

# ELOINA'S LETTER AND TESTIMONY

Excerpt from *A República dos Assassinos*

**Aguinaldo Silva:** Born in Carpina (Pernambuco), Brazil in 1944, he moved to Rio de Janeiro at the age of twenty and has lived there ever since, very active as a journalist and as a writer of short stories and novels. In 1978 he became editorial coordinator of the new gay cultural newspaper *Lampião*, but also continues in his job as reporter for a big Rio de Janeiro daily paper.

Aguinaldo Silva's first novel, *Redenção para Job* (Redemption for Job) appeared in 1961 when he was only seventeen years old. There followed in 1965, his second novel, *Cristo Partido ao Meio* (Christ Divided in Half). Two other novels and one volume of short stories were published between those early works and his latest novels, *Primeira Carta aos Andróginos* (First Letter to the Androgynes), 1975, and *A República dos Assassinos* (The Republic of the Assassins), 1976. The former novel is a poetic celebration of homosexuality.

*A República dos Assassinos* (The Republic of the Assassins) grew out of Aguinaldo Silva's involvement with journalism, a profession to which he has dedicated much of his energy since 1962. His special interest, throughout all this time, has been the Brazilian subculture of organized crime and its complex interrelationship—not always hostile—with the organized forces of the law.

*The Republic of the Assassins* focuses on a particularly turbulent period in the police history of Rio de Janeiro—the years between 1968 and 1972, when the crimes of the infamous Death Squadron reached their peak. It is a novelized account of the career and subsequent trial of Mateus Romeiro, a police official whose reputation as a man of the law has been abruptly eclipsed by the disclosure of his activities as a man of crime. The story of Mateus Romeiro (and thus of the vast network of corruption to which he belonged) is revealed, piece by piece, in the form of interviews, court testimonies, monologues, letters, and memoirs, by the people who knew him and were involved with him in some form or another.

The following two chapters from the novel explore Romeiro's relationship with a drag-queen named Eloina and dramatically reveal the aura of fear and violence which still hangs over the lives of the people who were touched by him.

## Eloina's letter

... you must certainly be wondering who is this queen who's writing to you from some unknown corner of the world, who refuses to address you in the tone you're accustomed to—that of your fan letters—but brings news of terrible things. Marlene Graça, you're doomed, marked forever like I am but you don't know it, stuck with the son of Mateus Romeiro and all the scars he left you. Because of that I'm writing to you now, now that he's abandoned you and fled. Just to let you know what kind of man you gave two years of life to, and at such a risk that now it will be hard for you to be what you were before, now that he's gone. Who am I? No, you don't know me, you've never even heard my name unless your ex-lover might have casually mentioned it in front of you, which is doubtful: he never talks about the people he kills, and he killed me, in a certain manner of speaking, one night in 1970, in a hotel room in Catete. It was there that he took my man, Carlinhos, and left him in the gutter. (Do you know what I mean when I talk about the gutter, Marlene? Did you ever realize that many nights when he came home to your arms Mateus Romeiro had left a man dead somewhere in the gutter?)

My name is Eloina. My whereabouts are unknown because I'm hiding from Mateus, though by now he doesn't even remember that I exist. I gave this letter to a truck driver, along with a little money, and got a promise from him that he'd mail it when he got to Rio. That way you will not know where I am (even though you're separated from Mateus Romeiro, you're still a threat because tomorrow you might go back to him. After all, you had a child by him.) but at the same time you'll hear what I have to say. During these past two years I've collected all the newspaper clippings that have to do with him and have followed step by step the news of his downfall, knowing it would have to happen because that lover of yours is cursed and he ruins everything he

touches. During these two years I've prayed that you would manage to get away from him before he ruined you, and now I see that my prayers have been answered. It was with joy that I heard the news that finally he—that terrible man—had been unmasked, and that the death of Carlinhos, my lover, appeared in the list of his crimes. And yesterday when I saw in the paper that he had fled to Paraguay I decided to write to you and tell you everything, pouring out onto paper the terrible story that is choking me.

I worked for Mateus Romeiro. Do you remember the deal with the travelers checks? We, the whores and drag-queens, stole from the tourists in the dirty rooms of cheap hotels and then handed their documents and checks over to Mateus for someone to forge the signatures. That gives you some idea of the kind of things he was mixed up in, but that's not what I want to talk about (I committed my crimes, too, for sure, but for me the only way to make a place for myself in a world that rejected me was to steal something from someone). What I want to talk about is the death of Carlinhos.

It was through me that he met Mateus Romeiro. In those days we had a room on Taylor Street in Lapa. I had met him two years before and we moved in together because we were both very lonely. In just two years we became more than lovers: we were brothers. One was the column that supported the other, you know how it is—such things sound ridiculous when you try to say them, but for two people like us, so much alone, they were essential truths (you must be surprised by the disparity between my story and the language I use to tell it, but don't be: when I left home I was about to start by second year of classical studies—I left because my family discovered that I was queer). Anyway, bit by bit, I began to do a drag number in a cabaret called Casanova, and Carlinhos dedicated himself to robbing rich old queens. It was in the cabaret that a woman asked me to take part in that racket with the travelers checks. I couldn't make up my mind about it until she told me that the leader of the gang was Mateus Romeiro, a police officer whom I knew by name and of whom I was very much afraid. If he could do such a thing, I thought, then why couldn't I? We made a date then, and I was introduced to the bastard (you may not believe it, but that same night he fucked me).

A queen in need, you know, is capable of anything. So it wasn't long until I was one of the most active members of the gang, and because of that I acquired a certain prestige in the eyes of Mateus Romeiro (who had me many other times, honey, rest assured of that). And so one day I told him that I had a friend who was worse off than I was and that he needed any kind of job he could get. He said that men were no good for the routine with the travelers checks but that he had something better. And he said for Carlinhos to look for him, several days later, in a bar on Rua Prado Júnior—that's where he operated from, remember? That's how it all began, how we got mixed up with him without ever thinking of the tragic end that was waiting for us.

The work he had for Carlinhos was risky—and I begged him not to take it but he didn't want to look like a coward. This was the job: running stolen cars from Rio to Mato Grosso and then coming back with a load of cocaine. Two days after their first meeting Carlinhos was already on his way with the first car, and there began the long chain of events that could only lead to an unhappy ending. I begged him to quit, but how could he? Mateus Romeiro paid well and was the kind of person you couldn't get away from; he gave all of his workers the feeling that he cared for them and was protecting them—the soft, warm voice of his, remember? And his silk-smooth hands, his cold gray eyes (even today I'm torn between pleasure and repulsion when I think of him, and if you no longer love him, you must feel the same way).

... yes, I'll put your mind at ease: he was almost always drunk when he made love to me. And because of that I learned to associate the smell of liquor with sex, with dirty things in general, because of the way he haunched violently over me and spilled his rotten, stinking breath into my face. It was awful, awful and at the same time sweetly morbid to feel him on top of me, knowing that pleasure was only a moment away, regardless of what I had to endure to have it. During those nights he gave me the impression of being mortally dangerous; when he held me in his arms I felt as if I were on the brink of death—I always imagined the moment

when he would finally kill me, when he'd enfold me in a last embrace and leave me lying there. I always thought he'd do it in one of his harsh, impulsive moments, him about to pass out, with me balanced precariously on the fine high-wire of my fear. I remember once, in a half-empty apartment where he took me, how he made love to me on top of a carved chest. I sat down on the edge of the chest and wrapped my legs around his hips, and he bit one of my arms until he tasted blood, while I moaned—yes, I moaned and whined with pain because the carved relief on the chest dug into the skin on my back as he entered me. Mateus Romeiro always seemed to me to get too involved in each sexual act, giving all of himself as if that were the last, and yet all of them left him unsatisfied. Once he told me that it happened that way because I was queer, that with women it was different; he said that while I was staring at his cock, so desolate-looking after so much effort. He said it and I kept quiet, and I closed my eyes and breathed deeply: I knew it was a lie, but who would dare to contradict a murder machine? No, Marlene Graça, don't think out of pride that he was better with you, that he fucked you with less desperate deliberation, for I know that Mateus Romeiro's only real delight was death.

... soon I became aware of something that troubled me even more: Mateus Romeiro, contrary to what the women had said, was not the leader of the organization. There was someone else above him, or some thing, probably too complex for us to understand it, and that was what frightened me. I heard conversations, stored whole sentences away in my memory, and, at times, thought I was piecing together the riddle and that the whole secret would soon be revealed to me, but before long I always realized that I was mistaken and I'd have to go back to the beginning and start again. One thing, though, I knew for sure: it was not only we, the whores and drag-queens, who were entangled in that sorry affair, but also policemen, journalists, lawyers, businessmen, all sorts of people whom the newspapers considered worthy of great respect, and who, in the street, would undoubtedly step aside to avoid coming face to face with the likes of us. Our criminality, one might think, would make us equals, but that was not the case. We were still the outlaws, the persecuted ones, and I knew that one day, if necessary, we would be the ones on whom the weight of the law would descend (the fact that Mateus' crimes have suddenly been discovered doesn't mean that he's going to be punished. Somehow or other, the others will find a way to save him. Furthermore, I suspect that only some unexpected defect in the gears of the system led to his being discovered at all—a defect that will be very quickly mended).

Yes, we moved to another apartment—why not? We no longer lived where we had lived before, we spent more money than we'd ever dreamed of, but always with the ominous feeling that we had been born into the world to be punished. And in the meantime, the others, those who pocketed most of the proceeds from those rackets—they were clean and respectable, and almost any day you could see their names in the newspapers, with Mateus' name alongside theirs. I could see the situation clearly and tried to explain it to Carlinhos, who refused to pay attention to what I said. In a way he felt proud of being a part of the organization; the whole thing, to him, was just a kind of adventure, and as for the danger all around him, he couldn't see it or didn't want to see it.

It was about that time when the first men were killed. I remember that two of them, Jonas and Oldair, were friends of ours and had made many runs with Carlinhos. But he passed off their deaths as two coincidences. Even when Jonas' wife told me that it was Mateus who had killed him, and I passed the word to Carlinhos, he refused to believe it (Jonas' wife, only days later, threw herself from the fifth floor of a hotel on Tiradentes Square). And, at the same time, we were caught up in the passage of time, we had to work, to survive, and if I was eager to convince him that it was time for us to pull out and run away, I nevertheless postponed from day to day any mention of the matter, and soon Carlinhos would be off again, on another run to Mato Grosso in a stolen car, and when he would come back with the load of cocaine or vials of Anorexil and Pervitin there'd be another car waiting for him. Mateus Romeiro, with his voice always warm and soft, drew us deeper and deeper into the net, his gaze promising me things that I tried in vain to reject.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

In this issue we present considerable material on gay life and literature in Brazil, the largest country in South America (population 100 million) and the most diverse, ranging from the Amazonian jungles of the north to the modern cities of the south (Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Brasília).

Undoubtedly Brazil offers the richest lode of gay literature in all Latin America. The first openly gay novel published anywhere in the world appeared here in 1896: Adolfo Caminha's *Bom Crioulo*. It detailed the love affair between a black sailor and an adolescent cabin boy and caused a sensation at the time of its publication, resulting in the author's court trial, reminiscent of Britain's Oscar Wilde trial of the very same decade.

Short stories on homosexual themes, not all of them by gay authors, appeared in Brazil in the 1940's, 50's, 60's. Many of these were collected and published in Gasparino Damata's pioneering anthology *Historias do Amor Maldito* (1969). This was followed two years later by Damata's anthology of gay poetry, *Poemas do Amor Maldito*. In the past three years there has been a real flourishing of gay short fiction, very open and frank: some

of it in collections by one author (Darcy Penteado, Gasparino Damata); other material in collections of stories on diverse themes (Fernando Abreu, João Silverio Trevisan, Aguinaldo Silva, Edilberto Coutinho). Yet in this same period there has strangely been a dearth of published poetry on homosexual themes—at least poetry of a high literary level.

In Summer 1977 I visited Brazil and met with many writers and artists in Bahia, Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo (including most of those mentioned above). The main purpose of the visit was to gather literary material for the anthology of Latin American gay literature to be published by Gay Sunshine Press (in English translation). All the writers I met were most hospitable and open, and I obtained a wealth of literary material—far too much, in fact, for inclusion of all of it in the anthology. The material presented in this present issue of *Gay Sunshine* represents that overflow. It will not be duplicated in the book, where the rest of the material will appear.

During my visit I was interviewed on the projected anthology by several magazines and journals, including *Véja* and *Istoé*, the Brazilian equivalents of *Time* and *Newsweek*, as well as by alternative magazines such as *Pasquim*. I was able to speak at length on gay liberation, its connections with feminism, and on gay literature. As a

result of these interviews the forthcoming anthology is being eagerly awaited by many in Brazil and will doubtless be reviewed there. Two special gatherings of gay writers and intellectuals were held in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro to welcome me and to exchange information. During these meetings several of the Brazilian writers met each other for the first time. One positive result was the formation of a group which has recently started the first gay cultural Brazilian journal, *Lampião* (subscriptions available—Caixa Postal 41031, Santa Teresa, Rio de Janeiro, RJ CEP 20000, Brazil).

—Winston Leyland

Translations from the original Portuguese were done by Erskine Lane, author of the recent book *Game Texts* and translator for the forthcoming collection *Now the Volcano: An Anthology of Latin American Gay Literature* (including material from Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, Peru and Colombia). This anthology will be published by Gay Sunshine Press in Spring 1979. Readers can pre-order the book now (no prepayment required) by writing to us.

Erskine Lane translated the short stories by Damata, Penteado, Silva, Abreu and Trevisan in this issue; plus the poems by Franklin Jorge and Pizarnik, and the Venezuelan article on sodomy among primitive peoples. The Coutinho short story was translated by the author himself.



Suddenly one night he appeared in the Casanova cabaret where I sang *El diá en que me quieras* dressed in a fishtail gown. That night he winked at me.

Promises, promises. He, at least, promised something—I must give him credit for that (see Marlene, how I began this letter on a note of hatred, and now I can't avoid a certain tone of nostalgia). He promised each of us a violent death, and if we were not aware of that it was because we didn't want to be—to tell the truth, we were caught between the organization and the world, and the whole affair, I realized later, was a terribly complex closed circle in which the organization and the world were a single unit, the world being merely the base upon which the other rested.

It was about that time that Mateus Romeiro's deeds turned him into a national figure. His name was in all the newspapers; his gray eyes stared disdainfully at the world from all the magazines. And he went to live with you, remember? You were a talented entertainer and all the publicity was good for you, as it was for him. And in the meantime we were left to suffer the consequences of his crimes.

One day Carlinhos came home frightened and said he couldn't live with me anymore because the São Paulo police were after him. Some mixed-up story, never completed, about drugs, something about a quick escape from a hotel one morning at daybreak, in which he jumped from one window to another down to the ground to keep from being caught. That, I knew, was the beginning of the end (an investigation of the travelers check racket was already under way, and through it the hand of justice would at least reach out for Mateus Romeiro and he would be included among the guilty). He would move to a hotel in Catete and stay there whenever he was in Rio, he said, and I could do no more than visit him. Almost at the same time the "spawning season," as the newspapers called it, began: corpses, always with the same tell-tale signs, appeared floating in the Guandu River. Handcuff marks on their wrists, a thread of tough nylon around their necks, and enough .45 calibre bullets in their bodies to make them look like seedbeds.

During the last days that Carlinhos was alive I could only communicate with him by letter. By then, our past was over, buried once and for all. I was no longer the queen who lived by whoring and he was no longer the boy who assaulted rich old fairies: without knowing it, we were fenced in, and for that reason the organization would soon get rid of us just like it had gotten rid of all the poor devils found floating in the "spawning ground." (Remember, Marlene? The newspapers said the killers were policemen, but they never printed a line about the motive for the killings. And with that they left the conclusion up to the readers: that if the police kill criminals, it's really for the good of us all). In my letters to Carlinhos I pleaded with him and begged him to get out while he could, for the two of us to flee while there was still time. I was aware of certain things, I overheard conversations in the cabaret, and I could see the despair in the faces of the women whose men worked for Mateus Romeiro; it was easy to see that something evil was going on, something beyond our comprehension, but in which we were hopelessly entangled.

And all in vain. One morning Mateus Romeiro came into the cabaret and didn't even glance at me—that was the first sign. Then Carlinhos had to take a car to São Paulo and he stayed there for some time. It was then that we exchanged our last letters, all full of promises and oaths which, as with so many others, we would never fulfill. Have you, Marlene Graça, ever foreseen the death of someone you loved, knowing that there was absolutely nothing you could do to prevent it? Well, I could foresee the day and the exact hour when Carlinhos died. I sensed it; something inside me told me that he was dead, that everything had ended. When I looked for him that day, I knew already that he was dead, and I knew that it was Mateus Romeiro himself who had killed him because we were his responsibility and he would not trust anyone else with the job.

And I knew that I'd be dead too if I didn't get out and if I didn't do it so quickly that no trace would be left of me. I hurried to put between myself and certain death a distance that can only be measured by the many sleepless nights I went through, by the many times I've had to pack my bags at dawn and suddenly change hotels or take the first bus leaving town, by the constant uneasiness and dread, by the fear and loneliness I've had to endure (and still, even today, any person who comes toward me can be death in disguise, hidden beneath the false look of a friend). So many miles and so many cities I've put between myself and that certain death, and here I am now where I can see how it was tentatively postponed—and Mateus Romeiro is on the run too, just like me.

But you, Marlene Graça, are the one who must be warned: he touched you, for two years he marked you with his silky hands, and there certainly were nights when those hands, as they caressed you, still bore traces of blood. How can you remain indifferent to all that? How can you turn away from all the evidence, all the signs, the whispers, the hasty visits he had at dawn, his sudden trips out of town? How can you fail to link the name of your lover to all those deaths that affected him so greatly?

... it seems that it all became too obvious (the gears suddenly jammed, as I've said before) and Mateus Romeiro was arrested. By that time you were no longer living with him, but you already had the son that he left you. And you were no longer a respected entertainer because no one would give you a booking. You must feel terribly alone. To your memories of Mateus Romeiro I would like to add these few of my own. Imagine, if you will, a man being killed in a gutter. Imagine him pleading for his life. Imagine the terrible look in his eyes. And now, listen to the shots—one, two, three—and watch the force of the bullets hurl his body backward. Look now: blood is spurting from the wounds, but he no longer feels it—it all happens so quickly, death lasts only an instant,

and then it's all over. Keep in mind, Marlene Graça, that this is the scene I see every night in my dreams, acted out by Mateus Romeiro and Carlinhos.

He was caught and he escaped, right? His henchmen helped him to escape. A simple jamming of the gears, a flaw soon corrected, and then just a note in the newspapers. Mateus Romeiro is in Paraguay, Marlene Graça, and I'm here. As for you, I hope you've learned your lesson: all those crimes, you purposely ignored them; afraid of them, you chose to know nothing of them, all to keep your peace of mind. For two years I've waited for the right moment to write this letter. And now it's in your hands. You will certainly be called to testify, and you'll say what they expect you to say: that you knew nothing of all this, that you heard nothing. But that, I promise you, will not be enough to protect you from remorse.

#### Eloina's testimony

Yes, your honor. I knew Carlos Alberto dos Santos. He was my friend. What does that mean? It means that we lived together, that we fought together, that we pooled our misfortunes and set out together to confront life with the only arms we had—that is, our countenance and our courage. Yes, illegal acts, as you say; you are a judge and you are familiar with such things. We had our work on the side, if that's what you mean. Because, as you know, it isn't always possible to live according to the law. Not because you don't want to—on the contrary, it must be nice to live honestly, much easier and comfortable that way—but if you have no money to start out with, and not even a place to live, and—

#### YOU KNEW CARLOS ALBERTO DOS SANTOS?

I have to answer yes or no and cut out the commentary, right? But if your honor wanted to hear so little from me, why did you send for me in the first place? After all, I was just living my own life, and far away from here, far away from your jurisdiction. If my presence was—how did you put it?—harmful and undesirable, then it would be better for you and for society if I were as far away as possible. No, I didn't run, I just didn't feel like hanging around here anymore, and I needed to make more money (By crime at night? What crime?). No, I'm not playing dumb. It's just that so many crimes take place—a dozen come out every day in the newspapers—and I don't understand why you attach so much importance to this one. Sure I liked Carlos Alberto dos Santos, but not enough to keep him from getting killed (it must be nice, being dead). I know what a trial docket is, but I've never been involved in such a thing, and I want to make one thing clear: I'm not here of my own free will.

A lawyer? What do I want with a lawyer? I haven't committed any crime, or at least not one of those that people have to defend themselves for. Just frivolous misdoings, that's all. But, okay then, back to the night of the crime. I knew that two men had taken Carlinhos away. The doorman of the hotel told me about it. He didn't say anything else about it—he was a disgusting little man who kept staring at my breasts (excuse me, your honor) and he drank a lot too. I think he was drunk that night when... that night when Carlinhos died (okay, that night when they killed him). We had made a date to meet in the hotel. He was very tired and wanted to sleep. Why was he tired? He had just come in from a trip—he went to São Paulo very often, you see, but he never told me what he did there. There are things you don't tell even your best friends. And what if it was something too horrible to tell? No, really, I think it was just a personal matter, a woman maybe, who knows? But if I had known it was, sure I'd beat the hell out of him—you see, I loved him. You're not here, you say, to listen to trashy stories? But look at me, your honor, I'm cheap and trashy, and if you don't want to see me why did you summon me to your court?

Anyway, the doorman told me they'd taken Carlinhos away handcuffed. I think he said handcuffed, but I'm not sure. Why should I remember such things? You order me to remember? What do you mean, order me to remember? That's all a matter of memory, your honor, and I've forgotten—that was a long time ago and everything was very confusing. But I think he said it was two men that took him away. And right there I began to feel scared, I mean, after all, I didn't know what it was all about or what Carlinhos had been mixed up in, with all those trips and the weeks when he'd suddenly disappear. Maybe it was something serious, who knows? I remember that in those days the newspapers were full of stories about how the Death Squadron had just executed somebody, or sometimes two or three people, or even five at a time. And since I was very close to Carlinhos the people who killed him would certainly think I knew too much. Yes, as soon as the doorman told me they'd taken him away I had no more doubts: I knew they were going to kill him. People like us, your honor, get killed for the slightest reason and nobody gives any importance to the matter (I know, Mr. Prosecutor, but what you are interested in is proving that a certain person killed Carlinhos, and for that reason you attach a lot of importance to his death. If that were not the case, neither of us would be here.)

I ran away that same night. I threw my things into a bag as quickly as I could and headed for Avenida Brasil, and in a gas station there I caught a ride with a truckdriver on his way to Belo Horizonte. He thought I was a woman, but what a shock he had on the road—it left him speechless. He dumped me in the middle of nowhere and there I stood with my bag in my hand waiting for another ride. From Belo Horizonte I went to Governador Valadares because I knew a woman who worked in the red-light district there and she got me a job in a club.

#### WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR ARTISTIC CAREER. WHAT DID CARLINHOS TELL YOU THE LAST TIME YOU TALKED WITH HIM?

It was by phone. He told me, honey, I'm awfully tired and I need some sleep. Yes, as I've already said, he'd just come in from São Paulo, I think. Why was he not living

with me? Well, it seems that he had some problem in São Paulo, some nonsense he was involved in, but he never really explained it to me. I think it had something to do with the woman I mentioned.

No, I'm not trying to be ironic, nor do I think of my manner of speaking as improper. This is the way I speak, and all my friends speak this way too, and this is the language of my milieu—I mean, among us there's no one who spends his life in and out of court. Carlinhos must have been tired because he usually called for me to come over as soon as he got in from a trip. That day, however, he asked me to wait a few hours. No, nothing about what he said hinted that he might have been afraid—he sounded like that always, tender, like an overgrown child, your honor. I'm not going to cry, no, because crying is a difficult thing for me. It makes people forget that they have other ways of defending themselves. Crying is for people who have a home and food and someone to protect them. It's a luxury that one can get along without.

#### STOP TALKING IN CIRCLES.

As I said, he was no different from usual. There was no fear in his voice. He didn't say that anyone was after him. Mateus Romeiro? How could anyone hang around Lapa or the Prado Júnior and not meet him? I knew him, sure, and I was afraid of him. He was a police official, right?—And I'm a drag-queen. You see, your honor, the police had already stolen thirty-seven wigs from me—imagine what an expense for me! But Mateus Romeiro, no, he was not interested in such things—imagine a serious policeman chasing a transvestite! And that's what I think he was, a serious policeman, because the news papers said so every day. And why would I not believe the papers, your honor, if they only print the truth? Me, for example, I believe what I read.

No, your honor, I don't know anything about travelers checks. I confess that I lived by prostitution (like I said, a person has to make a living), but I've never stolen anything—I've never needed to because my customers always paid me well. And Carlinhos, steal? Well, he was not completely honest—I can say that now that he's dead—but he never stole, and he never assaulted anyone or did anyone any harm.

#### SO YOU DENY THAT YOU KNEW MATEUS ROMERO THEN?

No, I've already said that I knew him. I even talked with him a few times, but always in the most formal way. He was a very serious man, he seemed to me, with a very strong character, generally kind and considerate. He never harassed us. I didn't come here to defend him, but at the same time I'm not here to attack anyone either. What I want most is to live my own life. All of my actions are part of a process with a single objective: my own survival. What you can't imagine, your honor, is how difficult that can be, just to survive, how one ends up with a permanent feeling that everything is too transitory, that turning a corner, any corner, is an irreversible act—and we get slapped with a stick from all sides, often without even understanding who hit us or why.

Mateus Romeiro, for all I know, was a good, honest man. If he stole, if he was a gangster, I don't know anything about it. If he lured in prostitutes and queens to steal travelers checks from tourists like you say, I don't know anything about that either. He never asked me to take part in it, and none of my friends ever mentioned such a thing. And if he was the one who killed Carlinhos—well, in all sincerity, your honor, I find that very unlikely. Why would he kill him? They didn't even know each other and I doubt that their paths ever crossed. They simply had nothing to do with each other.

Yes, he died. That's a fact that can't be denied. But, your honor, how many others died as he did? Wouldn't it be best maybe to try to understand why people die in such a horrible way, naked, with handcuffs on their wrists, in a deserted street? You have your title, your honor, and a secure life (excuse my boldness) and you cannot even imagine the terror that we feel when we read in the newspaper that someone has died that way—Carlinhos or whoever. You just get into the habit of thinking you may be next.

#### YOU DENY THAT YOU WERE SOMETIMES SEEN IN PUBLIC IN THE COMPANY OF MATEUS ROMERO?

No, I've never been to the places you mention, or at least not with him. I'm going to be frank, your honor, and maybe a little unfair to myself, but do you really think that anyone—except somebody poor and forsaken, like Carlinhos—would have the nerve to go out with me, to be seen with me in any place where decent people go?—I say decent people, and I mean men like yourself (and don't think I'm cringing and fawning, your honor) and men like Mateus Romeiro, the man that you're hunting and trying in vain to somehow link up with me.

I'm not here to attack anyone, but to defend myself—

#### YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE WE SUMMONED YOU TO COME.

—okay, because you forced me to come, because you tore me away from the place I had chosen to live in, without any explanation. You didn't even give me time to grab more suitable clothing because you had to humiliate me too, to shame me—all those halls full of people, all of them staring at me. I wouldn't go so far as to say that I'm a citizen, because the truth is that after all these years of confusion and pretence even I don't have clear idea of what I am anymore. But I wish you would not treat me like a person you want to throw into prison on any excuse whatever, especially since all of you talk so much about justice. Your honor, if I've committed no crime, if nothing has been proved against me, if it's now perfectly clear that I have nothing to do with Mateus Romeiro—and, most important of all, if it's equally true that there's nothing I can do to bring Carlinhos back to life, and he was a person whom I loved, for whom I'd do anything in my power, then I ask that you let me go.

#### THEN YOU MEAN THAT THE WITNESS HAS NOTHING MORE TO DECLARE?



# SILICONE WEDDING

A SHORT  
STORY

**Darcy Penteado:** Born in São Roque (São Paulo), in 1926. Artistic initiation in publicity, 1944; began illustrating books a year later; setting and costumes from the theater from 1947 on, settings for television from 1955 to 1960. His paintings have been in more than twenty one man exhibitions in São Paulo and in other Brazilian cities. He also exhibited in the main artistic capitals of the world: New York, Lisbon, Buenos Aires, Hamburg, Paris, Rome, etc. His paintings are on permanent exhibit in many museums around the world, such as the Fogg Art Museum (Harvard), São Paulo Museum of Modern Art.

Penteado began his career as a writer with *A Meta* (The Goal), a collection of short stories published in São Paulo in 1976. That book was a popular success and was followed in 1977 by a second collection, *Crescilda e os Espartanos* (Crescilda and the Spartans). "Silicone Wedding" is translated from the latter volume.

Vera and Mariangela had been classmates since their first year in school. And therefore they were intimate friends. So intimate that in their high school nasty things were whispered about them—but all of it was nothing but unfounded gossip, just false rumors invented by someone who envied such a harmonious friendship between two people of the same age . . . or by someone who had already indulged in sexual experiences of the type that he or she sought to slander. For to tell the truth, neither of them ever entertained any idea of intimacy beyond that of innocent confessions concerning their respective boy-friends or secret disclosures about the "monthly perturbations" that suddenly transformed two ingenuous little girls with clumsy bodies and manners into plump women with pointed breasts.

The directorship of the school gave high enrollment preference to girls from good families with grand old names, or, according to another theory, to those from families whose earthly fortunes were such that questions of petty pedigree could best be overlooked. For its students the school was a second home providing an educational background as complete and refined as that received by the family hearth—better, in many cases—in spite of the fact that Vera's and Mariangela's parents had instilled in them moral precepts of the most rigid and conservative kind. To the *soeurs* then fell the task of preparing the girls, if possible, to be exemplary wives, good mothers, and worthy society ladies. The young women thus formed had something of a moral obligation to be married in the school chapel. It was a custom that had already been observed for several generations.

And so, in due time, Mariangela and Vera complied. The two girls ceased to be classmates only when Mariangela decided on a curriculum in the Social Sciences and Vera opted for Romance Languages, neither field being particularly practical, but perhaps therefore well suited to women who would make wifehood their career. Even then the courses were taught in the same building, and so, though their classes were separate, the girls could meet during the breaks, and when the schoolday was over they could return together to their respective homes, which were not far apart.

Vera entered wedlock as a virgin, marrying her girlfriend's cousin, the first man with whom she fell in love. Being a bit more flirty and flirtatious, Mariangela tried two boyfriends before becoming engaged to the third, and then, since the wedding was inevitable, she let him lure her into several premarital flings.

Even on the question of dates the two girls agreed: Mariangela married five months after Vera did, but they showed signs of pregnancy at about the same time. Vera gave birth to a boy, and two months later Mariangela had a girl; and, as was natural for them, they did not spare themselves the pleasure, perhaps somewhat premature, of making plans for the future betrothal of their two children, thus cementing once and for all the great friendship they shared and binding together the socioeconomic structure of their two families.

Time passed and the children grew. Dadinho, Vera's son, was of delicate build and temperament, just the opposite of Clarinha, the daughter of Mariangela, who, though two months younger than her future husband, soon had the lead on him in both weight and size. Like their mothers, the two children were almost always together from the time when they were on the bottle clear through adolescence. They fought like all children fight, sometimes over trifles, sometimes over nothing at all, but the affection between them, egged on by their mothers, was in constant evidence. Dadinho, for example, felt a special attachment to his girlfriend's dolls—so strong that he would never even allow the other girls to touch them. And Clara, on the other hand, protected him from the other boys with wallops and kicks, always coming out on top because of her superior size and by virtue of the strength with which she smashed their faces.

Just as husbands are always the last to know, fathers are always the last to suspect. The reversal of circumstances did not become evident until the occasion of a party celebrating Clara's eighth birthday. Then she and Dadinho from the proceedings and returned a half hour later with their clothing switched. There was some laughter and their elderly aunts thought the whole thing was cute and charming, but the respective fathers took a dim view of it all.

Vera's husband was the first to send his child to a psychiatrist. Two weeks later little Clara was taken to the same doctor—a woman. Taking off her thick glasses and resting them on the desk, she addressed the apprehensive mothers.

"Various factors in early childhood can result in behavior not in accordance with that considered normal for each sex," she explained. "A lack of parental rapport in the presence of the child can be one of them, as can the

reversal of role dominance between the husband and wife. There are only two examples that occur to me at the moment."

"But I never argue or fight with my husband," Mariangela exclaimed.

"And I am a submissive wife," Vera added.

The psychiatrist tried to calm them then by pointing out that appearances are sometimes deceiving since sexuality often manifests itself in the most bizarre manner during childhood and those symptoms of apparent abnormality do not always persist into adulthood. "At any rate," she continued, "let us keep them under observation, remembering that it is most important that you as mothers provide incentive, through games, playthings, etc., for each to adopt patterns of behavior appropriate to his or her sex."

Vera and Mariangela began to follow that advice as soon as they left the psychiatrist's office. Vera bought a football, football shoes, boxing gloves, a toy tractor, a toy army tank, and a whole Fort Apache set for her son. Mariangela selected the prettiest and most sophisticated dolls for her daughter—those with hair that can be combed and set, those that say "mommie" and can pee in their panties. To go along with them she bought all the trappings that Clara could have needed to set up a toy household and play at motherhood. But all in vain. The first time the two mothers peeked in, their children had exchanged toys completely. Dadinho spent his time lulling the dolls to sleep, washing panties wet with the simulated peepee, preparing bottles and formulas, changing the dolls' clothing or designing new hairdos for them. And in the meantime, Clara put her boxing gloves to good use, delivering sturdier wallops to the boys at school.

The psychiatrist continued to treat them until they reached adolescence but without many encouraging results. Then she came to the conclusion that the sexual inversion of the two children was congenital and that the best thing the parents could do was adjust to the idea of having children with not very conventional habits. After all, they were not the first, and they would certainly not be the last to be born with such problems. But the parents were not so easily satisfied: they turned the double dilemma over to a renowned psychiatrist who, after three years of analysis, made a drastic pronouncement.

"Far from being simple cases of homosexuality," he said, "your children display marked tendencies toward transsexualism."

Since Mariangela's puzzled expression indicated that the distinction between the two somehow eluded her, he continued his explanation.

"An ordinary homosexual," he said, "is an individual mentally conditioned to respond to members of his own sex, who prefers members of his own sex for sentimental and sexual relationships. As you see, that is a fairly common occurrence. The transsexual, on the other hand, has the brain functions and psychological reactions of one sex in the body of the other, which condition causes serious conflicts since the mind tends to feel imprisoned in a body that is foreign to it."

"Oh, how utterly awful!" Vera exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"It's monstrous!" Mariangela added.

"Actually," the renowned psychiatrist said consolingly, "much depends upon the capacity of the relatives to adapt to the situation and upon their success in establishing a viable home atmosphere in which they can live comfortably with the individuals in question." And then, pausing a moment, he continued in a suggestive tone. "... and in cases where the conflicts cannot be . . . uh . . . satisfactorily resolved, there are operations that can be arranged in certain countries . . ."

"Oh, like that American tennis player?" Vera gasped.

"It's monstrous!" Mariangela added, equally horrified by the thought. Nevertheless, a part of Vera and Mariangela's life-long desire to unite their two families was being fulfilled, because, in their own fashion, Dadinho and Clara loved and complemented each other: the boy entrusted his fragility to the safe keeping of the girl, and while enjoying her protection, he at the same time offered her an opportunity to demonstrate her own masculinity. The only problem was that Dadinho, in spite of his feminine mannerisms, his necklaces and bracelets and makeup, all of which his mother had given up trying to discourage, continued to be physically a man and therefore repugnant as far as Clara's sexual desires were concerned. And, needless to say, the reverse was also true.

But in this life none of our trials and tribulations last forever . . . Being of reasonably ready minds, Mariangela, Vera, and their respective husbands soon grew accustomed to their "family monsters," freely accepting most of their strange behavior. Mariangela agreed that Clara would not have to wear dresses and allowed her to use bluejeans instead, with a suit and tie for more formal occasions. Vera, however, balked at the idea of her son wearing dresses, blouses, and feminine underclothes. That forced him to indulge his tastes on the sly, usually in nocturnal forays with Clara accompanying him as a bodyguard.

When they reached the age of majority, both had long since decided what path their lives would take. Dadinho received a sizeable inheritance from his grandfather and promptly advised his parents that he would use the money for a sex change. Vera fretted, kicked and wailed, but all to no effect. Clara still had not received any inheritance, but she managed to convince her family to send her abroad with a tidy sum of dollars and a monthly allowance commensurate with their means.

And so Dadinho and Clara left together, certain once and for all now that they really were in love.

The psychiatric counseling, hormonal treatments, and

finally the surgical operations themselves were performed for both in the same clinic. The whole process took more than six months. Dadinho had never had much body hair or even much sign of a beard. Female hormones and local cauterization eliminated the little there was and left him with the satiny skin of a maiden. His bodily contours, never very muscular, grew even rounder and softer. His breasts, even with hormones, developed very little, and silicone had to be used to supplement their growth. In the final phase of the operations, those bodily appendages which had never been of any use to him were extirpated to allow free entry for those which he would eventually receive.

With Clara the process was a bit more tricky because, even for specialized surgeons, it's simpler to take off than to add to, silicone notwithstanding. She had never had very hefty breasts anyway, and the objectionable excesses were quickly removed by surgery. Male hormone injections gave her a good stand of body hair, a promising goatee, and a fairly respectable mustache. Karate and basketball, both of which she had assiduously pursued as a female, had strengthened and hardened the muscles in her arms and legs, and she had a further natural anatomical advantage in the fact that her hips were more like Garbo's than Monroe's.

Dadinho and Clara returned to their homeland transformed and engaged, with only some minor adjustments to be made in their identification papers, all of which, considering the wealth and good connections of their families, were not too difficult to arrange. The mothers were quite shocked by their first glimpse of their children, but soon they resigned themselves to the modified versions before them and found consolation in thoughts of the wedding they had first dreamed of years before. The fathers, as one might expect, were more reluctant to accept the changes, but, since there was nothing else they could do, they finally took a sporting view of the whole thing, and what in the first few days had seemed a subject for scandal soon ceased to garner outside gossip and settled down into a matter with which only the family was concerned.

The two youths were married in the chapel of the school where for three generations now their families had married. Clara sported a formal coat of the most correct sort, perfectly fitted, with tastefully striped trousers and an impeccable tie. Dadinho wore a long white gown of heavy silk with a high neckline and a small train behind it, quite simple but elegant in its simplicity. And, of course, he wore a veil and a garland of flowers, in spite of the fact that he was no longer a virgin—Clara had taken liberties with him, purely for the sake of testing their new equipment, the day after they had received a discharge from the clinic.

And, as happens in all fairy tales, they lived happily ever after.

Franklin Jorge

## Poema dos Desaparecidos

Parem o trânsito!  
Que a polícia,  
sempre eficiente e benemérita,  
intercepte o movimento  
nos aero-portos,  
estações rodo-ferroviárias,  
e vamos todos,  
homens e mulheres,  
indecisos sexuais,  
versáteis, lésbicas,  
como irmãos,  
procurar os desaparecidos.  
Os desaparecidos estão gemendo  
como afogados dentro de um poço.

## Poem for those who are missing

Stop the traffic!  
Let the police,  
always efficient and meritorious,  
halt the movement  
in the airports  
and the railroad stations,  
and let us all go,  
men and women,  
the sexually undecided,  
the versatile, Lesbians,  
all like brothers  
in search of those who are missing.  
They are groaning  
like drowned men down in a well.

## Poema

Meua olhos estão doentes  
quando, ansiosos, cravam-se  
no teu ventre—  
que é como um irrequieto pássaro,  
trêmulo sob as patas de uma aranha  
ou ante o olhar de uma serpente.  
Todo o meu corpo acha-se doente,  
dos teus venenos tocado:  
no meu delfrio, demente,  
perfuro-te com a minha língua  
e lanço âncoras no teu ventre.

## Poem

My eyes ache  
when, eager, they stare at  
your stomach,  
which is like a restless bird  
trembling under a spider's paws  
or held in a serpent's gaze.  
My whole body aches,  
touched by your venoms:  
mad, delirious,  
I pierce you with my tongue  
and drop anchors in your belly.



# FABLE

**GASPARINO DAMATA** (Gasparino da Mata e Silva) was born in 1918 in the city of Catende, Pernambuco, Brazil. In 1945 during a sojourn in Puerto Rico he began his first novel *Queda em Ascensao*, published in 1950 in Rio de Janeiro. Around this time he began his career as a journalist, collaborating on the principal journals and magazines published in Rio. There followed other books: a novel, *Caminhos da Danacao*; a book of short stories, *A Sobra do Mar*; and in 1969 the first gay anthology of gay short fiction published in Brazil, *Historias do Amor Maldito*. Three years later, there appeared a companion anthology of gay Brazilian poetry, *Poemas do Amor Maldito*. In 1976 appeared his collection of short stories, *Os Solteiros*—all on gay themes. The present story is translated from this collection. Damata has also served as Brazilian cultural attache in the Republic of Ghana. At present he lives in Rio de Janeiro where he is part of the editorial collective of the new gay cultural journal *Lampião*.

*His was a generation that learned to fear two things: sex and God.*

He heard the monotonous footsteps of their old deaf maid as step by step she stubbornly climbed the long wooden staircase, dragging her legs swollen with varicose veins, and then, after a brief silence in which she stopped to rest, he heard her awkward shuffling steps in the hallway outside and her tired voice at the door of his room, telling him, in a tone of intimation, that his father wanted to see him before leaving for the office. The antique pendulum clock, which as a girl she had seen installed in the living room of the great plantation house in Minas Gerais, and which the lady of the house, after her marriage, had had moved to the manor in Cosme Velho, had just struck nine.

His hand trembled a little as he lit a cigarette, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, the lower half of his body covered by the wrinkled sheets, still warm, smelling lightly of nocturnal emissions; he lay still and smoked, listening to the domestic sounds from downstairs, the solemn voice of his father as he drank his coffee and read the morning edition of *The Globe*, making occasional comments to his wife, who by that time was already a stranger to him—two people whom social obligations and religion managed to hold together in harmony beneath the same roof.

His calm was in appearance only, for his wrinkled brow betrayed apprehension, intense nervousness, and a confusion of thoughts going in all directions at once, conditions which would never have escaped the keen eyes of Father Bonifacio, for example, who served as a spiritual guide to the household and was always consulted at times when important decisions had to be made. In the bed next to his, his older brother slept soundly after having spent the night studying for an examination with a classmate, and the little medallion resting on his pale chest, held there by a fine silver chain that their father had bought in the Vatican, rose and fell in complete consonance with the breathing of a young healthy animal still innocent of women.

The room, once used by his father and a bachelor uncle when they were boys, was spacious and well ventilated, with wide windows opening onto an orchard full of fruit trees and other trees now almost a hundred years old which had been planted by the father of their present gardener, also Portuguese, who had been succeeded by his son, and a flower garden, well cared for, where white azaleas and roses were the most conspicuous. The white walls, nearly bare, reminded him in a deeply unpleasant way of the cells of a convent he had visited as a child with his mother, either in São João del-Rey or in Mariana, he wasn't sure which. Soon after, in a dream, he had imagined himself shut up there as an oblate, and he awoke in a panic, bathed in perspiration. The furniture was sparse but well-chosen, in very good taste: a rustic wardrobe, used by both his brother and himself, two wicker chairs, a large church bench of Brazilian mahogany, and a little Dutch table which he used for studying. On the table, lost in a pile of books and notebooks ("Why don't you keep your things in order, Luciano?"), was a radio that ran on tiny batteries, which his mother had given him for his birthday, and a soapstone ashtray almost full of ashes and cigarette butts.

Whenever he wanted to see his brother lose his patience and become annoyed with him, all he had to do was leave, through forgetfulness or neglect, something of his on top of his brother's desk, a fine piece of furniture made from Bahian jacaranda wood, which had belonged to their maternal grandfather, a career diplomat in the early days of the Republic and a close friend of Rio Branco. In the desk his brother kept his treasures: letters from his sweetheart who was studying in an exclusive girls' school in Switzerland (she was a friend of a daughter that Ali Khan had had by a well-known Hollywood movie star), a small but valuable collection of coins which his bachelor uncle had given him on his eighteenth birthday, and all the issues, carefully filed, of *A Ordem*, a magazine to which, at the insistence of Alceu Amoroso Lima, a close friend of their father who considered the boy to be quite talented and serious, with a great literary future ahead of him, he had begun to contribute. On top of his priceless desk, aside from the magazines, there was in one corner a snapshot of his sweetheart taken at the Riverside Mansion in Petrópolis, the missal left by an aunt who had died of tuberculosis in a convent in São Paulo only months before taking her vows as a Discalced Carmelite and, in the other corner, there was an old photograph, yellowish already, of their

father with Alceu and Jackson de Figueiredo, the three of them embraced and laughing, along with a smaller photograph of Charles Péguy, showing the dark, sad gaze and countenance of Christianity's modern martyr, about whom their father had once written a profound but unfinished essay.

On the white wall between two windows, carelessly secured by a single nail, a crucifix of moderate size, made from ivory, jacaranda wood, and silver, mounted on a carved pedestal, and some pen-and-ink drawings of the gardens of São Bento and the interior of the church there, bought by the father in a great show of generosity from Atos Bulcão, gave the room an almost monastic feeling, depressing, almost intolerable, especially since Sérgio, Luciano's best friend, had just received from his old man an apartment where he could paint and take his girlfriends. In the whole room, which their father insisted on keeping just as it was when he was married, there was only one happy colorful note: two pennants from the Fluminense Soccer Club ("When are you going to take those things down, Luciano?"), thumbtacked to the wall in opposite directions, which his brother, who looked upon them with utter disdain, kept threatening to remove but left in place to avoid unpleasanties, and, stuck to the wall with plastic tape, an 18 x 24 photograph of him and Sérgio, taken in the apartment of a fat queen who could never stop talking ("How about another shot of whiskey, baby?"). The photo had been taken by a very bulky American of a jovial nature, a man whose greatest joy in life was taking photographs of boys exhibiting their virile members, only minutes before they all had left for the dance at the Hotel Glória, where he went on a drunken spree and ended up vomiting all over himself, unconscious in the arms of his companions. For the first time in his life that night Luciano slept away from home, and when he opened his eyes the next morning he was shocked and frightened to discover that he was in an unfamiliar setting, completely naked on top of a double bed with a bald-headed guy grinning cynically beside him, still smelling from the perfume that had been squirted at him in the street (the echoes of Carnival could still be heard in the distance, and his head was still swimming). When he woke up that morning, the man was trying in vain to make him get an erection.

Contrary to what almost everyone in the family supposed, Luciano's lack of rapport with his father was not of recent origin, nor was it rooted in the obvious favoritism that the father, from the time they were small children, had shown for his brother, who was a faithful copy of the man, resembling him even in his way of speaking and looking at people. The matter was more serious than that, and their relationship, which had never been good, had begun to worsen several months back, just a short time before Christmas; now it had reached the point where they hardly spoke, nothing more than a brief greeting at lunch, whenever they happened to be eating together, and a quick "Good evening, Dad" when they sat down for dinner, followed immediately by a heavy silence, almost hostile, and an unavoidable feeling of discomfort and constraint on the part of both of them whenever their eyes met at the table.

The boy realized that the matter had become even more complicated when he had stood on his own two feet, opposing the old man's will, and had refused to return for his second semester at the Naval Academy, where he had never been among the better students. But the bomb really exploded when *O Cruzeiro* printed an unfortunate photograph ("Have you seen it, Octavio?") in which he appeared prominently in the midst of a suspicious group of young men at the dance at the Hotel Glória during the Carnival. In shorts, with one shoe on and one shoe off, his hair all in a mess, with a dim-witted look on his face, he was in the arms of a gray-haired man in a Hawaiian costume, completely stoned from sniffing perfumed ether; in the same photograph one could make out, back in a dark corner of the coconut grove, the same bald-headed man who had tried to work his cock into an erection, here embracing Sérgio in an even more regrettable condition, posed in such a way that he gave the impression of having just kissed the boy on the mouth or of being on the verge of kissing him. When Luciano saw the magazine on the sofa in the livingroom, lying there like a piece of evidence to be used against him by an implacable judge, he went into a state of near shock; stunned, he jumped on his motorcycle and took off wildly in the direction of São Conrado Beach where he stayed until nightfall, seated in a stall there drinking beer, unable to think of any way of getting out of the mess he was in. Suddenly something that had seemed simple and natural to him had turned into a nightmare, all too evident and too compromising, and he saw no possibility of escaping unscathed. Ashamed and at the same time disgusted for having let himself be led astray by others, largely by Sérgio, he headed back home, ready to face the music and take full responsibility for his actions, come whatever may.

With her awkward shuffle, so much like that of a sick person, the aged maid returned to tell him that his father had been waiting for him in the library for more than half an hour; the chauffeur was already at the door, she said, and he had to go to work, and so Luciano should not delay any longer in going downstairs. He got up reluctantly and stumbled like a drunkard to the bathroom to piss and wash his face, feeling something like an unpleasant weight in his head and that terrible sensation of one who knows he is about to undergo a grueling ordeal from which he may never fully recover and which he can do nothing whatsoever to avoid. And for the first time in the last few weeks, in one of his rare moments of complete lucidity, he realized that he had committed a whole series of childish, stupid mistakes, beginning with his stubborn refusal to return to the Naval Academy ("Did you know that Luciano was seen in the shadows with a sergeant?"), by which he had merely confirmed the rumors, and others even more serious, such as his drunken binge at the

dance and his failure to come home that night. In fact, he had behaved like an idiot, had been imprudent and overstepped his limits, working himself into a blind alley from which he could not escape. He should never have taken such risks, considering the kind of father he had. The old man was fairly even-tempered, never having lifted a hand to strike either of his sons, but when it came to questions of morals, any offence, however slight it might be, so long as it touched upon the honor of the family, could turn him into a wild beast capable of killing or committing any kind of madness. From all appearances, his present difficulty was not something that would be passed off lightly, and so it was best for him to prepare himself for the worst, "without muttering or moaning," as Father Bonifacio always said. A panic began to take hold of him and he trembled as he tried to put on his pants, completely confused and muddled, doing his best not to wake up his brother who was still asleep, snoring with his mouth open, his head dangling over the side of the bed.

He saw only one possibility of escape, and that was to run away from home immediately or as soon as possible, to look for a job, even as a waiter if necessary, in a tavern or serving coffee from behind a counter, and to live on his own without anyone to bother him; if that didn't work out, he could go live with Pontes who, after that Saturday during Carnival, had put himself at the boy's disposal, inviting him to come and live with him. He seemed like a nice guy in spite of his being queer and going only for boys. But he was afraid of leaving home for two reasons: first, that would be an obvious admission of guilt in the eyes of his brother, who always jumped on top of him whenever he heard a fresh rumor about him; and second, because his leaving would be very painful for his mother, a resigned woman, fervently Catholic, who in her blunt silence had shown herself to be on his side, ready to suffer for his sake, perhaps because she was unaware of certain things about him . . .

He imagined his father, usually restrained in his behavior, a courteous man, as people say, reacting in just the opposite manner, just like Sérgio's stepfather, who had the habit of getting drunk and beating him and his mother if she tried to intervene, justifying the whipping on the grounds that he had scandalized the whole neighborhood. Sunk into the leather armchair in the library, his chin against his chest, like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand to escape anything that threatens it, he felt helpless, unable to plan any line of defense because the fact was that he was guilty. And so he listened peacefully.

"Your brother had already warned me," the old man roared in unrestrained anger, "but since I never wanted to face the possibility that a son of mine might . . . might be . . ."

Nervous, suddenly as silent as a caged lion provoked by admiring children, the man paced back and forth across the room with its large Persian rug already frayed by generations of use, with its full bookshelves reaching up to the ceiling; he stopped short then, took off his green-tinted glasses, his glaucomatous eyes squinting in the blinding light, and began to clean the thick tinted lenses, giving a moment of truce to the proceedings. Then he began to pace and roar again in a tone of deep despair, like a hero in a Greek tragedy who finds himself betrayed by someone whom he thought could never betray him, his faith and trust mocked by the person whom in the depths of his heart he loved most, but toward whom he had never been able to show the least sign of love and affection.

"With all the upstanding boys there are in the street," he continued, choking with rage, "you have to take up with one who . . . who has such an awful reputation . . . with a pederast! I'd prefer a thousand times to see you dead than to know that you had . . . that you had turned out that way too!"

Unable to bear the harsh words that the old man hurled at him with surprising violence, huddled down in his chair, overcome with shame, Luciano felt two hot thick tears trickling down his cheeks, which by that time were glowing like hot coals. Each new sentence spoken by his father had the effect of a whiplash delivered with sadistic force, and his suffering became unbearable because he knew that behind the door his sister and mother ("Son, who is that man who calls everyday to ask for you?") were listening, powerless to help him, while he, caught in his father's grasp, was being humiliated in every way possible. Though in reality he was weak and cowardly, at that moment he would have given his life to avoid having to listen to such bitter truths, sobbing and shaking his head as if that might shield him from the stinging voice of his father who was punishing him unmercifully. Suddenly he stood up, dizzy, mute; his staring eyes, strangely brilliant, had the look of a madman; with a horrible grimace on his face he let loose a scream so sharp and piercing that one would have thought his whole world had just collapsed, and then he fell unconscious to the floor.

He came to weeping in his mother's arms, between the two beds, comforted in his unexpected agony by the old deaf maid and his sister, who was trembling with fright from the scene she had just witnessed in full, and however much the two of them insisted, he continued sobbing and refused to explain what had happened. Suffering the silent pain of a *mater dolorosa*, a patient trusting creature who never loses her faith and waits for God to supply a solution, immediate or on the installment plan, for all earthly ills, the woman kept on in her moaning, monotonous voice, doing her best to make him speak to her.

"What's wrong, Luciano?" she begged. "What's wrong? Come on now and tell your mother all about it."

Pale, clutching in her trembling hands a cup of still-steaming tea, his sister pleaded with him to stop crying and take a sip, telling him it would make him feel better, but without getting any response. Barefoot, his medallion stuck to his sweaty chest, his brother tried to



explain the matter to the father, who, visibly upset, his glasses in his hand, kept his eyes lowered in an effort to avoid the strong light, unable to make out anything around him because of the ocular pressure which had become more aggravated in those moments of heated emotion.

Nestled in his mother's warm lap like an invalid, Luciano continued to sob beneath the gloomy gaze of his father and the unsympathetic expression of his brother, who could never forgive his mother for treating her degenerate son so complacently, as if he had just taken his first communion and were as unblemished as a lily. Could she be ignorant of the fact that her precious little spoiled son had been running around with a gang of pervers, hanging out in the apartments of *veados* in Copacabana and going every night to Alfredo's Bar? She did not know that on more than one occasion he had heard remarks at the University and had had to ignore them and go on his way because he did not feel morally able or obligated to challenge them and defend the honor and good name of the family. She didn't understand that Luciano had always been careless and stupid in his behavior, and probably he would continue to think of himself as just another maladjusted young man with a difficult temperament, one of those who do as they please and then feel misunderstood by their parents. From a classmate whose father was the commissioner of a precinct in the *Zona Sul* he had learned with disgust that many of that type, pursued relentlessly by the police, had submitted themselves, in order to obtain their own release or to bail out their confiscated motorcycles, to the whims of certain deranged detectives who preferred them to the young women of the streets. He was in complete agreement with Father Bonifacio, who said that mothers were too dumb to be distrustful and therefore were always the last to learn of such things.

Still holding the cup of tea, which was cold by now, Luciano's sister, still very pale, her voice faint, tried to make clear her support for her mother's position, since she too was unaware of the details of her brother's situation, or, being young, three years younger than Luciano, she simply failed to comprehend them, seeing the whole matter in a very nebulous way.

"Here, brother, take just one swallow of tea, just one swallow. It will make you feel better," she insisted in a troubled voice, completely without results.

Inconsolable in the fragile arms of his mother, who had risen to the occasion with remarkable physical resistance, resignation, and courage, Luciano continued sobbing, and the woman rocked him lightly, tenderly, as if he were still the same little diapered baby that he had been eighteen years ago. The old deaf maid observed, as did the older brother, whose face, bloated from too much sleep, was a map of hatred and revulsion. Leaning beside one of the windows, looking out with his back to the others, the father watched in silence as the gardener pruned some of the trees, strong and hard-working just as his father, a Portuguese from Alem-Tejo, had been; he was a week younger than Luciano, for Luciano had been born one Thursday night and the gardener was born the following Thursday at seven in the morning in a house out back that now served as a garage. Suddenly the old man turned and in a commanding voice told everyone to leave the room, and then, closing the door behind them, he was once again alone with Luciano, who was stretched out on the unmade bed, hiding his face in the damp sheets, swallowing his tears, still crying softly as if he were under some obligation to continue. His broad swimmer's shoulders (he was a junior champion in the 100-meter dash at the Fluminense), spotted with freckles from too much sun during frantic weekends spent in a certain house on Jurujuba Beach, shook each time he smothered a sob.

The man sat down beside him in an effort to comfort him, ready to discuss the matter more calmly and frankly, father to son, but when he placed his hand on the boy's arm he turned abruptly away, making it clear that he had no desire to talk and preferred to be left alone; the man shook his head disapprovingly and laughed silently at the childish, headstrong attitude of the boy, whom, in his heart, he loved and understood more than he might ever have suspected.

"Okay, Luciano, cut out the foolishness now. Don't make this look more serious than it really is. Come on, look at your father," he said with humility, trying to turn the boy over so they could talk more at ease, but once again he turned his back and faced the wall.

"Be reasonable, Luciano," the man continued. "Don't you think you're exaggerating a bit and being childish? Come on, look at your father."

Intransigent, Luciano kept his back turned, a fierce gleam on his face, responding to his father's tender voice with a hostile, premeditated silence, firmly resolved not to yield an inch, and, if necessary, to take the full consequences without giving a thought to what might happen afterwards. That ridiculous, sanctimonious old man, always bending over backward to please his brother, who was just as hypocritical as he was, was not going to change his mind now and make him beg for forgiveness after all that had happened. Sensing that he was faced with a serious problem, the outcome of which might be unforeseeable if he didn't act immediately, the old man decided to bring up a subject that it greatly displeased him to remember, for it was like pulling from the dusty bottom of a drawer a photograph of someone who should have been completely forgotten but who persistently and discomfortingly stuck in the memory.

"You must be thinking that your father considers himself a perfect man. Isn't that right, Luciano? Well, keep in mind that nobody in this world is perfect, and especially not your father. Only God is perfect."

The boy could almost have died from disgust when he began to speak in that paternalistic tone, like an upstanding citizen, a whole and exemplary man; it reminded him immediately of the pompous figure of one of those dumb-

ass reactionary bishops delivering a long wearisome sermon of the type that leaves everybody fidgeting impatiently, completely fed up and praying to God that the bastard will soon wind up his interminable spiel.

"What your father wants, son," he said, sticking his finger beneath the lens of his glasses to rub his aching eyes, "is nothing more than what every conscientious father wishes for his son, and that's to see him on the right path, which is the path that society had laid out for us all. You understand that, don't you?"

He had his hairy hand on Luciano's shoulder. The boy remained stubbornly turned away, refusing to face the man, annoyed because he was being forced to listen to such blather; he did his best to ignore his father's presence, to make him feel that he was talking to the wall, preaching his sermon in the desert, but at the same time, he had to admit for the first time in his life that the man seemed to be sincere, that he was earnestly trying to find a way to reach an understanding with him, while always before his attentions had been directed toward the older brother. The father, deeply moved and troubled, let his sad clouded gaze come to rest suddenly on the crucifix; then it drifted toward the shelves, lingering on the photograph of himself beside Alceu and Jackson. The photograph dissolved into a shapeless spot ("Your glaucoma is the dangerous type, Octavio") where all he could make out, though not very clearly, were three laughing mouths, and soon that too turned into a watery blur.

He tried to unbosom himself with his son in the same way he had once done with Father Bonifacio in the confessional ("Have you been doing any nasty things with your classmates, my child?") and then later, after he had married, when the two of them sat side by side in the solitude of the sacristy. Without worrying about how the boy would receive his confession or what judgment he might pass upon it later, he proceeded, knowing beforehand that most often in cases of this nature the judgment of a young man is implacable and hard to bear.

"You know, Luciano," he said, "when I was your age I had a . . . a friend too. Even after all of these years I still haven't forgotten him."

If he had just announced that he was about to drop dead the boy would not have reacted so strongly. Caught completely by surprise, unprepared to hear such an admission, the statement stuck in his mind like a nagging, half-recalled memory rising up from his subconscious, returning from time to time. Those words, *I had a friend*, sounded to him like *I had a lover*, and he lay still, chilled, afraid to move a finger, his breathing suspended, counting the beats of his heart as it pounded against his ribs.

"João Henrique and I became inseparable," the old man continued, "soon after we first met at school. Together we courted two little girls who lived on the same street by the Botanical Gardens. And you know, he and I were such good friends and we liked each other so much that we used to kiss even, mouth to mouth. For my part, I have to admit that I didn't see anything wrong with that—I mean, I found it all very natural. But, as your grandfather used to say, the devil hides behind the best intentions, and so one day . . ."

Luciano's heart began to pound with such violence that he was left deaf for a moment, choked with emotion, and he had to summon up his strength and calm himself in order to follow the incredible story that his father was telling him with such impressive naturalness, with just the courage that he himself lacked. If he were to go out afterwards and tell Sérgio what he had heard, the nitwit would probably laugh in his face and tell him that he hadn't been sleeping well lately, that he had dreamed it and wanted it to be true regardless, and then he'd spend the rest of the day rubbing it in, enjoying himself at Luciano's expense.

" . . . and so one day, one morning, your grandfather called me to this same library," the father continued, "and went straight to the heart of the matter: he demanded that I break off my friendship with João Henrique, and I promised to obey. At first I was shocked and at the same time resentful, and I kept meeting him secretly in the Botanical Gardens. But in due time my father made me understand that such a friendship was dangerous, that nothing good could come of it, and the curious thing is that I reacted exactly as you are reacting now. And how else could I really expect you to act at your age and in a situation of more or less the same kind?"

He glanced quickly at his wristwatch to check the time and then tugged at the white muslin sheets, using them to dry his sweaty forehead, his glasses always blurred by the warmth produced in his eyes by their insidious disease ("An operation could perhaps clear it up for you, Octavio"), and all at once then his gaze met Luciano's. The boy turned away quickly, confused. With an unlit cigarette between his fingers, dying to go downstairs for a Coca-Cola, Luciano listened with no great interest to the rest of the story which had affected him deeply at the beginning, striking him then with such an impact. His loss of interest was due to the fact that suddenly it had occurred to him that his father could well be inventing the whole thing as a means of raising his morale and bringing him back under control. If it were a question of an adventure with a married woman, then maybe so; but an openly amorous relationship with a boy at a time when you couldn't even talk about such things and any guy who fucked around with men was immediately labelled queer too (that was one of the things that the fat talkative queen had told him while she sat on his knee and caressed his cock)—no, that was too much to believe, and he turned his attention away, straining his ears to recognize his classmates by the time of their passage and the sound of their motorcycles as they sped down the street outside.

"And you know, I even thought of running away from home and going to live with João Henrique in a rented room not far from here. Yes, I thought about it . . . but then I thought about it again, turning my father's words over and over in my mind, and then I saw that he was

right and I decided to consider João Henrique as a part of the past. That was one of the best moves I made during my youth, and I have to thank my old man for it all—yes, I have to thank him for his sound advice and for the way he handled the matter."

He glanced at his watch again and then continued, "That's the way it was, and then I resumed my courtship with your mother, and I took a job in your Uncle Olavo's law firm, and I studied at night. I was near the head of my class at the University. I got married a week after my graduation and to this day I haven't regretted it. I'm a happy man, satisfied with life," he said in conclusion, in a very serious voice, on his feet already, about to leave.

Leaning down over Luciano, whose eyes were swollen from crying and whose nose was running, he kissed him on the cheek and then withdrew immediately, cautious and solemn like someone bearing his grief in silence. It was already past eleven when he got into his car; his chauffeur, one of whose many fine qualities was his willingness to pretend ignorance of the fact that his boss had a mistress, was waiting, neatly dressed in his dark-blue uniform with a cap of the same color.

"The radio says that President Quadros has resigned from the government. \* Have you heard anything about it, sir?" he asked.

For some time Luciano lingered in his room, smoking one cigarette after another, reluctant to show his face, like a condemned man who makes use of his time to forestall the inevitable; but at last he took heart, picked up his books and went downstairs determined to face reality and acknowledge himself for what he was, whether he be accepted or not, and not for what others wanted him to be. They were about to get up from lunch, and he sat down with his sister and mother ("Promise me you'll talk with Father Bonifacio before the day is over, son. Promise?") who skillfully pretended that nothing had happened, that everything was okay. He felt a chill inside himself each time he raised his eyes from the plate and met the tender gaze of his mother, always indulgent and forgiving, and the weak smile of his sister, who had taken his side because she was still very naive and completely ignorant of the bad side of man and the world, so full of pitfalls and deceptions. He returned her smile, forcing himself to follow suit and act as if nothing had happened and everything were fine again.

After getting up from the table he ran for the telephone and talked for ages with his former girlfriend, who from all appearances was now involved with a boy who lived on the same street as she; but to his surprise the girl treated him as if she had no other boyfriend, as if the courtship between the two of them had never grown cold. As a matter of fact, it hadn't ended, but he had simply stopped seeking her company and bothering with the innumerable phone calls, answered by his mother and sister, which she made to ask if something had happened to him. When there was nothing more to talk about he said that he was going to hang up, but first, just for the hell of it, to see if she was still interested in him, he invited her to the movies; he would pick her up after class, he said, and it didn't matter if the film was no good—even a bang-up American western would do—since the real purpose of the date was to catch up on chitchat that they had missed during the long time they had not seen each other or talked to each other. Without waiting to be begged, she agreed. Satisfied, he ran back up the stairs, two steps at a time, grabbed the notebook that he had left on the bed, and then ran back down, whistling a song by João Gilberto. On the way out he kissed his mother, who was laughing and crying at the same time, and teased his sister and smiled affectionately at the old deaf maid who had been present at the moment of his birth. He looked carefree, certain of himself, and if he wasn't happy he managed to fake a look of happiness because he wanted to leave his mother with enough peace of mind so that she could go gladly to the six-o'clock mass and thank God for a prodigal son who, unlike the one in the Bible, was not returning to the fold but had simply decided, after good advice and counseling, to remain there.

He went to the garage in the backyard, got out his motorcycle, which the gardener had washed earlier that morning, and turned into the street. On the corner he saw Sérgio chatting with some friends but he didn't stop to talk. If Sérgio ever came to look for him again he would make a wry face and act cold and indifferent. He stomped down on the starter, accelerated the motor, and then took off wildly down the street like one of those raucous drugged boys in American films about misguided youth, those who make their own laws and decide to live their own lives, alone or in gangs, or like someone who is terribly late and has to make up for lost time, racing to keep an urgent appointment.

Rounding a dangerous closed curve, he turned into São Clemente Street, feeling a strange pleasure in the speed he forced from the machine, a strange orgasm born of sweat and wind, which left his pants spotted with wetness. Just a block before Santo Inácio High School, the unexpected happened. He tried to veer out of the way of a truck that appeared suddenly from behind a streetcar, but he swerved into the side of an Esso tank-truck that he had overtaken only seconds earlier. Thrown to the pavement, his skull smashed against a lamp-post and he died instantly, leaving no time for Father Bonifacio to place a candle in his hand and commend his soul to God.

\*Janio Quadros (1917- )—president of Brazil. A political independent who attempted reforms, he resigned his office in August 1961 after six months in office—ed.



# ISN'T THIS NEAT? IT'S SWISS

## A SHORT STORY

**Edilberto Coutinho:** Born in Pernambuco, Brazil, in 1933. Coutinho's first book was a collection of short stories written in his 18th and 19th years. Since then he has published two other collections of stories, as well as several critical anthologies, including *O Erotismo no Romance Brasileiro* (Eroticism in the Brazilian Novel).

His latest book is *Um Negro vai a Forra* (A Blackman Gets Even), published in 1977. Coutinho's writing has been the subject of numerous critical articles in Brazil and some stories have appeared in Spanish translation.

"I write," he says, "because I don't know how to live without it."

*Our lack of reason doesn't  
allow us to reach infinity  
(Notre pale raison  
nous cache l'infini)*

J. A. Rimbaud

*To find something  
means to lose it  
(Quem acha, vive se perdendo)*

Noel Rosa

The doctor handed the blood pressure device to his aunt and asked: Did anyone call, anyone look for me?

Ondina felt useful playing his secretary. She took messages with pleasure. Especially from friends she approved of: for instance, Geraldo wants you to call; he's at the newspaper office. Or Valdir is going to come by later—he wants your advice about something. She had opinions about everybody: This new friend of yours, kind of young, isn't he? she asked, referring to Nelsinho. She still hadn't accepted him. But she always bickered about new people. Real smart, she suspected: what I say isn't necessarily taken seriously. She had the habit of starting out saying: I'm just an old spinster that raised you. She loved saying this, always fishing for her compliments. And if he was in a really good mood, her nephew would say back to her: Oh, come on Aunt Ondina, your opinion really matters, go on, say it.

Carelessness on old Aunt Ondina's part, the doctor thought as soon as he noticed the systematic disappearance of his money. She goes around paying the same bills at the butcher's, the grocery store, the druggist. Then: It isn't that, it can't be. Meticulousness personified wouldn't let herself be deceived, even with age. At seventy-some years she was still almost completely clearheaded. Her memory, very good. Especially for things in the distant past. She remembered stories with minute detail. She remembered exactly what was being said, and would remind people of what they had said the first time if they inaccurately repeated it. Geraldo also called her Aunt: Aunt Ondina, in her role of Restorer of Truth, as he liked to say.

She could purposefully be taking out money for things needed around the house, that was another hypothesis. He didn't do any of the financing, she did it all. She really could go searching through his pockets, on top of the bureau or the straight-backed chair. And she could be keeping everything in a type of savings account, to insure against the future of sickness and complications she usually thought about. When she referred to the days she hadn't yet lived, didn't she always mention the words future and uncertainty in one breath? But the doctor soon discarded that hypothesis. He enjoyed himself, though, imagining his aunt so prudent (even more so than the real-life Ondina), with her wise savings account, in which he hadn't yet really come to believe.

The largest amount of money that came to his hands was destined for the Bank: salaries from the INPS,\* the Faculty of Medicine; or payments from sick people with long illnesses; the smallest amounts, fortuitous, like those from office calls, was almost always spent with the gang; in bars, restaurants, even at home, where almost every night his friends would get together.

His practice went well. They pay to see you, Geraldo would say, because you have become a type of sacred monster in this hole of a city. According to Geraldo, a lot of these people (women, mostly) came to his clinic out of curiosity, to see close up the young doctor the whole town was talking about.

Of the whole gang, Geraldo was the one his aunt most accepted. She wouldn't refer to them by names before she accepted them as persons. Nelson continued to be that boy: The strange boy was here, and he asked to go to the bathroom, but then he thought you were taking too long and he left. The doctor ran to his secret hiding place, in the bathroom. Thinking about all of this: his clientele increasing, the relationship between his aunt and his friends, the systematic disappearance of his money.

A strange place, he realizes. He'd received two significant payments at about the same time, and he wanted to deposit them right away. But it was Friday, the end of the afternoon. The banks already closed. He decided, then, to save them at home. Always hated having keys. He didn't lack closets or drawers or doors. With his aunt the money was safe. But if he wanted to go on some kind of binge she would annoy him: You spend too much and it's not even for yourself, paying bills for everyone; you think I don't know? and drinks for every bum you find. It's better she didn't know where the money was. And he decided, with childish happiness, on a cunning hiding place.

\*INPS (Instituto de Previdência Social)—a Brazilian federal health program

It was natural for him to spend, without control. For that reason, of all his closest friends in the gang the one with whom he had the most fights was Valdir: If it were up to me, your house wouldn't be so open. Only people who can be trusted getting together, and of the same age. Get off the case, Valdir, you're a worse spinster than Aunt Ondina. Oh yeah? Well, your house, my friend, is turning into a type of free bar, everyone comes here and that can only be bad for you, and look, I'm not only talking about the money. Yeah, Valdir wanted the emphasize the "moral" prejudices that were manifesting themselves in the form of anonymous phone calls. More than once, the doctor had seen his aunt hang up the phone, saying irritably that it was a wrong number.

He was less worried in recovering his "fortune" than in knowing how he was losing it. In a strange manner the money disappeared. There were a few times, in the street, when he thought he had enough for a certain expenditure and he was almost broke.

On that Friday, too late to go to the Bank, he put all the money in a popular-style ceramic pot on top of a closet in the bathroom, thinking that no one would ever think, no less find, such a marvelous hiding place. Now, in front of the violated pot, he thinks about how people are mysterious. What a world of secrets they hide, of unsuspected things that, from one moment to the next, appear. He felt let down by the vexation that it could cause. Nevertheless, he shouldn't let himself be surprised, he who had said to his students that afternoon, in his Clinical Psychology class: What we hope happens to someone, what someone says or does, is what frequently happens to someone else. One person does something and another one says something. That other, unsuspecting and apparently distant to the problem in which we are situated, is the one we choose. This one, in his own way, will be near a problem completely different from the one we thought was fitting to his character, in conformity with his personality.

Nelson, Nelsinho. He didn't want to cause the boy great embarrassment. For whoever knew Nelsinho, the boy could represent many, different things, but certainly no one could imagine him even a little bit dangerous. Except Valdir, but that was because of his own bad nature. Because the other was so young and Valdir was becoming one of those who, with age, can't stand youth. To him youth is a sickness. Or is it a type of personal insult?

In his passive way, Nelson never opposed an idea, and, if it happened that he disapproved of anything, it was because he hadn't understood. When he was well informed of what it was about, his inclination was to immediately agree. And, in his characteristic manner he would say: Oh, well, now I understand. Nelson divided the gang into two groups: one, thought the boy, is slow, boring, not very intelligent; and the other, favorable towards him, only sees charm in my simple, candid manner. Rich or stupid interior world, the doctor analyzed the situation, my friends see the attitudes of Nelsinho, the boy's silences and few interventions in our conversations. Geraldo would ask Nelson direct questions: If the boy studied, if Nelson planned a career, things like that. The boy studied? Of course. Your father, what does he do? Geraldo would continue to ask, and Nelson replied, I don't have a father. In a strange way, Geraldo said, the boy answered that one as if he had never had a father, and had become so quiet and sad that the conversation discontinued, then changed subjects. Little was known about Nelson, after all. Even his age was a mystery. He'd said thirteen years, and Valdir, of course, was immensely displeased.

With what they say around here about you, my dear young doctor, and you hanging around with that punk, a thirteen-year-old boy in your house. How do you explain something like that? Explain what and to whom, Valdir? What type of persecution is this? Well, keep calm. They're going to make you drink hemlock. Geraldo interrupted: In this dump of a city, everyone talks about everyone else, with or without reason; a single man is a fag, a man's wife is having an affair. Nobody escapes.

Thirteen years old? Even if this Nelson were eighteen, said Valdir, I would prefer to wait ten years, at least, until we should ever be introduced. Valdir explained: The boy notices how everyone absolutely adores him and even more how they adore something just a little bit out of the ordinary. Something different from the usual routine. Something that he represents. The child certainly must have thought that he wouldn't be looked down upon by us. If Nelsinho reasoned this way, Geraldo said, then he isn't as stupid as you make him out to be. It certainly must have been, Valdir answered Gerardo in an irritated voice, that friend of yours that taught him from the start.

A friend of Geraldo's, Danilo, had introduced Nelson to the gang. The night before returning to Rio, vacation over, Danilo appeared with his "discovery," on a calm day when Geraldo was the only other person present. Danilo explained, We met each other on the beach, the boy asked me to light his cigarette, and we spent the rest of the morning together. And continued, It's curious to think now about it. He made me talk the whole time. I only know that his name is Nelson. He told me that was his name, and that he is thirteen years old. Thirteen, darlings. I gave him a lift on the taxi going home. Now, that night the boy appears in the hotel. Just think. Since Danilo didn't know what to do with a thirteen-year-old boy, Geraldo said, he brought him here. Because this is the most famous day-care center for poor, wayward

children. Okay, let's adopt him.

Danilo told everything while Nelson went to buy cigarettes. With the understanding he would bring back some extra packs for the gang. Said Danilo, this is my contribution to the house supply, handing some money over to Nelson.

If the boy is only thirteen, or even fifteen or seventeen, it's worth it, was the general conclusion. (Valdir: He is a fake.) And all of them felt themselves obliged to confess, at that age, none of them had had such an air of self-confidence. This type of maturity that Nelsinho seems to have. And the boy really likes us, assured Geraldo, after Nelson started hanging around with the gang. Geraldo was always his best defender against Valdir's assaults. I don't know why, but Nelsinho really likes us. Then, the poor boy doesn't really disturb. Just arrives, sits down; quiet in his corner, without annoying anyone. He can sit there the whole time without saying a word. It was true: while the others became excited, talking, gesturing, eventually getting mad at each other (thus, no one needed to pay for psychotherapy, would say Valdir), the boy was calm, in the middle of general delirium, especially if it was one of those nights with a lot of people and a lot of booze. Only when asked did Nelson say something or move. Usually to help. To get ice, buy cigarettes, those things.

It's necessary to find, the doctor thinks now, in front of the ceramic pot, in the bathroom, any trace, something somehow definitive. Something besides the habitual exterior behavior of Nelson.

That's the way the boy appears in front of everyone, but there must be something more, something secret and profound, maybe not ever revealed to anyone.

Some mystery, it would be necessary to discover it, identify it.

Maybe it will be necessary to help Nelson in some way. Geraldo asked him if the boy had other friends. Yes, schoolmates, friends from the street, no good ones outside of you, Nelsinho assured us.

The boy wasn't interested in the tests or in the clinic. In fact, he hardly looked for the doctor in his office. In the last weeks the doctor had gotten used to coming home and finding the boy sitting there quietly beside his Aunt Ondina. It had become funny: the old lady and the boy, quiet, each one in his own chair—she, on the rocking chair—each in their own world. More than half a century of life between the two of them and an immeasurable distance, as if they were beings from different galaxies and didn't have common means of communication. She smoked without stopping, swinging her skinny legs, the bones showing. Veins fine and blue in the skin, dried out and white, like a threadbare sweater. Wasting. Nelson looked into space with penetrating eyes. In all, passive. Or expectant?

Having ceased showing their initial interest in the boy, maybe caused Nelsinho to be a little out of sorts with the gang. Lately, the boy was no longer a matter to be discussed when absent. He'd be mentioned only if there wasn't anyone to go to the corner to buy cigarettes. This or that. Nelson had really become the messenger boy for the gang. A kind of boy for everyone.

Danilo went home to Rio, and the boy kept appearing. He'd arrive and sit down. Listening. If no one directed himself to him, the boy would leave after an hour, more or less. That was something else; it turned into a kind of routine with Nelson. Usually, the boy didn't stay more than an hour. This behavior was very convenient and seemed educated. Now, this perturbing discovery. No doubt, it really was Nelson. When the doctor asked his aunt if there were any messages, telephone calls, she said that strange boy was here and asked if he could use the bathroom.

He almost shouted out loud, and ran in that direction very excitedly.

Now, an overpowering anguish dominates him, coming close to the time to talk to him. This is it, if the boy should ever come back.

The doctor went around thinking about a million things to say, how he would do it, inventing excuses, justifications. Perhaps the boy had thought everyone owed him something for all of the small favors he'd performed. But he didn't know how Nelson would react in conversation. So touchy, and that would involve so much, the personality and character of the other. But Nelson would have to talk, explain himself. And listen, of course, listen to reason. Geraldo had always given the boy money. Almost all of them had. No, Nelsinho had never asked, but always accepted the change from cigarettes, money—always some to spare—for a taxi. As if it were a habit for a boy that was neither here nor there in life to go around in a taxi. Foolishness, then. Nelson, Nelsinho, the doctor practiced. Friends should talk to each other if they have problems. Don't you consider yourself my friend? And he would tell Nelson that it might become a habit, lead him astray. So much to say, but, then, thinking about it, the whole thing seemed so useless, stupid, of a false and moralist tone.

And would the boy return to the house?

The doctor had left the nylon thread on top of the ceramic pot. The boy hadn't noticed the trap. So, he was certain it was Nelson who had broken into the ceramic pot, letting the thread fall. Now, the fear, the insecurity—not being able to decide the best thing to say.

And the hour Nelson usually arrived was near.

He had avoided commenting directly about the continual disappearance of his money. He'd only insinuated the matter to Geraldo. Do you know of anyone with serious financial problems? Now, doctor, lots of people. I mean, idiot, in our gang. I'm serious.



But the conversation ended, with the entrance of Aunt Ondina, who came to serve coffee. Then Valdir appeared. Others arrived. All of them were more or less suspect, then. It could even be that someone was doing it to be funny. And, besides, all of them have read Genet, especially the Genet of the *Journal d'un voleur*, he thought dejectedly.

Nelson took a long time to come. The doctor opened a book. He was sitting, leafing through the pages of *Existentialism and Marxism*. He couldn't concentrate on what he was reading. But, the boy, finally. Talkative. Smiling. Different from Nelson's usual quiet and half-withdrawn state. Why all of this happiness? A stupid thing to have said, and the boy said: Look at this, just look. Nelson proudly displays the watch on his wrist. He adds: A present from my Dad because I graduated from sixth grade. Isn't it neat? The watch? Yes, of course. Very pretty, the doctor said, as if he weren't there. Very pretty, mechanically. It's the greatest, said Nelson. Swiss. Ever seen anything neater? Can you believe it?

Cool. The neatest. What to do in front of a happy adolescent who shows such an enormous happiness except smile. What else, call him a thief, a liar: Yesterday, you took money from my ceramic pot in the bathroom, for weeks you've been stealing money from my wallet, lifting what you could find in my clothes on top of my bureau in my bedroom. And you never had a father, or if you did you wouldn't even know who he is. Let's go, roughly, who is your father? You don't know, see? Son of a bitch, little thief. And see that smile disappear, the mouth crinkle up like an old man's. And punish him? How?

Maybe say: Son, if you needed money, I would have understood. That's why we're friends. If the watch was necessary to you, we could have worked something out.

But what money would the boy ask for? Enough to buy such an expensive watch? No, no, it couldn't be expected, it definitely couldn't.

Nothing to do then. The doctor gave in, smiling with the boy.

Now, he is smiling. Pure joy. Finally, identifying himself with Nelsinho's happiness. Happiness, your name is, What's the make of that beautiful watch, anyway? The boy read from the face of the watch, stretching out his left forearm, admiring once again his ornamented pulse, Alpha. Thirteen years old, fifteen, eighteen? Anyway, a boy that could be my son. Did Rimbaud say that? Not if one is serious when he is seventeen. The doctor thought: Until eighteen, isn't everything still allowed?

## PORTRAITS

### A SHORT STORY

**Caio Fernando Abreu:** Born in 1948 in Santiago, Rio de Sul, Brazil. Began writing at the age of six ("It's a natural thing, a manufacturer's defect perhaps—the impossibility of living life without inventing things on top of it.") and had his first story published in 1966 while he was still a student in Porto Alegre. In 1968 he moved to São Paulo and two years later he won the Fernando Chinaglia Prize for his volume of short stories entitled *Inventário do Irremediável* (Inventory of the Irremediable). In 1971 he moved to Rio de Janeiro where his novel *Limite branco* (White Boundary) was published. In 1972 he returned to Porto Alegre where he currently lives. His collection of stories *O Ovo Apunhalado* (The Dagger-struck Egg) appeared in 1975 and received an honorable mention in the National Fiction Awards, and his fourth book, *Pedras de Ccutã* (Stones of Calcutta) was published in 1977. Translations of individual stories by Abreu have appeared in Germany and Spain, and one of his stories—"London, London, or Ajax, Brush and Rubbish"—was made into a film in Europe.

About a recent vacation he writes: "The sunsets were very pretty. I spent the best summer of my life . . . Loved a lot and did yoga beside the sea, very thankful for being alive and having traveled through all the places I've traveled through, for having lived everything that I've lived, and for being exactly as I am."

#### SATURDAY.

I had never noticed him before. To tell the truth, there's nothing to distinguish him from all the others. The same bright-colored clothes, the same long hair, the same dirty drugged appearance. I had never seen them from up close until today. From the window of the apartment they all seemed to form one single mass, colorful but drab. The whole affair failed to interest me. Or, for that matter, to bother me. Even so I did sign the petition that the tenants in the building circulated asking for their removal. But nothing came of it. In the elevator I heard somebody say that someone very important must be protecting them. That struck me as amusing because they look so forsaken. I think it was that thought that moved me to go down to the square this afternoon. Yes, it must have been that. I didn't find anything strange about them, nothing such as the petition had claimed. They were simply there, in a way that didn't offend me. One of them smiled and made a sketch of me. He was like the others, exactly like the others, except for a string of beads with a little skull on it. All of them had necklaces but he only had a skull. The portrait was a good one. I know nothing about portraits really, but it strikes me as a good one. I think I'll have a frame made for it and hang it in the hallway by the door.

#### SUNDAY.

I went out for a paper and ran into him. He asked me if I'd like another portrait. *I already have one*, I said. *Why*

*would I want another?* He gave me a bright-toothed smile. *Have one done each day and you'll see what your face is like throughout the week.* I found that amusing. *You'll do seven of me then*, I said. *Seven is a magic number*, he said. *I'll do seven.* He asked me to sit on the cement bench and he began to sketch. I watched him as he worked. The truth was that he didn't resemble the others; he's always by himself and he always has a look of concentration. From time to time he raised his eyes and smiled at me. I felt weird because nobody had ever smiled at me—I mean, nobody had ever smiled at me as he did. His hands are finely made, almost blueish in color. When he sketches his hand moves rapidly. When he isn't sketching it holds completely still. Sometimes it even stops still in mid air. There's something strange about that. I never saw anyone hold his hand perfectly still in the air for so long a time. While he was drawing me I felt ashamed—ashamed of wearing a suit, the old suit I use on Sundays, and a tie. I hadn't even shaved. The bottle of milk I had in my hand grew heavy, and ink in the newspaper began to stain my trousers. For a moment I had an urge to sit on the ground like they did. They would probably think me a little ridiculous. I restrained myself until he finished. When he handed me the sheet I couldn't restrain myself any longer and I told him I had enjoyed today's session more than yesterday's. He laughed. *A sign that your face is better on Saturday than on Sunday*, he said. I paid him and left. I've put today's portrait beside the one he did yesterday. I look older, more worried, though the features are the same. Tomorrow I'll ask him his name.

#### MONDAY.

Forgot about him until time to head home. There was a lot of work to do today. I came home tired, ready to take a bath and go to sleep. He met me at the door of the building. *What about our agreement?* he said. I said *Ah yes* and went with him to the square. His walk was slow, though he doesn't appear to be lazy like the others. I don't know exactly what it is but there's something about him very different from them. Sometimes I think he may have a sudden dizzy spell and fall. That's when he closes his eyes with one hand pressed against his head. Maybe he's hungry. I thought of inviting him to eat with me but decided against it. The neighbors wouldn't approve of it. Nor would the doorman. Aside from that, the apartment is very small and it's always in a mess because the maid comes in only once a week. He's always barefoot, and his feet are finely made like his hands. It always seems that he's walking on leaves. I don't know how to explain it because there are no leaves on the square, not now. Only in autumn. His fingernails and toenails are transparent. When he was finishing up today's drawing I asked him his name. *My name is not made of letters or sounds*, he said. *My name is the whole of what I am.* I tried to ask what that name was but there was no time. He was already handing me the sheet of paper. I paid for it without looking at it. It was not until I got up here that I looked. It disturbed me. I am not a young man like yesterday and the day before. The face he drew today is the same one I see in the mirror by the entrance and that mirror always gives back a distorted image. I put the sketch on the table beside the others. Then I felt it was better to pin it on the wall of the room, just in front of my bed. I glanced out the window but couldn't spot him down there among the others.

#### TUESDAY.

When I went out this morning I looked for him. I wanted to invite him to have a *café au lait* with me in the bar down on the corner. But I didn't see him. Last night it was cold. I've heard that they sleep on the square. At dawn I woke up thinking of him stretched out on the sand on that frayed military jacket he wears. I felt really sorry for him and couldn't go back to sleep. I found it hard to work today. I realized that the secretary has hairy legs and the boss is really quite fat. I know such things have no importance but I couldn't get them off my mind. This afternoon he was waiting for me on the corner. *Today's is the fourth*, he said. *Three left to go*, I answered. And I felt something tighten inside me. He has dark eyes that stare fixedly, holding still on one point in the same way his hands hold still. His trousers are ripped at the knees. I've never seen him talking with anyone. The others stay huddled together in a group, talking low among themselves and looking scornfully at people like me in suits and ties. He's always alone. Today he finished the drawing and handed me a daisy along with it. I had never even noticed that there were daisies growing in the square. To tell the truth, I don't think I had ever looked at a daisy up close before. They are round. Not perfectly round—what I mean is, the center is round and the petals are long. The center is yellow and grainy. The petals are white. I have placed it in a glass of water in which I dissolved an apsinrin. They say that makes a flower last longer. Today's portrait is very unsightly. Not that it's poorly done, but that I look terribly old, gray, with a sad expression. I was surprised. It even made me afraid to look at myself in the mirror. Then I looked. I saw that it was my face he had drawn. Maybe he smoothed things over a little in the first drawing because he didn't know me then, and now that I'm one of his customers he can draw me as I really am. I noticed that the women in the other apartments were watching while I talked with him today.

#### WEDNESDAY.

I thought the day would never end. Everybody at the office is so dull that time seems to take longer in passing. As soon as the hands of the clock reached six I grabbed my coat and ran down the stairs. I bumped into the boss on the way. I noticed that he was hopping because his feet were swollen. There I stood gazing at his feet. He didn't seem as if he were walking on leaves. In the street I spotted a shopwindow full of necklaces and beads. He would be pleased, I thought. But what nonsense it would be, what with the month ending now and me short on money.

Still I couldn't help myself. I returned to the store and went in. The salesgirl looked at me with a strange expression. *It's for my daughter*, I said. I left with a little package feeling heavy on my pocket, afraid he wouldn't be on the corner. He was. I saw him from a distance, very lean and tall. I lowered my head as if lost in thought. I started to walk on by him but he took hold of my arm. He took hold of it slowly. But even so I felt the pressure of his fingers. It was cold. I asked him if he wasn't chilly. *I don't feel the same cold that you feel*, he said. I didn't understand. The drawing turned out really ugly. I put it on the wall beside the others. Each day I look older. Maybe it's because I haven't been sleeping well. I have dark bags under my eyes; my skin is yellowish; there are thin spots in my hair. I shook his hand. It feels cold. Only two portraits left to go. Today I discovered that his eyes aren't completely dark. They have tiny golden dots in the pupils like green eyes often do. The neighbors were watching me from their windows again, commenting softly among themselves. For the first time I didn't bother to greet them.

#### THURSDAY

Insomnia again. I stayed awake looking at the portraits on the white wall. It's horrible, the difference between them. In them I grow steadily older. It frightened me to think of the seventh drawing. And I closed my eyes. When I closed my eyes I thought I felt inside my head the same cold contact that I felt yesterday afternoon when his hand clasped mine. A touch that was cold and yet hot at the same time, firm and at the same time slight. Suddenly I remembered what he had said that day when he gave me the daisy. Was it *A flower is an abyss* or *A flower and an abyss*? I can't remember which but I know it was something like that. How could I have forgotten? I got up to look at the daisy. It was still yellow and white, still round and long. My day in the office was awful. Several times I made mistakes with my figures and I was rude to the secretary when she called my attention to them. She was offended and went to complain to the boss. I was afraid he'd call me into his office but he didn't. I pretended I had a headache and left early. In the bar I sat down and had two beers. When I stuck my hand in my pocket I felt the weight of the little package I had not had the courage to give him. The whole city was grayish even though the sun was shining. I saw fear in the faces of the people around me. At ten of six I got up. It was really a very pretty day and everybody was happy. I didn't look at him. I don't want him to think I feel envy or anything like that. I carried the portrait, rolled up. For the first time the elevator operator didn't say hello to me or even open the door. In the portrait I look like a corpse. No, that's exaggerating a bit. I just look very downcast and beaten. The cold weather hasn't let up. Tomorrow I'll buy a bed. I want to invite him to spend these cold nights here. I'll say the bed belongs to my sister who's away on a long trip. I didn't have the nerve to give him the necklace, not knowing what he might think. Tomorrow I won't buy any cigarettes so I'll have the money for the last portrait.

#### FRIDAY.

I only worked the morning today. By noon I couldn't stand the place anymore, couldn't stand those dull heavy people crushing the carpet like elephants. Couldn't stand those machines. I told the boss I felt ill. He was very understanding. He said he'd noticed that I look a little spiritless lately. I asked for an advance on the excuse that I needed to buy some medicine. Then I went into a movie theatre and sat through two runs killing time until six. In the film there was a young motorcyclist who resembled him. Resembled but no more, for I realized that there is no one else really like him. I remembered by childhood, I don't know why, and cried. It had been a long long time since I had cried. At six I went to the square. But he wasn't there. I came up to the apartment and took a bath. In a few minutes I'll go back down. I don't know why but I'm crying again.

A terrible thing has happened. It's very late and he didn't show up. I can't understand it. Maybe he's sick or maybe he's had an accident, something like that. I can't bear the thought that he may be alone, hurt, maybe even dead. I have cried so much looking at the daisy he gave me. And it was today that he was going to do the last portrait, that I was going to give him the necklace and invite him to sleep here, to eat with me. I've just taken three sleeping pills and I feel a bit funny. Maybe he'll come tomorrow.

#### SATURDAY.

Woke up early and went to the square. But I couldn't find him. I gathered up my nerve, approached the others and asked them where he was. Some of them didn't even acknowledge my question. Others among them looked annoyed. *But what's his name?* they asked. *You mean you don't even know his name?* I was ashamed to repeat what he had told me. It doesn't seem appropriate for a man of my age to say things like that. Nobody knew anything about him. I described his way of moving, his face, his blue trousers torn at the knees, his hands. Soon I lost my shame and told them how he seemed to walk on a cushion of fallen leaves, how his hands hovered motionless in the air, how his dark eyes fastened onto things. No one knew anything about him. I went to ask my neighbors. Three of them slammed their doors in my face and muttered things I couldn't understand. Two others told me they had rooms for rent, and I couldn't understand that either. I left and wandered about the city, spent the rest of my money on beer, couldn't find him. I phoned all the police stations and hospitals. I went to the morgue. He wasn't there. I went back home soaked in the rain, coughing and sneezing. I collapsed on the bed and fell asleep.

#### SUNDAY.

I spent the day on the square. He never came. I took the portraits with me. I looked at them closely. There are six in all. The last looks like a corpse. They stared at me with



scorn. I took the daisy with me. It was hot all day. I sweated a lot. I forgot to shave. This afternoon the secretary strolled by with her fiancé and saw me lying there on the grass. She didn't say hello but whispered something to her boyfriend. When it was already quite late I realized that he will never come again. I slowly walked back home but the doorman wouldn't let me in the building. He showed me a petition signed by the neighbors saying things I didn't bother to read. Then I came to this bar where I'm writing. It's raining outside. Maybe he's gone away, maybe he'll return, maybe he's dead, I don't know. My head is exploding. I can't stand it anymore. I spread the portraits out on the table before me. For a long time I looked at them. Slowly I pulled the petals off the daisy, one by one until only the grainy pith was left. The sixth portrait is a corpse. Maybe that's why he didn't come back. The sound of the rain is the same as the sound of his footsteps on non-existent leaves. *A flower is an abyss*, I repeated. *A flower and an abyss*. And suddenly it dawned on me that I am dead.

## THE ONANIST

### A SHORT STORY

João Silvério Trevisan: "I have existed since a certain day in 1944; was brought into the sweet torment of this life in a small town in the interior of the state of São Paulo, Brazil—a town that I'm afraid to see again because it doesn't exist outside of my childhood's dreams."

Produces and/or writes scripts for films. Received a prize for the film *Maria da Tempestade* (Maria of the Storm) from the State Cinema Commission of São Paulo in 1971.

His first collection of short stories, *Testamento de Jonatas Deixado a David* (Jonathan's Bequest to David) appeared in 1976—the title story from that volume having won a prize the year before in the Latin-American Short Story Contest in Mexico. The same story also received a prize from *Status*, a Brazilian erotic magazine, but publication of it was forbidden by government censorship at the time.

A change came over him when he began to feel the first stirrings. He no longer played with the other boys; whether at home or at school, he spent most of his time in the bathroom.

It usually happened like this: he would spend a long time examining the new hairs that were sprouting on his pubis, he would become aroused, and then he would jerk off. The sight of the white liquid, so new to him still, would leave him in a state of delirium.

In his long hours of solitude he discovered varied ways of indulging in his pleasure. Sometimes, for example, he would carefully stick fine broomstraws into his urethra and then take hold of himself as if he were grasping a stiff mast, or sometimes he would stand enthralled before the mirror gazing at himself as he slowly lowered his pants. Then he would examine in minute detail the changes taking place in his body, watching the veins throb in his penis as it swelled. What a miraculous thing it was, he thought, for something so small to swell up so much.

Later it occurred to him to gather up all the mirrors in the house and carry them to the bathroom so he could

luxuriate in the multiple images of himself as his member developed, grew defiant, and throbbed with pleasure. Sometimes he would turn the shower on hot and let the nearly scalding water fall over his sex; in his climaxes then there was no difference between pain and pleasure. Or sometimes he would cover the head of his penis with toothpaste; his pleasure then was keener, more piercing. One day he shaved the young hairs off his cock purely for the sake of watching them grow back, coarse and stubborn. Then a little light rubbing was all the stimulation he needed.

In a short while he had mastered his capacity for pleasure. Little by little he learned to direct it and to locate it in different parts of his body, all according to the mood of the moment. Sometimes he caressed his thighs, sometimes his face, his chest, his stomach or his buttocks, and from those caresses alone his milk-white liquid would gush forth. The pleasure seemed to be concentrated in whatever part of his body he chose, but the hollows behind his knees were the spot where he felt it most acutely.

Sometimes he would linger in the bathroom for hours on end, and at last he began to arouse suspicion. One day his mother caught him in the act, just at the moment when he had turned his back to the mirror on the door and was admiring his ass. She gave him a good beating, along with stern warnings and motherly rebukes. The parson was called in to deliver a sermon on the lamentable consequences of the solitary sin—tuberculosis, anemia, syphilis, blindness, a swelling of the feet and joints, falling hair, unnatural growth of the nipples, and tooth decay, among others. He advised the boy to channel his energies into sports; *mens sana in corpore sano*, he announced triumphantly, should be the motto to remember. The pharmacist in his turn recommended Scott's Emulsion and added that the boy's thoughts were simply turning to matters of love; it was just a natural phase, he said, between boyhood and manhood.

And so it seemed to be. As he grew up, the boy took up soccer and before long was the center forward of the local team. At about the same time he began to court the daughter of one of the neighbors. In fact, he took the advice of the parson and the pharmacist so seriously that he soon married. He never again mentioned those secrets of his adolescence, and finally he seemed no different from all the other people in the world.

His bride, however, soon began to wake up at night with the bed bouncing and swaying as if an earth tremor had just occurred. She quickly adjusted to the fact that it was only her husband masturbating in his sleep. If the thing had not happened so frequently she would never have been shocked or disturbed by it. Together they consulted a doctor and he prescribed parenthood as the only sure means of emending the libidinous excesses of the husband. Soon the wife was expecting. The pregnancy drained so much of her energies that she no longer woke up at night when the bed, indifferent to the delicacy of her state, began to sway and rock.

After the child was born the husband had to sleep in the livingroom to avoid its incessant crying. There, shielded by the night, he freely indulged in his private pleasures, awakening again to the realization of how delightful it was to be alone. He turned inward upon himself in such a way that his body was transformed into an instrument, at once the source and the object of adoration and joy. He took a mystic delight in himself, whining like a saint as his hot sperm fell back onto his body. Sometimes it struck the inside arch of his feet,

sometimes his knees; sometimes it fell onto his navel or chest. But most of all he liked for it to fall in his face.

Once by chance the viscous liquid touched his lips, and then he began to play with the idea of sucking himself. He exercised with dedication and after many months of practice he was able to touch the end of his penis with his lips. Lying on his back on the sofa he would throw his lower body and legs back over his head, stretching out his tongue and straining until he managed to put the tip in his mouth. Then, with more training, he could touch the glans against the roof of his mouth.

He became a master in an art which seemed to link up all the internal circuitry of his body, concentrating his whole being into an absolute sense of self. But he didn't stop there. The night when he finally managed to push his penis down into his own throat he experienced dizzy spells and blinding flashes of light. Unable to sleep then, he lay awake staring perplexedly into the darkness. At dawn he decided to flee, for he had realized that his life and his pleasure had fused into one single act.

He made his way into the desert and found a cave to shelter himself. There he could live, he thought, without ever returning to the world. With the passage of the years he became more and more hunchbacked and emaciated. But at the same time it was the mystical practice of auto-fellatio that permitted him to survive by supplying him with the necessary protein.

Then one day, by pure chance, he was spotted by the members of a passing caravan. Unfortunately the weary travelers found him in his coiled position, which shocked and incensed them. They hauled him away by force and handed him over to the first police station they could find. The police examined him and in their characteristic way gave him a good beating. When he refused to speak and showed no intention of renouncing his exotic pastime, they decided to send him to an asylum.

There he was subjected to an exhaustive diagnosis. The man was suffering, the doctors said, from an advanced case of a certain antisocial neurosis which manifested itself in the form of acute exhibitionism. Whenever the nurses relaxed their vigilance he would immediately coil up into his favorite position, just as naturally as if he were eating an ice cream cone. Electric shock and daily injections of serum failed to dissuade him or to calm him. Soon the doctors were forced to place him in a cell by himself because all the other patients had begun to mimic his symptoms. Months and years went by, and the doctors and psychiatrists tried in vain to overcome the man's resistance, applying one by one all the most advanced techniques of dissuasion and cure.

In spite of their efforts his condition persisted. Then one morning the mystic fellateur woke up the whole asylum. With much bellowing and screaming he announced that he had at last attained a state of complete self-knowledge and understanding. For days he kept up his yelping, making strange orgasmic sounds as if he were caught up in an intolerable act of love and his body were being hurled beyond the barriers of flesh and bone, as if he were plunging into the galaxies amid the pure burning light of the stars. Anyone who heard him would have thought that he, consuming himself in infinite delight, had achieved some kind of identity with the cosmos. But if the same observer, intrigued by his clamoring, had crept up and peeped through the visor on the door of his cell, he would have seen nothing but a figure on the floor, curled as always back upon itself. He was declared incurable.

No one ever managed to disentangle him.

## A LETTER FROM A FOUNDER OF THE ARGENTINE GAY LIBERATION FRONT TO A NORTH AMERICAN, A FEW POEMS BY ALEJANDRA PIZARNIK, AND A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Dear friend,

In better circumstances—in the Argentina of 1973, for example—we could have welcomed you differently. Then we would have organized a huge party which lots of people would have attended. But today in Argentina we lead a difficult life, bordering constantly upon desperation. I hope that you nevertheless took with you pleasant memories of your meeting with us. Please hold on carefully to the FLH (GLF) material we gave you.

Very soon we will be leaving for Europe. We feel that life in Argentina is no longer possible. It's merely a question of surviving here, and without great promise of that. A person's life may be long, but never long enough to waste. So, let us say that in three months or so from now (this letter is from late December of '76) the organized Argentine homosexual liberation movement will be functioning again, but from Western Europe, especially Spain and Italy.

Let me say that we all were left with warm memories of you. We Latin-Americans have reservations about North American citizens, but the fact is that all the gay people we have met from the United States in the last six years have impressed us most favorably. This seems to show that human beings are divided only on the level of ideologies. A homophobic macho is equally dangerous whether he happens to be North American, Argentine, Russian, or Spanish. We men and women who wish for a world without violence and discrimination are all friends and compañeros without regard for nationality, social extraction, racial origin, political militancy, or religious belief.

One other thing. I'm enclosing some material by and about Alejandra Pizarnik. You could say that she was the most outstanding contemporary poet in Argentina. And we would like for her to be more widely known, especially since her books are out of print now and there's little chance of their being reprinted. Of further special interest to us is the fact that this woman was homosexual.

Alejandra Pizarnik was born in Avellaneda, Argentina, in 1936. In 1954 she entered the university as a student in philosophy, which she soon abandoned for literature, leaving that a short while later to study painting with Juan Batle Planas.

She received a Guggenheim Fellowship and a Fulbright. From 1960 to 1964 she lived in Paris, where she worked closely with *les Lettres Nouvelles*, *la Nouvelle Revue Française*, *Sur*, *Zona Franca*, *Outcry*, and other literary magazines. In addition to her own writing she translated Antonin Artaud, Henri Michaux, Yves Bonnefoy, Léopold Sédar Senghor, and Aimé Césaire. Back in Buenos Aires in 1966, she was awarded first prize in a poetry contest held by that city.

Ten volumes of her own poetry were published in South America, most of them by the prestigious Editorial Sudamericana. Her last volume, *El Infierno Musical*, appeared in 1972. In late September of that same year she committed suicide.

[Each of the following is a separate poem]

The wind had eaten away  
part of my face and hands.  
They called me a ragged angel.  
I waited.

Never again to hope  
for a coming and going  
of names, of shapes.  
Someone's dreaming went awry.  
Someone by mistake wasted  
the forgotten spaces.

On the other shore of night  
love is possible  
—take me there—  
take me among those sweet substances  
that each day die in your memory.

From this battle with words, shield me,  
and turn off the rage of my elemental body.

Tomorrow  
they will clothe me in ashes at dawn,  
will stuff my mouth with flowers.  
I will learn to sleep  
in the memory of a wall,  
in the breath  
of some dreaming animal.

And still I dare to love  
the sound of light in a dead hour,  
tints of time on an abandoned wall.  
In my gazing I have lost everything.  
Asking is so remote. So near the knowing  
that nothing will be given.

When you gaze at me  
my eyes are keys.  
The wall holds secrets,  
my fear holds words, poems.  
Only you can turn my memory  
into a charmed wanderer,  
an incessant fire.

Not a poem about your absence.  
Just a sketch. A crack in a wall.  
Something in the wind. A bitter taste.

Dreaming naked of a sun-lit night.  
Through animal days I have lain.  
Wind and rain erased me,  
as if I were a fire, as if I were a poem  
scribbled on a wall.

Odd I was  
when close by distant lights  
I hoarded especially pure words  
with which to forge new silences.

Withhold me,  
most mournful midnight,  
from the defiled white noon.



# CARNIVAL IN RIO

## A Photo Essay

by Alair Gomes

Dziga Vertov, who may have been the greatest theorist of the photographic documentary, committed a huge theoretical mistake when he said that the eye of the camera assumes control over the eye of the cameraman. The truth is, on the contrary, that the camera remains completely subservient to the photographer's eyes—and inclinations. Vertov worked with the cinema; but he often thought in terms so ample that they apply to the photographic medium at large. And he was actually in an exceptional position to know that the camera never focuses, forces objectivity: his chief activity was that of an editor, in the sense of a composer, with photographic images, of conceptions that he himself entertained. What came out of his work was his particular vision of the events to which he turned his attention.

This is *almost* how I consider this mini-portrait of Rio's carnival. The fact that it was put together to appear in the pages of *Gay Sunshine* made it more biased than I would otherwise have it. But, of course, the bias fully answers to my own sensibility. Because Winston Leyland allowed me a margin of decision in the composition, which was much

bigger than editors are usually willing to grant to photographers, I can say that the vision is basically mine. It is directed, first of all, to those with a kindred sensibility. But I hope it will not be confined to them. What I chiefly regret about it is its size; it should have been so bigger as to fill some twenty consecutive issues of the whole magazine.

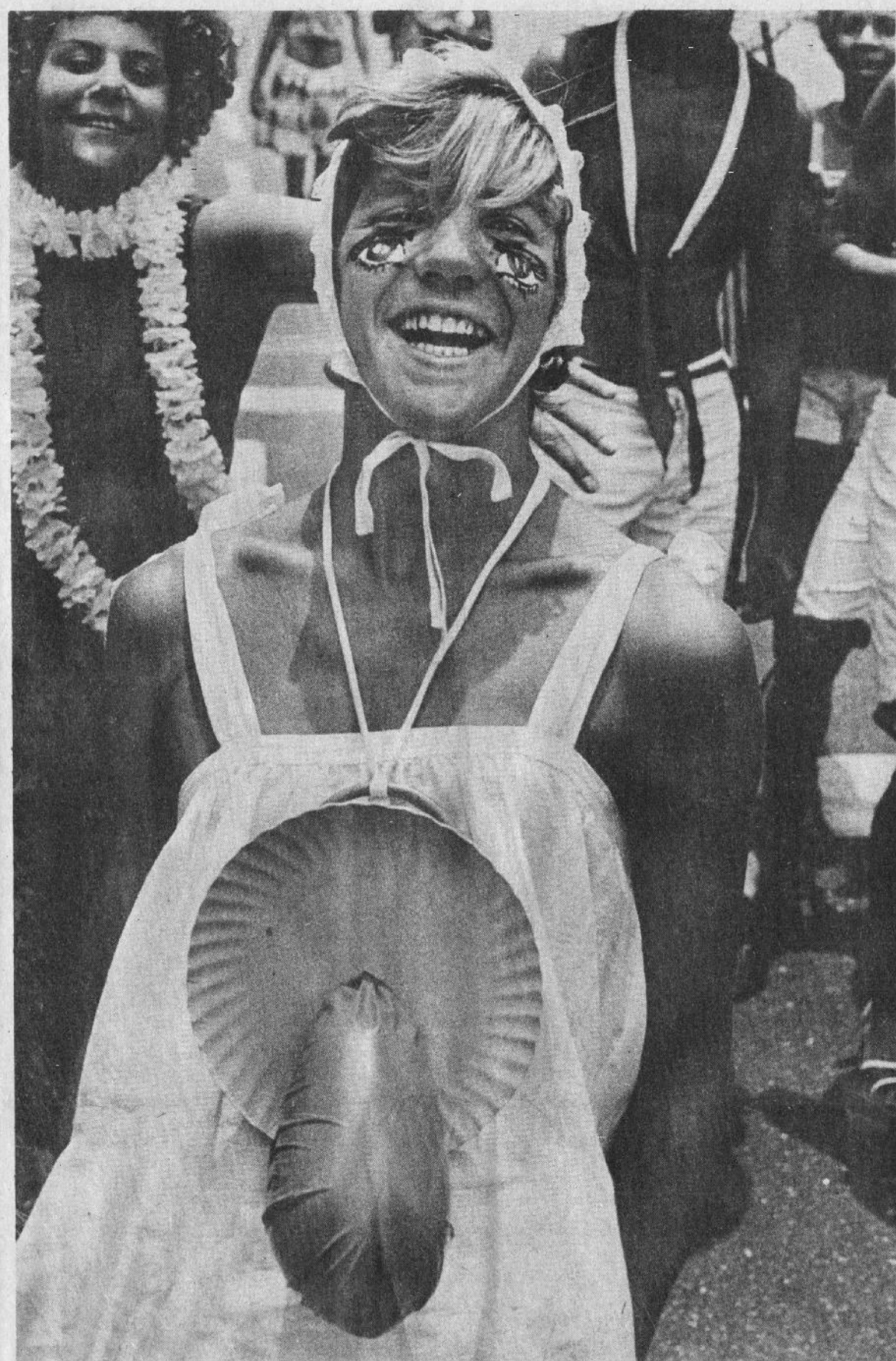
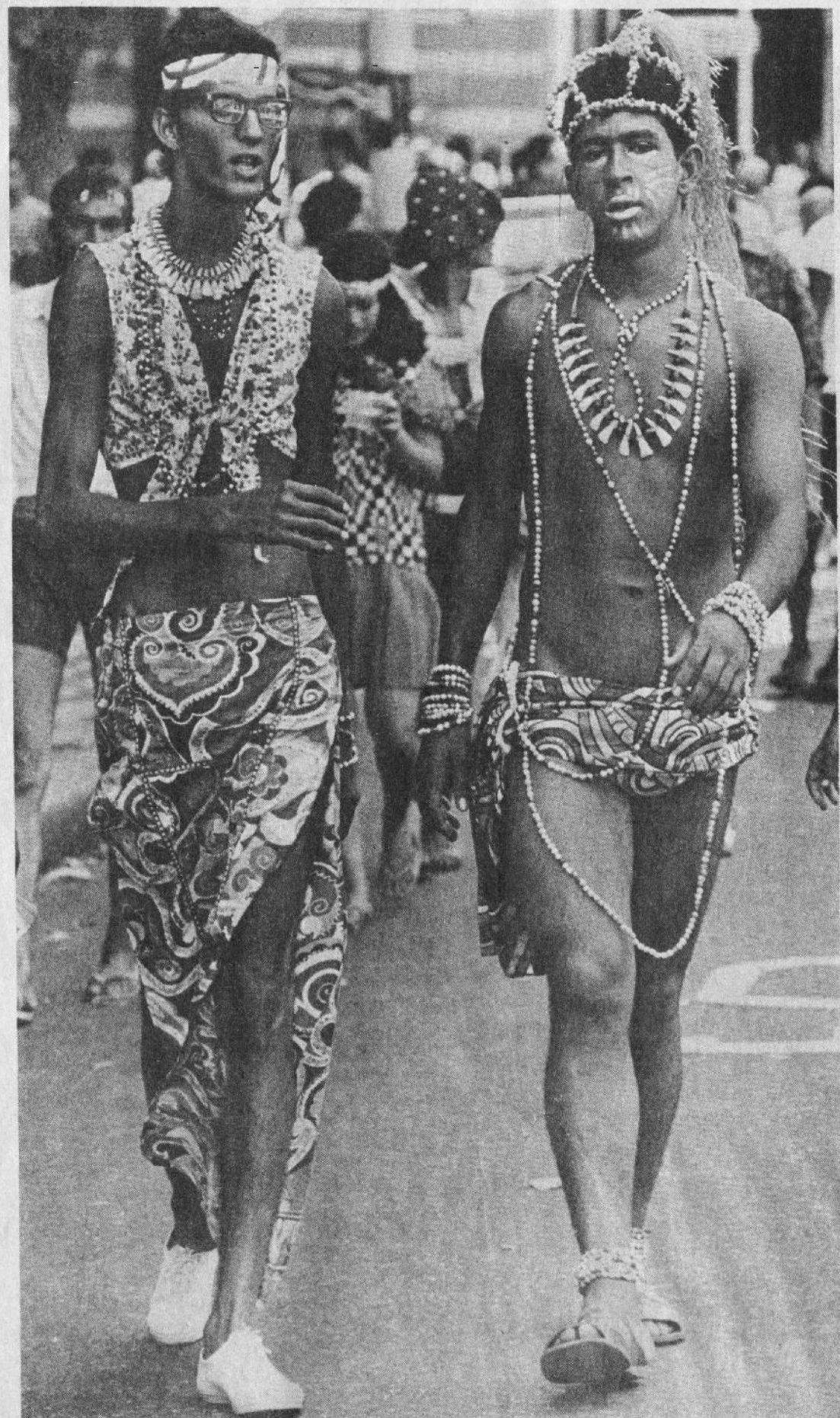
Yes, I hope my vision will not be confined to any closed circle—no matter how much I can identify with it. Carnival in Rio is the happy antithesis of any sort of confinement. One of the great things about it is exactly that it explodes any confined psychological or behavioral categories. This fact may be perceived even in the small number of pictures in the present selection. If anyone looks at Carnival in Rio with the intention of telling what is gay from what is not, he will often be at a loss. This is one of the chief attractions of the feast—and of the city.

Something like this is no less important for liberation than the right that anyone has to make clear-cut options—and to construct highly personal views.

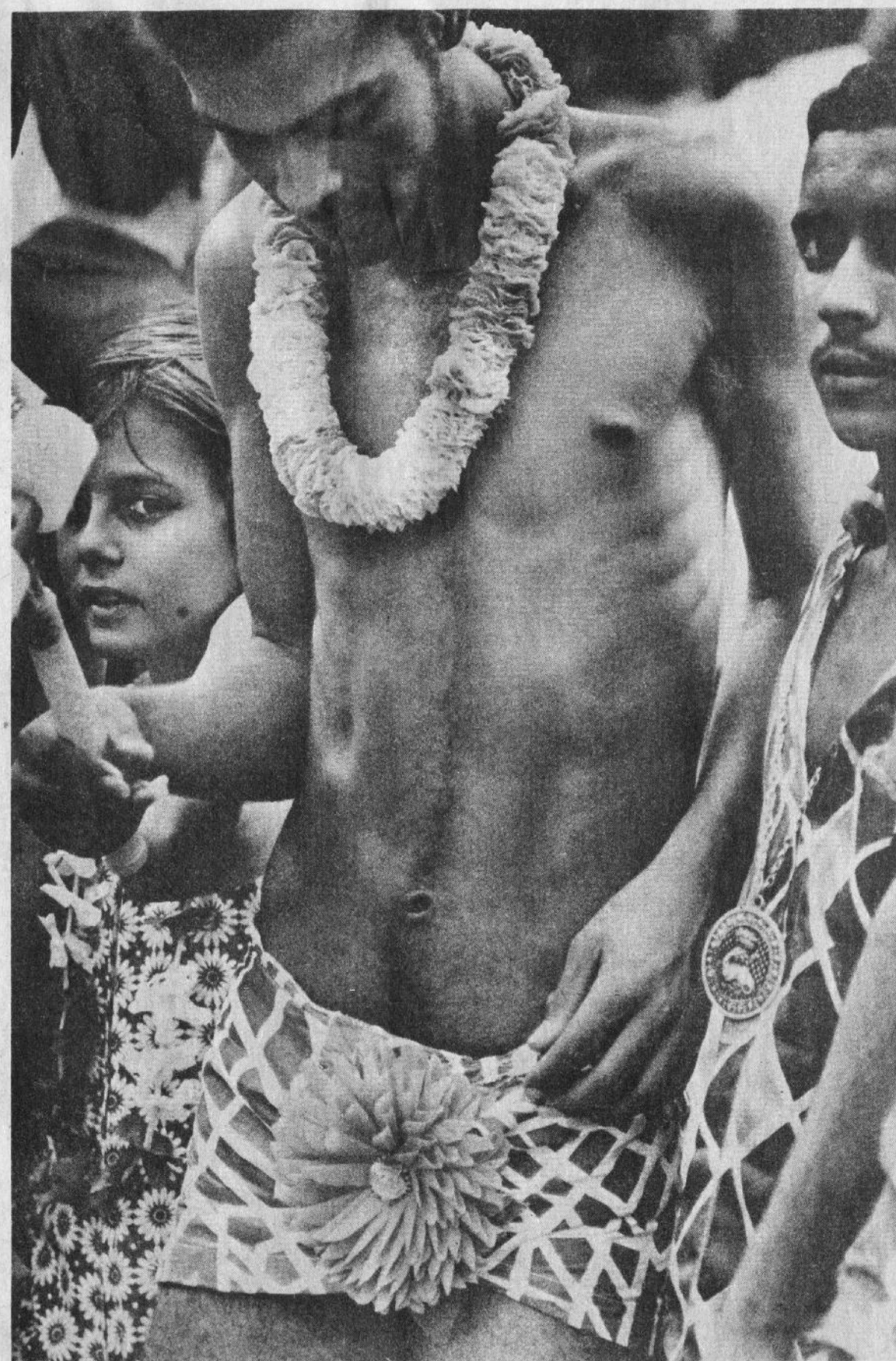
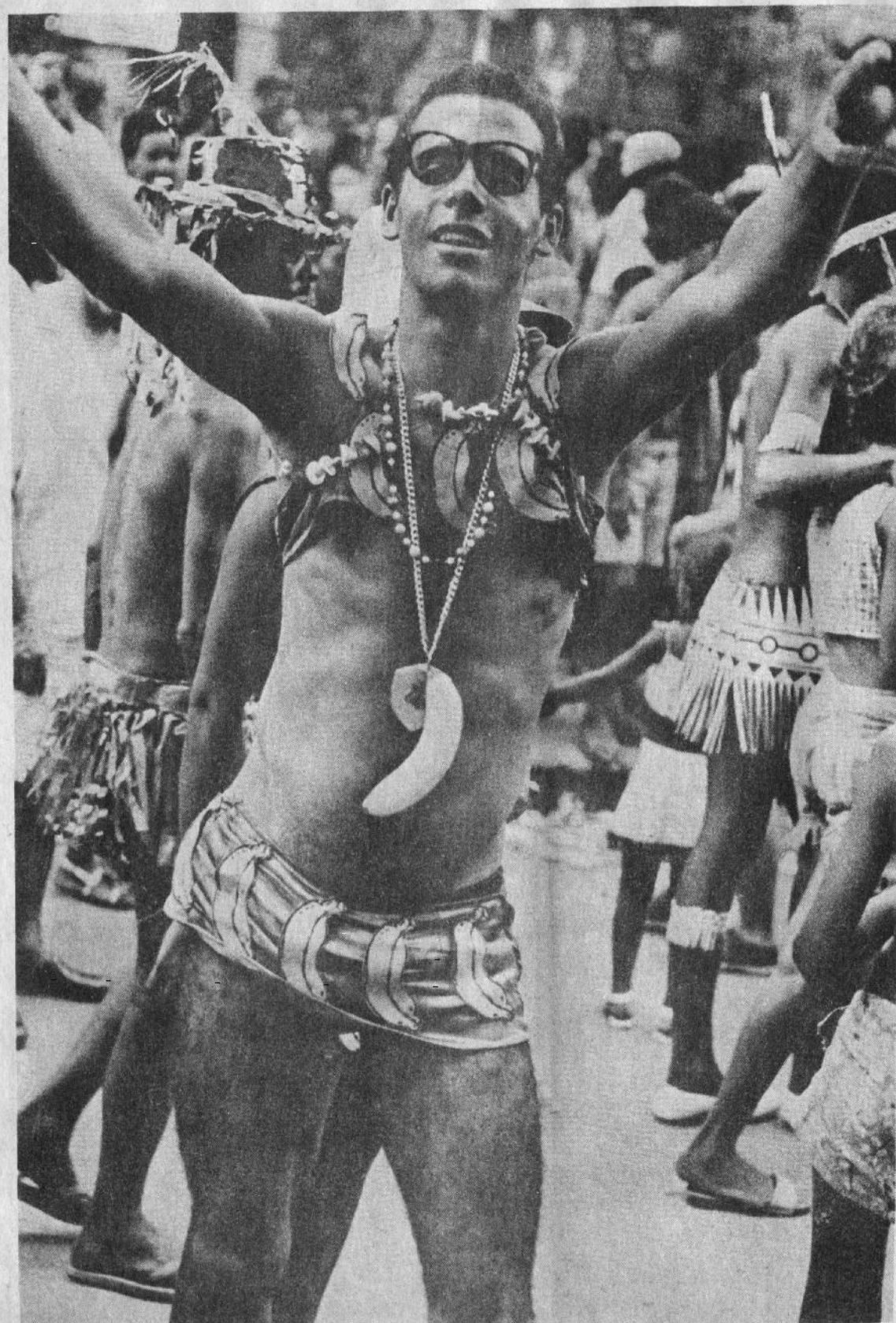
*Alair Gomes is a well known Brazilian photographer, currently living in Rio de Janeiro.*



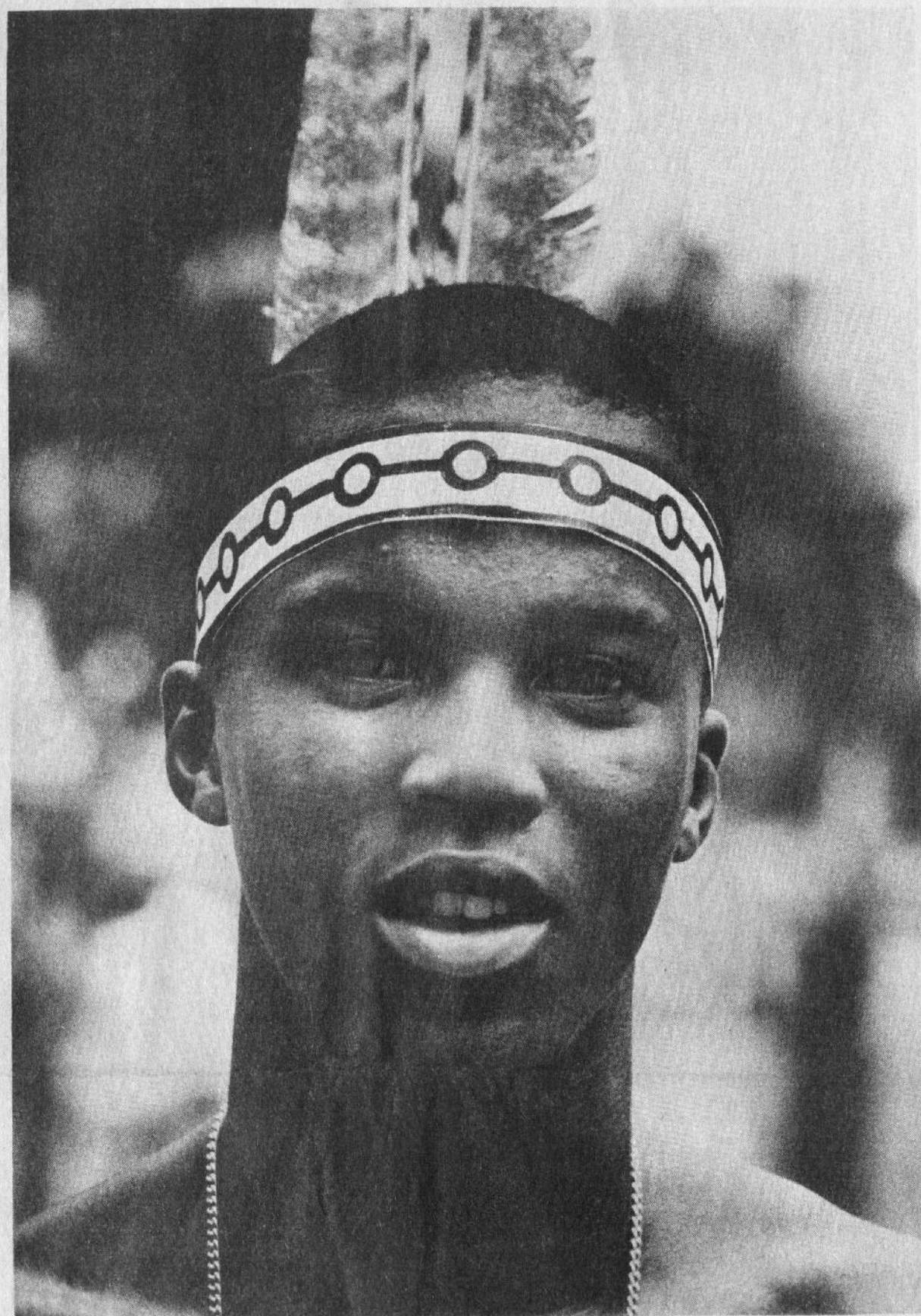




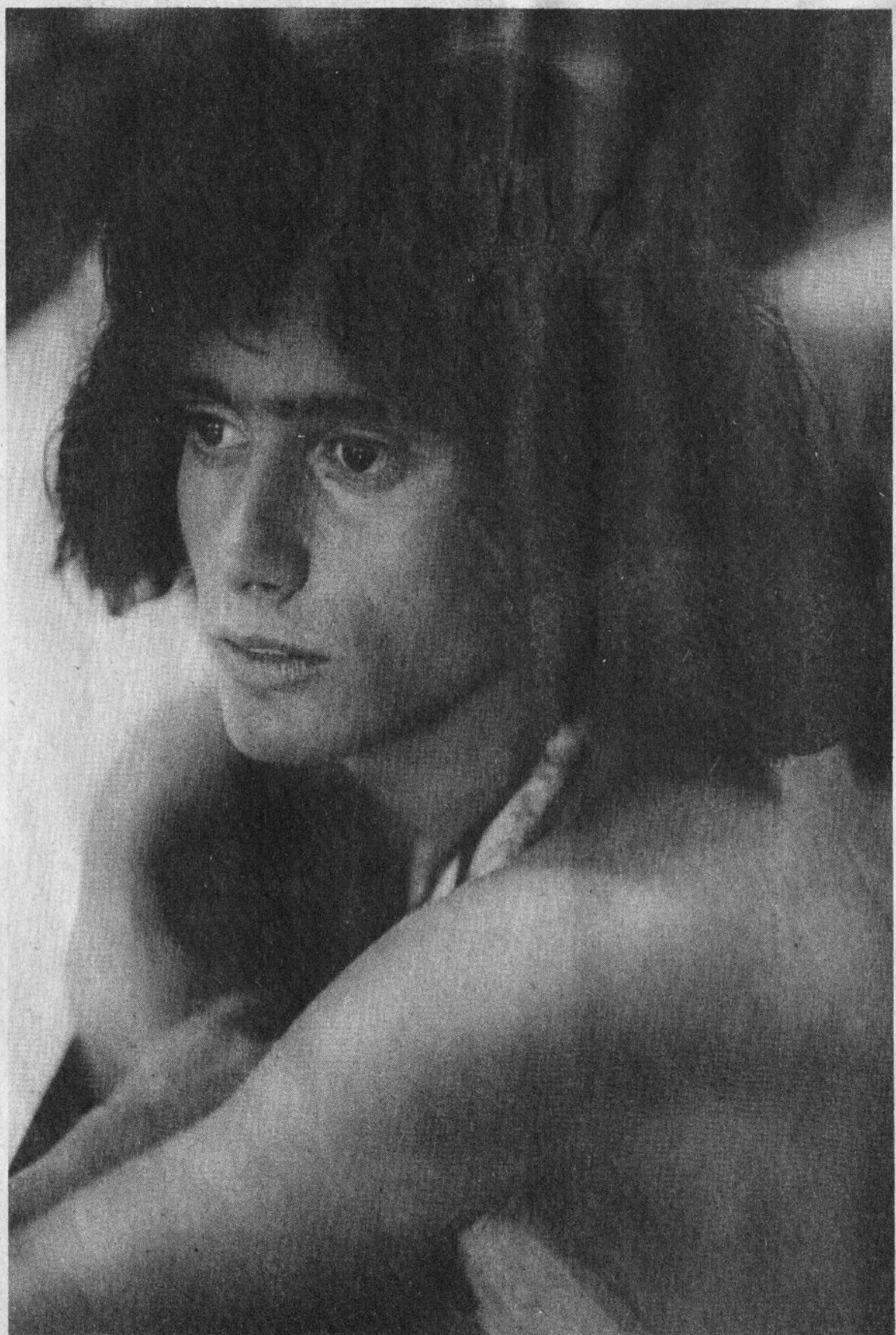




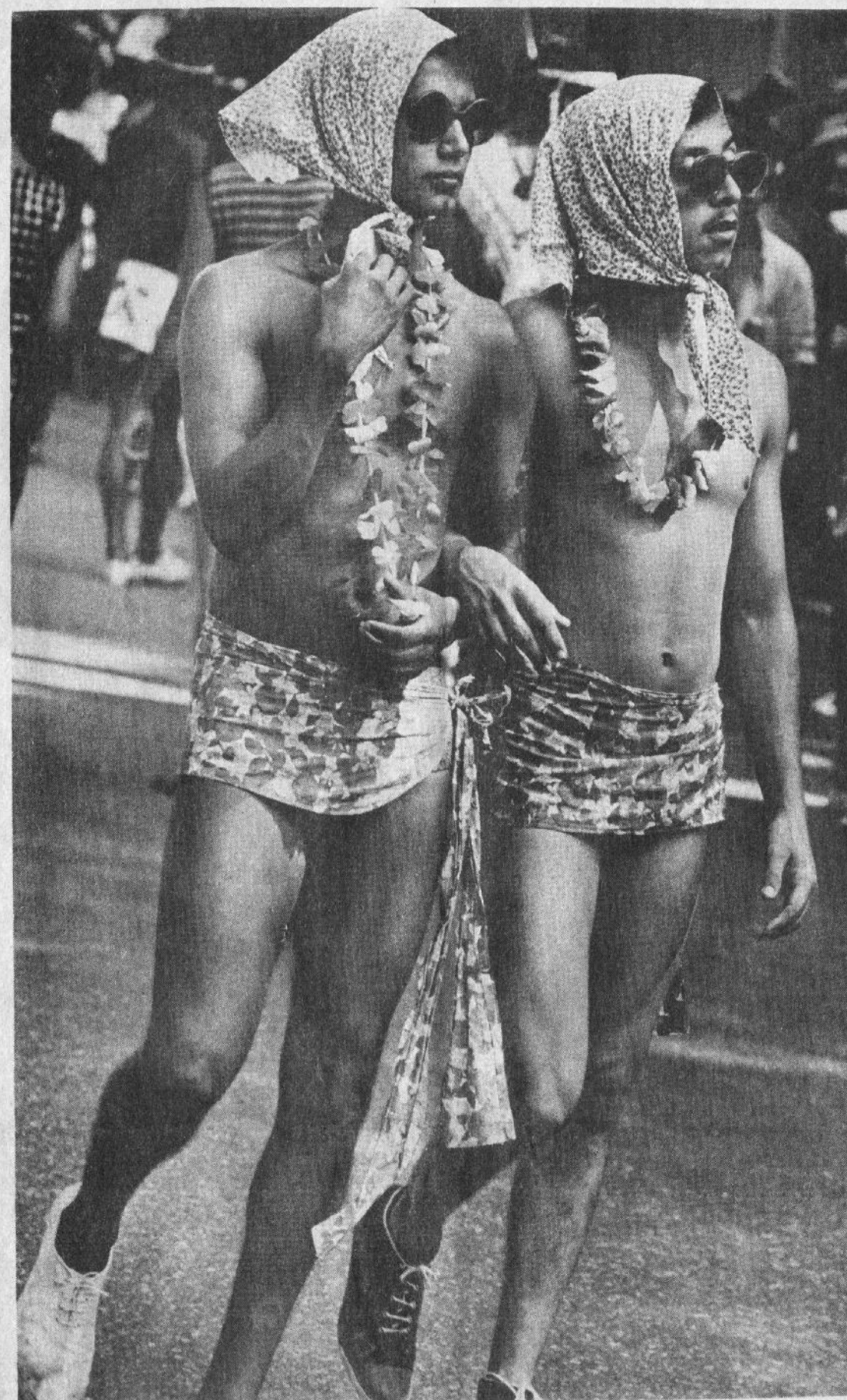
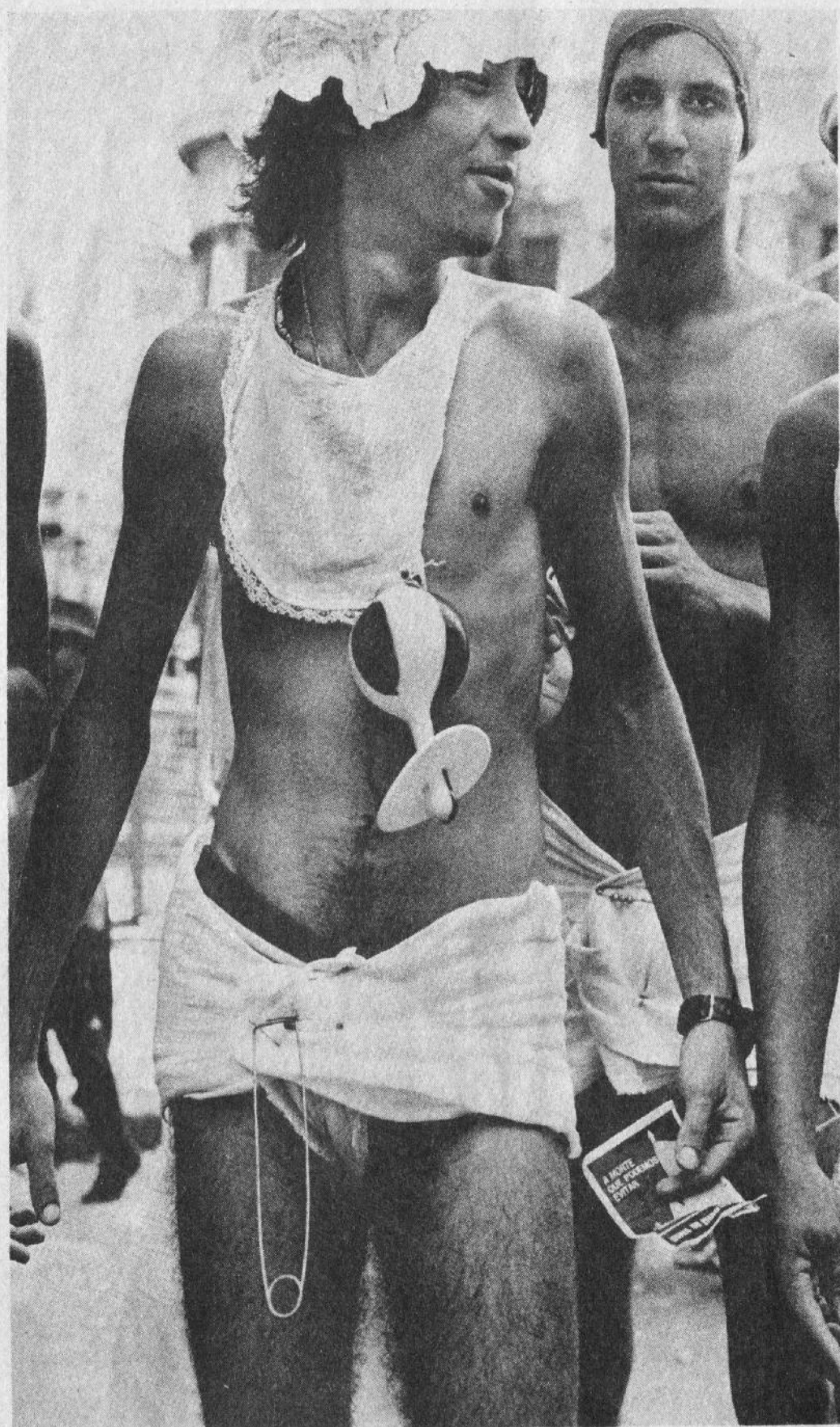




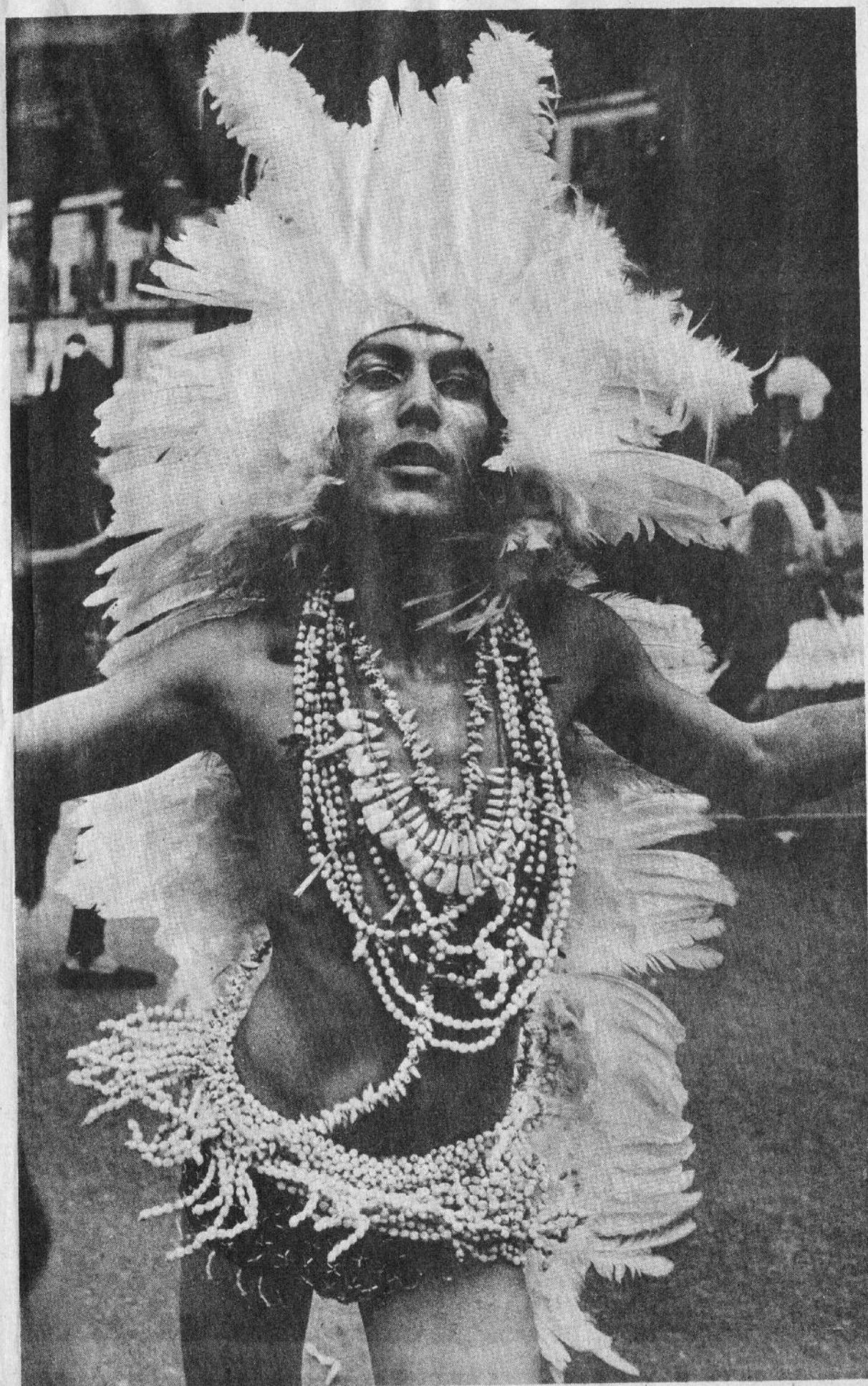
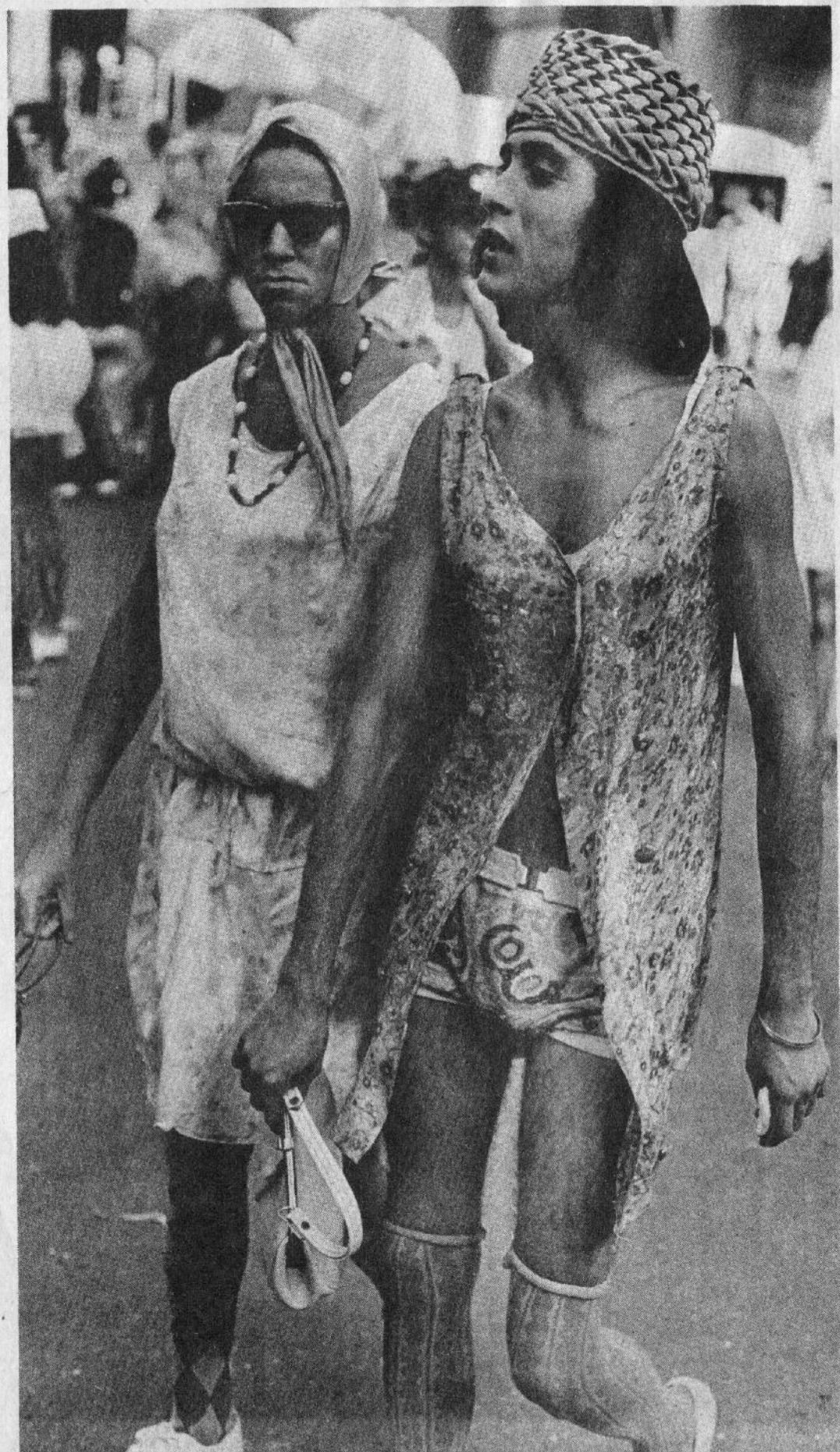














# THE ENTENDIDOS: MIDDLE CLASS GAY LIFE IN SAO PAULO

by Frederick L. Whitam

The largest gay community in all of Latin America is to be found in São Paulo. In this enormous, noisy city of more than ten million people, the gay presence is more visible than in any Latin American city. There are, indeed, few cities in North America where so many gay people are to be seen on the streets. Weekdays and nights are fairly quiet, but weekends, thousands of gay people fill the downtown plazas and avenues—Largo do Arouche, Parça da Republica, Vieira de Carvalho, Avenida Ipiranga, or Praça Roosevelt. The Largo do Arouche, a pleasant plaza filled with flower stalls and sidewalk cafes, safely rivals on a Saturday night such famous promenades as Castro and Christopher Streets. Along all the streets extending out from the radius of Largo do Arouche, thousands of gay men—gay women are much less visible—stroll and cruise or stop to have a beer or eat Esfiha in one of the Arab restaurants which seem to be found at every turn. On weekends virtually every restaurant and cafe in this section of the city is transformed into a gay restaurant. Knots of three or four gay people crowd these streets, spilling over the curb, sometimes impeding traffic. Nowhere in Latin America do so many gay people gather in public and move about so openly. Nowhere outside, except perhaps in the Copacabana district of Rio de Janeiro, do middle class gay men walk together in public in groups of two or three or four. Middle class gays have long done this in large north American cities and groups of lower class Latin American "bichas" or queens have long promenaded in public or chattered in clusters on street corners with prostitutes. The public appearance of middle class gay people is rare in Latin America and is made possible by the growth of large cities and the rapid and widespread movement of young people from the small towns in the interior to large urban areas such as São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, or Brazil's third city, Belo Horizonte, with its population of 2½ million. The gay Brazilian, unlike his brother in smaller Latin American countries has at his disposal a number of large cities to which to flee and in this enormous country he is able to put hundreds of miles between himself and his family. Even so, the Latin American family casts a long shadow for the Paulista and his relationship to his family is one of the persistent problems of his daily existence.

Anonymity from one's family is more easily achieved in São Paulo than perhaps in any other Latin American city, yet even here it can be a problem. Eduardo, a twenty-three year office worker came to São Paulo a year and a half ago, from a small town 800 miles away in the State of Goiás near the border of Mato Grosso. Yet, since his arrival, the exodus from the interior has brought to São Paulo four single cousins who want to share his apartment, arrange dates, or borrow money. Some observers have contended that attitudes towards homosexuality in Latin America are more lenient than in North America. It is certainly true that in most Latin American countries—whose criminal laws are generally derived from the Napoleonic code—homosexual acts are not criminal acts. It is also true that on the surface, the homosexual is often regarded by heterosexuals as ridiculous rather than criminal. There are, however, strong homophobic elements in Latin American society, especially when it comes to the discovery of homosexuality in one's own family. This homophobia is reflected in the dread of discovery which the gay Paulista lives. "Casos" or lovers whose families live in or near São Paulo are confronted by the delicate decision about living together. Luis and Roberto have been "casos" for five years. They do not, however, live together despite the fact that they own an apartment jointly. Each lives apart with his parents and weekends are spent together making love and entertaining friends.

Religiously, São Paulo's gays tend to be nominally Catholic, somewhat traditional in their views, yet considerably more secularized than both their parents and gays in most other Latin American countries. The emergence of a separate gay church is incomprehensible to them; however, there is considerable interest in "Camdomblé," a religious syncretism of Catholicism and African religions, now enjoying considerable popularity among São Paulo's middle and even upper classes. Camdomblé, outlawed until about 30 years ago, has taken some traditional Catholic saints and given them different names and meanings. The saints of Camdomblé are considerably more earthy than the Catholic saints. Santa Barbara became Iansa, wife of Xaujo, who sometimes changes sex and penetrates her husband, and is the patron "dios" of gays. The rites of Camdomblé are matriarchal in that the person who performs the rites, Babalaorixa, is usually a woman or homosexual. It is said that practically all male Babalaorixa are homosexuals. Pomba Gira, a kind of female devil, embodies the spirit of the prostitute and may be invoked for success in matters of sex. Camdomblé, then, openly accepts the participation of gays, offers voodoo-like rites to help them with their problems. Consequently in recent years a large number of gays have participated in Camdomblé.

Gay "marriages" or similar ceremonies are uncommon; however, there is a protestant church which allegedly performs gay weddings. Many gays, interestingly enough, wear wedding bands. These are said to be primarily protection against aggressive women or designed to avoid awkward explanations. In some cases the bands are exchanged by lovers.

The life of the Middle class gay Paulista is austere by

American standards. Despite the fact that Paulistas try to make their apartments as attractive as possible, apartments are apt to be small, dark and drab. Kitchens tend to be small, badly lighted, often without hot water. Hot showers are likely to come from an electrical apparatus attached to the shower rather than hot water tanks. Middle class gays like Brazil's middle and lower classes in general, are hard-pressed by one of the highest rates of inflation in the world. Food is terribly expensive. A very ordinary lunch in a minimally acceptable restaurant is likely to cost two or three dollars for the entree alone. By the time a salad, potatoes, and drink are added a mundane lunch can easily cost as much as five or six dollars. Paulistas eat out as little as possible, eat frequently with their families, and when they do eat out it is likely to be at stand-up snack bar rather than restaurant.

While most things are at least as expensive as New York, the Paulista is likely to make one-fourth or one-fifth what his New York counterpart makes. While São Paulo is the financial hub for the prosperous coffee industry which dominates the State of São Paulo, salaries for white collar jobs are quite low. João, 24, has, for his age, a very good position in one of São Paulo's leading banks, yet cannot live within his income. He makes a gross total 3,539 cruzeiros or about \$240 a month. After social security deductions and deductions for payments on two loans from the bank—borrowing money from friends and from banks just to eat or pay rent is widespread—he is left with 1,986 cruzeiros or about \$135 a month—barely enough to pay for his modest studio apartment in the downtown area. In addition to rent and a \$17 a month maintenance fee, João makes monthly payments on a blue plastic and chrome dining table (\$15) and a Grundig stereo system (\$40).

Given the state of the Brazilian economy and the basic salaries, it is easy to understand the austerity of gay life in São Paulo. Large parties as known in larger American cities are rare, except among the very affluent. Social life is conservative and centers around small, quiet gatherings of friends. Coffee, tea and cookies are usually offered, rather than drinks. Well-stocked liquor cabinets are relatively rare. Other drugs are not widely used. Lavish dinner parties are rare. Bar life centers on three "boites" or clubs—the Medieval, Nostro Mondo (spelling is Italian rather than Portuguese, for some reason) and Roleta. Actually it is hardly fair to say that bar-life centers around these clubs as Medieval and Nostro Mondo both demand expensive cover charges—\$8 and \$10 respectively—and middle class gays cannot afford to go to these clubs frequently. It would be fairer to say that these clubs serve symbolic purposes—gays follow closely activities related to these clubs, even when they are not able to attend frequently.

There is more than a little truth in the joke about the "queens who eat bread and water all week to save enough money to go to the clubs on Saturday night." Attendance at the more expensive clubs is usually not spontaneous but may be planned days or weeks in advance—especially on nights when there are "shows." The "shows" constitute an entertainment genre unique to Brazil and reflect the country's rich musical tradition. The "show," a form of cabaret theatre rarely seen nowadays in the U.S., consists of elaborate dance routines, singing, miming, drag acts, samba, and above all beautiful and costly costumes derived from the "fantasias" of Carnaval, often designed by São Paulo's leading dress designers. The shows are taken quite seriously by the audience and the casts of 15 to 20 people, who rehearse ardently for as long as two months and receive a small wage for their performances. The results are frequently charming. The setting for the two hour show is formal—waiters in white jackets, reservations necessary, sometimes obtainable only by the layout of an extra 20 cruzeiros, all in all, producing a splendid cabaret scene, sensuous and decadent.

Night life in the clubs peaks during Carnaval. Everyone goes to the bars during Carnaval. Even those who never have enough money other times of the year manage the jacked-up prices. During Carnaval the music is exclusively samba—samba, samba, samba. For the Paulista, as for all Brazil, during those four days all the ordinary sounds of the world stop and only the samba can be heard. The gay clubs are jammed and especially conspicuous are the "travestis" in their incredible carnival "fantasias." Plans for these elaborate costumes often begin immediately after the preceding carnival and may cost hundreds or even thousands of dollars. The "travesti" in Brazil, interestingly enough, occupies an important position in gay life in São Paulo. There are perhaps on the whole no more "travestis" relatively speaking in São Paulo than in any North American city of similar size. Yet, the "travesti," especially if she is elegant and beautiful, is treated with a degree of respect unknown in the U.S. The most desirable of the "travestis" move in upper class circles and it is regarded by straight men as very chic to be seen with Rogeria, Valeria, or Samantha, the most beautiful of São Paulo's "travestis." Some "travestis" perform sexual acts for money, often with married men or business executives, receiving as much as 2,000 cruzeiros (\$140) a night. (It is said that the "travestis" are frequently called upon to perform the active role.)

The most sensational event of this year's Carnaval occurred at the Medieval when Wilza Carla, a very plump comic actress, popular with São Paulo's gays, arrived, to

their delight, atop an elephant. During Carnaval people who may rarely see each other during the rest of the year dance sweating, stripping, smashing tables—into a frenzied dawn.

Apart from bar life, probably the most popular entertainment is movies which in contrast to bars are quite inexpensive—a dollar at the fanciest cinemas and half that if one happens to have—as many hard-working young Paulistas do—a student i.d. card. Good French, Italian, American and occasionally Brazilian films are plentiful. São Paulo is probably the only city outside 3 or 4 American cities capable of filling an entire movie house with gays—as happened recently with *Sauna Das Loucas* (The Ritz).

Television of course is popular with those who have T.V. sets and there is said to be a large concentration of gays in the television industry. Several years ago a "gay incident" provoked the wrath of the Government and created a public scandal. The controversial show consisted of a panel of a dozen or so personalities, mostly gay, who acted as judges to entertainers appearing on the show. Interviews were also conducted with well known dress-designers, chefs, and entertainers, some of whom talked openly about being gay. The show became more and more popular as the panel became more and more outrageous: camping, feigning bitchiness, etc., "each one trying to out-bitch the other." The axe fell when a guest personality revealed on nationwide T.V. that he had started his homosexual practices in a Catholic school with a priest. The Ministry of Communications forbade the further appearance of open homosexuals and declared that homosexuals would no longer be employed in television.

One of the most exciting bits of recent gossip has to do with Mario Gomez, one of Brazil's leading TV actors and according to many, the "most beautiful man in Brazil." A few months ago a rumor published in the newspaper *Luta Democrática* stated that Gomez got a carrot lodged in his anus while having sex with another man and had to be taken to the hospital (For some reason carrots in Brazil are more phallic, having a thick, blunt end instead of tapered). The rumor swept all Brazil. Many gays, delighted by the rumor, showed sympathy by wearing carrots around their necks. Gomez, who is a top "novela" or soap opera star and the heartbeat of every housewife in the interior, is suing the newspaper for "moral damages."

The heart of gay life for the Paulista is neither bar, movie, nor TV, but as for people everywhere, love and sex. And, as might be expected in such a large city, love and sex have many forms. Many of São Paulo's gays have "casos" or lovers and live together quietly in, preferably, the downtown area of the city. A number of buildings are known to be more or less "gay" buildings, where as many as half the apartments are occupied by gay tenants. The sight of lovers or friends living together, in downtown buildings is treated with the aplomb of the New Yorker. Living arrangements are characterized by a considerable degree of personal freedom and even the drag queen is tolerated in a live-and-let live atmosphere. A drag queen given to too many "flowers and feathers" to suit her neighbors was recently evicted from an apartment he owned. (It is said that when a queen opens her mouth out come flowers and when she lifts her hand feathers fly all over the place). While the reaction to the eviction was one of sympathy (many gays own their apartments) the case was generally cited as evidence of the generally tolerant attitude toward gays: this was the first incident in which a gay was divested of an apartment of which he was the owner, and was viewed as a unique incident, without implications for other gays or the future.

Rio de Janeiro, one of the world's great pleasure domes, traditionally has been regarded as the most hedonistic spot in Latin America. The Carioca is regarded rather disdainfully by Paulistas as lazy, pleasure-seeking and "something of a whore." In fact there are a relatively large number of "michês" or call-boys who live in Copacabana with no visible means of support and make themselves available to foreign tourists. Many of these are allegedly "pretos"—blacks or mulattos who are reportedly popular with Germans and Americans. They may have sex strictly for money but more commonly are likely to be taken to dinner at the best restaurants or to dance in Copacabana's best known gay club—Sota, where a young lady dressed like Carmen Miranda romantically offers fresh roses from her basket for whatever one wants to pay. Despite the Paulista's disdain for the Carioca, Paulistas drive or make the 6-hour bus trip to Rio whenever possible and Rio remains their favorite weekend vacation spot. Also popular are the beach towns to the north and south of Santos, the port city which serves São Paulo. Brazilians, like gays everywhere, like to travel, and many would like to travel to the U.S. and Europe. Only the most affluent travel outside Brazil, because the Brazilian government, in an effort to keep money from going abroad, has imposed a compulsory \$1,000 deposit for anyone leaving the country.

In recent years as the population of São Paulo exceeded that of Rio (10 million to Rio's 8 million), so has the gay population. Paulistas proudly remark that on any given day half the gay population of Rio consists of foreigners and Paulistas. As the population has increased enormously, so has the availability of public meeting places. Presently the possibilities for sex-in-public-places are greater than any city in Latin America and bear



considerable resemblance to New York City. Virtually all of the movie theatres in and around Avenida São João and Praça da República are "known." Most of the public rest-rooms in the downtown area serve as places for contact. The "rodoviária" or bus terminal is especially well-known and is ringed by cheap hotels where documents are not required and any kind of sexual activity is permitted. Such public encounters frequently involve risks for the gay person. The potential sex partner not uncommonly turns assailant, robbing the gay victim at knifepoint.

Less risky are numerous saunas, the best known of which is the Aquarius. Here, in one of the few saunas in Latin America operated by gays, one may enjoy all the amenities of a sauna in Los Angeles, San Francisco or New York. In contrast to the U.S., bars, saunas and other such places tend to be owned not by gays themselves but by straight businessmen interested solely in profit-making. Ownership by gays tends to be a somewhat delicate affair. In São Paulo, Nostro Mondo is owned and operated by someone widely—even publicly—known as "The Condessa" who frequently appears in drag in that club's "shows." "The Condessa" has a minor juridical position and is able to own and operate the club by virtue of his money and well-connected family position.

For the Paulista with a car there is a drive-in sexual establishment, where anyone, regardless of sexual orientation, may go to have sex in one's car. The customer drives in, parks in a semi-secluded spot, orders drinks from a good-natured car-hop who says something like, "Feel at home, do what you like," while holding his face away from the car, careful not to look inside. Upon leaving, \$4 is paid to an attendant who also discreetly avoids looking into the car.

Perhaps the most important place for contacts, in a city which is constantly in motion is the streets. While São Paulo in many respects is a walking city (the city also boasts a gleaming new subway), the Paulista loves the automobile. As in many Latin American cities, Car is King. There is considerable cruising in cars in certain downtown areas by both prostitutes in shiny new Brasílias and by gays. There is a particularly well-known spot near the Colegio Caetano de Campos off the Praça República widely known as the bus-stop for the "Brazil to Japan" bus. That is, gays stand for hours, pretending to be waiting for the bus. Of course, they are waiting to be picked up and the bus to Japan never comes.

Sex itself tends to be characterized by a degree of promiscuity and anonymity as may be found in all large cities and sex is likely to occupy an important place in the Paulista's conversation. The pivotal element in the sexual act itself tends to be "giving ass" and "taking ass," a version of the classic "activo-pasivo" concept characteristic of much homosexual activity in Latin America. While there is considerable discussion of such role-related behavior—"He only gives ass" or "He only takes ass," Paulistas often ridicule such rigid concepts of sexual relations and are likely to practice a wide variety of sexual postures.

Police attitudes towards homosexual behavior tend to be relatively relaxed. Sexual acts by consenting partners in private are not dealt with in criminal codes. Occasionally gays are prosecuted for sexual activity in public places. Police attitudes tend to be highly discretionary and from time-to-time there are "round-ups" of drag queens who appear in public under an "escandalo público" clause in

the legal code. The most celebrated "round-up" occurred a year or two ago when police, using dogs, "rounded up" the "travestis" who promenaded around the Hilton Hotel hoping to meet well-to-do foreigners. (During Carnaval, well-to-do drag queens traditionally have congregated around the Hilton dressed in expensive gowns imported from Paris, London or New York.) It is widely believed that the "bichas" are taken to prison to satisfy the prisoners who are without women and are clamoring for sex. Sometimes forty or fifty drag queens are picked up by the police and taken to jail simply to clean the prison and then released.

While there is some discussion about the formation of a gay liberation group, little or no formal organization exists among São Paulo's gays, and prospects for the emergence of such organizations are dim. The only country on the South American continent which produced a viable organization is Argentina. From 1969 until 1973 there flourished in Buenos Aires an active and cohesive gay liberation group (Frente de Liberación Homosexual) which consisted of various sub-groups—political, activist, Catholic, literary, etc. Beginning in 1973, the government proscribed these activities and this organization ceased to exist except surreptitiously. All gay bars and cafes in Buenos Aires are presently "closed for repairs." Many of the leaders of FLH, having been in and out of jail, have left the country for Spain, Australia, or wherever possible. Gay life, as it is generally known in the Western World, has virtually ceased to exist. The only gay social life in the capital consists of small groups of gay people quietly and nervously gathering to share a bottle of wine.

In Brazil there does not seem to be a widespread desire for politically-oriented action on the part of gays. In fact most gays would probably not welcome such activity and would regard this as a threat to the considerable degree of personal freedom which they presently enjoy. Brazilians, in a sense, feel themselves already liberated, and if liberty is relative, there is considerable substance to this belief. Brazilian gays living under a right-wing military dictatorship have as much as or perhaps more personal freedom as one might expect under the circumstances. Perhaps this is possible only so long as gays do not organize themselves in any formal way. As long as the "bicha" is in "her place" on the street corner with the whore the gay is not regarded as subversive. Recently, a well-known comedian, Juca Chaves, was yanked off the stage and jailed for a month for an innocuous skit which satirized with a turtle, the slow pace of progress of the government. Censorship of movies, newspapers, television, and theatre is widespread. The importation and publication of books is carefully watched. Many books are denied entry into the country. Recently one of Brazil's best known actresses and impresarios, Ruth Escobar, was denied an exit visa at the airport on her way to Lisbon to sign contracts for a European tour of a Bahian Folclórico group. It is generally believed that she was being punished for allowing the performance (in her theatre) of a play prohibited by the government. In Brasília at present a thousand students remain jailed for peaceful demonstrations demanding improvements in their education at the University of Brasília. It is difficult to imagine the emergence of a politically active gay liberation group in such a climate. It is highly probable that such a movement would come to be regarded by the government as politically threatening and much the same thing would

happen in Brazil as happened in Argentina. Discontent with the government is widespread, but nobody talks much about it. Nobody feels comfortable expressing his political views in public and everyone declines being drawn into conversations about politics.

If São Paulo's gays lack political organization, they do from time to time exert political influence. In the Congressional elections of 1974, a senator, sympathetic to gays and a member of the more liberal opposition party, Orestes Quercia, was sent to Brasília. His views were not widely known in the straight community but the news spread rapidly by word-of-mouth in the gay community. It is believed that it was the gay vote which gave him the margin of victory. He carried the heavily gay districts of the downtown area by up to 95%.

There are, as one might imagine, virtually no gay magazines or newspapers. The only formal means of communication among and about gays is through one of the daily newspapers, *Ultima Hora*. This newspaper, dedicated primarily to the reporting of lightweight news, gossip about TV and movie personalities, and reviews of plays and movies, is widely read by São Paulo's gays. It reports sympathetically news—local and from abroad—of interest to gay people and features a daily column dedicated exclusively to gay affairs, "Coluna do Meio." The first issue of a pamphlet *Entender* recently appeared. This is dedicated primarily to news about social activities, "shows," local gay personalities. Ten thousand copies of *Entender* were printed and distributed.

São Paulo, then, has produced a complex and sophisticated gay subculture which bears remarkable resemblance to gay subcultures in other great cities of the Western World. This subculture was not learned from or copied from American gays. Indeed, Brazilian gays, living in an enormous country with its own cultural traditions and symbols, has little awareness of what gay life is like in the United States. While there may be an exchange of symbols—American gays know Carmen Miranda and Brazilians Marilyn Monroe—gay life in São Paulo and New York resemble each other partly because there are essential elements in the nature of homosexuality which produce common characteristics. Drag queens paint themselves and promenade Avenida Ipiranga, not because they heard that homosexuals do that sort of thing, but because cross-dressing at least among some gays seems to be somehow linked with the nature of homosexuality. It is doubtful that queens will stop gowns. It is doubtful that fat Hollywood queens will stop "riding around in Cadillac convertibles looking like travesties of Mae West," as Tennessee Williams would like. (*Gay Sunshine*, Issue No. 33/34, 1977). The same social types—drag queens, machos, hustlers, faithful lovers, dancers, hairdressers, actors; the same activities—cruising, sex-in-public-places, camping, becoming lovers, decorating apartments—recur with remarkable predictability in the gay worlds of all great cities. Looking at gay life in São Paulo is like looking at American life through a tinted glass—all is different, yet all is the same. These similarities result, not from cultural sharing, but rather from basic similarities in the nature of human homosexuality, wherever it may be found.

Dr. Whitam is a gay sociologist who spent the summer of 1977 in São Paulo, Brazil. He currently teaches at the University of Arizona.

## HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE INQUISITION IN BRAZIL 1591-92

by Stephen W. Foster

Information on homosexuality in Portugal and Brazil has rarely appeared in English-language publications. This is due to the fact that few British or American scholars have learned Portuguese, and cannot use the primary sources which have been translated. Some idea of what these scholars have overlooked may be found in the following detailed account of all of the references to homosexuality in a book whose title may be translated as follows: *First Visitation of the Holy Office to the Parts of Brazil, made by the Licentiate Heitor Furtado de Mendoga, Lord Chaplain of our Lord the King and of his High Court of Justice, Deputy of the Holy Office; Confessions of Bahia, 1591-92.*

The inquisitor Furtado arrived in Brazil on June 9, 1591, remaining for several years, gathering confessions in Salvador, Pernambuco, and other cities of the young colony. The first confession he heard dealt with homosexuality, and it was not the last to deal with this subject, as the reader shall see. I shall present summaries of the confessions of the male homosexuals first, followed by the Lesbians, in chronological order. Some of the defendants had committed sexual acts in Portugal as well as Brazil, thus giving us a good idea of homosexual lifestyles in Portugal and Brazil in the late 1500's, an aspect of the history of homosexuality which has been completely overlooked by American scholars, in spite of the great value of such detailed accounts, unmatched by any British primary sources of the same period.

On July 29, 1591, in the city of Salvador, Province of Bahia (Bay of All Saints), Furtado received the confession of Frutuoso Alvarez, Vicar of Matoim, 65 years old. He was born in Braga, Portugal. He sodomized a student named Francisco Dias. When he did this to another person, he was arrested and exiled to Cape Verde, where he had sexual relations with two youths. He was returned to Lisbon, and exiled to Brazil. In the last 15 years in Brazil, he had had sexual relations with some 40 males. He did this twice with Cristóvão de Aguiar, 15 or 16 years old. For a month, he did it with one Antonio, 17 years old.

Twice he did it with a Spaniard named Medina, 14 or 15 years old. Ten times he did it with Geronimo Viegas, 12 or 13 years old. He was arrested for doing it with Diogo Martinez, but released for lack of proof. He was arrested for doing it with Antonio Alvarez, and was ordered to pay a fine, and to be suspended from the priesthood for awhile. He was arrested in 1590, but released again for lack of proof. As in the case of almost all of the homosexual defendants, he was told by Furtado to stay away from temptation, and to avoid such actions in the future—or else.

On August 17, Furtado heard the confession of a student, Jeronimo de Parada, 17 years old, native of Bahia. Two or three years before, on Easter, he went to confess at the house of Vicar Frutuoso Alvarez, who seduced him. On another occasion, he stayed overnight with Alvarez, and again had sexual relations. Some time after, he met Alvarez in the street, and was persuaded by money to sodomize the vicar. The youth said that Alvarez had a reputation as a pederast. Furtado told Parada to use another priest as his confessor, and to perform penitences.

On August 20, Furtado heard the confession of Antonio Gomez, 30 years old, native of Lisbon, secretary to the local bishop, and a married man. In his official capacity, he was bribed to burn the records of the testimony in a homosexual case five years before.

On the same day, Furtado heard the confession of Canon Bertolameu de Vascogcellos, native of Bahia, 32 years old, Preliminary Canon of Salvador. Five years before, his brother, Manoel de Mello, had a plantation, where Gaspar Roiz, then 25 years old, twice committed sodomy with a slave named Mathias, 18 years old. When Mello found this out, Roiz was thrown off the plantation, and later became a soldier. The canon bribed Antonio Gomez to burn the records.

On 26 August, Furtado heard the confession of Bastião d'Aguiar, 16 years old, native of Bahia. When he was 10 or 11 years old, he slept with his brother Antonio, one

year older than he. Twice the brothers had sexual relations with each other. Their parents kept a half-breed named Marcos in the house. Some five times, the defendant had sexual relations with Marcos, and Antonio also slept with Marcos. When the defendant was 15 years old, he often had sexual relations with an older student from Rio named Antonio Lopez.

The confession of the above defendant's brother was not heard until February 5, 1592, and therefore it will be summarized here, out of chronological order. Antonio de Aguiar, native of Bahia, 20 years old, confessed that when he was 13 or 14 years old, and his brother was 12 or 13 years old, both brothers had sexual relations with Marcos, who was then 17 or 18 years old. Antonio was sodomized by Marcos, and then sodomized him in turn. This occurred some 15 or 20 times in one month. After a year, Marcos ran away to live with Diogo Martinez.

On 13 January, 1592, Furtado heard the confession of Gaspar Pacheco, native of Lisbon, 60 years old. Most of his confession has nothing to do with sex, except for the fact that his enemies had once accused him of being a homosexual heretic.

On 19 January, Furtado heard the confession of Mateus Nunes, native of Porto, 46 years old, a surgeon and married man. When he was 16 years old, he ran away from home, and lived in Ponte de Lima with an old man named Antonio Nogueira, who sodomized him three or four times. The defendant returned home, and was apprenticed to a dyer. He slept in the dyer's shop with a smaller boy whom the defendant sodomized three or four times.

On 23 January, Furtado heard the confession of Belchior da Costa, native of Guimarães, 35 years old, a married man. When he was 10 years old, he lived with the surgeon Mateus Nunes, who sodomized him once. When he was 14 years old, the defendant sodomized a boy, 9 or 10 years old, in a hammock.

On January 23, Furtado heard the confession of Marcos Barroso, native of Barroso, 45 years old, a married man,



and a farmer. In the year 1563, at age 17, he visited a relative in the Monastery of Bastellonear Porto, where he thrice sodomized one Domingos, 14 or 15 years old.

On January 30, Furtado heard the confession of Diogo Affonso, native of Porto Seguro, 27 years old, a converted Jew. When he was 15 years old, he had a friend named Fernão do Campo, 16 years old. For one year, they sodomized each other hundreds of times.

On January 30, Furtado heard the confession of João Queixada, native of Bobadella, a teenager, page-boy to the Governor of Brazil. A year before, in Lisbon, he slept with the man-servants of the governor's brother, and had sexual relations with a mulatto page-boy named Leonardo, 17 or 18 years old.

Having come to the end of the male confessions, it is necessary to point out certain features common to all of these confessions, as it would have been repetitive to have included these features in each confession. I have omitted the names of the defendant's parents and similar personal details. At the end of each confession, the defendant (literally "the one confessed") was admonished to avoid temptation and bad company, to repent, to confess to the Jesuits, to perform penitence, to return for a review of the case, and to avoid committing the same sins in the future, under threat of heavy punishment. The defendants were always asked if they knew the whereabouts of their accomplices, if they realized what a great sin sodomy was, if anyone had seen them committing such acts, and if they were repentant.

Certain stylistic features, such as the frequent use of the phrases "more or less" and "the afore-mentioned" have been omitted, as this is a summary, and not a translation. Special attention must be made to the elaborate use of circumlocutions in describing sexual acts. The same terms were used by Sinistrari a full century later, and were therefore presumably standard among Catholic writers at that time. The act of sodomy is sometimes openly referred to as "sodomy," but it is also called "the nefarious sin," and (quoting from Jeronimo de Parada's confession) is always described as follows:

... and so he slept with the said priest carnally by the rear consummating the sin of sodomy putting his dishonest member in the rear vase of the priest as a man does with a woman by the natural vase in the front and this sin he consummated having pollution. . . (p.40)

As may be guessed the "dishonest member" is the penis, the "rear vase" is the rectum, the "natural vase" is the vagina, and "pollution" is ejaculation. In other forms of erotic behavior, the euphemisms "embracing," "kissing," "dishonest touching," "joinings by the front," "pollution of seed," "infamous connections," and "enjoying one's partner" are used by the inquisitor's secretary to avoid whatever blunt language the defendants may have used. Much importance was attached to the question of whether or not the "agent" actually "penetrated" and had "pollution" in the "rear vase" of the "patient." Due to the use of this jargon, it is often impossible for the modern reader to figure out exactly what is being done by or to the defendant, especially in the Lesbian cases. There were three euphemisms for the penis: "dishonest member," "virile member," and

"nature"; but other parts of the anatomy had only one standard euphemism each.

We now turn to the Lesbian confessions.

On August 20, 1591, Paula de Sequeira, native of Lisbon, 40 years, a married woman, confessed that three years before, Felipa de Sousa, another married woman and converted Jew, began to write love-letters to her, and this went on for two years. Finally, they had sexual relations. Sousa admitted afterwards that she had had sexual relations with Pauloa Antunes, Maria de Peralto, many other women and girls, and with nuns in a certain nunnery. The defendant said that Sousa was notorious in her relations with Pauloa Antunes and other women, including the wife of a humpbacked smith. The remainder of the confession dealt with superstitious practices.

On August 28, Furtado heard the confession of Maria Lourenco, native of Viseu, 40 years old, a married woman. Four years before, she had sexual relations with Felipa de Sousa several times. Sousa boasted to her of having "similar dishonest and nefarious friendships" with Pauloa Antunes, Maria Pinheira, Paula de Sequeira, and the humpbacked smith's wife.

On January 17, 1592, Furtado heard the confession of a female half-breed, Guiomar Pinheira, native of Brazil, 38 years old, thrice widowed. When she was eight years old, living on an island off the Brazilian coast, she twice had sexual relations with Guiterea Sequa, the wife of the mayor.

On January 29, Furtado heard the confession of Maria Rangel, native of Porto, 24 years old, a married woman, living on a farm in Tasuapina. When she was 13 or 14 years old, living in Salvador, she had sexual relations with Francisca Saboeira, a neighbor of the same age. When the defendant was 7 or 8 years old, living in Porto, she was raped by Isabel Dias, 15 or 16 years old. At this period, Rangel and other girls between 7 and 12 years of age were in the habit of sexually experimenting with each other, although she had not understood what was going on when she was raped.

On February 6, Furtado heard the confession of Guiomar Pisçara, native of Moura in Portugal, 38 years old, married to a farmer in Taparica. When she was 12 or 13 years old, living in Rio Vermelho, she had sexual relations with a humpbacked slave-girl named Mecia, 18 years old. She was also guilty of eating meat on Friday, and Furtado asked her

... if she knew that the said carnal joining between women was sodomy and that to eat meat on the prohibited days was an heretical offense, she responded that she knew not that they were mortal sins of great offense to God. . . (p.158)

On February 6, Furtado heard the confession of Madanela Pimetel, native of Pernambuco, 46 years old, a widow. When she was between 9 and 11 years of age, she had sexual relations many times with Micia de Lemos and Iria Barbosa, both her own age, and with Ana Fernandez, 13 years old. She never let the two other girls know about it whenever she had relations with one of them.

On February 7, Furtado heard the confession of Isabel Marquez, a half-breed, 37 years old, native of Salvador, a married woman, living in Cerecipe. When she was 10

years old, living in Villa Velha, she played with a neighbor, Caterina Baroa, 14 or 15 years old, and they had sexual relations once. Baroa also had sexual relations two or three times with other girls younger than ten year of age.

This was the last of the Lesbian confessions in Bahia. This case can be used as a sample of the standard description of Lesbian intercourse in the book:

... and they both came to have infamous joining; thus the said Caterina Baroa put herself on top of her, they raised their dresses and thus joined their vases by the front as does man with woman, and thus for a little while without using any instrument other than their bodies. . . (p.160)

The "instrument" was a dildo. This denial of the use of dildos occurs in all of the Lesbian confessions. The same euphemisms as in the male confessions are also found in the Lesbian confessions, although "nature" is used to refer (apparently) to the clitoris in the confession of Guiomar Pisçara: "... joining their natures and vases by the front. . ." The word "friendship" is used in the Lesbian confessions to refer to Lesbian affairs, as in the phrases "nefarious friendship" and "dishonest friendship."

There was only two cases of prostitution mentioned in the confessions, once when Frutuoso Alvarez bribed Jeronimo de Parada, and once when Felipa de Sousa bribed the humpbacked smith's wife. However, these were isolated cases, and there is no evidence of professional prostitution.

In all of the male cases, one or both of the sexual partners is always less than 19 years of age. Most, but not all, of the Lesbian cases involve young persons. It was common for people at that time to marry at an early age, and the modern horror of "child molesting" was unknown, thus leaving the way open for a degraded version of Classical Greek adult/youth relationships.

All of the defendants were repentant. To be otherwise was to invite execution, for the Inquisition in Portuguese Goa (India) burnt many homosexuals at the stake during this period. Indeed, the most striking thing about these confessions is the fact that everyone confessed to mortal sins, and yet Furtado gave all of the defendants "probation," a mere slap on the wrist in comparison with Goa.

Thus, the "confissões da Bahia." This is only one of several books on the subject of Furtado's visitation to Brazil, which, in turn, is only one small aspect of the history of homosexuality in Portugal and Brazil. This summary of these confessions is, therefore, only an introduction to an unknown, but large, aspect of the study of homosexuality in history.

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## The Love That Dares To Speak Its Name

As they took him from the cross  
I, the centurion, took him in my arms—  
the tough, lean body  
of a man no longer young,  
beardless, breathless,  
but well hung.

He was still warm.  
While they prepared the tomb  
I kept guard over him.  
His mother and the Magdalen  
had gone to fetch clean linen  
to shroud his nakedness.

I was alone with him.  
For the last time  
I kissed his mouth. My tongue  
found his, bitter with death.  
I licked his wounds—  
the blood was harsh.

For the last time  
I laid my lips around the tip  
of that great cock, the instrument  
of our salvation, our eternal joy.  
The shaft still throbbed, anointed  
with death's final ejaculation.

I knew he'd had it off with other men—  
with Herod's guards, with Pontius Pilate,  
with John the Baptist, with Paul of Tarsus,  
with foxy Judas, a great kisser, with  
the rest of the Twelve, together and apart.  
He loved all men, body, soul and spirit. —even me.

So now I took off my uniform, and, naked,  
lay together with him in his desolation,  
caressing every shadow of his cooling flesh,  
hugging him and trying to warm him back to life.  
Slowly the fire in his thighs went out,  
while I grew hotter with unearthly love.

It was the only way I knew to speak our love's proud name,  
to tell him of my long devotion, my desire, my dread—  
something we had never talked about. My spear, wet with blood,



his dear, broken body all open wounds,  
and in each wound—his side, his back,  
his mouth—I came and came and came

as if each coming was my last.  
And then the miracle possessed us.  
I felt him enter into me, and fiercely spend  
his spirit's final seed within my hole, my soul,  
pulse upon pulse, unto the ends of earth—  
he crucified me with him into kingdom come.

— This is the passionate and blissful crucifixion  
same-sex lovers suffer, patiently and gladly.  
They inflict these loving injuries of joy and grace  
one upon the other, till they die of lust and pain  
within the horny paradise of one another's limbs,  
with one voice cry to heaven in a last divine release.

Then lie long together, peacefully entwined, with hope  
of resurrection, as we did, on that green hill far away.  
But before we rose again, they came and took him from me.  
They knew what we had done, but felt  
no shame or anger. Rather they were glad for us,  
and blessed us, as would he, who loved all men.

And after three long, lonely days, like years,  
in which I roamed the gardens of my grief  
seeking for him, my one friend who had gone from me,  
he rose from sleep, at dawn, and showed himself to me before  
all others. And took me to him with

the love that now forever dares to speak its name.

This poem originally appeared in the English paper GAY NEWS and resulted in a court case when that paper was cited by the government under a blasphemy statute. The author, James Kirkup, was born in England in 1918 but has lived in various countries, including the U.S. See his poems in *Orgasms of Light: Gay Sunshine Anthology* (1977).

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# POEMS BY DENNIS KELLY

## THE RIVER BOY

This boat is of cedar-wood & its gunwales are cut magnolia,  
Cats with jeweled violins & androgynous meows  
Play minuets for us, ambrosia overflowing  
Our sequined cups, we carry singing boys,  
Drift with the drifting lily pads, yet  
Our Queen needs a freeway for her lovers  
And all our yng sailors wld fuck the  
White gulls of Taishan or ride them.  
Kutsu's pornographic screen of many  
Panels hangs between us & the moon.

Queen So-so's terraced palace  
is now a *tres chic* disco  
But I write poems on this royal barge anyway  
Causing So-shu to tremble,  
And I have joy in these images  
like the joy of Macho Island  
"If joy cld last forever,  
then it wld be 6 miles long, 3 miles wide, 4 at the head."

And I have moped in the Queen's garden  
Awaiting an order to write.  
I look at old dragons with willow-colored  
Faces just reflecting the sky's tongue,  
& I hear the five-score angels  
aimlessly fucking.

The eastern war brings yng soldiers into  
the Dragon Inn at Yei-shu,  
The lavender house is full of pale urgencies,  
Blue veins push willow-tips into mist,  
Tangle'd cords of black hair hang down from  
Carved railings, vines of maple & madrona  
Arch out to the water crying—"More! More!"  
Their roots are naked in the brocade-like cliff.  
The soldiers bundle up into bluish clouds.  
And wander off past Macho Island,  
over a thousand homes of shato-wood.  
And the Empress is at Ko,  
Twelve inches hang aloft, high on the chandeliers  
Soldiers swing nude, their gorgeous genitals &  
Hndsm muscles gleaming as in a midnight Bath scene.  
The Empress slips out of her mousseline of Cos &  
Goes forth to inspect her Pierian roses, bicep'd boys.  
She goes to Hori to look at long-necked storks,  
She returns by way of Su rock to inspect  
New chickens for the gardens of K'ang-hsi—  
their voices mixed with flute & nightingale.

## THE ETERNAL CHICKEN

I  
The pale fingers have gathered  
& comely yng lords smile again,  
The eight inches of the heavens  
distended into the queen's courtyard,  
The wide flat cock stretches out.  
I make love in my room toward the East,  
Gentle, gentle my manyfinger'd strokes  
on the pale dragon—  
Estranged from hard hips upward to  
High heaven, I bow my head & suck.

II  
Cum, cum & more hardon follows,  
The eight inches of the heavens is white,  
The flat dragon is turned up & urgent.  
"Cock, cock, here is my cock."  
I suck him off by the eastern window.  
I think of talking to him  
But no words follow, only whiteness approaches.

III  
The chicken in my east-looking bedroom  
is bursting out with new pubes,  
He tries to stir new affections,  
And men say that the egg comes first  
Even tho I think chicken comes better.  
Comely, the ones that flutter in my nest  
and I think I have heard them saying—  
"It is not that there is no other dragon,  
But we like this one the best  
For however long we cum  
We cannot know of his sorrow."

## THE EMPEROR'S CHICKEN: A LETTER

While my Lord, the Emperor, sleeps  
off his debauch, I play about the  
imperial garden, pulling up roots  
& delicate flowers. I come on the  
wings of bamboo, playing with myself,  
I feed the imperial goldfish giant  
worms & I show them one even bigger!  
I never laugh, being bashful, covering  
my head, I am sucked off for hours  
by imperial eunuchs who always want  
more. A thousand imperial wads I  
have shot in this palace. I desire  
to flee the royal courtyard before  
morning, to run off to Ku-to-yen by  
the River of Mushrooms where the  
goldfish have jade pillows for me  
to recline on & rest from my suitors,  
I, the Young Imperial Merchant of Eel.

## MUSIC

### for frank o'hara

The angel leads the horse past the  
Equestrian where I sit a 35¢ liver  
loaf sandwich in The Mayflower Shoppe  
naked on the tablecloth its ridiculous  
so much loin on the hoof these days

and into Bergdorfs where he takes the  
elevator to the top floor overlooking  
Fifth & 59th far over Park Avenue  
streets filled with racing forms  
murderers and narcissists

up to the unfinished top where high in  
fierce girders gated young Iroquois  
sleep on Lana Turner's nightgown hunt  
for scalps naked in the morning wind  
thru the steel forest handsome ponies

waiting in the birches

## MELVILLE AS SIZE-QUEEN

### for charles olson

"Quite apparent," she said, "that  
is, to anyone that knows about yng &  
handsome sailors or who has read the  
book, the fascination with the great  
whiteness, the sperm & spermacti of  
it all, harpoon at the end of sailorboy  
arms, bulging with Hart Crane in love..."

"Or what about that closet-case  
Claggart & studly yng Billy Budd, his  
stiff yardarm languishing over the edge  
of the hammock, the sound of the ship's  
timber groaning with the kid's heavy  
load, oysters to the gangplank!"

"Yes, my dear, & that awful Miss  
Claggart on her knees for Billy's nice  
creamy hard on, loving & hating it at  
the same time or how about the way old  
Captain Ahab despises Moby Dick yet sits  
on his throne in his cabin as his crew  
sails the Pacific vastness in a desperate  
search for its powre, the supernatural  
whiteness of it, the pale whiteness of  
yng hard stomachs, the pale seminal  
whiteness of its contractions & various  
natural expansions, the breathing white  
hardness of its various exquisite  
spasticities..."

the supernatural whiteness that is  
geographic, that is the absence of riot  
gone green in the Amazon, the same awful  
whiteness as the Yukon gold concealing  
the madness & greed of the tundra, steamers  
from Frisco laid, fucked & loaded with  
get rich schemes, shaking hands, flesh on  
flesh, Billy Budd sucked off in the focsle  
by the whole greedy crew before they hung  
him & he drove off in a big white Cadillac.

## HYPSPYLE TO JASON

I've heard you're back again from LA—  
Your personal jet & golden pubed boy.  
Allow me to see him, I've heard so much.  
"Jason has yoked & tamed a Martian Bull,"  
they say;  
"Jason guards his chicken with dragon eyes,"  
they say;  
What is this prize of which you're so proud?  
An idle youth to slaughter your lips?  
He shares yr bed incredulous the nights?  
He plows the sheets with bullish desires?

Surely you won't banish me from the banquet?  
The "Argo" needs another helmsman, while  
you suck him off. Why not me?  
I'll drape garlands in his golden pubes.  
Yr furtive love leaves him dripping,  
fighting for breath, even panting for more.  
You are fulfilling his chicken needs.  
To have his golden hayre combed, contemplated.  
To caress his yng male arms, so big & hard.  
To be conquered by men, then worshiped.  
To witness the boy-god take a long piss.  
To shed a golden wetdream on old Acetes columns  
Such is the need for his azure eyes, thighs.  
To watch the seminal moment approaching.  
Yr charms & magic potions invent new  
excuses to drag the moon thru his cum.  
Surprised & Subjugated the boy is hypnotized  
By Peruvian potions & Columbian magick arts.  
The strength of his arms consumes hours.  
Shamelessly succulent & merciless he  
tortures my heart, Thoas my father.  
What a lemon Lemnos has turned out to be!  
My ambassadors fr LA tell me that you've  
latched on to this yng cock fr Colchis.  
Bold Phrixus tells me even more . . .  
Misbegotten offspring drips fr yr lips.  
A proud husband a thousand times over  
is the kid drowning yr plaintive laments.  
His fond embrace gives birth to Twins—  
Out of both yr ears, dear Jason, the cum flows.

## RIDING THE HORSE

The yng gunslinger knows  
how to ride his horse down  
mainstreet and past the hotel  
to the saloon where he has

a drink or two later hanging  
the horse they call it hanging  
the hog back East slowly un-  
coiling it beneath the crescent

moon out back in the alley  
the smell of sagebrush and  
leather as the levis part like  
the lips of a sidewinder

the long flickering tongue  
distended into the thirsty  
desert floor as the dance hall  
girl waits her turn to straddle

the cruel thighs

## BALLAD OF THE IMPERIAL GOLDFISH

The moon rises in the dark southeast  
of things to light up the fields of  
Shin, for there is a boy named Ling  
Chih which means Magic Mushroom &  
he hunts down nightcrawlers for the  
Emperor's goldfish & gets them by  
the pastures south of town. With  
slender fingers he pulls them out  
of the moonlit dampness, struggling  
they are slipped into his basket  
made from boughs of Katsura & he  
plays with himself as he works  
naked, pale cock against burden of  
heavy curls, his basket full of  
worms for the goldfish. The imperial  
goldfish wait in the fountain as  
the young imperial gardener enters  
the gate, his face without moustache,  
mud between toes. The boy has poked  
around for royal nightcrawlers,  
brings back mushrooms for his Emperor  
to nibble, marvel at the giant carp  
behind the crystal screen.

## WETDREAM

### for Harold Norse

Tell me, wetdream, are you my dreamlover?  
How do you feel, wetdream, about the last blowjob?  
What is love, dreamlover?  
Will I get yr big cock again? Will you be yng &  
hard, will it be long & yr prepuce bejeweled?  
I sucked you off for hours, my bed an altar  
of sperm, dream-images, then I woke up.  
I whispered "Where are you, dreamlover?"  
I consulted the I Ching & the Tarot.  
But you were gone, I thought, never to return.  
I thought of the dream, the moods of yr cock.  
And beneath the Oneiric Sun, yr face.  
I sensed the symbolic in yr muscled thigh,  
wild horses lunge out of the sea.  
I knew that the gatekeeper was straight & that  
he had to be tricked for me to get by.  
I stood in a dark alley & took a long toke.  
I slipped the bluejeans down yr creamy thighs.  
Dreamchicken, you shot me with deja vu.  
You're coming so often, dreamlover, that I  
have wetdreams during the day.  
Dreamboy, Creamboy—you're my Divine Child.  
Tell me again with yr telepathic smile.  
Are you my dreamlover? Will you come tonight?

## Meng/Jugendtorheit (Youthful Folly)

"Tadzio in the third place means that  
Ziolkowski never gets stoned,  
never loses possession of him-  
self, no never."

Tadzio beside the ocean waves  
Tito beside the mountain lake

"With Mann there is ironically the clean salt air  
& surf juxtaposed next of course to the decaying  
teeth..."

"With Hesse there is the queen that martyrs herself  
in the name of petulant adolescent hard-ons..."

the impulse quickens  
to run & jump with the yng boy

to set the waves free

you are free!"

Genet & Gide smile...

Cocteau cruises the  
hunky Esplanade.

Ziolkowski watches intently thru the  
expensive German Binoculars—  
the bronze boy  
is foreshortened into Picasso.

"Surf the long afternoons, kid"  
youngman Siddhartha sees  
tits in the cliffs

he casts an image with 3 coins:  
an ideogram of the future.  
"Each chicken a separate novel"  
Tadzio in the third place means:  
yng Parsifal 'the pure fool'  
dances within  
the cool glass

Seattle, July 29, 1978



## EDITORIAL

Le « Gai Pied » : coup d'envoi d'une nouvelle formule de presse, mensuel d'information et de réflexion rédigé par des homosexuels. Notre propos : restituer en effet aux gais, les homosexuels d'aujourd'hui, un lieu pour s'exprimer, un lieu pour discuter. Etre aussi un lieu alternatif à tout ce que les medias racontent sur l'homosexualité bien trop souvent pour justifier et prêter main forte à des campagnes de moralisation d'un autre âge.

Mais si nous privilégions l'information internationale, pratiquement introuvable dans le reste de la presse, ou si nous offrons aussi un espace pour la création homosexuelle écrite et graphique, nous ne voulons pas parler que d'homosexualité : on nous y a réduit trop souvent et depuis trop longtemps.

Car notre contribution de réflexion sur le monde d'aujourd'hui ne peut plus se faire sans nous. Car aussi — différents reportages l'illustrent dans ce premier numéro — nous sommes trop souvent les boucs émissaires des périodes incertaines de l'histoire, et la mort nous attend souvent à l'aube pâle des matins de révolution et de dictature.

La presse homosexuelle a quasiment disparu l'an dernier, victime d'une charrette de censure. Aujourd'hui, elle veut renaître de ses cendres, nouvelle, plus informée, plus ironique. « Gai Pied » veut aussi créer un rapport nouveau avec ses lecteurs. Sans plus attendre, un grand gala a lieu au Bataclan le 30 avril, pour se rencontrer, discuter ensemble, danser ensemble. Car, désormais, tous les mois, « Gai Pied » dira son espoir en une vie plus gaie, plus tendre : une vie autre.

### TONY DUVERT L'île atlantique

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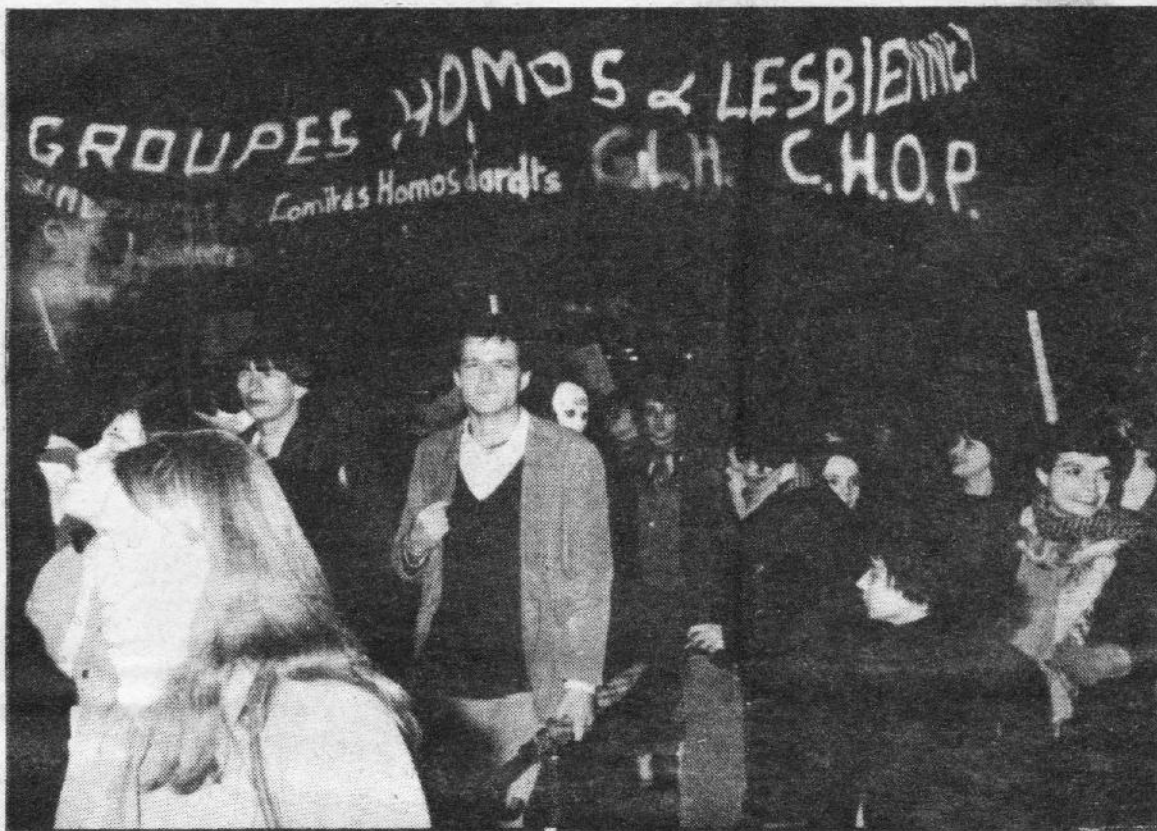
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## Etre homo en Iran, c'est partir les pieds devant



Une manifestation de protestation contre les récents événements d'Iran a eu lieu le vendredi 16 mars à Paris, du parvis de Notre-Dame à la Mosquée. Environ 700 femmes et 300 homosexuels (les entendaient ainsi protester contre « la nouvelle loi islamique » qui renvoie les femmes à leur ancestrale oppression et les homosexuels à la condamnation religieuse. Déjà six « prox-

nètes » selon les tribunaux islamiques, ont été fusillés. Dans le soir tombant, derrière le cortège des femmes, un immense triangle rose précédait la marche des homos. Ceux-ci faisaient alterner les slogans « sérieux » avec les slogans joyeux : « Etre homo en Iran, c'est partir les pieds devant », « Inch'Allah, gai gai gai, les homos seront sauvés », « Curés, mollahs, même combat »,

« Khomeiny au Vatican, Jean-Paul II à Téhéran », « Khomeiny disco, disco, on veut danser toute la nuit ». Après que les portes de Saint-Nicolas-du-Char-donnet (église des intégristes) aient été attaquées à coup de pied, la manifestation s'est dissoute sans incidents devant la mosquée protégée par un cordon de CRS.

## HOLOCAUSTE SILENCIEUX

« Les triangles roses, vous restez à votre place ! », l'ordre hurlé est tombé après l'appel d'un soir d'été de juin 1942. Nous sommes restés debout longtemps dans la cour déserte. Les odeurs de la forêt toute proche nous rappelaient par effluves notre liberté perdue. Nos gorges étaient brûlantes, et sèches de peur. Un officier SS est enfin sorti de la tour de commande suivi de ses laquais. Ils se sont approchés de nous et notre commandant a hurlé : « Trois cents déviants criminels à vos ordres commandant ! » On a pris nos noms, et puis on nous a informés que, conformément à un ordre de la Reichsfuehrung, notre catégorie serait isolée et dans des conditions disciplinaires plus dures : on nous mutait de ce camp de Sachsenhausen pour l'usine de briques Klinker. Nous frémions car ce camp de la mort nous était bien connu. Un dernier travail nous fut commandé avant de partir : celui d'entasser une vingtaine de cadavres, qui nous incrustèrent longtemps de sang.

« Deux mois plus tard, qui nous parurent des années, nous n'étions plus que cinquante sur les trois cents triangles roses. Chaque matin, les coups de fouet étaient de plus en plus nombreux. Il fallait rester au milieu pour prendre moins de coups. Trois tentèrent de s'évader : lorsqu'on les ramena, le mot « homo » était peint en gros sur leur pyjama rayé. Leur nourriture fut imprégnée de sel pour les assoiffer, puis ils furent fouettés sur un billot. Des tambourins autour du cou, ils durent chanter : « Victoire, nous sommes revenus ! » Ils furent ensuite pendus.

« J'ai vu arriver un jeune triangle rose en bonne santé : successivement empoigné, molesté, battu, puis jeté dehors une nuit durant dans le froid, puis passé à la douche, il fut vite atteint de pneumonie. Alors à nouveau battu puis ligoté sous une lampe chauffante en alternance avec des douches froides, il est mort rapidement.

« J'ai connu parmi les triangles roses des artisans, des ingénieurs, des intellectuels, des athlètes célèbres, des commerçants, un prince prussien, des gigolos. Tous étaient perdus et sans défense dans ce monde des camps, et dans un état d'isolement particulier. L'un d'eux, ancien attaché d'ambassade, horri-fié de jour en jour, et dans un état muet de stupeur permanente, est un jour subitement tombé de tout son long, raide mort. Un autre jeune, assez efféminé, devait régulièrement danser devant les SS qui ensuite l'enchaînaient et le battaient de la façon la plus horrible. »

Ces quelques témoignages que vous venez de lire, écrits par le physicien allemand et triangle rose Claassen von Neudegg dans une revue allemande homosexuelle des années cinquante, est une des rares évocations qui

soient parvenues jusqu'à nous. Des centaines de milliers d'homosexuels allemands, marqués d'un triangle rose, pointé en bas, sur le haut gauche de la veste droite et sur le bas droit du pantalon, finiront ainsi, exterminés. Parmi ceux qui en réchappèrent, bien peu témoigneront, car l'homosexualité restera un délit longtemps encore en Allemagne de l'Ouest. Nous reviendrons sur l'histoire de cette extermination systématique. Nous voulions simplement donner la parole à ceux que tous avaient oubliés dans le grand tintamarre des débats qui suivirent la projection du feuilleton télévisé « Holocauste ». « Tout peut recommencer encore » disait un lycéen à la télévision. Cela est aussi notre sentiment, quand l'amnésie chronique de l'histoire officielle perpétue encore des blancs, des silences, tachés de notre sang.

## Un plaisir si simple

Michel Foucault

**L**ES homosexuels, dit un traité de psychiatrie, se suicident souvent. « Souvent » m'enchanté. Imaginons donc de longs garçons, fluets, aux joues trop pâles ; incapables de franchir le seuil de l'autre sexe ; ils ne cessent, leur vie durant, d'entrer dans la mort pour en sortir aussitôt en faisant claquer la porte à grand fracas. Ce qui ne manque pas d'importuner les voisins. A défaut de noces avec le bon sexe, ils se marient avec la mort. L'autre côté à défaut de l'autre sexe. Mais ils sont tout aussi incapables de mourir tout à fait que de vivre vraiment. A ce jeu risible, les homosexuels et le suicide se déconsidèrent l'un l'autre.

(à suivre page 10).



# COURRIER

Bonjour.

Pour moi, un journal doit être une aventure collective avant tout et permettre une prise de parole du plus grand nombre et le respect de leur spécificité. Ce qui m'agace dans la presse homo traditionnelle c'est qu'elle dresse une image très caricaturale de l'homosexualité. Il y aurait d'un côté la bonne manière d'être homosexuel et de l'autre la mauvaise symbolisée principalement par les travestis, les efféminés, les sado-masos et les prostitués. A noter que les lesbiennes n'ont guère de place, et c'est dommage, dans ce genre de canard, ce qui fait de l'homosexualité une chose purement masculine.

De plus, ce sont toujours plus ou moins les mêmes qui causent, on a parfois l'impression de lire des journaux intimes. Il y aurait d'autres choses à ajouter sur cette presse qui ne prend en considération que ce qui est dans leur norme homosexuelle (et qui elle existe).

Frank, Lille

Mes enfants.

Je souhaite une longue vie à votre revue. Je suis une vieille folle. J'ai tout subi, quoique je pense qu'il y a trente ans c'était d'une certaine façon — dans un incognito silencieux imposé par la société — plus facile de se réaliser; depuis 1950-1955 j'ai senti tout s'apaiser — ayant un physique phare — brusquement, autour de moi et de combien d'autres; j'ai senti mille sentiments hostiles. J'aimerais, comme en Amérique, participer, mais comment? Les pédés bourgeois français se terrent même, et contre quoi? La légalité? Ils peuvent attendre... Enfin, socialement, j'ai eu ma revanche: admis par un travail assidu et féroce dans ma recherche de la perfection. La technique française et américaine du cinéma international a reconnu qu'une folle peut fournir un travail égal à celui des équilibrés. Par cela je crois avoir apporté un peu quelque chose aux pédés. Ma règle: « Ne jamais avoir honte. » Je vous embrasse. A bientôt de vous lire. Je m'en fiche du pli fermé, je suis fichée pour l'éternité partout.

Robert C. Paris

A l'intention du « Gai Pied ».  
(...) Un article dans le genre d'« hétéros ce douloureux problème » ne contribue pas à donner à notre cause le bon éclairage. Pour quelle raison devrait-on rabaisser les hétérosexuels, les diminuer au point de diriger contre eux les attaques dont nous sommes l'objet. Non, le racisme à rebours n'est pas la bonne méthode. Pour être acceptés nous devons être aimés, il s'agit de faire en sorte que nous le soyons, et par conséquent, d'aimer les premiers.

André P.

C'est avec soulagement et joie que j'ai appris la naissance du « Gai Pied ». Soulagement d'abord, puisque ce projet me montrait que je n'étais pas seul à penser que le mouvement homo devait se donner une presse d'envergure nationale et que, pour une fois, les conditions sociologiques étaient réunies: désaffection des militantismes traditionnels, prise de conscience de la durée de la vie (si brève) et du potentiel subversif du corps, libérations sexuelles et affectives comme barrages à la montée des fascismes, etc.

Gilbert-Christian T.

notre numéro 300, je l'écrivais dans une pensée qui rejoint la vôtre. Je n'ai jamais compris cette haine farouche contre « Arcadie » de la part de certains de ceux qui se réclament du GLH ou de ce qui lui succède ici ou là. Au point d'oublier l'essentiel: la défense de cette cause. Faire le continuel procès d'« Arcadie » ne changera rien: ni dans l'opinion publique (comme lors de débats publics) ni certes dans la doctrine et l'action d'« Arcadie ».

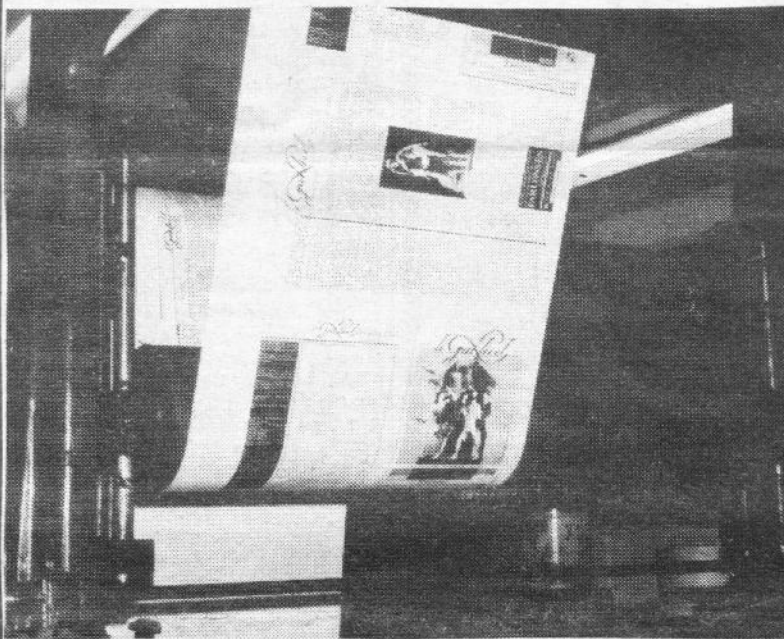
Je souhaite donc que votre initiative concernant ce nouvel organe de presse connaisse le succès, même s'il est très difficile d'intéresser la majorité des homophiles de ce pays à une presse homosexuelle. Mais vous avez la foi: alors c'est beau-coup.

Je vous prie de croire à mes sentiments les plus sincères.

André Baudry

Décembre 1978, la maison de la culture de Rennes organise un bal géant pour son dixième anniversaire. Sur les affiches, on recommande vivement une « tenue originale ». Dans son maigre appartement de chômeur, Mélanie Badaire se prépare fébrilement, escarpins vernis, jupes panthère, tee-shirt lamé, chaînes, cosmétiques divers et ornements punks (...). Et que la fête commence! Mais même carnalisée la fête (comme ils disent) reste une fête hétérosexuelle, comment ai-je pu, l'oublier? En plus, c'était un samedi soir, et à Rennes la fièvre du même nom est une loubardite chronique! Alors évidemment pas moyen de danser tranquille même quand c'est notre Amanda Lear qui mène le bal. A la fin, 20 à 30 mignons petits loubards en mal/mâle de tapettes attendaient votre amie Mélanie à la sortie... malheureusement, ce soir-là, mes fantasmes masos n'allaient pas jusqu'au cimetière. Alors, compréhensif, le gardien qui fermait les portes m'a fait sortir par une porte au troisième sous-sol! Le brave homme m'appelait made-moiselle, je n'ai jamais su s'il était myope ou aimable. Enfin! Voilà une aventure pas si extraordinaire que ça d'une folle de province, pleurons pas sœurs on prévoit une diminution de la TVA sur les bombes lacrymogènes: à bonne entendeur, salut.

Mélanie Badaire



Cher « Gai Pied ».

(...) L'idée que préfigure l'article de Fernandez, « écrire sur autre chose et aussi autrement » est à maintenir. Il faut voir une partie du journal comme un laboratoire d'écriture et d'analyse, la raison, la théorie laissent place à la folie, aux fantasmes et à toute une expression différente. (...) Je verrais bien des ensembles de textes mêlant lettres, analyses, témoignages, enquêtes, fictions sur des thèmes comme la drague, l'amour, la solitude, le sado-masochisme, le phallus, la masturbation, le travesti ou encore l'histoire des homos. (...) Essayez aussi de sensualiser le journal. Bises.

Jacky, Tours

Bonjour.

(...) En outre et en tant que trésorier, je vous adresse ce chèque de cinquante francs représentant notre abonnement pour cette année. Il vous suffira donc d'indiquer à vos services de nous faire parvenir chacun des numéros à l'adresse postale que vous connaissez mais dont je vous rappelle l'intitulé: Mouvement folle lesbienne, c/o Herpin, BP 77, 13607 Aix-en-Provence Cedex.

Cher Monsieur.

Je suis heureux de lire votre sentiment et jugement à propos de « ceux qui se nourrissent de sectarisme de tout style ». Dans mon éditorial d'« Arcadie » de

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## — FRANCE —



## Cà Pahr exemple !

Le 2 février 1979, un ministre des Affaires étrangères était frappé et volé sur les quais (à Strasbourg, chacun sait ce que « sur les quais » veut dire). Aujourd'hui, en France, deux réactions : la justice relâche les deux agresseurs et le concierge de l'hôtel, via le commissariat, livre à la presse régionale et nationale un croustillant fait divers. C'est l'unanimité du rire gras (1) : le ministre, pédé ou pas, doit démissionner. Le chancelier autrichien Kreisky réagit : « On ne fera pas démissionner quelqu'un sur des balivernes, ce n'est pas parce que l'on m'accuserait de voler des petites cuillers dans les dîners que je devrais démissionner. »

L'Autriche protestera contre la désinvolture de la justice française. Strasbourg vacille, son projet de futur siège de l'Assemblée européenne glisse pour une promenade nocturne. Ça râle en haut à cause d'un court-circuit diplomatique. Encore une fois, homosexualité et politique se télescopent dans la bureaucratie désuète de notre pays, bureaucratie qui laisse persister une loi rétrograde niant la sexualité des mineurs et permettant dans le cas présent aux agresseurs de se poser en victimes innocentes.

Morale (que le reste de la presse se garde bien de tirer) : les vrais perdants de l'histoire, ce sont les pédés qui vont voir leurs lieux de drague perturbés par d'incessantes rondes. Il n'y aura plus de ministre « aux quais ».

(1) Jusqu'à la famille des agresseurs qui se promène avec les coupures de presse en poche.

« L'agression du ministre autrichien : peut-être une affaire de mœurs » : Beau titre que ce titre du *Matin* (numéro 606 du mardi 6 février 1979, p. 17) sous la plume de Francis Baerst. Un titre qui évoque les laïus sur l'homosexualité d'un France-Dimanche de la fin des années 1950. Ainsi permettrait-il de faire disparaître l'agression et tout ce par quoi elle s'est traduite pour celui qui l'a subie, derrière donc l'affaire de mœurs qu'on projette soudain en avant. Changement de qualification ! L'agression ne serait plus qu'une affaire de mœurs... Une agression ? Banal, on ne peut que s'en indigner. Mais quoi de plus banal ? Une affaire de mœurs ; je répète, une affaire de mœurs.

Banal ici, banal là. Mais deux banalités différentes car la seconde suscite une autre indignation dont le sens a changé radicalement, car avec elle on change de camp. L'agression disparaît, elle ne se présente plus

que comme allant de soi, inévitable, légitime, naturelle, et comme le premier geste du premier venu, le premier geste du monde bien qui ne peut en rien se confondre avec de vulgaires petits voyous. Et voilà ceux-ci dont cette qualité s'efface passés à la dignité de justiciers du bon droit. Légitime défense, quoi !

A qui maintenant, pourra-t-elle le paraître disproportionnée comme l'établit le code ? Car cet homme, enfin, on le roue de coups, on le blesse, on le laisse à terre et dans le mouvement précipité mais si naturel des choses (l'avocat de la défense aura soin d'y insister dans des déclarations à la presse), on le vole ! Car, bien sûr, comment agir autrement ? Vous, moi, l'univers, aurions fait de même.

Et défense contre quoi ? Contre cet homme si dangereux qu'à deux on le peut rouer de coups, blesser, laisser à terre et voler ? Contre ses mœurs (1) qui atten-

tent à la pudeur farouche de deux jeunes gens qui se laissent lier conversation avec un étranger parlant mal français, qui vous laissent leur caresser la main et qui, quand bien même cela, leur déplaît, vous laissent les accompagner jusqu'à chez eux pour, une fois que les choses se précisent, en venir à ce seul genre de réponse, ne connaissant plus d'autre voie, d'autre solution ? Quelle trouble volonté les a donc laissés aller jusque-là, quelle volonté sinistre les a donc laissés faire avant d'intervenir ? La crainte de prévenir une coupable action hors des chemins de la légalité, sans qu'il y ait délit caractérisé, peut-être, louable souci d'éviter une « bavure » ? Allons, il ne s'agit pas là de policiers de la brigade antigang. Non, rien que l'innocence, de la naïveté, nous dira-t-on, vous diront-ils.

Car de ces petits loubards en France il s'en rencontre partout. Et malgré les velléités de certains autonomistes, Strasbourg, rassurez-vous, c'est bien la France et ses dangers sont bien de chez elle : là, marqués dans le guide, sur la carte vous dis-je ! Oui, mais tout ça, c'est très mauvais pour la ville de Strasbourg puisqu'elle guigne le poste de la future Assemblée européenne alors que par ailleurs sont sur les rangs Bruxelles et Luxembourg...

L'agression, une mauvaise affaire ? Oui (après l'agression commise, il y a cinq ans, sur un parlementaire européen au cours d'un contrôle d'identité en plein café, contrôle illégal et qui avait bien paru tel à cet étranger pour qu'il ait refusé de s'y soumettre, d'où quelques désagréments « physiques » (il avait le tort de vivre dans un pays plus démocratique et plus respectueux des garanties et libertés individuelles que le nôtre...). Mais une affaire de mœurs, une mauvaise affaire ? Rapidement diligentée en ce sens... Non, ne soyez pas balourds, chers...

Vive donc les loubards, quelle aubaine, ça se manipule plus facilement qu'une police, on en fait ce qu'on veut. Facteurs d'insécurité-ci, redresseurs de torts faits à une bonne ville-là. Que serait-on devenu, si ce qu'on leur apprend des « pédés » (ces deux syllabes bien sonores avec 2 accents toniques (2), s'il vous plaît à prononcer le mot), ils ne savaient le mettre en pratique ?

On cassé la gueule aux pédés, cela se fait, vite fait bien fait, c'est d'un homme, un vrai ! Dans la foulée, on détrouse. Normal, on a refoulé ses désirs homosexuels et bien refoulé, à preuve les pédés on les hait (amour et haine, haine-amour). D'ailleurs on s'en vante un peu partout (c'est comme ça qu'on se fait prendre n'est-ce pas messieurs ?). Le pédé qu'on a en soi, on en expulse l'image sur l'étranger, sur l'autre.

Le cas présent offre la remarquable particularité de la rencontre de deux racismes ordinaires : doublement étranger comme pédé, doublement pédé comme étranger. M. Pahr n'a point de chance. Les autorités emboîteront le pas ; un ministre français, c'est vrai, on n'en rencontre pas dans les rues françaises et un ministre sans sa protection : incroyable ! Suspect ? La simplicité d'un ministre en France, on connaît si ça existait.

M. Pahr, apprenez que vous êtes en France. Pédé ou pas pédé, vous avez fauté. Payez-le ! Vous n'êtes pas touriste mais ministre des Affaires étrangères, payez-le. Vous n'êtes pas dans votre pays. M. Pahr, vous êtes dans le pays de M. Barre. Payez.

Alain Leroi

(1) Ou prétendues telles, puisque M. Pahr les nie, ce qui ne modifie rien au fond, car vraies ou fausses, établies ou non, et c'est ce que nous nous attachons à montrer, elles ne servent que de prétexte.

(2) Cf. La chanson de Daniel Balavoine, « le Chanteur ».

## Chez JEAN THIERRY

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## UNE LISTE PD ECOLO :

### Une proposition d'Europe Écologie

L'inscription de la question homosexuelle dans les débats politiques commence à prendre forme en France. Soit c'est de façon officielle pour l'abrogation des lois anti-homosexuelles, comme la démarche de M. Caillavet au Sénat (dont l'amendement avait été repris en juin dernier par le gouvernement), soit c'est de façon autonome : les élections municipales de 1977 avaient en effet vu l'inscription d'une liste municipale de 41 homosexuels à la mairie d'Aix-en-Provence, les élections législatives de mars 1978 avaient de leur côté fourni matière à interpellation sur la question gay par deux candidats homosexuels à Paris, tandis que des questions étaient posées par différents groupes homosexuels à tous les candidats de la majorité et de l'opposition sur l'incomplétude de leur programme.

Aujourd'hui, le collectif parisien d'Europe écologie, qui prétend « être la voix des sans-voix » propose aux groupes homosexuels par le biais de « Gai Pied », d'inscrire dans les mots d'ordre de sa campagne ceux concernant les gais. Cette proposition du collectif de Paris (1) devrait recevoir l'aval de l'ensemble des groupes, qui se réunissent en fin du mois de mars à Strasbourg. Les oppressions, dont sont victimes les homosexuels, persistent en effet d'autant plus facilement que le monde politique les oublie bien facilement lorsqu'il s'agit de rivaliser de démagogie dans les périodes électorales. M. Delorme, un des responsables d'Europe écologie, propose que les groupes homosexuels prennent contact afin que soit établi l'ensemble des revendications des homosexuels pour la campagne européenne.

(1) Europe écologie, c/o Laure Schneider, porte-parole, 11, rue de Larminat, 75 015 Paris.

## BREVES

**PARTI COMMUNISTE** : après le « come out » de Jean Ristat, ami d'Aragon dans « le *Matin* » du 18 octobre, le Parti communiste avait retrouvé sa léthargie. Le député Ballanger, porte-parole du groupe communiste à l'Assemblée nationale, vient de demander l'abrogation des lois anti-homosexuelles (cf. fiche juridique). « France-Soir » s'en raille et titre : « Ballanger séduit par les homos. » Il est vrai que c'est dans la chronique de Bouvard...

**BELFORT** : à l'usine Bull, la direction a mis sur pied quatre jours un ouvrier pour avoir giflé un collègue. Or, celle-ci fait partie d'un atelier qui n'épargne ni brimades ni injures à cet ouvrier pour son homosexualité. La réponse syndicale, pour la première fois peut-être dans l'histoire du syndicalisme, sera correcte : c'est le débrayage. Un tract est également distribué, puis une pétition signée par de nombreux travailleurs. La mise à pied est suspendue.

**PETITES ANNONCES SPECIALES** : un grand procès a eu lieu le 15 mars à la 17<sup>e</sup> chambre correctionnelle : il s'agissait de se défendre contre les attaques régulières du parquet au sujet des petites annonces, pour la plupart homosexuelles, de la rubrique « Chéri, je t'aime » du journal « Libération » : du mardi. Mes Lévy et Henri Leclerc, ainsi que Perdiel directeur du « *Matin* » et du « *Nouvel Observateur* », ont, avec Françoise Giroud, défendu la liberté d'expression de ces annonces. Le mensuel « *Anti-routine* » est également repéré pour le même type d'annonces : il se refuse lui aussi, et courageusement, à les retirer. Dès le numéro 2, le « *Gai Pied* » aura également ses petites annonces gratuites.

**SAINT-ETIENNE** : une ville difficile pour les homosexuels. Tentative d'ouvrir une boîte le Cercle Lautréamont. Le propriétaire Mounier aurait refusé l'entrée aux policiers. Il serait devenu dès lors très aisé de fermer la boîte avec une affaire de mineurs. Une bonne enquête de Dominique Couvreur dans « *Libération* » du 22 février (édition Rhône-Alpes). Saint-Etienne a retrouvé son calme entre ses trois pissotières et ses trois cafés.

**CHA** : les Comités homosexuels d'arrondissement, qui ont succédé au GLH de Paris en janvier 1978, se réunissent tous les samedis de 18 à 21 h, à la librairie Libre Pensée, au 12, rue des Fossés-Saint-Jacques : coordination, information, accueil. Le mardi soir, de 19 à 20 h 30, le CHA V-VI se retrouve à la librairie la Pensée sauvage, au 7, rue de l'Odéon, (métro Odéon).

**DRAGON** : le célèbre cinéma de la rue du même nom a subi une descente de police qui lui a coûté la passation en flagrant délit à 2 homosexuels. Leur défense : « Nous étions là par hasard. » Bilan : 500 F d'amende et deux mois avec sursis (une enquête de J.-L. Hennig dans « *Libération* » du 20 février 1979).

**ECOLOGIE** : le numéro zéro de « *Gay Pied* » avait demandé 2,7 t. de papier, le numéro 1 atteint les 4 t. Ces 5500 exemplaires couperont 93 arbres...



## BREVES

RENNES : « Ouest-France » du 1<sup>er</sup> février 1979 : « Un jeune homme a été retrouvé à l'intérieur des WC publics, hier, avec un trou à la tempe. Les enquêteurs tentent de déterminer s'il s'agit d'un meurtre ou d'un suicide. »

Commentaire du GLH de Rennes : « Fée d'hiver : assassinat d'un jeune homosexuel ou suicide d'un hétéro ? Peu importe après tout. Cela ne méritait-il que cet entrefilet de "Ouest-France" qui fait semblant d'ignorer la réalité du ghetto homosexuel ? C'est notre petit Chili quotidien. Chaque pédé habite à côté d'un Pinochet, dit-on, mais les gens sont mauvaise langue. Le Français est tolérant, c'est bien connu. (...) Par magie, c'est toujours nous qui finissons par être du côté des accusés et les assassins du côté des "bons". » Le GLH, qui organise un festival national du 23 au 28 avril, (expo, vidéo, films, chansons, forum, théâtre), à la MJC, 9, rue la Paillette, est une association 1901. En tant qu'association socio-éducative, il fait partie de l'office social et culturel rennais et devrait « normalement » être subventionné à ce titre par la mairie. Quelques dents grincent...

PARISCOPE : une merveilleuse contribution, pour y voir plus clair, à la question homosexuelle par le sexologue J.-M. Lo Duca dans « Pariscopes » du 7 mars. Répondant à Dominique Fernandez à propos de son article sur « Parlons-en », ce monsieur déclare que « cette minorité dispose d'une vue particulière que nul l'orgnon ne rectifiera jamais et qui n'apporte aucun enrichissement ».

Ainsi donc cette minorité homosexuelle « viendrait nous donner des leçons de couleurs » (raccourci littéraire, nous sommes comparés dans l'article à des daltoniens !). Conclusion romanesque : « Que les daltoniens vivent heureux, seuls, en couple ou en escouade, c'est leur affaire et ce n'est que justice. Mais qu'ils se gardent de nous illustrer la vessie qui leur est chère comme étant la lanterne de l'homme. Nous voyons les couleurs, pas eux, c'est tout. Et cela tranche la discussion. » M. Lo Duca, vous venez de remporter le prix « Gai Pied » du mois ; et encore bravo, parce qu'il y avait de la concurrence !

MARSEILLE : gay 1979 : une université d'été homosexuelle a lieu du 22 au 29 juillet, sur le campus universitaire de Luminy. Les activités y seront nombreuses (cinéma homosexuel, forums internationaux, conférences et débats avec des personnalités, théâtre et ateliers divers). 300 chambres d'étudiants ont déjà été réservées. Séjour et pension coûtent 450 F tout compris.

S'inscrire et se renseigner à Corps : 41, rue de la Palud, 13 001 Marseille.

Ces derniers temps, le GLH-Marseille organisait deux débats : l'un avec Dominique Fernandez (une page dans « le Provençal »), l'autre sur « Justice et Police », le 22 mars, avec le syndicat CGT de la police, le Syndicat de la magistrature et d'autres institutions sociales.

GLH « Lib 33 », 26, rue Saint-James.

## BOITES

Le Vert-Galant, Villeneuve-d'Ornon, à la sortie de Bordeaux sur la route de Toulouse, 30 F. Ambiance bourgeoise.

Le Caveau, place du Marché-des-Grands-Hommes dans le centre, 30 F, bonne musique.

## Une si jolie petite place

Les amis de Jacques Chirac et la direction des parcs et jardins de notre belle ville viennent de faire preuve d'un humour qu'on ne leur connaissait pas. En janvier 1979, les habitants du XI<sup>e</sup> arrondissement ont pu lire, dans la rubrique « nos rues », page 4 de « Notre quartier » édité par le Comité pour la rénovation, l'aménagement, le développement économique, culturel et social du XI<sup>e</sup>, animé par le toujours souriant et motivé Alain Devaquet



(député RPR du XI<sup>e</sup>, secrétaire général et bras droit de Chirac), ces lignes dont on vous laisse apprécier la saveur : « Saisi par une pétition des usagers du square Maurice-Gardette qui protesta contre la présence des chiens (sic) dans ce jardin, notre député Alain Devaquet a demandé à la direction des parcs et jardins de la Ville de Paris de prendre des mesures en conséquence. C'est ainsi qu'il vient de lui être indiqué que des instructions très fermes et très précises avaient

été données pour que ce square soit systématiquement fermé le soir. En outre, le bac à sable va être entouré par une grillette de façon à préserver le sable qui ne doit en aucun cas être pollué. »

Est-ce un chien que les « usagers » du square Maurice-Gardette promenaient par les nuits tièdes du printemps 1978 ? Il pourrait aussi s'interroger sur la nature du liquide, qui, parfois, à des heures tardives, voir au petit matin, se répandait dans la rosée.

Mais rassurons notre inquiétude : non, Alain Devaquet n'a jamais songé, fût-ce un quart de seconde, à identifier la petite bande de joyeuses dragueuses de notre square à des quadrupèdes. Sinon, on l'aurait bien évidemment su. Pour plus de précision, vous pouvez écrire à « Notre quartier ». Ils tiennent boutique à deux pas du square, 5, rue Rochebrune, métro Saint-Ambroise, tél. : 705. 88. 58.

Un usager du square Maurice-Gardette, qui n'est pas encore zoophile

## GAI BORDEAUX...

Les Quinconces, 23 h. Les voitures tournent. Je me suis garé rue d'Enghien. Une R 16 ralentit, un blondinet regarde, accélère, puis tourne, puis une 2 CV, une matra, une 4 L... C'est la ronde de nuit. Parfois, un appel de phares, et deux voitures se suivent dans la nuit. Une discussion à un feu rouge. Marché conclu.

Personne à pied. Si, des gigolos. Ce sont les seuls qui s'approchent et parlent. Je ne veux pas payer. Tant pis. Il monte dans la voiture, nous discutons un moment, nous nous embrassons. Il part vers une autre voiture.

Je rejoins la place Henri IV, noire, sombre, lugubre. Des ombres se croisent près de la tasse, d'autres sont posées sur les bancs, d'autres se révèlent dans les portes cochères quand les phares les balayent. Pas un mot, pas un sourire, des regards qui se croisent. Je m'approche d'une ombre, elle s'éloigne. Ce lieu privilégié des rondes de flics et de loubards pue la tristesse, l'angoisse, la honte.

J'ai envie de parler et de pleurer. Je n'ose pas parler. Peut-être rue Judaïque. Ici, la tasse, encadrée par la gendarmerie, le cimetière juif et l'hospice de vieillards, est bien éclairée. Les voitures sont rangées sagement le long du trottoir, vitres fermées ou baissées, un garçon à l'intérieur. Personne ne bouge. Un garçon trapu entre dans la tasse après avoir traversé la place.

La Boucane, boulevard Georges V, réputation médiocre.

## LIEUX DE DRAGUE

Les Quinconces, rue Henri IV, église Sainte-Croix, côté gare, sous le pont de trains (dange-reux), rue Judaïque, place Amélie-Raba-Léon, cinéma ABC de la rue Sainte-Catherine, le jardin public.

Trois portières claquent, la tasse est pleine.

Deux ressortent rapidement, montent dans la même voiture, un autre ressort, seul. Il regarde autour de lui. Je le regarde. Je n'ose pas entrer. J'en ai envie. J'ai peur. Je n'ose pas. J'attends qu'il sorte. Il me plaît bien. Il sort mais traverse rapidement, monte dans sa voiture et démarre.

Banlieue de Bordeaux, le lendemain soir. Le Vert-Galant est plein. Je sonne, le judas coulis, un œil me regarde, la porte s'ouvre. Contre 30 F je reçois un jeton, je me glisse entre deux culs et je regarde leurs gueules. Uniformes. Comme leurs tenues. Le cheveu est ras, la chemise blanche et le pantalon moulé. Je comprends pourquoi la dernière fois je n'ai pas pu entrer : aujourd'hui j'ai fait un effort, mais ma tenue n'est quand même pas normale. Les habitués papotent et se papouillent, les isolés regardent et cherchent leur type, s'emmerdent ou, comme moi, vont danser.

Chacun danse pour soi, perdu dans son désir intérieur. Chacun espère être regardé. Pour parler il faudrait gueuler et ce que je voudrais dire ne peut que se murmurer : je pars. Chaque fois, j'espère que ce sera différent. C'est vrai, un jour, il se passera quelque chose. Mais aurai-je assez de fois 30 F ?

Georges Andrieux

## RESTAURANT

L'Antre d'Homère, tenu autrefois par des copains du GLH, 12, rue Duffour-Dubergier, près de la cathédrale. Menu à 25 F et 18 F le midi.

## BARS

Le Moyen-Age, ouvert de 18 h à 1 h du matin, rue des Remparts, près de la cathédrale.

## Arcadie Boum

Comme pour tout ce qui est notre monde, il y a un recto-verso et nous avons préféré le côté verso d'Arcadie, vieille salle de cinéma de quartier à la voûte lézardée et tâche d'humidité, atmosphère d'un mauvais vermillon éclairée ici et là par des lampes aux appliques vulgaires, du linoléum sur la piste et une sono pour bal musette. On ne peut pas dire que c'est « mauvais goût », non, c'est « tel quel », comme le public d'ailleurs, loin des sophistications et des snobismes, sans charme et sans piquant, rien qui puisse enrober ou aiguïser la séduction de cette foule (200 à 300 personnes) nulle part ailleurs aussi disparate, irréductible aux canons, à la mode de l'esthétique gay.

L'entrée bon marché attire à ce bal plein d'anachronismes amusants, parfois même mordants, toute une population dont la simplicité surprend dans la nébuleuse parisienne du ghetto à fric, snob, hautain et artificiel. Le remarquable mélange des âges (25-45 ans en moyenne), des races, des origines sociales (rares sont les fourrures à fric), des styles et même des sexes (puisque le local est ouvert aux lesbiennes) offre chaque soir du week-end une mosaïque à peu près fidèle de ce qu'est la population homosexuelle en général. De ce point de vue il faut le souligner, Arcadie-Boum est une réussite sur des points qui peuvent nous échapper comme cet accueil sans ségrégation des moins jeunes, refoulés ailleurs pour l'image et la rentabilité des vitrines de la gay night.

On peut regretter l'austérité des comportements, le manque de fantaisie, l'allure générale où l'osé est définitivement prosaïque : cela reflète l'envers de la médaille, le côté recto de la morale arcadienne, qui, lui, est plus contestable. Le Palace et Arcadie-Boum (tous deux d'anciennes salles de spectacle) sont à deux extrêmes : d'un côté l'univers éblouissant des lasers, des décors

projetés, des costumes de cuir et de strass, d'une disco-défonce sophistiquée. De l'autre côté, Arcadie (1), c'est plutôt la vision d'un maquillage craquelé au matin blême d'une nuit passée blanche : un décor mi-teux sur des airs de tango et de paso-doble, le hit-parade d'Europe 1, pour les derniers tubes de disco et une danse du tapis inattendue à laquelle tout le monde participe dans une ambiance bon-enfant, quelque peu « jeu franc et franche camaraderie ». Mais peu importe, les sourires ne sont pas rares, les regards s'acoquinent et les gens sont plutôt relax, loin des déhanchements de star aux surplis parfumés et griffés des plus grandes marques ou des poses cow-boys des faux Omar Sharif ou James Dean, affichés dans la plupart des autres boîtes de Paris. A côté du « m'as-tu vu ? » croissant de l'homocratie gaie (ou pseudo telle), le « Dernier Tango populaire des homophiles » est l'un des rares endroits où l'on puisse se rencontrer, du moins côtoyer toutes sortes de gens différents (sauf malheureusement des travestis : espérons que les archaïsmes d'Arcadie ne vont pas jusqu'à les considérer comme des créatures de Satan !).

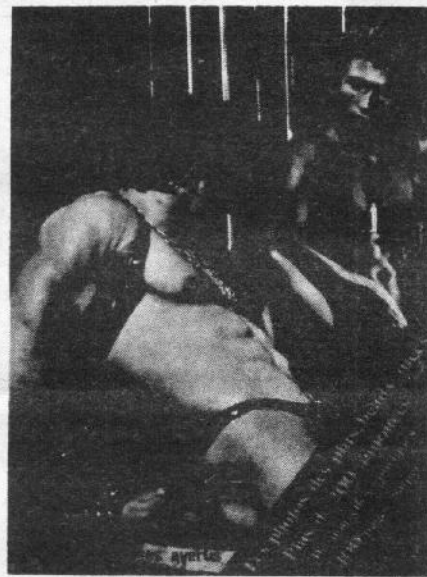
Quoi qu'on dise, au temps des frissons libéraux du snobisme, Arcadie-Boum (boum sur les prix, boum sur les stéréotypes) nous semble plus proche d'un certain charme rétro que d'un triste théâtre poussiéreux. Souvent, lorsqu'on évoque Arcadie, tout le monde pédale dans le yaourt ; mais justement, Arcadie c'est comme le yaourt nature : après la vague des nouveaux colorants, on y revient.

Dominique Robert  
Membre d'Arcadie

(1) Club homosexuel fondé en 1954, nécessitant une carte de membre à l'entrée (80 F à l'année).

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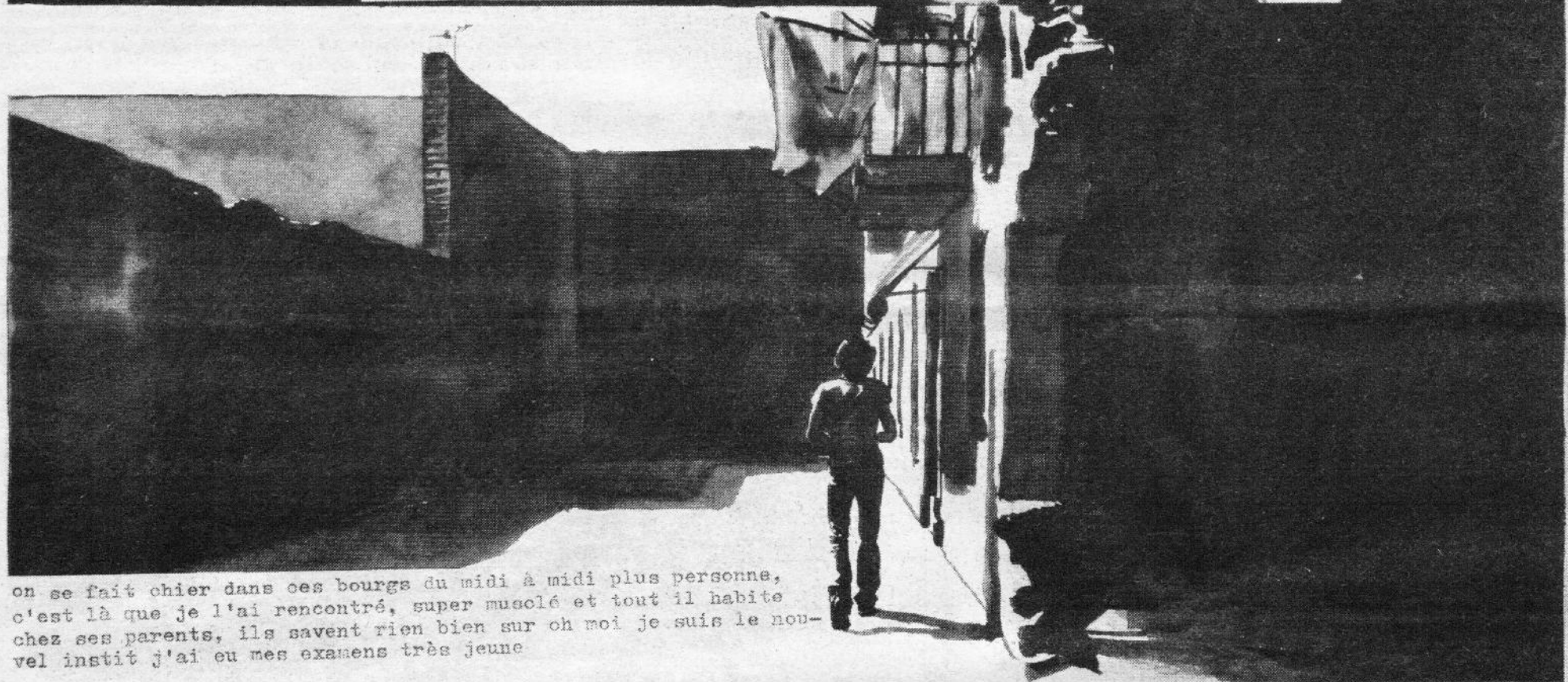
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il y a un endroit c'est la plage il n'y a du monde qu'en été et encore, les gens se foutent à poil alors les Beaufs viennent pas, forcément, on baise comme on veut marche loin derrière moi qu'on nous voit pas ensemble



on se fait chier dans ces bourgs du midi à midi plus personne, c'est là que je l'ai rencontré, super musclé et tout il habite chez ses parents, ils savent rien bien sur oh moi je suis le nouvel instit j'ai eu mes examens très jeune



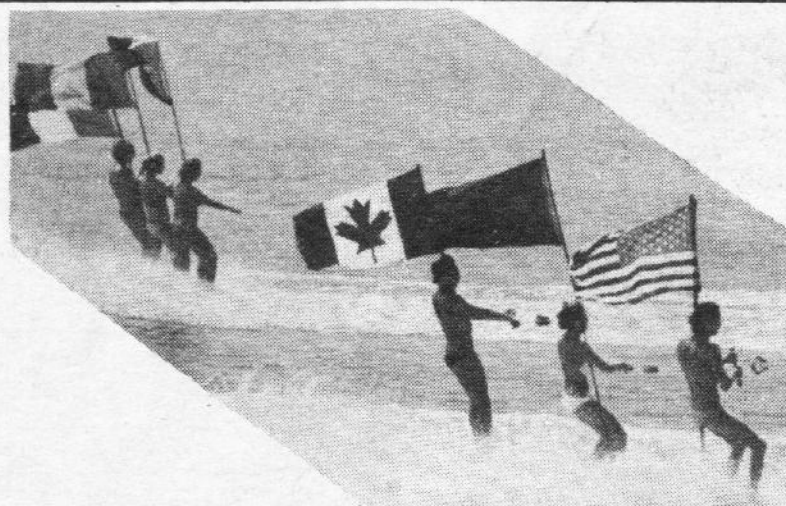
oh merde c'est pas possible d'être aussi bien foutu il a déjà tout enlevé que je reste là comme un gland



CHICAGO : les plaques d'immatriculation de voitures, constituées de trois lettres et de trois nuéros arrivaient au préfixe « gay » : plus de cent personnes ont renvoyé la leur, notamment un monsieur de Chicago dont la voiture était cabossée à coup de pied.

NEW YORK : au pays du popers parfumé du disco et des moustachus, Blondie (Heart of Glass) a pris la place du Village people (YMCA) Plus sérieusement, l'Association nationale des avocats et une dizaine d'associations gays et féministes ont demandé à William Webster, directeur du FBI, d'arrêter une chasse aux sorcières dans la communauté gay et notamment de cesser d'enregistrer les communications téléphoniques entre les défenseurs de Susan Saxe, lesbienne radicale en prison pour hold-up.

HONGRIE : les responsables de l'information hongroise ont été réunis à Budapest, où il leur a été notifié qu'il s'agissait d'adopter une attitude plus libérale par rapport à la question homosexuelle : il ne s'agira plus dorénavant d'associer automatiquement homosexualité avec prostitution et délinquance (Reuter).



LONDRES : attaque régulière des groupes fascistes contre les Gays depuis l'attaque, l'an dernier, d'un pub par le Front national. A cette époque un mouvement de riposte était né : « Gays Against Fascism ». Un bruit inquiétant court aujourd'hui si le Parti conservateur vient au pouvoir : Mary Whitehouse, l'« Anita Bryant » locale pourrait alors, en effet, entrer à la Chambre des lords et des ladies, organisme qui a l'habitude d'annuler le peu de législation progressiste au Parlement anglais, le même qui vient de rejeter l'appel de « Gays News ». Cet important journal homosexuel est, en effet, accusé de blasphème pour avoir publié des poèmes décrivant l'amour d'un soldat romain pour le Christ sur la croix.

GAI, NOIR ET TROTKYSTE : Tony Adams, militant actif du mouvement gai et membre du SWP venait de gagner un procès contre la police qui l'accusait de prostitution. La scène se passe à Salt Lake City en Utah, où l'église mormon, très influente, rappelle que la peine de mort est inscrite dans l'Ancien testament comme réponse aux sodomites. Trois jours après on retrouvait Tony Adams assassiné.

AMSTERDAM : le congrès de l'International Gay Association aura lieu près d'Amsterdam (à Natteweg 9) Bergen, du vendredi 13 avril au soir au lundi 16 avril au matin (logement et repas 100 F). Tout se passera en anglais et on bossera principalement sur la réforme de la classification des maladies de l'OMS (qui assimile l'homosexualité et maladie mentale), sur les conditions d'entrée dans le Marché commun de pays dont les lois restent douteuses par rapport aux gays (Espagne, Grèce, Portugal) et sur les élections européennes.

COMMISSION EUROPEENNE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME : deux requêtes d'homosexuels britanniques et irlandais viennent d'être déclarées recevables auprès de la Commission européenne des droits de l'homme ; elles ont pour origine une interpellation policière pour relation homosexuelle qui fut soldée d'un an de prison. En tant qu'ingérence injustifiée dans la vie privée la défense a estimé qu'il y avait, en effet, violation de l'art. 8 de la Convention européenne des droits de l'homme ainsi qu'une discrimination prohibée par l'art. 14. C'est également sur cet art. 14 que se fonde Jeff D., car en Irlande les relations hétérosexuelles et homosexuelles féminines tombent sous le coup de la loi en dessous de 16 ans et toutes les relations homosexuelles entre adultes sont interdites. La procédure est coûteuse et tout soutien financier doit être adressé à NIGRA, PO BOX 44, Belfast BT 1, 1 S H Royaume-Uni.

BARRE ET LES LESBIENNES : les groupes lesbiens canadiens ont interpellé le Premier ministre français lors de sa visite au Canada sur le refus de son gouvernement du stage organisé par l'Office franco-québécois pour la jeunesse sur la condition des homosexuels en France. C'était le seul à avoir été annulé sur les 90 stages prévus et cela sans qu'un seul motif ait été fourni.

TROISIEME AGE : une nouvelle loi vient d'être adoptée au Michigan, qui permet de protéger la vie privée des homos dans les maisons de retraite : inviolabilité du courrier, droit de visite et secret médical.

CHINE : sur le mur de la démocratie de Pékin, un dazibao demandant la liberté sexuelle a été collé : « Il faut paralyser l'idéologie féodale, réaliser la modernisation du mode de vie. Qui à la nudité, oui à l'ouverture sexuelle ! » Par ailleurs, la radio de Shanghai a dénoncé, le 9 février, que l'on voit dans la rue « des jeunes gens aux cheveux teints en blond et qui se sont faits des permanentes, qui flirtent ou marchent de façon efféminée. Les masses sont très mécontentes. » Conclusion du speaker : « Mais certains camarades ont des idées différentes, affirmant qu'il s'agit de question mineures. » Nuit de Chine, nuit d'amour ?

SAN FRANCISCO : après l'assassinat du maire et de son adjoint homo Milk (voir le numéro zéro) le nouveau maire Diane Feinstein, a nommé Henri Britt comme conseiller : il est homosexuel et connu comme tel.

MONTREAL : l'Association pour les droits des gais du Québec (ADGQ) proteste auprès de la Commission des droits de l'homme contre l'annonce du quotidien de la ville « la Presse », pour l'embauche des Pères-Noël ainsi libellé : « Il doit être honnête, ne pas boire et ne pas avoir de tendances homosexuelles. »

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#### PROTESTANTS :

ça bouge sec, les évêques protestants ont décidé d'autoriser les homosexuels à devenir prêtres. Un détail : s'abstenir de toute relation homosexuelle. Il fallait y penser...

en cherchant Scott pendant qu'un faux médecin se présente à son domicile pour subtiliser les lettres de Thorpe. L'émotion culmine sur les plateaux froids et désolés de la lande, quand le pistolet du tueur, qui pourtant vient d'abattre le chien de Scott, s'enraye au moment d'assassiner ce dernier : le vilain s'enfuit alors, laissant Norman près de son fidèle chien agonisant.

vengeur, obsessionnel, et Thorpe en détourné cynique. On dirait presque une histoire de pédérastie ou plutôt un difficile divorce entre un homme d'affaires sans scrupules et son hystérique fem-

rences, en oubliant que c'est un homme traqué depuis dix ans. Bref, à part la description des pyjamas rayés de Jérémy, d'homosexualité, il n'en est plus question. On se dirait au procès d'Oscar Wilde, il y a 80 ans.

Le 4 décembre Scott crie dans la salle d'audience qu'il est là non à cause de l'homosexualité de Thorpe mais parce qu'on tente de l'assassiner, tandis qu'en face Jérémy, dont la carrière politique est terminée, continue de tout refuser en bloc. Les médias se marrent : elles ont réussi à en faire du porno. Décidément, au pays de cette si chic reine, les « mauvaises mœurs » restent un sérieux handicap pour les hommes politiques modern-style. (Songeons qu'au milieu de l'axe Londres-Strasbourg, il y a Paris). Jérémy Thorpe passe en ce début d'année devant la cour criminelle de Londres. Sale temps pour les mouches !

Décembre 1978 : Jérémy Thorpe ancien chef du Parti libéral britannique et grand espoir européen de la classe politique est inculpé de tentative de meurtre sur la personne de Norman Scott.

L'affaire Thorpe éclate : histoire complexe de chantage, de gros sous, de tueurs à gages, d'homosexualité. Norman Scott prétend avoir eu une liaison homosexuelle avec Thorpe à partir de 1960, à partir du jour où Jérémy l'aurait ramené chez sa mère pour la nuit, lui aurait donné « Giovanni mon ami », de James Baldwin, à lire, avant de le sauter deux fois dans la nuit. « Je cherchais l'amitié mais c'était toujours le sexe » déclare Scott. La relation durera deux ans.

Scott va alors recommencer une vie errante en gagnant quelques sous, gardant les chats des autres. Commence alors une guerre des nerfs : il se vante de sa relation avec Thorpe dans les gays-bars de Londres, il contacte la presse et livre des lettres, et finit par écrire à la mère de Jérémy une lettre fort précise quand à la nature de ses liens avec celui-ci. Thorpe réagira en payant un voyage à Scott aux USA pour l'éloigner, mais l'affrontement semble inévitable. Il s'agit de l'éliminer, sa carrière est en jeu. Un tueur à gages est embauché. Mais comment se débarrasser du corps ? Un coup de couteau dans un bar manquerait de discrétion. « Dans une vieille mine » s'écrit Jérémy en se frappant le front.

C'est du Sherlock Holmes. Le trésorier du Parti libéral file l'enveloppe au tueur. Mais en fait, c'est une mauvaise série B, ça continue plutôt dans le Marx Brothers : le tueur se trompe de ville

## RIFI A LONDRES

Le procès de Thorpe se déroule en Cornouailles dans le petit village de Mineshaft, drolatiquement du même nom que la boîte pédé cuir à la mode de New York. La presse britannique, traditionnellement pudique, s'est bien déchaînée cet été sur tous les détails graveleux entre les deux hommes. Mais pour que la morale s'y retrouve, on a maquillé Norman Scott en infantile, immature,

me. Le regard des médias ne s'en sortira quand même pas : ça va loucher sec, car s'y imbriquent pêle-mêle des questions de classe, d'argent, de vie politique, de pouvoir personnel, et de sexualité différente. Pour amoindrir les accusations de Scott, on insiste davantage sur sa manière de s'habiller, plutôt que sur son témoignage lourd de preuves. On insiste aussi sur ses incohé-



## ARGENTINE

La tradition catholique et machiste pèse sur l'Argentine depuis ses plus lointaines origines. Du temps de la colonisation espagnole dans l'Etat de Rio de la Plata, le Saint-Office condamnait les Indiens homosexuels à être mangés vivants par des chiens : Videla a de qui tenir.

Lors du coup d'Etat militaire de 1930, à la fin des années folles, l'homosexualité n'était plus automatiquement une dégénérescence biologique ni une maladie sociale, elle avait réussi à largement déborder les petits cercles initiatiques : elle n'était plus vraiment tabou. Et là comme ailleurs, les militaires, sous prétexte de protection de l'enfance, condamnaient les homosexuels qui les gênaient politiquement. C'était aussi l'occasion d'une liste noire, qui servait à faire chanter et taire les éléments perturbateurs de leur ordre.

En 1976, quand les militaires revinrent au pouvoir, à la suite d'un énième coup d'Etat, le mouvement homosexuel au Brésil avait atteint une vitesse de croisière. Fondé en 1970, le Front de libération des homosexuels argentins regroupait, en effet, plusieurs centaines de membres. Il apparaissait publiquement avec des manifestations, des campagnes et des coordinations et éditait une revue, *Somos homosexuales*. Lors de ce retour au bruit des armes, une partie du Front homosexuel décida d'aller s'exiler en Espagne pour pouvoir continuer la lutte, l'autre partie cessant toute activité voyante.

Les militaires de Videla décidèrent que pour la Coupe du monde de football de 1978, il fallait nettoyer Buenos-Aires : le bureau de la moralité du département central de la police fit alors arrêter, et incarcérer toute personne réputée homosexuelle figurant sur sa liste noire. Ces fichiers étaient établis en collaboration étroite avec les cinquante-deux commissariats de quartier. Il n'est pas exagéré de dire que les homosexuels de Buenos-Aires ont vécu cette grande fête sportive dans la terreur. Simultanément tous les homosexuels incarcérés en raison de leurs goûts virent leur peine systématiquement rallongée de soixante jours. Toutes proportions gardées, la ville de Montréal, lors des Jeux olympiques de 1976, subit le même nettoyage.



Un des problèmes actuels est que dans la gauche argentine règne une certaine homophobie et que tout le monde ne semble pas avoir compris que l'homosexualité constitue un droit inaliénable. Cette remarque s'adresse aussi aux organisations humanitaires comme Amnesty International, pour qui la défense des prisonniers doit être précédée du label politique. Par ailleurs, la médecine relaie volontiers les commissaires en pratiquant sur les déviants sexuels la sinistre lobotomie (brûlure par ouverture du crâne, de la surface du cerveau supposée être le centre du désir).

Dans les rues chaudes de Buenos-Aires, des policiers agrippent les pédés qui, s'ils répondent à ces avances, sont immédiatement interpellés, condamnés et incarcérés. 100 homosexuels sont à l'heure actuelle ainsi incarcérés dans des conditions abjectes au Pavillon 1 de la casa de Devoto. D'urgence, il s'agit ensemble de protester en écrivant au gouvernement de Videla, Casa Rosada, plaza Mayo, Buenos-Aires, Argentina. Nous demandons cette solidarité internationale.

Ricardo Lorenzo Sanz  
Hector Anabitarte Rivas

## ANASTASIE AU BRÉSIL

Des procès contre la presse homosexuelle et des journalistes qui enquêtent sur l'homosexualité. Des boîtes de nuit, des lieux de drague, des gigolos occasionnels et gentils, des militaires au pouvoir. Le Brésil : une répression pas comme les autres.

Quatre journaux en procès pour avoir simplement défendu les homos ou pire mentionné que cela existait. Et cela dans un pays où, depuis le coup d'Etat militaire, les boîtes et les discos gay se sont multipliées par deux, avec une clientèle de plus en plus nombreuse. Ces procès ont lieu dans des villes comme Rio où il y a une douzaine de saunas dont quatre exclusivement pédés. Ces procès ont lieu dans un pays où l'on sourit aux gens dans la rue, où les chauffeurs de taxi, les ouvriers, les porteurs font des passes (pas tous bien sûr) pour arrondir leurs fins de mois, pays où le prix des passes suit la courbe de l'inflation.

Le Brésil est un mélange : ni le Chili, ni l'Argentine, car le coup d'Etat militaire n'y a pas porté une grave atteinte à la vie des homos. Bien sûr il y eut des purges anti-homo dans l'armée, la diplomatie, et les grands corps d'administration. Mais bien souvent l'homosexualité n'était

qu'un prétexte à une purge purement politique. Si le coup d'Etat y a changé quelque chose c'est dans le sens d'un élargissement du ghetto. Ce qui a pour avantage bien sûr de mieux contrôler la vie gay du Brésil. Jamais les homos n'ont pourtant subi la répression que les opposants politiques affrontent avec cette impossibilité de s'exprimer et d'avoir des activités. Reste bien sûr interdit aux homosexuels l'accès à l'enseignement primaire et secondaire, à l'armée et aux grands corps de l'Etat. Les notions d'attentat à la pudeur, d'atteinte à la moralité publique, et de provocation favorisant les buts pervers, sont également maintenues. Ces notions permettent aux militaires de pouvoir décider avec l'arbitraire nécessaire et habituel à toutes les dictatures de ce qui est oui ou non atteinte aux bonnes mœurs. La majorité sexuelle est de dix-huit ans pour tous. Ainsi les militaires demandèrent une inculpation pour atteinte aux bonnes mœurs contre Istoe hebdomadaire libéral, pour avoir huit mois auparavant publié un reportage, intitulé « Les homosexuels sortent de la clandestinité », et qui était un regard lucide sur la condition des homosexuels au Brésil. Ils pour-

suivirent ensuite « Triz », journal de Pelotas, ville de 250 000 habitants, réputée comme la plus homo du Brésil, pour avoir formulé leur une de la sorte : « 250 000 Pédés ? ». « Triz » fut poursuivi « pour usage de mots grossiers » et « provocation de gêne dans la population ». Un journaliste homosexuel qui avait ouvert dans un journal une rubrique d'annonces de rencontres homosexuelles intitulée « la colonne du milieu », argot de foot qui désigne au Brésil les pédés, fut poursuivi pour « provocation favorisant des buts pervers ». Le dernier des journaux poursuivis est le « Lampiao », pour « atteinte aux bonnes mœurs ». En fait sa faute est d'être le premier journal au Brésil écrit par des journalistes ouvertement homosexuels. Les poursuites mentionnées ci-dessus, qui font tout autant frémir que sourire, ne sont qu'une partie de ce que font subir les militaires aux inculpés. Car ceux-ci ne disposent alors plus de tous leurs droits et se retrouvent par ailleurs dans d'énormes difficultés pour obtenir les papiers administratifs (par exemple les passeports), ce qui fait qu'un chantage permanent s'exerce sur eux.

Dans ce mélange de répression et de vie homosexuelle assez libre, quels sont les enjeux qu'il y a autour de chaque procès, est-ce une pure répression directe ou au contraire l'homosexualité n'est-

elle qu'un prétexte pour exercer une pression sur une presse qui ne veut pas se laisser écraser ? Bien sûr les dictateurs ont toujours un besoin de laisser une pression sur chaque aire de liberté, mais partout les gouvernants trouvent toujours dans les « bonnes mœurs » une arme pour s'occuper de la vie de leurs gouvernés.

Joao Antonio Mascarenhas

(1) Bien que sous une dictature militaire, le Brésil est le pays le moins répressif d'Amérique latine concernant les homosexuels quand on regarde son ghetto, somme toute important : boîtes de nuit, bars et saunas. Ensuite vient la Colombie, et loin derrière le Pérou. J'ai entendu dire qu'il y avait trois bars homosexuels à Santiago du Chili maintenant. Ils avaient été fermés à la mort d'Allende. En Argentine et en Uruguay, les dictatures en place ne permettent pas l'ouverture de bars pédés. Au Paraguay, en Bolivie et en Equateur, pays réellement pauvres et arriérés, même sur les critères américains, il n'y a rien de similaire si ce n'est de nombreux lieux publics de drague. Je l'ai remarqué dans les rues principales d'Assuncion au Paraguay, mais pas à La Paz ni à Quito l'an dernier. Aucune information sur le Venezuela.

## Une Suisse au dessus de tout suçons

Le très officiel journal « la Liberté » de Fribourg, nous apprend que la police zurichoise « a détruit toutes les fiches du registre qu'elle tenait sur les homosexuels, dans la mesure où les personnes concernées n'avaient pas commis d'actes punis par le Code pénal. Seuls les délinquants seront dorénavant fichés par les services de police. C'est un succès pour les organisations d'homosexuels suisses et locales qui avaient remis au chef de la police zurichoise, le 15 novembre dernier, une pétition demandant la destruction de ce registre. Le groupe de travail homosexuel de Zurich, l'organisation suisse des homosexuels et le groupe des femmes homosexuelles de Zurich avaient alors réuni plus de 5 000 signatures. Constatant que le registre ne lui servait que fort peu dans ses recherches criminelles, la police a décidé d'accéder à la demande, lit-on dans un communiqué. »

Fin de citation. C'est daté du 2 février 1979. Sans commentaire.

Jean-Luc Paruszenski

A Genève, du 30 octobre au 26 novembre, un festival homosexuel a eu lieu pour la première fois en Suisse romande. Il était organisé par le Centre d'animation cinématographique en collaboration avec le groupe homosexuel de Genève, les groupes lesbiennes du MLF de Lausanne et Genève et le GLH de Lausanne. L'un des organisateurs constate : « Au niveau cinématographique, ce que nous visions n'est pas tellement atteint. Nous voulions aussi voir une culture dans laquelle nous nous reconnaitrions un peu, puisque tout le cinéma est imbibé de culture hétérosexuelle. » Cette absence de culture homosexuelle concerne aussi bien les hommes que les femmes.

Malgré tout, le succès a été grand puisque le festival, prévu initialement pour trois semaines, a été prolongé de huit jours. En dehors des débats officiels, c'était la fête habituelle : des stands, des panneaux et des rencontres. Et tout le monde espère qu'on ne va pas en rester là. Un mouvement national coordonné se dessinerait-il ? Peut-être bientôt un canton homosexuel ? En attendant, si vous allez en Suisse, voici les adresses des groupes mentionnés :

— GL de Lausanne : rencontre une fois par semaine au centre MLF, rue Centrale 18, 2<sup>e</sup> étage. Adresse : GL case postale 3 268 1002 Lausanne ;

— GLH de Lausanne : mixte, case postale 2 826, 1002 Lausanne ;

— GHOG : rencontre tous les mardis soirs au bistrot du CAC-Voltaire, 27, rue Voltaire. Genève, adresse : case postale 335, 1211 Genève I ;

— GL de Genève : rencontre : le jeudi soir au centre des femmes, 5, boulevard Saint-Georges, adresse : GL case postale 111, 1227 Carouge.

Jean-Luc Paruszenski



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## Un plaisir si simple

**P**ARLONS un peu en faveur du suicide. Non pas pour son droit, sur lequel trop de gens ont dit tant de belles choses. Mais contre la mesquine réalité qu'on lui fait. Contre les humiliations, les hypocrisies, les démarches louches auxquelles on le contraint : rassembler à la sauvette des boîtes de cachets, trouver un bon solide rasoir d'autrefois, lécher la vitrine d'un armurier, entrer en essayant de se composer une mine. Alors que je pense qu'on aurait droit, non pas à une considération empressée qui serait plutôt gênante, mais à une attention grave et assez compétente. On devrait pouvoir discuter de la qualité de chaque arme, de ses effets, on aimerait que le vendeur soit expérimenté, souriant, encourageant, mais réservé, point trop bavard : qu'il comprenne bien qu'il a affaire à une personne de bonne volonté, mais maladroite car elle n'a jamais eu l'idée de se servir d'une machine à tirer contre un autre. On aimerait que son zèle ne l'empêche pas de vous conseiller d'autres moyens qui conviendraient peut-être mieux à votre manière d'être, à votre complexion. Ce genre de commerce et d'entretien vaudrait mille fois mieux que la discussion, autour du cadavre, avec les employés des pompes funèbres.

## « elle aurait la

Des gens que nous ne connaissions pas, qui ne nous connaissaient pas, ont fait en sorte qu'un jour nous nous sommes mis à exister. Ils ont feint de croire et se sont sans doute sincèrement imaginés qu'ils nous attendaient. En tout cas ils ont préparé, avec beaucoup de soin et souvent une solennité un peu empruntée, notre en-

trée dans le « monde ». Il n'est pas admissible qu'on ne nous permette pas de préparer nous-mêmes avec tout le soin, l'intensité et l'ardeur que nous souhaitons, et les quelques complications dont nous avons envie, ce quelque chose auquel nous pensons depuis longtemps, dont nous avons formé le projet depuis, un soir d'été peut-être, notre enfance. Il paraît que la vie est fragile dans l'espèce humaine, et la mort certaine. Pourquoi faut-il qu'on nous fasse de cette certitude un hasard, qui prend par son caractère soudain ou inévitable l'allure d'une punition ?

M'agacent un peu les sages qui promettent d'apprendre à mourir et les philosophes qui disent comment y penser. Me laisse indifférent ce qui est censé nous « y préparer ». Il faut la préparer, l'arranger, la fabriquer pièce à pièce, la calculer, au mieux en trouver les ingrédients, imaginer, choisir, prendre conseil, la travailler pour en former une œuvre sans spectateur, qui n'existe que pour moi seul, juste le temps que dure la plus petite seconde de la vie. Ceux qui survivent, je sais bien, ne voient autour du suicide que des traces misérables, de la solitude, de la maladresse, des appels sans réponse. Ils ne peuvent pas ne pas se poser la question du « pourquoi ». Question qui devrait être la seule qu'on ne pose pas à propos du suicide.

## forme sans forme

« Pourquoi ? Mais tout simplement parce que je l'ai voulu. » C'est vrai que le suicide laisse des marques décourageantes. Mais la faute à qui ? Croyez-vous que ce soit tellement drôle d'avoir à se pendre dans sa

cuisine et de tirer une langue toute bleue ? Ou de s'enfermer dans sa salle de bains pour ouvrir le gaz ? Ou de laisser un petit morceau de cervelle sur le trottoir, que les chiens viendront renifler ? Je crois à la spirale du suicide : je suis sûr que tant de gens se sentent déprimés à l'idée de toutes ces mesquineries auxquelles on condamne un candidat au suicide (et je ne parle pas des suicidés eux-mêmes, avec la police, la voiture des pompiers, la concierge, l'autopsie que sais-je ?) que beaucoup préfèrent se tuer que de continuer à y penser.

## du plaisir

Conseils aux philanthropes. Si vous voulez vraiment que le nombre des suicides diminue, faites en sorte qu'il n'y ait plus que des gens qui se tuent par une volonté réfléchie, tranquille, libérée d'incertitude. Il ne faut pas abandonner le suicide à des gens malheureux qui risquent de le

gâcher et d'en faire une misère. De toute façon il y a beaucoup moins de gens heureux que malheureux.

Il m'a toujours paru étrange qu'on dise : la mort il n'y a pas à s'en inquiéter puisque entre la vie et le néant, elle n'est en elle-même, en somme, rien. Mais est-ce là le peu qui mérite d'être joué ? En faire quelque chose, et quelque chose de bien.

## absolument

Nous avons sans doute manqué bien des plaisirs, nous en avons eu des médiocres, nous en avons laissé échapper par distraction, ou paresse, manque d'imagination, par défaut d'acharnement aussi ; nous en avons eu tellement qui étaient tout à fait monotones. On a la chance d'avoir à notre disposition ce moment absolument singulier : de tous il est celui qui mérite le plus qu'on s'en soucie ; non point pour s'inquiéter ou pour se rassurer ; mais pour en faire un plaisir démesuré, dont la préparation patiente, sans répit, sans fatalité non plus, éclairera toute la vie. Le suicide-fête, le suicide-orgie, ne sont que des formules et il y a d'autres formes plus savantes et plus réfléchies.

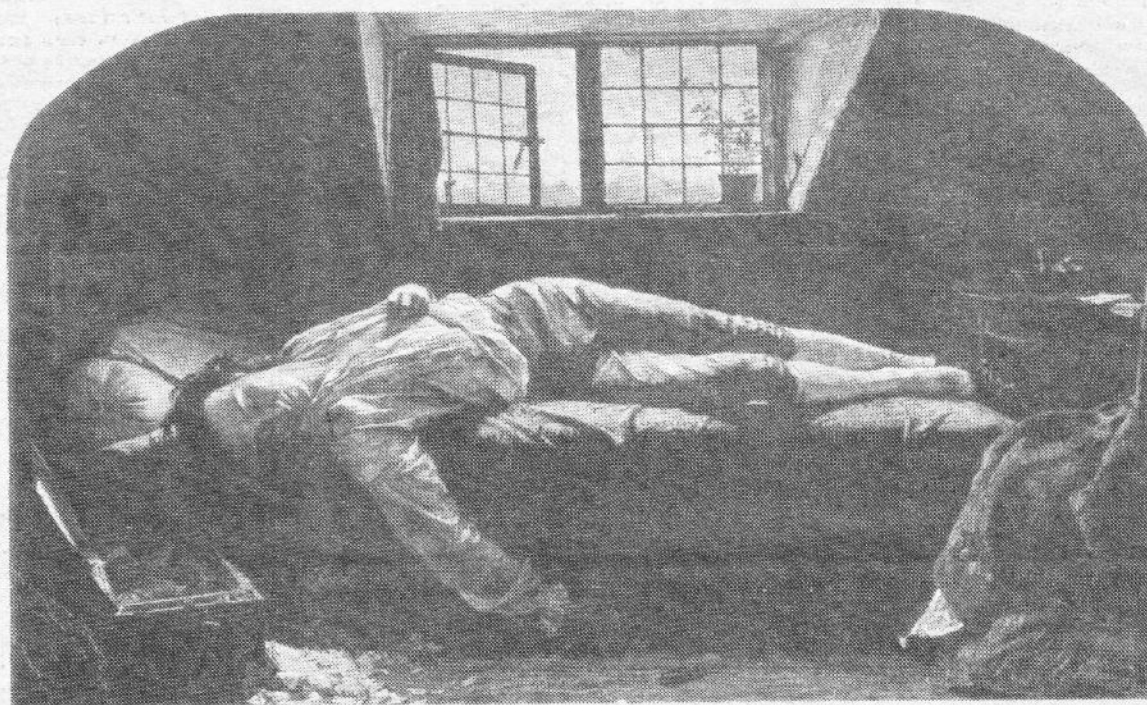
Quand je vois les « funeral homes » dans les rues des villes américaines, je ne m'afflige pas seulement de leur épouvantable banalité, comme si la mort devait éteindre tout effort d'imagination, mais je regrette que ça ne serve qu'à des cadavres et qu'à des familles heureuses d'être encore vivantes. Que n'y a-t-il, pour ceux qui ont peu

de moyens, ou qu'une trop longue réflexion a soudain lassés au point d'accepter de s'en remettre à des artifices tout préparés, de ces labyrinthes fantastiques comme les Japonais en ont aménagé pour le sexe et qu'ils appellent « Love Hotel » ? Mais il est vrai que sur le suicide ils s'y connaissent mieux que nous.

## simple »

S'il vous est donné d'aller au Chantilly de Tokyo, vous comprendrez ce que j'ai voulu dire. On y présente la possibilité des lieux sans géographie ni calendrier où on entrerait pour y chercher, au milieu des décors les plus absurdes avec des partenaires sans nom, des occasions de mourir libres de toute identité ; on y aurait un temps indéterminé, des secondes, des semaines, des mois peut-être, jusqu'à ce que se présente avec une évidence impérieuse l'occasion dont on reconnaîtrait aussitôt qu'on ne peut la manquer : elle aurait la forme sans forme du plaisir, absolument simple.

Michel Foucault





SOCIÉTÉ

## VAN DER LUBBE L'AMBIGU

par G. Hocquenghem

Marinus — qui vient de la mer, van der Lubbe est hollandais et c'est lui qui, en 1933, accusé d'avoir mis le feu au Reichstag, date pour les historiens l'ascension des nazis au pouvoir.

Etrange Marinus. Poupée balotée entre des intérêts si puissants : provocateur nazi, disent les communistes ; agent communiste, affirment les nazis. Chi-lo-sa ? Encore aujourd'hui, le beau Marinus, voyez le Monde dans ses derniers articles, est la figure même du louché provocateur.

Or, Marinus est, comme on commence à dire à cette époque, homosexuel. Marinus van der Lubbe, lieu de tant de contradictions, revers de l'histoire, solitaire couvert d'insultes ou traître vendu à toutes les causes, gigolo provocateur.

Avec Marinus van der Lubbe et sa tête de Radiguet rêveur, toutes les images des années trente confluent. Le jeune néerlandais est trop beau pour être l'ange prolétarien des anarchistes. Communistes et nazis se le renvoient comme la balle folle d'une histoire faite de réécritures. Corps vierge où s'inscrit les destins de l'holocauste.

Oui, van der Lubbe est un personnage ambigu. Sous les signi-

fications si différentes qui le recouvrent, représentations d'une histoire confuse en train d'accoucher de l'Etat nazi, il est l'enjeu de toutes les concurrences idéologiques de l'époque — stalinien, nazis, démocratiques. Son geste est d'abord celui d'un anti-parlementaire. En incendiant le Reichstag de ses propres vêtements imbibés d'essence, il est pour les anarchistes l'ange prolétarien qui annonce la tempête, comme l'écrit une brochure de l'époque. Préfiguration, quasi-redite de l'holocauste, étonnante symbolique du sacrifice, van der Lubbe est une torche humaine dans la poudrière du totalitarisme en formation.

Son geste ne lui appartient pas, ne pourra jamais lui appartenir. Etrange confluence que celle du destin de van der Lubbe et du massacre des homosexuels par les nazis : quand les nazis expliquent que van der Lubbe est un agent du complot bolchévique, ceux-ci ripostent en rappelant qu'il s'agit d'un louché homosexuel tenu par d'obscurs chantages. C'est l'époque où la propagande communiste, pour répondre à l'offensive antisémite et antirouge d'Hitler, lance sa campagne contre la dégénérescence homosexuelle : rafles en URSS,

bombardements idéologiques sur le caractère fasciste de l'homosexualité. L'euthanasie, qui débute avec conviction pour toutes les formes de dégénérés intervient avant la guerre, première organisation du génocide et du gazage. Lancé au départ pour se débarrasser de cette accusation d'homosexualité que la gauche leur a accroché aux basques c'est l'holocauste nazi contre les homosexuels.

Van der Lubbe, provocateur objectif, mais pas subjectif (on ne peut lui tirer une dénonciation compromettante dans l'attentat, la dénonciation d'une force politique précise), est la plaque sensible où deviennent visibles les nouveaux cauchemars totalitaires. Parce qu'il est l'archétype même du manipulé de l'irresponsable historique, de celui qui ne maîtrise pas le sens de son acte, il est le héros négatif de cette histoire où ne s'affrontent que les monstres des grands Etats modernes. Broyé par l'entrechoc du stalinisme et du nazisme, van der Lubbe est le signal de notre destin. Victime incompréhensible, sans avocat, annonçant un massacre sans réparation.

Guy Hocquenghem



## ENFANTS ADULTES ...

## RIEN NE VA PLUS

Il ne se passe pas de semaine depuis quelques mois sans que des adultes ne soient inculpés d'attentat à la pudeur ou d'incitation de mineur à la débauche. L'amalgame est pratiqué à propos d'affaires recouvrant des réalités très différentes. On met dans le même panier une affaire de prostitution d'enfants avec vente de photos pornos, et des relations consentantes avec échange de tendresse avec des « presque adultes ». Le non moins paradoxal est qu'un livre comme « les Garçons de passe », de J.-L. Hennig, quelles que soient ses qualités, s'insère dans ce tollé et dans cette psychose venue de notre société libérale refoulée. De « Minute » qui titre sur « Une affaire de mœurs au PC : des militants prostituaient des enfants » à « France-Soir » qui le 15 janvier donne des conseils sur « comment protéger vos enfants contre les adultes pervers » en passant par « le Figaro-Magazine » : « La vérité sur les amants séparés de Toulouse : quatre filles de moins de quinze ans et du haschisch, de quoi faire peur à tous les parents » et jusqu'au « Monde » : « La France n'est plus épargnée par les pornos-baby ». C'est à qui en rajouter le plus dans le croustillant et l'allusif.

En cette période de tension sociale, tout est bon pour trouver des boucs émissaires et plus que jamais il

s'agit de « moraliser les classes pauvres ». On peut détourner la sexualité des mineurs vers le ballon rond ou ovale (voir le film « Coup de tête »), dans les enfants de troupe, mais attention s'il y a tendresse et/ou plaisir. Dans « le Figaro », ce que Geneviève Dorman reproche à Raymond Lopez, 48 ans, condamné à trois ans de prison pour avoir eu une liaison avec Elizabeth, 14 ans, ce n'est pas tant la différence d'âge ou de ne s'être pas contenté d'une seule liaison sentimentale et romantique (la bourgeoisie a lu Lolita et Nabokov), mais parce que Lopez recevait trois autres mineures qui participaient à ces joyeuses parties. Faire l'amour à plusieurs voilà ce qui permet à notre Sainte-n'y-touche de justifier la condamnation pour « violences à mineures ». Et pour les petites vendeuses qui participent à de « tristes parties huit heures par jour et tous les jours » n'y a-t-il pas de violences ?

Pour la prostitution, je vous renvoie à J.-J. Lebel (joyeux détournement en 1968 du très maoïste « Tout » en un bandant manifeste homosexuel) « l'Amour et l'Argent » pour son livre que vient d'éditer Stock 2 au prix de 50 F. On y lit que la prostitution, loin d'être marginale, est une institution qui ne diffère ni de l'armée ni de la famille.

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Pourquoi ce procès ? Guy-Claude aurait bien pu continuer à vivre dans sa communauté qui, même si sa renommée s'étend rapidement, reste en fait autarcique. Les ennuis viendront de la guérison d'une fillette, Anna, souffrant de troubles nerveux. Ce qui s'appelle en termes juridiques « attentat qualifié à la pudeur des enfants ». Bien que la fillette aille mieux, c'est la mère qui ne supportera pas le traitement. Elle met sa fille en pension chez son grand-père qui, lui,

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Je termine cet article et je suis triste. Ce qu'on ne pardonne pas à Guy-Claude c'est la cohérence de sa recherche marginale. Bien sûr, on se servira d'un bulldozer de taille pour que cet homme soit regardé comme un monstre : le vieux blabla psychiatrique, aussi poussiéreux qu'un palais de justice, fait toujours son office. Ce qui m'attriste, c'est la réaction des journaux suisses. Si tous ceux que j'ai lus rendent compte du courant majoritaire, favorable à l'accusé, le débat des lecteurs, lui, par courrier sélectionné, est théologique : en effet, un prêtre est venu témoigner en faveur de Guy-Claude, et ses positions avancées sur la sexualité des enfants ont soulevé un tollé général. En Suisse, le débat a été religieux, par tradition. En France, il aurait été de société, par tradition (cf. Ramon Lopez). Autant de manière d'échapper des questions, je crois, en remettant dans un cadre pré-jugé, la vie de cette communauté marginale. Alors les questions, je ne les poserai pas ici. Je vous laisse le soin d'y réfléchir.

Verdict : Guy-Claude Burger : circonstances atténuantes. 4 ans de réclusion moins 612 jours de préventive. 5 ans d'incapacité d'exercer une charge publique. Sa femme : 4 mois de prison avec sursis.

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## TRIBUNE LIBRE

## Nous quittons la Ligue

Le départ d'homosexuels et de lesbiennes (ou de femmes) est un fait très courant à la Ligue communiste révolutionnaire, comme dans le reste des organisations politiques qui restent structurées sur le modèle patriarcal. En 1973 déjà, David Thorstad, un des porte-parole du mouvement gay américain, à l'époque membre du SWP (équivalent de la LCR aux Etats-Unis) écrivait dans sa lettre de démission : « Vous en êtes restés à une conception de la révolution socialiste comme étant une révolution essentiellement hétérosexuelle, faite par et pour des travailleurs hétérosexuels. Vous craignez toujours qu'une identification du parti révolutionnaire avec la lutte de libération homosexuelle vous aliène une partie des masses (hétérosexuelle). »

Si notre démission a fait quelque bruit, à la différence de tant d'autres, c'est qu'avant de partir avec fracas, nous avons cru pouvoir changer cette situation : en créant des groupes homosexuels internes (à Paris en 1975, puis une commission nationale en 1977) pour lutter contre notre oppression à l'intérieur de notre propre organisation.

De ce point de vue, ces années furent fructueuses, tant sur le plan humain (où prit corps un mode de relation aux antipodes du modèle militant/limitant) que sur le plan de la réflexion. Hélas cet acquis se limite aux pédés et lesbiennes, et nous fûmes relégués dans notre (confortable) ghetto, utiles, à titre d'alibi... Jamais notre travail ne fut repris en charge par l'ensemble des militants pour la majorité desquels l'homosexualité restait une préférence pour baiser.

Conscients de notre échec, nous avons voulu exposer cette impasse et nos conceptions, unanimes, devant toute la LCR, c'est-à-dire au congrès. Le résultat fut éloquent ! Refus d'en discuter. Le congrès n'avait pas une heure à consacrer aux homosexuels et aux lesbiennes... les excluant de ses débats, et donc de ses rangs. C'est ce que nous avons expliqué dans notre lettre de démission lue au congrès (« Rouge » du 2 février 1979).

« La majorité de la LCR demeure donc sourde et aveugle aux minorités et en particulier à la minorité homosexuelle. Car, poser le débat en terme de priorité et non en terme de reconnaissance d'une oppression spécifique, participe de notre oppression. La LCR ne saurait être un cadre approprié pour combattre cette oppression puisque dans sa majorité elle n'en a pas conscience ou même la reproduit. »

Nous avons décidé de ne pas en rester là. Les pédés et les lesbiennes qui ont travaillé depuis deux ans à combler ce fossé entre pratique politique traditionnelle et militante homosexuelle ont décidé de créer une revue (1).

Masques, revue des homosexualités, sera un lieu de débats, de réflexions, contribuant à la recherche et à l'affirmation de nos identités, dans la perspective d'une convergence entre les luttes homosexuelles et les autres luttes sociales (ouvrières, féministes notamment). L'expression de notre regard d'homosexuel sur le monde, existant à peine, nous espérons que la revue, comme toute la presse « gaie » naissante, permettra une prise de parole toujours plus grande. Cette parole, nous la voulons plurielle, par notre mixité, par la diversité de nos homosexualités et parce que nous avons tout à inventer.

A partir de notre situation d'homosexuels nous accusons ce monde qui nous exclut mais nous voulons aussi questionner celui qu'on nous prépare.

Jean-Pierre Lorrain, Alain Sanzio, Michel Villon, Jean-Marie

1) Masques, renseignements, librairie Anima, 3, rue Ravignan, 75018 Paris (Métro Abbesses). Souscription à l'ordre de « Masques » ; revue à paraître fin mai 1979.

## Oublier la société ?

Drôle d'affaire à Cotonnay, dans le canton de Vaud, en Suisse romande. Procès de mœurs qui tourne au procès de la marginalité. Guy-Claude B., 44 ans, marié, six enfants est accusé, pour avoir fait l'amour avec des enfants des deux sexes. En rupture de ban depuis que les médecins l'avaient condamné à 26 ans pour cancer avancé. Guy-Claude se prit en charge et, grâce à un régime d'aliments crus, réussit à guérir. A partir de ce moment Guy-Claude, ex-violoncelliste de renom, va fonder avec sa femme une communauté, pour continuer ses recherches sur l'instinctothérapie. La communauté prospère et opère des guérisons miracles. Mais Claude-Guy n'est pas un Mességué suisse, ses réflexions sont aussi sociales : il estime que la sexualité des enfants est réprimée, et que la répression de ces lois fondamentales de la nature est cause de la délinquance sociale. En citoyen helvétique, ses réflexions se teignent de mysticisme, car pour lui l'amour physique permet d'atteindre l'amour pur. Voilà le cadre : écologiste, familialiste, sociologique, mystique. Pervers ?

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CULTURE

## LES ENFANTS SAUVAGES

En Chine on baptisait singe, poisson, ou rat les années qui passent, et tous les douze ans reviennent l'année du rat ou du poisson. L'ONU décrétait 1977 l'année de la femme, on a parlé des femmes, des femmes se sont exprimées. En 1979, année de l'enfance, on ne laisse pas de possibilité aux petits aimés de s'exprimer librement. Aussi faut-il saisir la chance quand un écrivain se fait dans son œuvre le reflet d'une actualité enfantine.

Dans son dernier livre l'île atlantique, Duvert dissèque l'enfance et son monde avec patience. Enfermant dans une île assez grande une jeune troupe d'enfants de sept à quatorze ans, et se plaçant pour une fois au-dessus, il glisse cette coupe vivante entre les deux lamelles de son microscope,

## L'île de Duvert

balaie de son œil, tel un projecteur de cirque, les familles charmantes. Il décortique, taille, tranche et illumine les rapports quotidiens.

Ce qui reste caché, ce que Duvert dévoile, la presse, depuis le début de l'année essaie de le saisir. Tant d'abominations, d'amours illégitimes, d'enfants méchants, cruels souvent et qui aiment parfois.

Tony Duvert montre des enfants-enfants, fait une analyse méthodique, presque une autopsie. Il plaque les familles sur des planches de liège, découpe, montre, et voit ces rapports faits de haine, d'égoïsme et de mensonge.

Dans les familles de Duvert, si l'on devient homosexuel, ce n'est pas par amour de sa mère. Duvert ne dissèque pas comme un chirurgien, il a le regard amoureux et le sourire passe. Les magies des gosses ne font plus de secrets, les enfants qui se branlent ne se font jamais prendre, ils ont tous des mouchoirs.

Il ne parle jamais à la place des enfants, il est un reflet, un regard amoureux sur les petits crottés. Les enfants ne sont pas les singes d'une bof génération, ils ne répondent pas à des questions de grands, ils sont enfants et terrifiants de vie.



### LIRE

#### TRICKS

de R. Camus

En argot américain, baisses, rencontres de drague, éphémères, qui glissent, furtives et légères. Mais M. Barthes, qui présente ce gros bouquin de 350 pages, parle mieux que moi : « L'homosexualité choque moins, mais elle continue à intéresser ; elle en est encore à ce stade d'excitation où elle provoque ce que l'on pourrait appeler des prouesses de discours. Parler d'elle permet à ceux "qui n'en sont pas" de se montrer ouverts, libéraux, modernes ; et à ceux "qui en sont" de témoigner, de revendiquer, de militer. Chacun s'emploie, dans des sens différents, à la faire mousser (...). Les pratiques sexuelles sont banales, pauvres, vouées à la répétition, et cette pauvreté et disproportionnée à l'émerveillement du plaisir qu'elle procure (...). Les scènes érotiques doivent être décrites avec économie. L'économie, ici, est celle de la phrase (...). Mais ce que je préfère dans "Tricks", ce sont les "préparatifs" : la déambulation, l'alerte, les manèges, l'approche, la conversation, le départ vers la chambre, l'ordre (le désordre) ménager du lieu. (...) Tricks c'est la rencontre qui n'a lieu qu'une fois : mieux qu'une drague, moins qu'un amour : une intensité, qui passe, sans regret. La métaphore de beaucoup d'aventures qui ne sont pas sexuelles. (...) Une façon de ne pas s'empoisser dans le désir, sans cependant l'esquiver : une sagesse en somme. »

Une nouvelle écriture homosexuelle, c'est Renaud Camus, c'est aux éditions Mazarine dans un écrin de papier bien glacé.

### Festival National Homosexuel



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#### TRAITE DES EUNUQUES.

Un texte du début du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, alors que la castration était un phénomène social. Une analyse minutieuse. Ch. Ancillon. Texte présenté par Dominique Fernandez. Editions Ramsay.

#### DELIT DU CORPS.

Poésie, délire, dérive, sur très belles photographies de corps ; parfois on accroche. Un auteur en quête de langage. Michel Journiac, aux éditions de la différence, 25 F.

#### LES CINQ GIROUETTES.

Biographie romancée de Cambacérès, fin politique et ministre de Napoléon, dont on ignore le plus souvent qu'il était homosexuel. Le brio de Bory. Editions Ramsay, 47 F.

#### LA BEAUTE DU METIS.

La vraie vie est toujours ailleurs. La beauté aussi. Pour l'exotisme et la parole. Un pamphlet « anti-France » de Guy Hocquenghem. Editions Ramsay, 46 F.

#### EUX, QUI SONT-ELLES ?

Art du travestissement et travestissement de l'art. Traité de l'italien par Gérard-Pierre Hug. Le travestissement est un art. Le travestissement est un spectacle. L'art est travesti. Cinq essais abondamment illustrés sur l'ambiguïté. A noter l'essai sur la pop-music. Editions Paul Vermont, 33 F.

#### LA CITE DES RATS.

Le toqué Copi réitère ses écrits fous chez Belfond. Les rats d'égout de la ville, à qui il arrive des tas d'aventures dingues-dingues. Le dessinateur de la dame assise, hier au « Nouvel Observateur », aujourd'hui du « Gai Pied », c'est aussi le célèbre auteur du « Bal des folles » (10/18), où l'homme de théâtre, émouvant et drôlatique, de « L'Homosexualité ou la difficulté de s'exprimer ».

De la Terre jaune à la Terre promise, colifichets, bimbeloterie d'oreilles, pendentifs, bagues, colliers, broches... Mais les tapis rugissent et l'art ne nous fait pas peur...

#### BOUTIQUE DOR'K.

3, rue St-Germain-l'Auxerrois, derrière le quai de la Mégisserie, Paris 1<sup>er</sup>. (Métro Châtelet, sortie rue de Rivoli, numéros impairs. Bus 21, 38, 58, 67...69, 70, 72, 72, 74, 75, 76, 81, 85 et 96).

#### SON TESTAMENT.

Daniel Guérin a rassemblé des textes personnels, refondus, sur l'amour des garçons. Par l'emploi de la troisième personne, il distancie, s'auto-analyse et dessine un lui collectif.

« Lui, c'est moi et pour une part, nous tous. » Editions Encre, 49 F.

#### PORTAIT DE JULIEN DEVANT LA FENETRE.

Le dernier Navarre, toujours aussi nécessaire, d'une écriture s'embellissant de livre en livre. Corollairement au plaisir et à l'interrogation de l'écriture, une histoire pudique entre deux condamnés dont l'un, juge, est chargé d'instruire « l'affaire » de l'autre, jeune pyromane ; sur la valeur du silence de la parole, du geste. Laffont.

### VOIR



Photo originale de Stéphane-Georges Legrand, écrivain allemand homosexuel (1868-1933), l'une des figures de « la Race d'ep », le dernier film de Lionel Soukas. Long métrage 16 mm, au sous-titre « la Naissance de l'homosexualité », se compose de quatre parties : « Le temps de la pose » ou « le temps des esthètes » (1880-1920), « le troisième sexe ou des années folles à l'extermination » (1920-1945), « sweet sixteen in sixties » les années soixante et « Royal opéra » de nos jours. La première partie de ce film sera projetée lors du gala « Gai Pied » le 30 avril.

### Parlons-en

Pour une fois, nous n'aurons pas affaire à des stéréotypes, mais à des êtres humains, traités avec respect, qui vont pendant plus de deux heures se livrer, parler librement de leurs contraintes, de leurs premières années (titre de la première partie) ou de la difficile acceptation d'une différence réprimée très durement par la société. Dans ce film chaleureux, une belle leçon de courage nous est donnée par ceux qui ont appris difficilement à « grandir » (2<sup>e</sup>). On n'évite ni la question raciale, ni le problème de la vieillesse, ni celui du couple. Trois générations dessinent une évolution sociale et se tournent vers l'avenir : « Et maintenant » (3<sup>e</sup>), après l'explosion du Gay mouvement, la sortie du ghetto, l'affrontement avec une famille. Voilà, pendant 140 mn et sans ennui, des hommes et des femmes qui parlent, vivent un peu, si quotidiens qu'on oublie le dramatique de certaines situations évoquées. A voir pour le plaisir et pour l'espoir.

J.-L. Paruszenski

### Superman

C'est un peu magique le cinéma. Dehors, la grisaille, un ticket vendu par une caissière acariâtre qui vous demande votre carte d'étudiant, comme elle vous demanderait votre casier judiciaire. A l'intérieur, tout est permis. Un fauteuil, un écran, et il est là rien que pour moi, tout de suite, quand je l'ai vu un peu empoté derrière ses lunettes, je me suis senti un peu bizarre, mais quand il s'est élancé à l'assaut des buildings en slip rouge et collant bleu avec un grand S comme sodomie sur le thorax (pas le building, Superman) mon cœur a fait boom-boom. Très vite, il m'a pris dans ses bras, à notre premier sourire, très haut au-dessus des toits, les Tuileries déjà n'étaient plus qu'un petit carré gris, et je me suis blotti un peu plus contre lui, pour lui faire un bisou dans le cou en enroulant distraitemment mes doigts dans sa mèche rebelle. Très vite on était au septième ciel.

De méchantes langues lui reprochent d'être un hétéro un peu straight au service du pouvoir mais en réalité, c'est une

vraie copine, la preuve, il a sauvé la Californie, la plus forte concentration d'homosexuels du monde entier, quand elle s'effondrait.

Une autre copine (une vraie) me fait remarquer que c'est toujours des super-men et jamais des super-women. Si, mais Super-Woman, c'est un film sur les transsexuels. C'est dur d'être féministe.

La groupie de service

### ENTENDRE

On n'entend pas tous les jours des textes homosexuels chantés sans jérémiades. Des textes simples et clairs sur une musique forte. Les textes de ces deux chansons sur ce 45 tours (« Mes parents sachez-le », « Laissez-moi aimer ») sont agréables et convaincants. Le disque ne fait aucune concession à un public qu'il s'agirait de convaincre du bien-fondé homosexuel. Pour Daniel Roux, qui chante et ne laisse planer aucun doute, l'homosexualité existe et se chante. On peut obtenir ce disque pour 25 F contre remboursement, en écrivant à 15, boulevard Henri-IV, CEDEX 208 Paris-Brune. Des diffuseurs sont également souhaités en province. A Paris, il est en vente, en attendant une diffusion plus large, à J.-P. L. Center : 34, avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris 75008.

#### LES FLICS SONT SYMPAS.

Une drôle d'émission ce soir-là 28 février. Max Meynier, vers 23 h. La scène se passe chez un policier à la retraite du groupe de contrôle des homosexuels, officine officielle de la préfecture de police. Pélemèle, 3/4 d'heure durant, des histoires de descentes dans les bars et les saunas alternent avec des comptes rendus toujours, du retraité flic, de chantages dont étaient victimes certains homos venus leur demander de l'aide.

LE DRAGON 548.54.74  
24 rue du DRAGON

# LE BEAU MEC

Karl Forest



Tout bon mollah il achète  
Gai Pied tous les mois  
au même endroit





-CULTU-  
-CUL

Parlons-en de

Superman

Deux américanoïques movies sur nos écrans en ce moment : « Parlons-en » de « Superman ». Dans les chaumières, ça doit jaser. Par deux fois, d'étranges individus nous sont montrés. L'un qui peut voler (déjà ça, c'est un peu fort vraiment) se travestit, et puis les autres qui ne volent pas, mais ne décollent pas leur homosexualité. Dans l'un on parle du sexe, mais habillé, on ne montre rien du corps. Dans l'autre, guère mieux, hormis la parole, les sous-entendus, le vu sans être vu : notre homme volant en collant bleu (masculinité oblige) et slip rouge (là, il y aurait autre chose à voir peut-être), lorsqu'il est dans les airs, a une gueule de brave toutou victorieux.

Des points communs, ces deux films en ont plus qu'il n'y paraît, avec toutefois, disons-le, un net avantage pour la libellule bleue, pas seulement parce qu'elle vole, mais aussi tout simplement, parce que nous sont montrés des effets visuels, alors que dans l'autre on serait bien en peine d'en trouver. Dans les deux, un message, mais l'un l'a avec innocence — mais non ma chère, moi je ne fais pas de politique — alors que l'autre en a, avec un grand M : du message au massage, il n'y a qu'un pas, que font ces deux films.

Mais jamais message n'a à voir avec le corps, vous n'y êtes pas. Le corps, on n'y touche pas. La preuve : Superlibellule n'a pas le droit d'avoir de sentiment, de sexe avec autrui (il n'est pas dit pour autant qu'un homme lui soit interdit), dans l'autre, l'un dit qu'avec son premier amant « il n'y a jamais eu de sexe, et pourtant je l'aimais ». On retrouve là le couple amour possible/pas possible, dont un certain cinéma sait si bien se nourrir. Shakespeare a encore de beaux jours devant lui.

Il faut dire que tous deux font appel à l'histoire. Les an-

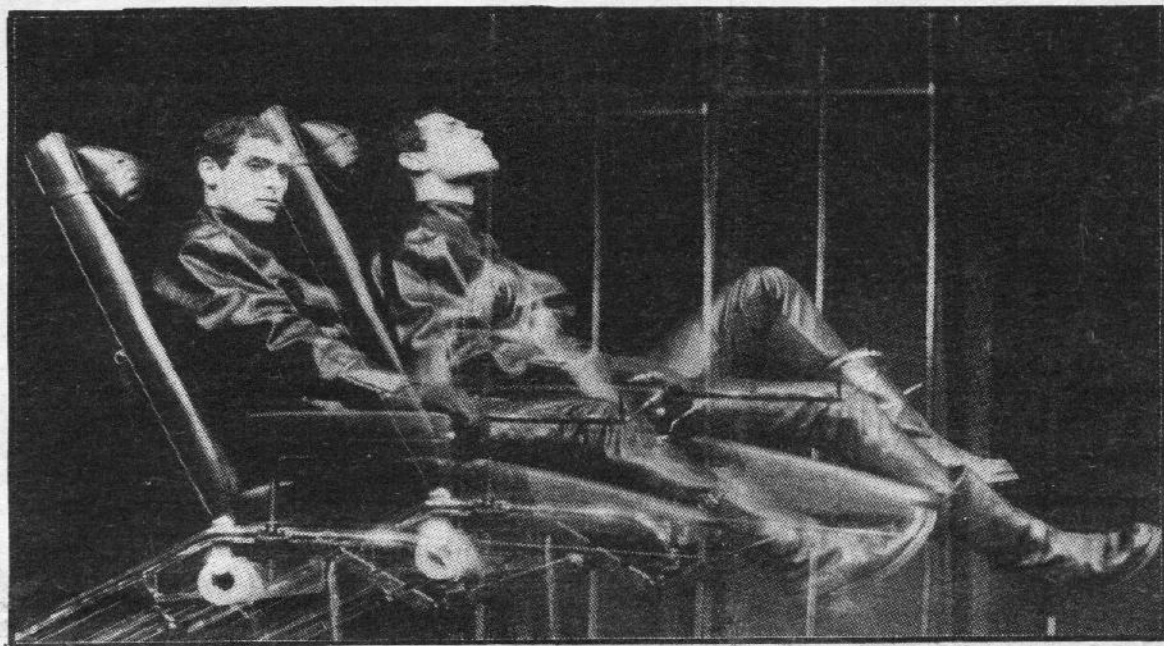
nées cinquante. Libellule l'enfant atterrissant de nulle part, certains des interviewés se rappelant l'époque de leur adolescence. La grande histoire comme toile de fond à la petite histoire, le roman familial, ou comment s'en débarrasser, devenir ce qu'on est. A chaque fois, il faut se battre sur deux terrains et faire preuve d'imagination : avoir les reins solides permet de s'éclater : la libellule dépassant un train, la femme qui se fait engager dans l'armée habillée en homme. Dans les deux il faut lutter pour s'imposer, pour imposer aux autres le respect de son idéal — la justice américaine, la tolérance sexuelle, l'homosexualité. Bataille contre le social pour un nouveau social, plus juste dans les deux cas, une sorte de paradis où tout le monde aurait sa place, une douce somnolence, la tranquillité retrouvée, l'âge d'or. Dans les deux cas, on assiste à l'affirmation d'une religion, d'une croyance qui aurait des relents de prêche. Peut-être deux versants de la même Amérique ou la prolongation de l'un dans l'autre.

Cinématographiquement parlant, comment tout cela se traduit-il ? Car il ne faudrait pas croire, mais il s'agit bien de cinéma, du moins le pensent-ils dans les deux cas. Superlibellule a un problème à résoudre, donc il se travestit en oiseau, un véritable perroquet, et vole, alors : là les travellings sont copieux, il y a du suspense, ça angoisse dans la salle, ça vibre, ça crie, va z'y, dépêche toi... La frénésie est à son comble. De l'autre côté, un problème à résoudre, alors dans l'évocation, sans qu'on y prête vraiment attention, la caméra zoome lentement sur le visage au moment où l'émotion est la plus grande. Ce gros plan qui vient surenchérir sur le dire évocateur, c'est la plus-value de la réalité, de vérité.

S'ils participent du même

VOIR

CUIR A NU



Michel Albertini dans L'Homme de cuir

social, s'ils ont une même dynamique, il semble pourtant qu'ils diffèrent en ce qu'ils visent. Quel public est visé ? Le même à peu de choses près, avec une différence, c'est que l'un fut conçu pour la salle et l'autre pour la télé. Dans l'un il s'agit de convaincre, « Parlons-en » de se convaincre. Il s'agit de convaincre quoi, de quoi ? Quoi : le public. De quoi ? Parce que ras le bol d'être opprimé. Dans l'autre, un autre type de conviction est mis en place. Celle de nous montrer un rêve de l'humanité : voler dans le ciel, avec toutefois un détournement de sens, ou un rabattement du désir sur le social ; oui, il vole et parce qu'il vole, il aide la justice et la police, l'éthique américaine. Et là on s'aperçoit que ce qui est la fin de « Superman » c'est ce qui est dénoncé par « Parlons-en » puisque c'est au nom de cette éthique que l'homosexualité est condamnée.

Aussi, d'accord, ces deux films sont importants, mais pas pour les mêmes raisons. L'un parce qu'il me vole mes rêves quant au dépassement de l'apesanteur, l'autre, parce qu'on y veut montrer que ce n'est pas une tare d'être gay et qu'un gai n'est pas forcément ennemi public n° 1.

Mais, hélas, au milieu de tant d'euphorie, un doute surgit. Que vise donc cette reconnaissance ? En quoi y a-t-il un petit hic dans cette normalisation des rapports ? On pourrait dire qu'il est pressenti par l'une des femmes interviewées, qui se demande à quoi cela aboutira, mais la réponse n'est-elle pas incluse dans le film ? Ne risque-t-on pas de tomber dans la douce neutralité, propre à « cul propre », en un mot, hygiénique, et dont l'un des représentants serait ce cadre conservateur moustachu ? Et voilà comment les deux films se retrouvent, sur l'hygiène. Dès lors, la question se pose de savoir ce qu'on est prêt à sacrifier : rêve ou réalité ?

Yann Beauvais

Hubert Fichte, écrivain allemand a interviewé à trois époques différentes Hans Eppendorfer que l'on a appelé : l'homme de cuir. Le texte de ces interviews fit un livre et une pièce. Or, ce soir-là, au Lucernaire, Hans, l'homme de cuir, était dans le public. Vous imaginez que cette situation théâtrale n'a pas manqué de m'intriguer.

Un critique d'un journal à gros tirage est le premier d'une longue queue, à la première de « L'Homme de cuir » : il tempête, finit par montrer sa carte rayée et menace de ne pas faire de papier si on ne le laisse pas rentrer tout de suite. Autant vous dire que l'envoyé spécial du « Gai Pied », votre serviteur, n'eut pas le même privilège. Un large public à majorité masculine envahit le petit théâtre du Lucernaire. Une télévision sur la scène annonce l'interview de Hans Eppendorfer par Hubert Fichte. Entretien qui eut vraiment lieu et qui fut vraiment diffusé. Hubert Fichte est le célèbre romancier de « Puberté » (Gallimard) : un peu psy, un peu pervers, mais Hans Eppendorfer, qui est-ce ? Un géant, presque deux mètres. Le faux, le comédien, grive sur la scène ; beau gosse en jean. Le vrai est assis au dernier rang du théâtre. Il en impose de par sa stature et de par sa vie. Assassin à 17 ans, un procès retentissant, 10 années de prison, une interview à la télévision qui fit sensation, 10 années de cuir, écrivain, rédacteur en chef de « Him Applaus » (Applaudissez-le), revue allemande homo vendue à 100 000 exemplaires. De quoi faire rêver « Gai Pied ». Son destin est une pièce de théâtre. Son crime, plus que d'avoir tué une femme, n'est-ce pas de leur préférer les hommes ? Surprenant chemin que celui qui mène du meurtre (de l'accident) à la prison, au cuir, au sado-masochisme, au théâtre, au succès. Surprenant Hans ; héros de Genet. Merveilleux Hans, héros tout court. La société expliquera son meurtre de deux manières : « En cette femme tu as vu ta mère, celle-là même qui voulait t'avorter. » Oh ! Merveilleux Oedipe inversé pour les spécialistes. « En

toi on a vu un malade, un inverti, un pédé et c'est cela qui te sauva de la peine de mort. »

Mais on ne te sauve pas de celle de vie. Tu la veux dure, va, sans complaisance. Elle te forme, tu dis. Et tu luttas avec et du fond de ton cachot, tu cries haine et amour. Tu écris, tu te branles, tu lis, tu baisses, tu rêves. Tu t'imagines des fraises et des choses à manger belles et bonnes. Est-ce cela qui te fait ce solide appétit ? Avoir vingt ans dans les prisons, loin des femmes. Pour les autres, c'est un drame, mais pour toi ? Et tes amis se retournent sur toi. Toi sur la scène, toi dans le public, toi dans la télévision. Jeux de miroirs. Tu es fier de cette pièce. Tu trouves Michel Albertini, excitant et excellent comédien à trois personnalités (la petite frappe ; le maquereau, l'autodidacte) et Peter Chatel, génial. Tu n'as jamais été aussi bien servi. Daniel Schmidt fait la vidéo et l'accessoiriste, Francesco est d'une grande beauté, Albertini qui est toi, vient vers toi. Il s'adresse au public et là, exceptionnellement, tu fais partie de la pièce, figurant, souffleur ? Dix clients s'en vont, ils s'attendaient à du porno. Ils sont déçus. Tes trois interviews sont longues, profondes circonvolutions en ton âme ou autour. Tu sembles les jouer, eux tous, médecins, psychiatres. Ou bien tu es naïf et c'est ton inconscient qui te fait emprisonné, riche, connu, marié, rédacteur en chef, pédé. Car tu es comédien en plus d'un personnage. Du mauvais garçon, genre James Dean au bon cadre moyen genre Mourousi, jusqu'au mi-ange, mi-bête ; homme de cuir ; peau noire sur la blancheur de ton corps que tu couvres de crème, de celle des Fist-fucking. Tu entends ta vie raconter son histoire ; celle avec ce marin qui t'a enculé si fort et puis t'a bercé si tendrement. Tu te travestis en cuir, en méchant. Et dessous, qu'est-ce qui sommeille ? Un homme d'affaires ou une affaire d'amour ? Et Fichte joué par Chatel semble penser dans son cadre TV qu'en cette époque c'est un destin que d'être pédé.

Lionel Soukas

# Enfin la FÊTE Antirouille

samedi 28 Avril, porte de Pantin, avec:

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Comités  
Homosexuels  
d'Arrondissement





Vers la fin du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, la pensée « scientifique » en Occident met à nu, non sans trouble ni hésitations, une créature qu'on n'avait point connue avant : l'homme-femme.

Ce personnage singulier est né à la fin des années 1860. C'est lui qui s'introduit dans la littérature médicale du début de la III<sup>e</sup> République. Il a longtemps servi d'ancêtre à l'homosexuel moderne. L'était-il ? Rien ne répond mieux peut-être à cette question que ce « Roman d'un inverti-né », publié en 1896, par le D<sup>r</sup> Lauppts dans un ouvrage sur la « perversité et la perversion sexuelles », et que l'on a reproduit ici. L'auteur de cette confession est restée inconnue. Tout ce qu'on sait de lui, c'est qu'il avait envoyé son récit à Zola, espérant que le roman-

cier s'en inspirerait pour aborder ce « douloureux problème ». Mais l'auteur de la Curée, effrayé d'une telle perspective, trouva plus sage de confier le manuscrit au D<sup>r</sup> Lauppts, accompagné d'une lettre, dans laquelle il exprimait ses sentiments contradictoires, confronté qu'il était au « phénomène ». Le discours de Zola servit de préface à l'ouvrage du psychiatre. On le retrouvera ici. Il n'appelle guère de remarques : comme ses contemporains bourgeois et « chrétiens », l'écrivain affirme que l'homme et la femme ne sont faits sans doute que pour procréer et que l'in-

verti est un dangereux désorganisateur de la famille et de la société. Ne nous laissons toutefois pas prendre au piège de cette profession de foi, indispensable pour l'époque.

En réalité, ce roman a éveillé chez Zola un certain trouble, une secrète fascination, pour l'être étrange qui, en plus, sait user du langage comme tout le monde. La question que l'écrivain se pose, c'est comment le « monstre » (au sens étymologique du terme) a-t-il été rendu possible ?

Pierre Hahn

Médan, 25 juin 1895

Mon cher docteur,  
« Je ne trouve aucun mal, au contraire, à ce que vous publiez le Roman d'un inverti, et je suis très heureux que vous puissiez faire ce qu'un simple écrivain comme moi n'a point osé.

« Lorsque j'ai reçu, il y a des années, ce document si curieux, j'ai été frappé du grand intérêt physiologique et social qu'il offrait. Il me toucha par sa sincérité absolue, car on y sent la flamme, je dirais presque l'éloquence de la vérité. Songez que ce jeune homme qui se confesse, écrit ici une langue qui n'est point la sienne ; et dites-moi s'il n'arrive pas, en certains passages, au style ému des sentiments profondément éprouvés et traduits ? C'est là une confession totale, naïve, spontanée, que bien peu d'hommes ont osé faire, qualités qui la rendent fort précieuse à plusieurs points de vue. Aussi était-ce dans la pensée que la publication pouvait en être utile que j'avais eu d'abord le désir d'utiliser le manuscrit, de le donner au public sous une forme que j'ai cherchée en vain, ce qui, finalement, m'en a fait abandonner le projet.

« J'étais alors aux heures les plus rudes d'une bataille littéraire, la critique me traitait journellement en criminel, capable de tous les vices et de toutes les débauches ; et me voyez-vous me faire, à cette épo-

que, l'éditeur responsable de ce Roman d'un inverti ? D'abord, on m'aurait accusé d'avoir inventé l'histoire de toutes pièces, par corruption personnelle. Ensuite, j'aurais été dûment condamné pour n'avoir pu, dans l'affaire, qu'une spéculation basse sur les plus répugnants instincts ; et quelle clameur, si je m'étais permis de dire qu'aucun sujet n'est plus sérieux ni plus triste, et qu'il y a là une plaie beaucoup plus fréquente et profonde qu'on affecte de le croire et que le mieux, pour guérir les plaies, est encore de les étudier, de les montrer et de les soigner !

« Mais le hasard a voulu, mon cher docteur, que, causant, un soir ensemble, nous en vinmes à parler de ce mal humain et social des perversions sexuelles. Et je vous confiai le document qui dormait dans un de mes tiroirs, et voilà comme quoi il put enfin voir le jour, aux mains d'un médecin, d'un savant, qu'on n'accusera pas de chercher le scandale. J'espère bien que vous allez apporter une contribution décisive à la question des invertis-nés, mal connue et particulièrement grave.

« Dans une autre lettre confidentielle, reçue vers le même temps et que je n'ai malheureusement pas retrouvée, un malheureux m'avait envoyé le cri le plus poignant de douleur huma-

ne que j'aie jamais entendu. Il se défendait de céder à des amours abominales, et il demandait pourquoi ce mépris de tous, pourquoi ces tribunaux prêts à le frapper, s'il avait apporté dans sa chair le dégoût de la femme, la passion de l'homme. Jamais possédé du démon, jamais pauvre corps limé aux fatalités ignorées du désir, n'a hurlé si affreusement sa misère. Cette lettre, je m'en souviens, m'avait infiniment troublé et dans le Roman d'un inverti le cas n'est-il pas le même, avec une conscience plus heureuse ? N'y assiste-t-on pas à un véritable cas physiologique, à une hésitation, à une demi-erreur de la nature ? Rien n'est plus tragique, selon moi, et rien ne réclame davantage l'enquête et le remède s'il en est un.

« Dans le mystère de la conception, si obscur, pensez-vous à cela ? Un enfant naît pourquoi un garçon, pourquoi une fille ? On l'ignore. Mais quelle complication d'obscurité et de misère, si la nature a un moment d'incertitude, si le garçon naît à moitié fille, si la fille naît à moitié garçon. Les faits sont là, quotidiens. L'incertitude peut commencer au simple aspect physique, aux grandes lignes du caractère : l'homme efféminé, délicat, lâche ; la femme masculine, violente, sans tendresse. Et elle va jusqu'à la monstruosité constatée, l'herma-

phrodisme des organes, les sentiments et les passions contre nature. Certes, la morale et la justice ont raison d'intervenir, puisqu'elles ont la garde de la paix publique. Mais de quel droit pourtant, si la volonté est en partie abolie ? On ne condamne pas un bossu de naissance, parce qu'il est bossu. Pourquoi mépriser un homme d'agir en femme,



s'il est né femme à demi ? « Naturellement, mon cher docteur, je n'entends pas même poser le problème. Je me contente d'indiquer les raisons qui m'ont fait souhaiter la publication du Roman d'un inverti. Peut-être cela inspirera-t-il un peu de pitié et un peu d'équité pour certains

misérables. Et puis, tout ce qui touche au sexe touche à la vie sociale elle-même. Un inverti est un désorganisateur de la famille, de la nation, de l'humanité. L'homme et la femme ne sont certainement ici que pour faire des enfants, et ils tuent la vie le jour où ils ne font plus ce qu'il faut pour en faire.

« Cordialement à vous. »  
Emile Zola

## Roman d'un inverti-né

DANS LE PROCHAIN NUMERO

voyagez

## les Groupes de Libération Homosexuels

### Contactez

AIX-EN-PROVENCE : BP 77 13607.

AMIENS : GLH 4, rue des Archers, 80000.

AMSTERDAM : Rooie Fliffers, Voetboogstraat 7.

ANGERS : GLH, librairie la Tête en bas, 17, rue des Poëliers, 49000 Angers.

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BREST : GLH librairie Graffiti, Place Saint-Louis, 29200 Brest.

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FRANCFORT : Stefan Reib POB 10 45 31, 6900 Heidelberg 1.

GENEVE : GHO case postale 335, 1211 Genève 1.

GRENOBLE : Ecrire au GLH-Lyon qui transmettra.

LONDRES : Gayswitchboard 5, Caledonian Street, London N1 9DX.

LYON : GLH le Cinématographe, 44, cours Suchet 69002.

LE HAVRE : GLH Cercle d'études sociales, 16, rue J.-Tellier, 76600 Le Havre.

MARSEILLE : GLH Corps, 41, rue de la Palud, 13001 Marseille.

MONTPELLIER : GLH, librairie la Brèche, 34, rue de l'Université 34000.

NICE : GLH, librairie le Temps des cerises, 50, boulevard de la Madeleine, 06000 NICE.

PARIS : Gai Pied, Le Bitoux BP 39 75525, Paris, Cedex 11. Comité homosexuel des V<sup>e</sup> et VI<sup>e</sup> arrondissements CHA 3, rue de la Bûcherie 75005. CHA IX<sup>e</sup>, librairie Meci 208, rue du faubourg Saint-Denis 75010. CHA XIII<sup>e</sup> librairie la Com-mune 11, rue Barrault 75013. CHA XV<sup>e</sup> l'Eléphant rose, 7, rue Francis-de-Préssensé 75014. CHA XVIII<sup>e</sup> appels BP 90 75863 Paris cedex 18. CHA Jeunes paroles librairie Carabosses, 70, rue J.-P. Timbaud 75011. CHOP (ouest de Paris) Fac. de Nanterre, Bat F, salle 314, métro SNCF Nanterre université.

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RENNES : GLH librairie le Monde en marche, 37, rue Masséot 35000 Rennes.

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TOULOUSE : BP 3231 31036 Cedex.

TOURS : GLH 14, rue de la Grosse-Tour 37000.

TURIN : Lambda CP 195 Torino Centro.



-PRATIQUE-

On en parle, et on en répare. Avec raison : son pourcentage monte en flèche. Au sauna, Dame Syphilis fait actuellement des ravages. Sachez la reconnaître. Trois semaines après le contact, c'est la période primaire, celle du chancre. C'est une érosion superficielle de la peau, sorte de petite ulcération sans relief, lisse, indolore, bien limitée. La base est dure. On le sent bien en le palpant entre deux doigts. Mais attention, il est très contagieux. Mais ceci est l'aspect typique : car le chancre peut revêtir n'importe quel aspect : petite fissure, petite croûte, petite tâche rosée ou noirâtre. D'où la règle : se méfier de tout bouton, même anodin, sur les organes génitaux : sur le pénis et sur le gland, mais aussi sur la marge anale (et dans ce cas, il a tendance à se fissurer et à être douloureux, n'incriminez pas trop facilement les hémorroïdes). Mais on peut également avoir un chancre sur les lèvres, la langue, les gencives ou les amygdales (donnant alors un tableau trompeur d'angine avec fièvre). Une semaine environ

## LA SYPHILIS

FICHE MEDICALE

après l'apparition du chancre, on peut trouver plusieurs ganglions à l'aîne, au cou, et parfois douloureux.

La période secondaire s'étend du deuxième mois à la quatrième année : on est d'abord sujet à une sorte d'état grippal : fièvre, fatigue, douleurs osseuses, ganglions un peu partout ; une éruption faite de petites taches roses pâles, difficiles à voir, qui ne grattent pas et apparaissent également sur tout le tronc et les épaules, ainsi que des petites érosions non douloureuses de la langue, des gencives et des lèvres, accompagnées d'une chute de quelques cheveux. Après quelques mois, l'état s'aggrave (fièvre importante, grosse fatigue) et la maladie évolue par poussées. Les boutons deviennent gros, durs et saillants sur le tronc, les pieds et la paume des mains. Enfin la période tertiaire, après trois ou quatre ans, peut encore être citée pour faire peur aux petits garçons : tableau traumatisant de l'aveugle paralytique et dément, heureusement rentré dans les annales médicales.

Comment on l'attrape ? Pas seulement en baisant ou en se faisant baiser : ce sont le chancre de la période primaire et les boutons et les érosions qui fourmillent de petites bêtes. Il suffit donc d'un contact d'une muqueuse (bite, cul, bouche) avec une zone infectée. Mais cessez de frémir : on ne l'attrape jamais dans des draps, sur des sièges malpropres de WC, ou en serrant la main de son patron, car le contact prolongé des muqueuses est indispensable pour s'offrir la maladie de Chopin et de Nietzsche. Enfin, il faut savoir que la syphilis peut passer complètement inaperçue. D'où :

— se faire faire des test sérologiques de la syphilis, systématiquement, une à deux fois par an ;

— devant un bouton bizarre, faire les tests huit à quinze jours après (car ils sont négatifs tout de suite après le chancre). Si on a baisé avec quelqu'un qui l'a, attendre un mois ;

— ne pas s'inquiéter, ce n'est pas grave si on se soigne tout de suite : 15 jours de péniciline, et après 5 jours de traitement on n'est plus contagieux. Et méfiez-vous des médecins qui prescrivent plusieurs cures de 15 jours : ils ne savent souvent pas que les réactions restent positives longtemps parfois après la guérison.

Pour Paris, voici quelques adresses aux soins gratuits et sympathiques :

1. Dispensaire de la Croix-Rouge, 43, rue de Valois, Paris 1<sup>er</sup> ;
2. Centre Falguière, 29, rue Falguière, Paris XV<sup>e</sup> ;
3. Centre Fournier, 25, bd. St-Jacques, Paris XIV<sup>e</sup> ;
4. Hôpital St-Louis, 2, place du D<sup>r</sup> Fournier, Paris X<sup>e</sup> ;
5. Hôpital de la Cité U, 42, bd. Jourdan, Paris XIV<sup>e</sup>.

Prochaine fiche : la blennorragie.

Bien à vous,

Gai Toubib

Le Code pénal, dans l'alinéa 1 de son article 330, réprime l'outrage public à la pudeur et le punit d'un emprisonnement de trois mois à deux ans, et d'une amende de 500 à 4 500 F. L'alinéa 2 de l'article 330, lui, vise plus particulièrement les outrages publics constitués par des actes homosexuels, et les réprime plus sévèrement, en aggravant les peines et en prévoyant un emprisonnement de 6 mois à 3 ans et une amende de 1 000 à 1 500 F.

L'homosexualité est encore réprimée en tant que telle, par l'article 331 alinéa 3, qui incrimine l'attentat à la pudeur sans violence, lorsque les rapports, librement consentis, ont lieu avec une personne âgée de 15 à 18 ans. De façon assez surprenante, alors que les mœurs ont évolué, ces dispositions qui font resurgir le fait homosexuel, qui avait été supprimé par la loi de 1791, sont d'origine récente.

## Les alinéas et leurs aléas

L'outrage public à la pudeur, aggravé par le caractère homosexuel des actes incriminés, résulte d'une ordonnance du 25 novembre 1960 : l'alinéa 3 de l'article 331, qui crée un véritable délit d'homosexualité, a été institué sous le gouvernement de Vichy par une loi du 6 août 1942.

Le sénateur Caillavet, estimant à juste titre que le Code pénal doit se borner à sanctionner les atteintes à la liberté individuelle, a élaboré à la fin de l'année dernière une proposition de loi visant à abolir ces deux dispositions. Le gouvernement, reprenant cette initiative à son compte, fit voter, sous forme d'amendement, lors du débat sur le viol au Sénat, les 28 et 29 juin dernier, l'abrogation de ces deux alinéas.

C'est comme l'a exprimé Denys Pouillard, secrétaire général de l'Association des libertés dont M. Caillavet est président, dans un témoignage écrit lors du récent procès du Manhattan : « Le vote unanime qui a suivi exprime la volonté de retrouver et protéger la liberté des mœurs. En abandonnant les ordonnances de 1942 et 1960 qui réinventèrent une notion délictuelle rejetée par le législateur en 1791, le gouvernement a ainsi admis qu'il n'y avait aucune raison d'éthique sociale à punir plus sévèrement les actes sexuels commis sur un individu de sexe identique que des actes commis sur une personne de sexe opposé. Cette prise de position rend au Code pénal toute sa signification : ne se borner qu'à sanctionner les atteintes à la liberté individuelle. »

Il est vraisemblable et en tout cas souhaitable que cette initiative sera prochainement adoptée par l'Assemblée nationale. De nombreux partis politiques œuvrent en faveur de cette abrogation. Mais celle-ci obtenue, l'homosexualité sera-t-elle pour autant acceptée ? Rien n'empêchera en tout cas les magistrats, utilisant la marge qui leur est ouverte dans l'application des peines, de réprimer plus fortement, lorsque les outrages ou les attentats seront constitués par des actes homosexuels.

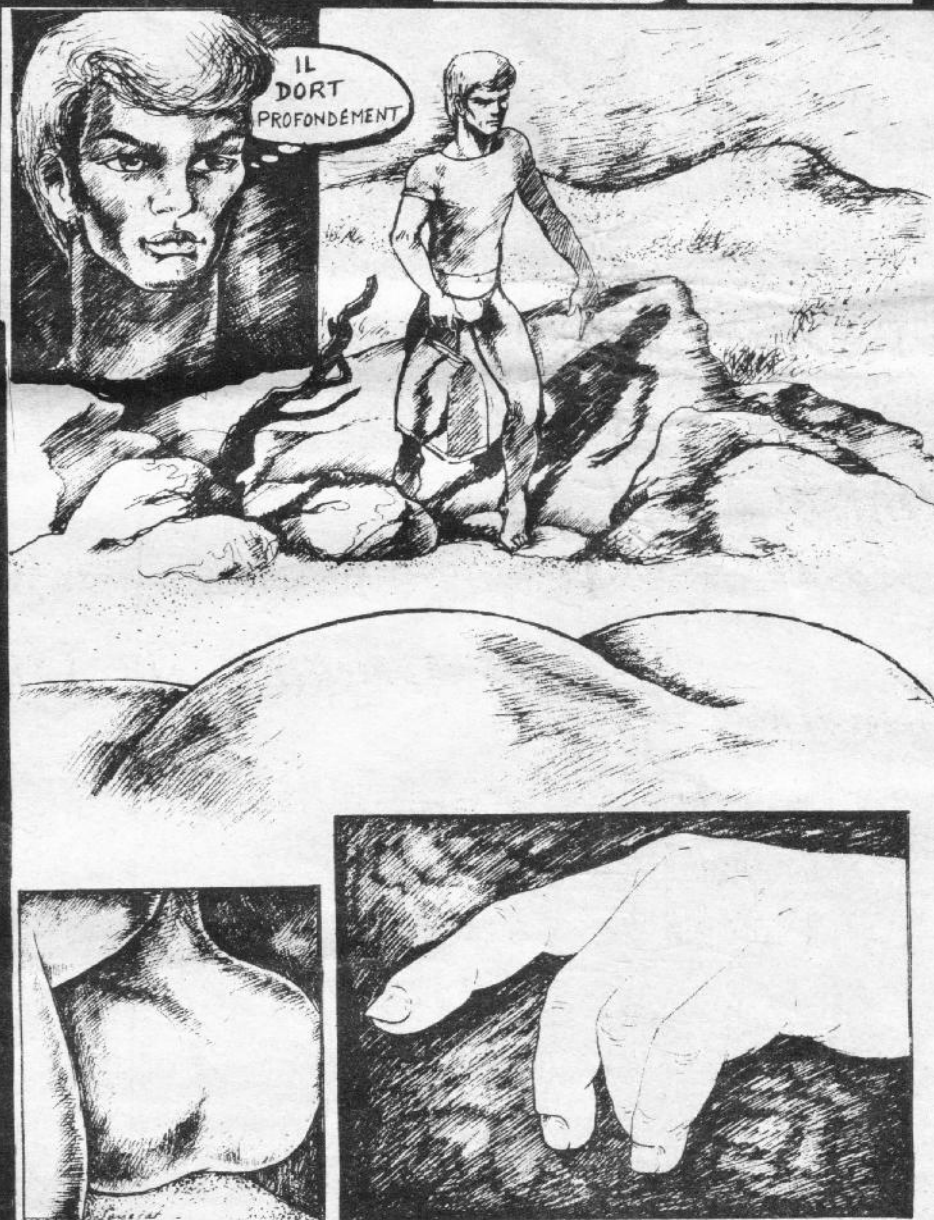
Tant d'efforts déployés pour revenir à l'état des lois de 1791 ! On est donc obligé de reconnaître que nombre de libertés relatives aux femmes, à l'homosexualité, à l'avortement, au mariage, obtenues jadis grâce à la révolution, aient été rognées par la démocratie « progressiste ».

Maitre Eleini,  
avocat à la cour d'appel  
de Paris

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SUPERPIED  
LA BANDE

TEXTE DE YVES JACQUEMARD DESSIN DE MICHEL GENEAL



à suivre...



avril 79

*Le Gai Pied*

numéro un Page 16

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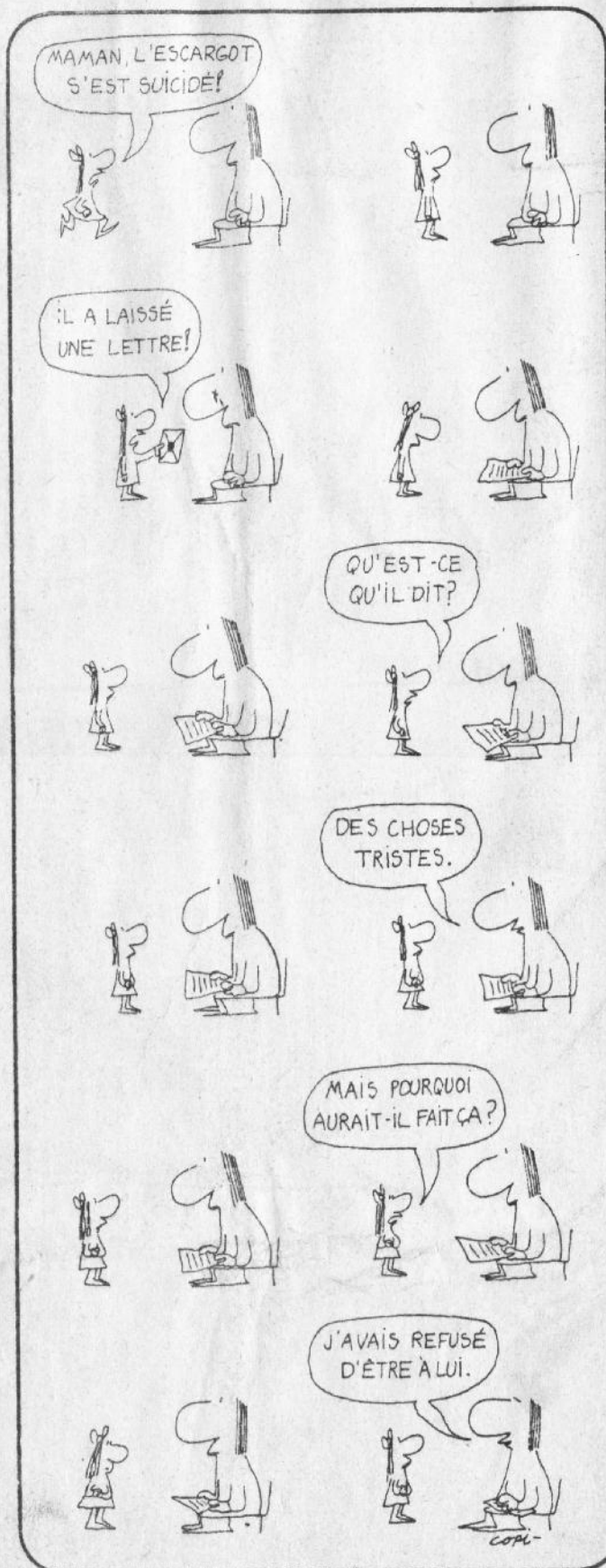
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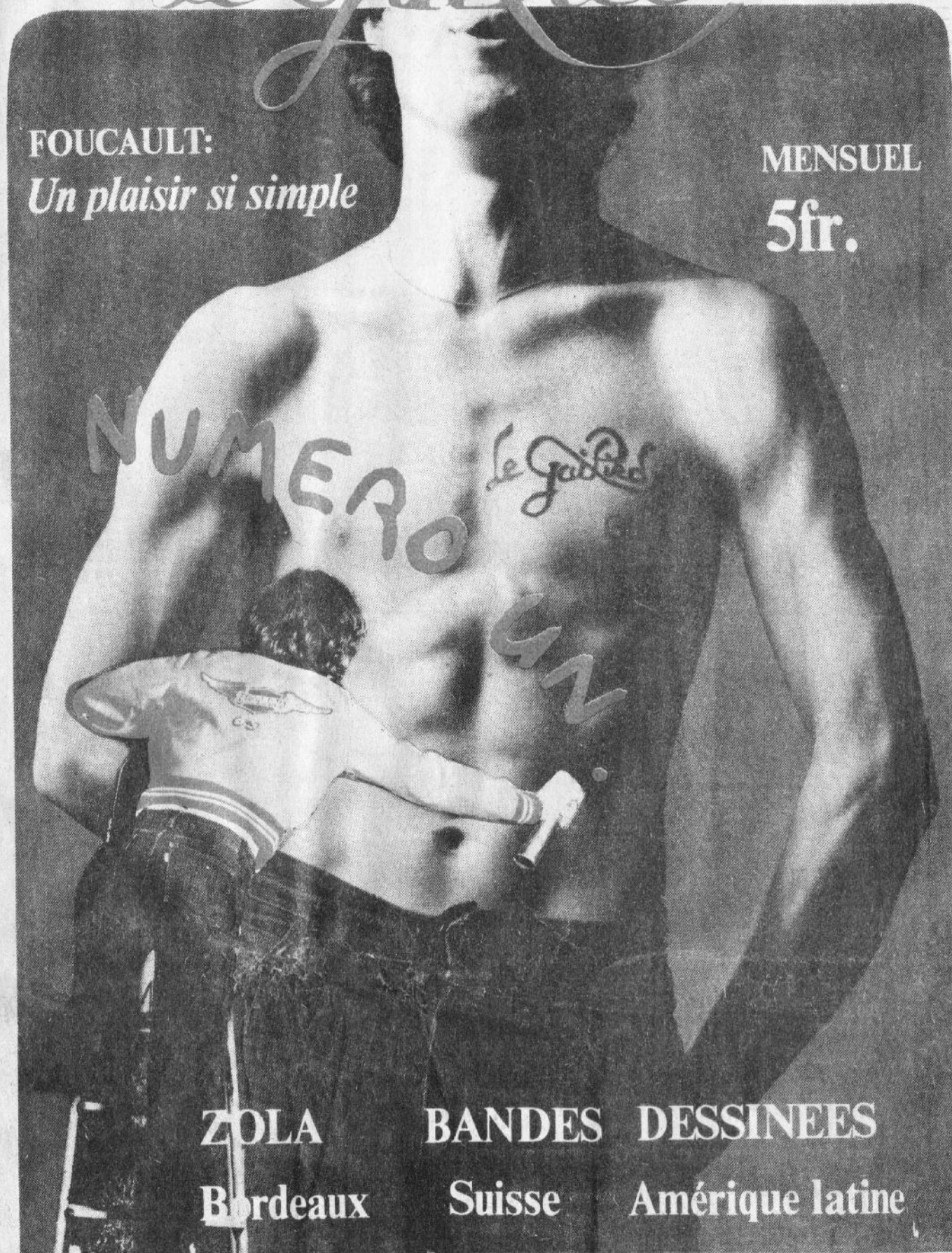
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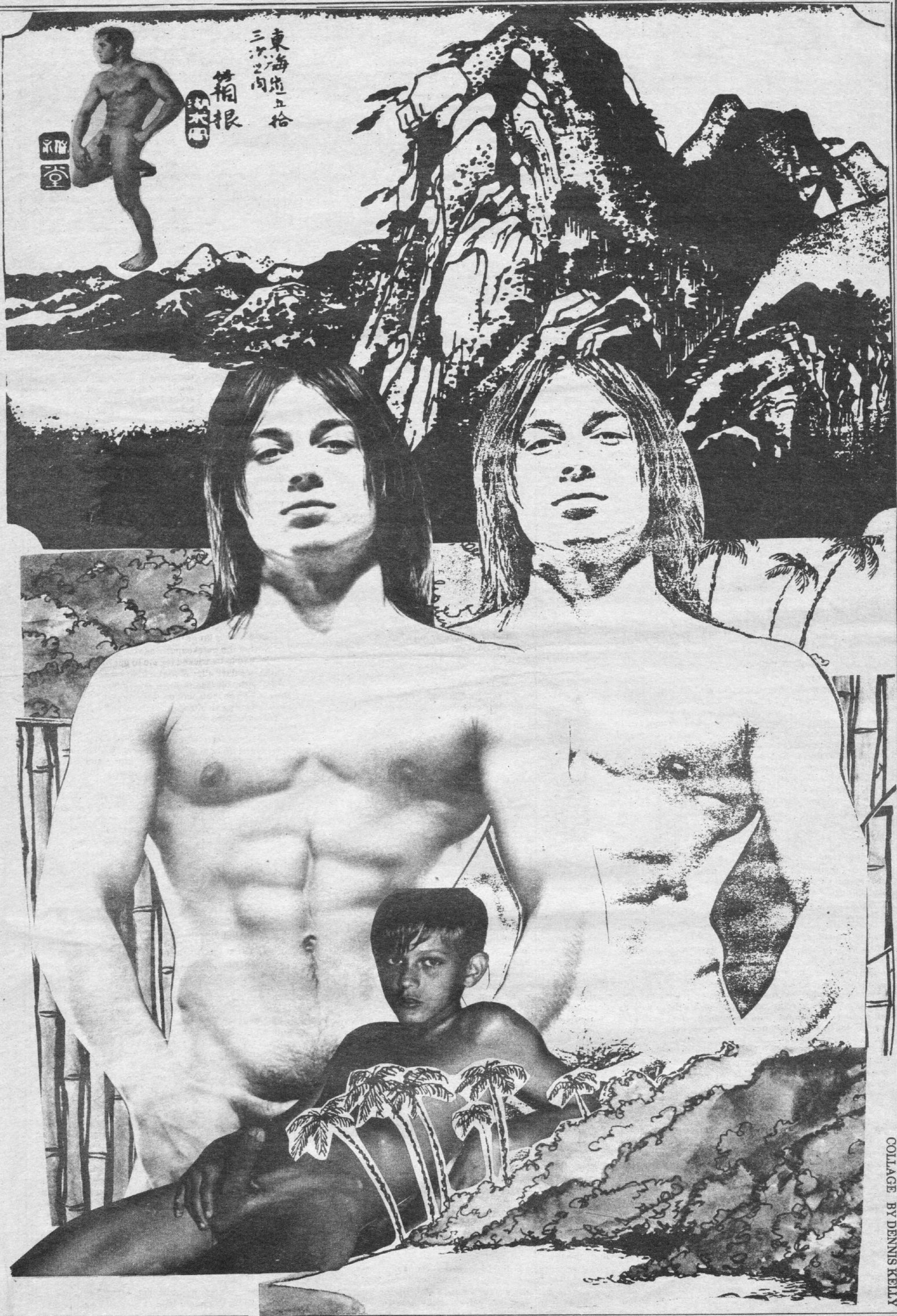
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COLLAGE BY DENNIS KELLY



# IN QUEST OF KLAUS MANN

By Richard Hall

Klaus Mann, who was the eldest son of Thomas Mann (there were six children, three sons), and a source of much grief and pride to his father, is the subject of intense scholarly and literary interest in Germany today. In 1963, the re-publication of his collected works began, with a projected goal of 13 volumes. In 1973, the Klaus Mann archives in Munich were launched, with some generous funding from the Mann family foundation. From this archival source will emerge the previously unpublished letters and papers of Klaus Mann—a posthumous feast, of which only the first two volumes of letters have so far appeared. The outpouring of related works by people who knew Klaus Mann, or had opinions on his work, is enormous. A recent article by Prof. Ilse B. Jonas, a Mann expert at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, contained five densely-packed pages of bibliographic data. It appears not likely that the hoard of Klaus Mann-related artifacts will eventually rival the 7,000 items that now constitute the mother-lode for Thomas Mann himself, indexed by two university presses. The complete Klaus Mann bibliography is available from Edition Klaus Blahak, Wiesbaden (1976). There has also been talk about founding a Klaus Mann Society in Germany, although I have not been able to trace its exact whereabouts, if any.

While Klaus Mann has been taken up with a vengeance by the literary industry in Europe, he has also been granted additional, if minor, status as a gay saint by German homosexuals. They recognize in him one of the few literary figures of the previous generation who was widely if unofficially acknowledged as gay, alluded to it with varying degrees of frankness in his writings, and used his gay experiences as a source in his creative output. While France had Gide and Cocteau, and England had Isherwood and Auden (to say nothing of Oscar Wilde), Germany had no literary figure of comparable distinction to match the achievements of Magnus Hirschfeld and Kurt Hiller in the medical and political field. Klaus Mann fills this need. He is on the verge of becoming a cult-figure, or totem, for Germany gays in need of literary ancestors.

It has been a different story in America, Klaus Mann's adopted homeland from 1938 until his death by suicide in 1949, aged 42. Although he was once popular here, he seems to have suffered a literary eclipse. All but one of his novels are out of print, and that one—*Mephisto*, republished by Random House in 1977—has aroused almost no interest in the general or gay press. *Mephisto* is a fine work (more about it later) and deserves a better fate. But it is symptomatic of the general disinterest in Klaus Mann here—a disinterest which I think springs from three causes, adding up to an unfortunate combination of circumstances.

First, there is the overwhelming fact of Klaus Mann's paternity. Thomas Mann is still widely read and studied in America. He is a figure who straddles the generations, towers above the political events of his day without being isolated from them, and still echoes themes of universal concern. Compared to this titan, Klaus suffers. Alongside his father's dense and complex output, spanning 60 years, Klaus' work seems glib and superficial. The elder Mann recognized this, writing to Hermann Hesse six weeks after his son's suicide, "... he worked with such facility and speed that there is a scattering of flaws and oversights in his books." While Klaus was initially given extra attention because of his father's fame, he later paid double for the privilege. One American reviewer, commenting on a youthful novel by Klaus about Alexander the Great, couldn't resist gibing, "It is extremely doubtful if Klaus Mann, though he is still very young, will succeed to his father's throne." (*The Nation*, Dec. 24, 1930). These odious comparisons have persisted, as the shadow of his father's fame has lengthened over Klaus' output.

A second problem is that Klaus Mann was caught up in the cauldron of Hitler's rise to power and forced into exile when he was just 27 years old. This uprooting, which occurred when he was beginning to expand his powers as a novelist, reinforced his sense of alienation, his apartness, not only as the neurasthenic son of a famous father but as a homosexual offspring of a Jewish mother. The mental energy required to compensate these various oppressions must have been enormous; when exile was thrown in as well, the burden became even greater. Klaus' dependency on drugs—a dependency he was unable to shake despite repeated cures throughout his life—possibly dates from this period. Two themes that were to sound throughout his work—an interest in suicide and the isolation of a man who is without a country—emerged at this time. Perhaps because of all these pressures, Klaus Mann never quite fulfilled his original promise. The talent was there, but largely unredeemed. For Americans, with limited interest in the cultural matrix of central Europe during the pre-Hitler years, Klaus Mann seems a peripheral figure. He does not travel well. He has not transcended the particularities of his time and place.

A third reason for the neglect of Klaus Mann in America derives from his homosexuality. His writings cannot be assessed without clear and unambiguous reference to his sexual tastes, which were central to his psychology, his sensibility and the subjects he chose to treat. As we all know, mainstream critics tend to shy away from this kind of writer because of the challenges he presents to their homophobic assumptions. To evaluate Klaus Mann dispassionately would require them to re-appraise many of these assumptions—an unpleasant undertaking for most of them. Another problem is the

Mann family. Three of the six Mann children, repositories of vital information, are still alive. It is safe to say that they want their brother's reputation refurbished, and a frank treatment of his homosexuality is not likely to do so—or so they believe.

In hopes of righting this balance and providing a starting place for longer and more exhaustive studies, I have taken on myself the job of reading all his books published in English and available at the 42nd Street Research Library in New York. What follows is a brief annotation of these books, with an attempt to tie them into some kind of psychohistory that will illuminate not only the texts but the man who produced them. Before beginning, let me admit that my chief purpose is to reclaim KM as a gay writer—not as a political thinker, anti-fascist or aesthete. Although the evidence is sometimes scanty or camouflaged, I will try to trace those aspects of his life and work which are of historic and ideological interest to gay people. While this represents a narrowing of focus and would be undesirable in a full-length biography or critical analysis (and lays me open to a charge of psychosexual determinism as well), I think it needs doing now.

## The Turning Point

The best place to begin is with Klaus Mann's autobiography, *The Turning Point*, written in English, while he was living in New York and published in New York by L.B. Fischer (1942) and in London by Victor Gollancz (1944). Later, Klaus wrote an expanded version, with new material, for publication in Germany. Called *Der Wendepunkt; ein Lebensbericht*, it was brought out posthumously by Gottfried Bermann Fischer at the insistence of Thomas Mann. (Bermann Fischer was the son-in-law of Samuel Fischer, Thomas Mann's lifelong publisher, who had first taken a chance on *Buddenbrooks*). *The Turning Point* was actually KM's second autobiography, the first being *Kind dieser Zeit*, or *Child of My Time*, written when he was 19 and never translated into English.



Klaus Mann  
Photo by Erika Mann

Klaus Mann, born in 1906, was 36 when *The Turning Point* appeared. That may seem precocious for a first, let alone second, autobiography, but by that time he had lived several lives.

First there had been a pampered, spoiled life as the oldest son of a patrician family in Munich—a family that combined artistic and business success. There was a stately villa on the banks of the Isar, belonging to his parents. There was a sumptuous renaissance palazzo belonging to his mother's parents. There was a country house in Tölz in the Bavarian Alps. There was also Mother and Father—Mother nicknamed Mielein, Father known as *Der Zauberer*, the Magician, because of his ability to tell tales and exorcise illness and demons. Mother is close, Father remote. Mother is soft, untidy, caressing; Father is dreamy, neat, absent-minded. He disappears into his studio each morning at nine and takes the children for a walk at four.

There are governesses, games, pets. But most of all there is his sister Erika, one year older. Until Klaus was twelve he had no friends but Erika, his spiritual double. "Erika and I belonged together," he writes, "our solidarity was absolute and indisputable. We acted twin-like in an almost provocative way: the grown-ups as well as the kids had to accept us as an entity." (It was this brother-sister twinning that inspired their father to write his notorious *Wälsungenblut*, or *Blood of the Walsungs*, published in 1921, about a brother and sister who consummate their closeness with incest; the family went to great lengths to explain that this fiction was not based on fact).

With neighbor children, Erika and Klaus formed a gang, then a theatrical club. They played practical jokes, made friends with a local matinee idol. By the time they were 15 or 16, they were patrolling the deserted streets of

Munich after midnight. Once, when their parents were away, they gave a party with refreshments consisting entirely of stolen items, from sausages to vermouth. Even World War I brought no real hardship to the children, although at times their parents found it difficult to find food. The upshot of all their prankishness was that Klaus was sent away to school in 1922. He went to an experimental community based on the ideals of the Youth Movement—a back-to-nature, religious, nationalistic cult that flourished in Germany between the wars.

It was here, at the Odenwaldschule, that he met his first love, an athletic schoolmate named Uto. "There was one lad... whom I liked to watch in particular," he writes. "His name was Uto. He was sturdy and deft, but by far not the strongest or most dexterous one of the lot. Nor was he especially handsome. But I loved his face. He had the face I love. You may be smitten with many faces when you live long enough and possess a responsive heart. But there is only one face you love. It is always the same. You recognize it among thousands. And Uto had that face."

He goes on to describe Uto as looking "like a little Swede with a drop of Mongolian blood." Klaus wrote poetry to him, called him by the names of Hellenic champions and demi-gods. He showed Uto a scrap of paper on which he had written, "I love you." Uto read it and gravely replied, "But of course you do. Friends must love each other."

After a few months of this, one of those curious reversals, so typical of Klaus Mann throughout his life, took place. Suddenly he couldn't bear being close to Uto. "Uto was so much stronger and lighter than I was, and I envied him so," he writes. "He was all vigor and serenity; no problems existed for him." Klaus decides to leave school, giving various excuses. In a final apostrophe, he asks, "What sorrow drove me away? What disorder awaited me?"

The following year, 1923, he journeyed alone to Berlin for the first time, noting the sights: the Russian emigrés, the drag queens, the hermaphrodites, the whores. One of the latter, a fierce amazon in green leather, brandished a cane at him and whispered, "Want to be my slave? Costs only six billion and a cigarette. A bargain. Come along, honey!"

The Berlin scene fascinated him. "I was magnetized by the scum," he writes. But lack of money sent him home again, where there was at least one consolation—his friend Ricki Hallgarten, perhaps the one person he loved without ambivalence or reservation. He describes Ricki as "a neurotic gipsy, with a tangled mass of dark hair falling on to a low forehead; black, bushy eyebrows over a pair of violent eyes set very close to each other. He was witty and naive and quivering with that attractive nervousness typical of certain hyper-aristocratic dogs and horses. His face was all softness and sensual innocence, but his hands seemed appallingly old..." Ricki came from a cultivated bourgeois family but grew up full of doubts about his homosexuality, his Jewishness and his talent as a painter. He was one of many in Klaus' intimate circle who committed suicide—in May, 1932, shortly before Hitler came to power.

In 1924, when he was just 18, Klaus began his literary career. He became second-string theater critic for one of the Berlin papers, and published a collection of short stories, *Vor Dem Leben* (*Before Life*). He also wrote and published a play about a brother and sister and their friends, which had not only incestuous but distinctly lesbian overtones. It was called *Anja und Esther*. Klaus reports that he read the play to an intimate family party the very evening he finished writing it. It was greeted with "a dismal stillness," until his father mercifully murmured, "Strange. Very strange indeed." His Aunt Lula voiced strong disapproval of the fondness the two young ladies in the play displayed toward each other, but the elder Mann saved the day by telling her it was only "a sentimental friendship."

The play, prophetically, was dedicated to a young actor whom Klaus had seen in Berlin—"an unusually gifted chap with the features of a transfigured pugilist and a striking, metallic voice." This was Gustaf Gründgens and he was the star of the Hamburger Kammerspiele, a literary theater. Klaus would embark on a passionate love affair with Gründgens, who would later marry Erika as a "cover" and who would inspire the savage *à clef* novel *Mephisto* ten years later.

Gründgens loved *Anja und Esther* and wanted to produce and act in it. With a superb instinct for publicity, he realized that if the author and his sister, who were not only the children of a famous writer but the models for the brother and sister in the play, were to star in it, it would create a huge sensation. He persuaded the pair to act in the play—it didn't require much effort—and the scandal was as juicy as predicted. All the newspapers ran stories, creating "a hullabaloo from the Baltic Sea down to the Danube." Erika and Klaus became instantly famous and remained so all their lives. It was a fame not without liability, however, especially for Klaus. For one thing, it probably came too soon. For another, it stemmed not from a solid achievement of his own but from gossip and media flackery. And third, he really became the object of public attention because of his father's status. This led to constant sniping in the press, which dogged him all his life with complaints about his exhibitionism and "decadence" and his exploitation of the family name. Klaus could never, ultimately, be sure how much of his notoriety was due to his own work or to his father's renown.

Although the play was an enormous success and could have gone on touring for years, Klaus, in a typical turnabout, quit after two months. The madcap project lost its charm for him. "It was my mania," he writes, "or a kind of fear of anti-climactic developments, to break up situations before they might become stale. I ruined (and sometimes saved) human relations, professional opportu-



nities, studies and pleasures, by rushing away, just in order to move, to change, to remain alive."

He went to Paris, Vienna, Nice. He started another novel (it would eventually turn into *The Fifth Child*). He floated between classes and nations, between literary camps and cults. He wrote another play, called *Four in a Revue*, which starred the same actors (the fourth being Pamela Wedekind, daughter of playwright Frank Wedekind). The newspapers ballyhooed it up again, this time because *The Magic Mountain* had just been published.

Referring to this event, Klaus writes, "It is against this background of solid glory that one should conceive the tawdry glamor surrounding my own start. The truth is that, at the age of twenty, I was unduly well-known and unduly disparaged. Incessantly flattered and teased, I amused and revenged myself by behaving the way I was apparently expected to. What I failed to realize was the amount of embarrassment my eccentricities caused my father."

His difficulties were echoed by his mother, Katia Mann, in her memoirs, *Unwritten Memories*: "Klaus was a writer; he was certainly born for that, but it wasn't a very fortunate choice for him as his father's son. It made it very hard for him; in the beginning, it made it easy, but then it made it hard." Interestingly, the recently-published volume of Klaus Mann letters dealing with this period bears the subtitle, *Unordnung und früher Ruhm* (Disorder and Early Fame), an obvious play on the senior Mann's novella, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

In 1927 and 1928, the careers of Klaus and Erika, always intertwined, reached some sort of climax. They toured America, where *The Fifth Child* had just been published, going as far as Hollywood. They were feted, admired, publicized. They met Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis, Otto Kahn, H.L. Mencken, Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, Upton Sinclair, Conrad Veidt. They were the Literary Mann Twins, darlings of the journalists and hostesses. It was a triumphal procession and they wound up on a ship crossing the Pacific to Japan, and thence via Siberia back to Munich. When asked by their younger brother what they had seen on their trip around the world, Klaus replied with a casual and grandiose gesture, "Nothing much . . . rien que la terre." Together they wrote an account of their travels, *Runderhum, ein heiteres Reisebuch*.

Back in Europe, Klaus moved in the best intellectual circles. His literary friendships in 1928 and 1929 sound like a gay pantheon: Jean Cocteau, the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, André Gide, Paul Morand, Maurice Rostand, Julien Green, René Crevel, Magnus Hirschfeld. He meets "dynamic dandies" in the great salons of Paris and describes these young men as being "childlike yet depraved . . . Some of the them had the

grace of bewitched infants when they dallied with narcotics or the risky anomalies of sex." With Erika and her lover, Annemarie von Schwarzenbach, daughter of a Swiss industrialist, he traveled to Spain, Italy, Morocco, writing up his travels for the leading journals.

The Nazis were coming to popularity in these years, but Klaus like many other intellectuals, ridiculed them. He was, in his words, "still isolated, irresponsible, erratic; dallying with subtle jokes and wistful reveries. I failed to join any liberal anti-fascist organization. I refused to have anything to do with the whole sordid mess." But his days in Germany were numbered. His notoriety was too great to be ignored by the Nazis, and in March 1933, just two months after Hitler came to power, he and Erika were forced to flee the country. They had been warned in time by the family chauffeur who for years had been acting as a Nazi spy in the Mann house. Their exile took them to Paris, Zurich (where their parents later joined them) and then to Amsterdam.

The years in Amsterdam (1933 to 1938) were good years for Klaus, according to his brother Golo. He produced three novels and founded a literary monthly called *Die Sammlung* (The Collection), which channelled the voices of the exiled intelligentsia into print. Besides the German exiles, *Die Sammlung* published Stephen Spender, Ignazio Silone, André Gide, André Maurois, Jean Cocteau, Benedetto Croce, Ernest Hemingway, Ilya Ehrenburg and Boris Pasternak. Klaus also did a great deal of journalism, travelling to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Russia and Spain.

In 1938, Princeton University offered Thomas Mann the post of lecturer in the humanities and Klaus emigrated to America with his parents. He spent much time travelling the country, giving lectures on the Nazi menace. With Erika, he wrote a book about the political exiles, *Escape to Life*.

*The Turning Point* ends with a series of staccato diary entries covering the years 1940 to 1942. During this time, Klaus founded a literary magazine in New York, *Decision*, which collapsed in its second year due to poor management and lack of funds. He started writing *The Turning Point* to stave off the depression caused by the liquidation of the journal. The last entry, June 6, 1942, speaks of his readiness to be drafted into the U.S. Army.

Of all KM's books published in America, *The Turning Point* earned the best press. It was lauded by *The New Republic*, *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Review of Literature*, with the early chapters dealing with his childhood and family life coming in for the most praise. The book still makes good reading, full of vitality, fascinating people and great events. The episode in which Klaus eavesdrops on Hitler while watching him stuff himself with strawberry tarts in a Munich tea-room for

example, is brilliant. Also exciting are the vignettes of Gide, Bruno Walter, Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, André Breton. The high spirits of Mann's youth, his endless quest for novelty, his intellectual adventures—all these are rendered with a natural flair for self-dramatization. The allusions to his gay affections are tantalizingly discreet, but the careful reader can infer a great deal. In effect, this discretion about his sexual activities comprises an additional subtext—by what is not said we can gain new insight into the social and literary inhibitions of the day. It was Klaus Mann's peculiar destiny that he was almost, but not quite, able to come out in his major writings.

By the time *The Turning Point* appeared, the Mann parents had left Princeton and built themselves a house at Pacific Palisades near Los Angeles. It was from here that Thomas Mann wrote to his son to congratulate him on the *The Turning Point*: "Was it," he inquires, "as autobiography, a slightly premature undertaking? Some may say so, but if you had waited until you were fifty, the early memories, which are always the best in confessions, might not show the freshness and bounce they have here. We parents certainly can be content with the figures we cut . . . It is a tremendously European book, and perhaps will discourage the American reader because of its somewhat bizarre picture of pre-Hitler Europe, especially of the many bizarre chums it was your fate to encounter..."

The last seven years of KM's life took him back to Europe. Like many emigrés, he had been eager to be drafted. At the end of 1942, he went into the Army and after training at several camps, went overseas, taking part in the Italian campaign. He earned several medals for bravery in action, to his father's delight. In May, 1945, Klaus was able to revisit the old Mann home in Munich as part of the liberating army. It was a return full of nostalgia for the wanderer: "Yes, our poor, mutilated, polluted house!" he wrote to his father. "Most of the inside is altogether destroyed, but the outside structure has remained fairly intact . . . We could reconstruct the place if we cared to do so . . . I discovered that the balcony in front of my room was occupied by a girl—a bombed-out stenotypist who had no other place to stay. It was all very curious and romantic."

The Army years were happy for Klaus, but the post-war period was not. His dream of a united world, without political problems, didn't come true. He wasn't really at home in Germany after Hitler, and America had become increasingly alien to him. His addiction to drugs became stronger and more destructive. Although he was working as a staff reporter for *The Stars and Stripes*, touring Europe on assignment, his letters reflect increasing loneliness and longing for death. In the summer of 1948 he made his first suicide attempt. Upton Sinclair,

## A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

by Richard Plant

Richard Plant was born in Germany but left in 1933, shortly after Hitler's rise to power, emigrating to Switzerland and from there to the U.S. in 1938. For many years he taught German language and literature at CCNY.

I met Klaus Mann in Frankfurt, shortly before I emigrated to Switzerland. He was a friend of a friend. He knew I was gay, of course, since our mutual friend was gay. And he signed my copy of his first novel, *Der Fromme Tanz*, "With friendship, your Klaus . . ." or something to that effect. At the time, I was in my early twenties and he was 12 or 15 years older. In Frankfurt he also introduced me to a friend of his, hoping that I would become that friend's lover, but it didn't work out.

You must remember that Klaus was sort of a hero of my youth, because of *Der Fromme Tanz*. The novel, which has strongly gay overtones, even has a chapter on callboys in it, which was very daring for the time. He and his sister Erika might be called "children of the sun," or *Sonnenkinder*. They were the equivalent of the jet set of the 1920s, had even made a trip around the world and published a book describing their experiences. So I was very thrilled to meet him. Even then I figured that it could not be easy to be an aspiring writer if you are the son of a famous writer.

Klaus was of medium height, about 5'9", with slightly receding light brown hair. Like other members of the Mann family, he was plagued by constantly reddish eyes. His eyes were bloodshot and always twitching. Later, in America, when I got to know him quite well, I decided he was the most nervous person I had ever seen. He spoke too quickly. He rattled on and on, and then would interrupt himself to make a phone call, then sit down and say, "I feel awful," and start rambling about something else. He was fussy and uncertain, constantly on edge. It was as if some nervous machinery was cranking away, out of control. I never knew how he had time to sit down and write.

Erika and Klaus were pranksters in their early years in Munich. For example, they would ride the Munich streetcar and speak in the broadest Bavarian dialect possible and then switch to an imaginary language, making up words and sentences and starting an argument, to the great amazement of the Munich peasants and burghers, who couldn't figure it all out. They played practical jokes on people, writing letters and signing them "Queen of the Night" or "The Ambassador of Lichtenstein." If I may say so, they were rather spoiled, upper-class brats.

The shadow which lay over Klaus, from which he never escaped, was the shadow of his father. If I had been Klaus, and I told him this one day, I would have changed my name. I would have tried to publish under another

name and not let people know I was the son of Thomas Mann, who had won a Nobel Prize. Klaus appears in one of his father's short stories, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, which is a realistic picture of the Mann family.

Klaus would not talk to me about his relationship with his father. It was strained on Klaus' side because the shadow of his father's genius never left him, and he was constantly being measured against it. But it was also strained on his father's side because of Klaus' homosexuality, which reflected his own. Excerpts from the Thomas Mann diaries have just been published in Germany—diaries from the Nazi period until 1945. In these diaries, there is a passage in which Thomas Mann sits in a moviehouse in Zurich watching a film called "Abel with a Mouth Organ," which was a romantic German youth film with many half-dressed boys running about. As he watched the film, he began raving about the beauty of these young men, to the great annoyance of the people around him and of his wife, Katia. Katia Mann, in her memoirs, has pointed out that *Death in Venice* was based on an autobiographical episode in which her husband was much taken with the beauty of a young boy. Also, if you look closely in Dr. Faustus, you will find a love affair between the hero, who is a composer, and a violinist. (Naturally, the violinist dies, since in the Thomas Mann catechism, homosexual love affairs end unhappily.) The diaries just published were reviewed in *Die Zeit* (Hamburg) and the reviewers alluded to earlier Thomas Mann diaries which had been deliberately destroyed by the writer. They voiced the suspicion that these youthful diaries contained unambiguous allusions to homo-erotic affairs. Thus we have the irony that this side of Thomas Mann's nature was suppressed, but reborn in his son Klaus.

Another matter that Klaus did not care to discuss with me was the fact that his mother was of Jewish extraction. Her grandfather was a highly placed legal person called Councillor Friedman or Friedlander. Her own family, the Pringheims, were Jews. But Klaus never mentioned this in the many talks we had together. You see, this repeats the trauma of Thomas Mann, who had an exotic Brazilian mother. His mother's family name was Da Silva Brun, and a recurrent theme in his books is that the hero had a proper Nordic German father but a strange, mysterious mother who is foreign-born. This same pattern repeated itself with Klaus, although he didn't care to discuss it, which I find a little odd.

Okay, time passes, and I emigrate from Switzerland to America in 1938. It was a very difficult time for me. My English was, let's say, insufficient. I was working as a cleaner and jack-of-all-trades at an organization called Friendship House, dedicated to Americanizing refugees. And then I heard that Klaus was looking for someone to help him edit a new literary magazine. He came looking for me. He told me about the magazine, which was to be

called *Decision. A Review of Free Culture*. He wanted me to help him, which I did. The first issue appeared in December, 1940, and the magazine ran for just under two years. A great many well-known people helped him with the enterprise, among them Dorothy Thompson and Agnes Meyer of the Washington Post family. Among the contributors were Sherwood Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Max Lerner, Muriel Rukeyser, William Carlos Williams, Somerset Maugham and many others.

Klaus was a good editor, more of a public relations person than a writer of genius. He got everyone who was anyone to work for him. His office was at the Bedford Hotel on East 48th St., although he basically lived in California, where his parents had bought a house in Pacific Palisades, near Los Angeles. So I began going to the office at the Hotel Bedford twice a week, making phone calls, writing letters, reading galleys, writing film criticism. I worked there about 1½ years, and it was there that I got to know Klaus really well.

I think the core of his trouble, or unhappiness, was that he always fell for no-good types. The pattern repeated itself again and again. He always connected with a bartender, an unemployed boxer—people who were semi-straight, or semi-gay. They were never people you could relate to, except in bed. And he tried to make more out of the relationships than was possible, and that was the crux, the essence, of his trouble. You must remember that he had many other opportunities. Fame is an aphrodisiac. If you publish a magazine and you're Thomas Mann's son, then you have the pick. There was an endless procession of writers and journalists who came to the Hotel Bedford. They had articles to sell, they wanted to review books, they all offered something. But Klaus never picked the gentle ones. His great love was the bartender in the hotel, a tough Irishman who was totally disinterested in him. Klaus' love was not even reciprocated nor, I believe, consummated. And that was the person Klaus used to lie awake about the night. So you find this streak of frustration and pessimism in his work. It was not for nothing that he wrote a book on Tchaikovsky, famous for his unrequited loves.

Klaus didn't really want to hear about my life and we never went out cruising together. He thought I was terribly middle class. "You have a bourgeois streak," he would say, and I agreed. At night, when I left the office, people were waiting around, galleys were flying, and he would be on the phone saying, "I'm flying to Hollywood tomorrow." And I would think, "Boy am I a philistine bourgeois redneck in comparison!"

To many young gays in Germany today, Klaus Mann is the symbol of a rebel. Since they are radicalized and alienated from their materialist surroundings, he represents resistance to the status quo. But Klaus wasn't a rebel; he was merely a jet-setter. To him rebellion consisted in having drinks in Hollywood on Friday, seeing someone important in New York on Tuesday and flying to see Gide in Paris the following week. That isn't rebellion; it's upper Bohemia. But it appeals to young Germans, who need someone to prefigure today's coming out ritual. And Klaus did—almost—come out.



hearing the news, wired him, "Don't do it, you've written fine books and you can do a most important job in helping interpret Europe to America and vice versa." His father's birthday letter the following November contained further encouragement: "We are very thankful we can celebrate this day together even though you are far from us at the moment . . . you have remained dear to us and you have kept your special, rather sad, inwardly nervous but indomitable and active charm."

But death was not to be put off. On May 21, 1949, when he was not yet 43, Klaus Mann committed suicide with an overdose of sleeping pills. On the day previous he had written to Erika, his spiritual double, calling himself "a sick hermit and a neurotic mouse." He also wrote, "I am angry and disgusted and cannot make myself do any major work." This was probably the last letter he wrote. The final words he committed to paper were: "And it is raining in Cannes."

Among the papers found after his death and now in the Munich archives were notes for several works. One was a synopsis of a World War II novel titled *The Last Days*. There was a script of a drama, *The Seventh Angel*, another play, *The Dead Don't Care* (available at the NY Public Library), plus outlines for several novels. One of them, *Windy Night, Rainy Night*, was intended to come to grips with the problems of several homosexual characters. There are also synopses for films never made, including one on Mozart to be done in collaboration with Bruno Walter.

#### The Novels

Klaus Mann's first novel was *Der Fromme Tanz* (*The Devout Dance*), which appeared in 1925 and has not been translated into English. His second, *The Fifth Child*, was published in Germany with the title *Kindernovelle*, and brought out in America by Boni and Liveright in 1927.

It's the story of a youngish widow named Christiane, who lives in an enchanted wood with her four children. She had been married to a noted philosopher and writer, an ex-priest, who has died. The two older children, a boy and girl not unlike Erika and Klaus, play whimsical games and run wild. They tease and confuse their elders. Enter Till, a young man who is savagely attractive, unfettered and original. He is, in fact, the new intellectual, and was admittedly modeled on the young gay French novelist René Crevel, whom Klaus met in Paris in the early 20's and who committed suicide in 1935. Till brings post-war Europe to Christiane's cottage in the timeless wood—not only the new radical politics but the new sexual freedoms: "He spoke with gay nonchalance of erotic abnormalities that she thought reprehensible. He could not control his laughter because she did not know what a transvestite was. He was often very much irritated because she called homosexual love 'abnormal' compared to heterosexual."

Till, despite his championship of sexual non-conformity, does what is expected of him. He makes love to the older woman. His disrobing is described from Christiane's point of view: "She could have wept because he had such shoulders, such thin arms, which he folded shivering over his breast, such adorable knees, such a forehead, over which his short hair hung moist. . . . Nothing in the wide, sad world seemed to her sadder than to be in this condition. This sorrow of the body was beyond the petty intellect, inescapable and great. . . ."

A daughter is born of this union, the fifth child of the title, who will presumably share in both Christiane's traditional values and the new freedoms of his father. Till departs as mysteriously as he came, leaving Christiane bemused by content.

*The Fifth Child*, which is really a novella, is not very good. One wonders if it would have been published had the author not been the son of Thomas Mann. It is literary in a bad sense—inert and pretentious, full of false mystification. The themes fall all over one another, none of them adequately dramatized: oedipal replacement, the radicalizing of post-war society, an end to German complacency, the insemination of the older generation by the younger, etc. It is all very obvious. The book suffers from the fatal facility that mars much of Klaus Mann's work. Maeterlinck had created the enchanted wood in more rich and allusive ways with *Pelleas et Melisande*, as far back as 1892; Thomas Mann found the perfect metaphor for ailing Europe in *The Magic Mountain*, published in 1924. This novella, despite its symbolic trappings, is probably closer to the Brothers Grimm than to any of the modernist works that Klaus so much admired.

However, the tale is notable for a portrait of Christiane's older boy, Heiner, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Klaus himself. Rather forebodingly, the author writes of the boy's mouth. "Did it not have dangerous softness? This mouth did not deny itself nor the others anything. It was a woman's mouth under the manly brow, so completely did it yield itself to life. But was it not probable that it would soon be old and corrupt, if it offered itself so ardently to life's kisses? A certain carelessness and abandon in Heiner's bearing had a disquieting effect and gave one a presentiment of bad things. . . ."

While this is partly adolescent angst, it also provides a clue to Klaus' perception of himself at the time.

In 1928 and 1929, Klaus worked on a new novel, *Alexander, a Novel of Utopia*. He wrote it in hundreds of hotel rooms as he roamed around Europe, hauling with him a reference library dealing with the Macedonian hero.

*Alexander* is a moony and over-embellished fantasy about a young Greek who could conquer the world but could not give himself completely to a male lover. There are three boyhood friends—Alexander, Clitus and Hephaestion. Alexander seeks love from both. When he is 13, he goes into Clitus' bedroom, thinking, "I must have him, this is to be my first really important victory." But Clitus humiliates him and rejects him. Later, when Alexander is 20 and crowned, he is overcome with loneliness. Aboard ship, he kisses Hephaestion and

beseeches him for love. But Hephaestion rejects him too: "You, Alexander, are strongest by yourself. You know you do not need my help." Alexander grows rigid with pain and hatred. "Now I will offer myself no more, he thought, at peace after his exuberance."

Years later, at a victory banquet, Clitus recounts the epic Babylonian story of Gilgamesh and his lover Enkidu. Alexander's pain and loneliness return. To the assembled company he says of Clitus, "If he knew how he has disturbed me ever since I can remember, ever since I have been alive." Clitus gloats at this, saying, "You have not even disturbed me. I do not know you at all. . . . I only felt compassion for you. Did you not lie at my feet?" Alexander, in a drunken rage, drives a spear into Clitus' back. Alexander eventually marries but rejects his wife on their wedding night, mourning, "Oh, him whom I would have liked to touch the most, him I killed. . . ." The novel ends in a colloquy with the Angel of Death, by whom the dying king is comforted with the promise that he will return to find love in some future life.

The *Alexander* novel is one of many dealing with the Hellenic Eros, although Antinoüs, Hadrian's paramour, seems to have been more popular with gay German romancers. Klaus Mann commented on the appeal of this sort of subject to certain members of the reading public, without actually naming them as gay: "It was this strange community of an idiom and an emotional climate to which Jean Cocteau referred when he addressed me, in a preface he contributed to the French edition of my *Alexander* novel, as one of his 'compatriots,' 'je veux dire, d'un jeune homme qui habite mal sur la terre et qui parle sans niaiserie le dialecte du coeur.'" In the coded parlance of the time, this accolade could be taken as a statement of literary gay brotherhood.

Not surprisingly, *Alexander* fared badly with the New York critics, who in 1930 were not prepared to accept the notion that Alexander conquered the world because of a thwarted boyhood passion for a disdainful friend. ". . . reflects an unfortunate mixture of timidity and resentment," said the critic for *The Nation*. *The New York Times*, moralizing as usual, faulted the book not on aesthetic but on ethical grounds: "The atmosphere of the book is decadent, full of that 'sweetly stale odor' described as penetrating all the nooks and alleys of the Babylon which Alexander conquered." The book certainly deserved panning, but for literary rather than moralistic reasons. It would be a quarter-century before another novelist, Mary Renault, would manage to combine literary worth with Hellenic subject-matter, enabling the critics to overlook the homosexual content of her tales in a chorus of praise for her style.

After leaving Germany in 1933 and settling down in Amsterdam, KM wrote three novels. They were *Journey into Freedom* (1934), *Pathetic Symphony—A Tchaikovsky Novel* (1935) and *Mephisto, The Story of a Career* (1936). The first two, he tells us, "deal with the drama of uprooting which, in a sense, always was and now admittedly became, the crux of my own experience." The exile in Holland thus became a metaphor for his permanent sense of not belonging and his status as an outsider, which also kept him out of such trendy intellectual homelands as Marxism, Eastern mysticism, nationalism or a passive absorption in Christianity. All these he dismissed as simplifications that were tempting but dangerous.

The first novel was published in Amsterdam as *Flucht in Den Norden*. It appeared in America as a Borzoi Book (Knopf) in 1936, titled *Journey into Freedom*, thus missing the symbolic value of the original, which means "flight to the north."

Because flight is what the novel is about—specifically, flight from Europe and its looming tragedy. A young German woman, Joan, who is modeled closely on Erika Mann, arrives in Finland, after having just escaped arrest in her native country. She makes the trip at the invitation of a lesbian friend who lives there on her family estate. Although Joan is boyish in appearance and dresses daringly in pants and sailor outfits, she does not respond to her hostess' advances. She rejects her in favor of her handsome brother Ragnar, a powerfully-built man of 30 with slanty, gold-brown eyes, high cheekbones and honey-colored hair. He is moody and impractical—he reads all Klaus' favorite authors—but irresistible. They begin an affair. Their first love-making, a gem of sensuality, is told from Joan's point of view: "Nameless, recumbent, he has become a symbol, a god, and she his votary. As she bends over him, her lips leave his mouth to glide over his throat, over his breast, while her hands retrace the silhouette of his body. She tastes the moist hair on his chest; her lips caress its sensitive mounds. With humility her bowed face descends, her lips tracing a path across the breathing expanse, lingering a moment at the tiny well whose cord united him longest to his mother; drawn even further till they are lost in a deep and curling growth of hair and come at length to the goal toward which her eyes have preceded them. . . ."

It is with a shock that we realize that in Ragnar, with his oriental face and straw hair, we are face-to-face with Uto of boyhood memory. But it is Uto removed from the playing fields of the Odenwaldschule and transmuted into the dream-stud of fantasy, the reborn Adonis whose image has haunted the author across the boundaries of Europe. The affair with Ragnar, focusses Joan's dilemma: can she indulge her sensuality, her fierce need to take root again, or must she return to the continent and continue the fight against fascism? The conflict is heightened when her former fiancé is killed on a secret mission.

Unable to reach a decision, she sets out on a car trip with Ragnar, to the northern reaches of his country, desolate and windswept, people by Lapps living outside the burdens of time and history. It is this flight, a nightmare journey into the most fearful parts of herself, that gives the book its original title and reminds one of the best of Conrad or Prokosch. At the end, having

explored her affair with Ragnar to the last degree of love and lust, she returns to Europe, aware that she is tied to it by bonds she cannot break.

The novel holds up well, due largely to the combination of objectivity and drugged sensuality with which the lover-affair is handled. The character of Ragnar is a fine creation—graceful, selfish, neurotic, virile. The final hundred pages of the book are incandescent. Although Klaus maintained that he wrote the novel to illustrate the conflict between love and duty, his words belie that intention. The love is rendered in vital and intense strokes; the return to duty is rhetorical and perfunctory.

*Journey into Freedom* received a mixed press. The critic for *The New Statesman and Nation* called it "amateurish and high-falutin'." However, Alfred Kazin, writing in *The New York Times* called it "not extraordinary but well-made and moving." It seems to me one of Mann's better works . . . which is more than I can say about the next one.

*Pathetic Symphony*, the novel about Tchaikovsky, was published in Amsterdam in 1935, but did not appear in America until 1948. It was dedicated to Christopher Isherwood (whom Klaus' father referred to as "the starry eyed one"). Klaus gives this motive for writing about Tchaikovsky: "I wrote his story because I know all about him. Only too intimately versed in his neurasthenic fixations. I could describe his aimless wanderings, the transient bliss of his elations, the unending anguish of his solitude. . . . He died the lonely and furtive death of a man who feels he can't bear life any more, but is ashamed of his weakness. I love his music for the sake of his lonely death, to which it is the sweet and powerful prelude."

Since the novel clearly states that homosexuality is Tchaikovsky's major fixation, this declaration in *The Turning Point* virtually amounts to coming out. However, the novel's frankness about Tchaikovsky's sexuality is almost the only thing to be said in its favor.

Peter Ilyich's first infatuation is with a school comrade named Apukhtin, who introduces him to sex, and with whom he spends countless thrilling nights from age 17 to 25. He knows these activities are naughty but can't resist his friend's "gently mocking laugh" and "thin, supple, always slightly dirty hands." "Do you like that?" Apukhtin whispered to him, "Do you find it pleasant? . . . We will never fall in love with women—promise me that, Petrushka! It's silly to love women—it's wrong for people like us."

It is the anguish brought by all this which Peter Ilyich decides to transmute into rhythm and melody, changing in the process from a lazy young man into an obsessive artist. In fact, whenever his inspiration flags, he need only recall his homosexual urges, coded in his mind as "THIS"—to return to his music. An episode with a hustler, for instance, leads directly to the Fifth Symphony; his frustrated love for his nephew Vladimir takes him directly to the Sixth.

The relation between art and neurosis, one of the older Mann's persistent themes, is here simplified into a neat, sentimental package. As I followed Peter Ilyich around Russia and Europe, I was reminded not so much of a musical genius suffering real torment as of Cornel Wilde impersonating Chopin in *A Song to Remember*. Even the agonies of artistic creation, so complexly rendered by Thomas Mann in *Tonio Kroger* and *Doctor Faustus*, are here reduced to remarks like, "Don't you think, Modest, it would be a good idea for me to drop the piano sonata for the time being and concentrate on the violin concerto?" The novel is almost entirely misconceived both as history and fiction, a fact noted by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, whose critic condemned it as "a book which has neither the reality of a creation of character nor the reality of an honest biography." *The New Yorker* called it "hackneyed" and *The Library Journal*, with admirable succinctness, classified it as "a not very desirable acquisition."

The third Amsterdam novel, *Mephisto*, is more successful. It probably deserves the acclaim it has recently had in Europe. It has appeared in Austria, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. It was hugely successful in France. Although it was published in Berlin in 1956, it was met by the longest lawsuit in the history of German publishing. The suit was brought by the adopted son and last lover of the actor Gustaf Gründgens, who was the model for the protagonist in the book. After a trial lasting ten years, the Supreme Court of Germany banned the book in a 5-to-4 decision. The *clef* could be too easily turned and the book was considered slanderous. It is safe to say, however, that the text has been read widely in Germany, in smuggled or samizdat editions.

It was this success in Europe that probably led Random House to bring out *Mephisto* here in October 1977. Whatever the reason, the book badly needs a critical preface to set it in context and examine the models for many of the characters—not only Gustaf Gründgens but Pamela Wedekind, Elisabeth Bergner and Max Reinhardt—and relate it to events in Klaus Mann's life as well. This wasn't done and one result has been complete neglect of the book by critics and public.

*Mephisto* is sub-titled, "*Roman einer Karriere*," or novel about a career. Mann wrote it, he said, in order to "analyze the abject type of treacherous intellectual who prostitutes his talent for the sake of some tawdry fame and transitory wealth." It was to be a polemical chronicle of corruption. The object of this polemic is Hendrik Höfgen, a thinly disguised fictional portrait of Gründgens, who made peace with the Nazis in order to be able to continue his career as an actor. It was Gründgens, as noted earlier, who took up Klaus Mann's first play, *Anja und Esther*, and launched it and the Mann twins on their first success.

The novel traces the rise of the Höfgen/Gründgens character, whose career begins at a small theater in Hamburg 1923. He is distinguished from the other actors in several ways: his huge talent, his cynical opportunism and his bizarre sexual tastes. He can act and direct brilliantly. He can do Wilde, Strindberg, Büchner,



Wedekind, Schiller, Shakespeare. He can play juveniles or old men, princes or villains. He can be "generous or base, haughty or tender, scornful or overwhelmed, exactly as the part required." There is only one hitch. He requires heavy S&M sex offstage with a black prostitute in order to keep going.

These scenes consist of the following: first the prostitute, whose name is Juliette Martens, or Princess Tebab, whips Höfgen's palms until red welts form. Then she makes him dance, lashing him if he starts to tire. When he is worn out, she lets him stop. After that, they make love while she murmurs endearments like, "You really are the weirdest little shit I've ever seen."

The scenes with the Princess have a bizarre believability to them. The interplay between art and neurosis, so crudely handled in the Tchaikovsky novel, is here dramatized with much more skill. Marcel Reich-Ranitzki, in his study of the German emigrés, *Die Ungeliebten Sieben Emigranten* (1968), expressed surprise that Klaus Mann didn't saddle the Höfgen/Gründgens figure with homosexual motives. This was certainly to be expected. Instead, he points out, the author settled for the sexual tastes which would expose him to blackmail or retaliation from the Nazis. Richard Plant, whose memoir of Klaus Mann accompanies this article, believes that the scenes with Princess Tebab were created for the sole purpose of shaming and ridiculing the a clef character. S&M sex with a black prostitute, Plant claims, would be seen as even more demeaning than homosexuality. Whatever the motives, the Princess is a fascinating character, with a magical past and a rich present, and her relationship with Höfgen/Gründgens both explicates his art and exists for its own sake.

By 1930, the protagonist has made a huge success in Berlin. He has also married a respectable girl—a marriage he cannot consummate—and continues his private sessions with Princess Tebab. However, the accession of Hitler, whom he has hardly noticed until now, brings new problems. But playing Mephisto in Goethe's *Faust* in the 1932/33 season enables him to score a personal hit with a Nazi figure obviously based on Hermann Goering. Goering takes Höfgen under his wing (just as he did Gustaf Gründgens), promoting him to director of the German State Theater (as he did Gründgens). The novel ends with a hallucinatory scene in which Höfgen/Gründgens, alone in his mother's house, wonders why the anti-fascists hate him so, since he is no more than "a perfectly ordinary actor."

Despite its flaws, *Mephisto* is probably Klaus Mann's finest work. The closeness of the story to his own experience, its passionate and ironic tone, the mixture of love and contempt with which the main figure is treated, combine to create a work of some depth. The central figure, especially, is magnetic and iridescent—even though some critics maintain that it does an injustice to the actor Gründgens, who was cleared by Allied tribunals after the war and allowed to perform again. The novel makes a good introduction to the work of Klaus Mann.

#### The Attraction for Gide

If *The Turning Point* is the best guide to KM's emotional and psychological development, then the book on Gide—*André Gide and the Crisis of Modern Thought* (1943)—traces his intellectual development most fully. It was published in New York by Creative Age Press.

"Gide's work," Klaus had written earlier, "accompanied me throughout the years as an older brother, a beloved friend . . . Gide anticipated, echoed and infinitely deepened our questioning. We recognized our own certainties in the continual monologue of his writings."

The parallels between the two lives are instructive. First, Gide helped the younger man accept his homosexuality. "The great self-analyst helped me to discover myself," Klaus wrote in *The Turning Point*. "He guided me through the labyrinth of my own nature and sanctioned whatever I found, the desires, the qualms, the oppressed impulses . . . he gave me self-assurance and the fortitude to

endure life and to accept my own being with all its potentialities, dangers and dilemmas." Gide, after all, had been writing on homosexuality as early as *L'Immoraliste* (1902), *Corydon* (1925), and *Si le grain ne meurt* (1926). Another early Gide work, *Le retour de l'enfant prodigue*, had great resonance for Klaus. In it, the returned prodigal son of the title recounts to his younger brother stories about the wonders he has seen on his travels. He offers his brother not wisdom and peace but restlessness and an invitation to the voyage. It was an offering with strong appeal to Klaus, Gide's "younger brother." His own itineraries seem to parallel those of Gide. As Gide had done in the 1890's, Klaus embarked in Marseilles for Tunis and Algeria, where Gide had met Wilde and Douglas. He made pilgrimages to Cairo and Biskra. Similarly, he returned to Europe via Sicily and Naples. At the time of these trips, Klaus was 18, years old—a prodigal and precocious son.

From Gide, Klaus also learned the value of sexual frankness in literature. Gide admired Montaigne for his audacious personal revelations. He also disapproved Proust's policy of disguising boys as girls. Klaus, though never quite attaining the openness of Gide, came close. He used autobiography freely in the creation of his best fictional works. (Interestingly, one of Klaus' least favorite works by Gide was *Corydon*, whose purportedly "scientific" method he thought did not do justice to the complexity of Gide's thought and experience of homosexuality.)

In the mid-1920's, Gide became politicized for the first time in his life—a process that Klaus was to repeat a decade later. The immediate cause of Gide's new social conscience was a trip to Africa which showed him the true face of French colonialism, racism and imperialism. His outrage was expressed in *Voyage Au Congo* (1927). This political awakening, the change from aesthete to genteel activist, marked an important development in Gide's thinking. It would lead him in 1932 toward a conversion to Communism, a trip to Russia (and subsequent disenchantment). The same shifts marked Klaus' intellectual development. The dandy and sensualist of the 1920's became, with the advent of fascism, committed to politics. Klaus too flirted with Marxism and made a trip to Russia in 1934, ultimately rejecting it as authoritarian and puritanical.

The war brought somewhat similar experiences to both men. Klaus fled Europe; Gide was forced out of Paris, his intellectual center, to the south of France—which, under the Nazis was no longer France as he knew it. This experience of uprooting was shared by both men, who corresponded regularly. Gide also contributed to the journals which Klaus edited.

Viewing the two lives, one is struck by the similarities of temperament which led both men into constant reappraisals of their intellectual positions. Both were skeptic by nature but determined to arrange their lives in accordance with rules acceptable to "the candid mind." Both veered from hedonism to asceticism and back again; both were torn between the demands of art and social conscience, order and aesthetic anarchy, classicism and romanticism.

In *Si le grain ne meurt*, Gide asked, "In the name of what God, of what ideal, do you forbid me to live according to my nature?" The crucial words here are "God" and "ideal." Gide, like Mann, would abandon his homosexuality only if a superior set of rules and ideals could be found. Mere sensuality, the sway of appetite, had not enough force to make him accept his homosexuality: he also had to be convinced that repression was against God's wishes. "I will not live without rules," he said, "and the demands of my flesh require the assent of my spirit."

It was the articulation of this moral world that appealed to Klaus Mann. Although he indulged his senses liberally, he sought spiritual approval for his activities. It was the alternation between forgiveness and self-punishment, between rational knowledge and unconscious impulse, that runs through the life and work of both men. Both were protean, of strong contradictory tendencies, with consoli-

dating and disintegrating impulses. Whereas Gide managed to resolve these warring urges through a deep commitment to his writing, and thus make it to the end of a long and eventful life, Klaus Mann could not. In his book on Gide, Mann quotes from Baudelaire's *Journal in time* on the urge toward chaos rather than order: "Prodded by this demoniac impulse, the individual is always inclined to jeopardize his own logic, run risks, gamble, split, go to pieces, lose his poise, or transcend his limitations." It is a quote that pertains more to Klaus Mann than to Andre Gide, whose art ultimately saved him.

Whether the emotional and physical displacement that is at the core of Klaus Mann's experience and writing is relevant to American readers today is a basic question. Certainly his experience of the years around World War II does not parallel ours. We did not wrestle with issues of Pan-Europeanism, the seduction of leading intellectuals by the Right, nor institutionalized anti-Semitism—at least not to the same degree. Nor did Americans suffer the trauma of invasion or exile. Our experience of those years is more accurately rendered in the naive and pastoral landscapes of Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson. Even when war came, it was James Jones, Norman Mailer and Irwin Shaw who spoke to us about men who were in some ways replicas of Henry James' young men of a generation earlier—journeying to Europe and fighting battles there without philosophical angst.

It is instructive that Thomas Mann called *The Turning Point* a "tremendously European book." This explains its popularity in Germany today, as well as the unflagging interest in all of Klaus Mann's work there. Nor is it surprising that *Mephisto* was a big seller in other European countries. Despite his mastery of English, his protracted stay in America and his service in the U.S. army, Klaus Mann remained profoundly European. His birth in 1906 made him witness during his youth to the events that created today's Europe. He was on the spot, encapsulating in his person the major social movements of the day. He stood at the crossroad where the intellectual and political forces of his day collided. With his talent for self-dramatization he was able to create a public persona that engaged his contemporaries and continues as a useful metaphor for Europeans today. However, it does not mirror the American preoccupations of those years.

The question then arises, for gay readers, whether the homosexual content of his books makes them of special interest. Can we read him as the record of a man who tried hard but didn't quite come out? Here the answer is more positive. Although Klaus Mann wasn't indiscreet enough to write openly gay books, they are still full of the special sensibility, the doomed gracefulness of the sexually displaced artist. They are full of overtones, allusions, secret clues—the whole repertoire of a writer sending out signals as he struggles to be free. For these clues the books are valuable as history, as psychology and as art—further necessary evidence of our aborted literary past.

While it is a mistake to attribute an event like suicide to any single cause, especially in the case of someone as complex as Klaus Mann, it is tempting to speculate on the writer's block he alluded to in his last letter to his sister. Was "the major work" he had in mind the novel in which homosexuality would be treated directly? Was he unable to work on it because of the demons of sexual repression and self-hatred that had pursued him all his life? Was he unable to make a last heroic breakthrough into the kind of freedom and frankness for which he so admired Gide? Intriguing speculations only—and must remain so.

The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of Richard Plant, without whose encouragement, research assistance and translation skills this article could not have been written.

## REVIEWS

*Dutch & German Translations: Literature from the Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Century Gay Movement*, translated by Michael A. Lombardi. Century Typographics, 1801 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 640, Century City, CA 90067.

*Like a Brother, Like a Lover: Male Homosexuality in the American Novel and Theatre from Herman Melville to James Baldwin*, by Georges-Michel Sarotte, translated by Richard Miller. Anchor Press, 339 pp., 1978. \$10.00, hardcover.

*Ed Dean is Queer*, by N.A. Diaman. Persona Press, 224 pp., 1978. \$5.00, paperback.

*The Faggots & their Friends between Revolutions*, by Larry Mitchell. Drawings by Ned Asta. Calamus Books, 113 pp., 1977. \$4.00, paperback.

*Dancer from the Dance*, by Andrew Holleran. William Morrow and Company, Inc., 250 pp., 1978. \$9.95, hardcover.

*The Gay Health Guide*, by Robert L. Rowan, M.D. and Paul J. Gilette, Ph.D. Little, Brown and Company, 239 pp., 1978.

Reviewed by Scott Jones

*Gay Sunshine* received a number of interesting books this quarter, ranging from scholarly to revolutionary to commercial. One of them, Michael A. Lombardi's *Dutch & German Translations*, contains some of the first politicized gay writing ever published. Most of this volume's translations are of works by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, who came out in front of the German legislature

in 1867, before the word "homosexual" even existed. He called for the repeal of anti-gay criminal laws, but the scandalized legislature stifled him. His account of the experience, *Raging Sword*, is included, as well as some round-robin letters to his family, and commentaries and appendices by Lombardi. (There's also an unusual lesbian-feminist speech by Anna Ruling, from 1904.)

Ulrichs' writing is a partial mess, respectfully translated so as to be doubly hard to untangle in English, but you get a strong sense of the man's bravery and conviction—and his intellectual quaintness, too. We owe Ulrichs for something. We owe him for giving us the first completely developed theory that homosexuals are people of one sex stuck inside the other sex's body. The theory was a landmark. Well into this century, Radclyffe Hall wrote a scene in *The Well of Loneliness* in which the father of the scampy young lesbian Stephen reads Ulrichs and begins to understand what's going on with his daughter. You're not told what he reads, but you see him throw the book down and pace around—it has an excitatory, pseudoscientific, Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde quality. So, a man inside a woman's body! (Could this mean that inside every straight man there's an imprisoned lesbian—could that be why people turn to heterosexuality?) For whatever it's worth, this Cat-in-the-Hat model of human sexuality isn't dead; transsexuals like Jan Morris still use it to explain their "spiritual" condition. And an article by Dean Genge and Norman C. Murphy in the November 1, 1978 issue of *The Advocate*, arguing a biological basis for gayness, speaks of homosexuals as "cross-gendered" people whose "neurogender" isn't the same as their "morphological/physical/genital gender." They're talking about hormones determining what toys you play with. Ulrichs indicates that he wouldn't throw snowballs as a child—if he were alive today, maybe they'd give him an injection.

George-Michel Sarotte's *Like a Brother, Like a Lover* is a Freudian analysis of more works about homosexuals than I've ever seen dealt with in one place; it's a shame that by treating so many books the same way he makes them all seem like the same book. In one regard, *Like a Brother, Like a Lover* is satisfying—the man has read everything; he knows what every gay character in mainstream American literature has done since Melville's 1850 novel *White-Jacket*. The collection is varied and impressive—too complex for the uniform treatment Sarotte gives it. He has run everything through the psychoanalytic meat grinder, in order to make his subject acceptable as a doctoral dissertation for the Sorbonne. Here is his literary view of the standard male gay: Denied identification with the father's virility, always craving that virility, the gay character searches for it in he-men who represent the American masculine ideal. Then, since he can't internalize the virility object without becoming an even worse sissie than he is, he turns to sadomasochistic fantasies, suicide, and so on. Sarotte uses this structure—like a duck press—on the works of Melville, Henry James, Fitzgerald, Jack London, Tennessee Williams, James Baldwin, and others. It isn't a completely implausible structure, but as you read on you become irritated at the monotony. *Billy Budd* and D.H. Lawrence's story "The Prussian Officer" end up seeming like the same blasted case history. Sarotte doesn't care much about the works' individual flavors, which means he doesn't care much about what makes them good. The Freudian grip is so vicelike—grey, toneless, droning—that when Sarotte claims (again?) that Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* is about four gay men, he takes Albee's denial as evidence of guilt. This kind of Inquisition logic is what's least acceptable about the psychoanalytic method, and it certainly cannot be applied to literature. It's a transgression of the boundaries of



responsible criticism. If you won't listen to an author in good faith and accept his intentions as a starting point, how can you really be a critic? The translation of this skewed, sophisticated work is by Richard Miller, and it's excellent.

Sarotte wouldn't be able to, psychoanalyze N.A. Diaman's novel *Ed Dean is Queer*—it's too easy, upbeat, and unneurotic. Something about Tim Thompson's velvety cover art makes you expect a smoothly developed psychodrama, but the book doesn't operate at the psychological level. It reads more like a satiric, extended news feature. It's a hyuck-hyuck retelling of Anita Bryant's campaign. "Benita Ryan," she's called: Constantly on her knees praying, she organizes a Children's Crusade against homosexuals, and dreams of starting a chain of adorable, chapel-shaped, shopping mall Bible stores. The narrator is a reporter who begins in Dade County and then moves to San Francisco, where he immediately and without any transitional anguish whatever becomes gay, staying with his first trick for seven years. San Francisco gets its first Black-Chinese lesbian mayor, and then secedes as an independent nation called The Pacific Republic. Benita Ryan finds out her whole family's queer. Unhappiness ceases to exist. There are obviously some defects. The story has its visionary spark, though—it's a Mickey Mouse *Utopia*.

Larry Mitchell's *The Faggots & their Friends between Revolutions* is also Utopian, but while *Ed Dean* is journalistic, this book is mythical and doctrinaire. It's constructed of short, parable-like passages whose moral lessons are sometimes rather embarrassingly simple—like, beauty isn't everything. But Mitchell has a scrabbly, wise sense of word play, and in its more frolicsome passages the book is very appealing. There's a problem in its "revolutionary" thrust, however: Like some of the 60s movement treatises, it's so categorical that it takes on a blunt-nosed, rankling, prejudicial tone. "The faggots cultivate beauty and harmony and peace since these are states that men do not know about," Mitchell writes. Reading this gay hippie fairytale, you'd think that if there weren't heterosexuals, the ecosphere wouldn't be messed up.

The central tension lies in what it's like to be a non-man in a culture where maleness is all, so women in this book are the ultimate shamans—the primeval carriers of earth-wisdom. (D.H. Lawrence thought women thought with their vaginas, too.) And the great initiation rite consists of giving up manhood. We're dealing with the same problem Sarotte was talking about—the gay man's love-hate relationship with the ideal of straight manhood. Except that here, instead of psychoanalysis, the solution is to become a "faggot" or a "queen." Labeling everybody the way he does, Mitchell makes revolutionary vision seem like a matter of alternative pigeonholes. Still, there's a lot going on in this experimental, paganistic tale. One begins to realize, for instance, that some of the camped-up, deified characters have a jarring underlying concreteness—that they're the author's friends. And the fairyland turf gradually becomes recognizable as a New York neighborhood, on Staten Island perhaps. This salty, caring, sympathetic aspect—realness—gets clearer as the book goes on. Near the end, you're given a marvelous, allegorical series of gay biographies, which are humane enough to make you wonder why Mitchell is so rancorous in other spots. He hates—not straight men, maybe, but the sin of straight manhood, to paraphrase Anita. He's not healed yet. Ned Asta's artwork is scampy and good-humored, and inelegant.

Beauty actually is everything in Andrew Holleran's novel *Dancer from the Dance*. This is a lovely, murmurous book—perhaps a vessel of more sheer literary beauty than any other gay American novel the commercial press has given us. It contains camp of the highest, funniest caliber, and the writing has a shimmery, about-to-dissolve freshness. The book is about men who give up ordinary careers to devote themselves to parties, to dressing, and long, gyroscopic nights of dancing and physical love. "Love is a career with its own stages, rewards, and failures," Holleran says. "... a vocation as concrete as a calling in the Church, worth giving a lifetime to." The men do give their lives to it, religiously; they work out in gyms, which are altars to beauty for beauty's sake, and when they dance, you see them whirl, ethereally. They're transubstantiated. The novel follows four central characters in this mystically-tinged search. One of them, Malone, is oversanctified, but there's a richly comic queen named Sutherland who makes an entrance somewhere dressed as Mrs. Charles Dickens, and the narrator is fascinating and subtle. He's not solid, not visible, yet like Nick Carraway in *The Great Gatsby* he's the one who's most deeply shaken by the book's final events, and whom you're most shaken by. The characters' search ends in the cracking up of romantic dreams, not the cracking up of love. It's mesmerically moving—virtually the least cynical book about collapsed romanticism I know of.

And a final, more pragmatic note. *The Gay Health Guide*, by Drs. Robert L. Rowan and Paul J. Gillette, is one of the new style lay medical books that trust readers' intelligence and offer some actual professional detail. Venereal diseases, sexual injuries, performance problems, and emotional dilemmas are discussed, and national lists of clinics, gay organizations, and church groups are included. Information is clearly labeled as being applicable to either females, males, or both. There is a chapter called "Going Straight," but it's so short that it probably won't hurt you. This book is for when you're sick or think you might be; it seems to place a premium on sterile technique in sex, and it won't tell you much about

methods or enjoyment. There's nothing of the gung-ho evangelism of Dr. Charles Silverstein's and Edmund White's *The Joy of Gay Sex*.

*L'Amour Bleu* by Cecile Beurdeley 316 pp. \$65 hardcover (10½ x 14") Rizzoli Publications Inc. (712 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10019) 1978.

Reviewed by Winston Leyland

From Rizzoli Press in New York comes what surely is the most sumptuous art book on homosexuality ever published: 316 pages, with 290 illustrations, 40 of them in full color. The book is a survey of the different attitudes towards male homosexuality, from the authors and artists of antiquity, through the artists of the Renaissance, to the writers and painters of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries in Europe and America.

For *L'Amour Bleu* French writer Cecile Beurdeley (author of two previous works on eroticism in China and Japan) has selected quotations from classics throughout history—from Aristotle and Plato to Marlowe and Voltaire, Goethe, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Wilde, Proust, Garcia Lorca, Gide and many others. The quotations alternate with splendid reproductions of major works of homoerotic art from all periods. The pictures range from Greek statues of young athletes and Etruscan ithyphallic dwarfs, to Beardsley's erotic drawings and Gauguin's portrait of a handsome young Tahitian. They vividly illustrate how many painters, sculptors and poets throughout the ages have chosen to celebrate the male form.

The books does have its flaws, however, and some of these to be pointed out. A number of historical inaccuracies have crept into the text: for example, the teenage lover of William Beckford of Fonthill (author of *Vathek*) was not "William Courtenay, male offspring of the earls of Avon" (p. 448). William Courtenay was rather scion of the ancient noble house of the earls of Devon (descended from Louis VII of France), as anyone well acquainted with English history would certainly know. Lord Alfred Douglas, inamorato of Oscar Wilde, did not die in 1931 at the age of sixty-one (as the text says, p. 187), but rather fourteen years later in 1945, at the age of seventy-four. Such an error is inexcusable, since the details of Bosie's life are easily accessible. Very debatable is the author's contention that immediately after the death of his lover Hephaestion, Alexander the Great ordered all natives in sight—men, women and children—to be massacred. This statement is based perhaps on some slanderous accusation by an ancient writer hostile to Alexander's memory. It is not accepted by recent historians such as Robin Lane-Fox, author of the biography *Alexander the Great* (1974).

*L'Amour Bleu* includes some magnificent color reproductions of paintings: for instance, Saatchi Alexander Schneider's very sensuous *Roman Youth*, painted in the neo-classical style; Nicholas Hilliard's charming miniature of an Elizabethan gentleman (ca. 20 years old), strangely contemporary appearing; Angelo Bronzino's nude portrait of the hunky Renaissance prince, Cosimo of Tuscany; Leonardo da Vinci's androgynous, but sexually come-hither, *Bacchus*; Gustave Moreau's impressionistic *Narcissus*; a sixth century B.C. Greek vase, showing a sexual threesome: youths engaged in oral and anal intercourse; an illustration from Jean Cocteau's *White Paper*; Simeon Solomon's marvellously sensual *Bacchus*; and many more.

Mme. Beurdeley has a predilection for the work of the 20th century neo-romantic Elisar von Kupffer (called Elisarion) who did a series of paintings at the Sanatorium Artis Elisarion at Minusien, near Locarno, Switzerland. No less than nine reproductions of paintings by this artist are presented in the book—several in full color. Unfortunately, the artistic merit of many of them is very dubious. In his paintings heavy-thighed nude youths lounge around in sentimental poses (see, for example, the three youths of *Klarismus*, p. 153). An exception to the mediocre paintings is Elisarion's *Odalisque*: an adolescent with an exquisitely sensuous body, standing on a skull and serpents, with a purple worked background. But the author would have been well advised to have replaced the remaining Elisarions with reproductions of work by major artists. For instance, I would like to have seen more Caravaggios, such as *The Lute Player*, now in the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, one of my favorite paintings. (Not that sentimental poses always mean inferior work; for instance, in the photos of Baron von Gloeden—several of which are reproduced in the book—sentimentality is outweighed by sheer eroticism and a keen artistic sensibility.)

The author has selected quotes from the works of 20th century writers to accompany the art reproductions of this period. But the choice seems rather unbalanced. Praise-worthy included are: Mikhail Kuzmin, Thomas Mann, Proust, Rene Crevel, E.M. Forster, Garcia Lorca, Gide, Cocteau, Maurice Sachs, Cavafy, Genet, James Baldwin, Vidal, Tennessee Williams, William Burroughs, and Vsevolod Ivanov. (Simon Karlinsky's translation of Ivanov's poem "Incantation" is reprinted from *Gay Sunshine* No. 29/30-1976).

But strangely absent are Allen Ginsberg, John Rechy, Christopher Isherwood, Frank O'Hara, Robin Maugham. Surely the work of these writers is of more literary value than that of several relatively obscure writers who are included: Marcel Jouhandeau, Umberto Sala, Kurt Malaparte, Georges Eekhoud, Paul Leautaud.

One could also quibble with some of the choices made from the opus of a writer: thus, selections from Baron Corvo's rampantly erotic Venice Letters should have been added to the brief selection printed from his novel *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*. And surely selections from the Letters of Oscar Wilde should have been

included (only an excerpt from a trial letter is printed).

Mme. Beurdeley is in error in her reference to the 1933 novel of Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler (p. 284). *The Young and Evil* is incorrectly given as *The Young and The Evil*. It is also untrue that it is "almost unobtainable today." A reprint edition was issued by Arno Press in 1975.

These criticisms notwithstanding, I would still urge you to purchase this book even if it's your one big splurge of the year. If you don't have the \$65, then perhaps you can persuade an affluent aunt or uncle to buy it for you at Christmas, Hanukkah or on your birthday. Failing that, borrow the \$\$ somehow; or skip going to gay bars and baths for the next six months: the capitalist owners won't miss the money. This is certainly the book of the year for gay readers (along with—pardon my partiality—*Gay Sunshine Interviews I*). I hope you'll get both books.

*With Downcast Gays. Aspects of homosexual self-oppression.* By Andrew Hodges and David Hutter. Pink Triangle Press edition, 1977. ©1974 by Pomegranate Press.

Reviewed by James Eilers

To praise this book first: it is a very thorough catalogue of the evasions that become our self-betrays, the various roles we may assume to appease non-homosexuals and win their acceptance—but lose ourselves. As a meditative device for self-examination—a way of reviewing the traps we have set in our own consciousness—the book is invaluable; it touches all bases: the liberal friend for whom we play the current, favorite victim role in order to win an ersatz acceptance; the denigration of the opposite sex as a protest against heterosexual oppression (when that opposite sex is also among one's homosexual sisters or brothers).

There are passages, however, where the book's self-righteousness about self-evasion provides the very means for deeper evasions, as in the latter example given above, which rides over the difference in circumstances and problems between male and female homosexuality. The nature of women's oppression by society is quite different, and it seems almost obligatory for male writers to admit that power rests more with males in contemporary society. The forms of internalized hatred vary also, as women are taught to feel worthless by a patriarchal culture, while gay males, if not on male power/ego trips themselves, suffer guilt as members of the gender in power—at the same time that they too are suppressed by members of their own gender.

Thus the major truth in this book—that nothing frees but a moment-to-moment assertion of freedom—may gloss over the fact that we are still in the midst of a conundrum whose complexities must be patiently unravelled. Freedom is not all at once, although the first step may have an "all or nothing" affect. If one goes back to the recent dark ages of pre-Liberation to call E.M. Forster a "traitor," (as this book does), a winner of the gilded Boy David as "Closet Queen of the Century," then William Shakespeare becomes Closet Queen of the Millennium. The roots of all cultures tend to be tragic, without our adding curses afterward. To deny that mortal complication only draws one into worse complications of what we already have too much of: guilt, accusation, denial. Gay Liberation came gradually, the dramatic demonstrations in San Francisco or New York being the exclamation points at the end of very long sentences. Some of the first to declare that day of freedom, were, before that, among the anonymous writers of letters. Even now many isolated homosexuals, away from the relative freedom of the cities, must emerge gradually if they are to keep their sanity—and their lives!

My personal impression is that those who behave most self-righteously (while living in their more sympathetic environments) tend to be those who came late and were sorry to have missed the early battles. There are notions of cowardice and bravery here which belong to our oppressor-brothers—the ones who believe in making war, not love. In this matter, *With Downcast Gays* has its own thread of self-oppression—yet nothing can be said or written that does not have the subjective flaw. This one seems very dominant in the Gay Liberation movement, however—if you will permit me to play devil's advocate. The note of snide self-righteousness in the simple declaration of present freedom reveals something else—ego smoothing, face-saving, perhaps even a bit of the cockcrow of power. As so much of current male homosexual "drag" resembles the Nazi uniform, there can be little doubt that a great many liberated male gays have brought along with them some of the bullying qualities of the oppressive male, as trained unconsciously by their upbringing in a patriarchal age. After a decade of militance, we should perhaps revive the complication of compassion to prevent our simple declarations of freedom from sliding into the 20th century's most murderous quality—self-righteousness.

*With Downcast Gays*, as I said, is a very complete bible of the excuses within ourselves and outside ourselves for a continuing state of oppression. Yet intellectual wariness can become a trap in turn in that things are never completely what they appear on the surface, and layers on layers unfold as we grow. Freedom deepens. And one must, finally, for freedom's sake itself, make a final leap out of the rational conundrum of the political essay into compassion.

To be more specific, while the book criticizes anyone's prescribing for the homosexual what his mode of existence should be, the authors take a side in the "monogamy"/"promiscuity" issue. A quality of compassion could suspend such divisive questions which political discussion shall never resolve, I suspect, as human behavior falls along a spectrum; as it is, simple-hearted gays try to conform to a single "life style"



described by a few of our pushier leaders. Even as they advise each gay to assert his or her own self's truth (for I suppose that is "freedom"), and resist in-group and out-group oppressions, they seek to oppress with a single, conforming "lifestyle." Here is where the simplicity of freedom (Rosa Parks knowing when to say "No!" at last) is the end of a personal process more complicated than pat sociological, psychological, political essays would have us believe.

As in our relationships, we in the movement for minority rights must liberate ourselves from others' fixed ideas and not permit ourselves to be lumped together (except when it comes to the fight to survive) as one great centipede with a single head and a single value system. Nothing could be more stultifying, self-oppressive, and self-destructive.

With *Downcast Gays, Aspects of Homosexual Self-Oppression* could be a very ironic title if, to follow my suggestion, one kind of homosexual—say, "introverts" or the "monogamous"—were oppressed by a more vocal group—the "extroverts" or the "non-monogamous," and therefore made to feel doubly downcast—by both heterosexuals and homosexuals. There may yet be liberations that have not been imagined—or a greater refinement of the liberation we have achieved. The kind of self-violence I fear is suggested in the book's final line: "... Self-oppression we can tear out and destroy." Rather, I would hope, we must heal conditions of self-doubt, of un-belief, find something of value to replace the lack of something positive than hurling accusations, playing guilt and self-righteousness games. As an old saying has it, knots to be undone must be loosened not attacked.

Saying that, I must also add that I believe our analyses of our problems tend to be negative because we do not yet have a positive culture to sustain us. It will not suffice to say "gay life style" if that, on close examination, consists of nothing but glitter and a laugh. How does the gay fit into a family? What is a gay's relationship to children? Once we have freedom, do we take responsibility for what we do with that freedom?

*Like a Brother, Like a Lover: Male Homosexuality in the American Novel and Theatre* from Herman Melville to James Baldwin. Georges-Michel Sarotte. Translated from the French by Richard Miller. Garden City, New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 339 pp., \$10 hardcover. (Also in available paperback.)

*Playing the Game: The Homosexual Novel in America.* Roger Austen. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 240 pp., \$8.95 hardcover; \$5.95 paperback.

Reviewed by Larry Puchall

As Austen and Sarotte both point out, the systematic study of homosexual elements in American literature often seems like an adventure in archaeology: not only is one faced with the task of exhuming unpublished or little-known works, but having found them, one is then often obliged to make sense of a hieroglyphic scheme of innuendoes and veiled allusions and to shift through endless tales of suicide and woe to find anything resembling an affirmative view of homosexual existence. American culture has always pressured the homosexual to remain invisible in actuality and in literature; on those rare occasions when homosexuals were allowed to appear on the printed page, it was traditionally on the condition that they somehow not threaten American values, usually by portraying themselves in the worst possible light. Thus the price paid for visibility was indignity.

Austen's title refers to the devices authors would be obliged to use to get their homosexual themes into print—the suicides or homocides, the "cure" at the climax, the "tropical" or European settings, the fleeting adolescent friendship, etc. He does a superb job of rediscovering forgotten works: authors such as Charles Ford and Parker Tyler, Carl Van Vechten and Henry B. Fuller wrote novels in the twenties and thirties with openly homosexual characters, yet how many of us are aware of them today? While in some cases the poor quality of these works amply justifies their obscurity, in Barnes (*Nightwood*), obscurity resulted from the limitations of small publishing houses and scant attention from the literary press.

Austen treats adequately, though cursorily, the "landmark" authors—Vidal, McCullers, Isherwood, Baldwin—and in his final chapter touches on the rise of the pornographic novel in the wake of the increasingly more open climate. He seems to feel a certain nostalgia for the "traditional" homosexual novel of strife and tragedy and sees gay nonfiction and pornography as threatening to crowd it out from the market:

... the more serious and literate gay writer has found himself the victim of a paradox: with the wide-open acceptance of frankly homosexual fiction, the future of his sort of novel is threatened by his lurid competition. I find this a somewhat odd statement. While the kind of cheap porno to which Austen refers undoubtedly has its own audience, it's hard to see how titles like *Sucker for Seafood* and *Lifeguard for Lunch* cut into the sales of, for instance, *Narrow Rooms* or *Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll*. Unfortunately, works of the latter kind are still often subject to a lack of aggressive promotion from their publishing houses.

Austen has chosen an historical-chronological approach to the subject as opposed to the psychological analysis employed by Sarotte. What he gains, therefore, in the breadth of his documentation, he tends to lose in depth. Although novels tend to be catalogued more than studied, *Playing the Game* does provide a great deal of useful and interesting information, including an enlightening look at the press commentaries on many of the cited works which clears up any doubts of the homophobia of the American

literary establishment.

Austen's framework on the material is basically one of oppression and response to oppression. Sarotte, on the other hand, views the oppression as a psychological phenomenon and his focus is predominantly on the ways in which archetypal figures and situations in homosexual fiction reflect the nature of the cultural and familial aspects of the homosexual neurosis.

With regard to familial roots, Sarotte agrees essentially with the traditional analytic thesis in which homosexuality in the male is a result of the child's failure to identify with his father, to overcome the anxieties of the Oedipal period by deciding to emulate the father instead of competing with him. It is through this identification that the child adopts his father's gender-linked behaviors and heterosexual posture. The child who fails to incorporate his father in this way seeks to do so for the rest of his life, his "natural" homoerotic instincts becoming fixated into an enduring homosexuality. Onto this primary framework, which is at least implicitly cross-cultural, is added the burden of what Sarotte terms "the American virile ideal."

[It] is the idea of a country that was once a land of pioneers. Its indispensable characteristics are youth, strength, "Caucasian" beauty, purity, a thirst for unlimited freedom, and physical and moral courage.

Paradoxically enough, this ideal runs counter to the demands of a production-oriented, technological, "mature" adult society; thus the American boy is forced to switch directions in young adulthood. Having been presented (and usually internalized) the values of "wildness," the inferiority of women and the pleasure of male camaraderie, the youth must then settle into an adulthood of pacified, family-centered heterosexuality and "team play" in the corporate state. This forced "domestication" (read "castration," if you will) of the pioneer ideal explains at least in part the ongoing fears of feminization and resulting compensation of many American men long after their basic heterosexuality has been established.

The search for the American virile ideal in literature manifests itself in several ways: Sarotte, using Ferenzi's terms, distinguishes between homoeroticism (in which desires for closeness with other men are present but direct erotic feelings are unacknowledged), homosexuality (in which erotic feelings are acknowledged but deliberately held in check), and homogeneity (in which the erotic feelings are acted upon). Ostensibly heterosexual authors with obviously deep homoerotic feelings, such as Cooper, Melville, and Hemingway, tread very cautiously when portraying intense male relationships. Sarotte underscores the sadism that exists in these relationships, as seen in Melville's *White-Jacket* or Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*: the erotic feelings that emerge in these virile men are intolerable to them and are discharged through violence towards the man who either inspired them or participated in their release. This dynamic is examined explicitly in D.H. Lawrence's short story, "The Prussian Officer" and given its quintessential, though somewhat more muted, treatment in the classic *Billy Budd*.

Billy Budd is the archetype of masculine purity which the homosexual seeks to incorporate, according to Sarotte. With certain exceptions, e.g., *The Invisible Glass* by Loren Wahl and *Quatrefoil* by James Barr, the adoring, masochistic position of the homosexual, effeminate or "shy," depending on the era and author one chooses, character in relation to this virile ideal effectively precludes the possibility of a sustained, genuinely loving homosexual relationship. Tennessee Williams and William Inge in the theatre and James Farrell (*Studs Lonigan*), Gore Vidal and many others in the novel illustrate the extent to which homosexual writers have either themselves internalized, or at least have chosen to portray homosexual characters who have internalized the American virile ideal as their standard; the self-hatred that results from the inevitable failure of these figures to achieve the ideal results with depressing regularity in actual suicide or the "living suicide" of frustration, loneliness and despair; the most that these characters or authors can do to externalize the hatred is to exercise a form of "homosexual spite" in which the ostensibly virile hero (Brick in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* or Hal in *Picnic*) is shown to be flawed in some crucial aspect, usually related to his sexual performance or preferences.

Sarotte studies James, London, Fitzgerald, Mailer, Hemingway and several Jewish writers in a section entitled "Latent Homosexuality" though he is clear in his emphasis that the degree of latency differed amongst them. With Henry James and Jack London, the latency is seen as rather close to the surface, with the later attempting to suppress it with a hyper-masculine lifestyle and set of literary themes and the former admitting to a strong homosexual tendency to several friends while keeping his published opinions and fiction distinctly circumspect. Fitzgerald also embarked on a self-virilization program akin to that of London but, in Sarotte's opinion, never completely succeeded at it in life or in art. The key characteristic of Fitzgerald's fiction is the ways in which women are interposed between intense relationships of males, e.g. Tom, Nick and Gatsby, and the androgynous quality of such characters as Anthony Patch and Gloria in *The Beautiful and the Damned*. The subtitle of the chapter on Hemingway, "The (Almost) Total Sublimation of the Homosexual Instinct," speaks for itself.

In addition to the various archetypal situations into which the homosexual has traditionally been cast, i.e., the teacher-pupil, captain-soldier, adolescent, white-black relationships, Sarotte looks at the relations between homosexuals and women and various portrayals of the circumstances of the development of the homosexual, i.e., small town pressures, parent-child relations, sexual initiation, etc. The major fault of this otherwise provo-

cative and well-researched study lies in its organization. Sarotte's thesis is coherent enough, but he elaborates on it in an almost random way. Theatre is given relatively slight attention. Sarotte mentions that the book, originally a doctoral dissertation for the Sorbonne, was "ruthlessly condensed and thoroughly revised" for publication in France and implies that it is this latter version which we have in translation, perhaps accounting for the somewhat choppy organization.

The need of the homosexual author to compromise his subject matter because of external pressure is slowly ending; however, the American virile ideal is still with us. The implicit problem posed by Sarotte's approach lies in the dual source of his view of the homosexual neurosis: if indeed the roots of homosexuality lie in the failure of the male child to identify with his father and if homosexuality represents by definition a symbolic lifelong quest to complete this identification, would not then homosexuals be doomed to chase after the American ideal which, no matter how broad or androgynous that becomes, is highly unlikely to abandon its fundamental heterosexuality? The paradox is paralleled politically in the tensions between the assimilationists, if you will, whose message to heterosexual men and women is "accept us within your ranks because we are just like you (except for this one little aspect)" and the "radicals" who say "we are not like you, we do not seek to be like you and you must respect our right to be different." Because the human species does not exist androgynously or hermaphroditically, the homosexual will inevitably need and feeling comfortable within one's own anatomy and one's gender group. However, he or she is also acutely aware that that identification can never be complete and is faced with the difficult task of preserving self-esteem in the light of that incompleteness; this can be accomplished by either devaluing the importance of gender-identification as the basis for self-esteem or, in what is probably a more healthy solution, realizing that one's gender is only one part, though an important one, of one's personhood and that there is a value and sacredness to one's human spirit that goes beyond the cultural prescriptions of appropriately masculine and feminine behavior. At the present there is very little support for that position in the culture and, indeed, homosexuals are on the forefront of its development; the extent to which we can achieve the balance between commitment to and transcendence of masculine and feminine identifications is the extent to which our lives and our literature will be freed from the repetitive cycles of self- and other-hatred and will reflect the greatest possible expansiveness of human existence; it is to this goal of expansiveness that homosexual authors have attempted against enormous pressure to contribute and will continue to do so.

*False Clues* by Ron Schreiber. paper, Calamus books. (no price listed).

Reviewed by R. Daniel Evans

Awaiting a new Ron Schreiber book of poems is like waiting to see a new Fellini or Bunuel film. We know it will be very inventive. *False Clues*, Schreiber's latest collection, lived up to my expectations. I'm happy to recommend this book to readers, because I think they'll enjoy it and identify with the poet's experiences. Schreiber is one of a small handful of recent American poets who writes about gay existence with insight and compassion and equally important, knows how to write.

Ron Schreiber writes some fine political poems. He writes about the politics of surviving in a heterosexist world. In "writing to a friend in order to ask myself 2 questions," Ron asks a straight friend and himself some very basic questions:

you suspect  
that the problems of the middle class  
are not really interesting but they are  
nevertheless your problems

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....  
what do you want now?  
what will you do to get it?

In another angry poem, "land's end," Ron writes about the fear all faggots live with, using a series of explosions in a dream as a metaphor:

in my dreams hospitals collapse,  
university buildings are wrapped  
in kerosene rages, people wait for  
nuclear explosions — my mother, or  
Nico & I run to some kind of  
safety. often we don't make it.

By the end of the poem the reader has the feeling these "nuclear explosions" are metaphors for the eruptions of Anita-inspired anti-gay hate that rock the country currently. In a poem "after the Hopi" Ron makes powerful statements about the ecological ruin of the country and going from the famine of the third world peoples addresses the desolate "god of the first world."

Poems of personal emotional moods run throughout this book, as they have in all of Schreiber's earlier volumes. Ron Schreiber knows a lot about human relationships and their fragility. All types of human relationships. One of the most unusual is a poem called "dealing with your epilepsy," that has a refrain before each stanza saying "I cannot deal with it." This is a brave work; the poet admits his limitations:

If I knew you better, if I loved you, maybe I would want  
to help you. But I do not love you & I do not want to  
know you better.

I cannot deal with it.

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# A REMEMBRANCE

ASHORT STORY

by Rolf Tor Jarlsson

The air was brittle with cold and the trees in our yard were sheathed in ice on an arctic Sunday in February of 1947. I was lying on my bed listening to a debate on the radio between a missionary recently returned from China and a University of Wisconsin professor on the question of whether Mao Tze-tung was a Communist, as the minister contended, or merely an agrarian reformer, as the professor insisted. A car came crunching up into our driveway and several minutes later mother came to the landing of the back staircase and called me down to visit with Hans and Esther who'd driven up from Chicago for the afternoon. I was irritated at being taken away from the radio program, especially so since Hans and Esther Swensen, old friends of my mother and grandmother, were not one of my enthusiasms. Muttering "Shit!" and "Damn!" I got into some decent slacks and came down to the sitting room to waste a long, mercilessly boring afternoon listening to Scandinavian small talk and allowing myself to be gushed over by a middle-aged couple who couldn't forget that when I was a little kid I liked to dress up in an Indian costume. Mother inquired about Hal. When Harald Swenson and I were children we were expected to be good buddies by our respective parents, and although we hated each other ferociously, Hal and I exchanged annual summer visits, a week for me with the Swensens in North Chicago, Hal coming for a week with us in Ripon. Hal was five years older than I, a fair Nordic, tall and athletic; I was short, dark, and no good at baseball. He called me 'sissy' and 'nigger', I called him the worst words in my vocabulary, 'bastard' and 'son of a bitch', and we fought constantly. During the war, this being World War Two, I was in the Navy and Hal was in the OSS where he had an adventurous career parachuting into Norway, escaping from the Germans on skis and in small fishing smacks, and taking part in heroic exploits for which he was much decorated by the American government and the Kingdom of Norway. Out of the Army, Hal was living at home, at loose ends, having problems adjusting to living the life of an ordinary human being, and flushing his frustrations in brawling with Pollocks in the taverns on North Clark Street. Hal wanted to go to college but schools were full to overflowing with returned veterans on the GI Bill, and he couldn't find a college interested in making room for him because he'd made such a dismal record in high school. Mother, good old mother, suggested that Hal should come and live with us while she tried to pull some strings to get him admitted to Belton. Her influence in the college derived from my deceased father's reputation as Chairman of the Chemistry Department and from her membership in the college faculty social set. As Esther and mother were laying out this scheme I foresaw what would happen. Hal would come up and be installed in the guest rooms on my floor of the house, mother would have the Dean of Students and his wife over for social occasions to get acquainted with Hal, he'd hang around for a couple weeks and I'd be stuck with entertaining him and dragging him around to my classes to sample courses and meet teachers. I loathed the idea the more I thought about it and by the time Hans and Esther were ready to leave my ire had boiled up into seething wrath. To avoid a row with mother I bolted to my room after the lingering farewells, turned on the radio full volume and refused to come down for dinner. Mother excused such temper tantrums as the unhealthy effects of the war on my sensitive nerves. Four months passed and the inevitable day came when I was reminded at breakfast and lunch that I must pick up Hal at the Burlington station at 3:30 in the afternoon. I don't relish disagreeable chores and ever since I was a brat I've tried to avoid them by delay and postponement. So I was late in starting for the station and as I drove up Lincoln Street I saw the Zephyr slowly pull out for Minneapolis. Fuck it, so I wasn't there to meet the train, let the big hero wait. I put the car into a parking space and dashed for the train platform. Coming around a corner of the depot I tripped over a faded olive drab barracks bag, kicked over a black leather suitcase, lost the loafer from my right foot, and would have taken a dive on the bricks if I hadn't been grabbed by an astonishingly beautiful man. He was in a crisp, light tan suit, a brown tie was pulled loose at the throat, his blue linen shirt was partially opened exposing a vee of deeply tanned skin. The man's facial features were defined as perfectly as if they'd been modelled by a sculptor, his eyes were sky blue and clear as spring water. Long hair was not in fashion in the middle forties, but this man's hair was very long, it spilled over his brow in golden chunks, fell down behind his ears and strayed over the collar of his jacket. "Pardon me," I said, "I was supposed to meet someone on the Zephyr and I'm late." While apologizing I wrenched my foot back into the loafer and pulled away to free myself from the man's grasp. He didn't release my arm but held me for a long speechless moment. "My God!", he said, "You're Eric!" "You're Hal?", I replied. In the Navy I'd had enough sexual experience to acquire the intuition for recognizing another homosexual. Hal was one, I had no doubt about that, and he was an awesomely attractive male animal. My mind and muscular reactions became disorganized. I started the car in gear and rammed it against the curb of the parking lot, I killed the engine, I ran one red light and stopped so abruptly at another that Hal pitched off the seat against the dash. Once we arrived at the house I led the way to the guest rooms, and stood inside the door gripping the barracks bag, blabbering mindlessly to conceal my confusion. Hal hadn't said a dozen words since we met. He stared at me and the longer he looked

the more frazzled I became. He put down the two suiter he was carrying and without taking his eyes from me reached back and closed the door. I was mesmerized. He came toward me and I was in his arms, smelling the odor of his body, feeling his tongue against my teeth. After dinner I asked mother for the car to give Hal a tour of the campus, but once we escaped from the house I drove outside town to a worked out gravel quarry where we stripped and swam naked in the pit pond. We spread a blanket in a grove of trees and Hal made love to me. My sexual adventures in the Navy were all furtive quickies and Hal's languorous sensuality was new to me and wildly exciting. He slide his left arm under my shoulders, held me close, kissed me, and with his right hand stroked and caressed me. I nestled my head on his chest, melted, let him explore my body, and all but swallowed his tongue in the kissing. Hal wasn't a man to waste pleasure in haste and this went on for a long time before he was ready to take me. By then I was nearly deranged by the lavish flood of sensations I'd never imagined it was possible to feel. Hal brought along a bottle of Italian Balm, a viscous, creamy hand lotion and he lubricated me and then himself. He turned me over, spread my legs and knelt between my thighs. He separated my buttocks and I felt him hard against me. This was my first time for sodomy and I didn't know what was about to happen to me. Hal entered, and God, oh God, a jagged streak of pain ripped through my gut. Hal paused, talked to me to help me relax and as my muscles eased he went in deeper and deeper. The insertion was slow and by the time he was down on top of my back sweat was pouring off my face, I panted and groaned in agony. On the middle finger of Hal's right hand he wore a massive ring and he told me to bite it, I put my lips on the top of his hand and fastened my teeth on the thick silver band. The stabbing, stinging was torment and I was sure I would faint as the withdrawal and thrusting penetration went on and on. At last the pain reached a crescendo, my body seemed about to split, Hal's chest and belly became tense and hard, then shook with long, shivering spasms. When we were back home Hal took me into his bathroom for an inspection to see if he'd torn me but the only damage done was to my virginity. This was my first love affair and I didn't understand the chaos of my emotions about Hal, I hadn't the dimmest awareness of being personally and sexually desirable, nor did I perceive the growing intensity of Hal's feeling for me. In the weeks that followed I found myself repeatedly getting into fights with him, a reprise of our childhood squabbles. We battled over everything: politics, French grammar, Communism, Existentialism, decisions in choosing courses; we quarrelled putting a new fan belt on the car, wrangled about which movie we were going to see. Hal always won. He always had facts and information, his mind worked like a logic machine, he could express his opinions forcefully and persuasively, and he spoke and acted with an egotistical superiority that set me off into screaming rages. Being constantly put down was hard on a spoiled, only child and I was reduced to snarling and sulking. We reconciled in bed and after one of these episodes I decided I was being abused and during the next bout I spat at Hal and told him he wasn't going to finish it off by screwing me too. Hal was never agitated when he was angry. He was silent, calm, but blazing inside and waves of incandescent fury radiated from him. He stared at me, for a moment he didn't move, and without a word of reply to my taunt he left my room and went down the hall. I sat at my table and tried to read but I was in turmoil. Tears came and I lay down on the bed and bawled. I couldn't stop crying, got scared, went down to Hal's room and tapped lightly but he didn't answer. Frantically I hammered on the door. Hal was showering to cool off and when he opened he was holding a towel around his waist. He saw I was hysterical, dropped the towel and held out his arms to me. He stood in the doorway, tall, muscular, a young blonde Viking, water dripping from his yellow hair, sparkling droplets caught in the flaxen fur of his crotch. I went to pieces. Hal grabbed me and held my face against his cold, wet chest to muffle the sound of my sobbing. When he realized what a dumb kid I was Hal patiently began teaching me about coming out, homosexuality, and falling in love. With his help I learned to understand myself, became conscious of how passionately I loved him, and with youthful enthusiasm gave myself to him completely. My resistance to Hal's dominance dissolved, replaced with exuberant enjoyment of being the beloved of an aggressive, arrogant, ardent, gloriously handsome man. We continued to argue, but we didn't fight and our friendship was increasingly stimulating, intellectually as well as emotionally and sexually. I'd never been more than a mediocre student but Hal inspired me. Once he helped me to see the connections between ideas and experiences insights exploded in my mind like rockets and firecrackers, I was eagerly attentive in classes rather than bored and my work improved dramatically. Hal taught me a lot. He had me wear jockey shorts instead of baggy boxers, bulky sweaters and tight chino pants instead of sports jackets and sloppy slacks. He made me feel more confident, more manly; I tried out for the college swim team and made it, something I would never have attempted if Hal hadn't prodded and nagged me to compete. There was also training in practical matters like using an anal syringe before having sex. Hal wanted my hair long, and although mother had a fit about this Hal had his way. Mother was one of the world's perfect innocents and I never knew whether she approved of our friendship or simply didn't suspect Hal and I were lovers. She heard Hal call me 'Liebschen' often enough, and a

couple times she caught us holding hands but she didn't notice or object and we stopped worrying about being casually intimate in her presence. Mother was fond of Hal and enormously pleased with his influence on my college performance. Mother felt that low grades were a social disgrace, and worse, a kind of offense to my father's memory, and she may have overlooked the unconventional aspects of our friendship in gratitude for Hal's effect on my grade point average. She did hassle me for not having any social life and to quiet her once I went to a frat party with a co-ed I'd dated in high school. Mother was elated but Hal was so angry he wouldn't sleep with me for a week. I told him I'd do anything to make up but Hal was in no hurry and put on the appearance of chilly indifference until peace was made on terms of my unconditional surrender. Hal gave me the nugget ring indented with my teeth marks and it was to be taken as a seal of marriage, a reminder of my promise to love, honor, and obey. Such extravagant romanticism may seem silly now when friendship and sex aren't formed on the pattern of Achilles and Patroclus, Alexander and Haephestion but there was much good in it. I learned to accept responsibility for giving a man loyalty, affection and sexual satisfaction, and there was something exceptionally potent and magical in our love, when Hal and I were together we generated a kind of energy, sometimes it was warm and cozy, sometimes it felt like crackling electricity. Our sexual life flourished. In the afternoon I might put on a tee shirt, a pair of sheer cotton pajama bottoms and lie on my bed to read until Hal came home from an afternoon class or lab. When I heard him on the stairs I'd roll over on my stomach and tug the pajama bottoms snug over the backs of my thighs and tight across my hips and down the crack of my behind. My rear was firm, nicely peaked and dimpled, and when my muscles had stretched comfortably it was unutterable ecstasy to have Hal inside me. He'd breeze into the room, drop his books, kick off his shoes, push me over on my back and lie on top of me. With his arms wound around me he'd slip his hands up inside the tee shirt, tickle my shoulders, and then slide down to grasp my butt. He filled my mouth with kisses and whispered French poetry in my ear or if he were horny he'd make up a vivid pornographic description of the terrible things he was going to do to me to satiate his bestial and demented lust for my body. We spent most of the summer at mother's cottage out on the lake where we could be by ourselves and we had a seasonal festival of love. Hal thought my attitude toward life was pinched and puritanical and with his encouragement I flung off clothes and inhibitions, abandoned myself to nature and paganism. The only clothing I wore was wooden shower clogs and occasionally field daisies or wild larkspur in the hair between my legs and on my head. I composed erotic poems in imitation of verses in the Palatine Anthology, wrote pages and pages of lush romances about a Spartan captain and an Athenian school boy, a Persian satrap and an Arab slave boy, a Roman centurion and a Syrian dancing boy. During the day Hal and I read, swam, wrote, listened to the radio, and in the evening after supper we'd shower and go out into the meadow behind the cottage with a bottle of wine. For hours into the night we touched and fondled, lay on our backs and looked at the stars, listened to the calls of night birds, kissed and licked, and shared orgasms that lit up the sky like the shimmering borealis. One steaming hot afternoon in August mother had a party of her bridge club friends out from town for swimming and a picnic. I wore a pair of abbreviated swim trunks, daring then though they wouldn't be thought much today, I shagged them down on my hips so they hugged my bottom and exposed a little of the cleft of my tail. Hal began to get bothered and since the women weren't wise to what was going on I did everything I could to tease Hal into getting aroused. While the old ladies had their coffee and brandy on the porch after supper Hal wanted to go for a walk along the lakeshore. I thought this was schmalzty but when we'd gone a safe distance from the house Hal seized me by the hair, hauled me up into the trees and what he did to me wasn't moonlight and roses. It was mostly pretending but I scratched and bit convincingly and Hal mauled and raped me deliciously. The next day all my muscles ached, my gut was chafed and sore, and I had to wear a shirt with a collar buttoned up so Mother wouldn't see Hal's bite bruises across my shoulders and around my neck. And I adored him. We graduated together and Hal went down to Chicago to get a job. I stayed on at college for a year of work in Italian and Spanish so I could go to Northwestern for graduate study in Romance Languages. Northwestern is in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, and we planned this so it would be possible for Hal and me to live together. Hal came to Ripon the first weekend of every month, I went to him for all of the college recesses and holidays, and we spent the next summer living in the cottage at the lake. We had grown so close, so much one with each other that it was eerie how we could know each other's thoughts and feelings. We'd be together without talking, conversation would begin and we'd discover we'd both been thinking about the same thing. Since I was to leave home permanently mother decided to make changes in her life and I stayed on to help settle family financial affairs, clean out and sell our huge, old house, and move her into an apartment. Hal and I were together less often during these months and in March he came up to tell me he was going to ask a girl in Chicago to marry him. Hal's explanation didn't make sense at the time, but I've come to understand his reasons and motives for leaving me. After the last summer Hal began to think about how far things had gone with us and decided, given the social circumstances of the time, that a homosexual partnership was doomed and it would be less excruciating for me if he were to end our friendship quickly, cleanly, and decisively. The anguish was so traumatic I can't recall much of what I did after Hal left except for lying in bed night after night crying until morning. I felt I had to get far away so I wound up things in Ripon, went out to Los



# THE CASE OF GENNADY TRIFONOV

Gennady Trifonov is a young Leningrad poet who is currently serving a four year sentence in a Soviet labor camp situated in the northern part of the Ural Mountains. He was tried and sentenced at a closed trial in November of 1976. At the time of his trial his mother and friends were unable to learn the exact nature of the charges against him. His transgression? He circulated privately a series of masterfully written poems about his love for another man.

After Trifonov's case was mentioned in several gay publications in the West in the spring of 1977 (Richard Sylvester, "Gennady Trifonov," *Gay Sunshine*, No. 32, Spring 1977; "From Russia With Love," *Christopher Street*, March, 1977; Peter Burton, "Gennady Trifonov," *Gay News*, No. 119, May 19 - June 1, 1977), the mass-circulation Soviet illustrated magazine *Ogonyok* responded with an official version of what had happened to Trifonov. In a vitriolic article about a Dutch divinity student who was expelled from the Soviet Union for gathering information about the dissident movement, Gennady Trifonov was mentioned as someone the Dutchman had met but did not try to recruit for espionage activities and who was subsequently convicted for serving liquor to a minor, theft, hooliganism and "violating still another article of the criminal code, one that has a direct bearing on his miserable homosexual doggerel" (A. Kostrov, "The Second Face of Theodore Voort," *Ogonyok*, No. 27, July, 1977).

Establishing guilt by association (Trifonov's name is brought up even though the article says he hardly knew Theodore Voort and passed no information to him) and piling up trumped-up charges of petty crime are quite usual when the Soviet press writes of anyone considered a dissident. What was new in the *Ogonyok* piece was the previously unmentionable topic of homosexuality. The subject came up in the Soviet press several times in 1977-78, always in contexts that equated homosexuality with crime (or insanity) and with anti-Soviet attitudes. Among these instances were the articles in *Sovetsky Sport* that denounced body building as allegedly leading to both homosexuality and murder; and the account in the *Literary Gazette* of the one-man demonstration for gay rights staged in Moscow on November 15, 1977 by the Italian gay liberationist Angelo Pezzano (V. Valentinov, "Signor Pezzano's Inalienable Right," *Literary Gazette*, November 23, 1977). The article described Pezzano as an emissary from the Biennale of Dissent that was about to open at the time in Venice and implied that the Biennale of Dissent was organized by homosexuals and madmen.

After he had read in the labor camp the *Ogonyok* and the *Literary Gazette* pieces, Gennady Trifonov sent his friends in Leningrad a vehement "Open Letter" addressed to the *Literary Gazette* (where it does not have the slightest chance of getting printed). In his letter, Trifonov protested

against the recent trend to slander homosexuals in the Soviet press and documented the brutal and inhuman treatment of homosexuals by both the administration and the other inmates of the labor camps that he had had occasion to observe since he began serving his sentence. The letter mentioned that his food and his treatment by the camp authorities had improved somewhat after his case was publicized in the West.

Gennady Trifonov's friends are apprehensive about his ability to survive the four years of harsh labor camp regime. One of them has conveyed to the West the epistle in verse which Trifonov sent to his Leningrad friends in February, 1978 (printed below in a translation by Simon Karlinsky). Trifonov's mother and his friends in the Soviet Union feel that the only way to help him is to give his case the greatest possible publicity in the West. To achieve this end, *Gay Sunshine* (San Francisco), *The Body Politic* (Toronto), *Christopher Street* (New York), *Gay News* (London), and *Revolt* (Sweden) have all agreed to publish simultaneously Gennady Trifonov's "Letter from Prison" and David Dar's essay about him. Letters on Gennady Trifonov's behalf from private individuals to Soviet embassies and consulates, to Amnesty International and to writers' organizations, such as the PEN Club may also help to bring an end to the ugly and senseless persecution of this gifted poet.

## Introductory Note to David Dar's Essay

The appreciation of Trifonov's poetry, printed below, was written by the Soviet novelist and playwright David Dar who was recently allowed to emigrate to Israel. It has, needless to say, not been published in the Soviet Union. David Dar was married to the noted Soviet novelist Vera Panova who, until her death in 1973, employed Trifonov as her literary secretary and used her influential position to shield him from KGB persecution. Dar's essay is written from the position of a heterosexual who is able to see the literary and human value of Trifonov's poetry and is not put off by its gay sensibility. While the essay might appear too hyperbolic from the Western point of view and while its approach could hardly be called liberated, the mere fact of its being written while the author was still in the USSR makes it newsworthy enough to warrant publication.

## ABOUT GENNADY TRIFONOV'S POETRY

The poetry of my favorite poets does not live outside of me, it lives within me. If a poet failed to awaken my own mute voice, my own unwritten and even undreamt-of poetry, then such a poet, no matter how widely recognized, will never find a way into my heart. Gennady Trifonov has wrenched out of its captivity in my muteness the purest melody of all, one that had perhaps sounded inaudibly in my heart in rare moments of sublime infatuation. I would like for others to hear this melody. I think of it as quiet, gentle and tinted a pale blue hue.

I once wrote about a young man in love. He did not sleep all night and I listened to his beating heart.

"What is it beating against?" I asked.

"Can't you hear?" said the young man. "It is doing battle with my reason."

It beat as if against the walls of a dungeon, this little, inexperienced, desperate human heart.

"Have trust in me," it implored the young man. "Have trust in me! Your reason has been taught physics and chemistry, geography and history, it knows how to generalize and compare, to draw conclusions and foresee the future. But I remained illiterate, I can be taught nothing, just as one can teach nothing to a flower, a cloud, a star. So have trust in me, have trust!"

Gennady Trifonov's poetry is the poetry of someone who decided to trust his heart. Reason—solid, respectable, universally esteemed—had to retreat before the desperately defenseless, reckless little heart, naked and irresponsible. David vanquished Goliath. The young David, naked as a flower, is playing his songful reed flute. "I am the one," sings the flute "who's most affectionate of all."

*who falls to the ground from the heights  
without breaking his neck or windpipe,  
who opens his mouth wide to rhymes.*

*I'm music. Take me. Play me.  
I am the reed flute of the steppes.  
I know all there's to know of this life.*

## A REMEMBRANCE (cont.)

Angeles, got into UCLA and soon found my way into the gay world of southern California. I had news of Hal only incidentally in letters from mother and the last I heard of him before she died was that he had become a Vice President of a steel products corporation. My memories of those days and years are precise images, at this moment I see reflections of the July sun flaming on the waves of the lake and Hal's naked, brown body sprawled on the diving raft. But so much has changed, changed so rapidly and radically that the images seem to be memories of an existence in another world, remembrances of another lifetime. Hal and I could have made it together. When I read stories in gay papers about homosexual marriages it intensifies the feeling of desolation and loss that's like a knife buried in me sharp and deep. Time doesn't heal the wound. It hones the blade.

## LETTER FROM PRISON

I get your letters, telling me  
that I'm a poet, which is dazzling,  
that this is why my lofty star  
is not extinguished in the dark.

All of you write me that my voice  
has been absorbed by wintry groves  
which are obedient to my hand,  
obedient like my own handwriting.

All of you tell me: I alone  
sang—as no one's allowed to sing—  
of how we love without response  
him who's our sole necessity,

Him who gives shape to all our lives  
the way the branches form a garden  
when God will kiss us on the lips  
the way the snowfall kisses earth;

The one for whom I shout at night,  
for whom I call, a wounded bird;  
One who no longer haunts my dreams,  
One about whom my verse is silent.

You write, responding in advance.  
You plead with me: "Do not give up,  
Endure it all and stay alive."  
And I live on. And there's no life.

-Gennady Trifonov  
February 1978  
North Urals

*both when I laugh and when I moan  
and that is my entire truth.*

The greater part of Gennady Trifonov's poems is addressed to the one he loves. His poems plead for the least fleeting touch, express gratitude for brief encounters, voice a timid hope to be understood, vouchsafe total devotion. But the loved one is always elusive. He exists only in the past and in the future, never in the present. In the present there are only the poems. They are of the utmost candor, protected by neither reason nor the accepted emotional norms, suggestively whispered by the naked, quivering heart.

It is a fragile reed flute. It can be broken, flung away, trampled underfoot. But it keeps on singing—tender, quiet, passionate and pure:

*My hands are cautious  
My lips are still slightly hot,  
So touch them once more. All's permitted  
By the light of the last candle.*

But the entreaties are useless, they are not heard or not understood, or it could be that they are addressed not to a living person of flesh, but to a longing, a dream, a phantom. And the poet returns again and again to his only reality—a blank piece of paper:

*No, I don't weep, I don't,  
nor do I crumple my drafts  
when I hasten to lend a successful line  
the movement of a river.*

I can feel this movement—the current of a singing river—in every line of Trifonov's. At times this current is a gently lulling one, one that barely ripples the bewitching transparency and clarity of his emotions:

*We were as yet remote  
from each other, and the names  
of your verbs were still easy  
when silence drew us close.*

At other times this current becomes precipitous, foamy, ungovernable and imperiously demanding:

*Everything can still come to me:  
both life and death, but you—I doubt it.  
This is why I long for your sworn promise  
before the next winter sets in.  
I want the snow of Christmas eve  
to promise me in advance  
the evening meaning of your verbs—  
my swoon or my delight.*

Among Gennady Trifonov's poems, not a single one can be found that is not inspired by tenderness, love or sensuality. Now, there are different ways of speaking about sensuality. Philistine jokes degrade it to the level of something base or shameful. Genuine poetry elevates sensuality, cleanses it from everything that is base, informs it with beauty and nobility, adorns both the one who loves and the one who is loved. This is probably why all those to whom Trifonov's poems are addressed are bewitchingly beautiful:

*Oh Ghivi, say to me  
that it's a dream, a lie.  
Look, now your silver knife  
is bathed in my blood.*

*I have not yet been killed—  
it is a surface wound  
from Georgian lips and cheeks  
that cast a shade on me.*

The poet depicts his protagonist with a total of three strokes: the silver knife of the inhabitant of the Caucasus and his "Georgian" (i.e., probably swarthy) lips and cheeks. The sketch is light and inspired. Together with the poet I experience admiration and an aching feeling of infatuation; the fact he is infatuated not with a young girl enhances the sweetness of what is forbidden and the longing for what cannot be realized.

All of Trifonov's love lyrics are addressed not to women but to men. This aspect of his poetry, not understood by everyone, is perhaps the source of its special dramatic quality and purity. It goes without saying that Trifonov's poems are not about sexual fun and games, but always about the powerful and irresistible attraction of one human being for another.

This powerful attraction is imbued in Gennady Trifonov's poetry with a divine grandeur, as are also nature (forest, sky, rain, river) and poetry (line, pipes of Pan, rhyme, reed flute). Against this background of the always majestic eternal nature, lit up by the always majestic eternal poetry, in bewitching verbal and sonorous harmonies and clearcut strokes that show their fidelity to the austere classical poetry of Europe, there unfolds in Trifonov's poetry—and in his life—the tragedy of his love—majestic, inapplicable, but irresistible as fate itself.

This is the reason why I am bold enough to place the handwritten volume of the virtually unknown Russian poet, who is now paying for the defenseless unity of his poetry and his life by serving a sentence in the labor camps of the northern Urals, on my bookshelf next to the immortal sonnets of Petrarch and Michelangelo, not wishing to think about whether the justice of my judgement will or will not be confirmed by that unbribable and implacable judge of poets, time.

Leningrad, 1978

*Gay Sunshine urges its readers to write to the Soviet Consulate, S.F., asking for Trifonov's release. [Moderate letters will have a better chance than intemperate ones.] Write: Consul General, Consulate General of the Soviet Union, 2790 Green St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123; also to Leonid Brezhnev, Soviet President, Moscow, U.S.S.R.*



# DAS BLASSROTE DREIECK

## A SHORT STORY

by Leigh W. Rutledge

My first impression of Auschwitz was of mud.

Our train pulled into the camp in the middle of the night—three hundred people, exhausted, worn, afraid, jammed into each cattle car. We'd lived in each other's sewage for two days and three nights. As people, we clung to one another, finding a thin current of optimism in our shared flesh. As faces, we peered at one another, full of individual pain and questions. At night, each face in the darkness looked like the skeleton it would become. I sat thinking about Johann.

I was trying to tell myself not to think about him, when the train pulled to a halt. It was our last stop, a destination in the middle of the night. It must've been around midnight.

There was a short wait inside the car. Apprehension was mixed with expectation. There was still the optimism in all of us. After all, the stories we had heard—they couldn't be true...

Suddenly there was a hard clanging down the train. The doors were being opened.

People rose to their feet in excitement. We were about to disembark.

The doors flew open. One could taste the fresh air immediately.

German and Prussian guards waited for us. They barked orders at us to leave all our belongings in the cars. We were herded out of the sewage—and into the mud, the omnipresent mud of Auschwitz. And in the air, a strange smell, like silk or nylons burning. And a slight flurry of ashes, like gray snow.

An old Polish woman smiled at me. She stomped delicately in the mud and then pointed to her shoes, to the brown mash that clung to her heels. "Mud!" she said triumphantly, which meant "The earth!" It was as if to say "Anything may happen, but the earth will always be there."

But I was distracted. I was craning my neck, looking over the hundreds of heads moving out from the train. I was looking for Johann. We had been taken together, but during the roundup we were separated.

The darkness around the train was almost complete. There was only a sea of humanity, flooding out like water into the gates of Auschwitz. No individual faces. The early morning darkness, like the camp itself, stripped flesh of its individuality, stripped it of all characteristics, except two—that it lived and that it died. There was no Johann.

A Prussian guard pushed me from behind. I almost slipped and fell on my face in the mud, but a man caught me from behind. I turned around. Another face. One of thousands, millions. He smiled at me and then moved on, towards the lights, between the walls of guards and into the mouth of the camp itself.

My emotions were confused, muddled. I felt the same kind of hopelessness I used to as a child, when I'd lie in bed at night, staring up at the ceiling and, out of nowhere, there would come this thought, this feeling—a sudden realization that I was going to die, that I was finite after all. Alone in bed, it made everything seem gray. But it always went away. There was my life to distract me from my death. Now, here, the reality was imposing. Life seemed to become the perpetuation of some awful lie. Death was now the distraction from life.

The gates of the camp were open like jaws. They looked bizarre in the eerie lighting, especially with their strange, almost gothic twists of barbed wire. They made a slight humming sound.

As soon as we started through them, there was the sound of music. A sick irony. The gates of hell were marked with trumpets, too. Was that really Mozart, accompanying the sobs and moans, the sound of Prussian whips? A thin, apathetic Mozart. Some unseen orchestra, soothing the hysteria of the damned. It made the cold night seem grayer. An old Jew behind me chuckled bitterly.

Ahead, the current of people twisted and turned, and then forked. Women to the right, men to the left. Trails of people disappeared into brilliantly lit concrete buildings. The full anguish of separation suddenly became apparent. There were several trim young women in nurse's uniforms, standing by the doors of the buildings, comforting people. "It will be all right. You will see. This is only a formality. This is only a formality..." The anthem of Auschwitz: Everything is only a formality.

The orchestra, somewhere behind us now, paused between movements of Mozart.

Just before I entered one of the buildings, there was a strange commotion behind me. A woman screamed. Gunshots. Several shrieks. Feet pounding the mud. I turned around. Too late. I was inside the building before I could see a thing. I was later told that a woman had thrown herself against the electrified fence.

About a year before, Johann's sister, Hannah, had gotten married. That was in April. The day was like a beautifully clear photograph.

The wedding was held out-of-doors. After the supper, there was dancing on the lawn. Hannah and her new husband danced one waltz alone, the two figures, black and white, moving against a brilliant background of green and blue and new roses.

Johann came up to me, extending a glass of champagne.

We watched the newly-weds dance.

Finally he said, "They're so incredibly in love. Look at them."

I did. I saw Johann and I, a few nights before, in bed, naked. I was lying on top of him, my face buried in his warm neck. Hannah's face was buried in her husband's neck exactly the same way.

Thoughts fled.

I turned and looked at Johann and smiled.

He clinked the edge of his champagne glass against mine.

"To the day!" he saluted and winked at me.

"That day will never come," I replied.

He shrugged and turned back to the dancers.

The high April sun caught the features of his face just so. The cheekbones were brought into relief. The eyes withdrew and deepened into sensual darkness. The dark hair merged with the shadows. He was incredibly handsome...

I'm not sure why that memory came back to me, as I stood enduring the first of so many Auschwitz formalities.

I was emptying my pockets. A guard informed us that our belongings would be taken and stored for us. The last remnants of our former existences—the silly, conventional things we all held in our trouser pockets. Belongings fell upon belongings on the table, then were swept away by the fat little hands of more women in nurse's uniforms, then were dumped into show boxes which were whisked away into back rooms. So many back rooms....

Then we were ordered to strip. Our clothes were thrown in heaps on large tables, where they were separated and folded by still more "nurses." One pretty blonde girl hummed while neatly folding pairs of pants. She had the air of a private maid going about her household chores.

I looked around at the men near me. A vague kind of sexual thought passed through my mind. It might have seemed out of place. But the last instincts lingered. A good-looking young man next to me, turned away, shy, modest. He started coughing nervously. His buttocks trembled. At another time, in another place... There was little time to think, even of the normal comforts of flesh. Flesh was stripped and constrained. The sex urge was one of the first to be beaten out of us, by the enormity of the situation if nothing else. The Nazis were wise psychologists. The libido was one of the most powerful and liberating forms of the human spirit. Rebellion could be fermented by an erection. But there were none here—at least not for long. There was too much death to think of sex.

Finally, we were pushed on to a room where our heads were shaved. And then, before being provided with prison wear, there was another separation, another fork ahead. Two doors like some Dantesque analogy turned into reality. A guard stood between them, directing individuals through one door or the other. The very young or the very old or the very frail—to the left. The rest of us—to the right. The darkness to the left was consuming, silent, like a scream in a vacuum. The man between the doors occasionally chose able-bodied men to the left. There was a certain implacable smile on his lips when he made one of these arbitrary selections. For many, the nightmare began and ended on the front steps of the camp. For the rest of us...

I thought of Johann, could suddenly think of little else. These private pains consumed all of the faces around me. Each one spoke of some loved one, gone, missed, misplaced. The door to the left was the symbol of an unknown fate. Who would be picked? It presented a dreadful possibility—one that led to painful speculation.

Johann? Unlike many of the others, I had no illusions of where the door to the left led. Even after a long time in the camps, many people still couldn't face the reality that someone would want to persecute, let alone kill them. The door to the left was not the final horror. It was the first. I knew where it went—and briefly glimpsed Johann, naked (and the nakedness was completely sexual and virile), led into the vacuum, into cool gray tiled rooms, and doors shut, and a moment's silence, and then the hissing of gas, and then panic, and then men breaking their fingerbones, clawing at the unyielding tile for a way out... So many men lost. And in the middle of the room stood Johann, lost in a fog of screaming gas. And then—nothing. The room was empty, as if gas actually made people just quietly disappear, instead of die slowly...

In a chemistry class at the University of Hamburg where I first met him, Johann used to turn on the gas for the bunsen burners, used to lean close to the outlet and take a deep breath. "The smell of Germany," he used to say, referring to the sickly sweet smell that surrounded most of Germany's industrial cities...

The strange smell like burning nylons became worse as we entered the room where we were commissioned our prison wear. Except, it didn't smell like burning nylons anymore. It had a sickening, repulsive edge to it. It was only a smell, but there was something instinctively horrible about it.

I noticed that the floors of the room were covered with a fine layer of gray dust.

I looked up as I was getting into my gray-and-white striped pants.

A face moved near me.

Johann! The edge of a cheek, something about the shape of the head. Johann...

But when the face turned full to mine, it belonged to someone else.

The jolting fear suddenly crossed my mind: What if I didn't recognize him because of his shaved head? What if we passed one another, without ever knowing? What if...

We were herded out of the building into the camp itself.

The sky was starting to get light, a vague pastel color emerging through the smoke of Auschwitz. Dawn. It looked morbid and thin, with the silhouette of the crematoriums against it.

There was the sound of Mozart again, as morbid and thin as the new light.

We were led to our barracks, assigned to beds, though they looked more like coffins.

We were all totally exhausted, more mentally than physically. Our mind needed a chance to retreat to its subconscious, in order to deal with our new experience. Our day, the long long day seemed over.

It wasn't.

There was no time for sleep. Dawn meant work, for all prisoners, new or experienced.

The long long day was just beginning.

There was a nightclub in Berlin that Johann and I used to frequent before the war really got under way.

They had shows there sometimes. One night it was a female impersonator from Paris. She burst onto the stage in the explosion of a spotlight, waving the long sleeves of a deep lavender dress. There was something hypnotic about that shade of lavender. One was compelled to stare at it, to look deep into it. It had the effect of a shock and a warning.

I leaned over to Johann and said something about it.

He shrugged. "It's only a color," he replied...

It didn't take long to understand the meaning of the pink triangle that was sewn on many prisoners' shirts. The Nazis had color-coded mankind. Every prisoner was ordered to wear a patch on his shirt, color-coded to his specific crime. The Jews wore a yellow Star of David. Hoodlums wore black triangles. The pink triangle was reserved for homosexuals.

There was only one man in our barracks who wore the pink triangle. Most homosexuals, if they were known, were sent immediately to the showers. For some reason, this man had survived. There was a certain arbitrariness about his survival. There was a certain arbitrariness about all our survivals.

I never approached him, though we exchanged glances occasionally. He seemed to know. I was wearing the black triangle. The color hid nothing, though.

One time in the barracks, he hesitated near me, as if to ask something. I turned around. He said nothing. He moved on.

I thought of asking him if there was any way to locate someone in the camp. I was thinking of Johann. But I thought better of it. Suspicion was bred into us. How could we be sure who were our real enemies?

We worked eighteen hours a day. The crew I was assigned to helped to build roads just outside the camp. The faces of the crew changed constantly. People disappeared in the night, in the morning. They disappeared in front of us. One afternoon, I watched a very good-looking young man hacked to death with a shovel. No one knew what he had done. It didn't matter. New faces appeared from the daily transports, the trains that arrived in the middle of the night. We worked—and worked—and watched, watching the faces around us. Those faces became very important. Not only was each of us looking for some lost loved one (Johann was omnipresent in my mind, even though my hopes were fading), but we were watching to make sure that some of the familiar faces were still with us. Some sense of security had to be found, especially in all that hell. A face that was still with us after a week meant a good deal of security. One that remained after two weeks was very secure indeed. And the few of us who remained even longer (mostly because we weren't Jews)—we formed a core, a nucleus for the work crew. Occasionally, in the middle of a long day's work, a man would pause and look up at our faces, to make sure we were still there. It was like the Polish woman who had pointed to the mud on her shoes when we first arrived.

One day, the man in our barracks who wore the pink triangle disappeared. Nothing was said. Each of us kept our private tally in our heads. He disappeared, was gone, gone from the earth. It was hard to believe. Later, though, I was told he had been raped by some of the guards and then shot in the head.

I thought of Johann, could think only of Johann.

At the day's end, after hard work and almost no food, I'd lie down, wanting to die, thinking up ways to be killed by the guards. Then I'd think of Johann, think of getting out someday to return to him.

Sometimes I'd get angry, incredibly angry. Anger was good. It helped one to survive. I'd think of some guard raping Johann and then shooting him through the head. And not all the justifications on earth could keep me from seeing what was happening to us, all of us. I wanted to kill. I lived for revenge. One could accept persecution for only so long. One could blandly accept genocide for only so long. There came a point where one either submitted to it completely—or fought it completely. In my mind, I fought. Survival was a weapon against the oppressor. And I waited for the time to come when I could fight for real.

Eventually though, things got worse. Work got harder. Food became more scarce. Some of the prisoners tried to eat their own feces and got hopelessly sick. When they didn't report for work, they were dragged outside—either to be gassed, or shot, or buried alive beneath a thousand corpses in the pits.

I stopped living for the day I would be reunited with Johann. I lived only for the day itself, to survive one more day, this day, whatever day it was.



Two nights before we were rounded up by soldiers, Johann and I were in bed, in the attic of a Czechoslovakian whore whose goal was to hide and protect as many people as possible. We shared the attic with an old man and two Swiss nuns.

It was late. The others were asleep, though it really didn't matter to us if they weren't.

I reached over and began caressing Johann's neck. The muscles beneath my fingers tensed briefly, then relaxed. We made love.

There was only a vague feeling of impending death, only a hint of mortality. That hint, though, fed our love. The death sentence hung over every sex act.

When he came that night, I held him incredibly tight, feeling his entire body jolt beneath mine. An illusion of safety passed through my mind. I thought: We will never die. He will never die . . .

The day came for me when I suddenly realized he was dead. It was more than intuition. I had no real evidence. I just suddenly knew.

That morning, I stood in the work lineup, watching every face around me, feeling a keen awareness. Of what? Of more than Johann's death. Of everything around me. The certainty of his death didn't seem to disturb me much at first. I didn't feel tremendous grief, or anger, or pain. I felt nothing. I went through the day's work. Frequently I'd look up and think: He's dead. So matter-of-factly, just like that.

That night, trying to sleep, I tried to imagine him dead, tried to imagine how he had died. The images wouldn't come. What fantasies I stirred up were cool and impotent. They held nothing for me.

He's dead, I thought again—the way one suddenly thinks what time it must be.

I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning when our work crew walked by the pits of unburned and unburied corpses, I suddenly

started watching the faces of the dead, looking for Johann's. I watched every dead body that was carried by us. I watched all the dead faces I could see. I looked for Johann, for some sign of Johann. The search was as futile as, probably more futile than searching the faces of the living.

When we were outside the camp, working on the road, I looked up as a slash of birds crossed the sunless sky. My mind suddenly screamed: Johann! That was all. I returned to work.

And going back to the barracks, I searched the faces of the dead again. They changed as frequently as the faces of the living.

But there was nothing there. Johann was lost, truly lost.

That night, I imagined him in the barracks with me. I imagined the two of us coming in from the work crew and then flopping back on our beds, exhausted. "It's all right," he whispers. "We'll make it." He touches me briefly on the wrist or on the cheek. That's the only physical symbol of our love that we're allowed. And then sleep, the awful sleep of Auschwitz. . .

I survived. Somehow, I survived.

There were several weeks when we all knew that whoever could survive the next days, would survive for good.

The Prussian guards relaxed their attitudes. The Nazis became frenetic. They wanted to cover up what they had done. They wanted to bury Auschwitz as a whole, in the ground and then cover it up with mud. No faces would ever stare up to accuse the living. Many of us were sure we would die. We were, if nothing else, witnesses to the atrocity. But we didn't die. The Nazis weren't merciful. They were merely all of a sudden disorganized.

I survived. Somehow I survived.

The day came when we were free—and we stared up at

our liberators in acute disbelief.

"The nightmare's over," one soldier told a group of prisoners.

The prisoners looked at one another, as if to say, "What nightmare?" They had accepted Auschwitz as their life, the totality of life.

I made one last search for Johann. I searched the faces of the survivors for him. He wasn't there. I'd known he wouldn't be there. But I looked anyway.

I harbored a secret hope that perhaps we would meet again, somewhere on the streets of Berlin or Vienna, that somehow he had escaped, that somehow he had survived. He wasn't dead after all. We'd stop and stare at one another in disbelief, and then move slowly towards one another. His face would be calm but smiling . . .

We were packed into trucks, the way we had come and were started down the road away from the camp.

Not a soul looked back, I remember.

I looked up. Another slash of birds crossed the sky above me. My mind screamed again: Johann! One last scream . . .

I looked down. The people in the truck were all staring blankly at one another.

Johann. . .

Perhaps I could find Hannah, if she had survived, and ask her if she knew what had happened to her brother . . .

Johann.

I suddenly remembered the black patch on my prisoner's shirt. I glared down at it, then reached up and pulled it off brutally. I threw it on the floor of the truck. I looked up angrily, defiantly. Several people stared at me in horror. They were so well conditioned that they still expected a guard to come up and shoot me for doing such a thing. I stared back. I rubbed the spot where the black patch had been—and suddenly wished, then and always, that I'd had a pink triangle to wear instead.

## BOY-LOVE IN THE FAR EAST

by Jameson Donald

Twelve years ago I stepped into Asia from the ramp of an airliner at Saigon's Ton Son Nhut airport, into what was then an unbelievable steamy, sticky afternoon sun. I was to learn in the next few years to live with the steaminess and stickiness, and that Saigon wasn't all that bad in comparison with other places in Southeast Asia. Mostly I was to learn there are compensations.

It took about two hours to start to learn, from the window of the sedan that took me on a quick tour of the city enroute to temporary lodgings. We drove past some of the most astoundingly beautiful boys from eight to the late teens in such incredible numbers and with such obvious lack of macho hang-ups that I became fairly dizzy trying to undress them with my eyes. I was to learn soon enough that undressing with the eyes was unnecessary.

It was about one month after arrival in Viet Nam and two weeks after settlement in a small coastal fishing town that the hope/assumption/belief that they were as available as they seemed began to prove itself true. A tiny, delicate 14-year-old from down the street began to hang about—"to practice English." A few strategic slidings of the hand while rough-housing with him and my suspicions began to find basis in fact. The probings didn't really offend.

Within two weeks another 14-year-old lad was about after dark "to practice English." Again the casual probings with the hand. It went further. The second visit a request from him for an "American kiss"—on the mouth and using the tongue. Shortly we were slipping into a dark passageway alongside the house to experiment further.

Shortly I moved into my own house. Within days the 15- and 16-year-old mechanic apprentices from across the street were coming to sit on the porch in the evening and try English. It wasn't more than a couple of days before both were sharing my bed often, sometimes alone, sometimes as a duo, sometimes the night, more often for an hour or two.

It was here, despite my 28 years and assortment of experiences in the US from about nine onwards, that I sucked my first uncircumcised penis. A strange admission perhaps, but largely a matter of non-availability—as well as a perverse aversion. I found I liked it.

A tiny, tiny beautiful little lad just down the street adopted me as "eldest brother" and was pleased to pose for nude photographs. A Chinese boy from a half-mile across town frequently came and sometimes spent the night, though he refused to indulge in love-making overtly, preferring instead to "be asleep." (This was my first "experience" with Chinese boys in Asia, and was to establish the pattern that was to prove out during the next 12 years—I have yet to find a Chinese lad under 16 who will allow sex to go beyond the initial probings. But, more on that later.)

For the next four years I was to remain in Viet Nam, opposed to the war, appalled by what I was witnessing, but nevertheless deeply gratified by the ever-lessening fear and frustration over sex I had brought with me from the US.

Returning to the initial eight months in Viet Nam, I see now that it must have become common knowledge in large segments of the town's adult population that the foreigner was having-off with large numbers of their sons. Outside the 100 or so American soldiers billeted in the town and confined to their building and the airport they operated, there were never more than a dozen foreigners in the town while I was there. We were the oddities, the big, hairy, white-skinned ones whose every movement caught the attention of every Vietnamese.

There is little doubt that considerable discussion

ensued in town about this particular foreigner—yet, at no point was it ever brought to my attention that any adult knew or cared. More, none of the other foreigners appeared to have heard from the Vietnamese, which would almost certainly have resulted in my being shipped out of the little isolated provincial town immediately. Virtually all my colleagues doing various jobs in the town can only be called super-straight—ex-military officers, many currently working as CIA contract men.

It wasn't till years later that it occurred to me that many Vietnamese adults in that town, then Danang (where I spent almost two years) then in Saigon, must have known, that it was inescapable knowledge.

Why didn't they (apparently) care? The first conclusion one jumps to, and it appears an obvious one, is much as it was with the daughters of Viet Nam—the dislocations of war. Yes, that was probably a factor, but one cannot forget nor deny the simple lack of sexual hang-ups among Vietnamese males. (Male-female relationships were a different matter.) I note, however, that flamboyant gayness was extremely rare in Viet Nam, though displays of closeness, such as holding hands on the street, were common—and disconcerting to American males.

But, the ease, simplicity and matter-of-factness of my finding partners had other factors beyond the war. I was struck early on by the boys' seeming demand for affection. A boy reaching the age of seven, say, until he had gone into the post-pubescent age (at about 16 years), craved love, and I say craved with full emphasis. A wink through an interstice, a word of camaraderie, a tousling of the hair, a smile, would win an instant friend who would linger on and on—not lingering for sexual reasons, but open to suggestion if the Westerner was so inclined. (I was never propositioned by a Vietnamese below 18 during my four years in Viet Nam.)

Friends who were sensitive to the Vietnamese culture and I often discussed the male child's role in Viet Nam—as straights—and concluded that the male child is essentially deprived of affection by his parents at a very early age. Female children are heavily protected and perhaps even loved until marriage. Although traditionalists say, as it is with the Chinese, Vietnamese prefer sons, this, we agreed, was not apparent in the period we were there, at least in terms of love. (Preference for sons in Asian cultures springs from economic factors—provision of assistance in bread-winning—though the Chinese appear to have translated this into overt affection.)

Because so many Vietnamese fathers were away, either as soldiers or simply working elsewhere, it is possible that the dislocations created changed the role of the male child drastically and he became, in effect, the victim of female conspiracy. I tend not to believe this, based on later experiences with Vietnamese overseas, where the male child seemed to enjoy (disenjoy) the same rejected status he held in Viet Nam.

The point remains, however, that Vietnamese boys craved affection and even demanded it wherever it was offered by an adult male, and if that demand was met he was/is amenable to sex being a part of it. And the sex with as much abandonment as the adult partner wanted.

I note that of the scores of boys I had sex with in Viet Nam, none entered into it on the promise of money. These were definitely not commercial transactions; the payment came in having met their demands for affection. That I usually did give them a few cents afterwards "to eat" was never the result of a demand at that point, and seldom did I ever even feel they expected it.

It is noteworthy that many of my straight friends in Viet Nam were aware of this craving for affection by youngsters. The incidences of straights, whether individually or such groups as a platoon of military people,

temporarily "adopting" a lad between 10 and 14 simply because they were so loveable, were legion all over the country. The boy would live with the individual or group for weeks, months, even years.

Saigon also began my education in not expecting reciprocation from Chinese lads—the reciprocation I learned to expect from other ethnic groups in Southeast Asia. Not once during the four years I spent in Viet Nam did I have overt sex with a Chinese boy. The best I managed was with a half-Vietnamese, half-Chinese stripling who spent a night with me and allowed me to masturbate him, but would have nothing to do with touching my body. I made the attempt with a number of Chinese boys who were apparently no different than their Vietnamese contemporaries, only to be quickly rebuffed. This kind of experience has carried on through Laos, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and Hong Kong. The exception was that of a 15-year-old lad I met aboard a passenger ship from Singapore who, I now realize, was a gay-in-the-making and having his first attempt at facing it. We visited my cabin largely because he was fluent in English and wanted to be seduced. It was, however, a "flat" sex session of his giggles. His later suggestion that we "try again" didn't appeal to me.

Viet Nam will always remain the "fairyland" to which I would like to step back in time. It had everything except peace going for it. Boys by the thousands were immediately available on the streets. The police, if they ever cared, were in total disarray. The Vietnamese man-child is, with the possible exception of the Malay boy, the most captivating physical specimen in Asia, with a delicacy of feature and body that must have done more to bring out latent pederasts among its visitors than is imaginable.

And, it was to the Vietnamese that I escaped after four years of the gnawing and mounting physical fear of the Viet Nam war. I went to Vientiane, Laos, with its large Vietnamese population, another paradise of sorts now lost to wanderers like myself. I was to spend more than four years in Laos, infrequently dissatisfied.

I had visited Laos once before, a three-day trip north from a vacation in Bangkok, Thailand. I knew exactly what I was getting into when I went back to live.

On the earlier visit there was photographing youngsters swimming naked in the Mekong River where they skirted along the edge of the town. They didn't care. They posed and giggled. Their bodies, it was obvious, weren't something shameful. And there was the 16-year-old Lao student who was coming out as a male hustler and probably transvestite (I could taste the lipstick) at night along the bank of the Mekong among an assortment of older and far less (to me) attractive prostitutes, male and female and/or transvestites. We tramped a quarter of a mile out on the dry-season riverbank to have sex in the sand—a furtive, not entirely satisfying experience.

Four and one half years of it. The crude, nasty little first, a Lao boy, who tried in a nasty way to stick his little cock up one of my nostrils, then attempted for a few days to blackmail me—but it became very obvious very quickly after arrival in Vientiane that its totally ineffectual police force didn't give a little damn about *fallang katoies* (foreign queers).

The incredibly beautiful and supple Vietnamese boys of 12, 13, 14, and 15 who delighted in the attention paid them—proving that it wasn't simply the war that provided them in Saigon, Danang and elsewhere. There was the string of young, not-quite-so-pretty Lao boys who didn't so much want the affection as they enjoyed and expected sex with men. The Francophile Vietnamese-Japanese boy Bernard, whom I watched grow up for three years in a reasonably rich family before I finally was able to convince myself he was gay and find opportunity to



prove it. It was, I believe, his real facing up.

The prince of them all was the 14-year-old Thai boy who had drifted into Vientiane and lived for a couple of weeks on the streets before I screwed up the courage to invite him home for a bath and . . . took him home, bathed him and took him to bed with me for the night. He giggled incredulously when I reached for his organs, started to resist, then fell in with it. He woke me early the next morning playing with my cock. We made love.

There were the scores of odd pick-ups in the afternoon, evening and night, some quickies, some overnight, some on more than one occasion. Catching an eye. Smiling. A gesture toward the crotch, a forefinger into a clenched fist, the thumb between the fore and second fingers. Many accepted immediately.

Inhibitions. My usual technique once they went with me to my home was to gently indicate with a push of the head that they were to suck. Nothing more than a push of the head, and very gently—to allow me to extricate myself from the situation if there had been a mistake made. Most would immediately unzip my pants and begin, suggesting that sucking was a rather ordinary thing, boy and man.

Leaving aside the Vietnamese boys of Laos who became multitude (and recall that Vientiane is just a big country town, and hence the probability that many adults knew about me) the Lao boys quickly taught me once again that it was not a matter of prostitution in going with a foreigner, but was acceptable. Unlike Vietnamese boys, however, there was not the craving for affection; they were simply available and liaisons with men were to be expected. The expectation of money in return was probably there but with rare exception was a minimal expectation and was not negotiable in any event. My most frequent "bequest" was about twenty American cents, rising to a dollar depending on age and his financial situation at home, the older and better-off boys getting more.

In the interests of others who might wander while visiting Southeast Asia in search of what might appear to have now drifted behind the "bamboo curtain," the inhabitants of Northeastern Thailand along the Mekong River are of Thai nationality but are ethnically Lao people. They are of a somewhat different racial stock than the Thai. My experience with Lao boys across the river applies equally to those on the Thai side, though the police are not nearly so incompetent in Thailand. But more on Thailand a bit later.

For those in search of companions a bit older, it was obvious to me that there was no lack of response. Vientiane had the weirdest, widest most congregated collection of male prostitutes I have experienced in Southeast Asia—or at least their cruising area (on the street front my apartment) was so confining that they simply all appeared there. The availability of straights as partners appeared manifold. Vientiane, for what it is worth considering current political status, was a haven for every kind of gay, as well as an assortment of "heads" from the West. To go on the streets at night was to be propositioned.

One thing I learned early on in my Asia experience was to avoid locals with some kind of affiliation with British or American culture in countries where spoken English is rare. In my case it was boys going to English language schools. For some reason such boys very quickly assume the most up-tight standards of England and America where sex is concerned. With Viet Nam and Laos it was almost wholly French as the foreign medium of education with a consequent (based on my experience) less disruption of local customs and tolerance. There was a world of difference between the boys in Vientiane who went to English schools and those in the French schools.

An interesting sidelight to my Laos experiences occurred one afternoon when I was particularly tired and went to a friend's small room to see him. He was just leaving and suggested I stick around and talk to the young Buddhist monk who was visiting. I didn't want to visit with a Buddhist monk, but did want to lie down for awhile. Almost as soon as I did, the young monk plopped down beside me on the bed and gave indications of what he wanted. I simply closed my eyes as though I had gone to sleep.

Very shortly his hand was wandering around, tentatively probing my crotch, then rather openly doing it. Having been stimulated, I reached down and unbuttoned for him (to his initial fright), but once unbuttoned he didn't hesitate to get inside and play. Nor was it long before he had it in his mouth, nor much longer after that before I shot my load into it. He then tried to get some reciprocation from me by stretching out. Since he was too old for me—about 18—I had to literally shove him out, his saffron colored robes providing little cushion as his ass hit the floor.

I mention this incident to point out that the saffron robes are no barrier to sex. Buddhism prohibits sex for monks as I understand it, but most emphatically sex with females. My and others' observations indicate that monkhood in Thailand and Laos is heavily peopled by gays, and this would include lovers of young boys. All wats, as the monasteries are known in Laos and Thailand, have a plentiful supply of boys from 10 upwards, some as acolytes dressed in saffron colored robes, still others in street clothes who simply live in the temples. A shaven-headed 12-year-old can be pretty appealing.

(A straight friend tells me he once went to call on a Western monk—many wats take in students of Buddhism—in the living quarters and had to wait outside the door for a considerable time, watching through the screen door, the robed Westerner giving a blow-job to a youngster within.)

(It should be noted that most monks and acolytes have no intention of making the monkhood a lifetime occupation. Most enter the wat for a short period of time for meditation and/or instruction, such as just prior to marriage, upon the death of a parent, after a grueling or



Malay boy

gratifying experience. Merit in the afterlife is gained.)

Availability in Thailand differs little from what I experienced in Laos. If anything, it may be a bit more extensive and sophisticated—certainly there are houses of male prostitution available in Bangkok that I was not aware of in Vientiane.

But, as noted, Bangkok is somewhat more sophisticated in other ways. In Vientiane the riverbank could provide at least a groping-masturbating location. In Bangkok there is little chance for spur-of-the-moment sex with a pretty boy. There is need for a place to take him, and like major cities anywhere, the better hotels look askance at waltzing in with a 13-year-old. Because Thai male prostitutes tend to look like what they are, even older males are seldom welcomed. It is, however, easier to bed a young man for the night in most international hotels of Bangkok than to bed a young lady, which in many is strictly controlled.

Let's face it though, young boys are not really welcome in any public accommodation and, except in very rare circumstances that may be known to the individual, it's a risk. As in most countries of the world, the police keep some kind of watch on Southeast Asian hotels.

My sole experience with a boy in a hotel anywhere, and it happened in Bangkok, was far less than satisfying—one of those disappointments that linger on years afterward in regret. (Bangkok, incidentally, was a series of sexual disasters for me, primarily because I was going through a confusing period of life as a result of visa problems that didn't allow me sufficient thought on the Bangkok scene.)

The boy in question had, a few months earlier, been my lover for a few weeks while I lived and worked in Bangkok. On this occasion I returned to Bangkok from Vientiane and had spent the evening in a Patpong St. (the straight nightlife section) bar. He spotted me on the street when I left the bar at closing time, slightly rocky from drinking, and followed me to the hotel about two blocks away. I was just tipsy enough to allow him to follow me right inside the room, past a dozen hotel employees.

(To stop for a moment and explain, the hotel is well worth noting for those who might have a few days in Bangkok at their disposal. It is the Suriwongse Hotel. It is in the section of Bangkok most used by Westerners and only two blocks from Patpong, well-known to any Westerner who knows Bangkok at all. The Suriwong (as it is pronounced) is the off-beat hotel of Bangkok. Gays are welcome with their "friends," as are straights with theirs. Just about anything goes at the Suriwong and it's considerably cheaper than—but as clean as—the big hotels.)

Almost before I could gulp at my audacity in allowing him to trail me here, he was bare-assed, a rich brown

warm body sprawled out on his back on white sheets, his hand caressing his organs, smiling an invitation to hurry up. I noticed, through the growing fear at a sudden pounding on the door and the slight alcohol haze, that he had grown up some since I had seen him—and had him—four months before. A little bush of pubic hair had sprouted and he had gone from three inches to about four, with commensurate thickening. Momentary thoughts as I stripped and rolled on the bed with his 15-year-old wantonness.

I don't think he any longer suffered from the illusion that he was straight and selling his body only, as he had when I left Bangkok to return to Vientiane. Where he had refused to suck after the first time I was with him before, this time as soon as the initial long kiss was over, he was down on it, then flipping around for a 69.

The next day as I was boarding a taxi to leave Bangkok, the only work spoken was spoke. One of the bellboys—a right good looking youngster—snickered and pooh-poohed the "neet noi" (little boy) I had used the night before. I say pooh-poohed, because it was obvious that he was saying I could have had his slightly older body for the asking. (I had strong suspicions about the bellboys at the Suriwong, but being basically scared shitless most of the time dropping the straight image, I hadn't checked them out.)

Bangkok was, in large part, a series of dissatisfactions for me, as it shouldn't have been. Except perhaps for the last boy I had there, the incident above.

My first glimpse of him was shortly after I arrived from Vientiane to work in Bangkok and was still living in a hotel. He had a four-year-old with him walking about the Patpong area, obviously living in the immediate area. I smiled and tousled his hair in passing, making note to come back to look for him and check out whether he was available—young boys who frequent the bar areas of Southeast Asia usually are.

Within a day I spotted him talking to a doorboy at one of the bars and sidled up to joke with them, all eyes and intentions on the younger one.

This was the only time in 12 years of Asia that I was actually hustled by one of the young ones I pursue. Almost immediately he was up on my lap on the doorboy's stool trying to handle my cock and making jokes about it to the doorboy. He wanted to know how big it was, the doorboy told me, then wanted to know if I liked boys. It was quite a funny, enjoyable tussle, even if it was right out on one of Bangkok's busiest streets. In desperation he finally took my hand and placed it on his erect little cock, to make sure I understood.

Needless to say, I was almost ready to do him right there. He even went so far as to indicate we could do our thing in the hallway of the building in which the bar was



located, a residential hotel.

Two days later I was able to move into the same building, knowing by now he lived there. The next day I showed him my room key and told him which room. An hour later he pushed the ajar door open and, with four-year-old in tow, almost literally raced to me, kissing long and deep, dropped his short pants, pushed me over the bed, took down my pants and started sucking. I had never before and never since seen a boy so excited. He was literally panting. The four-year-old stood there jabbering, watching.

For the next four months he was back two, three, four times a week. Never again until the hotel room incident did he suck me. Rather, he wanted to be sucked, to lie face to face kissing, to dry fuck against my side, for me to dry fuck him between the thighs. Two or three times he asked to fuck me in the ass, not unpleasant to me because of the three inches of cock he had, and once asked me to ass-fuck him, which didn't work because of no lubricant and his small size.

Interestingly, because of the novelty in my Asia experience, his was the only circumcised cock I had in my mouth out there. I have seen a few circumcised cocks outside Malaysia (which is Muslim), though only to see. Circumcision has now become a novelty to me, much as the uncircumcised boy was in the US.

Toward the end of our relationship (ended when I returned to Laos) he brought another young lad to my room with him, a lovely little boy about 13 years old, as beautiful and delicate as a Vietnamese. The little friend obviously didn't have any idea what I was or what the relationship between myself and his friend was. He was soon to find out.

They suggested using my bathtub, which I quickly agreed to. As "my boy" was undressing—his friend was hesitant—I heard him say, in Thai, that the foreigner is queer. That made the new boy hesitate, but joking with him, I simply went ahead and helped strip him for the tub, despite his good-natured resistance. When they were in the tub I took both their stacks of clothing away, to ensure they (especially the new one) would have to come for them.

Sure enough, out they came, the new one wrapped in the bath towel, my "regular" darting immediately for the bed and crawling in, not to hide but to show me he wanted to play. He shortly had the new one in bed too, towel and all. I too was induced to strip and enter the bed, between the two of them. No resistance at all when I pulled the towel away, none when I started kissing him, none when I began to fondle his little-boy cock with its long foreskin and none when I put his hand on mine. What an afternoon, sandwiched between two striplings, the slightly elder and definitely more experienced trying to induce me to "smoke" their cocks to show the new boy what it was like.

My resistance to letting my orgasm go finally ended, and while I was away my little mate started the other boy on ass-fucking, alternating top and bottom. After they left I found a little spot of come on the sheets. The new boy was, of course, too young.

The new boy came back alone about a week later, meeting me outside the building just as I departed for work and was unable to take him up—the thought of which scared hell out of me anyway. I could only slip in a dollar and say no—one of those missed chances I go on regretting much later, just as I do so much of the Bangkok experience.

There was much to regret about Bangkok. My limited experiences there and elsewhere in Thailand—the 12-year-old I masturbated on the overnight train ride north from Bangkok, the paperboys on streetcorners in up-country Thailand, the boy I peeked at through the sleeper curtains on the southbound train and found jacking-off (then was afraid to join him), the garland selling lads on Patpong, a couple of whom I took to my room, the little coffee shop waiters—taught me that a very high percentage of Thai youngsters are ready and willing, if a place is available.

Manet, the newsboy on Patpong went to my room three or four times and allowed me to kiss and rather chastely caress his fully clothed body, then in apparent desperation over my hesitance, simply took his trousers open to let my hand have his four inches. An unbelievable beautiful boy. And Charlie, another newsboy, who must have thought me unbelievably naive for the time it took to work my hand up his leg and into his short pants, to discover his little cock rigid as a pencil, but a very stubby pencil.

Experiences in up-country Thailand (and out of Bangkok in general) can be rewarding. Boys from 12 through their early 20s are employed as roomboys in the less-than-best hotels; sometimes a dozen of them. A glance, gesture, perhaps a word, frequently brings them to your room. For \$2 or \$3 in Thai money a good time can be had by all. And a great massage as well—in fact, that can be an excellent reason to invite him to the room. As straights who know Thailand quickly learn, the massage is one of Thailand's great arts.

Southward then to Malaysia, and it is Malays and Indians to which one turns, except in those most rare circumstances when a Chinese lad makes himself available. Rare, too rare.

Malaysia's population is composed of roughly 55 percent Malays, 35 percent Chinese and 10 percent Indians of various Indian ethnic groups. There are also sizeable minorities otherwise, including Westerners.

Malays are by definition in law, Muslim. Indians are a hodge-podge but mostly Muslim and Hindu. Chinese are Buddhists of the "lesser wheel" background, as are the Vietnamese; Laos, Thais and Burmese, as well as Cambodians are of the "greater wheel" and much more orthodox about their religion, it being much more codified and organized.

Unfortunately, my sole places of residence while in Malaysia—Penang and Kuala Lumpur, the capital—



Lao boy



Italian boy in Asia



Indian boy in Hong Kong

were in hotels, at which I spent months. To have had a private place in either or both would undoubtedly have been a great advantage. Nevertheless, it was fun.

One of the first things one notices upon entering Malaysia is the beauty of the younger Malay boys, up to puberty, which occurs at about 14 years old. This is particularly evident on the West Coast of the peninsula and probably results from cross-breeding with Indian Muslims. The boys' features are heavier by far than with Thais and Laos—very refined. The skin coloring is a much richer tan than the others, except of course for the usually very dark complexion of Indians. A most pleasant color to look upon.

I have found no race of people in SE Asia as friendly as the Malays. There is a quite natural impulse to know foreigners, and this is particularly true among young boys. The slightest suggestion of wanting to be friendly by a foreigner will bring the lad directly to you—and virtually all youngsters down to school-starting age can more or less speak English. More, there is very definitely a tradition of man-boy intimacy. Almost all older youths, it will be noted, are accompanied by a younger lad, usually in the 12 to 14 age group, their relationship being described as "brothers." More, close observation will show that it is more than the friendship of boys in the West. The elder will quite likely kiss the younger with fair frequency and quite often in public, will hold him close, caress, etc., though not necessarily in a way that connotes there is sex between them.

Unmarried females are closely watched and chaperoned in the Malay community. Dating and the like are an extreme rarity. As in the land of the Arabs, then, companionship is usually an older youth (and even young man) to boy. I am told by a number of very long-time Western residents of Malaysia that sex very definitely is involved in these relationship, and after knowing a number of both older and younger boys singly or as "brothers," I have extremely strong suspicions that is the case. I have never asked Malays directly about the phenomenon.

Homosexuality and homosexual contact is widespread among the Malays. It's obvious on the streets and in the bazaars. Male prostitutes of all the ethnic groups, including Chinese, are readily available on the main street of Penang and on the streets around the Coliseum, cinema in Kuala Lumpur, which is the sleazier bar district. Transvestites to rough trade. The bars in the Coliseum area are frequented by much of the prostitute trade—or those who can afford it.

The key phrase in Malaysia's English where young boys are concerned is: Do you want me to follow you? And it means precisely that. It is a proposition, usually by a lad who is probably otherwise straight but wishes to sell, or at least have you enjoy his body. A Western man hanging about where young lads congregate—and the night-time open-air eateries are the best—will almost certainly be approached by a Malay or Indian boy up through about 17 with the question, and most likely by slightly younger boys, those from 13 to 15.

The problem, of course, is a place to take him. Kuala Lumpur has innumerable parks and vacant lots, which may afford what is necessary, but roughnecks and the possibility of police patrol must be considered. It is worth noting that at any time of the night there seem to be Indian men wandering around everywhere, but for what purpose, I don't know. Their presence is a real damper.

Malays are Muslims. Although the practice of circumcising as infants is growing, most boys are still cut after eight years old and before 14, it being younger in the Penang area than in Kuala Lumpur, when it usually occurs at 12 or 13. Indian Muslims apparently are circumcised earlier than Malays.

Because I never had a private residence in Malaysia, opportunities for a good, wholesome session never happened. There was the two-hour session on the breakwater in Penang sitting alongside a 13-year-old Indian Muslim, masturbating him. And there was the same kind of scene with a like-aged Hindu boy in Kuala Lumpur.

But it was more missed opportunity from lack of a place than it was success, much to my regret. Everywhere I turned as I became acquainted around Kuala Lumpur, there seemed to be another lad suggesting one way or another he was available.



One of the factors worth considering in Malaysia is that there is no great shame visited upon gays and that it is common enough to see and/or meet 13 and 14 year olds who are aware already, and not really hiding it, that they are gay. They are given considerable bantering harassment, but the matter is not looked upon with the macho horror that it is in the west.

It is also fairly common to see outright juvenile male prostitutes on the nighttime streets, usually 16 or so years old. Unfortunately, the tendency is either transvestitism or nearly so, the latter probably an effort to advertise themselves. I say unfortunately in the sense of myself and desire for anonymity and more masculine companions.

As one might suspect, there is a rather substantial gay Western presence in Malaysia, though this is an older and much more conservative/macho presence than in Bangkok. Since it's very difficult for a foreigner to work in Malaysia there are not those who drift in and settle. Rather, the gays are mostly middleaged British who remained on in Malaysia with citizenship or permanent residence after Malaya gained independence. Few of them are open about their predilections, though most are known to be gay by the straight community.

As in Thailand, adult Malays who otherwise lead a straight life frequently accept lovers for shorter or longer periods of time, usually for financial consideration. They seem to gain no community opprobrium from this.

Like Thailand or everywhere else in S.E. Asia where it is hot and water is easily accessible with a bit of seclusion, nudity is very common among boys until pubic hair begins to sprout, which averages about 14. Boys to that age will readily strip in front of their families or even in the presence of close friends of the family, such as myself in a number of families. (As noted earlier, it's extremely easy to become nearly intimate with Malay families.)

For those inclined toward big cocks, the Indian Hindus are usually the answer, but note there appears to be Hindu prohibitions, but they seem to fall away the further down the social/economic ladder one goes. Boys who virtually live on the streets, and there are fewer Malays in this than Indians, seem readily available, but do usually need some scrubbing up before bedding. I have seen a number of 10-year-old Indian Hindus with four inches of soft cock hanging, and it appears that seven and eight inches of hard cock is not uncommon on 16-year-olds. Malays have rather short, stubby cocks, as do Thais, Laos, Vietnamese, and Chinese.

(Incidentally, it is only among the Chinese that almost all boys wear underpants even under short pants.)

Much the same situation as in Malaysia exists in Singapore, except that Malays and Indians are by far the minorities, the dominant race being the Chinese. It is the presence of the Malays and Indians that provides the leavening that makes Singapore worthwhile. Note, however, that Singapore doesn't have those great undeveloped areas—it's virtually all urban—and that it has a quite functional police force.

It is in Singapore that the Chinese gays become much more evident, centered as they are at night along Bugis Street, the famed center of transvestites. The toleration of transvestites on Bugis St. by the government as a tourism attraction (!) allows the normally up-tight Chinese gays to express themselves to a large extent, but beyond that "public decency" is closely guarded in Singapore.

My feeling about Singapore is that its great advantage is its proximity to Malaysia.

For the gay in search of adult gays, Hong Kong has sufficient to recommend it, in my observations. For the one looking for younger companionship, I find nothing to recommend it.

There are a few gay bars scattered about the colony (of England) and they are known to be gay. There are a number of gays known to the straight community functioning in various public arenas, including the government, and there is no meaningful harassment by the police. But beyond that it has definitely not become a haven for Western gays expecting to gain any satisfaction, as in Malaysia and Thailand, particularly the latter.

Basically the problem in Hong Kong is the Chinese, and more specifically, the Cantonese Chinese. The Cantonese are particularly insular and family oriented, and very distrustful of Whites. More, this is a place of the newly arrived middleclass, and as wealth climbs Chinese tend to become increasingly family oriented. Children, including boys, are virtually smothered in the embrace of the family, to the point they become virtually without personality. I visualize spongy little schmoos, of comic strip fame.

On top of which, the majority are unattractive physically, with some astounding exceptions, of course. Even those I spot who have not had all life smothered from them in the family retain the Chinese insularity. For whatever reason, Chinese don't want to be bothered with knowing anyone. The closest to breaking out of this that I have encountered in S.E. Asia are those in Malaysia, and even there I found longing after some particularly desirable little body was to hunger in vain.

There is a story going the underground in Hong Kong that a British lawyer living on the Kowloon side of the harbor has managed a breakthrough with little ones and is said to have half a dozen hairless lads cavorting about his flat every night—lads he's said to have picked up in the public housing estates provided for low-income families. I want to believe it but find it incredible. So much time spent cruising every imaginable area of the colony, using every conceivable method of making myself known short of directly asking—to no avail. I do envy him if he has discovered the method.

It's been seven years since my last trip into the Philippines, but suggestion by straight friends who have recently visited Manila indicates that the Filipinos

haven't given up their ways with sex, and that's good news for gays heading for Manila. The Filipinos like their sex, a goodly part of them any way they can get it, and a good part of those are overtly gay.

My four trips to the Islands were replete with offers of sex for sale on the streets and in cafes, to an almost (and sometimes it was) embarrassing extent. All the way from gay-gay queens to the straightest of the straight looking. From 12 to 40 years old.

Like the Malays and Thais, Filipino culture—despite the Catholicism that's painted all over the northern islands—has an ambidextrousness that must make the early missionaries turn in their graves. Like the Malays and Thais, sex seems part and parcel to overt friendliness at every turn. Filipinos genuinely like foreigners and will, with no prompting, seek conversation and friendship—which is not to say all such seekings are for sexual purposes. But it helps, since other Filipinos don't look askance at friendships between the races. English in the Philippine is extremely widespread, and that's a definite advantage.

My own experiences in Manila and Baguio don't however necessarily reflect present-day conditions among the younger boys. When I last visited, the Philippines were still in the throes of the curious anarchy that prompted President Marcos to institute martial law. The economic condition was bad, as reflected in the then dozens of 10 to 15 year old shoeshine boys working the bar section of town—providing the seeker with the sought.

Victorio stood out rather dramatically in the bar section of Manila—you have to when you're obviously Eurasian, 14 years old and everyone else except revelers and a couple of shoeshine boys have already departed the area for home. And especially if you're inordinately good looking, as Victorio was. It didn't take long to fall into conversation with him, take him for some fried rice and invite him to spend the night in my hotel room—I still don't know how I worked up the courage to march him in there and up to my room.

Lovely, lovely boy who had learned a bit of life from sailors he'd met while haunting the dock areas. He gave me his address the next morning so I could write to him and let him know if and when I returned to the Philippines. I left for Saigon, leaving him at the railway station as I headed for the airport.

I returned six months later and, sure enough, he turned up at my hotel, slightly more mature, but as good-looking as ever. I took him north to the mountain resort town of Baguio this time, simply registering him at the hotel as my son. A wonderful week with him in the cool, clean mountain air. Oh, the delights of a pretty young face, a young body and a clean bed.

There were the guide-boys of Baguio to look over while there—lads who volunteered as guides (genuinely) for a few cents a day and frequently stayed in your hotel with you, celibately if you were straight, less so, usually, if you were not.

Back in Manila there was Miguel, the dark-skinned 13-year-old shoeshine boy who went for a walk with me along the beachfront breakwater, sat with me while I fondled him and was present when I was a close to being busted for molestation as I've ever been in my life—or so I thought. A man suddenly emerged from the darkness, accusing me of having kissed "this boy" and demanding that I accompany him, "an auxiliary policeman," to headquarters.

He was, of course, an extortionist, but who was I to gamble on that. Thank God, (I felt at the time) I had a minimal amount of money on me, which I gave him rather than gamble on a trip to headquarters. (At that time policemen in the Philippines were notorious bribe-takers, hence I'll never know absolutely what he was.) I learned quickly that night to take more care on spots chosen for a bit of wayside sex.

As deplorable as it may sound to ears that don't want to hear some realities, it's a good life to be a Westerner living in Asia, good because you're a Westerner. A thick residue of special attention to the needs, wants and idiosyncracies of the Westerner that was painted so heavily on Asia during the colonial period (and not necessarily only in the former colonies) remains today. And, make no mistake, the tens of thousands of Westerners who linger in Asia know it even if not wanting to face the fact it is a major part of the reason for their staying.

Certainly there is some harassment, both officially and unofficially, to be faced in the form of immigration requirements and day to day living. But by and large it is minimal and it is transitory. On a year by year basis, living is easy.

Take Bangkok, Thailand, for instance. There may be more Western gays per capita among the Westerners there than in San Francisco. And existing just about as openly, if not quite so vocally. It's not that the Thai government welcomes gays, but on the other hand it does not discourage nor otherwise harass them any more than it does the straight community. And the ambidextrousness of the Thai male is attractive to the nth degree.

Insofar as I know, and I know Asia pretty well, there is no harassment of gays *per se* anywhere—though one assumes a much closer watch on mores in the communist countries. There are laws concerning "public morals" and the like, but they come into effect after "the crime," not as measures of harassment. Homosexuality is ignored until it does enter the realm of a "crime" having been committed—a complaint having been made. In my close watch of Asia's press during the past dozen years, such "crimes" have been extremely infrequent and then almost entirely resulting from "interfering with little boys." Again, even crimes of this nature are extremely rare in terms of press reports. (Bear in mind that any "crime" in which a Westerner is involved will get very heavy reporting in the local press since it is considered sensational.)

The attractiveness of a given country/city for gays is not based upon harassment, but four other reasons: 1) The social-religious acceptance of gay sex; 2) Attractiveness of the male; 3) Police competence and/or attitude; 4) In varying degrees, the ease of gaining employment and/or employment permission from the government.

Bangkok is the gay capital of Asia. Malaysia and the Philippines are not far behind, though Malaysia is not so attractive because of the difficulty of gaining employment permission there. The variables are many, perhaps as many as there are individual gays in Asia, but one thing all of us have in common, I think, is non-prejudice in bed and our desire to escape social pressures.

Note: The preceding autobiographical account has caused negative reactions among some of those who have read it. *Gay Sunshine* prints it as a factual account of one man's experiences in Asian boy-love. This does not mean that we necessarily approve of all the statements made, or the motivations behind them. We do, however, approve of boy-love as a positive (indeed, often spiritual) form of gay sexuality provided that there is no exploitation involved, but mutual consent and a true human encounter. Boy-love is still a tabu subject, even among gay people themselves, and needs to be explored further. (See the last two issues of Boston's gay liberation journal *FAGRAG* for much more material on boy-love). We encourage our readers to send in their reactions to this piece.

## FALSE CLUES [CONT.]

In some poems ("remembering & not remembering") he deals with the lies people tell themselves. He deals honestly with problems that confront gay men: dealing with straight friends on more than a superficial level; jealousy; a sense of the extended family; the good and bad sides of promiscuity. Yet I feel Ron Schreiber makes these concerns universal for people of all sorts of sexual, racial or social backgrounds.

So many of the poems are about Ron's personal relations with past/present lovers and friends that it would be impossible for me to mention them all. In the best ones (like "four ways of silence," "too many birthdays," "letter to Tom in Denver") he interests us in the particular people and situations by writing about each one vividly. Other personal poems, such as "letting the music play" do not concern individuals but give us Ron's own reflections on accepting life as it evolves. This sort of Eastern style fatalism balances the political activist poems.

Some of the most richly-written poems are those that show the mystery of everyday reality; these form a third major category of Schreiber poetry. The most important example of this type of poem in *False Clues* is "waiting for a kingfisher." It is a long, uneven, perhaps even flawed poem. The separate parts do not hold together as well as they could. But this poem shows a strikingly original use of language, and a great control of nature imagery. It relates nature to human existence a la Sylvia Plath's "Blackberries":

... there's a mocking bird.  
there's a carnation growing  
in a mound of sand. & here  
are all the peas & roses.

Berries, jellyfish, grackles, muskrats and a "brackish river bottom": all are symbols of the wholeness of nature that Schreiber finds unattainable in his own life and relationships. Yet this wistful poem ends with lines of hope:

"that's the kingfisher," Tom says,  
& then we see another & Tom says,  
"I thought there were two."

I had seen the birds myself in flight,  
many times, but never recognized them.  
they were there all the time, flying.

perched, ready to dive. ready to  
come back to the surface & fly again.

Perhaps an equally fine poem about humans relating to nature is the father/son poem, "prayer for all of us," which contains the following astonishing lines: "these maples grew from winged seeds Keith, no one planted them. I have never/planted a tree, never hunted. when I fished/my father did not teach me to pray for the trout."

There are a group of weak poems in *False Clues*. Several short poems that are too slight. There is a "found poem" I find unnecessary, but then I find almost all "found poems" gratuitous. Some of the poems are too full of names the reader can't relate to (as in "& no birthday this year.") This sort of dropping of friends' names might have been influenced by the 60's New York school of poets (even my demi-god Frank O'Hara indulged in this); it sounded just as pretentious then as it does now.

But these weaker poems are not central in *False Clues*. And the packaging of the book is very handsome, with Joe Modica's stylish cover. This volume hopefully forecasts many other titles from the new Calamus Press up in New York state.

The majority of Schreiber's poems are so full of metaphors and meditations, while paradoxically written in a straightforward, clear manner, that they qualify as poetry in the best sense and transcend most prose. They make me wonder why more people don't read poetry and best of all, give evidence to our growing gay culture.



## FANTASY FIGURE

Out of the dark at three a/m  
comes a wounded cry  
telephone shrill  
disguised as a man's heavy breathing.  
All you feel  
is the slimy chill  
of a dream unsightly invaded.  
Several moments  
of terror later  
a specific pill  
will ease your heart back to sleep.

On an afternoon  
when all music sounds wrong  
and the rain outside  
streaks building facades  
like month-old tea  
he will call again.  
It's not been so long  
you don't recall the call.  
Footsteps on a stairway  
and a half muffled  
radio song  
mutter in the background.

Only now you don't fear.  
What you thought a monster  
calls himself Joe.  
Human you—you respond.  
And if you go on talking  
slightly off-color  
keeping it low  
he'll reveal that you've met  
but won't say when.  
You sense that he's lying.  
He won't say how he knows  
your name or your number.  
He's been thinking about you.  
Would you like to play  
for a minute with him  
in his closet?

He's a smutty Valentine  
handprinted, unexpected.  
A dubious complication:  
intriguing, so erratic  
anticipation is absurd.  
His wife's gone out shopping  
so he thought he'd call out  
for some excitement.  
Then he hangs up so fast  
you can barely make out  
his words "Someone's coming."  
He did, you discover later,  
messing his slacks  
with a gram and a half  
of long distance masturbation.

He pleads to meet you  
offers details of how  
he'll mistreat you  
and how you're bound to entreat  
him for more.  
He arranges elaborate encounters.  
Naturally never shows.  
His anonymity can annoy:  
you feel put upon, cheated.  
Fine. Follow these directions—  
Hang up pronto. Keep  
the receiver off the hook.  
Hit the streets.  
Blow a whistle in his ear.  
Better still, act sweet.  
That'll stop him.

But should you be horny  
or bored, you could choose  
to give in to his hot  
his impossible terms.  
With all the posing around  
when's the last time  
desired oozed so?  
Tell yourself you are helping.  
Or failing that delusion,  
admit you don't mind being used  
by someone who wants  
nothing more from you,  
who'll enthuse he can't live without you—  
you don't have to shave,  
dress well, be clean,  
or believe him.

He's a live porno record  
in a sexy baritone solo:  
"I'll lick you all over,  
rim you for hours,  
stick my huge cock inside you,  
tell me to blow you.  
I will. Though I haven't yet  
done it before. OOOHHH!  
Christ! That was a good one.  
Did you get off too?  
Listen, I've got to go.  
I'll send you some photos  
I took in my mirror.  
Would you like that?  
And by the way, tell me . . .

How does it feel  
fixing your breakfast  
or taking a shit,  
paying your bills  
or shovelling snow;

## QADISH BOY\*

Jesse's son,  
a man of arms,  
a mighty valiant man,  
scoured bits of bone,  
scrubbed blood and carrion  
from his iron sword  
with sand and water in the Jorda  
in its foaming torrent,  
white and frothing rapids  
cold as melted snow,  
sluiced from his body  
sweat and grime and fever of bati  
In the green grove,  
green, green, lush green,  
under the flowering apple trees,  
on the sweet grass showered  
with frost of petals  
at the rude stone altar  
he spread his sheepskin  
shepherd cloak and slept.  
At moonrise  
a slim acolyte kindled  
altar fire, breathed embers  
into sacrificial flame,  
blessed the night with incense,  
and lay with the soldier,  
naked, nestled against the man of  
In sleep the captain saw his slaught  
of the heathen war king,  
demon memory of the Ammonite  
dragging over the cobbles,  
belly slit from hip to hip,  
bowels spilling, trailing in the dust  
guts trawling out between his legs  
a bloody tail,  
screaming mad in pain,  
screaming to be slain by enemy or f  
The warrior waked  
from the tormented dream,  
caressed the body young with life,  
grazed his fingers  
in enlaced, luxurious curls,  
fed his fingers  
on the oiled and scented hair,  
kissed the long lashed eyes,  
licked lips and mouth,  
sucked of the tender fruit,  
ate in the vineyard of the loins.  
He sheathed his cockblade  
in the youth, in the youth's  
silk soft sheath immersed,  
purified his heart  
of death and terror  
in boy's flesh, boy's passion  
drenched himself with rapture,  
washed cool and clean his soul.

—Rolf Tor Jarlsson

\*Qadishim were communities of men and boys who  
served as partners for ritual intercourse at shrines in  
ancient Israel.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN FUCKED BY  
NIGERIAN IN EAST SIDE SAUNA

Noiseless as a panther,  
sleek and black and suddenly,  
the boy is in my room,  
he crouches, I'm on my back,  
thighs reared, he covers me.  
That penis page of the atlas,  
phallus horned, swollen, thick  
with gnus and Nubians,  
leopards, lions, waterbuck,  
gazelles, Zulus, zebras,  
oryx, ibex, elephants,  
topis, impalas, and apes  
sets its purple head engorged  
to the hole of Western Civilization,  
pistons in.  
The Porcellian tie,  
the Boy Scout Oath,  
the Collected Works of Henry James  
burn off in Niger lust  
and I am fevered, feral,  
lickerish for a continent of cock,  
craving a Congo of com,  
devouring the beast  
who devours me.  
After the thank you kiss  
I feel the juice of Africa,  
rich and ripe,  
oozing out of my gut.  
Mr. Kurtz?  
He dead.

—Rolf Tor Jarlsson

pretending you're real  
when both of us know  
you're just seven short digits  
a voice mocking and slow  
talking dirty and low . . .  
When you aren't at all, man,  
except as my fantasy figure?"

—Felice Picano



Trent Edward 1978

## BOYS WAITING TO WAKE

there will be another box of boys  
sleeping and dancing against the sea  
boys  
streaks in the time, comets, memories, suns  
suffering in bluster  
inventing themselves a pose  
their waiting eyes  
blue and sleepy with noise  
or brooding brown and restless  
all stinging, secret, cirrus  
sleepers joining hands, Mr. Bly  
turned ghost  
and, like orphans, snitching little kisses  
strawberry soda  
sleepers  
and one awakens  
with slashes on his back  
from rose thorns  
and pine needles  
they will make themselves orphans  
then one night find their secrets  
as blood brothers  
fatherless boys lightning  
red-cheeked and wayward  
tossing balls and fumbling  
climbing trees and tumbling  
skinny-dipping in midwestern lakes  
trust  
sleek blue-gills huddling in underwater  
caverns  
motherless boys  
wrestling on the bed  
whispering waves in whimpers  
melting stones against the ocean undertoe  
snarled with ageless algae  
chained  
gold-chained  
by their wrists or necks  
by the featherly lock on another  
boy's forehead  
by their ache  
sleepers dreaming boxes  
dark rooms  
boys hunger  
hiding their hearts, their valentines  
with sand in their  
eyes  
waiting to wake

4.6.78

—Eric Allyn



# NUKI

NUKI is a pioneer in the new school of homoerotic art only recently coming to the surface in America. With studios in New York and Washington (where he lives most of the time) the artist has worked for many years in fantasy and abstraction, but his realistic, eternal renditions of the male manifestations are now the rage of the art world. The first public showing of erotic watercolors and drawings took place this fall in Soho's Leslie-Lohman Gallery drawing the largest crowds in the gallery's history. The works have been described as "provocative," "great," and "challenging." They belong in every collection of the free and the brave. All subjects are on paper approximately 14" x 18" up to 18" x 24". Prices are from \$250.

"NON PAREIL—" James Alan Nash in *After Dark*

## • ARTISTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE ARTIST •

WORKS EXHIBITED AS

## DANIEL MILLSAPS

The artist, a native South Carolinian, was educated at the University there and at the Art Students League of New York. During war he became a major of infantry at age 23, leaving the service immediately after hostilities to return to art. He lives, for the most part, in a large Victorian house in Washington's Georgetown with his partner, Thomas (Nick) Snyder.

### Works have been shown at:

The Whitney Museum  
Terry Art Institute  
Delgado Museum  
Gibbes Art Gallery  
Circulating Gallery  
Dupont Gallery  
American-Korean Foundation  
Ferargil Gallery  
Trans Lux & Plaza Galleries  
Coleman Library  
Carver Museum  
University of Illinois  
Fenn College  
Stanford Museum  
Gainesville Art Association  
Florida Federation of Arts  
Mobile Art Museum  
Sandusky Cultural Center  
Pembroke State College  
Albany Junior Museum  
Temple University  
Fremount Foundation  
Detroit University  
Mercersburg Academy  
University of Mississippi  
Dominican College  
St. Francis Seminary  
La Salle College  
Belknap College

Erie Public Museum  
South Georgia College  
Judge Geo. Armstrong Library  
Wichita Falls Museum  
Colorado Mountain College  
St. Ambrose College  
Blanden Memorial Gallery  
Asbury College  
University of South Florida  
St. Mary's College  
Waukegan Public Library  
St. Scholastica Education Center  
Mulvane Art Center  
Cedar Rapids Art Center  
Springfield (Mo.) Art Museum  
Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery  
Sioux City Art Center  
Arkansas Arts Center  
Joslyn Art Museum

### Works in permanent collections:

Berkshire Museum  
Abbott Hall (England)  
Columbia Museum of Fine Art  
Department of State, USA  
Virginia Museum of Art  
Mississippi State College/Women  
N.Y. Public Library Print Collection  
Library of Congress Print Collection  
Oklahoma Art Center  
Numerous private collections

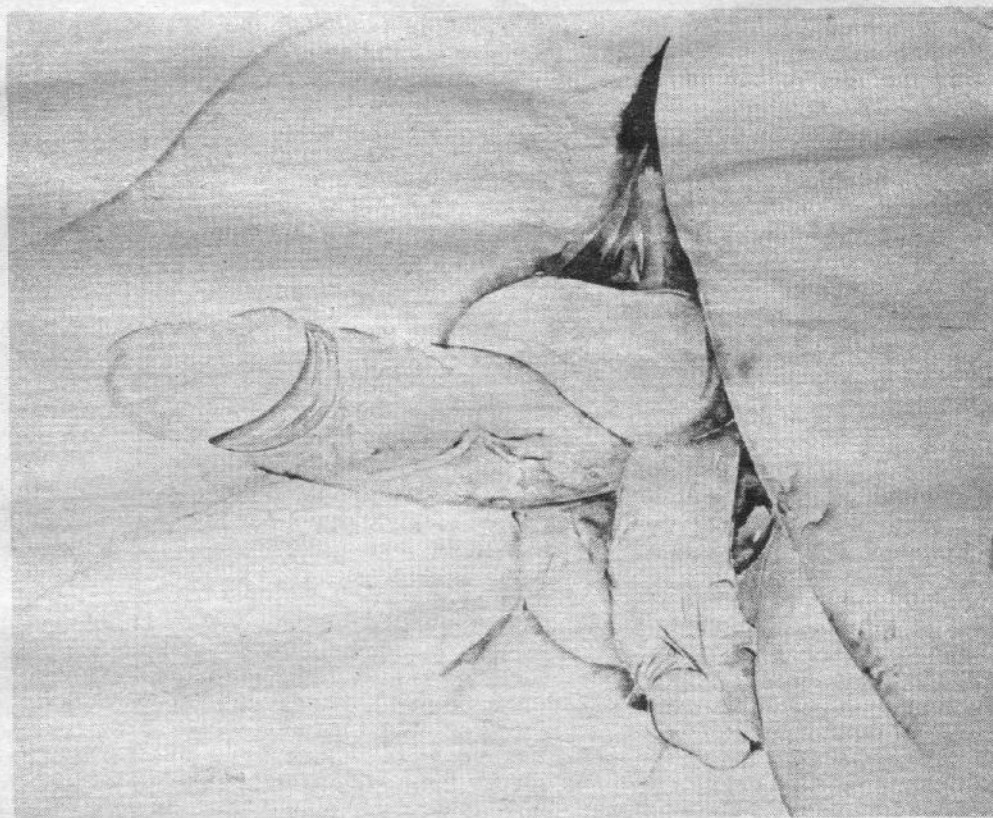
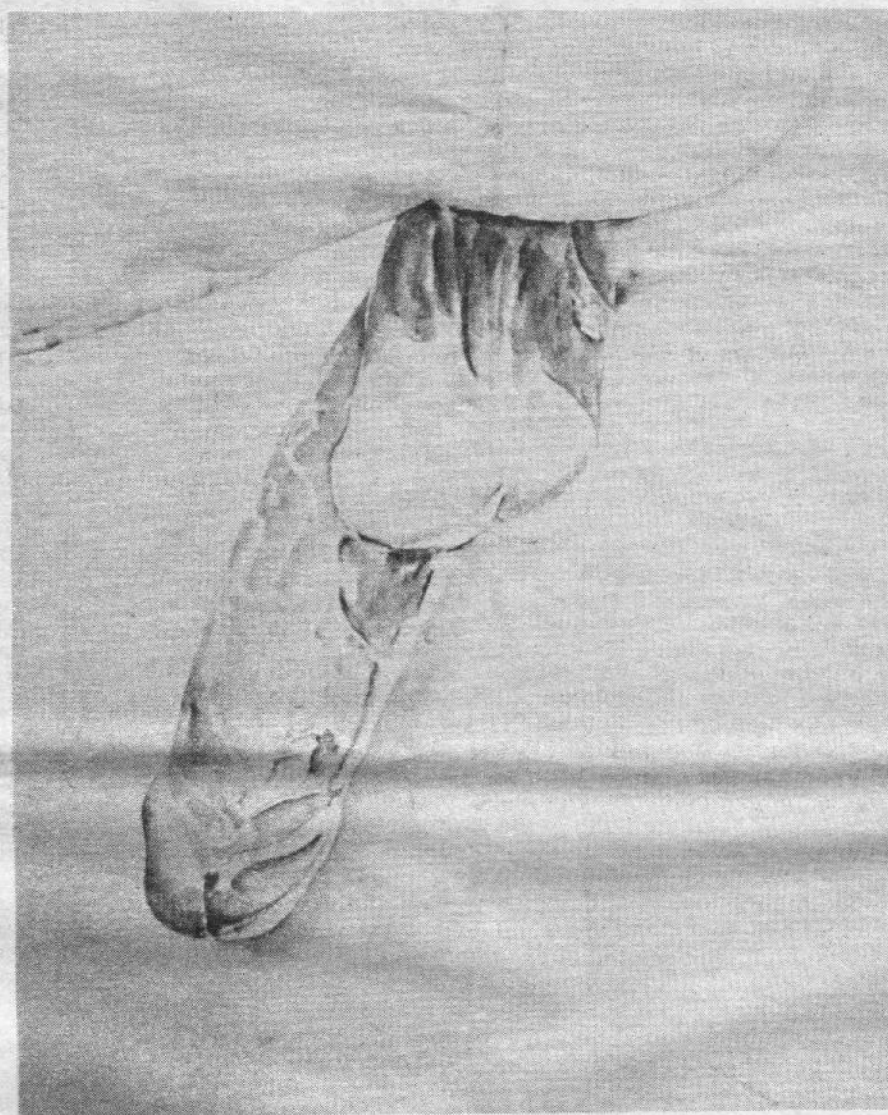
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SAM ROTHENSDYN, Agent  
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Washington, DC 20003

For a descriptive "alternative exhibition" sheet showing 26 subjects in b/w for identification purposes, and attachment showing current availabilities with prices, send \$10 to the agent. Make checks payable to NUKI.

Outlets through galleries and/or dealers in fine arts in all cities and countries outside New York are being sought. Inquiry invited.

## WATERCOLORS BY NUKI:





# SODOMY AMONG NATIVE AMERICAN PEOPLES

[Originally published as "Noticias y Consideraciones sobre las Anormalidades de los Aborígenes Americanos: Sodomitá" in the Venezuelan journal *Acta Venezolana*, Volume I, No. 1, July-September, 1945]

by Antonio Requena

## PART ONE

It is an indisputable fact that sodomy, among other sexual perversions, was widely practiced by the inhabitants of pre-Columbian America. Far from being restricted to any given geographical area, it spread throughout North, Central and South America. As a result we encounter evidence of it in places and nations separated by enormous distances and by enormous racial and cultural differences. For example, it can be found among the aboriginal inhabitants of California and Florida, among the Chiriguano of Bolivia, the Lache of Columbia, and the pre-Hispanic peoples of the Isthmus of Darién; in other words, it spans the geographical and ethnographic extremes of the Americas from the Bering Strait to the Straits of Magellan, being accepted or rejected, honored or severely punished according to the norms of the culture in which it was practiced.

For the present study, a historical-ethnological review of evidence supplied by the documents at our disposal, we consider it convenient to divide the material into two broad headings: *Evidence from American Sources*, which we will group under two sub-headings: *Artistic and Traditional*; and *Extra-American Evidence*, gathered from the writings of European chroniclers during the Conquest and subsequent periods when European dominance was being extended throughout the New World.

Then, in Part Two of the study, we will examine various aspects of the homosexual question under ten headings, basing our discussion on evidence found in the narratives of the early European chroniclers.

### *Evidence from American Sources: Artistic*

These sources include all those works by the American aborigine in which he used his manual and technical dexterity, coupled with his innate esthetic sense, to depict in modelling, sculpture, engraving, and drawing, as well as in textiles, the sexual habits he was accustomed to or of which he had knowledge.

All together, these sources make up the pornographic gallery of the ancient Americas, reaching their maximum artistic expression in the areas of higher culture such as Mexico and Peru. In terms of sexual documentation, this body of material is extremely rich in quantity as well as in artistic quality and in ethnographic interest. In it we find the sexual customs of the pre-Conquest American amply depicted, and among those we find the practice of sodomy, the topic of the present study.

Early in the Conquest the attention of the chroniclers was drawn to the discovery of idols and ornaments representing sexual acts of an abnormal sort. Francisco López de Gomara, in his *General History of the Indies*, makes the following observation about the natives of the Mexican port of Sant Antón: "... among some trees they found a small idol of gold and many fashioned from clay that did depict one man upon the earth with another riding upon him in the manner of Sodom."

In his *True History of the Conquest of New Spain* Bernal Díaz del Castillo, telling of the discovery of Yucatán, adds this note: "... they possessed many clay idols, some with the faces of demons and others that appeared to be women and others in which the Indians seemed to be engaged in sodomy one with the other ..."

### *Evidence from American Sources: Traditional*

Here we must consider the oral tradition, which was committed to graphic form in the Mexican codices, the *Books of Chilam Balam of Chuyamel*, the Guatemalan *Popol Vuh*, the *Mayan Prophecies*, and other texts.

The codices are pictographic-hieroglyphic texts which record the history and traditions of the Indian nation and provide a description of its customs, all subject, of course, to the inevitable changes that came about as the oral record was passed from one generation to another by word of mouth.

The great variety of interpretations, often contradictory and paradoxical, that have been applied to the codices tend to disorient and confuse the student, but in spite of this fact the codices must be regarded as documents of primary importance. But one must also keep in mind that the Spaniards, especially their clerics, played a great role in the transcription and translation of many such documents, and that many of those Native Americans who helped commit the oral tradition to writing had already succumbed to the influence of the Catholic catechism and Spanish military might.

The admirable research of Argentine José Imbelloni on the so-called "Exaltation of the Flowers," based upon a critical study which he made of the work of Padre Suárez, provides information of inestimable value in the explication of certain problematic facets of the question. Imbelloni's erudition, experience, and fine critical sense shed much light on the intricate labyrinth of the so-called "Fourth Age," which preceded the present historical period. "The Exaltation of the Flowers," taken from Vatican Codex No. 3738, explains the four ages of the world, giving a color, name, and symbol to each. The Fourth Age, which concerns us at the moment, was

variously referred to as the Black Age, the Age of Xochitonatiuh, the Age of the Flowers, the Age of Níktékatún, and the Age of Xochiquetzal, goddess of sex and carnality.

It was preeminently an epoch in which vices, effeminate softness, and the rejection of austere traditions characterized man's affairs. It was the age in which aberrations became the rule, pushing normal activities aside. It was the age in which the virile virtues of the warrior and the magistrate were forgotten and the soft, easy, perverted life became exalted, when the Dance of the Flowers with its garlands and effeminacy was raised to the sublime. It was the empire of "those who show their backsides," as they are described in the *Chilam Balam*. "Their hearts are buried, shrouded, in the weight of their carnal sins," that text tells us. "Sodomites abound ... Their thrones are abominable, and they are abominable in their carnal sin, these who are called the Men of the Two Days, who will last for two days, as will their thrones, their houses, and their crowns. They are given unto the most unbridled lasciviousness, both night and day. They are the true filth of the world."

At last, disgusted and weary of men, the gods destroyed them implacably. Then there came the great hunger, the *famine grandissime* that Padre Suárez mentions, "because there was no bread into which they could set their teeth," and as a warning of coming calamities there fell a rain of blood.

The Peruvian tradition coincides perfectly with those of Central America, according to Imbelloni, who with great logic and scientific judgment explains that by means of linguistic and mythographic evidence it is possible to discard what he refers to as "diametrically opposed premises," namely (1) the assumption of the reciprocal isolation of American civilizations, (2) their birth *in situ*, and (3) their development in absolute and direct dependance on geographic locality.

### *Extra-American Evidence.*

The chroniclers are the source that supplies us with our greatest harvest of data on the life and customs of the Native Americans. When considering these illustrious men we must keep in mind that they were no different from any of the other Europeans who came to America in search of gold and glory, that they had the same virtues and vices. Therefore, they were capable of twisting and altering facts by the use of their fervent Latin imaginations, while, at the same time, they were perfectly capable of interpreting those facts faithfully in accordance with the scientific knowledge of the time. For that reason we must avoid false extremes in our attitude toward them, being neither overly skeptical nor overly credulous; we must take a middle position and accept what logic, good judgment, and the experience of time and science indicate as possible or true, rejecting everything to the contrary. We must remember the epoch in which they wrote, with its general and specialized characteristics, with its political, religious, social, and moral ideas, all accepted by European man at a time when he was still ignorant of the existence, beyond the Great Sea, of men who, like him, had their own peculiar sets of ideas, fitted to their own peculiar goals and needs.

Furthermore, we must keep in mind the special psychology of the 16th-century Spanish conquistador, who, after conquering much of Europe under the aegis of Charles V, continued to grow in ambition, greed, and pride until he came to think of himself as unique in the story of humanity, without historical precedent and without contemporary peers. He was a man who could recognize an act as good only if he had done it or if it proceeded from him, who measured all other men by their potential as slaves, thinking only of the extension of his empire. Furthermore, his thinking was imbued with the pitiless religious fanaticism of the Inquisition, for more often than not it was a friar who wrote the chronicles and histories. Burning with rage, he trampled monuments, traditions, consciences, and lives, destroying everything that did not conform to his own preconceptions.

Still, beneath the sweep of his pen, we glimpse the greatness and the wretchedness of both parties, the glory and the baseness of both the Castilian and the Indian, for in spite of everything, the Spaniard could be just when it was necessary to be so, severely reprimanding his own countrymen and exalting the aborigines. And, most important, his writings provide us with a physical and moral portrait of the Indian, pointing out his customs, his vices, and his virtues.

As regards the topic at hand, the testimony of the chroniclers is much to the point; their general references to the existence of sodomy in America can be appreciated in the following examples:

• López de Gomara, in the letter that accompanied his chronicles to the Emperor Charles V, remarks: "... and as they are ignorant of our true Lord and God, they indulge in the most grave of sins, practicing idolatry and human sacrifice, eating human flesh, conferring with demons, engaging in sodomy, keeping company with numerous women, as well as other offenses of the sort ..."

• Further on, discussing the trial of Fray García de Loaisa before the Council of the Indies, López de Gomara affirms that "the Indians of the Mainland eat human flesh and are sodomitic like no other generation of men ..."

• In his *First Narrative Letter*, sent to Queen Juana and

the Emperor Charles V on July 10, 1519, Hernán Cortes writes that "... aside from what we related to Your Majesty concerning the children and men and women whom they kill and offer in sacrifice, we have also learned and been truly informed that they are all sodomites and have recourse to that abominable sin."

• Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa sent his book, *The History of the Incas*, to his king with this observation: "Your Majesty and your forebears, all most reverend sovereigns, forbade the sacrifice of innocent men, the eating of human flesh, the cursed and heinous sin and the indiscriminate union with mothers and sisters, the abominable use of beasts, and other nefarious and accursed habits to which they give themselves. ..."

• Finally, Antonio de Herrera, the "Royal Chronicler," writes in his *General History of the Deeds of the Spaniards in the Islands and on the Mainland of the Great Sea* that it was said "that the Indians were idolaters and cannibals, though not all of them, and that they were most ungrateful and displeasing, being by nature given to abominable and bestial vices."

## PART TWO

Although none of the innumerable hypotheses and explanations intended to elucidate the problem of homosexuality can yet be accepted as definitive, it appears that all types of sexual abnormalities, including the homosexual, can be viewed as the result of some alteration of man's latent bisexuality. This probable bisexuality presupposes the existence of masculine hormones in the female and feminine hormones in the male which generate a tendency toward intersexuality.

In the light of modern science, explanations of this type seem to be the most widely accepted, and thus outdated concepts of crime, sin, and vice yield to the modern view of homosexuality as a pathological element. Since our opinion is totally in accordance with this concept, we shall approach the problem from the modern medical point of view, putting aside all considerations of a moral, legal, or social nature.

Having indicated our point of view, our school of thought, so to speak, by which we accept the concepts of intersexuality and homosexuality as proposed by Gregorio Marañón and others, let us now proceed to the study of sodomy among the American aborigines, observing, under the following ten headings, various aspects of said perversion as practiced among these groups and the influences which contributed to the formation of homosexuality proclivities.

### [1] *Induction and seduction*

The constant and repeated induction to which youths living in communities infected with sodomitic practices must have been exposed played a decisive role in their sexual determination, regardless of whether their particular social group permitted such practices to exist openly and without pretext or whether they were forced into hiding by legal dispositions and social attitudes.

### [2] *Homosexual prostitution*

Once seduction had been effected, it was then easy to direct the individual's sexual activities toward financial ends, allowing him to earn money and favors through the sale of his body.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo, speaking of the Indians of New Spain in general, observes that "... in addition to this, all of the rest of them were sodomitic, most especially those who dwelled along the coasts and in the warmer lands, often to such a degree that boys were wont to go about dressed as women, profiting from that diabolic and abominable vice."

López de Gomara, referring to the inhabitants of Panuco, adds that "they, the males, are excessively given to whoring, for which purpose public brothels are maintained where at night a thousand or more of them are known to gather." The same author, writing about the Indians of the Isthmus of Darién, further remarks that "they have public brothels staffed with women, and, in many cases, even with men."

The Portuguese chronicler Gabriel Soares de Souza, in his 16th-century *Descriptive Treatise on Brazil*, wrote of the Tupinambas of that country as follows: "They are much addicted to the abominable sin, which among them is not held to be an offense; he who plays the manly role considers himself valorous and counts such bestial behavior among his laudable deeds. It is known beyond any doubt that in some of their villages there exist public houses for the recourse of those men who feel inclined to play the role of public women."

Fray Gregorio Díaz, the erudite Dominican author of *The Origin of the Indians of the New World*, records that "in two or three provinces the Indians made use of this abominable and lowly vice, which was permitted in public, for which ends they had public houses of men."

At this point we cannot resist the temptation to cite Francisco Pi y Margall's observation on this matter, although the work of this eminent Catalan historian does not fall within the outlines and limits of the present essay. Nevertheless, considering his formidable erudition and his in-depth familiarity with the early chronicles, we must consider him a rich source of information. In his *History of America*, he mentions sodomy among the aborigines of Haiti. "They were sodomitic even with their women,"



he writes, "and Oviedo himself attributes the vice to their chieftain Guacanagari. Men without modesty lent themselves in the manner of prostitutes, announcing themselves publicly by the use of skirts." The same author writes further on the inhabitants of Southern California. "Lowly and lubricious," he says, "they went to the extreme of dressing and rearing certain of their men as women, marrying them publicly to their chieftains, whose appetites thirty or more real women could not appease. . . . We find young males, referred to as 'jewels,' being groomed to serve the brutal sensuality of the rulers." In the same work, Pi y Margall notes that "there existed public brothels both of men and women, the former dressing and behaving in the manner of females."

### [3] *The Men of Burden in Florida.*

It was apparently a custom among the original inhabitants of Florida to select individuals of the masculine sex, generally of tall stature and robust build, for seduction into the practice of sodomy, thereby producing "women" who could perform feminine tasks with the energy of men. Such is the case of the so-called "men of burden" of Florida and other localities. Of the role played by physical height in the question of homosexuality and its bearing upon this case in particular, we shall have more to say later on when we deal with the "Myth of the Giants."

In the *Narrative of his Shipwreck and his Sojourn in Florida*, Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca mentions two Floridian tribes, the Doguenes and the Mariames. "During the time I spent among them," he wrote, "I witnessed devilish things and once I saw a man wedded to another, these being effeminate men, impotent, who go about covered as though they were women, doing the work of women. They shoot the bow and bear very great burdens, and as I say, among these tribes we beheld many such effeminate men, and they were more corpulent than the other men, and taller, and they are made to suffer the weight of great burdens." Speaking also of the inhabitants of Florida, Pi y Margall notes that "monogamy prevailed among the subjects and adultery was punished, but sodomites abounded. Far from concealing their vice, these men advertised it, as did the natives of Haiti, by dressing as women; and far from being viewed with disapproval, they were regarded quite to the contrary, being commonly sought as 'men of burden' because of their height and their vigor."

It is quite possible that the laziness of the American aborigines, so well-known and so often commented upon, played a role in the formation of customs of this sort, forcing the women to take all the hard labor upon themselves and leaving the men with only those concerns related to war, the magistracy, and the priesthood.

In this respect Pedro Cieza de León makes the following observation in his *History of Peru* about the Cañar people of Tumbamba: "Their women are of the most hard-working sort, for it is they who dig the earth, sow the fields and gather the crops, while many of their husbands are at home weaving and spinning and repairing their weapons and caring for their faces, along with other womanly occupations." In his *General History of the New Kingdom of Granada*, Lucas Fernández de Piedrahita supports this contention in a reference to the Lache people of what is now Colombia: ". . . among the Laches the women do all the work, without there being any occupation or exercise, save that of war, to which the idleness of the men and their desire to be well served fails to be resistant." The same characteristics were also observed among the Sáliva tribe of the Orinoco region, in what is today Venezuela.

### [4] *Homosexual Marriage*

In some native American nations the practice of sodomizing male children reached such an extreme that a man might induce his own sons to indulge in it without the least stigma being attached to his actions or to theirs.

At this point it is appropriate to mention the definitive effect that excessive and prolonged maternal influence can have, according to Marañón, Hirschfeld, and others, in the generation of homosexual tendencies, especially in light of the fact that the majority of native mothers during the time of the Conquest nursed their sons to the age of fifteen or beyond.

The incidence of sexual inversion in these individuals reached such an extreme that they were given in marriage, much as if they had been real women. We have already cited Núñez Cabeza de Vaca on this particular point. López de Gomara, regarding the Albardas of Mexico, observes that "some men are wed to others who are impotent or have been castrated and thus behave as women, serving and substituting as such, with no skill in drawing in the bow."

In relation to the Lache of Colombia, Fernández de Piedrahita records the following: "It was a law among them that if a woman bore five consecutive male children, without giving birth to a female, they could make a female of one of the sons when he reached the age of twelve moons—that is to say, they could rear him as a woman and teach him the habits of a woman, bringing him up in that wise. In their bodily form and manners they appeared so perfectly to be women that no one who beheld them could distinguish them from the others, and these were known as *cusmos*, and they performed womanly tasks with the strength of men, as a result of which, when they had attained the proper age, they were given in wedlock as women. And indeed the Laches preferred them to true women, whereby it follows that the abomination of sodomy was freely permitted in their lands."

Perhaps the origin of such a curious custom can be explained by the supposition that on some occasion or another, the Lache tribe had been conquered in war and their womenfolk had been carried off as bounty by the conquering tribe. The absence or shortage of women,

then, would have obliged the Lache to seek substitutes in the manner described by Fernández de Piedrahita. Such a measure, practiced over a period of time, would be transformed into a tradition or custom of the tribe. Although this explanation at first sight appears satisfactory, on further analysis it reveals weak points which force us to present it as a mere hypothesis. Certain testimonies of the chroniclers themselves, in fact, may be used as arguments against it, as can be seen in Cieza de León's account of the natives of Puerto Viejo, Peru: "Since they were evil and addicted to vices, and notwithstanding the fact that among them there were many beautiful women, the majority of them, as witness has been born unto me, made open and public use of the abominable sin of sodomy, in which they took excessively great delight."

Padre Juan Rivero in his *History of the Missions on the Plains of Casanare and along the Orinoco and Meta Rivers* provides similar evidence concerning the Guahibo and Chiricoa tribes of the Orinoco: "It is their custom to have many wives, though some among them depart from these paths and have none, giving themselves instead to the abominable vice, which truly has been recognized in this nation, and which may prudently be adjudged the cause of the native union of the Guahibos and the Chiricoas, which seem like a single tribe."

### [5] *Sexual transmutation and transvestism*

Such a state of affairs was inevitably bound to bring about profound changes in the physical and psychic structure of the men involved. The intensity of their sexual perversion, at its extreme, made them into true women in all regards except the anatomical, and even that, in extreme cases, could be altered by reducing the size of the genitals through atrophy, giving the body a feminine appearance. Thus we find true cases of *transmutatio sexualis* and extraordinary cases of transvestism.

Concerning the Indians in the western coastal regions of Venezuela, Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo notes that "he who serves as the woman in said crime lets his hair grow halfway down his back, the same as women wear theirs, and he does not dare to take up the bow and arrow or any other weapon, nor to busy his person in any task which men perform. And it is not in that province alone that this cursed vice is practiced here on the Mainland, wherefore I am not amazed by anything that might take place in such a land."

We have already cited the evidence to be found in Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, Bernal Díaz del Castillo, and Cieza de León. López de Guzman provides further information concerning the natives of Venezuela: "There are many sodomites among them who but for their lack of breasts and the ability to give birth could be complete as women." In regard to the Carib people of Santa Marta, the same writer asserts that "in Zamba, known to the Indians as Nao, and in Gaira, the male-whores grow their hair long and cover their shameful parts as women do."

In his narration of Balboa's conquest of the Isthmus of Darién, Herrera records that "among the captives there was discovered a brother of the chieftain Torecha, who, along with various others, went about dressed as a woman, all of whom Vasco Núñez adjudged to be tainted with the abominable sin, and he ordered them thrown to the dogs which then and there did tear them to pieces."

In a chronicle entitled *The Triumphs of Our Holy Faith over the Most Barbarous and Cruel Peoples of the Earth*, Fray Andrés Pérez de Ribas described the customs of the inhabitants of the present-day Mexican states of Sinaloa and Sonora, noting that there were men among them who "were known and scorned by all, and in their language they called them by offensive words and names, and such men as they made no use of the bow and arrow but rather dressed themselves in the manner of women."

### [6] *Narcissistic attitudes*

It seems that narcissistic tendencies are also, in many cases, responsible for the development and liberation of homosexual capacities. In this respect Pi y Margall makes the following statement about the Orinoco region, doubtlessly summarizing the data from many chronicles: "Among the Sálivas the women were as manly as the men were effeminate. The man spoke rarely, and then in a tone so soft that he could barely be heard, while the woman's voice was loud and unrestrained. It was chiefly the males who concerned themselves about cleanliness and grace. Twice each day they had their hair combed and shaped into a round coiffure by the women; twice each day they anointed their bodies and painted them with minute designs. Once embellished and adorned, each man became a slave to himself, not daring to touch himself or let anyone else touch him for fear that his make-up might be smudged or spoiled. In their elegant and gallant state they regarded themselves as being much more handsome than they really were, and because of their vanity they made themselves insufferable."

### [7] *Homosexuality and religion*

It is an apparent fact that the religions practiced by the native Americans prior to the Conquest placed great importance upon the development of sodomy since the ministers of religion, in the majority of cases, were severely forbidden to indulge in heterosexual contact, or at least, maximum restrictions were placed upon such indulgences. When imposed by a religious order, chastity almost always tends to produce mutual attractions between members of the same sex. If to this tendency we add the tendency toward onanism, which the forced observance of chastity almost inevitably brings in its wake, and if we consider the inhibiting effect of onanism upon normal sexual relations and the way in which it keeps the libido in a perpetually unsatisfied and irritated state, then it is clear that we have an ideal developing ground for sexual abnormalities.

Among the tribes of the New World, the *piache*—that

curious combination of priest, physician, magician, and counselor, who occupied a position of great importance in the social and religious life of the Indian—can be considered as homosexual, keeping in mind that it was he who managed the so-called "men's houses." These were lodges or secret societies, generally entrusted with the initiation of young males into manhood, organized, in the majority of cases, along military or religious lines. Within these groups sodomy was practiced without any restraint whatsoever, often within a ritual or magical context. In Brazil, for example, the *pagés* (or *piache* in Spanish) was the ruler of the *baito*, a men's house or similar institution, where sexual relations between males were openly practiced. The importance of the role played by the *piache* justifies the statement that homosexuals often achieved an overwhelming position of command in primitive societies.

The future priest, then, was brought up on homosexual practices under the guise of rite or liturgical training, in such a manner that he was able to indulge in sodomy to his heart's content. In reality, behind its respectable and irreproachable facade, religion, more often than not, concealed organizations whose sole reason for being was to procure sexual material for the satisfaction of the perverted appetites of civil, religious, and military dignitaries. Garcilaso de la Vega, speaking of the "House of the Chosen," tells how the comely daughters of chieftains and common people alike were selected to serve as concubines for the Inca, while Bernal Díaz del Castillo, writing about Cipacingo, Mexico, notes that the priests among the Mexican tribes "were sons of illustrious men and they had no wives but had recourse instead to the cursed vice of sodomy."

Cieza de León provides a record of similar or identical practices among the native priesthood of Peru. "Certain youths, from the time of their childhood," he wrote, "were kept in the temples so that when the sacrifices and solemn festivals were made the lords and other illustrious men might make use of them in the cursed sin of sodomy, and in order that those of you who read this may know how this devilish rite is still observed among them, I shall herewith give an account that Father Domingo of the church of Santo Tomás gave unto me concerning such things, which account, now in my keeping, reads thus: 'It is true that among the Serranos and the Yungas the Devil has introduced this vice under the guise of sanctity, and so it is that in each of their principal temples there is a man, or two, or more, in accordance with the idol there enshrined, who does go about dressed in woman's clothing from the days of his childhood, and in his speech and manners and dress and all such things he is like unto a woman. On their holy and festive days, as an act of holiness and religion, they join in shameless carnal union with these men, their leaders and rulers especially taking part. I myself do know of this, having chastized two such men, one being an Indian from the Sierra who was attached to a temple such as they call a *huaca*, from the province of Conchucos, the other being from the province of Chincha, both subjects of His Majesty. And the two of them, when I had spoken to them concerning the iniquity they did commit, aggrieving them with the ugliness of their sin, answered unto me that the blame was not theirs since from the days of their childhood their chieftains had placed them there to make use of them in said cursed and shameful vice, so that they might be priests and guardians of the temples of their idols. In such wise I learned that the Devil held so thorough a dominion over these lands that he, not content merely to betray them into such enormities of sin, had also given them to understand that such a vice partook of holiness and religion, holding them thus more subject to his will.'

### [8] *Homosexuality as Vexation or Punishment. Influence of militarism*

It is quite possible that the men of conquered and subjugated tribes were forced into sodomy as a means of humiliation or punishment. When we consider that captives were in some cases destined for sacrifice and that in others they were caged and fattened to serve as food, it is not unreasonable then to assume that they may also have been abused by means of sodomy. The chronicles, however, make no mention of such occurrences, though by analogy and deduction we may maintain that it is not at all impossible that they did in fact take place. It is an established fact that in Mexico, for example, prisoners who had shown great bravery in battle were showered with all sorts of honors and special considerations until the time came for them to be sacrificed and eaten; their captors then, by ingesting their flesh, partook of their virtues and valor. In a similar manner, numerous ethnic groups in Arabia, Abyssinia, and Morocco are known to have practiced castration and punitive sodomy on their prisoners of war. This custom was observed up until quite recent times, and, in some occasions, may still be practiced today.

Castration, by eliminating the masculine genital glands and altering the individual's hormonal balance, thereby disrupting the balance of his latent bisexual components, may be considered a first step toward sodomization. Primitive societies were empirically aware of the fact that it produced a predisposition towards homosexuality. The practice of castration, then, must have been regarded as a sequel to military campaigns and incursions since war tended to isolate large groups of males from their homes and from the female sex, thus producing conditions conducive to the spread of abnormal sexual behavior. Attempts have been made to prove that highly militarized societies display a proportionately higher percentage of sodomites than societies with a lesser degree of militarization. As a corollary to that contention, attempts have also been made to prove that recrudescences or collective epidemics of homosexuality can be observed immediately after wars, coming in the wake of all their horrors.

Applying these data to the aboriginal American, we



find that the Caribs—an essentially warlike, aggressive, and piratical race who lived only for the sake of conquest and attained a degree of military organization not exceeded by any other native American nation during their time—can provide us with the most ample harvest of data, via the works of the chroniclers, on sexual abnormalities of the sodomitic type.

#### [9] Height and Homosexuality

The insistence with which the chroniclers of the Conquest speak of the Myth of the Giants is, in our opinion, a matter of great interest. Their records are unanimous in attributing to these outsized individuals a taste for sodomy. From his reading of these chronicles, Gregorio Marañón notes that "male homosexuality in many instances was observed in subjects of exceptional height, with gargantuan proportions." As already mentioned above, Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca refers to the large size of the sodomites among the original inhabitants of Florida. Cieza de León writes about the *Gigantes* of Punta de Santa Helena, Ecuador, as follows: "After these giants had been for some years in these parts, and as they had no women and the native Indians were not to their liking, because of their great size or because it must have been a vice common among them, by counsel or inducement of the Devil himself, they made use, along with other sins, of the hateful practice of sodomy, so grievous and dreadful, which they did exercise and commit publicly and openly, without fear of God or shame for their own doing. . . ."

In his *Description and Peoples of the Indies*, Fray Reginaldo de Lizarraga, speaking of the *Gigantes* of Ecuador, mentions that he saw "a very large molar from a giant, which in itself weighed ten ounces and more. The Indians, repeating the tradition passed down to them by their ancestors, say that since these giants were newcomers from they knew not where, and as they had no women and the local peoples could not abide them, they thus fell into the vice of sodomy, which God punished by raining fire from the sky upon them, in that manner destroying them all. For this abominable vice there is no other remedy."

Furthermore, it is a well-known fact that Ojeda, when he discovered the island now known as Curaçao, christened it the Island of the Giants, because of the excessive size of its inhabitants. In his narrative of his travels, Vespucci refers to these same people as Caribs on the basis of the hostility that they showed toward him, though today it is recognized that they belonged instead to the Caquetiá nation. We have no information concerning the practice of sodomy among the Caquetiá people, though they did live in a region heavily infected by it.

#### [10] Rejection and Punishment of Sodomites

Though homosexuality was widely accepted among native American peoples, there quite naturally were some groups and nations who not only refused to accept among their own members but made an effort to suppress it in the tribes and peoples they conquered. Guilty individuals were regarded with scorn and were punished in a variety of ways, sometimes being condemned simply to do the work of women, sometimes receiving sentences of an extremely cruel nature.

Speaking of the inhabitants of Bogota, Lopez de Gomara says that "they punished public sins most harshly: thievery, killing and sodomy among them, for they do not suffer sodomites. They lash them, cut off their ears and noses, or hang them, and in the case of nobles or men of high rank they shear off their hair or shred the sleeves of their shirts." Concerning the natives of the Lile Valley, Cieza de León says that he heard no mention of their having openly practiced sodomy. "Furthermore," he writes, "if any Indian among them, through evil counsel with the Devil, is known to commit this sin, he is held in low esteem and called a woman." Later in his chronicle the same author discusses the inhabitants of San Miguel, Ecuador: "And in spite of the fact that their province conjoins with Puerto Viejo and Guayaquil, they did not commit the abominable sin, for I have been given to understand that they held as dirty and belittled him who made use of it, if indeed there were anyone among them who, beguiled by the Devil, were moved to commit such an act." Concerning the people of Leon de Guanuco, he wrote that "if such men are known, they are held in low regard as being effeminate and they are ordered about almost as if they were women, according to what has been described to me," and he spoke of the people of Tarama as being "free of the abominable sin" to such a degree that the name of the province of Huayllas, where sodomy had apparently been common, had passed into their language as a popular insult.

Writing about his ancestors, the Incas, Garcilaso de la Vega makes the following observation about the regions of Uña, Camana, Carauli, Picta, and Quellaca: "The Inca sent forth the command that with great diligence they should seek out sodomites and that those who were found should be burned alive on the public square . . . that likewise they should burn their houses and knock them down to the earth and that they should set fire to the trees growing on their lands, pulling them up by the roots, so that in no manner might there remain any memory of such an abominable thing, and that it be proclaimed an inviolable law that henceforth they must take care to preserve themselves from such crimes, lest, through the sins of one, all of their village might be laid waste and all of their dwellings burned." So thoroughly were the Inca's commands carried out that even the mention of sodomy became "hateful to them, so much so that they never mouthed the word and any Indian among those of Cuzco who, through anger, in a quarrel with another, might utter it as an offense, even he was held to be despicable and for many days the other Indians looked upon him as something vile and loathsome because such a word had issued from his mouth."

Regarding the customs of the natives of the mainland in general, Antonio Herrera says that "sodomy was detested, for they censured strongly him who made use of it," and in reference to the natives of Tlaxcala, Mexico, he says that "those who sinned through sodomy were put to death, though in other provinces it was freely practiced."

Antonio Vázquez de Espinosa, in his *Compendium and Description of the West Indies*, discusses the prowess of the Inca Pacha Cutec Yupanqui. "He left his court," he says, "and journeyed northward and after traveling some hundred-and-fifty leagues, he subjugated the provinces of Huamaliés, Pinco, Huari, Piscobamba, Cayatambo, and Huayllas, whereupon he burned some sodomites who dwelled there in order that such chastisement might introduce reform and prudence into their customs."

Fray Gregorio Diaz notes some similarity between the Hebrews and the natives of New Spain: "It was a law in Leviticus that he who committed the abominable sin should be put to death. The Indians of New Spain kept this same law to the letter and fulfilled it with great rigor, and the same punishment was likewise dealt unto the woman who lay with another woman, that too being a crime against nature." In his discussion of the laws of Zipa Nemequene, Fernández de Piedrahita says that the sodomite was put to death "with harsh torments," while Pi y Margall notes that among some ancient Mexican

tribes "those men who dressed as women, or women who dressed as men, suffered the death penalty." In regard to the Urabae, Ciparicote, and the Itoto tribes in the vicinity of Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela, Pi y Margall further observes that "sodomy did not cease to be frequent, however much it was punished, and those who practiced it were sentenced to womanly tasks: spinning, grinding corn, and fetching water and firewood."

One final passage from Cieza de León may serve as a general summary: "Certain persons speak great ill of the Indians, comparing them with beasts, saying that their customs and living habits belong more properly to brutes than to men, that they are so evil that not only do they make use of the abominable sin but also that they eat one another. And since in this history of mine I have described something of this and of other uglinesses and abuses committed by them, let it be known that it is not my intention to say that these things apply to all of them. Rather let it be known that if in one province they eat human flesh and make sacrifices with human blood, that in other provinces this sin is abhorred, and likewise that if in one province they practice the abominable sin against nature, in many others it is regarded as unseemly and is not practiced or indeed may be abhorred. And thus are the customs among them, so that it would be an unjust thing to voice a general condemnation of them all."

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## HARVEY MILK ASSASSINATED

On the very same day that this issue was going to press (November 27) word reached us of the murder of San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk. Both he and Mayor Moscone were shot at San Francisco City Hall by Dan White, a former supervisor who had been seeking reappointment to his old office.

Milk, 48, was born in New York and won his B.A. in 1951 from the Albany State College for Teachers. He worked in New York as a research analyst and then for a year on Broadway, helping to produce several plays and musicals. Milk moved permanently to San Francisco in 1972. In 1977 he was elected the first openly gay member of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors. During his campaign he described his main issue as "Gay for Gay." Since his election he had been influential in bringing about passage of progressive legislation, such as the San Francisco's gay rights ordinance, signed by Moscone in April 1978.

Harvey Milk had been very supportive of gay rights and gay groups. He had campaigned tirelessly to ensure defeat of California's Proposition 6 aimed against gay teachers. He had always been very friendly to myself personally and to *Gay Sunshine*, and his Castro Camera store had placed ads in our paper over several issues. *Gay Sunshine* had been planning an in-depth interview with Milk for our next issue.

I mourn his passing. Let us hope that his death will not throw our San Francisco gay community into disarray. We need to unite and to continue the struggle for gay rights.

—Winston Leyland

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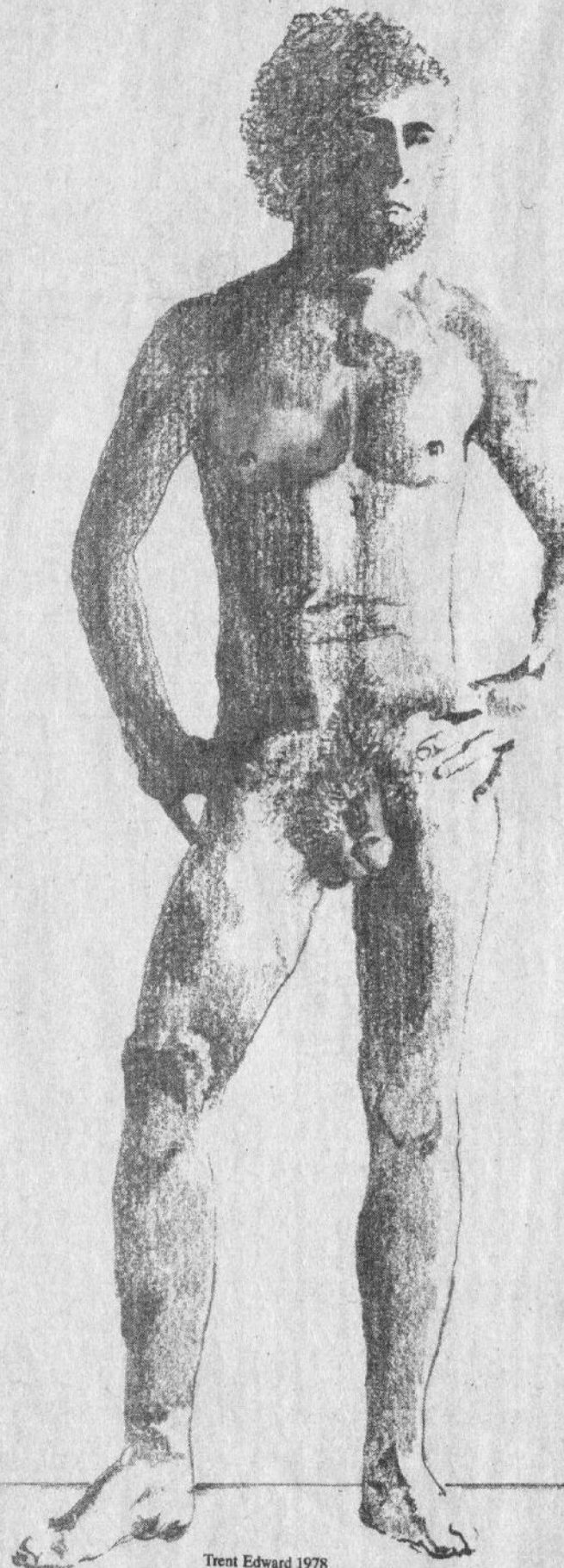
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Trent Edward 1978

GABRIEL

I press my fingers  
into your spine, knead  
your flesh into  
a fiery mandala,  
bending down  
so that my penis  
barely  
touches you.  
Opening  
your lips  
so that my tongue bulges against them,  
I kiss  
dark carob  
stroke  
the orchid  
of the anus.

Your sphincter muscles  
tighten around me, relax, and recede . . .  
Cinnamon & clove mingle  
with mudsweetness of  
the bowels.

My forefinger waxed  
in peppermint balm,  
I polish your corridors.  
I lie down on you  
and gently press  
myself  
into  
your  
waves  
You  
lock  
me  
in.

You run  
the tips of your fingers  
down my ankles and nose,  
lightly brushing  
the cheeks.

You pour  
cedar oil over my body,  
take the glans into your mouth, pressing  
its sides so that the lips might be  
opened.

My scarlet head brushes the edges of your teeth,  
quivers  
at their  
sharpness.

A whalelike grotto pulls my seed  
farther from the depths  
of the testicles.

You sweep  
your hands through my hair  
hug  
your head  
tight against my belly,  
so that even my testicles  
enter  
your  
mouth.

My prostrate  
swells  
as if angels prick  
its precipice.

The bells of the city ring out the names  
of the lovers far into the night.

—Randy Conner

# GAY SUNSHINE

A JOURNAL OF GAY LIBERATION



Carnival, Rio de Janeiro  
Photo by Alair Gomes

SPECIAL ISSUE: BRAZIL

WINTER 1979

NO. 38 / 39

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# λjornal do gay

★ NOTICIÁRIO DO MUNDO ENTENDIDO ★

## EDIÇÃO ESPECIAL



"IMAGENS DE SONHO"  
DOIS ADOLESCENTES NUS  
RETRATADOS POR  
KENZO OZAWA, O "FOTÓGRAFO DE HOMENS".

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## O EDITOR CONVERSA COM OS LEITORES.



*Nessas poucas linhas venho expressar os meus mais sinceros agradecimentos aos nossos queridos amigos leitores, associados e simpáticos que nos escreveram e continuam escrevendo, parabenizando-nos e colaborando conosco de todas as formas.*

*Nossa linha editorial continua com pequenas alterações, como sempre seguindo sugestões dos leitores. Aos que não gostaram, peço que também se pronunciem.*

*A "nossa Grande Família" cresce a cada dia. Atualmente contamos com cerca de 7.000 associados em todo o Brasil e exterior.*

*Novamente o meu muito obrigado e espero poder contar sempre com a participação e prestígio de todos vocês.*

*Despeço-me com um fraternal abraço de amigo e irmão de causa.*

*Até a próxima.*

**Antonio Massaro Kirihara**  
editor e diretor

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If you want to correspond with Brazilian friends (either masculine or feminine), please send us your photo (3 x 4), the description of all your personal characteristics and the description of the personal characteristics of the person (or persons) with whom you would like to exchange letters.

—oOo—

Si vous voulez avoir une correspondance avec des amis brésiliens (ou amis brésiliennes), on vous prie d'envoyer une photo (3 x 4) avec la description de vos caractères personnels et la description des caractères personnels de la personne (ou personnes) avec laquelle (ou lesquelles) vous aimeriez échanger des lettres.

—oOo—

Wenn Sie mit brasilianischen Freunden/Freundinnen korespondieren moechten, bitte, schicken Sie Ihr Foto (3 x 4) und die Beschreibung Ihrer Charakteristik und die Beschreibung der Charakteristik der Person/Personen mit der/denen Sie korespondieren moechten.

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## o jornal do gay

★ NOTICIÁRIO DO MUNDO ENTENDIDO ★

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Fernando Moreno  
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**JORNALISTA RESPONSÁVEL**  
Jaime Iwashita Kameyama  
Registro Profissional 1.108

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O Jornal do Gay é uma publicação mensal, editada pelo Círculo Corydon, com sede e administração em São Paulo (capital), Caixa Postal 3125 — 01000 — São Paulo — SP — Brasil. A circulação é feita em todas capitais brasileiras em todos locais entendidos. O editor se reserva o direito de recusar matérias que considerar impúblicas, e não se responsabiliza pelos artigos devidamente assinados pelos autores. (Os artigos publicados com assinaturas, não traduzem necessariamente a opinião do jornal. Sua publicação obedece ao propósito de estimular o debate dos problemas gays mundiais e de refletir as diversas tendências do pensamento contemporâneo). Assinaturas do Jornal do Gay, apenas pelo CORREIO ao preço de Cr\$ 300,00, com direito a 12 exemplares do Jornal do Gay. O pagamento deverá ser em cheque nominal em favor do Círculo Corydon.





## ☆ ROTEIRO GAY ☆

### ROTEIRO GAY DE VITÓRIA, ESPÍRITO SANTO

A moçada festiva capixaba reúne-se em Vitória no BRITZ BAR, situado à rua Gama Rosa, 76. O ambiente é ali seletto, freqüentado por artistas, intelectuais e entendidos da localidade. Também se encontram na BOATE GROOVE, que fica na avenida Beira Mar e que é gay só nas quintas-feiras.

Pode-se namorar na Praça Costa Pereira, em frente ao Teatro Carlos Gomes, ou na porta do Cine Santa Cecília, que é onde se reúne a turma gay da ilha.

### ROTEIRO GAY DE BELO HORIZONTE

O movimento gay na capital das alterosas está para entendido nenhum botar defeito.

São boates de categoria superior: SHESE, na rua Alagoas; BRULÉ, na avenida Álvares Cabral; essa boate não é requintada, mas é freqüentada pela juventude gay mais quente de Belô. JAMBALAIÔ, av. Álvares Cabral, centro. DISCOTEQUE, freqüentada mais discretamente. RÉ, av. Contorno, esquina com Augusto de Lima, centro. Freqüentada mais por travestis.

Indica ainda os Cinemas: METRÓPOLE, rua Goiás, classe A/B, muito movimentado. BRASIL, classe B, muita pegação discreta; fica na Praça Sete de Janeiro, centro. Classe A/B. Discreto.

Em nível um pouco mais baixo, porém com muita pegação e transação existem o Cine São Geraldo, atrás da Estação Rodoviária, no centro, e o Cine Texas, na av. Olegário Maciel, entre rua Tupis e Tamoios.

Comenta ainda sobre os bares: STETES, na av. Hugo Wernek, centro. Classe A, um dos melhores bate-papos em barzinhos gay. Situa-se no mesmo prédio do Teatro Marília. KI-COPACABANA, rua dos Caetés, entre rua Espírito Santo e rua Rio de Janeiro, centro. Classe B. POLO NORTE, na av. Afonso Pena, bem freqüentado, classe B. GALERIA DO AMOR, baixo astral e muito perigosa. Atrás da Rodoviária.

Ainda há Saunas! AIMORÉS, rua Aimorés, esquina da av. Bias Fortes, centro. Bastante boa, muita transação. Classe A/B. CARLOS TURNER, na av. Augusto de Lima, entre as ruas Rio de Janeiro e São Paulo, centro. Classe A/B, discreta, com muita pegação. CASCATA, rua Guajará, entre av. João Pinheiro e rua da Bahia, centro. Discreta, classe A; fica quase só no flerte.

Ainda há lugares de caçação: av. Afonso Pena, a principal de Belô, pegações diante do Edifício Sulcape, e ao lado do Hotel Financial, de madrugada.

### ROTEIRO GAY DE NATAL, RIO GRANDE DO NORTE

Existem, na belíssima Natal, duas boates entendidas, que são a PRISÃO e o AQUARIUS. Também há bares gays: o MAGESTIK e o SACY BAR. Também dois cinemas de pegação, o RIO GRANDE e o

REX.

Em frente ao famoso Hotel Ducal fica o conhecido ponto onde se pode flertar e descolar uma transa.

Segundo o que se ouve dizer: "todos lá em Natal são assumidos".

### ROTEIRO GAY DE SÃO JOSÉ DO RIO PRETO - SP

São José do Rio Preto dista a 430 km de São Paulo. Possui cerca de 300 mil habitantes e o número de adeptos gays cresce em ritmo acelerado. A transação é aí grande, apesar de ser meio camuflada. A rua Bernardino de Campos, na calçada do Café Conte e Lanches Kiberama; é o ponto de encontro da gente discreta. Os entendidos costumam tomar café no Café Conte e ouvir disco na Livraria Shan-Grillá, que fica ao lado. Existem a famosa Salada Paulista e o Clube dos Artistas, que é a Panificadora Pão Quente, mas é baixo astral, pois é freqüentada por bonecas e travestis.

Não existem boates gays, mas os entendidos costumam ir ao Studio 88, que é boate mista, e recebe os visitantes da Capital. Lanchonete Só Suco é a indicada para pequenas caças.

### ROTEIRO GAY DE SANTOS - SP

Santos é tão badalada como qualquer outra cidade grande. Recomenda-se a Discoteca PUB, situada à av. Ana Costa, 469; o Clube dos Ingleses, e finalmente a Praia de Itararé, para quem gosta de barbudos. Não se aconselha a Orla da Praia, por ser ela perigosa e de baixo astral.

A transação da pesada é feita entre o Canal 1 e o 2 (na areia mesmo), à noite. Para quem quiser ficar mais tranqüilo, indica-se o Hotel Opala, destinado exclusivamente para entendidos. Esse hotel localiza-se na divisa entre Santos e São Vicente, em frente para o mar. Outro local de caçação é o Cine Guarani, na Praça dos Andradas.

A única sauna mais ou menos gay situa-se na av. Pinheiro Machado, esquina com a Carvalho de Mendonça.

Existe agora em São Vicente mais uma casa entendida. Localiza-se na Ilha Porchat e chama-se Penhasco. Ambiente muito discreto. Sugere-se outra lanchonete badalada no Gonzaga, Santos. Chama-se Top's e é freqüentada por entendidos e entendidas.

### ROTEIRO GAY DA AMÉRICA ESPANHOLA

Apesar de todo o preconceito existente contra os gays em alguns países latino-americanos, ainda se pode badalar com maior ou menor discrição em várias capitais hispano-americanas.

Os turistas brasileiros que aproveitem!

Quito, Equador - La Puerta Negra Piano Bar, Leonidas Plaza 456, entre Roco e Carrion (perto do Hotel Colon). Novo e único lugar, agora. Não perca o cebeche quando visitá-lo!



**Bogotá, Colômbia** — **Arlequin Private Club**, 5-18 Calle de Las Nieves, con Calle del Silencio. Fins-de-semana, depois das 23 h. Fechado aos domingos.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina** — **Privado Bar**, Coronel Diez 1742, telefone: 826-1455. Gente muito simpática.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina** — **Young Men's II** — Av. Marcelo T. de Alvear 1000 (e Av. 9 de Julio). Fora, café; no interior, bar. Melhor horário: início da noite até cerca de meia-noite.

**Acapulco, México** — **San Souci Hotel**, Confortável. 200 pesos a diária. Bar/Disco. Ocasionalmente, **shows** de homens vestidos de mulher. Vista espetacular.

**Guadalajara, México** — Leitor quer saber de organizações gueis em Guadalajara, bem como a localização do **Pancho's Bar**. Como excelentes para o orçamento, recomenda os seguintes hotéis: em Guadalajara: Hotel Frances, Calle Maestranza 35 (120 pesos, quarto de duas camas) e, na cidade do México: Hotel Compostela, Sullivan 35 (150 pesos, quarto de duas camas).

**Lima, Peru** — **My Way Club (Disco)**. O que há de mais quente na América do Sul, disseram-nos. Telefone: 461-813, segundo andar, entre numa porta lateral, do lado oposto ao **Haiti Coffee Shop**, na Calle Larco, no bairro guei de Lima (miraflores). Alguém tem um endereço melhor para **My Way**?

## RECLAMAÇÕES

### CARTA À REDAÇÃO

Prezados senhores redadores do JORNAL DO GAY,

Li, com desgosto e revolta o artigo intitulado "O poder gay assume e ataca", publicado no nº 203 do jornal "Movimento".

Protesto contra artigos como os da segunda parte "Nas ruas uma nova prostituição", em que mostra o homossexual como bicha de rua, prostituta assassina. Tais artigos, em vez de ajudarem o movimento gay que ora se inicia no Brasil, apenas depõem contra ele, pois revela a podridão de alguns gays, que é apenas uma minoria dentro da minoria. Artigos como esse já os publica o malfadado "Notícias Populares". Assim fazendo, o "Movimento" confirma para a população menos avisada a imagem que os ignorantes têm do gay, e fortalecem o preconceito contra a homossexualidade.

Por que não falar em gays normais, que trabalham, estudam, produzem e são úteis para a sociedade, revelando assim a imagem positiva da homossexualidade?

Falar em bicha de rua quando se refere a homossexual é a mesma coisa que falar em prostituta quando se refere a mulher, ou em cafetão quando se refere a homens heterossexuais. A prostituição é uma característica humana e não uma exclusividade do heterossexualismo ou do homossexualismo.

Muito me admira que AGUINALDO SILVA, um dos redadores de o "Movimento" e editor do jornal carioca "Lampião" tenha permitido que se publicasse tal reportagem, redigida por Murilo Carvalho. Qual é a tua, hem, Aguinaldo? E

aconselho ao "Movimento" a limitar-se apenas a falar em política, que é a área deles, e não apelar para aumentar a venda do jornal, fazendo sensacionalismo com a homossexualidade.

José Raimundo Martins — Jundiá — SP

—oOo—

Prezada redação do Jornal do Gay,

Colaborando com a seção de reclamações, quero dedar o papelão que a Boate Homo Sapiens fez na quinta-feira, dia 31 de maio. Eu pinteí por lá pra assistir à peça AS AVESTRUZES pois me amarro na Ruthinéa de Moraes. Na hora de começar o espetáculo tinha só umas 15 pessoas, e o Roberto (um dos gerentes) apareceu no palco e anunciou que o espetáculo ia ser cancelado por falta de público. Eu achei aquilo uma chatice, mas eu me conformei já que eles disseram que iam devolver pro público o dinheiro das entradas.

Foi aí então que uma machona se invocou, engrossou a voz e começou a xingar, dizendo que ela tinha perdido a noite e que eles tinham que dar o espetáculo nem que fosse pra uma pessoa só. Como o Roberto quisesse dar uma de gostoso, a machona avançou pra cima dele, o boneco gritou, se mandou e trancou-se no camarim.

A machona foi embora bufando, disse que ia reclamar na polícia, etc. etc.

Eu saí de lá pensando: quando será que esse pessoal do Homo Sapiens vai aprender a tratar bem os clientes? Será que eles pensam que são a única casa gay de São Paulo?

Sandra Nardinelli — São Caetano — SP



## ANÚNCIOS CLASSIFICADOS

1. **Carlos Roberto Moraes** procura emprego em São Paulo. Tem 22 anos, colégio completo, cursos de inglês e alemão. Bom datilógrafo, freqüentou cursos dentro da área de recursos humanos. Conhece todo o serviço de Departamento Pessoal, tal como folhas de pagamentos por computador, etc. etc.

2. **Sebastião Xavier Silva**, 21 anos, 1,80 m, estudante, 8ª série de Colégio, procura emprego de guarda-vigia (porteiro) em Bares, Boates ou Discotecas Gays. É formado pela SBIL (Segurança Bancária e Industrial Ltda.), diplomado e com registro na Academia da Polícia Militar do Estado de São Paulo. Cursos de socorros de urgência, Relações Públicas e Bombeiro. Quer trabalhar em São Paulo.

3. **Sidney J. Luciano**, 30 anos, residente no Rio de Janeiro, procura trabalho nessa Capital. É aeroviário, professor primário, supervisor de segurança do trabalho, assistente administrativo, operador de Telex, guia de Turismo e bancário. Está cursando o terceiro período de administração. Fala inglês e espanhol.

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6. **Massagista Diplomado** atende a domicílio — Marcar hora e preço pelo telefone: 287-2975 — São Paulo, com Sr. Álvaro, de segunda à sexta-feira, das 19 às 21 horas. Registro S.N.F.M.F. nº 75/75.

7. **Yoga** — Aulas práticas de yoga em sua própria residência, de acordo com os textos clássicos. Cr\$ 300,00 por aula, irmãos gays com 50% de desconto. Endereço: Caixa Postal 20.337 — Cep. 01000 — São Paulo — SP.

## VOCÊ CONHECE ESTE SÍMBOLO?

Ele representa a Grande Família Corydon. Associe-se.





## O REMORSO

Alexandre D'Arçais



Entardecia quando Alberto transpôs o antigo portão de ferro, que rangeu nos gonzos. A pesada chuva que caía há horas despertava o odor das flores na alameda. No momento em que ele estacionou o carro no jardim, junto da velha escadaria de mármore, Luís abriu a porta envidraçada e, como sempre, sorriu ao ver Alberto, e seu coração vibrou de alegria.

Luís vestia calça de veludo azul, muito apertada, e tamancos negros. Fazia apenas alguns dias que regressara ao castelo, mas Alberto notou que o amigo já tinha recuperado o tom bronzeado da pele.

Suas bocas se uniram e eles entraram no saguão forrado de damasco azul e verde.

— Eu estou tão feliz! — Alberto exclamou

— Tu não podes imaginar como senti a tua ausência! Era como se a luz me faltasse!

Como de costume, Luís precedeu-o pela escadaria.

— Fica onde tu estás!

Luís ouviu essa ordem e parou, a mão pousada sobre o corrimão, um pé no degrau superior. Então Alberto acariciou o joelho do amigo.

— Apenas em tocar-te, mesmo se eu fosse cego, eu te reconheceria entre mil.

Luís voltou o rosto alegre na direção do

amigo e, movendo apenas a cabeça, beijou-o novamente nos lábios.

— Entre dez mil, eu espero.

Riram, empolgados pela idéia da cumplicidade. Luís começou a subir os degraus, e cada vez em que ele galgava um, sentia a mão do amigo se insinuar mais entre o vão de suas pernas. Quando chegou ao patamar, seu corpo queimava e a cabeça girava-lhe à roda. Foi quando Alberto retirou docemente a mão, e Luís, abrindo a porta, fê-lo entrar em seu quarto.

— Se tu me permites, vou tomar um banho. Estou muito cansado da viagem.

Enquanto Alberto se despija na sala de banhos, Luís estendeu-se sobre o leito e ficou a ouvir o barulho da água correndo. Lá fora, um grande pássaro noturno, sem dúvida assustado, lançou um grito que invadiu de repente o pomar, assombrando-o com o bater de suas asas. Luís cruzou os braços, como para evitar os calafrios, mas...

Apesar de tudo, sentia frio e compreendeu que o remorso aumentava a sensação de frieza. Igual a um anjo aturdido que cai sobre a terra em queda livre, com as largas asas estendidas, Luís tinha, sobre o largo leito, atitudes de ferido. Um vulcão pulsava no fundo de seu



peito, impaciente em não poder expelir sua lava. Um vazio, largo como um túmulo, circundava seu leito. Ele quis falar, mas certas palavras são difíceis de serem proferidas, porque têm peso de chumbo. Contudo, a imperiosa verdade nos obriga a dizê-las.

— Sabes, Alberto? Eu tenho alguma coisa para contar-te... Na tua ausência eu te traí.

Foi dito! A lâmina da guilhotina caiu, decapando pela haste esta bela flor chamada "confiança", e que florescia há quatro estações.

No banheiro, a ducha calou-se, criando um silêncio insuportável, que fere como ferro incandescente sobre a pele. Quem acaba de gemer com o vento? Ninguém. Os lobos uivantes não existem mais. É a dor que acaba de se instalar, imponente, e que massacra dois cora-

ções enamorados.

Então... Luís começou a chorar. Doce-mente, sem nenhum soluço. Mais suave que o mais lento regato que escoia na planície. Lágrimas que desenhavam caminhos sobre as faces, que não se enxugam.

Com as pálpebras descidas, como para tentar deter esse líquido que escapa dos olhos para inundar o travesseiro, Luís sentiu delicada mão pousar sobre sua cabeça e um corpo ainda molhado se unir ao seu. Antes de se entregar, entreouveu:

— Dorme e cala-te. Estas lágrimas não cabem entre nós. E nesta noite eu te amo demais.

Traduzido da revista "Arcadie" — França, de outubro de 1978, por Daniel Franco

## O LEITOR É O REPÓRTER

Recebemos de nosso leitor José Carlos Cioni, do Paraná, a seguinte notícia transcrita do jornal "A Folha de Londrina", do dia 22 de maio de 79.

### SETE MIL TRAVESTIS LUTAM POR DIREITOS E ELEGEM A RAINHA

KUALA LUMPUR, Malásia — Mais de 600 travestis se reuniram domingo à noite e elegeram uma "rainha" como parte de seus esforços para conseguir que a sociedade malaia os aceite como iguais — disse Ahmad Gazal, porta-voz dos organizadores.

Gazal disse que decidiu organizar os 7.000 travestis da Malásia em uma Associação para protegê-los e projetar uma imagem respeitável. Acrescentou que, atualmente, a maioria dos malaaios acham que a única profissão dos travestis é a prostituição e eles querem apagar essa impressão e demonstrar que muitos deles têm profissões muito respeitáveis e ocupam altas posições.

Na reunião de domingo à noite, elegeu-se Mahanon Supardi como "rainha" do primeiro concurso de beleza do gênero realizado na Malásia. Mahanon pretende submeter-se a uma cirurgia para mudar de sexo dentro de alguns meses (em Singapura), converter-se em mulher e casar com um soldado, seu noivo há 10 anos — segundo se informou.





## NOTAS INTERNACIONAIS

LONDRES —  
REVOLTA DOS LEITORES GAYS

750 manifestadores cercaram em fins de fevereiro uma banca de jornal do Sr. W. H. Smith — que no início deste ano excluiu "Gay News" de suas vendas. Os manifestantes começaram a entoar uma canção "We want Gay News", que eles substituíram por "We want gay police", quando os policiais chegaram para ajudar o negociante a fechar as grades de sua banca. Exceto algumas revistas e jornais que foram jogados de um lado para outro, o protesto decorreu sem incidentes. Uma pessoa foi presa.

LONDRES —  
ORIENTAÇÃO JORNALÍSTICA AOS GAYS

"Gays in Media" é um grupo novo e poderoso — e, como fomos informados — visa a proteção publicitária de outros grupos homossexuais, apesar de ele querer permanecer relativamente pequeno para poder trabalhar com maior eficiência. O escritor Robin Houstin, organizador do grupo, expõe: "Nós queremos trabalhar com outros grupos, como 'Women in Media' por exemplo, onde nós podemos nos auxiliar mutuamente. Nós daremos informações aos grupos que precisam se relacionar com os gays e pensamos em publicar um jornal sobre nosso trabalho."

HOLANDA —  
REAÇÃO CONTRA LEGISLAÇÃO  
ANTI-GAY GREGA

Contra a iminente reforma das leis na Grécia, que quer ameaçar os atos homossexuais com punições, protestavam na manhã de 30 de setembro, um sábado, cerca de 120 homossexuais, em Haia. A demonstração foi organizada pelo COC (entidade homófila). Enviou-se à embaixada grega uma petição a qual declarava que a reforma da lei não combinava com a Convenção dos Direitos Humanos, da Europa. Também em outras cidades dos Países Baixos, com a participação da imprensa, verificaram-se semelhantes ações de protesto.

VIENA —  
SUICÍDIO DE MODELO PORNO-GAY

Na prisão de Viena, o mestre de obras Michael Tofan, de 32 anos, jogou-se do quarto andar, vindo a cair ao solo. Faleceu na ambulância durante o trajeto para o hospital. Michael havia sido condenado a dois anos e meio de prisão por ter assegurado, por uma quantia bastante representativa, uma coleção de quadros sem valor. Após um incêndio numa discoteca, onde os quadros foram destruídos, ele recebeu o prêmio do seguro. Porém o jornal não divulgou o passado de Tofan: o maravilhoso rapaz vendia, há 12 anos atrás, slides e fotografias em preto e branco para a revista "Amigo", que por sua vez reproduziu-os todos. Ele era um procuradíssimo modelo fotográfico dos meios homossexuais e, naquela época, um dos primeiros que se deixava fotografar em atos sexuais com homens.

ALEMANHA —  
SEGREGAÇÃO GAY NO EXÉRCITO ALEMÃO

O exército alemão fez reservas contra os homossexuais; mesmo assim vale a frase principal: "quem mantiver relações homossexuais na tropa, e por isso atrapalhar a ordem e a disciplina interna deve ser imediatamente afastado". O Ministério da Defesa de Bonn declara: "Relações homossexuais não podem existir dentro de uma sociedade de homens, como é a do exército alemão. Está expresso que atividades homossexuais fora dele, com pessoas não ligadas a ele, não serão consideradas delitos."

JORNAL DO GAY — PAG. OITO

BÉLGICA —  
FESTIVAL PORNO-GAY

O grupo "Borboletas Vermelhas" organizou, em 15 de Dezembro, a semana de filmes homossexuais na Bélgica, sendo quatro dias em Antuérpia, dois em Gent e um que Leuven. Para março deste ano, está programado mais um encontro de homossexuais.

FRANÇA —  
ADOLESCENTE ASSASSINA AMANTE

Um colegial de 15 anos, na cidade de Evreux, assassinou seu professor no interior da sala de aula, e a seguir tentou o suicídio. A polícia concluiu que o garoto tinha um caso amoroso com o professor e estava enciumado, uma vez que o professor, já há algum tempo, dava certa preferência a outro aluno.

ARÁBIA SAUDITA —  
EXECUÇÕES POR DELITOS SEXUAIS

Na Arábia Saudita foram degolados nove homens por assassinato e atividades sexuais. Segundo a imprensa oficial, três deles seviariam uma menina. Três outros foram sentenciados à morte porque abusaram e mataram um menino. Em Taif, outros três foram decapitados pelo assassinato de um soldado, que havia ameaçado de denunciá-los, por terem eles exercido atividades sexuais na quaresma de Ramadan.

HOLLYWOOD —  
CHARLES BOYER ERA GAY

O mundialmente conhecido Charles Boyer morreu com a idade de 78 anos. Abertamente ele praticou suicídio. Oficialmente, como causa mortis, fora anunciada insuficiência cardíaca. Boyer era casado há 34 anos, mas antes disso teve numerosas amizades com jovens senhores. Ricco di Positano perdeu, em 1933, seu amigo para Charles Boyer.

BOSTON — EUA —  
ANITA BRYANT PERDE PRESTÍGIO

Anita Bryant não conseguiu apresentar-se em Boston no dia 1º de março. O candidato democrata ao senado dos E.U.A., Howard Phillips, organizara para a cantora um espetáculo beneficente, a fim de angariarem fundos para sua campanha anti-gay.

Phillips declarou ter sido obrigado a cancelar o concerto, devido a ameaças de violências providas de homossexuais militantes, mas "esqueceu-se" de mencionar que até aquela data apenas 78 entradas haviam sido vendidas.

Foram publicados avisos nos jornais de Boston, onde se via o rosto de Anita Bryant coberto por uma tira na qual se lia: "Cancelado devido a ameaças de violências".

Contudo, Anita chegou à cidade a fim de discutir com Phillips sobre novas diretrizes. Em sinal de protesto, duas mil pessoas lotaram a Praça Copley.

Dirigindo-se à multidão, Robert Bonin, Juiz do Tribunal Superior, acusou o cancelamento do espetáculo, chamando-o de "um típico truque demagógico".

A manifestação transcorreu sem incidentes.

HOLANDA —  
TRIBUNAL CONTRA SEGREGAÇÃO  
HOMOSSEXUAL

De agora em diante, uma instituição fundada em Amsterdam, propõe-se a julgar e a castigar as infrações contra os direitos humanos, principalmente contra os homossexuais. Essa entidade planeja a fundação de um centro internacional de informações e tenciona debater aí os casos concretos de discriminação. Visam principalmente anular a proibição



de certas profissões para os homossexuais.

A instituição convida indivíduos e grupos a exporem seus casos. Pretende também tentar conseguir a anistia internacional das causas. A instituição planeja a publicação de um jornal que deve ser editado a cada 3 meses. Louvável é a iniciativa da GNG em coligar notícias da Europa e publicá-las.

#### VIENA — CONTROLE SANITÁRIO DA PROSTITUIÇÃO MASCULINA

Até agora eram apenas suas colegas femininas que se submetiam a periódicos controles feitos pela polícia de Viena. A Secretaria de Saúde dessa cidade determinou que também os prostitutos masculinos devem ser examinados regularmente. Também eles receberão seu boletim. É um livrinho onde mensalmente é confirmado que estão livres de doenças contagiosas. Os clientes irão alegrar-se! Em geral a prostituição de garotos é condenada a dois anos com trabalhos forçados, segundo o artigo 129. Como essa fiscalização será feita, somente o sabe a Secretaria de Saúde.

#### FRANÇA — RUFANISMO GAY PUNIDO

Sob o pretexto de um "CLUBE DE CULTURA", na cidade marítima de Marselha, ao sul da França, centenas de rapazes colegiais, com idade entre 12 e 14 anos, dos melhores círculos sociais, foram arranjados para ricos homossexuais na Côte d'Azur, Itália e Espanha. Os dirigentes desse "clube", Joseph B., de 23 anos e Luc E., de 24, arranjavam esses jovens para cidadãos altamente bem-vistos na sociedade. Antes de sua detenção conseguiram eles destruir seu fichário de clientes.

#### VIENA — SUICÍDIO OU ASSASSINATO DOS AMANTES GAYS?

Em um quarto do hotel "Rudolfshoehe", na rua Hetteldorf, em Viena, a polícia encontrou mortos os poloneses Tadeusz Swietulsky, de 36 anos, e Emanuel Sitek, de 19. Este último encontrava-se totalmente nu e estava deitado ao lado de seu amigo, numa cama de casal. Exceto o envenenamento por monóxido de carbono, a polícia não verificou qualquer tipo de ferimentos. Existiam no quarto um forno e um fogão, mas ambos não se encontravam em funcionamento. Os dois amigos moravam em Traikirchen, na Áustria, e queriam emigrar para os Estados Unidos da América. Provavelmente o quarto do hotel foi alugado, devido à impossibilidade de se encontrarem sexualmente no lugar onde se hospedavam. Todo o resto da história permanece misterioso. A polícia também não exclui a possibilidade de um caso de espionagem e assassinato por agentes que possam ter seguido o par de namorados até o hotel, e que disponham de meios de eliminar pessoas, de tal forma que nenhuma pista seja descoberta.

#### NOVA IORQUE — LESBIANISMO EM LIVRO DE BOLSO

"Nosso direito à vida" (um livro sobre questões lésbicas) é o título de uma edição americana que a National Gay Task Force publicou recentemente. A escritora chama-se Ginny Vida e encontra-se agora em Nova Iorque.

Pela primeira vez os homossexuais publicaram um livro de bolso sobre si mesmas. (Edição, Prentice Hall, Caixa Postal 500, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632 — EUA — Preço 12,95 dólares.

#### SUÉCIA — LIBERDADE PARA OS HOMOSSEXUAIS

A sorte está agora finalmente lançada na Suécia. A homossexualidade não será mais discriminada. A denominada idade de proteção é igual para meni-

nos e meninas, isto é, 15 anos.

Esse resultado foi alcançado apesar de estarem os conservadores agora no governo. Porém a idade mínima de 18 anos será mantida, para as relações sexuais onde haja dependência ou quando se trate de prostituição. Houve equívoco e confusão sobre esse último fato, quando o jornal "Bild am Sonntag" no dia 15 de março último noticiou sobre a reforma do direito de punição. 18 anos era a minoria sexual sem agravante na Suécia. A única coisa que os reformadores não conseguiram foi a impunidade para o incesto. Havia ainda muita oposição por parte do grupo Cristão.

#### CANADÁ — 80 FREQUENTADORES DE MITÓRIOS DENUNCIADOS POR CÂMERAS CAMUFLADAS

Pelo menos 80 homens foram acusados de "ultraje ao pudor", após duas semanas de espionagem realizada pela polícia canadense de Vancouver.

Até agora o jornal "The Body Politic" não possui maiores informações sobre as prisões. De acordo com o periódico Gay Tide, entretanto, as forças policiais possuem avançada tecnologia em fotografia e televisão, o que lhes permite uma operação à distância, sem qualquer presença física do pessoal da polícia. Possantes lentes de câmeras permitem observar e gravar de longas distâncias, e sensíveis materiais de registro podem ser operados em condições de pouca luminosidade, tais como à luz de um poste elétrico ou mesmo à chama de um palito de fósforo.

#### ALEMANHA — APOIO JUDICIÁRIO À NUDEZ INGÊNUA

O "fato do nu desprestencioso" não é na opinião do tribunal correcional de Bremen uma causa de punição. Os juízes nomeados absolveram da acusação de contravenção um serralheiro de 23 anos que, por duas vezes em quatro semanas, abriu sem roupa a porta de sua casa a uma funcionária do correio, senhora de 56 anos. A funcionária que entregou suas cartas registradas sem dizer uma palavra, foi levada pelo seu superior a fazer uma denúncia. Diferente do Tribunal, o ministério público achava que o acusado tivesse ultrajado a funcionária do correio devido à demonstração de sua nudez. Finalmente os juízes decidiram que a nudez não será punida quando faltar uma referência ofensiva ao pudor. Assim foi nesse caso, porque o jovem portou-se como se estivesse vestido.

#### ÁFRICA DO SUL — EM DEFESA DOS GAYS (APENAS OS BRANCOS?)

Falando a um repleto auditório na Universidade de Natal, em Durban, Leonie Woolfson, do Departamento de Educação daquela cidade, apelou para que cessassem as discriminações contra os gays na África do Sul.

"Já chegou a hora — disse ela — para que a moderna sociedade ocidental encerre suas atitudes repressivas contra os homens e as mulheres gays". Ela também criticou a maior parte dos psiquiatras da África do Sul, que opinam que "a homossexualidade é patológica em si mesma".

E continuou: — "As pessoas deviam demonstrar aos homossexuais o mesmo calor, respeito, aceitação e cortesia que dedicam aos heterossexuais e nunca negar aos primeiros os direitos à inviolabilidade e dignidade que tão prontamente concedemos aos segundos".

Não se esclareceu, contudo, se essa tolerância deveria ser estendida também aos negros sul-africanos, ou apenas reivindicada como privilégio a ser usufruído pela minoria branca que governa o país.



# POGO, O PALHAÇO DA MORTE ERA GAY?





Hoje vai haver festa numa das escolas de meninos de Chicago. Atendendo a convites, John Wayne Gacy entra apressadamente num camarim improvisado numa sala de aula, despe seu surrado terno de vendedor praticista, e começa rapidamente a maquilagem que o transformará no palhaço Pogo. Lá fora, no auditório da escola, as crianças clamam por ele, aplaudem, assobiam e esperam por mais uma representação do comediante que lentamente vai ganhando maior prestígio em festas de crianças.

Gacy veste a gola de palhaço, coloca o nariz postico e sorri, contemplando o rosto refletido no espelho. Tem 36 anos, é vendedor, mora em Chicago. Casou-se e divorciou-se duas vezes, tem dois filhos.

Porém Gacy gosta muito de meninos. Sente por eles irresistível atração física e consegue atraí-los também. Enquanto representa suas pantomimas no picadeiro, escolhe o mais belo entre os espectadores. E dá-lhe doces e guloseimas, pergunta-lhe o nome, faz amizade, convida-o para ir a sua casa, num dos subúrbios da cidade, pois lá há bolos e doces, e todo um circo improvisado.

O menino encanta-se, vai visitar Gacy e desaparece para sempre.

### A COMÉDIA TERMINA

Recentemente, após haver tentado suicídio no hospital de Cermak, Gacy confessou haver assassinado 32 meninos e adolescentes, e indicou à polícia os locais onde enterrara os cadáveres.

Nos 17 corpos já desenterrados, existem profundas cicatrizes de sevícia, que comprovam o sadismo demente do assassino.

O alegre palhaço dos domingos festivos vestia suas roupas coloridas para atrair meninos, seduzi-los, seviciá-los, assassiná-los e enterrá-los no porão de sua casa.

Amarrado com tiras de couro ao leito do hospital, o vendedor chora ao imaginar que

Gacy poderá ser condenado à morte, e sorri ao lembrar-se que Pogo, belo, colorido e demente, poderá ainda vestir suas roupas de palhaço, em festas de manicômio. . .

### SADISMO DEMENTE

Pogo, o palhaço do camarim-holocausto, não é um homossexual, mas um psicopata. O homossexual normal, assim como o heterossexual sadio, não sevicia, não maltrata seu parceiro. Ao contrário, o homossexual é compreensivo e afetuoso, pois quase sempre procura em seu companheiro o carinho que nunca encontrou no lar.

Portanto, identificar em todo o homossexual uma imagem de Gacy, seria reconhecer em todo o heterossexual um retrato de "Jack, o estripador de mulheres".

### ESTUPRADOR DE MULHERES EM LIBERDADE

Enquanto Gacy aguarda julgamento, continua à solta o maníaco de Nova Iorque, que violentava e matava mulheres que viviam sozinhas. Suas vítimas eram negras ou judias, e a idade delas variava entre 50 e 83 anos.

Segundo algumas das vítimas que sobreviveram ao brutal ataque, o maníaco sexual era um jovem negro, de aproximadamente 20 anos, que usava "blue-jeans", cabelos "black-power" e capuz.

### CAMPANHA ANTI-GAY DA IMPRENSA

Porém, enquanto o jovem estuprador passava impunemente pelas ruas de Brooklyn, a imprensa mundial promove um movimento gigantesco contra os homossexuais, querendo identificá-los com Pogo, o palhaço da morte.

É preciso que todos os gays se revoltem e reajam contra essa iniciativa intencionadamente difamatória, esclarecendo aos menos informados que Davi, Shakespeare e Leonardo da Vinci — que eram homossexuais — nada tinham a ver com Pogo.

## AGRADECIMENTOS

Damos continuidade à extensa lista de nome de pessoas que têm colaborado com a nossa entidade, fazendo doações de objetos e valores, e agradecemos em nome de toda Grande Família Corydon.

**C. Curi C.**, de São Paulo, doou quatro caixas de papel carbono, duas régua e duas fitas de máquina. Esse material foi encaminhado ao Departamento de Relações Humanas, do Círculo.

**Elizabeth T.**, do Rio de Janeiro, doou uma quantia em dinheiro. Essa quantia foi remetida a um gay menos favorecido, pelo Departamento de Relações Humanas.

**Lúcio da Mata**, de Belo Horizonte, doou cinco livros gays usados à Biblioteca do Círculo Corydon.

**Antonio Roberto de Oliveira**, de Sergipe, doou

uma caixa de cola para o Departamento de Relações Humanas.

**Milton C.**, de Londrina, doou 100 selos de Cr\$ 2,50 à Campanha de Selo Pró-Gay.

**Nelson K. de Bastos**, de São Paulo, doou três blusas ao Departamento de Relações Humanas.

Continuaremos, nas nossas próximas edições, com esta lista de nomes de pessoas que nos estão ajudando. Comunicamos a todos os que cooperaram conosco ou que pretendem fazer doações à nossa entidade, que os objetos recebidos são encaminhados aos gays menos favorecidos que constantemente nos procuram. E os materiais excedentes são entregues a várias entidades filantrópicas, ou a presidiários gays.



# **"IMAGENS DE SONHO"**

## **por Kenzo Ozawa**

Como todo o grande artista, Kenzo Ozawa não delimita um espaço entre o devaneio e a realidade. Assim, num momento de inspiração, entressonhou a doce intimidade de dois adolescentes que se encontram numa tarde fora do tempo, quando a luz do sol doura a cortina e a pele acariciada tem a vibração dos instrumentos despertados.

Encadeando o roteiro de seu sonho, Kenzo Ozawa compôs cenas idealizadas, utilizando-se dos modelos Lysias de Tarso e Dmitri Ivanov, ambos pertencentes ao Departamento Fotográfico do Círculo Corydon.

Os interessados em receber cópias fotográficas do ensaio, autografadas por Kenzo Ozawa, deverão enviar pedido ao Departamento Fotográfico Corydon. Cada foto, em preto e branco, no tamanho de 18 X 24 cm, custa 50 cruzeiros. Em caso de solicitarem fotos avulsas, os interessados deverão esclarecer quais as fotos desejadas, indicando-as pelo número das legendas.

O ensaio inteiro, 10 fotos, custa 400 cruzeiros. Os pedidos deverão ser enviados juntamente com cheque nominal em favor do Círculo Corydon, ao seguinte endereço: Departamento Fotográfico Corydon. C.P. 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP.





2 — é menor que a alegria do reencontro.





3 — Teus ombros trazem o calor do sol.





5 — principia num momento poético





6 — e declina com a paz da tarde.



## TURISMO GAY

O HOMOSSEXUALISMO NA RÚSSIA, CHECOSLOVÁQUIA, BULGÁRIA, ALEMANHA ORIENTAL, HUNGRIA, POLÔNIA E ROMÊNIA.

Nenhum gay deve escolher os países do bloco socialista, se deseja passar por lá férias badaladíssimas. Embora a homossexualidade seja oficialmente permitida em alguns desses países, aconselha-se ao turista agir com prudência, principalmente na Rússia, pois seu comparsa soviético poderá sofrer sérias restrições, quando o turista regressar para sua pátria.

Nas costas do Mar Adriático, na Iugoslávia, embora ilicitamente, toleram-se atividades homossexuais. Permite-se até, em algumas praias, o bronzear-se no integral. Porém o resto do bloco oriental é austero e sombrio. O turista deve saltar por cima da Albânia. A Berlim oriental é muito menos interessante que a ocidental, e o turista tem a impressão que viaja pela Berlim socialista apenas para poupar dinheiro. Deveria ele saber, que toda a atividade gay procurada se encontra no ocidente, mas as formalidades da fronteira são tão severas que não permitem a travessia freqüente entre as duas cidades. O leste monótono e descolorido representa alarmante contraste com as maravilhas de aquém-muro.

Os vistos turísticos ou de trânsito são necessários pela maior parte dos países. Alguns podem ser obtidos na fronteira, outros apenas por intermédio da embaixada ou do consulado. Todas as viagens para a Rússia devem ser previamente aceitas pela INTOURIST e, uma vez definidas, seus itinerários não mais podem ser alterados. Muitas vezes se deve esperar várias semanas para se obter vistos para a Rússia. Além do mais, é regra obrigatória trocar certa quantia de dinheiro para cada dia transcorrido no bloco soviético, a não ser que se trate de férias pagas antecipadamente, ou que os turistas provenham da Polônia.

As restrições monetárias russas são rígidas e seria indispensável conservar recibos, e ter contas sempre em ordem, nunca jogar fora nenhum comprovante e nada comprar nem vender no Mercado Negro.

**CHECOSLOVÁQUIA:** O homossexualismo é legal acima dos 18 anos. Em Praga, a maior parte dos contatos acontece nos lavatórios públicos, particularmente nos freqüentados de dia. A vida noturna termina muito cedo e é bastante difícil encontrar uma transa depois das 23 horas (exceto no bar T-Club).

**BULGÁRIA:** O homossexualismo é legal acima dos 21 anos.

**ALEMANHA ORIENTAL:** A homossexual-

idade é legal desde 1968 e é razoavelmente livre desde o momento em que as autoridades não reconheçam sua existência, pois seria difícil perseguir alguma coisa que não se admite que exista. Apesar de que valha a pena fazer-lhes uma visita, aconselhamos ao turista agir com cautela. Os gays são aí reprimidos e desejam descobrir uma maneira de fugir para o ocidente, mas essa façanha pode tornar-se perigosa. Batidas policiais anti-gays são realizadas sem aviso prévio, e embora os ambientes entendidos possam parecer convidativos, você não deve correr o risco. Não estamos a par de nenhuma organização gay na Alemanha Oriental e cremos que seria ilegal se existisse.

**BERLIM ORIENTAL:** É ilegal introduzir aí material pornográfico, e os funcionários da fronteira desconfiam sempre de qualquer espécie de livro ou de documento. É melhor memorizar as informações dos guias gays "SPARTACUS", e deixá-los na Berlim ocidental.

**HUNGRIA:** A homossexualidade é legal acima dos 20 anos. Quando o guia "SPARTACUS" não oferece informação sobre qualquer atividade gay na cidade que se visita, significa que são os únicos lugares de caça os mitórios das estações ou os banhos públicos.

**POLÔNIA:** A idade legal é a partir dos 15 anos de idade.

**ROMÊNIA:** A idade é irrelevante. A homossexualidade é proibida. Se você for flagrado "no ato", poderá dizer ao policial que o seu companheiro estava comprando as suas calças. Os rapazes romenos sempre cobiçam os jeans de importação.

**RÚSSIA:** A idade é irrelevante. A homossexualidade é proibida. Não existem movimentos de emancipação homossexual. Tenham cuidado, talvez não lhes aconteça nada, mas os seus companheiros soviéticos poderão sofrer penalidades, depois que você partir.

**SPARTACUS — INTERNACIONAL  
GAY GUIDE  
AMSTERDAM — HOLLAND**

**QUEM NÃO É  
POR NÓS,  
É CONTRA NÓS.**



## A SITUAÇÃO DO GAY NA ESPANHA ATUAL

Hoje em dia, quando o Estado Espanhol parece dirigir-se aos trambolhões para a democracia, a incriminação de um comportamento minoritário, tal como a homossexualidade (pela única razão de encontrar-se à margem da "norma"), parece contrariar os Direitos do Homem, direito imprescritível que possui todo o ser humano de recusar a discriminação voltada contra a sua tendência sexual.

O comportamento homossexual, graças aos movimentos de emancipação homófilos, praticamente cessou de ser punido nos países de capitalismo adiantado ou de democracia formal. A título de documentação, eis qual é a situação atual dos gays na Espanha, com um fundamento histórico.

### RETROSPECTIVA HISTÓRICA – A BAIXA IDADE MÉDIA

A Espanha (que se chamava então Hispania) fazia parte do Império Romano desde o século III a.C. Durante sete séculos, viveu ela sob o regime da lei romana. O cristianismo aí se implantou cedo, trazendo consigo sua intolerância sexual. Desde os anos 306/307 d.C., o Concílio d'Elvira (Illiberis), excomungava os homossexuais e os privava de sacramentos, mesmo na hora da morte. As leis repressivas dos Imperadores Cristãos, Constantino II e Constâncio I (342), e depois as de Valentiniano II (390), se aplicavam à Espanha como ao resto do Império Romano. O Código de Teodósio II (435-438) condenava os homossexuais a serem queimados vivos em praça pública, e esta condenação foi confirmada pelo Código de Justiniano, em 538 e 544.

No século VI, a Espanha foi invadida pelos Visigodos, povo de origem germânica, que conservaram as linhas básicas da legislação romana, agravando-a ainda mais. O rei Alarico II confirmou a condenação dos homossexuais à fogueira, em 506 d.C. A "LEX VISIGOTHORUM" comprovou essa disposição em 642. O décimo-sexto Concílio de Toledo (693) condenou os eclesiásticos homossexuais à degradação, e os leigos à excomunhão, à tonsura, à castração e ao banimento perpétuo, após haverem recebido cem chicotadas nas costas.

### DOMÍNIO MUÇULMANO

A invasão árabe, a partir do ano 711, repartiu a Espanha em duas partes: ao sul os territórios muçulmanos e, ao norte, os reinos cristãos, precursores da Espanha moderna. Por motivos óbvios, nos ocuparemos apenas da parte setentrional da Península Ibérica, onde leis medievais preconizavam a castração pública dos homossexuais. Também havia

castigo de serem pendurados pelos pés, de cabeça para baixo, até que adviesse a morte. Contudo existia certa tolerância para os menores de 14 anos e para os acusados que haviam sido constrangidos pela força à prática de atos homossexuais.

Em outras províncias ibéricas vigoravam leis igualmente bárbaras: em algumas, os homossexuais podiam ser presos por quaisquer pessoas, era-lhes proibido fazer testamento, e seu castigo era a pena de morte por decapitação.

### RENASCIMENTO E HOMOFOBIA

Após a união dos reinos de Castela e de Aragão-Catalunha (em 1479, devida ao casamento dos reis católicos Fernando e Isabel) a "Pragmática de Medina del Campo, de 1497, comprovou a condenação dos homossexuais à fogueira e a confiscação de seus bens, pela razão de que "este crime abominável acarreta a perda da honra, enfraquece a coragem e abala a fé". Essa lei foi várias vezes confirmada por legislações posteriores, e permaneceu em vigor até 1822, data em que foi promulgado o primeiro Código Penal espanhol moderno. Fortemente influenciado pelo Código de Napoleão, esse Código de 1822 não incriminava o homossexualismo, que deixava de ser um crime ou um delito. Apenas os códigos de justiça do exército e da marinha continuavam a condená-lo para os membros militares.

### DISCRIMINAÇÕES E INJUSTIÇAS NO SÉCULO XX

Em 1928, sob a ditadura de Primo de Rivera, disposições foram reintroduzidas no

Continua na próxima página

**Amigo hetero,  
você está preparado  
para ter  
um filho gay?**



Código Penal para condenar à pena de prisão os "atos contrários ao pudor, cometidos com uma pessoa do mesmo sexo", e para dobrar as penalidades já existentes que castigavam as violências sexuais quando cometidas por uma pessoa do mesmo sexo; mas essas disposições foram abolidas desde 1932 pela Segunda República.

A situação jurídica da homossexualidade na Espanha, durante a ditadura franquista, variou no tempo. As reformas do Código Penal de 1944 e de 1963 conservaram a legislação de 1932, quer dizer, a ausência de disposições anti-homossexuais. Mas o Código de Justiça Militar reafirmava as penas de prisão e de degradação contra os militares "culpados de atos desonestos com indivíduos do mesmo sexo".

Foi apenas em 1954, quinze anos após o triunfo do regime franquista, que os homossexuais foram incluídos no texto de uma lei de 1933 (LEY DE VAGOS Y MALEANTES) que, em sua origem, não dizia respeito senão aos vagabundos e aos marginais.

#### A SITUAÇÃO ATUAL – A "LEI DO PERIGO SOCIAL" DE 1970

Finalmente em 1970 deveria surgir a famosa "Lei sobre o perigo e a reabilitação social

(Ley de peligrosidad y de rehabilitación social), que denunciava, como "perigosas para a sociedade" as pessoas que cometessem atos homossexuais, e previa contra elas normas da assim chamada "reabilitação", que não mais eram senão medidas de aprisionamento e de segregação disfarçadas, internamento em "estabelecimentos de reeducação", proibição de residir em lugares designados pelo juiz, proibição de frequentar certos estabelecimentos.

#### CONCLUSÃO

Pelo tudo que foi dito anteriormente pode-se ver que os homossexuais do Estado Espanhol se encontram diante de uma realidade atormentadora de perseguição, de discriminação e de marginalização, caracterizada por uma operação descontrolada do serviço policial.

Dá-se aqui a conclusão, se essa grande minoria, uma das mais importantes do país, quiser viver ao lado de outros homens, deve manifestar-se em favor de uma mudança radical de estrutura na ordem social, jurídica e moral, arcaicamente estabelecidas.

Adaptado de um artigo de ARMAND DE FLUBIA – Advogado e Presidente do Instituto Lambda – ESPANHA

## JORNAL GAY CANADENSE ABSOLVIDO

No dia 14 de fevereiro de 1979, o juiz Harris, do tribunal provincial de Ontário absolveu da acusação de imoralidade o jornal THE BODY POLITIC, o mais conhecido periódico de emancipação homossexual do Canadá. O caso judiciário tinha se iniciado devido à publicação de um artigo "Men loving boys loving men" (a respeito de pedofilia), no número de dezembro de 1977/janeiro de 1978.

ro de 1978.

O juiz declarou: "Julgo impossível definir, do ponto de vista legal, o que é moral e o que não é". Roy McMurtry, procurador geral de Ontário, apresentou recurso contra a sentença de absolvição. Esta atitude é vista como uma ulterior tentativa de provocação, tanto contra os gays da região, como contra os do país inteiro.

## EDUCAÇÃO HOMOSSEXUAL PARA CRIANÇAS

Na imprensa local de Aberdeen, houve recentemente uma controvérsia sobre "educação sexual" para crianças. Tudo começou em dezembro do ano passado, quando um artigo foi publicado apoiando as opiniões da Vice-Presidenta do Conselho de Saúde daquela cidade, Mrs. Hilda Wernham.

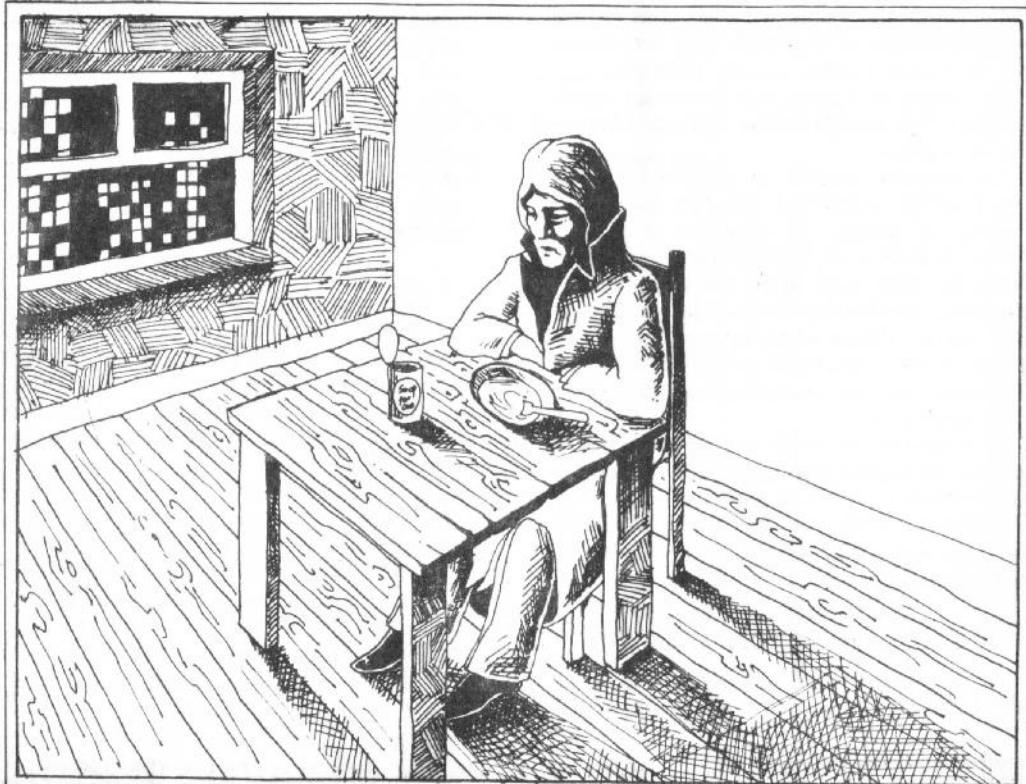
Ao assistir a uma conferência na cidade de Peebles, sobre educação sexual para crianças, ficou ela atônita quando um diretor sugeriu preparar crianças para a homossexualidade, em caso de terem elas tendências homossexuais. A conferência foi condenada como um desperdício de dinheiro público.

A filial em Aberdeen do SHRG respondeu com um artigo que foi publicado em sua totalidade pela imprensa. Indicou, entre outras

coisas, que: "se pensamos em dar às crianças uma educação sexual, então seguramente devemos falar-lhes sobre homossexualidade, pois uma significativa minoria delas serão homossexuais e aquelas que não o forem, não deverão continuar acreditando que os homossexuais são como as cômicas caricaturas estereotipadas pela TV.

Mrs. Wernham, entretanto, declarou-se novamente sobre o assunto, apresentando a clássica confusão de pensamentos sobre o homossexualismo: "se você der instruções sobre o homossexualismo, estará estimulando algo que não deveria existir. Não restam dúvidas que existe uma porcentagem de homossexuais, mas não vejo vantagem alguma em torná-lo assunto público."



**A SOLIDÃO DO GAY, DE TODOS**

Numa ampla reportagem, o New York Magazine dedicou várias de suas páginas  
**JORNAL DO GAY – PAG. VINTE**

ao assunto, em uma de suas edições de 77.

Na capa estampava-se um desenho de Folon, um homem de costas num quarto vazio, olhando para a paisagem de arranha-céus, mãos nos bolsos, contido. No índice, lê-se: "Solidão — A condição nova-iorquina, edição especial."

Internamente Folon ilustra um homem recortado ao meio onde não se vê nada além de um imenso vazio. Conforme disse Folon, sua ilustração sugere o vazio que está em toda parte, e até mesmo dentro das pessoas. Nesse artigo citam-se vários casos e exemplos da multidão solitária.

A Help Line (ajuda pelo telefone 481-1070) em 1977 recebeu 49.087 chamadas de pessoas que não tinham com quem conversar. No mesmo ano desapareceram oficialmente 26.031 nova-iorquinos, esperavam para ser adotadas 6.000 crianças, o necrotério enviou para as covas comuns 1.500 corpos que não foram reclamados, e revistas como Play-boy e Play-girl vendiam semanalmente 200 mil exemplares.

A causa de tudo isso? Simplesmente a solidão.

Recomendam nesse artigo um paliativo talvez pouco utilizado pelos atingidos por essa doença: o trabalho.



Diz a revista: "Se o nova-iorquino tem o emprego com que sempre sonhou, pode ficar no escritório até 9, 10 ou 11 da noite. Mas quando se aproxima o fim de semana, nota que esqueceu de fazer planos, e a solidão ataca de novo". Inventaram até um nome para esse remédio: WORKAHOLIC (alcoolização pelo trabalho, ou vício em trabalho).

Aconselham também o cultivo de plantas, hobbies e cursos noturnos.

Em Nova Iorque existem até manuais que ensinam sentir-se bem vivendo só. E um dos últimos lançamentos nesse gênero é uma criação do gay Andy Warhol, "a soup for one"

(sopa para uma pessoa), fabricada pela Sopa Campbell.

Futuramente em todas as grandes capitais brasileiras também teremos para saborear a famosa "sopa para uma pessoa", o manual que ensina como viver bem e feliz sozinho e outras invenções mais, que estão sendo criadas.

Por enquanto teremos que continuar a curtir nossa solidão à moda antiga mesmo: uma música, um copo na mão, ou correr pelas ruas e bares à procura de uma companhia para nossas lindas e românticas noites tropicais. São Paulo, sexta-feira, av. Ipiranga, 21 horas. Rio de Janeiro, sábado, Cinelândia, 22 horas, a noite convida a...

## REPRESSÃO GAY NA ARGENTINA

A situação das lésbicas e dos homossexuais na Argentina continua a ser difícil. As últimas novidades são as seguintes: campanhas difamatórias contra os homossexuais pelo rádio e pela televisão; as gays assumidas não podem lecionar, os homos não são aceitos na administração pública. O governo do general Videla não se baseia nem em leis nem em decretos para proceder assim. Baseia-se apenas na moral e na tradição. A polícia federal efetua batidas nas zonas centrais da cidade. Prende pessoas no metrô, em determinados bares, pelas ruas, etc. A coletividade gay (muitos milhares), recorre aos meios mais complicados para evitar a detenção e poder continuar satisfazendo seus desejos.

É claro, particularmente nesse caso, que a tendência homossexual é subversiva e muito poderosa. Por ocasião do campeonato mundial de futebol, a pena de detenção, que desde

40 anos era de 21 a 28 dias (segundo o caso); foi aumentada para 40 dias. Assim se tentou "limpar" a cidade e dar-lhe uma imagem adequada. A consequência foi que centenas de homos foram presos e muitos deles encarcerados na prisão de Vila Devoto.

Nós, membros exilados da "Frente de Liberação Homossexual da Argentina", pedimos aos companheiros do Brasil que escrevam aos cárceres exigindo tratamento justo e a liberdade para os homossexuais detidos pela polícia. O endereço é o seguinte:

**Diretor do Cárcere de Villa Devoto  
Ciudad de Buenos Aires — Argentina**

**Pode-se também escrever para o governo executivo:**

**Casa do Governo — Plaza Mayo  
Buenos Aires — Argentina**

## SAÚDE & HIGIENE

São cinco as doenças venéreas: sífilis, cancro mole ou cancroide, linfogranuloma venéreo, granuloma inguinal e blenorragia. Como o JORNAL DO GAY nº 1 já falou sobre a sífilis, discorreremos agora sobre a blenorragia. Essa doença é também conhecida como gonorréia e tem vários nomes menos eruditos. É uma uretrite (inflamação na uretra), causada por um diplococo Gram-negativo (*Neisseria gonorrhoeae*), resultante, em geral, do contato sexual. Não tratada a tempo, ocasiona a destruição da mucosa uretral e, como consequência, posteriormente, o estreitamento da uretra. O período de incubação varia de quatro a oito dias. Nesse espaço de tempo verifica-se ardor uretral no momento da micção, seguindo-se o surgimento de secreção purulenta. Frequentemente o diagnóstico é estabelecido pelo exame bacterioscópico. Os remédios escolhidos para o tratamento são as penicilinas e as sulfanilamidas.

Curada a tempo, a blenorragia não apresenta

maiores consequências. Acontece, contudo, que pessoas menos avisadas, desconfiando de estarem doentes, procuram geralmente farmacêuticos inescrupulosos que recebem remédios feitos na própria farmácia ou servem-se de receitas de terceiros, ignorando que as receitas de uns não servem para outros. Também o que deve ser evitado é a ingestão indiscriminada de penicilinas, sem receita médica. Dessa maneira, o paciente estará criando resistência aos diplococos, dificultando a cura da moléstia. Muitas vezes, devido às doses desorientadas de antibióticos, a doença se recolhe, prejudicando outros órgãos, para ressurgir muito mais virulenta depois.

Portanto, eis aqui nosso conselho: ao primeiro sintoma da doença, procurar imediatamente um médico. Se este for competente, pedirá também um exame de sangue, para verificar se a sífilis também não foi contraída, e um teste de reação alérgica aos antibióticos. Nos próximos números falaremos das outras doenças.



**PAZ Y LIBERACIÓN**

UM ÓRGÃO DE UNIÃO DOS GAYS LATINO-AMERICANOS

**NOTAS GERAIS**

É com grande satisfação que noticiamos aos nossos leitores a fundação de mais uma entidade gay em Hollywood, na Califórnia. E nosso entusiasmo aumenta ao verificarmos que não se trata apenas de "mais outra" organização a lutar pelos direitos e liberdades dos homossexuais. Essa sociedade, chamada PAZ Y LIBERACIÓN, visa unir principalmente os gays da América Latina, orientando-os e valorizando-os, e publica um panfleto em três idiomas, que são: inglês, português e espanhol.

O JORNAL DO GAY teve o privilégio de receber uma cópia em português, (muito bom, aliás) da qual transcrevemos as seguintes notícias:

**"ESTAMOS EM TODA PARTE" – INTERNACIONAL**

Formou-se uma nova organização, de âmbito internacional, para lutar pela justiça e opor-se à repressão aos gays, em qualquer país. Seu primeiro projeto consiste em conseguir das Nações Unidas que emendem a "Resolução de Genocídio", de 1946, a fim de reconhecer e estender aos homossexuais a proteção contra esse crime. Para maiores informações escrevam para: We Are Everywhere, International.

**IGREJAS GAYS**

A Congregação Universal das Igrejas de Comunidades Metropolitanas (Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches), com mais de 100 igrejas predominantemente gays e grupos de estudo em todo o mundo, gostaria de iniciar numerosos grupos na América Latina e em outras nações de língua espanhola. Com tanta opressão baseada em motivos religiosos, grupos da Igreja de Comunidades Metropolitanas seriam de grande ajuda para desfazer essas incompreensões. Para esclarecimentos suplementares, escreva para: Reverend Troy D. Perry.

A Metropolitan Community Church Hispana, membro da U.F.M.C.C. enviar-lhe-á um exemplar da publicação GAY HISPANO, se você o solicitar ao Reverendo José Mojica – New York.

**DEFENDEMOS O DIREITO  
DE DEMONSTRAR PUBLICAMENTE  
A NOSSA AFETIVIDADE**

**ARQUIVOS DE ASSUNTOS RELATIVOS A LÉSBICAS**

Os "Lesbian History Archives" reúnem material em todos os aspectos da cultura lésbica e publicam um informativo que sempre inclui uma bibliografia sobre determinado aspecto dessa cultura. Se você possui material sobre lesbianismo, que você gostaria de doar, ou se você quer utilizar-se dos Archives, dirija-se a: Joan Nestle, Lesbian History Archives.

**ALOJAMENTO PARA GAYS**

A Casa Hudson, o projeto de alojamento de emergência para gays, que funciona independentemente, em Los Angeles, E.U.A., há pouco celebrou seu primeiro aniversário. Durante seu primeiro ano forneceu serviços de alojamento temporário a mais de 608 pessoas em suas três casas, todas situadas na Rua Hudson, no centro de Gay Hollywood. Para informações de como começar um projeto de alojamento gay em sua cidade, escreva para: Pat Rocco, Director.

**APELO DE "PAZ E LIBERTAÇÃO"**

PAZ Y LIBERACIÓN gostaria de recomendar insistentemente a grupos, na América Latina, que comessem a fazer planos para conferências regionais, no segundo semestre de 1979 e em 1980.

As Conferências Regionais provavelmente incluiriam o país anfitrião e países limítrofes, além de quaisquer outras pessoas capazes de participar. Sugerimos, no mínimo, um período de seis meses de planejamento preparatório. PAZ Y LIBERACIÓN fará o possível para ajudar na preparação das conferências.

**PAIS E AMIGOS DE GAYS**

O grupo Pais & Amigos de Gays, de Los Angeles mandou imprimir um ótimo panfleto intitulado "Sobre nossos filhos" (em espanhol e inglês), que faz muito para desmitificar errados conceitos sobre as pessoas gays. Ótimo para a família. Também ótimo para políticos, educadores, imprensa, chefes de polícia, etc.

**NOTA** – Os leitores interessados em seguir o endereço da "PAZ Y LIBERACIÓN", ou de quaisquer das associações mencionadas acima, deverão escrever para: DEPARTAMENTO DE RELAÇÕES HUMANAS – CÍRCULO CORYDON – C.P. 3125 – 01000 – SÃO PAULO – SP – BRASIL.



## ALEMANHA ORIENTAL A CASTRAÇÃO DE GAYS EM TROCA DA LIBERDADE.

De 1934 a 1945, na Alemanha nazista, por ordem de Himmler, foram castrados 2800 homens, não apenas acusados de delitos sexuais, mas simplesmente por serem "homossexuais". Mas quem imaginar que semelhantes atrocidades pertencem à história do passado, estará muito enganado. A mesma prática continua hoje em dia a ser utilizada na República Federal Alemã, em nome da "ciência" e da "lei". Foi criado um comitê de castração (Kastration-Ausschluss) composto de juristas e psiquiatras, que podem dar a liberdade para os prisioneiros culpados de delitos sexuais, que se declaram predispostos a submeter-se à castração. Essa pode ser realizada com várias técnicas: "a castração química", a operação nos genitais e a neuro-cirurgia no cérebro. Pela primeira vez se recorre ao uso de dois produtos do Laboratório Schering, o Androkur e o Cyproteron Azetat — um em forma de pílula e o outro de injeção — com os quais se deveria obter o desaparecimento dos estímulos sexuais. Mas os próprios experimentadores reconhecem que, depois dessa terapia, ocorrem mudanças na personalidade do paciente.

E comentam: "mas isso nos parece o dano menor". Nos últimos 10 anos foram 178 os detentos que se submeteram a esse tratamento para recuperar a liberdade. 80 se encontram ainda na Clínica Comunal de Eickelborn, na Westfalia, onde se realizam os tratamentos, as operações e os curativos. Outros 98 foram postos em liberdade sob a condição de continuarem o tratamento e de submeterem-se a

controles regulares; desses, 55 superaram definitivamente "a prova".

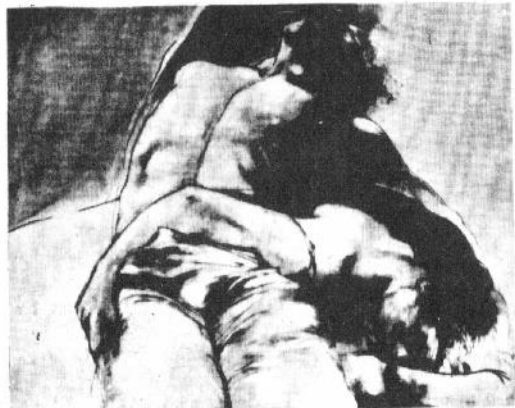
Também existe a possibilidade da intervenção nos órgãos genitais e até agora — de 1973 a 1976 — foram efetuadas 400, em média de 20 por ano. Em 1977 houve apenas seis solicitações, talvez devido à negativa repercussão da notícia da morte de um detento — chamado Juergen Bartsch — durante a operação.

Paralelas às conseqüências de caráter psíquico (segundo os sexólogos, "numerosas e terríveis") existem também as de caráter físico. Enfim, a solução final: intervenção no cérebro em nível experimental, cujos efeitos são ainda desconhecidos. Com uma sonda destroem-se cerca de 45 milímetros cúbicos de cérebro. Porém não é difícil compreender como muitos detentos solicitaram submeter-se a essas diversas terapias, durante os últimos anos. Diante da perspectiva de passar a vida toda no cárcere, com enorme peso na consciência, e com sofrimentos inauditos, em todos os níveis psíquicos e físicos, o único meio de salvamento é apresentado por essa opção. E certamente ninguém vingará nem indenizará todo esse material humano utilizado como cobaia em centenas de experiências, como intervenções sob a arbitrária determinação dos médicos, emprego de medicamentos novos, operações nunca antes realizadas em pessoas. O futuro reivindicará esses crimes.

Artigo publicado no jornal italiano

LOTTA CONTINUA, em 30/3/79

### POEMA GAY



Luis Caballero

*Eu quero o teu corpo, moreno e calmo,  
frio e calculista, quando me procuras  
quente e depravante  
quando me tens  
como se eu fosse o teu brinquedo,  
o teu chiclete a rolar  
em tua boca macia.*

*Quero os teus braços mornos,  
fracos e esvoaçantes  
quando me olhas  
forte e firme,  
como se eu fosse o teu  
cachorro de pelúcia  
ou a tua flor colhida à meia-noite.*

Manoel Santana — 78 — São Paulo

JORNAL DO GAY — PAG. VINTE E TRÊS



## GEESPERANTISTOJ

### LIGO DE SAMSEKSAMAJ

PETER A. DANNING é um jovem inglês que pretende unir todos os gays do mundo por intermédio de um idioma internacional, que seria o Esperanto.

Fundou há algum tempo a Ligo de Samseksamaj Geesperantistoj, que já está conseguindo repercussão mundial.

A liga mantém intercâmbio de correspondência com irmãos gays em várias nações, e principalmente leva um pouco de alegria e orientação para os que vivem em países de política anti-gay, como a Argentina, a Bulgária, o Chile, etc.

A revista FORUMO, publicada em Espe-

ranto duas vezes por ano, informa sobre o movimento da liga e noticia acontecimentos gays mundiais.

O JORNAL DO GAY também está solidário com a campanha do jovem entusiasta inglês e lembra a todos os leitores que somos os pioneiros dessa idéia na América Latina. Também temos informações sobre o aprendizado de Esperanto e estamos elaborando um curso de Esperanto por correspondência.

Quem quiser se comunicar com a LSG escreva para PETER A. DANNING, 44 Morley Road, Twickenham, England, TW1 2HF.

## HUMOR GAY



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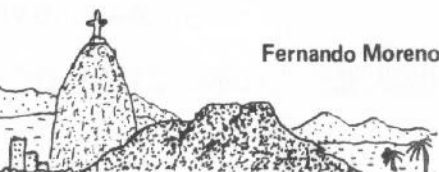


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Fernando Moreno é um jornalista gay carioca que, a partir desta edição passará a assinar a coluna Riogay, uma novidade em nosso Jornal.

Fernando Moreno foi o criador da coluna "Tudo Entendido", da Gazeta de Notícias do Rio. Foi o jornalista mais premiado no Rio em 77/78. Recebeu os troféus: "Fusão", "Personalidade Tchan", "Antena de Ouro" e "Destaque Contigo".

Após seis meses afastado do jornalismo, Fernando retoma agora as atividades pelas quais sempre tanto batalhou. Será nosso colaborador no Rio, informando nossos leitores sobre tudo o que acontece na Cidade Maravilhosa.

**Antonio Massaro Kiriara**  
editor e diretor

A partir de hoje estaremos juntos, eu contando a vocês todas as novidades desta cidade sempre maravilhosa. Durante algum tempo mantive a condição de jornalista gay maldito, agora quero apenas informar e lutar pela nossa causa, estamos juntos. . .

## "NOS EMBALOS DE IPANEMA"

Pintou esse filme que dedica boa parte de sua história ao relacionamento gay do personagem Tonho (André de Biasi), com um milionário carioca. Ainda continuamos sendo usados como "coisa engraçada". Quando teremos um filme onde os entendidos se amem mesmo? Por favor, é hora de parar de ligar relacionamento homossexual com vil metal, concordam?

## É DEMAIS PARA O MEU VISUAL



Esse é o Edson, garotão carioca para "senhora" nenhuma botar defeito. Curtam o visual da foto, hum. . .

## UM SHOW "FRESCURAS"

No momento que Rogéria (com Agildo) deixa os palcos cariocas, surge Valéria (com Peri), num show de Augusto Cesar Vannucci, intitulado "FRESCURAS". Valéria (ou Válder) volta linda e cantando como nunca. Se você vier ao Rio não perca esse espetáculo, de terça a domingo, no Teatro Alaska, na galeria do mesmo nome, em Copa.

## ... E AS "MIMOSAS" CONTINUAM

Sem a estrela Georgia Bengston, mas com a versátil Marlene Casanova liderando o elenco, segue a carreira de sucessos da revista de travestis "Mimosas. . . até certo ponto", no Teatro Miguel Lemos. Onde se destaca a talentosíssima Camily. Vale a pena ver.

## VISUAL

Se você se considera bonito e gostaria de ver sua foto em nossa coluna, escreva e mande-nos seu retrato. Junto envie uma autorização assinada, e nós o publicaremos.

## DICAS - RIO

Boite Sótão (discoteque), super incrementada, onde encontraremos os mais variados tipos gays da cidade. Apesar da péssima localização (Galeria Alaska), é uma casa gostosa. Nota 9.

## MAIS DICAS

**SAUNA LEBLON** - R. Carlos Góis, 51, Leblon. Ambiente agradável. Categoria A. Nota 10.

**TABERNA DO FRANCO** - Comida gostosa e chopinho gelado. Ambiente ideal para o papo a dois. R. Visconde de Pirajá, 484. Ipanema. Nota 10.

## UM AGRADECIMENTO

Em três anos de jornalismo gay encontrei os mais diferentes tipos de amizade, os leais e os falsos, infelizmente os da segunda categoria aparecem em grande escala. Sofri e me fechei em mim mesmo num bom período de meditação. Nada mais que de repente surge um amigo leal, Antonio Massaro Kiriara e me abre novamente as portas da realidade do meu mundo. Volto. Sacudi a poeira e dei a volta por cima, deixei prá trás minha infantilidade jornalística e os reflexos do deslumbramento, das festinhas e jantares cretinos. Aqui estou eu, de peito aberto, consciência clara e uma enorme necessidade de lutar por aquilo em que acredito. Obrigado Toninho. . .

**FERNANDO MORENO** - Jornal do Gay.  
C.P. 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP



## NOTAS DO CÍRCULO CORYDON

### CLUBE DE CINEMA CORYDON

O Círculo Corydon tenciona produzir filmes Super 8 cuja temática seja gay. Se você já tiver uma história elaborada, ou se interessar em participar dessa nossa produção, ou como ator, cenógrafo, roteirista, maquilador, sonoplasta, etc. etc. entre em contato com o **CLUBE DE CINEMA CORYDON**, escrevendo para Caixa Postal 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP. Envie todas as suas qualificações, características e pretensões.

### EXPOSIÇÃO DE OBRAS HOMO-ERÓTICAS PROGRAMADAS PELA CEBAG

A Central Brasileira de Arte Gay (CEBAG) está solicitando a todos os escultores, desenhistas, pintores e fotógrafos que colaborem com seus trabalhos para enriquecer a 1ª MOSTRA DE ARTE HOMO-ERÓTICA BRASILEIRA, a ser montada no início de 1980, em uma das Galerias de Arte de São Paulo.

Os trabalhos poderão ser em qualquer material, desde que obedeçam ao ideal do Homo-Erotismo, solicitado para a seleção.

Os interessados deverão fazer suas inscrições escrevendo para: CEBAG - Caixa Postal 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP - Brasil.

Obs. **IMPORTANTE:** Todos os trabalhos expostos serão publicados em um catálogo que será distribuído no local da exposição e enviado a todas Associações Gays Mundiais.

### GAYS DOAM SEUS OLHOS

Numa demonstração de solidariedade humana, o diretor do Círculo Corydon, Antonio Massaro Kiriara, doou os seus olhos para o Banco de Olhos e lança uma campanha filantrópica, pedindo a todos os gays que façam o mesmo.

Os futuros doadores deverão telefonar para 70-0028, marcando entrevista posterior.

Aos doadores de olhos, o Círculo Corydon entregará um diploma de Honra ao Mérito.

### CAMPANHA DO SELO PRÓ-GAY

Sendo grande parte da correspondência do Círculo Corydon com base filantrópica, visando orientar os gays menos favorecidos, os enfermos e os encarcerados, pedimos a todos que nos auxiliem nesse empreendimento, mandando-nos em suas cartas uma quantia extra de selos, de acordo com a possibilidade de cada um.

Também solicitamos a todos que nos enviem, em sua correspondência, selos para resposta. Dispensamos os envelopes, pois preferimos os nossos, em tamanho padrão, próprio para enviar folhetos com as cartas. Remetam para: Círculo Corydon - C.P. 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP.

### CARTAS EXTRAVIADAS

Devido a muitos gays se ocultarem atrás de pseudônimos logo esquecidos e alterados para outros, e devido a se utilizarem de endereços alheios, muitas vezes nossas cartas não encontram o destinatário, sendo-nos devolvidas e causando desentendimentos. Pedimos a todos que nos mandem um único nome ou um único pseudônimo e um único endereço correto.

Também solicitamos a todos os nossos associados e assinantes que nos enviem seu novo endereço antes de haverem mudado da casa anterior.

### CORRESPONDÊNCIA GAY

Se você quiser se corresponder com amigos (ou amigas) gays no Brasil e/ou no exterior, deverá proceder da seguinte maneira:

**JORNAL DO GAY - PAG. VINTE E SEIS**

Envie-nos a descrição de todas as suas características pessoais, tais como: idade, altura, peso, cor de olhos e cabelos, grau de escolaridade, etc., e também a descrição das características da pessoa (ou pessoas) com a qual (as quais) você gostaria de se corresponder. Use pseudônimo, se quiser. Acrescente a quantia de 100 cruzeiros em selos de correio, e seu endereço exato. Remeta sua correspondência para: **CLUBE MUNDIAL DE CORRESPONDÊNCIA GAY**, Círculo Corydon, C.P. 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP - Brasil.

P.S. - Os já associados do Círculo Corydon não precisam enviar a taxa em selos.

### 1º CONCURSO NACIONAL DE CONTOS GAY

A fim de incentivar os talentos inéditos dos homossexuais, o Círculo Corydon criou o "1º Concurso Brasileiro de Contos Gays". As únicas exigências são que o autor seja gay, inédito e escreva sobre um tema gay.

Cada escritor poderá participar apenas com um conto. Esse deverá ser datilografado em 3 vias, em papel ofício, espaço duplo, num mínimo de 15 páginas. Os autores deverão concorrer com seu nome verdadeiro, mas, em caso de publicação, poderão usar pseudônimo. Os originais não serão devolvidos. Os interessados deverão apresentar os seus trabalhos até o dia 31 de julho de 79. A classificação será feita pela equipe do Jornal do Gay. O primeiro prêmio será de 3 mil, o segundo de dois mil e o terceiro de um mil cruzeiros. Os três primeiros classificados terão também seus trabalhos publicados. Os outros classificados terão apenas o prêmio da publicação. O Jornal do Gay reserva para si os direitos autorais da edição do livro de contos.

O livro a ser lançado será o primeiro de uma série que irá fundamentar a literatura gay brasileira. Participe! Escrevam para: Concurso de Contos - C.P. 3125 - 01000 - São Paulo - SP

### LIVROS E REVISTAS GAYS

A Livraria Corydon informa que ainda tem em oferta os seguintes livros gays: **A MARGEM DO AMOR**, do escritor também gay Robin Maugham. É a história de um professor que se apaixona por um belo ninfeto berbere de olhos cor de violeta. Adiantamos que somos os únicos que possuem ainda à venda exemplares deste livro, de uma edição já esgotada. Cada exemplar está sendo vendido a Cr\$ 150,00.

A Livraria oferece ainda dois outros romances gays. O primeiro é o famosíssimo **O RETRATO DE DORIAN GRAY**, escrito pelo notável Oscar Wilde. Trata-se da história de um jovem de rara beleza que, para não envelhecer, vende sua alma ao diabo. Preço de cada desse livro Cr\$ 70,00

O segundo é o sutilíssimo **MULHERES APAIXONADAS**, de D. H. Lawrence. Nesse romance, de um homossexualismo velado, lê-se o período em que os dois protagonistas principais - Birkin e Gerald - lutam nus em delírios de orgasmo, cena essa imortalizada no cinema pelos atores: Alan Bates e Oliver Reed. Preço de capa desse livro, Cr\$ 170,00.

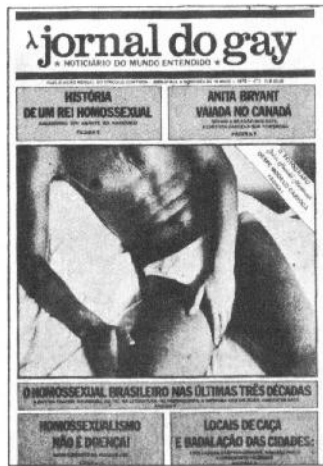
A Livraria Corydon informa também aos interessados como adquirir revistas gays alemãs, que trazem maravilhosas fotos coloridas de nus artísticos masculinos.

Todos os pagamentos deverão ser em cheque nominal ao Círculo Corydon, ou em Vale Postal em nome de Antonio Massaro Kiriara, diretor do Círculo Corydon.



**Assinando o JORNAL DO GAY, automaticamente  
você se torna membro da Grande Família Corydon,  
fica por dentro de tudo que acontece no meio,  
não se arrisca a ficar sem o seu disputado exemplar,  
e ainda colabora  
com a causa de 8 milhões de gays brasileiros.**

**Assine!!**



**COMO FAZER PARA ASSINAR O JORNAL DO GAY:** Preencha devidamente o cupom, anexe um cheque nominal no valor de Cr\$ 300,00 a favor do Circulo Corydon, e remeta para: Circulo Corydon - Caixa Postal 3125 - 0.1000 - São Paulo - SP - Brasil. OBS.: No caso de você não possuir talão de cheques, poderá optar para Vale Postal em nome de Antonio Massaro Kiriara, diretor do Circulo Corydon.

Nome .....

Endereço .....

CEP ..... Cidade .....

Estado .....

Pseudônimo se preferir .....

Cheque nº ..... Banco .....

**COM DIREITO A 12 EDIÇÕES**

OBS. IMPORTANTE: Quando você assina o Jornal do Gay, você recebe o jornal devidamente lacrado dentro de envelope branco, para evitar inconvenientes.



## IHOGA

### INTERCÂMBIO DE HOSPITALIDADE GAY

1. Paulo Roberto, do Rio Grande do Sul, oferece hospitalidade na Capital Gaúcha a um gay paulistano, a troco de futura hospedagem em São Paulo. Promete levar seu amigo a conhecer todos os ambientes gays da maravilhosa Porto Alegre. Gostaria antes de trocar cartas para melhor entendimento.

2. M. Nakamura, 37 anos, nissei, morador em Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro, gostaria de trocar hospitalidade com irmãos de São Paulo, Curitiba, Florianópolis ou Porto Alegre.

3. Sidney J. Luciano, 30 anos, residente em Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro, aceita hóspedes em sua casa, a troco de futura hospedagem entre irmãos residentes em Belo Horizonte, Paraná, Santa Catarina, Rio Grande do Sul, São Paulo, Salvador, Vitória, Recife, Aracaju, Natal, Fernando de Noronha e Sergipe.

Os interessados deverão escrever para os destinatários acima, aos cuidados de IHOGA — Círculo Corydon, C.P. 3125 — 01000 — São Paulo — SP — Brasil.

## DESVENTURAS DE UM CANTOR GAY NO JAPÃO



O interesse de Tom Robinson pelos idiomas colocou-o numa situação embaraçosa em um hotel de Tóquio. Depois de uma apresentação da sua triunfante turnê pelo Japão, o popularíssimo cantor inglês de rock (que é declaradamente gay e que propaga seu homossexualismo nas músicas que canta), começou a conversar com dois rapazes japoneses, e convidou-os para acompanharem-no ao seu quarto de hotel. Antes, porém, pediu-lhes que telefonassem aos seus pais para informar-lhes onde se encontravam. Quando, pelo telefone, JORNAL DO GAY — PAG. VINTE E OITO

os pais deles souberam que Tom era o rock star homossexual inglês, recentemente fotografado em todos os jornais, telefonaram ao pessoal de segurança do hotel, os quais, precipitando-se para o quarto de Tom, encontraram-no aprendendo japonês com os dois rapazes.

"Temiam o pior, naturalmente" — declarou um dos acompanhantes do grupo de Tom. "Por sorte se aperceberam quanto era inocente toda essa história".

Gay News — Europe