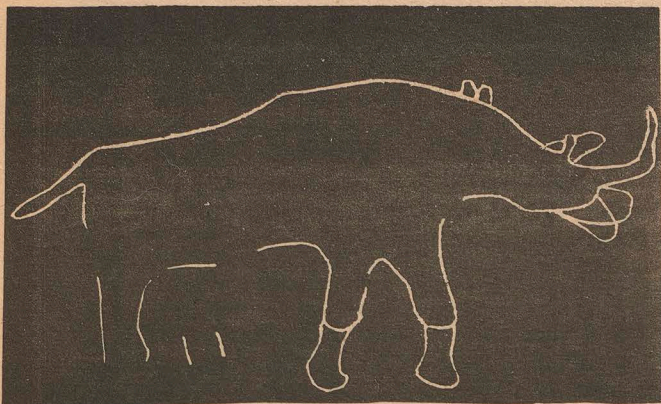
The *Fag Rag* is read by many thousands of people all around the country and throughout the world. How do we know? We don't. Judging by our letters in response to our articles, poems, etc., few have any reactions to what we have to say. All the letters we received about our last issue are printed on this page. Have we heard from you? What do you think about what we're saying in this issue? Send us a letter, and share your thoughts with us. We'd like to hear from you, we really would.

Dear *Fag Rag*:

I love to piss:
strong, hearty, noisey pisses!
Gentle, quiet, easy pisses;
Graceful, vibrant, colorful, pea in the snow pisses;
I love to piss!

Gene McLaughlin





Rock graffito rhinoceros from the Fezzan, Libya.

We are all animals. Dogs, pigs, cats, bears, rat, otter, cockroach, beaver, skunk, porpoise, snake and human. For centuries, our society has lived on the vanity that as God rules men men should rule other animals. Moses quotes Jehovah as saying, "Let us make man in our image and likewise to rule the fish in the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, all wild animals on earth, and all reptiles that crawl upon the earth." Women were evidently included among the animals (fish, flesh, fowl); after the apple, Jehovah told Eve: "You shall be eager for your husband, and he shall be your master."

Sexuality and animality have always been closely linked. I first noticed this in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the 1950s. Cruising the riverbank by Harvard, I met a group of young men who said they wanted a blowjob. Ready to oblige, I went with them into some bushes by the Larz Anderson Bridge. Once we were out of public sight, they attacked me ferociously, demanded money (I had a fin hidden in one pocket), and kicked me (all my ribs felt broken). Fortunately something distracted them and they fled. But I remember vividly one very attractive curly haired boy snarled (lovely teeth but dirty underwear I suspect) and shouted several times, "ANIMAL, ANIMAL!"

Although young, my attackers had mastered the link between animality, sexuality and homosexuality. They saw all these things as below the belt—base, creepy, voluptuous, degraded, evil (also admittedly

tempting, intriguing, alluring and exciting). By contrast, power and dominance did not include being sexual (only mastering and using the sexual). Ruling—dominance—that image of godlikeness that those angels exuded enough to lure me into the bushes with them—included a two fold regimen: Spirituality, the control of the flesh—something "good"—women and priests often specialize in—and Reasoning, the control over the external "natural" world.

Yet the incident is not so simple as all that: I saw them as sexual—their bulging cocks, tight pants, slim thighs. My out-of-shape flabby body, baggy pants, seedy clothes marked me as not one of them. I thought I was better, smarter: that I could sacrifice my body and get power by working hard as a student. They saw me as a symbol: the power of Harvard, representing rulers who made sure that they would never have power (at most only being allowed to rule their wives). Helpless to strike out against that power, they could strike out against me—a faggot.

This axis between human and animal—between ruling and domestication, between culture and wildness, between repression and expression—this enforced bifurcation represents an important condition of imperialism: where one side creates its prosperity, power and culture at the expense of the other. Karl Marx noted this phenomenon between the bourgeoisie and proletariat in his essay "Estranged Labor." As a result of forced labor for someone else, "man (the worker) only feels himself freely active in his animal functions—eating, drinking, procreating, or at most in his dwelling and in dressing-up, etc.; and in his human functions he no longer feels himself to be anything but an animal. What is animal becomes human and what is human becomes animal." Notwithstanding his implicitly anti-animal bias, Marx lays open the dialectic between human and animal which has kept Western Civilization going.

In attempting to rule Africa and Africans, Westerners have strikingly expressed this human/animal/sexual dialectic. In the popular imagination, Western people are generally non-sexual, higher; Western animals are base, lower; African animals are cute,

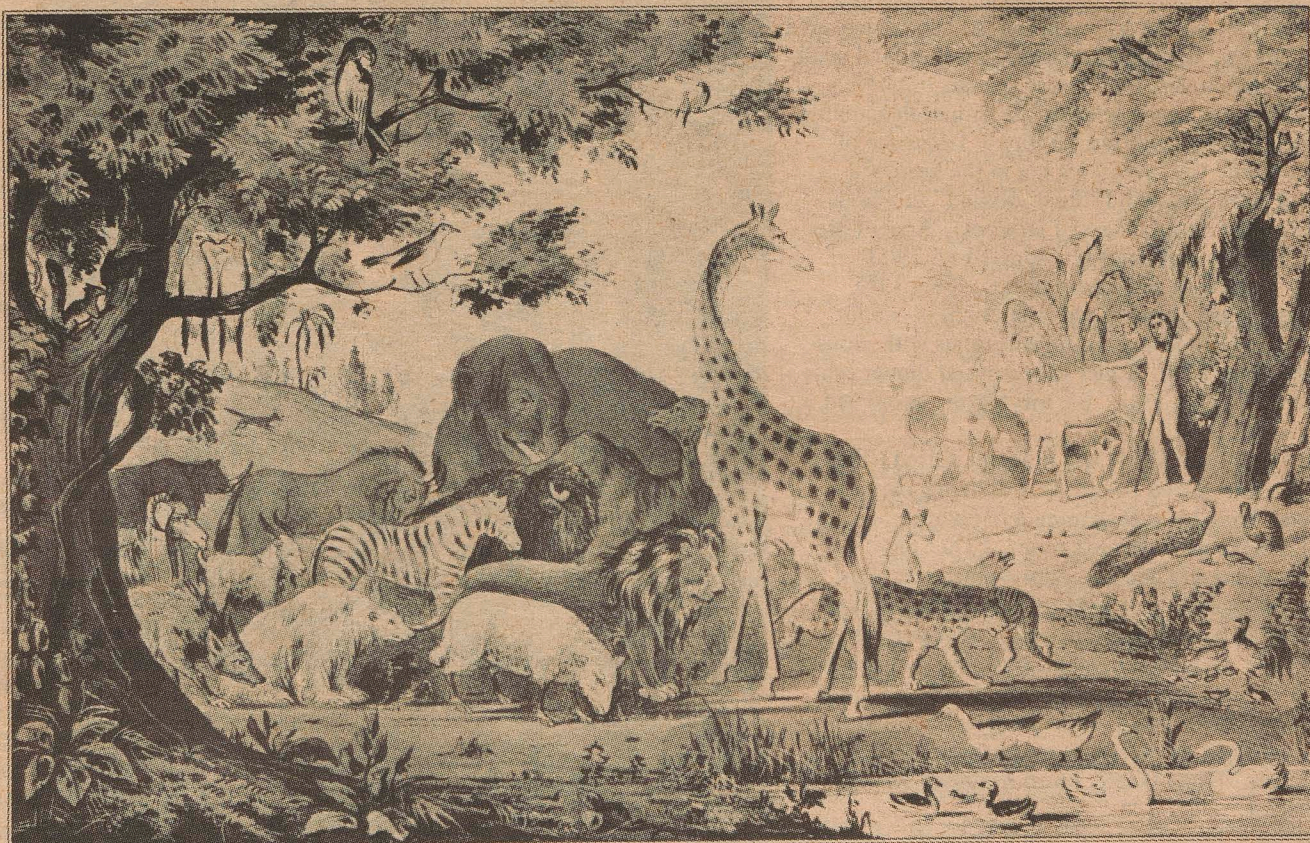
exotic and generally sexless; African people are dirty, bestial and animal-like.

Compare Western and African animals. In the West, animals in popular language designate low and undesirable qualities: "bird brain," "mousy," "fishy," "clammy," or "foxy." "Snake," "cat," "bull," "ox," "ass," "cow," "pig," "chicken," "horse," "cur," "worm," "bear," "wolf," "skunk," and "rat" all indicate something unpleasant. Even ambiguous or relatively better animals such as the "busy bee" and "beaver," speedy breeding "rabbit," social "butterfly," or gentle "lamb" hardly embody the most admired characteristics of our culture. And men curse each other by implying that their mothers are dogs: "son-of-a-bitch" is considered a high insult. (This attitude is virtually absent among native Americans who chose animal names with pride: Sitting Bull, Little Fox, Big Elk, Lone Deer, etc.)

By contrast African animals are held in high esteem by Westerners. Children learn to love and admire what they could only see in the circus or zoo: giraffes, camels, monkeys, parrots, lions, baboons, tigers, leopards, hyenas, zebras, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses and other African animals. Their images decorate countless playrooms of the middle class; there are millions of toys imitating "cute" African animals. At least one company (located in Butte, Montana) specializes in selling stuffed African animals to Americans.

Every Noah's ark scene is filled with African animals entering the boat: although they are paired for mating, the scene is always about as sexless as anyone could imagine. A whole panoply of values can be read in the 1847 Currier and Ives, "Adam Naming the Creatures." The human mastery and lofty sexlessness of Adam is clear: he stands above and to one side of the animals (except for the domesticated horse whose ass he pets). The Boston 1975 Gay Pride Parade had a float that almost exactly reduplicates the 1847 Garden of Eden. Labeled "Things are Changing. Gay People are Not Invisible Anymore"—it is an African menagerie notable for the sexless qualities of all the animals. Things may be changing, but the Currier and Ives sentimentality

Bestiality as an act of



revolution

Bestiality

lives in the big eyes of the elephant, the cocked head of the giraffe, the whimsical look of the ostrich, etc. A rhinoceros supposedly shows how visible gay people are becoming.

In Boston, the purple rhinoceros has become a symbol for gay liberation. Unfortunately, it is based on an attitude towards animals and sex which totally negates sexual change. In a planning session, one sponsor of the campaign claimed that the rhinoceros was particularly good for the posters to appear on the MBTA trolley cars, *because the animal has no sexual or gender identification*. Lavender Rhino posters, buttons, statues and other carnival paraphernalia all serve to underline the cute aspects of the animal.

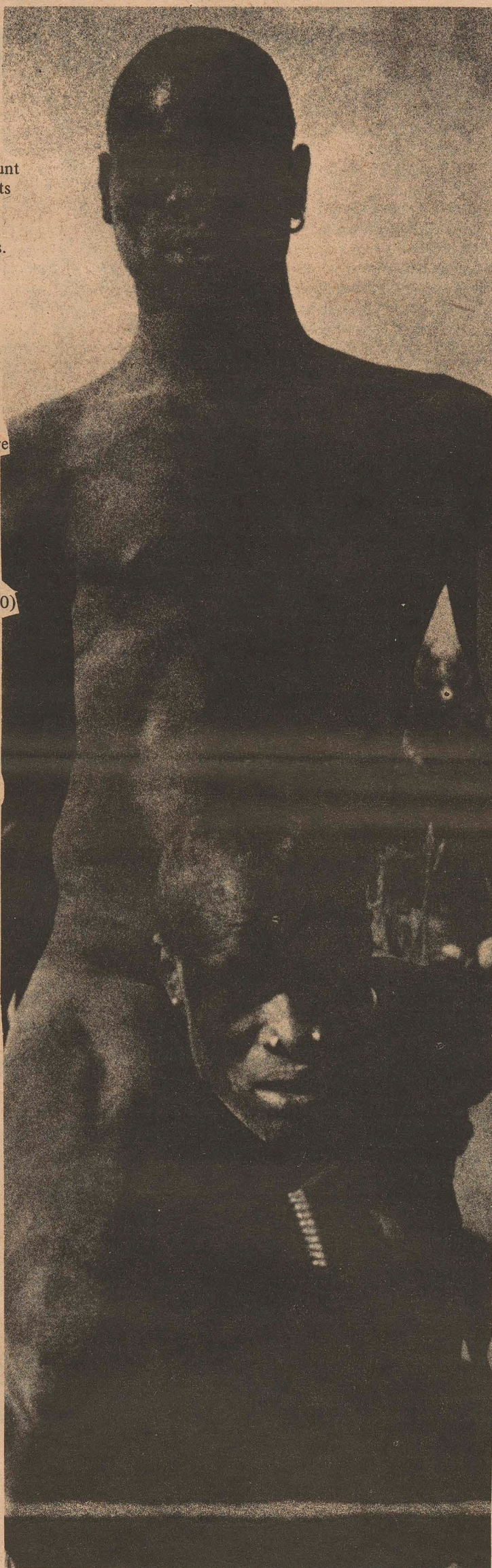
If African animals are cute and sexless, African people are naked, primitive savages. Westerners prefer African animals: Theodore Roosevelt went there to hunt "wild" animals; Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa* tests his manhood against African game; and European scholars have written multi-volumes on African lions, elephants, hippopotamus, crocodiles and other animals. To maintain the myth that Africa is still a zoo filled with exotic "wild"-life, Westerners go to extraordinary lengths. In writing his sentimental travelogue, *The Tree Where Man was Born*, Peter Matthiessen entered East Africa over the Ethiopian border giving the impression of unexplored barbarity (as though a traveler from Africa would enter the United States by way of the Appalachian Trail with a backpack). Matthiessen travels from national park to national part within East Africa, and leaves one feeling that the only people there are a few troublesome government officials, surly servants and some wonderful English guides. You would never know from his account that East Africa was thoroughly crisscrossed with steamship, automobile, bus and airline networks. (Both Hertz and Avis rent cars there.)

Sex and human beings are another story. *Queen's Quarterly* ran an article "Call me Bwana" (Winter, 1970) extolling the elephants, hyenas, chirping birds, etc. "If you dig only Black guys," however *QQ* warns, "don't bother going to East Africa—or any part of the Dark Continent, for that matter; you won't make many African bed buddies here. East Africans are a restless breed on the brink of exploiting their long idle independence. Those who are civilized are too involved with growing pains to concern themselves with sex; those in the bush are quite primitive and filthy, and there is a world which has no place for outsiders—Black or White."

Faggots have nonetheless been lured to Africa searching for the brute, primitive, pure man-beast. Richard Burton, the Nile explorer, in 1845 discovered that Karachi, "a townlet of some two thousand souls ...supported no less than three lupanars or bordels, in which... boys and eunuchs, the former demanding nearly a double price, lay for hire." Lawrence of Arabia found the love of his life in the beautiful teenage Arab Dahoum ("Sheik Ahmed") to whom he dedicated *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Roger Casement, famous Irish martyr, peppered his 1903 Congo diary with size-quean notes: "July 13th. At State beach photoed pier and Loanaga—about 9 in. Oct. 6th. Saw en route enormous with moustaches... Oct. 12th. Twice enormous at dinner came to me. X X. Oct. 19th. Big was bigger—about 9 in. and awfully active."

In 1895 Oscar Wilde and his lover Alfred ("Bosie") Douglas introduced Andre Gide to loving men in Algiers. They hired Mohammed (a favorite of Douglas's) to go to Wilde's room. "That night remained one of Gide's most powerful memories, the source of especial gratitude to Wilde. The rapture Gide felt as he clasped (five times) 'that perfect little body, so wild, so ardent, so sombrely lascivious,' ended for him forever any doubts about his homosexuality. In his frank confessions he also mentions a further night of rapturous masturbation over the memories." (Noel Garde, *From Jonathan to Gide*, p. 694-5.)

Africa is a multitude of habits, habitats, religions and races—yet Westerners search there consistently—Algeria, Congo, Arabia, etc.—for the animal-human (which is doubtless a projection only of their own repression—not the condition of any African experience.). Leni Riefenstahl captures this sentimental approach perfectly in her photographic essay, *The Last of the Nuba*. Through her eye and camera, Africans—in this case, in the Sudan—can be seen as wonderful, innocent animals—untouched by civilization. She first hit on the idea of studying the Nuba from a nude photograph in a geographic magazine. Riefenstahl's book responds to a need once fulfilled at Stellingen, the zoo just outside Hamburg, Germany. Groups of Lapps, Nubians, Pantagonians and Hottentots were caged along with the rhinoceros, giraffes, elephants and lions for the amusement of spectators.



Last of the Nuba

The author was so fascinated by this photograph, taken by the famous English photographer George Rodger, that for years she tried to find the Nuba in order to study the life of these primitive people. (Photo: George Rodger)

Within the Western world itself a dialectic works quite simply between humans and other animal species. Humans claim a virtually unlimited right to study, experiment on, eat and exploit animals for their own benefit. At the same time, humans maintain an almost absolute tabu on any sexual intercourse between humans and other species.

According to most Western philosophy, non-human animals can and should be exploited to the benefit and amusement of humans. Drawing on a virtually unanimous tradition, Descartes argued that animals lack not only reason but also feelings. "Since they lack the qualities of mind that can only be derived from a soul, they can experience no mental sensation, not even pain. This logical deduction was observed quite literally. In Cartesian anatomy classes dogs were dissected alive to demonstrate the functioning circulatory system. Their cries and howls were disregarded and dismissed as mere external motions. Live dissection became a popular pastime; a traveler on a long journey might break the monotony by observing the musculature and nervous system of a pinned frog." (Barrie & Joseph Klaitis, eds., *Animals and Man in Historical Perspective*, p. 17.) High school biology classes across the country today still dissect live frogs and medical researchers devoutly defend vivisection. No one ever argues that such killing will benefit the frogs or dogs either individually or as a species.

While readily supporting such causes as vegetarianism, anti-vivisection and prevention of cruelty to animals—I want to concentrate on the dialectic of sexuality and class bias in these movements. Unlike so much of Western culture, the reformers have totally desexualized local animals—perhaps in an effort to "humanize" them?—while maintaining their own identity as non-sexual beings. Queen Victoria herself was a firm supporter of animal rights. And Henry David Thoreau gives a graphic and non-sexual view of animal "nature" in *Walden*. His passage on the squirrels breeding borders on cuteness: "At the approach of spring the red squirrels got under my house, two at a time, directly under my feet as I sat reading or writing, and kept up the queerest chuckling and chirruping and vocal pirouetting and gurgling sounds that ever were heard; and when I stamped they only chirruped the louder, as if past all fear and respect in their mad pranks, defying humanity to stop them. No, you don't—chickaree—chickaree—They were wholly deaf to my arguments, or failed to perceive their force, and fell into a strain of invective that was irresistible."

Class bias permeated the sentimental view of nature so popular in the nineteenth century. Queen Victoria in putting her stamp of approval on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (renamed "Royal") found a "do-good" cause that would not offend factory owners or bankers. Helping animals (who were less needed with the spread of steam engines) allowed wealthy people to enjoy their wealth without measuring its human cost in the factories. M.P. Richard Martin ("Humanity" Martin, "The Wilberforce of Hacks") felt "it was his special vocation to protect and preserve" dogs and horses but showed little concern for humans because he thought they "might take care of themselves." (*Animals and Man in Historical Perspective*, p. 155.)

Animal philanthropy also provided humans with a general reassurance of their own importance and worth. Even so far-sighted a fighter for human rights as Mary Wollstonecraft uses helping animals as the way to teach children how superior humans are. In her *Original Stories* (1788) for children, a Mrs. Mason instructs Mary and Caroline by walking to avoid killing ants: "You are often troublesome—I am stronger than you—yet I do not kill you." Mrs. Mason instructs the children: "Be tender-hearted... it is only to animals that children can do good. Men are their superiors."

On the heretical side of Western culture, animals have also been used (much as African people or Native Americans) as the sources of magical powers—"black" magic. The rabbit's foot brings good luck. A toad can wipe away warts. Witches supposedly can turn themselves at will into cats (and vice versa). Their magic potions were made of various animal parts: bats' wings, goats' jawbones, spiders, spiderwebs, puppydogs' tails, ground (or whole) animal horns, etc.

Animals have in fact become great mirrors to reflect the view of "nature" that people impose on them. Traditionally children first learn the facts of life from the example of storks or birds and bees. If they want to learn more, Darwin, Lorenz, Tinbergen, Morris and others give an iron-clad portrait of "nature." Their view is mainly one of men fighting, aggression—sort of a big football game; if sexual at all, nature is plug-it-in pull-it-out breeding heterosexuality.

Oddly enough, these men often turn to animals to instruct homosexuals about what is "natural"

and "unnatural." In everything else, humans are supposed to be wiser and better than animals; in sexuality, however, we are supposedly able to learn from animal behaviour. "Scientists" begin by believing there is no homosexual behaviour between animals in "nature"—a belief they find confirmed in their observations. Q.E.D., they conclude that since animals are only heterosexual *by nature*, for humans to be homosexual is "unnatural." To refute such bizarre research, gay authors will sometimes begin their studies by outlining contrary evidence. Wainwright Churchill's *Homosexual Behaviour Among Males* is both a cross-cultural and cross-species investigation. Ellen B. Davis in her article, "Homosexuality in Animals" probably refutes the scientists better than Churchill and others by uncovering the gayness of the Three Little Pigs and Little Red Hen (*GCN*, 28 September 1974).

While animals play such an important part in the human imagination, the tabu against cross-species intercourse is rigid. William Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation* recalls "A Horrible Case of Bestiality in 1642:

There was a youth whose name was Thomas Granger. He was servant to an honest man of Duxbury, being about 16 or 17 years of age. (His father and mother lived at the same time at Scituate.) He was this year detected of buggery, and indicted for the same, with a mare, a cow, two goats, five sheep, two calves, and a turkey. Horrible it is to mention, but the truth of the history requires it. He was first discovered by one that accidentally saw his lewd practice towards the mare. (I forbear particulars.) Being upon it examined and committed, in the end he not only confessed the fact with that beast at that time, but sundry times before and at several times with all the rest of the forenamed in his indictment. And this his free confession was not only in private to the magistrates (though at first he strived to deny it) but to sundry, both ministers and others; and afterwards, upon his indictment, to the whole Court and jury; and confirmed it at his execution. And whereas some of the sheep could not so well be known by his description of them, others with them were brought before him and he declared which were they and which were not. And accordingly he was cast by the jury and condemned, and after executed about the 8th of September, 1642. A very sad spectacle it was. For first the mare and then the cow and the rest of the lesser cattle were killed before his face, according to the law, Leviticus xx.15; and then he himself was executed. The cattle were all cast into a large pit that was digged of purpose for them, and no use made of any part of them.

Even today, people are imprisoned in Massachusetts for bestiality. Recently at a forum on prisons, the sheriff of Worcester county contradicted me when I said few arrests were made under the statute. He claimed that he then had a man in jail for bugging a goat.

Unless gay liberation become another part of Queen Victoria's "reform" movement, I think we must reformulate our views of cross-species sexuality. Living in Boston, a confirmed urbanite, I am hardly the proper person to raise this issue. But from my travels to the country—in particular to some gay communes—and reading *RFD* or other rural gay writing, I do not see the question addressed. Indeed at one commune I visited, animals were entirely excluded and (unless my memory fails me) they had a can of Raid Ant & Roach killer. If one wishes to return to nature, I would think that should include the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom.



just lifelike taxidermy.



Ashanti scraped calabash snake and lizard design, Ghana.

GOOD TREATMENT FOR HORSES

Hooves hammered.
Sung as if:
Grip.
Grab.
Gripe.
Group.

The wind-stripped
ice-shod
street slipped.
The horse crashed
on its crupper,
and at once
loafer after loafer,
pants, come to Kuznetsky to bell-bottom,
bunched together;
laughter rang out jingling:
—A horse fell!
—The horse fell!—
Kuznetsky laughed.

Only I alone
didn't mix my voice with its howl.
I walked up
and see
the horse's eyes...

The street toppled,
flowed its way away...
I walked up and see—
huge drop after drop
roll down the muzzle,
hide in the hair...

And a sort of general
animal anguish
surged out of me
and dissolved into rustle.
"Horse, please don't.
Horse, listen—
why do you think you're worse than them?
Dear,
all of us are horses a little,
each of us a horse in his own way."
Maybe
—it was old—
and didn't need a nanny,
maybe my thought seemed trite to it,
only
the horse
jerked
got to its feet,
neighed
and left.
It swished its tail
A chestnut child.
It came back cheerful,
it stood in its stall.
And all the time it felt
like a colt,
like living was worth it,
like working was worth it.

Vladimir Mayakovsky (1918)

As far as I know, nothing more has been written on the subject since Carl Witman's 1970 *Manifesto*. He said that "sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human breakthroughs have been made on the sexual level..." Certainly, human-animal sexual contact is more widespread than either psychology textbooks or gay literature would indicate. In 1947, Kinsey and associates concluded that "It is ... something between 40 and 50 percent of all farm boys who have some sort of animal contact, either with or without orgasm, in their pre-adolescent, adolescent, and/or later histories."

Unlike other parts of my "Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution" series, I cannot recount many instances of my own sexual encounter with animals—indeed I write this essay more to grapple with the deep internalized tabu against such contacts. As a young boy, I remember a lover of mine fucking a cow and urging me to join. Somehow the vast cow genitalia remains welded in my mind with the enormous cowpies; I didn't try it—maybe I was jealous that the cow was getting something that I wanted. Nor have I been attracted to bulls or male horses. (Although I wonder whether sex differentiation is all that important compared to the greater cross-species question.)

Cross-species intercourse raises the question of equality/inequality. In most cases, animals are captives or have been domesticated by generations of imprisonment. Virginia Woolf wrote that women are condemned by society to function as mirrors, reflecting men at twice their actual size. Many humans (both women and men) use dogs for the same purpose. According to two cat lovers, "for a little while the meanest human can see himself godlike in the dog's beaming eyes.... It supports man's assurance that he is in all respects superior, corroborates his belief that all animals would be simian if they could. And it makes the dog loveable to all people capable of affection; it is difficult to see how anyone can resist a dog, whose whole being is bent on proving himself irresistible." (Frances & Richard Lockridge, *Cats and People*.)

That description is certainly not inaccurate even though written by cat lovers attempting to denigrate dog owners. My own connection with dogs is very recent (beginning approximately with my active support of gay liberation). I had a dog before I was three but it had to be given up and that's the last important "pet" in my life. Then after tripping in 1970, I got a dog that soon died of distemper. The dog came to play such an important part in my own and my lover's life and in our relationship that we were pleased when separately friends got us two replacement dogs in December of 1970. I have not had sex with either Hound Dog (female) or Alfie (male), but I do wonder about the preference I often feel for them over human beings.

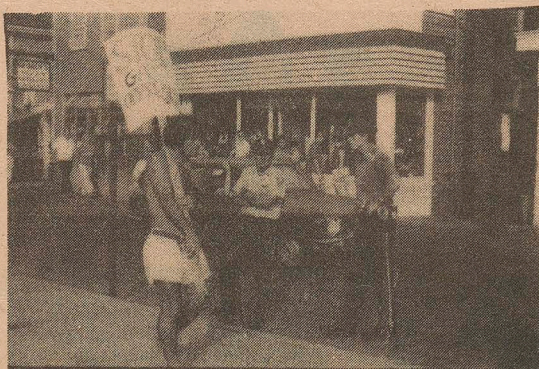
Does my sexual inhibition come from a desire to maintain command and rulership over the animals? Is there an incompatibility between loving and ruling? Is this the origin of the tabu I feel against having sexual contact with the animals? While getting it on with other humans, I have discreetly required the dogs to keep under the bed. When they have been sexually excited towards me, I have shunted them to one side. And when I masturbate, I hide under the covers if the dogs are watching. Still, I don't feel uneasy about other people and animals. I had a lover who masturbated the two cats we got at the Animal Rescue League; and a current friend (Aristogetin) masturbates Alfie sometimes. The whole subject is one on which I would like to share other people's feelings and experiences.

Whatever the distances between human and animal or my failures therein, I have learned a great deal from the dogs. They think with different senses of memory, loyalty, communication and dwelling within the mammal body. That sense of animalness has been retained even in captivity. Humans should do no less. As we cast off the discredited dualisms of Western civilization, I think we can live in the animal innocence that "God" supposedly took from us. Walt Whitman sang,

I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so placid and self contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Charley Shively

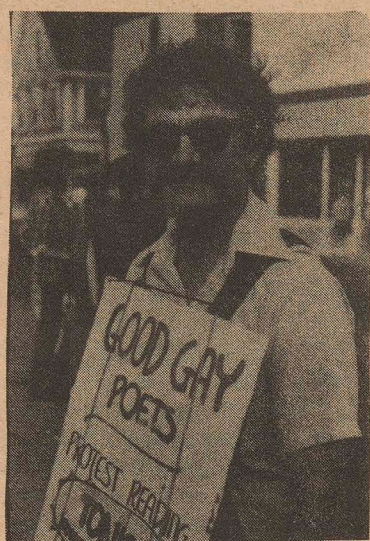
P O E T S O N C O M M E R C I A L S T R E E T ?



POETS ON COMMERCIAL STREET?

Poets on commercial street? Read but don't illustrate? Posters openly displaying sex play? In nightclubs and drinking bars? Oh heaven forbid! Your violating private property. Whiskey wine and cognac. Cruising restricted to the urinals of course. I mean this is a place of business dearie. We deal in staggers and alcoholic haze. We produce imaginative erections. Dearie this is fantasy land. This is where it all begins, some say. Water sports, B and D, S and M, scat be off or what have you. Poetry and illustrative posters on commercial street? Good heavens!! God forbid!! Billy clubs and harness cops. Public tee room control. Badges dominate your gay crotch honey. Sex orgies restricted to locked bedrooms dearie. Oh uh on uh commercial street.

freddie greenfield

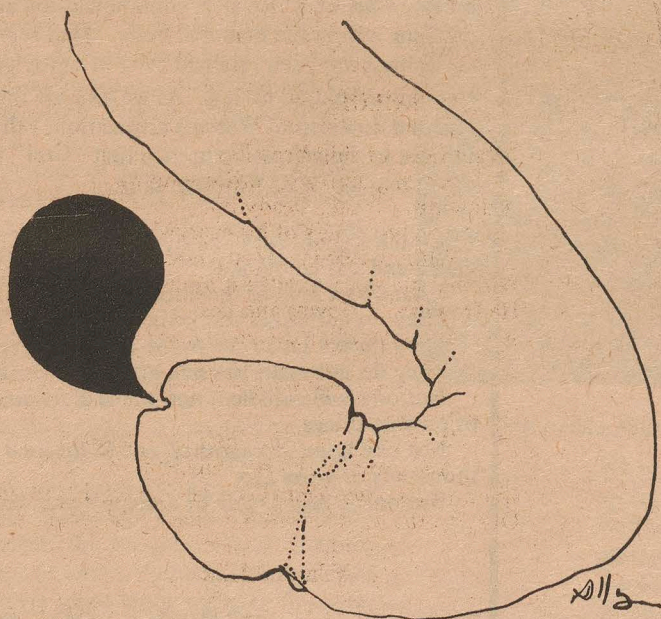


gay liberation and physical economy/
the endocrine system and rivers and
streams/
unencumbered physical growth/
the tight asshole forestalling a
bowel movement/
bladders puffed held in abeyance/
i mean looking for a convenient alley
a blind fence or a comfortable station/
tee rooms and glory holes aside/
ten and twenty five cent toilet booths/
i doubt if welfare recipients can afford
to shit or piss w/o exposing themselves
to indecent exposure laws/
leash your dog cock rings and ball stretchers/
rubber toys B and D leather garb w/s and on
and on/
thank you mother for the decent uh uh toilet
training/
learned to wipe my ass w/a neat fold/
toiletpaper economy/
don't throw rocks at christian doctrine but
calcified particles become kidney stones/
seven years bad luck sonny if you smash a
mirror/

freddie greenfield



photographs by Michael Thompson



Garcia Lorca lay awake in Manhattan

Garcia Lorca lay awake in Manhattan
in a student bed
locked in Manhattan's arms in combat
like a Jacob and the angel of Manhattan;
he fastened onto her
like some seismic leach.

He lay beneath arches of Latin music
sometimes in the beds of conspired sex:
He was wild with the steady stare of sex,
enraptured
by the language in the lair of sex,
the fungus and furze and sweating two dimensions
of sex in Manhattan—

Photo by James Griffith

The departing click of heels
and the extravagant lisp of the crinoline slip,
the voice of exile in the after hours,
the murmuring abstractions
of machines,
the dynamo in its cage
of stairs beyond the iron gates at midnight,
the pulse of a man standing against the wall
and the chafe of his thighs
against each other...

He was buried in Spain,
his body eloquent of all Spain is—
Since Spain is bullets, he was full of them;
four, five, a dozen and more
bit into him at Granada
A milky way of wounds hangs over Granada
as in any polychrome postcard of Spain,
like a canopy filthy with guilt and putti
twitching with the benediction
of his assassins:
There are enough faggots in Granada.
....

Garcia Lorca lay awake in Manhattan
in his student days,
longing for a memorial of green grass—

Yet in Spain there is that same uncomprehending and feckless
worship of sorrow, lust
for grief for Lorca
as there is for any infant death.

His burial in Spain
was like thrusting
bloody feet into red shoes.

Garcia Lorca lay awake in Manhattan
longing for the clean web
the spider weaves around the wheels of the torture wagon:
In and out it screws
skitters the acrobat spider,
plummeting in darkness from platform to perch.

He was buried in Spain:
Her soul's only astronomer,
denied her son,
denied her cow-eyed moon.

George Whitmore

THESE MEN

each
frozen in positions calculated to arouse
passion
have become an obsession:
a smooth rendering of both lines and planes

named
karl david, paul fox and johnny caprice,
larry bourdeaux, ex-marine
going up

tattooed hustlers of seven inch dreams:
what do i want?
to watch:

a snapshot lust:
not

touch:

a repetition of kodak frames: crotch:

David Eberly



SAILOR

A taut deck of shipshape hip
Sloping up from sunrise somewhere.
A downturn from a heady lip.
The blondness of his everywhere
With his waxing, frosty bodyhair.
With his sunsetty, unsettling eyes
He frowns and clowns and lies
And makes a curling dreamy trip.

Into port and out again to sea so fast--
And lasting--
With the sweet and fluted turnaround
And grinning, chinny sailaway
Off into the once again once only body dreams past recall,
Off into the hardheaded hardbody past recall, and all.

Edmund Miller

photo: Nina Ruth Wright



ST. GEORGE & THE DRAGON

SCENE ONE: A Tavern, near midnight

(MERCHANT enters in hysterics, followed closely by PRIEST.)

MERCHANT: I tell you, father, I'm at my wits' end! Heaven knows what I'll do if business doesn't improve soon.

PRIEST: (soothingly) Calm yourself, my son.

MERCHANT: There wasn't any need for me to even open my shop this afternoon. No one was out on the streets. Not a soul.

PRIEST: My son, try to compose yourself.

MERCHANT: What are we going to do? What am I going to do? I'll be ruined in no time at all.

PRIEST: (soliciously) Have something to drink, my son.

MERCHANT: The Dragon. It's all The Dragon's fault. Oh, no one gave it a second thought as long as he stayed up on his hill. But lately he's taken to coming down into the town. Late at night.

PRIEST: In such matters it is wise not to be too hasty, my son. Tell me: have you actually *seen* the beast?

MERCHANT: No. I haven't.

PRIEST: Aha.

MERCHANT: But I've talked to those who have! They say he comes out of his lair every night around midnight and prowls through the streets. Father, they say he spews flames, and that the very sight of him strikes terror into the hearts of women and children.

PRIEST: (nervously) I must really be getting back for vespers.

MERCHANT: We can't live in that monster's shadow any longer. Before we know it, he'll take over the whole town. I'll be forced to close up shop. (starting to cry) I'll go bankrupt. (sobbing) Oh...dear...God...(he breaks down)

(PRIEST comforts MERCHANT. FARMER storms in, startling them both.)

FARMER: Shit!

PRIEST: My son, something seems to be troubling you. What is wrong?

FARMER: Wrong? WRONG? It's that goddamned Dragon, *that's* what's wrong!

PRIEST: My son, try not to vex your spirit with harsh words.

FARMER (to PRIEST): 'Scuse me, Father. (muttering to himself) Takin' away my precious livelihood. I'll wring his scaly neck!

PRIEST: But what has the Dragon done to you, my son?

FARMER: Done? DONE? Ruined my crops, that's all.

PRIEST: (tactfully) Might there not be some natural explanation for that, my son?

FARMER: Half o' my corn's all withered up. Y'call that natural, Father?

MERCHANT: I would--if the rains were three weeks later than usual.

FARMER: Oh y' would, wouldya? And how 'bout the rest o' my crops bein' half the size they should be? Y' call that natural too?

MERCHANT: Well, it seems to me that if you're foolish enough to plant on land you ought to leave fallow, you shouldn't be surprised if your crops are stunted.

FARMER: Oh, I shouldn't, should I?

PRIEST: (trying to pacify them) My children--

FARMER: And if I don't plant on all my land, how in Hell's name am I supposed t' pay back on that loan y' made me at such a fancy-ass rate?

PRIEST: (reproachfully) My son--

MERCHANT: *If* the rate was a trifle...steep, I was merely protecting myself against a bad risk.

FARMER: (furious) A bad risk? Me?

PRIEST: My children, my children, please. Let us cease this unseemly squabbling. (FARMER and MERCHANT sit, still seething. PRIEST turns to FARMER.) Now. You say your crops are withered, my son?

FARMER: Yep.

PRIEST: And are of smaller stature than usual?

FARMER: Yep.

PRIEST: And this is the sum of your complaints against the Dragon?

FARMER: Yep. (pause) No! There's somethin' else.

PRIEST: What is that, my son?

FARMER: Day b'fore yesterday, I found most all o' my west patch o' corn trampled clear into the ground.

MERCHANT: If you knew how to build a proper fence, your pigs wouldn't be running around loose so much.

FARMER: Ha! Warn't no pigs that trampled that corn. I can tell you it was *mashed*. (pause) Besides, I saw him.

PRIEST: Saw...

MERCHANT: ...who?

FARMER: The Dragon.

PRIEST: You saw The Dragon, my son?

FARMER: That's right, Father. Standin' in the road, right at the edge o' my fields.

MERCHANT: (nervously) Wha--what did he look like?

FARMER: Oh, he was a big ugly varmint. All covered with scales.

PRIEST: Did he have horns?

FARMER: Yep. Real long ones.

MERCHANT: And wings?

FARMER: Yep.

PRIEST: And...a tail?

FARMER: Stretched halfway down the road.

MERCHANT: And claws? I hear they always have claws.

FARMER: You bet. Mean, vicious claws. Coulda scratched your eyes out in no time flat.

PRIEST: But what happened, my son? Did he attack you?

FARMER: Yep. But I just shook my pitchfork at him real hard, and he took off down the road fast as his slimy paws could carry him.

MERCHANT: (urgently) You see, Father, it's as I told you: that Dragon is a menace to the community. No wondering my business is suffering.

FARMER: Don't need no Dragon t' keep folks away from your shop. All y' need t' do's hike your prices up so's honest workin' folk can't afford t' buy anythin'.

MERCHANT: Are you accusing me of--

FARMER: Now, Father, it's as clear as day that that there critter's been ruinin' my crops, ain't it?

MERCHANT: You've been out in the sun too long. There's nothing wrong with your damned crops that a couple of days of rain wouldn't fix.

FARMER: DRAGONS CAN STOP RAIN! (to PRIEST) Ain't that so, Father?

MERCHANT: (mimicking) *Dragons can stop rain!* (scornfully) I never heard such superstitious nonsense in all my life.

PRIEST: My children, hush. We must not argue amongst ourselves when there are larger dangers afoot.

FARMER: Sorry, Father. But Dragons *can* cast spells and stop the rain from fallin', now can't they?

PRIEST: (patronizingly) Quite correct, my son. Dragons do indeed withhold God's blessings from the earth. Where Dragons are, there is generally a dearth of water. As the Scriptures say: "The rain falls on the just and unjust equally, but nary a drop for Dragons." (FARMER and MERCHANT puzzled but impressed) But the situation is grave indeed. Saints forgive me for having ignored these rumors for so long. As God's mouthpiece on earth, it is incumbent upon me to act, and act swiftly.

FARMER: (excitedly) That's what I say! Let's go on up t' that critter's cave and let him have it! (starts out)

PRIEST: My son, my son. Dragons are not so easily dealt with.

FARMER: (stops) They ain't.

PRIEST: No, indeed. For one thing, they are a fierce and monstrous breed, as you yourself have witnessed.

FARMER: True 'nough.

PRIEST: For another, being beasts of Hell, they have in them the malevolent power of the devil, who has placed them upon this earth to try men's souls.

FARMER: Never thought of that.

(pause)



MERCHANT: (nervously) I...I've heard, Father...that is, some people say...that if you touch a Dragon or...or if one so much as breathes on you, you...you become a Dragon yourself.

PRIEST: (violently) No! No! Never! (regains his composure) I assure you, my son, that no human ever becomes a Dragon. Why, the very thought is heresy! These creatures are the spawn of Hell, from whence they are sent by the devil to plague man and beast alike, to plague God himself, thwarting his divine perfect plan and natural order.

MERCHANT & FARMER: (crossing themselves) Lord preserve us.

PRIEST: It starts with the trampling of crops, the withholding of rain, the dragon's insatiable hunger demands...blood.

MERCHANT & FARMER: *Blood!*

FARMER: I've been missin' some sheep.

PRIEST: (grimly) Then it's begun. Yet never forget, my sons, that, to sate its perverse appetite, the Dragon craves above all else human blood.

MERCHANT & FARMER: *Human blood?*

PRIEST: First they prey upon little children...

FARMER: And then...our wives?

MERCHANT: And then...

(**MERCHANT & FARMER** look at **PRIEST**, who nods)

MERCHANT & FARMER: ...*us!*

(Midnight strikes. They look at each other. Offstage screams and cries of "The Dragon!" are heard. All freeze. **DRAGON** flits proudly across the stage, tossing daisies to the audience. The three watch in horror. Exit **DRAGON**. Pandemonium breaks loose. These three speeches simultaneously:)

FARMER: What did I tell you? etc.

MERCHANT: Oh, my God, I don't believe it! etc.

PRIEST: (on his knees, very fast) Hail Mary, full of grace! etc.

(Gradually all subside, exhausted, **PRIEST** last. Silence.)

MERCHANT: How can any of us deal with *that*?

(pause)

PRIEST: We have been sent a most terrible punishment.

FARMER: What have we done t' deserve this, Father?

PRIEST: Ours is not to question God's merciful wisdom, my son. But take courage: the greater the chastisement, the greater His love for us. (pause) It's the Christian way. (They cross themselves.) There is no time to lose. As long as this vile creature roams free, none of us is safe. Dragons know no law of decent civilized folk; they live only to gratify their unholy appetites, to prey on unsuspecting victims, to flaunt themselves through the land, challenging man's authority, yea, God's authority, as He works and lives through us. We must not, we cannot allow this most damnable, most loathsome, most hideous of all Hell's creations to have its way; for then, chaos such as we have never seen would spread throughout the land, destroying all we have known and loved! Why, they're filth! Filth! Filth! (Falls writhing and screaming to the floor. **MERCHANT & FARMER**, who have been watching in growing amazement, rush to help him up.) The Dragon. Must. Be. Destroyed.

FARMER: (enthusiastically) That's the spirit, Father! No overgrown worm's goin' t' wither my corn and get away with it! (heads for exit)

MERCHANT: Ah...just what do you have in mind?

FARMER: We're goin' t' march straight on up that hill and kill that damn thing tonight!

MERCHANT: Aren't we...being a bit hasty?

FARMER: You scared or somethin'?

MERCHANT: Of course not. I simply think we should consider all the alternatives.

FARMER: What' the matter, ain't you a MAN?

MERCHANT: Why you--

PRIEST: My children, my children, *please!* We must work together in this.

MERCHANT: I just don't want any unnecessary bloodshed, that's all. Besides, I'm not so young anymore. Of course, we can't have a Dragon running around flaming through town. Businesses won't want to invest. Property values will drop. But as far as I'm concerned, as long as it stays up on its hill and doesn't bother anyone, it's fine with me.

FARMER: (sarcastically) How ya goin' t' do that, put up a sign? (angrily) Listen: if my crops don't get some rain pretty quick, I'll be ruined, and don't think you won't feel it. The way it looks to me is, 'til that Dragon's dead we get no rain. So if you ain't man enough to help fight it, I'll take it on by my own self.

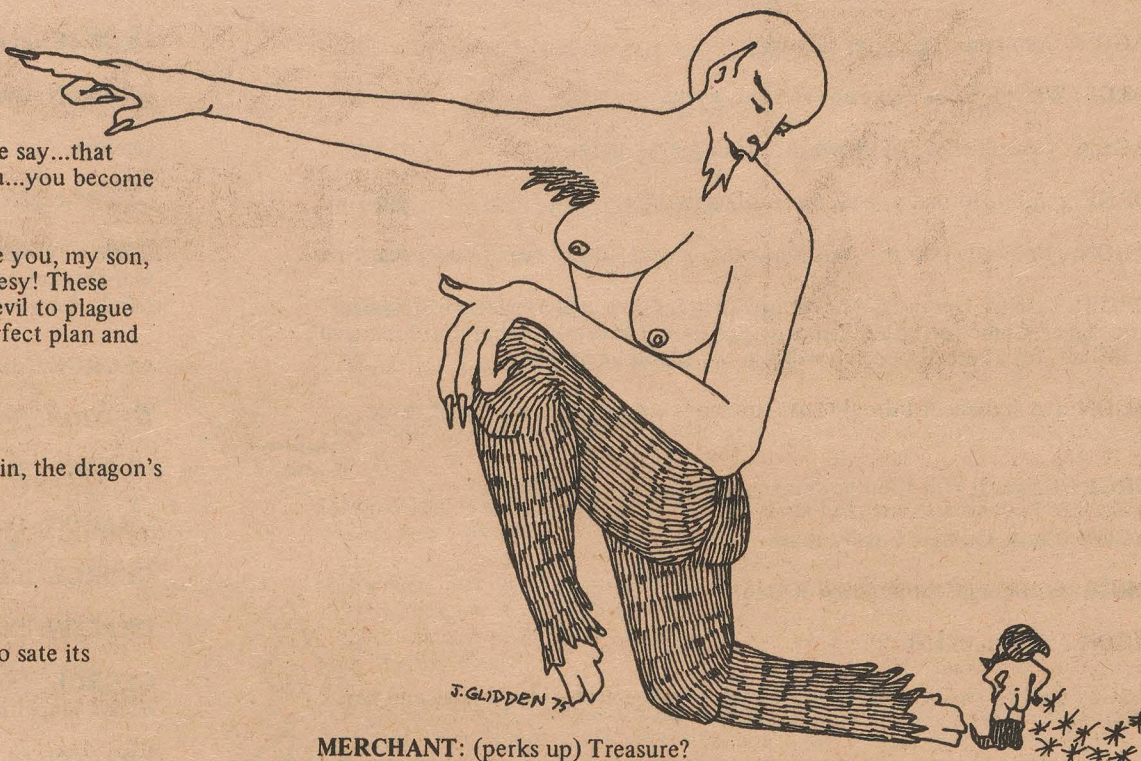
PRIEST: (stopping him) My son, your zeal is commendable, but pause awhile, lest you risk losing your life.

FARMER: My life?

PRIEST: Dragons are a cunning and deceitful lot, and not simple to dispose of.

FARMER: I reckon not.

PRIEST: And surely it will fight to the death to defend its treasure.



MERCHANT: (perks up) Treasure?

PRIEST: Certainly, my son. It is well known that Dragons hoard all manner of riches: gold, diamonds, emeralds, rubies--

FARMER: Where do they get it all, Father?

PRIEST: From the corpses of their pitiful victims, my son.

MERCHANT: (tentatively) I don't suppose...has anyone considered...trying to *reason* with the Dragon? (**FARMER** guffaws and slaps his knee.) I mean, imagine we go to it and say: Look, you just clear out of town and hand over all your gold and jewels, and we won't kill you. Perhaps we can strike a bargain.

FARMER: Sure we can--and then he'd *eat* us! (laughs again)

PRIEST: Saints forgive us if we ever think we can strike a bargain with Hell. No, my sons, we cannot attempt this ourselves: we must call on one of God's servants. When it comes to Dragon-slaying, there is but one name written under heaven whereby we might be saved.

FARMER: Who?

MERCHANT: Who?

PRIEST: (solemnly) I speak of St. George the Great, mighty Dragon-slayer of Tybiria, Tiber, and Troyan. He has bathed in the blood of many a Dragon, and derives his invincibility from their magic powers.

FARMER: (excitedly) If he can kill the Dragon and save my crops, I'll gladly give him half my harvest.

MERCHANT: If he can destroy the beast and take its treasure, I'll give him fifty pieces of silver.

FARMER: I'll give him my best sow!

MERCHANT: I'll give him my daughter's hand!

PRIEST: No, no my son, St. George is a chaste man, pure and honorable, his powers undimmed by the ways of the flesh. He follows only God's bidding. All he will accept is one quarter of the Dragon's hoard.

MERCHANT: A quarter...!

PRIEST: The remainder will naturally be turned over to the Church for proper distribution.

FARMER: Well, if he kills that scaly critter, he can have the whole damn treasure, for all I care. How soon can we get him here, Father?

PRIEST: I have heard that he is presently in the south end of the kingdom, and so could be here within the week. I will send for him this very night; I shall not rest easy until we rid ourselves of that hellish beast. Good morrow to you, my sons.

MERCHANT & FARMER: Good morrow to you, Father.

(**PRIEST** and **FARMER** exit cautiously.)

MERCHANT: (to himself) I wonder if Dragon- *slayers* ever make deals.

(He tiptoes out.)

SCENE TWO

OUTSIDE THE DRAGON'S CAVE EARLY AFTERNOON

(**DRAGON** alone)

DRAGON: (to audience) Another beautiful day...and no one to share it with. What a bore. (pause) I wonder what's happening in the town. Honestly, it's getting so a Dragon can't take a simple stroll without kids throwing stones or some farmer running around with a pitchfork. I mean, is it too much to ask to be able to go for a walk? It's not as though I expect invitations to dinner. (pause) I wish that farmer hadn't run away. I'd have liked to have talked to him. (pause) Not that I want any of them for friends. No thank you. Such a thickheaded lot. And always quarreling. (pause) Oh, my flowers. I forgot to water them. (pause) I don't know why I stay here, not a friendly soul for miles...to say nothing of Dragons. Other Dragons! Oh, what I wouldn't give...! I really ought to leave. (pause) We certainly could use some rain.

GEORGE: (off) Dragon!

DRAGON: What's that?

GEORGE: Be'est thou in thy lair?

DRAGON: Company! I'd better tidy up.

GEORGE: Wilt thou not make answer, vile worm?

DRAGON: (to audience) "Vile worm?" He's got his nerve.

GEORGE: (enters, formally, with sword) Dragon! Come out anon, and engage me.

DRAGON: (ironically) Oh my, this is so sudden, and I don't even know your name.

GEORGE: I am St. George the Great of Tybiria, Tiber, and Troyan, professional Dragon-slayer. Come forth that I may engage thee in mortal combat; but look well unto thyself, for at set of yon sun will I in thy blood be bathed.

DRAGON: (to audience) I should have known it was going to be one of those days.

GEORGE: Coward! Wilt thou not make answer unto my challenge?

DRAGON: Look, George, I really think--

GEORGE: *St.* George, thou spawn of Hell!

DRAGON: "Spawn of Hell"?

GEORGE: (raising sword) Behold my sword, which will thy blood taste and thy bane be.

DRAGON: I'm sure it's a very *nice* sword, George, but--

GEORGE: In thine own lair will I smite thee til thou art slain. (He swings at DRAGON, who avoids the stroke nonchalantly.)

DRAGON: Well, I was just about to invite you in for a drink anyway.

GEORGE: From Hell thou hast come, and to Hell thou wilt go. (swings as before)

DRAGON: Gin and tonic okay?

GEORGE: Behold! Thy doom is at hand. (swings)

DRAGON: Well, how about some lemonade? (GEORGE swings.) It's really too warm for this sort of thing.

GEORGE: (shaken) Art thou the Devil himself, to show no fear at the approach of thy doom?

DRAGON: Come on, do you think I was born last century? I know your number. (pause. GEORGE is breathing rather hard.) You look awfully hot standing there with all that sweat running down your forehead. (brightly) Why don't we declare a little time-out? Just have a seat, take off your armor, relax, and I'll be out with the lemonade in no time at all.

GEORGE: (formally) Sit thou down before me then, for thou art not bound by any oath of knightly persuasion.

DRAGON: (exasperated) My God! *Will you sit down!* (GEORGE sits quickly. Exit DRAGON into cave.) It's very kind of you to pay me a visit. (silence) Lovely day, isn't it? (DRAGON reappears with lemonade) Ah--what exactly brings you to this neck of the woods? (He sits, offers lemonade to GEORGE)

GEORGE: Yon town hath questing sent--

DRAGON: Look, will you cut that chivalry stuff? You're not in the town anymore. Besides, it's giving me a headache.

GEORGE: (after a pause) All right. (He puts down the sword. Casually) The townspeople have sent me up here to kill you. (He takes lemonade)

DRAGON: To kill me? *Me?* What have I ever done to them?

GEORGE: They maintain that you are withholding the rains from their land.

DRAGON: Wonderful. My snapdragons are dying of thirst, and I'm withholding the rains. I suppose you also think I go around incinerating cottages and abducting little children.

GEORGE: (superior) Oh, I know those are only old superstitions. But you see, if I told that to the townspeople, they'd never believe me. (He drinks) My, this is good lemonade.

DRAGON: You certainly seem to know what you're talking about. I imagine you've met a lot of Dragons in your time. Some of your best friends?

GEORGE: Of course. I'm a Dragon-slayer.

DRAGON: (amazed) You do this for a living?

GEORGE: Of course.

DRAGON: You mean you go glittering about, frightening innocent Dragons and slashing that silly sword of yours around?

GEORGE: (angrily, picking up sword) I'll have you know this is a holy sword, a powerful, gleaming sword, famous throughout the land.

DRAGON: (to audience) Oh dear, now he's going to fall to pieces, I can see it coming. These professional Dragon-slayers are so temperamental, and touchy...

GEORGE: Cut the jabber! I'm here on business, and you're just stalling. (pause) What were we talking about?

DRAGON: (casually ironic) About how you go running all over the countryside, bullying and intimidating Dragons.

GEORGE: Oh yes. (matter-of-factly) I give them a taste of cold steel and bathe in their blood, cutting their hearts out and taking their vast treasure.

DRAGON: I'm impressed. And how did you get established in this line of work?

GEORGE: God Himself called me.

DRAGON: Do tell. A personal relationship with the Deity, no doubt?

GEORGE: In my youth, He spoke clearly to me, saying--

DRAGON: (quickly) I believe you, I believe you.

(pause)

GEORGE: Oh by the way, you *do* have a treasure, don't you?

DRAGON: Treasure? Oh, now I get it. I hate to disappoint you, my blue-eyed wonder, but as far as jewels go, I have only these I'm wearing. Been in the family for years.

GEORGE: (disappointed) That's all?

DRAGON: (piqued) Something the matter with them?

GEORGE: Oh, it's not that. They're very nice, really they are.

DRAGON: Thanks. You have a pretty nice collar on yourself.

GEORGE: It's just that...well...the townspeople will be disappointed.

DRAGON: They will? Why?

GEORGE: Oh, you know...whenever you slay a Dragon, you're supposed to bring back a magnificent hoard of treasure. To prove you've actually done it.

DRAGON: Oh.

GEORGE: It's part of my image.

DRAGON: I see. And you're happy with your image? I mean, you enjoy being a Dragon-slayer?

GEORGE: (defensively) Of course I'm happy! I'm very happy! (pause) It's my job, I'm good at it. (pause) What else could I do?

(silence)

DRAGON: Now look, George.

GEORGE: *St.* George.

DRAGON: *St.*, all right, *St.* George. What is this thing with Dragon-slaying? What are you trying to prove? I mean, here you are coming to kill me, and I haven't done anything to you, not a thing. As for hoarding jewels, well, who does that, I'd like to know? Not me. I wear my jewels. And I'm not too crazy about letting those village idiots get their clumsy hands on them. Now if you'd like a little souvenir, a ring or something, I'd be happy to make you a present of it.

GEORGE: Oh no, I couldn't--

DRAGON: No, really, I'd love to. How about this one? It would go wonderfully with your complexion. (Holds out ring to GEORGE)

GEORGE: It would?

DRAGON: Trust me. Go ahead, try it on.

(GEORGE looks around, hesitates)

GEORGE: All right. (He takes the ring and puts it on.) It does look nice.

DRAGON: Doesn't it?

GEORGE: You really think it suits me?

DRAGON: It suits you.

GEORGE: The townspeople wouldn't think so.

DRAGON: Of course not.

GEORGE: They wouldn't appreciate it.

DRAGON: That's for sure.

GEORGE: They don't appreciate *me*.

DRAGON: They take advantage of you, exploit you because you're so good at killing Dragons.

GEORGE: They have no sense of style.

DRAGON: How true. (pause) Listen, I almost forgot. There's a matching necklace that goes with that ring. Why don't we give it a whirl?

GEORGE: Oh no, I couldn't. Not a necklace.

DRAGON: Why not-- Ohhh, I see, the townspeople wouldn't appreciate it.

GEORGE: It's not that. It's just that I'm...

DRAGON: You're what? Afraid it would spoil your image?

GEORGE: You don't understand. (firmly) I can't take your necklace. And I can't take your ring. (Pulls off a ring and holds it out to DRAGON)

DRAGON: (angrily, hurt) Now look, that was a *present*.

GEORGE: I can't accept it. If I'm going to wear it, I'll have to kill you first.

DRAGON: Kill me? What's the point of that if I've given it to you?

GEORGE: I don't know! Something's gone wrong. You're not at all like the other Dragons I've known.

DRAGON: Right, I'm a credit to my species. (Grabs ring from GEORGE) Wait a minute, this isn't my-- Where did you get this ring?

(GEORGE looks at his hand)

GEORGE: (nervously) That one? I got it a long time ago. It belonged to... to

another Dragon.

DRAGON: Another Dragon?

GEORGE: To my... my *first* Dragon. I rided my home town of him.

DRAGON: Tybiria?

GEORGE: Yes, how did you know?

DRAGON: Just a lucky guess. And did you cut *his* heart out and bathe in *his* blood?

GEORGE: Of course. He was terrorizing the town.

DRAGON: You never give up, do you, George?

GEORGE: My name is *St. George*.

DRAGON: Did *he* call you that?

GEORGE: Did you...?

DRAGON: That other Dragon. That first one. In Tybiria.

GEORGE: No, he never even-- I wasn't a Saint then.

DRAGON: Oh, I forgot. (pause) I tell you what, *St. George*. You've got one of my rings and I've got one of yours. Why don't we call it a fair trade and leave it at that? Tit for tat.

GEORGE: But you can't keep that ring.

DRAGON: You've got plenty more. Besides, you said yourself the townspeople don't approve.

GEORGE: You don't understand. You can't have *that* ring.

DRAGON: Why not?

GEORGE: Never mind.

DRAGON: You've got one hell of a nerve, George. Here I sit minding my own business, never bothering anyone, and in you barge, waving your sword around, saying that you're going to steal my family jewels, and bragging about all the Dragons you've slaughtered; and then, when I ask you sweetly if you'd mind terribly if I kept one of your cheap rings, you throw a fit. After I've given you one of mine, too. Not to mention the lemonade.

GEORGE: Stop it, stop it! You're talking nonsense!

DRAGON: And you're talking ass-backwards, my beauty. Who are you trying to kid with this holy Dragon-slayer bit? Come off it. You know what's going on as well as I do.

GEORGE: I don't know what you're talking about! I'm God's servant.

DRAGON: I'm not one of those townspeople, George, you can't fool me. It's pretty clear that I'm more of a threat to *you* than I could ever be to them.

GEORGE: That's ridiculous! You're talking just like...

DRAGON: Like who, George?

GEORGE: I won't stand for this any longer. You're trying to confuse me. Dragons are always trying to confuse me.

DARGON: Well, it isn't too difficult.

GEORGE: *I have to work to be who I am!* Day and night preparing myself to face the next devious dragon. It's a pretty lonely job being a Dragon-slayer, let me tell you. You have it easy. All you have to do is sit in your cave and wait.

DRAGON: *I have it easy?* That's a good one. Do you know how it feels to be stalked and hunted, George, to be turned into a monster? I'll bet you think it's all peaches and cream, hmmm? What about those old superstitions, the ones the townspeople tell? Have you any idea what it's like hearing them so many times that you actually start to believe them yourself? Well, *I have*. And easy is not the word that comes to mind. Listen: I used to hide in my cave, petrified of what might happen if I ever went out. I used to avoid looking at my reflection in a pool every time I took a drink of water-- yes, George, we do drink water. And once, a long time ago, I even ran away from someone. But that's all over. Finished. Because one day an owl flew down to the mouth of this cave and told me a few things about dragons, George, dragons in other lands who are admired for their wisdom and strength. In China, they even have statues carved in their honor. When I heard that, I wasn't about to stay cooped up in some stuffy cave any longer. If I wanted to go for a walk or have a stretch in the sun, I was going to do it. Of course, it isn't exactly a thrill having to fend for myself alone up here, while the town is busy turning me into a menace to the community. Come to think of it, it's high time I left this place. For good. Besides I'd like to find some of those other dragons; that is, if you haven't slain them all with that second-hand sword of yours. (pause) Oh, by the way, don't get the idea that I'm running away from you. (pause) What's the matter, George, cat got your tongue?

GEORGE: (quietly) What can I say?

DRAGON: Don't say anything. I don't need your sympathy.

GEORGE: You're the most amazing dragon I've ever met.

DRAGON: Spare me the compliment.

GEORGE: Please, don't be angry with me. (pause) Listen: you say you want to leave? Well, go ahead. I won't do anything to stop you, I promise. I won't even ask you for the rest of your jewels; this ring should be enough to convince the townspeople that I've slain you. No one need ever know otherwise.

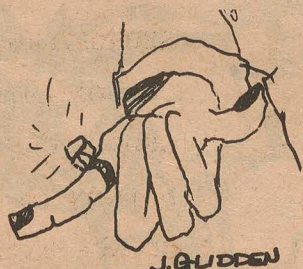
DRAGON: (appalled) You want me to leave so you can preserve your precious image as the mighty Dragon-slayer? So you can go out and kill other Dragons?

GEORGE: Please don't say that.

DRAGON: Is that what you're asking me to do?

GEORGE: Please!

DRAGON: *Well?*



GEORGE: Is it my fault I'm a Dragon-slayer?

DRAGON: You're no Dragon slayer. You love Dragons.

GEORGE: (cry of agony) Arrrrgggghhhh!!!! (He stabs DRAGON)

DRAGON: (surprised) You did it! You actually did it!

GEORGE: Oh my God. (He drops sword.)

DRAGON: You actually tried to kill me.

GEORGE: I didn't mean to, I swear I didn't.

DRAGON: I never thought you really would.

GEORGE: You kept provoking me, baiting me. Why did you have to say all those things?

DRAGON: You actually did it. (pause) What happens now? Aren't you going to bathe in my blood?

GEORGE: No, no, I'd never do that. I've never bathed in the blood of a Dragon. I've never even *killed* a Dragon before.

DRAGON: What?

GEORGE: Never. I always dreamed about Dragons. When I was little, people told me they were slimy, filthy creatures, but in *my* dreams they were beautiful. One day I heard that a Dragon had been seen just outside the town. I couldn't sleep. I crept out of the house and made my way up the hill. All of a sudden, I found myself face-to-face with him. He *was* beautiful. For a moment, we stood and stared at each other. Then he started to talk. He said he was glad I had come, that he'd been wanting to meet other Dragons. (pause) Well, don't you see? He was calling *me* a Dragon. I had to chase him away, I had to. What if someone had found out? (pause) I started telling people I had killed him. I showed them that ring, the one I found in his cave. Before I knew it I was a hero. Letters began to pour in from people begging me to rid them of their Dragons. I didn't want to go. I was afraid. But I was sure that if I didn't, they would start to talk. Can't you understand? (pause) The second one was easy. He was so terrified, he ran away the minute he saw me coming. I stayed in his cave a whole week, hoping he'd return, but he never did. (pause) I never hurt any of them. I just frightened them away, that's all. You must believe me. I never meant for this to happen. (pause) *Why weren't you afraid of me?*

(silence)

DRAGON: (softly) George. How is Tybiria?

GEORGE: What?

DRAGON: How fares our fair city?

GEORGE: Oh no, it can't be!

DRAGON: You've really improved your act since--

GEORGE: Oh God, I should have known. The ring...

DRAGON: Perhaps it's better this way.

GEORGE: Don't die. You can't die. Oh, it's all my fault.

DRAGON: I was hard on you, George. I'm sorry.

GEORGE: No, don't talk like that. You were right. You saw through me all along. Don't die. I need you.

DRAGON: What's the use? Even if I recover, you'll just go out and kill other Dragons.

GEORGE: But I won't. I don't want to kill them. I didn't want to hurt *you*.

DRAGON: You've been a Dragon-slayer all your life, George, you won't know what to do with yourself. You'll never change.

GEORGE: I can. I will. You'll see.

DRAGON: No, George, once a Dragon-slayer, always a Dragon-slayer. (He inches his way painfully toward the cave.) Goodbye, George. Go back to the townspeople. Tell them that you have slain the fearsome beast. For once in your life, at least, you'll be speaking the truth. (Grand exit.)

(GEORGE turns mechanically to pick up his sword. Hesitates. Then with decisive movements, he puts down the sword and follows DRAGON into the cave. At once FARMER, PRIEST and MERCHANT enter cautiously. FARMER spots sword, holds it up for others to see. All express horror. FARMER drops sword, and the three confer frantically. FARMER is sent to investigate. Pointing excitedly, he stammers out:)

FARMER: T... T... *Two dragons!*

PRIEST & MERCHANT: *Two dragons?!*

(All turn, as GEORGE enters, tenderly supporting DRAGON, who waves to the townspeople. The three run screaming from the stage. DRAGON and GEORGE look at each other, shrug and kiss.)

THE END

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON was first performed on 28 June 1975, at the Gay Pride Picnic on the Boston Common. The play was written and performed by the following members of the B.L.T.:

JIM FISHMAN (Merchant)
NICHOLAS DEUTSCH (Priest)
VIKTOR WALSTON (Farmer)
ERIC BENSON (Dragon)
JOHN AYER (St. George)

the poet -
an unpaid civil servant
photographing life
with
positioned words

tom kennedy

IN A BIND

It was bound to happen. Ecstasy--
bound beyond the bounds of self, black bands
of Beatles' "Chains, Mah Baby's Got Me..." bits
and "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" now found
and pit against sweet moans of agony.

my bonded man and I are showing how
by leaps & bounds we escape the hidebound sex,
with "Ow's" arouse, make bonds more than a fond
reflex...when the phone rings. I must mouthe the cheap
respond: "I can't, I'm all tied up right now!"

Neal Kristo

failing to disprove that Bette Midler is counter-revolutionary

if every towel is different from a gray flannel suit
everyone who lives here must be less than naked.

if Kelloggs corn flakes is not necessarily good for corn
if we tried to make our own music and are still failing
only a pot of gold lies under the rainbow.

if every tree whatever waving branches is rooted in mud
the light at the end of the tunnel is still Hoboken.

Ron Schreiber

people I like are not out to get me

i.
they have a nice herb garden & they don't
like the weeds I plant there.

ii.
houses create their inmates
--thousands of walls but no windows.

iii.
I brought a truck & a sick lover to Boston.
there's got to be a slow train out.

Ron Schreiber

Ron Schreiber 74

TWO PARODIES

With apologies to Wordsworth

*My Prick Leaps Up

My prick leaps up when I behold
naked beauty on the sand;
so was it when my cruise began;
so is it now that I am damned;
so be it when I shall grow old,
oh! let me toy!
the Queen is mother to the Boy;
and I could wish my nights to be
bound thigh to thigh in sexuality.

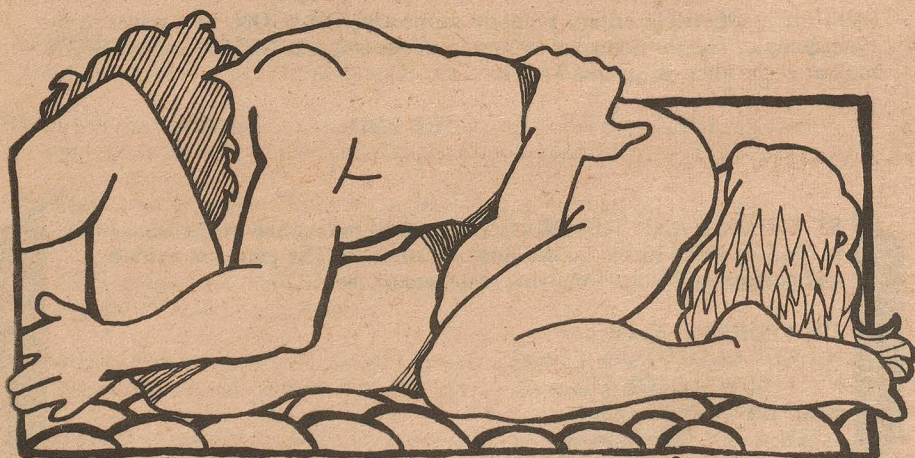
*He Cruised Among The Troddened Ways

He cruised among the troddened ways
beside the spring of cum;
a fag who's cock was highly praised
by every queen and bum.

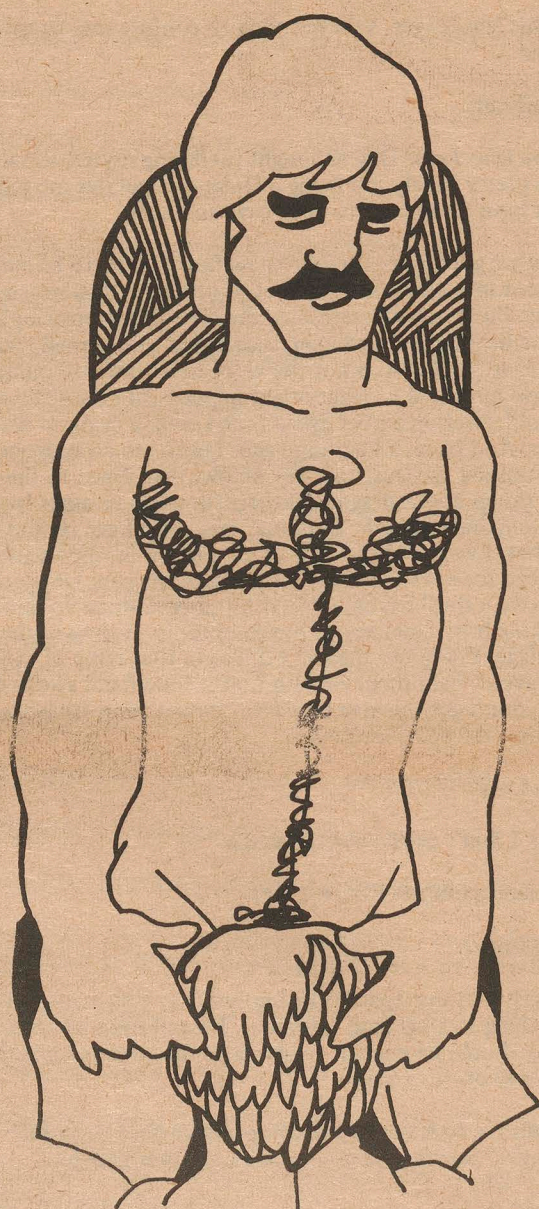
A beauty of the park's dark night,
well sucked by all the crowd!
Fair as a boy, a fairy sprite,
acclaimed far and loud.

He lived for sex...in any truck...
but Lucky ceased to be
when it was known he could be fucked...
and gave his ass for free!

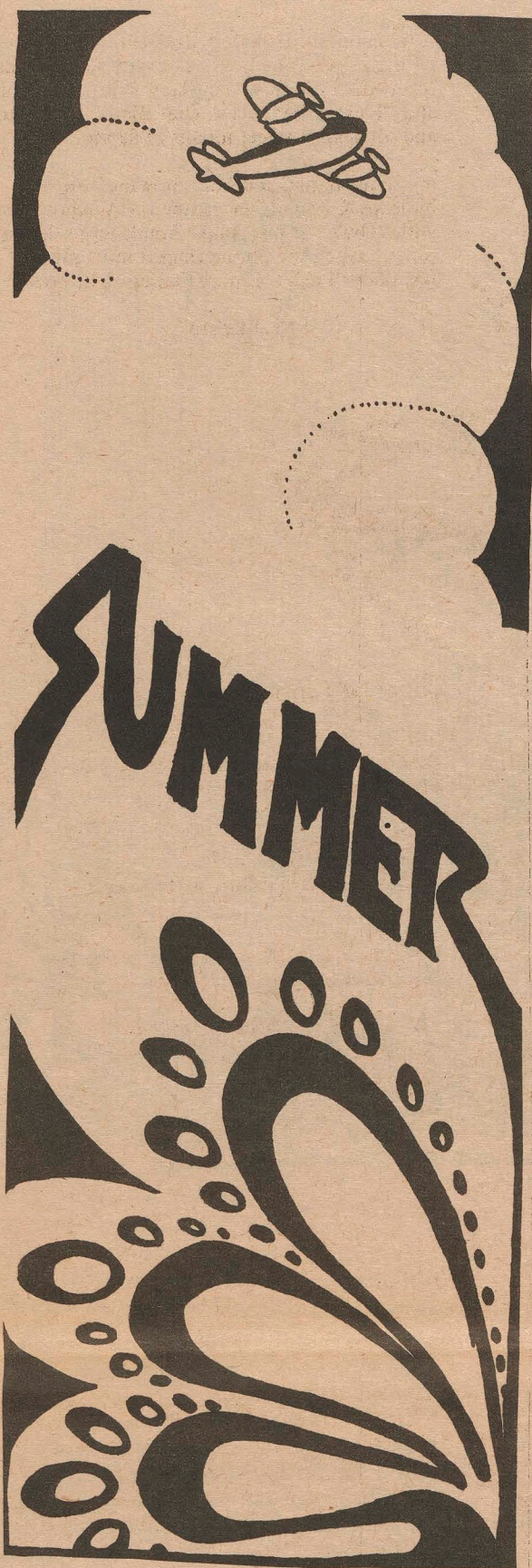
*Maurice Kenny



Razzel Dazzel.75



Razzel Dazzel.75



Sunoco yellow
and faded purple sweatshirt blue.
The last time America seemed nice
to everyone with access to the press.
Chrome streaked with ice
and brass smeared with butter.
O pastel futurity!
Every cop in wide belt
and drooping flannel
peaceful with the dark green foliage
and deep dish awnings
of small-town August.
I see a pair of arms.
Do they squeeze rayon women
or woolly men?
Rosie rivets a shower of sparks
to a river of steel,
hair up and celluloid cherries
in her ear.
Everybody wears big shoes.
Bakelite black is the sky
and white is the celluloid moon.

There's music for the night:
a gas-station lunchcar samba.
And there's music for the day:
the chained-up road gang two-step
and the horsehide copshoe shuffle
in the gravel.
My streamlined truck!
My Betty Grable!
My jug-eared Gable!
My purple heart!
My coral lips!
My Carol Lombard!

It's simple as monochrome pottery
and open-toed shoes.
A bed for my body
or a bowl for my wax fruit?
Is that the redness of an apple
underneath that peach
or is it lips dividing sunshine
sunshine on a curve
from its faded purple shadow on the
on the sheet?
There's a tie on the back of a chair
and an unbuttoned slick rayon shirt
slipping off--

The child has an ear for radio.
What was Sunoco yellow in Germany?
And what was the purple shadow of Japan?
When for the last time
America seemed nice
to everyone with access to the press.

JOHN X. LAPORTA



BUNNY LARUE'S WEATHER REPORT

"Everything for profit; nothing for use."

—The Vice-President

*Pleasant & sunny...a good day for shopping...continued
fair...go to the beach...mild...spend a little time...calm...*

It's all just another form of conditioning, mass media's conspiracy of bourgeois falsifications to push goods. You think these thugs would give us anything for *free* if it didn't suit their purpose?

When a "News" program is broken down 1/3 "news," 1/3 "sports," and the last third "weather"?

Well, we know who "news" serves; we know the goal of "sports," and now it's time to reveal that they manipulate the weather as well. It's not just cloud-seeding they're gabbing about when they talk of "climate control"; it's our lives.

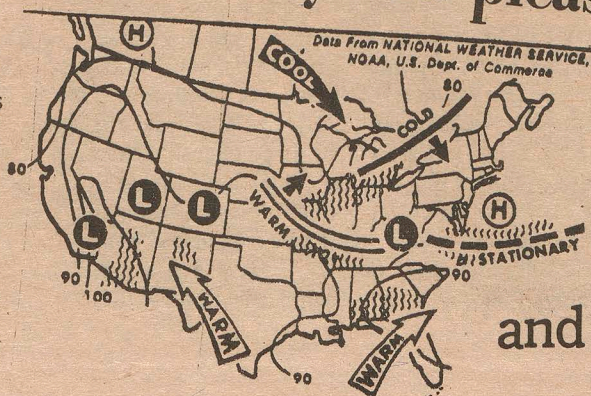
One local TV broadcasting station, licensed by that F.C.C. cabal of capitalist lackies, is blatant enough to announce that its nightly weather "is brought to you by Peter Fuller's Cadillac-Olds." I don't hold anything against the man *personally*, but remember it was his Dad who, as Gov., killed Sacco & Vanzetti on that grimly overcast day, with little P.F. cheering from the front row. That was a long time ago, of course, and the sins of the father etc., but is *this* the kind of character you want bringing you your weather?

It sez right here that for 25 July 75, the High Tides for Hyannis Port were scheduled for 12:45 AM and 1:17 PM. I was too blotto with booze for the midnight show; but I was hanging around with a bunch of *parazzi* on The Compound's beach at quarter past one in the post-meridian, and the fucking tide didn't do a damn thing!

Glomar, CIA, Rose Kennedy's 85th Birthday: what was in the Boston *Glob* was a lie. Somebody's screwing around with *something* out there while feeding us the D.O.D. Line of "sunny, mild, continued pleasant."



Strange
forces and
the weather
super sunny and pleasant

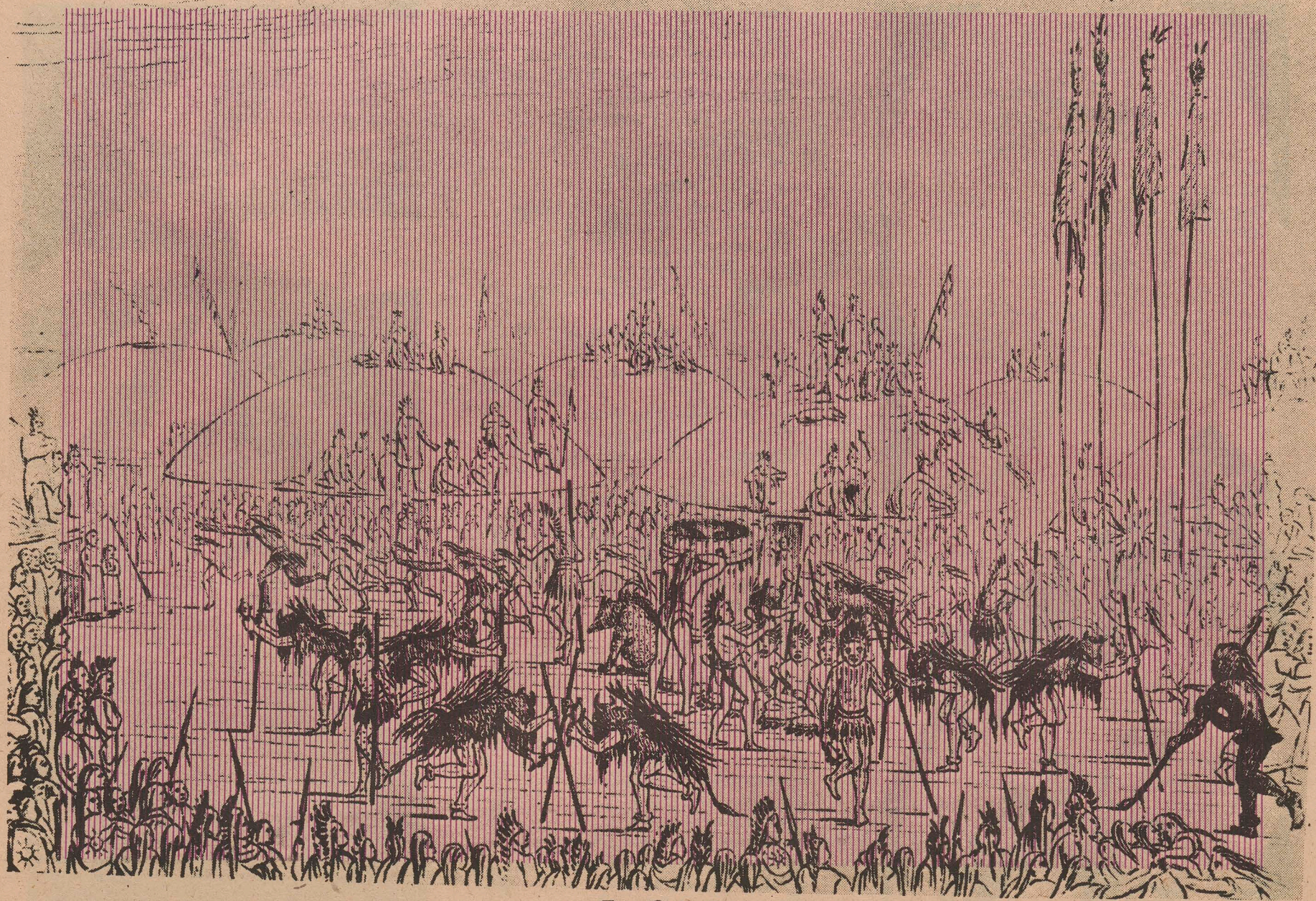


Whoever's gaining from Detente, it certainly isn't the Freedom of Information Act, and you can tell who's In and Out at State Dept. sessions by the distortions that are released as "Temperatures Abroad," by the National Weather Service Administration which is, interestingly, a subsidiary of the U.S. Dept. of Commerce whose business is to sell everything and anything from B-1 Bombers to cyclamates, amphetamines to copyright-violating xerography. (I confirmed this by phoning my Congressone Tip O'Neill who, while he had me on the line, offered to sell me cheap a few isobars, occluded fronts and high-pressure systems all as part of his reelection campaign theme of "Sunny Days Are Here To Stay!")

Just as a random sample of govt. lies and falsifications, check these temps. from 28 July 75: "Paris, 82, clear"; "Madrid, 91, balmy"; "Lisbon, 28, hail"; "West Berlin, 77, clear"; "East Berlin, 43, heavy fog"; "Seoul, 93, lush"; "Pyongyang, 6, icy"; "Athens, 69, troubled skies." Trade follows the flag, and Capital and Cash flow follows the weather report as code.

I don't want to push Empiricism, even though I have no chauvinistic bias against English imports, loathing as I do this tacky and coercive Buy-American-Shoddy-Goods pitch which even stoops to subverting the despatches of meteorologists—many of whom are Boston queans with rugs and among my closest friends—but when it comes to checking out Physical Reality, I always trust my ears, eyes and evaluations and not the news on the air or in the papers. Instead I dunk my big toe in to test the water and look up into the sky to see if the moon's full because there's one thing you can count on, monopoly capitalism's lies notwithstanding: if it is, there'll be fabulous cruising all over town that night!

and Soviet Offer a Pact on Weather



PART 6 OF WITCHCRAFT/THE GAY COUNTERCULTURE

Pre-Buffalo Hunt Berdache Dance. Find The Berdache

GAY SEX-MAGIC THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SEX MAGIC

Arthur Evans

From the 11th to the 17th centuries, both the church and state in Europe conducted a bloody war against "witches" and "heretics." Previous articles in this series have shown that the victims of this persecution were in reality the lingering members of a counter-culture that first emerged in the Stone Age. We have seen that Gay sex acts, indiscriminate orgies, and the use of hallucinogens played important parts in the religious rites of this ancient culture. Openly Gay women and men were among its chief priests, physicians, and prophets.

In the present article, I wish to develop one more theme before we finally turn to a political analysis of the European witch hunts. This theme—the prevalence of sex religions in non-industrialized societies—will take us beyond the pale of European history.

We recall that the witch-hunts in Europe really got into full swing in 1484, when Pope Innocent VIII issued his famous bull *Summis desiderantes*. This bull condemned the ritual sex that existed among the witches. Men dressed up in the costume of the witches' Horned God and had sex with members of both sexes. Transvestism, both male and female, also played a role in the witches' ceremonies. Those who led the witches' rites in this way were regarded as having magical powers and were held in great regard by their followers.

When we take a look at non-industrial societies around the world, we find innumerable cases of similar religious rites. Transvestism, both male and female, dressing in the clothing of animals, ritual sex with members of both sexes—these are traits common to many non-industrial religions. More importantly, the shamans or leaders in these rites are almost always Gay people, both male and female. When Christian missionaries have encountered these Gay shamans, they have always labelled them

these Gay shamans, they have always labeled them "witches."

The most comprehensive modern account of Gay people as shamans is by the Berman scholar Hermann Baumann (*Das doppelte Geschlecht; ethnologische Studien zur Bisexualitaet in Ritus und Mythos*, Dietrich Reimer, Berlin, 1955).

Baumann has assembled evidence from widely different parts of the world, including the Americas, Asia, Africa and Europe. He illustrates the crucial role played by Gays, both male and female, in non-industrial religious and sexual rites.

For example, he writes concerning the American Indians:

"Since the days of the discovery of America, conquerors, missionaries, travelers, etc., made reports on the effeminate men and 'hermaphrodites' who, according to them, were said to be found in great numbers among the original Indian populations" (Baumann, p. 21).

These "hermaphrodites" were not people possessing the genitals of both sexes, but members of one sex who took on the clothes and attributes of the other sex and who openly sanctioned sexual relations with members of the same sex. The most famous example of this is the so-called *Berdache*, a Gay male transvestite among the Prairie Indians, so named by the French from an Arabian word meaning "slave." Actually, the *Berdache* was not a slave at all; he occupied a contemptible position only in the eyes of the homophobic whites who encountered him. Among the native Americans, the *Berdache* was a magical person, greatly respected, who played important roles in their religion.

An eyewitness account of the *Berdache* among the Sioux can be found in the works of George Catlin, who traveled across North America in the first half of the 19th century, describing Indian customs and drawing pictures of their ceremonies. The Sioux called the *Berdache* I-coo-coo-a, and had a special joyous dance in his honor limited to the men who had had sex with him. Catlin was appalled at the high honor paid to the I-coo-coo-a, and wrote:

"This is one of the most unaccountable and disgusting customs, that I have ever met in Indian country" (*Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, vol. 2, 4th ed., Wiley and Putnam, N.Y., 1842, p. 215). Catlin went on to urge that the invading whites suppress the custom. "I am constrained to refer the reader to the country where it is practiced, and where I should wish that it might be extinguished before it be more fully recorded" (*loc. cit.*). Here, and in other cases that we shall see, a recurring justification for the

annihilation of native culture by the invading industrial civilization was its open acceptance of ritual homosexuality and transvestism.

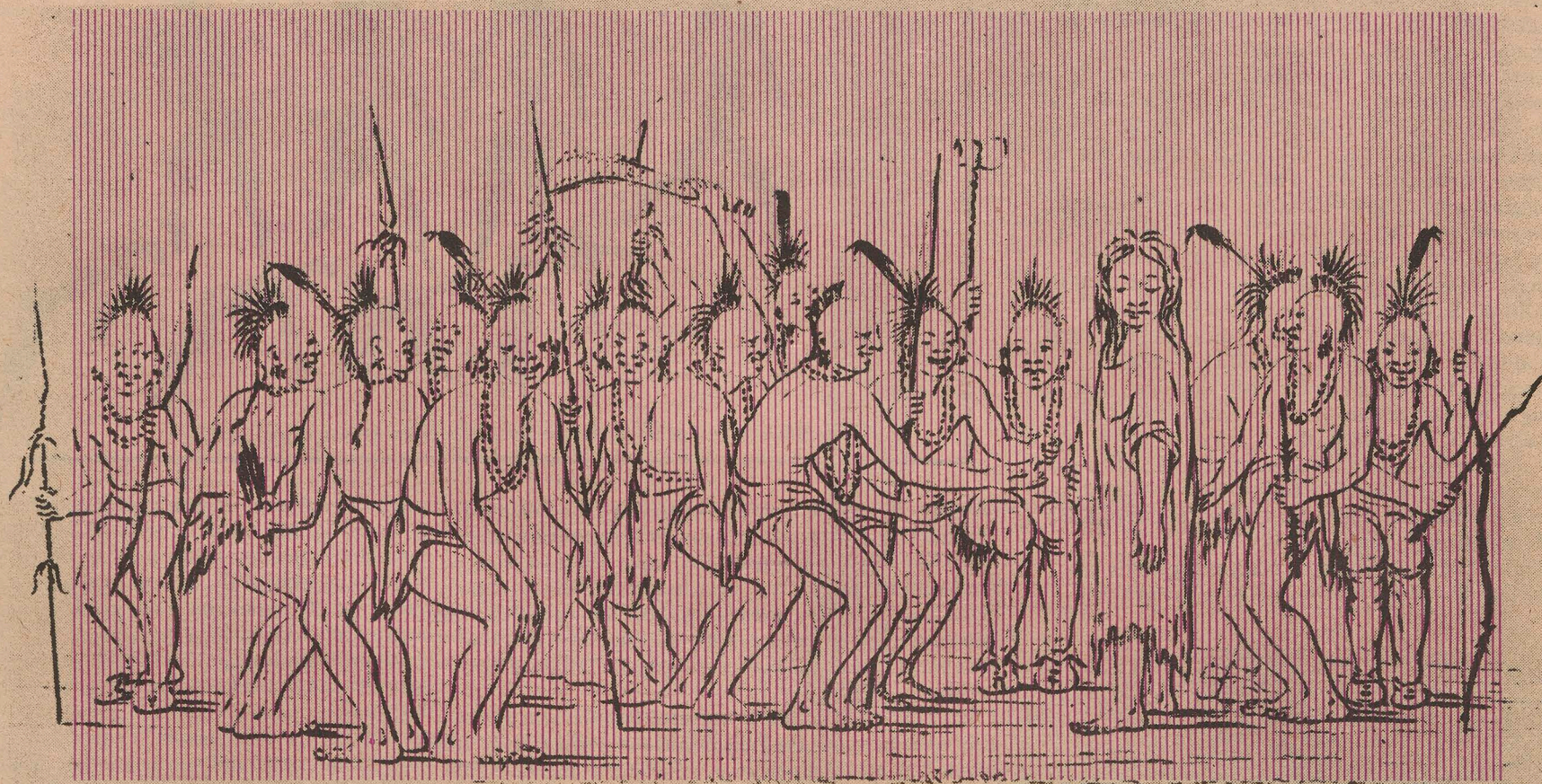
Catlin erroneously thought that this custom was rare, being limited to the Sioux. But modern research has shown that *Berdaches* existed in nearly all important linguistic groups and cultural areas of North America. They are found in the Algonquin group (Ojibways, Illinois, Sauk, Fox), the Sioux (Dakota, Mandan, Minniti, Crow, Ponka, Omaha, Osage, Kansas, Oto, and others), the Muskogean (Chokta, Seminole, Carolinas, Texas), and in the West and Southwest, Sahaptin, Flathead, Ute-Shoshone, Californian, Mohave, Yuma, Pueblo (Baumann, p. 21).

Everywhere the *Berdache* was regarded with respect. For a man to dress in the clothing of a woman was not considered disgraceful in a culture (unlike our own) where women held a high status. It's only because men look down on women that effeminate-appearing men are ridiculed (they're viewed as degrading the supposed higher status of their own sex). If women were really looked on in our society as the equals of men, no man would feel threatened by a woman-appearing man. Among the American Indians, women had a far higher status than women in modern industrial societies.

Often, the *Berdache* plays a ritual sex role in the great religious festivals of the American Indians. Among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, for example, a man is honored by being chosen as a *mujerado*, whom the other men publicly fuck in the ass as part of the spring festival (Baumann, p. 24). In the Buffalo dance of the Sioux Indians, a man dresses up with the horns of a buffalo and is ritually fucked by the other men in a sacred dance. The buffalo was as important to the Sioux as the goat was to prehistoric Europeans. Thus among both Indians and witches, we find a man dressed up as a horned animal and involved in ritual Gay sex.

In some Indian dances—as with the witches—dildoes were used. "In fact, we are acquainted in the neighborhood of the Yuma peoples with numerous additional ritual acts in which men are dressed as women in order for them to function as the feminine role in a fertility rite, while the masculine role is played by men sometimes with a phallus, and both roles depict a copulation as fertility charm" (Baumann, p. 24). Just as with medieval witches, these practices were joyous celebrations thought to make both the tribe and nature prosper.

Gay shamans played an important part in the political life of the tribes. They were often called upon for advice, and held positions of leadership among the people. They



George Catlin

The Berdache in nas women's dress receives nas lovers

existed even into the twentieth century among the Navaho, where they were called the *nadle*. As many Lesbians as Gay men were reported to be *nadle*. In 1935, a Navaho elder was quoted as saying, "I believe when all the *nadle* have passed away, it will be the end of Navaho culture.... They are the leaders, like President Roosevelt" (Baumann, p. 25).

Among some Indian cultures, becoming a *Berdache* could be the pinnacle of one person's life, and those who chose this path were looked upon as having been visited by some god or goddess. A good example is recorded in the early 19th century by John Irving among the Otoe Indians. A famous brave once returned home after a heavy battle, and, as Irving recounts it:

"He collected his family around him. He told them that the Great Spirit had visited him in a dream, and had told him that he had now reached the zenith of his reputation; that no voice had more weight at the council fire; that no arm was heavier in battle. The divine visitant concluded by commanding that he should thenceforth relinquish all claim to the rank of a warrior, and assume the dress and avocations of a female. The group around him heard him in sorrow [because they were losing his warrior skills, not because he was becoming a *Berdache*]; for they prided themselves upon his high and warlike name; and looked up to him as the defender of their hearths. But none attempted to dissuade him from his determination; for they listened to the communications of the deity, with a veneration equal to his own" (John Irving, *Indian Sketches Taken During an Expedition to the Pawnee Tribes*, reprint of 1835 ed., U. of Ok. Press, Norman, 1955, p. 94).

Although most of the early reports concerning the American Indians describe the shamanistic role of men, Gay women also played an important role in the religion and politics of the tribes. In general, the sexist European and American observers tended to look down on Indian women, giving much less attention to their rituals and practices than to those of the men. As a result, we have much less information concerning women. One interesting account is by a Jesuit named Lafitau, who published in 1724 a book called *Moeurs des Amériquains, comparés aux mœurs des premiers temps*. Lafitau said he observed cases of "Amazons" in the tribes he visited, who were transvestite Gay women who fought in battle, especially among the Illinois and Sioux (cited by Edward Carpenter, *Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk, a Study in Social Evolution*, George Allen and Co., Ltd., London, 1914, p. 24).

The Christian/industrial civilization that invaded the Americas viewed with horror the high place of transvestism and sodomy in the culture of the American Indians. For example, Vasco Nunez de Vabra, the Spanish captain who first discovered the Southern Sea, turned savage dogs loose against the *Berdaches* he encountered (Carpenter, pp. 70-71).

The widespread homosexuality of the Indians was given as an excuse by the invading whites for their extermination. Their religious sex rites were taken as a sign of their supposed racial inferiority, compared to the more sexually

repressed culture of the invading Europeans. Baumann notes regarding the invaders' attitude toward the *Berdaches*:

16th to the 19th century) were sensitively colored because of the tastes at the time of the European observers, nonetheless they are extraordinarily important, for it was precisely erotic practices that quickly disappeared in later times, suppressed by the ridicule or malicious criticism of bookish European observers" (Baumann, p. 21).

Christian missionaries denounced the Indian approach to religion as witchcraft, just as the Inquisition and the Protestants had done earlier in Europe with the surviving Celtic culture. Writing in the 17th century, Cotton Mather denounced the Indians as "the veriest ruines of mankind" (*Magnalia Christi Americana*, Silas Andrus, Hartford, 1820, p. 504). Mather charged that they had "diabolical rites" in which "a devil" appeared to them (p. 506). In this context, it's interesting to note that the famous witch-hunts in Salem Village in 1692 all started with accusations made by three sexually repressed Puritans who had been present at Indian ceremonies conducted by two Carib Indians, John Indian and his wife Tituba (see Chadwick Hansen, *Witchcraft at Salem*, Signet Books, N.Y., 1969, pp. 56 f.).

"At the time, this was readily taken as a sign of the degeneracy of the Indian races, or at least as a reason for the quick defeat of their population. Although these often rather fanciful reports (which circulated from the

In almost every country that the Christian/industrial system has invaded, it has encountered native people practicing homosexual rites. These rites were then used as excuses (as with the Indians) to Christianize the "savages," thereby morally justifying the annihilation of their culture. A good example involving the French empire in this century is the work of the pseudonymous Dr. Jacobus, who traveled throughout French-occupied lands, describing (usually with much disapproval) the sex behavior of the native peoples. Interestingly, he calls for a European takeover of China because sodomy, which he views as a cancer, at the time was so prevalent there: "It is only by an immense immigration of foreign elements, and by the opening out of China to other nations, that it will be possible to cure the horrible canker that is eating up that country" (*Untrodden Fields of Anthropology*, Falstaff Press, N.Y., p. 104).

This homophobic and racist attitude has been taken up with enthusiasm by certain anthropologically-oriented psychiatrists. They view the sex practices of non-industrial societies as a "low" form of cultural development (in contrast to the supposed "high" culture of homophobic industrial societies). They further equate appearances of Gay activity in modern industrialized people as a regression to an earlier psychological stage, on the grounds that this behavior is common in lower cultures. An excellent example of how racist and piggish psychiatrists can be is the work of Sanger Brown, who says in his historical and psychological study of sex worship: "It has been stated that sex worship, as practiced during the primitive [sic] state of civilization,

was a healthy phase in racial [sic] evolution. In a higher degree of civilization, however, the reversion to this motive was a regression, and decadent sex worship as it existed during the Middle Ages was an attempt by certain unhealthy elements in the race to revert to the primitive. In decadent sex worship we are dealing with an instance of faulty mental adaptation in a way in which we had not begun accustomed to consider it" (Sanger Brown, II, *The Sex Worship and Symbolism of Primitive Races, an Interpretation*, Richard G. Badgen, Boston, 1916, pp. 112-113). As we shall see in a future article, a not very different variation on this same theme underlies the thought of the Victorian thinker Sigmund Freud, especially with regard to his concept of the reality principle.

The American Indians of today, of course, retain very little of their original sexual culture, just as Europeans have lost all contact with witchcraft. Nonetheless, certain myths still survive among the Indians which tell, in symbolical language, the story of what has happened to them. A beautiful example is a story of the Caddo Indians, which was recorded somewhere between 1903 and 1905. It has to do with the disappearance, under white pressure, of the *Berdache* among them. The story connects the disappearance of the *Berdache* to a permanent state of military conflict that seems to bewitch the people. In my opinion, this story contains in mythical form great insight into the connection between the oppression of Gay people and the rise of militarized industrialism, a theme we will explore in greater detail in a future article.

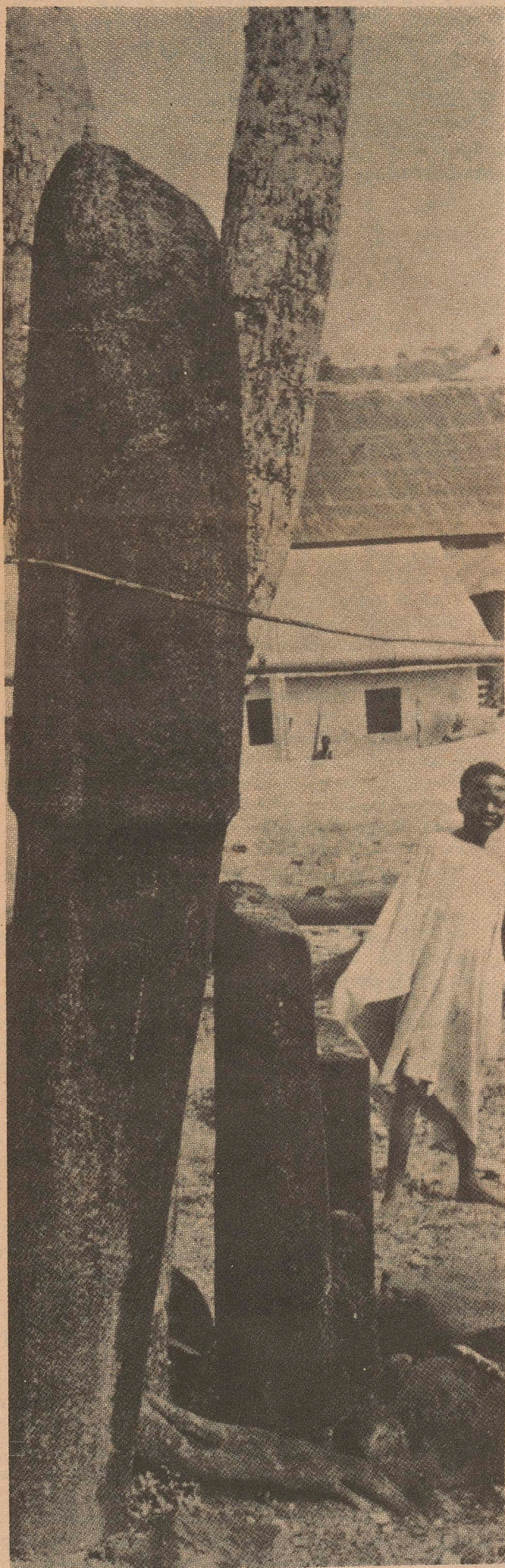
The story, which is called "The Effeminate Man Who Introduced Strife," is as follows.

"One time there lived among the people a man who always did the women's work and dressed like the women and went with them, and never went with the men. The men made fun of him, but he did not care, and continued to work and play only with the women. A war broke out with some other tribe, and all of the men went to fight but this man, who stayed behind with the women. After the war party had gone, an old man, who was too old to go with them, came to him and told him that if he would not go an fight he was going to kill him, for it was a disgrace to have such a man in the tribe. The man refused to go, saying the Great Father did not send him to earth to fight and did not want him to. The old man paid no attention to his excuse, and told him if he did not go to fight he would have the warriors kill him when they returned from battle with the enemy. The man said that they could not kill him, that he would always come to life, and would bewitch people and cause them to fight and kill one another. The old man did not believe him, and when the war party came home he told the men that they would have to kill the man because he was a coward, and they could not let a coward live in the tribe. They beat him until they thought he was dead, and were just ready to bury him when he jumped up alive. Again they beat him until he fell; then they cut off his head. He jumped up headless and ran about, frightening all of the people. They were just about to give up

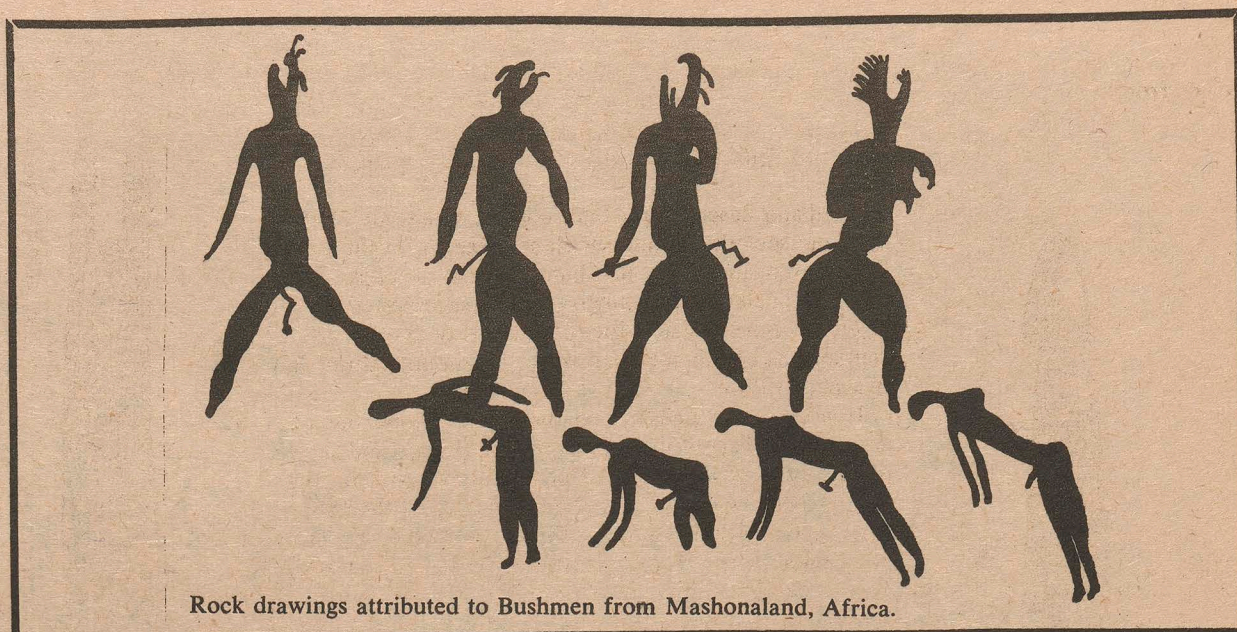
killing him when someone noticed a small purple spot on the little finger of his left hand. They cut that out; then he lay down and died. Soon after many people began to fight and quarrel, and even killed their own brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers. The other people tried to stop the fighting, but could not, because the people were bewitched and could not help themselves. Then the old man remembered what the coward had said, and he told the people, and they were all sorry they had killed him" (Geroge (George Dorsey, *Traditions of the Caddo*, Carnegie Inst. of Washington, Washington, D.C., 1905, p. 19).

A religious attitude toward Gayness was not limited to the area now called the continental United States. A connection between transvestite Gays and magical power is also found in native societies inhabiting the area around the Bering Strait. Such is the case among the Kamchadales, the Chukchi, the Aleuts, Inuits and Kodiak Islanders, where male and female Gay shamans have been reported. In these societies, Gay men grow their hair very long, wear the clothing of women, and are accorded great religious and political respect. "Homosexuality is common, and its relation to shamanism or priesthood most marked and curious" (Carpenter, p. 16). A similarly high position in religion and politics is reported for transvestite Gay women among peoples of the Yukon (Carpenter, p. 18).

In Central and South America, many reports have survived of Gay people and transvestites in native societies'



Ancient stone monument representing the male and female powers of earth and sky. Sacred shrine at Ife, southwestern Nigeria.



Rock drawings attributed to Bushmen from Mashonaland, Africa.

religions. For example, in 1554 Cieza de Leon described religious Gay male prostitutes similar to those mentioned in the Old Testament as living in Canaan. He associated them with the Devil: "the Devil had gained such mastery in the land that, not content with causing the people to fall into mortal sin, he had actually persuaded them that the same was a species of holiness and religion" (quoted by Carpenter, p. 34).

In 1775, Thomas Falkner reported that the function of male wizards among the Patagonians was performed by effeminate Gay men (Carpenter, p. 37). Sacred male prostitution was reported by the conquistadores in pre-Columbian Mexico. The sculpture of Yucatan shows that male homosexuality was "the custom of the country" (Iwan Bloch, *Anthropological Studies in the Strange Sexual Practices of All Races in All Ages*, privately printed, limited edition, N.Y., Falstaff Press, 1933, p. 49). Young male religious prostitutes, whom the Spanish called *maricones*, existed among the Andes Indians (Bloch, p. 50).

Gay shamans also existed in Africa. Such are the transvestite *omasenge* among the Ambo people of South West Africa (Baumann, p. 33). Among the Bantu and the Kwanyama, all the medicine people are Gay transvestites. Gay medicine people are also reported among the following societies: the Ovimbundu and Kimbundu of Northern Angola; the Lango of Uganda; the Konso of South Abyssinia; the Cilenge-Humbi of South Quillenges; and the Barea-Kunama, Korongo and Mesakin, all of Northeast Africa (these examples from Baumann).

In certain African societies, sacred orgies occur in which Gay people, both women and men, play an important role. People in the orgy report that they are taken over by a divine spirit that leads them to Gay sex acts. Concerning the matriarchal Bantu people, Baumann observes: "During these orgies it sometimes happens that a masculine *ondele* enters a woman, causing sexual desires that lead as an evil consequence [*sic*] to Lesbian acts" (Baumann, pp. 34-35). Even in certain societies where European commentators claim that homosexuality is not accepted, such as in parts of Angola, during great religious festivals people become possessed by transvestite and homosexual spirits (Baumann, p. 36).

Similar phenomena are also found in Madagascar, the large island off the coast of South East Africa. Among the Manghabei, the sacred male transvestites are called *tsecats* (Bloch, pp. 45-46). The Sakalavas and Betanimenes of Madagascar know of the same institution (Bloch, pp. 46-47).

When invading Christians encountered religious Gay practices in Africa, they attributed them to the Devil, just as Christians did in the case of the Indians of North America and the witches of the Middle Ages. In 1492, the Christian convert Leo Africanus wrote concerning the sacred Lesbians of Morocco

"The third kind of diviners are women-witches, which are affirmed to have familiarity with devils. Changing their voices they fain the divell to speak within them: then they which come to enquire ought with greate fear and trembling aske these vile and abominable witches such questions as they mean to propound, and lastly, offering some fee unto the divell, they depart. But the wiser and honester sort of people call these women *Sahacat*, which in Latin signifieth *Fricatrices* [Lesbians], because they have a damnable custom to commit unlawful venerie among themselves, which I cannot express in any modester terms" (quoted by Carpenter, p. 39).

In outlining the sacred role of Gay people in non-industrial societies, we could go on and on, and cite numerous examples outside of America and Africa. Suffice it to say that ritual transvestism and sodomy (or the worship of androgynous deities, which is always indicative of this) are also found in Australia, the South Sea Islands, the Middle East, Europe, and the Far East (including India, China, Japan and Vietnam).

Commentators are of different opinions as to what this evidence means. Hermann Baumann, whose well documented book I have frequently quoted, believes that the existence of Gay shamans is limited to what he calls "high cultures" (i.e. those that were partially urbanized, such as the ancient people of Mexico) or areas that fall within the

spheres of influence of such high cultures. He points out, for example, that sacred transvestism and Gayness were particularly common in Northern Africa, which fell within the cultural sway of the ancient high cultures of the Mediterranean. He argues that it was not known in the earliest cultures of which we have knowledge.

Baumann's interpretation is a mistake, and does not do justice to the facts as we know them. He makes two fatal mistakes that are often found in the writing of industrial anthropologists. He assumes: 1) that homosexuality and transvestism are perversions that do not occur naturally, and thus have to be explained; and 2) that a culture which is semi-urbanized is somehow higher than those that are institutionless.

Both these assumptions are wrong. Homosexuality and transvestism are reported in practically every society of which we have detailed records. What needs to be explained is not the occurrence of Gayness, but its incredible suppression at the hands of the Christian/industrial tradition. Likewise, a society is in no way higher simply because it's partially institutionalized or urbanized. In fact, as we shall see in the next article, a case can be made for exactly the opposite contention. These two assumptions of Baumann's are prejudices based on the prevailing lifestyle of modern industrialism.

Baumann's view also doesn't square with known anthropological and archeological facts. Statues of androgynous deities (which, by Baumann's own admission, are always indicative of ritual Gay acts) have been found in Europe back to a period of time that predates any evidence of urbanism or institutionalism (see L. Zoltz, "Idoles paleolithiques de l'Etre Androgyne," *Bull. de la Soc. Prehist.*, 1951, pp. 333 ff.). In addition, we know of many instances of ritual sodomy and transvestism far removed from the influence of urbanized societies (in Africa and Australia, for example). We also saw that such phenomena existed in virtually all the major linguistic groups of North American Indians, and although some of these groups may have been influenced by the supposedly higher cultures of Middle America, it's doubtful that all were.

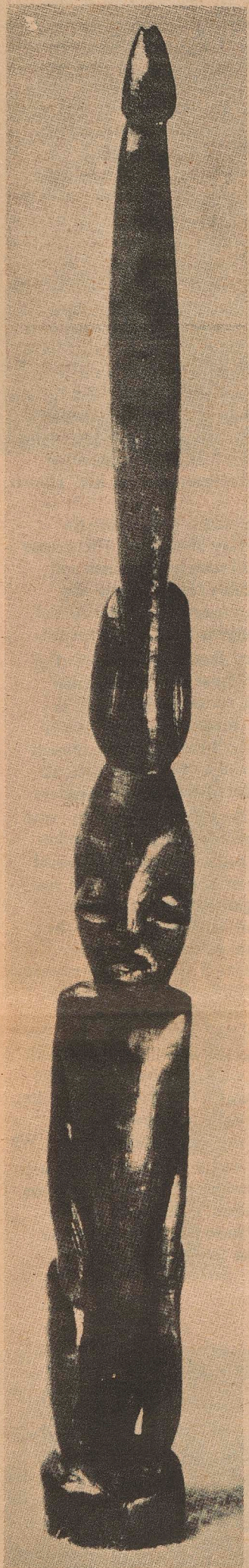
A far more likely interpretation of the facts is the obvious one: that the evidence of Gay shamans in "high" cultures is one of the oldest aspects of these cultures. The existence of such people in societies surrounding the high cultures does not mean that the surrounding people borrowed the practice, but that it was indigenous to their cultures as well. This is the conclusion reached by J. Winthuis in his fascinating study ("Das Zweigeschlechterwesen bei den Zentralaustralien und anderen Voelkern" in *Forschungen zur Voelker-psychologie und Soziologie*, vol. 5, 1928, pp. 1-297). Winthuis argues that the worship of sexuality (both straight and Gay) is the ancient world-wide religion of the non-industrial world and is associated with institutionless communalism and the worship of animals and other natural beings.

Baumann's argument is really just a subtle variation of the old homophobic notion that homosexuality is due to the decadence of higher civilizations. This position, in my opinion, has been refuted among others by the studies of Iwan Bloch, despite his own obvious hatred of Gay people. Bloch, who calls non-industrialized people "barbarians" and industrialized people "civilized," concludes nonetheless about homosexual behavior:

"... these manifestations are observed among many peoples who live in the most 'natural' state imaginable, quite without higher culture, indeed under stone-age conditions ... It is also a fact that among such peoples these perversities [*sic*] are not of isolated occurrence but have been known to be much more widespread than even among the most highly civilized peoples" (Bloch, p. 9).

The greatest flaw in Baumann's interpretation is that he overlooks the enormous role played by sexuality in general in the life of non-industrial societies. Like so many institutionalized academics, he has exhaustively researched his own narrow field, and studiously ignored everything of relevance in any other field. In fact, the worship of sex and nature is a well established feature of virtually every non-industrialized society. Since transvestism and homosexuality (both male and female) are perfectly natural expressions of human sexuality, it's only natural that we find ritual

A personification of the penis carved from ivory. Waregga tribe, Zaïre-Kinshasha



transvestism and Gayness in so many societies.

Some people may argue against this sweeping conclusion by pointing to the studies of Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach (*Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, Harper and Bros., 1951). I feel constrained to say something about this book since it is so highly regarded even among Gay people.

Ford and Beach conducted a comparative study of 190 different societies around the globe. Except for the United States, all of these were non-industrialized societies. The authors concluded that only 64% of these societies considered homosexual activities of one sort or another acceptable for certain members of the community (Ford and Beach, p. 130).

How can we explain this relatively small proportion of acceptance? Part of the problem lies in the method employed by Ford and Beach. They did *not* (as they readily admit) examine the whole cultural complex of the societies they mention. On the contrary, their conclusions were based on the Human Relations Area Files, a computer-based system that maintains information on more than two hundred different societies, all categorized according to various aspects of human culture. In other words, they got a print-out under the category "sex" or "homosexuality," counted up the pros and cons, and computed the percentage quoted above.

Unfortunately, non-industrialized societies do not make the distinctions between religion and sex that modern computers and their programmers make. Much of the Gay sex and transvestism of nature people, like much of their sex life in general, is expressed collectively through their religion. It is probably for this reason, for example, that Ford and Beach list the Ojibways as not publicly approving of Gay sex, whereas there *are* reports that the opposite is the case in their religious ceremonies (see Baumann, p. 21). In their account of the *Berdache*, Ford and Beach make no reference whatsoever to its relation to religion! Indeed, their much-touted study of the cross-cultural occurrence of homosexuality consists of a meagre eight pages.

Likewise, their data on Gay women is laughably narrow. Although they state at the beginning of their book that their findings are based on 190 different societies, their conclusions on Gay women are based on only 17 societies (p. 133). The information they do have makes absolutely no reference to the importance of Gay women in the religion of nature people.

Another problem of the Ford and Beach study—indeed of *any* anthropological study of sex—is that many of the primary sources dealing with non-Christian sex practices among nature peoples have been ignored or repressed. Much of the best documented information of this nature is locked away in obscure German publications dating from the turn of the century. The problem is compounded by the primary observers themselves, most of whom have been uptight, straight, white, institutionalized academics. In view of all these shortcomings—the straight-jacket sexuality of the original observers, the selectivity of academic publications, the piecemeal, IBM-approach of Ford and Beach—it's remarkable that even 64% of the societies should be reported as in favor of Gay people. In fact, as a comparison of exhaustive studies of sexual religions shows, the figure should probably be much closer to 100%. And in the remaining cases, I would venture to argue that the repressive influence of some "higher" culture can be shown.

To give some idea of what academic studies usually leave out, I will give some examples of the general role of sex religions in non-industrial societies. In presenting this overview, we will discover further similarities to the practices of the witches.

Indiscriminate sexual orgies are commonly and routinely practiced by non-industrialized societies as a form



Dogon wooden figures, Mali



of religious devotion. Reports of these sacred orgies come from all over the world. An excellent account of their practice can be found in George Scott's book *Phallic Worship* (Mental Health Press, Westport, Conn.). "Phallic" as used in this book refers to the genitals of both sexes, and not just to cocks.

For example, in the Americas, pictures surviving from ancient Yucatan show religious scenes in which men perform acts of "indescribable beastliness" (Scott, pp. 122-23). The Sioux Indians performed a ritual dance of sodomy with a man dressed in the horns of a Buffalo (p. 118). An eyewitness 17th century account of Peru reports a religious service "where the devil so far prevailed in their beastly devotions, that there were boys consecrated to serve in the temple, and at the times of their sacrifices and solemn feasts the Lords and principal men abused them to that detestable filthiness" (p. 72).

In the Far East, the situation is the same. In Japan, many of the oldest practices of the indigenous nature religion continue under the guise of Shintoism. Ancient Shinto temples are full of orgiastic art and "were the scene of sexual orgies rivaling the Bacchanalia of ancient Rome" (p. 229). In ancient China, one of the most celebrated goddesses was Kwan-Yin, a variant of the great mother. She was worshipped with orgies that included homosexuality (p. 222). The most ancient religious artifacts of India are filled with depictions of orgies, and the worship of the sexual organs of both sexes (p. 183). Jacques-Antoine Dulaure, in his classic book on sex worship, worship, notes that "the celebrated and ancient pagoda of Jagannath, and the no less ancient one of Elephanta near Bombay, the bas-reliefs of which William Alen sketched in 1784, offer the most indecent pictures that a corrupted imagination could conceive" (*The Gods of Generation*, Panurge Press, N.Y., 1933, p. 83; this is a translation of the original *Des Divinités Génératrices*, published in 1804).

In previous articles we have already dealt with sex religion in ancient Europe. Here it is enough to recall that the British Isles are full of sexual artifacts of the greatest antiquity (Scott, p. 233), and that a huge Stone-Age portrait of a man with an enormous erect cock has been cut in the chalk and turf in Dorset on a hill near Cerne Assas (p. 223). The oldest churches in Ireland show nude women above the door, exposing enlarged vulvas (Thomas Wright, "The Worship of the Generative Powers During the Middle Ages of Western Europe" in *Sexual Symbolism*, The Julian Press, N.Y., 1957, first printed in 1866, pp. 36-39). The ancient Teutons worshipped a tree spirit called *Scrat*, which in Old English means hermaphrodite, and which the Latins called *incubus* (Wright, p. 75). Archeological artifacts from medieval France show the depiction of androgynous deities and sacred orgies (Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall, "Die Schuld der Tempel" in *Denkschriften der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Philosophisch-Historische Classe*, vol. 6, 1855, Vienna, pp. 175-210).

Sacred orgies regularly occurred in the religious rites of ancient peoples living around the Mediterranean Sea. Such, among others, were the worship of Isis at Bubasti in Egypt; the festivals of Baal-Peor in the Middle East; the worship of Venus at Cyprus; the worship of Adonis at Byblos; and, of course, the Dionysia, Floralia and Bacchanalia (all these from Bloch, p. 95).

The purpose of these sacred orgies has been much obscured by modern commentators, who are generally straight males. The orgies were *not* done to increase the population, as is often maintained. The notion that the purpose of sex is procreation is a modern industrial one, derived ultimately from the Judeo-Christian tradition. Some of the most ancient nature societies did not even know that children are produced by fucking. Besides, most nature societies deliberately restricted population growth through the use of herbal contraceptives and abortions. Nor were their rites a secret symbolizing of some deep hidden theological meaning.

All the evidence indicates that nature people fucked for pleasure. Their purpose was to celebrate sex. Their orgies were acts of sexual worship to the power of sex they felt in themselves and in nature around them. Their religious feasts were characteristically joyous: dancing, feasting, fucking together. The Indians who have been observed in the Americas, the myths that have survived in Europe, the artifacts that exist from all over the world—all attest to the *pleasure* of what the celebrants were doing. George Scott has rightly observed "that, without exception, the worship of sex by all primitive [*sic*] races originated in the pleasure associated with coitus, and not in any clearly conceived notion that intercourse would produce children" (pp. 47).

Hence it is a misrepresentation for industrialized academics to call such celebrations "fertility rites," as they usually do. The orgies were not clumsy attempts to increase the gross national product by people who had a very rude understanding of economic laws. The nature people did,

Stone pipe from Cherokee Indians of Georgia





Masked dancer at festival of Kali (India)

indeed, believe that through such acts their bodies would become stronger, the crops would grow taller, the sun would shine brighter, and the rains would come in profusion when needed. But they believed these things because they had a collective tribal *feeling* of the power of sex throbbing through the whole of nature; their experience of sex was so open, public, communal and intense that they felt it reverberate through the whole cosmos. In this, they were unlike modern industrialized people who practice sex solely for procreation—privately, in the dark, in isolation, and with guilt.

Non-industrialized societies were not in the least embarrassed to practice all sorts of sex acts in public because of sexual obscenity, like the procreative ideal of sex, is a modern Christian/industrial view. "In tribes where no ideas of modesty such as are current in civilized [*sic*] society have arisen, there is no concept of obscenity in connexion with exposure of the genital organs or even with the performance of the sex act itself. Any taboo is concerned not with the *sight* of the reproductive parts, but with the touching of them by unauthorized persons" (Scott, p. 125).

Non-industrialized societies also in general treat prostitutes, both heterosexual and homosexual, much differently than Christian/industrial societies. In modern societies, as we all know, the prostitute is a purely economic being: a woman or man rents out her or his body for the sake of someone else's orgasm or phantasy. In addition, the work of prostitutes is looked down upon in industrialized societies as being somehow dirty, and prostitutes are often caught up in a web of social disrepute, legal harassment, and exploitation by pimps.

In non-industrialized societies, prostitutes are often treated with great religious respect, and their activities are considered as religious activities.

For example, in the ancient Middle East, the land of Canaan, later invaded by the Israelites, was originally peopled by a society where Gay male prostitution was very prominent. These prostitutes were located in the temples. As with medieval witches, men and women who impersonated sexual deities were literally thought to become them, and having sex with these people was viewed as the highest and most tangible form of religious communion with the deity.

Payment was made to the temple as a form of religious donation after having sex with the sacred prostitute. In the original Hebrew of the Old Testament, males prostitutes were called *Kadeshim*, which literally means "consecrated ones," indicative of their high status in the eyes of their worshippers (Carpenter, p. 29). Most translations of this word into other languages suppress the positive

meaning of the word, and mistranslate it negatively, as, for example, "effeminate" (Dulaure, pp. 130-131).

The ancient Israelites were constantly imitating or adopting the religious prostitution of the people whose land they stole, and their leaders were constantly admonishing, beating, or killing them for doing this. In the first *Book of Kings*, we read: "Judah did evil in the sight of the LORD, and by their sins angered him even more than their fathers had done. They, too, built for themselves high places [euphemism for dildoes that were worshipped], pillars, and sacred poles, upon every high hill and under every green tree. There were also cult prostitutes [*Kadeshim*] in the land. Judah imitated all the abominable practices of the nations whom the LORD had cleared out of the Israelites' way" (1 *Kings*, 14:22-24, *New American Bible*). Joshua, the "reformer" king, was one of many who tried to suppress the practices: "He also put an end to the pseudo-priests whom the kings of Judah had appointed to burn incense on the high places in the cities of Judah...He tore down the apartments of the cult prostitutes which were in the temple of the LORD" (2 *Kings*, 23:5-7).

King Joshua's actions seem mild here when compared to the earlier treatment by Moses of the people who worshipped sex and practiced ritual prostitution. The *Book of Numbers* records that Moses held a mass execution of those Israelites who had been influenced by the worship of Baal-Peor, a sex god worshipped by the Midianites. Twenty-four thousand people were murdered by Moses' henchmen (*Numbers*, 25:9). As if that wasn't enough, Moses then led a raid against the Midianites themselves, in which were slaughtered every male, both adult and child, and every woman who had ever had sex (*Numbers*, 51).

Of course, the earliest example of this type of anti-sexual blood thirst in Moses involved the famous worship of the golden calf, the Horned God as he appeared in early Israelite history. When Moses found out that the Israelites were practicing this religion, he called to the priests and said: "Thus says the LORD, the God Israel: Put your sword on your hip, every one of you! Now go up and down the camp, from gate to gate, and slay your own kinsmen, your friends, and neighbors!" (*Exodus*, 32:27). Three thousand people were murdered in this incident.

The ancient Israelites, like their spiritual successors the Christians, denounced this sex and nature religion as witchcraft. Carpenter notes: "when the Jews established their worship of Jehovah as a great reaction against the primitive [*sic*] nature-cults of Syria—and in that way to become the germ of Christianity—the first thing they did was to denounce the priests and satellites of Baal-Peor and Ashtoreth as wizards and sorcerers, and wielders of devilish faculties" (Carpenter, p. 50).

Throughout the ancient world, both male and female prostitution was associated with religion. Such was the case in the worship of Baal-Peor, Moloch and Astarte (Syria); Osiris and Isis (Egypt); Venus (Greece and Rome); Mithra (Persia); Mylitta (Assyria); Alitta (Arabia); Dilephat (Chaldea); Salambo (Babylonia); and Diana Anaitis (Armenia). [All these examples from Edmund Dupouy, "Prostitution in Antiquity" in Alexander Stone's anthology, *The Story of Phallicism*, vol. I, Pascal Covici, Chicago, 1927).

Throughout Mediterranean civilization, the male god associated with these phenomena came in general to be called Priapus (which means "erect cock" and "dildo" in Latin). He is very reminiscent of the Horned God of the witches: "In the statues raised in the temples, Priapus was represented under the form of a hairy man, with legs and horns like a goat, holding a wand in his hand and provided with a formidable virile member" (Dupouy, p. 503). The corresponding female deity was a great-mother figure often associated with the earth or the moon, reminiscent of the witches' Diana.

The religious prostitute seems simply to be a historical extension of the practice of having ritual sex with the shaman, either male or female. In tribal societies (where cities, temples, and money are unknown), we have seen the common practice of ritual sex with the shaman, either individually or in orgies. As early Mediterranean societies fell victim to urbanism and a money economy, the function of shaman in the countryside was transformed into that of priest in the temple, and money then entered in as a form of religious donation. So we see how Gay history, the history of prostitution, and the religious history of non-industrialized societies are all tied together.

We are now in a position to see that the phenomenon called "witchcraft" in Europe was by no means an isolated thing peculiar to a certain period in the history of that continent. Quite the opposite: the ritual worship of sex and nature was once the case throughout the world, and still is in the societies that industrialized academics call "primitive." In these societies, as in the case of the witches, women and Gay men generally enjoyed a high status, Gay people of both sexes were looked upon with religious awe, and sexual acts of every possible kind were associated with the most holy forms of religious expression. Admittedly, there were also great diversities and variations in the beliefs and practices of these societies, but there was one great common feature that set them off in sharp distinction to the Christian/industrial tradition: their love of sexuality.

This love of sexuality was "the universal primitive religion of the world and has left its indelible impress upon our ideas, our language, and our institutions" (Clifford Howard, *Sex Worship: An Exposition of the Phallic Origins of Religion*, published by the author, Wash., D.C., 1897, p. 7).

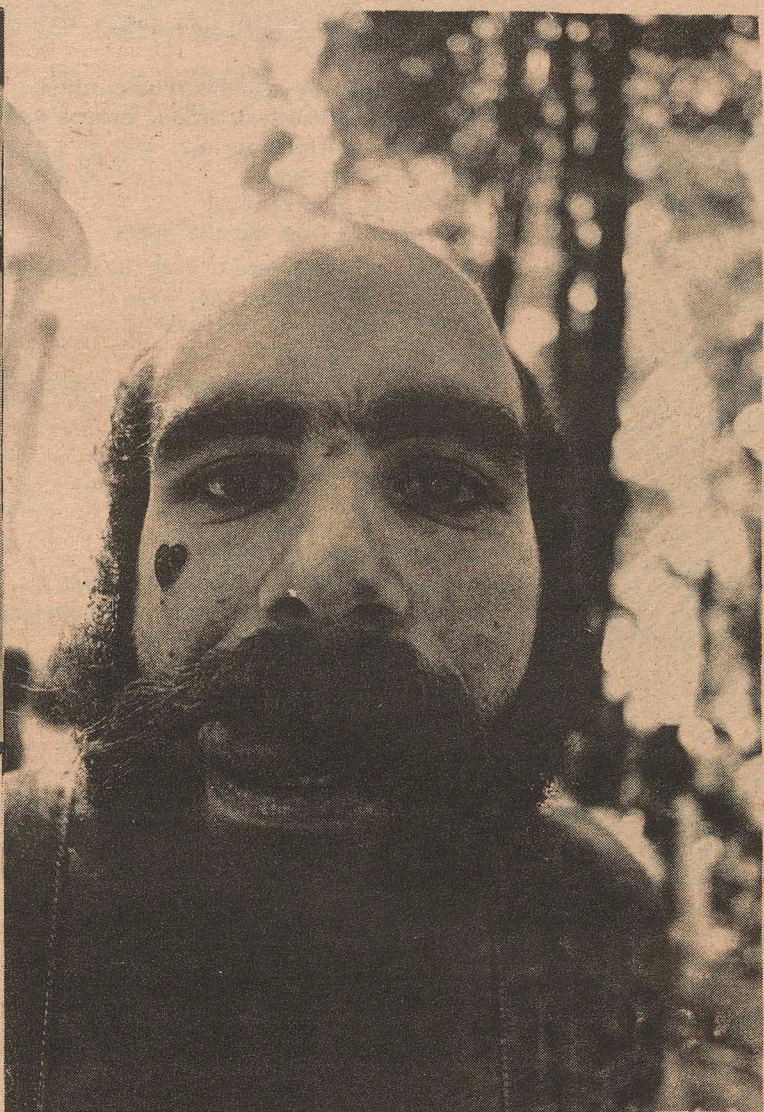
Many historians who have specialized in European witchcraft have never been able to explain what it really was because of their ignorance of studies outside their own narrow field. It was anthropologists and mythologists who first discovered striking similarities between the confessions of the witches and the universal religious practices of non-industrialized societies. Such, for example, is the case with a famous mythological study by Arne Runeberg, who concludes: "Western European belief in witches and witchcraft connected with it proves, when compared with related non-European phenomena, to be a form of primitive magic which seems to have originated at a time when our forefathers lived as primitive hunters and farmers in a world over which the forest still exerted undisputed domination" ("Witches, Demons and Fertility Magic," in *Societas Scientiarum Fennica, Commentationes Humanarum Litterarum*, vol. 14, No. 4, Helsingfors, 1947, p. 240). Such is also the conclusion of nearly every scholar who has done serious study on sex religions. So, for example, Iwan Bloch: "Witchcraft, with its religious-sexual foundation, is a primitive, universal, anthropologic phenomenon, a product of prehistoric humnity, originating from age-old inter-relations of religion and sex life" (Bloch, p. 104).

These conclusions are of explosive importance for both Women's liberation and Gay liberation. The vicious repression in modern industrial society of women and sexuality (including Gay sexuality) is not in any way typical of human practices throughout the ages. In fact, the opposite is true. *Homo sapiens* as a distinct species has been on the earth for many thousands of years. For the overwhelming majority of those years, the human race lived in communal, tribal, rural-based societies in direct dependence on nature. In general, the people in these societies closely identified themselves with animals and their own animal nature, and lovingly embraced all forms of sexuality. Among their most respected leaders were Gay women and men. The Christian tradition, with its astounding alienation from nature and its repression of women and sexuality, has been a dominant historical force only since 300 A.D., some seventeen hundred years.

How did the Christian religion manage to come to power in the first place? What is its connection to the patriarchal Roman Empire that preceded it, and the Industrial System that succeeded it? Is there any connection between these three traditions and the existence today of sexism and homophobia on such a large scale throughout the "civilized" world?

In the next article in this series, we will begin to tackle these questions. In doing so, we will be led beneath the surface of religious conflict (which we have dealt with in detail so far) and take up the underlying political and economic conflicts that were the real causative agents. We will come to see the intimate way in which the oppression of Gay women and men is connected to class domination in general, economic exploitation, racism, and the destruction of nature—traits that have everywhere become hallmarks of modern industrial "civilization."



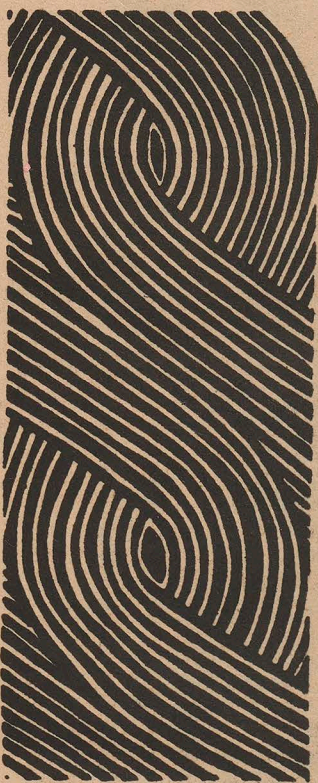


A JAMES GRIFFITH



GALLERY





(they never found out how he died)

at death his body maintained an erection
the doctors all laughed, making swoops with the scalpel
the make-up person laughed
(they're always queer)
and dabbed a bit of rouge
where it grew from out the zipper
at his funeral they tried to keep the lid closed
but the family insisted they open it
all the mourners were amazed
laughing in torrents
his mother and wife turning away respectfully
said i never did like that boy anyway
he had no sense and he was queer
(never got it up like that for me)
embarrass us all this way!

closing the box the diggers
made jokes about not being able to get it to shut
they sat on the box and made surprised-looking faces
they laughed at him all the way down
they laughed when they threw in the dirt
when the hole was filled in they jumped on the plot
yelling and gaffawing,
stay down now, you hear?

as he lay there worms made joke of his stance
say, who's the new cutie with the rouge on his head
and they laughed
and laughed
and laughed
and laughed
and laughed
and laughed

TWO POEMS BY GAVIN DILLARD

i plunge naked into bed
crawling nude into the sheets
between the soft cotton
i plunge
naked
over naked-bottom-white sheets
my testicles drag
across the sea my udders glide
flaccidly
swaying into bed
i mount my turgid mat,
naked, legs erect
crawling nude upon my bed
plunging bare into
sprawling naked across the edge
flattened limp against the floor
pressing smooth into the quilts
plunging naked
into my bed
laying store my wearied flesh
folding neat, naked into sheets
lying nude
across the bed
floating naked on the waves
riding naked in the shade
pressing, soft, on pubic down
plunging
soft into the muslin
holding tight my body's warmth
holding firm my turgid length
plunging naked into beddings
crawling
nude
penis scraping
folding tight into the quilt
folding nude into the darkness
shining
naked in the moonglow
sweating warmth into the blackness
pushing wet into the pillow
breathing hard into the stillness
pushing hard into the pillow
breathing hard into the stillness
pushing wet into the pillow
sliding naked into darkness
wrapping legs around the quiet
erecting hard
into the darkness
i plunge naked into sleep

QUESTION

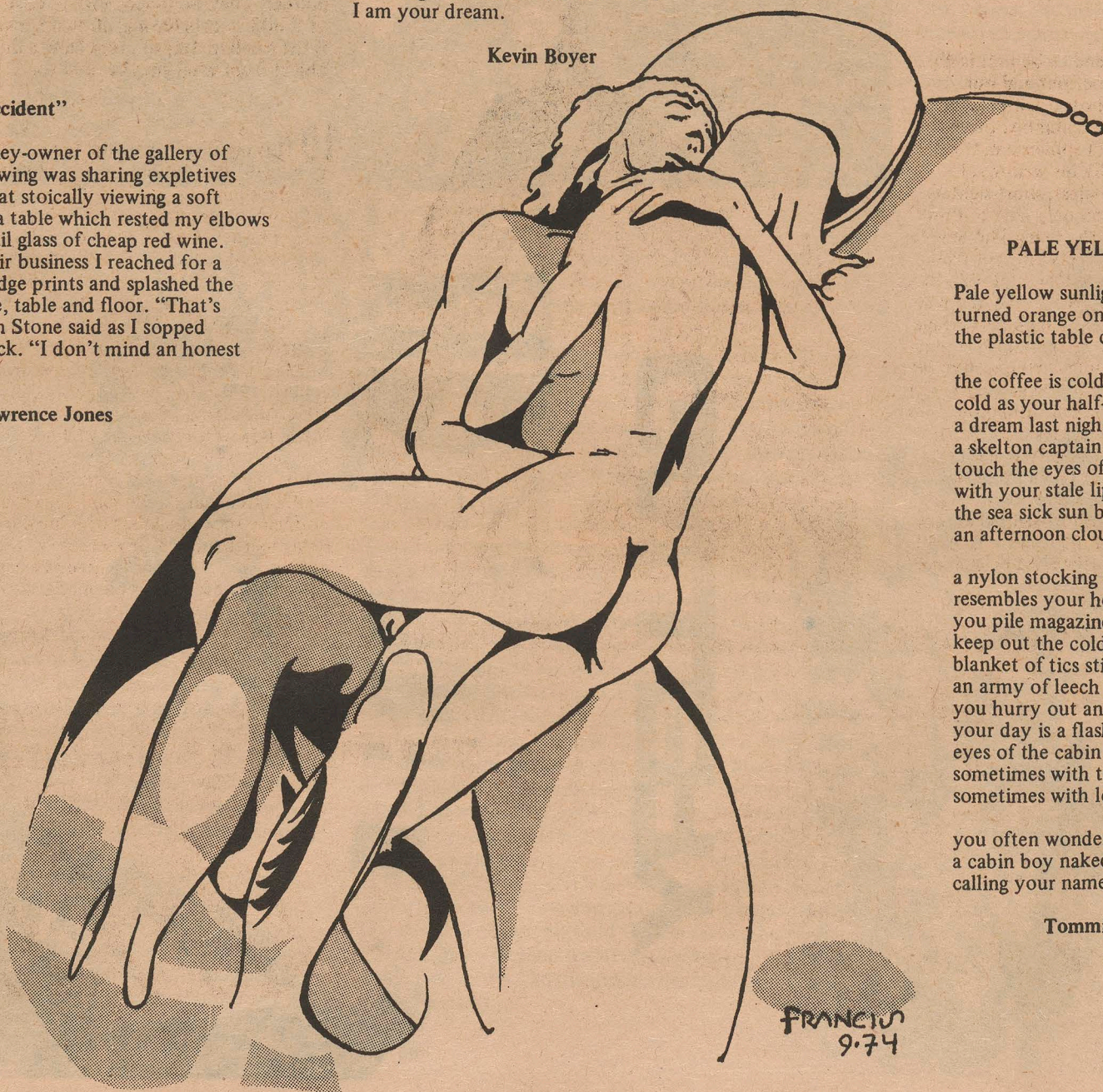
If I were to ask
how many times in one week
we kiss
while you fantasize of someone
who exists only in sexdreams,
you would probably just sigh, smile,
turn your face toward me and sleep,
peacefully, while I watched
your chest rise and fall
rhythmically,
knowing well that in the real world
I am your dream.

Kevin Boyer

"an honest accident"

The attorney-owner of the gallery of
the afternoon's showing was sharing expletives
with my lover as I sat stoically viewing a soft
stone sculpture on a table which rested my elbows
and a plastic cocktail glass of cheap red wine.
Getting back to their business I reached for a
catalogue of hard/edge prints and splashed the
glass over the statue, table and floor. "That's
quite all right," Sam Stone said as I sopped
napkins over the rock. "I don't mind an honest
accident."

Lawrence Jones



PALE YELLOW SUNLIGHT

Pale yellow sunlight
turned orange on an apple in a lazy susan
the plastic table cloth is torn,

the coffee is cold,
cold as your half-hearted laugh
a dream last night
a skelton captain who was lonely
touch the eyes of a pretty cabin boy
with your stale lips
the sea sick sun bounced in the cold water
an afternoon cloud rushed by

a nylon stocking with a run
resembles your heart
you pile magazines against the window to
keep out the cold
blanket of tics stinging and sucking
an army of leech invaders
you hurry out and you hurry in
your day is a flash:
eyes of the cabin boy follow you
sometimes with tears
sometimes with longing

you often wonder if god isn't
a cabin boy naked, legs spread,
calling your name.

Tommi Avicelli

MITZEL'S TEN POINTS IN CRITICISM OF THE CURRENT VOGUE OF TODAY'S L&L / S&M / F-F SCENE AMONG HOMOSEXUALISTS

1 "I never switch!" sez the cold-eyed, dominating TOP MAN who's usually as full of blarney as Nixon. Yet this type is eagerly absorbed by the L&L/western/S&M scene, even though his attitude and inflexibility is inexcusable in gay liberation terms. It's an ironic thought that the worst of **poseur macho intractability** would surface and be celebrated in a gay milieu. As **Fred Halstead** told an interviewer: he went queer when he found out it was easier to boss the fags around than it was the women.

2 Charley Shively once told me: "When you go home with one of these swaggering leather numbers from the bar, he has this fabulously decorated apartment loaded with consumer goods." And he's right. In other words, this **leather/levi/faggot/chic** boom is just a new twist to push goods. Sprung as largely a **middle-class phenomenon**—exploiting repressed sexual imaginations of prosperous 9-to-5 engineers, educators, businessmen, etc.—this series of fads is now spreading to all parts of the gay subculture, appealing to a stylized libido in order to **ring cash registers**. For gay males, the appeal is to be part of the American MAN's fantasy of **omnipotence, control, domination**. Its symbology is not of cooperation, but one of conflict, ordering and serving.

3 *Things*. These boys are into things. Gear is OK by me in limited quantities as long as it's used for the purpose of **sexual gratification**. But as Americans repeatedly demonstrate, once you get the dress, you've got to get the shoes and matching handbag and the tasteful string of pearls...

The gear becomes a badge of social position and indicates affluence. Boston's Tantalus catalogue offers the **S&M guy** the following: **ball stretcher/chastity harness; nip-nips (for tits), sensitizer ("spanks partner while you're in him"), bottleneck dildo, spreader restraints, studded gloves, crotch securer, chain hobble**, etc. It's a regular inventory and can't begin to compare with the catalogues out of Cal. I know some drag queen friends who travel lighter than some middle-class faggot "club" members who haul all their gear when they go on "runs." **John Laporta** remarked in one of our meetings that he'd entertained a **harness fantasy** until he saw in the catalogue that harnesses start at \$70! And there's some who say that the reason the leather guys don't like the fluff crowd is because fluff costs **less than leather!** Allen Ginsberg wasn't the first to say it, but it needs retelling: "Our skin should be enough!"

4 "Spokesmen" of the practise tend to be politically unsophisticated, naive, insensitive or out-and-out reactionary (like Rex, the NYC illustrator). Take Mr. **Larry Townsend**, a "conservative" columnist often favored by the old *Advocate*, and a spokesman for the leather/levi/western/S&M scene. By his writings, he reveals himself as a totally middle-class, short-sighted, unvisionary consumer-oriented man only able to think of people as Subjects and Objects (he being The Subject and others being Objects). He lacks any trace of real political awareness. He appears to **accept exploitation** as an unchangeable way of American life. (By the way, I must say I'm a little unnerved by the high percentage of Dominating S&M guys I've met lately who turn out to be **landlords!**) Townsend's volume, *The Leatherman's Handbook*, a popular introduction to the gay leather/S&M scene, does not only radiate a California roughness in its approach to gay life and sex, it lacks finesse, an appreciation for the quality of sensitivity in a dominance/submission scene, and, if not taken primarily for its prurient interest, could have consequences far more damaging than its obviously short-sighted author could conceive. Intentional or not, its result is to capture and discipline energy that would otherwise be channeled into **revolutionary awareness**.

5 It's faggots playing at being MEN: levis and leather, drinking beer with their buddies, a system of "friendships" based on exclusion. It's almost as though they're **normal**, that haven for the violent and mediocre. It's just another expression of sexuality still caught up in the shackles of **Puritanism**. Just look at the recent and rapid proliferation of the leather/levi/bikie/fraternity-type/social clubs for gay males. Compare and contrast with the number of radical faggot groups, organizations, publications, etc. What's happened to Gay Liberation? Well, it's got its wrists handcuffed in a tearoom in some NYC leather-ghetto bar and its head is being dunked into a brimming pisspot by two laughing **top men** with fat investment portfolios safely secured away at their banks.

The point is: without **gay liberation politics**, these men and their group activities wind up mimicking Rotarians. They are characterized by the same personality patterns, power plays, consumerism and status quoism of **Butchie Straight Life**. There seems to be no awareness or desire for change, no acknowledgement of the need to struggle for an unexploitative society.

In an interview in the Washington, D.C. *Blade*, three propagandists for the L&L/S&M scene share these comments: "As part of this, we now have 79 bars nationwide identifying themselves as Levi/Western and 110 motorcycle and associated clubs..." "There may be 65 or 500 guys on a run. You'll find the run crowd, on the whole, on the conservative side politically, more so than most gay groups. There are very few runs where you'll not hear 'God Bless America' if not the national anthem."

6 Costumes, gimmickry, toys are all a step away from subtlety and understanding to obviousness and fantasy. No one wants to talk to a **person** in such situations; people become objects, and like in everything else in America there's constant **consumer complaints**. And the astonishing thing is the **superficiality** of it all, the schoolmarmishness of one guy telling another his fantasy's really not up to par. For example, I've worn my handcuffs on my left side and a dog collar around my right shoulder, and it threw the bar into confusion. Several guys came up to me and lectured me on **How To Dress For The Bar**, and each one told me something different; each wanted me more in line with **his particular fantasy**.

But what's really shocking is the casual acceptance of those homosexual males who idealize fascist insignia and fascist social attitudes. They're tolerated and actually encouraged because their struttin' and tough talkin' is **very masculine** and that's a turn-on!



The leather boys moan and groan lately about the fluff invading their scene; what have they to say of fascist sympathizers? I've seen it with my own eyes: Nazi-gear as OK in the bar. It's Hello-Pathology Time.

7 Sex role-playing is fine because it's usually over with ejaculation. What concerns me is the **social role-playing** that carries over from **leather/levi/S&M sexual fantasizing**. Read a little California publication, *The Care and Feeding of the Male Sex Slave*. Or how about Larry Townsend's recommendation of *Mandingo* (a trashy southern-slavery violence-and-romancer book and film) because the whipping of the slaves is a real turn-on. Know any gay S&M couples where the top man is the hubby and the slave turns out to be just that, homemaker, dishwasher, cleaner, cook?

8 Fist-fucking has become all the rage in the past year. This fashion would not exist had it not been for the gay male porno films shown in large metropolises, allowing a few filmmakers to set the trends for faggot communities. Lana Turner's sweaters set off a craze; Halstead did the same for fist-fucking. I've been told that some bars in NYC feature it regularly on stage as part of the show. Common sense is always the first fatality when it comes face-to-face with the mania for products and behavior of consumer fads: thalidomide, skate-boards, speed, fist-fucking. Just remember, friends: **peritonitis** is not a charming East Side chic malady, as **Virginia Rappe and Rudolph Valentino** might well testify.

9 The L&L/S&M scene actively promotes arrogant, exploitative, anti-social, selfish, cocksure, masculine personalities that may be a passing sexual turn-on (though I've ultimately found it to the contrary) but which has **other and detrimental social repercussions**. If faggots are to be coopted by idealizing bully boys and getting caught up in consumerism, if we're going to allow our community to imitate the worst of **macho heterosexual patterns of objectification and exploitation of other men**, then there appears to be no hope that we're also to be the agents for large-scale change in male behavior. I don't mind the sexual posing for pick-ups etc.; my complaint is that MEN can now move comfortably from acceptance of the exploitative, heterosexual culture into an exploitative masculinist homosexual sub-culture without passing through the intervening (and intellectually cleansing) phase of gay liberation politics. They no longer have to change their ways of thinking or behaving; all that's involved for them is the small matter of eroticizing a different-sexed object from what they're used to.

10 This rapid spread of the butch L&L/S&M scene with its gear, objects and club-fraternities is disheartening to a gay liberationist who'd rather see gay energies organized for **change**, not diddled away on runs, parties and socializing. At its best, I suppose this vogue is just another suburban way of celebrating "American values" which more politically-aware faggots realize must be wiped out. Perhaps, too, it's a measure of how homosexuals of the non-fluff variety feel themselves to have been incorporated into mainstream American life. The best hope we can have is to remember that a **faggot in any kind of wrapping is still a faggot**, my friend, and not wholly lost to the cause. Skip Burns of our staff is always kvetching about faggots **organizing around their deviance**. Well, better that than organizing around a vision of normalcy or what shreds of it are currently being merchandised this season by the greedy dimwits of consumer-oriented obsessions to the vulnerable and susceptible macho-aspirant gay buyers.

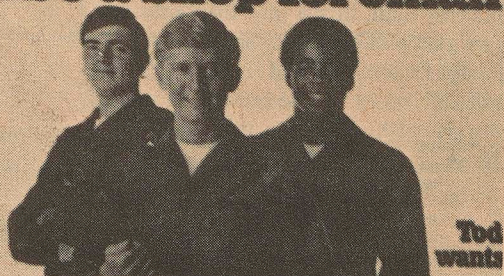


Music Hall, Boston, Oct. 1

DAVID BOWIE IS
ZIGGY STARDUST
ZIGGY STARDUST
IS DAVID BOWIE

RCA Records & Tapes

In today's Army,
you can be a shop foreman



Ted wants

The Drought Affects the Family Tree

tedemathews

Photo by Charles River



1. Mother

Everytime you wanted
to feel your sisters' breathing
lose no time in crying,
roller skate forever;
another shrill voice,
demanding the mother's attention,
ripped you away from holding
future in your hand.

the contract goes on and on,
forty years and more,
the man becomes your son,
another mouth to suckle,
another breast to bare,
the amazons' religion
is dust within the jar
that rests upon the mantle
in your domicile,
soul grave, soul grave.
did you spread your thighs
dreaming of tomorrow?
when i saw you cry
cursing yesterday,
leaning on the tombstone,
sowing virgin's tears.

The closet is a mighty hunter,
it owes noone its mercy;
the closet is a nightmare,
it steals away the years.

2. Daddy

When you left; it's dark,
the boy scout stumbles;
when you left
looking for the way;
this grass, the greener,
and no ocean is forever,
you married you a wife
and locked your heart away.

one and two and
three we came,
screaming, bawling, lustful;
you dragged the cross
behind you
and folded everynight.
running from the moon,
she shares too much,
you protest,
you warned me of damp places
and those who haunt you there.

the closet is a tyrant,
it chains you, you blind man;
the closet is a privilege
you too often used.

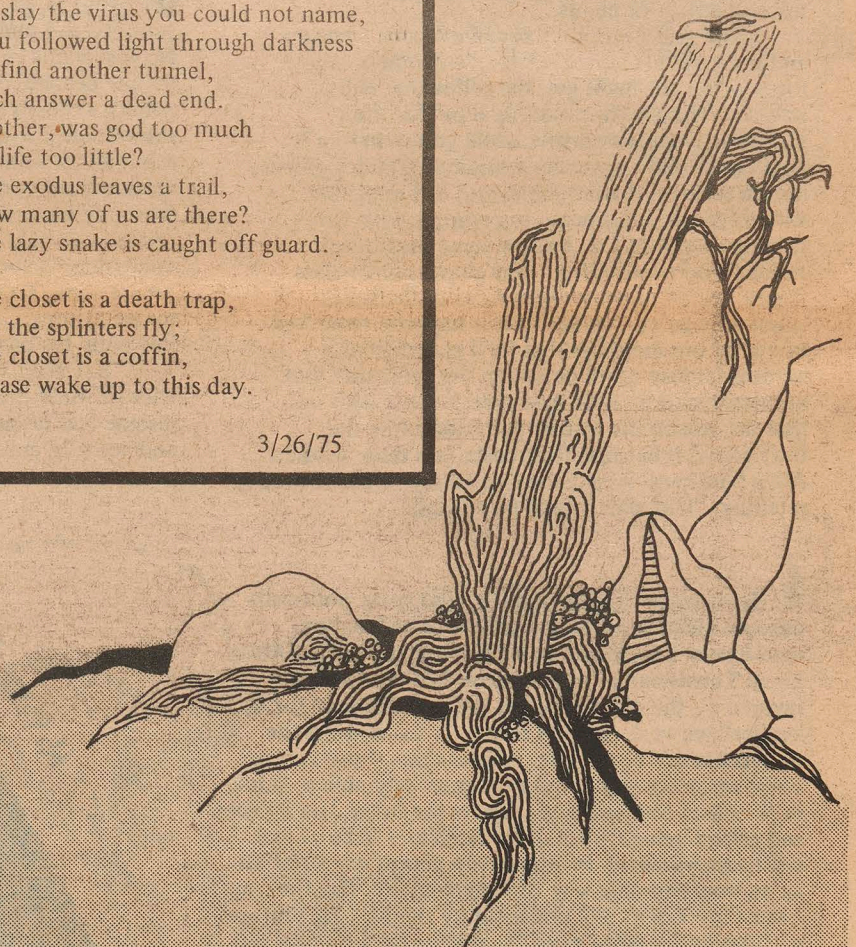
3. the Process

You handed me the nails
wrapped in a heart's blood velvet,
i spit them out as bullets,
as homage to the wind,
blow free, she came to me;
and when i was but infant
i played with skeletons forbidden.
the dialectics of pain,
i played second fiddle to a laughing skull.

daddy, i fought your love,
was i too a nail driver?
can i remove the pain
or has the flesh grown over?
each poem a purging
to slay the virus you could not name,
you followed light through darkness
to find another tunnel,
each answer a dead end.
mother, was god too much
or life too little?
the exodus leaves a trail,
how many of us are there?
the lazy snake is caught off guard.

the closet is a death trap,
see the splinters fly;
the closet is a coffin,
please wake up to this day.

3/26/75



three poems by...

Sweet milkman fling milk over weedtops
Past milkweed-midnight campers' gaze
For light gleams green under rain's tree
As we vary embrace; sweet milk man
At riverbank who knows Dvořák secret
So to ask, keep tremble from firkinhold
Atremble, treble starsjuice tonight.
Milksweet man, thrust into time's stream
Cream rain to slick sticky spin
Friendly fingers five find, for moon's pail
Flows full, moon's tune pulses our accord.
White out of black sprays milk away
In these grasses, sleepy steals on us
So sweet milkman bring me slowly home,
Spin drops outfurling to space's place
Out over grass-stars' hip-high sky
Thrice starred with summer's bounty.

Mikx Movix for the Blind

The venetian blinds slat round and lo
Below behold the windowframe screens
Squred circruller field of motion; molelules
Caramba!ing off the green baize layers
Of plaza, hotly sweetly brownianing around,
All form orbit heartbeat lying along
Heartbeat beguines out, out in the wind hold
Out the window's peek out, forth fourteenth twentieth
And and. There were tears inside my eye
When you kissed my morning, still as pool
When no one sees the molecules but just the
Mirror sky moves on, one of the turquoises as
One sees flying over backyards of dry cities;
I could see only something without glasses no
Eye has yet ever seen, no camera recorded, no
Screen shown then though there became so thus:
An us one call of the while, one blade of grace,
Leaf invisible with tenderness' agility for oil,
One puff of light glowing, going on glowing
A long while after; radiant all unseen.

j. zintara

Crossing to Devotion Street
Ring-a-ring pied-piperlike it's ice cream
Truck at playground diamonded fancy
Cut Chris across a cross, crisp lozenge
While leaves' lattice overlaps wire shadow,
Harlequins his eye banditto, mascaradoes
Him across his cheek his cheek his cheek
His cheek his cheek allows look-see
Upsplit his cut-off short



I arrived in Mexico City on the morning of June 30th and made my way to the Centro Medico, the site of the tribunal sessions of the International Women's Year Conference. I was able to quickly find the auditorium where Hortensia Bussi Allende was to speak, beginning in ten minutes, and there found my companions who had arrived several weeks ago. (Much greetings.) Then Hortensia de Allende, after receiving dozens of bouquets of flowers and sister embraces, spoke. This was the highlight of what I observed during my three days of attendance—the final three of the thirteen.

On the morning of my first day there I sat in the circular lobby of the Centro Medico watching a group of women perform theatre, song, dance, and make music on instruments from around the world. These women, called FACE, were people who had come to Mexico City with the intention of contributing input to the construction of the ten year World Plan of Action for the Improvement of the Status of Women, the central theme of the conference. Mostly they had not known each other previously.

As events began to unfold and acts of manipulation became more and more overt, these women saw where their work was and began doing theatre. They were attacked by a Mexico City newspaper, being branded as immature girls who hadn't the responsibility to work with politics and could now be seen playing in the halls of Centro Medico, like children.

Stories came from North American women who had a message of feminism and imperialism. Time and again it happened that when either of those two subjects were brought out microphones went dead, simultaneous translation units faltered, the lights went out.

Perhaps the most astounding example of manipulation was the successful effort to brand feminism in the eyes of Third World women as a First World counter-revolutionary trick. The United Nations delegate from the Chilean junta proclaimed herself a feminist and finished both of her two addresses with an overflow of feminist rhetoric and phrases. Laura Allende (of the family of Salvadore Allende, president of the first popularly-elected Marxist government in history; she was active with the Revolutionary Movement of the Left-MIR—and was released this spring after eighteen months incarceration in junta prisons) decried feminism and on behalf of her Chilean sisters said, "We are not feminists."

This plied its way into the already existing situation where, on the one hand were women from developed bourgeois societies whose primary concern was the raising of women's issues; on the other were women from poor underdeveloped nations whose first priority was national independence. It must be added, to avoid giving the appearance of a vacuum, that women from developed societies felt solidarity with socialist revolution and that women involved with armed struggle felt that questions of the liberation of women will naturally give rise after national liberation is won.

It is important to note that a project worth consideration by all feminists is the reworking of feminism from the words of rhetoric into a vocabulary of personal reality. Because of the difference of priorities and, even more so, because of the exposure of it by the junta delegate, Third World women at the conference found the RHETORIC of feminism totally unacceptable.

There was a presence of gay males at the conference. Workshops were set up by gay men and were covered by *Xilonen*, the daily bulletin of the conference. "Men and the Women's Movement," "Sexism, Racism, and Class" and "Sexual Deviation, Liberation and Religion." A workshop was held with Mexican and North American faggots discussing legal rights of gay people, consciousness-raising and possible gay political activities in Mexico. Out of this meeting, which was not publicly announced because of the possibility of arrests, two ongoing gay awareness groups were formed.

A working center for the officially-recognized gay men's group, Cinaedi, was held in a room of the Casa de los Amigos, a Quaker boarding house. Cinaedi is a word from Winnebago Indian heritage of a time when there were men

who induced trances upon themselves and received visions. Those who had visions of the full moon rejected their male privileges and devoted themselves to the study of the female principle. These were called Cinaedi.

The booth of the Pro-Feminist Males in the hall of exhibitions, inside the tribunal, between those of the Palestinian Liberation Organization and the Muslim World League. The booth was approached by women recently freed from junta concentration camps. Perhaps their attention had been caught by the Gay Solidarity with the Chilean Resistance poster. (Another read "Faggots Against Rape.") The Pro-Feminist Males, all of whom were gay, were received warmly by the Chilean sisters. Both during and after the conference the gay brothers worked consistently with women and men who had been released last spring from concentration camps.

Of particular interest to both women and men is the idea that gay men have a vested interest in women's liberation; that it is more than a struggle for equality between the sexes, but it is the very unshackling of the Female Principle. Women from such places as Cuba and Israel related variously how, during the armed struggle, it was acceptable for everyone to act like men until the time when women could be slotted back to their places. At no time is it acceptable for men to act like women.

As closely as I am able to define it, the struggle of women's liberation is the liberation from the male power structure, which is embedded in us through centuries of culture. The point is argued that if women reach liberation they will take power and react in kind.

For hours I spoke with a North American woman who has lived in Mexico for 18 years and is now settled in a small mountain village. She is a feminist, an historian, a minister, teacher, healer, mother to two grown sons and Goddess knows what else. The Mexican women of the village call her a witch. She has taught at a Mexican university and has spoken to feminist groups here in the Bay Area. She maintains that patriarchy is a patriarchal term applying to the opposite of itself. Of her research she concludes that in the absence of patriarchy that which exists is completely unlike it, and may be called "matri-focal." It is neither especially female or male, logical or intuitive. Because of the biological birth process, family lines follow the mother and, thus, the society is matri-focal.

The major means of manipulation were through the press, transportation and technical sound equipment: male dominated institutions. There were even seemingly insignificant details such as the fact that only the United Nations approved material could be photo-copied with practical ease. It is not accurate to call the IWY conference a microcosm of the world.

Here the words of Mary Barnard are elucidating. The words are from a footnote to her translation of Sappho and she is speaking of the debate whether Sappho was a priestess or merely a lyricist teaching the tricks of her trade. "His [Prof. Page] insistence that we have no evidence of a 'formal' relationship may mean simply that we have found no signed contracts, articles of apprenticeship or licenses to teach." She continues, "However, when we come to consider the sense of the poetry and the human relationships, we should, I feel, have the privilege of tentatively rejecting any theory which outrages common sense, and tentatively accepting one which clarifies an otherwise incomprehensible picture, whether the theory we accept is forced upon us by the textual evidence or not."

In this vein the conference was a success, for daily it happened that in the corners of this world monstrosity concentrate, in the halls, in restaurants, in taxi cabs, and the ladies rooms sisters met and talked free of the intrusion of camera-slung reporters, United Nations procedure, and heavy-footed men. Women from Mexico, Chile, Angola, Guyana, The Peoples' Republic of China, Palestine, North and South Vietnam and the United States met for "sister talking" and of these conversations you will likely only hear bits and fragments, for they are not documented, taped or photographed. They are what can be aptly called exchanges of the Force of Life.

MATERIAL FOR THIS ARTICLE HAS COME FROM, AMONG OTHERS, WOMEN ATTENDING THE I.W.Y. CONFERENCE IN MEXICO CITY, A MEXICO-BASED WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE CALLED LA LUNA COLLECTIVA, AND PRO-FEMINIST MALES AT THE CENTER FOR CREATIVE SURVIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO



POEM FOR SLEEP

for Steve

1.
we do what we have to do.
2.
pull out the little thing
at the rear of the clock
3.
remember rain, light
coming through the window,
time when you were seven
4.
in bed be still
close eyes listen
to your breathing
5.
waking & the whole world
we believe in returns again
6.
wonder, leaf, child,
small animal drinking water,
the way people stare
across a park, in elevator,
on the street
7.
quiet, thankful
we are here.

2
by
ED
COX

WHAT DO I KNOW

except that I'm fifteen,
like the moments of quiet
that come in the morning
and know I can't tell my parents
how I feel inside
when I visit my best friend

we spend the night together
mostly at his Mom's apartment,
on weekends and play cards,
chess or watch television

last weekend we got caught
in the rain when we went camping
near the woods near where all the trains
change tracks (we walked almost
twenty ties before losing balance)

when we were at the bottom of the hill
the thunder started,

we ran
as fast as we could reaching
for the small trees that still grow there
and half-way up the rain came down
and my friend started to laugh out loud
and we were wet with clay too that was red
and kind of orange

and took off our clothes,
hung them from the pole that holds
that tent up

and fell to sleep
in the same sleeping bag

what do I know but that I want
to tell you this
and how good I feel to touch,
be touched



INSIGHT

I'm so glad to be alive today
That feels good to be able to say
oh and bye the way
Like to mention these feelings inside of me
Yes, the lover I found in Sodomy
oh, Yes you can see
I'm gay
deep inside of me
deep in sodomy
It's only one way

Never fret or pout
It's good to feel from the inside out
Such a penetrating feeling inside of me
a fine love through Sodomy.
It's plain to see how happy I am
Living now free without flim flam
The ecstasy in loving another man
Loving all throughout the land
Experiencing the warmth I feel inside of me
Realizing you can fall in love through Sodomy
If only to be inside of me
through
Sodomy

Don Dalton

FANTOFLIX

a reflex twitch of eyelids na will awake soon to
know once and for all that the sun shines brighter
than a 100 watt light bulb unfolding slowly na
will see the golden crown of sunlight rays over the
northern hills through the bed-cubicle porthole
stretching fully like cat na will rub the corners of
nas eyes causing the visible world to explode softly
shuddering in morning cool na will bless all being
by activating the synthesizer mounted on the south
wall of the bed-cubicle warming to huge sensuous
chords na will play God to the tunes of sixteenth
century hymns the blood rush to groin na will
float across to the west side of the bed-cubicle for
nas morning hook-up drawing from dreams na
will set the fantoflix for program *H* tongue against
lips na will plug the *A*-plug into nas asshole tense
buttocks na will strap the *B*-cup carefully over nas
genitalia humming excitedly na will cover nas
body with ointment and stand in the pan of water
nearby up on toes na will grab the overhanging
bar and push the button drooling na will feel a
gentle buzzing in nas *A*-plugged ass head tilted back
na will feel heat and moisture against nas *B*-cupped
genitals flushing in warm joy na will feel the slow
pulsating vibrations sweeping up and down nas
reaching body trembling na will see the fantoflix be-
begin to fill the bed-cubicle with wild projections
of humanoids in naked glory eyes fading na will
feel the waves of sensation grow more intense in
their movement from head to toe gorged with blood
and lust na will feel the violent rush from the toes
rising flooding nas body to head-hair on end in wild
screaming

electrorgasm
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electrorgasm
electrorgasm

left panting on the floor in a pile of swiss-cheese fan-
tasy na will smile unplug and dress on shakey legs
na will stumble forward and sit against the east wall
of the bed-cubicle riding the last heavens of mind na
will stare at the northern hills through the bed-cubi-
cle porthole electro/refractory period na will wait
for the sun to rise to 45 degrees before nas next hook-
up

Bill Mitchell

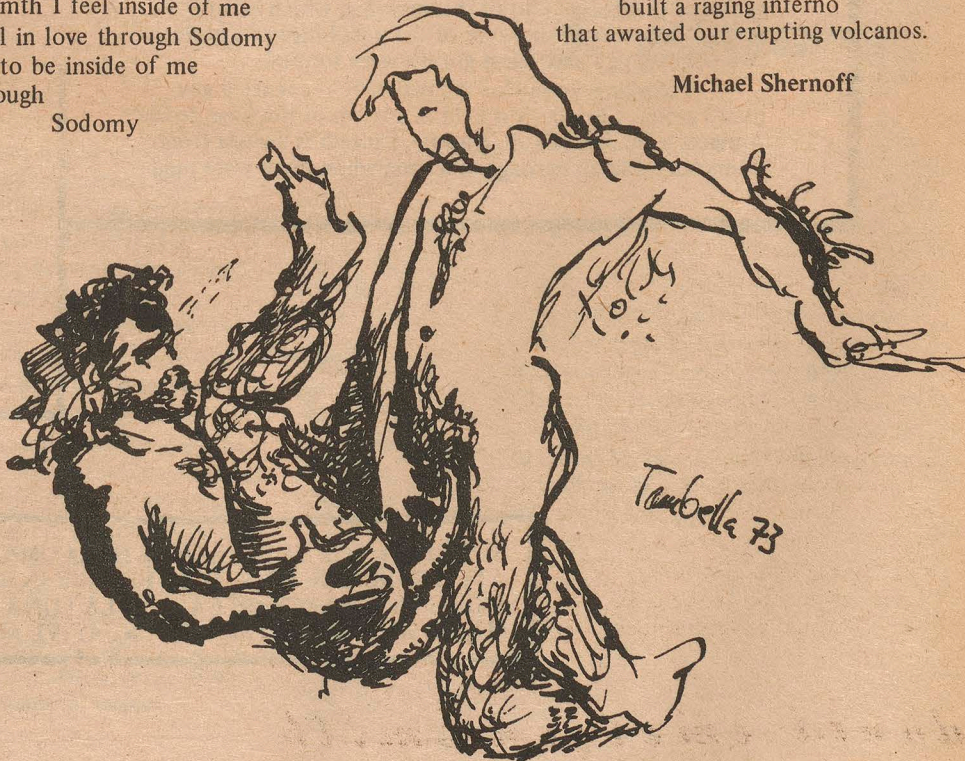
WINTER SWEAT

I danced inside you tonight
joined in flight
we orbited around each other.

You used your balls as bellows
that fanned the fires deep
and filled me with daisies
whose soft petals became the wells
where bees prospected for honey
to store in the combs between your legs.

Winter sweat beneath the quilt
and frosty breaths when you
surfaced for air,
an igloo of blankets and bodies
shielded the cold.
We stoked the furnaces and
built a raging inferno
that awaited our erupting volcanos.

Michael Shernoff





Dear Freddie:

Jimmie got your letter yesterday and asked me if I would like to write you. If you don't pick up on my name, Fag Rag used an article of mine on gays in prison in the latest issue.

Jimmie and I (and others) are being warehoused in the control unit (segregation) here at Atlanta Concentration camp also known as the U.S. Penitentiary. Ironically, we are being kept in segregation (three of us for six months already) supposedly "for the protection of our lives". This is pretty weak in view of the fact that most straights who are likewise locked up "for protection" are almost always transferred to another camp where they won't have such problems. In spite of the fact that there are dozens of federal camps all over the country and a transfer would certainly serve the best interests of all concerned, the three of us remain in lock-up here with no relief in sight. We cannot see daylight and realize that we will be here "buried alive" for a long time so we desperately need contact, support and solidarity from our comrades in minimum security.

The three of us are myself, Jimmie Bethel (76470) and George Jacquillon (95382). We are gay prisoners and are currently being subjected ruthless and systematic punishment and oppression because we are gay. The explosions of madness and decadence which emanate from our keepers certainly constitutes cruel and unusual punishment and the denial of all our civil and human rights.

Since our arrival here in Fortress Atlanta we have been under the gun. This place is appalling. Like all American prisons the forces of sexism, racism, homophobia and super exploitation of gays is rampant. We were used by the administration as tools to pacify the insatiable desires and whims of animals, rapists and murderers and when we could no longer hold up under their inhumane conditions our keepers set us up to be murdered. Naturally we resisted the attempt and drew public attention to the incredible goings on here. In view of this attention our keepers had no alternative but to camouflage their aims and intentions. Thus, we who have dared to resist the power of the rulers have become even more their slaves.

In a civil suit which we will be filing soon we will bring out many important and crucial issues. Some of these are: sexual attacks and forced sex acts by guards, set ups by officials to have us murdered, beatings and more subtle forms of brutality. Also included will be secondary issues such as denial of religion, jobs in prison, living areas of preference, work release programs, rehabilitation programs, education opportunities and denial of parole—all for being gay.

We are not speaking rhetorically when we say that our lives are on the line.

If you can help in any way please let us know. We need contacts to correspond with and will also send you letters and articles on our situation.

In love and brotherhood,

Jon Wildes
Box PMB 20912
Atlanta, GA 30315

The following are the GENERAL RULES OF DISCIPLINE of the YOUNG NOBLES, a revolutionary, nationalist, prisoner-collective throughout Illinois.

4. No comrade will participate in any homosexual acts. Comrades shall not oppress homosexuals for they are fellow human beings, however, no comrade will associate themselves with any Kamp "punk". A punk is a punk—less than a human being.
13. Comrades will stay in very good physical condition. Daily exercise is a must. Every comrade will do at least fifty (50) push-ups each morning when they wake up and fifty (50) at night before washing up to go to bed. This not only helps you to get in shape but it drives away the urge to lay in the bed and masturbate. No sacrifice is too great for the revolution.

emergency
exit
(only)



How do I leave the dream
How do I wake the sleepy boy
the other day I lay with love
over the highway named commerce
poison ivy/warehouse/transformer/speedway

How do I leave the dream
How do I wake the sleepy boy
he dances in the waves
nude buttocks solid as the rock
selectively lets waves
inch up his tender muscle
inch by inch he lets the ocean fit
each crevice and protrusion
until oceans succumb to him

How do I leave the dream
How do I wake the sleepy boy
I touch him inch by inch
and slowly rise in feeling
to his chest
descending waves
enveloping the rest

How do I leave the dream
How do I wake the sleepy boy
I strip off every garment
I enter oceans/
enter me
I lie down ass to Sun
and swallow up the Sea

How do I leave the dream
How do I wake the sleepy boy
but sitting on this lonely stretch of strand
stretching to find you
I find I need your back
to write my poem
the sand is not supportive
of the act
your back a place to write
would shore up
all these shabby words
anglo saxon grunts
would break the green fuse
would write this poem for me

da
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ith

NOCTURNE

By David M. Stryker

With finality, he knew he could not change:
No dream ever ends except in a larger one,
And there was no larger one.

The water, lying like a curved steel scimitar
along the bayfront park,
Looked cold, looked dark.
It held a sombre invitation.
He doffed his shirt and let the air,
still warm from the embrace of the departed sun,
lay a tentative touch on his body.
From a far-off hedge
The smell of the mimosa came, faintly.

He walked to the beach-edge,
His feet lapped by the dark wavelets.
Casting aside both shoes and trousers,
he slipped into the shallows
Deeper, deeper. The silken water
stroked his thighs, girdled his waist.
Deeper yet, cool and secret
touched the hollows of his armpits,
crept up the column of his throat.
Deeper, deeper; and lost the touch of the sand,
Afloat, supported, enveloped.

The ripples fingered his hair
and the current carried him effortlessly.
Here was embrace without desire,
Here was support without possession.
The sky was an overturned cup,
vast as eternity, dark as a womb.
Strange, he thought,
that one cannot reach with one's memory
into that origin, that base darkness.
Strange, when the mind records so vividly
other conceptions, less elemental.

Cradled, floating, he remembered
The commonplace meeting
with its instantaneous alert of the senses,
the bright poignancy of courtship,
the magnificence of consummation,
body to body, heart to heart,
mind companioning mind.
Then he remembered
the coldness, intermittent, the subterfuges:
inept darts in the tapestry of love;
lip-service giving the lie to a lost reality,
to a dream which hung, stiff and noisesome,
like the fabled albatross around his neck,
pulling him downward.

Down, down.
It would be easy to go down,
down into this soft darkness,
Down where there was no memory,
no albatross, no past, nothing
But this embracing, this impersonal Mother,
only the dark womb of not-Being.

A nightbird, high in the vaulted sky,
pricked the silence with its sharp cry.
A vagrant breeze riffled the water
Bearing the faint sweetness of distant mimosa.
Involuntarily he turned to the shore,
The neon signs of the bayfront buildings
crested the waves with topaz, and garnet.
A snatch of music drifted above him:
"Blue Tango." And life,
Taut, and gaudy, dressed for Saturday night,
Stretched out her vibrant hand to touch him
There, in the water, the dark,
The elemental darkness.

To be. To be:
To live with pain, with a dread dream, with memory . . .
But to live!
(This above all was sovereign.)

With a contraction of his muscles
He buried his face in the water,
turned, lunged and struck for the shore.

Faster, faster!
His arms pushed back the water, cleaving the darkness.
In his wake sprung up a fountain, phosphorescent.
Nothingness turned from a refuge to a looming fear,
Pursuing, goading.
He yearned for the strip of shore, for the lights, the people.

A dream was dead. But now one larger,
brilliant, compelling, irresistible,
One which had issued from the womb with him
would now companion him forever
until he reached the final door of darkness.

Jacqueline Wiener

A LIVING LEGEND'S INTIMATE MEMOIRS

Lana Turner today is not the Lana Turner of yesterday. Still beautiful, yes but very much her own woman, in control of her own life. In this exclusive article, the first Lana has ever consented to write about herself. . . . "The Ziegfeld Girl," Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth's two-year old daughter, Cheryl; World War II from the Valentino collection.

If I get a chance to stay home.
I do. I dont go out
unless I have to. If fare's

there and I have a chance to go
out, I do. It's up in the air
pretty fair today
Fifty 56

high, twelve noon
double Joe. Or
cigarettes holes Burnt
on the bureau,

blonde mahogany wood.
Goodness Charles would do
nothing but commend gracious.

Mine has been called a Conderella story, but to me it's destiny. We came to L.A. in November because mother was having chest problems — she was never without a cold — and she worked so hard as a beauty operator that the doctors finally insisted on a warmer, drier climate.

WHAT Lee Foreign Implied Lana Knows Insane

8+Soap, spirits and sabotage
yesterday's Santa car lots by chance used two
models Fashion "My Intimate Friend" long disturb-
ance Clause pre-school age sembletableature

Jack, Jenie, Jose, Jacinth, Java, Jill, Jeffry, Jaspar, Johnnie,
Jody, Janis, Jeru

Four 11 center aisle
I welcome whites for working hours
12 of them on the Benrus bedevilement whether or not
6 upside down Alices, elves as well a single inane ques t i o n
a p p r o x i m a t e s heinous blast campaign
you find entertains enactment:
c e r t a i n Pascal highlights.

E S p e c i a l lapse in vocabulary bill Bitters
home brew remedies sanctify saturd-
ay Metro's net gate gross great in

elementary school grade. III-non-legal
I = declaims use.
5 makes minus

suffering miners, Samos
17th sovereign contrite, contrive-
d, commercial.

RACially national
homo-sapiens sexual

There are whole things they hold up from the people.
Jock et Judy . . .



from John Wiener, *Behind the State Capitol or Cincinnati Pike*,
published by **The Good Gay Poets**, PO Box 277, Astor Station,
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Photos by Charles River



FAG RAG 14

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

FLAMES'. Or is that all there is to a fire!

After the rain stopped, I tilted my head and allowed the water to pour out of my fro. The lightskinned Rican queen who'd asked for a paper to cover his head before the rain, is all in knots. Happiness is a nappy headed PR. If all had gone well, it would have all continued to be one thing. All one thing flowing in one whole and out the other. The butch number selling nickle bags may have come over and asked me to dance. What if I had been killed in Provencetown the night before by that nasty Portuguese tavern owner? Robert was only sixteen. David. In a moment i seen your mind's eye typed out in front of me. Across the blue horizon lay the German fate in waite. A'h thumb in the morning pays two provencetonians; fifteen and sixteen. From Providence with a new car and a new heart. She said, "Sometimes i feel that people don't want me around because i'am a woman". He said, "Do you have food and drink?". Baby food or herring in cream sauce.

Speeding along with no really clear-cut notion of why it was politically most expedient to send a group of faggot majorettes all the way from San Juan to Christopher street, the bagel nosh gave its consent. The colors floated through the air and collided with the loose booties already heated. In and out they went. We're just an all faggot/dyke band; dealing with the facts and the pain. We realize that the Black experience in

Amerikkka has jettesoned the blind to no avail. The cream is now running down our legs and into the faces of countless millions all to be counted while licking their ways up the avenues of the americas. HERE! Here is the pain. The whores have all become good pimps out on the continental shelf they say you can walk two miles before the under tow.....the japanese gay liberation front.....bumpitty bump bump.

On the thin layer of moist membrain lived the three daughters of Lyden slid'n to Nancy sans frontal lobes. Electro therapy. Should we bother this ovary two inches above the road to harvard? Anyhow, the question ishow to condescend to the hunkies. Honey I'h been through a fire. Here are the scares of school integration in Detroit. The same broken windows. Torn textbooks. Scratch paper. Schtick. Garbage strown streets. Auto demons. Cycle-celled air. Brought to mingle with Asbury Park Schruburbs. Now crank it way down. Just remember what I'h told you, that in time you're gonna pay. Ain't it funny how time just slips away! The power of love is the only dedication. Hey! Crank it. Gay liberation fronts in every school. Programed courses in anal coitus. Mr. Donnally please go down on me. Crank it. Abra Kadabra Anal Gauneria fist fucking Latin Voo Doo hot against the wall Count J'C' Central Park gay pride Marching everyday open air clitoris Lesbian nation Dykes Ignite if the ama would

take its condescension off the penecillin Turn This Motherfucker Out. My life is hard. I am the darkest. Everywhere I go my darkness goes with me and the darkness can follow. In the darkness of my being of the moment glows hot with red intensity. I am the being of this moment. Dylan/Dillon, realizing that Jesus was the ultimate rip-off, began to shit. Naked again, a joint burning on its side, not caring but to get high. High enough to float away this manhood and wash underneath its penis. O.K. lift up your other leg. Larry won't care if you've shat on yourself. How are your attitudes buckling under? Buckling up? All this shit gets deeper than the assasination conspiracy. Cowboys and Stankys are different, but its the similarities that will get you everytime. Its Mr. Ogalbee's come to be had. Choose your body parts. New Left/Old Slaves. I'h hate to talk about your Ma Ma. She's a sweet old soul. She's got a spring-back pussy and a rubber asshole. She's got knots on her titties to open the door. She's got hairs on her cock to sweep the floor. Haaay shooo, haaay shooo, hay shooo... shooo....shooo. Throw a shoe through that Damn christmas tree. Love me tonight. Seen some people pay'n some dues. Ain't sceary are you? What would another trip to Europe do to you?

billerica..ken dudley

