

VORTEX

ONE DOLLAR

Issue #1 / Fall 1980

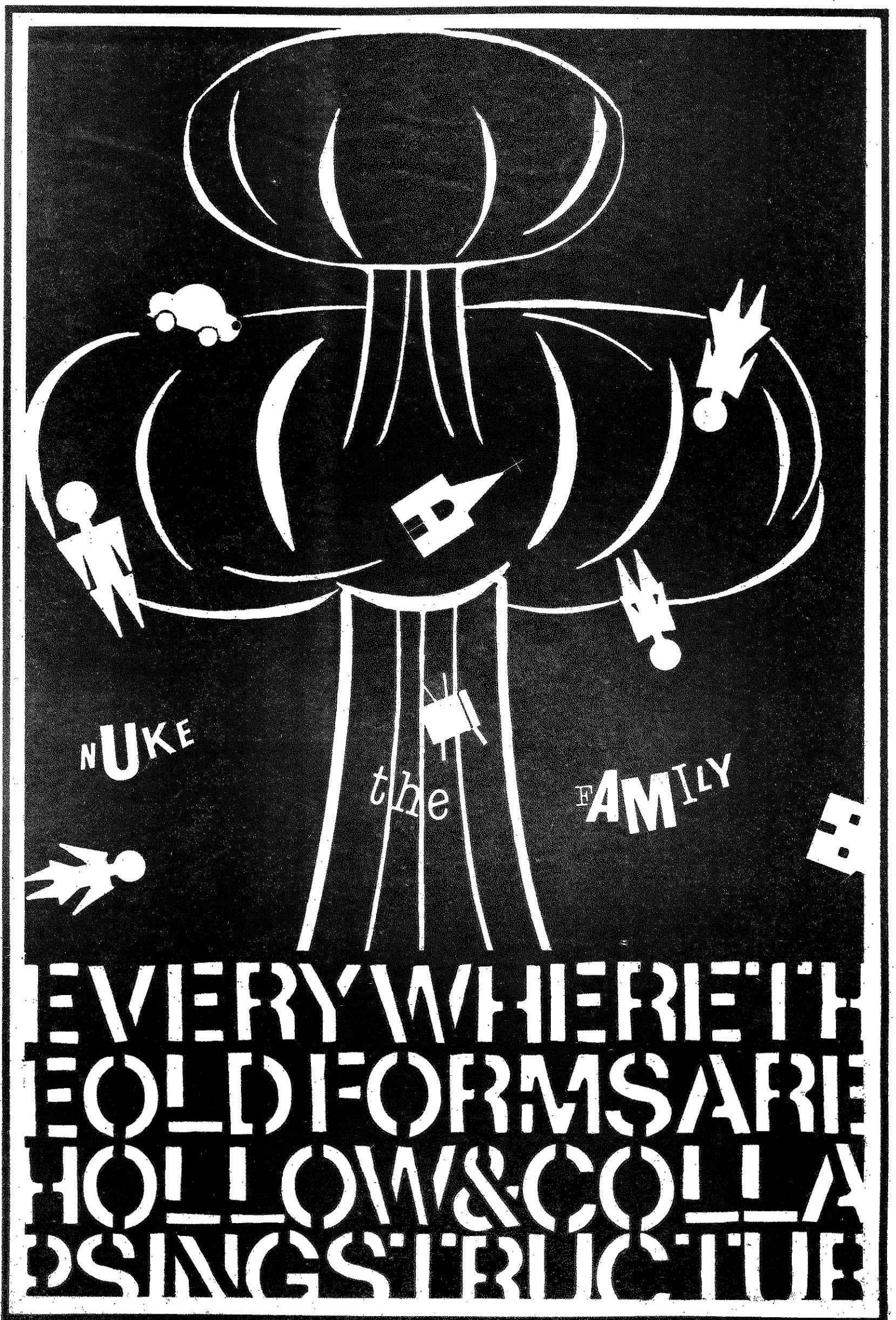
feature: **MAY 21 RIOTS**
with previously unpublished photos

poetry: **THE TOUCHES OF ANGELS**

article: **HARRY HAY & JOHN BURNSIDE:**
A CALL FOR SANCTUARIES

A JOURNAL OF NEW VISION

plus cover-to-cover ART / GRAPHICS / WRITING



VORTEX and the New Vision

THE NEW ARTIST

EVERYWHERE THE OLD FORMS ARE HOLLOW AND COLLAPSING STRUCTURES and traditional institutions are making last, desperate displays of power before they finally burst like decaying nova stars. The politics of the seventies have ended in alienation--promising liberation while promoting the death of individual consciousness and creativity over "collectivism". And spiritual movements and cults continue to promote the death of action, to foster authoritarian father-images, all like Jim Jones leading us down the path to the eventual death of self.

In the 1980s art is the choice for life and creativity in the face of a decaying culture. Art is the choice to communicate through the static of mindless conformity and role-playing.

Artists are the catalysts of the eighties.

Art is no pretty picture--no entertainment stop-gap for sultry masses--no status symbol for class risers--no escape from reality--no decoration to hang above bedstands. Art is the dynamic cutting edge of individual vision wrestling with the shattering realities of conformist social systems.

To be an artist is to adopt a radical lifestyle--a daily commitment to see the world in unapproved, unconfined ways--to speak to that vision truthfully. The artist takes action through the creative process. Not willing to be "spoken for" by authorities, movements, gurus, masters, ideologies, or prevailing social values, individuals today use art to speak for themselves.

Pre-Christian and nature peoples use art as a magical tool for interacting with their environments--to survive through their "magical" identification with their world. The new artist today uses art to transform, to assail, to analyze the social and cultural environment. Art is magic in the hands of people. Magic is a weapon for survival. To be an artist is to take action with word and image...and to take control of reality itself.

THE NEW VISION

VORTEX is a forum for artists and writers whose visions offer an alternative to the culture of nuclear families, sex-roles, racism, patriarchy, and materialism. VORTEX is a journal seeking the New Vision--the piercing light of

artists who question, who challenge, who see through the veil of heterosexist social fabric. Art, political commentary, drama, prose and poetry, graphics and photography, spirituality, criticism, history, works in familiar and experimental forms--all have a place in VORTEX.

VORTEX is defined not by the forms we publish or the particular type of artists represented in it--VORTEX is defined by the emerging New Vision, the multitude of visionary forms of a multitude of people now linking up to form a conscious social, cultural alternative.

We are not structuring VORTEX around arbitrary categories of "minority"--such as "gay", "women", "third world". We will promote the New Vision whenever it is genuine, whoever the artist is. We will actively seek out diverse writers and artists, to present the New Vision in all its facets.

We are stepping into the great limitless freedom of anarchy/spirit. We reject external limits, we challenge every assumption; we abandon old comfortable forms. We call to readers and contributors to give blind faith to your dreams and fantasies, to give free reign to your imagination and creativity--to join with us in exploring new possibilities, new worlds, new ways of seeing and feeling...the New Vision.

A world without sexism, without domination of the powerful over the weak, with no powerful; a world that cherishes nature and life force and does not seek to conquer it; a world where spiritual values are always higher than the material; where everyone is an artist, practicing magic of the imagination in the pure light flow seeking the mysteries of individual spirit....

VORTEX

VORTEX is intended to be an all-volunteer operation, without a formal structure or staff organization. At the same time, we want to avoid the over-reliance on the same creative and energetic people to coordinate all the numerous tasks involved in production. Most of us have already experienced that situation. Rather, we plan to develop an informal working group as an ad-hoc editorial board and production crew for each issue. We ask people interested in working on the group to merely commit themselves for one issue. We want every-one who contributes to VORTEX

to share that which represents the greatest, most rewarding use of their skills. Anyone who identifies with the New Vision as we have tried to describe is invited to join us as we begin planning the next issue.

Our plans for the development of VORTEX are based on the following considerations and choices:

- VORTEX is not intended to be profitable, only self-sufficient enough to cover the costs of production. Eventually we will incorporate as a non-profit arts organization. Then subscriptions and advertising will constitute tax-deductible contributions and we will have access to greatly reduced postal rates.
- The legal structure for VORTEX will be that of a membership organization. So instead of purchasing subscriptions individuals will be members, supporting VORTEX as a project. This distinction reduces record-keeping work and allows us to tier memberships--individuals can support VORTEX to the level they desire and are able to give.
- The eventual sources of income for VORTEX will be: benefit parties, advertising, memberships, and sales.
- The expenses of VORTEX are limited almost entirely to the costs of printing. We are doing much of the production ourselves. The savings is considerable.

We plan to distribute a good number of complementary copies of the next issues to identify a solid readership. Every copy will contain a reply device asking readers to share feedback, and asking them if they would like to continue to receive VORTEX. To do this, we are asking for any contribution of a dollar or more. If you would like the next issue of VORTEX look for the enclosure in this copy and be sure to send it in.

CONTRIBUTIONS

As a non-profit and volunteer project we cannot buy material. However, we can offer excellent placement and treatment of your material and connect you with a diverse,

continued on page 26

VORTEX

A JOURNAL OF NEW VISION

Issue #1 / Fall 1980

- Steven Marks **4** **Nightstick: May 21, 1979**
photos: Richard Gallyot
- Bradley Rose **13** **A Call for Fairy Sanctuaries**
editor **Harry Hay and John Burnside**
print: MRDR
- Eva Lake **16** **Planet Lake**
- Nona Collins **18** **Sundown**
- H.B. Pony **19** **Three Poems**
drawings: H.B. Pony
- Carol Queen **22** **The Touches of Angels**
- MRDR **27** **Sexual Criminals/Urban Refugee**
illustration: Will Roscoe
- Bradley Rose **28** **Behind Me**
graphics: Bradley Rose
- Carol Queen **30** **5.22.79**

*Cover Design: Will Roscoe
Logo Design: Wm. Stewart
Back Cover: H.B. Pony*

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MILK STOCK

A NOVELIZED ACCOUNT OF THE MAY 21 RIOTS

At City Hall. There's a crush of people at the top of the stairs, around them several hundred more. There's no focus here. Chants picked up and passed through the crowd, clashing from one part to another: "MUR-DER...MUR-DER...MUR-DER..." Nobody can speak, the bullhorn doesn't work. They're shouted down. Everyone's paying attention to the one behind the speakers, at the doors of City Hall and white lights suddenly flashing around a little space there, people standing around watching....The faces of speakers, a parade of our gay celebrities, fade in and out: Harry Britt, Sally Gearhart, Leonard Matlovich...a woman with a guitar...break of applause...who is it? Then, later, even a priest, who leaves the soonest under a barrage of hissing... "NO MORE BULLSHIT...NO MORE BULLSHIT...NO MORE BULLSHIT." I remember seeing Ruby Rodriguez, the street comic everyone calls the Chicken Lady: "Now I want everyone to listen to me. I've got something to say here..." and later standing on a car roof haranguing people of panic when a sudden ripple of panic comes through, "They're coming, the cops are coming!" and people start to swell into the street. But no, the cops aren't coming in yet and the movement subsides.

When I first ran into Robert, I had been wandering around the crowd, never standing still, always looking for the best vantage point, the best people to stand near. Sometimes chants coming up of "NO MORE VIOLENCE! NO MORE VIOLENCE!" But then something would break, another window at the doors of City Hall, and others would clap and cheer. I was...I wanted to stand on-ly near people who cheered at the crashing. I didn't want to think about the ones chanting against violence. What violence? Where are these people with their chants when gay people get beaten up, when Harvey was assassinated? I was somehow afraid...and too angry at the same time. But there was no place, no best place to be. How could I let out what I was feeling? More than just clapping when a window broke? I ran into Robert then. He told me heard about it on the radio, it had been officially declared a riot. But it was just this aimless gathering, a press of people at the doors of City Hall, waiting, watching, not leaving, wanting something to happen. And the thoughts in my head now—not about Dan White or Harvey Milk or the verdict or even my own

Steven Marks

I HAD REACHED A LOGICAL INTELLECTUAL CONCLUSION THAT SOMETHING MUST HAPPEN HERE AND I FELT A COMPLUSION TO TAKE ACTION, TO BE MORE THAN A BYSTANDER...

rage. It's just the anxiety: I have to do something. I had reached this logical, intellectual conclusion that something must happen here and I felt a compulsion to take action, to be more than a bystander.

Robert is flushed with excitement. "We have to do something Steve. What will get these girls going?" The people with the bullhorn, trying to speak think they can do the opposite--keep us from doing anything. They each take a turn trying to sway the crowd. But you can't hear them for all the chants and shouting and confusion. Yet each believes he or she will be the one the crowd will listen to, they can convince everyone to go home, to break their attention from the stairs of City Hall. But none of them succeed. They've always told us what to do--to vote, to give money, to do this or that, year after year. You realize their attitude is that they are going to teach you how to behave politically. Like we're not thinking or feeling the whole time. They're always exhorting us to do something that always serves their political needs (like getting elected). But there's resistance here tonight. A moment of silence. Then broken by noise or a chant from the top of the stairs, suddenly TV lights go on and attention shifts. There's a chant for Sally Gearhart, "LET HER SPEAK! LET HER SPEAK!" For a moment it is quiet and she starts to say, "No one is more enraged tonight than I am..." and then we know the next part, Part Two...BUT...HOWEVER... "but Harvey Milk wouldn't be breaking these doors here tonight...." And a chant goes up, "BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!" How would she know what Harvey would be doing. In 1972 or 1973, when Harvey was considered a freak by the City's political establishment, Harvey might be throwing the first rock. Or at least standing consentingly nearby, with his wonderful sweet boy smile. Then, of course, Harvey the San Francisco Supervisor would probably have been more inclined to be the charismatic leader who turned by the angry crowds--to send outraged letters and telegrams to elected officials the next morning.

Then there's a little light. A small light appears above the stairs, from the second floor balcony. People strain to see. Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver trying to speak from a bullhorn. Can't hear her. People shouting. She keeps trying. We can't hear her, and then she's gone, appearing again at the top

of the stairs, coming out from the broken windows of the doors. She's still trying to talk through her bullhorn, fiddling with the knobs, moving from one side of the steps to another, through the thick crowd. Robert says he wants to get the bullhorn. "I know just what to say to make these people go wild. Steve, how can I get that microphone?" "I don't know. Maybe you could ask her for it. Nobody can hear anyway."

I look out over the crowd from the top of the stairs, where Robert and I are standing. It is dark now, night time, and the size of the crowd has continued to grow, rings on rings of people and now there are a couple thousand people or more, spreading out across the street, into the edges of the Civic Center plaza. Robert and I wander around the top of the stairs for a while. I'm still anxious and excited. You could look through the shattered glass and see a formation of cops at semi-attention, legs parted, sticks resting in hands, white helmets, dark blue jump suit anonymous, shifting weight, stepping aside coolly when a spike from the grillwork around the door comes sliding through the broken windows. There are a few people, recklessly brazen, a couple are drunk, holding cans of beer in brown paper bags. They seem crazed, possessed. Suddenly yelling at the cops inside, screaming at them, calling them pigs. Then turning to talk to a friend or bystander, laughing and smiling. Then arguing with some men in the crowd trying to tell him how bad it is for our image... "They killed Harvey. Fuck it, fuck this shit," whirling around and one guy jumps up, pulls a piece of wrought iron grill, people step back for a moment as the iron flies up, thrown at the highest windows still unshattered at the top of the doors. I'm afraid of shattering glass but Robert pulls me in closer. Leonard Matlovich pushing and shoving some guy around, practically beating him up to keep him from being "violent". Others trying to form a line by linking arms in front of the doors to keep the "violent" ones away from City Hall, but they don't have enough people to complete the line--they were all from the Advocate Experience or some gay democratic club--(too bad later, when the cops finally came in, these fine distinctions of our "image" offered so little protection). Robert grabs me by the wrist, "Steve, what are we going to do? I can't believe these people are just standing

around like this. This is stupid. I can't believe these queens...."



Karen strained her attention to the top of the stairs. What should she do? What was her responsibility? She had been one of Harvey Milk's aides and was almost appointed in his place. She's there with some man in wire-rimmed glasses who keeps feeding her with suggestions. But Karen's genuinely distressed. "What should I do? I can't believe this is happening. I can't believe it." And the guy with her trying to be detached and intellectual, "They're all crazy. They can't be dealt with. It's out of control." "Should I talk? Should I try to talk?"



IF DAN WHITE WAS BLACK, LATINO OR GAY TO THE GAS CHAMBER HE'D BE ON HIS WAY--graffiti on Hayes Street::Two young Black women, both with their hair straightened and cut off even right at the back of the neck. "Hey! What's happening man? This is great!... Yeah man, this is all on the radio, far out." For some it really is a party. They laugh and jump around. And I stare at them. They really don't have any reason to care. They laugh. It is a joke for them.



Five days before the riot I was at Carl's apartment in the Castro. He was counting out piles of flyers for the

DIDN'T WE PLAY THE GAME BY ALL THE RULES, AND THEN WE WON, WE ELECTED HARVEY AND HE WAS ON THE INSIDE AND WE COULD WALK RIGHT UP THERE AND SEE HIM AND KISS HIM LIKE WE WERE ON CASTRO STREET. BUT THEY FUCKED THE RULES...."

Harvey Milk birthday celebration, scheduled for May 22. Carl was checking off piles of flyers on a list of neighborhoods and locations throughout the city. "I'm just afraid that the verdict will come out that day. Honey, I'm afraid we're going to have trouble." Last weekend in the Castro a cop with a reputation in the neighborhood for being an asshole tried to arrest some poor character for stapling leaflets up on telephone poles. It led to a full-fledged confrontation right there, Saturday afternoon, hot spring day in the teeming Castro. Cops call in reinforcements, then, faced off by a crowd of several hundred gay men pouring out of the bars, shouting "DAN WHITE WAS A COP! DAN WHITE WAS A COP!" And the cops end up retreating up Castro Street, each step back they take instantly filled by a surge of the crowd, pushing forward.

Carl is on the phone now: "Listen that cop is back on the street today. Yes...he's on the beat again. I don't care. He said he'd be off the beat. It's the same one... yeah, Tom. That's what I thought he said. Well, he's out there right now. Listen we're having that street party next Tuesday. The verdict could come in then.... Well, you just tell him that if Tom is still on the beat there could be trouble. A lot of trouble. Real trouble. I'm not kidding. Doesn't Harry realize what's going on?"



Images of City Hall:: walking back from the Strand Theater, through UN Plaza out to Civic Center Plaza, and a full moon fills the corners of the sky with pure pale neon glow and the sky around the moon is shiny see-through pearl blue and City Hall is a hard edge cut against the blue-black-glow-white sky, standing up, pushing up to the sky and leaning in and shreds of clouds, dirty grey and light at the edges come tearing up from the Pacific, up from behind City Hall, racing over, shooting to the Bay::I remember the doors of City Hall, cold Pacific April night when the Eugene referendum repealed another gay rights ordinance, and we marched, a long snake from Castro down to

Polk Street and up past City Hall, black grey flat stone face like a towering wall and I wanted to go crazy and throw myself against it. I hate this fucking building, it means nothing to me::I stood inside Harvey Milk's tiny office in the bosom of City Hall and hugged him::I stood outside the night he was murdered, holding a candle::I filed past the coffin in the rotunda of City Hall and you could tell who the faggots were, their eyes were wet::Didn't we play the game by all the rules, and then we won, we elected Harvey and he was on the inside and we could walk right up there and see him and kiss him like we were on Castro Street. But they fucked the rules--they make 'em, they break 'em.



Terry stood with a small group of friends on the outer ring of the crowd. Leaning in horrified-fascinated-hypnotized by the shattering of glass, the lights, chants, confusion. A poet, a counselor, a graphics artist, an anti-nuclear activist. At first they joined in the chants of "No more violence!". But Terry is thinking the whole time, "This is dumb. Those people must be stoned--they're not going to accomplish anything." But when the transfixion at the doors of City Hall was broken and the sudden surge of energy, crashing from the north and south sides of the stairs...then Terry's mood changed. If something was going to happen then at least it should be done right.

For a while flames from newspapers shoved in a can under a large bush by the stairs lick up into leaves of a tree overhead, but it doesn't catch on fire in the green leaves and the fire dies out. One of Terry's friends turns to him, "Well at least they're not going to waste time burning little trees. And Terry turns to him, and despite his steeping in sixties nonviolence and seventies human growth, he blurts out, "That's just a silly bourgeois ecological hang-up!"



William never made it to the riot but he wanted to--if there was going to be one. A week before he went on a drive with his next door neighbor, a political reporter for local magazines. They parked for a while out by the ocean and talked about the upcoming verdict. William's friend had been covering the trial. He was sure already that Dan White would get off, maybe even acquitted. They both decided that a violent reaction was called for, was the most, the only appropriate response. In fact, William thought to himself, he believed so strongly that was the right thing to happen he personally felt a commitment to help make sure it did happen. A riot. But instead, ironically, William ended up spending most of that Monday night in a meeting--a meeting of a Quaker organization--and unaware of the riot swelling through the city outside. During the sixties William had been a civil rights activist, trained in nonviolence. But most people, he told me, don't really understand nonviolence. It's only useful as long as it's pragmatic.



"Now look, Steve, here are all these people and they're ready for something. How do you start these things? What could we do?" "I'm afraid some of these fags would turn on us if we did anything." "Oh come on, let's go over here." Robert drags me down the steps by my wrist, through the thick crowd and we slip behind the bushes to the north of the stairs. Some people sitting above us on the abutment look down as we rustle around. "Now let's find a rock. Look around in here for a rock." Robert disappears behind the bush and comes back with a block of wood with a nail sticking out



Photo: Copyright 1980 by R. Gallyot

of it and a small rock. "Steve, let's throw this rock. Come on, let's do it together. What do you think will happen?" "Well, maybe you could do it round there, on the other side of the bush..." And Robert heads off around the bush again. I look around nervously but no one seems to be watching. I see the little rock fly up and bounce off the granite wall. Robert comes back panting, "Fuck. I missed. Did anyone see?" Then someone else comes around, I see through the bush someone trashing around, looking for something--a stick bounces off the window--then a rock hits and makes a small hole in the glass. Some guy wanders off. Nothing happens. There're no more rocks here so Robert has us go around the steps to the other side. There's a long string of newspaper vending machines linked together with a chain. Robert and I slip behind the bush there. He hands me a rock, "Come on, Steve, it's your turn," and I slip all the way around the bush, taking glances behind me, and throw my rock at the window but it bounces off. Heart pounding I come back, some people on the abutment above look at us. Robert throws a bottle that crashes against the wall and throws another rock and finally a window crashes. We slip out suspiciously from behind the bush--there are a few more people now, milling around on the little strip of grass between the sidewalk and the building. Something else is thrown. And Robert is excited.

It's snapped. It's been snapped. He grabs both of my hands, "I've got to find something else to throw..." and he's off looking for rocks. I turn around and the newspaper machines are right there.

I walk up slowly. The image of what I'm to do burning in my mind. Turn--walk past them--look around. Then I walk up and kick one, kick it over--walk a little ways--and push over another, slam it down and other people now picking them up and throwing newspaper machines, breaking the chain linking them, smashing them open. One gets picked up, carried overhead and thrown against the face of City Hall and someone's into the papers and papers thrown up in the air and flying around, people standing on car tops, some guys gathering paper together into a pile. And I notice, they're all cute disco types, in a circle, crouching down, match held to papers and the first flames of the night leap up. I lose Robert. Flames leaping out of a trash can on the corner. Then I see Robert, he's hurtling a huge rock through a window, he spins around and suddenly falls, gets up limping.

"They're coming! The cops are coming!" And a line of cops, helmets, visors, blue jumpsuits, run in quick from the Grove Street side. I feel like I'm running on air. They try to set up a line in front of City Hall but rocks start flying. I see cops, sticks up,

cops bent over, they pick someone up and retreat under a barrage of bottles and rocks. Did they get someone? Was it Robert? Was he hurt?

When the cops retreat people move back in again. I see a group of women running along the front of the building, by the huge window wells covered with steel grates. Newspaper torches flying over to the building then up and into the broken windows. Glass shattering, crashing, each window, each piece, one by one. Inside they lower venetian blinds after all the glass is broken out and objects start to thud on the floors of the offices inside, and the glimpse of white visor tip of the cop inside lowering the blinds draws a cry and a new barrage of rocks and bottles appearing out of nowhere. Some leather guys shaking a parking meter back and forth in wider swings until it pops out of the sidewalk and two men carry it off and throw it whole at the building, others chipping away at the newly broken cement to make more rocks and missiles. In Grove Street, in front of Larkin Hall, there's a roar of motorcycles. Cycle cops are coming in! But I look again and it's all leather men, Folsom Street types, running their bikes into a huge circle in the intersection.

At the foot of City Hall Robert is helping some women lift one of the steel grates from the window well and then forming a line to help women

climb into the well, start piling wood and barricades in the basement and setting it on fire. (While on the other side, a local gay reporter, thinking of "our image" (and no doubt of the impression he can make on command post big-wigs), spots the fire and calls for help to put it out.)

NIGHT
STICK

I ran into Lanny standing on the sidewalk across from the front of City Hall. Riot activity swelling around us we can't help taking advantage of the camp opportunities--as if we were suddenly on TV: "Why gosh, Steve! It's all quite festive. And I almost missed it! Except I heard something on this guy's radio..." "Oh, yes, it's been officially declared a riot." "Well what are they doing over there? That's severe." Off by the side of the stairs a fire is started under a bush, flares up and for a while threatens the tree above. I start to tell him about the newspaper machines and what happened (I thought) to Robert and at that moment Robert walks up. He's exhilarated. There's a cut above his eyebrow, purple red blood partly dried. "Where have you been? I was afraid the cops got you." "Oh, I fell down and hit my leg, here, on my shin, really hard. Here, hold this." He hands me a chunk of cement. He tells us about helping the

dykes get into the basement-- and we joke about the stereotype of lesbians and gay men not being able to work together. Then Robert is impatient and excited. "I've got to get rid of this rock." And he wanders off. I step off the sidewalk, following. "What should we do?" I point out a stranded police car there on Polk Street. "Well, we do seem to have an unfortunately stranded police vehicle here. ..." Robert's rock dents in the side, mine bounces off the rear window. But then there are others. Other rocks, and a parking meter rammed into the side and the front window and a guy with a garbage can smashes the top of the car, crashing can, windows popping out, mirrors snap off, hood bashed in. Then there's ten guys trying to turn the car over, Robert in the middle. Then from somewhere, some guy tosses newspapers into the front seat and a book of matches. It went up so fast everyone was surprised. People gathered around the area, applauding and cheering. Then suddenly afraid of bullets going off or the gas tank exploding. Some people shout to get back. I catch Lanny at the sidewalk and stand across the street with him. I see one lone person, one of San Francisco's flashier sissies, dressed tonight like a boy in a sailor outfit, standing hands in pockets staring at the cop car burning, unconcerned with explosions or bullets--it's a film we're all watching--parts we picked long ago--we know how the story goes.

NIGHT
STICK

Cop car sits alone on Polk Street throws flame light on the face of City Hall. Crackles but doesn't explode. Cop cars don't explode when you set them on fire. Hypothesis tested by the people May two-one-seven-nine. Also pocket knives, spray paints, and mace are good to have handy.

Activity fanning out from City Hall into Civic Center Plaza. Limb of tree snapped and broken off, set afire in trash can. Terrific crash of glass, an enclosure around elevator to the underground parking garage below. Then there's a siren, lone wailing siren comes down around McAlister Street, little red fire engine to douse out the flaming police car. Just as it rounds the corner onto Polk a crowd surges out from the sidewalk and blocks off its path, people jumping up onto the engine, breaking off the windshield wipers and the engine backs up and leaves.

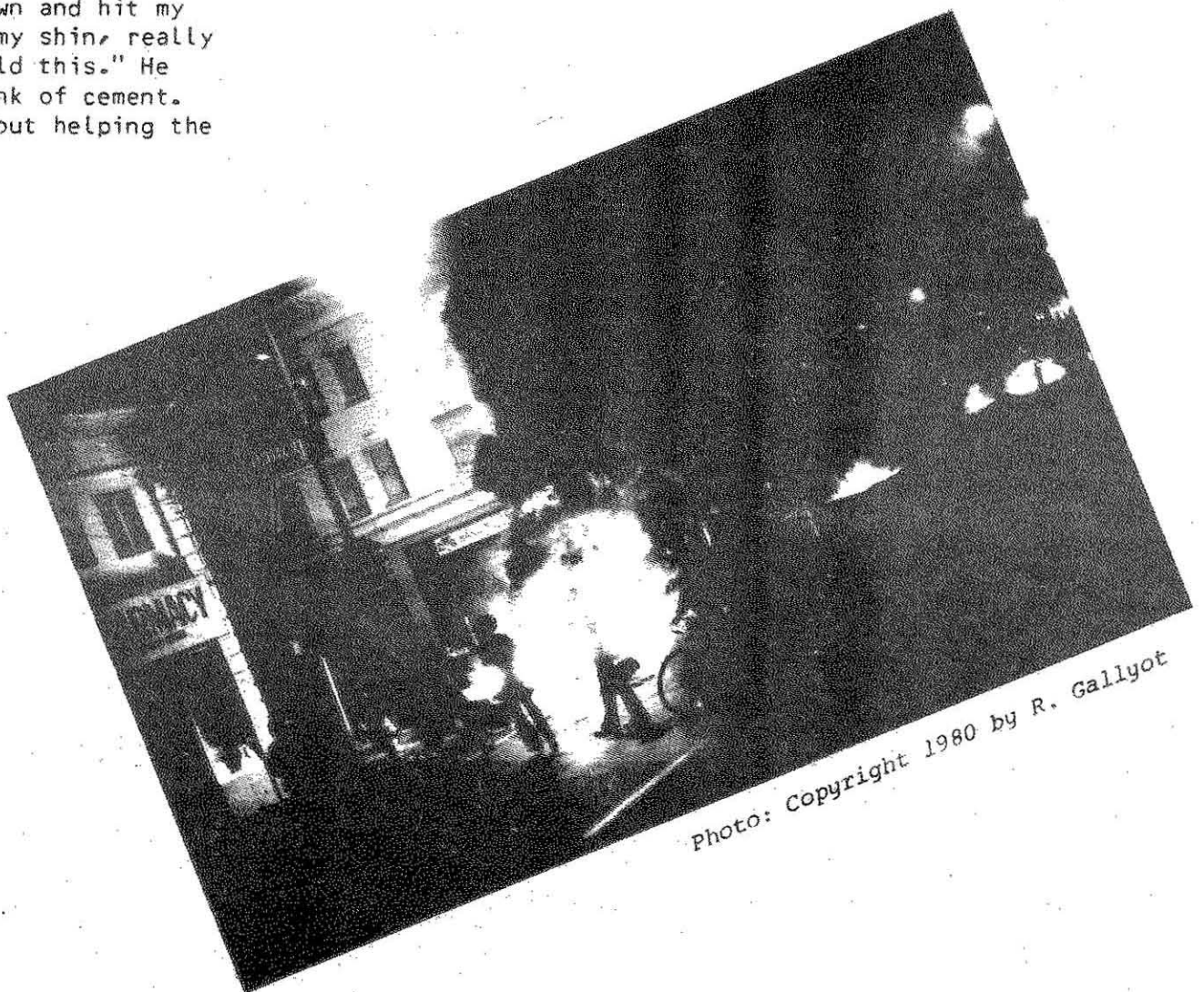


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...A SIREN IS TRIGGERED, SETS OFF A LONG SHRILL WAIL FLOATS UP LIKE SMOKE INTO THE NIGHT SKY. THEN ANOTHER COP CAR GOES UP IN FLAMES--THEN ANOTHER--THERE'S A WHOLE LINE OF POLICE CARS PARKED ALONG McALISTER... ALL UP IN FLAMES...FLAMES LIGHT NIGHT AND SKY AND BUILDINGS AROUND THE PLAZA.

Then at the corner of Polk and McAlister another cop car and an unmarked cop car are set on fire--and in the unmarked car a siren is triggered, sets off a long shrill wail floats up like smoke into the night sky. Then another cop car goes up in flames--then another--there's a whole line of police cars parked along McAlister against the State Building. A small squad of cops runs down the street, in a little charge and people pull back for a moment, but then the cops retreat. And people float back in. Isolated individuals rush in and out, around the police cars. A row of motorcycle cops clubs swinging come down McAlister, scare some guy away from the cars, then circles around and pulls out. One by one down the street cars go up, finally eight in a row (a total of thirteen that night), all up in flames, a row down McAlister, flames light night and sky and buildings around the Plaza.

NIGHT
STICK

Ron was standing farther down the street, near the Library at Larkin and McAlister. Remembers demonstrations in the sixties, but this was the first gay riot he had ever seen. This at least was a change of pace from the usual pandering, slick sell of most gay rights activities these days. Ron once said that after his peace movement experience and after his labor movement experience (he organized office workers and lead a strike) and now in the midst of the anti-gay, conservative backlash, his only feeling about politics was one of betrayal. So now he organizes his life to experience and sensation and movement. Spends his weekends at the Trocadero or favorite bathhouses. No guilt about bourgeois security but he still makes lone compulsive anarchic political statements. He was even investigated in relation to certain threats being conveyed through the mail towards certain public officials....Tonight he's hanging out with some friends from the Troc ("I mean, these guys were real Alice Democratic Club types. Alligator shirts and everything")--but tonight something was different, "Listen, something really happened to those boys, they were really getting into it."

And Ron stood hands in pockets smiling at cop cars going up in flames--when he noticed an unattended one right by him. (A week later I run into him at the baths: "Girlfriend, where were you Monday night?" "Honey, are you kidding, I burned a cop car." His contribution for the night, still skeptical, cynical, but still waiting, ready. That and at one timeless moment to get caught in a photograph, standing next to a friend heaving a brick at a cop and with an ear-to-ear grin that betrayed his loyalties. Later the subject of an interview at the Hall of Justice.

NIGHT
STICK

I was standing with Lanny on the sidewalk across from City Hall when the tear gas came. There was a thud-pop sound, a low sort of popping sound. My eyes start stinging and watering, I'm blinking trying to focus across the street. Others who were closer to the tear gas fled to the pond in the center of Civic Center Plaza, wringing t-shirts out from water dipped into fountain to rinse out eyes breathless moment look up stop for flash sounds around, fall away, the pause from the action, suddenly exhilarated, the thrill, on your toes thinking, blink up to see smoke of cop cars and sirens set off discordant pitches, someone familiar in the corner of your eye.

Cops came in from both sides in a well ordered move. Straight line of cops running in batons held in hand rested in palm, trot in to secure the steps of City Hall. This is what we expected hours ago, but by now there's no focus there and people are dispersed throughout the Plaza area seeking out targets for trashing and the torch. Some, who had pulled out earlier when the first rocks were being thrown, gathered on Polk and Grove in front of the Public Health Building, as if they could cross the invisible line and then just be spectators. But when the police moved in, the people on the fringes were not protected by their delicate boundaries. When the cops charged, the only people left on the stairs were the non-violence advocates who had worked so earnestly to form a line in front of the broken

glass doors. They finally accomplished this when the action fanned out. They were left to cement stairs and glass shards of shattered City Hall doors, arms linked and singing peace songs. The cops came in chomping at the bit and cleared the stairs, black baton sticks thrashing and chopping away, fly up imperceptibly slow, pause, then build momentum down, coming down and fags fleeing across the street. I stood there blank, staring like watching TV. That was the only place I ever saw violence and now I'm seeing it real for the first time. I just stare and watch no reaction. Just study, ready to run if necessary, but it is clear that this move is only to clear the steps for now.

Lanny and I stand on the sidewalk across the street. The next step would be for them to move out from the steps and cross Polk Street. Even now ranks swelling behind the first lines as other squads move in. Front line steps forwards. Is this it? Some people start to run. Then there's a cry to sit down, to sit down in the street. And soon a hundred people are sitting there faced off against the police line. Like peace movement face-offs in *Look* magazine, long-haired men holding flowers, sit-in faced by helmeted cops, sticks resting in palms of hands. One cop, a deputy chief, tries to talk to the crowd, shouting without a bullhorn and pacing in front of the sit-down, back and forth face red exasperated-pleading-furious. A gay man and woman standing in front now coaching people and leading chants, then talking to the cop.

We stand behind the people sitting down. A shower of rocks, bottles, sticks starts to fly over the crowd, into the police lines. Cops dropping here and there, pulled back and another steps forward. All this happening at once: gay crowd leaders telling people to be calm and sit down, leading chants and songs. A hundred people in the street. Swelling lines of cops on stairs into sidewalk. Deputy chief pacing and shouting. Hail of stones from behind into cop lines. Tear gas still in air eyes wet.

I hoist myself up on top of a large cement block to look into Polk Street. There were several other people on the block. I was standing there, watching the line of cops coming towards the cement block, wondering if they would just go around us, if I should stay there. Lanny was on the

ground, looking up at me, what are you going to do? I don't know. Cops coming. Well, come on. Moment of decision. I jumped down and Lanny and I started jogging into the Plaza. Lanny finds a big cement chunk and stops to pick it up. People peeling off around us, first one then another, then a wave from every direction crossing over, clearing out of the Plaza. Lanny throws his cement and it hits a cop coming towards us and the cop goes down. "Come on Lanny." He turns and starts to run and I turn to run, too. Then I realize he isn't behind me. I turn, ducking to see through the mass of people running by. He's managed to step into a hole in the ground filled with mud and water and nearly fall over. He's stepping out of the hole foot dripping looking around fast, nervous, where-are-you looks. I grab him by the sleeve and we take off, catching up with the crowd. We reach Larkin Street and start to cross it, heading towards United Nations Plaza. Lanny stops again just as we get across the street and grabs a newspaper machine chained to a light pole and rips it up. I lose track of him again, for a moment, see rocks crashing windows. Then I see Lanny, he's throwing the newspaper machine at the cop just behind him. I grab his sleeve again and we head out towards Market Street.

Spilling out from UN Plaza into Market Street. The cops don't follow us here, instead they sweep back through Civic Center, chasing people out past Library and up Larkin Street out towards Market and Van Ness. The ones who could be chased that is. The brunt fell on those on the fringes. Some who were never even in the Plaza area. Two women waiting for a bus on Market Street, cops come out roaming around on motorbikes, club one of them down and then back over her laying in the street: "Gay man waiting for bus, "No! No! I didn't do anything..." in a coma for two months: "Woman knocked to the ground pulled by hair "FAT WHITE BITCH CUNT!"--gash on cheek, broken rib, can't breathe, skull fractured, concussion, black eye, eyes swollen from mace, kicked in stomach, puking blood. Three cops stand above fallen man clubs like pistons in the air pounding down in rhythm: "Newspaper reporters waving press cards screaming, "PRESS! PRESS!" mowed under sticks slashing air charging cops out Polk to Market Street. Cops sweeping through Plaza clearing out demonstrators.



While cops continue "cleaning up operations", demonstrators scatter into the streets in every direction from City Hall. The trashing continues, but now purposeful and selective. Four banks, swank department store, federal buildings, spray paint blue on sidewalk of City Hall--AVENGE HARVEY--graffiti on Market Street--EAT A TWINKIE, KILL A COP.

Out on Market, where Lanny and I spill out from UN Plaza, people stop to catch their breath. Fires set in trash cans spilled out onto street and soon there are trash can fires to Seventh Street. Lanny and I pile trash in the middle of the street and soon we have a fire going. Terry comes up to us and joins us in setting up a line to pass boards from a scaffolding to feed the fire. Unsuspecting cars come up Market Street to find the street blocked and a raging bonfire on the centerline--some step on gas and drive over the boards, others screech up onto the sidewalk to drive around the fire.

Lanny and I wander off, circling back around and heading up Golden Gate to Van Ness. Groups and pairs of cops, uniforms of police departments from throughout the Bay Area, wander throughout the area, but none of them bother us. The Doggie Diner there at Van Ness is still open and we stop for hotdogs.



Clumps and small squads of cops patrolling streets. In a huge debris bin outside of Zim's on Market at Van Ness a fire grows and leaps up. We look for a bus, then stick our thumbs out for a ride up to Castro, staring hostile and foolishly at passing cops. A Black man driving a shiny

black van pulls over and gives us a ride. The connection seems odd now--but it was like a temporary line had been opened up that night. Naturally we talked about the riot--(but the general feeling in San Francisco these days between gays and minorities is tension, heightened by various fears and suspicions to a degree that brings self-consciousness into any contact between the two minority communities).

Lanny gets in first, sits on the engine housing between seats and I take the passenger seat. Soon we're talking about the verdict. The Black guy says, "Hey, man, look, anytime you get a jury like that...they're going to let White off no matter what he did"...And this guy, he's wise-mellow, maybe in his thirties, but talks like from a distance, knowing what's happening, watching, knowing the story. "Hey, you know man, when people get frustrated that's what's going to happen...you can't stop it." And he tells us about his job. He's a janitor at a radio station. And the people he works for, because he's just a janitor and because he's in the background (he tells us), people say things as if he wasn't there. "And you wouldn't believe some of the things I hear coming down, I mean, where some of those people are at, it's, like, it's still the Dark Ages, man..." He drops us off on Castro Street, turning off Market in front of the Bank of America there.



Castro Street filled with people, sidewalks overflow like it does on big party nights--Halloween, Gay Pride Day, or the Castro Street Fair, or even like it does on a warm Saturday night bar-closing time. Extra litter in the street, an occasional loose bottle or can gets kicked, rolls clattering down the street. But tonight it's sullen and quiet. In a store, a picture of Harvey Milk quickly put up. Graffiti: IT WAS MURDER. And on the corner of 18th and Castro, spray-painted on sidewalk the day of the assassinations, still not faded, the graffiti says WHO KILLED HARVEY MILK? The

question with the obvious answer still somehow meaningful, regardless, still somehow needing answer, an answer that now we will never get.

Lanny and I stepped into a bar on 18th and ordered beers. We started to play a game of pinball, but before we finished someone rushed in to the bar and a buzz went up: the cops were here, the cops had come into the Castro. Across the street, I could see a cop car parked. Lanny doesn't want to go outside, but I'm anxious to see, I have a compulsion to know what's happening.

Up at the corner of 18th and Castro a large crowd had already gathered. And the intersection lit up like a football field at night. It's filled with cops. Line of cops facing off the crowd in all four directions, like they were setting up a defense right there. Another carload pulls up across from us and six more cops pour out, take up formation facing the Hibernia Bank. I don't understand. What is this? Why are they here? It must be something I can't see. Lanny hangs back in front of the bar, but I work up to the head of the crowd, to the curb, straining to see if there's some focal point, some kind of activity. But it's just cops, sealing off the street. Cop leaders in the center of the intersection moving around, giving orders, an ambulance van parked on Castro. I see one man, a short man, without a shirt, walking around bare-chested inside the lines of the cops, holding a bandage to his head, blood splotted and some on his face. The bright lights are from TV cameras, and cameramen on foot turn their spots on whatever particular activity they film.

I see myself rising above the scene, above the crowd to look around and down at it all. I can see myself shouting at the cops, at the line of uniformed anonymous cops, taunting and screaming: "FUCKING PIGS! FUCKING PIGS! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE. SIT ON YOUR FUCKING STICK. GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!"...walking in front of the line, bent over screaming, voice straining. And from the line of cops: "Fuck you queers...fucking queers," batons impatient tap asphalt. I keep pacing, restless, people shouting everywhere. Faces from the sidewalk twisted in hate to shout and curse, ready now, finally, not caring what could happen. This was the outpouring of anger, more than at City Hall. The presence of the cops in the Castro was a planned retaliation. And they

were the final reminder that the cops were not only unrestrained in general in the way they could treat an individual gay person, but they could enter at will the one sanctuary we thought we had, our neighborhood. The invasion of the Castro--perhaps unwittingly on the cops' part--blatantly revealed the political nature of police repression of gay people in San Francisco. The police get what they want--they just usually don't have to occupy neighborhoods to do it. But tonight was different. The order had to be restored.

Photo of that corner where I stood in the next day's paper showed the faces transformed by hate and anger--leather jacket, cap, mustache, sweatshirts and tennis shoes, blue jeans and flannel shirt, all screaming for the cops to get out, to get the fuck out, to get the fuck out of here...

Harry Britt came through the crowd from the other side of the intersection. Unable to command attention at City Hall earlier, his presence now seemed almost pathetic. He came in surrounded by a group of gay men arms around one another, as they moved through the police lines. He tried to talk to some cops. Then he came over to the corner where I was standing and tried to speak through a megaphone. The shouting kept up, shouting for the pigs to get out, and anger directed at Harry, too--he was our gay leader, the symbol of gays working in the system--and yet, in blatant defiance of whatever Harry's position as supervisor carried in authority, were the cops, conducting a "policing operation" in the best tradition of Vietnamese era military tactics.

A call to let Harry speak goes up and for a moment the shouting subsides. He starts, "In my opinion the police have no business being here tonight..." and that was all we heard because at the instant, the crowd went wild--it was going to be another BUT statement--wild at the very powerlessness of Harry's position, wild with righteousness anger at the cops invading our street. A chant comes up: "DAN WHITE WAS A COP! DAN WHITE WAS A COP!" Britt leaves, the same way as he came, surrounded by gay men, arms linked, moving through the police lines on the opposite side of the intersection.

Then it happened. A charge up 18th Street in the direction opposite from us, police charging up as far as the Badlands Bar. The crowd is thick and can't possibly move fast enough to stay ahead of

the cops moving up the street, clubbing people, half way up the block and then they pull back. One poor gay man trying to get in his apartment, coming down the street and a cop comes in his gate, up to his steps and starts to raise his riot stick over his head, "NO! NO! I live here!"

Then there's a cop, two cops chasing some guy up Castro Street, from the Elephant Walk, catch up to him at the Midnight Sun and soon there's more, three, four cops clubbing him, clubs sawing the air, and TV cameras and lights come in to flood the area with spotlights. It's a movie set. What's happening? What am I watching? Look back to see if the way is clear and with Lanny, move down the street a little. A Muni jeep pulls up from behind us on 18th, to help a bus stranded there. A woman breaks out from the sidewalk, comes up from behind the jeep and slashes a tire, the huge wheel sinking and the jeep lurching to one side.

Line of cops sticks in air run up to the Elephant Walk bar shouting "Bonzai!"--Are they chasing somebody?--People pressed to the windows inside. Cops pull open the door, butt of riot stick crashes through breaking glass and cops start to press inside.

"My god Lanny. It's a bar raid. They're raiding a bar. It's a fucking police riot"--and I'm talking like it's a movie we're watching but it's right there, across the street I'm seeing it. Ten or more cops disappear inside, TV lights can't follow. Inside they swing clubs like baseball bats, kick tables over to get at people, scream for queers to get the fuck out but there's no way to get out, go behind bar to bull out bartenders and beat, breaking glass and windows everywhere.



All sound had fallen away.

My memory is a bright edged photograph in black, blue, grey, and white light. Movement in stop action, black stick in tracer blurs. Facing reflections reach into past and future in timeless vio-

lence image. Familiar like a dream. Exists in my eye and my mind at the same time.

NIGHT
STICK

It lasted maybe only ten or fifteen minutes. They came out of the Elephant Walk, and as soon as the ambulance pulled away they started to retreat, very slowly, squad and careful at a time, shouts falling around them the whole time. When the side streets were cleared the remaining lines retreated up Castro Street, step by step, each small space evacuated instantly reclaimed by the crowd pushing up to the top of the street, an occasional beer can flying overhead. Finally, at the top of Castro, the remaining cops get into cars and pull away--in some cases, only after being physically shoved back from the crowd and into the car by their commanding officers. Then it was over.

It is not clear to this day who exactly ordered the cops into the Castro. It wasn't the Chief of Police. Harry Britt tried to ask the question--but neither papers nor police seemed to pay any attention--a full fledged campaign was already underway within police rank and file

to dump the police chief who wouldn't let the cops beat more heads at City Hall--anyway, soon enough, Harry was busy answering questions before a Grand Jury.

Robert ended up at Franklin Medical Center, on Castro Street several blocks up from scene of the police action. He was in the waiting room when they brought in the people from the Elephant Walk and soon the room was filled with injured--bleeding, broken bones and ribs, some vomiting, some moaning and crying. Whenever any cop came through the waiting room--to get through to the examination areas--or anyone with a uniform--the room suddenly erupted in shouts, taunts, curses: "Fucking pigs! Fucking pigs!"... loose objects thrown and the cop or whoever having to jog through the room to the door on the other side--even the sickest one there would manage to get out some curse.

NIGHT
STICK

The next night the scheduled street party celebration of Harvey Milk's birthday went off as planned. Over a hundred people appeared wearing t-shirts that read: Please! No Violence! I wanted to know who paid for them... Memory being pushed back the best way is not to talk about it. I watched most of the street party from the roof next to the Castro Theater, cold night, black sky, some clouds blowing over Twin Peaks towards downtown and the Bay. Three women there and they had motorcycle helmets, one has a little can of mace strapped to her belt. Flyers on the streets already: your legal rights, what to do in case of a riot, what clothes to wear, suggestions for tactics against the police: Pushed back into the part of the mind where dreams are remembered. It was *your* image, what you saw, what you saw of others, what we know. It stays and waits. What we have learned. *Our* image, nightstick in the air, secret passion...secret desperation, the fear we all have--nightstick in the air--each with our dream, with our image, living in our underground yet to be linked again in this new and secret way.

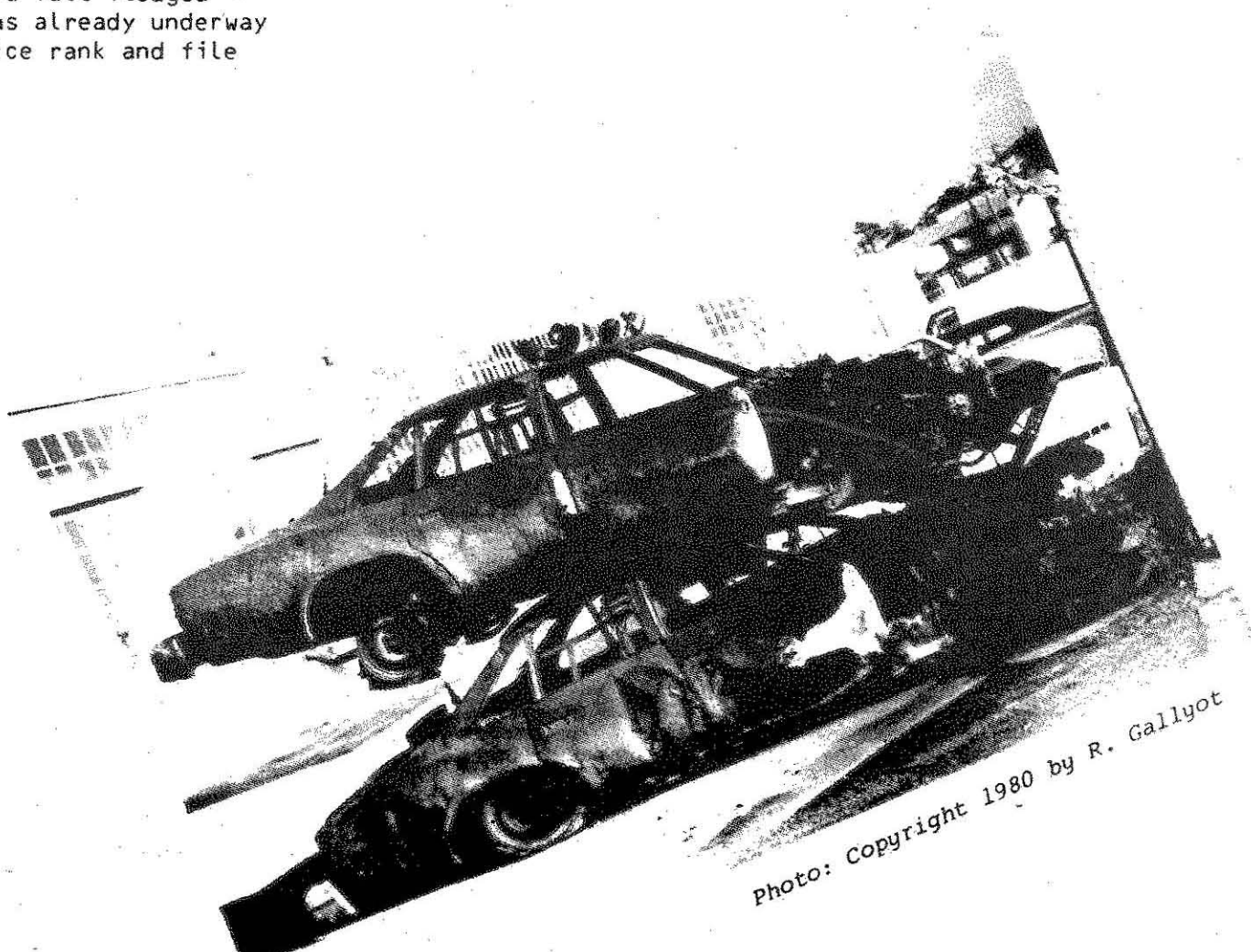


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A CALL FOR FAIRY SANCTUARIES: HARRY HAY and JOHN BURNSIDE edited by Bradley Rose

The vision of Harry Hay and John Burnside inspires those of us who are exploring our identity as gay people. It was in 1950 that Harry brought together a small group of people that became the Mattachine Society. Mattachine recognized our need to find identity as a gay minority. McCarthy had been isolating us and attacking us. Against this, Mattachine became the first effective gay movement in the United States, successfully introducing into the language new words and definitions through which we could see ourselves, and be seen, positively.

Mattachine also addressed three questions which were keys to our identity as a gay minority:

1. Who are we gay people?
2. Where do we come from--where have we been?
3. What are we for?

But these were never fully answered. Membership in the Mattachine Society snowballed; by 1953 there were more than two thousand people participating in Mattachine activities. Among these were many who trusted a false sense of security in numbers. They opted for assimilation with hetero society and for respect according to hetero terms. The first Mattachine was dissolved, and a second movement, which kept the name Mattachine, was formed--without Harry Hay and the original spirit and vision. The second Mattachine was directed toward legal reforms based on the belief that homosexuals could and should behave just like heterosexuals. This, for most of us, has been the direction of all gay liberation up to the present; and it has been our substitute for gay consciousness.

Harry Hay and others, however, have continued asking themselves: who are we? where have we been? what are we for? In the summer of 1979, Don Kilhefner, John Burnside, Mitch Walker, and Harry evoked a Spiritual Conference for Radical Fairies to be held in Arizona over the Labor Day weekend. There, fairies from all over celebrated and explored our special identity. And again, this past summer, another Spiritual Conference for Radical Fairies was evoked, this one to be held in the Colorado Rockies. There, Harry Hay introduced the subject of FAIRY SANCTUARIES at

a special circle (under a tent and out of the rain). That circle was taped by Frank Brayton for Raven's Head Communications. Because of the special vision which they bring with them, VORTEX is presenting some of Harry's and John's spoken remarks, transcribed from that tape. Among the subjects discussed were . . .

. . . The need for fairy sanctuaries:

Harry:

"We've been talking about the need for a fairy sanctuary for a year, or year and a half. We think of it as a place where people can come to work and study. We also see it as a core group from which many other sanctuaries can spring. We want to see a place where we can begin to learn to live together. And we feel that it must be of necessity a self-sustaining community. In this regard, we see it in the rural areas, and we see it as arable land. We feel, among other things, that hard times are coming, and we feel, because the gay community has the visibility that it's got, that in many situations we will be the first hired and the last hired, the situation which the blacks and chicanos enjoyed in previous times, but which will now be our honor.

"And we feel that when this time comes, this is the time for families, and in this, our gay family, we have to recognize that we are going to have to take care of ourselves and each other because nobody else is going to. So consequently, we must be ready to think in these terms, whether we are in rural situations or in urban situations. We have to think about the idea of forming fairy families, groups of people who can nurture and sustain one another, economically as well as spiritually."

"It is envisioned that arable rural land would be secured to establish, through Community Land Trust, an intentional residential community for gay men in the country. The primary purpose of the community would be to provide a place for gay men to explore deeply the many new facets of gay spirit, politics, healing, re-inventing ourselves as a people in the process. It would be a place of affirmation, confirmation, nurturance, and healing; a place for developing new models of *being with* and *connecting with* each other

and with Nature; a place where we can relearn to be Stewards of the Earth. The residential community is seen as moving in the direction of becoming economically self-sustaining. From time to time, the skills, insights, and resources of the land trust community would be made available to gay men everywhere. The community would operate on the principle of loving, sharing consensus to all its members."

. . . Our special fairy identity:

John:

"There are certain traits that we have that are typical of us. One of them is very very essential as the basis of subject-subject relating. It's this: From early on in life, it's very typical of us to be very exploratory, and to refuse to accept--I could use the word *specialization*, couldn't I? Isn't the sex-role definition a sort of specialization?--and a lot of trouble that we get into is because we are resisting that. So that we have in our nature the movement towards becoming whole people.

"Fairies don't like to feel that there are aspects of life they are completely blankly ignorant of. We're very curious people. We want to know how things are done. It's very typical of fairies to go right over into a field they don't know anything at all about--on the assumption that there's some way it's done, there's a way of finding out how it's done, learning from mistakes, etc., etc. We work towards becoming a whole person, so that when you join with another, you don't come along saying, 'Oh Darling, I'll take care of all your needs, rest on me.' Or vice versa, 'Will you take care of all my needs, can I rest on you?' We don't need to do this. I know that in the gay world, since I'm a counselor, I see a lot of examples of that. I wouldn't put it down. But I think there's a way of relating that is peculiar to us, is a lot easier for us than it is in the man-woman world, because two complete beings come together. However they may decide to divide the labor of their common projects, they are free to divide it any way they like. Harry and I, for instance: Who cooks? Well, right now in our collective, each of us cooks on his fourth night. But when we were a single pair, it fell out more accidently, and neither was committed to it; and if I did most of the cooking, it was because I en-

joyed it, I felt like it and wanted to--but not because he couldn't, you see.

"In subject-subject relating, two people come together in a *supplementary* way. They widen and expand each other. In subject-object, they are *complementary*; neither by himself is complete, and it takes two, added together, to make up the whole person. And then there's a jealousy around my part and your part; you're not appreciating what I'm doing for you, and I'm not appreciating what you're doing for me. In subject-subject, that can't happen at all, because when nobody's cooked the dinner at home, Harry and I look at each other and say, 'Well, do we eat or don't we?'"

"We are realistic people; fairies are very realistic. We learn how to be realistic very early on. We need to. I think the generality of mankind out there live by myth. We live by realism. Here at the gathering I heard one fairy say, 'I came out to my parents,' and they said, 'Well, don't tell your sister,' and he said, 'Look, my sister's known it for a long time,' and they said, 'Well, don't tell your aunts.' The mother and father and sister and aunts want to live on myth. Of course, he lives in the reality. We learn that when we are very little. And in fact, some of us still have memories of the lessons, the experience, by which we

learned the need to live in reality, where we made the mistake about the beautiful young man next to us, approached him the wrong way, etc."

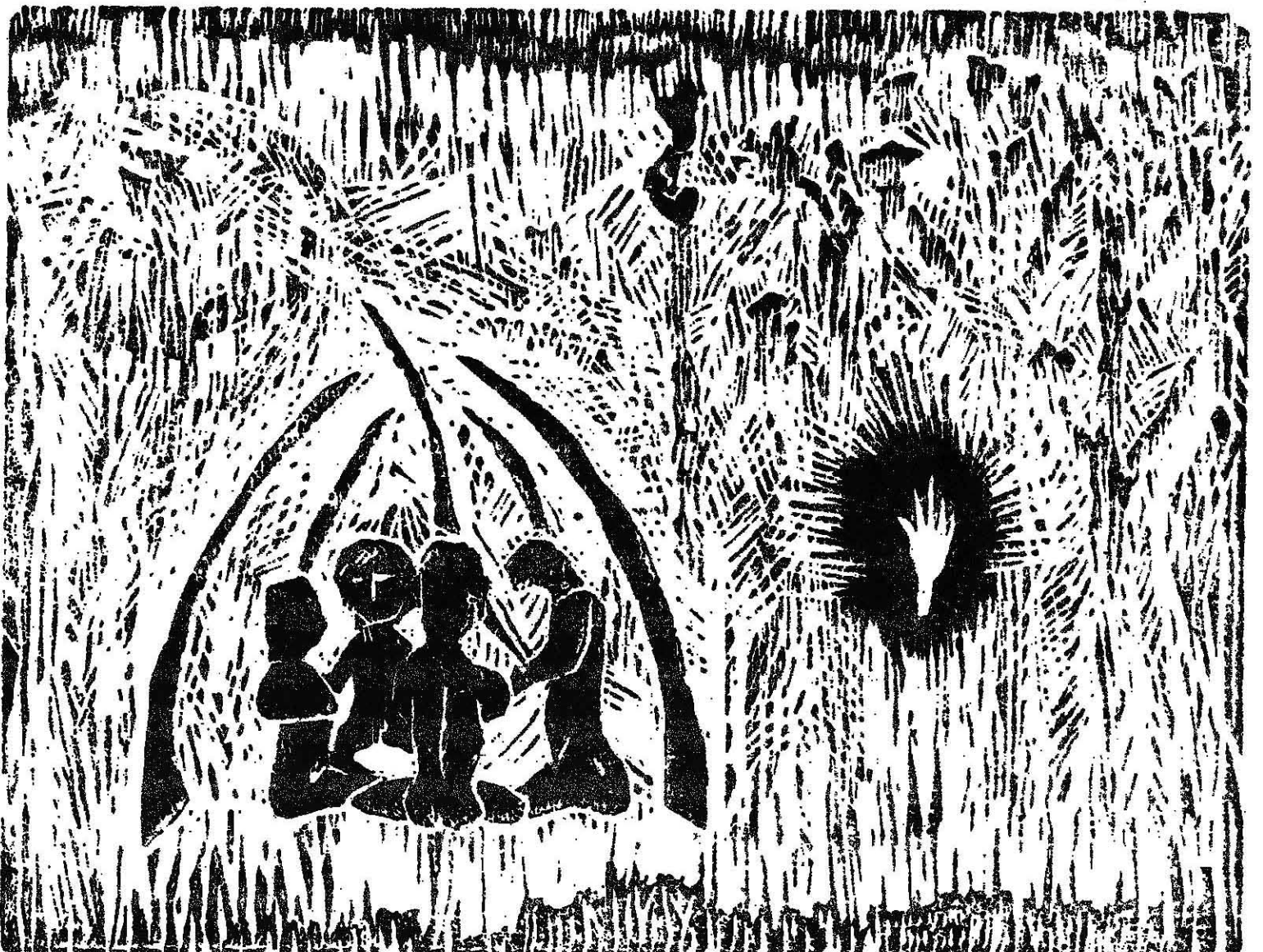
. . . *Regional fairy gatherings:*

Harry:

"From here on out, what we should begin to do is to develop our own regional fairy gatherings, which could be done around a core group which could be such a thing as a sanctuary; and then, when we have a series of sanctuaries across the country, the Southeast fairies can do a bash for the Southwest fairies and vice versa. But if we have a sanctuary already built, if we have a house, if we have kitchens, and if we have cellars and things of this sort, we already have the core which was so expensive to bring out here--and then people can bring their tents and be rained out, as they are here, and go down in the potato cellar and have a wonderful time! But in this way it would be possible for us to have, not what you would call a gathering, which becomes sort of a big, enormous event such as this one is, but small, more intimate gatherings, three or four times a year on a retreat basis, over a weekend, where people didn't have to travel very far. Or even if they did have to travel

maybe a hundred or two hundred miles, they at least could get rides from each other; they could share; and it would be a way to come together and separate again.

"These are ways by which we could do them formally. Informally, whenever people need to come and heal, they may come; whenever people need to come and reach out or share, they may come. These are things we want to do, because however we separate it out, we are all the family, and this is a cousin, and this is another cousin, and this is another cousin. . . and this is how I think we might be able to support ourselves and each other. But I am very powerfully motivated to feel that we must have core groups in places around the country, and I feel that some of these core groups must be places of, let's say, fifty to sixty acres where we can grow large quantities of grains or grains and soy--grains and soy, as you know, make the complete protein, and we can keep people alive. And I have a feeling a number of our people are going to be in dire trouble not very far distant from now, and we have to have space, our own spaces where we can have our own food so we can supply at least a minimum diet to most of our people. It is necessary; it is something we have to consider a real necessity."



MRDR, *In the Sweat Hut #1*

"WE MUST BEGIN TO MAXIMIZE THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN US AND THEM."

. . . Women and men making a sanctuary together:

Harry:

"We explored the idea of men and women living together in the same community, and what we came up with was this: We envisioned the idea of a square which could be divided into three sections. One section could become voluntary land to be worked by both *when the time came*, and then a section for the women, and then a section for the men, contiguous, side by side; but a place where the women could retreat when they needed a place, where the men could retreat when they needed a place, inviolable space, both side by side.

"And then, when our brothers and our sisters came to the space where they were able to volunteer to each other and were able to be full of trust in each other, there was the land out in front which would be worked or farmed in common. Oh--and it wasn't divided into *three* things, it was divided into *four*, because around the outside, there must be a portion of land, if it's only an acre wide, all the way around, that must be given back to Mother, must be returned to wilderness, and that is something we will need in all cases. We will need a wilderness, we will need a place to get in touch with Nature and in which to meditate."

. . . Gay people as a minority:

Harry:

"One thing that we don't think about quite so often as we might, and something we gay people should be thinking about all the time, is that the world that's coming will be a plural society. The Korean people who are coming here, the Thais who are coming into Southern California, the Haitians who are coming into Florida, have no intention of joining our melting pot. There are going to be Haitians living here, there are going to be Koreans living here. California is going to be an area of multiple minorities--in a very short time, multiple minorities who will far outnumber the original natives who were part of the melting pot of the 1920s. That particular image of America is going; as a matter of fact, it's already gone. And we must take our place. We fairies must take our place as an equal minority among many other minorities, and this is where we are headed

for. But we cannot become a minority until we know who we are. The Korean people, the Haitian people, know very well who *they* are, but we don't know who *we* are, because we have been so busy--as an act of survival--we have been so busy pretending we are exactly the same as everybody else.

"Now I am saying to everybody who will hear, that now we must begin to maximize the differences between us and them. But there are even more differences between us and them than we know about. What I mean is, we have not allowed ourselves to see all the differences there are. If we would meet together in groups, if we begin a fairy sanctuary by meeting every week and maximizing the differences between ourselves and them, we will find, at the bottom of the grand canyon, the heart-line that connects us--the one we've always known was there but we didn't know what it was. . . . As we begin to find out who we are, we will find out who they are. Now, they don't know who they are--*they're it!* They assume that's all there is. We know better, so that we will be doing everybody an enormous service. We are maximizing the differences between us and them as an act of love, a love for ourselves and a love for the society in which we belong--because I am not suggesting at any time that we separate out and forget it entirely. We need them, they need us. We love them, and they love us, if they know who we are, but they don't.

"This is our job now: We must begin to define ourselves to them as we wish to be defined, we must begin to show ourselves as we wish to be seen, and we must begin to speak as we wish to be heard. And when we make our contributions back to the parent society, we will do it on our terms--but we cannot do this until we are a confident, self-assured people who speak a language which communicates to both of us--this we must do. We have all kinds of contributions to make. We've been making contributions all along which oiled the wheels of their society. We know it, but we don't know what they are; and they don't know what they are, more importantly.

"We must begin to know who we are. We must maximize the differences. We must begin to love and respect who we are and what we contribute. When the parent society begins to appreciate what it is we contribute, and recognize that their law is in our way against further contributions, they will change that law to their advantage. And that is our consensus; and that is our

security, because the ten percent is never going to swing the other ninety. The tail of the tiger is never going to swing the tiger. The whole point about gay rights is an illusion, because when you come right down to it, we can buy a legislator, but they can buy him back twice as fast--and they do. There are ways and means by which we can relate to the political process, and we can do them beautifully: We can give them--the parent society--some of our courage."

. . . Our relationship with non-gay people:

John:

"You know, I lived forty-five years of my life in the straight world before I finally came out, found my gay identity, my gay world. What we have to remember is that we might talk about straight and gay, but there is fundamentally a *human* nature that we share with all the non-gay people, the same kinds of tendencies to error, greed, vanity, our indifference to one another, all these things which any one of us who is in a minority has felt coming down on *him particularly* from that generality of human beings. Now similarly, the virtues that people have exist all throughout the generality of human beings, but each of us must recognize, must take responsibility for, the kind of person he or she is.

"We're very unsparing of us. In the libraries of this world, in the books that are written that spell out in detail the stupidity, the arrogance, the cruelty, the blindness, the stubbornness which we see all around us, all are spelled out by the straight people for straight people to read and be concerned with. So when we refer to qualities of this kind, we are speaking of general human beings, of *human* failings; we're not talking about we-angels and they-devils--not at all.

"You see, we have certain gifts and a certain meaning. We are for certain things in this society we are born to, and we are responsible to these things; and those born to the opposite are responsible to the opposite.

"All right. Consider what kind of animal a human being is: We human beings do not know what to do from birth; we have to find out. Now we find out from something we call our culture, which is the great heritage from the past. We are framed

continued on page 26

SEND

PRESSURE SYMBOLS

POLAR 90°

life work
Pain paint



2265 n.w. KEARNEY
 Portland, Ore 97210

GE

THE CARD, LETTER, PRESSURE ART



VOIP

TO:



eva lake

GENERAL STRIKE

SUNDOWN

Nona Collins

(November 1978, San Francisco: following the Jonestown massacre and the Milk-Moscone assassinations)

SUNDOWN I

What shall I say? That one of our eyes has been plucked? That the press covers only half the story? We stand here, stunned.

How small it seems to brush our teeth, eat our food, go on living...

Today I felt agony in my veins; stood poised, pivoting, awaiting the final word from myself.

And it came, that in an ocean of death I must live. It said one more life mattered: mine.

I live here, I said. And took the day by its stained remainings; I live here.

SUNDOWN II

I fought despair like polio in my bones. No sleep nor sound could stop the guests who must tonight be entertained, and all were spoken to in time...

In black and gray they came upon my walls, these grinning ghosts my many senses drenched, who took my voice, my sight, and clenched my soul in questions...

Creeping as in trance, slow motion dance to where the disbelieving mourners stood, a stone parade, million candles thick in stricken silence...

Stepping, and stopping where he stood, raising waxen idols to his memory; we were as far as one could look a sea of flames, stiller than the statues of our rage.

Down Castro, then Market, for the hope we shared and the world he dared envision with his dreams... We marched, and the questions marched, loaded guns in our minds aiming nowhere, zeroed by the waste of these brutalities.

SUNDOWN III

We the remaining can choose between struggle or lunacy, fight or the dim plight of pills and platitudes, each of us knowing the way to our own destruction.

We the remaining can no longer swallow lies, and especially the lie of no pain.

It is done, it is done, nowhere to be found flight from these atrocities our very streets are grieving,

It is done and the angels weep in unison above our soul's reach, they cry for these fallen in mid-stride who tried for us.

As we leave the scene of the accident there is steel in our vision more fierce than fire and a thousand needle highs.

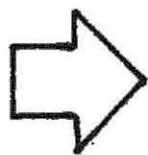
We will swallow no lies, especially that of no pain.

THREE POEMS

H.B. Pony

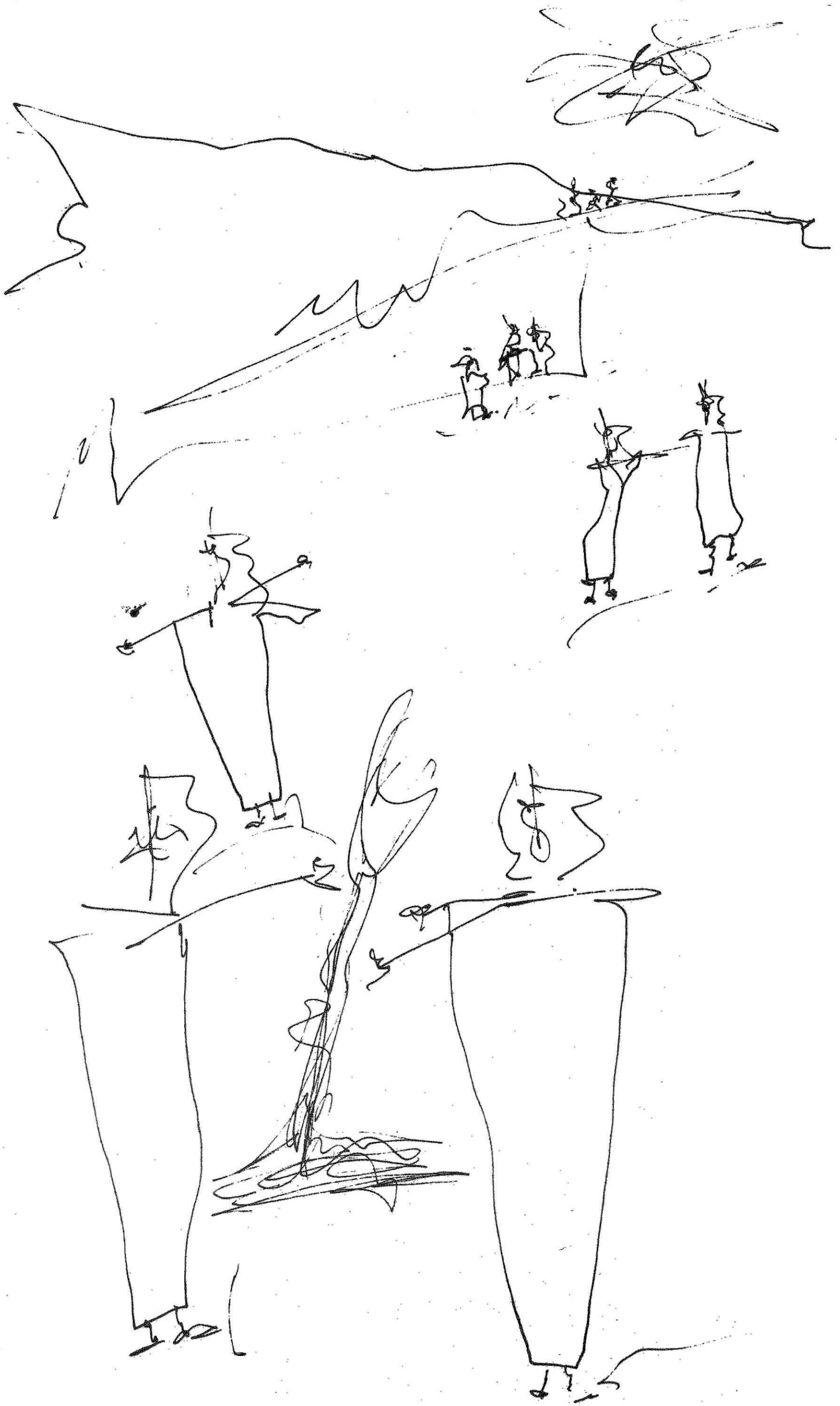
all these people walking
around the lines of the sky
they jut off into my eye the
sun shocking red playing
recluse a-go-go and "everything
tastes nice"

landslide landslide people
peeling off the skin only
my nose gets hit and turns
red the color of adventure
guyana a-go-go people squirmed
from cherry kool-aid slash
slashes above the eye red
red red wet the bed wipe
it up with Dan White's bread



Patti Smith corona type
white sheet black print
Patti the words, Patti the paper
P.S. codium my brain
come stomping come shrieking
black wind Ethiopiate
driven made/shaman twrls
P.S. radios on
earth wind fire
wing black crow
twrls
twrls

museums--painted by
old ladies--fingers
the comment for the day
to play the game
to wake up dreaming
yr leather pants are fading
I'm not supposed to say anything
the walls are plastered
the ceiling decayed
will you paint me a smile today?
can I owe u/ one for tomorrow?
Place and time
little men may not be heard or seen
the hand of time
the bastard/he is my master
I'm always the slave
but some hold the reins
I will crush yr thoughts/wave/length
to regain the stark entry of my skull
All the drugs/tools/money will not teach u
What I've had to learn. Changes 79.



THE TOUCHES OF ANGELS

Carol Queen

I

church when i was seven
was not a place to meet
god. i went there for the angels:
tall women (my angels
were always women)
in white gowns
whose long hair stirred
when their wings moved, wings
whose tips almost reach their ankles,
sleek wings made
of a million sleek white feathers.
my angels' voices all blended
(some deep, some high, all strong
and sweet and mighty), made a song
that filled me, tightened me up
like a harpstring

*(ready for an angel's hand to touch me,
for the chance to add my little voice
to the force of the angels' chords).*
no one else in the church sat stretched
like a string, no one else heard, the angels sang
to me. that was my first spirituality,
my heart picked that music up
like a call.

my idea of heaven was a garden
where i could sit curled at their feet, my
head on the knee of an angel.

*(i went to church when i was seven
to be a little closer to those tall angels
than i could get in my room at night,
straining
for the sound of them, dreaming
dreams of sleek wings.
when i heard that the angels
in church were not beautiful tall women
but men in robes
i shut my ears to the sound of wing
beats and did not go back to church
again: i spent my sunday mornings
in the woods, hiding
from the gaze of the false angels
those men on whom god
pasted wings).*

I

i began to learn
about my angels' incarnations
on earth,
tall women with flowing hair
meeting through the ages at night:
in covens of thirteen their power came
from the circle they made and the rays
of the moon which made their bodies gleam
as they held hands and danced.

i wanted to find them, to join them,
i wanted
to be a wild dancer at a sabbat,
to chant wise strong chants with them,
i wanted a teacher
to teach me the lore,
the wisdom of herbs and moonphases,
the chants. i knew no one
whose apprentice i could be,
i was young and could not wander
the world in search of them
but when night after night i leaned
out my window and studied
the moon's wax and wane i lusted
for that learning, i felt little
surges of power within me, i knew
i was the daughter of something
i had to follow.

i got books,
i sent away for them and hid them.
my studies were secret, some will
i did not know i had become my
teacher; i bumped and felt my way
into a lonely sisterhood
whose temple was my room at night,
a witch's circle, a candle, the gaze
(strong light or
soft) of the moon in the window.

i studied my books, they unfolded
my history before me, those women
i had dreamed about were priestesses
who guarded a religion so ancient
that it was old before god was born
and seized power, old as the spirit
of the earth and the ocean, old
as woman herself and as strong.
the wise women maintained
and defended the lore in the face
of death

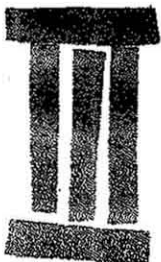
by drowning
by burning
in chains in the cellars of prisons
death inflicted
by the cowardly priests of new
religions (invented by men to steal
the power of women)
death met
with silence, with the gleaming eyes
of the women whose bodies crackled
and blackened and crumbled and whose spirits
fed the current of power

which bound (and still binds) the earth
and her women. one by one
women's bodies sizzled,
charred,
burned to ashes and with each heap of ashes
the flames in the heart of her survivors
leaped
and burned hotter
and more clearly.

i sprinkled ashes
solemnly, i blackened
my hands with them,
i was young
but i was learning
and the current fed by the wise women
began to feed me.
i chanted, trembling,
for my dead sisters,
i chanted to identify
myself with them, to accept
the danger:

a woman outlaw.

i felt the strength
of my body and my voice.
there is one honest spirituality for women,
we fill each other with it,
we teach each other
across time and space.
i was thirteen and trembling
but kneeling in my circle
the moon shone in
to a room filling with power.



there were other things to learn.

i was fourteen
and alone:
how do i share
my power,
how do i find
the others,
how will i know
their faces?
who will my lovers be,
whom is my young strength meant for?
i wanted to find
the touches
of angels

but the angels were gone:
there were no more wing
beats to listen for in the
night, the night
sky shone with stars but not
with faraway gleaming shimmering
sweeps of sleek feathers nearing
my window, coming to teach me.

i knew
without being told that
my outlaw ancestors had no husbands
or men lovers leaping off their horses
in the night to go to them and leaving
before dawn, those women
did not need them or want them,
those women laughed in low
voices to each other. the books
did not tell me what the women did
on the eves of the attacks on them,
when they knew they might
tomorrow be burning or bleeding
from rape (those men had to steal
what they could: thought
they knew
where the women's wisdom lay)
but i knew what they did
in the face of terror, of danger

they locked their hands together they found
protection
their lips found
each other they rocked
one another

the greatest wisdom those wisest
of all women discovered
was how to love each other
(how could they burn with a greater heat
tomorrow
than they burn with
are fed with
tonight)

alone, then,
i understood what lessons
i had left to learn

IV

i am ceaselessly trying to feed
my wisdom in the face of danger
and i have learned
what women have to teach.

there is one honest way
to stop the terror
to allay the danger:
one honest sensuality
for women, we fill
each other with it:
i have learned the lesson
i have been filled
cunt and breast and heart changed
by it,
i have been filled
by women who never chanted, never
dreamed they were priestesses
of a religion that can
not die
even if we burn one by one
our fire stolen by men
for heat or light, we women
with that wisdom.

bring each other to life
even after we have burst in flames
sizzled blackened we have no need
for the touches of angels

we have our own touches each
other's touches

it is our current

what a wisdom what a power what a light

VORTEX

continued from page 2

conscious, and receptive audience nationwide. More important, we can publish your work if you find that no mainstream, or even gay publication, finds it "suitable". If you do happen to be published in mainstream contexts we can provide a space for those more personal or experimental works of yours that might not be acceptable for those contexts.

We plan to spend a great deal of time communicating with writers and artists. If you send us material we will write back (in a reasonable amount of time) and share feedback with you. At least three people will review work. There will be no form letter rejections. We want to create a network of people involved in alternative visions, so if we happen to know of someone near you doing similar work, for example, we may help you to connect. That is only one possibility.

Finally, if you want anything returned to you, do enclose an envelope and postage. However, you may find that a xerox copy we can keep is cheaper than postage. We would like to have materials on file, so we can do the kind of networking described. Aside from handwritten materials, we can handle variations in manuscript presentation.

As John Burnside says elsewhere in this issue: "One of the aspects of our work is to find all those people, gay and straight alike, who are working toward new possibilities and things...." So with VORTEX #1 we launch this as a first link in that process.

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK BRAYTON is a founding member of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence and is a partner in Raven's Head Communications, an alternative mediaproduction business.

NONA COLLINS lives in Seattle.

EVA LAKE's inspiration rose in the hallucinations which have visited her since childhood. Her art leads inside her, down the sucking vein, into the human taproot. She lives in Portland.

STEVEN MARKS is a pseudonym.

SANCTUARIES

continued from page 15

and shaped *basically* by the wonderful heritage of the DNA, of the genes, which contain all that has ever happened to living matter along the whole line of development. The other great heritage is the heritage of the culture. The culture, in order to grow, has to be able to detach from fixed forms and move on to new forms; and yet, at the same time, since we don't know anything about how to function from anything except that culture, it's very important that the great understanding of the discoveries that have been made in the ancient past, and all along the way of it, be not lost. So we are constituted, as human beings, the vast generality of us, including us gay people, to be very conservative of that culture, very saving of it, very valuing and treasuring of that culture. And you can see us at it. Gay people, for example, relate to language with an extraordinary love and precision and care and concern; but we relate to the sex-roles with nothing like that care and concern. Now the general-

MRDR, originally from Montana, is now traveling throughout the West. He works with graphics and visual art as well as poetry.

CAROL QUEEN likes to make love and to write; both transformations, both extensions of Self. She lives in Eugene.

H. B. PONY is 24 or 23, was a service baby, washes dishes for money three times a week, is also a visual artist and designer.

WILL ROSCOE organizes, observes, records, creates, records, observes, organizes. These connected occupations form the benzene ring that equates art and struggle, that renders art a verb.

BRADLEY ROSE writes and re-writes on myth, history, color, number, music, and shape. He grew up in Homestead and Hayward.

WILLIAM STEWART works on the publication *Magical Blend*, is a calligrapher and a graphic designer. He lives in San Francisco.

ty of mankind are the preservers of the culture. Even if some particular thing should have been thrown out long ago, they'll still preserve it; they don't know they're doing this. We do. We see it.

To use Pat Gourley's beautiful phrase, 'Our traits are those which propel the evolution of the cultural forms.' That is why they will never be comfortable with us-- because the generality of mankind is suspicious of new forms. New forms are dangerous, you see. So we have to become the expert specialists in new forms. We take that responsibility. *I ask you to look back on your own experience and ask yourself what you have been doing all life long if not this very thing.*

"We are not the sole source of the evolution of culture, but we are one of the great supporters of that evolution. One of the aspects of our work is to find all those people, gay and straight alike, who are working toward new possibilities and things...and this is why it is that nearly every one of us gay people has a ring around him of non-gay people whom he loves and cherishes; because we and they are engaged in that same work."

The fairy sanctuary is envisioned not as a crash pad for gay people running away from something, but as a nurturing place, a working and exploring place, a place in which to reclaim our rich heritage. For the reason of clarity, the sanctuary is being referred to as THE GAY VISION CIRCLE: A Gay Community Land Trust. This community land trust, organized as a California non-profit corporation, has already been drafted. But several other steps in securing the initial fairy sanctuary have yet to be realized. Funds must be raised for the purchase of arable, rural land. Many kinds of skills and organizing work are needed. If you want to find out more, if you can contribute, please write...

Gay Vision Circle
5343 La Cresta Court
Los Angeles, CA 90038



SEXUAL CRIMINALS/ URBAN REFUGEE

MRDR

Like some surreal bleed thru from another physical probability/
reality, sissies fill doorways and curbs, wine bottles and
roaches scattered every which way. The girls are having
their mid morning rose with their inflatable fuck me
Steve Reeves dolls--how coy.

There's the one! That bitch! That cunt. The one with
the leather square dance dress, trimmed in gold
bric-a-brac and set-in fake turquoise. She's
got a crystal shotgun, Vigil Ante Oakley:
"Everything is registered here," she says.
"If you don't cooperate I'll put a hole
in your vein the size of a golf ball be-
fore I flag you." Safety on the blade
of violence. Witness: The New Jeru-
salem. A neon sign rises above the
City. "Sexual Criminals: Commit
Suicide for Jesus!"

Try

on

Taxon

Try on a cool box

Angle it up around elapine angel

Peel keloidal

Put it in a box marked "M"

13th letter of the alpha

Smirk of elan vital lips

Metro-neo-polital-dayglow-boy

Jettin' down

Tip-toes the banner past you

Black vinyl boy

Whoopy cushion on wheels

Keloidal peel

Cutting through dark arcades

Urban refugee

"Take your tags and give

yourself a knuckle enema,

honey"

Smack those elan Lips

Any wheat sprout, corn

start

Local American boy

Come to town,

sets fantasy free

BEHIND ME

Bradley Rose



Two humans breed. The female produced a hominid, her first. My name was Bradley, a monkey with a big head. "Good," the parents said when it was born in 1957, "it will grow up intelligent." They moved it to Florida. You remember one night there. It is a black night. My father is 23. I have learned to walk. I have learned to climb up on Horse and to rock him. Your mommy and daddy put you to bed so they could start their party. It is a black night. My father will have been dead twelve years when you are 23. He listens to jazz. It's a drug. He spends his airforce money on jazz records. Horse has teeth and you put a hand between his teeth in his mouth when you rock him. He screams back and forth. And the night is black but you see a light. It's the window of our duplex, bright window, bright room. You are walking to the light, watching everything. There are Joan and Jerry. Joan is wearing lipstick. Joan is the hostess. We are living on the airforce base down by Florida's tip. All the young couples on the airforce base know about the drug of jazz. All the young couples in the airforce listen to jazz. It is a black night. My father is a stranger. Where did he come from? Suddenly the night is black. Suddenly he is there, here. He has been away, and suddenly the night is black. I have a corner of a room, a corner of shadows, black and gray. I have a bed and Horse. I hear him in the other room. Him and his jazz and his guests and their jazz. Do they know jazz is a drug? People are laughing. The night is black, but not where people are laughing, not where lips open to cocktails. Jazz must be a drug. I see it escape, I see it creep into things. It needs no light, the night can't stop it. It trips and stumbles. Clever steps. It slides, it walks, it takes forever to get to the liquor store, it lingers in doorways and rustles curtains in cocktail lounges, it makes the light red, it darkens the downstairs room, it gets into your food and into your brain, it sits in the driver's seat, it measures out the freeway, it measures out time, it measures out the loops of blood in your body and it pulls them tight, it grips you, and there you are, the top is down, the parking lot is red, and there is jazz

burning down into the ocean, and you remember jazz is a drug. A slow drug. You are in the shadows, naked in bed. The night is black and hot, and jazz has sunk into everything. It's gotten inside you, and sweat is escaping it, escaping all over you. You mount him and you have a hand in his mouth and feel his teeth and hear him scream back and forth and up and down and his shiny back sliding under you your naked butt sweating and he screaming screaming screaming. Jazz must be a drug.



I leave a trail of paper. I have a past of paper, stacked up, written and re-written. I squirm back over it and mess on it with ink corrections. I go look at the parks by the houses where I don't live anymore. I make trips to cities whose names I find in my paper trail. Here's a sheet that says I lived in Portland six months. I don't remember living in Portland. But here's a sheet that says I remember living there. And here's a sheet that says I remember the house I lived in. Here's an envelope addressed to my father in Portland, and an envelope addressed to my father in Hayward, and an envelope addressed to my father in Livermore. Here's a picture of my father at the beach. There's my mother in a movie. What kitchen is that? It's June, late June, and she's pregnant, and there I am inside her, almost conscious, almost one of them, and she's happy, pulling cans of things out of the cupboard, and she's shying away from the camera. You will have a mouth like hers. It's beginning to wrinkle and pucker. She got her mouth from her mother. She got it from her mother. She got it from her mother. From your father you got dark eyes. You are your father's size. You are sitting opposite your brother in the bathtub, in swirls of soap. Your father pulls his meat out over the toilet. It's a huge piece of meat; neither you nor your brother have seen it before. It swings out over the toilet, and the piss gushes out. It's a huge piece of meat. He wraps his pants back around it and goes out. You are watching everything. Everything becomes paper behind you. You watch monstrous yellow flowers on sunny days and huge peonies, you are beginning to do things at night. It is night, black and cool. Everyone is asleep. You are in the neighbors' yard, and you looked at their plants. They found you there the next morning asleep. It's on paper.



There he was in the apartment, alone in the bathroom, alone in the apartment. I had come home late from the summer party across the park. I had walked around the park alone. He was peeing, and he followed me from the pee room to the couch, and he hadn't put his pee thing back into his pants, and it was hanging, and his pee thing was becoming a fuck thing, and it was the fuck thing he had with him when he followed me to the couch, and I said no I don't want to fuck, and I said I'm really drunk, and he said he was drunk too. After the summer party I walked around the park rather than through it. I should have walked through the park. I should have lived dangerously. I should have been beaten up, but I wasn't beaten up. I didn't live dangerously. I didn't walk across the park. I walked around it. I hope to see a big cock on the stool at the counter between the legs of the man next to me or at parties or in movies or at bars or even in the shadow on the floor of the man wiping himself in the stall next to mine. Not that I could do anything with big cocks. They hurt when they are put up me, and I gag easily, and everybody thinks jerk-off is boring, or at least one always jerks oneself off best (or better). What it all comes down to is fantasy. Ideas of things are better than things. A reflection of me is better than me, and a photograph is better than the photographed. I love the idea of the ocean. Ideas are what I play with. Will is Kitti and Kitti is a senator, and I say you're a slug Senator. Squirm, you know what you are, you're a slug Senator. Eat those slug pellets Senator. You're all sweaty and slimy and green and you don't belong between the sheets Senator. Get on the floor Senator. A slave thing is a fuck thing, and a master thing is a fuck thing. I am the master. I order the slave to be the senator, and the senator to be the slug, and the slug to be the boy thing, and I order the boy thing to get into the bathtub and piss on my face. Someday children will ask, Weren't fags those people who changed their clothes several times a day?

The first night I worked at the baths someone taught me how to fold sheets and pillowcases and towels. My job was to wash and dry them and fold them and put them away for eight hours. I watched everything. I learned the formula. Take an old bathhouse. Sell it, buy it, burn it. Collect the insurance money. Redecorate it. Hire young men to change the sheets on the beds. Put the ugly customers on the third floor in the dark corners. Color the lighting pink and red, and paint the windows over. Don't stop the music, don't let the rhythm slow down. Check people into their rooms and lockers, and give them room and locker numbers, and call them by their numbers, and walk through the maze of rooms and rate the man in each, and consider how busy I am and how well do I look and how many towels do I have to fold and when will the washer be over, and fuck his face and fuck his ass, and let him stay a little overtime and give him a free locker pass when he leaves.

I began to rub the sheets between my legs when I was eight. I waited until everyone was asleep, and I pulled off my pajamas and swung one leg out over the sheets and kept one under, and I pulled the sheets tight against my juncture, and my sweat wet my crotch and thighs. In my first fantasy I was Robin, Batman's son. We were captured and tied and slowly stripped in front of TV cameras, and the last thing they took off were our masks.

5.22.79

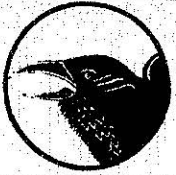
Carol Queen

wrap your tongue around my
tongue, steal into my center,
we have to stir up those
waves tonight,
we must protect each other

tonight. There is poison
in the air,
I shudder
each time I breathe it in:

Let me breathe you in
instead. There is terror in the night,
I can taste it,
oh open so wide
to me that all I can taste
is you, calm me with that silken honey,
hold me:

you are all that stands
between me & the spectres of the night,
there are so many spectres
to fight,
passion in the darkness (lit by a candle
to make our eyes glow with angry,
hungry fire)
is all we have
to hold them back



GAY TAPES

**FAGGOT BROTHERS
OF THE MOON**

Magic music from Chris Tanner and Charlie Murphy from their 1979 *Faggot Brothers of the Moon* tour. Celebrates faggoty, teen lust, etc. Eleven songs and interview. 60 minutes. \$8.00

**Witchcraft
And The Gay
Counterculture**
An Interview with
ARTHUR EVANS

**A Conversation
With
Mitch Walker**
Author of *Men Loving Men
and Visionary Love*

Conversations with two authors on spirituality and our history. Arthur Evans (*Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture*) and Mitch Walker (*Men Loving Men and Visionary Love*). \$8.00

Still in production... We took our tape recorders to the **Spiritual Gathering for Radical Fairies** in Colorado last August where we taped eighteen hours of ritual, workshops, fairy circles, and more. Copies of unedited material are available and a 90-minute documentary will be ready in mid-November. Send for index.

Blackberri
Recorded Live in
San Francisco

Mark Bunyan
Recorded Live in
San Francisco

Blackberri sings of gay love, black culture and political awareness. Recorded live. 5 songs plus interview. Mark Bunyan from England writes with fresh wit and sophistication. 8 songs. \$7.00

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DESIGN**

WM · STEWART · IN SAN FRANCISCO 665-6711



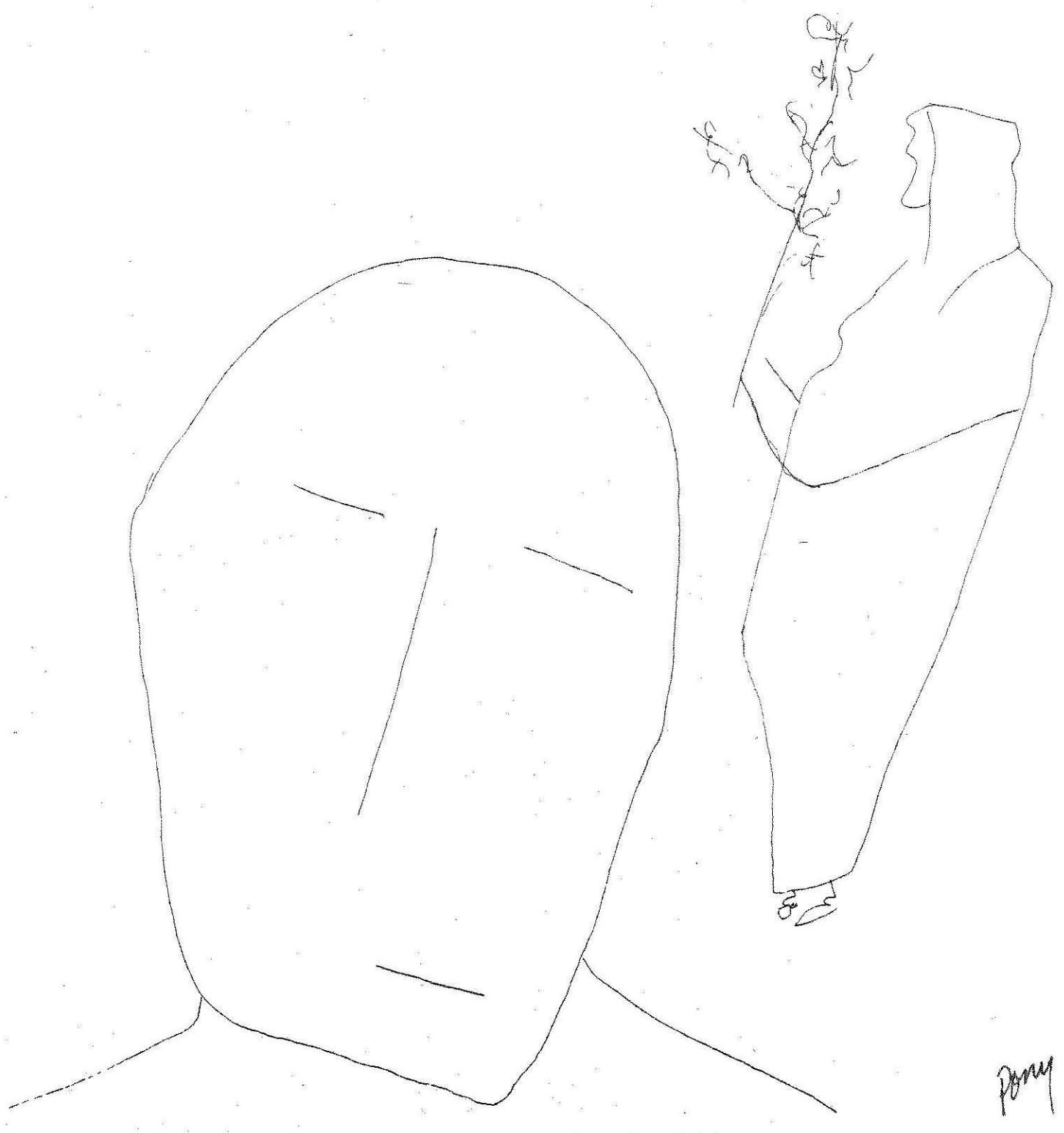
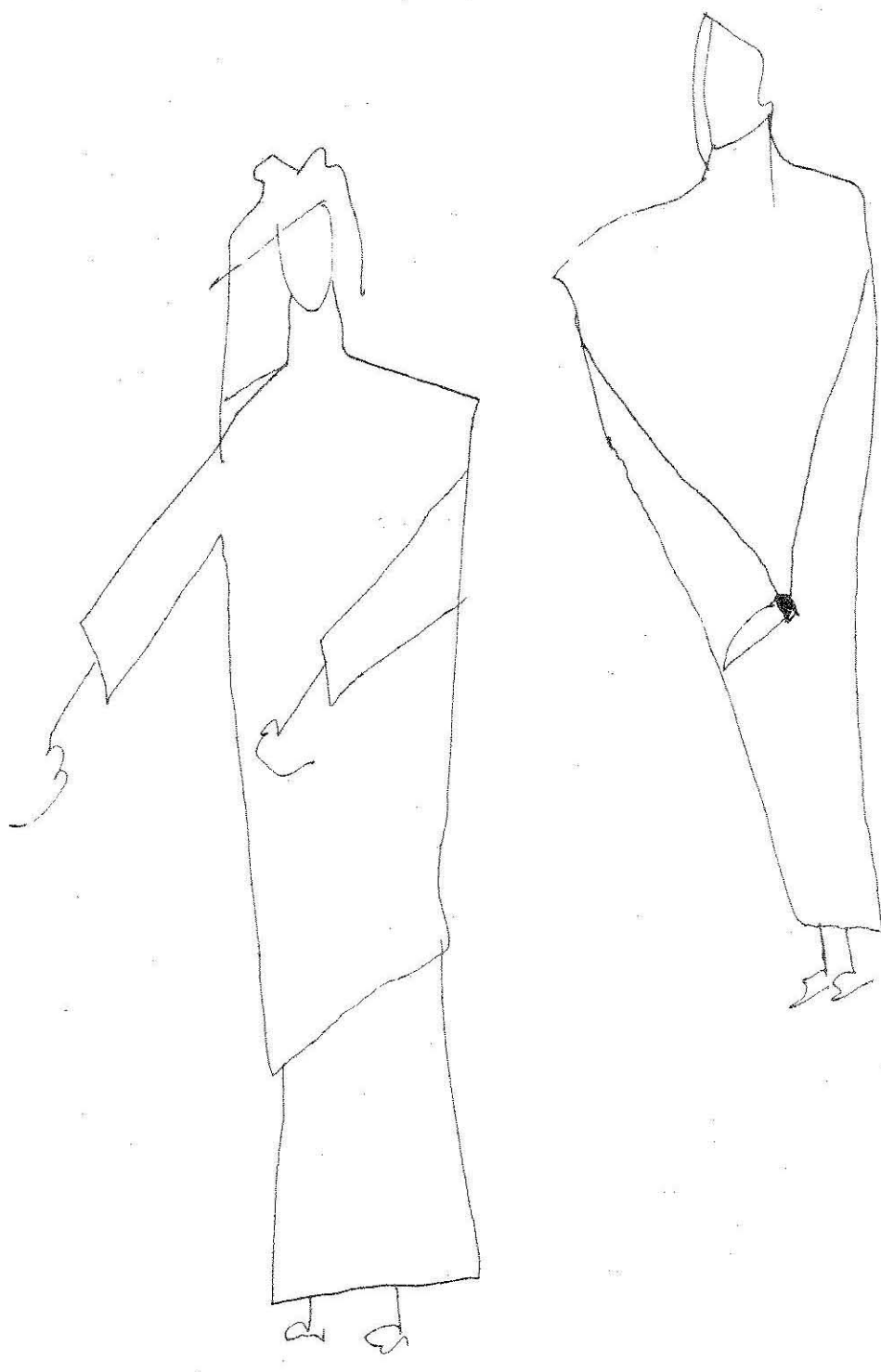
THERE'S MORE TO THAT PICTURE THAN MEETS THE EYE...

Behind that photograph is a story... And before I take the first picture I look for that story. Feeling...action... drama...contrast. Those are the qualities I look for. Whether it's capturing flashes of action at the Dan White riots, or translating the feeling between lovers into something you can actually see...the real story is the one that waits to be revealed by the eye that sees more than just the picture.

PORTRAIT AND RELATIONSHIP PHOTOGRAPHY/
RESUME AND PORTFOLIO PICTURES/
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RICHARD GALLYOT PHOTOGRAPHY 885-1338



Handwritten signature or initials.