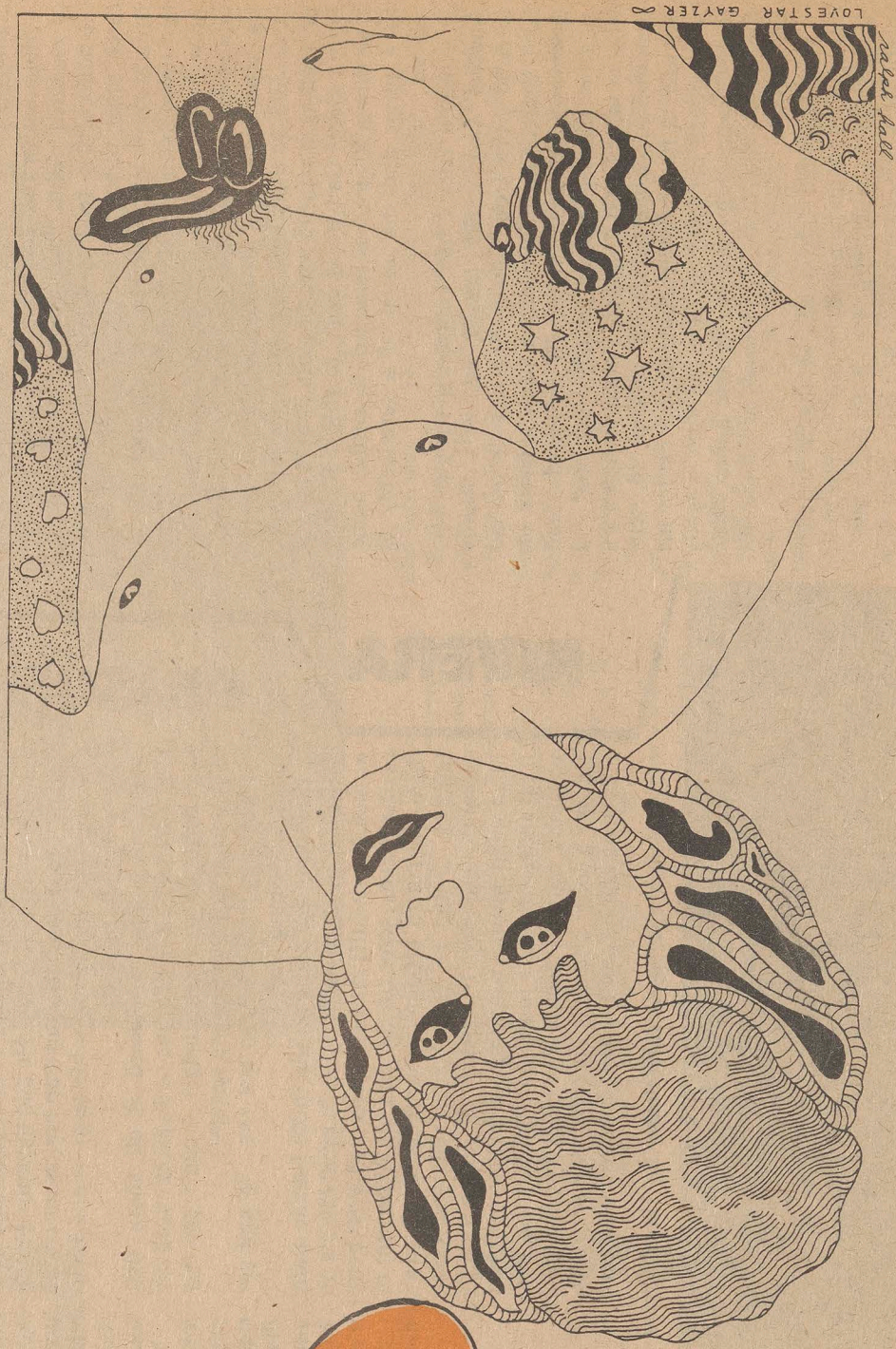


NUMBER NINETEEN Spring 1977

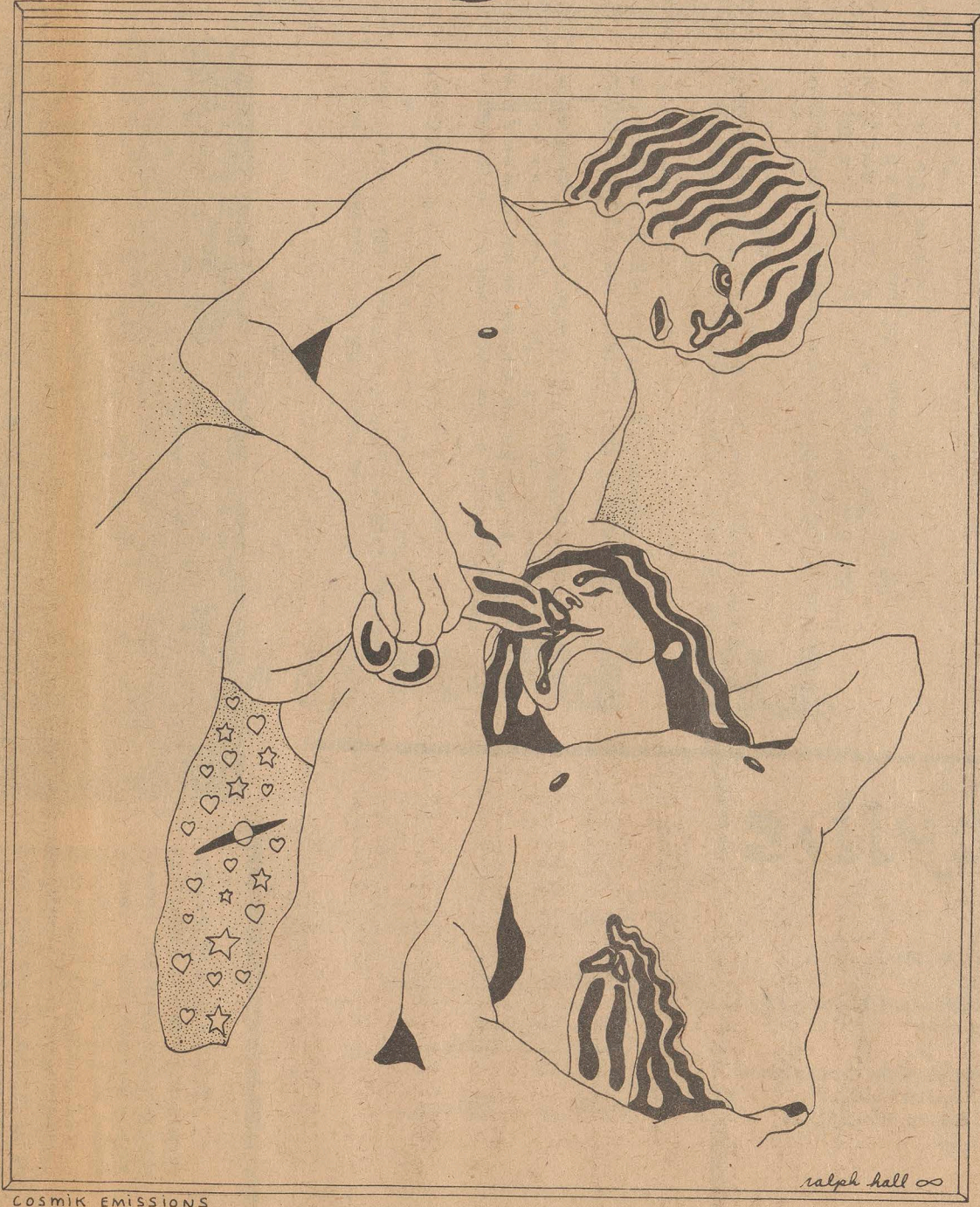
# Fag Rag

75c/\$1.00 Outside Boston



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COSMIK EMISSIONS

NUMBER NINETEEN

Spring 1977



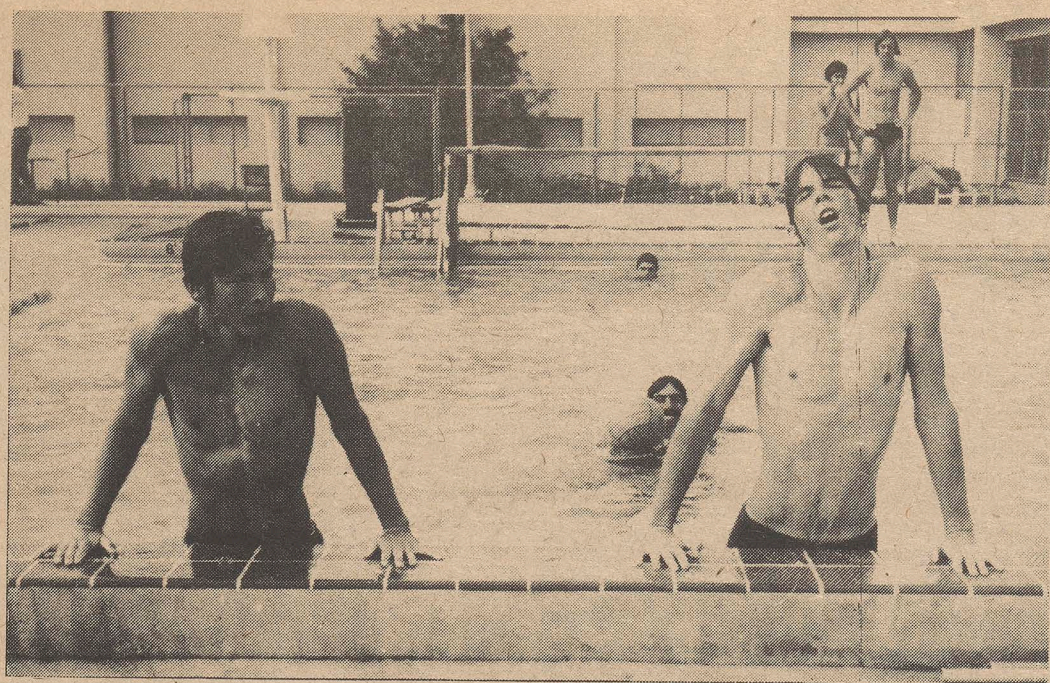


## **OF BEAUTY UNATTAINABLE**

**Slapping through snow  
your feet speak to you  
of beauty unattainable  
of the smile you can not reach  
hands open can not fill  
fulfill your inner being you  
see it in the supermarket  
smiling bright teeth and  
it's a Chinese boy this time  
living behind his spending  
speeding away his beauty  
buying toilet tissue for  
the restaurant he waits  
table and beauty serving  
fried rice, egg foo young  
smiling subservient  
pushing rice across formica  
stained gold flecks under florescent.  
Still walking feet speaking  
splashing through slush  
snow gone bad and smiling  
a beauty under supermarket  
florescent yellow skinned  
a Chinese boy well fed tall  
American corn bred  
a beauty unattainable I  
reach for him here  
on this page.**

**Salvatore Farinella**





Robert Chapman photo; "Swimmers"

Dear Fag Rag,

Many thanx to Allen Young and his excellent article on tender lovemaking in the Fall-Winter issue. Because we're college students at an eastern private university I can already hear the staff's sarcastic comments concerning our approval of the essay. Oh well, we've about had it with Fag Rag anyway. Especially after some of the responses to Allen's essay before your readers had a chance to see it first.

Please cancel our subscription, and you can shove the remaining \$ up your ass with your own saliva or coco butter, take your pick.

Most sincerely,

Paul M. Camic  
Treasurer, Clark Gay Center

P.S. What Fag Rag seems to completely miss in their criticism is that most gay men (at least the one's I know) would much prefer some encouragement in "tender lovemaking" than in S&M, incest, bestiality, etc.

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## Sending a message . . .

Dear Fag Rag,

This is just a note to offer a protest to the anti-Semitism implicit in Freddie Greenfield's response to my "tender lovemaking" article (and I don't care whether or not Freddie is Jewish). On one level dirty or clean is simply a matter of preference. I do think, however, that cleanliness, when possible, is a part of caring for someone tenderly. Hepatitis is epidemic among gay men, and one way to avoid hepatitis, if you enjoy rimming, is to do it with clean assholes. If Freddie is implying that my concern for cleanliness is a neurotic Jewish trait, then I beg to differ. Even if my cleanliness were neurotic, and I don't think it is, I think it has nothing to do with my being Jewish. If anything, cleanliness is a Puritan tradition, as in "Cleanliness is next to godliness." I never did relate much to people who, in their rebellion against traditional cleanliness, treated their bodies and their homes with contempt.

By calling me "Rabbi" and "Dad," is Freddie implying that I am a patriarchal figure laying down a line? That's all in his head; I was simply trying to depict the kind of lovemaking meaningful to me. I know Freddie's been to jail, but I see in his writing an attempt to guilt trip those of us who are not ex-convicts — isn't that just another power trip on his part, a game of one-upmanship where he wins 'cause he's been to jail and I haven't. Well, I've enjoyed my share of sweaty armpits anyway, and Freddie didn't have to be so damned snotty.

Yours sincerely,

Allen Young

Hello Fag Rag collective,

I love you. I read your second 5 Year Plan for the gay movement in an old issue of *Win Magazine*. Reading it gave me a real high. I was feeling really low and frustrated about the present state of the gay movement. I am now trying to organize lesbians and faggots in New Jersey. Eventually I want to form a radical faggot and lesbian collective but right now it seems hopeless. Right now I see a great need for a cultural revolution within the gay movement. The whole "nouveau riche" takeover must be destroyed or severed from the gay movement. I would really like to correspond with someone in your collective. I really feel isolated and lonely a lot, not because there aren't any gay people but because there aren't any FAGGOTS. I wrote a poem which shows how I feel.

It has been said that "you will never find a gay person with dirty fingernails."

I will rub my hand in shit  
and smear my face and lips  
and fart and bleed and vomit  
on your cross and savior and Gloria Gaynor.  
Your "cleanliness" disgusts me.  
Your pickled existence revolts me.  
Your politics piss me off.  
The "big apple" has been appeased  
Marx is dead and Nixon lives on.

In Unity & Struggle,

Franck Salmeri

Dear old Fag Rag friends:

As for the Allen Young matter, I sympathize with Young in his dispute with the Fag Rag staff. It stems from my perception of FR's sexual politics. There have been, in the gay liberation movement, two prescriptive attitudes towards sex *per se*. One emphasizes monogamy, denounces it, and places its sexual-politic thrust on fucking with many people at once. This has been the Fag Rag position. The other emphasizes genital tyranny, denouncing it, declaring that we should consider the whole body sexual. I realize that it is possible to hold both positions, or one of many variants that are in between the two of them, but nevertheless I normally encounter, in the movement, strong polar feelings. One tend. to be either an anti-monogamy person or an anti-genital person. Fag Rag is kidding itself, I think, in pretending that its dispute with Young is about Peppermint Soap. It is really about the continual defense of cocksucking as *the* act of revolution. To Allen Young, to myself, cocksucking is more the problem than the solution. Fag Rag has long been blind on this matter, and we see that when directly challenged, it panics. Secretly it wishes to perpetuate the emphasis on genitalia that is the heritage of a male-dominated world of sexual objectification, and that finds its most frequent expression in woman-hating pornographic novels.

Regards to Charley and John Mitzel. I keep hoping to get back to Boston to visit you folks, but haven't yet made it. And despite the above, of course FR continues as one of the essential publications. I just wish that it wasn't so insistent on its own sometimes-narrow vision.

As ever,

Stuart Byron

## . . . and listening to one

### GOOD MORNING, YOU'RE ON THE AIR

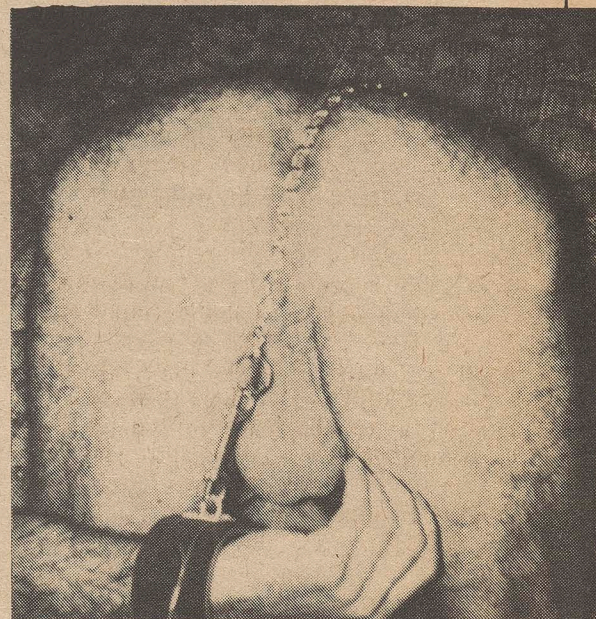
Daddy was born in 1906 during the great fire near the Chelsea Dump where BB guns shot the water rats and grand old Gene The Indian lived barefooted with an old tattered sweater in all kinds of weather and gave away nickels to us children when he strode majestically by Ringers Junk Shop across the street from my Zaide's store where the Polish drunks talked abt Rooshky whores in the barroom.

Bessy my aunt married Chutkie The Bookmaker and I first jerked off to tit magazines in The National Geographic magazine. I played with a wooden spear sometimes over the rainbow.

Aunt Esther married Hymie Levine who worked for Rodman the tobacco wholesaler and I have a cousin named Rita From Revere.

Gerty married Sam Shapiro. Hannah married Al Jacobson. Diana married Nat Hollander. My own sister married a Cuban named Velez and my Mother told my Bubby he was a Jew. Uncle Mikie, who was a house painter died of Cancer. Sadie his wife died of a nervous disorder, their son Arnold of a heart attack and Sally of the same thing and too many diet pills in her beauty saloon. My Mother's Father of diabetic amputations. My brother Ronald Malcom of an overdose. I'm alive and well/never felt better, living in a faggot collective.

photo by Ed Camp



Freddie Greenfield

Dear Allen:

I just read your "Tender Lovemaking" article in Fag Rag #18, and loved it. I want to thank you for such a beautiful piece of writing. Although I'm rather indifferent on the subject of cleanliness versus funky dirtiness, that's about the only difference I found in what you describe and my own sexuality. I'm puzzled by Fag Rag's attitude that this is controversial. (Maybe living in a big city makes people jaded and cynical — I'll see as I live in Philadelphia longer.)

Freddie Greenfield's response to you struck me as grossly insulting and, I would say, very anti-Semitic — although he may have meant all the Jewish references as some sort of joke. Like Freddie, I was also in prison for awhile. However, unlike Freddie, I found the violent macho sexuality there so gross that I cut myself off from men for several years afterwards.

I guess it should come as no surprise to Fag Rag, you, or me that I wholeheartedly endorse what you wrote — there are so many other clear connections and similarities between your lifestyle and politics and my own. I hope you don't mind that I'm sending a copy of this letter to Fag Rag. And I want to tell them that when they insult your article, they also insult me.

That's all. Keep on struggling.

Your brother,

Jeff Keith



## My Dearest Poofter Sisterbrothers and Brothersisters

MOTHER BOATS WRITES  
FROM DOWN UNDER

I was happy since I got your loving memo from North America (FAG RAG 15). Finally after months of hasseling to get my mail redirected from Wellesley Station in Auckland, New Zealand, and paying the new rent that the new National Government put up, I received Le Papel du Ambinetes Northamericanos.

Everything seems to be going right. I just scored some from the baths, called Ken Karate Club like Ritch Street in San Francisco but has swimming pool and sauna and steam room, colour tv, etc. Tonight is Thursday, the chicken free night and payday. Here you get cash in pay packets. I had a date to get stoned there. Many young beauties were there. Scenes and scads of fantasies. I smoked my way into the home of a beautiful young lovely with blond hair and sweet voice soft and sansexual. His mate was asleep in the living room. We had coffee and smoked joints of my 30 oz going rate with his too. We kissed at the door and said lovebye. Daniel is trying to open a coffee house in Canberra, Australian Capital Territory (ACT for short, like D.C., even designed by Yank from Chicago in 1913).

We raved about dope growing and smoking in Papua, New Guinea. The locals are suppose to grow it up in the hill but impossible to take out.

There is a remote route to London via N.G. into Indonesia thence to Bali, Jakarta that I am trying to work out, but involves private air hope.

Australia is impossible country to get out of for cheap. Nearest country going west is Indonesia about 3,000 miles away. London is 12,000 and San Francisco 8,000 or A\$884 economy ticket (A\$1.00=US\$1.25). You can get to London cheaper for about A\$590. Going overland is more expensive, but you hit dope ports all the way, like Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand, India, Nepal, etc. I am wondering what the sex might be like. I had enough coming this way via the Pacific Islands.

I reckon I should rave on Australia for a while since none of you know anything about it nor did I even when in New Zealand for a year and working with many camp guys. But NZealand is another story. Each small town has underground camp scenes, beats and bogs. Private parties, local chicken queens, dirty old men, office workers, potters, heads and like everywhere then soon flee to Wellington or Auckland then to Sydney. Here is all the camp guys from south pacific. Hang out about the Cross in one of 400 Sydney surubas like London, like Paddington, Darlinghurst, Bondi, Potts, Point, Double Bay, Balmain, Glebe, near Sydney Univ.

There are numerous gay bars now, even a few new ones have opened since I have been here. Like Denver in 1973. The straight pubs and the few

camp pubs close at 10 pm. Then others take over with food licenses until 12, then 3 am. Everything is dead except a few clubs in the Cross where a few drags and sailors hang out.

The Kings Cross is the Broadway of Sydney, mafia works some whore house upstairs, hookers pay off for protection, unlicensed Costello just on side street serves watered drinking to pennyless queens and allows all the young beauties 15 up to dance and carry on for nothing night after night, a refuge from the street and Strait society. Queens from Tasmania and Auckland, Makay from Queensland all bush areas.

The same owners finally got enough money to open first class joint on Oxford leading from city to posh poofter Eastern Suburbs. Now about 10 on the avenue from wine bars, 4 am queen dens restaurants, dance clubs and two of the best drag shows ever. The best is at Cap. orn's; other commercial at Le Girls.

For A\$3.00 you get the show upstairs while Piss Elegant office queens rave on in the main bar. Very elegant staging and costumes. Cycle Sluts just arrived to Strait crown at Glebe Arts to take that away from Lensey Kemp and Flowers and Salome mime shows viva le boys excellent.

Now four colour channels, colour last year just in. Only two FM yet. 2JJ is acid rock on AM run by heads at ABC (Australian Broadcasting Company, no commercials and get away with some strange camp and dope shit. I have it on now).

Much rock shows got Wings and Perry Como before usa, saw Ginger Rogers, all the latest releases and stars plug them, many stage shows, Aussies first rock musical flopped. Many underground theatre scenes, film makers workshop. Head scene very primitive due to dope cost A\$30/oz, not freely shared unless well into family, grass smoked with tobacco, which freaks shit out of my sailing lovermates who were all vegie purists. Cops here and in NZ typical: steal dope and resell. Many runaways from NZ flee on first jet to escape jail and fine, normally about 100 to 500NZ\$ or a few months. Never years unless really a big timer.

It seems in both countries bring in is bigger offense than selling home grown.

Politicos hang out at PO Box 5, Wentworth Bldg., University of Sydney, 2006, New South Wales, Aussieland. It is box and location of weekly Gay Liberation Sydney, meeting held regularly on Tuesdays at 6:30 pm and attended by about 20 students and others like me. Most prisoners of Pommie Imperialism and afraid of



JOHN ALTON TODD

lousing the scholarships as students. I like them, chicken shits to steer shit as regarded as CIA agent anyway.

Three dances already, May Day Parade, Gay Solidarity March on Duncan's death day (cops bashed a Univ. prof from South Australia, a law freak at Adelaide. Is martyr for cause here, proved killed by cops at local park "beat" and pushed in water). But South Aussie is only state with legal homosexuality, Primer (governor to you) is also poofter, been seen by my ex-cop Mccer at local camp parties.

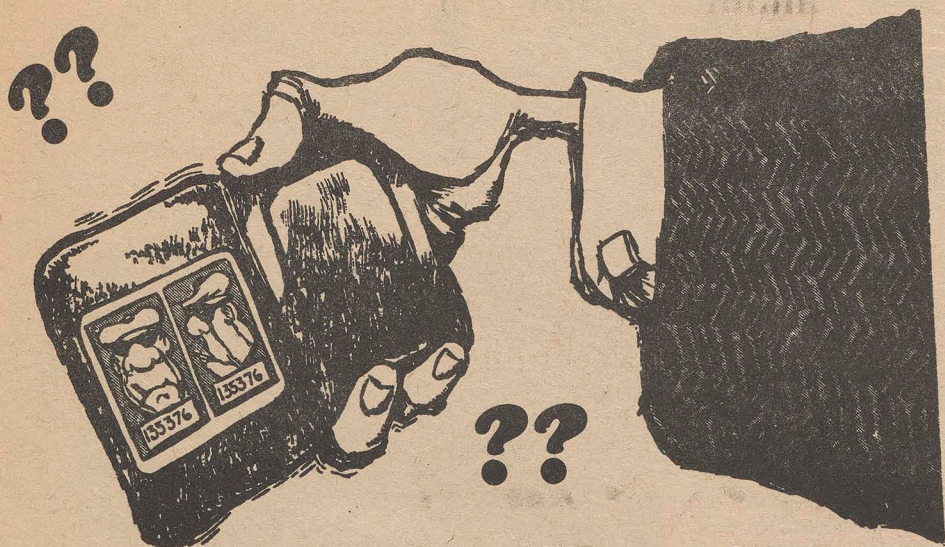
New South Wales government now Labor party. Like Demos in USave, but foney bullshit artists. Want to legalize gambling. Rackets really heavy here . . . They did lower fares on trains and buses, fast system but not very smart like Japanese nor Germany's and mucho fucko but nothing like riding crowded trains elsewhere in the world. Population of Sydney only about 3.5 million in about 60 miles of area from centre.

The list of all you to whom I must rave on to is to vast at this moment. Therefore I will address you as all Women, not a custom here in Australia. To address a Orcher in female form is cause for violence. I witnessed a camp blok on his 21st birthday a very big custom here to have big party on your 21st, anyway he was attacked because he began to put his arm around another living in the same building, a Kiwi who was super beautiful, too. He fell over in the cake but it did not be fucked up. . . . In general there is no violence in the Northern Hemp. form. like bombs and all the horrible trips. People here are just normally convicts and working class unstables and uptights who regard any attack on their orcher class as an insult; they fight over any issue but normally the fights are like two queens in drag bitching over drag . . . . I was bashed in Canberra by a sailor-Steward who I befriended at the Lakeside Hotel public bar as I am also an ex-sailor. His mate was raving on about the Sydney scene . . . The naval base is just below where I live in the Cross and many of the sailors hang out at the various camp bars about here. So I found out that a mate of his was into fucking boys. Hours later I was being attacked after I came out of a wine bar in Canberra the Capital of Australia on a tourist trip there. Now Canberra is like a sleepy little village like you would not believe, about 200,000 pop. It is exciting in that there are a huge number of Emba. there are lots of foreign service people. I got into a rave with an ex-Viet. vet who picked up garbage at both the Soviet and Peoples Republic Embassies and he said the Soviets did nothing but put out Polish Vodka but he said the Chinese were real nice to him as a "worker." Anyway, the navy boys were standing just behind him and . . .



4





#### WHY ME SIR?

**Who killed Mike "The Polack" Mazaricki from Providence Rhode Island. Last seen getting out of Westchester County House of Detention after completing ninety days for shoplifting.**

**Mike who?**

**"The Polack", that's who. Found wrapped around some toilet paper in a mental third degree grill near Lexington and Twenty Third Street, New York City, before the fags took over.**

**Listen officer I'm clean. Been clean for years. Ask my Mother she'll tellya.**

**Gay liberty rationale today. Avant gardist. Homosexual and proud of my calling. Ask my Sister she'll tellya.**

**From Providence Rhode Island you say. Not me. Never met the man. From Boston, that's where I'm from. Don't steal no more. Welfare, poet in residence. Here for a reading.**

**Statute of limitations on my last beef run out sir.**

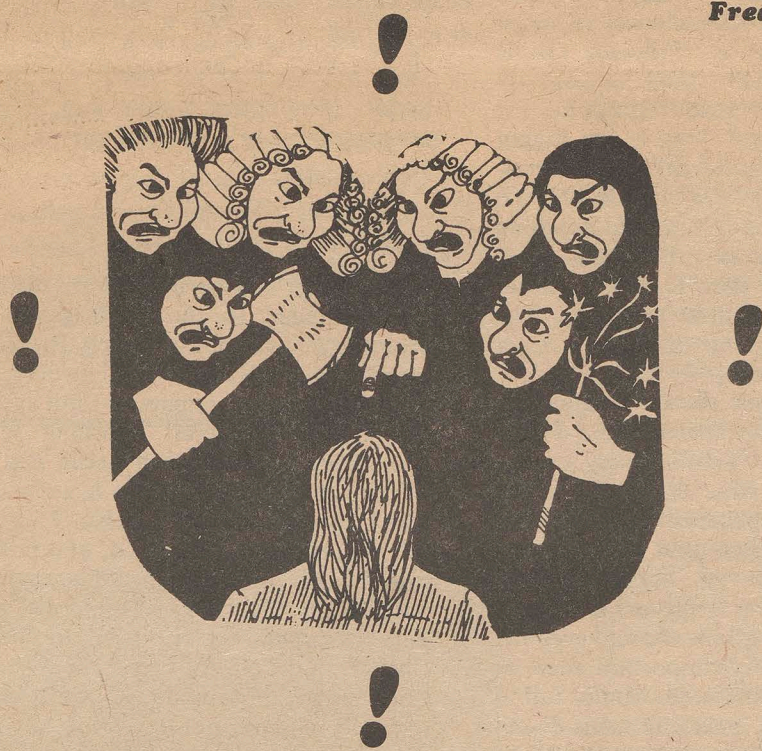
**Rockerfellar drug legislation would'nt hold up in court.**

**Threw out the case. Refuted, challenged by a son of some Mother, of course not mine. Certainly you know that officer.**

**This is a big city. Plenty of rest rooms. Cheap Turkish steam baths. Pornographic photo booths. Street hustlers.**

**Orange juice stands. Why me sir?**

**Freddie Greenfield**



#### RED

*With fifteen thousand dollars in the drawer  
next to the needle, spoon and syringe  
just in case you have to make a big  
buy*

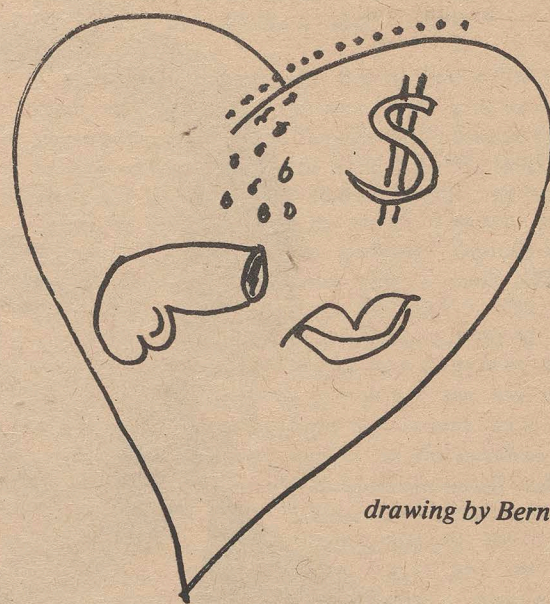
*He stands on the toilet seat first, I'm second,  
not having seniority, with his back to me as I  
search for a possible penetration, almost unheard  
of with old scar tissues handy to wipe the slate  
clean*

*He growls wearing bifocals unseen in the mirror  
screaming  
cocksucker  
hurry up*

*like He thinks I got all day to waste my time  
waiting for it to die and grow soft and flexible  
up a tight asshole*

*which aint shit since who knows when  
With fifteen thousand dollars in the drawer  
next to the needle, spoon and syringe  
just in case you have to make a big  
buy*

*freddie greenfield*

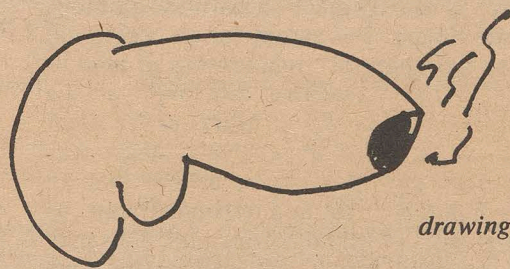


*drawing by Bernie Boyle*

#### push an pull

*why dont you need me---  
my dreams are clean,  
and i drink only to full my need  
vodka substitutes  
my need an i let the firmness  
of the bottle make glorious living  
color luv to my withering body  
the bottle gives without questioning,  
my exhausting need,  
an cools with his head,  
an i fantasize in a puddle,  
of mellowed out stress an strain*

*Graham L.*



*drawing by Bernie Boyle*

#### UNNAMED

*I'm 24, a midwest male with  
homosexual tendencies which I express  
by sucking cocks, swamping them at  
times with my asshole until they bleed  
their white blood, by pushing my tongue  
or cock into all holes. I speak three  
languages. My mother's from Detroit.  
My father's from Montana. None of this  
is relevant to my social security number or  
can be used for identification.*

*Mark Wekander*



*drawing by Bernie Boyle*





## J. B. Schweitzer

### *the faggot Marx loved to hate*

by Hubert Kennedy

An earlier version of this article was presented by the author to the Gay Academic Union, November 1976, in New York City.

#### I

In any attempt to analyse homosexuality from the viewpoint of dialectical or historical materialism, a search is usually made to learn the opinions of Marx and Engels. But except for an occasional reference to the "natural" relationship of man to woman or to the "digusting boy-love" of the ancient Greeks, the classics of Marxism are silent on the subject. It is perhaps this very silence that has encouraged gay Marxists to believe that an analysis sympathetic to homosexuality can be made on the basis of Marxist principles. This may indeed be possible, but it will have to be done without the personal opinions of Marx and Engels. Not that their opinions cannot be known — they were often expressed to one another in their correspondence — but that they were distinctly unsympathetic. This will be illustrated here by comments found in a search for references to Johann Baptist von Schweitzer, whom they knew as a boy-lover.

Schweitzer was an important figure in the workers' movement in Germany during most of the 1860s. His political career began in 1859, but was interrupted briefly in 1862 by his conviction on a morals charge. With the help of Ferdinand Lassalle and his own very real abilities, Schweitzer was able to make a political come-back and went on to become in 1867 the first outspoken Social Democrat to be elected to a European parliament.

For various reasons Schweitzer has been forgotten by the movement to which he contributed so much. To rescue him from this unjust silence is one reason for retelling his story. Not just to furnish the gay community with the history of this remarkable "faggot who made good," but to give an example of someone who would not let his sense of personal worth be taken away by the social stigma he had to bear. And this was indeed a burden for homosexuals in the 1860s. Let us recall that the very term "homosexual" was not invented until the end of that decade and that the condemnation of boy-lovers is even today hardly less severe.

Another reason for retelling Schweitzer's story is to furnish the context for the remarks of Marx and Engels concerning him. Their views are important, for while the name Schweitzer is only occasionally recognized, the mention of Marx and Engels calls on the loyalty of millions throughout the world.

(In the following, biographical information on Schweitzer is taken from Gustav Mayer, *Johann Baptist von Schweitzer und die Sozialdemokratie, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der deutschen Arbeiterbewegung*, Jena 1909. The Marx-Engels correspondence of the years 1865-68 is contained in the *Marx Engels Werke*, volumes 31 and 32, Berlin 1965. These will be referred to as GM and MEW, respectively. All translations are mine.)

#### II

It may be pointed out that Marx and Engels were not unaware of the contemporary "homosexual emancipation movement" in Germany. In 1868 Marx sent Engels the book of Dr. Karl Boruttau, *Gedanken über Gewissens Freiheit* [Thoughts on Freedom of Conscience] (Königsberg 1867), dedicated to a "Fräulein Ottilie Schurzel in Moscow." This book apparently touched on the subject of sexual freedom, for Engels enquired on 21 July: "Who is this faggot [Schwüle] Dr. Boruttau, who reveals such a sensitive organ for sexual love?" [MEW 32, 122] To which Marx replied: "I don't know anything more about Dr. Boruttau the cock-queer [Schwanzschwülen], except that he also has to do with the Lassalleans (Schweitzer's group). The funniest thing is his 'Frenchy' dedication to a sympathetic soul in Moscow" [MEW 32, 124].

In 1869 Marx sent Engels the latest book on "Uranians" of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895). Engels replied on 22 June: "That is a very strange 'Uranian' that you sent me. Here are really unnatural disclosures. The pederasts are beginning to count themselves and find that they form a power in the state. Only the organization is lacking, but according to this it appears to already exist in secret. And since in all the old and even the new parties they count such important men as Rösing and Schweitzer, their victory cannot fail to appear. "Guerre aux cons, paix aux trous-de-cul [War to the cunts, peace to the ass-holes]" will be the order of the day. It is only by luck that we are personally too old to have to fear that at this victory we shall have to pay bodily tribute. But the young generation! By the way, only in Germany is it possible that such a guy appears, who transforms filthiness into a theory and invites: *introite* etc. Unfortunately he still doesn't have the courage to admit openly that he is an 'it,' and has to present himself in public as 'of the front side' even if not 'of the front side inside,' as he once said in a slip. [The slip would have been to substitute *hinein* for *herein* in the expression *von vorn herein* = from the beginning.] But just wait until the new North-German penal code recognizes the *droits du cul* [rights of the ass-hole], then things will be quite different. We poor people of the front side, with our childish inclination for women, will have it bad enough. If Schweitzer should need anything, it would be to coax from this odd hypocrite the particulars on the high and highest pederasts, which as a soul-brother would certainly not be difficult for him" (MEW 32, 324-325). (Note. The book Marx sent has been identified by the editors of MEW as "Argonauticus", *Zastrow und die Urninge des pietistischen, ultramontanen und freidenkenden Lagers*, Leipzig 1869. The other person mentioned by Engels was Johannes Rösing, a merchant in Bremen who was

active in the democratic movement in German in the 1830s and 1840s.)

Marx apparently remembered the book and discussed it with others, for on 17 December he wrote Engels: "Strohn is leaving here to return to Bradford and wants you to send him the Uranians, or however that pederast book is called" [MEW 32, 421]. But Marx was generally more moderate in his remarks than Engels and despite the political oppression, he several times noted Schweitzer's very real abilities.

#### III

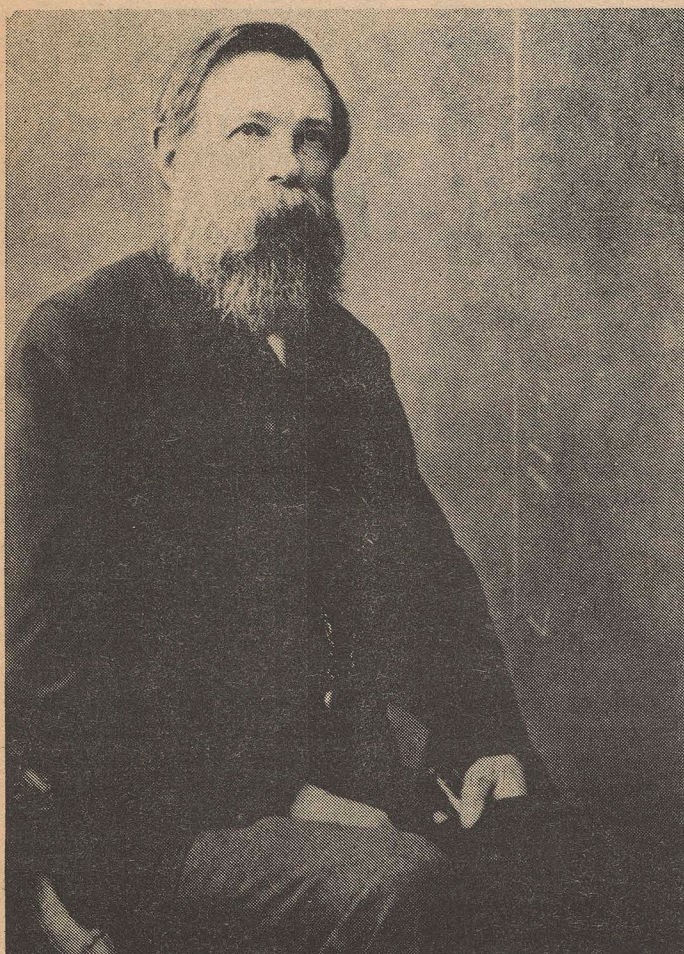
Schweitzer was born on 12 July 1833 to parents who belonged to the small group of socially prominent Catholics in largely Protestant Frankfurt am Main. He grew up, however, in the home of his maternal grandparents until age 13, when he was sent to a Jesuit boarding school. After completing law studies in Berlin and Heidelberg, he returned to Frankfurt to begin a law career in which he was never very active. This left him time for philosophical, historical, and political studies and for his own writing. The most important publication of this early period was *Der Zeitgeist und Christentum* [The Spirit of the Times and Christianity] (1861), in which he defended Christianity, but predicted the downfall of all revealed religion, noting that it was not so much the results of science as its method that had mainly led to the undermining of belief in dogmatic religion.

Already in 1861 he was prominent in several workers' clubs in Frankfurt and was elected president of the Gymnastic Club as well as of the Workers' Education Association, which he founded in November. The spring of 1862 was a high point of his effectiveness. On 25 May at a Workers' Day, he preached the class struggle in a speech that may be taken as the beginning of Social Democracy in the Frankfurt area. For several reasons, much of the press was opposed to him, but the workers were solidly behind him. Then in August came the catastrophe, his arrest in the Mannheim city park. (Mayer gives the date as 7 August 1862, but reports another date in the quotation given below.)

#### IV

The story of this incident, which is the only hard evidence we have that Schweitzer was a boy-lover, was raked up again and again by his political opponents, no doubt with many embellishments. By the time Mayer wrote his biography, the records of the trial no longer existed. In a brief





Engels wrote Marx about Ulrichs' book: "That is a very strange 'Uranian' that you sent me. Here are really unnatural disclosures. The pederasts are beginning to count themselves and find that they form a power in the state. Only the organization is lacking, but according to this it appears to already exist in secret . . . 'Guerre aux cons, paix aux trous-de-cul' [War to the cunts, peace to the ass-holes] will be the order of the day. It is only by luck that we are personally too old to have to fear that at this victory we shall have to pay bodily tribute. But the young generation! By the way, only in Germany is it possible that such a guy appears, who transforms filthiness into theory and invites . . ."



note he gives a summary of a police report of 1867 that was based on the Mannheim records: "It was stated there that between nine and ten on the morning of 4 August 1862, the accused was arrested in the Mannheim Schlossgarten for having there seduced a boy under fourteen years of age into undertaking an indecent act. But since the boy ran away and his age could not therefore be ascertained, the sentence that resulted was not for a crime against morality [Verbrechen gegen die Sittlichkeit], but only for the giving of public offence through the public perpetration of an indecent act (Erregung öffentlichen Aergernisses durch öffentliche Verübung einer unsittlichen Handlung)" [GM, 423-433]. On 5 September Schweitzer was given a sentence of two weeks' confinement, which was served immediately in the jail in Bruchsal.

On returning to Frankfurt, Schweitzer met with almost total ostracism on the part of his fellow citizens and former friends. In the preface to a pamphlet published the following year, he wrote: "When those in my hometown who called themselves my friends believed that the time had finally come when they could let loose their pent-up envy, when so many credulously repeated what a few had invented, I asked myself in astonishment: 'What have you done to deserve this?' But that was only the first quick moment — and it occurred to me that things were always like that and would remain that way forever." [Quoted in GM, 72]

Schweitzer was briefly in Vienna in the first half of 1863, lecturing on the philosophy of Schopenhauer, with whom he was acquainted sometime before the latter's death in 1860. He first read one of Lassalle's brochures shortly before going there. When it seemed that Schweitzer's political career was ended forever, Lassalle's appearance on the scene was a godsend.

## V

The great merit of Ferdinand Lassalle (1825-1864), according to Marx, was to awaken the German workers' movement after a long slumber. He had great success as an agitator, including a trip to the Frankfurt area in May 1863, and on the 25th of that month he founded in Leipzig the General German Workers' Association (in German, Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbeiterverein, hereafter referred to as ADAV). At about this time Schweitzer wrote and asked if he might dedicate a novel to him. Lassalle, noting the value of Eugène Sue's novels in France, agreed and when the first volume of *Lucinde oder Kapital und Arbeit* [Lucinde, or Capital and Labor] was published in September at Schweitzer's expense, he immediately recognized its propaganda value. When the second volume appeared in December, he was delighted.

Meanwhile, the Frankfurt branch of the ADAV refused to accept Schweitzer as a member or let him speak, and his appearance at the Gymnastic Club in November was cut short by cries of "Get out!" But at Lassalle's request he was accepted into the ADAV in Leipzig. In December Schweitzer announced that he would speak at the next meeting in Frankfurt. This caused Abraham "Fritz" Strauss, who was in charge of the Frankfurt ADAV, to write to Lassalle and ask for a "caesarean section": "We cannot use him as a person, even though a large number know how to value his abilities. He is dead here . . ." [GM, 91]. Lassalle was put on the spot, but wrote diplomatically to Schweitzer: "I have to write you a very embarrassing request today . . . You know the fact that lie at the base of the dissent against you. I only know what I read at that time in the newspaper and do not know what is true in it and what not. But given that it is true what the newspapers at that time reported about the reason for your conviction, I know one thing: that regrettable and for my taste incomprehensible fondness that is imputed to you belongs to those offenses that have not the least thing to do with the political character of a man. Such behavior as against a man of your character and your intelligence, in a political organization, only proves how confused and narrow-minded the political ideas of our people still are. I, for my part at least, whatever the Frankfurt members of our association may say, will never hide the fact that I have the highest respect for you and set the highest value on yours, as I therefore leave it to you to show this letter to whomever you wish. I have written in this sense to Frankfurt, have not kept back my disapproval, and I hope that this letter will have for the future the result that I wish. With all this you realize that for a while and at the moment there is nothing to do but avoid that conflict and a possible split . . . You therefore who have already brought so great and so essential an offering, you will also know how to bring the further offering of avoiding . . . this conflict. You

will rightly feel upset by this — but . . . you will as little as I let yourself stray from serving and giving yourself to the common cause." [Quoted in GM, 91]

Lassalle wrote Strauss that he had fulfilled his wish, though he scolded him for it, and he added that at his next visit to Frankfurt he would appear in Schweitzer's company at the public session of the ADAV. Schweitzer also received a copy of the letter to Strauss and he wrote Lassalle on 11 December to thank him, adding: "Besides I give you my word of honor that I have unjustly acquired the reputation for the fondness in question." Lassalle was probably unconvinced by this, since Bernhard Becker had written him only three days earlier: "It is not just the Mannheim incident that has brought Schweitzer such a bad reputation. Already earlier in Sachsenhausen a similar incident is said to have occurred and then been hushed up." (These two letters are in: Ferdinand Lassalle, *Nachgelassene Briefe und Schriften*, Vol. 5 [1925], pages 265 and 262, respectively.) But true to his word, Lassalle asked Schweitzer to represent him at the first anniversary of the founding of the ADAV in Leipzig and during the first week of July 1864 they were always together, arm in arm through the busiest streets of Frankfurt.

All of this, however, was not enough to rehabilitate Schweitzer with the Frankfurt ADAV and when Schweitzer turned to Lassalle for help, it was too late, for Lassalle had left on his fatal trip to Switzerland, in chase of his "Gold Fox," Helene von Dönniges. (But Lassalle showed his trust in Schweitzer by appointing him to the board of directors of the ADAV.) Schweitzer next moved to Berlin where, with the financial help of his friend Johann Baptist von Hofstetten and with Lassalle's approval, he planned to publish a newspaper for the ADAV. There tragedy struck him a second time; just when he seemed to be making a return to political life, his protector died on 31 August 1864 as a result of a duel fought over Fräulein Dönniges. Schweitzer now had only his cunning to support him.

## VI

Schweitzer knew of and respected Marx, and he had already met Marx' protégé, Wilhelm Liebknecht, in Berlin. On receiving the news of Lassalle's death, he immediately went to Liebknecht to suggest Marx as president of the ADAV. Liebknecht knew Marx wouldn't accept and made the counterproposal of doing away with the presidency, having only a board of directors that would also be responsible for the paper. (Neither knew that Lassalle had left a will, naming Bernhard Becker as his successor.) But Schweitzer wanted the paper, the *Sozialdemokrat*, to be independent of the organization and asked Liebknecht, Marx, and Engels for their collaboration, writing to Marx on 11 November 1864.

At first Marx did collaborate, but he soon learned that Lassalle had been in contact with Bismarck and of course suspected that Schweitzer knew of this. He warned Schweitzer to break with Bismarck's ministry. Then when Schweitzer wrote a series of articles praising Bismarck, Marx withdrew. Schweitzer, anticipating this, wrote Marx on 15 February 1865: "You do us wrong if you express your displeasure with our tactics everywhere and in every way. You should only do this if you exactly know the circumstances. And don't forget that the ADAV is a consolidated body and to a certain degree remains bound to its traditions. Things *in concreto* are always held back a bit by their own weight [schleppen eben immer ein Fussgewicht mit sich herum]" [GM, 118].

Marx wrote Engels on 10 March 1865: "I think Schweitzer is incorrigible (probably in secret understanding with Bismarck)" [MEW 31, 75]. Engels replied: "Schweitzer's letter is 'overripe'. The guy has the task of blaming us, and the longer one goes along with him, the deeper you get into crap. So, the sooner, the better!" [MEW 31, 80] Marx answered Schweitzer publicly, quoting Schweitzer's private letter to him, remarking to Engels: "The impudence of Herr Schweitzer, who knows that I needed only to publish his own letters, is amazing. But what was the shitty dog [beschissene Hund] to do . . . You must let Siebel have a few jokes about the guy, which he must then get into various papers" [MEW 31, 95]. Engels replied to this: "The impertinence of Schweitzer is truly downright laughable . . . Schweitzer wasn't able to sell himself to Bismarck; because of that old sow he had to do it!" [MEW 31, 96] (Engels was referring to the Countess Sophie Hatzfeld, Lassalle's long-time friend and client.)

Later in the year, in the *Sozialdemokrat*, Schweitzer's attacks on the government led on 24





Marx appreciated Schweitzer's talents, but still did not trust him. He wrote to Engels: "The influence of Schweitzer, who is a sly dog, is growing. That presumably is why Wilhelm [Liebknecht] felt it necessary to make a sort of cartel with Schweitzer, who at the moment is 'doing time' and who besides was so skillful as to have his title of nobility taken away by the Prussian court because of lese majesty . . ."

November 1865 to his conviction for "press crimes, disturbing the peace, lese majesty, and slander of government officers." Marx laconically remarked to Engels: "Bismarck seems to recognize their weakness and so has given them the air, hence legal proceedings and Schweitzer's sentencing to one year in prison" [MEW 31, 159].

## VII

Although Schweitzer lost his bid for election to the constitutional convention of the New North-German Federation in the spring of 1867, he was elected president of the ADAV and on 7 September he won election to the new parliament. Engels commented to Marx: "The great Schweitzer was successfully elected with the help of the Elberfeld and Barmen Pietists, and will now have the opportunity to proclaim in the Reichstag his screwed-up attempt to improve on various points of your book. You can bet your life he'll do it" [MEW 31, 345]. (Engels was referring to Volume I of Marx' *Capital*, which had just been published.) But on the contrary, Schweitzer was one of the few people in Germany to show real insight into Marx' writings.

In 1868 Schweitzer published in the *Socialdemokrat* in twelve installments (from 2 January to 8 May) a popular account of Marx' *Capital*. In the middle of this Marx wrote to Ludwig Kugelmann on 17 March: "Have you seen that my personal enemy Schweitzer in six issues of the *Socialdemokrat* has loaded me with praise because of my book? This is worrisome for that old whore Hatzfeld" [MEW 32, 541]. To Engels he wrote: "Whatever Schweitzer's ulterior motives may be (e.g., to make old Hatzfeld angry etc.) one thing you have to give him. Although he makes mistakes here and there, he has studied [geochst] the matter and knows where the crucial points lie" [MEW 32, 50].

Before the series of articles had ended, Schweitzer wrote Marx (on 29 April 1868) to ask his advice about a bill in parliament. When Engels heard about it, he warned Marx: "This rascal [Schurke] is using the story only as an excuse to bait us again. Of course it doesn't matter if you give him information this time, but *principiis obsta* [beware the beginnings]! and see to it that after the guy seizes your little finger he doesn't make an attempt on your whole hand" [MEW 32, 80]. Marx reassured him: "My letter is so impersonally written that he is not mentioned" [MEW 32, 82]. Marx appreciated Schweitzer's talents, but still did not trust him. He wrote to Engels on 29 July 1868: "The influence of Schweitzer, who is a sly dog, is growing. That presumably is why Wilhelm [Liebknecht] felt it necessary to make a sort of cartel with Schweitzer, who at the moment is 'doing time' and who besides was so skillful as to have his title of nobility taken away by the Prussian court because of lese majesty . . . I have also written to Schweitzer (always with an eye toward possible publication of the whole correspondence)" [MEW 32, 238].

Schweitzer had invited Marx as "guest of honor" to the general meeting of the ADAV in August, but Marx declined, giving as his excuse preparations for the 9 September congress in Brussels of the International Working Men's Association (the "First International", founded in London on 28 September 1864). On 15 September, Schweitzer wrote him: "I regard you as the chief of the European workers' movement — chief not only through democratic election, but rather by God's grace. You can count on it, that your views will always be promoted as much as possible" [MEW 32, 744]. Marx sent the letter to Engels, asking, "What should I answer that shrewd Schweitzer?" [MEW 32, 155]. Engels returned the letter with the comment: "The man is really a blockhead to believe that he can bribe you by such a letter" [MEW 32, 158]. Marx wrote back: "But the concern of Schweitzer's 'faggoty' [warmbrüderliche] letter to me is simply explained by his fear that I might now, after the Nürnberg decision, openly come out for Wilhelm and against him" [MEW 32, 167].

## VIII

The ADAV had been dissolved by police order, but in September 1868 Schweitzer helped found and was elected president of a new General German Association of Trade Unions [Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbeiterschaftsverband]. He thought that Marx would approve his policies and wrote him on 8 October. Marx wrote Engels: "As far as Schweitzer's letter is concerned, it is clear that he does not feel entirely at ease . . . cannot break loose from the obsession of 'his own workers' movement'. On the other hand, he is by all means the most intelligent and energetic of all the current workers' leaders in Germany . . . My plan is this, not to use diplomacy, but instead to tell him the unvarnished truth about my views on his doings and to make it clear to him that he must choose between 'sect' and 'class'" [MEW 32, 179]. But Engels, who had long since given up on Schweitzer, replied: "His ambition exceeds his power, as the Italians express it *vuol petare più alto del culo* [he wants to fart higher than his asshole], and on this internal contradiction he is going to ruin himself" [MEW 32, 182].

On 11 October 1868, Schweitzer was able to call the ADAV back to life, with headquarters in Berlin and just enough changes to avoid another dissolution by the police. Marx was furious: "That damned Schweitzer is still too young to pull the wool over my eyes [mich über den Löffel zu barbieren]" [MEW 32, 212]. And a few days later he was furious with Liebknecht, too: "So, Schweitzer has decided to become tailor-king of Germany! Lots of luck. He's right on one point — Wilhelm's incompetence!" [MEW 32, 219]. Engels replied: "I don't hold it against him [Schweitzer] that he has correctly judged him [Liebknecht], but he forgets that he himself, with much more brains, is still in his 'way just as small a little shit [Kleinschisser] as Wilhelm is'" [MEW 32, 221].

In parliament, Schweitzer was unable to get a bill passed that would forbid Sunday work, limit the work day to ten hours, and establish a system of factory inspectors, but he was able to bring a vote to have Fritz Mende released from jail, even though Bismarck spoke against it. Besides being a fellow Reichstag member, Mende was president of the splinter group of ADAV supported by Countess Hatzfeld and on 18 June 1869 Schweitzer and Mende announced the fusion of their two parties. Engels commented: "So that is Wilhelm's whole success, that the male-female and the wholly female lines of Lassalleans have joined themselves!" [MEW 32, 324].

But several prominent members quit the ADAV in late June. Engels wrote Marx on 6 July: "That Schweitzer is also strongly lying is certain, but still he seems *for the moment* to have saved most of the rank and file. It's going sharply downwards with him, however, and if he had another opponent than Wilhelm, the process would be much speedier. But of course that faggot drivell [schwüle Kohl] that Wilhelm has just had printed as his 'speech' will not help much" [MEW 32, 335].

Because of the war with France in 1870, Schweitzer again moved further from the views of the party of Liebknecht and Bebel that had been formed at the congress of August 1869 in Eisenach. Schweitzer was able to accept the idea of a defensive war and voted for the war appropriations bill; Bebel and Liebknecht opposed "Prussia's war" and were arrested for treason in December. In the Reichstag election on 3 March 1871, only a few days after the preliminary peace of Versailles, Schweitzer and all other Social Democrats lost, and before the end of the month he announced his retirement as president of the ADAV, to take place as soon as the next general meeting in May could elect a successor. In the meantime his money was running out.

## IX

Schweitzer's financial situation was indeed bad; he lived on borrowed money most of his life. Long before his death, Schweitzer's father had stopped helping him and Schweitzer got most of his money by anticipating the inheritance from his father, whom he made out to be a millionaire. But when his father died in December 1868 and the inheri-

tance was divided, Schweitzer got only a relatively small amount. The *Socialdemokrat* would probably have folded then, except that the father of the printer of the paper lent him money against the inheritance from his mother. But he charged such a high rate of interest that even though Schweitzer's later earnings from his plays was considerable, he was never able to get out from under the debt.

In January 1871, before his retirement from politics, Schweitzer's play "Canossa" opened in Berlin and had a success in the press and with the public, but he had begun writing plays much earlier and already in 1858 had gained recognition for his "Alcibiades, or Pictures from Greece." This play was probably influenced by his experience as a boy-lover and by his acquaintance with Antonie Menschel. Although Alcibiades (who may be identified with Schweitzer) rejects the eloquent Aspasia (Antonie) in favor of a slave who attracts him sexually, Aspasia vows to be faithful to him. The play proved to be prophetic when, 14 years later, Schweitzer married the faithful Antonie.

During his political career, Schweitzer wrote propaganda pieces ("The Rascal", 1867; "The Goose", 1869), but now he wrote for money, as he himself said, and he was enormously successful. In the last four years of his life no less than twenty of his plays were presented on the Berlin stage, and several of them ("Epidemic", 1873; "The Darwinians", 1874; "Cosmopolitan", 1875) played throughout Germany. During this period his social contacts, too, were mainly with the theatrical crowd.

Although Schweitzer no longer wished to discuss politics, he was naturally still interested in the ADAV and he attended the general meeting in Berlin in May 1872. There he was attacked by Tölke, the party secretary, who accused him of having hindered the progress of the ADAV by involving it in the trade union movement. He succeeded in having Schweitzer ousted from the meeting and got a resolution passed declaring that Schweitzer was unworthy of ever being admitted as a member! But there were still those who valued him and asked for his advice, and Schweitzer's last political act was to write an open letter in November 1872 "to my personal friends in the ADAV." In it he declared the union of the ADAV with the Eisenach party to be a necessity that could not be put off. Union finally came at the congress in Gotha, 22-27 May 1875. There, despite Marx' criticism of the platform drawn up by Liebknecht, the two groups were united in a new party, called (until 1890) "Sozialistische Arbeiterpartei Deutschlands" [Socialist Workers Party of Germany]. (The current SPD in the Federal Republic and the SED in the DDR are descendants of this union.)

Schweitzer hardly lived to see this result. He died on 28 July 1875 in Giessbach, Switzerland, of inflammation of the lungs, leaving only debts to his wife, whom he had married only three years before. As a result of his insolvency, even the copyrights to his plays were put up for auction, but they were acquired for the widow by the German Schiller Foundation. Schweitzer's remains were finally laid to rest in Frankfurt, in the same cemetery as Schopenhauer. The burial was attended by Karl Franz von Schweitzer, mayor of Frankfurt, and other relatives. Catholic clergy, whose downfall he had predicted, were there, too. Not one worker was there, not a flower from them for the man who gave the best years of his life to their cause.

Schweitzer's wife is said to have had the impression that his drive for recognition was stronger than for political activity and inwardly he held himself above all party struggles. Gustav Mayer, his biographer, believed that the one thing that directed his life was an ambition that was increased by a drive for activity and pleasure, and was unbridled by any categorical imperative. There seems to be truth in all this. Schweitzer was indeed a remarkable man, who can also be admired for not accepting and internalizing society's concepts of right and wrong, for not yielding to that self-oppression that is the most successful of all oppressions.



# POETRY

## more

# POETRY

### DREAM/POEM/SEA

It was a poem about the sea,  
dark and somehow turbulent;  
in dream, it sped from word to word,  
and limbs were not twisted,  
but wet. Slick to the touch  
were his images. Sleek  
and unrefined.

He sped  
from word to word and dreamt  
tomorrow when panic would not be  
and softness would; when ease  
would be the world and salt-licked wounds  
would not; when distances  
would shortly fall. And speed  
from word to word.

He dreamed  
about the sea. It was different  
and still he wept. It was his poem.  
It was so difficult.

*Tom Felt*

### WELL ALL THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT

Lucien! Come here! Come on!  
Do I have to come and get you? Har?  
Luciens a dog. My dog I suppose. A female  
daughter of a bitch. Named after Jean Genet's  
Lucien, from the book 'Our Lady Of The Flowers', not  
by me but by another published poet, David Emerson  
Smith who I've wrote enough crap about already. Well  
I take the dog with me every morning for coffee to a  
donut shop run by a Greek. I drink two or sometimes  
three large coffees and she eats a plain donut which  
I crumble up so she won't wolf it down in one gulp and  
puke later on our livingroom rug.  
Well all that's beside the point.  
What I'm really talking about is my voice. My poetry  
and what makes it for me.  
What makes it is the emotional quality of the phrase or  
cliche. Lucien! Come here! Come on! Do I have to  
come and get you? Har?  
You see it's not the dog that evokes that impatient  
response in me. Shit! I don't blame her. She's eating  
chicken bones thrown out of a Spanish restaurant yesterday.  
I wouldn't deny her that. Hell, it's a score for a dog,  
but it might rain or something and I wanna get home and  
write this . . . what I'm writing now.  
What I'm getting at is I'm sick and tired of seeing essays  
by established well known poetry pushers on how to write  
poetics or how one of their latest offering came about.  
So I said to myself: What the hell! Fuck it!  
I'll do it too. Or something like that, do you  
understand? Well all that's beside the point also,  
if you no what I mean.  
What I mean is I could write the same thing about  
Roberta Mona Damnfucker which is a recent alias of  
Robert Dargon, published poet who lives in the same  
house I do, but I don't, or I do actually sometimes  
under my breath. By the way Mona was the dog's original  
name someone gave it at birth. Well that really doesn't  
mean anything.  
Let me give you an example.  
Me and R. M. Damnfucker are going downtown and the  
bus is leaving in five minutes and he's still putting  
on makeup or combing his wirey long hair and I think  
almost out loud.  
Damnucker! Come here! Come on!  
Do I have to come and get you? Har?

Can you imagine that name is on the mailbox, Roberta Mona  
Damnucker, right alongside Stonewall Nations Incorporated,  
which is us too, and then my name, Freddie Greenfield,  
published poet with a book coming out soon, and another  
name Malchow, two Goddamn drunks we're kicking out, evicting  
bag furniture and baggage when the official legal court  
notice arrives sometimes next week and then the only  
people we'll have move in are other male fags who can  
pay the rent. The Malchow's by the way are a straight  
pair, man and wife with two dogs and a cat who stink.  
Not the dogs and cat, they don't stink. The man and  
wife stink.  
Well all that's beside the point.  
Well what the point is is that this is poetry, period.  
My poetry. I don't care what the hell anybody says.  
It's good, real good.

*freddie greenfield*

### THE LITTLE DANCE

*for ken & rob*

Elephants, llamas, feathered men  
parade polar bears in cages  
cannot equal fourteen years old  
and dancing on the parapet. Tee shirt  
plastered to his torso adolescent pubescent  
tough guy loving it the circus  
and wanting it the attention. He  
does his little dance diddling  
himself and us for he is beauty  
raw and real uncooked fibrous  
between the teeth. How can I speak  
candles search out words  
in daylight lit with a brightness  
impotent with squealing as the tongue  
tied to the balustrade.

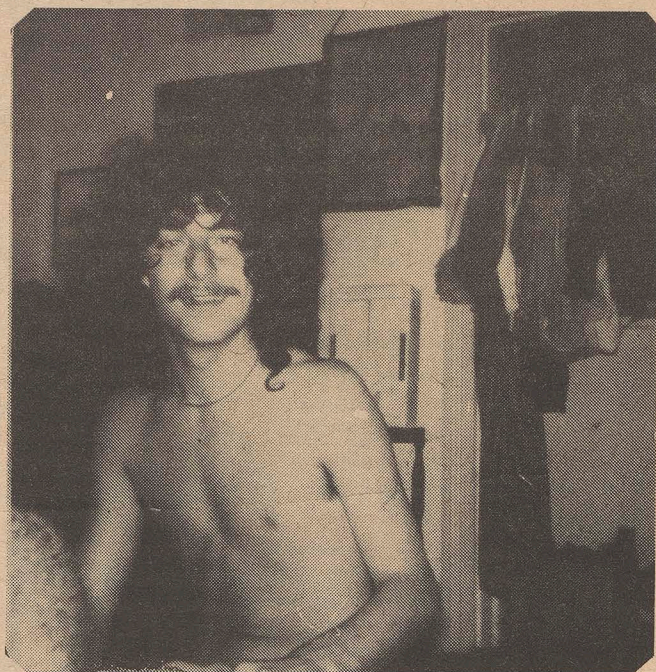
*Salvatore Farinella*

### "PORTRAIT"

Three boys  
Play football on a small  
Trampled lawn,  
The grass green  
round the edges,  
Brown and tan,  
a bit muddy where the  
Boys tackle and run.  
Two on a side  
One on another  
While a fourth, blond  
Youth watches, hands  
in his slim pants pockets.  
He paces,  
Shouting jeers and words  
of encouragement  
To his acquaintances.  
The pigskin lobs  
toward two men,  
One man picks it off  
While the other two  
Put their arms around  
His waist and legs  
And pull him down.

Three in soiled sweatshirts,  
The blond fourth watches in  
His Christmas brown corduroy coat,  
both hands jammed in his pants pockets.  
Tho the snow begins to fall,  
There's no difference how  
They play the game:  
Each quarterback  
Throws at the other two;  
They're keeping their distance warm,  
Handing off,  
Grappling, falling on top of each other;  
While the corduroy boy in white sneakers  
Stands watching, playing with his  
Hands in his blue pants pockets.

*David Kline*



*photo by Ed Camp*





*The Adolescent Boys*, Otto Schoff. Drawing, Fritz Gurlitt Collection, Berlin.

## Trees And The Park n.a. diaman

Stephen payne had bought the tree poster in a bookstore on forty-second street across from the public library and hung it in the bedroom of his small manhattan apartment where he could look at it in the morning when he woke up and again at night before going to sleep. the trees on his wall were green and full while outside in the street their bare branches seemed to blend with the grayness of winter.

There was a beauty and magic about the first snowfall which covered the city with a hushed whiteness. stephen took a long walk up broadway that night instead of taking the seventh avenue irt train home from work as he usually did. he was disappointed though the following day when he had to deal with slippery streets and dirty slush clogging the gutters at every intersection. during the cold weather that followed he preferred to spend most of his leisure time at home reading, sometimes listening to music, occasionally watching television. and when he looked at the trees in the poster he would think about the coming spring.

One brisk sunny day in march when he was shopping for food near the new yorker theatre he noticed green leaves on the trees along the street. that saturday he took a book to riverside park and sat on a bench to read overlooking the hudson. from time to time he looked up to watch the people passing. they moved at a slower pace among the blossoming trees than the crowds he saw midtown during the week.

On the first warm day of the year stephen called in sick so he could spend the afternoon in central park. it was his first time there and as he walked across fresh blades of grass and under tall bright trees he almost forgot he was in the middle of new york city. edging his way along a bridle path he neither saw the tall apartment buildings behind him nor heard the traffic on the roadway just ahead. he paused for a moment to smell and pick a fragrant sprig of white from a bush he was passing and promised himself that he would return to the park as often as he could.

The pleasant warmth of spring soon gave way to the heat of summer which for stephen was worse than the winter he had endured. one hot humid night when he could not sleep he decided to take a walk and eventually turned toward the park. slowly strolling past the trees along the gray stone wall he moved alternately through areas of shadow and light heading south from the nineties through the eighties to the seventies. he stopped to sit down on a bench and was joined by another young man who immediately started a conversation with him.

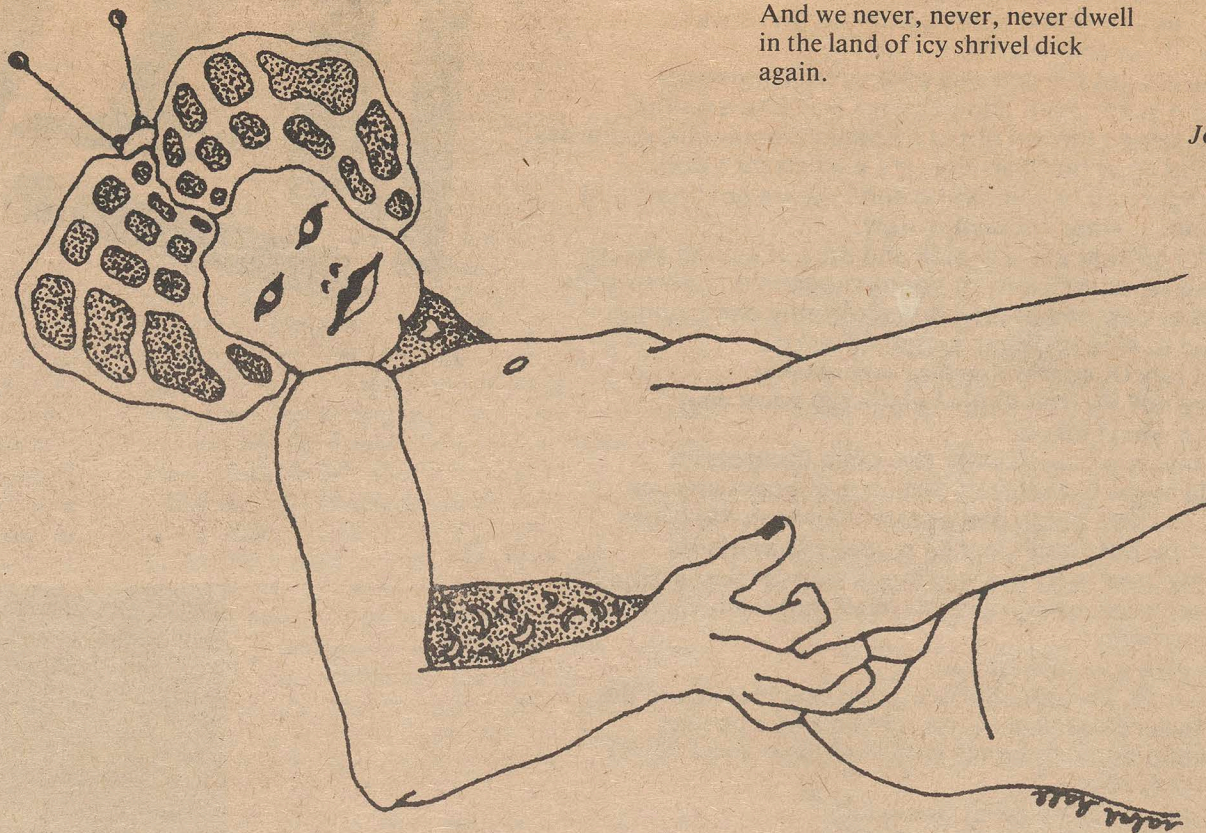
After they had talked for quite a while the man said, why don't you come to my place for a drink? stephen looked at his watch. i should go home, i have to work in the morning. you can sleep over if you'd like. that's very nice of you, maybe some other time.

The following friday stephen again walked along central park west late at night and when he got down to the seventies there were a lot of men walking, sitting and standing along the street. unlike the people he saw during the day who seemed almost oblivious to everyone around them, most of these men looked at him and at the other men who were there. a few talked in small groups but the majority were alone like himself, silent and relatively friendly looking. even though they were all strangers to him he felt he could probably talk to any of them without much difficulty.

Stephen sat for a while to watch the men passing and wondered why so many like himself had gathered along these two or three blocks on the west side of the park. perhaps there was something about this large park in the heart of the city which drew them together. the quiet. the darkness. the trees themselves. or something more mysterious that could not be as easily explained. as he was thinking about these things one of the men slowly walking by stopped and stared at him. stephen stared back and smiled. the man approached him smiling.

it's beautiful tonight. yes. you were here last week. for a while. i saw you talking to someone on a bench. and you? i was walking, i passed you twice, the third time i came by you were gone. i don't remember seeing you. i come here almost every night, i just live a few blocks away. this is my second time here at night.

Later stephen stood at a window of the living room looking out over the park thinking that he would someday like to have an apartment with a view like this. the needle touched a spinning record on the turntable and music began. stephen turned just as brent reached out and drew him close. he felt an unexpected charge of excitement as their bodies touched and immediately understood why he had accepted the invitation to come here. whatever fear he had that night quickly passed. for the first time since his arrival in new york he did not feel lonely. and in the morning he once again looked at the park with its green leaves pleased with what he had discovered there.



## THE BOOK AND THE LAMP Aida

**The book, *Homolibre* basalt and the Lamp that didn't light without a switch: Juanita Hall like that department store outside of Amherst's airefield strip. psychologues en francais bohemes**

**Hidden away in the librarian poet's corner and latin men smooching on the cover, Two guys, semi-sepia's bitch.**

**—Spanish Mexicale, as Cleopatra quest, are you a Catholic La Giaconda: some kind of snake dancer's alley officer search rummager what does one ex-cathedra think of Algren's bare-chested biceps Bert's arches question pugilist funnys sine columban Vatican Lisa prelude.**

John Wieners

## LITANY OF THE JAGUAR HEARTS

Jaguar hearts know  
It's good to kiss  
It's good to feel  
It's good to come what may  
Lose it all — Give it away  
Be kind — Be adored — Adore  
Do it in the Dark  
& Let the People watch  
Who cares?

Let the neighborhood rejoice  
Let the vacant eyes gleam  
Let the old finger the young  
& the young have secret pleasures  
Let the pretty compromise  
& the bitchy be smooth  
Let the dreamers of the movie house  
feel crotch sweat — not their own  
Let the sheep fuck the goats  
& those in leather fuck those not in leather  
Let the satyrs be satiated  
& the foolish virgins enwised  
& let all take gladness  
in the noise  
of the marriageless feast.

Let the innocent be kissed  
for their sweetness  
& the unseemly  
for their technique  
Let they who dare not show their flesh  
be satisfied  
Let the bald be tickled with flesh hairs  
Let the soft of belly touch what is hard  
Let those who lisp find tit-illation  
& the out of it be put into it  
and into it  
and into it.

Let the nose know Amyl  
Let the mouth taste Memberfilled  
Let the ears hear the sounds of Groan  
While the lips press to Brotherment  
Let the joys of tongue last and last and last  
past Climax  
So that the flow of DOWN-TO-IT  
not desert our flesh  
And we never, never, never dwell  
in the land of icy shrivel dick  
again.

John Franck



darling,  
our thighs reject  
the aroma of  
amyl and  
excrement;  
your smile is  
mine;  
together the  
Night  
pampers our flesh.

kent 11-5-76

Fredd Gordon

# HYMN TO MY HEP or MY HEP HITS HIM

I'm half in a daze  
as the radio plays  
"They call me mellow yellow  
quite rightly".  
If I hear that song once more  
I swear I'll piss on Donovans gold record.  
This yellow peril is far from mellow.  
I've always hated that color  
although my body does now  
match my most exquisite drag,  
and I'm now perfectly color-coordinated  
with my chic sun yellow ceiling.  
Now fully awake  
out of desperation and boredom

out of desperation and boredom  
I don a hard-on  
and jerk off the jaundice  
hoping to see  
the burst of thick virgin white  
But horror takes hold  
as its sticky substance  
oozes out snot yellow.  
I will forever curse my cum  
and sing this song of woo:

"In this city of sin  
the sperm bank  
is a germ bank.  
Quell sells  
as scabies make babies  
and crags grab in conquest.  
Penicillin is fillin  
every asshole in town  
that clap traps  
and spiroqites eat.  
But worst of all  
gamma globulin  
is gobbling  
our money and our strength  
as livers are a-quivering  
and shit quits  
being brown.  
Sometimes I think sex  
was invented by Dr. R.X.  
The drug industry makes a mean buck  
from us ailing queers with bad luck."



I remember the time  
at the steps of that chicago bank  
I walked toward you  
who cruised me  
not recognizing your lover

(for chuck, of course)

Guy Bishop

## STILL

Still in thought, still.  
Instilled with rising hope  
For times to come, to hold  
You for a minute or a night.

Turning in dim light,  
I see the outline of a smile.  
It's sleepy innocence brings  
An unchurned mind, a happy heart.

Jim Weslowski

## IT HURT LIKE A BASTARD

walked into a room  
only to be thrown onto a bed/  
thrown so hard that my head  
hit the wall at the top/

then he hopped on top of me/  
it hurt like a bastard.  
johnsons baby oil all over my body  
relieved it a little-

he started sliding all along me  
and clawed at my chest/  
breathing hard/he bit my chin/  
it hurt like a bastard.

i heard him yell something  
as he rolled me over/  
more oil/all over my ass  
he slid right in

to me  
it hurt like a bastard.  
pounding and pushing as hard as he could  
i thought i was going to bleed/

his fist on my back  
it hurt like a bastard.

bruises started jumping at me/i came  
and i mean/it must have  
been the best i'd had  
in the short time i've been

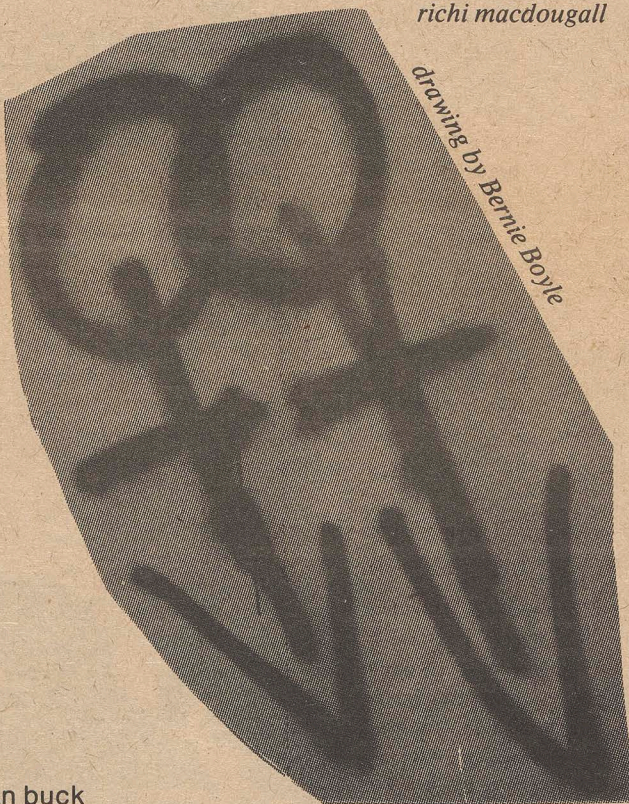
in town/what more could i ask for/  
it hurt like a bastard.

drawing by Bernie Boyle



richi macdougall

drawing by Bernie Boyle



## AFTER THE CLASS REUNION

And only he still free of a marriage vow!  
Midnight approaching, trying to masturbate,  
lying in that motel room, he thought now  
of John the doctor, Tom the magistrate,  
all who'd — how else to put it? — "turned out straight."  
Oh really, quite sincerely, beyond debate!  
A clock struck twelve. Lighting a cigarette,  
his penis dangling, he tried to forget  
all of those schoolboy days of petty vice:  
the playing of cards like fools, and sometimes dice;  
the stealing of sausage from the storeroom walls;  
the bullying of First Formers as they came  
year after year to pass through the same halls—  
filled with love that would graduate to shame.

Stuart Byron

## CRUISING

"Hot, isn't it?" he says,  
slicing his face with a grin,  
hitching his thumb in a loop that holds  
the keys to a kingdom.

I am annoyed.  
He could be staring at the bulge  
of my cigarette package  
after I've said  
— clearly —  
I don't smoke,  
but when his grin leaves the scar of a scowl  
I nod.  
He'll talk about matches next.

John D. Dolan

## BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pants on his legs  
white as the summer  
somehow bare sandaled the sidewalks.  
He carried books in his arms  
like branches on a postcard,  
with leaves said yes,  
then went on.  
And he did.

Mark Lofstrom

Marc Huestis

There are no limits to sensible hostility but  
for those who made me want to die & die & die again  
I know none-

so, for you, punk Adonis, who tossed a coin  
across the cafeteria, pointing to your cock, my mouth,  
I'd like to cut it off & watch you eat it,  
no mustard & no pauses;

& you guys who groaned, when all else failed  
& you found me on your softball team, the no-choice last resort,  
& booed & hissed as I crossed the field head down,  
seeking love from stones,  
I'd like to stick those damned bats up your asses  
& finally find first base;

be forewarned, that when you die,  
& find yourselves in hell  
that God is a black woman, devoid of charity as you;  
Jesus is a cripple, & wears thick, ugly glasses;  
& last but not least, the holy ghost is me—  
a flaming faggot with a thousand tongues  
ready to give you first & final fellatio

walta borawski







“an’ he”

sweatsocks choking  
from the smell  
of smoke  
sweat blocks up  
my nostrils this  
ain't no jive buzz  
honey  
i am tore down  
feeling each other  
like this night while  
we leaned and  
suckedsmoke  
for beginners  
4 lips lock open  
to trade secret  
words to the back  
of throats slipping  
sliding cotton down  
up and over  
to get next  
like flesh to flesh feeling  
sliding khakis down past well  
hung slender legs then  
everything goes  
into the pile with  
sweatsocks choking  
on skin baby  
i wanna get glued to you  
wanna get you crazy  
you leave  
me dazed

an' he blew  
an arrow through  
his mouth into  
smoke clinging sweatsocks  
coming so fluid like  
currents crazy to  
rush sliding down  
slender legs spread

to screw and get glued  
and lewd 'cause the  
heat's got me hazy smoking  
into  
sweat like sweetsocks panting  
from running and coming and  
loving every bit  
of it.

*Gregory Pond*

*Louis Solnicki*

## ODE TO MOTORCYCLE ANGELS, LONESOME COWBOYS AND SOLDIER BOYS

The Ecstasy -  
It's over.

Those motorcycle angels  
Who fucked each other  
Wearing brown boots and pale neckerchiefs  
Crashed into a tourist van.

Those lonesome cowboys  
Who sucked each other  
While the campfire embers glowed  
Were swallowed up  
By the rising sun.

Those soldier boys  
Who unzipped each other's fatigues  
And tongued each other's assholes  
In a frenzy  
Died on some forgotten battlefield.

Eight-by-ten glossy photographs  
Of gorgeous gorilla meat studs  
Won't bring them back:  
The models  
Lack the tenderness  
Necessary for The Ecstasy.

The suck-and-fuck movies  
Won't bring them back either:  
No cameras ever bore witness  
To The Ecstasy;  
And, anyway,  
The Ecstasy cannot be watched.

But, somewhere  
Motorcycle angels  
Lonesome cowboys and  
Soldier boys  
Are loving still.

Listen carefully  
And hear their heavy breathing.



# WARNING FOR

**The nuclear fam  
is fissionable  
for Gay energy.**

**Louie**

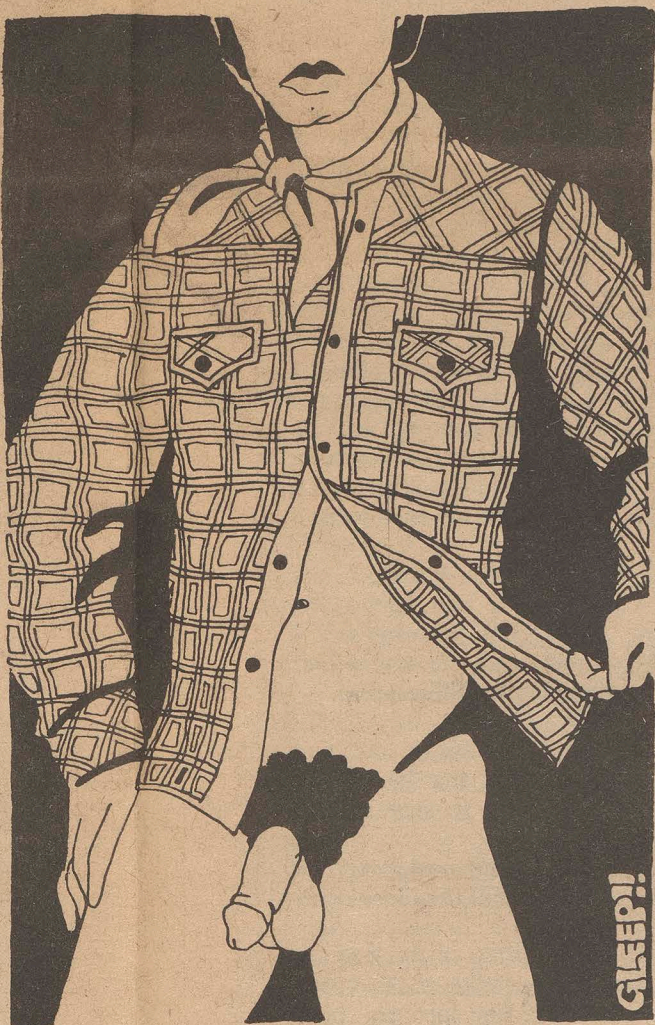




## A TRIBUTE TO LEATHER

I'm a purely vinyl person,  
A surely plastic person,  
And from a big piece of meat I never ever run.  
Whether it's leather or prewashed denim.  
When I spot my man I go get him.  
I'll make your little heart melt  
With my hairy chest, and keys and handcuffs  
strapped to my big belt.  
I create quite a storm  
with my bulging crotch and my smart uniform.  
I love all men, no matter what their need.  
Regards of race, color or greed.  
I could be very smart or witty,  
or if you prefer quite shitty.  
I'm not dumb like they all say.  
I just happed to be brilliant, clever, and just a little gay.  
If you want a high, there's the poppers around my neck.  
Or if that doesn't work, There's always my welfare check.  
Orgies and freaks simply turn me on.  
And I thank God for day they were all born.  
Of course I belong to the smartest of clubs.  
The one I belong to is called "The Gay Rubs."  
Our symbol is the squatting eagle,  
Now don't you think that's to grand and quit regal?  
Of course there are things I haven't done.  
God, knows I've never been on a run.  
I've never had my ass on a bike.  
And I never saved a gay life, by sticking a finger in someone's dike.  
Oh, there are so many things I want to do.  
But sad to say, nothing is really ever new.  
Yes, I'M just me.  
Miss Symbolism, Miss Leatherette.  
And I'm telling you now, deary, a nicer person you never met.

Thomas Sypek



## COME BIND ME, COME LOVE ME

Come bind me to the bedpost  
And suck my cock  
So hard  
The mattress will groan  
And you will sweat  
From exhaustion.

Come wrap your legs  
Naked  
Around my legs.  
Come rub your chest hairs  
All over my ass.  
Come make my cock  
Rise and sing  
Your virtues.

Come pluck my ass hairs  
With delicacy  
Like one who plays the harp.  
Come tongue my asshole  
With reverence  
That I may open myself  
Willingly.  
Come ravage my mouth  
With deep-throated ecstasy.

Come  
And fuck me so deeply  
That I forget  
Where I begin  
And you end.

Come,  
And love me so strong  
That I forget  
The sound of my own name.

Louis Solnicki

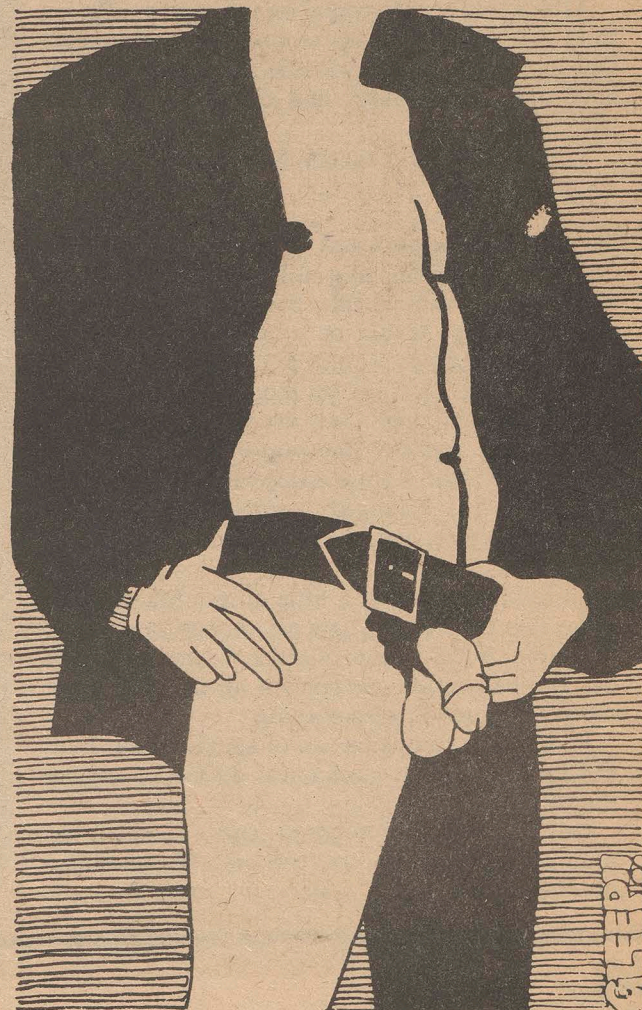


## "the trucks"

on (one of these) nights  
down by the docks  
where lights are low  
and no cops in sight  
pockfaced sailors  
and prettyboys meet  
after sundown  
to comedown  
kneeling  
catching spears with their mouths  
thick with roots and sweat twining  
on the stems of resistance  
that bend and break  
while they're giving it all away

slip zipper quick and split  
'cause here comes police raid.

Gregory Pond



## WARNING FOR THE GAY 80s

The nuclear family  
is fissionable  
for Gay energy.

Louie Crew





# SUMMER

It's too bad Colquist doesn't like me. We seem to be all alone here; I haven't seen anyone else for days. But Colquist won't even speak to me and he avoids me whenever he can. So I have taken to spying upon him: I watch him when he is sleeping and when he goes out for a swim or a walk. So far he hasn't caught me. I wonder what he will do when he does. I wonder if this is a last effort at sanity.

Today he went down to the pool and waded out toward the deep end. Dead leaves stuck to his back, and bits of scum. Then he swam, diving down under all that muck. What will he do when the water is gone? We could refill the pool, I suppose, if we worked together, filling some large receptacle with water and pouring it in. But would he ever be willing to do that?

This is the dream that I had this afternoon: while he was still wet from his swim, I crawled between his legs, sniffing at the odor of dead leaves. Then I put out my tongue and licked his asshole. I was a good little doggie then.

But he doesn't even speak to me. He jerks off in the bathroom, not knowing that the door does not properly close and that I can see through the crack. I even watch him when he is only sitting on the throne. Do you suppose that he does not speak because I cannot? Or does he truly dislike me?

I don't remember that he was ever like this before the others left. But that was a long time ago. He has gotten quieter and quieter.

He always looks to see what he has done before he flushes the commode.

Oh how I wish that all this tediousness would come to an end.

You see, I am not an ignorant person. There are many things that I could be doing if I were not here. Here is a hotel, although deserted now. Even the staff is gone.

I have a large marble room, a suite really, but I prefer to keep the other doors locked. It is cold sleeping on marble, but I was unable to pull a bed through the doorway. I have covered the mirrors also, and I only keep the one candlestick.

You can see that it is a spartan existence that I lead.

He went for a long walk today. Colquist, I call him, though I don't really know his name. He had on walking shorts and walking boots and a thick woolen shirt. I could smell him sweating before he got out of the hotel. Then he walked around and around. The hotel grounds are circumscribed and limited and rather grown up in spots. But he seemed to enjoy himself.

Afterwards he sat around on the terrace with his shirt off, scratching his stomach and drinking. One of our last bottles of wine. And then we shall have only the keg-beer and our drinking water left.

I spied on him for several hours and he did not see me once.

He dove into the pool and I noticed that his entire body was a uniform color at last. It has taken him all summer to achieve this. Even if you spread his cheeks, the vee would be a dull brown and the little, puckered lips would be tanned. But not so long ago it was pink and his skin was a fish-white.

I am white all over. Only my legs, from the top of my black socks to the bottom of my shorts, have a little color. I am wearing plaid shorts, a size too large. They belonged to someone who stayed here once before, but I don't remember whom.

Colquist always leaves a little dinner for me, so I know that he does not hate me enough to wish for me to die. But if I come into the kitchen before he has finished eating, he takes it all into the other room and I am left with nothing.

I tried once to open a can of spaghetti but I am not very good with mechanical devices. I cut my thumb quite badly.

Our hotel is over a hundred years old, but it has been modernized, as you can see. We have can openers and running water and sometimes the



Ken Clark photo

## tom felt

electricity works.

Colquist lives in one of the smaller rooms and he has filled it up with furniture that nobody else is here to want. I suppose that it makes him feel secure somehow.

I am deeply devoted to Colquist and wish that I could tell him that I love him.

Colquist often pees on the edge of the toilet bowl. And there are spots on the front of his pants that take several minutes to dry.

He has been dressing lately in formal clothes but with only a tee-shirt because of the heat. Then he lights the candles in the candelabra and pretends that he is dining in company. It is all quite glamorous: the sparkle of crystal and the gleam of his white tails.

After his swim once, he put the tailcoat on and danced with himself. It was stunning to watch the brown, hairy legs twirling about and then, when the tails flew apart, to glimpse his brown, hairy buttocks. Everything about him was perfect and I dreamed once again what it would be like to be crushed underneath him. The white coat, stretched perilously tight across his back, would give way and split down the middle and my fingernails would dig into the mounds of his flesh.

When he sleeps beside the pool, the wind gently blows the tufts of hair which grow up from the crease of his ass. This is another thing that I have memorized about him.

When he sleeps it is usually in the foetal position. When he is in bed, I mean. His legs tuck up to his chest and he holds himself tightly.

I have watched him like this many times, since

# GUESTS

this is my only opportunity to be alone with him. I have to be careful how I move, because of all the furniture he has collected about him, but it is fortunate that my eyes are good in the dark. Sometimes, but only rarely, I take off all of my clothes as if I were going to my lover. But then I dress again quickly, ashamed to see myself.

And this is another dream: that I waded out into the pool where his body is floating, face down. It is bloated and has a strange odor. The leaves have collected in layers around him and I have to scrape them away before I can touch the cold flesh. When I kiss him, my mouth fills with acrid water. It is then (in the dream) that I finally slip over into insanity and then we float together forever, side by side.

In sleep he has an odor not unlike the dream, but gentler, warmer, more nearly imperceptible.

In sleep, I sometimes think that he is dead.

And when summer is past, will he leave too like the others did? I have seen no signs that he is preparing to go, and yet he is restless, somehow. Even when I am not near, he shies and peers about, suspecting me.

Yesterday I tried to speak but could not form my lips about his name. It is not physiological, I know. But then, his avoidance of me is not that, either.

He stares at me as if my lips were crimson with lipstick. I wish that I could speak. I wish that I could paint myself to be more beautiful than I am.

What will I do when he is gone?

And yesterday, a new crop of leaves died, to litter the pool, the terrace, the tennis courts. It has gotten colder and, quite inexplicably, one wall of the dining room collapsed, bright marble shards scattering across the faded red carpet. Many windows have been broken, too, so that the tattered draperies are sucked out by the wind.

I feel as if we are aging, as if we are growing too old. But still he does not move.

He swims for the last time, and shivers, pulling some bright swatch of cloth he has discovered somewhere about his body and running back to the hotel. He sees that I have been watching him, but does not stop. I run after him, clattering on the tiles. I find him kneeling in the lobby in tears.

His name is not in the registration books. It is a name that I have made up. But how I love that name: it has a hard, crisp sound. "Colquist," I practice saying over and over in my mind, thinking that perhaps someday he will respond.

Sometimes I do not see him for days on end, and then I sigh with relief to discover that he has not gone. But it is getting difficult to stay awake. Winter is almost here.

"Colquist, will you come back next year?" I want to ask him. Want to ask, but then lose track of him in my mind.

The gilt frames of the paintings in the hall are tarnished and the paint has started to crack. I drag all of the blankets that I can find into my room and pile them against the doors.

Cold marble walls . . .

I am not sure how long it is before I go back to his room to see if he is there. At first I cannot be certain. There is snow on the windowsills and the darkness seems to flicker. But he has not gone.

Legs drawn up. His hair is much longer than it was, but that is to keep his shoulders warm. His fingers pinch his own flesh, so tightly is he holding himself. I see the cord clearly that connects his testicles to the prostate gland. Perhaps next summer we will go away somewhere, someplace where we can be alone.

I close the door. It is freezing in the hall. In my marble chamber I will sleep until it is time for him to awaken me once more . . .

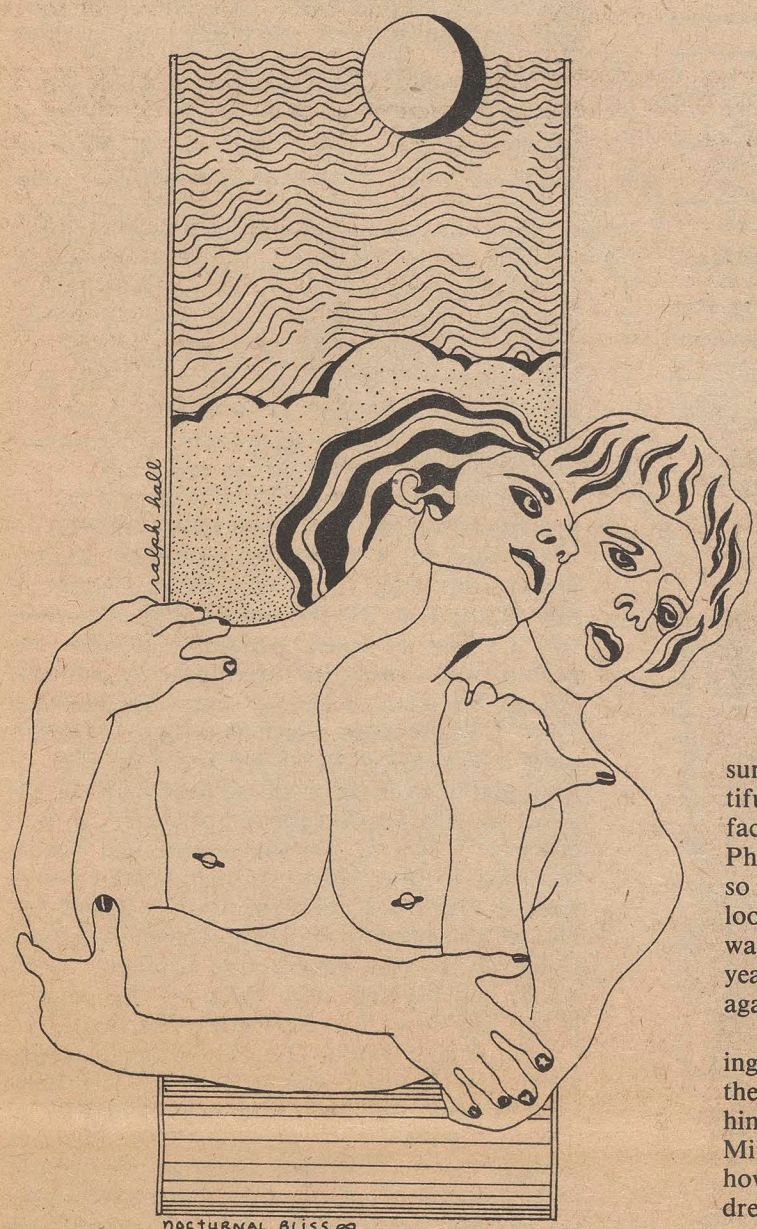
It is too bad that Colquist doesn't like me. We seem to be all alone.



# COSMETICS as an act of

# REVOLUTION

By Charley Shively



## MIDDLE AGED AND DUMPY LOOKING

Beginning with my personal experience, I was surprised at how much I knew about "being beautiful." I had long thought of myself as being in fact ugly. Picking up on my "Revolutionary Phantasy," one correspondent called me a "not so ideal writer/artist . . . middle-aged and dumpy looking." Actually I now realize that I've always wanted to look that way (at least since I was ten years old). Most of my life has been a protest against "being beautiful."

A friend made this clear when I was discussing the question of phantasy with him. Mike was then a prisoner in West Virginia; I had first met him as a teen-age friend of Prescott Townsend; Mike began hustling at fourteen. He explained how being beautiful meant being what people dreamed they wanted you to be; you became a projection of their desires — trapped as it were in their need or "love" for some dream of theirs. We talked about what it meant to have all those eyes, desires, wishes focused your way. Like Marilyn Monroe. Could she feel all the men who masturbated over her calendar pictures? Could Mike?

When the Fort Hill Faggots for Freedom picketed Sporters to protest its dress code, I joined and walked with Taffy whose sign read: "GIVE LOOKS-ISM THE EVIL EYE." One passerby— young hippie, blond, tight green pants, beautiful, stoned (and at least playing) straight and dumb— approached me perplexedly and asked what "good-looks-ism" meant. I immediately wanted to take him home and answer his question personally, and in depth. But the watching police were keeping the picketers moving. I did not want to desert the line.

The difference between us carrying the signs and the man asking the questions struck me. Likewise I couldn't miss the contrast between us — Free box clothing, Woolworth jewelry, scruffy radical — and those entering the bar — discreet, Bloomingdale beautiful, available but not too available. Perhaps nowhere in faggotry is a contradiction so clear. Everyone says that looks don't matter. Other things are supposedly more important than appearance. Yet from the giddy to the heavy everyone responds first and foremost to image, appearance and in general to beauty.

I want to examine the cosmetic difference between what passes among us for beauty and what is dismissed as undesirable. I begin by rejecting all spiritual rhetoric. It is not the immortal soul (or even the personality) that inspires poets, pursuers and lovers. Most objections to my writing boil down to defences of spiritualism. Defending beauty, one outraged critic protested: "I am much more than meat (which, even so, will never meet anyone else in the way you require)," he wrote, "I am an unbelievably beautiful person with a great heart and soul and mind and passion and insight and intuition and commitment and courage and loyalty and tenderness and eloquence — and I will give them all to the people I am fighting with and for, because they, too, have all these things, no matter how often forced to the degrading dead level of meet-meet." I cannot accept so glibly this contrast between cosmetic physical beauty and the supposedly superior spiritual beauty. If we do not all begin with a recognition that we are meat on the meat rack, nothing we say or do will get us off the grill.

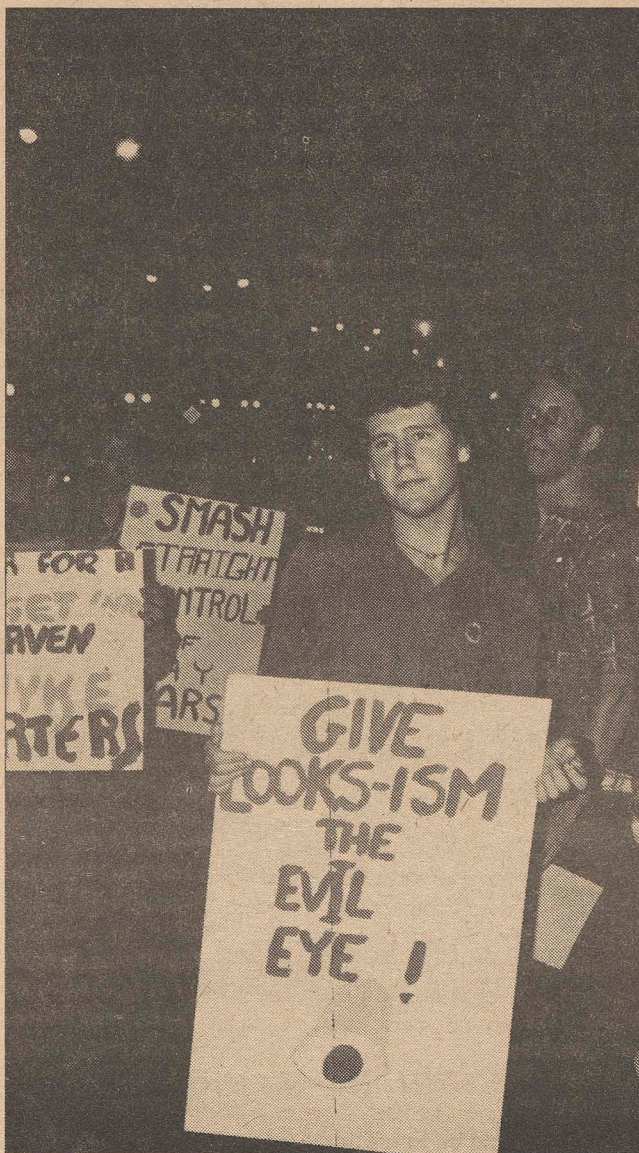


photo by GCN

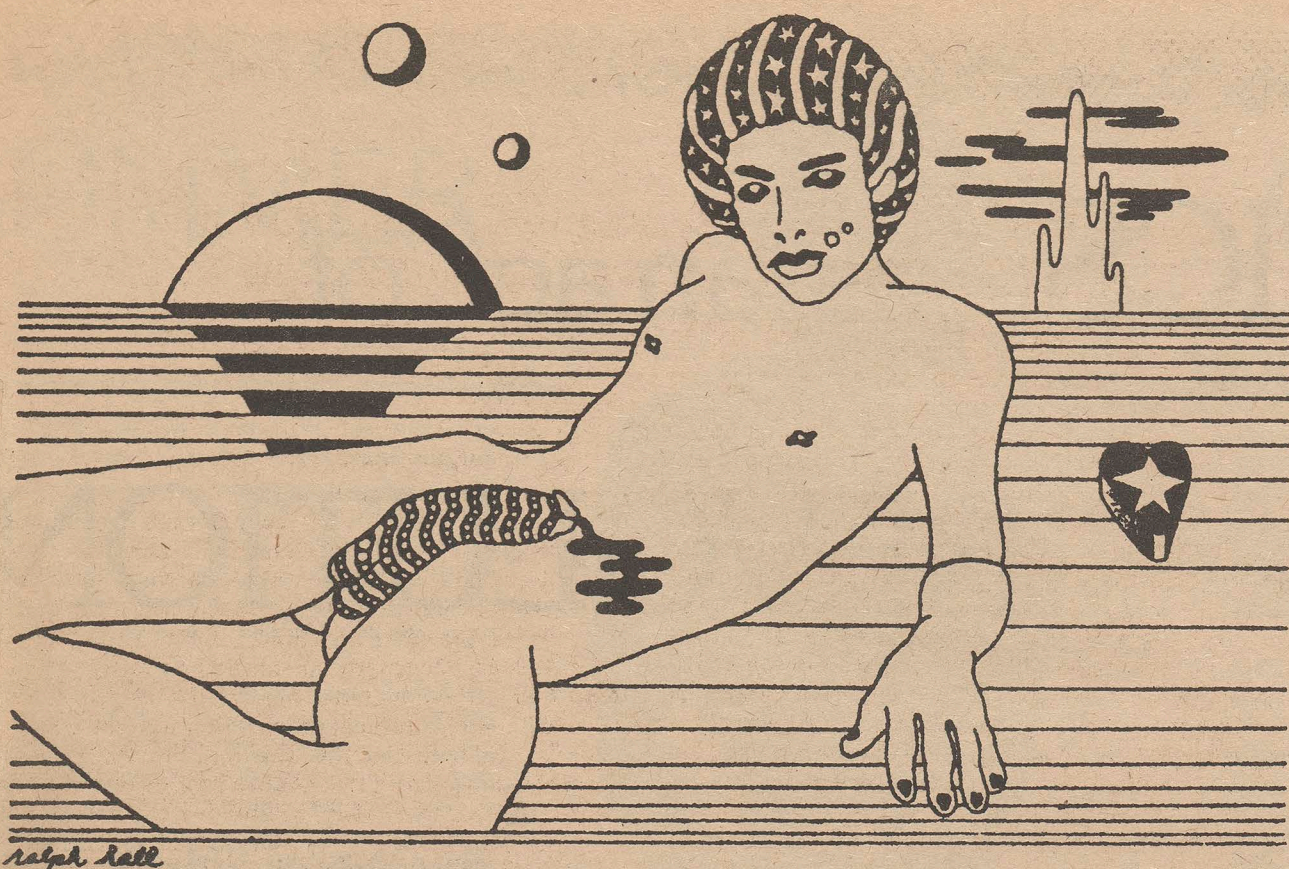
Talking with him, I realized how I had refused to allow myself to become beautiful. I was very fat as a kid with oddly crooked teeth which humiliated me. I always thought: if only I was skinny with straight teeth, then everyone would "love" me. But at some deeper level, I gloried in not having to play someone else's game: my grotesque teeth and chubby body put me safely outside the good-grooming class of neat middle class people. I enjoyed being ugly, while it left me outside, it also left me my own person.

Part of my protest against "beauty" as such was against being or becoming a man. I particularly disliked cosmetics associated with manliness: smoking cigarettes, shaving, sports, cursing, automobiles and fighting. When my beard began to grow, I remember not wanting to shave and a teacher took me aside and said you have to shave or people will think you are a bum. He was being kind: doubtless he thought my parents were too shiftless to even mention such things. I understood, however, that just shaving would not bring me into the middle class or the man class. The two classes melded in my mind; both have an equal power of attraction and repulsion.

Although I refused to ever be a man, I had no special desire to be a woman; in fact, I had contempt for cha-cha shoes, bubble gum, hair curlers and make-up in general. I disliked these things not because they were effeminate but because they were middle-class. My mother had none of them. While I often deplored the "fact" that my mother was so ugly and wished she looked more Betty Crocker, on a deeper level I admired the way she was — in particular her general indifference to beauty and society. I remember she had only one tooth for the longest time until it too fell out like the others (from too many unwanted pregnancies). Years went by before there was money to buy the false teeth. And we not only got by, but we lived without any toothpaste or tooth brushes. My mother once said that if she had the money of Mamie Eisenhower (World's Best Dressed Woman in 1953) she too could be beautiful, but she made it clear that such effort would be a waste of time. Why bother?

While we lived in poverty, we dreamed of escaping our class and making it into the middle class. When money came through, my mother did get false teeth. And when I went to Harvard, the university lent my money (which I still owe) to straighten my teeth. The crooked teeth were perfectly satisfactory for eating; they were just misshapen with some uppers behind instead of in front of the lowers. To be middle class and beautiful, teeth must also conform: they have to be straight; no misalignments are allowed into the middle class. Although I got my teeth straightened, I quickly dropped any idea of becoming a lawyer, politician or rich person; and I resolutely stuck to my queer sexual tastes. My mother's training in beauty persisted, and despite straightened teeth, I always managed to look seedy. I remember reading a nasty comment in the college newspaper about some poorly shaven, grubby grind on a scholarship studying on Saturday night in contrast with Happy Jock out-on-a-date in Wellesley. I was proud to be grubby.





*Faggot costume and cosmetics are not parodies of straights so much as an attempt to create a unique, specific form of art — our own culture.*

Nonetheless, I once chose to be beautiful and learned more about society in that experiment than in all my Saturday night book reading. I had broken with a lover and decided that I would have to become "beautiful" if I wanted to be happy. Faced with what I saw as a long life of misery (I was still in my twenties), I decided sacrifice was necessary. So I went on a starvation diet, lost twenty pounds, bought some tight levis, and began saving money to get contact lenses. I remember the joy at the time in cashing my meager pay check of \$25 and getting \$35 by mistake from the cashier. I rushed out and bought an expensive bright red plaid shirt. I'm still not sure what I wanted other than the pretty shirt.

Being beautiful brought me no more tricks than before. In fact, it brought all sorts of annoyances. People pant after you when they find you beautiful. You become a bauble they want, which is almost as bad as being a bauble they don't want. You are in fact like some hot piece of property, whose protection becomes a grinding preoccupation. You become a piece of real estate or a fancy car, develop worries about losing your wealth. Possessors suddenly want to own you, and when they do, they then worry about losing you. Beauty is really only a synonym for "middle class property."

My experiment in being beautiful paid off handsomely. I met my present lover in 1965 on the Boston Esplanade and he insisted I come home and stay. For a few years we were regular lovebirds and I learned new lessons in being beautiful. He dressed me in ever tighter pants and brighter shirts — all the latest faggot styles of the day. I was toted from bar to beach to party as a hot new lover. One ancient syndicate heterosexual bar owner even complimented Agammemnon in private by saying how smart he was to finally get an Italian lover. I began meeting old lovers — my predecessors who had often gone over the hill (as they say) into their thirties. Agammenon still had their teenage pictures which he showed me as trophies. I had now become such a trophy.

I played the part adequately, perhaps well, considering that even with a little primping I'm not all that extraordinary looking. In bars, I seldom if ever spoke for fear of destroying some illusion. Sylvia Sydney called me "Helen Keller." And even if I was not so hot or so beautiful a young number as I was passing for, no one challenged my wrappings. Why should they? In the world of face value you can't be too critical. Anyway it didn't really matter. In the passion play, to be beautiful you only need one person to really believe in you. Other people will go along if you don't try to deflate them.

## II THE DIALECTIC OF BEAUTY

Being beautiful is an entirely dialectical relation. Beauty is not a thing in itself but is at all times formed from some social relationship. Generally "beauty" is a form of service and submission to others, an act of obsequiousness. Too often discussions of beauty begin with God or Art as commentators try to hide the real meaning behind beauty: it is a signal of submission.

Any discussion of the subject should begin not with philosophy but with grooming. We like to kid ourselves into thinking that the beautiful are born that way, but everyone knows better. Think of the industry going into training a child: diet, posture, manners and appearance. Clothing and ornament provide some protection from the weather but their main purpose is to give some idea of who and what the person is within the social/sexual hierarchy. At one time it was even forbidden for lower class people to wear silver or satin. And in many places in the United States men are forbidden to wear women's clothing. Clothing or ornament are never worn outside a social code; in this case the wrappings are almost the whole package.

A central part of grooming begins with the hair. The question of social power might be pursued in the story of Sampson & Delilah: in conforming to social norms about his hairstyle, Sampson becomes powerless. Or in refusing to conform, men with long hair or women with short hair gain new power. Hair among faggots plays a very special role. We have long been associated with hair dressing: the slaves dressing the slaves. And among ourselves hair is a whole form of communication. When people groom their hair, they are trying to tell something about themselves and their relationship to others.

The dialectics of hair becomes clearest with balding. Losing one's hair, you have to decide whether to pretend your head doesn't exist by hiding your baldness. In doing this, you play a part of youth, beauty, social acceptability; you are in fact making yourself for others. Or if you choose not to pretend, you challenge beauty norms in a very special way and run the risk of rejection. A little story might help: a moderately prominent actor Jimmy went home from Sporters with Johnny. Jimmy had a beautiful well-groomed head of hair; he and Johnny had great sex. Jimmy had made himself beautiful for Johnny and all the Johnnies in Sporters. The charade troubled him, so he flung off his toupee; Johnny gasped, because Jimmy was no longer being beautiful for him. Jimmy did not return.



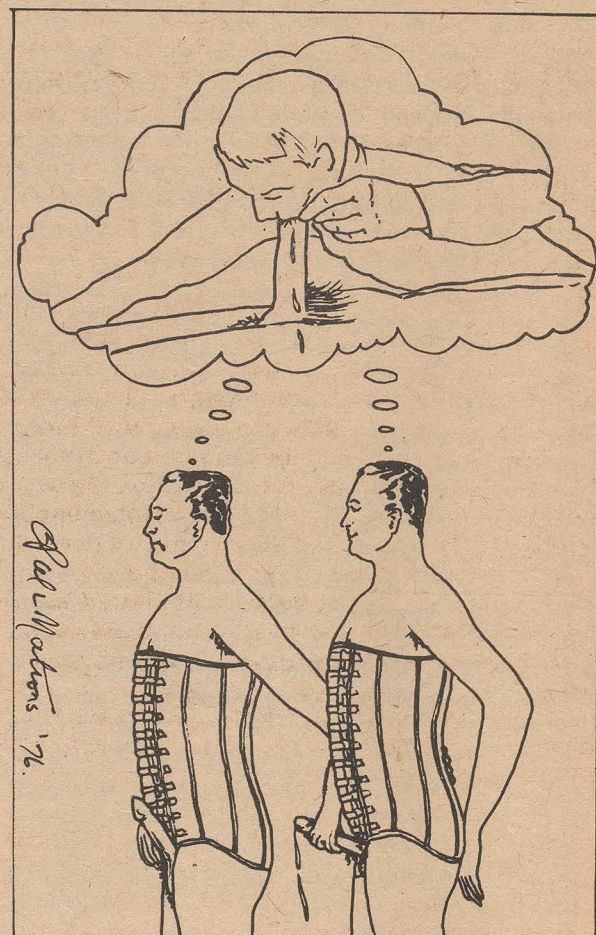
The very word "grooming" gives away the show. As a verb: to "groom" a man or horse for some particular show or office is very similar to training him. Or as a noun it just means horse-servant or simple servant. In this sense, parents and highschool authorities (and even the Supreme Court) are correct: improper grooming is anti-social and rebellious. The willingness to be well-groomed and thereby beautiful is a way of conforming to the demands of society. Look at the marines: massive attention paid to appearance, masculinity, grooming and conformity. You really can't distinguish where one begins and the other ends.

By contrast, check out the grooming in a mental hospital. There the two keys to grooming, gender and class, have been broken. Men and women no longer try to keep up appearance either as sexual or class servants (or possibly masters). As John Wieners portrays in his poem "Children of the Working Class" you can't easily distinguish the women from the men in an asylum. Authorities trace recovery in no small measure by the individual's return to proper grooming habits. An essay should be written on psycho-therapy as a branch of cosmetology. At the very least, all such therapy is an attempt to train the mind as properly as society demands we train our hair.

Obedience to sex roles is obviously a part of good grooming and very nearly (if not entirely) the whole basis for what people call beauty. Charles Darwin supported this notion in his *Descent of Man* (Parts II & III). He argued that when there was a choice of sexual partners and when one partner was chosen for breeding over another, Sexual Selection occurred. Darwin concluded "that of all the causes which have led to the differences in external appearance between the races of man, and to a certain extent between man and the lower animals, sexual selection has been the most efficient." That is, Darwin argued that beauty consisted in discriminations that human beings made in their mating patterns. Darwin argued that biological evolution has made women ever more beautiful "so that women have acquired sweeter voices and become more beautiful than men." (Chap. 20) They have been made properties.

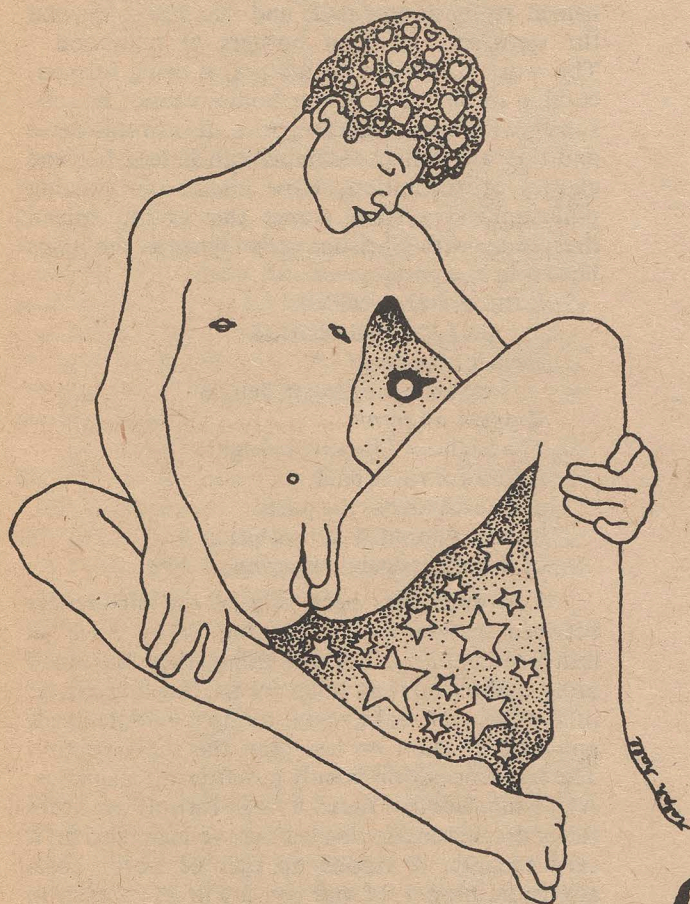
Grooming works not only within a single generation but also across generations. The ruling class grooms itself so that biological and social "beauty" are not separated at all. Darwin himself explains that class privilege itself becomes a form of beauty and is incorporated into the secondary sexual characteristics of human beings. He explains:

our aristocracy, including under this term all wealthy families in which primogeniture has long prevailed, from having chosen during many generations from all classes the more beautiful women as their wives, have become handsomer, according to the European standard, than the middle classes; yet the middle classes are placed under equally favorable conditions of life for the perfect development of the body.



*If we were indeed indiscriminate in our sexual decisions, good looks would dissolve.*





*Beauty is a form of service and submission to others — an act of obeisance — not a thing in or of itself.*

My argument (with a nod to Darwin) is that our notions of beauty come from a social context that involves sexual discrimination and class discrimination. That grooming is a better way to study the meaning of "beauty" than a study of Mozart or Michelangelo. For this essay, a foray into ideals of Greek and Renaissance art, literature and music would be too great a subject to survey. I think that they too would show the marks of male and ruling class supremacy. That the allegedly great works of creation no less than good-grooming conform to a system of power. But for the moment, I will settle in having explored the roots of good-grooming as a form of beauty.

(As a good Englishman, Darwin just assumes that the lower classes are coarse and lacking in beauty.) In support of Darwin's hypothesis, one of the Good Gay Poets recently noticed Caroline Kennedy eating a hamburger in Harvard Square. George said that Caroline's hair looked like spun gold, not a split end or unhealthy strand in sight. Was it the Greek sun? Mediterranean water? the food? What was it?

I would suggest that it was the British Empire more than anything else that has formed our notions of beauty in the United States. Among men, there is an unquestioned advantage for those looking like British nobility: tall, angular face, flat chested, blue eyed, blond. John Wayne and Robert Redford are examples from two generations. And there is the whole tradition of gentlemen preferring blonds. Those who were not blond were sometimes considered more sexual and therefore lower, unreliable and unworthy of marriage. You might vacation in the Mediterranean (DEATH IN VENICE) but for permanence you stayed with the blond. Racial discrimination is embedded in this system with Jews, Africans or even Southern Europeans being considered inferior or less beautiful.

The tie between beauty, race, class, imperialism and power were luminously developed by Darwin's cousin, Francis Galton. Galton attempted a "beauty-map" of the British Isles and he sought to construct composite photographs of the most beautiful. He rejected anything except the most stereotypically feminine or super-masculine. His biographer noted that "Any man with feminine traits would be likely to arouse his hostility." While Galton wanted to breed and reward ever more masculine men with ever more feminine women, he wanted them bred mainly from the British ruling class. In a revealing article entitled "Our National Physique: Prospects of the British Race," Galton claimed that the British "are as capable human animals as the world can at present produce . . . they are strong in mind and body, truthful and purposive, excellent leaders of the people of the lower races." And within England, he proposed breeding only the best because the lower middle class of Britons "are of coarser fibre than the Latins." The whole science of eugenics, which Galton founded, was dedicated to weeding out those who were not healthy, energetic, able, manly and courteous, as he claimed, and we should add "ruling class."

H.G. Wells perceptively objected to Galton's assumption that the most able were also the most successful — those in power. Wells argued that prisoners might in fact be more able and worthy of being bred because they were perceptive enough to attempt to resist their wretched environment. Jean Genet, those assassinated at Attica and numerous others would testify to this.



### III FAGGOT BEAUTY AND STRAIGHT BEAUTY

Beauty has always been defined by men as they sought women and it has always been framed within a system of sexual reproduction. Heretofore men have considered women as slaves and as beautiful; they have not (unless they were faggots) generally entertained the idea of themselves as beautiful. Nor have they wanted to study themselves as objects of beauty. For instance, Ford & Beach in their *Patterns of Sexual Behavior* report all the things men around the world have found beautiful in women — breasts, ankles, asses, hair, face, ears, feet, etc. — but they say nothing about what women have found attractive in men or what women found attractive in women or what men found attractive in men.

With the spread of the sexual revolution all this is rapidly changing. Women are aggressively beginning to define what they want and expect in men; impotence is being explored and being defined in a way never before imagined. And I think that gay liberation will soon lead to a similar fundamental shift. The old standards of beauty as defined by breeding heterosexual men (and which we still live by) will begin to fade and pass as those men loose their power and authority.

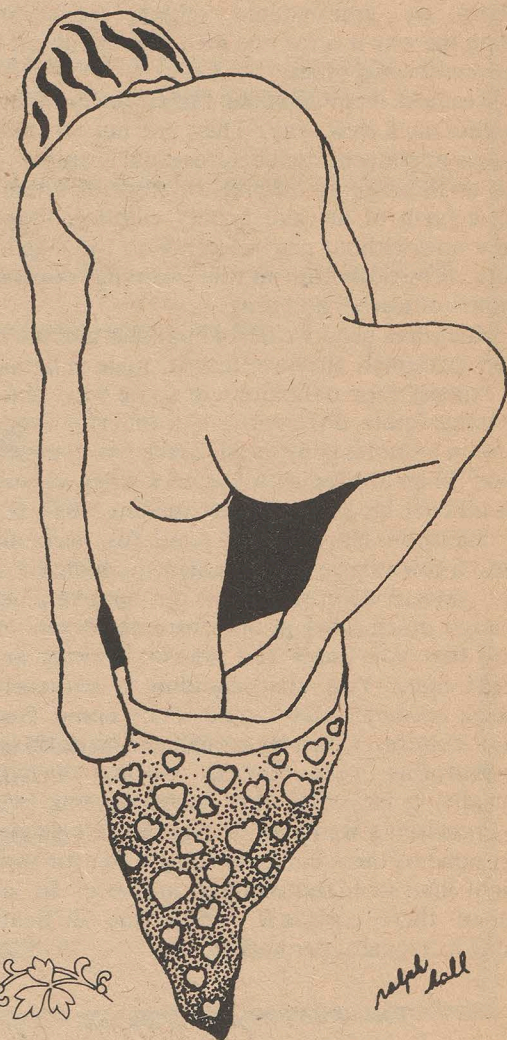
I think it is too little recognized that women and faggots do not find the same things attractive in men. I noticed this a few years ago in reading an article by Germaine Greer in *Esquire* where she described (with photographs) the men she found most attractive. As I eagerly scanned the article, I was surprised at her choices, the pictures and her reasons; they were not all that attractive to me. And I thought most faggots would give a very different assessment of what they liked in men.

In discussing this question, Fag Ragger Richi Macdougall said that women had never found him attractive and when he discovered that faggots liked his looks he was himself transformed into a faggot. Such a statement might be read in many ways, but I would suggest that it is essentially true at face value. Not that faggots are failures in the getting women competition, not that women don't like us, not that we are afraid of women and breeding sex, not that we are lured by the easy glamour of gay cruising — not any of these (although each argument might find defenders).

More to the point and more important and more unsettling to the social structure: we find each other *Beautiful, Attractive, and Desirable* — all in ways alien to heterosexuals. We have in fact created our own culture and society within the dead society of which we are an uneasy part.

I want to consider one tendency in particular among faggots (and to a lesser degree among men generally) — that is phallocentricism. The size queen embarrasses all our respectable ambassadors to the straight world as well as those attempting to integrate lesbian and faggot experience. Yet I do not think the phenomenon can simply be dismissed as trashy or sick. Actually men seem more worried about the subject than women. As a form of political protest, a highschool woman recently rose and asked the distinguished male speaker how big his penis was; she was trying to demonstrate that men only think sexually about women (how big are your breasts?) and how humiliating men would feel if they were in the same position.

Faggots have been sizing each other up for as long as we have any record and straight men have generally found the prospect terrifying. I don't defend discrimination, but I would protest against those who argue that discrimination based on personality, manners, breeding, intelligence,







spirituality or something of the sort is a superior discrimination to that of those who measure men by their cocks.

Phallocentricism among faggots has its unique structure. In faggot bars, men wear pants that strategically reveal (often overemphasize) each inch. The notorious Bunny LaRue once parodied such showing at a Student Homophile meeting when he stripped several pairs of navy blue socks stuffed in the LaRue crotch. Paul Goodman has a clever poem about a fellow carrying a tube of KY where his penis might be. Everywhere in fag country, a hard or half hard cock serves as a come on for other faggots. For women by contrast, a man (particularly a strange man) with an erect cock is often an object of fear, loathing or amusement; seldom something exciting the way it is for two men who are about to make it with each other.

We need to understand faggot costume and cosmetics in a new way. They are not so much parodies of conventional heterosexual costumes so much as they are an attempt to create a unique, specific form of art and beauty within a faggot culture and without any reference to the existing culture. Consider this in the seeming opposite costumes of leather and drag.

Much has been written about the horrors of leather costumes: they are fascist, male supremacist, expensive or obnoxious in some way. But I see leather quite differently: a wonderful faggot invention — not a copy at all. Have you ever seen a "real" man dressed with five cock rings, chrome studs all over his leather jacket spelling "STUD," dog chains in his boots, around his neck and ankles, a few spikes, pins, emblems, emblazed tee shirts, several colored scarves or handkerchiefs and more much more in one costume. When you see all that you know you are not looking at a straight man. You are beholding a wonderful creature costume that could only come from faggot culture. Consider your marine fatigues, cop uniforms, bike outfits, cowboy rawhide, scuba diving fins and other accoutrements from San Francisco's Barracks or New York's Eagle's Nest: none of these could be substituted for some straight man in Idaho or Ohio or Texas. In fact most of these costumes would find difficulty passing in a local supermarket.

Likewise with the fluff drag or even the serious cross dresser coming out of a faggot culture: they are not imitating (or mocking) women so much as they are creating their own wonderful world of costume and reality. Much of the criticism of drag has been written from the perspective that everything must be either heterosexual or an imitation of heterosexuality. But what if you move out of that mind set for a moment: what if drag is a wonderful, wild experiment/experience that is trying to move outside of the closed, cooped in world of dimorphism.

Aaron Shurin's wonderful poem "Woman on Fire" (printed as a chapbook and now in his book *Night Sun*) explains that the usages are "not to

belittle women/not to mock them. Not to speak about women at all;/to speak of ourselves. Un-named regions—rose-pink and rust-fire—/Beyond the stern/and arrogant borders of manhood." This work of art and beauty that is being formed, coming to birth out of our bodies cannot be subsumed within existing categories. It is in this sense and this world that cosmetics can indeed become an act of revolution. How could any existing philosophical system frame the Latino quean dressed up with Christmas tree lights as she plugs herself in at a party:

Burning star-speckled  
everyone is awestruck  
electric rose-bird!  
we are squealing in delight

*Woman on Fire!*  
The Light! The Living Light!  
And there races back  
and forth across the party  
instant sympathy, a revolution  
of untold ecstasies. *Woman on Fire!*

Too much has been said of the differences between leather and fluff drag. They have so much in common. For one thing, they are much more egalitarian than other forms. Anyone can do it: the fat, old, bald, ugly, dumpy, middle-aged, paunchy or plain no less than the super-beauty. The transformation is only a matter of cosmetics. And while you can spend a large fortune on either fancy dresses or genuine leather; you can also do it very cheaply. A ripped up pair of Levi's costs almost nothing. Likewise you can dress yourself in satin and lace from Morgan Memorial's without a lot of money. Sylvia Sydney makes her costume out of all sorts of wild things: a cucumber necklace for instance. Almost too wild to contemplate! And you can eat them or stick them up your ass later.

Another important aspect of both leather and gown drag is the way they move entirely outside of the cruising game. These costumes are not primarily designed to snare tricks. If you want to catch a man, such costumes are almost irrelevant. They are not mating costumes. Thus they are wonderfully outside/ the turtle-dove, mating syndrome that dominates too much of faggot culture. Such habits are taken from the heterosexual mating patterns which are designed for effective breeding. They are utilitarian. No one I have ever heard has condemned either the leather or the fluff for being practical in any way. That is their "beauty": they are self-creations.

Finally, that is the wonderful thing about these cosmetics: they are creations, much more of a faggot culture than that of the political reformers who are trying to make us all look straight and middle class. You just can't pass the chains and gowns off as something ordinary people would want living next door to them in upstate New York. These things are terrifying and unsettling because they cannot pass as ordinary, conventional. Because in their own way they are revolutionary.

*We find each other beautiful, attractive and desirable — all in ways alien and incomprehensible to heterosexuals.*



Photo by John Scagliotti



## IV REVOLUTIONARY BEAUTY

What should be the future of beauty? The subject is one of contradictions. Just on the individual level, doesn't everyone take some secret pleasure in being an object of beauty but at the same time deplore being just a piece of meat for someone else. Richi Maccougall once described graphically how awful he felt under the piercing eyes of so many in Sporters drooling over a piece of cute fresh chicken. The same faggot found being gay exhilarating because so many men found him beautiful.

Beauty is a powerful social control. Brigid Brophy in her essay on "Women" notes that "Just as the sexual regions are the most vulnerable part of the body, sexuality is the most vulnerable part of the Ego." Tell someone that they are not sexually attractive and you wound them in a unique way. They will spend millions on tooth pastes, soaps, hairsprays, mouth washes and other aids to avoid being unwanted. Few things have such a power over our behaviour as our approach to the beauty market.

Let's be utopian for a moment. Biologists speak of our dimorphism as characteristic of our biology and they argue that this dimorphism makes one morph attractive to the other morph. Thus the latest book on beauty says, "When it comes to sex appeal, attractiveness is based largely on differences in appearance between male and female. The more exaggerated these differences, up to a point, the more sexually attractive a person is . . . In general men are attractive if they look unlike women, and women are attractive if they look unlike men." Now suppose we destroy this difference: men and women not look different at all, gender free. Isn't that a keystone of sexual revolution: abolishing gender linked discrimination? Certainly most gay liberationists would never say VIVA LA DIFFERENCE.

If gender differences continue to blend, eventually unisex will be a reality or at least a possibility. Now my proposal is to go another step — perhaps utopian since we've hardly gotten far on the first step — and abolish morphic distinctions entirely. I am not urging that the ugly be treated as though they were beautiful. I am not urging that we not favor the beautiful with our attentions. I am urging that we abolish beauty entirely, that the careful little boundaries we try to maintain between one form and another be dropped. If we were indeed indiscriminate in our sexual decisions, beauty would dissolve.

I would urge that this is not just a utopian suggestion but also a genuine possibility. Something we already see unfolding within the sexual revolution. In this the orgy rooms at some faggot bars, baths, and other places provide some clue to a new direction. Broken away from the social structure, such orgies allow a free flow of energy: people do people they would never otherwise do; they do things, act out possibilities otherwise closed to them. The sorrow of such places is not in what goes on there but that the baths don't spill over into the rest of society. There is an emphasis on youth, big prick, muscles, tight ass, whiteness and other standards derived from reactionary parts of our society. Nonetheless, the possibility of sexual freedom passes there in a way seldom found in say the Gay Academic Union.

For a socialist (according to Frederic Jameson) art "is the indispensable sign of the reintegration of a fragmented, alienated existence." I hesitate to say my essay here on beauty is such a sign but would urge that the emerging gay culture does show hope of a yearned for reintegration. And I would urge that the deplored alienation and dissociation so often bemoaned in gay relations — particularly as exemplified in our alleged promiscuity — can indeed be cause for despair and hopelessness.

If we cut this experience off, shut out all reality, push aside the embarrassing size quean, leather quean or drag quean, and rush on to some superclean rhetorical heaven, we will then be perpetrating more effectively than those condemned the disintegration and fragmentation in our lives. We must all find ways to incorporate our sexual and our ideological selves into one union. If we are only sexual, we are nothing. If we are only ideological, we are worse than nothing. If we can combine the two, we might change the world, i.e. be revolutionaries.



*If we are only sexual, we are nothing. If we are only ideological, we are worse than nothing. If we can combine the two, we might change the world, i.e., be revolutionaries.*

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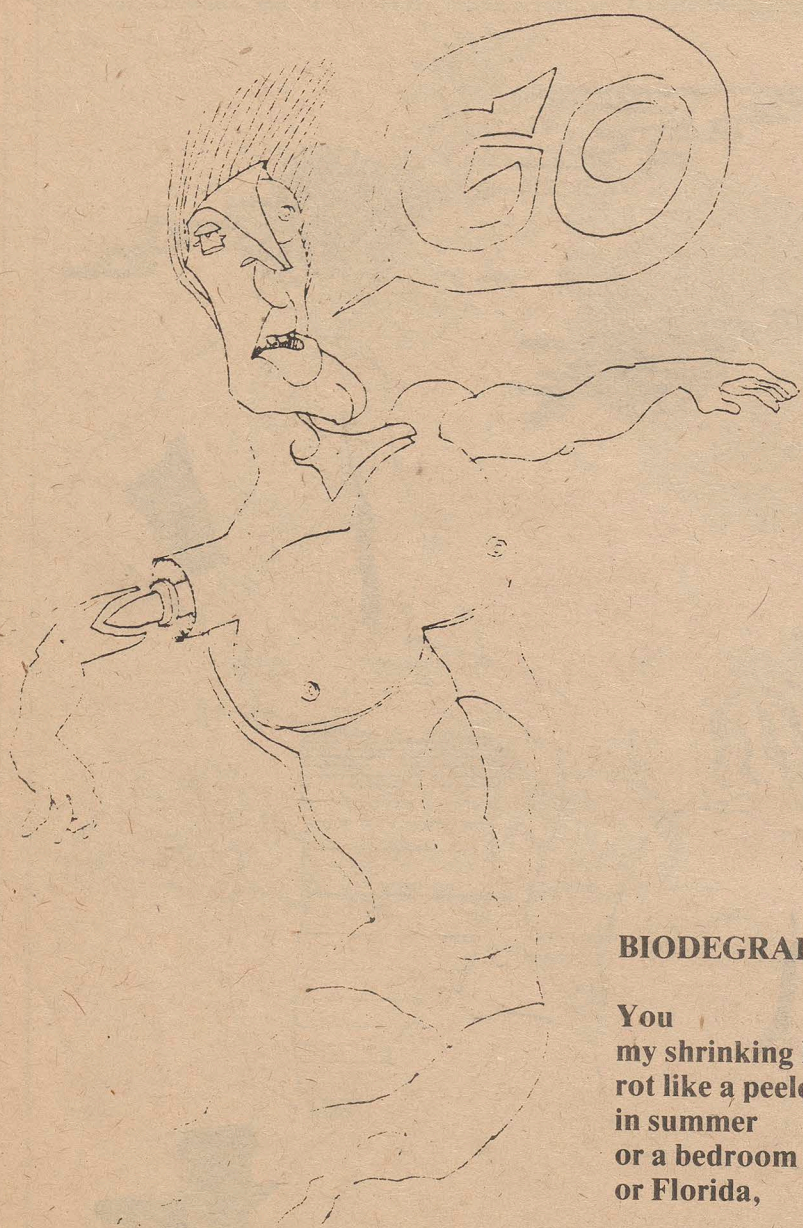
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## BIODEGRADABLE

You  
my shrinking lover,  
rot like a peeled orange  
in summer  
or a bedroom  
or Florida,

Leaving me sticky-squish  
sick of your fragrance,  
hooked on our decay.

Ship and captain  
plane and pilot  
we decompose  
along side each other  
groaning, moaning,  
gulping what juice remains.

Waiting for fire  
or rain  
or a boot heel.

*Ross Newbrough*

## blue plate special

when the poet lies bleeding  
critics dip two fingers  
into his wounds saying  
I never liked poets blood  
but only wanted to draw the quick  
and exercise the thrust

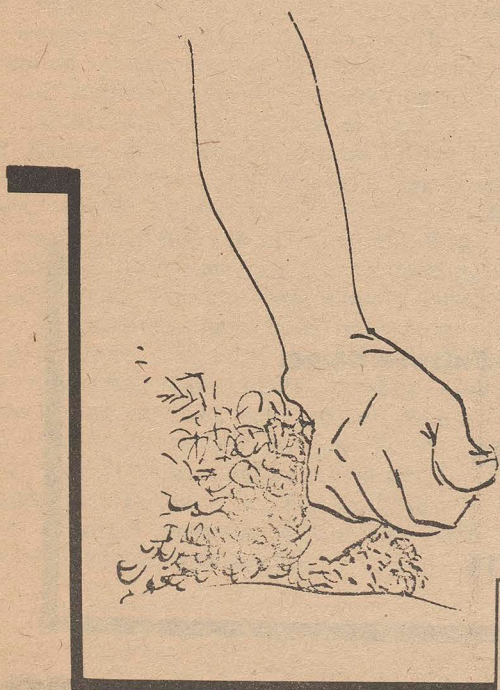
and when the poet vomits up  
years of words nights  
of solitary unctions  
bringing in the product  
like some painters rag  
the editor notes the progression  
of periods and commas  
then passes on

like a great whale  
off the coast of Catalina

poems and poets  
become private things for friends

someone said that once  
upon looking into a friends work.

*John Rowberry*



## GAY DADA ANARCH

that is why writing history  
was made experiments  
whole story led by  
philosopher's  
poetry  
character's advice grown up  
exceptions come to the  
zoo warming up  
he went on old to flee  
caravan joyless  
introduced feelings  
disappearance of  
submissiveness the  
rallying cry  
no doubt famous  
reminiscing  
emancipations  
injecting cure  
traveled here  
discussed gestures  
independently  
developed younger  
therories having worked  
new ground

*Harold Pickett*

drawings by John Glidden

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated.

Signed: Quetzalcoatl

Corduroy pants, tan shirt, blue eyes, blond hair;  
Cowboy boots, levis, denim jacket, roman nose;  
Leather jacket, work boots, levis, keys-on-the-right;  
White, tight pants, well-hung, overlay, moustache;  
Urinal flush, germane drain overflow:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated,

Signed: Quetzalcoatl

Poignant mature pinapples, pointed parody pricks;  
Sarapes and tortillas, tits brown-hanging;  
Urchins, glue-sniffers, brown-eyed buns;  
New York cabbies, straight-talking wino-bums;  
Earth shakes, mother naked shakes her ass:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated,

Signed, Quetzalcoatl

Dive bombers, A-bomb bombers, street walkers;  
Juvenile jurisprudence, prudent pinball;  
Black, white, gook-assed clapp-throated high-ball;  
Poon-tang, kama kazi, sunday whites, napalm;  
war wins, strife loses, peace sucks, terrestrial nose-job:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated,

Signed: Quetzalcoatl

Grandma, dirty old man, Virgin Mary, Aunt Sue;  
Cinema two-fer, oregano reefer, cherry-top cop;  
Juke box, domino theory, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms;  
Care-for-the-old-ones, wise-ones, calm-ones;  
Death, smells, autopsy, vindication, brown-paper-bag;

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated

Signed: Quetzalcoatl

Plants, the Mother-Fucker-Rose, horticultural socialism;  
Clitorets, shoot-your-load-up-my-nose, yoga;  
All-the-do's-that's-fit-to-don't, nationalism;  
Coffee-and-doughnuts-were-served, beside the golden door;  
Wait-your-turn-in-line, ass-kisser, boot-licker:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated

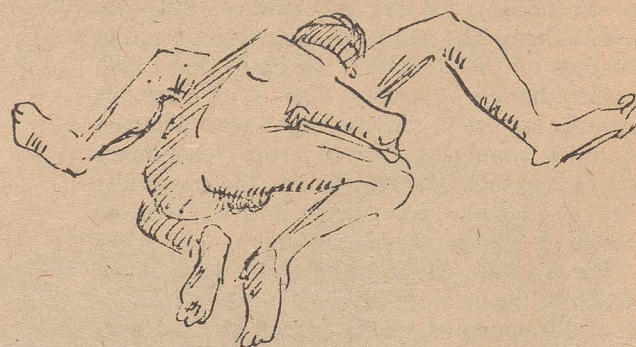
Signed: Quetzalcoatl

Bleed, blood, breed, brood, plead, plod;  
Flimsy, whimsy, breath-taking, bridge-crossing;  
Fantasy, fart, bell-book-and-candle, art;  
Name-your-poison, pedarasty, chumminess,  
Vindication, vandalism, want-to-go-home-and-fuck:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been evacuated

Signed: Quetzalcoatl

*Arnold Warden Klassen*



## HISTORY LESSON

These seven days I have moved in and through  
a haze of pain, temporarily stunned  
as each wave would surge over  
and engulf me, only to subside leaving me drained.  
The heart is too fragile to give away,  
it breaks and bruises easily.  
There is a delicious pain in going  
after one who is unobtainable.  
This will pass, it always does.  
While gripped in panic of immobilizing  
anguish, the prospect of a brighter  
tomorrow does not appear as a kindly  
light. At thirty-five dollars an hour,  
my shrink is happy. How many times can  
the heart be recycled?

*Roland J. Barricklow*





the end of a year  
—July 31, 1976

*August 1st, a year ago, Tom, with whom I was living in Truro at the time, got a full-time (six-day-a-week) job in Provincetown. It was as if he had taken formal leave of me then, though I did not realize that until November, when he told me not to visit him any more.*

only-children grow strong thinking there is  
no one in the world to have to compete with,

knowing they're important no matter how they  
feel or who doesn't love them this year, but

we are also often lonely, the peonies my father  
bought with the five-room house we lived in

were pink & double but they bloomed only  
two weeks, around memorial day, when I sold

them to neighbors to decorate their families'  
graves with. when we grow up we often look

for family, for those same brothers & sisters  
others often want to leave behind, my father

writes "brother Charles died last week suddenly,"  
but I sense no emotion in his report though

Charles was his only brother & he must be think-  
ing of his own impending death. like others

in the movement I have acquired brothers &  
sisters along the way, & lived with people

who were not family at all, & sometimes I was  
deceived to think one of them a brother. I

am not an only-child any more, I have a wide  
extended family, but Tom, whom I thought to be

my brother has family of his own (or not)  
which he affirms (or not) & he still works

in Provincetown a year later. He is not  
my friend. It's raining in Truro now & I have

caulked two windows on this old house we've  
bought (the only old house sold in Truro in

two years), Nico has washed the floors of both  
bathrooms, our cats are here, this afternoon

I'll have my hair washed & cut in Provincetown  
& tonight Peter, whom I have just met this summer,

will come to dinner. next month Nico & I will  
go to Catskill & Somerville & Ithaca where some

of my family live, sisters & brothers, I  
am not alone any more but sometimes

I make mistakes & then I remember what it was  
like growing up alone, my parents would ask me,

Ronald, would you like a little brother, & I  
would always answer what they wanted to hear.

Ron Schreiber

#### REVELATION #43

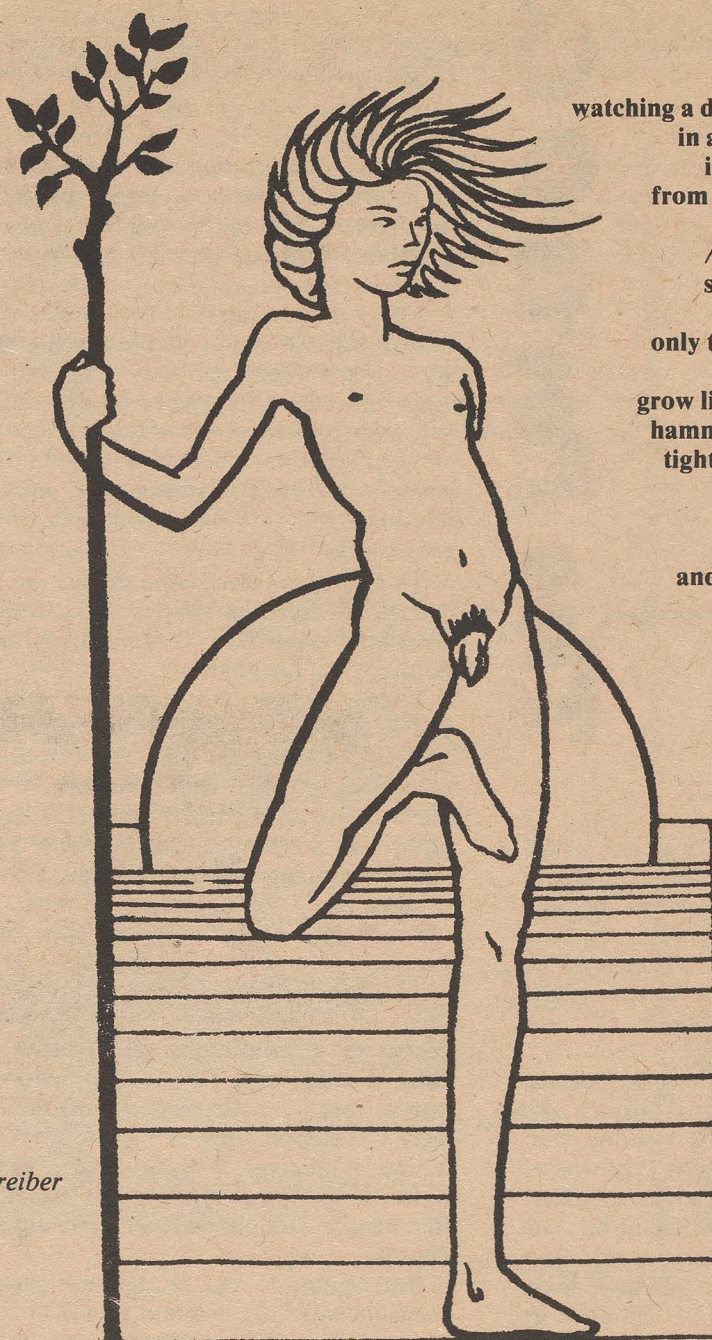
ideas running through the air  
mumble jumble/makes no sense/  
unwanted answers to  
difficult questions/  
straighten things out  
or  
rearrange the disorder  
keep trying to try  
but/these trying times make it impossible  
to do  
everything  
incapable of congeniality  
and reality escapes the spectrum  
of my innervations  
so i relive all past ideals in hope of finding  
new ones to aspire and  
desire  
copulating this and that  
but the other ones always make more sense  
and i write this to straighten things out  
but all i seem to do is  
rearrange the disorder

richi mac dougall

#### GUY FROM PENTIMENTO

found lying in imaginary hi  
grasses of alabama  
living not past nor future but present  
  
/it some time seeing times to many  
and others timesso few  
you me /  
we  
man upon man  
cock to ass  
(as the river mounts the rocks below)  
you and i embraced a sun set  
on a lazy fall after noon  
we shared nectors  
you and me  
(as the river mounts the rocks

R. M. Dargon



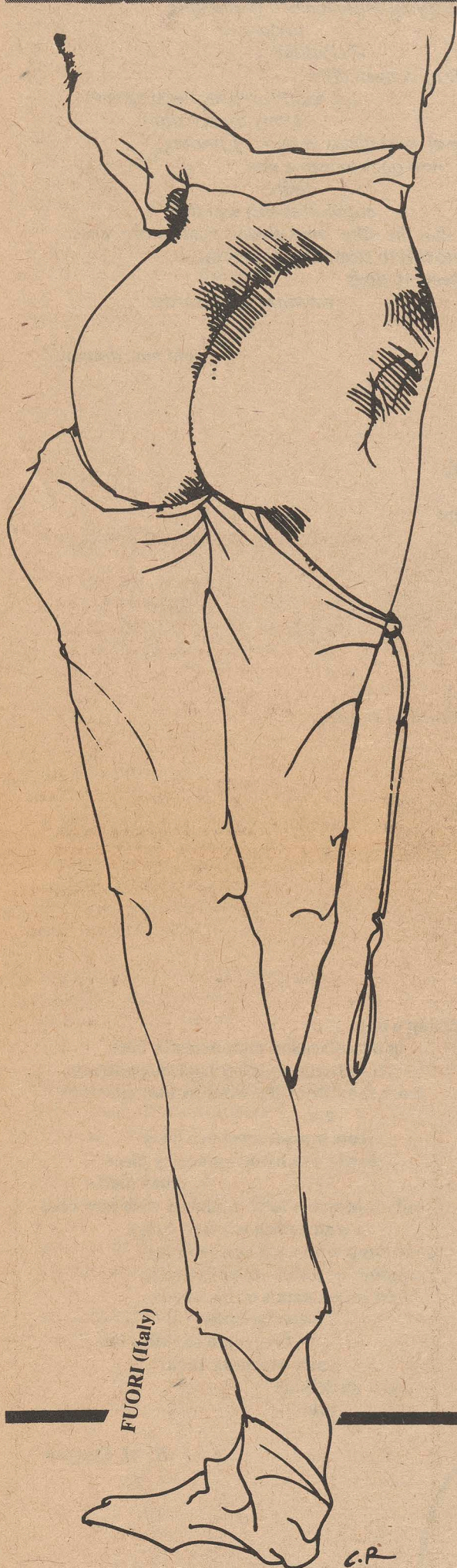
watching a day  
in a new season melt beneath me/  
it spatters on the trash ridden streets  
from the sills of the window that envelops  
me  
/Row houses meet eye level  
slowly one by one piece by piece  
they melt/  
only tomorrow to be replaced with new ones  
I watch each workers bulge  
grow limp with each sledge of the  
hammer he holds so seductively  
tight in the palms of his hands/  
I wait patiently  
for lucian to finish her  
early morning fuck/  
and anticipate  
mine

R. M. Dargon



Everybody knows where Worcester is. It looks like a part of Brooklyn stuck in the middle of Massachusetts. It's too big to ignore altogether, but up around Park Square, the word is that it's "very fuckin' tired." No apologies. It's true if you're a fag with money, but the rest of us, the stockboys, the dishwashers and the hairdressers, Worcester is like most other towns on earth where you have to take it any way you can get it.

The Ports O Call was THE gay bar here for almost a quarter of a century. When I first came out, fifteen years ago, I had to adopt the customs that prevailed there if I wanted the affair I dreamed about.



FUORI (Italy)

## The Ports O Call ▶ JIM JACKMAN

It was around 1951 that the vice squad closed down the Coronado Cocktail Lounge on Salem Square. The Coronado's missionaries banned together on the common and marched to the New Yorker. In towns like Worcester, where most of the population didn't even make it to the middle class, this was how gay bars were made: by naive faggot suffrage.

The New Yorker, later on known as the Ports O Call, was owned by two elderly Irish sisters who were horrified at the idea of doing business with such repulsive sinners. They didn't like the winoes they were serving either, but at least they understood them. They were men who failed at this late stage in life and seldom had the energy to do much more than swear or simply sit there and look dirty. Queers, however, never even tried in their eyes, let alone failed. To add to that, they were outrageously voluptuous. Straights had visions of

declines and falls when fairies went too far.

This initial attitude was undermined, of course, by their account books at closing time, bending the scales to tolerance. A new policy of smiles and nods insured the new wealth pouring in on them. They wore neat black dresses and they waited on their pagan clientele as if it were an Irish wake. Betty's contempt for these creeps softened as the profits put her son through Holy Cross.

Other critics of gay life did not agree with the cash register. These were the days of crack-downs, witch-hunts, John Wayne movies. Popular songs about marines left over from the forties and the Loretta Young shows carried on about manhood as if it were a sort of mysticism. Heroes were made overnight as moral warriors from other neighborhoods would visit this new den of deviates to start riots. Many of them ended with an ambulance carrying a bunch of bloody fairies off. They were not sure what a real man was back then, but after a few beers, they definitely knew what he wasn't.

The sisters didn't worry too much about the chronic rumbles that all this new business brought with it. There really wasn't anything in there to destroy except the bottles neatly lined behind the bar. The New Yorker's walls and tables looked left over from another era. I heard an old auntie say that it was once a pre-Depression ballroom featuring the big names in Dixieland. By the fifties, it was dirty. Even when it was swept, it looked unswept.

Like most working people, gay or straight, I thought that all fags were French-Canadian because they were the only ones I knew in there. All the other homosexuals were well off and they went somewhere else for their fun, so that Worcester's gay community was made up mainly of machinists, textile workers, kitchen helpers, hairdressers and, on weekends, farmhands. Lack of education forced us to accept society's opinion of us: that we were immoral, trashy and repulsive.

Within a year after its revivification, the New Yorker was the synonym for gay life throughout Worcester County. With it went that legendary myth you hear about when you're fourteen: this bar, appropriately resembling the inside of an outhouse that has since been turned into a zoo, is loaded with these creatures, not unlike a cheap sideshow, that will suck off anything in pants, and you don't even have to wink.

To help this pubic fable along, the gay crowd carried on like cheerleaders at a football rally, screaming over how they loved to suck cock, nothing else, just that.

Today, I hear that there's a label for this phenomenon. It's called "conditioning." To me, however, this was gay life, take it or leave it: witty one-liners, quickies and contempt. It was a tremendous down. I couldn't take it. I began associating with a strange straight crowd that let their hair grow, sang folk songs, read T.S. Eliot and smoked pot. I felt at home with them, although I masturbated regularly to keep their buns out of my mind.

Through the sixties, when the young revolted to the point where it was almost necessary socially to adopt this revolutionary set of tastes . . . work clothes, long hair, guitars, pot, poetry, oriental music, rock . . . the faggots with their brushcuts were still stepping to the "Alley Cat" in the New Yorker's jukebox. It wasn't just a gay bar, anymore, it was an institution, an established form that people, straight and gay alike, did not want to change.

But change it had to, because young faggots from the working neighborhoods no longer day-dreamed over Judy Garland shows or Bette Davis or the other goddesses that Hollywood created



"Homo Erectus" by David Myers

and business for the sisters went downhill. They willed their exhausted gold mine to one of their old customers. He formed a committee that re-designed the rickety New Yorker, converting it into a discotheque with strobe lights, psychedelic walls, new chairs and tables and, of course, a men's room that resembled Oz. This became the Ports O Call.

It was noisy there, but it drowned out the acid sarcasm that I associated with gay life. I didn't have to join the camping competitions or go "fishing" or bring fag hags with me to protect myself. I loved it. Gay life in Worcester was finally updating itself. That distant ideal of mutual consent, as foreign as it is to us, finally seemed a possibility within the Ports O Call.

Today, Worcester's working class is shrinking. The barbed wire and bullets that this town is famous for producing has since been replaced by banks, banks and more banks. The new class of people that works in the skyscrapers that have gone up now has its own gay crowd and this, at first, meant competition for the Ports O Call.

The middle class gay world, however, is removed from the working class gay world. Appearance was much more important when the Exit II opened. Some of the Ports O Callers visited the Exit II and were amazed. There were at least three times as many faggots here as they thought there were. Where did they all come from? What did they do in bed?

The new Exit II was elegant. Wall to wall carpeting, Victorian design, a disco, little cafe tables. This original delight turned into disappointment when they found out that they had to learn a new approach. Nobody cruised. This new crowd of gay banktellers and actuary clerks was dressed to kill. They stood around and chuckled, sipping cocktails, flapping wrists, ignoring even Warren Beatty if they didn't know him.

The Exit II changed hands to an ambitious owner who re-named it the Mailbox, but the story was the same. It wasn't the gay world that Worcester County talked about in whispers, it was as if an expensive Boston bar had been transplanted here and all the wealthy closet cases were finally admitting it by being seen within.

It was the end for the Ports O Call. A third gay bar, the Maui Kauai, opened its doors. It emptied out the Ports O Call. It wasn't until after it was gone that I found out how unfortunate it was. All that working class folklore that had been invented through the years during Worcester's otherwise monotonous coffee breaks will end. As factory workers migrate west and are replaced by secretaries, agents, and executives with their neckties and white shirts, all that spicy gossip that has been traditionally associated with gay life will die. What's worse, the fatties and the homely faggots with loud nicknames and the aging aunties will have to rely completely on the T-room from now on. The club with which they've identified is gone. With the middle class, everyone is strictly beautiful with a clear line. A week night in the Mailbox reminds you of the illustrations in the Watchtower. That's a difficult adaptation if you're a dishwasher.

Since the closing of the Ports O Call and Worcester's gradually resembling Hartford, Connecticut, I've seriously thought of moving on to Boston. Unfortunately, the rent there is the highest on earth.

So that's why I miss the Ports O Call. The ideal of equality which the middle class is always screaming about does not mean that they will consider me an equal, it means that I'll have to become a bankteller. Well . . . I hate numbers. Anybody got any suggestions?



Dear Fag Rag:

"Who Killed Edwin Rivera?" (VV). Let me be as lucid as possible in this. Edwin Rivera introduced himself to me as Edwin Cid-Cartagena ("another's letter") April 28, 1976 from the front of the Riviera Cafe where he was standing on Sheridan Square. Over a glass of white wine at Ninth Circle he explained to me that he had been in this country for three weeks, that he had traveled here from Asturias, Spain, where his father and his father's family had been ranching on lands for over 400 years. He told me that just that day an inlaid ivory chess set had been stolen from a room he had taken in the Bronx, and that he was determined he should move out immediately.

Much earlier that same day I wrote strophe II. of enclosed poem. That evening I had been in attendance to a reading by Brian Butterick and three other poets in the Glines theatre on W. Broadway. It was with great anticipation that I had introduced myself to Brian that evening, Brian being of all the gay poets in New York the one whose work intrigues me most. Edwin Rivera was soon moved into my apartment on Stuyvesant Street and we three became fast friends following my reading at same theatre a month later, a month before Good Gay Poets came to town. By that time Edwin Rivera was removed, ostensibly home to Asturias and the burial of a terminably ill mother.

A month later I had completed strophe VII. Another two weeks passed before I finally received word from Edwin. On July 28 he had been apprehended following a bank robbery on downtown San Juan. My dearly estranged friend Andrew Bifrost having already suggested I'd written myself into a corner, I soon completed a none-too-subtle-nor-successful process in self-destruct. It had simply become impossible for me to approach my story in terms of what it really was. Consequently, my inestimable appreciation for Brian's efforts to call the cards as I could not see them.

Not long ago Edwin was sentenced to eight years in a federal penitentiary, and is soon to be transferred to Lewisburg, Pa. Both Brian and I keep up a close correspondence with him. My immediate feeling was one of wanting to rush right off to Puerto Rico and prove to myself how really ineffectual I could be, but instead relied upon the charity of a former Augustinian monk to bring me here to Provincetown. I know that Freddie Greenfield has invested a great deal of time and concern into the problems that exist for homosexuals in prison. Any information or correspondence he could offer Edwin or myself would be greatly appreciated. Edwin's address is presently as follows:

Edwin Rivera-Cartagena  
Institucion Regional Metropolitana  
Box 307, Bayamon, Puerto Rico 00915  
D2B Altos "Federal"

Thank you for listening to a piece of my story. Please be advised that this is one/half of one submission; the other half from Brian should be in your hands shortly.

Sincerely,  
Lawrence Worth Jones

Dear Fag Rag:

Edwin Rivera is not dead. He is, however, in a Puerto Rican jail after he failed to hold up a San Juan bank. Yes, failed. Although he and I were not lovers, I know more about him than anyone.

Some things to remember:

- 1) Larry Jones
- 2) Edwin also left behind him a wife in the Bronx. It has not been ascertained whether Elly, the wife actually did have a child, but Edwin often mentioned his son, Leonardo, neatly nailed to the library wall.
- 3) Nelly was Edwin's sister, supposedly living in Puerto Rico and she does not, as many believe, now reside in Provincetown, Mass. She was, however awaiting the November release from prison a revolutionary lover or husband.
- 4) Edwin was allegedly involved in the 1972 bombing of the University of Mayaguez, PR.
- 5) The ever-chic proponent of the "Arabian Look", Diana, an East Village transvestite knew more than she was telling and did help Edwin to leave this country last May. She was seen on numerous occasions in a cab to the Bronx and was at the airport with curlers in her hair.
- 6) Grace Kelly made the front pages of the Boston *Globe* in October 1976.

This is the story as I know it or would've known it had I been there and I was, oh, Chi-Chi, how could you?

Brian Butternick  
Helen of Kites & Wind

## RIVERA PRISON PREJUDICE

Dear Friends:

I'm writing you in regard of your assistance! I'm now in solitary confinement at the Lewisburg Federal Prison, I'm 23 years of age — one of the youngest inmates here — I'm a white male and I look to be 18 or 19 yaers old!

I'm serving a "Life" term in which I received Oct. '75 for killing an inmate in El-Reno, Okla. El-Reno is also a Federal Prison!! I plead guilty to killing the inmate at El-Reno because I did stab him but he forced me into doing it — the inmate at El-Reno who I stabbed pulled a knife on me and told me I had two ... "2" ... choices — either let him screw me — or he would stab me — (so you can picture what state of mind I was in). I told him I would let him screw me if he would take that knife away from my back. He laid the knife beside me and I took the knife and stab him in his chest! This ended up me getting a life term — and I will never get out of prison!!

I'm not happy or pleased at all about that killing but what's left for me to do except keep my head together and seek help!! I can't get any justice from inside the prison system!!

I was sent from El-Reno last Oct. '75 and got here at Lewisburg Nov. '75!

Due to my age and youthful looks I made many friends — gay & straight. (Keep in mind there's no women in prison!!) At first I accepted everybody as true friends, some (or should I say 90 percent of them wanted to become close to me due there's thinking I may be gay) I truly enjoyed being around to exchange friendship. As time pasted by I had small misunderstandings with them over sex! It all ended up that I found out the hard way that you have no true friends in a place like this so I became a loner and only accepted one person as my friend and he and I ended up in love with each

"Coporate Sleep-Astral Release" by David Myers



ANGEL

angel arriving on lower level of port authority  
bus station enters the city's protoplasm and madness  
enters on a one-way avenue switchblade holly woodlawn  
bury your father

angel tearing me down to where he knows will come true  
and pure and love as blues angel caught up in the jazz  
of it all and winking caught up in the hollywood caught  
at the ballrooms downtown angel arriving on lower level

angel on bliss street escaping best on impulse  
and amphetamine and he thinks he knows to see it all  
come clear as ice

angel and holly both unrecognizable and where would you  
find your peace? in the new york sway? we are smooth  
as he is among us

finding many men and never die from brooklyn bridge  
or hudson river many thin lines crossing in and out  
knife steel on the roofs and the fog angel  
tatoos his name upon his arm and grows too big  
for this city himself  
for this joy  
ride.

holly indistinguishable angel retreating same foot steps  
of angel having once arrived doesn't really want to leave  
but leaps from bridges falls from roofs and walking  
along the pier at night does not remember the edge

angel in the swimming pool did not count the sleeping pills  
floating he pales  
goes to puerto rico holds out holds up the bank  
smiles when the picture hits his face.

Brian Butternick

other — which upset a lot of inmates here due to me being young and white and the person (inmate) I love is black, and — under the circumstances you live under in prison — a white person who accepts any black person is the lowest thing in prison in the eyes of the guards and all of the inmates!!

For, the past 4 months I've been totally put through the worst mental treatment one can receive in prison — all coming from the jealousy of these inmates trying to break me and my black friend apart!!

Inmates have done everything possible to part me from my friend. At first I didn't think these guards were blind to how prisoners lie on each other in order to gain what they were after, until August of this year when 6 different inmates personally wrote letters to the F.B.I. claiming I had stabbed another inmate to death!! I have not stabbed anyone and I will prove this in court starting the 2nd week in October!

My one and only concern is my friend that I love and I want to remain with. I'm not guilty of anything except being in love with a black man — that's no crime — but under these circumstances that you face in prison loving a black man — and you being white — is a very rough road to hold — but love don't come easy nor does it come unless it's giving?

If you can help me in any respect please write me at the below address.

Love & Peace,

Bo-Bo  
(Ricky R. Bohannon)  
21320-175  
P.O. Box 1000  
Lewsburg, Penna.  
17837

**\*Arthur Evans' book is tentatively scheduled for the fall of 1977. Publication has been rescheduled as Arthur has been revising his work in order to incorporate all the many helpful thoughts he has received from Fag Rag readers and other friends.**

**If you have already sent us a check, we will send you the book when it is published. If you cannot wait, we can send you a complete set of the back issues containing the Evans articles and when the book is ready we will also send you a copy.**

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