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PHANTASIES

by Charley Shively



Photos by Michael Thompson

I have explored Cocksucking as an Act of Revolution in search of ways to break down sexploitation, discrimination and private property. Against theory and good wishes, I have noticed that my body responds more warmly to some potential lovers than to others. On a basic level, the signal of this discrimination is sexual arousal (for faggots a "hard-on"). "Hard-

ons" involve much more than a simple physical response. Water always boils or freezes at precisely the same temperature and pressure, but unlike water, the body never responds in exactly the same way to the same sexual circumstances. The "hard-on" represents only the tip of our sexual iceberg that would frustrate any personal, sexual, social or political change. Faggot

Phantasies provide a direct road through the social structure, and they open possible avenues of change.

I want here to explore (I) What are Phantasies, (II) Where Do Phantasies Come From, (III) A Link Between Class and Sex, and (IV) Possibilities of Change ("What Does Not Change/ is the Will to Change"). As usual I explore my own experience hoping that this will help others. If you have a response, please write.

PHANTASY REVOLUTION

Faggots have cultivated phantastic delights, eaten where others have only licked, deep-dived where they gingerly test the water. Just dressing, walking into the street or answering the telephone actualizes phantasies both of one's own design and of others' dreams. Bars, baths, cruising places, lovers and quarrels—we weave them all out of one web of fantasy. The Ritch Street Bath in San Francisco needs only three words to advertise: "actualize your phantasies."



I. What Are Phantasies?

In discussing phantasy, I want to set aside notions of it being only illusion, delusion, hallucination, whimsy or caprice. I spell the word "phantasy" to relate it more closely to "phenomenon" than to "fiction." I follow psychoanalyst Susan Isaacs who writes that, "There is no impulse, no institutional urge or response which is not experienced as unconscious phantasy." Phantasy is not only the image of desire, want and love; it is also the process by which impulses, instincts and feeling are experienced. Operationally, phantasy expresses, forms and directs everything we are.

Phantasies for faggots clearly represent something valued or wanted, a particular image, type, form. Types include (here I quote from advertisements): "rugged & handsome hunky, hairy Italian, endowed"; "Tall, slim, well-hung, boyish"; "Nature-lover/Desert hiker"; "Tough young Ex-Marine"; "Fair, blond, blue eyes, well-defined surfer's body"; "Teddy Bear", "executives, teachers, doctors, lawyers, horse ranchers, actors—people in the public eye"; "Gorgeous 19-year-old black"; and many, many more.

My favorite phantasy/person/faggot enriched my understanding of the medium. For years, I have admired him on the Fenway and Esplanade, more or less at some distance. He was thin, wiry, moved very fast—seemed totally oblivious to everyone. Once I did him in an orgy. I had waited and not said a word/ "finally it wasn't necessary/ was he so stoned he couldn't tell/ it was me?/ or had I changed/ during these years/ of being ready/ only one person/ could answer/ and he wasn't talking/ as he zippered up" and left. Those qualities of mystery and noncommunication—the specter of a person, pants, cap, sweater, tight face, body continue to intrigue me: "blind Orpheus/ cool cruel/ lonely tonight/ he looks neither way/ knit cap/ silk shirt/ tap hands/ rose grows/ cold here/ he doesn't see us/ a stalk garden/ brown plants/ our oval hotel..." Once he came up to me just after I had finished fucking someone; I was limp and slightly anxious to finally be so close to him. After trying a while to excite me, he wandered off—aloof and untouchable as ever.

Just this summer though my triumph came. He was pissing by a tree; I came over eager to engage him—not sure whether I should drink the piss or not. We started kissing, holding each other. He was as excited as I was; my ripped and patched levis turned him on. We went further into the bushes behind a big oak tree. He just stood me there for about an hour while I danced, did deep knee bends, bent, twisted and turned my ass near his face. Slowly he would run fingers into me (never quite the whole hand or fist), examining over and over again the back of my body—pants up, pants down, half-way up, buttoned up, unbuttoned. Suddenly I was a sex-god in this past-midnight temple as he knelt to worship my every vibration—never daring to look me in the eye, even sneaking behind the tree at times and peeking out, searching constantly for new directions, new vantage points, new angles for looking up my legs into the rose of my anus. Never in my life have I been so totally beautiful; I would have done anything he asked; I was his slave; I wanted to be a spectral projection of everything in the world he had ever looked for. For those few moments we became one phenomenon, one phantasy—both of us absorbed in the image of each other. Finally, winding down we both lied and said we didn't have anyplace to go, split. And that was that.

Phantasy is a process as well as a particular image; a filmscript as well as a slide. Sergio of San Francisco promises in an advertisement: "FANTASY FULFILLMENT SPECIALIST. Handsome, aggressive, leather man...dominates all scenes in full leather, chaps, smelly jockstraps or uniforms." Another seeks "Fidelity, sincerity, stability, integrity" with interests in "music, theater, books, travelling, fishing, hiking." A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS calls out: "share with me excitement of football, country drives, visits to historical sites. Saturday auctions, concerts, operas, films in Fall; cross-country skiing, basketball, hard sweaty workouts with weights. Sundays at museums, curling up next to cozy fire listening to records in Winter; jog in park, whipping up gourmet meals (occasionally splurge at superb restaurant, or maybe Big Mac), exploring by-ways of Europe & Hawaii, strolls in city & country to enjoy exhilaration of Spring; lazy Summer days on beach." The search for the perfect actor never ends. "PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE to find that one special, very masculine, ruggedly good-looking, White/Christian, 58-68, athletically muscular, well built yet warm & caring—a man's man with whom to make a home and share the last miles in a one to one, loyal, stable friendship."

II. Where Do Phantasies Come From?

To paraphrase a great poet/philosopher: Where do phantasies come from? Do they drop from the skies? No. Are they innate in the mind? No. They come from social practice and from it alone. Most people would think phantasies had to do with magazines like *Stud*, *Colt*, *Big Load*, *Well Hung*, or movies in the shadows of what's called "The Combat Zone" in Boston. But these phantasylands are only part of a system that extends into every part of everyone's life; they are formed out of social practice and in a dialectical way continuously challenge and rebuild the existing social structure. Let me illustrate with my own life.

I suppose my very earliest phantasy comes from when I was only five, sucking off a twelve year old. The erect cock and the gooey cream come which dried sticky and dark on my hand still glistens in the mind; Virgil Jesse standing in the weeds between the corn crib and barn in Ohio. The difference between age, height, power, penis, pubic hair as well as social position (he was a minister's son) all became incorporated in my psyche as a master-charged beauty.

Likewise when I came to puberty myself, I came to dream on a wonderboy. In sixth grade, we moved and I changed schools at mid-year. Queer, poor and strange, I found one friendly face in Bill Schul—who was son of a banker/schoolboard member, circumcized, friendly and athletic. He wore levis, tee shirts, short hair, and was always smiling. I remember him forever in ninth grade gym class in the shower; I was fat, dumpy—deathly afraid of being seen naked. He was like a perfect god with the water running down his well-formed, well-endowed body. Later he played varsity basketball; I can remember the wonderful nylon uniforms and my watching as he went to make a shot to see if the jockstrap would show. And on our senior trip I almost choked when we got to share a room (with another student); I can still see his tan lean ass stretched across the bed—corn fed Ohio basketball boy. I was almost shocked later to learn his left elbow was slightly deformed; I couldn't believe my god had a single imperfection.

Because of the taboo on sex in Western society, many would divide phantasies into the clean and the unclean; they would not recognize that all phantasy comes out of sexual yearning. Greg Lehne in his article "Gay Male Phantasies" (*Body Politic*, No. 14) reports that among his fifty respondents only 15 report a specific sexual phantasy, but 30 report dreams of a warm, loving relationship. I would maintain that "a warm, loving relationship" is itself a sexual phantasy and (like all the others) involves a master/servant, dominance/submission component. At the very least every holder of a phantasy has some dream of having other people fit in (or submit to) their own dreams.

My own love phantasy does not involve a particular body type or any specific sexual activity. I have a dream—not really so very impossible—of being abandoned, separated, lost, left behind—and they crying my broken hearted memories. One particular image I can still relive: I had visited a lover in the army at Fort Knox and was returning home with his woman-friend and a brother/lover who were asleep. Driving between Louisville and Cincinnati at night, I saw eight of him standing in a line down the highway. Anguish and sorrow were in his eyes; I could taste the salt of his body in my desperation of having left, lost him. Swerving to the shoulder and braking, I stopped the car. Did he wake me up at the wheel or put me to sleep?

Another time with the same lover, travelling from Cincinnati to Wisconsin, we stopped in Chicago and camped overnight on Lake Michigan near the University of Chicago. Wayne and I slept best we could on the rocks. I dreamed a deep snow and holding him in my hands limp, dead, weeping at the loss. The crystals of snow were soft and beautiful, dry, dusty as I lifted him in the wind corridors of Lake Michigan, bearing witness to my love, my loss. I always dream of my lovers being lost, buried, stolen or best of all: running away and leaving me to suffer. My better poetry seems to come from being left, separated or away from some lover/lovers. A quarrel and estrangement seems more exciting than the quiet steady flow of being together. It's all part of the wonderful joy of being in love—a subject I want to turn to later; here it is sufficient to urge that love itself is the phantasy of phantasies.

Wayne was such a powerful phantasy/person because he filled so well the high-school basketball star as well as a James Dean/Dean Moriarty/Neal Cassidy image of rough wildness. He was both an outlaw and a representation of the sexual dominance system of my Ohio environment. In adoring him I was turning away from my gayness, sacrificing it totally to those powers that be.

III. A Link Between Sex and Class

A person may often not see how phantasies link sex with class, how "love" is a euphemism for some power relation or how social practice both creates and is created by phantasies. Yet this process often can become suddenly obvious as one's social status changes. The grand craftsman of phantasy, Jean Genet describes in himself how he dreamed of the more powerful when he was lacking in power:

I longed at the time—and often went so far as to imagine my body twisting about the firm, vigorous body of a male—to be embraced by the calm, splendid stature of a man of stone with sharp angles. And I was not completely at ease unless I could completely take his place, take on his qualities, his virtues; when I imagined I was he, making his gestures, uttering his words: When I WAS he.

Genet suggests that his worship of the other's mystery comes from his own weakness, inadequacies and subordination. Once he reached a level of equality, once he became a peer with those he had worshipped, all changed:

If my sense of wonder, the joy that suspended me from boughs of pure air, sprang chiefly from my identifying myself with the handsome thugs who haunted the prison, as soon as I achieved total virility—or, to be more exact, as soon as I became a male—the thugs lost their glamour.

(*The Miracle of the Rose*)

Myself, I can remember changes in my phantasies and self-image after I received my Ph.D.—a graduation analogous to Genet's becoming a master burglar. I had considered education from the first as a way of rising out of my class. Learning was a way of escaping dirty people, messy lives and poverty. I cultivated classical music to separate me from country music yokels; I learned to sneer at anyone less educated than myself; I came to consider literature as something precious and elevating. The sexual dimension of such a phantasy/dream rests in the symbolism of "higher", "advanced" and "universal"—all involve elevators, flying, the wings of the mind—symbols of sexual arousal. And they all designate dominance, power, authority and prestige.

In receiving my degree these phantasies collapsed. The academy appeared as a sham, filled with place seekers, C.I.A. contractors. "The thugs lost their glamour." At the same time my father died, I tripped on LSD for the first time, became involved with SDS and ceased being monogamous with my lover of several years. As I became a part of Boston's Gay Liberation Front, I lost my admiration for straight trade, learned to enjoy my own orgasms, body, and self more. I no longer took pride in keeping a neat household, always having dinner ready on time and generally wanted to be more than just a shadow of my man.

Our phantasies incorporate the power system, the social hierarchy into our own individual psyches. They link sex with class. They specifically internalize economic relationships. This is the ultimate means of social control—far stronger than any marines, police or other symbol of external power. A few recognize the bondage and discipline qualities of their phantasies, but most consider S&M to be a special taste of a small minority. In fact, all phantasies directly express the social structure from which they are formed; every phantasy has some element of either ruling or submitting.

Generally I would guess that the amount and degree of phantasy one entertains relates directly to one's social position. (Indeed as I argue again and again, one's phantasy is one's social position; they are indistinguishable.) Freud said on this subject of phantasy (he re-

peated the observation some three or four times without elaboration): "The contents of the clearly conscious phantasies of perverts (which in favourable circumstances can be transformed into manifest behaviour), of the delusional fears of paranoiacs (which are projected in a hostile sense on to other people), and of the unconscious phantasies of hysterics (which psychoanalysis reveals behind their symptoms)—all these coincide with one another even down to their details." Freud was absolutely right here: the three kinds of phantasies are the same. I would add that they reflect social position not some alleged insanity; in fact, they represent a revolt against an intolerable society. Women are generally considered hysterical; schizophrenic paranoid delusions are almost exclusively the property of the poor (Paul Roman & Harrison Trice, *Schizophrenia and the Poor*; Cf. John Wieters, "Children of the Working Class.")

Those in power or with relatively more power have less to repress. Phantasies of those "in the know" pass as "reality"—something of which outsiders get only fleeting glimpses. Anxiety, guilt and fear haunt the powerless much more than the powerful. If we do not voluntarily hide our phantasies, the authorities with the pornography laws, family pressures, arrests and social pressure will suppress what dreams we might have of making it. Generally, in every way in which we are confined, either by age, class, gender, sexual preference or other hierarchical categories—that category becomes encapsulated inside us and is expressed through phantasy.

An individual's phantasies reflect their repression, suppression and oppression. For instance, the photographs accompanying this article startled me when I saw them: I was immediately uncomfortable because they aroused me. My first feeling was one of repression: "this feeling I have is wrong, must be put down, out." It was not a conscious thought, it was a spontaneous impulse implanted in me by a homophobic society. My second thought was one of suppression: a notion that these were not gay liberation images, they denied my own age, body shape, image. Perhaps a jealousy at not being so attractive, of never being able to arouse such interest in the cameraman or the reader. My third thought was of the printer, post-office, authorities—although here my dream of martyrdom, court trials, dramatic appeals, testimony from luminaries in our favour, etc. offset worry about oppression.

IV. What Does Not Change/ Is the Will to Change

Phantasies thus link our private/sexual lives with our public/social position. Pushing faggot phantasies (however imperfect they might be) is a really threatening gesture to existing power relations. I think we have a destiny and duty to explore fully and actualize as many details as possible of our phantasies. Freud was worried that "in favourable circumstances/pervert phantasies/ can be transformed into manifest behaviour." His worry is now actuality in the faggot movie houses, publications, baths, bars and lives. As one gay pride poster declared, "We are your worst Fears." We should all applaud the idea of everyone coming out and actualizing their gay phantasies.

The censorious will raise the question of rape and maybe even murder: you can't let people do their thing; you must have police/restraint unless you want to be destroyed. In fact, those holding power in their police/restraint functions commit almost all of the rape and murder, both in their phantasies and in fact—check out all the deaths in war and auto "accidents", or in marriage, romance, or sowing wild oats. Their



phantasies include "crime" statistics purporting to prove that we need them to protect us as well as their phantasies themselves. The latter as expressed in the Boston Strangler or Charles Manson are always cited as dangers of what happens when phantasy is let loose. These MEN have been turned into woman haters because they cannot accept and enjoy their own sexuality, sensuality, homosexual phantasies. They project their hatred for their own gay self onto women, whom they attempt to hurt or destroy. Certainly, an expansion of gay love among men would cut down both rape and murder.

Rather against my wishes, I also have to consider the phantasy around Dean Allen Corli. I would ignore the question myself, but Kenneth in typing this article rightly pointed out that in urging people to follow their phantasies, most people would think of Corli who in league with teenagers Henley and Brooks had sex with and then murdered several Texan males. First, let me repeat the FAG RAG "Open Letter to *The Advocate*": "Why doesn't the *Advocate* expose the causes of mass murder and sexual exploitation in America? Among these, we see the preoccupation of Americans with violence that stems from an economy of over-consumption and a politics of war; inequality and injustice in an 'affluent' nation that keeps 20% of its people in poverty and many of its teenagers in prostitution to get the 'things' the society says are important; the continuing oppression of gays, especially in schools; and the packaging and temporary fad of 'campy' homosexuality, rather than an honest treatment of it. Why haven't you mentioned that mass murders and sexual violence are especially peculiar to the U.S. and are seldom heard of in socialist, sexually-liberated societies like Scandinavia?" (FAG RAG, No. 6, Fall/Winter, 1973).

To that I might now add that the murders so titillated the *Advocate* because they demonstrated that gays might be just like other men: effective rapists. While straight men dwelt on the story because it fed their fears of homosexuality, the *Advocate* provided



Photo by Michael Thompson

sensational coverage because it encouraged anti-libertarian attitudes toward sexuality within the gay community. I suspect that Corll developed his sexuality not out of gay consciousness but out of a hatred for gayness itself. And his violence came from Texas and his straight life not from his gayness. The *Advocate* quoted a comment that "He was in the army when, you know, he turned into a fag, and ever since then it got worse and worse." The army is designed to cultivate killers of men; perhaps in the training some wires got crossed and Corll in becoming a lover of men failed to shake the ideal of being a killer of men. Of course, murder is dreadful, but the further question must be raised of whether some men—perhaps all "men"—should be killed. Valerie Solanas in her *SCUM* (Society for Cutting Up Men) *Manifesto* addresses the "man" problem and Franz Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth* writes about revenge as a necessary step in decolonization. Although a believer in non-violence, I don't think faggots need further lessons in being attractive victims. And ultimately, all faggots someday will have to kill their love of straight men before they can love themselves.

I am not the only faggot who has fantasies about straight or straight-looking men. William J. Slater's *The Erotic Imagination, Sexual Fantasies of the Adult Male* (1975) includes a straightman fantasy. The faggot explains that sucking off someone makes him feel strong and masculine; he says, "sucking off a straight guy is twice as good as blowing a gay... It's like an injection of rocket power or something. When you can get that kind of come, the come of a real man, you become a real man yourself." Many gay liberationists would protest that such a fantasy represents the false consciousness of the unliberated. But I notice that some of the most liberated rush headlong after the same dream-fantasy as their less liberated compeer. Whatever the problems of relating rhetoric and practice, fantasies of straight men internalize society's value system and deny us ourselves as faggots.

Unquestionably every change in power will carry with it a change in fantasy structure. Susan Brownmiller discusses the question of fantasy for women and raises problems that apply as well to faggots:

Because men control the definitions of sex, women are allotted a poor assortment of options. Either we attempt to find enjoyment and sexual stimulation in the kind of passive/masochistic fantasies that men have prepared us to have, or we reject these packaged fantasies as unhealthy and either remain phantasyless or cast about for a private, more original, less harmful daydream. Fantasies ARE important to the enjoyment of sex, I think, but it is a rare woman who can successfully fight the culture and come up with her own non-exploitative, non-sado-masochistic, non-power driven imaginative thrust. For this reason, I believe, most women who reject the masochistic fantasy role reject the temptation of all sexual fantasies, to our sexual loss.

(*Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, pp. 323-24)

Even with masturbation one links into the power system; even in abstinence one becomes a victim of the power system. And asserting a self-fulfilling fantasy/pleasure/sensuality/sexuality life for one's self brings one intimately into the power nexus—in particular with other people. A primary problem arises in understanding how one's own fantasies can be achieved without essentially curbing the dreams of others. Presently too many just assume that other people have the same fantasy system as themselves. That is rare indeed. Usually "warm and loving relationships" quickly run amuck as lovers discover that their fantasies do not lock. Perhaps Gore Vidal's joke might hold a key to more than domestic harmony: after having sex with another man, he says, "You tell me your fantasy and I'll tell you mine." Certainly a relationship cannot get very far if the people involved are not able to share and shape their fantasies.

In the power nexus of fantasy relationships, the problem arises of how to understand one's own fantasies as power desires and essentially curb the dream of having every other person have exactly the same fantasy as oneself. Fantasy imperialism, as it were. Most so-called "warm and loving relationships" quickly run amuck here because fantasies seldom click together. People readily see the needs of others as "phantasy" while their own wildest fantasies often seem like common-sense "reality."

The question of secrecy is itself a form of phantasy that I as a let-it-all-hang-out freak violate. According to authorities, my own detailed (and I hope honest) account of my fantasies is a classic illustration of the masochist personality. Dr. Dally says, "It is much easier for the masochist, with his phantasy desire for self-humiliation and suffering, to expose himself if need be to others, in contrast to the sadist who is horrified by the idea of anyone discovering the nature of his fantasies." (*The Phantasy Game*, 1975). Larry Townsend also points out in the *Leatherman's HANDBOOK* that an S would "seldom condescend to reveal himself so completely" as an M. Thus, in the phantasy game I am not only revealing myself but implicitly chipping away at those who would keep their silence.

In fact, many thoughts of revolution tend toward what authorities would call masochistic phantasies. Ideas of openness, vulnerability, mutuality, softness, tenderness, expression of one's feelings, kindness—they all add up to values antithetical to mastery and power. What would all the masochists do if all the sadists were shipped beyond the sea? If there were no state, no police, no bullies, of what freedom then could we who are anarchists dream? In other words, what would become of phantasies once the present hateful oppression was ended? Would they pass away entirely? Or would they take on new dimension and richness?

A partial answer to this question can be found within gay oppression. As we achieve more freedom to live our phantasies, they do change. Returning to Boston from San Francisco, an early FAG RAGger brought the alarming news that in that golden land every phantasy was realized. Whatever you dreamed of in men you found. One poet from San Francisco, Tom Kennedy addressed the topic:

the fantasies have expired
&
i have had all men
in all ways -
have had all cockshapes
and the most centerfold men
and as much at once and
as little at once and
all the firm and
solid and so on and on and on
and the men thrusting
and the men passive
and the men caring
and the men cold and ...

o but now
i want
a river home
in redwoods
far removed
from alcohol
baths
& disco -
far
far away
from
you
citywasteland -
i will not perish
like the others



FAG RAG rejected this poem in part because its conclusion was contradictory! As though contradictions are not the stuff out of which revolutions are made. Revolution and change may itself be a phantasy. If so, I say let's live it and see what happens. The alternative is to accept authority, the status quo, the rule of straight white men. In revolting against such "reality", we still have to find how to proceed effectively so that we not just modify "reality" but destroy the very thing of "reality" itself. That would be revolution.

—Charley Shively

I saw this boy walking towards me on the sidewalk. Down to me. He was seventeen maybe older, denim jacket and jeans, handsome and smoking a cigarette with a feigned command of himself as one who uses cigarettes to project that impression. I liked his stride. I watched the movement of his hips and his strolling legs. As we caught eyes, his hardened almost to a glare. I took his picture and he spat. He didn't know he was flattered. I was uncertain of the sincerity of his gestures. I motioned for him to come to me and he stopped. When we approached I knew now it was different. His stance was daring, his hands in his pockets showed no need to protect. I want to go down on you I want to do you in this alley behind the houses. We walked together off the street into a nook round the alley. Opening his fly and his belt and his pants I was rushing excitement at having never seen this piece before. He was hard of course by the time his cock was in my mouth. I loved it, I sucked it, slurped it, pushed him down the back of my throat with his hands on the back of my head, gently pushing, swallowing him my hands on his jeans, on his ass, he liked this man doing this, it excited him to feel the muscles of my shoulders, of a man on him. He was coming short, his breath, and he shot his come into my throat and over my tongue. For a minute we relaxed. There had been no one else but us. He pulled his pants together as I stood up. The gaze between us had lost its glare and tho his smile was sly, a bit commanding, it broke to a grin as it took my smile. I kissed him on the cheek and walked away.

—David Kline



Photo by Michael Thompson

cock sure

His body erect
tight and full of
sunshine playing on his hair

He waves at his hair
showing off the sea/likeness

He puffs his finely jutting breast
not a hair too overdone
and waisted

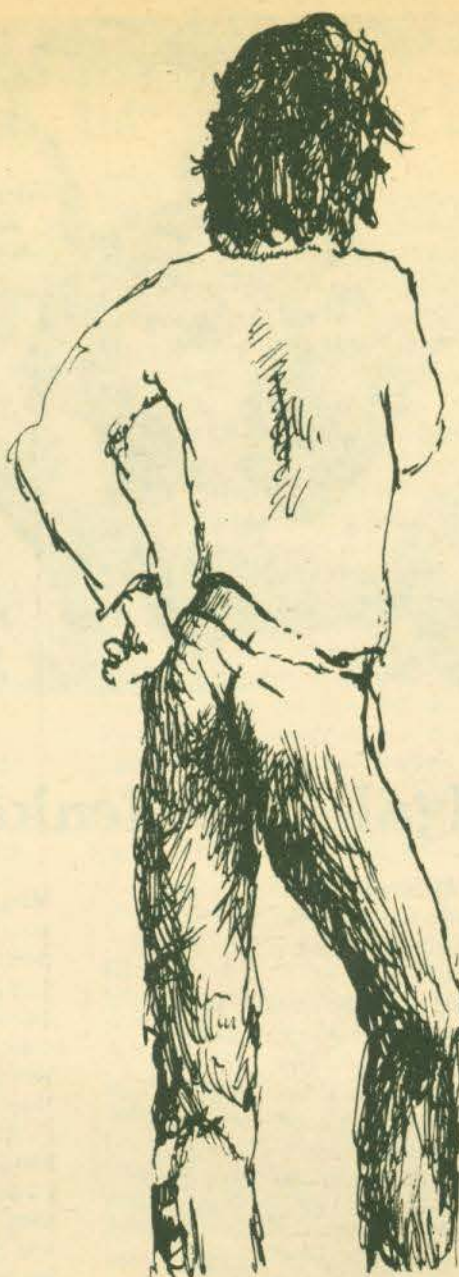
He backs to me
and cocks a cheek
winking smug
sexual
body

caught/the sun
plays shadows on the sand
so carelessly with his foot

though he's locked his
pubic jewel/away
perhaps for another season
August/sea
in moth/balls
I secretly steal sperm

And He/as carelessly as concurrent waves
lifts his image lightly
preening aire
wanders aimlessly
along an ebbing tide
as evening slinks our way
to end this sultry day
And He slinks behind a sinking shore
/my eye
/a waxxing moon

—David Emerson Smith



THE ONLY WAY TO SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLY APPROACH YOU PHYSICALLY IS PUNCH.

for T. S. Cushman

The first time I saw you
I didn't know at all . . .
neglected what to note —and how.

The second,
your colors and mustache
impressed themselves;
seeded recognitions yet to come.

And then repackaged T. arrived: new coats,
bright ties, and shoes
that complemented every scheme—
confusing somewhat
how I clothed my fantasies.
Abruptly your cologne stopped.
And when you hugged me ("So glad to
see you . . ." so you said),
unmobilized, my senses
had no chance to savour touch . . .
or press the memory of smell.

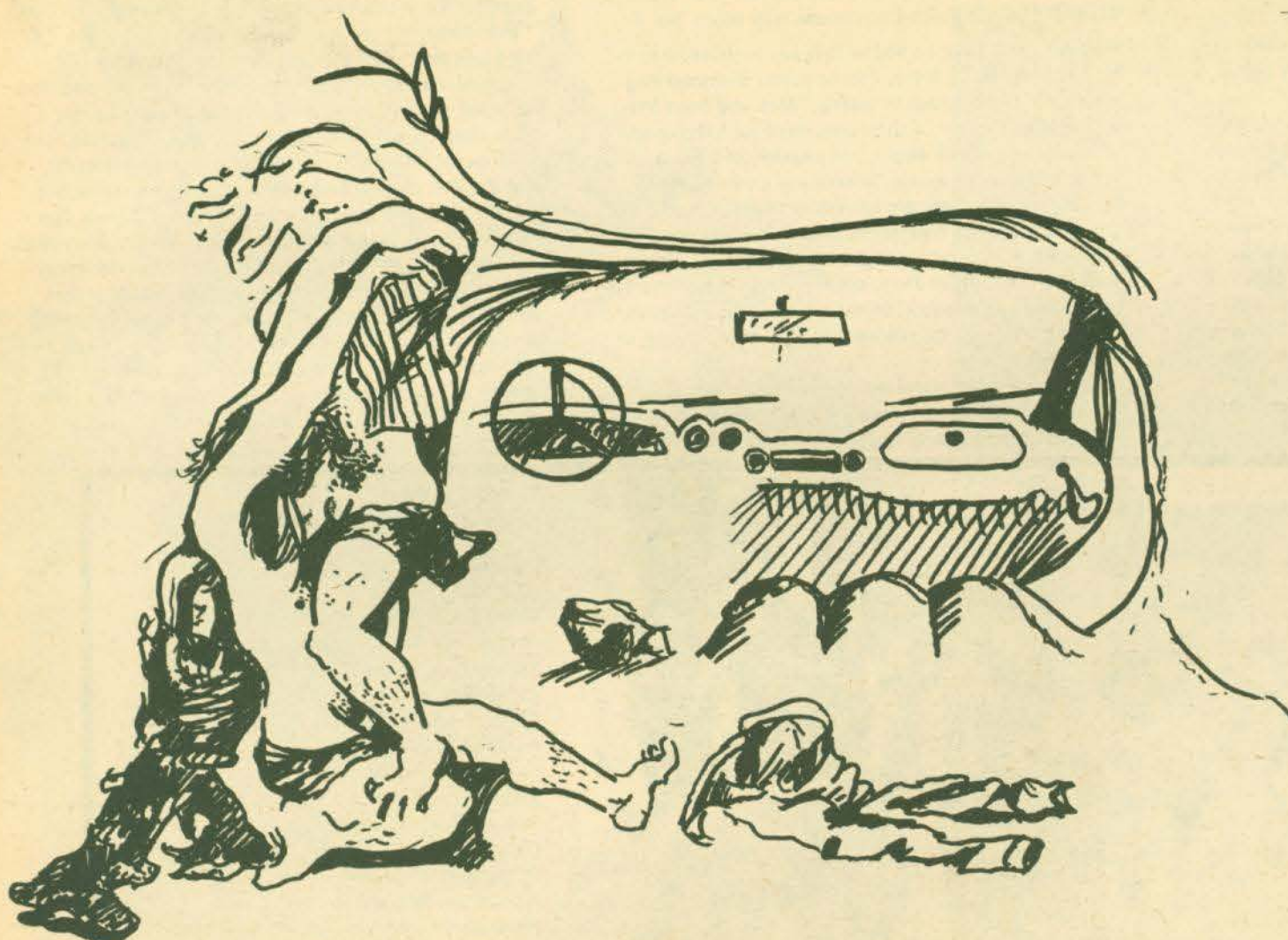
The times, too crowded now
—thick bunched as Rebas in want of pruning—
take no known cataloging scheme . . .
rather come continuum:
feed the Sunday-morning poet;
fill his journal
boisterous with your name . . .

Until you blabbed of
Early mornings in late summer
. . . meeting some woman's breasts
upon the beach and talking fucks.

And now, early evening of late fall,
—and dark—your new shoes turn to
everyday with sand and salt as you
seed the surf with beach-glass
. . . try to deep-kiss stars . . .
double-talk your fears back to
their trunk . . . drive red-jeep
down route 9 in third . . .

to leave that red geranium
—and recently transplanted—
growing trident shaped;
longing for death at sea.

—DBKreitzberg

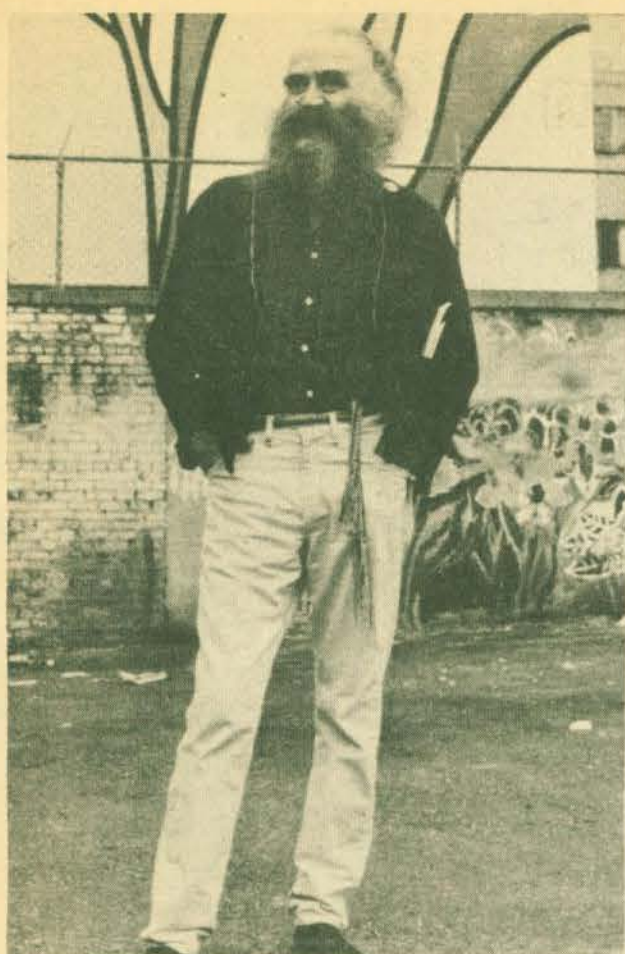


Halloween Again

We should be lovers you know
and yes, I suppose that you do
in your own wish-I-didn't way.
Your eyes, when they're looking,
tell me all the things I tell myself
when I am alone and naked.
I want you, and that hurts,
but of course I want everyone
and that sort of evens it out.
My desire is big enough for the both of us
and it has to be.
I could recite Marvell I suppose
and hope that you listened
and I could look up from the page
and smile when it's funny
and frown when it's real
and hope that you'd see.
But this is life, not oral interpretation
so all I can do is wait
and watch your eyes
and tell myself they tell me
We could be lovers you know
and be happy until
the blinking begins

walta borawski

Tauk 73



About Igal Roodenko

Tom Reeves

I met Igal Roodenko about the time Richard Nixon was enthroned in Washington. For some of us who had fought against the war and defied the draft under Johnson, the Nixon triumph was both the fulfillment of our paranoid nightmares about fascism and a disappointing anticlimax to our recent power as the Movement that brought down a president. For Igal, there was neither surprise nor disappointment, but more of what he had resisted for thirty years. "Your 'Movement' has no roots," he told me, "it is a creature of the Evening News and some heavy egos. To build a movement takes years of undramatic work. It takes understanding the people you want to move, knowing them well, being known by them as persons with guts and integrity, not as media freaks." What could we do now, I wanted to know, with Nixon so entrenched and the people lulled by his doublespeak peace slogans? "We go on living our lives. It is enough."

When Igal Roodenko lives his life, the world reacts variously. In World War II, he was imprisoned as a draft resister. For awhile, he was harassed by the FBI and the CIA as a "leader" of the movement he continues to work for. He was chairman of the War Resisters' League. He helped plan and carry out strategies of resistance to many facets of state power: nuclear weapons, conscription, Korea, Vietnam, amnesty, oppression of blacks and other minorities, and taxes. By living his life carefully, Igal has managed to ignore the State and its tax system. Thus far he has been largely ignored by the State in turn.

Over the years, Igal has not been ignored by some people, however. College students and young workers have always been intrigued by the simplicity of his life and his goals. "Don't make it complicated. If you really become your truest self, doing only those things that you have a right to do by your labor, you will live a just life. In so doing, you will come into immediate conflict with the state. You won't have to think up some act of resistance. It will come naturally. Simply refuse to act against your own interest or that of other people. That will guarantee a life of satisfaction, but it will also create a life of resistance." He laughs at those who say you can live such a life non-politically. "I have seen

many try—on the farms, in the slums, even on islands, and if they are actually true to themselves, they will eventually be told by somebody to stop. If they don't, they can expect fireworks."

Igal has sometimes lived by public speaking in this fashion, and on his annual tours he is surrounded by groups of students and workers. He is especially popular in the South, the midwest, in rural areas, where he speaks in language that can be understood, yet in ideas that challenge people out of complacency and remind them of feelings and notions they had when they were very young children. Igal reminds me of a very young child.

Igal has often lived by his trade—he is a printer. This is a good time of year to remember him in that connection. His War Resisters Calendar comes out at Christmas.

Igal is a faggot. He has been open about his feelings and his sex life since at least the fifties. When Bayard Rustin, a black leader, was called to task for his closet gayness, Igal was one of the few radicals to speak and act openly in support. He insisted that radicals accept homosexuality as an important part of the life of resistance. With others at WRL and in the WIN magazine group, Igal was in the first group which wrote openly about homosexuality among radicals and insisted on gay liberation side by side with feminism, black power and other issues more acceptable to straight radicals.

Igal has never emphasized gay liberation in his work or in his speaking. He has also never downplayed it. "It is part of me, but it is not the center." His sex life has been rich, but unorthodox by gay standards as well as straight. "I don't think I've cruised very often, but I have certainly been to bed with many wonderful men." He has never had a lover. "Some prefer diamond ring marriages. I like strings of pearls." Men and boys live with Igal, often out of their own need for lodging and affection in difficult times, but usually only for short periods. His life is sparse, in terms of entertainment or decoration, and there are not many who can take it for long. He is a strict vegetarian, he drinks some liquor and often visits a very straight bar, McSorley's, in New York near the rather dirty, small flat where he lives. He reads poetry and radical literature, but seldom writes. His time is filled with talking and with many strong relationships.

Three incidents stand out in my memory of Igal. The first was at Mt. St. Mary's College where I was teaching Catholic jocks and living bucolically on a

Maryland farm near Camp David. I invited Igal to spend several days in my politics classes and speak to the students. Night after night, we talked politics and life. The conservatives came to heckle this bearded revolutionary with the wild hair, but they settled down to dialogue. The super-radicals (very few on that campus) were at first disappointed in his lack of ideology, but they also started listening.

After his last and largest discussion, with several hundred students and faculty, I invited about twelve students to the home of a fellow professor. All the students were gay, although they did not know each other, and they did not yet know that I was gay. That evening we felt like the founding fathers of the early Christian Church. It was a pioneering evening. We all came out to each other, and talked and listened to Igal. That was the beginning of an outrageous gay liberation group on one of the most uptight campuses in America. Igal gave us no advice, no political plan, no clever strategy. His presence was enough to spark the end of our self-oppression; enough to get us out of our closets.

The second incident was at a prison—the John F. Kennedy prison in West Virginia. Igal and I had gone there to visit a draft resister, one who had suffered particular indignities over a long time. The prisoner had corresponded with Igal (Igal is in touch with many such people). He had been holding small meetings at the prison with others interested in resistance and anarchism. I watched Igal kiss him on the mouth to the astonishment of guards. As we met other prisoners, Igal touched them, embraced them, sometimes kissed them. Even in talking with guards he showed affection. "Remember we are resisting the state, not people," he told one man. As I thought about it, I realized Igal touched, embraced, kissed almost everybody—and that he went on doing it, regardless of the reactions. He never had to say anything about sexual liberation.

Finally, I think of Igal's sudden, strong affection for another close friend who was then seventeen, but an anarchist and gay liberationist since fourteen. Igal was overcast with my friend Curtis' beauty, his youth, his fragile yet obvious determination to oppose every sort of oppression on earth. It seemed to Curtis that Igal was trying to hold onto him, that he was grasping and possessive. Curtis fled—literally left my Dorchester apartment and went back to Baltimore. Suddenly I saw Igal as an ordinary, very frail, aging faggot. He is. But an ordinary person, with the usual weaknesses, can live an extraordinary life.



Photo by Michael Thompson

STREET SONG

by David Kline

Clear glow
Blue buffed white
Swirls streaking
Over sturdy brick homes,
Still wet and warm in the
Early year,
Dormant before rebirth,
Rowhomes rest before
half-travelled streets.
Scattered children run
the sidewalks as plains
Of adventure
In measure to become strong men.
Adolescent verbal jousting
Hurls about street corners,
Competing for strength
or young affection,
Received on short moment
in alleys and cellars,
Garages empty of metal
monsters,
Giving room for curious friendly touches.

PARADJANOV: Losing Privilege in USSR

Much has been written recently in the established western press and the "cultural" press about the case of Sergo Paradjanov, the extraordinary genius of Soviet film, well known for his unorthodox *SHADOWS OF OUR FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS*, *SAYAT NOVE* (*THE COLOR OF POMEGRANATES*) and other works. A number of versions of the case exist. The most likely story is that Paradjanov was tried on charges related to weaknesses previously tolerated by the Soviet authorities: illegal speculation in priceless national art treasures, and "homosexuality." He was convicted in mid-1974 at least on the homosexual charges, possibly also on the art charges, and he is now in a Soviet labor camp in the Urals for at least five years at hard labor. Paradjanov collapsed of a heart attack during the trial and it is thought unlikely that he can withstand the rigours of hard labor.

Obviously, every faggot suffers from such brutal oppression of one faggot anywhere in the world. Equally obviously, all writers and "artists" of any stripe are threatened wherever art and writing are censored directly or through tactics aimed at the artists. But there are several questions. Should this particular case be singled out? What is the real reason for the persecution of Paradjanov? How can we best protest?

At his trial, Paradjanov is quoted as having refused favorable testimony on his behalf by an elderly and respected Soviet author, Victor Shklovsky, because it treated him only as a famous and valuable talent, and not as a human being. Paradjanov insisted that the question was not his role as an artist—the very thing which the *Wall Street Journal*, *London* and *New York Times*, etc. are all concerned about—but the question of oppression of homosexuality itself. It would indeed be ironic, then, for this case to be used by pro-US liberals and artists as another hatchet job on Communism in the name of "freedom."

There is evidence in this case, and I have known of it in many other situations in the USSR (see *Fag Rag*

No. 6), that homosexuality is almost as widely "tolerated" there as it is in the U.S., but with one difference. It must not become "political," and it is used as a pretext against any homosexual who dares become involved on any political front. (The question of illegal traffic in art treasures is somewhat similar. I have known a number of Soviet artists, film directors, etc., who have boasted of pillaging such treasures during their state-supported field trips, and who have used state backing to do so. Paradjanov is accused, by some who are otherwise sympathetic, of having done this often.) Homosexuality itself is not a crime in the Soviet Union, but "forcing a liaison" is, sex with anyone under 21 is, "propagation of homosexuality" is, pornography is, etc. My own experience supports what many writers have said about this case, that the officials frequently know of the homosexuality of ballet dancers, musicians, film directors, and even scientists, and that they quite willingly ignore it so long as the persons in question are within the Party line. All along, however, they gather evidence that would convict the person on the various charges related to homosexuality—and in this case to illegal art sales.

Paradjanov began in 1969 to speak openly of the idiocy of Soviet officials. He also began to speak openly of his homosexuality and to decry the puritanism of the USSR. He was "warned" by having his films banned or limited and by being dropped from various Soviet organizations. He persisted. The secret police quietly collected their case: Paradjanov was a visitor to the home of the son of a Ukrainian official also in disfavor. This boy was under age and quite suicidal. He finally succeeded—his naked body clad only in a parka was found in his bath. Paradjanov figured in the suicide note, possibly forged, which also mentioned that the boy contracted syphilis through the film director. Paradjanov was also the victim of a police trap. A beautiful young man named Peter was taken in by Paradjanov as a writing genius. The young man planted pornographic

pictures in the house, and Paradjanov casually showed them to friends. Peter was a star witness at the trial. And so it goes, on and on, the State builds its case—just in case.

There is no question that homosexuals are brutally treated in the Soviet Union. For every case of a famous artist there must be a thousand concerning ordinary people. The Soviet Communists, unlike the Stalinist purists, have made their peace with all sorts of "deviations" like homosexuality. Among the gifted and the great, such vices are tolerated. They give the state the leverage for instant oppression if such gifted and famous persons dare speak out for general liberation. Evidently Paradjanov saw through his own "privileges" as a film director and began to champion such liberation. At his trial he is said to have argued brilliantly, until his heart attack, for radical acceptance of homosexuality and for complete freedom to write and create. It is no wonder he was stiffly sentenced.

These facts make it important for us to speak out for Paradjanov as one of us. But our protest cannot possibly help him. To "help" him we would have to hide the very purposes of protest which condemned Paradjanov in the first place. That is the form of liberal protest supported now by the *Wall Street Journal*, et. al., in a petition to the Soviet government for clemency, in order that a "great talent not be wasted." To hell with his great talent, it is Paradjanov as a person, as a faggot, we should celebrate and his oppression we should oppose. Our protest is best if it turns back upon ourselves. Washington as well as Moscow can learn to tolerate us if we learn to tolerate our own domestication as talented, clever pets. Paradjanov—both before his personal liberation and after his physical imprisonment—should remind us of ourselves and the choices that face us.

Tom Reeves



Photo by Michael Thompson

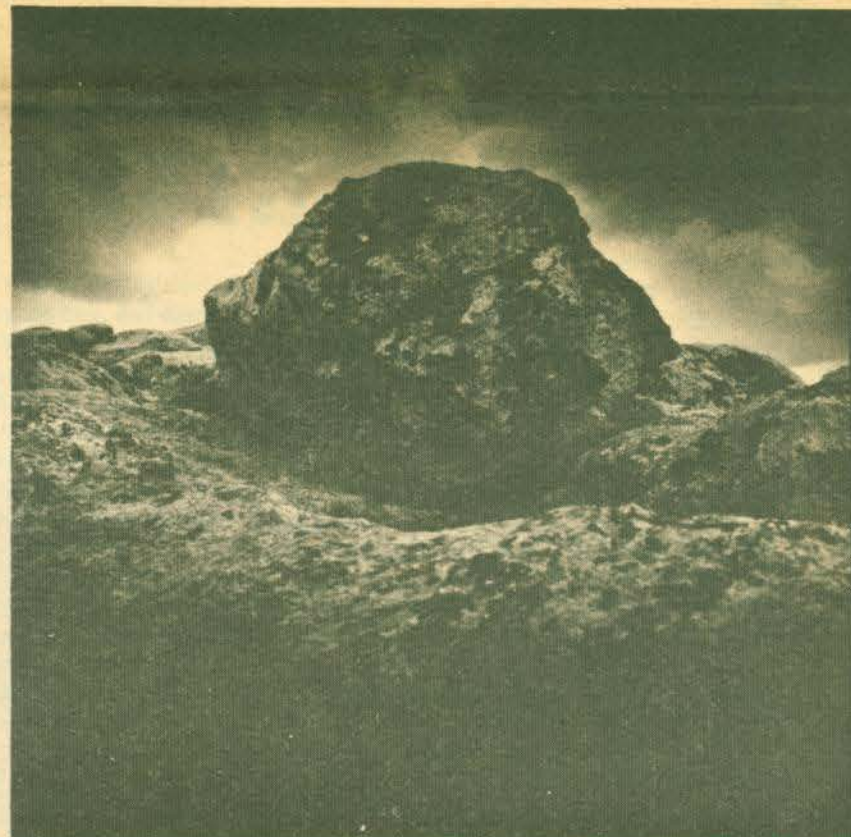


Photo by Young

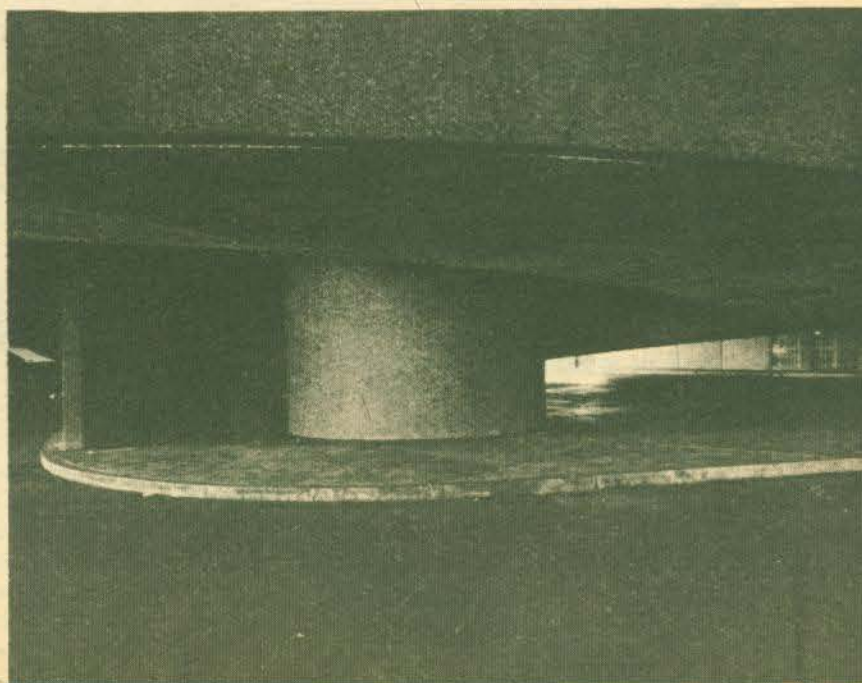


Photo by James Griffith



DEEP NIGHT, SAN JUAN BAR
to chinco, puerto rican go go boy

In this deep night
right me on my way
towards you. Stay awhile
the barrier of lights giggle
separating you from me
the audience I am here
educated up tight not tropical
enough to wear silk flowered shirts
my friend and of course you're not
yet willing to step across
that red glow that old black
magic separating you from us
down here on bar stools
splaid thighs balancing their best.
O dance my dancer
even though I want you now
your nude body so trained
has all its action under skin;
volcanic juices swiggle underground;
streams follow the hills and valleys
so lush in muscle. You are
Puerto Rico falling into tangles
of pubic hair and your uncut cock
calmly resting on its cushions follows the music.

San Juan-Boston

COLD CASH

Push the buzzer
at the iron gate
pay for gay way to the bar
bath, restaurant.
San Juan the big lock up
each and every brother
carries the key or should
taking the breeze in Plaza de Armas
hustlers queens banditos and us
discuss parchment heraldry rag
paper pedigrees just a little cold
cash will buy the men
a different kind of key this cash
unlocks the hearts of heteros
to feel the homo core
beat beat beat behind its iron gate.

San Juan-Boston



3

**PUERTO RICO
POEMS**

SAN JUAN 3 A.M.

Blue lapping round your shoes
cobblestones glazed slag
slip and no feet under you.
But that's only under rain
and no rain except brief fierce sudden
sodden clothes transparent against bodies
pink blush against white skin
showing through. Almost always
in the night the surprise
tick against forehead against chest
hair picking up the alert:
trees at their nearest to sky
clouds brushing their damp
eyelashes and here we are
still the chest hair and there is rain
at night. These streets old and narrow
are any city streets slick and mean
master to post card photographs
at three a.m. just the fags
and banditos still awake and walking
occasionally a cop. Puerto Rico-
San Juan wrings out her rag
of night people working for a high
a fix, a hit sometimes lucky
faggots burn up in bed and cold
moon lit bodies silver:
damp matches drying out;
lucky the gutter sucked
blood from someone else:
two fags safe.

San Juan-Boston

**SALVATORE
FARINELLA**

FRUIT FLY BIKINI BINCO



having much money helped keep me here also. Yet travel to the tropics, to Europe, to North Africa has tugged at my consciousness with a nagging that I could not ward off. So one winter a few years ago the long winter and two lovers learning to compare notes drove me headlong into the travel section of the *Boston Globe*. In reality I didn't find anything there because I was too scared. Having a lover for over ten years and doing "everything" with him put me into a panic at the prospect of traveling alone. A panic tinged with excitement yet conservative enough to be one cold hand on the scrotum. So a travel "package" was found for me. A bargain. An underfilled English ship freaking out that a few rooms might go unfilled put them out for cheap. I filled one.

It had been years since I traveled alone. Somehow all those tasks one does together and never thinks about become very conscious and tedious. Two people dealing—deal. A pack of card dealing a deadly duo my lover and I. Well I was on my own and I was curious about this experience from the perspective of a gay man traveling alone who is fully aware and not ashamed of his sexuality. Of course I bought the "guide" that was available that year. Some years these guides are few and far between; other years many different types and kinds are available. This year only one and five dollars too. I am always amazed at how expensive everything ends up costing whenever you decide to go away to ease your mind. These guides as handy as they are when away I suppose can be looked at as a public service of a kind. So I thought five dollars was cheap if it took me where I wanted to go. I wasn't aware that already I was being sucked into that tube of delight that would twist my expectations of this rest and the need that originally prompted me to move toward the boat.

The Boat—400,000,000 tons or something outrageously impressive like that was English. I had never done this cruise thing before and here I was struggling with my bags alone noticing that everyone else was paired up and much older: Noah's Ark turned into an old age home. The crew was pretty, English and white dressed in white. Very proper. The stewards were Goatsians from Goa, that small island off India. Evidently the choice to stay on the island and starve or slave off on the S.S. Canberra was not a hard one to make. The usual fuck ups of tucking one's self in were made with my first room as one of a set of three women who on learning that I was to be their roomy made all the expected comments. Well—the mistake was because my name is Italian—Salvatore—and being unlike an English man's name obviously I must be a woman. But not being a woman set a tone for this Sally for the rest of the trip.

Being gay did not exclude me from getting sea sick or sun burn. I did that like everyone else. But dinner time was difficult as was dance time. I hadn't brought an evening gown or anything formal to meet the captain or the stars under the night sky. I was different in a way people couldn't quite put their finger on. What button to push presented a question in their minds that was perplexing and puzzling. Not that many people lost sleep about the questions. I sat alone a good part of each dinner either watching the horizon line of the wine in my glass or cruised the waiters. Obviously something was not right with me.

I was scheduled to see two islands and I was excited to see them. All I knew of South Sea Islands was Dorothy Lamour. We arrived at Saint Thomas at night but would not disembark until the following morning. ***



***Next day the sun was incredible. I've always been a sucker for sun. At this point my burn had calmed down to a crisp brown. I wasn't prepared for the small city traffic jam that waited for me. Shop after shop of consumer goods waited to be hawked and sold and carted back to the mainland where it originally came from in the first place. This wasn't for me. I walked around amazed at how a place that was potentially beautiful had been put under concrete. Yes the bouganvilla you see in post cards do hang in the gardens

and rain red leaves on your head a confetti when you walk under their shadow but the place is a shadow. I walked until night each day I was there. My paper guide directed me to the Captain's Table. A bar that was gay. Nothing in it told me it was gay. A middle aged woman dressed as a flozzy tended bar making wise cracks to the men who sat around its edge. Rita Hayworth gone bad. Having nothing to do I sat around waiting. You see like a lot of people I trust the printed word. My guide "book" told me I was in a gay bar so I must be in one. The round faced man who sat across from me looked familiar. But of course he couldn't be. I'm in Saint Thomas. Well he turned out to be my old landlord. The one I organized the tenants in our building against because of his greed. He either didn't recognize me or chose not to do so. Here was one gay person. He and I made two. I wondered if he knew more than me or if he had bought the same guide book. At the moment I decided to go over and talk some crew members came in. Drunk and obviously gay. They were having a good time in spite of the place. The landowner went over and asked all the questions I was incapable of asking. I listened. This was indeed a gay bar but wasn't gay until 4 A.M. Why didn't we all go into the island interior and get drunk at a kinky little place in an old windmill. How nice and I went too.

We drove into the night through what my active imagination assured me was jungle. I am sure I was wrong. The ride cost us two dollars each; there were six of us. The mill turned out to be a piano bar with a baritone. We each had a drink. The English were quite drunk yet we made polite conversation until I was quite drunk and decided to leave. Our drinks came to twenty four dollars. The English threw insults and we were thrown out. A cab came mysteriously out of the darkness and there was the ride back full of mumbling.

The Captain's Table had evidently begun earlier. Dozens of cabs were pulling up and leaving drag queens. Our cab driver demanded twenty four dollars for the ride. The English started a brawl. Soon police were there. Horrified drag queens were speeding off in the back seats of cabs whisking fans furiously. The reverberations of Stonewall hadn't gotten to Saint Thomas yet. The police were there; the English were there; everybody was screaming. The owner of land eased into the bar. After being called niggers by the English the police pinned us all to the hoods of the police cars and made us agree to pay the driver twelve dollars. Everyone was unhappy. As usual I didn't belong to any one of the obvious camps: I wasn't English neither was I police nor was I a monied person. All I knew was that I had been ripped off. Like everyone else. I had had it and decided to walk back to the docks with the English. When we got into the alley, the English started blaming me because I was American and rich and able to pay and had promised to do so and backed out and said bad things to the police and was queer queer queer. I tried to be reasonable, charming, sober and not obviously defenseless. I was beaten up on the docks. Four English and me American. When they stopped I was to pay them the money I owed them. I didn't owe them anything. They had spent theirs and had worked hard for it and I didn't love them.

At three the last dory makes its way to ship and I was on it being threatened by the entire crew because I was a queer duck and ought to paddle swim back to America. Or maybe have plate powder put into my food once back on board ship. I was a little nervous.

I always tend to identify with the underdog, the derelict, the misfit, I guess in part because I too am one of these people who fit strangely into their lives. An uncomfortable reincarnation maybe—who knows except for the discomfort the life loads on our backs. What does one learn? I begin to wonder except that there does not appear to be a place for us on this earth. Maybe this is what we search the planet for—that place where you can look at yourself in that deep reflecting pool and see somewhat deeper into yourself through those eyes into areas that human beings appear not equipped to deal with yet. When I try to articulate what I want out of life everything is so direct and easy and simple. The good life with equal lover sharing what we have, what we do yet recognizing that we are each one. So we sometimes travel to find this or if not to find this then to get to a place where these random, fleeting ideas, ideals may somehow come together and for once at least to touch base in our heads maybe then we can start to direct our lives into directions where these ideas may become realities. Those incredible sunsets over palm lined lagoons seen in postcards can be had in Roxbury.

—Salvatore Farinella

When that old fire sometimes leaves us and the times get drearier, daylight duller I tend to look toward that horizon line as rainbow's end. A land where that mythical pot-of-gold glitters in heavy rusted iron, a full pot sunk in the sand. A beach not far off cooing in a language, if I only listened to close enough, I might understand. Work days, love affairs, traffic sift into the safe recesses of the mind protected by who knows what conscious state that hints all verifiable facts may not be the reality we really inhabit but only a part/portion of one's life. Here this beach of the mind contains that other part and who can weigh the more important of the two. Maybe this sense of "over the rainbow" that gets to us; sets our sights far beyond the corrective lenses of everyday; gets those hands shuffling through our pockets for those bucks in order to buy us the means to get there. Advertising bombs always explode their come-ons whether a direct ad urging us to go cruising on the Caribbean or the cigarette ad with that incredibly beautiful man leaning comfortably on round boulders somewhere indefinable yet appealing. Somewhere you might want to be if you could be assured "he" would be there too. The old manipulation game has been with us a long time and most of us are aware of it there peeking up at us whenever we turn pages in newspapers and magazines or give television a turn to handle the goods in our pockets.

I have not traveled much outside the U.S. Much of the "Keep Your Money At Home" campaign worked for me. Hitching and riding around the country filled my twenties with native sights and experiences. Not

.. RESULTS ..

In FAG RAG 13 (Summer, 1975) an informal nipple questionnaire appeared. The results are printed below. No conclusions have been reached; no generalizations have been made. The questionnaire never pretended to be a thorough, objective, "scientific" sampling. The maze of biological and psychological threads within each of us is just too complex for any simplistic unraveling. Instead the questionnaire was designed to reveal the variations of faggot sexuality. Hopefully, some understandings will be reached, and some discussions generated. We thank all of you for taking the time and energy to respond.

There were misgivings about the questionnaire—some questions seemed ambiguous, some biased, some downright ludicrous; some significant questions were never asked (e.g., concerning nipple erection). Nevertheless, the words of one fellow faggot eased the doubts and made the whole undertaking worthwhile: "Thank you—I was beginning to feel like a freak. There *are* others!!"

nipple questionnaire

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

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

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

For those who answered NO to the last question:

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

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

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

For those whose nipples are an erogenous zone.

Have your nipples always been sensitive? _____ If no, when and how did they develop? _____

Overall, would you say your nipple sensitivity is: decreasing consistent increasing
If you would like to take this further, please do. _____

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

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

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

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

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

Do you stimulate your own nipples while masturbating? never sometimes always
Is there a correlation between nipple stimulation and your ability to have anal intercourse? _____ If yes, to what degree? slight moderate a lot

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

How would you describe your pectorals? _____
Do you get off on other people's nipples? _____ In what ways? _____

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

"TITS NEED LOVE TOO!"

It has been my observation that most hairless dudes have darker colored nipples than those on hairy dudes; and this is not due to the contrast either. Nipples on hairy chests are no darker after being shaved.

One of the toys for nipple stimulation enjoyed most by my tricks is an electric generator. Even those dudes who don't particularly find their tits their big "turn-on"; most all have found great pleasure in this machine.

I have noted that most dudes who are into nipple stimulation are also into the "S&M" scene to some degree, as am I.

My lover and I being almost exclusively into tits would enjoy hearing the results of your survey, and any interesting observations from others. We are also curious as to whether you are an individual or group effort and if there is any interest in forming a club for those into nipples, (as the F.F.A. club).

—Ray Wolf

Everyone responding had the "average" two nipples with no exceptional placement—located "above the waist", a handsread apart, "at the ends of the pectorals". No one had ever lactated.

25% of the respondents stated that their nipples were not an erogenous zone.

Two-thirds of these said their nipples were *never* sensitive, and for one *only occasionally* when "some number was hitting all my buttons."

Again two-thirds expressed a possibility for the development of nipple sensitivity.

Only one out of three expressed an interest in other people's nipples.

Their pectoral development ranged from "flat", to "normal", to "well-developed but not muscular". They all had hairy pectorals and *extended* nipples.

Other erogenous zones or super-sensitive areas: behind the arms, the mouth, the asshole, the genitals, bottoms of the feet, and inside of the bellybutton. (One person did not like being touched.)

75% of the respondents considered their nipples to be an erogenous zone.

78% of these were quite emphatic about the degree of sensitivity (rating 7-10), and the others were not so emphatic (all rating 3).

Over half had sensitive nipples for as long as they could recall; the remainder reflected a later development of sensitivity (primarily) after some trauma such as biting or inflicted wounds. One, however, felt his nipples were becoming more sensitive as a result of a general loosening of body armour and of his attitudes toward sexuality.

In terms of overall sensitivity, it remained consistent for 78% and was increasing for 22%. Two-thirds wanted their nipples to be more sensitive.

Modes of stimulation: 100% liked their nipples licked, pinched (89%), sucked (89%), tweeked (78%), blown on (67%); 11% liked them bitten, and 11% liked them shocked with electricity. As far as pinching was concerned, 56% didn't care to what degree.

One-third either use or have used devices or toys, including: clothespins, straw, suspender clips, clamps, pins, and electricity. 22% fantasize about using devices.

56% did not find nipple stimulation necessary for orgasm, while 44% did.

One-third could reach orgasm from nipple stimulation only.

56% said there was no correlation between nipple stimulation and their ability to have anal intercourse, while the rest remained equally divided between "moderate" and "a lot".

The question concerning *external* and *internal* sensations seemed ambiguous, but apparently people did sense a distinction: 33% stated *external*, 11% *internal*, and the remainder *both*.

Other areas of erogeneity are: the throat, the armpits, the back of the neck, around an appendix scar, the shoulders, the back, the balls, ears, behind the knees, and the torso. 22% said their nipples were their only erogenous zone.

Like the "non-sensitive nipple group", pectoral descriptions varied immensely: flabby, well-defined but not muscular, peaked, not extremely developed. 78% described their pectorals as hairy; 56% with *extended* nipples, 46% *indented*.

louisiana parking lot

I don't think he was very old
Obviously he was very young
We like them young you know
In fact I do, I know, I've been told
But he was standing at the store

I said, won't you sleep with me?
Well, I said, won't you come home with me?
But my lover, he did not want
He did not answer me, He—

His parents lived over cross the street
He'd got a job just at this time of season,
No doubt I shouldn't, certainly we shouldn't
But such a boy scout he looked so sweet

The way he stood, so like a kid
So cool, after all one might want
His thigh
His belt, around his waist
His hand on the band,
I saw him again.

—Arthur Marshall

Ink Sketch by Arthur Marshall

spending nights

in cluttered front living rooms
in the bad part of Springfield,
hoping his ailing mother won't wake

in fancy log cabins that overhang streams
in townships you've never heard of

in patterned, mapped-out singles villages,
apartments with ferns and amber lights

in rumbling front seats of moving jeeps,
driving 10 miles and then back

in cars parked under the highway,
fearing the bushes, the train tracks, the river,

returning
next morning
not saying a word

Michael O'Connor

A Member of the Wedding

His silent sneer is averting alarm
at his best man's touch, unintended,
with his new bride blush at
something that looks a lot
like one man's meat,
another man's passion,
lying under his scruff
the color of breasts, roughed by a beard.

Who is what here when
moments remembered, never allowed
fall with his eyes?
Does that certain cock to this head
hide a wedding of thighs to means
to an end;
or the hot, slow enwrapment
of a pulse with a pulse?

Doesn't he know I know he secretly knows
there was born with that dangerous slouch
a gradual greying of power,
like a nosehair with death at the end?
I can read between the lines
creeping up on his eyes
how he will lie alone all night
crying into his wounds
as quietly as he was taught,
making himself
never feel even a closest friend
from anything more than a distance.

Mendelssohn waits.

James F. Williams

I saw two men and wanted both,
But neither wanted me.
And that is the extent of my
Promiscuity.

walta borawski

NO NAME

He lurched out of elm shadows;
scarlet shirt buttoned to the throat;
thumbs coiled his belt, lips moist. . .
the damp impression on the pillow
betrays his wanton way;
the blotch upon the sheet
reveals the pattern of his breath.
His flesh now knows no pain!

Again cruising shadows in the park,
he leans against a tree,
scratching his crotch,
to light cigarettes in the rain.

No! he's knocking on the door,
the scarlet shirt open, mouth moist!
His flesh crinkled in pain!

Maurice Kenny

Friends Drinking

tears
trapped
under the skin
like rushing wine
bubbles
rutting up this glass

wore
those
lines

his face

and I
wanting
to embrace
across
his table
pouring

pouring
till
even for
americans
it is
permissible
to kiss

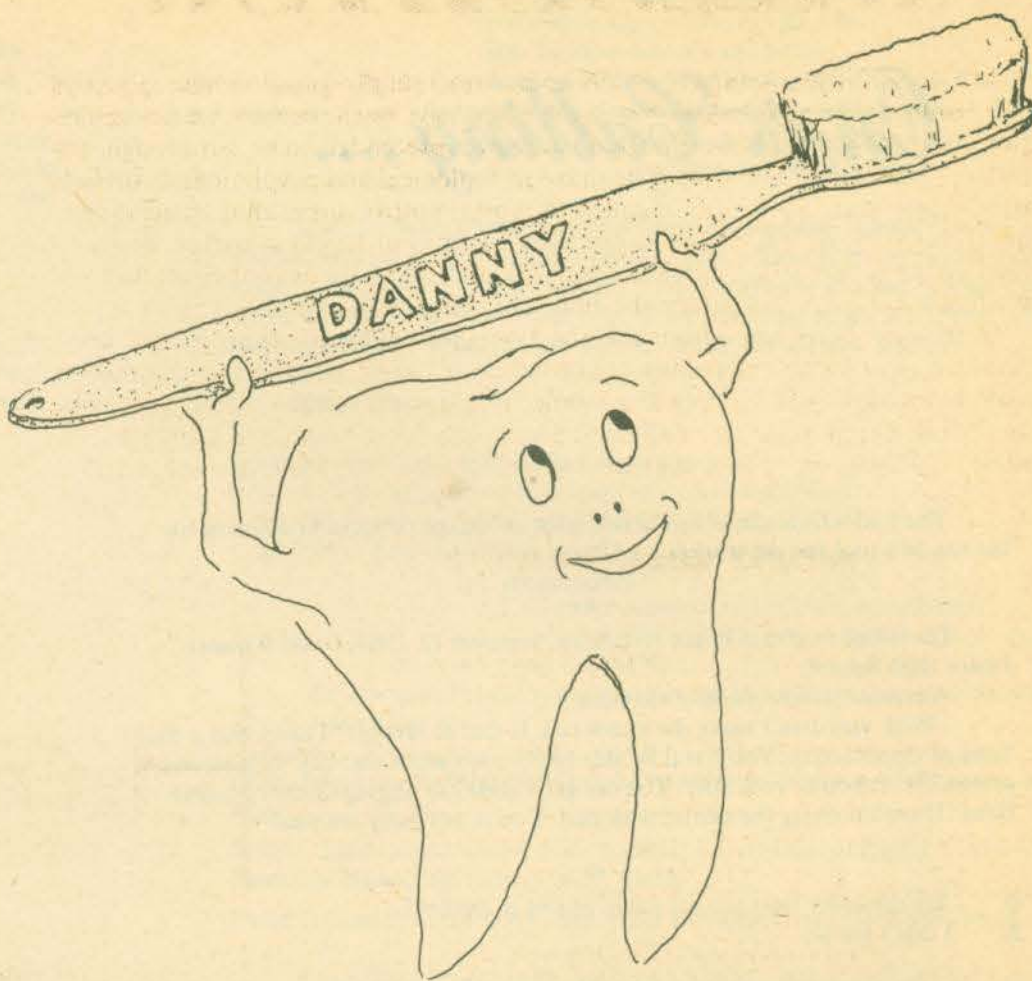
Donnie

FAMILY TRAITS

by
J. D. Butkie

I have my mother's
lifeless
dark hair, hazel
eyes, thin
lips plus
a distaste for
swearwords. I kiss
men
too
regularly
with no regrets.

The Toothbrush



He was impatient, annoyed, but mostly sad; it was difficult to be separated from Dan, particularly in the excitement of a relationship that had scarcely just begun. He tried reminding himself that he only had to wait until later in the day, and to enjoy the day in the meantime. The day was a warm and pleasant Saturday. It was nice, after all, to be out of doors, seeing the throngs of people, many good-looking guys. Beginning to appreciate these small pleasures, he settled into a bitter-sweet, happy-sad mood.

His walk down the street had a purpose: a couple of stops to make, things to buy. He passed a bookstore and gift shop; there was a book he had been wanting, so he went in. Just inside the door of the shop he saw a rack of "personalized toothbrushes." He paused, and recollected that he had said to Dan several times that he, Dan, should bring his toothbrush and leave it, keep it there. He felt that for Dan to have his toothbrush at his apartment would be a symbol that he "lived there," at least part-time.

Now he had an idea. He looked over the toothbrushes on the rack—Bob—Burt—Carl—Dale—Danny. Dan hated to be called "Danny," but there was no "Dan" on the rack. He was so happy at the idea of giving Dan one of these toothbrushes—a simple gift, but so symbolic—that he decided to take "Danny." He picked one off the rack, a blue one, and walked over to the counter with it. He asked, hesitantly, "Would you giftwrap a toothbrush?" "Yes," the young lady said, "thirty-five cents." "OK," he said, handing her the toothbrush.

"What occasion is it for?" she asked. "A birthday?"

"No—no occasion."

"But it's for a boy, right?"

"Yes," he answered, feeling his face flush. Well, at least she didn't give him any funny looks.

While she was gone to wrap the toothbrush, he looked about him. He was more than a little ill at ease at this point, and looked around, trying to distract himself by inspecting the store's merchandise. It was cheap, tasteless stuff. One thing which didn't look too bad was a very large brass candlestick. He lifted it off its shelf, examined it, and set it down again. It sat among a crowded clutter of merchandise, and as he eased it down into the circle where it had stood, the heavy object of brass touched a figurine—a glass thing, about ten inches high, some sort of woman or girl in a long, full skirt—he would not even have particularly noticed it. But the contact with the candlestick sent it toppling over. It broke.

Soon the salesgirl came back, bringing the toothbrush tidily wrapped. More sheepish than before, he thought he'd best confess. He paid for the stupid thing, though he really couldn't spare the money. Clutching the toothbrush, a symbol of his hope for the future of the relationship, he left the shattered souvenir of the experience behind.

—by Richard Stein

One's Calling....

The junior high school honor roll is the minimum of social attainment for the son of a tool and die worker.

—Anonymous

On failing to obtain honor roll status, Semester II, 1964, David Wooster Junior High School:

A comment from the boy's father:

—Well, you didn't make the honor roll. Is that so terrible? Listen, this is the Land of Opportunity. You'll still be able to get a job when that day rolls around, so don't let it bother you. Sure. You can get a great job digging ditches or something. There's nothing the matter with that. You're not fussy are you?

**

Q. —Are the sewer lines and gas mains buried in ditches?

A. —I don't know.

**

On the way to school one day (1960):

Three big yellow trucks are on Spring Street. Two are dump trucks, and the other has a shovel on the front of it.

On the way home from school one day (1960):

Along the left hand side of Spring Street there is a long (but narrow) lumpy line of asphalt. The asphalt is patchy and still warm. There is also a similarly shaped line extending from the street to the front basement window of the Peretti's house.

**

(Mrs. Peretti has a new gas stove which she won in the Holy Name raffle.)

**

—There's a winner every time.

—Carnies the world over

**

It was not the boy's father's fault that he did not think to recommend his son to a career as telephone operator:

1) They were not hiring

2) Boys (he was told) do not like to talk on the phone.

**

Bob —I like to talk on the phone.

Chris —I like to talk on the phone.

Bob/Chris —We talk on the phone to each other about Algebra I.

**

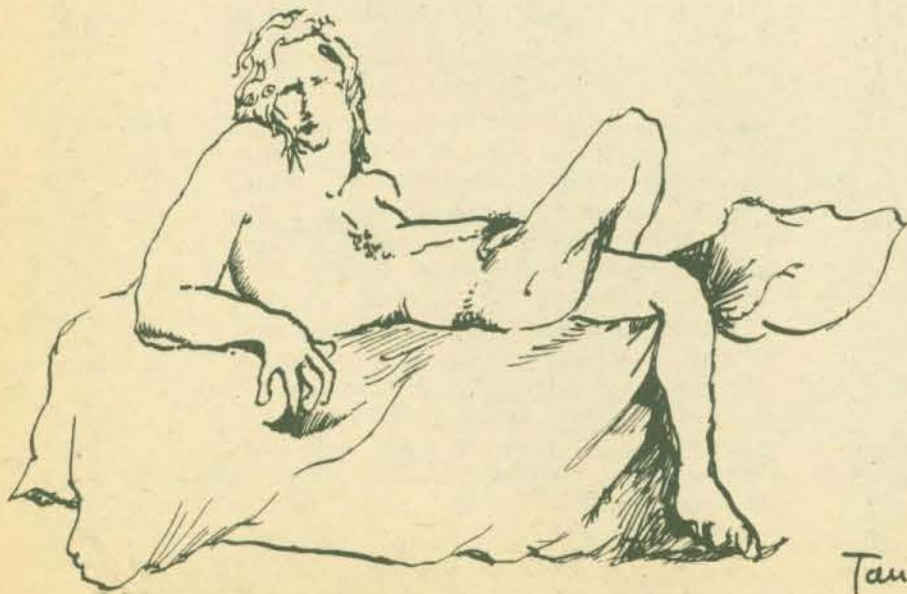
—1972

The apartment is not as big or as clean as you might have expected and hoped, but it's only \$120. I have the front bedroom. Maurie has the back room and Rich has the middle room. Maurie gets his rent from his parents and goes to Harvard, studying Marxist History. He is not around much. Rich works at the phone company where he is Boston's first male operator. He says it's a good job except when the fleas come out of the switchboard or when he has to work overtime. I still have my cold.

**

—I think it's really good that Richie got the job at the Telephone Company. Besides, I think he's cute and I'd hate to lose him as a roommate because he couldn't afford the rent.

—Me too.



**

Robert is like any other roommate, except now he is mine and I call him Bob. We've known each other since eighth grade. He's in Medical School and I am an english major. He is going to be a psychiatrist.

**

Bob—

Jane called will
call back unless
you do before 10.
Call James.
Call Don—
important
(he says).

**

Jane is in Bob's class in Medical School. Her roommate is named David. Bob and I met David at the Charles Street Dance. We both thought that he was cute. David came home with us and slept with Bob. Doctor Fallon is in love with David and teaches at the Medical School. Jane and Bob are in Doctor Fallon's psychiatry class. Doctor Fallon is also attracted to Bob, but likes to fist fuck. Bob does not. He says.

**

—I told Jane you weren't here so she wouldn't tell Richard. She says that she thinks he wants to sleep with you but that he doesn't want David to know about it. She's also depressed because it's her birthday and she only got one card—yours. She says you're her only friend because every other man she knows wants to sleep with her. This is true unless *she* wants to sleep with whoever it is, and then he turns out to be gay. In case you didn't know it (she continues) Bill Leech is also gay. She found out last night. She still loves you but you have to call her because she has too much to tell and no one who listens.

**

James— BU graduate, former english major, lives with his parents, likes Budweiser and remembers the Cave; dark hair, beard, short.

Don— makes candles in New Hampshire (Vermont), comes to Boston alternate weekends to buy wax; blond "natural".

David— works at Jordan's, lives on the Hill, can get grass and poppers; freak-type, long dirty-blond hair.

Michael— from the river, flowers (for birthday), 69.

Richard— Dr. Fallon.

**

"Were there any calls for me?"

13 September 1972

I honestly cannot understand Robert. At times he is so mature, and then... I don't know what to think. I told him that if he wanted to live here he would have to share the responsibilities and take my life style into consideration. Of course, he agreed to those terms, but now he has decided to employ his own standards in my home. I asked him to answer the phone and to say that I was not here unless it was Tad. Is that too much to ask? He says he doesn't like to "lie" on the phone. I shall never understand these younger men or what they see in me.
—PGSA

(Carrots and polish sausages are meant to be eaten and not displayed in one's ears and other body orifices when your roommate is busy on the phone explaining your absence to Richard for the third time tonight. Besides, when you leave the refrigerator door open like that the freezer frosts up and I'll have to defrost it in all probability.)

I'm going to the bar.
= He went to his father's funeral.
= He was out when I got home from classes.
= I haven't seen him since last night.
= That's what he said.
= (Oh, Jesus.)

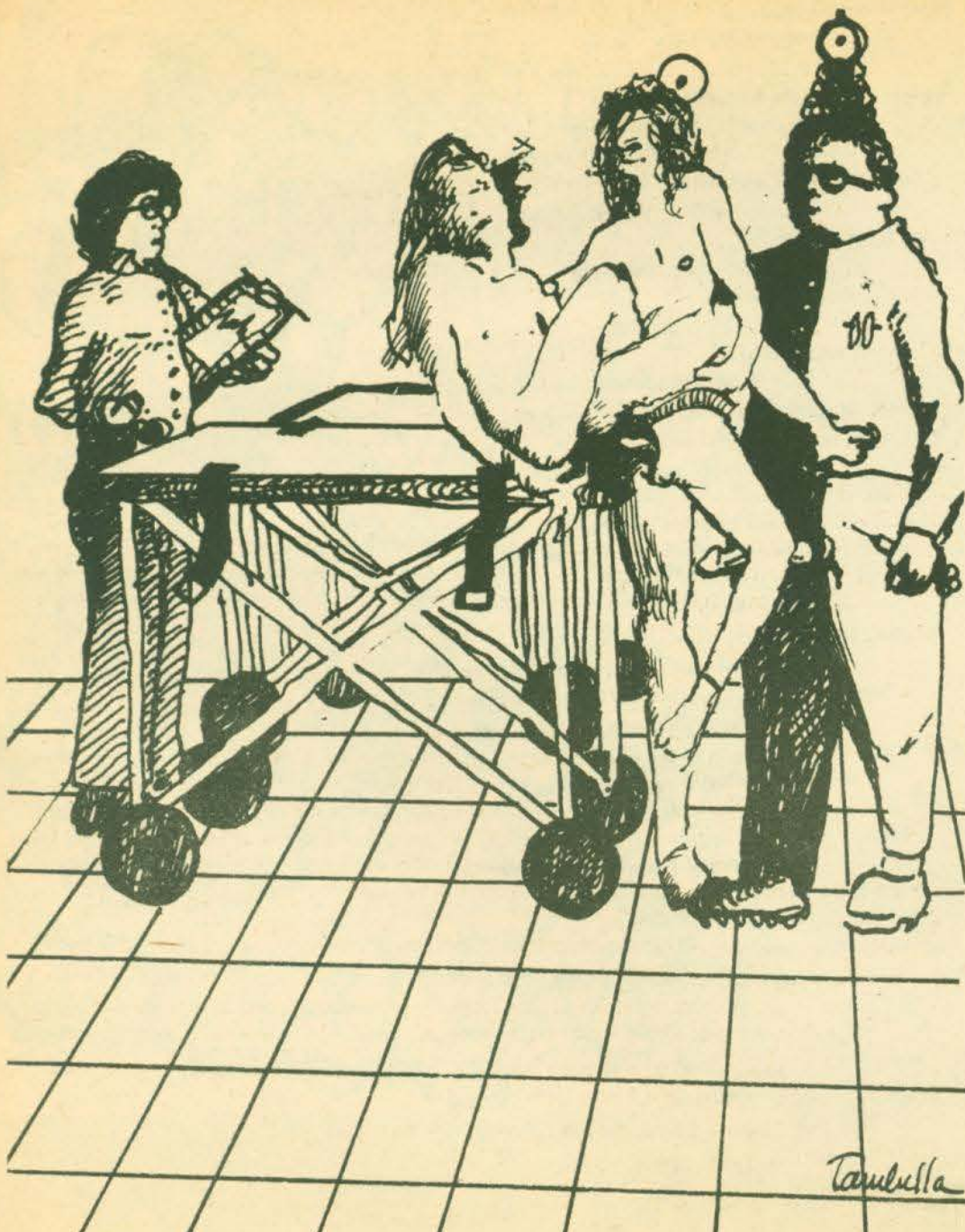
one
must conclude
when things
get messy
adding words
is
merely one
more
thing.

—He sounded like he's still interested in sleeping with you but said he'd wait for you to call since you're probably pretty upset (about your father). I don't think he cares whether or not you're upset.

—Jane said that Richard is going to be asking you to dinner this weekend so be prepared. She still loves you even though you're never in when she calls. She flunked histology, met someone (Greg) at the dance and thinks she probably has mono.

—Richard called and I figured you wouldn't want to go to dinner with him so I said that you're going to Vermont for the weekend with Don. He says he'll get in touch with you at school, so don't forget where you were this weekend.

—I don't think Don believes the story about studying. He said you didn't seem to study at all while he was here. He'll be here Saturday for wax and will try to contact you then anyway.



(Through that window I saw him in his tiny underwear. He usually does his exercises that way, but he just sat on the floor that time with his head on his knees, running his fingers through his hair again and again. I think he might have been upset or something. They forgot to take the garbage out on Tuesday. Does that help you?)

Everything that is not suffered to the end and finally concluded will recur, and the same sorrows will be undergone. A concerned Boston psychologist offers assistance at minimal rates. For appointment, call 266-1271.
—classified ads, *The Real Paper*

Jane, no this is Chris. —No. Not since this morning. —Should he be? —I don't know, I don't hear about things like that. —The car was gone, his room was empty. —No, I didn't notice. —Really? —Well maybe he did, but he didn't tell me about it. —No. Jane, how would it be to my advantage to do that? Jane? —Is there a message? —Okay, before twelve. —Yeah, I'll tell him. Bye-bye.

Bob, I don't...

No, his father's dead. (His mother never dies.)
= No, he's in Japan, somewhere near or under Mount Fuji.
= No, the doctor has no openings until the third, will that be okay?
= No, I'm staying home with the kids.

"75% of the American population is moronous."
—graffitti on the Arthur Fiedler Footbridge

—By the way, I'm not going to make up stories for you on the phone any longer. I don't like it.

Carl— hangs out at Sporter's, likes the butch-type, freshman at BC; short, blond hair.

Scott— construction worker from Nashua, former lover of Phillip, lives with Sarah and Nancy; light hair, athletic build.

David— from the dance, slept here twice last August; tall, dark hair, beard.

If you'll bother to notice, you just got me to compromise myself again. I told you I didn't want to do that but I did.

Just because you weren't fully awake doesn't make you not here.

That's not a "legitimate exception" as you call it. I said that I just didn't want to do it and you put me in a position where by habit I forgot myself and did.

a single in the dorm is not quite what I meant. I said, I know, that things were bad and all, out in the sticks and that I'd rather be alone. but somehow in the mess of all those

busy flitting social bees and butterflies I don't imagine I'd quite fit or feel a little better than with one whose voice and words are all I need to set myself into the throes of every

shape and form of nervous agitation I command. And so you see the simple thing is that I'm caught between the two of having what I've got and wanting what I am. But this is

oversimple too, since who I have I've had for years, in other shapes and forms I'll grant, but none the less he's at my side sidekicked 'til now I'd say he's stuck and so am I. I

said his words have powers over me to set me in a fit from which I'm never sure if I can move without his pardon's word, and so I've answered phones as if he's here when out, or otherwise so long

as that's his will, I've guessed at what his whims would be and told a tale accordingly but now I've said "enough!" and yet it still goes on. I lie and lie as if I really didn't care but that's not it at all. It means to me as much as all I am. I'm suddenly another's voice and do his dirty works — a lackey, slave, whatever anybody

means by second rate. I'm his or yours. Just ask, and there I am, soon licking ass or taking calls for someone else as if their minds were mine.

...by George Stanik

A POET'S WORD TO A BL

To see things as they are
is to see in that Kline thing,
the fucking blacks
fucking themselves out ov the picture

There you can see
how it is here with us
we do not see it
Not
certainly not Steven's
Blue Guitar
out of the Mauve vagaries -1902
that insurance man's decor
-soothing the cool walls
of an executive suite -1952

Say it
just don't make it
-this is no knock
if knock it is then
it's the knock of my Jew landlord
who pounds in the sound panel of my door
or squeezes the claw paw
turning the brass knob

Sing
goddamn you, sing
as you paint in the landlord
trying to stop the music
as it is the landlord's music
a green music
as the tune is green

Paint as you will
paint but there is no yellow left
to paint in the green
the tube's dry

like man
the tube's dry
Man you've been squeezed
dry
like his circumcised penis
squeezed
till there is no yellow left

so now the painting as the poem comes out
it has come out of the thing's head
and there is no word or color left
to castigate it

Van Gogh
you squeezed it
along with the rest
you squeezed it
to plaster over your wheat fields
finding then you'd run out you
swore at the cocksuckers

swore
O how you must have sworn
then you shot yourself

Look Thom Balas Look
in your studio Look
in your paint box Look
under the canvas flaps
canvases you have not finished Look
where you keep your goof balls Search
under the bed

where the hypodermic needle Look
in the twins room
you won't find any mother
fucking yellow

who spewed you into this mess
nor yet find in despised poems
of mine or anyone's
because it's gone gone

Man
its been stolen
they stole it

the cocksuckers
stole, red taped and buried it beneath

Ft. Knox

So to paint
they tell you now
go take shit
but p.s.: if you must
paint us gold bricks
and you take it sure
you take it
standing up to your easel
you take it
and sparingly you smear the crap
over the face and hands of yo black musicians
I can't see
at night
those brown hands of your musicians
pounding the black & whites
not Kline
this time its 48
with the Keys
stretching out to the possessions
we are here with the curses
the curse of Ed. Marshall's aunt
Rhoda Straw
-So that now I must get up the Jew's rent
can't afford to sit
sipping in the lush blues
in some one black and tan cafe
where they blow man
and wail man
for a brother of the landlord owns it
own it he owns all the night spots and lives
a few doors from Harriet Beecher Stowe's
which is owned by a fairy
with crystal chandelier

I manage to hear them
when I do hear them
its on somebody else's
record machine
The black and tans I see ride
in white cadillacs trimmed in yellow
-the yellow the cocksuckers stole from Van Gogh
A Poet, I stand at the intersections
with the light

still afraid
the black bastards may run me down
as they should run down the landlord's brother
he owns
the Studio Shop
prostitutes reproductions of their
Benin masks and high toned Ife headgears
along with the Egyptian and Mayan things
which only that rich queen can afford

So do not ask
if I've seen afternoons
like coffe spoons
I use a pencil
but what I have seen has been
a black knife tearing into
the full canvas belly of light
from the open wound
nothing gushes like so much blood

PAINTS

11

Do not be misled by the rich
 profusion of color
 behind the mystic veil
 of Morris Graves
 scrawled in white writing
 his secret combination
 to unlock the sun's door
 If only we could
 get at it
 we could again free the yellow gold
 held by the perverters
 his birds are beautiful
 and sure
 fouling the rocks upthrust
 in the Pacific
 Today nothing is well said
 as gets
 except in the head
 where is everything
 and nobody anymore
 answers the door
 It is here we can imagine to multiply
 the few loaves and fishes
 that the multitude eat
 in the world of the birds of St. Francis
 who along with Graves
 could see them nailing,
 the damn woodpeckers,
 heavenly man to a tree
 or the young naked babe
 spiked to death in the nest
 by it's mother
 after a man restored it there
 so fouled is human touch
 A poet should not paint pictures
 he should picture
 write as do the Chinese
 I do not write for birds
 My things, I write
 for the creator
 Birds are interested
 mainly in crumbs
 or between matings
 they tear apart their nests
 or they pick themselves
 scratching front and rear
 for the invisibles
 that's bugging them
 They can too,
 if you permit them,
 flying big as life
 swoop across your canvas
 leaving the light obscured
 For the birds
 you can do nothing
 except shoot yourself in the head

III

Bring order to the canvas
--a big order, indeed
First in the head
you bring order
lining up your family of ideas
As the light comes to you
you will become the light
even to the roaches
peeping about the edge of the canvas
Thus becoming
one becomes all
embracing light
lip to lip is
beginning and ending
arise to arise

POSTLUDE of the Blue Guitar

The guitar is white
 Man, if he is anything he is more
 the Rose of Gertrude Stein
 which is grey
 The hearty daisy
 springing up everywhere
 you see it
 that's more like it today
 Of Graves
 his young pine tree is joyous
 as it is innocent
 pleasure to push feeling growth
 ice-pick- like-stabs
 shoved up the bare belly of the earth's
 atmosphere
 The world does not need out sentiments.
 What the world needs,
 upon high pedestals,
 are the crude masses of Epstein
 and for a piece of sky to cover them
 that show of violence
 hovering above in the Sistine ceiling
 Bill,
 a Nordic head,
 speaks, naturally
 with disgust of the white race
 for their impositions.
 What
 can you tell me, today
 kind of sense that makes
 as 'tho in the rat race
 shades could make differences
 Rats change their colors
 all like chameleons
 I have been
 previously warned of a fellow poet
 not be taken in by
 their disguises
 —black
 yellow,
 white
 homosexual or Jew —all
 all of them
 The spew of the Universe!

Steve Jonas 9/66
Written for Thom Balas because he is.

by Jackie J. Wieners

Author of

Love, the Poem, The Sea and other pieces
Transmutations
Exercises For Ear
Selected Poems

TALK ABOUT

Larry Eigner

July 17-23 74

No. 877

On reading
SJ was black
and took that
seriously, gay,
and antisemite partly
taking it from Pound
and a while after
John Casper and Ezra's
regrets

To keep going
and rootless, a bird
gets more than a tree for
higher up the food chain Steve
and a man can see Jonas
what in the world

Steve sits here and still speaks. You better believe it. As an Mnoseme Egyptian, the incubator Imigo Jones, his voice resounds in the agency of the strongest critic of the Federal Reserve Bank I have yet to meet. House-guest, patronne and exemplary Poet extraordinaire, Mr. S. "Rufus" Jonas—"Jones" examples through an inclusion in my newspaper collabrationists, to withhold Tenor, Tempo and Temperament. (Capital T.) Treasuries of vocables, archaic reconditeisms imply absolute honesty to his art, outside of the Academy Awards; where you may be able to see him, yet. Behoved to Jovan. A programmatic decimation of Babbit.

Do you propagandize purposes. Steve had none, other than to exaggerate the Turmoils, justly, that anonymous artists suffer in the Sands of side-winding sybillance; i.e. saccharine impieties *poseurd* in Testimony of bardic rhythms, say from exile, deportation from Discipline, Greed and Avarice. It leases an older pupil's cessation thru His demise to quantitative pure-bemused access of the work you'll find in this whole system bannered as Boston's only Gay Homophile run-off.

I haven't read all of my buddy, Jonas's possible resurrection to the newstand editions, outside of His coterie, his conduct calling forth special punitive attention among those who bereft of him along *le vieux rue*, snatch on hold to last decade's *enfant cause celebre*? Young *en coaur*, boisterous *toujours quand il voit hier-en-matin*, a plenitude sine February Dix, 1970, *a son maison*, quatoriezme Anderson, Beacon Hill, around the corner from Sal's. It's purblindly there. BPL, LL; B.U.; the R. H. Stearns Stock-clerk; U.S. Department of the Army and Brockton State. Dr. Hyde! Jan, Ina, Thom, the twins and Lars.

Dana, *oui*. Why should she weep over our losses?

Notice, Atlantean, Luxor, never pass him on the stones, the bistro, department store, employment office. His dogma dutifully acquiesces below the guard *en figure*. Just pretend you're at an airport, and as Charles Olson said of me, "he's always off, flying somewhere." Or place. Pictorialize Samuel Chamberlaine's Baliwick, not a pleasant Blakean volley minus his perfected calisthenics.

Tropatheletique; timourously muscular.

We've had this before, with Frank O'Hara. The plethora of tears. What is it, the atom bomb, hydrogen explosions. They mourn in the face of His peace. Piece! He was Piscean. A no-good fish. Not a twat. Or thought. The International Bankers' don't respect.

Slept beside him, as Frank. Know they're good; they're trustworthy. *Je ne sais quoi* the terms of haste. Sense, sagesse, Sagan beat. No morphine.

No marijuana, non-moribund? Notorious? Lechmere to Forest Hills?

His curators, legators, executors simplify any necessity to uncover your personal bias behind twenty years of my knowledge, after Hurricane, or just before the Hazel ripping up Boston Common. He swamped Queen's Row, first person emerging out of the darkness in front of the Town House, where I reconsider him *ce soir*. He straddles *a la Roz*, a conference over California's and Massachusetts' confrontation. Dana is gone out there. The benign activity of our decade likewise hearkens entities *les peur de au bout de souffle*. —Calvin Coolidge.

Blue bitter cynical Steve Jonas way ahead of his time on earth

Tom Balas Steves blue painter quiet unassuming searching for a jewel a red ruby droplet of blood rising oh so lazily loose in a syringe to plunge back in the earth til it quakes quakes opening grooves of invisible golden succulent sounds

I mean dear heady sounds

oh yes

Tom's ear dear

Tom's brush moustache and beard

Oh I see Tom's reflection in Steves mirror

oh yes

I do dear/

Freddie Greenfield—

For Steve Jonas

beauties piled high along the beach

locked locker room sweat cloths

jocks and sweatshirts

married odorous

half stiff socks

and one stunning

/sneaker/

carelessly piled high along the beach

Timothy and I steal images from/supermarkets

in order of precedence/

toilet paper/

flour/

/and three packages of yeast/I

/slip beneath their IBM robot retina/banks

/I mean/ I got to shit so bad it hurts/

/here taste it/if

you don't believe

and then I see this uncut lumber/

green and piled new/

washed up/and

carelessly piled high along the beach//and then//

my mother rocks me in the ocean foetal delights/

curled up/I tuck my chin

into her womb/

and rest my bones/

and eyes socketed/

—David Emerson Smith

for Charley Shively

take the poets word blue painter
and back then in the mid nineteen
fifties i did'nt see steve jonas
very clearly

i mean there ws dope to shoot
in lieu of cocks to suck

oh i kept looking

over steve's shoulder

as he sat in the

kitchen on grove street the second floor
was'nt it and wrote in olive brown yellow
long hand

and a jew is a jew is a jew and
thee only rose bouquet i ever smelt ws a
genet fart under the cover of a coarse
blanket in a jailhouse cell

even if some

times it resembled a bedroom in my mothers
home of salty tears and bitter herbs

yea yea

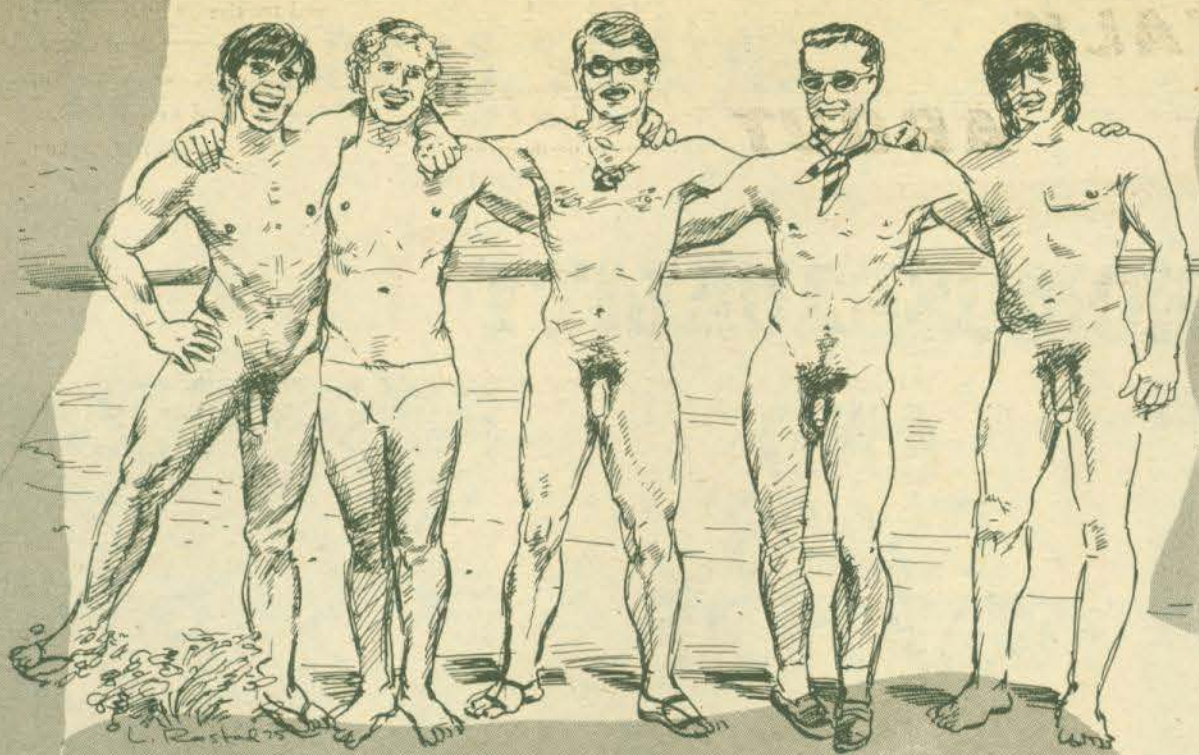
tho i walk thru the valley of death i shall
hear no evil or some such gibberish like the
worlds round and sticks and stones will hurt
your bones but piss will never harm you
so what can i say tom balas
take the poets word blue painter

freddie greenfield 9/75

J
O
N
A
S



Photos by Young



Mitzel probes the MYSTERIES OF THE MALE

Eleusinian, yet still elusive no matter how modern; walk this way only please!

At a certain age the male and his attentive observers begin to "see" how his mind works and "think" how his body moves. What you can't see in his clothes must be in your head. In our society, as in others before it, this kind of attention is an order for a lifetime.

There's so much grown men can teach a youth of today if only they were allowed, something I knew intuitively but failed to experience in my own adolescence due to the strict age separation in the '50s and '60s. O, it's not at all compensated by silly, sentimental and repressed sexual Victorian gushing over little boys or the American infatuation with vulgar streetcorner juvenile delinquency.

Nothing really gets going until a boy's mentor, if he's lucky enough to have a sympathetic one, takes him into the age-impervious cave for that initial "willing-consent" somatic penetration.

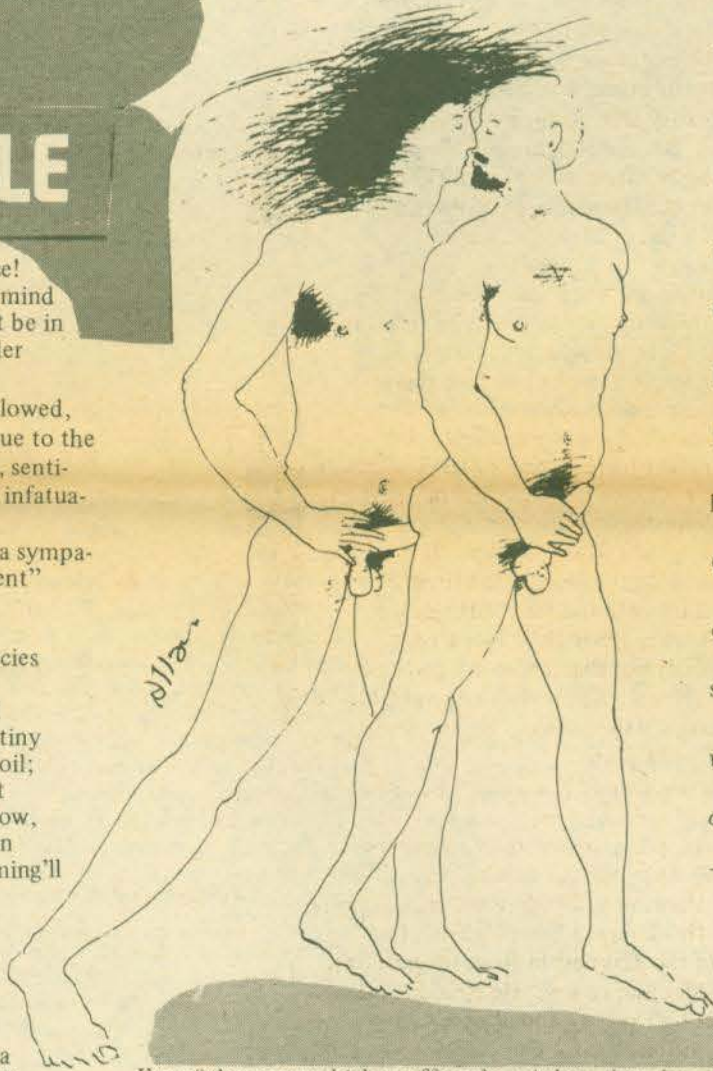
You'll either probably personally recall or be interested in hearing of:

- 1) the "nerves" involved in that first disrobing in boot camp with fellow species serving a nation; that so many wore lace panties 'neath their work clothes!
- 2) those perpetual cock-contests & the toughest guys in the world getting all pee-shy if the eyes at the next urinal maintain too close a vigilance in their scrutiny
- 3) those joyful body-rubbings; dancing with friends when the mood strikes; oil; either it turns your member perpendicular to the plane of your body or it don't
- 4) the riddle of it all when men get together is assuaged when some bold fellow, knowing the obverse side of control among his peers, finally decides to get down on his knees and please the others just to get the ball rolling; otherwise the evening'll be a complete waste; I'm from the Mid-West, and I know only too well how protestant-puritan inhibition works
- 5) there's greater freedom for the youth in the showers at the college gym than on the field or court all dressed in their sexy, phony, pseudo-shamaniacal gear

There was never a "problem" in Greek ethics, as advertised; it's always been a modern, post-Christian one. Gee, I know of countless married normal guys who'll flip over for the nelliest fluff in the vanilla parlor just to get a stiff rod up their asses, and that's always been the biggest social stumper to me. "What's the matter? Ain't you man enough to take it?" is always a sure way to get a Marine and suchlike to roll over and spread his bulbous cheeks and rigidly submit to penetration; they're called "pillowbiters." The movies have always taught me that Big Buddies like to stick with other Big Buddies, but when I was 17 and it was my generation's time to pair off into comrade-teams, many Tough Guys told me quite bluntly that I just wasn't girly enough for them and they didn't want me around!

Yes, my dreams are dichotomous, too, this I don't deny. But the gap is not nearly so wide as that of Truly Redundant All-American He Men Rough 'n Tumble Types, whew! The confusion for me is the illusion of other guys' social appearances vs. their deepest, most enslaving fantasies.

For example, when I recently attended an All-Transvestite convention in Provincetown, strictly in the guise of a chubby reporter mind you, I ran into that same vicious gang of construction worker-slobs who brutally beat me up two weeks ago, calling me a queer and knocking my teeth loose, now done up as "Ladies" and expecting me to light their cigarettes and hold open their doors, which, curiously, I did! It's an old adage about things becoming their opposites, and sure enough it's true enough with what I've seen of men and their world: the hairy, fat burly ones all want to be skinny-minny pink, bikini-clad sex kittens, the ones hung like horses like to have their members hobbled and play *passivo* for anal violation, the tiny ones strut all atingle *a la* Napoleon, and believe me, no one's a bigger secret swish than the neighborhood bully. Frankly, I enjoy seeing most men come to bad ends, and any lack of sympathy read in my social attitudes is only on account of my far more "objectively fair" proposals of how brutality and discipline should be dispensed among the criminals of the sex, that is, those who successfully seek and attain "bad boy" status, the secret, most revered Holy Centre in the maze of masculinist mysteries.



I'm of the party which proffers the wisdom that the male race hasn't changed much over millenia. But recently, we should note, times are just a lot *thicker* with contraptions, bodies, experiences, etc.; the ozone count drops, and so do testosterone levels. What's distressing is not only that this is occurring but that it commands so little public attention either *pro* or *contra*. My specific oppositions to a Society operating under the illusions of a "liberal" political persuasion have often been stated on other occasions and should be well-known. Though the collusions of same-sexed persons will, I predict, be increasing in the future, its corollary is that their mysteries will diminish concomitantly.

Lately, the very *sacredness* of semen has been called into question by all but its most covetous devotees. Personally, it's a real job trying to maintain even *minimal* male mystification as long as these days you see disgusting used rubbers littering every sidewalk and intersection with their gooey contents oozing out onto the pavement. If I had known the Sexual Revolution, which ended five months ago yesterday to be precise, was destined to lead to *this*, I might have made my support of it more conditional. Even, however, in the face of its demise, alterations of perceptions in this regard are still being undergone.

That the U.S. Commission on Male Sexuality's 9-man panel submitted their report, entitled "Transmutations," and then all became "women" at taxpayers' expense certainly sets a drastic-action precedent. Just think how The Family will be affected!

Injustice of any sort sets the hairs on my spine all ashiver, but it seems that in the nature of our restless inquisitiveness, we haven't so much only thrown a "baby" out with the dishwater but misdirected the hopes for better things to come by tackling not the *main* problem but rather its most obvious and physical manifestation: individual differentiation. Consequently, instead of struggling toward becoming exemplars of fairness and equity we've wound up in the *cul-de-sac* of loathing not only Sex but sex and "sex," and you bet it's unfair because some of us like at least one of the above if not all three!

And so we have seen that men are indeed a curious lot, curious mostly about each other if you can ever get them to admit it—and it's like pulling teeth. The admiration of one man for his comrade in his arms, historically, can be one of the world's greatest poets' hardest yet most thrilling endeavor to relate, churning out their drippy tablets on boy-love, which, bowdlerized, seep into public high school syllabi to only perplex the unloved kids.

Straits

Quiet,
unaggressive,
what a
terror to have
had to
pass in the hall,
piss near!
That's why they poked

giddy
fists across aisles,
punched out
the dissent in

their midst
when school let out,
huddled
in parked cars and

blared out,
We'll fix your ass!
How scared
they must have been!

Needing
help for their scheme
from all
quarters, hungry
for shows
of commitment,
were they
simply pleading,

*Are you
with us in this?
Are you
one of us yet?*

—Rudy Kikel

In the present article, we will outline the major political upheavals that led to the rise of the Roman patriarchy, Christianity, and the industrial system. We will touch on many different historical periods, ranging from the Stone Age to modern times. Looking at things with this outline in mind will help us see Gay history in its proper context. We will begin to see how the oppression of Gay people has been a particular instance of a more general case of class warfare.

arthur evans

HOMOSEXUALITY AND CLASS WARFARE



WITCHCRAFT: THE GAY COUNTERCULTURE
PART VII

We begin at the beginning, in the Stone Age. The mass media have long given us an impression of the Stone Age as a time of terror, violence and war. Stone Age people are often depicted as ape-like creatures who went around clubbing each other over the head. Their societies are usually described with pejorative words like "primitive," "barbaric," "savage," and "low" (in contrast to modern industrial society, which is called "advanced," "civilized," "cultured," and "high").

Despite this Hollywood view of history, Stone Age culture was actually rather peaceful. The testimony of archeology is overwhelming on this point: the people who lived in the Stone Age did not practice organized warfare (see Jacquetta Hawkes, "Prehistory" in *History of Mankind*, V. 1, Harper and Row, N.Y., 1963, p.265). Paintings and art work from the period do not depict warlike activities, weapons are not found in burial areas, settlements are completely unfortified. It may be surprising but is nonetheless true that "war is a comparatively late development in the history of humanity" (Christopher Dawson, *The Age of Gods, A Study In the Origins of Culture...*, Howard Fertig, N.Y., 1970, reprinted from 1928 ed., p. 239).

Organized warfare did not arise until the appearance of cities, class conflict, government hierarchy, and private property (signs of so-called civilization). Indeed, it is precisely those societies in history that have been the most "civilized" that have waged the most frequent and terrible wars. No Stone Age society even approaches the savagery of Nazi Germany against Jewry or "democratic" America against the Vietnamese.

What we know about the people who still live in close contact with nature confirms our knowledge of the peacefulness of the Stone Age. For example, organized warfare was extremely rare among the native North Americans prior to the Christian invasion (see Harold E. Driver, *Indians of North America*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1961, p. 355). Admittedly, the North American Indians did engage in sporadic duels and feuds. But until the white Christians "instructed" them in warfare, they did not develop a permanent military organization, special fighting regalia, or militaristic ceremonies. (The situation was different with Middle and South American Indians who were partially urbanized.)

People have mistakenly associated nature societies with war because so-called barbarians have come in conflict with urbanized and stratified societies as in the "Gothic invasions" of the Roman Empire. But the "barbarians" were usually tribes who lived on the periphery of urbanized societies and who imitated their methods. In the case of Rome, outlying "barbarians" had long been admitted into the Roman army before the tribes they came from attacked Rome. Roman militarism had been seeping into their cultures for centuries.

The Stone Age was striking for other reasons besides its peacefulness. As best we can determine from archeological evidence and from comparison with existing Stone Age cultures, there was communal ownership of property by the tribe or the clan, government by voluntary consensus without any hierarchical superstructure, an absence of class domination and no rigid division of labor (Hawkes, p. 265 ff.). Of course, it is tempting to dismiss this as a utopian fantasy since we are so accustomed in our own society to self-aggrandizement, government repression, class domination and rigid soul-killing division of labor that is either idiotic or based on years of zombie-like institutionalization ("education"). We have become so conditioned through universities, factories and offices to be feelingless, brain-dominated, self-seeking billiard balls that we cannot conceive of a society run otherwise. But the evidence will not go away. Human beings once lived differently.

Women had a very high status in the Stone Age. Archeology, myth and comparison to still-existing nature societies all point to their dominant position. "There is every reason to suppose that under the conditions of the primary Neolithic way of life mother-right and the clan system were still dominant [as they had been in the Paleolithic period], and land would generally have descended through the female line. Indeed, it is tempting to be convinced that the earliest Neolithic societies throughout their range in time and space gave woman the highest status she has ever known" (Hawkes, p. 264).

As we have seen in previous articles, the religion of this type of society involved the worship of sex and nature. It consisted of sexual rites of every possible description, a close identification with animals, the use of hallucinogenic drugs, a worship of the body, and a reverent belief in the magical powers of Gay persons.

Around 4000 B.C. an extraordinary change took place, beginning first in the Near East and spreading gradually from there into Europe. At this time there emerged a new era—the Bronze Age, which involved much more than the making of bronze implements. For the first time in history, social groups came into existence that were controlled by males and were based on military exploits. In the Stone Age, humans had survived by foraging, farming and hunting. Now came people who survived by warfare.

The political and economic life of the human race was completely upset by these male invaders (see Leonard Wolley, "The Beginnings of Civilization" in *History of Mankind*, cited above). In place of the earlier tribal communalism, a new institution came into being: the state (Woolley, p. 360).

The new states lived off the labor of agrarian people and economically exploited them. Class divisions developed, and slavery was imposed where formerly there had been free labor. People became separated from the immediate, direct life of nature, and intellectual activity was stressed

at the expense of emotional gratification. Most important of all, the status of women fell, as did the great importance of the mother goddess. "Urban life, the strengthening of intellectual powers and of individuality and self-consciousness, male rulers and priests, military conquests, were to combine to lower the status of the goddess in all her manifestations in the centers of ancient civilization (Hawkes, p. 343)."

Many scholars believe these male-dominated warrior groups evolved from Stone Age hunters (who were almost always male). By some process, the male hunters in certain of the earlier societies developed into a separate caste devoted not to hunting but to warfare. The change, once made, became self-perpetuating: peaceful Stone Age tribes were either conquered by the new militarists or were forced to become militaristic to defend themselves.

In the new social order, private property made its first appearance in history (possibly originally as the seized booty of warfare). Strict hierarchies, always characteristic of military societies, emerged as did a new sense of morality characterized by obedience and self-discipline. The beginnings of class warfare lie in this period, as the new order of warriors tended to constitute an urban-based aristocracy that held sway over the peasants.

The older Stone Age traditions that had existed time out of mind eventually reasserted themselves against the Bronze Age innovations. The new military class was too small, and the old peasant culture too large and old, to allow for the annihilation of Stone Age ways. The conquerors tended to be absorbed into the customs of the conquered. An equilibrium was eventually reached, and societies stabilized into new forms that embodied practices and beliefs of both the older Stone Age and the new Bronze Age. Such, for example, were the ancient civilization of Sumer and the oldest kingdoms in Egypt. There, even though organized warfare had now come into being, "it was exceptional and of a rudimentary type" (Dawson, p. 238). Although the status of women was lower than in the Stone Age, women still maintained a position far higher than they do under the primitive conditions of modern industrialism (see Elizabeth Gould Davis, *The First Sex*, Penguin Books, 1971).

Bronze Age civilization still retained much of the old love of sexuality, especially in religion. Archeological evidence is abundant on this point, both from the new cities and from the countryside. For example: "In searching for some positive features of Bronze Age religion our attention is caught by the strange phallic figures in the rock-carvings of Northern Europe. Whatever the meaning of these figures may be, they unquestionably show that sexuality played a great part in that cult and belief of which they are expressions" (Arne Runeberg, "Witches, Demons and Fertility Magic" in *Societas Scientiarum Fennica, Commentationes Humanarum Litterarum*, V. 14, No. 4, 1947, p. 247). In literary evidence from Bronze Age Egypt, homosexual behavior is idealized as an activity of the gods (Hans Licht, *Sexual*

Life in Ancient Greece, Barnes and Noble, N.Y., 1952, p. 449). Nearly everywhere the worship of the Great Mother and the Horned God continued right along side that of the new militaristic deities.

One very important example of Bronze Age civilization is the culture that emerged in Crete. From 3000 B.C. to 2000 B.C. waves of immigrants from Asia Minor mingled with the local Stone Age people of Crete and created a new civilization called Minoan, named after the legendary King Minos.

Minoan civilization reached its peak in the period from 2000 B.C. to 1600 B.C. During this time, women had a very high status. They are depicted in Minoan art work as participating equally with men in feasting and athletic contests. In addition, Minoan society was peaceful. Scenes of war are rare. "The emphasis is on nature and on beauty" (N.G.L. Hammond, *A History of Greece...*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1967, p. 30). The two chief deities of the Minoan religion were a great mother goddess associated with animals (such as the snake) and the Horned God (in the form of a bull). Later Greek tradition particularly associated Crete with public homosexuality, and several ancient authors claimed that it was the historical source of homosexuality in Greece (John A. Symonds, *A Problem in Greek Ethics*, Areopagitica Society, London, 1908, p. 4).

On the Greek mainland itself, the local culture originally showed the same peaceful characteristics. "It was peaceful, agricultural, seafaring, and artistic, and its religious beliefs, if we may judge from the steatopygous [fat-assed] female figurines, were focused on a mother goddess and may have been associated with a matriarchal society or at least with one which was not strongly patriarchal" (Hammond, p. 37).

An analysis of early Greek literature shows that the society of the mainland was matrilineal, not patrilineal, and that the characteristic religion was one of shamanism (see E.A.S. Butterworth, *Some Traces of the Pre-Olympian World in Greek Literature and Myth*, Walter de Gruyter and Co., Berlin, 1966). As we have seen, shamanism is frequently associated with ritual homosexuality, both male and female. There is also evidence of transvestism in the rituals of early Greece as well as the sexual worship of earth deities (Butterworth, p. 145ff.).

All this was changed at the end of the Bronze Age. There were great upheavals in Crete and Greece. About 2500 B.C. and thereafter, male-dominated militaristic tribes started entering parts of the mainland. They worshipped male sky gods, the Olympians, and were organized socially into a patriarchy (Hammond, p. 39). These new invaders spoke Greek, a language that was previously unknown in the area.

The invading patriarchal Greeks disrupted life in both Crete and Greece. They established a capital at Mycenae in Greece (from which they were called Mycenaeans) and at Knossos on Crete. They developed bureaucratic institutions, plunged the entire Aegean Sea area into warfare, and violently opened up new markets for their trading interests (Hammond, p. 42ff.). By the end of the 15th century B.C., all the leading settlements of Crete had been burned (possibly accompanied by a volcanic eruption).

During this period, the status of women declined. Succession to religious rites, political power, and property became patrilineal, not matrilineal. In religion, the status of the Great Mother fell, and the power of Zeus and Ares (the god of war) increased. "The matrilineal world was brought to an end by a number of murderous assaults upon the heart of that world, the *potnia meter* [Revered Mother] herself. The opposition to the *potnia meter* seems to have been closely connected with the cult of Ares" (Butterworth, p. 51). Ares was the only Greek god who was *not* famous for his homosexual love affairs (Symonds, p. 10).

After 1400 B.C., patriarchal Greek culture was widely established throughout the Aegean. In the late 13th century B.C., a great convulsion of war rocked the Greek settlements around the Aegean, including but not limited to the famous Trojan War. The ruling patriarchal states destroyed each other, and migrations of new peoples moved into Greece.

In the 12th century B.C., during all this turmoil, a new tribe of Greek-speaking people moved into Greece, dispossessing the previous warlords of their power. These people—the Dorians—are of special interest to us because of their attitude toward women and homosexuality.

The early Dorians, whose capital was established at Sparta, are often negatively depicted as boorish and militaristic, in contrast to their rivals, the Athenians, who are usually praised. This depiction is at odds with the facts and has been largely inspired, I believe, by straight academics' dislike of the Dorians' love for Gay sex.

It is true that the early Dorians were militaristic, but they were actually *less* militaristic than the previous Mycenaeans. For example, the Dorians were not dominated by a militaristic aristocracy, and they had no government bureaucracy devoted especially to war, as did the Mycenaeans. "The Dorians, whose tribal organization did not preclude the arming of all their people, attacked and overthrew the Achaeans [another name for Mycenaeans], who were only a small, armed, ruling class ruling over the Greek agricultural population, which was largely unarmed" (Margaret Wason, *Class Struggles in Ancient Greece*, Victor Gollancz, London, 1947, p. 30).

The Dorians maintained many of the most ancient traditions of the earlier ages, especially with respect to women. For example, unlike the situation in the previous patriarchy, "there is ample evidence to show that the status of women among the early Dorians was one of freedom and honour—a survival, perhaps, of a matriarchal period" (Edward Carpenter, *Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk*, George Allen and Co., London, 1914, p. 107). Among the Dorians, women ran and

wrestled naked in public with men. They had fuller power over property than anywhere else in Greece. They had the power to publicly praise or censor men, who greatly feared their criticism (Carpenter, p. 106ff.).

Among other Greeks who had lost the earlier traditions, women were not allowed to dine with their husbands. They could not call their husbands by name, but only "lord." They lived secluded in the interior of the house (C.O. Mueller, *The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race*, John Murray, London, 1839, p. 297).

Homosexuality had a high status among the Dorians. In fact, it was more highly regarded there than it was at Athens during the later classical period.



Male homosexuality at Sparta took the form of *paiderastia*—the love of an older more experienced man for a younger inexperienced man. *Paiderastia* was a form of religious, military, educational and sexual training. The experienced man initiated the inexperienced man into men's mysteries. It was through the institution of *paiderastia* that the Dorians transmitted their cultural values. It made learning into an intimate, personal, emotional and sexual experience. It was almost the exact opposite of the learning process in modern industrial societies, which is conducted within the confines of bureaucratic institutions and is impersonal, objective and purely intellectual.

The more experienced man was called *eispenelas*, which means "inspirer," and the inexperienced man was called *aitas*, which means "hearer" or "listener" (Mueller, pp. 300-301). In Crete, where the same customs prevailed, the corresponding terms were *philetor* ("lover") and *kleinos* ("renowned one") (Mueller, p. 302).

Paiderastia had a religious origin, as we discover in a remarkable study by the German scholar E. Bethe ("Die Dorische Knabenliebe" in *Rheinisches Museum fuer Philologie*, V. 62, 1907, pp. 438-475). Bethe points out that semen was originally viewed as a sacred substance, conveying a man's soul-power (p. 468). The "inspiring" that took place among Dorian men was the transference of semen, which was viewed as a holy and religious act (p. 463).

Unfortunately, little is known about the Gay sex life of women at Sparta, due to the sexist prejudice of Western historians. It's very probable, however, that similar religious and sexual relations existed among women in view of their high status. We do know that even in the non-Doric island of Lesbos in the 6th century B.C., Sappho praised and practiced lesbianism and that she and her lovers worshipped Aphrodite, the great goddess in her capacity as the protector of love. Sad to say, when the Christians came to power in the early Middle Ages, they deliberately set about destroying most of Sappho's works.

The Minoan Goddess. Note poppies on her head. This indicates that drugs were used in religious rites to her.

From what has been said about the Dorians, we can see the falsehood of two lies often repeated by straight historians: 1) that male homosexuality is historically associated with contempt for women; and 2) that homosexuality was a late development in Greece. To the contrary, Doric *paiderastia* is a reflection of familiar shamanistic and religious concepts that date back to the Stone Age. As for the contempt-for-women myth: "It completely founders on the fact that precisely in Sparta and Lesbos, where boy-love and girl-love are best known, the sexes, as best we can tell, associated more freely with each other than in the other Greek states" (Bethe, p. 440). The Dorians, though coming later than the Mycenaeans, remained much closer to the earlier sexual traditions.

In the 12th century B.C., as we have seen, Mycenaean power collapsed, and Greece was thrown into chaos. Invading tribes had learned well the military methods of the Mycenaeans, which they now imitated (including, eventually, the Dorians as well). Militarism was again on the rise, and another revolution occurred in human affairs—the Iron Age.

With the advent of the Iron Age, the power of male-dominated armies increased in politics, and powerful city-states with imperialistic ambitions came into existence.

After 1000 B.C., the city-state emerged as the typical political unit. Cities became economic centers, and a "new type of people" began making themselves felt in politics—traders, seafarers, artisans, and merchants (Wason, p. 52). An urban-based bourgeoisie developed and struggled for power with the older class of land-magnates and warlords.

Monarchies tended to be replaced by republics, still in the form of city-states. The various city-states were constantly at war with each other, struggling to build up their own commercial and military empires. Slavery became widespread in Greece for the first time (Wason, p. 44).

The effect of all this urbanism, militarism, and growing bourgeois ambition was predictable. "Civilization" (that is, *urban* culture) increasingly lost touch with the nature religion of the peasants, who formed, together with the urban slaves, the lowest level in the new economic order. The status of women fell because male-dominated activities like war, trade, and government service were now the crucial activities on which urban society depended for its survival.

A negative turn developed in the attitude toward sexuality in general and homosexuality in particular. Sex was no longer part of the public religion of the urban upper classes.

The final outcome of this turn of events is well illustrated in Athens during the classical period (after 500 B.C.). During this period Athens was almost constantly at war: against the military empire of Persia, against Sparta, even against its former allies. During the same period, the status of homosexuality fell. It was no longer practiced as a means of public education or viewed as an expression of public religious sentiment. It had become a *private* affair, something done in the privacy of one's house between consenting adults.

In the late classical period, Greeks got out of touch with the religious origins of homosexuality. Educated writers reacted with surprise and contempt when they encountered it in more "primitive" societies, especially

Minoan artifact showing naked men and women in a religious dance. The horns on the perimeter signify consecration.

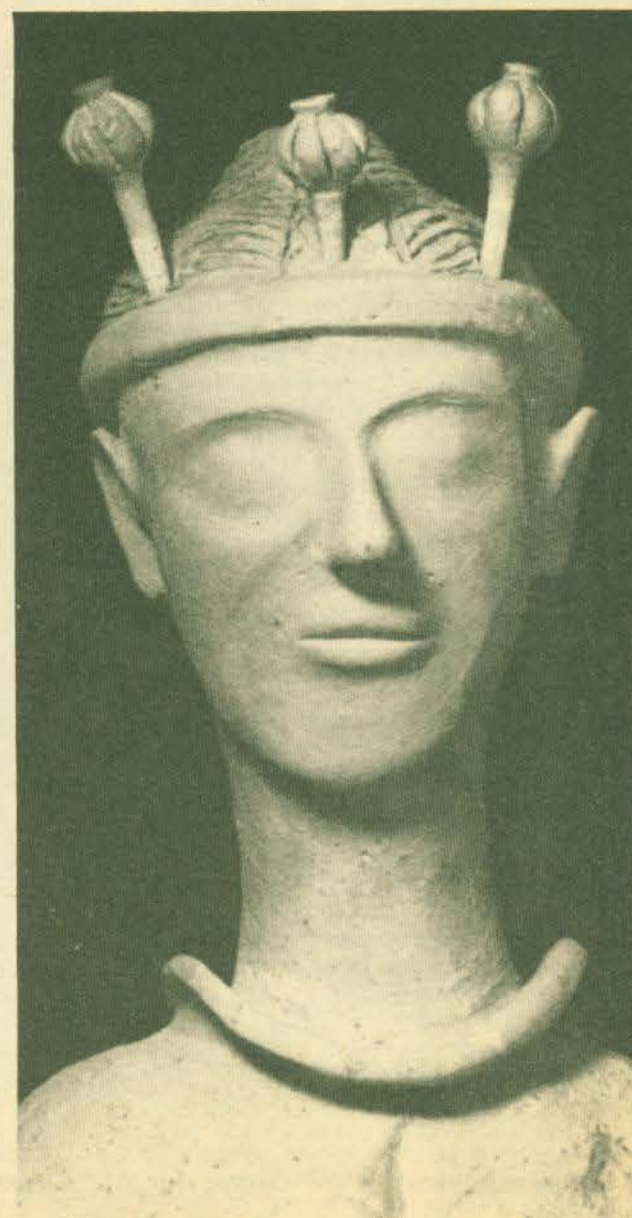
when male transvestism was involved. For example, Herodotus describes such behavior among Scythian shamans as "a disease of effeminacy" (*theleia nosos*—quoted by Carpenter, p. 24). Classical Greek civilization became contemptuous of the effeminate man—which is not surprising in view of their contempt for women and the importance of war (and hence masculinism) to their economy and politics.

This change in attitude toward homosexuality is strikingly evidenced by an event that occurred in 399 B.C.—the trial and condemnation of the philosopher Socrates.

Few straight academics have understood the real issues involved in Socrates' confrontation with the establishment of his day. They usually describe Socrates as an advocate of unpopular ideas who was snuffed out by people who felt threatened by them. In part, this is true. But there is much more: Socrates' Gayness and his religion.

In the second half of the 5th century B.C., a reaction had developed against educational homosexuality. This reaction was led by the Sophists (Bethe, p. 439). The Sophists were independent professional academics who taught practical skills and knowledge for money and who believed in book learning. They viewed the relationship between teacher and pupil as a purely objective, mercenary one. They rejected the traditions of the old nature religion, where learning was through the oral tradition and where sexuality played an important part in the relationship between teacher and student.

Socrates hated the Sophists. He was horrified by



the idea that teachers should take money out of conveying knowledge. He rejected book learning. He believed that the only way to learn was through personal *dialogue*. He believed that sex was an important part of the educational process (he had some famous affairs with his pupils, like Alcibiades). Finally, he insisted that his vocation was a holy one and that he was personally inspired by some spirit or god (in Greek, *daimon*—usually used to denote nature spirits, and almost never applied to the Olympians).

These characteristics of the Socratic method of learning are all typical of shamanism: the sexual relationship between teacher and pupil; the emphasis on learning through personal oral communication rather than through books; the aura of a divine being. Of course, Socrates was not a shaman in the same way that shamans existed in the Stone Age, but he was following that tradition in so far as it had managed to survive in urbanized, militarized Athens.

Socrates infuriated the Sophists. He attacked their economic prerogatives, their bookishness, and their repressive attitude toward sexuality.

In the end, the Sophists won out. Socrates was condemned to death for corrupting the young men of Athens and for believing in gods that the state didn't believe in (Plato, *Apologia*, 24B). The new moralism of the Iron Age could

tion of the high status of women and Gay men in the Bacchanalia and its subverting influence on Roman militarism:

"A great number of adherents are women, which is the origin of the whole trouble. But there are also men like women, who have joined in each other's defilement...Do you think, citizens, that young men who have taken this oath can be made soldiers? Are they to be trusted when they leave this obscene sanctuary?" (Quoted by Burgo Partridge, *A History of Orgies*, Crown Publishers, N.Y., 1960, p. 54).

There were extensive prosecutions under the ban, and about 7000 people are reported to have been arrested (Partridge, p. 55). The class nature of this oppression is evident when we realize that the ancient worship of Bacchus was most popular with the lower classes (M.I. Finley, *The Ancient Economy*, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1973, p. 82).

The status of women fell under the militarized Roman patriarchy. Under original Roman law, a man's wife and children were considered his personal property to dispose of as he will, as if they were so many tables and chairs. This extreme situation was later tempered, however, but not because of anything Roman. It resulted from the influence of the more lenient customs of conquered

Warlords, bureaucrats, manufacturers, academics, and other members of the upper classes took up residence in the cities, whose growth was deliberately fostered by imperial policy. In Western Europe, the emperor Augustus tried to suppress the tribal system of the Celts in favor of urbanizing them (Rostovtzeff, p. 51). The new class of the urban bourgeoisie supported these efforts in return for being granted a "privileged position among the masses of the provincial rural population" (Rostovtzeff, p. 83). The result of these developments was that the oppressed classes of the empire were rural classes, either still on the land of absentee landlords or living dispossessed in cities.

These rural-based classes held on to the old religious and cultural values, which included elements dating back to the matriarchal period. They held on to their own languages and steadfastly resisted efforts to make them accept Greek and Roman culture. It was only the privileged classes in the cities that spoke the official languages of Latin and Greek; the rest of the population spoke Celtic, Iberian, Illyrian, Thracian, etc. (Rostovtzeff, p. 298). In reality, the Greek and Latin literature that modern academics hold up before us as the basis of Western civilization is the voice of a minority of oppressors.

The city-based oppressing classes looked down on the tribal, rural cultures as "half civilized or uncivilized" (Rostovtzeff, p. 180). They especially disapproved of their loose sexuality. The emperor Tiberius had the image of the sex goddess Isis (a version of the great mother) pulled down and thrown into the Tiber (Partridge, p. 60). Increasingly, Roman poets and other molders of public opinion mentioned homosexuality in a context of scorn, ridicule, and satire (Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Modern Library Ed., V. 2, p. 377).

Despite this cultural repression, the old traditions sometimes even penetrated into the upper classes. The most famous example is that of Elagabalus, a priest in a sex and nature cult, who became emperor of Rome in 218 A.D. As Emperor, he often appeared in public in drag, practiced ritual sex with members of both sexes, and publicly declared one of his male lovers to be his husband. The sentiments of the ruling classes were outraged. He was assassinated by an indignant Praetorian Guard in 222 A.D. His body was mutilated, dragged through the streets of Rome, and thrown in the Tiber River. "His memory was branded with eternal infamy by the senate" (Gibbon, V. 1, p. 129).

The rise and triumph of the Roman patriarchy brought with it a profound change in human values. At first gradually, and then in a great rush just prior to the triumph of Christianity, a wave of grim asceticism swept across Greco-Roman civilization. "It pervaded philosophy and religion. Like a mighty tide it swept onward, especially from the first century B.C., from the East over the West, gathering momentum as it forced its way into every serious view of life. Every great teacher from Plato to John the Baptist, from Paul to Plotinus, axiomatically accepted asceticism as an essential of and qualification for religious life (Samuel Angus, *The Mystery-Religions and Christianity*, University Books, New Hyde Park, N.Y., 1966; reprint of 1925 ed.; pp. 216-217). In the new system of values, sex and the body were degraded. "Copulation in itself became a sin...Matter was looked upon as evil or as the seat of the evil principle; the whole business of life was to release the soul from the contact and pollution of matter, from the body, its bane" (Angus, p. 222).

The cause of this cultural phenomenon was the ever-increasing militarism of the Roman state. In the late Empire, the army became a separate caste consisting of huge numbers of soldiers with an elaborate bureaucratic organization. Together with the emperor, it was the largest single consumer of goods and services produced in the empire (Rostovtzeff, p. 149). All important political decisions came to be dictated, either directly or indirectly, by the needs of the army. Emperors were made and unmade at the behest of various factions of the army. The legendary last words of the emperor Severus to his sons sum up the whole scene: "Be united, enrich the soldiers, and scorn the rest" (quoted by Rostovtzeff, p. 354).

This utter militarization of society encouraged asceticism. In the first place it gave rise to the "cult of discipline"—the idea of stern self-sacrifice on behalf of the state. Secondly, and more important, it resulted in a strangulation of local political life (W.R. Halliday, *The Pagan Background of Early Christianity*, Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1925, p. 41). Decisions were made at the top, and often with great violence. Ruinous civil wars were frequent, whenever the various factions of the army couldn't agree on an emperor. The economy was dangerously unstable, depending as it did on war needs. Government became increasingly rule-bound, top-heavy, bureaucratic, and out of touch with peoples' needs. All freedom of expression was squelched. A system of secret police was formed to spy on the population. People simply had no control over their lives. Daily life became dangerous, and the best the average person could hope for was to be left alone. Ascetic religion became an opiate for the pain, enabling people to stifle their real needs and feelings, and thus avoid the suffering of constant frustrations. The government was well-disposed to ascetic religion because it kept the people quiet and obedient.

It was within this historical setting that Christianity entered the stage. From its very start, the Christian religion was one of the most ascetic religions of the empire. Jesus the Nazarene, believing that the world was about to end, called upon his followers to renounce all interest in worldly things and to prepare for the age to come. Paul of Tarsus based his entire theology on the concept of sin and saw sin in practically every form of



Socrates dying by David

no longer be resisted.

After the advent of the Iron Age, the entire Mediterranean area became a world of deep class divisions and ever-increasing urbanism. Small groups of warlords and their attendants settled in fortresses, which later became cities, and held sway over the masses of peasants. Economic growth depended on warfare. By the end of the fourth century B.C., most Greek city-states had become "military tyrannies ruling over an enslaved population and resting in the last resort on mercenary armies" (M. Rostovtzeff, *The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1926, p. 6).

Throughout the entire Mediterranean, rival states fought for supremacy. In the end, the city-state of Rome proved to be the most ruthless and violent of all and succeeded in conquering nearly all the rest.

The nature of the Roman state and Roman society has been greatly misunderstood, especially in regard to sex. Most people still think that the Romans did little else than sit around at banquet tables and devote themselves to orgies. This view, which is based on Christian propaganda, is a distortion. Roman society—when viewed in the context of the cultures before it—was actually hostile to sensual pleasure. Admittedly, in the eyes of the early Christians it seemed hedonistic. But we must never forget that the standard of judgment used by Christians was one of the most sex-repressive in the history of the world.

The dominant value system of Rome, both early in the republic and later in the empire, was one of self-discipline. The virtues praised in public and taught in school were the virtues of self-sacrifice to the state, obedience to hierarchical authority, and suspicion of pleasure and sex.

It was no accident that Rome had these values. Rome was a highly artificial state created and maintained through military violence. The foundation of the expanding Roman economy was quite simple: "The Romans enslaved the enemy and maintained their lands" (Jean-Philippe Levy, *The Economic Life of the Ancient World*, University of Chicago Press, 1964, p. 62). War was the essence of the Roman economy. The property seized from the defeated tribes and nations became state property and was divided up among the most aggressive of the Roman warlords who became absentee landlords. The defeated peoples themselves were often shipped off to Rome where they formed an army of slave labor (Levy, p. 62). Roman warlords developed masculinist values because these values validated their warlike activities and supported the economy.

As might be expected, women and Gay men, especially effeminate Gay men, suffered under such a regime. In 186 B.C., the Senate banned the practice of the Bacchanalia, which was an ancient sex and nature ritual in honor of Bacchus, a variant of the Horned God. The historian Livy has preserved a Consul's argument in favor of this ban, including his condemna-

peoples on Roman legislation itself (John Bury, *History of the Later Roman Empire*, V. 2, Macmillan, London, 1923, p. 403).

Around 169 B.C., the Scantinia or Scatinia law was passed, which outlawed pederasty and made it punishable by death (M.H.E. Meier, *Histoire de l'Amour Grec, Dans l'Antiquité*, Stendhal et Cie., Paris, 1930, pp. 179-180). The emperor Augustus re-affirmed this condemnation and also made adultery a public crime.

The anti-gay laws of Rome were primarily designed to control the behavior of the lower classes and were often ignored or flaunted by the members of the upper classes. Although homosexuality was tolerated in the upper classes, however, it had clearly lost the great social and religious significance it once had in earlier ages. It was now often associated with guilt, self-deprecation, and cruelty.

This decline in the status of homosexuality is illustrated in the case of the emperor Hadrian and his lover Antinous. When Antinous died in 120 A.D., Hadrian ordered statues erected to him throughout the Empire. Some historians compare this act to the repressive mentality of modern industrial society and see it as showing a high status for homosexuality at Rome. In reality, however, when the event is compared to earlier ages, we see that homosexuality had fallen in esteem. This falling off is well explained by one historian as follows:

"To Hadrianus the relationship with Antinous was a personal matter, respected by the society in which he lived in the same way as other serious emotional relations. But whatever ethical and esthetic component there was in the relationship was an individual and private matter between the two. Pederasty was no longer a means employed by the state in the education of the young, controlled by its highest authorities and an obligation for the best men to take upon themselves. It was not institutionalized any longer, had no place in the cult, and its symbols had ceased to be the generally recognized expressions of the noblest aims of the communal life of the society" (Thorkil Vanggaard, *Phallos*, International Universities Press, N.Y., 1972, p. 131).

The longer the Roman state existed, the more militarized it tended to become. "As the army in its new shape was the greatest organized force in Rome, its chiefs were bound not only to represent the military strength of the state but also to become its political leaders" (Rostovtzeff, p. 26). As early as 49 B.C., Julius Caesar, the militarist who defeated the Celtic tribes of Western Europe, seized power at Rome in a military coup d'etat. The republic became a military dictatorship. Even though Caesar was subsequently assassinated, the new form of government stuck.

It was during this period of the increasing militarization of the Roman state that Christianity first came into being—a fact of great significance for women and Gay men, as we shall soon see.

The oppressive class structure of Rome was reflected in the relationship between city and country.

human sensuality. The new religion fed on and re-enforced the sense of despair that was growing in the Roman state: "In not a few respects Christianity was a new reflection of that pessimism which pervaded the ancient world in the centuries immediately before and immediately after the beginning of the Christian era. It adopted, but transformed in so adopting them, many of the characteristic sentiments of Greek and Roman philosophic pessimism...by cultivating certain practices like asceticism, mortification, and celibacy" (James Thompson, *An Economic and Social History of the Middle Ages*, The Century Co., N.Y., 1928, pp 61-62).

In one important way, however, Christianity differed from the other ascetic religions: it strongly emphasized corporate organization. Ascetic movements that were non-Christian were never well organized, nor were they generally intolerant of other religions. The Christians, on the other hand, were totally intolerant of any religion but their own and were very effectively organized (Gibbon, V. 1, p. 383). In fact, it was because of their fanaticism and zeal for organizing that the Christians were originally perceived as a threat by the Roman establishment. Consequently they were sporadically persecuted in the first and second centuries.

Christianity had another important peculiarity. In contrast to the old sex religions, Christianity was from its very first an *urban* religion. The word "Christian" first came into use in Antioch, a large metropolis in Asia Minor. "Early Christianity was a religion of towns and cities; it was urban, not rural. It spread from city to city, from province to province, along the highways of trade and commerce by land and by sea" (Thompson, p. 56). The first Christians were members of the new urban classes: artisans, craftspeople, shopkeepers and tradespeople (Thompson, p. 57). Urban oriented, they tended to equate rural living with everything non-Christian. The word "pagan" comes from the Latin *paganus*, which means country dweller. Augustine labelled his ideal Christian community the *city of God* and subtitled his book of that name "Against the pagani."

Early in the third century A.D., Christianity spread rapidly in the army, as soldiers responded to the Christian emphasis on discipline, organizational order and obedience. A contending religion, Mithraism, had also grown rapidly in the army as early as 60 B.C. (G. Rattray Taylor, *Sex In History*, Vanguard Press, N.Y., 1954, pp. 251-252). Christianity absorbed much of the militaristic spirit of this religion and even some of its holidays (such as December 25th, the birthday of Mithra, the son of the sun god; and Sunday, the day of the sun, in contrast to Saturday, the Jewish sabbath). During this period, with the conversion of soldiers and the absorption of Mithraism, Christianity began to change from a loose federation of cells into a unified, centrally-controlled hierarchy of bishops and archbishops (Gibbon, V. 1, p. 421).

The emperor Constantine emphasized the militaristic traits of Christianity and incorporated them into army life. The cross was adopted as a *military* symbol and placed on shields and banners. Goths and Germans were recruited in the army and made to march behind the sign of the cross. The first two letters of the word "Christ" in Greek were formed into a logo and stamped on coins with the inscription *in hoc signo vinces* ("By this sign shall you conquer") (Gibbon, V. 1, pp 644, 656).

On becoming emperor, Constantine proclaimed himself the protector of Christianity, made Christianity a legal religion throughout the empire, systematically appointed Christians to high-level bureaucratic jobs in the government and army, encouraged people to donate money to the church, and finally converted to the new religion on his death bed. He was the first Roman ruler to realize that a religion well-entrenched in the army and ascetic in outlook could be very useful in controlling the state: "The passive and unresisting obedience which bows under the yoke of authority, or even of oppression, must have appeared in the eyes of the absolute monarch the most conspicuous and useful of evangelic virtues" (Gibbon, V. 1, p. 640).

The Christian emperors following Constantine consolidated his policy. Christianity became the state religion; all other religions were banned. The rich and powerful converted in great numbers to Christianity and donated vast amounts of money to the church. Bishops became more than religious officials: in many parts of the empire, both east and west, they absorbed the powers and functions of government officials, generals, and judges. They also became absentee landlords of huge estates. For example, the fifth-century bishop of Cappadocia owned almost all the land in the province of Cappadocia (Thompson, p. 82).

The church itself increasingly assumed the powers of government, developing an elaborate bureaucracy (Thompson, p. 77). As the largest landowner in society, the church also became the largest slaveowner and advocate of slavery. The church pushed slavery beyond its earlier form in the secular Roman empire (Thompson, p. 86). Christians systematized a whole set of slave laws which later facilitated the enslavement of non-white people in the 17th and 18th centuries. "It was that most Christian of emperors, Justinian, whose codification of the Roman law...provided Christian Europe with a ready-made legal foundation for the slavery they introduced into the New World a thousand years later" (Finley, pp. 88-89).

Christian propagandists called for the destruction of paganism because of the prevalence of homosexuality in the religions of the old nature cultures. Augustine, one of the most influential writers, repeatedly called attention to this love of sexuality and urged that it be destroyed. He was particularly incensed by the worship of the Great Mother, whose chief priests were Gay transvestites and transsexuals. After ridiculing various rural sex gods, he says, "The same applies to the

effeminate consecrated to the Great Mother, who violate every canon of decency in men and women. They were to be seen until just the other day in the streets and squares of Carthage with their pomaded hair and powdered faces, gliding along with womanish languor, and demanding from the shopkeepers the means of their depraved existence" (Augustine, *Concerning the City of God; Against the Pagans*, Penguin Books ed., 1972, p. 286).

Constantine declared pederasty a capital offence; the emperors Valentinian and Theodosius applied the penalty of being burned. Justinian initiated a pogrom against Gay men, whom he rounded up in large numbers, tortured, and burned. An ancient author notes: "Some he had castrated, while in the case of others he ordered sharp reeds inserted into their genital openings and had them paraded as captives through the forum" (Theodosius of Melitene, quoted in the Greek by Bury, p. 412, note 5). The charge of homosexuality became a tool for hunting down political dissidents, as it would be later in the Middle Ages (Gibbon, V. 2, p. 378).

In the fourth century A.D., the emperors Valentinian and Valens undertook a witch-hunt for practitioners of "magic." "From the extremity of Italy and Asia the young and the aged were dragged in chains to the tribunals of Rome and Antioch. Senators, matrons, and philosophers expired in ignominious and cruel tortures" (Gibbon, V. 2, p. 856).

The triumph of Christianity thus represented the triumph of the worst patriarchal elements of Roman civilization. It was the final triumph of urban-based male militarists and their followers, who increasingly rose to power first under the republic and then under the empire. Once victorious, they adopted a new patriarchal religion, banned all other religions, appropriated to themselves all the means of production, reduced the rest of the population to slavery, enforced a universal code of blind obedience to authority, degraded women, and suppressed sexuality.

In the past, victorious patriarchal groups always reached some accommodation with the older matriarchal and rural traditions which continued

wrenched away from rural servitude to become slaves in urban workshops (Fontana, V. 1, pp. 18, 80).

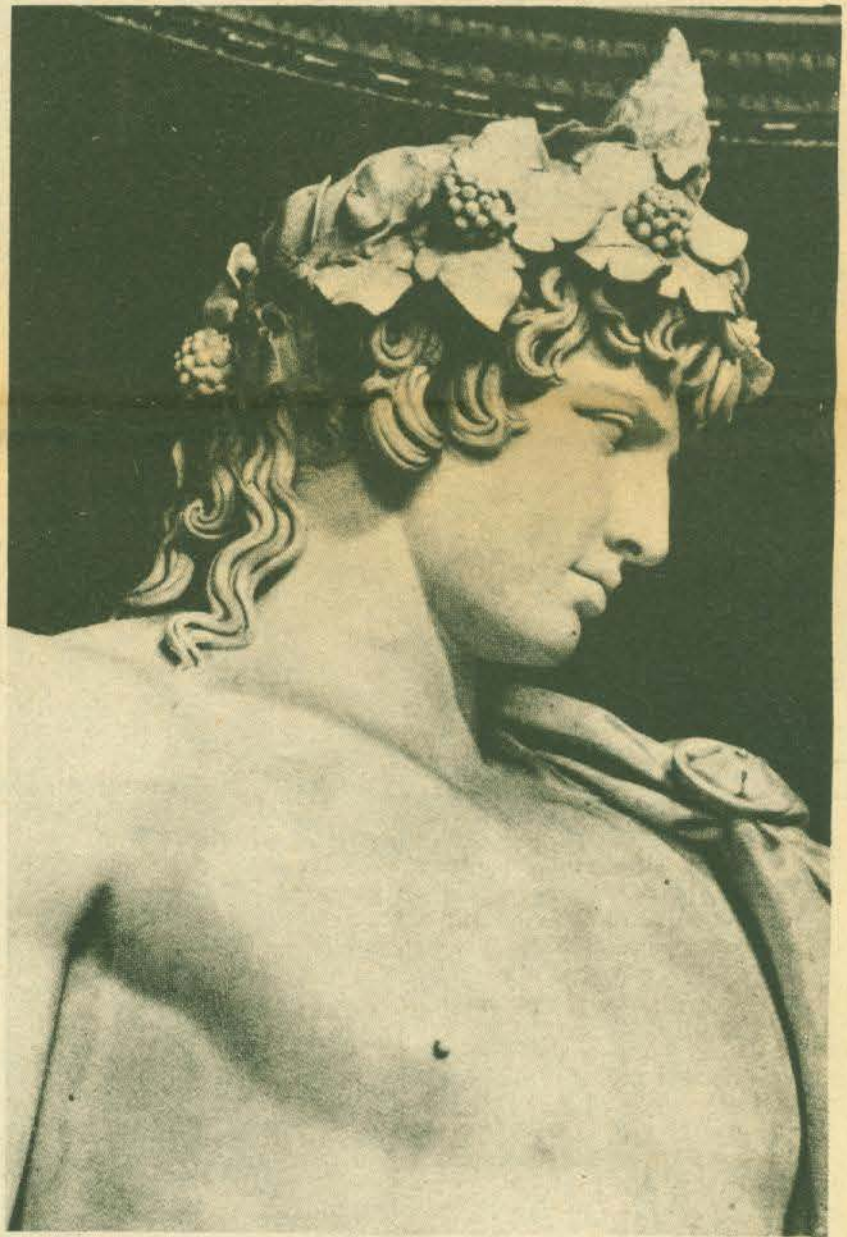
The mentality of the new towns was typically Christian: they displayed a love of order, discipline, punctuality and self-restraint. These attitudes were "indispensable to the growth of capitalism and to the industrial revolution" (Fontana, V. 1, p. 94).

Another Christian legacy to industrialism was the objectification of nature. In the Old Religion, trees, rocks and plants were viewed as living beings with which people could personally communicate. Often they were worshipped as gods. Christians viewed these natural beings as so many objects to be used by the highest order of creation: humankind. The new urbanism reinforced this belief. Christians lived within the walls out of touch with natural beings, which now became "resources." One result of this attitude was the rapid deforestation of Europe. "The great forests of Europe...were regarded as an enemy to be hewn down" (Thompson, p. 610). As might be expected, these practices led to an acute shortage of lumber, especially in England. There, this state of affairs led in turn to the adoption of coal for manufacturing activities, a practice that "put England well on the road to the Industrial Revolution" (Fontana, V. 2, p. 12).

The evolution of monasteries laid the foundation for the development of a money economy. In the 4th century A.D., monasteries were incorporated and allowed to own corporate property (Thompson, p. 139). The discipline, asceticism and orderliness of the monasteries enabled them to acquire great wealth in a short period of time. "Religiously the monks were intense fanatics, economically they became avaricious" (Thompson, p. 141). Bulging with wealth, monasteries became the earliest banks of the Middle Ages. Although Christian law at this time forbade usury, the monasteries were exempted. "A common argument was that, as the monastery was a corporation, and not a person, no sin was attached to the taking of usury" (Thompson, p. 638).

Another important step along the industrial

Antinous, beloved of Hadrian, as Dionysus.



to exist and mold society in an important way. But things were different after 300 A.D. For the first time in Western history, the patriarchists attempted to root out and utterly destroy everything connected with the old rural-based sex religions. Their successors continued the same tactic of terror later in the Middle Ages in their attacks on witches and heretics.

The repressive institutions and values established by these patriarchists became the basis for the development of industrialism. The new cities that emerged in the late Middle Ages came to birth in the context of a profound Christian contempt for rural living. "Christianity...reinforced the prejudice against the countryside in making the countryman (*paganus*) into the pagan, the rebel against the word of the Christian god" (Fontana *Economic History of Europe*, V. 1, ed. by Carlo Cipolla, London, 1972, p. 71). This should not surprise us since the new towns first formed around the fortresses of Christian warlords and the buildings of Christian monasteries.

These new towns owed their existence to violence and repression against the countryside. They became an "abnormal growth, a peculiar body totally foreign to the surrounding environment." As the countryside itself gradually became industrialized, peasants were

road was Christian militarism. By the Middle Ages, the church had become a great military power. Bishops, abbots, and even Popes were warlords who often personally took to the field of battle (Thompson, pp. 655-657). The Christian love of war, together with the Christian intolerance of any other religion, led to the development of the crusades, beginning in the 11th century. The crusades were the first great impulse of European imperialism. They brought foreign markets under Western control, encouraged the development of cities, created a money economy in place of the natural economy of barter, and fostered the development of a new class, the bourgeoisie (Thompson, p. 397).

It was in the same mood of religious militarism that Europe undertook a second wave of expansion in the 16th century, the so-called voyages of discovery to the new world. In reality, they were imperialistic expeditions with two goals: to spread the Christian religion and to get gold (Felix Gilbert et al., *The Norton History of Modern Europe*, W.W. Norton, N.Y., 1971, p. 30). These European invaders annihilated the cultures of the native peoples they encountered (all of whom were non-white), and gave special attention to wiping out their sacred Gay transvestites. The gold

and silver bullion stolen from the native peoples was returned to Europe, where it provided the basis for the financial expansion of European businesses. In the succeeding centuries, white Europeans enslaved millions of people from native cultures to provide the forced labor necessary to support the growing industrial monster. The enslaved victims, who were non-white, were viewed as less than human beings. "These dark-skinned peoples lacked both the Christian culture which Europeans considered essential for salvation, and the technology to resist European mastery" (Gilbert, p. 288).

The violence of Christian militarism was also internalized in Europe itself. The most famous example of this was the never ending hunt for heretics and the mobilization of armies to wipe them out. In the time of the early Christian emperors, a campaign was begun "to despoil the pagan temples of their property" (Thompson, p. 71). The seized property was used to pay for the increased cost of government bureaucracy, and bishops became financial speculators with the proceeds (Thompson, pp. 71, 77). In the later Middle Ages, the hunt for witches and heretics was an example of the same thing. Witch-hunting became a major industry in the Middle Ages. The crusade against the Albigensians (whose leaders were women and Gay people) turned into "a series of gigantic buccaneering expeditions" (Thompson, p. 490). The King of France supported the crusade because he wanted to bring the southern provinces within his power, thereby unifying the French state and establishing direct trade routes with the East (Thompson, p. 492). In a separate incident with another French King, the Templars were charged with homosexuality and deprived of their property in order to build up the French Treasury and underwrite war expenditures. Everywhere heresy-hunting helped provide the needed capital for building up the apparatus of the emerging state.

The entrenched militarism of Christian civilization led to the development of a huge arms industry where modern methods of production were first practiced on a wide scale. "It is characteristic of the early modern period that until far into the 17th century the best examples of large-scale industrial organization were state-owned factories producing war materiel" (Gilbert, p. 51). The modern factory system is thus a direct descendant of Christian militarism.

The real beneficiary of Christian militarism was a new institution that became the epitome of institutionalized violence—the nation state. This happened because the business of war increasingly became the specialty of secular princes and the new economic forces that supported them. The nation-states they created eventually came to have a monopoly on institutionalized violence, and so ended up with a monopoly on political power as well.

Although Christian violence was responsible for the birth of the modern nation-state, the state nonetheless engaged in a savage struggle with its parent. In time, the state was victorious. The rule of clergy was replaced by the rule of politicians. Scholasticism was replaced by science. Government bureaucracy took over from church hierarchy. But underneath there remained the same class domination, urbanism, militarism, racism, exploitation of nature, and repression of women and sexuality.

The triumph of the nation-state brought with it a shift in Christian values, coinciding with the rise



of Protestantism. Lutheranism, the first successful form of Protestantism, came into being because certain petty states in Germany were willing to use their armies to resist Catholic military power. Luther never forgot this debt and continually supported the secular power's authoritarianism. For example, in 1525 Luther urged the state to suppress with violence the rebelling peasants, whom he compared to mad dogs (Gilbert, p. 155). Lutheranism became a profoundly reactionary religion, whose members were drawn mostly from the upper and middle classes (Gilbert, p. 156).

In Calvinism, the successful accumulation of money was viewed as a sign of God's grace; alienated labor was a "calling"; and self-interested calculation was a sign of rationality. The bourgeois thrust of Calvinism has led some writers like Max Weber to conclude that Protestantism prepared the way for the rise of capitalism. But as we have just seen, the entire Christian tradition was working to this end for a thousand years.

The really different thing about Protestantism is that it tried to purge Christianity of influences it had picked up from paganism. The so-called Reformation was in reality a reaction against the Renaissance, where pagan influence (including a looser sexuality) had had a major impact on Western culture. Protestants empha-

sized the anti-sexual, anti-woman writings of Paul of Tarsus, who was one of the sickest minds that ever lived. They detested anything that suggested sensuality. In some cases, they entered existing churches, smashed the organs, broke the statuary, and white-washed the murals (Gilbert, p. 136). Significantly, they rejected the worship of Mary, whose cult was a survival within the Christian patriarchy of earlier matriarchal values.

The Puritans were the most fanatical of the Protestants. John Knox attacked the status of women in his pamphlet "The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women" (Partridge, p. 116). Thomas Hall published a pamphlet called "The Loathsomenesse of Long Haire" (Partridge, p. 118). Puritans insisted on sexist dress codes. "The Puritans attempted, for reasons which should not be too obscure, to masculinize men as far as possible, and correspondingly, to defeminize and make negative members of the opposite sex" (Partridge, pp. 117-118).

All the major sects of Protestantism agreed on severely repressing sexuality; on inculcating unquestioned obedience to authority, both of the state and of the male head of the family; and on scorning non-Christian and non-white cultures. The rising bourgeoisie eagerly embraced these values and translated them into public policy, where they remain to this day.

And so the story of human history in the West has been the sickening spectacle of increasing patriarchal power, first gradually in the Bronze Age, then with a sudden leap in the triumph of Christianity, and finally overwhelmingly with the onrush of industrialism. Corresponding to this rise has been a fall, first in the status of women, then of rural people, then of Gay people, then of non-white people.

Everywhere the old nature cultures are gone. The Celts are gone, conquered by Caesar. The peasants of Europe are gone, having been murdered, enslaved, or transformed into an urban proletariat. The Indians are gone, wiped out on orders from the Pope and from Washington. The Third World has been going every day. They are all gone, and in their place has come that son of the city of God, that all-conquering Leviathan, the new industrial state.

And that's how it happened that straight white males got control of our lives.



[Aaron Shurin,] *Exorcism of the Straight/ Man/ Demon*
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The Gay
Guys

Good Gay Poets
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The Painted Boy/Blowtorch

I am a painted boy
part of a legend-
the special family
known to all.

I am the fatal tendency
in flower-
the lure
and current danger

this spring
and a few more
before tide turns in
to shadow.

But not yet.
This season I'm a paper lantern
or a moon for an inked-in sky.
I am infected with Fun

dancing in cellars and rooftops
in a sea of warm smoke-
the painted boy-
this year's exciting discovery

with an unblemished face
and a soul- executioner-
or one drop of poison
in a pitcher of cream.

Adrian Brooks
January 1975
San Francisco



Sketch by Michael Smith

stone soup "sissy night"

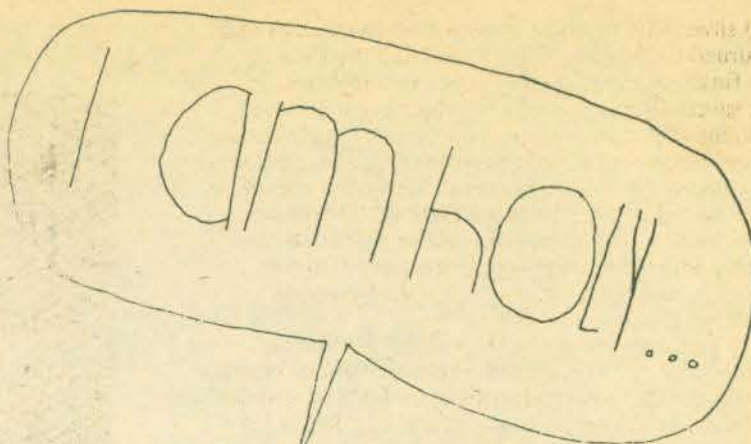
attention misses and mister america
and all the ships at sea
the boiling stone soup poetry society
will feature jesus christ and his disciples
with there rendition of hoe dwn the chimney
or
the poets in open reading will please refrain
from vindictiveness
or
head swiveling jay cee sez
don't you all agree
not a creature was stirring not even a mouse/
snickers guffaws and florid faces
i of the no name society do declare
thursday night sissy night/
say man that's pretty good
the boiling stones
why did'nt i think of that before
must be muh kid knees
or
the indian poco squatting on her haunches
aaaah missee fled your brilliant tonight//

freddie greenfield

dale evans is one of the few people i know
who can add to the bible
god would let her
he remembers roy and dale singing happy trails
i wonder if buttercup and trigger were lovers
was nellybell nelly
the sons of the pioneers were
did bullet leave dogshit all over the west
lady knew
but she hushed it up
after all how do you confront dale evans
through crinolin
did buttercup ever have a rash
at seven years old i felt guilty
because i wished roy and dale were my mom and dad
and i was always slightly disappointed when i came home from the movies
on sunday afternoon and perry como wasn't there to greet me
while in viet nam roy and dale came to visit
there she was
spraynetted under her white cowgirl hat
white and silvered boots
and those crinolins
doing their bit for the boys
roy went unnoticed somehow
upstaged by petticoats
well roy, how do you confront dale evans

-anthony bruno

30.7.75



was jesus christ gay i ast lucien
holy moses are'nt you going to respond
don't just yawn there
don't just lie there
was jesus christ gay
flowing locks
and bagels are five hundred calories
fantastic acts of gay revolution
lifting his cassock i sucked his long
iron cross
oh jesus honey i sd
what a cross
eyed
espied
his ball and chain
wooden pin pricks
saint christopher medals
plaster of paris saints
holy rollers
nasty dicky and his baptist ministers
was jesus christ gay
don't just yawn there
don't just lie there//

freddie greenfield

Poum Three

Is it possible
We have a
Collective
Troubled mind?

The bomb
Politics
Money
Trouble

Love priority:
Diminished
Trouble priority:
Increased
Spells
Unhappy

Perhaps: no solution
Perhaps: mass death
Too bad
For us

But they
Who look on
What will they
Think

Of the New Star
Or Dead Asteroid
With a few pieces
Of scrap metal?

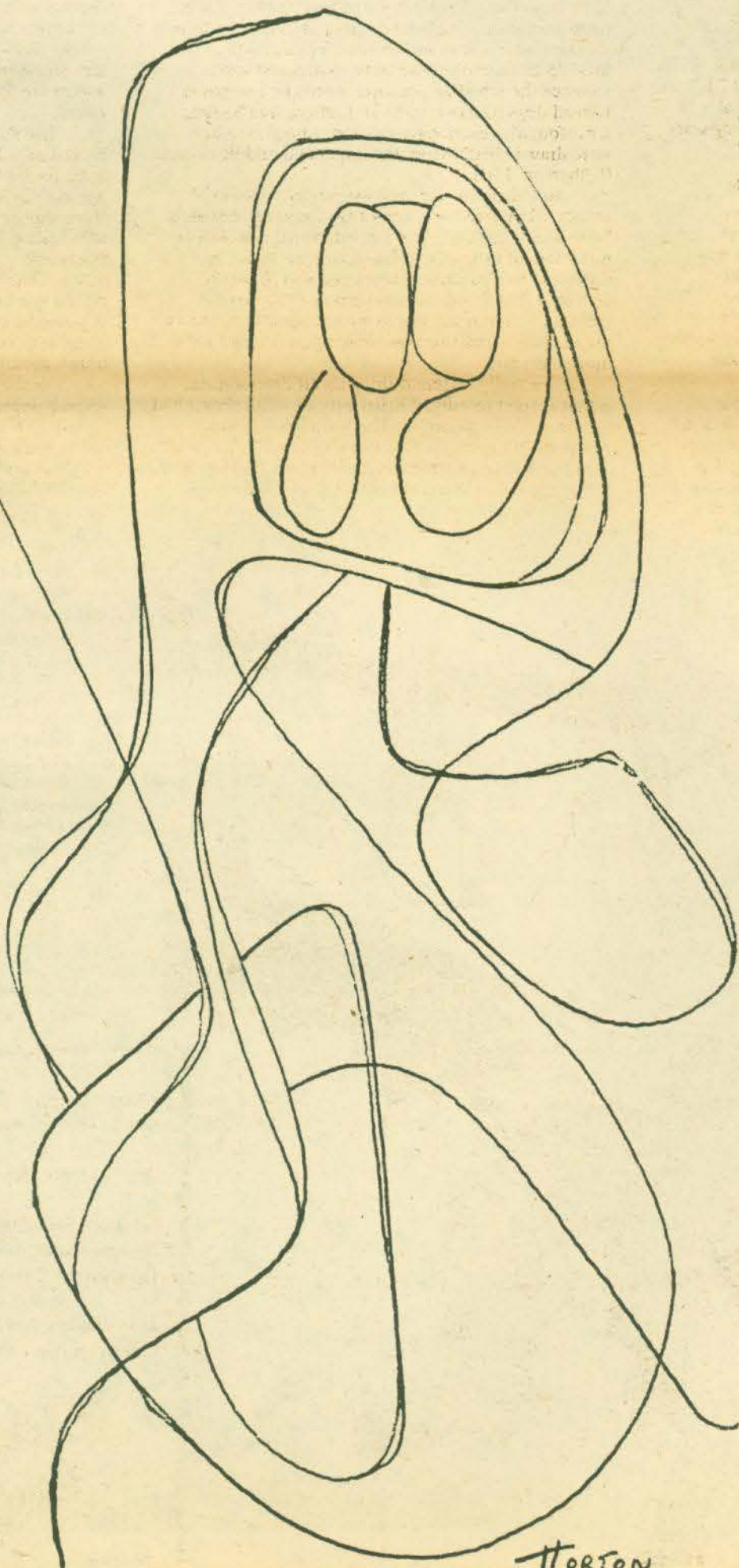
Oh yes,
They are there,
Perched there
The Gods watch

Beady green eyes
Cocks erectly waiving
To mother earth

Sucking sweet bugs
From straws
Angel-fireflies
Buzzing round
Rectums
Open to the distant
Planets
Of: Omega, Buriel and

Toronto.

Ray Horton



Summer Poem 3
for R.

*In canopied clusters
the blackberries lined the path
that the cat bird claimed his own
and squawked to frighten us off,
the path
(with a near clearing of saplings
in eye, slivering sunlight)
where I sucked you into me,
your prick, wet and warm, a sunshaft,
while water trickled sharply
from a forested rock fissure
and a far volcano disrupted
its settled shelves with lava.*

David Chura



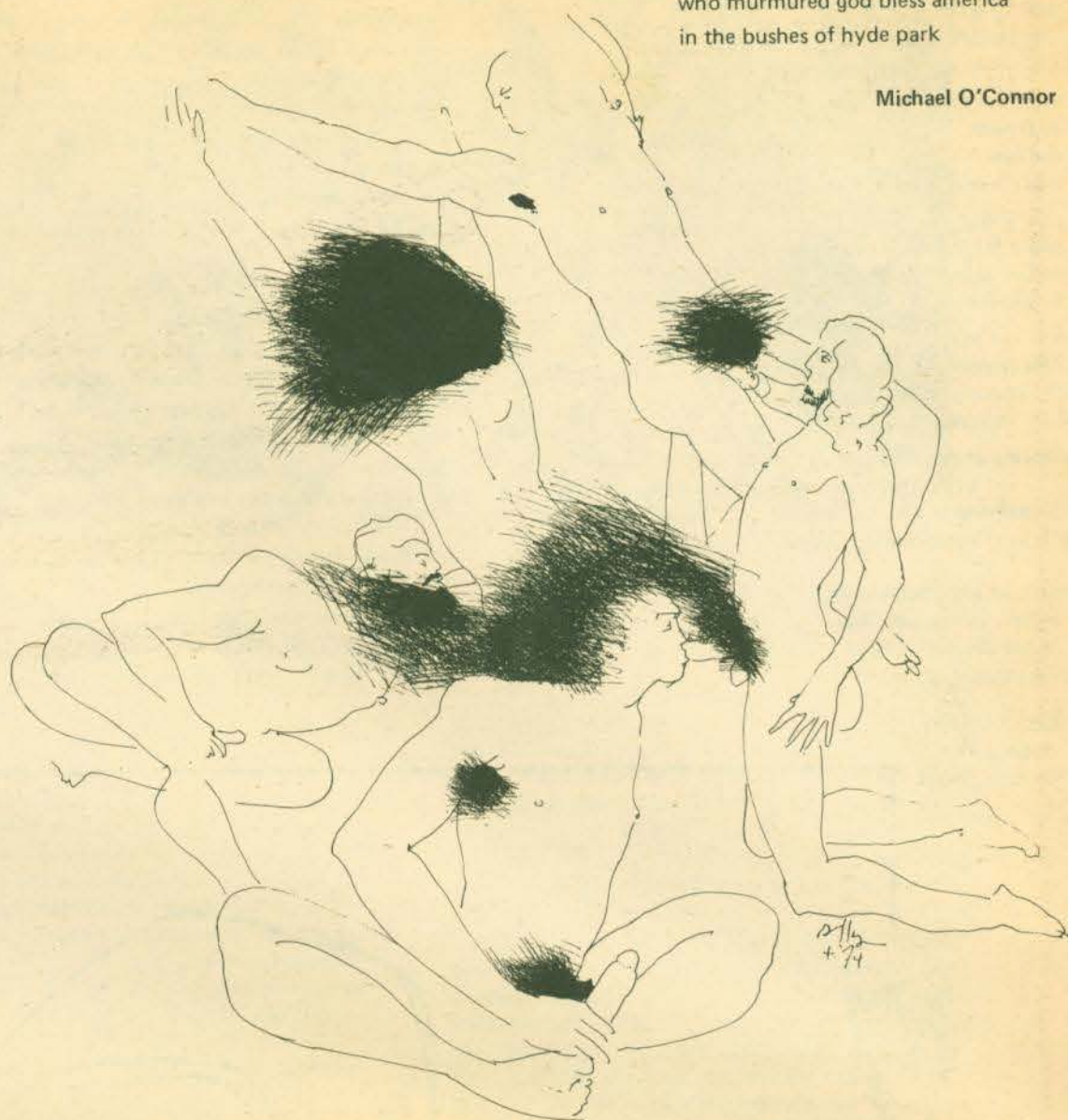
Rosy's cheeks

he pulld me in and
piston fingers filled the slot
locked the door
one stall and sink
let me help you with that
he held my cock/
yellow spurts BLOSSOMING
into a stream
finished/he played with it/until hard
without a word of suggestion or apprehension
he slipt his purple patched/down to his knees
he guided my swollen sex into his warm young
cheeks/
/in the mirror/i watched
the act/
/amazed at what cinematography/
not so hard as Fellini
not so serious as Bergman
/images of hunger and complete
his pants a puddle by his feet

—David Emerson Smith

an englishman
keeps a place in my heart
who murmured god bless america
in the bushes of hyde park

Michael O'Connor



*antony behind the ruins
eyes rough uncut stone
try to emerge
burrow out from under
your thinking
dangling taste tobacco
and nerves
what keep eyes awkward
knees are cold so
enjoy washing your beard your body
again
clean risen become or forget
dyed egg eyed ohio baby not
hearing her head shot kin
i just
forget what i'm doing after
i'm off.
wayne grachow*

For R.

I was as deep inside of you
as anyone had been, you claimed.
Hard and flamed,
veins gorged
as swelled rivers
after a hurricane.
You kept pulling me
into your sucking mouth
until, you said, my prick
tunnelled full
down your throat
and my loving come
filled your heart
forcing out
its chambered emptiness.

And what did I feel?
I am told I feel everything
through my prick,
an extended ganglia
tender to all the world.

So it was that I knew,
as you pulled and I gave,
threading you deeper, finer,
that it was no longer sex
but a mad irreversible journey.

There was inside of you
a feathery force
that lulled with
the trebling sway of fiddleheads.
The sharp jag of your teeth
caught me several times
from a complete tumble
down your throat,
increasing my pleasure
as I raked across
your pebbled mouth:
love must have pulse
as well as ease.

It was in the final depths of you
that my exploration stopped.
Beating my come into you
your body's organed blackness
slivered to light
and my body coursed as blood
through your veins.

David Chura



Photo by Michael Thompson

FAG RAG
BOX 331
KENMORE STATION
BOSTON, MA 02215

James Sanders, Jr. 019517
P.O. Box 747 P-2-N-3
Starke, Florida 32091

Dear Fag Rag:

I am writing you in hope that you can help me; I am (Homo) and like to get a subscription, but due to the circumstances I am quite unable to do so. My family are poor Blacks and unable to send me any money doing these hard times—so if you can I would greatly appreciate it if you could possibly send me one—once in awhile if no more. Oh yes I would get it because we have very bad population problem here and they just let everything in now o.k.

"Thank you for your time"
James Sanders, Jr.



DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

DIVISION OF INSTITUTIONS

Oklahoma State Penitentiary

P.O. BOX 97

McAlester, Oklahoma 74501

TELEPHONE 423-4700
AREA CODE 918

DATE: 9-30-75

FROM: Deputy Warden

TO: _____ Inmate No. _____

This institution is in receipt of the following publication addressed to you:

Fag Rag Summer 1975
Name of Publication Date of Issue

You are hereby notified that this publication is being withheld for the reason that it contains articles which are detrimental to the preservation of security, good order and discipline within the penitentiary.

If you have additional facts and views to submit regarding this publication, please list them below and return this form within 5 days from this date.

DEAR FAG RAG: AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS FORM THAT I RECEIVED THE OTHER DAY, I AM NOT GETTING THE PAPER YOU ARE SENDING ME. ALTHOUGH I THINK THESE PEOPLE'S ACTIONS IN WITHHOLDING MY LITERATURE IS HIGHLY ILLEGAL, I AM HELPLESS TO STOP THEM FROM DOING SO. I DON'T THINK FAG RAG IS DETRIMENTAL TO THE PRESERVATION OF SECURITY, GOOD ORDER AND DISCIPLINE, BUT THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR SOME PEOPLE'S OPINIONS!!!

I THINK THAT WHAT ONE OF THE PROBLEMS IS THAT YOU ARE SENDING THE FAG RAG TO THE PENITENTIARY. I AM NO LONGER AT THE PENITENTIARY BUT AM AT THE REFORMATORY. I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD RELATIONSHIP WITH THE AUTHORITIES HERE, SO CAN YOU START SENDING THE FAG RAG TO ME AT THE REFORMATORY? THE ADDRESS IS, _____ BOX 514, GRANITE, OKLAHOMA 73547.

THANKS FOR LISTENING TO ME. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN SEEING THIS FORM, IT SHOWS YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO SOME OF YOUR PAPERS. IT IS AN AGGRAVATING SITUATION TO HAVE MY LITERATURE WITHHELD LIKE THIS, BUT WHEN YOU'RE IN PRISON THESE FOLKS HAVE THE POWER OF GOD AND IF YOU MAKE TOO MANY WAVES OVER IT THEY CAN MAKE IT PRETTY TOUGH ON YOU. BYE, AND THANKS AGAIN,

D. C. - 6035



RETURN TO SENDER
NOT AT PMB, ATLANTA

~~CON WILDES~~

~~SEP 22 1975~~

~~ATLANTA, GA~~

Dear Fag Rag Staff:

Something must be done about this outrage!

The Michigan Department of Corrections are not allowing prisoners here to have the publications from our subscriptions to Fag Rag.

Mr. Perry Johnson, Director; Mr. Robert Brown, Deputy Director; Mr. Charles Utess, Director of Treatment at Southern Prison Southern Michigan have unconstitutionally and disrespectfully placed the above named newspaper on the Prisons library restricted list, therefore banning us from receiving our copies. My first issue that you sent to me must have slipped by them somehow because I got it, but it is still banned!

This corrupted sexist administration claims that because of the sexual display of fellatio seen in one of the issues of the newspaper and that is unhealthy and influences homosexuality here. We have voiced that the entire penal system is a designed homogeneous homosexual atmosphere.

They allow other publications such as Playboy, Penthouse, Sir, OUI and numerous other heterosexual magazines that display or outline the art of cunnilingus! These people are nuts!

What can we do about this outrage to our human dignity?

"Gay love, peace—Kisses & Blessings for our forth-coming victory in getting the Glorious Fag Rag back to its rightful owners"

Kenneth "Angie" Brown
129422
P.O. Box E
Jackson, Michigan 49204

LETTERS

The above prison letters are indicative of some prison administrators' suppression and I believe illegal censorship of gay literature in state and federal institutions.

The FAG RAG staff is exploring the possibilities of taking legal action against prison censorship.

We are a non-profit collective and send our journal free to inmates in state and federal institutions. We cannot afford court costs nor lawyer fees. We would greatly appreciate any volunteer legal assistance available.

We also invite joint participation with other journals, whose goals are gay liberation, in pursuing a viable solution to homophobic censorship of our literature in penal institutions.

Thank you,
Freddie Greenfield
Staff Member

FIRST ATTEMPTS

I'm afraid of spring
This seems contrary to every breath breathed by the epitome of Humanhood in reverence, eyes, head bowed
Meditating upon the gamut of glory that
Renews itself annually.

That's what scares me.

The beginning of a sentence.

The first word spoken on Sundays.

An opening glance.

The first paragraph of an article in the Times.

The first one hundred pages of a novel.

January first.

April first.

The first fist thrown in a brawl.

The first tender touch.

The first cigarette of the day.

Breakfast.

Mondays.

Fridays.

New friends

New enemies

New laws

New teachers

New students

New York.

This is my mating call

I was the first to say this

And the last to read it.

Stuart Kaufman

A Word to the Wise

If this mouth
full of gold
doesn't tell you
or the dishes
piled on the sink
or the garbage
stinking underneath,
I'm not one who
takes good care of things;
my scattered lovers
will.

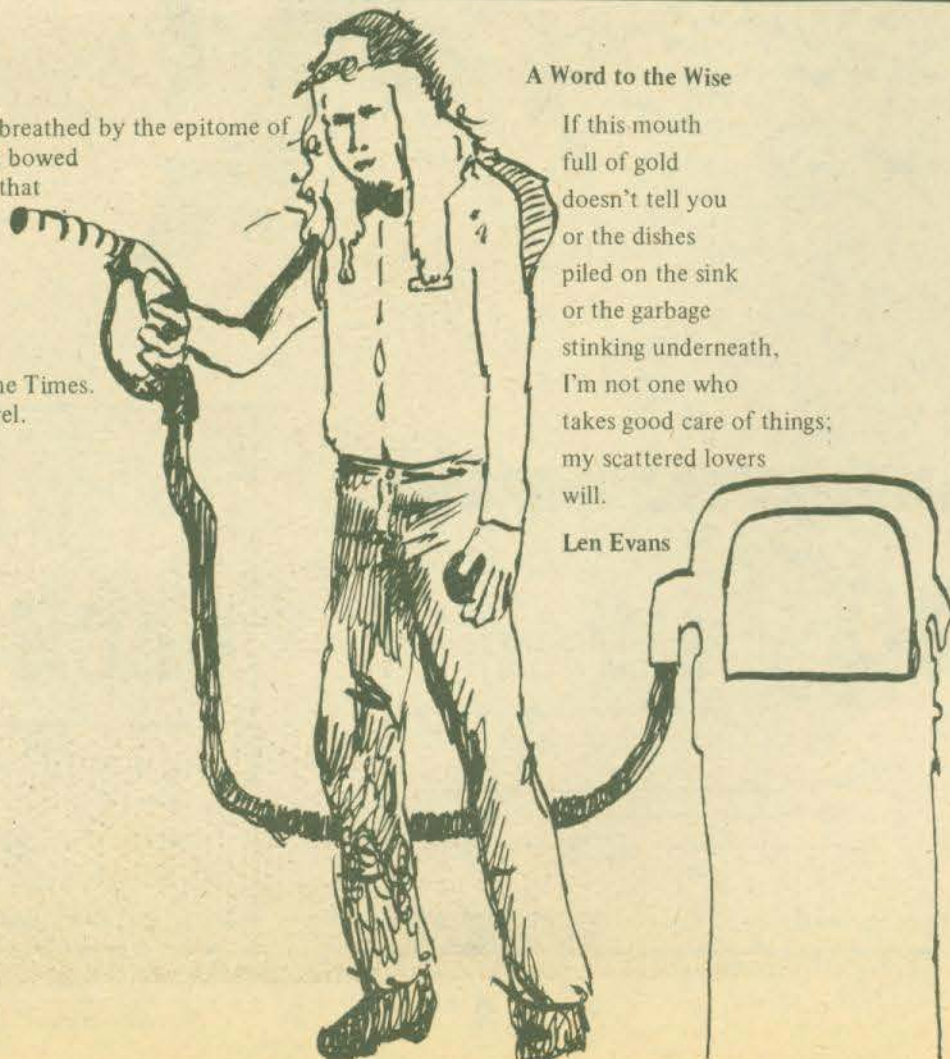
Len Evans

AN ANNIVERSARY OF SORTS

Zephyr showed up
last night
with Zaff
unlikely as that sounds
and brought back the boots
he borrowed last year
before he disappeared.

And now they're back
the boots, and Zaff
and Zephyr too;
too late
for what I had in mind
last year
but back I'm glad to say
and just about
like new.

Len Evans



Handwritten signature

NEW DOORS

Dear Fag Rag:

John Mitzel's piece, critical of sado-masochistic trends (your November-December issue) opened new doors in the gay press, doors that I hope FAG RAG will keep open on a regular basis.

While it's certainly OK for two consenting adults to beat, pinch, restrain, bond, slap, burn, shit on and piss at each other, introducing technological assistance to enhance their pleasure in pain, one wonders if the values they express in their sex lives do not—in some instances—carry over into their personal lives, their business lives, their thought processes.

If they do not, as many insist is the case, it is certain, at least, that their sexual behavior gives a kind of credence to sadism and acceptance of role playing dominance in other aspects of life.

At the same time, their sex lives, if not indicative of personal/social behavior outside of bed must, of necessity, be chopped off completely from the rest of their lives—a category, sex—divided like the contents in *Time* magazine from the rest of their existence. It may be that sado-masochistic personalities tend toward a high degree of over-intellectualized classificationism.

It takes real strength not to weigh heavy on others, but to be gentle. It takes self-awareness too, gentleness does.

Thank you, FAG RAG, for starting this dialogue.
Jack Nichols

no mail too

Dear FAG RAG:

I'm sorry you don't get much mail. I know how you feel, 'cause I love to get mail too! Here's a poem, not very good, but a poem to the dude I love. . .he doesn't know how he feels about me; he hasn't for the last four plus years I've known him. . .but he hasn't seen me pass by like many of his other relationships. It's complicated but on to the poem:

To Bob Samuels

Gypsy eyes
Always flirting
With seeking eyes
Who want that eye to eye embrace
That few receive.

Gypsy eyes
My eyes aren't meant
To catch and stop your's roving;
Mine watch
And catch the excitement
Of others eyes
Seeing as they will
That hot stare
As love is driven home
As mine have.

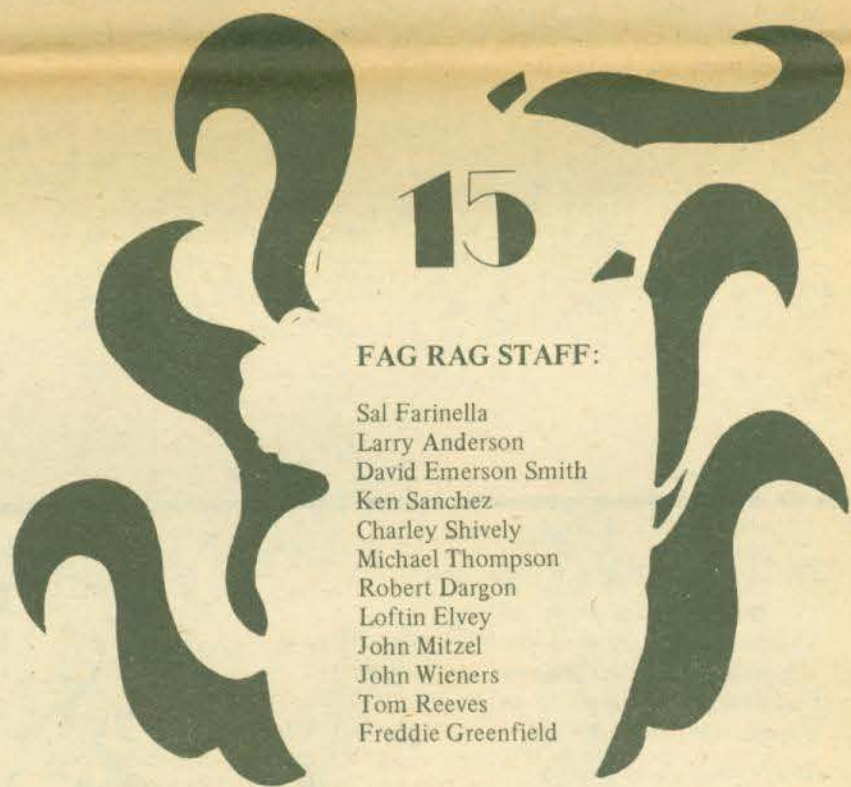
—Le Dragon

My friends and Bob know me as Le Dragon, 'cause I'm a real dragon-freak. They have been unfortunately all given a bad name, especially with the Tolkien books. My work is cut out for me I guess (sigh). If you know of any dragons, or dragon-freaks for that matter, refer them to me. Thanks. Hope you get lotsa mail.

Wonderfully joyous,
David (Le Dragon)



Sketch by Michael Smith



FAG RAG STAFF:

Sal Farinella
Larry Anderson
David Emerson Smith
Ken Sanchez
Charley Shively
Michael Thompson
Robert Dargon
Loftin Elvey
John Mitzel
John Wieners
Tom Reeves
Freddie Greenfield



Fag Rag



BOX 331
KENMORE STATION
BOSTON, MA 02215

LIFETIME Sponsor: \$100
FRIEND of Fag Rag: \$25
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Name _____
Address _____
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Free to those incarcerated in prisons, mental hospitals, and the armed forces.

BACK ISSUES!

Packet No. 1—"Collectors' Packet"
(Issues 1, 2 and 3; while they last) . . . \$50.00
Packet No. 2—(Issues 4, 5 and 6) . . . \$15.00
Packet No. 3—(Issues 7&8, 9 and 10) . . . \$10.00
Packet No. 4—(Issues 11, 12, 13 and 14) . . . \$ 5.00

Dear Fag Rag,

I rarely write editors except to complain (*The Advocate*, *Time*, etc.) so this letter to compliment you is indeed rare. Three articles from Issue 14 prompted this statement of enthusiasm: "Mitzel 10 Points in Criticism", "I.W.Y.", and Arthur Evans' "Sex Magic". The series by Evans has held my interest from the beginning and I'd like to know more about the author. (I'm active in the U.S.C. Gay Student Union and into Gay research in American history.) Your publication stands singular in my admiration. Please continue to publish at your present high level of sophistication and imagination!

A devoted friend,
Sal



Dear Fag Rag,

So, you're looking for responses. I've withheld mine a long time because it was at first an essentially negative one, and it has, alas, remained much the same. Oh, in many ways I'm a conservative fag and I suppose it's been Mama's persistent education in matters of breeding and taste that makes me shudder at FAG RAG. Let's face it: FAG RAG is unabashedly tacky. But it isn't the overt tackiness of Bunny La Rue's pathetic and brave attempts, sprung from an active if giddimmed intelligence, nor the necessarily up-front, no-holds-barred tone of the articles that upset me, but it is the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of much of the poetry (verbal ejaculations of masturbation fantasies and, boy, are they *grim*!) and the staggering intellectual pretensions and homo-dogma chauvinism in such articles as "Lollipop" Sucking (or sucking or fucking *something*). It's been a long series and, boy has it been *tedious*!) As an Act of Revolution. Of course, the illustrations are exasperatingly sexist.

Each time I read the RAG I get the feeling—and this is meant to be unmitigated criticism, in case you didn't think so—that the paper comes out of California. Witchcraft. Bestiality. Far out. Very in. And as the ideas wend their way from those polluted shores of the Pacific they pass Madison Avenue and d. 30 by untouched. The profound confusion of sexuality and cosmetics (either innate or applied) in America has been grist for the mills of the advertising industry for a long time. For example, the California Adonises in the cigarette ads come complete with coif, necklace and the ubiquitous denim but *no* cigarette. After all, Winston isn't selling tobacco, they're hawking sex appeal. (Some are less subtle: "I like the box" doesn't fool Edith Bunker.) But add a prick and obligatory beard and zowie!—counterculture illustrations a la FAG RAG.

The paper claims to be revolutionary, but penis preoccupation is as old as the hills (vide, your own illustrations) and is only part of the human condition, not an *issue*. Furthermore, body fetishism is no help to the cause. It's the same abominable shit that the establishment has been laying on us all along, in barely altered disguise—sexism, materialism, totalitarianism. (If, as I seriously think it is, penis worship is a product of feelings of inadequacy and self-hatred, will attendance at the shrine decline as we come to believe in our own worth? I guess the question here, for me at least, is: are homosexuality and penis worship the same thing?)

It seems to me that FAG RAG is missing the mark by not focusing on the destruction of the idea of aesthetic sexuality; that is, the identification of certain types as sex objects. Sex object connotes sex subject which is the crux of the active/passive syndrome. Many heterosexuals are finding sex roles inhibiting (for women, suffocating), why do we ape them, when chances for reinforcement are only illusory and there is so much to be gained by mutuality?

I see now that I'm tilting at windmills. Mutuality removes sexuality from the physical to the mental and, ironically, from the fantastic to the real. But we want our fantasies. They demand so little of us. We can cruise for hours in search of the 18 year old with 10 inches and a face like Jesus without once considering ourselves. We can shun the old, the fat, the forlorn in quest of something that is unattainable but the very inverse of an ideal.

I also must confess to being an introvert, but I don't think that completely refutes my contention that it is important to discuss such phenomena as gay alcoholism, gay despair, gay suicide not only in the terms of changing the fabric of society (a necessary thing) but also in terms of changing ourselves, of expanding our understanding of ourselves and of our fellows.

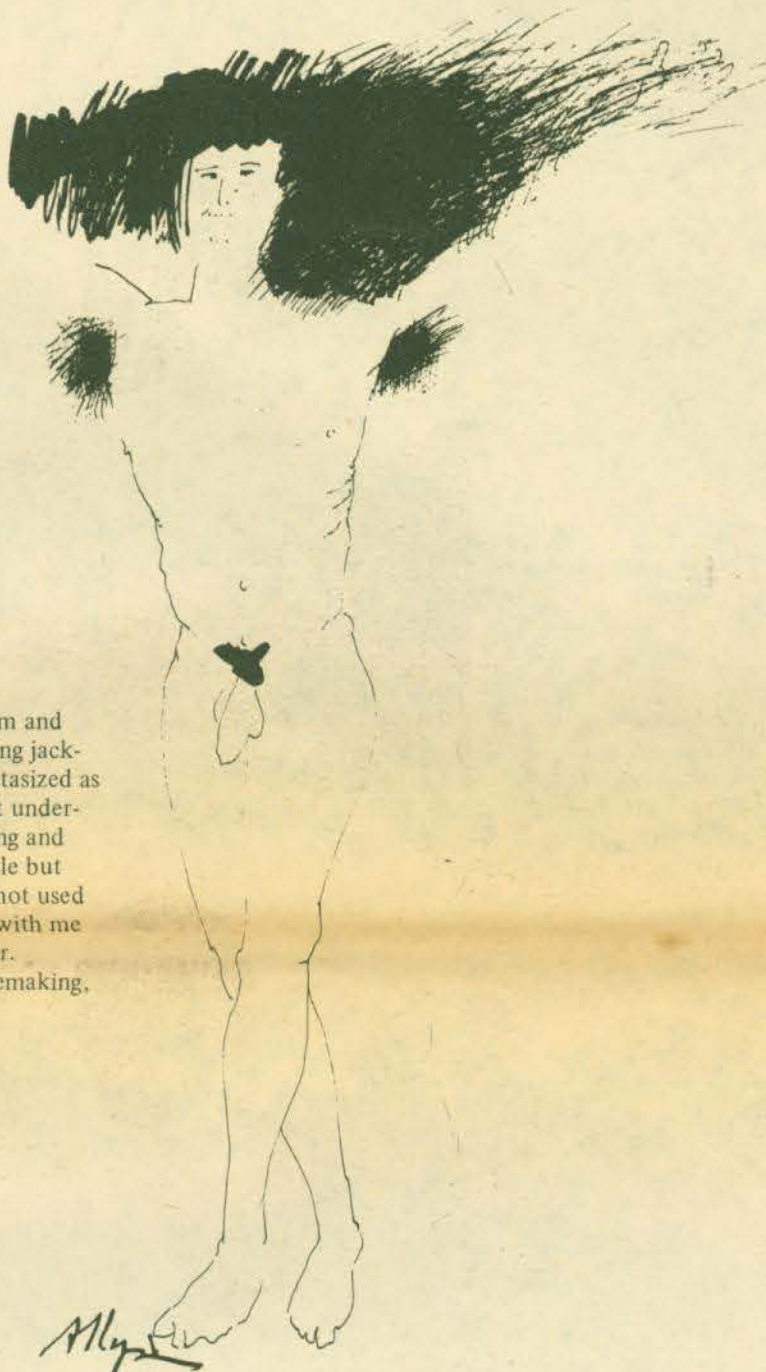
Sincerely,
Jonathan P. Feldman

DISTURBED

Dear Fag Rag,

I was dismayed and disturbed by the poem and huge drawing in which a violent, rock-crushing jackhammer is compared to a penis and even fantasized as being thrust into someone's rectum. I do not understand the sexuality represented in this drawing and poem, and I find it not only incomprehensible but frightening. All I can say is that my penis is not used as a jackhammer, and any man making love with me had better not think that his is a jackhammer.

Yours for tenderness in lovemaking,
Allen Young



PS...

PS kisses to you too

kisses to you too lots
kisses to you too lots lots
kisses to you too lots lots lots
kisses to you too lots lots lots lots
kisses to you too lots lots lots lots lots
kisses to you too lots lots lots lots lots lots
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kisses to you too lots lots lots lots lots lots lots lots lots lots

—P. Leif Nelson



Sexual Minorities: Serial Sources of Information on Male Homosexuals, Lesbians, Transvestites and Transsexuals held by the Labadie Collection of Protest Literature, compiled by Ed SantaVicca.

This listing of 127 serial titles and holdings currently in the Labadie Collection (University of Michigan) is available for \$1 plus a stamped (20c) self-addressed envelope. Order by writing the compiler, c/o School of Library Science, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104, through April 1976.

NOTICES

WE NEED GAY LAWYERS

The People's College of Law is a new 4-year law school oriented toward those usually excluded from the legal educational process.

Gay people, especially lesbians and third world gays are definitely welcome. Entrance requirements are 2 years of college leading toward a Bachelor's degree, or you must take the college equivalency test. Tuition is low. Graduates receive a Juris Doctor degree and are eligible to take the California Bar Exam. All applicants should be committed to use the law as a tool for social change.

Classes enter each January and September.

For more information, write GAY CAUCUS, c/o PCL/NLG, 2228 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90057.

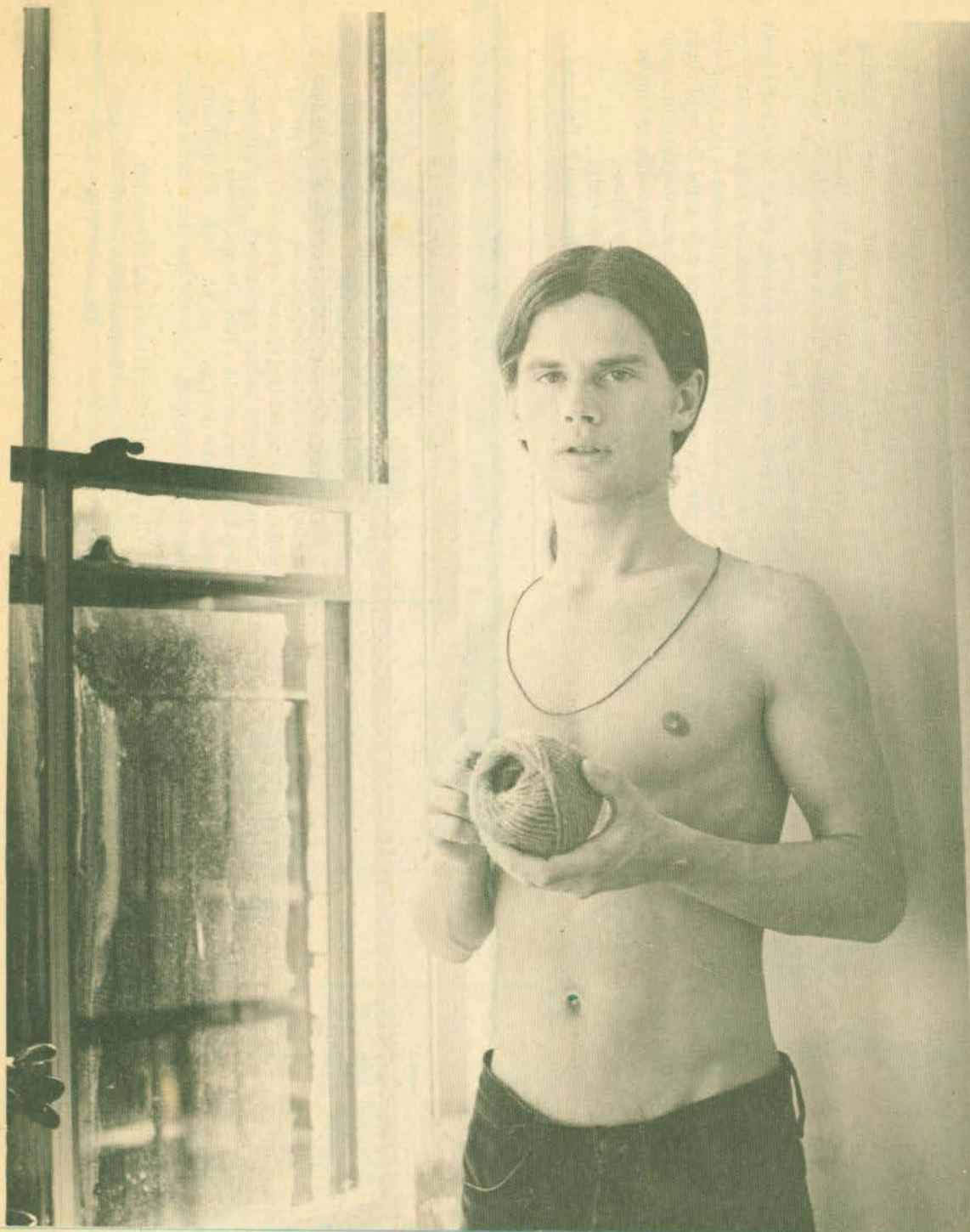


Photo by Young

Fag Rag

Fifteen