CAMILLE O'GRADY/MARK THOMPSON • INTERVIEW WITH STARHAWK, AUTHOR OF SPIRAL DANCE • SAMUEL M. STEWARD • MAINSTREAM EXILES including BLACKBERRY, JUDY GRAHN, TEDE MATTHEWS, CANYON SAM • DENNIS MILES • LESLIE AGUILAR • GINNY LLOYD

SPECIAL HAND-STAMPED LIMITED EDITION!
VORTEX is a spiral vision. It began with the knowledge that creative people were making lives for themselves outside the mainstream. This was, in itself perhaps, no great vision. And our eye might have passed elsewhere were our original vision not peopled with those who had been stifled, crushed, lost, uprooted, denied, or appropriated by mainstream culture.

The mainstream world would be a hopeless wasteland but for the glow beyond it. Beyond rebels live. Such include Alan Acacia, "a total revolutionary," who founded the California Men's Gathering. Such is Camille O'Grady who pictures the world greasy black and uprooted. And certainly in the fairy movement there is energy for tracing the roots of the Old Religion, of marking where gay beings differ from other human beings, not just between the sheets but in profound and secret contexts.

It comes as no surprise that visionary rebels—mainstream exiles—are for the most part artists, whether poets, painters, or performers. The visions of these rebels are manifested in great art. VORTEX is pleased to present this issue of great vision from great artists.

We thank all of you for your generous support. Your contributions have set us in motion and we have tried to express our thanks individually to each of you. Now we are able to offer subscriptions and we hope that all of you who have seen us this far will take advantage of this offer.

Many, many thanks!

- Subscriptions: $10 for four consecutive issues.
- Single copy: $2.50
- Advertising rates are low and available upon request.

CONTRIBUTORS:

LESLIE AGUILAR is a craftsman, artist, and performer. After three years of study in design in San Francisco, he is returning to Los Angeles: "I enjoy the essence of abstraction. The mind reading in the feeling of the symbols and its design."

GINNY LLOYD works in photography, copy art, rubber stamps, mixed media, and correspondence. She publishes The Monthly: An Irregular Periodical.

TEDE MATTHEWS, poet, artist, and performer, was key organizer of Mainstream Exiles.

DENNIS MILES's poetry has been published in Third Eye, Vegas, Poetry Review, Gay Sunshine Expression, Gay Medex, and Harvest. He lives in southern California.

CAMILLE O'GRADY is featured in this issue of VORTEX. We offer no profile of her here, but invite you to refer to our feature.

SAMUEL M. STEWARD authored Dear Sammy: Letters from Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. Grey Fox is publishing his Chapters From an Autobiography in April 1981.

MARK THOMPSON is a contributing editor of The Advocate. He has worked in filmmaking and on stage. As a journalist, he says, his beat covers that group of individuals—now characterized by the word gay—on the path towards unraveling and discovering greater secrets about themselves.

Also LARRY BORG, FRANK BRAYTON, PAUL E. DROWN, GAIL CHASE, ELIZABETH GROSS, WILL ROSCOE, BRADLEY ROSE, and WILLIAM STEWART.
Stigmas are no longer enigmas if one relinquishes the self to contradiction. And taboos become tabus if one crosses themselves and then takes that shake-down cruise.

Camille O'Grady is not selling tickets to anywhere, but like the hatchet-wielding adventurer who has returned to tell good Christian ladies of voyages upstream she might -- at the very least -- diminish us enough to listen about where she's been. Oh, we may recognize these places in the dark of our hearts, but it's far more convenient not to let on in these times, being especially cautious of madness as metaphor for knowing. We continue to substantiate our lives: the most direct route between two points is a straight line. But wonder, is it really zig-zag? We cultivate our reasonableness yet finger the Apocalypse. The cognizant mind suffers involvements: the thought of four billion screams rising like a storm of sudden heat from the floor of the Sudan.

It is time to collapse upward but not from the horror of prearranged accident. There are no accidents and the earth shudders and buckles and wrinkles under the weight of such cynical undoings. There are no straight lines either, and many of us see that too. Camille crosses herself for absolution and then once again (but with a different marker) for guilt. Thus armed and with aerodynamic finesse she dips into and plunders our past and future. Handing the shards of her explorations back to us for a useful measure of who we are -- unbeknownst to the leader-eyes of a parent culture incapable of perceiving such a simple course of movement.

Those in an empathetic trajectory have long regarded her as the eloquent -- but raw-boned -- prophet she is. It has been a mutual nurturing relationship echoing sacred agreements reaching far far back in time. Ours is the tightening laughter; the silly sometimes mocking play at the face of acknowledged reality. We are the sub-servients yet subversive ones festooning the path to the oracle of secrets.

The floors of Europe's great cathedrals were cunningly designed. Pilgrims, patterns step-by-step were seduced into a different form. It was a somber dance (inherited from other times) but one whose movements were nevertheless meant for magic. The patterns on those granite floors are but one circuit in our now vastly enculturated progress. Camille O'Grady through music, words and graphic art, diagrams access to regions of self still kept surmised. Her work is temple art, but now on wheels.

"I have always accepted what people called magic as an ordinary part of per-"
ception — even as a kid. When I was young I was totally psychic and had no idea that other people weren't. People would try to unteach me it. By psychic, I mean I was getting a set of information on an intuitive level about real events. Magic is a word that was created to describe things that other people can't understand or explain and doesn't fit into limitations of what they were taught by religion or science. It's magic if things happen coincidentally so to speak. I receive lots of information through dreams and random thoughts."

In the '70s, she moved through New York's avant-garde art circles and black leather underground. More than an apostle, she was a touchstone; reflecting through music and imagery the struggle of individuals awakening from their psychic bondage. "People were just beginning to experiment with sex, pushing their frames of reference out. People were exploring their Plutonian sides, the underneath, the hidden."

During this time she began to wear black. It was a color chosen for protection and, like its use in Noh drama, for implied invisibility. Also being featured in her daily dress were numerous talismanic objects worn around the neck. "They are my tattoos. I never had a tattoo because I figured if I had one I'd be covered with them. This way I get to change them."

Change is an essential element in her life. "My life is change. Making the change in yourself after the change has already occurred is the way it usually seems to be because most people want to cling to some semblance of security. Part of what's going on in my generation is that everybody is realizing that things are speeding up. Everyday you have to make tremendous sensory adjustments to what's going on. The physical body is what we know it will become increasingly obsolete. The psychic sciences will become even more important."

"I've had to redefine being centrally located within myself, which is the way I think more and more people are going to have to be. I really believe that by the end of the decade people will have to relate to their bodies in completely new ways. I'm talking about a radical shift in physical being and thus consciousness. The environment that we walk around in will have to be different. People are going to be faced with terrifying new experiences."

"Uranus is the planet that controls Aquarius and, of course, we're supposed to be moving into the Aquarian Age. It rules space and has a lot to do with transmitting waves of energy — as in electronic communications. Being Uranian is dealing with sudden change — things that come and go. And the people who have been pushing the boundaries are the ones who are going to be ready for the big time stuff ahead. This is magic."

Camille O'Grady is a source-eress. An anomaly in a culture where human beings are fixed with a shelf-life too. She's a change agent that changes a messenger for the double-helix a quick draw artist cocking a trigger in our guts. She's also one tiny link in the circle of visionary healers at work among us today; bold ones shifting through private hidden heaps, digging for time and continuity on a schismatic planet. In the coming epoch, our essence will be determined less by creed and affiliation — more by the arch of our vision. (Camille O'Grady now lives in San Francisco.)
THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW WHEN THE PHYSICAL BODY BECOMES OBSOLETE

MAGIC IS THAT WHICH EXISTS, OCCURS, OR EFFECTS WITHOUT A BASIS OR EXPLANATION WITHIN THE LIMITS OF PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, GENERAL LOGIC, OR SCIENTIFIC LAWS.

Scientific magic/magic is part of cut out the heart an automatic pilot saves clear of the constant world of emotions/rocks are for such an experience/synthetic state, a playful, mathematical, socratic, holistic, electronic machine, a dance ride, clockwork/hypnotic.

Sounds cool and distant/rejecting in cold mechanical form/natural blues is just another color/white golem/rocks store in studied blankets/no marks, just the essences in sticks/fill with water/most alike nature.

SOUNDS PERSUASIVE in cold mechanical form/natural blues is just another color/white golem/rocks store in studied blankets/no marks, just the essences in sticks/fill with water/most alike nature.

Telepathy is not magic - it is the black sheep of TRADICTS all the information sensed, sometimes it gets confused by the five accepted senses, it ends up a one-to-one sample for most people - when it is tested and it works it is 'mystical'. When it is missed it was a mere hunch.

After death, there is no S&M.

Grille Brousse 1981
FRIDAY 13:
STARHAWK and ALAN ACACIA
in conversation with WILL ROSCOE

It is with real excitement that VORTEX presents the following conversation. More than an interview, it brings together three individuals with widely varying experiences and backgrounds in radical spirituality. STARHAWK actively practices witchcraft, has played a key role in fostering feminist spirituality and is the author of The Spiral Dance: A Rebirth of the Ancient Religion of the Great Goddess. ALAN ACACIA also practices the Craft and has been a friend of Starhawk’s for several years. Alan is active in anti-sexiest men’s organizations and is a co-founder of the California Men’s Gathering. WILL ROSCOE is a member of the VORTEX planning group, is active in organizing cultural activities in San Francisco, and in the gay men’s fairy movement. The conversation that follows was recorded on Friday 13th, February, 1981, in Starhawk’s meditation room in her San Francisco apartment. Special thanks to Raven’s Road Communications.

WILL
Let’s start by holding hands a little bit...and spacing out.

STARHAWK
Or spacing in...
[After the meditation, Alan starts this around the circle.]

ALAN
Blessed be.

STARHAWK
Blessed be.

WILL
I like to get a handle on people and thought it might be interesting if we each just said something about where we come from. I’m a gay man who identifies himself as a fairy. Alan is straight. And Starhawk you’re a straight woman. So I would be interested in hearing what we all came from and how we came onto this spiritual trip.

ALAN
I’ll start. I come from a middle-class background. My father was a doctor. My mother was a nurse who stopped her practice after she married my father. I was raised a Catholic and in the eighth grade seriously thought of entering the seminary and being a priest. When I was confirmed I picked a confirmation name. Usually the boys pick male names and the girls pick female names of saints to be their protector. But I was really into Mary so I picked my name as Miranda, which I thought was the male version of Mary. But that’s not true. It’s Marlon. And it turned out that Miranda is Mary’s Jewish name. For me that’s a sign of my first seriousness or Identification with things that were not sex-role oriented.

I really feel a lot of strong sense of the damage to the world and to the people who live in the world. I feel that damage comes from the patriarchal structure of the world. And that many of the fullest of being human are found among women’s culture. The only reason we find it there even is that women are not considered significant and so it wasn’t important to wipe out the aspects of humanity or being human that remained. I feel that spirituality for me means being open, being attuned, being receptive and these are values that traditionally were only permitted for women to have.

I have a college education and degrees in philosophy and was an atheist for a long time. And I’m still a materialist. I don’t believe in god in the sky. I just believe in the energy we discover here among ourselves on earth.

When I met Starhawk six years ago it was a very wonderful moment in my life. There were many things—poetry and politics and spirituality and art and religion—that all came together for me in the Craft.

During the war in Vietnam I remember feeling guilty and feeling very upset with the way things were going but not taking steps to obstruct or confront what I consider one of the greatest crimes of the patriarchy in the second half of the twentieth century. A million and a half people were murdered and I just felt guilty about it. That was all. I was not involved politically and I was not involved that much spiritually.

WILL
So your spiritual development paralleled a political development, too?

ALAN
Yes. In many ways it comes out of feminism. Discovering that there is a political movement that talked about things in a much broader way and in a way that could relate to personally. Not just in terms of sex roles but of oppression in general and of hierarchies and of who the system serves.

At about the same time I discovered magic. The feminist movement and magic for me were really involved. After that I became involved in Men Against Sexist Violence which was for me a real eye-opener.

WILL
Where do you think you’re at now?

ALAN
I’m a total revolution-ary. For me one of the big joys of life is to work in communities with other people to find ways to confront the patriarchy the one that’s damaging this world and wants to kill this world. I see it real clearly. I see the damage in my neighborhood to people. I see it on their faces.

A couple years ago I co-founded the California Men’s Gathering which is now a yearly event and men from all over the state come hundreds to it. And I’m currently working with the California Anti-Sexist Men’s Political Caucus.

That’s political involvement. On a personal level I’m doing a lot of fairy tradition magic with men especially, and also with men and women. Such as doing fairy circles at the Caucus meetings and the California Men’s Gathering. I’m also involved with a group of men both het and gay who are doing moon rituals in both the East Bay and San Francisco.

STARHAWK
I come from a Jewish background. My grandparents were immigrants in the early part of the century. Not even working class—more just poor, sort of scraping along, semi-lumpen. My parents both moved out of that terrible poverty in the Depression and in their lifetimes sort of traversed into becoming professionals, becoming middle-class.

My father died when I was
five. My mother is a psycho-
therapist. In my childhood she
was working as a social worker
and went back to school when I
was sixteen, seventeen, and got
her doctorate and moved up
another level.
I had a very strong Jew-
isheducation, I had a lot of
pulls towards that. I always
wanted to learn. I wanted to
go to Hebrew school and study.
I was the valedictorian of my
Hebrew school class.
I was also very politi-
cal. The high school I went to
was very political, a lot of the
kids were very political. It
was in the late sixties, the
whole Vietnam era and we had
our own High School student
Against the War in Vietnam
groups. It was in Los Angeles,
University High.
When I got into college
I wasn't really a political
organizer but I was definitely
one of the political faithful.
I was an art student and I was
also pretty much a hippy at
that point, too, doing a lot of
sex, drugs and rock and
roll.
And that was actually how
I got involved in the craft
to begin with. I started buying
Tarot cards when I was fifteen
years old, because it seemed
like one of the only
experiences that every young
hippy chick lady should have.
You should be able to read Tarot
cards and cook brown rice
and bake your own bread and wander
around and get fantastically
stoned. You didn't have to be
able to roll a joint because
there were always men around
who would do it. But you
should be able to know whether
you were smoking good dope or
not...
[Laughter]
The reason I drifted out of
Judaism wasn't consciously its
sexism at that point because I
wasn't really aware of that.
It was more that my own
experiences seemed to happen
in terms of nature and some
direct connection with some-
thing I experience through na-
ture, through other people
through sex through direct
connections. Judaism just
didn't say anything about
that.
I did a lot of Eastern
religion stuff too reading
and yoga classes and stuff.
But at seventeen I had a
tough thing that I was
sacred for. I just was not
about to give it over to any
kind of religion being 'Well'
one month a night should
be good but if you want to
waste your kundalini powers
blah blah blah...

Finally this friend of
mine and I decided were
going to teach a class in
wicca at the institute col-
lege at UCLA. I don't
know why. We didn't know any-
thing about wicca, nobody
needed to know anything
to teach at that point. In
fact it was better it was
less elitist.

So we started this class
and we did a lot of rituals
which was terribly confusing
because one book said witches
were satanists and one book
said witches didn't exist and
one book said witches were a
mass hallucination and one
book said they were all six-
teenth and seventeenth century
drug addicts. We did run
across Margaret Murray who said
that witches were the Old
Religion and that seemed to
really strike a chord.

Eventually we finally met
some real witches. That was in
1965. A bunch of us were liv-
ing in the top floor of this
old fraternity house next to
UCLA. They came in and talked
to us and told us what the
Craft was really about and
started to read us the Charge
of the Goddess. For me it just
felt like somebody had finally
articulated something I had
always sensed but had never
quite been able to put into
words or put into concepts
before.

It was a couple years
after that that I suddenly
become aware of feminism as
a movement. And that was a
real enlightenment in and of itself.
I was living down in Venice
which is a part of LA that
at that point was very very
political a very strong com-
community. There was a women's
center there that I got in
very much in helping to find
programs and activities and a
consciousness-raising group.
And that group of women was
really wonderful. Just a very
strong group that stayed to-
gether for a long time, pulled
through a lot of very
painful things.

At that point I was
driving down Lincoln Boulevard
one day and there was suddenly
a shop that said "The Fe-
nist Wicca" on it. I went. "My
God! I always thought these
two things belonged together
but I thought I was the only
person in the world who
could ever have such a weird
idea and here's a whole shop
that says it right out there!"

I jumped out of the car
and ran in. And ran into 2
Budapest. It happened that the
next night was the Spring Equi-
nox and she invited me to come
to a ritual which I went to.

It was just really wonderful.

It sparked a whole lot of
changes. One of the changes
being that I broke up with a
guy I had been living with for
five years and took off and
went traveling by myself for
years. So I didn't really get
involved with 2's group or
with the Craft at that point but
I got involved in what my
own path was doing things
about getting in touch with
my body. I did a lot of bicycling
and stuff. Just with my ability to be
alone to put myself out in
situations by myself without
being afraid. To go around and
deal with people without neces-
sarily having all those won-
derful things to shield your
lover and your community and
your consciousness-raising
group.

After that year I had
seven significant dreams that
were very powerful. One of
them was a dream about a hawk
that came down and talked to
me that had my own name to
Starhawk. One of them,
while I was in New York,
was a dream of going out to
the West Coast and finding that
there were just all these nar-
ve animals out there in the
rocks--seals and birds and
penguins and all sorts of
things. And it sort of said
"Man, you have to go back to
the West Coast."

So I did. I came to San
Francisco and started teaching
classes. That was I think
1975. And then I met Alan right
around the beginning of that
whole period. In fact, Alan
was one of the first people I
met in San Francisco.

WILL

When did your first San
Francisco coven form?

STARHAWK

Right in that summer. It
formed out of the second class
I taught. We just decided we
wanted to stay together and
become a coven and we would
get together and do ritual.

WILL

We really went through a
high speed coven forming
process. I think within about
three months we initiated our-
selfs and formed ourselves
into a coven.

ALAN

It has a great name.

STARHAWK

Compost.

Actually it was after we
had already formed ourselves
and initiated ourselves that I
began seriously studying with
an older and wiser witch and
was eventually initiated into
the Fairy Tradition.

The Fairy...well there's fairies and fairies and fairies...but the Fairy Tradition into which I was initiated is not quite the same thing as the fairy tradition in terms of the men's fairy movement. Except that a number of the men I think I have sparked the men's fairy movement were also initiated into the Fairy Tradition. But it is an old, not exactly family tradition because Victor Anderson didn't get it from his family; he got it from the neighboring borough. A woman who initiated him when he was nine. But it is another one from Scotland and presumably from the same edge of the Little People of Scotland.

WILL

So there really has been a continuous line of practicing witches?

STARHAWK

I think there has. A lot of people even a lot of witches say, "Oh now that's just a nice thing to tell the kids." But actually the more even academic research, I do the more evidence there seems to be that there really has been some sort of survival that came down. It's by no means complete, but these are exactly the same rituals they did three thousand years ago. But there is a need for knowledge of that has been passed down.

I think there are covens in most major cities. I think there probably always have been covens in most major cities but they've been very, very secret. For a long time there was no communication among the Craft.

Now it seems to be moving into people who've been traditionally very materialist. Real, more hard-core leftist Marxists are suddenly discovering a spiritual side to what they're doing.

And the Craft fits in nicely with a kind of Marxist view of the world because it is essentially a materialist outlook. It says that spirituality is embodied in the material world. There is no god somewhere else out there. It's here. It's in us. It's in our relationships with each other. It is embodied as much in our relationships to the means of production as it is in anything else.

When I speak to groups I always say, "If you want to have a vision of the Goddess?" Everyone always says, "Yes!"

WILL

Yes! "Okay, it's real easy. You just turn to the person next to you."

STARHAWK

Where do you see yourself now?

WILL

Well, I'm feeling more and more committed to being in the world, usually political and the spiritual. I really never have seen then as separate. I'd like to think that out more and more into the broader society. My coven now is a women's coven which got started a year later than Cornish, which is now called Ravind. We also are an organization which we call Reclaiming which teaches classes and does public rituals.

We're all very committed to more and more uniting of both ends with the idea that the culture has gone in a very deep long-term complete transformation and that it's not enough to change one aspect of it. It has to change in all aspects. For us it has to include and maybe start with religious and spiritual metaphors.

My next book is really heavily directed towards those kinds of questions. It's called Breathing the Dark, Magic, Sex, and Politics. It'll be out sometime in 1982.

I'm also involved more with exploring and expanding the traditional Wiccan methods of thinking and working more logically and connecting that with the more broad mainstream psychology and really doing healing work for personal counseling with people. I'm in graduate school now at Antioch West in a combination of Women's Studies and Psychology.

WILL

Well, I'll try to make mine very brief. I grew up by and large in the Pacific Northwest and in particular in Missoula, Montana. That was important because I've lived in a very close to nature. I could literally go into the backyards and sit in an open field and walk. My childhood is filled with a lot of memories—which I have found to be the case with many other women—of experiences of just going off by oneself to be in nature, usually doing strange things like rolling around in the mud or masturbating or whatever. So that was really important.

My parents were divorced when I was about ten. After being in California for a couple years, I returned to Montana with my mother. She was licensed as a pharmacists there. We went back and in a couple years she started a small business, a corner drugstore. That's important because I had an image of a strong, independent woman in my life from an early age on.

I came out of the closet at the time I was twenty in Missoula. It was because a Gay Studies class was offered, and I was more like your witchcraft class. Starhawk, I just took because I was interested in energy for an organization to form. That was about 1975.

I decided to make a real focus to try to continue to be active in the gay community and expressing it in my politics and of my abilities.

I finished school with basically a graduate degree from the University of Oregon as an openly gay student working in gay organizations for credits and all that sort of thing. I was going to get a job at a gay community center some place and that was going to be my life. That brought me to the Bay Area.

It wasn't too long being in San Francisco that the rush of coming out, which kept going for a couple years, wore off. I saw this incredible number of middle-aged gay people who hadn't come out in the early seventies but as it became acceptable they started to come out and they came to San Francisco and it was just such a different experience for me. It was this big thing to come to San Francisco, this big radical thing. And now it's like an "alternative lifestyle" that you read about in New York magazine.

Through my own research and study and desire to know I had learned of the work of a man named Harry Hay who started the Mattachine Foundation in 1950. My initial search was a desire to find some cultural roots for myself as a gay person. So I wanted to know about gay history and the history of the gay movement. That led me to be aware of Harry Hay and some of the very early theoretical writing. I, even then, was starting to develop about gay people as a cultural entity, with an ethic of its own, which should be valued and developed and enhanced as opposed to our trying to integrate and be just like everyone else except for what we do in bed.
This is the night of Halloween...
The night when the veil is thin that divides the worlds...
The seen from the unseen,
The daydreams from the Mysteries.

Tonight we are about to take a journey into the darkness of winter and through to the promise of spring
For Halloween is our New Year
The New Year of the witches
And when we say "Witches" you should know that we mean those with a certain wit—maybe even wisdom—who follow the Old Religion of the Goddess.
And when we speak of the Goddess who is moon, stone, star, and
And Her Consort the Horned God, the sun, the Life of animals.
We are really saying,
That we recognize our kinship with all of Life,
The interwoven chain of connection that sustains all...
And that tapestry of Life is our prime concern.
We are committed to its service.
When we say the Goddess is Maiden, Mother and Crone,
We are saying that we see Her in all women
All shapes and colors and ages,
And honor women for strength as well as beauty.
For knowledge and experience and the power that comes from within.
For She is the mother of inspiration as well as children,
When we call on the Horned God as Her lover and consort,
We in that we seek to know our for tenderness and kindness as well as courage
And He wears horns because we honor
The animal self in each of us.
Forever untamed and free—our miracle bodies—
When we invoke the elements of air, fire, water, and earth,
And we pledge ourselves to care for it and preserve it.
Now when the fabric of life is threatened all around us.
When we dance the spiral,
The ancient symbol of rebirth and renewal,
We do it because our culture has gone too far in the direction of death.
And it is time we turn toward life,
And when we remember what has passed and renew ourselves.
We do it to restart the culture.
So join with us now—close your eyes and breathe deep...
Feel the spirits gathering...

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In 1979 I learned of an event called the Spiritual Conference for Radical Fairies which Harry was involved in. I was convinced it would be all groovy nuts-and-vegetables meditation types or heavy-duty of the surrounding class rhetoric and I was just sure it wouldn't work out.

But it turned out to be a really incredible, powerful gathering of 200 men who were each in themselves shamans. To just sit in the circle and listen to one person after another and they all had such clear visions that they'd nurtured on their own over their lives and now they were coming together as a people of power, people with a power. There wasn't the worry that someone has power over me. It was that we just soared because we weren't being held back. We all had our own fantastic visions and encouraged each other.

That put me, consciously I guess, on a spiritual path. Where I'm at right now is in similar places to both of you. I'm ready for the revolution. I don't have time or energy for organizing just demonstrations and leafleting and all the political things that have been done again and again. I want new things. I want new types of action.

I feel like we're in such a rootless time that it's ripe for spiritual things to emerge. And I also feel that we're in a desperate time because I can really feel the planet groaning and choking.

Starhawk, you mention in your book the point about underlying belief systems or concepts. That you can change from Catholic to Marxist but that there's something underlying. In fact, we see this when we see Marxists suddenly go back to being Catholics, or Catholics to Marxists. What is that? How can we change that and what are examples of that happening in the women's and left movements?

STARKW

I think there are hundreds of examples and I think that what's underlying them is a two part process that I have come to call "estrangement." The idea that human beings are estranged from the world and from nature and not part of the world.

The first level of that is patriarchal religion, where god is separate from the world and from nature. As Engels says, religion becomes this process of taking the content out of the world and giving it over to God. And then, finally, it allows a little of it to trickle back to you. In its parts and fragments, to monothetic religion, this idea that there is an absolute god who is an agent acting on the world, the only one, the only one, there's only one right, true, and only way, essentially gives us a mental set that says, "There's only one truth and either you got it or you didn't got it and that's it. And it's real important to find out what that one truth is because if we don't all agree on that one truth then not only are you slightly mistaken but you're in league with the agents of evil."

It's interesting that Marx—who is someone I really have a lot of respect for and I would have to call myself in some ways very much a neo-Marxist—but he and the others were constantly embroiled in these "points" writing nasty letters back and forth, to other people who didn't quite buy their theory exactly.

The same with Freud. Freud had his theories and had all these fights and arguments and bibles with people who didn't quite agree with him. It filters through all the left movements in the same way as it did through the Catholic church in all the schisms in Christianity. The same in the women's movement. You get the lesbian separatists and the non-lesbians, and everybody fighting with each other because they don't have the same particular dogma, the same particular belief system. When the real underlying idea that there is one absolute truth and there is only one way to approach it.

The difference, I'd say, is in the broad spectrum of goddess religions, earth religions, Native American religions, traditional tribal religions, so well as witchcraft per se is that there is an attitude that there are many gods. There are many truths. There may be many ways of approaching that. And that we don't necessarily have to agree on the same one, that each individual has an inner sense of authority, has the ability to personally contact truth.
There are ways of working together without necessarily holding the same belief system. And I think that's really important for us now because I think that all of us in whatever end of the broad spectrum of the left or the New Age, whatever, at this point in time, one can think we can afford separatism any more. It's really come down to either we all hang together or we all hang separately.

Now the second part of the estrangement process happened in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the changeover from the old patriarchal, strictly religious point of view. It became the scientific point of view. The mechanists' science. (This is stuff I got a lot from David Kubrin and Carolyn Merchant's book Death of Nature.)

There was a real change in this world of ever getting sucked all the light out of the world itself—then killed off god and you're left with nothing but a dead machine, composed of nonlive parts that are only valued in and of how they can be manipulated and exploited. I think that's the real underlying world view that works on now. It really strongly underlies the whole profit motive, the whole rise of capitalism as a system and the environmental crisis as well as the women's crisis.

This is one of the things I'm researching now for my next book. It's really quite fascinating to look deeply into the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

What you have in the normal picture you get is the old order—which was the established church, Catholicism on the continent and the Church of England by that point after Henry VIII. In England and the kings and essentially the ruling classes—being opposed by this new force of Protestant Individualism which was basically connected with the middle classes, being bourgeois, rising merchants. You see those two forces battling it out with mechanistic science finally coming to be allied especially with the bourgeois individualistic Protestant powers.

But there was actually something else going on too. What was a result of the coming to the broad mass of the people, who were the peasants, the lower classes, the people who were the dirt for much of their land into wage labor. At many points in that period, the lower classes were really banding together, organizing and rising.

It's especially clear in England because you have the story during the Revolution where the old order and the new are fighting it out, literally, with the King and Parliament. You also have the rise of all these strange Protestant cults like the Diggers and the Seekers and the Ranters and the Family of Love who said things like, "Well, let's not just get rid of the King. Let's get rid of private property!" They were very, very, very radical. They were eventually defeated.

I think part of their radicalism and part of their underlying world view came from the Old Religion and came from what was left of that different orientation towards life and to the world that saw all things as alive and that saw authority as embodied in the individual and in the small local group, the face-to-face group, the clan, those kinds of ties rather than more abstract economic-social-political ties.

The witch persecutions were used consciously as a way of undermining that class because they were directed against the lower classes and they were directed against both individuals who didn't conform and whole groups that didn't conform, like homosexuals, lesbians, midwives. Midwives were very central to village life, to the passing on of the old healing and knowledge and they were a threat to the rise of the male medical profession. Part of the whole Protestant individualist capitalist ethic went with the professionalization of things that had ever been done before by people for other people.

ALAN: As Author Evans makes clear in his book the word "faggot" comes from the Burning Times. Gay men would be tied in with a bundle of wood on which they'd be burned to death.

WILL: What's interesting is that we could look at that period and that struggle and see a struggle between economic classes and use mechanistic analysis. But there's also a very spiritual struggle going on because all of these people we mentioned are people that are still connecting. A part of this process was to deprive the underpinnings of their myths, the strength of their myths.

STARHAWK: Yes, exactly. And with the power of mechanistic science in particular, undermining the power of both the Catholic world view and of the Old Religion's world view which left the world relatively completely ripe for exploitation.

This is the reason why the gay rights movement is important—not the only reason but one important reason—and that movement is so threatening to middle America (beyond the sort of personal psychological conflict we can deal for nuclear and lesbians to come out to say, "This is our sexuality and we will admit it") threatens the whole structure of our society which is based on the enforced heterosexual family, on sexuality being valued only as a commodity and something that can be bought and sold or that can reinforce other things being bought and sold that it does not have inherent value in and of itself.

ALAN: It's a continuum in the family, basically, that sexuality is owned. The man owns a woman's sexuality and what marriage is all about. And gay people don't own each other, especially when they don't copy heterosexual manners. And this whole thing that we possess the world so that we build nuclear plants and use nuclear waste because we don't care about the costs. We just want to make a profit.

Within this context, it's important to build resistance. One way of building resistance is to say, "Now we don't own each other." And to begin to look—especially for men—to begin to resist this belief that is urged on us this attitude that we should be tough, we should control. And to begin to say, "There's a whole lot more to my being a human being than being the administrator of a vast estate."

WILL: There's one point in your book, where you're telling a myth of the Goddess and the king and the relationship between them: "She is the Great Mother who

\[\text{\begin{align*}
&\text{IT'S IMPORTANT FOR MEN TO BEGIN TO SAY, THERE'S A WHOLE LOT MORE TO MY BEING A HUMAN BEING THAN BEING THE ADMINISTRATOR OF A VAST ESTATE.}
\end{align*}\]
"THE WHOLE CULTURE NEEDS AN ENORMOUS TRANSFORMATION; A DEEP LEVEL, COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION."

gives birth to Him as the Di-
viding Child in the winter Solstice... He is the young bull; she is the nymph, seduc-
tress, etc.

There's no way I can read that as a gay person and
see myself in there. We are that
myth. It's--I'm not being critical or putting it down--
it is a very rich meaning for heterosexual
people. But I look in there and the best I can come up
with is: 'Lolos are a sparkling dust in between these
two great forces and I think I'm represented in there.'

In Visionary Lover Mitch Walker argues male
deals with the myths underpin-
ning societies. He looks at
all of them. He would look at
a goddess-oriented culture as well as the patriarchal cul-
ture we live in and say that as
the Myth of Polarity and
myth systems and that to have
society people are required to
confuse to these systems in some way or another there is always an identity a self-
identity which he calls the "male self". What we are told
are, which denies the
wholeness of what we really are.

The fundamental myth in
nearly every culture is the
polarity of male and female.
It has all kinds of connota-
tions. And I think that is
part of one of those under-
pinnings, along with the Big
Truth, the Absolute Truth--is
the Myth of Polarity--and
unity through two opposites
coming together. And that is
a very strong force, a very
strong spirit force that
exists.

But there is another
force. It relates to those of
we who have somehow slipped
through the cracks of that pol-
arity and never's sided
ourselves that way and then
when we came out and were able
to be in touch with the fact
that we had never managed to
divide ourselves up in that
way. And for us the question
of wholeness is different.
Because we sense that it already
exists in us.

The thing that keys into
the sexuality is that instead
of having complementary
to form a whole you have two
wholes coming together as
twins. Mitch uses the concept
of "Magical Twinning" to
characterize this process and
the power that arises from it.
And it is based on two oppos-
als and non-possessions etc.

That represents a force
which counters the force of
the social myth systems and it
is looked at ambivalently in
all sorts of cultures--al-
though often a role is created
for the person who was a sti-
droge or who reflects this
kind of unity within them-
selves as a whole.

STARKHAWK

That myth is definitely
heterosexual myth. In the
Crafts in the Fairy Tradition,
there were heterosexual
stories; there were gay men's
mysteries; there were women's
mysteries that would have
nothing to do with the fact that
they are their own rituals.

Actually in the training
(in the Craft) what you do is
become both aspects of the
myth yourself. You become
both female and male elements
so that within yourself you
have a whole and you have that
polarity and even in hetero-
sexual relationships it's
two wholes meeting. Because if
you are only half a whole and
you're never in good shape, it
doesn't matter which half you
are.

WILL

For gay people we have
been so busy trying to say
we're just like everyone else
we barely have the slightest
concept of what our dif-
ference is. Yet we just need
to look at history and we can
see so many examples where
we were rubbed out because we
represented something terribly
different from what the domi-
nant culture wanted to have
around.

So for that het men and
gay men--which is a vision
that you have--Alan--to work
together, we will have to
stop worrying whether we're
alike or not and be quite
happily accept who we are
different and to understand
and recognize that. To ne
there's a great joy in that to
me there's just great
in knowing that you have a
different psychological ex-
perience--perhaps--in your
sexuality, What's that like?
I wouldn't want to live if
there weren't people who have
different experiences to dis-
cover.

ALAN

I'm like that, too.

And when it comes to the
fact that Liberals are the
people who are progressive
loving the earth and get to-
together and say, 'Let's form
some unity on this and let's
not have this factional fight-
ing and let's not have this
separation and let's not have
this, but we don't want the
faggets to wear dresses.' I'm
going to say, 'I'm sorry, I
can't work with you.'
levels complete total transformation.

The only reason I don't use the word "revolution" is because I like it too much. I feel it's seductive. It conjures all these great images of everyone getting out on the barricades and fighting in the streets and taking over. And I don't think we're going to have a revolution like that in this country. I don't think it will work or that it can work that way in this country.

At the same time, I also feel like it needs to happen very very fast because we don't have a long term in which to work. So I don't know. I also feel like everything I'm about is included with this "in parantheses" clause: "If there's no nuclear war before then." I mean if there's no nuclear war then the long term stuff I think we need to look at as happening over the next hundred years, the next two hundred years. It begins through making these bridges between the political and the spiritual, through building strong small groups that can connect in larger networks and alliances. Along the way we do things that make us realize that we can be effective whether they're small whether they're ultimately effective or not.

WILL

Do they? I mean, I really think they're a smoke screen, they're a drain, they're TV politics, vapid politics.

STARHAWK

I don't know. I mean, I can really understand that viewpoint. It's something I question too. Are these things even worth doing? Are they effective? Are they just draining our energy from whatever the mysterious "real work" is that needs to be done?

But also I think there are ways of doing them in new ways. If you write the letter as a magical act. This is my spell, this is my connection with Ronald Reagan; this is my spell. This is my taking my own power to influence him in whatever way I can. I've done it in a large group of people and used it as a consciousness raising tool.

Last year myself and a couple women in my coven and other people organized an anti-nuclear demonstration which we called the Three Mile Island Memorial Parade. And we did it as a form of itself a ritual as street theater, as a celebration with the idea that whatever kind of effect it had on the broader political scene it created in and of itself a tremendous feeling of community created a lot of positive alliances among the people that took part in it.

It ended with a ritual that was very very simple. It was just a chant, a spontaneous chant. But it gave all those five thousand people, although they may not have known exactly what was going on, it gave them a taste of what we're talking about when we're talking about something different, something that goes beyond mere politics.

WILL

Of course, it seems terribly important to let them know that we're still here and we're resisting and that's why visibility is important. But in this political system where we're taught that the act of voting is participation -- it's another case where people may change their politics but the voting consciousness is still there. They do one very simple thing. They attend a demonstration and hence they have engaged in political action.

STARHAWK

WELL I think that people whose only action is to write a letter or to attend a demonstration if that letter wasn't there and write or that demonstration wasn't there to go to, that person would not be thinking about going underground or "Oh, I have to take some responsibility myself."
They would just be doing nothing.

The person who's seriously committed on the level you are—simply you have to make your own choices whatever's most effective, what's more valuable for you right now. And that person who makes that first step of going to demonstration or writing a letter, that may be the first step that they take to getting more involved. But they have to get involved on their own level first; they can't just jump into a complete change.

WILL

We could take any example. Take Cuba which has had a fairly successful Marxist revolution. But we still have the family. We still have oppression of various minority groups. We have the same consciousness underpinning it all. The consciousness of obedience—this is the real key word, the objectifying process, which is behind the development of natural resources. We've got so many examples of partial steps of going through transformation switching the furniture but the room is the same.

ALAN

I hear what you're saying and I agree with you. They're building a nuclear power plant in Cuba. And homosexuality is considered a bourgeois offense. Those things all make a lot of sense. But at the same time I feel like I don't want to get into a thing of saying "Either we make a perfect change or we make no change at all."

I really feel that in Cuba now there exists a basis for transforming the family. Women are challenging some of the sex roles. Besides working in factories they've got to bring up the children. You know the man's only got one job, he works in a factory and he comes home and drinks beer. And the woman's got two jobs.

And maybe in thirty or forty years because of the struggle of gay people and their allies within Cuba in forty or fifty years from now there may be that transformation.

WILL

Can there be within the context of centralized government?

ALAN

Well, can there be within the context of a capitalist government?

WILL

Both are cases of centralized authority with hierarchical governments. And I'm wondering if the transformation you talk about would still leave a Marxist state intact or if it would be something again entirely different.

STARHAWK

Yeah, I don't know. I think historically the patriarchal family originated as part of a whole constellation of state formation and this was very, very early even in the Sumero 3000 B.C. It arose with the formation of states. Centralization with the appropriation of surplus resources wherever particular ruling classes with the need of men to protect the private property on down to their sons.

A lot of complex theories go along with that, but I think particularly with the rise of militarism because when you get militarism you get men and armies as the bases of power. For some reason you rarely very, very few places where women had great power—you rarely see women as the ones who get organized into armies. There's one scholar's theory that that's because men can be exploited more completely than women because they don't have children hanging onto their skirts more mobile that way.

If that's true then that may mean that really what we're talking about is the de-centralization of power. Which I think it is. I think it has to begin with building new models of organization.

ALAN

I would feel differently about this if we lived in an agrarian society. But I think it's important to realize that in the modern world we live in a high industrialized, high-technology society that is not going to disappear. I believe that we shouldn't just let the cover of nuclear scientists build their nuclear power plant. I think we should control them. I think we need to have the people who are doing PCBs and they want to dispose of it on their own land. I want there to be a central state that says, "No, you can't do that."

WILL

But we don't need the central state if we've reached a genuinely inner-directed and self-empowered state, in which we're conscious of the planet and of the earth and we can foresee the consequences of this coven dumping its PCBs in another coven's backyard. Presumably it wouldn't even happen with a really conscious civilization.

STARHAWK

It's true. In a sense that's why religion is so powerful than a state. Because if you have people who have all this being something, differing theologies but the same broad overview, then certain problems just wouldn't arise. There just wouldn't be any little coven that wanted to dump PCBs. That would be as deviant as in our society, somebody who chopped up his neighbors and eats them for breakfast.

However, I think the point is that we don't have that right now. We can't be planting the seeds of that kind of vision that kind of future. In terms of dealing with the state the technology we that we live in now I tend to fall in with what they want we do need that centralization government as a control over the interests of private capital and private property.

ALAN

Even though as a matter of fact, it is employed against people like you and me.

STARHAWK

In absolute ideological terms, that really is myself as an anarchist, I believe there's no government like no government.

WILL

We've talked about the power of sexuality as a source of resistance. But on the other side we can talk about the power of the dominant culture to co-opt things. We're seeing gay sexuality being co-opted already. Where people are alienated from the spiritual element of their sexuality and we lose just a social thing—a badge, it's a button to wear. If you trick how many times did you do how much of it? It's pretty much typical male bragging and peer group stuff. It's really sad for people. Our thing is becoming on through this outlet and they don't know what they're seeking and they don't get it and they keep having to do it and do it.

STARHAWK

I think it also goes back to something being something that's split off from the rest of life. Then it becomes the
only way of having closeness of having connection. Men have been really conditioned to be machines to be dead to not feel a broader kind of eroticism in life.

It’s interesting because I felt that I did pass through that stage when I was young enough to think it was fun—like just fucking in and of itself was new and exciting and it was something to do. And having passed through that when I was seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, I’ve come around to thinking that isn’t the kind of relationship that Ed and I wanted. Knowing we could have a lot of other things and wanting it as a way of bringing that kind of intensity to our relationship rather than scattering it around. But it’s not like a feeling of ‘Oh, I’m trapped, I can only do it with this person’—what are all those other people out there like? What would that like, what would this be like? I feel like I went through it freely and I grew out of it. I learned to connect more emotionally with people just on all levels in my life.

WILL
I have only one last question. You mentioned in your book the idea of the ‘Shadow at the Gate.’ Mitch Walker in his book deals in the middle section extensively with that. Perhaps we could touch on it a little bit, because we’re putting out an article to people who may be involved in new ideas. It’s grown to be spiritual to grow to go inside yourself more. But there are other sides as well.

STARKHAWK
Yeah, you go inside yourself and there’s a lot of creepy, crawly shit running around inside there. That’s why witchcraft generally happens in groups and in covens, because you need support for going inside and really encountering all that creepy, crawly shit and all that primal, nasty, whatever they are.

I think one of the useful descriptions of what can happen is in Doris Lessing’s book ‘The Four-Gated City’—where at the end she decides, ‘I’m going to just go inward.’ What she runs into is some- thing she calls the Self-Hater and that is the first thing everybody runs into. The Self-Hater is all the voices in your head that jump on you, that say you’re a bad person, you deserve to suffer, you want. It feeds off the energy of your own anger, your own aggression.

In some ways it’s a nice self-enclosed system. The way it works is that all your anger and all your aggression self-creates and feeds this guardian that takes it and puts it back to you so you don’t act it out, gunning down nursery school students on the streets.

But in general the way it works with people is that the Self-Hater becomes so huge that it sucks up more of your life energies than it deserves and it feeds them back to you and you end up feeling like a piece of shit all the time. Everything you try to defeat it. It turns around and uses it against you.

But what happens ideally with a coven, with a group, with a good therapist who knows what they’re doing, or with somebody who’s training you in the Craft, is that you are helped to get in touch with some of the unlimited sources of energy like the earth, the spiritual stuff, the Goddess and use that to defeat the Self-Hater.

When it’s done, you transform the Shadow into the Guardian. It’s not like the Self-Hater goes away; you remain with an internal structure that absorbs your anger and aggression. But instead of turning it inward and beating you and sticking you with it, it becomes the Guardian of it and you become the Guardian of it. It allows you to determine how you’re going to take all that energy and turn it outward and where you’re going to direct it outward.

That’s why I’m interested in working with people personally as well as politically.

WILL
Shall we ground our energy a little bit?

STARKHAWK
Yeah, that’s a good idea.

WILL
I feel very much that in this small room we’ve created a picture, a message, a telegram that’s going to be sent out to the world.

STARKHAWK
It felt very good to me. It felt like I have new ideas and clearer ideas about some things than actually I did before we started talking.

[Silence]

ALAN
It’s also felt real high-intensity and I’m glad that we’re holding hands a little bit. I would really like to all go out to the beach and just hang out sometime.

WILL
Perhaps we can all get together sometime out at our place. I live right next to the beach.

STARKHAWK
Oh how nice.

ALAN
And she could bring her dogs and we can go out and do dog stuff.

[Laughter]

WILL
Well, let’s do a kiss...

REFERENCES AND BOOKS CITED:
For information about reclaiming, please contact: Reclaiming, 77 Carl Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.
"Self Portrait" by Leslie Aguilàr, 1981
Leslie Aguilar, 23. After teaching macrame in Los Angeles for two years he came to San Francisco and worked out these calligraphic pieces. His style ranges from the calculated abstractions represented here to spontaneous "organics" with colorful, free flowing forms and lines. Leslie has returned to LA and is planning works in macrame, dance, and sculpture.

"What I do on my calligraphy pieces like David's is take each letter and then just put them inside one on top of each other. And then I abstract the letter in different ways like I would either turn it upside down or sideways or something like that. The only name I've done is 'David' and that was an architectural friend of mine... I was really happy when he got a professorship he wanted and so I just took his name and I put it down and the calligraphy came."

David
ink and gouache
23" x 31"

"The stuff shown, most of the contemporary stuff from the sixties and seventies—there weren't too many people who did designs or drawings that fascinated me. There are those that look nice... but yet I can see something like Kandinsky and just sit there and really start spacing into the whole thing. I connect with Kandinsky."

Cafe Flore
ink and gouache
20½" x 29"

About the Bauhaus: "Their whole design, their line works, that fascinates me. And I didn't really find out about them until two months after my first show when I was doing Courtship. David Helfo and then I found out about the Bauhaus. I was already doing works like Mondrian and I didn't really know where it came from or who it came from. I'm sure I had seen it some place in books but I had never really recognized it. So I just kept doing more and more study and the more and more I found out about their theories about their design, it was the same thing I had put in my ledger on my first show on what I was trying to do with the calligraphy. It turns out I read this over and over again. The same thing with Neoplasticism and the De Stijl group—they were all similar in their theories. But the Bauhaus was the first one who finally took the whole thing and made it for industrial use."
I overheard someone say once, I am not a gentleman. I am a gentle man. It was stored. I went to a Spiritual Conference for Radical Fairies and I found myself among people who were not fairy—not fairy. Not sufficiently radical, not spiritually aware. After the gathering allowed me to look at myself in a new way. Its gift was a sharp sense of a need to find a way to put all that knowledge into a portable container so that I could live with it at all times. Queer and homosexual, sissy and faggot, those words in themselves were not helping. Something had been assigned to me, had connotations rooted in pain. I was a gentleman, but I was out of the world, with no implication of help. One thing, among other things, was that I would go beyond my sexuality. I thought of involving myself but I didn’t find the right combination of letters. Then someone mentioned Wittgenstein’s book The Tragedy in which he speaks of a clan of gnomes that refuse to read the book. I knew this was what I was looking for. Gentle is the word I use to house my identity. Thus I define my self, a world was not given to me. I was no longer an outsider, thought I had to infiltrate into the world of those who have one. The insiders would not let me in. I thought fulfillment was to be found in their midst. IIn the strangest way, I know that I have grown in great strength—weakness, I am not better than they are, I am not richer in experience, no. My feelings while I tried to seduce them into letting me in. Most of the ones I’ve met, I’m not a writer, I’ve never been in the density and close examination of the suffering. I am not all homos, I think, I have to question my right to be here. I had to examine everything and build my reality from nothing. Fit the world to my needs. No existing rules apply. Make my own—new, all. Always in fear, I can’t do anything. I am never lost as they are but they have the power of their majority to back up their ignorance. I am thirsty at their mercy. I have to beware for fear they can kill me and I don’t yet want to die. Wanting to scream softly, we’re in this together, listen perhaps, maybe who knows who knows, maybe we can help one another, you know. We are all deviants because there is no mean. Self-righteousness is self-deception. There are no rights or wrongs but self-created rights and wrongs. My journey though resembling that of others is, in my circumstances, my experience, my specialized micro-scope of an eye. I find my self cataloguing what I feel. Writing has been the filter through which I sift the heartbreak and the appearance of cruelty. I don’t think I would be a writer if I were not a gentle. Earlier, I envisioned myself as an airline pilot. Since I simply must write, it is a moral obligation to illustrate my experience by sharing of myself, not as a man but as a male who writes. I am not a poet but as a writer who is a gentle, not as a human being, but as a man and the greater gentleness not as someone who pretends to understand life through a patented hetero-sexual viewpoint but as one whose vantage point is that of a gentle. Being who I am involves a cold war between my self and the others. Actual war may happen any moment. Language. I dare term myself within isolation while being held in siege by society are facts. The most inoffensive act may be seen as a wanton denunciation of their power. Learning to live with para-nleness is the history of a history of undecisive battles. I do not know why my self is a gentleman. It is basic to my self. I know that it goes beyond my genitals, that it affects who I am. It is my relationship with the gentleness that has created the greatest closeness to my self and the one great separation from the worlds outside of me. When I write, it is a gentle, not a writer. I am seldom far away from my identity.

I was born in Cuba in 1952, came to the U.S. in 1967. English is thus my second language. I dare term myself as a scriptwriter, an artist. There is my great preoccupation. I often have a commitment to write that is to write five nights a week from after midnight to about five in the morning. I assume that I am an artist. Who am I anymore. Do I think that I’ve always wanted to be a writer. I don’t say that anyone will want to hear me that what I write aren’t merely the ptooths of one more self-deceived creature living somewhere in the lower depths of Southern California. And I cannot answer except except except that it comes to me at night, after midnight my mind fills with words that force themselves on paper words that create shapes that deeply, greatly, importantly touch and satisfy me. That I associate my meaning to art, to art. That was I, a writer and still be who I am. I would have decided on something as it relates to life as I have experienced it. I believe in rhythms and my alusions, my images and my power to create emotions. And I do not—even. I believe that I set out to capture life itself or not the label of my experience, and I believe that I fail. Poetry
it's so obtuse and corny, anyway, and everyone writes it when depressed or in love, and one can't make any money so it is why not become a copywriter/journalist to prove realy if I have any talent. But writing is my meaning. Writing is a meaning scheme. Dangerous undertaking. I will continue to write for so long as I can make sense of the world in my survival sessions with the people and the ideas. Sporadically I combine form, syntax, sense and content, cadence and style to create in myself, sometimes in others, an emotion. That is my words, as filtered by my using and restating by my conscious mind, can elicit an electrochemical reaction in the brain that can sometimes re-invent an emotion, redefine one, bring an emotion to the fore, touch a range of them. Ambivalence and regret, disgust or boredom, depression, insight, anger. More importantly, sometimes because identifiable emotions can be stirred within me by my writing. Verlaine has done that for me as has Sexton. The reward is in being made to feel within the boundaries of intellect. When intensity occurs, when my emotions are on the surface and the core of my being I am most alive. I want to enrich by intensity. Art in general, for me, and literature specifically, can constrain life from spilling into chaos except of course when it can't, when it hasn't.

October 1979

Graphic by Paul E. Brown

THIS PLANE

I'm shiny on the side, turn a quarter turn, blink my hands, close my head, this trip has the remotest feeling of having been undertaken some other day, a day in the future when it rained, I actually cried on the page and that thrilling story on queer bashin was left unread. Pardon me, sir, are you homophbic? Do you have a secret longing to be in my arms? I am not absent reality. I've been here all along instead. It is just summer Hustle or winter date, forgive my hands aflutter, but is just un-earthly to be this merry once again. No need. I know the time without looking at the sky. Without hearing church bells, so really, who cares if I got on the wrong plane, if I feel that I've died, if everybody once told me not to sue, not to pity my self. It is all right. I now bemoan my past and I don't mean just yesterday. I have never enjoyed being in love. It has never been wonderful. But I do tend to exaggerate and never's such a long time. One of these days I'll really stop and stop hating my self. Travels are such a bother. The luggage and the tickets, the change of time, the fear of losing all your travelers checks, I simply can't, spend feeling this dead, my stomach empties on take-off and if I read about the theater no need to follow, Christ, he really fucked my head, what is the noise, this trembling noise and all these people acting as if I wasn't sitting in their midst, it is me, you know, it is me. I who's sitting here, sir, pardon me, again, please let me love you in public. A kiss could mean so much so if you'd allow it in a church, no thanks, enough, I sing, but it is only to forget, some people drink or kill themselves, I sing, instead, my address book is filled with people who I don't care to call. They're none of them, lonely enough and I seek to find others who are estranged from life as I, anyone else must call me instead. I scream, but it is all a show, there are no real emotions that are real at all, we just confuse the pain with words so that is why I speak and never hurt, and never is such a long time and I do tend to exaggerate, relieve, if my head aches. I brush my hair and I sleep soundly, I've been to places you would not believe. Some in fancy. You understand. I am not crazy, it is just life, you know. It gets to speak and to rage. Silence is nice so I like silence. I can't remember his name now, he was too confused. I couldn't tell me that he too had been cut up by a rejection. It isn't as if I weren't pretty, it is just that when in vulnerable predicaments my self-concept drops to my soles and I tend to think I am as plain as they are, but never mind to hell. I smile lots and it is not to hide a darker side. It's just that I have learnt. I've learnt to surpass my absence from the stage because, yes, I work before the scenes, in front of. I'm a director, really, a choreographer, and always a musician in the pit, the clarinet. Such a swing sound, I make, repeat, relent ascend. I'm headed up the revolution has reached town, soldiers in pink. Practically dressed in lavender, the ballet, I should have been a dancer or a chef. I like my steak rare and my legs. I jump I fly, almost off the ground. I travel far. I've been to places you would not believe. I sit amongst you like a wreath, but I exist. I do my blood is pounding and this plane. This plane.
THE BED IS WIDE

One  I used to sleep with strangers finding no solace in their arms
Two  A stranger stayed with me for more than one night.
Three I loved him till my jaw unhinged and fell off
Four He left me for someone who had a functional mouth
Five I found a stranded man
Six  I took him in
Seven He ate corn pellets out of my open palm
Eight I put him back outside
Nine I am the victim and the henchman
Ten  I sleep alone
Eleven The bed is wide

FOR A SCENT OF SUBSTANCE

At night
sometimes I roam
suburban circle-streets
of middle-class America
Light bulb perpetually lit
in livingroom
screwed in lamp
switch one-two-three
increasing brightness
from behind lamp shade
covered with plastic protector
still behind a padded
no-iron curtain
A faint glow to hit m' eye
and set m' mind on fire
Fire
I'd scream
yet though instead
I tread the lawns
lush carpet grass-dichondra
and smell the garbage
for a scent of substance
MAINSTREAM EXILES:
A DOCUMENTARY REVIEW
Tede Matthews and Will Roscoe

PEOPLE CRAM THE SMALL, DARKENED STOREFRONT FROM WALL TO WALL. PEOPLE SITTING AND STANDING, LAUGHING, NODDING, CRYING, BREATHING AND SWEATING. HEADS STRAINING TO SEE AHEAD. AN UNASSUMING-SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN STANDS AT THE FRONT AND BEGINS TO READ: "Love rode 1500 miles on a greyhound bus and climbed in my window one night to surprise both of us." And the audience breaks into a roar of laughter, laughter and applause. 'Intermission. The evening's program again and again.'

The scene is a small performance space called Valencia Tool and Die in San Francisco's Mission District, early November 1980. Outside the bars of Castro a few blocks to the west and the city's most popular women's bar that down the street, the storefront was the site of another kind of gay "scene."

"Mainstream Exiles: A Lesbian and Gay Men's Cultural Festival" showcased over 40 artists and performers in eight separate events over six days, November 4-9. And if there was any doubt that gay culture exists that isn't imitative of mainstream culture (like the gay choruses and marching bands), mainstream Exiles put it to rest with night after night (and afternoon) of gay art and media.

With subjects like coming out, homophobia, sexism, racism, violence and rape, personal growth and relationships—with humor, tears, and anger—this wasn't the kind of gay culture that bar crowds flock to or that the straight media fawns over. It was too "real" for that. It was about our lives.

And that may be the major contribution of Mainstream Exiles. By bringing together so many artists from every sort of background, the existence of culture based on the values of lesbians and gay men became a sudden reality for the hundreds who attended.

Perhaps it was the physical closeness of the storefront space—or perhaps it was something more abstract like "community"—but the audience responded with more than warm enthusiasm. Throughout the week one could hear words like "moving," "inspiring," "unifying," "communal feeling," and "let's have more!"

When a mainstream cultural institution wants to create an "historically gay art event" they have the newspapers, television, universities, art galleries and professional staff to rely on. Too often those of us involved in alternative culture do not fully appreciate our own milestones and historic achievements, in the absence of the critics and art historians. Vortex presents this in-depth coverage of Mainstream Exiles as both a documentary and a resource directory of Bay Area artists and performers in the gay and women's communities. Our hope is to demonstrate to all who will see that our culture is fast becoming a major source of alternative, non-sexist, and catalytic visions for American society today.

We extend special thanks to everyone who helped and participated in Mainstream Exiles create an "historically gay art event" and the artists contributing material for this article. The poems and illustrations that follow were presented at the actual festival.
WHAT IS GAY ART? The question itself reveals the obstacles gay and lesbian artists face in gaining recognition for their work. We see so little of openly gay art in openly gay settings that such a question—with its condescending overtones—is possible in fact common. It is a totally political issue. Many from the gay rights assimilationists to doctrinaire leftists question the very idea of "gay culture". What materialist or social factors would support such a concept? Then, there's the question posed by the establishment world: What is "political art"? The implication here is that political art is always depersonalized and, ultimately, boring.

Against this backdrop, lesbian and gay male artists, often in isolation, have ventured forth experimenting with form and content to transcend mainstream dichotomies of individual vs. collective, political vs. personal, and spiritual vs. material. The Mainstream Exiles gallery exhibit of five artists provided a glimpse at the progress of these artistic innovations and offered insight into both questions about political and gay art.

Kim Anno's series of six paintings, "Struggle", represents a sequence of highly personal imagery projected to a scale that suggests underlying socio-political themes. The paintings depict a young woman in an epic struggle with a huge, raven-like bird. The size and expressionistic rendering (a little like Gorkying) spark the viewer's own personal myths and images for an empathic response to the paintings.

Bill Jacobson takes a more objective approach to myths that are equally personal—underscoring their cultural roots. His series of nine photographs, the "Skinny Boys", reproduce 1950 muscle men photos captioned by a short narrative broken into phrases that accompany each picture. It ends: "I used to worry about being skinny. Now I don't worry anymore."

While Bill's approach is through realism and Kim is more abstract and expressionist, both project myths as a way of gaining control of their influence. The other three artists have equally personal styles while working with more specifically political subjects.

Beth Rose, for example, presented four gouache and paper drawings entitled "Kitchen Quartet", depicting scenes from her work place in the restaurant business. Beth has been active in union organizing in San Francisco.

Leonie Guter showed her large oil canvas, "Elegy for Harvey Milk", with scenes and images of Harvey's life. After working for several years in an abstract vein, Leonie has turned to more documentary styles to portray political subjects. Her work connects with both a tradition of social realism and with the documentary techniques of the more abstract work of Larry Rivers.

Will Roscoe's paper collage murals are also documentary. But more than just making a political statement, the approach is to bring together graphically a variety of informa-

Continued next page

"Skinny Boys", Bill Jacobson, 1980

"Kitchen Quartet", Beth Rose, 1980

"Jonestown", Will Roscoe, 1979

"Elegy for Harvey Milk", Leonie Guter, 1980

"Struggle", Kim Anno, 1980

Photos on this page: Bill Jacobson
tion to encourage active thought. "Jonestown," for example, includes scores of headlines and articles relating to the incident so that the collage may be "read" as well as "viewed".

With such a diversity of styles we have to look beyond surface features to find the links between this artwork. What these five have in common is their attitude toward art. Whether it is Kim's expressive paintings or Beth's scenes of her workplace these artists base their work on experiences and issues in their own lives and they use the create process to transform themselves and to challenge social conditions.

So while mainstream art critics gleefully hail the death of political art these artists continue to develop art that can play a catalytic role in society.

Kandinsky, in the early part of this century, identified this desire to transform and change through art as being ultimately spiritual in nature. As he wrote, "The artist must have something to say for mastery over form is not his goal but rather the adapting of form to its inner meaning." Perhaps the flowering of gay arts today reflects a new appreciation—or need—for the individualistic transforming powers of art. In the past, artists have played key roles in political movements—in revolutionary Russia and Weimar Germany for example. Artists have to offer not only a powerful means of communication, they can also project actual visions of what a non-sexist, non-racist, non-hierarchal conscious might be like. And in today's political climate such visions can be a much needed wellspring of inspiration and strength.

LEONIE GUVER, painter and a daughter of a painter, an activist of the left bent. CONTACT: % Mainstream Exiles.

WILL ROSCOE, graphic artist combining words and images in mural size collages. CONTACT: % Vertex.

BETH ROSE, student in art philosophy, artist, union organizer. CONTACT: % Mainstream Exiles.

KIM ANNO, painter, printmaker, performance artist, "art and politics from an emotional standpoint." CONTACT: 938 Valencia SF 94110.

BILL JACOBSON, artist, photographer.

Theo

BENEFIT FOR BLACK LESBIAN CONFERENCE

TAKE THIS POEM

It is a poem of light
eat it with your eyes

digest it with your heart

This is a light poem
filled with fire
to bring warmth
in the mist of cold

Wrap yourself
in its words
they will give you peace and assurance

This poem will enable you to see the joy you've given me

it shines

It wants to take you in

Take this poem
Filled full bright joyful

Keep it near it will speak and you will understand why
I sent you a poem filled with light

Keep it near it will dry your tears it will speak to you and kindle the burning in your soul

I and this poem are one

Let this poem enter you surrender surrender the poem and the fire are the same and I send it to you

Copyright 1978 by Blackberri

SWINGSHIFT, a four-piece women's jazz group with music ranging from R & B to a capella harmonies; "really good music with strong progressive content." CONTACT: (415) 849-4087.

INNER PEACE RAINBOW, an Oakland-based two piece improvisational women's jazz band.
OLIVE ANGEL

(Excerpt from “Lover John”)

Twilight carves the relief of a breast
formless floating tentacles of powdered
dark angel hair and in a while
the leopard leaps then pauses with retractable claws
while hills darken into grape fermenting sky

eros bows low and whispers—
whatever you do you do for me, curl your hair
walk along the highway
but some bells in your sleeves
you could walk forever while the cliff
reddens and says nothing.
Powder a knife before the kill
you do it only for me

mirrors appear and lengthen

cicadas say angelus from a tree with bell shaped
fruits that ring
other bells and streets steepen into a canyon
vanish behind buildings where the sky
tends a fire that might be hell

Spirit the hitchiker loons on the highway
and you let him in
before asking for its gender

smiles like certain hermaphroditic nouns:
bilingual vendor of roses

Twilight again I take up my pen
the sea gotten smaller I walk out and scoop up
from a tidepool a seaweed colored shell
behind me a highrise reclines

drivers squat at the halfdark crossing intersections
their eyes were like those before creation
when somewhere between interlocking brows it rose
before fission before form enslaved art. Twilight rebels
Rex stands free

He is the angel wearing wig and mascara in a
parking lot. He stands up shrugs his olive shoulders
powdered with pulverized rock
—what’s your name sweetie?—he asks
—it doesn’t matter what did you say you do in bed
I’m versatile honey,
he stands at the foot of the bed, waiting
and outside it is twilight.

Copyright 1981 by Emanuel Ro
"I WOULD LIKE TO WORK WITH MAINSTREAM EXILES WHEN YOU DO ANOTHER SHOW. I AM SO INSPIRED BY THIS FEELING OF COMMUNITY. HAVE NOT EXPERIENCED THAT WITH MEN BEFORE."

**FRI**

**POETRY II**

My name is Judith, meaning
She Who Is Praised
I do not want to be called praised
I want to be called The Power of Love.

if Love means protect then whenever I do not defend you
I cannot call my name Love.
if Love means rebirth then when I see us dead on our feet
I cannot call my name Love.
if Love means provide & I cannot provide for you
why would you call my name Love?

do not mistake my breasts
for mounds of potatoes
or my belly for a great roast duck.
do not take my lips for a streak of luck
nor my neck for an apple tree.
do not believe my eyes are a warm swarm of bees;
do not get Love mixed up with me.

Don't misunderstand my hands
for a church with a steeply
open the fingers & out come the people;
nor take my feet to be acres
of solid brown earth,
or anything else of infinite worth
to you, my brawny turtledove;
do not get me mixed up with Love.

not until we have ground we call our own
to stand on
& weapons of our own in hand
& some kind of friends around us
will anyone ever call our name Love
& then when we do we will all call ourselves
grand muscle names:
the Protection of Love,
the Provision of Love & the
Power of Love,
until then, my sweethearts,
let us speak simply of
romance which is so much
easier and so much less
than any of us deserve.

From The Work of a Common Woman,
Copyright 1978 by Judy Grahn

"Have you been plagued by
waxy yellow buildup? Food
stains? Or the feeling you
just don't belong? My family
had."

"Until I discovered the
new Proctor and Gamble pro-
duct, ASSIMILATE, the all-
purpose cleaner for the whole
family!"

"ASSIMILATE is safe...
effective...and easy-to-use."

"Safe...because it's been
certified by Bess Myers and
the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

"Effective...because
where these other methods,
like WHITE KING and EQUALITY
leave off...ASSIMILATE works
every time!"

"Just pour a few granules
onto your husband's dirty col-
lar...or into your child's
breakfast bowl...Sprinkle
freely into your diet...accent
...or culture...and you'd be
amazed to see how fast it
works!"

"What's more, ASSIMILATE
is long lasting. It's tiny
time capsules are carefully
formulated to release contin-
ually...so in a few genera-
tions, you won't even know
it's there!"

"Don't be stained by the
past any longer! You too can
bake moister cakes! Have the
freshest breath and whitest
smile! Cure your near-sight-
edness! Drop your accent...
but gain that acceptance that
all of America's talking
about...Try new ASSIMILATE!

Copyright 1979 by Canyon

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**THE MISERABLE HOMOSEXUAL HOUR**

To all the righteous believers
here in our studio audience,
and to you happy families
out there in t.v. land,
we bring you America's favorite family hour:
The Miserable Homosexual,
where each and every week
you will see true case studies,
the heartfelt confessions of misguided youth;
those, who in vain attempts of adolescent
rebellion,
turned their backs on our lord
and trod the wayward path;
We do not hate the homosexual;
rather we look upon him with compassion and
pity,
two emotions which constitute
the very backbone of our faith;
They pretend to be everyday people,
just like you and me; but let not
the wolf in sheep's clothing fool you
for they carry the devil on their back;
Satan, Beelzebub, Lucifer,
they are his lovers;
on Halloween they behave like she-wolves,
howling like screaming banshees,
they wallow in their Babylonian delights;
these unclean sods,
Through our Christian World
family counselling service,
many homosexuals have been able to reform,
cast Satan out from their hearts,
and lead normal, productive lives
in the brotherhood of Christ Jesus;
the only man I'll ever love,
the only man I'll get on my knees for;
Yes, Brethren. I am with the Moral Majority,
and we are the Nuclear Family Network,
bringing you the Miserable Homosexual Hour,
and we are joined together,
and we are baptized clean in his precious
blood,
and we are born again through his suffering,
and WE ARE ASKING FOR IT!

Copyright 1980 by Tede Matthews
"THIS WAS A GREAT EVENT. EXCITING DEPTH, INSIGHT, LOVE, ANGER, POWER."

JUDY GRANN, poet, writer, editor, publisher. The Work of a Common Woman, St. Martin's; Another Mother Tongue: Stories from the Ancient Gay Tradition (1981); True to Life: An Adventure in Storying (ed.). CONTACT: Box 1274, Oakland, CA 94604.


ROSE MITCHELL, poet and organizer, involved in Black Lesbian Conference active in gay rights.

CANYON SAM, writer and humorist, member of Unbound Feet collective of Chinese American Women writers; in Unbound Feet: Selected Writings (1981). CONTACT: Mainstream Exiles, P.O. Box 4096, SF 94110.


THE SISTERS OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE are an order of gay male nuns with a ministry of public manifestation and habitual perpetration. T-shirts and appearances available. CONTACT: Box 770, 55 Sutter St., SF 94104.

JAN AND VICKIE do mine, movement, music and poetry.

BROWN BAG READERS' THEATRE is devoted to presenting readers' theatre material dealing with the issue of women and alcoholism. "For too long brown bags have been used to hide lesbian reading material and alcohol." CONTACT: 3964 Sebastopol Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95401.

CAROL ROBERTS, comedienne, member of Fengrow with upcoming appearances at several SF locations. CONTACT: 161 Hartford St., SF 94114.

LAUREN TANNER, writer and performer, recently writer-singer, have written songs from a Leftist Lesbian perspective; interested in collaborative efforts. CONTACT: 386 Richland Ave., SF 94110.

CHRIS TANNER, Good Fairy Records, singer-songwriter, poet, activist in Folkways Records "Walls to Roses." CONTACT: 2677 Haight St., SF 94117.

RUTH SCHONEBACH, song-writer-singer, have written songs from a Leftist Lesbian perspective; interested in collaborative efforts. CONTACT: 386 Richland Ave., SF 94110.

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PERFORMANCE ART

So I figured that well I'd brush up my typing skills. I used to be a clerk typist. So being a stoic kind of woman I applied for a job at a non-profit corporation. I found out that now I was part of the "support staff." What the hell is "support staff"? It means I'm supposed to support myself on $800 a month while the boss supports herself on $350,000 a year. I didn't like that. So after a while I figured, I'm going to get myself fired because if you get yourself fired you can collect unemployment. So I had this scheme and it worked. I insisted on breast-feeding the plants....

CAROL ROBERTS

CABARET NIGHT

CAROL ROBERTS, comedienne, member of Fengrow with upcoming appearances at several SF locations. CONTACT: 161 Hartford St., SF 94114.

LAUREN TANNER, writer and performer, recently writer-singer, have written songs from a Leftist Lesbian perspective; interested in collaborative efforts. CONTACT: 386 Richland Ave., SF 94110.
TEXMENDOUS! LET'S MOVE FORWARD FROM THIS ENERGY AND ORGANIZE!

PERFORMANCE ART

M.J. LALLO, a popular poet, comedienne, jazz musician and singer, also with the Gay Theater Collective.

LESBIANS AGAINST POLICE VIOLENCE, present political theater in support of Sue and Shirley, victims of police brutality. CONTACT: Sue and Shirley Defense Fund, 1550 24th Ave., SF 94122.

ADELE PRANDINI, writer director, actress, comedienne. Founded "It's Just a Stage" feminist theater company; co-writer of "The Mountain is Stirring." CONTACT: P.O. Box 12008, SF 94122.

GAY THEATER COLLECTIVE, lesbian and gay male theater company; past shows Crimes Against Nature, Contents Under Pressure, to appear at Fort Mason in June. CONTACT: 640 Waller St., SF 94117.

FILM & MEDIA

Photo: Copyright 1979 by Allen Page

Marilyn Curry, film maker shown Epiphany. Her new film Knowing It By Heart will be complete in April. CONTACT: 1142 Colores St., SF 94110.

Marc Huestis, presented Unity, his award-winning film about gays in Nazi Germany; his new film is Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?

Connie Hatch, media and performance artist. Her slide show Adapt or Work, is about one lesbian's adaptation to the work place.

MAINSTREAM EXILES

Mainstream Exiles performances were recorded live by Raven's Head Communications and a program of segments was broadcast on KPFA's Fruit Punch program in November, 1980. For information on the availability of recorded material write: RAVEN'S HEAD COMMUNICATIONS, P.O. Box 11472, San Francisco, CA 94101.

"We want to encourage artists, performers, technicians and supporters to further culture, to make it more accessible to a wider audience. But we not only want to build audiences, we feel our culture has the power to help build community. Progressive queer cultural workers are invariably ignored or attacked by the established media and art world. The power of our message is blunted by an enforced "exile" status. We want to create and strengthen bonds of support to help artists come out of their closets. We take a strong stand in opposition to culture and politics that are sexist, racist, ageist, imperialist, and which support the class structure. We want to promote the work of third world disabled, youth, senior, white, lesbian and gay culture to the broader community. We have convictions and vision. JOIN US!"

Because of the interest sparked during Mainstream Exiles, an ongoing organization is being planned to further gay cultural work. A wide range of programs and activities are now being discussed at regular meetings attended by a broad cross-section of artists, performers and supporters. For more information contact: MAINSTREAM EXILES, P.O. Box 40906, San Francisco, CA 94110; or call: 826-3788.
The blackness was intense. It devoured the feeble glow that came from the lower caves which he had just left; it ate into his eyes and was heavy against his face and naked body. And the path was granite, unpleasant against his unshod feet—a cold and slippery surface which did not ease the rough edges of the rocks that bit into his skin.

The path he could tell as he slowly put down each foot, the toes feeling for a spot that would not unbalance him, led upwards slanted by an almost unnoticed degree. There was no sound of the siren trumpet he had just left where the three dark-cowled figures bending in tears over a bowl of fire, had finally granted his plea for her freedom. The cries of the tortured ones had faded long ago the light on the walls had changed from red to pale green, and then vanished. There was no sound at all, save for the faint echo of another footsteps following him, or a small sharp sob as an unknown face on a rock dropped, or a dislodged pebble clattered into an unseen chasm far below. But there was a drip of water from the walls, a small sound that fell into other water. He had passed several pools, darkly luminous, and seen a pale flicker from the bones of something lying in a puddle of decay.

In the bending of his left arm he cradled a golden lyre. And now, feeling its quiet strings, he played a five-note chord, to comfort himself, and the one who followed him. The notes rebounded from the walls and died echoing in the caves.

Then suddenly, he remembered the last voyage with his shipmates. Against the dark there flashed an image of their ship—bright and brave, with green sail belled to the strong fresh sea-wind. He saw the brown strong backs of his friends bending to the yellow-grained oars, dipping to the strong beat of his own music and song, flashing golden as they sank into the blue foam—flecked water, ridiculous, and seen in pale instinct—while the silver drops glittered in the strong sunlight, falling from the tips, and then sank again.

He remembered the nights of danger and peril, the exultation of their comradeship, the bodies pressed close to his in sleep or love, the meals in common, the drinking of the red wine, the golden meal...

To lose all this to give it all over for love of the pallid one who followed—was this his true desire?

His fingers found a minor chord which wailed through the caves. And then as if to comfort his grief, he turned an abrupt corner; a great distance ahead there gleamed a tiny patch of light. Its cold radiance reached into the cave towards him shining on the cold wet of the walls shimmering in the pool of decay on his left with its cluster of whitened bones.

Just at that moment, a sound came from behind him—a muffled shriek, a misplaced foot, a slipping and the air full of a movement of arms, trying vainly for balance—and then a splash. And after wordlessly, he felt a hand, soft and cold and trembling, reaching, touching him upon the thigh.

"You must not look behind," they said. He looked ahead towards the light, and closed his eyes; there sprang once more into being the handsome bodies in bronze and copper of his fellow astronauts. He heard again the rough timbre of their voices in song.

Then with an enigmatic smile, he half-turned and reached out his hand. He touched the wrist, and looked downward towards her.

A faint white spark, a strangled cry—and his fingers closed on nothing. A vapor swirled upwards towards the light, passed him, and vanished in a cloud of dancing sparks. Then... silence.

He sighed and turned and walked onwards to the golden years that lay ahead.

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FATE
The principle, power, or agency by which events are predetermined.
1374

FAY
One of a class of supernatural beings of diminutive size.
1393

FAE (Old French)

FAERIE
Land, home, or craft of the fays.
1320

FAIRY
One of a class of supernatural beings of diminutive size, supposed to possess magical powers and to have great influence over the affairs of men.
1393

FATA
Fate.
(fem. sing.)

FATA
The Fates.
(pl. of FATUM)

ENFANT
(French)

FAEBELLE
(French)

ENFANTS;
INFANTEM
Not speaking, one unable to speak.

FANS
(pres. ptl. of FARI)

FABULA
A discourse, narrative story.

FANS
(pres. ptl. of FARI)

FAMOUS
To speak.
(latin)

FATUM
That which has been spoken.
(new, ptl. ptl. of FARI)

FABLE
(A dim. of FABLE)
A fercious tale, didactic story, legend.
1300

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